Reality is Naked

Art, Music and Writing
by Ryan Bode Moriarty
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Acknowledgements

Beverly West Leach (http://www.bevwestleach.com) dedicated her love and meticulous eye to the layout and graphic design that turned a vague wish into the book that you hold in your hands. She patiently waited - as only a sister-friend would - for me to be ready after several stops and starts in the past two years to send her all the files and images so she could craft the pile of ideas into readable form. Her dedication was matched by her deep love for Ryan. This entire project would not have happened without Bev’s caring hand, focused work and big-hearted diligence. Our gratitude will last lifetimes, Bev.

Thomas Scott Mckaughan, aka “PizzaT” who Ryan called “Tommy,” provided a collection of Ryan’s writing that appears in Chapter 2, and an array of concert fliers and photos. About the documents of writing, I told him, “This is an answer to a prayer. I was unsure whether to print them or not. I believe that we found in his notebooks. I was thinking if he had not made it public or shared it, I was not ready to make that decision. Since Ryan shared all these with you, I will print all of them in the book.” To which Thomas replied, “He was anticipating it.” Eternal appreciation to you, Thomas Scott Mckaughan/PizzaT.

Ashly Walters’s generosity and community-minded spirit helped gather and organize artwork from around the Olympia region to facilitate a photoshoot at Last Word Books, (https://www.lastwordbooks.org/) where Sky Cosby made space for the portfolio of works to be dropped off, and welcomed the photography sessions. Thank you, Ashly for ushering these works to the photoshoot and for guiding each one back to its owner. Your sparkling energy helped launch the project and made it seem possible to connect with Faith and her team members. A boatload of works for which I had no idea of size, scale and scope. Ashly Walters connected me with Becka and her expert vision was the perfect match for the 7 pieces that landed at Last Word Books awaiting to be documented. Becka’s photos are credited in the captions of those 7 works. Much appreciation to Becka for bringing Ryan’s work to light through her artful eye.

Photographer, John Polak in his studio in Easthampton, Massachusetts shot the majority of 2-D works in Chapters 1 and 3, for which he is credited in captions. He also shot all the ceramics in Chapter 4. When I arrived to John’s studio in summer 2018, my nerves still raw from Ryan’s death, with a van-load of Ryan’s unruly frames, DIY raggedy mattings, and difficult-to-manage piles, John welcomed me as though I was transporting precious collections from King Tut’s tomb or the Crown Jewels of England. He carefully helped me unwrap each piece and spent as long as it took to get the lighting precise on Ryan’s work including the t-shirts. At the end of the long day, when we packed up the work, I drove away feeling that Ryan was happy to know he was now captured in time, in a way that his spirit never would be. Thank you, John for your open heart and expertise. (http://johnpolakphotography.com/).

Other photos were contributed by many of you: Ryan’s close family. We welcomed photographs of artworks throughout the book, or pics of Ryan playing music in Chapter 4 arrived in an electronic downpour that startled us as the size of a small garden that grew into a universe of lovefest. That is to say, if you sent a photo that appears in the book, I likely last trace who sent it when. We love and thank all of you for expressing your love for Ryan by sharing these photos. Beyond photos and electronic messages there are countless loved ones who demonstrated solidarity with and empathy for Ryan in his lifetime. You know who you are. The great gift is that there are too many of you to count, and the love has boundless dimensions. We appreciate your enduring care for Ryan’s spirit.

Matthew Gardner recorded and engineered the 6 tracks that comprise the album in Chapter 6 and on the CD on the back flap of the book. We are grateful to the obvious technical expertise and thoughtful focus that Matthew dedicated to the project with Ryan in summer of 2017. Thanks also to Austin Cooper for his drums on many of these tracks.

The printing of this book was brought to fruition by the collaborative team at Collective Copies in Amherst and Florence, Massachusetts (https://www.collectivecopies.com/) where they run Levellers Press (https://www.levellerspress.com). Bringing the project from idea to form is greatly credited to Faith and her team members. A bouquet of gratitude to all at Collective Copies for their commitment to their workers’ collective and dedication to their client’s vision. We could not have done it without you.

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— PB & MM
Ryan is unexplainable. This book does not attempt to explain, analyze, canonize or excuse Ryan’s life. Rather, as his parents, we hope to share the gifts that Ryan left for us. We imagine his drawings, paintings, writings and music may take you as fellow travelers on his constant quest for understanding morality, and search for spirituality through guttural imagery and umber sounds rooted in some of the most primal human experiences, everyday musings and sparkling wit.

The book is an incomplete collection. To include the entire retrospective that Ryan left for us would have required more pages than we provide here, and we continue to uncover work that he stored in odd places, or that his friends send us through texts or social media posts from time to time. Many of his works may go forever unknown due to his propensity to give it away to anybody who displayed an affinity for his creations. But we know for sure that he felt the deepest joy when sharing his creative expressions with family, friends and strangers. We invite you to sink these gifts deeply into your spirit.

Ryan’s inexplicability remains like a tangled ball of yarn in the spherical shape of our planet earth – with lots of latitudinal and longitudinal lines that organize our navigation of our world. A tangled ball of yarn is infuriating in its resistance to becoming reorganized, and beautiful in its apparent self-determined entanglement. How did it get so ensnared within itself? Will it ever be sorted out? Ryan as a tangled ball of yarn was the whole earth of himself as a globular woven tapestry - where if you pull on one end the other end moves.

Many people would describe Ryan as a person of many complexities and polar opposites. Alternatively, I invite you to remember Ryan as a spherical soul in which everything is interdependently connected, where when you pull on one end, the other end moves. He taught us that you can be all these things at once, which is quite confounding in a world gridded with lateral structures.

