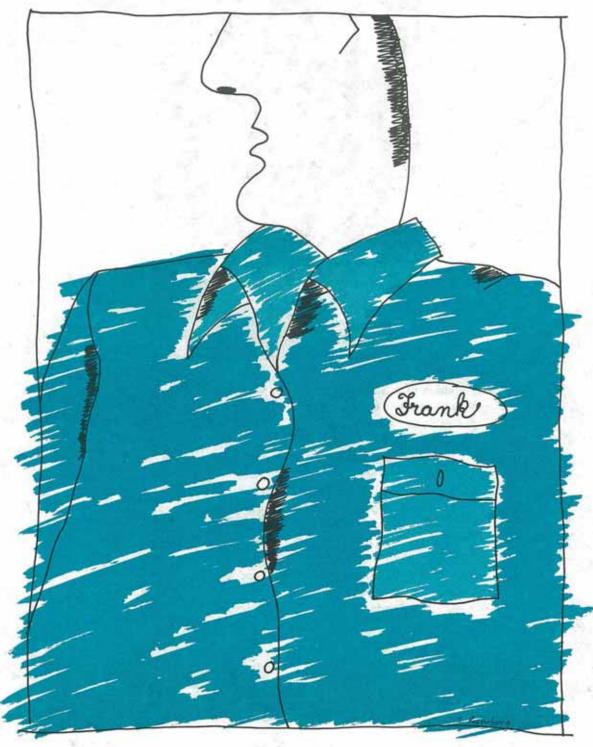
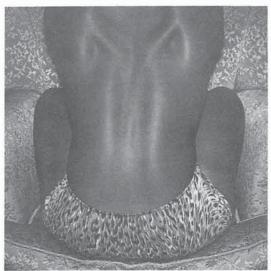
# FRANK

THE MAGAZINE



PREMIERE ISSUE SUMMER '83 \$1.50



Glen Roger

Photo Album FRANK Correspondence Torso I The Madonna of Stanyan St. **Big Crime** Confessions of a Glass Breaker S.F. Filmmaker Makes it Big Fashion is a Cruel Mother A Resting Place On Wanting to be a Poet Nina Hagen A Pilgrimage Reflections of a Fossil Hunter **Summer Solstice** She Prayed Two Photographs Dishing it Out **Summer Vacation** Friends of FRANK

Summer Snaps Letters Glen Rogers Perrotto Debra Xit Fred Rinne Steve Cassal Rebecca Biggs Photo Feature Michael W. Tripp Marcia Cole Jack and Jake Rebecca Biggs, Shannon Wood Michael Bones Poem Marcia Cole Mary Wyatt Food for Thought J.P. McGee A Salute

## **Editors:**

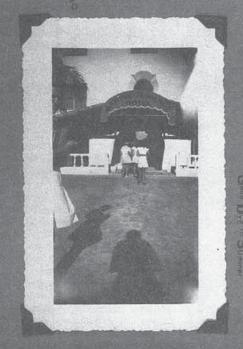
Rebecca Biggs Steven L. Rosenberg Robert Langenbrunner J.P. McGee Shannon Wood Monica Kuhlman Mary Eiben

## Contributors:

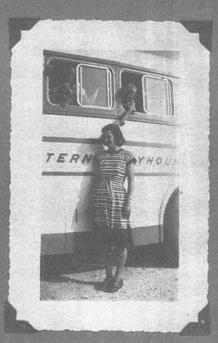
Jean A. Cassidy
Ron Deutsch
Jeane Gille
Monica Kuhlman
Robert Langenbrunner
Chris Matthews
David Prowler
Steven Rosenberg

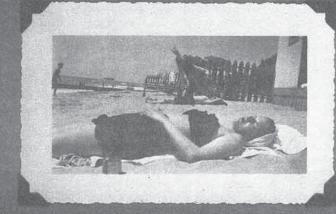
## Thanks:

Colleen & Jeff
Mike & Nancy
Jimmy Uhl, Cynthia Toronto
Michael Bones, Janice Picone
Mary Gaona, A.R.E. Gallery
Sheila McLaughlin, David Westby
Annie Bates, Stiff Upper Lip
Don Luchesi, Leslie Guth
Karen Franklin, Steve Redinger



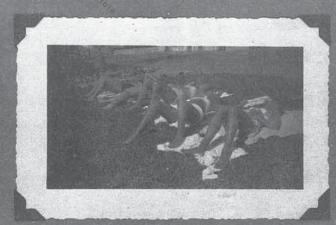




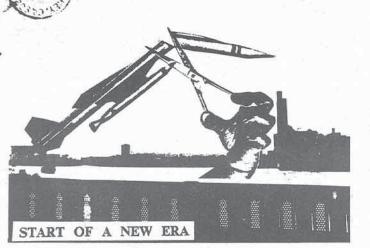








AU REVOIR ETE



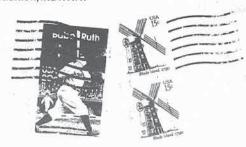




From Arcata

I have been spending the first part of my break studying Spanish and the customs of the Mexicans.

There is a holiday called "The Days of the Dead" which is celebrated on November 2. Everyone goes to the graveyard and has a big party near the graves of their deceased loved ones. The day before, November 1, everyone sets out sweets and tequila on the sacred family altar for the deceased spirits to eat and drink. Then on the next day everyone eats and drinks everything; why waste the left overs right? The children eat little sugar skulls, coffins, tombs and crosses, and life sized sugar skeletons may be purchased and dressed up to commemorate a recently deceased loved one. I can imagine a sugar skeleton of myself seated at a grand piano, holding a glass of champagne (and a Flipper record). Mexicans (males) tend to go on drinking binges. A man might be the model of sobriety for 6 months, and then casually remark "Hey, let's stop somewhere and have a couple of hundred beers" (and he means it. A binge can last for weeks, and is fairly well-established tradition)...D.W.H.

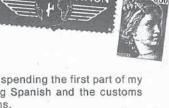


From L.A.

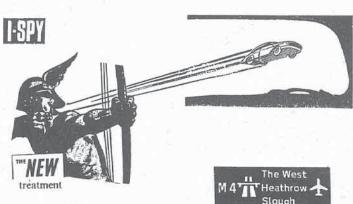
This club, RADIO, is the hottest thing in L.A., this month. You have to be close to annihilation to really appreciate it. They have live rappers, clever raps like, "you like black music, but you hate black people," clever huh.

Also saw this band from Texas. Wild, fat, Texan 30 year old queens doing very hardcore punk!! Very amusing, but really good and very visual.

Sleazed backstage at the US Festival. Quite the scene, was 2 feet from Bowie. He is flawless, I dyed my hair the color of his suit. Light pumpkin, (coincidence of course.)...J.B.







## BURETAIN THEREDOIGHE THE WINDSCHREEN

### From Europe

I have one thing to say about Parisiansthey look at each other. And their manner is not necessarily friendly, but conscious. I've never been scrutintized so throughly and blatently, without warmth and without malice. It was a bit unnerving at first. They are particularly drawn to footwear. I was made uncomfortably aware of my lessthan trendy collection of shoes. Dan's shoes went beyond mediocre to complete dorkiness. His feet drew the most incredulous stares. (The only pair of shoes he brought to Europe were a pair of brown oxfords with, yes, white shoe laces-since his levis shrunk, this ill conceived choice of shoes was quite noticeable.)

Every woman in Paris is wearing the shortened version of pants, "de mode," ankles were unanimously exposed, and most favored spikey-heeled pumps.

We were staying a block from Les Halles one of the many wonderful Parisian subway stops where musicians, drummers, guitarists, dancers, fire-eaters, a french folksinger and an old man who the people sing along with meet to do it in the streets.

In Paris, people stop and listen, even if the person "performing" is mediocre and untalented. Musicians even board the subway trains playing their congo drums, flute or whatever. There seems to be a whole different appreciation for people who at least attempt something artistic. (They're not viewed as the parasites of society as they are in the USA).

Our next stop was Rome which was quite aggravating. We spent hours procurring tickets and changing money, worse traffic I've ever seen anywhere.

We did visit the Vatican. It is awesome in that it is incredibly grandiose, and the religious atmosphere was intense. We sat through part of mass in front of a rich altar overflowing with flowers with nuns reciting prayers and singing. I was intimidated. The relics of the saints are all rather horribly fascinating.

So after escaping Rome we headed for sunny Sicily. Sicily was as different from Northern Italy as we had been warned it would be. However, nothing was stolen from us, and no one stuck their hand up my dress.

