

Sin título

"When I Wake Up"

JULY 2026

From the album Der Movie

the
DIY
VIDEOGRAPHER
(episode 7):

"NOTES FROM THE EMAILS
FRANK SENT ME"

* with handwritten corrections
by Frank!

- PUBLIC RECORD ONLINE -

Página 1

"Life is not the mystery, $\approx$ death is."

Harry Hooton

SOME BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Music is a big part of my life, even more so as a listener. I listen to a lot of music. I have curated about 5 radio shows in the past 2 years. This info is on my Cosmic Coffin IG page. I run Cosmic Coffin as a passion project, where I can release my friends and my music, "outsiders," that slipped through the cracks. One of main passions though is researching and writing... as an independent researcher my main project is research and archiving about the literary underground within Australia that existed in a parallel time line with the beat poets but are less celebrated. And remain almost unknown.

~~My ancestors arrived on the first fleet, convicts come Bushrangers.~~ The main subject i research (for about 15 years now) is the circle of friends around the poet/street philosopher (anti-philosopher), anarchist Harry Hooton. And his friend Bob Cumming. They both died in 1961. Bob Cumming was a naval bandsman as well ~~and~~ a jazz musician ~~in the '40s~~ before he became a mad drunken poet!

There is ^{one} ~~an~~ important factor to my life that has influenced me the most, that is travelling. I have traveled my entire life. My mother and ex-step father moved around Australia since the 70s and at 15 when I left home, I continue to travel, I hitch hiked around Australia when I was 18, I spent most of my 30s traveling in South East Asia, India etc. I also studied meditation during this period. I returned when I was 40, and spent another decade traveling, conducting interviews for research on Harry Hooton. I lived in a van for 5 years, a bus for 2, and now a caravan.

The "Frankie Death" name started as a nickname given to my "darkside," from my friends. Unfortunately, ~~in my~~ 20s, I got into a bit of trouble with substance abuse. Alcohol use got me into trouble often. In 1995, after my grandmother died, I stopped drinking and turned the moniker into a positive force, using it as a name for this character that I would channel lyrically. I often ~~wore~~ a mask on in my music videos, and during live solo performances, I would leave songs incomplete as to channel, and improvise lyrics live on stage.

As, I've "aged," I've obviously mellowed, along with the various spiritual growth that involved the use of psychedelics and meditation, along with the philosophy of U.G. Krishnamurti, I have found a contentment within my self.

I'm not sure if this is the right word?

↓ DO NOT USE AI FOR WRITING !!! ↓

"Frankie Death's songs are inspired by metaphysical concepts, dystopian visions, and absurdist storytelling. Often blending existential reflection with dark humour. His work reflects a DIY, lo-fi aesthetic rooted in Australian music

"Life is not matter; Carbon can be flesh or diamond."

Harry Hooton

@hkeronline
@manila community radio
@domain radio

George Watts
(1785-1817)

after contracting
Dengue Fever in Myanmar

Thomas Eddington
(1758-1798)

Vipassana
Thailand

Jessie
Alice
Sullivan
(1907-1995)

2

... underground culture, drawing from psychedelic, folk and noise traditions. While specific interviews are scarce due to his reclusive nature, his 1998 album *Future Unseen*, Soundtrack for the Film suggests a strong influence from science fiction, spiritual inquiry, and critiques of modern alienation. Themes like ego death, illusion versus reality, and cosmic dissonance recur in his lyrics."

PRESS ABOUT FRANKIE DEATH 2

Music news

DEATH, FRANKIE DEATH

✓✓✓ A Melbourne person with a turn of phrase that borders on murder, **Frankie Death** is a chap with more DIY nous than Tim Allen's on-set crew. Enjoying the cracked vocals of such a performer is an interesting exercise that some would call sublime, others, plain old yak turds. Local record label (although "label" seems an extremely strong term for these kids from Sydney's greater west) 7 Seater Records are an extremely *base* bunch of people (stay with me here, all will become

apparent) as they tend to record much of their impending catalogue on whatever device comes to hand: tape decks, four tracks, answering machines etc. They release the majority of it on cassette for budget reasons and sell it themselves to whoever is in front of them. Such guerilla tactics have appealed to many an act - **Vocabularinist**, **The Unknown**, ...ummm - and Frankie Death is no exception. For more arse, brass and (hopefully) grass than class, catch Frankie on his impending tour of Sydney on Friday the 8th of May at the Cat'n'Fiddle (also featuring **Bluebottle Kiss** **Jamie Hutchings** in solo mode), Saturday the 9th at the Sando (With **Lantern** and **Sonic Emotion Explosion**), Tuesday the 12th of May at the Lansdowne (**Monster Monster Monster** and **SSSFS** support) and Wednesday the 20th at the Iron Duke Hotel with **Vocabularinist** and **William Wallace** (from the **Unknown**, not from historical fantasies).

"The only man who can measure a man with any accuracy is an undertaker," HH

Revolver Street Press, 1998, Sydney, Australia.

* <https://vocabularinist.bandcamp.com>

* <https://jamiehutchings.bandcamp.com>

3

**SEVEN SEATER RECORDS
IN ASSOCIATION WITH
SUBVERSIVE RECORDS**

" acoustic space folk, hip_hop
beats and electronic minimalism..
It.s instantantly likeable and
youll love it ."

