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To the Presidio Trust:

Subject: Former Presidio Commissary Building

I first came to Northern California in 1968 when San Francisco was known and loved for its eclecticism, openness and vitality. I've watched with growing dismay, as it has grown increasingly rich, smug, privatized and self-aggrandizing.

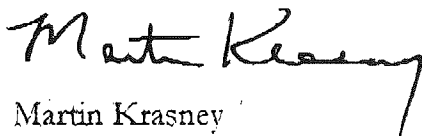
Yes, the City remains gorgeous, ethnically diverse and gastronomically cornucopian. But it's verging toward becoming a gilded playground for the privileged, to the exclusion of the energies, initiatives and aspirations of everyone else.

Exhibit A in 2013 is the America's Cup, hijacked by a billionaire, who made his own rules, resulting in only three qualified competitors and widespread indifference until the final days, even aversion from many Bay Area residents, for what should have been a glorious San Francisco validation and community celebration.

Exhibit B is waiting to happen: another billionaire with a hobby, bullying officials and insulting the public to elevate his personal art collection -- idiosyncratic and inert -- over competing proposals for the former Post Commissary at the Presidio. Ellison by sea; Lucas by land.

The Parks Conservancy's Presidio Exchange will be a place for everyone -- diverse, dynamic, inclusive, outward-looking and open-ended. The Lucas alternative would confine the public in a closed box of one man's intergalactic ego. It's an open versus shut case; the choice is obvious. To choose wrongly in response to Lucas's arrogance and pressure, a monumental wasted opportunity, and incredibly sad.

Sincerely,


Martin Krasney