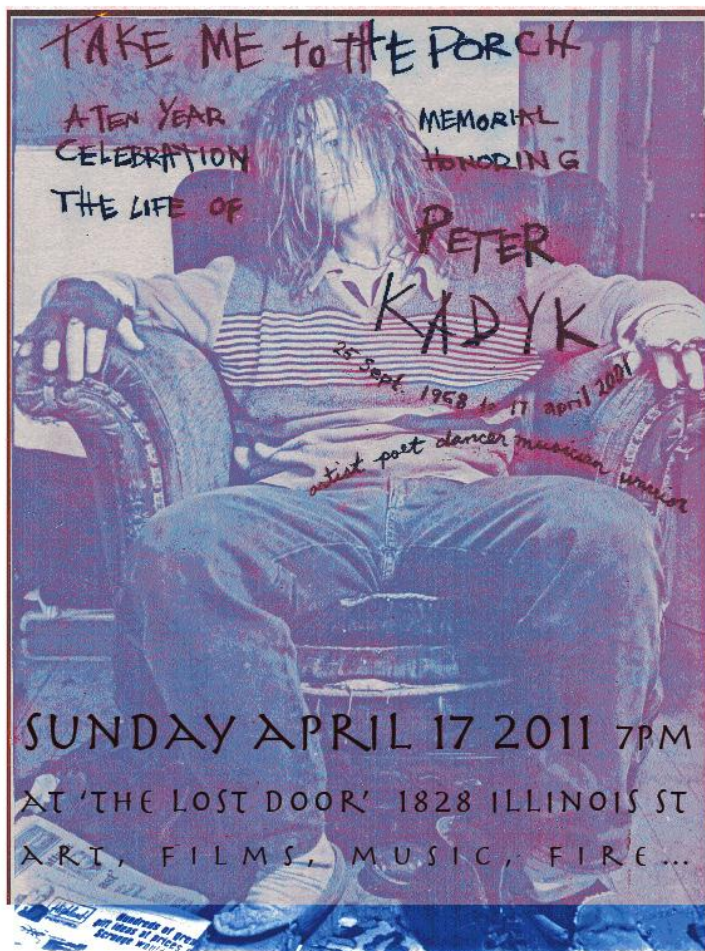


# WRITINGS OF PETER KADYK

from

Take Me To The Porch

April 17, 2011



Selected by Richard Loranger

A Memory Chapbook

from

Take Me To The Porch

at

The Lost Door  
1828 Illinois St.  
San Francisco

April 17, 2011

\*

including

List of Performances

Richard's Invocation for Peter

and

Selections from Peter's Journals  
as read by Richard throughout the evening

## PERFORMANCES and READINGS

1. Ghost Camp Marching Band - outside
2. Kathleen Hermesdorf, and Mim Tewksbury, and Shannon McMurchy – outside dance + 2 songs, lead everyone inside
3. Richard Loranger invocation and intro to Peter/journals
  - **1a – bio – 97 (1)**
  - **1b – I have... - 91 (1)**
  - **1c – short bio – 97 (1)**
  - **1d – intro Anah – One of Old – 97 (1)**
4. Anah-K Coates, Deb vernet, Alix vernet, and Beatrix vernet
  - **2 – I want... - 91 (1)**
5. Tim White
  - **3 – Mask – early 91**
6. Brittle Film by Ryder Cooley & Norman Rutherford
  - **4 – Trembling, missed – 93-94**
7. Hall Flowers – featuring Laurie, Jennifer, and Phyllis Hall
8. Richard Loranger (own poems)
  - **5 – Fitz – 98 (2)**
9. Jeff Fitzsimmons films 1
  - **6a – 3 shorts – 97 (2)**
  - **6b – 5 shorts – 93-94**
10. Jerry McDaniel
  - **7 – Norman driving – 97 (1)**
11. Norman Rutherford
  - **8 – animal nature – 92**
12. Ryder Cooley & Stormy