Clarity and confusion. Ryan’s pinpoint clarity could be as astonishing as his constant confusion. He possessed laser focused clarity about the etymology of words, mathematical theorems and musical notations – and confusion about putting it all together - or at least in ways that the rest of us could understand. He was chronically bewildered why his car keys or glasses were not where he had left them (no less than ten times per day), and other sundry infuriating disorderly daily jumbles.

Pensive and verbose. Ryan was pensively internal and verbosely external. If you ever wanted to discuss anything with him, fasten your seatbelt. This was lifelong and impressively consistent. Before age three, he said to Mark one night, “Dad, I can read, Go Dog Go.” From then on he started devouring books and writing manuscripts in his own invented languages with pensively internal focus for hours at a time at the age of three and four. He wasverbosely external while reading and reciting these stories. That pervaded until the end.

Meticulous and messy. He was meticulous: ingredients in food, particular kinds of olive oil, specified onions. Meticulous about writing music, meticulous about contrasting moments in art history, and unequivocally determined about selecting some crazy outfits he used to wear. And astoundingly messy: everything. His car, his hair,
his room, every bed he slept in, every book he touched, every backpack he owned. Everywhere he went there was a little pigpen left behind.

Ryan was in constant pursuit of expansion of knowledge and skill, in every aspect of life: cooking, music, art making (well maybe not in the aspects of housekeeping and car hygiene). The year before he died, almost a decade after graduating from Evergreen, Ryan started back to school in September 2017 at Bates Technical College in Tacoma, Washington for another degree. He had already been building guitar pedals independently, and was eager to expand this skill into crafting all kinds of electronics related to music. He had hopes of building pedals for his Uncle Dan’s harmonicas. He sent me frequent text messages about his grades with photos and videos of projects he was completing in the audio studio there. It reminded me of when he was in 5th grade and he had an electrical wiring kit, sort of like a chemistry set for electronics, and he asked me to go to the hardware store to get more wires because he kept building bigger and bigger projects. So I dutifully dashed out to the store while he continued working in his room. I came back an hour later to find he had invented an alarm system for his bedroom door, with a sign posted for his big brother that said, “Keep out – that means you, Bob.”

After completing a few terms of study at Bates, I visited him in Olympia in Spring of 2018, and he was discussing possible next steps for a degree in electrical and computer engineering. He would simultaneously wonder about studying neurology as he was constantly reading and researching about his own brain condition.

In 2009 Ryan suffered a catastrophic head injury – commonly called a TBI (Traumatic Brain Injury) – in Olympia, Washington. The neurosurgeon was there when we arrived from our flight across the country and after they had done 2 CT scans of Ryan’s brain, he reported to us, “Ryan’s brain looks like the brain of an aging boxer.” The formal medical terminology is “encephalomalacia in anterior frontal region, bilaterally,” which subsequently caused many complicated struggles in his life. Then the neurosurgeon said, “There is some very old injury in there.” He asked: How old? From which years? He said it was impossible to tell. He asked if he had ever had a concussion. Yeah. He had some concussions. Ryan’s lifetime of almost 34 years – especially the last 9 years – parallels the developments in brain injury care and post-concussive care. So, Ryan did not benefit from the most recent research about post-concussive care. He picked backwards through the years and the multiple hits to the head: Burlington Vermont, biking home from the city park – the bike accident in which he lost his front tooth. Amherst High School Lacrosse field 2 concussions there. Junior High gym class. Summer camp Ultimate Frisbee. Could it have been from his traumatic birth?

Trauma and beauty. On June 19, 1984 in Cleveland, Ohio Ryan came into this world long past his due date struggling to breathe. Some mystery will forever lie in the traumatic event and beauty of his birth. What the neurosurgeon told us in 2009, when Ryan was 25 years old, was that it is likely that Ryan was born with a brain injury, and that every blow to his head thereafter was even more distressing for his fragile brain than it might be for somebody with a fully uninjured brain. So it is hard to know. Of course, his entire life, we often joked with him that he was born late and was never on time for anything since.

When Ryan was two years old, we moved our family to Amherst, Massachusetts. He grew up in the Amherst community, surrounded by artistic expression, a legacy of poetics, in a hub of jazz greats, where intellectual sharpness and political activism were part of the daily doses of fresh air and Western Mass landscapes. With an art teacher for a mom and an English teacher for a dad, Ryan saw the world as his canvas, and no crumbled brown bag was left unmarked by him. His childhood years were spent catching frogs, building snow forts, wrestling with his brother, Bobby and foster brother, Keo. Visiting his countless
cousins, dozens of aunts and uncles and grandparents in Ohio were moments he savored all year. Skateboarding, snowboarding, basketball, baseball and lacrosse rotated on and off stage with the turn of the seasons. His early school years were marked by excelling in mathematics and geography and many visits to the principal’s office. Ryan started music lessons at age five on the accordion because he was inspired by a storybook character who played one. As he grew, his musical interests moved on to cello, guitar and trombone. Summers of his early years were filled with his mom’s family day care that featured art making every morning with daily afternoon trips to the public pool. In ensuing years, when she directed a local summer arts camp, Ryan became a summer-long camper fueling his passion for the ceramics studio and in teen years, he was a counselor there. He consistently worked many jobs after school, weekends and summers washing dishes, making pizza and serving food.

In high school, when his resistance to institutional structures was beginning to take over his motivation to attend school everyday, he had the good fortune of meeting art teacher, Jim Logan in the ceramics studio of Amherst Regional High School. Ryan spent the majority of his school days under the meditative spell of the potters wheel until graduating from ARHS in 2002, the results of which fill the pages of Chapter 4: The Amherst Ceramics. He attended the University of Vermont, 2003-2004 for about three semesters, and his experiences there opened panoramic perspectives about life’s horizons, which can be seen in Chapter 3: The Burlington Discoveries. After working in city parks for a spell, he left Vermont in 2006 for The Evergreen State College, in Olympia, Washington, from which he graduated in 2008. At Evergreen, Professor Terry Setter inspired his focus on music composition, theory, sound experimentation and audio technology. Except for a 10-month stint back East, mostly in Maine in 2014-2015, Ryan lived in Olympia for almost 12 years. For that reason, we open the book, with Chapter 1: The Olympia Drawings, and Chapter 2: Other Stuff, which are all attributed to those most recent years of his life.

