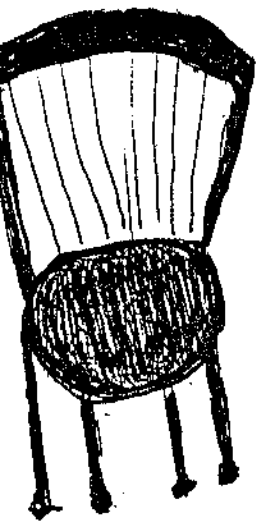
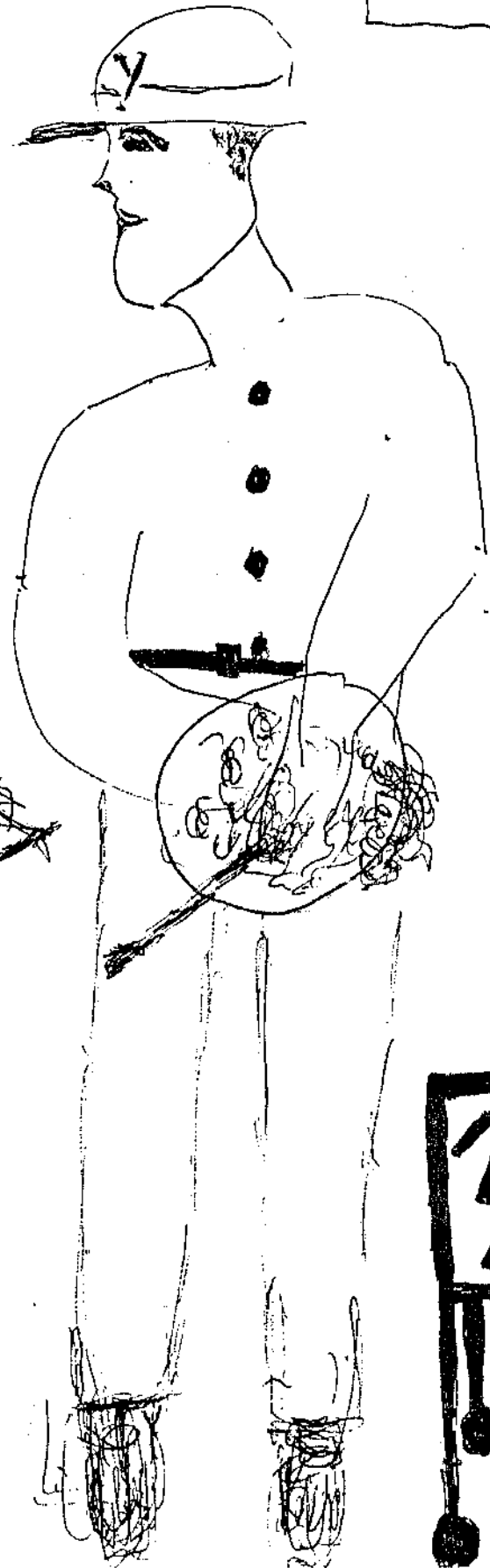
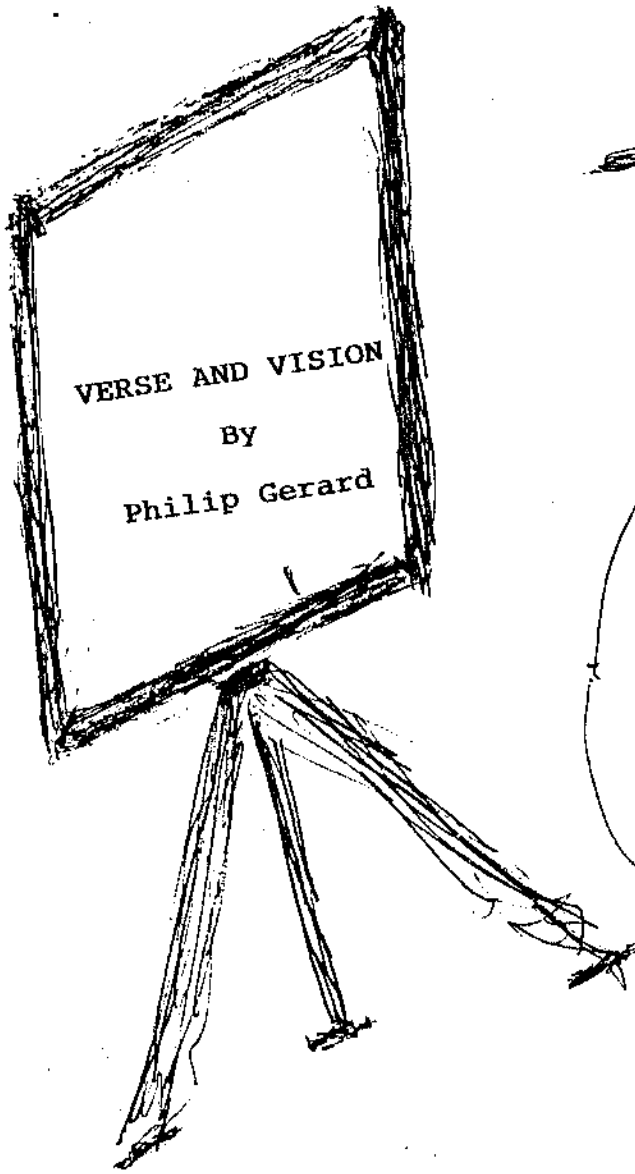
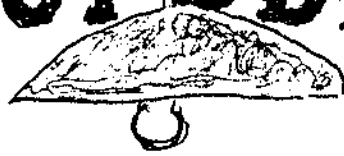