## INTERMISSION

- **9a – A date with friends – 91 (1)**
  - **9b – scorn cage – early 91**
  - **9c – YAAUH – 92**
13. Tom Stolmar
- **10 – Smitty – 93-94**
14. Mike Smith
- **11a – Skiggley – 96**
  - **11b – Tremendous beauty – late 95**
15. Elaine Buckholtz 's films
- **12a – 4 shorts – late 95**
  - **12b – 4 shorts – 98 (1)**
16. Daryl Henline
- **13 – first Beard mention – 92**
17. Conspiracy of Beards
- **14 – my brother – 93-94**
18. Pat Kadyk, Laurie Hall, & Peter Whitehead
- **15 – Letter to Jill – 98(1)**
19. Jeff Fitzsimmons films 2
- **16 – Magnets of my world – 94-95**
20. Pat Kadyk & everyone – Porch Song

INVOCATION FOR PETER KADYK  
April 17, 2011

. . . to spin a web that is a man,  
and spin it free, that it resemble him,  
that we can sense his nature, that  
he can sit down next to you  
and scratch his head,  
he can lay his arm in your lap,  
he can sit in front of you in silence, contemplative,  
and slowly open his hand, show you the palm . . .  
You are in a room on a Sunday night in San Francisco.  
Does that make you any less present?  
Here is a man who walks into a room and does a  
backflip right back out of it . . .  
Here is a man who paints for 4 days without sleep  
in search of an eye . . .  
Here is a man who starts to dance  
alone in a room with no music,  
just flailing  
fire-eyed and grinning  
because he is in his body,  
no other reason . . .  
Here is a man who starts to grin because  
you've walked into the room, a grin exploding  
past the walls . . .  
Here is a man who dissolves walls,  
who doesn't need them . . .  
Here is a man who runs through the woods chewing on  
bark because it's there to taste . . .  
Here is a man who stands in the rain all afternoon  
absolutely still . . .  
Here is a man for whom bullshit is not an option.

So if we do nothing else tonight,  
let's make bullshit not an option.  
Where were you all afternoon?  
Where are you now?  
Locate yourself.  
What vectors are under your skin?  
What pieces of life are hanging around?  
What do you come down to tonight?  
Honesty,  
joy,  
jealousy,  
anger,  
injustice,  
contentment . . .

a mirror,  
a tint of glass,  
frayed sleeve of a coat,  
a noisy truck,  
stray comment on the train,  
a piece of cornbread,  
the mess in your room,  
a paper on the floor,  
someone's shoe,  
a photograph,  
an old song,  
an old desire,  
a distant horn,  
a ringing phone,  
a missing ring,  
smell of salt air . . .

A sparrow flies through your back,  
right between the shoulder blades,  
right through your spine,  
splits into six inside your chest:  
two shoot down your arms and out your fingertips,  
two bolt down your legs and through your soles,  
one darts up your spine and out your forehead,  
one flies out through your gut . . .

You're in a room on a Sunday night in San Francisco.  
We all are. Here we are.  
I say you're beautiful.  
I could be your next lover.  
Any one of us could.  
But that's not important.  
There are your hands.  
You can rub your face.  
You can taste your saliva.  
Feel your feet.  
You can stretch.  
Take a breath.  
Get comfortable.

I spoke of a man who brought us all here.  
You are that man. Sitting here.  
Arms and legs.  
I could smell your skin if I like.  
I could ask you to sing.  
I could hand you an orange.  
There is a human being here.  
Welcome.

Richard Loranger

Headings denote sections of performance,  
makeshift titles, and journals of origin

flyer art by Scot Velardo

1a. BIO – 97 (1)

NAME: Smiley Overcoat

ADDRESS: Earth w/Moon

OCCUPATION: Licensed to explore

S.S.#: 666-999-777-555-333-12-1-2-3-13131313131313131313

HOBBIES: Everything wondrous exciting, that includes being a good  
Johnson

PERSUASIONS: Vast & unruly

DESIRE: Freedom of expression, Divine protection for all, more time  
for daydreaming. LANDLORDING to not be acceptable, a  
loophole for profiteer. PROPERTY AT PRESENT.

POLITICAL STATUS: Totally. Pure anarchy.

