

My
Creative

Life:

A Labor of Love
Essays, Synopses,
Impressions,
Outlines, and
Production Notes
of My Artwork
(1976-2014)

My Legacy

My Body of Work

Imagined by

Eric Homan

(aka: Erik Human)

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My Creative Life - A Labor of Love: **Essays of My Digital Art, Computer** **Animation, Video, Interactive** **Digital Art Pieces, Websites,** **Writings, and Digital Dreams (1976-** **2013)** **by Eric Homan**

Introductory Words

Preface

A Personally Written Statement About One's Artwork Enhances the Artwork

Overview Bio and Mission of My Art

Empathy Art Entertainment

Eric Art: Energy Stimulate

The Artist Alter Ego – "Eric Human"

The Origin of "Eric Human"

Intro to an Art Piece

A Message From the Creator of the Following Works

"The Secret Personal Art World of Eric Homan"

Warning

Disclaimer

A. Video Art Pieces

(created with Final Cut Pro, Premiere, and/ or After Effects)

The Roots to My Love of Videotaping

“Video Art 1996-98” – Video Art DVD Compilation

Intro

“Deaf Park Race” - (2 min.)

“Heaven” - (1 min. 30 sec.)

“Daydreaming” - (2 min.)

“Crossing the Street” - (3 min.)

The Music

“Noah K. + Tori A.” – A Candid Interview with Tori Amos Fan - (10 min.)

“A Black Comedy of Violence” - (5 min.)

“Behind the Scenes”

Final Thoughts

“A Portrait of Vincent” - (4 min. 30 sec.)

The Paintings

The Music

Critical Reaction

Behind the Scenes

“A Subjective Documentary of My Bedroom Through Memories and Thoughts” - (3 min. 30 sec.)

“My CCAD Undergraduate Hand Drawn Animation” - (3 min.)

“1997 CCAD Student Fashion Show” - (13 min.)

“Cloudland” - (5 min.)

Synopsis

Origins

Cloudland Genesis

Inspiration Afternoon in the Clouds

A Traveling Sky Museum Gallery of Cloud Art

Look to the Clouds

Narration

The Music, Sound Design, and Editing

“My Hand is Asleep and Dreaming” - (4 min.)

“Great Carhart Event” - (4 min. 30 sec.)

The Origin of the Title

Journal Entry

“I Witnessed Images Fall” - (1 min.)

The Text Rain

“Teach – P.S.A.” - (30 sec., 15 sec., 5 sec.)

“Dreaming While Driving” - (3 min.)

“Video Art Pieces Demo Reel” - (3 min.)

“My CCAD Undergraduate Computer Animation” - (2 min)

The Lesson

The Music

“Accelerated Depression” - (3 min. 30 sec.)

Intro

Genesis of “Accelerated Depression”

“The Wedding of Gwen and Nick” – DVD

“The Wedding of Gwen and Nick” - (40 min.)

“Laura Schnidman: Dance Video Reel” (10 min.)

“Computer Art Animation – 1998-2001” – Computer Art DVD Compilation

“Demo Reel” - (3 min.)

"Trip Out West" – Documentary Video DVD

"Atom DVD" – DVD Compilation

Contents

"Life Forms" (Atom Troy remix) - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Everybody's Gonna Learn It Sometime" - (8 min.)

"Come With Me" (Live) - (6 min.)

Journal Notes

"Atom Live 1" - (6 min.)

Journal Entries

"Atom Live 2" - (6 min.)

"Atom Live 3" - (6 min.)

Notes from That Night

"Computer Art Animations – 2001-2003" – Computer Art DVD Compilation

"Soundpharm" - DVD Art Compilation

"Soundpharm" (Long Version) - (27 min.)

"Soundpharm" (Short Version) - (4 min.)

"Soundpharm" (Blink Version) - (4 sec.)

The Editing Attack

"Madison – Year One" - (8 min.)

"Madison – A One-Year-Old Lady Treptow" - (8 min.)

"Systematic Manipulation" - (8 min.)

"Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary" - Documentary Video DVD Compilation

"Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary: In the Peak of the Autumn Season"

(*Narrated Version* and "*Swan Lake*" *Music Version*) - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary: In the Peak of the Autumn Season" -

(*"Swan Lake" Music Only Version*) - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary: Through the Years" - (2004) - (11 min. 20 sec.)

"In the Peak of the Autumn Season" Spoken Dialogue Narration

Back Cover Excerpt from Narration

Explanations

Interpretations

The Hocking Hills Locations

Dedications

The Hidden, Deleted, Underlying Sexual Connotations

The Opening

The Music

The Full Experience from the Journal

"Treasures of the Hocking Hills" – DVD

"Treasures of the Hocking Hills" - (41 min.)

"Treasures of the Hocking Hills trailer" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

Introduction

Intro Narration

Back DVD Cover Text
The Documentary Info
The Publicity
The Grant
The Content
The Artists
The Music
The Schedule
Credits
Shooting Log
How It All Began
A One-Man Movie-Making Machine
Continued Correspondences
Documentary Project Budget Savings Breakdown
A Major Personal and Professional Art Victory
“Treasures of the Hocking Hills” Documentary Project
The David Hostetler Interview
Memories From the Videotaping Sessions
The Hiccups Along the Way
The One-Man Movie-Making Machine
The LilyFest/ Bobbi Bishop Shoot
Impressions on Ora Anderson
David & Roberta Baird Interview
David & Roberta Baird Interview Highlights
Foothill School of American Crafts in Downtown Nelsonville, OH
Movies Made About Ohio
The Hard Drive Crash
The Hard Drive Miracle Resurrection
Barbara Hunzicker: Decorative Arts Center in Lancaster, OH
Exciting Editing
Plowing Through the Editing
First Rough Cut Complete
First Responses to the Documentary
Putting It All on the Line
More Technical Problems
More Fixes
My Personal Editing Notes
I’m Doing 39 People’s Jobs!!
Editing Notations
The Show Opening Invite
The Premiere and Reception of “Treasures of the Hocking Hills”
Intro to The Hocking Hills
The Natural Lighting Conditions
The Rural Mentality
The Spiritual Journey
My Own Empathy for These Artists
I Was a Tourist Director Foreigner Moviemaker
The Sacrifice
More DVD Duplication Problems
CCAD Screening
Still Working on the Never-Ending Project
DVD Players Won’t Play the DVD Disk?!??
“Technical Difficulties”
Treasures of the Hocking Hills Introduction
Treasures of the Hocking Hills Q & A
Treasures of the Hocking Hills: CCAD Presentation
The Real Cost of This Documentary
Frustrations
What I Learned as a Documentarian
Preserving Their Legacies
Still Working on It

Closing Comments

The Hocking Hills Locations

Special Promotion (Joke)

Editing Thoughts

In the Columbus Libraries

“Back to the Hocking Hills” - (11 min.)

“Real Surrealisms: Computer Art, Video, and Animations: 1998-2005” – Video Art DVD

Compilation

“(Highlights of) Real Surrealisms” - (32 min. – on continuous loop)

Display

Der Highlights

The Crazy Phrases

“Eric Homan Presents - The Movie” - (1 min.)

“2,453 Photos I’ve Taken in Two Years in One Minute – Life in Fast-Forward” - (1 min.)

“9,606 Photos I’ve Taken in Three Years in Five Minutes – Life in Fast-Forward” - (5 min.)

Voices Within the Artwork

Conception

The Mathematical Recipe

Calculations

Soundtrack

“The End” - (30 sec.)

“Canvas” - (30 sec.)

“In the Zoo of Perversity... Animals Gone Wild!” - (1 min. 30 sec.)

The Zoo in the Zoo

“Time-lapses” - (30 sec.)

“‘Survivor’ Audition” - (1 min.)

“Painted Effects” - (4 min.)

“Demonstration in Fine Editing” - (4 min.)

“Time Trees” - (1 min.)

“Viola! A Daiquiri!” - (1 min.)

“SIGGRAPH 2004” - (6 min.)

Synopsis

Highlights from the Conference

Journal Exerts

“The Censored Music Video” - (1 min.)

“100 Shades of Smile” - (1 min.)

“Embryo Abstracto” - (1 min.)

“Abstractscapes 2” - (2 min.)

“Paintasia Digital Abstract” - (1 min.)

“Fragmentation” (Remix) - (1 min. 30 sec.)

“Descent” - (4 min. 30 sec.)

“Paint Inwards” - (30 sec.)

“Red Language” - (1 min.)

“Year of the Cicadas” - (6 min.)

“The Sandman” - (2 min.)

“Atomic Art” - (1 min.)

“Love Mates” - (2 min.)

“Viva Gotham” - (2 min.)

“Image Having a Seizure!!!” - (30 sec.)

“Baby Ryan: His First Year” – DVD

“Baby Ryan: His First Year” - (27 min.)

“David Hostetler: Artist In Nature” - DVD

“David Hostetler: Artist In Nature” - (19 min.)

Genesis

Synopsis

Credits

Beginnings

The Process

If Someone Wants Something to Be *Good*, It's Going to Cost a Lot of Money to Do It

The Panic Attack Burn Out

The Editing

The Delays

The Trials of Freelancing

Happy News

Finished!

Reactions

"Video Journals" - Video Art DVD Compilation

"Surreal Journal Visual Universes" - (8 min.)

Genesis

Reflections

Music

"Surreal Psychological Phrase Landscapes" - (6 min.)

"Memoir of Things to Do When Awake"

"Video Journalo" - (11 min.)

"Video Journalites 2000" - (8 min.)

Method to the Madness

"Nostalgica": Highlights From A Life" - (8 min.)

"Nostalgica": Highlights From A Life" - (36 min.)

"A Place of Visual Thoughts" - Video Art DVD Compilation

"A Snow Storm Named Phluck" - (1 min.)

"Year of the Cicadas" - (6 min.)

"Hue Waves" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Looking Out An Airplane Window" - (6 min. 30 sec.)

"Mixed Nostalgica Memories" - (16 min.)

"A Rage of Road Rally" - (7 min.)

Journal Entry

"A Place of Visual Thoughts" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Heavens" - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"Speed Life" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"Slow Speed Life" - (7 min.)

"Still Speed Life" - (46 min. 30 sec.)

"Speed All Life" - (1 min.)

"Black Canvas" - (1 min.)

"Peggy's Story" - Documentary DVD

"Peggy's Story" - (1 hr. 15 min.)

Prologue

Epilogue

DVD Menu Categories

Credits

Music Credits

Production and Editing

Finishing Up

The Reactions

The End and Beginning

The Rush of Success

"Ryan: Adventures of a One-Year-Old" – DVD

"Ryan: Adventures of a One-Year-Old" - (26 min.)

“Epic Autumn” - Documentary Video DVD Compilation

“Epic Autumn” - (27 min.)

“Epic Autumn: 1” - (12 Min.)

“Epic Autumn: 2” - (6 Min. 30 Sec.)

“Epic Autumn: 3” - (11 Min.)

“Epic Autumn: 4” - (17 Min.)

“Epic Autumn: 5” - (18 Min.)

A **Tale of Two** Seasons

Celebration of Autumn

The Music Selections

Reaction

“New Worlds” – Video Art DVD Compilation

“The Great Easter Egg Hunt” - (5 min. 30 sec.)

“Chess Mates” - (8 min. 30 sec.)

“Waves” - (12 min. 30 sec.)

“New Worlds” - (10 min.)

“Voodoo Dances” - (8 min. 30 sec.)

“Over and Out” - (12 min. 30 sec.)

“Surreal-sized Epic Autumn” - (11 min. 30 sec.)

“Graduation ‘91” - (5 min.)

“Graduation ‘95” - (3 min.)

“DAZE” - (2 min.)

“Winter Fest Fast” - (30 sec.)

“Eye Work” - (3 min.)

“Eye Work - Surrealized” - (3 min.)

“Infinite Autumn” - (3 min. 30 sec.)

The Narration

Music and Audio Elements

Directions and Notes for Project’s Creation

“Lackluster Response?”

Internet Troll Comments

“Western Heavens on Earth” – Documentary Video DVD

“Western Heavens on Earth” - (1 hr. 44 min.)

The Summary

Trip Plan

The Beginning Correspondences

Then the Trip Nearly Didn’t Happen

The Planning

Almost Time to Start the Trip

The Vacation Journals

Reaching a State of Transcendence

The Ride Is Over

The Editing

Perspectives

The Ultimate Challenge

The Moments

Best Trip Highlights

Worst Trip Highlights

Music Selections for “Western Heavens”

The Music to Our Adventure

Music Lyric Notes

Original Musical Source Inspiration During the Drive

The Sexiest Natural Wonder on Earth?

Existential Paradise

The Laborious Effort to Edit “Western Heavens”

The Race to Finish Editing

Make the Work Your Own

Finished

"Western Heavens" Closure

A Piece Out of Passion for Nature

Movie Chapters

"Western Heavens on Earth' Photo Montage" - (long version: 12 min.) - (short version: 5 min. 30 sec.)

"Side Stops" - (13 min.)

"Trip Hijinks" - (4 min.)

"The Sun Ray Tree" - (4 min.)

"Western Heavens on Earth Trailer" - (2 min. 45 sec.)

"Western Heavens on Earth (Expressionistic Version)"

"Response"

MPAA Rating

"Mixed Parts" – Video Art DVD Compilation

"Garage Saler" - (6 min.)

From My Journal

Titles

Music Credits

"Staring 'Professional Garage Saler' Les Homan"

Is This Meant To Be Comedic?

"Colors" - (2 min.)

"Crazy Weather Patterns" - (2 min.)

"Movie Credits: The Movie" - (2 min.)

"The Lightning Zoo" - (8 min.)

"Wildlights: Light Love-Making" - (4 min.)

"Wilderlights" - (1 min.)

"Video Glows" - (8 min.)

"Video Glows ~ Short Version" - (1 min.)

"Lisa & Eric" - (8 min.)

"Autumn Falls" - (8 min.)

"Spring Art" - (13 min.)

"Spring Art: Spring Storms" - (13 min.)

"Spring Storms" - (13 min.)

"Motion Flames" - (4 min.)

"Get Creative: Video Art DVD Compilation: Vol. 18"– Video Art DVD Compilation

"Seasons of the Spring" - (15 min.)

The Battle of the Seasons

Spring's Emotional Fireworks

Spring's Emotional Roller Coaster

When Spring Strikes Back

The Spring Tease

Spring Art

Reflections of a Late May Day Sunday Morning

Spring Is Gone

"Video Glows Macro" - (10 min.)

"Paints" - (1 min.)

"BOREDOM ART" - (infinity?)

"Jaws 69: Oral Sex Shark Attack!" - (4 min.)

The Controversal, "Explicit" Content

The Text

The Origin

The Title

A Parody on Hollywood's Endless Sequels

Marvin Gaye

Music Credits

"Cloud Parade" - (1 min.)

“Adventures in Color Keying and Green Screen” - (9 min.)

“Green Screened” - (6 min. 30 sec.)

“Color Screened (Don’t Do Drugs!)” - (2 min.)

“Eric & Lisa: Special Limited Collector’s Edition” – Video/ Photo DVD Compilation of Our Lives Together

Disk One:

“Eric & Lisa’s Home Movies” – (1 hr. 5 min.)

Opening Intro Title

Captions

The Music

“Fireworks Reinterpreted” – (9 min.)

Music Credits

“My Nephew Jonathan’s Baptism” – (4 min.)

“The Santa Funhouse” – (2 min.)

“The Sunflower Garden” – (2 min.)

Music Credits

“Lisa’s Happy Holiday Decorations” – (20 sec.)

Disk Two:

“Eric & Lisa’s First Year Together” - (1 hr.)

What It’s About

The Music

“Our Life Picture Show” – (12 min.)

Sights

Music Credits

“Dramatizations of My Proposal” - (2 min. 30 sec.)

“The Many Proposals of Eric Homan and Lisa Rericha”

“Sunflowers for Lisa: A Video Valentine” - (4 min.)

“Natural Deformations” – Video Art DVD Compilation

“Natural Deformations” – (31 min.)

Idea Genesis

Music Credits

“Natural Deformations: Part Two” – (31 min.)

Music Credits

“Super Natural Deformations” – (32 min.)

The 2008 CCAD Faculty Show Opening Reception

“Unnatural Deformations” – (2 min.)

“Wildlight Video Glows” – (13 min.)

“Comic Book Culture: An Examination of the Comic Book Allure” – Documentary Video DVD

“Comic Book Culture: An Examination of the Comic Book Allure” - (40 min. documentary)

“Comic Book Culture: Extra Galleries” - (50 min.)

The Synopsis on Back DVD Cover

Menu Chapter Contents:

Opening Quotes

Where to Look

Inside Comic Book Stores

A Comic Book Store is a Working Class Museum

Inside Comic Book Conventions

The Psychology of Comic Book Allure

Electrify Your Emotions and Imagination

Exploring Comics as Creative Fuel

Comics as a Resource for Creativity

Defending Comics

The New Ideas

Highly Recommended Comic Book Series and Graphic Novels

Collecting Comic Books

A Gallery of Comic Book Covers, Inspiration, and Art

A Gallery of Comic Book Stores and Conventions

Read These Extraordinary Comic Book Writers

Music Credits and End Credits

Extra Comic Book Art Galleries:

A Gallery of Dreams from the World of Neil Gaiman

A Gallery of Dreams from "The Sandman" by Dave McKean

Cover Gallery: "Animal Man"

Cover Gallery: "Daredevil"

Cover Gallery: "The Punisher"

Cover Gallery: "Lone Wolf and Cub"

Cover Gallery: "Miracleman"

Cover Gallery: "New X-Men"

Cover Gallery: "Planetary"

Cover Gallery: "Cerebus"

Assorted Comic Book Cover Art Gallery

Notes:

"Comic Book Culture" Introduction Speech

How I Got Into Reading Comic Books

What "Comic Book Culture"'s All About

The Genesis of this Project

A Personal Documentary/ Journal Video Essay

The Use of Comic Book Movie Music

Copyright Free Music Version

Key Points for Liking Comics

Behind the Scenes at Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2006

Comic Book Related Journal Entries

Do I Even Read Them?

These 25 Cent Comics Were Someone's Soul

Reading Comic Books in Solitude

Editing Progress

The Editing Creation of "Comic Book Culture"

Finished Editing and "Release"

The Other "Comic Book Culture"

"Comic Book Culture" Presentation Preparations and Purpose

What to Talk About With My Introduction to This Documentary

My Presentation Promo

My "Comic Book Culture" Presentation

The "Copyright Police" Issue

The Horrible Irony

Touch Others' Lives

Why Did I Spend the Time Doing This Project

Documentarian Eric Homan Biography

Websites

Extra Meaningful Music Lyrics

Dedication

"Scott Crawford: Comic Book Costume Designer" - (11 min. 30 sec.)

Opening Narration

How This Project Started

Meeting Scott

The Shoot

The Editing

Copyright Credit

The Music

"The Treptow Times" – Documentary Video DVD

"The Treptow Times" - (1 hr.)

"Magnificent Madison" – Light Rays Glowing Edition - (18 min.)

"Magnificent Madison" – Dazzle Glow Edition - (18 min.)
"Treptow Tantrum!" - (2008) - (1 min.)

"I AM DREAMING" – Video Art DVD Compilation
"Boring Drive? Come Alive!" - (3 min.)

Genesis

Music Credit

Original Project Conception

Inspirations

"Copyright World, 2008™"- (7 min.)

Genesis of the Idea

Inspired by

My Inspiration for "Copyright World, 2008™"

"Creative Phrases" - (10 min.)

WARNING ADVISORY

Opening Intro Title

"Dances in the Aurora" - (8 min.)

"Slow Dances in the Aurora"- (17 min.)

"Speed Dances in the Aurora"- (2 min.)

"An Autumn of Your Imagination"- (6 min.)

The Narration

The Method

The Music

"Unused Ideas" - (9 min.)

"Double-Reverted Unused Ideas" - (9 min.)

"Unused Ideas Kaleidoscope" - (8 min.)

"Video II Commercial"- (1 min.)

"A Portrait of Memory" - (11 min.)

"A Portrait of Memory Fast" - (3 min.)

"A Portrait of Memory Fastest" - (1 min.)

"My Life Before My Eyes" - (2 min.)

"2006 Pipeline Project" - (7 min.)

"Just My Imagination..." – Video Art DVD Compilation

"Environmental Transformations: Part One" - (25 min.)

"Environmental Transformations: Part Two" - (17 min.)

"My Memory Photo Show" - (7 min.)

The Surreal Inspiration?

"Imagine If Yoko Ono Had Joined The Beatles?" - (2 min.)

"The Wilds of Ohio" - (7 min.)

"Cloud Gazer" - (4 min.)

"The Cloud Wilds of Ohio" - (7 min.)

"The Surreal Cloud Wilds of Ohio" - (7 min.)

"Abstract Wilds of Ohio" - (7 min.)

"The Orange Wilds of Ohio" - (7 min.)

"Just My Imagination..."- (7 min.)

"Eric and Lisa Homan's Wedding Day (Song Version)" - (2 min.)

"Eric and Lisa Homan's Wedding Day" – Documentary Video DVD

Disk 1

"Eric and Lisa Homan's Wedding Day (Full Version)" - (2 hr. 8 min.)

Disk 2

"Eric and Lisa Homan's Wedding Day (Edited Version)" - (1 hr. 28 min.)

"Eric and Lisa Homan's Wedding Day (Song Version)" - (3 min.)

"Eric and Lisa Homan's Wedding Photos DVD" – Documentary Video DVD

"Eric and Lisa Homan's Wedding Photos DVD" - (1 hr. 40 min.)

“Ryan and Jonathan Hoeting: From 2005-2008” – DVD Compilation

“Uncle Eric Homan’s Camera: Ryan and Jonathan Hoeting: From 2005-2008” - (1 hr. 22 min.)

“Baby Ryan: His First Year” - (27 min.)

Disk Two:

“Mommy and Daddy’s Camera: Ryan and Jonathan Hoeting: From 2005-2008” - (1 hr. 23 min.)

“Ryan: Adventures of a One-Year-Old” - (26 min.)

“The Honeymoon Nebula” – Video Art and Documentary DVD Compilation

“Eric and Lisa Homan’s Honeymoon and Wedding Festivities” - (27 min.)

“Eric’s Bachelor Party”

“The Wedding Rehearsal”

“Wedding Rehearsal Dinner”

“The Wedding Day Blur”

“The Day After the Wedding”

“Our Honeymoon”

The Honeymoon Journal Log

“A Cat Video for Cat Lovers” - (44 min.)

“The Jellyfish Nebula” - (3 min.)

“Alien Life Forms” - (3 min.)

“When Rainbows Attack!!” - (5 min.)

“Environmental Transformations of The Wilds of Ohio” - (7 min.)

“Do the Ryan Dance” - (2 min.)

“Do the Ryan Dance Kaleidoscope” - (2 min.)

“The Great Balloon Release” - (1 min.)

“Creative Heavens on Eric Earth” – Video Art DVD Compilation

“Cat Cubes”

“Is This Heaven?”

“The Living and Leaving of My Hometown”

A Stroll Through My Hometown

Subtext Narration

Music

“Steve & Tanya Hoeting’s Wedding Day”

“The Spring” (long version)

Music

“The Spring” (short version)

Music

“What If The Spring Was Gray and Silent?”

“The Slow Spring” (long version)

Music

“The Slow Spring” (short version)

Music

“Justin and Nikki’s Art Apartment”

From My Private Journal

“Ring Them Bells”

“Creativity, Memory, & Emotional Outtakes”

“Crying on the Phone Without Tears”

“Eric’s Imaginations” – Video Art DVD Compilation

“Voyeur” - (1 min. 30 sec.)

“A Portrait of Vincent #2” - (4 min.)

“Blank” - (1 min.)

“Scribbles” - (5 min.)

“NATIONAL DEPRESSION AWARENESS DAY!!” - (15 sec.)

Text

Music

"Autumn Infinity" - (10 min.)

Music

"Autumn Infinity Explosion #1" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Autumn Infinity Explosion #2" - (30 sec.)

"Psycho Killer' Performance Piece" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"Alive, Not a Lie: Broken-Hearted, Self-Indulgent, Manic-Depressive, Blues-Brilliance" - (7 min.)

Narration

Music

"Wake Up" - (3 min.)

"Summer of Songs, Movies, Depression, Loneliness, and Grief" - (19 min.)

Preface

Movies

Music

"Fine Art Facades" - (2 min.)

Naration

Music

"Tales of Extreme Boredom" - (7 min. 30 sec.)

Music

"Watching 'Taxi Driver'" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"The Revenge of the Hand Is Asleep and Dreaming" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Inside the Rainbow Womb" - (9 min.)

"Western Heavens on Earth (Surreal-Impressionist Version)" - (short version: 14 min.)

"Western Heavens on Earth (Super Sped-Up Surreal-Impressionist Version)" - (short version: 1 min.)

"Panic Attack Anthems" – Video Art DVD Compilation

"Western Heavens on Earth (Super Slow-Mo Surreal-Impressionist Version)" - (short version: 15 min.)

"Burning Your Art" - (2 min.)

"My Art Apartment" - (1 min.)

"Com Fest '98" - (8 min.)

"Swing Time" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Return to Cloudland" - (3 min.)

"You're Not Talking" - (2 min.)

"CCAD Media Studies Memories: 1997-1998" - (5 min.)

"Going Nowhere" - (13 min. 30 sec.)

"A Scribble Symphony" - (10 min. 30 sec.)

"Introspection '97" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Paid for Existing" - (1 min.)

"Take a Car Wash Vacation" - (2 min.)

"The Swap Shop Circus: Performance One" - (20 min.)

"The Swap Shop Circus: Performance Two" - (16 min.)

"Vacations from Forever" – Video Art DVD Compilation

"Meeting the Mermaids: Weeki Wackee Springs" - (20 min.)

"Kennedy Space Center" - (3 min.)

"Universal Studios, Orlando" - (20 min.)

"Ocean Waves Crashing Into Body Therapy" - (2 min.)

"A Fair and A Wedding" - (17 min.)

"Life on Uncle Howard's Farm" - (5 min.)

"Summer '99: Trip Back Home" - (18 min.)

"The 2002 San Antonio Adventure Trip" - (23 min.)

Attractions
From My Journals
Music

"CEC Memories: Grad School" - Video Art DVD Compilation

"CEC Memories: Grad School" - (1 hr. 20 min.)

The History

The Editing

The Finished Complete Version

Correspondences

Text

CEC Memoir Stills

"Ed Skellings: Electric Poetry - Past, Present, and Future" - (7 min.)

"The 'Art' of Ft. Lauderdale" - (4 min.)

"Fun & Games" - (5 min.)

"Negative Fireworks Art" - (3 min.)

"CEC Commercial - 1999" - (2 min.)

"CEC Memories: Academia Years" - Video Art DVD Compilation

"CEC Memories: Academia Years"

"CEC Memories: Academia Years" - (54 min.)

Text

"CEC Memories: Professor Years" - (9 min.)

"Animation Vocal Track Recordings with Alejandro" - (5 min.)

"Rosina's Halloween Party" - (4 min.)

"Caleb's Goodbye Party/ Roast" - (31 min.)

"The Forever-Flowing Urinals" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Four-Year Florida Vacation" – DVD Documentary Art Compilation

"Rosina's Pool Party" - (4 min.)

"New Orleans/ SIGGRAPH 2000" - (15 min.)

Text

My Journal Notes

"Birth of a Building" - (4 min.)

"Unbirth of a Building" - (30 sec.)

"Renaissance Festival" - (7 min.)

"A Sea World" - (5 min.)

"Ft. Lauderdale Air & Sea Show" - (6 min.)

"Snorkeling Outside the Storm" - (9 min.)

"Scottish Society of South Florida" - (5 min.)

"Adventures in the Everglades" - (8 min.)

Journal Exerts

"The Everglades of Abstraction" - (2 min.)

"SPONTANEOUS VACATION" - (15 min.)

"Missed Phone Call from Frank Balzano" - (1 min.)

"Disney Days and Orlando Nights" - (11 min. 30 sec.)

"South Florida Scottish Wedding" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"The Ty and Max Band" - (6 min.)

"A Crazy Day Out with Karen S." - (4 min.)

"Florida Daze in the Sunshine State" – DVD Art Compilation

The Puns of the Title

"Eric Homan Video Introduction" - (1 min.)

"Songs, Art, and Depression Inside an Efficiency Apartment in the Sunshine State" - (39 min.)

"Extracurricular Activities in the Sunshine State" - (26 min.)

"Epcot Centered and Medieval Florida Times" - (12 min.)
"The Islands of Animal Kingdom Adventure" - (11 min. 30 sec.)
"Electric Guitar Light Dances" - (1 min.)
"Lion Country Safari" - (6 min. 30 sec.)
"The World of Naples, FL" - (9 min.)

"The Florida Universe" – DVD Art Compilation
"Out with Atom" - (8 min.)
"Introvert Eric Explores South Florida Night Clubbing" - (14 min.)
"Atom Live at Radius" - (9 min. 30 sec.)
"Countdown to a Naples Sunset" - (11 min.)
"Retirement Home Entertainment Night" - (2 min.)
"Hurricane Blues" - (25 min. 30 sec.)
"More Than This" - (22 min. 30 sec.)
"Fruit Universes" - (10 min. 30 sec.)

"My Fantasies Beat My Realities" – DVD Art Compilation
"Ryans Memory: Video Memory Performance Visualization" - (15 min.)
"Ryans Memory 2: Video Memory Performance Visualization" - (12 min.)
"Ryans Memory 3: Video Memory Performance Visualization" - (15 min.)
"Ryans Memory: Video Memory Performance Visualization" (Short Version) - (3 min.)
"Isaac Stephen Hoeting's Baptism" - (6 min)
"Isaac Stephen Hoeting's Baptism (Godfather Edition)" - (3 min.)
"Duncan Snyder's Intro to Studio Lighting" - (45 min.)
"No Commercial Value" - (1 min. 30 sec.)
"Struggling in Artistic Obscurity, Ohio Documentarian Uses an Image of the Prophet Mohammed in His Movie to Gain Manipulative Exposure with Instant and Easy Controversy!" - (3 min.)

"American Northwest Adventures" – DVD
"American Northwest Adventures" - (1 hr. 44 min.)
The Summary
Additional Vistas Explored
The Internet Description
The Tags
The Intro
The Titles
"Our New Lewis & Clark Mission"
The Sights
The Thanks
The Editing
The Reason Why I Made This
To Create My Own Personal Vision of My Vacation
The Struggle to Finish "American Northwest Adventures"
Progress Update
Finished. Now What?
The Color Correction
The Music
The Song Selections
Original Songs for Trip Video
American Northwest Adventures Presentation Into
The Beginning Correspondences
The Journal Logs
"American Northwest Adventures" (Short Version) - (49 min.)
The Music
"American Northwest Adventures: Additional Scenes, Alternate Angles, Extra Coverage" - (41 min.)
"American Northwest Adventures: Steve's Video Footage" – (15 min.)

"American Northwest Adventures" (Shorter Version) - (10 min.)
"American Northwest Adventures" (Trailer Version) - (2 min.)
"American Northwest Adventures: The Endless Driving Vacation Tour Into Boredom" - (22 min.)

The Text

The Editing Reasoning

"American Northwest Adventures: Tour Heaven Country: A Roadside Tour of the Clouds" - (9 min.)

Music

"American Northwest Adventures – Vacation-in-Vacation" - (10 min.)
"American Northwest Adventures – Experimental Vistas" - (10 min.)
"American Northwest Adventures – Experimental Vistas: Version 2" - (10 min.)
"Time-Based Portraits of Each Vacation Day" - (16 min.)

The Days

The Music

"What Is This For?" – DVD Art Compilation

"Andy" - (10 min.)

"Abstract Natural Formations (featuring Justin and Nikki)" - (12 min.)

"Homan Family Christmas 2001" - (8 min.)

"Re-Definitions" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Self-Portraits of Eric Homan" - (6 min.)

"Fruit Universes in Light Speed" - (15 sec.)

"Going Home" - (25 min.)

"Day Out with Aunt Lorna" - (15 min. 30 sec.)

"Experimental Park Walk with Dad" - (24 min.)

"It's Just Life" – DVD Art Compilation

"Infinite and Endless Driving Footage: The Movie" - (51 min. 30 sec.)

"Infinite and Endless Driving Footage: Part π" - (18 min. 30 sec.)

"A Justin Jason Drive Experience 2000" - (27 min.)

"Tales of a Bored Beard" - (2 min.)

"Final Tour of the House I Grew Up In" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"Minimalist Wall Art" - (1 min.)

"I GOT IT!!" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Panic Attack Poem" - (2 min.)

"Keep It Real" – DVD Art Compilation

"The Justin and Nikki Show" - (20 min.)

"Eric and Justin at Play in COSI" - (11 min.)

"Ohio Adventures 2002" - (32 min.)

"My Columbus Apartment Sanctuary" - (8 min.)

"Yellow Springs Street Fair" - (8 min. 30 sec.)

"Homan Family Reunion 2002" - (5 min.)

"My Journey Through My Hometowns Past" - (14 min.)

"Silence Is An Art" - (Infinity)

"A Ho-Down Family Hoedown" - (Infinity)

"Trip Out West" – Documentary Video DVD

Disk 1

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" - (1 hr. 45 min.)

Disk 2

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Short Version) - (1 hr.)

Synopsis
Trip Schedule
The Sights
Personal Insights
The Title *Trip*
The Editing Experience
The Re-Edit
The Re-Editing Experience
A Tale of Two Versions: The 2003 Version vs. The 2011 Version
Capturing the Exhaustion of a Vacation
Going for *Feeling*
The Soundtrack
The Soundtrack Collage
Music Credits
Credits
Journal Notes
Feedback on "Trip Out West"
Disk 3

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve: Additional Scenes, Alternate Angles, Extra Coverage" - (56 min.)

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Shorter Version) - (8 min.)

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Blur Version) - (5 min.)

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Experimental Version #1) - (8 min.)

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Experimental Version #2) - (8 min.)

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Trailer Version) - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"Grand Canyon Sunset Meditation" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"California Coast Drive Daze" - (6 min. 30 sec.)

"Odds and Ends" – DVD Art Compilation

"Toy and Comic Book Show" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

Thoughts from a Comic Book Convention

"The Wedding of Angie and Rich" - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"The Wedding of Angie and Rich" (Dazzler Version) - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"Fun with Effects" - (3 min.)

"The Flavor of the 2002 Ohio State Fair" - (11 min.)

Journal Exert

"The Big Boo 2002" - (3 min.)

Journal Exert

"CCAD: 2002" - (3 min.)

"The Ryan Treptow Files" - (3 min.)

"Try and Focus in the Voices" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Media Installation Exhibition" - (3 min.)

"A Simple Song" - (2 min.)

"Watch the Sunset" - (4 min.)

"Watch the Sunset – Fast!" - (20 sec.)

"Catnip Cocaine Kitty" - (6 min.)

"Pretty Priceless Video I Demos" - (29 min.)

"Video I Camera Demos 2010-11" - (3 min.)

"The Art Cars at Com Fest 2010" - (4 min.)

"In a Sense/ Innocence" – DVD Art Compilation

"Reunion in the Rockies" - (36 min. 30 sec.)

The Sights

The Music

The Journals

Tags

"Ice Waterfall: Hayden Run Falls" - (3 min.)

"December 2009" - (15 min.)

"Spring 2010" - (11 min.)
"Wildlights 2009" - (18 min.)
"Wildlights 2009 (Alternate Version)" - (8 min.)
"Wild Light Rays 2009" - (6 min.)
"Schnormeier Gardens" - (6 min. 30 sec.)
Journal Entry

"Memory/ Dreaming" – DVD Art Compilation
"Winter in HD: 2009-2010" - (18 min.)
"Doo Dah Parade 2009" - (5 min.)
"Doo Dah Parade 2010" - (15 min.)
Journal Entry
"Hilliard's 2010 4th of July Fireworks at the Franklin County Fairgrounds" - (15 min.)

Journal Entry
"Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2009: The Costume Contest" - (12 min. 30 sec.)
"Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2010: The Costume Contest" - (14 min.)
"Small Town Americana on Parade" - (13 min.)
"Alum Creek Fantasy of Lights 2010" - (10 min.)
The Music

"Half-Dreams" – DVD Art Compilation
"Dublin, Ohio's 2010 4th of July Fireworks" - (17 min.)
"Myrtle Beach and Charleston, South Carolina" - (13 min.)
"Columbus Zoo - May 2009" - (14 min.)
"Great Wolf Lodge '09" - (8 min.)
"2009 Ohio State Fair" - (25 min. 30 sec.)
"2009 Homan Family Reunion" - (7 min. 30 sec.)
"Reverse World at the 2009 Homan Family Reunion" - (5 min.)
"4th Friday in Westerville, Ohio" - (5 min. 30 sec.)
"Christmas 2008" - (8 min.)

"Memory Atmospheres" – DVD Art Compilation
"Boos at the Zoos" - (23 min.)
"Wild Lights 2008" - (12 min.)
"Columbus Zoo: Spring 2009" - (11 min.)
"Autumn Adventure Day Out with the Hoeting Boys" - (6 min.)
"The 2009 Arnold Classic" - (6 min. 30 sec.)
"Cleveland in January 2009!" - (7 min.)
"2008 Fall/ Winter Adventures" - (11 min. 30 sec.)
"Winter Expressions" - (4 min.)
"Hocking Hills State Park 2009" - (5 min.)
"Video Snapshot of an Autumn Day" - (3 min.)
"2010 Dublin, Ohio Irish Festival" - (4 min.)
"2010 Mini-Vacation to Newark and Gahanna, Ohio" - (8 min.)
"Christmas Light Abstractions" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Beyonds" – DVD Art Compilation
"2009 Spring/ Summer Adventures" - (26 min.)
"2009 Fall Adventures" - (23 min.)
"2010 Ohio Adventures" - (27 min.)
"2010 Ohio State Fair" - (11 min.)
"2010 Columbus Zoo Wild Lights" - (7 min.)
"2011 Ohio January" - (8 min.)

"Dare-Dreaming" – DVD Art Compilation
"2010 Ohio Renaissance Festival" - (16 min.)

"The 2010 Dayton Adventures" - (20 min. 30 sec.)
"2010 Columbus Zoo and Aquarium" - (13 min. 30 sec.)
"Clifton Gorge and Yellow Springs, Ohio" - (4 min. 30 sec.)
"Slate Run Metro Park and Historical Farm" - (5 min.)
"Westerville, Ohio 2010" - (6 min.)
"2010 Eric Homan Eyes" - (27 min.)
"St. Patrick's Day Parade 2011, Columbus, Ohio" - (7 min.)

"Use Your Imagination" – DVD Art Compilation
"Pennsylvania Homan/ Rericha Family Vacation" - (22 min. 30 sec.)
"Dawes Arboretum" - (3 min.)
"Columbus, Ohio: '1812 Overture'" - version 1: 3 min. 30 sec.) - (version 2: 3 min. 30 sec.)

Titles

Scioto Mile: Projection + Light Show Project

My Personal Interest

My Intent

Background Info

Scioto Mile: City Banks on River in Waterfront Makeover

Background and Research

Scioto Mile News Story

Editing and Progress

The Struggle With the Editing and Re-Editing

The Pitch Session

The Copyright Music Scare

The Re-Editing and Additional Alterations

Frustration and Disappointment

The Final Cut

"Columbus Lights 1" - (version 1: 2 min.) - (version 2: 2 min.)

The Editing

"Columbus Lights 2" - (3 min.)

"Columbus Lights 3" - (3 min.)

"It's a Girl: Alyssa Ann Homan" - (16 min. full version) and (13 min. edited version)

"Justin and Nikki: Skateboarding – In the Beginning" - (6 min.)

"Bongo Nikki" - (5 min.)

"Take to the Clouds" - (22 min)

"Too Much a Dreamer" – DVD Art Compilation

"Red, White and BOOM! 2003" - (8 min.)

"Red, White and BOOM! 2007" - (20 min.)

"The Ohio State Fair 2004" - (4 min.)

"CCAD: The Early Academia Years" - (18 min.)

"St. Patrick's Day Parade 2003" - (5 min.)

"Washington D.C. 2005" - (12 min. 30 sec.)

"Put-n-Bay 2005" - (2011) - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Hailey and Jordan Performance Piece #1" - (5 min.)

"Tour of the Playground" - (5 min)

"Doo Dah Parade 2007" - (8 min.)

"Home Inspection" - (14 min.)

"Extreme Daydreaming" – DVD Art Compilation

"Dublin Irish Fest 2004" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"Columbus Zoo' 2006" - (9 min.)

"Glassblowing 101: Making a Christmas Ornament" - (7 min.)

"Hangin' with Justin and Nikki" - (4 min.)

"Side Stops in the Hocking Hills" - (6 min.)

"House-Sitting in the Hocking Hills" - (25 min.)

"Hanging with Hostetler" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Twehues Family Reunion 2004" - (9 min. 30 sec.)
"Family Fun Therapy Session with a Balloon" - (10 min.)
"Thanksgiving in Fredericksburg 2004" - (7 min. 30 sec.)
"From Niagara Falls to Honeoye Falls Via the Rainbow Connection" - (11 min.)
"Madison's Day Out in Columbus" - (4 min.)
"Madison's Day Out in Columbus 2" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Creative Spaces" – DVD Art Compilation
"Rodeo Eric" - (1 min. 30 sec.)
"Karaoke Catharsis" - (4 min.)
"Kentucky Day Trip" - (12 min.)
"SIGGRAPH & San Diego 2003" - (15 min.)
"SIGGRAPH 2004: Additional Scenes" - (6 min.)
"SIGGRAPH & L.A. 2005" - (15 min. 30 sec.)
"Niagara Falls Vacation 2007" - (31 min.)
"Alyssa's Baptism" - (15 min. 30 min.) (Short Version) - (3 min.)

"Introspects" – DVD Art Compilation
"Madison's 3rd Birthday: 2005" - (5 min.)
"Columbus ½ Marathon: 2006" - (6 min.)
"The Legendary Lights at Clifton Mill" - (2 min.)
"Columbus Zoo Wildlights 2006" - (4 min.)
"Cedar Point: 2003" - (8 min.)
"2006 Homan Family Reunion" - (8 min.)
"2007 Homan Family Reunion" - (5 min.)
"Put-in-Bay 2007" - (11 min.)
"The Ohio State Fair 2006" - (6 min.)
"The Ohio State Fair 2007" - (6 min. 30 sec.)
"A Day at the Columbus Zoo and Aquarium 2007" - (12 min.)
"Mohican State Park and Berlin, Ohio 2007" - (11 min. 30 sec.)
"Scioto Mile Opening" - (10 min. 30 sec.)
"Doo Dah Parade 2011" - (9 min. 30 sec.)

"Controlled Creative Chaos" – DVD Art Compilation
"St. Paul's Arboretum: A Church Park" - (6 min.)

Music

Short Description

Why I Made This Documentary Short

The Genesis of "Dad's Church Park"

The Interview

Finishing the Documentaries

"Dad's Church Park: St. Paul's Arboretum" - (15 min. 30 sec.)

"A Walk Through Dad's Church Park" - (5 min.)

"Animals, Gardens, and Old Men" - (10 min.)

"Park of Roses: 2004" - (4 min.)

"Columbus Zoo: 2003" - (4 min.)

"Road Trip to Chillicothe" - (5 min.)

"A Nice Sunday Drive to Hoover Dam" - (12 min.)

"Dam Abstractions" - (4 min.)

"Dam Abstractions 2" - (4 min.)

"Dam Abstractions 3" - (4 min.)

"Dam Abstractions 4" - (4 min.)

"Madison at COSI" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Mad Drives with the Merkt" - (3 min.)

"Mad Drives with the Merkt: 2 the Sequel" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Mad Drives with the Merkt: Deathworld" - (3 min.)
"Mad Drives with the Merkt: The Epic Finale" - (4 min.)
"Glen Helen Nature Area" - (5 min. 30 sec.)
"Myself to Talking" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"Infinite Imagination" – DVD Art Compilation
"Oktoberfest: 2003" - (2 min.)
"2011 St. Patrick's Day Parade in Dublin, Ohio" - (17 min.)
"The Wedding of Mark & Paige Treptow" - (19 min.)
"Essences of Early 2011" - (17 min.)
"The 2005 Ohio State Fair" - (4 min. 30 sec.)
"King's Island: 2005" - (2 min.)
"Columbus Zoo: 2005 Wildlights" - (2 min.)
"Cincinnati Vacation 2005" - (7 min. 30 sec.)
"Hocking Hills 2005" - (4 min.)
"Pet Times" - (4 min. 30 sec.)
"Park of Roses: Seasons" - (4 min.)
"Ryan Hoeting 2005" - (9 min. 30 sec.)
"Alum Creek Lake Reservoir" - (3 min.)
"Winter Drive 2005" - (3 min.)
"Holiday Light Drive 2005" - (3 min.)
"Speed Talker" - (1 min.)

"Dream Awake" – DVD Art Compilation
"Video Self-Portrait 2004" - (2 min.)
"Video Self-Portrait 2005" - (1 min.)
"Essences of 2003" - (58 min.)
"Essences of 2005" - (27 min.)
"Hocking Hills: Early 2007" - (2 min. 30 sec.)
"Mellow My Mind': Neil Young Sing-Along" - (2 min.)
"Franklin Park Conservatory: 2007" - (5 min.)
"Zanesville, Ohio: 2007" - (6 min.)

"Make-Believe" – DVD Art Compilation
"Essences of 2006" - (46 min.)
"Cuyahoga Valley National Park" - (6 min.)
"Stradivarius" - (5 min.)
"Uncle Al vs. The Backyard Squirrels" - (5 min. 30 sec.)
"Autumn Majesty" - (17 min.)
"A Perfect Autumn Day" - (16 min. 30 sec.)
"Bees F#\$%ing Flowers" - (2 min. 30 sec.)
"Leaves Playing & Dancing" - (3 min.)

"Fevered Imaginations" – DVD Art Compilation
"Essences of 2004" - (54 min.)
"Lightning Bugs" - (1 min. 30 sec.)
"Summer Storm" - (3 min. 30 sec.)
"Weather Fronts" - (3 min.)
"Winter Park of Roses" - (3 min. 30 sec.)
"Cicada Death Dance" - (1 min.)
"The Un-Burning Flag" - (1 min.)
"Conkle's Hollow: Hocking Hills" - (3 min. 30 sec.)
"2011 Ohio State Fair" - (19 min. 30 sec.)
"Roller Derby" - (5 min. 30 sec.)
"King's Island: 2004" - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"Live the Life" – DVD Art Compilation
"2011 Dublin, Ohio 4th of July Fireworks" - (7 min.)
"Red, White & BOOM! 2011" - (10 min. 30 sec.)
"Columbus Zoo: May 2011" - (5 min.)
"Columbus Zoo: June 2011" - (10 min.)
"Electrical Storms" - (14 min.)
"Field of Flags: Memorial Day 2011" - (2 min.)
"Park of Roses: 2011" - (4 min.)
"The Baptism of Zachary Limbert" - (2 min. 30 sec.)
"Alyssa Homan: Late April/ Early May 2011" - (8 min. 30 sec.)
"Alyssa Homan: May-July 2011" - (35 min.)
"Abstract Oil Stain Masterpieces" - (4 min.)

Music Credits

Pollution Art

Production Notes and Recipes

"Ericland Theme Park Memories" – DVD Art Compilation

"West Virginia: June 2011" - (18 min. 30 sec.)

Trip Notes

"Columbus Commute" - (2 min.)

"Spring 2005" - (5 min.)

"Spring 2225" - (5 min.)

"Essences of 2007" - (46 min.)

"Woodland Lights: 2007" - (4 min.)

"Attack of the Ryan" - (7 min.)

"Seasons of Ohio: Spring" - (3 min.)

"Seasons of Ohio: Autumn" - (3 min.)

"Imagine That!" – DVD Art Compilation

"2011 Homan Family Reunion" - (9 min.)

"Video Self-Portrait 2003" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"The Artist's Rant" - (2 min.)

"When Babies Attack!" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Photo Boothing Around" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Cincinnati Zoo 2011" - (20 min. 30 sec.)

"Great Wolf Lodge: Mason, Ohio 2011" - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"Graduate School Reflections: Florida Center for Electronic Communication" - (28 min. 30 sec.)

Background

For Ed Skellings

For Diane Newman

"Labor Day Parade 2011: Canal Winchester, Ohio" - (17 min. 30 sec.)

"Columbus Zoo 2008" - (10 min.)

"Did I Dream That?" – DVD compilation

"Franklin Park Conservatory 2011" - (11 min. 30 sec.)

"Fireworks Wild Lights" - (16 min. 30 sec.)

"Dublin, Ohio's 2010 4th of July Fireworks/ 2010 Columbus Zoo Wild Lights" - (17 min. 30 sec.)

"Park of Roses 4th of July Fireworks 2008" - (17 min. 30 sec.)

"Cloud Waves" - (2 min. 30 sec.) (Short Version: 1 min.) (Shorter Version: 30 sec.)

"Eric & Lisa's Wedding Rehearsal" - (21 min.)

"Witness the Cloud Universes Out of the Airplane Window" - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2008" - (3 min.)

"Easter 2008" - (6 min. 30 sec.)

"Dreams On" – DVD Art Compilation
"Christmas 2007" - (9 min.)
"Cleveland Summer 2008" - (12 min.)
"L.A./ SIGGRAPH/ Animation on Location 2008" - (22 min.)
"Ohio Hurricane 2008" - (7 min.)
"Seasons of Ohio: Spring" - (Long Version: 14 min.)
"Seasons of Ohio: Autumn" - (Long Version: 13 min. 30 sec.)
"Columbus Zoo: September 2011" - (14 min.)
"Polar Bear Dance in Aqua Orbit" - (10 min.)

"Imagination Arts" – DVD Art Compilation
"Columbus, Ohio Park Hop 2011" - (20 min. 30 sec.)
"Essences of 2008" - (27 min. 30 sec.)
"Essences of Early 2009" - (15 min.)
"A Spring Stroll Through Dad's Church Park" - (3 min.)
"Alyssa: August-September 2011" - (36 min. 30 sec.)
"Tornado Warning" - (3 min.)
"The Scare" - (1 min.)

"It's Not You, It's Me" – DVD Art Compilation
"Memory Mist 2008" - (10 min.)
"Memory Mister 2008" - (10 min.)
"Autumn Action Painting" - (7 min.)
"Autumn Action Painting #2" - (4 min.)
"Autumn Action Painting #3" - (2 min.)
"Parades on Dr#gs" - (7 min.)
"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades" - (7 min.)
"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs" - (7 min.)
"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades" - (7 min.)
"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs" - (35 min.)
"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Speed" - (1 min. 30 sec.)
(Short Version: 20 sec.)
"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Speed Depressants" - (3 min.)
"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on High Speed" - (20 sec.)

"Alyssa Homan: Her First Year" – DVD Art Compilation
"It's a Girl: Alyssa Ann Homan" (13 min. edited version)
"Alyssa Homan: Late April/ Early May 2011" - (8 min. 30 sec.)
"Alyssa Homan: May-July 2011" - (35 min.)
"Alyssa's Baptism" - (15 min. 30 min.) (Short Version) - (3 min.)
"Alyssa: August-September 2011" - (36 min. 30 sec.)
"Ohio Renaissance Festival 2011" - (20 min.)

"People Watching" – DVD Art Compilation
"Ohio Renaissance Festival 2011" - (20 min.)
"An Autumn Walk Through Inniswood Metro Park" - (12 min.)
"Autumn 2011" - (17 min.)
"Wizard World Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2011" - (14 min. 30 sec.)
"Wizard World Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2011: Costume Contest" - (15 min. 30 sec.)
"Wizard World Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2011: Kids Costume Contest" - (15 min.)
"Boo at the Zoo 2011" - (8 min.)

"Can I Dream?" – DVD Art Compilation

"Alyssa: October-November 2011" - (32 min.)
"Alyssa: December 2011" - (26 min.)
"Natalie Lane: ISSA 2012 Spokesperson DVD: Exercise: Squat" - (5 min.)
"Natalie Lane: ISSA 2012 Spokesperson DVD: CFT, CSPN" - (4 min.)
How It All Began
Meeting and Planning
The Shoot
"Columbus Zoo Wildlights 2011" - (8 min.)
"Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum" - (5 min.)
"Rericha Family Christmas 2011" - (5 min.)
"Homan Family Christmas 2011" - (7 min.)
"Christmas 'Reindeer'" - (2 min.)
"Hayden Run Falls: Dec. 2011" - (2 min.)

"Waking Dreams" – DVD Art Compilation
"Eric Homan: Comic Book Culture Q & A" - (21 min.)
"Esmonde/ Homan Memorial Unveiling" - (11 min. 30 sec.)
"Western Heavens on Earth Abstracted" - (19 min.)
"Super Natural Deformations Experimental" - (16 min.)
"Super Speed Natural Deformations" - (1 min.)
"Super Slow Natural Deformations" - (5 min.)
"Super Slow Natural Deformations 2" - (5 min.)
"Super Slow Natural Deformations 3" - (5 min.)
"An Abstract Movie With No Need to Exist" - (5 min.)
"Uncle Al's 80th Birthday Party" - (5 min.)
"Uncle Al's 80,000th Flash Party" - (30 sec.)
"Uncle Al's 80,000th Flash Party Blur" - (30 sec.)
"Uncle Al's 80,000th Flash Party Blurred In" - (30 sec.)
"Uncle Al's 80,000th Flash Party Blurred In Motioned" - (30 sec.)
"Uncle Al's 80,000th Flash Party Blurred In Motioned 2" - (30 sec.)

"Live Your Dreams" – DVD Art Compilation
"Autumn Action Painting #4" - (8 min.)
"Zachary Limbert's 1st Birthday Party" - (6 min.)
"Winter 2011-2012" - (10 min. 30 sec.)
"Prologue to a Video I Class" - (3 min.)
"Alyssa: January 2012" - (22 min.)
"Ryan Hoeting's 8th Birthday Party" - (13 min.)
"Jon the Archangel of BoFett" - (7 min.)
"Alyssa: February 2012" - (27 min. 30 sec.)

"Alyssa Homan: Her First Year: Disk 2" – DVD Art Compilation
"An Autumn Walk Through Inniswood Metro Park" - (12 min.)
"Boo at the Zoo 2011" - (8 min.)
"Alyssa: October-November 2011" - (32 min.)
"Alyssa: December 2011" - (26 min.)
"Columbus Zoo Wildlights 2011" - (8 min.)
"Rericha Family Christmas 2011" - (5 min.)
"Homan Family Christmas 2011" - (7 min.)
"Uncle Al's 80th Birthday Party" - (5 min.)

"Alyssa Homan: Her First Year: Disk 3" – DVD Art Compilation
"Alyssa: January 2012" - (22 min.)
"Alyssa: February 2012" - (27 min. 30 sec.)
"Alyssa: March 2012" - (41 min.)

"TORNADO WARNING SPRING 2012" - (4 min.)

"(Can You Feel) Empathy for a Dream?" – DVD Art Compilation

"Alyssa: Her First Year" - (12 min. 30 sec.) (short version: 4 min.)

"Alyssa: Her First Year Blur" - (12 min.)

"Alyssa: March 2012" - (41 min.)

"Dayton Spring 2012" - (5 min.)

"Gem City Comic Con 2012" - (3 min.)

"Inniswood Metro Park: Good Friday" - (10 min.)

"TORNADO WARNING SPRING 2012" - (4 min.)

"WHAT IS THIS ALL FOR?" – DVD Compilation

"Eric/ Pam Video Critique #1" - (44 min.)

2007 Pipeline Project Documentary - (49 min.)

2007 Pipeline Project Documentary Short - (6 min.)

"Dangerous Daydreaming" – DVD Art Compilation

"Apocalyptic Baby Art #1" - (7 min.)

"Apocalyptic Baby Art #2" - (7 min.)

"Apocalyptic Baby Art #3" - (7 min.)

"Apocalyptic Baby Art #4" - (3 min.)

"Fireworks Abstract Expressionist" - (16 min. 30 sec.)

"Fireworks Wildlights 3037 (Abstract Expressionist)" - (16 min. 30 sec.)

"Fireworks Wildlights 3037 (Abstract Expressionist Slow)" - (11 min.)

"Fireworks Wildlights 3037 (Abstract Expressionist Inverso Reverso)" - (16 min.)

"Fireworks Wildlights 3037 (Abstract Expressionist Inverso Reverso Bluro)" - (16 min.)

"It's Nothing Personal" – DVD Art Compilation

"Alyssa: April 2012" - (50 min.)

"Alyssa's 1st Birthday Party" - (41 min.)

"Video Self-Portrait 2012" - (2 min.)

"WOMB MEMORIES" - (2 min.)

"Sunny Spring Stop Motion Afternoon" - (30 sec.)

"Alyssa: April 2012: Her Busy Month" - (10 min.)

"Behind the Art: Eric Homan" – DVD Compilation

"Alyssa: May 2012" - (30 min.)

"Alyssa: June 2012" - (19 min. 30 sec.)

"Spring Miscellaneous 2012" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"ZombieWalk Columbus 2012" - (full ver.: 29 min., short ver.: 11 min. 30 sec.)

Journal

"Columbus Arts Festival 2012" - (6 min.)

"St. Paul's Arboretum: Trees, Icons, and Flowers" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"The Other Grand Canyons" – DVD Compilation

"The Other Grand Canyons" - (long version: 48 min.)

"The Other Grand Canyons" - (short version: 22 min.)

"The Other Grand Canyons" - (trailer version: 3 min. 30 sec.)

"The Other Grand Canyons: More (Extra Scenes)" - (19 min. 30 sec.)

"The Other Grand Canyons: The 2-Minute Blur Memory" - (2 min.)

"Edens" – DVD Compilation

"Tale of a Tree" - (2 min.)

"Self-Portrait June 2012" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Self-Portrait July 2012" - (1 min.)

"Derecho (The Storm)" (6 min.)
"Alyssa: July 2012" - (34 min.)
"Alyssa: August 2012" - (32 min.)
"The 2012 Ohio State Fair" - (20 min. 30 sec.)
"Ohio Caverns" - (3 min. 30 sec.)
"Buckeye Comic Con 2012" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Artcars" – DVD Compilation
"Artcars" - (17 min.) (short version: 3 min) (short version #2: 7 min. 30 sec.)
Mission Statement
Artcar Documentary Beginnings
That Car #2
Frequently Asked Questions...
Thoughts on Artcars
Greg's Comments
ComFest 2012
Correspondences
Shooting the Interview
Success
The Award/ Reward
Artcars Web Release
Eric Homan (Cinematic Arts Faculty and Documentarian) and Greg Philps (Clintonville Artcar Artist)
Visiting Artists
"Artcars" Installation
"Artcars #2" - (13 min.)
"Artcars and ComFest 2012" - (13 min.)
"Doo Dah Parade 2012" - (9 min.)
"Doo Dah Parade 2012 (Backwards)" - (-9 min.)
"Hot Times and Art Cars 2012" - (12 min.)
"Doo Dah Parade 2010" - (13 min.)
"Doo Dah Parade 2011" - (9 min. 30 sec.)
"The Art Cars at Com Fest 2010" - (4 min.)

"It's CRAP!" – DVD Compilation
"Columbus Zoo and Aquarium: August 2012" - (15 min.)
"Columbus Zoo: September 2012" - (18 min.)
"Ohio Renaissance Festival 2012" - (30 min. 30 sec.)
"Alyssa: September 2012" - (27 min.)
"Summer 2012" - (13 min.)
"What a Rainbow Remembers" - (1 min.)

"Alyssa Homan: One-Year-Old: Disk 1" – DVD Art Compilation
"Alyssa: Her First Year" - (12 min. 30 sec.) (short version: 4 min.)
"Alyssa: April 2012" - (50 min.)
"Alyssa's 1st Birthday Party" - (41 min.)

"Alyssa Homan: One-Year-Old: Disk 2" – DVD Art Compilation
"Alyssa: April 2012: Her Busy Month" - (10 min.)
"Alyssa: May 2012" - (30 min.)
"Alyssa: June 2012" - (19 min. 30 sec.)
"Alyssa: July 2012" - (34 min.)

"Alyssa Homan: One-Year-Old: Disk 3" – DVD Art Compilation
"Alyssa: August 2012" - (32 min.)
"Alyssa: September 2012" - (27 min.)
"Alyssa: October 2012" - (17 min. 30 sec.)
"Alyssa: November 2012" - (8 min.)

"Alyssa: The Amazing One-Year-Old!" - (12 min.) (short ver.: 5 min. 30 sec.)

"Alyssa Homan: One-Year-Old: Disk 4" – DVD Art Compilation

"Alyssa: December 2012" - (23 min.)

"Alyssa: January 2013" - (21 min. 30 sec.)

"Alyssa: February 2013" - (8 min.)

"Alyssa: March 2013" - (24 min.)

"Columbus Zoo and Aquarium: August 2012" - (15 min.)

"An Autumn Sunday Stroll" - (5 min.)

"Autumn 2012: Inniswood Metro Park" - (5 min.)

"Columbus Arts Festival 2012" - (6 min.)

"QUESTION EXISTENCE" – DVD Compilation

"Video I Camera Demos Fall 2012" - (8 min.)

"Experimental Summer Weather" - (7 min.)

"Experimental Summer Weather Summer Experimental" - (4 min.)

"Self-Portrait: October 2012" - (1 min.)

"Autumn 2012: Park of Roses" - (12 min. 30 sec.)

"Bike Ride" - (2 min.)

"An Autumn Sunday Stroll" - (5 min.)

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint 22" - (2 min.)

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint 333" - (2 min.)

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint 4444" - (2 min.)

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint 55555" - (2 min.)

"Autumn 2012: Inniswood Metro Park" - (5 min.)

"Wizard World Ohio Comic Con 2012" - (8 min. 30 sec.)

"Wizard World Ohio Comic Con 2012: Adult Costume Contest" - (9 min. 30 sec.)

"Fall 2012" - (8 min.)

"Fall Outtakes 2012" - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"Spring into Autumn" - (10 min. 30 sec.) (short version: 4 min.) (fast version: 2 min.)

"Video Reel 2012: Eric Homan" - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"Exercise" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Watch My Dreams" – DVD Art Compilation

"Columbus Zoo: Boo at the Zoo 2012" - (10 min. 30 sec.)

"Columbus Zoo Wildlights 2012" - (17 min.)

"Help Desk" - (3 min.)

"Winter 2012-2013" - (21 min.)

"Winter 2013 Video/ Photo Safari in Frozen Ohio" - (7 min.)

"Life-Lapses: 2013" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Life-Lapses: 2013 – Light Rayed" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Life-Lapses: 2013 – Motion Blurred" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Video Self-Portrait: January 2013" - (1 min.)

"Spacejunk Media: Motion Graphics Class Visit" - (3 min.)

"Buckeye Comic Con: Spring 2013" - (3 min.)

"Howard Johnson: Columbus East Side" - (3 min.)

"Cleveland Spring Break: 2013" - (14 min. 30 sec.) (short ver.: 5 min.)

"Gem City Comic Con: 2013" - (8 min.)

"Products of the IMAGINATION" – DVD Art Compilation

"Car Wash Drive" - (1 min.)

"Inniswood Metro Gardens: 2013" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Toon Boom/ CCAD Media Event" - (2 min.)

"Spring Life: 2013" - (25 min.)

"Columbus Zoo: May 2013" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Columbus Zoo: June 2013" - (6 min.)
"Columbus Zoo: July 2013" - (5 min.)
"Columbus Zoo + Dinosaur Island: August 2013" - (9 min.)
"Columbus Park of Roses: 2013" - (3 min. 30 sec.)
"Columbus Arts Festival: 2013" - (5 min.)
"ComFest: 2013" - (2 min. 30 sec.)
"Moving Camera Test Shots" - (2 min. 30 sec.)
"A Week in Burbank: 2013" - (16 min.)
"CCAD Alumni Reunion in L.A.: 2013" - (4 min. 30 sec.)
"CCAD Alumni Reunion in L.A.: 2013 (Deleted Scenes)" - (1 min.)
"Homan Family Reunion 2013" - (7 min. 30 sec.)

"Eden With Cloudy Skies (and Other Adventurings)" – DVD Compilation
"Eden With Cloudy Skies" - (full version: 25 min.) (short version: 12 min.) (trailer: 3 min. 30 sec.)
Music
Journal Log
I Went Looking For Eden...
Trip Post-Mortem
"Eden With Cloudy Skies: Extra Destinations" - (9 min.)
"Michigan Adventuring: 2013" - (Longer Version: 32 min.) (Short Version: 13 min.)
Journal
"Heaven Quests" - (6 min. 30 sec.)

"Memory Boats" – DVD Art Compilation
"Memory Boats: Community Reflections" - (8 min.)
Description of Project
Production Notes
Tags
Voiceover Narration
First Steps of Planning
Shooting Times at Sunny 95 Park/ Sound Recording/ Video Editing For "Memory Boats"
"Memory Boats (Trailer Version)" - (Version 1: 2 min. 30 sec.) (Version 2: 2 min. 30 sec.)
"Memory Boats (Motion Promo)" - (30 sec.)
"Memory Boats: Visions" - (12 min.)
"Memory Boats: Memories" - (11 min. 30 sec.)
"Memory Boats: Meditations" - (6 min.)
"Memory Boats: Marked by Time" - (3 min.)
"Memory Boats: Photo Journeys" - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"Hope & Strength" – DVD Art Compilation
"Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages" - (7 min. 30 sec.)
"Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages" (Version 2) - (7 min. 30 sec.)
"Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages (Subtitled Version for the Hearing Impaired)" - (7 min. 30 sec.)
"Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages (Subtitled Version for the Hearing Impaired) (Version 2)" - (7 min. 30 sec.)
Description
Credits
Five Miscarriages Into a Beautiful Baby Boy
Subtitles
"Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages: Nikki's Story" - (21 min.)
Text
The Purpose
Overview
Nikki's Intro Blog Reading

Tags

"Whatever It Takes: Nikki Jason's Blog" - (6 min.)

Nikki's Blog

Blog Excerpts

"Gobbledigook" – DVD Art Compilation

"Columbus Toy and Collectible Show: Spring 2013" - (7 min. 30 sec.)

Narration

"Doo Dah Parade: 2013" - (8 min. 30 sec.)

"Dublin, Ohio 4th of July Fireworks: 2013" - (6 min.)

Journal

"The 2013 Ohio State Fair" - (21 min.)

"Eric Homan: Video Work Excerpts" - (5 min.)

"Eric Homan: Educator/ Documentarian/ Video Artist" - (7 min.)

"Summertime: 2013" - (20 min.)

"Dublin Irish Fest 2013" - (9 min. 30 sec.)

"Dublin Irish Fest 2013: The Academy Irish Dance" - (13 min. 30 sec.)

"Video Self-Portrait: July 2013" - (1 min.)

"Video Self-Portrait: August 2013" - (1 min.)

"FAT-FREE ART" – DVD Video Journal Compilation

"Video I: Fall 2013 Class Camera Demos" - (10 min.)

"Big Fun: Columbus, Ohio" - (2 min.)

"Hot Times Community Art & Music Festival: 2013" - (6 min.)

"Columbus Toy and Collectible Show: Late Summer 2013" - (6 min. 30 sec.)

"Zombiewalk Columbus: 2013" - (16 min.)

"Wizard World Comic Con: Ohio 2013" - (16 min.)

"Wizard World Comic Con: Ohio 2013: Adult Costume Contest" - (14 min.)

"MIX 2013: CCAD's Celebration of Comics Symposium" - (4 min.)

"MIX 2013: Highlights From the Panels" - (14 min.)

"Spacejunk Media Class Visit: Fall 2013" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Cinematic Arts Studio Open House" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Panavision Genesis Assembly" - (3 min.)

"Columbus Zoo: Boo at the Zoo - 2013" - (5 min.)

"Ohio Renaissance Festival: 2013" - (13 min. 30 sec.)

"5 x 5 (Fall '13)" - (30 sec.)

"Panavision/ J.L. Fisher Training 2013" – Compilation

"Panavision Training: Days One and Two" - (1 hr. 45 min.)

"J.L. Fisher Training: Day One" - (54 min.)

"J.L. Fisher Training: Day Two" - (1 hr. 43 min.)

"J.L. Fisher Training: Day Three" - (1 hr. 30 min.)

"MIX 2013" – Compilation

"MIX 2013" - (10 hr.)

"MIX 2013: Issues in Contemporary Comics Panel" - (1 hr. 28 min.)

"The Secret Parks of Dublin, Ohio"

"The Saudi Tree Frog Mating Calls"

"Spring vs. Autumn!" (aka "Easter vs. Halloween!")"

"Night of the Nerds"

"The Coupon Queen"

"The Infinite Rose"

"Aurora Borealis"

"Ode to Autumn Leaves"

"Autumn/ Winter: A Tale of Two Seasons"

“Paper Leaf Autumn”

B. 3D Computer Art Animations

(created with Maya, Shake, After Effects, Final Cut, and Premiere)

“Memoria” - (30 sec.)

Synopsis

Explanation

The Poem

Sensitivity to Audio

The Mind’s “Animation”

“Definitions” - (1 min.)

“Compiled” Definition

Explanation

Synopsis

The Poem

The “Anti-Poem”

Empathizing with Chaos

Synopses of Computer Animation Pieces “Memoria” and “Definitions”

The Metaphor of Finding Fantasy between a Single Page

"David Letterman"

“Life Forms” - (3 min. 30 sec.)

Special Edition Version

Promotional Tag Lines

The Passion Play of “Life Forms”

“Life Forms” Synopsis

The Purpose for Its Creation

My Personal Struggle to Form “Life Forms”

Pre-Production on "Life Forms"

More Crises in the Formation of "Life Forms"

To Be More Than "Colored Clouds"

Eddie Breman Poetry Assistance

A Crisis Point

Pushing Computer 3D Art to the Breaking Point

The First Unveiling of the Fully-Formed "Life Forms"

The “Life Forms” Premiere Reaction

An Afterthought on “Life Forms”

A Time-Based Painting

A Scientific Documentation Visualization

An Animation of Emotions

Inspiration and Research

Inspiration and Perspectives

Maya Paint Effects - Digitally Painting in 3D

Feelings on “Life Forms”

Universal Audience Emotion

Ultimate Audience Reactions

From Outer Space to Imagination

Analyzing the "Life Forms" Poem

Early Recordings of “Life Forms”

Alternate Versions of Poem

Alternate Version of Poem

Software Used

Various Audio Mixes

Historical Footnote

Extra Ego “Credits”

"Your Reds Will Bleed"
"This Is a Painting"

"Giverny (1)" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Giverny (2)" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Giverny (3)" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Giverny (4)" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

Understanding Electronic Poetry: Animating "Giverny": An Examination of Expressing Multi-Media Poetry

Intro

Inspiration

Software Used

The Poem

Edmund Skellings

The Premiere of "Giverny"

Ed's Apathetic Impression of "Giverny"

Tags

"Rainbow Twister Sex" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

A "3D Animated Painting"

Genesis

Software Used

"PATIENCE" - (3 min.)

"Abstractscapes" - (3 min.)

Synopsis

Installation Video Art Piece

"Fragmentation" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Photo-Surreal" Style

"Fragmentation" Narration

Original Journal Entry

Being Different

Happy Accidents

Finishing "Fragmentation"

Software Used

"Paintasia Digital" - (1 min.)

Introduction

Statement

Poem

Communicating the Narration

"Image Having a Seizure" - (30 sec.)

"Bubbles in the City" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

Narration

Synopsis

What It's Really About

"Universe of Dialogue" - (2 min.)

The Text

The Synopsis

The Autobiographical Inspiration behind the Madness

Intentionally Annoying

Soundtrack Description

“Seeing to Fly” - (3 min.)

The Beginning
The Poem Narration
Earlier Version of Narration
The Adventure Tale
The Adventure Tale (Edited Down Version)
The Symbolisms
The Soundtrack
The Comic Book Influence
Letting the Art *Happen*
The Meaning
The Artist Angle
The Inspiration
The Struggle
The Reactions
Critical Reactions and Indifference
"Seeing to Fly" Big Screen Premiere
The Software
The Budget
The Audience
The Thanks

C. Interactive Sequential Art/ Digital Art Experience Pieces

(created with Director)

Interactive Piece Intro
The Intent of My Interactive Artwork

“Memoria”

Contents
Intro
INTERACTIVE MEMORIES
Memory Remembers
Memory “Pictoria”: An Environment of Memory
Photograph Dissection
Memory Communication
Memory Facades
Memory Deterioration
Memory End
The Advent of Memories
Existential Interactivity
What is “Memoria”?
The Reason for Creating “Memoria”
Memory Self-Discovery
The Intention
Questioning Our Memories
“Existential Art”
The Elements of Interactivity
Questioning One’s Mind, Memories, and Photographs
The Definitions of Memory
Memories Are In Multiple Choice
A Different Experience Every Time
Memory Breakdown
Multimedia Memories
Different Meanings
“Miscast In Documentary”
The Memories Remain Documented

The Title - "Memoria"
Epilogue
"Memoria" Still Holds Up

"The Zoos"

Intro
"Zoo" Definitions
A Personal Surrealism Zoo
The Zoo Facade and Exhibits
Grandma
"Hand Reaching Out"
Change
The Nudes in Cages
Psychological Interactions
Come Up with Your Own Conclusions
An Epilogue
Imagination Epilogue: "The Zoos" Got Cancer

"The Tragic, Yet Beautiful Flicker of a Candle"

Two Versions of Viewing Book
The Tale Begins
Storybook Text
Things to Look For - The Book Within a Book
"The Tell-Tale Heart"

"In the Shadow of the Sun"

The Memory Tree
Chapters
Synopsis
Interactive Exploration
Text in "Notebook Text"
Text in "Nature Made of Love Letters"

"Colored Portraits"

"Image Says..."

"The Falls"

An Analysis of "The Falls"

"Fear of Words and Images"

"Images for Fear Words and"

"and Images Fear for Words"

Choices to Fear
Intro Description
Visualized Panic Attack Symphonies
Dialogue, Noise, Voices, Cacophony, Text, Prayers...
Sound and Song Collage Cacophony

"Images for Fear Words and"

Intro Description

"Survival Series"

The Reason
The History
The Mission
Interactivity in "Survival Series"
Enter the Game
The Game Trek – Phases 1-41

“Survival Series” Epilogue
Rate the Level You Want To Live At?
The New Nazis
Unique Interactivity
Creating the Sound Design
Sound Effects as a Soundscape
The Struggle to Finish and Survive “Survival Series”
Why Am I Doing All of This?
Massive Work Loss
The Extra Features
The Color Still Gallery
“Survival Series” Genesis
A Look Back

“Vincent van Gogh Working at McDonald’s”

Intro
Vincent’s Writings
The Purpose
Part Autobiography
Early Version of the Saga of Vincent
Reflections on the Work from An Older Point of View

“Interactive Shorts” - An Anthology of Short Interactive Experience Pieces

“Interactive Intro”
“10% Off”
“A Wakening”
“Aging”
“Artist Biography”
“Attention”
“Barbie Fashion Show”
“Bees Inside Speakers”
“Bees Mating”
“Blossoming”
“Buried Below”
“Burn Image”
“Choose Love”
“Close Eyes Interaction”
“Cloud Thunder”
“Country Holocaust”
“Ear Pierce”
“Explosive Image”
“Eye Sizzlin”
“Feed Fish”
“Finger Field”
“Flip Facade”
“Group Smile”
“Hand In Box”
“Heartbeats”
“Help Me”
“Image Says...”
“Light”
“Map of Europe”
“Nude with Watch”
“Nuro”
“Obese Lightning”
“Photo with Chicken Pox”
“Psyche Out”
“Rainbow Print”
“Raping”

“Shampoo”
“Sink Smile”
“Scissors”
“Smell the Flowers”
“Smokey Bear”
“Stuck In Rain?”
“Surgery on the Ceiling”
“Swamp Evolution”
“Swings”
“Take the Pill”
“Tot Dance”
“Tower Clock Surprise”
“Tree Dung!”
“Under the Painting”
“Viva Gotham”
“Where?”
“Wookiee War”
“Work Day”

Interactive Sampler CD

Interactive Sampler CD #2

Interactive Sampler CD #3

Interactive Digital Art Sampler CD

“Touch” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

“Begin”
“Touch Intro”
“ 1/2”**
“Affection”
“Afro-Balloon”
“Aperture Fog”
“Are We Real?”
“Art Sale”
“Banana Sidewalk Split”
“Barbie Holocaust”
“Bed Sheet Wrapping Paper”
“Black Cloud”
“Blue Nipple”
“Boy Scouts Going to War”
“Butt Chair”
“Butterfly Display”
“Car Crash Attraction”
“Caricature”
“Cartooned”
“Cloud Drawbridge”
“Cloud Factory”
“Color Bars”
“Colored and Concerned”
“Colored Landscape”
“Creativity Good”
“Curvaceous Finger”
“Dead End”
“Desert Highway”
“Dolphin For Sale”
“Dragon Reflected in Ocean”
“Eric Views”
“Eucharist”
“Expires”
“Eye Candy”
“Eye Ring”
“Eye Test”

“Eye Vagina”
“Fall During Spring”
“Fall Leafs”
“Fantasight”
“Feet for Hands”
“Finger Frequencies”
“Finger Trunks”
“Finger Watch”
“Flag at 1/4 Staff”
“Folk-Singing Telemarketer”
“Forest Lightning”
“Fork Eyes”
“Fossilized Underwear”
“Girlfriend Sale”
“Hair Dryer”
“Halloween Costumes”
“Harry Krinkle”
“Ice Cream Cone Flame”
“Image Under Construction”
“Image Wearing Shades”
“Interactive TV”
“Karen Paints”
“Kingdom Come”
“Leafs?”
“McDonald’s Religions”
“Meet Fred”
“Memory Ants”
“Merry-Go-Round”
“Mom’s Prayer”
“Mount Rushmore”
“Movie Graveyard”
“Museum of Fart”
“No Security”
“Nutritious”
“Paint Scribbles”
“Peanut Butter Caves”
“Penguin Christ”
“Photo Spot”
“Picture #8”
“Pixel”
“Plant Growing in Space”
“Red”
“Reflective Mood”
“Ripe Brains”
“Road of Crosses”
“Road Tire Road-kill”
“Screaming City Lights”
“Scribble Prose”
“Sexy Kangaroo”
“Shadows in the Green Dream”
“Sky Brushing Teeth”
“Small Town”
“Spaghetti Money”
“Strips of Acne”
“Surrealism Crossing”
“Sweat”
“Swinging Girl”
“Tarantula!”
“The Moon Cries”

“The Thin Eric”
“Too Much Flash”
“Tree Club”
“Type Clouds”
“Very Soft Porn”
“Vincent Model”
“Vincent Reading Vincent”
“Washington on Tour”
“Water’s Edge”
“Wave”
“Webbed”
“Whistler of the Air Conditioner”
Genesis - Whistle-Blower of the Whirlpool Air Conditioner
“Pinkies” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Ticket for Show”
“Curiosity Inside”
“Tax Dollars”
“Thank Yous”
“Almost Bald Tree”
“America Super Savings”
“Art, Period”
“Ask Her Out”
“Bathroom Confusion”
“Belly Art”
“Billboard Advertisement”
“Bird Flight Flyer”
“Birthday Suited”
“Bite Me”
“Blue Desert Island”
“Boycott the Boycott”
“Brain Trees”
“Butterfly on a Stick”
“City of Car Garages”
“Closed for Meaning”
“Cocoon Bed”
“Comic Book Groupie”
“Contentless”
“Copulating Grasshoppers”
“Dada Postage”
“Dadad”
“Dandelion Hotels”
“Date Doors”
“Dinosaurs in the Sandbox”
“Directions”
“Disintegrating Photos”
“Do Not Enter”
“Don’t Bother Me...”
“Drivings”
“Drowned Memory”
“EARS”
“Elephant in Chocolate”
“Emerald Sea”
“Eric and the Facade”
“Eric Hats”
“Eric’s Parking Only”
“Evil Baby”
“Eye in an Eye”
“Family Portraits by Eric”
“For Rent”
“Fran”
“Free Baptisms”

“Gator Art”
“Gilded Frame”
“Girl with Hairy Eyebrows”
“Girlfriend Sucking Neck”
“God’s Arm”
“Golden Mushrooms”
“H-Bomb Sunset”
“Hand Art”
“Headphones Smile”
“Hiring Smiling Faces”
“Homelife Zoo”
“Human Billboard”
“Human Zoo”
“Hurтин”
“Image with Chicken Pox #2”
“In the Garden of My Past”
“Interchangeable Parents”
“Justin as Believer”
“Kid with Copyright”
“Kodak Moment”
“Mergirl on Swings”
“Mermaid Stocking”
“Museum of Ideas”
“New Emotion”
“Nose Child”
“Parking for Casual Male Only”
“Pine Needle Art”
“Please Waste”
“Profiles of I”
“Push”
“Rainbow Fields of Ohio”
“Raspberry Gas”
“Red Smile Face”
“Red-Haired Afternoon Kid”
“Red-plosion Rose”
“Sandmans”
“Santa’s Not Real”
“Scream Children”
“Sea Horse”
“Sky Sets”
“The Smiling Boy”
“Star Rays”
“Stormy Beach”
“Stuffed Animals Lost”
“Sugar Mts.”
“Surreal Proclamation”
“Three Crosses in West Virginia”
“Touch Me”
“Trail Exploration”
“Tree Disguises”
“Tree Hug!”
“Triplets”
“Turtle Tree Stump”
“Two Front Pill Teeth”
“Underwear Invasion”
“Urinade”
“Used CD Places”
“Video Store Selection”
“Waiting in Line - The Ride”
“Watching a War”
“Water Air Dolphin Show”
“Old School Art”

“Interactives” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

“3 Exams”

Students on Strike

Super Red

Essay: “I Don’t Understand Why We Grade”

“Calendar Age”

“A Portrait of a Day”

“Calendar Age”

“Clapping”

“CD Cover Designs”

“More CD Covers”

“Dreaming in Silhouette”

“Introspections”

“A Coloring Book”

“Holding a Question”

“Colored Portraits”

“ObservationSurreal”

“Cloud Idea Club”

“ObservationSurreal”

“Parking Metered Life”

Narration

“The Sandman”

“Love Mates: A Shoe Story”

The Narrative

The History

“Computer Art Animations: Special Features Edition”

Introduction/ Statement of Purpose

Revealing One’s Storyboards and Designs

“Artist’s Statement”

“Historical Events of WWII”

“The Thinker”

“Red Canvas Series”

“Stare Ways”

“Memory Mixes” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

“Memory Mixes”

“Memory Mixes 2 - Double Exposures”

“Distortions”

“Green Discoveri”

“Feel” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

“Intro”

“Feel”

“Accident Site”

“Apartment Wonderland”

“Atomic Transformation”

“Basketball Hoop Forest”

“Batgirl Auction”

“Beautiful Vomit”

“Boy To Man”

“Buffet Cruise”

“Building Face”

“Bullet Hole Belly”

“Color Bars Abstracted”

“Computer Malfunction Art”

“Couples”

“Double Realities”

“Dragon Fly Nail”

“Easter Canned Corn”

"Entertainment Ladies"
 "Extra Long American Flag"
 "Fake Fairies"
 "Family Photos"
 "Fancy Typing"
 "Garden Graves"
 "Generic Poses"
 "Graduate!"
 "Hand Performers"
 "High Urinal"
 "Icon Art"
 "In Use"
 "Invisible Image"
 "Joe Joes"
 "Justin and Nikki Show"
 "Justin's Asylum Apartment"
 "Leaf Heart"
 "Long Red Rubber"
 "Masking in Love"
 "Mermaids in an Aquarium"
 "No Commercial Value"
 "No New Ideas"
 "Octopuss"
 "Odditorium"
 "Photo with Bullet Hole"
 "Place Humor Here"
 "Sad Art Sale"
 "She's Sleeping at a Funeral"
 "Ship at Sail in Painting"
 "Siblings"
 "Silence"
 "Skin Tinting"
 "Strawland"
 "Sun Setting in Ocean"
 "Walks"
 "Private Imagination" - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
 "Bathroom Performances"
 "Cards I've Made"
 A Creative Gift on a Birthday
 Cards Examples
 "Comic Book Con"
 "Comic Book Store"
 "Creative Writer"
 "Custodian Life"
 "Earth Pulp"
 "Faces Under Scan"
 "Geographic Puzzles"
 "Nude Thinker"
 "Painting Canvas"
 "Party Poses"
 "Picture Perfect"
 "Primitive Dinosaurs"
 "Rainbow Twister Sex"
 "Red Canvas Series"
 "Reflection of Coldwater"
 "Scribbled Ideas"
 "Skyglades"
 "Star Wars Figures"
 "Stare Ways"

“Wave Designs”.

“Abstractscapes” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

“Abstract Animals”

“Abstract Clouds”

“Abstract Explanations”

“Abstract Fabric”

“Abstract Feathers”

“Abstract Flags”

“Abstract Planets”

“Abstracted Squares”

“Abstractus”

“Bloom in Maze”

“Earth Lights”

“Escherland”

“Holey Holes”

“Lightning Trees”

“Orange Fields”

“Paper Mache Continents”

“Pixel Abstracted Portraits”

“Scribbled Land”

“Shapedancer on Yellow Prayer”

“Subcartsa”

“Textured Facades”

“Type Symphony”

“Work Attack”

“Realities”

“CCAD Memoirs”

“CCADSurreal”

“Columbus Photos”

“Columbus Photos Mated”

“Role Models”

“Relationship Exorcisms”

Open Journals

Exorcise Each

Captions

Journals

“Men”

“Sanctuaries” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

“Abstract Sidewalk Faces”

“Area Closed”

“Art Theater Mass”

“Artistic Bankruptcy”

“Ass”

“Atomic Art”

“Aunt Icon”

“Bat Fruit”

“Become a Normal”

“Black Photo”

“Blush”

“Canceled”

“Car with Freckles”

“Cemetery Benches”

“City of Cranes”

“Cloud Mountains”

“Clouds Behind Barbed Wire”

“Collector’s Funeral Card”

“Color in Families”

“Commit Suicide Please”

“Controller Interactions”
“Daily No News”
“Dead Soldier”
“Digital Self-Portrait”
“Discovery”
“Dream Mutilation”
“Dressed Up Tree”
“For Sale”
“Full-time Lover Needed”
“Giant Wedding Ring”
“Gift-Wrapped Home”
“Giraffe Stems”
“Girl Attractor Light”
“God of Custodians”
“Green Jell-O Ocean”
“Halloween Costume”
“Hardcore McDonald’s”
“Heaven Erupts”
“Hold Your Breath”
“Homan Real Estate”
“Insurance Fags”
“Interactive TV”
“Jet Stream Cursive”
“Journal Hauntings”
“June 2001 Journal”
“Leftover Abstracts”
“Long-armed Cross”
“Newspaper Printed with Red Ink”
“Out of Order”
“Palm Angel”
“Panic Attack Entertainment”
“Parody of Nothingness”
“Patience”
“Personal Business Card”
“Pissing Landscape”
“Poems”
“Reading Promotion”
“Road Closed”
“Sale Price Estate”
“Scribbles People-like”
“Shaving Self-Portrait”
“Sound of Extinction”
“Spielberg-Related Movies”
“Stars in Cars”
“Sunset Gazers”
“Super-Red/ Eric Homan Bio”
“Surrealistic Road Turn”
“Symbolic Chaos Language”
“Thin”
“Tree Zoo”
“Twig Abstracts”
“Vincent Memorial”
“Washington D.C. 1990”
“Watch for Art”
“Photographic Journeys” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Artist’s Point of View”
“Beach Bum Bike-ride Bonanza”
“Bike Route”
“Crazy by Candlelight”

“My Subconscious Explodes”
“Red Candlelight Portraits”
“Silly! Artist! Crazy!”
“The Underground Scene”
“Walk Around”
“Water Landers”
“Inbreed Photographs” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Color Fountain Dance”
“Dancing Id”
“Dusk Drive Dream”
“Kissing the Emotional Candle”
“Light Tears”
“Portrait Parade”
“Tree Metamorphosis”
Technique
“Trip Into Green”
“Water Lights”
“Curiosity Inside” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Curiosity Inside”
“Intro”
“Private”
“36 Cents”
“Abstract Hangman”
“Ambient Silence CD”
“Art Donation”
“Art Math”
“Ass Professor”
“Awards”
“Blonde Rentals”
“Butterfly Petals”
“Cable Umbilical Cord”
“Cardinal Coming Down”
“Christmas Lightning”
“Cloud Museum”
“Confetti Art”
“Danger!!”
“Digital Come-On”
“Dildo Tree”
“Draw On Me”
“Earth Abstractions”
“End Of Road”
“Excellent”
“Exit”
“Exit Only”
“Explicit Blankness”
“Family”
“Family Folio”
“Fear For Your Sanity”
“Fine Art Visit”
“For Rent”
“Fragile”
“Garbage Nature”
“Ghost Print”
“Give The Gift”
“God Bless America”
“Hand Print ID”
“Human Pictures Presents”
“Journalisms”
“Jungle Journey”

“Junk”
“Lord Is Here”
“Mangrove Mangles”
“Masters Degree In Fine Farts”
“Milk Tower”
“Movies I've Watched”
“Museum Setup”
“My Funeral Card”
“Naples Sunset”
“Once Upon A Writing”
“Out Of Business”
“Out Of Focus”
“Patriot Flag”
“Peppermint Stick Trees”
“Pink Dusk Elephant Clouds”
“Pornography In Clouds”
“Racing For Acceptance”
“Rat Terminator”
“Restaurant Of Emotions”
“Safe Place”
“Safety Tips And Rules”
“Save Insanity”
“Scarred Selves”
“Sell America”
“Soft Focus Couple”
“Soon”
“Stolen Image”
“Stop”
“Suicide War”
“Surface Surreal”
“Surreal Ohioans”
“Surreal Paper Tray Holders”
“Swap Shopping”
“Terrorist From Ohio”
Genesis
“Test The Sigh”
“Thank You For Your Cooperation”
“The End”
“This Piece's Commercial Value”
“This Space For Rent”
“Tickle, Tickle”
“Two Towers Tall”
“Vegas Light Abstractions”
“Veterans' Day Observed”
“Wife Sale”
“Writer Deep”
“Yellow”
“Bigtime Interactives” - a collection of large Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
Comic Book Babes
“Batgirl Bat-Trap Event”
“Comic Book Brothel”
“Goddesses in Tights”
History
Music
“Cobain Memorial”
“U2 Concert Ticket”
Paintings
“Painted Subconscious Images”

“Raw Portraits”
“Raw and Aged Portraits”
Survival Series Sequels
“Survival Series: Volume II”
“Survival Series: Volume II: Part II”
“Survival Series: Volume II: Part III”
“Survival Series: Volume II - Raw”
“Survival Series: Volume II: Part II - Raw”
“Survival Series: Volume II: Part III - Raw”
“Trip Out West”
“CEC Memoirs”
 CEC Cartoon Parodies
“CEC New Year”
“CEC Prof Years”
“Sir Real Photos”
“Life Picture Show”
“Photograph Bastards”
 An *Idea* Photographer
“Fragmentation Demos” – an anthology of photo Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Fragmentation”
“Fragmentation Stills”
“Fragmentation Tainted Selves”
“Fragmented Mattes”
“Shedding of the Skin”
“Surrealife” – an anthology of photo Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Abstract Abstracts”
“Moon Eye Planets”
“Paintasia Digital”
“Posters Of Popular”
“School Inmates”
“A Surrealist Keyboard”
“Synopsis Of Art Projects”
“Union Of Stevetanya”
“Vacation Surreal”
“Freak Fotographs” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Exotic Locals”
“Fast Sighs”
“Nature Deformities”
“Parallel Universe Parking Only”
“photos X 2 Exposed”
“Universal Fun”
“Up Down Around in South Florida”
“Universal Inspirations”
“Crazed Photos” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Air and Sea Show and Tell”
“American Images”
“Cuddle Nature”
“Open”
“Sky Blues”
“Sushi Maniac”
“Double XX Poses” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Domestics”
“Field Trip for Adults!”
“Garage Saler”
“Lunch Park”
“The Long WAY Home”

“Full Posed Goes” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“100 Shades of Smile”
“Art Airways”
“Disney County”
“Out of Order” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Columbus Guises”
“Heaven Continues”
“Nature Hike”
“Party Poppers”
“Waterparking”
“Altered Ventures” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Mattventure”
“SIGGRAPHED”
“Double Plays” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Homans at Play”
“Hometown Recovery”
“Wrong Way Haze”
“Fair Ways” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Fair State Ohio”
“Leaves”
“Sensitives” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Personal Intro”
“Welcome to My Artwork!”
“101 M.P.H.”
“Arm-waves”
“Atheists?”
“Bite Off Your Tongue”
“Black Canvas”
“Blue Stop Sign”
“Circular Rainbow”
“Colored Feather”
“DO NOT ENTER”
“Eric Homan's Gift Shop”
“Escape Confession”
“For Sale by Owner”
“Fortune Cookie Say”
“Free God”
“Funding”
“Geek Food”
“Glamour Girls”
“Have You Seen My Lost...?”
“Heterosexuality-Pride Flag”
“I Won't Bore You!”
“I've Got the Job”
“Kindergarten”
“Lost Soul?”
“Masturbation P.S.A.”
“Pretty Heads for Sale”
“Scarlet Cash”
“Self-Portrait”
“Thank You”
“THIS IS NOT FOR YOU”
“All You Can Eat and Believe” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
“Even More CD Covers”
“Grand Leftover Memories”
“Miscellaneous”
“More Cards I've Made”
“Out of Order”
“Super Buffet”
“Universal Inspirations”

“XXXX-Exposed”

“My Mother’s Life’ Interactive Scrapbook”

“Homan Family Interactive Scrapbook”

“Double X – Director Studies” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

“An Amusement Play”

“Baby Star Snow”

“Can It Get Any Better”

“Catering Americana”

“Covenant”

“Ducks & Leaves”

“Enter the Zooz”

“Falling”

“Falling 2”

“Graduation Poppies”

“Great Pumpkins”

“Guises”

“Holy Spaces”

“Homans”

“Impractical Items”

“Mom Interactive Scrapbook”

“New Amazings”

“NO OUTLET”

“OHIO STATE FAIR”

“OHIO STATE FAIR 2”

“OHIO STATE FAIR 3”

“Oil Spill Comets”

“Old County”

“Old County 2”

“Old County 3”

“Oranges”

“Snowflake Moments”

“Sound Farming”

“Super Freak”

“Texan Prayers”

“Texas Treason To Time”

“Trip Away Texas”

“Wet Paint”

“Wet Paint2”

“WET WET PAINT”

“X-ING”

“Your Own Risk”

“Double X (Part II) – Director Studies” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

“Zoo Attack!”

“Winter Wonderland”

“Underground Images”

“To Be or Not To Be”

“To Be or Not To Be Too”

“Stratosphere Mates”

“Snow Daze of Days”

“Into the Wild”

“Rainbow Industries Inc”

“It’s a van Gogh-ous Life!”

“Peanut Moons”

“Nature Play”

“Job Fair”

“Oh, Baby!”

“Odds and Ins”

“Hocking Hills of Heaven”

“Dad’s Icons”

“Cloudscape City”

“Bang a Drum, Bong a Bongo”

"Home Is Where The Fantasy Is"

"Art Is Not Optional" - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

"63 Degrees of Fall Seasoning"

"Art Is Not Optional"

"Art Signs"

"BEAUTY STOP"

"Birthmarks"

"By Candlelight"

"Carrot Porn"

"Confidence Personified"

"Cow Tales"

"Dim Sum Delight"

"Duck & Chickens"

"Evolved"

"High-lights of a Season"

"Images on the Wall"

"Nature Headquarters"

"Private Property"

"Pumpkin Patches"

"Satellite Control"

"SHOP"

"SIGGRAPHED"

"Snow Salt and Pepper"

"Spring Convention"

"Sunset International"

"The Advantages of Looking"

"The Chocolate Museum"

"Viewing Area"

"Wintered"

"You Will Get It!"

"Zooillogical"

"Airborn"

"Aspire To Inspire"

"Cheese"

"Cicada Apocalypse"

"Collectibles"

"Debut Showing"

"Dog Days"

"Double Doubles Part 1"

"Double Doubles Part 2"

"Double Doubles Part 3"

"e-Art"

"Face Hues"

"Fancy Plants"

"Free Admission"

"Free Air"

"Free Kids"

"Gallery Open"

"Garden Accents"

"Grins"

"Have An Awesome Day!"

"Home Park"

"It's a Boy"

"NO SNOGGING"

"Now Showing!"

"Outreach"

"Pain Relief"

"Party Goods"

"Pets Must Be On Leash"

"Rebirth Skateboarding"

"Redrum"

"Rockhouse"

"Rose Garden"
"Super Thrift"
"Voting Today"
"WATCH CHILDREN"
"What To Do"
"Wide Angel Weirdness Wonders"
"Doubles Doubles: Part 1, 2, and 3"
"Wood Is Good"
"50 Cents Each"
"Art in Action"
"Artists at Work"
"Autumn Hybrids"
"Bad Lands"
"Be Wise Sanitize"
"Bloodgood Japanese Maple"
"Bug Splatter"
"Cat Porno"
"Cloud Worlds"
"Coffee Customized"
"Come See"
"Continental Divides"
"Corn Palace"
"Depression Geyser"
"Do Not Climb On"
"Do Not Open"
"DO NOT REMOVE"
"Don't Be Afraid of Spring"
"Dueling Rainbows"
"Eden"
"Edge of Abstraction"
"Endless Horse Skies"
"Explore the World Wild"
"Eye Mart"
"Fallen City"
"Finish"
"Five Cent Buffet"
"Flower Yard Sale"
"Gallery of Artful Treasures"
"Grand Teton"
"Great Snot"
"GREATEST FREE SHOW ON EARTH"
"HELL IS REAL"
"Homan Dr"
"House Is Open"
"Just Ducky"
"Lemonade Flavors"
"Life on the Edge"
"Mile High Comics"
"Monkey Farts"
"Moon Walk Completed"
"Moose Crossing"
"Old Faithful"
"Plateau of Fire"
"Point of Interest"
"Red Rocks"
"Respect This Place"
"Restoration Area"
"Santa Stop Here"
"Santa's the Coolest"
"Share"
"Shrine of the Sun"
"Snow Petals"

"Solitude Sitting"
"Start"
"Sugar Maple"
"TALI HO"
"Taste at Your Own Risk"
"Testes Park"
"Thanks for Staying"
"The Mighty Bin"
"The Ultimate Buffet"
"Tulips of Terror"
"Welcome To Cuyahoga Valley"
"Welcome to the Pumpkin Patch"
"Worm"
"Worry Stones"
"Yard Sale"
"You Are Here"

D. Performance/ Conceptual Art Pieces

"Life"
"Free-Form Dancing"
"Committing "Suicide" in a Video Game - My Masada Maneuver"
"The World Championship Sushi Title Fight"
"Alter Ego Artist Eulogy Exhibition"
"An Invisible Art Gallery Show"
"My Holidays Music Mix: My Wedding, Divorce, Funeral, and Driving Soundtrack Selections"
The Impetus
"My Dream Wedding Soundtrack"
Joke Music for a Friend's Wedding Day
"Divorce Classics: Soundtrack to a Divorce/ Breakup"
"My Funeral Soundtrack"
"Driving Work Power/ Inspiration/ Sex Favorites Music"
"My Emotion Mix: Side A and B (My Existential Wedding Mix)"
"Empathy Music Collections" - (1995-1998)
Empathy Music Collections #1
Empathy Music Collections #2
Empathy Music Collections #3
Empathy Music Collections #4
Empathy Music Collections #5
Empathy Nostalgia Music Collections #6
Empathy Song Mix
Favorite Mix Tape (1992)
Mix Tapes from 1999-2000
Mega Mix Tape from late 2000
Classic Rock 105.7/ FM Mix Instructions
"The Art of Friendship"
"Halloween"
"'Bad' Bowling Performance Art"
"Professional Surreal Sports"
"Surrealist Reverse Basketball"
"Surrealism Sports: Basketball Played with 20 Basketballs"
"Coming Out of the Closet – Surrealist Style"
"A Secret 'Soft' Soundtrack"
"Child's Crayon Drawing"
"A Creative, Home-Made Halloween Costume"
"Ku Klux Klan Member: A Truly Scary Halloween Costume"

"Photo Id"
"A Black Bible"
"The Censored Music Video"
"The Anti-Telemarketer Offensive"
"The Incarnations of "Eric Homan"
"Movie Rating the Days of One's Own Life"
"'Deep Cuts': An FM Radio Station Featuring Primarily Lesser-Known Classic Rock Songs by Classic Rock's Greatest Bands"
"Turn Off Unwatchable 'Must-See TV'"
"Drowsiness Death"
"Gender-Orientated Ammunition"
"Emotional Exorcism Exercise"
"Depression Weight-Loss Plan"
"Pregnant Art?!??"
"The Ultimate Countdown Leader"
"Invisible Animation"
"'Priceless' Museum Art"
"I Am a Work of Art"
"Eric Homan: 'Taco Bell Terrorist'"
"The Art Bar"
"Cum Art"
"Marriage"
"Credit Where Credit's Due!"
"First-Person Nose Point-Of-View"
"Bottle Up a Cloud"

E. Writings/ Journals

"'Eric': Journals 1993-Present"

The Origins of My Journal

[The Beginning of My Journal](#)

My Days Are Too Much Like Dreams - So I Write Them Down

Journal Writing

My Emotional and Creative Savior and Saver

To Have People *Understand Me*

[The Labor of Writing](#)

The Truth Comes Out in Introspective Journals More Than in Extroverted Real Life

Writing as an Outlet

A Journal's Self-Expressive Release

I Write It All Down to Make Sense Out of It

Looking to a Journal for Life's Meanings

Priceless Journals

The Importance of Keeping a Journal

Journaling: The Ultimate Creative Exercise

A Journal's Purpose

A Journal Releasing Creativity

Keeping a Journal: An Amazing and Affordable Self-Help Psychoanalysis

Journal Psychiatry

A Journal's Power

A Journal as Psychotherapy

Journal Writing Art Therapy

I Write in My Journal With a Furious Need for Self-Expression

Testament of the Times

Really Nice Autobiographical Short True Stories

My Journal Companion

Journal Exorcism

In This Sometimes Pointless Journal

Who Exactly Is Going to Read These Words?

My Journal Is a Creative Gift to Myself

There Needs to Be a Record

Spend an Hour a Day to Write a Life-Study Log

Every Journal Entry Is a Prayer

Writing a Journal Is Self-Psychiatry

Journals Help Me Reveal Who I Used to Be

Valuable Journals

Looking Back in Shock on a Life Through Reading Your Own Journal

Our Journals: Kurt Cobain vs. Eric Homan

Fighting to Find Meaning and Truth to My Very Life and Existence

Pause to Reflect and Write

Journal as a Life-Map

Journal as Financial Savoir

Journal as Time-Travel

The Importance of Taking the "Time Machine" Trip Back by Re-Reading One's Journals

Keeping a Journal for Art

Journal Existential Importance

Artistic/ Creative Use of My Journal Notes

Movie Journal Conversations

To Mark the Passage of Time

I've Traced My Journey Well

An Illustrated Journal

Studying This Alien Life in My Journal

The Darkest and Deepest Reaches of My Soul Were Clear to See

The Creative Act of Editing Through My Journals

Journal Writing as Meditation

My Spiritual Journal Prayers

Journal Symphonies

Journaling the Life Blur

Time Traveling Through the Textual Machinery of Journal Writing

A Detailed Analysis of How I've Grown

My Journal As My Therapist, Mirror, and Creative Outlet

Memories Fade – Journals Don't (as long as you back them up)

Creative Therapy Through Journaling

"Happy 20th Anniversary, Eric Homan Journal!"

"Using DVDs as an Educational Aid in Schools for Artists and Animators"

"The Benefits of DVD"

"Interactivity in Media - The New Artistic Expression"

"Inside the Mind and Creativity of a Computer Artist"

"Who I Am as an Artist"

"My Creative Life: Essays and Synopses of My Artwork (1993-2005)"

"The Empathy Files: My Personal Artistic and Aesthetic Influences, Stimuli, Idols, Role Models, Motivators, Muses, and Gods"

"My Misinterpreted Music Lyrics Archive"

Introduction

"Fortune Cookies Fortunes"

"My Wedding Day"

"Adventures of a Small Town Ohio Custodian"

F. Website Canvases

www.erichoman.com - "Empathy Art: The Art of Eric Homan"

My First Website Launch

My www.erichoman.com "Opening"

Alternate Names for My Website

Artist Credentials

Interactive Art Work

G. Tactile Art Pieces

"The Daily Revenge"
"Edgar Allen Poe's Ashes"
"Bubble-Wrap Breasts"
"My Girlfriend"
"Your Own Pet 'Blowjoba'"
"Hug"
"Holiday Hugs"
"An Un-Hallmark Digital Holiday Card"
"The Unconventional Christmas Tree Ornament"
"Trick or Treat Cocaine"
"eBay Purchase of a Hair of Actor Alan Rickman"
"Eric Homan Action Figures"
"Catholic Chocolate Mint Communion"
"Video Dresses"
"Peeps for Every Holiday!"

H. Audio Art Pieces

"Erased Art"
"A Moment of Silence"
"Ambient Silence CD"
"Death Bloom: The Debut Album"
"What If Farts Were As Loud as Sonic Booms?"
"Heckler DVD Commentary Tracks"
"Rapping the Rap"
"The Insanity of Your First Sneeze"
"I Have Nothing to Say"

I. Photography

"Slices of Life Pie"
Credits
I Am an *Idea* Photographer
How Digital Photography Loosens Up My Creativity
My Own Digital Still Camera
Financially Affordable
My Personal Preference with Using a "Point-And-Shoot" Digital Camera

J. Freelance Projects

"1997 CCAD Student Fashion Show"
"2000, 2001, 2002 M.F.A. Show, Florida Center for Electronic Communication"
"2000-2002, DVD authoring and production, Florida Center for Electronic Communication"
"2000, 20001, Music videos "Everybody's Gonna Learn It Sometime" and "Life Forms" for Atom Troy, Sony Records"
"2001, DVD/ CD album covers for Atom Troy, Sony Records"
"2001, Laura Schnidman: Dance Video Reel"
"2003, Wedding Photographing, Dave and Tara Twehues"
"2004, 'Treasures of the Hocking Hills'"
"2005, 'David Hostetler: Artist in Nature'"
"2005, 'Peggy's Story'"

"2007, Wedding Videography and Video Editing, Lara and Eric Limbert"
"2008, Jory Farr Music Performance"
"2008, Hocking Hills Tourism Association"
"2009, Chase Swisher Football Highlight Reel"
I'm a Mini Movie Production House
"2011, Scioto Mile/ Bicentennial Park: Projection + Light Show"
"2011, Natalie Lane, ISSA 2012 Spokesperson DVDs, Fitness Training Videos"

K. Installation Art Projects/ Places

"My Home"
How to Create Your Art Apartment/ Personality
"The Children's Museum of Surrealism, Expressionism, Impressionism, and Playism Art"
"Microscopic Abstract Art"
"Imagination Art"
"Eric's Garage Gallery"
"The Anti-Depression Café"
"Suicide Art" (Extreme Existential "Humor")
"The World's Most Boring, Yet Unique Zoo"
"Holograms of Rock Legends in the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame"
"'Garage Saler' Art Installation Piece"
By "Duchamp"
History
Trials at a Faculty Show Opening

L. Life

"My Daughter, Alyssa Ann Homan"

Z. Epilogue

My Creative Life - A Labor of Love: Essays of My Digital Art, Computer Animation, Video, Interactive Digital Art Pieces, Websites, Writings, and Digital Dreams (1976- 2013) **by Eric Homan**

Introductory Words

"I want you all to do me a favor. When sliding through the following section, don't just flip through it. Try to slow down. Take a moment to study each piece. Each one was done with love and care. Each one was created by a true artist just for the sake of art. I am very proud to present the following to you." -From *Jinx Special* by Brian Michael Bendis.

Preface

After showing my sister Tanya my interactive piece “The Zoos”, she sincerely asked “What is all of this for?... I mean, who is this for?” I had to act. So I wrote these artist’s “defenses” and statements. I wished to personally explain my every art piece with a personal insight that one may have missed or was unknown to them when experiencing each. *Be aware that the following writings won’t make much sense until one has viewed the piece that accompanies it.

A Personally Written Statement About One’s Artwork Enhances the Artwork

1-7-01: Upon listening to “Elvis Costello: Extreme Honey” hits collection, I was more convinced than ever that a personally written statement about one’s artwork enhances the artwork it is accompanying. Only with his linear notes did I understand what his songs, his melody, and his melancholy were all about. The listener/ viewer needs those insights in order to empathize and feel for the work. So that is what I continue to do and work on with my own artwork. I feel the need to make people understand the deeper underlying contexts to my art.

Overview Bio and Mission of My Art

9-3-12: I express myself through video, motion graphics, photography, and computer animation that concerns itself with self-expression as a means of spreading communication, entertainment, education, and understanding to a wide audience through aesthetic, artistic, and creative means. I seek to make people feel what other people feel for a higher state of awareness, kindness, and sensitivity to our world. Through personal documentaries, emotional recollections, or scenic trips through the wilds of one’s imagination, my work looks to provide a vision of art that will have a universal appeal through empathetic subject matter for generations to revel and reveal in. My mission is to spread creative passion, inspiration, and imagination to the masses.

Empathy Art Entertainment

11-27-04: *Empathy Art Entertainment* is my computer art, video, and computer animation production company that concerns itself with self-expression as a means of spreading communication, entertainment, education, and understanding to a wide audience through aesthetic, artistic, and creative means. We seek to make people feel what other people feel for a higher state of awareness, kindness, and sensitivity to our world. Through personal documentaries, emotional recollections, or scenic trips through the wilds of one’s imagination, Empathy Art Inc. looks to provide a vision of art that will have a universal appeal through empathetic subject matter for generations to revel and reveal in. Our mission is to spread creative passion to the masses.

Eric Art: Energy Stimulate

11-25-01: **Eric Art: Energy Stimulate.** Improves performance especially during times of increased stress or strain. Increases endurance. Increases concentration and improves reaction speed. Stimulates the metabolism!

The Artist Alter Ego – “Eric Human”

I grew up in a small town called Coldwater, Ohio, about two hours west of Columbus close to the Indiana/ Ohio border. It was an area that was mostly of German descent. But I wouldn’t mind if “Homan” was read as French since it might be pronounced as “Human”. And one of my old artist friends used to half-jokingly suggest that I change my name to the more exciting “Eric Human”.

6-19-01: I’ve decided to change my name. I will now be known as “*Eric Human*” to capitalize on starting my artist career.

1-30-07: Maybe the solution to my problems as an artist of being too afraid and fearful to releasing wildly self-expressive, “crazy”, personal, or controversial subject matter to the public that will immediately see me as a pervert or weirdo is to simply release them under an alias, an alter ego, a different name. Maybe something like Rick (as in Eric) Godman (as in Homan, but with a touch of the artist as

creator). But I think I'll just settle with "Eric Human". Kon Petrochuk, my colleague, does the same thing by his artist alias of Kon Pet-Moon. It's like Andy Kaufman and his alter egos; Bruce Wayne and Batman.

So I created an "artist" alter ego ("Eric Human") in order to be able to release the ideas and concepts that my "normal" self ("Eric Homan") isn't allowed to express because it would cause too great of an uproar. By having an "artificial" separate "self" in order to express myself with, I am freed inside to do whatever I wish. And I get to have the artist "superhero" alter ego identity that I've always wanted.

The Origin of "Eric Human"

6-16-10: I figured a way out of doing all the weird things I like: I do them under an artist persona of "Eric Human". So it's really not "Eric Homan" who is doing them. I'm letting my *alter ego* do them. By being a different person, I am able to free all these repressed emotions and fantasies out while protecting my original identity.

Intro to an Art Piece

1-31-05: "It came to my realization that absolutely next to no one outside my small family and friends will be interested in viewing my artwork. Good as it may be in my eyes and vision, I acknowledge that to the casual observer that it isn't anything special that they "haven't seen before" or grasps their very fleeting interest. So I ask: are you interested enough now to care?"

A Message From the Creator of the Following Works

2-8-05: "Hello, I'm Eric Homan – the creator of this work. Even though you don't know me, you have to put your trust in me that I will serve you something original and entertaining. I take it that you are tired of what has already come before in retelling the same old stories over and over again. You can put your faith in me that what you're about to see will be something extraordinary and different. And in return, you must be open to it. If you are, you are in for quite the enriched experience beyond our imaginations. Enjoy!"

"The Secret Personal Art World of Eric Homan"

5-11-05: This Is My Reality/ This Is My Fantasy. I'm an artist and a documentary moviemaker. I've been making a documentary on my life the entire time through my stream of consciousness journals and artwork. *Amazing*. And I never fully realized it. It's all here in bewildering detail. Enjoy!

WARNING:

CONTAINS CREATIVE CONTENT

CYNICS, CONFORMISTS, AND HATERS BEWARE! LEAVE NOW!

"IT'S FOR PEOPLE WITH *IMAGINATION*"

DISCLAIMER:

**ABSOLUTELY NO DRUGS OR ALCOHOL WERE USED IN THE
CREATION OF THIS COMPUTER ART ANIMATION.
JUST PURE, GOOD OL' *IMAGINATION*.
-ERIC HOMAN**

"Painting has the secret of giving someone a second youth." –Vincent van Gogh.

"Your material doesn't exactly transfer to film." –Quote from Man on the Moon.

Video Art Pieces

The Roots to My Love of Videotaping

4-8-10: Many people have asked me throughout the years why I keep videotaping everything I come across. It's like an addiction – capture memories and interesting visuals no matter how silly or "obsessive" I may seem. Yet there is a method and a reason to my "madness". See, my impulse to videotape as much as possible comes from a few various sources. One would be a rather personal one: the death of my mother. She died suddenly from a car accident when I was just 20-year-old. After the funeral it came to my attention and deep sadness that my family didn't have much video footage of her when she was alive. In fact, there was just two pieces of video from 1980 and 1995, neither of which was all that extensive or in depth. So due to this lack of visual and audio material, I felt like I had lost her *and* part of my memory of her. Video captures memories. That became a major appeal to me. It still remains one as well. The other major reason I videotape all the time is based on my experiences as an art student at the Columbus College of Art and Design. I was always in need of more video footage as a student. I didn't have a car while I was a student, so I wasn't able to go out to that many interesting locations to gain more of a videography portfolio. So ever since, I have found myself compelled to videotape every interesting place or situation I'm in. I carry a video camera and still digital camera with me almost all the time *just in case* I come across a spontaneously interesting happenstance or if the lighting is just right! I'd hate myself if I didn't capture that special visual. I'm constantly wanting to improve as an artist and to expand my portfolio. But along the way, I'm also in love with capturing memories of my life and the people I've known. So these are a couple of the roots to my videography obsession.

Eric F. Homan – Video/ Photo/ Motion Graphics

(Created with Final Cut Pro, Premiere, After Effects, and Motion)

-The following video artwork is "SENSITIVITY TRAINING": WITH YOUR HOST, ERIC HOMAN!!!

“Video Art 1996-98” - (1996/ 2002) - (1 hr. 15 min.) – Video Art DVD Compilation

Compilation of my CCAD undergraduate videos from 1996-98.

Contents include:

“Deaf Park Race” - (2 min.)

“Heaven” - (1 min. 30 sec.)

“Daydreaming” - (2 min.)

“Crossing the Street” - (3 min.)

“Noah K. + Tori A.” – A Candid Interview with Tori Amos Fan - (10 min.)

“A Black Comedy of Violence” - (5 min.)

“A Portrait of Vincent” - (4 min. 30 sec.)

“A Subjective Documentary of My Bedroom Through Memories and Thoughts” - (3 min. 30 sec.)

“My CCAD Undergraduate Hand Drawn Animation” - (3 min.)

“1997 CCAD Student Fashion Show” - (13 min.)

“Cloudland” - (5 min.)

“My Hand is Asleep and Dreaming” - (4 min.)

“Great Carhart Event” - (4 min. 30 sec.)

“I Witnessed Images Fall” - (1 min.)

“Teach – P.S.A.” - (30 sec., 15 sec., 5 sec.)

“Dreaming While Driving” - (3 min.)

“Video Art Pieces Demo Reel” - (3 min.)

“My CCAD Undergraduate Computer Animation” - (2 min)

“Accelerated Depression” - (3 min. 30 sec.)

Intro

There was a lot of daydreaming in my early Video Art Pieces of that time in my life when I was an undergraduate art student at CCAD. I was always searching through my dreams for meaning. Technically, I think the early Video Art Pieces from 1996-98 are somewhat “poor”, though very interesting. Yet I do feel that there is an expressionist quality running throughout them all.

Genesis of “Accelerated Depression”

I was indoors for most of “the day without a purpose. As I fast-forwarded through some visually appealing, yet disturbingly awful movies, my ideals of imagination seemed insignificant, unattractive, excessive, and extreme. In essence, I was fast-forwarding through other peoples' failed cinematic dreams. **I saw dreamers fail.** It was a horrible experience to not be able to latch onto something of any degree of meaning. It was just pointless images. I felt my life going down in spirals.... But why did I spend so much time fast-forwarding through these mediocre movies?! I was looking for something that might be of interest. They were free videos from the downtown library. I just wanted to see if there truly was anything of interest in there.

“Deaf Park Race” - (1996) - (2 min.) Video Art Piece

My very first Video Art Piece, edited together all in camera. Involves a “race” from the CCAD campus to Deaf Park, three blocks away.

“Heaven” - (1996) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Video Art Piece

A car alarm goes off as someone is trying to break into a car. There is nothing I can do. I turn off my alarm clock watch and awake. I turn on a light and sit in a chair. Nothing to do but sit around in... "Heaven... heaven is a place... a place where nothing... nothing ever happens."

This is a piece about boredom. I really like the slow-mo last shot of just me sitting in a chair looking bored out of my mind under a florescent lightstand as the Talking Heads' song "Heaven" plays hauntingly in the background.

"There is a party, everyone is there. Everyone will leave at exactly the same time. It's hard to imagine that nothing at all could be so exciting, and so much fun. Heaven is a place where nothing ever happens. -"Heaven" by Talking Heads.

"Daydreaming" - (1996) - (2 min.) Video Art Piece

While listening to an acquaintance talk about how his ordinary life has been going, I drift off into a daydream with Chopin's "Fantaisie-Impromptu" playing in mind. What follows is a collection of random images of memories, experiences, and fantasies. Here I am inside a Catholic church just looking around... looking up at the sun peaking through the clouds... flipping through pages of text and photographs... passing by an anonymous child in a wheel-barrel... pondering to myself in front of a word processor... staring at a static TV screen... -"SO HOW ARE YOU DOING?" suddenly my acquaintance asks of me. Daydream interrupted.

"Daydreaming" is actually a wickedly funny piece about boredom (listening to an acquaintance talk about his mundane day). Enter the daydream!

"Crossing the Street" - (1996) - (3 min.) Video Art Piece

On a cold winter day, a young woman is standing on a street corner waiting to cross a busy intersection. She shivers on the corner of the block as car after car rushes by her. Everyone else around her is walking but she cannot. The camera is shaking with fear and chills. The crosswalk sign changes to "WALK". Day turns into night. She is still unable to move. The corner she is standing on is caged in by a wire fence on both sides of her blocking the sidewalk. Driving by her moments later, she is collapsed on the ground unable to stand anymore.

This is a piece about uncertainty and being overwhelmed by life and city with elements of loneliness and solitude.

DON'T WALK.

Reflections

Looking back on this very early video piece, I can tell right away that I knew how to use music very effectively to create an emotional feel for a scene or shot. There are parts where the ambient audio drops off completely and all you hear are fragile piano notes. It's quite haunting to watch. Mind you, I had very little to no video experience at this point. The shaky camera work, though technically sloppy, does work ironically rather well to express the frightened mental/ emotional state of the young woman in the video (my then girlfriend). Some of the shots actually work on a purely accidental level. Beginner's luck all the way or just intuitive, I'd say. I had to shoot the video from across the street for many of the shots, which meant I had to zoom in for a telephoto view. This created a very compressed amount of space that worked for my benefit because I was trying to express the claustrophobic surroundings of the actress being overwhelmed by the traffic around her. She's so emotionally scared that she can't cross the street. Also the grungy desaturated HI-8 video quality makes the visuals look that much more "scary". There are several shaky first-person point of view shots of the lead trying to cross that busy downtown intersection. Then I started to use "Silent Night" on the soundtrack, but in an unexpected and experimental way. I played with the tempo and slowed it down to make it sound distorted. This created a very unsettling, disturbing quality to the children's voices singing. The intersection that the actress is at also happened to be caged in because

of construction, which created a feeling of intrapment. Then the ambient audio comes in over the soundtrack music with loud honking horns and cars speeding by with frightening velocity.

The Music

Music in Video Art Piece includes excerpts from: "Don't Let Him" from "The Omen" soundtrack by Jerry Goldsmith, "Silent Night" traditional Christmas song, and "Stands With a Fist Remembers" from "Dances With Wolves" soundtrack by John Barry.

"Noah K. + Tori A." – A Candid Interview with Tori Amos Fan - (1996) - (10 min.) Video Art Piece

For my Video II "Talking Head" project, I interviewed a friend of mine, Noah, who was an enormous Tori Amos fanatic. He had over twenty singles (mostly imports from Europe) when she only had three albums out in 1996. He was a kind, nice guy – but man was he obsessed with her. His walls were plastered with her image. He was like a happy, healthy, cheerful fanatic. I suppose that was what was so fascinating about him to me. (Note the flattering "enlightened" back-light on Noah as if he has gained some sort of spiritual revelation through Tori's music.) There are many intimate close-ups to explore and uncover the secrets to what meaning that deeply appeals to him to like her so much.

But at its core, Noah, a native Kentuckian, explains his initial emotional connection with Tori Amos's music that brought peace to his life. He very sensitively describes how her expressive lyrics affected him deeply inside. In conclusion, he wryly added, "Although some people consider my tendencies to be obsessive, I consider myself *an enthusiast!*"

"A Black Comedy of Violence" - (1996) - (5 min.) Video Art Piece

(A Comment on Violence in Life and in Movies)

Begin: We witness/ commit a murder from our first person point-of-view through the eyeholes of a clown mask. Graphic images of Holocaust victims appear as a woman screams from being stabbed to death. An audience coughs and vomits all around them. A silent still image of Travis Bickle from Taxi Driver pointing his blood-soaked hand to his head like a gun, then - BANG! A newswoman reacts in shock and horror. An abandoned theater where some hoodlums are ripping off the clothes off a woman they have captured. "She'll piddle her ass for wearing that dress," says the sardonic soundtrack (from Natural Born Killers). In an expensive restaurant, a waiter describes a delicious dish to a bloated man while in the theater the attackers literally devour her in their sexual desires/ appetites. Animals are brutally tortured, lab animals are "experimented" on, and hunters slay animals half cross-dissolved with the insane antics of the Marx Bros. Groucho is dressed like a rabbit while his companions maniacally fight a war outside. People are laughing and applauding. A man's eye lids are pried open so he will be forced to watch what he are watching: a man screaming to himself on the floor of a church, Jesus Christ carrying the cross, a gory horror movie, and other violent scenes played to the music of Beethoven. "This will sharpen you up for a bit of the old ultra-violence," says Alex from A Clockwork Orange. The Virgin Mary crashes to the floor. A nun is raped on the alter of a church. A psychotic smiling man jumps up and pulls out a knife. A father is verbally abusing his daughter. A defeated man cries in agony on the floor of a church. "I'm sorry," he pleads. End.

Artist's Response: I am one of those exhilarated, impressionable viewers who saw too many violent movies and found them appealing as a sort of release for bent up tension, stress, and anger. Some of those movies provided me with appealingly charismatic characters (Robert De Niro's Travis Bickle, Malcolm McDowell's Alex). We capture their personalities into our imaginations and do not know what to do with them. There are images of real violence (the Holocaust, Hiroshima A-bomb radiation victims) that affect me enough to become a pacifist

against the damaging effects violence has on society. Another way we can deal with violence is to make jokes or a black comedy about it (the Marx Bros.' Duck Soup). In my own personal way, I mixed these ways of dealing with violence into a video cacophony of graphic images and sound. This is the essence of the insanity that spawns violence in all of us. As a test, I put my desensitization to violence to the test.

The narration, "I think that's sick, that's sick!" is repeated over and over again. It might as well be from the mind and voice of the viewer.

Movie clips used in collage: Bad Lieutenant, Night and Fog, Duck Soup, A Clockwork Orange, Natural Born Killers, Taxi Driver, Monty Python's The Meaning of Life, Halloween, Paul McCartney 1993 Tour Intro Film, and Re-Animator.

"Behind the Scenes"

3-11-97: On my way back to Grant-Oak, I found myself walking toward a group of black teenagers. As I passed by the fourth one outside my own apartment, he punched my chest and mumbled cocky words: "I beat up him". I thought of piercing my fingers into his eye sockets (such are the ideas of a sensitive imagination). I caught his punch and held onto his arm for a moment, uncertain of what to do. I just gave him a confused, angered look and released my grip as we walked away from each other. Startled, I continued to my apartment. A complete stranger had just assaulted me *for fun*. For the first time, I had a reason to be wary of people (especially African-Americans). I wanted to cry that there were people who would senselessly hurt another. They were nightmarish black stereotypes on the loose in society with no future but to hurt others to make themselves feel stronger. Now I cannot get this incident out of my mind. I was more emotionally hurt than physically.

Final Thoughts

"Did anyone care about my latest video comment on violence in life and in movies?"

"A Portrait of Vincent" - (1996) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Video Art Piece

We glimpse inside the emotions and mind of a painting, a self-portrait of Vincent Van Gogh. We begin by staring at him as a painting on the wall. As we look into his eyes, he transforms into a human face. In an art gallery, two observers walk in and offer their criticism at Vincent's portrait hanging on the wall. He feels their negativity: "over-rated", "pointless", "I don't care", and (sarcastically) "a masterpiece". After being left rejected, Vincent introverts into himself and imagines himself as the human being he really was, full of emotions and thoughts (not just as another misunderstood painting on the wall). He ponders on his love for a fellow "masterpiece" in the gallery - the "Mona Lisa" (who resembled one of the two female observers who had rejected him). "Why do I feel so deeply for her... even though she feels nothing for me?" Vincent contemplates on love for a painting that does not receive his feelings. "I still hope for her love." Vincent yearns for Mona Lisa to be something other than priceless. "Behind her priceless beauty... must be a woman's face." He tries desperately to imagine her as a real person, yet he is in vain. "Yet... I am... just a man... in need of love."

This was a piece about people moving on and fading out of one's life. Basically, it's the story of life. The relationship I was in at the time inspired much of the romantic questions that arise in Vincent's private thoughts. I suppose I was trying to express myself, my doubts, and my fears to my then girlfriend indirectly.

The Paintings

"Self-Portrait", 1889, Vincent Van Gogh, and "Mona Lisa", 1503-5, Leonardo da Vinci fall in love with each other. ("Vincent Self-Portrait LOVES Mona Lisa"). This is a love story between two "masterpiece" paintings.

The Music

Erik Satie's melancholy "First Gymnopédie" utterly possessed me in a siren-like trance that I could feel no other emotion but sadness. Why else would I have used it?

Critical Reaction

4-14-97: My latest video piece, "A Portrait of Vincent", was viewed to Kon Petrochuk, my video teacher and a local professional producer/ director. Kon vaguely praised it, though his emotional reaction would have meant so much more. The video professional complimented its mood and ability to keep the viewer watching. (He was my first encounter with that alien dimension of adulthood called "the real world".) Yet, the gravest critic was my own self. After overhearing a peer comment on how much the video revealed about me, I felt fear for what I had created with my most vulnerable and naked emotions and imagination. This was the beginning of a new kind of personal art from myself... and it kind of scared me.

Behind the Scenes

I became emotionally obsessed with my heavily planned video project concerning personifying famous paintings with romance, I consciously became angry, vulgar, and, ultimately, impatient when the equipment or the ideas failed me. I wasn't able to live with this blockade of confusion - even within the presence of my (then) girlfriend. I was constantly hungry, physically and emotionally. With a shocking lack of sensitivity or patience, I attacked my problems, hates, fears, and dislikes. Somehow, I managed to finish the piece out of this overpowering passion.

I was trying to make my then girlfriend, Phyllis Hornung, into the Mona Lisa. They both had an enigmatic smile, long dark hair, and a gentle face.

"A Subjective Documentary of My Bedroom Through Memories and Thoughts" - (1996) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Art Piece

This is a psyche video "Self-Portrait" project. It begins by enter through a keyhole and through words being written on a page: the bedroom appears with mixed voices heard inside one's head. Vincent's bedroom flashes into memory resembling the bedroom perspective. The camera moves to the windowpane that recalls a cross with Jesus crucified upon it. Classical music fills the room for a moment. We come across the video box of Schindler's List and a voice explains: "... my favorite movie of all time... the only movie that ever made me truly humble inside." We see a pair of brown shoes, a black backpack, a word processor, and a... dictionary, which inside we look up the definition/ explanation to "death" and "love". On a nearby notebook pad, words splatter across the screen over-flowing with nonsense and ideas. More objects are noticed: set of keys... a billfold... tissues... movie guides... a vast collection of CD's with "A Day in the Life" by the Beatles playing on the CD player as musical notes made of milk float in the air. Behind the curtain is Vincent van Gogh standing in his room. On the walls are giant posters of U2 and lead singer Bono that explode into a concert scene from the film Rattle and Hum. The TV is off, but it starts playing static in the room. A toy elephant hovers spinning in the room by a string. Escaping from all the noise, movie posters, and memories, we fly back out through the door's keyhole. "I love to turn you on," sings John Lennon on "A Day in the Life" as a toy pet zebra rotates in the air.

This was an obvious post death in the family inspired piece. (Obvious example: looking up the word "death" in the dictionary to find some *meaning* for its existence.) Take a look at the notebook of scrambled, chaotic feelings visualized in one sequence. It shows what is most important to me with a fly-through my apartment. There is my love for music by videotaping my CD collection.

"My CCAD Undergraduate Hand Drawn Animation" - (1996-97) - (3 min.) Pencil 2-D Animation

Projects from Animation I and Animation II classes from CCAD. Includes: "The Tale of the Bouncing Ball", "The Sunny Snowman", "Alien Strut", "Lamp = Wish = Dollars" (The Tale of Disney's "Aladdin"), and "Danger Awaits!".

"1997 CCAD Student Fashion Show" - (1997) - (13 min.) Video Art Piece

This was my first professional freelance work. Assistant cameraman was Jaan Shengerger.

"Cloudland" - (1997) - (5 min.) Video Art Piece

Synopsis

Staring out of a car window and finding nothing interesting to look at and nothing interesting to care about, I grew grimly desperate. I took in all these images on the ground and none of them impressed me. They were ordinary. Suddenly, I saw a fantasy world - it was in the sky! Through my imagination, I was able to see fantastic imagery in the cumulus clouds that surrounded me from all sides. It was like a museum in the heavens. My imagination, so starved for something to see, witnessed a parade of exotic hybrid creations. I quickly sketched them down: a lion with a mane of fire fur... a blue phoenix rising up in the blue negative space in between the clouds... amorphous figures swimming, making love, and dancing in impossible poses... a kangaroo/ dragon/ rooster... a Medieval hawk with wings ten times their normal size... a Nativity scene surrounded by ghouls dressed up like the Three Kings... a massive figure made up of five different facades....

"The reverie was everywhere..." I started to see images in soap bubbles, a crumbled piece of tissue, and a piece of popcorn. Everything was exaggerated beyond their normal proportions - and it was beautiful! Mouths, hands, eyes, toes - everything was distorted, but extraordinarily real to me. It was alive in my imagination.

Origins

This piece really started from a great struggle with depression in me. I was in the midst of a summer boredom, which led to a restless amount of despair within me because I was still searching for ideas of how to express myself. I had such grand ambitions and needed to find a way to have a personal *voice* to my artwork. I still hadn't gotten it yet, and my senior year was almost upon me. I had to make some major decisions soon, or else I'd be graduating without a clue of what to do with my life and dreams. I still hadn't found a way to prove myself to my peers and teachers. I had such dreams and ambitions, but I didn't have a strong portfolio yet. And on top of all this, my mother had recently died in a car accident eight months ago, and my then girlfriend had just broken up with me a month ago. I was scared shitless and desperate. I had never felt so alive or so vulnerable.

During a dull drive with my father in the car through the corn-filled countryside of western Ohio, I found myself feeling nearly suicidal in my blank state of creativity. I had recently gotten a HI-8 video camera to help me out with videotaping more footage to use in future video projects for college. I was just videotaping anything and everything around me in hope of making some sort of abstract video collage out of it. But I still wasn't able to get anything of substance that I felt I could use. I was constantly in need of original video of my own. And still, I felt like I didn't have a clue to how to put it all together in a whole.

Then on the brink of total despair, I found myself videotaping the clouds because they looked so playful to me. I was seeing images in them like I used to when I was a boy. Then - a creative spark hit me! I was seeing beauty and *art* and *creativity* in the clouds in a way that few others could see! What if I videotaping more of these puffy white clouds, illustrate what I am

seeing, and present it to other people?! Everyone has seen images in the clouds, but not everyone has visualized them in graphic form. So I decided this could be an idea I could keep developing! Where I thought there were no new ideas for me to use to express myself, I had found my inspiration and creative resurrection in a passing, fleeting cluster of puffy white cumulus clouds! This exciting concept that was so full of imagination breathed new life in me. Where once I felt only despair, now I saw possibilities! I added more to the idea that these clouds could be a finite art gallery of God and its angels! (This was my creativity on a roll while beefing up the original idea to something of a spiritual level!) The clouds could be considered a traveling museum – and you never knew what you were going to get unless you used your imagination to see them! There laid the basis and reasoning for this video project now. I, the artist and dreamer, was helping the viewer to use their imagination to see more to life than they ever did before. This was something magical to me, and hopefully to others as well! I had struck gold. Where I didn't feel anything left to live for, I had found "God"/ Art in the heavens above.

Cloudland Genesis

This is what I wrote down the very day the sky inspired me with the idea of "Cloudland": "Gazing out of the car window at the puffy, image-forming clusters of Cumulonimbus clouds, I awed at what my imagination was witnessing: a pterodactyl with a curved neck, four breasts, and a triangle for a head; a plump butterfly with the head of John Merrick ("The Elephant Man"); a giant pepper drifting gracefully through the sky with obese legs sticking out. Sketching what I saw was to "capture" the miracle of cloud creativity: *cloudlands in the sky.*"

A month later I expanded upon the inspiration: "When I look up at the clouds, I see some really weird, but extraordinary sights that no one else can see but me: a pepper with four breasts and nipples, lovers wrestling in these twisted positions, etc. (Please understand... I'm not on drugs or alcohol. I've watched thousands of movies and seen millions of images - which made reality boring in comparison. Eventually, movies copied other movies and magazines looked the same.)

Inspiration Afternoon in the Clouds

9-5-97: When I look up at clouds, I *see* some really weird, but extraordinary sights that no one else can see but me: a pepper with four breasts and nipples, lovers wrestling in these twisted positions, etc. Please understand: I'm not on drugs or alcohol. I've watched thousands of movies and seen millions of images, which made reality boring in comparison. Eventually, magazines looked the same and movies copied other movies. One afternoon as I was with my dad on our way back from my sister's house, I couldn't find or think of anything inspiring to my imagination anymore. In the puffy, white clusters of Cumulus clouds, I suddenly noticed dozens of gloriously ambiguous images that were never seen before. The silent images passed through the sky like a heavenly museum. The clouds were dancing with original masterpieces of expressive figures and abstract formations. Fortunately, I had a video camera to capture what I saw - the images only existed for a few seconds before shifting into being amorphous - so I could later sketch them down. What I was accomplishing was capturing *the miracle of my creativity on earth.*

A Traveling Sky Museum Gallery of Cloud Art

This was a traveling sky museum gallery of cloud art - personally interpreted and appreciated by the individual viewer. It can be vegetables, pornography, or balloons - all uncensored imagery of one's individual imagination! The Cloud Museum always evolved, minute-by-minute, angle from angle, location to location. "See the massive, obese puppet figure gods flying above us all". The clouds are a museum for our imagination. Enjoy it. They're for free. The clouds in the museum are artwork for the viewer's mind - a personal Rorschach test. "What do you see?"

This was an artwork about desperately searching for a new territory in art... and finding it in the most ambiguous places, large and small, epic and intimate... even in the glowing clouds of imagination.

It takes a great visual imagination to look up into a sky full of fluffy clouds and see artwork. Is that a chicken with angel wings there above? It takes imagination to see it. That's what

the piece stood for.

Look to the Clouds

11-23-03: When there is nothing left on earth to inspire us, all we need to look for is up. The clouds in the sky are gushing with the wonders of ambiguous imagination. It is up to the beholder to see what they want to see. It's a free amusement park to dream into like a four-year-old child playing in a park.

Narration

"Staring out of a car window, I realized that there was nothing there that was interesting to look at. There was nothing there... there was nothing there... there was nothing there... Then I saw my imagination floating in the sky. ...The reverie was everywhere...."

The Music, Sound Design, and Editing

The classical music is from "Cavalleria Rusticana - Intermezzo" by Pietro Mascagni. I slowed down this track to make it sound more surreal, distorted, and hypnotic. I was interested in the slowing down both the images and sound to create a dream-like feel. By starting with a fragmentary, distorted, hyper-edited, and disoriented intro, the slow motion video seemed even more unreal, revelatory, and *calming*. The slowed pitch to the classical music, Mascagni: "Intermezzo (Cavalleria rusticana)", became otherworldly like the cloudland imagery.

"My Hand is Asleep and Dreaming" - (1997) - (4 min.) Video Art Piece

This visual documentary on what a virgin left hand dreams about when it falls asleep consists of its fantasy of flying off free, eventually discovering religion and God (through Christian iconography), getting baptized (or washing itself clean of religion), crawling around, getting burnt, and touching the softness of a flower's petals. The hand's fantasies become so surrealistically tangible that they lead the entire body to start mowing the house's carpet. The hand desperately tries to wake up at the end realizing that it's gone too far.

Coincidentally, the "lawn-mowing the carpet" ending of this piece featured the first appearance of extreme silly surrealism. I also liked the tactile aspect of the hand and its sensitivity to touch everything around it. It's like the hand's way of *seeing*.

To me, this Video Art Piece, "The Hand is Asleep and Dreaming", is a hilarious, original work. It actually visualizes something that has occurred to nearly everyone when a part of their body "falls asleep". To sleep means to dream, so why not have one's hand drift off in its own subconscious and fly away!?

I was experimenting a lot more at this time with my editing abilities. I didn't want a smoothly shot movie of a hand's dream. I wanted a fragmented, fractured fantasia maze. It became an unsteady dream/ nightmare – and I wanted to express that through the editing.

DVD viewer interaction is to touch the hand and let it dream off as you watch it fly. Make a Selection to Start Each Dream.

"The Great Carhart Event" - (1997) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Motion Picture Short Film Piece (by Justin Jason and Eric Homan)

The concept and idea behind this motion picture collaboration was from Justin Jason, who allowed me to contribute and share my own brainstorm to the overall scheme. This piece was a meditation on man-made objects and natural objects inner-colliding and crossbreeding in the same world... like our own earth has become. Their otherworldly synthesis melded together to create a harmony of electricity vibrations, power lines, rock formations, plant life, psychotic fractal reflections on skyscraper windows, steel beams in a city alleyway, sand dune cracks, and a spiral of tree branches.

The soundtrack mix is by Justin Jason. It consisted of electrical feedback and water

running.

The Origin of the Title

The title, "The Great Carhart Event", itself is complete nonsense, Dada-inspired abstractness. We needed a title and filmed this sign during our filmmaking travels. It seemed to fit hilariously well with the feel of the film surrealism, so we quickly pulled over to the side of the road and shot the sign as the title of our work. How fitting. Art shot spontaneously on the fly!

Journal Entry

11-1-97: Justin and I went out to reshoot for Motion Picture class since our film didn't properly load into the camera during the entire time we spent out filming. Thankfully, the experience of collaborating and spending time with Justin is a pleasure. We were out looking and filming textural patterns that were made by nature, and then double exposing them with human-made textural patterns. It was about finding the little things that 99% of other artists and tourists wouldn't notice. (Like how the incurve of a cave was reflected in a unique rippling of water nearby a natural waterfall.) We were both common artistic spirits, both in love with nature, Dali, experimentation, and the fantasy of it all.

"I Witnessed Images Fall" - (1998) - (1 min.) Art Animation

I wanted to express a reaction to what I felt was an over-abundance of information and images. In a true apocalyptic sense, I figured that the beautiful, shape-forming clouds in the sky would one day become polluted by a precipitation of man-made artifacts that would overwhelm our nature.

Created entirely in Adobe Premiere.

The Text Rain

"I looked up into the clouds and witnessed some expressive, surrealistic imagery. Then the clouds started to frenzy. Billions of images, letters, and words showered down on me. The black rain stained a clean piece of paper."

"Teach – P.S.A." - (1998) - (30 sec., 15 sec., and 5 sec.) Public Service Announcement Video Piece

Filmed during a school day at my sister Tanya's 1st grade classroom as she taught the children an art exercise.

4-2-98: I videotaped my sister Tanya teach her class the whole day at the Catholic school that she works at. It was so weird to suddenly be back in the 1st grade again! The girls are only 3 feet tall - one even has a cute lisp. They don't know about profanity or sex. What an age to be.

"Dreaming While Driving" - (1998) - (3 min.) Surrealistic Public Service Announcement Video Art Piece

This was a serious surrealist public service announcement concerning falling asleep or daydreaming on the road. Odd images are abound in what ends up being a hallucination from *dreaming while driving*. Here is a synopsis of the piece: "**Part One: Dreaming While Driving**": eyes burning, tired, traveling by road and by air, needing sleep but you are only sleeping in the passenger seat, the driver is actually the one asleep and snoring. Then the dream fully begins: gold fish inside Christmas light bulbs, a stray cat and dog roam across winter fields and sky, the

eye's iris is aflame with a burning light, more constant driving, enter past the backwards "END" sign – you are halfway through the dream. **"Part Two: The Cemetery of Crucified Trees"**: extinguishing the iris flame by poking oneself through one's glasses to stay alert, telephone power lines that line along the highway appear to be a cemetery of crucified dead trees, you eye-witness cars driving upside down, music tracks start to overlap, too much driving causing severe daydreams and continues a loss of control of reality, the eye pupil has blood blotches, the "END" sign arrives.

And in the end what is most important is staying awake and being alert, or you're endangering yourself and others. On a personal note, I made this piece for myself since I tend to daydream off while on a long, monotonous drive. I've nearly gotten into some serious car accidents as a result of my "dreamer's syndrome".

Special "thank you's" to Mike Folliett, Justin Jason, and Kon Petrochuk for assisting and inspiring me with this piece.

The Lesson

Public Service Announcement Message and Lesson: "Don't daydream while driving. *It could get you killed.*"

The Music

Featured music is "Hungarian Dance No. 6" by Johannes Brahms.

"Video Art Pieces Demo Reel" - (1998) - (3 min.) Video Art Piece

Contains clips from Video Art Pieces: "A Portrait of Vincent", "Cloudland", "My Hand is Asleep and Dreaming", and "Dreaming While Driving".

"My CCAD Undergraduate Computer Animation" - (1998) - (2 min.) - 3D Computer Animation Reel

Projects from Computer Animation I and Computer Animation II classes at CCAD. Includes: "Universes of Dialogue" (animatic), "Bubbles through the City" (animatic), and "Seeing to Fly" (animatic).

Created in Nichimen Graphics on SGI O2s.

"Accelerated Depression" - (1998) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Art Piece

I know how to stimulate depression in the human mind: fast-forward through flashy, pretentious movies that were scorned by critics. Watch these movies because you want to see if the visuals are any good. Watch it for forty-five minutes. Watch your life go away. Watch "art" excrete upon itself. Watch your interest in movies become incomprehensible, forgettable, and worthless. The experience is art in itself. Watch nothing interesting. Watch someone's pride and joy. Watch someone's dreams pass by in fast-forward. Watch the credits and don't blink. Watch and think about what is going on. Watch too much information and bad art in too short of an attention span!

Our media-drenched lifestyles are going by so fast that I decided to visualize and exaggerate the experience by recording the fast-forwarding of several mediocre videos into one art experience. I wanted to show how worthless of an experience hyper fast media becomes when accelerated to the point where it becomes abnormal and dismal.

Experience these images for forty-five minutes. Movies are becoming so frantic and fast that they become incomprehensible, forgettable, and unyielding. The art is in the viewer's ordeal.

When I go to an uninspired action movie in a theater, I watch nothing - but remain engaged with buttered popcorn. I got the idea from constantly fast-forward through videos that I had read weren't very good which I got free from the near-by library. I mainly wanted to see what happened in the movie as far as special effects and "surprises".

"The Wedding of Gwen and Nick" - (1998) - (40 min.) Video Documentary Piece

This was a freelance video piece covering the wedding of my cousin Gwen. I like how it represents a more subjective feel to their wedding day by capturing smaller moments like people's expressions, mannerisms, and body language. For example, I have a shot of people (and bored kids) anxiously waiting around for the bride and groom to arrive at the wedding reception after a long wait after the wedding service is over. Who hasn't felt this way at some sort of social occasion. These were the kinds of things that people edit out of wedding videos. I liked that the most.

"Laura Schnidman: Dance Video Reel" (2000) - (10 min.) Documentary Video

10-22-00: Today... for a change of pace, I accepted a video editing freelance job where I spent over six straight hours editing a 16-year-old girl's ballet demo reel for Harvard or Yale. I got paid \$40 an hour to come in on a Sunday, sit down, and complete it with her and her adoring father. It got exhausting when technical errors kept occurring towards the end, though I was never bored with the footage. I made \$250. Life was good.

4-18-01: [Frank Schnidman complimented me in front of Ed, Fran, and Steve that it was thanks to my video editing his daughter's demo reel that helped her get into Harvard.](#)

"Computer Art Animations – 1998-2001" - (2002) - (40 min.)

Compilation of my computer animations and videos from 1998-2001. Includes: "Memoria", "Definitions", "Life Forms", "Giverny" (versions 1-4), "Everybody's Gonna Learn It Sometime", "Come With Me" (Live), "Life Forms" (Atom Troy Remix), "Rainbow Twister Sex", and "Patience".

"Demo Reel" - (2002) - (3 min.) Video Art Piece

Demo reel compilation of my computer animations and videos from 1998-2001. "Memoria", "Definitions", "Life Forms", "Giverny" (versions 1-4), "Everybody's Gonna Learn It Sometime", "Come With Me" (Live), "Life Forms" (Atom Troy Remix), "Rainbow Twister Sex", and "Patience". Music "The Carnival of the Animals - The Aquarium" by Saint-Saens.

"Trip Out West" - (2001, 2003) - (1 hr.) Documentary Video

See "Trip Out West" (Extended Cut).

"Atom DVD" - (2003) - (50 min.) – DVD compilation

Contents

The DVD has a total of six items:

"Life Forms" (Atom Troy remix) - (3 min. 30 sec.)

“Everybody’s Gonna Learn It Sometime” - (8 min.)

“Come With Me” (Live) - (6 min.)

“Atom Live 1” - (6 min.)

“Atom Live 2” - (6 min.)

“Atom Live 3” - (6 min.)

This is a compilation of Atom Troy’s music videos/ live performances. It was built from a pure need for experimentation with a musician’s performance as a visual and sonic launch pad. Atom, whose real name is Troy Frank, is a friend of mine who I got to know while working at Florida Atlantic University as an assistant professor. The first performance was at a Goth club in Miami. Due to the lack of available lighting, I was forced to experiment with effects in tinting and “echoing” the visuals. So I “corrected” it with creativity.

I am very excited about spontaneous, quickly done art projects. If I spend too much time working on an art piece, I feel that it becomes too labored over and meticulously crafted. It loses something... a rawness and vigorousness. I enjoy making art when it is released in one or as few sittings as possible. That is when the magic is truly happens. There is a danger of a computer art project that looks “unprofessional” or rushed. I believe there are art pieces that look perhaps better in their essences with the creativity on the surface instead of gloss.

“Everybody’s Gonna Learn It Sometime” (2001) - (8 min.) Music Video Art Piece

The following is a music video featuring Atom Troy, the Florida Center for Electronic Communication’s sound director and resident musician. The video, “Everybody’s Gotta Learn It Sometimes”, was directed by and edited by professor Eric Homan at the Center. Compiled clips from past and recent graduate student animations bookend the music video. This was my first zero budget, creativity-driven music video and it turned out remarkably well (for what it is).

Music videos are truly abstract. They allow the director to express reality and dream together. In the end, inspiration is more important than money.

For this project I managed to merge live concert footage, staged close ups, and my computer multi-media animation “Life Forms” into a whole music video experience. This synthesis of live action digital video and CGI animation create an interesting new content thanks to the universality and ambiguity of expression and abstraction. It is best to shoot with “shoe-string”, zero budget, creativity driven music video - it has turned out remarkably well without the excesses that money can hamper on a project.

I had to understand the song before I could express it through visuals. The most serious, direct parts of the song are unsaturated of color. Yet when the chorus begins, livelier hues are returned. I liked using this contrast of black and white footage with saturated footage to present the dueling emotional sides to this song. It features both hell and heaven, sadness and happiness, the pain and the pleasure.

Journal Notes

3-11-01: Sunday morning, I shot Atom’s music video to “Everybody’s Gotta Learn It Sometime” at the Center. The other three hours I spent editing and sorting through the footage. At one point I had to stop and give acting directions. It was then that I realized that I was being a movie director for the first time - giving an actor to be more dramatic and emotional instead of looking dull and stolid on camera. I can to cajole a *performance* out of my actor. And I must say, it's not easy!

3-22-01: [I stayed three hours late at the Center to finish up the principle voice synch and edits for the music video for Atom. It felt good to make creative work at a different time of the day.](#)

3-25-01: [I made the finishing color tones and edits to the music video this morning and afternoon at the Center. It is complete and on tape. What a trial it was on the last day.](#)

Software Used

Digital Video captured in Final Cut Pro and edited together in Adobe Premiere.

“Come With Me” (Live) - (2001) – (6 min.) Music Video Art Piece

This live version of the song “Come With Me” is a behind the scenes view of the band. It goes back and forth between abstraction and realism, still images and video. The original edited video footage fades over still frame fragments every few seconds. I wanted to express a visual experience that had a fresh, spontaneous feel. An alien point of view became the perspective of the music video, which acted as an abstract/ expressionist concert video. It should be on a different planet or plane of sonic reality. It’s like color and light had gone mad.

Journal Notes

3-16-01: I earned this weekend. I went out to Atom’s house for the first time to meet up with his band and Steve Smodish so we could go over together to videotape them at a Boca Raton club. The sound at the club ended up not working, which meant no audience and no show. Still, we drove out there to film the music video since everything was set up and the band was dressed. We played the track back and the band lip-synch played to it. All in all, it was an interesting atmosphere to be out doing something on a Friday night for once. I admit that I was in bliss from having become so physically tired that I started feeling numb to outside worries. I just enjoyed the simple pleasure of driving with a friend in a truck with the windows down and the cool south Florida air sweeping across my arms and face. And I had fun with Atom’s family and friends. It was a good night out.

One realization I had tonight was that I had to collaborate with *people* in order to be successful and known. One has to have producers and agents and publicists. And sometimes - most times, people let you down, like with the club staff and sound system tonight. I was with a band that was struggling to make a break - and I was there to help with their idealistic rise. Their show didn’t go on, which left everyone frustrated and burnt out. Yet all I cared about was getting a few shots for a music video that I wasn’t sure if I was even going to get paid for doing. My time and energy were spent for a project to collaborate with people. Yet I was just enjoying getting out and meeting people.

“Life Forms” (Atom Troy remix) - (2001) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Music Video Art Piece

This is a second variation of “Life Forms” as a music video - an “introspective dance version” with the audio remixed by musician Atom Troy.

One night, Atom and I imported in my newly reedited “Life Forms” computer animation into one of his new music tracks called “Space”. The video and my poem narration just happened to match the ambient techno/ disco/ Goth audio. So after witnessing this happy accident, we decided to make it a song and music video collaboration.

What is so fascinating to me is how a dance beat can totally alter how the viewer experiences the images and the poem. The introspective mood of the original is more ponderous and meditative in the music video version; hence, more commercially viable.

“Atom Live 1” - (2001) – (6 min.) Music Video Art Piece

(Medley at Boca Club, Radius, for CD Release Party)

Check for the little Atom logo on the bottom right hand side of the screen during the live performances. It's supposed to be like Atom TV.

Journal Entries

4-15-03: I worked on editing down three of Atom's live performances this evening and night. It was a sudden burst of creative energy. What a great feeling it was to be able to do video work in the comfort of my apartment. What freedom. It was something different to do.

4-17-03: Atom, I had a creative spurt last Tuesday and I captured the three live performances on my PC and started editing them into video shorts. They're from a Goth Club in Miami, the Voodoo Lounge, and a club in Boca for the release of your "You're Not Alone" album. I had to capture two tracks that you performed as a medley ("Everybody's Gonna..." and "You're Not Alone") and mix them with the audio from the Voodoo Lounge performance because the audio was so blown out. If you can, mail me a CD with that medley. I'll send you a rough version of the DVD next week. I also reworked a DVD cover. -Eric

4-22-03: Email received today from Atom: Eric, I discussed hiring you this weekend with the label. They like the idea. Do you get more free time this summer? Mike, Gerardo and I, "Destination Earth", this is the big one, I'll send you a demo of tracks, are being flown to the Hit Factory in New York, in about a month, to record various parts of the album. I told them I wanted to hire you for that too, to just film us for 3 days.... Atom

4-30-03: Atom, I burnt the Atom DVD yesterday and I'm currently re-rendering out changes and re-edits. I send out the best version in a few more days or so. I'm a perfectionist.... I have to say it was nice to see everything together for the first time. The Power 96 track dramatically helps two of the live performances. The Miami Goth club had a different mix medley, but the original video audio was fine in the first place. Just re-watched the "Life Forms" music video version and found myself extremely pleased with the audio mix. I think I like it more than the original audio now.

5-4-03: Atom, I'm shipping the DVD on Monday. Still has a few glitches in it with technical problems with the Mac Administrator where a file over 2 gigs will get cut off at a certain point. I'll re-encode the DVD next week in a PC DVD software program. Still, I'm happy enough with the DVD to at last show it to you. It's been a month's worth of work and test rendering on it.

5-15-03: **More response news from Atom about the music videos I've done for him for "free" for the past month and a couple years ago. I have no expectations, that way I won't be disappointed:**

Eric!! I just got to CEC and got it today. It's great. I already got an ok from the company. I'll be bringing it with me to NY next week. I'll be recording at the Hit Factory and with Sony all week. I'm going to get a budget from them for you to complete the DVD with the other tracks in surround. It should be pretty easy. I'll send you the files and some additional imagery. They need nothing more than a simple image or flowing thing. Maybe I'll use that software I got to make some real time stuff. Well. Thank you, your work it's awesome. Can't wait to watch it all tonight at home. They boys will love it too. I'll contact you on the DVD immediately. Atom

Saw it, I love it! Eric, it kicks ass, brilliant job. I think the extra work will pay off!

"Atom Live 2" - (2001) - (6 min.) Music Video Art Piece

(Medley at Miami Goth club, "Underland Privat no e")

The interesting aspect about these three "Atom Live" performances is that they're all one take from one camera. I found that rather fascinating because almost all music videos use a rapid cutting technique. Yet using only one take also proposed an interesting challenge for me as a video maker to create visuals to compliment the song and performance. I used various polarized colorization and echo effects.

"Atom Live 3" - (2001) - (6 min.) Music Video Art Piece

(Medley at Ft. Lauderdale club, Voodoo Lounge)

The interesting performance visuals were achieved by using an echo effect so that a motion stream was occurred whenever any action or movement happened on stage. It worked very nicely to the beat of the trance music and flashing stage lights. To counter this effect from going overboard, I layered the track so it would dissolve back and forth between the "echo"

version and the straight digital video source. The end result is something that looks abstract and expressionistic.

Notes from That Night

11-21-01: For the rest of the night out with Atom at an absurdly trendy club called Voodoo Lounge, I hung out and lived very loosely. We arrived by white stretched limo. Our lives were so changeable in this disguised entrance. Atom mentioned to me that he was planning on going on tour again for six weeks. I videotaped Atom's performance at 2 a.m., which turned out our best footage yet. The girls were screaming and reaching out for him - as well as for me since I was videotaping so close to him at the front of the stage!!! After an hour-long high, I got emotionally and physically tired and decided to call it a day before 4 a.m. The women there were too loose and I didn't understand a word any of them were saying. What's the point of staying around?

"Computer Art Animations – 2001-2003" - (2003) (50 min.) – Computer Art DVD Compilation

Compilation of my computer animations and music videos from 2001-2003. Includes: "Everybody's Gonna Learn It Sometime", "Come With Me" (Live), "Life Forms" (Atom Troy Remix), "Demo Reel", "CEC Commercial", "Show Opener", "Abstractscapes", "Fragmentation", "Paintasia Digital", "Image with a Seizure", "Bubbles in the City", "Universe of Dialogue", and much, much more....

"Soundpharm" - (2003) - DVD Art Compilation

"Soundpharm" (Long Version) - (2003) (27 min.) Music Video Art Piece

"Soundpharm" (Short Version) - (2003) (4 min.) Music Video Art Piece

"Soundpharm" (Blink Version) - (2003) (4 sec.) Music Video Art Piece

A HAPPY ASSULT ON YOUR SENSES PRESENTS...

