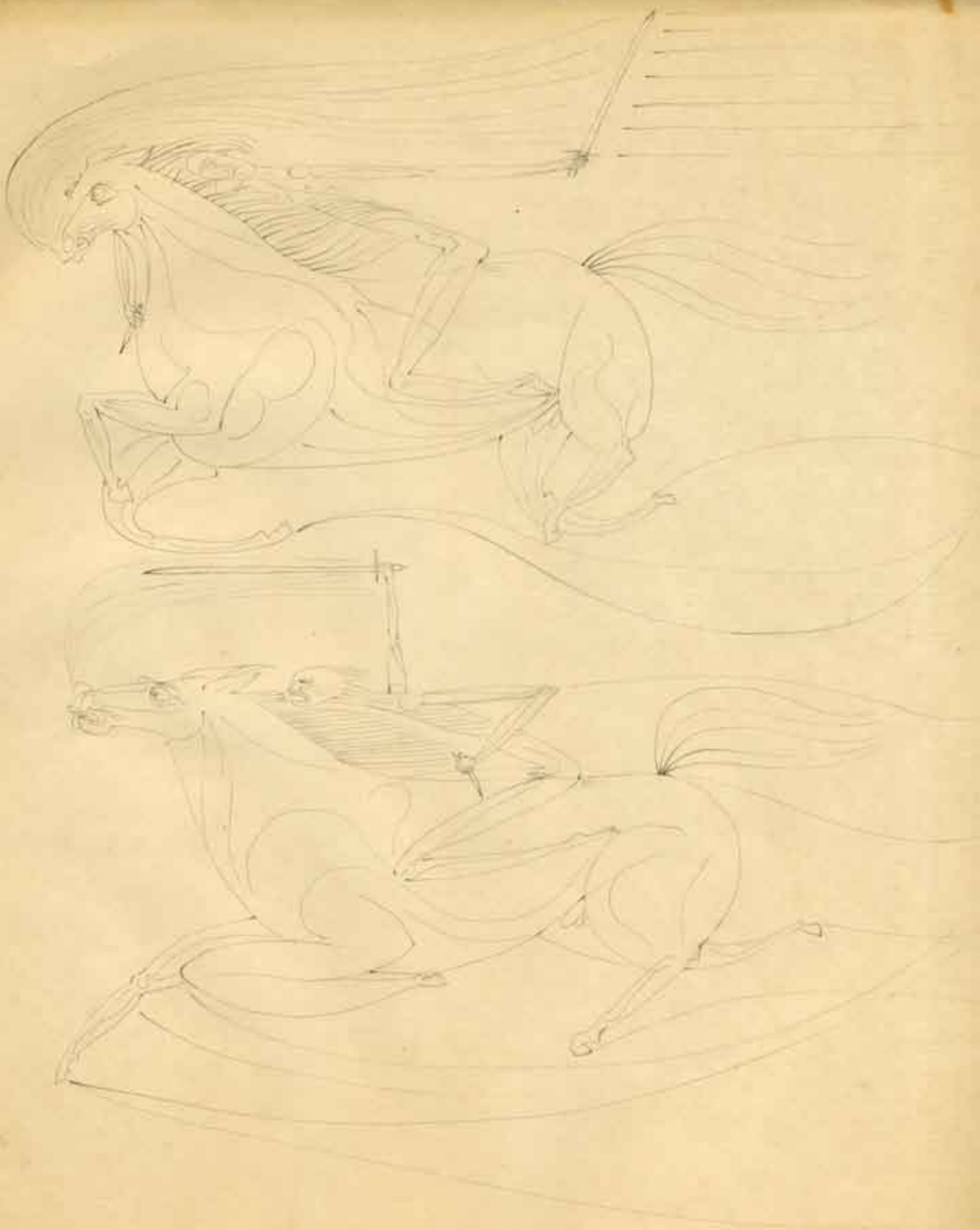
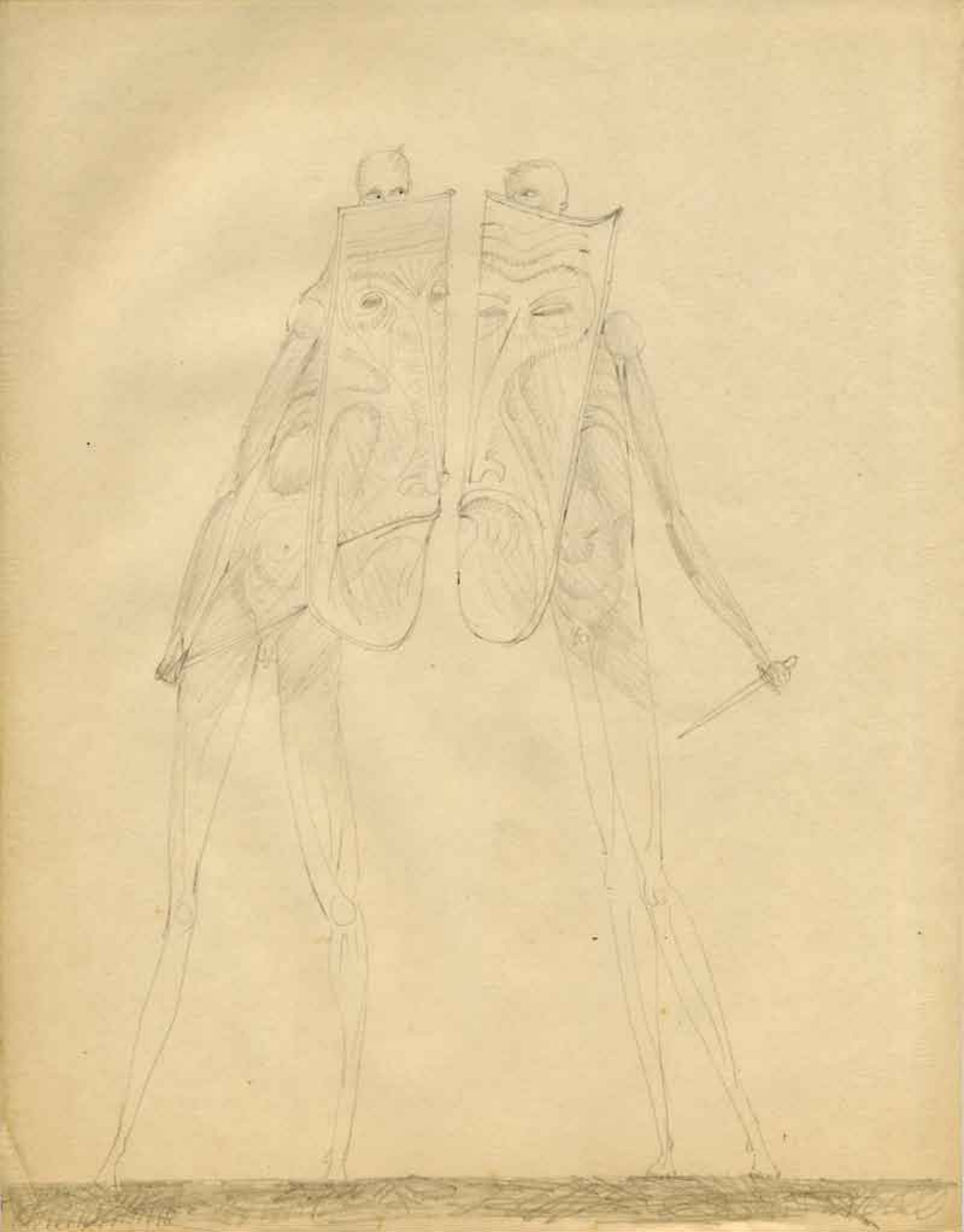
THE TIME WAS WHEN