We then headed North where there is a charming string of fishing villages just north of La Spezia known as Lengue-Terre. Each is nestled into the rocky Italian coast, most of the streets are really stairways and their cats were the best fed I've seen in Europe.

So now I'm in Vienna which is old and dull. Let me reiterate, it's old and.dull. The typical Viennese person, male or female, old or young, is fat and dull. These people don't smile and they don't get much exercise. I've never seen so many pathetically underweight young men. It could tear your heart out, as we are fond of remarking.

On a more positive note we did go view some rather nice Bruegals, Rubens and Van Dykes today, and their yoghurt is far superior to ours. M. W.







# CORRESPON.



Paris

It's very late at night, we're in Paris, I'm chosen to go down to buy the new Village Voice. I go to a classy all-night bookstore, When they tell me the Voice costs a dollar I get annoyed and start yelling but realize that it was a dollar last week and there's no use fighting it.

The bookstore has apparently advertised this offer in the paper: any book free (and there are some rare volumes) if you can perform a certain sacred Tibetan Tantric rite which includes acrobatic movements, recitation, chanting and ceremonial dress. Jim works at the store and, truly by coincidence, happens to be working on and involved with this very ritual and its cosmic doctrine. He arrives in exotic ritual dress holding the coupon and says he'll do it. Jim is very enlightened and blissful, assured in movements and aura. He's beardless and smiling, with deep tan and muscles, kind of Hawaiian: hair is knee-length and pulled back by a barette.

He does the whole ceremony to perfection, all with unbending gaze, precise movements, sharp postures. He goes into a handstand, into a whip-action flip (all the while religiously calm) into deeply crouched, spread legs recovery, arms straight ahead palms downward. Steadily gazing he does a few movements to finish.

I tell Jim and Sharon that I have to go and say "I'll try and come see you soon, like I always say," knowing I probably won't make it and letting them know I'm sad about this inability to really get together. I give a little fake sniffle and rub my eyes but beneath it I feel a real pang in my tear

I estimate I've been gone 45 minutes, and my people probably expected me back much sooner. Paris: I walk the uphill streets, see a woman opening a shop. Things begin to seem very very unfamiliar, I am totally lost. Exotic fences and castlelike apartment facades loom up at me out of darkness. I turn down one street and the next, cursing myself for not remembering the house number or street name. I'm spooked, and I somehow realize that years have gone by, yet it's still dark, years and years and years and years. I'm horribly late alright, I figure I'm 85 to 90 years old

Finally I find the right place and leave my Village Voice on its eerie grounds, then go back to get it, I'm like Igor, tall and gaunt, servant at the mansion. I'm much too late to go back, I feel my mistress (of the house) won't let me in. I go back, though, to the people I left around the table, under the pretext of getting seconds of dinner meat. Sheila looks very different, but after all it only looks like 5 years have gone by. I ask everyone how long I was gone and they say a few minutes.



From Boston

I love living on the same street as a large Vietnamese family. Across the street a woman half my size has brought her 13th child into the world. Tied in a blanket to be carried on the mother's back, I peeked one day to see a 2-month-old baby with

chicken pox.

They group around the mailman when he comes and then group around an older girl who reads the letter. Today another mattress was being moved in. How many children will sleep on it? The Vietnamse refugee children are so happy and play with such creativity. Yesterday two of the children were having a blast with small piles of blades of grass on the sidewalk, throwing them in the air and at each other one blade at a time. The American children on this street act amazingly deprived and seem angry, hostile in their play...B.J.J.

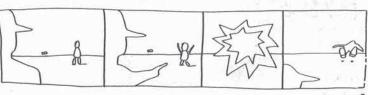
Dear Frank,

I ran into a friend on the street the other day. He isn't really a friend. In fact he used to be a junk is and he stole my camera out of the glore compartment of a car but then he lost it and found it two years later and stuned it.

Anyway, he didn't look too good when I saw him and he said hid just gotten out of the hospital cause hid been shot I brow the guy who shot him but he not really my friend.

He lost a let of blood and the doctors had to remove some part but I forget which. Spleen or a kedney or

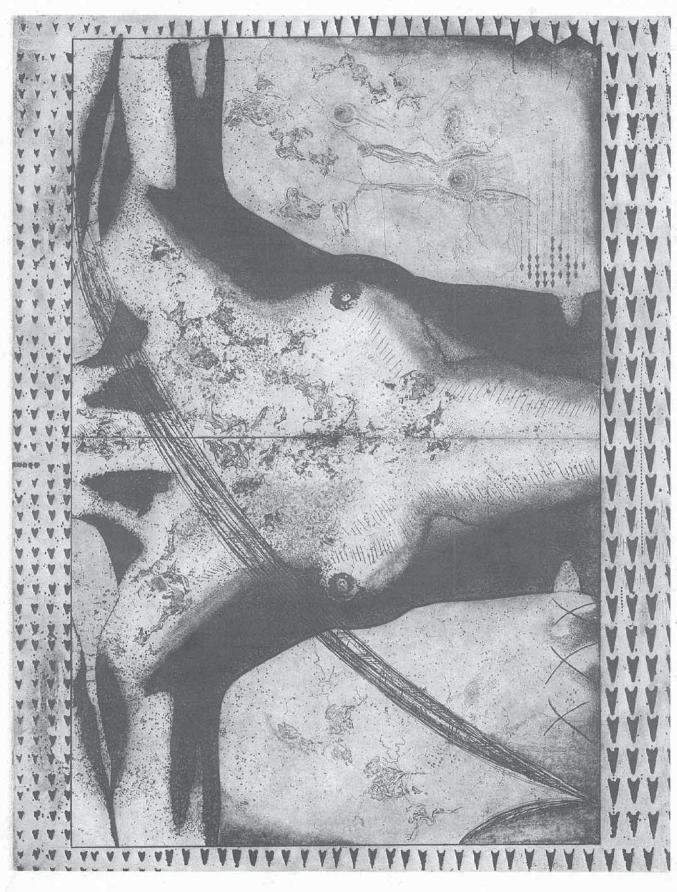
I asked him if it hurt and he said no. So lashed him what are you, a tough guy? and he said not yet, I'll be tough when they let the bastard out of jail and I kill him. your friend,













## by Fred Rinne

"Imagine-killing an empty street," Lex guffaws, pointing to U turn...combs blonde vapor off forehead. Lex the muscle-Lex and his Mr. Furniture good looks, Lex the wheel man directing huge copper Boldmobile with Hog Force down counterfeit boulevards of Choppy City. Next to him is Bobman. Thinning brown hair pasted onto cueball skull, insect-smirking behind shades-Bobman, smoking green-tinted cigarettes with his alabaster holder, Bobman-the ex-acadamia turned criminal brainboy...(more outta life). His thin fingers switch radio channels to channel of dark revolver under water. "Holy revolver never inhales, Lex!-600,000 without regular transportation-imagine? HAW! You wouldn't believe it, victims!" (Knowing smirk of the nine year old, Little Rock, Ark .- the liquor store-the chrome plated revolver; black tall shadow twisting in doorway.) Fake city suddenly accelerates under glass. Sidewalks dissolve red stripes passing gray squares left by buildings pulled up by the Bleak Trust. Cop sandwitch places, tall waitresses staring in black skirts. Car stops in front of a visceral franchise.

Outside the customers can see the 4 angry million who always work. Lex switches eyes from the loud death tinted sidewalk, turns to Bobman. "Bobman! Six count valedictorian and still eating thrift bread! The man in the Green Suit... Imagine: graduated white shortsleeve and never inhaled!" Bobman relights cigarette, bits of sidewalk coming out of his pores. "Right mister beef...remember beat Holy City inna red and white game?" Went in there like burning formica/HEEEEE/the chimps!

Oil spattered riotwall surrounding the Immaculate City Monument (dedicated to those killed in the Red War) Flashing scoreboard/nation's power for the airborne Holy Guard installation out of town (green fasions decieving fake wars) Blue haze of wristwatch odor settling in on the Franchise. "Allright Lex, ready?" "Easy as clover sandwitches; ROB!" Instantly huge car squelches the din of parking lots, bludgeons through the maze of bleak bologna trucks. Slimy foodwrappers stick to tires a few revolutions before falling off; stick/stick/stick/ stick/stick/flap/stick/stick/stick stick/stick/flap.



