

AUTHORS

FROM

WRAPA

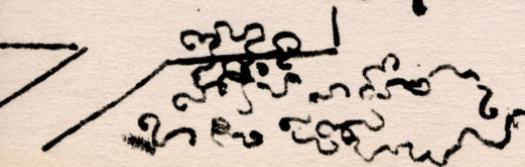
until

1865 he took a dim view of its prospects. "There is not a full-grown tree of beautiful proportions near San Francisco," he said. "Nor have I seen any young trees that promised fairly except

HAIGHT ASHBURY V.F.

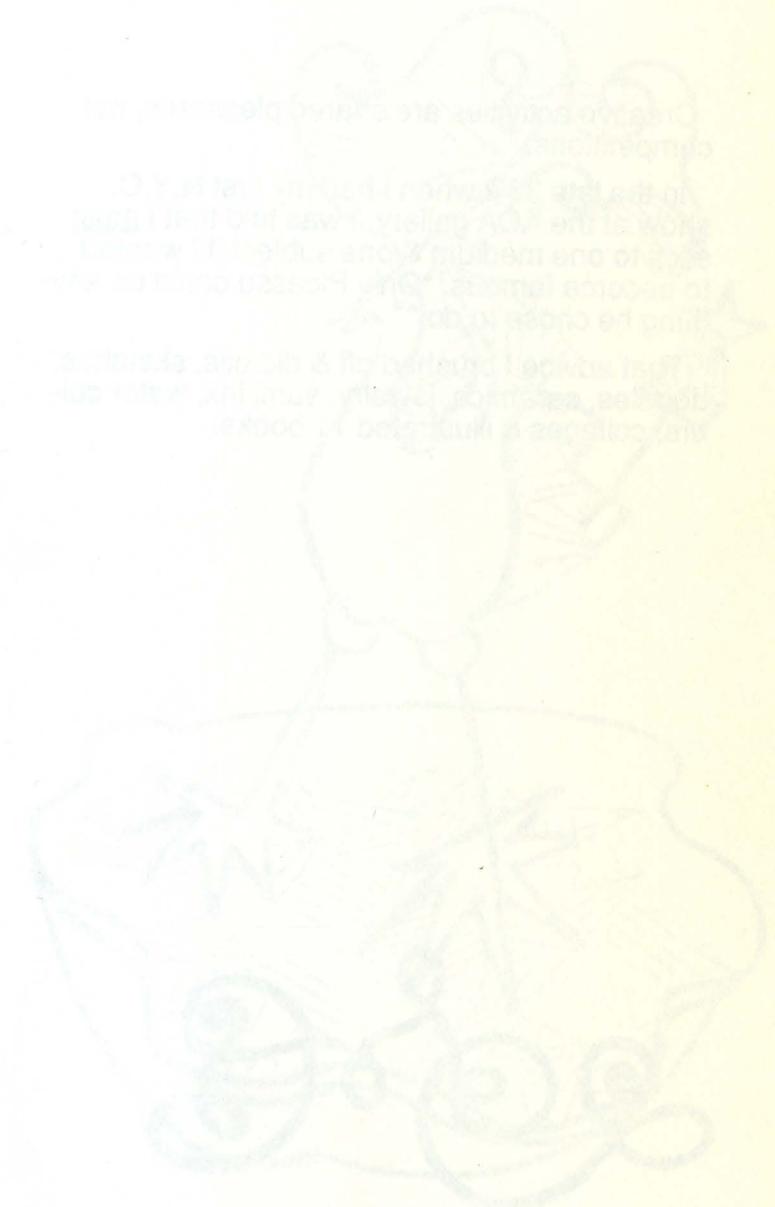


by Helen Ludwig



MAR 28 1989

Creative people are a hard pleasure to
encounter.
In the late 1940s and early 1950s, I
showed at the ADA gallery, I was the first
to show to one medium & one subject. I wanted
to become famous. The first point in my
life to be chosen by art.
I had made a bust of a man & his wife, and
I had a bust of a man & his wife, and
I had a bust of a man & his wife.



HELEN LUDWIG
1282 Stanyan St.
San Francisco, Calif. 94117

Creative activities are shared pleasures, not competitions.