EDUCATION: Self-educated without financial support (poverty)

I AM HERE

DOING THIS

BECAUSE IT

IS WHAT

I AM SUPPOSED TO BE DOING



1b. I HAVE... – 91 (1)

I have a tornado on my breath  
I have digger's instep  
I have a Bloody Mary thirst  
I have decided  
I have jiggled so far out  
I have lassoed the cloud-shaped poodle  
I have crippled myself  
I have poured the concrete  
I have jumped the foundation twine  
I have bare feet  
I have a few hairs on each toe  
I have put my past through the shredder  
I have an alternative to everything  
I have a jerry rig too  
I have a plaster bust to bust  
I have a crooked pattern of thought  
I have a hero named Pat A.  
I have a secret grin  
I have juniper scent in my nose  
I have a red squirt-gun for all the loud-mouth fascists who talk of ANARCHY  
I have a death wish  
I have fire  
I have contradictions galore  
I have hunger to play with  
I have many four-legged friends

1c. SHORT BIO – 97 (1)

MULTIDISCIPLINE  
ARTIST  
TRADESMAN  
PRO DANCER  
COOK  
PAINTER  
HIV+  
DISABLED  
INSANE  
DANGEROUS  
PSYCHO  
FREAK  
BISEXUAL  
PERVERT  
GODDESS  
VOYEUR

1d. INTRO FOR ANAH – 97 (1)

TO ONE OF OLD

there is this emerald place I know you from  
where magic formed and gave birth and  
death like-wise and infinity is the conduit.  
My tears fall easy like raindrops off the  
witch-hazel day.

Blood caresses life-affirming dresses  
and YOU, YOU are SO MUCH LIGHT  
Careening Catapult elemental lover  
Ant Ant Antelope Alligator Antler Old  
Super GLEE  
Supersonic CHI  
It is the grace of your Spirit  
Does me this way that way  
Yields wonder ALWAYS

2. I WANT... – 91 (1)

I want people to draw pictures  
I want people to hold hands  
I want people to tell me they hate me if they do  
I want to leave then  
I want a big woman to wrap her arms around me  
I want to save myself  
I want to shoot craps  
I want to pour kerosene on my past  
I want to burn it all  
I want to fly  
I want someone to make me cry  
I want a HARLEY just like ABBAS has  
I want some salt  
I want nakedness  
I want Adam to be forgotten  
I want LAWRENCE to get a hippy bus  
I want Lou Reed to hit me up  
I want another earthquake a little bit bigger  
I want more  
I want the Pope to listen to Patchen  
I want all you fuckers to shut up  
I want to vanish  
I want Peggy to forget that she is Sue too  
I want a long drunken sleep on the beach  
I want to hear what the scarecrow has to say  
I want the climb to cease  
I want less and less  
I want a purple miracle  
I want to join the circus  
I want a cheetah to show me how to run really really run  
I want a perscription  
I want my mommy  
I want an alligator ride  
I want the piano to be played  
I want to shave with a jack-knife  
I want the ferris wheel to keep turning  
I want Dr. Hook to live  
I want a red piece of jewelry  
I want to change everything overnight  
I want everyone to laugh right now  
I want fabulous three sisters  
I want five bucks  
I want something else besides this “slop pail they’ve got us in”

3. MASK – early 91

a mask going through  
running i pound inside out  
i am a mask

a mask shouts  
with my feet

a mask that can be  
you when it wants

RED whispers  
I whisper the whisper  
of revolution in my screams  
always plotting catch me  
i throw and plunge i push in  
with my thumbs every twitch  
every rustle of cheeks every  
thought about GODS beware  
beware i bet your mask is your  
god is your lust and every strain  
decorated expression changes me i  
change before you i am guided by  
your mistakes to become a more  
foolish human being, more foolish!  
becoming this human being: flash  
me some freedom, force me to move  
new church, new stage, to say no  
more of any but ALL; i want  
it ALL to become superbly what  
it is which is completely one ground  
one church one yesterday one  
continuous memory one and all the  
same in its simultaneous journey  
of layering, weaving the complete  
differences in every single moment,  
all of it a kaleidoscope pool  
of swirling pain inspiration  
liberation beauty the vulgar  
suffering the crisp awaking the  
dark cellar the cheap splatterflies  
the broken heart the jerry rig  
the banished bastard the mountain top  
journey to illumination the way  
my neck is crooked as i speak

and above all the eternal solvent  
that makes this all the same yes  
SORROW and this my family  
this pool of every moment and  
so forth and further this mixture  
this great mystery is PERFECTION  
the big boom in every moment  
of this fuckin war of murderous  
bullshit is simply the beat of  
PERFECTION today or it would  
not be happening now and perfection  
has nothing to do with being  
comfortable