MY STUDIO



MAY-3
1993

CONTENTS

CLAY

ARTS

TO BE REMEMBERED!

JUST FOR YOU

ANGER

"THE CURTAIN"

PINE TREE

BEETHOVEN'S 5 $\frac{1}{2}$

MOODS

A VISION

JUST FOR YOU

MEMORY

SOUL

MUSING

ALONE

JUST A DITTY ON NEW YORK CITY

"NOT BAD"

SPIRITUALITY

THE END OF THE ROAD

SEVENTY-NINE

(c) 1992 Philip Gerard

CLAY

Gods played with clay,
In another day,
And men of the past,
Made theirs to last,

Ancient cultures display
 their works,
Chinese, Persians, and
 the talented Turks,
Left a heritage for our,
 time,
Now seek to follow their
 line.

When one feels clay,
You're tempted to play,
And the process,
As you fondle and caress,
What first seems a mess,
Inspires as it becomes less.

TO BE REMEMBERED!

There are pleasures and pleasures,
Depending on your need.
Some seek it in treasures;
While others find it in deed.

There are those among us,
Who make little fuss,
And are pleased to be remembered,
With whatever is tendered.
While others seek what glitters,
Which glows a moment and fritters.

I'll take what comes my way,
And have only this to say;

"To be remembered,
is to be tendered --
a touch of love,
sparked from above."

What's in store is your guess.

A sculptured head or torso,
A pitcher even more so.
Then suddenly a gleam of glee,
What's in mind,
You'll have to wait and see.

ARTS

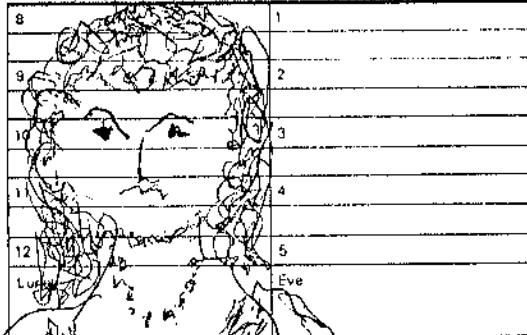
What a world this would be,
If you could hear and see,
The works of artists and their gifts,
The sound of music,
The style of a twirl,
A photo still,
That provides a thrill,
A work of art,
That reveals each part.