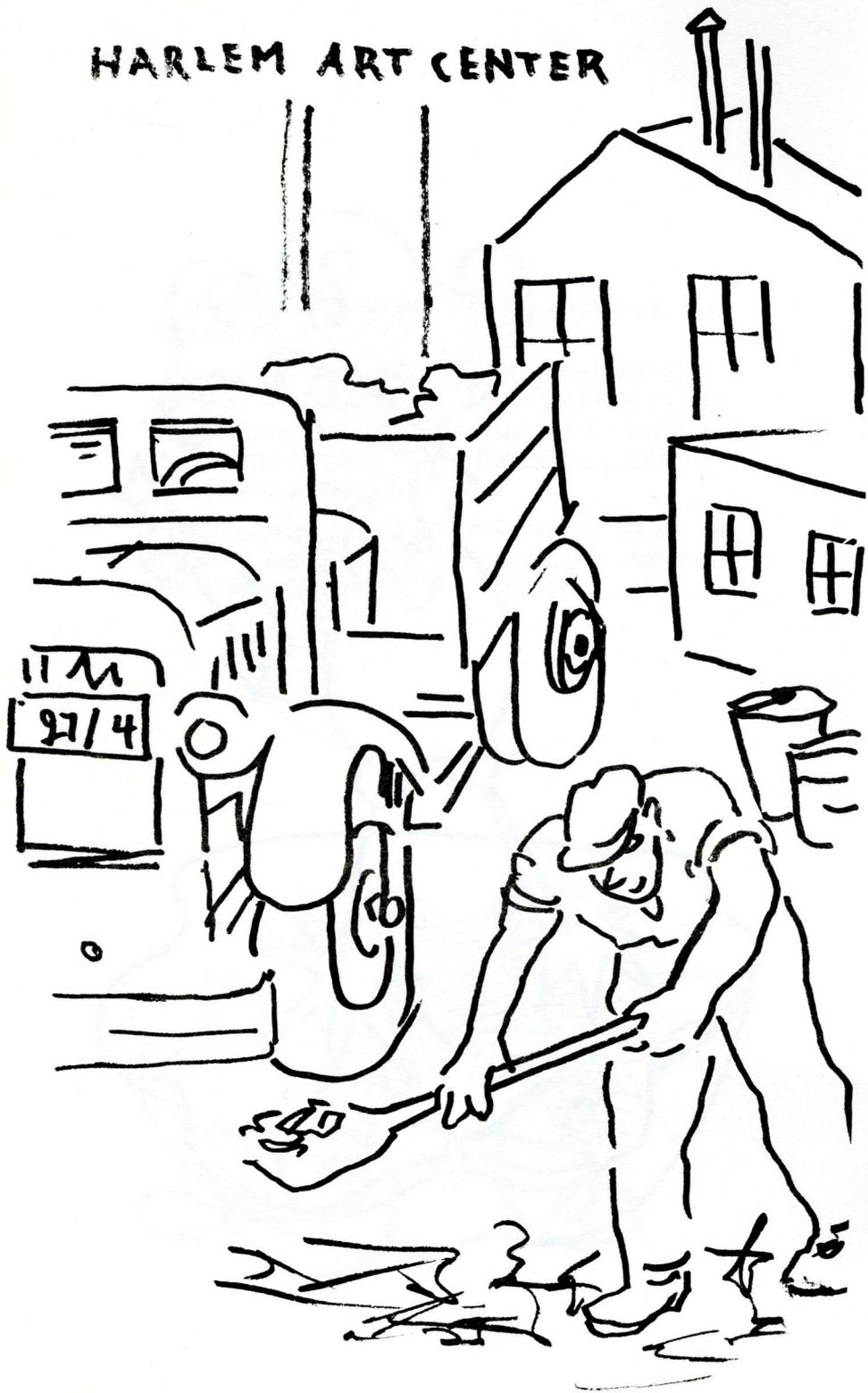
In the late 30's when I had my first N.Y.C. show at the ACA gallery, I was told that I must stick to one medium & one subject if I wanted to become famous. "Only Picasso could do anything he chose to do."

That advice I brushed off & did oils, sketches, doodles, ceramics, jewelry, sumi ink, water colors, collages & illustrated 11 books.





HARLEM ART CENTER



N. Y. City Noise

At night-time I awake and hear every metal city
sound.

A screech — a clang — and thousands of
watches being wound.

Then there's the sweet murmur of my little
room

The bureau creaks — draws large and dark
and near.

I hug my pillow — and remember deaths I've
died and long to die again.

the 30's



If perchance the gates are closed
And nobody knows

Would you gather me some velvet pansies
From your garden?