Justin Jason: Soundscape Designer, Twister, Distorter, Destroyer. His weapon and musical instrument is a laptop full of sound bits and loops. This is his performance as "Soundpharm".

The Editing Attack

The actual editing process was a collected distortion of frequencies of madness, light streams, and eerie looped and layered sound clips. The greatest effect of the editing was having the juxtaposition of the sudden appearance of still images with sped-up video clips. This creates a sense of unexpected start-and-stop!, start-and-stop! disorientation to match the vibrating hurry of the sonic environment. Everything is off-balance. It's about destroying the image through a sonic and visual attack on the senses. I also made the beats flash to the still image shots. I had to make due with one camera to videotape the performance, which created a creative challenge when I went to edit. So I mixed everything together in a blender, synched it to the sound mix, and watched in awe how it turned out.

"Madison – Year One" - (2003) - (6 min.) Documentary Video Piece

Six minute long video for a friend's daughter's birthday party. Footage composed of the girl's first year from video shot during a twelve-month period from October 2002 through August 2003.

“Madison – A One-Year-Old Lady Treptow” - (2004) - (8 min.) Documentary Video Piece

It’s a collection of moments of a little girl’s life, from age one to two, captured and edited in a sentimental fashion. It’s the highlights of one’s life. Directed by “Uncle Eric”. Featuring Mad Madison... Dancing Madison... Madison birthday with Salmon.

“Systematic Manipulation” - (2003) - (8 min.) Video Art Piece

Art by Jody Krevens. Video by Eric Homan. Video documentation of a senior show work of photography and performance of models in the gallery space.

12-10-03: This evening I ventured to CCAD on my day off to be the videographer for a female senior’s fine arts major in photography exhibition. It involved five 20-to-25 year old women in skin-tight body suits in macabre bondage devices covering their bodies in erotically positioned locations. She asked me if anyone could do it, so I agreed after a day of deciding. It is, after all, artfully sexually fetishistic performance art!! So there I was in a gallery space full of Fine Arts majors and other students I’ve never seen before videotaping the event. Her parents bought the expensive snacks, such as lemon-spiced shrimp, donut balls, and sherbet punch. It was incredibly odd to do this as a professional assignment when it seemed like the sort of thing a fine art freak pervert would bring a video camera to. The people there were the typical fashionable artsy poser peacock privileged society types... in packs. If they didn’t have their girl prop with them, they weren’t a *somebody*.

“Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary” - (2004) DVD Video Compilation

“Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary: In the Peak of the Autumn Season”
(Narrated Version and “Swan Lake” Music Version) - (2004) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Video Art Piece

“Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary: In the Peak of the Autumn Season” -
 (“Swan Lake” Music Only Version) - (2004) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Video Art Piece

“Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary: Through the Years” - (2004) - (11 min. 20 sec.) Video Art Piece

“In the Peak of the Autumn Season” Spoken Dialogue Narration

(For the Oct. 2003 Hocking Hills footage sequence, “In the Peak of the Autumn Season”, with Tchaikovsky’s “Swan Lake” score playing underneath):

“Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary: We’re heading for the hills – Hocking Hills of Hocking County in Southeastern Ohio... **“In the Peak of the Autumn Season”**. Hocking Hills State Park is my autumn vacation retreat. Here is heaven on earth in Ohio. During the peak of the fall season, the colored leaves glow in grandiosity. It is the ultimate time of the year to experience nature in this area of the Midwest. It’s a forest circus of birches, dogwoods, oaks, hickories, sourwoods, and sugar maples - a delicious nature cacophony for all of our senses to *savor* and *adore*. We have entered a *real* Eden that transforms us from the casual tourists to thrill-seeking explorers. We are treated to an awe-inspiring scenic overview of the Hocking Hills forest for miles to behold! The brilliantly rainbow-tinged trees illuminate from the yellow sun above while being accented by a surreal blue-blue canvas sky. The sight of that valley is a visual *ecstasy* for the *eyes*, the *imagination*, and the *soul*. Mother Nature expresses herself through Expressionism, Impressionism, Romanticism, and Surrealism here and shares it with all. These natural visual arts are displayed freely over this

wondrous world called Conkle's Hollow of Hocking Hills. The sunlight blooms everything around us speaking in saturation and humming in the breeze. Their song shines of colors and light. It's a living earth-force full of vibrant emotion - a fuel source for all God's creatures. See the fire of tints and shades set ablaze in the hills above and within valley below. The once-green leaves have turned *punk*, crazy and beautiful. One can adore it for its natural fever dream pigments of brilliant fiery reds rising up in riotous visual symphony. *Just Listen...!* One and all can be happiest here existing in the warm breeze and illuminating sun. The visual spell of crimson, pink, orange, brown, and violet foliage gives birth on branches full of winged waving leaves. Golden bronze trees tan in the sunray beams. It's like a rejuvenating fantasy world within our reality.

However, this season is also an existential parade of color combinations just weeks before they fall and die away to the march of Old Man Winter. Eventually, this magic forest, this Eden of the Midwest, will be scattered with organic blankets of leaves. Yet that's what makes this and every autumn season so glorious and defining. Mother Nature is in magnificent, cyclic *death-bloom*. It's the penultimate dance for the world to witness because her beauty doesn't last forever. So experience the natural wonder of Hocking Hills while she's in *radiance*. It's the nature's last jubilation before it fades away to winter... ***Hocking Hills: Ohio's Secret Garden – The Yosemite of the Midwest.***

by Eric Homan

(Note: It took over eighteen takes over a three-month period to get the narration track to work.)

Back Cover Excerpt from Narration

"We're heading for the hills – Hocking Hills of Hocking County in Southeastern Ohio... ***In the Peak of the Autumn Season***". Hocking Hills State Park is my autumn vacation retreat. Here is heaven on earth in Ohio. During the peak of the fall season, the colored leaves glow in grandiosity. It is the ultimate time of the year to experience nature in this area of the Midwest. It's a forest circus of birches, dogwoods, oaks, hickories, sourwoods, and sugar maples - a delicious nature cacophony for all of our senses to *savor* and *adore*. We have entered a *real* Eden that transforms us from the casual tourists to thrill-seeking explorers. We are treated to an awe-inspiring scenic overview of the Hocking Hills forest for miles to behold!" –Excerpt from the narration.

Explanations

To sum it all up, I created "Hocking Hills of Heaven" as my love letter to Mother Nature. I wanted to express my appreciation to being in nature by capturing it in video and photography and using a voiceover and music to further express my bliss for being healed by this heaven on earth, the Hocking Hills. This was a project that I created out of my deep appreciation for the Hocking Hills region in southeastern Ohio, for which I've gone for mini-vacations for several years. I had shot video down there for over seven years and ended up creating two different pieces for "Hocking Hills of Heaven", "In the Peak of the Autumn Season" and "Through the Years". For "In the Peak...", I ended up using my best footage from an autumn mid-October 2003 trip to Conkle's Hollow with a narration track I had written specifically for the Video Art Piece. The other piece, "Through the Years", was a compilation of the best highlights from the previous trips where I had taken a great deal of video.

"Through the Years" was separated in separate trips during a seven-year span, each visitation is designed as a different visceral experience to this great Ohioan state park. My state of mind at the time of each trip and the friend I went with were both subconscious factors of how I was going to do the camera work to express the experience at Hocking Hills. For example, the trip in October 1997 with Justin Jason, who works in experimental arts and music, created a more fragmentary, experimental experience. Getting to know him and enjoying his company on this mini-vacation freed me up of how I wished to express myself through capturing the beauty of the nature surrounding us.

Interpretations

One could call “Hocking Hills of Heaven” “*Eric’s Nature Appreciation Documentary*”: “An Impressionistic Narrative From An Artist’s Point-of-View”. Or as two of my friends called it, my Hocking Hills *artistic* “infomercial”. It was also my most “commercially viable” art Video Art Piece because its Mother Nature subject matter was such that most people can share in their enjoyment of the great outdoors, especially in the wondrous colors of the autumn season. Hocking Hills just happened to be an idyllic environment to shoot such a landscape to express such colors that matched my own feelings at the time. In a way, it’s a self-portrait of sorts disguised with colored leaves.

The Hocking Hills Locations

This project was filmed all over Hocking County at the following locations in Hocking Hills: Conkle’s Hollow, Old Man’s Cave, Devils’ Bathtub, Rock House, Cedar Falls, Ash Cave, Cantwell Cliffs, Rockbridge, (and off the beaten path). The beginning is with the brilliant autumn footage overlook of Conkle’s Hollow...

Dedications

“Hocking Hills of Heaven: Through the Years” is dedicated to my old friend Justin Jason and Jeff Smith for exposing me to the wonders to Hocking Hills. (Jeff Smith has used the Hocking Hills as an inspiration for the landscapes and environment in his wonderful comic book series, *Bone*.)

The Hidden, Deleted, Underlying Sexual Connotations

In a way, what I was videotaping was like a documentary porn film about my love for Mother Nature. The sight of the Hocking Hills valley in the height of the autumn season was a visual orgasm for the eyes. For all I knew, the grass we walk on could be Mother Nature’s own body hairs (or pubic hairs, for that matter).

The Opening

“Through my explorer’s eyes, artist’s vision, and childlike sense of awe are...”

The Music

The music, “Swan Lake” (1st Scene) by Peter Iljitsch Tchaikovsky, is a personal selection of music for me. Whenever my family would drive through some scenic nature drive, I’d hear this piece of music, or imagine hearing “Swan Lake” playing grandly inside my head. It was so sweeping, romantic, glorious, mysterious, sensual, and beautiful that it always reminded me of Mother Earth.

The Full Experience from the Journal

10-19-97: I experienced a *Day* with my classmate and friend Justin Jason. I felt like I grew up along the way today because I had found someone who I could talk to who shared similar “weird” and wonderful ideas and concepts about life. We traveled to Hocking Hills and hiked along the cliffs.

11-1-97: Justin and I went out to reshoot for Motion Picture class since our film didn’t properly load into the camera during the entire time we spent out filming. Thankfully, the experience of collaborating and spending time with Justin is a pleasure. We were out looking and filming textural patterns that were made by nature, and then double exposing them with human-made textural patterns. It was about finding the little things that 99% of other artists and tourists wouldn’t notice. (Like how the incurve of a cave was reflected in a unique rippling of water nearby a natural waterfall.) We were both common artistic spirits, both in love with nature, Dali, experimentation, and the fantasy of it all.

8-9-03: “**Re: Escape to Hocking Hills: Part 9**”: Ryan Treptow picked me up at my condo at 8 a.m. this Saturday for a day vacation to Hocking Hills for a six-mile hike. Our journey began at Old Man’s Cave and destined for Cedar Falls, and then a loop back to the car. We encountered many odd and

wonderful sites along and way. Dozens of beautiful barefoot Amish teenage girls passed by us in their traditional gowns and in Nike Air Jordan footwear. It was a surreal site – like entering Amish Heaven and being greeted by 18th century angels. Further down our odyssey we witnessed a breeding ground of dozens of butterflies within a gorge with over overhanging waterfall. I was further enticed by the fresh air, the eerie haze of foggy humidity, the lack of people, and the state park’s gorgeous silences. After the five-hour tour through Ohio’s own Eden, we were sore, exhausted, damp with sweat, and emitting wildly pungent body odors. On our way home, we momentarily got lost on a back country road littered with dead cats! It was a worthy day in the Life.

10-18-03: Last night, I had called up my friend Jason Merkt and set up some spontaneous plans to adventure out early this Saturday morning to drive down to Hocking Hills during autumn’s seasonal peak for the spectacular multi-colorful foliage on the forest rainbow-blooming trees. During the morning hours we passed through intriguingly mysterious patches of thick fog. For the first couple of hours in Hocking County, it was freezing cold, still overcast, and damp. Yet as we were leaving Ash Cave, the sun finally rallied and came out in its blue-sky glory. I navigated us to spots that I hadn’t been to before. Jason obediently followed my orders, which had me feel and act more like manic movie director Oliver Stone giving dictator-like directions. At Conkle’s Hollow, I witnessed what was perhaps the most extraordinary sight at Hocking Hills that I’ve ever seen. On the two-mile rim trail that led a hundred feet upwards to get to, Jason and I were treated to an awe-inspiring scenic overview of the Hocking Hills forest for miles to see! The brilliantly rainbow-tinged trees glowing from the yellow sun above were accented by a surreal blue-*blue* sky. The sight of that valley was a visual orgasm for the eyes and the imagination. I took over 150 photos with my digital camera and plenty of video shots throughout the day. I knew this was special – something *extraordinary*. Jason had ventured off before me as I was taking pictures and we ended up getting separated for over an hour. I figured he was at the other end of the trail, which he was... yet for forty minutes, I was reeling from traumatic flashbacks of when I got lost in the thick blackness of night in a forest while on a Boy Scouts campout expedition, as well as from very young childhood experiences of getting lost and separated from my family in J.C. Penny’s department store. Once Jason and I regrouped and left Hocking Hills county, we ventured down to Athens, Ohio to check out the college town and area, as well as finally get a real meal in our bellies. I was full-blown physically and emotionally exhausted after the meal, which led me to act exaggeratedly bipolar. I had experienced too much in one day. I’d be dead silent for fifteen minutes, then start spouting vulgarity at Jason’s erratic driving the next moment. By 8 p.m., I had made it back home. Thank God. Amen. But it was one of the most perfect nature days I’ve ever experienced.

“Treasures of the Hocking Hills” – DVD

Contents Include:

“Treasures of the Hocking Hills” - (41 min.)

“Treasures of the Hocking Hills trailer” - (2 min. 30 sec.)

“Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary: In the Peak of the Autumn Season”
(Narration Version) - (5 min. 30 sec.)

“Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary: In the Peak of the Autumn Season”
(‘Swan Lake’ Music Only Version) - (5 min. 30 sec.)

“Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary: Through the Years”

“Back to the Hocking Hills” - (11 min.)

“Treasures of the Hocking Hills” - (2004) - (41 min.) Documentary Movie

Introduction

Over the summer and fall of 2004, I directed, videotaped, and edited a documentary called “Treasures of the Hocking Hills”. I was easily the largest undertaking of an outside freelance project I’ve ever been involved with. It involved shooting and editing down 18 hours of video footage and sorting

through over a thousand photos into a 38-minute long documentary short. It was a grant-funded project presented by Hocking Valley Arts, Foundation for Appalachian Ohio, The Bowen House, and Ohio State University Extension – Fairfield County. The documentary covered the following:

Intro Narration

“A river runs through the valley of the Hocking Hills, linking the artist colonies along the way. The anchors of these colonies have emerged from the commitments by several families whose roots run as deep in the cultural life of our communities and the forests that surround us.

Their home studios dot the wooded slopes of the Hocking Hills, acting as birthing centers for nature-inspired art that has earned many of them national and international followings. Along with a rich store of galleries, museums and cultural centers displaying their work, these artisans keep the region’s rich cultural and artistic heritage alive and beckon for upcoming generations of artists to join their ranks. This documentary celebrates the stories of a handful of those “treasured” artisans and arts patrons—the driving forces behind our proud heritage.

Whether inspired by nature or supplied by its bounty, the artists who work in the Hocking Hills include such local legends as:

Potter and community activist Bobbi Bishop, who, with her husband Bruce, founded LilyFest- an annual art and garden festival located on their ridge top setting in the Hocking Hills.

Elbert Mercer formerly a glass designer for Anchor Hocking and in later life a fine painter of landscapes and nature.

A conversation with Barbara Hunzicker at the Decorative Arts Center of Ohio, tells the story of the Lancaster Festival. Barbara along with Eleanor Hood, and Ray Wilkes, launched the 11 day music and fine art extravaganza that dots the landscape of historic Lancaster as it passes its 20th year anniversary.

Painter Lucy Shaw who recalls entertaining her mother’s piano students with painting and drawing at the site of the historic home that is now the Bowen House- community arts and education center and welcome center for visitors along the Hocking Hills Artisan Trails.

Woodcarver Ora Anderson, who along with his wife and artist Harriet, saved the historic Dairy Barn and helped restore it to become a community arts center in Athens.

Internationally known quilter, Nancy Crow, who takes her inspiration from the horizontals and verticals in the trees that grace her rural valley landscape.

David and Roberta Baird whose lives totally merge with their art as jewelry makers and co-founders of the Foothills School of American Crafts, and

David Hostetler, sculptor, who finds a woman in every tree on his farm near Athens.

This century-old heritage continues in the region’s younger generations. We celebrate the lives and the work of all of those patriarchs and matriarchs as well as those continuing the tradition as co-operators in “Art of the Hocking Hills”, an on-line and published trail guide to the artists, cultural centers, galleries and natural amenities in the region.

The next generation of artists, too numerous to name individually here, make their homes and livelihoods in these hills, along the connecting river and in the forest, and their work reflects the local beauty and culture documented in the guide. We invite you to escape to the Hocking Hills and nurture your creative spirit!”

Back DVD Cover Text

“More than 300 makers of fine and decorative arts find their “muse” in Ohio’s beautiful Hocking Valley. Their home studios dot the wooded slopes of the Hocking Hills, acting as birthing centers for nature-inspired art that has earned many of them national and international followings. Along with a rich store of galleries, museums and cultural centers displaying their work, these artisans keep the region’s rich cultural and artistic heritage alive and beckon for upcoming generations of artists to join their ranks. This documentary presents the stories of a handful of those “treasured” artisans and arts patrons—the driving forces behind our proud heritage. The Hocking Hills State Parks also inspire and captivate thousands of visitors every year with its grand beauty.”

The Documentary Info

This is a multi grant-funded project will cover five forest artist communities to offer awareness and exposure to these highly cultural areas. The first community documentary project was called the “Treasures of the Hocking Hills”, concerning the culture and artists of the Hocking Hills region of its

melding of nature and art. We examined, explored, and revealed the traditions of art in this Appalachian community. The documentary is thirty-eight minutes with DVD “extra treasures” special features with photo galleries, “Hocking Hills of Heaven” mini personal documentaries, artist bios, a deleted scene, and documentary trailer.

The Publicity

The documentary was shown on PBS stations (local WHIO and hopefully national affiliates). A one to two minute trailer for the work was also created as a publicity plug for local TV. Other forms of publicity and exposure for this project will be in school classrooms. A traveling exhibit is also planned.

The Grant

\$10,000+ is how much money that has been raised to fund this project so far. The grant money will also be paying for promotions and brochures, as well as DVD duplication and distribution. More money is projected being raised to continue funding and ambition of the project.

The Content

The top priority at the current time is to *document* and *archive* the living and residing artists in the Hocking Hills area before they pass away by recording them onto video by interviewing them about their lives and documenting their artwork.

The Artists

These Hocking Hills artists use the natural resources of the area to motivate them in their work. The region area itself is an environment that each of the artists find as a source of artistic and creative *inspiration*. The following documentary presents a gallery of artists offering their own personal background, history, stories, chronicles, and wisdom about their lives, art, and ideology.

The Music

We used local musicians, the Hotpoint String Band, that also help promote the rich music that is created in this area as well. Also classical music was used in certain areas since it is public domain without any copyright problems.

The Schedule

We shoot the interviews throughout the month of June and July in southeastern Ohio, while editing throughout the summer to our projected documentary length of 30 minutes to an hour.

Credits

“Deep within the Appalachian forests and hills of Southeast Ohio are...”
“Treasures of the Hocking Hills”

Featuring:

David Hostetler - Sculptor
Lucy (Bowen) Shaw - Painter
Elbert Mercer - Glass Designer, Painter
Bobbi Bishop - Potter
Ora Anderson - Wood Bird Carver, Writer
David and Roberta Baird - Metalworkers, Jewelers
Nancy Crow - Quilt Maker, Textile Surface Designer
John Stitzlein – Artist, Welder, Carpenter
Barbara Hunzicker – Co-Founder of the Lancaster Arts Festival

-“Where art, music and nature merge in our work, our homes, and our communities.”

“Treasures of the Hocking Hills”

Presented by Hocking Valley Arts, Foundation for Appalachian Ohio, The Bowen House, and Ohio State University Extension – Fairfield County

Directed, Videotaped, and Edited by Eric Homan
Produced by Carol Mackey
Interviews Conducted by Carol Mackey and Ann Frazier

Music Credits

“Bus Stop Reel”, “Monticello/ Owen Sound/ River Falls”, “Pocatalico”, “Bridgewater Boys Breakdown”, “Caminos de Galicia”, “Hotpoint Special/ Trip To Sofia”, “I Am Alive (Song For Carlotta)”, “Swing” on a Gate/ Round II/ Jerry Can Dance”, “Avel Vor/ The Golden Stud/ Sligo Creek”, “La Partida”, “Big John McNeil/ Elzic’s Farwell”, “The Oddville Cupola”, “Buffalo Gals/ Barlow Knife”, “St. Anne’s Reel/ Jeff Davis”, “School Marm”, “The Willow Waltz”, “Bandura Waltz”, and “Cantrell’s Retreat.”

All songs by Hotpoint Stringband, except “I am Alive” by Bernie Nau and Bruce Dalzell, Nau Publishing; “Hotpoint Special” by Larry Unger; “Trip to Sofia” by Dave Bartley; “Oddville Cupola” by Claude Ginsburg Copyright 2004, Make ‘em Go Wooo Productions. www.hotpointstringband.com

Additional Classical Music:

“Prelude No. 17” by Frédéric Chopin.
“Symphony No. 2.” by Sergei Vasilyevich Rachmaninoff.

Special Thanks to Hocking Valley Arts Marketing Consortium, The Dairy Barn, The Decorative Arts Center of Ohio, Sycamore Communications, Varga Communications, Bruce Bowens, Ann Frazier, David Hostetler, Lucy (Bowen) Shaw, Elbert Mercer, Bobbi Bishop, Ora Anderson, David & Roberta Baird, Nancy Crow, John Stitzlein, Barbara Hunzicker, Lester & Elizabeth Homan, Justin & Nikki Jason, Ryan Treptow, Kon Petrochuk, Dan Grose, Nancy Wride, and Kylie Towers.

In Memory of: Floyd Hiles, Jim Nibbio, Bruce Bishop, Tony Davenport, Tim Jerman, Harriet Anderson, and Leona Mercer.

Visit our website at: www.hockinghillsart.com

Additional footage from “Hocking Hills of Heaven”.

Copyright 2004, The Bowen House.

Running Time: 41 min. Extra Treasures: 16 min. Sleeve Design and Photography: Eric Homan. Copyright 2004, The Bowen House.

Shooting Log

This is a collection of journal log entries while I was out shooting this documentary.

How It All Began

Dear Ric: I am excited that Char referred me to you to discuss the possibility of a collaboration to produce a "documentary" about the "treasures" of the Hocking Hills who give our region its deeply rooted arts and crafts heritage. The inside cover of our "Art of the Hocking Hills" trail guide describes the people and places that anchor the arts in our communities. Several of the people are nearing their century birthday and we want to capture their stories, the arts and community centers they helped to create and the natural beauty that has inspired them in their own work throughout the Hocking Hills region -- before it is too late! Would you and your students be interested in helping us? We are meeting with a potential grantor on Friday at which time I hope to know to what extent we can fund this project. I have few other preconceived notions about how this can or should be done. I am a community economic development specialist- not an artist. Nor do I or my local colleagues have any clue how such things are designed and developed. We

have a production company here in Lancaster that could possibly do it but we are not likely to have enough money to pay them their usual rate. We would like to be able to use the tool (DVD, Video, ...) to convey to the public at presentations, traveling exhibits and perhaps public TV - at least regionally, to communicate our story about the Hocking Hills arts destination and heritage.---"where art, music and nature merge in our work, our homes and our communities." Please let me know if you are interested and available for a project that would probably need to be completed by yearend. I look forward to hearing from you. Carol Mackey, Community Development Agent and Chair, Hocking Valley Arts Marketing Consortium, OSU Extension, Fairfield County, 831 College Avenue, Suite D, Lancaster OH 43130, 740-653-5419, cell 614-329-2308, 740-687-7010 fax, mackey.75@osu.edu.

Carol, I think we probably do have some students who would be interested in doing this project. It sounds interesting. The problem for us is that we are finishing the year this week and most of the students are gone for the summer. I'm going to forward this e-mail to my video instructors and see if they have any suggestions of students who might be interested. I'll let you know what I hear from them. Ric.

Ric, Ironically enough for the past few months, I've been personally editing through seven years worth of Hocking Hills video footage that I've shot (which is well over an hour) and over three hundred photographs from the multiple trips I've taken there into what I was calling "Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary". It was basically Hocking Hill seen through the eyes of an artist, who also happens to love nature. I've edited down the video footage to around fourteen minutes, with the best footage being from the peak of the autumn season from last mid October. As unbelievable as this may sound, I was looking for funding for this piece, which is "documentary-style" nature footage of the main sites in Hocking County. I could easily steer this footage that I've already familiarized myself with and fit it to their needs. I've also got footage of Hocking Hills' sites from practically all four seasons in its changing stages. And it'd be great to take another trip back to Hocking Hills, shoot some more footage, and get paid for it.

Please keep me informed about funding for such a project. Also, I'll need to know how many labor hours of interviewing these Hocking County artists will take.

We're wrapping up the school year this week with graduation on Saturday. Also, I'll be gone for most of next week because I'll be down in Kentucky at Mammoth Cave National Park shooting video and photos.

Take care, Eric Homan.

Carol, one of my faculty, Eric Homan is interested in talking to you about this project. He has your contact info and should be getting in touch soon. Eric is very talented and has already been working on a piece about the Hocking Hills area. You can reach him at ehoman@ccad.edu

A One-Man Movie-Making Machine

5-20-04: Carol Mackey called me back this afternoon and we talked about doing the Hocking Hills artists documentary. And to my utter shock, good news came of it – it sounded positive that the grant for the project would go through. After the disappointment of learning that my summer class wouldn't be going, getting this new gig sounded quite exciting and enticing. This was a huge morale boost for me since I'd been so depressed about my summer class being canceled and I was without something to occupy my time and mind. There's also something to motivate myself and aim for with my video work as well. I've been working on this "Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary" project for the past few months and suddenly someone is interested in my skills of how I put it all together. It's not the piece itself they're interested in: it's that I did it myself. I videotaped, edited, color-corrected, sound mixed, titled, and encoded it on DVD all by myself. I'm a one-man movie-making machine. All of the time I spent working on my "personal art projects" that I didn't think anyone would ever end up seeing may *finally* help me meet a means to a financial end with a videotaping/ editing job that actually *pays* something. I can finally say that all the hard work, creativity, energy, and time I put into my artwork won't be in vain. It's now *worthwhile*. Even the "Trip Out West" hour-long documentary is good for showing what I have done in the past. I've built up quite an impressive portfolio. I now feel more motivated to work on my video/ computer artwork projects over the summer since I can use them for freelance purposes and to enhance my technical skills in teaching. It's nice to actually have something to work *towards*. The other major irony of all of this is that back in April I was considering doing a feature-length movie filmed in the scenic Hocking Hills. Now I'll actually be in that area shooting footage for a grant-funded documentary based in that area. What an amazing coincidence!! I love it!

Continued Correspondences

5-26-04: Carol, Enclosed is my resume so you can look over my work experience. I am currently back in Columbus and re-editing and mixing the Hocking Hills footage that I have. You should have a preliminary DVD of what I was going for by next week.

In the meantime, I recommend checking out the hour-long documentary called "Home Movie". It's available at Blockbuster and possibly at the local library. It involves inter-cutting between five different eccentric homeowners from across the United States. Very fascinating stuff shot in a similar format that we discussed.

We also need to think about music for the project. We could use local musicians in the Hocking Hills area for free for the score. Otherwise, we could always use classical music, which is usually public domain and copyright-free.

As for filming each artist, we can use a two digital camera setup with two tripods and two microphones during the interview. Talk to you later, Eric Homan.

5-26-04: Jason, My summer schedule is now totally flip-flopped. My summer Computer Animation I class didn't have enough students to go, so it got cancelled. However, I got contacted through an email through the dean of Media Studies that someone is looking for a faculty member to shoot a documentary on artists in the Hocking Hills of Hocking County. Ironically enough for the past few months, I've been personally editing through seven years worth of Hocking Hills video footage that I've shot (which is well over an hour) and over three hundred photographs from the multiple trips I've taken there into what I was calling "Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary". It was basically Hocking Hill seen through the eyes of an artist, who also happens to love nature. I've edited down the video footage to around fourteen minutes, with the best footage being from the peak of the autumn season from last mid October. So I contacted this lady and she's finalizing an art grant for the project. So I'll be shooting and editing this tentatively over June and July in Hocking County. I'm currently editing what footage I've already shot and edited to send to her to show to her what we can produce on a DVD. So my summer jobs have gotten switched on me.

So I can't say for certain when I can leave on vacation anymore. I'll have to wait another week or so until I hear back on more details on this project. -Eric

5-28-04: I worked from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. straight on editing "Hocking Hills of Heaven" at CCAD today. And finally, I felt like it was all coming together after five months of editing (and not to mention seven years of shooting off and on). I nearly finished. It should be burnt on DVD and sent to the post office by Tuesday. "Don't work too hard, Eric!" -Nancy to me upon seeing that I was working in my office on my Hocking Hills video project again while she was off to visit her husband in New York City. I replied: "It's hard to do that when I'm on a deadline!"

6-1-04: I worked so hard on completing "Hocking Hills of Heaven", but couldn't quite finish it all up. Once again, I couldn't make my deadline because of technical and artistic dilemmas. Very, very frustrating.

6-21-04: Carol, I've rested up and captured all of the video and photography on Saturday and Sunday. And it looks great! I need to edit it down now because the raw footage from these interviews alone are taking up close to 110 Gigs of space already!! So I'll be working on a first draft edit this week on these interviews to see how they work in an abridged, edited form.

Sunday is fine for me. I just need to know where and where to meet you. The Bowen House?

Yes, I can house-sit on the days you and Bruce are gone. Take Care, Eric.

Documentary Project Budget Savings Breakdown

(CCAD Equipment I Can Use For Free For This Documentary, and my own video/ camera equipment)

CCAD equipment

G5 1.8 kHz processor Macintosh computer workstation:	\$3,200
Final Cut Pro – video-editing software:	\$1,000
iDVD – DVD encoding software:	\$300
GL2 Mini DV Camera:	\$2,000
Sony Mini DV Camera:	\$2,000
2 Tripods: \$200 each =	\$400

2 External microphones: \$50 each =	\$100
Sony headphones:	\$30
	<hr/>
	\$9,030

My video/ camera equipment

Dell computer workstation:	\$2,400
Camedia Olympus 3.3 Mega pixel Digital Camera:	\$1,000
JVC Mini DV Camera:	\$800
1 Tripods: \$100 each =	\$100
Headphones:	\$20
	<hr/>
	\$4,320

Total Savings: \$13,350

Additional Documentary Project Supplies Budget Breakdown

15 one hour Mini DV tapes: \$8 each =	\$120
100 DVD-R spindle:	\$100
Epson printing paper:	\$50
4 Duracell Coppertop batteries for microphones	\$10
5 eight-pack Duracell Coppertop AA batteries for digital camera	\$25
	<hr/>
	\$305

Salary Breakdown of My Video Shooting, Video Editing, DVD Production Services

\$80 an hour	\$80
\$80 an hour x 6 hours =	\$480
5 days a week x \$480 =	\$2,400
2 weeks x \$2,400 =	\$4,800
3 weeks x \$2,400 =	\$7,200
4 weeks x \$2,400 =	\$9,600
5 weeks x \$2,400 =	\$12,000...

A Major Personal and Professional Art Victory

6-10-04: And so this morning I achieved one of my few and rare successes in my professional art career by standing my ground during a meeting at the Bowen House in Logan, Ohio, to discuss the "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" artists documentary project. I took plenty of notes on what was expected and presented a project outline of the technical budget as well as my fees (\$80 an hour). It was the first time I offered my video editing services to a major project that may actually be shown to more than five people. I actually managed to look professional, knowledgeable, organized, respectable, eager, and enthusiastic about the project to the five other arts people at the meeting, all of whom were in their fifties and sixties. (I was only 27.) (And thank God I dressed up and looked respectable for the occasion.) And finally, Carol Mackey disclosed how much money the grant was going to be... \$10,000+. I had no expectations of what the figure was going to be. She had mentioned it was relatively small and she couldn't hire a normal video production company to do it. It could have been only \$500... \$3,000... \$5000... \$10,000.... One man at the meeting who worked at a video production house in Lancaster said that \$10,000 still wasn't much money. So Carol is still going to look for raising more money. I agreed to get started immediately with the shooting and interviewing of these Hocking Hills artists even though I wouldn't be able to get paid until after July 1st. As for living arrangements in Logan, I will be living in an upstairs bedroom at the Bowen House itself, which was built in 1831!!! Thankfully, it's been kept up and refurbished with modern technology (air conditioning). If I were to stay here for a bed and breakfast, it would cost \$135 a night!! And they're allowing me to stay for free!! And the more I was learning about the artists I was going to videotape and interview the more I realized I would almost do all of this for *free*. I'd take pictures of their

work and houses just as a personal hobby for me. The Hocking Hills area and the small town of Logan are just that artistically intriguing to me. This is a dream summer job for me. It's perfect timing, too. And it'll pay me *three times* as much as what I'd make teaching that Computer Animation I class at CCAD!! I'm single, I don't have kids, and I'm free to move down there and do what I please. It's a vacation summer video job.

It was deeply pleasing to know that after all the hard work and effort I put into putting together that "Hocking Hills of Heaven" DVD that its *paying* off for me now. Also, they mentioned that this grant could be an ongoing project to archive these resident artists of Hocking County. So I may get rehired to film and edit some more in the future.

I also found out that Peter Gabriel, one of my favorite musicians, loves the Hocking Hills. He flies down to Lancaster airport in his private jet and visits every so often. *Wild*. How exciting!

July 6th – Carol will be gone. She invited me to housesit for the time she was gone and feed her dogs and cats.

"Treasures of the Hocking Hills" Documentary Project

6-10-04: I'm currently working on a major freelance video documentary project this summer called "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" Documentary Project. Here are the specs on the project:

The Documentary Info: This is a grant-funded project covering five forest artist communities to offer awareness and exposure to these highly cultural areas. The first community is called the "Treasures of the Hocking Hills", concerning the culture and artists of the Hocking Hills region of its melding of nature and art. We are to examine, explore, and reveal the traditions of art in this Appalachian community. The documentary will be around thirty minutes or an hour long video with DVD special features with extended/deleted scenes and interviews.

Publicity: The documentary will be shown on PBS stations (local WHIO and hopefully national affiliates). A one to two minute trailer for the work is planned as a publicity plug for local TV. Other forms of publicity and exposure for this project will be in school classrooms. A traveling exhibit is also planned.

The Grant: \$10,000+ is how much money that has been raised to fund this project so far. The grant money will also be paying for promotions and brochures, as well as DVD duplication and distribution. More money is projected being raised to continue funding and ambition of the project.

The Content: The top priority at the current time is to *document* and *archive* the living and residing artists in the Hocking Hills area before they pass away by recording them onto video by interviewing them about their lives and documenting their artwork.

The Artists: These Hocking Hills artists use the natural resources of the area to motivate them in their work. The region area itself is an environment that each of the artists find as a source of artistic and creative *inspiration*. The following documentary presents a gallery of artists offering their own personal background, history, stories, chronicles, and wisdom about their lives, art, and ideology.

The Music: We will be using local musicians, such as the Hotpoint String Band, that will also help promote the rich music that is created in this area as well. Also classical music is a consideration since it is public domain without any copyright problems.

The Schedule: We will be shooting the interviews throughout the month of June and July in southeastern Ohio, while editing throughout the summer to our projected documentary length of 30 minutes to an hour.

The David Hostetler Interview

6-17-04: Well, *I did it*. I completed my first professional directing job in shooting this documentary on artists in the Hocking Hills area. Besides some minor audio microphone problems, things went smoothly. I looked like I was in charge, calm, good-humored, enthusiastic, passionate, and focused on what we needed to do. *And surprise, I really was*. The first artist we interviewed was down in the country outskirts of Athens, Ohio... and he was a real *major* artist. His name was David Hostetler, a 79 year-old, who had the energy of a giddy nine-year-old. The majority of his artwork and sculpture work has been about the *women* and the sensuous form of women. It's his driving obsession. What blew me away was that many of his works had prices on them for \$25,000!!! I got along extremely well with the guy since we shared a passion for art, R. Crumb, nature, gorgeous women, and eclectic music. It was remarkable that I was getting paid \$80 an hour to hang out and videotape this guy! His house was astonishing in its design and décor. It was like a castle farm in the Appalachian county hills. I would have begged to shoot photos there *just for fun*. He had really built himself a "Neverland" ranch homestead country home theme park

nature preserve for himself to mediate in to help him inspire his artwork! Yet filming the handheld video was still *hard, hard work*, which I had to be constantly “on” and moving for 3½ hours straight during the video shoot while my producer/ interviewer and I were there. Holding up that heavy digital video camera for over an hour was hellishly difficult since I was getting little blood circulation to my arms since they were upright supporting the camera. Later at one point David even took me on a ride in his six-wheeler through his 50 acres of woods to show me his appreciation of nature and where he goes to mediate. My emotions were going euphoric all over the place since this was such an exciting experience. I was taking a joy ride with a great artist through a Hocking Hills woods while seeing deer along the way. Yet I got a spider web in my eyes, which made my eyes burn and tear up. Then we made it to a prairie where he put on the gas and we charged through the tall grass with its seeds “ejaculating” at us furiously and madly, like Mother Nature was “sperming” us with her love. “I’ve got sperm in my shoe!” I exclaimed. He got my absurdist sense of humor and roared with laughter. It was a weird, wild time. And I was videotaping it all.

Yet by day's end, my body was giving out. A headache loomed on me. When I followed Carol Mackey's husband to their country house to stay overnight, it had rained so much that their driveway had literally turned into a waterfall. “The Mid-Life Crisis Garage Band” was practicing in (where else) the garage when we arrived. We ate a hometown carryout pizza and drank wine before I headed for bed from exhaustion. Yet I still couldn't manage to fall asleep for over two hours because I was still wired from the day's shoot. What an amazing day.....!

Memories From the Videotaping Sessions

6-18-04: My arms were so tired from filming with that semi-heavy digital video camera for over an hour yesterday while trying valiantly to keep everything in frame in a good composition in good lighting with good sound!! I was working myself to death. When Lucy, our first artist of the day that we interviewed, offered us chicken noodle soup and sandwiches for lunch, I could barely lift the soup spoon up to my mouth. My arms felt *that* heavy. It was insane.

Later this afternoon, we took a highly scenic drive through the one-lane country roads of north Logan to our second artist to be interviewed, Elbert Mercer, a 95-year-old painter. He was also unbearably pessimistic and *deeply* lonely with his wife dead and buried behind their house. He also teared up on camera, which I'd never been in the live presence of filming someone and have that happened before me before. What surprised me was that there wasn't anything “magical” or sentimental about seeing someone look back over their life and have their eyes well up like that. I had one of the three cameras zoomed in for a close-up... and it was too raw and real. As David Hostetler kept saying over and over again yesterday, “Too much... too much...” I really felt Mr. Mercer's pain and anguish.

The Hiccups Along the Way

6-27-04: Then I suggested we leave and meet at Carol's house to talk some “business” concerning the budget swell. After a week of hard work on the documentary, I gave Carol my time sheet of how much work I've done so far. From the sound of it, Carol figured that I'd probably only get around \$5,000 out of that grant money since they didn't realize how much time it took to edit. And it doesn't sound likely that it's going to be shown on PBS with the lack of funding and time at our disposal. Once again, it was a major comedown to reality for me. I had such *hopes* for this documentary and what it would do for me in exposing me as a documentarian and artist.

On my way home after leaving Carol's place, I had to take a detour on country roads I had never taken before. Carol had given me directions, but I got lost within minutes of leaving her house even though I thought I was heading west back towards State Route 33. It was terrifying to drive *forty-five minutes* and find yourself unable to make it back on two-lane roads of civilization again. The roads winded like an eternal zigzag question mark geographically expressing my mental and emotional state of confusion. I was indeed lost in the Hocking Hills. It was like I was driving a physical metaphor for my life at the moment: lost in the wilderness on some back roads during sundown while trying to get back to where I wanted to go. And all the while, I had on "Lou Reed: The Blue Mask" playing in my car. "Waves of Fear" never sounded so appropriate. Eventually, I did manage to make it out of that labyrinth of Mennonite country back roads by making it to the small town of Rockbridge, OH. But still, what a frightening experience.

The One-Man Movie-Making Machine

7-9-04: For this documentary, I am the director, the director of cinematography, the sound man, the lighter, the photographer, the sound designer, the driver, and the equipment carrier. I am a one-man

movie-making machine! I have to admit that I'm rather pleased with myself of how much I've been able to do on this documentary project so far. I'm making the majority of the creative editing decisions of how this project takes shape. I've been looking at the credits of other documentaries and they have dozens of names for the various duties people do. I've been doing almost all the creative and technical jobs. This morning I was making the decisions of what Hocking Hills music to place where in the video I've edited so far. This takes decisive judgmental skills as well as musical taste sensitivity of how you're crafting this all together. It can either enhance the piece or destroy it. I'm walking a fine line and I know it. I have to be my own toughest critic.

The LilyFest/ Bobbi Bishop Shoot

7-9-04: I was supposed to shoot video for this documentary I'm doing involving LilyFest on Saturday, but we rescheduled for Friday due to possible rain coming in on Saturday. The interview with an Athens artist I was supposed to shoot on Friday then got rescheduled for Saturday. So from Friday afternoon through early evening, I got out for the first time this week in Hocking County and worked on videotaping the big LilyFest art festival that was being held at Bobbi Bishop's enormous garden property. Bobbi was also the silver-haired female artist we were to interview today as well before WHIO interviewed later this day. So after an hour of videotaping and photographing the flowers, stands, artwork, people, and sights, I manically setup my three cameras for the interview while perspiring three pounds worth of sweat from the heat and humidity. It was odd to be getting paid to do this type of work at such a wonderful event and marvelous location. But it's also extremely laborious and stressful in how much organization and preparation I have to maintain throughout the day. It's hard enough looking after the microphone sound levels and three video cameras while they're simultaneously recording while making sure they're all in focus and in descent framing composition while making sure they have enough tape left in them. See what I mean by overloading *stress?!?* But I believed in what I was doing and was thrilled by the people I was meeting. I felt honored to be the one putting together this documentary about exposing this community of artists in the Hocking Hills region. My talents in the video arts will be in informing others about their cultural arts. It's a win-win situation. Unfortunately, I got home physically exhausted with a headache to the point that I had to go to bed at 8 p.m. on a Friday night. I gave everything I could give. *At least I earned this day.*

While at LilyFest, I met the most extraordinary artisan people there. These are simple people totally removed from fast-paced, urban society. Some of them don't even watch TV. This gorgeous nature surrounding them is all they really need, along with community and good conversation.

Impressions on Ora Anderson

I felt that I struck a deep personal connection with what this man in the wilderness of Athens, OH, was saying about his life and passions because of the deep joy of what he did for a living in his bird carving. He actually *loved* doing it and felt ever so lucky for the life he has led. I really listened to him and heard what he had to say as a young artist (age 28). I must say that while videotaping and meeting this man I felt that I very much *liked* his personality. Instead of being sour, lonely, and depressed about his life, he is optimistic, happy, and productive even at the age of 93. I hope to be like him at that age. As he says about himself, "I'm a busybody!" - and I love workaholics since I'm one myself. I found it fascinating that he considers his wood bird sculpting to be "one of his hobbies". It's not his vocation. It's simply something he's found a knack for doing after he retired. "It is something that keeps him going." It is one of his primary life force motivations to live and be happy. He's found his way in life. And what a life it is. He's even a compulsive writer. "I have to write! I can't stop writing! I love the writing." I also feel that he is a great teacher. He been around, he's sincere, and he knows what he's talking about when it comes to creating art. What he says about young artists giving up on art because they've chosen a field of art that no one is buying in is especially true, raw, and brutally honest. It's wonderful to hear someone say it aloud. He admits that his "little dinky" birds are not "great art", but they sell and are constantly in demand - *and that's what counts*. He really talks about appealing to a specific *audience* in order to sell your work. And I love how the rain starts to pour behind him as he really starts making a point about art and selling your art! Now that's a moment.

7-10-04: Today was a journey down to Athens to interview Ora Anderson, a wood sculpture of birds, who I learned such questions and phrases: "*Who wants your art?!?*"... "*I write for myself?*"... "*This is the Legacy of Artists.*" He's also a writer and does radio talks as well. What an incredible man. I'm as ignorant of this artist community as everyone else. So it's fantastic to be the one exposing and visualizing

them. (Oh, the pressure!)

David & Roberta Baird Interview

7-12-04: I reached total and complete physical exhaustion today with our final and sixth artist(s) interview video shoot. The interviewer and I first stopped in the small art town of Nelsonville to shoot some of the local historic downtown galleries. Then we headed down to the secluded residence of David & Roberta Baird, two jewelry makers who live deep in the forests of Athens. This afternoon's shoot involved problems with the microphones and complexity with shooting two artists at the same time with three separate cameras. The difficulty with this is that I'm the only cameraman/ soundman!!!! Then midway through the shoot, it started sprinkling so I had to quickly cover the cameras with towels and hope for the rain clouds to pass. Then we lost the light. Ironically, the interviewer thought this was our best interview yet. I nearly passed out on several occasions from the intense and unbearable humidity and my low blood-sugar levels. I was simply doing too much at once... and it finally caught up with me. I needed more help. I was doing a five-person job myself... but for \$80 an hour. But this wasn't worth killing myself over. I was so desperate for food that I asked to stop at a "Taco John's" fast food joint outside Athens, which was below par Taco Bell food that tasted incredibly good considering how hungry I was. I was losing my will for even converse in conversation by 7 p.m. A headache also ate at my declining health. I just needed some rest. I NEED REST.

David & Roberta Baird Interview Highlights

I was taken by the part where David is talking about the *community* of the Hocking Hills artists and how they come together in a way that doesn't happen in urban places. This is where things get more personal and deep. There is a "rural attitude", as he puts it, to the area where they will pitch in, even if they don't know the other person if or when they have a disaster. They're a kindness to the country area that can't be found in the urban setting of New York City so much.

They also discuss, quite frankly, some words of advice and wisdom to young and aspiring artists about getting into the arts. Things they need to recognize and understand. "There aren't simple answers." And he begs to tackle issues of meaning in our lives and what we buy. "And the question is: 'Is it more important to have something that is meaningful... than just to have *stuff*?'"

Foothill School of American Crafts in Downtown Nelsonville, OH

7-14-04: After shooting for about two hours the Foothill School of American Crafts in downtown Nelsonville and other assorted galleries this late morning and early afternoon, I went back to my car and found out I had gotten my first parking ticket – for five *measly* dollars (\$5). I had only put in 30 cents for one hour since I figured that was as long as we were going to be there for. But Ann and I had left for lunch and parked on a different part of the downtown, leaving me out of visual sight of my car and the small town parking to remind me to put in more dimes. And my mind was too much on shooting this documentary for me to think of something as minimal as a small town parking meter. I felt traumatized and frustrated that if you leave a meter expire for just forty-five minutes in a small town like Nelsonville, The Man would stick it to me!! I had to go find the downtown post office in Logan, OH and pay off the fine before it was enlarged for "late payment after 48 hours". (When you're living out in the boondocks and from out of town, you're helpless and miles away from a nearby mailbox!) So this small fine turned into a forty-five minute hassle for me!!! This is the insanity that can erupt out of the smallest of events. And I hate and despise wasting my time. "So much for being a 'perfect', law-abiding citizen." I've not got a record as a felon.

"AAAAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Movies Made About Ohio

7-17-04: The weirdest thing about this documentary that I'm working on is that I rarely ever see movies made about Ohio and Ohioans – and I'm the one who's making the movie! I have no idea how many people are going to end up seeing this documentary in the end, though. But I still feel it's been a good experience and I believe in what I'm promoting.

The Hard Drive Crash

7-20-04: What I've been dreading throughout working on this huge documentary project - *the unthinkable* – happened at 6:40 p.m.: one of my main 120 Gig hard drives with last week's interviews

started making beeping noises and *stopped working*. I had a near panic attack/ nervous breakdown when I considered the implications of what this would mean in how much work I would have to make up. It was especially damning considering that I was nearing completion of this 40-minute documentary project with our budget running out. I was ready to cry. After trying valiantly to make the hard drive come up again and finding myself unable to achieve that goal, I gave up and considered my options. I can go back to CCAD and have the IT department check it out and see what they can do. They can also ship it off to get the information taken off onto another hard drive. So perhaps my work isn't gone. But I just hate this unnecessary, unexplainable drama!

The Hard Drive Miracle Resurrection

7-21-04: And so I had to wait the whole evening and night through in order to drive all the way back to CCAD to call up the IT technical services department for them to give me a hand. Luckily, a friend of mine works in the department and he helped me out with my crisis. Ryan's first diagnosis of the situation was that my hard drive was unrecoverable. Then he checked it out some more and found out that a back portion of it that connects it to a computer went "bad". So he dismantled the hard drive case and hooked it up to the inside of the computer's internal CPU. Miraculously, it came up. But we both feared that the connection may be lost after a few hours or minutes, so we had to work fast in getting 120 G worth of video files off and onto another hard drive. It took about four to five hours to get it all transferred, but I got it done. I was exhausted by 3:30 p.m., but I realized that I saved myself a grueling week and a half of making up for work that was almost lost. This is the drama of being an independent computer artist/ documentarian with not enough of a budget to afford backup hard drives.

Barbara Hunzicker: Decorative Arts Center in Lancaster, OH

7-30-04: I did my "final" bit of video shooting for this documentary project this morning from 9 a.m. – 10:30 a.m. by videotaping an interview with Barbara Hunzicker, and doing videotaping and photography at the historic Decorative Arts Center in Lancaster, OH. Afterwards, Carol took me to a downtown Lancaster diner for lunch and I confidently discussed how the project was going and coming together. There really is a mass market and audience for what we've been putting together!! And the craziest thing about it is that no one really knows about it. They're not sure what *exactly* we're doing. So it will be extremely interesting to see the reaction to the edited footage I have compiled together for the past two months. I even cockily told Carol before we left the Decorative Arts Center, "Do you see this smile on my face? I'm the only one who has really *seen* and *knows* what footage we've gotten! And it's all coming together." Even Carol admitted that she didn't fully know what the project was going to be about when we started and was unsure of where it was going to head towards. It was very interesting to watch Carol listen to me because she was really *learning* something from me that she didn't know or realize about this grant project that we've been working on for so long. The interviews that we've gotten in this documentary have been so good for artists to hear that most art schools may want to purchase this DVD. And I also enthusiastically mentioned to Carol how much Hocking Hills footage I took last weekend and how I wanted to incorporate that into the documentary to get a wider audience by exploiting the beauty of the Hocking Hills as much as possible. Everyone loves nature! So why not sell it as that and use these artists as the marketers!?! It was a genius idea and she took notes. So the ball is rolling to get more money in for this. And the greatest irony is how many people just don't know what we've been doing with this documentary! I can't blame them since Carol and I haven't been able to as well until we've seen everything edited together. But once they do... oh boy! Carol informed me I'll get paid my check next Tuesday and that'll be that. The bottom line is: this is just a job and I did it for pay. But I also know it goes deeper than that. This was a work of passion, commitment, devotion, love, affection, adoration, and empathy for these artists and the place where they call home: the Hocking Hills.

Exciting Editing

8-1-04: My confidence in working on this "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" project has certainly grown much broader in the past couple of weeks now that I'm narrowing down the editing and fine-tuning what needs to be done. I know what it's all about and can work at a much fast pace and a higher degree of certainty, skill, sensitivity, and precision. The bottom line is: I know what I'm doing now and I've got a passion for it. I'm a total professional director/ videographer/ photographer/ editor/ sound mixer/ sound designer. Everything is coming together!! And it's all being done by myself. I know what I've got and I know that it's going to be *good*. That's why I'm filled with so much urgency to complete it before any

more hard drives crap out on me again!!!!!!!!!!!!

Plowing Through the Editing

8-3-04: Things are proceeding faster and better than I expected. I haven't left my condo in the past two days because I'm so anxious to finish editing and get this thing in a "whole" form before the fall semester begins and I get overwhelmed with prepping with school stuff and meetings. I just did my work timesheet and, unfortunately for me, I've just passed \$11,000! We'll see if that additional grant money comes in. Yet I sincerely and realistically doubt there will be much more, which means I'm working for free for this point on. I finished up the Barbara Hunzicker interview with cutaways today. I'm getting really excited about this documentary now. I'm getting *really* excited about this documentary now. I've been re-re-editing the older interviews that I had edited and fine-tuning them with better cutaways and taking out the slower bits. And I must say it's pretty interesting, involving stuff! And I'm impressed that I'm the one involved in making it all come together visually! I'm actually making a lot happen with fairly minimal resources. Tomorrow I'll be remixing the audio in stereo, equalizing/ normalizing the audio, and color correcting the entire movie so it looks even more pretty to look at. So I'm hoping to have an early draft DVD of our documentary with cover art by Friday, which I can either mail out or you can pick up. After my major hard drive scare, I'm amazed that everything is finally coming together. I also made a VHS tape of the three 1-hour interviews Ann did so you can listen to them unedited.

First Rough Cut Complete

8-6-04: I have reason to be very, very happy today for my first rough cut of the "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" documentary was burnt onto DVD this Friday afternoon at CCAD. And most importantly, it looks terrific. And what a struggle it was. I have been working off and on from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. every day this week (including Sunday) to get something "finished looking" onto DVD for everyone to see in Logan before I left for L.A. And I must say, I did it. It's even got decent looking credits on it on top of great-looking Hocking Hills autumn foliage, too. It's a grand feeling to watch it all come together at last after so much struggle and hardship. And it almost didn't happen today since the first two computers I tried to burn onto at school "malfunctioned" an hour and a half into the burning process. So I was stuck at school for half the day trying desperately to get onto a Mac that didn't have a buggy version of iDVD 4.0 for OSX on the new G5s and G4s. I got it to the mail room at 3 p.m., though they won't be able to actually get it to the mail service until on Monday. But still, *"it's in the mail"*. I even got the DVD cover printed out and tested the DVD and made sure everything worked. The sound was good from what I heard and the "warm" color correction makes the video look a bit more like film and softer to the eye. There are still some areas where there will be some introductory narration at the beginning and towards the end. And on the DVD itself, I still have the photos to add, which I didn't have time to work on this week. But other than that, the video interviews are tightly edited and together they have a fairly cohesive feel. I still need to work on adding more of the Hocking Hills nature footage that I shot, perhaps in between the artist interviews to break them up more. I believe the length so far is 41 minutes. Enjoy!

Eric

It all feels like it's all downhill from here.

First Responses to the Documentary

8-13-04: **Here is an email from my producer of the "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" documentary I've been working on for two months on. I sent her a 42-minute "rough cut" on a DVD a day before I left for L.A. last week. I guess she liked what she saw. I'll send out a finished version to everyone when it's completely finished later on. -Eric**

"Tissues please": Eric: I sobbed for 42 minutes last night as I watched the DVD. I am so happy that you captured the stories I have heard for the last three years. I know that the Hocking Hills arts community will be very happy with your documentary and I believe it will touch hearts and minds way beyond our geological borders. Thank you. Tearfully, Carol.

I just got home tonight. It's 1:34 a.m. But just remember, it's not done yet! There's still some final editing and mixing to be done. This could go to some festivals, too. Eric

Putting It All on the Line

8-16-04: The thing is about this “Treasures of the Hocking Hills” documentary is that it has my artistic reputation on the line. It’s not “just a job I did for pay”. It’s a work of passion. It’s something I want to leave behind that speaks from my own soul of what I believe in and what I could do as a creative media artist. It’s my “one-shot” to show the world what I’ve got! That’s why I’ve been putting everything I’ve got into it. That’s why I accepted to work for free when the project ran over-budget. That’s why I care so much for it.

More Technical Problems

8-22-04: Carol, I’m adding Leona Mercer to the “In Memory of” since she is the subject of the Elbert Mercer interview, which I was re-re-re-re-editing this evening.

I had more technical problems at school with the Final Cut Pro software and the iDVD software on Thursday and Friday, so I had to make up for more lost time by working on three or four computers at once just to get some things done. Two computers are rendering the color correction and the credits sequence while I’m editing on another. Otherwise, I’m close to getting the new second draft onto DVD and into the mail, which is the version I feel is the best version so far. Also, you can see the improvement on the DVD cover design.

I tried fixing Roberta’s sound when she wasn’t microphoned during the first part of the interview, but it didn’t jell well with David’s mic’s sound tone. So I had to simply cut her lines out, which weren’t that bad since they were just adding to what David had just said already. I was able to fix Roberta’s sound levels later in the interview when I did get a microphone to work on her, and readjusted her sound levels in my post-production video/audio editing. It’s been quite an exhausting journey! Anyway, the interview still works fine at 6 min. 13 sec.

Also, can I mail you the sixteen mini Digital Video tapes that I used to record all the interviews now that I have everything captured and the project is nearly “complete”. I could use another money installment check. Best wishes, Eric.

More Fixes

9-1-04: I finally got the “second draft” version of the documentary burnt onto DVD this late afternoon and evening. I then viewed it in its entirety later tonight when I got home from teaching a class. I ended up taking an additional 2 ½ pages of notes of things I still wanted to fix and needed fixing. The photos will all need to be de-saturated quite a bit due to an additional color correction process done in Final Cut Pro. Barbara’s title of “Co-Founder” still needs to be changed. When David Baird discusses the Foothills School, there should be a subtitle “Nelsonville, Ohio”. Lots of little details I still need to finish. There are still a few technical edit glitches I have to fix. Once you move one bit of video around, it will something put things out of synch and you have to be *extremely* careful every little thing I do. There’re still a few more cutaways I need to insert as well. But otherwise, I am still very proud of this version and I feel confident that it is a *much* tighter edited version than before. The Hotpoint Stringband’s music is practically on every interview, except for the two that called for classical music. I will have to work on the fixes for another two days and then re-render everything out again all over again. But the good news is that the documentary has a pretty solid form to it and looks to be in good shape. And most importantly, it looks professional. I applaud both of your excellent interviewing skills for bringing the most intriguing comments and sentiments from these wonderful artists. Eric Homan.

My Personal Editing Notes

“I am going to be editing a rough “first draft” hour version of the “Treasures of the Hocking Hills” documentary, and see how it turns out. Then I will do a half-hour edited version so we can compare the two versions. It is easier for me as a video editor to subtract from a piece than it is to add to it. My gut feeling is that if we are doing a *sit-down* interview with six to eight different artists for around twenty minutes each with an additional twenty minutes of walk-through video footage, I can comfortably edit their interview down to five to ten minutes. Personally, I feel that the hour-long version will work best due to the number of artists we are interviewing. If I edit down their life’s story too much to fit it into a half hour format, it will feel like a cliff notes version of their life, which I feel would be a shame and a disservice to the legacy of these artists. But I will still be judicial with the editing and cut out as much as possible.”

I’m Doing 39 People’s Jobs!!

10-7-04: Something I haven't acknowledged fully for the past few months is the enormous pressure I've been under to complete this documentary. I'm in charge of the entire thing!! It'd mind-gobbling! I'm doing 39 people's jobs!! This is way too much responsibility. Yet the great benefit of it all is that I get creative control over it all.

Editing Notations

9-10-04: Eric: Thanks for this info. I am sharing it with Ann. Lou, Ann and I met today and watched the DVD together. Ann and I are getting together again - probably on Sunday. Lou was very complimentary of the videography and still photo quality. There remain a few corrections and a couple suggestions that we will forward to you for consideration. In terms of corrections, the only two items I know are (a) Barbara Hunzicker is CO- founder, (b) my husband's last name- poor guy-- is Bowens (no relation to Lucy). You can drop my name from the THANK YOU's.

What level of "finish" are you working to? I am sure you must be very close to wrapping up your end of things. What are your expectations of us at this point? Do you envision narrative at the beginning, between interviews, at the end? Can/ will the DVD be formatted as "scenes" or chapters so the viewer can watch from beginning to end or choose a segment to view?

Ann and I want to get narrative done by next Friday if at all possible as she will be traveling for a 10 days after that. Our struggle is that it has taken on this more educational content rather than the image building/ branding of the Hocking Valley arts scene. That is okay but it is a much different story than we have been using in our promotional efforts. More later, Carol.

Hello Carol and Ann, I caught the Barbara Hunzicker, Co-founder text when I reviewed the entire documentary on DVD nine days ago. That was on my 2½ pages of correction notes that I took. These are things that simply slipped by or I didn't notice until I was able to see the entire work on a TV screen instead of a small computer window for editing. Needless to say, all the photos were over saturated and needed re-color-correcting, which took me two days to re-render and fix over Labor Day weekend. I've rendered out the new version (now at 38 minutes) and everything looks fixed and in shape. The biggest changes were to Ora's interview since I felt he talked about advice for young artists for too long (nearly four minutes). This didn't make sense because the other topics he discussed only lasted 30 seconds or so. So I had to go back and re-edit and take out all the parts where he makes his point twice and simplify everything until it got down to just over 2 minutes. I feel it plays a lot better for pacing sake. I also edited out some of Ora's more aggressive remarks and softened up his points so he wasn't quite so angry sounding. This makes him seem more "kindly". Also, this brings the interview itself back to being about the community and less about educating young artists (which is still good to have in there, but just not so dominating over the other content that is mainly about the Hocking Valley arts scene.) These are the things I have been re-editing over for nearly two months now in order to make all the interviews relate to each other in some degree of content, context and pacing. It's been quite the struggle, but I think it's almost there.

I feel the underlying music (specifically of the Hotpoint Stringband) also helps a great deal in moving the interviews along and keeps up the energy of the documentary as a whole. So this will be great promotion of the Hotpoint Stringband as well of the other bands in the region.

I also switched the sequencing with David and Roberta Baird with Ora. I used Bobbi Bishop first because he explains the artist community of the Hocking Hills the most and gives a nice introduction/ overview of what we're about to be exposed to. Also notice that the sequencing of the artists are from female to male to female to male... just to break up the interviews better. It ends with David H's interview last because I felt his was one of the best and he gave the best end line to end on a strong note... looking towards the future. Normally when you sequence a festival of works for a show, you want to lead with the best first and finish with one of the best as well. This gives the viewer a strong interest from the start and ends with something strong and powerful at the end. I've been editing student shows for the past four years, so I've learned this for some time now. Companies also want to see similar aspects in student demo reels (lead with your best work first). So that is the mentality and planning that went into the sequencing.

Also I felt there was too much new Hocking Hills footage towards the beginning, so I edited that down further and cut out forty seconds of it.

For the past month, I went back to all the interviews and realized that I could tighten them up further and take out all their pauses, "uh's", and "um's" because I now had plenty of cutaways on top of their original talking head footage. This was a tedious process, but it cut out an additional 30 seconds or so of "dead space" and improved the general pacing of each interview. When people are talking off the top of

their heads, they often pause for reflection. I do this all the time as well. Unfortunately for video editors, this is an extremely long process to tighten people's speech patterns. But this is also how I got the documentary down to a shorter length for the past few weeks.

I have currently been working on retouching up the thousand or so photos that I took over the summer for this project for inclusion on the DVD. I'd only be selected a dozen or so of the best photos to represent each artist for the DVD photo gallery. There will also be a Hocking Hills photo gallery of shots from around the state parks in the area.

I'm designing a more elaborate DVD interface with a DVD menu with "Chapter List" (so anyone can quickly go to any individual artist's interview).

Also there will be a "Special Features/ Treasures" category for artist biographies and credits like they have on most commercial DVDs. The bios would be very similar to the write-ups for that were given to me back in June during our first meeting that gave a brief description of each artist. I re-read them recently and noticed a couple of them need updating because their spouses have died recently (i.e. Bobbi Bishop).

I foresee having an introductory and closing narration tracks that last roughly a minute at the beginning and a minute toward the end. I imagine this will be similar to the text that was on the back of the DVD ("More than 300 makers of fine and decorative arts..."). But it should also introduce the Hocking Hills to the casual viewer as well for those who are completely unaware of this region of Ohio. This is also a nice selling point to the documentary that exploits the great beauty of the region and *why* it inspires these artists that we are about to be introduced to and listen to. So I'd say the narration about the Hocking Hills will be about fifty seconds in length, and then the rest will be an introduction to the artists who inhabit this part of Appalachian Ohio. I will then have to edit footage to match the narration. The closing narration will be a wrap-up of what we've just seen and possibly some inspiring prospect about the future of this community for young artists, as well as for the average person to come down and experience the magic that is the Hocking Hills. Once again, I will have to edit to the narration that you will give me with some of the artists reappearing on screen in highlights while mixing it with the autumn Hocking Hills nature footage that I had shot at Conkle's Hollow last October. (Good thing I did since Conkle's Hollow is now closed until November.) Once again, I feel that showing the nature footage is a strong selling point and it will get more people to come down and visit Hocking County as well as the artists in this region. I really want to get the point across of promoting the artists and the nature that surrounds them as much as possible. These are "the treasures of the Hocking Hills". Plus, having some nature footage in there will make The Nature Conservatory rather happy.

If possible, I'd like to have one more photo of the Lancaster Arts Festival at the beginning of the Barbara interview, like where the orchestra plays.

I rendered a "third draft" version this morning before I left for CCAD, but I'll go back and make the additional changes before mailing that out next week. Eric Homan.

It will about one or two pages for the two works I'm putting onto a looping DVD. It can simply be put on a white stand or something. Eric.

Eric: It seems as if you were listening to us as we watched the DVD yesterday, especially about Ora. I love all that he has to say but Ann is entirely in agreement with your latest editing decisions. I am sharing this email with her. It helps us move with WOSU through a friend of mine in development. I want to get some feedback from them at the earliest appropriate time about what we might need to do to get them to air it.

Let me know at which stage you think we could have that conversation and let them preview it. Cheers! Carol.

9-22-04: I've been incorporating several nice still images of Jean Magdich's from our visit to the Hocking House in the documentary when the artists talk about artists in the Hocking Hills. Because of this, do you think she will also have to sign a release form for her artwork to be shown in the documentary.

I'm thinking of having a showing of the documentary during an hour time slot at CCAD in the upcoming months where we'd both come up on stage as "guest artists", discuss the project, and screen the documentary to the students and faculty. CCAD normally has these type of showings when a faculty member discusses his/ her artwork and career. I've already had several questions from students about how to get a grant, so that would be a good place and time for you to explain how that all works.

Finally, the PBS question about a half-hour or hour time slot: The documentary is now at 39 minutes. In order to get the documentary down to 30 minutes, I'd have to cut out two whole artists

interviews. However, I do have a possible alternative solution. I've been re-editing those two "Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary" short movies that I sent you back in May throughout August and September so I could include highlights in "Treasures of the Hocking Hills". Also, I put the first movie into the faculty show. I'll be sending you a DVD of these new edited versions along with the next cut of the documentary next week. The first one is 5 min. 30 sec. The second is 12 min. So if they were played at the end of the 39-minute documentary, it would nearly fill up an hour time slot. See what you think when you see the newly cut and edited movies. The footage of those two "Hocking Hills of Heaven" pieces are more of a celebration of the Hocking Hills environment, but they're still relevant to the actual documentary.

Eric Homan

10-7-04: Eric: How's it coming? We are thinking about trying to preview this on Oct. 29. Do you think we can be ready? I am still not clear what it will take to get the narration added. -Carol

When I got your email last night, I was at CCAD burning onto DVD the most finished and complete version of the documentary with all the timing and editing corrections that I've been nit-picking over to make the work look good. This DVD version is the fully loaded version with the movie with all the extra features that I've been telling you about (artist bios, the "Hocking Hills of Heaven" additional movies, and Photo Galleries). It's also got Chapter Selection capabilities, and an option to play the documentary on loop for gallery setup. The DVD now feels like a professional produced DVD.

I'm also still waiting on that new check.... It's been about five weeks of waiting. Help!

As for the narration, at this late of date, I don't think we'd be able to put in the narration on time and be able to edit to the footage easily. Yet, I do have a cost-productive solution that will allow us to finish the documentary completely in a form that will work. And we'll be able to meet the Oct. 29th deadline by one or two weeks ahead so we can still make final last minute changes. I will simply use Ann's DVD back cover summary of the documentary's contents within the documentary just after the opening titles. Then I will move most of the Hocking Hills footage at the end to the beginning to underlay beneath it. I feel this will work fine. I was watching "Schindler's List" last night and they used this type of technique of using a large paragraph of text (without narration) to explain the next series of historical events. So today I'll have to re-edit the intro and outro portions of the documentary and re-burn it onto DVD again. If this all works out, you'll have a "complete" version by next week.

Here is the opening words again: "More than 300 makers of fine and decorative arts find their "muse" in Ohio's beautiful Hocking Valley. Their home studios dot the wooded slopes of the Hocking Hills, acting as birthing centers for nature-inspired art that has earned many of them national and international followings. Along with a rich store of galleries, museums and cultural centers displaying their work, these artisans keep the region's rich cultural and artistic heritage alive and beckon for upcoming generations of artists to join their ranks. This documentary presents the stories of a handful of those "treasured" artisans and arts patrons—the driving forces behind our proud heritage." I feel this should work quite well. Eric Homan.

10-8-04: Eric: I think that ultimately we are going to want the documentary to have a voice-over intro and some transitions between interviews to help make sense of the references to The Bowen House, The Dairy Barn, etc. But for the purposes of using the production at The Nature Conservancy welcome reception here in Logan on October 29, I think it would be fine to go ahead and finish it in the format you suggested.

Having said that, I'm assuming that the technology would allow us to edit out any character-generated text later that we would want to replace with voiceover. Is that correct? If you need to call me to explain any technology challenges, please feel free to get hold of me at home (Sat., Sun., Mon., Weds.: 740-569-3053) or at the Bowen House Tues, Thurs, Fri: toll-free 866/380-2253). If, in fact, by completing it now without narration we will be closing our

options for laying voiceover sound in the future, Carol and I will need to make some speedy decisions.

Please send us the next version as soon as you can complete it. My apologies for the delay in your check arrival! I didn't realize you hadn't received it. I will connect today with Rita Jones, who writes HVA's checks, and ask her to get it in the mail to you right away.

Thanks, Eric. Enjoy your lunch at Taco John's. Ann Frazier.

Carol and Ann,

I'm rendering a "finished" version today, which takes eight hours to render with the new text and alterations. The text is part of the video just like all the other titles that are in the video for each artist when their interview comes up. This subtitled version without narration should still make sense since it will be explaining what we're about to see with Hocking Hills footage playing underneath the text to express their environment with the Hotpoint Stringband's music playing to set the mood. Playing this Hocking Hills footage also shows what has been inspiring these artists to make the work they have, and visually explain what we're about to see. It's also a way to educate and introduce audiences to the Hocking Hills since quite a few may not know about the region at all. I think it works on its own with the intro titles, though I know I'll need to make some changes to it so all the bases, places, and people are covered. If you want a voiceover, it will take quite a bit of additional time to edit visuals and sound to it depending on how complex you want it to be.

Here is the number of hours I've been working on this project thus far. Obviously, the number of hours I was planning on working on this project went far, far, far beyond both our expectations and plans. And there was little way of truly figuring out how long it would take to edit this much footage together for a project of this size and this much content. Hopefully this work log will show how much time and energy has been put into the project to make sure it looks professionally put together rather than something with an amateurish feel. Now I could have handed in a good to so-so version once I got to the agreed upon \$7,400 amount for what could be paid to me. This would have meant submitting in a version with just cutting from camera to camera to camera like the earliest versions I submitted back in early August. But what ended up being the most time-consuming and frustratingly exhausting was inserting all the photo cutaways, color correcting the photos, sorting through the video for motion cutaways, sound mixing, music selecting, and cutting out all of the hundreds of "uh's", "er's", and other pauses that occurred while each artist was talking so it would be easier to listen to them. This was a massively tedious process to do that involved literally thousands of exact edits and cuts to the footage. It also wore my home PC down to the point where it crashed the video editing software over two hundred times. (No exaggeration.) By late July, I had a very good idea of how special this documentary could be – but I also knew it was going to take an enormous amount more work to make it great rather than just good. So I continued editing on the project with the knowledge that I may not get paid beyond the set \$7,400. I also heavily believed in the subject matter and felt it was my mission to make it as good I possibly could. Unfortunately, I've burnt myself out over the past two months juggling editing the documentary, teaching at CCAD, maintaining a personal life, and continuing friendships. Finally after this long journey, the documentary is in a form I'm pretty happy with for it to actually be shown to others (something I haven't done yet to anyone outside of both of you). But this version is edited tightly and professional looking enough to confidently be broadcast on PBS or even commercially released.

As I mentioned a while ago, there is the descent possibility of making some money off of this documentary by selling it to a distributor. (This may not happen unless it gets submitted to various film festivals and wins some awards to gain some extra recognition. I am pretty sure that it has a very good chance of at least getting into the Columbus International Festival next year, which mainly screens documentaries.) So if the documentary is sold for commercial profit, hopefully we can find a way of negotiating a deal and splitting the profits (50/ 50) so I can get repaid for the extra hours of work I put into the project. (I've had to turn down several lucrative freelance video jobs because this project is taking much longer than I thought. And hence, I'm losing a great deal of money for it. I just want you to be aware of my situation.)

Looking back, the project was probably bound to go over-budget due to the rather low budget. Yet with the film knowledge that I hold, I know that a good majority of movies do go over-budget no matter what (due to weather problems, sickness on the set, technical problems, extended deadlines, or months of post-production alterations and changes). Ironically in retrospect, we were somewhat fortunate that no "major" technical problems occurred, outside of one of my 120 G hard drives unexpectedly dying on me (which I blessedly managed to retrieve the data from and put onto another hard drive). If I had lost the hard drive and all the information on it, I would have lost about 200 hours worth of my hard work and labor.

That is who stressful doing a project of this size has been. And two Fridays ago, the Mac laptop I've been borrowing from the Media Studies department to do the final color corrections and credits sequences in Final Cut Pro stopped working on me – unexpectedly and without warning. I tried restarting the computer four times and it wouldn't come up. I “calmly” left for CCAD and had the technical people there look at it. Ironically again, the computer came up with no problem for them as if nothing was wrong with it. But if the laptop had “died”, I would have lost several dozen more hours of hard work.
I just need a vacation. Eric Homan

10-13-04: I went on a hyper-anticipation giddy fest this evening during the later portion of my evening Computer Animation I class when I realized that I was finally able to burn my DVD Studio Pro advance scripted version of the Hocking Hills documentary. I was on the verge of creating a DVD that finally looked *very* professionally produced and manufactured. This was my key to getting more money. This was my dream being made *real*. And my mind was being blown by it, especially after an hour of problems with burning the DVD beforehand. It's been over four months of struggle come down to this. It's amazing... and I know it's an amazing accomplishment.

11-28-04: Eric: I do not expect you to see this until after the holiday but wanted to fire it off so we deal with it when you return. I called VDS before running out there again to tell them I have several versions. I also talked to my colleagues in Communications and Technology on main campus. Both said the same thing. I need to have a MASTER disc with the programming information on it so that it will duplicate as programmed. Is that what you gave me? If it is just a copy of another DVD it won't duplicate and they can't fix glitches if there are any- like audio breaks that occurred while I watched 3 of the 4 you gave me. OSU could create the Master for \$60 bucks or so. If I need to go to them just let me know or if you can do it and bill us, that is okay, too.

I am getting lots of requests to order copies and people want them as Christmas gifts so time will be of the essence when you return. TNC wants to place an order, as does HHTA.

I kept the meeting with Brent Davis at WOSU. His schedule and my schedule were just jammed and I feel this compelling need to keep moving. He was most kind and generous with his time. I don't think there was a single comment or suggestion that would surprise you. His comments were always along the line that all creative choices are subjective. He wanted a few days to discuss it with his programming staff. He did have an interesting suggestion - he said there is a lot of demand for HD product and not much supply. Not sure where he is going with that idea- maybe you know.

He loved the work you did with Ora, David, Nancy and Lucy in particular. And he understood the challenge you had and how hard you had to work to film and edit the Bairds and Elbert! One suggestion I liked but would not dream of changing now is to have some natural sounds of water, leaves rustling, snow crunching... which may be happening tomorrow! Snow!!!!

I hope your Thanksgiving weekend it most happy. Carol

Hello Carol, Happy Thanksgiving to you as well! I just got home this late afternoon from Maryland and have finally unpacked and gotten things caught up on. So let's see....

When I burn the DVD information onto a DVD from DVD Studio Pro (the encoding DVD software to design the DVD's interface and connections), it therefore becomes the Master. I do know that 3 of the four DVDs I gave you were burnt directly from the source material and are all masters. Only one was copied from a Master. The audio breaks are natural since the DVD player to loading up the new movie whenever you access a different part of a DVD.

The other information I learned recently is that within DVD Studio Pro, there is a setting involving **Copying**. “Copy Generation Management System (CGMS): Used to set whether a disc can have unlimited copies made, a single copy made, or no copies made.

When I clicked on the main DVD attributes to show up in the Property Inspector, it is set by default with this setting to be off with these three settings turned off. You can click on a button to turn on Unlimited Copies, but another video professor also assumed that would mean that it was already set to burn Unlimited Copies. Still, I'm thinking of burning another copy with this setting turned on completely and sending it to you.

I'm glad you met with WHIO. We're three busy people with totally different schedules, which makes meetings with everyone so very difficult.

CCAD doesn't have any High Definition cameras yet due to their high price tag. We just got two new \$3,000 Sony digital video

cameras that make video look as good as film. Unfortunately, one of those cameras recently got stolen! All broadcast television sets were supposed to be converted over to HD by 2007 or so for all broadcast programs to be in HD. But the process has been slower than expected and I believe that date has been moved back again.

I did manage to use some natural sounds at the beginning intro titles (with artificial sound effects bird chirps). When sound mixing the beginning Hocking Hills footage, I lowered the waterfall ambience and raised the music up. It simply flowed easier with the Hotpoint Stringband music on top dominance.

Finally, one last thing to discuss, Susan Hostetler was talking to me after the documentary reception about possibly doing a documentary just on David Hostetler himself and was wondering about using the 1 hour and forty minutes of footage we shot of him last June. I still have the footage on an external hard drive, so I was going to copy it onto VHS for her to look at (based on her request). I know that the Bowen House has the copyright on the footage and I wouldn't dare go ahead on this unless we discussed it first and got the permission. I don't know how much money she would be thinking of putting up for such a project, but it may be a resource for additional income for both of us as well as expanding upon the whole "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" concept. Let me know what you think. Take care, Eric Homan

The Show Opening Invite

Hello all,

The opening reception invitation for the 38-minute "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" documentary that I worked throughout the summer and fall will be on November 19th, 4-7 p.m. at The Bowen House in Logan, OH. The documentary exposes, explores, and reveals the Appalachian community of artists that reside in the Hocking Hills that use the surrounding nature as their muse and inspiration.

This is the back DVD cover text: "More than 300 makers of fine and decorative arts find their "muse" in Ohio's beautiful Hocking Valley. Their home studios dot the wooded slopes of the Hocking Hills, acting as birthing centers for nature-inspired art that has earned many of them national and international followings. Along with a rich store of galleries, museums and cultural centers displaying their work, these artisans keep the region's rich cultural and artistic heritage alive and beckon for upcoming generations of artists to join their ranks. This documentary presents the stories of a handful of those "treasured" artisans and arts patrons – the driving forces behind our proud heritage."

These are the artists featured:

David Hostetler - Sculptor

Lucy (Bowen) Shaw - Painter

Elbert Mercer - Glass Designer, Painter

Bobbi Bishop - Potter

Ora Anderson - Wood Bird Carver, Writer

David and Roberta Baird - Metalworkers, Jewelers

Nancy Crow - Quilt Maker, Textile Surface Designer

John Stitzlein - Artist, Welder, Carpenter

Barbara Hunzicker - Co-Founder of the Lancaster Arts Festival

If you can't make it down for the event, the documentary will be broadcast on WHIO in the upcoming months.

Directions to the documentary opening:

Take US 33 to SR 93 north (toward Logan- Wendy's highway sign).

Go 4th stoplight, turn left on Hunter (1st street past Main), take next right onto Market Street. We have limited parking- need space for elderly/handicapped. Park at Century National Bank lot at corner of Hunter and Market or anywhere on the street.

Traffic will be horrible through Lancaster on Friday evening. Plan to leave early.

Or you can look it up at www.mapquest.com
The Bowen House
196 N. Market Street
Logan, OH 43138

The Bowen House is a community center for arts and education. Its location in the beautiful Hocking Hills area in southeastern Ohio is rich with skilled artisans and multi-talented individuals that regularly contribute time and talents to various workshops for the community's benefit. Events are open to the public and area schools often take advantage of The Bowen House activities.

Eric Homan

The Premiere and Reception of "Treasures of the Hocking Hills"

11-19-04: Kylie and I drove down under the rainy, overcast skies to Logan, OH for my documentary opening reception at the Bowen House from 4-7 p.m. I was prepared for a bizarre experience, and wasn't expecting much to happen from it. I've been let down so many times lately (mostly from my experiences of teaching at CCAD) that I wasn't sure how to feel about this reception. The experience felt incomplete since we still haven't solved the DVD duplication error problem yet. But carry on we did with the working DVD copy we had. At the reception, my aunt Sue and uncle Al were both there. And, to my surprise of sorts, so was my father. So there I was introducing "my girlfriend Kylie Towers" to my relatives as well as to Carol Mackey and Ann Frazier. The other bizarre experience was in seeing all the "Treasures" artists in person for the first time in four months since I've videotaped and photographed them. The odd thing was they haven't seen me for all that time, but I'd been looking at them for nearly every day on a computer screen for four months!! That is why seeing them in the flesh was like seeing 2-D images come to life. Kylie and I didn't sit in during the first filled-beyond capacity viewing of the documentary since there were no more seats. The craziest moment in the documentary was hearing people afterwards respond that they were ready to *cry* during my memorial sequence to Eleanor Mercer at the end of Elbert's segment. I had never gotten that type of response out of people before! What a rush that I managed to use moving images and music to create an emotional reaction from an audience. Susan Hostetler, David Hostetler's wife, came up to me and noted that several parts of the documentary were out-of-focus and shaking badly up and down. I wasn't sure what she meant, if it was my camera work or the projection. During the second viewing, Kylie and I sat in and I did notice a few shots were slightly out-of-focus, though not enough to be truly noticeable on a normal sized TV screen. But magnified and projected, the shots looked slightly *off*.

Anyway, I got to talking with Susan some more and she was interested about seeing the rest of David's interview and video footage that was shot. She even mentioned the possibility of shooting a documentary just on David himself. This would be wonderful since I had so much footage on David alone that would have made up a documentary. And he's a kindred spirit with passion for making his artwork. Later after the second viewing, I met a local Hocking Hills photography by the name of Eric Hoffman (possibly a distant cousin of mine). It was nice to hear positive words about the documentary from a fellow artist, as well as from the other people in attendance at the reception.

Intro to the Hocking Hills

What I felt was needed at the beginning was a mini-introduction to the Hocking Hills for those who are unfamiliar with the region. This is necessarily not just because of giving an education for the area, but I believe inter-cutting as much Hocking Hills scenery footage will make this work as commercial as possible.

The Natural Lighting Conditions

For the most part, I used natural lighting when shooting outdoors out of necessity and for a "pure" natural feel. I was a one-man filmmaking crew, so bringing along two large and heavy cases of lights along with the additional camera equipment I was already carrying seemed an impossible task. If we shot indoors,

I used the lights they had around to illuminate them properly in the right way. In the most part, I chose to have them filmed in an area of their house where the most amount of natural sunlight came into the room with nature being seen in the background. It was already taking me thirty minutes to set up all three cameras and check the sound equipment. I wouldn't have had the appropriate amount of time to set up a "professional" lighting arrangement any ways. I also figured that if the lighting "sucked" I could always adjust it in the post-production stages.

The Rural Mentality

This documentary is also an exploration of the small town/ rural community mentality. There is a kindness and friendliness that is found in the country that simply isn't found in more urban areas. In fact, it's been disserted in most cities and replaced with alienation. But in the open spaces of country, there exists a very different state-of-mind of yesteryear that hasn't given up on giving a helping hand to your fellow man when they are in need. There exists a warmness, a humaneness, an innocence that seems ever so amiss in the city and suburbs. And maybe the country folk have retained it because of their closeness and connection to Mother Nature. Maybe that's also why so many artists have found it so easy for them to live in this area of Ohio with all of its natural beauty. It's about a series of values that aren't practiced as regularly elsewhere as they are in a beautiful place called Hocking Hills.

The Spiritual Journey

What this documentary comes down to is this: it's a spiritual and artistic journey of these artists through their lives. They've spent all their lives looking for what will make them happy and, for the most part, they've found it. It's in their artwork; it's in their property that they protect and nurture; it's in their spouses; and most of all, it's in the nature that surrounds them. Wouldn't you like to have a piece of their sense of *meaning*? Whether their artwork is jewelry, pottery, oil paintings, wood sculptures, quilts, bird carvings, or music, their livelihoods are in their art and in nature. What a wonderful world to be.

My Own Empathy for These Artists

The funniest and most amusing aspect of this documentary is that I *get* these artists. They are *my* people. I understand what they are talking about because it is coming from the core of their being and the center of their soul. They're also eccentric, creative human beings who just happen to be in love with nature as much as I am. So spending my summer of 2004 with them has been a blessed experience that I truly enjoyed taking, even if it was exhausting at times from having to pull everything together myself as the sole movie-team member along with Carol Mackey and Ann Frazier as our interviewers.

I Was a Tourist Director Foreigner Moviemaker

I had the advantage of going down the Hocking Hills region as an outsider looking into the marvelous region of the Midwest and being constantly in awe of what I was experiencing around me. I'm a nature lover, so I was taking pictures and shooting video all the time wherever I went. I was a tourist director foreigner moviemaker just wandering around the countryside during the summer of '04! I was seeing everything was a fresh pair of eyes. I've been to the Hocking Hills state parks several times for the past seven years, but I'd never been aware of the great artist culture that existed in this area as well. So as a fellow artist, I felt an obligation to expose, reveal, and revel these "natural wonders" to the world using my own artistic medium of video. And in the end, I feel that I did just that, and I felt very good about it.

The Sacrifice

I came to the conclusion that what I had on my hands was a special project that wasn't going to be coming around again about a place that I cared for deeply and a group of artists much like myself. It was therefore my responsibility to expose their story and enhance the exposure of this magical region of Ohio that so many people are unaware of. So when project's budget for my services reached its maximum amount, I choose to follow my heart and continue working on the project until I felt it was complete in a form that I myself would be deeply proud of. Unfortunately for me and my financial standings, the project ended up using a considerable amount of my time that I ended up having to work for free on. This was the sacrifice I had to take in order to make this documentary into something I'd feel proud of for years to come. I could have handed in a mediocre-to-good version of the documentary when the money ran out for what

my producer had planned to pay me for. Instead, I went on editing until I got the version that I wished to see that would best represent the months of work that I had spent working on the project and had invested so much of my time, energy, creativity, and life force to. So I worked for another six weeks *full time* for *free* until I got what I felt was the documentary I had envisioned inside my head.

More DVD Duplication Problems

11-18-04: "Late this morning, Carol called me up and informed me that she tried yet another DVD duplication place in Columbus and they also could not get the DVD to duplicate with their machines. This was the final thing that needed to be done and we couldn't get the goddamn thing copied because of some "error" that kept coming up. I checked the DVD on several different DVD players and they all played it fine. I even tried duplicating it at school with no problem. It was so wildly frustrating since I had spent so much time putting together the DVD interface and now I won't copy properly!!!! Why God, WHY!?!? So I went to CCAD and burnt the DVD on three different types of DVDs and three different ways with less and less extra features. If it isn't one area that's causing a dilemma, it's another!"

CCAD Screening

12-8-04: Also, I set up a date for showing "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" at CCAD. It will be on Monday February 7th, 2005 at 11:30 a.m. I'd like to have you there so you might talk to the students about getting a grant together. And we'd take you to lunch somewhere in the Short North. I hope this works for you.

Still Working on the Never-Ending Project

1-3-05: Carol, Looks like we're going with a different variation of the narrative from before. That's fine, but it will alter most of the audio timing cues that were in there before when each bit of text appears and cross-dissolves into the next. I'm going to have to rework the editing of those clips all over again. I'll have to find some footage (video or photos) to go with the words. I suppose with the voiceover completed, we'll just delete the visual text that was used before. This will take some additional time (a few hours) to rework, re-edit, and re-burn the whole thing again once I get the new narration. I hope you can provide some extra funding for this extra time. It did traumatize me a bit to realize that the documentary wasn't "finished" yet and it kept me up at night three weeks ago. I did take out the Lancaster Pawn Shop sign in the still photo, and I fixed Roberta's clips so she is seen speaking on camera. (When I was editing, it didn't look like her voice was in synch; therefore, I had used alternate video shots. But it looks better now.) Eric Homan.

DVD Players Won't Play the DVD Disk?!??

1-4-05: Carol, I have given out copies of the documentary to family and CCAD faculty to view, and two out of the eight said they couldn't get it to play. There are a few reasons for this. If their DVD player is more than four years old or is of a certain brand of cheap brand DVD players, I have heard of reports that it won't play DVD-R burnt disks. But the majority of recent DVD players will play most any DVD. It's the technology that is still evolving and changing. It's not entirely fixed and user-friendly yet.

If some people can't view the DVD, perhaps I will simply mail you a copy of the documentary on a mini DV tape so you can dub it over to VHS using RCA cables (audio/ video cables).

The easiest, most cost effective solution would be to do a narration to the old intro text since the footage has already been edited to it. -Eric Homan

"Technical Difficulties"

After spending an agonizing amount of time editing the documentary down through several work-intensive months, I finally managed to get the documentary completed. I spent an additional week putting the movie with several special features (deleted interviews, chapter menus, additional short movies on the Hocking Hills, artist bios) in DVD Studio Pro. I burnt the DVD and tested it out on several DVD players before sending it out to the producer, Carol Mackey, to make the hundreds of duplicates at the DVD duplication center. *Yet...* yet someone once we made the duplicates, several of them wouldn't play on the DVD players to the people who bought and received the DVD!!! So after all that work, the documentary I had slaved over ended up not working properly because of some sort of technical difficulty with the DVD itself or specific DVD player brands. It was all so maddening that I just couldn't quite deal with it rationally. I really wanted closure of this huge documentary project because I had put in way more hours on

it that I wasn't getting paid for. So to have to "finished" it by burning it onto a DVD that worked on the DVD players I had tested, only to have it not work universally on other DVD players after it was DVD duplicated at the manufacturer was incredibly frustrating. This project simply wouldn't end.

Ultimately, Carol Mackey, the producer, simply had to send out a notification with the DVD that it may not play on everyone's DVD player. If it didn't, they could return their copy and receive a VHS copy instead. It was insurmountably frustrating since I put so much time into putting together the special edition DVD package with the extra features. But this was a good example of how some battles I just couldn't win because of technical difficulties that were beyond my abilities to understand no matter how many people I asked how to solve the problem. I tried redoing the DVD, redoing the DVD scripting, reburning the DVD over five times. Yet we were still getting the same problems. In the end, I certainly learned humility.

Treasures of the Hocking Hills Introduction

1-18-05: "Hello! Thank you all for coming here this morning. My name is Eric Homan and I teach in Media Studies here at CCAD and am an alumni of CCAD from the class of '98. Last May, I was contacted through Char Norman in Student Relations who contacted Ric Petry, the dean of Media Studies, who then contacted myself about working a special project, which became the documentary we're about to see in a few moments. "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" came about from the efforts the woman standing next to me, Carol Mackey, who works as Community Development Agent and Chair, Hocking Valley Arts Marketing Consortium, OSU Extension, Fairfield County. She was involved in producing the grant money and contact information in order to make this documentary as reality. Together, we gathered a group of artists who live, work, and reside in the Hocking Hills of southeastern, Ohio. Our job was to videotape, archive, and record their stories as well as their artwork in this culturally rich area. The task in completing this project involved shooting and editing down 18 hours of video footage, sorting through over a thousand photos, and narrowing these materials into a 41-minute long documentary short. It was a grant-funded project presented by Hocking Valley Arts, Foundation for Appalachian Ohio, The Bowen House, and Ohio State University Extension – Fairfield County.

After the movie is over, Carol will discuss the process of applying for grant money and we'll be happy to open up the floor and answer any questions that you might have. Thank you and enjoy the show!"

Treasures of the Hocking Hills Q & A

1-18-05: "I know that some of you are a bit shy. Shy and *very* introverted. And one of the questions that one of you in the audience had asked me two months ago is, and this one's for Carol: "How does one go about getting and applying for a grant?"

"Ora Anderson, David Hostetler, Bobbi Bishop, David and Roberta Baird, and so many others expressed aspects about nature, community, art, humanity, society, creativity, and inspiration that I've been trying to put into *articulate* words for years. And for being a part of capturing them expressing these sentiments, I am especially thankful and proud."

Treasures of the Hocking Hills: CCAD Presentation

Eric Homan (CCAD 1998 alumnus & Media Studies faculty member)

Carol Mackey

Monday, February 7, 2005.

JVC Auditorium

11:30 AM - 12:20 PM

Open to the Public

2-7-05: The presentation went rather well, though there was only a handful of students in attendance. In fact, the audience was pretty much made up of professors and other CCAD faculty members who were curious about the documentary. So there was about 35 people there. Still, Carol and I did a good job and the DVD played all the way through without problems. (Hooray!) It was good exposure. (*Any* exposure is good I suppose). For the most part, I'm just glad the presentation is over and I don't have to worry about how my introduction is going to be.

The Real Cost of This Documentary

2-8-05: I talked to my CCAD colleague Michael Delgrosso about the documentary work he's doing at his Ozone Studios. It turns out that the average budget for a documentary is \$30,000 to \$40,000. He also stated that it would be impossible to do a documentary for as little as \$10,000. I stood to correct

him for having proven him wrong. Yet I burnt myself out in the process. That ended up being the real cost of this documentary.

Frustrations

4-28-05: Eric - Thank you so much. We should get a check from the State of Ohio within another week I hope so we can finish paying everyone, order the DVDs, and start marketing. I am more than a little frustrated by WOSU and WOUB. I think we are being blackballed since they were not part of the production process. WOUB helped produce a documentary for Passion Works in Athens and it is being previewed at the Film Festival this weekend. Carol

What I Learned as a Documentarian

One thing I realized while doing this documentary was that I simply couldn't fully do all these jobs by myself. I was "young" at the time (27) of this mammoth project and thought I could be a one-man documentarian machine. Ironically, in the end, I was right. But I nearly killed myself, physically, mentally, and emotionally in order to do it. (This kind of reminded me of the time when I drove for 22 hours straight from Ft. Lauderdale to Columbus because I thought I could. When I did it, I fell ill and vomited, too.) Now that I'm older, I know better to not try myself so hard to the point where I suffered so extremely for it. During the shoot for this documentary, there was one occasion where I nearly didn't make it. During the David & Roberta Baird interview, I had to set up a great deal of expensive video and sound equipment in 95 degree summer heat with 100% humidity on the top of a hill in rural Athens, Ohio. Then I had to deal with technical problems that were simply out of my control. Some of the sound equipment wasn't working properly. Then some rain clouds came in above us threatening to rain on the three video camera setups with tripods and microphones that had taken me over thirty difficult minutes to set up in the heat. With the clouds rolling in, I had lost my natural light as well. We didn't have the money in the budget to return to this location to refilm these artists since it took so long to get here. It was now or never. I had to make due with the one working microphone even though I had two artists that were being interviewed. The whole thing made me feel very unprofessional since it appeared like I didn't know what I was doing, even though I've worked with these microphones and cameras for a few years teaching them in class! But it ended up being the humidity that destroyed me. I eventually suffered from heat stroke without realizing it. I was pushing myself too far. My face was literally leaking sweat like a waterfall from the heat, stress, and exhaustion. It was then that I realized that how important it is to have an additional hand in working with an advanced video setup for a documentary project. It also made me realize how under-funded this project was from the start since I couldn't afford to hire more help from Columbus. Yet even if I did get some college students with advanced video knowledge they were too far away to help out since the location we were at was over three hours away in a remote rural area of southeastern Ohio. Somehow, we got the interview finished in under an hour with the one microphone and it ended up not raining. The artists we were interviewing gave me an ice pack to put on my forehead to try and keep my cool. And the interviewer who was with me for the shoot tried to help me as much as possible with carrying the heavy camera equipment. But in the end, I realized I wouldn't ever want to do this much work without more help and security with me. I was doing the job of five different people for the price of one. Like I said, I wouldn't dare do this type of project again by myself. I'm older and "wiser" now. I learned my lesson from experience. It was fun and difficult at times. The whole process was a rewarding experience, and I'm glad I did it. Yet still, again, never again unless I've got the right budget and the extra help.

Preserving Their Legacies

3-24-05: Sadly, I am writing to report that our treasured glass designer, painter and conservationist, Elbert Mercer, passed away. I am awaiting further information and will share that with you. Thank you Eric and The Nature Conservancy for allowing us to document his story last summer. - Carol Mackey.

I just read an email a minute ago from Carol Mackey that informed me that one of the artists that I had videotaped for the "Treasures" documentary, the glass designer Elbert Mercer who was 95 years old, died today. Very sad indeed. Yet in a way, I'm happy because when I met him a year ago he was so terribly lonely and still in mourning of his dear wife. And the documentary served its intended purpose by

documenting these Hocking Hills artists and their legacies before they passed away. -Eric Homan

Still Working on It

5-16-05: I did report the income of the Hocking Hills documentary to the tax person who did my taxes this year. I think that should have covered the W-9.

Also, I shipped to you last Friday a newer version of the DVD with a few extras and a reconfigured interface. It includes the photos during the November opening under "Bowen House" and another mini documentary under "Hocking Hills of Heaven". -Eric

Closing Comments

Ora Anderson, David Hostetler, Bobbi Bishop, David and Roberta Baird, and so many others expressed aspects about nature, community, art, humanity, society, creativity, and inspiration that I've been trying to put into *articulate* words for years. And for being a part of capturing them expressing these sentiments, I am especially thankful and proud. *Most Sincerely, Eric Homan.*

The Hocking Hills Locations

This project was filmed all over Hocking County at the following locations in the Hocking Hills: Conkle's Hollow, Old Man's Cave, Rock House, Cedar Falls, Ash Cave, Cantwell Cliffs, Rockbridge, (and well off the beaten path).

Special Promotion (Joke)

500 copies of the "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" documentary will come as a Limited Collector's Edition with an authentic autumn Hocking Hills leaf inside the DVD case signed by the director, Eric Homan.

Editing Thoughts

Intercut four shots of artists' art between the nature montage shots (Hostetler, Hocking House, Baird jewelry, Ora's birds). This will show how nature inspired the art.

In the Columbus Libraries

10-22-06: Perhaps the biggest smile on my face moment came at the Worthington Public Library when I noticed the "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" DVD on display for checkout with all the other library DVDs. It was the first time I'd noticed my work on public display. I later checked the Columbus Metropolitan Library website and discovered they had 13 copies scattered at over 11 different library branches across Columbus! I couldn't believe some part of my work has actually gotten out.

"Treasures of the Hocking Hills Trailer" - (2004) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Shrot Movie

"Back to the Hocking Hills" - (2005) - (11 min.) Video Art Piece

The Hocking Hills Locations

This project was filmed at <http://www.dispatch.com/live/content/index.html#locations> around the Hocking County at the following Hocking Hills state park destinations and surrounding areas: Conkle's Hollow, Old Man's Cave, Cedar Falls, Ash Cave, Rockbridge, and along the Hocking River.

The Music

The music was "Symphony No. 8 "Andane con moto" by Franz Schubert.

The Hocking Hills Day Out Journal

10-17-04: "It was a blur of a day," Jason exclaimed in reflection. "That's because we did so

much," I replied. Then Jason puzzled aloud, "I'm not sure if that's a good or bad thing, or both." We had spent the day in the Hocking Hills by hiking an 1 ¾ miles to Rockbridge, then kayaking for 2 ½ hours, and then hiking around Cedar Falls and Old Man's Cave for the rest of the late afternoon. I adventured with Jason Merkt because Kylie was out of town in New York City. I *needed* to go to the hill country *today* because it was, as I've put it so eloquently before in my previous Hocking Hills documentary short, "*in the peak of the autumn season*". And nature wasn't going to be *this vibrant, colorful, and cool* for much longer. Fall passes quickly into winter, so if you don't take advantage of taking time out to appreciate the season, it'll be gone before you see snow fall-fly. Now I must admit that being around Jason for over an hour can be trying since he literally thinks out loud and he sometimes reverts to acting like he's eight years old. Saying it's annoying and irritating would be an understatement. Still, he's a good companion when it comes to wanting to go out and shoot lots of nature video with me. It's like two painters going out into the wilds and painting together. And it's better than hiking alone. As the day wore on, I grew to miss Kylie more and more, as if I was "homesick" for her. My body and muscles grew tired after eight hours of shooting 182 digital photo stills and twenty minutes of video in such a beautiful environment. I must admit that the newness of the Hocking Hills is gone for me now. I've been to these state parks now over three or four times. But at least I have winter to look forward to going back to the hills to see how they've transformed with that frozen season.

"Real Surrealisms: Computer Art, Video, and Animations: 1998-2005" – DVD compilation

Contents Include:

- "(Highlights of) Real Surrealisms"** - (32 min. – on continuous loop)
- "Eric Homan Presents - The Movie"** - (1 min.)
- "2,453 Photos I've Taken in Two Years in One Minute – Life in Fast-Forward"** - (1 min.)
- "9,606 Photos I've Taken in Three Years in Five Minutes – Life in Fast-Forward"** - (5 min.)
- "The End"** - (30 sec.)
- "Canvas"** - (30 sec.)
- "In the Zoo of Perversity... Animals Gone Wild!"** - (1 min. 30 sec.)
- "Time-lapses"** - (30 sec.)
- "Survivor' Audition"** - (1 min.)
- "Painted Effects"** - (4 min.)
- "Demonstration in Fine Editing"** - (4 min.)
- "Time Trees"** - (1 min.)
- "Viola! A Daiquiri!"** - (1 min.)
- "SIGGRAPH 2004"** - (6 min.)
- "The Censored Music Video"** - (1 min.)
- "100 Shades of Smile"** - (1 min.)
- "Embryo Abstracto"** - (1 min.)
- "Abstractscapes 2"** - (2 min.)
- "Paintasia Digital Abstract"** - (1 min.)
- "Fragmentation"** (Remix) - (1 min. 30 sec.)
- "Descent"** - (4 min. 30 sec.)
- "Paint Inwards"** - (30 sec.)
- "Red Language"** - (1 min.)
- "Year of the Cicadas"** - (6 min.)
- "The Sandman"** - (2 min.)
- "Atomic Art"** - (1 min.)
- "Love Mates"** - (2 min.)
- "Viva Gotham"** - (2 min.)
- "Image Having a Seizure!!!"** - (30 sec.)

These new video works that I've been producing have been on the basis that art doesn't need to take a long, laborious amount of time and money to create. I wanted to make video art

works that didn't have to be commercial or narrative. They could be about *ideas* and images only. I grew increasingly tired to the video medium and decided to deconstruct it entirely to its bare essentials. I also found myself with a great deal less time to work on my own creative work with a teaching job, commercial freelance work, and a relationship. So all these things contributed to my need to make art that wouldn't take so much of my time and energy, but still make art that was art. I choose to concentrate mainly on video since it takes a great deal less time after years of mastering and experimenting with the technology side. I get my greatest pleasure and creativity from "playing around" with the tools like a child would with playing with crayons on a blank sheet of paper. If I got an idea, I'd just express it raw and purely in the medium of video. It was just another medium or palette. If it ended up abstract that was fine by me, as long as it was original, creative, and intriguing to my imagination. They're completely conceptual on an intellectual, emotional, and fantasy plane.

"(Highlights of) Real Surrealisms" – (2004) - (32 min. – on continuous loop) Video Art Piece

(Excerpts from the 374-Minute Movie Experience)

Display

This video art piece is meant to be seen on a flat panel monitor on a wall as if it were a painting that constantly changes whenever you look at it. In a way, it is meant to be video art *wallpaper*. Real Surrealism turns into Surreal Realisms through time.

I'm trying to change the form of moving pictures into almost amorphous visual designs. What is created is a nebulous of ideas and conceptual thoughts and phrases. As for the visuals, I exaggerated the motion blur, and experimented with animated composted layers of video imagery. I built up the layers the same way a painter would build up paint on a canvas. Only with me, I was using video imagery as paint. Many of the video clips are rainbow color tinted and animated to a wide array of motion prisms. Sporadic sound effects are mixed within and slowed down.

"Der Highlights"

It's true that you can take any two pieces of imagery, put them together, and they'll, by default, form some meaning. It's like accidental creative mathematics.

So this is what happens when artwork *blushes*. THIS IS THE TRUTH. **LIVE.**

This projects is a simple mix of freak visuals that "actually" occur in reality with strange nonsense true phrases appearing on top of the bizarre visuals. The juxtaposition of the two compliments each other. Stream of conscious ideas/ random thoughts/ ludicrous catch phrases that came to me, I wrote them down, and applied them to strange visuals that I had filmed and manipulated. The text merges with the visuals as part of its natural environment. They blur in, move around, tumble, spin, rotate, hop, dance, and breath. They fit perfectly with the unusual, haphazard visual experiments I was doing in Final Cut Pro.

I used LiveType to adjust their animated presents to make it my own. Then I layered it several times in Final Cut Pro and changed their image mask layer to "add" or "screen".

The title "**Real Surrealisms**" is shown throughout the entire video because it needs to be reminded to the viewer of what they're watching.

Added layers of computer generated images to layer on top of the water ripple footage.

Music is "Tales From the Vienna Woods" by Johan Strauss.

The Crazy Phrases

Warning: Contains Artistic Expression... Happy Sp*rm Media Presents... Awake or die... "I crossed my heart and hoped to die"... Heartbroken, you went to see a love doctor today... Go on back, girl, back to your gleeful happiness... A Presentation of Introspection Industries Inc... Taking anti-depressants is like putting a condom on one's emotions... "Happiness Has Shadows"... A deep healing coma... Dream out of this dream. I can't take any more scenes... I had a falling out with my imagination... Dreams Die-Hard... Eric Homan: No Guarantees...

Panic Attack Angel... What a day I've had... **Grandma, turn on your Jesus night-light!...**

The Reason To Dream... The sun's eye in the sky... For the Advantages of repression: Call 1-900-REPRESS... The Sacred Room of Sighs... Children should keep rebelling and divorcing their parents... The Sex Parade... Dream 2: The Sequel... It's against my religion to go to church every Sunday... Dance With All of the Emotion... Surrealistic G-rated sex scenes... Cooking directions for making a Smoothie: blend bananas, blue berries, and strawberries in a blender... R U OK w/ thy funny feelings?... Rainbow Rust... With the power of Surrealism, I command bacon and eggs to dance out of the sky!... I've survived many falls (emotionally and physically)... In Ohio, the deer smoke cigarettes in the woods... **"Now here's something you don't see every day..."**... **"An Awesome Overactive Imagination"**... Harvesting cotton clouds... "Open mind, closed mind, dead mind, alive mind, God mind, my mind..."... Don't eat the anti-butter!... Take me to the infinite ocean... Emotional Mystique... **I surf on a rose...** Pay me a tear... She's tanning her emotions in the sun... All wants to feel is fun... Dreams of a peaceful place... I awoke from a weird dream... **Confusion Art...** I will fail and I will win... A sojourn into my soul... Juggling tarantulas... Warm a cross, wear a liar... **White ocean...** You're still in my dreams... *My Own Private Ohio...* Sending postcards from my memory..."

Nonsense Alien Translation Subtitles also appear at the bottom of the screen: "jg0 wr gf80 w4h... werjg90 hwer8f eru io ehw euio... weroj uoghwe 89fh jo hsruiosd hghiugheru... i eruig ejkh er ihe ghuic rhguihg erks... grkg ierh gksdfjh gui h eo~~!!"

"Eric Homan Presents - The Movie" - (2004) - (1 min.) Video Art Piece

"Eric Homan Presents - held for the length of a one-minute movie. And that's the content of the movie! It's a play parody on time, anticipation, and minimalist art. It's a visualization of an idea.

"2,453 Photos I've Taken in Two Years in One Minute – Life in Fast-Forward" - (2004) - (1 min.) Video Art Piece

"9,606 Photos I've Taken in Three Years in Five Minutes" – "Life in Fast-Forward" - (2004) - (5 min.) Video Art Piece

Voices Within the Artwork

"9,606 Photos I've Taken in Three Years in Five Minutes" – "Life in Fast-Forward":
"Ready? Here goes... the show!... Are you getting overwhelmed? Are you getting bored?... Is your attention span fading away?... Here's a Fun Fact for you!: "Love is the Oyster of the World"... Red is a nice color... ...thank you."

Conception

I like playing with time in various ways. This is one abstract experiment I chose to do with time by accelerating all the photos I've taken with my digital camera since I got it to present (from 2001 to 2004). It's really an experience to watch memories flash by so fast that you cannot fully take them all in. But isn't that how memory is like? Taking it in for a moment, but never fully retaining it.

This is what I like to call "Improv Art": art you make when the idea comes to you and you simply make it when you're *inspired* with a crazy idea and willing to try anything to see something new be created! I make art that will excite me – art that I want to see. So it has to be different, interesting, provoking, entertaining, amusing, exciting, humorous, delirious, surrealistic, expressionistic, and dynamic.

The photos stutter on certain sporadic frames to keep a sense of unpredictability to the presentation.

Spoken and shown: "156 images... 694 images... 1294 images..."

Snap shot sound effect loop on top of several sped up music sound mixes.

This is the exact number of images that flash before my eyes as I die.

The Mathematical Recipe

Gather all my photo .jpg images + use Rename It + add as an Image Sequence = new video animation piece.

Calculations

150 frames = 5 seconds. 300 frames = 10 seconds. 600 frames = 20 seconds. 1200 frames = 40 seconds. 2400 frames = 1 min. 20 seconds. 4800 frames = 2 min. 40 seconds. 9600 frames = 5 min. 20 seconds. After 1000 photos, the images start to go in and out of color to black and white. And they blur in and out of abstraction. Eventually, they fade out to blackness.

Soundtrack

I used Garage Band to compose a multi-track instrument soundtrack completely on the computer using a midi keyboard.

“The End” - (2004) - (30 sec.) Video Art Piece

10 second countdown leader followed by... “The End”. It’s a movie beginning with "The End" as its opening title. And that’s all there was. The title of the piece was “The End”.

“Atomic Art” - (2004) - (30 sec.) Video Animation Piece

AtOmIc ARt: I wanted to obscure these images in the guise of vibrant ghost color phantoms. The result was “Atomic Art”: radiation images that **glow**. The hues explode before your very eyes!! Gunfire, cannons, fireworks, and screams are the cacophony surrounding the images.

“Viva Gotham” - (2004) - (1 min.) Video Animation Piece

I had a dream about Catwoman playing Ann-Margret's part in Viva Las Vegas. The lunacy of the fantasy inspired to create the dream for in Photoshop and later make it into an interactive animation piece.

“IT’S THAT “GO-GO” GUY AND THE “BYE-BUY” GAL IN THE FUN CAPITAL OF THE WORLD! ELVIS PRESLEY AND ANN-MARGET in Viva Gotham! (Digital Elvis Copyright Graceland Properties/ Batman Copyright DC Comics)

This is another one of my “dancing images” pieces. I love the digitally altered collage of images behind the Elvis Presley Batman and the Ann-Margret Catwoman that featured both of them getting married with their masks on, going water-skiing with their masks on, and playing music with just their masks on.

“Canvas” – (2004) - (1 min.) Video Art Piece

Here is a time-based canvas painting that paints itself and evolves through *time*. As a time-based artist, I have always resisted the pre-conceived notion that paintings can only be still-based creations. This was my rebellion and revolution for where art could go next rather than remain frozen.

“In the Zoo of Perversity... Animals Gone Wild!” - (2003) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Video Art Piece

Disclaimer: Immature Reality Content

“It’s not a work of art, *but it’s entertaining.*”

The Zoo in the Zoo

7-28-03: My day at the San Diego Zoo proved to be one of the most perverse, scatological experiences in my zoo-visiting history. There were signs on the canopies around the concession stands that advertised “Coca Cola” and “Giant Pandas”. This really was the best zoo in the world. Later on as I was videotaping, I witnessed a black bear shit and pee in public view, a female wildebeest ram its head between the legs of a male wildebeest over and over again in some sort of bizarre sexual ritual, rhinos that mooned us, Manic monkey ass itching, cacti that gave us multiple middle fingers signs, legless wart hogs, dead tigers on display, monkeys that scratched their buns for minutes on end, a baboon looking pissed at obnoxious zoo dwellers, and Jason Merkt appearing to be sodomizing the sculpture of an adult gorilla. It was like an animal performance/ enactment of Caligula’s court. While watching a giraffe *deep-throating* a tree branch with its very long tongue, a woman exclaimed beside us: “Are you thinking what I’m thinking?” That’s when we all lost it and started laughing a bit too hard. I could barely keep my video camera steady as I videotaped the disturbingly sexual event. Indeed, the giraffe appeared to be giving some of the most expert, exotic, and imaginative oral sex to a tree branch that I’ve ever witnessed. I decided I wanted to edit the video footage that I took into a movie short called “Zoo Perversity”. *It was a beautiful day.*

“Time-lapses” - (2004) - (30 sec.) Video Art Piece

A study in snow and how it falls and dies away.

“Survivor’ Audition” - (2004) - (1 min.) Video Art Piece

I had a spare forty-five minutes one night and worked on my friend Ryan Treptow’s “Survivor’ Audition” interview. It’s 48 seconds long with Eminem’s “Lose Yourself” playing in the background. You’d be surprised how good it turned out with intro titles, music, and the best highlight sound bits from the top of your head. It actually works, I swear.

“Painted Effects” - (2004) - (4 min.) Video Art Piece

This is a collection of Maya’s “Paint Effects” tests and experimentations that I did from 2000 to 2004, compiled together with music compositions created in Garage Band. Designed to be animated paintings/ movies on gallery walls.

“Ending Pending.”

“Demonstration in Fine Editing” - (2004) - (4 min.) Video Art Piece

This was a little demonstration I wanted to put together to show just how much editing was involved in fine-tuning the “Treasures of the Hocking Hills” documentary interviews. I was cutting out all of the hundreds of “uh’s”, “er’s”, and other pauses that occurred while each artist was talking so it would be easier to listen to them. This was a massively tedious process to do that involved literally thousands of exact edits and cuts to the footage. It also wore my home PC down to the point where it crashed the video editing software over two hundred times. (No exaggeration.) So I felt that showing a clip of the raw footage before the editing took place, then the rough cut edited footage, and finally the finished edit would emphasize and stress the process of “fine editing”.

“Time Trees” - (2004) - (1 min.) Video Art Piece

A time-based study of the same photograph aged through weather patterns and the seasons. A

flash of white skips us ahead in time and space to a different condition, but the same scene. These are the stages of time through the life of a tree in one's backyard. And they are in cyclic motion every year.

“Viola! A Daiquiri!” - (2005) - (1 min.) Video Art Piece

Bartendress Nikki Jason and her sidekick Justin Jason help give a presentation on how to make a magical daiquiri! Behold in the awe and wonder of her great skills in making this drink of the gods and cats alike!

Special Thanks to Nikki Jason, Justin Jason, their daiquiris, their cats, and their music.
“Bartender” by Dave Matthews Band.

“SIGGRAPH 2004” - (2005) - (6 min.) Video Art Piece

Synopsis

“SIGGRAPH: YEAR’S PAST”: This is a SIGGRAPH trip video collage - a visual document of my trip to Los Angeles, CA, for SIGGRAPH 2004. We stayed at the USC dorms for our stay at the conference. These are the highlights from the week’s adventures along with the students and faculty from the “Animation on Location” class that I stayed with.

Highlights from the Conference

L.A. Convention Center... Picking up our conference supplies... Visiting artist RT Taylor... And after his presentation... A musical encore!... The USC Dormitory Pranks... Listening to animation industry speakers... SIGGRAPH Interactive Techniques Area featuring Charlotte Belland... Outside of Hollywood... Sony Pictures Imageworks, Culver City, CA... Arriving for an Educator’s Conference... Visiting Disney artist Saul Blinkoff... The Next Day... One the SIGGRAPH exhibition floor... Motion Capture exhibits... Chris Landreth, director of the award-winning “Ryan”... More at the Interactive Techniques area... A picture that “draws” you... e-Art... More Motion Capture exercises... The Job Fair... The following was an interactive game before the Electronic Theater where the crowd hit giant motion capture balls to advance to the next level... Timed Out... When Computer Animators Frenzy – This is what it looks like... The SIGGRAPH party downtown L.A... And finally, the scene after a small fire in our USC dorm room... The Burning Means It’s Working... And finally... going home!!!... SIGGRAPH 2004: Videotaped and Edited by Eric Homan.

Journal Exerts

8-7-04

“E.R.I.C. I.N. L.A.”

So here I found myself again displaced on another side of America gapping at the west coast in the awesomely enormous city of Los Angeles for the SIGGRAPH 2004 conference. After sharing a \$40 taxi to the USC dorms where I was staying, I found the rest of the CCAD faculty and students that were already here from visiting the various studios here in L.A. for the past week. Ron and I then ventured to the California Science Center for their “Bodyworks” exhibit of plastic cadavers.

Notes from our guest speaker tonight: “Being at a Hollywood/ L.A. production studio for only 18 months before moving on to your next gig. That’s the way of life it is out here. And you need to be good with organization and budget. And be productive with your time.”

Today simply didn’t feel like any day. Not a Saturday or Thursday or Monday. It was a Non-day. And that was a fine break by me....

8-8-04

It’s the first official day at SIGGRAPH 2004. Ron and I took in Lance Williams’ presentation about virtual actors doing facial motion capture. He’s an enthusiastic futurist who is aware that with today’s latest technology that he helped develop, we can “bring back” dead actors through digital motion capture technology. Fred Astaire will dance back again the movies because people can use software to observe and program in his likeness, features, actions, gestures, and movements. In fact, actors who weren’t alive or

who had never acted together *will*. We'll soon see a new movie with a young James Dean beside Brad Pitt and Clark Gable. It'll be the latest in surrealist-realist cinema. Once you've been filmed, recorded, and archived, you're immortalized forever in the movies.

“Acting and Drawing for Animation”: Sunday, Half Day, 1:45 - 5:30 p.m.: This workshop provides hands-on demonstrations of acting and drawing principles required to achieve strong animated performances. Participants view demonstrations of acting by lecturers and volunteers from the audience, and are invited to try each exercise. Drawing materials are supplied to follow live demonstrations. Examples of strong animation are projected. Larry Lauria, formerly of Disney Institute, demonstrates how he works at his animation desk.

- Warming up your instrument -- isolation exercises and illusions.
- Trust and collaboration the studio -- blindfolds are provided.
- Staging and positioning of characters for good silhouette -- motion and drawing.
- Bringing a character to life -- the empathy factor.
- Animal motion in human characterization -- animal movement and interaction, using animal motion in human walks.
- Walks -- mental, emotional and physical centers.
- Pantomime as a basis for strong dialogue animation -- non-verbal iconography and timing, creating illusion.
- The take and double take in physical timing -- squash and stretch, timing, trading the focus between two actors.
- Relaxation -- contraction and release of all muscles.
- Emotional recall of past events (blindfolded).
- Showing emotion using everyday actions -- walking, sitting, standing.

Prerequisites

The only requirements are an open mind and a willingness to participate in guided activities. It helps to have an understanding of the process of animation in either stop-motion, classical, cut-out, experimental film, or 3D media. Acting and dance experience is not required but will be introduced during kinesthetic exercises.

Intended Audience

Animators, producers, graphic artists, game developers, filmmakers, and students should attend. Through guided motion and drawing exercises, all attendees will gain an understanding of methods needed to produce strong animation.

Organizer

Lucilla Potter Hoshor
Savannah College of Art and Design

Lecturers

John C. Finnegan
Purdue University

Lucilla Potter Hoshor
Savannah College of Art and Design

Larry Lauria
Creator, Animation World Network
Toon Institute, Savannah College of Art and Design

Watching a professional mime artist perform and teach was the highlight of our afternoon. He showed us the details of animating the human body and got us to actively participate with him

how this all works by having to actually do these movements with him. We observed the sensitivity of weight, accessing our imaginations, action, gestures, nuances in movement, and body language. By doing so we could then translate this new information into our own animations. Little things that people unusually neglect when animating were examined and empathized, like the important use of one's hands.

8-9-04

Ryan: By Chris Landreth... Psycho-realism... Doing serious creative work... "He was bursting with life and drawings by always creating"... "It's every artist's worst fear. He's losing it"... "I hope you get back with some serious creative work"... Being physically and emotionally wrapped up in your own artistic and emotional colors... Pop in Paint Effects in "blushes" and Paint Effects smear strokes in the background of their psychic reality.

This afternoon, I received quite an unexpected and exhilarating high by going to the world-renowned visual effects/ animation production facility, Sony Pictures Imageworks in beautiful Culver City in west L.A. I was part of a prestige VIP group of nationally known computer art colleges and universities that were invited to take part in a panel to discuss how to create a better relationship with setting up a curriculum that would fit their ever-changing, ever-advancing work place environment. This was the company that had just come off of another career and industry high of working on "Spider-Man 2" and now they were finishing up the feature length motion capture CG feature "The Polar Express", while also progressing work on "Monster House". So I really felt like I was in a holy place, truly where the "movie magic" happens. These are the people who *made* Spider-Man, the opening credit sequence to "Contact"... and so many other great visual effects work in so many other great Hollywood movies. This is it!! And the only reason I was there was because Ron Saks, the chair of Time-Based Media Studies, was able to invite one extra person. And since Charlotte had already been to Sony, I got invited. I looked like the odd man out being 28 years old and 90% of everyone else was like 40 to 50+ years old. Even the freaking president of Sony Imageworks gave a speech to us as if we were *somebody*. I still did my best to be personable and fit in... be mature... be professional. I was part of an "in" power crowd – in Hollywood. This was a first for me. It was uncomfortable and extraordinary at the same time. I was an educator, but some of them looked down on me still since I was "young" and "not important". Yet I knew that I was someone important even though they didn't know it yet. I knew what I've done and what I will do. *I'm aware of my talent*. I'm like a superhero myself with a super powerful alter ego.

Notes from the meeting at Sony Pictures Imageworks: specific area of expertise job curriculum... Alias background – come in and learn their plug-ins of their software... Internship opportunities... Sony workshops at schools... Continuing Education Career Path with new arrivals to Sony... Studios say different things about what they want to see in demo reels. This makes it very frustrating for educators to tell our students what to do or expect in the job market. Education is changing with a constantly changing industry and constantly changing curriculum. Can we see some demo reel examples?... Faculty internships and fellowships?

Notes from Saul Blinkoff's marathon *three*-hour motivational speaker/ dreamer/ achiever talk tonight: "It's important to give back the things that I've learned and what I didn't know because it's a *hard* journey and struggle ahead"... "I'm going to give it too you real and up front"... "You have to take your college years very seriously"... "I was a very competitive person when I was in school"... "Competitive is good. But remember that you're competing with everybody in the world! But you are in control of how good you work"... "Tell me where you are going to be in four years. Not where you *want* to be in four years, but where you *will* be in four years"... "Producers want to know if you are going to make them cash"... "If you want to be an animator, you have to be an actor"... "I didn't get into Disney after my junior year at CCAD. Just because I want to get into a dream job doesn't mean I'm going to have it"... "The movie 'Rudy' completely changed my life"... "I had to find out what was I missing in order to fulfill my potential"... "You can only control how hard you work. I wrote down over my desk: 'No one here worked harder than me'"... "Ask professionals advice for what you can do to perfect your work"... "You have to forget about the naysayers because you're going to have naysayers for your entire life. I can't let these people bother me. I'm focused. I'm on a mission"... "I want to be inspired by the greatest!"... "Making an 'A, B, and C' list of dream place to work at"... "You are forced to be creative so many times when working on a low budget"... Making cartoon pilot animatics in four days to a week... "Timing is everything. Work on your editing. You will be so marketable with great timing"... "Put it all in now while

you're young (21) while you have time and energy"... "The only growth comes from struggle and challenge"... "You're only as good as the talent that's around you"... "We are all trying to figure out how do you make great product for the least amount of money"... "Money talks"... "Keep them laughing. Tell a *good* story"... "What should a Disney movie be? Funny and emotional"... "That's putting action behind your dreams"... "Be passionate, not personal. Have it be about the work, not your ego"... "What will you do with your life?"... "We're always on the search for *talent*"... "Don't let your job be the only thing in your life. You need to have something other in your life besides your work. The greatest part of my life is my wife and family. There will always be bad days at work. So why make your work so prominent in your life that it ruins your life constantly. Have something else. Make your family #1. Be sure to make time for them"... "We need another Steven Spielberg"... "Use your rough childhood"... "Every film has a tone"... "You don't know what will happen to you in our career. You have to let things happen to you"... "Success is a journey, not a destination"... "Nothing will give you more satisfaction out of life than out of *giving*. That is what I love about my job as a movie maker"... "Think this: four years after graduation is "death". Use those four years and really make them count"... "At the end of your life, you will want to leave something behind"... "I loved storytelling and telling jokes in front of people"... "Live gives you opportunities... *if you're open to them*"... "March by the beat of your own drum"... "Don't be afraid to be you"... "Follow your instincts. It's organic, it's spontaneous"... "Be a sponge and absorb as much as you can"... "Someday, you're going to have to teach somebody else"... Core questions to ask when making your own movie: "What is the reliability of the main character to your audience? What is relatable in your story?"... "We all want to show to the world more than what they think they we can do"... "Work on your weaknesses just as much as your strengths"... "Go through a film frame-by-frame to understand and see how and why that movie sequence is *working*. Dissect it"... "\$44,000 for a 30 second commercial for 4 weeks of work. That's *a lot of money*. But you never know when the next commercial job will come in. That's the thing."

8-10-04

Today was Tuesday during SIGGRAPH week 2004, which means the first big day of the exhibition. After two hours of claustrophobic crowdedness to drain the enthusiasm from your skull, I was starting to feel some deep, dire, core exhaustion. The overwhelming pace, information, visual velocity, and physical exertion finally tugged on me.

While watching more selected "top" computer animation pieces, I realized they wanted in submissions: great animation skills, timing, superb design, quirky storytelling, funny jokes, and emotional moments - *but not too emotional, creative, or original*. And because of this, the work doesn't go far enough. But when a German or French piece is screened that is "bizarre", people around complain about how "stupid" it is. We're surrounded in a world of close-minded, limited-entertainment nincompoops. There are too many cute characters with big eyes being beautiful. They have to be enjoyable to have a mass audience appeal. They *have* to entertain. But they keep showing off and repeat touchstone visual clichés like gorgeous light stream effects, radiant glows on characters and surfaces, etc. etc. etc.

Changes in Maya 6.0: Retargeting – set neutral pose... Redirect function to adjust your animation after you've set keys upon it... Adjustments with the Mental Ray rendering package.

8-11-04

So far, I've made the very wise decision and kept my body in good shape during this SIGGRAPH trip by making sure I got enough sleep and rest (around seven hours per night). Yet I admit I still nod off slightly during certain course panels in a large, dimly lit convention hall rooms.

"Resumes and Demo Reels": Recruiters are people who go out and find people for companies such as Sony Pictures Imageworks and smaller companies... Demo reel and portfolios are a requirement. You are a product a company wants. You have to market yourself. Find out what you are good at... It doesn't matter how great your demo reel is if you have a *bad attitude*. If you are not a team player, by not delivering on time or by not being a communicative person, your reputation is tarnished for it. Remember: your reputation starts at school, and is better than your own marketing tools... The keys to getting a job: do your best job every single gig you get. Have a *great attitude*. This is a small industry. People *will remember*. Protect your reputation. Be positive and upbeat... Make it easy for the recruiter. Have voice mail and an answering machine... Resume Check List: Phone Number, Name, Email Address, LARGE LEGIBLE TYPE FONT. Easy to read, not too much type, list skills, *highlight accomplishments*. Be specific on your resume, don't list a "variety of 3d packages". Good objectives: what you want to do, be

specific, important if changing careers. And *proofread*. Resume Don'ts: Don't print resumes on pink or dark blue paper. It doesn't photocopy well, if at all, and it obscures grayscale art on the page if there is any. Don't use a font that is too hard to read or create a design on the layout that is too crowded. Test your resume – fax or copy it yourself. No marble parchment paper. And always review and update your resume every six months... Sample Resume: Name, Address (Telephone, Fax, email address), Objective, Skills, Bullet Points, Experience (internships a plus), Education (point out your passion for lighting for example). A good resume is simple, clear, and concise... Cover Letter Tips: Personal connection (met at SIGGRAPH), common ground (know someone who went there who also went to the same school), Referral (a friend who works there connected to them), Advantage (for example, if the company is opening a division in the Philippines and you live in the Philippines, or if the company is opening a sports division and you have a sports background)... Read "Cinefix" and other visual effects/ animation/ gaming trade magazines to read their articles about the people who work at these types of places you wish to work at... Brief cover letter, easy to read, consider it a sales tool, if too long, it won't be read. Use cover letters to: clarify what you are offering the company, if it isn't clear from your resume. Indicate career change or clarify special circumstances. If on page resume, copy double-sided with cover letter "see my resume on back of this cover letter"... Consider different jobs options out there in the computer graphics field: scientific applications, gaming, previsualization of sets, toy design, motion picture opening title sequences, TV logos, commercials, direct to video work, training films, corporate videos, legal recreations, Broadcast designs, consumer designs, magazines, medical, ads, theme park design, etc.... Networking, build your reputation as someone good to work with... Demo Reel Do's: U.S. companies want VHS reels in NTSC format (Disney doesn't want DVDs yet, but Sony Pictures Imageworks does), ALWAYS include a resume and a reel breakdown (credit list with your reel), Clearly label your reel including your name, address, phone number, and email address. Make sure the demo reel is 3 minutes or less. Start with your best and most recent work. Empathize your strengths. Show a variety of work. Demonstrate your abilities of different areas. Divide your reel into section: "Character Animation", "Modeling", "Logos"... Update your work and re-edit your reel, remove older work. Focus on your strengths! If it feels "questionable", remove it! Include life drawings or other fine art work such as sculpture, paintings, or photography at the tail end of your reel. Your demo reel and portfolio should be in "disposable" materials. Do not send your only copy of your demo reel! Don't expect your reel to be returned. It is a disposable item. Send work in materials that you know that you won't be getting back, like plastic sleeve dividers you can buy at any art store... Breakdown Sheet/ Credit List: Always include it with your demo reel. Be clear. Include a short paragraph for each shot on the reel is usually plenty of information. Answer these questions: "What was your involvement?" "What project was it done for?" You may want to include a title slate before each piece. A breakdown list should always be *clear*. Students often work on group projects. It is important for them to specify what they did on the piece. If they did everything, say so... Demo Reel Don'ts: Never send masters and originals! Don't put best stuff last. The viewer may never get to it. Don't send work in progress. Don't ask for feedback by phone. Fancy packaging is unnecessary. Don't shrink-wrap your reel. They sometimes turn off the sound sometimes. Minimalize or don't include erotic, satanic, and violent material. Don't include live action film without animation or computer graphics (unless you're a compositor). They're judging it from what they see. Color bars are not necessary. Don't ask prospective employers to view samples or a resume on a website or email images. Don't send tutorial items. They "laugh" at them. They don't recommend submitting a reel during SIGGRAPH. That is when they are *flooded* with reels and will mostly go through the reels only that much faster and look over work. They recommend sending in work two months beforehand. Don't send the exact same reel every 6 months. They will remember you!... Follow your passion!! Remember: Quality, Not Quantity. View it as a first date with employer. Show a good foundation in art and design... There are 5 Jobs in Visual Effects: Modeling, Texturing, Lighting, Animation, and Compositing. Small companies want generalists. Large companies want specialists... Demo reels should have slow, easy to view camera fly through and around models if you are into Modeling. Sound may be turned off if you are displaying for Modeling. Show the development of the model: wire-frame fading to gray shaded models with nice lighting on it. Show a nicely designed reel. Give a sense of proportion and detail. Models should seem like they are on a turntable. One demo reel showed a nice design of models being composited and layered on top of each other for a nice visual design... For a Character Animation Reel: acting performances from sound clips from select movies ("Time Bandits", "The Princess Bride"). *Remember to make it easy for the recruiter*. CONTENT IS WHAT COUNTS. CONTENT IS KING. Nobody cares how old you are, what school you attended, what software you used. Your demo reel needs to show you have the skills... If you're including a personal film, it better be shorter

than 3 minutes... If you are submitting a DVD to a recruiter, make sure the menu is *easy to navigate*. No complicated menus. They won't look at it no more than *3 minutes!!!*... Effects Animation: lighting, lightning, fog, mist, dust, breath, environmental elements.

“Demo Reel Review Panel by Industry Studios”: Kleiser-Walczak: they like a demo reel that is short, to the point, shows what the student can do, photo-real work. They highly recommend students or prospective employees cut out all non-relevant work. The dirty little industry secret is: *everybody fast-forwards through demo reels*. They want to know if you have been working on recent movies. If you've worked with people they know at the place of work. A DVD menu should simply have your name and the demo reel itself. They are not concerned with technical problems. They really are impressed with seeing great aesthetic design and intelligence, knowing about timing and visual rhythm. They want problem solvers and people who have an understanding of the process of filmmaking. And they want flexibility in their employees. The VHS or DVD cover should visually tell the recruiter *immediately* that s/he is a modeler or whatever job they are going for. Have your name and contact information on the front cover so they can get in touch with you. Their demo reel should be easy to look at with an intelligence and understanding of visual language. Things to remember from the past: Tex Avery died in obscurity once television took over. We live in a time of great flux. We are moving away from large studios and more into smaller, more flexible companies like Kleiser-Walczak. The tools used to be restrictive; now they are Shake and After Effects – products you can get off the shelf. Years before, employees had to use custom made software at that particular company. Kleiser-Walczak want people who can adapt to Maya and Shake, CG and compositing. Become a company of one. Have a guerrilla, garage mentality. Use “pleasant” music on the soundtrack on a demo reel. There are a lot of different needs for many different projects. Putting what you do visually and verbally on the front of the box of the demo reel helps out a great deal for the recruiter and company. They prefer people who are local. They will call references (people they know)... You have to do what you love to do. It will show in the work. A quality of *aliveness*... Never put color bars in front of a reel. If you do, make it *entertaining* for the people viewing it. One person's only fault with their “perfect” demo reel is that it went on too long (over one minute they had sold them and they didn't need to see any more). Don't waste any more of their time... They want to see what you have done (design, color, lighting). *Communicate* to your recruiter. Dissect a scene or a shot for the recruiter to see. Show how it was put together. Be the teacher by quickly and simply showing how you put it all together. Show concept through creation process... “Bad Demo Reels”: They have gotten demo reels with nothing on them... Don't submit a long reel. They simply don't have the time. Send an email – don't call to follow up. This is good for time management for them. An email address is usually the easiest way to find you and communicate back with them... Display clean, quad layouts. May not be best to include dinosaurs in your demo reel because there are so many generic dinosaur models floating around on the web to download and they might think you got yours from there... “What do you do when everyone has a great reel?” They will be searching for signs of *passion* in that student that isn't in the others. It's your job; *is it also your hobby?* Communicate your passion during the interview. There are so many competitors out there... For students: They want to see *at least* one group project on their demo reel to display that they can work in a real-world collaborative situation... We are at a transitory point between DVD and VHS. The trend is moving to DVD. Freelance American artists are increasingly working from home by using ftp (file transport protocol), email, and the Internet to get their work back and forth to the studio... They are still looking for traditional skills in fundamental animation, cell animation, stop motion animation. Freelance gigs on studio films like DreamWorks for 6 months to a 1½ years a major plus. The studios don't care what program you know. They will have to retrain you so you learn their in-house software anyways. They are looking for performance in animation in demo reels, not just movement. They want to see emotion and depth. Something that sets you apart. Show what turns you on... The 10 Commandments for Submitting Reels at DreamWorks: 1) No longer than 10 minutes 2) Include a resume and shot list 3) Shot list is brief, to the point, and accurate 4) Be specific to the position you are going for 5) Put best work first (30 sec.) with your name 6) Put your most recent work first as well 7) Edit your reel very carefully 8) Label everything 9) Prepare an organized presentation 10) Do not be disorganized. Flat books are like reels. Be organized.

I now recall what I felt like to be a freshman at CCAD again by having to eat at the USC dorm cafeteria every morning and evening. It gets mundane pretty fast after four days. It's the same old blah food, day after day.

And then tonight, the group of us CCAD people ventured downtown to the SIGGRAPH reception

that was being held this Wednesday night. I wasn't on my most alert behavior since I was on a lot of painkillers to ward off another emerging headache in my nervous system. I finally got a chance to meet and chat with Fran briefly and have a stiff drink with Charlotte and the students. And after 10:20 p.m., we departed. And that was the end of our SIGGRAPH experience. May it rest in peace. We're ready to go home to our own beds and our own food.

8-12-04

Then later this morning just minutes before we left to go downstairs to wait for the airport shuttle to pick us up, a popcorn bag got accidentally set on fire on a stove in the guy's suite I was staying in. I was typing in the hallway on the laptop for over seven minutes when it happened. And at first, I thought it was a drill first alarm that went off or an accident. So I didn't even react to it at all until Charlotte checked on it and screamed: "*It's a Really Big Fire!!! Oh my God! Get Your Stuff OUT!!*" I immediately realized this wasn't a joke anymore, packed my stuff up in 4 seconds flat, looked both ways down the hallway to see what to do where to go, and eventually found myself rushing down the hall to the fire extinguisher – only to find the cabinet was *locked!!* How insanely helpful! I heard Kevin scream out if anyone had any buckets. So I grabbed a nearly empty wastebasket, ran into the bathroom, filled it up with shower water for eight seconds, and rushed around the corner to where the fire was. By the time I got to the scene, the fire was out from being smothered by towels. Still, it was an unnerving jolt of shock of being at a scene that nearly burnt down the USC dorms!!! Apparently, the microwave door nearby had melted away and ruined the microwave itself. We at CCAD just had to leave a mark on California.

Or was it a dream?

There's a cool smog breeze blowing through L.A. today. It feels so good as I cough away.

I must confess that I at least succeeded on this trip to SIGGRAPH in being more professional as an educator by taking far better notes, attending more courses, and acting like a faculty staff member of the Columbus College of Art and Design rather than a student of the Columbus College of Art and Design! I didn't "goof around" or go sightseeing hardly at all. I, for one, could see a big difference in my performance. Or maybe it was the extra competitive faculty presence of one of my bosses and chair of Time-Based Media Studies, Ron Saks, as well as Charlotte Belland. Plus, there was the additional presence of over twenty CCAD students hanging about. I needed to be on good behavior.

"The Censored Music Video" - (2005) - (1 min.) Video Art Piece

"Errundu" by Soundpharm... We are unable to show you the next music video because it is **censored**. You will just have to use your imagination. ...Wait a minute! That's obscene as well!!! Stop it! Stop it!! STOP IT!!! This has been a CENSORED MUSIC VIDEO FAILURE. Visuals by Eric Homan. Music by Justin Jason/ Soundpharm.

"100 Shades of Smile" - (2005) - (1 min.) Video Art Piece

Experimental work set to 100 still photos of myself sporting smiles and grins of various sorts.

"Embryo Abstracto" - (2005) - (1 min.) Video Art Piece

Experimental, remix video work of sped-up footage from "Baby Ryan: His First Year" and multiplied on top of itself with exaggerated amounts of saturation to create an other-worldly vision type experience.

“Abstractscapes 2” - (2001) - (2 min.) 3D Computer Animation

“Paintasia Digital Abstract” - (2002) (1 min.) An Animated Digital Painting

“Fragmentation” (Remix) - (2002) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Computer Abstract Animation Media Collage

“Descent” - (2002) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Computer Abstract Animation Media Collage

“Paint Inwards” - (2002) - (30 sec.) Abstract Animation

“Red Language” - (2002) - (1 min.) Abstract Animation

"Paintasia Digital" abstracted in red images.

“Year of the Cicadas” - (6 min.)

“The Sandman”

“Atomic Art”

“Love Mates”

Viva Gotham”

“Image Having a Seizure!!!”

“Baby Ryan: His First Year” - Documentary Video DVD

“Baby Ryan: His First Year” - (2005) - (27 min.) Video Journal

Videotaped by “Daddy Steve”. Additionally videotaped and edited by “Uncle Eric”.

1-29-05: As part of my gift for my nephew for his birthday, I edited down an hour and a half of video footage to 28 minutes that my brother-in-law had shot for over a year. It was pretty amazing to watch a child grow up like that.

I’m currently editing together a compilation of video clips of my nephew Ryan and it’s come to my realization that I am actually making a movie for a select avid audience that would love to see this footage. It’s for the parents, the grandparents, the uncles, aunts, and relatives to watch and marvel at. Beyond that, no one is going to care about this “Ryan”. And it makes me think about my own artwork in relation to this concept of audience. How else is going to enjoy the work that I do? Who else besides myself am I making all of this artwork for? Is it worth my time to keep doing it?

But as I sort through and view all the footage, I am touched by the miracle that is childbirth. Seeing it through the voyeuristic intimacy of a video camera has shown me a doorway into a couple’s love for their newborn son. You share the private playful whispered moments of a family together, loving one another while raising a child. I’ve rarely been affectionate towards children because I’ve witnessed how much screaming, pouting, and pooping they tend to do. But to witness a father’s love and affection through his first person point-of-view while speaking into the camera as he records his first child through the first weeks and then first months of his life, I can’t help but feel a sense of empathetic warmth for the child as well. Here are two loving parents who genuinely enjoy spending their time with their baby. And I get to watch their baby boy, Ryan, grow up before my eyes, month by month over a year’s period. It goes from

the first crawl, to the first walk, to the first baby babble of words. "I'm going to show you some of the most important things in my life," says the father at one point before he shows his wife and child to the camera, to all.

"David Hostetler: Artist In Nature" - Documentary Video DVD

"David Hostetler: Artist In Nature" - (2005) - (19 min.) Documentary Short Movie

Genesis

This documentary primarily on the life and art of David Hostetler was birthed from the excess footage from the "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" documentary. Some extra money was attained to expand upon the edited version that was put together for the original documentary for a 19 minute long short documentary.

Synopsis

From the back DVD cover: "David Hostetler is the creator of a series of original and captivating works in wood and bronze that honor and celebrate the female form. Inspired by goddesses and celebrated women of historical significance, Hostetler has based his entire life's work on capturing the spirit, romance and earthiness of the "feminine" in exotic woods and in bronze. Whether revealing the sensuousness of the female figure or rendering visible the gift of feminine intuition, Hostetler's works are moving, intriguing and a pleasure to touch and see."

Credits

"David Hostetler: Artist In Nature", Presented by Hocking Valley Arts, Foundation for Appalachian Ohio, The Bowen House, and Ohio State University Extension – Fairfield County, Directed, Videotaped, and Edited by Eric Homan, Produced by Susan Crehan-Hostetler and Carol Mackey, Interview Conducted by Carol Mackey, Visit our websites at: www.davidhostetler.com and www.hockinghillart.com, Copyright 2005, The Bowen House.

Beginnings

11-19-04: **The Premiere and Reception of "Treasures of the Hocking Hills"**

Anyway, I got to talking with Susan Hostetler some more and she was interested about seeing the rest of David's interview and video footage that was shot. She even mentioned the possibility of shooting a documentary just on David Hostetler himself. This would be wonderful since I had so much footage on David alone that would have made up a documentary. And he's a kindred spirit with passion for making his artwork. Later after the second viewing, I met a local Hocking Hills photography by the name of Eric Hoffman (possibly a distant cousin of mine). It was nice to hear positive words about the documentary from a fellow artist, as well as from the other people in attendance at the reception.

11-22-04: Hello Susan, I've been compiling together the footage that was shot last June as well as the 106 photos that were also taken. I have to leave for Washington D.C. tomorrow for Thanksgiving at my girlfriend brother's place and I won't be back until Sunday. So hopefully I'll have the material in the mail by Monday or Tuesday of next week. I'm not certain if I can use the footage though for a few reasons. I don't own the copyright for the video footage; The Bowen House does. But I may be able to arrange to use some of it by simply asking Carol Mackey. Also some of the footage is handheld before the sit-down interview, so it is somewhat shaky in parts. It may be easier just to reshoot. Like I mentioned before, I could have made an entire documentary about David himself because he's led such a fascinating life and he's terrific before the camera. And moreover, I identified a great deal with him as a person and an artist.

So anyway, I'll get the materials out to you soon and we'll see what you think. Let me know what ideas come out of it. Have a great holiday, Eric Homan

11-28-04: I am so excited about our project. Have a great turkey day,,, Sus.

Hello Susan, I just got home this late afternoon from Maryland and will be sending out the footage to you tomorrow. One hour of it is David giving a walk-through of the studio and work/

play environment. Then there is a forty-minute sit-down interview. Also, I will be sending the 100+ photos on a CD-ROM. So there is easily enough footage there for a documentary just on David himself. Eric Homan

Hello Carol, Happy Thanksgiving to you as well! I just got home this late afternoon from Maryland and have finally unpacked and gotten things caught up on. So let's see....

Finally, one last thing to discuss, Susan Hostetler was talking to me after the documentary reception about possibly doing a documentary just on David Hostetler himself and was wondering about using the 1 hour and forty minutes of footage we shot of him last June. I still have the footage on an external hard drive, so I was going to copy it onto VHS for her to look at (based on her request). I know that the Bowen House has the copyright on the footage and I wouldn't dare go ahead on this unless we discussed it first and got the permission. I don't know how much money she would be thinking of putting up for such a project, but it may be a resource for additional income for both of us as well as expanding upon the whole "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" concept. Let me know what you think. Take care, Eric Homan

12-7-04: Hello Susan, Just to let you know some updates:

I discussed the possibility of using David's video footage for a long-form documentary just on David with Carol Mackey, and she was enthusiastic about it. I believe we would also have to get a signed consent and negotiate a small deal, as well as have The Bowen House listed in the credits. So the good news would be that we could use that already shot footage (and especially David's narration), which happens to still be captured on two external hard drives and is ready to be edited. Due to the hand-held shakiness of some of the footage, I'd probably have to rely on several scanned in photos that hopefully you could supply me with.

Also, my teaching semester is almost over, so I'd have time to do this type of documentary project starting after Dec. 15th through Jan 15th. (CCAD has a month off for faculty in between the fall and spring semesters.) So hopefully we can work something out. Once again, this would be a great opportunity to archive and record David's history, artwork, and sheer life-force in a more detailed, informative long-form format. (And it would be great to use David's music throughout.)

Talk to you soon, Eric Homan

Hi Eric I have printed this out to start our folder file together! Call me any time after 1pm, only out of town this Friday and Saturday,, great news Sus.

The Process

12-8-04: I finally contacted Susan Hostetler by phone for the first time to organize and prepare for working on a documentary about her husband, David Hostetler, the famed wood sculptor of the female form who was part of the "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" documentary that I had done. She seemed very open to what I personally had in mind for this project, such as what angle I was going to go for since there has been three short documentaries already that have been done on David (some of which never fully got completed due to a "lack of focus" from the directors who were doing them). We set up that I'd get started with editing the footage that I had already shot, put together a rough draft, and show it to them in order to see what direction we should go from there, as well as what extra footage we should also shoot. She asked me some interesting questions, like why would I want to do a documentary on David, for which I was able to easily express my personal feelings and interest in movies/ documentaries examining the inner workings of artists. So I had that going for me – my own personal attraction to another's artist's creative drive. When we discussed how much this would cost, it sounded like it wouldn't be a whole lot, especially considering that the scale of the project is only one artist, not like my having to edit down eight artists like I had to do before. So I figure it will be around \$2,500 to \$5,000 for a ballpark figure. So the good news is that Susan's enthusiastic about the project and that I can go ahead and get started editing through the holiday break. And I especially need something to do with myself during that long month off from CCAD. I hate not having to do when I have vacation time... especially when it's cold and gray outside in winter in Ohio. I also discussed with Susan that The Bowen House and Carol Mackey will both need to be credited in the documentary and be thanked for their participation.

12-10-04: Of course if this documentary gets distributed The Bowen House would get a percentage of the profit. I figure the budget that Susan is willing to spend at this point is around \$2,500 to \$3,000. I'll edit down the footage we shot back in June to around twenty minutes and see how they like it. Then we'll make an assessment of where the documentary should go from there depending on how much more footage needs to be shot and how much more time needs to be involved. Once it's all done, Susan

mentioned getting it into some festivals, which is also what we should look into for the “Treasures” documentary (especially the Columbus International Film and Video Festival that specializes in showing documentaries). I’m not for certain where to start looking for a distributor for the “Treasures” documentary. I guess I can start looking on the web for catalogs that sell DVDs to schools and colleges as a start.

I have no idea how far the Hostetlers want to go with this. I don’t know how many copies are going to be made in the end. It’s such a small-scale production. I’d guess the royalty amount would be several hundred dollars (\$400?). I can’t say for certain right now until she sees an edited version of the extended footage and approves it. We may end up going in a different direction than expected. These are all things I won’t know about until I’m finished edited. Everything is still in the planning stage of how this is going to take form. We’ll see. But I’ll keep Susan in touch that there will probably need to be a royalty fee. Take care, Eric Homan.

What I’m thinking about doing for the Hostetler documentary is compiling a long-form version of the June Hostetler interview (edited to 25 min.) and scan in photos from his life and artwork that he owns to use as cutaways. Scanning in the photos and organizing them within will take a certain amount of time that I’m sure will suck up the majority of the proposed budget. But in the end, I foresee that we’d still have a very nice artist documentary in the end. I just need to organize how much time this will take in order to achieve a descent product. The basic fact of the matter is: the more money that can be spent, the more time, energy, and creativity can be put into the project. The problem with doing a documentary is that it doesn’t have a schedule to follow to make sure things don’t go over budget. One could end up shooting footage for years and years, and end up producing something of great ambition, insight, and scope. But once again, it comes down to time, money, and energy. Using the footage that was already shot, editing it down slightly, and using cutaways will allow us to (hopefully) maintain our current budget. So therefore, I’d say this may be the best option that I foresee for us to take without going wildly over budget. I’d also suggest making it a joint project that is a tie-in to the original documentary where the original footage is culled from. We could call it “David Hostetler: Artist in Nature”, “Treasures of the Hocking Hills: David Hostetler”, or something.

So in the end, we should have two documentaries from the footage that was shot. I’ll contact Susan about the documentary’s progress and then I’ll get back to you about when we can all meet. Take care, Eric Homan

Eric, I like this a lot. It could help round out an hour for PBS as well. Carol

12-14-04: Hi, how enlightening!! I definitely do not want to spend thousands of dollars of my own money, would get a grant for that,, I was thinking take the footage you already have and define it for David, under 2000, I am excited to see what you came up with so far , you can tell me what it has cost and we can see how far we can go, see you Friday,, Sus

12-15-04: So this is where we are right now with the budget and the hours that have been spent editing. So the good news is that the main structure of the work is finished. The two hours of footage has been trimmed down to 21 minutes. (I also incorporated portions from the original 7-minute edit version that already had cutaways to speed up with the editing process.) What remains to be added is some historical photo cutaways that hopefully you can provide me with, as well as the DVD encoding and creating a DVD cover. So we should be seeing a finished product in the not-to-distant future.

If Someone Wants Something to Be Good, It’s Going to Cost a Lot of Money to Do It

12-17-04: Well, today was my meeting with Susan and David Hostetler at their home in Athens, Ohio. Carol Mackey and I drove down together after meeting at the Visitor’s Center in Logan. After viewing the 20 minutes of footage that I’ve edited down, Susan gave me some critical advice of what she liked and what she advised that could be altered and changed. My biggest headache and concern was how much more work this was all going to take for me to do – and the proposed budget didn’t sound like it was going to cover it entirely. If someone wants something to be *good*, it’s going to cost a lot of money to do it. And I didn’t want to be put into another situation where I was going to do a great deal of work and not get entirely paid for all of the extra hours/ days/ weeks/ months! So I like the concept of putting in cutaways to the footage that I’ve already shot for David Hostetler’s interview. But putting in close to twenty minutes of cutaways is a pretty daunting task, I’m literally *afraid*.

The Panic Attack Burn Out

12-18-04: I had a near panic attack at 2 a.m. this morning after awaking and not being able to get back to sleep. I had gone to bed at 9:30 p.m. on a Friday night due to fatigue, emotional and physical. I felt

plagued by the “Treasures” project *that just wouldn't end*. There was always something wrong with it by someone's standards... and yet I wouldn't get paid for correcting those mistakes. I had to keep correcting them “in kind”. And I was going to get into this Hostetler project that may turn into the same nightmare scenario of constant redoes. And I can't tell if I can handle it again. I'm too burnt out as it is. There's too many technical things that can go wrong. Sometimes life is a bit too overwhelming for me to take in. And there's a point where I have to reflect that all this freelance work is just taking too much of a toll on me, mentally, emotionally, and physically. Is it worth the price *I'm* paying to make extra money?

The Editing

12-19-04: Well, after a few days of work, I've rearranged the clips and mixed the sit-down interview footage with the other footage in a way where one thought process is leading into another scene with a similar thought (nature to nature, going back to Ohio to going back to Ohio). This speeds up the pace a bit more. I also color corrected the photos that I took on the property on Friday this morning and incorporated them within where they could be used as appropriate cutaways. I also tightened up the editing on a few sections when necessary. So I'm at a spot where both you and David could view the footage in a revised form so I can get more feedback. I will also need stills of a couple of David's paintings. Otherwise, send me a time for me to come back down again. Thanks and take care, Eric Homan.

1-10-05: Susan, I've gotten all the photos you sent me scanned in and incorporated into the video. I'll be mailing the photos back to you tomorrow, as well as a newly edited version of the video. It still needs David's music as well as these as these additional photo cutaways that I could apply in the video: Paintings, mentors (Carl Marx), his students/ David teaching at OU early years in Athens, the sights and downtown of Athens/ Ohio University, David as a student at OU, David farming, extra David in the Army, David as a teen looking into universities, old pictures of the farm, Amish Origins. -Eric Homan

1-13-05: Hello Susan, My CCAD Internet was down for two days, so I apologize for the late reply. I sent out the photos and the latest version of the movie yesterday so you can see what other changes and adjustments should be made. I could probably use a few more photo cutaways to scan in and incorporate within (Carl Marx, older paintings of David's). You will have to judge how many more based on what you see on the VHS tape I'm sending for you to view.

All the photos you sent me have been scanned in. I'll make you a CD-R with those images on them so that you'll always have a digital backup of them from which you can reprint them again.

The total budget so far: \$2,290. Below is the time sheet that explains how much time it took to do each step in the process. I charged \$60 an hour for the scanning of the photos since it is slightly less laborious.

So hopefully we just need to make a few more alterations, put in David's music (which will make all the clips flow together), burn (dub) the movie onto DVD, and create a DVD cover. Then you can bring the DVD movie to Video Duplication Services, Inc. (a company in south Columbus that will do mass DVD duplication services) in Grove City, Ohio, just south of Columbus off of I-270. This is the company Carol Mackey and I used to duplicating the “Treasures” documentary. It will cost around \$8 for duplicating the documentary on a DVD along with the DVD case artwork. This is their website:

<http://vds.com/dvd/index.shtml>. Talk to you soon, Eric Homan

Also for the DVD back cover, you may want to write up a summary that describes what we are about to see. Perhaps a short bio about David with how nature relates to his artwork so greatly.

The cover looks great to me, I will write up something,, Sus

1-21-05: Susan, Pass this on to David: I just found out that one of my musician friends can convert the audio recording off of those mini CD diskettes with his live jazz recordings on them. So hopefully he's gotten back the two diskettes that I sent back to him since I couldn't open them. And now he can send them back to me so that my friend can get the music off. -Eric Homan

The Delays

3-13-05: Hello Susan, I will be away in Washington D.C. from the 19th to the 23rd as part of my spring break. I would also like to get your suggestions reported to me soon because I will need to reformat

the four 120 Gig hard drives that contain the video footage and photography. The longer the work is on the hard drives, the more likely there is of one of those hard drives possibly failing on me. Take care, Eric Homan.

3-30-05: Susan, I'm still waiting for a reply on the documentary. I need to get David's project finished soon so I can clear off the hard drives for other video freelance work I am getting. I was expecting David's documentary to be finished by February and it's nearly April. -Eric Homan

The Trials of Freelancing

4-7-05: For the past week, I've been going through the daily misery of dealing with Susan Hostetler and trying desperately to finish this documentary on her husband David finished. I finally got in touch with her yesterday and she stated that she didn't like the last draft I had given her. She told me she'd call me today about changes, but she never called back. I am increasingly paranoid that I won't get paid for my services and time (and now, emotional duress). Freelancing is just plain horrifically frustrating when dealing with people who are impossible to please.

4-8-05: I just got off the phone with Susan Hostetler about the documentary and she *finally* sounded more reasonable and understanding of what we have to do as far as finishing up editing this thing. I made a point of agreeing with her points that she made and assured her it wouldn't cost much more money or time. These were all things she liked to hear. So they're going to "try" to commit to watching the second draft version of the documentary and get back to me tomorrow. She thanked me for how patient I've been as well. So at least I feel a bit more calm than yesterday.