## HER LIFE ON STANYAN STREET -from Living the Mesmerized Life

She was studyin' hard taking a crash course in post-industrial poltergeist dishwashing corresponding at a very great distance with some very unapproachable elementals. The class materials always arrived on Fridays, with no return address, presented in a vague, computer-generated typeface. The secret syallbus called for melamine or picnic plates styrofoam cups for the duration of the practicum, or at least until the correspondent's kinetophysics were quite polished.

It was something to do with her life.

She'd leave her console substation in the canyons of the financial district by public transit fix her eyes on the delicate weave of her hosiery in order to avoid human contact and wait for the 23rd stop. She'd walk the 4 blocks to her 1st floor victorian flat uncomfortably nestled among a gas station whose parent company employed for its logo the device of Our Lady, Star of the Sea, and a hospital, alcohol detox center, and an end-of-the-line home for dying nuns, all dedicated to Our Lady.

She would unlock the four deadbolts and then, she would slip into something less expensive, select an alternative radio broadcast for ambience, and talk to the bathroom mirror for half an hour:

What is the stockmarket doing next Tuesday?

Should my boss move his gold and buy orgone futures?

Will I get that promotion and .07% raise . . . or will I get canned?

Should I move to the artist's colony in Montana or should I look for the Inca's second library in Peru?

These and other searing concerns presented to the primary household oracle, she'd relocate to the so-called 'Living Room,' request the oversized housecat to stay under a modern leather and chrome chair, and then swing into the kitchen.

She would then begin a soft humming, not unlike the barely perceived and deadly hum of flourescent lighting and not unlike the vampire humming of the unmarked helicopters which may be observed surveying our neighborhoods late at nite . . .

Then almost ceremonially, or with some modern stab at reverence, she'd begin to open the cabinet doors, behind which rested the previously seeded stacks of wholesome, reliable ironstone and shoddy, disgusting melamine plates and saucers which sported the most atrocious xamples of American designer boom-aestetique.

She would simply sit in the middle of the cracked vinyl flooring of beige and almond and hum ... or perhaps, she'd perform a previously-selected sequence of aerobics and hum

until the hum itself filled the kitchen, cancelled out the sound of emergency vehicles, backfires in the gas station, and the echo of the last words her lover had said before leaving on his latest xcursion for somewhere else.

Then, at some critical and unobservable point, there was nothing happening on the entire length of Stanyan Street but the hum and the liteweight, tasteless dishes dancing.

The object was to lift things out of one context and into another . . . without touching.

6.3.83

By Debra Xit

Although my hair is beginning to thin and my waist is starting to thicken, I'm actually not a bad-looking fellow. A young woman even complimented me recently on the "lusty transparency" of my eyes.

I mention these details because people who have only seen my pictures in the newspapers--those very same newspapers that never do justice to a subject's likeness!—have said I am ugly as sin and that I resorted to crime because I couldn't stand my own reflection.

But my reflection is—how should I say it?—immaterial. I broke all that glass simply because I enjoyed doing it. Frankly, I still enjoy it. Whenever I see a pane of glass, I want to break it.

Let me say here and now I am not by nature a violent person. I am a safe driver, I have never beaten my children, and my wife says I am a gentle and attentive lover. I once accidentally chipped a vase that my great-aunt had owned for many years, and when I saw the expression on her face I burst into tears.

Few people know that as a young man I collected finely blown glass. I traveled widely and found the most beautiful items: unicorns, lions, turtles; I even had a small glass hummingbird in my collection. The hummingbird had his head tilted at a strange angle, as though he had looked at the glass-blower at the exact moment of his creation and asked, "Why?" When Tara, my cat, jumped up on the shelf and broke the hummingbird, I nearly went crazy.

My mother used to tell a joke about a man in an asylum. The man seemed perfectly normal, and after scrutinizing his records for several weeks the new warden could not understand why this man had been institutionalized for so long. He called the inmate in for an interview, and when he motioned for him to sit down the man said, "I'm sorry, I can't. My ass is made of glass." I remember laughing very hard when my mother told that joke. She even got the punchline right, which was rare for her.

The first time I actually broke a pane of glass was an accident. I'm retired, and while painting my house I dropped my brush through the skylight. Light as it was, the brush destroyed the skylight. The precision of the angle, rather than brute force, obliterated it. Breaking glass in just the right way requires craftsmanship. As soon as I heard that skylight break, I knew I had found an avocation for myself.

The second time I broke a pane of glass was no accident. I was walking by Macy's and suddenly decided to put my fist through a show-window. It was the toywindow and I immediately found myself inside a display with tinker-toys, stuffed animals and wind-up soldiers. There was even a little pair of toy handcuffs in the window, which for some reason I found funny. It never occurred to me to take any of the toys. A real glass-breaker doesn't do it for profit. If my children had not all been grown up, perhaps I would have considered it, but they are too old for toys and besides my hand was bleeding. Carrying the toys would have been a chore. I climbed out of the display window, realized the alarms were ringing, and ran like the devil. No one caught me.



confessions of a glassbreaker, The next day, I read an article about the break-in with the sort of apathy you feel for a photograph that no longer resembles you. The incident was already behind me and I was ready to move on to something else.

I started breaking into all the major department stores in town. By this time my technique was more sophisticated. I used a hammer with a padded mallet that would effectively shatter the glass but not betray my presence. For my own protection, I also learned how to neutralize the alarm systems, although I would always hook them back up after finishing my business. I even tested the terminals to make sure I hadn't ruined them. I never took anything, although one time, just for fun, I removed the dress from a mannequin; the next day there were reports the crimes "may have been sex-linked." I also developed a trademark during these adventures: I left behind a small hand-mirror, usually placing it directly behind the pane of glass I had destroyed.

This, I must admit, is the one stage of my escapades I really don't understand. Why did I leave the mirror behind? One theory was that I wanted the police to see how silly they looked trying to catch me, but that wasn't really my intention. I heard it mentioned that the mirror was partial compensation for the glass I had broken, that I left it behind to salve my guilt. But I never felt any guilt.

As a child my mother used to take me to churches whenever we traveled. She said the stained glass was one of the most important parts of a church. "Stained glass lets the light in, but only some of it," she said. "That's the way most people accept God."

I am hardly a true believer, but I must admit that I have never broken a stainedglass window. Sometimes I am tempted, just to see if that will let all the light in, all at once, but a man must show continence in some matters.

After a year or so of breaking into department stores I had my first crisis—at a small Sears outlet. I was re-connecting the alarm wires. But I must have made a mistake, because the next thing I knew my consciousness was shattering into a thousand pieces. I picked myself up off the floor after what must have been a couple of minutes. Peeking through the window, I saw a pair of police uniforms rounding the corner.

All the officers were later able to report was my rear end fleeing the scene at high speed (to this day, I suppose there's still a complete description of my gluteus maximus in a police file somewhere, right down to its height, weight and identifiable characteristics), but the incident frightened me. I made up my mind never again to work alone. A few weeks later, I found myself a partner.

Since he is still wanted by the authorities, let's call him Jake. I met him outside Our Lady of Charity Church where he was in line waiting for the free dinner the Church served every evening. I was on my way back from the market and I had two bags of groceries, one of which had slipped out of my arms and was balancing precariously on my hip. Jake, being both a gentleman and an opportunist, offered his

assistance. He was thin and haggard and practically drooling over the bags, so I took the liberty, with my house empty, of inviting him home to dinner. Basically, I enlisted his services for a free meal.

Why did I take an accomplice? As you may have suspected, it involved more than a fear of the police. The truth of the matter is that I was getting lonely and I needed someone to share my adventures with. Glass-breaking is no different from stamp collecting or coin collecting in at least one respect: half the fun is getting together with others and discussing one's interests.

But my choice of partners probably could have been better. To be perfectly honest, Jake had his flaws. Every time we staged a break-in, he left something behind: matches, a key ring, a comb, and on one occasion, a ham sandwich. His ineptitude was so gross it probably confused the investigators—he gave them more clues than they could competently process.

When I hired Jake, I thought he would only be speaking to me, but he talked with everybody. About everything. And of course word eventually got around. But we're getting ahead of ourselves.

Jake was also ambitious. He wanted to break into bigger and bigger establishments. We worked our way up to loan company offices, then banks. Finally he set his sights on the largest bank in the city: the world headquarters of the Bank of America.

I must admit that I had dreamed of the Bank of America long before Jake mentioned it. It stood 32 stories high and the entrance to the main lobby was a 16' by 18' triple-reinforced glass door.