Gratitude and forgiveness. To remember love is reproducible.

Chapter 5: The Remember Love Recovery Project is dedicated to our efforts to raise awareness, organize activism, and provide accurate information through arts and education related to addiction disorder and recovery. We hope that you will remember love and reproduce it over and over again, in yourself, your family and your community — and especially for people you meet who may be a conundrum, who may seem like a knotted ball of yarn, whose latitude and longitude do not wrap around the earth in obvious directions. For those individuals, we ask you “Remember Love.” Remember that it is the interdependence of each thread to the others, and this complexity of the whole that makes it readable and beautiful.

Remorse and joy. It is difficult to ascertain how much of the brain injury at which stages in life contributed to Ryan’s struggles. But one thing is for certain. He had many struggles, many triumphs, and made many transgressions. If he transgressed you, he was always deeply remorseful, and if you granted him forgiveness, he was exponentially joyful.

Might and hope. This book shares with you gratitude for the lessons Ryan taught us, and asks forgiveness of any transgression for which he may have run out of time before apologizing. This book is also an act of contrition and mercy for those of us who wish we could have done more to help Ryan during his life on earth. We ask you to remember the joy that Ryan took in extending his love by sharing his art, music and writing. Chapter 6: Reality is Naked reminds us that Ryan was fully himself in a tangle of latitude and longitude mapping his life in multiple directions of possibility, brilliance, and as he sings in Reality is Naked, “hanging on with hope.”

— Patty Bode
Ryan chose Olympia, Washington as his home. He arrived in 2006 with the goal of completing his bachelor degree at Evergreen State College and hoping to find bandmates who would share his passion for roots genre, bluegrass, beer and possibly accept his idiosyncratic banjo investigations. He had been living in Burlington, Vermont, where he began his college studies at the University of Vermont (UVM), but left school after three semesters to work for the Burlington city parks department for a couple years while honing his nascent banjo skills. For a time, he took lessons from bassist Mike Gordon, one of the founders of Phish, which famously had its inception at UVM two decades before Ryan started there. When he discovered Evergreen with its independent and interdisciplinary curriculum nestled in Washington's conifer forest, he said, "I found the college for me," and graduated two years later in 2008. There he stayed for most of the following decade.

Olympia was perfectly placed in Ryan's life. The intersection of Olympia's music scene, shellfish boating, seafood culinary delights, and DIY arts community was the place Ryan's body, mind and spirit had been seeking. Add to that, the perpetual spectre of Mount Rainier, the call of the coastal rocky edge of earth and the constant drizzle of fresh water in one's eyes, and the enchantment became a permanent spell.

This book opens with drawings that Ryan made while living in Olympia from 2006 through 2018. This is by no means an exhaustive collection. Most of the pieces in this chapter are from Ryan's one-person exhibit that was on view at the time of his death in June 2018. Kenny Trobman's establishment, "The Gyro Spot" on 4th Avenue in downtown Olympia hosted the exhibit, and Ryan had been especially thrilled about this show since he installed it at the time of the perennial Procession of the Species and the Olympia Arts Walk. Other pieces in this chapter are collected from various and what may sound like astonishing places, for example: crumbled up in the liner of the ceiling of his truck serving as insulation. (But that's not so surprising to those of us who knew Ryan well.)

— Patty Bode

The Olympia Drawings

These works were created with oil pastels and paper. Some of the paper came from repurposed shopping bags. Moriarty opines that the oil pastels look better on paper that isn't bleached white. Brown paper and off-white seem to subdue the pigment a bit, so they aren't quite as bright, and this is more pleasant to the eye.

Ryan wrote this artist statement for the 2018 exhibit at The Gyro Spot:

Moriarty is also a musician, arm-chair music historian, and general appreciator of the arts. All works are for sale, except for "Bombs Bursting," which is on loan from a collector. If you are interested in purchasing or trading for a piece, contact Ryan Moriarty.

Olympia, Washington was Ryan's chosen home. He landed there in 2006 with the goal of completing his bachelor degree at Evergreen State College and hoping to find bandmates who would share his passion for roots genre, bluegrass, beer and possibly accept his idiosyncratic banjo investigations. He had been living in Burlington, Vermont where he launched the first segment of his college studies at the University of Vermont (UVM), but left school after three semesters to work for the Burlington city parks department for a couple years while honing his nascent banjo skills. For a time, he took lessons from bassist Mike Gordon, one of the founders of Phish, which famously had its inception at UVM two decades before Ryan started there. When he discovered Evergreen with its independent and interdisciplinary curriculum nestled in Washington's conifer forest, he said, "I found the college for me," and graduated two years later in 2008. There he stayed for most of the following decade.

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— Patty Bode

Father's Day.
2008.
Watercolor on paper.
14" x 18"
Portrait of Hum.
2014.
Oil pastel on paper.
11” x 14”
http://johnpolakphotography.com/

2017-2018.
Oil pastel on paper.
12” x 18”
http://johnpolakphotography.com/
2010. Oil pastel on paper. 10" x 14"
https://reganhousephoto.com/

2015. Oil pastel on paper. 20" x 30"

http://johnpolakphotography.com/

2016. Oil pastel on paper. 20" x 30"
Halloween portrait of Mark Bergot.
2016.
Oil pastel on paper.
18" x 24"
https://reganhousephoto.com/

Woody Guthrie For Dylan Clifford.
2010.
Acrylic paint on board.
18" x 24"
https://reganhousephoto.com/
Da Diptych, left.
2018.
Oil pastel on paper.
13” x 24”
http://johnpolakphotography.com/

Da Diptych, right.
2018.
Oil pastel on paper.
11” x 23”
https://reganhousephoto.com/
2018.
Oil pastel. Felt tip & ballpoint pen on paper.
8" x 10"
http://johnpolakphotography.com/

2017-2018. Oil pastel on paper. 22" X 30"
https://reganhousephoto.com/
2018. Oil pastel, felt tip & ballpoint pen on paper. 8" x 10"

http://johnpolakphotography.com/
Merry Christmas, Bob.