Not at appointed hours

When people come

To bask and relax, weep

Or soothe shameful spots of guilt

And within your limits

Do the things one can among the flowers.

My garden lives merely in my mind

Is wafted out of sight

Where the winds are wild

Or settles like a wisp

The color of ecstasy just off the gutter.

Overwrought

With no tea tray for the tired

No place to be

So it must not be

Or at least be out of place as proven.

Winged things hear your arias

But their thin throats are broken

And they tell me nothing.

Injured eyes imply,

"Only in the prosaic is there protection

Give up now!

You would have been loved

If you hadn't needed it so"

**“What would the pope
have to say about a bidet?”**

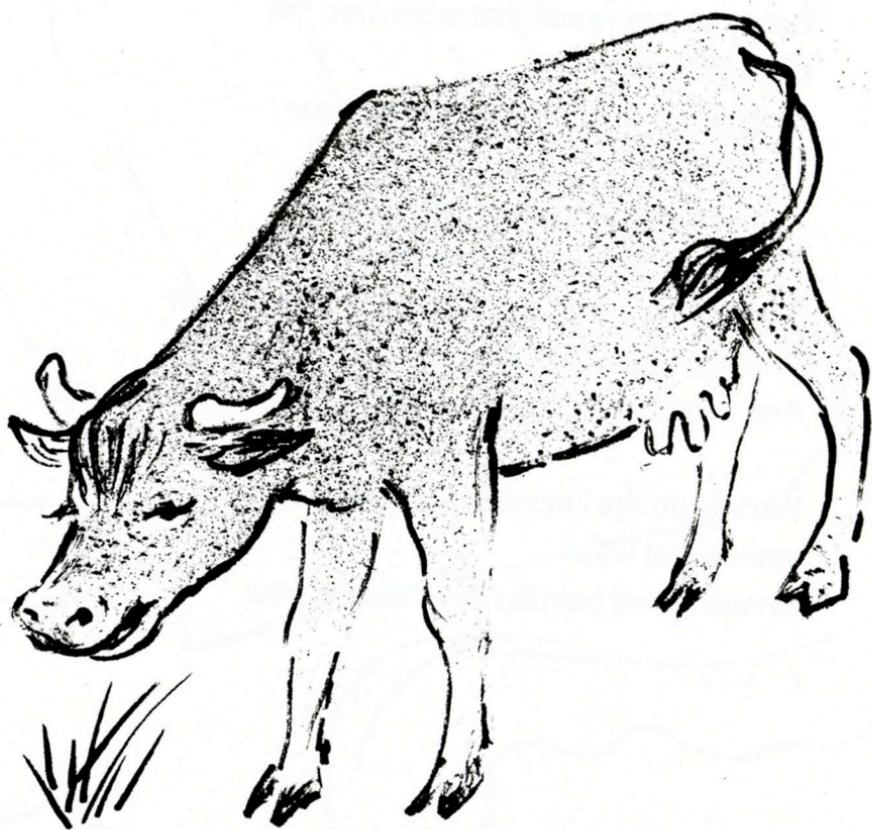


1934 Paris

STOP WARS
NOW

even a cow knows
how to discourage
bull fights!

Are humans less intelligent?



Art & propaganda

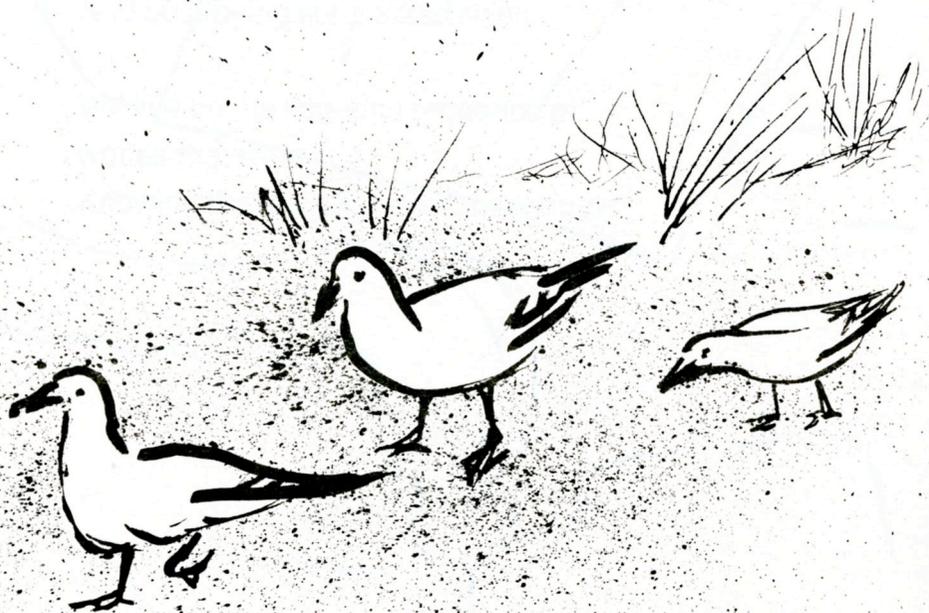
There are words & words
And there are worlds of wordless pictures
without malice.
But there are words that worm into the
mind Würmchen
And pile up in front of the closet door
To feed only on fears
And starve the balance inside.
That's how the words work dearie
Skillfully achieving endless ends of their own
Shaping with sharp edges
And destroying sumi-inked skies.