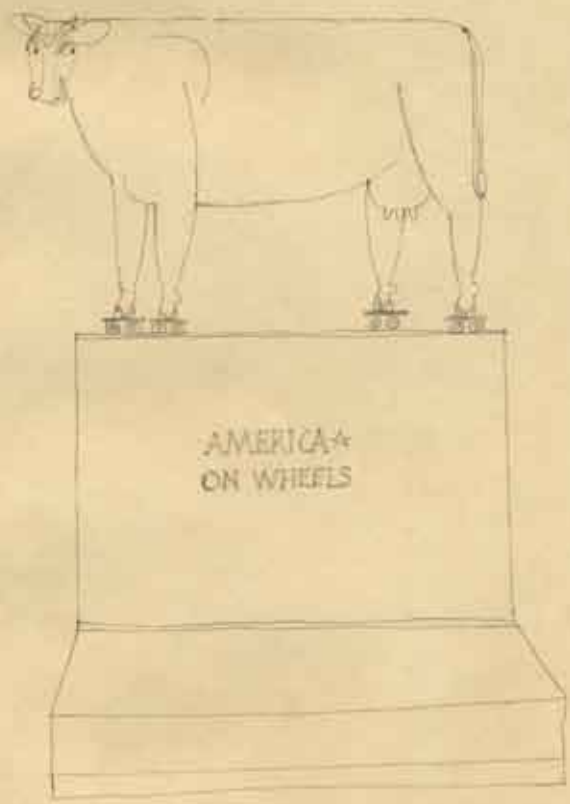
THE TIME
TILL TIME BEGAN

LEAP BEFOR YOU
LOOK

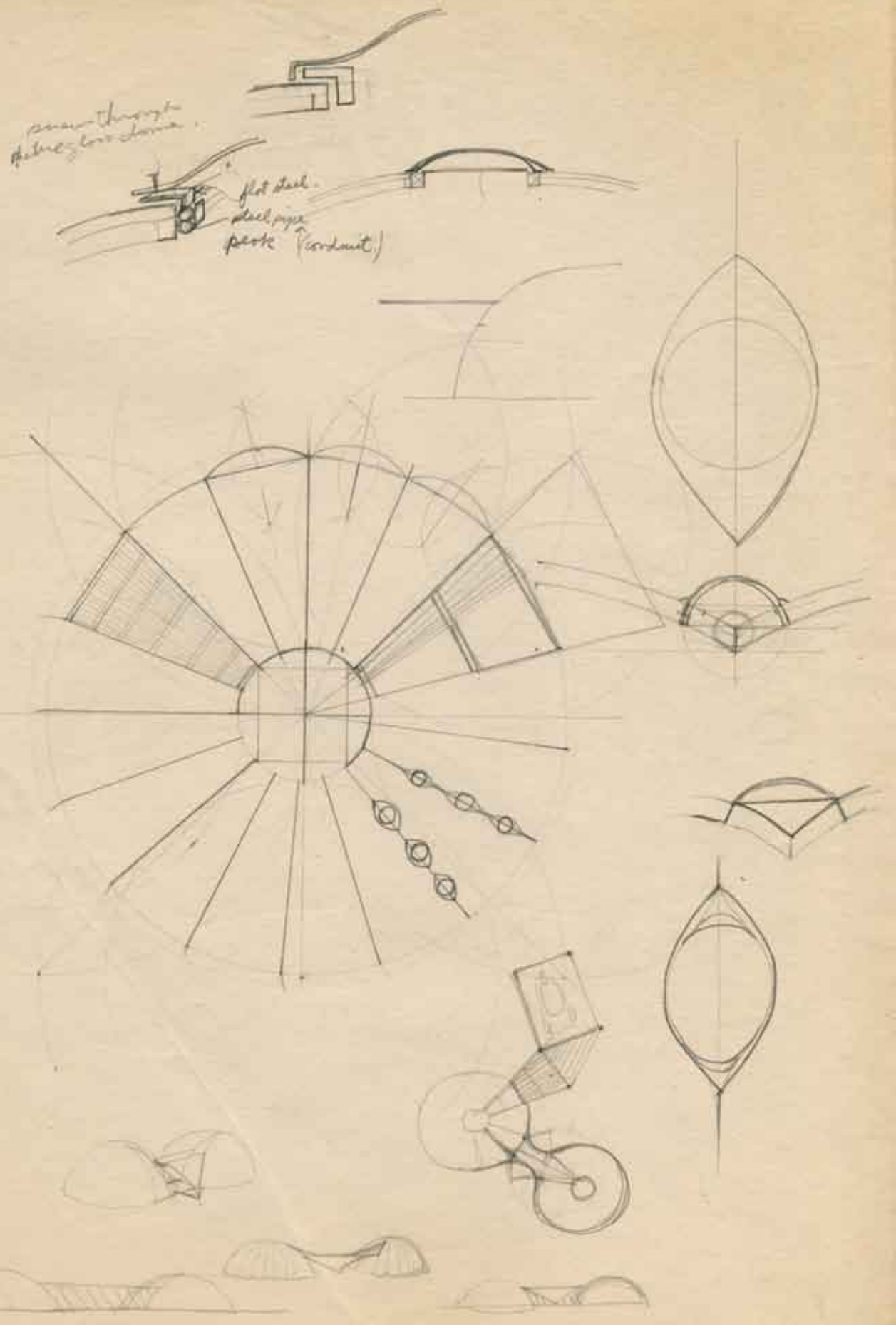
IF WAR COMES






AMERICA
ON WHEELS

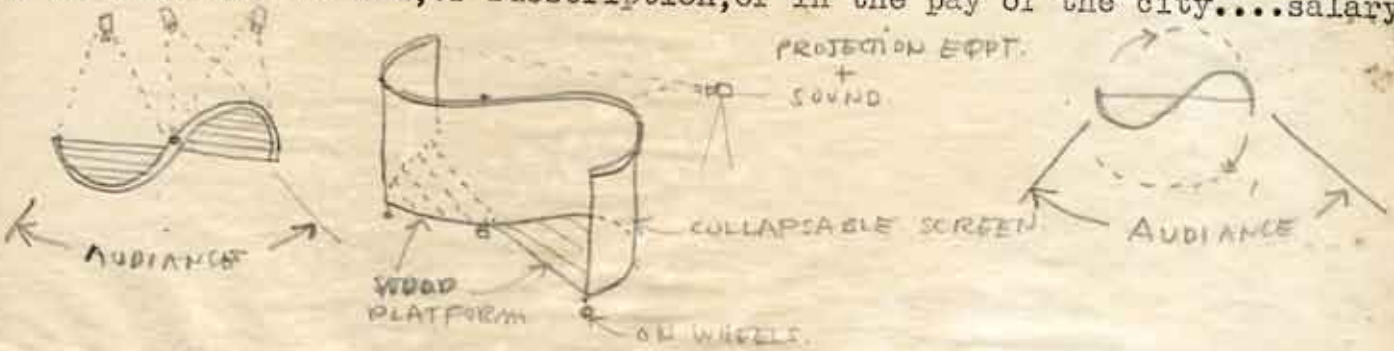
WE ARE ALL SUBJET
TO HEAVEN
BUT HEAVEN IS SUBJET
TO OUR REASON


flat steel
steel pipe

THE STRANGER FROM THE SEA

a tragedy
by
s.vanderbeek

one possibility for this play is for it to be given in the streets of any large city,town.....the entire stage could be a translucent screen curved into an "s" form,the scenery is mostly porjections on this, an amplifier,records of sea sounds and gulls,and a small amount of light -ing equiptment from the front a troop could be made up to travel about in the streets,which could be roped off for the night,and people bring their own chairs,even sitting in their windows,fireescapes etc. a contirbution method,or subscription,or in the pay of the city....salary



the play opens with the stage dark,a sea chany overature,the lights comes up on the sea,revealing an abstract wave pattern,which changes in light intensity,and forms,sea sounds,gulls,wind....the effect is loneliness ...a man enters,evidentally a sailor,sea bag on shoulder,accordian,in balck clothes and black beard,very dark in effect....he walks and stops, smelling and looking about him,he is on unfamiliar ground....

FULL AUTUM DAYS LIKE
ROUND RED APPLES SIT
PERCHEDHELD BY NOTHI
NGBUT PRIDE AGAINST
THE SKY~~WAITING FOR~~
NORTHERN WINDSMESSAGE
FULL OF THE SOUNDS AND SIGHTS
OF ENDINGS

in memory of a neon sign

well then write with light.....
..... as if only different distances
were sacred

i see cities....
almost all white
and spheres of light
and crystals cracked
for secrets and people
naked, but not calling it that

the river

laughter
I hear its gurgeling ommissions
of reflections apon the river
grey
playfully finding its way
into the brown cracks
and licking out smwll
dust befor it ebbs.
this river
alone
meteing with the ocean
inits coureing way
dickering here and there
across the land
with a certainty,
eyeing its every move
no wonder the mirth
what a game,
sullen and moody
to your depths
your façade awash
with small slappings
of cheer
is all we'llknow
of your labyrinth beginnings,
scored and etched
needle lines of recognition
your passing is barely heard
by a sgagull, sitting
contemplating the breeze.

aug. 1949

Apon reflection aug 1949

Coursed platatude
designed,
to pair this one
with all the multitude
Too easy to
does endless pithion of days
besaige the indivíd,
rather, you,
thaf is ,all

Unsensed reflections
the sky lies deep
within its womb
and warms the shadow of the sun
of your depuration

AND WORMS,
that happen,
on the edge
bear visitation
of soon fluttering
whimsey.....unawares
as they see themselves
repeated and repeated
blacker, black, backs
as eye to eye
they fail to see
I'd rather say I
a soul beneath the surface
apon reflection ,
but observation
must see its shape
perhaps it is a drifting leaf?
is it myself?
Lets not say that we expect
great tides
but,
let them come ,one by one ,
as ripples
fitting order.
Yet emptied,
slowed this daning brand
that makes identity a secret
And all thisquiet
stilled vacuum is abbreviation
for the hot rush
thats coming up
behind us.
To draw
entrail this meagershadow
of the stars
a lonley face ,down
beneath the pond,
lost, from its distantexsistance
one life,
a suicide of measure,
fruitless gesture towards mortality
without the proper
in.

O MOST SACRED BREATH
COME FILL ME //
COME LIGHT THE AIR AFIRE //
LOST IN THE REACHES OF DEATH
BURN
AS ONLY MORNING CAN IN THE EYE //
DEEP // TURNED OVER AND OVER //
NEVER TO TIRE //

Can there exsist in the eye
a side we cannot see?
turned as the moon

Tomorrow shall come

with a burning harp
a feathered hand drawing designs
in the air
voices,one thousandith of a whisper-thick
weaving in the ear,a gossimer wick
hands opening hands
o lord

Tomorrow will come

with the shock of death upon the stair,
in the center of summer's spare dreams
befor the mecurial mating of naked eyes
o lord sooner than it seems

Tomorrow has come

dawns spherical motion
smoking steps moving befor long uncut shadows
silence moated about the house of man
o lord o lord

the serious food of exsistence

s.vanderbeek '56 n.y.c.

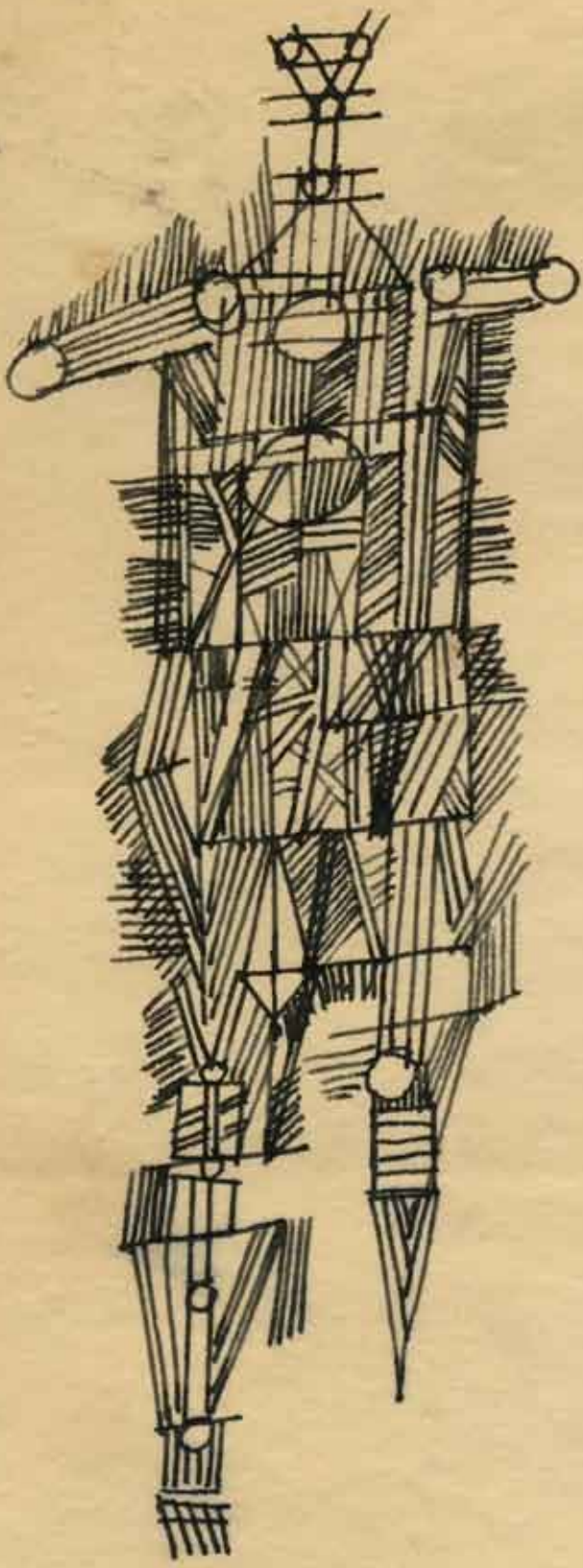
What of this outlined man?

who in the conscience of event
has spermed a fashion for distrust
that imitates himself
and mocks his other realistic self

deny the Hiroshima man?
the shadows that charade deft history?
the rutting voices into political tools?

how can we tinker with this mechanical man?
fooled by the exact image of each man
outside of himself.

s.vanderbeek '57 n.y.c.