4. TREMBLING, MISSED – 93-94

the trembling for fullness  
the heat  
the fires  
the world spins the dogs  
inside me  
barking furiously  
the ship drifts  
the ship becomes a raft  
the ocean is in control  
our thirst is big  
there is straw for the fire  
i send you more  
it's not enuf  
i'm up before the sun again  
dawn is big  
ever alone  
headlong  
no complaints, compromises  
or contradictions  
the subtle life  
remote distances  
the core  
the little sounds the no jive  
just sharpness  
i want life and life wants me  
i'm building a castle  
i need a temple  
a new hour  
a varied glance  
a different habit  
i see the seriousness of things  
with fire all around  
the feeling before an attempt  
at an edge  
that unsurity and purity  
of fear  
Gene would be proud of us  
Anah walked on fire  
the biggness the WOW  
the rice exchange  
you are missed and you  
are loved

5. FITZ – 98 (2)

fitz

bring me a picture of myself  
with every collision out front  
the more skin the better  
that's why silk is the best  
the journey of your hands fascinates me  
i'm reeled in by the calm seas  
all around you  
a pleasance enchanted by the placing  
this flower passed away



6a. 3 SHORTS – 97 (2)

plastic wrap  
cigarette taped to forehead

i don't think he was talkin  
about a track horse  
that means they eat grass  
& shrub and running  
around all fucking day lookin'  
for a nice shrub  
i wanna do that  
i wanna gallop  
and a mane  
a snout and a tail  
sleep standing

if I had a booth  
there'd be a poem  
of the day  
and a picture of the  
day. I'd have a plant  
with me everyday  
and my banjo

6b. 5 SHORTS – 93-94

goddamnit i'd piss on  
a sparkplug if i thought  
it'd do any good

what what the way things lap me  
to smiles and awe smooth rock beings  
all the GREY ROADS of America and  
wood neverending wood smells i like  
a good smell moss is my hair my  
life is in a cup there are good thoughts  
and there are thoughts Molly is a  
dog

i just ran and ran and ran  
the fields  
oh how they flew me

and i am string dangling  
in air the thin line of seeking  
the shreds of torn certitude magnitude  
and neverending current current current

It doesn't matter that i feel like i'm  
from another planet. It doesn't matter  
at all. There are many planets to be  
from including this one. How consistent  
how warm-hearted this roam.

## 7. NORMAN DRIVING – 97 (1)

When talking about the music of the future in the future consider a large head-shaved earring-lined ears truck drivin everything shredding man pull over a van destined to be finished with sand full of flying archetypes connected to the center of the earth w/sheer presence of desire At least on that one little winder that goes to Telluride from Durango, where a coyote was gonna get stiff and shoved off the road not to be honored or to bless unless Norman was drivin' and he was definitely drivin' baby do not be mistaken he pulled over picked up coyote still warm took him to the van drove on into Telluride dropped off and headed with Kim Sally Elaine Lindy to the waterfall where he skinned coyote in a sacred manner and will build with his beautiful hands an instrument of music so transcendent that the idea of future assumes a position of complete absurdity and wonderful mysteries of passage possibly that have been & always will be at large and accessible emerge and death ain't so bad, it's reliable.

8. ANIMAL NATURE – 92

i am animal nature forced fed oblivious  
descent and corruption sliding perviously  
slip unhidden absolute grief unrighteous  
folly spoiled concern the help of others  
the help of others cannot be understood  
in the leavening of my soul turning  
or can it help can i be help held  
forbidden no no no barricade barricade  
sworn ween hold on to let go river  
leopard i am doing it all wrong  
my mind tells me this my body  
knows this my mind confuses eternity  
w/ the dad of today i am today  
i am today not tomorrow or yest  
erday gone speckled imposter out of  
my sacred crib let my markings  
be true as the ring of light on  
the truest moon song felt in the  
marrow consumed in the gizzard i  
will not turn back this brother  
can leave the train wreck behind  
and tear thru a thousand lonely  
deserts and fondle madness like he  
himself at three years of masturbation  
listen hurt job the corsage in my  
eye has two hearts and unknown bones

i am animal nature  
four caged howls, the core of my bones  
four howls looking for home  
like choir boys behind the altar  
their squeaky hinge-limbs forced behind  
the blackest veil  
bodies w/out heads looking for home  
not right not right NOT RIGHT!  
i have to clean up  
must face death to control animal nature  
to spawn the core of my bones  
to be responsible face death face death  
caged rat, attitude falling out  
drifting bodies w/out heads  
behind the altar, the point of no  
return a squeaky gesture, stuck