"O YOU KID"

August

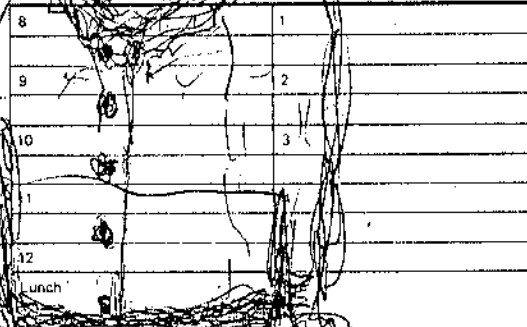
Monday 25

8	1
9	2
10	3
11	4
12	5
Lunch	Eve



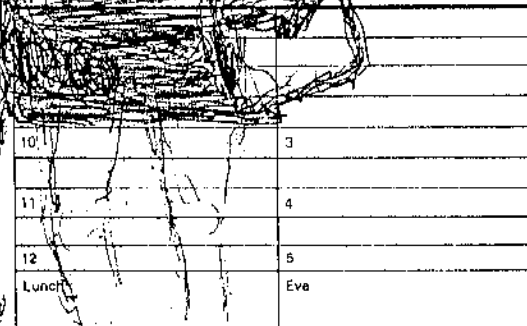
Tuesday 26

8	1
9	2
10	3
11	
12	
Lunch	



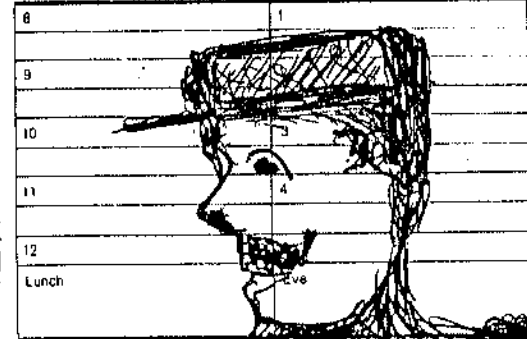
Wednesday 27

10	3
11	4
12	5
Lunch	Eve



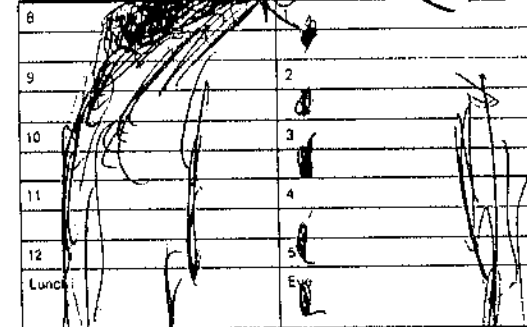
Thursday 28

8	1
9	
10	
11	
12	
Lunch	Eve



Friday 29

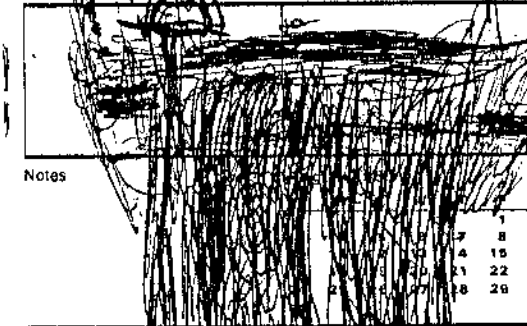
8	2
9	3
10	4
11	5
12	
Lunch	Eve



Saturday 30

Sunday 31

Notes	
1	8
2	9
3	10
4	11
5	12
6	13
7	14
8	15
9	16
10	17
11	18
12	19
13	20
14	21
15	22
16	23
17	24
18	25
19	26
20	27
21	28
22	29
23	30
24	31



JUST FOR YOU

I look, but don't see;

I am, but can't be.

I listen, but don't hear.

I speak, but don't say;

I walk, but don't sway.

I sing without sound;

I'm lost and not found.

I'm pained but don't cry;

I'm alone, but don't sigh.

I struggle while trying.

I'm alive but dying.

I look for answers and find

only cancers.

