

Regarding article on Wherry Housing: June 4, 1997

The fact that Ronald Stewart died while masturbating, hanging from a tree in the Presidio, has nothing to do with Wherry housing. He may have died the same way had he lived at Wherry.

The real issue for me is whether we should establish another housing project. As someone who spent a good deal of her childhood in projects I can tell you it is **not** the answer. All public housing as it is known today should be demolished. These buildings breed self hatred in its residents while in society, generally, it encourages racism, loathing of people who become disenfranchised for what ever reason and worse of all it magnifies a ***them and us attitude***.

I don't know if wealthy law makers glee behind the scenes as they force the rest of us into poverty or a belief that we are not like the homeless, blacks, immigrants, or others who we learn to distrust and disdain. My feeling is that when middle class people drive by a housing project it is because **a)** the other streets were closed or **b)** they have to as a public servant such as a policeman or social worker. Who **wants** to live in a housing project? I'd rather be caught dead with my pants down in a forest.

I don't believe for one second that this government that taxes everything two and more times over can not do more for it's citizens. We never hear about the trillions of dollars that flood our land every day. It is all on computer. No one knows how much the United States of America is worth or how much money is actually around.

My suggestion, if it counted, would be for OUR **paid for by us government** to buy up 400 or more houses and small apartment complexes in each of the neighbors of San Francisco (the country- but for now this City) and make them available for low income people. People in Sea Cliff shit stinks as much as those who live in housing projects and no body avoids their neighborhoods.

It would be difficult - if you can imagine privacy laws being respected - to discriminate against people who lived every where - no streets to avoid driving down. No images to distort in the media. Who knows it may even dissolve racism.

(this photograph is of me in the Alameda Naval housing projects for Civilians in 1948.