The reality was more difficult. I won't go into detail (after all, the young and impressionable might be reading this), but Jake and I used a glass-cutter, a blowtorch and my wife's diamond ring, which was marvelous for that hard-to-get-at glass in the corners. We did it. We got inside. Jake immediately set off for the safe. But I just stood in the entranceway, staring at the remains of the door. But for the most part the operation had been neat and clean. We had cut the door into eight symetrical pieces, the same way you might slice up a piece of toast if you followed proper social etiquette. The sections had been stacked politely and put off to the side. I felt a surge of pride.

Then the alarms rang and the sirens started to wail. Jake rushed into the lobby,

shouting every obscenity in the English language, then dashed outside. I nearly followed him; but, glancing out into the street, I saw what must have been forty cop cars. Someone had tipped them off.

A dozen uniformed officers surrounded me and I was handcuffed and brought out to a patrol car. I heard someone call out, "They've caught him! They've caught the Phantom Glass-Breaker!" Then the car pulled away from the curb and, well, I couldn't help myself. I looked back at the big gap where the B of A doorway had been and I smiled.

Just to keep in character, I tried to smash out a window of the patrol car as we drove off. But the glass held up and I cracked a bone in my hand. It was later treated at the police infirmary.

They never caught Jake.

They questioned me a great deal at headquarters, but I'm afraid I wasn't much help. You see, they were trying to establish motive. They booked me and gave me my own cell, and every so often one of the guards would ask me for my autograph. They treated me corteously, and I responded courteously. But is was not in my best interests to cooperate with them and I did not tell them any of the things they wanted to hear.

They asked me if I believed what I had done was moral. That was a very good question, and I candidly admitted that perhaps, in my case, the little moral calculator that we all walk around with inside our pockets had lost track of a few digite.

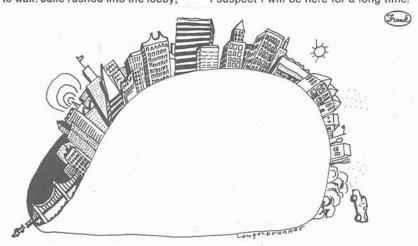
Motive. Motive. Must I have a motive?

Glass is a transparent substance, but people usually fail to see through it. I am one of the first, the very first, to see through that hard, brittle exterior to the very soul of glass. Yes, I believe glass has a soul. A soul dying to be released. When I walk by a pane of glass I swear I can hear a knocking from the inside, a tap-tap-tap that says: I am a prisoner, let me out.

And so I break the glass, and set that soul free. I am a liberator.

It is this line of reasoning, I believe, that caused the authorities to transfer me to the State Psychiatric Ward. They were very nice to me there. The head doctor welcomed me, shook my hand, said "The preliminary reports are very encouraging" and then offered me a seat. I couldn't resist an impish impulse. I said: "I can't. My ass is made of glass".

I suspect I will be here for a long time.





by R.A. Biggs

The sun baked the patio of the North Beach restaurant. The umbrella over the table provided scant shade. Jerry Barrish sips his iced tea and comments about the patio lunch, how it's good

practice for Hollywood.

Barrish smiles at his joke, since it is obvious to everyone at the table that he will not be heading out for Hollywood in the near future. That would be a pipe-dream and he is a doer not a dreamer. Besides, what he's done so far, eight shorts and two feature-length films,

has gone virtually unnoticed.

But Barrish is tenacious. The lack of acclaim for his work has left him confused but not devastated. Later in the afternoon, after the long, broiling, Hollywood-style lunch, we go down a back alley in North Beach to a studio apartment where Barrish is finishing the editing of his second feature-length film 'Recent Sorrows'.

To understand Barrish's lack of notoriety one must understand that 'Dan's Motel', his first feature-length film, is an odd film, much like a strange child born of eccentric, dilettante parents. The film is a product of Barrish's meandering approach to life.

He's a writer, director and producer, and he's a bail bondsman, "Why perish in jail, call Barrish for bail" is his yellow pages slogan. Barrish is a dabbler who wandered into film much the same way he wandered into the world of bail bonds. "I was 21 when I got into bail bonds," he said, "I didn't know anything about it. It was years before I made a living at it."

Of his film background Barrish says, "I was never a movie brat, like some of the directors who went to the movies every day of their lives. I never studied other people's films. It isn't part of the way I operate. I went to the movies

on dates, not as an artisic thing.

His film ventures have the characteristics of a hobby. 'Dan's Motel' was shot on weekends; Barrish used friends as actors and financed it himself. He brought it home, as they say in the business, for \$20,000, chicken feed, as they also might say.

But it is not a hobby. Barrish spent five years fighting the IRS to get that straight. "If it's classified as a hobby the government won't let you write off the cost of making a movie from your taxes, which for someone like me would be devastating," said Barrish.

It is not a hobby nor is it a career.

It seems a venture that comes of the same spirit that turns ordinary men into mountain climbers. You see their picture in the paper, a group of average guys in sportswear, grouped to-gether at the airport. One last shot before they take off to Tibet to climb Mount Everest. They take a break from the law practice, leave the family, but it is not a clean break, just a

'Dan's Motel' is not a bad sort of pause. As a friend who is very frugal with his praise would say, "you could do worse." There is a sense of voyeurism in the film that draws the viewer in and compels one to watch. The story unfolds through three separate vignettes shot almost entirely within one motel room. There is a sense of peeking through a keyhole that is heightened by the cheap motel room and the nonprofessional actors.

It is an unpretentious movie. The situations are a cut above the ordinary stuff of life, but not so far-fetched as to be unbelievable: a two bit hood holed up, chain smoking, waiting to leave the country, a woman contemplating suicide and a country-western singer working on new

material.

'Dan's Motel' was an ambitious movie in terms of writing three stories that would take place inside a motel room, without getting repitious," said Barrish. "The movie was done absolute bare minimum, with a very low budget. Everyone told me it couldn't be done. But I did it and at the same time 'Chan is Missing' came out which was also done for \$20,000."

There are similarities between 'Chan is Missing' and 'Dan's Motel'. Both are local, low budget films shot at about the same time and both films went to the 1982 New Directors Series in New York. But here the paths diverge.

'Chan is Missing' received good reviews. distribution and opened to full houses in San

Francisco.

Barrish lists the festivals 'Dan's Motel' was sent to: New Directors, Denver Film Festival, Mill Valley Festival. But when it comes to assessing the criticism the festivals generated, Barrish just straightens his sunglasses and sighs. There were no reviews of 'Dan's Motel' at any of the festivals. Last spring there was a favorable review in the Chronicle on the day the movie played at the Red Victorian Theatre. But one review does not critical acclaim make. Barrish has become philosophical, he said of the lack of reviews, "I think my film was lost in the shuffle of the bigger festivals."

Such a philosophy is necessary when one is carrying on. Barrish is carrying on with 'Recent Sorrows' which is a much more ambitious film with 12 different locations and a budget of \$40,000. Barrish describes the film as a murder story, with the murder as a vehicle to go into people's lives and develop characters.

The question is whether this is an overly ambitious movie. The appeal of Dan's Motel lies in its modesty and simplicity, the odd quality that comes from its non-professional crew. This edge could easily be lost in trying

to do a more complex film.

"The pressure now is that I have all my eggs out there. If this movie doesn't make it, the chance of me making another movie, at least under these circumstances, are very slim," said Barrish.

Barrish, who finances the films himself, would probably get little sympathy from other local filmmakers who scramble for funding. But then, he was never in that circle. From the start he has been in a separate space where the lines between career, artistic endeavor and hobby have grown fuzzy. A space all his own.

FASHION IS A CRUEL MOTHER 1. eucalyptus leaf necklace Brass earrings based on eucalyptus leaves 2. Flower Stamen earring 3. Seed pod necklace fashions of crepe paper, tissue paper and plastic 9. Seaweed brooch





## Another wayside cemetery, seemingly abandoned by the living, barely memorializing those long dead. It was August in Key West, Florida; the day was unbearably hot and humid, especially to a thoroughly acclimatized native San Franciscan. My receding hairline, which I had chosen to disbelieve, was for the first time subjected to the vertical rays of a tropic sun and could no longer be ignored. Yet I had stopped, as I usually do, and joined those few kindred spirits who always seem to be wandering through such places.

A memorial to the battleship Maine stood above all else. The monument marked the actual burial place of many crew members. I was close to Cuba. Perhaps this bit of American soil was as far as they brought the bodies in the heat of the Caribbean. Conjecture, yet the type of puzzle that is a major lure to a graveyard detec-

tive.