4-11-05: I edited from 6:45 p.m. to 11:15 p.m. on the Hostetler documentary after working at school from 7:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Please let it be nearly "done".

Happy News

4-22-05: And *then*, finally tonight, David Hostetler called me up and exclaimed to me what a different film I had given them and how *pleased* they were with it. It was the news I've been impatiently and passionately dying to hear. All the effort I had put into it and the anxious waiting I've had to go through seem to have finally paid off. My long nightmare freelance project was almost at a close. And David invited me to his opening on the Short North tomorrow at Gallery V. Happy news indeed.

Finished!

4-26-05: I worked an extra three hours nonstop after my morning class in finishing the Hostetler documentary by printing out the DVD cover, DVD cover face, and burning the DVD. Technical problems ensued. Mad Curses were made. Yet the work got finished. I ended up eating lunch after 3 p.m.

Hello Susan, Finished the DVD and DVD cover this afternoon. I'm testing the DVD on multiple DVD players to make sure it is working correctly. It will be in the mail by tomorrow afternoon. Also attached is the invoice for the documentary. Take care, Eric Homan

Reactions

5-22-05: David Hostetler called me up out of the blue this evening and informed me that he had shown the documentary on him that I'd completed for them to several of their friends. It turned out that he was very happy with it and the movie had his friends and him in tears at the end. He said he also liked the design work that was done on it. It was astonishing since it took so much time and stress to get it done. I also reflected on the fact that his wife had mentioned to me months before that five other documentaries had been attempted to be made on David and *none* had been completed. What an accomplishment for me (though only recently did I fully understand why with how difficult and controlling they were).

"Video Journals" - (2005) DVD compilation

Contents Include:

“Surreal Journal Visual Universes” - (8 min.)

“Surreal Psychological Phrase Landscapes” - (6 min.)

“Video Journalo” - (11 min.)

“Video Journalites 2000” - (8 min.)

“Nostalgica”: Highlights From A Life” - (8 min.)

“Nostalgica”: Highlights From A Life” - (36 min.)

Genesis

5-23-05: Out of my total boredom with sitting around my place with the school year being over, I pulled out an old videotape of old footage from 1998 to capture and see if there was anything good visuals. Boy, did I enjoy myself with what I was seeing. I was always a compulsive videographer with an eye for detail and unusual sights. I captured everything I did and everywhere I went. It was also a shock to see old friends, girlfriends, and places before my eyes. Video is such a time machine. It truly awakens so many old memories and feelings.

These video journal pieces are meant to be almost like wall-art that you occasionally glance over at to view and experience some new phrase or surreal documentary visual.

Reflections

6-3-09: Looking back at these video works, I am struck by how wonderful the mix of surrealistic ideas mixed with creative memories while championed by grand classical music is to behold. It all comes together rather nicely. It's a very nice snapshot of seeing the world from a particular point of view of a young artist. It even tells a slightly autobiographical map of the contents of my creative and fragmented brain. My thoughts and dreams were all over the place! Some of the phrases that come up are rather astonishing (and embarrassing) in their frank candidness and shocking personal honesty. (“Did You Know That Individuality Means Eternal Loneliness?” pretty much says it all, doesn't it?) It is an experimental non-narrative with a free-form flow of visuals and phrases. But the video does keep showing you something new, inventive, and unique all the way through. And the phrases keep surprising you with their sheer force of imagination. No ordinary person could come up with some of these bizarre lines. (“Remember: Depression Is Just A Fad”.) They're funny while holding a bit of emotional weight to them. There is also sex humor mixed in as well. (Wait until you see what a “A G-rated ‘blow job’” looks like!) And the animated text does work well in correlation with the visuals on screen.

Music

The classical music adds an emotional and mood complexity to the surrealistic phrases and visuals on display. The music amplifies the life of the art.

The classical music included within these works are the following: “Lieutenant Kije Suite, op. 60/ The Wedding of Kije” by Prokofiev, “Marche Slave, op. 31” by Tchaikovsky, “The Firebird Suite (1919)/ Infernal Dance of King Kastchei” by Stravinsky, “Samson et Delila/ Air et Danse bacchanale” by Saint-Saens, “Le Damnation de faust, op. 24/ Rakoczy March” by Berlioz, and “Pictures At An Exhibition/ The Great Gate At Kiev” by Mussorgsky.

“Surreal Journal Visual Universes” - (2005) - (8 min.) 2½-D Computer Art Video Canvas

From footage that I shot from early to mid 1998.

Journal writings in abstract 3D photo collage universes. 3D Paint strokes around photos in space as narration plays through with ambient music. Record the words into a microphone for the voiceover. It's a new direction for my artwork. Simple with little to no flashiness. An animation of 2-D images with text so you can concentrate on the words in space. It is crucial to make it simple, not just for concentrating on the meaning, but for the sake of how much time I can apply to such works.

“Memoir of Things to Do When Awake”

WHAT IS THE USE OF THIS IMAGE? WHAT IS THE USE OF THIS JOURNAL OF WRITINGS? AM I WASTING MY TIME? IS MY FACE COMMERCIAL? AM I WORTHWHILE TO

EXISTING?!?

Goals for this project were to merge animated text elements with footage and to rotate the text in a simulated 3d space, and interact with the visuals as part of the scene.

A collection of as many animated “Surreal Psychological Phrase Landscapes” for video background imagery of abstract and nostalgic backgrounds. Multiply haphazard phrases, happy accidents, creative instinct, 2 ½-D compositing technology, random surrealistic thoughts, and raw emotion = this is the kind of art you get.

“Welcome to...”, “**Surreal Journal Visual Universes**”, “Can It Get Any Better? Could It Get Any Worse?”, “Did You Know That Individuality Means Eternal Loneliness?”, What does an inverted rainbow look like?... “**Just Losing Myself In Visual Ecstasy**”, Life is a fading rainbow..., “Know”, “I Was In A Dream State”, “**The Thrill Factor**”, “Art Alone Is a Dying Art”, “**Creative High**”, Zoo Ghost, Fish in a washing machine, “**Flirtations**”, Beyond the bars, “Emotional Gravity”, “*FdjksfjweRofljwe! Do you know what I mean?*”, Beyond the Cage, “**Happily Oblivious**”, THIS FOOTAGE IS NOT TRULY UNIQUE, “Heartbeat Party”, “**Video Journal 1998**” “Come”, Standing on a waterfall, A Modern Miracle, “It’s Not That Cold”, “I’m getting paid for this, ya know”, “oh God this is a dream come true”, Electric van Gogh “Sunflowers” paintings, “Happy Sperm Media Presents”, “He’s Practicing His Emotions”, “One Moment...”, “Beware of Drunk Worms!”, “**My Latest Literary Breaths**”, “I’m OVERWHELMED”, “Disconnected Confusion Blues”, “What Is Reality Anymore?”, The Swinger, Diamond sun, “I Tested My Daydreams In My Sleep”, “Reason #46 To Dream”, “The God Eater 2000”, Abstractions are for free!, Diamond sun, “*How Does That Make You Feel About That?*”, TO BE CONTINUED.....

Music

“Lieutenant Kije Suite, op. 60/ The Wedding of Kije” by Prokofiev.

“Surreal Psychological Phrase Landscapes” - (2005) - (6 min.) 2½-D Computer Art Video Canvas

From footage that I shot from early to mid 1998.

“Surreal Psychological Phrase Landscapes”, “The Black Is Glowing!”, “**The Interpretation of Dreams**”, “Impressions and Depressions”, “Heartbreak Party”, “Music: *The Next Sex*”, “Dance With All of You Emotions”, “Rainbow Diamonds”, “Flier”, “Today I Was Born For The Fourteen Thousandth Time”, The Small Town Times, “**It’s About Normal**”, “*Now Here’s Something You Don’t See Every Day...*”, “I’ve Created A Physical Museum of My Creative Mind”, “The Slow Sleep”, “**Cloud Rust**”, “**Bubble Babe**”, “The *Revolution of Dreams*”, “Sweet Summer Sin”, “*Failed Comedies*”, “Unconventional Liquid Creativity”, The Burning of Art, “Remember: Depression Is Just A Fad”, “A Figment of One’s Imagination”, “I’ve Written 10,004 Pages of Inspiration!”, “*No Rhyme or Reason*”, “**Imagination Can Be Fun!**”, Riding the Day, “*Kissing To Life*”, The illusive cornfield cat, “My Small Town’s Milk Tower”, Day Is Finite, “Random Thought: Pretty Miserable/ Miserable Is Pretty”, Moo-Meow, Atypical Small Town Baseball Nights, “**Electric Red**”, and “by Eric Homan”.

Music

“Marche Slave, op. 31” by Tchaikovsky.

“Video Journalo” - (2005) - (11 min.) 2½-D Computer Art Video Canvas

From footage that I shot from mid to late 1998.

Watching Static Sitcoms... Infinity TV... "AaaaaahhhhhhH!", Horny Tree... Hot Air Shadows... Cows Ho!... **WoW**... Fantastic... "In the Dreaming"... Toilet Paper Wave... Unlock the Door... The Parrot Plague... Shadow Butterflies... How To Insert And Play A Bible Into A VCR(?)... "What In Tarnation?!"... Bed Face... "Taken For Granted"... "DARE REVISITED"... "All I Know Is That I Just Have To Hold On"... Abstract Air Boat Ride... "Mating Manatees Draw Crowd"... "This Is How I 'waste' My Time"... Sky Gators... The Prehistoric Turtle Tree... Or Maybe It's Just the Weather... Blimp Disaster... Sexuality Smoke Signs... "This Is The Sunshine State At Night"... Mystery Mango Planet... "I'm a Grapefruit!"... Sky Suction Companies... Crab Dancers... Copulating Dolphin Show At Sea World... A Monkey Sitting On A Puffy White Cloud... Air Show Near-Disasters... When Moray Patterns Dance... "Do Not Erase"?... End Out.

Music

"The Firebird Suite (1919)/ Infernal Dance of King Kastchei" by Stravinsky.

"Video Journalites 2000" - (2005) - (8 min.) 2½-D Computer Art Video Canvas

From footage that I shot from 1997-2002.

Video Journalites 2000...Barcode Human... Your Friend and Neighbor... Gift-Wrapped Houses... A Suicidal Cloud... **WARNING!!!!**... "PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!"... Swingers... "Let's Hope Together"... "YOU ARE INVITED"... "My Dinner with a Fedora"... "Ordinariness"... Worship the Dairy Cow God... "Jesus Loved You". I KNEW IT!!... Eating Dinner In Heaven... Big Basket-Land!... "Take It Slow, So Hurry Up"... "How To Properly Process Carrots"... "Dreamlands"... America the Unbeautiful... Classical Country Music... Clouds Growing On Twigs... Night Visions... "GOD IS BACK!!!!"..."Four Worry Lines"... "Genuflections To My Depression"... "I'm Not Acting Here"... Green Go!... "Have An Experience"... "Walk Exhibit 583790A2"... "Solar-Powered Monkeys"... "Rigor Mortis Emotions"... "A Window Inside One's Religion"... "Let's See Some Passion!"... "I'm Sure... Smile."... Crack A Flower... "Fantasy World Fantasy"... "HEAR... EXPERIENCE... ENJOY... RELAX..."... "It's Nearly Here... The End of the Year"... "Surreal Cosmic Jokes"... "Ending: Satisfaction Guaranteed".

Method to the Madness

1 + 1 = 342: Don't think about it. Just add the two together: ridiculous thought-provoking phrases with unique home-movie footage.

Video memories on parade! Hooray!!

Music

"Samson et Delila/ Air et Danse bacchanale" by Saint-Saens.

"Nostalgica": Highlights from a Life" - (2005) - (8 min.) 2½-D Computer Art Video Canvas

"Nostalgica": Highlights from a Life" - (2005) - (36 min.) 2½-D Computer Art Video Canvas

(Personal/ Experimental/ Nostalgic Video footage from 1997-2004). A personal movie event! Coming in March 2005.

The first eight minute section plays all four videos together on one screen in a cloud of "Nostalgica". Then it plays each video full-screen in its entirety.

"Video Journals". The Finest in Attention Deficit Disorder Entertainment! "My Surreal Life". Mini-movies from life events. Memories in pieces. Consciousness in quarters. Inverted, introverted, reversed fireworks. Fireworks in Negative! "They're mediocre at best!"... Memories of

"ME!" – "FINE ART SELF-INDULGENCE!"... "You're doing it. Just push the red button on the video camera. You're creating art." The main reason I videotaped and used myself in many of my artwork is that my "likeness" wasn't copyrighted. Also, I was the most available actor I could find at the time I was shooting. It was a matter of sheer accessibility... A G-rated "blow job"... The landscape is peeing... **Red Jesus**... Shapely Butterflies... Cloud Makers... The rain of Florida... She was a female friend I just happened to have feelings for and was having sex with... Memories always have an echo to them... There's a fly resting on a cloud in the sky... The origin of the term "cowboy", and the answer to the eternal question of "where have all the real cowboys gone?"... A streetlight that turns purple instead of green for "go"... "It's a no-sky day. No clouds, no stars, no moon, no sun. Nothing"... A flag at 2/5 staff: what does it mean?... Seeing the Surrealism... A ping-pong ball sun moon... Filming flapping butterfly shadows... The cloud power plants where they make the wonderful and beautiful puffy white clouds that are floated out to the rest of the world... Clouds in cages... "Do Not Erase" life?... Pornography... Videotaped a grapefruit hanging on a tree. It said to me on camera: "I'm a grapefruit!" "And I'm a Disco Grapefruit!"... A twister of buzzards... Disco Ball Death Star.

Music

"Le Damnation de faust, op. 24/ Rakoczy March" by Berlioz, and "Pictures At An Exhibition/ The Great Gate At Kiev" by Mussorgsky.

"A Place of Visual Thoughts" - (2005) DVD compilation

Contents Include:

"A Snow Storm Named Phluck" - (1 min.)
"Year of the Cicadas" - (6 min.)
"Hue Waves" - (1 min. 30 sec.)
"Looking Out An Airplane Window" - (6 min. 30 sec.)
"Mixed Nostalgica Memories" - (16 min.)
"A Rage of Road Rally" - (7 min.)
"A Place of Visual Thoughts" - (1 min. 30 sec.)
"Heavens" - (4 min. 30 sec.)
"Speed Life" - (2 min. 30 sec.)
"Slow Speed Life" - (7 min.)
"Still Speed Life" - (46 min. 30 sec.)
"Speed All Life" - (1 min.)
"Black Canvas" - (1 min.)

"A Snow Storm Named Phluck" - (2005) - (1 min.) Video Computer Animation Piece

With a soundscape by Justin Jason called "Phluck", I used the music and its namesake as inspiration for this experimental multi-colored snowstorm extravaganza

"The Year of the Cicadas" - (2005) - (6 min.) Video Art Piece

Directed by Eric Homan. Videography by Eric Homan and Steve Hoeting. Music: "March To the Scaffold" from *Symphonie fantastique* by Hector Berlioz.

Time: May 2004. Place: Southwestern, OH.

Two days later... The mating calls begin! The mating calls are answered!

Several days later...

Origins

Cicadas are an extremely unique form of locust that only come about in every sixteen years, most prominently in the southwestern corner of Ohio. The hatch from millions of eggs planted in the ground sixteen years ago, climb up (usually Maple) tree trunks, sing a mating song, mate, plant their eggs again, and die... only to return again sixteen years later. What's most remarkable about this locust plague phenomenon is just how many of these insects erupt from the ground over such a vast area of hundreds of miles in the millions only to disappear within a month after their birthing. As an artist, I wanted to capture their rebirth and life cycle since it only happens only so many years. So for that month that they are around, they literally take over rural, suburban, and urban landscapes. I recall as a boy going to a Reds game and my family strolled down the Cincinnati city blocks only to witness in horrific astonishment that it was a carpet of creepy looking cicada shells with twitching cicadas. It was utterly unbelievable in a Biblical way! So this time around, I made such to document and archive their strange emergence and odd, short life cycle.

"Hue Waves" - (2005) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Video Computer Animation Piece

Abstract wave patterns in hue variations comprise this experimental work of rainbows in dance and evolution. Music by Justin Jason.

"Looking Out An Airplane Window" - (2005) - (6 min. 30 sec.) Video Art Piece

"Looking Out An Airplane Window... To the Magic Below." So starts the voyage across the sky above of the wondrous worlds photographed below. The piece is a series of stills moving in closer and fading in and out of each other, like a pageantry of clouds and landscapes.

Music: "The Magic Flute" by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

"Mixed Nostalgica Memories" - (2005) - (16 min.) Video Art Animation

Literally, a mixed collage of nostalgic memories double and triple-exposed on top of each other. The end resulting images are a fantastic delirium of mated memories swirling together to the melody of time. Music: "Neyewth" by Justin Jason.

"A Rage of Road Rally" - (2005) - (7 min.) Video Art Piece

"A Road Rally: A chaotic, fun evening out of going on a scavenger hunt with using a city as a giant board game. Each team of five in a car scours the city at different locations to gain points and find clues to make it to a party at the end."

Witnessed and Recorded by Eric Homan. May 22, 2005. Game Board Territory: Columbus, OH." Five team members (Ryan Treptow, Tom Richner, Kristin Richner, Kylie Towers, and Eric Homan) race across the city to find clues to make it to the party by 9 p.m. This is their experience and journey. Music: "Running One", "Running Two", and "Running Three" by Tom Tykwer from the "Run Lola Run" soundtrack.

Journal Entry

5-21-05: This evening, Kylie and I took part in a "Road Rally" that began at Ron Saks' place and took us all across Columbus in a mad dash for clues and figuring out puzzles. It ended at the CCAD bistro area for a party. Ryan, Tom Richner and his wife Kristin were part of our team. I mostly documented the experience on video since most of the questions were frustratingly left-brained analytical.

"A Place of Visual Thoughts" - (2005) - (1 min. 30 sec.) 2½-D Video Art

This project is about visualizing the floating fragments of memory thoughts inside the brain. They overlap and blur within and around each other. Some are of real ideas, occurrences, dates, facts, and situations. Others are just leftover words and excessive information with no logical coherence to anything. They're just there hanging about in the files, cloud folders, and vaults of the human mind. Music by Justin Jason.

"Discuss a random collected thought-moment of the day while showing the visual chaos inside one's own mind – a place of visual thoughts."

"Heavens" - (2005) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Video Art Animation

Enter a new dimension of "Heavens", an abstract cloudscape world of vibrant colors and new languages. Feelings are genuine. Forms dance in the haze. Everything is alive and new again. There is no one heaven - but many! Earth and human life trembles. Rainbows rule here. The universe is created reborn.

"Speed Life" - (2005) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Video Art Animation

This is six years of digital photography, over 5,000 individual images from hundreds of different locations, before your eyes in 2 min. 19 sec.

You might ask: "What does this piece say or express?" My answer would be: "How do you express and visualize an emotional state? This piece has no narrative. It is purely experimental and expressionistic. It is not made to "make sense". But it is made to make one feel. Is it life flashing before your eyes? It is the rush of too many images and feeling overwhelmed? Is it a comment on sensory overload? Is it just purely ADD entertainment?"

A speed assault of taking in too many images and memories at once - like life sometimes does to us on occasion. So I decided to visualize this psychological phenomenon in images and sound. The result was "Speed Life".

"Slow Speed Life" - (2005) - (7 min.) Video Art Animation

"Speed Life" *remixed* – in slow motion while also appearing in play in fast speed.

"Still Speed Life" - (2005) - (46 min. 30 sec.) Video Art Animation

A very intriguing polar opposite version of "Speed Life" – but in radically slow motion to appear like a series of still images.

"Speed All Life" - (2005) - (1 min.) Video Art Animation

All pieces from "A Place of Visual Thoughts" sped up by 5,000% accompanied by the music of Justin Jason/ Soundpharm.

"Black Canvas" - (2005) - (1 min.) Video Art Animation

This is the "Black Canvas". You put your imagination into it to make it into art. Therefore, it is a priceless work of art based upon what you project into it. Or maybe it's just a Dada piece where it's just a big joke – seriously, a "Black Canvas"? Or maybe it's minimalist art at this height!

"Peggy's Story" - Documentary DVD

“Peggy’s Story” - (2005) - (1 hr. 15 min.) Video Deposition/ Documentary Movie

Prologue

“This is a story of a remarkable woman. She’s beautiful, intelligent, compassionate. Her story has its roots firmly located in the small towns and countryside of Ohio. This is where it started, and it is where most of its pivotal moments have taken place. Her values are the same as those of rural Ohio; people work hard. They accept responsibility for the present and for shaping the future. They believe in tending the land, in community service, in building a strong educational and moral foundation for our children. Her story is one of dedication; of honors bestowed and honors received. This is also a love story. A love between a husband and wife; the love of a mother for her children. It is a story whose beginning is so idyllic that it might seem like a fairy tale. But it is not. It is a true story. Because of one negligent moment it has become a painful and needless tragedy. But the final chapters of this story are not yet written. It has become a story of courage, of perseverance, and of determination. It remains a story of hope.”

Epilogue

“But the final chapters of this story are not yet written. It is a story of courage. It is a story of perseverance. It is a story of determination. It must remain a story of hope.”

DVD Menu Categories

1. Bob Palmer Introduction
2. Prologue and Accident
3. Peggy Myers
4. Peggy’s Average Day and Cleaning Exercises
5. Dr. Guillermo Chacon, Surgeon, Ohio State University, Dept. of Oral and Maxillofacial Surgery
6. Mike McBride, Peggy’s Father
7. Jim Myers, Peggy’s Husband
8. Tammy Stalnaker: Peggy’s Friend, Former Teaching Partner
9. Kenneth Clement: Driver, Urban Environments Inc.
10. Joel Korte: Owner, Urban Environments Inc.

Credits

“Peggy’s Story”

Produced and Directed by

Ron Saks

Editing

Eric Homan

Ron Saks

Camera

Ron Saks

Eric Homan

Interviewers

John Stefano

Bob Palmer

Ron Saks

Prologue Written by

Ron Saks

Motion Graphics

Eric Homan

Re-enactment Fence Material courtesy of

The Anderson’s

Re-enactment Actors

Heather Martin
Madison Treptow
William Petry
Jordan Saks

Additional Photography and Archival Stills

Courtesy of

Dr. Guillermo Chacon, OSU Dept. of Oral Maxillofacial Surgery
Todd Bailey, MedFlight
State of Ohio Highway Patrol
Union County Sheriff's Department
Mike and Barb McBride
Jim and Peggy Myers
Eric Homan

Special Thanks to

Jim and Peggy Myers
Mike and Barb McBride
Dr. Guillermo Chacon
Valarie Kandel, Veil Investigations
Tammy Stalnaker

Executive Producer

Robert G. Palmer

Music Credits

“Pavane for a Dead Princess” by Ravel and “Across the Universe” by The Beatles.

Production and Editing

5-22-05: Today was the first day of helping videotape a deposition of a car accident survivor, Peggy Myers. Ron Saks, the lawyer, and a professional interviewer drove out to her house to film her life and what has happened to her since the accident. She's really quite an astonishing person to keep on living with all the daily pain she goes through. She's incredibly spiritual, too... very much the small town girl who was raised on religion and God. She confessed that she'd have to be on anti-depressants for the rest of her life, no matter how “cheerful” her outlook on life really is. I had to be on my most professional and social behavior.

6-14-05: I drove over to Ron's place in Worthington at 9:30 a.m. and we worked on the video deposition until 4 p.m. It was good to be editing again and have a more active part in the process of creating this documentary. It's looking to be a terrific story that is being told of this woman who has to live with her condition after a life of such accomplishment. It's a story of love, teaching, creativity, tragedy, struggle, and perseverance.

8-8-05: Once Ron gets back from L.A. on Wednesday, we have a lot of work to do on the video deposition, including a multi-car P.O.V. re-enactment. (No, we're not going to wreck the car, but rather use computer graphics to visually show a key piece that caused the accident.)

9-16-05: Wow. What a workday for a day off. I edited more of the deposition from 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. Then at 2 p.m., Ron picked me up at my place and we drove all around Columbus getting more vehicles for a multi-car video shoot to recreate the events before a major car accident for this video deposition. We were at CCAD to Morse Rd. to Andersons in Dublin to a Kroger east of Plain City to the country roads outside Plain City where the accident actually occurred. It was insanity. We even had to wait out for the weather to stop raining so we could go out to film in the right conditions. We finished some time after 8 p.m. and decided to have a Mexican dinner at Cuco's. By the time we finished, I was drained to the extreme. I even looked pregnant in a mirror from eating so much food (though I hadn't eaten in nine hours!). What a life.

Finishing Up

9-23-05: Like the past two weeks, I worked hard on the video deposition for the Peggy Myers case. I also learned tonight that it is for a multi-million dollar settlement. I worked from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. today, with four of those hours with Ron over at my place working together with me on my computer. It was incredible that things are really coming together now. Last night, I had such a major scare with the audio from Peggy's interview footage not coming up that I thought I had lost it and would have to re-edit the footage. I was freaking out since I wouldn't have the time to finish it and we were so close to being done with this project that we've put so much of our hearts and emotions into. I managed to solve those problems after much swearing, cursing, praying, and thinking through the dilemma. Ron and I have been working on this project since April and it's now almost done. What a ride. (And it will be great to get the check for all the work I've been doing!)

9-25-05: And for the *third straight weekend*, I worked on the Peggy Myers video deposition, this time from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. I am in a good mood now because I can see the light at the end of the tunnel. I can assuredly say that it feels so much better to know all the work we've put into this will be well spent and a great story has been produced from it. I'll have made over \$5,000 in the past few weeks and a great addition for my portfolio has been added.

The Reactions

9-28-05: For the first time since Ron and I have been work on this video deposition, we got an audience. It consisted of Bob Palmer, the lawyer, and his four female assistants from his office. It was amazing to see the story from their feminine point of view and how emotionally affecting and devastating it was for them. After getting a plate of food during the lunch hour we watched the entire 75-minute documentary, they stopped eating after the first two minutes! Bob's assistants were wiping their tears from their eyes and sniffing their noses from how sad this story was. Not since the "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" documentary had I been involved in a project that had created such an emotional reaction out of an anonymous audience. I smiled because I was partially the one who orchestrated their emotional reactions!! It was a highly successful first official showing. I had done my job well.

The End and Beginning

9-30-05: Ron and I met for maybe the final time to doing editing on the "Peggy's Story" video deposition documentary. He admitted how odd it feels to suddenly come to an end of working on something we've both put so much of our time and energy into. Such an end causes a bit of depression and emptiness inside. You wake up one morning and there is nothing else to do. And you're left with yourself.

Ron also mentioned how much he enjoyed our collaboration and he'd like for us to continue working on other freelance projects together through his connection with Bob Palmer, the lawyer. It sounded good to me since it would be a stable form of freelance work that would fill up those very empty summer months where I am not employed.

Possible joke names for our joint company: "Ho-Saks", "*Haks*", "Saksman".

The Rush of Success

10-3-05: This manic morning of Monday was spiraling with my adrenaline in trying valiantly and desperately to finish making last-hour changes to the "Peggy's Story" video deposition before I burnt it onto DVD and made 12 copies of it. Incredibly and happily, everything appeared to have worked and I made our deadline by 3 p.m. this afternoon. I was so high on my relieved endorphins that I was acting overly hyper and eccentric – ridiculously alive and humorous to the students around me. Some found me extremely amusing, while others were rather baffled by my sudden change of mood. Still, who wouldn't be giddy from succeeding?!?

"Ryan: Adventures of a One-Year-Old" - Video Art Piece DVD

"Ryan: Adventures of a One-Year-Old" - (2005) - (26 min.) Documentary Video

Adventures from his first birthday party to trips to Myrtle Beach, the Badlands, Yellowstone, Cincinnati, and the Ohio State Fair, from the Fourth of July to Halloween.

“Epic Autumn” - (2006)

An Anthology of Autumn Video and Photography Movies

“Epic Autumn” - (27 min.)

“Epic Autumn: 1” - (12 Min.)

“Epic Autumn: 2” - (6 Min. 30 Sec.)

“Epic Autumn: 3” - (11 Min.)

“Epic Autumn: 4” - (17 Min.)

“Epic Autumn: 5” - (18 Min.)

For about two weeks in October or November, the American Midwest transforms into an autumn Eden heaven on earth. After months of agonizing summer humidity and heat, the weather finally tips down to something wildly refreshing and exhilarating. The 63 degrees temperature tells you it's paradise outside. One can feel the magic and glow around you. One's senses ignite on fire. It's intoxication through color, sun, and breeze. But the icing on the nature cake of the land is the pigmentation-change of the trees and surrounding scenery. The skies erupt in wildly saturated blue skies with wispy white clouds. The multi-colored leaves wave bittersweetly goodbye for the year. A rejuvenation of the soul gusts in the warm-cool air. An Epic Autumn is something to experience. It's the natural high before winter's great gray depression. The following is a video and photography documentation of this carnival of the wild.

Ohio isn't always the nicest place to live. The long gray cold winter months after this fall feast of colors is practically the opposite of this celebration of nature. But without those cold months this fall wouldn't be all that special or exciting. The change of seasons must occur for us to be appreciative of each diverse and different time of the year.

It's only here for a while. The air chills and what was once brilliant and Eden is now fallen to earth leaving Heaven naked and skeletal. The peak is passing. It is “The Fall of the Leaves”. The leaves wave goodbye by the thousands and millions. The fallen leaves on the ground seem like Mother Earth's tears and flesh, lying dead to rot and return back to soil from whence it came. Yet for two short weeks in the twilight of autumn, Ohio shines and glows. It was an event... something distinctly Midwestern. Like an “Autumn Aurora Borealis In Ohio”. The Fall never looked so beautiful. Seasons pass, new days rise. All those windy, glorious days... fall away.

A Tale of Two Seasons

In the Midwest, October is so incredibly beautiful with the vibrant colors on the trees. It's like walking through a van Gogh painting. Then within a week, it turns into gray depressive blah overcast skies and cold. It's Mother Nature at her most bipolar.

Celebration of Autumn

“Epic Autumn” is beyond being just a sequel or continuation of “Hocking Hills of Heaven” that was a celebration of the autumn peak season. Rather than concentrate just on the Hocking Hills again, I decided to contribute footage from all over Ohio to show a statewide brilliance of color change. The majority of the imagery was from various city metro parks or from suburban neighborhoods. The imagery was shot and edited in sequential order, starting with: Cox Arboretum in south Dayton; Conkle's Hollow and Old Man's Cave in the Hocking Hills; Columbus/ Dublin/ Upper Arlington neighborhoods; downtown Columbus; Thompson Park in north Upper Arlington; various Columbus/ Dublin neighborhoods; Maineville just miles outside of King's Island; and Clear Creek Metro Park south of Lancaster.

I also wanted to express and capture not just the wondrous colors of the autumn leaves, but the transformation of as many surrounding elements as well: the wispy clouds in the deep blue sky, the tall grass waving in the wind, any strange plant growth that grows during the month of October, the pinecones sprouting off of the pine trees. Indeed, there was magic everywhere.

The Music Selections

“Epic Autumn”: “Symphony No. 8 “Allegro moderato” & “Symphony No. 3 “Adagio maestoso – Allegro con brio” by Franz Schubert, and “Fantasia on ‘Greensleeves’” by Ralph Vaughan Williams.

“Epic Autumn: 1 and 2”: “Sleeping Beauty” by Peter Tchaikovsky.

“Epic Autumn: 3”: “Toccatà” by Charles Widor and “Piano Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor” by Peter Tchaikovsky.

“Epic Autumn: 4”: “Waltz from Serenade for Strings Op. 48”, “Romeo & Juliet – Overture Fantasia”, and “Autumn Song: October” by Peter Tchaikovsky.

“Epic Autumn: 5”: “Capriccio Italiano Op. 45” and “Carnaval – February (from ‘The Seasons’ Op. 37)” by Peter Tchaikovsky.

Reaction

1-26-06: I showed my dad my latest DVD movie compilation called “Epic Autumn”, and surprisingly, he really *liked* it. He even inquired about selling it since there would be a market for this type of tranquil autumn footage of a season set to soothing classical music. It was perhaps the first time my father responded so enthusiastically to any of my artwork before. Then again, I’ve never done anything quite so commercial and assessable being that my work is more experimental and personal. Still, it was a breakthrough for me.

“New Worlds” - DVD compilation - A Collection of Reveries and Memories

Contents within:

“The Great Easter Egg Hunt” - (5 min. 30 sec.)

“Chess Mates” - (8 min. 30 sec.)

“Waves” - (12 min. 30 sec.)

“New Worlds” - (10 min.)

“Voodoo Dances” - (8 min. 30 sec.)

“Over and Out” - (12 min. 30 sec.)

“Surreal-sized Epic Autumn” - (11 min. 30 sec.)

“Graduation ‘91” - (5 min.)

“Graduation ‘95” - (3 min.)

“DAZE” - (2 min.)

“Winter Fest Fast” - (30 sec.)

“Eye Work” - (3 min.)

“Eye Work - Surrealized” - (3 min.)

“Infinite Autumn” - (3 min. 30 sec.)

“The Great Easter Egg Hunt” – (2006) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Video Documentary Art

Archival video footage from Easter, 1980 at my Aunt Sue and Uncle Al’s home. Personal significance: this is some of the few video clips I have of my mother.

“Chess Mates” – (2006) - (8 min. 30 sec.) Video Art

This is an impressionistic collection of interesting footage shot around Florida in 2000, mixed together into a video montage with a glow of nostalgia. CEC memory excerpts. The May 2000 MFA show... A Urinal Symphony... Stalking a Building. Inside joke from “Man on the Moon”... Chess Mates... Las Olas Blvd.

Recorded and Edited by Eric Homan

Music: “Piano Concerto No. 2 – Allegro vivace, From the 24 Preludes, Op. 28, No. 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 16, 18, and 20” by Fredrick Chopin

“Waves” – (2006) - (12 min. 30 sec.) Video Art

This is an impressionistic collection of interesting footage shot around Florida in 2000, mixed together into a video montage with a glow of nostalgia. CEC memory excerpts. Lion Country

Safari.

Recorded and Edited by Eric Homan

Music: "Piano Concerto No. 2 – Allegro vivace, From the 24 Preludes, Op. 28, No. 21, From the Waltzes No. 1 Op. 18" by Fredrick Chopin

"New Worlds" – (2006) - (10 min.) Video Art

This is an impressionistic collection of interesting footage shot around Florida in 2000, mixed together into a video montage with a glow of nostalgia. CEC memory exerpts. Naples Beach... Key West/ Key Largo.

Recorded and Edited by Eric Homan

Music: "Piano Concerto No. 2 – Allegro vivace, From the Waltzes No. 3 Op. 34, No. 6, Op. 64 (Minute Waltz), and No. 11, Op. 70" by Fredrick Chopin

"Voodoo Dances" – (2006) - (8 min. 30 sec.) Video Art

This is an impressionistic collection of interesting footage shot around Florida in 1999 and 2000, mixed together into a video montage. New Orleans at SIGGRAPH 2000. CEC memory exerpts. "Temporarily Out of Order"... "You Are Here".

Recorded and Edited by Eric Homan

Music: "Impromptu, Op. 29", "Mazurka No. 2, Op. 68", and "Impromptu, Op. 51" by Fredrick Chopin

"Over and Out" – (2006) - (12 min. 30 sec.) Video Art

This is an impressionistic collection of interesting footage shot around Florida in 2001, mixed together into a video montage. Big Cyprus trip. CEC memory exerpts. Ft. Lauderdale Air and Sea Show... Trip to Tampa, Florida... Busch Gardens... Everglades National Park.

Recorded and Edited by Eric Homan

Music: "Concerto for Bassoon in E-Flat, RV. 483, Presto, Larghetto, and Allegro" by Antonio Vivaldi

"Surreal-sized Epic Autumn" – (2006) - (11 min. 30 sec.) Video Art

This abstract, experimental version of "Epic Autumn" is double-exposed with animated hues so that the fall foliage is blue and purple at times rather than the natural orange and red. As well as the visuals being double-exposed on top of itself, the music audio track is also overlapping. The result was this "surreal-sized" video experience.

"Graduation '91" – (2006) - (5 min.) Video Documentary Art

This was part of a project of assembling as much archival footage of my deceased mother as possible. This piece came from my oldest sister's, Lara, high school graduation in 1991. Personal significance: this is some of the few video clips I have of my mother.

"Graduation '95" – (2006) - (3 min.) Video Documentary Art

This was part of a project of assembling as much archival footage of my deceased mother as possible. This piece came from my own high school graduation in 1995. Personal significance: this is some of the few video clips I have of my mother.

“DAZE” – (2006) - (2 min.) Video Art

Companion piece to “Winter Fest Fast”. Time-lapse footage from the back windows of my father’s home as the season’s first snow came down. Next series of time-lapses is of myself in my living room watching TV in various sitting positions. Next is a time-lapse of rain falling on my back porch deck. Each of these are presented and featured in different speeds and speed-up/ speed-down modes.

“Winter Fest Fast” – (2006) - (30 sec.) Video Art

This is a companion piece to “DAZE”, being another time-lapse experiment of winter snow falling fast. But it’s also a joke piece about how fast winter can come and go, as well as a Video Art Piece. That fast.

“Eye Work” – (2006) - (3 min.) Video Art

Captured video from my sister Lara’s laser eye surgery where a camera is locked right above her eyeball as the procedure goes on. The video is sped up for enhanced viewing options of seeing the surgery is less time. After the surgery is a double-exposure of “Waves” on top of the eyeball as if it is witnessing memories in high-speed.

“Eye Work - Surrealized” – (2006) - (3 min.) Video Art

Same as "Eye Work", but with an experimental overlay of "Voodoo Dances".

“Infinite Autumn” - (2006) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

This is a trip through the trees of the season... Proudly Shot Around Ohio, Autumn 2005.

The Narration

“Infinite Autumn”

“Within is an infinite photograph of autumn photography: a tree that reveals many layers of the season. For about two weeks in October or November, Ohio transforms into an autumn Eden heaven on earth. 63 degrees outside breathes its fall paradise. After months of agonizing Midwest humidity and heat, the weather finally cools off to something extremely refreshing and exhilarating. There’s a strong warm cool breeze in the atmosphere. But the icing on this natural cake is the hue-change of the trees and surrounding scenery. The once hazy skies erupt in wildly saturated blue. The multi-colored leaves wave bittersweetly goodbye to another year knowing their time is up and its their moment to shine one last brilliant time of the year. Their green is gone, replaced by a rainbow skin. And yet for us, there’s only two short weeks to experience and appreciate its dance, its fall. A rejuvenation of the soul gusts in the wind for those who will listen, see, smell, and feel it. True, Ohio isn’t always the nicest place to live with its humid summers. And the long succession of gray, cold winter months after this feast of colors is practically the antithesis of this autumn celebration in nature. But without living through the hellish heat of summer and those cruel, cold months of winter, the fall wouldn’t be all that special or even exciting. Experiencing the changes of the seasons must occur for us to appreciate each diverse and different time of the year. An Ohio Autumn is what we look forward to the most for it is truly something to thrill over. It’s the natural high before the great gray depression. Feel the magic and glow around you. One’s senses singe on fire. It’s intoxication through color, sun, saturation, and breeze. And its truest beauty is that it’s only here for a while. The air chills and what were once brilliant Eden is now fallen to earth leaving Heaven naked, skeletal.

The peak will pass. The fallen leaves on the ground are Mother Earth's tears and flesh, lying decomposing to rot and return back to soil from whence it came. For two short weeks in the twilight of autumn, Ohio blooms and glows in cathartic release. It's a blessing to be in a place of peace in Ohio, an autumn environment that heals others as it shines."

Music and Audio Elements

"Water Music, Suite No. 1 in F major (Allegro)" by George Frideric Handel: like the sound of a bird in flight through these trees.

Set the wind, leaves rustle, and chimes into cued spots where camera moves through tree opening. Manipulate sound by changing its speed.

Directions and Notes for Project's Creation

The plan was to find a way to "sculpt photographs in a 3D space" using After Effects. I spent nearly a year trying to figure out how to do something unique with this new technology of using a 2 ½-D camera in a digital compositing program. When this new camera came out, it was so exciting and new. Suddenly, you could take Photoshop stills, assemble them in 3D space, and move your camera through and around them. But after a few years of this exciting camera ability, *everyone* has done it. The 2 ½-D camera was being used in every commercial on TV or in every opening title sequence. What was once extremely exciting had now become routine and un-engaging. So I had to think up a way to make it fresh again, at least to my eyes. I had to put my own personal vision to it. The concept I felt would be the most interesting would be a camera fly through of my best autumn photographs and make it into a short video project with music and a complimentary narration. It would be a leaf collage in 2 ½-D space. I'd move a virtual camera through a series of autumn photos and the camera would transition from one photo to the next through the blue sky in the background that would be keyed out at a certain point for the camera to easily glide through. I wanted the camera transitions to feel free from photo to photo. I wanted to move up a tree of growing infinite autumn photos. A leaf has a photo in it.

For the DVD, it has supplemental material photos that fade in/ out of each other with music and the 45-minute video footage reel.

Dedicated to the gorgeous leaves that fell from those trees.

Impressions: "It was like a roller coaster ride through autumn!" –Ron Saks.

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"Lackluster Response?"

9-26-06: I've already anticipated the lackluster response I'll probably get to my faculty show submissions. They mean a lot to me, but they may just be "moving nature wallpaper" to others. I spent months of my life working on them, pouring my energy, soul, imagination, creativity and heart into them.

Internet Troll Comments

3-22-08: Youtube.com comment about my "Infinite Autumn" piece: "the voice-over is a bit gay, yeah leaves, get over it.....!" Yep, express yourself in any "sensitive" way and you're "gay". If you listen to every Internet critic troll, you'd never take the chance of doing any art whatsoever! You're going to get plenty of negative so-called criticism from people who just don't "get" your artwork.

"Western Heavens on Earth" - (2006) - (complete version: 1 hr. 28 min., short version: 19 min.) Video Documentary Art

"What if a video artist were to visit Yellowstone? What would he create?"

Make the travel video both commercial, crowd-pleasing, and personal. A long version and a short highlights version.

"Western Heavens on Earth" – A Fantastic Road Trip Into A Real Fantasy World. "The Further Adventures of Cloud Boy and the Sunset Kids (with kid)". Starring Eric Homan as "Cloud Boy", Steve Smodish as "The Sunset Kid", with Nicki as "The Kid". A Trip Through Eric's Eyes. Videotaped and edited by Eric Homan.

Disk One:

Movie - 1 hr. 28 min.
Movie Chapters
Trailer – 2 min. 45 sec.
Trip Hijinks – 4 min.
The Sun Ray Tree – 4 min.
Movie Notes

Disk Two:
Movie (short version) - 19 min.
Side Stops - 13 min.
Photo Montage - 12 min.
Best Photos Gallery
Complete Photo Gallery
Steve and Nicki's Photos

The Summary

In August 2001, Steve Smodish and Eric Homan took a 10-day vacation out through the American West. Five years later in June 2006 with Steve's 10-year-old nephew, Nicki, in tow, they ventured on a second summer road trip adventure of the West to explore new areas. They departed from Columbus, OH on June 2nd and began a 17-day road trip through Rockies and rainbows, geysers and hail, Badlands and prairies. The St. Louis Gateway Arch, Grand Tetons/ Yellowstone National Parks, and Devil's Tower National Monument were but a few of the dream-like attractions, destinations, and the treasures they beheld. This DVD is an Impressionistic video and photography experience of the extraordinary sights and sounds they found and felt. After having traveled and experienced so much, it was like being in Western Heavens on Earth.

This is a two-disk DVD compilation of the video and photography that contains the feature length 1 hr. 28 min. documentary. Keep in mind that this was edited down from 8 ½ hours of video into a more engaging viewing experience. I personally prefer the complete 1 hr. 28 min. version because it feels more like a fuller vacation experience with a dream-like flow to it. The shorter version is a nice and concise "highlights" version. But for those who want to know what a full vacation feels like, check out the longer version.

This movie is meant to be a visceral experience through the eyes and personal vision of Eric Homan. The movie was 95% handheld shots, mainly due to the fast pace of shooting. I then spent several months leanly edited together the many, many hours of footage into a coherent experience. I especially liked the several extreme zoom-outs in the various national parks. Yellowstone was an extremely inspiring landscape to behold as well as capture on video and photography to later show to other people. That was the driving force to creating this DVD package: to reveal to others what it was like to be at these natural wonders in America. I also wanted to express visually and sonically what it felt like to be in a car driving for so many hours on end. I hope I succeeded in this mission.

Trip Plan

Thursday June 1: Steve and Nicki arrive in Columbus late

Friday June 2: leave Columbus by 4 p.m. after Eric's class ends, drive to Illinois by 11 p.m.

Saturday June 3: Illinois, St. Louis arch, mid-Kansas by 11 p.m .

Sunday June 4: Prairie Dog Farm, Kansas, Colorado, arrive at friend's place in Denver 6:30 p.m.

Monday June 5: check out Denver, Mile High Comics, Dinosaur Ridge, Red Rocks

Tues-Wed: Stay at friend's house in Denver, go to local attractions, Alpine Slide

Thurs: camp Rocky Mt National Park

Fri: Rocky Mt National Park, Drive up to Wyoming

Sat-Wed: Grand Tetons, Yellowstone

Thurs: driving day, Devil's Tower

Fri: Mount Rushmore, Badlands, driving

Sat: driving day through South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin

Sun: driving day, Chicago by 3 p.m.

Mon: Chicago, driving day, end in Columbus late

The Beginning Correspondences

5-5-06: My 10-year-old nephew says he wants to go on a road trip this summer. We drove up to PA and back last summer and apparently he enjoyed the ride (watching Star Wars on my laptop in the backseat).

SO... I'm working on getting a one-way RV rental to Arizona from Cruise America. \$24/day up to 9 days, \$125/day after that. 3000 miles included \$0.29/mile after. Gas prices are insane down here, almost 3.10/gal for regular but I'm pretty sure that's close to the highest in the country Assuming vehicle gets about 12mi/gal. Was kinda planning on driving thru Atlanta/Nashville -> Denver then down to AZ. Haven't figured out the mileage yet though. Do you have time off this summer? Would you be interested in joining us? -Smodish

My CCAD school year ends on May 13th. I also teach another Maya class at a nearby community college on Fridays that runs on quarters. That spring quarter ends June 9th. The summer quarter begins June 30th. So I've got a pretty meaty three week break in there that would work best for me.

Funny you should email me about summer vacations since I've been trying to figure out what to do for the summer lately. I spent six hours sorting through student work for our end of the year show today at CCAD. So it's like the big finish, and then there's a three month calm period. But I still like to remain busy doing *something*. This trip sounds very attractive. Gas is \$2.89 here in Columbus, OH. Would you be interested in driving all the way up to Columbus to pick me up or stay the night at my condo?

This is my current home info: Eric Homan, 5592 Wigmore Dr. Columbus, OH 43235
Home: 614-459-9089 Cell: 614-565-6535

Email me at ehoman@ccad.edu in the future since I don't check the Hotmail account all that often anymore. Take care, Eric

5-7-06: I got a phone call from my old friend Steve Smodish from West Palm Beach about planning a trip out to Denver, Yellow Stone National Park, Mount Rushmore, and the Badlands. It sounded like it was really going to happen in just over a month, from June 9th to June 28th. He's got a friend who lives in Denver that we can stay at. We're taking his car with XL satellite radio. This sounded a bit better than renting an RV and then taking a train back. Steve and I talked for well over an hour while trying to get our groove back in how one another reacts to what the other says.

5-8-06: I think camping is good. We've got sleeping bags, air mattress, tent. What we don't have is canteens for hiking (water bottles might become giant PIA's) and cooking equipment - no camp stove, no pots and pans for cooking, and only a GIGANTIC cooler that won't fit in the car at all. I should have all that stuff for hurricanes though, shoulda gotten it LAST winter before Wilma rolled through. Although I gotta say, the fish sticks cooked on the grill tasted divine, but I'M NOT A PIRATE, rum and fish sticks don't mix well. -Smodish

Then the Trip Nearly Didn't Happen

5-9-06: Then I got some unexpected "good" news that my Computer Animation I summer course at CCAD will actually go. This is great for giving me something to do during the summer, but it messes up going to Yellowstone in June!!! So maybe we can reschedule for mid to late May or August. I'll just have to have someone sub for my Columbus State classes a couple of times.

And with good news comes "bad" news. I called up Steve Smodish and gave him my change of plans with the Yellowstone trip and it now sounds like it's "not a go". We're just dealing with too many schedules to meet. Hey, it happens and perhaps I'll go with dad since his schedule is wide open and free. Also he's been asking about going out on a trip. It also depends on his health and energy. But going out to Yellowstone and the Badlands with my father and my cameras actually sounded pretty exciting as well. I suppose I have to look at this as a compromise of sorts.

5-18-06: Steve, I came up with an epiphany last night. I could get one of my colleagues, Charlotte, to cover my summer Computer Animation I class for two weeks (four class sessions) if we can get back to

Columbus by June 27th. We could leave right after the final June 9th class. I just need to get an okay from my dean and a faculty member to cover the classes, both of which I think should be feasible. God damn it, I'm sorry about all this see-sawing back and forth that I've been doing to you. There's just so many factors to consider. Also, looking over your nephew's school schedule, if he's getting out by May 31st, we could get started a week ahead of time if I "miss" the final June 9th class and just have the students email me their projects. Then perhaps we could get back by June 20th and I'd only miss one week (two classes) at CCAD. This later plan might work better. I'd really like to make this trip work. Grrrrr! Eric

I'm paying May's bills right now, once June is covered I'll be excited by these crazy ideas you're having. OK, with some creative financing, I should be able to swing it, assuming my friends can put us up for a few days. Just emailed them. Will probably call them tonight. -Steve

And so on this Thursday I restarted the Yellowstone trip plans in June (only in two weeks!) and found that my summer CCAD class may not have enough students for it to go anyways. Am I supposed to feel upset by this or pleased?

The Planning

5-20-06: The plan is to do 50/50 camping/hotel, yes? If so, one of us should join the KOA thing, and make sure we'll have whatever information we'll need by the time we leave. Also if that is the case, what camping supplies do you already own (cooler, tent, sleeping bag, compass, first aid, ALL OF IT)? I'll be buying/bringing a camp stove, and whatever pots and pans, and probably a 5 gallon water cooler. Maybe you can take care of getting some things too..... I downloaded a checklist and most stuff seems reasonable to have. I'll get that to you and check off things I plan on having late tonight. Most of it I consider the same as hurricane supplies, so I don't mind getting the hardware, but maybe you can handle most of the disposables though.

If we do make it up to Glacier (and that IS my goal, it'll be the only one I haven't been to before), or out to Olympic (not holding my breath though), I'm guessing it's going to be pretty cool, at least at night. We'll probably need blankets too.... (I might need to get a roof rack and cargo bag, man this is getting expensive).

Anyhow, just puttin your mind in that direction, Smo-D

I've got a tent, cooler, sleeping bag, first aid, and toilet paper. I'll get more info on KOA in a few days when I visit my brother in law.

It's amazing that this is all happening again... -Eric

5-21-06: Get KOA value card discount if we plan on staying multiple times at the campgrounds. Saves about \$5 per visit. Reservations for Yellowstone camping? Good site: Culter Bay Village picnic ground in Tetons by a lake. Stop at Jackson, Wyoming (cool tourist trap Western town with antler arch). Bring winter clothes. Could snow in June: jeans, sweatshirt, and winter coat. Mosquito repellent. www.xanterra.com private company that handles hotel and cabin reservations in various state parks. Yellowstone campgrounds: National Television Schedule for complete information 307-344-7311.

5-23-06: I have gotten a thumbs up on getting my nephew out of school early! Looks like we'll be at your place on June 1st.

Things are coming together on this end, I think we're going to need a cargo thingy on top, but I just saw one that doesn't require rails for \$30. Pops is chippin' in on camping/hurricane equipment, and I'll be going to Costco later in the week for dry goods. Any chips/jerky/candy/gum/plasma TV request's put them in now. BTW do you have a relatively empty hard drive? Save dough on DV cassette's and dump a couple tapes at night, only problem is two cameras, two tape happy geeks, too much video to xfer in one night. Also, what still camera do you have? Right now I only have my point-n-shoot digital. Was hoping for at least one camera with a Bulb setting though.

I was going to bring a "large" piece of audio equipment with me, but realized I could get the (podcast) job done with the camcorder. And it's not a necessity, just a personal challenge I've given myself. I have an external mic with a long cable, maybe we'll duct tape it to the roof while driving! I'm a ramblin' man, Steve

I've got an extra hard drive. Got mosquito spray today and 12 new DV tapes. Even a lapel microphone. Could get more advanced mics. chips/jerky/candy/gum = bring all. Need to keep nephew occupied. Bringing elephant gun to keep me some buffalo. -Eric

Karen, By the way, I'll be leaving for a 2 1/2 week long trip to Yellowstone with Steve

Smodish from June 2nd to the 19th. He's driving up from West Palm Beach on June 2nd to pick me up in Columbus and we're going to Rocky Mountain NP, Grand Tetons NP, Yellowstone NP, Glacier NP, Devil's Tower NM, Mt. Rushmore NM, Badlands NP, and the city of Chicago. We may be in Chicago by June 17/ 18th or so. May give you a ring and see if you're around. -Eric

5-26-06: I haven't had a good summer road trip either since a 2001 trip with this same friend to Yosemite, Las Vegas, Bryce Canyon, Grand Canyon, L.A., Big Sur, and San Francisco! Thankfully he likes to drive and he's big into video/ photography like me. The Plan: head out to Denver, Colorado, to Rocky Mountain NP, Grand Tetons NP, Yellowstone NP, Glacier NP, Devil's Tower NM, Mt. Rushmore NM, Badlands NP, and the city of Chicago. We leave one week from today, June 2nd to the 19th.

I am definitely starting to get very excited about witnessing the Rockies and other majestic National Parks - rugged, ravaged, gorgeous "emotional landscapes", as Björk put it ever so eloquently in one of her songs. It's the Badlands, after all. -Eric

Almost Time to Start the Trip

5-31-06: All in all, this is going to be a very good nature/ art expedition vacation considering who I'm going with. Steve drives a 1999 Honda Accord with good gas millage. He's got GPS (Global Positioning System) to get every street map in North America. He's got Satellite Radio so we can get plenty of musical genres on over a 100 different radio stations to choose from. We share a similar taste in music, and to me, that's also extremely important. There's nothing worse than being stuck on an extremely long road trip with someone whose musical tastes are not compatible with your own. He likes to drive, which I don't for very long distances since I get so exhausted by the road. Also, anywhere new I go, my ADD goes *nutso* and I can't concentrate with so many new images and sights to see while driving on a busy freeway. He's got friends we can stay with in Denver and Chicago that will help keep our hotel fees down. And he's a nature buff like me who enjoys hiking and taking lots and lots of pictures. All of these qualities are rather hard to find in other people, even in a girlfriend or family members. That makes this trip that much more full of freedom and release. You're not inhibited.

The Vacation Journals

6-1-06

As I battled another migraine through the night, my old friend from Florida, Steve Smodish, and his nephew arrived at my condo a little after 12:30 a.m. It was definitely disorientating considering that I haven't had guests staying at my place since... *forever*. I'm just not used to having people in my living quarters. It's a little unnerving. Steve's nephew, Nicki, was half African-American, half Caucasian, which took me by surprise. He was also rather the quiet type. I gave Steve a hug when he stepped out of his over-packed car. He looked like an uncanny version of a somewhat overweight Jesus H. Christ with his beard and long brown hair, which inspired the fictional title inside me: "Road Trip Vacation with Jesus Christ: *Adventurer*".

6-2-06

"Small" change of plans. Steve confided to me this morning that his car was already overstuffed and we simply wouldn't make it with adding my additional items. So Steve, Nicki, and I journeyed to the Columbus International Airport where we ended up getting an SUV Commander for our trip. This additional expense ended up costing \$1,300 for the 2 ½ week journey. I honestly didn't care since it was needed. After my 11 a.m. Columbus State class, I got back to my place at 1:15 p.m. and it took us until 4 p.m. to leave with how much last minute shopping and packing we had to do. We filled the entire SUV to the top!

"Here we go!" -"Stop!" by Jane's Addiction.

During our first hour on the road, I was wracked with shockingly severe love sickness while knowing full well that I was a fool for feeling this way. Even writing these words embarrasses me. I seriously contemplated suicide from how intense my loneliness was crushing me emotionally even after two anti-depressants. Loneliness of going on a vacation without a lover really emotionally ate me up.

Yet all these emotional torments were suddenly eclipsed when I realized I had forgotten the GL2 (the advanced video camera that I had borrowed from school) battery recharger. This meant I'd only be able to use the camera for about two days or so until the battery died and I'd be

without a video camera for Yellowstone and the other national parks. Taking these video pictures was part of the whole reason I wanted to go on this trip in the first place!!! I'm an artist for God's sake! This is how I communicate and express myself in a creative and functional fashion in my life. Yet we were already 1 ¾ hours on the way to Denver already and almost to the Ohio/ Indiana border, so we couldn't turn around to Columbus. *Blessedly*, Steven had a universal battery recharger with him already packed that incredibly fit the video camera battery. He saved me!!!! I had no idea there was even a thing out there that was a universal battery charger! Suddenly, everything felt "okay" again. I'd gotten out of a terrible emotional freak-out that seemed like an early vacation omen. I think what really upset me as well was that I had tried *so hard* to remember to take everything with me, too. I'm anal retentive about keeping everything in order.

6-3-06

“Steady As She Goes, Eric!”

"Find yourself a girl, and settle down. Live a simple life in a quiet town. Steady as she goes (steady as she goes). Steady as she goes (steady as she goes). So steady as she goes. Your friends have shown a kink in the single life. You've had too much to think, now you need a wife. Steady as she goes (steady as she goes)." -"Steady, As She Goes" by The Raconteurs.

Learning to be patient around others in a cramped SUV for a long period of time is another issue I'm having to deal with. I've got a ten-year-old kid making noises off and on through the day and I've got practically no time left to myself like I used to. I'm just not used to that. So this trip has so far been quite an intense adjustment. And I have to control how overly and impatiently *anxious* I am to get on the road to our destinations! I'm an early riser, while Steve and Nicki prefer to sleep in. I want to get on the road right away. Yet we're leaving our hotel as late as 10 or 11 a.m. Nicki had to swing on some swings before we could go.

Today was another travel day across the open plains and rolling hills of Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas. One spontaneous pit-stop that we happened to spontaneously decide to make was going to the St. Louis Arch, which I had done last when I was only four-years-old.

Later in the day, I finally helped out with the driving from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. when all strength, focus, energy, and inner patience inside were fading fast. Driving through Kansas City around 7:15 p.m. was fairly intense on a Saturday night with the extra city traffic. **Lightning** bugs splattering while lit on the car windshield as we drove 80 mph. I was so focused on driving that I failed to notice how low the gas tank had gotten. The car beeped at us notifying us that we only had ten miles of gas left in the car. Yet we were now far west of Kansas City in the Great Plains when I realized our gas problem. There was hardly no civilization out here!!! I started to panic a bit while trying to keep my cool about things. We kept praying for an exit to come up soon so we could pull off and get gas. Sweet, precious gas!!! After ten minutes, we were basically driving on fumes. All I could think about was how we were about to be stuck in the middle of nowhere Kansas for part of the night until a AAA tow truck comes by to offer us gas. Yet blessedly, an exit appeared and they had a single gas station for us to pull into. I prayed our gas-guzzling SUV could make it all the way there. Incredibly, we got to the gas pump and filled up the tank of gas with \$60 worth. We just barely dodged a bullet there. I have got to be more careful when I'm the one driving.

6-4-06

“Denver Ho!”

And speaking of going to new places, I'm currently on a trip to Yellowstone and other national parks in the region for two weeks... The journey of life continues...

Today was mainly a huge driving day across the ultra-dull state of Kansas. I now fully understand why they call it a flyover state. There is literally nothing to see outside the window of the car but plains. It's sort of cool for the first ten minutes. Yet then it slows gets massively dull... incredibly dull. Yet six hours late, I'm praying to see some mountains. Anything rather than plains!! We did stop at a touristy place that had a giant prairie dog statue and dozens of other animals from the region, like rattlesnakes. We also stopped in Goodland, Kansas (no joke) where they had a huge sculpture of a van Gogh painting on an isle in the middle of an empty lot. Very surreal. We also went to a huge wooden jungle gym where Nicki could play around on to get his excess boy energy worn off. Of course, Steve and I joined in the fun and played as well.

Yet by later in the afternoon, Steve screamed out to us to look at the horizon line: it was the Rocky Mountains. Once we crossed the Kansas/ Colorado state line, you could see the tiny mountains from far

away. Yet with each hour closer we drove, the mountains got bigger and bigger. At least we had something to look at from outside the car windows rather than grassy plains.

By the end of the day, we arrived in Denver at Steve's friend's house, the Tegers. I didn't have many expectations for it really. It was just another place we were going to crash at. And evidently, it was going to be in their *basement*. Well, the house were stopped to stay at ended up being a *million-dollar house* nearby the world famous Red Rocks Amphitheater with a gorgeous overlook through the mountains to downtown Denver. (!!!!) What laid inside was what made me crazy with excitement. An enormous white Great Dane dog as large as a horse walked with us as we entered the house with Steve's friend greeting us with smiles, handshakes, and good beers. With alcohol in hand, my eyes widened upon seeing the house's interior. I found myself really opening up with something so gorgeous before me. Everything was brand new and quite expensive. Their house had every modern fixture and item money could buy. Apparently, Steve's male friend "married well" (his friend's exact words) a woman with a grand amount of inheritance. She half-jokingly explained that they remained married since they both work full-time, with her working Saturday and him working Sunday. I took these marital advice notes on my palm as she told them to me. They were strangely down-to-earth and unpretentious. In fact, if you really looked at them, you'd guess they might be middle-class with beer in their hand. It was like they'd won 3 million dollars!! They had nice art around their house with loads of furnishings beyond imagination. I made the comment that it was like an adult toy store. They even let me us, a guest they'd never met before, use their upstairs water bed and take a steam shower with eucalyptus mint and music playing inside the shower itself. This was the ideal definition of a dream house. Every room had more goodies and home fantasy fixtures that I've never been able to afford: a basement home theater room with flat screen and red curtains, massage chairs, electronically-started fireplaces, packs of wild deer in the backyard, hot tubs in guest bedrooms, exercise rooms, a puppet show booth, and every sink was of an unique waterfall design. I was wiggling out from staying here. I ended up taking two steam showers since the first one was so *unbelievable*. I didn't think I could feel like a kid again... until now in a dream house with everything money can buy. I've seen pictures of these places, but never *lived* in one before. And what luxury to pamper oneself with! It was all too much and all too wonderful. I felt like I was role-playing as a millionaire.

The thing that was so nuts about all of this is that Steve, Nicki, and I are fairly middle-class, staying on a budget, never splurging on money people. It was like a "Prince and the Pauper" moment where we got to know how it felt to live in a million-dollar home.

And Denver itself, the mighty Mile High City, was unusual as well. The air was crisp and dry. It was in the nineties today, but you don't sweat because there is no humidity, unlike the Midwest. The high altitude did start giving Steve and I mild headaches, but that gave me more reason to use the fantastic shower again. You have to drink an extra amount of water or liquids to stay hydrated. I even blew my nose and had a slight nose bleed from the altitude.

6-5-06

"Godland"

Are you driving down to Ft. Lauderdale? I don't have class on that day, but I do on the 6th. -Karen

Steve and I are in Denver now at his friend's incredible home nearby Red Rocks Amphitheater. From talking to Steve yesterday, it sounds like we may not have much time available to be in Chicago. He hasn't contacted his friend in the town yet and it looks like we may be pressed for time due to driving through the mountains and having Steve's 10-year-old nephew with us. We'll see. We're talking things day by day. So I was thinking of driving up to Chicago after the summer term is over (the second week of August) and visiting you in Chicago for several days.

Oh, I forget to tell you on the phone that I really appreciated spending Christmas with your family in Dec. 1999. That was a magical family's *family* kind of Christmas. Toodles, Eric

We got a late start with checking out Denver with backing up camera files and eating breakfast and lunch. When we finally decided to leave, we ventured a half an hour to get to Denver's famous Mile High Comics comic book store. Everything inside was incredibly overpriced, but I really wanted to go just to take pictures (88 in fact) of all their rare superhero, anime, and sci-fi memorabilia, posters, and figurines. It was like a comic book and science fiction museum. From there we ventured to a place called Dinosaur Ridge that had dinosaur imprints

and fossils along the side of a mountain. Then we beheld the legendary Red Rocks and its world famous amphitheater where so many great musicians have played like U2, The Beatles, Neil Young, and Björk. It's a tiny amphitheater, but the acoustics are supposed to be the greatest. Not to mention being in such an awesome natural setting.

6-6-06

"6/6/06 - Devil's Day"

Traveling around with the same people was really catching up with me this late afternoon when the road exhaustion overtook me. Of course, you're bound to "crash" after experiencing so many exciting new sights and thrills. This afternoon was alpine sliding at a mini-amusement park on the side of a mountain. It was a sensationally fun, first-time experience that put a frozen smile on my face all the way down as fast as I could go. Yet with the high altitude, high temperatures, and burning sun, one's energy is bound to *fade*. Thank goodness Steve does the main driving since I'd be overwhelmed too easily by all the directions and traffic. At least I've got a good book to read, "Spike, Mike, Slackers & Dykes: A Guided Tour Across a Decade of American Independent Cinema".

Steve mentioned the possibility of scraping our plans of going up to Yellowstone and instead hang out around here in Denver and the surrounding Colorado area. He mentioned we could go down to see the sand dunes and other attractions in the state. His buddy said it was okay to keep staying here as long as we wanted. Yet I totally vetoed the idea since going to Yellowstone was the whole reason I wanted to go on this trip!!! I was adamant about that.

6-7-06

"This Is God's Country"

Late this morning, we journeyed to Colorado Springs today to go to their zoo on the side of a mountain, as well as take in Shrine of the Sun. I overheard a young boy crying and screaming out, "I want to go home!" That brought back a flashback of something I might have said at his own age when I used to cry, even in public, so much at that age. Later in the day, I got another headache and was glad that we left for home at 5 p.m. Once again, we ate lunch at 4 p.m. rather than at a normal lunch hour.

Believe it or not, I'm in Denver, Colorado right now on vacation with a friend of mine from West Palm Beach. We've been staying at his friend's place around Red Rocks Amphitheater with a gorgeous view of the city through the mountains. Tomorrow we drive up north through Rocky Mountain National Park, and then to Yellowstone for several more days before trekking back to Columbus on June 19th. This is my first major vacation that I've had well outside of Ohio since another trip out west in 2001. And considering how stressful the end of the spring semester always is, this trip has been a great way of recharging my batteries by getting away for a while. Today we traveled south to Colorado Springs to their zoo on the side of a mountain where you could feed the giraffes with exceptionally long tongues crackers from your hands. Then we drove up the mountain to a place called The Shrine of the Sun that featured an incredible overview of the county. This was truly God's Country.

6-8-06

After a very, very late start out from Denver at 12:30 p.m. (that I privately found quite agonizing since I was ready to go by 9:30 a.m.), we made our way up northwest to Rocky Mountain National Park to be greeted with gray thunderstorm clouds and a sudden drop of temperature (from 97 degrees to 51 degrees in *one hour!*). Nicki was getting extra **annoying** as the trip dragged on with constantly trying to get attention by making noises and repeating absurd mantras like "I've got a headache!" over and over again. I half-jokingly pulled a dinner knife on him if he wouldn't stop knocking on the wall of a Rocky Mountain restaurant where Steve and I were ordering steak. All three of us were getting "disturbed" from eating lunch at 4 p.m. every day. Luckily, we set up camp at a KOA for only \$25. For having not camped since 1989 in Boy Scouts, I initially took to the experience! It's an intriguing in-between a hotel and nature. The sunset was quite spectacular this evening. Later that night, we set up a fire and awkwardly made Smores for the three of us. Ah, roughing it!

6-9-06

"Into the Rocky White Wonders"

Ugggh. By morning, I *definitely* overestimated how easy and comfortable it would be to

fall asleep in my tent last night at the KOA campground. I didn't consider on the 30 mph gusts of wind that blustered my tent through the night. It got so bad that the wind rattled my tent off its very nailed in with spikes foundation! And it's crazy difficult to get comfortable on uneven hard ground. And just as I was about to fall asleep, I could hear Steve and then Nicki both snoring in surround sound around me in the neighboring tent. It was virtually impossible for me to get any peace and quiet. It was all so ridiculous. I did manage to get a "few" hours of light sleep in there probably around 4 a.m. to 7 a.m. But I had to endure *hours upon hours* of tossing and turning. Oh the joy of "roughing it". I don't think we're going camping ago. It's just too hard and unpredictable.

"High, higher than the sun. You shoot me from a gun. I need you to elevate me here. At the corner of your lips. As the orbit of your hips, eclipse, you elevate my soul. I've got no self-control. Been living like a mole. Now going down, excavation. I and I in the sky. You make me feel like I can fly, so high, elevation." -"Elevation" by U2.

Today was actually a pretty great visitation/ exploration day through Rocky Mountain National Park where we drove through and stopped off at various amazingly scenic locations. Incredibly, we kept driving higher and higher in altitude to the point where we were almost level with the clouds! We even made it high enough to the top of the mountains to reach its snowy glacial peaks. The mountains and valleys were some of the greatest sights I'd ever seen in nature. It truly surpassed the majority of state and national parks I've ever experienced. In fact, Rocky Mountain National Park pretty much eclipsed them all.

Once again, we ate on the road and got malnourished from eating too late and eating snack foods. I got another headache that left my body and mind weaker than I'd like to show to other people. Nicki got **louder** and more **annoying** to the point where I had to use my sense of humor as a weapon rather than hitting the brat boy. At one point, I half-seriously, half-humorously exclaimed out loud: **"My headache has a headache!!"**

Being a Friday night, we had an incredibly difficult time finding a hotel in our price range. Eventually, we finally checked into a Budget Inn for an insane \$80 a night where the Internet didn't work and their breakfast consisted of stale donuts and day-old coffee. Still, I deeply appreciated having a soft bed to sleep on at last. I don't know when or if I'll ever camp out again. I just want a nice, soft bed... even if it is in a cheap hotel. It's better than the rocky, uneven ground.

6-10-06

My spring quarter Columbus State class that I was teaching finished yesterday and I simply had the students email their projects so I could grade them over here at a small town library in Wyoming. (I love you, online grading!)

The afternoon as we were driving up to the Grand Tetons, we got an unexpected downer when we got pulled over by a cop for going 67 mph in a 50 mph "construction zone" that we had just entered into. Steve was driving and we had to wait for nearly ten minutes in dreadful silence until the cop returned with a ticket... for **\$176!!** And he gave Steve a citation. Obviously, Steve hasn't happy for a while. We were hoping we'd just get a warning since this "construction zone" was merely little orange markers on the side of the road! The road had already been paved. I felt little respect for the law after that encounter since it was hugely ironic that we got a citation for speeding when dozens of cars have passed us for going too slow during our vacation. It was all too ridiculous. Being a Saturday there wasn't even any construction workers out and the construction was mostly done. We were just going with the speed of the traffic for the most part. Feeling bad, I offered to pay for part of it. After all, I could have been me driving and I would have gotten the citation. Steve later acknowledged aloud that it was partly because Steve's nephew, Nicki, was making so much of a disturbance in the back seat. For once, Steve got more strict with Nicki and had me be more quiet and polite while we were on the road. Whoever is driving needs to *concentrate*.

After that unfortunate speeding ticket incident that put us deeper into money woes, our mood was raised with entering into the Grand Tetons National Forrest. What an **awesome and incredible** sight to behold and take pictures of! Finally, this vacation was paying off. Finally I felt very lucky for the money we've been spending on this road trip. Finally, I felt so very alive and welcome to be living. This was the greatest place I'd ever been to. We checked into a KOA Kampground Kabin just south of Jackson Hole, Wyoming for two nights. Later in the evening, we checked out the very cool touristy and fun Jackson Hole downtown where we experienced their

Ripley's Believe It or Not! Museum as well as the Teton Steakhouse. And I did like their antler arches in their public park square.

6-11-06 **"The Revenge of Cloud Boy & The Sunset Kid (with Kid)"**

If We're Taking the Same Pictures, How Do I Make My Own Images Different?

I faced a great and horrible artistic crisis point today. Everyone was taking virtually the same pictures in Grand Tetons and Yellowstone National Parks. So what makes one's work any different or unique then? It's like being part of an army of millions of tourist and professional photographers who are all taking nearly identical images of the same spectacular scenery as you. As you're in a line of fellow photographer tourists shooting the extraordinary scenery but also pretty much the same thing, you realize what you're capturing *isn't* that *special* or *original* anymore. It's just your camera and the "scenic overlook" position that are creating the image for you. Little human personal discovery is in evidence. Everyone pulls over whenever there's a sign for "scenic overlook". And then once you get there, you simply get in a line of photographers and snap your shots. This suddenly makes taking "artistic" photos completely obsolete when the same brilliant image is captured in a duplicate fashion millions of times over and over with so many cameras, both cheap and expensive, high-tech. All you can hear sometimes is the clicking and snapping of dozens of cameras taking pictures at nearly every "scenic view" in these National Parks. It's a point-and-shoot nation. Yet I still took the images that were in front of me. But later as an artist, I needed to make more of them by adding additional content to them through how I color-corrected them, edited them together in a video, or what music and text I added. I still had to use my creativity to make these images that pretty much anyone could take and make them magical again.

Finding Beauty in What Others Don't Obviously See

The only natural "scenery" I found that was "artistically unique" was taking pictures of the fantastic cloud formations of figures I could only recognize in my own creative imagination. Taking pictures of these visuals gave them meaning once I expressed what I saw that was so extraordinary that few other could find worthy of taking a picture of. That is what makes one a real artist - finding beauty in what others don't obviously see.

We did get to see elk, buffalo, and legions of prairie dogs through the gorgeous Grand Tetons, which was a pretty neat experience since they were in their natural environment rather than behind the bars of a zoo.

By late afternoon, it was with deep regret that a massive migraine emerged that resulted in my taking six tablets of Excedrin Migraine over the course of six hours. And yet it *still* didn't diminish the pain in time. This was a major, serious headache that nothing could seemingly stop it. And it was hitting me in one of the most beautiful places on earth. With so much medication in my body, I had a collapse of health to the point where I had to keep my eyes closed and not move a muscle so I wouldn't feel too much pain. I took two half-hour steam showers to help after getting back to the KOA Kabin rather late in the evening from a strenuous, overly visually stimulating day in the Grand Tetons. By 9 p.m. my headache was finally belittled, but my energy level was still sorely low to the point where my voice was drained of all energy and pep. Steve and Nicki made sure to keep quiet as they made a fire outside our cabin and cooked some hot dogs. I couldn't join in since I was so sick and exhausted.

6-12-06

"American Vacation Inc."

I'm currently doing laundry outside the Grand Tetons. What a way to spend a vacation.... Thankfully, the Laundromat has an Internet connection, unlike the KOA Kabins sites we've been staying at that say they have Internet, but their connection doesn't usually work.

We ate at the greatest Taco Bell in the world, just outside Jackson Hole, Wyoming where a mountain and a steam was just behind this humble little Mexican fast food joint. Incredible.

So far, things have gone all right I suppose on this trip. There were a few close calls that really could have ruined this trip, like at the beginning with my forgetting to bring the video camera battery recharger. Thankfully, Steve had a charger himself. I'm very thankful that Steve had been doing the majority of the driving since it gives me time to videotape, take pictures out the window, as well as read during the boring stretches of the road. And I've read some great books along the way that I've been meaning to get to for some time. Driving also takes up so much of my attention

that I wouldn't have been able to appreciate the landscape around me. It's like having my own tour guide through the park.

That makes up for having Nicki in the car. There have been moments and times when I "went Hulk" and lost my temper when Nicki kept acting up in the backseat. (I did throw a nearly empty water bottle at his head when he wouldn't deposit it somewhere else where there was room beside him rather than next to me next to an electricity socket!! He smiled that I was so angry at him that he had succeeded in making me mad. So I lost it.) All he wants is to sometimes torment and annoy others by trying to get their attention. I also fully understood how some families end up in divorce after taking a long extended trip like this together. You spend all this money, time, and energy getting to these parks only to have your kids ruin it for you. All those expectations and hopes for a trip come crashing down. Here are the symptoms for ruining certain moments of our trip: dealing with little ten-year-old boys farting every twenty-minutes in the car, having him scream out that he needs to pee or is hungry all the time (even though there's snacks all around him), throwing water bottles at electricity sockets in the car because he doesn't want them in the back seat with him, singing along to songs he doesn't even know the lyrics to, his general close proximity, etc. It can all really piss on a great vacation as you're ironically surrounded by *the greatest natural scenery you've ever seen!!!* What a way to destroy one's peace of mind.

But still, there are the pluses to everything. Steve's XM radio has been a perfect fit with a massive variety of musical genres for the long traveling through empty states where there are no (good) radio stations. Having Steve's laptop along for the drive allows me to check my email and download photos every day, which I would have direly needed to do every day since I kept filling up my camera's memory card. All in all, I'm having a good time and feeling pretty fortunate that I went along on this trip... even with "Little Nicki".

Entering Yellowstone National Park was a pretty ultimately surreal National Park experience. We passed through "Forests of Tree Skeletons" where wild fires had destroyed thousands of acres of trees leaving behind these bare, white branches on the dead trees. Once we got to Old Faithful and went on a trek through the geyser trails, I got a major *"boner" for nature* (pardon my French, but it really did happen emotionally and spiritually). Quite frankly, this was the ultimate natural artistic environment I'd ever laid eyes upon. The geysers, steam, mud pots, and other bubbling water springs had created some of the most amazing rainbow-colored sulfur formations. It was like Mother Nature had created **living abstract-expressionist artwork**. The idea blew my imagination away of the possibilities of having living art that was part of nature. It was simply a breathtaking sight to behold. It was like nature as art in the purest form. It stimulated my dreams. It was made even cooler and existential by the fact that Yellowstone was under **massive** volcanic activity, ready to **explode**... "someday". The steam bellowing from each colored geyser formation seemed like a true Mother Nature emotional landscape. *This was Yellowstone - an art-nature explosion.*

Then came the finale!! On our drive to our KOA Kabin on the far west side of Yellowstone, we encountered a long line of stopped traffic, which was especially frustrating since we were trying to get to the campsite before it closed. As we waited in line, I noticed dozens of semi-panicked and excited people suddenly leaving their cars and running *forward*. It was like a scene from "War of the Worlds" in reverse. They weren't running away. They were running towards something... special. Then I saw what it was: *them*. It was a long line of over two dozen buffalo, adults and calves, coming our way along the actual road itself. It was a dusk parade of buffalo marching towards us. Obviously, I freaked and got out both my video camera and still camera. Immediately, I started taking pictures simultaneously with each. It was incredibly surreal as two dozen buffalo strolled right past our car just a few feet away from us. It was a close encounter with the natural kind.

6-13-06

"Emotion Geysers": There is an "Anger Geyser", "Depression Geyser", "Blues Geyser", and "Imagination Geyser". "Firehole Spring". "Firehole Falls". "Blue Star Spring". "Beehive Geyser".

Fountain Paint Pot: Winter Gothic. Mudpot. Sapphire Pool. Emerald Pool. Sunset Lake. Rainbow Pool. Volcanic landscape. Mud Volcano. Dragon's Mouth Spring. Black Dragon's

Cauldron. Mud Geyser. Plateau of Fire.

I love this place, this Yellowstone: It's like touring Jupiter and Saturn's rainbow textured atmospheres here on the surface of earth! All those *rich saturated colors* in the actual earth itself. Oranges, blues, turquoises, reds, greens... it's a rainbow planted on the surface of earth. It's very much like visiting another planet. The steam and the heat of the landscape suggests extreme emotions. This whole park is so inspiring to my imagination and emotions. I love it so.

It's impossible not to notice all the pretty couples at these National Parks and feel a certain degree of jealousy, envy, and loneliness. I do have to be thankful that I'm at least getting out with friends. I realize I'm playing the photo-video picture-taking obsessed loner, with the Neil Young song "The Loner" playing in the background of my head (even though I don't want it to.)

At the overcrowded KOA hot tub, the water smelled like a cauldron of sweaty tourists B.O. and kiddy urine. Let's just say I got out of it as soon as I got in... and took four showers afterwards.

We finished our second day in Yellowstone. I'm at a KOA campground in one of their "kabins" in West Yellowstone, Montana. I took an hour and a half of video and 223 photos today. I am exhilarated and exhausted. I'll actually be glad to get back to the "simple life" of CCAD again. Ha!

I need to get some sleep now since my head is throbbing and we need to leave early tomorrow for the rest of Yellowstone and head towards Devil's Tower.

6-14-06

The weather dropped dramatically from 78 degrees yesterday to just *38 degrees* today in Yellowstone with rain, sleet, and overcast skies. Yet this alteration in weather produced some wildly amazing unique blustering steam clouds over some of the hot springs in the morning. It was like being in some sort of supernatural environment. The strong wind gusts moved the fog and steam through the area in a violent, mysterious dance. It all made for some pretty amazing video imagery.

I screamed out "*Sun!!*" when daylight finally broke through the gray overcast cloudy sky. At last, good lighting!!! We were pretty much spoiled the previous two days in Yellowstone with incredible blue skies and 80-degree temperatures. Yet today was more overcast and wet on occasion.

Occasionally, Mother Earth will sport a natural "erection", as was the case at Mammoth Hot Spring Terraces. Unfortunately, the water was all dried up in the area that left empty white canyons through the area instead of gorgeous blue bubbling hot springs like I had seen in pictures from my sister Tanya's trip to Yellowstone last year. I guess Mother Nature had budget cuts.

We drove out of Yellowstone through the mountains later this afternoon. Yet our progress was very slow going since we were stuck for over an hour due to road construction. Then I started to rain some very heavy and huge mountain raindrops. It was like water balloons hitting the windshield! After finally leaving the rain of Yellowstone on the east side of the park, we encountered a full arch rainbow of such clarity that it stunned us. We chased the rainbow for several miles trying to get to its pot of gold. What a gorgeous drive we had until we got to Cody, Wyoming. We had just missed a rodeo that had started at 8 p.m. when we entered the town. We couldn't go to it since we still hadn't eaten dinner yet. We took a gamble and stopped at a diner called "Grannie's". I had a nice large plate of spaghetti that I loved. And Steve loved what he got as well. We both decided that this place was probably the best food we've so far had on this trip.

6-15-06

"Point of Interest"

Blood of the massacres of the settlers and Indians alike stain the mountains throughout Bighorn National Forest. What a wild drive through history this morning and afternoon. I witnessed all sorts of Crazy Cloud Animated Sculptures at sail in the great western sky.

"I ride and I ride." -"The Passenger" by Iggy Pop.

We drove through the very winding roads through Bighorn National Forest for several hours before finally arriving at Devil's Tower around 5:30 p.m. for an hour long hike around the great geographic monolith. There must have been hundreds upon thousands of prairie dogs chirping away in their holes outside of Devil's Tower. Steve wanted to keep driving for another 2 ½ hours to get to outside Mt. Rushmore. Yet, I was getting *extremely* cranky and withdrawn from

being on the road all day and from not having a real meal since 10:30 a.m. When we finally got to a hotel, my defenses were down and I just needed to crash... get some time to myself... *sleep*. Find *peace*. Stop moving around so much. Stop having sensory overload! I'm sick of being in the car all day long. This trip is really wearing me down immensely. Yet what amazing locations and environments we've beheld!

6-16-06

"Radio Free Eric"

I was still feeling pretty exhausted emotionally and physically this morning from the long day we had last night with malnutrition and checking into a hotel much later than I would have preferred. I really didn't feel like talking to Steve or anyone. I was simply that far gone and fatigued. You get rather tired of the same company every day. And I love and respect Steve. Yet I just wanted *new* stimulation when drained of life. That is how a creative mind works.

We managed to go to Mt. Rushmore in the morning for an hour. I was a little surprised by how somewhat smaller Mt. Rushmore really was. In my imagination, it seemed like it would have been sensationally gigantic. It was still neat to be there and see it. Then we embarked through the Black Hills National Forest into the Badlands for the rest of the afternoon. Once again, the Badlands were a little bit smaller than I had thought they'd be. It thought they'd be 2 or 3 or 10 times as large as they ended up being. Still, the name Badlands is apt for them. They're a strange geographic wonder. In the evening, we also stopped at the amazing tourist trap spectacular, Wall Drug in Wall, South Dakota and browsed through this weird tourist hybrid that was equal parts a drug store, tourist goods and items, dining facility, and Disney World. Think about it: a drug store complete with a screaming animatronic dinosaur ready to attack you every 11 minutes! "Don't you need some drugs now, buddy?"

By Friday night and early morning, I was feeling strangely numb, comfortable, and dazed as we drove through the darkness of night in South Dakota. Steve *insisted* on driving extra miles during the night rather than get a hotel. But when he finally started looking for hotels after midnight, *every* hotel we stopped at was full or the office was closed. I strangely didn't mind since I had ear plugs in for reading a U2 biography and everything seemed so distant to me. I felt like I was on another planet. Or maybe I was "touching the void" from hitting such a maximum level of fatigue. Nothing seemed real after being on the road for so long. It felt so *other-worldly*. I questioned if we'd just end up driving through the whole night like I once did in graduate school as a ridiculous dare to myself. While Steve drove, I closed my eyes and numb euphoria swept over me like drunkenness while sober. I was having "pleasantly delirious travel exhaustion". Yet you can't fall asleep in an upright position in a passenger seat of a car. You just *drift* in thoughts, fantasies, mixed memories, dare-dreams, and reflections. Steve kept looking for hotels as we drove from exit to exit off the interstate. They were all closed. We must have been looking for over two hours. Eventually, we finally found a motel after 2 *a.m.* I felt like the living dead as I entered the motel. I took a quick shower and then collapsed.

"I can't change the world, but I can change the world in me." –"Rejoice" by U2.

6-17-06

During our *long* 3+ day trek back to Ohio, I realized to my horrified, bemused astonishment that I was nearly finished with the 6th and final book I had brought along with me on this trip. And I thought six books were wild overkill over-packing!! So I asked Steve to find a bookstore. We ended up detouring south off the interstate to the Sioux Falls Empire Mall, a whole half hour out of the way while driving through pouring rain. It was amusing to hear that Steve hadn't been to a mall in over eight years. That's how much he loathes malls. We went all the way here to Sioux Falls, South Dakota to satisfy my hunger/ addiction for having something to read while Steve drives. Hell, I desperately needed relief from the boredom of the road in the passenger seat of a car for days on end.

I'm getting daily *déjà vu* on this trip. It's getting *extremely* strong. Or maybe my mind is delirious from road fatigue.

Today was a long travel day going east while stopping at a few small town oddities: from visiting the Corn Palace (in Mitchell, South Dakota) to a giant statue of the Jolly Green Giant (in Blue Earth, Minnesota) to the SPAM Jam Festival (in Austin, Minnesota) outside the SPAM Museum where the Smothers Brothers just so happened to be performing for free before the

gathering community.

Wearing silicone earplugs during daylight hours is such a bizarre experience since it defuses sound in real life in a surreal detached sort of way. With the volume of life softened, I feel so much more comfortable and calm. It's a way of numbing, easing, and defusing the stressful noise of existence... especially in a car with an annoying 10-year-old boy who is equally tired of being stuck in a car for days on end.

6-18-06

Once we visited such grandeur of Yellowstone, Rocky Mountain National Park, Red Rocks, and the Grand Tetons, you do have a bit of a "come-down" moment that you've experienced such BIG MOMENTS and AMAZING VISTAS and now... it's all over. I mean today we drove through the dull rain of Wisconsin and Illinois along an uninspired interstate landscape that looked like one of Ohio's. That initial thrill and anticipation of going to these fantastic natural wonders of America was gone. Driving back, I realized how less unique my surroundings were. It was extraordinarily depressing. Gone were the grand mountains with snow capped glacier peaks of the Grand Tetons, the scene and steam of the sulfur geysers of Yellowstone, and the ridiculous amounts of wildlife from the various National Parks (vast hordes of buffalo in Yellowstone, legions of prairie dogs from Devil's Tower, the rams in the Badlands). Yet ironically even as we experienced all these marvels at those respective National Parks, we grew bored, jaded, and simply accustomed to them. "Be there, done that!" we yelled out at seeing another buffalo along the roadside that several other cars were stopping for. (The day before we'd encountered forty buffalo parading down the road passing just next to our vehicle.) It was like falling in love... and then taking it all for granted, that is until it's *gone*. And that's how I felt today.

Yet we had one last major destination stop to make: *Chicago*. It was a city I've never been to before. I've only been to its airport for a layover a few times. But never in the city itself. But just getting there proved somewhat difficult and frustrating since the whole city seemingly is under road construction. So it was fairly slow going, even on a Sunday. At 3:30 p.m., we finally made it through the two hours of traffic and got to the area of Chicago of Steve's friend, Alan Wall, to visit and stay the night at his place. Alan's different point-of-view was an extremely welcome change of personality after being around juvenile-minded Nicki for two and a half weeks. Alan is all about *going out* and *experiencing* all the great exotic flavors *his city* can offer. Nicki is about eating just cheese pizza. I needed an artist bohemian type to get my creative batteries recharged and he was just the type to do it. Especially since he's a cook/ drummer as a profession. His easily apparent zeal for the city he lives in was extremely apparent as we walk-toured downtown Chicago to Millennium Park and other fantastic sight-seeing architecture in front of the tall office buildings. We ate Italian Beef sandwiches, Italian Ice, and real Chicago style pizza. His enthusiasm was rejuvenating and inspiring. And what a phenomenal city of diversity Chicago is! It was a revelation. So many cultures of people on every street we walked down. Even the young couples that walked around were mixed in culture. I got a food lover culture shock from all the truly ethnic restaurants on every block. We'd go from Italian to Polish to Thai to Chinese to Ukrainian to Irish to Mexican to South American to German!!! It's was just a glorious melting pot of food and cultures to enjoy and mix in. There's also so much history in Chicago: Al Capone, Oprah Winfrey, Michael Jordan, Roger Ebert, the Chicago Bears, the Cubs, 1968 Democratic Convention, The Sears Tower, "Ferris Buller's Day Off" - they were all here or from here. There were so many new sights and smells and sounds and senses to explore around every corner! Alan even played a "sound sculpture" that created an incredible cacophony of reverb next to a downtown office tower. Chicago was such an unexpected treat at the end of our grand road trip. Alan was our brilliant and sensational tour guide of the city he loves to show off. There was amazing public art and architecture around every corner of the downtown!! This was an amazing city!! And I was thankful to him for recharging my emotional batteries, especially after such a glum, depressing morning. It's hard to imagine that Chicago is a city *eight times* larger than Columbus, Ohio! It's a true Midwestern metropolis.

Of course, after the fifth hour walking around, my initial thrill finally wore off and I realized how much more expensive it would be to live in Chicago compared to Columbus. Yes, it's far hipper and has so much more to offer as far as culture and diversity. But Columbus is still more in my ability to live there. Chicago definitely made me feel more alive. But perhaps that is just that

first excitement of being someplace new and bigger than any other place I'm used to being in.

6-19-06

"Chicago: The Midwestern Metropolis"

It's our last day of the trip and I've shot over 8 hours of video and have taken 3,229 pictures in our "short" 18-day trek across America. *That's* a new record for me.

Today was our last day of our vacation, so we took the train back into downtown Chicago for lunch at the original Uno's Pizzeria where they had the authentic deep dish pizza pie. And it was literally a PIE. An enormous, amazing pizza work of art (and calories). But it sure was worth it.

While we were downtown, I noticed that we were outside the Gene Siskel Theater. So I spontaneously decided to call up my old classmate Brandon Doherty since Dan Grose told me he worked there. I hadn't seen Brandon since 1998!! Incredibly, he was there and I let him know I was outside. Steve, Alan, and Nicki were preoccupied with the neighborhood book store just next door. So I went up to see and visit Brandon for ten minutes. It was very nice to meet him again. He asked if I was married or seeing anyone. I informed him that I was corresponding back and forth with someone right now on match.com. God, it's hard to believe that we both had totally different girlfriends back in '98.

On our way out of Chicago, we very nearly ran out of gas in an *extremely* bad section of Gary, Indiana. We were surrounded by oil refineries, yet we couldn't reach a single open gas station for 20 minutes of desperate last-moment searching. It was even more absurd when the car said we had only 9 miles left as we reached an extremely scary ghetto neighborhood where every gas station was boarded up. And it was 89 degrees and humid outside! There were absolutely no white people around. It was like entering a freakishly scary segregated area of Chicago. Like I said, very scary. Eventually, we made some guesses with taking an exit that took up north up to the lake shore. We saw a casino nearby, so we knew there *had* to be a gas station around *somewhere*!! I think we were driving on fumes as we passed a gas station on the other side of the road. So we had to turn around and retrace our steps to get back to that gas station, which took another three minutes. I don't know how we managed to make it there. Pure luck. Still, it was in a frightening ghetto area of town where every house had bars on their windows. God, I sure was glad to make it out of there alive.

On our final trek back to Columbus, Ohio. We drove southeast through wind farms to Indianapolis to the east side of Indiana, where we got slowed down by more thunderstorms and slow moving construction traffic. Yet the rain did bring an onslaught of amazing and vivid rainbows stretching across the sky. It was odd to see familiar territory again of I-70 in and around Dayton, Ohio. I put my earplugs in my ears so I wouldn't have to listen to Nicki anymore. I was in my own world. I didn't care anymore. I just wanted to be home again. Thankfully and blessedly, we got to my condo in Columbus around 11:30 p.m. We would have gotten here sooner if it wasn't for the traffic construction on the highways. Yet I was so glad to simply be home!!!

6-20-06

It's such a surreal experience to come home to your own home and find it to be a foreign place. You're rediscovering everything as if it's the first time you've been there, just with an extra heavy sense of déjà vu. And God, was I glad to be home after being on the road for 2 ½ weeks. Steve and Nicki drove the SUV while I drove my car over to the airport to drop off our rental. And then I had to rush off to teach my summer Computer Animation class. I hugged Steve goodbye and wished them a safe trip back to Florida. It's crazy that they've still got an additional two days of driving left to go!!

I went to sleep at 2 a.m. and got up at 9 a.m. So thankfully I've been able to function with my crazy students this afternoon. The worst thing that nearly happened to us on the trip was almost running out of gas in Kansas on the way out, and then yesterday afternoon in the ghettos of Gary, Indiana. The tank said "0 miles left" on a street where every gas station was boarded up. And the most ironic aspect about this was for miles around were oil refineries and an airport. Yet no gas stations for fifteen minutes on every major road we went on. Only at the last moment did we get back on an interstate and find a Speedway. If we had run out of gas, I probably wouldn't have gotten back today... if ever. And it was 89 degrees outside with severe humidity. We didn't get gas inside the city of Chicago since it was 3.29 per gallon, figuring that we just get some gas once we were outside the city a little bit. Yet no gas stations which forced us out into Gary, Indiana, hell hole of earth. Well, that's my little fun vacation moment. Eric

I started going through the photos that Steve, Nicki, and I took during our trip tonight and I couldn't believe how great some of the images were! Either we are brilliant photographers, and/or we just happened to be around some impossibly beautiful natural elements!!!

Reaching a State of Transcendence

6-21-06: I do feel transcended from that vacation. Back in Columbus, everything feels so new and fresh rather than stall and dull. I feel a new lease on life with a new sense of purpose and urgency. It's like my personality has gotten a new overcharge. I feel like I've learned something. Being away from watching movies and reading comic books has transcended my lifestyle and forced me to act in the world differently. I played the extrovert introvert for 2 ½ whole weeks. There's not so much dread when I check my email or go out in public. I feel... renewed.

The Ride Is Over

6-23-06: I think my vacation endorphin rush has finally worn off the past few days. I'm going into withdrawal of not being *on the go* constantly and my body and mind has had to take some time to get used to it. I feel a bit more exhausted than usual, physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. The ride is over. "Shit."

The Editing

While I was filming and editing this vacation movie together out of 8 ½ hours of footage, I had to ask myself what is going to make it interesting for other people to watch. I knew I had to edit this footage down to a comfortable under two-hour length to make it easier to view. But what goes and what stays? I've seen several other vacation videos from students in my video classes and I've had to ask myself why is this so boring?! Why isn't this working when it's being filmed at such beautiful locations? First off, I noticed there was no sense of pacing. The editing was awful and things immediately got repetitious. Also, hand-held videography can be so jarring after a short period of time. There needs to be some degree of control with the sequentially putting these different shots together. They can't all be jerky and chaotic! Now 98% of my own footage was hand-held mainly because of constantly shooting "on-the-fly" by capturing whatever was around at the spur of the moment. Oftentimes, carrying around a tripod got to be too cumbersome, heavy, and dangerous on the side of a mountainous trail. So from learning and being critical of other people's work, I was able to carry those feelings over into my own imagery to cut out what wasn't necessary and how to keep it entertaining by infusing my own personality into the footage. I also wanted to use music as a source of creating high energy and the rush it feels like to be on the road with one of your favorite songs playing in the background. I had to remember that I needed to show mainly the highlights of the trip without getting too repetitious with the shots, even if they're beautiful. I sometimes had multiple angles of the same monument. But I had to choose which one or two to use in the end. Making sacrifices while I'm editing is all part of the task at hand. You often have to throw away gorgeous shots because they repeat what had already been shown. It is all part of being a severe, but smart editor. I even gave myself a motto: "When in doubt, cut it out."

During the editing process, I also decided to use many, many cross-dissolves throughout this piece to create a dream-like feel of going from one remarkable location to the next. It also provided a natural sense of time passing as we traveled along.

Perspectives

The first thing that people will think about this piece is perhaps: "So *what!*? Who hasn't taken some great pictures at Yellowstone!!?!" Well, they're absolutely right. And I went into a bit of a depressive funk while taking some of these photos and video because I was standing right next to dozens of others who were taking pretty much the same pictures. But what I realized was that it was how I *presented* the imagery that mattered the most. I knew I was going to do some heavy color-correction, contrast changing, burning, and dodging into the imagery that I took in order for it to "pop" out. And how I edited it together with a series of cross-dissolves with hypnotic music would make it my own personal vision through my own eyes. The other trick was to give it *soul*, which I tried to convey through the highly saturated colors and through the music that I personally chose for its significance to me and its relation to the imagery. I felt that I had experienced and captured something remarkable and wanted to share that with others. That is why I spent so many hours of my time creating this work: "Western Heavens on Earth".

The Ultimate Challenge

Anyone could take pictures of these amazing natural wonders at our finest national parks. But what I truly wanted to do the most was make them more layered and profound - express what others didn't see or feel. I wanted to show the other layers beyond the superficial magnificent beauty. The real challenge was to inject my imagination and emotions into the majestic natural vistas. My role as an artist was to make something more of what I videotaped and photographed at Yellowstone, Badlands, and other other great destinations we explored.

The Moments

The St. Louis Gateway Arch, The Scenic Beauty of Kansas, Pagan Prairie Dog Gods, A Giant Van Gogh "Sunflowers" Painting in the middle of Kansas, A Swing Set Pit Stop, Swinging Across America, Denver, Colorado, Mile High Comics: The World's Largest Comic Book Store, Dinosaur Ridge, Red Rocks Amphitheater, Rat Ballet, This is no ordinary trip to the Colorado Springs Zoo, Interactive Giraffe Feeding, Around the World at the Zoo, Shrine of the Sun, Later in the day in the backyard... the deer arrive, Tonight's camp, Rocky Mountain National Park, Jesus 2 (Jesus Jr.): The Return, Playing in the snow in June, sleeping through a vacation, Giant Rocky Mountain Rain Drops, Capturing the Nature Magic... ..Before It Goes Away, Jackson Hole, Wyoming, The Grand Tetons (Mother Nature's "Grand Tits"), Lake of Sparkling Stars, Yellowstone National Park, The Impromptu Yellowstone Buffalo Parade, A Yellowstone Pelican, Dragon's Mouth Spring, Emotional Landscapes, An Unstable Volcanic Environment, Life Passing As a Blur Outside the Car Window, Mammoth Hot Springs, Petrified Wood, The woods giving "the finger", Bighorn National Forest, Devil's Tower National Monument, miles of prairie dog holes, The Secret Ladder Up Devil's Tower, Crazyies Climbing the Devil's Back, The Devil's Prairie Dogs, "Beware: They speak the devil's language!", Mt. Rushmore National Memorial, Badlands National Park, "Our shirts are becoming pregnant!", Wall Drug Store in South Dakota, On the road for too long, And now... in Austin, MN... The Smothers Brothers! Live at The Spam Festival, The Spam Museum, The Spam Gift Store!, Chicago, Illinois, Playing on Metropolitan Art, A Chicago Street Puppet Performance, Creating an Urban "Sound Sculpture", Millennium Park, Chicago's very own Giant Metallic Bean... aka "Cloud Gate" , Stuck in a metallic black hole, Eric Homan: Love of Rats.

Best Trip Highlights

Staying in a 1.4 million dollar home (my friend Steve's rather rich friend) outside of Red Rocks with a fantastic view of Denver through the mountains, alpine sliding at a mini-amusement park down the side of a mountain, simultaneously videotaping and snapping photos of a parade of adult and young buffalo as they walked down a Yellowstone roadway (that hence stopped traffic on both sides of the road) during dusk, walking through the awesome Midwestern metropolis that is Chicago for the first time, eating real Chicago style pizza for the first time, going into a creative frenzy upon witnessing and walking around the boiling, bubbling, multi-colored geysers of surrounding Old Faithful by taking over 160 pictures in one hour, going to the world's most scenic Taco Bell outside of the Grand Tetons in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, crossing the Continental Divide 8 times in four days, having six different people ask me where I got the sun-protective hat I was wearing, visiting Mile High Comics (the largest comic book store in the world), experiencing the Ripley's Believe It or Not! Museum in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, witnessing the most opaque full rainbow I've ever seen on the east side of Yellowstone, playing with some really fun pet rats at the house in Denver, playing on a giant rest area playground at 11 p.m. in Illinois, laughing at how weirdly hand puppet-like prairie dogs look standing up, witnessing a giant van Gogh painting on a giant aisle in a desolate Kansas town, sacrificing a ten-year-old boy on top of Devil's Tower (at least we discussed doing this to Steve's nephew when he misbehaved), witnessing the Badlands for the first time in person, eating the best plate of spaghetti at a place called "Granny's" in Cody, Wyoming, taking over 3,000 photos and 8 1/2 hours of video footage in 18 days, reading eight books while on the road, chasing rainbows around the various national parks, and seeing my old CCAD Media Studies friend Brandon Doherty in Chicago.

Worst Trip Highlights

Getting increasingly difficult road fatigue from constantly being in a car for days on end... experiencing a major migraine after a day in the Grand Tetons that left me nearly comatose for three hours while waiting for a heavy dosage of headache medication to take finally take effect, nearly running out of

gas twice at two horrible spots on the trip (in the middle of nowhere Kansas and in the middle of one of America's work ghettos around Gary, Indiana)... Camping outside Rocky Mt. National Park with 40 mph winds rocking my tent off its foundation all night long... Being stuck in a car with a sometimes *extremely* annoying and spoiled ten-year-old who demands your attention....

Music Selections for "Western Heavens"

Adding my personal favorite music selections to it has radically altered its tone. It suddenly feels much more like a music video than a dull home movie travelogue. It's coming alive with some quirky, almost perverse music selections for certain scenes. I really liked how Gary Numan's atmospheric "Down in the Park" worked oddly well with the shots of the deer coming out at night outside a housing development park area. U2's "Elevation" worked with driving through Rocky Mountain National Park. Of course, I used Bruce Springsteen's "Badlands" through parts of the Badlands. (Duh.) Daft Punk's "Around the World" was used in the zoo, which helped substantially since I thought that footage needed a huge shot of adrenaline. The invigorating "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" from the "Kill Bill" soundtrack worked wildly with walking around downtown Chicago. The imagery has a bit of a dreamish feel to it already with all the cross-dissolving from one extraordinary nature scenery clip to another. So to put in this very dream-like music to it, the footage suddenly comes alive in a way I wasn't quite planning. Sometimes certain songs work with certain images. Happy accidents happen and you let them take you for the ride of your life. I found that selecting the music that will go with which clips to be one of the most enjoyable and creative aspects of this project. It was like finding the words, tones, and voices to go with the pictures. The images and audio ambiance I had before now has a narrative through lyrical content. It's best to be "on" and confident of your decision-making process because one can easily become overwhelmed by choosing from thousands of pieces of music. Such a massive catalog to select from can quickly halt any artistic progress. So it's best to bite when you're feeling the most comfortable and free from distractions. I was selecting music based on what type of primal feeling it was giving me. Sometimes its spiritual content made the fit. Other times it was its lyrical content. Other times it was the raw energy of the track. I was mixing the spiritual with the sexual to the worship of my passion for Mother Nature. It was maddeningly new and original forms of expression through commercial alternative music.

The Music to Our Adventure

This is a musical odyssey. Setting a mood through various diverse selections of music. A musical meditation on nature. A strange, eclectic musical mix of different sound styles.

Long Version: "Trans-Europe Express" by Kraftwerk, "Stop!" by Jane's Addiction, "Cannonball" by The Breeders, "Where It's At" by Beck, "Life in Mono" by Mono, "Bittersweet Symphony" by The Verve, "Inside" by Moby, "Down in the Park" by Gary Numan, "No New Tale To Tell" by Love and Rockets, "Elevation" by U2, "Misty Mountain Hop" by Led Zeppelin, "Little Fluffy Clouds" by The Orb, "Where the Streets Have No Name" by U2, "Boadicea" by Enya, "Big Log" by Robert Plant, "Kelly Watch The Stars" by Air, "Only Swallow" by My Bloody Valentine, "Soon" by My Bloody Valentine, "Requiem" by Geinoh Yamashirogumi, "Moses Theme" by Ennio Morricone, "Joga" by Bjork, "With This Love" by Peter Gabriel, "On Earth As It Is In Heaven" by Ennio Morricone, "I Feel You" by Depeche Mode, "Gouge Away" (live) by The Pixies, "Stripped" by Depeche Mode, "This Corrosion" by The Sisters of Mercy, "Badlands" by Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band, "Hey Hey, My My (Into the Black)" by Neil Young & Crazy Horse, "Tahitian Moon" by Porno For Pyros, "Just Because" by Jane's Addiction, "Lithium" by Nirvana, "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" by Tomoyasu Hotei, "Rainbow Connection" by The Muppets, "Movin' Right Along" by The Muppets, "All Summer Long" by The Beach Boys.

Short Version: "Life in Mono" by Mono, "Only Swallow" by My Bloody Valentine, "Requiem" by Geinoh Yamashirogumi, "Joga" by Bjork, "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" by Tomoyasu Hotei, "Rainbow Connection" by The Muppets.

Additional Scenes Music from "Side Stops": "A Question of Time" by Depeche Mode, "Around the World" by Daft Punk, "Magic" by Olivia Newton-John, "Hey Hey, My My (Into the Black)" by Neil Young & Crazy Horse, "Band on the Run" by Paul McCartney and Wings, "Don't Come Around Here No More" by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, "The Payback" by James Brown.

From "Trip Hijinks": "Psycho Killer" by Talking Heads", "On Earth As It Is In Heaven" by Ennio Morricone, "Wonderful" by The Beach Boys, "Lithium" by Nirvana.

Music Lyric Notes

"Elevation": Going into the Rocky Mt. National Park.

"Misty Mountain Top": "Walking in the park jus the other day. What do you think I saw?!"

"Little Fluffy Clouds": "Little fluffy clouds... little fluffy clouds..."

"Where the Streets Have No Name": "I want to run. I want to hide."

"Boadicea": The introspective beauty of nature set to Enya.

"Big Log" by Robert Plant: "Leading me on... leading medown the road... Driving me on, driving me down the road"... "There is no turning back on the run."

"Soon": cued to the eruption of Old Faithful with a moment of silence and anticipation beforehand.

"Requiem": The giant drums to the parade march of the buffalo down the highway... Church-like sounding music set to the majesty of Yellowstone's prismatic springs... Bubbling springs to the song beats.

"Moses Theme": the religious/ spiritual qualities of the music elevated the beauty of the natural environment.

"Joga": The "Emotional Landscapes"... "State of emergency is where I want to be"... "All that no one sees you see"... "You don't have to speak, I feel"... The raw, aggressive, yet sensitive qualities of the song work so well with the unstable, volcanic environment.

"On Heaven As It Is On Earth": The choral arrangement works with the streaming terraces of Mammoth Hot Springs.

"I Feel You": "I feel you in my mind. You take to led me through Babalyn. This is the morning of our love"... "You lead me through oblivion"... "This is the dawning of our love."

"Gouge Away": "Stay all day if you want to." The raw energy of the music to the rugged mountain environment.

"Stripped": "Come with me into the trees... Let's get away just for one day"... "Let me see you stripped down to the bone." To see nature in its simplest beauty essence. "Everything's our just for a few hours!"

"This Corrosion": "Sing this corrosion to me now"... "Sing!" And the prairie dogs sing/ chirp... "Do you hear me call?" to the presidents on Mt. Rushmore.

"Badlands": For obvious reasons with its namesake... "I want the heart and soul right now"...

"And these badlands start treating us good." The hum of the song matches the hum of the wind in the Badlands.

"Hey Hey, My My (Into the Black)": "There's more the picture than meets the eye. Hey hey, my my."

"Tahitian Moon": the craziness of the song fit the feeling of being on the road for too long. "I don't know if I'll make it home tonight."

"Just Because": "When was the last time you did anything!?"

"Lithium": "I'm so happy because today I found my friends."

"Battle Without Honor or Humanity": the sheer propulsive beat of the music was sonically exhilarating to the metropolitan visuals.

"Rainbow Connection": "What's so amazing that keeps us star-gazing?"... "Someday we'll find it"... "The lover, the dreamer in me."

"Movin' Right Along": "Movin' right along."

"All Summer Long": "We've been having fun all summer long."

Original Musical Source Inspiration During the Drive

(Originally played on satellite radio at the time of videotaping): "Going To California" by Led Zeppelin, "Army of Me" by Bjork, "Head Over Heels" by Tears for Fears, "Bittersweet Symphony" by The Verve, "Life on Mars?" by David Bowie, "Mountain Song" by Jane's Addiction, "Trouble" by Coldplay, "Crazy" by Gnarl Barkley, "Stupid Girl" by Garbage, "Head Like A Hole" by Nine Inch Nails, "Big Time" By Peter Gabriel, "Viva Las Vegas" by Elvis Presley, "I Can't Stand Losing You" by The Police, "Beautiful Day" by U2, "Under Pressure" by Queen and David Bowie, "Imagine" by John Lennon, "Big Log" by Robert Plant, "All I Know" by Screaming Trees, "Paranoid Android" by Radiohead, "Pets" by Porno for Pyros, "High Plains Drifter" by Beastie Boys, "Add It Up" by Violent Femmes, "Bullet the Blue Sky" by

U2, "Don't Dream, It's Over" by Crowded House, "No New Tale To Tell" by Love and Rockets, INXS, "Regina" by Sugarcubes, "The Robots" by Kraftwerk, "Crash" by Dave Matthews Band, "Barrel of the Gun" by Beastie Boys, "This Is Radio Clash" by The Clash, "What's Good" by Lou Reed, "Route 66" by Depeche Mode, "Roller Coaster" by Red Hot Chili Peppers, "Steam" by Peter Gabriel, "So Alive" by Love and Rockets, "Heart-Shaped Box" by Nirvana, "I Feel You" by Depeche Mode, "There She Goes" by The La-Las, "How Soon Is Now?" by The Smiths, "Creatures of Love" by Talking Heads, "The Crystal Ship" by The Doors, "Mrs. Robinson" by Simon and Garfunkel, "America" by Simon and Garfunkel, "Cherish" by Madonna, "Everybody Wants To Rule The World" by Tears for Fears, "True" by Spandau Ballet, "The Globe" by Big Audio Dynamite, "Gigantic" by The Pixies, "Lay Lady Lay" by Bob Dylan, "I Saw Her Standing There" by The Beatles, "Death of the Soldier" from "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" by Ennio Morricone, "Old Man" by Neil Young, "Until the End of the World" by U2, "The Star-Spangled Banner" by Jimi Hendrix, "Bizarre Love Triangle" by New Order, "The Unforgettable Fire" by U2, "Into the White" by The Pixies, "Sax and Violins" by Talking Heads, "Stairway To Heaven" by Led Zeppelin, "Badlands" by Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band, "Combination of the Two" by Big Brother and the Holding Company, "Hotel California" by The Eagles, "The Waiting" by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, "Going To California" by Led Zeppelin, "Love Me Two Times" by The Doors, "My My, Hey Hey" by Neil Young, "Heart-Shaped Box" by Nirvana, "Tahitian Moon" by Porno for Pyros, "In Your Room" by Depeche Mode, "Elevation" by U2, "Stop" by Jane's Addiction, "Should I Stay or Should I Go?" by The Clash, "Don't Come Around Here No More" by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne, "Just Because" by Jane's Addiction, "Movin' Right Along" by The Muppets, "Rainbow Connection" by The Muppets, "Band on the Run" by Paul McCartney and Wings, "The Sweetest Thing" by U2.

The Sexiest Natural Wonder on Earth?

To me, Mother Nature is sexy. And no where else is she sexiest than in Yellowstone National Park. And if you think about and its natural environment, Yellowstone is the most sexual national park of them all. Think about it: churning cauldrons, boiling mud pots, bursting geysers! It all adds up to some sort of orgasmic orgy of nature. Grand Prismatic Spring: Prism of Light: Spectrum of Life... the park's restless geology...

Existential Paradise

I was also aware that these locations out west are also the places where terminally ill people go off to with the remaining amounts of money they have in their savings just to be able to experience what they've only witnessed in postcards. They want to see the most beautiful places their country has to offer. And they got it.

The Laborious Effort to Edit "Western Heavens"

8-17-06: I worked for six straight hours on my "Western Heavens on Earth" video piece this afternoon. The software was crashing off and on, which redoubled my efforts to complete this juggernaut movie effort (made for \$0).

The Race to Finish Editing

9-1-06: Eric the Perfectionist worked from 9 a.m. to midnight on "finishing" the editing portion of "Western Heavens on Earth" because I needed closure... and I didn't want my computer to die on me before finishing this major personal project.

Make the Work Your Own

9-3-06: I also sorta hate the fact that Steve took practically the same photos as I, yet with a better still camera. It pains me to feel "brilliant", yet to see your own work looking identical to another's. As an artist, I have to make it my own. And that's what I'm desperately trying to do with this video editing project: making it my own.

Finished

9-6-06: I also managed to get my two "Western Heavens on Earth" DVDs burnt today, which involved a great deal of labor and concentration. But I feel it will make a wonderful visceral experience of

the vacation. So I couldn't help but feel that all these past few months of hard work will finally pay off with an actual product that I'm proud to present to other people of what I felt and witnessed out in the West.

"Western Heavens" Closure

9-19-06: The Tuesday started off with anxious, distressed feelings of how much work I might have to redo for my DVD interface for "Western Heavens on Earth" disk two with all those thousands of photos. It scared me to lose all that work time and energy I put into this project that I really wasn't getting any major reward or money back from. It was just my time and energy! I ended up going to school early around 10 a.m. to check and see if my project ended up opening okay or "crashing" like it was yesterday. Miraculously, it showed that it had opened. So I immediately set it off to burn the DVD. Yet like yesterday, it showed no activity in the burning process for the first 40 minutes, leaving me to wonder if it had froze up again. Thankfully, I got Kon's second opinion and let it go for a little bit longer when it finally showed that it was working. By 2 p.m. I had my burnt DVD and closure was close at hand at long last. What a morale booster!

9-20-06: After a massively tiring day of constant work at school, I did manage to make my DVD duplicates of "Western Heavens on Earth". I just need to finish the backup of the work and I'll be *done*. Closure, here I come!

A Piece Out of Passion for Nature

9-27-06: My sister Tanya called me up late tonight to express how much she and Steve liked my "Western Heavens on Earth" documentary. They were very impressed by how polished and professionally put together it was. Considering that they've been to many of those locations I had filmed, they were a direct target audience for appreciating the video. One of my former video students was asking about how I would market such a video. And my answer was: "I don't think there is a market for this." I couldn't sell it since the music in it is copyrighted. I mainly did the piece out of passion for nature and the need to capture what I saw, and then assemble it in a personally creative documentary movie. I did it as a portfolio piece, as well as a submission for the CCAD faculty show. And perhaps the most truthful aspect: I did it because I was bored during the summer and needed something to keep my creative, artistic mind occupied. There, I said it. I wanted to make art and I did. In the end, the main fundamental target audience was my own self. I made art that I would want to watch myself. If others enjoy it just as much, then I've hopefully succeeded.

Extra Features

Movie Chapters

1: Departure, 2: Denver, 3: Rockies, 4: Hail, 5: Tetons, 6: Yellowstone, 7: Buffalo, 8: Springs, 9: Geysers, 10: Steam, 11: Rainbows, 12: Tower, 13: Rushmore, 14: Badlands, 15: Chicago, 16: Finale.

"Western Heavens on Earth' Photo Montage" - (long version: 12 min.) - (short version: 5 min. 30 sec.)

Photo display on loop of the best shots of the 3000+ images I took on my Yellowstone vacation that were later color corrected. This is a still image presentation where you don't necessarily have to look at them all in one viewing, but to see them as wall-art as they dissolve from one image to the next. Each photo is up for 4 sec. stills with a 2 sec. cross-dissolves.

Music Credits: "Ma Vlast (My Homeland) by Bedrich Smetana, "Uranus, the Magician" and "Mars, the Bringer of War" by Gustav Holst.

"Side Stops" - (13 min.) - (2006)

The Colorado Zoo, camping outside Rocky Mt. National Park, Ripley's Believe It or Not! Museum, The Spam Museum.

"Trip Hijinks" - (4 min.) - (2006)

Trapped in a claustrophobic car with a bored 10-year-old! Trip Insanity: featuring Nicki's annoying background noises; "Duel 2: Live!".

"The Sun Ray Tree" - (4 min.) - (2006)

This is a very deceptive piece of video art that is at first boring and minimalistic with its long takes. But once you're on its wavelength of this fluttering sun light dance of sun rays to the classical music in the air, it's quite hypnotic to its visual and audio spell. It's mother nature's song. It's a stare into the sun.

For me, filming this piece and capturing little special moments like this was an important getaway to clear my mind of the stress and emotional fatigue that had been collecting for several months at work and in my personal life.

Filmed outside the south end of Grand Teton National Park.

Music credit: "Piano Concerto No. 2 – Adagio sostenuto" by Rachmaninoff.

"Western Heavens on Earth Trailer" - (2 min. 45 sec.) - (2006)

This is the promotional trailer of the movie.

"Western Heavens on Earth (Expressionistic Version)" - (2006) - (complete version: 1 hr. 28 min., short version: 19 min., trailer 2 min. 45 sec.) Abstract Video Documentary Art

This is an Expressionistic version of the movie documentary "Western Heavens on Earth". Only now, I applied how I *really* wanted the visuals to look with the saturation through the roof and a glowing bloom from the crazy natural landscapes. This is how I envisioned the piece to look as a moving work of abstract, Expressionistic art. When this is shown in a gallery environment, I wanted to get people's attention and blow their minds with the extreme visuals, wild colors, and distorted earth forms. I wanted to create Jupiter's surface on earth! In the Rocky Mountains, the snow glows! Everything feels magical and hypnotic. Waterfalls and geysers are incandescent.

And this is exactly how I wished our National Parks looked! This is definitely the real *me* pushing my art to the MAX and saturating the colors to their exploding point! I broke all the broadcast color rules! And it makes me laugh out LOUD when I see it come to being! I'm giddy with happiness to have created something so magical, surreal, and very much built from our natural landscapes. I've rarely created an art piece that was so close to how I envisioned it to being. So that is why my eyes pop out of their sockets when it sees some sequences from this piece. It's simply that astonishing that I actually made this!?!?!

"Response"

9-29-06: I was "happy" to get my revised, color-corrected version of "Western Heavens on Earth" to the exhibition opening on time. I knew that, realistically, hardly anyone would watch more than ten seconds of my movies that were being displayed, let alone put on some headphones to engage fully into the movie experience. That's the sacrifice of having a shared exhibition with over a hundred other faculty members. But at least people can see what work I've done.

MPAA Rating

Rated PG: for Bright, Saturated Colors and Abstract-Expressionistic Landscapes.

"Mixed Parts" - (2007) – Video Art DVD Compilation

Contents include:

"Garage Saler" - (6 min.)

"Colors" - (2 min.)

"Crazy Weather Patterns" - (2 min.)

"Movie Credits: The Movie" - (2 min.)

"The Lightning Zoo" - (8 min.)
"Wildlights: Light Love-Making" - (4 min.)
"Wilderrights" - (1 min.)
"Video Glows" - (8 min.)
"Video Glows ~ Short Version" - (1 min.)
"Lisa & Eric" - (8 min.)
"Autumn Falls" - (8 min.)
"Spring Art" - (13 min.)
"Spring Art: Spring Storms" - (13 min.)
"Spring Storms" - (13 min.)
"Motion Flames" - (4 min.)

"Garage Saler" - (2006) - (6 min.) Digital Video Art

This is a documentary on the near-fanatic subculture of garage sale consumers who make a hobby/lifestyle out of going to garage sales in search of fantastic bargains. Filmed mainly in the suburbs of Dayton, Ohio, the documentary follows one man, my own father, who has been "professionally" going to garage sales for several decades of his life. My father is one of the leaders in the Dayton garage sale counter-culture. He's seen several regulars who also scout out where the latest garage sales are throughout the city, cutting out their advertisements from the newspaper, and arranging them on a sheet of paper that he uses as a battle plan the next morning. He recounts what other types of people are drawn in the early hours of the morning every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in the summers to these bargain treasure hunts. Spring is the beginning of "garage sale season" where he goes out every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday mornings beginning at 7:15 a.m. to get the first look at the garage sales that might open before their scheduled 8 a.m. opening time.

He drives down the suburban roads in pursuit of garage sale bargains. Neither rain nor snow keeps him away from finding new treasures before others do. He scouts where the garage sales will be within a 20 mile radius of his home in south Dayton by cutting out the newspaper ad clippings for the garage sales. It's always a guessing game when he goes to each garage sale because he never quite knows what he will get or what the prices might be. Some garage sale items are ridiculously overpriced. Yet there are a select few where you find some remarkable bargain prices on rare, hard-to-find items. Sometimes it's a common household item that is remarkably low-priced that he might need, or one of his children might use. He is always on the hunt. Garage sales bring out all sorts of people, from the middle class to the lower class.

Alaskan Ulu knives was the strangest thing my dad ever got at a garage sale.

From My Journal

5-23-06: I finally interviewed my dad on camera with a microphone about his personal experiences within the subculture of garage sales. And incredibly, he was extremely articulate and forthcoming! He even seemed to enjoy himself in a way I've rarely witnessed. It was also special that we were bonding over something we were both sharing: a curiosity about why people go to garage sales. We had a unique father-son bonding experience. I was involving him directly in my art for the first time.

Titles

Throughout the suburbs of Dayton, Ohio... Staring "Professional Garage Saler" Les Homan...
"The Quest Continues... The Thrill of the Hunt... The Sense of Discovery... And The Treasures You Find."
Shot and Edited by Eric Homan.

Music Credits

"The Four Seasons/ Summer I. Allegro non molto" and "The Four Seasons/ Summer II. Adagio" by Antonio Vivaldi. This is the actual kind of soothing classical music my father listens to when driving around every morning in the pursuit of garage sale bargains.

"Staring 'Professional Garage Saler' Les Homan"

"Staring 'Professional Garage Saler' Les Homan". That is one of the first titles that you see at the beginning of this documentary short. It is what I would call a "happy accident". I meant to write "Starring 'Professional Garage Saler' Les Homan" rather than "Staring...". I thought about changing it. Yet as it turns

out, it works just as well!! The coinciding video under the text features the Garage Saler *staring* out at the garage sales he is about to attack and find his bargains. So the whole "Staring" logo reads as a sort of accidental misspelling *pun*... just for fun.

Is This Meant To Be Comedic?

I've gotten this question many times after people finished watching this documentary short. Well, yes and no. It's about obsessive lengths that some people go when trying to find the best bargains. That behavior can be seen as ridiculous by some. Yet to my father, it's normal and logical activity. Some people watch this documentary and think it's mainly an educational and informative view into the subculture of the people that go to garage sales. Yet others can look at it as a craziness with the bizarre things (or "junk" as some believe) one can find at garage sales. But it's all about perception. One person's junk can be another person's treasure. So if one sees this piece as humorous, that's fine by me. As long as it entertains, educates, and enlightens. If there's some laughter in there, I'm glad. My dad's a *funny person*.

"Garage Saler" - The Installation

For displaying this piece in the 2010 CCAD Faculty Show, I designed for the piece to be played on an older TV monitor and a used DVD player with price tags ("Make Offer") on them. Below the TV is a "Free" box of actual garage sale items. So the extra concept was to create a mini garage sale within an art gallery space itself.

3-17-10:

My Faculty Show video selection possibilities:

1. "Ryans Memory"
2. "Garage Saler"

Important information from Guest Curator of the 2010 Faculty Biennial: Hi Eric! Nice to see you again today! Could you send me a link to a few of your videos that are most recent and that you are most interested in. It would help me to choose, since you have so much work! Thanks!! Melissa

I haven't chosen which ones just yet. But I can send you these two I was thinking about submitting. It may change completely next week! <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XgtwWJaa7fI> - Garage Saler

<http://www.erichoman.com/web%20videos/soundpharm.mp4> - Soundpharm (This is somewhat older, but I've never publically shown it) -Eric Homan

Hi Eric! I really like garage sale piece! It's really great, would you show this? You don't have to decide now, but its really nice I had a vision of the video being played on a TV sitting on a pile of crates full of garage sale stuff! Anyhow let me know, Thanks! Melissa

That's my dad in that video! It's six minutes long, so it's one option. And I like your suggestion for presentation. I could have a cardboard box out front labeled "Free Box". -Eric

Yes! love the free box idea! And I don't think it will be too long, it's really nice to watch! -Melissa

"Colors" - (2006) - (2 min.) Computer Video Art

Abstract piece: hundreds of different colors and playing back at random frames per second to the tinkles of chimes.

The interesting aspect of this piece is to create a visual and audio experience so abstract that it removes you from the real world and places you on a different wavelength of consciousness. Once it's transported you, it's like being hypnotized by colors and reverberated sonics. You've just entered "Colors".

"Crazy Weather Patterns" - (2006) - (2 min.) Computer Video Art

"Crazy Weather Patterns": pink, white, and green abstract weather patterns would diagonally wind their ways across Ohio this winter season to create some of the most extraordinarily bizarre weather conditions of pink ice, silver snow, purple hail, white wind, and green rain.

"Crazy Weather Patterns" is also a visual connotation for our lives and relationships. These are the seasons of our storm.

“Movie Credits: The Movie” - (2006) - (2 min.)

Digital Video Art

Directed by Eric Homan

Music Credits: “The Four Seasons/ Spring. II Largo e pianissimo sempre” by Antonio Vivaldi.

Art Direction by Eric Homan.

A movie comprised only of scrolling credits. What fantastic and original satire entertainment!
(Inspired by the fact that several short films have credit sequences that last longer than the actual movie!)

Hello my sweet and sexy unsuspecting Guinea pig :). I have found a couple new recipes I would like to try out on you. One is called a Shepherd's Garden Pie the other is pesto asparagus lasagna. Here are the ingredients:

Shepard's Pie: onion, mushrooms, garlic, salt pepper, tofu crumbles, tomatoes, broccoli, cauliflower, vegetable broth, parsley, mashed potatoes. ...It would be made into a casserole dish and topped with cheese. I think it would go quite well with a certain yellow tail Shiraz :).

OR

Asparagus-Pesto Lasagna: This recipe uses two popular Italian lasagna fillings: asparagus and pesto.

1/3 cup all-purpose flour

3 1/2 cups low-fat milk, divided

6 Tbs. pesto*, or more to taste

2 Tbs. grated Parmesan cheese, plus additional for garnish, optional

1 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. ground black pepper

2 tsp. olive oil

1 1/4 lb. asparagus spears, tips cut off and reserved, spears trimmed and chopped into 1/4-inch pieces

1 clove garlic, minced (about 1 tsp.)

16 no-cook lasagna noodles (9 oz.)

2 cups shredded Fontana or part-skim mozzarella cheese (8 oz.), divided

Do either of those sound good to you? You are more than welcome over for dinner sometime this week if you have any free evening :). Much Love, L

“Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.”

March Unusual Holiday: March 1st: Peanut Butter Lover's Day, March 2nd: Old Stuff Day, 3rd: I Want You To Be Happy Day, 4th: Hug A GI Day, 5th: Multiple Personality Day, 6th: Dentist's Day, 7th: National Crown Roast Of Pork Day, 8th: Middle Name Pride Day, 9th: Barbie's Birthday, 10th: Merry March Day, 11th: Johnny Appleseed Day, 12th: Plant A Flower Day, 13th: Jewel Day, 14th: Nation Pi Day (Pi = 3.14; Get It?), 15th: Incredible Kid Day, 16th: Everything You Do Is Right Day, 17th: Submarine Day, 18th: National Quilting Day, 19th: Poultry Day, 20th: Big Bird's Birthday, 21st: Fragrance Day, 22nd: National Goof-Off Day, 23rd: National Chip And Dip Day, 24th: National Chocolate Covered Raisins Day, 25th: Waffle Day, 26th: Make Up Your Own Holiday Day, 27th: National “Joe” Day, 28th: Something On A Stick Day, 29th: Smoke And Mirrors Day, 30th: Doctor's Day, and 31st: National Clams On The Half Shell Day.

"She loves me. She loves me not. She loves me. She loves me not. She loves me. She loves me not...."

Ric is sick. Ed is dead. Take your pick. Or go to bed.

Toodles, Eric

“The Lightning Zoo” – 2006 - (8 min.) Digital Video Art

This is a tour of lightning stream zoo parade. An abstract assault on your senses are you ride through an electricity storm.

“Wildlights: Light Love-Making” – 2006 - (4 min.)

Digital Video Art

This is a collection of holiday colored lights from the Columbus Zoo during their “Wild

Lights” show where the zoo is transformed into a huge walking tour light show.

“Wilderlights” – 2006 - (1 min.) Digital Video Art

Short version of “Wildlights”, featuring the final minute that is sped up in an accelerated fashion.

“Video Glows” – 2006 - (8 min.) Digital Video Art

Abstract video art work set to a cacophonous sound design created in Soundtrack Pro.

“Video Glows ~Short Version” – 2006 - (short version – 1 min.) Digital Video Art

Condensed version of “Video Glows”.

“Lisa & Eric” – 2006 - (8 min.) Digital Video Art

This is a compilation of romantic photos of my girlfriend Lisa and I together through the first several months of us dating.

Music by “String Quartet n D minor, D810” by Franz Schubert.

“Autumn Falls” – 2006 - (8 min.) Digital Video Art

This motion graphics piece features falling pieces of autumn photography from a fall tree.

“Spring Art” – 2007 - (13 min.) Digital Video Art

“Spring is the air, though winter doesn’t care. There is a dance from one season to the next. After winter cries, spring arises. A Spring Dance. Smell nature’s Spring Art around you. After the despair of the cold, something to behold. Dreary limbs hanging thin. Blossom and grow, a fresh new spin. This is the Art of Spring. Wither and rebirth... Back and forth. Amazing and aging.”

Spring video footage mixed together with the winter season.

Music: “Impromptu in A flat, D899 No. 4” and “Impromptu in G flat, D899 No. 3” by Franz Schubert.

“Spring Art: Spring Storms” – 2007 - (13 min.) Digital Video Art

Remix of “Spring Art”, played in reverse with abstract, blown-out saturated hues on top of the spring video imagery. Set to the music of Justin Jason/ Soundpharm.

“Spring Storms” – 2007 - (13 min.) Digital Video Art

Abstract video art work set to the music of Justin Jason/ Soundpharm.

“Motion Flames” – 2007 - (4 min.) Digital Video Art

Mixed abstract particle effects created in the program Motion, double-exposed, and set to

the music of Justin Jason.

“Get Creative: Video Art DVD Compilation: Vol. 18” - (2007) – Video Art DVD Compilation

Contents include:

“Seasons of the Spring” - (15 min.)

“Seasons of the Spring” (Long Version) - (30 min.)

“Video Glows Macro” - (10 min.)

“Paints” - (1 min.)

“BOREDOM ART” - (infinity?)

“Jaws 69: Oral Sex Shark Attack!” - (4 min.)

“Cloud Parade” - (1 min.)

“Green Screened” - (6 min. 30 sec.)

“Color Screened (Don’t Do Drugs!)” - (2 min.)

“Adventures in Color Keying and Green Screen” - (9 min.)

“Dramatizations of a Proposal” - (2 min.)

“Sunflowers for Lisa: A Video Valentine” - (4 min.)

Approximate Running Time: 90 min.

“Seasons of the Spring” – 2007 - (15 min.) Digital Video Art (Narrated or Music Only versions available)

A photo journal reverie of emotional and physical changes caused by the spring season. This is a sister movie to my other spring piece, “Spring Art”.

The Battle of the Seasons

1-29-06: *This is what I wrote down, inspired from the experience in that park on Sunday afternoon:*

Another spring day in January, I walked through the neighboring park with cameras by my side to capture the essence of it. The wind gusts rushed through all who were lucky enough to be out and about within the nature maelstrom. Trees tickled me with their branches as I perched underneath them to take some dynamic photos. Leftover autumn leaves flapped wildly on the outreaching branches, desperately holding on. The gigantic clouds marching above signaled a rapidly moving weather front blowing through. Billowing white-gray rain clouds surfed the blue skies. Winter and spring are doing battle, with spring currently coming out winning. It was a dizzy of early spring season – a tease for all life to taste for just another day. Winter will be back, but we enjoy the win while it lasts.

Spring’s Emotional Fireworks

The weather outside is sneaking in with spring, and as always, this creates a bizarre emotional reaction in me. I want to start dancing around in the warm cool air and praise the return of the sun. But I chicken out because I don’t want anyone to call the cops on me. It’s SPRING OUTSIDE!! The cold and gloom and gray have faded away at last. It’s time for celebration and exercise. I walk around in a state of confusion of trying to figure out what to do first. I feel like running a marathon, creating art, juggling four balls in the air, and making love in the outdoors all at the same time. It’s so hard to choose which direction to go. My anticipation levels have reached some sort of weird atmosphere where they’re moving at ridiculous speeds and I can’t control them entirely. I’m free and I’m adrift in my emotional fireworks. I’m amiss in my own sense of purpose. My body’s molecules are going wild.

Spring’s Emotional Roller Coaster

It’s dangerous to be alive on these first few days of spring. Your body erupts with anticipation and excitement. And yet whenever your expectations are disappointed, it’s a hard manic-depressive fall in emotion. There’s a severe contrast to everything – beautiful weather, lost feelings. You can’t figure out what to do with yourself be walk around feeling confused and helpless, uncertain of how to make yourself

happy when bad news and stress arrives on such a perfect day. That's spring for you. It's so perfect outside, and you feel so imperfect inside and out. You stutter. You sweat. You smell. You burn. You can't think of things to say to your girlfriend during lunch. You're overwhelmed by bad news with enrollment at work. Maybe you and the sun should take anti-depressants. I feel like I'm dying of the slowest death. I'm the result in a crash of self-esteem and a change in weather patterns. Too many good things are happening to other people while I just here observing.

When Spring Strikes Back

My mind is wild and restless, and I can't quite figure out what to do with myself. There are too many things I want to do outside. But without someone to go out with biking, walking, out to eat, kayaking, or whatever, I find myself stagnant and disappointed. I'm lost in my own confusion. Life is "easier" during winter because you can't go out with overcast skies and dreary cold weather. You find yourself reading a book or watching a movie. But during spring, your body and mind are released... but you sometimes have to wonder what to do with yourself. What should I do now?

The Spring Tease

The weather in spring will have a few perfect days where the once bare trees suddenly blossom with white flowers across the city. It's a glorious time of sunshine awakening after a long winter of muted gray tones. We have several days of perfect 74 degree weather with blue skies erupted above us. Other trees burst with rainbow colors of Easter spring holidays. But these lovely days are last for two weeks until a hard rain (or a freak snow shower) brings them all down. What's left is overcast days and the trees are just green. The spring colors of white, purple, pink, yellow, and green are simplified to just green. It goes to show that a perfect season does not last for long.

Spring Art

"Spring is the air, though winter doesn't care. There is a dance from one season to the next. After winter cries, spring arises. A Spring Dance. Smell nature's Spring Art around you. After the despair of the cold, something to behold. Dreary limbs hanging thin. Blossom and grow, a fresh new spin. This is the Art of Spring. Wither and rebirth... Back and forth. Amazing and aging."

Reflections of a Late May Day Sunday Morning

Something in me just requires to be in nature when it gets so gorgeous outside. I take myself, my still digital camera, video camera, and my imagination to a local park for some peace, quiet, innocence, sunbeam embraces, green scenery, and other natural colors of a spring rainbow saturating the environment. God, I adore it and how it heals me inside. I found a bench in the park where I could hear no street traffic or people. Just the breeze swaying the trees around me. I cannot deny that this seclusion gives me one of the happiest sensations in life. But it is not necessarily solitude when I am on this level of spiritual communication with Mother Nature. It reminds me of my trips as a child to the local park in my hometown of Coldwater that was just blocks away from our home. It's like walking through my past in the pathways of nostalgia.

Spring Is Gone

Spring seems to only last a moment and then it's gone. Unlike summer and winter, spring blossoms bloom all over for just barely a week. Then suddenly, one day every tree sprouts its leaves and the white, pink, purple, and yellow blossoms fall to the ground leaving a mass of green in its wake. Where once we had gorgeous displays of Easter spring colors are now coated in green. I suppose that is why I took so many pictures the past week... to preserve its beauty and memory. Yet it doesn't hold its fragrance in the air.

Music Credits

"Air on A G' String" by Johann Sebastian Bach, "Polovtsian Dance No.17 'Stranger In Paradise'" by Alexander Borodin, and "Solvieg's Song" by Edvard Grieg.

"Seasons of the Spring" (Long Version) - (2007) - (30 min.) Digital Video Art

A gallery of spring photography from the spring of 2006, shot around Ohio, set to selections of affecting, relaxing, yet powerful classical music.

Music Credits

"Air On A G' String" by Johann Sebastian Bach, "Polovtsian Dance No.17' Stranger In Paradise" by Alexander Borodin, "Barcarole From Tales Of Hoffmann" by Jacques Offenbach, "Solvieg's Song" by Edvard Grieg, and "Notturmo (String Quartet No. 2 in D)" by Alexander Borodin.

"Video Glows Macro" – 2007 - (10 min.) Digital Video Art

Remixed version of "Video Glows": Abstract video art work set to a cacophonous sound design by Justin Jason.

"BOREDOM ART" – 2007 - (infinity?) Digital Video Art

Have the words "BOREDOM ART" up on a screen looping for infinity with nothing else happening. It's dada and surrealism in a sexy dance! "Sir, you suck" replied on spectator to my work of "art". I laughed and laughed and laughed.

I had just had two of my video works in the CCAD faculty show and neither of them got much attention or recognition. In fact, I noticed that on average the casual museum attendee spent approximately three seconds per piece in the show that consisted of over three hundred individual works. Feeling discouraged by this (obviously) since my Video Art Pieces were 3 min. and 17 min., I wanted to do something that would grab the viewer's attention immediately and get a reaction. In fact, I felt inspired by that very situation of a lack of interest and time from the viewer at hand. I came up with the phrase "BOREDOM ART" because it sounded so funny and ironic to me. Art should be stimulating, yet the casual viewer was finding most art to be passive and uninteresting to them. So perhaps the art needed to be more direct, angry, and even offensive in order to make someone spend more than three seconds "taking in" your work. So I made this "poetry piece" that just read "BOREDOM ART" and never ended. It was the anti-climatic movie. It was a still image with elevator music in a museum of "high art" that made fun of itself and even the viewer own Attention Deficit Disorder or lack of interest. I wanted to make the viewer to get a reaction and wake them up with a laugh or a smile. If I get them angry, it's better than them not responding at all, if I may be so fucking bold. I'm sick of people not caring about my artwork. I want them to care. I've burned my soul out for them goddamn recognition and attention. So here's some blessed BOREDOM in capital letters to make you happy, ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys of all ages. Hurray!

"Jaws 69: Oral Sex Shark Attack!" – 2007 - (4 min.) Digital Video Surrealism/ Dada Art

One Word Before You Judge

This is meant for humor and creativity sake. If you are offended by PG-13 rated sex comedy, don't watch this. Otherwise, enjoy! I know that this piece is somewhat "sexist", moderately offensive, and perverted – but in a playful way! How wants to be politically-correct all the time?!? And this is done out of a creative humor. You don't want to stop the human race from being creative, do you? Otherwise, we'd all end up Republicans! (I kid... sort of.)

The Controversial, "Explicit" Content

At first viewing, this video short piece may seem extremely dirty with young women "giving head" to great white sharks. But in truth, it was carefully assembled together so that there was absolutely no nudity or sexual situations at all on screen. In fact, everything "explicit" was in the dirty minds of the viewer! I simply *suggested* things that could be considered sexual. The title "Jaws 69" itself could to a

naïve person or children be nothing more than just another Jaws sequel. (Lord knows, Hollywood may one day make enough sequels to go that high. So it's a bit of a parody on Hollywood's sequelitis syndrome as well. I just love sticking it to Hollywood's lack of ideas since they make so much money off of milking their film series.) And all those pictures of young women sticking their heads in fake shark mouths as if they're about to be swallowed whole and eaten are done in a cheerful, playful manner. There is nothing sexual about it until the title of "*Hot Young Women Giving Head!*" comes up. If someone takes the title literally, that's exactly what they're naively doing! Nothing dirty about that at all. Yet once the implied sexual overtones of oral sex are introduced in the imagination of the viewer, that is where it suddenly gets "explicit". Most children (I hope) will have no idea that this piece has "adult" content in it.

On a side note, part of the coded sexuality of this piece was inspired by seeing a "TV-G" rating for the old 1960s Batman TV show, which to me, was loaded with bondage for a "kid's show". And Catwoman's skintight costume reportedly sent tens of thousands of adolescent boys into puberty. So much for "TV-G".

The Text

"Coming Soon..."

"First came Jaws. Then the wave of sequels. Now comes... Jaws 69!"

"Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the water..."

"One Good Bite Deserves Another!"

"69 Hot Young Women Giving Head!"

"If You Forgot What Terror Was Like... It's Back!"

"Jaws: 69, Hot Young Women: 0"

Assembled, edited, and perverted by Eric Homan, from using found Internet images of women posing in shark's mouths from various tourist trap attraction sites. Scuba underwater footage by Hazel Tarr. Other Jaws images were promotional posters that were also found on the Internet.

69 Woman-eater Sharks. (Flashing more pictures of women in the mouths of sharks!) Jaws 69!!!

The Origin

Well, the origin of this whole twisted idea came from watching some video work of one of my own students, Hazel Tarr, who was doing a scuba diving video footage from the Caribbean. The opening subliminally inspired all this perverse nonsense! It was upon looking at and critiquing her scuba diving video that I noticed the sharks were getting a little too friendly with a male scuba diver that was "feeding them". Afraid that the footage might be accidentally too unintentionally "pornographic", I told her to edit it out and use some other shots instead. Yet then I thought about the inspired humor of a creating a new Jaws sequel, just as a comedy. I remembered a proposed Jaws sequel spoof that was supposed to have happened in the early 80's called National Lampoon's "Jaws 3, People 0". It was even written by my future "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" and "Home Alone" writer John Hughes. I thought it might be a great opportunity to make a short movie pitch for a future "Jaws" movie that was part pop culture surrealist comedy (ala National Lampoon's), part sex comedy ("American Pie"). So I assembled together a short movie pitch for the new Jaws film... "Jaws 69: Oral Sex Shark Attack!" (It was originally titled "Jaws 69: Shark Attack Bestiality"! Then I got all conversative and called it "Jaws 69: Shark Love Attack", which I ended up changing because it didn't hammer in the point that this was a *woman-eater* shark!) Yes, there are many "sick" sex jokes throughout this piece. But the main source of creative content is trying to find the correlation between oral sex and shark attacks.

I was also inspired by a particular scene from the summer popcorn film "Deep Blue Sea" featuring a cast of genetically engineered sharks that end up snacking on the scientists that created them. In one scene, a hot blonde is eaten from between her legs. One could interpret the act as the shark giving the woman oral pleasure... just with teeth. In the scene, the woman emerges from under the water with her arms reaching out as the shark has her in its mouth from having "taken her" from under the water. She sinks back into the water slowly as the shark gobbles her away. As I saw this scene, I wondered if it wasn't actually some sort of sick sexual joke shark attack...?

To add some extra content to the movie rather than just make it just about sharks giving head to scuba divers, I wanted to use the concept that shark attacks and sex were one in the same. And the actual look on some people's faces when they are being attacked (if you take a still from any of the Jaws movies) shows that it might just be an orgasm that is on their faces! You be the judge of what is *really* going on under those murky waters! All it takes is a little imagination and you might be able to see the light clearly.

You take a bunch of beautiful young people in skintight and skimpy swimsuits and you've got a sex/ horror movie comedy romp of epic and intimate proportions!

And there has always been a sexual connotation to the "Jaws" films starting with the opening scene of the original film and its movie poster: a beautiful young naked woman is swimming in the water with a huge phallic looking shark coming up to get her. It's an overt sexual image with a rape metaphor mixed in.

Imagine: A grinning mechanical shark in "Jaws 5, People 0" that enjoys eating sexy bathers with a ridiculous perverted smile. So who's on the menu? Katie Holmes... J Lo... Jane Fonda... Lea Thompson....

The Title

I figured the title would get by the MPAA (the Motion Picture rating board) since they're notorious for not picking up on sexual title references until too late, as was the case with "South Park: Bigger, Longer, and Uncut" and "Knocked Up".

A Parody on Hollywood's Endless Sequels

I also found the title of "Jaws 69" to be a fairly funny parody (or will it actually come to be?) of how many sequels there are to Hollywood movies. I mean, how many James Bond films have they made so far? 27? 42? I've sincerely lost count. And that doesn't necessarily count the spin-offs and parodies of James Bond either (Austin Powers, In Like Flint, The Bourne films). So it's quite possible that one day in the future there will be a "Jaws 69". I believe it was in "Back to the Future: Part II" where they had a theater showing "Jaws 10" with a 3D shark hologram coming out to eat Michael J. Fox.

Marvin Gaye

I especially like how Marvin Gaye's screams and moans in the song "I Want You" can both be interpreted as something sexual or tarrying... or both at the same time! Is he having an orgasm or watching his lover get eaten by a giant great white shark? The surrealism to one's imagination is endless. Or maybe Marvin Gaye's voice is the voice of the shark itself singing over and over again: "I want you... the right way... I want you."

Music Credits

"Jaws Main Theme" by John Williams.

"I Want You" by Marvin Gaye.

"Paints" - (2007) - (1 min.) Digital Video Art

Watch an abstract painting splatter onto canvas.
Music by Justin Jason.

"Cloud Parade" - (2007) - (1 min.) Digital Video Art

The march of clouds in the blue sky above. Witnessed by Eric Homan.
Music: "Romanze from Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

"Adventures in Color Keying and Green Screen" - 2007 - (9 min.) Digital Video Art

Edited by Eric Homan, featuring the cast of Video II through the years in our studio days working with green and blue screen video shooting. These are the hijinks that happened.

"Green Screened" - 2007 - (6 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

Edited by Eric Homan featuring the Spring '07 Video II class in the studio shooting improvisational video footage.

Music: "Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67 III. Allegro (attaca)" by Ludwig van Beethoven.

"Colors Screened (Don't Do Drugs!)" – 2007 - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

Remixed version of "Green Screened" with abstracted color embossing in After Effects and audio reverb distortion in Soundtrack Pro.

"Eric & Lisa: Special Limited Collector's Edition" – Video/ Photo DVD Compilation of Our Lives Together

This was made to be given as a wedding gift DVD to be given to the members of our wedding party.

UNRATED Contents include:

Disk One:

"Eric & Lisa's Home Movies" – (1 hr. 5 min.)

"Fireworks Reinterpreted" – (9 min.)

"My Nephew Jonathan's Baptism" – (4 min.)

"The Santa Funhouse" – (2 min.)

"The Sunflower Garden" – (2 min.)

"Lisa's Happy Holiday Decorations" – (20 sec.)

Approximate Running Time for Disk One: 86 min.

Disk Two:

"Eric & Lisa's First Year Together" - (1 hr.)

"Our Life Picture Show" – (12 min.)

"Dramatizations of a Proposal" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"Sunflowers for Lisa: A Video Valentine" - (4 min.)

Approximate Running Time for Disk Two: 79 min.

"Eric & Lisa's Home Movies" – 2007 - (1 hr. 5 min.) Digital Video Documentary Art

This features over a year's worth of video footage from the first year that Lisa and I were together. It was over five hours of footage edited down to just over an hour.

Captions

"Eric & Lisa's Home Movies. From Our First Year Together. Footage from our first few dates... Yes, this is what our first few dates were like... spotting a deer in a park... Farewell to Summer After-brunch, Germantown Dam... Columbus Marathon - the walkers start first. Then the riders start. Columbus Mayor Coleman. 9/11 deja vu anyone? And now the runners!! 2 hours later... Cuyahoga Valley National Park... Circleville Pumpkin Festival... Slate Run Historical Farm... Halloween... Lisa's grandmother... Thanksgiving... Lisa's Innocent/ Dirty Holiday Decorations... Family Fun!... Clifton Mill holiday lights... Too Many Santas!!... Christmas... Columbus Zoo Wildlights... Old Man's Cave in the Hocking Hills... Franklin Park Conservatory... Hayden Run Falls... Glacier Ridge Metro Park... "Holy Lisa"... Tempted by the Snake... Back at the Falls... Highbanks Metro Park... A Love of Nature... Dreaming of a White Easter... "Corn Cemetery" Dublin, OH... This is why I love this woman... Back to the falls, but for what?... A Marriage Proposal!... A Homan family walk... Columbus Park of Roses... "Hubert the Snail"... Niagara Falls, Canada... Fireworks in Rain... Ripley's Believe It or Not! Odditorium... Maid of the Mist... A Butterfly House... Another wax museum!... A State Park in Erie, PA... Park of Roses Rose Festival... Picnic at Lois and Dale's... Dogfight!... Alum Creek State Park... ComFest... The gay pride parade!... The day after my nephew Jonathan's birth... Back to the "Waterfall". Where did it go?... Red, White & Boom downtown Columbus... Kayaking on the river... Columbus' 4th of July Doo Dah Parade... It's Captain Ohio!... Taking the ferry to... Put-In-Bay, South Bass Island... Lisa's friends, Tom and Brian,

kayaking over... On the Jet Express to Kelley's Island... Kelley's Island Glacial Grooves... Waving Leaves... Yikes! A snake!... Perry's Monument... Crystal Cave... Perry's Cave... Here comes Tom and Brian kayaking in the morning... Harry Potter book release night at Borders... Deer at my dad's church... 2007 Homan Family Reunion... 2007 Ohio State Fair... Riding the Giant Yellow Slide of Doom!... Dogs making out!!... Pig Race!... Kitty time!... At Lisa's parents' place Zanesville, OH... The Ewok doggie... My "Proposal" to Lisa's brother Donny... Zanesville Dam... Inniswoods Metro Park... Cox Arboretum, South Dayton... The arrival of the cats at the new home... Moving in... Kitty Treat Time!... Pumpkin Patch Pickin'... Slate Run Metro Park... To be continued... Videotaped and edited by Eric Homan. Fin.

The Music

"I Remember You" by Frank Ifield, "Doctor! Doctor!" by Thompson Twins, "Don't Get Me Wrong" by The Pretenders, "Take On Me" by A-Ha, "Cherish" by Kool & the Gang, "Aurora" by Björk, "Somewhere Only We Know" by Keane, "As Long As You Follow" by Fleetwood Mac, "Just Like Heaven" by The Cure, "Love, Reign O'er Me" by The Who, "Dreams" by Van Halen, "I Don't Want To Live Without You" by Foreigner, "We Have All The Time In The World" by Louis Armstrong, "Good Vibrations" by Beach Boys, "Bizarre Love Triangle" by New Order, "In the Name of Love" by Thompson Twins, and "My Cherie Amour" by Stevie Wonder.

"Fireworks Reinterpreted" – (2007) – 9 min. Digital Video Art

Footage originally filmed at 2007 "Red, White & Boom" in downtown Columbus. My goal was to "reinvent" a fireworks display by multiplying, duplicating, altering and animating hues, distorting and exploding glowing colors, and overall wild image manipulation. This is an Abstract-Expressionistic canvas. In the end, it became the ultimate crazy and out-of-control, over-the-top, grand finale spectacular fireworks show to end of all fireworks shows! The finale features the birth of several new galaxies and nebulas. I hope this show comes close!

Music Credits

"The Star-Spangled Banner", "Purple Haze", and "Woodstock Improvisation" by Jimi Hendrix.

"My Nephew Jonathan's Baptism" – (2007) – 4 min. Digital Video Art

Baptism footage from my nephew Jonathan's special day.

"The Santa Funhouse" – (2007) – 2 min. Digital Video Art

This was a crazy Santa house that I went into at Clifton Mill holiday lights. They must have had over a thousand Santas in there. Some of which were incredibly creepy, especially when many of them were laughing at the same time!!!

"The Sunflower Garden" – (2007) – 2 min. Digital Video Art

Filmed at Cox Arboretum, South Dayton. -For Lisa

Music Credits

"Of the Forest" by Hans Zimmer

"Lisa's Happy Holiday Decorations" – (2007) – (20 sec.) Digital Video Art

Lisa's Innocent, Yet Dirty Holiday Decorations: "The Christmas Gang-Bang".

“Eric & Lisa’s First Year Together” - (2007) - (1 hr.) Digital Video Art

A Photographic Journey through the Eyes of Eric Homan.
Features photos that I took during our various adventures of living life together.

What It’s About

I showed this video at Lisa and my wedding reception. I was quite passionate about showing it there since it showcases so many things about the two of us that the majority of those in attendance don’t know much about us! I mean most of our relatives really don’t know what our likes and personalities are! They’re just there because they’re family and they were invited. I felt strongly that as part of the celebration, Lisa and I should represent and express who we are as individuals and as a couple. Through a year’s worth of photos that I had taken when Lisa and I first started dating, I wanted to present what our loves were (especially Lisa’s love for animals and her two cats), what type of sense of humor we share (sometimes wonderfully wacky and perverse), what our romantic and tender moments were like, the parks and places we journeyed to that we loved going to, what our interests are (books, comics), our places of work, and exhibit what my artistic photography portfolio all at the same time! Most of my relatives don’t know anything about my artistic side. So this was an opportunity to present in a time-based fashion a video slideshow of what I’ve been compulsively taking pictures of. Also, the love-song music soundtrack that goes along with the photos expresses another layer of who I am: the *passionate* music lover. And on top of it all, the photos feature many of the people that we invited to our wedding: family, friends, and work colleagues. It’s about them as much as it is about Lisa and I! So why not showcase them in a special hour-long video that plays in the background during our wedding reception? This whole piece is a trip down memory lane set to a lovely, nostalgic soundtrack of songs that I adored throughout my childhood to my adulthood. It’s a video celebration of two people coming together and their lives together.

The Adventures

Franklin Park Conservatory, Worthington Farmer’s Market, Highbanks Metro Park, Pickerington Ponds Metro Park, Park of Roses, Cuyahoga Valley National Park, Lisa at the Columbus Half Marathon, Circleville Pumpkin Festival, Slate Run Metro Park, Ryan and Megan Treptow’s Wedding, Lisa with her grandmother, Thanksgiving, Scioto Park Leatherlips Sculpture, Columbus Zoo Wildlights, Downtown Worthington, Downtown Yellow Springs, Clifton Mill Holiday Lights, Christmas with the Homan Family, Antrim Park, Columbus Zoo Wildlights, Jungle Jim’s Market, Old Man’s Cave, Franklin Park Conservatory, A Talk, with Harvey Pekar at OSU, Jabba the Catt, St. Patrick’s Day Parade in Dublin, OH, Glacier Ridge Metro Park, Hayden Run Falls, Highbanks Metro Park, Inniswoods Metro Park, Easter, “Corn Cemetery” Dublin, OH, Sharon Woods Metro Park, Kayaking on the Sciota River, Hayden Run Falls, Dramatization of Our Proposal, German Village, Walking with the Homan Family, Columbus Asian Festival, Columbus Park of Roses, Blendon Woods Metro Park, Niagara Falls, Canada, Erie, PA State Park, Roses Festival, Park of Roses, Cookout at Lois and Dale’s, Worthington Arts Festival, Alum Creek State Park, ComFest, Birth of Eric’s second nephew Jonathan, Highbanks Metro Park, Red, White & Boom 4th of July at Downtown Columbus, Doo Dah Parade, Trip to Put-n-Bay, Kelley’s Island, Glacial Grooves State Memorial, Harry Potter Book Release Night at Borders, Whole Lotta Homans (Homan Family Reunion), Lara and Eric Limbert’s Wedding, The Ohio State Fair, Finding Our New Home, my nephew Jonathan’s Baptism, Cookout with the Rericha Family, Zanesville, OH, *To be continued...!*

The Music

“Anthem 2” by Philip Glass, “Genius of Love” by Tom Tom Club, “Hold Me Now” by Thompson Twins, “I Don’t Want To Live Without You” by Foreigner, “Show Me the Way” by Peter Frampton, “Follow You Follow Me” by Genesis, “Fooled Around and Fell in Love” by Elvin Bishop, “Heart of Gold” by Neil Young, “Here, There and Everywhere” by The Beatles, “I Saw the Light” by Todd Rundgren, “Moondance” by Van Morrison, “Perfect Day” by Lou Reed, “Thank You” by Led Zeppelin, and “Heroes” by David Bowie.