Revolver magazine

**"When you can feel it,
your heart is open"**

FUTURE UNSEEN

Music by FRANKIE DEATH AND THE PHOTON BELT



Mammal Man. The Juggler. The Atma Bird. Reptile Boy
and introducing : Blake Tholen Gray as Xavier

SOUNDTRACK FOR THE FILM

Xavier: a small boy
tormented by a dream
caught between realities in
a strange alien landscape

THE FRANKIE FROM OUTTA SPACE

Not a reincarnation of Or' Dead Blue
Eyes, although that would be so
cool, wouldn't it? A zombie Frank
Sinatra haunting one of his ex-wives.
Say, Ava Gardner. she was the best.
if weirdest, lookin'. Frank could lurch
drunkenly after her with bits falling
off of him "Aaaaavaaa. Aaaaadaa."
Like Dean Martin in the 60's.
Aaaaanyway, this particular blurb is

about Frankie Death and The
Photon Belt. A crew from Melbourne
who perform a strangled,
intergalactic kind of folk stuff
(listening is understanding, you see)
featuring visual artist/musician
Frankie Death. On Seven Seater
Records

in search of a new reality...

Harmony Korine's film ~
Gummo screened at the Melbourne
International Film Festival in 1998 - I copied the design of that flyer
to make this one.

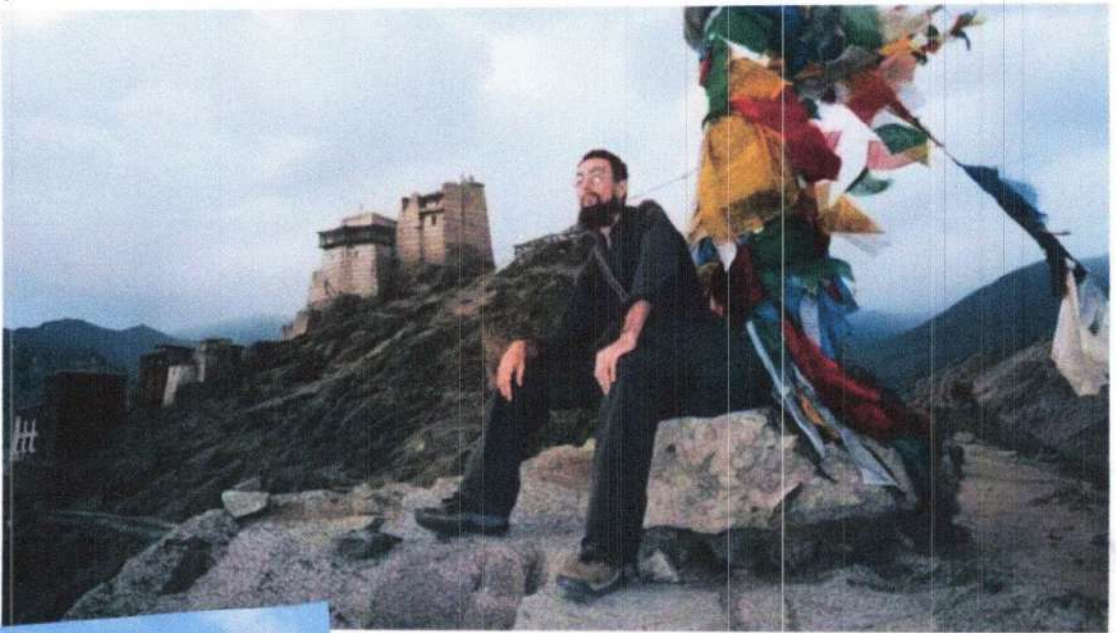
SOME PHOTOS FROM TRAVELS THROUGH SOUTHEAST ASIA AND INDIA.

Most were taken using film camera. Usual an instant 35mm camera. Sometimes I travelled with an SLR but not with a tripod. I'm so glad I did most of travels pre-camera/mobile phones. 2000-2010

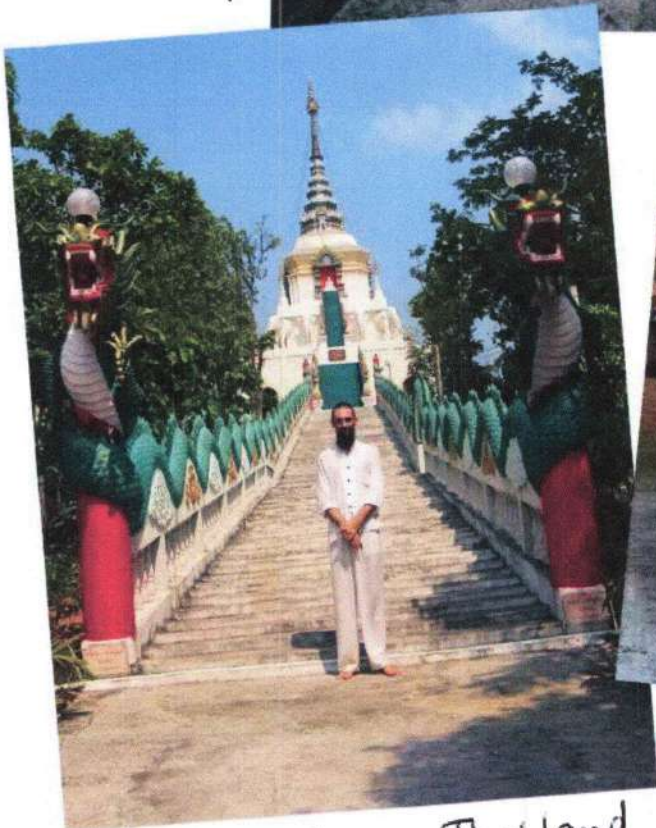
Here's another one from when I was in Leh, India. I nearly died after this photo was taken.