2017-2018.
Oil pastel on paper.
8” x 10”

http://johnpolakphotography.com/
2017-2018
Oil pastel on paper.
8” x 16”
http://johnpolakphotography.com/
2018. Oil pastel on paper. 13" x 37"

http://johnpolakphotography.com/
2017-2018
Oil pastel on paper
11" x 20"
http://johnpolakphotography.com/
Ryan was uncategorizable as an artist and soul. He leapt from studying figure drawing to digital photo manipulation, and from dissecting Mozart compositions to ethereal electric guitar riffs. His musical and visual artistic expressions intersected in t-shirt designs, concert fliers, poems—would-be-song-lyrics and Phish UNO cards collages. Assorted samples and scraps of some of this “other stuff” is collected here.

The T-shirts are all hand-printed. Ryan carved linoleum blocks, and hand printed one shirt, one batch at a time. The sales of shirts helped fund his way to concerts and music festivals. Some of the inspirations are recognizable derivatives for Grateful Dead Heads, but assert his original combination of humor and passion. Others provide archival evidence of bands he once played in. The Remember Love design is explained in more depth in Chapter 5 of this book, and remains his most sought after design.

If you imagine concert fliers to be tidy graphic designs that can be easily photocopied and circulated, prepare to undo those ideas. These concert fliers may provide a window into the maze of connections that Ryan was perhaps trying to extract from his imagination into the outside world.

Another glimpse is offered through some selected writing. While chapter 6 offers transcriptions of the lyrics that made it into the studio, we include just a few here that Ryan had made public in one way or another, on Facebook or by sharing with friends. The remaining writings may need to wait for another book, another day.

Phish fans/Phish heads/Phish phans will recognize the ritual of re-purposing UNO cards with imagery implications and lyrical innuendos. Ryan made countless of these Phish concert cards and traded them generously. There is no way to know which of these cards are made by Ryan and which were acquired by fellow Phans, but he infused a lot of time and humor into this craft, so it seemed apropos to include a page.

Ryan delved in and out of digital photo manipulation whenever the visual impetus struck. He was completely unimpressed with automated filters, and scoffed at some of the contemporary developments in smartphones. He preferred to make his own drastic photo statements like the one he took of me on the last hike we made through the PNW woods in Spring 2018 which opens this chapter. His creative capacity was as unstoppable as he was eclectic.

— Patty Bode
UNO Cards
Concert Fliers and Posters
T-Shirts
Super Moon

Super moon nearing apogee
Or is it zenith?
Force flows from orbit
Round earth feeling pull
Yawn
Human capacity
Ovoid explanation
Under land seas
Sailing alone, no
Motive nor question
Selfless inclusion
Acme lit path
Surrounds and protects
Open locked gates to
Discover new tracks
Below, as on high
Super moon sharing
Ancient Son’s light

Lotus Flower Rain

Fabric of Time.
Shimmering in Light
Material Illusions.
Blinding us with sight
Beyond so-called senses
Re-awakening the eye
An isolated point
Of light in cosmic dark
Door way to Shebulba
Our existence es la misma
Seeing indirectly, never
stare too close
Universe will greet you,
Each morn an
Excellent host.

Lyrics Ryan sent to PizzaT aka Thomas Scott Mckaughan:
Hey Tommy- I figured out some chords and riffs for a couple of these but I feel like if there is something you like, maybe you should work with it on your own before I add harmonic / melodic input?

Dear Human:

Treat Yourself with love
Every thing’s your self.
Your body is a tiny part
Of and in an
Indivisible
Entity
Sometimes called Universe.
But how can a word
Of any human language-
Inherently divisive
Among one species
On this planet
and unable
To be understood
By any other
Truly accurately describe
This thing which we all
Including birds, comets,
Rodents, dark matter
and more
Co-operatively inhabit and re-Create?
So I call it
The Thing
that can not
Be named.
Welcome, Welcome, Welcome Home
Not too high, Not too low
Welcome, Welcome, Welcome Home
Walk along that middle road
Welcome, Welcome, Welcome Home
No one can protect an excess stash of gold
Welcome, Welcome, Welcome Home
Take what will help your survival today
Give back what you can when you’re feeling okay
Find a kind family
Practice your art
Share with community
From a limitless heart
Tend to your lover’s needs
Keeping the home place clean
Get the folks’ movin’
When the cosmos glow green

Su Casa es Bienvenue a Casa /// Your Home is Welcome Home

Many Lakes?/Untitled
Heard said that it’s spring,
Great snow mounds are melting
Outside yet in here,
Floors have been swept, but
Bark dust still settles
Where wood would piled,
Drying its core.
Stove is kept warm;
Less logs get burnt
Per portion of time.
Dogs all sleep.

Vitalus
Go for a swim, Dig a claw,
Climb a tree.
Stand under rainfall
Which six moons will not cease.
Feel your skin freeze until
Each pore forms a crease.
Next, stoking fire
Aerate boots and ease
Into Release :||

Route Fifteen
Patches of clump Birch
Stand among pines,
Trunks emerced encrusted;
Cannibalized in Ice.
Beyond held’s farmhouse,
Along this path we ride,
Mirroring a river –
Road was shaped by tides.

Snow Upon
A Ponderosa
Eyes open slowly
Observe the sky falling white
Silent Reflections
Eyelids open slightly
Observe the sky falling white
Silent Reflections.