I seek the joy of love;

I find only the ploy of a

dove.

I've decided to live a life

of my own.

I've been moved to disown

all I've known.

I'll take a turn at the end

of the road;

I'll start a new life in a
new abode.

I'll find me a beauty of a
bride;
I'll put all the others aside.

I'll say Good Bye to our earth
and our place;
We'll take the next missile
to Out Of Space.

ANGER

Anger is a resource of time,
Which can be banked when not
on the line.

Then like a reservoir of power,
Which feeds each hour-
It gives us the strength,
To take the wrench-
That comes our way,
Through the pain of the day.

"THE CURTAIN"

We die a little each day,
Then we restore what we may.
Living at a pace
Is the best way to run your
race.

There is a time to pause,
For a rewarding cause.
Then off we go again,
Enduring our daily pain.

While steeling our muscle,
For the inevitable bustle
In the process of living,
We're getting and giving.

We share and care,
With the fragile and the fair.
Although the day may be gray,
With the glaze of the sun gone
away.

Are love blooms,
Are heart swoons,
For the living and the dying,
there is an end,



THE WOMEN

THE MEN

"Shoot"

MCA

MCA

Philip General
Westport April 14

PINE TREE

A lonely pine, 100 feet tall,
Moves with the wind and sees
all.

As it views the field below,
It looks about and wonders,
"Where did the flowers go?"

From its stance on high,
It peers down with a keen eye,
And sees nature's wonder rise and
fall,
Then follows each cycle on call.

The daffodils, the tulips, and the
lilies

Like young sparkling and lithsome
fillies,

Are wooed by wild and wondrous honeybees,
Who make their sanctuary in the tall pine
trees.

God looks over all his creatures,
And each season lights their sparkling
features.
Then provides his creation with a
comforting nest
Where they breed and find their essential
rest.

BEETHOVEN'S 5 $\frac{1}{2}$

I attended the debut,
Of the tubist, Yama-who-
Celebrated for his sound,
He was the best pound for pound.

His umpa-umpa-umpa,
Was played with elegant tone.
And his boom-boom-boom,
Was as clean as a bone.

His solo stirred the symphony,
Who responded with sympathy.
Then suddenly a crash,
And a tuba-a mash.

The tubist turned cubist,

With a bruised nose and a battered
wrist.

The orchestra played,
The tubist strayed.
Beethoven's $5\frac{1}{2}$ without a tuba,
Is like a swimmer without a scuba.

All is fine,
For a time.
Until the final cadenza,
Which has the sound of a tinza-
With a tuba solo,
From a standard folio.
This night will be remembered,
When a performance was rendered,
By a missing tuba and its note.
The tubist left his tuba,
And took his coat.

MOODS

I find I move from mood to mood;
At times I'm gay, but then I brood.
I feel like a bird on the wing
Flying high on a swing.

But when you're up, you've got to
 come down;
Your smile is gone, you're wearing
 a frown.

The world within twists and turns,
Leaving painful burns.

Life is a challenge like a Super
 Bowl game:
There are winners and losers; we're
 not all the same.

We're born into a marathon race
And compete to keep the pace.