RESPONSIBLE

face the ANIMAL the four howls in the nite  
return to your animal its head  
leave the cage behind the altar  
let the rats face death

9a. A DATE WITH FRIENDS – 91 (1)

what if i were to separately make a date  
with all my friends, who were also mutual  
friends or acquaintances with each other  
through me or separate from me, to meet  
me say at the Headlands or somewhere  
country and everyone showed up and saw  
everyone else there and then suddenly  
over a loud speaker a voice said:  
WHAT IF WE ALL COULD SUPPORT  
ONE ANOTHER UNCONDITIONALLY  
and HONESTLY FOREVER? WHAT IF?

9b. SCORN CAGE – early 91

into summer into summer  
screaming into summer screams turn  
to lather covering my face fooling  
my instincts play a game w/me  
fold your cards, sew the joker to your  
lumberjack sleeve and watch your breath  
like fog moving over this wretched city  
flog the past w/your favorite stick  
lift a handsome stare into the sun and  
proceed w/it i am not such a scoundrel  
or a prowler in your shadow as i am  
a dream or nightmare that tricks itself  
into the backdoor of your mind lift  
lift the veil on the way out to the fields  
your tongue stained, your hands raw  
from the day before, i scorn this cage

I SAID YĀAUH  
I SAID YĀĀĀUHH  
i'm going i'm going  
YAOUHHHH  
i go to live i got to  
be real to feel real  
and i tell you what this  
is one helluva circus  
to be alive in u mean  
i'm talkin about this  
is yaaah yauuh i'm sayin  
this is O.K. i'm in it  
i'm here i'm doing it  
i ain't turnin back  
i ain't lookin back  
i am going into the  
dark i'm goin where  
the light grows like  
weed and i'm here to  
tell you that "THE  
WEED WINS IN THE  
END, OF COURSE!"



10. SMITTY – 93-94

open melodies trouncing parades  
Mom thinks carnival music should  
be in MIRA III the world insists  
that i be my own world trill jade  
swell fowl breeze and twining  
vibrance of my sleeve is its own  
being thanx the rock will carry  
me home to kingdoms new we're  
loose in the kingdom Smitty said  
that and where the fuck is he oh  
please let him come twirling braids  
and seashells his open heart is  
a warm nest his laugh is a chain  
reaction quite present real storm  
style fervor my blood gushes  
where to now . . .

11a. SKIGGLEY – 96

Sometimes they say funny  
things when a wondrous  
something occurs like  
coming across a toadstool of  
many colors: they'll say perhaps  
"skutley-biddley-boo  
i see you" and the beautiful  
toadstool will shimmer and  
glimmer with joy and thanks  
to the skigglely wigglely wig  
wig wig for sharing a  
pleasant moment in life.

11b. TREMENDOUS BEAUTY – late 95

If a bearing member has  
given, sacrifice is  
inevitable, indefinitely  
specific and razor sharp.  
Do you get my meaning?  
The weight is too much.  
The wonder is too much.  
The assumption is too much.  
The rapture is too much.  
The pilgrimage is too much.  
The and is too much.  
And beyond that is only  
the minute focus of  
tremendous beauty.