I’d been walkin’ all day
And I hadn’t stretched out
So I took a few moments
And laid my bones down
The middle of Shakedown
And I sawed a few logs
Before a friendly wookette
Offered to let me pet her dogs
I finished massaging
her corn-covered feet
And took a few sips
Of delicious Iced Tea
We laid on her blanket,
Laughing all night.
The next morning I stumbled
Back to my wife
I told her the story
Now I’ve told it to you
So go to a/ enjoy the phesti
It’s the best you can do

Phesti’d Out
Boss said he wants it
Wants it double quick
Trudgin’ in the cattle line
Really got me sick
Spiral in perpetuity
Bank’s got the house
Put the family in the car
Time to hit the shakeown
Set the EZ up
Get the coolers out the trunk
Guitars are strummin’
Rollin up the skunk
Cash starts movin’
Big River on the box
All the farmers sharing
Bountiful crops

Original art,
Vegetable burritos,
Get that guy a ticket
He’s flossin’ the speedo
So he’ll change out of the speedo
Whatever your hustle,
Keep the scene clean
Pack it in, Pack it out
You know what I mean

I’d been walkin’ all day
And I hadn’t stretched out
So I took a few moments
And laid my bones down
The middle of Shakedown
And I sawed a few logs
Before a friendly wookette
Offered to let me pet her dogs
I finished massaging
her corn-covered feet
And took a few sips
Of delicious Iced Tea
We laid on her blanket,
Laughing all night.
The next morning I stumbled
Back to my wife
I told her the story
Now I’ve told it to you
So go to a/ enjoy the phesti
It’s the best you can do

Yoga Stew
Organic Garlic
Infused with Shallot
Shall defuse phall-a-see-less
Induced prophecies.

Welcome, Welcome, Welcome Home
Not too high, Not too low
Welcome, Welcome, Welcome Home
Walk along that middle road
Welcome, Welcome, Welcome Home
No one can protect an excess stash of gold
Welcome, Welcome, Welcome Home
Take what will help your survival today
Give back what you can when you’re feeling okay
Find a kind family
Practice your art
Share with community
From a limitless heart
Tend to your lover’s needs
Keeping the home place clean
Get the folks’ movin’
When the cosmos glow green

Untitled
Time to dance.
With everything
Always Alone
To vibrations emitted
From my whirring transformer
Harnessing energy
Step onto the floor
Through window upon what
Only I have known.
Time to dance with everything;
Always Alone.

Yoga Stew
Organic Garlic
Infused with Shallot
Shall defuse phall-a-see-less
Induced prophecies.
Holy Week

Let's make a few spliffs and split for a few,
Lest we forget
What we're all here to do.
Ripples of kindness,
Sight into time;
Silent and stillness
Bring us bountiful life.
Dancing in flowers
melt ring through puddle
Elemental
Existence
Mountains to rubble.

Lord is Art

Blinded by science's Negative view
Can be hard to accept
What testing can't prove
Listen from Nature
She'll see us through
Observing wisdom
Simmer the stew
Satisfying sounds
Arise this time splitting wood
Prelude Shotgun blasts.
Twilt melting snow,
Great North Woods' drinking water
Returns Earth to Air
Light fades from the day
While wood split beneath the axe
Awaits its ash foundation

re-Minder

Rosy tints paired with
Elegant Lilac shadows
Define winter's work
As they too reflect, today,
Within my optic nerve
And permeate my pineal.
I am universe.

Keep that tongue inside
your mouth
If you plan to overuse it.
Observation in human kind
Could surely use improvement.
Crystals float downwards,
Frozen prismatic life force:
Dormant until spring
When She feeds the Earth
And returns to Air.

Dear Father:
We have successfully
Navigated the nadir
Of winter this year
Bones are still creakin'
Signaling snowfall will
Hush the trees soon.
Hush the trees again soon.

Through this moment they're howling,
Dancing an old step
With a familiar partner
And shedding off some mass.
May the roots that surround us
Allow their trunks to stand fast.
Ryan graduated from high school in 2002, and took a year off to work in a variety of pizza places and grocery stores to save money to fund his trip to Europe the following spring. When he returned that summer, Ryan moved from his family’s home in Amherst, Massachusetts to Burlington, Vermont in August 2003 to enroll at the University of Vermont affectionately known as UVM (for the Latin words Universitas Viridis Montis, or University of the Green Mountains). That name is significant. The greenery that he pursued was a predecessor for his later captivation with the Pacific Northwest. The dominant landscape hue also aptly named the green movement of environmentalism that matched his quest to reshape a world about which he constantly ruminated.

He selected UVM as the place for deepening his goals, and Ryan’s passion for mathematics, science and the natural world led him to check the box of environmental science and political studies as a college major. Simultaneously, the allure of residing within the bounds of Phish’s inception, combined with UVM’s acclaimed arts program, and established ceramic pottery culture called him to Burlington.

In the three semesters that he stayed at UVM Ryan spent more time in the art studio, art history and music theory courses than science and math. He picked up the banjo for the first time and discovered what he once told me was his “inborn love” of the instrument and its multicultural history. Dinner conversation on the rare visits home were dominated by discussions in which no one could maintain momentum with Ryan about Beethoven, Bill Monroe, Johnny Cash, Hayden, Phish, Earl Scruggs, Duke Ellington, Bela Fleck, Ornette Coleman, Mozart, John Coltrane, the infuriating sound of mp3’s over vinyl, and please pass the potatoes.

Ryan left the institutional structure of college for a time, but he stayed in Burlington playing music, drawing and working in the city parks. While his high school pursuit of visual art had been anchored steadfastly in the ceramics studio - partly due to his chronic frustration with drawings that emerged on the page in stark contrast to what his mind’s eye had conjured - Ryan began to probe figure drawing, color theory and art history in Burlington. The countless days he had spent in awe wandering art museums in Spain, France and Italy remained brightly illuminated in his consciousness and unfolded in the pages of his sketchbooks, especially as he tackled figure drawing. The permeation between the painted figure and the spiritual realm in Italian Baroque and Renaissance works transfixed Ryan, and remained a constant thread in his artistic inquiries. These investigations are the subject of this chapter.