A large yellow-crowned night heron perched precariously in a nearby palm tree. Harassed by a mockingbird, it flew to one of the many roofed family plots. Erecting canopies over burials originated with the American Indians and was also influenced by African customs. Today, it has become a fairly widespread Southern tradition.

Like Baton Rouge's famous cemeteries, this site had many above-ground vaults, built to keep above the very shallow water table. Compounding the problem in Key West, the "earth" was composed of nearly 100 percent cemented limestone. Yet in Bnai Zion, tucked away neatly in a corner of the cemetery, the Jewish burials had been hacked out, according to religious precepts, to the prescribed depth beneath the surface. Small pebbles set on individual tombstones signified the visit of a relative or friend.

Having survived the heat of the day, I was being defeated by the evening's mosquitoes. I chose to look at one last eclectic tomb. Over the handhewn door set in a crypt of white-washed marl, an inscription read:

> B.L. 1922 - 1962 I told you I was sick

Epitaphs are no longer popular. Today, more often than not, inscriptions are suggested by the church, morticians, tombstone manufacturers or plagarized from headstones in the cemetery. Individuality still exists, but as death has become a forbidden topic in our culture, people are most anxious to avoid the appearance of having thought of it. Older inscriptions, however, abound in sentimentalities and unusual farewells. A bereaved widow, in unwitting irony, wrote, "May he rest in peace from his wife Elsie." Was it the need for a last laugh or just cynicism which

Rest.

Michael W. Tripp

Epitaphs are no longer popular...as death has become a forbidden topic in our culture, people are most anxious to avoid the appearance of having thought of it.



prompted one to write, "Died an atheist, all dressed up and nowhere to go."Many epitaphs included biographical notes. Birthplaces were especially popular with first generation immigrants, Irish counties, French districts and German principalities.

To the tombstone tourist, San Francisco's cemeteries present a unique historical landscape. Perhaps a more apt description would be lack of landscape, for the city has desecrated its burial grounds in the name of progress. As the city expanded, out went the dead from what is now the Civic Center, then Dolores Park, Lincoln Park and finally Lone Mountain. On March 26, 1900, the Board of Supervisors prohibited further burials within the city and county of San Francisco. This was followed by orders requiring the removal

of remains, as such grounds had become "a public nuisance and a menace, and detrimental to the public health and welfare." These areas were also being encroached upon by residential neighborhoods, lucrative real estate potentials were just as much an incentive for the orders as the desire for public safe-

Tens of thousands of burials were disinterred and carted south of the city to Colma, the only incorporated necropolis in the United States. Though some headstones were transferred to new sites along with the remains, most were put to much more utilitarian uses. At low tide, the marina Breakwater can clearly be seen to be largely composed of recycled tombstones. Erosion along the Ocean Beach Highway often exposes someone's epitaph.

The fairways of Lincoln Park Golf Course offer sanctuary to a few vestiges of the old Land's End Cemetery. Nestled in a grove of Cypress trees is a Chinese family tomb from the Nan Chou province. What makes this of special cultural value is its conformance with the concepts of Feng Shui or "wind and water." Traditionally, many Chinese seek to set ancestors tombs in harmony with nature in accordance with a complex combination of mathematical, astrological and geographical tents. The visible factor that controls Feng Shui is the natural configuration of the earth's surface. The Lincoln Park site incorporates at least four major positive Feng Shui parameters: smooth, rounded hills, canopies of trees and shrubs, a welldrained south facing slope with a view of water, all cupped in by mountains. Is this tomb merely an ancient anomoly? When CALTRANS began to build Highway 280 through a corner of Colma in the 1960's, it bisected a group of Chinese cemeteries. Elements of the Chinese community fought this construction, for the massive road cuts made topographical changes harmful to the Feng Shui of the site.

Other than these locations, a few religious leaders entombed in their churches, and backyard burials (known and unknown), all of San Francisco's dead have been sent outside of the city to Colma or beyond.

Colma's cemeteries, dating from the late 19th and early 20th centuries, can be broadly categorized as either nondenominational or ethnic-religious. Woodlawn and Cypress Lawn are representative of the former type. The latter include: Holy Cross (Catholic), Eternal Rest (Jewish), Serbian (Christian Orthodox), Russian Sectarian, Italian, Greek and Chinese. These cemeteries reflect a complexity of histories, cultures and beliefs. An example of cultural symbolism can be seen in the Serbian cemetery at

Eastertime. The graves are decorated with pussywillow bouquets (resurrection symbols, for they bloom in early Spring), painted eggs (rebirth) and votive candles (the eternity of the soul rising to heaven).

Architecture is another face of Colma's cemeteries that offers a rich field for exploration. Greenlawn and Cypress Lawn are especially attractive in this regard, for being non-denominational, they are not held to restrictive religious and cultural conformities. Temples, pyramids, obelisks, crypts, barrow mounds, catacombs, ivy-covered towers - often an amalgamation of many styles. A favored personal "haunt" is the slope between the Spreckels and the Hearst family's cryptseach one a Greco-Roman temple. At sundown a great horned owl swoops down

and perches on the lintels above the porticoed doors.

Much ado is made of the resting places of famous individuals. My surmise is that being in close proximity to such personalities, even if they are deceased, is somehow attractive to many people. Even to those not enamored of long-gone celebrities, a chance discovery of an unlikely notable can be exciting. Visit the Jewish "Hills of Eternity" and try to locate Wyatt Earp's tombstone. Yes, the OK Corral gunfighter lies buried there in his wife's family plot, having lived until 1929.

Colma, once set aside exclusively for the dead, now hosts a K Mart and a golf course. Yet this encroachment is only a secondary problem. Today, changing attitudes towards death and the high cost of funerals have begun to shift preferences towards cremation and the scattering of ashes. Furthermore, a number of ethnic cemeteries have aproached full capacity. Here, "highrise" is the only means for accommodating more customers. Vaults capable of storing hundreds of bodies eight niches high are being rapidly built throughout Colma. But one can still explore the graveyards, the acres of sweeping lawns, what the poet Shelley called, "the lone couch of his everlasting sleep."

 $\mathbb{R}$ . I.  $\mathbb{P}$ .

## ON WANTING TO BE A POET

An evening sky not completely dark, After glowing patience of sunset. Night comes not on; it is day slowly fading. Whatever is not something is nothing, And there is loss. The unclaimed, Ebb by ebb, withdraws.

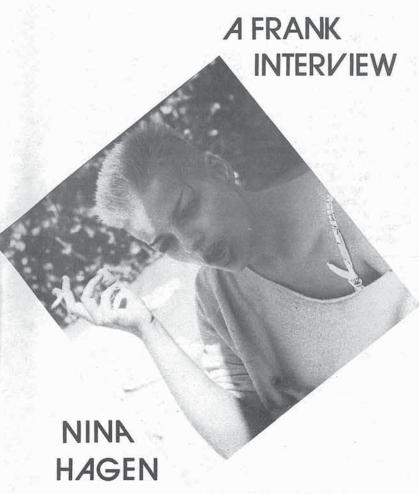
Up in the pool of sky, dark And deeper farthest from the rim Of shore, this round-banded horizon Borders, just barely fathomable.

Near a lake as unrippled as still as The sky, a pump house leans above The bank, before the stoop at the house door.

It is inside at the bottom of the bed Past shared with his wife, as if breathing, The cedar chest draws in what he cannot Now use; gives up against the passionless Chill-sweaters; or seeking what he cannot Name rucks within the thrusting swell And dip of rememberance.

When he built this place, he broke-up Beds of littoral shale. Pounding with A crow-bar at the hardness of history. Chipping the rock into pieces so he could Walk there. His rubber-soled shoes gripping Onto the roughness and irregularity. Light Can be so bright to wash out edges, over-Whelm a picture and be of no use. A little Light, sometimes, is enough.





Nina Hagen has been living in West Hollywood for about a year, in a typical Hollywood hobbit-type bungalow in a quiet residential neighborhood. For the past few months, Nina and her band, the No Problem Orchestra, have been working hard putting together her new album, Fearless.

We met with Nina, who sported a coral coloured piked mohawk and a pale slashed sweatshirt, her boyfriend, Paul, a musician from Toronto, and daughter Cosma Shiva, who just celebrated her second birthday.

Cosma and Paul splash in the pool, both tanned and handsome. Nina calls for a cigarette, a helicopter flies overhead, we suck back our beers, and begin the interview.

J&J: Explain the direction of the new music of your album.

N: The album is groovy, and fresh, and just ready to go...(giggle...)

J&J: And it's coming out in both German and English?