WHEREVER  
DREAMS  
COLLIDE  
WITH REALITY  
THERE  
IS  
BODY  
ODOR

CHRIST, the skunk harvest  
was grand

first i must learn the  
natural participation of  
sensualism from my cat  
who is the only one  
i favor named Egret.

don't tell the doctor  
i know how to  
talk to the plants  
he might feel threatened  
might not git my  
medicine

12b. 4 SHORTS – 98 (1)

if Life weren't so  
goddamned wondrous  
i'd really be scrumplefucked

love/  
i hate it when i find out  
that i sat down w/out  
myself

Emptiness is what i'm coming  
to love most of all . . .  
Empty of the manmade

if I commit to a DIRECTION – no  
matter how absurd it may seem –  
followthru is my only chance to  
feel GRACE's loving hands

13. FIRST BEARDS MENTION – 92

the CONSPIRACY of BEARDS

PATRICK  
RICHARD  
GREGORY  
ROLAND  
JEFF  
FRED  
BUCK  
TOM  
JOHN  
JERRY

14. MY BROTHER – 93-94

my brother is every song  
my brother  
a polyorgasmic sun blast  
a clean well-oiled .308  
always opening leaf  
full of lava and laughter  
26 years now  
and 260 years then  
my brother my brother  
so deep within  
mine together we are lock and key  
of an ancient weeping  
invisible river  
my brother lifts my weight  
when it's gone dead  
he sparkles my ears with his walk  
my brother looks good in every  
thread, any hat, and every pair  
of shoes  
perfect notch, perfect edge  
he clears the demons with his breath  
essence of the tumbleweed,  
his freedom can make you lonely  
or make you press the gas  
a gun  
the pin in the grenade  
the wet tongue in the stalking  
my brother my brother  
he knows something about Jesus' cheek  
that the Christians muddied up  
he got some soul from St. Christopher  
he got some soul from Joan of Arc  
he got some soul from Crazy Horse  
he's a mountain goat, a rattler  
and a pterodactyl  
my brother'll wheel you and heal you  
but don't make him deal you  
and by God  
he'll get his goddamn Christmas  
mark my word  
his name is Patrick but he's  
more like Joan of Arc  
he's giggles hidden in the thicket  
instinct and court sense  
biblical jerry-rigs

15. LETTER TO JILL – 98 (1)

November 17, 1998

Dear Jill

it is just dawning, the Moon is shining overhead in her last quarter. i'm writing by our campfire in the Ventana Wilderness eleven miles from civilization. My brother Patrick friend Deron and myself have been here nearly a month now camped on the Big Sur river taking leave of the immediate madness of the city. I am thirty years old now. I could be nowhere else. There are hot springs on this river that make one remember that Mother is always present. We are up river away from others in a crescent that offers much abundance and bliss. It is very rugged here, steep ridges and mountains everywhere for miles. Massive Redwoods, river trees called Madrone, Live Oak which now feeds us daily w/their acorns and these are SO GOOD to eat. We make bread with them – CHABATA, stew, gruel. Most every tree here is evergreen but the Big Tooth Maple which has been doing this beautiful dance of color and falling leaves. It is truly overwhelming with wonder and hard work. Every step is challenging for the ground is very much ROCK some of which we've crafted into a magical fire pit inside our lodge of Redwood limbs and Madrone benders and tarps. The daily tasks are very challenging physically but nourishing to the soul indeed. There is not much time for drawing or writing or just messing around. It can be noticed right away how much need the forest and river have for caretakers. A task i have taken upon myself when i come here is clearing areas of destruction – log jams on the river – huge piles wherein many live trees are smashed right over and the river gets all congested, etc. Where are the Beavers? None live here...but oh the creatures we've seen snakes, lizards, hawks, raven, grey fox, tarantula hummingbird turtle and more. My whole life has been leading me to this experience, and now it is real. It feels like a miracle, if a miracle is a feeling. Life is so hard, you know, and since we last saw each other there has been much pain and breakdown – physical, mental, emotional. But there is no stopping my love for life and so i am continuing to grow and learn daily.



16. MAGNETS OF MY WORLD – 94-95

Grace tasters are the magnets of my world  
i look for them when the streets are empty  
or mad. We are beyond watts. We are further.  
Further than amps. This is not a secret to  
be sure. Technology is distraction.  
The practice of communication is not lost,  
it just isn't encouraged. The depth of the  
plow doesn't compare to the depth of ROOT.  
Speaking of roots for me has nothing to do  
with physical lineage. Have you planted a seed  
lately? Tapped a tin shack? Fitz and me  
are going tidepooling in half an hour. To  
tell of it is not to boast, but to acknowledge  
the wonder. Thou shalt Acknowledge the wonder.  
If that is practiced, well then, life's not so bad.