“Our Life Picture Show” – 2007 - (12 min.) Digital Video Art

By Eric Homan and Lisa Rericha. Digitally Assembled by Eric Homan.

This is a collection of photos from Eric and Lisa's childhood and adolescence, cumulating to when we finally met.

Eric's childhood photos were mostly taken by Elizabeth Homan, my mother, because she was the one usually taking the pictures of the family at "special" occasions. It features the stages of my early life of my first 18 years as the "Youth of Eric Homan" and the "Adolescence of Eric Homan". You can see me grow from child to teen to adult.

Sights

Franklin Park Conservatory, Circleville Pumpkin Festival, Slate Run Metro Park, Cuyahoga Valley National Park, Columbus Zoo, Clifton Mill Holiday Lights, Christmas with the Homan Family, Franklin Park Conservatory, Highbanks Metro Park, Inniswoods Metro Park, "Corn Cemetary" Dublin, OH, Dramatization of Our Proposal, Trip to Niagara Falls, Birth of Eric's second nephew Jonathan, Harry Potter Book Release Night at Borders, Trip to Put-n-Bay, my nephew Jonathan's Baptism. *To be continued...!*

Music Credits

Featuring music by Neil Young, Eric's favorite musician.

"I am a Child" by Neil Young - set to photos of my childhood.

"Sugar Mountain" by Neil Young – set during my adolescence and young adulthood.

"Your Song" by Elton John.

"In Your Eyes" by Peter Gabriel.

"Maybe I'm Amazed" (live) by Paul McCartney and Wings.

"Dramatizations of a Proposal" - (2007) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

Wherever should one propose to the love of their life? What is fact and what is fantasy with the romantic memory of a proposal? Niagara Falls? Paris, France? Saint Michel, France? On the deck of the U.S.S. Enterprise?!? (from Star Trek), Hogwarts?!? (from Harry Potter), The Reality: Hayden Run Falls, Columbus, Ohio. For Lisa, From Your Dreamer.

On the way back, Eric crosses into an unknown future! Will he survive?! Oh, the Drama!!

Music: "Moon River" by Henry Mancini.

"The Many Proposals of Eric Homan and Lisa Rericha"

7-14-07: Lisa and I got re-engaged at several other famous places: Niagara Falls, Paris, Hogwarts, and the bridge of the U.S.S. Enterprise. Only the best for my baby!

"Sunflowers for Lisa: A Video Valentine" - (2007) - (4 min.) Digital Video Art

This is a compilation of various sunflower images, from the golden fields in France to Post-Impressionist paintings. Compiled and Edited by Eric Homan. Music: "The Dance #1" by Laraaji with Brian Eno.

"Natural Deformations" - (2007) – Video Art DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"Natural Deformations" – (31 min.)

"Natural Deformations: Part Two" – (31 min.)

"Super Natural Deformations" – (32 min.)

"Unnatural Deformations" – (2 min.)

"Wildlight Video Glows" – (13 min.)

"Natural Deformations" – 2007 - (31 min. looped) A Time-Based Photo/ Digital Video Art

By and of Eric Homan.

This is an artistic synthesis about combining a human face of awe and wonderment merged with images of the surrounding and all-encompassing nature. The face becomes part of the wild by bearing witness to her. This is what a human being within Mother Nature would be like. Sometimes the transformations and deformations are disturbing; some are beautiful and hypnotic.

“I am witness to the wonders that I have seen. They become part of me. I become the landscape. I marry Mother Nature because I fell in love with her. I was in awe of what was around me. It froze my face and heightened my emotions. I entered her and she entered me. This is the beauty that became...”

Idea Genesis

4-15-07: My face in awe overlaid on top of my Yellowstone vacation footage as a video piece from my personal perspective visualized. I wanted to visualize becoming one with the environment and nature. It was a spiritual experience – a unity together... a finding of one another in each other’s face. Be a scarred face of a side of a gray rocky mountain.

Music Credits

“Scherzo No. 1 in B minor, Op. 20”, “Three Nocturnes, Op. 9: No. 3 in B major”, “Twelve Etudes, Op. 10: No. 5 in G flat major”, “Twelve Etudes, Op. 25: No. 10 in B minor”, “24 Preludes, Op. 28: No. 13 in F sharp major”, “24 Preludes, Op. 28: No. 14 in E flat minor”, “24 Preludes, Op. 28: No. 15 in D flat major ‘Raindrops’”, “24 Preludes, Op. 28: No. 16 in B flat minor”, and “24 Preludes, Op. 28: No. 18 in F minor” by Frederic Chopin.

“Natural Deformations: Part Two” – 2007 - (31 min. looped) A Time-Based Photo/ Digital Video Art

By and of Eric Homan.

This is an artistic synthesis about combining a human face of awe and wonderment merged with images of the surrounding and all-encompassing nature. The face becomes part of the wild by bearing witness to her. This is what a human being within Mother Nature would be like. Sometimes the transformations and deformations are disturbing; some are beautiful and hypnotic.

“I am witness to the wonders that I have seen. They become part of me. I become the landscape. I marry Mother Nature because I fell in love with her. I was in awe of what was around me. It froze my face and heightened my emotions. I entered her and she entered me. This is the beauty that became...”

Music Credits

“Scherzo No. 1 in B minor, Op. 20”, “24 Preludes, Op. 28: No. 17 in A flat major”, “Scherzo No. 2 in B minor, Op. 31”, “Waltz in E flat major, Op. 18”, “Nocturne in C sharp minor, Op. posth.”, “Four Mazurkas, Op. 24: No. 3 in A flat major”, “Four Mazurkas, Op. 24: No. 4 in B flat major”, and “24 Preludes, Op. 28: No. 18 in F minor” by Frederic Chopin.

“Super Natural Deformations” – 2007 - (32 min. looped) A Time-Based Photo/ Digital Video Art

This is an artistic synthesis about combining a human face of awe and wonderment merged with images of the surrounding and all-encompassing nature. The face becomes part of the wild by bearing witness to her. This is what a human being within Mother Nature would be like. Sometimes the transformations and deformations are disturbing; some are beautiful and hypnotic.

“I am witness to the wonders that I have seen. They become part of me. I become the landscape. I marry Mother Nature because I fell in love with her. I was in awe of what was around me. It froze my face and heightened my emotions. I entered her and she entered me. This is the beauty that became...”

This is a hybrid, double-exposed version of “Natural Deformations” with “Wildlight Video Glows”, “Video Glows”, and then all three at the same time (!!!). In the end, it’s a self-portrait of such, of a most extreme sense. It’s a picture of me staring up in awe with hundreds of photos playing and overlaying my face as I experience too much of

the world on top of myself. Again, it's a video remix made to be the ultimate in surrealistic entertainment assault on your very senses! Enjoy!

This is basically as close as I have ever gotten to what I envision an Abstract-Expressionistic photo-video self-portrait would look like.

This is me being as loose, experimental, and as crazy as I like to be. Absolutely no drugs were used in the making of this project, damn it! The ability to experiment is all I needed.

The 2008 CCAD Faculty Show Opening Reception

10-2-08: The 2008 CCAD Faculty Show opening reception was this late afternoon and I was pretty humbled by the work of my colleagues to have my own work next to their own. I had "Super Natural Deformations" there, a wildly experimental video piece of my face with four or five layers of photography and video playing over it. It was rather awkward to show any of my work to a "public" since it's showing a crazier, looser, more creative side of my personality that I rarely show, let alone to my students, fellow faculty, or to my wife. I just hoped that no one thought I was on some serious drugs. I really wasn't trying to prove anything to anyone there and my expectations were fairly low for what people thought of my work. It's a self-portrait of such, of a most extreme sense. It's a picture of me staring up in awe with hundreds of photos playing and overlaying my face as I experience too much of the world on top of myself. If anything, it's just going to make people think I'm more nuts than I already am. "Ohhh, I like the colors!" exclaimed one of my impressionable sophomore students who'll like pretty much any piece of "art" their teachers shows them. All in all, I personally was really impressed with my colleagues work, though. I'm honored to be teaching with so much talent.

"Unnatural Deformations" – 2007 - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

Hybrid, double-exposed version of "Natural Deformations". Basically, it's a video remix.

"Wildlight Video Glows" – 2007 - (13 min.) Digital Video Art

Remixed version of "Wildlights", "Spring Storms", and "Video Glows" double-exposed on top of each other for maximum experimental abstract effect!

"Comic Book Culture: An Examination of the Comic Book Allure" – Documentary Video DVD

"Comic Book Culture: An Examination of the Comic Book Allure" – 2007 - (40 min. documentary)

"Comic Book Culture: Extra Galleries" – 2007 - (50 min.)

Extra: "Scott Crawford: Comic Book Costume Designer" - (11 min. 30 sec.)

(Total Running Time: 101 min.) A Personal Documentary/ Video Journal Essay

(Note: This is a FAN film, no copyright damage intended, no money earn expected, this is only a tribute to those marvellous characters, their writers, artists, and creators. I made with no money. This documentary contains images and music that are not my own. They are used under the "Fair Use" law, and I make no profit from this project. I make no claim to their ownership. All rights to the documentary itself belong to Eric Homan of Columbus, Ohio and it should not be copied without my expressed consent.)

Issue #1. "Suggested for Mature, Open-Minded Viewers". APPROVED BY THE HOMAN CODE AUTHORITY.

-*"Watch with an open mind, unconverted ones."* -Eric Homan

Some of the content was somewhat inspired by the autobiographical nature of the comic book series "American Splendor" by Harvey Pekar, especially his dealing with loneliness and self-introspection. I tried to evoke that as well with this documentary. A self-portrait through comics.

“American Splendor” meets comic book appreciation documentary – it’s a mix of autobiographic comic book meets the documentary video format.

The Synopsis on Back DVD Cover

“*Comic Book Culture* is an exploration of the various benefits and riches attributed to comic books and graphic novels. This documentary ventures into comic book stores and conventions - peak inside for a glimpse of what it’s like. This examination of the medium also probes into why adults still continue reading comics beyond one’s adolescence. Search out the fantasy and creativity within comic books that Hollywood movies cannot hope to achieve. This movie exposes what’s personally alluring about comics while demystifying the geek stigma around it. Enjoy the wildly diverse and critically-acclaimed comic books that are available. This is one fan’s personal exploration into the walls of wonderment within the imagination and art of comic books. For those who forgot how to dream – these are the dreams you’ve missed. *Look inside.*”

Menu Chapter Contents:

Opening Quotes

Where to Look – 4 min.

Inside Comic Book Stores – 3 min.

A Comic Book Store is a Working Class Museum – 1 min.

Inside Comic Book Conventions – 3 min.

The Psychology of Comic Book Allure – 1 min.

Electrify Your Emotions and Imagination – 6 min.

Exploring Comics as Creative Fuel – 2 min.

Comics as a Resource for Creativity – 2 min.

Defending Comics – 2 min.

The New Ideas – 2 min.

Highly Recommended Comic Book Series and Graphic Novels – 3 min.

Collecting Comic Books – 2 min.

A Gallery of Comic Book Covers, Inspiration, and Art – 4 min.

A Gallery of Comic Book Stores and Conventions – 5 min.

Read These Extraordinary Comic Book Writers

Music Credits and End Credits

A Gallery of Dreams from the World of Neil Gaiman – 7 min.

A Gallery of Dreams from "The Sandman" by Dave McKean – 5 min.

Cover Gallery: "Animal Man" – 5 min.

Cover Gallery: "Daredevil" – 3 min.

Cover Gallery: "The Punisher" – 3 min.

Cover Gallery: "Lone Wolf and Cub" – 2 min.

Cover Gallery: "Miracleman" – 2 min.

Cover Gallery: "New X-Men" – 2 min.

Cover Gallery: "Planetary" – 2 min.

Cover Gallery: "Cerebus" – 1 min.

Assorted Comic Book Cover Art Gallery – 17 min.

Opening Quotes

“All I’ve ever wanted is to see things that no one else has. And then show them to everybody else.” –From the comic book *Ocean #2*, written by Warren Ellis.

Looking to comics to light one’s imagination with possibilities.

Where to Look

It begins with discovering comics at various comic book stores... This was a discovery mission. Searching to fire up the imagination... It was within... Within countless boxes... Award-winning graphic novels. Majestic fantasy and creative inspiration. Great art and amazing stories and ideas! From some of the most creative minds in the world... and from some of the most talented and diverse artists. “Promethea”: J.H. Williams III, “The Books of Magic”: John Bolton. “Black Orchid”: Dave McKean. “Mr.

Punch”: Dave McKean. “Shadowplay”: Bill Sienkiewicz. “V for Vendetta”: David Lloyd. And so many more! *Look inside.*

Inside Comic Book Stores

An insider’s tour through comic book stores and some of Ohio comic book conventions. Bookery Fantasy. A temple of collectibles. A fair of fantasy. These are the hallways of one’s childhood and imagination. At the Ball Park comic book store, and The Laughing Ogre comic book store.

Personal Journal Notes:

A Comic Book Store is a Working Class Museum

I will always remember the scent of comic books. They are so aromatic with nostalgia, fantasy, super heroes, and color. I’ve bought nearly a hundred back issues of “Swamp Thing”, “Doom Patrol”, and “Animal Man” among others. It was a \$1 for inspiration and creativity - a bargain for having so much imagination in them. If one knew which brilliant books to look for, they wouldn’t be so off set by being surrounded by so many inane super-hero titles. **A comic book store is a working class museum** to me. You can buy the art for around \$1 to \$3 and it’s still more fascinating than most work in expensive frames in city museums. I adore exploring dozens of boxes of back issues and discovering some forgotten series with visuals and narrative that very few people know about. It’s like a private Heaven.

Inside Comic Book Conventions

Buckeye Comic Con, Gem City Comic Con, and Mid-Ohio Comic Con.

12-1-02: “There is a definite change in my comic book collecting – and that is that I now have enough money and financial security to buy *a lot*. Today at the 2002 Mid-Ohio Comic Con, I bought some 300 comics for around \$140. Some were only \$1, 50 cents, or 33 cents apiece. I indulged in *bargains* when I find them. I was also on a quest to reconnect with my childhood – only now as an adult did I have the money and the opportunity to buy the comics I wanted so badly when I was a teen. I obsessively twisted and leaned my body to reach underneath tables to get to the back of dozens of long boxes filled with mixed up comics. I hadn’t put my body into such contorted positions in years. It was that kind of quest... a crusade to find creativity and imagination. It was *that* important to me. I never knew what I’d find next!”

Who are these people? I observed around me... It’s Halloween everywhere!

“Then there was a period where I was overwhelmed by everything and all. There were too many people. It wasn’t just a comic book convention; it was a convention of outcasts united over fantasy, sci-fi art, scantily clad women in spandex, “Star Wars”, “Star Trek”, collectible toys, and a cultish devotion to obscure movies. I got sick from smelling dozens of body odors coming from different people who walked by. Their presence forced me to question if the people around me were just like me... outcasts, nerds, geeks, punks, eccentrics, sensitive people, artists... I had always wanted to be special... different. I believed that I was an outsider in an outsider world, undercover looking for good fantasy at a bargain price. Eventually, I realized that in the end I was one of them.”

The Psychology of Comic Book Allure

Why do the misfits of our society go to comic book stores? The overweight, single, skinny, four-eyed, wrangled, estranged, confused, creative, nerdy, abused, horny, thrilled-seeking, shy individuals find their sanctuary there. With mythological super heroic saints like Spider-Man, Batman, Superman, and Wonder Woman and gods like Thor, Galactus, and Darkseid, their gospel is an ongoing monthly series. The covers are like religious iconography. They can find *Faith* in the imagination. Comic book superheroes are our new gods. They represent a higher power.

Electrify Your Emotions and Imagination

I’ve found myself from time to time rekindling my love affair for comic books for it is an art form that can electrify your emotions and imagination - a combination of sequential images and text that simultaneously uses the right brain and left-brain. Comic books and computer animation also have something in common: they’re all new media and have been stigmatized as lesser

entertainment, as “cartoons”.

I am convinced that comic books are “cheap, priceless art” for an underground cult of all ages, races, and sexes. There is more daring originality and imagination in certain comics than there is in Academy-Awarding winning movies. I would even consider the art and ideas in an ordinary comic book store to rival that of most art museums. Comic book artists are outcast artists - they’re simply unrecognized.

I sometimes go to a comic book store as an undercover computer artist looking for inspiration and new ideas. So when I want to work, I can simply reference these books, many of which were Vertigo, “mature audiences” titles. Before reading a comic book, there is an extraordinary excitement in anticipating what fantasy may be inside. It’s like opening a treasure chest of imagination - all available at your local comic book store (if it hasn’t gone out of business).

Reading comics can be a socially lonely hobby – yet the rewards are unbelievable!! What imagination one receives! And then you’re not so lonely. The escapism takes you away from your worries to a better, magical kingdom and glory.

Exploring Comics as Creative Fuel

Many people, including myself, wonder why I continue reading comics well into my adulthood. I can answer this with several reasons. Comics make me feel young again, being a hobby that I embraced heavily as a teenager. And something as simple as picking up a comic book and reading it to transport you back to such a pleasantly nostalgic time can be a priceless experience. But moreover, I use good comic books to be a key source for keeping my creative fire burning when I am dry of ideas. The visuals, story, dialogue, and captions often hold such incredible concepts and ideas that 98% of society ignores completely as being “juvenile”. Some comics are poorly written, just as there are in any medium from movies, music, poetry, and literature. But there are also brilliant and fantastic comic books and graphic novels that open the right side of the brain in a unique and spellbinding fashion with pictures and words that other mediums can’t quite do as well. Indeed, there is something special about comics as a medium. Perhaps they take more chances since their audience isn’t as broad as movies. And because of this reason, they are free to be more inventive, daring, and exciting with their storytelling and ideas. And since comics can often be found at very inexpensive prices (sometimes as low as 20 cents a book!), I can get a lot of inspiration for my money. I’ve been in and out of comics throughout my late teens and twenties, only to find myself pulled back in again to rediscover what I (and most of the world) was missing. I am so glad I came back.

Comics as a Resource for Creativity

I love comic books for their innate creativity that others overlook as childish and inferior. I see brilliance and outstanding imagination. For the past few years, I’ve recorded quotes, concepts, and ideas from comic books that I’ve read to capture what astonished me in the first place. These things are worthwhile reading. They do enhance one’s existence.

Comic books are like experiencing a world where every day is like Halloween. People dress up in brightly colored spandex skintight costumes (or uniforms, as they sometimes call them) and walk among people as if it’s normal. I mean, is this not the beginning of great surrealism?

Another aspect that I adore about comics is being able to read great dialogue and have the word balloons crystallized in front of you. It’s like a much easier form of ease-dropping on conversations and being able to record and note what has been said because it’s already visually written down for you. It’s easier to retain the ideas, dialect, phrasing, everything in this pictorial medium.

Defending Comics

I have such a hard time defending comic books sometimes. The medium is still deeply unpopular with the majority of adults (in America, at least). It seems that only 1% of the adults read comics and graphic novels. And when I do talk highly of how great comics are, people give me a downgrading look as if I haven’t grown up yet, or as if I don’t know what I’m talking about. It’s like I’m defending an illegitimate child that no one else loves, or if I’m defending a racist or something. It’s a tough sell. People immediately think that comics are for people who have poor social skills. And yet that’s partially true. There are some rather immature comics that are geared for mainly teenage boys who liked their women in

skintight costumes with huge voluptuous boobs. Yet I know better. I know that every other medium has its crap along with its brilliance. Look at movies, TV, or music. They've each got their artists and their hacks. Comics are no different. I've collected a list of hundreds of select acclaimed comic books that I felt had something so original and special in them that I just had to write it down. When was the last time you felt that way about a movie or a song? In comics, I find this stuff all the time! There are so many people who believe there are no new ideas in the art world left to express. Well, have you read anything by Grant Morrison, Warren Ellis, or Alan Moore lately or in your life? These three English writers have done so much for the maturity of comics. And they are just a mere few. As an artist in need of fantasy fuel, it is their unique creativity that keeps me coming back even into my thirties. In one issue of *Shade, The Changing Man*, a book from the Vertigo print, one can find: a crying sunset, an insane coffee cup, flying eyes, the night of the insane sky, weirdness witches, bathing in liquid rainbow, and a pink heaven burning!!!! To me, this stuff can spawn so many creative new ideas to work with and it gets me in a dizzy spell of artistic joy! And there are thousands of different books that are more mainstream or more experimental. I can't wait until what I find next.

The New Ideas

What I like the most about comics and why I continue to read comics as a 30-year-old adult: they have new ideas. And ideas are something that you can't usually find in most Hollywood movies that are trying to please a large demographic audience by relying on formulas and tried-and-true conventions. Comics are a smaller market, which allows for more experimentation and risks. Both mediums are actually incredibly similar being stories told in sequential pictures. Comics just have a dogma around them that they're disposable pulp read by teenage males featuring superheroes in tights. What the public is so ignorant of is that they can and have been so much more. Yes, there is some mediocre work out there that is just superheroes beating up super villains. Yet some truly talented writers have entered the field in the past few decades that have revolutionized the industry by providing exciting stories with ideas and concepts that are daring, controversial, engaging, different, mind-goggling, and creative. *Creative* is also a word that hasn't been used to describe Hollywood movies in a very long time, too. I want new ideas, and I get them in researching what comics are worth reading from reading reviews on them. The visuals let my imagination breath out, and I manage to record down what pops in my mind.

"I'm tapping the 90% of the brain we never use and it's giving me such... *wonderful* ideas." –From *JLA* #8, written by Grant Morrison.

No new ideas? *Look again.*

Highly Recommended Comic Book Series and Graphic Novels

"Death: The High Cost of Living" by Neil Gaiman and Chris Bachalo

"The Sandman" by Neil Gaiman and Dave McKean, Charles Vess, Jill Thompson, Kelley Jones, various

"American Splendor" by Harvey Pekar and various

"Watchmen" by Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons

"V for Vendetta" by Alan Moore and David Lloyd

"Swamp Thing" by Alan Moore, Stephen Bissette, John Totleben, Rick Veitch (especially #21, #35, and #50)

"Miracleman" by Alan Moore, Neil Gaiman, Stephen Bissette, John Totleben, Rick Veitch

"Bone" by Jeff Smith

"The Dark Knight Returns" by Frank Miller

"Uncanny X-Men" #94-#281 by Chris Claremont, John Byrne, John Romita Jr., Marc Silvestri, Jim Lee, various

"Preacher" by Garth Ennis and Steve Dillon

"Cerebus" by Dave Sim and Gerhard

"Concrete" by Paul Chadwick

"Doom Patrol" by Grant Morrison and Richard Case, various

"Animal Man" by Grant Morrison, various

"The Authority" by Mark Millar, Warren Ellis, various

"Hellblazer" by Jamie Delano, Garth Ennis, Warren Ellis, various

"Sin City" by Frank Miller

"Daredevil" by Frank Miller, Kevin Smith, Brian Michael Bendis, and Ed Brubaker

"Akira" by Katsuhiro Otomo

“Kingdom Come” by Mark Waid and Alex Ross
“Maus: A Survivor’s Tale” by Art Spiegelman
“Understanding Comics” by Scott McCloud
“Batman: The Killing Joke” by Alan Moore and Brian Bolland
“The Walking Dead” by Robert Kirkman and Tony Moore
“Hard Boiled” by Frank Miller and Geof Darrow
“The Incal” by Moebius
“The Incredible Hulk” by Peter David, Dave Kowen, various
“Supreme” by Alan Moore, Joe Bennett, Rick Veitch
“Eightball” by Daniel Clowes

Collecting Comic Books

I’m a comic book enthusiast. I have 44 boxes full of comics with roughly 150-200 comics per box. That’s around 8,800 comic books in my total collection. Some of them I got at garage sales by the box full. Yet many of them I staked out at comic book stores for issues I had read about for being critically acclaimed – and *they were amazing*.

Personally, comic books offer a massive amount of inspiration and creativity. They’re almost like an underground source of imagination. Society doesn’t accept reading comics when you’re in your twenties since they’re “cartoons” instead of just words. Well, comic books can be immature and juvenile. Yet they can also be thought-provoking and extremely well-written like any other artistic medium. They’re so undervalued that I’ve bought some fifty high quality comics for 33 cents a piece - each with excellent storytelling and brilliant artwork. That’s *creativity* for 33 cents an issue!! It is exciting to appreciate a medium that others do not. It’s like being part of an elite secret club that only a privileged few know and acknowledge. Graphic novels and comic books are the language of the social outcast and freak, the lonely and the quiet, the geek and the nerd, the artist and the dreamer.

A Gallery of Comic Book Covers, Inspiration, and Art

Explore Imagination! A gallery of comic book images and covers to showcase the creative vision of some of the industries best books and artists.

A Gallery of Comic Book Stores and Conventions

Where to find your books: Mile High Comics, Denver, Colorado

This is where you find Your Youth... Your Fantasy... Your Fuel... Your Love... Your Escapism... Your Alter-Egos... Your Gods... Your Demons... Your Catharsis... Your Meaning... Your Super Women... Your Stars... Your New Worlds... Your New Universe... Your Imagination... Your Nirvana... Your New Hope... Your Empathy... Your Freedom.

Mid-Ohio Comic Con, Columbus, Ohio. Featuring: David Carradine, Actor, “Kung-Fu”, “Kill Bill”; Peter David, Writer, “Hulk”, “Spider-Man”. Comic Town, Westerville, OH.

Looking to comics to light your imagination with possibilities... Come see what’s inside... A gallery of dreams.

Read These Extraordinary Comic Book Writers

These are some of my favorites that I personally recommend:

- Alan Moore/ “Swamp Thing”, “V for Vendetta”, “Watchmen”, “Miracleman”
- Neil Gaiman/ “The Sandman”, “Miracleman”
- Chris Claremont/ “The Uncanny X-Men”
- Frank Miller/ “Daredevil”, “The Dark Knight Returns”, “Sin City”, “Batman: Year One”, “300”
- Scott McCloud/ “Understanding Comics”
- Grant Morrison/ “Animal Man”, “Doom Patrol”, “The Invisibles”
- Warren Ellis/ “Transmetropolitan”, “The Authority”, “The Planetary”
- Peter Milligan/ “Shade, the Changing Man”
- Mark Millar/ “The Authority”
- Garth Ennis/ “Preacher”, “Hellblazer”, “The Punisher”
- Peter David/ “The Incredible Hulk”, “Peter Parker, The Spectacular Spider-Man”
- Jeff Smith/ “Bone”

-Brian Michael Bendis/ "Ultimate Spider-Man", "Daredevil", "Powers"
-Paul Chadwick/ "Concrete"
-Daniel Clowes/ "Eightball"

And many, many more greats that await to be discovered by you...!

Music Credits and End Credits

Written, Narrated, Photographed, Edited, and Assembled by Eric Homan.

Version One: Music Credits (from Inspiring Comic Book Movies): "Main Title March", "Love Theme", "The Planet Krypton", "Destruction Of Krypton", "Star Ship Escapes", "The Trip to Earth", "The Fortress of Solitude", and "Finale and End Title March" by John Williams from "Superman, The Movie"; "End Credits" and "Birth Of A Penguin [Part 2]" by Danny Elfman from "Batman Returns"; "Tadarida", "Macrotus", "Molossus", and "Corynorhinus" by Hans Zimmer and James Newton Howard from "Batman Begins"; "Descent Into Mystery", "The Bat Cave", "Childhood Remembered", and "Charge of the Batmobile" by Danny Elfman from "Batman".

Version Two: Copyright Free Music Credits provided from www.freeplaymusic.com: "Flowing Grandeur", "Chameleon Waltz", "Magical Fantasy", "A Slow Spin", "Spacious and Haunting", "Resonant Solitude", "Icarus Cry", "Journey Into You", "Vivienne", "A Child's Fear", "Distant Oceans", "Angels Descent", "Witches Approaching", "Pacer", "A Slow Spin", "Expansive Depths", "Creepy Scene", "Our Hope Beat", "Mysterious Voyage", "Sand Storms", "The Salt Merchants", "The Stand", "The Ice Dance", "Warriors & Knights", "Vampire Night", "Earth", "Eternal Champion", "Castle on the Hill", "Pursued", "Ender", "The Escape Route", "Inside a Dream", "The Dark Passage", "A Sunrise in Fear", "Unbridled", "Night Nurse", "The Calm", "Delicate Piano", "Into the Sun", "Grampians", and "Tears of Joy".

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Not for Sale. For Educational Purposes Only.

To all the Believers and Non-Believers Alike. When was the last time you felt so passionate about anything? This is my passion.

Extra Comic Book Art Galleries:

A Gallery of Dreams from the World of Neil Gaiman

This is a special gallery showcasing art from characters created by Neil Gaiman: Death, Dream, and the Endless.

A Gallery of Dreams from "The Sandman" by Dave McKean

This is a gallery of covers from "The Sandman" created by artist Dave McKean.

Cover Gallery: "Animal Man"

Covers from the acclaimed series "Animal Man", from writers, Grant Morrison, Peter Milligan, and others.

Cover Gallery: "Daredevil"

Covers from the acclaimed run on "Daredevil" by writers Frank Miller, Kevin Smith, and Brian Michael Bendis.

Cover Gallery: "The Punisher"

Covers from the acclaimed run on "The Punisher" by writer Garth Ennis.

Cover Gallery: "Lone Wolf and Cub"

Covers from the acclaimed run on "Lone Wolf and Cub" by Kazuo Koike & Goseki Kojima.

Cover Gallery: "Miracleman"

Covers from the acclaimed run on "Miracleman" by writer Alan Moore and Neil Gaiman.

Cover Gallery: "New X-Men"

Covers from the acclaimed run on "New X-Men" by writer Grant Morrison.

Cover Gallery: "Planetary"

Covers from the acclaimed run on "Planetary" by writer Warren Ellis and John Cassidy.

Cover Gallery: "Cerebus"

Covers from the acclaimed 300-issue run on "Cerebus" by writer/ artist Dim Sim and Gerhard.

Assorted Comic Book Cover Art Gallery

Covers from an assorted number of comic book titles.

Extra Feature: "Scott Crawford: Comic Book Costume Designer"

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"Comic Book Culture" Introduction Speech

"Hello, my name is Eric Homan and I am an assistant professor here at the Columbus College of Art and Design where I teach classes in Video, Motion Graphics, and Computer Animation. I wanted to thank all of you for coming today to see this unique documentary about how comic books are important. Before we begin, I'd like to thank the sponsors for the visiting artists series here at CCAD: the George Skestos Endowment Fund for Visiting Artists & Lecturers, the Ohio Arts Council, and The Columbus, A Renaissance Hotel.

Before we start showing the 40-minute documentary that I worked on, I'd first like to start with explaining...

How I Got Into Reading Comic Books

I've been collecting comic books since I was roughly 14 years old. Being from a small town, I've always enjoyed the escapism and wonderment that comics brought to my imagination. I really felt they were a resource for some extraordinary creative ideas. Yet as I grew older and went to college, I found myself not as interested in comic books. For one thing, I didn't have much money to keep collecting them. Their cover price had gone up and I just couldn't afford many books. I didn't have a car either, which made buying books rather difficult. By the mid-90s, the writing in many superhero titles really left me bored as well. Everything was about how flashy the artwork could be, which is nice until all the artwork styles looked the same. So I left reading comic books behind me for a while. I still checked out and read graphic novels from the nearby downtown Columbus Library, though. And I tried to keep up with what was going on in the field through reading various comic book magazines on them like "Wizard". I was also discovering girls, and comic books took something of a backseat for me. It didn't seem all that mature or cool to be reading funny books about super people in tights beating each other up. Yet there was still this itch to see what I might be missing. And yet under the superficial superhero surface of comics, there were some *very* interesting comic books coming out that were unlike anything in any other creative medium. Yet still, I didn't fully get back into buying many comics... that is until I was in graduate school, had a car, and stopped by some south Florida comic book stores that were having some amazing sales on their back issues. I found "mature reader" Vertigo imprint books like "The Sandman", "Doom Patrol", "Shade, the Changing Man", "Swamp Thing", and "Animal Man" that catered to a more adult outlook on life. These books offered something unique, special, wild, and different that I wasn't finding in TV, video games, or

movies. I also especially liked the cover artwork that I found buying a particular comic worthwhile for that element alone. Needing inspiration for the graduate art projects I was doing, I used these comic books as a foothold into the doorways of imagination that were sometimes blocked to me. I relished in their new ways of seeing and viewing the world. I didn't copy what I was seeing and discovering – I was applying the freedom of being able to illustrate anything in comic books into the realms of 3D animation and digital compositing. They really helped me excel in ways that I didn't see possible. I felt like I was drinking from an artistic fountain of youth that few knew about.

Several years later, I took more chances with picking up various so-called superhero books that seemed to be more advanced and more engaging than I remember comic books for being. I discovered that comics had undergone a series of changes where new writers had come in and revolutionized the medium. It was now just as important to tell a good story as it was to draw one. And the diversity of styles seen in comics was another explosion of surprises. Comics were being colored digitally, which meant for more mixed media and a wider range of colors and tones. It was like the world of comics had gone from 2D to 3D in content and quality. I soon found myself collecting and reading the writers who were doing comic books just to devour as many of their crazy ideas and storylines as I could. And since I was in a minority of comic book readers, I felt like I was into something cool that other people didn't know about. It made me feel special... like knowing about something that others had no idea existed, like a spectacular national park, a great indie band, or even the Garden of Eden. And the funny thing was... it was within a mere comic book. I just had to do enough research through reading comic book magazines like "Wizard" to find out what was going on and what was worth checking out. Then I was confident enough to start exploring on my own to see what else might be out there.

Eventually, I turned 30 and still had to wonder why I kept reading comic books. Well, why do people keep watching movies or TV shows? To be entertained... for escapism... to be inspired... to feel more alive... to have *fun*. Comics were still somewhat looked down on by certain groups of people. Yet I felt that with a certain amount of education and self-expression (hence, the following documentary about my love for comics), more people might see them as more than just stories about superheroes.

What "Comic Book Culture"'s All About

I suppose I mainly made this documentary because there are still so many people out there who discredit comic books as something that primarily geeks or teenage males read. I wanted to expand comics' horizons to show what a diversity of talent and creativity is there to behold. Over the years, I made journal notes of some critical and analytical feelings I had about the comic book industry in itself and why I was even reading comic books well into my twenties. I mean, shouldn't I be reading novels and such by this age? Well, yes, but to deny myself the world of comics and graphic novels would be just as offensive as denying myself novels because there are just so many worthy titles to read in the comic book universe. And they don't just involve superheroes either. I discovered, read, and treasured the works of such prolifically imaginative writers such as Alan Moore, Grant Morrison, and Warren Ellis that made me truly believe that there were still new ideas to be found in the art and literature world. I've heard for years from my own students that there are no new ideas out there. I just tell them to read a graphic novel written by Grant Morrison sometime and hopefully they'll see the light. In my writings, I addressed how many more risks comics take since they're a much less broad medium as movies or TV. They can take more chances. And since they're a visual and text based medium, they appeal greatly to the visual-based right side of the brain. So it made complete sense why someone who is an artistic-inclined grown-up would gravitate towards reading comics if they also happened to have superb stories, concepts, characters, and all the emotional depth that you would normally find in great novels or critically-acclaimed motion pictures.

So eventually, I took and edited down my journal writings into a cohesive form, recorded a narration, and put visuals to it. This project took me most of the summer of 2007 to complete – and it was truly a labor of love. As I was editing, I realized I couldn't just show covers of comic books, I needed to recommend and highlight certain books that have garnered much acclaim so that the casual viewer might get an idea of where to start to look. In the end, I found myself with a psychoanalysis of sorts of why I personally continue to read comics, but also why the general public would want to as well. I discovered many reasons, such as making you feel young again, to just having a great story to read. And comics aren't just for kids out there. There are plenty of "mature reader" titles nowadays than ever before that transcend gender, race, sex, creed, and sexual orientation. There is something there for everyone with an open enough mind to allow themselves to appreciate something new in their lives.

The Genesis of this Project

One day as I was teaching Computer Animation I class, I brought up how much I loved comics and what a great resource for creativity they've been for me. One of my more arrogant students blurted out sarcastically: "How old are you?" (You see, my students love to find a corner to sneak in a glib remark to me when the moment arises.) At that point, I turned to him and unloaded a whole spiel about how great certain comic books can be. He explained that he had stopped collecting comics in the mid-nineties because he outgrew them and the stories were just not that good. I empathized deeply with him since that was my identical experience in my late teens in the mid-nineties as well! *Yet*, I rediscovered comics in my mid-twenties and was shocked by how much talent was in the industry. The writing especially had exploded into new heavens of creative and artistic daring that was so rare a decade before. I brought it upon myself to find out what were the good books to read and buy. Just as in any other artistic medium like movies or music, you have an industry saturated with crap and mediocre work. You just have to find out what is *good* and what appeals to you personally. Through comic book stores, magazines like *Wizard*, and the Internet, I got caught up with the fantastic imaginations of Grant Morrison, Alan Moore, Brian Michael Bendis, Mark Millar, Warren Ellis, and Neil Gaiman. Comics were deeply important to me again, and I wanted to re-educate the world about them... especially my own students who were always saying that there are no ideas left in the world. Well, I can profess truthfully that I've found thousands in the past few years in "funny books". I took it upon myself to write down my thoughts and feelings about comics through the years, recorded it as a narration, used hundreds of photos I'd taken through the years at various comic book stores and conventions, and accumulated a massive library of comic book imagery to showcase what great comic books and graphic novels I've read through the years. The purpose was to educate, inspire, and illuminate. It was a piece of passion.

A Personal Documentary/ Journal Video Essay

What I was also trying to do is something somewhat different from what most documentaries are like. I wanted to make a *personal* documentary on a subject matter that I am deeply passionate about – comic books and graphic novels. I took quotes/ essays from the journals that I had written up over an eight year time period and collected them into a whole. Then I started to organize all the video and photographs I had taken over the years at various comic book stores and comic book conventions. (I love archiving places of interest to me!) Then I decided to record a narration in the sound booth at the college I teach at based on those journal writings. I collected, scanned, or downloaded thousands of comic book covers that I felt where the most inspirational and critically-acclaimed works out there. I imported all these elements into Adobe Premiere that I had on my home PC and went to work organically shaping this documentary together based on all these elements. It took over a year of planning and an entire summer of editing in my basement for on average seven hours a day of straight editing, organizing, and trouble-shooting problems. Eventually, the piece found its focus and point with a narrative flow. I had no storyboards or other documentaries to model myself off of. There is actually only one other documentary about comic books that I know of ([Comic Book Confidential](#)), which was more about underground comic book artists and writers. My documentary would be about how comic books affect an artist's growth, let alone anyone with the capacity to dream... and wish to fill their life with dreams again. Comic books would be an ideal place to start looking. Then it was my role as a knowledgeable fan to address and recognize what books to check out since there are hundreds of thousands of books to choose from. So I added that to the documentary as well. Things simply took their shape the more I worked on the project. In the end, after dozens of critical revisions, I was happy and pleased with what I had. Yet what did I have? It wasn't a typical documentary at all! It was something new: "a journal video essay" was what I called it. "Comic Book Culture" was indeed a personal documentary about who I am and how comics affected me. By showing my love for comics, I wanted others to feel what I've felt. I thought it was so important that I made a documentary about it. This documentary wasn't the history of comic books. It was the essence of how comic books make you *feel*. And only through a personal narration from the documentarian himself would this piece ever made any sense. I could have approached making this documentary from an anonymous point of view. Yet I felt it would have depersonalized the whole experience. And that, to me, would have ruined everything special about the work. It had to be from a particular point of view from an insider looking around making critical observations. This is from one fan to other fans... and even anyone curious to the medium and wants to

learn more. That was my end goal for this work. Try to make it interesting, honest, truthful, entertaining, and educational to as many people as I can. Will this documentary get the audience of *Fahrenheit 9/11*? Absolutely not! But it will cater and speak to a select audience that is extremely passionate about their favorite medium.

The Use of Comic Book Movie Music

Even though I ended up using copyrighted music for this documentary (for version one), I really couldn't think of using anything but some of the most inspirational music I've ever heard *from* comic book related movies like "Superman, The Movie", "Batman Returns", and "Batman Begins". It simply made the most *sense*! To hear John Williams' "Superman" theme is to invoke such a sense of awe and wonderment that equaled the same feeling you get when you read or discover a superb comic book. They simply go together! It's like doing a documentary on the Star Wars phenomenon and not use selections from John Williams' original score. To have someone else record a complimentary score removes that heightened sense of pageantry and grandiose to the images of these acclaimed and highly inspirational comic books. It's like taking out its soul...

Copyright Free Music Version

...Unfortunately, that is exactly what I ended up having to compromise in doing with "version two" of "Comic Book Culture" where I used copyright free music, provided from www.freeplaymusic.com

This is "Comic Book Culture", and I hope you enjoy the show. And afterwards, they'll be a question and answer session. Thank you." (Clap, clap, clap! Boo, hiss, kill! Bravo, bravo, encore!)

Key Points for Liking Comics

- A resource for new ideas and creativity for little money
- Makes you feel young and nostalgic as something you enjoyed while growing up
- Great stories, artwork, entertainment, and escapism
- It's Halloween all the time!
- Hot women in skintight costumes!
- The aromatic scent of comic books
- The heightened sense of creative freedom and artistic expression
- They're filled with dreams
- They're FUN!

Atom, The All New #1: "Maybe it's the weird that makes it beautiful. Like me. Just like me"... "It's like exploring an unknown world."

Behind the Scenes at Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2006

11-25-06: I'm back from the event that is the Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2006. This year it was at the Downtown Columbus Convention Center, which provided wider aisles. But the parking was \$11! Thankfully, I still had my Ozone Studios parking sticker and parked in front of their place, which ended up being only a block and a half away from the convention center. The other difference this year was that I got my ticket early and got in an entire 50 minutes before the main beginning. This meant I got to get a first pickings of the books at the various vendors without too many people reaching over and around me. At first, the show was a total bust. Then again, considering how much I got last year, this year's show couldn't compare. Also, there's the Buckeye Con that I had just attended a month ago that had just as many good books on sale for a buck. What made this one a drab at first was how many vendors were selling books for \$2 to \$3 a book for recent issues. I knew if I looked around enough I could find vendors with some bins that were cheaper. And I did eventually after fifteen minutes of searching. Then I hit a major jackpot of dozens of comic book boxes full of 50 cent comics. I ended up filling up a long box for \$150, most of which was filler issues that books I was missing from complete series runs. So that was good to get at a good price (and no tax). I had my digital camera with me to take pictures around the convention center to capture the sights and the various people dressed up as comic book characters. This is a huge attraction to me since I've been trying to make a documentary on comic book conventions since 1997, but have always been too shy, overwhelmed, or confused how to structure it. This convention was as freaky as a circus

mixed with a hospital since there were so many people around with some weird disability or sickness. Some were midgets. Some couldn't walk right or talk articulately. You had a strange mix of transsexual artists with huge dreams while living on ramen noodles and struggling comic book retailers. Some traveled more than six hours for this show. I'm rather lucky since I'm only twenty minutes away and I don't have to pay for a motel room. I suppose I'm one of the "weirdoes", too, since I've got such an attraction to the fantasy world. And my other attraction that I noticed other males have is a love and fascination with women dressed in skintight spandex comic book costumes. There were two young women dressed as Catwoman and one Batgirl roaming the aisles. This time I got my picture taken with a Catwoman. I also got some more information from the young woman with acne on her face who was in the Batgirl costume (who happened to be dressed up like Catwoman and Phoenix in previous years) who makes her costumes. It turned out it was a guy, Scott Crawford, who lives in Clintonville, just ten minutes away from me. I considered doing a documentary on him during my holiday break since I think it's an art form of what he does – *spandex costume art!*

I finished with the show by 2 p.m., five hours was enough for me this year since none of the panels or "guest star celebrities" interested me, most of which were C-grade at best. The hardest bit of the show was carrying back a long box stuffed with packed in comics that weighed over sixty pounds total back to my car – a whole four blocks away. I had to stop and rest about every forty meters. My arms felt like lead afterwards. Still, it was all worth it for the books I got. I think I spent a total of \$280. But most of what I bought would carry me over for the next year of reading.

Comic Book Related Journal Entries

11-12-05: "I just got back a little after 8 p.m. from purchasing 1,344 comic books for \$353.28 at the At the Ballpark comic book über-sale of 25-cent comics in 80 comic book boxes. It was a maddening, exciting, delirious, wild, stressful, manic-paced, dream-fulfilling, excessive, and exhausting experience to spend a Saturday from 11:45 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. Nearly eight straight hours of flipping through tens of thousands of comic book titles to find the ones I desired for such a bargain price. There were big-time comic book collectors there as well as me, also looking through those boxes at a rapid, heart-attack-inducing rate. It was truly *crazy*. One guy was breathing heavily from excitement and from his cold. One husband there was with his wife and 2-year-old child who both quite wanting to leave. Most of the men there were balding, I noticed keenly and empathically. I'd never bought so many books at once in my life. The owner had put out so many new boxes on display for this sale that I was taken off-guard by how much I found. And my sale-driven personality couldn't say no to these great deals! I was on a mission that wasn't going to happen too often, and I knew I had to take advantage of it. I had the day of my life and I knew it."

11-18-05: You anticipate going back to the comic book store for that extra look at all those great books for such an extraordinarily inexpensive price of 25 cents a book. But once you're there you realize what a massive job the hunt for comics you want will entail. It's overwhelming – a race against time. You have only eight hours to go through sixty long boxes of comics in a comic book store nearly an hour away. It's a situation you've always dreamed of. You can't let it go away. But can you do it?

Well, I did go back to the In the Ball Park comic book store from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. having sorted through towers of comic book boxes for eight straight hours all over again. What possesses a grown 29-year-old man to do such obsessive comic book bargain hunting activity? It's all about the quest and search for fantasy and creativity on sale. I bought another 500 comics for around \$140. The sale was too much to not take advantage of. My fingers were numb after flipping manically through tens of thousands of comics for hours on end. And my back aches from being hunched over. And my collection feels that much more complete. Now I have to find room for all of these new acquisitions.

2-12-05: I had been looking forward to going to this comic book sale for several months. But once you've looked through your 50,000th comic book in the 37th box, you start to lose your enthusiasm. Comics just aren't that exciting anymore. I went through box after box after box of cheap comic books for 25 cents a book from 11 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. without break. I thought for certain that I was getting blisters on my fingers from looking through comic after comic book for so many hours straight.

Dozens of boxes of comic books laid in wait for me. But it was the work of dreamers for sale for 25 cents! These were the tens of thousands of books that didn't sell, even though they contained countless hours of work, energy, and creativity. And now they are being sold for nearly nothing. And I can't help but relate to these failed dreamers.

1-6-02: I hung out at All Books and Records for nearly two hours flipping through boxes of graphic novels and “Previews”, a catalog to upcoming comics, models, t-shirts, and posters. The experience was an exercise in reliving my past. I used to spend hours in seclusion on weekends and evenings looking through such books when I was in junior high and high school. Reading comics is to remove oneself from the real world. No wonder I was so ill prepared for entering within it.

2-16-02: After finishing a strong, well-taught class this Saturday, I drove through the evening/ night Ohio-like rain-coated streets to a comic book sale on the west side of Ft. Lauderdale. I had rarely seen so many arty/ alternative kids in South Florida! I saw arty-type students everywhere sorting through discount comic books and trippy sci-fi material. Odd how I now feel that I have outgrown that art school alternative phase. All those *kids* with their colored hair and Goth clothes. It’s like living in your own imaginary world of “dress-up” for social outcasts and confused pre-adults who haven’t yet grown up since they’re in their late teens/ early twenties. The pot they smoke only cushions the reality of their entrance into adulthood and personal maturity. They all loved and related to Ghost World and Natural Born Killers as much as I do. In my position, I could have had a girlfriend if I was involved within their social circle. I grew envious as I flipped through thousands of imagination-filled comic books. It was a bittersweet realization to let go to that part of my past while finding comic book artifacts from my teenagehood. I was re-embracing my childhood while rejecting my past. I’ve officially grown disillusioned from the world that I’ve known. I can’t go back to that life again. At my age of maturity, I wouldn’t be able to make a long-term relationship work if they are not as mature. Sadly, artists are not known for being sensible.

I purchased some great issues of “Grimjack” and Dave McKean covers. Great stuff for inspiration and art research.

9-8-02: “On the way home, I drove past The Laughing Ogre comic book store. Without any plans for the afternoon, I decided to stop in. I rediscovered my love for comic book literature. What incredible escapism they are! I bought some of the “Uncanny X-Men” back issues that I didn’t have. Those mutant outcasts were my peers and “friends” when I was a lonely teenager. Comic books are such an underground, under-appreciated resource of fantasy, imagination, design, and visual scope. It made to realize that I would always have a source for creative inspiration by revisiting my comic book back issues.”

10-20-02: “Comic books were my life preserver when I was young up until I was twenty years old. I rediscovered them off and on for the years that followed. When I strained to find friends, I joined the company of spandex super heroes and life-fulfilling fantasy. And since I couldn’t get a girlfriend, I preferred the companionship of super-powered women in skintight costumes. They were the reality I preferred to live in. It’s all time travel in space and imagination – *into the fourth dimension*. I read thousands of issues from cover to cover. They were my illustrated paperback friends... my family of super heroes. They enforced me to dream.”

1-30-03: Ever since I went to that comic book convention in December, I’ve been captivated and seduced by comic books again. I’ve been going to comic book stores and used bookstores and buying back issues that I enjoyed when I was a teenager. It’s brought back out the childhood imagination in me. Comics make me feel young again. And I can get them for such insanely inexpensive prices like 20 cents per comic!!

11-20-04: On the way home, I decided to pull in to the Lancaster comic book store and see if they had anything on sale. My God. *DID THEY EVER*. They were having a 25 cent comic book sale with over forty long comic book boxes filled. After looking things over for two minutes, I left the store and proceeded back to Columbus to drop my girlfriend off and drive all the way back to start going through all those boxes. I spent from 2:30 p.m. to 9:20 p.m. searching and digging and flipping through thousands upon thousands of comics. Images were flooding my head with spandex-clad superheroes. Overwhelmed as I was, I paced myself accordingly made it through them all by closing time at 7 p.m. And yet the owner

showed me his back storage rooms that were filled excessively with seventy more boxes of comics for the sale that he didn't even had out for regular customers to look through. So that was how I ended up staying until 9:20 p.m. with another comic book collector from Kentucky who had driven 3 ½ hours just to go to this special, one-in-a-great-while sale. I ended up spending \$160 on comics, which adds up to being 640 comics!!!!

11-20-04: But I also have to disclose the emotions I went through while going through all those comics for seven hours straight. My girlfriend had asked me upfront on the way home *why* I collect comics. Do I even read them? Do I collect just to collect? Why? Why this compulsive behavior? It's a sad fact that I don't have the time I once had to read many of the books I get nowadays. And that got me thinking that I'm spending more money on a hobby/ habit/ obsession/ muse that is overriding my life and my basement. Is this all worth it? Do I care enough anymore? I started getting increasingly depressed over the fact that so many comics were being sold for so little. Imagine: a group of peoples' hard work that was put into creating a comic book was now being sold off for a quarter. As a struggling artist trying so desperately to hold onto my dreams, I couldn't help but feel crushed and high sensitive to this sad fact. Artists are not appreciated very highly in our society. These 25 cent comics were someone's soul, energy, life force, and dreams. But at least they got their stuff published, which is more than I can say for my own artwork. Yet still, once you do, you may just end up unwanted and forgotten amongst the tens of thousands of other drowned comic books. These were the works of struggling, financially pinched artists like myself just trying to make a living doing what they love doing and what they do so well. It was a wildly depressing realization of feeling so lost in this fantasy world within the harsh real world.

12-8-04: Reading comic books in solitude is quite an unusual, extraordinary experience. I suppose it is like being in a drug-induced state where your mind travels elsewhere into a place of great escape. And that's the allure of it all – escapism from reality. It's that thrill of entering a new world and feeling that child-like sense of awe about everything around you. It's about turning each page and not knowing what wonders it will hold.

Do I Even Read Them?

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These 25 Cent Comics Were Someone's Soul

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Reading Comic Books in Solitude

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Editing Progress

6-21-07: I actually got to edit the “Comic Book Culture” documentary into finer form and structure this morning and afternoon! It’s about 31 minutes long and has taken me over 8 months to put together into some sort of shape. All I need to do now is download some more comic book images and intersperse them with the intro images.

The Editing Creation of "Comic Book Culture"

7-30-07: I was saved in the afternoon by working productively on putting on the “final” edits to my uber-summer documentary project, “Comic Book Culture”. Once I got into it, I got more ideas, and the work just felt so easy and right to me. There was a pleasure there that I had been at a loss to feeling this morning. Yet once I regained it, the joy was evident in the work itself. It was my valentine to my love and passion for how comic books have saved my life and rejuvenated my creativity when I am dry. I did just the thing to keep my mood uplifted. I realized what was missing the most from this piece in order to really make it my own: scan in pieces of comic book pages and artwork that I personally found so inspiring in the first place through the decades I have been immersed in comic books. It was like putting the icing on the cake – and all I had to do now was bake (aka render) it and serve to the world (anyone interested on youtube.com). I have been on a trend so far that every summer I work on an almost feature-length documentary project that is close to my heart that I pour my time, energy, technical editing skills, and imagination into. “Comic Book Culture” is 2007’s special project.

Finished Editing and "Release"

10-1-07: I also started nonchalantly passing out DVD copies of “Comic Book Culture” to a few people since I finally thought the “personal documentary” was in the right shape for people to “preview” it. “So here was something that I just spent over a thousand hours working on with no hope of being sold because I don’t have the music copyrights.” God, how unbearably frustrating. I wondered if this would be my last “personal” documentary project. I needed to do only commercial endeavors to help support raising a family.

Hey Scott, this is Eric Homan. I’ve finally completed a 40-minute long documentary on comic books, appropriately called “Comic Book Culture”. It’s also got 50 minutes of extra comic book art galleries, as well as the mini documentary I did on you on the DVD. Let me know of a good day to drop it off to you at your place. I was also wondering how I might be able to get either “Comic Book Culture” and/or the documentary on you shown at the Mid-Ohio Con this November. I believe you mentioned that there was a screening of a film from someone in Michigan last year featuring costumes you made.

Here are my notes from the documentary so you can understand the new documentary’s content:

The Other "Comic Book Culture"

10-15-07: As I was uploading my “Comic Book Culture” documentary onto youtube.com, I realized to my astonishment and horror that some young twenty-something documentarian from Ireland had made his very own comic book documentary with incredibly very similar subject matter, editing style, and music choices. And you guessed it, he had named his documentary about comics “Comic Book Culture” as well. It was like entering “The Twilight Zone”. I had already made all my DVD covers and backed up all the files already. So I just couldn’t go back and rename it now. And this other person’s documentary wasn’t longer than 15 minutes anyways. Mine filled up an entire goddamn DVD!!!! *So there!!!!*

“Comic Book Culture” Presentation Preparations and Purpose

11-7-07: I also threw my hat into the ring of presenting my “Comic Book Culture” documentary on January 28th at the Canzani Center auditorium. So I’ve got to make an introduction presentation for it and give the DVD cover artwork and movie description to their visiting artist representative to make a poster for the event. This all means getting up in front of people and showcasing my video work with its slightly personal content. But I really don’t mind anymore since it seems ridiculous to me to have spent so many hours working on something only to not have an audience to show it to! And the documentary is catered to the interests of CCAD students with how visual artwork stimulates the right side of the brain and how comics inspire creativity.

What to Talk About With My Introduction to This Documentary

1-21-08: Have your “Comic Book Culture” speech be about how this documentary came about: through having a student sarcastically ask you “*How old are you?*” for reading comic books. Then go into

how much creativity they have to offer. I made a personal documentary from my own point of view and what books I found to be so inspiring. And here they are for you to explore and read.

Introduce yourself ... Thank sponsors of the event... Read my intro... Why you did this documentary – the arrogant student from a year ago... How comics inspired you as an art student... The comic book music.

My Presentation Promo

1-22-08: I'm giving a lecture at the college this Monday about comic books and how they inspire creativity and the right side of the brain. It goes along with a documentary I did over last summer called "Comic Book Culture: A Personal Examination of the Comic Book Allure". If you're interested, it's also up at youtube.com. Just type in the title.

1-23-08: Make sure to make it for this showing. It'll be this Monday at the Canzani Center auditorium at 11 a.m. to a little after noon, so there'll be some time for lunch. I swear it'll be of interest. If not, bring tomatoes and cabbage to throw at me. –Eric Homan

PLEASE ENCOURAGE STUDENTS & FELLOW FACULTY TO ATTEND

Columbus College of Art & Design

Visiting Artists and Lectures for Spring Semester 2008:

Monday, January 28, 2008

Eric Homan, Full-Time CCAD Faculty & Alum '98

Joseph V. Canzani Auditorium

11:00 AM – 12:30 PM

Open to the Public

* Let's see what fellow faculty members are doing professionally - here's a good one to help support in his endeavors!

Comic Book Culture, An Examination of the Comic Book Allure

A Personal Documentary/Video Journal Essay 40 minutes

The documentary is catered to the interests of CCAD students with how visual artwork stimulates the right side of the brain and how comics inspire creativity.

Comic Book Culture is an exploration of the various benefits and riches attributed to comic books and graphic novels. This documentary ventures into comic book stores and conventions - peak inside for a glimpse of what it's like. This examination of the medium also probes into why adults still continue reading comics beyond one's adolescence. Search out the fantasy and creativity within comic books that Hollywood movies cannot hope to achieve. This movie exposes what's personally alluring about comics while demystifying the geek stigma around it. Enjoy the wildly diverse and critically-acclaimed comic books that are available. This is one fan's personal exploration into the walls of wonderment within the imagination and art of comic books. For those who forgot how to dream – these are the dreams you've missed.

Sponsored in part by Media Studies Division

In part by the George Skestos Endowment Fund for Visiting Artists & Lecturers

Ohio Arts Council

The Columbus, A Renaissance Hotel

My "Comic Book Culture" Presentation

1-28-08: Well, I managed to get through my "Comic Book Culture" presentation at the Canzani Center auditorium without too many major problems or glitches. In fact, it went off pretty well with all things considered. There could have been some technical problems, or I could have bored the audience to

tears. But thankfully, all went well. I was expecting a crowd of thirty people. I ended up with about sixty, which wasn't bad at all. Tom and Lisa came for the presentation, which was a very nice gesture to take time out of their day to do that for me. For my introduction, I read five pages of notes for the first 12 minutes, which was a pretty difficult thing for someone as introverted as myself to do. I did lose my place briefly a few times and had to make sure that I didn't look up too many times so I'd remain focused on what I was reading. I did get more comfortable as I went along and I hope what I said felt genuine and passionate. It was nice to sit next to Lisa and Tom, two people who support me who have a personal connection to my life. It made me feel a bit more well-rounded rather than some loner who loves comic books.

After the showing, most of the audience even stayed for the question and answer session. Thankfully, there were at least five or six questions that I was freely able to talk about with confidence and expertise. One person was Lin Hess, who surprised me by telling me that her son-in-law is Chris Sprouse, one of the artists who penciled work for Alan Moore and Warren Ellis, and was featured in one of the first comic book covers I showed in the documentary. Another older gentleman liked the "outsider" element that I brought to the documentary and loved the work of R. Crumb, which I featured here and there. So it was really nice to get that sort of reaction.

Eric: I've had your talk on my calendar and have been looking forward to being there until a potential donor we've been chasing agreed to meet with me. I'll be thinking of you! Dennison W. Griffith, President, Columbus College of Art & Design

Thanks! It went really well. I'll give a copy of the documentary to the library for archival purposes if you wish to check it out. Or I can give you one personally. One of the artists I had featured work from in the documentary ended up being Lin Hess' son-in-law. Small world! -Eric Homan

The "Copyright Police" Issue

1-31-08: I had my first brush with the "copyright police" this morning when I got a call from Lin Hess, who I had sold a copy of my "Comic Book Culture" DVD to. She showed it to Chris Sprouse, her son-in-law who I happened to use some of his images in the documentary. She "warned" me that I might get a "cease-and-desist" letter in the mail to not sell anymore DVDs. I informed her that she was the only person I've sold a copy to. Also I had a written clause at the end informing that this work wasn't sponsored by any creators nor did I get permission. That was written in there to protect the creators. And that it is "not for sale".

This is what's written at the very end of the credits: "This is an unofficial video and is not endorsed by or affiliated with Marvel Comics and DC Comics. Marvel Comic Book Characters Courtesy: Marvel Enterprises, TM & © 2007 Marvel Characters, Inc. All DC Comic Characters, TM & © 2007 DC Comics. All characters, names, and images are ©2007 their respective owners and publishers and are used without permission. All rights reserved. Not for Sale. For Educational Purposes Only."

So that is to protect the creators, writers, and artists... and me. I suppose I can accept a small "donation" if someone wants a copy of the DVD. As long as I'm not making a huge amount of money off of it (which I never intended), I should be "okay". It would be nice to make some "profit" from making this labor of love/ educational video/ comic book promotional tool. But it was mainly made for *educational purposes*. It's also up on youtube.com as a free view. -Eric Homan

The Horrible Irony

1-31-08: Yet what a horrifying, ironic situation to be in: the very artists and writers that I adore, respect, and love are out to get me by suing my ass off for making a documentary about how much I *treasure their work*. Just don't make any money off of loving their work!!!

"Don't get us sued, dear." -Lisa to me after I told her this morning's "fun".

Touch Others' Lives

2-29-08: I've had three students come up to me this week and thank me for the comic book documentary that I did. They said it really made an impression on them and got them back into reading comics again. So even though I've made next to no money from the documentary, at least it's touched the lives of those who have seen it and had their minds changed about what good comics can do.

Why Did I Spend the Time Doing This Project

Quite simply, I felt I had to do it. Comic books have been part of my life for most of my existence. They are part of who I am. On top of all that, I've been taking pictures of comic book stores and comic

book conventions for years now, on top of writing about my love affair with comics in my journals. So as a video editor, writer, and director, I felt this was something I felt passionately enough about to actually sit down and make a documentary short about. I also didn't like being misunderstood for *why* I love comic books well into my adulthood. This was my chance to show off what great comics are out there. Unfortunately, I can only showcase the grand visuals of some of the best books, which is mainly a superficial way of presenting an inkling of how great the content is: prose, dialogue, inner thought balloons, and all.

Garth Ennis: Chronicles of Wormwood #3: "You turned people on to cool comics. You made them happy. You made their lives a little bit better."

Documentarian Eric Homan Biography

Eric Homan is an assistant professor who teaches Motion Graphics, Computer Animation and Video classes at the Columbus College of Art and Design in downtown Columbus, Ohio. He earned a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in Time-Based Media Studies from CCAD in 1998 and received his Master of Fine Arts degree in Computer Arts at Florida Atlantic University in 2000. Eric employs his skills of using computers as a means of communication and self-expression. He has received several awards from around the world for his artwork, including a Telly Award in 2001 for his computer animation piece "Life Forms". In 2004, Eric began a foray into documentary filmmaking with "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" and "David Hostetler: Artist In Nature", both focusing on the artist communities in southeastern Ohio. He specializes in digital video, 3D animation, digital compositing, interactive art, and sound design. And yes, he likes comics, too.

Websites

www.erichoman.com – director's website

www.comicbookconventions.com – find a local comic book conventions

www.harpercomics.com/conventions/ - Ohio comic conventions

<http://csls.diamondcomics.com/> - find a local comic book store

www.scottmccloud.com – writer/ artist Scott McCloud's online comics

www.grant-morrison.com - writer Grant Morrison webpage

www.millarworld.biz –writer Mark Millar website

www.marvel.com – Marvel Comics website

www.dccomics.com – DC Comics website

www.sequart.org/continuitypages/ - descriptive, hyperlinked catalog of important comics

www.milehighcomics.com – America's Largest Comics Dealer

Extra Meaningful Music Lyrics

"It takes courage to enjoy it." -"Big Time Sensuality" by Björk.

"I feel like letting my freak flag fly. Cause I feel like I owe it to someone." –"Almost Cut My Hair" by Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young.

Dedication

Dedicated to all the "nerds, geeks, outcasts, and dreamers."

"Scott Crawford: Comic Book Costume Designer" – 2006 - (11 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video

Opening Narration

There are some people who are fans of fantasy and revel in its spirit and tone. Whether they be Trekkies, Star Wars fans, or Lord of the Rings fans, their unity is one in the same. They unite over a genre of make-believe that makes them feel greater than they are. Though some find it to be "geeky", others find it exciting, inspiring, and, perhaps most of all, great escapist fun.

"Scott Crawford: Comic Book Costume Designer" is my "tone poem to the super heroes in spandex". It's about a comic book loving costume designer whose side profession is of creating comic book character costumes. "It's wearable works of art," admits Scott. And as a fellow comic book fan, this is something I believe to be true.

How This Project Started

11-27-06: scottcrawford@shopwebflash.com: Hello, my name is Eric Homan and I am a full-time instructor at the Columbus College of Art and Design, teaching classes in video and computer animation in the Media Studies department. On the side, I do various freelance and personal video art projects, especially documentaries. I had just attended the recent Mid-Ohio Comic Con and learned that you were the one who has been designing the comic book costumes that I've marveled at and taken pictures of every time I visit the Mid-Ohio. I got to visit your booth and read the Columbus Dispatch newspaper article about you and your craft of making the costumes. I'm a comic book collector and found your story to be of some interest to do a mini-documentary on. From the newspaper article, I was also shocked to learn that you live in Clintonville, just ten minutes away from me since I live just south of the OSU airport. So I was wondering if you would have some time in the next month if I could come by and videotape/ photograph an expanded version of your newspaper story. I rather liked how you do one job during the day and do the costume work on the side, almost like a superhero lifestyle in itself. As a teacher at CCAD, I have access to advanced video cameras, microphones, and lights to professionally document and videotape. Once again, I'm a fan of your work ever since I went to the Mid-Ohio Con in '97 and got my picture taken with the X-Men. And I also took your picture at the Laughing Ogre on Free Comic Book Day. I'd volunteer to do this mainly for free to add to my portfolio of work. My school year is coming to an end in the next two weeks and I'd like to have a project to work on during the month I have off. My recent documentary work has been "Treasures of the Hocking Hills", about southeastern Ohio artisans, and "Western Heavens on Earth", an Impressionistic travelogue video of Yellowstone and other various National Parks. The former was grant-funded; the later was a feature-length personal art documentary project to keep up my editing skills and to do something with the 8 ½ hours of video footage that I had shot over last summer. If you're curious, "Treasures" is available at the various Columbus Metropolitan Libraries. Also, here's a link to my website that has some QuickTime clips of some of my video works:

http://www.erichoman.com/empathyartgallery_quicktime.html. The documentary I'd like to do on you and your work may end up being 10-20 minutes long depending on how much information there is to accumulate. And if it all works out, you could use this documentary to show at your booth at conventions as extra advertisement of your work. So this might work great for both of us. So anyway, if you're interested, please email me back with any questions or comments. Once again, this would be something I'd be passionate about enough to make something rather professional of and be able to complete it (always very important)!

Best wishes, Eric Homan

Eric, Sounds like a neat idea. Right now, I'm in the middle of cleaning all the costumes. Other than that, I have no pending projects. Give me a call Thursday after 7pm. We can discuss things further. Regards, Scott

It actually took a bit of courage and bravery on my part to actually send out that email. There were times today that I didn't think I'd be able to do it since I wasn't feeling all that "on" today to actually interact by email with someone I don't know. Also, I was shy and afraid that he'd think I was a pervert or freak. But by late this evening, I just didn't care anymore about being passive about exploring my dreams and fantasies. And comic book characters in spandex roaming around in real life is definitely something I'm passionate about.

11-30-06: I called up the super hero costume designer guy from Columbus this evening after 7 p.m. and had a good, comfortable conversation about the proposed documentary I wanted to do about his craft. We set up a meeting for next Tuesday at his place to discuss the project and what days to set it all up. From what he talked about, he's as big of a "comic book geek" as I am, but he's still respectful of it all. I was sincere that I respected how professional his work is and how I admired his costume creations.

Meeting Scott

12-5-06: At 7 p.m., I finally got to formally meet up with Scott Crawford at his house in south Clintonville to talk about the documentary I wanted to do on him and his comic book character costume craft. He ended up being a nice enough guy with a lot of integrity to his faith in spandex superheroes. I showed that I didn't want to exploit him in any way and wanted to do a project that was respectful to what he does. Scott showed me around his house and he had two rooms full of comic book character figures and figurines. *Thousands*. I had more comics, but these figurines were from decades of collecting. He said he was 42 and single. And when he was dating a woman, he'd eventually show her those rooms as a test to see

if they could handle him. Suddenly, I felt strangely happy with having my girlfriend Lisa in my life. Scott is pretty well-rounded and has had to struggle to make ends meet for most of his life. But I really liked his comic book geek morality. He really is faithful to the medium. It was rather nice to mix up the day with doing something *different*. Go and hang out with a fellow comic book grownup fan boy who loves the medium just as much as I do.

The Shoot

12-19-06: Battling through an afternoon headache with four headache pills, two pain killers, and an hour and a half long nap, I managed to be okay enough to drive down to Clintonville to Scott Crawford's place to videotape his interview about his superhero costume-making. The interview ended up taking nearly an hour, which wasn't too bad at all. I got enough to make a pretty good ten minute long mini documentary out of his "wearable works of art". One thing that was made clear to me was that any woman who wears a Catwoman costume is going to attract a lot of attention from men. Guys get extra horny for a good-looking woman who agrees to be a mythical super hero villain in an incredibly sexy, form-fitting skintight costume. Scott told me stories about some extremely creepy and overweight guys in their forties at comic book conventions that would follow some of his female models in a Rogue, Catwoman, or Wonder Woman costume all over the place. Ugh, that's disturbing.

The Editing

I spent close to ten hours today editing "Scott Crawford: Comic Book Costume Designer", my "tone poem to spandex", his profession of creating comic book character costumes.

Copyright Credit

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The Music

Music: "End Credits" by Danny Elfman from "Batman Returns"; "Prelude and Main Title March", "Love Theme from Superman", "Can You Read My Mind" by John Williams from "Superman".

"The Treptow Times" - (2008) - Digital Video DVD

"The Treptow Times" - (2008) - (1 hr.) Documentary Video

Video made of my friend Ryan Treptow's two lovely children, Madison and Alex.
(WARNING: MAY CONTAIN NUTS)

- "I totally idolize Madison! She's the greatest!!" - Miley Cyrus.

- "I want to be Madison when I grow up!!" - Hannah Montana.

"Magnificent Madison" - Light Rays Glowing Edition - (2008) - (18 min.) Digital Video Art

"Magnificent Madison" - Dazzle Glow Edition - (2008) - (18 min.) Digital Video Art

This special remixed editions of the Madison Treptow performance piece features incredible "dazzle" and light ray glow special effects that enhance her amazing performance to unheard of levels!! Seeing is believing when it sparkles this much, girl!

"Treptow Tantrum!" - (2008) - (1 min.) Digital Video

Madison having a freak-out.

"I AM DREAMING" - (2008) – Video Art DVD Compilation

Proclamation. Declaration. Fact.

Contents include:

"Boring Drive? Come Alive!" - (3 min.)
"Copyright World, 2008™"- (7 min.)
"Creative Phrases" - (10 min.)
"Dances in the Aurora" - (8 min.)
"Slow Dances in the Aurora"- (17 min.)
"Speed Dances in the Aurora"- (2 min.)
"An Autumn of Your Imagination"- (6 min.)
"Unused Ideas" - (9 min.)
"Double-Reverted Unused Ideas" - (9 min.)
"Unused Ideas Kaleidoscope" - (8 min.)
"Video II Commercial"- (1 min.)
"A Portrait of Memory" - (11 min.)
"A Portrait of Memory Fast" - (3 min.)
"A Portrait of Memory Fastest" - (1 min.)
"My Life Before My Eyes" - (2 min.)
"2006 Pipeline Project" - (7 min.)

"Boring Drive? Come Alive!" - (2008) - (3 min.) Digital Video Art

"Got to get away from the cold gray winter days... Too weather-sensitive to stay... Boredom threatens me... The worried weather betrays... How long will it stay this way?! How can I make it go away?! Well, there is a way... If you can pay, welcome the sun today. Introducing: **"Boring Drive? Come Alive!™"** Make rain and snow turn into spring... Gray into day... Make your day play!"

This is a digitizing device film that transparently covers car windows that allow you, the driver, to "key out" (that is, remove) an outside sky color value and replace it with something much more *exciting, vibrant, and positive* to one's mental and emotional state! Featuring a touch screen to alter the imagery, you can interactively remove an unwanted background to better fit your mood. Finally! You can have the day look your way! Animate the cursor to select the color in order to remove it, be it gray or dull sky colors and create your own reality in the background! Choose from thousands of magnificent and breathtaking backgrounds, from cloudscapes to galaxies!! Make your world brilliant!! Place beautiful, calming backgrounds into the gray sky!... Make a black dull night into a colorful delight... Turn a normal average day into a spectacular orange dusk sunset worthy of an award-winning photograph... We can customize your background to fit *your* imagination. We can produce it. Be it the heavens on earth or the star cluster galaxies of outer space! It will make your drives so much easier!

"Boring Drive? Come Alive!™" Only \$69.99 plus shipping and handling. Copyright Eric Homan, 2008. **Not responsible for accidents while driving with "Boring Drive? Come Alive!"*

Target Audience

This product is absolutely ideal for those weather-sensitive Midwesterners who endure long, harsh, gray winters - or for anyone in inclimate weather zones. If the gray weather has got you down, this product will make your day sunny again!

Use visual wipe transition from regular still image to altered still image with the background changed with this fantastic new product.

Original Project Conception

5-23-02: As I've been driving around, it has been cold, rainy, and gray for the past few days. Thanks to digital technology and my creativity, I can be driving down a road and change their surroundings to whatever I prefer. I specify to the car's computer to change my windshield to show me a digital

representation of Florida (blue skies and cumulus clouds). My view outside the windshield changes from gray Ohio to gorgeous South Florida. Digital technology can alter how we live and experience “life”. It is of our makings now. We can make the dreary corrected into the sensational! It only took my imagination to “think up” this device and computer science majors to build it. We can create our own worlds with digital technology.

Inspirations

Content inspired by: my father, some of my friends, and myself who are heavily weather sensitive to the gray cold skies of winter here in the Midwest.

And ironically, it was through a very boring winter drive which brought about this very idea – boredom made a drive come alive.

Technology inspired by: Adobe After Effects digital compositing software merged with real-time color-keying technology.

Music Credit

Music Credit: “The Opening” by Mark Webster.

Genesis

What if you could just replace the overcast skies with your own vacation sky from your idyllic dreams and imagination? Remove those gray blah skies and give them the creative colors you dream of! Paint in a better world within the gray cold winter days.

“Copyright World, 2008™” - (2008) - (7 min.) Digital Video Art

Through this video, it will be revealed to you all the various people, places, and mundane objects in real life that have “copyrights” put on them. Therefore, you cannot use them in a professionally released project. You can see it through this special video viewfinder.

“This is a world of trademarks. Everything around has a copyright on them. Take a closer look at the world around you.”

“Let’s see how many copyrights are put on everything!! If you use these images, some one might sue you!!!“

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Copyright Whatever™, 2008
Copyright Cloud #9.1™, 2008
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Copyright Another Plane™, 2008
Copyright Cloud #1,408™, 2008
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So ask yourself... "Are You Copyrighted?"™
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Genesis of the Idea

2-3-08: What if everyone in the world was copyrighted and you couldn't film anyone? Every person had a "Copyright, your name, 2008" over their head at all times. If you took a picture of a flower, it had its copyright by it. If you took a picture of a sunset, it had a copyright of GOD. That's how crazy the world has gotten with copyrighting everything. Even the color red has a copyright. An apple. An orange. Love is copyrighted to Paramount Pictures. UFOs are copyrighted to Steven Spielberg. Outer Space itself is copyrighted to Stephen Hawkings. (God lost the copyright to that one.) It's total madness out there.

Inspired By

As I was editing and finalizing a highly affectionate documentary I was doing about comic books called "Comic Book Culture", I wondered if I would even be able to release this due to the fact that I was using thousands of images of comic book covers that I didn't have an okay from the creators or the companies that owned them to use their images. I did talk to someone else who had written a book about comic books and said that it was "okay" because of "fair use" laws. When I started making copies of the documentary and sold just one copy, one of the artists who I had featured found out about my documentary and warned (sternly, yet politely) that I had to cease and desist, or else he'd have to use legal action against me. I was a bit taken aback by this since my documentary was about how wonderful comics were for inspiring creativity and how other people should read them. And here I was getting my documentary squashed from any possible distribution! Yet I didn't originally make it for commercial distribution, so I wasn't too heartbroken. Yet the panicked experience did inspire me to wonder if everything in the world was indeed copyrighted. And what if I were to videotape "normal life" and it all had copyrights on it!?! How surreal would that be? After that, I made this work as my humorous sign of protest.

My Inspiration for "Copyright World, 2008™"

3-5-08: I keep making art because I'm reacting against how crazy the world is to me. I recently got back into doing more creative work by editing some video to work with my concept that the every visual you videotape is copyrighted. That's a personal response to my copyright problems that I was confronted with my "Comic Book Culture" documentary where I couldn't sell it commercially since the copyright issues of using other people's comic book art was in question even though it was being used as an educational documentary. I had thought I was "okay" since the context of my documentary would have put me under the "fair use" clause. But apparently, not entirely. So I'm making a video piece about it. Doing this project is also a way for me to practice what I teach in many of my classes.

"Creative Phrases" - (2008) - (10 min.) Digital Video Art

Four picture collage image slide-show with surrealistic phrases playing on top of the footage.

WARNING ADVISORY

THIS WILL NOT GET INTO A FESTIVAL. IT IS ART THAT IS TOO PURE TO BE RECOGNIZED OR SHOWN. BEWARE OF ITS CREATIVE CONTENTS.

Opening Intro Title

WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE IS A COMPLETELY 3D RENDERED COMPUTER ANIMATED 'HOME MOVIE' MADE TO LOOK EXACTLY LIKE VIDEO-RECORDED 'HOME MOVIE' FOOTAGE. THE GOAL WAS TO MAKE IT LOOK AS LIFE-LIKE AS POSSIBLE TO THE POINT WHERE YOU CANNOT TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WHAT IS REAL AND UNREAL, VIDEO- ARTIFICIAL OR COMPUTER-MANUFACTURED.

This is like the murky world of thoughts where crazy creative ideas fade in and fade out. Random existential musing are layered within colored abstract, luminous animated forms. Or song titles:

"Creative Phrases (to Make You Laugh)": "Life-Guard", "I Love a Good Suicide", "To Die Again and Again and Again...", "This Is Today's Reality", "Write a Picture", "The Boo-Boos", "Sell-Out",

“Some Brouhaha”, “No Comment”, “You’re Dead To Me Now”, “Extract #4895”, “My Dirty Jokes”, “Even My Emotions Are Balding and Graying as I Get Older...”, “This Is Reality”, “My Turn”, “Everything’s Fading Away”, “Don’t Pronounce Me Dead Yet”, “Just Kidding”, “Diaries”, “Feel My Thoughts and Imagination”, “I Will Survive This”, “Satisfy the Heart”, “I’m an Empath. That Is My Special Power”, “In My Dreams!”, “My Eighteenth True Love”, “My First True Love”, “The Comic Book Café”, “I Need Something Strong To Destroy My Mind”, “No Memories”, “Rated PG-13 For Momentary Language”, “Horny For Hope”, “My Colleagues Are Ghosts, By The Way”, “The Cat Tree”, “Dog God”, “Stain Glass Windows in the Heavens”, “Garden as the Living Room”, “A Real Ghost Town”, “A Train with Legs”, “Now Showing!: Heaven”, “Clearance on Heaven”, “Bridges Across the Clouds”, “Pinning Hats to the Clouds”, “I’m Just Living For the Fun of It”, “Homeless Sleep On Clouds”, “Surviving Heaven”, “Driving Through Black Fog Smog Outside the Airport”, “Buffalo Eric the Red”, “Fun and Free”, “Come One! Come All!!”, “Life Went On”, “Not a Word”, “My Goth Goddess”, “Design Your Own Reality Tonight”, “Wild about Nature”, “Eric’s Sexy Temporary Tattoo”, “Suicide Watch”, “Pinning Hats to the Clouds”, “Windows in the Clouds”, “Never The End”, “In Search of Peace & Beauty”, “Mummies with Horror Movie Tattoos”, “It’s a Real Pleasure to Have Entertained”, “Sex and Galaxies”, “Leaving Recess Behind”, “The Open Bears”, “Look Here”, “We’re All In Therapy”, “Creativity Is a Plus”, “Obscurity Doesn’t Enjoy Company”, “Seeing a 1000 Galaxies”, “I’ll Be Your Anti-Depressant, Babe”, “Blossoms”, “Woman Celebrates 128th Orgasm”, “You’re the King of My Envy”, “I’m the King Kong of Envy”, “A Figment of His Imagination”, “Weird Cloud Day”, “Demo Brother”, “GET A GREAT BARGAIN ON EMOTIONS!”, “Questions & Answers”, “Monster Mozarts”, and “Mother of a Gringo God”.

"Dances in the Aurora" - (2008) - (8 min.) Digital Video Art

Abstract-Impressionistic video art piece of what it would be like if you were in a front-row seat to an aurora borealis of the imagination. Original title of this piece: “Jupiter Dances” (based on the turbulent and colorful saturated surface of the planet.)

"Slow Dances in the Aurora" - (2008) - (17 min.) Digital Video Art

“Dances in the Aurora” played twice as slow for a more meditative feel.

"Speed Dances in the Aurora" - (2008) - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

Speed accelerated, remixed version of “Danced in the Aurora”.

"An Autumn of Your Imagination" - (2008) - (6 min.) Digital Video Art

The Narration

“Wintertime can be so grave and gray. You want to get away. You want something more. Then we fantasize the pageantry of exaggerated colors of the magical season before: An Autumn of Your Imagination. I’m a romantic artist for the autumn twilights. I’m fully inspired by the sheer brilliant richness of this fantasy fall season. It’s an Abstract-Expressionistic Autumn Universe. It’s a revolution of autumn into ecstasy. The colors burn and glow!!! Fiery leaf-land worlds flow with autumn lava. And it sets me on fire. Feel it for yourself... Don’t let your imagination fade away like the autumn season. Save it. Savor it. Use it today.

The Method

Started by digitally drawing and painting on some autumn photos with painter strokes in Painter. Burn and dodge radically and aggressively into the autumn leaves for the final surreal-expressionistic transformation. Use the Colorizer tool to paint in exaggerated red color tones values. Jitter to spread out the color around the photographic canvas. Then use a gradient wipe from each untouched photo of autumn to the wildly color-corrected, vibrant ones in Premiere.

The Music

The gorgeous pagenty of “The Young Prince and Young Princess from ‘Schedherazade’” by Rimsky-Korsakoff plays in the background.

“Unused Ideas” - (2008) - (9 min.) Digital Video Art

“Unused Ideas”: Written from within the walls of a county asylum:
Here are some incredible ideas that probably won’t be seen. Most people don’t care enough to see them in creative fuitation.

These words are written for you, of which few others will ever read. Personal and creative art is a lonely medium. You never know if anyone will care to spend the time to experience it with so much other artwork to see. There’s billions of works of art out there to appreciate. Why spend the time to look at this one? Well, maybe it’s got that one-in-a-billion-kind of originality and creativity.

We’ll see...

"Unused Ideas" - Archived by Eric Homan: “Peephole to the Soul”, “Boring, Meaningless Fantasies”, “Solar-Powered Monkeys”, “He’s A Little Bit Odd, and That Makes Him Lonely”, “No One Wants To Publish My Journals!! What a Waste of My Life!!!”, “I Conceal the Secrets of God”, "Do They Celebrate Christmas On Mars?", "11:11:11 A.M. Is My Favorite Time of the Day", “Hell Is Made Out of Red Chocolate”, "I Have Three “Eyes”. Two Eyeballs And One “Eye”/ “I” (As In One Me)", "Rather Than Just Having a Cat for a Pet, I’d Prefer a Catwoman", "Try Our New Gassy Burrito at Taco Smell", "Most Of Life Is Spent In Waiting... Waiting To Dream, To Act, To Love, To Die", "I Want To Go on a Date with Alice from ‘Alice in Wonderland’", "“TV Show That No One Watches’: Mindless, Talkative Drivel", "The Suppleness of Youth", “Even the Clouds Are Crying”, “Living a Memory”, “I Will Want You”, “I Feel It, Too”, “The Sanctuary in the City”, "My Masquerade", "Over 700 Trillion Hamburgers Sold", "I’m Just Trying To Provoke A Way To Die!", “Sign Your Signature to Every Photo or Piece of Art You Make”, “I’ll Be Your Boyfriend/ Bodyfriend”, “Sweet Teaser”, "Damsel in Distress Art Previews" "Bazillion", “[cASe SEnSItiVe]”, “Impure Thoughts”, “In My Black Mood”, “And That’s Just A Small Taste”, "Playing with Creativity and Style", “Pink-Haired Poodle Punk”, “Perception Is Reality”, “Do You Want ‘Tainted Love’?”, “Approximate Rhyme”, “Relaxing, Concentration, and Emotional Memory”, "Klaus Nomi Sings the Zurreal Blues”, “I Don’t Get You”, “Laugh With Me”, “LISTEN>ENJOY>SHARE>NEVER SELL”, “What Do You Care?”, “Soul Bait”, “Simpler Times”, "Remember Every Moment”, “Freak Central”, “Accept My Sacrifice”, “I Suffer From An Excess of Emotions”, “Disorder Has Been Restored”, “Everything Is Completely Under Control”, “Butterfly Whore House”, “Don’t Mess With Me, I’ve Got an Imagination I.Q. of 203”, “Emergency!”, “When Stoners and Artists Attack!”, “The Creative Side Lies Dormant Inside Me”, “That’s a Really Good Idea...”, “Clean Thoughts”, “Fade In... Fade Out”, “You Will Be Saved”, “Watch for Our Colored Sale”, “The Fountain of Creativity”, “Why Do I Feel Infinite Depression?”, “I Want To Make a Difference”, “Less Talk, More Action”, “I Howl at the Moon All the Time”, “Satisfy Me!”, "KEEP AWAY", "My Pleasure", "Get Out and Play", “Super Special Guest Artist”, "I Got Away", “The Coolest Thing To Being Cool Is To Be Cool”, "Let’s Make History", “Corn Skyscrapers”, “Find a Giant Dinosaur Head Fossil the Size of a Mountain in South Dakota”, "Don’t Save", “What Is Empathy Art?”, “Black Autumn Leaves”, "Black Spring Leaves", "It’s Never Too Late To Write A Book That Won’t Sell", "God vs. God", "The Gray Garden", "All New Creative Mind", "For Sophisticated Readers", "To Create a Memory", "A Moment in Time", "I’m Alone", "Swore To God", "A Lonely, Desperate Man", “Cream Puff Orgasm”, “Death Is Infinitely Dying”, "WARNING: LOVE", "There Is No Such Thing as a Good Gun", "Very Independent", “I Am an Enema”, “Replacement God”, “I’ve Outgrown You, My Older Sister”, "Prisoner of the Love Wars", "I Hate My Life", "BAD ART", "FAT ART", "BOREDOM ART", "I LOVE ERIC", "Halloween XXII: The Death of Any New Ideas", "The Dark Night Strikes Again", “Senselessness Needs You”, “The CIA Funded Abstract Artwork in the 1950s to Combat Communism”, “Comic Life”, “The Disney Morgue”, “Grow a Penis”, "Un-Cola", "I Aspire to Such Beauty and Surrealism", "Pussy Zucchini", "Apply for a Grant of Being Sexually Abused by Global Warming", "Self-Delusions, Fantasies, and Disappointments", "A Zero Budget Production", "Art for Corners", "From the Sublime to the Ridiculous", "The Arts Are Dying", "Feelings Are the Way", "Art to Heal Depression", “Using Creativity and Art as a Healing Resource for Society”, “Doors

That Bleed Keys”, “Animation as Causality”, “What Are You Passionate About?”, “A Personal Nature”, “Creative Freedom Can Be Dangerous”, “Hair Rivers”, “Moments of Metamorphosis”, “The Cruel World around Her”, “My Future Wife’s Name is ‘Lisa’”, “Do You Want To Get Married?”, “Watching Suicides on the Suicide Channel”, “What Do Dreams Dream?”, “My Eyes Never Sleep”, “Wear a T-Shirt That Reads ‘FLAWED’”, “Restrictions Apply”, “Soft, Slow, & Simple”, “Self-Indulgent, Personal Art Crap”, “Complete Creative Control”, “User Friendly”, “Sometimes People Don’t Understand the Fine Line between Fantasy and Reality”, “It’s Time”, “Collective Unconscious”, “Creative Computer Graphics”, “Creative Creativity”, “Trees Dancing at a Disco”, “Video as Art”, “A Dream Soul”, “A Soul Dream”, “Does a Dandelion Have a Soul?”, “Rapid Eye Groovements (REG)”, “What’s the Point of All This?”, “Golden Rainbow Prismatic Abstract Scribbled Leaves Rustling in the Wind”, “The Process of Making Dan”, “Meaninglessness and Indifference”, “Killing Dreams”, “Do Your Worst”, “Conceptual Art”, “I Live on Depression Street at the Corner of Boredom Avenue”, “Idiot Art”, “It’s All Your Fault For Being So Damned Fascinating”, “Bored? Come In Here to the Animation Show!”, “Blazing Blues”, “A FANTASTIC Depression!”, “The Blue Is Dating the Red”, “Inventive Transitions and Amazing Metamorphoses – These Are the Basic Components of Great Animation”, “Your Unforgettable Sadness”, “She Doesn’t Even Like Me Even Though She’s Sitting Right Next To Me”, “The Autobiography of a Daisy”, “She Grows Flowers in Her Eyes”, “The Wedding Ring on Her Finger Turned”, “Time Doesn’t Like You”, “A Break-Dancing van Gogh”, “Heavens to Betsy”, “Weird Tree Houses”, “No, Dad”, “Kamikaze Kisses”, “Throw Away Your Dirty Tissues”, “How to Be Popular”, “When Andy Attacks”, “Weird & Sexy”, “Lisa Marie Rericha”, “More Adventures”, “Do You See the Angel?”, “I Bought an Abortion”, “It Frees You Up If You Realize You Don’t Exist”, “The Evolver”, “I Got A Misdemeanor For Having Illegal Creativity”, “Dada’s Honda”, “Bored?”, “Creativity Training”, “Secret Passions”, “Looking for the Nearest Window”, “The Tale of the Burnt-Out Daffodils”, “A Career in Creativity”, “Is It True?”, “Geeks Will Be Geeks”, “Stream of Consciousness Review”, “Stop Having Meaning”, “Development Hell”, “Like a Life”, “Yosemite: Extreme Nature”, “Experimental Moms”, “Nature’s Perfume Is So Intoxicating To My Senses”, “Small Town Charm”, “Fourth-Hand Emotions”, “Lyrics Temporarily Unavailable”, “April Falling”, “Emotional Colors”, “A Terribly Short Lifespan”, “Glitter Jitter”, “Visually Excited”, “A Brief Autobiography”, “For God’s Sake”, “Playful Musings”, “A Separate Work of Art”, “Hogwash”, “Prophecy Dream States”, “My Suicide Mission”, “Heavy Thinking”, “In This Surreal Place”, “Drink the Colors”, “World’s Weirdest Weather”, “I Wish My Art Teacher Took Attention In Me! Damn!”, “Chocolate Chip Cookie Spinach”, “Always the Outsider”, “When Dreams and Memories Collide”, “Exchanging Meaningful Glances”, “Remember Why She Love You So”, “My Subconscious Wish”, “All in My Imagination”, “No One Knows What I Am Capable Of”, “I’m Not Bluffing Here”, “Starring Eric Homan as The Narrator”, “Thanks For Your Patience”, “A Fantasy Without Time or Place”, “A Non-Plot Day”, “A Ray of Hope”, “Your Crazy Creative Vagina!”, “Recycled Dogs”, “How Hasn’t Been Lonely?”, “Who Lives at the Neighborhood House Of The Street Address 666?”, “If the Dinosaurs Are Extinct, Are They in Paradise Now, Daddy?”, “Eric van Gogh”, “Erotic Ballerina”, “To Be Continued.....”, “Bring on the Brainstorm”, “Funny Phrases”, “Mesmerizing Shoeplay”, “Call for Artists”, “Sugar Air”, “I Came In Peace”, “My Little Fantasy World”, “Elephant Sits on Man’s Head”, “I Am A Teen-Ager”, “Oh God Yeah!!”, “Plus, One Special Second Falls Engagement Picture!”, “Practicing My Acting”, “Nonetheless”, “Signs of Life”, “The Reality of Nature”, “She Has 32 Perfections”, “Lovey-Dovey”, “Wildly Romantic”, “Don’t Say That”, “A Four-Hour Dream Can Last For One Second”, “Tornado of Flames”, “Overrated”, “In or Out?”, “I’m Imagining Me”, “I Just Came”, “I Have Fantasies”, “Nothing Like an Early Mid-Life Crisis”, “Sorry, Bad Joke”, “Great Creativity”, “I Want To Be a Likable Character in the Movie of My Life”, “I Have No Idea”, “Dreamless Sleep”, “Live & Learn”, “Be a Real Man”, “That Doesn’t Make Any Sense”, “Emotions, Excitement, and Experiences”, “What Memories”, “I Let My Thoughts Wander”, “Tee-Hee”, “Warning! This Is Really Weird!”, “You’ve Got It Coming To You”, “Why Use Drugs”, “I Was That Hurt”, “Would You Like To Discover Me?”, “For My 200th Birthday”, “100% Satisfaction Guaranteed!”, “30-Day Money-Back Guarantee”, “Trapped in a Life”, “Game Show Host”, “WITHOUT ANY RISK”, “Jesus Pissed Himself on the Cross”, “Pure Imagination Chocolate”, “Public Domain Life”, “Sorry for Your Loss”, Try ‘Empathy Therapy’”, “Failed Suicide Attempts”, “This Fantasy Reality”, “To Live Up To”, “Up to Your Imagination”, “Stupid as Cupid”, “Free & Available”, “Wondering What Might Have Been”, “I’ll Always Love You”, “Stop Kidding Yourself”, “An Elephant with Imagination”, “It’s Never Enough”, “Shut Up!”, “The Coward’s Way Out”, “Directionless”, and “Repeat As Needed”.

Music: "Romanze from Piano Concerto No. 1 in E Minor, Op. 11" by Fredrick Chopin.

"Double-Reverted Unused Ideas" - (2008) - (9 min.) Digital Video Art

This is a Creative Remix version of "Unused Ideas", double-exposed and half-reversed.

"Unused Ideas Kaleidoscope" - (2008) - (8 min.) Digital Video Art

This is a Creative Remix version of "Unused Ideas" done with variations of the unique uses of kaleidoscope effect.

"Video II Commercial" - (2008) - (1 min.) Digital Video Art

This is a collection of stills taken by one of my Video I students, Maria Villanueva, that I assembled together as a commercial for promoting what we do in the Video I class:

Video II

- Advanced production/ crew shooting using advanced mini DV cameras
- Lights & lighting/ studio shooting
- Green/ blue screen compositing
- Wireless microphones & sound recording/ mixing
- Advanced DVD authoring

"A Portrait of Memory" - (2008) - (11 min.) Digital Video Art

Memory Dimensions of Inner-Outer Space.

Here is a visualization of memory snapshots that are all blurred out and abstracted through time. Yet if you look at them from a distance, their true form appears. Yet after dozens of images, the pictures start to clutter the background into a memory collage – a portrait of memory.

"A Portrait of Memory Fast" - (2008) - (3 min. - Fast Version) Digital Video Art

Sped-up, "fast" remix version of "A Portrait of Memory".

"A Portrait of Memory Fastest" - (2008) - (1 min. - Fastest Version) Digital Video Art

Sped-up, "fastest" remix version of "A Portrait of Memory".

"My Life Before My Eyes" - (2008) - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

Sped up version of "Our First Year Together".

"2006 Pipeline Project" - (2006) - (7 min.) Documentary Video

This is a project documentary that I am featured in.

"Just My Imagination..." – Video Art DVD Compilation

“Art Beyond Imagination”

Contents Include:

- “Environmental Transformations: Part One”** - (25 min.)
- “Environmental Transformations: Part Two”** - (17 min.)
- “My Memory Photo Show”** - (7 min.)
- “Imagine If Yoko Ono Had Joined The Beatles?”** - (2 min.)
- “The Wilds of Ohio”** - (7 min.)
- “Cloud Gazer”** - (4 min.)
- “The Cloud Wilds of Ohio”** - (7 min.)
- “The Surreal Cloud Wilds of Ohio”** - (7 min.)
- “Abstract Wilds of Ohio”** - (7 min.)
- “The Orange Wilds of Ohio”** - (7 min.)
- “Just My Imagination...”**- (7 min.)
- “Eric and Lisa Homan’s Wedding Day (Song Version)”** - (2 min.)

“Environmental Transformations: Part One” - (2008) - (25 min.) Digital Video Art

Music: “Meditation from *Thais*” by Wagner, “Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun” and “Sirenes from Nocturnes” by Debussy.

“Environmental Transformations: Part Two” - (2008) - (17 min.) Digital Video Art

Music: “‘Romeo and Juliet’ Fantasy-Overture” by Tchaikovsky.

“My Memory Photo Show” – (2008) - (7 min.) Digital Video Art

Unremembered by Eric Homan.

These are photos from my memory from years past: A Memory Loss Picture Show.

Presented in Ultra-Realistic Low Definition Memory.

When you’re living every day in the moment, life is in near-perfect clarity. Yet moments eventually blur, merge, spill, and cross-fade. This is a visual representation of old memories of age.

I took about 300 of my own personal photos, scaled them down to 75 x 100 pixels per inch, imported them into Premiere, and then scaled them back up again 600%!! The result was an interesting form of deformation and distortion with the context of memory loss. It begs the question: are our memories really that lovely, or do we just make them so? They do break down through time. And when we finally do see what our memories look like, what exactly are we seeing?

(Slowed-down) Music by: “Polovtsian Dance No.17 ‘Stranger In Paradise’” by Alexander Borodin.

The Surreal Inspiration?

This piece was inspired by coming to cope with the death of my twenty-second father, whom I was rather close to.

“Imagine If Yoko Ono Had Joined The Beatles?” – 2008 - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

What if Yoko Ono had joined The Beatles?... “and into John Lennon solo career?”

Inspired from hearing Yoko Ono “sing” during the Toronto Peace Concert where she wailed while John was playing “Cold Turkey” and other songs. I love Yoko Ono. Her “Plastic Ono Band” is a great album and she is incredibly underrated. Yet I cannot deny that she was like oil and water when “singing” with John. So I overlapped two Yoko Ono “wailing” performances over “Strawberry Fields Forever”, “I Am The Walrus”, “Help”, “Hey Jude”, “Eleanor Rigby”, and “Imagine”.)

“Pondered and Created by Eric Homan”, “The Beatles (Paul McCartney, John Lennon, George

Harrison, Ringo Starr, & Yoko Ono.”

Song Credits

“Strawberry Fields Forever”, “I Am The Walrus”, “Help”, “Hey Jude”, “Eleanor Rigby” by The Beatles. “Imagine” by John Lennon. “Don’t Worry, Kyoko (Mummy’s Only Looking for Her Hand in the Snow)” by Yoko Ono.

“The Wilds of Ohio” – (2008) - (7 min.) Digital Video Art

8-19-08: “Bigfoot Wildlife Preserve – The Wilds of Mid-East Ohio”: Today Lisa and I spent the entire day at The Wilds in Cumberland, Ohio, thirty miles outside of Zanesville. Her parents came along for the trip, where we took a bus around this hilly and strangely African-like prairie landscape in the middle of rural Ohio. The surrealism of it was its own entertainment value. We got to see various endangered exotic animals from Mongolian deer to rhinos to giraffes to cheetahs to buffalo. Obviously, I took plenty of pictures and video along the way.

“Cloud Gazer” – 2008 - (4 min.) Digital Video Art

This is a cloudscape journey over wild sky formations.

“The Cloud Wilds of Ohio” – (2008) - (7 min.) Digital Video Art

This is a hybrid act of “The Wilds of Ohio” with “Cloud Gazer” into a surrealistic journey.

“The Surreal Cloud Wilds of Ohio” – (2008) - (7 min.) Digital Video Art

This is a hybrid act of “The Wilds of Ohio” with “Cloud Gazer” into a hyper-surrealistic journey with inverted, multiple-exposed colors.

“Abstract Wilds of Ohio” – (2008) - (7 min.) Digital Video Art

This is an abstract remix of “The Wilds of Ohio” with “Cloud Gazer” into a surrealistic-expressionistic, colorful journey.

“The Orange Wilds of Ohio” – (2008) - (7 min.) Digital Video Art

Desaturated version of “The Wilds of Ohio” with only the orange hues of the video popping out in high saturation.

“Just My Imagination...” - (2008) - (7 min.) Digital Video

Chaos hybrid of “The Surreal Wilds of Ohio” mixed with “The Cloud Wilds of Ohio”. Beware: this is the spawn of abstract video art without parent supervision. Multiple video pieces playing on top of each other in a mess of imagination chaos similar to a frenzied dream nightmare.

“Eric and Lisa Homan’s Wedding Day (Song Version)” - (2008) - (2 min.) Documentary Video

This was a 2-minute short video for my wedding day was videotaped and edited by Hazel Tarr with Richard Daulton.

“Eric and Lisa Homan’s Wedding Day” - (2008) - (1 hr. 30 min.) Documentary Video

Disk 1

“Eric and Lisa Homan’s Wedding Day (Full Version)” - (2 hr. 8 min.)

Disk 2

“Eric and Lisa Homan’s Wedding Day (Edited Version)” - (1 hr. 28 min.)

“Eric and Lisa Homan’s Wedding Day (Song Version)” - (3 min.)

The documentary video for my wedding day was videotaped and edited by Hazel Tarr with Richard Daulton. I put together the DVD packaging. It also comes with a 2 minute long “music video” compilation.

“Eric and Lisa Homan’s Wedding Photos DVD” - (2008) - (1 hr. 40 min.) Digital Video
Photography

This is an archive collection of the wedding photography taken by Megan Treptow and Kate Morgan on July 12, 2008. It is broken down into categories of the best 32 photos, the best 78 photos, the best 261 photos, and then all 1,300 photos!!! They are presented in a slideshow formate with cross-dissolves with *dozens* of Beatles love songs playing as they are shown.

Beatles Love Songs

"Here, There and Everywhere", "And I Love Her", "Any Time at All", "I Need You", "I Wanna Hold Your Hand", "I Will", "I'll Follow the Sun", "If I Fell", "Michelle", "In My Life", "She Loves You", "Something", "This Boy", "Words of Love", "A Hard Day's Night", "Across the Universe", "All My Loving", "Can't Buy Me Love", "Don't Let Me Down", "Drive My Car", "Eight Days a Week", "Every Little Thing", "Everybody's Trying to Be My Baby", "From Me to You", "Girl", "Got to Get You In My Life", "Hello, Goodbye", "Help!", "I Call Your Name", "Here Comes the Sun", "I Feel Fine", "P.S. I Love You", "Rain", "Rock and Roll Music", "Strawberry Fields Forever", "Roll Over Beethoven", "Twist and Shout", "Thank You Girl", "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds", "I Saw Her Standing There", "Love Me Do", "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da", "Hey Jude", "Penny Lane", and "Please Please Me" by The Beatles.

“Ryan and Jonathan Hoeting: From 2005-2008” - (2009) DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

Disk One:

“Uncle Eric Homan’s Camera: Ryan and Jonathan Hoeting: From 2005-2008” - (1 hr. 22 min.)

“Baby Ryan: His First Year” - (27 min.)

Disk Two:

“Mommy and Daddy’s Camera: Ryan and Jonathan Hoeting: From 2005-2008” - (1 hr. 23 min.)

“Ryan: Adventures of a One-Year-Old” - (26 min.)

“Uncle Eric Homan’s Camera: Ryan and Jonathan Hoeting: From 2005-2008” - (2009)
- (1 hr. 22 min.) Digital Video Nostalgia

“Mommy and Daddy’s Camera: Ryan and Jonathan Hoeting: From 2005-2008” - (2009)
- (1 hr. 23 min.) Digital Video Nostalgia

“The Honeymoon Nebula” – Video Art and Documentary DVD Compilation

Tag Line: *“When Life Attack!”*

–Warning: Contains Creative Content.

Contents Include:

“Eric and Lisa Homan’s Honeymoon and Wedding Festivities” - (27 min.)

“A Cat Video for Cat Lovers” - (44 min.)

“The Jellyfish Nebula” - (3 min.)

“Alien Life Forms” - (3 min.)

“When Rainbows Attack!” - (5 min.)

“Environmental Transformations of The Wilds of Ohio” - (7 min.)

“Do the Ryan Dance” - (2 min.)

“Do the Ryan Dance Kaleidoscope” - (2 min.)

“The Great Balloon Release” - (1 min.)

“Eric and Lisa Homan’s Honeymoon and Wedding Festivities” - (2008) - (27 min.) Digital Video

Contains: **“Eric’s Bachelor Party”**, **“The Wedding Rehearsal”**, **“Wedding Rehearsal Dinner”**, **“The Wedding Day Blur”**, **“The Day After the Wedding”**, and **“Our Honeymoon”**.

Eric’s Bachelor Party... A Pathetic Version of Indecent Proposal: Propositioning the Hooters Girl to come out putt-putt golfing with us for some luggage... Magic Mountain Fun Center... The Wedding Rehearsal... Wedding Rehearsal Dinner... What the Wedding Day was like: *The Wedding Day Blur*... The Day After the Wedding... And then the blur of the gift opening... Our Honeymoon, Gatlinburg, Tennessee... Ripley’s Believe It or Not! Odditorium... Alpine sliding... Top of the Mountain... The Great Smoky Mountains... Back on top of the Smokies... Ripley’s Aquarium of the Smokies... Ripley’s Mirror Maze... Dollywood... Smoky Mountain National Park... Black bear cubs... WonderWorks, Pigeon Forge, TN... Smoky Mountain National Park: Day Two... The Tennessee/ North Carolina state line... Heading home... The End?

Music Credits

“Trumpet Voluntary (The Prince of Denmark’s March)” by Jeremiah Clarke, “At Last” by Etta James, “Figaro” by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, “Return to Florence” by Puccini, “Fantaisie Impromptu” by Fredrick Chopin, “Waltz 2 from Jazz Suite by Dmitri Shostakovich, and “Piano Concerto No2” by Rachmaninoff.

The Honeymoon Journal Log

7-14-08: **“Gatlinburg, Tennessee – Ho!”**: Today was our first day on our honeymoon. And like all vacations, they are a celebration... and an endurance test. I woke up with an aching head and neck caused by drinking most of an opened bottle of wine because we were going to have to dump it this morning because it would spoil. Being the sentimental dummy that I am for not wasting anything, I drank most of the rather potent bottle. The good news was I got to sleep in record time. The bad news... a headache the morning of my honeymoon. So I took some Excedrin and eventually the idiot-me, self-created pain went away. Lisa and I first went to our banks to deposit the money and checks we received for our wedding. As we were at Lisa’s bank, she asked if I had the directions to Gatlinburg. I thought she had them in the plastic bag with the Gatlinburg tourist pamphlets, so I responded that we had them. That ended up not being the case. So while still only five minutes away from “leaving home”, we backtracked back to the house to reprint out the directions. So we were officially on the highway at 10 a.m. I drove until about 12:30 p.m. when we were far south of Cincinnati and past the busy areas of northern Kentucky. And yes, driving in busy, speeding areas of traffic on interstates I’m not totally sure about can wear you down fast. Lisa and I ate at a local \$5.50 pizza buffet that was filled with mostly male Kentucky rednecks. It was amazing how much of an environment and culture change we had gone through already. We were aliens, even as middle-class white people. People were even smoking inside the restaurant, something I haven’t seen in years since Ohio and Columbus is smoke-free. Lisa drove the next two hours while cursing at the speeding cars going 85 on 70 mph roads while we all drove through various construction zones where no one was working. The scenery changed some more as we descended into Smokey Mountain Application country. I took over driving around 3 p.m. and had some trouble with getting directions backwards that nearly got us taking the wrong exit. Our drive was supposed to take us 6 hours and 45 minutes. We started at about 9:50 a.m. We got to Gatlinburg around

5:45 p.m. So in reality, we were on the road for eight hours, which is pretty tiring, even with shared driving. I could tell that Lisa needed a break with her nerves shot from me driving and with both of us misunderstanding the roads when they suddenly change names. Driving first through Sevierville and Pigeon Forge got to be an ADD person's worst nightmare, or greatest freaking dream! Go-carts on multiple levels!! Fudge factories!! Dollywood!! Smorgasbords!! Ripley's Museums!! People Everywhere!! Smokey Mountains!! Outlet Malls!!! Nature!! Dinner Theaters!! Helicopter rides!! Insane Putt-Putt Golf Courses!! Wineries!! Trolleys!! Wax Museums!! It was *endless*. It was like a descent into tourist and consumerist hell... or heaven, depending on your point of view! Lisa was going crazy from excitement. We were going to be here for a week, and already I could see that we weren't going to be able to do "everything". What was the most surreal about seeing all of this was how people just plain decided to build a Las Vegas/ Orlando/ Niagara Falls in the most scenic areas of the Smokey Mountains!! I mean, the Hocking Hills of southeastern Ohio has its strong nature points, but it has a scant amount of touristy things besides hiking. For one thing, it doesn't have much fudge as other "tourist traps" like this is. Placing like this region is a Disneyworld-type place for rednecks from all over the South. There was quite a lot of people walking around smoking, which boggled my mind and unnerved me because the streets can get crowded and someone with a lit cigarette walking with it in their swinging hand can nearly burn a hole in your shirt. Lisa and I finally found our hotel and checked out downtown Gatlinburg. We ate at Bubba Gump's Shrimp (where we shared a wonderfully colorful, watered down exotic "specialty drink") where I could barely hear a word that the waitress said because of the jumbled sound level in the restaurant. When I hear too many overlapping voices, I can't make heads or tails out of it. Lisa and I could barely have a conversation without one of us awkwardly misunderstanding what the other had said. After we were done eating, we then toured Ripley's Believe It or Not! Odditorium Museum, which I always find to be so much fun because of their quirky, yet real surrealism factor. Then at 10:30 p.m., we enjoyed a swim in their heated pool with a few floating beetles and bugs in the chlorine (and kid pee) water with us. Oh, the joy of vacations. At 11:39 p.m., Lisa talked over my shoulder while I was typing. Damn it. I forgot what I was thinking and wanted to say. "Mother-f-er!!!!" (My new learned word of the week, from what I hear!)

Life goes by fast when you're busy and crazy in a car for most of a waking day. I can already see the whole week over with because we've got so many things we want to do and accomplish. Call it a foresight vacation.

7-15-08: Today was Day *TWO* of the journey that is life in the chapter called "*Honeymoon*". We explored more of Gatlinburg today starting early in the morning by eating hotcakes at a famous breakfast chain called Flapjacks. Then we ventured up to Ober Gatlinburg where we had to take an aerial tram up the side of the mountain to get to a mini amusement park area where we bought \$20 wristbands to ride all the rides, which included: Alpine Slide, scenic chairlift up to the top of a mountain for a breathtaking view of the Smokey's, water raft slides, fun house, bumper cars, Blue Cyclone Rapids water slide, and a swinging pirate ship! We went on most of these things twice and really got our money's worth. We were there from 9:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. since there was so much to do! After a late Mexican Cantina lunch, we took in the Ripley's Aquarium of the Smokey's that was nearby our hotel. This was probably the *best* aquarium either of us had ever been to. What made it so special was that you could walk through underground glass tunnels that were in the giant shark-filled aquarium itself! So you were completely immersed in their environment. We had saw-nosed sharks swim over us along with other large sharks, mantas, sting rays, and other assorted beautifully exotic fish. I was in a frenzy with taking pictures with my new camera. Meanwhile, I had Lisa videotape through the way. I was getting rather tired by this point while trying desperately to take pictures while excited and drained. My feet stung every step I took, which made it extremely difficult to walk around. I am getting old and my body is just not as durable as it once was. Nowadays, I have to sit down more and not be on my feet for so many hours of the day.

Lisa and I took over an hour nap around 5 to 6 p.m. because we were so exhausted from doing so much walking. Later in the evening, we eventually decided on eating dinner at a local Italian restaurant and later took in the impressive "Ripley's Moving Theater" – a "4-D" movie experience with motion controlled seats that involved a first-person monster truck demolishing cars, as well as a snowmobile where actual snow fell from the ceiling! Then we took in the Ripley's Mirror Maze, which was actually a lot of crazy fun as well.

The other thing I noticed about the tourists of Gatlinburg was how gassy they are... including myself. All this tourist food and summer heat can create a strange internal combustion. So basically nearly everyone walking down the main street was passing gas wherever they went – babies, kids, teenagers, married couples, and senior citizens! No wonder it's called the Smokey Mountains!

7-16-08: Today was our day for Dollywood. I insisted that we get there as soon as they opened so we could hit all the rides early on before the lines get long. And thankfully, we managed to do just that. Most of the rides were around five minutes. Sometimes we just got right in a ride with no wait at all! It was fantastic. And I was so proud of Lisa for going on the scarier rides with me... even though she had her eyes shut for 90% of the time. The park itself resembled King's Island pretty well, from a few of its roller coasters and water rides, to its back country old time settler's setting. Lisa and I even took in a Great American Country Show in the late afternoon. As always, our feet started to hurt and the heat eventually got to us. Still, we both enjoyed ourselves and had a great time together through even our exhaustion.

Afterwards, we took in the Pigeon Forge outlet malls, which really weren't anything different from the outlets already in Ohio. But on the way back to Gatlinburg, we did find a great local Catfish restaurant that we both really enjoyed. The neat thing they did was serve all-you-can-eat hush puppies, Cole slaw, baked beans, and dill pickles

right off the bat. Instead of serving bread right away, we got this neat medley that was free as long as you ordered a dinner entrée, starting at \$8.99. So that place ended up being the best place we ate at for being the most difficult. And there was live entertainment with a local playing acoustic guitar.

7-17-08: So today on this vacation day Thursday (that didn't feel a thing like a Thursday), Lisa and I made our first journey descent into the Great Smokey Mountain National Park where we hiked Laurel Falls Trails (2.6 miles). Then we made our way out to the west side of the park to Cades Cove for a spectacular view of the surrounding mountains with a gorgeous prairie in the foreground. Considering that we were driving at an average speed of 15 miles an hour on a looping one-way road, we couldn't do much more hiking because of a lack of time, energy, and the high temperatures. Also, many of the parking lots were already filled up with no available parking for us to stop. Other far-off trailheads didn't have toilet facilities for Lisa to go. But we got to see a great deal of the park. The mountains were definitely the main attraction. Though I have to admit that the Hocking Hills had just as many nice waterfalls that were closer to the parking lots.

Once out of the national park, we visited a winery, ate at the large All-American Buffet, and took an extended visit of Wonder Works, a COSI-type interactive science amusement area. It got progressively better as we went through it. We even rode in a motion simulator that spun us in every which way, hence making Lisa curse at me. Personally, it was pretty crazy for me as well to be hung upside down and on my sides for an extended period of time! Then I did a wall climb by the skin of the teeth. Once we got home around 8 p.m., we took a swim at the hotel. So we've really had a great, successful vacation honeymoon.

7-18-08: Today, "Friday", was our last day of our honeymoon, which we spent hiking the Alum Falls Trails (4.6 miles). All in all, we did a lot, took in several of the attractions, and had an all-around good time. I really can't complain. I think between the two of us, we spent about \$1000, \$500 each. So not bad for our honeymoon. We're already planning going to San Antonio in December to stay with my cousin Mark Twehues as part of the "continuation" of our honeymoon vacation series.

We first took in the Alum Cave Bluff Trail where we hiked to what we thought was the Bluff, but it ended up being something called Anchor Rock. I blame the National Park for not naming their landmarks better for us naïve tourist hiker folk who are easily confused and turned around before the main attraction. Yet still we headed south and saw some superior overlooks like the Tennessee/ North Carolina state line as well as Clingman's Dome.

And so ends our weeklong honeymoon as we arrived back at our Dublin home at 9:15 p.m. on Friday night.

"A Cat Video for Cat Lovers" - (2009) - (44 min.) Digital Video

A video I made for my wife Lisa featuring footage from over a year of our two cats, Pooh Bear and Guinness.

Starring "Pooh Bear" and "Guinness", "Pooh Bear Eating the Christmas Tree", "The Contemplative Cat", "The Anxious Cat", "He's Still There", "Com-pet-ition!", "He who rules the cat pirsch rules the world", "The Staredown!", "The Truce", "Smell My Butt", "Bed Buddies", "They Know!", "And I Don't Care", "I Said I Don't Care", "Mommy's Home!", "Feed Us, Mommy!", "Or We Will Feed on You!", "The Intruder!", "He's Invading My Territory!", "Meow?", "The Sun Bather", "Cat Brading", "I'm Making My Masterpiece!", "Guinness: The Primadonna", "This Is My Good Side", "In Cleveland, A Neighborhood 'Wild Cat'", "He's a Biter!", "Peek-a-Boo!", "Marking His Scent on the Camera", "An Unedited 10-Min. Cat Camera Take", "The Cat Sun Bath", "Such a Hard Life", "How Did He Do That?", "He Did It Again!", "I Want Out!", "What a Magical World It Is Outside!", "The Primadonna Pose", "Food!", "Show Me Attention!", "Aren't You Going To Rub My Belly?", "To Sit or Not To Sit in the Chair", "I Think I'll Just Sit Right Here", "Such a Hard Life", "What's Pooh Bear Up To?", "Such a Hard Life", "A High Butt Hello", "I Think I'll Just Lay Right Here", "What's Going On Outside?", "Nothing", "So I Think I'll Take Another Nap", "What's Guinness Up To Now?", "Hello in There?", "Kitty Contentment", "An Unedited Cat Camera #2", "Run, Kitties, Run!", "Whoa!", "Kitty Cheek Scratch", "Okay, Rub My Belly Now", "Okay, Chin Scratch", "Intruder #2", "The Cat-gasm Dance", "Intruder #3", "The Slow Standoff", "The Retreat", "The King of the Cat Pirsch", "The King of the Cat Chair", "Give Me a Rub Reward", "Cat Camera Play", "Intruder #4", "Cat Fever!", "Intruder #5", "The Slow Standoff!", "Oh, the Drama!", "Double Intimidation!", "Days Later, He's Back!", "A Few More Days Later", "Their Strange Stareoff Continues", "Yet Another Dramatic Meow!", "The World's Slowest Battle", "Retreat Due to Chronic Boredom", "Intruder #6!", "Cat Shadowplay", "Shadow Cat Theater", "Pooh Bear Was The Shadow Star", "His Star Shines Bright!", "The Purr Motor", "Star Treatment", "The Air Comfort Knead", "Bathing in the Sun", "Mommy Catlady Arrives Home", "Where's My Love?", "The First Snow of the Season", "Cat Camera #3", "The Amazing Double Cat-Butt", "Weird!", "Scratch My Butt!", Starring "Guinness" and "Pooh Bear".

The Music

“The Tale of Prince Calendar - Scheherazade” by Nicolai Rimskij-Korsakow, “Nocturne op. 9/2 in E Flat Major – Thoughts at Night” by Frederic Chopin, “Norwegian Rhapsody” by Edouard Lalo, “Syrinx” by Claude Debussy, “Valse romantique” by Claude Debussy, “The Firebird – Berceuse” by Igor Strawinsky, and “Symphony No. 2 – Adagio (2nd Movement)” by Johannes Brahms.

“The Jellyfish Nebula” - (2008) - (3 min.) Digital Video

This is a video collection gallery of jellyfish from the Ripley’s Aquirium of the Smokies and the jelly wonders that one can behold there!!!

“Alien Life Forms” - (2008) - (3 min.) Digital Video

This is an abstract, super-saturated version of “The Jellyfish Nebula”, full of new vibrating, pulsating life forms from another galaxy.

“When Rainbows Attack!!” - (2009) - (5 min.) Digital Video

The first incident occurred on June 16, 2006 on the east side of Yellowstone National Park in Wymoing, USA. A sleet storm rained down first, followed by an ominous wave of primatic terror color cells flashing us in light beam ribbons. They suddenly appeared everywhere! There was no escape. It was blocking where we needed to go. It even waited for us when we stopped to see if it would leave.

When we made our desperate reverse turn backwards, we thought we had lost the rainbows. But there it was again! We became like tornado chasers – racing towards certain doom while chasing a pot of gold. The rainbows were playing a game with us. We were in Rainbow Country. And we were the visitors... the intruders. The closest rainbow eventually became strangely shy, and hid behind a mountain.

The second incident occurred just three days later on June 19th, 2006 outside Richmond, Indiana, USA. The rainbows came out of nowhere and attacked us on all sides. It was glorious, breathtaking, and terrifying all at the same time!

“Environmental Transformations of The Wilds of Ohio” – 2008 - (7 min.) Digital Video Art

Hybrid version of “Environmental Transformations” double-exposed with “The Wilds of Ohio”.

“Do the Ryan Dance” - (2009) - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

My nephew Ryan doing a crazy dance, remixed with special light rays. M.I.A.’s “Bird Flu” completes the soundtrack.

“Do the Ryan Dance Kaleidoscope” - (2009) - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

Remixed version of “Do the Ryan Dance” in a kaleidoscope fashion.

“The Great Balloon Release” - (2009) - (1 min.) Digital Video Art

The ceremonial release of a child’s balloon.

“Creative Heavens on Eric Earth” – Video Art DVD Compilation

Contents Include: “Cat Cubes”, “Is This Heaven?”, “The Living and Leaving of My Hometown”, “Steve & Tanya Hoeting’s Wedding Day”, “The Spring” (long version) , “The Spring”

(short version), [“What If The Spring Was Gray and Silent?”](#), [“The Slow Spring”](#) (long version), [“The Slow Spring”](#) (short version), [“Justin and Nikki’s Art Apartment”](#), [“Ring Them Bells”](#), [“Creativity, Memory, & Emotional Outtakes”](#), and [“Crying on the Phone Without Tears”](#).

A collection of Artistic, Personal Video and Photography Through the Lands and Lens of Eric Homan.

“Cat Cubes” - (2009) - (12 min.) Digital Video Art

Four cat screens to make one image of a cubed cat cage/ cat kennel layer composited on top. This is my 43-minute cat video cut in four segments to make a 12-minute video piece “kennel”.

“Is This Heaven?” - (1996/ 2009) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

This is a Grief and Boredom Video Short. I ended up using a little of this footage for another video piece called “Heaven”. But most of the footage was left unused due to how personal and private, let alone how emotionally raw it was since it was shot days after my mother was killed in a car accident. The shot of me crying at the beginning was the real thing the day after I heard the news. It is the most raw portrait of grief. Yet the following bit of footage was myself with a video camera staring at blank walls, looking lost, unable to figure out what to do next. It was my expression of frustration over not knowing what to film. My emotions were simply shot. I didn’t have any actors that I knew to help me. So I used myself as an actor. So this piece was part of my grieving process. I do sing softly a little bit of the Talking Heads song “Heaven”: “Heaven is a place where nothing ever happens.” The song was playing constantly in my head.

“The Living and Leaving of My Hometown” - (2009) - (8 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

A Stroll Through My Hometown

7-26-01: Later tonight, I wondered around Coldwater Park in a fantasy that I was sleepwalking through my past. I *Feel so different...* like a foreigner in my own hometown. So nice to be *anonymous* in a town where people used to tease me. At the Shack, I ordered a lime slushy and three Fun Dips, just for nostalgia’s sake. Yet as I walked along, I questioned why I grew up in this small town at all. A cruel bitterness saddened me for wishing I hadn’t lived around kids who mostly expressed themselves in playing sports and drinking beer. I noticed that teenagers still cruise around this “dead-end” town in their parent’s cars for fun. Some things never change. It was so peaceful at the park. I listened to a basketball bounce on the nearby driveway. As I left Coldwater stadium, a man who was walking his dog said a very friendly “*hello!*” to me – a stranger. I wanted to cry. Only in a small town in an unknown part of Ohio could I feel so welcome and alienated at the same time. I had to tell myself at the end of the walk: “Carry on, Eric. You’ve done fine. *Smile*. You’ve made it this *far*.” And so I walked on.

Subtext Narration

I leave my adopted home of Ft. Lauderdale for my hometown for my sister’s wedding...

Flying back gives you plenty of time to daydream out of the airplane window...

Awe at all the visions and wonders I’ve seen...

I arrive back in Ohio...

What adventures are there to partake...? Grocery shopping... Drives through the country at sunset...

At home, in Coldwater, Ohio, “home” was for sale...

This was all going away soon...

A large part of my dad’s life was tending to his massive backyard garden... Producing a homemade harvest...

While growing up in this house, the most relaxing and comforting sound I heard each summer during bedtime was the hall fan...

The town park was where most people hung out playing sporting events and games...

Swim team, horseshoes, baseball diamonds...

Several businesses sold farming equipment...
The bowling alley was a major town "hotspot"...
Then there were the bars...
Garage sales were a recreational event for my father... He stopped at every one...
My personal "Mecca" was the Coldwater Public Library... They were always welcoming to me...
Besides the bars, the epicenter of town was Holy Trinity Catholic Church...
The other epicenter was Coldwater Public Exempted Schools... where my parents used to teach... where
my sisters and I went to school... and where I worked as a custodian...
I used to clean these high school restrooms every late weekday afternoon...
These were my father and mother's old classrooms where they taught...
I used to help clean the entire school with this cart during the summers...
This was the route I walked home every day after school...
Children biked everywhere...
And my dad was still working in his garden...
One of our town's great monuments was our water tower...
Back at Holy Trinity Catholic Church, my sister Tanya was having her wedding rehearsal...
The stain glass windows was the town's finest artwork...
A few miles out of town was the Racquet Club... This was where my family used to go to swim, exercise,
and have fun...
In these waters my memories float into ripples of the past...

My hometown where I grew up was Coldwater, Ohio, which was about two hours west of Columbus, Ohio, nearby the Ohio/ Indiana state border. So what made up life in a small town where I came from? Shooting basketball, watching baseball, bowling, shopping at the local grocery store, playing at the town park, mowing your lawn. This was pretty much all there was to do in my small town hometown. Now just imagine living there for 18 years when you don't like doing the majority of these things. 24 hours a day. 7 days a week. 12 months a year. 60 seconds per minute. It was utter *madness*. Yet some of the people were awfully friendly.

Music

"Largo from the Opera 'Xerxes'" by Handel, "Symphony No 101 in D Major 'The Clock Andante'" by Haydn, and "String Serenade in E major Op 22" by Dvorak.

"Steve & Tanya Hoeting's Wedding Day" - (2001/ 2009) - (20 min.) Digital Video
Videotaped from Eric Homan's POV. The End/ The Beginning

"The Spring" (long version) - (2009) - (12 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

This is a series of fantastic pictures I had taken during April 2009 around the neighborhood that I live in. Many of them were taken while I was out biking and was compelled to capture the rapture... The Spring.

Music

"Piano Concerto 2 in C Minor Op 18" by Rachmaninov and "Piano Concerto 2 in G Minor Op 22" by Saint Saens.

"The Spring" (short version) - (2009) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

This is a series of fantastic pictures I had taken during April 2009 around the neighborhood that I live in. Many of them were taken while I was out biking and was compelled to capture the rapture... The Spring.

Music

"Piano Concerto 2 in C Minor Op 18" by Rachmaninov.

“What If The Spring Was Gray and Silent?” - (2009) - (5 min.) Digital Video Art

Reinterpreted version of “The Spring”. All those gorgeous spring colors on the trees and flowers are in black and white with gray tones. And the spring music and birds chirping has been muted.

“The Slow Spring” (long version) - (2009) - (17 min. 30 sec., or 7,487 hrs.) Digital Video Art

Enjoy a parade of spring imagery slowed down and merged together.

Slow ten-second long cross-dissolves of 20-second long spring photos. They last for eight minutes.

Music

“Wind Quintet in E Flat, Op. 88/2 – ‘Andante grazioso’” by A. Reicha, “Cello Concerto #1 in G – ‘Romance’” by G. Stamitz, and “Concerto for Flute & Harp in C, K 299 – ‘Andantino’” by Mozart.

“The Slow Spring” (short version) - (2009) - (7 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

Slow ten-second long cross-dissolves of 20-second long spring photos. They last for eight minutes.

Music

“Concerto for Flute & Harp in C, K 299 – ‘Andantino’” by Mozart.

“Justin and Nikki’s Art Apartment” - (2009) - (4 min.) Digital Video Art

Video footage shot in 1997 of my friend Justin Jason’s apartment that he kept with his girlfriend Nikki. It ends with a videotaped childbirth, as my own silly homage to “2001: A Space Odyssey”!

Music: “Klazzh” and “Basilisk 1” by The Legendary Pink Dots.

From My Private Journal

10-19-97: “I experienced a *Day* with my classmate and friend Justin Jason. I felt like I grew up along the way today because I had found someone who I could talk to who shared similar “weird” and wonderful ideas and concepts about life. We traveled to Hocking Hills and hiked along the cliffs. To my naïve shock, he smoked right before me. Once the exhilaration of being in nature waned and my body felt wildly exhausted, I felt a dire longing to be in the security of **home**. Yet the sincerity of our conversation and feelings allowed me to reject most of my exhaustion and uncomfortableness with being around his drugs. We later talked at his apartment - a self-made museum of “The Far Side”, Salvador Dali, astrology, “Calvin and Hobbes”, his girlfriend’s clothes, Star Wars, pet cats, vanilla scented candles, Giger, sexuality, and van Gogh. For the first time, I felt like I had met some of the characters from Pump Up the Volume that I had always wanted to be acquainted with. I felt more comfortable talking by being with someone I could actually relate to. We’re both quite eccentric in our own right, though I may be a bit more outwardly conservative based on my upbringing. It was so much easier to think and feel - for the quiet at his apartment offered thoughts instead of constant conversation and noise, especially in this environment of free feelings and creative concepts. It was close to nirvana.”

“Ring Them Bells” - (2009) - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

Played by Maestro Eric Homan.

My father had about 200 bells set out for the holiday season. So one day I decided to videotape myself playing with them all and make some music out of it. This video was the record of that ringing event.

“Creativity, Memory, & Emotional Outtakes” - (2009) - (12 min.) Digital Video Art

This is a series of video shots that I videotaped in late 1997 that didn't really work into an actual video project. I captured them a decade later and edited the parts that I felt were of interest in showing creativity, memory, and emotion. They're outtakes to be sure, but quite an interesting patchwork collection threading together what is essentially my forgotten past.

Text: He doesn't know how to wear a tie, The Hand Is Asleep, The Big Boo! '97, Homan Family Reunion '97, I don't know who these cousins are, My Old Coldwater Friends, Grotisque Crousants!, Negative Prisms.

“Crying on the Phone Without Tears” - (2009) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

Literally, it is me crying on the phone without tears. The rawest video of myself at my barest emotionally in the dark. Words are spoken: “Empathy”. “Have you ever noticed that Cupid's single, too?”

“Eric's Imaginations” – Video Art DVD Compilation

A Collection of Artistic, Personal Video Through the Soul of Eric Homan.

Contents Include:

“Voyeur” - (1 min. 30 sec.)

“A Portrait of Vincent #2” - (4 min.)

“Blank” - (1 min.)

“Scribbles” - (5 min.)

“NATIONAL DEPRESSION AWARENESS DAY!!” - (15 sec.)

“Autumn Infinity” - (10 min.)

“Autumn Infinity Explosion #1” - (1 min. 30 sec.)

“Autumn Infinity Explosion #2” - (30 sec.)

“‘Psycho Killer’ Performance Piece” - (2 min. 30 sec.)

“Alive, Not a Lie: Broken-Hearted, Self-Indulgent, Manic-Depressive, Blues-Brilliance” - (7 min.)

“Wake Up” - (3 min.)

“Summer of Songs, Movies, Depression, Loneliness, and Grief” - (19 min.)

“Fine Art Facades” - (2 min.)

“Tales of Extreme Boredom” - (7 min. 30 sec.)

“Watching ‘Taxi Driver’” - (3 min. 30 sec.)

“The Revenge of the Hand Is Asleep and Dreaming” - (3 min. 30 sec.)

“Inside the Rainbow Womb” - (9 min.)

“Western Heavens on Earth (Surreal-Impressionist Version)” - (short version: 14 min.)

“Western Heavens on Earth (Super Sped-Up Surreal-Impressionist Version)” - (short version: 1 min.)

“Voyeur” - (2009) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

Seeing a woman in a 2-story apartment window spawning a thousand looking eyes. But whose?

“A Portrait of Vincent #2” - (2009) - (4 min.) Digital Video Art

Outtakes of “A Portrait of Vincent”, re-edited for a very different feeling and mood.

"She is real."
For the soundtrack, I sped up Erik Satie's "First Gymnopedie".

"Blank" - (2009) - (1 min.) Digital Video Art

An artist struggles to find the picture inside the empty white canvas.

"Scribbles" - (2009) - (5 min.) Digital Video Art

Outtakes from footage I shot in early 1997. Vomiting rubber bands. Time passes. Finger dancing.

Music: "First Gymnopedie" by Erik Satie and "Rainbow Connection" by Kermit the Frog.

"NATIONAL DEPRESSION AWARENESS DAY!!" - (2009) - (15 sec.) Digital Video Art

This is a very black comedic little commercial that I thought up. It's a parody of various "depression awareness" commercials that I often see on TV. It is not meant to be taken *literally*. (Duh.) But for anyone who suffers from depression, it's a dark wink-wink in-joke.

Text

HORRAY!! It's NATIONAL DEPRESSION AWARENESS DAY!!

EVERYBODY PARTY!!

AND THEN GO OUT AND KILL YOURSELF.

Music

"Air for the G String" by Bach.

"Autumn Infinity" - (2009) - (10 min.) Digital Video Photo Art

Companion piece to "Infinite Autumn". Autumn photos scale up at 1% (at beginning) to 32% size (at four seconds) to 100% (at 7 ½ seconds) on top of each other. Each picture is there for 7 ½ seconds. Overlap of 4 seconds. 3 second dissolve.

Music

"Piano Concerto #1 In C, Op. 15" by Ludwig van Beethoven.

"Autumn Infinity Explosion #1" - (2009) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Photo Art

Lightning speed version of "Autumn Infinity" in ADD vision.

"Autumn Infinity Explosion #2" - (2009) - (30 sec.) Digital Video Photo Art

Lightning speed version of "Autumn Infinity" in ADD vision.

"Psycho Killer' Performance Piece" - (2009) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Photo Art

Performed by Eric Homan. Music by Talking Heads. Myself doing a "Say Anything" parody performance climaxed with expressionistic handheld camera work.

"Alive, Not a Lie: Broken-Hearted, Self-Indulgent, Manic-Depressive, Blues-Brilliance" - (1997/ 2009) - (7 min.) Digital Video Art

Here are my finest moments of heart-broken blues from 1997! Presented in glorious grungy HI-8 quality!

Narration

"This is how I spend my Saturday nights."

"Love is fragile. Love is necessary, love is tragic, love is everything... Love is security, love is bliss, love is depression, love is despair, love is real, love is fantasy, love is contradiction, love is paradox, love is music, love is noise, love is doom, love is redemption, love is birth, love is death. Love is you, love is me, love is... us... we. forever and ever... please, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry..."

"Happy times... I'm so used to being lonely now. I don't wanna be. You mean everything... I hate this loneliness... I think I would have given up everything for you... Perfectly aware that I'm crying in front of the camera... This music should fit my attitude a lot more. Heh. *Humor*... it's what keeps me alive. *Alive, not a lie*. Alive. I just can't *believe*...! I shared my life with someone else... You can be pretty. Pretty. Pretty. I treated you like an angel. Solace will save me here. All I've got to do is just *be*... with me. You know, I think about you *so much*! Then I see you in a picture, and it strikes me that you're still alive. That you're a real person. You're not just a fantasy, you're not just an animation. You're a real person... Friends I've had, friends I've lost. And friends I've met, but I already know they'll be lost, too. So try and treasure them *while they're still here*. Working on my video... because I've got nothing else to do. And it's a good way of expressing myself. A good way... Goodnight. It's a Saturday night."

Music

"Baci Dopo il Tramonto", "Lontano", and "Once Upon a Time in America (Deborah's Theme)" by Ennio Morricone.

"Wake Up" - (2009) - (3 min.) Digital Video Art

Abstract-experimental/ expressionistic remix of "A Portrait of Vincent" and "The Hand Is Asleep and Dreaming", re-edited for a very different feeling and mood.

Music

"First Gymnopedie" by Erik Satie and "Farewell and Goodnight" by Smashing Pumpkins.

"Summer of Songs, Movies, Depression, Loneliness, and Grief" - (2009) - (19 min.) Digital Video Art

Preface

This was an extremely tough summer for me. My mother had been killed in a car accident eight months earlier, and I was still grieving. My grandma had also recently died early in the summer. Then my first girlfriend, my first "true love", broke up with me. It was like I was dealing with multiple deaths on various levels that I could not easily deal with. And to top it all off, I was less than a year away from graduating from art school and didn't know what my future had in store for me. To get through this painful period, I listened to a ton of great music and watched a buffet of movies. It was my therapy and my study. All the while, I was videotaping my life through this stressful period as a source of introspection and self-expression. It wasn't meant to be used for any video project. It just was.

Journal writing was a great emotional release. My upstairs neighbor playing his music too loud. Watching too much TV. A typical Saturday night. Reading through my old journals. Watching old movies. Lots of sitting around my apartment of solitude listening to great music and reading books. A letter from an ex-girlfriend... She stills wants to be friends... still rejection... It's now my birthday... Birthday Rain Tear Baptism...

Movies

Naked, Monsieur Verdoux, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Once Upon a Time in America, Jerry Maguire, In Cold Blood, Day for Night.

Music

"Tunnel of Love" by Bruce Springsteen, "By Starlight" by Smashing Pumpkins, "Yer Blues" by The Beatles, "Ripples" by Genesis, "How?" by John Lennon, "Julia" by The Beatles, "All I Want Is You" by U2, "Maybe I'm Amazed" by Paul McCartney, "Mofo" by U2, "What a Wonderful World" by Louis Armstrong, "Eraser" by Nine Inch Nails, "Hey Hey, My My (Into the Black)" by Neil Young & Crazy Horse, "Oh My Love" by John Lennon, "Good Night" by The Beatles, and "The End" by The Beatles.

"Fine Art Facades" - (2009) - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

More unused footage from "A Portrait of Vincent", with a further explored and explanded concept.

Naration

Vincent van Gogh lives on in the great museum galleries. He is constantly surrounded by great female beauty. But no love. Indifferent, frozen love. He has many loves (of art), these women of the galleries. Yet he feels no love back. So he becomes art. He goes mad... screams. He's just one of the... Fine Art Face.

Music

"Gymnopedie" by Erik Satie.

"Tales of Extreme Boredom" - (2009) - (7 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

Of Eric Homan. Waiting in a car with little to do. Take a ride with me. My dad would always play this type of classical music in the car... End of the road.

Pictures taken from outside the window of a car while stuck helplessly in traffic. The only thing I could do to save my sanity was conceive a creative art project about my personal journey and experience that almost everyone could relate to. Who hasn't been feverishly bored before and are so trapped that you feel like you're losing your mind? Your only solution is to daydream something else up. So here is a slideshow of artistically composed *boredom* – my way of keeping my mind occupied while stuck in traffic with nowhere to go. Boredom.

Some of this footage was unused footage from "Cloudland".

Music

"Orfeo ed Euridice - Dance of the Blessed Spirits" by Christoph Willibald Gluck and "Divertimento No. 1 in B Flat Major – 'Chorale St. Antoni'" by Joseph Haydn.

"Watching 'Taxi Driver'" - (2009) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

A videotaped psychological study of what my reaction was to watching the horrific finale of the movie "Taxi Driver". It's mostly a still single shot of my mostly blank expression as my glasses reflect the violence on the screen in the eyes.

"The Revenge of the Hand Is Asleep and Dreaming" - (2009) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

The continued adventures of the flying hand from "The Hand Is Asleep and Dreaming". This is an unused version of the hand in flight, this time flying around my sister's home and doing all sorts of mischievous things. He's even *A Voyeur Hand!* But at least it's a fan of classical music. He also has to do manual labor. Looking for "God". Swing time. Found "God". The Hand watches TV ("Pump Up the Volume"), the Hand is bored, and climaxes with vacuuming the backyard's lawn.

"Inside the Rainbow Womb" - (2009) - (9 min.) Digital Video Art

Fantastic abstract piece of what it would be like in a rainbow womb.

"Western Heavens on Earth (Surreal-Impressionist Version)" - (2009) - (short version: 14 min.) Experimental Video Documentary Art

Color-surreal version of "Western Heavens on Earth". Rotating hues on "Surreal Western Heavens on Earth".

"Western Heavens on Earth (Super Sped-Up Surreal-Impressionist Version)" - (2009) - (short version: 1 min.) Experimental Video Documentary Art

Color-surreal version of "Western Heavens on Earth" sped way, way up. A play of time-based art of making real-time video play like a speeding train through a phantasm of memories.

"Panic Attack Anthems" – Video Art DVD Compilation
-A Fanantic Trip Into a Real Fantasy Whirl.

Contents Include:

"Western Heavens on Earth (Super Slow-Mo Surreal-Impressionist Version)" - (short version: 15 min.)

"Burning Your Art" - (2 min.)

"My Art Apartment" - (1 min.)

"Com Fest '98" - (8 min.)

"Swing Time" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Return to Cloudland" - (3 min.)

"You're Not Talking" - (2 min.)

"CCAD Media Studies Memories: 1997-1998" - (5 min.)

"Going Nowhere" - (13 min. 30 sec.)

"A Scribble Symphony" - (10 min. 30 sec.)

"Introspection '97" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Paid for Existing" - (1 min.)

"Take a Car Wash Vacation" - (2 min.)

"The Swap Shop Circus: Performance One" - (20 min.)

"The Swap Shop Circus: Performance Two" - (16 min.)

"Western Heavens on Earth (Super Slow-Mo Surreal-Impressionist Version)" - (2009) - (short version: 15 min.) Experimental Video Documentary Art

Color-surreal version of "Western Heavens on Earth" slowed way, way down. A play of time-based art of making real-time video play like a barely moving photograph.

"Burning Your Art" - (2009) - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

In the summer of 1998, my dad wanted me to get rid of most of my art projects that I had lying around the house that I did while I was a student at CCAD, from which I had just graduated from in May. I was at a transitional stage in my life and agreed to let him burn many of my freshman design projects that I didn't have any emotional bond to. Yet years later, I wished to have them back just for memory-sake. But they were all burnt up into smoke and ashes in the basement fireplace. It's quite a sight to see my apathetic father toss so much art into a fire without emotion. To him, it's just silly artistic pictures. Realizing how disturbing it was to see thousands of hours of work be burnt up, I grabbed my video camera and videotaped the demise and burning of art.

"My Art Apartment" - (2009) - (1 min.) Digital Video Art

My old Grant-Oak apartment decorated with "Calvin and Hobbes" comic strips all over the walls, ceilings, and door frames, movie posters, van Gogh prints illuminated on the lamp shades, and U2 posters on the walls. It's like a personalized museum of an artistic individual. I splash my id all over my room with my favorite movie posters and comic book page images.

"Com Fest '98" - (2009) - (8 min.) Digital Video Art

Selling my digital art prints. Goodale Park, Columbus, Ohio. A weekend of music, arts, community, gypsies, hippies, and homosexuals. The next day... The Gay Pride Parade. The day passes on.

"Swing Time" - (2009) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

Swinging on a park swing from a first-person point-of-view.

Music: "Oboe Concerto in C, K 314 - 2. Adagio Non Troppo" by Mozart.

"Return to Cloudland" - (2009) - (3 min.) Digital Video Art

"What do you see in the clouds?" A return to exploring what the imagination can see and behold in abstract, amorphous shapes. What do you see in a crumpled up tissue? What does your imagination see? "It's like some sort of Picasso just out of some crumpled tissue... all soggy and moist. But there is something very imaginative about it. Some sort of unseen image... formed out of something ambiguous. It was fascinating how I could see this and no one else could! I wasn't on drugs or alcohol or anything either. Fascinating!" "There's nothing there!" Don't listen to those who say that there's nothing there. There is. "*What do you see in the clouds?*"

"You're Not Talking" - (2009) - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

An uncomfortable phone call conversation turns far more psychologically disturbing when it is possible that there is no one else on the phone line besides the person listening on the other end.

"CCAD Media Studies Memories: 1997-1998" - (2009) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Here's a blast from the past from my student days at CCAD. This is extra footage I had shot back in the day.

These were the hallways, students, teachers, computer and photo labs within Media Studies at

CCAD from 1997-1998. It's a flashback trip through memory lane.

"Going Nowhere" - (2009) - (13 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

Memories from the year 1998, when I wasn't sure where I was going to go after graduating from art school. This was the travelogue of my despair and fantastic plight with a creative mind. I was the artistically aware – but going nowhere. I didn't have a job lined up nor a graduate school I'd been accepted from yet. I was in limbo.

Cash as trash... Passing the time by reading comics... It's a galaxy inside... Fish reflections... In search of the rainbows... Sticking to a waterfall... Going to nowhere... I'm feeling thorny.

Music: "Piano Concerto No 21 in C Major, K467 Andante" by Mozart.

"A Scribble Symphony" - (2009) - (10 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

The anxiety of an artist... Countdown to insanity... Sleeping while awake... Flying Currency... The anguish of an artist... What is your future going to be?... So pray.

Music: "Prince Igor Polovtsian Dances" by Borodin.

"Introspection '97" - (2009) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

This is a montage of interesting, quirky, and subjective video footage that I shot during the year 1997.

See the face?... Introspection #57... Digging up the emotional hurt... The roots are deep... Get it out!... Angels Made in China... No clouds in sight... Playing the bird.

Music: "Sonata #8 in C Minor, Op. 13, "Pathétique" by Ludwig van Beethoven.

"Paid for Existing" - (2009) - (1 min.) Digital Video Art

A man sits in a chair in his quiet apartment... and gets paid for it. Just for existing....

Genesis

I filled out a timesheet and the government paid me to live, to exist. I worked 24 hours a day, seven days a week. When I slept, I got paid. When I ate at a restaurant, I got paid. When I attended classes, I got paid. When I typed on my word processor, I got paid. One morning, I woke up and decided to go on strike for the simple reason that I don't understand what I was living for.

"Take a Car Wash Vacation" - (2009) - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

Go through a car wash for your next vacation! It's a splash!

11-6-99: A gas station car wash is the best ride in town. With weird tentacle brushes caressing and smothering my car, I watched it all happen in slow motion. The experience was like riding through a hurricane - no visibility except for the brushes, bubbles, and water rubbing my windshield. And it's free with every time you pay for an auto car wash!

Music: "Sabre Dance" by Khachaturian.

"The Swap Shop Circus: Performance One" - (2009) - (20 min.) Video Journal

7-3-99: I saw GIANT ELEPHANT FECES! AND CLOWNS PLAYING WITH FIRE!! FREE SWAP SHOP CIRCUS. HAPPY 4TH OF JULY!!!!

I actually ventured to the Swap Shop today to check out those female circus performers that I had heard about from a student at CEC. I was pretty excited about checking this out and the fact that it was free for me. The Aerial Ballet was as incredible as it sounds. There was also magic illusions, clowns, trampoline stunts, and dancing elephants!

“The Swap Shop Circus: Performance Two” - (2009) - (16 min.) Video Journal

8-21-99: I went back to the Swap Shop Circus to see if it was repetitious of the performance I saw over a month ago. Pleasantly, they changed a few acts around. The young faces in the audience still beamed brightly with awe and astonishment. And I still loved seeing those female circus performers dangling on those high rings.

The Swap Shop Circus is located at a humongous flea market. The elephants march to the center ring. The Aerial Ballet may just be more beautiful than the "Mona Lisa" in Paris.

“Vacations from Forever” – Video Art DVD Compilation

"A Fantastic Trip Into A Real Memory World!"
A Collection of Personal Documentary Video Through the Life of Eric Homan.

Contents Include:

“Meeting the Mermaids: Weeki Wackee Springs” - (20 min.)

“Kennedy Space Center” - (3 min.)

“Universal Studios, Orlando” - (20 min.)

“Ocean Waves Crashing Into Body Therapy” - (2 min.)

“A Fair and A Wedding” - (17 min.)

“Life on Uncle Howard's Farm” - (5 min.)

“Summer '99: Trip Back Home” - (18 min.)

“The 2002 San Antonio Adventure Trip” - (23 min.)

“Meeting the Mermaids: Weeki Wackee Springs” - (2009) - (20 min.) Video Journal

12-15-99: It was like a dream come true. Weeki Wackee Springs. I was at a place where mermaids (or, eighteen-year-old teenage girls wearing a skintight fish tail) lived and swam. My girlfriend Bethany and I watched in awe the Weeki Wackee mermaids in “The Little Mermaid” underwater show. It was a great, pleasant dream-like visit. Sure, it's all a Florida tourist-trap destination, but if you use a little imagination it's quite extraordinary to think that I was seeing real, live mermaids! The little six-year-old boy in me that once feel so deeply in love with the sight of a mermaid was deeply satisfied.

Filmed at Weeki Wackee, Florida.

“Kennedy Space Center” - (1999/ 2009) - (3 min.) Video Journal

8-13-99: On my second day driving home from Ohio, I decided to go ahead and stop at the Kennedy Space Center at Cape Canaveral by myself from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. since I was driving nearly right past it. The experience of touring NASA brought back a great deal of old memories and dreams of becoming a great astronaut or NASA inventor.

“Universal Studios, Orlando”- (1999/ 2009) - (20 min.) Video Journal

12-14-99: Today was our Universal Studios day. I got to ride the E.T. ride. "King Kong"! I finally got to ride the "Jaws" ride, too! "Earthquake: The Ride" - catastrophe as entertainment? Beetlejuice: The Musical! "Terminator 3D" was the best, though, with its combination of film, CG, 3D glasses, and actual live action actors. We also made a side stop at the "Islands of Adventure" at Marvel Superhero Island. We also toured the Universal Studios junk yard, featuring a mechanical "Jaws" shark with no teeth. I marveled at the Nickelodeon slime fountain. I even bought some Nickelodeon slime.

"Vacation Runaways"... Walking through the Park: The Ride!... A walk on the stars.

"Ocean Waves Crashing Into Body Therapy" - (2009) - (2 min.) Video Journal

Featuring Dr. Eric Homan. Recorded at the Ft. Lauderdale beach at dusk. This actually works! Let the ocean waves cleanse you by crashing into your body to relieve stress and emotional exhaustion.

8-1-98: **"Second Wave"**: Once we got to the Ft. Lauderdale city limits, I mistakenly thought the sky-rise hotels along the beach was where the downtown was at. I was wrong. That was just the "tourist cityscape. We checked into a hotel by the beach just off of Oakland Blvd. on A1A. We cut through one of the sky-rise hotels to go to the beach and swim in the ocean. The waves crashing into us became a cathartic release of our bent-up frustration and exhaustion from our journey. Miraculously, I laughed at how violent and powerful the wave crashes were against my father. It was like all of my repressed anger within me was being released through the ocean. We both enjoyed ourselves together and made an unspoken peace... for the time. It was the rush of nature crashing against us that purified us of our collective demons. It was a baptism of emotion.

"A Fair and A Wedding" - (1999/ 2009) - (17 min.) Digital Video Art

The Ohio State Fair: 1999. Co-starring Bethany Browning. Featuring Smokey Bear (Cigarette Company spokesperson!). Behind Smokey... Butter Cow and Butter Vader... The Ohio Historical Society... Upon observing the taxidermy room: "Everything's frozen like a 3D photograph"... A Renaissance wedding at Ash Cave in the Hocking Hills... Reception at a castle.

From the Journals

8-8-99: 1999 Ohio State Fair Experience: Taking in a one-star circus at the Ohio State Fair was pure torture. And I finally conversed with Smoky the Robotic Bear at the State Fair.

8-9-99: I attended a Renaissance-like wedding in the nature setting of Hocking Hills at Ash Cave State Park. Bethany was dressed up like a princess as one of the bride's maids. Amazing that I finally met several of Bethany's friends at one beautiful setting. I also met her mom earlier this week and talked to her dad on the phone for some ten minutes also during this week. I took care of it with ease.

"Life on Uncle Howard's Farm" - (1999/ 2009) - (5 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Shot a few miles outside of St. Marys, Ohio in the country on my uncle's farm. This documentary slice of agricultural life is meant to showcase the rural existence on a Midwestern farm, from its peaceful qualities right down to the manure.

What This Documentary Short Conveys

This documentary short is a lot of different things. It's part comedy with the whole "Dances with Cows" scene. But it's also part heartfelt tribute to the peaceful solitude of the country and farm life. It tries to convey the positives and negatives of living on a farm. Yes, the smell of manure is overwhelmingly strong and constant. It's not glamorous. But there is

something wonderful about the sounds on a farm that you just don't get in a city. The swaying of the fields of corn in the breeze. The insect calls. And where else but on a farm can you see so many cats and cows roaming around freely? And best of all, there is *space*. You don't feel so claustrophobic as one can feel in a city. There is a certain degree of maximum peace and quiet. It's a contradictory paradise: a Shangri La... with the smell of manure always in the air.

Videotaped and edited by Eric Homan. Shot on HI-8 video, which adds to the simple, grungy quality to the visual imagery.

Outdoor Farm Cats... Dances with Cows... Are you ready for your close up?... Listen to the land... Can I get an interview?... No Pictures!... There is not much to do out here... except listen to the corn grow. But at least there's still cow riding!... Spreading manure... It may be stinky. But it's peaceful... and magical.

"Summer '99: Trip Back Home" - (1999/ 2009) - (18 min.) Video Journal

Starring in his own life: Eric Homan... Getting my flat tire fixed... A thousand miles later in Columbus, OH... A girlfriend reconnected... The landscape is peeing! It really has to go!... with bubble farts... My old apartment... *Super Bethany*... Justin Jason with Red Hair?... Schiller Park... Swingers... Back to my hometown... Windy Point on Grant Lake St. Mary's... The Guiding Light... Do you see?... Rest stop in West Virginia... The Beatles Medely on the way home... Canyon of Trees... Prolific Music... The Great Smoky Mts... Continuing a 22-Hour Journey from Ohio to Florida... A Musicial Journey... A No-Sky Day... The Encore.

"The 2002 San Antonio Adventure Trip" - (2002/ 2004/ 2009) - (23 min.) Video Art Piece

Video log of my 2002 trip to San Antonio where I spent four days with my cousin Mark Twehues in, around, and about the beautiful city of San Antonio. I did a first version in 2004. Then in 2009, I revisited the footage with a slightly expanded version.

Attractions

The San Antonio River Walk... Mark Twehues' apartment... The Hill Country in northern San Antonio... At Mark's friend's house... Fredericksburg, Texas, a tourist-friendly German small town... Sharing a Hotel room with Hart... The Alamo... SIGGRAPH 2002... Motion Capture Girls!... Ripley's Believe It or Not! Odditorium... "The Devil and the Damsel"... Truly Astounding Oddities... Ripley's Plaza Theatre of Wax... Corpus Christi, Texas... Padre Island National Shoreline Park... Cotton Fields Forever... Flying home.

From My Journals

7-21-02: My six-hour waiting in airports and traveling in airplanes journey got me safely in San Antonio, Texas. I spent the rest of the day with my cousin, Mark Twehues, who I passed right by at the airport since neither of us recognized each other at first. He was looking for someone with red hair; I didn't expect him to have gray hairs. We ate at a Southwestern restaurant at the Downtown River Walk. I called it "Eden in Texas". Later, he drove me around and gave me a tour of San Antonio's historic houses. For a city with a Spanish name, I was surprised by all the diversities and styles that were merged together. Italian and Chinese food was served in Mexican décor buildings. It was like a surrealized stylized city.

7-22-02: Today, Mark and I took off to the Hill Country of northern San Antonio to check up on his friend's children who lives in something of a female teenage art commune. Most of the girls there watched TV (cartoons and HBO) on a big screen with surround sound. The oldest girl wore a Julie Newmar Catwoman-like belt. Needless to say, I took a liking to her fashion sense. What an amazing place with a view of the expansive valley and neighboring ranches – like heaven on earth for me! Humming birds flew around the back porch manically.

Next, we drove off to Fredericksburg, a tourist-friendly German small town in Texas, a state

known for its Mexican culture. We ate at a German brewery for lunch (where we got good authentic food and a good beer buzz) and walked around downtown some more.