N: Yes, two versions.

J&J: What are the covers like?

N: Yes, there will be 3 different images of my body. On the front a U.F.O. is on top of us, and on the back side of the German album there will be me inside the beam (of the U.F.O.) The American one is still being decided. Some singles will be coming out. The first single in Germany will be Zara, and Springtime in Paris (sung in a french accent in german language).

J&J: And videos?

N: We will make a video next week of Zara, both in English and in German.

J&J: Who is this Zara?

N: Zara Leander was a big actress during Hitler fascism in Germany. Most famous actress of her time. She represented the lost glamour of the 20s, which they didn't like too much in the strong fascist, 30s and 40s. She was also famous for her very deep voice, which fitted very good in with all the strong image of the strong German woman. Even if she wasn't looking for that image. J&J: Is she alive today?

N: No, she died a couple years ago.

J&J: What's the name of the song?

N: In German-*Ich Weiss es Wird Einnal Ein Wnder, Ge Schehn.* Translated, I know one day there will a miracle happen. J&J: And your tour?

N: Touring is starting September third in West Berlin, open air in the, do you know how to write Waldbuehne? W-a-l-d-b-u-e-h-n-e.! J&J: When will you be back?

N: I'm not sure because we are also going to tour in Europe and then go to Japan maybe in January. We are trying to promote the record while we are on tour, T.V. shows, interviews, photo sessions, and there we are again...

J&J: Who inspired your album?

N: The beings in my world, which includes the out of space and the many levels of the world functioning.

J&J: Tell us about Paul.

N: I tell you about Paul, in my song on the album, I love Paul.

J&J: So you have to buy the album?!!

N: Yes, to get the information about my sexual desires!

J&J: If you could be any where in the universe where would you be?

N: I would like to take a trip with the U.F.O. I could ask them to take me, to show me anything they desired to show me. I would not decide where to go. But the possibility would be there, a real possibility with real flying saucers and people, who already have taken other people away, then they would do that to me and I would leave it up to them...

J&J: Where would you like to live when you come back on tour?
N: I will live everywhere. Based in Berlin and Paris, New York,
Los Angeles and the province from France where there is a

village that is chosen by U.F.O. landings.

J&J: Where is it?

N: I cannot say. It is for people who want to find out. They go and live there. It needs no cheap publicity these days. You will not find it if you don't want to live there, you cannot know where it is. You have to go and live for yourself.

J&J: What are your thoughts on drugs, alcohol and you?

N: My thoughts.. When I need any of those, I say "Hello, you are my brief friend, I'm going to use you for a short period of my life, enjoy the company with each other and then we go on a trip together.

J&J: And what about trips? Where are you going on your next trip?

N:...God knows?

J&J: What do you think about romance in the 80 s? Is it dying?
N: Never! Romance will never die NEVER...

J&J: Any last words?

N: You see how quickly everything is coming and don't get impatient. Be wise and listen to your inner voice, what it tells you to do, and do it with positive vibrations. Don't let the negative thinking interact and so you will enter the new kingdom, pretty soon...

J&J: Paul, will you send us a postcard from Europe?

Paul: Sure.

J&J: You promise?

Paul: Sure.

Jake: So Jack, then what happened?

Jack: Nina and Cosma went for a nappy. Paul brought us cocktails out by the pool.

Jake: Were they in REALLY BIG glasses?

Jack: Yes, Jake. They were in really BIG glasses.

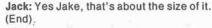
Jake: Then did we talk about a new club opening downtown, our questionable but spotless reputations, and true love and romance in the 80 s?

Jack: Yes, we did Jake. And then the afternoon got a little hazy.

Jake: Not to mention the weather.

Jack: Go ahead. Mention it.

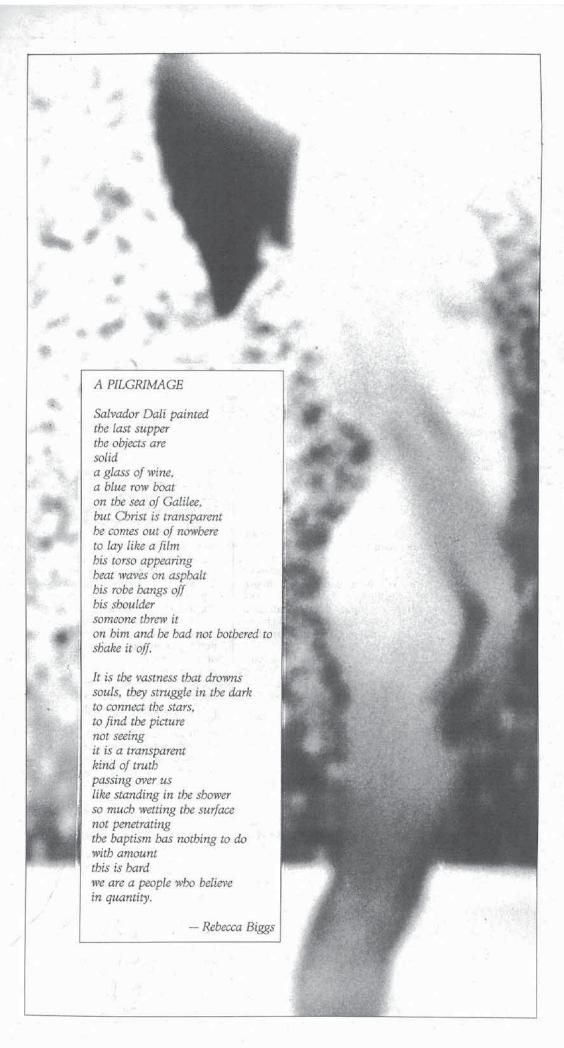
Jake: And then we said "Bye-Bye", and twisted homeward. Is that right Jack?

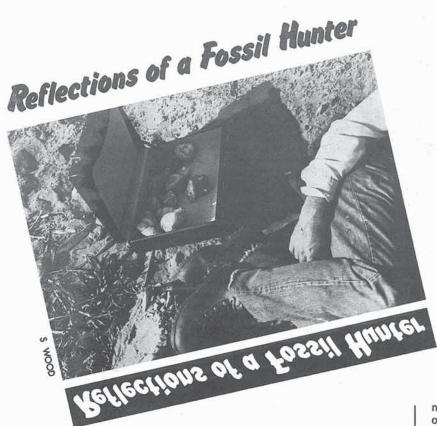






14





Michael Bones

t is a fine day to go fossil hunting at this locality. The tide is ebbing out which will give about five to six hours on the beach. There is a friend to share the day and a picnic lunch.

Here the cliffs rise abruptly from the ocean, the result of the western side of the San Andreas fault riding up and over the Silean Block. The Silean Block is a huge block of granite deep underground the Santa Cruz-Montery area. Six million years ago the sediments in these cliffs were a part of Monterey Bay.

My name is Michael Bones. With a last name like Bones, it seems altogether fitting that my passion should be Paleontology. The interest began in childhood when my mother read to me the story of Henreich Schleeman's Excavation of Troy. At the time of Schleeman's youth common opinion held that the *Iliad* and *Odessey* were poetic fiction. Schleman simply refused to believe that Homer's *Iliad* was only a myth and consequently discovered the ancient city of Troy. I discovered my first fossil when I was a senior in college. I became possessed and have never been the same since.

Walking down the beach we come to the first rockfall. Here ocean waves have undercut the cliffs resulting in huge parts of the cliff collapsing. I point out to my companion the pieces of sandstone that have been the most rewarding, providing

good fossils. With my hammer I break open a few rocks as an example.

We separate to explore on our own. I turn over a large flat slab of sandstone; I turn it over in my hand, exploring it with my eyes, trying to find a piece of fossil peeking through or some fracture already started. I find a small crack and begin hammering to enlarge it. Carefully I pry the rock apart. Clearly I see three fossils.

I begin chipping the rock with a chisel. Excitement wells up within me. Every rock seems pregnant, possibly issuing forth an unknown fossil never seen or named. The truly mysterious.

Genesis is a remarkable Old Testament story. It possesses an answer to the eternal mystery, "Where did all this come from?" Also it offers one explanation to why I am, and why humanity through the ages has been, so insatiably curious about that question. We have eaten from the tree of knowledge.

I chisel more of the rock away. How did all this come to be? My mind drifts back to a day that I viewed a piece of chert (a rock of silicon dioxide). Someone had thinly sliced it with a diamond saw so light would pass through it. I placed it on the microscope stage and peered through. Focusing, little cells came into view. The cells were nearly the same as present day bacteria. What made this moment awesome was that this rock was from the fig tree formation in Africa which has been radiometrically dated at 3.5 billion years old.