CAnal 6-8186

S. VANDERBEEK DESIGNER

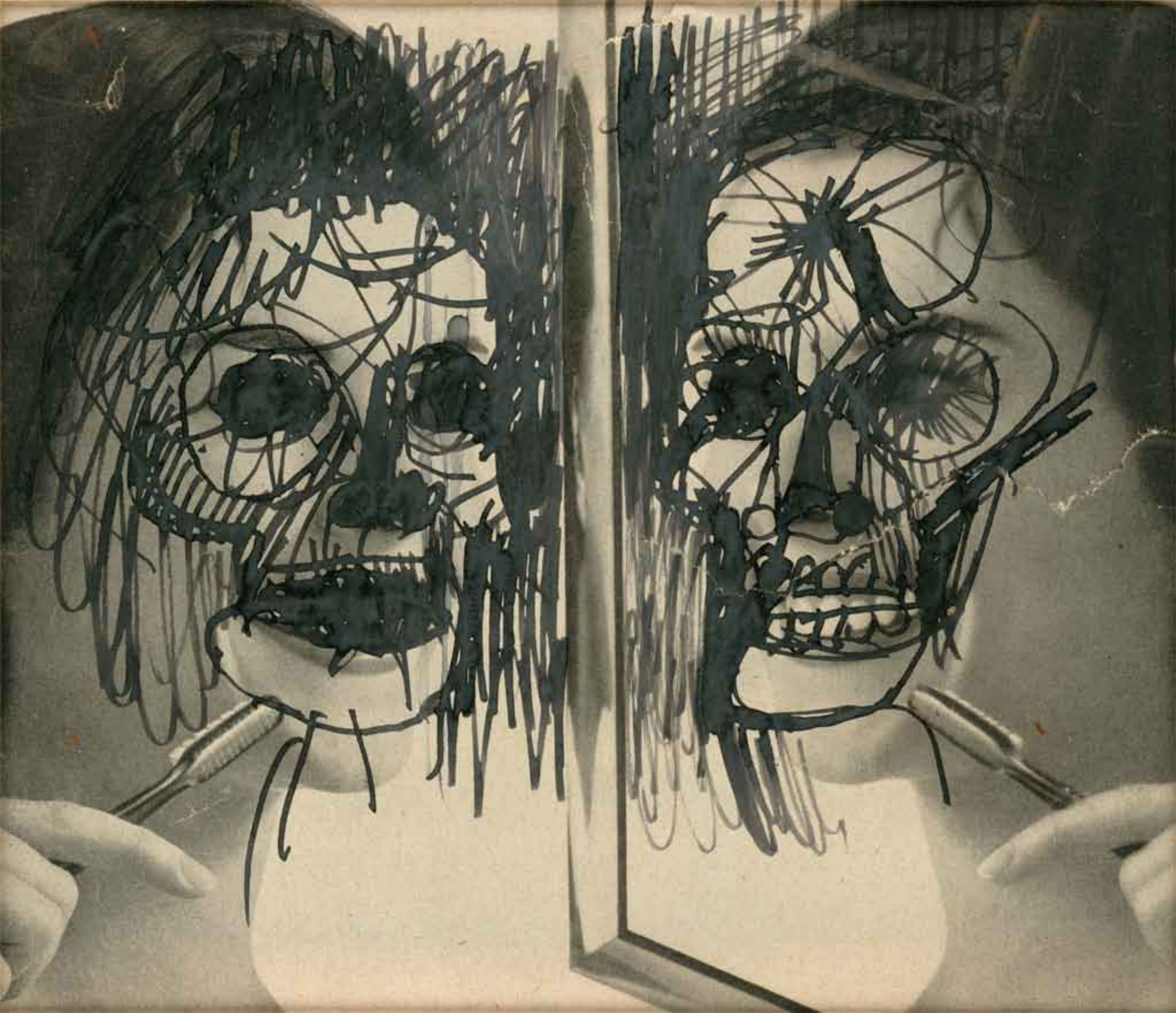
129 SPRING STREET

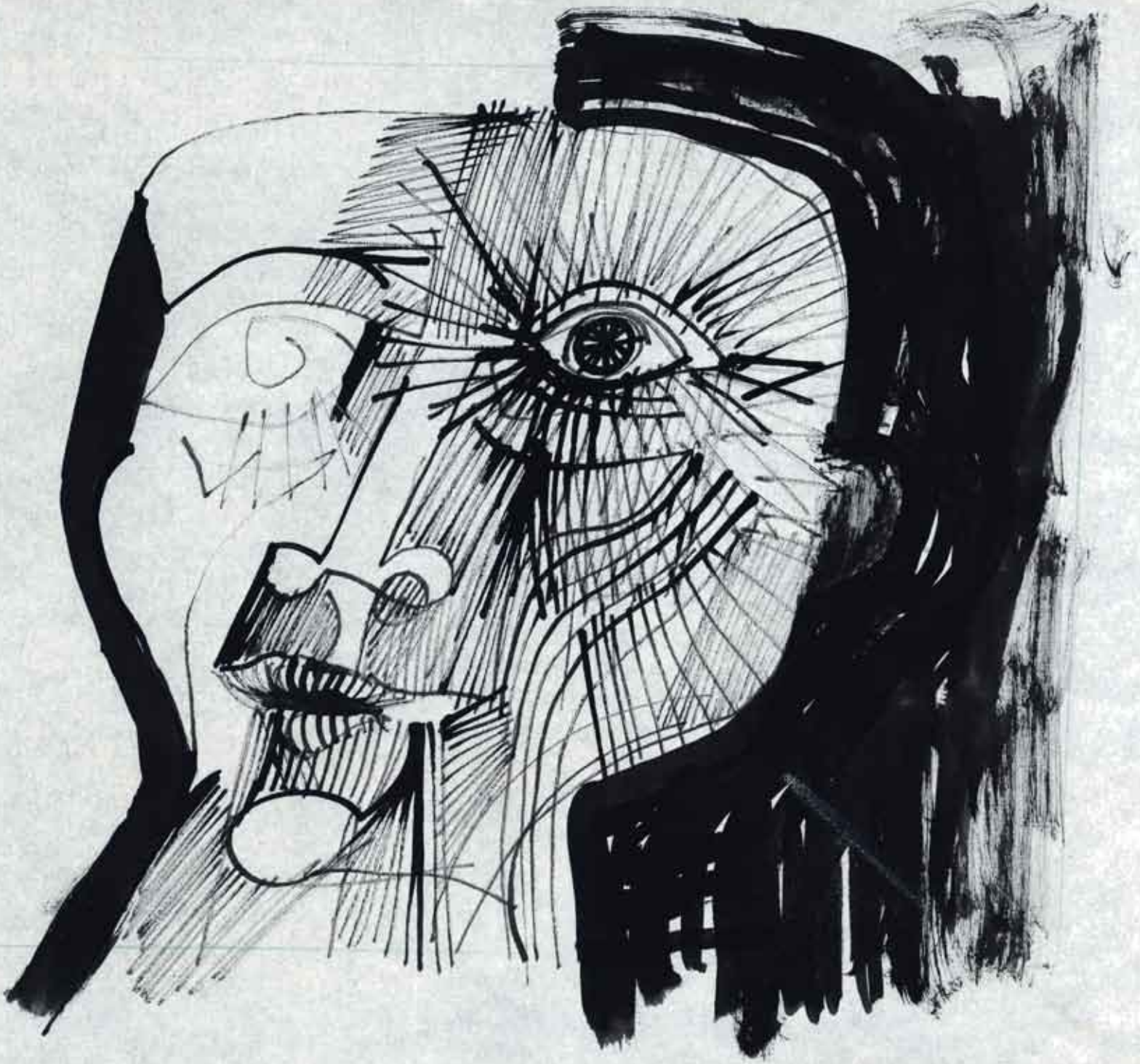
NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