It was very windy and as I walked away, one of the prayer flags broke and wrapped around my neck, almost dragging me off the mountain and over a cliff! I later asked one of the monks from the Kopan Monastery if this was a bad sign. He smiled and said "Good, good."

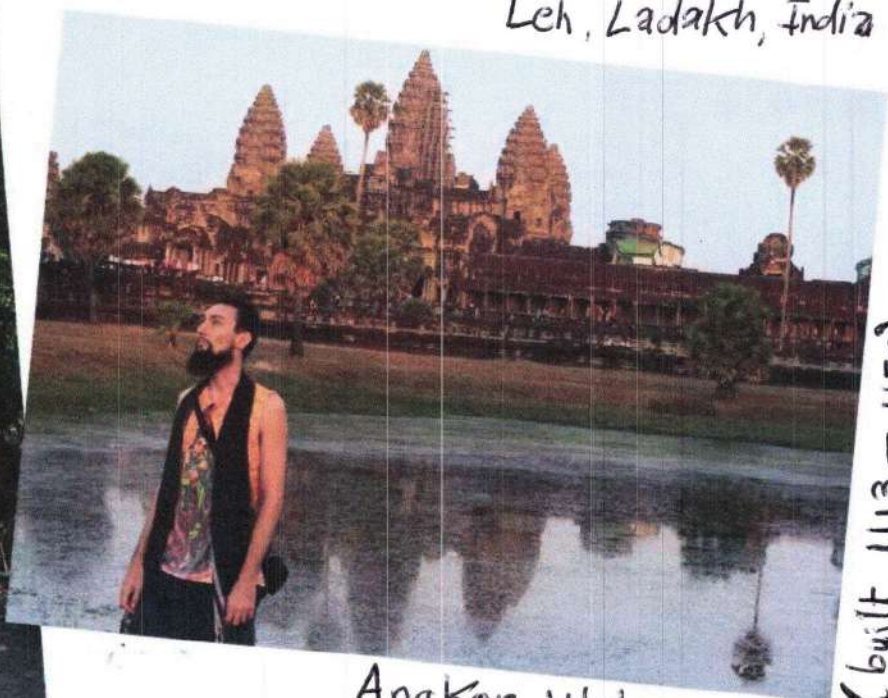
Tsemo Castle (built 1555-1575)



Leh, Ladakh, India



Wat Chom Thong, Thailand.



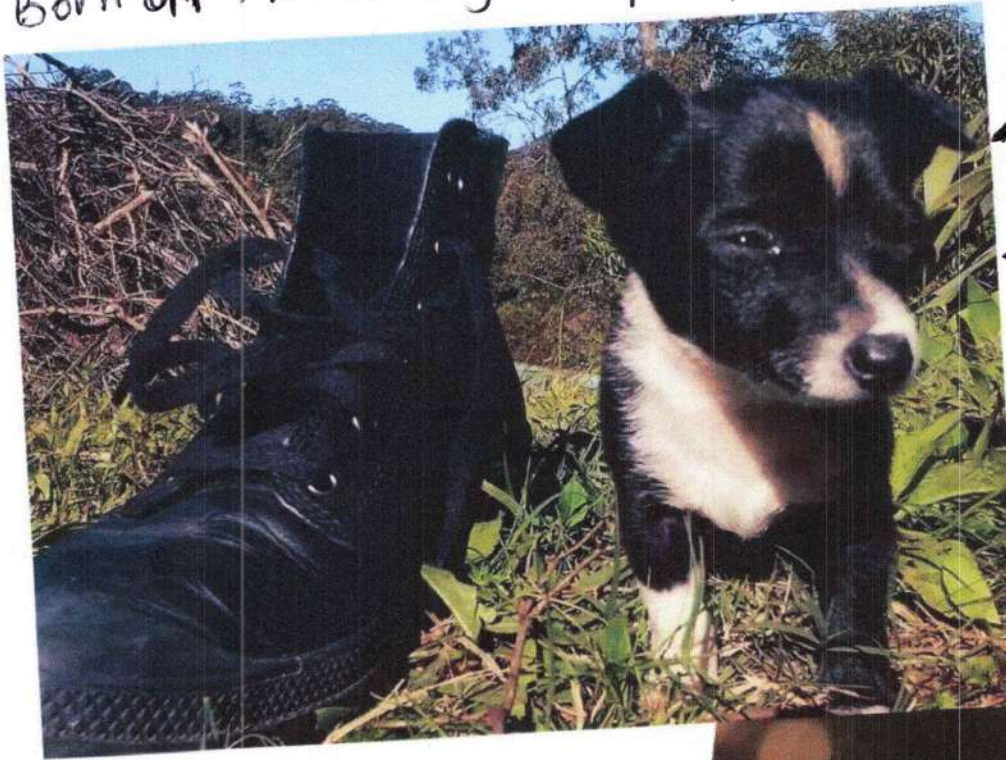
Angkor Wat, Cambodia,

(built 1113-1150)

ROXY (aka The Black Piranha, and Scabzy)

FRANK'S 12-YEAR-OLD TRAVEL COMPANION

Born on "Mother's Day" May 11, 2014.