Eventually by 4 p.m., Mark dropped me off at the Emily Morgan Hotel to meet up with my former student Hart, who I had arranged to share a hotel room with. We walked for two hours downtown San Antonio. We went to Ripley's Haunted Adventure, where we joined a group of tourists move through the haunted building in a "Congo-line". Wild stuff. Later, we had Mexican food and a \$15 pitcher of Margarita disguised as "Kool-Aid".

7-26-02: So Mark picked me up and we ventured for 2 ½ hours to Corpus Christi for the Padre Island National Shoreline Park. During our 3-hour stay 'n' play there, we covertly drank three beers each, read our books, and crashed against the incoming layers of waves. At one point while Mark was reading, I went into the Gulf of Mexico for nearly 45 minutes with a big beer buzz and drunkenness. As my body tired from the ocean's might, my mind followed. I cursed and wailed at God's disguise as "Mother Nature". "F#ck, f@ck you, f&ck!!" I screamed knowing that no one else could hear me over the waves and the wind. I was a wild, emotional wreck of a man – raw with fury, feeling like I was ready to die by giving myself to the mighty ocean. I was talking gibberish to myself and letting the Gulf take me as I floated around. I even started \$#@ing off under the waves to the infinite ocean when Mark came in to join me. I started to snap back to "reality" when he started talking to me. Yet I had reached a point of primal insanity where I was just a creature trying to survive and understand its point in the universe - fighting an impossible flow/ foe. What a glory of defeat I received!

Mark and I stopped at a Pizza Hut in the middle of nowhere, Texas, on the ride back to San Antonio. What a day of catharsis to end with pizza and beer.

7-27-02: **Right now, I'm at my cousin's place in north San Antonio after a week at SIGGRAPH. I did see Fran and Karen M. for the first time in a couple of months. My cousin and I took a three-hour drive past Corpus Christi, Texas to Padre Island National Park and used my park pass to get in. Neat place. Sorta like the Everglades with hills and sand dunes.**

So it's my birthday. So what? I spent it with people who were completely unaware that July 27th was "meaningful" for me. In all due honesty, today was anonymously like any other day. What a weirdly ironic birthday!

Well, Mark and I enjoyed one final day together, got massively "intoxicated" on a *real* Jumbo Margarita at a Mexican restaurant, and suddenly discussed women, past relationships, and the role of art in our lives. There was a certain satisfaction to be around another artist/ musician who struggles in the world as much as I do. I was drunk for over three hours straight from that one extremely potent \$6 margarita. It was pretty bad while waiting for my flight at the airport while their air-conditioning wasn't working. I thought I was going to throw up or pass out. What a week. I'm gone.

Music

"Karelia Op 11 Intermezzo" by Sibelius, "Overture to Russian and Ludmilla" by Glinka, and "Violin Concerto in D Op 61 Rondo" by Beethoven.

"CEC Memories: Grad School" - Video Journal DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"CEC Memories: Grad School" - (1 hr. 20 min.)

"Ed Skellings: Electric Poetry - Past, Present, and Future" - (7 min.)

"The 'Art' of Ft. Lauderdale" - (4 min.)

"Fun & Games" - (5 min.)

"Negative Fireworks Art" - (3 min.)

"CEC Commercial - 1999" - (2 min.)

"CEC Memories: Grad School" - (1998-2000/ 2009) – (1 hr. 20 min.) Documentary Video/
Video Journal

The History

I originally made an unedited VHS tape for my good friend and former classmate Caleb Strauss consisting of CEC (Center for Electronic Communication) video footage I had taken in the past two years. It was meant as a "goodbye present" since he was leaving for California. I've known him for two years now. He's been my "right-hand" man as a friend and classmate. So I went through all of my video footage I've shot and sarcastically called it "*Homesick Blues*", then later to just "CEC Memories". While rewatching two years worth of footage, I realized what determination it took to videotape so many people who didn't want to be taped. What *gall* I had to act so *impulsive*, driven, eccentric, weird, and different that I videotaped wherever I went.

I videotaped almost compulsively to the point of being obnoxious to my fellow classmates. Yet I wanted to get me some honest memories! I made up some "logical" excuses for videotaping as well. My favorite was: "Fran wants me to videotape you every day to document your progress." Rosina, who was new to the M.F.A. program at the time, looks hilariously mortified. "You mean from behind don't you?" as if she didn't feel she had enough make-up on to be videotaped from in front!

The Editing

11-9-09: I've been editing through several hours of old video footage that I had shot during my years in Florida and at FAU. It was a kick to see Frank Balzano and Caleb Strauss all over again, arguably in their prime!

12-31-09: Currently editing through four years worth of Florida Center for Electronic Communication documentary video (Ft. Lauderdale 1998-2002)!! It's over a terabit of hard drive space. It's my big winter holiday project. It'll be for Fran, Caleb, Karen, Frank, Steve, and the rest. This'll really bring a smile to your faces.

The Finished Complete Version

I've never been able to make a thorough documentary with all the footage I had taken during my grad school years because there simply wasn't enough hard drive space. Back in the day of the year 2000, 20 gigs of hard drive space was a luxury. Now in 2009, I had a terabit external hard drive to capture the many hours of video work to. This project simply wasn't feasible in producing due to its complexity and size until now, a decade later.

Correspondences

2-9-10: Caleb and Fran, Can I get an address to send you some DVDs as a gift? I'm finishing up about five months worth of video editing of video that I shot from 1998-2002. I've got 3 DVDs worth of material! One DVD is of my graduate school years. The second DVD is of CEC from 2000-2002. The third DVD is extra Florida events/ vacations and stuff. There are some great stuff in here. "Caleb Strauss Goodbye Dinner/ Roast"... "New Orleans/ SIGGRAPH 2000"... "Rosina's Pool Party". There's a lot of great stuff here and some great memories. I never had enough hard drive space (or time) to tackle this much video footage. I finally got motivated enough to make something of all that footage I was constantly videotaping. So here is the final product. I can assure you there is nothing offensive or embarrassing in it either! (At least not criminally offensive.) Anyways, it'll be a neat blast from the past to see. -Eric

There's some pretty nice sentimental things on there that I completely forgot that were captured on video. Ed's 2001 M.F.A. show introduction was really Ed at his best: thoughtful, elegant, and deeply heartfelt. Also on the first DVD, I also made a short 7-minute documentary called "Ed Skellings: Electric Poetry - Past, Present, and Future" when a local news crew came by to interview Ed. And yes, there are many funny Caleb moments.

Hi Eric, Here's my home address...don't google earth it. My yard is a mess:)

They closed the CEC. I am the only one left from the CEC. Norman Silva is teaching so far...he was 2003 MFA?? They closed all the research centers on our campus citing budget crisis. Still have a job teaching and of course I can always write grants if I want to be a researcher.

Nothing gold can stay, right?

Otherwise everything is fantastic! Got a job and some good students...my health (knock, knock)

Send those DVDs I'll share when I see Ed and Diane. Thanks, -Fran

Wow. I didn't know that. So are you teaching at a different campus then? no, same 9th floor downtown, same studio, teach sometimes in the 8th floor lab Or are you now at a different university? I'd heard about the Florida budget problems, but I didn't think the CEC would be that affected. They still have a graduate/ undergraduate program, right?

yes, but now in the School of Communication & Multimedia Studies..I received a transfer from the Art Department because the Chair at the time was screwing things up and making life miserable. Things are better now, but will never be the same. Gezz, that puts these DVDs I've been working on into a whole different context. If anything, these CEC DVDs will be a tribute. There's some good stuff in there. I'll send a few copies for Ed and Diane to have their own copy. That would be awesome!

p.s.: Count your blessings! Here in Columbus, we're currently getting hit with another foot of snow with everything turning to ice at night. Trust me, it's not as much fun as it sounds! Lately I've been very nostalgic to be back in the sun of Florida.

4-8-10: Magnificently Phenomenal ! Wow! Eric, still didn't get through it all but reviewed a huge chunk of the content. Absolutely wonderful.

Funny thing, everyone who was haggling you about shooting with your camera would now be so thankful that you did what you did in recording our significant moments of achievement within our MFA program. You captured such wonderfully memorable moments. It was great to see everyone again and at the same time... sad to know we've all gone our separate way in life.

Great job man; wonderful and thoughtful thing you've done.

'Ay, when you comin' down. Sushi awaiting and on me. Found a new place and additionally found a new steak place and mind you a primo Italiano restaurant sooo good... you'll think you've died and went to Sicily!

Ya' gotta get down here. Let me know... OK?

Blessings to ya' Chieftain. Hope all's well!

Text

The Florida Center for Electronic Communication (CEC)... South Florida SIGGRAPH Chapter Meeting... Inside the Madhouse... Askewed Views... The view out of the 9th floor windows... Eric's always documenting... "I'm recording memories." -"That can be dangerous"... "He's digitizing me!"... CENSORED... Ed's domain... "What is going on?"... Seeing the world from my eyes... "An inverted tit"... "You make me laugh"... "Would you like to talk to Mr. Hand?"... More views from the 9th floor... Welcome to the Rainy Season... Enter Caleb... Candid Caleb Camera... Self-Portrait #387... Hanging out at Victor's pad... Duchamp's infamous Dada urinal... Testing out the new digital video camera... Tormenting Caleb... Mini-Godzilla... Views from the 7th floor... Candid Camera #2... 4th of July, 1999, Party at James'... Damaged in delivery... Caleb and Eric working... Rhino software training day... Looking out the window during a break... Tai-Chi exercises in the computer lab... Grad School: Year Two... Special Topics class... Welcome to the Rainy Season... again... Time Warp... The Dada Clock... The Last Days of James... He's leaving for a gaming job... Eric's adjunct faculty office... It's for memory's sake... Rosina showing Karen M. how a ballet dancer moves for her animation project... "Eric's in character"... Banned from the Flashdance Forever... 2000 Spring Semester... He's on a school poster... The Model Student Poster Child... Eric's First Saturday 3D Class... Is this an experiment in something?... Highlighting 75% of the text book... No more self-portraits!... Eating lunch together... Soy Milk Revolution... Soy Milk Green/ Soylent Green... Student Life in the CEC... A balloon growing out of a pot... Rays of Inspiration... Franks' Whistle Medley... "Good Morning"... Dr. Childrey's Poetry Performance... Ty Happy Energy Collage... A Frank Hug... Ty, your computer got toileted... Covert Video Game Training... Listening to Neil Young... Growing a redbear... Going van Gogh... Documenting the Present Tense... "Gettin' it done Celebrating Ty's Birthday... !"... "Are you really recording?"... "The Caleb Board" ... "We're all rendering!!"... (Eric had a cold at the time)... Erasing The Caleb Board... Simple Fact: When you work for too many hours, things get weird... Working late to finish editing the 2000 M.F.A. Show... Testing to make sure everything looks good... We've been working since 8:30 a.m.... It's 10:35 p.m. now... We've been editing for over 16 hours now... Self-Portrait of Exhaustion.. Sigh... Back to work... Burnt-out... Before the M.F.A. Show... Going bald from Graduate School... The crowd grows... The Graduates: Eric, Eddie, Dhruv, Frank, Karen, Caleb... Ed Skellings' Intro Speech for the M.F.A. Show... "Poets of the Pupils"... Finished.

CEC Memoir Stills

A "scrap book" collection of images collected during my years (1998-2000) as a student at Florida Atlantic University at the Florida Center for Electronic Communication.

"The Florida Center for Electronic Communication: The CEC Sun! CEC Memoirs by Eric Homan. "It all began here... ..in the CEC Lab." Karen M. Creative Workshop. Chung. Eddie. Kirk. Fran. Frank. Caleb. John Muehl. Eric. "The Boys". Dhruv. Caleb. Diane. Victor. The Yellow Computer Lab. The yellow lab of Silicon Graphics work stations and Karen M. Overhead of the Center's work stations. The center's overhead lights. Silicon Graphics work station. All Smiles at the Lab: Frank, Eddie, and Chung. Caleb and his Friend. Caleb Strauss. Chung Ching Lau. James and Dhruv. Diane Newman. Eddie at sound mixing board. "Electronic Arts Rogues Gallery": Frank, Caleb, Eric, and Vic. Eric animating himself. Fran & Frank. John Muehl. Karen Mathieson : The shirt speaks for her. Karen M. Victor DeLeon. Tired James. Giddy James. "Jame(s)". The Piece of Trash Sculpture Outside University Tower. *What Genius*. Eric daydreaming out of the 9th floor window. Window with a view of the Atlantic Ocean. 9th floor sky view of Cloud Mountains. Views of University Tower. Shadow in the blue room. Victor's Shadow in the blue room. Victor's Shadow and Exoskeleton. Ed ©. Claire ©. I'm Ed Skellings Copyright 1999 All Rights Reserved. I'm Claire Conde Copyright 1999 All Rights Reserved. Claire in white. Danny working on an O2. The Electronic Art Center: Karen M., Fran, Caleb, Eric, and Eddie at work. Caleb's Frustration and Fury! Danny and Caleb *Stressed*. Group attention during group workshop. "What's this?" Workshop Critique. "Frank, I have a question?" Observing the work on the BIG SCREEN. Attention in Workshop. What do you think? Frank doing his Workshop pledge. Karen Confused, Dhruv Sleeping. *"Interesting..."* Overhead Workshop Discussion. Listening to our Special Topics Speaker. Ed's Poetry Reading at Borders. Ed's Reading His Work from Memory. "Ed" at 10% off. Skellings' Moment. Ed Skellings - Young and Old. Ed and his enthusiastic audience. The Poet facing his Borders audience. Ed Skellings portrait. Diane in white. Caleb's drawing and Eddie's tonguing. Caleb and Eric awarded certificates by the dean. "I would like to thank God..." Group Smile! Eric and Dr. Childrey. The Familiar view from the 9th floor. Vic posing with Onyx2. Victor with his Elvis Costello glasses. Eric in a paranoia panic attack hate stupid crashing Machiinee!!?! Eric working in Maya. Monitor and Eric. Gerritt - Our Temp Lab Tech. The New Recruits - Karen 'n' Chris. Frank and his CG Flower. Big Face Fools!! Three Amigos: Frank, Eric, and Juan. Eric assisting Frank on G3. Suave Juan facing front camera. Frank and Eric working on G3s. A.R., Karen S., and Eric at CEC. Eric assisting the undergraduate modeling class. Caleb with undergrad modeling class... with Steve Smodish. Juan and Eric talking. Juan, Frank, Chung, and Eric. Workshoppers: Karen S., Chung, Karen M., Juan, and Fran. Special Topics Group Project. Chris working the digital camera. The Projection Screen. The video equipment and workshop chairs. The O2's along side wall. The computers and video equipment. The PC workstations. The Video Equipment Decks. Proud Caleb and Proud Eric outside their new office. Welcome! to Caleb Strauss/ Eric Homan: Office 915. The Glowing Homan. Hi! It's Ty! Rosina Proper. Chris the Mac. Karen Sanok Relaxing. Juan surprised!! CD on Fran's finger. Ed and Fran. CEC students working. Look! Authentic students working! Monday morning workers. CEC *Smiles*. Humans and monitors. Eric reading about one of his role models. Eric Daydreaming. In Neil young clouds. Mr. Happy! "I look happy, but I'm not." Eric reaching out to Frank for help. Bearded Buddies: Eric, Chris, and Frank. Beard Profile. "Cheese, Frank?" "Do you like cheese?" Frank sleeping in his car. Eric in his instructor mode. Eric teaching his undergraduate students how to smile. *"Do better!"* Eric teaching the Saturday animation class. "Rosie Highlighted": Student who highlighted her entire text book believing that every word was *extremely* important. "Florida is Ed. Ed is Florida." Eric and Caleb burnt out together. Students hard at work. Dhruv, Karen S., Juan, and Frank. Karen S., Juan, Frank, John Moore, and Ty. Dhruv thinking... Students focused. Juan helping Chung. Juan working on Maya cloth. Chung posing. Happy Birthday Ty! It's your party! Caleb Caricature. Daily demands to Frank Balzano. Lunchroom Round Table. Frank and Eddie taking a break. Coffee Gangsters. Chris, Ty, and Juan. PIXAR event at CEC. PIXAR speaker and crowd. The PIXAR Watchers. Before the M.F.A. show. "Couple in Black": Chung and Eric. Eric relaxed in his office. Caleb: "Hold on..." Caleb: "Okay, you can take the picture now." Preparing for the show. Fran taking a picture. The CEC gang - Pose #1. The CEC gang - Pose #2. Awaiting the show. The graduates in a row. Thumbs up from Eddie and Dhruv. Ed, Eddie, and Dhruv. Eric, Eddie, Dhruv, Frank, Karen M., Caleb, and Ed. Ed's Introduction. Applause applause applause applause applause applause. Eric and Karen bedazzled after the show. Group photo. Group photo #2. Group photo #3. Group photo #4. Black Eric, Caleb, and Fran. Black Red Eric, Caleb, and Fran #2. Eric, Caleb, and Karen joking. Trio in

a row. CEC Alumni Portrait. CEC Alumni Portrait #2. CEC Alumni Portrait #3. Fran Hi-Five! Eds together. John Muehl and Karen. The Strauss Family. Rosina, Scary Juan, and Karen #1. Rosina, Karen #2, and Eric van Gogh. John, Frank, and Chung. Chris with his Ladies: Karen M. and Rosina. Happy Gang: Eric, Karen, Victor, and Frank. When Victor Attacks! "For God's Sake! I'm not van Gogh! Don't cut my ear off!" "Cheese" (take the picture). CEC MFA CLASS 2000: FLORIDA ATLANTIC UNIVERSITY, FORT LAUDERDALE. Outtake shots: Kirk. Eddie Breman. The University Cube. Eddie in front of the university parking lot. Eddie waiting on a parking meter. James and Dhruv. The Computer Laboratory of Scientists and Artists. Frank, James, and Danny in Lab. Frankenstein at workshop. Listening to a speaker. (With a hand accidentally over the camera lens). Ed awarded a Turkey? Clap clap clap clap clap clap. Clap clap clap clap clap clap. Rhino Software Training. Victor Smug. Victor without glasses. Improved view of University Tower. Metal crumpled paper sculpture. Invisible metal crumpled paper sculpture. Childrey's poetry reading. Childrey poem. Poetry in Dania garden. People chatting before M.F.A. Show. CEC plaques and awards. Diane and his sister. "Rosina... *sit down*." Eric standing. Eddie standing. Dhruv standing. Caleb standing. The after M.F.A. show crowd. Crowd discussions. Group photo #5. Eric, Fran stiff-as-a-board, and Caleb. CEC alumni portrait #4. Eric, Graham and wife. "Envious?"

CEC Cartoon Parodies

"Explanation for Cartoons" by Eric Homan: "There were late nights when I was alone at my apartment when I needed to cheer myself up. The basic way I managed to accomplish this was through doodling and making cartoons of whatever was in my head. While retouching up some photos I had taken during my two years as a graduate student, I decided to make a duplicate version and draw on it. The following are the products of my whimsy. I apologize if they are silly."

"Caleb Art. Caleb Drawn. Cornel Ed of KFC. Ed Butterfly. CEC Slugger: Diane! Computer Ball Cards. CEC PLAYERS: Eddie! COLLECT THEM ALL!! "I'm an Afro!" Frank Flashback to 70's. Evil Pirate John Skellings. Karangel Butterfly. (Inspired by Karen M. modeling a butterfly for her first animation). Cheshire Karen. Fill-in-the-Dots People. Frankanne. (Frank's head on Fran's body). Peter Pan? My shadow and myself. Punk Frank. Monkey Frank. "Screwy kids!" -Frank Scorsese. (Frank modeled after famous Italian-American director Martin Scorsese). Aaron Insane. The Lick Kiss. Chris and Eric playing. Chuholoos. Tyraffe. (Inspired by the giraffe Ty was working on for one of his animations). Eric: Artist Grad."

"Ed Skellings: Electric Poetry - Past, Present, and Future" - (1999/ 2009) - (7 min.)
Documentary Video/ Video Journal

One day in the summer of 1999, I videotaped in the background while my graduate program director, Edmund Skellings, was interviewed by a local news crew about his life, his software program Electric Poet, the Center for Electronic Communication, and where electric poetry will go into the future. This was my behind-the-scenes documentary of what he said and the whole news videotaping process.

"The 'Art' of Ft. Lauderdale" - (1999/ 2009) - (4 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Eddie Breman drove me around while we took a break from working on our graduate school animation projects. I sat in the passenger seat while videotaping the sights and sounds of our journey. Ft. Lauderdale Museum of Art... Las Olas Riverfront... IMAX Theater... The Galleria Mall... Driving to the Atlantic Ocean... "Pussy on wheels!" -Eddie... Ft. Lauderdale Beach.

Music

"Run Like Hell" by Pink Floyd.

"Fun & Games" - (1998/ 2009) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Videotaping character motion for video games. "This is all stuff for reference"... "Don't go crazy!"... Death Seizures... "I'll show you how to die!"... Generic Death... The Death of Vic... Starring James, Victor, Karen, and Vic.

"Negative Fireworks Art" - (1999/ 2009) - (3 min.) Experimental Video Art

Out of this world Fourth of July fireworks in negative visuals.
"Awesome!"... "It's too bad it isn't like that in real life!"

"CEC Commercial - 1999" - (1999) - (2 min.) Digital Video

This was a video commercial spot I worked on for the Center during the summer of 1999. It's a nice overview of the Florida Center for Electronic Communication in just over two minutes flat. Professor Fran McAfee does the narration.

"CEC Memories: Academia Years" - Documentary Video/ Video Journal DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"CEC Memories: Academia Years" - (54 min.)

"CEC Memories: Professor Years" - (9 min.)

"Animation Vocal Track Recordings with Alejandro" - (5 min.)

"Rosina's Halloween Party" - (4 min.)

"Caleb's Goodbye Party/ Roast" - (31 min.)

"The Forever-Flowing Urinals" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"CEC Memories: Academia Years" - (2000-2001/ 2010) – (54 min.) Documentary Video/
Video Journal

I took out the school's video camera and documented as much as I could every so often while working at the Florida Center for Electronic Communication. Some people didn't mind being videotaped... a few did. Yet this was a few years before reality TV took off and people were *used* to be videotaped.

Text

An Intimate Portrait of Francis McAfee... Me, Myself, and I footage... Sign of Ty... The Smodish Sleeps... "Stop zooming me!"... The Smodish Still Sleeps... Karen M. meditates under the stairs... Enter Transcendence... The Life and Times at the Florida Center for Electronic Communication... Welcome All Computer Geeks!... Sign of Ty!... Sly Ty... I'm capturing Ty's Soul... Into Ty's Soul... "Why are you keep smelling your hair?"... Caleb Owen's Digital Domain presentation... A CG James Brown face... Ty Primosh: An Intimate Portrait... A documentary on the floor mat... Inside joke from "Man on the Moon" about Andy Kaufman... The secret documentary about Juan leaving... Panoramas of the Center... Chung Tai Chi... Chess Match... Graduate students at work... A documentary on the fullbright scholar... Ed and Fran out for coffee... What stories is Ed telling Fran now?... And for how long?... Atom Troy, our resident musician/ audio engineer... Wayne Gilbert from Industrial Light & Magic... Testing a new anamorphic camera lens... *Into Infinity*... Chris Stagl possessed... Students audio editing and mixing... Chris Stagl's midterm for Eric Homan... David, our technical assistant... Steve Smodish, our other technical assistant... "I'm feeling wide!"... "You can't escape a wide angle lens!"... Cloud gazing out the 9th floor window... Return of the rainy season... Chung's Tropical Depression Days... Three-Dimensional!... Mapping a 3D background for the new University tower... Eric: Portrait of a

Serial Killer... *Shh*... Ed is napping... My office... Video camera tests for Alejandro... Atom music video test footage... Note: Chris Stagl is videotaping here... Karen M. preparing for her class... Crossing Las Olas Blvd... Chris S. shooting footage for his latest project... Chris S. shooting more footage for his project ... "More Than This" by Roxy Music... "It was fun for a while. There was no way of knowing" That was a good way of summing the whole experience working at CEC... Chess Match II... "Tony, I got the Secret that you wanted"... "Eric, get your ass over here and help me!"... Shake digital compositing training... Caleb Strauss: Visiting Artist... Everyone rub him at once!... What a Classic Caleb Moment!... The exhaustion sets in... The Alejandro Show... Don't jump, Fran!... When Chung Attacks... What's going on behind that door?... Boys Playing with Dolls... My Telly Award for "Life Forms"... Our latest visiting artist, Kent from Kleiser-Walckak... Dr. Childrey recording his poetry... Juan waiting for frames to render... Edmund Skellings' 2001 M.F.A. Show intro... Ed Skelling at his finest (pardon the low audio)... Juan Dominuez, Karen Sanok, Chung Ching Lau, Chris Stagl... My CEC commercial spot.

"CEC Memories: Professor Years" - (2001-2002/ 2010) – (9 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Just before 9/11... Working on art at the Center on a Saturday... *Spin-the-Diane*... Throwing paper planes off balconies!... It's a science project!... My office full of warped filing trays... The days after 9/11... After Hours at the CEC... Just another day at the CEC... Busy students working... Make sure you sniff the package!... The morning ritual of getting coffee... Vivek's constant crazy laughter... My Spring 2002 3D Animation Maya class... Everyone's working on their finals.

"Animation Vocal Track Recordings with Alejandro" - (2001/ 2010) – (5 min.) Video Journal

Alejandro tries to get his recordings down, yet keeps tripping up on the English pronunciation. "Hey! What did you do that for?!"... "Okay, okay, okay! Nevermind! But let me in!"... Dr. Ed Skellings comes to the rescue. This is like out of My Fair Lady! "By George, I think he's got it!

"Rosina's Halloween Party" - (2000/ 2009) – (4 min.) Video Journal

10-28-00: On this Halloween weekend, I was so schizophrenic with ideas and holiday-excited that I wanted to change costumes over twelve times in one day. And understand me tonight - I can't stand being normal – not on Halloween. I re-realized that at Rosina's Halloween party where I dressed up wearing a wholly original costume: a "Costume" T-shirt, a "Wayne's World" Garth-like/ Cleopatra wig, a cowboy hat, a "Ty Primosch" name tag, and gorilla feet. If a psychoanalyst was there, he'd see that I was a person too excited by the holiday to dress up as just one character, but should be as many as I could. So I dressed as an extension of myself: a hybrid schizophrenic artistic personality. Dara looked at me up and down and pleaded: "What are you supposed to me?" Having heard that sort of question in Halloween's past, I knew how to answer this time: "I am whatever I am. I'm whatever you want me to be." Dara responded: "I couldn't tell if you were a Muppet or something." It was great being such an original creation.

I was really enjoying myself at Rosina's party for the first two hours. She even had some *really* creative foods on a table, like Deviled Egg Eyeballs, Kitty-Litter Cake, Bloody Eyeballs, Salad with Maggots!

"Caleb's Goodbye Party/ Roast" - (2000/ 2009) – (31 min.) Video Journal

At the Big Pink... 7-5-00... This is a tribute to Caleb Strauss... The motley crew... Balloon fight!... A cameo appearance by Mr. Hand... "Caleb, how does it feel to be a hero?"... "What do you want to hear? Jokes or the real truth?"... "He's always stressed!"... "He'll look back at this and laugh"... This is a sincere tribute to Caleb Strauss... "Caleb, I love you. I want to marry you. I want to make you an

American citizen"... Balloon attack!... "It's a loving lamb - an inflatable sex lamb!"... "He's gonna blow the lamb!"... "You're a good sport, Caleb!"... "This is a slice of life"... "Lady Boom Boom"... "One more question, Caleb"... The Iguana Cantina club... Drunk Cam.

Videotaped (mostly) by Karen Mathieson and Eric Homan. Edited by Eric Homan.

7-5-00: After watching Working Girl at the Center, I went out to Caleb's surprise birthday party at The Big Pink restaurant at the Ft. Lauderdale Riverwalk. Afterwards, I felt a wishy-washy curiosity of going out with everyone to the Iguana Cantina club for talk, techno beats, drinks, and dancing.

"The Forever-Flowing Urinals" - (2000/ 2010) – (1 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Two urinals that wouldn't stop flushing and gushing. It's like holy sewage fountains that goes on flowing forever.

"Four-Year Florida Vacation" – DVD Documentary Art Compilation

"Reality TV Before Reality TV."

Contents Include:

- "Rosina's Pool Party"** - (4 min.)
- "New Orleans/ SIGGRAPH 2000"** - (15 min.)
- "Birth of a Building"** - (4 min.)
- "Unbirth of a Building"** - (30 sec.)
- "Renaissance Festival"** - (7 min.)
- "A Sea World"** - (5 min.)
- "Ft. Lauderdale Air & Sea Show"** - (6 min.)
- "Snorkeling Outside the Storm"** - (9 min.)
- "Scottish Society of South Florida"** - (5 min.)
- "Adventures in the Everglades"** - (8 min.)
- "The Everglades of Abstraction"** - (2 min.)
- "SPONTANEOUS VACATION"** - (15 min.)
- "Missed Phone Call from Frank Balzano"** - (1 min.)
- "Disney Days and Orlando Nights"** - (11 min. 30 sec.)
- "South Florida Scottish Wedding"** - (2 min. 30 sec.)
- "The Ty and Max Band"** - (6 min.)
- "A Crazy Day Out with Karen S."** - (4 min.)

"Rosina's Pool Party" - (2000/ 2009) – (4 min.) Video Journal

Videotaped by Ty Primosch and Eric Homan. Edited together by Eric Homan.

6-24-00: I was very surprised to enjoy myself today. It was different - that's all it took. Rosina's pool party featured my old and new classmates from CEC. Amazing that people still bring up that I look like a monkey for having so much red hair. I also found myself feeling a bit different about yearning for love from the two Karen's. I've been around them enough now to realize that I consider them as friends instead of girlfriends. I just haven't had enough female acquaintances to know that. I got a beer/ wine buzz, swam in the pool, relaxed in the hot tub, socialized, blew bubbles. It was such fun playing and splashing in Rosina's hot tub with Frankie Boy. I felt like a young boy again. I could go back to youth! What a relief that all it takes is the playful nature of a child. It felt so great driving home in a dreamy buzz with The Police's "Synchronicity II" and George Harrison's "Cheer Down" playing at full volume!! I got my phone line fixed when I got

home. Everything is lovely.

“New Orleans/ SIGGRAPH 2000” - (2000/ 2010) – (15 min.) Video Journal

Text

July 23 - 28... A CEC reunion at the SIGGRAPH reception... "You're the concubine!"... "I'm the freak of the family!"... "She's your daughter!"... Inter-related family drama... Out at a club. Sexy dancers! They're hot! Sadly, it turns out they're not exactly girls... "Jane Says"... SIGGRAPH 2000... Holographic animated "still" images... There I am... Money for the trolley... Eating out on my birthday... SIGGRAPH finishing up... "Song for Caleb"... The last day... Shopping at the French Market... I am beyond tired... Bourbon Street t-shirts... Checking out... Eating out at Mother's... How to butter bread... Everyone's exhausted... Not quite me... Watching an electrical storm... Back home in Ft. Lauderdale.

My Journal Notes

7-22-00

“SIGGRAPH New Orleans”

It's morning on Saturday and I'm anxiously ready for SIGGRAPH. Chris Stagl picked me up, then Karen S., and drove us to the airport where we met Chung and Juan...

...We arrived safely in New Orleans, excited, confused, exhausted. Karen S, Chung, Juan, and I took a shuttle to our tiny hotel room (where seven of us were going to be staying). We all got unpacked, refreshed, and went out exploring the downtown and the Convention Center area. I had forgotten how exciting being in a city was ...and how many homeless and crazies there are. A derelict harassed Juan and the first five minutes we were out walking the streets. The more physically exhausted I became, the more emotionally loose I acted. Being in a new city reminded me of coming to Columbus for the first time. I write these words because I *want* some sort of release, remembrance, and introspection. It's my intercourse with my memories and creativity.

Tonight, we roamed through the French Quarter by night in search of excitement. Karen Sanok wanted to get a beer, so I did as well. Coming across Bourbon St. was like entering upon a dream that was celebrating being a nightmare. I liked it easier with a beer in my hand. The alcohol basically *transformed* Bourbon St. I loved all the neon signs with people roaming in the streets and drinking in public among all the sex stores, Daiquiri bars, jazz clubs, Hurricane drinks, beads and mask stores, and the ever present beer stands. This was alcohol avenue. It was like an alley street version of Vegas. Yet eventually, Bourbon St's fun wore off and we carried ourselves over the Harrah's Casino. Inside, we unintentionally crashed a Vietnamese Variety Party where we got free beer and listened to an Asian band playing Carl Perkins and Santana songs. That was enough to make the whole trip worthwhile! I was getting wobbly from drinking and enjoying myself... so many casino lights, noises, decor, and costumes. We accidentally bumped into Karen M. outside and talked to her excitedly - we hadn't seen her in two whole days... and never in New Orleans!! By my 2½ bottle, my body was rejecting alcohol. So I made an adult decision and had to stop. I needed to seek sleep immediately before I passed out or, worse, vomited.

7-23-00

Juan, Chung, and I went to a seminar on the making of Dinosaur that almost put me to sleep multiple times. I felt like I was back in school, daydreaming through the academic boredom. I'm not sure if I was extra drowsy from jet lag, drinking last night, or how boring it is to be in a 6,000 seat conference room watching an oral and visual lecture on particle simulations and leg IK skeletons for prehistoric beasts that can talk. Yet once we met up with Ty, Steve Smodish, and Rosina, my spirits perked up again. The presence of some different personalities was like a breeze of fresh air. I really needed Ty's eccentricity and exuberance.

7-24-00

“Installation”

SIGGRAPH keeps going on. Trolley rides in the cool New Orleans night. Parties and cocktail gatherings keeping me on a buzz.

I was the most astonished at the Digital Art Gallery here at SIGGRAPH. The courses are long, talky, and technical. But the museum was where I found myself. I saw interactive experience installations of diverse variety. From sitting on a swing and altering the electronic movements of a digital pond to shooting electronic flying sharks to the basic mouse/ monitor/ speaker setup for interactive art pieces, I found the 21st century museum. I never seen interactive work displayed to the public as well as I had at this electronic arts convention. A person can sit at the monitor while a projector displays what the interactee is doing. It's a

combination of active and passive viewing so that others can watch what the other is experiencing. I was really amazed at the holographic photographs that actually moved when the viewer walked around it (i.e. a father and daughter standing side by side turned into them hugging each other). High definition monitors replaced canvas for displaying the art world. Understand that I have been waiting for years to see the world catch up to displaying digital artwork to the public. I found it today.

Tonight was the SIGGRAPH reception at the New Orleans Aquarium. It was a CEC reunion as well with James showing up with his blonde pig-tailed girlfriend in tow. Caleb is supposed to show up later this week as well, which will be pretty cool.

7-25-00

Upon setting up the CEC booth on the exhibition floor this morning, I bumped into Chris Peacock, my old CCAD classmate from my Computer Animation I. We exchanged hellos and what we were doing with our lives. My sense of pride was boosted when I realized I was doing rather well, upon hearing that some of my CCAD classmates were still looking for work. I had remained an artist and became a teacher while remaining in the real world.

This afternoon at SIGGRAPH, I attended the "Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain" seminar, where I found myself in flashback of the lessons I was originally taught during my first college level course at Sinclair Community College in between my junior and senior years of high school. I felt my love for drawing returning. My God, I haven't drawn in so long. The experience was relaxed and simplified - no computer problems or complexities. I was reduced to blissfully seeing just lines and forms. Yet ironically, while drawing for over an hour, I found myself drowsing off just as I used to during figure drawing classes at CCAD.

Then a major surprise cameo! This afternoon on the SIGGRAPH exhibition floor, I accidentally came across my adolescent idol and comic book legend, Stan Lee (!!!), giving a speech to convention goers. He was here at SIGGRAPH promoting his new comic book website. All these years of waiting to see or meet Stan the Man - and there he was, surrounded by hundreds of fan boys and SIGGRAPHers.

7-26-00

Helming the CEC booth today, I managed to casually talk to those who were curious or interested in the graduate program. Motion capture women in black body suits were everywhere.

I met my old CCAD professor Ron Saks today after he called out my name while I was getting some water. We hugged and I felt like an aging time traveler, realizing that we had both grown two years older. It was very good to see him.

This week in New Orleans, I feel that my Motel mates/ classmates/ students were family. When Steve Smodish fell ill, Rosina took great care of him. We were all brothers and sisters, with a mother (Chung) and father (Juan) as well. Karen M. was the "concubine" and Karen S. was the "freak of the family", who also happened to be Karen's M.'s long lost daughter. It was rather surreal how a few of the siblings were older than their parents, and that we were all different nationalities and races. You get that way once you've slept in the same small motel room for an entire week.

7-27-00

I've certainly loosened up this past week in New Orleans. I'm still learning how to socialize... it's true.

Seeing all the diverse groups of people at SIGGRAPH made me re-examine my community of friends. The diversity of people here was staggering - over 25 countries were present in one convention Center. I saw 6 Karen Mathieson's, 22 James Greens, 4 Claire Condes, 3 Ed Skellings, 1 Justin and Nikki couple, 45 Chung Ching Laus, and 13 Bethanys. My type of friends could be found anywhere... each with varying personalities, hair, clothes, and faces.

Today is my 24th birthday and I humbly thanked everyone who wished me "Happy Birthday". We all took a trolley ride through the beautiful French Quarter and ate out at Café Nino, a Lebanese Restaurant Café for my birthday. I had Neil Young's "Old Man" empathetically in my head singing along:

"Twenty-four and there's so much more. Live alone in a paradise that makes me think of two... Love lost, such a cost, give me things that won't get lost. Like a coin that won't get tossed rolling home to you... Lullabies, look in your eyes. Run around the same old town. Doesn't mean that much to me to mean that much to you. I've been first and last, look at how the time goes past. But I'm all alone at last, rolling home to you." - "Old Man" by Neil Young.

But what I released tonight! We, the ten of us from CEC with James, his girlfriend, and Claire, went to a club that ended up playing 80's new wave/ dance music. I drank a Hurricane daiquiri while watching a female dancer in white tights. Steve and I even shared a free cigar. I had never been to a club that had excited me enough to sing aloud and dance to the beat in public. I felt the energy and *danced*. I've been annoyed for months about the so-called "music" they play at Iguana Cantina where all my acquaintances go

to hang out and dance. Tonight we were in an environment where David Bowie, Devo, Rolling Stones, Joan Jett, The Cure, Billy Idol, the Eurythmics, and others were sonic gods proclaiming themselves to the dark Goth masses amassed. It was exactly the kind of place where Bethany frequented in Columbus. She was right. I did enjoy it... with the assistance of some alcohol. I had been set free with fun... "loosened up". I'm still buzzing! I had to write this the moment I got back after feeling so much!!

7-28-00 "**SIGGRAPH and Me: 'Technology and Emotion'**"

I've been on vacation from my normal routine - and I do *miss* it. I haven't watched a movie, listened to CD's, eaten microwave dinners, or worked on a computer for a week now. I admit that I'm going through a certain degree of withdrawal. I need to find a way to release my emotions. Instead of showering and shaving in the morning, I've been doing it at night since we've got so many people sharing the same hotel bathroom. I've even been pooping in public restrooms all week long because there are too many people in our tiny hotel room!! I like living a new life for a while, yet there's a nostalgia for the comfortable peace of a *home*. Being in one's own is quite a personal exhilaration.

Karen M. and I flirted tonight as we went out with friends and industry professionals from the animation world for dinner and drinks. That was when I discovered that she had submitted her demo reel to PDI for a job. She was sociable enough to make friends with a guy from PDI, which made me realize she could get in to any company since she's a "social butterfly". I also overheard that Ty was thinking of leaving for Europe after school. Friends leave, don't they? Overhearing all of this tonight made this trip all the more bittersweet. We're only together here for a while. Then... gone.

7-29-00

Juan, Chung, Karen S., and I walked down to the French Market to do some final New Orleans touristy stuff and shopping. In all due honesty, all of us were really feeling a hangover of exhaustion from how busy this past SIGGRAPH week has been. We were all acting rather "crabby". Juan and I had a final lunch at a fancy restaurant on the river called "Mother's". On the flight home, Juan, Chung, and Karen mostly slept. On the final hour into Ft. Lauderdale, we witnessed a pretty cool electrical storm that I recorded on the digital video camera. God, it's gonna be great to be back in my own bed and privacy!!!

"Birth of a Building" - (2000, 2001/ 2010) – (4 min.) Video Journal

At Florida Atlantic University, Ft. Lauderdale... Out the 7th floor balcony... Building the New University Tower... Across the street from... The Museum of Art... How will it reflect in the neighboring buildings?... Watching the world grow... Building up to the sky... Almost done.

"Unbirth of a Building" - (2000, 2001/ 2010) – (30 sec.) Experimental Video Journal

"Birth of a Building" sped-up in reverse so the building unbuilds itself!

"Renaissance Festival" - (1999/ 2001/ 2010) - (7 min.) Video Journal

Outside Boca Raton... Real fairies... Fairie sightings... Migrating clouds.

2-27-99: At the Renaissance Festival outside Boca Raton, I was plagued with Medieval-costumed carnies shouting out in phony British accents, glittering white trash couples, young female fairies depressingly smoking cigarettes, and over-priced medieval merchandise. It was like a bad episode of Halloween night with a medieval theme. I saw too many "individuals" who looked too much like Bethany and Justin. This was a day in the life on the weekend out and about in South Florida.

So much money spent. So pleased to have shared a day with a friend. So hurt from how loud people where. So much accomplished. So... so... so.

Yet, in the end, sleep was the best trip.

2-24-01: I was thankful to have been invited by Steve Smodish to go to the Renaissance Festival with him and his friends. Cleavage-heavy ladies, glitter skinned girls, three cups of

Guinness, a pig on a stick, trees asking for tips, wooden spider webs, and it was nice to be outside. Half way through the day, I took eight aspirin to rid myself of a customary migraine. Every time I go outside, a headache kills me.

Renaissance festivals are wonderful to allowing people to play dress-up (like on Halloween) and to make believe. It's like a living art piece.

"A Sea World" - (1999/ 2010) - (5 min.) Video Journal

3-9-99: *Sea World! We saw false killer whales... Fluorescent pink balloons that acted like flamingos... Shamu lunch specials - 1/4 pound of Shamu \$9.95... "PHOTO SPOTS" were located every ten feet... Dolphins mating!... Dolphin orgy!*

"Ft. Lauderdale Air & Sea Show" - (1999, 2001/ 2010) - (6 min.) Video Journal

5-1-99: I watched the Ft. Lauderdale Air Show this afternoon with Eddie. It's was the thunder roar of the huge warplanes that scared me... put me in child-like awe.

5-5-01: Owen and I walked down Sunrise to the Ft. Lauderdale Air and Sea Show where over a million spectators drank alcohol and watched the air "war show" theatrics. So many beautiful people tan, tattooed, and skinny. I just didn't feel I had anything in common with them. Every few steps some drunk guy or stupid girl was saying "f" this and "f" that. It was like Hell disguised as paradise. Half the people spoke Spanish. I felt like an alien among aliens. That's Ft. Lauderdale in a nutshell.

"Snorkeling Outside the Storm" - (2000/ 2010) - (9 min.) Video Journal

Driving to Key West and Key Largo, Florida... Cruising to the clouds... Cloud driving... Cloud tracking... Key West... Cool Cloud Day II... Speed boating out Key Largo, FL.

8-18-00: I'm not going to have a chance of doing this again... just take off with a friend (Steve Smodish) *for the Florida Keys of paradise* to go snorkeling in the sky waters. I'll never have this sort of freedom again... without a girlfriend or family. It's nice to go on a vacation with a buddy who enjoys (good) music as much as me... a music junkie. Yet after a good start with incredible cumulus cloud, moody rain showers followed us down from tropical key to key. Four hours later we finally made it down to Key West, Florida at the tip of Florida. I was a little surprised by how small this little city was. Like Las Vegas, it's well-known by name, but not that big.

"FREAKS, ODDITIES, AND CURIOSITIES" proclaimed the sign outside of the Ripley's Believe It or Not! "Odditorium" in old town Key West. I had entered the museum of the weird and wonder-found. Part Disney World, factual illustration gallery, interactive displays, and freak show carnival - but most of all, a celebration of the *realistic surreal!!* I learned that trees had actually grown pink lemons, how to make a shrunken head, and a man had grown a horn out the side of his head (a *true* human unicorn). It was a museum of the unusual. Consequently, it ranks with the Dali Museum and the SIGGRAPH Art Gallery as the best art settings I've visited.

Steve and I had a Mexican dinner without words. We were both rather tired and exhausted from the drive. And I had simply run out of things to say.

After our quiet dinner, we roamed the trendy streets of Key West. To my surprise I loved the environment. It was like a more accessible, arty version of Las Olas. It was like a mix of Ft. Lauderdale, New Orleans, and High St./ Short North of Columbus, OH. Great dining, galleries, bars with bands, hundreds of tourists, and friendly beggars - one homeless artist was "READING FOR FOOD" with a bucket in front of him.

8-19-00: Steve and I managed to seize the [blue sky afternoon](#) out of snorkeling. Splitting the \$300 rental cost for a speed boat, we were in twenty feet deep ocean waters for most of the time. So in a sense, we each paid \$150 to make love to the ocean. *She was our liquid Juliet*. I didn't have an expression to exert how I was feeling when I first dove in the water and saw how deep and alive the ocean bottom was. "FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK!!!" was the only exclamation I could express how I felt that very moment. It was like being born - to see existence anew. I had never seen so many exotically saturated fish and almost extraterrestrial coral. Some pieces of coral looked like purple human hands with a dozen boneless fingers. Snorkeling was much harder as the hours went by. We had to park our boat in what appeared to be an open ocean parking lot full of dozens of boat of various sizes. Then we had to snorkel/ swim about 80 meters to what everyone was looking at: the Key Largo Christ statue. I managed to dive down about 15 feet to touch Christ's forehead. I couldn't stay down there for long because of the pressure, which made my ears feel like they were ready to burst! I did like the openness of the ocean. There was a peacefulness to it. Steve and I ate snacks and sodas throughout the afternoon on the boat. Eventually, our time was up and we had to head back to shore. Thankfully, Steve had a good sense of direction and following the radar back to where we left from. Also, a storm was rolling in, so it was absolutely best we got back. By the end of the day when we got back to Ft. Lauderdale, we treated ourselves to steak at the Outback. What an awesome adventure day.

Yet I am exhausted to the point where I cannot type any more. All in all, what a good trip.

"Scottish Society of South Florida" - (2001/ 2010) - (5 min.) Video Journal

3-2-01: Right after work, I drove over to Davie to a Scottish community society music event with Karen Mathieson, her younger sister Tegan, and Steve Smodish tonight. The live bagpipe playing was awesome. What a culture shock! I had no idea there were so many Scottish families in South Florida!

"Adventures in the Everglades" - (1998/ 1999/ 2010) - (8 min.) Video Journal

A collection of airboat rides through the Florida Everglades and Seminole Reservations. Airboat riding the Everglades... A river of grass... Everglades Seminole Indian Reservation.

Journal Exerts

10-31-98: [I experienced Florida's vast river of grass Everglades! I really enjoy these airboat rides!](#)

3-21-99: *Vacationland! The Everglades!* A sea of grass with islands of trees. A play land of shipwrecks. Aqua maids swim with dolphins. An island in the sky. Sea cows graze the bottom of the rivers. Fun at the alligator farm.

6-26-99: [When I was younger, I often romanticized about living in a nature wilderness. Visiting an Everglades Seminole Indian Reservation, I imagined myself living there with a poor Native American bride, a hut/ log home, a job in caring for the birds and alligators through the day and giving air boat tours. Just simplicity. Yet, I have grown up and it is just a fantasy. There was a loneliness I sensed around that area while eating their lunch buffet in their restaurant lodge. The skinny fourteen-year-old girls who were working as waitresses reminded me of the bored innocent girls from my hometown. It was such an isolated community where nature, loneliness, wild deer, and the stink of wild pigs were the only neighborhood elements around.](#)

12-16-99: [On the way home through Alligator Alley highway, we stopped off at an airboat place in the Everglades.](#)

"The Everglades of Abstraction" - (1998/ 1999/ 2010) - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

A collection of abstract-experimental footage shot on airboat rides through the Florida

Everglades.

"SPONTANEOUS VACATION" - (2001/ 2010) - (15 min.) Video Journal

Starring Steve Smodish as "Steve" and Eric Homan as "Eric"... "It's about the journey, not the destination"... Leaving Ft. Lauderdale, FL on the spur of the moment... The face of God... Cloud angel wings... Entering Tampa, FL... Busch Gardens... Scream Train!!... Leaving Busch Gardens... "It's all about art"... God saying hello... "Am I going blind?"... Dancing Dice... The heavens sing... Driving to Ft. Myers, FL... Steve Gazing... Sand Monsters... "Lost" in the Everglades... Alligators of the Everglades... Indian Casino in the middle of nowhere... Almost home.

Epilogue: On their next trip three months later, Eric fell off the Grand Canyon. His body was never recovered. Yet years later, there were rumors of his sightings in Ohio. Steve went on to work for NASA on sonic converters... or something like that. He currently resides on Jupiter (FL)... One muddy truck later.

4-5-01: I went on a spontaneous vacation to Tampa with Steve Smotisch this Thursday afternoon. On the way I read a book on music video directors. It's amazing how many music video artists resemble my own life so far: "Grew up loving film... attended art school... experimental filmmaker. Music video is "poetry in motion... painting in light, sculpting in time. Filmmaking is like dancing. You plot dynamics and movement in space. Filmmaking in any form is about memories, dreams, and desires." The larger canvas is MTV, which reaches so many more people than on a plain ordinary canvas. The music video is a collaboration between the musician and the visual artist.

Steve and I met Atom's music producer, Ford, at Nebulous/ Atlantic Records headquarters in downtown Tampa. (Ford was a large man with genetic female characteristics that made him appear hermaphroditic.) Suddenly, I realized I had made contacts outside the education world. I was now a freelance music video director.

4-6-01: While on Busch Gardens' roller coasters, I realized that I felt the most creative since my senses were going into overdrive from the thrill rides. I wanted rock music playing while riding a roller coaster. It could use an audio sensory punch to accent the other senses.

4-7-01: On our final day of spontaneous vacation, Steve and I literally explored the Big Cypress National Preserve that takes up hundreds of acres of southwestern Florida. We were two single guys with money and time to spend. What great freedom to do some fun exploration!

"Missed Phone Call from Frank Balzano" - (2001/ 2010) - (1 min.) Video Journal

Missed phone call from Frank Balzano. The piece speaks for itself. This is Frank Balzano's personality in under one minute flat. God bless ya, Frank!

"Disney Days and Orlando Nights" - (2002/ 2010) - (11 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Departing Ft. Lauderdale... Walt Disney World, Orlando, Florida... Epcot Center... Taking experimental photography... The 1964 Beatles playing a 1970 Beatles song in 2002!... Dinner in Morocco... Disney's All-Star Music Resort... Test Track... The Haunted Mansion... Frontier Land, The Magic Kingdom... Big Thunder Mountain Railroad... Indiana Jones Epic Stunt Spectacular... Driving home through the night.

3-4-02: Get eccentric to feel life! Steve Smodish and I took another "spontaneous vacation" to Disney World with a Park Hopper Pass on a cloudy, cold front day (rare in Florida) with a high in the mid to high 50's. Steve and I figured there would be less people at the Disney parks, so it might be a great time to go. It was a way of having the theme parks more to

ourselves. And we did!

At Disney/ MGM Studios, we rode "Tower of Terror"! What fun to ride "The Twilight Zone" with Rod Serling!

"Aerosmith's Rock 'n' Roll Roller Coaster": At last, a roller coaster with a classic hard rock mix soundtrack as a sonic sensory thriller compliment to the speed of the ride.

"Welcome! Ride my imagination! It's right inside!" (Inspired by the George Lucas Star Tours ride at Disney/ MGM Studios).

Epcot Center: an on-going park installation piece that will constantly be improved and up-graded upon to showcase the improvements of technology and communication.

Then later tonight, we had to decide on a place to eat, though I didn't want anything "too" expensive. Yet Steve wisely suggested: "You only live once." Existentially, I agreed with him and we had a \$29.95 Moroccan dinner, drinks, live music, and belly dancing. Yeah, it was worth it.

3-5-02: "I believe it is important for every young artist to have at least one hard failure in their life. It builds drive and character... It is in my nature to experiment." -From a Walt Disney retrospective short.

Witnessing the Big Bang movie at Epcot made my "existence" come into simple perspective. We're just *atoms with egos* and evolved "personalities". *We're nothing and everything*. We just made life too complex around us to see that. We've distracted ourselves from seeing how we are meaningless - and that's okay. We are part of the universe, part of God, part of dreams.

Magic Kingdom, Epcot, and Disney/ MGM Studios day. And what can I say... I found Pocahontas to be hot. It took six Imitrex migraine tablets to relieve my irritating morning migraine. For a while, I walked around zonked out on the drugs like a walking zombie. Steve and I stayed at Disney's All-Star Music Resort (their budget hotel which was still really quite nice). What a culture shock I got from being around so many Christian and Midwestern families again. I was also filled with contradictions: I loved seeing children around me, but I certainly wouldn't want any for the next few years.

For the past two days, I captured 467 images on my digital camera. If I had developed those photos at a lab, it would have cost \$130 and \$44 for the film. God, I love digital photography. It's so much more accessible and affordable.

3-6-02: I fell into a deep daydream on the way home. I wasn't sleeping or fully dreaming since I was conscious of the music and ambience in the truck. I was dreaming awake. God, we didn't get back home to South Florida until very, very late. Steve even had to pull over at a rest stop so he could catch a quick nap so he'd have enough energy to complete our drive back home. We listened to Guns 'n' Roses as loud as we could to stay awake. Two days of continuous Disney vacation can wear two young guys out! I think it was around 4 a.m.

"South Florida Scottish Wedding" - (2000/ 2010) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

6-17-00: After Karen M. called me up and invited me to her younger brother's wedding, I got a call from Rosina and I invited her to come as my companion/ wife for the evening. It was fun to pretend as a couple and Rosina playfully went along with the fantasy. The ceremony of a wedding was more intense than I had remembered. Words: "Who gives this woman to this man," as the father gives his only daughter to her boyfriend. I was in awe at the reality of this. I had forgotten how much influence family had in a (traditional) wedding. Unlike past weddings and receptions in Ohio, I honestly enjoyed myself at this one.

"The Ty and Max Band" - (2000/ 2010) - (6 min.) Video Journal

Go to the Ft. Lauderdale beach... Then a dumbass walks in front of our van!... "Way to

go, buddy! You almost died!"... Back at Ty and Max's apartment... "The Denny's Song"... "The Bread and Butter Song".

6-11-00: Ty and his roommate Max are artists as well as I! This Sunday morning, we *baptized* ourselves by crashing our bodies against five-foot tall waves while a storm was coming in and raining down on us. Shark attack joke antics were our conversation. Then Max went white and actually professed that he felt something brush against his leg. Time to go to shore... fast! A rain shower tickled us all around. The ocean may just be my wife... my true kindred spirit who I make love to in its waves. We enjoyed a mutual wine buzz with friends and acoustic guitar and drums. We were music makers in their *free time*.

"A Crazy Day Out with Karen S." - (2000/ 2010) - (4 min.) Video Journal

7-1-00: Today was a spontaneously combustible day. It was lived without knowing what I was to do. I tried doing some computer work during the morning hours, but I didn't find myself inspired enough to continue after two hours. I called Karen Sanok and we went to Dania Beach, which thrilled me immensely. Upon snorkeling around some coral reefs, I discovered dozens of little to medium sized fishes swimming around. It was also my first time at the ocean with a girl as a friend in a black bikini. The overcast clouds turned beautiful after half an hour - and that *beauty* ended up sun-burning me badly. Yet, we talked, swam, and had a good time together. Then Karen Mathieson called up and invited us to Chili's again for lunch with Juan and Rosina. Later, we hung out at Barnes and Nobles, amusing ourselves by looking through the *sex* books. I got home by seven p.m. and realized the day was mostly spent. There was no trace of art that I had created... just laughter and good company. What a change for me - good and bad, I don't know which.

"Florida Daze in the Sunshine State" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Eric Homan Video Introduction" - (1 min.)

"Songs, Art, and Depression Inside an Efficiency Apartment in the Sunshine State" - (39 min.)

"Extracurricular Activities in the Sunshine State" - (26 min.)

"Epcot Centered and Medieval Florida Times" - (12 min.)

"The Islands of Animal Kingdom Adventure" - (11 min. 30 sec.)

"Electric Guitar Light Dances" - (1 min.)

"Lion Country Safari" - (6 min. 30 sec.)

"The World of Naples, FL" - (9 min.)

The Puns of the Title

I love the puns in the title: "Florida Daze in the Sunshine State". Is it Florida Daze or Florida Days? Is in the State of Florida (the Sunshine State) or a *state of mind*?

"Eric Homan Video Introduction" - (2001/ 2010) - (1 min.) Video Journal

- "Do you like being recorded?"

- "I kinda like it because I'm used to it now. I like videotaping things because I like looking back (at what I was doing). Frozen in time, I guess. It's really interesting. I like the fact you can go back and it's frozen in time. You can always go back to any other year and see yourself. You can hear how you sound or see how you look. It's a fascinating thing...."

"Songs, Art, and Depression Inside an Efficiency Apartment in the Sunshine State" - (2000-2002/ 2010) - (39 min.) Video Journal

Music tells the story... Welcome to my apartment... This is my personality gallery... Ft. Lauderdale, FL, 2000-2002... A giant red condom... Acted, Edited, and Videotaped by Eric Homan... Working on Interactive artwork... all day long... Juan setting up my surround sound system... Buying more used CDs... A collage of videotaped memories... "Fooled Around and Fell in Love" by Elvin Bishop... Moiré pattern... A collage of movie memories... A collage of moving memories... Neil Young, the greatest musician of them all!... A figure in the toilet... "Shots" by Neil Young... Meditating... I've been told I'll be laid-off in six months... Comforted by the music of Neil Young... A self-portrait... "Beautiful Day" by U2... Steve Smodish setting up my computer... "Eric van Gogh"... In and out of focus... Phoning home... "Speed of Life" by David Bowie... "I'm high on music"... Documentary video meets experimental video... See the face?... "Golden Years" by David Bowie... Apartment Kaleidoscope... Real Dragon's Blood... Working on computer art animation ... George Harrison's CD "All Things Must Pass"... "Das Boot"... My apartment complex's front lawn... Thank God for the company of Neil Young... More Moiré patterns... What's outside the door?... Snorkeling in my apartment... Outside on a hammock... My only pet - the ant... The Ant Dancers... Typical daily scene: streets flooding... Toe flossing... "Jane Says" by Jane's Addiction... Before having gum graft surgery... After the surgery... A Creative Environment.

The Music

"Cowgirl in the Sand" by Neil Young and Crazy Horse, "Elevation" by U2, "Wouldn't It Be Nice" by The Beach Boys, "Fooled Around and Fell in Love" by Elvin Bishop, "Perfect Love... Gone Wrong" by Sting, "One of the Few" by Pink Floyd, "Lady Wingshot" by Neil Young, "Shots" by Neil Young, "Sympathy for the Devil" by The Rolling Stones, "Ultraviolet (Light My Way)" by U2, "The Great Divide" by Neil Young, "Beautiful Day" by U2, "I Remember You" by Frank Ifield, "Jerusalem" by Sinéad O'Connor, "Don't Ask Me Why" by Billy Joel, "Speed of Life" by David Bowie, "Golden Years" by David Bowie, "Tahitian Moon" by Porno for Pyros, "Porno for Pyros" by Porno for Pyros, "Freebird" by Lynard Skynard, "Big Empty" by Stone Temple Pilots, "Power Fantastic" by Prince, "Run of the Mill" by George Harrison, "Kiss You All Over" by Exile, "Kaneda" from the "Akira" soundtrack by Geinoh Yamashirogumi, "Out of Control" by Neil Young, "Is She Weird?" by The Pixies, "Slip Away" by Neil Young and Crazy Horse, "Lookout Joe" by Neil Young, "Lady Day" by Lou Reed, "Anarchy in the U.K." by Sex Pistols, "The First Time" by U2, "Transformer Man" by Neil Young, "Mysterious Ways" by U2, "Basic Instinct Main Title" by Jerry Goldsmith, "Jane Says" by Jane's Addiction, "Born on the Bayou" by Creedance Clearwater Revival, "Dropout" by Urge Overkill, "Tangled Up in Blue" by Bob Dylan, and "Where the Streets Have No Name" by U2.

"Extracurricular Activities in the Sunshine State" - (2000-2002/ 2010) - (26 min.) Video Journal

Driving around Ft. Lauderdale with Steve Smodish... Ft. Lauderdale's Las Olas Ave. - Night and Day... The parade of retirees... Shopping with Ale... Moon gazing... Out with my uncle Al and aunt Sue... John U. Lloyd State Park at Dania Beach ... Jai-Alai games... The Morikami Museum and Japanese Gardens, Boca Raton, FL... Bonsai garden... Take a bike ride through Holiday Park on a Sunday... Cloud watching at the park... Going to a U2 concert with Ty and Karen M... After the concert... Back in Ohio for my sister's wedding... Canoeing with Atom and his sons... Watching 9/11 unfold live on TV... At my student Juan's apartment... Writing up my immediate feelings... Fun with Jeanine... Eric Homan: Confidential... The Great Sailing Race...The aerating of my apartment complex... Over at Owen's apartment... A most unusual tree.

2-16-01: I took a "big" step in improving my social life. I finally asked Chung if she would like to go with me to a park this weekend. I honestly confessed to her that I wished to get outside

my apartment and live for once on the weekend. I just wanted some female company... *any company*. We ended up making plans for The Morikami Museum and Japanese Gardens in Boca Raton this Sunday. She went further and invited me to go with her to Tampa during Spring Break week since she would be in a Tai Chi competition. I didn't care if people thought it was a date. I had to make a move and live outside my own artwork for a change. She doesn't overwhelm me and she's pleasant enough to be around.

2-18-01: Chung and I visited the Morikami Museum and Japanese Gardens this morning and afternoon. My mind imagined benches to be tombstones because so many of them had "In Memory of..." labeled on them. We meditated together and walked around trying at ease to enjoy the nature. I bought an artistic vision viewer (a kaleidoscope).

"Epcot Centered and Medieval Florida Times" - (2000/ 2010) - (12 min.) Video Journal

Lara and I going to Epcot Center... "You're doing art"... American Beauty moment... Ripley's Believe It Or Not! Odditorium... "Looked for the Art of the Unbelievable."

10-13-00: Lara and I arrived at Epcot Center. We went on "Waiting In Line: The Ride". Children swore they saw real dinosaurs in the energy building with its tour of the creation of life on earth. I was there as an *imagination expert*. We witnessed films shown in surrealistically wide cinemascope. We visited an Imagination Institute, where I wished I had gone to college. One ride called "Spaceship Earth" had a sequence that felt like an abstract art installation *ride* - dreamlike and expressionistic, colorful and creative, like a Jackson Pollack/ Dali/ van Gogh painting simulation. It was twelve overwhelming hours of constant entertainment for the senses: touch, sight, smell, sound, and taste (food from Morocco). I observed that many American tourists never get to see Europe. So they go to Epcot Center to the Parade of Nations instead and get the next closest thing: an artificial facsimile. I really liked the "Test Track", where the visitor becomes a passenger on a car safety test track. Finding a hotel after such sensory and physical overload was a nightmare. Once I hit the bed, I felt my consciousness passing out....

10-14-00: After a full, exhausting day at Epcot yesterday, Lara and I consciously took it easy today by going to the Ripley's Believe It Or Not! Odditorium, playing a huge miniature golf course complete with waterfalls, watching a movie in the hotel room, and "Medieval Times" dinner theater.

"The Islands of Animal Kingdom Adventure" - (2001/ 2010) - (11 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

3-12-01: Islands of Adventure: "I write in scribbled "sloppy" as a code for that only I can read my personalized writing....

A Sensitivity reader to determine how much "sensitivity" you have!

"Chung and I got lost with our map directions to our hotel reservation for nearly two hours. It was like the blind leading the blind. After checking in to our room, we ate out at Red Lobster and walked around "Old Town" among the rest of the middle-America tourist families. We were touring Tourist Land Theme World.

3-13-01: We're just two outcasts of love wondering around a paradise theme park as just friends. Disney's Animal Kingdom was a fun day out. Being with Chung, it was easier to get along with someone I was *not* trying to impress.

"Electric Guitar Light Dances" - (2001/ 2010) - (1 min.) Digital Video Art

Light dances through some blinds in my Ft. Lauderdale apartment upon the floor as an electric

guitar plays!

"Lion Country Safari" - (2000/ 2010) - (6 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Lion Country Safari, outside West Palm Beach, FL... Butterfly World... A butterfly resting on a cloud... After a full day of adventures... Time for rest.

12-16-00: Dad and I took on Lion Country Safari, Festival Flea Market, Butterfly World, a 200-item Chinese Buffet, and Toy Story 2. Once we had done everything we had planned and I fell exhausted, I realized the fun was over.

"The World of Naples, FL" - (2000/ 2010) - (9 min.) Video Journal

The 100% humidity is affecting the video camera... The Naples Zoo... The Naples intercoastal.

8-6-00: Let's recap my vacation with dad: Turkish restaurant, Bonnet House, lunch with Ed and Diane at French restaurant, Naples, Gulf of Mexico with starfish and sand dollars, seafood buffet, swimming buffet, humidity, hiking through the West Everglades swamps, Naples Zoo, Gulf Cruise, Sawgrass Mills Mall, Japanese food, Mrs. Doubtfire, Swap Shop (where you can get chaos for sale), Greek restaurant, Atlantic Ocean, Led Zeppelin box set at used CD store. And it was as exhausting than it was fun.

"The Florida Universe" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Out with Atom" - (8 min.)

"Introvert Eric Explores South Florida Night Clubbing" - (14 min.)

"Atom Live at Radius" - (9 min. 30 sec.)

"Countdown to a Naples Sunset" - (11 min.)

"Retirement Home Entertainment Night" - (2 min.)

"Hurricane Blues" - (25 min. 30 sec.)

"More Than This" - (22 min. 30 sec.)

"Fruit Universes" - (10 min. 30 sec.)

"Out with Atom" - (2001/ 2010) - (8 min.) Video Journal

In the Atomobile!... Out with Atom... Out with Atom at a Miami Goth club... VooDoo Lounge, Ft. Lauderdale, FL.

Notes from Those Nights

10-31-01: For Halloween, I went with simplicity and simply wore a black t-shirt with the words "COSTUME" printed on it along with my normal casual-dress work clothes on. It was the only day of the year I could get away with social commentary about myself and others.

I *decided* to go out with Atom to a Miami Goth club where he would be performing with his band was a fantastic, unusual vacation from my nightly solitary routine. What an experience to enter a warehouse room of dreamscapes and heavy death bubblegum rape anthems. Twenty/ thirty-somethings dressed in black costumes and tight leather posed with cigarettes with a spare sexual companion. If I was more outgoing and extroverted, it wouldn't take much to get laid in this environment. Since I was with Atom, I was introduced to a few Goth girls who were a bit more

interesting, talented, and ambitious than Bethany. One flirted right back at me while I was so drunk and intrigued to know someone else who “writes all the time”. *It was all so easy* in such a surreal environment. Nothing else existed outside here in the middle of a desolate section of Miami. The place was full of contractions. I had to laugh out loud to myself a few times at people hanging out there in pretentious existence, to the degree of posing their high laziness in Gothic black fashion. Why not?! The dark place was hypnotic with such good music! I got so exhausted and out of my mind that I had big-time fun. By 3 a.m. Depeche Mode’s lyrics was surrealistically synching up with the lip movements of characters from Disney’s version of Alice In Wonderland that was playing in a corner of the club.

11-1-01: What bothered me the morning after was that most Goth girls are interchangeable. There will always be one prettier that will pull you away. You poor little disturbed sexy Goth girl, you!

11-21-01: For the rest of the night out with Atom at an absurdly trendy club called VooDoo Lounge, I hung out and lived very loosely. We arrived by white stretched limo. Our lives were so changeable in this disguised entrance. Atom mentioned to me that he was planning on going on tour again for six weeks. I videotaped Atom’s performance at 2 a.m., which turned out our best footage yet. The girls were screaming and reaching out for him - as well as for me since I was videotaping so close to him at the front of the stage!!! After an hour-long high, I got emotionally and physically tired and decided to call it a day before 4 a.m. The women there were too loose and I didn’t understand a word any of them were saying. What’s the point of staying around?

"Introvert Eric Explores South Florida Night Clubbing" - (2001/ 2010) - (14 min.)
Documentary/ Experimental Video Art

Is this video intentionally streaky and blurry for a reason?... Atom's son... The Nebulous Records Girls... Ford, Atom's producer... Owner of Nebulous Records.

11-10-01: **My Pride for Being Uncool**

I felt disillusioned by the scene that I’ve known this Saturday night/ Sunday morning. I made it back to my apartment at 4:23 a.m. certain that the club scene that I witnessed in Ft. Lauderdale and Boca Raton is *not* where I’d like to be. It a hedonist’s paradise where superficial sensation replaces emotional sensitivity. It's where getting *high* replaces getting *real*. I was invited to come with Atom to his album release party where I got to ride in a limo for the first time by traveling from “Beach Club” Baja to another trendy club Radius. Because I was part of the Atom group, I was given the treatment of free drinks and a view of the backstage music underworld. For that much, I was thrilled to live. Only once I was high from hard drinks did I start to “truly” enjoy myself and feel the beat of the music scene. While I was videotaping at Baja, a club manager persuaded a scantily dressed female dancer to *grind* her ass for my video camera. I was conflicted with recording a woman degrade herself for me while I reveled in her sexual display. Everyone around me just loved the looseness of it all. *It's one BIG PARTY!!!* Wrong. It’s a desperate attempt to feel nothing and feel thrilled by losing oneself in sex, drugs, and LOUD dance music. If I didn’t have a video camera, I wouldn’t have been there.

Once we arrived in the limo at Radius, I was exposed to groupies, hanger-ons, a Goth dominatrix, and record company whores in tight white t-shirts. So much money for the “powerful” that turns them into party-loving rich lost boys without souls. And all the while, I videotaped. After Atom’s great set before a crowd of three hundred club goers, I bumped into a Goth girl I’d met two weeks before. She was with some generic long-haired Goth stud and acted like she was part of the greatest party. At that point, I was no longer drunk off the drinks - just exhausted and aware of the vacancy of my surrounding. My video camera batteries were dead, so I didn’t have much of a point to stay around much longer. Need I mention that my physical and mental batteries were dead as well. My emotional batteries needed to be recharged in a saner environment.

What I found tonight was a search for pleasure by dressing up in expensive clothes and getting wasted to look cool. I realized this morning that I would rather be *uncool*. I can see that clearly. I was "in disguise" tonight by borrowing Atom's black leather pants to appear "dressed up". I choose not to wear any *make-up*. I couldn't socialize the least bit over the blaring big **BEATS, BEATS, BEATS** in a club environment. So people had to rely on a surface beauty image to do their talking. Sadly, it just amplifies that fact that those in attendance had to be superficial superior in order to be someone. No wonder there was no love in the air - just love-making (to others and to themselves). I was in hell disguised as a paradise in heaven. I'd rather ride my bike in a park than hang out in the "V.I.P." section of any of these South Florida clubs. I'm just glad that I made it out... and back "safe". I may not have gotten laid, but I am proud that I've still got my senses and sense of dignity intact. I got my first real taste of being corrupted by partying, drinking, laughing, joking, socializing, dancing, and fucking. I took what I got and left it all behind. And now I'm glad to be free - and to be me.

"Atom Live at Radius" - (2001/ 2010) - (9 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Taken from the live performance at the Radius Club in Baton Raton, FL on 11-10-01.

"Countdown to a Naples Sunset" - (2001/ 2010) - (11 min.) Video Journal

The Thomas Edison House grounds in Ft. Myers, FL... A still-gliding cardinal... Driving down to Naples, FL... Aunt Lorna and Uncle Jack... Naples Pier... The people gather... Getting lost in the glowing ocean waves... "Death" of the Sun.

12-20-01: I drove over to Naples to visit my aunt Lorna and uncle Jack. We visited the Thomas Edison House in Ft. Myers, FL and went to the Naples pier to watch a gorgeous sunset.

"Retirement Home Entertainment Night" - (2001/ 2010) - (2 min.) Video Journal

5-26-01: Saturday evening out with Chung, saw Shrek, ate Vietnamese food with mint leaves, and bought a new VCR.

I also spent my Saturday night exploring my *ironic* side by attending a Retirement Home Entertainment Night featuring a singer and band performing 40's and 50's song standards. There were too many lonely, love-starved elderly women clamoring over me. I still enjoyed singing along to "My Way".

"Hurricane Blues" - (1998-1999/ 2010) - (25 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Hurricane Blues... Sparkles in the storm... Ft. Lauderdale life: 1998-1999... Into the Storm... Do Not Erase... Sudden rain shower outside... The world's most annoyingly loud bird... Strange Pissings... Confusion over playing a Bible in the VCR... Upside down apartment... Hurricane Warning!... Air conditioner leak... The Ant Invasion!... Attacked by hurricanes and ants!... A surreal sky... Into Memoria... The Snoring Bed... Butterfly World... Shadow of the Butterfly... The Turtle in the Tree Trunk... The Florida Underworld... Holiday Park Festival... Shaving My Teeth with Toothpaste... Revisiting my old childhood playground... Coldwater Park... The Cloud Factory Where They Make Clouds... This is the Sunshine State at night... "I'm a Grapefruit! I'm a Great Fruit!"... Fruit becoming conscious of its existence... Plucked!... More Cloud Factories... Watching clouds being made... Outside a comic book store... On a cruise boat... Ft. Lauderdale, FL... Panorama of Port Everglades... Out to sea... Memories flow together... Monkey on a Cloud... A place of beauty... surrounded by so much garbage...

Memories are being used... My identities... My dad sleeps... The Swap Shop Flea Market... It's a clinically beautiful day.

"More Than This" - (1999-2000/ 2010) - (22 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

More Than This... Ft. Lauderdale life: 1999-2000... Fruit flies on my TV... Draining my collection of tears... America on Sale... A side trip to the Ohio State Fair... Riding the sky rider... Flashbacks to West Virginia... Colored Ice Cubes... Vacationing at a Ft. Myers beach... Hello, Mr. Snail!... Back in Ft. Lauderdale... Ant-outlined light switch... Working on digital art... Enter the new millennium... Deodorant that sweats... "Winterlong" by Neil Young... Watching "Midnight Cowboy"... Buying more used CDs... Watching "Dog Day Afternoon"... The hairy hand... Larry's Records - a favorite hangout... where I go to buy used CDs... Opening an old pack of baseball cards... Hanging out at Eddie Breman's apartment... "Last Kiss" by Pearl Jam... Raining backwards when the sun shines... The Breakup Breakdown... Panic Attack Anthems... "She wants to break up with me"... Her picture turned over... Watching "Bound for Glory"... John U. Lloyd State Park at Dania Beach... A giant prehistoric bird cloud formation... Watching "Taxi Driver"... My empathetic reflection.

"Fruit Universes" - (1999/ 2010) - (10 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

Do you believe on planets growing on trees? Or dead planets decaying on the ground... Universes and floral nebulas growing on trees... Jupiter's Emotions are like mine!... Filmed in the galaxy of South Florida, 1999. Videotaped and edited by Eric Homan.

Unused and outtake footage from the digital video portion of "Life Forms".

Music: "Concerto No. 3 in G: Adagio" by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and "Españoleta" by Joaquín Rodrigo.

"My Fantasies Beat My Realities" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Ryans Memory: Video Memory Performance Visualization" - (15 min.)

"Ryans Memory 2: Video Memory Performance Visualization" - (12 min.)

"Ryans Memory 3: Video Memory Performance Visualization" - (15 min.)

"Ryans Memory: Video Memory Performance Visualization" (Short Version) - (3 min.)

"Isaac Stephen Hoeting's Baptism" - (6 min)

"Isaac Stephen Hoeting's Baptism (Godfather Edition)" - (3 min.)

"Duncan Snyder's Intro to Studio Lighting" - (45 min.)

"No Commercial Value" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Struggling in Artistic Obscurity, Ohio Documentarian Uses an Image of the Prophet Mohammed in His Movie to Gain Manipulative Exposure with Instant and Easy Controversy!" - (3 min.)

"Ryans Memory: Video Memory Performance Visualization" - (2010) - (15 min.) Digital Video Art - Asking Price: \$37,483

"Ryans Memory 2: Video Memory Performance Visualization" - (2010) - (12 min.) Digital Video Art - Asking Price: \$54,463

"Ryans Memory 3: Video Memory Performance Visualization" - (2010) - (15 min.) Digital Video Art

“Ryans Memory: Video Memory Performance Visualization” (Short Version) - (3 min.)

This is an experimental memory video piece, is a visual representation of the memories of my nephew Ryan in the fragmentary, overlapping delirium - the dreamscape of a child.

My nephew Ryan 's memory videos triple-exposed with various transfer modes (Overlay, Add) while abstracting the colors. It begins and ends with a slow fade-in and fade-out. The multi-tracked Fisher Price lullaby music creates a haunting overlapping quality to the audio/ visual experience.

The title "Ryans Memory" refers to the double or triple-exposed imagery of my nephew Ryan and the video footage is basically his very memories. Therefore: "Ryans Memory" - Ryans plural. Also, "Ryan's Memories".

"Isaac Stephen Hoeting's Baptism" - (2010) - (6 min.) Video Journal

1-2-10: Lisa and I drove down to Loveland, Ohio for my new nephew Isaac's baptism at 4:30 p.m., with me partaking as his godfather. I have jokingly bragged over the past month that this is my special ticket to Heaven! We got at the church at 3:48 p.m. to make sure we were not late. I made sure to be on my very *best* behavior and not act anti-social at all. This was my time to let my discouragements with going to church be put aside and do my part as a member of our family. I wore my suit and a red tie, something I haven't worn in over a year. The baptism went through without a hitch and I didn't have a wisecrack smirk on my face either when we had to walk behind the procession with the father, the deacon, the four servers, and along with Tanya and Steve and their three boys. Becky, Steve's sister, was the godmother. Lisa videotaped while sitting next to my father. Even though I was in discomfort during the dinner while wearing a too-snug-fitting suit, I made every effort to not act poorly. I was also glad I didn't get a headache this afternoon or evening, which would have made my behavior less than stellar. It can be a bit stressful to just be around relatives who are counting on me and I'm not up to par because I'm in such physical pain with a migraine. (I did take some Excedrin late this morning because my neck was aching.)

Lisa and I left around 8:30 p.m. and I felt like I was getting chest pains while driving home. Lisa diagnosed me with having heart burn because I ate a full meal and have been wearing tight pants. Sure enough, once I loosened my pants and lowered my zipper, my heart burn eased away. I think also suppressing my "true" personality for several hours was a bit stressful for me as well. Who knew being a godfather was such a labor?

"Isaac Stephen Hoeting's Baptism (Godfather Edition)" - (2010) - (3 min.) Video Journal

Starring Eric Homan as "The Godfather".
"The Godfather Main Theme" by Nina Rota.

"Duncan Snyder's 'Intro to Studio Lighting'" - (2010) - (45 min.)

Featuring Eric Homan's Video II and Video III classes.

"No Commercial Value" - (2009) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

"No Commercial Value" label added to the bottom of an exert from "CEC Memories: Academia Years". It's simply stating the plain and obvious.

"Struggling in Artistic Obscurity, Ohio Documentarian Uses an Image of the Prophet Mohammed in His Movie to Gain Manipulative Exposure with Instant and Easy Controversy!" - (2009) - (3 min.) Highly Controversial Digital Video Art! by "Derek Holman"

This is a conceptual video piece of 3 minutes of gray silent screen that narrows into a tiny dot. How controversial is that! The controversy is created in the mind of the viewer, be it an angry Muslim who thinks I just offended their religion, or an obscure artist that can't get any funding, recognition, or exposure from all the artwork he's done over the years.

Made by my mentally-handicapped side personality. "Look ma, see what I can do! See what Special-Needs children can do!"

Due to the controversial element of this movie short, I'll have to go by a fictional alias to protect my identity. I can see it now: a work of fantasy made by a fantasy character.

Inspired by filmmaker Theo van Gogh, slain by Islamic fanatic for making a movie that featured a negative view of Islam.

Also inspired by various people that give more special financial support of handicapped people with "special needs" than to struggling artists who receive next to no financial support for the art that they create and contribute. Yet if a handicapped child makes a finger painting, they are given more attention than the artists who are selling their work for exactly the same price and with more skill and vision. It's like the act where you have to hire minorities over Caucasians taken to a whole new ridiculous and satirical level.

Cartoons against Bin Laden sucked Mohammad's cock were "Written and Drawn by God". So then what can protests do then if this is true? Burn down every holy place on earth? You're dealing with higher powers. What if aliens made the cartoon? What are you going to do now, you fucking fleas?!

It's nothing more than two minutes of black video... or is it? What do you see? What do you believe Mohammed looks like?

"American Northwest Adventures" - (2010) - Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Disk 1

"American Northwest Adventures" - (2010) - (1 hr. 44 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal - Music Version and Natural Ambience Version

Disk 2

"American Northwest Adventures" (Short Version) - (2010) - (49 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal - Music Version and Natural Ambience Version

"American Northwest Adventures: Additional Scenes, Alternate Angles, Extra Coverage" - (2010) - (41 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"American Northwest Adventures: Steve's Video Footage" - (2010) - (15 min.)

Disk 3

"American Northwest Adventures" (Shorter Version) - (2010) - (10 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"American Northwest Adventures" (Trailer Version) - (2010) - (2 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"American Northwest Adventures: The Endless Driving Vacation Tour Into Boredom" - (2010) - (22 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"American Northwest Adventures: Tour Heaven Country: A Roadside Tour of the Clouds" (2010) - (9 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"American Northwest Adventures – Vacation-in-Vacation" - (2010) - (10 min.) Experimental Video Journal

"American Northwest Adventures – Experimental Vistas" - (2010) - (10 min.) Experimental Video Journal

"American Northwest Adventures – Experimental Vistas: Version 2" - (2010) - (10 min.) Experimental Video Journal

"Time-Based Portraits of Each Vacation Day" - (2010) - (16 min.) Documentary Video/ Video

Journal

Disk 1:

Full Version of Movie - (1 hr. 44 min.)
Day Chapters
Trek Routes and Maps

Disk 2:

Short Version of Movie - (49 min.)
Day Chapters
Additional Scenes - (41 min.)
Steve's Video Footage - (16 min.)
Best Trip Photos

Disk 3:

Shorter Version of Movie - (10 min.)
Trailer - (2 min. 30 sec.)
The Endless Driving Vacation Tour Into Boredom - (22 min.)
Tour Heaven Country: A Roadside Tour of the Clouds - (9 min.)
Vacation-in-Vacation - (10 min.)
Experimental Vistas - (10 min.)
Experimental Vistas: Version 2 - (10 min.)
Time-Based Portraits of Each Vacation Day - (16 min.)

The Summary

Need some nature/ art therapy? Want to take a spiritually and creatively uplifting 17-day nature expedition to the American Pacific Northwest in about an hour? Here is your chance to witness and discover some of America's most magnificent vistas! Travel with CCAD Media Arts assistant professor Eric Homan to the panoramas he encountered and captured on a recent HD video/ photo trip to Washington, Oregon, and California. Explore the picturesque scenery of Olympic National Park, Mount St. Helens National Volcanic Monument, Crater Lake National Park, Yosemite National Park, Redwoods National Park, the Northwest Oregon Coast, and much, much more. Come and share the experience and adventure of the glorious National Park wonderlands of the American Northwest!

Running Time: 49 min.

Additional Vistas Explored

Seattle, Washington, Lake Crescent, Hoh Rain Forest, Columbia River Gorge National Scenic Area, Bridal Veil Falls, Portland, Oregon, Salt Creek Falls, Mt. Shasta, Northern California, The Merced River, Ribbon Fall, Horse Tail Fall, Sentinel Falls, Half Dome, Upper Yosemite Falls, Lower Yosemite Falls, Bridalveil Fall, Avenue of the Giants, Humboldt Redwoods State Park, Trees of Mystery, Oregon Dunes National Recreation Area, Arcadia Beach, Oregon, Cannon Beach, Oregon, The Space Needle.

The Internet Description

American Northwest Adventures (10 min. version)

<http://vimeo.com/16204662>

This is six months of editing finally finished. Just uploaded a 10 minute version. The original movie length is 1 hr. 43 min. edited down from 6 hrs. 20 min. of original HD video footage. Shot with a Panasonic AG-HMC150 HD video camera.

The Tags

Nature Yosemite Olympic Crater Lake Mount St. Helens National Parks Eric Homan Documentary
Travel

The Intro

You're about to watch a video love letter through an artist's eyes while trying to find some Eden in this world.

This expresses the content, the context, the quest, and the motivation of what we're about to see. The video love letter is to Mother Nature. The artist's eyes are my own or anyone trying to find some beauty in our existence. And nature is where I found some proverbial "Eden". And as artists, we are all looking for some new ideas, new visuals, new visions, new sensations, new emotions, new inspirations.

The Titles

Escapism Travel Media Presents... American Northwest Adventures: An Impressionistic Personal Video Log, Shot and Edited by Eric Homan, Co-Starring Steve Smodish.

“Our New Lewis & Clark Mission”

1. Explore NW United States
2. Experience Life & Nature
3. Document the Adventure
4. *HAVE FUN!!*

The Sights

5-25-10: Seattle, Washington, The beginning of a 17-day vacation trek... Our ferry ride across Puget Sound, Seattle, The Emerald City, Lake Crescent, Washington.

5-26-10: Lake Crescent, the next day, Hurricane Ridge Rd., Olympic National Park, A National Park of fog, Surrounded by black-tailed deer!, Port Angeles, Washington, “An Anti-Eden”, Nippon Paper Industries, Graying the garden, Elwha Dam, Olympic National Park, The Land of Wildlife, Sol Duc Falls, Mora, Washington, Rialto Beach, "Twilight" Country, Legions of driftwood.

5-27-10: Tip of Northwest Washington State, Canada in the distance, Cape Flattery, Take my picture, Sea lions, Taking a GPS “short cut”... unsuccessfully (road closed ahead), Backtracked to Olympic National Park, Hoh Rain Forest, The “Hall of Mosses”.

5-28-10: Back to Mora, Washington at Rialto Beach, Ruby Beach, Weather: Lots and lots of rain, Bunch Falls, Merriman Falls, Quinault Rain Forest, Driving south, Aberdeen, Washington, (Kurt Cobain's hometown), The Snoring Zone: No sleep for me tonight...

5-29-10: Portland Oregon's Japanese Garden, A place of peace and prayer, Bloodgood Japanese Maple, Portland, Oregon, Portland Rose Garden, Driving back north, Sasquach Country, Behind Mount St. Helens, Life thriving in a once devastated area, Mount St. Helens National Volcanic Monument, Mount St. Helens' eruption on 5-18-80 devastated this land for nearly 20 miles, *The clouds move*, Driving back south, Mt. Hood in the distance.

5-30-10: Columbia River Gorge National Scenic Area, Bridal Veil Falls, Old woman gazing out at nature alone, Columbia River, Multnomah Falls, Hood River, Oregon, Full Sail Brewery, Celebrating Steve's birthday, “*Cheers*”, Downtown Festivities, A band covering a Neil Young song, Mt. Hood (use your imagination).

5-31-10: Downtown Portland, Two hours south, Salt Creek Falls, Oregon, Driving south... To the top of a dormant volcano, Crater Lake National Park (Use Your Imagination again), Yet minutes later, the vista appears, The clouds part, Wizard Island, The Evolution Through 15-minutes.

6-1-10: Mt. Shasta, Northern California, Sundial Bridge, Redding, CA, Lassen Volcanic National Park, Travel day south through California, Hypnotized out the window.

6-2-10: Awoken by a train outside the hotel, Driving east to Yosemite, Entering Yosemite National Park through a mountain side, Yosemite in Late Spring: A Land of Waterfalls, Majestic mountain snow melt, The Merced River raging through, Lunch at Happy Burger Diner, Mariposa, California, A music lover's eatery paradise, A giant rock slide, Re-entering Yosemite National Park, Yosemite Valley, Ribbon Fall, Eden. ...Filled with tourists, The highest single-drop waterfall in North America, It flows mightily during the spring, Horse Tail Fall, Sentinel Falls, Different views of Horse Tail Fall, Half Dome, Upper Yosemite Falls, Lower Yosemite Falls, At the doorstep of Lower Yosemite Falls, The healing power of mother nature, Bridalveil Fall, Valley View.

6-3-10: Yosemite: Day Two, Wildcat Fall, The grand cathedral of mountains, El Capitan, Cathedral Spires, Heaven. ...Filled with spectators, Panorama of Yosemite Valley, Climbers scaling El Capitan, The ever-changing skyscape of Yosemite Valley, Coyote view of Yosemite, Tunnel through a mountainside, Valley View, Northwestern Yosemite, Brown bear encounters, “Hey Bear!”, Cascades,

Overflow from Bridalveil Fall, Bridalveil Fall, Ribbon Fall, Different views of Bridalveil Fall, Sentinel Falls, Horse Tail Fall, Coyote in the valley field, The ever-changing skyscape of Yosemite Valley, Bridalveil Fall, Upper and Lower Yosemite Falls, Half Dome, Overflow from Yosemite Fall, Lower Yosemite Falls, Bridalveil Fall, Yosemite, A Wildly Beautiful Eden on Earth, Like an Ansel Adams Wet Dream Wonderland, Silver Strand Falls, Tunnel View, Dusk over West Yosemite.

6-4-10: Exiting Eden, “*Train-racing*”, San Francisco, California, What is this? A Use Your Imagination Vacation: the Golden Gate Bridge in fog, “Vista Point”, “Isn’t it beautiful?”, “The Vacation of Fog”, Enter Redwoods country, Chandelier Tree, Will it fit?, “Avenue of the Giants”, Humboldt Redwoods State Park.

6-5-10: Northwestern California, Sasquatch Country, Willow Creek, California, The Bigfoot Museum, Pacific coastline south of Redwoods National Park, The Ocean Pageantry, Lady Bird Johnson Grove, Redwoods National Park, Exploring “Endor”, Elk Meadow, Klamath River Overlook, Whale-watching from above, Redwoods roadside attraction “Trees of Mystery”, Meeting Paul Bunyan, The Brotherhood Tree, Into the Trees, Wave-watching.

6-6-10: Gold Beach, Oregon, Back to rain country, Oregon Dunes National Recreation Area, Just north of Sea Lion Caves, Ripley’s Believe It or Not! Odditorium, Tom Thumb, Slim Jim Malone, Charles Charleswood, The Great Grimaldi, The King of Clowns, Lady Flo, The Austrian Bearded Lady, Robert Wadlow, Other oddities, The Fiji Mermaid, Newport, Oregon, The Newport Pier.

6-7-10: The days blend together, Tuesday? Sunday? Thursday?, The weather finally blooms, The Northwest Oregon Coast, Manhattan Beach, Oregon, Legions of skeletal driftwood, Baptism by nature, Baptism by its beauty, Arcadia Beach, Oregon, The landscape sparkles, Cannon Beach, Oregon, Driving back north to Washington.

6-8-10: Back to Seattle, Washington, The Space Needle, The Space Needle vistas, Mt. Baker, Mt. Rainier, The Olympic Mountains, Cascade Mountain Range (and Volcanoes), The EMP – Experience Music Project, The Fremont District, The “Troll Under the Bridge” sculpture, aka “The Fremont Troll”, The Downtown Public Market on Pine St.

6-9-10, The Last Trip Day, Hypnotized out the window, The EMP – Experience Music Project, The Science Fiction Museum, A “Blade Runner” flying car, The Seattle Sculpture Garden, The Finish Line, *To Be Continued in Your Next Adventure...!*

The Thanks

Special thanks to Steve Smodish for driving - or else none of this footage would have existed. Additional thanks to CCAD: Ron Saks, Kon Petrochuk, and Dan Grose for use of the Panasonic AG-HMC150 HD video camera. Extra special love & thanks to Lisa for letting me go on this trip.

The Editing

I started off with 6 hrs. 20 mins. of video shot during the trip. The first draft edit was 3 hrs. 20 min. after nearly a month of editing. Three weeks later, I color-corrected, edited, and painstakingly added hundreds of transitions. This second draft edit ended up being 2 hrs. 35 min. I continued editing through again, tightening more shots and adding even more of a variety of transitions for the third draft edit with the length now being 2 hrs. 16 min. Three weeks late, the fourth draft edit was 1 hr. 44 min. with a much tighter pacing and removing any remaining repetitive shots and angles.

7-6-10: I succeed in getting *fully* started with editing my massive 8 hours of HD video footage that I shot during my 17-day Northwest America vacation. Incredibly, I found myself totally motivated and into the footage enough to spend almost eight hours viewing and editing through over *five* days worth of footage. My goal for today was to try to get through maybe *two* days worth. So I felt pretty good on that end.

7-7-10: Today was also Day 2 of editing my NW Vacation video footage. If anything, I’m sharpening my video editing skills once more. It is something one needs to do in order to stay fresh in this video field. Since I’ve been working in this package a great deal lately, I was able to work very efficiently and effectively. Now if I could only get some playing video editing jobs.

7-26-10: I’m completely focused on editing my June vacation trip video footage. I’m spending the entire day video editing away on my laptop.

By day’s end, I finished my “first draft” edit of my June vacation video. It’s total running time with this draft is 3 hr. 19 min.

8-20-10: I finally figured out how to edit down my monstrously large in length "American Northwest Adventures" movie that I've been laboring in editing this entire summer. I'm breaking it down into two movies: one is 1 hr. 45 min., the other is "additional scenes at 1 hr. 20 min.

8-24-10: I finished my 3rd draft of my "American Northwest Adventures" video movie this afternoon. Now I need something of a break... which means starting up working at CCAD.

9-9-10: Continued editing a fourth draft through my "American Northwest Adventures" video piece. It's now at 1 hr. 55 min. It's at an actual viewable length now after I took out the "fat"!

9-11-10: Continued editing "American Northwest Adventures" this overcast Saturday. I've got the fourth draft now down to my ideal length of 1 hr. 45 min.

10-23-10: Spent the Saturday off finishing up this "American Northwest Adventures" video project that I've been working on for nearly six months.

The Reason Why I Made This

7-6-10: Yet I also had to ask myself while I was editing *why* was I even spending the time doing this since I'm not getting paid for it. Kon is off during freelance work while I'm "goofing off" video editing "fun things". Yes, it is "fun" because it is personal documentary work. But it is relevant to what I do as a profession and what I do as a vocation. And ultimately, it is my *passion*. It's what I love to do. I've got this summer vacation to do what I want. And I wish to shoot new and exciting visuals, set them to a personal song soundtrack, and edit it together into a creative vision of what my vacation experience was like. It's that simple. And in the end, I wish to share it with others. Is that so "wrong"?

To Create My Own Personal Vision of My Vacation

8-13-10: I've continued to slave away at my huge summer personal video project "American Northwest Adventures". Today was editing and adding transitions to hundreds of video clips. It's laborious and draining work. There gets to be a time when I question my sanity for doing these types of massive projects because they're really not going to be seen by many people. It takes some kind of insanity to keep going on. It also doesn't help to look on the Internet and see the superb amateur photography and videography of others who have gone to the same areas Steve Smodish and I went to. I have to press myself to make my work *different and unique*. It's an incredibly harrowing challenge to create my own personal vision of my vacation.

The Struggle to Finish "American Northwest Adventures"

8-27-10: The hard thing I'm dealing with right now is transitioning from doing my own creative artwork to CCAD school work and a new semester beginning. I'm worried about abandoning and losing the momentum I've had on the "American Northwest Adventures" video piece now that I'm back to work and preparing for my classes. It's all a hefty amount of work. I always feel like I'm underprepared for my classes oftentimes. The key to working on this video project through the entire summer was to work on it *without distractions*. Now that school is here, I'm at a two-way street and uncertain which way to go.

Today was a hard day of trials for me. I had to adjust to leaving my artist side behind for another few months to be an educator first and foremost again. I had some difficulty knowing what to do with myself artistically this morning. Should I read some comics? Would that put me at ease or make me anxious that I wasn't getting enough work done on "ANA", my "American Northwest Adventures" project. It's about 85% done. Yet I feel like I've got about 100 more hours to go until I *fully* finish it. The project has just become hard work at this point in the game. And that's pretty unfortunate.

Progress Update

9-7-10: **Progress update of "American Northwest Adventures" video. 90% done. I'm on the 4th draft edit as of this week. It's getting closer to 2 hrs. long. I had 6 hr. and 20 min. of video to edit down. I'm also doing shorter cut versions as well. I've been editing for over two months now. School just started up again, so that slowed me down a bit. I did finish all the photo color correction over a month ago.**

I've been researching the places we stopped at for subtitles on the video and learned a lot more about the areas we drove through Lassen Volcanic National Park had a lot of very cool stuff on the south end. But it appears its roads are open at short intervals in the year, sometimes as late as late July. And Mono Lake on the far east side of Yosemite looks insane.

Anyways, hope all is well with you. Keep dodging those hurricanes. Take care, -Eric

Finished. Now What?

10-19-10: I'm feeling kind of down and lost lately. I suppose it had something to do with my finishing my "American Northwest Adventures" documentary movie. I've spent six months of my life working on it. And yet I feel that I have little distribution for it beyond posting it on the Internet on youtube and vimeo. I won't make a profit. I'll probably set up a visiting artist appearance for next early February at the Canzani Center to show the 51-minute version of the movie. I feel like I've done SO MUCH WORK, and have so little to show for it beyond a terrific HD personal travelogue documentary. I'm just not so certain about being an artist in this world.

The Color Correction

I spent several weeks solidly color correcting, balancing the color scheme, and generally enhancing the colors throughout the footage. I wanted to suggest the impression that when you're on a vacation, the world is seen in a kind of highly emotional state of mind, full of wonder and endorphins on high. I've always liked the Technicolor look. So that was the highly saturated look I was going for. Why present footage the way it was exactly shot? Everyone has shot these visuals before. Why not present them in a new light and emotionally chromatic tone?

The Music

"Let's Dance" by David Bowie, "Pearly-Dewdrops' Drops" by Cocteau Twins, "Teardrop" by Massive Attack, "Take a Picture" by Filter, "Immigrant Song" by Led Zeppelin, "Across the Universe" by The Beatles, "The Golden Path" by Chemical Brothers with Wayne Coyne, "The Old Laughing Lady" by Neil Young, "Souvenir" by Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, "Mountain Song" by Jane's Addiction, "Never Let Me Down Again" by Depeche Mode, "Just Like Heaven" by The Cure, "Sugar Mountain" (live) by Neil Young, "Disappear" by INXS, "Song 2" by Blur, "Rise" by Public Image Limited, "Big Time" (live) by Neil Young & Crazy Horse, "Hidden Place" by Bjork, "Oceans" by Pearl Jam, "A Forest" by The Cure, "Pleasure, Little Treasure" by Depeche Mode, "The Cutter" by Echo and the Bunnymen, "Stripped" by Depeche Mode, "Given To Fly" by Pearl Jam, "The Beach" by New Order, "Rush" by Big Audio Dynamite, "Time To Pretend" by MGMT, and "Speed of Life" by David Bowie.

The Song Selections

The Music Version is essentially a long-form music video. Each song is personally selected to fit with the mood and setting of each set of images. And often, the songs often tell the story of the trip. It starts off with "Let's Dance" by David Bowie with the following lyrics: "If you say run, I'll run with you... Because my love for you would break my heart in two. If you should fall into my arms and tremble like a flower." "Pearly Dew Drop Drops" by Cocteau Twins likens to an overcast, yet mystical rain forest world. "Teardrop" by Massive Attack is set to the rain falling throughout the footage from Olympic National Park. "The Golden Path" by The Chemical Brothers (featuring Wayne Coyne) matched up insanely well with the devastated valley footage of Mount St. Helens National Volcanic Monument with its lyrics of being "at the mouth of a volcano" and "Help me, Lord! I must be in some kind of hell!" "Souvenir" by Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark is literally complimenting a visual "souvenir" of the trip that we took. "Mountain Song" by Jane's Addiction starts with "Coming down the mountain!" as we drove down past Mt. Shasta in Northern California. "We come from the land of the ice and snow, from the midnight sun where the hot springs blow. How soft your fields so green" from "Immigrant Song" by Led Zeppelin. "Sugar Mountain" by Neil Young says "But you're thinkin' that you're leaving there too soon" all too aptly by leaving a place of Eden like Yosemite National Park after only two days. "The Beach" by New Order plays on the Northwest Oregon beach coastline. The love song "Disappear" by INXS was matched with Yosemite Valley. I also liked how "Disappear" worked with the history of the valley that literally almost did *disappear* when officials considered damming up the valley for a reservoir for San Francisco. "Big Time" by Neil Young & Crazy Horse are "taking a trip one day, driving across the bay" while going across the Golden Gate Bridge. Also from "Big Time: "I'm still living the dream we've had. For me, it's not over!" "Hidden Place" by Bjork sings out along the mysterious coastline of Redwoods National Park. I really liked how some of these chosen songs fit ever so nicely with the visuals from the trip. "Oceans" and "Given to Fly" by Pearl Jam crashes with the mighty ocean waves. "Rise" by Public Image Limited sings: "Walk through the valley... May the road rise with you. May the road rise with you!" Then finally: "I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw, I'm in the prime of my life... I'll move to Paris, shoot some heroin, and f**k with

the stars... This is our decision, to live fast and die young. We've got the vision, now let's have some fun. Yeah, it's overwhelming, but what else can we do?" -"Time To Pretend" by MGMT.

Original Songs for Trip Video

"Eric's Trip" by Sonic Youth, "Across the Universe" by The Beatles, "Hunter" by Bjork, "How to Disappear Completely" by Radiohead, "Morning Bell" by Radiohead, "A Day in the Life" by The Beatles, "Once in a Lifetime" by Talking Heads, "Higher Ground" by Red Hot Chili Peppers, "Run Like Hell" by Pink Floyd, "We Live Again" by Beck, "Shine On You Crazy Diamond" by Pink Floyd, "Find the River" by REM, "Take Me to the River" by Talking Heads, "Orange Crush" by REM, "The Passenger" by Iggy Pop, "Come to Me" by Bjork, "Red Hill Mining Town" by U2, "Shake the Disease" by Depeche Mode, "Roam" by the B-52s, "Free Fallin'" by Tom Petty.

American Northwest Adventures Presentation Intro

- Thank you all for coming
- What's the purpose of making this documentary? To expose others to the wonders of nature.
- How many of you have been to Yosemite or some of the other National Parks out west? Here is your chance to see and explore a sampling of some of them. That's what I like to do when I go to our National Parks: *explore*.
- Testing the Panasonic HD video camera in the Media Studies department.
- What makes my shots any different from the other 15 people I'm in line with to shoot some video and photos at Yosemite? Struggling to find a real voice. It's by applying a personal and imaginative context into the piece through the shooting and editing process.
- Nature Therapy/ Inspiration and the need to get back to nature.
- You're about to watch a video love letter through an artist's eyes while trying to find some Eden in this world.* This expresses the content, the context, the quest, and the motivation of what we're about to see. The video love letter is to Mother Nature. The artist's eyes are my own or anyone trying to find some beauty in our existence. And nature is where I found some proverbial "Eden". And as artists, we are all looking for some new ideas, new visuals, new visions, new sensations, new emotions, new inspirations.
- The various editing drafts - 6+ hours of footage edited down to under 2 hours eventually.
- The music soundtrack that helps tell the story.
- Enjoy the show and I'll be happy to answer any questions afterwards.
- Free Natural High Available at Every Screening!

The Beginning Correspondences

1-15-10:

"Trip Out West 3?": Hello good buddy Steve, For the past few months because I've been video capturing the dozens of hours of video footage I had shot during my years in Florida. I put together 2-3 DVDs worth of footage from that time period. One is of my grad school years (1998-2000). Another is of 2000-2002. And boy, is there some great memories in there. There's a lot of stuff that I had that I think you will especially like. I'm at the end of my holiday break from Columbus College of Art and Design, so I had time to finally work on this large of a video project. (I also needed a terabit hard drive.) The DVDs also have an archive of photos from that time period, too. So once I'm done, I want to send you these DVDs as a thank you gift for being such a great guy. This footage is like taking a time machine back in time.

I'm already thinking about the summer and traveling some more. Wasn't sure if you'd be interested in another "trip out west". Utah? Glacier National Park? Denver again? I won't be teaching any summer classes, so we won't have to deal with that headache again. My wife Lisa and I are planning on having children soon, so she won't be able to fly if she is pregnant. So therefore, rather than sitting home for the summer, I thought about another trip with you. Let me know what your thoughts are or if you're up for it.

This is the last address I have for you. Is that the one you'd want the DVDs sent to you when I have them done? Take care, Eric

Get your passports then. I'm thinking Canada! Seattle and Vancouver, maybe even Alaska! Perhaps we will loop the other direction from our first trip: start off in San Francisco and go north instead of south! Although, I think I'm finally learning to pick one or two places and stay there for days instead of random road trip (but there's so dam much to see!!!!)

I think I'm getting sasquatch fever!

I just caught the no fly portion of your message, guess I got excited. Driving is cool with me, perhaps AMTRAK to launching point, then RV? I'll fly to you this time!

That address is still good, my buddy stole a copy of part 2 from me! Looking forward to seeing that stuff. If you

wouldn't mind when your done, can I send you a hard drive to copy that stuff onto? (I'd be happy with iso's or even a good divx of the edited DVD video.) My old system bit the dust and I seem to have misplaced all my photos. I think I had downloaded one of the first Lightroom demos and it converted everything automatically
Definitely interested, Smodish

Actually, that's a great idea! I completely forgot about that NW area of the country that also has a lot of nice landscape and National Parks. We had even talked about checking out Redwood National Park in 2001, too. I've also got a passport for Canada or wherever.

CCAD also has gotten several very nice \$8,000 HD cameras (Canon XL H1) and some high quality still digital cameras that also shoot 1080p HD. I've also been using a really nice \$500 Davis tripod that is quite exceptional. So we'd have those to use as well.

The best movie I saw from 2009, by far, was "The National Parks: America's Best Idea" by Ken Burns. It really touched upon everything I love for the great outdoors and its rejuvenating spirit. It really got me in the mood to get back out there.

I think I didn't clarify my email about my wife not flying since she'll probably be pregnant. She probably won't be able to go. She'll also have to work at the hospital. She only gets so many vacation days, and Lisa and I were going to use those vacation days to go on a mini-vacation later in the summer to West Virginia for white water rafting. Therefore, she's granted me the freedom to go on a vacation rather than stay at home when my summer break begins in mid-May through August. So it would be the two of us. My wife's also saving money. It's sort of "cruel" for me to stay home when I have vacation days when the teaching semester ends and not get to fully enjoy them. She understands that we go out there and take a lot of photography and video. So it's sort of an art portfolio trip.

I've also got a family reunion outside of Rocky Mountain National Park in mid-July that I was thinking of going to. Again, Lisa didn't think she'd be able to go because of being pregnant. So that was another optional trip if you were interested in flying to Denver, staying with your friend, and checking out Utah. Just an option.

You're also in luck with the photos! I've got them on my computer, your photos and mine, dated and catalogued. I've even just found some old photos you took in the Everglades in 2001, while we were driving back from Tampa, FL. And I've got a copy of the DVDs for the 2006 trip.

Send the hard drive to: Eric Homan, Columbus College of Art and Design, 423 E. Long St., Columbus, OH 43215

Start your planning the trip! I think there's that crater lake up in Oregon, too. -Eric

WAIT! Flying - bad; white water rafting - good?

Sadly, shortly after we left Denver, my friends separated, so that option is out.

I have that Ken Burns series saved up, just haven't watched it yet.

Olympic NP is the most beautiful place I've ever driven thru, and Crater Lake is a close second! I have a friend in Seattle that I would like to do lunch with or something.

Smaller trips might be better. That being said, I'd love to go from Big Sur, California (where we left off when we were there) to Fairbanks, Alaska. Only 3000 miles one way! (Seriously though, how do you feel about hiking?)

Just tell your wife we're going to wine country

As far as equipment goes... I've been toying with the idea of getting multiple Flip video style cams. They are cheap enough to put into dangerous situations! They also attach nicely to microphone stands, and are easy to rig a mount out of Home Depot parts too! (You know me - always a rebel!) I've got a Canon T1i now which does shoot HD video, but it wasn't really designed to do so. My lenses however should work on that XL if they've kept the same philosophy with that line.

Clearly I want to go, but we should maybe start whittling down what it is we want to what is possible, to have a good trip.

1. How much time do you have on your hands?
2. How much money I might have by then?
3. What general geographic area? (My vote is in!)

Sorry, my wife corrected me last night about summer white water rafting no longer being an option. (Wow, I'm a pretty terrible father already!) I was thinking about what we had planned on doing last year, but didn't get a chance to. I just figured we'd try again this year. Basically, when she gets pregnant it means she can't do anything! We won't even be able to drive on our Ohio interstates because there might be some bad winter potholes. Though now that you've pointed it out, taking a pregnant woman on a white water rafting trip would be sort of a West Virginian way of having a natural, legal abortion. (Bad joke! Or have people actually thought of that too?)

In 2001, we really didn't get to do much of Big Sur since we drove through it at night. So that's ideal to start there. I'm okay with hiking as long as we pace ourselves. I've even thought about going back to the Grand Canyon one day (though not this trip) to hike down to the bottom. (Though I know hiking back up is far more strenuous.) I'd really like to do one of those Redwood State Parks. Olympic National Park is very high on my list, too. I've got a cousin who lives out there and he's shown me how great it is for hiking and photography. Did you want to drive all the way to Alaska, or take a cruise? My oldest sister took a cruise from Seattle to Alaska last year and knows more of the financial details of that.

I was thinking around 2-3 weeks. Mt. Saint Helens National Monument and Mount Rainer National Park are

on the way. Crater Lake. Aberdeen, Washington so we can pay our respect to Kurt Cobain. (Hey, it's on the way to Olympic National Park!) And seriously, I wouldn't mind do some Bigfoot exploring. I used to do all sorts of research about Bigfoot when I was younger. And that doesn't mean just watching "Harry and the Hendersons". -Eric

I'll be free from May 16-whenever. If you can, find out more about the pricing for the RV. It's a good option if you're comfortable with driving it.

It's great we're talking about this now - BEFORE I spend my tax return! May 16 is great, it looks like BOTH of those deals require a start by about my birthday (the 31st). Alaska would be great, but pretty much puts Olympic NP as the SOUTHERNMOST point on our trip. I'll look closer at RV rentals, but the free miles on those is a pretty huge discount I think.

I'm pretty open.

1-17-10: I called up Steve Smodish and it sounds like we're planning on renting an RV to drive from San Francisco to Seattle. It might be a little cheaper and we'd always have a place to stay each night.

1-18-10: *Awesome*

Well, I think I may have found an excellent deal for our plan.... LAS, LAX, SFO - Vancouver one way RV rental 50% off of first week. Train or bus on back thru to check the cities.

Terrible

Well, I think our plan needs to be made much smaller, WAY too many things to do to fit into the time! Some things we might be (quickly) driving past with our current plan:

1. Point Lobos, CA
2. Humbolt Redwoods State Park, CA (If I remember right, IT is Endor!)
3. (Planned) Redwood National Park
4. Mt. Shasta
5. Lassen Volcanic National Park
6. <http://static.panoramio.com/photos/original/742622.jpg>
7. Lava Beds NM, CA
8. Pretty much any beach on the Oregon coast, esp. around Harris Beach SP
9. (Planned) Crater Lake, OR
10. Mt. Hood, OR
11. Mt. St. Helens
12. Mt. Ranier
13. (Planned) Olympic NP
14. Port Angeles Ferry to Victoria B.C. (Can bring the RV but trying to figure out how to get it to Vancouver from there)
15. The stuff in Canada....

I think we still need to whittle it down some more!

North Cali Coast - Big Sur to Redwood

Volcano Tour - Mt. Shasta to Mt. Ranier

Seattle/Olympic/Victoria/Vancouver

For a little bit more focus, what are your desires. Trying to keep distance between furthest points UNDER 500 miles from each other. Vote on one of those or make your own up. I'd like any of those I put up but that last one looks just slightly sweeter to me though.

I'm pretty open. If anything, we could also go for three weeks, too, though that means more money. We could also focus more on the NW corner (Washington, Oregon, and northern California).

That list IS the NW corner! I've been kinda basing my dates as 05/25 06/10or12. I was reminded of a 3rd option, but it's COMPLETELY different from what we've been talking about. My friends own a timeshare in North Georgia (near stone mountain), I would have to check availability - and invite a whole bunch of people! They regularly have 8 - 10 people when they go. Which brings me to another question, should we invite others along? Now's the time to figure it out. (I would HAVE to split it at least one more way to stay out there longer, it's still kinda questionable now)

If anything, we could just hit as much on the list as we can. It doesn't have to be everything. We can do the main ones. We may not know how fast things are going until we're actually out there.

4-6-10: I've decided to make this happen. What are your dates again, I've found super cheap roundtrip airfare leaving on May 25 and returning June 10. Is that good for you?

My guess is that we go, we drive, we spend a few days in the city. Hopefully we can visit my friend(s?) too. I believe we can swing in Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Rainier as well as Olympic in that amount

of time (maybe even Portland).

Also, are we limiting this trip to us, or can/should we add to the mix? -Smodish

I was hoping to just it be the two of us for simplicity sake. Lisa has decided to come along for the family reunion in July. So she'll be requesting her time off then. It'll be the two of us then, which is good since we'll be able to go eat out at steakhouses rather than vegetarian restaurants. Meat! Meat! (No, seriously, I like vegetarian food.)

Those dates work well for me. I did check Travelocity.com for prices. It was around \$300 for me taking off from Columbus. It looked a bit higher for you. But it would look like we might both be on the same layover flight to Seattle. Everything sounds good to me. My last day for the semester if May 15th. May 25th-June 10th. Let's do it! Well, starting to look like our typical style may work best for us, although a few reservations may be in order. It looks like an RV is going to be too expensive for me, almost as much for a space at night as the cabins, and that doesn't include the RV! So a comfortable car and hotels... maybe kitchenette or suite type rooms? ALSO, even on one of Olympic NP related websites it was giving examples of 5day 4night vacations that had pretty much everything we would be able to do included. So Big Sur and Redwoods, CA? Victoria, BC? Anything is possible (everything if we can find a one way rental again!) -Smodish

4-10-10: I'm looking at hotels in Forks, WA and have unfortunately learned that it is the setting for the Twilight stories. Mostly because the second place I looked at has themed rooms.

I found roundtrip for about \$275 - although any other day it would be \$310. Redeye flights get me to SEA at about 10:45am Pacific time. Check Kayak.com it seems they aggregate rates from all the sites. Where do yours layover? We may be able to arrange for that to happen! I also think my return flight would be leaving at 12:05AM on the 10th meaning no hotel for me that night. Rough idea now is - rent CAR in Seattle, go to Forks (THIS place looks nice AND affordable, I've already sent email for availability) use that as a base for 3 nights then move on down to Portland for 2-3 nights (Memorial day weekend - I'm guessing will be easier to find rooms in a city than the woods!). Then we need to decide, coastline or mountain. Whichever we decide on the way down, we can do the other on the way back up. I'm trying to put about a 150mi/day limit on driving but would also like to make Big Sur which is about 1000mi from Seattle! I would be happy making Redwoods and Crater Lake which are both much more reasonable without spending entire days in the car. *I think I need to learn how to make a guided tour on Google Earth!* Anyhow, I would like to end the trip with 2-3 nights in Seattle, this actually would totally pay off more than Big Sur (I might have a good excuse for going to San Francisco in the fall again anyway).

Off to learn Google Earth, Smo-D

I've shared a map with you called Pac NW Trip: You can view and edit this map at

<http://maps.google.com/maps/ms?ie=UTF8&hl=en&vps=1&jsv=223a&oe=UTF8&msa=0&msid=110390761491126102328.000483d6582b065d07f8b>

I'm starting to think we need to cut redwoods out too, Crater Lake shouldn't be a problem though.

Note: To edit this map, you'll need to sign into Google with this email address. To use a different email address, just reply to this message and ask me to invite your other one. If you don't have a Google account, you can create one at

<http://www.google.com/accounts/NewAccount?reqemail=ehoman@ccad.edu>.

That map I sent you you should be able to collaborate with me on! I redid the map with hotel nights and found the time to go down to Redwoods.

I am noticing that Glacier NP is within range if we cut the south loop out and go east instead. So that would be Olympic, Portland (still think we have a better shot in a city for that weekend), Mt. St. Helens, Spokane, Glacier NP, Mt. Ranier, Snoqualmie Pass, Seattle.

Now to break your heart as mine was, the Sasquatch festival is going on Memorial Day weekend, but it is sold out already. Perhaps we will stop by the Gorge stage and visit another ridiculously sweet place to see a show, only to climb the rocks. -Smodish

But I've been working on my Sasquatch costume for eight months! And I just finished watching "Harry and the Hendersons" for the 84th time! Trip's over! (Sarcasm! Sarcasm!)

No, seriously, this sounds good. Ironically, I was just thinking about Glacier NP again recently. And that would give us a bit different region to cover rather than Pacific coastline.

My wife works part time at Borders. They've got a new documentary there called "Twilight in Forks-Saga of the Real Town" about Forks, WA and the "Twilight" fanatics that now go there.

The more I look over the map, I'm pretty impressed with how much planning you do. Great job! I'm map in possible Sasquatch sightings in Washington, Oregon, and California. ;>

Again, I'm flexible. I'll have a Mac laptop, my digital still camera, and a Panasonic HD camera to bring along. -Eric

4-24-10:

Looking at "The Rough Guide to Oregon & Washington", not looking further into things.

Cascade Loop (scenic drive)

Historic Columbia River Gorge Highway

Multnomah Falls

Hells Canyon

Snoqualmie Falls

John Day Fossil Beds

May be around for:

Maifest in Leavenworth, WA.

Nortwest Folklife Festival (I wonder if this became Sasquatch)

Portland Rose Festival

Fremont Fair & Solstice Parade (guessing this is after us)

5-2-10:

WOW! Three weeks and three days! I guess we better make a reservation or two....

On the car: I finally saw a Versa and it looks like it should be big enough, I'm just a little nervous about having no trunk. More importantly, does it have CRUISE CONTROL! I'll go with (almost) any car with cruise control!

We probably should reserve a room, at least in Forks - if not Portland area as well (I'm considering having the room in Vancouver, WA for Memorial Day). The places in Forks I've found are quite reasonable - as long as you can put up with those vampires. I had originally found Olympic Suites Inn, at \$79 a night for a converted apartment building it seems great. Now I just found The Pacific Inn, with rooms at \$45 a night but a much higher chance of Twilight decor and fans! More importantly I've found TripAdvisor to be a great tool for finding these places!

I think I'm about to say - more expensive car, less expensive hotels. Stick with the Impala but stay in the dive motels. Let me know if you disagree, otherwise I'll start making reservations in the next day or two. - Smo-D

I've been so busy with the semester finishing up that I've nearly forgotten about the trip. Oh yeah, it's May now. We're on the same wavelength completely with the car and hotels. It'll be better to have a trunk to conceal some of our luggage. I'm okay with the "lesser" hotels. I just need a bed to sleep in and a warm shower. However, my wife and I stayed at a \$35 hotel in North Carolina on the way to Myrtle Beach last year. She hasn't fully forgiven me since.

Let's do it! Engage! -Eric

5-5-10: OK! So we now have reservations for a Full Size Car at Sea-Tac Hertz \$397.83 with AAA discount. AND We have reservations at Olympic Suites Inn @ \$79 a night. (This was my first choice, then I found the "cheaper" Pacific Inn Motel that on some website said rooms were like \$50 a night. Made a reservation there but it turns out to be \$84 a night - and they are the ones with VERY SCARY Twilight rooms that I want to avoid!) Deciding on Portland now! -Smodish

I'm learning more about Portland from a student today who went there last year. Apparently, they have one of the largest Japanese gardens in the nation there and some other nice parks. We'll see. Any idea how to dress? It seems like it'll be in the mid 60's for most of the places we'll be at. -Eric

I think that sounds right for the dress, lows in the mid 40's to mid 50's, highs in the mid 60's to mid 70's. The only time that might be very different is while we're (far) away from the coast. If you got my Facebook message, you know it was snowing in Glacier NP yesterday. It seems that it has the opposite weather of Florida, it is winter or almost winter there all the time!

My friend Alan (from Chicago) has done some consulting in Portland (Vancouver, WA actually) and gave me a bunch of restaurants and things to check out.

Also, reserved Super 8 Portland Airport for a total of \$160.28 for 3 nights! Now I'm not so scared of the \$120/night places near Glacier... heck, might even go as far as trying to stay in the park! -Smodish

5-23-10: I'm bringing a brand new 500gig drive.

Don't forget to bring a bathing suit (I'm not kidding) - hot springs and/or river adventures may await!

Forks looks like upper 50's and about 50% chance of during the day - dropping to 20% at night. We will stop at a store first I guess, anything we couldn't bring on the plane or that I just wouldn't have being from Florida.

DON'T FORGET to check your baggage online tomorrow and save the \$2/bag of just checking it at the airport.

Also ONLY ONE carry-on - I had a hell of a time figuring out how to bring laptop AND camera on in one bag!

(Lucky for me laptop is small and slips into back pocket of camera bag - sticking out quite a bit!)

I'm bringing a powerstrip for all the crap I'm assuming we're going to need charging while driving - do you think ONE will be enough for the car?

c-ya in 48 hours

I'm bringing just my camera bag (with a book and jar of peanuts) with me as my sole carry on. Do we go to the Delta website to check in our suitcase for the plane?

My Items to remember for the trip: sleeping clothes, USB digital camera cables, cell phone charger, video camera battery charger, passport, umbrella, jacket, atlas, maps, swimming trunks, mp3 player, sunglasses, green hat, terabit hard drive (backup 2000, 2001, 2006 vacation photos), and self. -Eric Delta website - YES. Jar of nuts - must be purchased after TSA checkpoint (I think - although it is not a liquid...?) All camera cables are packed - including video playback. (I'm bringing 4 cameras BTW) I thought you said something about a video from the first trip? I am also wearing clothes purchased on both prior trips on the airplane! I also have an abundance of microfiber towels that I'm bringing with.

How early are you planning to get to the airport. I was thinking that 6:30 a.m. would be enough time since it's such an early morning flight at 7:24 a.m.

That's not so early. If you have only the video camera for them to check out that is probably enough. I'm planning on getting there @ 4:30 for my 5:30 flight, but I've got a ton of stuff to be checked out @ TSA. Here's to me sleeping on the plane!

The Journal Logs

5-25-10

It's 9:15 a.m. Central time and I'm in Minneapolis right now waiting for my next flight to Seattle. I got up at 5:15 a.m., which proved to be extremely annoying and difficult to fully wake up. It's just WRONG to be up at that hour without having gotten a full night's sleep. I'm amazed Lisa got up that early as well so she could drive me to the airport by 6:30 a.m. My baggage was 13 pounds over the 50-pound weight limit. Therefore, I had to remove as much as I could and overstuff my carryon camera bag. I ended up taking 11 pounds out, and they waved the remaining two pounds I had gone over.

The hardest part about taking this trip to the farthest region of the continental United States is leaving my world of security and comfort zone. Traveling to a new part of the United States is an uncertain venture to take on. It's almost like a mental breakdown from what a challenge it is for a control freak. Sure, there is a grand sense of adventure to it. Yet I can't deny the worries I feel about something possibly going wrong. I'm taking all this expensive cameras out and about to unknown areas. I've got a lot of responsibilities I have to deal with. So it's only natural to feel a bit scared. Hence I've gotten diarrhea since yesterday evening and into this morning. It's extremely difficult to travel on a cramped and claustrophobic airplane with hundreds of other people/ strangers. You at least have your privacy if you're sick at home.

|||||

And so our big Seattle/ Washington trip officially began once Steve and I managed to meet up as planned a little after 11 a.m. Pacific time (or 2 p.m. our Eastern time). That was our first major obstacle to achieve: the meet-up at the airport. We got our bags and then headed to the Hertz car rental desk. There we had to wait a half an hour for our car to be ready. I was pleased that the two-week budget car rental was only \$397. Like usual, Steve did the driving. His GPS did the majority of the navigating. It was funny to be back in a car with Steve on another vacation, this time to the American Northwest. We were both fairly undernourished from the long air flights over that didn't serve a proper lunch. I mostly snacked on peanuts I had packed, and the free pretzels and Coke they gave out on the flight. (This might explain why I ended up with a wickedly bad headache for the rest of the day - under nourishment.) My first impression of Seattle and the Northwest region was how bohemian everything seemed, though not necessarily in a good way. People seemed down and out, while appearing to be lost souls of the creative and artistic type. They're living out here on the cheap, away from society amongst the great backdrop of nature. The weather was decidedly overcast and a little rainy, though what is Seattle without a little rain? We ate a Polish hot dog sandwich on the ferry from Seattle over Puget Sound to Bremerton. A children's choir sang on the ferry, which sounded a great deal like The Langley Schools Music Project's "Innocence & Despair" album. Yet the following five-hour road trip to our reserved hotel in Forks, Washington turned out to be an entirely unpleasant experience...

car wasn't made for this sort of thing. I was getting increasingly terrified of us blowing a tire or getting stuck. I could see our entire trip getting ruined from this little "shortcut". When we started, the GPS said the road was 4.7 miles long. We were driving at a 5 mph pace, which isn't exactly making this a shortcut. Eventually, the GPS said we only had 3.8 miles to go. *Yet how much more could we possibly do?!!* Eventually, we found out: we came up to a road-closed poll blocking us from going any further. In a way I was glad. And there was a spot for us to turn around as well. So we had to drive all the way back to where we had started. I was ticked off that we wasted so much time. So I tried my best to put as much attention as I could to reading the book I had. The shortcut ended up blowing an hour and a half of the day, though we did get to see a part of Washington State not many people get to see. And I never want to see it again.

By this time it was getting on to being 3 p.m. and it was a two-hour drive back to Forks to our hotel to regroup and momentarily recoup. Steve was getting increasingly loopy and mumbling, which was irritating me more and more. I wasn't talking much either since being in the car constantly was draining me silly. We've been around each other for three straight days. I'm used to having *a lot* more time to myself and peace and quiet. I'm used to being an introspective guy. For the past three days, we've been doing nothing but *constantly* traveling, being active and extroverted, being on the move, taking pictures and video, listening to music, and driving around. After a while, it gets to the point of really wearing me down raw. Steve also jokes around a lot, which can wear me down after several hours of the joke-only mentality. (I need some seriousness to my day as well to balance things out.) And it also doesn't help that I've got this sinus problem whatever it is. Still, I understand that being on the road with someone for an extended period of time can just be too much. It's so much fun in the morning when you're renewed and rested. By mid-day and into the evening, you're sick of each other and want someone different to be around... or just be by oneself for some peace and quiet.

Yet still, I can't deny how great and rewarding it is for Steve to be the driver while I get chauffeured around Olympic National Park as the creative passenger that gets to take photos and video. It's an utterly ideal partnership. He prefers driving, so I let him. We stop when we both want to get out and get a better shot or take in some magnificent scenery. Steve's also done a huge amount of the planning for this trip. So I can't deny or undervalue how important he's been to the success of this trip so far.

Yet Steve was getting rather "buggy" and indecisive about where to go next after his failed and nearly hazardous off-road experiment. (Or maybe he was also getting sick and fatigued from driving all day as I was.) Thankfully, we settled on tackling the Hoh Rain Forest area of Olympic, just south of our hotel in Forks. It was another hour drive to get to the full destination, but it was definitely worth it. The best part was the "Hall of Mosses", a 3/4th a mile hike-trek through a rain forest almost completely covered in green fuzzy moss and drooping ferns. I think Steve and I both took over 200 photos there over an hour and a half period. It was simply unlike any other place we've ever experienced. Truly out of this world. We also encountered three rather larger elk standing by the trail just looking over at us. When I got my HD video camera out to capture the magical moment, the lead elk started peeing on camera. Thanks, buddy.

Eventually, we made it back to Forks by 8:30 p.m. I was feeling exceptionally weaker now. My endorphins had been temporarily running high when we were walking around and taking pictures at the Hall of Mosses. Yet now that we were done for the day, I felt my body starting to fully collapse - physically, mentally, and emotionally. Steve managed to cajole me into getting a pizza for dinner at a "Twilight Pizza Place" and we ate it back at the hotel. I honestly wasn't sure how much I'd be able to eat. Yet sure enough, some of my strength did return with some actual nourishment. (The apples, bananas, nuts, and Little Debbie Swiss Cake Rolls we shared in the car didn't count as an actual meal.) The "South of the Border" style pizza I had was actually quite shockingly good and there was enough left over to reheate tomorrow for breakfast.

So today was another great day out. Tomorrow we finish up Olympic National Park, drive through Aberdeen, Washington (the hometown of one of my alternative music idols, Kurt Cobain), and finally head for Portland. Now, I need some time to de-compress and defocus. I'm tired of being "on" all the time and stuck inside a car for too many hours of the day. A good night's sleep is going to be oh so essential now. (Thankfully, Steve volunteered to sleep on the couch mattress outside the bedroom so I could have the bedroom to myself.)

P.S.: I have to also acknowledge something that finally started to hit me after three days of vacationing: I miss my family and friends, and most of all, I miss my wife. Yes, I'm a blubbering sentimental fool. I was getting hit by the first strands of homesickness. I even miss our two cats. I think that when you're away from your normal home life and you're really getting tired and fatigued and sick, you get to miss your comfortable life back home with the person who comes home to you every day. There's something to be said about that kindly routine. Lisa had called me up around 5:15 p.m. today just as I was finishing taking pictures for her inside "Dazzled by Twilight" store in Forks. We only got to talk for about five minutes. Yet I could have talked to her for well over an hour and then passed out from exhaustion. It was a nice lifeline to have someone *different* to talk to besides Steve. And it was also healthy to have someone to talk with who reminds you of home and a certain degree of sanity. Being on the road constantly is a great adventure. We've seen sights beyond comprehension and awe-inspiring beauty. Yet I still yearn for a warm snuggle with my wife Lisa the most. (And I'm sure she misses her foot massages, too.) It's odd that it takes being removed from the things you're used to (one's wife and home) to finally fully appreciate them. It's like being in heaven, a place of perfect bliss. Yet it's not complete without the one you love. (Now I know this all sounds like sentimental blubber. I also acknowledge that if Lisa was here with me, we'd be tired, miserable, and fatigued together, which isn't exactly all that much fun either. She'd also superstitiously blame all of this Washington State rain on me

and calm that I'll be able to have the peace and quiet I so dearly want. I'm on vacation after all. We did check out a nearby "Suites" hotel (owned by Hilton) across the interstate exit. We looked inside the lobby and it was too expensive for us already. So we ended up just getting separate rooms at Motel 6 instead, which is still frugal. But what I get in return is some treasured "me" private time without Steve. I love the man. (It was also his birthday today.) We had a great day out. And we're good adventurers with cameras together. Yet at the end of the day, it is necessary to simply have some time apart. As an introvert, I desperately need that time. It's bliss for me to have my own room tonight. I regret not doing it sooner in this vacation. We've never done that before. Yet at this point in my adult life, I deserve it. I can afford it! I'm not 25 years old anymore where splitting a cheap hotel room is ideal. I'm 33 years old and I can afford my own cheap hotel room. Thank you very much. I love this independence.

So... as for Day Seven of our vacation odyssey: we finally departed Portland this morning, Memorial Day, and scouting around Downtown Portland for about three hours. We tried going to a famous bakery that one of Steve's friends recommended to us to go to... but it was closed. We instead drove around the city and visited Mills Ends Park, the world's smallest city park with it being 24 inches in diameter. We had some trouble getting onto an interstate exit to leave the city since they had so many detours and street construction around Portland. Eventually, we got some groceries and made it onto Interstate-5 going south.

At a rest stop area was a sight of great sadness. An entire family (a man, woman, and their two young boys) was standing outside the Men's Room with the man holding a cardboard sign that read: "NEED HELP, SHELTER, MONEY." It just made me feel so helpless to help them. I've seen so many homeless people in Portland over the past few days alone. How many can one truly help? Help one but not the legions of others? And were the parents using their children as a sympathy card? This family just looked so pathetic. I was also reminded of another sight of sadness that touched me deeply yesterday: seeing an elderly woman sitting alone by herself looking out over the magnificent Columbia River Gorge. She just looked so lonely, as if she was witnessing something of great beauty for the last time before she died. She looked like she wanted some company. Yet I didn't want to look like a weirdo and approach her. So instead, I passively took her picture to remember her.

We journeyed south for over 6 hours to Crater Lake National Park in south Oregon. Along the way, we also made a side stop at Salt Creek Falls, Oregon's second tallest waterfall, that was just off the road. But first, we drove through heavy downpours of rain, which left Steve and I both glum and depressed that bad weather was indeed following us everywhere. Was this trip cursed? It seemed so. Yet after a few more hours, something magical appeared in the sky: a strange bright ball called the sun started to beam through the storm clouds. Then something else odd appeared: blue sky. Neither of us had seen either in so long, they almost frightened us! And so for the next two hours, the weather got extremely nice with multi-layers of cloud formations patterning the sky's vista. It looked like we were going to have a great day out.

Yet once we finally neared Crater Lake, which was once a mountain volcano, the sky got mostly overcast all over again! And once we got to the very top of the mountain, hiked over the snow, and looked out to see the lake, it was mostly foggy and defused. It looked like Steve was about ready to start crying from despair. It seemed funny that every picture we've seen of this place was clear blue skies. Yet when you're on top of a mountain, it's got its own weather system. It's bound to be cloudy. And for the last day of May, we were both shocked by how many feet of snow there was still around. I've never seen so many feet of snow – 15 to 20 feet in certain areas that was plowed for the roads. And it was only 38 degrees outside with an arctic-chilling wind gust. Yet something incredible happened as we stood there looking at the misted-over lake – it started to reappear. In fact, every minute Crater Lake changes how it appears. The sun started to shine on a cliff area on its right side. Then a rainbow appeared. The place was transforming as we watched. And as it morphed, Steve and I were taking pictures and shooting video. It was a bizarrely wondrous moment.

And so we traveled further south to Bedford, Oregon on the southern most end of the state. So we started at the northern end in Portland and ended today in the south. Tomorrow we journey even further south to Yosemite, which we're both deeply excited for.

When it came time to get the hotel, Steve asked the question that's sort of the elephant in the car: "Do you want to get separate rooms?" Since we're staying in budget hotels, it really wouldn't be too big of an expense. Steve was okay with it on a budgetary sense. I've always wanted to save as much money as possible. I knew that getting separate rooms would cost me hundreds of dollars more. Yet after last night's utter misery, I was willing to be an adult and break free from my frugality. "Yes, let's get separate rooms." And with that answer, I felt an awesome sense of freedom. On all the trips we've had, we've never gotten separate rooms. Yet tonight we broke with that tradition. I'm older now and I feel the need and right to *not* have to share a room. I've got the money and I want a good night's sleep. It's just something I *need to do in order to enjoy this vacation*. There's nothing personal about it. I just can't sleep with someone snoring through the night. I also deeply wish for some "me" time where I have a quiet room to unwind and write (like these very words). Steve likes to have the TV on once we check into a hotel room. And he likes having the TV on when he sleeps. I don't. I'm an adult now and wish to have my own room. Getting separate rooms was a bit tough of a call to make. Yet I don't regret it. Making a call like this is just one of the things you do as an adult. You grow apart... and that's okay... especially when one's sanity is at stake when you're feeling fatigued and ruthlessly tired at the end of the day on a vacation.

solid as sleeping on the floor. And you'd have to bunk with other people. We drove almost an hour out of the park to the town of Mariposa, California where we checked out a Super 8 (no rooms and \$109) and a Best Western (\$149). It quickly dawned on us that staying even an hour outside of Yosemite was going to be pricey, even though it was in the middle of the week. I didn't even want to think about how expensive it would be on a weekend. Finally, we tried Comfort Inn, which ended up being \$110. So we took it. Steve wasn't thrilled about us having separate rooms here since it was so pricy, but I feel it is direly necessary. I NEED MY SLEEP! Breakfast and free Internet were also included. Next we got some late lunch at a local food joint called Happy Burger Diner. It turned out to be a fantastic restaurant with old music LPs from the 50s, 60s, and 70s covering every inch of the place – on the walls and even the ceiling. I also got a good Guacamole Burger there, too.

Back to Yosemite, we entered the grand cathedral of mountains with El Capitan and its various waterfalls gushing down upon its wings. This really is one of my favorite places on earth to witness and behold. And as it turns out, it's a favorite spot of thousands of other tourists from America and around the world. I heard all sorts of different languages from across Europe at every spot we stopped at to take pictures. Steve started getting annoyed with all the tourists and got a bit neurotic. We had a little bit of friction on which places to stop at. Steve wanted to roam around while I wanted to stop and visit more places since we were there and the light was good. But I think Steve just didn't like being around so many people. We did witness several more spots that we didn't see before, like Yosemite Upper and Lower Falls. Once again, everything out here is BIG, just like the state of California. It makes our state parks in Ohio look like sandboxes or a potted plant. Out here, it's all GIANT. It really stirs the emotions.

We're spending at least another day and a half here tomorrow. It took three hours to drive in this morning from 9:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. along some of the curviest roads I've ever been on. One part especially was curvy for over 45 maddening minutes. And oh yeah, the weather was gorgeous for us – blue skies with streaks of white clouds. I also have to make note that I set a personal record for the most number of photos taken in one day: 640!!!!

6-3-10

10

739 photos taken in one day: another amazing and insane record I set for myself in the cathedrals of Yosemite. I also filled up an 8 Gig SD memory card and had to use my secondary memory card for the first time. These facts should insist that today was one of the most productive photo/ video days of my life. And it was. Yet at the same time, I feel utterly exhausted and drained beyond compare, both physically and emotionally. This vacation trip has had so many ups and downs to it, much like the incredible landscape Steve and I have been photographing like madmen the past two days. Being on a vacation with someone else can be a sort of slow burn process. It has its wonderful moments. Yet it also can be extremely... painfully annoying. Certain things the other person does can just get on one's nerves to the point where you have to be strict with them and say "no!" to when they're acting loopy or not using their common sense. Steve was doing these things throughout the day. Maybe it was his cold or maybe he's really exhausted and trying not to show it. But he's not thinking straight sometimes. And I can't be his co-pilot when he's endangering my life by doing stupid things. For instance, when we were heading out of Mariposa this morning and I strongly advised Steve to fill up the car's gas tank since we were driving deep into Yosemite valley and there is no limited gas out there. The gas tank was under half full, yet Steve drove on saying "it'll be okay." I "trusted" him, but with a deepening sense of suspicion. It got to be right around noon when I noticed the gas tank was under a quarter full and Steve was wanting to drive three or four hours deeper into mostly unpopulated areas of northern Yosemite. Here was the point where I started having a fit because his math just didn't make sense. So we ended up having to settle for getting \$10 worth of expensive \$3.56 a gallon gas at a gas station on the outskirts of Yosemite National Park. I wasn't very amused. Also, Steve was insisting on driving out and around areas of Yosemite that weren't really all that spectacular or populated. We could be down in the valley getting much more interesting imagery. Yes, it's more populated, but he's just got to deal with it. Just as I was getting more annoyed, fate struck a deal with us: the road was closed, so we had to turn around. However, we did see several bears on our northern trek through the more unpopulated areas. So sometimes Steve does have some good ideas. I just feel he needs to think things through more. I could handle his crazy adventuring off to off roads nine years ago. But I'm older and wiser now. I don't do stupid shit like that anymore. So you can probably notice I needed to vent a little bit. More venting later, though.

Yosemite: what can I say more about it? The photos and video I took from 9:30 a.m. through 9:30 p.m. should speak volumes for me. That's right, we were on the move and constantly taking pictures for twelve straight hours. We didn't even have a proper lunch. We had the summer sausage, cheese, and Challah bread for dinner outside the Yosemite Café since it closed at 5 p.m. right when we got there. Yet to be honest, I really wasn't all the hungry for most of the day because my endorphins were running so high. There was simply too much to see and to capture. I was taking pictures like a maniac. I never stopped. I soaked it all in. I laughed at the thought that nine years ago I had only taken one mere roll of film (24 pictures), ha! I've taken over 1,300 in two days alone this time around (thank you digital photography!). The weather once again proved to our liking. It was supposed to be "partly cloudy", which it was a few times during the day. But other times it was a clear saturated blue sky. It amazed me how quickly the sky changed from minute to minute in the Yosemite Valley. It truly was extraordinary. You don't get weather patterns like this in Ohio! All the while, I took pictures and more pictures. Steve took his photos a bit slower than I, which left me waiting on him on several occasions during the day. Steve also wanted to drive up to Glacier Point, another 3+ hour drive just to get there. I rose my voice and nixed the idea so we could finish up what he had passed over yesterday in

Yosemite Valley with its majestic waterfalls. And I'm glad I did speak up. I'm not a follower anymore. I'm a leader now that I've been a teacher for so many years. I have to say what I feel and communicate my intentions. And Steve can't go off doing whatever he wants to do either. By speaking up, though it makes me seem "negative", I'm expressing what I want. Now don't think that I'm dissing Steve too much here. I love the guy. He's been a great companion on this third adventure of ours. He's been a Godsend at times in helping plan things out and doing the driving for this trip. Still, any time you're on a vacation with someone for this amount of time, you get on each other's nerves and egos. It's inevitable. We're two grown adults with our own agendas. So of course, sometimes they clash. Thank God we've got separate rooms now so we can have some time apart to ourselves!

The other thing about taking pictures in Yosemite is that it's such a huge thrill - yet it gets to be a bit creatively draining since there are literally *thousands* of other people taking pictures literally right next to you of the same visual wonder. It's a very complicated duality at play here. We're all experiencing the same incredible vistas and glorious waterfalls. I may be taking a picture, but so is everyone else! It makes my image not all that original. I started to realize that Yosemite must be one of the most over-photographed places on earth! And that ultimately made the experience a bit less special to me. It's like everyone's capturing the same dream. What I have to do later on is make my imagery *more unique* with my own personal visual. And that's a tough task to do. But it's utterly necessary. God, I've never witnessed so many photographers assembled in the same location at the same time before. It's ridiculous.

The other weird aspect about Yosemite is that it's sort of a multi-national country within the United States. You walk around here and you hear so many different foreign languages from around the world. I've been hearing a lot of Japanese, German (I think half of Germany was here today), French, Spanish, Italian, Indian, Korean, Chinese.... Heck, I even saw some Amish roaming around today. But conceptually, I do like this. It makes this glorious place of nature into a wondrous melting pot and meeting place where so many different people from so many different backgrounds to come together. It's a beautiful thing.

I also need to bring up another interesting factoid involving seeing couples: I haven't felt the devastating loneliness that crippled me on occasion on the previous two trips out west. I'd see all these happy couples on vacation and I'd be horrifically reminded of how miserably and terminally single I was. If only I could go up to a nice single girl and get to know her better. But it's just not that easy or uncomplicated. Yet now that I'm married, I feel such a greater sense of comfort over my life-*loneliness* situation. Knowing that I've got someone waiting for me back home helps smooth over the rough edges of my neurotic impulses that overwhelmed me on so many occasions. Before, I'd see a magnificent National Park vista and feel so high and elated. Then I'd realize that I didn't have anyone to enjoy it with and I'd end up feeling utterly pathetic and almost suicidal. Thankfully, I haven't felt that way this trip. Though Lisa isn't with me on this trip, but I do think of her a lot and we talk each day. I look forward to being back with her. It keeps me going.

Later on in the day around 7 p.m., the exhaustion finally started to sit in. I had been caked with multiple layers of sunscreen, bug spray, and sweat. I've taken 700+ photos and over an hour of video throughout the day. We've been on the go all day long with very few breaks. Eventually, the fatigue catches up with you. And I needed rest very, very badly. Yet Steve wanted to go down another road in Yosemite to get more evening/ sunset/ night pictures. I could handle the first two, but I drew the line in the sand when he had me waiting around after 9:10 p.m. taking night photography with 10-minute exposure times. I knew that our drive home would take almost an hour and a half, too. I'm tired, partially sun-burnt (even after using the best sunscreen), and partially sick from a cold. So was Steve! Did I mention how many mosquitoes Yosemite has as well? They're everywhere!! We both needed to be back to our hotels. And Steve and I agreed on how necessary it was for us to be at our hotel by 8 p.m. He was breaking his word. So I started losing my temper with him again and told him outright that we needed to leave - NOW! I was fed up. He took one last 10-minute exposure and we left. Mind you that we were now both a bit malnourished since all we've eaten for "dinner" was snacks in the car. Yes, I understand why Steve would want to go the extra mile and take some great night pictures with his more advanced camera. This is the ultimate location to take pictures. Yet enough was enough. It was time to go home. I was also not amused with us driving home around well past dark when more deer, bears, coyotes, and other critters are out on the roads. Sure enough, we nearly hit a coyote out on the road. I wasn't amused. Thank goodness we've leaving Yosemite tomorrow morning. I'm through. I'm done. I loved it so much. I loved it dearly. It's one of the greatest places on earth. Yet it's time to move on now. It's time to take stock of my life and recover. Amen.

6-4-10

I yearn to be back home. I yearn to be doing nothing. So tired in the mornings. We've been going on with these 12+ days for ten straight days now. We've rarely had a chance to catch our breath, so to speak. Yet ironically, I know this is the pinnacle of my vacation experiences. This has been the greatest times of my life. It won't get any better or more exciting than this.

So we're heading 3 hours west to San Francisco and then 6 hours north to Eureka, California to Redwoods State Park.

|||||

Today was more of a driving up north day, so not a huge amount happened. I was glad to have finally left Yosemite. The roads to get there were rather windy and treacherous. One rockslide and you'd be stuck, or faced with a four-hour backtrack drive out of the park in the wrong direction. I also had to raise my voice in anger at Steve this morning for not stopping to get gas when we left our hotel since our gas tank was under a quarter full. We're in the

8:56 p.m.: Well, our Motel 6 had another fun side show experience this morning with a monumentally pissed-off African-American woman screaming and swearing up a storm outside my doorway at 8:35 a.m. Steve thought she might have a gun even. Does the fun ever stop on this vacation?

Steve and I used the Seattle Light Rail system this morning after our big breakfast at IHOP where I had some delicious blueberry pancakes. We parked our car rental at the terminal parking lot and took the Light Rail north for about twenty minutes to downtown Seattle. The city itself was somewhat shockingly busy and diverse, both in good and bad ways. The best I can describe it would be like how Los Angeles of 2020 looked in "Blade Runner". It had an extreme diversity of people and cultures, extreme wealth and extreme poverty. In fact, I was stunned by how many homeless, especially old, that roamed the streets constantly asking for money. I lost count after 15 people asked us for spare change. And the people trying to get us to sign petitions was also unwelcomingly aggressive. Just leave us alone! We're just trying to figure out how to get the Space Needle! And don't let me bring up all the post-modern hippies and art freaks trying to sing songs over the din of the traffic on the heavily-populated streets. This is truly the city of Grunge.

Eventually, after hiking around for over 40 minutes, we figured out that we had to take a Monorail (for yet another \$4 round trip) to make it to Seattle Center, where the Experience Music Project was also located. The Space Needle itself cost \$17 per person, but it was well worth it. We couldn't argue with how clear and spectacular the view was from up there. It was a rare clear day in Seattle. We could see all the mountains in Olympic National Park that were too cloud-covered to see two weeks ago. Mt. Rainier was also clearly visible, almost shockingly so. It's such a monumentally HUGE mountain lurking in the outskirts of the city like snow-capped giant it is. We could see all the other volcano mountains some 40 miles away, as well as the Cascade Mountains that run all along east of Seattle and up into Canada. After the Space Needle, I almost felt like I was going to pass out from exhaustion. We simply haven't had enough "down time" on this trip. And the fatigue was simply getting to be too much for me. I can't keep doing this.

By 1:30 p.m. we went back down on the Light Rail to meet up with Jenna, Steve's friend, the one who we were going to stay with but she changed her mind. It was mainly because she and her husband were leaving on a vacation and have too much going on (including baby-making). She was a really cool person after I got to know her, too. And like on our previous trips, the arrival of a new person added some extra spark of "newness" that was direly missing after so many days together with just Steve as company. Jenna works as a women's therapist and deals a great deal with creativity and art therapy – all major interests of mine. We had a rather late lunch at a local taco truck, which was actually a *taco bus*. But the food was terrific and not too pricey either. Then Jenna drove us on a personal tour through the trendy and artsy Fremont District. Our first stop was the "Troll Under the Bridge" sculpture, which was actually pretty cool. Then we had some great Gelato at a local ice cream parlor. Even the neighborhood bookstore had some very cool alternative books that you would usually not find at a typical Borders. I wished we could spend the rest of the day with her, but she had a meeting to get to at 6 p.m. It's too bad we didn't get to know her more. She seemed to relish being all touristy with Steve and I, too.

It was on our way to downtown Seattle that I broke the news to Steve that our proposed "second trip" wouldn't happen, for many good reasons. I had brought up to Steve's female friend that my wife and I were trying to have a baby. It then dawned on me that her fertile period would be during the beginning on the second trip. I just missed her fertile period two days ago. I don't think Lisa will accept me being gone again. Another major reason I shouldn't take the second trip to Colorado/Utah: it would also be during our anniversary. Thirdly, Lisa's decided to fly out for the Twehues reunion. I should be flying out there with her since she hasn't flown much. It is a husband and wife kind of thing to do. And finally, this 17-day vacation has really worn me down. I just don't know I want to take yet another busy vacation only a month after this one. And that's on top of some of the other smaller vacations Lisa has planned for us to take with her family and with Tom. I can spend the rest of the summer color-correcting just the photos I took on this trip, not to mention editing through the hours of HD video I shot. I can't help but feel that Steve and I have grown apart. It's a fact. He wants to do too much in a day on a vacation. I just can't keep up with that schedule. And personally, I feel I should hold off and take any further extended trips with Lisa. It's just not right for me to go off on these long photography vacations without my wife to experience them with me. So it was decided then. And I think Steve was pretty much okay with that.

We walked around the Public Market on Pine St. for a little while before heading back mutually feeling exhausted from the day. I even had a homeless woman yell at me: "*Did you take my picture!!?*" after I had used my camera flash to take a picture of a wall mural.

So after this whole long day out exploring downtown Seattle and their public transportation system, Steve and I ate out for dinner at What the Pho, a Vietnamese soup restaurant somewhat nearby our Motel 6. I wasn't feeling all that hungry, but I felt I owed it to Steve to at least accompany him rather than him eating alone. I didn't finish all of my rice noodles in my soup, but it was a huge bowl of soup anyways. Steve had two Jack and Cokes, which lubricated the conversation quite a bit more than it's been in over a week. We actually had some great conversations about music we've liked, "Weird Al" Yankovic, his sister who has schizophrenia (as I found out today), and girls he's had in the past. It was sort of like our last supper together. But it was good to finish on a nice note with Steve. He deserves better from me as a friend and as his companion on this trip. Who knows if we'll have another trip together? I'll never say never. I'm sort of entering a new phase in my life after this trip. I may be becoming a daddy in the next year. This may be the end of an era.

The other thing that's been a revelation for me is how *great* Columbus, Ohio is with its diversity of

Jam, "Hidden Place" by Bjork, "Given To Fly" by Pearl Jam, and "Time To Pretend" by MGMT.

"American Northwest Adventures: Steve's Video Footage" – (2010) - (16 min.) Video Journal

Shot by Steve Smodish. Edited by Eric Homan.

"American Northwest Adventures: The Endless Driving Footage Vacation Tour Into Boredom" - (2010) - (22 min.) Experimental Documentary Video/ Video Journal

The Text

A visual and sonic collage of a vacation of driving.

This is utterly and completely what it's like to be stuck in a car driving for hours upon hours, days upon days during a long vacation. It's an endurance test to see how long you can take being stuck in a car. It's a video of "endless driving footage" as life experience. What the scenery change outside the passenger side window.

The Editing Reasoning

This was an interesting piece to edit because cutting down the shots "too much" would have hampered the whole point of the experience: being bored senseless in a car. "Endless driving footage". And that's exactly what one experiences during a road trip vacation. Lots and lots of driving around. So I wanted to express a little bit of what it was like. So the video piece had to be "long". Yet there are over 200 individual shots within this video piece. Some are longer than other. Some are only a few seconds long. Yet you get an idea of how much ground we covered in our road trip of 17-days.

"American Northwest Adventures: Tour Heaven Country: A Roadside Tour of the Clouds" - (2010) - (9 min.) Documentary Video Art/ Video Journal

Music

"Vltava (The Moldau) from Ma Vlast" by Bedrich Smetana.

"American Northwest Adventures – Vacation-in-Vacation" - (2010) - (10 min.) Experimental Video Journal

Picture in picture version of the 10-min. version of "American Northwest Adventures".

"American Northwest Adventures - Experimental Vistas" - (2010) - (10 min.) Experimental Video Journal

Surreal-expressionistic colored version of the 9-min. version of "American Northwest Adventures".

"American Northwest Adventures - Experimental Vistas: Version 2" - (2010) - (10 min.) Experimental Video Journal

Alternate surreal-expressionistic colored version of the 10-min. version of "American Northwest Adventures".

"Time-Based Portraits of Each Vacation Day" - (2010) - (16 min.) Experimental Video Art

The Entire Trip Before Your Eyes. 8,000 Memory Moments in 8 Minutes. All the trip photos

presents like a stop-motion animation played before your eyes.

Chemistry of photo presentation. Scaled down to 47%. Up for 5 frames, 2 frame dissolve at the front of each image to blend into the previous image.

RELAX YOUR EYES AND LET YOURSELF GO. DRIFT INSIDE EACH IMAGE.

The Days

May 25th-27th; May 28th, 29th; May 30th, 31st, June 1st; June 2nd; June 3rd; June 4th, 5th; June 6th, 7th; June 8th, 9th.

The Music

"Emperor Waltz" by Johan Strauss and "The Last Spring" by Edvard Grieg.

"What Is This For?" – DVD Video Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Andy" - (10 min.)

"Abstract Natural Formations (featuring Justin and Nikki)" - (12 min.)

"Homan Family Christmas 2001" - (8 min.)

"Re-Definitions" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Self-Portraits of Eric Homan" - (6 min.)

"Fruit Universes in Light Speed" - (15 sec.)

"Going Home" - (25 min.)

"Day Out with Aunt Lorna" - (15 min. 30 sec.)

"Experimental Park Walk with Dad" - (24 min.)

"Andy" - (2000/ 2010) - (10 min.) Video Journal

Spoken steam-of-consciousness improv of myself possessed by the whimsical spirit of Andy Kaufman.

"Hi! This is Andy. Premiering my new personality. Do I look like Eric? Well, I could be him too! (Possessed by the whimsical spirit of Andy Kaufman.) But it doesn't matter. See the resemblance (to Andy Kaufman)? I don't think I'm making a fool of myself at all! I think I'm making *lots* of progress! (Steam-of-consciousness improv.) I found out why I make art and that it's all a fantasy world that I'm trying to escape in. Other people can go into it, too! It's fun! And it makes sense. And who wouldn't want to escape into a fantasy world? I mean, after a while, reality gets kind of *dull*! I mean, who can't deny that? Think about that. All the worries and stresses and concerns people have every day. It's stressful and stressful. And ya gotta laugh and ya gotta... *fart*, and ya gotta feel good. And I think that's where art and comedy come in. And action and explosions and violence. Well, some of those things can be really negatives and painful and not really good at all. But they still provoke things out of you. In a way they're good... and in a way, they're bad. Just like how comedy has bad sides to it as well.

Stuttering can be considered a bad thing, or an embarrassing thing. But actually, it's a way of showing honesty, which is a good thing. Honesty that the thoughts are not together completely. Or there's too many thoughts out there. There's too much confusion... and... *long pauses* occur. Therefore, words don't come out correctly.

I like girls a lot. Maybe too much. And I think that's probably a *bad thing*? Because I can't decide who to spend time with just one person. So therefore, it doesn't make any sense! So therefore, why worry about it?! ...But then again, I do care....

I'm anxious! Anxious to do so much. The ideas are inside my head all the time! And I need to get them out - *constantly*! And that's why I have that computer over there to write down ideas and do Director work and Photoshop. And that one to do 3D work. And this one behind me (the TV) is a mirror sometimes.

It shows me other people's dreams and fantasy worlds. And I have fun watching them. Over to the left side here, are my audio dream and audio emotions. I think they're all great! There's not a wasted one in them. They're all *fantastic*!!

I'm getting tired now. I feel like going to sleep. So I'll rest the camera on its side now. And you can go to sleep right with me! I think I'll press fader now. There it is. Good night. Good night. Good night. Good night.

And this is another reason why I'm happy tonight. L L Cool J, Jane's Addiction, Doobie Brothers, and Mozart! Then I found at Borders, I found these great books! The Essential Calvin and Hobbes. The Indispensable Calvin and Hobbes I got these books at half price! "There's Treasure Everywhere", which I think is very true. Impressionism. Another van Gogh book. You can never have enough van Gogh books - *ever*!! And this one I didn't even expect to find. I just found this one at half price and I thought it was so neat! Wow! Look at these pictures! I've never seen anything like this before. (Looking at Starry Night) That one sold me. This one page. This is like a picture of what emotions really look like... or could be. Wow. Beautiful. This stuff just puts me in awe. It just makes me happy! Look at this stuff! Wow. Look at this one. This one's *strange*. *But that's good*!! Strange is always good. Strange means unusual, or makes you think and react in ways you weren't expecting them to. I don't understand anyone who wouldn't want to be around weirdness. It just wouldn't make... *sense*! I mean, really! Think about it.