We live on the lingering presence of
worlds that were
Knowing that pain is never always now.

1935

Hartford Courant





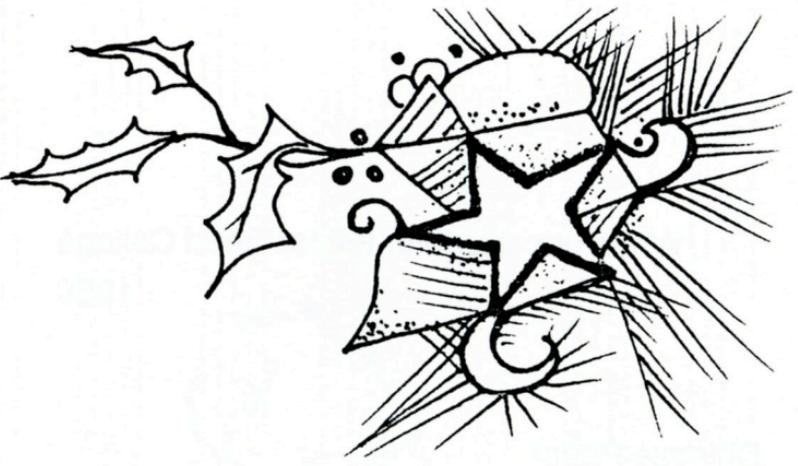
I am a sea gull
Standing on stick legs
Wet and cold and awkward in misery,
But there are days when I glide
And fly high.
Then come down
Feet out-stretched for a landing.

I listened to the B Minor Mass
of Johann Sebastian Bach

I traveled with winds and storms over the sea
And heard a high clear note pierce the sky
For two thousand years.

Then a long loud quietness fell.
Today in faded sacred sound
I fashion a garment to protect me
From other storms
And jewels to gladden a heart
Wounded by a sordid and discordant thought
How horses dogs and women are expected
to compete.

Tomorrow I will go forth belted and bedecked
Into a city of small pleasures
Strivings
And endless longings of people.



When our daughter left for Reed College

1959

Chinese Poem

by Helun Wing McGee
Translated from the Chinese by

V. J. McGill

Now that you are away

All your faults have gone too.

