

Muni Art Featured Artist: Richard Louis Perri

Streets of San Francisco

Born in Rockville Centre, NY in 1944. After studying in the Southwest, I came to San Francisco in 1967 with “flowers in my hair.” My main focus is making art as a Fine Artist Oil Painter. I’m experienced in creating work in various genres and in a diverse and varied subject matter. My art exhibited primarily in galleries and museums in San Francisco and also is permanently in the National Museums in Shenzen and Wuhan China. I am known for painting the history of San Francisco and have been described by SF Chron staff writer Carl Nolte as “San Francisco’s Greatest Undiscovered Artist” because I paint pictures of undiscovered places in San Francisco. I love this city, made it my home. It’s my inspiration and would love the opportunity for my images to roll around town expressing it.



The Changing Light

The changing light at San Francisco
is none of your East Coast light
none of your
pearly light of Paris

The light of San Francisco
is a sea light
an island light

And the light of fog
blanketing the hills
drifting in at night
through the Golden Gate
to lie on the city at dawn

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, "The Changing Light." Reprinted with the permission of the author. All rights reserved.
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Recipe for Happiness in Khabarovsk or Anyplace

One grand boulevard with trees
with one grand café in sun
with strong black coffee in very small cups

One not necessarily very beautiful
man or woman who loves you

One fine day

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, "Recipe For Happiness in Khabarovsk or Anyplace." Reprinted with the permission of the author. All rights reserved. Muni Art 2022, San Francisco Beautiful, sfbeautiful.org



Populist Manifesto

Poets, come out of your closets,
Open your windows, open your doors,
You have been holed up too long
In your closed worlds.

Come down, come down
from your Russian Hills and Telegraph Hills,
your Beacon Hills and your Chapel Hills,
your Mount Analogues and Montparnasses,
down from your foothills and mountains,
out of your tepees and domes.
The trees are still falling
and we'll to the woods no more.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

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At the Golden Gate

At the Golden Gate

A single plover far at sea

wings across the horizon

A single rower almost out of sight

rows his skull into eternity

And I take a Buddha crystal in my hand

And begin becoming pure light

Lawrence Ferlinghetti



from What is Poetry?

It is what exists between the lines.

A true poem can create a divine stillness in the world.

It is made with the stillness of dreams.

It is far, far cries upon the beach at nightfall.

It is a lighthouse moving its megaphone over the sea.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, from "What is Poetry?" Reprinted with the permission of the author. All rights reserved.
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Red's JAVA HOUSE

CLOSED

Budweiser

The Chronicle



THE TRIANGLE SANDWICH SHOP

CLOSED