If you didn't want to be around anything that was weird or strange or different, then your life would be incredibly dull. And who would want that?! You know? I sure wouldn't. God, these books are incredible - they're full of ideas! I mean, lots and lots of ideas. If you could *buy ideas*, knowing those ideas would inspire you later on, maybe make you a lot of money in the end. Even though it's a gamble, but you'll take it anyways because it's fun and it's a good risk! It's a party. Involving you! Just you. One person.

I like Calvin and Hobbes. It's nice.

This is a self-portrait of me when I was four years old. Me, as a plastic human being. This is what a lot of people looked like when they were four years old, which means they can all relate."

"Abstract Natural Formations (featuring Justin and Nikki)" - (2001/ 2010) - (12 min.) Video Journal

Driving to Columbus, OH... Conversations in a car... At Justin and Nikki's apartment... I'm videotaping myself while sleeping?!?... What am I dreaming?... Visiting the ducks... On top of Hayden Run Falls... Driving me back to Dayton, OH... Invasion of the school buses!... Flying back to Ft. Lauderdale, FL.

7-29-01: I really wasn't enjoying myself during the gift-opening ceremony. I just want to be taken away from all of these relatives of mine. Then like a miracle I was expecting, Justin and Nikki picked me up (as was planned) from my dad's place in Dayton and drove me over to their apartment off in the northwest side of Columbus off Dierker Rd. I was released from being around my repressed family environment. Worries barely touched me - they're just distant afterthoughts now....

11:38 p.m.: I'm *###\$* off a few *%#@%\$s* and highly potent *##@* *##@ies*. I really feel it this time... I'm getting *hazy* eyed and my vision and skin are puffy. My eyes are red-veined. My reaction time isn't in real time. My mind was updating a second late instead of immediately. It was strangely exciting and terrifying at the same time. I could barely move for I couldn't coordinate being able to. I experienced a dream - while conscious - that I had when I was around four years old! My subconscious was leaking out. All I could do was "watch". I was officially and finally *##%#ed*. I saw Muppet-like monsters and faces in environment photos. I was simultaneously thrilled and horrified by these visions that were streaming out of my imagination of what I thought I saw. My imagination was far, far ahead of my body. I had to retire for the night before I did something unforgivably stupid or self-destructive. All those private thoughts were able to be released by accidental impulse. Common sense didn't exist in time with itself. My vision was moving in freeze frames.

7-30-01: Hanging with Justin and Nikki around Dublin today was special and relaxing. Nothing felt too uncomfortable. I don't agree with getting %#\$ as often as they do; yet my opinion of getting %#\$ has changed. I'd love to get %\$#%#ed again for the hallucinations – just not so often that it becomes a habit to be lazy or “mellow”. \$#@ is a potent d#\$% for artists, just not for the rest of the world. It's too dangerous for people to be out of their mind and be out in society.

"Homan Family Christmas 2001" - (1998-2002/ 2010) - (8 min.) Video Journal

10-28-01: I've been feeling a renaissance of feeling for my family again. I'm actually looking forward to going “home” for Christmas instead of staying here alone.

12-23-01: I worked at making my stay with my father a smooth one. Besides some friction, I've sincerely enjoyed myself and showed my appreciation for his hospitality. I showed him the attention I had been lacking in giving him for nearly a year (or more, perhaps four?). By day's end, we had a positive and successful day together. I don't expect it to always be, but I plan to enjoy it while it is present in the present tense.

Dayton, OH... Plant with butterfly flowers... Daydreaming out the window... Flying back to Ft. Lauderdale, FL.

"Re-Definitions" - (1999/ 2010) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

Unused and outtake footage from the digital video portion of "Definitions".
Looking at the world from a new point of view.

"Self-Portraits of Eric Homan" - (1999/ 2010) - (6 min.) Digital Video Art

Can you see inside a sensitive soul?

Unused and outtake footage of (sometimes unblinking) close-up facial shots from the digital video portion of "Life Forms". Filmed in South Florida, 1999.

Music: "Nocturne in D-Flat" by Frédéric Chopin.

"Fruit Universes in Light Speed" - (1999/ 2010) - (15 sec.) Digital Video Art

“Fruit Universes” traveling at light speed (or 4000% speed).

"Going Home" - (2000, 2010) - (25 min.) Video Journal

"Going home"... May 2000... Flying home to Ohio after finishing two years of graduate school... This was my first time flying since I was ten years old... Coldwater, Ohio - "The Twilight Zone"... My dad's garage saling list... The backyard garden... Visiting my mother's grave... Mesmerized out the car window... Dinner with my old best friend, Joe Pleiman... Shannon... "Don't worry. I just like to capture memories all the time"... My sister Tanya's apartment... Ringley Bros. Circus Time!... My sister Lara's place... Life at my Uncle Steve's farm... Flying back to my new home and future in South Florida... Will I ever go back to my old home again?... "Going home".

"Day Out with Aunt Lorna" - (2000, 2010) - (15 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

May 2000... "There's nothing better than videotaping"... "It's like time travel"... "It's better than

photographs"... "You get the voices as well as the animation"... Clifton Gorge, Clifton, OH... Yellow Springs, OH... Dark Star Books & Comics... "Every town needs a park"...

"Experimental Park Walk with Dad" - (2000, 2010) - (24 min.) Experimental Video Journal

Maple Sugar Trail.

Music

Wagner: "Das Rheingold - Entrance Of The Gods In Valhalla"

Wagner: "Die Walküre - Ride Of The Valkyries"

Wagner: "Siegfried - Hoho! Hoho! Hohei! Schmeide Mein Hammer"

Wagner: "Die Götterdämmerung - Siegfried's Death & Funeral March"

"It's Just Life" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Infinite and Endless Driving Footage: The Movie" - (51 min. 30 sec.)

"Infinite and Endless Driving Footage: Part π" - (18 min. 30 sec.)

"A Justin Jason Drive Experience 2000" - (27 min.)

"Tales of a Bored Beard" - (2 min.)

"Final Tour of the House I Grew Up In" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"Minimalist Wall Art" - (1 min.)

"I GOT IT!!" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Panic Attack Poem" - (2 min.)

"Infinite and Endless Driving Footage: The Movie" - (2000, 2010) - (51 min. 30 sec.)

Experimental Video Journal

May 2000... Coldwater, Ohio... My hometown... Celina, Ohio... St. Marys, Ohio... Celina, Ohio... Coldwater, Ohio, 45828...

Endless drivign footage from my hometown of Coldwater, Ohio to Celina. My family used to drive this trek all the time. Here it is in all its monotonous glory. This features very minimal entertainment value. But it's a good metaphor for the human experience. Side stops are made for garage sales.

Videotaped in gloriously grungy Hi-8 through rural Mercer Country, May 2000.

Music

Smetana: "The Bartered Bride – Overture"

Don Carlos: "Sire! soggetta è a voi" (Quartet, Act 4)

Verdi: "Aida - Triumph March"

Carmen: "Intermezzo and "Votre toest...Torèador, en garde" (Escamillo's Song)"

Boris Gudonov: "Boris's Scene"

Die Meistersinger: "Wach auf, es nahet gen den Tag" (Chorus from Act 3)

Wagner: "Das Rheingold - Entrance Of The Gods In Valhalla"

Wagner: "Die Walküre - Ride Of The Valkyries"

"Infinite and Endless Driving Footage: Part π" - (2000, 2010) - (18 min. 30 sec.)

Experimental Video Journal

"A Justin Jason Drive Experience 2000" - (2000, 2010) - (27 min.) Experimental Video

Journal

Exiting Vandalia, Ohio... Columbus, Ohio... Pit stop at Justin and Nikki's Art Apartment... Exploring an old abandoned house... Olentangy Indian Caverns... Surrealism just keeps following us around.

"Tales of a Bored Beard" - (2000, 2010) - (2 min.) Video Journal

A bored beard An introspective beard. An anxious beard. An intimate beard. An invisible beard. Dedicated to my red beard March 16th 2000-May 10th 2000.

"Final Tour of the House I Grew Up In" - (2000, 2010) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

My dad was selling the house we children grew up in. So I decided to take a final videotaped tour of the house before it was all emptied out and sold. Before the memories were gone.

Music: "Songs My Mother Taught Me" by Antonín Dvořák.

"Minimalist Wall Art" - (2002/ 2009) - (1 min.) Digital Video Art

This is a "joke" piece about an artist painting the walls of his house. It is treated as if he is making his latest "minimalist" masterpiece: *"World-renowned artist is working on his latest piece right now. It seems to be an interactive design environment type piece. The fact that he's doing it all in these off-blue colors says volumes about him! And the sheer structure of the blue tone is quite beautiful. See how he works mercilessly on the paint... trying to get just the right tone and layer to the paint brush itself... layer upon layer. ...He's thinking! He's thinking! It's beauty in the making. Breathtaking!!!"*

"I GOT IT!!!" - (2002/ 2009) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

4-16-02: -**CLOSURE DAY**- "I GOT IT!!! I GOT IT!!! I GOT IT!!! I GOT IT!! I GOT IT!!! I GOT IT!! I GOT IT!!! I GOT IT!! I GOT IT!!! I GOT IT!! I GOT IT!!! I GOT IT!!! I GOT IT!!! I GOT IT!!!"

Fate rang at 11:52 a.m. when CCAD dean of Media Studies Ric Petry called. I had just gotten back from a morning bike ride and was just eating some take-out Thai Tom Yum soup for lunch. "Well Eric, I'm calling to offer you a job." "Yes," I accepted over the phone. I asked a few questions about the position... and that was it. I had the job. No more worrying, no more panic attacks. My future feels more solid now. I can barely stop giggling from the delight on something going *right* with my life. My pride was restored. FREE AT LAST FROM MY PAIN!! I have a future set. I don't have a past to wallow in the sun. And it sounded like CCAD will give me an assistant professorship the following year, or at least renew my teaching contract. My life is now much less full of stress. AMEN.

Moments after I got the phone call that I had officially gotten the teaching job at CCAD, I sang this "Spontaneous Celebration Song": "I got the freakin' job!! Wooooohhh!! No more worrying! No more panic attacks! I'm *free* sailing now! Isn't it *lovely*! Isn't Thai food *delicious*! But geez... isn't it good to have a future! And it seems like it's gonna be *bright*! I'm gonna get out of Florida! Oh what a feeling – I can't believe it's here! It's done – at last! ...Boy... I've got to get packing now. ...Well, I feel better now. No more panic attacks, no more frustrations. *Nothing anymore to worry me anymore.* I feel really, really, really good now!"

"Panic Attack Poem" - (2009) - (2 min.) Digital Video Art

Written during a ***Panic Attack Poem***: 10-29-97: "I must write to release myself for I am appalled by *the loneliness of me*. By late afternoon, I felt a collapse of my physical and emotional strength my body and mind, which left me unable to cope or be patient with the negativity I encountered and made up in my mind. I couldn't relate to an attractive acquaintance of mine (Emily) who wants to dress up in a **slinky dress** for a guy she thinks is nice. Maybe I wouldn't mind it as much if I weren't feeling so sexually repressed. I fall in love with someone because of their emotions - not by how sexy or beautiful they are to me. What really hurts me is that I haven't found that someone. I've fallen in love with Vincent van Gogh, Björk, and a movie - Pump Up the Volume - yet I don't know an actual human being I personally know of who I can physically and emotionally love. Realizing my loneliness makes me want to cry or dream. Oh, help me. All I've left is aimless anger and remorse for myself. So useless. Please don't hold hands in public." (I spoke these words into my Hi-8 video camera as a confessional in the dark.)

"Keep It Real" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

- "The Justin and Nikki Show"** - (20 min.)
- "Eric and Justin at Play in COSI"** - (11 min.)
- "Ohio Adventures 2002"** - (32 min.)
- "My Columbus Apartment Sanctuary"** - (8 min.)
- "Yellow Springs Street Fair"** - (8 min. 30 sec.)
- "Homan Family Reunion 2002"** - (5 min.)
- "My Journey Through My Hometowns Past"** - (14 min.)
- "Silence Is An Art"** - (Infinity)
- "A Ho-Down Family Hoedown"** - (Infinity)

"The Justin and Nikki Show" - (2002, 2010) - (20 min.) Video Journal

Live from Dublin, Ohio... May 2002... Justin and Nikki Eating Dinner in Heaven... When Tinkerbell Attacks!!... Delaware State Park, Delaware, Ohio... Halloween in September... New Year's Eve.

"Eric and Justin at Play in COSI" - (2002, 2010) - (11 min.) Video Journal

COSI: Center of Science and Industry, is a science museum in Columbus, OH... Driving to COSI... May 2002... Explore Science. Discover fun!... Negative Art.

Journal Exert

5-19-02: Justin and I had a *guy's afternoon out* at downtown Columbus's COSI. Wow. It was like an adventure/ interactive science education amusement park. I played a sample electric guitar for the first time – and created the most intriguing sounds and noises. Then I played bass guitar and drums in the different styles they allowed for each interectee to engage in. I could make music on the computer in various instruments.

"Ohio Adventures 2002" - (2002, 2010) - (32 min.) Video Journal

Steve and Tanya's house, Cincinnati, Ohio... Frisbee Golf with the Homans... Swingers... Serpent Mound... Filmed from the vision of Eric Homan... In Newark, Ohio... The World's Largest Basket... Headquarters of The Longaberger Basket Company... Black Hand

Gorge... Amish Country... Heini's Cheese Chalet... Car Wash Wonderland... Midwest Atmospherics... Antrim Park, Columbus, Ohio... Walking with my dad, Centerville, Ohio... Aunt Sue's get-together at the Tipp City Park... Spontaneous Photo Shoot Day... Clifton Gorge, Ohio... Co-starring Matt Plotecher... Clifton Mill... Stopping at another garage sale... Black Hand Gorge... Caterpillar Crossing... Outside the Park of Roses, Clintonville, Ohio... The first snow of the season... Park of Roses, Clintonville, Ohio... Centerville, Ohio, Dec. 2002... Homan Family Christmas 2002.

"My Columbus Apartment Sanctuary" - (2002, 2010) - (8 min.) Video Journal

My Columbus apartment... My meditation zone.

"Yellow Springs Street Fair" - (2002, 2010) - (8 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Starring Matt Plotecher... June 2002, Yellow Spring, Ohio... A portrait of their Downtown Street Fair Flavors... What is that? Someone's dream... Gone... "My Dinner with a Fedora"... Portrait of a man in deep concentration... Good advice: "It's a strange world. Let's keep it that way."

Journal Exert

6-8-02: So It Was The Yellow Springs Street Festival Day – Featuring Eric and Matt. I got my fill of diverse peoples: conservatives and farmers mixed with hippies, lesbians, homosexuals, artists, white wannabe Native Americans, Goths, etc. I took pictures of nearly every interesting store on and about Main Street Yellow Springs. I even got a picture of a pretty brunette outside the Nut Haus.

"Homan Family Reunion 2002" - (2002, 2010) - (5 min.) Video Journal

I like shotting a lot of video for memory's sake... Cornhole Tournament... Candy Treasure Hunt... Almost looks like a Trash Treasure Hunt.

Journal Exert

7-28-02: Just got back from a "Homan Family Reunion". *So many Homans, so little time.* Yet I felt rather proud of myself at this reunion for I actually managed to *talk* and converse with cousins, young and old. I wasn't just "hanging out" with the younger kids anymore. I was an adult, an artist, a teacher, a photographer and videographer. When I felt exhausted by engaging in small talk, I withdrew slightly. When Nathan also admitted he was bored and tired from the summer heat, I found someone I could *empathize* with and the reunion felt all right after all. It was fun to show up at the reunion and see some of my cousins for the first *in five years*. Many didn't recognize me with a bald head! That was kind of fun. Then again, I've been gone for so many years in Florida. I must have seemed like the "eccentric" artist cousin in a family of farmers and housewives. I was certainly more cheerful than my cousins have ever seen me. I was also *myself* for the first time. I wasn't repressing myself to "fit in" with the rest of the family. I also realized how "gossipy" my cousins are. It's that small-town mentality where nothing much happens, so they "concern" themselves with other people's lives. How pointless.

"My Journey Through My Hometowns Past" - (2002, 2010) - (14 min.) Video Journal

This was the country road hill where my mother was killed in a car accident... Out with my cousin Nathan Ontrop... Mercer Country, my home country... Ft. Recovery, Ohio... The actual Ft. Recovery fort... Visting a fish farm... Life on a country farm... Tractor riding... Visiting my favorite elementary school teacher, Mrs. Connie Guggenbiller... The next day... Returning to my hometown of Coldwater, Ohio... Revisiting my old custodian colleagues at Coldwater Schools... Revisiting my mother's grave.

Journal Exerts

8-1-02: This morning, I began my trip back “home” to Mercer County to visit my cousin, Nathan Ontrop and his family. He drove me around Ft. Recovery while I took over 100 photos of the small town and its fort. It was my opportunity to revisit my past life in that weird world where farming is the most profession. Wherever we went, someone always selflessly offered us something to drink. On a farm of Nathan’s friend, I was even allowed the opportunity to “drive” a tractor! While eating at a restaurant in the downtown (the only one that wasn’t a bar in town – I realized how true it is that everyone in a small town really does know everyone else. Someone walked in and immediately they would say “Hello!” to each other. It was maddeningly social and plainly extroverted. Everyone was a master of the un-fine art of Small Talk. What did surprise me was how bored and beautiful the small town 18-year old girls were. And they’re so nicely tan! I found myself completely *in love* with so many of them. Most people listen to country music. Teenagers shoot hoops at night because they don’t have anything better to do. They were so *pretty* that if I was to go out with one of them, I’d be hesitant to “deflower” them or even go to first base since they were so pure and innocent-looking. Gas stations were still the main hangout of most teenagers where they could buy junk food and pizza subs.

Returning Home a "Hero" Because I Won Back My Confidence

Yet the ultimate thrill for me today was realizing that I had indeed made it out of the dead end “prison” of small town life and found myself as an college instructor of computer animation and video art. I could smile at last, look back and laugh at all the torment I went through from going up in a small town. I found it hilarious how much more open and un-shy I am now about women and socializing. If I lived in a small town, I’d probably *get* a new girlfriend within a day just by visiting a friend’s farm. “Excuse me, sir... Farmer John, but *could I go out with your daughter?*” It would be that simple. I’ve got the experience, education, money, personality, faith, and confidence to make it through. I don’t take any more bullshit from so-called “bullies” anymore too. I’ll bitch-slap them and then kick them in the groin if they did start up on me. I’ve got my confidence in tact with me now – something I was never always to have when I was a resident of a small town. I was a dreamer, but an introverted, emotionally troubled one. Yet it was that very insecurity and urgency that motivated me to work as hard as I have to get where I wanted to go. *I made it.* I’m returning to my homeland a hero.

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I thought I lost all that writing from before from saving this Word document on a faulty floppy disk. It forced me to ask the question: “Are memories really worth remembering?”

After going to see the uninspired sequel, Men in Black II, I called up my old 3rd grade school teacher, Connie Guggenbiller. So Nathan and I journeyed three miles over to her house to visit her for an hour. We hadn’t seen each other for eight years (since my high school graduation party) and I explained what I had done with my life in that time. She seemed rather happy and pleased with what I have done with myself. I managed to express myself confidently and humorously with her. Nathan told me as we were leaving their driveway that I “was a very nice person to have visited her and her husband – especially at 10 p.m.

Sharon gave me a copy of the 1995 Coldwater High School Yearbook. I had originally "boycotted" buying it since I hated high school so much. It was hilarious to read my “senior will”: “*I, Eric Homan, will Daryl C. my ability to survive one more year of high school by taking only one class.*” It was an allusion to the fact that I only had to take Civics during my senior year of high school while taking Wright State Lake Campus college classes. Daryl was my classmate at college while he was a Junior in high school. That was a surprisingly honest line to come out of me in a high school yearbook.

8-2-02

My Mercer County 'Homecoming'

Today was my annual “homecoming” to Coldwater. My first destination was to the Coldwater School to spend break with the maintenance crew. I brought in two-dozen donuts since “it was my turn”. (We used to buy donuts for each other every Friday of the summer.) Mitch Voskuhl, who still worked at the school, reminded me that he and Matt Schroer used to tease and quiz me what classic rock music group was playing on 98.9 FM - THE BEAR. Perhaps subconsciously, that was why I became so obsessed with

learning about music. I found out that several of my former co-workers are married, bought houses, and have one or two children now. I guess they didn't have anything *better* to do. Gary Sudhoff, my old boss, didn't recognize me when I gave him a hug when we saw each other. I confessed to Gary in front of the other workers how important it was to work as a custodian since it provided a basis for working hard later in my life. When I informed that I was a *professor* at CCAD, Gary commented that I was making the "big bucks" now (unlike Coldwater folk). When introducing me to the other co-workers who didn't know me, Mitch mentioned that I was "Lester's boy". I looked at Mitch oddly since no one has called me that in seven years. I'm used to being called "Professor Homan", not "*Lester's boy*", which was a slur my parent's students used to taunt me with when I was younger.

Next, Nathan and I ventured to downtown Coldwater to the library where I accidentally met Joann Voskuhl, my former custodian supervisor, who was off work today so she could shop during the sidewalk sales. Inside the library, I met Marge Hoops and we got up to date with our lives. Nathan and I strolled up and down the downtown while I took pictures. We ate at Knaps where I had two tacos and a burrito. It tasted better in my memory. I revisited the Coldwater "Milk Tower", my dad's old house, the server's room at Holy Trinity Church, Starstruck Video, the "Coldwater Mall", and my mother's grave. I was ahead enough in my life and away from Coldwater for enough years to finally be able to feel "comfortable" in Coldwater. I had made it and gotten out. *I was independent from the town that I've known*. How many wish that they had left, but only ended up staying. Most of all, it was nice to be myself instead of being shy and depressed. What a new experience and a new beginning it was in Coldwater today.

Mercer County is so much in its own world. Even the news feels soft and self-contained. There's a Catholic, be kind to one another slant to everything. Drinking beer is the main recreation. It's populated by bored middle-class, blue-collar families dreaming of something better to do. There are no homeless because everyone is related to one another. Yet no one is truly "rich".

One thing I realized while in Mercer County was how easy it would be to get free extras in one's movie. People there are so *bored* and looking for something "exciting" to do that the news of a movie being made in Coldwater or wherever in that area would attract hundreds of people willing to work for free. Not just would I be able to use people, I'd be able to shoot at people's houses or farms for free as well. They would feed me and my crew instead of the other way around.

The scent of skunk can sometimes be detected in areas of the country roads. It is the perfume of the country.

"Silence Is An Art" - (2010) - (Infinity)

Silence. Black screen. Looping.

Artist Statement: "Silence Is An Art. Silence Is An Art. Silence Is An Art. Silence Is An Art."

"A Ho-Down Family Hoedown" - (2010) - (Infinity)

A time-based looping photograph of the Homan and Rericha families together on Thanksgiving Day 2010.

Music: "Around the World" by Daft Punk.

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" - Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Disk 1

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" - (2001, 2011) - (1 hr. 45 min.)

Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Disk 2

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Short Version) - (2001, 2003, 2011) - (1

hr.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Disk 3

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve: Additional Scenes, Alternate Angles, Extra Coverage" - (2001, 2011) - (56 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Shorter Version) - (2001, 2011) - (8 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Blur Version) - (2001, 2011) - (5 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Experimental Version #1) - (2001, 2011) - (8 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Experimental Version #2) - (2001, 2011) - (8 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Trailer Version) - (2001, 2011) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"Grand Canyon Sunset Meditation" - (2001, 2011) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"California Coast Drive Daze" - (2001, 2011) - (6 min. 30 sec.) Experimental Video Journal

Disk 1:

Full Version of Movie: 1 hr. 45 min.

Day Chapters

Disk 2:

Short Version of Movie: 1 hr.

Day Chapters

Eric's Photos

Steve's Photos

Video Stills

Blur Version: 5 min.

Disk 3:

Additional Scenes: 56 min.

Shorter Version of Movie: 8 min.

Experimental Version #1: 8 min.

Experimental Version #2: 8 min.

Trailer: 2 min. 30 sec.

"Grand Canyon Sunset Meditation" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"California Coast Drive Daze" - (6 min. 30 sec.)

Synopsis

This video vacation adventure is a subjective journey through the eye/ lens of video documentary artist Eric Homan. He and travel companion Steve Smodish spent eleven days of exploring in a *trip out west* in the midst of August 2001. Some of the incredible trip highlights included leaving Ft. Lauderdale to San Francisco for a road trip to Yosemite, Sequoia, Las Vegas, Hoover Dam, Zion, Bryce Canyon, Grand Canyon, L.A., the California coast line, and finally back full circle to San Francisco, and the return flight back home to Florida.

Trip Schedule

FRI: 8-10-01: Ft. Lauderdale-San Francisco, Yosemite

SAT: 8-11-01: Yosemite

SUN: 8-12-01: Yosemite, Sequoia

MON: 8-13-01: Las Vegas

TUE: 8-14-01: Las Vegas Rest Day

WED: 8-15-01: Hoover Dam, Zion, Bryce Canyon

THUR: 8-16-01: Bryce Canyon, Grand Canyon

FRI: 8-17-01: Grand Canyon, Driving back
SAT: 8-18-01: Driving back, L.A., California coast drive
SUN: 8-19-01: San Francisco
MON: 8-20-01: San Francisco-Ft. Lauderdale

The Sights

Prologue: The sights and experiences of a vacation: We were going for a National Lampoon's Vacation meets Thelma and Louise meets Deliverance road trip (except for the hillbilly sodomy and driving off a canyon cliff parts). I viewed the trip out West with Steve to be like a male Thelma and Louise. We've been "raped" by society and we want to escape and discover America. Two single guys out on the road of the American West. How liberating and free.

Tags

eric homan steve smodish yosemite national parks documentary video

The following is my video love letter to Mother Nature. A Video Vacation Adventure.
A Blur. A Hallucination. An Exploration. A Journey.

Day One: Wake up time: 4:08 a.m. Gotta wake up... Time to fly... Day One: "The Flight to Heaven" or "Running from America in America"... Enter Steve Smodish... 8-10-01: Flying one month before 9-11-01... Departing Ft. Lauderdale, Florida... I'll be using the video camera as a tool for memories and self-expression... Taking an airplane to see the Cloud Museums in the heavens... Steve gave me the nickname "Cloud Boy" at this point... Steve's asleep... Seeing visions in the clouds... The sole reason I enjoy to fly is to witness all the amazing cloud formations... This is why they call me "Cloud Boy"... PANIC!!... *This is just a test*... Back to the clouds... Arriving at our destination... Our convertible rental... Steve at the wheel... Candlestick Park... San Francisco... The Golden Gate Bridge... Going into the light... Driving to Yosemite country... The beginning of a musical journey... A long day of driving.

Additional Notes: San Francisco - a hilly California arty and grungy Asian New Orleans with an enormous, looming fog mountain... Fruit and fish breezes, nervous excitement, vulnerability! Mountains Green roof down Convertible... exposed to the air! Overwhelmed, claustrophobic, ecstatic, desperately enthused to the beat! Planes, helicopters over above! Totally lost, but I'm not navigating. Blissful, yet lonely for a girl! - an incomplete dream... Flooded with fast impressions! Italian mountains Chinatown villas America! Movie ad billboards are everywhere. I want open space! Yosemite, *Ho!*... I'm nearly moved here for grad school, my God!... Too much for an artist to absorb... The running theme of trying to find the light at the end of each tunnel throughout our journey... The exhaustion of the road: between Steve and I, we had around nine near-accidents on the traffic-clogged roads out of San Francisco. We had been traveling for over 13 hours and both of us were fatigued physically and emotionally. I stirred off the road at a place outside Yosemite and we ended up renting a mobile home in the back woods for \$79 a night. It was a beat-up place to stay, but an intriguing and eccentric find. It had a shower, bed and electrics – that's all I desired.

Day Two: "The Sights and Experiences of a Vacation"... Our mobile home rental outside Yosemite... Teepees outside... A New Morning... Surreal **surreal blue sky** above Yosemite... Yosemite: an alien world on Earth... A battlefield of past forest fires. All that's left are tree skeletons... The running theme of trying to find the light at the end of each tunnel throughout our journey... Entering Yosemite National Park... The rarely witnessed "Star of Yosemite"... The clearwaters of Yosemite... Touring the tree graveyard... Encountering the wild... Driving to North Yosemite... Olmsted Point... Tenaya Lake... A fragile Yosemite flower... North Yosemite Country... A sparkling clear water lake... Finding some immaculate peace and quiet... Ellery Lake, Northeast Yosemite... Road Closed... Drive back on the glittering roads of North Yosemite... O' Shaughnessy Dam, Northwest Yosemite... Shadow dances... Hetch Hetchy Reservoir ... Road Exhaustion.

Day Three: "Finding Heaven"... Cold pizza breakfast on the road... Bridalveil Fall... Tourists in Eden... Idiot tourists!!... Yosemite Valley View... "Tunnel trip"... Heaven Beside You...

Sequoia & Kings Canyon National Park... Shooting with a wide-angle lens... A Giant Forest Museum... The Great Sequoias... The Great Sequoia Waterfall... Exploring new worlds... A distant forest fire... "Fear and Loathing in the West"... Blown #\$\$@%* away!... More of Sequoia National Park... Steve loves sunsets, so I labeled him 'The Sunset Kid'... More "Fear and Loathing in the West"... Paranoia... Something's out there... Another cub sighting.

Day Four: "Cloud Boy and the Sunset Kid in Las Vegas"... Driving into Las Vegas country... Entering the Las Vegas Strip... Surf Buffet... A Helter Skelter!!... Inside the MGM Grand... No video cameras are allowed in the casinos (unless covertly hidden)... The "zoo" inside the casino... One very cool Las Vegas toy store!... Inside Caesars Palace... The Mirage... Treasure Island... Free Phony Pirate Drama!... Walking seven miles of the Las Vegas strip...

Day Five: "In Our Day of Recovery"... Las Vegas is the Melting Pot of the World. Every nationality is visiting here... A montage of the Tourists of Las Vegas... Las Vegas people watching... Free porn in news booths everywhere... Steve collapsing in the hotel from walking for over a day... Later that day... Beck singing "Tropicana" while we're on Tropicana Ave... My Vegas Strip light streams show... The Star Trek Experience at the Hilton... The Star Trek Gift Shop... The distorted, blurred streams of light reality of Las Vegas.

Additional Notes: Vegas – A city as a gambling amusement park... A collage of diverse tourists in Vegas... Steve, my belching friend and road companion, and I gave each other nicknames for our trip after the things we like to take pictures of: "Cloud Boy and the Sunset Kid"... Las Vegas: the Buffet Capitol of the World: Surf Buffet, Western Buffet, Breakfast Buffet, Seafood Buffet, Chinese Buffet... At the Deep Space Nine gift shop outside the Star Trek Experience, tourists could purchase Star Trek spandex type outfits and uniforms rather affordably for one self or one's girlfriend!

Day Six: "Canyons and Clouds"... The Hoover Dam... The Giant Crows of Nevada... Driving east to Southwestern Utah... Entering Cloud Country... A traveling cloud museum in the sky gallery... Looking for Inspiration in the Heavens... Shapes and Stories in the Skyways... Fantastic forms and figures fill my imagination... Encountering the Wild... Zion National Park... Bryce National Park, Utah... Doing a time-lapse photograph.

Additional Notes: Personally interpreted and appreciated by the individual viewer. It can be vegetables, pornography, or balloons. It's all uncensored imagery of one's individual and powerful imagination! "See the massive, obese puppet figure gods flying above us all"... Joke-arguing over the movie "A Simple Plan".

Day Seven: "A Trip Into Natural Beauty"... Bryce Canyon's blue skies and orange stalactite pillars... Feeling the warm cool air with my naked hand... "We're lost"... This beautiful and strange orange rocky world... Utah Rock Art... "Cheap Gold"... "We're lost, again"... "Memoria"... Heading south for the Grand Canyon... Cloud County, Arizona... Glorious clouds... What "Cloud Boy" feels and dreams... *Run, run*... Grand Canyon North Rim... "We're going crazy"... Getting severe road fatigue... Road Dementia... Thunderstorms on the horizon... Extreme travel boredom... Total Road Exhaustion... *Long travel day*... Shadow Play Driving... Scenic Arizona gravel side roads... Sunset Crater Volcano.

Additional Notes: After visiting the Grand Canyon North Rim, my metabolism *plummeted* and my tolerance for living on the road finally caught up with me. Without control, I became moody, irritable, and totally untalkative. Either it was too much traveling, music, or company; I couldn't bear living. For an hour, I was removed from life – unwilling to feel. I managed to take a short nap, which helped ease my fatigue. I still hadn't eaten a full meal since breakfast – just junk food from time to time. When my body tires and starts to physically collapse, my mind follows. My sanity breaks gradually if I don't find peace and quiet – comfort. My sense of isolation grows unbearable and I start to act "mad".

Day Eight: "Little Moments Mixed with the Big Sights"... Meteor Crater, Arizona... "Tastes like chalk!"... Wanderlust once again... Day-dreaming and feeling out of the car window... Reflecting on lost love... Getting closer... Grand Canyon South Rim... The wide-angle lens works well for these wide-open spaces... Like standing at the edge of the world... An electrical fire tree... "A fake snake"... "A fake snake river"... An obese angel blowing its horn... The tourist overpopulation of the Grand Canyon... Spare Change for the Gods... \$573.37 on a grand flat rock... Another electrical fire tree... People gearing up for the Grand Canyon Sunset Event... They've come from around the world for this... Here it is... Finding a quiet place for

meditation at the Grand Canyon... Communicating with the sunset... In prayer with nature... "Sunset Kid" bathing in the sunset glow.

Additional Notes: At the Grand Canyon's South End views, tourists from Amishville to Japan to New York to Germany swarmed around with cameras clicking. If I were by myself alone with the majesty of this place, I would have cried from its overpowering beauty... Tens of thousands of people lined up at the Grand Canyon (almost as if they were at a rock concert) to witness the grand supreme sunset. It was like a spiritual event. People were standing around like in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* where they awaited the Mothership spaceship... A tight medium shot of myself sitting on a rock staring off at the Grand Canyon sunset with a lens flare streaming in between us.

Day Nine: "California Run"... Driving west to the Pacific coastline... We only have a day to get to our destination: San Francisco. It would be a 15-hour drive trek. But we still had time to play in the desert!... Video snapshot moments... Entering L.A.. Los Angeles, California... Welcome to L.A. traffic... Malibu... The California Coast Run... Low hanging fog clouds... Endless miles of parked RVs... "There's too many places I've got to see"... A full day of driving... This is what happens to you after ten straight hours in a car. Things go sideways... "Let the good times roll"... *More road dementia* from the long drive... A nuclear bomb sunset... Stalking the sun... Chasing the light... A supernova sunset... "Dream On"... One of my favorite songs, "Layla", plays on the radio... "I'm happy now"... Hypnotic light stream road reflectors... On the road for simply too many hours...

Additional Notes: Drove through L.A., Malibu, and Zuma on route to San Francisco. Besides the tense traffic, I enjoyed it all...

Day Ten: "Friendly Sight-Seeing"... Spending the day with our friend Caleb in San Francisco... Caleb's workplace: Komami Games... It's Sunday at noon... Not enough toys and posters... Inside the cubicles at Konami Games... The Great Wall of Caffeine... San Francisco's giant looming fog cloud... Alcatraz Island... San Francisco's famous curvy road... "Lisa Log" from an episode of "The Simpsons"... Filming my friends as if they were downtown celebrities... The famous plastic bag from "American Beauty"... Eyes on the tree... Chinatown... The Golden Gate Bridge obscured in fog.

Day Eleven: "Leaving Heaven"... San Francisco's giant ever-looming fog cloud... Flying back home over the Bay area... "Cloud Boy and the Sunset Kid" flying back home... A light streams dance of Houston's city lights... Using the video camera as a tool for self-expression and memories... Almost home... So exhausted, yet so exhilarated... Ft. Lauderdale's nighttime city lights... The arrival back home to Ft. Lauderdale... The End/ Finish Line. Starring Eric Homan as "Cloud Boy" and Steve Smodish as "The Sunset Kid". Videotaped and edited by Eric Homan. Copyright 2011, Eric Homan.

Personal Insights

-The red/ orange/ pink highlight tinting to the video footage to enhance the natural landscape visuals (especially the cloudscapes and the canyon formations). It also makes the visuals that much more *surrealistically realistic*.

-This video is about the friendship and vacation relationship between two single men on vacation together. Steve and I got used to each other's company after the first day together. We didn't talk much to each other. Yet instead, we shared a passion for music to listen to together while driving around. We communicated to each other through our choice of music. "You like Beck and the Beastie Boys?! You're all right with me." Seeing Caleb in San Fran at the end of our vacation was a breath of fresh eccentric oxygen. After days of not having much to talk about with Steve, I was suddenly talkative and enthusiastic with the new company of an old friend. It was a wonderful meeting and a rejuvenation of my spirit.

-Watching my red hair grow out from a shaved baldhead to a head of red hair.

-Vacations have no sense of time to them. There is no Monday or Saturday, weekday or weekend. There is only days. For this reason, time passes very slowly for it is being lived.

The Title Trip

For those who need explaining to about the pun in the title "Trip Out West", *trip* is a word describing a "hallucination" or distorted visual/ audio experience. I filmed our vacation as I perceived it to

be: an overwhelming barrage of magnificent sights, scents, sounds, tastes, and feels. (No drugs besides a pitcher of beer one night were used during the shooting of this video.)

The Editing Experience

I find editing my own video work very pleasing. I enjoy the creative process... especially after having not done much art in a while. Nearly six hours of footage was edited down to one and a half hours into a definitive, smoothly-edited version. I've always know there were some beautiful shots within the messy, out-of-focus ones – which means there is a good Video Art Piece within here somewhere. It's my job and duty as an artist to find it and form it. It's a collective record of the sights and experiences on our vacation in another part of the world as seen by us as alien observers.

Also, this was the first "feature length" movie I've ever made. Though a subjective/objective documentary, it was a grand editing/ creative experience for me. I did it based on a suggestion from Steven Spielberg and Quentin Tarantino that the best education one could do was to simply go out and make a movie – good or bad. It was just so important to have the *experience* of doing it and to learn from it.

The Re-Edit

I originally edited "Trip Out West" in 2003. Yet in 2010, I recaptured the original footage from the original miniDV tapes and was shocked by how much good footage I had originally cut. Back then to get the movie onto a single DVD, your movie couldn't be any longer than an hour. So I decided to go back (when I had some spare time) and re-edit all 5 1/2 hours of footage back down to a more complete vacation adventure experience. I'd still edit it down to a shorter version as well for pacing reasons. But I still wanted a longer form version to that truer to the actual vacation experience that captured the highs and lows. I wanted to express the *real* vacation experience rather than a highlights reel. It's exhausting. It takes a lot of time. But there's the extreme fun of it as well.

The Re-Editing Experience

12-3-10: Currently re-editing "Trip Out West 1". I had 5 hr. and 20 min. of footage originally and edited it all down to 59 min. since that was as much as one could put onto iDVD at the time in 2003. So now I'm working on an extended cut version. There really was a lot of good footage that I had edited out due to time. I'll probably still do a 2 hr. version, a 1 hr. version, and an additional scenes feature like I did with "American Northwest Adventures".

I also finished the third DVD of "American Northwest Adventures". So I'll ship that out once I'm done with the new version of "Trip Out West". Only on Day Three right now in Sequoia. The editing will probably take up most of my holiday break from teaching when my semester ends in two weeks. Still, I'm amazed at how descent the footage was. It'll blow your mind to see this stuff again. Lots of crazy Smodish outtakes.

The newly edited version of Trip Out West will be wild for you to see. We listened to some really good music on that trip. We also drove some crazy, crazy, CRAZY miles per day for practically eleven straight days! Young and reckless, we thought we could take on the world!

This is a whole new re-edit of "Trip Out West". Each DVD has three disks. I had originally shot six hours of footage and edited it way down to 1 hour to fit on a DVD (which was as much as I could fit at the time on a single DVD in 2003). So there's a bunch of footage in there that you've never seen before.

12-13-10: Yeah, Adobe Media Encoder is a good new software program with Adobe CS5. A student, Alex Trimpe, showed it to me two months ago.

Currently with editing Trip Out West, I'm on Day Eight in the Grand Canyon South Rim. I forgot what nice weather we had at Bryce Canyon.

The newly edited version of Trip Out West will be wild for you to see. We listened to some really good music on that trip. We also drove some crazy, crazy, CRAZY miles per day for practically eleven straight days! Young and reckless, we thought we could take on the world!

1-4-11: I got a good start with continuing with my editing of "Trip Out West" throughout today. I finished my huge photo project yesterday. So now I can concentrate all my energies on the video side of things.

1-6-11: Finished up with my second draft edit of "Trip Out West" and got the length to a comfortable 1 hr. 44 min. So now it can fit easily on a single DVD.

1-11-11: I finally "finished" my epic editing job on "Trip Out West", well at least the 1 hr. version

today. I'm really proud of what I got done this holiday break. I'm feeling ready to get back to teaching again now.

1-12-11: I also started rendering out my "Trip Out West" movie files last night and they managed to render out okay by this morning. It's such a huge relief to get this project finished with! It's been in the works for over a year (when I first captured and organized the footage) and I've been editing nearly full-time for over a month. It's been a massive amount of work and labor.

1-14-11: Another busy work day at home with trying to finish up my work on "Trip Out West". Today I was preparing and organizing the DVDs.

A Tale of Two Versions: The 2003 Version vs. The 2011 Version

1-15-11: The 1 hr. 45 min. version of the movie features 47 minutes of footage that wasn't in the previous 2003 version. There's also 56 minutes of additional scenes. There's a lot of somewhat random and funny Smodish antics that I doubt you remember doing. I've been meaning to rework this footage for about seven years now. Back in 2003, I could only fit a hour on a DVD using iDVD. I use DVD Studio Pro, which can hold 1 hr. 47 min. I uploaded the first two parts of the 1 hr. short version to <http://vimeo.com/18798035>.

Capturing the Exhaustion of a Vacation

Perhaps most of all, what I was trying to capture most of all in this documentary was honestly showing the *exhaustion* that a vacation brings. You do things that you normally would not *because* you are on vacation. You hike eight miles around the Grand Canyon because you're at the *freaking Grand Canyon!!* Normally you wouldn't walk more than a mile a day! But on this case, you feel compelled to. And you don't feel it until later in the day. Then the next day comes around and you feel sore and tired, but still exhilarated because of the exciting places you're at. Eventually after a week exhaustion sets in. You start talking less and less to those around you so you can conserve energy. In the end, vacations *are* work. You work hard to make them worth it. Yet if you push yourself too much, it becomes not much of a vacation anymore. It's a real catch-22. You spent all this money to fly out to someplace far, far away that you normally wouldn't be at and you want to take advantage of that as much as you can. But you still have to remember that you're still *human*. I hope everyone can empathize with this fact about taking vacations. They're the hardest earned "fun" you've ever had.

Going for *Feeling*

I was going for expressing the mix of feelings one experiences when on vacation. How it felt like to be on the road – the excitement *and* the exhaustion. I went through both to their extremes. I wanted to present a truthful portrait of how it felt from my point-of-view. I can't think of a better way to present a "vacation" video experience. *Of course* there should be plenty of monotonous driving footage since we were on the road 80% of the time of our waking hours. There should be goofiness going on in the car after being cooped up inside for an unbelievable amount of time. There should be honest images of total and complete fatigue, both physically and emotionally, on our faces. And there should also be shots of us having *the time of our lives!* Because it was.

The Soundtrack

A trip inside a car across the American West with the greatest music of all time. The short movie video also works as a musical, except no one really does any real singing. It's a bit like *American Graffiti* where it's a long form music video road movie featuring a omnipresent soundtrack by a miscellaneous range of musicians. Music played a crucial part in our experiential journey. The spacey, diverse soundtrack added to the road trip expansiveness and excitement. Sometimes the music would express how we were feeling or what we were doing. It shows my excitement of combining breathtaking vacation visuals with exhilarating rock music.

-“Let It Grow” by Eric Clapton.

-“When the Music's Over” by The Doors played while driving through the scenery of devastation.

-“There's a destination a little up the road from the habitations and the towns we know.” –“Where It's At” by Beck.

-“Tropicana” by Beck. “Now that you've had your fun under an air-conditioned sun...”

-“Peter Gabriel: Secret World Live” sounded so good on a hot, exhausting summer day. Bless his

passion.

- Listening to Pink Floyd's "Run Like Hell" on the vacation road.
- The Red Hot Chili Peppers' "Higher Ground" plays as we drive to *higher ground* at Bryce Canyon.
- The Mama and the Papas' "California Dreamin'" while on route to California.
- Harry Nilsson's "Everybody's Talkin'" lyrics: "I'm going to where the sun keeps shining..."
- Las Vegas set to The Beatles' "Helter Skelter" with the matching visual of a giant water slide.
- The Van Halen guitar solo for "Jump" where the camera goes sideways almost in flight.
- Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Free Bird" lyrics' "There's too many places I've got to see" matching up with our weary journey across so many state lines.
- The Cars' "Let the Good Times Roll" while we drove through a California town.
- The abstract finale to Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody". (This is what happens to you after ten straight hours in a car... things go sideways.)
- More car dementia by singing along to silly 50s love songs.
- The Dance of the yellow road flicker markers in the middle of the road set to the majestic instrumental finale of Derek and the Dominoes' "Layla", one of my favorite songs, as it played on the radio. The boredom and repetition of driving on the open road for twelve hours in a cramped car spawned such eccentric angles in the videotaping process.
- The shots of plants, trees, and mother earth swaying in the wind as if singing along to Pink Floyd's "Us and Them".
- Our arrival set the "Don't Worry Baby" by The Beach Boys

The Soundtrack Collage

Featuring music by: Eric Clapton, Beck, Led Zeppelin, The Doors, Tori Amos, Alice In Chains, The Beatles, Guns N' Roses, Violent Femmes, Paul Simon, The Breeders, Van Halen, Peter Gabriel, Moby, Nine Inch Nails, Elvis Presley, Pink Floyd, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Talking Heads, Nirvana, Radiohead, The Mamas and the Papas, Harry Nilsson, Garbage, Beastie Boys, Bob Marley, Weezer, Concrete Blonde, Queen, U2, Roy Orbison, The Cars, Jackson Browne, The Who, Pearl Jam, Derek and the Dominoes, and The Beach Boys.

Music Credits

Pink Floyd: "Us and Them", Eric Clapton: "Let It Grow", The Beach Boys: "Don't Worry, Baby", Live: "Lightning Crashes", Gorillaz: "Clint Eastwood", The Pixies: "Velouria" and "All Over the World", Beck: "Ramshackle", Bjork: "Hunter", Led Zeppelin: "Trampled Under Foot" and "Custard Pie", Beastie Boys: "Intergalactic", The Pixies: "Dig for Fire", The Doors: "When the Music's Over", Jimi Hendrix: "Astro Man", Neil Young & Crazy Horse: "Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere", Blues Traveler: "The Mountains Win Again" and "Hook", Tori Amos: "Northern Lad", Alice In Chains: "Grind" and "Heaven Beside You", The Beatles: "Back in the USSR", "The Continuing Story of Bungalow Bill", and "Rocky Raccoon", Beck: "Sexxlaws", Guns N' Roses: "November Rain", Flock of Seagulls: "I Ran", Beck: "Devil's Haircut", "Where It's At", and "Jack-Ass", Beastie Boys: "Car Thief", "Stop That Train", and "Hello Brooklyn", Violent Femmes: "Blister in the Sun" and "Confessions", Paul Simon: "The Boy in the Bubble", "Graceland", "I Know What I Know", Howard Jones: "Things Can Only Get Better", The Breeders: "Lime House", The Beatles: "Helter Skelter", "Birthday", "Yer Blues", "Mother Nature's Son", "Everybody's Got Something To Hide Except for Me and My Monkey", and "Sexy Sadie", "Duel of the Fates" by John Williams, Nirvana: "Smells Like Teen Spirit", Sheryl Crowe: "Leaving Las Vegas", Beck "Tropicalia", The Breeders: "Cannonball", Van Halen: "Panama", Guns N' Roses: "Civil War", Peter Gabriel: "Steam", "Shaking the Tree", "Red Rain", and "Solsbury Hill", Beck: "Cold Brains" and "Bottle of Blues", Moby: "Why Does My Heart Feel So Bad?", "South Side", "Bodyrock", "Natural Blues", "If Things Were Perfect", and "My Weakness", Nine Inch Nails: "Head Like a Hole" and "Down In It", Elvis Presley: "Hound Dog", "Don't Be Cruel", "Crying in the Chapel", and "Viva Las Vegas", Pink Floyd: "Wish You Were Here", "Another Brick in the Wall Part 2", and "Run Like Hell", Elvis Presley: "It's Now or Never", Moby: "Inside", Elvis Presley: "I Can't Help Falling in Love With You" and "Little Sister", R.E.M.: "The One I Love" and "Finest Worksong", Red Hot Chili Peppers:

"Higher Ground", Talking Heads: "Life During Wartime", "Road to Nowhere", "(Nothing But) Flowers", and "Sax and Violins", The Pixies: "Bone Machine", "Where Is My Mind?", and "Gigantic", Nirvana: "Smells Like Teen Spirit", "In Bloom", "Come As You Are", "Lithium", "Something in the Way", "On a Plain", "Endless, Nameless", R.E.M.: "How the West Was Won and Where It Got Us", "The Wake-Up Bomb", "Undertow", and "Leave", Radiohead: "Creep", Beck: "Peaches & Cream", "Milk & Honey", "Beautiful Way", "Pressure Zone", and "Debra", Red Hot Chili Peppers: "Around the World", "Scar Tissue", "Otherside", and "Californication", Dave Matthews Band: "Rapunzel", John Lennon: "Give Peace a Chance", Country Joe & the Fish: "Vietnam Song", Canned Heat: "Going Up To Country", The Fifth Dimension: "Medley: Aquarius/ Let the Sunshine In", Talking Heads: "Burning Down the House", Jefferson Airplane: "White Rabbit", The Mamas and the Papas: "California Dreamin'", Harry Nilsson: "Everybody's Talkin'", No Doubt: "Simple Kind of Life" and "Magic's in the Makeup", Public Image Ltd.: "The Order of Death", Pink Floyd: "The Great Gig in the Sky", Garbage: "When I Grow Up", Beastie Boys: "Ricky's Theme", Bob Marley: "Buffalo Soldier", "Stir It Up", "I Shot the Sheriff", and "Redemption Song", Weezer: "No One Else" "Buddy Holly", and "Say It Ain't So", 10,000 Maniacs: "Because the Night", Concrete Blonde: "Joey", Guns 'N Roses: "Welcome to the Jungle", Michael Jackson: "P.Y.T. (Pretty Young Thing)", Faith No More: "Epic", Stone Temple Pilots: "Sex Type Thing", Van Halen: "You Really Got Me", Aerosmith: "Train Kept A Rollin'", Lynyrd Skynyrd: "Freebird", The Rolling Stones: "Start Me Up", Naked Eyes: "Promises, Promises", Janis Joplin: "Piece of My Heart", Van Halen: "Jump", Queen: "Bohemian Rhapsody", The Doors: "Riders on the Storm", U2: "With or Without You", Roy Orbison: "Oh, Pretty Woman", The Cars: "Let the Good Time Roll", Dick Dale and His Del-Tones: "Misirlou", Jackson Browne: "Fountain of Sorrow", Eric Clapton: "Tears In Heaven", Simon and Garfunkel: "Homeward Bound", The Who: "Magic Bus", The Beatles: "Here Comes the Sun", David Bowie: "Golden Years", Pearl Jam: "Jeremy", Jimi Hendrix: "Foxy Lady", Bon Jovi: "Livin' on a Prayer", Filter: "Take My Picture", Metallica: "Until It Sleeps", Led Zeppelin: "Black Dog", Depeche Mode: "Dream On", David Bowie: "Suffragette City", Derek and the Dominoes: "Layla", Beastie Boys: "Remote Control", The Bungles: "Video Killed the Radio Star", and Metallica: "Seek and Destroy".

Credits

- Videographer and Editor: Eric Homan
- Starring Eric Homan and Steve Smodish
- In car D.J.: Eric Homan (with CDs supplied by Steve Smodish)
- Driver: Steve Smodish
- Produced at the Columbus College of Art and Design (editing/ post-production) and at the Florida Center for Electronic Communication at Florida Atlantic University (video camera)
- Edited in Final Cut Pro and Adobe Premiere
- DVD encoding in DVD Studio Pro
- Additional special thanks and credit to my friend and travel companion on this adventure, Steve Smodish, for driving 95% of the time and assisting me with the photography and videography of this "Trip Out West".!

Journal Notes

8-10-01

"Goodbye"

I had my first plum today. I also had my first piss at 39,000 ft. on the airplane. I'm filled with so much anticipation, fear, and excitement for this trip. It's a huge, no, HUGE undertaking for me. I've never taken such a large trip by myself before with someone else. We're flying from Miami to San Francisco, someplace I've never been to. It's all so new to me. I feel like I'm literally making a huge leap of faith here. I'm taking the ultimate risk. Or maybe I'm just overexcited about this trip. I think we know what we're doing. Maybe I agreed to go on this vacation adventure because I was bored out of my skull and I'm single. I have no restrictions to keep me back. Honestly, this trip is sort of like taking a death charge to my shyness and blowing it to atoms. I'm on a very extroverted adventure. I'm actually doing it! We're flying to the unstable land of earthquakes! Oh great! I'm practically shaking myself.

San Francisco - a hilly California arty and grungy Asian New Orleans with an enormous, looming fog

mountain... Fruit and fish breezes, nervous excitement, vulnerability! Mountains Green roof down Convertible... exposed to the air! Overwhelmed, claustrophobic, ecstatic, desperately enthused to the beat! Planes, helicopters over above! Totally lost, but I'm not navigating. Blissful, yet lonely for a girl! - an incomplete dream... Flooded with fast impressions! Italian mountains Chinatown villas America! Movie ad billboards are everywhere. I want open space! Yosemite, *Ho!*... I'm nearly moved here for grad school, my God!... Too much for an artist to absorb.

Steve and I don't talk much to each other; instead, we share a passion for music to listen to together while driving around. We communicate to each other through our choice of music. "You like Beck and the Beastie Boys?! You're all right with me."

I'm living in a dream and I can't wake from it because it's reality – a fantastic memory in the present *perfect*.

Between Steve and I, we had around nine near-accidents on the traffic-clogged roads out of San Francisco. We had been traveling for over 13 hours and both of us were fatigued physically and emotionally. I stirred off the road at a place outside Yosemite and we ended up renting a mobile home in the back woods for \$79 a night. It was a beat-up place to stay, but an intriguing and eccentric find. It had a shower, bed and electrics – that's all I desired.

8-11-01 **"Surreal Surreal Blue Sky Above Yosemite"**

We're going for a National Lampoon's Vacation meets Thelma and Louise meets Deliverance road trip (except for the hillbilly sodomy and driving off a canyon cliff parts).

The Challenger disaster appears as a phantom memory tourist attraction in the skies above Yosemite.

Traveling to Autumnland from Summerland. I'm escaping the seasons.

8-12-01 **"Sequoia National Park – A Giant Forest Museum"**

I've been getting used to my bald head look for the past few days. I'll probably stay this way for the rest of my life with my receding, retreating hair. I just imagine myself as Pablo Picasso now, merged with Billy Corgan, Moby, Lex Luthor, Michael Stipe, Michael Jordan, Tupac Shakur, Sinead O' Connor, Bruce Willis, Samuel L. Jackson, Ben Kingsley....

Yosemite was an alien world on Earth. Even the temperature and weather changed inside the canyon. God, what a glorious place!

Steve and I traveled south-southeast through Sequoia & Kings Canyon National Park. The drive took an exceedingly longer amount of time that we thought since most of the roads were windy through the mountains. We found ourselves traveling late into the night and into the wee morning hours. We drove through Death Valley at night as well. I sincerely didn't think Steve was going to stop for a hotel.

With my eyes closed, I saw hallucinations from being fatigued while listening to the music in a convertible in the Mojave Desert. We drove through the night while playing "Jimi Hendrix: First Rays of the New Rising Sun" (which I've never heard before) and "Ministry: Psalm 69" (which sounded like Hendrix playing in an industrial band).

8-13-01 **"On Vacation, I Fall in Love 32 Times Per Day"**

Steve and I loved playing the \$30 sluts (slots) in Las Vegas.

Las Vegas: the Buffet Capitol of the World: Surf Buffet, Western Buffet, Breakfast Buffet, Midnight Buffet, Seafood Buffet, Chinese Buffet....

I played a "Star Wars Trilogy" Arcade game, which actually had me be a 1st person interacting participant in the action scenes in the first three Star Wars films. I was "acting" in the movies, fighting against the Empire!

Vacations have no sense of time to them. There is no Monday or Saturday, weekday or weekend. There is only *days*. For this reason, time passes very slowly for it is being lived. I'm still ambivalent towards love, though I yearn for most every woman I see with their lover in honeymoon Vegas. I have deep feelings and I've been hurt. (Sing along with me now).

With as many Wedding Chapels there are, there was an equal number of Las Vegas Divorce Chapels.

Las Vegas is the Boiling Pot of the World. Every nationality is visiting there. I was shocked by how many Asian tourists flocked there.

8-14-01 **"The Las Vegas School of Dealing and Turning Tricks"**

Every day its déjà vu, déjà vu, déjà vu. I've been here before in a dream reading a certain paragraph in a book in a Las Vegas hotel.

"Now that you've had your fun under an air-conditioned sun...." -"Tropicana" by Beck.

I had a blast listening to zealot Trekkies screaming "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" in wild mind-blowing excitement during the Star Trek Experience. It was an impressively imagination interactive journey where one of the audience members is one of the relatives of Jean-Luc Picard. Star Trek crew members wear a spandex type outfits and uniforms. You could buy one rather affordably for yourself or your girlfriend at the Deep Space Nine gift shop!

8-15-01 **"Abstract Faces In The Mountains"**

You're vulnerable when you sleep and dream. Please don't wake me.

"Peter Gabriel: Secret World Live" sounded so good on a hot, exhausting summer day. Bless his passion.

Sunglasses are a mask. You can't see the emotion in the eyes.

A traveling sky museum gallery of cloud art – personally interpreted and appreciated by the individual viewer. It can be vegetables, pornography, or balloons - all uncensored imagery of one's individual imagination! The Cloud Museum always evolved, minute-by-minute, angle from angle, location to location. "See the massive, obese puppet figure gods flying above us all".

Being single makes one emotionally raw. Hence, I take more chances and feel deeper. I've been attracted to hundreds of gorgeous women for the past week. Yet it's because of their outer beauty and sex appeal that cancels all of them out. They're all the same. I love them all and my jealousy *wrings* my soul again. ...And I write this at Bryce Canyon. *I feel my deepest loneliness at one of the most beautiful places on this earth.*

There were a lot of couples around at most of the national parks we traveled to. I felt upset that I didn't have a woman to be with at these overwhelmingly beautiful locations. I tried to compensate my lack of female companionship by reminding myself that I do have a friend along who likes national parks and taking pictures as much as I do.

A passing woman's perfume teases my affections for her.

(Can you tell that I've been experiencing massive amounts of sexual repression on this vacation when all I see are young couples together.)

8-16-01 **"You Can Buy Cheap Gold in Utah"**

Bryce Canyon was **blue skies** and orange stalactite pillars.

Visiting a hybrid national park of the Grand Canyon, Sequoia, Vegas, Zion, Hoover Dam, and Bryce Canyon (manipulated in Photoshop and After Effects).

Steve, my belching friend and road companion, and I gave each other nicknames for our trip after the things we like to take pictures of: "Cloud Boy and the Sunset Kid".

After visiting the Grand Canyon North Rim, my metabolism plummeted and my tolerance for living on the road finally caught up with me. Without control, I became moody, irritable, and totally untalkative. Either it was too much traveling, music, or company; I couldn't bear living. For an hour, I was removed from life – *unwilling to feel*. I managed to take a short nap, which helped ease my fatigue. I still hadn't eaten a full meal since breakfast – just junk food from time to time. When my body tires and starts to physically collapse, my mind follows. My sanity breaks gradually if I don't find peace and quiet – comfort. My sense of isolation grows unbearable and I start to act "mad".

I witnessed Canyon Clitoris in Arizona. Of course, I took a picture to capture the vision so others would believe me... or at least see what I was seeing.

Steve and I rediscovered a kindred love for astronomy at a Flagstaff, Arizona Observatory where we took in a lecture and got a glimpse through a huge telescope pointed at a star cluster.

8-17-01 **"Write Your Love's Initials on a Mountain. (E.H. + N.T.)"**

You can take you and your generic girlfriend with you! I rebel against the ordinary beautiful women. She's too easy to look at and her personality is dull.

At the Grand Canyon's South End views, tourists from Amish country to Japan to New York to Germany swarmed around with cameras clicking. If I were by myself alone with the majesty of this place, I would have cried from its overpowering beauty.

Tens of thousands gathered at the South Rim of the Grand Canyon to watch the Grand Sunset.

8-18-01 **"The Niagara Falls in the Grand Canyon"**

Drove through L.A., Malibu, and Zuma on route to San Francisco. Besides the tense traffic, I enjoyed it all. My fears and uncertainties of California were, alas, premature. I just had never confronted them until now. California is just Florida with mountains and hills. Everything else is pretty much the same: palm trees, ocean, expensive houses, and shitty traffic.

Steve and I accidentally found a bohemian/ artist restaurant along the central California coast at Big Sur that served mostly vegan food. I wished aloud to Steve that if this type of place existed in Ft. Lauderdale, my woman problems would be over. This is where I'd find my friends and lovers. There was even an imperfectly beautiful woman eating by herself at a table next to ours. An artist's statement was also *framed* on the wall beside one of his paintings.

8-19-01 **"Pick a *Fantasy* – Enter Upon Click Selection"**

Steep cliffs and treacherous climbs, no air and stepping in goat shit along the way to the top.

Seeing Caleb in San Fran was a breath of fresh eccentric oxygen. After days of not having much to talk about with Steve, I was suddenly talkative and enthusiastic with the new company of an old friend. It was a wonderful meeting and a rejuvenation of my spirit.

I discovered the work of the artist de Koenig at SFMOMA. It was a revelation to me.

8-20-01 **"Running from America in America"**

Steve and I flew back to Florida from San Francisco, which ended up taking most of the day since it was a seven-hour flight and we lost three hours due to time change. Glad to be back home.

Feedback on "Trip Out West"

9-7-11:

Hello,

Nice work! I just finished watching one of your videos and have to admit I was pretty impressed.

As good as your vids are I was a bit perplexed that more people weren't watching them.

It really blows me away that some of the crap that's on here gets so popular, and then the truly good stuff like yours gets lost in the crowd.

Thank you so much for making something I actually enjoyed, it's so hard to find that on YouTube.

It's so weird that people seem to watch the same kind of garbage videos all the time. I mean just look at the most popular videos, when compared to yours they seem so stale.

I won't take up much more of your time. I just wanted to let you know that I used to have the same problem with low views until I stumbled upon,

tubechanneldoctor . com

It really is quite a genius little program. Basically they send you a ton of views to your v...

This was a nice email to get for my "Trip Out West" video. Then I read it carefully through and realized it was just another manipulative advertisement email to get you to pay for their website search engine. Lord.

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve: Additional Scenes, Alternate Angles, Extra Coverage" - (2001, 2011) - (56 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Blur Version) - (2001, 2011) - (5 min.)
Experimental Video Journal

Sped-up 1,500% with Stop-Motion Blur applied to the video. Audio is sped-up to 120% for a slightly sped-up feel to it.

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Experimental Version #1) - (2001, 2011) - (8 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Altered and animated color hues with extremely heavy reverb effects on the soundtrack.

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Experimental Version #2) - (2001, 2011) - (8 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Altered color hues with heavy reverb effects on the soundtrack.

"Trip Out West: The Adventures of Eric and Steve" (Trailer Version) - (2001, 2011) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

"Grand Canyon Sunset Meditation" - (2001, 2011) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Sunset meditation at the Grand Canyon.

Music: "Everloving" by Moby.

"California Coast Drive Daze" - (2001, 2011) - (6 min. 30 sec.) Experimental Video Journal

Driving along the California coast with music collage.

"Odds and Ends" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

- "Toy and Comic Book Show"** - (3 min. 30 sec.)
"The Wedding of Angie and Rich" - (4 min. 30 sec.)
"The Wedding of Angie and Rich" (Dazzler Version) - (4 min. 30 sec.)
"Fun with Effects" - (3 min.)
"The Flavor of the 2002 Ohio State Fair" - (11 min.)
"The Big Boo 2002" - (3 min.)
"CCAD: 2002" - (3 min.)
"The Ryan Treptow Files" - (3 min.)
"Try and Focus in the Voices" - (3 min. 30 sec.)
"Media Installation Exhibition" - (3 min.)
"A Simple Song" - (2 min.)
"Watch the Sunset" - (4 min.)
"Watch the Sunset – Fast!" - (20 sec.)
"Catnip Cocaine Kitty" - (6 min.)
"Pretty Priceless Video I Demos" - (29 min.)
"Video I Camera Demos 2010-11" - (3 min.)
"The Art Cars at Com Fest 2010" - (4 min.)

"Toy and Comic Book Show" - (2000/ 2010) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Milton, a former student of mine.

Thoughts from a Comic Book Convention

3-12-00: I went to a comic book/ toy convention yesterday and today at the nearby Veteran's Memorial, and found myself drifting into my fantasy world past. I saw Kenner Star Wars figures and other toys from the 80's that I used to play with. I felt gloriously young again. Unfortunately, everything there was so over-priced and the crowds were made up of sexually-repressed adult-child geeks and Goth outcasts. I felt a distance between them for I didn't see a place for them in this world besides here in their own fantasy world of discount comic book literature, Japanese anime, sci-fi toys, and soft porn. I bought a few tapes of the old 60's Batman TV series, which was like an Ed Wood film - so it's innovative in its campy badness that it's ridiculously entertaining. There's nothing more satisfying than Julie Newmar as Catwoman and Yvonne Craig as Batgirl.

"The Wedding of Angie and Rich" - (1999/ 2010) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video

Lisa's co-worker's 5-minute *wedding ceremony* held at a small fountain at Schiller Park.

6-18-10: And so Lisa and I went down to Schiller Park for the Actors' Theatre performance of "Treasure Island". But beforehand, we were witnesses to one of Lisa's co-worker's 5-minute *wedding ceremony* also held at the park. I videotaped the event for them.

"The Wedding of Angie and Rich" (Dazzler Version) - (2010) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video

Sparkly version of "The Wedding of Angie and Rich".

"Fun with Effects" - (2007/ 2010) - (3 min.) Experimental Video

Exactly what it says, while using footage from a green screen test from a spring 2007 Video II class.

"The Flavor of the 2002 Ohio State Fair" - (2002, 2010) - (11 min.) Video Journal

The Sky Rider.

Journal Exert

8-4-02: The Ohio State Fair on a pale blue sky day with MAXIMUM humidity was the best low-brow entertainment for the lower-middle class country folk can get. I mean what can you expect from free magic shows and stupid Elvis dog tricks? These memories are just antiques and collectibles.

About 90% of the people at the fair were not what I would call "beautiful people". These were folk who did not care about how they look. And believe it or not, I kind of respect that about them. It was amazing how most of the rural country women lost their body and their looks once they were older than twenty-five or thirty. It's a scary transformation considering how gorgeous these women probably were when they were teenage girls. I suppose these were women who have had children and/ or didn't have the money for plastic surgery. Still, I like them more for being real rather than looking that fake plastic surgery stretched-face look.

"The Big Boo 2002" - (2002, 2010) - (3 min.) Video Journal

"Michael Jackson"... Dancing Penis.

Journal Exert

10-25-02: I returned home from the 2002 CCAD alumni reunion and "The Big Boo" Halloween party at a downtown nightclub. Dressing up as Jack Skellington at the Halloween party was a hit with many of the students, which indeed pleased me deep inside. (Only at an art school would people appreciate such a Goth-friendly costume choice.) I only stayed at the nightclub for over an hour, took pictures, and said/ screamed "Hello!" to students or peers.

"CCAD: 2002" - (2002, 2010) - (3 min.) Video Journal

A true irony: a video of the video instructor... Memories... Using the computers as my render farm.

"The Ryan Treptow Files" - (2002, 2010) - (3 min.) Video Journal

Watch the dog lick its butt... Fall 2002... Out to lunch with Ryan and Jeremiah... "That's a nice death bloom there"... A Death Bloom Tree... Madison, a few months old.

"Try and Focus in the Voices" - (2002, 2010) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Experimental Video Art

A thousand different voices and mouths speaking at the same time. Can you focus?

"Media Installation Exhibition" - (2010) - (3 min.)

Michelle Lach's Media Installation class has an exhibition. Spring 2009.

“A Simple Song” - (2011) - (2 min.)

A simple improv playing a Russian harp.

“Watch the Sunset” - (2011) - (4 min.)

Watch the sunset in the dusk.
Music: “My Beautiful Blue Sky” by Moby.

“Watch the Sunset – Fast!” - (2011) - (20 sec.)

Watch the sunset in the dusk – in 20 seconds.
Music: “My Beautiful Blue Sky” by Moby.

“Catnip Cocaine Kitty” - (2011) - (6 min.)

Our cat Guinness going crazy for the catnip!

“Pretty Priceless Video I Demos” - (2010) - (29 min.)

Fall 2002... Testing and demoing the camera equipment for class... Video I class, Fall 2002... Video I class, Spring 2003... Video II class, Spring 2003... Video I class, Fall 2003... Beginner's in-camera class group project... Video I class, Spring 2004... Video II class, Spring 2004... Video I class, Fall 2004... Stealing your souls by videotaping them!... Video I class, Spring 2005... Video II class, Spring 2005... Video I class, Fall 2005... Video II class, Spring 2006.

“Video I Camera Demos 2010-11” - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

Demoing the new Canon HD cameras for our Video I classes.

“The Art Cars at Com Fest 2010” - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

Goodale Park, Columbus, Ohio.

“In a Sense/ Innocence” – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

“Reunion in the Rockies” - (36 min. 30 sec.)

“Ice Waterfall: Hayden Run Falls” - (3 min.)

“December 2009” - (15 min.)

“Spring 2010” - (11 min.)

“Wildlights 2009” - (18 min.)

“Wildlights 2009 (Alternate Version)” - (8 min.)

“Wild Light Rays 2009” - (6 min.)

“Schnormeier Gardens” - (6 min. 30 sec.)

"Reunion in the Rockies" - (2011) - (36 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

The Sights

Reunion in the Rockies... 7-15-10... Air Force Academy Chapel, Colorado Springs, Colorado... Garden of the Gods... Driving up Pikes Peak... View from the top of Pikes Peak... Colorado Springs... Prairie dogs outside our Denver hotel... 7-16-10... Red Rocks Amphitheater... Dinosaur Ridge... Coors Brewery in Golden, Colorado... Free beer samples afterwards!... Lookout Mountain... Denver, Colorado... Coors Brewery in Golden, Colorado... 7-17-10... Downtown Denver... Denver Art Museum (DAM)... Driving west through the Rocky Mountains... 2010 Twehues Family Reunion at Winter Park, Colorado... Baseball Theme Night... A prayer service... 7-18-10... Heading out to Rocky Mountain National Park... Lake Granby... Shadow Mountain Lake... Alpine Visitor Center... Adams Falls... *Rain, rain, go away*... 7-19-10... Family Reunion Group Photo... *Rain, rain, go away*... The sun reappears... Downtown Winter Park... "Fun & Games"... 7-20-10... Heading back to Rocky Mountain National Park... Lake Granby... Lava Cliffs... Tundra Communities Trailhead... Alluvial Fan... Chasm Falls... Old Fall River Road... Gigantic Rocky Mountain raindrops... Spontaneously coming across relatives stopped to see a moose... Grand Lake... Hummingbird haven... Clouds embracing the mountains... Videotaped and Edited by Eric Homan. Copyright 2011, Eric Homan... For Uncle Jack.

The Music

"Memory Gospel", "Whispering Wind", "Summer", "Spirit", "Flying Foxes", "Sunspot", and "The Sun Never Stops Setting" by Moby.

The Journals

7-15-10

Well, I should say today was a fairly successful day... though not without its bumps and near panic attacks. Lisa and I got up at 4 a.m. (yes we did) after only managing a few hours of actual sleep since I couldn't get to sleep. Dad dropped us off at the Dayton International Airport at 5:30 a.m. so we could make our flight at 6:30 a.m. Security had me throw out my can of expensive sunscreen, something they didn't do in Columbus or Seattle's airports. Odd. Still, the most important part of a trip if managing is to make your flight out on time. We ended up getting to Denver after three hours at 7:30 a.m. Mountain Time. We took a bus to the Avis car rental where we were cajoled into upgrading our car to an SUV for \$8 more a day. Lisa wasn't too sure about it. But since we were going to be driving in the mountains, it seemed like the smartest thing to do. Yet Lisa found it downright uncomfortable since she was the one driving. Though she's driven her parent's big tan van, she didn't know the controls too well with the SUV. One her first turn left, the windshield wipers turned on and she nearly had a panic attack right behind the wheel. Meanwhile, I'm trying to program our new GPS device, which we've never fully tested before. I even broke the spring for the suction cup within one minute of fiddling it. Then a small rock fell off a truck and smacked into the windshield and caused a small fracture. Lisa panicked and wondered if we should call the car rental place to report it before it gets any bigger. I thought she was overreacting. How hasn't had a rock hit and make a small mark on their windshield? So the first fifteen minutes of our "vacation" was a total nightmare. It was an anti-vacation that we were paying a lot of money for.

Things eased up as I found our bearings and made our planned trek down to Colorado Springs for the day. Lisa calmed down which helped me calm down. Our first destination was the Air Force Academy where we took a tour to their famous triangle-shaped Chapel. I had plenty of maps with me and I did a pretty good job navigating. Once we got to Colorado Springs itself, we ate lunch at a pretty great Thai restaurant and I bought me some more sunscreen (SPF 100!). Our next destination was Garden of the Gods, which was by far one of my favorite natural works landscapes I've seen in my life. The red rock slabs and towers reminded me of another planet. It was breathtaking and highly stirring to my imagination. Lisa and I got into a minor disagreement where she walked away from me when I got upset for nearly breaking the GPS that I forgot was in the camera bag. I get so agitated sometimes over having so much responsibility over these expensive items. I'm paranoid about dropping my digital photo camera and breaking it like I did in 2005. Or losing a video camera in a creek like I also did in 2005. (It was *not* a good year for me.) Still, we finished the hot walk in the sun and headed on for our final Colorado Springs destination: driving up Pikes Peak. It was a long 1½ hour drive up, and it cost \$12 per person. Once again, Lisa was freaking out (rightfully so) of driving up the mountain that didn't have guardrails that went along a drastically steep cliff. It was quite nerve raking. The other issue was how lightheaded I felt from going up to such a high

elevation of 14,100 feet. They call it elevation sickness. It's more like elevation dizziness. There was actually several occasions where I felt faint and had to sit down suddenly. I drank plenty of water, as advised, too. Yet the views from the top of the mountain were ultimately completely worthwhile and spectacular. And they had some great donuts at the top. The drive down wasn't nearly as stressful either.

The drive back to Denver ended up taking almost 2 hours because of rush hour traffic in Colorado Springs and Denver. I was also feeling extremely weak from a lack of sleep and a headache I've been wrestling with all day. We finally made it to the Drury Hotel where we had reservations and ended up meeting up with Tanya, Steve, and their boys in the main lobby having a free dinner snacks. We also had prairie dogs outside our hotel. So all in all, today was a success. We got to all three destinations we wanted to see in Colorado Springs and made it to our hotel by 6:30 p.m. Tomorrow, we explore downtown Denver. Now... I need rest.

7-16-10

Today was Day Two of Denver or Bust, aka Eric's Rerun Vacation. I wasn't sure if it could get more terrifying and stressful as yesterday. Sure enough, it did! Oh boy! Mainly, our pain was caused by driving around Denver and dealing with its extremely heavy and hectic traffic. Things started off "easily" enough when we joined up with Tanya, Steve, and their boys at breakfast at our hotel that we're both at. Our first destination was Red Rocks Amphitheater on the west end of Denver. I'd been there before, but it was still spectacular to visit and walk around while taking pictures. Then we trekked over to Dinosaur Ridge, which was only a mile or two away. Yet *just getting there* was so monumentally difficult with closed roads and confusing interstates. Even with maps, GPS, and printed directions, we still got a bit lost. Finally at the destination, we took a guided tour bus up the ridge that made several stops to point out the various fossils and dinosaur tracks. Having the nephews with us proved quite taxing since they get distracted and tired very quickly. They also have a tendency to talk while the tour guide was speaking. Our next destination was the Coors Brewery in Golden, Colorado. Lisa found it on our GPS and we set out to go there. Yet its directions kept taking us to the wrong way! I had an actual printed map in front of me and everything the GPS was saying wasn't making sense. Lisa was driving and only had seconds to make a decision before we crashed into something! It was utterly maddening and deeply frustrating. Lisa kept cursing and swearing up a storm as if she had a sudden case of Tourette's Syndrome. Eventually, I checked out the GPS and realized the destination was still set to go to Dinosaur Ridge, which explained why it kept wanting us to go backwards. How insane!! Eventually, we got the destination on the GPS properly programmed and we made it to the Brewery for the 40-minute tour. Yet I felt almost delirious from stress from how the GPS, a device used to help us get to where we needed to go, led us to get hopefully and frustratingly lost. At the end of the tour, we joined up with Lara and Eric and we had our three beer samples like Blue Moon. I got pretty intoxicated to say the least. We also hadn't eaten lunch, so the alcohol had more of an effect on us. Our final destination was going up Lookout Mountain to Buffalo Bill's Museum and Gravesite. It was another pretty amazing view from the top of the mountain and we both really enjoyed the museum. Lisa was getting pretty tired by the end as we drove down the mountainside with 1/8 of a tank of gas in our SUV. Finally, we made it to a gas station and got filled up. By this time, it was 4 p.m., which was the start of rush hour in Denver. We managed to make it onto interstate 70 heading east and the traffic was only marginally slow. Still, Lisa was acting nervous and didn't like driving in this traffic. She kept biting her fingernails. I kept trying to look out for traffic when we were changing lanes. Lisa didn't like me helping her with her driving because it made her even more anxious. Yet we got back to our hotel's exit by 4:45 p.m.

7-17-10

"Everyone Else Is Trying To Have a Good Time": Day Three (or is it Four or 18?). Lisa and I headed to downtown Denver this Saturday morning since it would be so much less busy than on a weekday. We managed to find a parking garage and walked around the capital building, the U.S. Mint, and their city park and fountains. Eventually we made it to the Denver Art Museum (bizarrely named DAM). Lisa didn't really want to go in since it would cost \$30 per person to see the King Tut exhibit. Yet I felt deeply about how necessary it is for us to take advantage of seeing this major, once-in-a-lifetime-to-see exhibit! We're on vacation, damn it! And we're standing right in front of the darn place just minutes before they open! So I simply told Lisa I'd pay for her and we went in. I'm glad we did since the 2,000 B.C. artifacts inside were such rare finds. I also remembered how King Tut's Tomb was known for being *cursed*. So this was pretty cool. It was incredible to see so many gold objects, statues, and Egyptian figures. After the exhibit, we took

in the rest of Denver Art Museum, which turned out to be *massively* large – about three times the size of the Columbus Art Museum. Denver’s Art Museum had a lot more contemporary art from the 20th Century, all of it really quite exciting and unique. We left the Museum right around noon and made our way to the 16th Street Mall where they had a free bus that took you around. Yet Lisa started complaining about being faint and tired, so we went to a McDonald’s filled with homeless and other scary inner city types. I really wanted to check out more of the city, yet Lisa looked terrible. She looked miserable also because of the heat. Yet she carried on. We got on the bus and took it up through the tourist-friendly downtown of Denver. We stopped off at Tattered Cover Bookstore and headed back on the bus to our parking spot. Oddly, they didn’t charge us for parking as we left. Then I had to guide Lisa out of downtown as carefully as I could – no easy task for either of us. Then we got onto the main highway out of there and headed west to our main destination of this trip: the Twehues Family Reunion at Winter Park, Colorado. It was a two-hour drive through the mountains, which Lisa did *not* enjoy. Meanwhile, I took pictures out the window. Unfortunately, it was mostly overcast. Still, it was an exciting drive along a river that seemingly cut through the Rocky Mountains. Eventually, we made it to Winter Park and Lisa looked like she needed 1,000 beers. We met up with Lara and Eric at the condo we were staying at. We were at an altitude of 12,000 feet above sea level. So once again, I was feeling light-headed. Lisa and I went out for groceries (aka Coors beer, what else?).

Later in the evening when we all gathered together for dinner, my aunt Lorna offered for Lisa and I to share their adjacent room to their condo that wasn’t being used. It only cost us \$107 for three nights as well. So instead of sleeping on a foldout couch in Lara’s condo along with Eric, Steve, Tanya, Ryan, Jonathan, and Isaac, we’d have a room to ourselves. So that made me feel a lot better about my chances with getting some sleep over the next three nights.

Then after dinner, Mark led a prayer service that was followed by announcements and some games. Then before going to bed, Lisa and I socialized nicely with Lorna and Jack back at their condo. It was something we’ve been meaning to do for quite some time. They realized how nice Lisa is and got to see me at a more loosened up state of mind. After having such a good time conversing with Jack and Lorna, I decided to invite them to join Lisa and I to our outing to Rocky Mountain National Park tomorrow. They’d never been there and we had extra room in our rented SUV. I can’t think of anything that would give me more pleasure than to share the gift of exploring a majestic National Park with Uncle Jack and Aunt Lorna, both nature lovers.

7-18-10

Uncle Jack and I ended up going together up to Rocky Mountain National Park. Aunt Lorna and Lisa bailed on us by going to some Sulfur Hot Springs with a group of Twehues relatives. I made sure to keep up conversation with Jack as we drove up the road. We both love nature, so it was ideal that we took advantage of this major National Park being only 45 minutes away. We got through about half of it from 10:15 a.m. when we left to 4:30 p.m. when we returned back. I took a huge number of pictures once again, and the weather was utterly wonderful. We had to go out today and seize this day since today is a planned “family reunion” day. There was only some rain clouds off to the east at the halfway point visitor center, which was fine since we had to head back anyways. We got to see a lot of elk and a moose on the drive as well. The one thing I really got from the journey from being around Jack was to *slow down* and appreciate nature. So many people speed and rush through these majestic natural parks. Jack simply drove through them slowly at 30 mph with the speed limit at 45. I didn’t say anything because I had no right to complain as a passenger. I was afraid of driving the SUV since the National Park would have been stimulation overload. I would have been crazy distracted! But Jack was right. One needs to slow down in order to take in nature.

7-19-10

I’ve kind of lost track of what day it is. I think it’s our third day of the reunion and today was more of a family day. First Lisa and I worked as part of the breakfast clean-up crew. Then we drove over to a site just north of Winter Park for the family reunion group photo. It rained at first before eventually clearing up. Holding a smile and trying not to blink for pictures for nearly an hour is far harder work than you think. Afterwards, Lisa and I walked around the downtown where we ate at independently-owned Cosmic Dog Burritos. A collective food coma followed before two hours of “games” with everyone at the reunion. As Mark Twehues put it, it’s not about winning – it’s about having fun. Thankfully they didn’t count score because the team I was on lost most of our games.

After dinner this evening, Lisa and I went to the pool to swim with my nephews Ryan and Jonathan. It was incredible how many childhood memories were evoked from the swimming pool experience. I felt like I was four-years-old again. The boys wanted to jump in the water over and over again with Lisa and I standing in the water nearby for them to “catch” them. They wanted to hang onto our backs as we swam from side to side. I was awestruck by their jubilant smiles on their faces. It was like the ultimate experience for them! They were utterly blown away by being in the water. I also sprung them up into the air as if they were shot out of a cannon. Jonathan really liked that sensation! And all the while, I felt like I was reliving my youth. Except now, I’m on the other side as the uncle taking care of the youth. Now that’s an odd experience and a sign that I’m simply getting older. I also observed how the boys were still learning how to swim. Gosh, I remember that feeling where the doggy-paddle is the best you can do. Yet you can still hold your own. Lara, Tanya, Steve, and several of my cousins took pictures of us playing with the boys. They’d never seen me so engaged with them before. And Lisa and I both enjoyed the experience quite a bit. After over an hour, Lisa and I were pooped. Incredibly, Ryan and Jonathan still wanted to keep swimming. But it was time to get out. I was surprised by how few adults got in the water. Most sit on the sidelines as their kids have all the fun. I had no problem getting wet and having some fun by reliving my childhood. It’s healthy!

7-20-10

After breakfast, Lisa and I drove up to Rocky Mountain National Park for a full day of exploring and hiking. We managed to get to the other side of the park, which was great. But we couldn’t make it all the way to Bear Lake since that would require another day of travel, or a stay in nearby Estes Park. Still, it was a successful travel day and I got 500 pictures taken and 50 minutes of video shot. We even got to see some moose on the way home. We also did some sights that I’d never seen before like the Tundra Communities Trailhead where we saw two dozen elk. One a one-way road going west, we saw Alluvial Fan, a giant waterfall, and Chasm Falls. The one-way road was unpaved and very narrow, which made Lisa have another near nervous breakdown due to the lack of guardrails. Still, it was a great day in the park. Not even some huge mountain rain coming down on our drive out soured the day. And even though Lisa initially didn’t want to go, we also took in Grand Lake’s wonderful western downtown filled with some really neat touristy stores that Lisa ended up enjoying.

I’m sort of glad that we’re coming home tomorrow. This has been such a busy time. I’m also thankful to have not gotten a headache today. Lisa thought I had gotten a severe rebound headache yesterday. The pain I went through last night was near unbearable.

After dinner at the reunion, we left to head back to Denver to stay at our reserved Motel 6 nearby the airport. Our flight is at 10:34 a.m. tomorrow, so we needed to be closer so we wouldn’t be late for our flight. Otherwise, it would cost \$300 to catch another flight.

7-21-10

Lisa and I finally got back to Columbus by 6 p.m. after a full day of traveling by air and road. We left our Motel 6 early this morning at 7:30 a.m. to drop off the SUV rental at the airport and get our bags checked in. Denver’s airport is ENORMOUS, so it was our good foresight to have gotten to the airport a full three hours before our plane departed. Just checking in, eating breakfast at Taco Bell at the airport, getting through security checkpoints, and speed-walking to our terminal took a full hour and a half. If we hadn’t left Winter Park last night, we probably would have missed our flight. Thankfully, our trip back was a direct flight that only took 2 1/2 hours back to Dayton where dad picked us up. He fixed me some reheated spaghetti since we needed to get back home and feed our cats (which Lisa desperately misses). I was feeling exhausted from all the traveling and not having any quiet “me” time. Thankfully, Lisa drove the remaining hour and a half back to Columbus. Then I spent the next three hours unpacking and get resituated. It was odd to lose two hours of the day, too.

Tags

twehues family reunion eric homan rocky mountain national park pikes peak

“Ice Waterfall: Hayden Run Falls” - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

Mini documentary life travelogue of visiting Hayden Run Falls in Dublin, Ohio in the winter when

the waterfall is iced over.

“December 2009” - (2011) - (15 min.) Video Journal

Woodland Lights, Centerville, Ohio... Christmas Day... Christmas with the Cats.

“Spring 2010” - (2011) - (11 min.) Video Journal

Workers putting in new flooring upstairs... Glacier Ridge Metro Park... Hayden Run Falls... Easter at Lara and Eric’s house.

“Wildlights 2009” - (2011) - (18 min.) Video Journal

Columbus Zoo Wildlights filmed in 1080p with a Canon XL-H1 in Dec. 2009.

“Wildlights 2009 (Alternate Version)” - (2011) - (8 min.) Video Journal

Columbus Zoo Wildlights filmed in SD in Nov. 2009.

“Wild Light Rays 2009” - (2011) - (6 min.) Video Journal

Columbus Zoo Wildlights filmed in SD in Nov. 2009.

“Schnormeier Gardens” - (2011) - (6 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

August 2009: CCAD Media Arts faculty ventured to Schnormeier Gardens for a group retreat. During a break, we explored the Japanese Gardens... Statue of Ted & Ann Schnormeier... Outside Gambier, Ohio... Later on, at Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio... Peace, harmony, serenity.

Videotaped and Edited by Eric Homan.

Music: “Suite from ‘Swan Lake’” by Peter Tchaikovsky.

Journal Entry

8-17-09: Today was our second day of our Media Studies retreat, only this time we departed for Gambier, Ohio, some 50 miles northeast of Columbus at 10:30 a.m. Like a fool, I got lost, twice, with the first time missing the first exit and having to drive 14 minutes to the next exit to turn around. Yet the important thing was that I left early so I could afford to make those mistakes, major and minor. I made it to our location by 10:15 a.m., right behind Duncan. Charlotte and Michelle got there at 11:15 a.m. since they really got lost. It was more informal at the beginning by talking just about how our summer had gone and what interesting things we had done. Kon really made me laugh by saying out loud that he had discovered “Charlize Theron”. Then we got to do something quite fun and artistic: explore the Schnormeier Gardens that we were at. Its Japanese Gardens in the middle of Ohio were a place of great surreal beauty. They just let all of us faculty go out, take pictures and video, and capture the property. It was a contradictory situation to have 12 photographers go out into the same gardens because we were practically getting in line to take the same pictures of the same shots and compositions. Oh look! A swan on a lake! Eventually the best way to take pictures was to split apart and go off on your own. And that’s pretty much what we ultimately did. Otherwise, what’s the point? Where’s the personal point of view? I must have taken over 200 pictures in the hour and a half we were out there. Unfortunately, it was 90 degrees outside with high humidity and sun. My shirt was 65% soaked with sweat, so I had to change shirts when I got back to the visitor’s center where we were congregating for lunch and then an afternoon mini-group session to go over our Media Studies Mission Statement. My group partners were Kon and Tom, so we had fun together. Then by 4 p.m. we got

to go to our hotel, the Kenyon Inn, in delightful downtown Gambier, a small college town that is the home of Kenyon College. We had a rather expensive and lavish dinner together at the hotel's restaurant, complete with bottles of wine. The alcohol helped lubricate conversation with my colleagues in a way we hadn't had before. We mostly talked about movies, an area of expertise for me that enables me to easily converse.

"Memory/ Dreaming" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Winter in HD: 2009-2010" - (18 min.)

"Doo Dah Parade 2009" - (5 min.)

"Doo Dah Parade 2010" - (15 min.)

"Hilliard's 2010 4th of July Fireworks at the Franklin County Fairgrounds" - (15 min.)

"Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2009: The Costume Contest" - (12 min. 30 sec.)

"Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2010: The Costume Contest" - (14 min.)

"Small Town Americana on Parade" - (13 min.)

"Alum Creek Fantasy of Lights 2010" - (10 min.)

"Winter in HD: 2009-2010" - (2011) - (18 min.) Video Journal

Test shooting with the Canon HL-XL HD video camera for the first time during my winter break of 2009-2010.

"Doo Dah Parade 2009" - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Short North, Columbus, Ohio... Art Cars... Captain Ohio.

Journal Entry

7-4-09: Did the Doo Dah Parade at 1 p.m. Loud Liberals and Colorful Old Hippies on Parade on the 4th of July through the Short North of Columbus, Ohio! Teenagers in fishnets, female *and* male! Free pirate hugs! And a cameo appearance by Captain Ohio (Scott Crawford)!

"Doo Dah Parade 2010" - (2011) - (15 min.) Video Journal

Short North, Columbus, Ohio... Art Cars... Captain Ohio and Spider-Man.

Journal Entry

7-4-10: Lisa, Tom, Don, and I ventured down to the Short North of Columbus for another round of the Doo Dah Parade for this 4th of July. The parade was as fun as it's always been with a surreal mix of political humor, fishnet-wearing roller girls, "Marching Fidels", costumed comic book heroes and villains, and zombies. The event and an after-party celebrate liberty and lunacy on the Fourth of July with wacky costumes and plenty of jabs at political figures and controversial issues. Yet it was rather difficult for me to capture so much action while both taking photos and shooting HD video.

"Hilliard's 2010 4th of July Fireworks at the Franklin County Fairgrounds" - (2011) - (15 min.) Video Journal

Journal Entry

7-4-10: Then later this evening, Tom, Lisa, and I went over to Hilliard's fireworks at the Franklin County Fairgrounds. Their fireworks were a bit more intimate with them going over *right above us*. So it was a pretty neat vantage point and all. I had a bit of a headache, though, which made things a bit difficult

for me. No amount of Excedrin or painkillers got rid of it. Meanwhile in NYC, JFK Airport's Terminal 1 was evacuated because of a bomb scare. Happy 4th of July!!

“Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2009” - (2011) - (12 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

10-3-09

It was 2009 Mid-Ohio Comic Con day at the Columbus Convention Center. Like years previous, the experience - yes, *experience* - was all over the place. This time I made it to the convention center *early* (with no dead car battery this year) by 9:23 a.m. and yet there was still a line of *hundreds*. Once inside at 10:03 a.m., I made it to my favorite dealer, Jon, who had a box of new \$1 comics for me to *suck up*. You just can't beat buying these new books for such a reduction from their cover price of \$2.99, \$3.99, and \$4.99. And I got some very good comics! I was *extremely* focused on not getting any doubles and searching obsessively through various other dealer tables for their long boxes of new comics reduced to a dollar (no tax either). It makes up for the \$18 to get into this convention as well as the \$8 for parking. And the deals just kept coming. I stalked out some 25-cent comic book dealers that had dozens of long boxes on under their booths. Therefore, I had to bend down to go through them for over an hour while fanboys looked through comics over me at the comics on the tables. Not only is this physically and mentally exhausting, it's extremely frustrating. I'm checking my comic book collection list that is in extremely small type while overweight comic book fanatics are standing over and around me! It's quite stressful and I have to move quickly. As I bought hundreds of comics, I also had to deal with another type of distraction: the young women dressed up in spandex as superheroes around me. I especially like the Baroness (in a black skintight jumpsuit) and Poison Ivy (green clad and shoeless in bright green opaque tights). It's just *so* sexy to see women dress up as comic book super heroines. It's my childhood fantasies come to life all around me. Not only was I dizzy from searching through tens of thousands of comics, I was feeling rather horny for being in the proximity of so many sexy living comic book characters strolling nearby me. I could tell several of the other comic book guys liked it, too! Comic book conventions are like our version of a strip club mixed with Halloween! It's awesome! What great entertainment!!

There was an incredibly dark, depressing, and sad aspect to getting these great comic book deals. Someone of these dealers are struggling so badly through this recession and are so poor that they have to *dump* their comic book collections in order to make ends meet. And I'm here to harvest the benefits of someone else's suffering. Anyways I overheard a few stories like this throughout the day.

And for the first time, I stayed for the *entire* day until 6 p.m. This was quite special for two reasons. First, the dealers started marking down their prices to ridiculous rates. One dealer who I hadn't gotten to yet, had a table of six long comics of dollar comics. Suddenly, he marked them down to... *5 for a \$1!!* I had to rush to get through them all before the big finale of the day began: The Costume Show. I had never attended this before, so I was really excited to check it out. Usually, I'm too tired to stay for the full day. Yet here were these two big benefits: super discounted comics for 20-cents and women in spandex costumes wearing masks. This was certainly worth the \$18 I spent to get in. Ha! The Kids' costume contest was also very cute. I loved the little boy dressed up and acting like Wolverine. It made me want to have kids. That's great!

Yet the most bizarre thing about seeing women dressed in skintight costumes is that you almost want to keep their identity a mystery. You don't want to know who they are. If you do, it ruins the secrecy about them. A fundamental element of super heroes is that they have a secret identity. If everyone knew who you were, there would be no clandestine nature to them. And that very *mysteriousness* is what makes them *sexy*. Otherwise, she's regular old "Jennifer" dressed as Poison Ivy. If I don't know who she is, it's "*Pamela Ivy*" as Poison Ivy. The fantasy nature is essential to the disguise. It must be retained so the appeal is continued. Otherwise, the "reality" of the real person dims away the flight of fantasy.

“Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2010: The Costume Contest” - (2011) - (14 min.) Video Journal

“Keip em!” (“Pick me!”)

11-6-10

Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2010 Day here in Columbus, Ohio at the downtown convention center. And

my God, these things are wearing me down to the point of collapse. I had gotten to the convention center by 9 a.m. so I could park at the convention center parking lot for \$7. Then I waited in line for an hour with 500 other early riser attendees. I was constantly sorting through comics from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. straight through. All I ate for lunch were some dry-roasted peanuts I had in the car. I was standing for the entire day without break. I didn't get to drink much water. The women in costume didn't "excite" me as much as they used to. Maybe it's because I know they're just ordinary women underneath. They're not magical like they are on the comic book page. It was fun to see the kids dressed up though as superheroes. There was a lot of joy in seeing little Wolverine. I did end up buying a crazy amount of books (mostly new books for a \$1 a book). Mid-Ohio Con really is where I buy most of my books for the year to read. I must have spent close to \$300 today. I even had to go to the car to get more cash out of the trunk. Crazy. Carrying all those comics to my car was an endurance test to see how much I could really carry - and for how long. I made it to my car (a five minute walk). Yet my arms ended up feeling like two lead pipes, dead-heavy tired for the rest of the day. And then I had to carry around 35 pounds of comics in three double-bagged plastic bags filled to capacity. I'm getting too old for this type of manic comic book collecting. I felt a weird sensation of exhilaration and exhaustion from how many comic book deals I was getting. I loved what I was finding, yet I also knew Lisa wouldn't like. I sort of felt like a fifteen-year binge-drinker at a mega-convention for endorsing and promoting alcoholism. This really is a type of a disease. This is where we, the comic book nerds of America, blow our money. Some people spend their money on hookers, OSU football games, or at the bar. I spend it on massive amounts of discounted comics.

The Mid-Ohio Con is getting to be a rather routine event now for me. I'm recognizing some of the regulars and collectors that are always there. Once again, I stayed for the costume contest where I got there early at 4:30 p.m. for a good spot (though I did have to butt my way through for that upper row spot). The contest started at 5 p.m. to 6 p.m. By that early evening point, my body was screaming at me for mercy and to take it home for some food - any food! I did get to upgrade my badge from one-day to weekend since I'm a CCAD faculty member. Yet I don't think I have the energy or will to go back down again tomorrow. I'm exhausted. I'm through.

Some disarming sites I beheld and encountered: one dealer was selling off his brother's entire comic book collection for 25-cents a book, which included some very early and late 70's Incredible Hulk and Captain America books. It was one of those cases where if I had gotten to this booth a half an hour later, the books would have been pulled already by another. It was this type of rabid behavior that characterized the entire day: that urgency to find and snatch the best deals. All the while, I manically looking through my comic book collection sheet like a madman to make sure I'm not pulling out any doubles. (I still pull about 6 by the end of the day.)

Also, I have to wonder about the women that dress up for these comic book events. Are they an exhibitionist personality type? They seem to "crave" being photographed by twenty-something-to-fifty-something single men with their cameras. One 30-year-old brunette dressed as Zatanna (complete in fishnets and heels) asked me if I wanted to get a better shot of her as I had gotten a wide-shot of her surrounded by convention goers and booths while I was getting wide-shots of the entire convention area. I didn't really want a *close-up* shot since that would make me feel "weird" and leery. Yet I won't deny that I wouldn't *mind* having one anyways. I just feel awkward about going around to the costumed female convention goers and asking for their photos. But at this moment, all I wanted a wide-shot of someone dressed up mixed with the "normal-dressed" convention goers. I felt rather conflicted about acting like a stereotypical leering comic book geek with a camera at a comic book convention. All in all, there is still something *deeply* weird and ridiculous about hundreds of single comic book geeks treating these costumed women as if they were Goddesses. Their self-esteem must be pretty out of whack after a weekend like this.

11-7-10: Last night I was so emotionally and physically exhausted that I told Lisa I wasn't going to go back downtown to the Mid-Ohio Comic Con tomorrow. I felt I had overspent my money and bought too much. I came home with three boxes of comics that I don't really have a place for. It was just getting ridiculous. I just didn't feel all that well at all.

Yet I woke up this morning after a rough night of half-sleep and a headache that kept me up feeling a bit better. Lisa wanted to go out shopping at the Jeffersonville Outlet Mall with Don and Tom. So rather than be home by myself all day, I decided to go back to the Comic Con after all. There was a few booths I hadn't fully gone through their inventory yet of 25 cent books. So I figured I wouldn't spend too much. And at least if I got to downtown by 9:20 a.m., I'd be able to find some free metered parking since it's Sunday. So that at least saves me \$7 in convention parking right there. And there was the curiosity of

seeing what costumes people might be dressed up as today as opposed to yesterday. After all, I had a weekend pass and I might as well use this extra free day that I got since I'm CCAD faculty.

When I finally made it to the convention hall at 9:30 a.m., I wanted the day to go *differently* than yesterday where it was full-on comic book browsing/collecting *work* for eight straight hours until I was ready to collapse from exhaustion. Yet today was borderline *cathartic* in *s l o w i n g* down and at least casually starting a conversation with some of the people at the comic con that I've seen. I've been so guilty over the past few years of seeing the same people, but not striking up a conversation with them. And it's been so wrong because I do yearn for someone to talk with about comics since Lisa's not all that interested in this particular subculture. Since I had a half-hour wait before the doors opening, I walked up to the two twin brunette teenager girls that I almost always see at the Lancaster 25-cent book sale. As an opening conversation question, I asked if the Lancaster sale was next week. After that I just casually and calmly talked with them where they were from (they drove *two hours* here and back yesterday and today since they live 30 miles south of Athens, Ohio). We chatted about what type of books we collect and our comic book collecting hobbies. I have to admit that if I were to die, I think I want to put in my will that these two girls inherit my comic book collection. I dearly wish for it to go to someone who can *appreciate* it. It was nice just to make a social connection with two "strangers" that I've seen around and always wondered about them. Let's face it, the comic book collecting community, though somewhat large, are full of outcasts with moderate to best social skills (myself included) that need someone to talk to and relate with. It's important to our collective self-esteem. Once inside the convention on the second day, I noticed several dealers had massive second day sales. \$1 books were now going for 50 cents. I spent about an hour at a booth with twenty boxes with books for 3 for \$1. I also picked up a huge number of "Conan Saga" magazines that were reduced down to a mere quarter a book. The atmosphere was different at the comic con today since it was more die-hards around with some people who couldn't make it to the show yesterday. There was a few notable women in costume there: two were dressed as "Slave Leia" (a comic book/fantasy convention favorite to 100% of heterosexual males there), a purple spandex-clad Catwoman, Rogue, Jubilee, and another Zatanna. So I couldn't help but feel kind of good about hanging with two girls dressed as Slave Leia and Catwoman on a Sunday afternoon in downtown Columbus, Ohio. During my last hour there at the comic con, I managed to walk up to Uko (pronounced U-ko) Smith, who teaches the Comic Book Illustration class at CCAD. At his booth, I introduced myself and had a nice conversation with him. I'm trying to outreach to others who have a similar interest rather than keeping to myself. I even walked up to Scott Crawford and had a polite chat with him as well. It's good to stay in contact with them comic book acquaintances. After all, we're all part of the same comic book community. I was looser today now that I wasn't too utterly focused with grabbing the best new books at over a dozen different dealer tables. Today I could relax, go slower, and socialize.

Yet the biggest, most welcome surprise of the day was running into Jeff Kemeter, one of my former classmates from my CCAD student days. He was walking with his wife and I wasn't sure if it was him or not. He ended up recognizing me and asked me, "Eric?" I replied back, "Hey, is it Jeff? Right?" It was Jeff. I wasn't for certain if it was him. Thank goodness he noticed me (even though I don't have my red hair like I used to). We got to talking and shared our stories of where we were at now and what we've been doing. Ironically, it was with Jeff and his roommate Verridi that I went to my first Mid-Ohio Con with in late November 1996 (just a couple of months after my mother had died). Jeff was interested in talking a Web Design class at CCAD, so I mentioned the continuing education office. We exchanged emails and suddenly I was reunited with my CCAD student past that I thought I had lost once I moved away to Florida in 1998. See, Jeff thought I was still in Florida or somewhere. He's currently living in Bexley now. It was so weird and funny to see him at the Mid-Ohio Con, the very place where we went to *14 years ago*.

So that was my day. It turned out a lot better than I had expected it to be. And I'm glad for it. Instead of it being a waste of time or a descent into too much escapism, it proved to be a healthy social occasion.

"Small Town Americana on Parade" - (2011) - (13 min.) Video Journal

Canal Winchester, Ohio Labor Day Parade 2009.

9-7-09

This Labor Day, Lisa and I journeyed to Canal Winchester at 11:10 a.m. to one of her coworker's

daughter's 1st birthday party. They also had the town Labor Day parade go on at 1 p.m. for an hour, which was great fun to take in and photograph. By the time we left at 3:30 p.m., we were both pretty wiped out. Three beers can do that to ya.

"Alum Creek Fantasy of Lights 2010" - (2011) - (10 min.) Video Journal

The Music

The Nutcracker, Op. 71: "Act 1: In the Pine Forest", "Act 1: Waltz of the Snowflakes" by Peter Tchaikovsky.

"Half-Dreams" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Dublin, Ohio's 2010 4th of July Fireworks" - (17 min.)

"Myrtle Beach and Charleston, South Carolina" - (13 min.)

"Columbus Zoo - May 2009" - (14 min.)

"Great Wolf Lodge '09" - (8 min.)

"2009 Ohio State Fair" - (25 min. 30 sec.)

"2009 Homan Family Reunion" - (7 min. 30 sec.)

"Reverse World at the 2009 Homan Family Reunion" - (5 min.)

"4th Friday in Westerville, Ohio" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Christmas 2008" - (8 min.)

"Dublin, Ohio's 2010 4th of July Fireworks" - (2011) - (17 min.) Video Journal

Shot with a Panasonic HD camera.

7-3-10: I went out/ tagged along with Ulf and his wife Donna to the Dublin 4th of July celebration at Dublin Coffman High School. The main attraction was seeing Kenny Loggins perform live with his band for free starting at 8 p.m. Ulf wanted to leave early so we'd get a good parking spot, so we left at 4:30 p.m. So that meant a lot of waiting for the time to pass by in the 86-degree July heat and sun. (Thank God for my "desert hat", as people call it.) It was still good people-watching. And the fireworks were really quite nice. It was a nice change from past 4th of July celebrations around Columbus. I've always wanted to go to the Dublin fireworks. Finally tonight, I did. And I did it my way. (Lisa went to her co-worker's party gathering.) So I had a nice neighborly day.

"Myrtle Beach and Charleston, South Carolina" - (2011) - (13 min.) Video Journal

May 2009... Myrtle Beach, SC... Ripley's Believe or Not! Odditorium... The self-farting Men's Room... Brookgreen Gardens... Charleston, South Carolina... Our ferry ride to Ft. Sumter, the historical fort that started the Civil War... Ft. Sumter... Downtown Charleston.

5-17-09

Thankfully, I did fall asleep, probably by 1:30 p.m. or so. And Lisa and I woke up around 8:30 p.m. So we got a little sleep in. Lisa's back was still sore after having a spasm during the night.

We had about four and a half more hours of driving today until we got to Myrtle Beach by 2 p.m. The hardest part of the trip is just *finding* the hotel, getting registered, and moving our luggage into our room. Lisa was getting snappier, vulgar, and more nervous with so many young children running around with their parents not looking after them as we drove around trying to find a place to park. It made me realize how exhausting and draining just going on vacations can be. You're mostly lost because you don't know where to go and you don't know the environment. It's exciting, stimulating, but also extremely

overwhelming and awkward. You're stuck in a world of strangers. This was Lisa's first time seeing the ocean... and tasting a mouthful of salt water when we got wet in the ocean up to our waists. It was nice to have the waves crash against us. Then we drifted around on one of the lazy rivers where you float around on inner tubes while the current takes you around. Then a storm front moved in. We have a very nice hotel room on the sixth floor at the Compass Cove hotel resort that is \$79 a night.

Later, we went out for dinner at a nice local place called River City that had a funny grungy feeling with peanuts on the floor, writing on the walls, and soap in a ketchup holder in the restroom. Then we drove up to Broadway at the Beach, mall touristy area. Lisa really dug the Cat Store.

5-18-09

Our Monday schedule: breakfast buffet at Grandma's Place, Ripley's Believe or Not! Odditorium, drive up to check out North Myrtle Beach, two rounds of miniature golf on Mt. Atlanticus, indoor swim pool hop, Hard Rock Café pyramid, walk around Broadway at the Beach shopping plaza, visit Tangier Outlet Mall, walk along the beach at dusk.

"Yeah, we just got back from Myrtle Beach. It went by so fast it was over while we were already there."

Myrtle Beach is really partially a true White Trash Paradise. It was sad yesterday to see a white trashy looking 27-year-old woman smoking a cigarette in the bar while looking miserable as it started to rain on her vacation. She probably saved up for a long time just to take this trip. There's also a lot of crying children everywhere you go. Every block has fried seafood buffets for \$25 a person (or \$21 with a \$4 off coupon). It's ridiculous. Some of the less expensive buffets feature mostly left-over and lukewarm food items. You pretty much pay for what you get here. The miniature golf courses are artificial amusement kingdoms. This overly commercialized landscape is a trying pursuit of fun and happiness.

The gray weather here has been a mixed blessing – a proverbial double-edge sword. It sucks that it rained a little bit and that it was chilly enough today for us to have to wear jeans rather than shorts. But it isn't zoo-y tourist congestion either. If it was, I'd really be having a lousy time. The traffic really hasn't been bad. We even got into the Hard Rock Café with absolutely no problem. Tanya said they had an hour+ wait when they went. Lisa and I even had the outside lazy river all to ourselves this afternoon. So in a weird way, it's been a blessing to come here in the off-season. Would you rather have perfect blue skies weather and being stuck in a car in traffic for hours when all you want to do is go to dinner? Or would you have rather a gray sky overhead with an ocean wind with few tourists around?

5-19-09

The Art Garden where van Gogh grew his masterpiece paintings in the south of France.

This morning we drove down to Brookgreen Gardens to stroll through their amazing property of regional trees and an incredibly assortment of statues designed throughout the walkways. The massive Oak trees with their huge moss-drenched branches were the real stars for me. The property was once a slave plantation that grew rice crop, so there were several walkway lessons about slave life. We also took a boat ride down the canals and rivers of the property where we saw some alligators.

5-20-09

Today was almost the day Lisa and I drove back to Columbus a day early. Lisa misses her cats. And I was still a little sick from yesterday evening's nausea. But it felt like a cheat to leave without seeing Charleston. We didn't quite have a plan about what exactly to see there besides Ft. Sumter, the historical fort that started the Civil War. It was a 2-¼ hour excursion complete ferry ride. It was very, very windy, which left me holding onto my hat and camera bag for dear life. Once back, we parked at a very pricey parking garage (a dollar per half hour!) and walked the gorgeous streets of historic Charleston. I must say that it was one of the most interesting cities I've ever been to. Lisa and I loved its many churches with century's old cemeteries next to them. Several of the buildings even had gas lamps. It was like seeing 1850 with automobiles and horse-drawn carriages filled with tourists. By 5 p.m. we were back on the road and drove until 10 p.m. to stay at a Motel 8 (\$59!!). I didn't care about the higher than normal price for such an economy hotel after having stayed at such a crap one at the beginning of our vacation. I wanted to drive until 6 a.m. and not have to pay for the hotel. But that's just not realistic. Driving through the night can get pretty monotonous and stupid. I've done it once before. Never again.

5-21-09

Lisa and I finally arrived back in Columbus – our home – around 3:40 p.m. safe and sound. I was as happy to come back home in the end of our vacation as I was *excited* with leaving home when we started our vacations. But that’s pretty much how vacations go. After two days on the road, you get pretty sick, physically and mentally, of it. I was ready to just poke around home instead of having to constantly be rushing around *doing stuff*. A vacation should be about relaxing, not rushing around trying to do as much as one can because we’re being charged by the half hour in parking and our hotel fee is so much money. There’s no way to fully relax. Now, at home, I can unpack and get back to “normal”. I never thought I’d love that word so much.

“Columbus Zoo - May 2009” - (2011) - (14 min.) Video Journal

Meet the Animals... Gibbon cries... The people of the zoo.

5-24-09: After spending a night and today with Tanya, Steve, Ryan, and Jonathan, Lisa and I were wondering if we really wanted children. We were woken up at midnight with Jonathan crying. Then when we woke up, we found Steve in a rocking chair trying to get Jonathan to sleep. He’d been doing this *all night long*. So Steve wasn’t even sure if he’d be able to make it through today at the Columbus Zoo. It didn’t rain on us, though it was quite HUMID, even though it was only in the lower 80’s. We walked around at a much slower pace than Lisa and I usually do when at the Zoo. And since it was Memorial Day weekend, the zoo got rather busy rather quickly.

“Great Wolf Lodge '09” - (2011) - (8 min.) Video Journal

Mason, Ohio... Fireworks over King’s Island.

7-16-09: To my great pleasure, the Great Wolf Lodge was a lot more fun than I had imagined it would be. Tanya, Ryan, Jonathan, and I arrived around 3:30 p.m. first, checked in, and spent an hour and a half at the outdoors pool and a few larger indoor water slides. I imagined that this place would be a lot more of a kids/ family place (which it certainly is), but the creatively designed water slides, pools, fountains, and playgrounds brought out the inner child and kid in me. I had a huge grin on my face racing down one of the water slides in an inflatable inner tube through a glowing orange tunnel. It was like being transported first-person into the water slide sequence from “The Goonies”. I loved it! There was a time when I pondered on a career in designing water amusement parks like this. I also got to play the role of uncle to a much greater extent than usual with my two young nephews, which I actually enjoyed when they weren’t misbehaving. The irony of it all was that I nearly didn’t come down for this mini-vacation since Lisa couldn’t make it because of her two jobs. And I missed her not being here – it’s the missing component to make it a complete experience. Yet I also needed to get out of the house and “take a vacation”. Staying home all the time all summer long is like taking an “anti-vacation”. I’m just glad I took the initiative to get out and enjoy myself. It was the right thing to do. To be a kid again while sharing the experience through my nephews’ eyes was a true delight!

7-17-09: Sleeping overnight, I woke up every 45 minutes while tossing and turning probably over 20 times. I slept on a fold-out bed made more comfortable with comforter cushions.

The rest of the morning and a little into the afternoon, we went back to the water park and rode the rides all over again. It was pretty fun to mix it up with my brothers in law Steve and Eric by riding giant water tubes together.

“2009 Ohio State Fair” - (2011) - (25 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

7-31-09: Today was the 2009 Ohio State Fair for me, Tanya, Steve, Ryan, and Jonathan. If I can ever name one place that would be ideal for people-watching in a ridiculous melting pot of Ohio – *it would certainly be here*. Nowhere else would you see so many diverse and conflicting groups of people mix together. During the day it is a white rural family world. You can tell not just based on the color of people’s

skin, but on their out-of-fashion appearance. These are the people from the farms and out of town that don't care about their appearance – and it really shows. They're skinny and not like anyone else that I have ever seen living in the vicinity of Columbus. They'd be laughed out of the city. They know more agriculture and farm animals than they do people. To them, Hollywood and culture in general is a million miles away. They're simple people – and this is where they come to have fun and be represented – at the Ohio State Fair. They're also here to mix and see what other types of people actually look like. Yet as the day goes along, you start to notice more odd groups/ cliques roaming the miles of fair grounds in packs. There's the Goths with their piercings and tattoos. You've got the poorer inner city African-Americans that typically walk in after 6 p.m. to get in at the discount price and to ride the Midway rides. They walk around with a cocky swagger of not giving a fuck what people think of them. I even saw one young black teenage male holding up his overly baggy pants by his crotch as he walked by. I questioned how anyone in their right mind was supposed to respect him by looking so ridiculous and retarded, though in his mind he was "hip". There were other African-American teenage girls that were dressed as if they were ready to get pregnant this evening. That was depressing to witness and contemplate. Just another black girl who's going to live off of welfare... I did hold the door open for a couple of nicer-looking, hard-working middle-aged African-American couples. One even shook my hand in gratitude and appreciation. He was pushing his wife who was in a wheel chair, so it seemed like the thing to do.

As we walked around the fair through the 83Degree partly sunny day, I couldn't help but notice (and covertly take photos of) the various people I spotted. I wanted to show Lisa that she is not even close to being "fat". All you have to do is hang out at the fair and watch some country-folk walk on by. These were some seriously obese people hording and gorging down greasy fair food. (I won't deny that my favorite thing about the Ohio State Fair is the mixture of food flavors that carry in the air in certain avenues of the fair. But at least I don't get the 50,000 calories!) I noticed the white trash country element was present in full force. After all, this was their Disneyland here in the heart of Ohio. And boy some of them were not pretty-looking people. Once again, these were people that don't care much about how they look or keeping up with modern fashion trends (which also makes them fascinating and somewhat cool to me). You turn on TV and see so many "perfect" looking people – men and women. Here at the state fair, you see what people *really* look like. There's no Botox being used here! Now in their thirties and forties, many of them have the same hair styles they had when they were still in high school. The people that come to the state fair, for the most part, are not ones that make a lot of money. For most of them, this is their one trip to the big city for the entire year. They spend seven days a week working on the farm. And amongst these rural types you get a good mixture of suburban Columbus white families. I even spotted a few Muslim families. But all in all, the main entertainment was log riding, log chain-sawing, and fishing with your kids.

And among all these white-bread country-folk Republicans were the gay men and lesbian couples walking around hand-in-hand not caring a bit how much people stared. Nothing like a little Columbus culture shock in the middle of a state fair. That's certainly something country people aren't used to seeing! And some conservative families don't appreciate having their children exposed to why two women were holding hands and kissing. Oh, the confusion at such a young, impressible age!

Yet for me, this was all a nostalgic trip. My family used to go to the state fair every year because my sisters were involved with 4-H. One tradition that we always enjoyed that carried over big-time this year was the *free stuff*. My God, did we score!!! They gave out free samples of hamburger and bratwurst on toothpicks so we could sample different types of barbecue sauce. We got free samples of Honeycombs and Honey Bunches of Oaks cereal packets, Vault cola, and most of all, M & M ice cream sandwiches (for which I had four throughout the day). I didn't even buy any fair food (besides two packs of candy cigarettes for 99 cents) all day long! The free samples paid for the admission price of \$6. I did pay for Ryan and I to go on the (relatively) "big" yellow slide twice for \$8. Shoot, it's still such fun! I can't deny it. We walked around from the time we go there at 10:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. Now that was a very long fair day. And we pretty much took in most of the fair. I also took a lot of video and over 450 photos! My camera battery nearly died on me! I was really hurting by the end of the day because my underwear was chaffing me. On the way home, I stopped at a McDonald's on upper Sawmill Rd. to use my remaining free 1/3 pounder Angus burger coupon. I am so obsessed with coupons and freebies. That was the theme of today... and my life.

And regarding "funny-looking" people at the fair, I was the guy with the weird large green army hat on. The young black guy working at the sky lift mentioned to me that I looked like I was ready for a mission or something. Hey, it's either wear the hat or get skin cancer from getting burned all day from the sun.

"2009 Homan Family Reunion" - (2011) - (7 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Outside New Knoxville, Ohio... A return to my hometown of Coldwater... Windy Point off of Grand Lake St. Mary's.

7-26-09: Today was the day of the Homan Family Reunion in New Knoxville. And so the Homan Reunion went by well, though not too many of my cousins from my age group were there. Lisa and I left a little early around 3:20 p.m., which was nice since we had pretty much talked to everyone we wanted to. On a spontaneous note, I decided to drive on over to Coldwater since it was only 25 minutes away. Lisa had also never been there before. Our first stop was at my mother's grave. Then we stopped at Holy Trinity Church before driving around the town at 20 miles an hour while taking pictures out the window as I drove. It's amazing how little has changed. They repainted the main water tower white and put up a new front to the hospital. Otherwise, it's the same old town. Yet it doesn't remember me a bit. I'm a strange stranger driving around taking pictures of its facades for memory's sake. At least it'll give the townspeople something to talk about. Lisa was getting a bit tired, so we didn't stay for more than 35 minutes. But at least she got to see the house I grew up in on Marian Dr. and where I went to school. I also stopped briefly at Windy Point to show her Grand Lake St. Mary's. Then we had a 2-hour drive home where I stopped and got Lee's Famous Recipe for a large gizzards.

"Reverse World at the 2009 Homan Family Reunion" - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

People taking walks in backwards fashion. Children sliding up a slide! Playing Cornhole in reverse where you catch the bag.

"4th Friday in Westerville, Ohio" - (2011) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

7-24-09: Lisa, Tom, and I walked for forty minutes from his house in Westerville to the historic downtown area for an Ethnic Festival that they were having every 4th Friday of the month during the summer. I was pleased that the festival was much like that of Yellow Springs. Westerville has a nice quirky artist-friendly charm to it that is very pleasing to see. It hasn't become commercialized and beaten to death. There were real people there. It was fun. We even found a fun little eating-place called Serenity that served spicy friend pickles and Mexican Tortilla soup. The place was basically someone's house made into a restaurant. I took a lot of pictures down Main Street of the culture of this gathered community.

"Christmas 2008" - (2011) - (8 min.) Video Journal

12-25-08: Christmas at my sister Tanya's in north Cincinnati turned out to be one of my most enjoyable. The most important part was to find a way to strike a chord with my brothers-in-law, my nephews, my dad, and my sisters. I can sometimes act too neurotic and eccentric to counter my uncomfortable feelings with an overly conservative domestic setting. And I was rather annoyed with driving for 1 hour and 40 minutes with speeding drivers harassing around me. Then Lisa got upset with me videotaping her, which frustrated me. I battled off a headache as well. But eventually, I felt better and loosened up. I found a common topic of interest, Guns 'n' Roses, to talk about with my brother-in-law Eric. I discussed "The Dark Knight" with Steve and we had plenty to discuss. People started laughing more at my jokes and I felt at home with myself. Lisa also eased up with me and started finding fruit with my humor. So all was pretty good. My dad still wouldn't smile fully during our family Christmas photo. I just figured I'd fix that in post-production anyways. Everyone seemed to enjoy their gifts and dinner was nice, though the sushi we brought down was a bit dry, even though we got it from Trader Joe's. But hey, it was Christmas. Nothing is perfect... and most times it's just about *surviving* the holidays with your relatives. I made sure we left around 7 p.m. because staying any later would just tire me more for the drive home. Lisa and I also managed to have a nice drive back to Columbus, which went by fast as we talked through the

night drive. Merry Christmas!

"Memory Atmospheres" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Boos at the Zoos" - (23 min.)

"Wild Lights 2008" - (12 min.)

"Columbus Zoo: Spring 2009" - (11 min.)

"Autumn Adventure Day Out with the Hoeting Boys" - (6 min.)

"The 2009 Arnold Classic" - (6 min. 30 sec.)

"Cleveland in January 2009!" - (7 min.)

"2008 Fall/ Winter Adventures" - (11 min. 30 sec.)

"Winter Expressions" - (4 min.)

"Hocking Hills State Park 2009" - (5 min.)

"Video Snapshot of an Autumn Day" - (3 min.)

"2010 Dublin, Ohio Irish Festival" - (4 min.)

"2010 Mini-Vacation to Newark and Gahanna, Ohio" - (8 min.)

"Christmas Light Abstractions" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Boos at the Zoos" - (2011) - (23 min.) Video Journal

Part 1: Early October '09... New baby elephant ... Anal inspection... Part 2: Late October '09... Marvel Superheroes at the Zoo!

10-10-09: Lisa and I did do something somewhat spontaneous: spend half a day at the Columbus Zoo. It was a mostly sunny/ partly cloudy day outside, so I really wanted to take some photos of the now changing autumn foliage. The cooler weather also brought out many of the animals that you usually never see out and about during the hotter summer months! This autumn season has been especially good for the spectrum of fall colors. And the zoo had a tremendous range of trees that have now changed their hues to orange, red, magenta, yellow, light green, and amber.

10-30-09: The final act of the day was going to "Boo at the Zoo" with Tom, Lisa, and I. We have our Columbus Zoo membership, so it got us all in for free. The weather also happened to be a weirdly mild 75-degrees with a beautiful autumn sky, which made taking pictures extra nice. The kids were dressed up for trick-or-treating around the zoo. I noticed several kids dressed as "Wolverine", which was amusing since they were walking around a zoo. Perhaps the highlight of the evening was seeing someone dressed as a "ghost manatee". What a sight. I also relished in watching part of the Marvel Superheroes "Green Show" where Spider-Man and Iron Man battled a evil polluting Green Goblin. The best part was Spider-Man's entrance where he ran around the mostly 6-and-under audience shooting silly string (web fluid) all over them! The kids were roaring with excitement and laughter. I couldn't believe what an amazing effect superheroes have on kids. They absolutely *love* superheroes! Overall, it was a very good evening to get out and be active. And it was all very inexpensively done for a Friday night out.

"Wild Lights 2008" - (2011) - (12 min.) Video Journal

Columbus Zoo and Aquarium.

11-25-08: Lisa, Tom, and I all went to the Columbus Zoo for their Zoo Lights with the new LCD holiday lights that make them much brighter like neon. It was a bit misty and windy, so not many people were there to make things too busy that you couldn't enjoy yourself.

"Columbus Zoo: Spring 2009" - (2011) - (11 min.) Video Journal

A snake swallowing a mouse whole.

3-8-09: Two hours in the afternoon at the Columbus Zoo with Lisa.

4-4-09: Lisa and I took another spontaneous trip to the Columbus Zoo for a walk through the whole zoo since it was a very pleasant 60 degrees outside with clear blue skies. We have a zoo membership, so it was a free and fun excursion.

"Autumn Adventure Day Out with the Hoeting Boys" - (2011) - (6 min.) Video Journal

Corn Maze!

10-18-08: This mid-October Saturday, Lisa and I drove down to my sister Tanya's house to visit her family for the day out. We ate out at a Mexican restaurant for lunch, shopped at Half Price Books, toured a historical castle that a local had built in north Cincinnati, went on a hay ride, got lost in an amazingly maddening corn maze, took a bike ride on a bike path nearby their house, and had La Rosa's pizza for dinner. I battled off another goddamn painful headache through the afternoon that eventually eased off. Having my two nephews Ryan and Jonathan screaming, crying, and carrying on certainly attributed to my rattled nervous system and aching head. I was reminded once again of the challenges I will have when Lisa and I eventually have kids: what will I do when I get a headache and can't be around people? By 8:15 p.m., we made it up to my dad's house to stay overnight and visit with him the following day. I was wiped out from driving for hours, being extroverted and on the go, exercising all day long, and exerting myself while four tablets of Excedrin took on my latest afternoon migraine. My body and mind laid waste.

"The 2009 Arnold Classic" - (2011) - (6 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Columbus Convention Center... Lou Ferrigno, "The Incredible Hulk".

3-7-09: This Saturday the day was mostly spent taking in the Arnold Classic at the Columbus Convention Center. Tom, Lisa, and I had never been to it and we attended it mainly as a curiosity. It was mainly a protein shake convention for muscular mutant freaks, both male and female. After we left at 3:30 p.m. after being there since 9 a.m., Lisa and I both agreed that it would be our last. It's a psycho-circus of body-builders and athletic junkies. The "women", if you wish to describe them as such, of the convention floor pimping nutrition protein drinks all looked the same. They came across as strippers with more muscles than ten men put together. I never thought I'd be turned off by a "healthy" young woman. But these women looked phony – fake spray tans and/or too many trips to the tanning bed. They didn't look human anymore! They looked freakish!!! On top of it all, they all had breast implants. They even wore the same skimpy outfits. Some of the big dudes that attended this testosterone fest looked like exercise junkies as well, wanting to work out as if it were a drug to build up your body to some crazy degree. And the Arnold Classic was ridiculously busy and packed to the point where we couldn't even walk forward because we were trapped shoulder to shoulder in a sea of muscled men past their prime. The main appeal of taking this in was the freak-show people-watching. And for that it was worth it... for an hour's worth. Too bad we ended up being there for 6 ½ hours. My favorite moment of walking down the convention center and a giant black tanned body builder almost naked and oiled up in only a skimpy Speedo casually strolled right past us. It was just surreal and something I'd never seen before. Totally bizarre and ridiculous beyond comprehension.

"Cleveland in January 2009!" - (2011) - (7 min.) Video Journal

Rock and Roll Hall of Fame... Holden Arboretum... Sugarcreek, Ohio.

1-9-09

Once I got home, I joined Lisa and Tom to drive us all up to Cleveland while a snowstorm was pouring down making for a stressful, exhausting 2-½ hour drive. It's also quite difficult to drive when Lisa and Tom are talking over INXS as I'm trying to concentrate on the stopping-starting drivers in front of me. So that by the time we got to Tom's mother's house in Shaker Heights, I was pretty frazzled. And a headache didn't help things. They were expecting 8 inches of snow tomorrow, which put a wrench in our so-called "Cleveland vacation in January". (What an oxymoron.) Yet an hour later, Tom drove (thank God) us all over to an authentic Hungarian restaurant for Weiner Sneitzel (\$16.95 for the "small" portion). I paid for all four of us since we were staying for free at Tom's mother's house and that Tom had generously helped us out with my bathroom this past week. Afterwards, we drove over to a Cleveland Half Price Books to browse around.

1-10-09

Today was our grand venture to Cleveland's Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. I almost suggested that we not go since eight inches of snow had fallen since last evening and through the morning. So driving conditions were less than stellar... at least for me to drive. Tom happily agreed to drive my car since he knows Cleveland best and is more adapt with driving in the snow. I would not be able to handle driving through a nine-way intersection in the icy/ slushy snow at night while other people are talking. I'd have a minor nervous breakdown and/ or a car accident, whichever came first. We got to the Rock Hall Museum around 10:30 a.m. and there was hardly nobody there yet probably due to the bad roads. This was my third trip there (my first in 1998, and second in 2002), yet this trip I especially liked since I had more museums to compare it to and more music experiences to appreciate more of the incredibly collections they had. It was more like the Ripley's Odditoriums that I had ever imagined with its own rock music orientated displays of odds and ends of rock history from John Lennon's glasses to Neil Young's Buffalo Springfield fringe jacket to Tina Turner's miniskirt to a broken and smashed to pieces Clash guitar. It was like a gathering place of used rock memorabilia. Look! There's Pink Floyd's "The Wall" with an English school master made up of sexually suggestive parts! There's the metal face statues from Pink Floyd's "The Division Bell" album cover! There's the hanging fur covered car stage prop from U2's Zoo TV tour! There's John Lennon's Sgt. Pepper Lonely Hearts Club Band uniform. What I became quite aware of was how many costumes that had to be designed and made up for these performers. It's all theater or comic book character costumes! Some of their outfits were even torn up and damaged to fit with the character they were playing (a Bowie thing). After learning some of the substance abuse history of musicians, I was surprised that they didn't have a section dedicated to all the cocaine, heroin, and booze that were taken to create much of the music in that rock hall! I was pretty into what they had there, even a few R. Crumb sketches of Janis Joplin they had on display. Like a said, there were so many little things there of interest with different songs playing every twenty feet. It was like walking through a sonic space of music history.

After the museum, we took in the West End Marketplace, which had a *real* ethnic market environment in a great old brick building. I bought everyone some deserts like a \$5 cannoli, a chocolate cigar (that tasted like a Hershey bar wrapped in a crescent) and a jumbo chocolate chip cookie for Tom. We had an early dinner at a Cambodian/ Vietnamese restaurant. Later, we shopped on Coventry Street that had a wild 80's nostalgia store called Big Fun. It was a huge 80's toy flashback with a shockingly large variety of all sorts of Masters of the Universe, Kenner Star Wars figures, G.I. Joe action figures, comic books, Transformers (including the little car ones I once had), and Garbage Pail Kids. It was an ideal store for "kids" in their thirties with expendable incomes to (re)purchase the toys from their youth. I even bought two Star Wars bounty hunter figures that I always wished I had when I was little. Now at 32, I've got them. Entering that place made me feel like I had ridden a time machine into an 80's toy store! We next stopped at an independently owned bookstore that had lots of Harvey Pekar signed photos and posters hanging on the walls. Then we drank Irish Crème hot chocolate in the nearby Phoenix Coffee. The sexual intensity in the place was pretty high for me since I spotted multiple young arty, hipster-type women in their twenties there. The snow outside made everything look pretty magical, even though the Cleveland community looked a little beaten up economically. But I can't deny how much more culturally *interesting* Cleveland is compared to Columbus. There was an independent and individualistic feel to the Coventry Street shops that are direly lacking elsewhere. I mean, even Big Fun had their ceiling airbrushed with murals of Super Mario Bros. and Spider-Man. There was a wild, artistic, fanboy flavor there that you can't find too often. Everything has become homogenized and into corporations (Starbucks Coffee). Big Fun even had a guy in

a magician tux showing customers magic tricks for a price. How often do you see that? Remember when kids were in awe of magic rather than video games? Remember awe and wonder? At least it was alive and well on one street in Cleveland.

1-11-09

Today was another full day in and around Cleveland with Tom as our driver. We had brunch at "Yours Truly" where I had a Killer Skillet. We took a walk through a nearby park that had some nice snowy cliffs and an icy creek. Next we checked out a bookstore and a Dick's Sports store at a local mall complex. Then we drove out to Holden Arboretum for an hour-long snow hike where I took several pictures and video of the snow-covered landscape, especially the dozens of tall pines they had around. Then for dinner we ate at a neighborhood Irish restaurant/ sports bar where I had beer-battered fish and fries with a tall Guinness. I got a mild headache from the beer, but somehow it was worth it. We were all pretty tired by the end of the day from all the walking we had done, especially through drudging through the foot-deep snowy park paths.

1-12-09

Today was our final day in Cleveland as we departed from Tom's mother's house in Shaker Heights by 9:30 a.m. We arrived in Sugarcreek, Ohio in Amish country around 11:30 a.m. only to find that it was certainly the off-season since everything was deserted or closed down (bad economy). So we ate at a corner German-named restaurant that was more small town diner than Amish food (though I had the Jaegersnitzel). We headed over to Berlin, Ohio since it had more touristy shops and Heini's Cheese Chalet with their many wonderful cheese samples. We stopped in a final Amish crafts store before racing 2 ½ hours back nonstop to Columbus to have to drop Lisa off at 5:03 p.m. at Borders for her work hours. A car nearly merged into my car on I-270 as we drove the final stretch, too. Then there was over two hours of unpacking and getting things organized now that I was back home. It's crazy that at the end of a vacation only to be four-times as busy to get back in the swing of things.

"2008 Fall/ Winter Adventures" - (2011) - (11 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Halloween... Election night... Staying over at my dad's house... The Electric Company cutting down our backyard trees.

"Winter Expressions" - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

After an ice storm.

"Hocking Hills State Park 2009" - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Rock House... Cantwell Cliffs.

"Video Snapshot of an Autumn Day" - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

Pumpkin patch.
Music: "Myopia" by Moby.

10-9-10: Lisa and I drove up to Sunbury, Ohio to go to a pumpkin patch with a hay ride, hay maze, and a shooting "corn cannon". Then we went over to an apple orchid and got a few apples there before heading over to Half Price Books in Westerville.

"2010 Dublin, Ohio Irish Festival" - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

A real leprechaun... St. Patrick.

8-6-10: “World's Largest Redhead Gathering in North America at the Dublin Irish Festival”: I worked like crazy constantly color-correcting 55 minutes of video clips from 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. with few breaks. It was nice to be so focused and have a dedication to getting this massive summer video project completed. Yet it wore me out and made me not all that excited to go out to the Dublin Irish Festival. Yet Lisa, Don, and Tom were going... and the weather was fairly mild and less humid for early August in Columbus, Ohio. So I went. I'm somewhat glad I did. It's a nice festival to take in every few years. It was nice to walk around when things first opened up. Yet by 8 p.m. it was getting too congested to be enjoyable. Swarms of Dublin teenagers stood around in freakish packs. They all looked and dressed the same. Lisa and I didn't know which group was worse: the overly-dramatic girls or the overly-hormonal guys. The drinkers were getting loaded and acting really LOUD. They're highly annoying. I did get my fried pickles for \$5, which were quite tasty. I didn't drink since a freakin' cheap beer like Killian's was \$6!!! Lisa bought herself a new ring. Don and I stayed for almost five hours until 9 p.m. while Lisa, Tom, and Kathy stayed for the late night bands. I'm glad we could leave early because any more time there would have just been too much. Don and I were collectively beat.

“2010 Mini-Vacation to Newark and Gahanna, Ohio” - (2011) - (8 min.) Video Journal

Baker's Acres, outside Newark, Ohio... Their Christmas restroom... Newark's Earthworks... Glow-in-the-Dark Putt-Putt Golf in Gahanna, Ohio... Olde Gahanna.

6-29-10

Today was our mini-vacation day out and about in the east end of Columbus. Come came along with us as we ventured out first to Newark, Ohio, which is about a 50 minute drive away. There we went to Baker's Acres greenhouse, a gardening place that Tom really wanted to go to. They had an incredible mix of music playing in their loud speakers, from "Clockwork Orange" synthesizer-type music of "Everybody's Talkin'" to "Speed of Life" by David Bowie. It made shopping for plants that much more exciting and fun. They also had their guest restroom decorated with a Christmas theme. What a fun, artsy greenhouse destination in the rural areas of Ohio. Then we trekked to Newark's Earthworks area where they had the fragmentary remnants of 2000 year old Indian mounds. Incredibly, the mounds used to be even more massive, some four miles in circumference. Yet many of them were developed over. And the worst sin of them all was a nearby country club that has its golf courses on a large area of the mounds. So rich people can play golf on top of the sacred graveyards of Native Americans. (!!!) It was truly beyond sacrilegious and surreal. I mean, what if they built a golf course on the site of Auschwitz?! How would that go over? Then we traveled to Newark's downtown square where we had ice cream and enjoyed the architecture of the old buildings. Newark really had some nice small town charm to it. Then we finally went to our original destination for the day: Glow-in-the-Dark Putt-Putt Golf in Gahanna, Ohio, which is a newly developed area just east of the Columbus International Airport. It was a pretty cool and crazy guilty-pleasure social activity to do, golf in a fluorescent-outlined indoor putt-putt golf course. I got some very neat HD video shot there. Then we explored the Olde Gahanna area that featured a gorgeous waterfall and fountain area. Lisa, Tom, and I even went paddle-boating for \$5 a boat. One of my video students, Ross, recognized me while we were walking along the river area. Finally, we ended up at a reasonably-priced Cajun restaurant and had bears on their patio area since it was a nice and comfortable 75 degrees outside. All in all, it was a very good day out. I did have to battle back a headache through parts of the afternoon and into the evening. It's funny. I talk all these pictures and video. Yet does anyone realize how much stress and pain I'm going through while I'm taking the pictures? There's a headache pounding behind every image.

“Christmas Light Abstractions” - (2011) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Music: “Nutcracker, Op. 71 - Pas De Deux Var. 2/ Sugar Plum Fairy & Coda” by Tchaikovsky.

"Beyonds" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"2009 Spring/ Summer Adventures" - (26 min.)

"2009 Fall Adventures" - (23 min.)

"2010 Ohio Adventures" - (27 min.)

"2010 Ohio State Fair" - (11 min.)

"2010 Columbus Zoo Wild Lights" - (7 min.)

"2011 Ohio January" - (8 min.)

"2009 Spring/ Summer Adventures" - (2011) - (26 min.) Video Journal

Sharon Woods Metro Park... Inniswood Metro Park... Electrical storm... Cornhole... Nikki's Graduation Party, Athens, Ohio... Jonathan's 2nd Birthday Party... The Cornhole Cat... Guinness & I... Westerville, Ohio 4th of July Fireworks.

"2009 Fall Adventures" - (2011) - (23 min.) Video Journal

Buckeye Lake... "Farewell to Summer" breakfast at Germantown Dam... 9-19-09... Sun Watch, a prehistoric Native American village... 2nd Street Public Market, Downtown Dayton, Ohio... Along the Riverwalk... Happy Halloween!... Trick or Treaters!... Park of Roses... Lancaster, Ohio... Happy Birthday, Lisa!... Twehues Thanksgiving... Happy Birthday, Lisa 2!

9-19-09: Today was Lisa and my day with dad in Dayton. Lisa and I stayed overnight so we could drive down with dad to Lorna and Jack's possibly final "Farewell to Summer" breakfast at Germantown Dam. It was a pleasant time and the late summer/ early fall weather was absolutely wonderful. I mean, I was taking photos like it was the end of the world and someone needed to be there to capture it. Loved that cool-warm 75-degree weather. After leaving the breakfast at 11:15 a.m., we headed off north to Sun Watch, a prehistoric Native American village. Then we headed to downtown Dayton for their 2nd Street Public Market where we ate lunch and shopped for a while. We also journeyed down to Mendleson Liquidation Outlet warehouse and along the Riverwalk. I was loving how many pictures I was getting and with an amazing cloudscape backdrop. I felt pretty lucky to be out this day. The weather, lighting, and atmospherics were just right. And best of all, I enjoyed spending it with my dad. It was just enough time together. And I think he felt the same way. We had a great day together.

"2010 Ohio Adventures" - (2011) - (27 min.) Video Journal

Baby ducklings in the backyard... Denver at night... 4th Friday in Westerville, Ohio... Dad's Church Park... Testing out a new HD video camera at CCAD... Teaching Video I... Rockmill Lake, NW of Lancaster, Ohio... Afternoon Autumn Thunderstorm... Hayden Run Falls.

Music: "J Breas" by Moby, "Patapan", "Nutmacker, Op. 71 - Divertissement/ Tea (Chinese Dance)" by Tchaikovsky.

8-14-10

I made another 70-minute long trip down to Lancaster for In the Ball Park's 25-cent comic book sale. There's a point where I have to question why do I keep going down there. It's a long drive for such bargains. I think about half of my comic book collection is from these sales as well. And there's a point where I have to wonder when is enough truly *enough*? I keep on going and keep on spending. Today I came home with yet another long box of comics. There were some choice finds and I got some fill-in issues to complete some collections. Yet the thrill of going through all those comics has dissipated. Now it's become more work than fun. Still, there are moments where I love the sense of not knowing what I'll find at such a

bargain price. There is that enjoyment to it.

I also managed to stop off first at a Rockmill Lake and took a nice hike down its trails. I love going to new nature areas. There's a fun sense of discovery and exploring going on there as well. I suppose my nature walks and comic book collecting are sort of related since they're both about exploring either nature or imagination.

"2010 Ohio State Fair" - (2011) - (11 min.) Video Journal

7-31-10

This Saturday, the sad last day of July and seemingly the summer, was our annual day out to the Ohio State Fair. Not only did Tom come with Lisa and I, but we also joined up with Tanya, Steve, and their boys at the fair. I picked up my free fair tickets and permit parking pass, circled the fairground for 15 minutes looking for our designated parking area, and finally parked just west of the giant yellow slide. I can't help but acknowledge my nostalgic feelings and memories of the Ohio State Fair.

This year was perhaps a bit different because I managed to meet my goal of getting into the Ohio State Fair Fine Arts building with a video short that managed to get 3rd Best in Show. I even had my name printed in large letters on two wall areas of the Cox Gallery building. I was so flattered. What I also liked about it was that those who once knew me growing up might wander in there and see my name up on the wall. What a neat achievement. The ironic thing is that the video shorts are only presented twice a day at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. and there's really only about a dozen people actually watching them. Hilariously, one person beside us when we were finishing watching the videos mentioned harshly, "So far, they're all been kind of dumb. This one is actually *funny!*" Yep, this is the Hollywood crowd that only wants movies to be entertaining, not challenging, unique, or even the least bit creative. Still, I enjoyed finally "making it" in there. And I liked how my video piece was different from the rest by being mostly assembled with photos with a video interview and video segments. Using photo actually helped it stand out.

Earlier in the day, Lisa and I took Jonathan fishing at the Natural Resources area. Actually, all Jonathan did was barely hold onto the fishing poll line while Lisa and I held onto the main park. Yet we caught a nice catfish! This was the first fish I'd ever helped catch. The rest of the fair was about the same as it's always been: Smokey the Bear talking to kids who stare up at the plastic moving statue figure in shyness and awe. I got a giant Texas Tenderloin for \$5. It rained around 1 p.m. to 2:30 p.m., the first time in memory it's ever rained. It was pretty humid today to the point where I was dripping with sweat. There's a ridiculous amount of obese country people at the fair as well. It's funny how people simply don't take care of their bodies in rural areas after they marry. The urban city African-American youths wear their pants low that reveal with boxer short behind. They must look equally ridiculous to the rural folk who stare at them. Eventually, Tanya and her family left due to exhaustion after 3:30 p.m. and we ended up walking around for another three hours. It's still a good, fun social time out exercising and people-watching. I got some good ideas for a video to make about my love for the Ohio State Fair even for next year's gallery.

"2010 Columbus Zoo Wild Lights" - (2011) - (7 min.) Video Journal

Music: "The Skaters' Waltz" by Émile Waldteufel.

12-21-10

Lisa and I went out with Tom and Kathy to Wild Lights at the Columbus Zoo this Tuesday evening. Since we had a zoo membership, we all got in for free - a savings of \$57! It was a good time out. Lisa and I had some good couple and bonding moments together.

"2011 Ohio January" - (2011) - (8 min.) Video Journal

Testing out the Canon 7D camera with Kon... After the Ice Storm.

Music: "Little Suite/ Bist Du Bei Mir" by J. S. Bach and "Pastoral Symphony" by G.F. Handel.

"Dare-Dreaming" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Spontaneous Vacation Day in Columbus, Ohio" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"2010 Ohio Renaissance Festival" - (16 min.)

"The 2010 Dayton Adventures" - (20 min. 30 sec.)

"2010 Columbus Zoo and Aquarium" - (13 min. 30 sec.)

"Clifton Gorge and Yellow Springs, Ohio" - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"Slate Run Metro Park and Historical Farm" - (5 min.)

"Westerville, Ohio 2010" - (6 min.)

"2010 Eric Homan Eyes" - (27 min.)

"St. Patrick's Day Parade 2011, Columbus, Ohio" - (7 min.)

"Spontaneous Vacation Day in Columbus, Ohio" - (2011) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Tour of the Santa Maria... Scioto Audubon Metro Park... Great Wolf Lodge, Mason, Ohio...
Outside King's Island.

8-8-10

Lisa and I were off and neither of us had clue of what we wanted to do this Sunday. So we spontaneously made up plans to go to downtown Columbus. We first ate at Spaghetti Warehouse where I had a free spaghetti coupon for my birthday. Our extremely wonderful and personal waiter, Vernon, was perhaps the most energetic and positive server we've had in recent memory. This guy made us feel special and needed. I usually don't tip servers over 20%. This guy definitely deserved it. He just made you feel warm inside. Vernon, a middle-aged bald man with a mustache, gets the gold for his job. And the meal was great as well. We even got to sit in a different area of the restaurant, which made the dining experience all the more special and unique. Next we parked downtown (since it's Sunday and they have free parking) and walked along the river. Once again spontaneously, we took a guided tour of the Santa Maria ship, something Lisa and I have both wanted to do ever since we've been to Columbus. It was actually pretty neat and fun to do.

Then Tanya called me up on my cell phone asking if today was still a good day to go to the Great Wolf Lodge, like we had originally planned. A room had opened up and we could take it if we wanted it. So we agreed. That radically changed our plans for the day. We quickly got some coffee at Cup 'O Joe in German Village, then checked out Scioto Audubon Metro Park before heading down to Mason, Ohio.

Lisa and I made it down to the Great Wolf Lodge just before 6 p.m. and we got to go on the water slides for almost two hours before heading back up to our room. Tanya managed to get a room that was listed at \$600 a night and get it for only \$149!! Talk about a discount. Steve's cousin works there and found out at the last moment that they had 60 empty rooms tonight. So that's how we managed to get such a great rate. Tanya paid for the room for Lisa and I as my birthday gift.

"2010 Ohio Renaissance Festival" - (2011) - (16 min.) Video Journal

Waynesville, Ohio... Dirty Wenches!... The Parade... The Joust... Mud Theatre.

10-2-10

Lisa, Don, and I went down to Waynesville, Ohio for the Ohio Renaissance Festival, something I've been trying to get down to going to for eight years now ever since I moved back to Ohio. It was an hour and 20 minute drive, and it was well worth it. A big concern at first, the weather ended up holding out long enough until mid-afternoon when a cold weather front with rain came in. And by that time (2:40 p.m.), we had left. We got to the festival before they opened at 10:15 a.m. and got to see pretty much everything we wanted to see with clear blues skies above us with pleasant 63Degrees autumn temperatures surrounding us. The first thing that shocked me what just how large the Ohio Renaissance Festival village really was. It's like a King's Island in the middle of rural Ohio! It is literally a huge Medieval village with

all the trimmings, shops, stages, and activity platforms! We took in "The Swordsmen" comedy and sword-play routine. I ate a giant turkey leg for \$6 for lunch. We watched an actual knights' jousting event with narrated Medieval pageantry. There was even a "reciting" of Dante's Inferno at the "Muditorium". I took over 300 photos in the 4 1/2 hours we were there. There was so much to see. I wasn't crazy about how every performance ended with the performers asking for tips, though. It did cost \$16.99 (with the \$3 off Kroger discount) per person just to get in! And every activity and ride costs \$3 to \$5 extra... even the camel ride. Still, it was a very fun time and a pleasantly nice day to get down to the Renaissance Festival. There must have been 200 costumed "villagers" working there as well. It was a massive operation. Yet the most unique thing about the Festival were the attendees, who were your more "outcast" sort. Loads of people of all ages (babies to senior citizens) dressed up from fairies to barbarians to highlanders. There was a lot of Goths around with a mix of Dungeons and Dragons gamers who looked like they still lived in their parent's basement. Lots of comic book geeks in Medieval dress-up drag. It was a world of men and women in tights. And there were the "Washing Wenches" as well. I was happy that Don had a good time there, too. It was his kind of environment that he felt moderately comfortable in. There was a noticeably sizable population of heavier set people there as well. Yet the Renaissance Festival was primarily a family event. And it was a joy to see so many kids having such a blast. It made me look forward to taking my own child there someday in a few years.

"The 2010 Dayton Adventures" - (2011) - (20 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

2nd Street Market, Downtown Dayton, Ohio... Dad's Church Park, St Paul Orthodox Church... Digging up ornamental grass... Spreading seeds... Cox Arboretum MetroPark... Wright State University... Gem City Comic Con... Hills & Dales MetroPark... The Continuing Tales of the Garage Saler... Dad's Church Park one month later... Woodman Fen Conservation Area... Possum Creek Metro Park.

4-10-10

This sunny spring Saturday was another out-and-about adventuring around day with my dad. We walked around Cox Arboretum where I took even more photos and some videography. There were dozens of people there taking pictures just like me. There was also an especially nice area filled with hundreds of tulips in full bloom.

So far, it's been a rather nice little mini-break/ mini-vacation. Of course, it went by fast. But I actually had a pretty great time and the spring weather surely helped both our outlooks. I've also taken over 400+ photos over the past three days. Incredible. I'm addicting to documenting everything around me with great lighting.

5-19-10

Dad and I drove out to Hills and Dales Metro Park to attend a walking tour of the park with uncle Jack. The group was mostly older seniors, so we went at a rather slower pace.

5-21-10

Another day of garage saling out with my dad. Breakfast at Tim Horton's, hiked at Possum Creek Metro Park, dad ran over a squirrel, and ate lunch at My Favorite Muffin. At least this week hasn't been as bad as it seemed like it was going to be at the beginning. I think my dad had a good week. He just needed some company.

"2010 Columbus Zoo and Aquarium" - (2011) - (13 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

The new polar bears... One month later.

5-9-10

Today, Sunday, Lisa & I went to the Columbus Zoo and Aquarium to see the new polar bears. You can actually go underground and see them swim above you in this glass ceiling overlook. It's really quite amazing and a very exciting perspective you've never seen before. We walked three miles around the

zoo for three hours. It was crazy busy since it was Mother's Day and with the new polar bear exhibit. Later, we went out to eat at a new Chinese restaurant, Kogen's, and then did lawn work in the cool-warm clear blue sky day weather. Then in the evening, we went for a walk and encountered Justin and Nikki, who we ended up walking with for a half an hour.

6-16-10

After Lisa got off from work, Tom came over and we all drove up to the Columbus Zoo to watch the polar bears some more as well as the new manatee. It was a nice, inexpensive way to get out (since we have our zoo membership pass) and the weather was oh so nice (for once). Then we had beers on the back deck. It was a nice extroverted portion to my day. I've been working indoors for most of the week. It was good to at least get out with people and go to different places rather than stay cooped up in the basement always working.

"Clifton Gorge and Yellow Springs, Ohio" - (2011) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Clifton Mill... Clifton Gorge... Eating at Ye Olde Trail Tavern Restaurant... Yarn tree... Young's Dairy and Farm... Sunflower field outside of Yellow Springs.

9-4-10

Perfect for a Hike Day, and we took it. After sleeping in until 8:15 a.m. this morning and feeling rather exhausted from the night before, we eventually got moving and out the door to the Yellow Springs, Ohio area by 9:40 a.m. I took the scenic route through London, Cedarville, and then Clifton, where we eventually checked out Clifton Gorge. The rocky gorge trail was actually quite nice to take, even though Lisa moved fairly slowly in her "weakened" pregnant condition. The weather got cloudy at first, unexpectedly, before finally clearing up again with some nice puffy clouds above us. We then trekked over to Yellow Springs to eat at Ye Olde Trail Tavern Restaurant where I had the Ty-Dye Fries, a casserole mixture of French Fries, sour cream, chili, jalapeño peppers, salsa, diced tomatoes, and mozzarella cheese. Unfortunately, our service at the restaurant was quite poor. It took ten to fifteen minutes just to get us the water we ordered! Lisa was looking sleepy and uninterested, which is tough to be around her when she's so uninspired while in such a creatively-thriving small town filled with hot young hippie chicks in bright pink tights who love Pink Floyd as much as I do. We walked through the shops and checked out Dark Star Book Store, a hippie comic book store where I first caught my comic book collecting bug. Lisa was too tired to go for another hike at John Bryan State Park, so we headed on out to Young's Dairy, which was quite packed since it was such a nice day outside. We also stopped at a sunflower field and took pictures and video. So that we pretty neat.

"Slate Run Metro Park and Historical Farm" - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Sheep singing... Little frogs.

8-17-10

This afternoon, Lisa, Tom, and I drove down to Slate Run Metro Park and Historical Farm for a tour and a hike. Then we walked around historic downtown Canal Winchester.

"Westerville, Ohio 2010" - (2011) - (6 min.) Video Journal

Inniswood Metro Park... "Nature's Toilet Bowl"... Hoover Dam.

"2010 Eric Homan Eyes" - (2011) - (27 min.) Video Journal

Babysitting the Treptow Boys... Hypnotic rabbit stare... A cat spy!... Shadowcat... Cat spy #2!... WaterFire Columbus... BalletMet... Playing cornhole... Squirrel Escapades... Glen Echo Ravine,

Columbus, Ohio... Upper Arlington... Trick or Treat Night... Beck's Knob, south of Lancaster, Ohio... Deer Creek State Park... Isaac's birthday party... Lisa's birthday party... Lisa's Ultrasound.

"St. Patrick's Day Parade 2011, Columbus, Ohio" - (2011) - (7 min.) Video Journal

St. Patrick... A Leprechaun!... Columbus Mayor Michael Coleman... Another Leprechaun!

3-17-11: I took advantage of the unusually nice spring weather by walking downtown at 11:30 a.m. for the Columbus St. Patrick's Day Parade. I took out the Canon 7D as well to shoot HD video and take over 100 pictures. I used the 3-hour battery pack (with fanny pack) so I could shoot for a long period of time. I was rather pleased with the results.

"Use Your Imagination" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Pennsylvania Homan/ Rericha Family Vacation" - (22 min. 30 sec.)

"Dawes Arboretum" - (3 min.)

"Columbus, Ohio: '1812 Overture'" - version 1: 3 min. 30 sec.) - (version 2: 3 min. 30 sec.)

"Columbus Lights 1" - (version 1: 2 min.) - (version 2: 2 min.)

"Columbus Lights 2" - (3 min.)

"Columbus Lights 3" - (3 min.)

"It's a Girl: Alyssa Ann Homan" - (16 min. full version) and (13 min. edited version)

"Justin and Nikki: Skateboarding – In the Beginning" - (6 min.)

"Bongo Nikki" - (5 min.)

"Take to the Clouds" - (22 min)

"Pennsylvania Homan/ Rericha Family Vacation" - (2011) - (22 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

August 2009... Gettysburg... Philadelphia... Independence Hall... Liberty Bell... Inside Independence Hall... The Franklin Institute... Longwood Gardens... Hershey, Pennsylvania.

8-8-09

And so begins our Pennsylvania Homan/ Rericha family vacation. According to Lisa, this'll be the first family vacation Lisa's parents and Don have ever taken. We'll be gone for four days and three nights at hotels. I am urging myself to have patience since this'll be a vacation with other people. My needs are to be checked at the door and made into account what other people's wishes are. This will be what I'll be working at. I just need to be humble and thankful that I have people – family – to go on this vacation with. There were many years during the summer when I was at home wishing and praying to have someone to go on a vacation with. Plans were made; plans fell through. So I must reflect on my fortune, even if I get stressed.