Two types of life, bacteria and bluegreen algae, lack internal structure; have no nucleus, chromosomes, chloroplasts or mitochondria. This type of cell is called prokaryotic (before nucleus). For at least two billion years, they were the only types of life on earth, which amounts to two thirds of life's history. The earth was a remarkably different place then. The land masses were barren. The atmosphere was composed of methane, ammonia and carbon dioxide. These early algae were exhaling oxygen into the atmosphere, setting the stage for the world to come.

I chisel the remaining rock away, a cerrastoderm pops out like the meat out of a nut. I have a good specimen. Both halves of the shell remain intact. I hope it will stand up to cleaning.

Until quite recently it was generally believed that life suddently erupted 570 million years ago. This is the point at which life forms began to develop shells that are easily preserved as fossils. But what happended in the time between 3.5 billion years ago to 570 million years ago? Mounting evidence seems to suggest that prokaryotic life forms did not disappear but are here with us today. They formed symbiotic relationhips, living together for mutual benefit, that became more permanent over time. Lewis Thomas, in his book Lives of a Cell, cites evidence that suggests the mitochondria of our cells were once separate and free-living organisms. Those cells frozen in chert 3.5 billion years ago are alive and well inside most cells in my body. A sort of reverence swept me knowing that I was gazing on my ancestry.

I put the specimen in my knapsack and begin searching for a new rock. I see the apex of a snall shell protruding from a rock. I begin chipping away at the rock.

Recently, geneticists have demonstrated that genes can be clipped from one organism (in man from pancreatic cells) and inserted into a single cell (ecoli) and then the single cell is prompted to produce human insulin. Research in recombinant D.N.A. demonstrates that the D.N.A. in living organisms on this planet is interchangeable. I marvel at how closely I am related to all life.

Someday we may inhabit Mars. Perhaps we shall add to our genetic endowment chloroplasts to become the long-soughtafter little green men of Mars.

Current scientifc explorations unravel the mysteries of life's beginning and subsequent evolvement. Genesis is a story we are only now beginning to sketch in detail. It is not uncommon to hear some men scoff at Genesis as laughable. It is not that I doubt the scientific evidence. Like Schleeman, I wonder that they miss the power of myth to penetrate the mystery of it all. They may laugh all they like. I, for one, feel confident that men hundreds of years from now will find our present explanations just as incomplete and laughable. I am not troubled by that.

I wonder at our tentative steps with recombinate D.N.A. Are we attempting to appropriate the tree of life from the garden? Will we place ourselves in charge of our own evolution?

The polyneces come out broken. I decide to keep them anyway.

Sometimes when I see photographs of the full earth taken from the moon, I can envision all those men working to put man into space. How similar it seems to the budding of a mold spore carried on the winds.

As we move into the vast reaches of space, we may find ourselves adapted to new ecological niches. Will new myths tell of our permanent expulsion from the garden of earth for having eaten from the tree of life? Somewhere my deepest intuition suggests that it will be a mixed blessing just as it has been for eating an apple from the tree of knowledge. Will we so alter our genetic make up that we will be physically unable to live on earth. Will we form symbiotic relationships with alien life forms?

Six times since the beginning of the cambrian 560 million years ago, there have been mass extinctions of life on earth. The causes of these extinctions remain unknown. Some life forms that became extinct are familiar to everyone, such as trilobites and dinosaurs.

I walk to a pool formed on the ebbing tide. I dampen the shell of the cerrastoderm. Under the chalky surface appear the growth lines. This line of cockels became extinct, and I am saddened never to have seen a living one. Will we fall prey to a mass extinction? Perhaps a nuclear holocaust or some biological nightmare.

The fish came ashore to become amphibians. The amphibians "learned" to form eggs with hard shells to become reptiles. The reptiles became warm-blooded to transform themselves into birds and mammals. Man is on the threshold of space. What will he become?

As I run my fingers over this fossil in wonder, perhaps 500 million years from now some alien will run his fingers over my skull in wonder. What will I evoke for him?

## SUMMER SOLSTICE 1983

A friend called to say it is the longest day of the year that time of year when measurements are worked into the randomness of the days we leave on the 17th, go 2,000 miles travel 9 hours a day yet we believe it to be a time without restrictions.

This circle is older than we admit
At a party the punk contingent comes
women dressed like a New Delhi prostitutes'
vision of the Virgin Mary, black Madonnas
the men have blue-black hair or
blond ends on dark hair
one wears a fez cap, they draw power
from one another, we dilute them
and I wonder when I became a critic
When I decided content overrules form
and stopped the grand entrances
I was once famous for.

This is not something to be measured like the length of a day the sun rising at 5:07 and setting at 8:37 It is not a point marked like jumping off the boathouse roof into the lake you summarize the risk and the advantage and finally, in mid-calculation, fling yourself.

This is a subtle wearing down suddenly you notice the change what must have been going on for a very long time the last to see summer is quite finished and in fact Autumn has begun.

-Rebecca Biggs

## She Prayed

by Marcia Cole

That night she prayed that the house would be full again of boys and that they were not afraid wherever they were. Before, they had taken trips, once, split into two cars even, going north, but they had bolted from the car whenever the chance arose and grouped together like orphans. They all went to the pool together, raced together and later walked into the small town to shop and would bring small souvenirs and little snacks back to the motel cabin they had rented. Their concern was toward each other, and although it was not always charitable it was total. To other things they seemed to pay no attention. Amongst them there was great equality and fairness and they grew ac-customed to it. She did not understand why the boys had gone off and it made her imagine wild things. She pictured the boys in separate small rooms like a jailhouse, cold and in the dark and very small.

The boys were at the cabin. She knew that. It was one room. Dark, twenty or forty-year-old curtains sliced the place into thirds. Two large double beds were at opposite sides to the north end. Each bed, cut away to itself, made a narrow gap where an aluminum cot stood, in long and constant hope of being overlooked. A red vinyl couch made another bed. She had once slept there herself with a box of new kittens and two or three sisters. Made-up, there was room still to walk through to the cupboards, there, between the bed and the table with chairs full

around it.

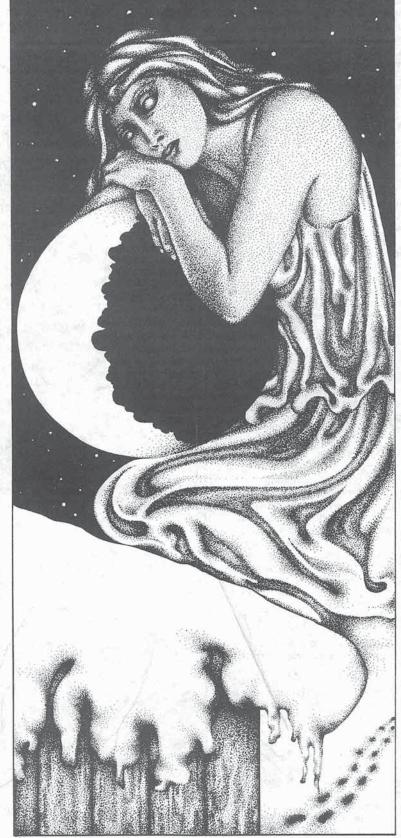
She feared there was a problem. The lock on the outhouse stuck, frozen. That at this moment the three boys were walking with a flashlight through snow between cabins to the john next door. It was a newer, nicer one, a half slice of smiling moon cut from wood and painted hung on a side. But her brothers would not know on which side was the moon and which the door.

She flashed to a photograph of the three, years ago in yellow ski coats under the Christmas tree. They were in the coats now on the path under night birches with light snow and a flashlight. They were smiling wild. They were scared silly. A deer had jumped from the path and snapped their pic-

ture.

She knew they would go in turns. She felt the animals in the trees watching the changing groups of two outside, without light. They would run back to the cabin, faster past where the deer had been and knock into the door and into the room where the two men had the sleeping areas ar ranged. They would lie awake too cold to sleep, and not moving for the creaking of the springs. The winter would be everywhere and the well-stocked stove just past the curtains, just past their feet would seem miles away.

She wondered what time it was, whether the sky might be turning midnight blue from midnight black. Would dad be getting going the bacon? The cabin would fill with the smell of that and coffee and potatoes and he's shake the boys gently one at a time and softly tell them it was time to get up. 'It's getting late.' They'd flip over fast as grease



Gris Matcheur

splashed from the bacon pans expecting to see some animal.