8 weeks old! 

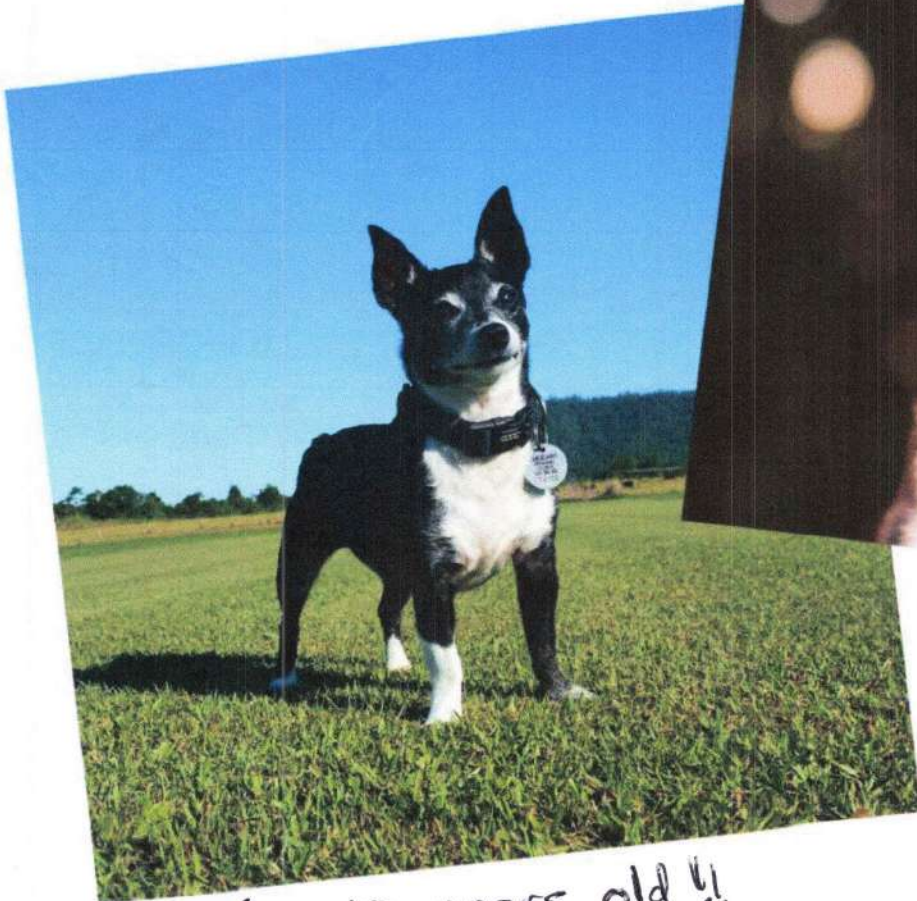
* there's a video on YT of when she was this young.

<https://youtu.be/xK6LyQkxrjI?si=AcPQpkvDPopoirU>

2



About 3 years 



10 years old!!

She is my greatest teacher!

6



ABOUT

DOORWAYS

I originally wrote 10 songs in about ten days, while I was sick with the flu. The songs just seemed to flow out of me as if I was channeling some kind of feeling to overcome how I'll I felt.

I was living in a bus at the time ^{and} camped by a beautiful beach, ~~and~~ there was this strange story coming though. A kind of mythology, a conversation between the ocean and a person... Almost like how the sirens would trick the sailors, to come into the water to drown them. It was vague but at night I would have surreal dreams that would end up ⁱⁿ the songs as well.

I'd heard about a place in the middle of the desert, in dinosaur country, where opals can be found. — OPALTON: 1,200kms from Agnes Water
I stayed there for about 5 weeks! And in between days looking for opals I recorded those 10 songs.

I started dreaming on opalescent colours and I started seeing colours in the black and white movies I'd watch on DVDs.

It took me the same time to record them as I wrote them - 10 days. It was kind of strange recording oceanic themed songs written in the moist environment of a jungle with the scent of the sea breeze ~~and~~ blowing through my nostrils. To then be in the desert, waterless and dry. But the desert areas of central Queensland used to once be an inland ocean. Millions of years ago, it was ~~the~~ the floor bed of an ancient sea landscape.

With dusty days, and bower birds (that can imitate any sound, including a shovel digging into gravel or other birds like crows, you can actually hear it in A Moment Overdue, it sounds like a crow but it is a bower bird.) They also like to collect items of the same colour and create a display in their nest to impress potential female mates.

I had ~~a~~ a basic set up to record with - a laptop, sound device, a microphone, headphones. I used a petrol ~~tank~~ for the kick drum sounds, pots and pans for percussion, I detuned the acoustic guitar down 2 semitones. (I'm pretty sure it was tuned to E flat)

I forget to mention, one of the songs, Dyin' Is In, was produced by a musician called Machine Translations (J. Walker)

Released under the name Free From Freedom (Search for it on Cosmic Coffin Bandcamp).

I had planned to do this to all the tracks but decided that the big production isn't the direction I wanted to go. Rather, to work within ^{the} restraints and simplicity of the original recordings made in the bus ^{at} Opalton.

Another thing is, ~~this~~ this album just may be the last under the "Frankie Death" moniker. I think I may have put down my vocal chords as an instrument for now. I have released recordings of an experimental electronic nature under the name FKFNGZ.