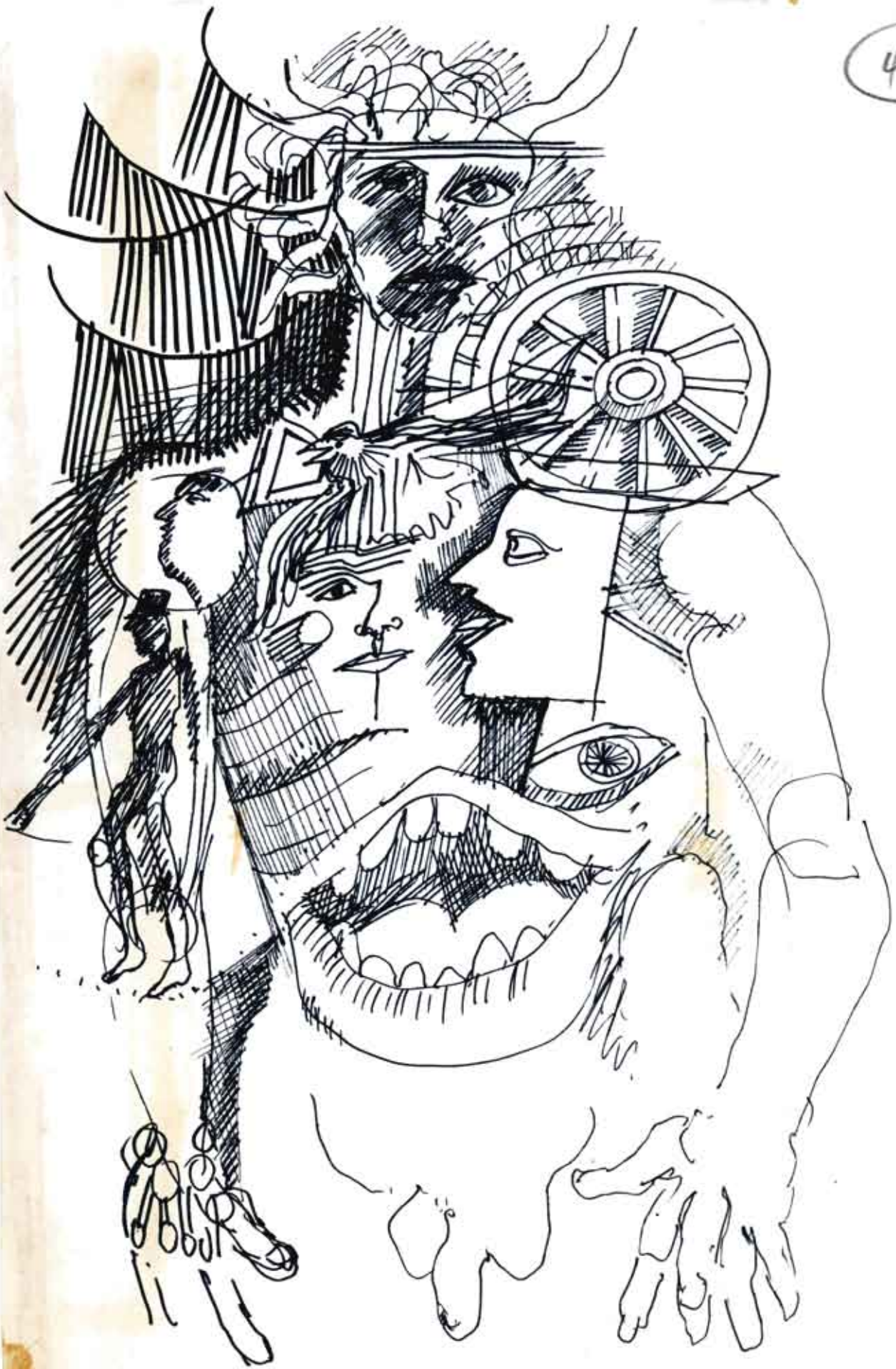
"ONE"

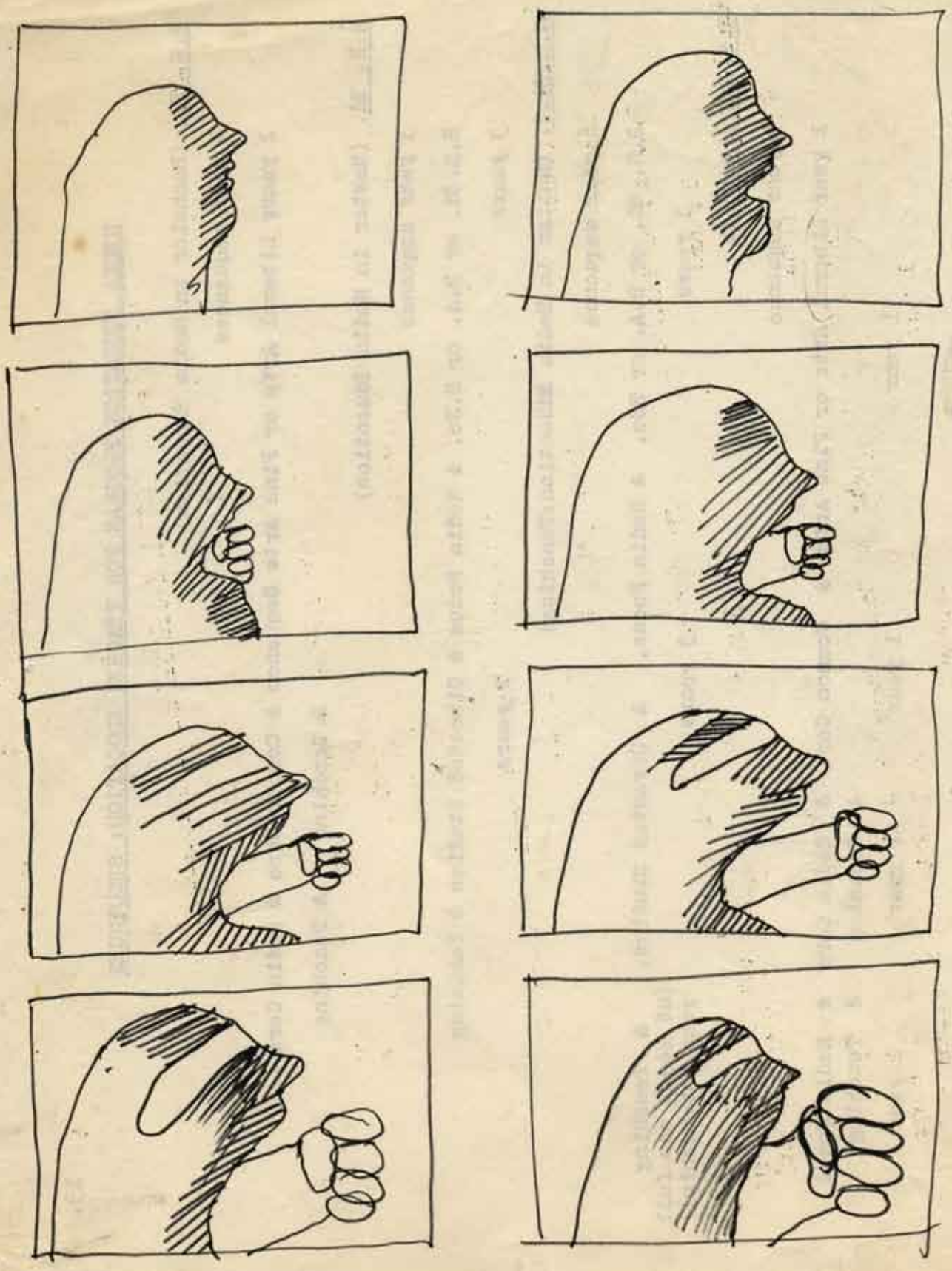
"ONE"

