

# PASSION



poems and paintings by **FRANK MOORE**

# Cafe Abir

1300  
FULTON  
(AT DIVISADERO, S.F.)



HOURS  
6 A.M.  
TO  
MIDNITE  
7  
DAYS  
A  
WEEK

MONTH OF NOVEMBER  
1996

## PRIMITIVE

# CARNIVAL

## SIDESHOW

of **NUDES**



**MONSTERS**



AND

**SUPER  
HEROS**



A SHOW OF  
BIG, BRIGHT,  
**BRAZEN**  
OIL PAINTINGS  
BY

**FRANK**  
**MOORE,**  
THE ART OUTLAW.



510.526.7858



2011 Frank Moore

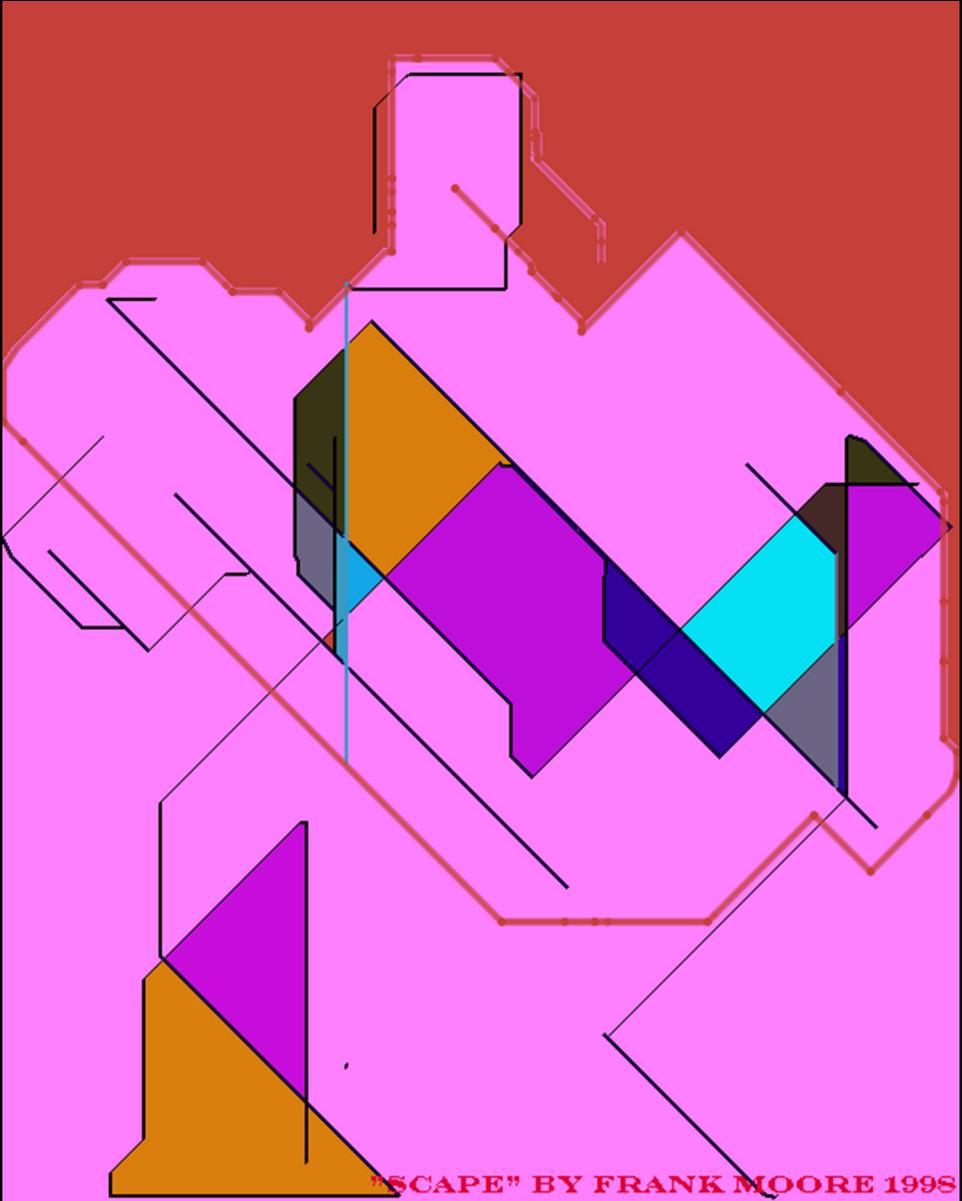
"Toni", digital painting, 2011

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Opening page poster art by LaBash



"Scape", digital painting, 1998

# BOUNDARIES KILL

January 29, 2002

Boundaries, borders  
Are lies of power  
They keep people in  
They keep people out  
They ain't really there  
                                    Only in the sight  
                                    Of guard guns and dogs  
The lines just ain't there  
You can just keep on walking  
Toward me,  
Into me

You could keep on walking  
                                    Except for their bullets of fear  
Define and maintain your boundaries,  
They tell us!