~~Apprentice at the time, I produced with collaboration by J. Walker, A. Walker, and J. Walker. (S. and P. and Cosmic Coffin Bandcamp)~~

"How the dead love life!"

HH

7

"Workman's Beach"
near Agnes Water in
Queensland

Beyerdynamic
DT 770 Pro
80 Ohm

* <https://gregjwalker.bandcamp>

The ^{is} ~~And~~ EP called TRANSVERT.

I am also working on a follow-up EP.

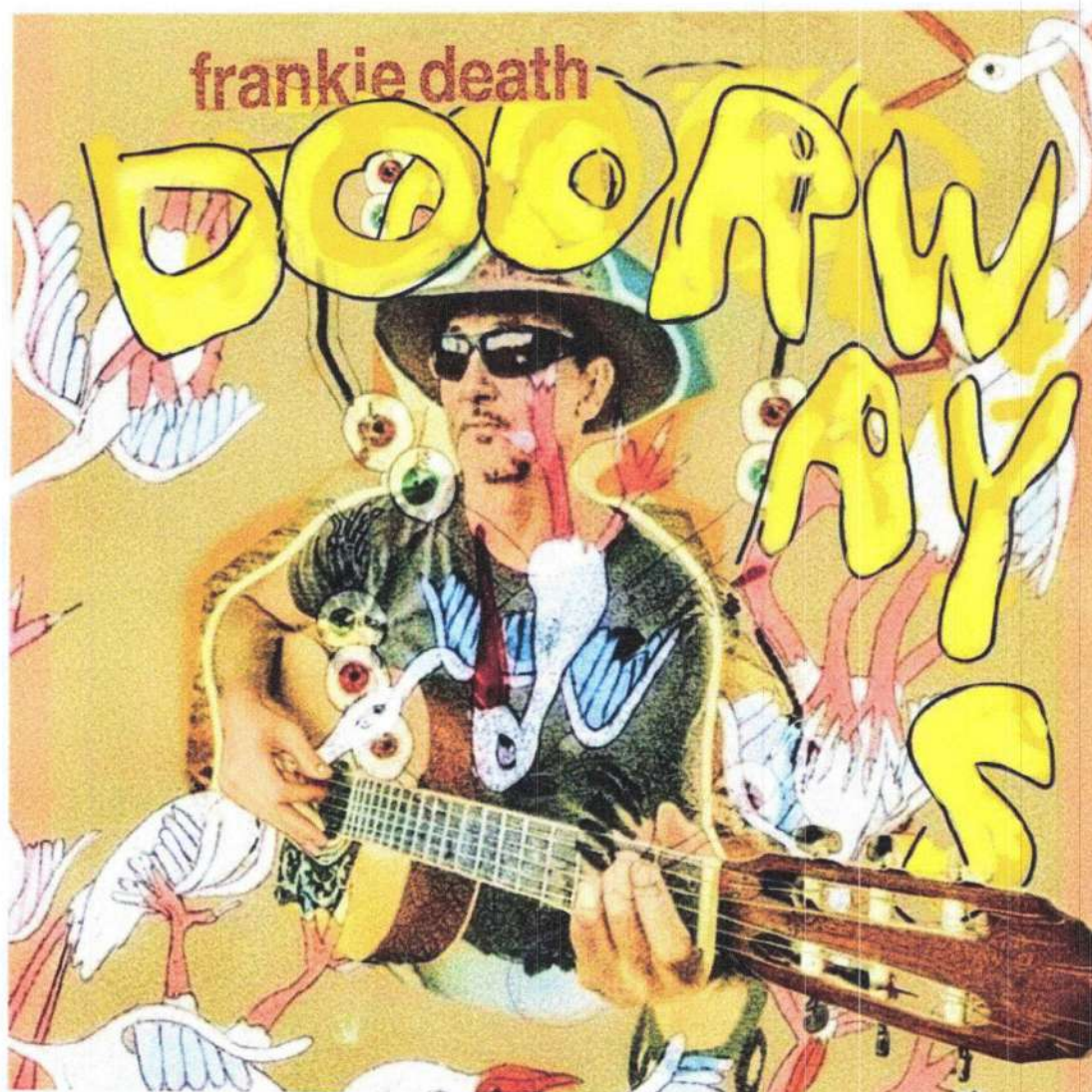
FKFNGZ (pronounced Fake Fangz) is a kind of trickster character in the form of a dog/human. There is ~~evidence~~ ^{a rumour??} that it may have killed Frankie Death.

My new album is an aging antifolk/slacker's way of ^{Waving} ~~saying~~ goodbye.

* Cover art *

Kay Fabello

Here is the cover ^{art} which i made from a screenshot from the video taken by Kay at "London Bridge" (the traditional name seems to have been lost). I blended it with some artwork by outsider artist Dylan Jones. He allowed me to use his paintings ~~and~~ ^{A big thank you to Dylan !!!} @reliable - guy



"Don't let anyone do anything for you - you'll find it too difficult."