Info Art

Well, we finally made it into west Harrisburg, PA by 8:45 p.m. tonight after a six-hour trek across the Appalachian Mountains of Pennsylvania. We got started driving around 1:15 p.m. and ate a late lunch Chinese Buffet in Zanesville with Lisa's family. Six hours later in a car with the sun going down, Lisa got extra neurotic and stressed out about finding our hotel because I didn't print out exact explicit directions, though I did print out three MapQuest maps. (In my defense, she didn't print out anything.) When you're cramped in a car for half a day of driving, it's easy to lose one's sense of composure and good spirits. Finding your hotel in an unknown area can be extremely difficult and stressful. Thankfully, we did make it and did go in the right direction.

8-9-09

I don't know what my thing is with having trouble sleeping in a hotel after driving for most of the day. We stayed at a descent Comfort Inn hotel with a good bed mattress and air conditioning. Yet I still couldn't fully get to sleep until after 3:30 a.m. after being in bed since 10:50 p.m. I had even taken two sleeping pills. I just had too much caffeine in my system and tension from driving on the go through the day.

Today was our trek 45-minutes south from Harrisburg to Gettysburg. After all my planning, we ended up staying there for a good 5 ½ hours from 10:30 a.m. through 4 p.m. Lisa's dad wanted to take the bus tour that gives more information about the various battles that occurred there. Gettysburg itself was basically a giant outdoor museum with hundreds of monuments and statues spread out amongst miles throughout the town and its country fields. We first watched a pretty great informative movie followed by witnessing an incredible 360-degree panorama painting with 3D models in the foreground with surround sound and lighting effects. In essence, it was a living and immersive 3D painting like I've never witnessed before! Very cool. It was a pretty hot and humid day, so the guided bus tour ended up being for the best for Lisa's parents and Don. And the thing is: you could spend days at Gettysburg. There is just so many places to check out there that the bus tour only passed by briefly. We did only get out of the bus four times at the most important locations.

Gettysburg took so long that we postponed going to Hershey to late afternoon on Tuesday. On the drive through Lancaster County, we ate at an "Amish" restaurant that had overpriced food. Michael wanted to go there, so we went. It was basically Old Country Buffet with a smorgasbord for \$20 when it would normally be \$10 at any other name-brand buffet like Golden Corral. Yet because it was "Amish", they tacked on an extra \$10. They did have a small "farm" area with roosters walked around the parking lot and a giant wooden barefoot Amish giant outside.

Then by 8 p.m. after a long, long day of activities and being on the road, we successfully navigated to our hotel. It was there we encountered some hilarious bad luck: the power was out. So I waited outside in the car for half an hour as the front desk wrote down the information for the three rooms we had reserved for the five of us for the two nights we were staying. It was post-dusk as we finally made our way to our room in the darkened hallways. Thankfully, we were able to get into our rooms. We had selected this hotel based on affordability and that it was one of the few hotels that had a couch, which Lisa's dad needed to sleep at night because of his bad back. So we couldn't really find another hotel. We didn't know when the electricity would go back on either. It could be in seconds... or hours... or days. We also didn't exactly know how much of the suburbs were out, though across the street their lights were on. We didn't know the area either to find another hotel, or if they had vacancies. I sort of mildly enjoyed the chaos because I got to walk around a commercial hotel made spooky with no lights. We wandered through the hallways with flashlights! It was like camping out, but not! Hey, all I cared about was a soft bed and a shower. It was at least cool outside for us to open the window to make the room livable. And this power outage caused by a storm passing through eastern Pennsylvania made our final destination tonight something of an unexpected mini-adventure.

Notes from the Gettysburg Museum movies: "My God, why can't I die?!"... Thousands of dead horses on the battlefield rotting in the summer heat and sun.

8-10-09

The electricity did come back on around 3:30 a.m. But I had managed to fall asleep by 11 p.m. by wetting a towel and using it as a cooling wet blanket, which helped cool my body down. We also got the hotel room for "free" in the morning due to our inconvenience. We'll see if that's really the truth when we get our credit card bill. (It wasn't true in the end because their upper management said they weren't allowed to give out rooms for free even if the electricity was out. So they just gave us a small discount instead.

Today was our collective venture in one van to the heart of Philadelphia to see their historic district. More specifically, to behold Independence Hall and the Liberty Bell. Being 96-degrees today didn't help Lisa's dad much, so he spent most of the time in the air-conditioned Visitor's Center where we paid \$16 to park for a few hours! I enjoyed the grand history of the area; the others didn't as much. Yet what we did all enjoy was going to the Franklin Institute where they just so happened to have a Star Trek exhibit there. Though it was \$23 to get in to see it (and another \$15 to park), Lisa and her family really loved it. So that ended up being a rather nice surprise. We almost ran out of gas on the rather ugly oil field area of southern Philly, which made Lisa's mom nearly have a nervous breakdown. Then we spent over an hour driving around trying to decide on a *unique* place to eat that we'd never been to before. We also got lost for fifteen minutes looking around on an off-road. All the while, we were crazy hungry since we didn't

have lunch (just snacks). We settled on a Cajun bar-grill that had some somewhat pricey entrees around \$20 per person. Then again, we're on vacation and this was a place we didn't have many of in Ohio. Why not! It was a pretty good day, all in all, though Lisa's mother was getting on my nerves with her indecisiveness and meekness. She also chews and pops gum for hours on end! Patience was wearing thin. I'm looking forward to taking separate cars again tomorrow.

8-11-09

Woke up at 3 a.m. with a headache that I ultimately had to take even more migraine medication to kick. Yet by then I was so awake that I couldn't get back to sleep until 5:30 a.m., which left me with only a couple of hours of sleep left. I'm tired of hotels I can't stay asleep in.... Groggy.

Alas, our vacation came to an end late tonight as we arrived home at 12:15 a.m. Let's retrace the day's steps:

We first ventured off to Longwood Gardens that was just twenty minutes from our hotel's location. At first, I grew mildly irritated with Lisa's family having a problem with how long we could stay at certain places we had planned to go to today. I told them that since we both took different cars that they could leave early if they wished. Yet I sensed that they wanted this to be a full "family" vacation that Lisa and I should be included. Trying to keep everyone's interests at heart was a very trying situation considering that I am a man of extremes that wishes to use a digital camera and video camera as an artistic tool of self-expression whenever I go on vacation to new places. Longwood Gardens was no exception. In fact, it was like entering a crazy heaven on earth. What creative/ artistic person wouldn't be taking pictures like crazy to capture the awe that they were feeling?! I made the compromise that I'd walk ahead and take my photos while they walked slower since they had Lisa's dad and Don, both of whom can't walk fast or much. The conservatory at Longwood Gardens made Columbus' Franklin Park Conservatory look like a ghetto. Longwood was a conservatory on crack! I'd never witnessed so many plants, flowers, tropical trees, hybrid vegetation... it was too much to take in! There was so much green that the oxygen in the air almost made me faint. Of course the near 100% humidity took a lot out of me as well. But what a dazzling place to behold! It was easily the best place we visited on our vacation. I met up with Lisa and her family a few times to check in with them and see how they were doing. Over the course of the 3½ hours we were there, I took a record 500 photos! I nearly filled up my 2 Gig memory card, which I never thought I'd ever be able to do. In my zeal of capturing the beauty and textures and shapes and wonders around me, I had driven myself to near-exhaustion by pressing myself forward so I could take in the entire gardens before we were rushed out because Lisa's family wanted to leave early. So I speed-walked for the entire time I was there in the rising heat and humidity. I ultimately made the "executive decision" to not go to Valley Forge due to a lack of time and energy to really check it out fully. Then by the time we found a Hoss's Steak and Sea restaurant to eat at, I was wiped out from dehydration and physical fatigue. I could barely form words I was so tired. I was definitely ready to go home. The meal was quite good that we had there with the all-you-can-eat salad, soup, bread, and dessert bar. It also helped me regain some energy and strength. We started our venture back to Ohio around 2:45 p.m. We made one final pit stop at Hershey, Pennsylvania at the Chocolate World tour and gift area. This was really a place for kids and commercialism, so I wasn't as in to it as I would have liked. Its overcrowded quality made it difficult to even more. At least it was free and we were able to take it in. Lisa took over the driving for the remaining six hours home, which helped out a great deal since I was really starting to feel too tired to drive anymore. I'm not used to walking quickly through massive humidity for several hours while taking hundreds of pictures and 20 minutes of video! What a day. Still... overall, we survived a family vacation... this time it being with Lisa's family. I'm just glad it all over now. It was fun while it lasted. Yet it's still good that it's over now.

"Dawes Arboretum" - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

Outside Newark, Ohio.

10-4-09: Lisa and I made a half a day of going to Dawes Arboretum 50 minutes away on the eastern part of Ohio. I couldn't believe it, but my family had gone here when I was around five years old. All this time and I didn't realize this place was so close to me here in Columbus! I distinctly remember climbing up the lookout tower and seeing the name of "Dawes Arboretum" spelled out with bushes. Going

through this place was like taking a time machine into my childhood.

"Columbus, Ohio: '1812 Overture'" - (2011) - (version 1: 3 min. 30 sec.) - (version 2: 3 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video Art

Description

A visual celebration of Columbus, Ohio's bicentennial set to the "1812 Overture".

Short Description

My intent and goal was to create a visual and audio experience (in three short minutes) to showcase the many areas of pride that Columbus, Ohio has to offer its residents and those visiting our great Midwestern city during its Bicentennial. I combined an eclectic collection of capital city imagery with HD video that I had shot over the past two years of Columbus' 4th of July fireworks, "Red, White, and Boom!". For the audio, I used "1812 Overture" by Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky with its canon blasts to suggest the sound of fireworks. It also coordinated nicely that Columbus, Ohio was celebrating its Bicentennial in 2012. So it seemed apt to use the "1812 Overture" as its 1812 "birth/ celebration music".

Titles

Columbus, Ohio... Bicentennial 1812-2012... Welcome to Columbus!... Red, White and Boom!... COSI... Columbus Zoo... Columbus Marathon... Race for the Cure... Ohio State Fair... Wexner Center for the Arts... North Market... Mayor Coleman... Columbus Museum of Art... Franklin Park Conservatory... The Ohio State Buckeyes... Ohio Statehouse/ Capitol Square... Com Fest/ Goodale Park... Scioto Mile/ WaterFire... BalletMet... Columbus Metro Parks... Park of Roses... Topiary Park... And so much more to discover... Columbus, Ohio... Bicentennial 1812-2012... Columbus, Ohio: "1812 Overture"... Sponsored by AEP, CDDC (Columbus Downtown Development Corporation), Columbus Recreation & Parks Department, MSI, and CCAD.

Music: "1812 Overture" by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky.

Scioto Mile: Projection + Light Show Project

From 2-8-11 meeting in Crane Center Multi-Purpose Room - 5 p.m.

Recreation and Parks – Redevelopment - www.sciotomile.com

-Create a 3-min. video designed for the event and space. There will be a \$100,000 projector used to projection on a "fog wall" screen.

Ideas:

- Two-screen projections, ala "Woodstock"-style multi-screen approach.
- Use 3D layers with lights in After Effects to splash across the visuals and reveal new images.
- Use Track-Matte for CG fire – project animated photos in slow-mo fire.
- Use metamorphosis techniques from one shot to the next. It can be through either similar shapes or subject matter. Use motion graphics techniques to "grow" from image to image. Have shapes from one image grow into another with the background to follow.
- Final Cut Pro – scale a photo. Then copy and paste its Motion attributes to the rest of the still images. Use various and diverse set of transitions.
- Truck camera into CG Maya fire to reveal the next set of imagery. So it'll look like a smoke/ fire/ fog cloud reveals the next set of stills and/ or video. Stills scale, rotate, or scan across the imagery. Videos just play a five-second clip until the next images appear.
- Additive Dissolve transition to flash to white in between stills/ video. (Shows expression of *LIGHT*)
- Scale into shot, scale out of shot. i.e.: <http://www.metroparks.net/>
- Use Eight-Point Garbage Mask with feathered edge to create a vignette edge.
- Multi-colored lights in the fountain
- Light and color changes to enhance the experience.
- Orange glows video composited on top of stills/ video with an Add Transparency layer.
- Use my "Video Glows" video piece?
- Columbus' Bicentennial is 2012.

- Classical music (i.e.: “1812 Overture”) playing in speaker system.
- Examples and inspiration: go to Vimeo: “Building projection and 3D mapping”.
- Animated mask shapes of each still as its mask shape changes from a thin rectangle to a full rectangle. Then the mask slides across and disappears, and another rectangle take its place.
- Animate two layers of the same photo image. One layer is completely desaturated except for a specific color or area. When music cue comes in, pop on the full image.
- Would a slide show with a “water/ liquid” wipe transition from the bottom moving to the top work best?
- AEP imagery first.
- 3D zoo transition – 4 frames long
- 3.5 sec. length for each still – may vary w/ music
- Scale way up then slow 1.5 sec. fade-out
- Needs to vary length of certain shots as well.
- Ohio Theater – change headline to COLUMBUS BICENTINAL
- Photos side-to-side in HD widescreen composition
- “Come and Join Us!”
- Add: Celebration Fireworks: Red, White and Boom!, Holiday Lights: Columbus Zoo Wild Lights
- Add more time and readability to text, especially at the end.
- Shot at various seasons around Columbus
- Fireworks on top of additional scenes (Butter Cow)

Deadlines:

- Early March is a pitch session for visual ideas.
- End of the semester in early/ mid May is the due date.
- July 7th is the opening showcase. This space is meant to be a monument of the city. A destination location.
- The theme is “Columbus”: what it has to offer, what it is about and/ or “Electricity/ Power/ Light”.
- Use stills, then video to vary the visuals.

-USE STRONG GRAPHICAL, ICONIC IMAGERY.

- Photos and video: Firewater along Scioto Mile, German Village, Santa Maria boat, Ballet Met, Columbus Museum of Art, OSU campus, The Shoe, Buckeyes football, Wild Lights, Columbus Zoo, COSI, Ohio State Fair, Columbus metro parks, Park of Roses, Dames on Scioto River, Hayden Falls, pumpkin patches, Com Fest, Red White and Boom!, Pride Week, Doh Dah Parade, Downtown Christopher Columbus statue, downtown skyscrapers, Seminole chief statue in Dublin, Corn field, our various seasons of spring/ summer/ autumn/ winter, aerial shots from the 16th floor of the courthouse, the red CCAD ART sign over Gay Street, cardinal in a tree, "electrical"-looking trees in spring bloom...
- Intercut scaled up and flashing (a double-flash 1-second intervals) Columbus stills with electricity streaks of “Wild Lights” and “2010 Dublin 4th of July Fireworks”.
- “Wild Light Fireworks”: Double-expose “Wild Lights 2009” and “2010 Dublin 4th of July Fireworks”.
- Stop-motion animation of Columbus Zoo Wild Lights stills up for 8 frames each.
- Add titles to the stills
- Stills length: 3 sec. 20 frames.
- Only CCAD is involved with this Scioto Mile Project.

My Personal Interest in This Piece

I was quite excited about participating in this project to be played at Bicentennial Park since I've been taking tens of thousands of photos and shooting hours of video all around Columbus since 2002. This Scioto Mile project gave me a chance to use my enormous digital photography/ video back-catalog and showcase Columbus for its 200th anniversary in 2012. I just had so many gorgeous images of Columbus. Here was my chance to present them in a dynamic and interesting fashion to showcase Columbus and its many beauties.

My Intent

My intent and goal was to create a visual and audio experience (in three short minutes) to showcase the many areas of pride that our city, Columbus, Ohio, has to offer its residents and those visiting our great Midwestern city during its Bicentennial. I had to go through my massive archive of photos that I have taken around the city since I moved back to Columbus in 2002. Then I combined this imagery with three bits of HD video that I had shot over the past two years of Columbus' 4th of July fireworks, “Red,

White, and Boom!”. Not only was I trying to showcase Columbus’ attractions, I was also aiming to express “electricity” in a visual way, as an allusion to corporate sponsor A.E.P. (American Electric Power). As for the audio, I cannily used “1812 Overture” by Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky with its canon blasts to suggest the sound of fireworks. It also worked out nicely that Columbus, Ohio was celebrating its Bicentennial in 2012. So it seemed apt to use the “1812 Overture” as its 1812 “birth/ celebration music”.

Background Info

3-15-11

Okay. I know that many of you have been waiting for this, and others of you may not even be aware that it is going on.

So here’s the latest information on the AEP Fountain Video Projection and Light Show Competition.

Pitch your design (storyboards and/or animatics) for the **2-3 minute** Video Projection, along with your design (storyboards and/or animatics) for the synchronized Light Show and synchronized Fountain jets and fog at the Pitch Session **Tuesday, March 29th at 3:30PM in the Crane Center Multi-Purpose Room**. Attached is the file “AEP-Fountain-Storyboard.pdf” with a page labeled “story boarding legend” showing the location and configuration of all of the fountains: the letter designations of the five “Halo” fountains, the central “Blossom” fountain with its two layers of fog which serve as the “projection screen”, the reflecting pool with its 24 “Hedge Row” fountains (aep00); a page labeled “weekday morning program WDM-1” which shows the rain and fog spray mechanisms for the “Halo” fountains and the operation of the cascade jets, center jets and the blossom spouts of the “Blossom” fountain (aep01); a program storyboard example which includes action of all fountains including the “Hedge Row” fountains (aep03 – aep16); **a blank storyboard template (aep17)** which you can use to plan out your fountain lightshow program; and an image of the placement and operation of the ground fog mechanisms (aep18).

What is not indicated is the fact that there are large speakers on either side of the “Blossom” fountain and throughout the park which are capable of broadcasting an audio component for the proposed video projection/light show programs; and that each of the “Halo” fountains and the “Blossom” fountain are ringed with numerous independently programmable LED lights. As LEDs with 256 levels of RGB values, these lights are capable of **dynamically changing color** almost instantaneously and can also create the impression of movement around the rings. The “Hedge Row” fountains *do not* have the capability for using colored lights.

Also attached is an artist’s rendering (AEP Landscape rendering-Lables.jpg) which gives a sense of the overall fountain area. Each fountain is labeled and shown as its white-light version. The video projection beam from the park’s new café is indicated in a semi-transparent blue triangle in the foreground. Two fog rows indicated with yellow type serve as the screen for the video projections. Finally there are both a rendered aerial image (AEP Aerial.jpg) showing the location of the AEP fountains along the Scioto River, and a photograph of a “jet” test (FountainTestPhoto-002.jpg) to provide a sense of the scale of the fountains.

There are **Thousands of Dollars in Prizes** for any finished projects submitted by CCAD Students, Staff Faculty selected for inclusion in the Summer 2011 Bicentennial Park programs and Opening Night Festivities (July 7th). Your work will be seen by thousands of visitors to the city over the course of the summer. And there are also opportunities to **learn how to program** the fountains and use Mediamation’s **“Virtual Fountain” software**, which could open up **freelance or staff employment opportunities**. So work quickly to design a piece for submission in two weeks. Encourage your students/classmates to participate. Contact Ron Saks, Dean of Media Arts with any questions. rsaks@ccad.edu

Scioto Mile: City Banks on River in Waterfront Makeover

Bill Whitaker of Stewart Ironworks fits a washer over a nozzle on the new fountain in Bicentennial Park, on the southern tip of the Scioto Mile.

Special section

The original plans for the Scioto Mile showed a river-level walkway.

That was before designers realized that people probably didn't want to get *that* close to the Scioto River.

After all, the city's combined sewers overflow into the river there. Every time storms swelled the river, city crews would have another power-washing job.

"We looked at that and looked at that and said, 'That's not going to work,'" Mayor Michael B. Coleman said. "Then we thought, 'Why don't we just bring the water up top: fountains, wading pools. Water attracts people. Go design that.'"

Which is why, when the Scioto Mile opens today, visitors will find clean, treated city water jetting from the mouths of 52 brass fish in a fountain along Civic Center Drive and flowing through other water features throughout the park.

Columbus' relationship with the river running through it has been a complicated one.

At the turn of the 20th century, the Scioto's banks were a barren no-man's land.

Early last century, plans called for large civic buildings: City Hall, the federal courthouse and the building that now houses the Ohio Supreme Court among them.

By the late 20th century, city leaders were putting in parks. Bicentennial Park was first, in 1976. Then, in 1983, Battelle Riverfront Park opened along the banks.

But they were still separated, and the stretch of Civic Center Drive between them carried five lanes of traffic racing one-way out of town. In fact, that road was a straightaway in the Columbus 500 auto race, held on Downtown streets from 1985 to 1992.

The Scioto Mile is supposed to change all that. It is supposed to bring people to the riverfront day in and day out with a vital mix of activities and attractions.

Its first phase narrowed Civic Center and changed the traffic to two-way. That made more room for a promenade with colonnades, swings, fountains, gardens and pavilions with chessboards.

At the southern end, Bicentennial Park has been almost completely redone, with a 200-seat restaurant, an amphitheater, a rose garden and a signature fountain where hundreds of children can splash about.

Soon, Coleman said, a signature piece of artwork will be placed on what he calls the "prow," a platform left over when the Town Street bridge was demolished. The new span will connect with Downtown farther south, at Rich Street.

Coleman said the artwork will be analogous to the chrome "jelly bean" sculpture in Chicago's Millennium Park.

"I wanted the Scioto Mile to be more of a place where people can be and congregate," he said.

Battelle Riverfront Park was supposed to be that place when it opened north of Broad Street in 1983. The Columbus Recreation and Parks Department placed a kiosk there where people could rent paddle boats for lunchtime cruises on the river.

Photos from that summer show city lifeguards sitting around waiting for customers.

In 1992, when the Santa Maria replica arrived, it was supposed to help bring people to the riverfront. The crowds - except for during Red White & Boom - mostly have stayed away.

But after Coleman became mayor in 2000, the push for a riverfront park began anew. By 2006, however, civic leaders became "fairly agitated and displeased" with the plan's direction, said Dale Heydlauff, an American Electric Power vice president.

AEP's chief executive, Michael G. Morris, was tapped by his colleagues on the Columbus Downtown Development Corp. board to be the corporate champion for the project.

He assigned Heydlauff to work on it full time. Heydlauff solicited donations from the private sector that ultimately totaled \$23.1 million, including \$10 million from AEP.

A new architect, MSI, was brought on. The company suggested jettisoning the riverwalk and putting more money toward revitalizing Bicentennial Park, Heydlauff said.

That included the signature water fountain and play park.

"We got this wonderful water feature. We priced it and created a menu of sponsorship opportunities, went out and sold them," Heydlauff said.

Guy Worley, chief executive of the Downtown Development Corp., said he and others visited cities for ideas. Pittsburgh and Chicago were among them.

The corporate-sponsored 24.5-acre Millennium Park, which sits between Downtown Chicago and Lake Michigan, is filled with attractions such as an amphitheater, which the Scioto Mile has, plus gardens, promenades, a fountain and areas for art.

"Our biggest effort is providing programming for free. We have to do a lot of fundraising," said Matt Nielson, deputy commissioner of the Chicago Department of Cultural Affairs and Special Events.

That means \$8 million to \$10 million a year to sustain the level of free programming visitors expect, he said. The park hosts 525 free events a year, including concerts and family events.

Worley said the Scioto Mile was built with festivals in mind. "We've got to have programming to be successful," he said.

The city's Recreation and Parks Department will operate and maintain the park. Its budget includes money for programming, said Amy Taylor, chief operating officer for the Downtown Development Corp. The partial-year budget for the park in 2011 is \$750,000, most of which is for maintenance and operations, said Alan McKnight, the city's recreation and parks director. Columbus has set aside \$175,000 for events. Other cities are redeveloping their riverfronts.

Nashville is spending \$30 million in public money for the initial phase of improvements along the Cumberland River, which runs through the heart of the growing city.

That riverfront will have 19 distinct amenities, which Ed Owens, the waterfront's redevelopment director, calls "a string of pearls on a charm bracelet."

One of the first features is the \$8.9million, 6.5-acre Cumberland Park. Geared toward children, it will feature a playground, spray-grounds and water jets, climbing walls, a stage and a riverwalk. It is to open this fall.

In Minneapolis, parks are proposed for eight sites along the Mississippi River north of downtown. Bike and walking paths are to connect them with the area's trail system.

The hope is that the parks will help attract commercial and residential developers, said Mary deLaittre, project manager for the Minneapolis Riverfront Development Initiative.

"People want to be on parks," she said.

Background and Research

<http://columbus2012.org/>

Over the past several years, we listened to the voices of thousands of people to craft a common vision for Columbus that celebrates our 200 years of history and helps launch our renaissance. The Bicentennial 2012 is a great way to promote our homegrown entrepreneurs, our nationally ranked research institutions, our great neighborhoods, attractions, events, arts, sports and culture. Pieces of the Blueprint for the Bicentennial are already coming together thanks to a lot of hard work and creativity. Now we need to start implementing specific plans for celebrating our city during Bicentennial 2012. I am grateful to all the commissioners and volunteers who are already engaged in making Columbus great. We will continue to show the world why Columbus is the place to be in the 21st Century. - Mayor Michael B. Coleman

Ty Marsh Not a day goes by without someone bringing up a new idea of what they want to see happen in our Bicentennial 2012, and I'm proud to be a part of the team that is going to make things happen. This Bicentennial is for everyone. There will be opportunities for residents to define their own celebrations, to create energy in their neighborhoods, and to join with thousands of others as we make the most of dozens of annual civic events and festivals under the Bicentennial 2012 banner. -Ty Marsh, Chair, Bicentennial 2012 Organizing Committee

Growing out of a multi-year public input process, chaired by OSU President E. Gordon Gee, Abigail Wexner and Bishop Timothy Clarke, the "Blueprint for Bicentennial 2012" helped compile the suggestions, ideas and desires of thousands of Columbus residents. The Blueprint set a series of priorities for public and private partnerships to implement through the year 2012, and a variety of them continue to move forward.

During the summer of 2010, civic leaders joined Mayor Michael B. Coleman to set forth a plan to implement various projects, to promote and market the city and to celebrate our 200 years of history as well as our great future.

In September 2010, a team of civic leaders will officially join together as the Bicentennial Organizing Committee, chaired by Ty Marsh. Citizens will be asked to be a part of neighborhood initiatives, history projects, economic development plans and planning for festivals and celebrations throughout the bicentennial year. View the Bicentennial Organizational Structure [here](#).

Goals of the Columbus Bicentennial

- » Develop and coordinate a robust and transformative commemoration of the city's bicentennial by creating a community that is more inspired, proud and engaged in their progress and the increasing vitality of Columbus.
- » Achieve better recognition locally and globally of Columbus as one the best places to live and work. The Columbus Bicentennial 2012 Organizing Committee will work to develop and coordinate a robust and transformative commemoration of the city's bicentennial including:
 - » Celebration: Coordinating a year-long calendar of events that reaches every Columbus resident, attracts visitors, recognizes the beginning or completion of great projects and garners national and international

attention.

- » Education: Bringing the city's history, accomplishments and potential to the forefront.
- » Inspiration: Seeding the next generation of action, with a stronger sense of who we are as a community and what we are building together.
- » Marketing: Promoting the community to central Ohio, the state, and country.
- » Action: Championing both high-profile efforts as well as those neighborhood initiatives and projects that advance our prosperity and positively impact the everyday lives of residents.

Scioto Mile News Story

New Downtown Park Boasts Mile-Long Legacy: 7-3-11

Columbus never fully embraced the Scioto until "two guys named Mike from Toledo" pushed forward with a plan that Columbus will boast an unbroken string of parkland along its Downtown riverfront when the Scioto Mile emerges from behind its chain-link construction fences on Thursday.

Colonnade-shaded swings will line Civic Center Drive. Lights will play across water dancing from hundreds of fountain nozzles in Bicentennial Park. Diners in a new restaurant with sweeping views will sip beer crafted in Columbus.

"Every inch of that place was thought through," said Mayor Michael B. Coleman, who began talking about a riverfront-spanning park as early as 2002. "This is a place you'll go to at 7 in the morning and you won't want to leave until 11 at night."

Though some have questioned Coleman's priorities, he'll go down in city history as the mayor whose riverfront plan - among what must be dozens gathering dust on shelves at City Hall - actually was built. The Scioto Mile's \$44 million cost will be paid with \$10 million from the city, with the rest coming from private donors and other government entities. Coleman says the key moment was a meeting in early 2007 with Michael G. Morris, AEP's chairman. They were in Morris' office overlooking the riverfront.

"I sat down, and I asked him to put up \$20 million," Coleman said. "I made the case. Man, I couldn't stop talking."

It's what fundraisers call a "big ask."

"You could see he was engaged," Coleman said. "I pointed down, and you could see the area from his windows, and I described it. I wanted to create the vision with him and to establish the goal.

"And he didn't throw me out."

In fact, Morris later pledged \$10 million through the company's charitable arm and said he would help raise the rest from other corporate donors. Coleman would have to come up with the city's share from government sources.

The mayor secured pledges for \$12 million from the county, state and federal governments. Morris said AEP had no problem raising another \$12 million from other corporate leaders in town.

Morris said he could tell Coleman was serious.

"I know the mayor well enough to know that he doesn't do things for grins," Morris said. "I told my team to get it together."

This week, the park will open, creating a place for people to stroll and enjoy from Bicentennial Park on the south to North Bank park on the edge of the Arena District, including a stretch of Civic Center Drive that was once a speedway for cars.

"This will sound too bragging," Morris said, "but the fact of the matter is that two kids named Mike from Toledo got together and got this done."

The Scioto Mile has been attacked by critics as a frill. Coleman's political opponents - including Bill Todd, who ran for mayor in 2007, and Earl W. Smith, who is challenging Coleman this year - have said the city's money would be better spent in struggling neighborhoods.

"We spend well over \$200 million per year in capital improvements in our neighborhoods exclusive of Downtown," Coleman said. "These investments aren't neighborhood vs. Downtown. Life's not that simple, and leadership is not that simple. This is about investing for a whole region and a whole city."

Guy Worley, CEO of the Columbus Downtown Development Corp., the nonprofit group that is managing the construction of the park, stood at Civic Center and Town Streets recently and pointed toward the new apartment complex between the Scioto Mile and Columbus Commons, the new park where City Center mall once stood.

The developer, Lifestyles Communities, didn't start construction on the 213 apartments until executives knew the parks were a done deal, Worley said.

"One of the many reasons for this development and its 100 percent occupancy rate is these two parks," he

said.

One of the tenants: Mayor Coleman, who leases a three-story townhome near Front and Civic Center. "What I do sometimes in the evenings when I eventually get home, I'll walk around the construction site and go see the guy who's synchronizing the fountains," Coleman said recently. "I've been over there a dozen times kicking the tires and kind of offering my suggestions."

The fountain, in Bicentennial Park across from the new Milestone 229 restaurant, is the Scioto Mile's defining feature, Worley said. He compares it to the rectangular fountain in Chicago's Millennium Park, which has become one of that city's top tourist draws.

"You go to Millennium Park, and there are 500 kids playing in that fountain, and there are a thousand moms with strollers standing along the edge," Worley said. "I can see that here."

The Scioto Mile fountain is 200 feet long, with five halos supporting over 1,000 nozzles. There are more than 1,000 more jets in the base of the fountain, and the center blossom can shoot water up to 70 feet in the air. Changing lights and music accompany the water. Under the right conditions, a movie could be projected onto the fountain's mist.

It'll change throughout the day, Worley said: Quiet and gentle when it turns on at 7 a.m.; more raucous for the kids by afternoon; romantic for young professionals out for dinner, drinks and a stroll in the evening. The fountain will run - and the restaurant will be open - until 11 p.m.

Editing and Progress

3-21-11: I FINALLY made some real progress on the whole "Scioto Mile" project this evening by working straight through from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. while playing several CDs. It reminded me of the old days when I worked on art projects for long stretches of time while letting music hypnotize me along in a creative right-brained trance. I got some actual concrete editing work done that I've been waiting over a month to do. I spent weeks planning out what editing choices I was going to make while I sorted through literally tens of thousands of photos I had taken around Columbus for the past NINE YEARS (!!!). I'm just so pleased to have gotten a chance to showcase all the hard work I've done through taking my camera around with me everywhere I went and color-corrected all these images. It took so much time and energy. At last, I've been given a chance to assemble them together into something that may actually gets (moderate) public exposure and (slight) recognition.

The Struggle With the Editing and Re-Editing

3-24-11: I've been re-editing and editing and re-editing this "Scioto Mile" project piece all week long. Some days, I have my doubts about how effective it is. Am I just making a glorified slide show with fireworks? Is using Tchaikovsky's "Overture of 1812" too cliché? Are my design skills too mediocre to be worth showing to my own students who will judge me poorly? All these thoughts plague me as I work hour after hour on this project through yet another day.

The Pitch Session

3-29-11: **I'll be showing one commercial video I made for this project, and three more experimental videos. All are pretty developed along already and just need critical feedback. I'll also be bringing my 15-student Motion Graphics class to the pitch session. -Eric**

So the Scioto Mile presentation was this afternoon at 3:30 p.m. and my presentation went well. The representatives from AEP, CDDC (Columbus Downtown Development Corporation), Parks and Recreation, MSI, and CCAD were in attendance. There weren't many student submissions for this storyboard/ animatic pitch session. Mostly faculty showed work. Ric Petry showed some HD dancers in silhouette footage that he and his wife had already done. Then Ruedy Leeman talked about his idea of editing together student work clips together. Finally, it was my turn. I knew I had worked *way ahead* and had a much more "finished" looking video to show. I described that I had a more "family-friendly" commercial video and also three other more experimental videos to showcase. The representatives seemed quite impressed with all the work I showed. My project was rather far developed looking for a storyboard pitch session, which is preferred in order to best convey to everyone what I was trying to express. I was a little nervous about showing my work, especially with my Motion Graphics class mostly in attendance. I'm usually fairly concerned that the students will look down on the artwork abilities of their faculty. I also had a group of Advertising and Graphic Design students that were probably critiquing my design skills as well. It can be a very tough thing to get up before a group of people and present yourself and your artistic abilities. Yet I managed all the way through. And I felt pretty good about everything. Ruedy sarcastically

called me an “overachiever”. Good! Well, I sort of needed to work ahead since my wife was going to give birth to our first baby in three weeks! One representative asked for my business card so they could do more work with me. We’ll see about that. I have to stay humble because others will judge my work and criticize it *harshly*. I can’t help but feel a bit naked when “showing” my artwork and video abilities. Still, I felt like I had a good shot of getting “some” money for submitting to this project. Another student went after me with an animation/ video piece he was still working on. Then Ron went over the still-developing Pipeline Project. If anything, I’m ahead of the game by working so far ahead on this project to the point where these representatives could FULLY understand what I was expressing, which was a visual pageantry of Columbus, Ohio.

Another thing I realized was that people were submitting *any type of subject matter*. I could submit old video work if I wanted to! I could submit multiple video pieces. I could work on a new video/ photo piece involving my huge archive of spring and autumn photography! I also have my recent St. Patrick’s Day HD video that I just made. The main thing is for the imagery to appeal to kids and families that will be down at the fountain area. I spent a long enough time sorting and archiving all this work. I can also choreograph the lights and fountains that are at the renovated Scioto Mile Fountain area! It would go so nicely with the “1812 Overture”! “Boom! Boom! Boom!” Up gushes huge explosions of water from the fountains. I hopefully will finally be able to showcase my creative and artistic talents for the Columbus public to see. I’ve always wanted to gain some recognition for my video skills. I’ve been working so hard for so many years. It’s nice to finally gain some connections to showcase what I can do! And get paid for it!!! But we’ll see. Maybe they’ll do a background check on me and find me “too weird”. We’ll see... we’ll see.

The Copyright Music Scare

6-23-11: *My music selection is from "Mad About the Classics", made by Deutsche Grammophon. I do have several other versions here at home, including one that does have it printed on the interior of the CD that "all selections are public domain". -Eric*

Just to be on the safe side, I'll switch the old selection out with the best royalty free one I can find. -Eric

I spent over an hour tonight researching and looking up public domain versions of "1812 Overture". Then I searched for royalty free versions, which ended up needing to be paid for around \$25-\$100! I thought this would be simple, but it's not!

6-27-11: So I was over at CCAD from 9:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. to help and assist Ron with finalizing the AEP Scioto Mile movies for presentation. Ruedy was also there to drop off the piece he worked. The biggest and most pleasant surprise of the day was asking Ron about the copyright issue. "It's all taken care of," was Ron's reply. I was all ready to rework the piece through this morning with some public domain music playing under it, which ultimately would have significantly diminished the project. Yet suddenly, it was all okay because (as far as I can understand) the City of Columbus has a way of playing music if it has been copyrighted. Okay, then. After that whole copyright scare last Thursday, I lost almost all hope for having *any* of my pieces shown.

The Re-Editing and Additional Alterations

6-29-11: Add more Columbus Zoo images. Assemble more BOLD GRAPHICAL IMAGES for Scioto Mile Project. This will probably take 5-9 extra hours!!!

7-1-11: I'm immensely stressed out over getting this Scioto Mile project edited down. And it's even harder when Lisa is yelling at me to help take care of the baby.

I spent most of today hard at work with revising and re-editing my "Columbus, Ohio: Overture 1812" piece for the Scioto Mile project. It was a laborious process that proved fairly difficult until I simply let myself go and not worry about what other people thought of my video. I'm just so much a perfectionist. And it sucks that the original version was so developed along. Today I had to change out about 50 images, add a soft border to them, and reanimate their scale properties!! Video editing can just be so exhausting.

7-2-11: "Finished up" working on "Version 2" of "1812 Overture: Columbus, Ohio". Can't do any more work on it. Feel like it's done. Ruedy came over to the house and dropped off his revised video file as well.

Frustration and Disappointment

7-3-11: So I called up D. Meyers tonight to be certain about his email regarding the Scioto Mile

project. From how it read, I had just spent four days of my time reworking a piece that they weren't planning on even using. (!!!!????!!!) I explained that I had spent a lot of time reworking it and replaced 40+ shots that were bolder, more powerful images that could be more easily read. So they're going to give the "1812 Overture" piece another shot on Tuesday night. And then he also wanted to swap out the audio from one "Columbus Lights" piece and use it in the first "Columbus Lights" piece. I wish I hadn't spent so much time reworking all these pieces. Darren also informed me that our video pieces would be edited down and shown *only* that Thursday evening at 9:45 p.m. at the opening that is going on all day long at the Scioto Mile park space. I was under the impression that our videos would be shown in that space year-round. Whatever. I'm so used to this type of disappointment. So much time and work over a holiday weekend for some pieces that won't be seen by hardly *anyone*. And I have *no idea* if we're getting *any* type of financial compensation. Sometimes I wonder if I truly am insane for being in the arts. But you've got to have a thick skin for disappointment. It's always around the corner.

7-5-11: Still working on this Scioto Mile project. It's pretty difficult and grueling to get through. Don't even know if all my hard work and effort will even be seen! That makes it physically, mentally, and emotionally exhausting. But at least I feel that I'm learning more about the importance of bold graphical design. I can see it sharply now in every TV commercial.

The Final Cut

7-6-11: Ron came over to the house at around 11:30 a.m. and we edited together the selected videos from a total of 18 minutes down to 10 minutes. My entire "1812 Overture" piece was *completely omitted* because it simply wasn't readable enough on the fountain surface. We were originally told that we'd be projecting onto a wall of fog emitted by the fountain. Yet that didn't work. So now we're projecting on *thin stainless steel beams*. This effectively changes *everything*. Wide shots no longer read. Abstract imagery and close-ups of easily readable figures in high contrast and/ or saturation are the only things that will play well on this footage. So basically the weeks of massively hard work I did on the 1812 piece was out the window. I was horrified. Yet I also perfectly understood that we had to make some last-minute and mature decisions of what footage would work for that given space and its limitations. While we were editing, I just happened to open up an old abstract piece of mine from 2007 called "Speed Dances in the Aurora". Ron liked it and put it at the end of the "Pipeline Project" of the footage that was removed because it wasn't readable. We kept in the music. So in went one of my projects as another project went out. It was crazy! Yet we had to match the footage that would work best for the given space. Yet the "Speed Dances in the Aurora" piece hardly took *any* time to create, maybe a few hours! Meanwhile, the "1812 Overture" piece took over a month!!!! This was madness to me. But Ron felt the "Speed Dances in the Aurora" piece would work. So be it! We also edited down my "Columbus Lights" piece from 2 minutes in length to 1 minute. All they really wanted were the hexagon light formations. So that was all that was left. Essentially we spent several hours through the afternoon cannibalizing our pieces that we had turned in and trimmed them down to their bare essences: we made them into "eye candy". Content and context was thrown out the window. They just wanted pretty dancing colors. And that was exactly what "Speed Dances in the Aurora" was. It was all so ridiculous.

[The data DVD with the re-edited version \(re-burned without spaces in the filename\) was just picked up and is now en route to the site. I'll be bringing a back-up copy with me to the site later tonight. -Ron](#)

And it wasn't until Ron left around 7 p.m. that I realized the enormity of a loss it was for them to not even use that "1812 Overture" piece that I *labored* on throughout the 4th of July holiday weekend. I pleaded with Lisa to let me work on it so I wouldn't be interrupted with baby duties. And now... it's not even going to be shown. It's total madness. And because of this craziness, I went a little mad. I had trouble thinking. I got "weird". I started talking to myself. I was experiencing severe mental and emotional exhaustion. I just had too much to think about. I feel sick inside.

[Hi, Ron; I received it from Keith's daughter about an hour ago and it's uploading now. I have to go back to the park to check on its progress. Thanks for making it one file, simplified things. Thanks for the video. - John](#)

The Premiere

7-7-11: Lisa and I ventured downtown to visit the Scioto Mile and view the 10-minute video that Ron and I assembled together yesterday. The Scioto Mile space was really quite impressive with fountains, swings, and a nice river walk area. Tom and Kathy also showed up. I was impressed by the hundreds of people in attendance in and around the fountains and along the Scioto Mile by the Scioto River. The

CCAD-produced video show started around 10 p.m. while dozens of kids were still playing in the fountain area. Ron was right that projecting video and animated imagery on the fountain with those stainless steel metal beams in front. Thankfully, it made my colorful abstract piece work really well with all those kids playing in front of it. And the fireworks piece looked really spectacular as well. It was mainly a dance of moving colors. Only when you squint could you actually see that there was actual clear imagery in there. So I'm sort of mixed. I'm glad my "1812 Overture" piece wasn't shown because it would have looked awful and very confusing. Yet I put so much work and effort into that project, only for it not to be used. At least I could use it for the 2012 CCAD faculty show and for the 2012 Ohio State Fair film festival submission. The other pieces in the video worked from fairly well to extremely well being projected on the fountain space. So I'm at least glad we didn't bomb completely. And the kids at the fountain got a kick out of the dancing rainbow of imagery. The interaction of the kids and the video worked better than I had hoped for. So for that I am glad. Denny Griffith, the president of CCAD, was even there in attendance and greeted me. After the video presentation, I spotted Ron and walked over to chat with him before Lisa and I had to go and put Alyssa to bed. Overall, Ron was fairly happy and things worked out, eventually, pretty good. I'm just glad it's over with... I think. We'll see. I don't know if I'll even get paid for the use of my video imagery.

The CCAD Video at the new fountain at Bicentennial Park at the Scioto Mile in Downtown Columbus.

"Columbus Lights 1" - (2011) - (version 1: 2 min.) - (version 2: 2 min.) Documentary Video Art

Columbus Lights: Red, White, and Boom! And Columbus Zoo Wildlights.

Originally created as a more experimental, "electrical" component to the "Scioto Mile Light and Fountain Show" as part of Columbus, Ohio's 2012 Bicentennial. It features footage from "Wildlights 2009", shot at the Columbus Zoo Wildlights filmed in 1080p with a Canon XL-H1 in Dec. 2009. This footage is multiplied with footage of the 2010 4th of July Fireworks, which features close-up shots of fireworks explosions that was shot with a Panasonic HD camera. The result is a phantasmagoria of lights and sparkles.

Version 1: Music: "America" by Neil Diamond.

Version 2: Music: "Rhapsody in Blue" by George Gershwin and "Ode to Joy from Symphony no. 9" by Ludwig van Beethoven.

The Editing

3-25-11: I also got more work done with the "Scioto Mile" project. I even managed to create three alternate "experimental" versions that were more about presenting an "electrical" side that Ron was talking about.

"Columbus Lights 2" - (2011) - (3 min.) Documentary Video Art

Music: "Rhapsody in Blue" by George Gershwin and "Ode to Joy from Symphony no. 9" by Ludwig van Beethoven.

"Columbus Lights 3" - (2011) - (3 min.) Documentary Video Art

Music: "Born in the U.S.A." by Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band.

"It's a Girl: Alyssa Ann Homan" - (2011) - (16 min. full version) and (13 min. edited version)
Video Journal

“Alyssa Ann Homan”... April 22, 2011... Born at 12:07 p.m. ... 5 pounds, 15 ounces... 19 inches long... “It’s a girl”... April 23, 2011... Grandpa Homan... April 24, 2011... April 25, 2011... Going home... “Uncle” Tom... April 26, 2011.

“Justin and Nikki: Skateboarding – In the Beginning” - (2004/ 2011) - (6 min.) Video Journal

Dublin Skate Park, Dublin, Ohio... They’re a lot better now!

4-18-04

This Sunday, I went with Nikki and Justin to the Dublin skate park. It was our church. I played passive-active videographer and photographer as my friends skated all over the place. The weather was pitch perfect 77-degrees with a cool warm breeze with a blue screen appropriate sky.

“Bongo Nikki” - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Co-starring Justin Jason.

“Take to the Clouds” - (2011) - (22 min.) Video Journal

Columbus, Ohio... Cloud Sailing... Chicago, Illinois... The Grand Canyon... San Diego, California... Ears popping.

“Too Much a Dreamer” – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

- “Red, White and BOOM! 2003”** - (8 min.)
- “Red, White and BOOM! 2007”** - (20 min.)
- “The Ohio State Fair 2004”** - (4 min.)
- “CCAD: The Early Academia Years”** - (18 min.)
- “St. Patrick’s Day Parade 2003”** - (5 min.)
- “Washington D.C. 2005”** - (12 min. 30 sec.)
- “Put-n-Bay 2005”** - (2011) - (5 min. 30 sec.)
- “Hailey and Jordan Performance Piece #1”** - (5 min.)
- “Tour of the Playground”** - (5 min)
- “Doo Dah Parade 2007”** - (8 min.)
- “Home Inspection”** - (14 min.)

“Red, White and BOOM! 2003” - (2011) - (8 min.) Video Journal

Filmed from a Columbus, Ohio parking garage on Front Street.

“Red, White and BOOM! 2007” - (2011) - (20 min.) Video Journal

Filmed from a kayak on the Scioto River.

Red, White and BOOM! 2007, Columbus, Ohio, Eric Homan, 4th of July, documentary, video, fireworks.

“The Ohio State Fair 2004” - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

With Kylie.

“CCAD: The Early Academia Years” - (2011) - (18 min.) Video Journal

Playtime in the Hallway... Spring 2003... Computer Animation I... Video I... Video II... Group Project brainstorming... The Freshmen dorms... RC sleeping... Fawn's Sprite commercial... Rendering on 24 PC computers!... Spring 2004... Video II group projects... Matt Plotecher capturing some old video projects... Blue screen sweep in the studio... Teaching computer animation.

“St. Patrick's Day Parade 2003” - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Downtown Columbus, Ohio... Sketching what they see.

“Washington D.C. 2005” - (2011) - (12 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

The Smithsonian Institute... The Mall... The National Zoo... Arlington National Cemetery... Tomb of the Unknown Soldier... 9/11 Again?... Driving Home.

“Put-n-Bay 2005” - (2011) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Cedar Point... Lake Erie... Put-in-Bay, Ohio... Perry's Victory and International Peace Memorial.

7-19-05: I just got back from a daylong trip to Put-in-Bay, Ohio, a small island getaway a few miles north of Sandusky, Ohio on Lake Erie. My friend Matt and I ended up going to Put-in-Bay instead of Kelley's Island due to the boat that we went to in Sandusky and since it was leaving in five minutes. But Put-in-Bay was just what was great of an experience. I've never been there, so it was rather fun to explore around the island community with my friend on our bikes. Life there was so unusual since there were so few motorized vehicles. Transportation is either through golf cart or bicycle, which I found nice since you don't have to worry about cars speeding past you. It's also an island of century-old summer vacation homes with long private driveways. (See, I scouted the entire island.) There's also a large “Peace Monument” tower signifying a U.S. naval war victory over the British fleet in the War of 1812. Like all vacations, by late in the day, my friend and I were both exhausted and drained. I was fighting a two-day old cold through the day. It finally fought back and beat me down by late evening and I could barely speak from my exhaustion. Yet after a shower, I felt just enough energy to write these words of today's experience.

“Hailey and Jordan Performance Piece #1” - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

My cousins Hailey and Jordan going crazy before my video camera.
Dec. 2005... Tipp City, Ohio.

“Tour of the Playground” - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

A play-tour of a Dublin, OH playground by my cousin Hailey.
April 2006... Dublin, Ohio... Underground #1... Underground #2.

4-30-06: I got out to a post-Easter family gathering at Dean and Laurie Twehues' place in Dublin

this Sunday afternoon. I've noticeably become much more relaxed at these social functions than years ago. Yes, basketball on the TV can get old after fifteen minutes. So I made the most of the time by warming up playing with Hailey and Jordan, Chris and Larry's kids. After an hour of Foosball and Hike-and-Go-Seek, the kids really took a liking of me. What most surprised me was how much fun I was having. Yes, I'm older now and I get tired faster. Moreover, I have to be a responsible adult and be the person of order and (my God!) discipline when supervising those kids when we went for a walk to a neighboring Dublin playground.

"Doo Dah Parade 2007" - (2011) - (8 min.) Video Journal

The annual 4th of July parade in the Short North, Columbus, Ohio. Featuring Captain Ohio.

"Home Inspection" - (2011) - (14 min.) Video Journal

Music: "Piano Concerto #1 in D Minor, Op. 15 - 2. Adagio" by Johannes Brahms.

"Extreme Daydreaming" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Dublin Irish Fest 2004" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"Columbus Zoo' 2006" - (9 min.)

"Glassblowing 101: Making a Christmas Ornament" - (7 min.)

"Hangin' with Justin and Nikki" - (4 min.)

"Side Stops in the Hocking Hills" - (6 min.)

"House-Sitting in the Hocking Hills" - (25 min.)

"Hanging with Hostetler" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Twehues Family Reunion 2004" - (9 min. 30 sec.)

"Family Fun Therapy Session with a Balloon" - (10 min.)

"Thanksgiving in Fredericksburg 2004" - (7 min. 30 sec.)

"From Niagara Falls to Honeoye Falls Via the Rainbow Connection" - (11 min.)

"Madison's Day Out in Columbus" - (4 min.)

"Madison's Day Out in Columbus 2" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Dublin Irish Fest 2004" - (2011) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

With Kylie in Dublin, Ohio.

"Columbus Zoo' 2006" - (2011) - (9 min.) Video Journal

At the Columbus Zoo and Aquarium, June 2006.

Ape Expressions... He just threw up!... Later at Tom's house... Silly, silly, silly!!

"Glassblowing 101: Making a Christmas Ornament" - (2011) - (7 min.) Video Journal

Featuring Charlotte Belland.

"Hangin' with Justin and Nikki" - (2011) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

The 2003 Ohio State Fair.

“Side Stops in the Hocking Hills” - (2011) - (6 min.) Video Journal

Nelsonville, Ohio... Nelsonville Opera House... The Clay Logan Products Company.

“House-Sitting in the Hocking Hills” - (2011) - (25 min.) Video Journal

10 miles north of Logan, Ohio... After a rainstorm... The driveway becomes a stream... The country home I’m house-sitting... Driving up an Athens, Ohio hill to videotape two artists... Walking the dogs... The Peeing Plant... Shame!... “House-Sitting Impromptu #1” by Eric Homan... “House-Sitting Impromptu #2” by Eric Homan...

“Hanging with Hostetler” - (2011) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Starring David Hostetler and Eric Homan. Videotaped and Edited by Eric Homan.

“Twehues Family Reunion 2004” - (2011) - (9 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Hocking Hills State Park.

“Family Fun Therapy Session with a Balloon” - (2011) - (10 min.) Video Journal

When the Twehues get together, they’ve got to find a way to work it all out. So they hit and swat each other with an inflated balloon for over an hour.

7-23-04: I videotaped a “Balloon Therapy Session” in progress at the 2004 Twehues family reunion where family members smack a large green balloon back a forth across the “family room” in order to get their feelings out. This physical group activity is meant to get them to show affection, aggression, and attention to one another. I wanted to put a label over them “How Families Interacts” as they played.

“Thanksgiving in Fredericksburg 2004” - (2011) - (7 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Driving east to Fredericksburg, Maryland... The Cat Bath... The Cat Chronicles... Driving into D.C.... Driving back home... Beatles Brunch... Thanksgiving in Fredericksburg 2004. (The first and last.)

“From Niagara Falls to Honeoye Falls Via the Rainbow Connection” - (2011) - (11 min.)
Video Journal

April 2005... Niagara Falls... Honeoye Falls, NY... Piano Exit Music by Kylie’s father.

“Madison’s Day Out in Columbus” - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

At the Via Colori festival under the Short North on the closed Interstate 670. Featuring a performance by Patrick Kenney.

“Madison’s Day Out in Columbus 2” - (2011) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

At the Columbus Zoo.

“Creative Spaces” – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

“Rodeo Eric” - (1 min. 30 sec.)

“Karaoke Catharsis” - (4 min.)

“Kentucky Day Trip” - (12 min.)

“SIGGRAPH & San Diego 2003” - (15 min.)

“SIGGRAPH 2004: Additional Scenes” - (6 min.)

“SIGGRAPH & L.A. 2005” - (15 min. 30 sec.)

“Niagara Falls Vacation 2007” - (31 min.)

“Alyssa’s Baptism” - (15 min. 30 min.) (Short Version) - (3 min.)

“Rodeo Eric” - (2011) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

At a country bar called The Big Easy, on the east side of Columbus, Ohio... 9-26-03
9-26-03: Well, we ended up on the east side of town off Brice Rd. at a country bar called The Big Easy where they had pool and ping pong tables, *line dancing*, and, the craziest of all, *a mechanical bull*. I enjoyed the surrealistic aspect of this whole bizarre scene, especially with me being there.

“Karaoke Catharsis” - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

Otani Japanese and Karaoke Restaurant... Columbus, Ohio... 5-13-04... “My Way” as performed by Frank Sinatra *and* Sid Vicious...

5-13-04: Beyond the agonizing headache that stirred in my head this evening, I found peace and nervous tranquility by joining some graduating CCAD students at Otani, a Japanese restaurant with a karaoke bar. At first I felt out of place being the oldest person there. But there were a couple of recent students among them that I sat with and engaged actively and energetically in conversation. They even sorta looked up to me. The karaoke part of the night allowed me an opportunity to let go of myself and just *be free*. I forced myself to enjoy myself and stop trying to remain in my personality routines of working on computer art, watching a movie, and listening to music. I've got to do something I'd never done before: public “singing”. My first song was a duet with an African-American student of mine where we preformed Sade’s “Smooth Operator”, even though my mic wasn’t fully working. Fifteen minutes later, I had my real karaoke moment: my name was called and I preformed a song for the “graduating seniors in the audience”. I did “My Way” the way Frank Sinatra *and* Sid Vicious both sang it!!! It was amusingly inspired and something they probably never saw a college instructor do before. Thankfully, they captured it on my video camera. It was a great song to do because it allowed me to go over the top absurd and remain totally sincere all the while. What they probably didn’t realize was how sincerely I was singing/ saying/ expressing/ confessing that song.

“And now, *the end is near; and so I face the final curtain*. My friend, I'll say it *clear*, I'll state my case, of which I'm *certain*. *I've lived a life that's full*. I've traveled each and every highway; but more, much more than this, *I did it my way*. *Regrets, I've had a few*; but then again, too few to mention. *I did what I had to do and saw it through without exemption*. I planned each charted course; each careful step along the byway. But more, much more than this, I did it my way. Yes, there were times, *I'm sure you knew when I bit off more than I could chew*. *But through it all, when there was doubt, I ate it up and spit it out*. *I faced it all and I stood tall; and did it my way*. *I've loved, I've laughed and cried*. *I've had my fill; my share of losing*. And now, *as tears subside, I find it all so amusing*. *To think I did all that; And may I say - not in a*

shy way, "No, oh no not me, I did it my way". For what is a man, what has he got? If not himself, then he has naught. To say the things he truly feels; and not the words of one who kneels. The record shows I took the blows - And did it my way!" -"My Way" by Frank Sinatra.

The next song I sang didn't translate as well for an audience, though I still loved being able to sing it: Neil Young's "After the Gold Rush". After over three hours, I left with doing a duet with one of the foreign girls by singing in a high voice Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Have You Ever Seen the Rain?"

"Kentucky Day Trip" - (2011) - (12 min.) Video Journal

6-7-04... Skylift to Heaven... Daniel Boone National Forest... Natural Rock Bridge... Stuck up in the air... Stuck again... Mammoth Cave.

6-7-04: Dad and I ventured south to Kentucky to a natural rock bridge in Daniel Boone National Forest, and then later to Mammoth Cave National Park. It was a rare occasion where we could enjoy a short vacation together. I made sure to bring along World Music from Peter Gabriel's Real World label that both of us would enjoy. And we *both* shared the driving. Normally, it would have been him taking the lead. Our trip was supposed to be a two-day thing, but we ended up rising at 5:20 a.m. and arriving home at 10:30 p.m. – a one day Kentucky excursion.

The best thing I came across all day was the least expected. It was outside a rock shop outside Mammoth Cave in the middle of nowhere Kentucky in a place called "Steve's House of Mystery". "Enter for only \$1!!". I never went in, which left my imagination wide open and dizzy with wonders of what was really inside that rundown, little old makeshift shack. It was like someone made up a tourist attraction in a half an hour and decided to have people pay money for it!! *But what the hell was inside!??*

We enjoyed each other's company for 95% of the journey... until the last forty-five minutes when we were both tired, cranky, hungry, short-tempered, and over-stressed. There were no restaurants open after 10 p.m., so we ended up at a busy Applebee's. We waited for our dinners to arrive impatiently and unable to communicate anymore with one another. It was pure misery times thirty while being surrounded by north Cincinnati's vacant-minded twenty-something corporate singles crowd. It was like being at a bar in hell. At least the food was good.

"SIGGRAPH & San Diego 2003" - (2011) - (15 min.) Video Journal

Side profile of a monster's face.

"SIGGRAPH 2004: Additional Scenes" - (2011) - (6 min.) Video Journal

Additional scenes that were deleted from the original "SIGGRAPH 2004" documentary.

"SIGGRAPH & L.A. 2005" - (2011) - (15 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Departing Port Columbus... Venice Beach, California... CCAD Animation on Location in L.A.... USC Campus... Dim Sum in Chinatown... Santa Monica pier... A jellyfish... Doc Bailey... Los Angeles Convention Center... Back at SIGGRAPH 2005... The SIGGRAPH Exhibition Hall opens... To the PIXAR booth... Going home.

7-25-05

I occupied my time on the flight by reading a biography on Jim Morrison. The air pressure on the plane did cause me some discomfort, but my ears and hearing returning to normal after a half an hour. I arrived into L.A. at 1 p.m./ 4 p.m. and managed to track down an airport shuttle (after some confusion) that could transport me easily and directly to the USC campus to where I was staying. The weather in L.A. was unbelievably beautiful and comfortable. I haven't felt such low humidity in months. Just being in a new setting was exhilarating and rejuvenating for me in such physical and emotional ways. Perhaps I wasn't

fully aware of how much I truly needed a vacation get-away from Ohio. Here I was back in the heart of movieland. It just felt great.

Ron called me up and invited me on the tour of the USC movie and television departments, which was good to see. Returning to my own private dorm room to write out these notes and memoirs felt so peaceful for the introspective introvert in me. Just me and my thoughts without my needing to be “on” or extroverted. It’s crucial time needed for “decompression”.

While on a tour of the USC George and Marcia Lucas Movie, Soundstage, and Television buildings, I encountered an old classmate of mine from CCAD who was a grad student there now. Matt was an artist whose work I greatly admired with zeal and jealousy because it stole the student show. He really was the one who inspired me to work so hard in the lab the following year on my own work.

We had Shane Acker, a visiting artist come in tonight who blew me away with the success and hard work he’s put into his computer animation work. He even won best in show at SIGGRAPH for his project “9”, which has now been picked up to be expanded into a feature length animated film executive produced by Tim Burton!! It was so extremely inspiring and exciting to listen to a real artist who has made it and hasn’t compromised his vision too drastically. He went on about story, story, story. Shane refined his animatic for “9” 94 times until he thought it was finally working, especially if he was going to be spending over 4 years of his life working on it. “You start with the germ of an idea and it grows from there,” he pointed out on the genesis on the project.

7-26-05

I survived through a restless night of tossing and turning in a dormitory bed as anxiety about today swarmed doubts and dread inside my head. I was afraid of oversleeping, getting lost, being uncommunicative, getting into an accident, and endless other dilemmas. But I did manage to get about 7 forty-minute REM naps in before waking on time.

I’m in the middle of training right now during our first break. Terrific weather out here in L.A. Very low humidity with a breeze. It’s unreal.

Today was a great success for me. I managed to drive through L.A. on my own and didn’t get lost on my way to Digital Domain in Venice, CA. Though it was a 50-minute drive through 5 mile an hour traffic on the crammed interstates, I found the experience new enough to keep me enthralled. As for the training itself with Nuke, I was one of five faculty members there, among others from SCAD and NYU. It certainly helped that I had learned Shake several years before since Nuke was very similar in its procedure and setup. I was amazed that I was able to hold my own and not fall behind with only a few questions. This first day was the hardest day, and it’s over now. I had worried for a while about being capable enough to drive around and to make it through a training course as CCAD’s representative. Thankfully, I found out to my pleasure that I was able and responsible enough to make it.

After a long, long draining day of learning so much new technical information, I attended a 19 person CCAD alumni reunion at the USC dorm lobby. I got to reunite with several old classmates of mine that I haven’t seen in years. It’s crazy how many of them are quite successful in the film/ animation world with big-name films on their resumes. Yet quite a few also wish to get out of the business and do what I’ve been doing – teaching at CCAD. It turns out that I’m doing all right after all professionally.

It’s 10:45 p.m. Pacific time, but it’s also my birthday someplace else in the world.

7-27-05

I finally got a full night’s sleep without waking much at all from slumber.

I’m sneaking in an email while I have a few extra minutes during today’s training. I’m learning about all sorts of Hollywood special visual effects tricks that they used in “Titanic” and other movies that were done here at Digital Domain.

Today was day two of the Nuke training course at Digital Domain from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. After we finished, I strolled over to the Venice Beach, took off my sandals, and said hello to the Pacific Ocean by kissing the coast with my bare feet. It was my birthday, after all. I needed to make contact with Mother Nature a little bit. When I got back to USC, Ron and the students had a little birthday party for me with ice cream cake and Smirnoff. Honestly, it was one of my best birthdays mainly because it was low-key, but still sociably fun. I’ve had birthdays in the past where I felt invisible with no family and hardly many friends around to know it was my birthday. Cake, conversation, alcohol, and funny people – what a nice combination. *Happy birthday, Mr. Homan.*

7-28-05

After the third day of the Nuke training course, I walked over to the Venice Beach again. This time I strolled down the walkway to see all the vendors and storefronts. After a few minutes, it quickly occurred to me how many burnt-out homeless artistic freak casualties that populate the area. It wasn't all that pretty after a while.

I've been hearing firsthand from the teacher of the Nuke course at Digital Domain this week about the disillusionment of the dream of living and working in L.A. at a major visual effects studio. You're lucky if you can find a one-bedroom apartment for \$1,500 a month. Otherwise, you have to drive an hour and a half each way to work every day. Usually you work 50 hours a week, except during crunch time when you can work around 70 to 80 hours a week. But the bottom line is your work is your only life. There is a major strain when you have a family because you're never home. The job takes over. It's fine and great when you're in your twenties, but afterwards it just isn't worth it anymore. You do eventually burn out. "The thrill of living in L.A. has worn off finally," stated my teacher who is leaving his industry job to move to Vancouver. I see all these young guys coming here for 'the dream', and this is the hard truth of what it is." So it's been quite the lesson for me lately being in the heart of the world of movies, animation, and visual effects. Suddenly, Columbus isn't as half bad as it might appear.

7-29-05

I stopped at Del Taco for fish and steak tacos for breakfast this morning. I love the fact that I can do that.

What flips me out about the Nuke training is that even their lead educator about Nuke at Digital Domain where they created the software has difficulty explaining some of its features. That shows how difficult it is to work with. There are still some buggy aspects to the project that can throw you off massively. You really have to follow the teacher's tutorials or you'll find yourself completely lost without a paddle.

And alas, ended my fourth day of Nuke training at Digital Domain today. It was indeed a lot of information to take in, but I kept up my attention and worked hard throughout. I did my duty as a representative of CCAD. I really appreciated meeting other colleagues in the education field from around the nation and to be among them as a classmate. Funny, I just realized we were all educators in a classroom setting, but suddenly transformed back to being students. Ah, irony uncovered! Anyway, after the class, I drove over to "The Animated Performance: Art Meets Technology", at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences at their Samuel Goldwin Theater in Beverly Hills. I met up with Ron and the students for dinner and the event. Though I was wildly fried from four straight days of training and long drives back and forth across the crazy traffic landscape that is L.A., I loved the presentation and discussion that we saw tonight. It featured a wide assortment of animators, especially Brad Bird of "The Incredibles" fame. I found myself standing next to him as he left the lobby while being fawned over by the CCAD students and other animators. I wanted to shake his hand, but I felt uncomfortable since everyone else was "assaulting" him by asking to shake his hand and talk to him. I sensed quickly that it was almost all too much for him. Too much fan adoration can get overwhelming, exhausting, and numbing. I fell back in love with animation after the presentation of old animated films. I was watching it with old and new eyes. I had grown up with so many of those films and now I was teaching about their animation principles. It was all too surreal and wonderful. And the guest speakers really got to speak their minds and hearts about the animation industry and how Hollywood money "sharks" have been blinded by the money that 3D films have been making and closing up 2D animation houses across the world. One of the animators made a great point that computer animation is now getting old – and that is good. It will make people appreciate good stories rather than what is fresh, new, and great to look at. Animation can be wonderful no matter what medium it is in: Claymation, stop motion, 3D, or 2D. It doesn't really matter as long as there are good characters and a good story in there.

It was also refreshing to see these animators be so *animated* in real life, as much or more so than their own classic animated creations. They're bursting with ideas, eccentricity, silliness, humor, and creativity.

One thing I really liked about tonight's animation program was that whenever a classic animated clip came on, they would credit the film *and* the animator who drew it as if they were the invisible actor. I had never seen that done before and it finally made me recognize animation as more of an art form that I had before. Usually, the credit went to the director or Walt Disney all the time. But no, it was the individual

talents of the animators that truly made the work come alive and made real. They are the ones making a performance be so amazing.

The Lost Anonymity of Brad Bird. He can no longer walk the earth like other great animators and not get recognized for his exceptional talent.

As tired, anti-social, drained, and exhausted as I feel tonight at 11:57 p.m., I know that the hardest, most tiring portion of this trip is now over. I won't be doing anymore driving or having to take expansive notes on loads of new information. I can just sit back and take in this new SIGGRAPH....

7-30-05

Today was supposed to be our "day off". In a way it truly was. But there were moments – long moments – that made it feel like survival of the fittest. We had Dim Sum for brunch in Chinatown on the north side of downtown L.A. I must say it was one of the most fun and adventurous meals I've had in a very long time. I really enjoyed the exotic selection of items that included octopus and shrimp dumplings. We browsed around Chinatown and went to a specialty toy store with expensive pop culture name-brand items. Then the students that I was accompanying wanted to go to the Santa Monica beach and pier. The main dilemma was that no one really knew or understood the Metro bus transportation system even with directions that were written out for one of them. After a half hour of walking around in the heat looking for our bus stop, we made it on the right bus and forty-five minutes later we were at our main destination. And my God it was gorgeous!! The weather was much cooler, yet still warm and comfortable by the ocean. We got to walk along the ocean, under the pier, and along the pier. We spotted red jellyfish, legions of California homeless, and Japanese tourists, too. It was all great and wonderful until after we had stopped for \$15 margaritas with chips and salsa at the end of the pier. The students started getting stupid and silly to the point where they weren't sure what bus to take back. In fact, when we got to the bus stop, the bus that was written down for us to take wasn't listed for taking us back downtown. So I had to make an executive decision and suggest we take a different bus (even though I wasn't for certain how the Metro system fully worked nor did I have much experience riding buses). We ended up taking the right bus, though it took us two hours to get back to USC. We also got off the bus to take a restroom break after those massive margaritas we had. I was starting to subtly panic from having such a full bladder and nowhere to go to the bathroom on a very long bus ride. The students were really getting on my nerves, but through it all I had to take charge and be a leader, even though they doubted me and I wasn't fully sure if I was making the right choices.

This trip has been very beneficial for me in many varying ways. I feel that I've grown a great deal personality-wise just by being around people constantly. There are times when I spend too much time in solitude or with a limited number of people. Here I'm surrounded by different people, activities, and challenges. I feel more alive now that I've been all summer because I'm *displaced*. I'm not in my original habitat. I'm not at home. I'm away and with a mission for education and fun. And I've been getting it! This trip has so far been wonderful (though exhausting nonetheless). But how could I get it any other way than besides from hard work and sweat?

This Saturday night, we had Doc Bailey come in for a visiting artist presentation. He was one of the most unique artist/ technical people I've ever encountered in real life. He wore women's black high heels like it was no big deal! He spoke openly and intensely that he was in a semi-suicidal state when the industry sank in his line of work. He's a highly successful artist/ programmer who does abstract algorithms for movies and TV. He's worked on *Fight Club*, *The Game*, *Solaris*, *Stay*, and the upcoming *Superman Returns*. It was all mind-blowing stuff. And he does experimental sound design/ music with guitar feedback and drone. He uses mathematics and imagination to create his artwork. He made me realize that many of these artists do indeed go through life in a "semi-suicidal" state. It's their nature and lifestyle. When he's not working on a movie, he assembles his artwork together to be shown at major art museums as looping art films. He also has associates and aids that also add to his work with intelligence, warmth, and humor. Richard describes his work as light sculptures or motion paintings. He also went on to confess that reputations in the industry are very important and that's how he's been able to continue working.

7-31-05

I love that this Sunday didn't feel like a Sunday! It was SIGGRAPH day instead. There was no going to church when you had conference events and screenings to go to.

Today was the first day of SIGGRAPH and I spent it watching 4½ hours of the Animation Festival that alternated from amazing to okay. I witnessed an SUV bull hybrid animal/ machine creature, a paint

tornado, an art bomb, cutup reality in London, and a surreal yellow eye sun starring down. An emerging headache laid waste to my body and mind by later afternoon, prompting me to go to bed early on.

I was Nietzsche in a past life. "Death is not the end." His intense loneliness.

Devin, from our Animation on Location group here in L.A., could very well be one of the bastard love children of Mick Jagger. He is also the unwanted Jar Jar Binks of our group.

Weather here is fantastic compared to the Midwest humidity. Low humidity and lots of sunshine. We've been on 15-hour days lately. We're up at 7 a.m. and don't stop going to events and listening to visiting artist guest speakers until after 10 p.m. So I've been collapsing into bed every night lately. Yesterday was our "off" day where we went to Chinatown for Dim Sum and later took a bus to Santa Monica to the beach and pier. It blew my mind how pleasant and nice it was. Don't worry, I took plenty of pictures. At the end of the pier, the students and I had margaritas. I ordered a large and it ended up being \$15!! Everything out here is wildly expensive compared to Columbus. That's the give and take of wherever you are. It's beautiful and all out here, but it sure is high-priced. I took a picture of a gas station where unleaded gas was \$2.99 a gallon! And the highway traffic is impossible. Like the saying goes, "it's a great place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live here."

SIGGRAPH started today and I watched 4 1/2 hours of the Animation Festival, which featured some of the best computer animation from around the world. Pretty amazing stuff that I've come to expect. Tomorrow is George Lucas. Dum dum dum!!

8-1-05

How to add up art for the SIGGRAPH art gallery: Compositing with some 3D elements. Ambient/classical music.

Award shows are utterly wrong when you're a passive audience member. Watching and listening to a series of winners thank people you've never heard of is so numbing. Even if it is sentimental as your "loving wife" or God, it's still nothing new.

Notes from the George Lucas SIGGRAPH Q & A: And so I got to see one of my childhood and adulthood role models in person, George Lucas. It is amazing to realize just how much he has created in our field of electronic art: he's a forefather who brought about the advancement of non-linear video editing, Photoshop, PIXAR, ILM, Lucas Arts, Skywalker Sound, THX, and so much more... "Art is technology. It always keeps developing... How can I get immaculate reality?... Pre-vis as a new digital filmmaker tool – dumbed-down so anyone can use it... Sometimes the sound can influence a cut... Star Wars III is true digital cinema – half computer animation, half live action... He is moving into TV for more opportunities and using Sony consumer grade digital video cameras for low-budget filmmaking... Lucas also wants to bring education into the digital age... Digital technology is the virus to make education better... Star Wars gave birth to the digital effects industry... Every film is going to be a visual effects film... Art has moved to the computer. It's the 21st century art form... The artists on Star Wars III were 90% computer, 10% pen and paper."

While in the middle of a large SIGGRAPH convention panel attended by 10,000 sexually repressed male computer graphic people, a young female hottie wearing a tight shirt and skirt walks yummily through a crowd. Inside the male audience's head is "Woman! Woman! Woman!" Their collective mood is now obsessively on the female sex meat. Their eyes are fixed on her as she is crowded and swarmed upon as they inch closer and closer to her. Suddenly, they jump and ravage her. There is no escape for her. Their primal urges are too much. She's groped, violated, and geek gang-raped into *oblivion* by the hunger of the horny, unwashed crowd. The nerd men have turned into wild, love-starved animals. They feast until full.

Notes from "Resumes and Demo Reels: If Yours Aren't Working, Neither Are You" by Pamela Thompson – Recruiter/ Career Coach: "80% of jobs are gotten through personal contacts... Market Yourself... Bad attitudes or a poor personality will kiss your chances of getting a job. If you can't get work done on time or get to work on time, you won't continue to get work. Guard your reputation. Word spreads fast. Every job matters, even the first... Digital Domain gets 3,000 to 4,000 demo reels at SIGGRAPH... Always put your contact info on your reel and on the outside package of your demo reel... If you have two page resume, put your contact info on both pages... Use an easy to read font on resume... Not all jobs are at Pixar and ILM. Check other places like: advertising, set design, TV car ads, commercials, training films, films for the government, industrial films, magazines, consumer products, music videos, medical applications, pre-visualization, and more. There is plenty of work out there... www.aidb.com - website

database for animation jobs... Buildup a network of contacts in case you're looking for work... Empathize your strengths in your resume... Customize your work to the company you are applying. Make it clear what you can do for the company that you are applying to... Divide your reel into sections: Character Animation, Modeling, Logos"... Add a memorable image on the outside of the demo reel package to make the demo reel more recognizable... Show traditional art skills like life drawings... Breakdown sheet/ Credit list: modeling, texturing, compositing. Define what you did. If it's everything specify it... Take out old work... Color bars are not necessary... Know what you want to do. Follow your passion. And remember, content is king. Your outside packaging is not. It's what's in your demo reel that makes all the difference.
PamRecruit@aol.com

SIGGRAPH is a convention of the bald and balding of the world.

8-2-05

The SIGGRAPH exhibition opened this morning. I mostly spend the morning at the Alias booth for their Maya demos with professionals giving overviews of how they used the software for The Polar Express, War of the Worlds, Chicken Little, and Star Wars: Episode III. At their presentation for "What's New with Maya 7.0", I took the following notes: "Text bevel with history functionality, UV editor with lattice tool, rendering capability of PSD (Photoshop layer) files with rendered layered images based on what layer each object is in within Maya, Toon shading with a fill shader and line assigns Toon outline to an object's surface, and a line modulator for easier deformations on models and Paint Effects, paint luminosity to a blend shape target object poses to alter its form or expression subtly. Then add the pose as a slider, preset hair and fur, and a fractal shader.

In the afternoon, the CCAD students and I attended the Electronic Theater, which featured the best computer animation/ computer graphics that featured strong visuals and impressive stories from around the world.

This evening was a Star Wars Retrospective panel including Dennis Muren, who has won several Oscars through the years and is a legend in the special effects industry, as well as other prominent ILM visual effects people who worked on the new trilogy.

8-3-05

Notes from "The Legacy of Disney Animation" panel: "Challenges: traditional animation skills, build up a pipeline for production, use existing talent... Animation style: loose, flexible characters; strong line of action; pose to pose animation, fast, snappy timing; straights and curves; squash and stretch; smears; don't see it, feel it... Remember: is there an easier way, cheat if you have to, use off camera sleight of hand, and performance is king... For good art direction: make images with light over dark, or dark over light – look at it in a grayscale image to know where to look. What do you want your eye to look at? This is art direction through color and lighting. You are designing shapes and shades... Glenn Keane presentation about his transition from 2D to 3D: "Going from 2D to 3D was a difficult transition. But remember: Frustration is good. Fear is healthy. It keeps you humble and honest... Make several "golden poses" that tell the story as drawings to help assist in making an animation work.

After all a week of being crazy-busy and being constantly on the go, my body and mind direly need some rest and relaxation. I had been walking for most of the day with our twenty-minute trek across USC's campus to get to a bus shuttle stop to get to the convention center. And then there was all the walking around the exhibition floor and sitting through the special sessions at the Alias booth, the Apple booth, and wherever else that looked interesting. By 4 p.m. I'd had my fill of SIGGRAPH 2005. I was ready to collapse. I had seen and experienced enough to make my trip totally worthwhile. Anymore would be overkill. I took in "The Legacy of Disney Animation" that featured their animators and directors discussing their transition from 2D to 3D and the new possibilities it presented them for the future. My life is now fulfilled from having hung out with Star Wars Storm troopers while "testing" out a new Star Wars 20 player video game.

8-4-05

And so my adventure in L.A. is coming to a close. Looking back, it has been a wonderful time. Yes, there were mediocre moments (cafeteria food) and frustrating times (with dealing with the students), but I truly enjoyed the experiences out in Santa Monica, Venice Beach, and Chinatown. They made this trip for me. Also the experience of actually being at Digital Domain I will value for a long time. This has been a good trip. It's kept me very busy in body and mind. I haven't thought much about my life back in Ohio

besides meeting with Deb and hoping things will turn out good between us.

I think the most empowering and wonderful aspect of this trip is that I have been self-sufficient in making my way around. I've been able to drive a rental car around L.A. by myself (and a L.A. map), to make a phone reservation for the airport shuttle, and lead others around L.A. It's been a real confidence and self-esteem booster and has allowed myself to trust myself a bit more than I have. I've also proved myself a leader for the CCAD students that I have been staying with at the USC dorms on this trip. I've also earned their trust to a degree. I'm gained a lot of new information about digital compositing and feel confident about teaching it to others, even if it is a bit complex and confusing. So all around, I've very glad to have made this trip.

"Niagara Falls Vacation 2007" - (2011) - (31 min.) Video Journal

Niagara Falls, Canada... A Wax Museum... Fireworks in the Rain... Ripley's Believe It or Not! Odditorium... Maid of the Mist... A Butterfly House... On the SkyWheel... Another Wax Museum... A State Park in Erie, PA.

"Alyssa's Baptism" - (2011) - (15 min. 30 min.) (Short Version) - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

St. Brendan's Catholic Church.
Special thanks to "Uncle Tom" for videotaping.

"Introspects" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Madison's 3rd Birthday: 2005" - (5 min.)
"Columbus ½ Marathon: 2006" - (6 min.)
"The Legendary Lights at Clifton Mill" - (2 min.)
"Columbus Zoo Wildlights 2006" - (4 min.)
"Cedar Point: 2003" - (8 min.)
"2006 Homan Family Reunion" - (8 min.)
"2007 Homan Family Reunion" - (5 min.)
"Put-in-Bay 2007" - (11 min.)
"The Ohio State Fair 2006" - (6 min.)
"The Ohio State Fair 2007" - (6 min. 30 sec.)
"A Day at the Columbus Zoo and Aquarium 2007" - (12 min.)
"Mohican State Park and Berlin, Ohio 2007" - (11 min. 30 sec.)
"Scioto Mile Opening" - (10 min. 30 sec.)
"Doo Dah Parade 2011" - (9 min. 30 sec.)

"Madison's 3rd Birthday: 2005" - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Madison Treptow's birthday party at Bethel Commons clubhouse.

"Columbus ½ Marathon: 2006" - (2011) - (6 min.) Video Journal

Mayor Coleman... After most of the runners and walkers have come through.

"The Legendary Lights at Clifton Mill" - (2011) - (2 min.) Video Journal

Clifton Mill, Ohio's Holiday Lights.

"Columbus Zoo Wildlights 2006" - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

"Cedar Point: 2003" - (2011) - (8 min.) Experimental Video Journal

7-5-11: I've been editing through my video archives over the past few months. I just got done editing the video footage from Cedar Point in May 2003. You're screaming while videotaping on one of the wooden roller coasters. And while you're videotaping, you press the zoom button. So things simply go chaotically experimental and abstract while you're crying like a little girl. It's really hilarious and gave me a good laugh.

"2006 Homan Family Reunion" - (2011) - (8 min.) Video Journal

"2007 Homan Family Reunion" - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

"Put-in-Bay 2007" - (2011) - (11 min.) Video Journal

Put-In-Bay, South Bass Island on Lake Erie... Our friends, Tom and Brian, kayaking over... On the Jet Express to Kelley's Island... Kelley's Island Glacial Grooves... Waving Leaves... Yikes! A snake!... Perry's Monument... Crystal Cave... Perry's Cave... Here comes Tom and Brian kayaking in the morning.

"The Ohio State Fair 2006" - (2011) - (6 min.) Video Journal

"The Ohio State Fair 2007" - (2011) - (6 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

8-7-07: Lisa and I had a pretty great, sweaty, and full day at the Ohio State Fair. We got there early to beat the heat and meet Tom there at 8:50 a.m. Incredibly, we stayed there until 5:15 p.m. And we thought we'd just stay until noon or so. It was 96 degrees today, though there was a breeze in the air and we did get into a few air-conditioned buildings in the afternoon to break things up. We even took in the Johnny Cash Tribute Show featuring Tommy Cash, Johnny's younger brother, for free! It was nice to go to the fair with a new group of people because we went to different buildings that I hadn't gone to before. I took note of how much my life has changed since a year ago. I am glad to acknowledge that it had been for the better. I do still get my headaches, like I did by 6 p.m. But the two tablets of Excedrin Migraine Relief did make me feel better and Lisa and I had another good day together. We got to see an amazing diversity of country folk of all ages that you would normally never see in the middle of the urban Columbus. They were just within an inside escapist fantasy fair world called the Ohio State Fair! Lisa and I almost melted by 5 p.m. She also showed me to have a little bit of fun: we both went on the giant yellow slide and "raced" down on giant potato bags. Lisa accidentally fell back on the last hill during our speedy descent and scraped up her elbow pretty bad. Bad enough that we went over to the First Aid station where she got a bandage for it. We also had to wait around for twenty minutes so a state trooper could file a report on her "boo-boo". I joke-"cried" in despair over her severe injury. I'm so glad we can have some fun making jokes of our silly circumstances. All in the name of living life to its fullest.

"A Day at the Columbus Zoo and Aquarium 2007" - (2011) - (12 min.) Video Journal

"Mohican State Park and Berlin, Ohio 2007" - (2011) - (11 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Outside Berlin, Ohio... Heini's Cheese Chalet.

"Scioto Mile Opening" - (2011) - (10 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Downtown Columbus, Ohio... Bicentennial Park... 7-7-11... Mayor Coleman... CCAD-produced abstract video... CCAD-produced video & animation.

Movie portion on fountain starts at 2:27: <http://vimeo.com/26178304>. It looks more like a public art installation piece now with people interacting with the video.

"Doo Dah Parade 2011" - (2011) - (9 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Experience the 2011 Doo Dah Parade in under 10 minutes: The 4th of July... Downtown Columbus, Ohio.... The Short North... A Celebration of Lunacy... American Free Speech/ American Satire... Captain Ohio... James Brown... Ohio Swing Voters... The Best Way to Celebrate the 4th!... Doo Dah Parade 2011.

7-4-11: Another 4th of July. Once again, Tom, Don, Lisa, and I ventured out to the Short North's Doo Dah Parade for the incredible spectacle of liberals on parade. You can't deny that it's probably the most *fun* parade here in the Midwest.

"Controlled Creative Chaos" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"St. Paul's Arboretum: A Church Park" - (6 min.)

"Dad's Church Park: St. Paul's Arboretum" - (15 min. 30 sec.)

"A Walk Through Dad's Church Park" - (5 min.)

"Animals, Gardens, and Old Men" - (10 min.)

"Park of Roses: 2004" - (4 min.)

"Columbus Zoo: 2003" - (4 min.)

"Road Trip to Chillicothe" - (5 min.)

"A Nice Sunday Drive to Hoover Dam" - (12 min.)

"Dam Abstractions" - (4 min.)

"Dam Abstractions 2" - (4 min.)

"Dam Abstractions 3" - (4 min.)

"Dam Abstractions 4" - (4 min.)

"Madison at COSI" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Mad Drives with the Merkt" - (3 min.)

"Mad Drives with the Merkt: 2 the Sequel" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Mad Drives with the Merkt: Deathworld" - (3 min.)

"Mad Drives with the Merkt: The Epic Finale" - (4 min.)

"Glen Helen Nature Area" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Myself to Talking" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"St. Paul's Arboretum: A Church Park" - (2011) - (6 min.) Documentary Video

In Dayton, Ohio... A man volunteers his time... at his church to beautify the land... and turn the church property into... St. Paul's Arboretum... Les Homan... St. Paul's Orthodox Church... Thanks to Les Homan.

Music

"Scheherazade, Op. 35. The Story of The Calendar Prince" by Rimsky-Korsakov.

Short Description

This is a documentary short about my dad's church park (aka St. Paul Arboretum at St. Paul Orthodox Church), its evolution, and the healing power of nature... A place to embrace nature next to a place to worship God... A woods not unlike a grand church or a great cathedral where one can find a prayerful atmosphere.

Why I Made This Documentary Short

I empathized greatly with the concept of finding a place of nature for spiritual replenishment. And I deeply appreciated the conceptual juxtaposition of a church being adjacent to a park. The two compliment each other so well. I have personally always found more spiritual fulfillment in Mother Nature, whether it be in a National Park like Yosemite or in a small arboretum like the one at St. Paul's Orthodox Church. In a sense, it's like being closer to God.

The Genesis of "Dad's Church Park"

4-1-11: Dad and I later took a walk around dad's church park where we encountered a young German-American woman who was out walking with her dog. I soon realized that I needed to make another documentary interview with dad about the development of this park space and its healing, spiritual power. I've already shot almost ten year's worth of footage about its growth and development. I just need to add some back story.

The Interview

5-24-11: Finally, I interviewed dad about the St. Paul's Arboretum aka "Dad's Church Park". I had the full setup of the Canon 7D, Zoom audio recorder, and the DP light kit. I think the interview went well. It was my most professional setup I've ever done.

Finishing the Documentaries

7-29-11: My dad called me back and I wished him happy birthday over the phone. He also wanted to thank me for the additions and revisions I made on "Dad's Church Park: St. Paul's Arboretum", for which I had added in additional images of icons from his church and that are posted around the park. So I'm pretty glad that I managed to get that documentary finished by his birthday. That was a solid goal this summer and I made it happen.

There are two great mini-documentaries on YouTube featuring our own Les Homan, who selflessly volunteers his time to keep the church grounds looking wonderful.

Shot and assembled by Eric Homan, he has this to say:

Why I Made This Documentary Short

I empathized greatly with the concept of finding a place of nature for spiritual replenishment. And I deeply appreciated the conceptual juxtaposition of a church being adjacent to a park. The two complement each other so well. I have personally always found more spiritual fulfillment in Mother Nature, whether it be in a National Park like Yosemite or in a small arboretum like the one at St. Paul's Orthodox Church. In a sense, it's like being closer to God.

Thank you Les for all your hard work!

Links:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EqFcr6lxYMM>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2L6e1jK5cns>

Les, This is EXCELLENT. Thanks for all the hard work and the beauty! Both documentaries are expertly done! Paul Paslosky

7-30-11: The biggest accomplishment has been finishing editing "St. Paul's Arboretum", a documentary short I've been meaning to work on and finish for several years now. It was my goal this summer to work on it and finish it. And I did. That leaves me rather pleased.

"Dad's Church Park: St. Paul's Arboretum" - (2011) - (15 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video

In Dayton, Ohio... St. Paul's Orthodox Church... A man volunteers his time... at his church to beautify the land... and turn the church property into... St. Paul's Arboretum... Les Homan... 2003... St. Paul's Orthodox Church... The evolution of St. Paul's Arboretum... 2004... 2005... 2006... 2007... 2010... Dad's Church Park, St. Paul Orthodox Church... Digging up ornamental grass... Spreading seeds... Dad's Church Park one month later... St. Paul's Orthodox Church, 4451 Wagner Rd, Dayton, OH 45440... Special Thanks to My Dad, Les Homan... Come Inside... Visit... Enjoy... Meditate... Pray.

Background

This is a complimentary piece to "St. Paul's Arboretum: A Church Park". This version employs mainly video footage with an underlying audio narration track of additional info from the original piece. Yet it was still great information and background, so I used it with video footage I had shot over for nearly a decade that nicely shows the evolution of the arboretum.

Music

"Scheherazade, Symphonic Suite – 'The Sea & Sinbad's Ship'" by Rimsky-Korsakov.

"A Walk Through Dad's Church Park" - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

With family... Late May 2007.

"Animals, Gardens, and Old Men" - (2011) - (10 min.) Video Journal

"Park of Roses: 2004" - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

Clintonville, Ohio.

"Columbus Zoo: 2003" - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

"Road Trip to Chillicothe" - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

2003... Van Gogh painting painted on a fish... Chillicothe Correctional Institution... Chillicothe, Ohio.

"A Nice Sunday Drive to Hoover Dam" - (2011) - (12 min.) Video Journal

With Jason Merkt... 2003... Hoover Dam, Westerville, Ohio... Jason on His Island... Jason... lost?

"Dam Abstractions" - (2011) - (4 min.) Experimental Video Art

Prism-Tinted Water Ripples.

"Dam Abstractions 2" - (2011) - (4 min.) Experimental Video Art

More abstract version.

"Dam Abstractions 3" - (2011) - (4 min.) Experimental Video Art

More abstract version.

"Dam Abstractions 4" - (2011) - (4 min.) Experimental Video Art

More abstract version.

"Madison at COSI" - (2011) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

2003.

"Mad Drives with the Merkt" - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

Starring Jason Merkt in... Co- starring Eric Homan.

"Mad Drives with the Merkt: 2 the Sequel" - (2011) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

"Mad Drives with the Merkt: Deathworld" - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

"Mad Drives with the Merkt: The Epic Finale" - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

Starring Jason Merkt.

"Glen Helen Nature Area" - (2011) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Early 2006... Outside Yellow Springs, Ohio... Young's Jersey Dairy.

We had spent the day together at Yellow Springs, OH on a SPONTANEOUS ROAD TRIP since it was actually sunny outside in Ohio in January. We hiked for two hours at Glen Helen Nature Area before strolling along Yellow Springs' small art town stores. Everything was going pretty well and we both enjoyed ourselves.

"Myself to Talking" - (2011) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Experimental Video Art

Backwards talking in layers.

“Infinite Imagination” – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

“Oktoberfest: 2003” - (2 min.)
“2011 St. Patrick’s Day Parade in Dublin, Ohio” - (17 min.)
“The Wedding of Mark & Paige Treptow” - (19 min.)
“Essences of Early 2011” - (17 min.)
“The 2005 Ohio State Fair” - (4 min. 30 sec.)
“King’s Island: 2005” - (2 min.)
“Columbus Zoo: 2005 Wildlights” - (2 min.)
“Cincinnati Vacation 2005” - (7 min. 30 sec.)
“Hocking Hills 2005” - (4 min.)
“Pet Times” - (4 min. 30 sec.)
“Park of Roses: Seasons” - (4 min.)
“Ryan Hoeting 2005” - (9 min. 30 sec.)
“Alum Creek Lake Reservoir” - (3 min.)
“Winter Drive 2005” - (3 min.)
“Holiday Light Drive 2005” - (3 min.)
“Speed Talker” - (1 min.)

“Oktoberfest: 2003” - (2011) - (2 min.) Video Journal

German Village.

“2011 St. Patrick’s Day Parade in Dublin, Ohio” - (2011) - (17 min.) Video Journal

Runaway Shamrock!

“The Wedding of Mark & Paige Treptow” - (2011) - (19 min.) Video Journal

“Essences of Early 2011” - (2011) - (17 min.) Video Journal

Zachary Limbert... Ryan’s Birthday Party... Alyssa’s bedroom... Charles F Alley Memorial Park... Lancaster, Ohio... Inniswood Metro Park... Hayden Run Falls... Columbus Zoo... Hail Storm... Chadwick Arboretum... Schottenstein Center.

“The 2005 Ohio State Fair” - (2011) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

8-12-05: Tanya, Steve, and Ryan stopped by my place a little after 9 a.m. to pick me up for a day at the Ohio State Fair. It’s always been a family thing to go since we were little kids. We’d go every year. The surreal aspect about the fair is that it is about 95% rural country folks in a huge fair grounds smack in the center of urban, medium ghetto and campus Columbus! You’ve got cow judging and urban housings just blocks away from each other. It’s crazy. Yes, the people at the fair are not quite from the city. They don’t even dress like they’ve ever been to a metropolitan area before. Some dress from decades long ago from 1955, 1983, and 1977. I enjoyed the surrealism of it all. To some of these country folks the fair is probably the highlight of the year for them. (As a small town boy myself, it was for me. Then again, when you’re young anything as big as a state fair is quite exciting.) Now it’s just a nostalgic trip to walk the avenues and trails that I once walked years before. That and I always enjoy saying hello to an 800-pound

robotic Smokey the Bear. My on-going cold weighed me down a bit as the hours passed. And walking through the 90+ degree thick humidity was like strolling through gallons of hot water. I gained a new respect for air conditioning by 2:30 p.m.

“King’s Island: 2005” - (2011) - (2 min.) Video Journal

11-6-05: Lara and I took in King’s Island again on the last day of the season. She had a free ticket and free parking, so it ended up being wonderfully inexpensive for me. The Tomb Raider ride was amazingly intense where they hang you upside down and have water geysers spray up at your head!! I laughed hysterically for the whole two minutes of the ride. Oh, it was worth it.

“Columbus Zoo: 2005 Wildlights” - (2011) - (2 min.) Video Journal

12-10-05: I went out this evening for the “Wild Lights” display at the Columbus Zoo. Yes, it was a *mob scene* of kids, elderly, parents, and Dublin teenagers – but my God it was worth it for the amazing winter holiday lights. I got some amazing experimental shots out of the trip and a nice excursion with the lady friend. We even got to see Santa’s reject reindeer on display in the barn outback.

“Cincinnati Vacation 2005” - (2011) - (7 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

The Ohio River... Hofbräuhaus German Restaurant.

“Hocking Hills 2005” - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

Conkle’s Hollow... Old Man’s Cave.

Music: “Love Dreams No. 3 in A-Flat major” by Franz Liszt.

“Pet Times” - (2011) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Starring Madge, Buddy, Prissy, and Trash.

“Park of Roses: Seasons” - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

Summer... Winter.

“Ryan Hoeting 2005” - (2011) - (9 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Extended footage of my nephew Ryan from 2005: Halloween... Thanksgiving... Christmas.

“Alum Creek Lake Reservoir” - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

10-2-05: “Alum Creek Lake Reservoir Road Trip” by Eric Homan featuring Jason Merkt. We ventured on one of our near-spontaneous adventures this Sunday afternoon to Delaware State Park and Dam as well as Alum Creek State Park. They were okay parks, but most importantly it was good to get out and about and close to nature.

“Winter Drive 2005” - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

“Holiday Light Drive 2005” - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

“Speed Talker” - (2011) - (1 min.) Video Journal

“Dream Awake” – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

“Video Self-Portrait 2004” - (2 min.)

“Video Self-Portrait 2005” - (1 min.)

“Essences of 2003” - (58 min.)

“Essences of 2005” - (27 min.)

“Hocking Hills: Early 2007” - (2 min. 30 sec.)

“Mellow My Mind’: Neil Young Sing-Along” - (2 min.)

“Franklin Park Conservatory: 2007” - (5 min.)

“Zanesville, Ohio: 2007” - (6 min.)

“Video Self-Portrait 2004” - (2011) - (2 min.) Video Journal

“Video Self-Portrait 2005” - (2011) - (1 min.) Video Journal

“Essences of 2003” - (2011) - (58 min.) Video Journal

Visiting Matt Plotecher... Visiting my father... Joe Pleiman... My apartment complex... Take a Ride... Dandelion Park... Antrim Park... Hayden Run Falls... The Jake Sacrifice... My Apartment Sanctuary... The Book Loft... Homan Family Reunion 2003... The Beach Waterpark... Dave Twehues’ Wedding... Mark Twehues... The Last Days of My Apartment... My New Condo... Sun Dance... Greek Festival... Cookout at Ryan’s... Ohio Caverns... Columbus, Ohio Sunset... The Big Boo!... CCAD Halloween Party... Lunar Eclipse... The Shoe... Drive to Dayton... Christmas.

“Essences of 2005” - (2011) - (27 min.) Video Journal

Sugarcreek MetroPark's Three Sisters... Park of Roses... The night before Joe Pleiman’s wedding day... Lancaster, Ohio... Rising Park... Greek Festival... Wright-Patterson AFB... The National Museum of the U.S. Air Force in Dayton, Ohio... Circleville Pumpkin Festival.

“Hocking Hills: Early 2007” - (2011) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

“Mellow My Mind’: Neil Young Sing-Along” - (2011) - (2 min.) Video Journal

“Franklin Park Conservatory: 2007” - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

“Zanesville, Ohio: 2007” - (2011) - (6 min.) Video Journal

At Lisa's parents' house... "Proposing" to Don.

"Make-Believe" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Essences of 2006" - (46 min.)

"Cuyahoga Valley National Park" - (6 min.)

"Stradivarius" - (5 min.)

"Uncle Al vs. The Backyard Squirrels" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Autumn Majesty" - (17 min.)

"A Perfect Autumn Day" - (16 min. 30 sec.)

"Bees F#\$%ing Flowers" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"Leaves Playing & Dancing" - (3 min.)

"Essences of 2006" - (2011) - (46 min.) Video Journal

An Empty Ohio State Fairgrounds... Griggs Reservoir... Glacier Ridge Metro Park... Park of Roses... Chestnut Ridge Metro Park... Columbus, Ohio... Prairie Oaks Metro Park... Aunt Lorna's art opening... Cox Arboretum... Courtship at Highbanks Metro Park... Lisa's grandmother... Columbus Zoo Wildlights.

"Cuyahoga Valley National Park" - (2011) - (6 min.) Video Journal

2007.

Music: "Requiem – Lacrimosa" by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

"Stradivarius" - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

KH playing a Stradivarius violin.

"Uncle Al vs. The Backyard Squirrels" - (2011) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

"Autumn Majesty" - (2011) - (17 min.) Video Journal

Music: "Serenade 10 in B Flat – Adagio" and "Symphony No. 41 in C Major ("Jupiter") – Molto Allegro" by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

"A Perfect Autumn Day" - (2011) - (16 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

2006 Circleville Pumpkin Festival... Slate Run Metro Park... Slate Run Historical Farm.

Music: "Symphony #40 in G Minor – Molto Allegro" and "Clarinet Quintet in A, 'Stadler' - Allegro" by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

"Bees F#\$%ing Flowers" - (2011) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

“Leaves Playing & Dancing” - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

Music: “Serenade #13 in G, ‘Eine Kleine Nachtmusik’ – 2. Rondo” by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

“Fevered Imaginations” – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

“Essences of 2004” - (54 min.)

“Lightning Bugs” - (1 min. 30 sec.)

“Summer Storm” - (3 min. 30 sec.)

“Weather Fronts” - (3 min.)

“Winter Park of Roses” - (3 min. 30 sec.)

“Cicada Death Dance” - (1 min.)

“The Un-Burning Flag” - (1 min.)

“Conkle’s Hollow: Hocking Hills” - (3 min. 30 sec.)

“2011 Ohio State Fair” - (19 min. 30 sec.)

“Roller Derby” - (5 min. 30 sec.)

“King’s Island: 2004” - (4 min. 30 sec.)

“Essences of 2004” - (2011) - (54 min.) Video Journal

Playing with my remote... Highbanks Metro Park... Franklin Park Conservatory... Ryan Hoeting’s Baptism... Easter... Italian Festival... Heini’s Cheese Chalet... Lancaster, Ohio... Alum Creek Reservoir... After the ice storm... Driving to Dayton... Madison getting her hair dried.

“Lightning Bugs” - (2011) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

“Summer Storm” - (2011) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

A family gathering... Suddenly...

“Weather Fronts” - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

“Winter Park of Roses” - (2011) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

“Cicada Death Dance” - (2011) - (1 min.) Video Journal

“The Un-Burning Flag” - (2011) - (1 min.) Video Journal

“Conkle’s Hollow: Hocking Hills” - (2011) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

2004.

"2011 Ohio State Fair" - (2011) - (19 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Natural Resources... High Temp.: 92 degrees... Rabbit/ Poultry Pavilion... Petting Zoo... The Giant Yellow Slide... Riding the Slide!... Alternate Camera POV... Cox Fine Arts Exhibition... Short Film Division... Voinovich Livestock Center... Live Shark Encounter... Roller Derby... Smokey the Bear... Ohio Connections Youth Center... The Ohio State Fair Parade... SkyGlider.

7-31-11: This Sunday was Ohio State Fair day with Tom as my companion. Lisa decided to stay home with Alyssa since she so rarely gets to see our baby girl now that she's back to work. So it was nice to have someone to go with to the fair. It's a tradition for me. I've gone almost every year of my life. It's nostalgically fun and good exercise. Yet as much joy as it brings me, it has also become something routine. When you're there, the thrill isn't quite there anymore. And I suppose it won't come back again... until we get to bring Alyssa along and we can experience the wonderment of going to the fair through a young girl's eyes. Not to say that I didn't love being at the fair this year. It was certainly hot and humid, like a summer day in Ohio usually is in late July. It got up to 91 degrees. I sweated like I never had this summer from being out in the sun from 9 a.m. to 5:45 p.m. I must have drunk 8 bottles of water throughout the day. I just kept refilling my water bottle over and over again! I rode the giant yellow slide while videotaping all the way down. Meanwhile, Tom videotaped me from the bottom. We also got to view my two videos in the Fine Arts Building. I had to wave the Ohio State Fair schedule program to keep myself from overheating. Tom and I ate lunch at the Taste of Ohio building, which was blessedly air-conditioned and had giant fans running. Tom had the pork parfait. I had the "pigs wings" with applesauce, a baked potato, and a chocolate chip cookie. Then we took in watching the main attraction that we wanted to see at the fair: the roller girls at the all-day roller derby. It was nice to finally get to see them in action, and for free at the fair. (Usually, it's \$17 a person!) So it was nice to get that done and experienced. The rest of the afternoon was looking around the various buildings at the sheep, pigs, cows, flowers, birds, animals, and the parade at 4 p.m. There was also two dancing "robots" and life-size chocolate pigs. Tom and I really took in the fair, went everywhere, and looked at everything. It's funny how Tom has become a friend to me now that Lisa's preoccupied with Alyssa.

Also at the fair was the people-watching. Every food at the fair is deep-fried... and my God, there were some seriously obese people at the fair. I mean, *really obese*. Tom and I thought *we* were overweight by 20 pounds each. But nowhere near as obese as some of these country folk. These people seriously let themselves go. Do you really want to put deep-fried buckeyes into your body? Or *deep-fried Kool-Aid*?!!! Tom and I did get ice cream at the Butter Cow place, as is tradition. But that was where we stopped on the fair food. And then we walked and sweated our calories off. Believe me.

"Roller Derby" - (2011) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Columbus Roller Girls at the Ohio State Fair... Final Score: 177-31.

"King's Island: 2004" - (2011) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

11-7-04: Tanya, Steve, Lara, Ryan, and I spent the day (or at least five hours of the day) at King's Island, where we rode roller coasters, highflying swings, and the Merry-Go-Round. Son of Beast roller coaster produced tears from how violent and fast it was for me. "My God, I'm getting old!" I exclaimed. This was my first time to King's Island since my mother was killed in a car accident after leaving there in 1996.

"Live the Life" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"2011 Dublin, Ohio 4th of July Fireworks" - (7 min.)
"Red, White & BOOM! 2011" - (10 min. 30 sec.)
"Columbus Zoo: May 2011" - (5 min.)
"Columbus Zoo: June 2011" - (10 min.)
"Electrical Storms" - (14 min.)
"Field of Flags: Memorial Day 2011" - (2 min.)
"Park of Roses: 2011" - (4 min.)
"The Baptism of Zachary Limbert" - (2 min. 30 sec.)
"Alyssa Homan: Late April/ Early May 2011" - (8 min. 30 sec.)
"Alyssa Homan: May-July 2011" - (35 min.)
"Abstract Oil Stain Masterpieces" - (4 min.)

"2011 Dublin, Ohio 4th of July Fireworks" - (2011) - (7 min.) Video Journal

Other township's fireworks going off in the distance...

"Red, White & BOOM! 2011" - (2011) - (10 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

4th of July Celebrations in Downtown Columbus, Ohio... The drive home... More City Celebration Lights.

"Columbus Zoo: May 2011" - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

"Columbus Zoo: June 2011" - (2011) - (10 min.) Video Journal

Proof that apes and humans are related... Across the river... Glick Park at O' Shaughnessy Dam.
6-2-11: Julie, Lisa, and I took Alyssa to the Columbus Zoo for her first time late this Thursday morning. It was a mild 79 degrees for the high today, so it was a good day to take advantage and get out and about with our baby girl. It was still pretty tiring after a few hours there of walking around over half the zoo. I just don't have the energy I once had.

"Electrical Storms" - (2011) - (14 min.) Video Journal

The next day... And days later... More storms follow. Half hour later.

A video of some wicked electrical storms in Columbus, Ohio in May and June 2011.

"Field of Flags: Memorial Day 2011" - (2011) - (2 min.) Video Journal

Westerville, Ohio.

"Park of Roses: 2011" - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

Clintonville, Ohio.

"The Baptism of Zachary Limbert" - (2011) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

2-20-11: This Sunday morning, Lisa drove us to Tipp City, Ohio for my nephew Zachary's Baptism. Lisa had called Lara to inform her that we would stay just for the church service and not come over to her house for the reception afterwards since I was so full of germs. That was an all right compromise with me.

"Alyssa Homan: Late April/ Early May 2011" - (2011) - (8 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

When Nephews Attack!!

"Alyssa Homan: May-July 2011" - (2011) - (35 min.) Video Journal

With Mommy... "Uncle" Tom... Her First Bath... Grandma Rericha... "Uncle" Dipu... Grandpa Rericha... Daddy... Grandpa Homan... "Aunt" Megan... Uncle Don.

"Abstract Oil Stain Masterpieces" - (2007) - (4 min.) Digital Video Art

This is my romanticized collection of photography and video of Expressionistic oil stains on street pavement and parking lots. Hope you enjoy it. They're color-corrected oil stain star nebulas.

Rated PG-13: for Bright, Saturated Colors and Abstract-Expressionistic Landscapes.

Music Credits

"Prelude and Liebestod (Love-Death) (From Tristan and Isolde)" by Richard Wagner. Selection is public domain.

Pollution Art

Pollution, especially when gasoline oil mixes with water on paved parking lot, creates beautiful abstract expressionist art.

Production Notes and Recipes

One drop of oil on a rain soaked pavement is the recipe for gasoline rainbow starbursts. Videotape and shot pictures of its transformation.

"Ericland Theme Park Memories" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"West Virginia: June 2011" - (18 min. 30 sec.)

"Columbus Commute" - (2 min.)

"Spring 2005" - (5 min.)

"Spring 2225" - (5 min.)

"Essences of 2007" - (46 min.)

"Woodland Lights: 2007" - (4 min.)

"Attack of the Ryan" - (7 min.)

"Seasons of Ohio: Spring" - (3 min.)

"Seasons of Ohio: Autumn" - (3 min.)

92.5

"West Virginia: June 2011" - (2011) - (18 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

New River Gorge National Park... New River Gorge Bridge... The New River... Day Two... An Old Coal Mining Area... Day Three... Driving to ACE Resort... Rappelling... Rock Climbing... Sandstone Falls... Brooks Falls... Lost World Caverns in Lewisburg, WV... Going Home.

Trip Notes

6-6-11

It's exciting to think that I'm about ready to go on a mini-vacation down to West Virginia with a friend to go white water rafting. It is a time for reflection of how fortunate I am to have taken the initiative to going on this trip and to have someone of similar interests to go with, in this case Tom Chapman. It's amazing that only two weeks ago we planned this trip. Now it's already here. So let's go!

Tom and I had a good full day of traveling here in and around Beckley, West Virginia. We had left Columbus a little after 9 a.m. and shared the drive down east along I-70 and then south on I-77. I let Tom take over the driving after we crossed the Ohio/ West Virginia border and stopped at a visitor's center for West Virginia. We had a nice quick lunch at Wendy's at noon and made it to the Taramak: Best of West Virginia Visitor's Center at 2:20 p.m. It's amazing what a change it was to simply cross the state border. It truly felt like we were in another world and a different class of people. It really helped to have an extra driver to help pass the time. We managed to get checked into our Super 8 hotel room right off the Interstate just before 3 p.m. Then we headed up north to check out the ACE whitewater rafting and more resort by Oak Hill, WV. Again, we drove through some very run-down areas that were shockingly depressing. These were true backwater country folks living off of nothing but a part-time minimum wage job. We also reserved a time slot for rock climbing at 8 a.m. on Wednesday. Thankfully, Tom did the driving through these areas. I gave the wrong car info when checking into the hotel. And not just my old car info - but rather my old, *old* car that I had back in 2003!! The drive and the traffic tired me a bit more than I thought. Tom and I made it up to the New River Gorge National Scenic Area Visitor Center right before they closed. We then hiked down to their scenic viewing platform. The gorge reminded me a bit of the Grand Canyon, except this gorge canyon was covered with masses of green - assorted West Virginia trees. Then finally we drove deep down the mountainside and stepped across the rocks to get close to the river rapids. It was getting close to 7 p.m., so we agreed to get some dinner. I chose Gino's Pizza and Spaghetti restaurant, which ended up being pretty darn good and a little different. I usually prefer when traveling to try to seek out a few new eating-places I've never tried before. We got back to our hotel room by 8 p.m. so we could relax and wind down from a restless day of traveling. So we got to do a lot of what we set out to: explore the area, the Gorge Bridge, and plan out the next two days. Tomorrow is the all-day white water rafting. Then Wednesday is the half-day of rock climbing, with the extra half being Lost World Caverns in Lewisburg.

Today was a little different as far as vacationing goes. I'm so used to traveling with Steve. This was my first time traveling exclusively with Tom. So far, it's worked out well. We ran out of things to talk about a few times. But overall, I think and feel we're enjoying each other's company and we're appreciative of being able to do these extroverted nature adventures with another person. Otherwise, neither of us would be out doing these things. Yes, each thing we're doing is rather price. White-water rafting is \$109 per person. The rock climbing is \$79. It's actually quite a bit less expensive going to Cedar Point! But hell, I'm on vacation. I need to stop worrying about the prices and just enjoy myself for once. I'm doing activities I've never done before. And that's well worth doing. It's called living after all.

I will admit that it's been a lot of fun going out to all these places today with Tom. Yet there's still a part of me that really misses that Lisa and Alyssa aren't also here to share it with me. Unfortunately, Alyssa just isn't old enough to go out traveling with her just yet. And Lisa isn't all that interested in doing white water rafting or rock climbing. It is better to go with Tom since he enjoys doing these things. It would be like going to an amusement park with someone who doesn't want to ride the roller coasters when you do. You've got to do things with others with a shared passion. Still, Tom and I are on an unofficial scouting mission to the area to see what other fun things our significant others might want to do. Like I've said, *we're out exploring*.

6-7-11

So... I survived my first ever white water rafting experience today... but that didn't mean I walked away completely *unscathed*. In fact, you could say I had my white water virginity taken from me today during the all day rafting excursion down the Lower New River. In a white water rafting sense, I "broke my *cherry*". So what happened? I got a huge *nosebleed* from an eleven-year-old boy who was sitting in front of

me who lunged backwards suddenly when we were encountering a Class IV rapids. Ironically, the rapids were called “Surprise Rapids”. And they sure were! *Surprise!* The kid flew back and his helmet on his head impacted heavily right on my nose. Just like that I had blood streaming down my nose and across my mouth and down onto my swimming trunks and paddle. I was more shocked, confused, and embarrassed than anything. And plus someone from the resort was videotaping it! It’s never “fun” to see **blood** everywhere, especially my own blood. The guide immediately stopped our eight-person raft as well as the other three rafts behind us and took out his first aid kit. Tom gave me his handkerchief to wipe the gush of blood off. I didn’t have a mirror, so I really didn’t know how serious it was. All I could see were the stunned stares of my crewmembers and the concerned tone of voice of the guide. “I’m going to have a time writing up about this one when we get back,” he added nervously. Then the guide gave me a gauze pad to plug up my nose. He also had a tampon in his hand to also give to me for extra absorption. It was odd to see people looking at me and telling me to lean forward to stop the bleeding. What had happened was a domino effect where the 13-year-old boy at the front-left of the raft nearly got swept out of the raft. His father behind him caught him and was pushed violently backwards who hit the 11-year-old boy behind him. And just like a domino, this kid’s helmet came lunging backwards so rapidly with the force of Mother Nature hammering us into my nose. The nostril part of my sunglasses dented into the cartilage of my nose, cutting into the top of my nose. At first, I thought I had broken my nose and had broken in my two front teeth from the force of the impact. It was like getting hit by a baseball! Yet this baseball was the size of a helmet on an 11-year-old’s head! I checked my nose and teeth and it didn’t seem that anything was broken. The guide even asked me if I wanted to be taken off the boat at the next possible spot. He was pretty shaken up just as I was. He also thought I looked pretty angry, too! Again, I was more stunned. I made sure to sit a bit further back and use my paddle defensively in case of water-thrown 11-year-old boys come hurling at me again.

Otherwise, the rafting trip was a lot of fun. Yet I use the term “fun” rather loosely because in all due honesty, white water rafting got very, very real to me once I nearly broke my nose and had to wash off my own red blood off my yellow paddle. It’s shockingly dangerous. The first hour of the day-long journey really wasn’t too bad. In fact, it was more training in how to paddle together while going through some easy rapids. At one point, we got to jump off a large 15-foot rock into the deep water below. I haven’t done anything like that in *decades*. When I fell into the murky waters, I was under for a good three to four seconds before I made it back to the surface. I really went deep. And then we had to pull ourselves back into the raft, which was at first easier said than done. Actually, it was really hard the first time and it made me feel old and fat! The second time I made it on my own once I knew the techniques. It was about two hours into the rafting trip that I had my little accident and we stopped for lunch a little after noon for a cookout of hamburgers, crab salad, and chocolate chip cookies.

I also forgot to mention the bus ride we had to the launch site this morning after we got to the ACE resort promptly at 8:15 a.m. The bus ride was incredibly bumpy, along the perilous edge of a deep ravine, and made me wonder if this was a precursor to the white water rafting. In a way, it was!

During lunch, I was asked a few times by the guide and my raft crewmembers if my nose was okay. My nose was a bit swollen up, but wasn’t terrible. I actually felt much better after I took the bloody gauze pad out of my left nostril. And when I removed it, a flood of bloody gunk came out as well. It was kind of sick. But without the pad up my nose, I could talk normally again. Yet still, I felt a bit wounded by the experience.

Along the rest of the afternoon trip, the guide didn’t skip on how many serious accidents and even deaths have occurred here on the New River. A 15-year-old girl was sucked into an underground cave by a current and drowned while other rafts passed nearby. They simply couldn’t rescue her from the currents of the river. The guide warned us repeatedly with a serious and deadly tone to his voice that if we ever fall out of the boat, “swim to the left”... *or else!!!* So the reality of all these huge boulders and mammoth rocks that we had to challenge and journey past become *extremely* real to me. This was much more frightening than riding a roller coaster because *anything could happen*. At least roller coasters have been tested. With white water rafting, there was millions of ways things could get out of hand and you could die. I realized that without an experienced guide on the boat, we’d probably all have drowned or had our heads and bones crushed in by the rocks. It was also scary to have a few young teens on the boat with us who would quit paddling when they *needed* to paddle as instructed by the guide. I made sure to follow Tom’s directions and plant my feet under the raft’s seats. That certainly helped. Yet on one rapids towards the end, I was nearly ejected from the boat when a rapids spot shot my butt up into the air. On the third boat behind us, their female guide was literally ejected backwards from their boat!! Tom say it all and he said it looked like a human being catapulted from a moving raft! Her legs were flying upwards four feet off the surface of the

water as she lunged backwards. Yeah, white water rafting is exhilarating. Yet it is also extreme stressful and terrifying. At another point, we were asked to wade in the water and through some smaller rapids. That was probably the scariest part since the current can take you under against your wishes and you'll get a mouthful of river water. Then there were my fellow rafters and their kids who were knocking into me since we were so clustered together. After all, we were all collectively trying to avoid hitting the bigger rocks!! Wow. There were so many consecutive rapids that kept on hitting us one after the other: Upper and Lower Rapids, Keeney's Rapids, Dudley's Dip Rapids, Double Z Rapids, Greyhound Rapids, Miller's Folly Rapids, and Fayette Station Rapids. One rapids area was nicknamed "Satan's Anus" by our guide. And then finally we got out of the boat and swam in the New River one final time as we floating just below the Gorge Bridge. Pretty amazing experience.

Yet all in all, was it *worth it*? I'd say yes. I did something *new*. Would I do the experience again anytime soon? Probably not since white water rafting is rather expensive and fairly dangerous. I was going to tell Lisa at the beginning of today how white water rafting the New River would be okay for her. Yet now I'll be coming home tomorrow with a scraped up and swollen nose. Lord. She won't go now for sure!

But Tom and I agreed that we really lucked out with the weather being such nice blue skies, in the 70s and 80s through the day, and the water temperature was just right at 70 degrees. We couldn't have gone at a better time. And best of all, I had applied enough sun screen at multiple times through the day that I didn't get badly sun-burnt after being in the direct sun for most of the day. Not too bad. And we both felt that we lucked out by having a more adventurous guide than the other rafts that were following behind us. We did a lot more tricky spins and maneuvers that made it quite worthwhile.

One of the fathers told his son on the rafting journey that going white water rafting was a transformative experience of going from being a boy and becoming a man. For me, I felt like I went from being a man and turning into a boy at times! Those rapids really were pretty frightening. Yet they were a lot like Mother Nature's very own amusement park. It was more organic and close to earth. Nothing like swimming and being taken along with the current of the New River....

After the rafting experience was over and we got back to the ACE Resort at 4 p.m., Tom and I headed back over to the Gorge Visitor's Center. Then we did a fantastic 4-mile hike to an abandoned mining station deep in the New River Gorge. A rainstorm had come in earlier and the temperature was actually quite comfortable. I got a lot of nice pictures of the waterfalls, greenery, and orange newts that we encountered along the way.

Once back at the hotel, I called Lisa for the first time today since my cell phone was dead for being in a remote area of West Virginia in the gorge. She had had a tough day with Alyssa. So I'm sure she'll want me back home ASAP tomorrow. Funny how my old life hit me back in the nose while I'm recovering from getting stuck in the face by my vacation.

6-8-11

I'm happy to report that I had a much better night of sleeping last night. I did have to wake Tom up when he first went to sleep and was snoring. Thankfully, he was kind enough to try to sleep on his other side, for which he didn't snore nearly as much as the night before. Otherwise, I slept for most of the night and was up by 5:45 a.m. since we had to be checked out by 7 a.m. so we could be at ACE resort by 7:30 a.m. for a morning session of rock climbing.

Today was our third and final day of our West Virginia mini-vacation. And as I like it, we got to squeeze in a lot of activities, traveling, and tourism into one fully lived day. Our first activity was the rock climbing and rappelling that we signed up to do for half the day. There was just the two of us in our group, which made for a "private" session with our guide. Tom really liked that since we got a lot more time in and didn't have any annoying teenagers around. Rappelling is when you're hooked into a line and you lower yourself down a rope. Meanwhile, you basically walk in an "L" shape down the vertical face of the rocky cliff until you reach the bottom below, which was about 60 feet. You control your descent by holding onto the rope with your right hand and hold yourself up with your left. You have to wear gloves or else your hands will *really* burn. After rappelling three times successfully down with the help of our experienced guide, we went onto rock climbing from three spots at the bottom of the rock wall. Now rock climbing was a whole other monster of a challenge that I'd never done before. I managed to make it to the top of the first wall. Yet the second one I simply couldn't make up past the halfway point. There simply wasn't enough holding for me to grip while maintaining any sort of balance with me feet. Rock climbing is insanely humbling. Thank goodness we were harnessed in because I lost my grip and slipped, which left me dangling in the air. My arms are just not strong enough to hold up the weight of my whole body. Tom, who

has done several rock climbing trips in the past, did manage to make it to the top, but just barely. On the third wall, I only made it up about a quarter of the way. My arms were way too tired and the ascend difficulty was simply too extreme for me. Tom made it halfway up until he slipped and was dangling twice. It beat and humbled both of us. Our arms were especially tired and our fingers ached from trying desperately to keep a grip. Finally, we each did a rappel down the rock wall one for time. Overall, I liked rappelling the most. I had the most “control” over what I was doing. Rock climbing is just too much, even as the guide is telling you where to step and grip. I’ll put it under one of those experiences that I’m glad to have tried at least *once*. It was also fairly expensive at \$79 a person. Tom also wanted to give our guide a \$20 tip for himself. Feeling bad that I would look “cheap”, I also gave him a \$20. We didn’t have cash on us yesterday, so Tom and I also gave some tip money to our raft guide. I gave \$10, which Tom originally was also going to do. But he decided to put in \$20 since the guide had a kid on the way. Before we left the resort, the manager came out to have me fill out some extra paperwork for my nosebleed injury from yesterday just in case I was going to have myself checked by a doctor.

Our next destination was the Sandstone Visitor’s Center on the south end of the New River National Scenic River. Then we decided to head south to check out the Sandstone Falls, which had a fantastic boardwalk to get closer to the falls that spread all the way across the New River. It took about an hour out of afternoon, but it was worth it. The heat was particularly intense in the upper 90s. I was easily soaked with sweat in no time at all.

Finally, our last destination was to Lost World Caverns in Lewisburg, West Virginia, about 50 minutes east of Beckley. This cavern ended up being arguably the best part of the trip with a grand giant cave cathedral filled with well-lit cave formations of various varieties. The other nice surprise with the cavern was how nice the pictures and video I got with the Canon 7D. Even though the cave formations were lit, the space was still rather dark. I didn’t have to use a flash at all. The camera automatically set a low aperture and shutter speed to get the right exposure. Thank you, DSLR!! Tom and I were very pleased with the cave experience and agreed it was well worth the extra drive out there.

That left us leaving back to Columbus, Ohio by 6 p.m. Since we drove almost an hour further east, our drive back turned into a five-to-six-hour trek back home. Still, it greatly helped that Tom did the majority of the driving while in the West Virginia area so I could take pictures and rest. I drove the 3½ hour stretch from south Charleston, WV to home in Dublin, Ohio. As we drove home in our smelly and stinky clothes, I couldn’t help but we rather satisfied with our three-day vacation. Tom and I had never hung out for that long of a period of time. So this was a sort of leap of faith and an experiment if we could handle being around each other for such a long amount of time. I really didn’t have anything to worry about since we both shared a bond with enjoying nature and all the adventures one could have within Her (Mother Nature). I was rather tired from all that rock climbing. My body ached and I had three coatings of bug spray and sun block on me. Still, I smiled. It was a good time. I lived LIFE. I called my wife and daughter to make sure I was okay. Daddy was coming home to his family after getting out and playing for three days. I lived outside my comfort zone, which is indeed a good thing. Without Tom as a friend and companion, I would never have gone on this trip. I wouldn’t have experienced white water rafting, rock climbing, or rappelling, that’s for sure. I’m glad I left my basement. And that’s all I can say about that. Oh wait, I took a lot of great pictures and video. I document my life.

“Columbus Commute” - (2011) - (2 min.) Video Journal

Driving to work... Going home... Repeat again tomorrow until retirement or death.

“Spring 2005” - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

“Spring 2225” - (2011) - (5 min.) Experimental Video Journal

Science Fiction Spring!

“Essences of 2007” - (2011) - (46 min.) Video Journal

Hayden Run Falls... Glacier Ridge Metro Park... Highbanks Metro Park... Inniswood Metro Park... Snow in April... Columbus Asian Festival... Columbus Park of Roses... Blendon Woods Metro Park... Park of Roses Festival... Picnic at Lois and Dale's... Alum Creek State Park... The Gay Pride Parade... Sharon Woods Metro Park... Borders... Lara and Eric's Wedding Rehearsal Dinner... Upper Arlington Labor Day Arts Festival... Inniswood Metro Park... Cox Arboretum... Slate Run Metro Park.

"Woodland Lights: 2007" - (2011) - (4 min.) Video Journal

Pink Shoes & Blue Shoes.
12-17-07: Later this evening, we drove over to Woodland Lights for a stroll around in 20-degree weather to see Santa with my two nephews in tow.

"Attack of the Ryan" - (2011) - (7 min.) Video Journal

Early June 2007.

"Seasons of Ohio: Spring" - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

In Columbus, Ohio... Images of the season of spring in central Ohio. Shot and Edited by Eric Homan.
"Swan Lake" by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky.

"Seasons of Ohio: Autumn" - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

In Columbus, Ohio... Images of the season of autumn in central Ohio. Shot and Edited by Eric Homan.
"Fantasia on 'Greensleeves'" by Ralph Vaughan Williams.

"Imagine That!" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"2011 Homan Family Reunion" - (9 min.)

"Video Self-Portrait 2003" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"The Artist's Rant" - (2 min.)

"When Babies Attack!" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Photo Boothing Around" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Cincinnati Zoo 2011" - (20 min. 30 sec.)

"Great Wolf Lodge: Mason, Ohio 2011" - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"Graduate School Reflections: Florida Center for Electronic Communication" - (28 min. 30 sec.)

"Labor Day Parade 2011: Canal Winchester, Ohio" - (17 min. 30 sec.)

"Columbus Zoo 2008" - (10 min.)

"2011 Homan Family Reunion" - (2011) - (9 min.) Video Journal

Piñata... Kids + Free Candy = Frenzy!... Water Balloon Toss... Anarchy and Pandemonium!

8-14-11: Today was the Homan Family Reunion and I was really surprised to discover that I actually at ease the entire time. Of course, the main attraction for me was that I had my own wife and baby girl in tow as my family. And with that security, I didn't feel quite so insecure and alone as I have in years past where I felt so alienated and was afraid of not having anything to talk about with my more-agriculture relatives. It really is a crazy culture shock to drive an hour and a half out to the country to New Knoxville, Ohio for the reunion every year. Talking to some of my cousins, uncles, and aunts is so surreal to hear how their lives are like on a farm. It's almost like listening to astronauts describe life on Mars or the moon. It's so strange to me now that I've lived in the city and away from rural areas for over 17 years. Lisa and I laughed upon noticed a standing phone booth while we were driving through downtown New Knoxville. It was as if cell phones still hadn't been invented and it was still the 1970s or something. Also, it was partially scary to see how desolate and poor several areas of the country really are. So many homes are simply glorified trailer parks or mobile homes. And many houses were over 50-100 years old. Wow.

At the reunion itself, I got to show my godparents Sharon and Gene my daughter Alyssa. I'm glad I finally got to introduce her to my father's side of the family for the first time. I also chatted with my uncle Orville and he informed me that Celina and Coldwater have a heroin problem. That blew my mind. I always knew that alcohol was a problem there. But never, *ever hard drugs!* Wow. Things change. In fact, Orville mentioned there were good jobs out there. But several people kept getting laid off because they would fail spontaneous drug tests.

The rest of the reunion actually went pretty quickly. The food (fried chicken) was actually pretty good, as was the mashed potatoes, noodles, and chocolate desserts and brownies. We were at the reunion from noon until 3:45 p.m. And then we stopped and got Lee's Famous Recipe on the way home in Bellefontaine.

"Video Self-Portrait 2003" - (2011) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Experimental Video Art

Of Eric Homan.

Music: "Country Girl" and "Almost Cut My Hair" by Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young.

"The Artist's Rant" - (2011) - (2 min.) Video Journal

Portrait of an artist at his wit's end.
Like van Gogh?

"When Babies Attack!" - (2011) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Madison Treptow terrorizes Ryan and Eric!

"Photo Boothing Around" - (2011) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Experimental Video Art

Making faces and experimenting with effects in Photo Booth on a Mac.
Music: "#9 Dream" by John Lennon.

"Cincinnati Zoo 2011" - (2011) - (20 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

8-19-11: Today was the second day of my "Last Days of Summer Mini-Vacation". I awake at 5:35 a.m. since dad wanted an early start and have breakfast at Bob Evans at 6:30 a.m. We needed to be at Steve and Tanya's by 8 a.m. so we could get to the Cincinnati Zoo just after it opens at 9 a.m. I've never been to the Zoo down here in Cincinnati and I must say I was impressed with it. In fact, I was quite surprised that I've never been there before until now. All these years in Ohio and I've never made it to this zoo. Maybe

it's because I'm so used to going to the Columbus Zoo all the time. I did manage to get in for half the admission price for \$7, which made me happy. I had to ask right after we got inside at 9:30 a.m. if it was okay for me to break off from Dad, Steve, and the boys since I had heard that they often leave as early as 11:30 a.m. So I took off by myself with my trusty digital still camera and HD camcorder by my side. I did manage to get in about 75-80% of the zoo at an accelerated pace. I was really impressed with the zoo with how different their collection of animals were, not to mention a very different layout of the grounds. It was interesting to see the difference in their polar bear exhibits from one to the other. I especially liked the insect house with its hordes of cockroaches, ants, and beetles. There was even a night animals area habitat, which was really neat. All in all, I had a really great time... until I got a call on my cell phone from my dad telling me that the boys and Steve wanted to go already. I had to rush-walk back while taking photos as quickly as I could while passing by a few animals. On the way back to their home, we had lunch at Golden Coral. Ryan, Jonathan, and Isaac were pretty wound up and noisy, which made things very tiring for us.

"Great Wolf Lodge: Mason, Ohio 2011" - (2011) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

The Waterpark.

8-19-11: Eventually, we got to the Great Wolf Lodge to stay overnight. We got into a \$369 room for only \$100. Dad was staying with me as was Lara, Eric, and Zachary in the hotel suite. Thankfully, Tanya's family had their own room, which meant some degree of quiet for us.

All of us went to the water park at 5 p.m. to 7 p.m. and really had a terrific, tremendous time. There were great pleasures to it: the place wasn't too busy, which meant we were able to get on all the rides (some multiple times) during that same amount of time. It was simply so idyllic! In fact, I think it was the best time I've so far been here. The other surprise delight was seeing my dad out of his element and actually enjoying himself. We went on the lazy river first and he really seemed to be having *fun*. I never see my dad have *fun* and *laughing* like he was a little kid. And I think having his grandchildren around really helped him as well to loosen up and show he was game for this sort of thing. I didn't think he'd get into it. But he did. So I was really pleased with that. I also loved going to the wave pool and having wave after wave crash into me! Such delight and childhood fun! It was just nice for my entire side of the family to get together and enjoy doing a communal activity together.

"Graduate School Reflections: Florida Center for Electronic Communication" - (2011) - (28 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Eric Homan, CEC Graduate of May 2000 gives a candid discussion about his years as a graduate student and where he is now. Recorded on 9-9-11.

For Ed, Fran, and Diane.

Florida Center for Electronic Communication Ed Skellings graduate school Eric Homan Florida Atlantic University

Background

9-8-11: Dear Friends,

I hope this letter finds you in good health and prospering in your lives, a wish that comes from my heart. I'd love to hear from you besides what I see on Facebook or hear from Fran.

At the beginning of 2007, Ed and Louise moved to Melbourne where Ed became University Professor of Humanities at Florida Tech. I tagged along to digitize his archives and do what I always do. Last year Ed's health declined. In May he retired from the university but is still living in Melbourne and enjoying life albeit at a slower pace. I moved into a wonderful position at Florida Tech's Evans Library as Archive Manager.

About a month ago, I was approached by Richard Haerther, the art director of the Carrollwood Cultural Center in Tampa, who saw *Word Songs* and wanted Ed to do a presentation for an evening event. When I told Richard that Ed was not up to traveling or presenting, he asked if I might make a video with commentary between the animations.

I first thought of visiting as many of you who might be interested and doing video interviews in person, but

Fran suggested everyone can do their own video now. The more we spoke about the project, the more we realized that our own CEC, with all its warts, was a mini Camelot when we were all involved. Instead of limiting the video to commentary about the individual animations in *Word Songs*, we would like to hear from all of you because you all created animated poems and more importantly were on the educational wave of this industry and by now are beginning to be, if you will forgive me, the old-timers. I wouldn't want this video to be how great Ed was, nothing like that, but rather a genuine piece about the times and your observations a decade later and especially your own experiences- where did you wind up? Was it where you thought you'd be? Future Plans? Etc. Etc.

This January we are showing this video in Tampa and then we have hopes it will travel to different venues through a grant from South Arts. Naturally, you will be given proper credit for your participation and publicity for your own art work if you want it. Mostly, I think this is an amazing project, as Ed used to say, to put in the can.

Please send me a short video clip to include. I will probably have to edit the clips for flow, but you will give your final approval. Be sure to send me how you want your name and title, etc. to be written as well as any links you wish to have posted.

Best,

Diane Newman
Archive Manager
The Evans Library
Florida Institute of Technology
150 W. University Blvd.
Melbourne, FL 32901
321-674-8571
newmand@fit.edu

So now I've got a CEC recollection tribute video to make. Good thing I've already done quite a bit of editing of the old CEC footage and have gone through my journals and found some good, sincere musings about Ed already. I even added him to my "Empathy Files" just a few months ago over the summer. So I'm prepared to make something fairly nice for Diane. After all, they did start my teaching career. It's the *least* I could do.

Eric Homan
Assistant Professor, Media Arts
Columbus College of Art and Design

For Ed Skellings

4-4-00: I realized something this late afternoon as I was working. Ed Skellings built the Center up as a research center and later as a graduate program for computer arts. I took for granted that Ed is doing this *for* the students, and less for himself. I wouldn't have a Master of Fine Arts if it weren't for Ed and his dream. (I thanked him tomorrow with all sincerity, which he was appreciative of. I did know inside that he also made the Center into a graduate degree program because the state was getting rid of state-funded research facilities. But still there is a dream in the program.)

For Diane Newman

9-11-11: Hello Diane, Here is my video "interview" based on your email. It's 28 minutes long. But the main info is in the first few minutes. You can use Download Helper, a plug-in for Firefox, to download the clips. I can also upload the video clips to vimeo where they have an actual link at the bottom right corner of the webpage. Below are the links. I also uploaded a mini-doc about Ed as well. I'll probably upload the "CEC Memoirs" this week.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YDZQ36h730w> Graduate School Reflections 1

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7FL-Mhn637A> Graduate School Reflections 2

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0drJmh789tE&feature=related> Ed Skellings: Electric Poetry - Past, Present, and Future

You can use the title below for the documentary.

Eric Homan
Assistant Professor, Media Arts
Columbus College of Art and Design
www.erichoman.com

Take care, Eric Homan

9-12-11: Dear Eric,

I can't tell you how much fun it was to watch your videos and see how well you fulfilled our hopes and dreams for your future which is now actually the past and present. It was a real trip to watch the video about Ed and the CEC Memoirs has some great footage of CEC and the gang. And the strip tease at the end was you through and through. Gave me a good laugh.

Thank you so much. I will probably post the full Grad School Reflections on Ed's archive if is okay with you. You said some stuff that is going to fit in great with the overall video. If you don't mind, upload the clips to vimeo. That was where we found the Giverny piece you did.

I will show Ed the videos this afternoon.

Please stay in touch! -Diane

I only get 500 M of space per week to upload to Vimeo, so it'll take two weeks to upload the interview footage. I can upload the first part tomorrow.

All right, back to teaching class....

Thanks, Eric

9-26-11: Dear Eric, Thanks so much. Really enjoy watching how you've turned into a terrific speaker- I know you must be a great teacher. Melinda Gates said today on "Morning Joe" that the most important component in our schools is having a good teacher in every class. Best, Diane

I don't know what to say (ah, irony)... but thank you. I wouldn't be here without you, Ed, and Fran. -Eric

"Labor Day Parade 2011: Canal Winchester, Ohio" - (2011) - (17 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

9-5-11: I went with Lisa and Alyssa to Canal Winchester late this morning to attend Lisa's coworker's little girl's birthday party. Rebecca's daughter was turning 3 years old. We arrived at noon, had burgers and hot dogs, and then watched the Labor Day parade that started at 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. All in all, it was a pretty nice time. I was very moved when the older people got out of their chairs and stood up with their hands over their hearts as the military service men and women marched by. That's something you don't see young people do as much anymore. To show that level of mature respect to those who serve our country is very emotional to witness. I was fortunate to capture that moment on video. We had nice, cooler overcast weather as well. It's nice to be outside in Ohio during the late summer and not die of the heat and humidity.

"Columbus Zoo 2008" - (2011) - (10 min.) Video Journal

"Did I Dream That?" – DVD compilation

Contents Include:

"Franklin Park Conservatory 2011" - (11 min. 30 sec.)

"Fireworks Wild Lights" - (16 min. 30 sec.)

"Dublin, Ohio's 2010 4th of July Fireworks/ 2010 Columbus Zoo Wild Lights" - (17 min. 30 sec.)

"Park of Roses 4th of July Fireworks 2008" - (17 min. 30 sec.)

"Cloud Waves" - (2 min. 30 sec.) (Short Version: 1 min.) (Shorter Version: 30 sec.)

"Eric & Lisa's Wedding Rehearsal" - (21 min.)

"Witness the Cloud Universes Out of the Airplane Window" - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2008" - (3 min.)

"Easter 2008" - (6 min. 30 sec.)

"Franklin Park Conservatory 2011" - (2011) - (11 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

8-27-11: Lisa, Tom, Julia, Alyssa, and I visited Franklin Park Conservatory at 10:20 a.m. this morning since Lisa had bought a Groupon. It's still a highly impressive place to visit in the heart of Columbus. I keep forgetting how incredible it really is, especially with all the Chihuly glass sculptures blended into the tropical vegetation and garden. It's like art and nature perfectly blended together. I especially liked the multi-colored glass sculpture vegetables like purple and blue pumpkins, strawberries, and melons mixed artfully within an actual living garden area.

"Fireworks Wild Lights" - (2011) - (16 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

The complete unedited version of "Columbus Lights 1".

"Dublin, Ohio's 2010 4th of July Fireworks/ 2010 Columbus Zoo Wild Lights" - (2011) - (17 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Variation of "Fireworks Wild Lights".

"Park of Roses 4th of July Fireworks 2008" - (2011) - (17 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

A fireworks volcano.

"Cloud Waves" - (2011) - (2 min. 30 sec.) (Short Version: 1 min.) (Shorter Version: 30 sec.)
Experimental Video Art

Time-lapse of clouds waving goodbye.

"Eric & Lisa's Wedding Rehearsal" - (2011) - (21 min.) Video Journal

St. Brendan's Catholic Church... The Wedding Rehearsal Dinner.

"Witness the Cloud Universes Out of the Airplane Window" - (2011) - (4 min. 30 sec.)
Video Journal

Plane trip back from Los Angeles with a few of the abstract heavens in parade.

"Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2008" - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

"Uncanny X-Men" writing legend Chris Claremont... "Jay and Silent Bob" star Jason Mewes.

10-4-08: What a weird, unpredictable day it turned out to be, this Mid-Ohio Comic Con day. Lisa and I got up early because she had a Weight Watchers meeting and I needed to leave early for the Comic Con. When it was time for me to leave at 8:45 a.m., my car didn't turn on. I figured it must be the battery that is dead. Yet I was going to be late getting to the convention when all the newest comics are going to be out for grabs. Knowing that it was early in the morning and that it might take some time for AAA to get to my house to jump my car, I decided to call Lisa instead and ask for her to come back to the house as soon as possible so I might take her car downtown to the convention center. I was a nervous wreck, flabbergasted over the ridiculous timing of this to happen on the morning of Mid-Ohio Con. If it happened on a school day, I wouldn't be as upset. I'd just call in that I'd be an hour late. But for this – the call of buying comics at a bargain price – I was annoyingly agitated over. After Lisa tried to jump my car with her

jumper cables and it didn't turn, I did end up calling AAA. I ended up taking Lisa's car while she and Tom waited for AAA's battery representative. I drove downtown in a cranky, nervous state, cursing at slow Saturday morning drivers.

Once I got to the convention center with 3 minutes before they officially opened at 10 a.m., I questioned where I should park: Justin Jason's free parking spot that was a 10-15 minute walk to the Mid-Ohio Con, or the north convention center's parking garage. At a moment's notice, I decided to play it safe by parking in the convention center's parking garage. When I got to the gate, I found out it was \$9 for 3-5 hours, and \$11 for 6-7 hours. I couldn't believe what a rip-off this was! Yet I knew this would save me some time by being just below the convention area. The parking garage was nearly full and it took a few minutes until I finally got a parking space. Yet once I got upstairs, I found out that the Mid-Ohio Con had been moved all the way to the far *north* end of the convention center, which was much closer to where Justin Jason's (free) parking space was at!! So I drove right out of the parking garage, explained that I had just parked for a moment, which the parking attendant allowed me to leave with no charge. (It was a \$1 charge for 0-1 hours.) I quickly drove up north to Justin's work parking spot, which Justin had assured me I would have no problem parking at and walked for four-minutes to the north entrance to the convention center. It was ridiculous how they had moved the show to an entirely different side without most people knowing.

Once I got inside the convention hall for the Mid-Ohio Comic Con, I made a quick tour around to spot where the vendors were at that were selling recent comics for a \$1 each. At first, I didn't find that many and only spent \$38 for the first hour, which for me is pretty darn low. I figured the day was going to only be a modest success since I didn't find that much. By 11 a.m. I went to see "Uncanny X-Men" writing legend Chris Claremont talk, which started 15 minutes late since Chris woke up late having flown in from San Francisco. He was your typical slightly egotistical writer who knew of his accomplishments and just how good he is. Claremont is easily one of my personal favorite writers, especially from my teenage years when his issues for *Uncanny X-Men* literally helped me get through high school. I had such great empathy for how he wrote mutants for being super-powered outsiders. He might as well have been writing about me, a budding artist/ writer. All in all, I hung onto most of what he said, even when he rambled off a bit.

The comic con during the afternoon was pretty great as I picked up 40 more back issues for a buck a piece at other vendors. Yet carrying around that heavy camera bag and four bags of comics eventually took its toll, as did not eating lunch. I was getting pretty dizzy and had visited most of what I wanted to for the day. So I left for home by 2:45 p.m. I was given a weekend pass, so I'd be back tomorrow. When I got back home, Lisa had gotten a new battery in my car after the AAA people jumped my dead battery. I repaid her and also filled up her car with gas.

10-5-08

Today, Sunday, was Day Two of the Mid-Ohio Con. It was much of a repeat from yesterday, with an additional X-Men panel with Alan Davis, Len Wein, and Chris Claremont. I watched only a portion of the Jason Mewes talk, which ended up having the largest audience of any comic book or media guest. I introduced myself to Chris Sprouse and his wife Zan, who was quite friendlier and open than Chris, who seemed a bit more reserved and introverted. Of course, he was also busy penciling for fans who were coming up to his table. I did get to ask him about how he got to work with Alan Moore, which then led to working with so many other great writers such as Warren Ellis. I got some more \$1 comics, as well spending an hour looking through fifteen long boxes of 25-cent books. Then I spent 45-minutes going through over a dozen long boxes of 50-cent books, some of which I had bought before when they were a dollar. It was crazy how comic books depreciate in "worth". Cover price when new: \$2.99. Three months later: \$1. One-to-five years later: 50-cents. Ten years later: ? or a quarter.

One bad side effect of being at the comic convention is coming home to Lisa who doesn't really care for comics. That's the problem with leaving a comic book convention: it's like leaving fantasy land. And now it's back to less-pleasing reality.

"Easter 2008" - (2011) - (6 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Reverse Easter egg hunt!

“Dreams On” – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

“Christmas 2007” - (9 min.)

“Cleveland Summer 2008” - (12 min.)

“L.A./ SIGGRAPH/ Animation on Location 2008” - (22 min.)

“Ohio Hurricane 2008” - (7 min.)

“Seasons of Ohio: Spring” - (Long Version: 14 min.)

“Seasons of Ohio: Autumn” - (Long Version: 13 min. 30 sec.)

“Columbus Zoo: September 2011” - (14 min.)

“Polar Bear Dance in Aqua Orbit” - (10 min.)

“Christmas 2007” - (2011) - (9 min.) Video Journal

Reicha Family... Homan Family... Later that night...

“Cleveland Summer 2008” - (2011) - (12 min.) Video Journal

Chagrin Falls... Shaker Heights... Headlands Beach State Park, Mentor, Ohio... Into Lake Erie...
Natural History Museum... Dinosaur fossils.

6-15-08

Lisa and I journeyed up to Cleveland this Sunday morning to spend a few days with Tom at his mother's house in the Shaker Heights suburb. I missed our final exit, which caused some frustration and tension after being on the road for over two hours. But eventually we got lunch at a nice local place, got two scoops of Ben & Jerry's ice cream (which has some pretty neat unusual flavors), and checked out Chagrin Falls. This also happened to be the neighborhood that Calvin and Hobbes cartoonist Bill Watterson lives, which excited me.

In the evening once we were all rested (and my late afternoon headache had passed), we all went out again for dinner at a Thai restaurant called Lemon Grass. I sported the bill for the three of us - \$59! But Tom has been nice enough drive us around Cleveland and went to another nice Cleveland metro park and nature center where we saw three deer feeding during late dusk.

6-16-08

This morning, the three of us ventured up northeast to Headlands Beach State Park in Mentor, Ohio for the largest sand beach in Ohio on the coast of Lake Eerie. At first, we nearly didn't go into the water since it was still rather chilly. Yet once we went back to the beach after eating a late breakfast, the beach was much more crowded and more people were in the water. So we took the plunge and discovered that the water was alright after a minute or so. In fact, the beach was fantastic in regards to how high the waves were crashing in. All three of us got a good workout from diving into the waves as they therapeutically slammed against us. We stayed at the beach for over three hours. I took some video and photos. I also got *badly* sun burnt when we got home since I never fully felt "warm" while being in the water. I only put sun block on my head and neck since Lisa told me I looked really white after I put on my swim trunks. So now my body is tingling in a bad way as if a million fire ants are marching across my body. (I'm not kidding.)

While we were out swimming in Lake Eerie, I noticed a black sailboat out on the horizon that looked like a giant shark fin. And yet it stayed steady as if it was ever so slowly making its way towards us. Here comes the largest shark in the world!! It brought back my childhood fear of sharks in the water... even if it was Lake Eerie.

I suffered pretty badly through the evening and into the night from having gotten terribly sun-burnt over 70% of my body. I was so pink I was glowing. In fact, my skin was so roasted that heat was radiating from all over the burnt areas of my body. I had to excuse myself by going to bed at 7:45 p.m. because I was feeling physically ill from my stupid condition. I had put some sun screen on, but not on my

back and shoulders. Lisa had also told me how white I looked, so I figured I could use some sun. I also didn't have my watch on to know how much time was passing with me out in the sun. Laying on my side hurt badly and my skin was stinging all around. Lisa and Tom went and got me some sun-burn medicine to spray on my body and for some Pain Relief Tylenol.

6-17-08

Today was something of a day of recovery for me. I didn't get a whole lot of sleep last night/ this early morning. I was mainly only able to lie down and rest with my eyes closed. I couldn't quite reach sleep until sometime after 1:30 a.m. after lying in bed for five hours.

When I did wake up in the morning, I felt a bit better. We all went out for our last day in Cleveland to the Natural History Museum where Tom's brother works in the basement with dinosaur fossils, which we were given a personal tour of. Yet museums are just not as exciting as they once were... especially after you've been to several. Once you go to a new one, it's sort of a let-down since it's stuff you've been exposed to before. I'd probably be more excited about them if they were free – like most everything else is on the Internet! It's no wonder that museums are losing their funding and their attendance is down. They're out of date and they're just not as exciting as fast-speed and interactive media. For lunch, we went to Little Italy for spaghetti and a bottle of Sangria. Then for the afternoon, we browsed by some galleries and checked out the waterfront at downtown Cleveland. All in all, it was a good mini-vacation for Lisa and me to take.

"L.A./ SIGGRAPH/ Animation on Location 2008" - (2011) - (22 min.) Video Journal

Leaving Columbus, Ohio... Little Tokyo/ Chinatown, Downtown L.A.... Dim Sum lunch... Exposition Park... Noise coming from a nearby rave... Natural History Museum... Hollywood Walk of Fame... Grauman's Chinese Theater... Ripley's Believe It or Not! Odditorium... SIGGRAPH computer graphics conference... Universe of stars sidewalks... CCAD alumni reunion... (Hazel Tarr shot video)... (Eric's back on camera)... Final closing advice from Nick Burkhardt, Rhythm & Hues.

8-8-08

And so I make my trip flight to Los Angeles for eight days for the SIGGRAPH conference.....

11:38 p.m. Pacific Time/ 2:38 a.m. Eastern Time: I finally, *finally* made it to L.A., and more importantly, to my dorm/ hotel room of residence at the USC/ Radisson. My flight journey here was somewhat less painful than in years before since it was a direct flight from Columbus to Los Angeles. I had a Björk biography to read while listening to some rather great mp3 music selections through my Delta seat selection. On top of all this, I got to watch the Beijing Olympic Opening Ceremony during my entire 4 hour 20 minute flight. I surprised myself by not once getting up to go to the restroom for a five-hour time span. Incredible. One of my former students, Kartika, also happened to be on my flight as well. Once we got to L.A. I got my large suitcase and headed outside to find a shuttle van to take me downtown. Once again, I had to ask someone who worked at the airport where to go after waiting and looking around on the sidewalk for five minutes looking lost and bewildered. The shuttle van I was put on ended up taking a long way around to downtown since two people in our shuttle had to go someplace other than downtown! So all of us nine passengers got a nice hour-long nighttime ghetto wasteland tour of L.A. Thankfully, I was dropped off relatively early in the order of people getting dropped off. I knew I was at the right place when I entered the Radisson doorway and there was Wes and Zach, two of my former students. Then as I was checking in, Corinne, now with tan hair, tapped me on the shoulder. She was waiting in the lobby to go out with her boy friend Dan. Corinne asked right away if I was married since she spotted the golden ring on my finger. I told her all about that the *other* outstanding Media Studies senior, Kate Morgan, helped take some of my wedding photography. My students asked how my summer was going and I told them I had just gone back to my hometown. I informed Corinne casually that I finally got to see Ludlow Falls, her hometown. It was so odd to be around her and the students after being away from them for so many months. It was like I hardly knew them. In fact, they seem like old memories in physical form. Maybe I've actually changed quite a bit now that I'm married. I don't see hanging out with students to be as much fun as it once felt. Mainly, it's because I've gotten older. My students stay the same age. They lead their own lives. I lead my own now. Wes guided me upstairs and I passed by Ron and Charlotte briefly as we said our hellos and

welcomes.

8-9-08

I woke up this morning and I really could have been anywhere. A hotel room is such a vague place and destination. Is this Ohio or L.A.? One could never know until you leave your room to explore what's outside.

Once a few students starting to emerge from their rooms around 9 a.m., I got caught up on what was going on for the morning. All 20 students, Charlotte, Ron, and I took the 81 Bus to Little Tokyo for dim sum brunch at 11 a.m. We shopped around beforehand at the little tourist stores. Some of the students were in a spending frenzy even with their limited checking accounts. Ron told everyone that they could do what they wanted with the day. I wanted to go check out some of L.A.'s sights, yet in the end had no clue of where the buses ran. And none of the students knew either. So we all ended up splintering off into smaller groups and loitering around the Chinatown stores until boredom overwhelmed us. I felt like I was waiting for something to happen. It was nice to look around Chinatown, but enough was enough. I walked off with another group of students that were browsing around faster and went back to the Radisson with them on the bus. Then we agreed to go to the pool for a "cannonball tournament" of sorts as well as race-swimming the pool and back with Zac and Doug. They were astonished by how fast I was in the water. "You're a *fish!*" they exclaimed. "Dude, you have no idea how out of shape I am as well," I professed in shock. Some of those students I was hanging around with didn't really like me much before. But at least now they were seeing a more casual, relaxed side to me that they could empathize with. And we all had fun.

After dinner at the USC cafeteria, I joined a few other students to walk through Exposition Park and its Rose Garden. One of the students mentioned how much fun it was to not be racing off and in a rush for once this week.

8-10-08

I have to remember to maintain my mature sense of self as each new day appears. It's so easy to ease back into my jokey, sophomoric persona in order to get laughs. But now that I'm married, I feel more adapt to keep the change.

This Sunday that felt not a bit like a Sunday was filled with doing some things around L.A. that I've never gotten to do before. As yesterday was about wishing to get out and about Los Angeles, today was the follow-thru. After breakfast, I went out with a different group of students to the Natural History Museum, which ended up being far, far better than I had imagined it would ever be. The gem exhibit alone blew my mind with *hundreds* of diverse crystals and gem stone formations. In just fifteen minutes, I must have taken 75 photographs. It was ridiculous. It was an experience comparable to experiencing the prismatic hot springs around Yellowstone for the first time. So many multicolored crystals that looked like mini new alien worlds from other galaxies – many of which I've never seen before or knew existed. This was *crystal abstract heaven*, all within protective glass case displays. And the rest of the museum areas were startling in their presentation and composition of 3D models with a 2D backdrop. It was something to behold. And I got in for free since I was a "teacher". Next just after noon, we took a bus to downtown and then the subway metro to North Hollywood for the Grauman's Chinese Theater, the Ripley's Believe It or Not! Odditorium, and the various mega-store shops in the area. The Hollywood Walk of Fame was a zoo-like, tourist-filled buzz street swarming with tourists taking millions of pictures of the same sights. There were people dressed up as various movie characters like two guys as The Joker (from "The Dark Knight"), Superman, Mike Myers from "Halloween", The Tin Man from "The Wizard of Oz", three Spider-Mans, Halo the video game, a Spartan from "300", and Transformer leader Optimus Prime. To pose with them, you had to tip them at least a dollar. What a way to make a living: act as a living pop culture movie character and say basically the same lines over and over again for the amusement of tourists. It's crazy. The Ripley's Museum was fun as always and we ended up eating at California Pizza Kitchen. We ended up getting back to our hotel rooms at 7 p.m. I had been extroverted for the entire day, so I was more than ready for some time by myself.

"*Oh my God! We left Homan on the bus!!!*" –Lauren jokingly screaming out after getting off the bus with her friends and thinking I wasn't with them by forgetting to get off the bus at our stop.

8-11-08

Today was the official first day of the SIGGRAPH conference. Oddly enough, I found myself to

be in better physical shape than my “fried” work colleagues and some of the students. Ron could barely get up for breakfast. We walked over together to the cafeteria before walking across the enormous USC campus to acquire my cafeteria pass card (at long last). All of this took an hour, so we didn’t make it to the convention center until about 10:20 a.m. I picked up my registration badge and booklets and headed right over to the main panel area. To my great surprise and delight, two of the featured panelists were two Academy Award winning visual effects supervisors, John Knoll (Pirates of the Caribbean) and John Dykstra (Star Wars and various Steven Spielberg films). So that was a very cool surprise to see them speak in person. One of the things I really realized while watching their presentations was that Hollywood visual effects are basically abstract digital art composited within a blockbuster movie. Anything that looks “cool” or fantastic is a visual effect. For lunch, I ate two bananas and four chocolate chip cookies that I took with me from the USC cafeteria. Then our main afternoon presentation was by Walt Disney and Pixar Animation Studios president Ed Catmull. The presentation hall was completely filled with no available seats in the 6,000 seat space. I met up with some more CCAD students after the presentation. Then the final main presentation for the day was the Making of “Kung Fu Panda” featuring the co-director and various technical people from the DreamWorks Animation production team such as the layout artist, production designer, and head of character animation. The director of cinematography for the CG film had some very interesting ways of pitching how he’d shoot the film and how he’d be a good fit for the movie. During his pitch to movie executive producer Jeffery Katzenberg, he compared the look of other famous and obscure films to the one he wanted to do for the look of the new animated film. From his perspective, this is where you start in order to find the specific *look* of the film before you actually start the film itself. It’s pre-visualization through being inspired by previous movies. All in all, it was a long day of sitting and listening to people talk. I could see why people were getting fatigued and falling asleep during the presentations. I even closed my eyes for half an hour at one point in a strange state of half-consciousness.