STAN VANDERBEEK
GATE HILL RD.
STONY POINT
N. Y. 10980



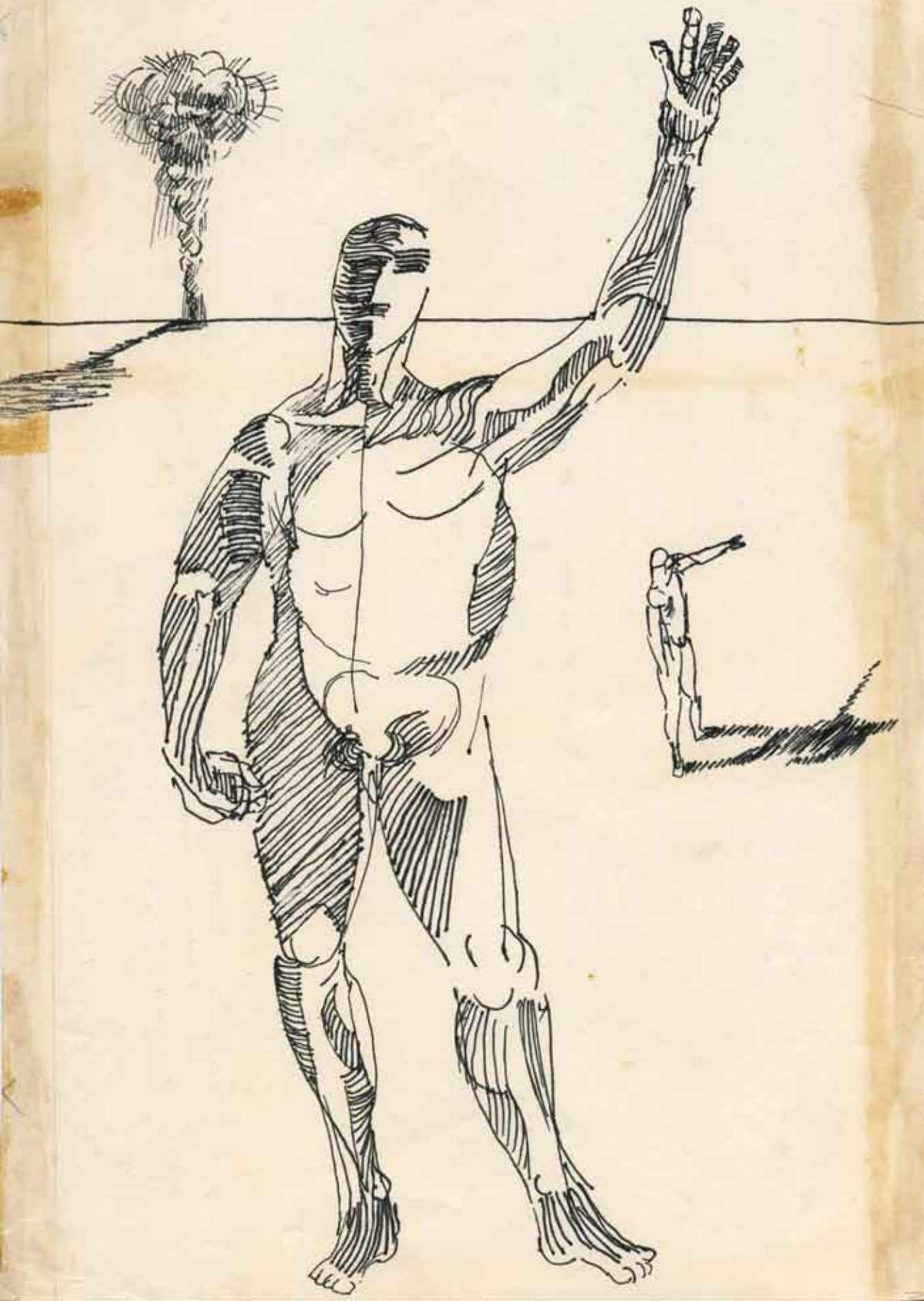


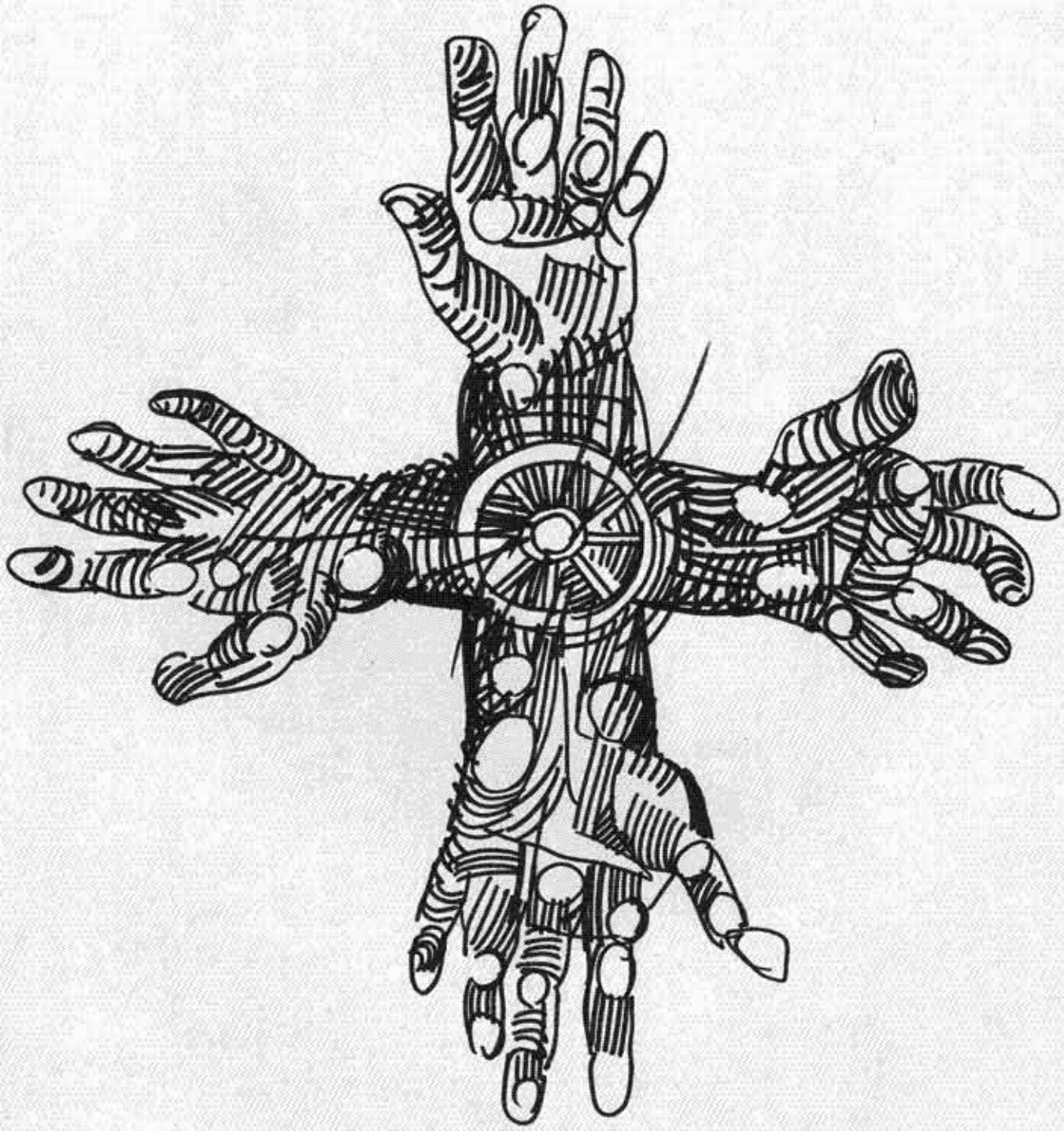


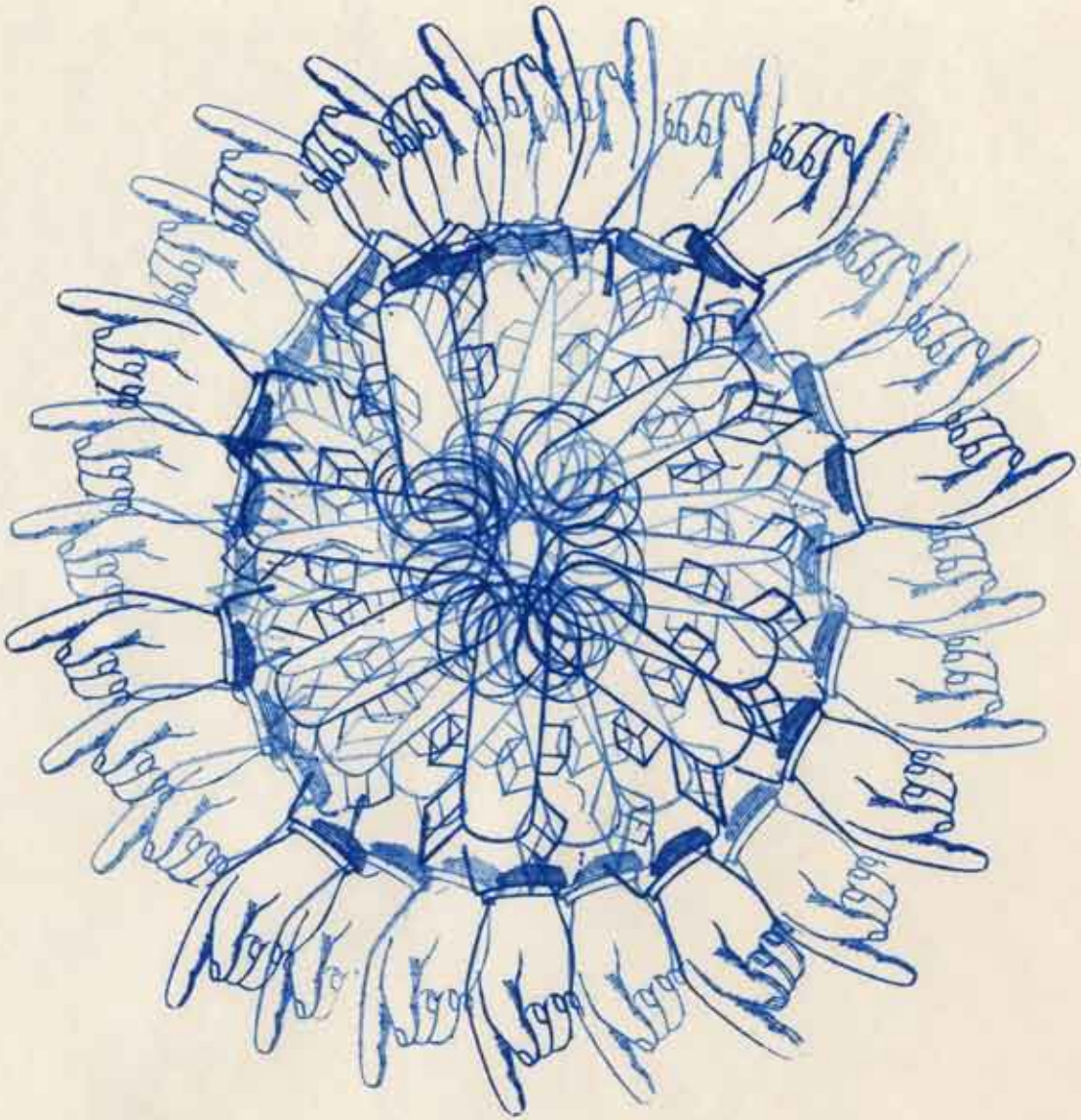


