



# The San Francisco INVESTIGATOR

The newsletter for people who do not trust City Hall

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I CANNOT ACCEPT YOUR CANON THAT WE ARE TO JUDGE POPE AND KING UNLIKE OTHER MEN. WITH A FAVORABLE PRESUMPTION THAT THEY DID NO WRONG. IF THERE IS ANY PRESUMPTION IT IS THE OTHER WAY AGAINST HOLDERS OF POWER. INCREASING AS THE POWER INCREASES. HISTORIC RESPONSIBILITY HAS TO MAKE WAY FOR THE WANT OF LEGAL RESPONSIBILITY. POWER TENDS TO CORRUPT AND ABSOLUTE POWER CORRUPTS ABSOLUTELY. GREAT MEN ARE ALMOST ALWAYS BAD MEN. EVEN WHEN THEY EXERCISE INFLUENCE AND NOT AUTHORITY. STILL MORE WHEN YOU SUPERADD THE TENDENCY OR CERTAINTY OF CORRUPTION BY AUTHORITY. THERE IS NO WORSE HERESY THAN THAT THE OFFICE SANCTIFIES THE HOLDER OF IT... AND THAT THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS. HERE ARE THE GREATER NAMES COUPLED WITH THE GREATER CRIMES. YOU WOULD SPARE THESE CRIMINALS FOR SOME MYSTERIOUS REASON. I WOULD HANG THEM HIGH... FOR REASONS OF OBVIOUS JUSTICE. STILL MORE. STILL HIGHER. FOR THE SAKE OF HISTORICAL SCIENCE.

Lord Acton  
The History of Liberty

## Days of Wine and (Harvey) Roses

Real costs of world-class boondoggle

*The April 12 issue of SFI examined the June ballot bonds in the context of the City's rapidly diminishing debt capacity and our falling credit ratings. SFI's special edition of April 27 exposed independent auditor KPMG Peat Marwick's finding that the City Controller and Treasurer have lost track of millions in bond proceeds and investments. In this issue, we examine a concept new to human history: a combination football stadium and discount shopping mall.*

### PROP D

"A 'YES' VOTE MEANS: you want the City to use lease-financing to borrow up to \$100 million toward building a new stadium at Candlestick Point." *Voter Information Pamphlet*

The wooing of the voter's credulity and pocketbook began in the dead of winter. The 49ers hired Jack Davis—Mayor Willie Brown's left-hand—to work the spin.

Mr. Davis—who stands to pull down a cool half million if the 49ers win a \$216 million taxpayer subsidy for a privately-owned venture—master-minded a campaign strategy based on Willie Brown's self-image. Brown and Davis convinced 49ers-owner—shopping-mall, racetrack and casino developer Eddie DeBartolo—that San Franciscans love and trust Willie Brown so much that we will gleefully mortgage community as-

ests to keep a football team in town; tear down a serviceable sports stadium; and turn a nice park into a Mall.

Davis & Brown's first stroke of Coleridgian genius was to attach a promise of 10,000 jobs to the 49er bond measure. San Francisco's poorest community would be transformed overnight into an economic powerhouse, they claimed. The second stroke was to hopelessly muddle the real costs of the 49er bond and assert that it would cost the taxpayer: nothing. (The third stroke was for different folks—and not the product of genius).

DeBartolo kicked in two million dollars for the offensive play. A mighty family slogan was unfurled: "Build the Stadium. Create the Jobs! Yes on D & F, a committee to develop and build a new stadium for the 49ers and economic opportunity for Bayview Hunters Point, sponsored and supported by the companies and family of Edward J. Bartolo, Jr."

In the end-zone, the grassroots Committee to Stop the Giveaway was joined by Davis' arch-enemy, Clint Reilly, who ponied up \$60,000 to rent a store-front, hire a former line-backer as campaign manager, and buy a few posters. The opponent's strategy is a thrifty defense. Their

slogan: "If They Build It—You Will Pay. No on D & F."

The San Francisco press bent over backwards to give the 49ers good spin—to little avail. The 49ers, quarterbacked by Mayor Brown, not only "dropped the ball" repeatedly: they underestimated the populace's tolerance for empty rhetoric. Even be-

WINE CONTINUES ON PAGE 5

## LETTER FROM CAPTIVITY

### INSIDER DESCRIBES PORK-BARREL ZOO

*A large envelope was left on SFI's doorstep. We reconstructed the following manifesto—which had been laboriously scrawled on the backs of hundreds of candy and gum wrappers—from the contents of the envelope.*

Dear humans,

My name is unimportant. Call me Bear. Like most of my brethren, I just want to live a peaceful life. But, there comes a time in the life of a bear, when not to speak up would be unbearable.

Over the years, I have grown used to my cement "grotto" in ZOO CONTINUES ON PAGE 8