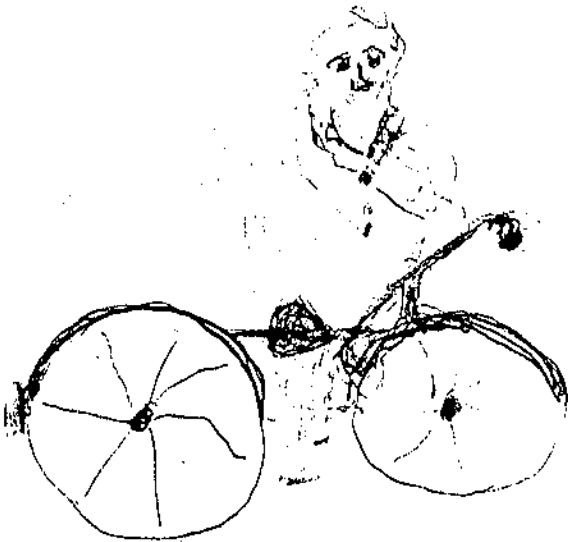
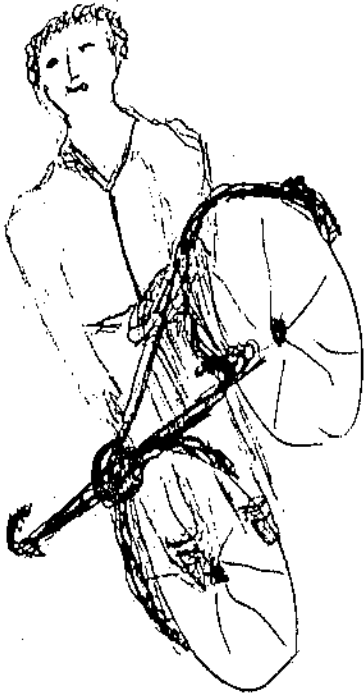
Friends and family are on your side;
They cheer you on as you go and glide.
You run up the hills and down,
Striving for a champions crown.

The race goes on through the day
As many runners fall by the way,
And the light ebbs and the crowds
 roar,
Urging their favorites for more and
 more.

The sun sets

Bike

For Men and Women
and
TYKES



Philip Goodson

And its glory fades,
But the day brightens as the race
ends
And the winner is embraced by his
adoring friends.

He is brought to the center of the
ring
And crowned by his peers as their
king.
They walk into the night,
Which has never been so bright.

A VISION

I saw:

A child whimper and whine-
A mother join the food line.
A circus clown wearing a frown
A ballet queen dancing on the
town.

And then I was struck by:

A magnificent vision,
Evoked by a Titian.
The head of Rodin,
Like any other man.

A twirl in the air,
Performed with the ultimate
flair.

A dramatic scene,
On a touching theme.
An act that's bold,
An encore to explode.
A comic sobbing,
That leaves them throbbing.
Then the end of the play
As the night blankets the day.

JUST FOR YOU

The sun was bright that winter's day,
Children stayed home, few were at play.
We walked our way along the usual route,
It was a serene stroll except for an owl's
hoot.

As the day waned, the wind whistled,
Leaves blew, and we rustled.
Native voices sang a joyful tune,
Melding into choral chord at noon.

Birds tittered as they bit their bark,
Then came the soothing solo of the lovely
lark.
Joined by the blue jay, robins and the rest,
Chiming in at their very best.

I have heard symphonies around the world,
But none to compare to these winged voices.
God created these creatures for all to
behold,
Their songs are beloved for they are gentle
and bold.

FACES

THE NEW YORK TIMES TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1992

How to Lose the Cold War

Daniel Schorr

WASHINGTON President Bush, on the defensive against "America First," Patrick Buchanan and "America Come Home" Democrats, is in danger of defeat from the jaws of history.

By Richard M. Nixon,

ier President is coming to tomorrow for a conference by his Presidential "America's changing role d." A memorandum he has circulated in advance is titled "To Lose the Cold War." It says that he is planning a challenge to the Bush Administration's faltering response to the former Soviet Union. A strikingly blunt four-page memorandum suggests that the Pen- ners will according to an

criticizes the 'pathetic' response to democracy in Russia.

this newspaper on Sunday, world where America is No. 1. The upheaval in the former is nothing to worry about, are in the real world.

real world, according to Mr. reform fails to produce a for Russia and the other Soviet Republics, "a new and serious despotism will take the people trading free- dom and entrusting their with new faces." Nixon says, "has to seize the moment to history in the next half- century. If Russian President Yeltsin fails, the prospects for

Yeltsin is not perfect. He has made serious mistakes. But he is an extraordinary historical figure.

What the U.S. and the West have done to aid Yeltsin is a grain credits, a "peacekeeping" international conference in Washington in January, a massive food, a Peace Corps, and Nixon views as "peacekeeping."