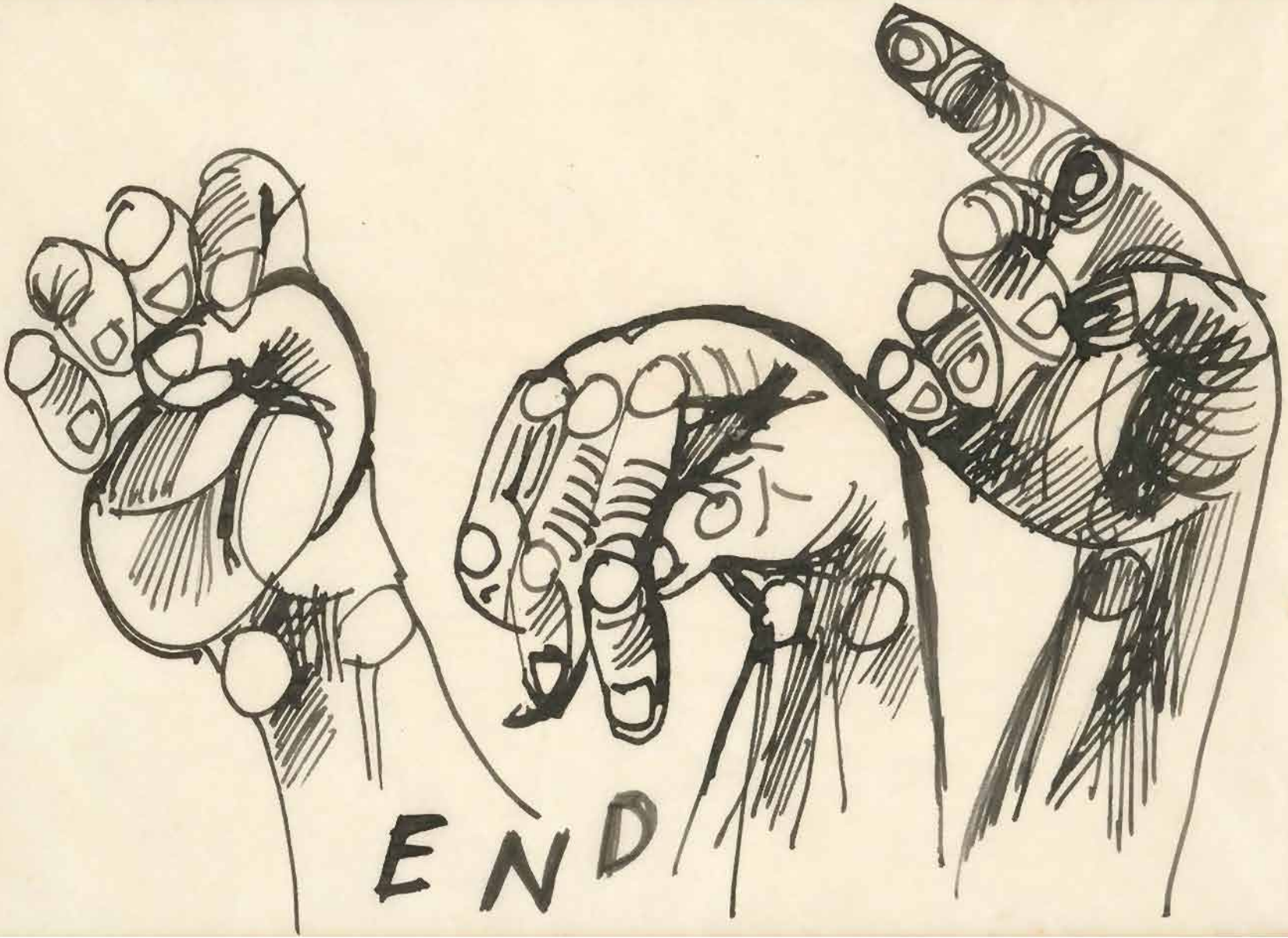
THAT'S ALRIGHT HOW COME FOR ANDOR

ORORO
ORORO





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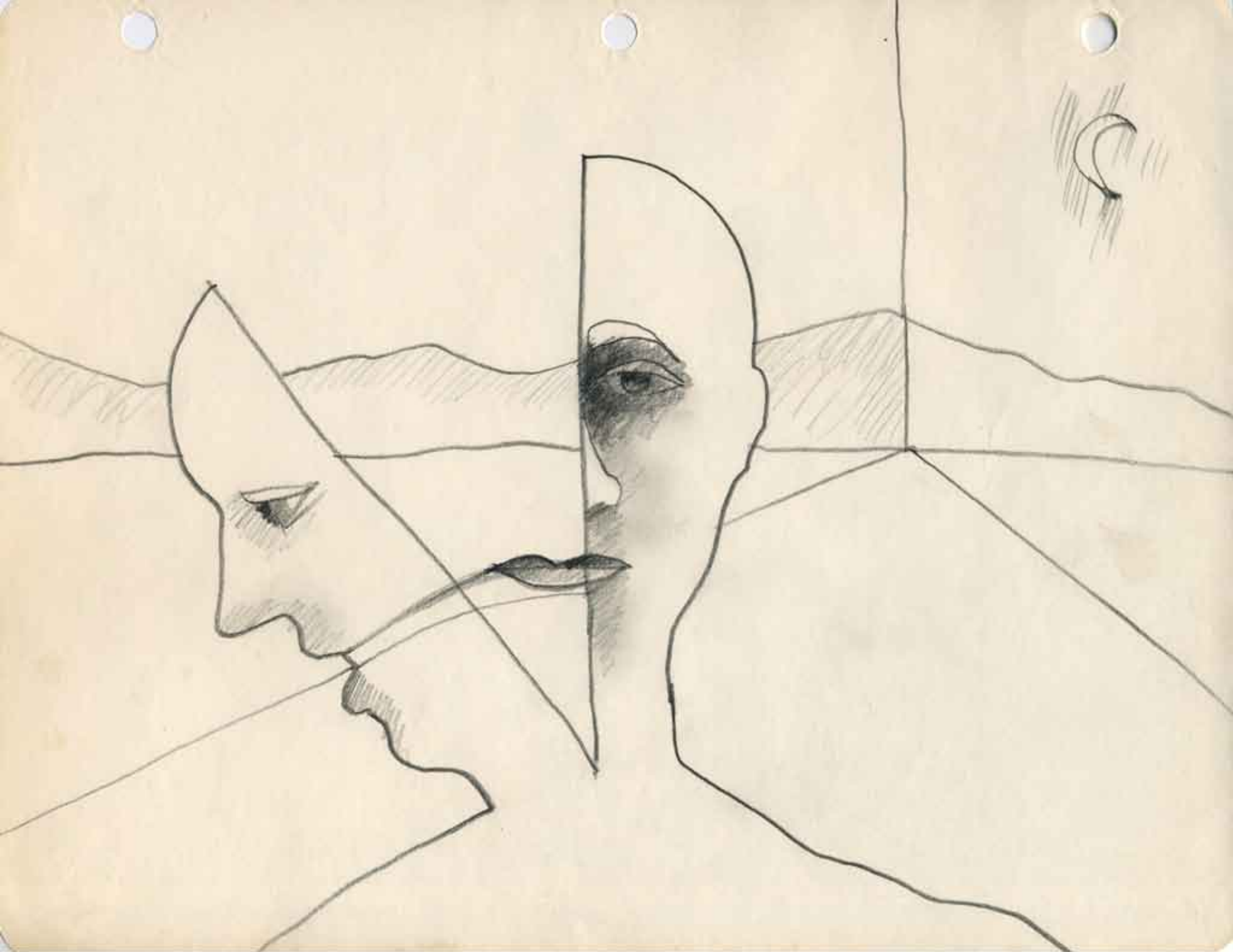