That keeps us weak and isolated  
That keeps me from you,  
Boxed up, bottled up  
That keeps the wrong people out  
Us protected in abstractions  
That keeps our human spirit divided  
Keeps Life separate from us  
Keeps us warring, scared, hating  
Keeps you from me  
Keeps us hungry, thirsty, cold  
Just owning  
Instead of living deep and free.

Skin is not a border  
Skin is a sea flowing everywhere  
Touching, feeling, unlimited,  
Breathing deeply  
Giving, taking as one  
Experiencing, feeding as one  
A thick rich soup  
Which can't be canned or bottled

Healthy skin is thick and flexible  
Healthy breath is deep and lusty  
Our healthy body does not need  
Limiting power,  
Doesn't need to hold in,  
To hold back,  
To die from not dancing,  
Not risking,  
Not feeling pain, joy, pleasure  
Deeply  
Just dying slowly  
Within the tight shallow  
Owning MY SPACE

And they laugh in the gun towers!

# Creativity is like shitting

May 31, 2005

Creativity is like shitting.  
Most people do it.  
Everyone needs to do it....  
More or less regularly.  
Every shit is different.  
There is nothing like a good shit!  
Some people obsess on their shitting!  
Some obsess on their own shit,  
Others obsess on others' shit,  
Even buying it!  
I just enjoy a good shit!  
Oh shit,  
I'll let you in on a secret...  
I play with shit!  
Creativity is **just** playing.



"The First Rebel", oil on canvas board, 12" x 15", 1966

# THE MAGICAL CAVE LOVERS

March 20, 1995

the cave is our world, his and mine. together around the fire in the warm cave. it has always been this way. mother and grandmother...mothers and grandmothers have always been in the cave above the tribe, have always been talking to the world spirits for the tribe, have always been taking the tribe out of the world of survival, cold wet fear...into our body cave of warm laughing joy, taking them into us deep for awhile.

and there has always been one of his kind in the cave. mother said that before i was born, the one who she lived in the cave with died. his death cursed the tribal field, cursed the tribal planting. the tribe again survived only by the hunt and the gathering. the spirit of the field would only come back when mother could mate in the tribal field with a healer after hair grew on his body. until that time, during times of moon blood, mother led the tribal women in the chant of plant magic, keeping their knowing of the secrets of growing alive during the years of waiting.

as the world spirits desired it, for many years no deformed male baby who could be a healer lived for more than for a few days within the tribe...even when mother secretly took such babies from the sacrifice rock and brought them to the cave, where she and the old healer tried to bring them fully into life.

so after the death of the healer, mother had to make the secret and dangerous journey to the sacrifice rocks of other tribes in her quest for a deformed boy baby, for a spirit that didn't dwell in the world of survival, for a magical son who could be a healing bridge between all realities. mother had to hide behind the sacrifice rock of each tribe for many nights, waiting for a father to put a deformed boy child on the rock to die.

one day the tribe discovered that mother was not in the cave. they went into a ritual dance and a fast, piling all the food outside the cave to bring her back. they had a feast when they discovered that she had returned with a new healer. she had found a deformed boy baby. she saved him from the sacrifice rock and carried him to the cave. there she gave birth to him. everyone knows that cave magicians can give birth to even full-grown men. so no one was at all surprised to see this baby in the cave.

mother took care of him, raised him in the cave. she grew to understand his sounds, his moving body, his spirit talk. i understand him now. as

he grew up, his healing magic became physical touch. he was in the future and the past and the world spirit...linked with mother's body. now linked with my body.

when hair grew on his body, mother took him as her magical mate. then the secrets of growing, the magic of the plants, again came out of the moon cave and into the field. once again, the spirit entered the field and was attended to by the women of the tribe.

once again, before every harvest and every planting, the tribe carried mother and her magical mate to the fields. there she would take him deep inside her. they became one body together in ritual pleasure, offering the pleasure to the earth spirit as a thanksgiving. these were the only times he left the cave. these were the only times that she took him deep into her, although they were always together in the sacred play when they were in the cave, rubbing, licking, laughing, moaning, crying within the awareness of life. he and i are still in that awareness cave.

mother got big and i came out of her into the cave. if i was a male baby, mother would have gone like a spirit with the baby out of the cave to where the woman of the chief slept. she would have put the baby beside the woman and then slipped away. the boy would be born to the woman of the chief. the magic of the cave mother can only be passed on to a daughter of the cave. if i did not come from mother's body, she would have gone on a quest for a cave daughter, leaving the healer alone in the cave. the tribeswomen would take care of him as best as they could. but if mother would die on the quest, the healer would die. then the tribe would die.

i grew up cuddled up between their bodies, playing with their bodies, smelling the herbs mother hung to dry in the cave, smelling the teas and other medicines mother made from them to give those who came to the cave to be healed. i ate the food and drank the water and the milk that the tribe brought to the mouth of the cave everyday.

i always played with mother and the healer...to me, he is laughing face because his hairy face always has tickled me...when they played together. but she put me into the child hole to play whenever she and he did rituals with a tribesperson. grandmothers from long ago dug these child holes. there is one just outside the cave for when mother danced with the chief before every hunt, before every battle, arousing his power.

i now arouse him.