— Patty Bode

Study of Guercino. 2003. 9” x 12”
After a drawing by Guercino (Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, circa 1625 Nude woman, seated, embracing a child in the collection of the Courtauld Gallery, London)
2003-2004. India ink. 9" x 12"

Charcoal Study about Savonarola.
9" x 12"

Ballpoint pen Study about Savonarola.
9" x 12"

India ink.
9" x 12"

2004. Collage, paper, sepia, India ink, Mixed media, 18" x 45"

http://johnpolakphotography.com
Bob Dylan. 2005. Oil pastel. 9" x 12"

Diego Rivera. 2005. Oil pastel. 9" x 12"
It is difficult to pinpoint the moment in time when Ryan became mesmerized by clay. Most kids like to play in mud and sand, and this was certainly true for Ryan. The transformation of mud cakes into human faces and sand pits into water vessels started early. But it was the guidance of teachers who imbued him with the confidence and discipline required for throwing pots on the wheel. His first efforts with the potter’s wheel came at age 11 at DASAC/Deerfield Academy Summer Arts Camp, where I was the camp director. The unshakable patience of ceramics counselor, Jennifer Thayer aka JT, (https://www.jenthayerkarl.com/) and her bottomless pit of positivity fed him the determination to center the clay. Ryan was equally content in all the DASAC settings: woodshop, music room, outdoor education, drawing, painting and video studios, but when he wanted to focus his energy he would find a seat at the wheel with clay.

During the academic year, his school days were a jumbled mix of high achieving academics, pock marked by inconceivable missteps on the “student conduct” side of his report card. Despite his insatiable appetite for academic stimuli, athletics and art classes were spaces of respite for him. As a high school student, the ceramics studio became his chapel with the hum of the wheel, a monastic chant, and the centering, pulling and trimming the clay, a reverent ritual. Art teacher, Jim Logan with quiet compassionate fortitude and understated humor made Ryan feel welcome in the ceramics studio of Amherst Regional High School. There Ryan spent the majority of his school days under the invocation of the potter’s wheel until graduating from ARHS in 2002.

Like every chapter in this book, Chapter 4 is not an exhaustive collection of Ryan’s creations. There are many ceramics that he gave away to friends and family uncaptured in photos. There are other pieces that live as “part of the furniture” in our everyday lives, so we simply did not think about bringing those to the photography studio because one vase holds our toothbrushes on the bathroom counter, next to his vessel that holds the mouthwash bottle. Then there’s the piece holding Mark’s pencils in his woodshop. Some pieces return to us in mystical ways. Three months after he died, I was contacted by the mom of one of Ryan’s high school lacrosse teammates. She told me, she had been thinking about me since Ryan’s passing and that she had one of his ceramic vases that he had donated to the lacrosse team fundraising event years ago. She told me she would like me to have it, and she’d been thinking about calling me for weeks, but today she finally decided to message me. Thanks, I told her, “Today is my birthday.” Thanks for the birthday gift, Ryan.

The ceramics on the pages of this chapter are some of the products of Ryan’s work from highschool in the years 2000-2002 under the guiding hand and watchful eye of Jim Logan.
9.5 diameter. 4.5 height.

6.5 diameter. 3.5 height.
8" diameter. 4" height.

14" diameter. 4.5" height.
10” diameter. 4” height.

5.5” diameter. 4” height.
3.5” diameter. 6” height.

5.5” diameter. 4” height.

4.25” diameter. 9.5” height.
5.5 diameter. 8" height. 1.5 diameter. 9.5" height. 1 to 1.5" diameter heart 4.5" height
4" diameter, 4" height.

6" diameter, 7" height.

9.5" height.
5" diameter. 9.5" height.

3.5" diameter. 7" height.

8" diameter. 6.6" height.
About:
The Remember Love Recovery Project is dedicated to cultivating community, transforming awareness, and spreading accurate information about addiction disorder and recovery through arts and education. To remember love preserves the humanity of those with addiction disorder. Remembering love rather than bolstering blame, remembering love contrasted with contempt, remembering love as an alternative to anger can transform assumptions into action. Addiction disorder changes the lives of everybody in its realm. In what ways will you and your community be transformed through acts of solidarity and perspectives of empathy? The Remember Love Recovery Project envisions transformative choices that affirm self-determined lives. To remember love is to connect through our common humanity, and the struggles of people with addiction disorder and the families and friends who care about them.

History:
We founded the Remember Love Recovery Project in memory of our son, Ryan Bode Moriarty who left us with this message: Remember Love. Ryan died of an accidental heroin overdose in 2018 at the age of 33. The Remember Love Recovery Project is rooted in arts and education to honor Ryan’s memory.

As a musician and artist who designed and hand-printed t-shirts, one of Ryan’s most popular designs was the Remember Love image inspired by a song written by Thomas Scott McKaughan and Ian Clement of Pizza T’s Z-Kamp experience (see http://www.zkamp.com/index.html ). After Ryan’s death, when we gathered his belongings, we found the linoleum block he carved for this design. His energetic printmaking produced countless prints of this image distributed across the USA.

As an artform, printmaking compels the artist to reproduce its imprint over and over again. That is the message of “Remember Love” from Ryan. To Remember Love is reproducible. We invite you to repeat this message and feel its echo in many forms: Remember Love.

Mission:
The mission of the Remember Love Recovery Project is to raise awareness, organize activism, and provide accurate information through arts and education related to addiction disorder and recovery. We are connected by our common humanity, and the struggles of people with addiction disorder and the families and friends who care about them.
Blog:
Our blog is dedicated to engaging community dialogue, sharing resources, telling stories of hope, healing, transformation and making art. Communication that affirms our common humanity and conveys accurate information is prioritized.