Domestic initiatives will mean little if the West is forced to rearm

coming too preoccupied with domestic issues. "Tinkering with the tax code or launching new domestic initiatives will have little economic significance," he says, "if a new hostile despotism in Russia forces the West to rearm."

It is ironic that the President should find himself in a foreign policy face-off with both an interventionist Republican predecessor and

Mirko Ilie

MEMORY

Long before the computer,
Memory served as a recruiter --
Assembling all we've learned,
Processing it as it churned.

We reach into the past,
For a moment that was cast --
Our mind recalls the fleeting image,
That emerged from a watered wedge.

I watched the figure float by,
And entreated it with my eye.
She stopped her movement in space,
And turned to me with an embrace.

I was never so entranced,
As we floated and danced.
There was music in the air,
As we spun without a care.

I reached the heights of ecstasy,
The reasons why were plain to see.
I was enraptured by an angel.

Covered with silk and spangles.

Love had come to me,
Through s a heavenly rhapsody.
I have never been so thrilled,
My life has been fulfilled.

SOUL

The soul evokes a sense of mystery,
And has for mankind throughout history.
Each of us hopes life is eternal,
Including those who are destined
for the infernal.

It is the soul that lives and will
never die --
Even for one whom life defies.
The soul is the essence of
after life,
When the body is worn at
the end of the strife.

The soul ascends a world beyond,
The divine spirit embraces us with
a firm bond.
Life begins anew,
From a different view.

In this celestial world,
Where the soul is unfurled,
All is serene --
Peace is our theme.

MUSING

As I sat and mused,
Slightly confused --
I thought about the past,
And all that it had cast.

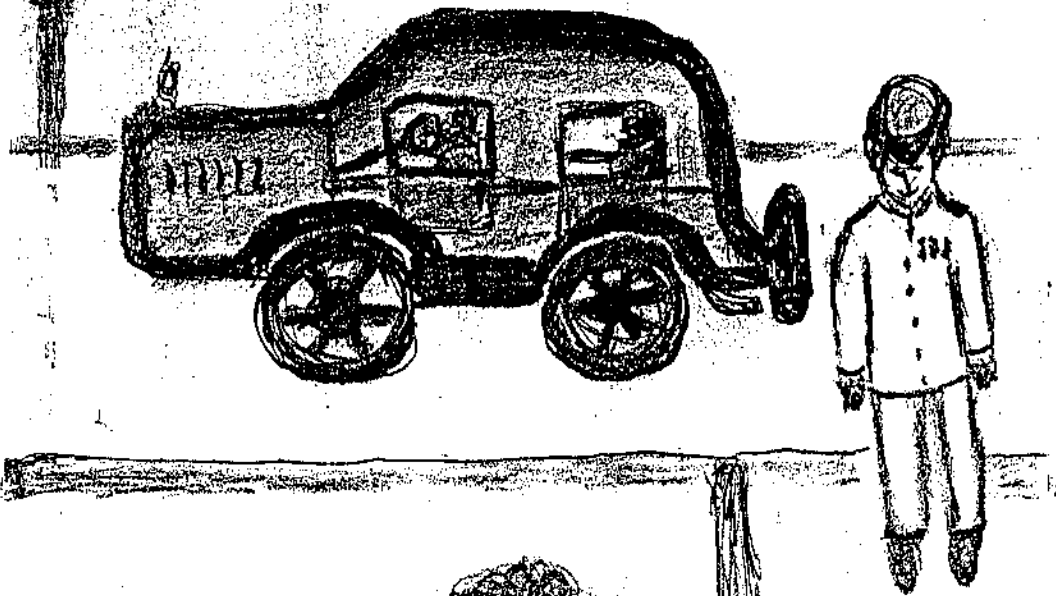
The early days full of
sorrow and joy -
The times I remembered
as a bashful boy.
Then growing up to another stage,
Living through page after page.

School and sports and all that sort,
The years went by like a ship out of port.
Love came like a balmy breeze,
I embraced it for it was no tease.

I've shared a long and productive life,
With my one and only wonderful wife.
She has given us two loving siblings,
Rick and Jena, now proud parents of
triblings.