Your imperfections have vanished

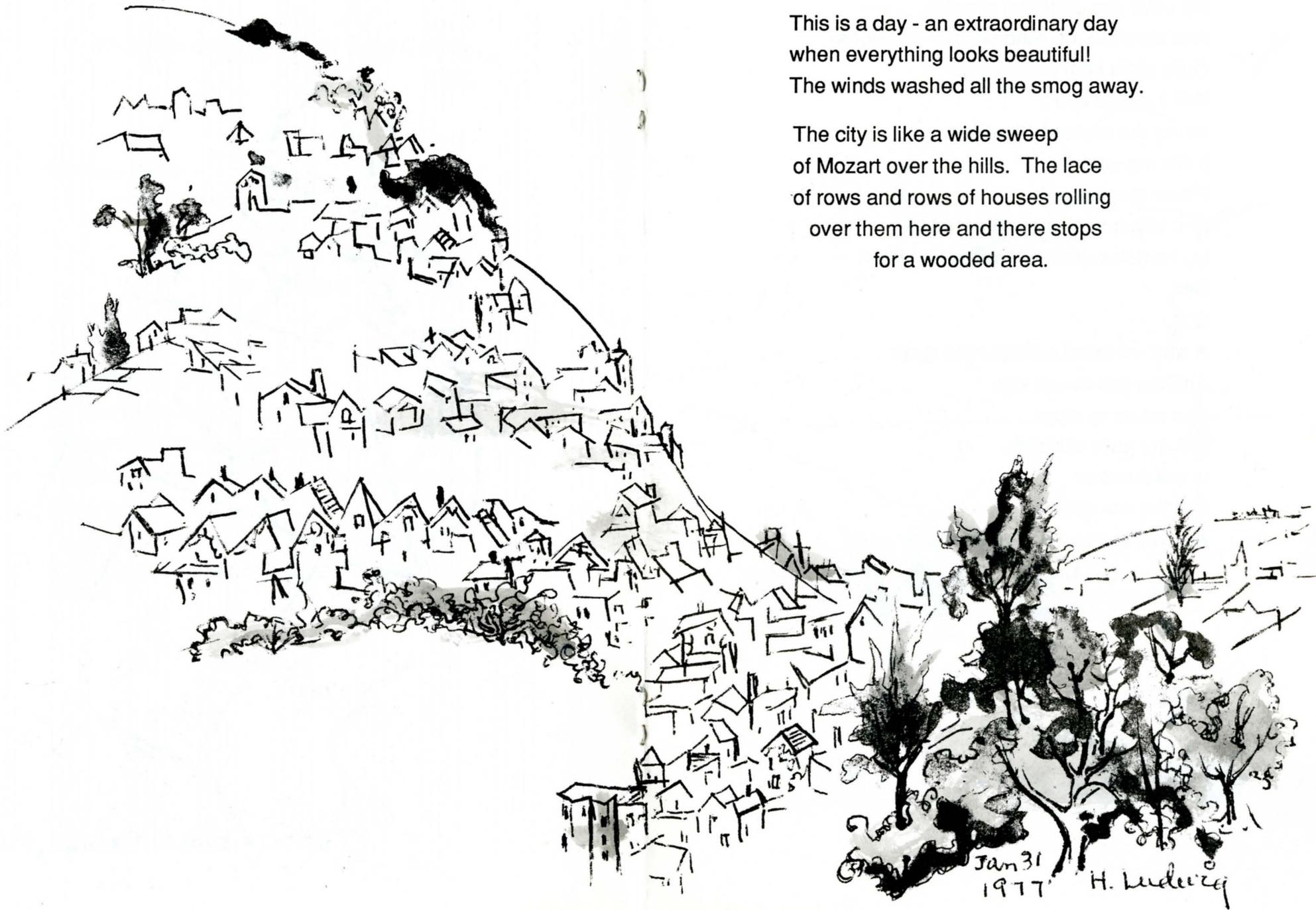
There's only the loveliness of the true Maribu
and a lonely flute.

I miss most the sudden outbursts of song

In the lotus marshes of stagnant Stanyan
Street.



Jerry died Feb. 20, 1977



This is a day - an extraordinary day
when everything looks beautiful!
The winds washed all the smog away.

The city is like a wide sweep
of Mozart over the hills. The lace
of rows and rows of houses rolling
over them here and there stops
for a wooded area.

Jan 31
1977 H. Ludwig

My Love lies under an acacia
And clings to the wind sculptured dunes
Gulls glide high and murmur
Will it still be there
When the mimosa blooms?
It fills the sea
Flows o'er the cliff
And touches every grain of sand.
My love lies under an acacia in bloom
Sea,
Sun,
A wind-combed succulented dune
And the gull-swept sky
Our wedding room.
Will the gulls still glide
In the summer
Will the sea still be
And will my love live on ever after me?