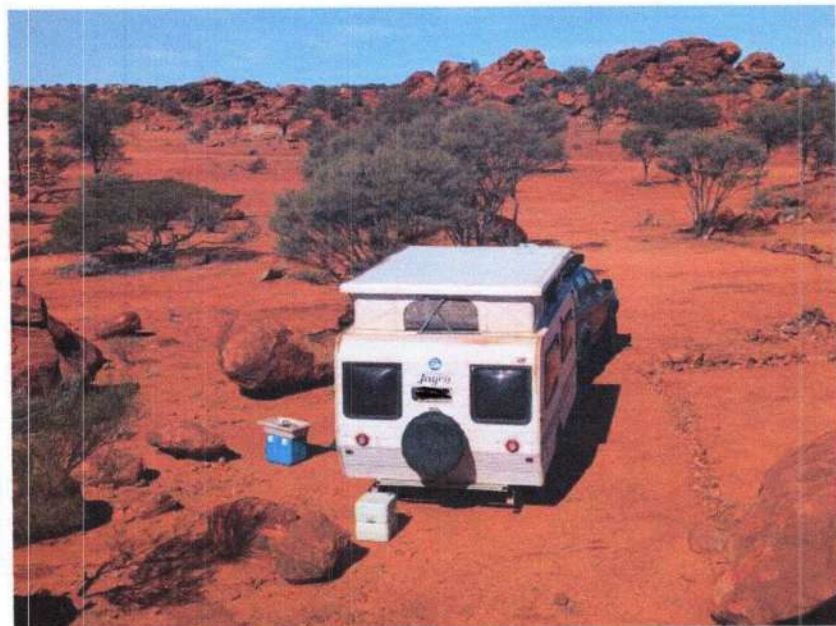
HH

THE BUS WHERE THE ALBUM WAS RECORDED

I bought it as retired school bus then turned it into a mobile home. It had a queen size bed, black leather seats, a compost toilet, stainless steel kitchen bench, solar panels on the roof and a 440 amp hour battery bank. ~~WE~~ had some great adventures. I named it Futherer after Ken Kesey's legendary bus, named Furthur (often misspelled as Further). After Opalton, I was driving it to Far North Queensland about 900km north, when I blew the engine up! I had it towed to a caravan park, where I lived in it for 6 months. The cost to repair or replace the engine was too costly so sadly I had to sell it. ☹️

we
(Rox & I)

I now have a 4 wheel drive and a 14 foot pop top caravan, which is more suitable for travelling in remote parts of Australia. Not as cool looking as the bus though!



"Peace Gorge" Meekathara, Western Australia

ABOUT FOOTAGE

June, 2026.

I was in Mount Magnet at the time

I am about to go to further into the desert in the next few days...to a place called Sandstone. There is a million year old natural bridge formation there called "London Bridge", it could be a good location to take some nice footage. I also have a video camera, I could shot some footage with that as well. Keep in mind that I live very frugally, ~~in the~~ (I call it a monastic lifestyle) and in remote places, ~~the~~ internet isn't always available. The timeline would need to be flexible.

I started to ~~take~~ ^{shot} more footage out here in Sandstone. The red earth is some of the oldest in the world. Billions of years... allegedly apart of the original continent of UR.

Hi Salvador, I've just uploaded heaps of video for you to choose from. We used 2 different cameras. My phone - a pixel 9 and my camera - a Panasonic G7 with a modified lens original made for a security camera. A Fujinon -tv 1: 1.4/25.

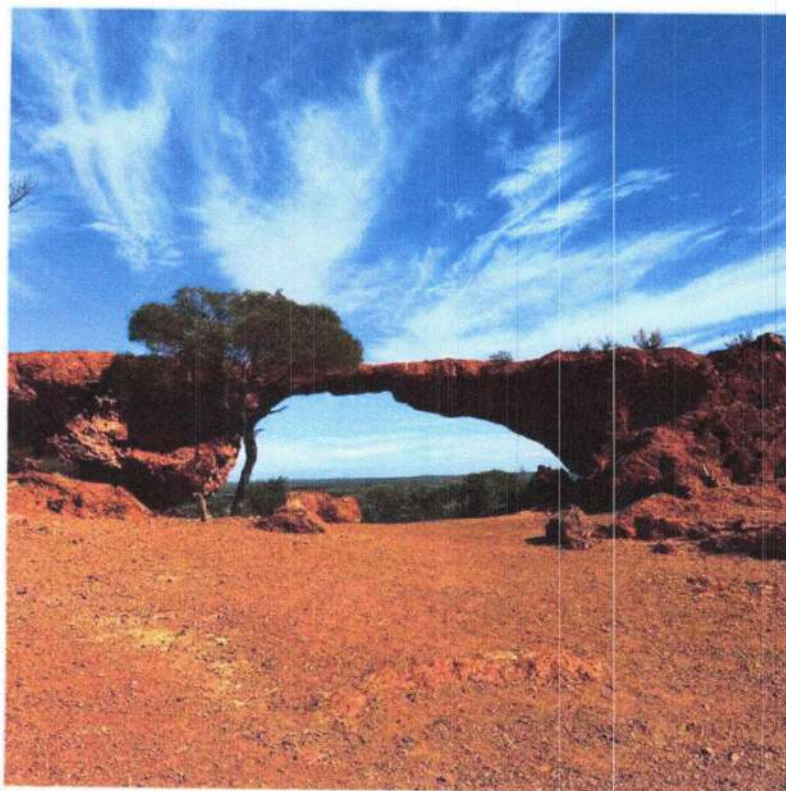
→ Kay Fabello

I managed to find a helper who works at the Sandstone museum, and she came out and filmed my pensive wandering around "London Bridge". Which is such a ridiculous name for such an ancient monument to the ages. It is reported to be 350 million years old!! I have attempted to find the Aboriginal name for it. But as yet have been unsuccessful. This is a colonial gold mining settlement established around 1900. So, you can imagine what happened...