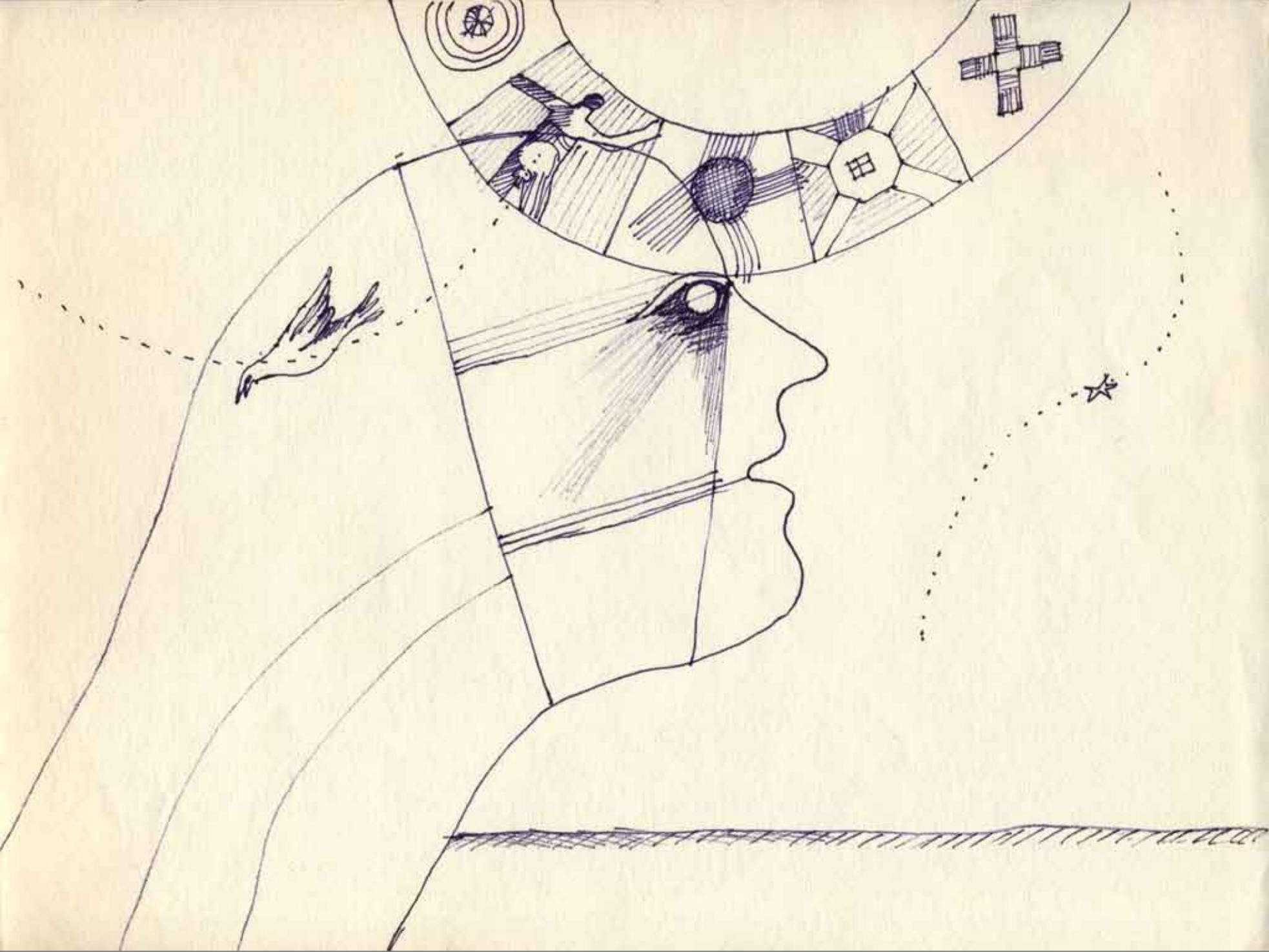
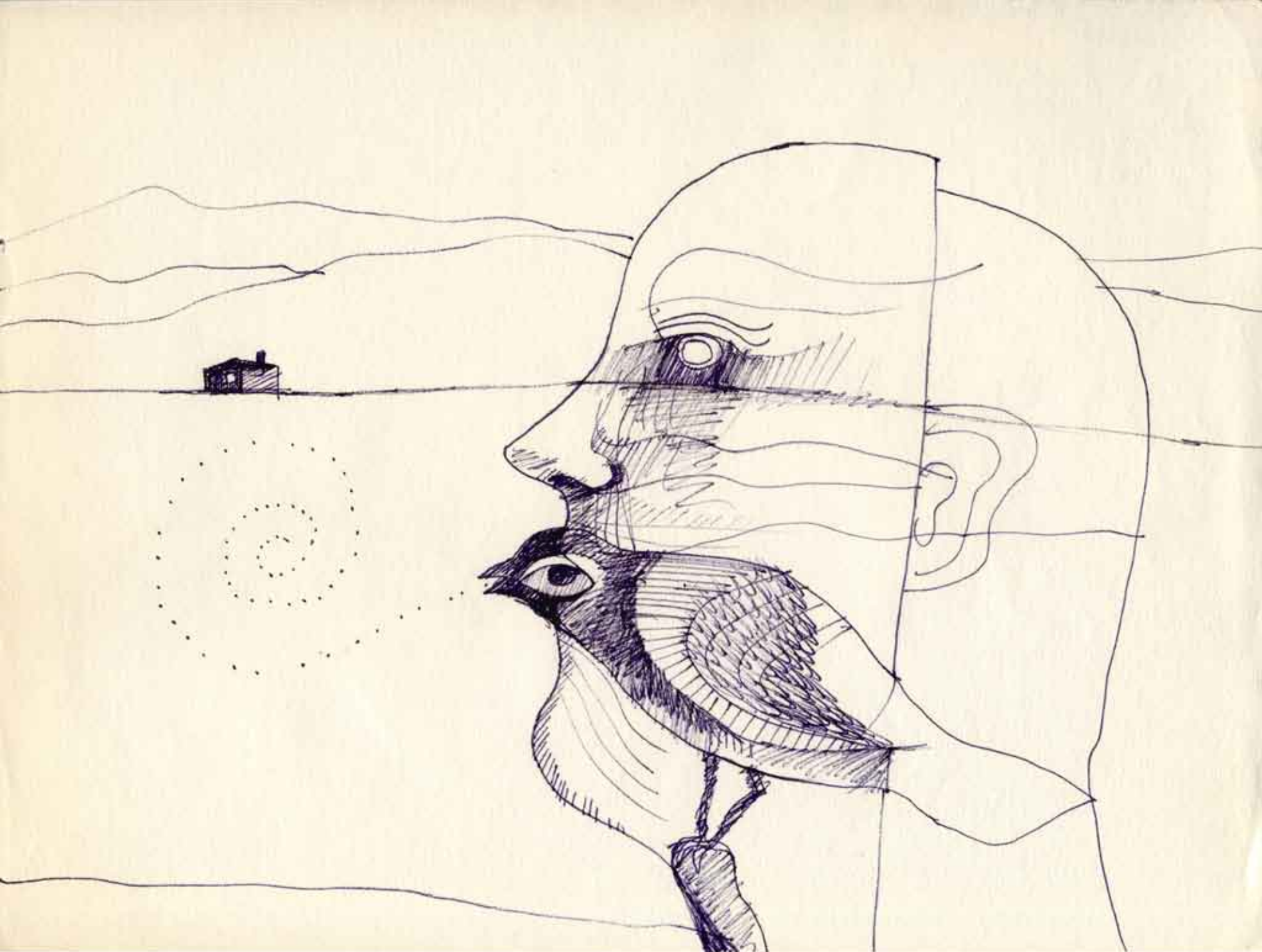
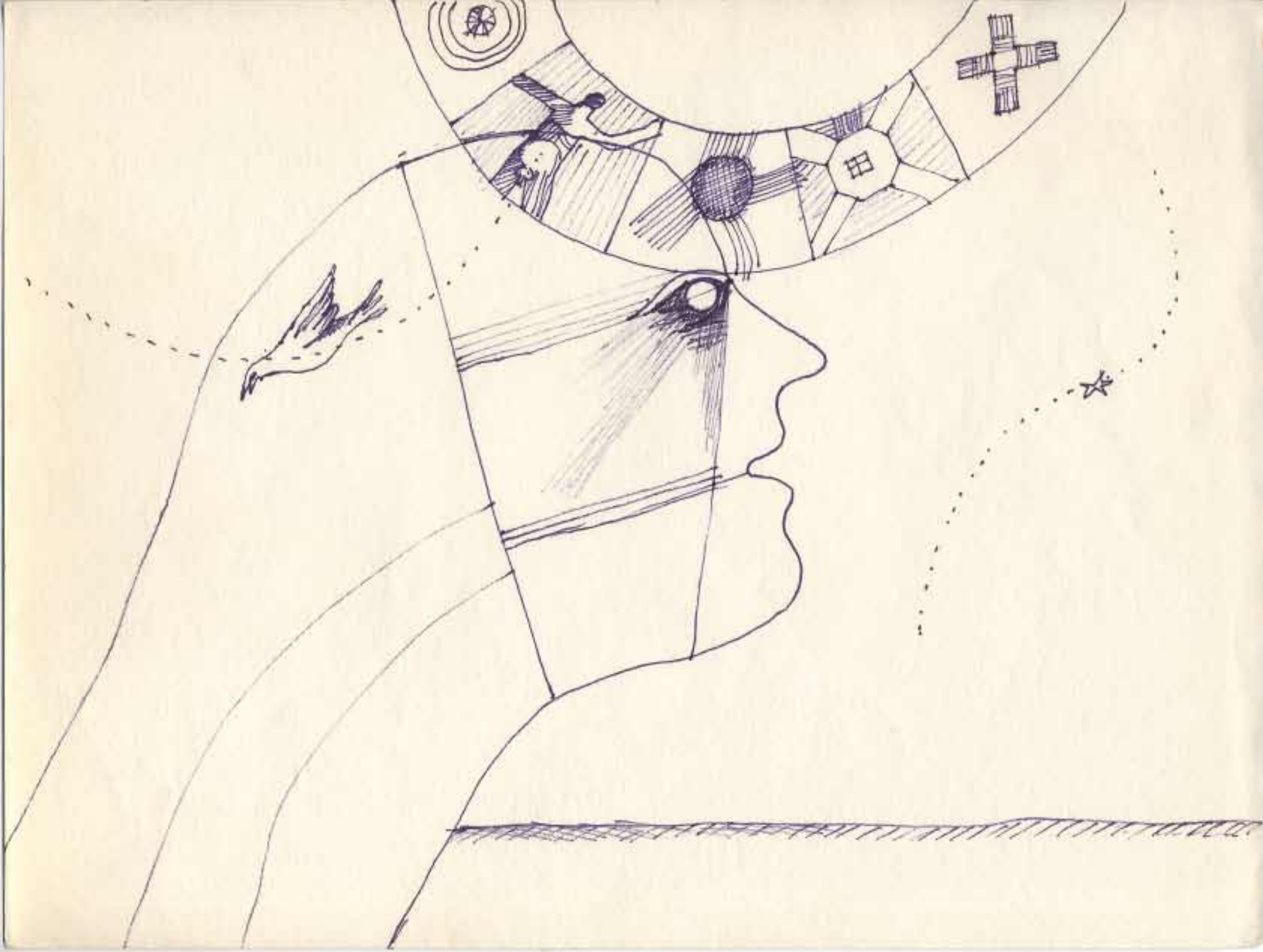
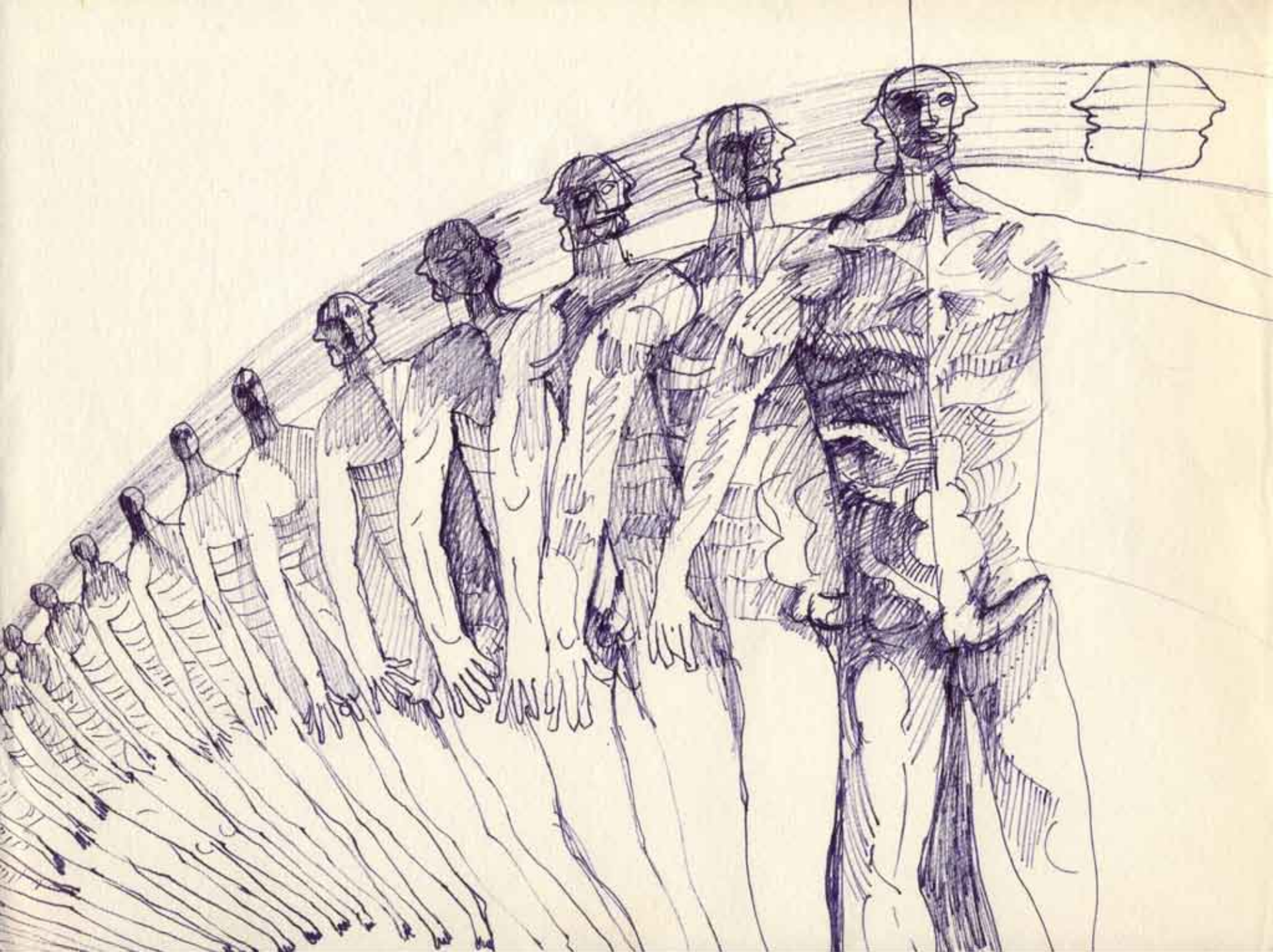
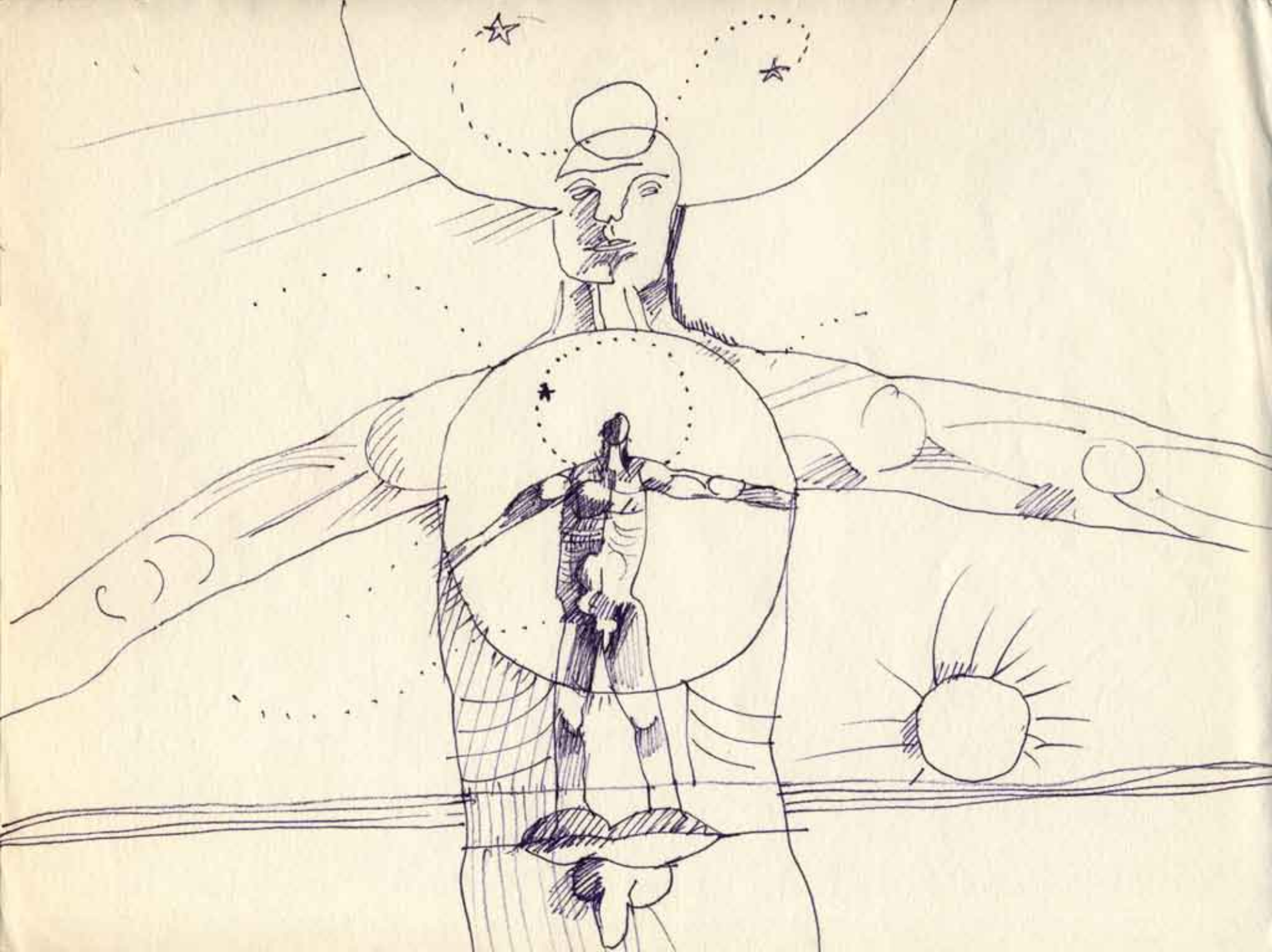