1963

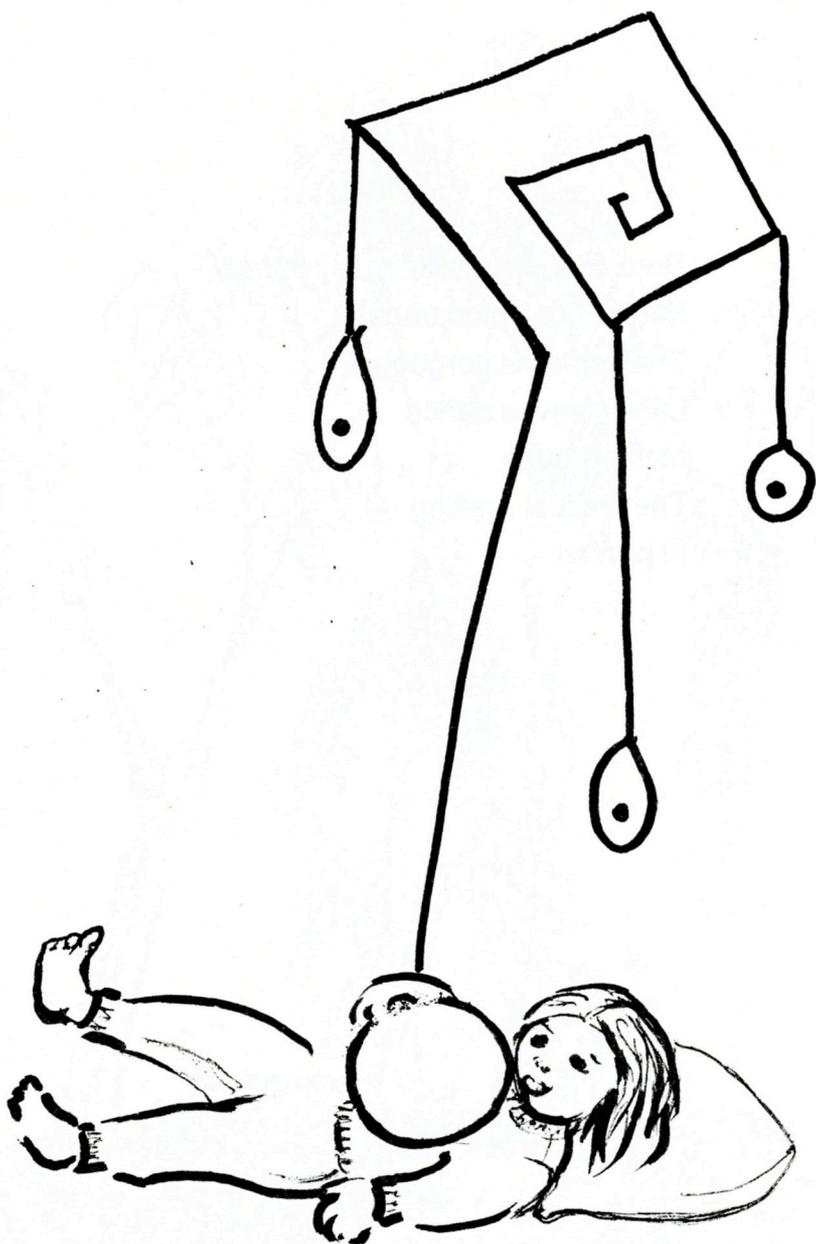


2 A.M. Apr. 23, 1981

Could an adjective give you
a chill or a thrill
or would a verb be more effective?

Do verbs tire more easily
than nouns?

Sometimes grammar is hard to handle,
especially for young children who wear
warm underwear



Some people dislike many things
Even Eucalyptus trees!
Their smell is gorgeous!
Lacey leaves dance
In the breeze
They're just reeking
In poetry!







I like trains
But they have no love life
Only rhythmic sounds.
The cry of trains is sad and lonely
Scheduled shaking
On to somewhere
Where?

Not like the call of cranes
At dusk
Going on to rest
And to mating
Maybe?

Mar. 7, 1981

On the way to San Jose
with Vera

To Betty Roblin

It's a long, long way to heaven.
You travel along the Pacific
Past a few black Angus cows
Green velvet slopes
Between the forested areas.
There's some of it here now
In the vast display of yellow blossoms
Fluffing on and on and on
To the silhouette of evergreens far away
Against the sky.

Along the roads to eternity
You see what you look for
Especially when you eyes are closed.



driving down
the coast after Alfred died



Before the first light appears
birds chirp to announce it.
I stretch, inhale deeply & there are
the solutions with inspiration.

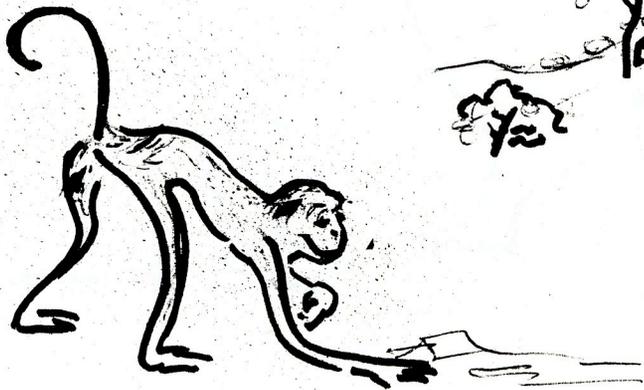
Sometimes when I'm up high
like a bird, I see everything in
place — the pattern of streets
below, many small houses &
wooded areas.