Shoutout to Ole Bill Pyper for lending me his acoustic guitar.

'LONDON BRIDGE', SANDSTONE

* Sandstone was the inspiration for the mining town in the 1962 novel by Randolph Stow entitled Tourmaline. Apparently a strange post-apocalyptic tale that centers around the arrival of an injured diviner that promises to find water. What could go wrong?



350 million years old → 2 Billion !!

One reviewer attempted to describe Tourmaline: Think Camus meets Mad Max. Think puritanical Christianity in a brawl with Daoism in the Australian pub

10

ABOUT

A MOMENT OVERDUE

Hi Salvador,

I hope everything is going great with you. I have left Sandstone and I'm currently camped by an ancient rock formation created by the impact of a meteor 10km wide. 2 billions years ago it hurdled towards the Earth and hit with such velocity that it melted the surface. The crater isn't visible today but the melted rock remains, it is named Barlangi Rock.

As requested, I have written some ^{notes} ~~thoughts/reflections~~ about the lyrics of A Moment Overdue. It may contain elements deemed opinionated, confessional, biographical and/or irrelevant.

They may also have nothing to do with the song!

A Moment Overdue

I never thought about the rain
'til it came tumbling down

When it rains, it pours. This opening line reminds me that often the impact of an occurrence doesn't become apparent until it affects us personally. That when life is comfortable, we don't take notice until we are taken out of that comfort zone. During the pandemic, millions of people around the world were dying. Knowing this didn't affect me profoundly until someone close to me died.

Caught in a landslide,
Call it a state but the storm had taken me out
You think you're safe but all it takes
Is one moment foolin' around

A few years ago I read about someone who became the youngest person appointed as director of the Sydney Dance Company in 2007. She had achieved an amazing position in her chosen field aged 29. But before she began her job, she stepped off the curb and was tragically hit and killed by a ~~truck~~ truck.

~~The fragility of life is that~~ We are only one step, one breath, one heart beat away from death at any given time. Whether by accident, out of our own negligence, or by natural causes. As the title of the dubious biography of Jim Morrison by Jerry Hopkins and Danny Sugerman says - No One Gets Out Alive.

A moment overdue

~~Since I was a teenager, and even more so in my 20s, I had a feeling of impending death. It was a constant presence. This is not a joke.~~

Whatever is is a movement; man is a movement -
to ~~the~~ something other than man.

~~...the first~~
~~...the first~~
In 2006, I happened upon a 10-day silent retreat of Vipassana meditation. The concept that all living beings must die, and that dying was a natural part of existence become integral to seeing this relationship between thought based conception and the emotional responses to them. Some afternoons, I'd wake up from a "siesta" with the horribly debilitating feeling of complete total annihilation.

~~The~~ Anti-philosopher UG Krishnamurti, whom I met on my 36th birthday in India, insisted that the "I" will NOT be there when you die. A consoling idea ~~and~~ ~~twenty years later still resonates~~ How do I even know I'm here?

Awww, they're not mourning over you

This is sarcasm I think. Millions of people die every year without any acknowledgement. The media's proclivity for obituaries of the "rich and famous," members of a sick meritocracy, is nauseating. ~~The world is~~ predominantly populated with ordinary people ~~who are~~ no less important than those who are celebrated as culturally significant or influential. Their everyday lives are rarely recognised as success. *Their failures dramatised.*

Remember when, then you had friends

~~Looking back and~~ Comparing the past to now creates complex feelings of nostalgia, and isn't something I really like to do too often. ~~Refusing to be~~
~~to~~ ~~and live in close proximity with the environment I'm living in~~

Summertime ends, North end of town

Summertime Ends was the name of an experimental novel by John Hargrave (1935) that broke the rules of grammar and punctuation. A far better read than Joyce's Ulysses which seems to lack any memorable lines. "ouch!"
(Okay, I admit I never finished it.)

North end of town, is a nod to the town where I was born and grew up in - Shepparton. North end of town was the poorer and "rougher" side, proudly so. I spent childhood and late teens there and had many ~~many~~ friendships during this time. ~~many~~

Is it a timeline being alive
One day born, same day die

I like how Salvador used footage of the ~~late~~ newly hatched turtle from "Workman's Beach" for this line. It has the same odds of surviving until adulthood that we have of getting struck by lightning.

~~It is that~~ Birth and death as metaphorical bookends is superficial. ~~and~~ best delegated to the mechanics of badly written biographies. *It's a leap.*

Poetry's read but sad songs are sung
Spent my whole life learning to run

another one

Life is an extravagant leap into the dark. Says anti-philosopher, poet Harry Hooton. He also said, if you've got something important to say, say it ~~don't~~ sing it. I can't stand creeps like Tim Minchin who cram into their ~~pretentious~~ [self-righteous] sludge, a mediocre ~~musical~~ pontificating ~~pretentious~~

ouch!!

either!

to music.

I'm not a fan of poets reading their own material. That is, unless you are William Burroughs. ~~In a way~~, I blame the middle-class American imitators that tried to emulate Kerouac's drool readings. ~~I mean~~ It's still happening. Slam poets falling into the ~~old~~ familiar habit of metered pronunciation. I'm sorry but I'd rather read it than hear them ruin it for me.