june 5, 64

The human face is a monument

the human face is a momument
exsisting
on the balance of geography between
hope and doubt

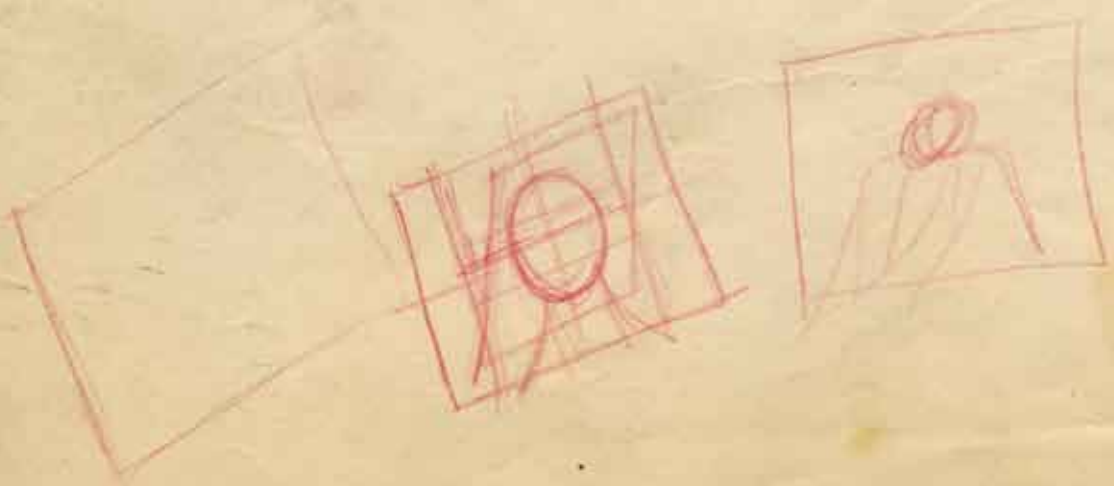
always,
it stands in its own shadow
lingering in (stinging) it's own compassion
waiting for the sun rise, the

man's face glances off man's grace
while man's (cosmos) yawn(s).
in the slip
of age of man
(and) each man MAKES HIS OWN FACE.

man's face is a monument
dreaming in the mirrored square of ~~the~~ vis AND FIT
architect~~ed~~ ~~of~~ and reason...

listening to the dream of life singing in the dark
listening to the mirroring dream speak out
between act and fact

the human face is a momument, in it
the sky's movement in the dark star flumes
of marrowing eyes
are as bones of sight are
seeking grips on the falling wall of the world.....



THE ART OF WAR IN THE WAR OF ART

Someday

in the future
when we get around to it.....

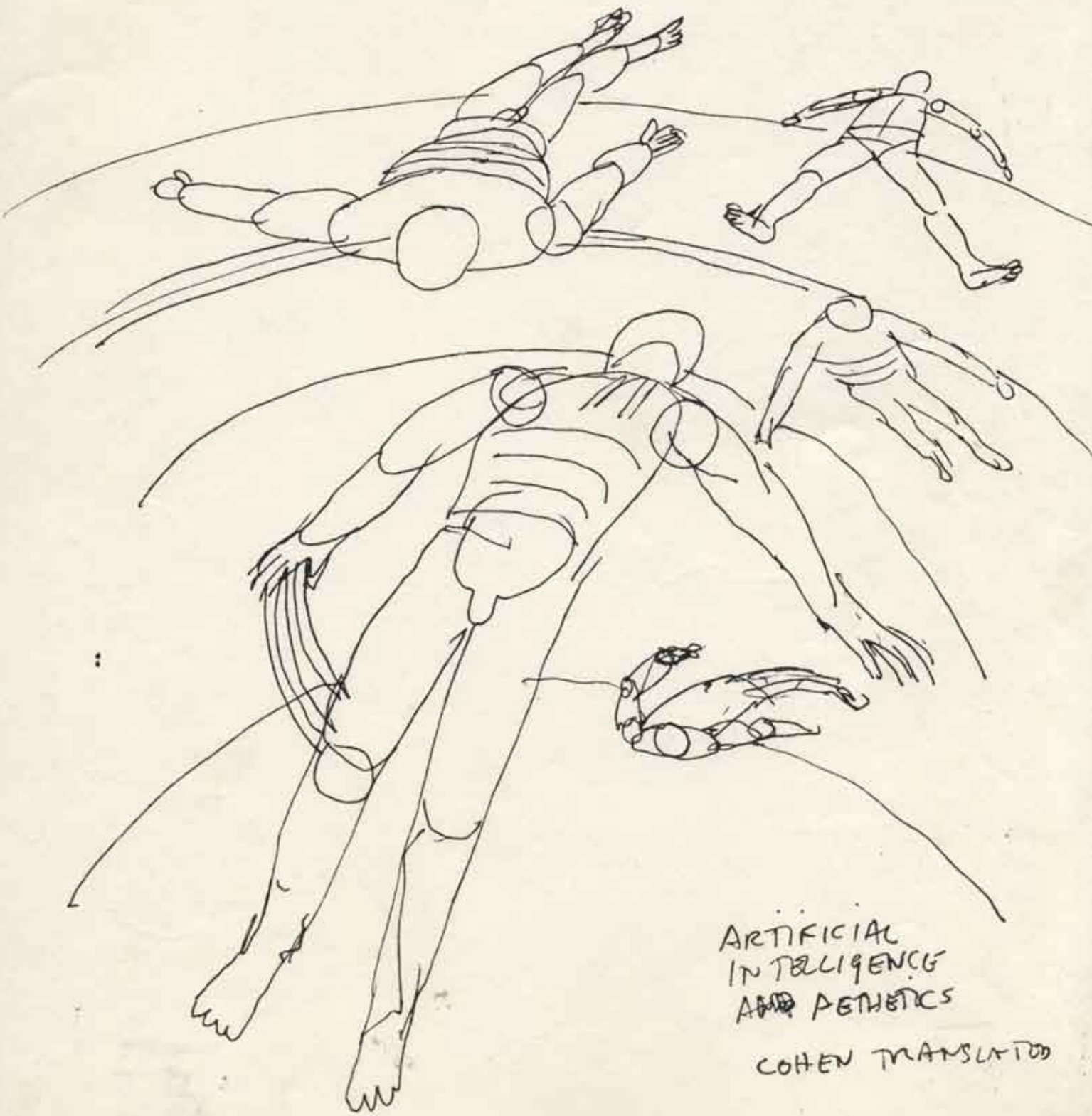
the world's need to make war
will be fought by artist's

It's true.....
the wars of the future
must be cultural and artistic wars,
the stratagey of the governing powers had come to realize
that culture
is what war is really all about anyway...
so why not
have
the
artist's
fight.....?

Festivals,and pomp would become the new theatre of war
goverments came to realize that the cry was not "ART FOR ART'S SAKE"
but
"ART....FOR GOD'S SAKE..."
and the sooner the better
at last
a civilized way had been found to make war.

Soon all the goverments had training camps
hundreds of soldier-artists were set to work copying from plastercasts
hundreds of soldier-artists were set to mixing clay
the manual of the colorwheel,arguments about perspective,free form,
goverment contracts for free wheeling mobiles
free love,the rights of man.....it was inspiring
thousands of painters-soldiers on the painting line,taking pot shots
thousands of sculpturesmmmmmmmg-soldiers learning how to carve ~~manual of arms...~~
thousands of artist's trainees copying the manual of war on vellum
the long nights spent by master general artist's whose lot it was to
make strategic aesthetic decisions.....
the reenactment of the building of the parthenon....

IMAGINATION IS THE
FOUNDATION OF REALITY



ARTIFICIAL
INTELLIGENCE
AND AETHETICS

COHEN TRANSLATED