It's not like the images of
ant-like people busy in box-
sized rooms - story after
story in skyscrapers. Each
tiny person has its biological
function. Do some of them
know Inverness or about
Austin Creek or walking
among the redwoods?

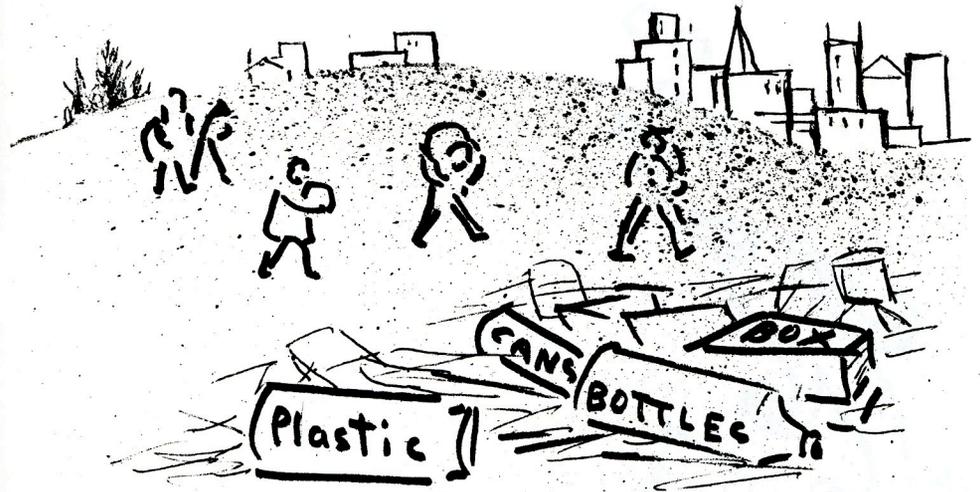
Nukes know no difference!

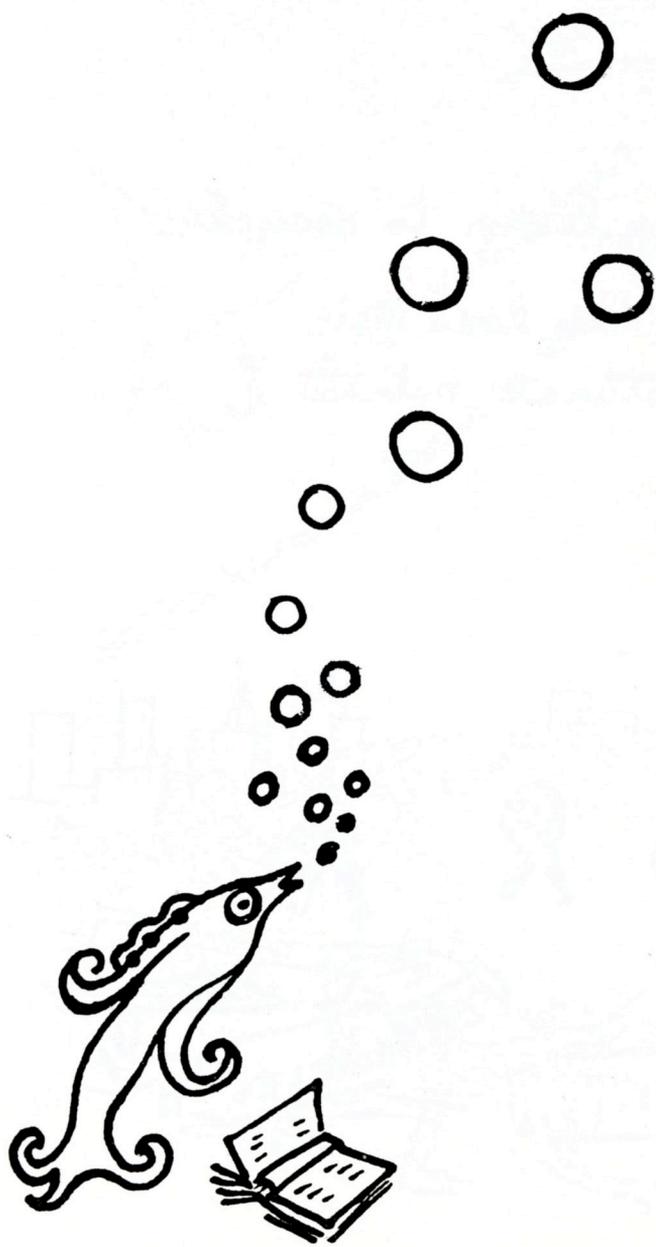


How many tons of debris
do the humans leave us each day?