[I must've been in a weird mood]

! I remember reading my own poetry in the nineties (at The Richmond Hotel.) I was in my early twenties and it was in the interval of two heavy rock bands - The Surfin' Poobars and Vice. I was so nervous I drank half a bottle of scotch and was throwing up in the toilet when I was told to go on stage. I was so drunk my eyes wouldn't focus. Fortunately, I remembered a few poems. ~~Now~~ This wasn't the audience that wanted to hear poetry read by some skinny hippie that couldn't hold his liquor. I yelled into the microphone in drunken recitation: "worms unite!, bring forth your chariots of life, your wives, all your weapons of love, may they be their names engraved in ice." The rest was a blur. I got kicked off stage 20 mins later. I never attempted that ever again.

Then my whole life turned into one sad song

This is apart of the "awww," sentiment, a sardonic reminder of the irony of me singing this sad song. *I don't even know what I mean*

A moment overdue

could've

look what happened

Spoiler alert, every one dies. It ~~should've~~ happened a long time ago. John Lennon wrote the song Borrowed Time. "Living on borrowed time, without a thought for tomorrow"

Awww

Es genial estar vivo!

Awww

This could be a sincere awww but it has the sentiment of sympathy rather than empathy

Gentle man it's never easy

Gentle man has two meanings. One, ⁱⁿ the notion of being sensitive ~~and gentle as~~ ~~the reed must bend during the storm or it will snap).~~

~~I was raised in an era of "men don't cry". Preferring to stay indoors and draw~~
~~Chubby, I painted pictures rather than help my step father work on his car's engine or~~
~~reprimanded with homophobia and cruelty.~~

The other Gentle was a friend I made in Nimbin. We only hung out for a short duration but his lust for life made an impression on me. He introduced me to elements of the experimental electronic music scene in Naarm (Melbourne) and the writings of Will Self. About a year later I heard that he'd jumped in front of a train while living in Berlin. He was around 27, I think. It is unknown whether it was suicide or an accident. His name appears in the song Realm ~~as well~~. You can listen to some of his music under the name LEGODICK on SoundCloud.

Never really understanding

"There is nothing to understand" says UG Krishnamurti. Thought separates us from experience while paradoxically letting us experience it as knowing. The Tao Te Ching mentions - "Those who know do not speak; those who speak do not know." Harry Hooton declares: the meaning of life is life. ~~There is nothing to understand!~~

We're at the end of understanding

In a way, after meeting UG Krishnamurti, and continued Vipassana meditation, a kind of bubble burst for me. That of the "spiritual seeker". I started to see it as egotistical pleasure seeking. *as a wnk!*

We're at the end event

This is it. Death: the end event. Even though, we may not be witness to it. The annihilation of self, with the only remnants to remain being the impressions we made in matter. The transference of emotion into matter, as the great mahootma Harry Hooton said. The end event could also allude to a doomsday. Many preppers or doomers end up dying in their bunkers surrounded by all their well thought out plans well before any doomsday ever occurred.

~~Any way, I've said too much. Superfluous rambling.~~
Much of this rambling on about "death" seems superfluous when there is a genocide happening in Palestine.

(KR00-zuh)

FRANK KRUSE

CONTACT:

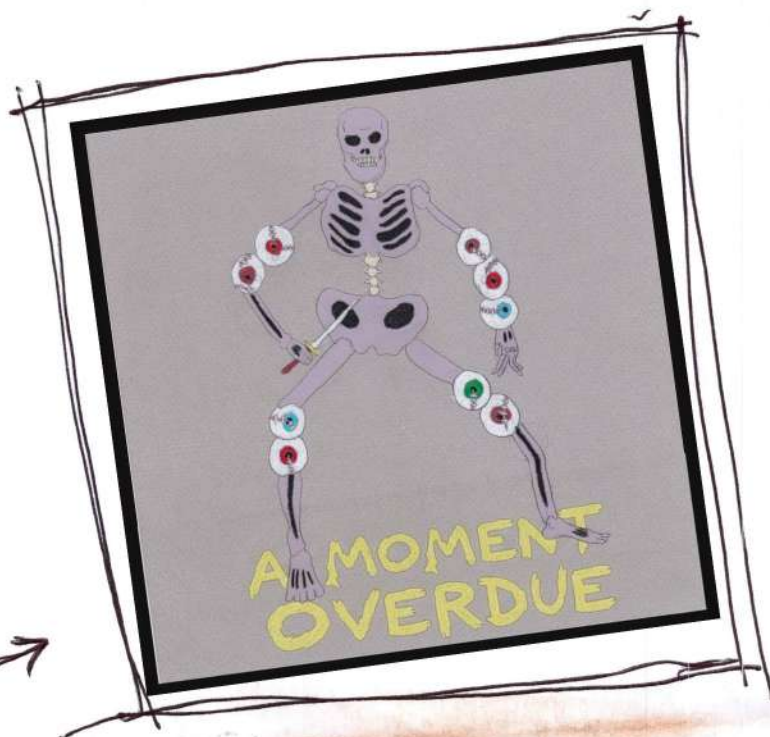
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INSTAGRAM: COSMIC COFFIN

COSMICCOFFIN.BANDCAMP.COM

<https://www.subvert.fm/frankie-death>

FROM THE RIVER TO THE SEA...



*cover art
by
Dylan Jones →

15