Activism:
We aim to transform perspectives and actions through art making and education. We use digital tools to connect our cause and are committed to engaging face to face whenever possible.

Art Activism:
We lead projects that engage people from all walks of life in art-making for awareness, healing and social action. See our web site to get involved.

Merchandise:
Proceeds from merchandise support the Remember Love Recovery Project. The Remember Love logo was created by Ryan Bode Moriarty. Copyright© 2020. All rights reserved.

See the website for additional information. rememberloverecovery.com
Liner notes by Dan Bode

I moved to the Pacific Northwest in 2017. My nephew Ryan had been living there most of his adult life. We had strong connections in music and music gear and made plans to jam together. I visited Olympia a few times to see him, and one of the first times I went, we had a pizza together then headed over to Burdman’s jam session at Hannah’s Bar and Grille. After we finished playing, it was a great compliment that Mike Burdoff, who had known Ryan for years and heard him play regularly, said he could hear in our playing that we were related and that we had spent time playing together. The truth is we had deep respect for each other and a way of listening to one another that managed to come through in Ryan’s original songs, which I was hearing and playing for the first time.

I remember his brief stage instructions before one of the songs – it’s a 12 bar blues, mostly minor, well, not quite 12, more like 11… you’ll feel it… and he launched into his song while I just held onto his coattails until we reached cruising altitude. One of the songs we played that evening was Broke Window Blues. I was happy to recognize it when I got the raw tracks. I remember the story vividly unfolding on stage.

I believe it was also in 2017 that Matthew Gardner bought his house and began remodeling, starting with building a recording studio. In the summer of 2017, Ryan started going to Matthew’s studio to lay down multi-tracks for his album. What he recorded was all original, except for one traditional song, “Been All Around This World”. This is a folk song from the tradition of musicians telling stories that were in the news, in this case a hanging that occurred in the 1870s, and it was an old clawhammer banjo favorite. Add to that Jerry Garcia covered “Been All Around This World” with the Grateful Dead as well as with David Grisman and other acoustic versions, and it falls into Ryan’s lap as easily as spitting up mother’s milk. Ryan’s originals here range widely in instrumentation and attitude. Ryan plays 6 and 12 string acoustic guitars, electric guitar, Casio guitar synth, as well as bass, and of course, banjo. Austin Cooper plays drums and percussion on some songs. Ryan sings and even double tracks his own vocals on Reality is Naked When. Matthew did all of the recording but found himself busy with building the rest of his home and other projects when Ryan was getting itchy to mix the tracks down. Ryan approached me to work on the mix, since he knew I was putting together a home studio space and had some gear in place. He suggested that he would get the raw tracks, bring them to my house and we would work on the project together.

While we never got the chance to work side by side, I tried to keep his vision as best as I understood it from the raw tracks when I mixed it down. In most cases, it was straightforward, as the tracks were well recorded, and Ryan’s instrumentation clearly supports the vocal. I worked from his vocal track and tried to keep the whole piece in sight.
as I brought in EQ, compression, and effects. Tracks like Fire Apple, a love ode written to a Corvair, sparkle like a radio ready pop song. I added acoustic harmonica to Been All Around this World, and I sent my amplified harp through an octave and Leslie to add “organ” pads to the psychedelic soup of Reality is Naked When. The entire time I spent mixing, I was also wishing I could talk through my choices with Ryan, but when I listened closely enough, I could hear his voice on every instrument, and he gave me what I needed. I feel honored to put the finishing touches on Matthew’s recording and engineering and Ryan’s performances. And I know this album is still unfinished, as Ryan was never out of ideas.

-DB, 2020
Track 1. Fire Apple.

Music and lyrics by Ryan Bode Moriarty. Copyright © 2016, 2020. All rights reserved.

She got a revving motor in the rear and a big boot up front and an AM radio you can hear some tunes on.

Law says no seat belts need to be worn inside my 1961 Fire Apple Sweet Cherry Red Corvair.

She don’t run too fast, she don’t ride too slow.

Just the right pace while we’re driving down the road.

When she gets me home at night, oh, oh-oh my 1961 Fire Apple Sweet Cherry Red Corvair.

Would you like to look inside?

Can I take you for a ride?

Would you like to see the outside world from inside my 1961 Fire Apple Sweet Cherry Red Corvair.

See a video of Ryan playing an early version of Fire Apple Filmed in Shelton, WA 4/3/16 by Eleanor Josephine:

https://youtu.be/iaUt wgRzc2w
Well you can chase it from her
And you can get some from me
You know that lovin' always feels
Better for free
Even if it just comes a little bit
casually

And you can sniff some with her
Please don't smoke now please
You know that cocaine always smelt
Better for free
Buyer beware there ain't no
insurance policy

Abigail you're so darn cute
With your chocolate skin so smooth
You know it kinda makes me wanna...

And you can pour one for her
And you can drink it with me
Beers often taste the best when
you are sitting at the brewery
That bartender – barwoman give you
the final final final final
pint for free

Smoke one with her
and roll it up please
Ganja often tastes the best followed
by a chocolate cookie
The killer stuff we grow these days
just gives me the killer munchies

Lucy, what's the matter for you?
You are just a hound
Why do you want to sing the blues?

Well I have heard that it goes this
is the place to be
Where all those people all feel the
most free
And that's why I choose to plant my
head on my pillow
Right here in the City of Oly

I ain't no Sherlock Holmes, no
Inspector Clouseau
My name happens to be R Moriarty
And these are some of the truths I
have found to be
Rather inclusively

Track 3. Bandits' Dance.