So as we look back on times gone by,
We thank the Lord for helping us ply,
To learn and to give,
As long as we live.

Welcome to New York City - 1936



To Lillian - my inspiration
my LOVE Philip

Philip Gerard - Oct 3 - 1936

Philip Gerard

ALONE

I have a devoted family, yet I often feel
alone.

I have lived a good life and have few sins
to atone.

My friendships are meaningful and many,
I seek only their loyalty and never a penny.

When I confer with them, I still feel
isolated,

Even when I'm involved in an issue to be
debated.

I may shine in a gathering,
Although I feel like a smattering.

I am wise about much,
But know little of such and such.
I embrace those close to me,
Yet I feel a distance I cannot see.

I have wonderful students,
Who display pride and prudence.
Yet when I sit and teach,
I find I often seek and reach.

Into my private world,
Which remains unfurled.
For I'm alone with me,
And I alone can see.

JUST A DITTY ON NEW YORK CITY

I've lived my life
In a city of strife.
Yet all I remember
Are the joys of December.

I went to public school,
Where I was taught to obey the rule.
I learned my ABC's
And grew by degrees.

I played stick ball in the street,
Which was a daily treat.
Then cooked mickeys at the curb
Which were delicious without a herb.

The local police officer was our friend,
We aided him in his duties he was assigned
to tend.

When he broke up a fight,
He left us without fright.

Our firemen were admired heroes,
Climbing ladders with heavy hose.
They confronted furious flames and danger
To save the life of a stranger.

At school there were gentle nurses,
Who deserved the best of verses.
And teachers of all ages,
Some simple-minded and others approaching
sages.

There were brunettes and blonds all with
style
From the bleachers you could tell at a mile.
But the best of all,
In the rhythm of a frenzied ball --

Was the love you shared,
With the one for whom you cared --
At the local ten cent movie,
Where all was dark and groovy.

So like the dreams on the screen,
Our memories are precious and serene.

Now TV has taken over the scene,
And has wiped out what has been.

But not for me or mine,
For all I've known, remains divine.

"NOT BAD"

When commenting on my poetry,
I'd rather read a critic's carp --
And wince at his biting barb
Than hear a friend's rating --
Which is so devastating,
As "Not Bad."
Or even worse --
An unintended curse,
Which one should never use --
Unless you intend to abuse,
As one could --
With "Pretty Good."