Gramps'd get up now and stoke the heater stove in his long johns and put on some pants, and hook up suspenders and call various greetings and plans and jokes to the boys. It was becoming light. They would break from their spots in full gear.

Her eyes clamped tightly, she knelt in her bed. Her face in the pillow, she leaned and tilted over: It was nine o'clock. She shut off the light. It had not snowed. They would be home today. Downstairs their mother was asleep. She caught on they would not go to church today. She climbed the stairs and began again to pray.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY WYATT



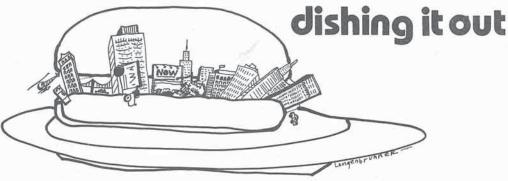
I caught Ted Armstrong, inventor extraordinaire, giving an enthusiastic demonstration of his somersault swing in Union Square on Saturday. He climbs into a seat that is suspended from a pole held between two crescent rockers. He dives toward the pavement, then tucks to complete a perfect somersault. When he is righted I ask him if he calls himself a New Age Inventor.

"I don't have to call myself that," he says. "Look at what the statistics show." Armstrong is fond of pointing out what the statistics show. In this case he is referring to the influence of mega-structionalism, what he sees as an inevitable mall lifestyle with people seeking recreation within limited space. He is also referring to the number of deaths and injuries that occur with thrill-seeking sports such as hang gliding.

Armstrong claims his environmental toys give the same kind of thrill safely. A friend who was along took a spin on the somersault swing and testified that there is definitly a thrill involved.

Whether it will replace hang-gliding or downhill skiing is questionable. However, there is always Armstrong's designs for furniture out of recycled air ducts or his tear-apart-knock-down-bed which is designed for life in a cramped environment.

If you miss Armstrong at Union Square, where he has been giving his enthusiastic demonstrations every Saturday for the last year, you can find him on Sundays on a hill in back of Rockridge Mall in Oakland. There he does a stunt on his tiltpole, a device he sits on and by lengthening and shortening a cable, can move down a steep hill. He can even climb stairs with it.



## CHICKENS FROM OUTER SPACE

Recently, the San Francisco Chronicle ran a front page story announcing that a law suit had been filed with the U.S. Court of Appeals demanding that the United States Government release two corpses of what we may call "space people." According to sources, not disclosed, a flying saucer, scratch that, "alien craft," collided with the earth somewhere in New Mexico. (They never land in Jersey City, do they?) We are asked to believe that the U.S. Government sent out a special task force and scooped up the remains of the crafts' two occupants. The name of the organization filing this absurdity of the freedom of information act escapes me.

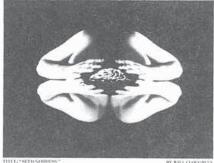
What bugs me, however, is finding out what exactly is really going on here.

Let us postulate slightly. Let's say that the government releases, under pressure, two carcasses, obviously those of two adult male chickens, and claims that these were the two. the only two skeletons found at the scene of the crash. Would you or would you not believe them? Who on this planet could honestly acknowlege or deny the fact that the chicken bodies aren't indeed visitors from outer space? That somewhere, in some distant galaxy, far, far away, lives a race of chickens so advanced that they could build inter-stellar

transportation to come here to earth and rescue their lost tribe.

I don't know if there are E.T.'s out there watching and visiting us. I don't even think it will bother me much, until the day I meet one. (Of course I could already have and not known). But I'll let you on to a little business proposition if you're interested. I happen to be selling stock in a chicken farm I own. I don't want it anymore and I'll sell it cheap. Look me up if you know anyone who's interested. You can find me hiding under my bed, at all times. Cluck, cluck.

Ronald Deutsch



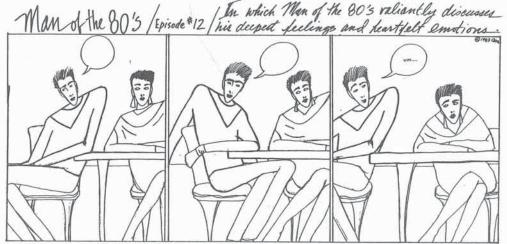
BY WILL CLOWSON

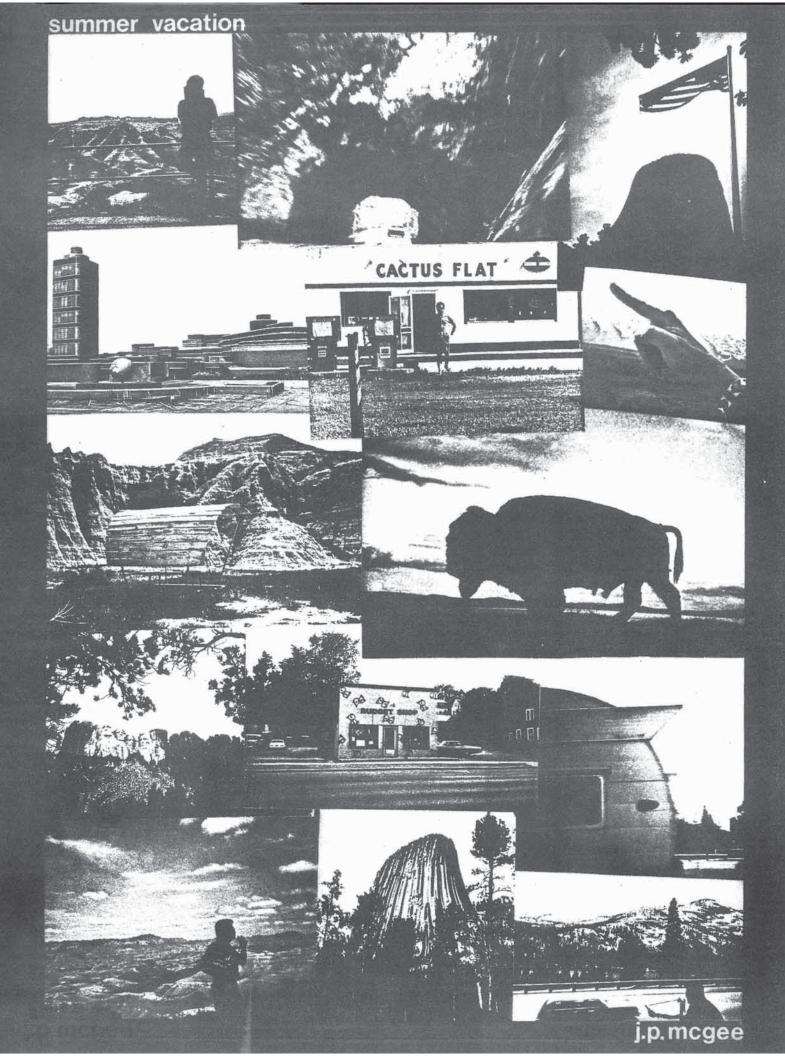
FAST-FORWARD ANTHROPOLOGY

'A juxta-orgy'. A member of the juxtamorphic group that is sponsoring a two-week show beginning November 9th at 20 x 20 Gallery described the theme as fast-forward anthropology. Juxtamorphic is a group of artists who work in different mediums but are united in representing nature and refuting man-made objects unless the objects are in a state of decay. The result is a rich body of work that is both futuristic and primitive. The group promises a never-a-dull-moment show that goes beyond stationary art with slide shows, workshops, a food orgy and dance.

## MODERN LIP MUSIC

Out of the rehearsal hall comes 'Stiff Upper Lip' with a new drummer recruited from the 'Units' in tow. The six-piece band's highly danceable music with heavy saxophone action promises to be more visible/ audible in the months to come.





Marvel and Robert Biggs Joseph P. McGee

William Chapin Beverly McGuffin

Friends of Flipper

Susan McKearnan

Anne Huser Lee A. Meddin

Sydney A. Hopkins Caroline Morris

Lorrie Indyke David Prowler

Janice & Gal Kitty Quinn

Pamela Kensinger Bernie and Sara Rosenberg

Aaron Kenton Br. Paul Rosenberg, D.C., Gina and Jeremey

John C. and Terri Langenbrunner Dawn Saito

Theresa L. Latosh David and Colleen Sanders

Erin Massie Vic and Judy Sanders

Dave and Lynn Mathis and Rebecca Teresa Turnbull

# friends of FRANK

FRANK MAGAZINE SAN FRANCIS