Music and lyrics by Ryan Bode Moriarty.
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Would you like to have a half of
spring roll?
Yes, I'd like to try a spring
spring roll
in the summertime

Drove my truck past Fouth of
July pass
It was nearly Labor Day and she
was running outta gas
Perhaps my palette has mutated
From today to tomorrow
Each day is a new sensation

Would you like to have a half of
spring roll?
Yes, I'd like to try a spring
spring roll
in the summertime

Sittin by the river
Kneading some dough
Working on a pizza
Waiting for the show

Bandit likes to dance and
so does Deluxe
Music and lyrics by Ryan Bode Moriarty.
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Got my satchel in my left hand
That old six-shooter in my right
Got my satchel in my left hand
That old six-shooter in my right

Going over the my ol lady’s house
See of that other man over there at night

Don’t be scared Baby
I ain’t gonna hurt you
Don’t be scared Baby
I ain’t gonna hurt you

Who owns these here boots?
Shorts, pants, shirt, too

What’s that sound in the driveway?
It kinda sound like my truck?
There’s a motor backing down the driveway
Oh, there he goes with my truck
Fired three rounds at the sucker
Hotballs of lead
He ducked

Well, my truck’s been took with two broke windows
Yeah, my truck’s been took with two broke windows
You know it really don’t matter to me, no it don’t matter any which way.
Any old which way that old wind blows

Track 5. Reality is Naked.
Music and lyrics by Ryan Bode Moriarty.
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I was hanging on with hope
To the words that she wrote
Wondering when our worlds could collide
But with each passing word
my vision grew more blurred
Wishing for her body next to mine

Time shifts shapes
My hands around her waist
Magnetism shoots me to the sky
I’m back down in the sound
Beside a lover I have found
There ain’t no reason not to try

Flying so high
I can see the earth’s curve
It feels as if I’ll never fall
When this jet begins to slow
I’ll be feeling so low
But at least I will know I had a ball

In cupid’s witching hour
this man became a coward
Ripped up all the seeds that he had sown
Nightmares painted blue
So dreamlike, but it’s true
Always will end with sweat and screams

Flying so high
I can see the earth’s curve
It feels as if I’ll never fall
When this jet begins to slow
I’ll be feeling so low
But at least I will know I had a ball

Peaks and valleys soon become the tiny fiddle’s tune
Reality is naked
when the truth is what you make it
And attraction can be more than just an urge
Track 6. Been All Around This World (traditional*)

On the Blue Ridge Mountain
Where I take my stand
On the Blue Ridge Mountain
Where I take my stand
Riffe on my shoulder
Six shooter in my hand
I been all around this world

Lulu, my lulu
Come and open up the door
Lulu, my lulu
Come and open up the door
Before I have to come on in with my ol’ 44
I been all around this world

Hang me, oh hang me
I’ll be dead and gone
Hang me, oh hang me
I’ll be dead and gone
I wouldn’t mind your hangin’ Judge
but the waitings oh so long
I been all around this world

On the Blue Ridge Mountain
Where I take my stand
On the Blue Ridge Mountain, boys
Is where I take my stand
Riffe on my shoulder
Six shooter in my hand
I been all around this world

*Wayne Erbsen of Native Ground Books & Music explains, “In 1930, George Milburn published a book entitled the Hobo’s Hornbook that included a version of “I’ve Been All Around This World.” See more from Erbsen’s (2020) article, “I’ve Been All Around This World: History, Lyrics and Banjo Tab.” At https://nativeground.com/ive-been-around/
Hey Ryan,

We are “into the mystic,” and I am trying to express in written language what my heart knows: Remember Love. I write to you now in the present tense, as you are with me every minute, every day.

We will cherish this book celebrating your creative spirit with oil pastels, drawings, ceramic pieces and your song recordings. Your creative drive has always been so strong. We have a wonderful collection of your ceramic work, and honestly I discover more of it in my shop from time to time. The visionary artwork fills our family room. It’s all here, Ryan, where everyday we cherish it with love and joy, and sometimes tears. We always know that you are with us.

I have loved to watch and hear your development as a musician over your entire life: the accordion and cello in the early years and then guitar and banjo, and whatever else you could get your hands on. And we watched and heard your mathematical mind soak up music of many genres and eventually compose your own works.

It is fascinating to hear in your music on this record some of the years of influences, complex, layered, rhythmic maturing with your playing coming on strong, evidence of serious time in the woodshed. In this musical growth I hear a man come into his own. I love the closing line of “Abigail,” “truths I have found to be, rather inconclusively.” No doubt. In this piece, the beautiful guitar work mixes with a sense of the freestyle wordplay, R Moriarty, indicative of the period you came up in. And the brief zany voicings bring a smile to my face as I begin to see the big picture of you, opening up as a composer, songwriter and musician.

Your guitar work throughout is sensational. The fingerpicking and ragtime shuffles inspire me to chase that sound. “The Broke Window Blues” presents some nasty guitar playing. You have studied well. The blues music has the capacity to cross boundaries as all people experience pain. You have it, the pain and the expression of it in your guitar and singing.

And then you give us the soft, beautiful guitar river of “Fire Apple.” The simple, touching sound expresses your love and intimate connection to music, and love of a good day, and of friends and being playful. The song, in its arrangement, calls us to open our hearts.

I recall you telling me how it took you about 10 years to play your way into the Olympia music scene, all the while honing your guitar and banjo chops. We hear this new musical plateau you’ve achieved. In “Reality is Naked” I hear a strong command of layered sound and composition to create a clear tone in the piece. It demands our attention without blasting the amplifiers, (nothing wrong with volume though).

Hearing you sing, “Been All Around This World” after you passed from the physical realm really knocked me over. Deep water there: the lyrics, your voice, my long history with the GD before you were here and all those years of playing them for you and Bob, so many memories. And now I hear you singing it. I’ll meet you on those Blue Ridge Mountains in the sweet bye and bye, my beautiful boy.

- Dad
Mark C. Moriarty
Until next time... 
I love you all and it was so nice to spend a week here.

[Hand-drawn heart with the name 'RYAN']