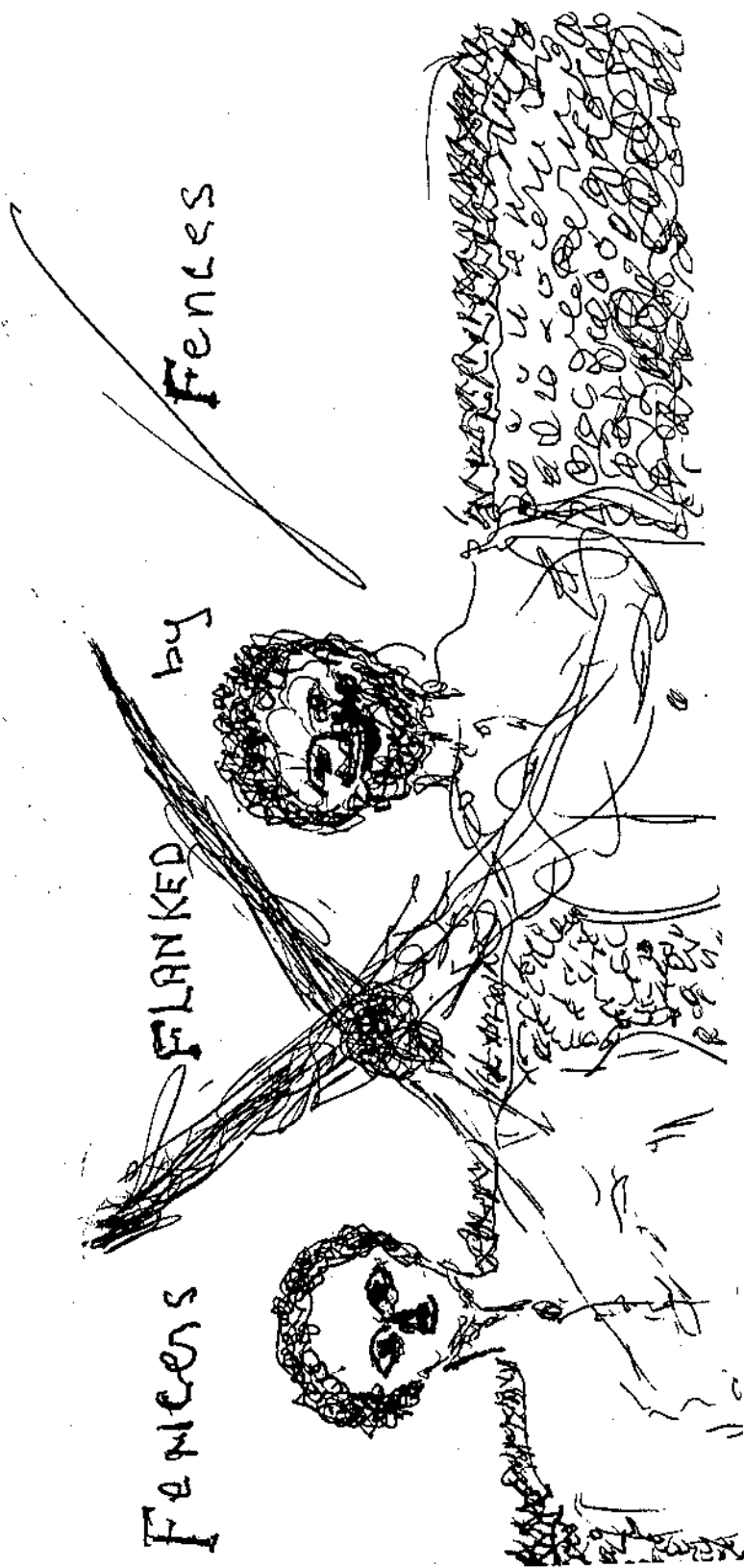
F's

Fencers

FLANKED

by

Fences



SPIRITUALITY

In a world that is spinning,
Full of violence and sinning,
If we're ever to cope
We'll need to believe as we hope.

We'll need to look within us,
And rid ourselves of the poison of puss.
Then release an inner reality,
Which is steeped in an eternal spirituality.

This divine force which sustains us,
And in which we have pledged our trust,
Is in our heart and is our soul,
This blessed energy makes us whole.

So as we take our path on life's byways,
Climb the hills and ride the highways,
There is a light that brightens our road
And with a friendly hand, lightens our load.

THE END OF THE ROAD

Life is a pathway,
About which we have little to say.
We're born without choice,
Then set on a course.

From which we seldom deviate,
Until it's too late.
Infant, child, teen-ager, adult,
We're launched from stage to stage like
a bolt.

We have little time to wonder,
As we're tossed about and asunder.
The world is too much with us,
We're in a constant state of fuss.

As we carry our load
About which we were untold,
Although there are moments of joy
When it's a girl or a boy.

But from day to day,
There is no longer play.
There is too much pain

In a world gone insane.

Where is the peace and the pleasure?

And the time for leisure?

It's all gone by

We'll have to look to the sky.

SEVENTY-NINE

Looking back on an earlier date,

When I was only eight,

It does not seem so long ago,

Although many miles I did hoe.

The years went quickly,

Some smooth, others prickly.

But I grew and matured,

I chased and I was lured.

I suffered yet was sufficed,

I received and I sacrificed.

I learned about life through living,

I was fulfilled in love through giving.

I shared life and love,
With a wife beyond whom there is none above.
I have two siblings,
And three triblings.

I have been blessed
With the best.

Now at seventy-nine,
I have fulfilled my fate.
I thank the LORD
For being aboard.