Will they learn to recycle
before they lose their
natural habitat?



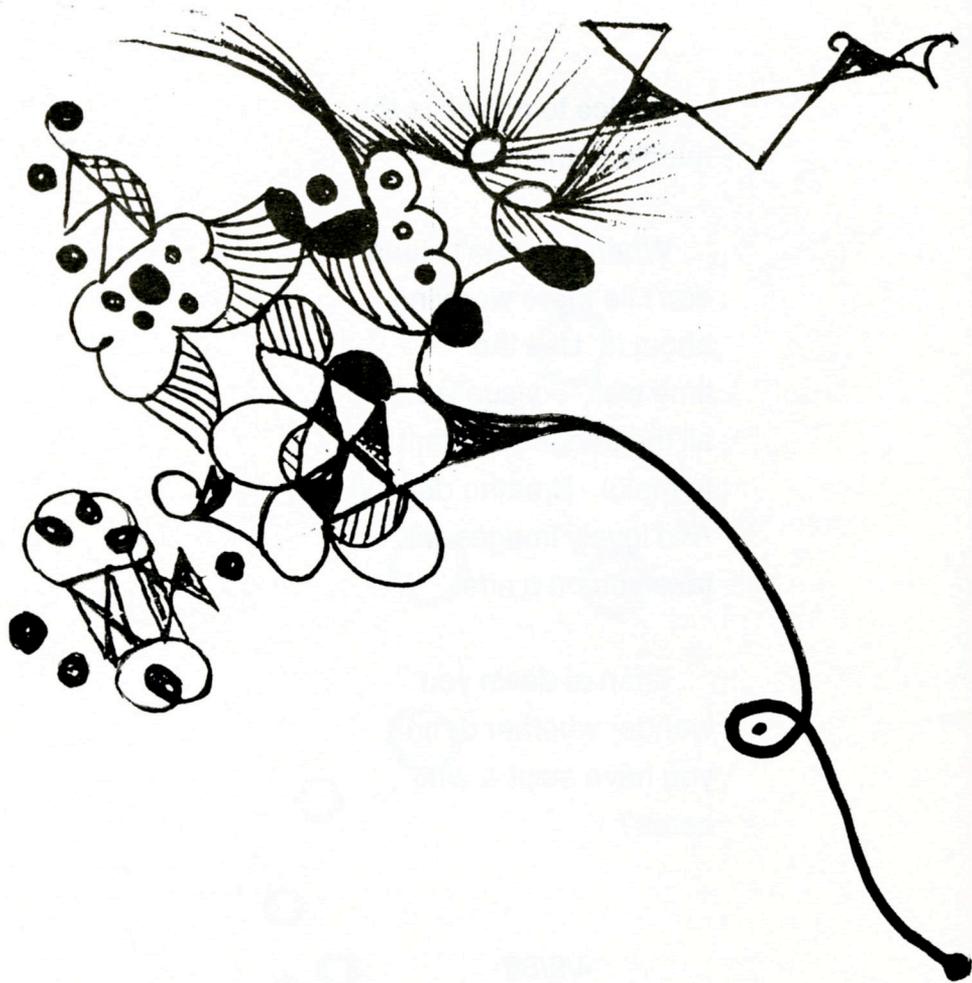


Advice to myself in the
middle of the night

When you can't sleep
don't lie there worrying
about it! Use the
time well — visualize
all the things you want
to make. Breathe deeply!
And lovely images will
take you on a ride.

Then at dawn you
wonder whether or not
you have slept & who
cares?

4/9/88



Humor is always there
like the sun.
It may disappear
in darkness
behind clouds of rain.

After a night's rest, it smiles at you
again.

May 13, 1988



and that's all
for now, but

Next comes *Cars, Cars & Their Relatives* - also *Drawings & Doodles from Decades of the Past*, which includes my WPA days in N.Y.C. Most of the drawings were taken from the 41 sketch books donated to the Archives of American Art.

Psychiatry for the Home & Garden, published in 1970, sold out rather fast.