Then for the finale for the day, I went out with a group of students to the Shrine Auditorium for the Autodesk User’s Group Meeting and Party where they premiered on a giant digital projection the latest features for Maya, including some insanely incredible fluid effects. These were features that were terrifyingly awesome for someone like me who spent months trying to create these effects that Maya can now do just a minute, like collision objects and goeey objects that realistically stick to one another, or an egg shattering! Then they went into an orgy of how great stereoscopic 3-D 3D visuals are going to be with built-in features within Maya. Yep, Hollywood wants to make “Star Wars” and every other 3D film “complete” by making you wear 3D glasses. It was pretty cool, but for only to a point until you’re desensitized. Hollywood still can’t make a soul look 3D. After the user’s group showcase, we descended into the main party area where a DJ was providing the beats and over a thousand people were crammed together trying to feast on the free ordure’s and the open bar. I couldn’t even get a drink because there were hundreds of people trying to get their drink. I took some pictures around the place, including the models that were dressed like fashion Mayans. It was all pretty bizarre L.A. event rave stuff.

8-12-08

The weather rarely changes here. The biggest change of season is if smog covers the sky and covers the plain blue skies above that are the norm. It’s a little sad to not have a change of weather. It’s like being stuck with the same day every day. I fully understand why people want a change of seasons. Of course, this weather would be amazing if it was cold, snowy, and wintery back home in Ohio.

This SIGGRAPH Tuesday, fatigue of the whole L.A. conference event finally caught up with most of us, including myself. I could feel myself aching a bit more and feeling extra sleepy throughout the day. The main floor exhibition started this morning at 9:30 a.m. and it wasn’t quite as impressive as year’s previous. For one thing, Apple and Adobe didn’t have booths there as they have in years before. And they were huge presenters and featured tutorials on Apple’s Final Cut Pro and Adobe After Effects throughout the three days of the exhibition. So I only found myself checking out the Autodesk booth for new features Maya 2009 (which only lasted half an hour) and got a free “WALL-E” poster at the Pixar booth. So overall, I was only on the floor for an hour and a half. I ended up going to a seminar on “Live 3D Cinema: Capturing Real-World Depth, where they featured a clip from “U2 3D” and Björk’s “Wanderlust” music video, both shot in 3D. I then wanderlusted over to the bookstore for over an hour checking out dozens of neat special effects books and software training text books. At 1:45 p.m., I joined up with some students to attend “Studio Views on Student Demo Reels”, which was probably the most relevant session for educators and students at the conference. It was slightly amusing listening to a student from other schools from around the country sitting nearby me lamenting how if he were to relocate to L.A., he’d have to make all

new friends and how he wasn't sure how he'd be able to manage the high cost of living. It reminded me of what I went through moving down the Florida for graduate school exactly ten years ago in August 1998. What a long way I've made it.

Notes from the "Studio Views on Student Demo Reels" session:

The Rhythm & Hues recruitment representative: "Know the studio that you are applying for. If they are photo-realistic, have a portfolio of work that caters to their style of work... Show variety that you are flexible... Have a demo reel of no more than 2 minutes in length... Put your best stuff first, even if it's just 20 seconds long and that's all you've got. Don't put anything mediocre on your demo reel!... They're looking for potential in your work... They only accept NTSC DVDs or URL online portfolios... Let us know what position you are applying for, which helps when the studio can place you... "We believe in life-long learning."

Tiger Hair (small studio): "Prefers online portfolio submissions... If it is a group project, specify what you specifically worked on... Have a one page resume... Small companies can grow you for the bigger studios.

Walt Disney Animation Studios Outreach Representative: Be the very best in your field... 80-90% of students in computer animation want to be a character animator. Apply for something different like lighting, compositing, background artists, traditional background artists... Have good figure drawing skills. They want to know that you are a dedicated artist. They want to see the basics: composition, anatomy, design, even some photography if you have it. The computer is just a tool. The student needs to know the fundamentals of being a real artist... Apply your work to festivals to get it seen. Her job is to go to festivals to find new talent. Places like Comic Con are even great for exposure.

Fringe Talent (independent recruiter who works for DreamWorks, etc): The studios pay her to recruit for them: One educator asked that students want to stay at home in North Carolina and work through FTP so the students don't have to move away from family and move to the high cost world of L.A. When will this be more possible? It was answered that it is somewhat slowly happening. More so in smaller companies... Recruiters ask: "Are you a team player?"... "Don't be a jerk"... Difficult people will not be rehired. A bad reputation will follow you. This is a tightly knit group and community. There are some highly talented people out there, but some have a bad attitude. "He has a ego, doesn't take direction." The studios talk to each other... Be flexible about taking direction. Do work on your own work on the side for your portfolio... Regarding music on demo reels: don't cut your demo reel to the music you select for it. It varies from company to company if they will watch your demo reel with the music on or off. Most turn it off. Never let the music overpower the visuals of your demo reel.

As the grand finale to this Tuesday, all of us CCAD faculty and students that were at SIGGRAPH attended a special Production Studio Nights presentation and screening of "The Man Who Planted Trees" that was personally introduced by "Toy Story" director John Lasseter. The director of "Trees", Frederic Back, was also in attendance with an informal conversation following this astonishing hand-drawn animation. Then they presented the excellent documentary "The Pixar Story", which turned out to be a highly rewarding experience. It was a movie about animation presented to an audience of young and hungry animators. What a wonderful night to experience these two presentations.

The Pixar Story: "John Lasseter was fired from Disney from being too much of a computer innovator. The executives in charge of Disney Animation at the time only thought that one should only use computers to make a movie cheaper and faster. If it costs the same as making a traditionally hand-drawn movie, why use it? They couldn't foresee the potential like John could... John Lasseter used to work at Disneyland as a street sweeper and then as a tour guide on the Jungle Book cruise. He loved working there... "We knew we wanted to be different from the musical animated films Disney was doing"... "We made the movie we wanted to make"... "We lost a million dollars a year from 1986-1991 as we were making these computer animated shorts"... "They wanted to shut us down"... "It looked like a playground"... "Most overnight success actually took a very long time."

After "The Pixar Story" documentary, I was feeling rather inspired and energized from being around an underdog animation studio that became a huge hit-maker. As our group walked back to the bus stop, I was floating on air. My mind was full of confidence and insight in other people's creative minds. Half of the students, including Corinne and Dan, followed me as we started walking back to the USC Radisson hotel since our bus still hadn't arrived after nearly twenty minutes of waiting. I reassured our group that Corinne knew "Thai Twan Doh" so we'd all be safe if we were attacked. I was just brewing over

with clever quips. Then after five minutes of walking, the bus appeared several blocks behind us. So most of us took off running for the next bus stop so we could catch the bus. We all made it to the bus stop and I exclaimed: "Doesn't it feel great to feel so alive!" As we got on board with Sam finally catching up with us, I asked if everyone was with us. It turned out that two of the students in our group didn't run and were far behind still. Since most of us had paid and the bus doors were closing, we left without Megan, Corinne, and Dan who were still outside and decided to walk the rest of the way back with the two stray students. I didn't feel that bad for leaving them behind because those two students could have ran to catch the bus. And they're adults (21 at least). There were two "guys" in the group, so I wasn't too worried. I was still exhilarated from the excellent documentary showing.

Megan and I got a good joke in later by recounting the events of the bus leaving without her and the other students. I joked to her that when the bus pulled away without her on it, I screamed out passionately, "*Meeeggggaaaannn!!!!*" And outside the bus, Megan yelled out, "*Hooooommmmmaaaaann!!!!*" Good times, good times.

8-13-08

I think my slightly dormant cold finally struck back at me today, theoretically "Wednesday", after going to a very full day of SIGGRAPH talks and sessions. This morning I attended "A Tribute to the Life and Work of Frank Thomas and Ollie Johnston: Current Legends Talk About Their Mentors". Next, I hung out at the bookstore until the next presentation began at 1:45 p.m. with "Machines and Monsters: Tippett and ILM Reveal the Secrets within 'Cloverfield' and 'Iron Man'". By 3:30 p.m. I was getting direly exhausted and aching all over. I neglected to take my cold medication this morning because I thought I was getting better. I took my cold for granted. The next packed-to-the-gills presentation was at 3:45 p.m. with "Disney and Pixar: Two Animation Studios Reveal the Secrets of Their Shorts". By 5:30 p.m. I was completely drained and just wanted to retreat to my room for some solitude. I had been at almost eight straight hours of presentations and my brain was full and overwhelmed. In fact, everyone's been doing this kind of schedule all week long along with other activities during the evening and night. Once I got back to USC for dinner with the students, we all had another 20-minute walk across campus to get to the cafeteria. At least eating a full meal rather than two bananas and chocolate chip cookies lunch was a better meal for me. I also got to see my old student Matt Corcoran who had recently gotten a job in downtown San Francisco. Then at 7:30 p.m. Ron arranged for some representatives from Toon Boom software to present the latest updates on their software, which lasted until 10:30 p.m. I was trying my best to be as patient and considerate as possible. At least I knew that 99% of everyone else in the room looked as low of energy as I was. I'm enjoying the conference and all, but I am also ready to go back home. I miss Lisa a lot, too. I haven't had even a few minutes to the day where I could even get a real chance to talk to her. Then if I do get a call from Lisa, our connection isn't that good. Then when the connection is all right, I get too busy with people around me for us to talk. Grrrrr! Still, still... I am glad that I came out for this whole learning experience. It's nice to spend some extra time in a different place rather than Columbus for a little while.

Thoughts during the Computer Animation Festival: SIGGRAPH is science and entertainment – not science and art. There is little actual real art and deep emotion at this technology conference. Everyone tells "good stories". But they're really not all that *original*. Their idea of "being different" is to get some cute computer generated characters stoned and dripping on mushrooms. But making money is what these companies want to do. So experimenting too much isn't their agenda in the least bit. And who can blame them for that? We all have to make a living. Yet you would think that they would showcase a bit more creativity *at some place* within the conference. Usually what they've done in the past is show "experimental-abstract" 3D imagery in the "Art Gallery", which isn't even here this year. So much for that venue.

Notes on "Frank Thomas and Ollie Johnston": "They were great teachers and great draftsmen"... "What's the character thinking? What does the character feel like?"

(They were also homosexual lovers after spending many years working together intimately. There's a "Brokeback Mountain" scenario in every workplace, even in the Disney animation world. The "Nine Old Men" were originally called the "Dirty Nine Old Men" before Disney censored the nickname.)

Several of the best students imitate the experimental short films and animations that they have seen. They make these works "their own", though the originality is clearly not theirs. They get inspired and imitate the impressive work that they've "discovered". And by slightly changing what they've done by applying it to their own projects, they are pretty certain they will know for certain that it will work. It's like pre-visualization in the form of "stealing". And yet it saves them loads of time and energy by seeing what

works and then “borrowing” someone else’s ideas to merge with their own ideas. And because it is a cinematic language we are using, no one can fully tell if someone is stealing or just came up with a fairly similar idea (which does sincerely happen quite often). Yet these students’ work looks much more innovative and exciting compared to those who haven’t seen many great short experimental films and just end up making video shorts about their friends getting drunk and wasted.

8-14-08

The other little introspective thing I’ve noticed and have been pleased to realize is that I am perfectly all right with wandering around for the day by myself around the convention hall. Most of the people there are also by themselves and I fit right in. In fact, I cherish having some time to myself away from some of the constantly snickering students that don’t know how to keep quiet during the presentations.

I did only a half-day at SIGGRAPH today, which was probably the wisest thing I could have done for myself. I’ve been here in L.A. since Friday. Today is now Thursday. When you have to be “on” for every single day and be around people *constantly* for so many multiple days on a row while rushing from place to place by bus and by walking, it eventually wears you down. And even getting “a good night’s sleep” isn’t quite enough to refill one’s batteries because the day has yet another day of rushing around in store for you. It’s burns your life-force batteries down.

Thankfully, today I had just the Computer Animation Festival screenings at the Nokia Theatre a block south of the Los Angeles Convention Center. Yet I would have my own personal drama for the day waiting ahead of me. I had to check in my camera bag this time when I went through the security checkpoint. When the screening began, I thought I felt my cell phone vibrate. I put my hand in my pocket and realized that my cell phone was gone! I checked my other shorts pocket. It wasn’t there either. I checked under the seats and wondered if it fell out when I was sitting down on the floor before I entered the theater. I started to really panic. And just this morning one of the female students had realized that she had lost her wallet with money and driver’s license inside. Was I now a victim of losing things as well?!? I left the theater and asked a lobby person if he’d found a blue cell phone on the ground recently. He didn’t. I went downstairs to check my camera bag if I had put it in there. Eureka! It was in my top camera pouch pocket. I suddenly remembered I had put it in there before going through the security checkpoint so it wouldn’t set off the detector. Relieved, I went back into the theater to now be able to enjoy the show.

Yet it was getting pretty difficult to enjoy the computer animation showcase in such a darkened theater when you’re body is telling you that you are exhausted and need some quiet time and rest. There is only so much computer animation pieces that you can watch until they no longer leave any sort of impression. The animations have gotten to a point where they are too beautifully lit. Who cares about your “perfectly” animated squashing and stretching wonderfully CG characters with spectacular lighting when so many others can do the same by reading the same tutorials?!? Or animators and tech people “dirty-up” the CG images to make them less clean to the point where doing things simpler with practical models would have been much easier. Overall, I have to say that my favorite piece was, guiltily and predictably, the Björk “Wanderlust” music video. It had its own style with mixed media approach and a unique use of CG animation and effects with a mysterious storyline that allows you to draw your own conclusions about the deeper meanings behind the Expressionistic, Claymation-like video. It showed what incredible, transcendent things that happen to you after you fall off of a giant waterfall. There’s awe and wonder to the video that the other animations didn’t have.

So I got back to my hotel room a little before 1 p.m. to give myself a chance for some solitude, rest, peace, and quiet. I happily accepted that I simply couldn’t see everything and didn’t really care to be packed into a presentation room again like a can of sardines. And also, I’d have to eat around 5 p.m. in order to make it to the convention center again by 6 a.m. to get to Dodger Stadium for the SIGGRAPH reception during a Dodger baseball game. So I’d be back around more people later in the day... just 45,000 more.

Later, I left with a group of students afterwards to go to Dodger Stadium for the SIGGRAPH reception during the Phillies vs. Dodgers baseball game. I sat with Corinne, Dan, Michael, and Zach in the right field pavilion stands. We got free food and a drink. I got a margarita, a hot dog, chili nachos, a frozen lemonade, and a chocolate malt during the two-hour baseball game where the Dodgers won 3-1. I must say that I turned into a giddy little boy during the game because it was such a fun new experience. And the irony was a blast as well. I mean think about it: a whole pavilion of a baseball stadium filled with computer graphics and animation geeks! Corinne had never been to a baseball game and didn’t know exactly what

was going on. I haven't been to a game in years, though I relished where we were sitting. We even got a homerun ball hit into our area, which I must say was pretty cool. The best part of definitely taking part of "The Wave" where people get up in unison as a human wave of 51,000 fans moves across each section of the stadium. So it was pretty great to get all that free food as well along with the free \$35 baseball game ticket. It was also fun to sit and chat with Corinne for the time we were there and afterwards while we waited for a bus to pick all of us up for over an hour in the parking lot. Our group of students got split up by not having enough room to get on the second bus. I had a chance to get on since they had just two seats left, but I declined. I turned around and told Corinne: "I'm not going to leave you behind twice," referring to leaving her, Dan, and some other students behind at the bus stop two days ago. We finally got onto the last bus forty minutes later and found the first group of students still waiting for the bus outside the convention center. So even if I had gotten on the earlier bus, it wouldn't have mattered. I got to chat it up with the students as we waited for another twenty minutes for the bus to arrive quarter after the hour of eleven. The baseball game was a very nice alternative to being around computer graphics seminars for an entire week. It was just *different*, and that made it that much more enjoyable. And everyone around us seemed to be having a pretty good time as well.

8-15-08

I slept in extra late this Friday and woke up at 9:55 a.m. So I *literally* put some spare clothes on and rushed out the door to make it across USC campus to the cafeteria before breakfast ended at 10:30 a.m. There wasn't much going on at SIGGRAPH today, so I decided to take a dip in the hotel's swimming pool and read for a little while by the poolside. I felt in much better spirits by having more time to myself rather than rush around all day in a busy convention center. I also realized that my politeness was back after yesterday's exhaustion had weakened me with a bad attitude and disposition when people are being courteous and kind to me. And it's so important to be on one's A-game. There's no point to be "active" when you don't have the energy and gumption to *be*.

The finale of our SIGGRAPH trip was the CCAD alumni reunion at 5:30 p.m. at a place called the 2-9 Café that was a twenty-minute walk away from our Radisson hotel. I got to see several old students that I hadn't seen in a few years, which was great and exciting. I conversed the most with Hazel, who gave me some updates on how my wedding video turned out. The patio we were out on was rather hot, which left me depleted of energy. To make matters more frustrating, the acoustics in the area were *terrible*. Everyone's conversations were getting mixed together in a loud low-range audio blur. *I simply couldn't hear what people were saying to me*. So when Hazel, who has a low voice, was talking to me, I had to lean in inches away from her in order to try to make out the words that were coming out of her mouth. After five minutes of this, I wasn't exactly having a good time struggling to understand conversations and be able to add to them. I simply can't hear well in these types of environments with poor acoustics. How can I if I can't hear half the words they're speaking? I went around as much as I could and "mingled" with more students, old and current. It was *nice*. At one point while I was making up some story or another, Corinne told me that I was "such a liar". Half-jokingly offended, I told her what I said wasn't lies – they were "*creative facts*". The sangria wine I was drinking helped make me a bit more loosened up as the evening passed by. Yet I knew I was making some jokes that weren't *that* funny and they were laughing way too hard at them. There is something rather fake about watching people act like they're having the greatest time of their lives, but while intoxicated on cheap wine. Something about that eventually made me eager to leave with the first group of students at 8 p.m. The students were acting extra edgy and wired from exhaustion, which made them act out and loopier than normal, which is usually terribly loony. So I was walking a bit faster subconsciously because I *really* wanted to get back to Columbus. It is a bit of a nice feeling to know that I have someone to come home to. I'm a bit emotionally worn down myself. I really don't like being in crowded and loud public places when I'm feeling rather tired. It makes me look bad in front of my work colleagues and students. I get rather self-conscious of that fact and know that I need to leave. Thankfully, I knew I had a good alibi with the fact that I've got a very early morning flight.

"If You're a Shy, Introspective Artist Trying To Get Into the Business - You're FUCKED!!!"

Also at the CCAD Alumni Reunion, I got to have a candid conversation with Nick Burkhart, who's working at the Animation/ Visual Effects Production House Rhythm & Hues here in L.A. In the half-joking, half-dead serious words, Nick confessed that if you're shy and introverted in this business of getting a job in L.A. in animation, "*You're FUCKED!!!*" It's all about who you know and who you can talk to. If you are a quiet, sensitive artist, you better be incredibly talented. Otherwise, *you're FUCKED*.

It's Mainly All About Your Technical Skills*

90% of the people who graduate from art school are not going to be hired for being purely artistic or creative. They're being hired for technical jobs that involve animation, the web, or video. Your personal point of view and personality are not required – just mainly your technical skills. That is what is going to pay your bills. Your personal dreams and visions are not important unless they are commercially packaged. Not to say that have artistic abilities isn't a good asset. The industry has plenty of technically-savvy computer programmers. But they're also not artists. They're weak in being artistic. That is where technically-impressive art and design students are so important. But you've still got to realize you're working on someone else's vision.

8-16-08

I tried to go to sleep at 9:30 p.m. last night, but tossed and turned until 12:30 a.m. while knowing that I'd have to get up by 6:15 a.m. to be ready for the airport shuttle that arrived at 7 a.m. The LAX airport was its predictable zoo-like atmosphere with impatient travelers and long security lines. Thankfully, my 9:40 a.m. flight left on time, as did my lay-over flight out of Phoenix. I had to fast-forward into the future three hours and made it into Columbus at 6:50 p.m. Lisa picked me up and got me home in one piece. It was sort of a shock to the system to suddenly return to Lisa, who was frazzled and spouting vulgarities at the crazy drivers around the airport pick-up terminal. Yep, I'm back home.

"Ohio Hurricane 2008" - (2011) - (7 min.) Video Journal

The remnants of Hurricane Ike arrive quickly and strongly in Columbus, Ohio... The trees are batting the power lines... The Aftermath: family members without power come over to play board games.

9-14-08: Formally-known-as-Hurricane Ike blew through Columbus this afternoon and evening with 70 mph hurricane force strength wind gusts. It took down tree branches across our street and disabled the electricity for six hours from 2:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. I read some comics while the power was out and Lisa was at work. So Lisa played Monopoly for two hours to pass the time. It was a nice trip back to childhood for me.

"Seasons of Ohio: Spring" - (2011) - (Long Version: 14 min.) Experimental Documentary Video Art

In Columbus, Ohio... Images of the season of spring in central Ohio. Shot and Edited by Eric Homan.

"Swan Lake" by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky.

"Seasons of Ohio: Autumn" - (2011) - (Long Version: 13 min. 30 sec.) Experimental Documentary Video Art

In Columbus, Ohio... Images of the season of autumn in central Ohio. Shot and Edited by Eric Homan.

"Fantasia on 'Greensleeves'" and "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis" by Ralph Vaughan Williams.

Stills: 4:15 in length. Overlap dissolve of 1:15. 13 seconds long. Scaling of 10 degrees over length.

"Columbus Zoo: September 2011" - (2011) - (14 min.) Video Journal

"Polar Bear Dance in Aqua Orbit" - (2011) - (10 min.) Video Journal

"Imagination Arts" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Columbus, Ohio Park Hop 2011" - (20 min. 30 sec.)

"Essences of 2008" - (27 min. 30 sec.)

"Essences of Early 2009" - (15 min.)

"A Spring Stroll Through Dad's Church Park" - (3 min.)

"Alyssa: August-September 2011" - (36 min. 30 sec.)

"Tornado Warning" - (3 min.)

"The Scare" - (1 min.)

"Columbus, Ohio Park Hop 2011" - (2011) - (20 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Antrim Park... Infirmery Mound Park... Granville, Ohio... Newark, Ohio... Highbanks Metro Park... Adena Indian Mound... Indian Lake... Sharon Woods Metro Park... Goodale Park... Huntington Park... Clippers Win!... Evans Family Park, Newark, Ohio... Teaching Video I... O'Shaughnessy Dam.

"Essences of 2008" - (2011) - (27 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Hayden Run Falls... Lisa's Wedding Shower... Dad's Church Park... Blendon Woods Metro Park... Columbus Arts Festival... Strawberry Fields Forever... Grant Park... Zanesville, Ohio... Cat Dance... WaterFire Event, Columbus, Ohio.

"Essences of Early 2009" - (2011) - (15 min.) Video Journal

Electricity out in winter... Eric Goes Sledding... Hayden Run Falls.

"A Spring Stroll Through Dad's Church Park" - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

"Alyssa: August-September 2011" - (2011) - (36 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

The happy side of Alyssa... The other side of Alyssa... 12:32 a.m. ... The following evening... The next evening... Kicking her binky addiction at night... Canal Winchester, Ohio... Apple Pickin' in Marysville, Ohio... Grandpa Homan.

"Tornado Warning" - (2011) - (3 min.) Video Journal

Tornado possibly appears west of Dublin, Ohio in 2008.

"The Scare" - (2011) - (1 min.) Video Journal

From having to take Alyssa to Children's Hospital.

"It's Not You, It's Me" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Memory Mist 2008" - (10 min.)

"Memory Mister 2008" - (10 min.)

"Autumn Action Painting" - (7 min.)

"Autumn Action Painting #2" - (4 min.)

"Autumn Action Painting #3" - (2 min.)

"Parades on Dr#gs" - (7 min.)

"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades" - (7 min.)

"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs" - (7 min.)

"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades" - (7 min.)

"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs" - (35 min.)

"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Speed" - (1 min. 30 sec.)
(Short Version: 20 sec.)

"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Speed Depressants" - (3 min.)

"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on High Speed" - (20 sec.)

"Memory Mist 2008" - (2011) - (10 min.) Experimental Video Journal

"Memory Mister 2008" - (2011) - (10 min.) Experimental Video Journal

"Memory Mist 2008" x 2 with extra blur and saturation added.

"Autumn Action Painting" - (2011) - (7 min.) Experimental Video Art

Frenzied camerawork around an autumn tree slowed down into abstract autumn art.

"Autumn Action Painting #2" - (2011) - (4 min.) Experimental Video Art

"Autumn Action Painting #3" - (2011) - (2 min.) Experimental Video Art

"Parades on Dr#gs" - (2011) - (7 min.) Experimental Video Art

Scenes from "Canal Winchester Labor Day Parade 2011" gone trippy with an assortment of effects.

"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades" - (2011) - (7 min.) Experimental Video Art

Differenced version of "Parades on Dr#gs". It's even trippier now!

"Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs" - (2011) - (7 min.) Experimental Video Art

Differenced version of "Parades on Dr#gs" x 2! It's trippiest now!

“Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades” - (2011) - (7 min.) Experimental Video Art

Differenced and blurred version of “Parades on Dr#gs” x 2! It’s trippiest now for sure!?!?!?

“Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs” - (2011) - (35 min.) Experimental Video Art

Differenced, blurred, scaled up to 225%, and slowed down to 25% version of “Parades on Dr#gs” x 2! Now, it’s trippiest-trippiest now for sure!?!?!?!?

“Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Speed” - (2011) - (1 min. 30 sec.) (Short Version: 20 sec.) Experimental Video Art

Differenced, blurred, scaled up to 225%, and sped up to 500% version of “Parades on Dr#gs” x 2! Now, it’s trippiest-trippiest now for sure!?!?!?!?

“Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Speed Depressants” - (2011) - (3 min.) Experimental Video Art

Differenced, blurred, scaled up to 225%, sped up to 250%, and inverted version of “Parades on Dr#gs” x 2! Now, it’s trippy.

“Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on Parades on Dr#gs on High Speed” - (2011) - (20 sec.) Experimental Video Art

Differenced, blurred, scaled up to 225%, and sped up to 2000% version of “Parades on Dr#gs” x 2! The piece is dead now.

“Alyssa Homan: Her First Year” – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

DVD 1:

“It’s a Girl: Alyssa Ann Homan” (13 min. edited version)

“Alyssa Homan: Late April/ Early May 2011” - (8 min. 30 sec.)

“Alyssa Homan: May-July 2011” - (35 min.)

“Alyssa’s Baptism” - (15 min. 30 min.) (Short Version) - (3 min.)

“Alyssa: August-September 2011” - (36 min. 30 sec.)

“Ohio Renaissance Festival 2011” - (20 min.)

“People Watching” – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

“Ohio Renaissance Festival 2011” - (20 min.)

"An Autumn Walk Through Inniswood Metro Park" - (12 min.)

"Autumn 2011" - (17 min.)

"Wizard World Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2011" - (14 min. 30 sec.)

"Wizard World Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2011: Costume Contest" - (15 min. 30 sec.)

"Wizard World Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2011: Kids Costume Contest" - (15 min.)

"Boo at the Zoo 2011" - (8 min.)

"Ohio Renaissance Festival 2011" - (2011) - (20 min.) Video Journal

10-2-11: It was Ohio Renaissance Festival Day in Harveysburg, Ohio. It was our second time going to the festival since it's pretty much Don's highlight of his year. But this year we had a much larger group going with Lisa's parents, Don, Tom, Alyssa, Lisa, and I! Obviously, we took two cars for this large caravan of people. The Sunday started off chilly, but mostly sunny and pleasant. It was a good autumn day and a great day to be out and about. It was much better than yesterday's gloomy and damp misty weather. I considered staying home for the day since we went last year. But I needed to have some social time and the weather made it so worthwhile. But most of all, I got to check out the Canon 7D and shot over 400 pictures throughout the four hours we were there. I got to at least see highlights of every attraction there. Some I had seen the previous year. But best of all was people watching and taking pictures. It was "Highlander Weekend", so there were plenty of people dressed up in their best kilts. Some girls dressed up like sexy warrior women. There was even a guy dressed up like a Ghostbuster and a 10-year-old boy dressed up as Ash from "Army of Darkness". It was a fun day out and about with my wife's side of the family. I got some good photos and worked on using 7D to better my portfolio. Sometimes, I had to ask to walk around by myself so I could take more pictures and video. I can see why so many loners are photographers and artists. They don't have any distractions.

The Ohio Renaissance Festival is also notable for how many people who go there to massively escape reality. It makes perfect sense why my brother-in-law loves it there so much. And maybe a bit too much so. I felt extra motivated to videotape and take as many pictures as possible since I knew Don would love a document of the special day. That way he can relive the day over and over again. I used to be one of them. It's one of the primary reasons I became an artist. Yet now that I'm 35, I have an entirely different set of priorities and practicality. It's harder to "loosen" up and have fun. I have to be a responsible parent and look after my daughter and wife. I can't be a nuisance and too much a daydreamer.

"An Autumn Walk Through Inniswood Metro Park" - (2011) - (12 min.) Video Journal

10-15-11: Lisa, Alyssa, and I took a trip over to Westerville to walk around Inniswood Metro Park to enjoy the autumn colors. Half the people there were photographers. Several were taking pictures of either young couples, children, or of the colorful autumn leaves as I was.

"Autumn 2011" - (2011) - (17 min.) Video Journal

Sharon Woods Metro Park... Bargain Box comic book sale.

"Wizard World Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2011" - (2011) - (14 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Columbus Convention Center... Day One... Billy Dee Williams... Jeff Smith... Day Two... Darryl Banks... Bill Sienkiewicz and David Mack.

Today was the first day of the 2011 Mid-Ohio Comic Con Day! Er... actually, it's now been renamed *Wizard World* Mid-Ohio Comic Con. And the changes of bring in a more "corporate" comic book convention entity brought about a great deal of semi to large changes to the convention. For one thing, it was much more homogenous than in years past. The "Comic Con" wasn't only about comics. It was also

about zombies, horror movies, Harry Potter, Star Trek, Lady Gaga, sci-fi movies, Manga, Anime, fantasy movies, tattoos, and all things "geek-chic". There was a great deal more people dressed up this year, which was nice since I had borrowed the Canon 7D from the department for the weekend. It was great people-watching if you're interested in this area of hip nerd-culture. It's the place to be if you're interested in taking pictures of multiple people dressed up as Catwoman, Poison Ivy, Predator, Thor, Spider-Man, Spider-Woman, Wonder Woman, Batman, and the Joker. Yet as a side result of bringing in so many more "media" people, there were far fewer vendors around this year. And hence, I bought about a 1/3 of as many books as I did last year. In fact, I only spent \$125, mainly on new comics. So that's how I spent my first two hours at the comic con, looking through and buying new comics for \$1 a book. There were only *two* vendors selling new comics for \$1. It was pretty limited. Yet I did well, well enough to go home happy and pleased. I didn't see many vendors selling quarter comics either, so I didn't bother looking through many other comic book vendors. I'm so used to getting such sweet deals, like at that Newark store, which I found out was moving to a new location in Health, Ohio on November 1st. The aisles were so massively crammed that it was exceptionally difficult to move around much. I felt bad for the people wearing elaborate costumes. Then again, the ones who were wearing skintight spandex were lucky to be able to move around "freely".

I used the word "freely" quite loosely, since to be a spandex-clad superhero or superheroine at a comic book convention is to take on a whole new focus of attention on oneself. You're constantly being asked to be photographed. And nowadays, *everyone's* got a camera. I overheard a guy dressed as Thor about how annoyed he was of everyone asking him to pose for their camera and he couldn't get a chance to walk around and take in the convention. And if you're an attractive young woman at a comic book convention, you'll absolutely feel like a celebrity by the end of the day. Hot chick + skintight spandex x superheroine or super villain persona = Catnip for Fanboys. It's crazy ridiculous. I haven't seen so many women in tights and fishnets in one place in over a decade. It's a miraculous sight to behold!

So I was at the convention from 8:50 a.m. to 7:35 p.m. I took in the Adam West and Burt Ward (TV's Batman and Robin) for their 45-minute question and answer session. When Mr. West and Mr. Ward entered the room, I actually got a little faint from geek-worship. And that's something I really have very rarely ever felt: awe to be in the presence of greatness. I'm not too big on celebrities. But I grew up with these two guys. And to have them walk only three feet away from me was a weird, electric little moment I hope I won't forget any time soon. It was incredible! "Wow! It's Batman and Robin! They're *real!!!* They're actually real!" Then later at 6 p.m., they had a huge costume contest that last for an hour and a half. I really liked the Spider-Woman, Catwoman, and the Poison Ivy! I saw a few CCAD Media Arts students around and chatted with them. I even briefly got to say hello to Jeff K. All in all, it was a good day out. It blew my mind how many drive 4-5 hours to go to this convention. It's totally crazy. One of my students even spent \$120 for autographs of Adam West, Burt Ward, and Billy Dee Williams. And he used his student loan money to pay for it. God lord!

As I stood in line at the beginning of the day at the comic con, I thought about how these next two days will be over in the flash of an eye. It'll be over before it begins. Life's like that sometimes. The weekend will be over and I'll be back to school already.

10-23-11: It was day two of the Wizard World Mid-Ohio Comic Con. At first, I wasn't sure if it was a good idea to go for a second day. I had mixed emotions. I felt that I should have spent the day with Lisa and Alyssa on this Sunday. At first, it was basically a rerun of the first day. I wasn't finding any new comics to buy, so I walked around and took photos. I talked to Darryl Banks, former *Green Lantern* penciller, and informed him about the CCAD plans for a comic book symposium. Then I discovered a dealer that had marked down 10 long boxes of comics for a quarter a book. Just when I thought I was done with comics, I found myself drawn back into these funny books! I spent the next two hours filling up another long box. The kicker was that they only charged me \$45 for it, which meant the books were only 15-cents a book in the end! I just love my comic book bargains. I had to carry that forty pound long box of comics for 14 minutes over to my car that was parked a few blocks from the convention center. At least, I got free parking at a meter this Sunday in downtown Columbus. For lunch, I stopped at the North Market for two slices of pizza since I had a buy-one-get-one-free coupon. That was much better than just eating some dry-roasted peanuts that I had in the car that I was considering eating as my lunch. Back at the convention, I discussed with the owner of the Bargain Box about coming over soon to check out his comic book inventory since they'd be quarter a book just before they move to their new store location. I found out why there was so few comic book vendors and dealers at the comic con this year: Wizard World was charging *twice as much* as last year for a 10' x 16' space. Instead of \$400 from last year, it was now \$800!!!

It's no wonder so few opted to sell quarter comics since they wouldn't even break even.

Later on, I had an absolute blast at the Kids costume contest. I loved seeing all the children dressed up as various comic book superheroes! I couldn't wait to take Alyssa to this sort of event. That would be so much fun! There was even a family there with the father dressed as Burt Ward Robin, the mother dressed as Yvonne Craig Batgirl, the oldest girl dressed as Julie Newmar Catwoman, and their younger girl dressed as Bat-Mite.

Then for the final panel discussion of the day, I attended the Bill Sienkiewicz and David Mack Q & A, which was exceptionally good, informative, direct, and passionate. I even got up to ask the first question: "Do you consider your work 'visual journals'?" I really appreciated being able to be in their presence, them being two of the most creative and original comic book artists in the business. It's true what they said: if you work in the movie business, you work on a project with a committee of people telling you what to do. In comics, you are the committee. There's no huge budget. You can make comics out of your own house, Xerox them or upload the pages as a web comic. Anyone can create as long as you're passionate enough about it. It's not always about technical skills. And who knows what other possibilities there will be with comics on the iPad. Now comics can be animated! Where will that lead the medium? What an interesting way to end the comic book convention weekend, thinking about the future of the medium in this new time-based digital realm. I also liked David Mack mentioning about using text as part of the design process. At the end of the panel discussion, I met another CCAD teacher who also works at a Powell high school in their digital arts program that includes 3D animation, Photoshop, and video. He invited me to come up and talk with them. So I was glad that I fulfilled my quota for CCAD outreach and networking. I handed out my business card a few times.

All in all, it was a good comic book convention weekend. I really didn't spend *too much* money. Lisa wasn't "happy" about me bringing home yet another box of comics. "Now where is *that* going to go?!!"

"Wizard World Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2011: Costume Contest" - (2011) - (15 min. 30 sec.)
Video Journal

An Engagement.

"Wizard World Mid-Ohio Comic Con 2011: Kids Costume Contest" - (2011) - (15 min.)
Video Journal

"Boo at the Zoo 2011" - (2011) - (8 min.) Video Journal

Columbus Zoo.

10-29-11: Lisa, her mother, Alyssa, and I all went to the Columbus Zoo this morning for "Boo at the Zoo". It was Alyssa's first time trick or treating. The weather was cool, but mostly pleasant. All in all, it was a good time walking about with my very own family.

"Can I Dream?" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Alyssa: October-November 2011" - (32 min.)

"Alyssa: December 2011" - (26 min.)

"Natalie Lane: ISSA 2012 Spokesperson DVD: Exercise: Squat" - (5 min.)

"Natalie Lane: ISSA 2012 Spokesperson DVD: CFT, CSPN" - (4 min.)

"Columbus Zoo Wildlights 2011" - (8 min.)

"Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum" - (5 min.)

"Rericha Family Christmas 2011" - (5 min.)

"Homan Family Christmas 2011" - (7 min.)

"Christmas 'Reindeer'" - (2 min.)

"Hayden Run Falls: Dec. 2011" - (2 min.)

"Alyssa: October-November 2011" - (2011) - (32 min.) Video Journal

Fraggle Rock!... Daddy blowing his breath on Alyssa... Trick or Treating... Alyssa's cousin Zachary.

"Alyssa: December 2011" - (2012) - (26 min.) Video Journal

Her first cracker... Playtime before Bedtime... Her first taste of ice cream... Two nights later... Curtis and Gretchen... Marilyn's Holiday Party... At grandma's house!

"Natalie Lane: ISSA 2012 Spokesperson DVD: Exercise: Squat" - (2011) - (5 min.)

Documentary Video

"Natalie Lane: ISSA 2012 Spokesperson DVD: CFT, CSPN" - (2011) - (4 min.) Documentary Video

With 1-minute Bloopers Reel at the end.

How It All Began

2-26-11: At the end of the session, Natalie, our Childbirth Education speaker/ educator asked me if I or a student I knew did any freelance work. I told her I do. She was looking for someone to do a relaxation/ exercise video. So who knows? Maybe I got a new freelance job.

10-11-11: I got a phone call from out of the blue this afternoon regarding doing a video freelance project for a fitness project. It was from Natalie, the woman who taught our Childbirth Education class at Dublin Methodist Hospital. I had originally given her my business card way back in February at the end of the class session. Yet I didn't get any reply from her. So I figured she chickened out or wasn't interested. We went over the project and how much she was willing to spend. I was sort of hoping that she'd have more of a budget. "Are you wanting to go for something around \$500, \$1,000, or higher?" I asked. She wanted a more "professional" look to the video, but doesn't want to spend much. So it sounded like she'd probably go for around \$250, which really isn't all that much. I had to be very careful not to sell my services for too little money. Yet I also wanted to be extremely careful to not go over budget. So it was a difficult balancing act. I wanted to meet with her again so we knew exactly what we needed to be filming. In the end, she wanted two 5-minute fitness videos on DVD.

Meeting and Planning

10-18-11: I met with Natalie Lane at Panera Bread at Polaris at 1 p.m. to discuss in person and cover what we needed to shoot for the two fitness video that she wanted to do. It took me fifteen frustrating and stressful minutes to find the place. Thank goodness I left early *just in case I got lost*. Thank God I called Lisa to ask her exactly where the place was at. We talked for just over an hour and we got everything planned out. It was a lot of pre-production planning of how we were going to do this. She's only paying me \$250 to do these things. I'll need the DP light kit that I used over the summer that had a large soft box, a lapel remote microphone, a tripod, my Vixia HD camcorder, my laptop, an external hard drive, connection cables, card reader, DVDs, and my confidence and experience. It was a bit challenging to have to be mix being social with a potential freelance client and sound technically smart. It's a tough mix for me. I'm not so used to being "gabby" and chit-chat about family. But I had to do it anyway. Like Lisa said to me before, every freelance job that I do could lead to other projects.

The Shoot

11-1-11: My next venture after my morning Tuesday class was to drive 25 minutes north on I-71 to Lewis Center to Natalie Lane's house for a video shoot and editing of two fitness training videos. I've never done subject matter like this, so I knew going in that this would be an adventure. Everything was going well with having remembered to bring all the right equipment.

I finally got the lights set up and the microphone working. I even got my laptop and external hard drive set up and ready to convert the video over. Natalie and her friend Marla came down into the basement and we videotaped their first exercise: squats. I managed to capture the action from multiple camera angles. We got some good continuity between shots so they flowed together nicely. There was pleasantly few technical problems or glitches, which helped make the shoot go easier. I pretty much worked from 11 a.m. when I got to her house to 5:10 p.m., which is six straight hours of work and labor. I charged only \$250, which is about \$41 an hour. Natalie did make Marla and I lunch at 1 p.m. after we got through shooting and editing the first video of the two videos. I wasn't even sure if I was even going to make it for the shoot today because of my cold. I was excessively exhausted all through yesterday. Yet thankfully, I suppose my endorphins kicked in during the shoot and my adrenaline rush helped me along the late morning and early afternoon shoot. The second shoot went pretty well, too. All in all, I could tell that Natalie and Marla were happy with what they were seeing. And it helped a lot to have them there in person to give me immediate feedback, especially when I was editing everything together. That saves me a huge amount of time and frustration to see things eye to eye with what a client wants. I had my laptop all set up and was able to get a good rough draft edit done within 20 minutes of the video clips were done converting over to my computer. I even added in some photos that Natalie supplied to me to show her in different fitness positions and locations. Then, just to showcase her acting natural and with a sense of humor, a minute-long blooper reel, which Natalie and Marla especially enjoyed. They were also quite appreciative and impressed with my speed in editing and technical know-how. Natalie initially wanted these videos created for being the spokesperson for a fitness company. I didn't want to get my hopes up too high about it with her winning since that might be the beginning of more freelance video work for her. Yet at the very least, it was a good promo for her business and line of work. Natalie thanked me multiple times for my professionalism. And I was glad to be of help and that we got the whole job done in one day. That saved us all a lot of time and energy. Perhaps the biggest challenge for me personally was dialing down my eccentricity and upping my video freelancer persona. I needed to socialize with my client, but not be overly quirky to the point of be goofy or off-putting (which for me is a fine gray line). Yet I managed quite well and by the end of the day we had exactly what we wanted with four DVDs produced with the two movies on the DVDs. Then I got home at 6 p.m. after a 50-minute slow rush hour commute home on the side streets since I-270 was essentially a parking lot.

"Columbus Zoo Wildlights 2011" - (2011) - (8 min.) Video Journal

"Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum" - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Dayton, Ohio.

12-16-11: But our main stop for the morning was spending two hours at the Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum and their three humungous hangars filled with old U.S. Air Force planes. I had the school's Canon 7D with me, so I took a lot of photos and HD videos.

"Rericha Family Christmas 2011" - (2011) - (5 min.) Video Journal

"Homan Family Christmas 2011" - (2011) - (7 min.) Video Journal

"Christmas 'Reindeer'" - (2011) - (2 min.) Video Journal

"Hayden Run Falls: Dec. 2011" - (2011) - (2 min.) Video Journal

Dublin, Ohio.

"Waking Dreams" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Eric Homan: Comic Book Culture Q & A" - (21 min.)

"Esmonde/ Homan Memorial Unveiling" - (11 min. 30 sec.)

"Western Heavens on Earth Abstracted" - (19 min.)

"Super Natural Deformations Experimental" - (16 min.)

"Super Speed Natural Deformations" - (1 min.)

"Super Slow Natural Deformations" - (5 min.)

"Super Slow Natural Deformations 2" - (5 min.)

"Super Slow Natural Deformations 3" - (5 min.)

"An Abstract Movie With No Need to Exist" - (5 min.)

"Uncle Al's 80th Birthday Party" - (5 min.)

"Uncle Al's 80,000th Flash Party" - (30 sec.)

"Uncle Al's 80,000th Flash Party Blur" - (30 sec.)

"Uncle Al's 80,000th Flash Party Blurred In" - (30 sec.)

"Uncle Al's 80,000th Flash Party Blurred In Motioned" - (30 sec.)

"Uncle Al's 80,000th Flash Party Blurred In Motioned 2" - (30 sec.)

"Eric Homan: Comic Book Culture Q & A" - (2011) - (21 min.) Video Journal

Intro and Q & A for my "Comic Book Culture" documentary showing.
See "Comic Book Culture" notes for the full text of my intro.

"Esmonde/ Homan Memorial Unveiling" - (2011) - (11 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

"In Memory of our friends who lost their lives supporting the Med Foundation on October 12th, 1996: Ken and Chloe Esmonde Sr., Ken Esmonde Jr., and Elizabeth Homan. Dedicated October 12th, 2011."

"Western Heavens on Earth Abstracted" - (2012) - (19 min.) Experimental Video Art

"Western Heavens on Earth" gone through experimental abstraction.

"Super Natural Deformations Experimental" - (2012) - (16 min.) Experimental Video Art

"Super Natural Deformations" under massive experimental transformations.

"Super Speed Natural Deformations" - (2012) - (1 min.) Experimental Video Art

"Super Natural Deformations 2" sped up to 2000%.

"Super Slow Natural Deformations" - (2012) - (5 min.) Experimental Video Art

“Super Natural Deformations 2” slowed down to 30%.

“Super Slow Natural Deformations 2” - (2012) - (5 min.) Experimental Video Art

“Super Natural Deformations 2” slowed down to 30%.

“Super Slow Natural Deformations 3” - (2012) - (5 min.) Experimental Video Art

“Super Natural Deformations 2” slowed down to 30%.

“An Abstract Movie With No Need to Exist” - (2012) - (5 min.) Digital Video Art

Abstract video playing for 5 min. No one cares for it!

“Uncle Al’s 80th Birthday Party” - (2012) - (5 min.) Video Journal

“Uncle Al’s 80,000th Flash Party” - (2012) - (30 sec.) Experimental Video Art

“Uncle Al’s 80th Birthday Party” zoomed in 1000%, sped up 1000%, and the audio played backwards.

“Uncle Al’s 80,000th Flash Party Blur” - (2012) - (30 sec.) Experimental Video Art

“Uncle Al’s 80th Birthday Party” zoomed in 1000%, sped up 1000%, with extreme motion blur, and the audio played backwards.

“Uncle Al’s 80,000th Flash Party Blurred In” - (2012) - (30 sec.) Experimental Video Art

“Uncle Al’s 80th Birthday Party” zoomed in 1000%, sped up 1000%, with extreme motion blur, and the audio played backwards.

“Uncle Al’s 80,000th Flash Party Blurred In Motioned” - (2012) - (30 sec.) Experimental Video Art

“Uncle Al’s 80th Birthday Party” zoomed in 1000%, sped up 1000%, with extreme motion blur, being animated around its position, and the audio played backwards.

“Uncle Al’s 80,000th Flash Party Blurred In Motioned 2” - (2012) - (30 sec.) Experimental Video Art

“Uncle Al’s 80th Birthday Party” zoomed in 1000%, sped up 1000%, without extreme motion blur, being animated around its position, and the audio played backwards.

“Live Your Dreams” – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Autumn Action Painting #4" - (8 min.)
"Zachary Limbert's 1st Birthday Party" - (6 min.)
"Winter 2011-2012" - (10 min. 30 sec.)
"Prologue to a Video I Class" - (3 min.)
"Alyssa: January 2012" - (22 min.)
"Ryan Hoeting's 8th Birthday Party" - (13 min.)
"Jon the Archangel of BoFett" - (7 min.)
"Alyssa: February 2012" - (27 min. 30 sec.)

"Autumn Action Painting #4" - (2011) - (8 min.) Experimental Video Art

"Autumn Action Painting #2" in super slow motion so that you're only seeing a few frames at a time. (Taken from the middle of the original piece.) It turns into an evolving abstract painting.

The score features a slowed down to 30% version of "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun" by Claude Debussy.

"Zachary Limbert's 1st Birthday Party" - (2012) - (6 min.) Video Journal

"Winter 2011-2012" - (2012) - (10 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Thurman Café, Germain Village, Columbus, OH... Cat Puke Art.... King of the Kitties.

"Prologue to a Video I Class" - (2012) - (3 min.) Video Journal

An early day in the life of my Video I class in spring 2012.

"Alyssa: January 2012" - (2012) - (22 min.) Video Journal

"Ryan Hoeting's 8th Birthday Party" - (2012) - (13 min.) Video Journal

January 29th, 2012.

"Jon the Archangel of BoFett" - (2012) - (7 min.) Experimental Video Art

Music: "Welcome Home (Sanitarium)" by Metallica.

"Alyssa: February 2012" - (2012) - (27 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Grandma's birthday dinner... Chasing kitties!... Super Bowl evening.

"Alyssa Homan: Her First Year: Disk 2" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

- "An Autumn Walk Through Inniswood Metro Park"** - (12 min.)
- "Boo at the Zoo 2011"** - (8 min.)
- "Alyssa: October-November 2011"** - (32 min.)
- "Alyssa: December 2011"** - (26 min.)
- "Columbus Zoo Wildlights 2011"** - (8 min.)
- "Rericha Family Christmas 2011"** - (5 min.)
- "Homan Family Christmas 2011"** - (7 min.)
- "Uncle Al's 80th Birthday Party"** - (5 min.)

"Alyssa Homan: Her First Year: Disk 3" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

- "Alyssa: January 2012"** - (22 min.)
- "Alyssa: February 2012"** - (27 min. 30 sec.)
- "Alyssa: March 2012"** - (41 min.)
- "TORNADO WARNING SPRING 2012"** - (4 min.)

"(Can You Feel) Empathy for a Dream?" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

- "Alyssa: Her First Year"** - (12 min. 30 sec.) (short version: 4 min.)
- "Alyssa: Her First Year Blur"** - (12 min.)
- "Alyssa: March 2012"** - (41 min.)
- "Dayton Spring 2012"** - (5 min.)
- "Gem City Comic Con 2012"** - (3 min.)
- "Inniswood Metro Park: Good Friday"** - (10 min.)
- "TORNADO WARNING SPRING 2012"** - (4 min.)

"Alyssa: Her First Year" - (2012) - (12 min. 30 sec.) (short version: 4 min.) Video Journal

For Alyssa and Mommy. Videotaped and Edited by Alyssa's Daddy.

Music: "The Snowman" (from The Snowman) by Howard Blake, "Cinema Paradiso (from Cinema Paradiso)" by Ennio Morricone, and "End Credits (from Ghost)" by Maurice Jarre set to clips of my daughter Alyssa as she grows up over a year. Made for her first birthday.

I won't lie: this is, by far, the most intensely sentimental personal video piece I've ever done. It's my baby girl's first year of her life sprinkled with loads of sugar all over on top! No baby poops or crying to be seen. Just laughter and happiness and giggling all around set to three of the most sweetly sentimental pieces of music I've ever heard. Yes, these images and sounds move me to tears. That's the point to personal video art, right?

Anyways, this was pulled from 5 ½ hours of already edited footage that I had taken of Alyssa from the past year. So editing it down to just 12 ½ minutes was quite a tough, arduous, grueling editing task. I had to be strictly objective to force myself on what to cut.

But the cool thing about this video is you get to watch Alyssa actually grow a whole year in just over 12 minutes. You get to see her first crawl, first steps, first "words" - the whole development! It's all pretty amazing to sit back and behold.

"Alyssa: Her First Year Blur" - (2012) - (12 min.) Experimental Video Journal

5 ½ hours of video footage from Alyssa's first year sped up 2000% and extreme motion blur and reverb.

"Alyssa: March 2012" - (2012) - (41 min.) Video Journal

Riverside Green Park... Columbus Zoo and Aquarium... Not yet, Alyssa!... Inniswood Metro Park.

"Dayton Spring 2012" - (2012) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Hills & Dales MetroPark... St. Paul's Arboretum... Cox Arboretum MetroPark... A spring storm brewing.

"Gem City Comic Con 2012" - (2012) - (3 min.) Video Journal

Dayton, Ohio. March 31, 2012.

"Inniswood Metro Park: Good Friday" - (2012) - (10 min.) Video Journal

Westerville, Ohio... April 6th, 2012.

"TORNADO WARNING SPRING 2012" - (2012) - (4 min.) Video Journal

6:25 p.m. March 18th, 2012. Dublin, Ohio... Hail... Tornado sirens have been going off and on for over an hour.

3-25-12: All of the city's tornado sirens started going off around 6 p.m. this evening, which lead for a 15 minutes of semi-panic as Lisa, Alyssa, the cats, and I were huddled in the basement. These sort of things are a lot scarier when you've got a little baby to protect. Lisa's trying to call up her parents to make sure they're okay while asking me to help with the baby. Meanwhile, I want to go upstairs and take pictures and video?!?! It's my instinctual thing to do. At one point in the basement, I heard the sound of water dripping into the basement. I started to freak out since I thought the basement was starting to flood from a leaky roof or flooding from the outside. I thought about how all my comics would get ruined as well as my PC computer and hard drive. We had the TV on and they were predicting something close to Armageddon. Instead, the sound of leaking was actually large hail coming down outside! Lisa forgot to put her car inside the garage, which frustrated me. All these things were outside my control. So no wonder I was on edge the whole time. And I wanted to work on backing up and archiving my artwork and torrent files this evening! The tornado/ thunderstorm warning didn't let up for another hour and a half. Electrical storms kept popping up around us. It was a stressful evening and night. I need a break from this spring break!

"WHAT IS THIS ALL FOR?" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"Eric/ Pam Video Critique #1" - (44 min.)

2007 Pipeline Project Documentary - (49 min.)

2007 Pipeline Project Documentary Short - (6 min.)

"Eric/ Pam Video Critique #1" - (2012) - (44 min.) Video Journal

Pam Theodotou, grad student, and I discussing and critiquing the latest progress on her latest graduate video graphic novel movie short.

2007 Pipeline Project Documentary - (2007) - (51 min.) Documentary Video

This is an extra feature of a student documentary that I am featured in. Filmed by Hazel Tarr.

2007 Pipeline Project Documentary Short - (2007) - (6 min.) Documentary Video

"Dangerous Daydreaming" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Apocalyptic Baby Art #1" - (7 min.)

"Apocalyptic Baby Art #2" - (7 min.)

"Apocalyptic Baby Art #3" - (7 min.)

"Apocalyptic Baby Art #4" - (3 min.)

"Fireworks Abstract Expressionistal" - (16 min. 30 sec.)

"Fireworks Wildlights 3037 (Abstract Expressionistal)" - (16 min. 30 sec.)

"Fireworks Wildlights 3037 (Abstract Expressionistal Slow)" - (11 min.)

"Fireworks Wildlights 3037 (Abstract Expressionistal Inverso Reverso)" - (16 min.)

"Fireworks Wildlights 3037 (Abstract Expressionistal Inverso Reverso Bluro)" - (16 min.)

"Apocalyptic Baby Art #1" - (2012) - (7 min.) Experimental Video Art

A clip of my baby girl Alyssa slowed down to 3% with three layers of audio slowed down to 1%. What emerges is a motion photograph with a rumble sound design to it.

"Apocalyptic Baby Art #2" - (2012) - (7 min.) Experimental Video Art

With more red intensity, flickering of light and saturation.

"Apocalyptic Baby Art #3" - (2012) - (7 min.) Experimental Video Art

Liquified face and rainbow patterns with several blending modes in After Effects.

"Apocalyptic Baby Art #4" - (2012) - (3 min.) Experimental Video Art

Gaze into a kiliascopic baby universe!

"Fireworks Abstract Expressionistal" - (16 min. 30 sec.)

"Fireworks Wildlights 3037 (Abstract Expressionist)" - (2012) - (16 min.) Experimental Video Art

Music: "Symphony #3 In E Flat, Op. 55, 'Eroica'" by Beethoven.

"Fireworks Wildlights 3037 (Abstract Expressionist Slow)" - (2012) - (11 min.) Experimental Video Art

"Abstract Expressionist" version slowed down to 20% for maximum moving abstract art effect.

Music: "Symphony #3 In E Flat, Op. 55, 'Eroica'" by Beethoven.

"Fireworks Wildlights 3037 (Abstract Expressionist Inverso Reverso)" - (2012) - (16 min.) Experimental Video Art

"Abstract Expressionist" version slowed down to 20% for maximum moving abstract art effect.

Music: Reverbed "Symphony #3 In E Flat, Op. 55, 'Eroica'" by Beethoven.

"Fireworks Wildlights 3037 (Abstract Expressionist Inverso Reverso Bluro)" - (2012) - (16 min.) Experimental Video Art

"Abstract Expressionist" version slowed down to 20% for maximum moving abstract art effect.

Music: Reverbed "Symphony #3 In E Flat, Op. 55, 'Eroica'" by Beethoven.

"It's Nothing Personal" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Alyssa: April 2012" - (50 min.)

"Alyssa's 1st Birthday Party" - (41 min.)

"Video Self-Portrait 2012" - (2 min.)

"WOMB MEMORIES" - (2 min.)

"Sunny Spring Stop Motion Afternoon" - (30 sec.)

"Alyssa: April 2012: Her Busy Month" - (10 min.)

"Alyssa: April 2012" - (2012) - (50 min.) Video Journal

Say "da-da!"... "Da-da-da!"...Tea Time... Brookside Estates Community Garage Sales.

"Alyssa's 1st Birthday Party" - (2012) - (41 min.) Experimental Video Journal

"Before the Storm"... April 22, 2012... Videotaped by "Uncle Tom". Edited by Daddy... Happy Birthday, Baby Girl.

"Video Self-Portrait 2012" - (2012) - (2 min.) Video Journal

Front face façade, bald on top, my CD music collection behind me, my wife and baby girl heard playing in the background, video noise when zoomed in too far.

"WOMB MEMORIES" - (2012) - (2 min.) Experimental Video Journal

A Baby Inside of the Womb Hearing Faint Memories of Her Future Life.

"Sunny Spring Stop Motion Afternoon" - (2012) - (30 sec.) Experimental Video Journal

In the backyard enjoying a book, stop motion in spring.

"Alyssa: April 2012: Her Busy Month" - (10 min.)

"Alyssa: April 2012" sped up 500% with a stop motion feel to it.

"Behind the Art: Eric Homan" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"Alyssa: May 2012" - (30 min.)

"Alyssa: June 2012" - (19 min. 30 sec.)

"Spring Miscellaneous 2012" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"ZombieWalk Columbus 2012" - (2012) - (full ver.: 29 min., short ver.: 11 min. 30 sec.)

"Columbus Arts Festival 2012" - (6 min.)

"St. Paul's Arboretum: Trees, Icons, and Flowers" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Alyssa: May 2012" - (2012) - (30 min.) Video Journal

She's walking!... The trials of toddling... Columbus Zoo... Meeting CCAD students... Grandpa Rericha's birthday... Alyssa's walking!... Once a baby, now a toddler... Marveling at Alyssa's walking progress!... Centerville-Washington Community Park Sprayground.

"Alyssa: June 2012" - (2012) - (19 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Eating dandelions... Digging in the dirt... Alyssa Meltdown #483... Tuttle Mall... Playing with the neighborhood kids...

"Spring Miscellaneous 2012" - (2012) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

"ZombieWalk Columbus 2012" - (2012) - (full version: 29 min., short version: 11 min. 30 sec.)
Documentary Video/ Video Journal

May 12, 2012... Goodale Park... Zombie Frankenstein... Spontaneous Zombie Attack...

"It's time!"... The ZombieWalk begins... Zombies invade the Short North... Zombie traffic jam...
Zombies on Parade... Shot, cut, and gutted by Eric Homan.
Music: "Dawn of the Dead Theme" by Goblin.

Journal

5-12-12: Once 3 p.m. came around, I finally left campus and headed over to Goodale Park of ZombieWalk Columbus. I've always wanted to go to this thing for the past few years, but it was either on a day I was out of town for Tanya's birthday or I was in Lancaster, Ohio for a comic book sale. So this year I made sure I went to it. Still, I wondered if I should instead be back home with my wife and child like a responsible and devoted father. The ZombieWalk wasn't supposed to start until sometime after 4 p.m., but there was already hundreds of "zombies" assembled an hour early at Goodale Park. Thankfully, I had the Canon 7D with me and I put it to good use. The telephoto lens was especially helpful in getting some candid shots from further away of the diverse group of zombies.

This was my first ever ZombieWalk Columbus experience. I've always wanted to go. In essence, the ZombieWalk was like a Halloween horror cosplay costume contest at a Comic Con mixed with a charity 5 K walk. I did bring a canned good donation for a good cause. In fact, they got so many canned goods that they filled an entire van! Who says zombies aren't giving?

The zombie horde gathered at Goodale Park was your usual liberal Short North conglomerate that also featured zombie artists, zombie hippies, zombie lesbians, zombie drag queens, zombie clowns, zombie roller girls, zombie Goth girls, zombie mimes, zombie band members, zombie brides, zombie children, and even zombie babies! I was impressed how many families took part in the ZombieWalk and weren't scared by the gory makeup effects. Some of the people there were really, really impressive. They truly went all out. And by the time it was past 4 p.m. there was probably 4,000 people there! It was as big as Com Fest practically. The organizers thought they had double the crowd from last year. It also helped that it was a nice mild 73 degrees outside with mostly cloudy skies. The walk finally started at 4:30 p.m. and I simply walked beside the zombie goers. I got to be a "documentary videographer/ photographer". It was kinda cool and fun. The zombie masses marched up High Street for five blocks before cutting across the street and then back down to the Greek Orthodox Church. There was even a wedding ceremony going on as the zombie horde marched by with police protection. The ZombieWalk was quite simply a fun, freaky social event to be part of. There was a few young male "zombies" who broke the rules and pounded on a business' windows to scare some kids. But otherwise, it was a fun outing for all involved. I'd do it again. And it made me feel how cool it was to have this type of event in my own hometown of Columbus, Ohio.

"Columbus Arts Festival 2012" - (2012) - (6 min.) Video Journal

Scioto Mile... Kate Morgan... Bicentennial Park.

Log

6-3-12: I left with Don and Tom to the 2012 Columbus Arts Festival. It was bright sunny day in the 70s, which made for the browsing quite pleasurable. I had an \$8 breaded Texas tenderloin that was as greasy as it was large. Don went off ahead at a faster pace while I took pictures and Tom looked around at a slower pace. But it was good to get out and walk around in public. Since the weather was so nice, it did start getting quite crowded and congested. I did get to chat with Kate Morgan at her booth. She won the "Best Emerging Artist" award.

"St. Paul's Arboretum: Trees, Icons, and Flowers" - (2012) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

"The Other Grand Canyons" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"The Other Grand Canyons" - (long version: 48 min.)

"The Other Grand Canyons" - (short version: 22 min.)

“The Other Grand Canyons” - (trailer version: 3 min. 30 sec.)

“The Other Grand Canyons: More (Extra Scenes)” - (19 min. 30 sec.)

“The Other Grand Canyons: The 2-Minute Blur Memory” - (2 min.)

“The Other Grand Canyons” - (2012) - (long version: 48 min.) (short version: 22 min.) (trailer version: 3 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Locations Included

Mesa Verde, Zion, Bryce Canyon, Arches, Capital Reef, Canyonlands National Parks, Antelope Canyon.

Titles

The Other Grand Canyons... Zion, Bryce, Arches, Antelope, Canyonlands, and more... Colorado/ Utah/ Arizona Trek: May 15th-24th, 2012... Featuring the music of Neil Young... Day 1... Flying into Denver... Southern Colorado... Dust devil... Great Sand Dunes National Park and Preserve... Wolf Creek Pass... Pagosa Springs, Colorado... Day 2... Pagosa Hot Sulfur Springs... Chimney Rock... Mesa Verde National Park... Spruce Tree House... Wilson Arch... Day 3: Moab, Utah... Arches National Park... Delicate Arch... Sand Dune Arch... Landscape Arch... Wilson Arch... Natural Bridges National Monument... Overlook north of Monument Valley... Goosenecks State Park... Day 4... Monument Valley... Page, Arizona... Antelope Canyon... Glen Canyon Dam... Horseshoe Bend... Colorado River bridge overlook... Vermillion Cliffs... Day 5... North of Kanab, Utah... Zion National Park... Emerald Pools... Weeping Rock... Temple of Sinawava... Leaving Zion... Buffalo... Coral Pink Sand Dunes State Park... Day 6... Red Canyon... Bryce Canyon National Park... Driving east to Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument... Watching the solar eclipse... The Ring of Fire... Day 7... Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument... Capital Reef National Park... Petroglyphs... Day 8... Canyonlands National Park... Island in the Sky region... Mesa Arch... Scenic State Route 128... Colorado River... Day 9... Colorado River, Western Colorado... Heading west through the Rockies... The Other Grand Canyons... Shot and Edited by Eric Homan... Music by Neil Young.

Tags

Zion, Bryce Canyon, Arches, Antelope, Canyonlands National Parks, Eric Homan, Neil Young, Mesa Verde, Coral Pink Sand Dunes State Park, solar eclipse, Capital Reef.

Music

“Goin' Back”, “Sugar Mountain”, “The Bridge”, “Ride My Llama”, “Cortez The Killer”, “Thrasher”, “Winterlong”, “My My, Hey Hey (Out of the Blue)”, “Pocahontas”, “Human Highway”, “Four Strong Winds”, and “Long May You Run” by Neil Young.

Music Connections

“Goin' Back”: “In a foreign land, there were creatures at play.” We arrive in a “foreign land” of Colorado where dust devils are at play. “These rocks I’m climbing down...” We’re descending through the Rockies of SW Colorado.

“Sugar Mountain”: “But you’re thinkin’ that you’re leaving there too soon.” We didn’t have enough time to spend at Mesa Verde to fully take in everything it had to offer.

“The Bridge”: “The bridge, we’ll build it now. But it may take a lot of time.” This lyric appears during imagery of Arches National Park and Natural Bridges National Monument.

“Ride My Llama”: “I want to take a walk, but not around the block.” I also wanted to take a walk to someplace more extraordinary than around the block. The place where I went was Monument Valley.

“Cortez The Killer”: “He came dancing across the water...” This synchs up with a shot of a motorboat going down a river bend.

“Thrasher”: “But the light of day was on them.” Corresponds to a shot of the sun shining upon Zion National Park. “I was just getting up. Hit the road before it’s light.” We got up at the break of dawn. “There was nothing left to find.” Cue a shot of a caterpillar on a rock. “They were lost in rock formations.” Witness the great rock formations of Zion. “They were waiting, waiting.” Someone is waiting at a bus

shuttle terminal. "It was that great Grand Canyon rescue episode." We see a great grand canyon of the Temple of Sinawava.

"Winterlong": "Waiting to follow the dream-light of your way." Gazing out at the dusk-tinted majesty of Pink Coral Sand Dunes State Park. "Half the time has passed away." We were at the halfway point in our trip while at Bryce Canyon National Park.

"My My, Hey Hey (Out of the Blue)": "And once you're gone, you can never come back." Will this be my last trip to Bryce Canyon National Park? "It's better to burn out than fade away." The seemingly sun burnt landscapes of Bryce Canyon National Park.

"Pocahontas": "The icy sky at night." Witness the solar eclipse seemingly at night through a very low exposure. "But the fire sticks." Corresponds to the visual of "the ring of fire" of the solar eclipse.

"Human Highway": "Take my eyes from what they've seen." Look into the eyes of a horse. "I went looking for the DJ's daughter." Driving down a road in Capital Reef National Park. "I got lost on the human highway." Driving down a roadway in the middle of nowhere.

"Four Strong Winds": "If the good times are all gone, then I'm bound for moving on." The trip nears its end. "And those winds sure can blow cold way out there." The wind blows through Canyonlands.

"Long May You Run": "Long may you run." Shot of the very long Colorado River. "Long may you run, although these changes have come." The trip comes to an end. May you all see these sights again someday.

The Neil Young Soundtrack

During the whole ten-day trip, I had my iPod filled with the entire album chronology of Neil Young. In all dire truth, it was what helped me get through this vacation trip. So it only seemed fitting to let Neil's songs set the tone and mood of the visuals I captured on the vacation through Colorado, Utah, and Arizona. There's an expansiveness to his electric ballads, and an honest weariness of the road to them as well. I felt it all. Most of the songs heard in the documentary were also the ones I listened to while traveling far, far away from home. For the most part, I mainly picked more acoustic songs over loud, thrashing ones. After all, this was more of an introspective, emotive journey to accompany the majestic visuals of canyon-filled Nationals Parks.

Summer 2012 Documentary Trip 10-Day Itinerary

Day 1: Tuesday May 15: 6:30 a.m. Fly from Dayton, Ohio to Denver, Colorado at 7:24a.m. ... check out car 8 a.m.... drive south and west, West of Walsenburg, Colorado, Driving to Great Sand Dunes National Park and Preserve (SE Colorado), tour Adams State Campus in Alamosa, Colorado (where my dad used to teach 40 years ago), drive through Wolf Creek Pass to Pagosa Springs, Colorado for hot springs, stay overnight.

Day 2: Wednesday May 16: Soak in the hot sulfur springs again in Pagosa Springs, Colorado, Chimney Rock, Mesa Verde National Park (SW Colorado), drive up northwest to Moab, Utah, Wilson Arch, downtown Moab, Utah, stay overnight.

Day 3: Thursday May 17: Arches National Park, Wilson Arch, Drive south to Natural Bridges National Monument, incredible overlook north of Monument Valley, Goosenecks State Park, drive south to stay overnight in Mexican Hat, Utah at the north edge of Monument Valley.

Day 4: Friday May 18: Monument Valley, drive west to Page, Arizona, Antelope Canyon, Glen Canyon Dam, Horseshoe Bend, drive through Vermillion Cliffs, Colorado River bridge overlook, stay overnight in Kanab, Utah.

Day 5: Saturday May 19: Zion National Park, Coral Pink Sand Dunes State Park.

Day 6: Sunday May 20: Driving north to Bryce Canyon National Park, drive east through Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument, watching the solar eclipse, stay overnight in Escalante, Utah.

Day 7: Monday May 21: Drive east to Capital Reef National Park, drive up to I-70 to stay overnight in Green River, Utah.

Day 8: Tuesday May 22: Canyonlands National Park: Island in the Sky region, scenic drive on Route-128 up to I-70, stay overnight nearby Fruita, Colorado.

Day 9: Wednesday May 23: Drive back east along scenic I-70 through the Rocky Mountains to east Denver, fill up gas tank of rental car, check in at Drury Inn, eat at 5:30 p.m. Kickback stay overnight.

Day 10: Thursday May 24: Breakfast at Drury Inn, bring back rental car by 8:30 a.m., 10:50 a.m. fly back home from Denver, Colorado to Dayton, Ohio at 3:23 p.m.

Trip Log

5-15-12

"The Colorado/ Utah/ Arizona Trip"

I won't lie. Today was the beginning of our vacation to Colorado. And like I anticipated, it had its peaks and valleys. Spending a vacation with my father is a bizarre, bipolar experience – just like all the mountaintops and valley depths were traveled through today. And I know what the alternative is to *not* going on this vacation: spending time in the basement for the summer with my regret of not taking the risk of going on a vacation. I did that all last summer. I needed to get away and take photos and video. And I'd go to any length to do it.

But quite frankly, the start of this vacation to Colorado and Utah turned out to be a successful one. There's no denying that. And it's funny that it's a bit like a marriage that has its own peaks and valleys. Dad and I will get along for 90% of the time. But at the end of the day, I'm absolutely exhausted. But frankly, I had the same reaction when vacationing with Steve Smodish. I expertly know all about travel fatigue. And boy was today brutal for us. But with the struggle was so much pleasure – absolute bliss in the majestic vistas we experienced.

Let's start at the beginning of the day: Dad and I both got up way early at 3:45 a.m. since we needed to be at Eric and Lara's by 5 a.m. for Eric to drive us over to the Dayton International Airport. Dad and I couldn't believe that we were finally doing it: our trip had arrived. We got to our air flight on time. I even gave my dad half my bagel sandwich that I had gotten at the airport to tide us over since we had a 3-hour flight. Actually, our flight got in 20 minutes early. Yet we still had to get our baggage claim (35 minutes later) and wait for our car rental bus (20 minute wait) before we got our rental car. I made sure not to get cajoled into getting an SUV this time around in Denver. A mid-size 4-cylinder automatic car was just fine. We didn't need an upgrade. We ended up choosing a Ford Fusion from the car lot, and I started off driving.

Now this is where I really need to take note: this is the first vacation in recent memory where I did the majority of the driving for a change. I first drove from the Denver International Airport to Colorado Springs, where dad and I had a late breakfast/ lunch at Cracker Barrel. That ended up being a good choice since he loved the food, the atmosphere, and the good service. Next, we went across the road to a neighboring Wal-Mart for supplies, snacks, and a 24-pack of water. I nearly pulled out in front of another car in the parking lot that I didn't see. From there, I drove us further south through Pueblo and Walsenburg and to just outside Great Sands Dunes National Park. Dad took over from there after I had been driving for five hours. Great Sands Dunes National Park was a somewhat quick stop since climbing to the top of the dunes would have taken way too much effort and time than we could handle since we wanted to get to Pagosa Springs by this evening. But first we also had to journey through dad's former teaching town of Alamosa where he used to teach 50 years ago. Dad was almost beside himself as we walked around the campus as memories flooded back to him. From there I took over driving again since I could tell that dad was getting tired. After all, we'd been up since nearly 3:30 a.m.! And we were two hours behind on Mountain Time here. Then we traveled through the massively scenic Wolf Creek Pass, where I pulled over to the side of the road about 15 times to get some great nature shots. The whole place was one "Scenic Area" after another. We had to "Griswald" our way from area to area by taking in the view for one minute and then drive quickly to the next awesome spot to behold. Yet driving through the mountains took extra time and we got to Pagosa Springs somewhat late at 7 p.m. We were hoping to get there by 4 p.m. We ended up staying at a resort hotel called "The Springs" where you could soak in the natural hot sulfur springs for as long as we wished for the next 24 hours. The room was \$159, but it included the price of admission to the sulfur springs of \$26 per person. So it all worked out. The downtown area was incredibly scenic and lovely. Dad and I agreed that we deserved this after such a hard day.

The next urgent thing we needed to do was get some dinner. I was starved since I had eaten back at 10:30 a.m. Mountain Time. We ended up choosing a Mexican restaurant that was nearby "The Springs".

5-16-12

Our next destination was Mesa Verde National Park, which we thought would only take about an hour or so since it was just a little while south to see some Native American cliff dwellings. Instead, it ended up taking over 3 hours since we had to go up a twisty mountain trail not unlike going up Pike's Peak. Yet the overlooks were quite spectacular with a view that went on for hundreds of miles. Unfortunately, we simply didn't have the entire day to spend at Mesa Verde and go on a guided tour. We did get to go on a self-guided tour of some ruins and see another ruins from a far. So it was still worthwhile. One could easily spend days there if you wished to. But I had to accept that we simply couldn't see everything in the short

time span that we would be out there on our trip.

We drove through some thunderstorms on the way up from Cortez, Colorado to Moab, Utah. But we also passed by some spectacular red rock canyon scenery on the way! Then in Moab, we got a hotel at Big Horn Lodge for \$109 a night for two queen size beds. It's a good thing that dad and I are splitting the room.

5-17-12

As for the vacation side of today, day three of our ten-day journey, we got into Arches National Park at a pretty descent early hour of 7:30 a.m. This gave us an advantageous head start to the day when it was still cool outside and there wasn't a massive amount of people in the park yet. And we actually got to see a bunch of the place at a good rate. We were getting to see so much that I thought we might actually get done by 11 a.m.! Dad didn't want to do the 3-mile trek up to Delicate Arch since it was too far for him. So we compromised and settled for the 1 mile trail to the overview, which was still a tough hike up. The arches at the far end of the park ended up being the most time consuming and most spectacular of the day. We got to see some really amazing rock formations that were out of this world. It was like the Garden of the Gods times 20!! It was simply so expansive and incredible.

We went back to Moab for a late lunch and then to check on hotels for this evening. When we discovered that every hotel in Moab was booked solid this evening as well as on Monday (the other day we were planning on staying in Moab), we gave up and decided to hit Canyonlands National Park on the way home. It made sense. So I drove us down south for several hours while listening to a live Neil Young concert from 1992. We made it to Natural Bridges National Monument by 4:30 p.m. Natural Bridges was a nice little place to check out with three very impressive natural bridges. There also wasn't many people there, which made the place seem like it was all ours. Finally, we drove further south dove a winding canyon cliff unpaved road and eventually to Goosenecks State Park for an unbelievable serpentine canyon river area. Dad really wanted a hotel by 6 p.m., so we settled for an overpriced place for \$159 a night in Mexican Hat, Utah, just miles from the Arizona border. But that's what you get when you're just outside of Monument Valley.

5-18-12

Dad did drive us through Monument Valley from 7 a.m. to 8 a.m. We stopped at a few pull-off areas so I could get pictures. Yet once we left the restaurant we had breakfast at, I took over the driving for us to drive northwest to Page, Arizona. I pretty much played James Horner movie soundtracks off the iPod for the day's trek. The big stop for the day was at Upper Antelope Canyon where we took a guided tour of this amazing natural open cavernous landscape. It's an odd place since it's on Navajo land, so you have to pay \$6 per person to just get on the parking lot and then you have to buy a \$25 per person ticket for the tour. It's not a National Park or a State Park. So not a huge number of people actually know about it. But it was certainly worth the trip. We were all packed in tightly into a transport car across a canyon's valley to the actual sight where we witnessed such extraordinary curves and waves in the cave-like canyon that was carved by flash floods through the centuries. It's truly unlike anything on earth.

We next checked out the Glen Canyon Dam and overlook, which was really quite impressive overview of the Glen Canyon region. We also checked out a really great "scenic overlook" spot with crazy wavy landscapes. Then we stopped at Denny's for a late lunch at 1 p.m. Then we drove a little south of Page to an extraordinary area called Horseshoe Bend where we have a 50-minute round-trip hike to this incredible overlook of the Colorado River. Dad wanted to get a hotel earlier in the day, so we decided to finish the day with taking the scenic drive of 89A through Vermillion Cliffs. This drive was like driving through the Grand Canyon. I was really impressed with the canyon and the boulders we witnessed along the way. It was also highly nostalgic since several of the stops we made, like the Colorado River bridge overlook, were the very same ones Steve Smodish and I made back during our trip in August 2001. The scenic drive ended up taking a whopping 2½ hours to complete. I had been driving for the majority of the day while taking hundreds of photos and video clips. Let's just say it was a very busy day.

We finally pulled into our destination of finding a hotel to stay overnight in the frontier movie town of Kanab, Utah.

5-19-12

It was an utterly *perfect* day to be at Zion National Park. I couldn't believe that Steve Smodish and I had missed the entire main section of Zion back during our trip of 2001. The trails were really spectacular.

Both dad and I acknowledged that they were some of the best trails either of us had ever been on. The first one was a Canyon Overlook Trail, which was a mile long trail. Its difficulty was listed as “moderate”, which involved some climbing and walking near ledges. Basically, it was a real nature trail that wasn’t paved. You just needed to watch where you’re stepping and be careful. It really wasn’t THAT dangerous. I would walk with him or ahead of him or behind him since I was taking pictures along the way. Yet once we got to the view, it really was SPECTACULAR. We continued on to the Visitor’s Center so we could hop on a shuttle to head up the main north section. Our next hike was the Emerald Pools Trail, which was a wonderful hike to an open cavern-like area with two waterfalls. Then we headed north to the Weeping Rock, which featured yet another incredible view and a dripping wall. But the crown gem of Zion National Park was the Riverside Walk at Temple of Sinawava that led to an area called The Narrows. This was such a freakishly amazing area where everywhere you looked, I took a picture. It was, hands down, one of the best hikes that dad and I had ever been on.

I drove up north for about 40 minutes to get to the actual location of the Pink Coral Sand Dunes State Park. Once I got to the overlook of the dunes, I was mighty impressed. The orange sands were even starting to glow with the 7 p.m. setting sun. It was actually quite worth the trip out there.

5-20-12

I soldiered on at Bryce Canyon National Park since this was such a major destination to check out. By the time dad and I got to Sunrise Point, the parking lot was pretty much filled up even though it was only 10:30 a.m. We were at a spectacular National Park in beautiful Utah in perfect blue skies weather. I hiked up and down the trail and even down to see some of the hoodoos. It was all pretty incredible and I got some phenomenal pictures.

We then drove up to Sunset Point where the parking lot was even more packed and insane. We got one of the very last spots to park. We walked to the overview, which was just as spectacular. I got loads of great shots, including one of Thor’s Hammer. This was one of the great natural wonders of the United States. So the only thing left for us to do was to continue trekking down to the other eight overlook locations for quick stops and picture-taking.

I played movie soundtracks that I had loaded up on my iPod, like “The Thin Red Line” by Hans Zimmer. It helped to ease my own road exhaustion. We journeyed northeast along National Scenic Byway 12 through the western area of Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument where we saw a huge amount of incredible towering pale pillars and magnificent rock formations. We checked out Escalante Petrified Forest State Park. Eventually by 3 p.m. we made it to the small desert canyon town of Escalante, Utah where we pulled into the Prospector Hotel.

Our trip does feel like it is in its waning days and moments now, even though we’re just on day 6 of a 10-day trek. It was like Zion National Park was the zenith, and then things pretty well downhill after that. But come to think of it, we’ve mainly only got several days of driving left to do with a trip to Canyonlands in between. And then we’ll be off and away back to Ohio, back to our “normal” lives. God, how I yearn for that so.

Yet the big event of today was going outside our hotel room at 7:30 p.m. to witness the solar eclipse that was taking place. It was kind of cool to hang out with my hotel neighbors who were checking out the event through special glasses or binocular devices that projected on the wall of their hotel room. I even managed to get a few shots in on the Canon 7D with a very low light exposure of a high aperture of 22 and a shutter speed of 4000. I don’t know why, but I didn’t go blind looking at the solar eclipse either. At least I think my eyesight is okay. We’ll “see” tomorrow.

5-21-12

We both got plenty of rest from the night before and were ready for a day’s drive through the rest of Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument and into Capitol Reef National Park. We didn’t do any major hikes today like we had done at Zion National Park either. Just one 0.4 mile walk to Gooseneck Overlook. The arid Utah landscape was quite dry and hot, so it was nice to just drive around, stop for a photo every so often, and keep driving. I drove for the whole morning and afternoon along some very windy roads going at speeds from 10 mph to 45 mph. So even though we didn’t drive that far, we still drove for a very long time since we were snaking around mountains and canyons. Utah was still an incredible, vast, massive country to drive through. At times, it felt like I was watching a dreaming or a memory. It didn’t quite feel like I was really there. I was watching and witnessing this incredible landscape around me, but unable to fully believe it was really there especially when you’re viewing it from a car

window.

I am also thankful that for the most part, we've had very good clear blue skies weather. There is no question that this trip was dependent of good weather, something I learned all too well from my previous trip out west with Steve Smodish to the Pacific Northwest. Though I haven't gotten "award-winning" photos, I have at least expanded my photo and video portfolio. I didn't come up with brilliant insights along the way either that I could use as a narration track to the short movie I will edit together later this summer. But at least I got out and lived. And that was my main objective the whole time. Get out of the house and live. Risk it. Take it. Love it. Live it.

5-22-12

The good news is that day eight went well and it's all downhill from here. And that's a very good thing since my cold is now getting worse on its second day. We made it to Fruita, Colorado, just past the Utah/ Colorado border. We're staying at a La Quinta Inn that got my dad all excited. It's just nice to know that we've only got a half day's drive to Denver to make tomorrow to a reserved room at the Drury Inn on the east side of the city, not far from the airport. It just makes it feel like the vacation is nearly complete.

As for today's activities, Dad and I visited the incredible Island in the Sky district of Canyonlands National Park. It featured a scenic drive through the park with a few half-hour hikes in between.

Yet an even greater part of the day was the scenic drive up along route 128 that paralleled Arches National Park along the Colorado River. Dad had found out about this drive on the Internet. And by God, he was so freaking right. It was awesome. I took over a hundred pictures along the drive while dad drove. It was a fitting end to our National Park/ Utah adventures.

I think my secret weapons to get through this vacation have been two things: Tylenol PM so I can get to sleep easier at night, and my iPod with a huge amount of James Horner film soundtracks and Neil Young albums. They've made the trip go by faster and more comfortably.

I've been on the road for so many days now that I've almost forgotten that I've got a family somewhere else in the United States. I'm awash in this delirium oasis of western vacation.

5-23-12

May 2012 Vacation: Day Nine. I like the sound of that *immensely*. That means it's finally nearing an end. I'm writing this journal from a Drury Inn that dad and I got to on the east side of Denver at 2:30 p.m. Thank God we did because the traffic was already becoming a total stressful nightmare... and it was an hour early of rush hour, too. We're staying at the same Drury Inn that Lisa and I stayed in for two nights back in 2010 for the Twehues reunion. So at least I knew my way around. It was also starting to rain, so I was dearly glad to get off the roads.

I must also remind you, the reader, that I am on day three of my cold and it's really kicked into full gear today with me going through 30 tissues in 6 hours while I drove us from Fruita on the far west side of Colorado through the Rocky Mountains along the windy depths of I-70 from 7 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. We did make about 11 stops along the way at various rest stops, scenic overlooks, and to eat lunch at a sandwich wrap place outside a ski resort area called the Hearty Tomato. Basically, I was completely fried and exhausted by the time we got to the Drury. I was been burning on endorphins for the past seven hours straight. It's nice to know that we're nice and close to the Denver airport. We filled up the car rental so its tank is full before we drop it off tomorrow morning. And the Drury Inn will provide us with food for their 5:30 p.m. Kickback and breakfast tomorrow. So we're now pretty all set. Now I feel like I can finally relax. *Ahhhhh...*

5-24-12

Dad and I departed the Drury Inn a little after 7 a.m. after having breakfast at the hotel. After fighting through the early morning Denver traffic, I made it to the Dollar Car Rental place by 7:40 a.m. It's a good thing, too, since I noticed on my receipt that it needed to be back by 8 a.m. rather than the 8:30 a.m. that we were told ten days ago. Then we took a shuttle over to the airport, got our tickets, went through the exhausting security checkpoint, and found our gate terminal.

It was utterly bizarre to come home to my Dublin, Ohio house at 6:10 p.m. this evening. It was like walking into a dream, or someone else's life. Wow. I collect comic books... *a lot* of comic books. I've got two cats as well. How about that. And we've got hard wood floors. I forgot all about that.

Then Lisa and Alyssa came home and I got to be a husband and dad all over again. Alyssa was

walking so much better now. I regretted being away for the days I was. It's crazy that I was only gone for 10 days and she grew up so much - subtly, but still noticeably.

I worked on getting everything unpacked and put away, as well as working on laundry and archiving all the 3000+ photos I took on my PC so I can color-correct them over the next month. At least it looks like my summer is set.

Music for Short Version

“Goin' Back”, “Ride My Llama”, “Cortez The Killer”, “Thrasher”, and “Long May You Run” by Neil Young.

Editing Logs

6-8-12: Today was my planned first full day of editing through my Colorado/ Utah/ Arizona vacation footage. And I am proud to declare that I got through *half* the footage into a descent first draft edit. That's putting *well* ahead of schedule. This is a very good thing.

6-9-12: So I had a pretty darn good second day of editing my vacation footage. In fact, it was so good that I actually managed to make it all the way to the end of the last day, Day 9. I even got my selected Neil Young songs placed in the timeline.

6-12-12: I got some more video editing done with my "The Other Grand Canyons" videos I've been working on every day since last Friday. I'm just finishing up with some video stabilization on a dozen shots and doing final sound mixing.

6-13-12: I'm happy to say that I'm finally rendering out my "The Other Grand Canyons" video. I did a full version at 48 min., a short version (completed last night) at 22 min., and a trailer version (completed this morning at 3 min. 30 sec.). I also did a 20 min. "Extra Scenes" reel that I feel just might be better than the final "real footage" version!

“The Other Grand Canyons: More (Extra Scenes)” - (2012) - (19 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Watching the solar eclipse... Historic Mormon farm-house... Denver traffic.

Music

“Cowgirl in the Sand” and “Slip Away” (live) by Neil Young & Crazy Horse.

“The Other Grand Canyons: The 2-Minute Blur Memory” - (2 min.) Experimental Documentary Video Art

This is the two main movie versions sped up to 3000% with the instrumental section of "Cowgirl in the Sand" by Neil Young and Crazy Horse playing in the background.

“Edens” – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

“Tale of a Tree” - (2 min.)

“Self-Portrait June 2012” - (1 min. 30 sec.)

“Self-Portrait July 2012” - (1 min.)

“Derecho (The Storm)” (6 min.)

“Alyssa: July 2012” - (34 min.)

“Alyssa: August 2012” - (32 min.)

“The 2012 Ohio State Fair” - (20 min. 30 sec.)

“Ohio Caverns” - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Buckeye Comic Con 2012" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Tale of a Tree" - (2012) - (2 min.) Video Journal

6-7-12: The ash tree in the front of our yard has been infested with the emerald ash borer (EAB) that came over from China. It is most assuredly dead. In fact, every ash tree in Columbus is now dead because of the emerald ash borer. And because our tree is more than ten feet from the street curb (it's twenty-five), the city will not be taking it down for free like every other dead ash tree on our block. So it is now our \$\$\$+ problem to deal with as soon as possible. Ah, to be a homeowner. *Aaarrrrrrggggghhh!!!! :(*
Special Thanks to After 4:00 Tree Service.

"Self-Portrait June 2012" - (2012) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

"Self-Portrait July 2012" - (2012) - (1 min.) Video Journal

"Derecho (The Storm)" (2012) - (6 min.) Video Journal

Columbus, Ohio. June 29th, 2012. 4:50 p.m... "Spaghetti by Candlelight"... And then comes the sirens... Helicopters tracking the downed power cables... Yet two days later... More severe storms.

Weather service pins storm damage on 'derecho': Here's a new weather word for you, one you likely will not care to hear again.

Derecho. It's Spanish for "direct" or "straight forward," as in the fast-moving wind storm that ravaged Ohio on Friday evening, leaving more than 1 million without power.

The National Weather Service in Wilmington, Ohio, said the meteorological phenomenon is, thankfully, uncommon.

A derecho is defined as a long-living, widespread band of rapidly moving thunderstorms that includes wind gusts of at least 58 mph and which leaves behind at least 240 miles of wind damage.

The storm that wrecked central Ohio's power grid began in northern Indiana on Friday afternoon and raced through the state and into West Virginia, moving at an average speed of about 75 mph over 450 miles.

The storm spewed out downbursts and microbursts, walls of wind that regularly topped 70 mph and reached hurricane-force strength of 91 mph in Fort Wayne, Ind., and 82 mph at Don Scott Field on the Northwest Side.

American Electric Power said the derecho trashed more of its power grid — 660,000 customers were left in the dark in Ohio — than the remnants of Hurricane Ike that raked the state in 2008.

Journal Entry

So apparently, someone prayed *way* too hard for rain today as a cure for the draught going on here in Ohio...

At around 4:15 p.m., I noticed on the radar that some severely dangerous thunderstorms had appeared in Indiana and were moving at a very frightening speed across Ohio. They looked like they would be here in Columbus in just half an hour to an hour. I immediately called Lisa to ask her where she was at and to get to some shelter. She was over at her mom's while waiting for Alyssa to wake up. I went back to walking on the treadmill. About 20 minutes later, Lisa called me to tell me that she, Alyssa, and her parents were on their way to the house here. So I got off the treadmill and unplugged the power cable for the treadmill. Therefore if the power went out, there wouldn't be a charge to short out the treadmill again. I went upstairs, got my 7D and started taking a few photos and video. Yet just 30 seconds into shooting some video, the winds severely picked up in ways I'd never witnessed here in Ohio. Lisa had warned me that these were 80 mph winds that were going through. Suddenly they hit and nearly knocked me off balance. Mulch debris hit me in my eyes. They were that strong and violent. In fact, I saw a shrub get uprooted from in front of me and tree limbs from the small tree in our front lawn lose several of its limbs. Then those very same tree limbs were blown 50 feet away across the street! The electricity for the house started blinking off

and on. It was like the whole neighborhood was possessed by the devil. I was pretty freaked out. All the while, I was recording video with the Canon 7D with a very wobbly handheld control for over two minutes. I actually witnessed our other front tree bend all the way to the ground, go vertical to horizontal in a way that simply isn't natural. This was a crazy severe summer thunderstorm. It was 100 degrees outside with nearly 100% humidity when the winds first picked up. It was now 70 degrees outside. The temperature had simply dropped that rapidly and that quickly. Meanwhile, I was panicking since Lisa, Alyssa, and her parents still hadn't arrived yet. It had been well over 15 minutes since Lisa had called me. So something seemed very, very wrong. The electricity fully went off and the battery backups in the basements started beeping off and on. It was madness. I quickly got out the large flashlight we have under the kitchen sink and went downstairs to turn everything off. My PC that I was working on had also shut off when the electricity went off even though it was on a battery backup. I then went back upstairs and noticed that a small plastic piece of the front door had broken off. I took some more pictures, but had to keep the door shut because it was raining vertically onto the porch. I was shaking from how startlingly violent this storm has been. It was the worst storm experience I'd ever seen. It was worse than the hurricane that went through here several years ago. Then Lisa and Alyssa pulled up into the driveway. Lisa came running in with Alyssa in her arms as if she was hurt. Yet Lisa was just trying to protect Alyssa from the strong rain falling. Lisa was even shaken up from how scary it was driving over. She exclaimed that she had to drive over part of a fallen tree on Essington just to get home. She wasn't sure if she messed up her car in doing so. Then the sirens started wailing all over. There must have been eight different police, emergency, and fire truck sirens wailing in every direction. It was quite terrifying. My imagination was perhaps scaring me more than what was actually happening outside. Lisa looked in the backyard and noticed that our swing had blown over and its cushions were blown all across the back yard. Our neighbors' barrels were blown into the road. I did go outside later on once the storm settled down and noticed that the swing was in okay shape, just toppled over on its side. There were also some chairs that were blown over. But all in all, it could have been much, much worse! The biggest feeling of relief was that we had taken down that dead ash tree in our front lawn two weeks ago. Otherwise, there would have been some dead tree limbs or the tree itself fallen on our house. We didn't plan on any violent storms blowing through in the summer. But I'm extremely glad we didn't procrastinate about calling someone up and getting that tree taken down so it wasn't a danger to our house. I wondered how many other trees blew down and were uprooted. This was a majorly violent storm that took the entire state by surprise. We stayed in the dark into the evening hours without electricity. It kept rumbling with thunder outside and lightning kept flashing. It rumbled so much that the house shook on occasion. Oh, and Lisa's parents had pulled over at the fire station and never made it to our house. They simply waited out the storm and drove back home. I continued to stare out the window like a man possessed. I was just so thankful that my family made it home here safely. This storm struck at 4:45 p.m. just as rush hour was underway in Columbus. I can't imagine how many people were left stranded on the flooded interstates and stuck on the side neighborhood roads with downed trees. Thank God we were home in safety. No electricity, but safe.

From 4:50 p.m., we didn't have electricity. Eventually, Lisa and Alyssa headed back over to Julia's place to set Alyssa play for a while. Meanwhile, I hung out in the cool basement watching "Breaking Bad" episodes on my laptop until its battery slowly died. Lisa heard from Tom and he was stuck in traffic on I-71 40 miles north of Columbus around S.R. 36. He's low on gas and the area may not have electricity for the gas pumps to work. So Lisa and I really don't have it *too bad*. Yet we did have to discuss that if the electricity didn't come back on, we'd have to throw out hundreds of dollars worth of food from our refrigerator and freezer.

It's kind of funny to have no electricity, so I am quite limited to what I can really do. No Internet. No TV. With no air conditioning, I am forced to sleep in the somewhat cooler basement on to futon (which I've never done before). Yet I did buy the futon in case of days like these where it's too humid on the top floor. The interesting solution to having something to do without electricity for five hours is to keep watching "Breaking Bad" on my laptop. I am surprised by how long the electric has been off. Helicopters have been circling around the neighborhood for several hours.

"Alyssa: July 2012" - (2012) - (34 min.) Video Journal

Cincinnati Splash Park... Steve's 40th Birthday party... Dublin Splash Park... Tuttle Mall... Dublin Splash Park... "Stayin' Alive"... Linworth Community Park... Homan Family

Birthday Get-together... St. Paul's Arboretum... Pool time... Baby talkin'!... Scared of Justin.

"Alyssa: August 2012" - (2012) - (32 min.) Video Journal

Calix Cruz Jason... Scared of Justin: Part 24... Young's Jersey Dairy... Alyssa feeding goats their own poop!... Summer's End... Indian Run Falls. (Just without water).

"The 2012 Ohio State Fair" - (2012) - (20 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Start at the fair early... The eerie quiet... Natural Resources area... "A Fracking Museum"... Can you set the drinking water on fire?... Cox Fine Art Center... My video is playing... "Columbus, Ohio: 1812 Overture"... Taste of Ohio Café... A full day's fair.

Journal Entry

7-27-12: The good news for today was that I made plans so I wouldn't be by myself for my birthday like year's previous! Tom and I met early this morning at the house just after 8 a.m. to head over early to the Ohio State Fair. Lisa didn't feel like going this year and she had to work today anyways. And Alyssa and Don wouldn't have lasted more than two hours in the summer heat, sun, and humidity. In fact, it got to be a bit much for Tom and I especially with how much walking we did around the entire fairgrounds and going into pretty much every building. We got there at 8:45 a.m. just before everything opened up. The Ohio State Fair can be a bit of a rerun event for me, but I still find it uniquely and nostalgically pleasing. It's incredibly surreal to have so many rural country folks in the middle of urban Columbus, Ohio. The Ohio State Fair is sort of a bubble community incubated from the urban ghetto and the Ohio State University that neighbor and surround it. Lisa sure would feel better about her body image if she saw how overweight and obese most of the rural farm wives were. Then again, their main job was raising lots of children for their families. They hardly care how they look. And they all wear wildly conservative and out-of-fashion haircuts and clothes. They're totally removed from the 21st Century. Not to say I'm super fashion conscious. But at least I know what's going on. These people look like they've come out of the year 1959 and 1985. It's kind of freaky. No wonder they're scared by gay marriage.

Anyways, the most disturbing part of today was discovering that they'd built a "fracking museum" in the Natural Resources area, complete with rustic interior and water wheel. There was no mention of the dangerous chemicals they pump into the ground that permanently destroy the water system. I couldn't believe they had such a piece of Republican, pro-Big Oil propaganda piece in a "nature" area. Last year, they had an actual fracking machine in the same spot. And this "museum" was probably made with taxpayer money.

Tom and I kept walking around the entire fairgrounds for the rest of the day. WE went through the Agriculture building, commercial buildings, the poultry building, and the petting zoo. In the Cox Fine Arts Center, we walked in and I heard the "1812 Overture" playing in the background from the short film area. "That's my piece!" I exclaimed to Tom. So we dashed over to the small empty projection area where my video was playing on the wall with the lights on that faded much of the picture. I was still happy with that Columbus Bicentennial video that I did. We watched a few other videos that were the main winners that followed my video.

Tom and I ate in the Taste of Ohio building where I got the pork parfait with barbecue sauce. Of course, I had to buy two tickets and partake in sliding down on a potato sack down the giant yellow slide! It's my one major Ohio State Fair guilty pleasure. Then we headed over to watch the Holstein and horse judging. We stopped for two scoops of ice cream at the Dairy building. I felt a headache finally coming on, so I had to take two Excedrin to counter-attack it back. All the heat, sun, and activity really took a lot out of me. But the exercise was certainly good for me. We toured through the other commercial building. I got my picture taken with Abe Lincoln. And finally, we took the forty-minute tractor ride around the fairgrounds. We got back to the house at 4:20 p.m. We'd both had enough fair for the day.

As I was at the fair, I reflected that right now was my birthday, and it was fleeting. It felt like yesterday and it'll feel like tomorrow. But at least I'm out celebrating it by doing something.

"Ohio Caverns" - (2012) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

West Liberty, Ohio... The Jewel Room.

"Buckeye Comic Con 2012" - (2012) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

"Artcars" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"Artcars" - (17 min.) (short version: 3 min) (short version #2: 7 min. 30 sec.)

"Artcars #2" - (13 min.)

"Artcars and ComFest 2012" - (13 min.)

"Doo Dah Parade 2012" - (9 min.)

"Doo Dah Parade 2012 (Backwards)" - (-9 min.)

"Hot Times and Art Cars 2012" - (12 min.)

"Doo Dah Parade 2010" - (13 min.)

"Doo Dah Parade 2011" - (9 min. 30 sec.)

"The Art Cars at Com Fest 2010" - (4 min.)

"Artcars" - (2012) - (17 min.) (short version: 3 min) (short version #2: 7 min. 30 sec.)

Documentary Video

Com Fest, Columbus, Ohio... Greg Phelps... Doo Dah Parade... Shot and Edited by Eric Homan. Special Thanks to Greg Phelps.

Mission Statement

This documentary short is meant to express to viewers the meaning and function of decorating your own car with found items and making it a mobile piece of art. Since it's mobile car art, it's actually art that becomes part of who you are in the real world. It's immersive art. It's art that moves *outside* of the museum space. It's art that can be parked anywhere in the city or country. It's art that can travel anywhere, be anyplace, as an extension of the individual artist's psyche and personality. In essence, it literally frees art from the museum and takes it to the people in parades and community events. Artcars are a way of *bringing art to the people*, rather than people going to the art in the confines of a museum.

My documentary explores how Artcars are like a mobile carnival funhouse that adults and kids can enjoy and relish in seeing and experiencing. It's like someone's imagination, memories, and subconscious got blown up and designed on a car. Artcars are about making the world a more positive place. They seem to have a sense of whimsy to them, a sense of humor, imagination, color, a little craziness, even a little sexuality... but also a little bit of innocence to them, too. It's a very interesting, sometimes contradictory mixture. It's like someone's imagination and past has been spread out on display on their very own car. And through the Artcar, people can look at it and relate to certain parts.

Artcar Documentary Beginnings

6-26-10: So glad to be back home after a morning and early afternoon out in the heat and humidity and crowds of Com Fest '10. The best way to describe the scene was that Com Fest was like an alternative version of the Ohio State Fair. I also got to take a lot of great photos of the "vintage toy-decorated art cars" that were all lined up in the parking lot.

6-30-10: I was thinking about doing another documentary, this time around "That Car", the art cars that are made up of dismembered toy parts that are seen parked around downtown Columbus, Ohio

usually in the Short North area. Yet after more investigating, it simply seems this would be too big and exhausting documentary project to attempt without *any* financial support. Another hindrance is just how many professional photographers and videographers have already photographed, videotaped, and covered these art cars. I just seem to be arriving to this topic years too late. It reminds me of my interest in doing the Jeff Smith documentary and finding out someone at Mills/ James was already working on one for three years. Then there's that Sidney, Ohio documentary "45365" that already captured life in a small town in mid-west Ohio. I simply dealing with the limitations of my life and introverted ways. And if Lisa and I are to have a baby on the way, I cannot work on a project "for fun" that takes too much time again. I can't juggle too many balls, including work as an assistant professor at CCAD.

That Car #2

Greg Phelps, Columbus, Ohio, USA

www.flicker.com/thatcar

"...Because curiosity comes in all ages, shapes and sizes!"

That Car #2, a work in progress, started in 2007 after Greg donated That Car #1 to the Kentucky Museum of Art & Craft. As a part of the largest community of artcars in the Midwest, "Everyday is a Parade" for That Car.

Frequently Asked Questions...

- 1) **Why? Fun.** *I made you smile...*
- 2) **What kind fo glue do you use?** *100% silicone (sillycone)*
- 3) **Does stuff fly off?** *Absolutely not, anything you see missing is a result of vandalism.*
- 4) **Do the police stop you?** *No, they know I'm not robbing banks.*
- 5) **Where do you get your materials?** *Most of the items are donated... and we wonder why our landfills are the size of mountains!*
- 6) **What else do you drive?** *This is my only car.*
- 7) **What do you do when it snows?** *I roll up my window, it is my only car.*
- 8) **How do you wash it?** *At a high pressure, handheld car wash... it just take slonger to rinse.*
- 9) **Why are the dolls melted?** *That is damage from the sun, and the reason you should wear sunscreen.*
- 10) **How ca I see more artcars?** *Contact Greg Phelps, thatcarohio@yahoo.com, or check out www.flickr.com/thatcar.*

Thoughts on Artcars

What wrong with making art *fun*?

Artcars are outward expressions of individuality.

Artcars that appeal to kids, teens, and adults through the power of nostalgia, whimsy, creativity, humor, and fun.

Artcars draw people to them with toys and objects from their past they can relate to. It's *reliable* art.

Since it's mobile car art, it's actually art that becomes part of who you are in the real world. It's immersive art. It's art that moves *outside* of the stuffy museum space. It's art that can be parked anywhere in the city or country. It's art that can travel anywhere, be anyplace. In essence, it frees art from the museum and takes it to the people in parades and community events. Artcars are a way of *bringing art to the people*, rather than people going to the art in the confines of a museum.

Artcar as phantasmagoria of nostalgia all mixed together like a freeform hybrid. Like an automotive melting pot collage sculpture of the childhood's of generations of children. Some of the toys are mixed with other toys, like Woody's head from "Toy Story" is on the naked body of a Bardie doll.

Artcars of expressions of Surrealism, Symbolism, Expressionism, and Dadaism. It's like Duchamp's famous urinal being placed on a wall of a museum. Here, the art is being placed as decoration on a car. The bumper stickers are cut up to create bizarre phrases: "lick/ Reality", "Obey/ Pain", "Believe/ MAMA"...

Mixed within, there are also friendly bumper sticker political messages to help express

the inner thoughts, ideals, and beliefs of the artcar artist. "It's ok to have too much fun", "Art. Music. Community", "I Heart Public Art", "Everyone Makes a Difference". "EARTH".

They're so creative - not just "creepy" at all!

The weather and the sun actually "*ages*" the Artcars over time. They're actually time-based artforms! They're always evolving and changing.

Artcars are like a mobile carnival funhouse that adults and kids can enjoy and relish in seeing and experiencing.

It's like someone's imagination, memories, and subconscious got blown up and designed on a car.

The cars are about discovery and finding new hidden things on them. There's so many layers of meaning in there.

Artcars are about making the world a more positive place. They seem to have a sense of whimsy to them, a sense of humor to them, imagination, color, a little craziness, even a little sexuality... but also a little bit of innocence to them, too. It's a very interesting mixture. It's like someone's imagination and past has been spread out on display on their very own car. And then people can look at it and relate to certain parts.

With an artcar, you have to look around it and find new things all over it. It's got *thousands* of little details on it.

The artists of artcars are spreading their work into the everyday commute and out into the environment. They're literally getting their work out there!

Artcars are one of a kind where as there are thousands of Lamborghini cars out there.

Mini Hot Wheels cars decorating an actual car. It's cars on a car - a car collage on a car!

Artcars are a mixture of so many different elements, like mixing toy heads with the bodies of other toys. It's sometimes like this weird nightmare, but also a wonderful dream.

Artcars have a certain particular and changing appearance in daytime, dusk, and at nighttime.

Greg's Comments

"Driving your art. It makes driving fun."

"Artcars take art out of the confines of a museum and out on the streets."

"Fun Art. It's something that people *get*. It makes people happy and brings people together."

"It just makes the mundane act of driving a pleasurable event. Every day is a parade."

"Children love artcars."

"Injecting art into a daily experience is *fun*."

"It's something people haven't seen before."

"An Artcar covered in decorated Artcars!"

ComFest 2012

6-24-12: Lisa, Tom, Don, and I drove down to the Short North area for taking in the community arts and music festival this hot Sunday morning. We got there early at 10:30 a.m., about half an hour before things fully got underway. Yet I did get some nice photos taken and made a good contact with one of the guys, Greg Phelps, who does the art cars. I've been wanting to get in touch with one of these guys for over two years now, starting back in 2010. I had a really good conversation with the one guy who was there who was from Clintonville. Some great questions came up while we were talking: "Do art have to make "sense"? Why can't art just be *fun*?" Greg informed me about the Hot Times Community Arts and Music Festival, that is held the weekend following Labor Days in Old Town East off Parsons Avenue. I'm glad that I'm able to open up and make more connection nowadays. I do love those art cars! They're so creative - not just "creepy" at all!

Correspondences

Eric - It was great to talk with you on Sunday at ComFest... I certainly appreciate your understanding of and enthusiasm for the medium of artcars. As promised, here is some information.

Aside for having fun, interjecting whimsy into the daily commute, talking to any and all strangers, or meeting great folks like you, my goal is to see more and more artcars on the road. As such, I take my artcar to schools, and have been a guest speaker at OSU. In addition to artcars, my presentations have included

decorated vehicles around the world, mobile marketing and more.

Links to selected press coverage I've had. <http://www.flickr.com/people/thatcar/>

Columbus Public Art Walk stop #417

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/6964527105/in/photostream>

Samples of artcars in schools <http://art120.org/artcars-and-education/>

Artcar blog and calendar <http://www.artcarnation.com/>

If you want some fun video (as well as great food, good time and much inspiration), come with me for www.lunaparc.com private festival in August...it is most amazing! The day after, I'll cruise through NYC, the ultimate for "parade route" <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/32469933/in/set-770099>

I look forward to seeing you again.

Greg Phelps: thatcarohio@yahoo.com

That Car, 196 East Pacemont Rd., Columbus OH 43202, 614-262-6462

www.flickr.com/thatcar, twitter @ThatCarARTCAR

Great to hear back from you, Greg! I'm excited about doing this documentary short about you and this artcar movement. Like I mentioned to you on Sunday, I had hoped to do this two years ago. But I didn't personally know any of you who did these cars. I've got literally hundreds of photos that I've taken of the artcars whenever I come across them in Columbus over the past 10 years. I just need your voiceover to go along with it as well as some video of you talking about them.

So if you're up for it, let me know your schedule of when we could meet again and videotape you. I'll be busy this Sunday, but otherwise, I'm pretty much free any day of the week since I'm currently off from teaching.

If you have any additional photos in your archives of artcars that I could use for this documentary, let me know. I looked at your www.flickr.com/thatcar page and it's got lots of good pictures with elementary kids learning about the artcars. I also found a picture of the dragon car at night, which was a pretty incredible transformation! Very cool!

Take care, Eric Homan, cell: 614-565-6535

Eric - Fantastic! It seems like every weekend starting in June there is an event, parade or something I am doing with That Car.

Below is my schedule for the next few weeks. In addition to times listed, I am more than happy to take an afternoon around 1pm. In many ways, this is preferable....I just have to check schedules at work .

Tell me where and when. In the meantime, is there anything in particular I should be thinking about? I assume you won't go all Mike Wallace on me?!

Saturday - before 2pm

Mon July 2 after 5p

Th July 5 after 5p

Fri July 6 after 5p

July 9-12 after 5p

On a technical/style note, "artcar" should be one word. If you google art & car, a 114 million results come up....if you search artcar, ONLY 366,000!

As for photos, you can use any and all of my flickr pics. Some that I like:

Photo op. pictures of people taking pictures of TC. I share these when I am trying to convince a small business or school the popularity and opportunity for exposure

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/sets/72157619682760570/>

Mobile marketing....not just for international corporations

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/sets/72157619525472237/>

Ricky Boscarino's Luna Parc, and other such environments, particularly featuring reused found materials, inspire me

- Heidelberg Project <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/sets/72157624222436964/>

- Flower Man <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/sets/72157603020741596/>

I can't help but decorate things

- portopots <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/sets/72157602094021367/>

- a bicycle in the Netherlands <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/sets/72157601542681654/>

- now I'm making magnets from artcar pieces and leaving them in conspicuous and inconspicuous places

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/sets/72157627390115068/>

artcar events are a great opportunity to see people who are connected online

Toledo King Wamba Parade <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/sets/72157605537269352/>

Chattanooga <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/6948602026/in/photostream>
Baltimore <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/sets/72157624550112420/>
Kentucky (RIP) <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/sets/72157606525541288/>
Hot Times - our local artcar show. Host out of town artists, largest gathering of artcars in Ohio
<http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/sets/72157601986884041/>
www.hottimesfestival.com

(THIS IS THE EVENT THE WEEKEND AFTER LABOR DAY THAT I HAVE WANTED A CCAD ARTCAR - not to mention, every artcar that comes from out of town gets a shot under the ART. Our first national event we made a group picture under the art sign when there was a couple of doubles on Cleveland where the big glass building is now. here are a few artcar pictures under ART

<http://www.flickr.com/search/?w=58419032@N00&q=ccad>

If you check out my favorites, there are images of decorated vehicles from around the world. however, they are not mine to give permission to use <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/favorites/>

Thanks again. Greg

If we can do it Saturday morning at 11 a.m., that would be good for me. I'm thinking about doing the interview setup in the basement of my house since its air-conditioned, I can get a soft box light and the video equipment set up down there, and it's quiet enough to record audio. Also, we can use my computer to load up the pictures you sent me and the photos I've already taken for you to help bring up things to talk about. It'll be a real casual interview. On Sunday, you brought up a huge number of things to talk about and expand upon. We may also want to shoot a bit outside with your car as well, if you want to drive over in it.

Here is my address: 3186 Kellingsworth Way, Dublin, Ohio 43017.

I was going to ask you about the "artcar" vs. "art car" thing, too. Thanks for clarifying it for me!

Let me know if this all works for you. Thanks, Eric

whoot! whoot!!....

Saturday at 11 is great. I am officiating a wedding at 4:30 in Westerville, so that is my only other commitment for the day.

That Car #3 is my only car, so I will have it on Saturday. -Greg

I'll see you here at 11 a.m. then! I've got my artcar photos all archived and ready to show you as well. -Eric

Shooting the Interview

7-5-12: At long last, I had my video shoot/ interview with Clintonville Artcar artist, Greg Phelps. I had him meet me at my house since I had all my lighting, video camera, tripod, and audio recording equipment here in the basement. It's also air-conditioned and cool in the basement level, so it was the most comfortable location I could think of. I also wanted to show Greg some of the pictures on my PC computer that I've taken of the Artcars around Columbus so they might bring up additional ideas to talk about. He got here at 4:30 p.m., which was good since I had asked Lisa not to come home with Alyssa until our video interview shoot was over. All in all, the interview shoot went well. Greg seemed a little nervous at first and didn't know exactly what to talk about. But slowly but surely he did manage to open up and get some really good comments. We ended up recording for almost 50 minutes, so I'll have *plenty* to work with. He was terrific and very open with discussing how he loves making Artcars. This was a documentary I've been wanting to do for over two years now. So I'm proud that I took the initiative to finally make this happen.

After the interview, we went outside and I took more photos and video of his Artcar that he drove over in. He was very generous with his time and I deeply thanked him for being for giving.

Success

7-30-12: Hey Greg, I'm getting closer to finishing up the "Artcars" documentary. It's at 17 minutes long. There was so much good material in there that I edited out that I made a second documentary from that footage called "Artcars #2", which is 15 minutes long. Once I'm to a point where I feel they're "done", I'll upload them to youtube for you to look it over and get any feedback on any changes.

I was also thinking about having a showing of the documentaries at CCAD and bringing you in as a visiting artist. They're usually held on Mondays at 11 a.m. to 12:20 p.m. We'd just do a Q & A after the documentaries, and probably an intro before the documentaries. I just wanted to bring that up if you're interested. It would give you a good connection to CCAD, and I'm sure there would be some art students who would like to know more about Artcars. The visiting artist time would be either this semester or next

semester. -Eric Homan

Eric - I can't begin to tell you how honored and humbled that you found the material to be good enough for not 1, but 2 documentaries!

I would love to visit CCAD...There are a couple of Mondays. I know I won't be available, but usually am open.

Thanks again. I look forward to seeing your work! -Greg

I also got photos of the Weinermobile at the Ohio State Fair last Friday to go with the part where you're talking about it.

I'll check the visiting artist schedule and check for available dates. It may be this upcoming semester, or the spring semester. But it would be cool for you and I to do a joint visiting artist presentation. It could be real casual, fun, and informative. -Eric

8-8-12: These are great... it sounds like all the lines I've used before, but all strung together in a coherent story. The first one, the point is made that artcars are fun. The second one, I realize that the quote about Maye West is actually from my friend Ricky Boscarino... after he said it years ago, I've always repeated it. I loved the video of me and the radio controlled artcar (That Car #2.5).

If you want additional pictures to add, such as the jeweled car in toledo, or the cork car, I can send those. I'd love to come to CCAD... let me know when. I plan to post flyers and pass out postcard about Hot Times (Sept 7-9 <http://www.hottimesfestival.com/>) Isn't school starting soon?

In the meantime, let me know if there is an updated link and when I can post this. Thanks again. Let me know if there is anything you need, if you want an artcar for something. Greg

Yeah, if you've got any extra pictures that you think would be relevant like the jewel car or the teeth car, email them my way.

School at CCAD starts in the final week of August. So I'm getting ready to go back.

I'll keep you in touch about possibly having a visiting artist spot. Thanks again, Greg! -Eric

8-10-12: Eric - Here are a few extra pictures I thought of. I believe they are set to download (click on + symbol at upper right of picture to view in "lightbox", click on view all sizes, choose size to download) If not, I can send them.

I meant to say on the video, for the interior shot from your driveway, I like how you caught the printout of your webpade and picture on the floor....it reminded me of Alfred Hitchcock showing up in his movies.

Keep a look out for a little something I'm sending your way. -Greg

4 teeth car pictures (Chewbaru)

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/4819076755/in/photostream/>

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/4819691108/in/photostream/>

vanity plate <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/3807130457/>

bumper sticker ("you have to be real secure to drive a car like this)

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/3807939428/in/photostream/>

jeweled car from toledo (Plan B)

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/5802021388/>

Plan B detail <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/5802017448/in/photostream/>

cork car

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/5906340263/>

cork screw hood ornament <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/5906896324/in/photostream/>

view from driver seat in Times Square <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/7587411202/in/photostream/>

view of shrine in Times Square <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/3861867034/>

"pole position" at a crosswalk

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/thatcar/3893569712/>

The Award/ Reward

8-14-12: I got a very cool delivery from UPS this afternoon from Greg Phelps for giving me a custom-made "award" for my making those "Artcars" documentaries. It was a trophy that was half glass and half the body of a Barbie with a sun-damaged doll's head on her body. It was probably the best award I've ever gotten. His note enclosed read: "Eric - While it may not be an Oscar - may you appreciate the next best thing - the Little Miss Sunshine Award. The picture on the other side is the piece inside on That Car

#2. A few years in the sun takes its toll. Take care, Greg."

Thanks for much! Probably the best trophy award I've ever gotten! An art trophy! -Eric

Artcars Web Release

9-14-12: Hey kids!

It's hard to believe summer is quickly coming to an end. It is still dark outside and I have been up for a while?! However, I can always think back to the summer with the help of the following video.

This past ComFest, I finally met Eric Homan, CCAD professor. <http://www.erichoman.com/> He has been shooting artcars in Columbus for several years and wanted to ask a few questions in his studio about the subject. Being the media whore that I am, I would never say no to an offer like that. The following is a 17minute video about about artcars from my POV.....he certainly made me sound coherent

If we have hung out at all with the artcars, you have heard most of these lines. Regardless, after watching it again, I still wonder why everyone doesn't drive an artcar?

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gGPnUJXGgCQ&list=UUwvuGJazJBexl4a9oFN8MCA&index=5&feature=plcp>

Eric posted a 2nd mini documentary about artcars with outtakes from our conversation if you didn't get enough for the day in the first one.

Happy Friday!

Greg

Eric Homan (Cinematic Arts Faculty and Documentarian) and Greg Philps (Clintonville Artcar Artist) Visiting Artists

7-25-12: I was also thinking about doing a screening of the "Artcar" documentary with Greg Philps as a visiting artist event. I'd show by "Artcar" documentaries that I'd done and then Greg could talk a little bit more about making the Artcars for the students or faculty who might have questions. This might be a good outreach with the Artcars and CCAD. Greg could even park his Artcar under the big red ART sign.

"Artcars" Installation

Set up a projector in front of the parked Artcar in an art gallery - like a drive-in where the audio comes from the car speakers inside. So people can come inside the Artcar itself to view the "Artcars" documentary while experiencing the Artcar in a truly immersive experience.

It would also be cool to have this art installation in the gallery in the Design Building on Board at CCAD, which was once the old Byer's car dealership. What irony to bring a car back into a former car dealership?!?!

"Artcars #2" - (2012) - (13 min.) Documentary Video

Columbus Art Walk Stop #417... "Carma".

"Artcars and ComFest 2012" - (2012) - (13 min.) Video Journal

Greg Phelps, Artcar Artist... Goodale Park.

Lisa, Tom, Don, and I drove down to the Short North area for taking in the community arts and music festival this hot Sunday morning. We got there early at 10:30 a.m., about half an hour before things fully got underway. Yet I did get some nice photos taken and made a good contact with one of the guys, Greg Phelps, who does the art cars. I've wanted to get in touch with one of these guys for over two years now, starting back in 2010. I had a really good conversation with the one guy who was there who was from Clintonville. Some great questions came up while we were talking: "Do art have to make "sense"? Why can't art just be *fun*?" Greg informed me about the Hot Times Community Arts and Music Festival, that is held the weekend following Labor Days in Old Town East off Parsons Avenue. I also met with someone at a booth for Hero Alliance Ohio that does comic book character appearances at parties around the state. The music at the festival was also really, really good! One acoustic male and female duo did a cover of a Sufjan

Stevens song! I couldn't believe all of this was for free. I was considerably impressed with all the local talent around Columbus. Incense and marijuana filled the air. I just admired the laid-back atmosphere of the scene. It reminded me of a more urban Yellow Springs. Being in the lower 90s even at 12:30 p.m., Lisa got a bit tired from the heat since she is still sick, and sat down under a tree. Then we decided to leave. But first we got some food to go from North Market (I had coupons, too!). All in all, it was a really great visit for Com Fest, the largest volunteer festival in the United States. I'm glad that I'm able to open up and make more connection nowadays. I do love those art cars! They're so creative - not just "creepy" at all!

"Doo Dah Parade 2012" - (2012) - (9 min.) Video Journal

The annual 4th of July event in the Short North of Columbus, Ohio.
Artcars.

7-4-12: Lisa, Tom, Don, and I did the Doo Dah Parade once again this 4th of July. I was pretty much exhausted by the time we got home. It was still fun to go to, though it wasn't as good as some years. But still, how can I not enjoy a parody parade that's a blender of Devo, Roller Girls, Liberal politics, Dada humor, Rocky Horror Picture Show, Artcars, and Captain Ohio? The heat was a bit of a factor with temperatures near 98 degrees.

"Doo Dah Parade 2012 (Backwards)" - (2012) - (-9 min.) Experimental Video Journal

The annual 4th of July event in the Short North of Columbus, Ohio... just *backwards*.

"Hot Times and Art Cars 2012" - (2012) - (12 min.) Video Journal

9-9-12: By 2 p.m., we drove downtown to go to the Hot Times Festival to see all the Art Cars they had parked out there. Apparently, there were more cars there yesterday. But there was still over 15 there today, which still made me very, very busy, especially with Lisa and Alyssa with me. I had to quickly take a huge number of pictures and HD video while my girls walked around for another half an hour. I also got to chat with Gregg again and thank him for participating in the documentary. So I got to meet his wife and I introduced Gregg to my own wife and daughter. This was my first time going to Hot Times, which was more of a smaller scale version of Com Fest with more of an African-American community feel to it. I really liked the group of B-Box break-dancing kids that danced for everything there.

"It's CRAP!" – DVD Compilation

"It's CRAP!" –Art critic/ person critic Ryan Treptow concerning my artwork.

Contents Include:

"Columbus Zoo and Aquarium: August 2012" - (15 min.)

"Columbus Zoo: September 2012" - (18 min.)

"Ohio Renaissance Festival 2012" - (30 min. 30 sec.)

"Alyssa: September 2012" - (27 min.)

"Summer 2012" - (13 min.)

"What a Rainbow Remembers" - (1 min.)

"Columbus Zoo and Aquarium: August 2012" - (2012) - (15 min.) Video Journal

Day One... Day Two.

"Columbus Zoo: September 2012" - (2012) - (18 min.) Video Journal

Outside is O' Shaughnessy Dam... Blue Heron... Stingray Bay at the Zoo.

"Ohio Renaissance Festival 2012" - (2012) - (30 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Outside of Harveysburg, Ohio... Seven Nations.

9-8-12: This Saturday, I drove Lisa, Tom, and Alyssa down to the Ohio Renaissance Festival with Don and Julia driving separately. All in all, it was a pretty great day walking around the fair. This is like our 3rd or 4th time there, so it's not terribly original or surprising anymore. Yet one can't deny that it still is entertaining and a fine piece of escapism. Though it rained on the drive down, it cleared up by the time we got there. In fact, the weather was quite wonderful for the entire day with a high of only 71 degrees! It was an ideal day to be outdoors and doing lots of walking. We also stayed longer than we usually do by leaving just before 4 p.m. So we were there from a little after 10 a.m. for nearly six hours. Alyssa had a nap in the stroller for over an hour during the afternoon. I was pretty fried and exhausted by the time we got back home around 5:30 p.m. Still, it's good that I got out and about. It's maddening to spend the weekend day indoors doing the same things I always do.

"Alyssa: September 2012" - (2012) - (32 min.) Video Journal

As Steve Sleeps... Graeter's Ice Cream... Northcrest Park... Ready for Halloween... Scioto Park... Kiwanis Riverway Park... The Orchard & Co.... Fall Scarecrow Festival.

"Summer 2012" - (2012) - (13 min.) Video Journal

Hayden Run Falls.

"What a Rainbow Remembers" - (2012) - (1 min.) Experimental Video Art

Abstract-Expressionistic video art created to be projected LARGE in natural or man-made spaces, on fields of grass or public foundations of water.

"QUESTION EXISTENCE" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"Video I Camera Demos Fall 2012" - (8 min.)

"Experimental Summer Weather" - (7 min.)

"Experimental Summer Weather Summer Experimental" - (4 min.)

"Self-Portrait: October 2012" - (1 min.)

"Autumn 2012: Park of Roses" - (12 min. 30 sec.)

"Bike Ride" - (2012) - (2 min.)

"An Autumn Sunday Stroll" - (5 min.)

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint 22" - (2 min.)

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint 333" - (2 min.)

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint 4444" - (2 min.)

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint 5555" - (2 min.)

"Autumn 2012: Inniswood Metro Park" - (5 min.)
"Wizard World Ohio Comic Con 2012" - (8 min. 30 sec.)
"Wizard World Ohio Comic Con 2012: Adult Costume Contest" - (9 min. 30 sec.)
"Fall 2012" - (8 min.)
"Fall Outtakes 2012" - (4 min. 30 sec.)
"Spring into Autumn" - (10 min. 30 sec.) (short version: 4 min.) (fast version: 2 min.)
"Video Reel 2012: Eric Homan" - (4 min. 30 sec.)
"Exercise" - (1 min. 30 sec.)

"Video I Camera Demos Fall 2012" - (2012) - (8 min.) Video Journal

Morning traffic commute. The next morning.

"Experimental Summer Weather" – (2012) - (7 min.) Experimental Video Art

"Experimental Summer Weather Summer Experimental" – (2012) - (4 min.) Experimental Video Art

"Self-Portrait: October 2012" – (2012) - (1 min.) Video Journal

"Autumn 2012: Park of Roses" - (2012) - (12 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Clintonville, Ohio.

10-16-12: I got out of my class at 11 a.m. and drove home in the bright autumn late morning. The skies were incredibly blue and the weather was just pristine. In fact, the sunlight was making all the vibrantly colored trees really pop out and look gorgeous. As I drove home on I-315, I was immediately compelled to use the remaining afternoon that I had to myself to go out and shoot some fall foliage at the Park of Roses in Clintonville, which was right on the way. The only problem was that I didn't have my new Canon T3i camera with me. So I had to drive home and pick it up. I got a "Taco Bell Tuesday" meal (two bean burritos and one crunchy taco) to go and headed over to the park. I haven't really had the chance to really get out there and be back to nature this autumn season. So I've been dying to just have a few good hours of perfect daylight to go out there and shoot some spectacular video and photo footage. It's either been cloudy or too busy on the weekends for me to get much shot. Helping to look after Alyssa simply neuters my creative abilities to get out there and let my artistic juices run. So this was my afternoon to take full advantage of.

And my God, was it a brilliant time out and about I had for the next three hours. I rarely ever have that one-on-one time with being in a park setting anymore. I'm either with Lisa, Alyssa, or both of them. But to have that communal experience of being alone with the glowing multi-colored leaves fluttering all around me was as close to holding hands with God as I'm going to get. It also helps to have a magical device like a DSLR camera to help me document that journey of seeing more within. When you're using a shallow depth of field, those autumn berries that grow on the trees looked like thousands of planets hanging in the air. It's magic! There's a blissful sense of exploration and discovery when I take these walks through nature by myself. I'm not distracted at all with Alyssa acting fussy or anything. It's just me in this heaven... on earth... in north Columbus, Ohio. How weird.

The park was only moderately busy, so I had most of it to myself. The key thing here is that it was quiet. Besides a few friendly people passing by, I had solitude. I had a change for me to think and my pores to re-open up. I felt myself come back to life again. I spent an hour walking through the actual Park of Roses while taking photos and videos along the way. Then the next hour I spent taking a hike through the woods that surround the south end of the park. I couldn't find a way across the stream that goes through that

area, so I took a trail along the ravine that I've never taken before during the autumn months. I was surprised by how beautiful it really was! It was one of the nicest paths I've ever taken. Finally for the last hour, I walked through a nature prairie and down a bike path to the I-315 overpass bridge to get some photos and video of the interstate traffic. I had forgotten what a rush it is to stand up there on top of all the traffic speeding by. As I walked back to the car, I even came across a new pond area that I've never been to! So I was discovering new areas all over the place. All in all, I had a truly wonderful afternoon. It was away from technology, family, work, the troubling election, everything. That's what getting back to nature can really do so very, very well. It's cleans out your mindscape and freshens up your spiritual and emotional intake. The glowing multi-colored trees are healers. And they're only around for a few short weeks before they're gone. It's another good reason why I bought the DSLR camera when I did. I wanted to record and savor it for generations. It truly was magical.

Though I didn't want to leave, I was feeling a bit tired from walking for the past three hours. I had used the day well. I had lived life and expressed myself.

"Bike Ride" - (2012) - (2 min.) Video Journal

10-5-12: Experimenting with a GoPro camera for the very first time. Went on an hour-long bike ride around the neighborhood late this morning while filming from multiple camera point-of-views: helmet cam, front light cam, petal cam. Pretty neat stuff! It changes what you can do with videography.

Music: "Bicycle Race" by Queen.

"An Autumn Sunday Stroll" - (2012) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Starring Alyssa & Eric Homan.

Strolled, Shot, & Edited by Eric Homan.

Music: "Minuet from Sinofonia in E Major" by J.C. Bach.

10-21-12: Alyssa and I had a wonderful walk together this autumn Sunday afternoon together. I got to use the GoPro video camera to record our stroll together. Alyssa's getting so much better with being just around me.

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint" - (2012) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Starring Alyssa & Eric Homan.

Sprinted, Shot, & Edited by Eric Homan.

Music: "Born Slippy" by Underworld.

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint 22" - (2012) - (2 min.) Experimental Video Journal

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint" with extreme motion blur added in.

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint 333" - (2012) - (2 min.) Experimental Video Journal

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint" with extreme motion blur and Stop Motion Blur (video echo) added in.

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint 4444" - (2012) - (2 min.) Experimental Video Journal

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint" with extreme motion blur and Stop Motion Blur (video echo) added in. Then re-doubled up with Multiply and Add Blending Modes.

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint 5555" - (2012) - (2 min.) Experimental Video Journal

"An Autumn Sunday Sprint" with extreme motion blur and Stop Motion Blur (video echo) added in. Then re-doubled up with Difference and Multiply Blending Modes while one layer plays backwards.

" Autumn 2012: Inniswood Metro Park" - (2012) - (5 min.) Video Journal

"Wizard World Ohio Comic Con 2012" - (2012) - (8 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

The line for Patrick Stewart's talk.

9-29-12: It was *Wizard World Mid-Ohio Comic Con at the Greater Columbus Convention Center* today. So where do I begin? Quite frankly, so many mixed emotions swam through my head as I was there from 8:40 a.m. all the way through to 9:05 p.m.! I was there a whopping 12½ hours! The thing about going to comic book conventions is that I sometimes feel that I've outgrown them. It's not that I'm not also around married men in their mid-to-late thirties as well. It's that several people there just happen to be a bit "immature" for their age. I love comic cons since their literally "Halloween for adults". It's a chance for women to dress up and go cosplay. Sometimes, it's pretty hot to behold. Yet more often than not today, there were several young women there that really, *really* shouldn't have squeezed themselves into skintight spandex. It's just so wrong to see "Phoenix" - but weighing over 220 pounds. It was like my favorite superheroines had an eating disorder. There were several women dressed as Catwoman and Harley Quinn. Yet some were *way* too overweight to play the role. It pretty much destroyed the fantasy come to life - mainly because they brought too much *reality* to the fantasy. In reality, women who like comics are, well, overweight.

And that summed up how I felt about being at Wizard World Comic Con. It was a letdown, yet it was still immensely entertaining and worthwhile. I'm extremely glad I went. At first, I wasn't sure if I'd find many books to make up for the \$20 admission fee and the \$7 for parking. I also wasn't certain how excited I was about collecting comics again. Yet once I found several booths with new books for \$1, I found my stride and nearly two hours later I had picked out 135 books for \$135. Thankfully, I was parked just outside the convention hall in the north convention parking lot. So my walk to my car to drop off each large purchase of new comic books wasn't too far. I must have walked around the convention hall over 12 times, mainly taking loads of photos and video with a Canon T3i (which I had borrowed from my graduate student Yang). It was incredible that just when I thought I had gone to every vendor with \$1 new books, I found another one! Yet after making multiple purchases, it grew frustrating since I eventually couldn't fully remember which books I had bought already. I spent well over what I thought I would have spent today as well. So I had to get money from the billfold in my car trunk for emergency cash! Then again, I really haven't bought many new books for well over a year. Half Price Books has been especially try.

There was all sorts of people watching to be held at the comic con as well. Yes, there were some hot young girls there. Yet again, it just wasn't all that hot anymore since I wondered if any of them might end up being a female student of mine. I didn't want to ask to take their picture and not realize that they knew me from CCAD since they go there! I did meet several CCAD students walking around, like Manuel. I didn't get into any of the guest speaking engagements throughout the day. I tried to get in line for the Patrick Stewart one, but it was full. I couldn't believe the amount of money that was being dropped at this comic con. There was no sign of any recession here at the Columbus Convention Center! I did go to the North Market for a late lunch around 1 p.m. and got to sit nearby a guy dressed in full body paint as Darth Maul. In the afternoon, I found myself needing to go back to my car just to be able to sit down and be away from the nerd hordes. I really needed to call Lisa and tell her how much I wished to be back home again with her and Alyssa. Lisa told me that Alyssa had opened the cat door to the basement and asked "Daddy? Daddy?" thinking that I was still in the basement. How cute. I was missed! And that really sums up the Wizard World Comic Con. You're away from reality and escaping in fantasy for a whole day. You're removed from whatever else is happening in the world to be near Patrick Stewart, Val Kilmer, Eliza

Dushku, Dean Cain, and The Boondock Saints. People wanted to dress up and escape who they are - *just for one day*. As an adult, I find that both endearing and frightening. Living too much in fantasy can be extremely harmful. And I was around quite a few people who I could easily tell had very poor social skills. No wonder they prefer to dress up and be someone different. These were the people that still live in their mother's basement. These are also the people who have loads of expendable income, evidenced by how many people who were willing to pay \$80 for a photo with Patrick Stewart! It's craziness.

I stayed for the adult costume contest and was glad that I did. It was pretty entertaining and fun. Yet by 9 p.m., I was beyond tired. And I stunk. It reminded me of how painfully exhausting SIGGRAPH could be as well. Ironically, the Canon T3i's battery died at the very end of the costume contest as everyone got on stage for a group picture. That was my time to go. Back to reality. Say goodbye to Catwoman. I kissed my wife's forehead once I got home. I really owe her for looking after Alyssa for the whole day.

"Wizard World Ohio Comic Con 2012: Adult Costume Contest" - (2012) - (9 min. 30 sec.)
Video Journal

"Darth Maul" proposing... The winners... Group photo.

"Fall 2012" - (2012) - (8 min.) Video Journal

Antrim Park... Godown Dog Park.

"Fall Outtakes 2012" - (2012) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

German Village... The Book Loft... Walking from end to end.

"Spring into Autumn" - (2012) - (10 min. 30 sec.) (short version: 4 min.) (fast version: 2 min.)
Digital Video Art

A visual/ audio fighting match from spring into autumn imagery set to classical music.

Music: "Rondo from Horn Concerto #2" by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and "Piano Quintet in A, D 667, "Trout" – Andantino" by Schubert.

"Video Highlights Reel 2012: Eric Homan" - (2012) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Digital Video Art

Here is highlights compilation reel of video pieces that I've shot from May-Dec. 2012. Featuring work from "Columbus Zoo Wildlights", "Fall", "Boo at the Zoo", "Autumn Sunday Stroll", "Autumn: Park of Roses", "Wizard World Ohio", "Artcars", and "The Other Grand Canyons".

Cinematography/ Editing: www.erichoman.com.

12-18-12: Then I edited for three straight hours by editing together "Video Highlights Reel 2012: Eric Homan", a video compilation of my best cinematography from this year. I haven't made a demo reel of my work in over 10 years. So this was sort of a new experience.

Music: "A Different Drum" by Peter Gabriel (from *The Last Temptation of Christ* soundtrack).

"Exercise" - (2012) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

This is my semi-parody video version of New Year's Resolutions to exercise more. I also nearly broke my right leg trying to do the last shot "stunt".

My New Year's Resolution. I must... exercise. 2 hrs. per day. Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger.
Music: "Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger" by Daft Punk.

"Alyssa Homan: One-Year-Old: Disk 3" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Alyssa: August 2012" - (32 min.)

"Alyssa: September 2012" - (27 min.)

"Alyssa: October 2012" - (17 min. 30 sec.)

"Alyssa: November 2012" - (8 min.)

"Alyssa: The Amazing One-Year-Old!" - (12 min.) (short ver.: 5 min. 30 sec.)

"Alyssa: October 2012" - (2012) - (17 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Oakland Nurseries Fall Festival... Trick or Treat.

"Alyssa: November 2012" - (2012) - (8 min.) Video Journal

Toy-covered Tom.

"Alyssa: The Amazing One-Year-Old!" - (2013) - (12 min.) (short ver.: 5 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

From a proud father to his beautiful wife and daughter...

For this compilation of footage of my daughter's life as a one-year-old, over 7 hours of already edited down Alyssa footage was re-re-edited down to just over 10 minutes. It's amazing to watch her grow up.

Videotaped and edited by Alyssa's Daddy.

Music: "White Winter Hymnal" by Fleet Foxes, "Dog Days Are Over" by Florence and the Machine, "The NeverEnding Story" by Limahl, and "Birdhouse In Your Soul" by They Might Be Giants.

"Alyssa Homan: One-Year-Old: Disk 4" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Alyssa: December 2012" - (23 min.)

"Alyssa: January 2013" - (21 min. 30 sec.)

"Alyssa: February 2013" - (8 min.)

"Alyssa: March 2013" - (24 min.)

"Columbus Zoo and Aquarium: August 2012" - (15 min.)

"An Autumn Sunday Stroll" - (5 min.)

"Autumn 2012: Inniswood Metro Park" - (5 min.)

"Columbus Arts Festival 2012" - (6 min.)

"Alyssa: December 2012" - (2012) - (23 min.) Video Journal

Temper Tantrum!... Touch the Kitty... Christmas morning.

"Alyssa: January 2013" - (2013) - (21 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Alyssa singing to herself... Zachary Limbert's birthday party... Alyssa singing more... Ryan Hoeting's birthday party.

"Alyssa: February 2013" - (2013) - (8 min.) Video Journal

Chadwick Arboretum Special Event.

"Alyssa: March 2013" - (2013) - (24 min.) Video Journal

Justin, Nikki, and Calix!... Reading Time... The Neighborhood Walk... Too much energy!!!... Coloring Easter Eggs... Easter Egg Hunt... The Egg Hunt Begins... The Homan Family Easter Egg Hunt... Alyssa tasting bubbles.

"Alyssa: April 2013" - (2013) - (24 min.) Video Journal

"Watch My Dreams" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Columbus Zoo: Boo at the Zoo 2012" - (10 min. 30 sec.)

"Columbus Zoo Wildlights 2012" - (17 min.)

"Help Desk" - (3 min.)

"Winter 2012-2013" - (21 min.)

"Winter 2013 Video/ Photo Safari in Frozen Ohio" - (7 min.)

"Life-Lapses: 2013" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Life-Lapses: 2013 – Light Rayed" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Life-Lapses: 2013 – Motion Blurred" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Video Self-Portrait: January 2013" - (1 min.)

"Spacejunk Media: Motion Graphics Class Visit" - (3 min.)

"Buckeye Comic Con: Spring 2013" - (3 min.)

"Howard Johnson: Columbus East Side" - (3 min.)

"Cleveland Spring Break: 2013" - (14 min. 30 sec.) (short ver.: 5 min.)

"Gem City Comic Con: 2013" - (8 min.)

"Columbus Zoo: Boo at the Zoo 2012" - (2012) - (10 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Levitating polar bear.

"Columbus Zoo Wildlights 2012" - (2012) - (17 min.) Video Journal

11-18-12... 11-27-12.

"Help Desk" - (2013) - (3 min.) Video Journal

This is a silly improv "documentary" short about needing help for depression and anxiety at the "Help Desk". It's the Help Desk and the Therapy Desk at CCAD. Sometimes, they're confused as one in the same.

This was made in late January 2013 as I was spontaneously shooting some extra video footage to use to capture for a Video I demo at 7:35 a.m.

A Parody: At CCAD (Columbus College of Anxiety and Depression).
The Next Day...
Special Thanks to Maria Spiess and the Help Desk for being good sports!
Music: "Adagio for Strings" by Samuel Barber.
Suicide Hotline: Call: 1-800-SUICIDE.

"Winter 2012-2013" - (2013) - (21 min.) Video Journal

Animal Control catches: Day 1... Day 2... Day 3... Day 4... Ice... Chadwick Arboretum.

"Winter 2013 Video/ Photo Safari in Frozen Ohio" - (2013) - (7 min.) Video Journal

Capturing the sunrise outside Irwin, Ohio... 17 degrees outside... Phil Garrett... 1-8-13...
Exploring the desolate winter landscapes... Farm Life... Scanning for frozen poetry... Freezing feet...
Looking for natural creativity... Always searching for new worlds... A morning of artistic exploration...
Starring Eric Homan and Phil Garrett.

Music: "La Petite Fille De La Mer" by Vangelis.

1-8-13: I got out of bed at 5:32 a.m. this morning since I was going to be picked up by Phil Garrett for us to go shoot video and photo for the morning out in Irwin, Ohio. Phil woke up a little late, but he arrived just before 7 a.m. at the house. We immediately went over to a farm that he had scouted out yesterday for us to park at and shoot the morning sunrise. Surprisingly, we got a pretty beautiful orange sunrise skyline. It was only 17 degrees outside since it was still so early in the morning. My toes were aching numb after 15 minutes outside even though I had two pairs of socks on. I shot with my T3i and GoPro cameras to good effect. I also made sure to use my tripod more, which is an area I'm actively trying to get better at. Phil and I both agreed that it was a great deal of fun to go out with someone else who enjoys, appreciates, and engages in shooting video and photo. Neither of our families quite "gets" what we do, especially the passion for just driving out into rural Ohio to explore and discover some new sights, sounds, and visuals. We also stopped off at a wood covered bridge and shoot around there as well. Eventually, I had to stop since my battery was almost dead and my toes and fingers were frozen. For lunch, we went over to Cuco's Mexican restaurant and had a good meal. So it was a good day out being active, spending time with a kindred spirit and colleague, and enhancing my video/ photo portfolio. Lisa had suggested a week ago to me that I call up Phil and go out to lunch. Well, today we did one better. And I'm glad. Phil's also got knowledge with various video production houses that he's worked on a freelance basis with. He also mentioned the video production place just a few minutes from my house in Old Dublin called Planetorium (or is it Spotfish).

"Life-Lapses: 2013" - (2013) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Experimental Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Time-lapse experiences of life: January-February 2013.

This is one of the things I've been working on when I'm not teaching: experimenting with capturing life with the GoPro camera. This started off as testing out the time-lapse features on the GoPro and expanded into:

A Time-Based Time-Lapse Self-Portrait in Motion.

Snow... Sleep... Sunrise... Daycare... Read... Weather Front... Relaxation... Drive...
Evening... Sunset... Family Room... Work Studio... Snow... Shovel... Litter box... Snow Day... Social
Time... Video Editing... Teaching... Work Time... Reading... Sunset.

Music: "Angel Tech" by The Grid.

Sponsored by Caffeine and Cocaine.

"Life-Lapses: 2013 – Light Rayed" - (2013) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Experimental Documentary
Video/ Video Journal

"Life-Lapses: 2013 – Motion Blurred" - (2013) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Experimental Documentary
Video/ Video Journal

"Video Self-Portrait: January 2013" - (2013) - (1 min.) Video Journal

"Spacejunk Media: Motion Graphics Class Visit" - (2013) - (3 min.) Video Journal

"Buckeye Comic Con: Spring 2013" - (2013) - (3 min.) Video Journal

Music: "Blade Runner (End Titles)" by Vangelis.

3-3-13: This Sunday was the day I've been waiting for over the past winter season since it was finally Buckeye Comic Con day. Once again, I charted over to the east side to Fort Rapids for the 10 a.m. show. I have to admit that there was a larger group of people there than ever before. Again, it was 90% white, middle-aged, graying, balding, and overweight. The only difference this time was that more of us had beards for the winter. The show is held in a rather small conference room. So once you add in over 150 overweight fanboys and fangirls, you get this horribly claustrophobic space. You're constantly having to say "excuse me" as you wander down the aisles. It's ludicrous. Some of us, like myself, also wore backpacks, which made walking around a very tight squeeze. It was a fairly bizarre, somewhat rabid experience as well with so many hungry buyers for discounted comics with our lists in hand. I only found one dealer who was selling newer overstock books for a \$1 a book. So I spent my first hour with him while standing shoulder to shoulder with other comic book collectors just as rabid as myself. Yet this time I wasn't pulling out every Marvel (or DC) book like a Marvel Zombie. I was flipping through the books first to make sure I was even going to want to read it. So some I decided not to buy this time around. I simply wasn't all that interested in them. I've simply got too many other books at home to read. Amusingly, the buyers next to me scooped out the books I didn't pull.

The most incredible part of the comic book convention was talking to Brian, a heavier-set gray-haired dealer who knows me and usually wants to chat with me. I asked him about how much he's selling his "Walking Dead" back issues for. He informed me that he recently sold off several of his "Walking Dead" books for \$2,200 to a dealer at a recent convention!!!! I couldn't believe it! I checked over my comic book collection list and realized that I had many of those high demand books that are going for so much. Brian informed me that the first appearance of The Governor is going for \$300!!! And The Governor's death is also going for \$300. On average, most back issues of "The Walking Dead" go for \$30 a book. The earlier issues go for much more. I couldn't believe this!!! I had bought these books for only a \$1 at comic conventions back in 2004-2009!!! Now with the TV show being so popular, the demands for original back issues are insane! I could put my daughter through college at this rate!!

All in all, the comic con was all right. I was still rather self-conscious of how stereotypical the crowd was of middle-aged guys in suspended adolescence who still rabidly collect comics. It's not that far off from drug addiction. I really don't care for this hurried pulling of comic book overstock "deals" while other collectors are looking over my shoulder waiting for me to hurry up, or vice versa with me waiting for them to hurry up. It all leaves me exhausted and stressed. And the whole reason I engage in this hobby is for the enjoyment of it. So when it only leaves me feeling tired with tension, the ship has sailed. I'm simply giving myself more work to do. Not to mention how long it will take to catalogue and sort through all the comics I buy once I get home. It'll take days. And will physical paper comics even be around in 10-20 years? This convention won't even exist. I did walk around with the GoPro and did some time lapse experiments and short with the T3i for over an hour to capture this crazy, claustrophobic experience. Sadly, the cameras couldn't capture the odor. Heck, I was even started to exert nerd stink on me.

"Howard Johnson: Columbus East Side" - (2013) - (3 min.) Video Journal

"Cleveland Spring Break: 2013" - (2013) - (14 min. 30 sec.) (short ver.: 5 min.) Video Journal

Cleveland Museum of Art... West Side Market... Closing time... Little Italy... Coventry Village... Big Fun Toy Store... Nostalgia Flashback... Relive Your Childhood... Lake Effect Snow in late March... The next day... The Arcade... Cleveland Main Library... Driving back to Columbus... One more stop: Cabela's.

"Gem City Comic Con: 2013" - (2013) - (8 min.) Video Journal

The Nutter Center, Dayton, Ohio... Wandering around the convention floor... Cosplay Parade... Costume Contest.

Music: "Main Title/ The Goblins" and "Re-United" from Legend (Director's Cut) by Jerry Goldsmith.

"Products of the IMAGINATION" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Car Wash Drive" - (1 min.)

"Inniswood Metro Gardens: 2013" - (5 min. 30 sec.)

"Toon Boom/ CCAD Media Event" - (2 min.)

"Spring Life: 2013" - (25 min.)

"Columbus Zoo: May 2013" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Columbus Zoo: June 2013" - (6 min.)

"Columbus Zoo: July 2013" - (5 min.)

"Columbus Zoo + Dinosaur Island: August 2013" - (9 min.)

"Columbus Park of Roses: 2013" - (3 min. 30 sec.)

"Columbus Arts Festival: 2013" - (5 min.)

"ComFest: 2013" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"Moving Camera Test Shots" - (2 min. 30 sec.)

"A Week in Burbank: 2013" - (16 min.)

"CCAD Alumni Reunion in L.A.: 2013" - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"CCAD Alumni Reunion in L.A.: 2013 (Deleted Scenes)" - (1 min.)

"Homan Family Reunion 2013" - (7 min. 30 sec.)

"Car Wash Drive" - (2013) - (1 min.) Video Journal

Videotaped, edited, and driven by Eric Homan.

Music: "25 or 6 to 4" by Chicago.

"Inniswood Metro Gardens: 2013" - (2013) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Westerville, Ohio.

"Toon Boom/ CCAD Media Event" - (2013) - (2 min.) Video Journal

4-26-13: For this Friday, I went in to CCAD at 10:30 a.m. for the Toon Boom Center of

Excellence event that was being held in the animation classroom. All the main administration were there from President Denny Griffith, Vice President Kevin Conlon, Jonathan Lindsey, deans, chairs, faculty, and even Charlotte Belland showed up while on her sabbatical. I was glad that I brought along my T3i to take some shots. Ron appreciated that since the CEO from Toon Boom was also there from Montreal. So that was a rather neat event to check out.

"Spring Life: 2013" - (2013) - (25 min.) Video Journal

CCAD Fashion Show Dress Rehearsal... Student Show... CCAD Graduation Day... Plant Sale... The Holiday House... Smiley Park... Hayden Run Falls.

"Columbus Zoo: May 2013" - (2013) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

"Columbus Zoo: June 2013" - (2013) - (6 min.) Video Journal

Stingray Bay.

"Columbus Zoo: July 2013" - (2013) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Asia Quest.

"Columbus Zoo + Dinosaur Island: August 2013" - (2013) - (9 min.) Video Journal

"Columbus Park of Roses: 2013" - (2013) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

"Columbus Arts Festival: 2013" - (2013) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Downtown Columbus, Ohio... Columbus Arts Center... Kate Morgan.

6-9-13: We traveled downtown to the Columbus Arts Festival this Sunday morning. It turned out to be quite nice and a good time to walk around and have some extroverted time.

"ComFest: 2013" - (2013) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Goodale Park, Columbus, Ohio... Art Cars... Free Hugs.

6-30-13: Lisa, Tom, Don, Alyssa, and I headed down to the Short North for ComFest this Sunday morning. I also got to hand three DVD copies of the "Artcars" movies I had made to Greg Philps.

"Moving Camera Test Shots" - (2013) - (2 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

J.L. Fisher Training... Jib Test Shots... Panavision Training.

Here's a little preview of things to come at CCAD in the Cinematic Arts department in Fall 2013! Footage is from a week of training at J.L. Fisher and Panavision in Burbank, California.

Tags

J.L. Fisher Training, Jib Test Shots, Panavision Training, Eric Homan, Cinematic Arts

"A Week in Burbank: 2013" - (2013) - (16 min.) Video Journal

Day One: Panavision Training.
Day Two: Panavision Training... Fry's Electronics... Red Studios... Stop Motion Animation Studio... Universal CityWalk... My old classmate/ CCAD alumni Kalpa.
Day Three: J.L. Fisher Training.
Day Four: J.L. Fisher Training.
Day Five: J.L. Fisher Training... CCAD alumni Joaquin Baldwin.

"CCAD Alumni Reunion in L.A.: 2013" - (2013) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

7-31-13: Then this evening was our CCAD alumni reunion at a Mediterranean restaurant with 39 other CCAD alumni. Thankfully, I held up pretty well throughout the social occasion and managed to really reconnect nicely with a lot of old classmates and students alike. I even chatted up energetically with Justin Shady and talked about old times. Shawn O' Brian was also there, who I remembered from 1997 because he aspired to edit movie trailers. We were at this alumni reunion from 6:20 p.m. to nearly 11 a.m.! I thankfully only had one beer early on and also was the unofficial photo/ video documentarian of the evening.

"CCAD Alumni Reunion in L.A.: 2013 (Deleted Scenes)" - (2013) - (1 min.) Video Journal

"Homan Family Reunion 2013" - (2013) - (7 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

New Knoxville, Ohio... 8-11-13.

8-11-13: Lisa, Alyssa, and I left Dublin, Ohio at 9:20 a.m. to make it over to New Knoxville, Ohio at 10:50 a.m. for the annual Homan Family Reunion. Dad, Lara, Tanya, myself, and our families were half in charge of the setup and preparations. Lisa had to pull over to have me drive because Alyssa got so upset and wouldn't stop crying after her DVD "Bubble Guppies" episodes were over. Then Alyssa only slept for half an hour during the rest of the drive over. We helped set up the tables until 12:15 p.m. when most of the relatives finally showed up. Alyssa got over-anxious to eat, which was hard on Lisa to keep Alyssa patient when she doesn't understand the act of "waiting in line". Nathan Ontrop showed up and ate with us Homan folk. It was really nice to reconnect with him since it's been two years since I've seen or talked to him.

Most of the family reunion was spent either looking after Alyssa or taking photos or video of the occasion. I was the "professional" photographer. It's funny that since I had an "expensive-looking" camera, that made me a "professional" photographer. I was asked to take photos of all the elder Homans (my dad, Sharon, Orval, etc.) and then their spouses.

Lisa and I were also discussing on the 1 ½ hour drive back to Dublin about how miserable we'd be to live out in the rural country. There's simply nothing to do out in western Ohio. I find it strangely nostalgic since I grew up in such a place. There's a run-down grungy beauty to the landscape. It's not modern at all. It's like traveling through the past. New Knoxville even had a standing phone booth along their Main Street. That was surreal to see. And our smart phones couldn't get a signal out there in the middle of nowhere. For better or worse, you're cut off from the rest of the world. Yet all I did was dream of one day leaving. Now that I've lived in the city, I can't fathom ever coming back and actually living in a dead end small town. You actually feel *compelled* to go to church every Sunday because it's the main social occasion to meet people! There's just so little to do out here but milk cows, grow crops, and play sports. It's a whole other world. If you want to go out to eat, you've got some severely limited options... unless you drive over an hour. And who wants to drive an hour to go to Taco Bell?

"Eden With Cloudy Skies (and Other Adventurings)" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"Eden With Cloudy Skies" - (full version: 25 min.) (short version: 12 min.) (trailer: 3 min. 30 sec.)

"Eden With Cloudy Skies: Extra Destinations" - (9 min.)

"Michigan Adventuring: 2013" - (Longer Version: 32 min.) (Short Version: 13 min.)

"Heaven Quests" - (6 min. 30 sec.)

"Eden With Cloudy Skies" - (2013) - (full version: 25 min.) (short version: 12 min.) (trailer: 3 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Description

An existential journey into a literal small town of “Eden” just outside of Acadia National Park – only to find that it has overcast skies...

Captions

An Overcast, Existential Vacation... Starring Tom Chapman... Experienced, Shot, and Shaped by Eric Homan.

Day One: Acadia National Park... Mount Desert Island, Maine... East (of the town) of Eden... We drove over 1000 miles to get here... Top of Cadillac Mountain... (Supposed to be a grand view)... Then the clouds part... Bar Harbor, Maine... What is the point of experiencing an overcast Eden with limited views?... Maybe there’s *magic* and *grandeur* there even under the darkening skies... Sand Beach... What’s the point of taking all this video...?... Whale Sighting?... Thunder Hole... Has it all been captured before...?... Downtown Bar Harbor.

Day Two: Bar Harbor: The Next Day... Walking to Bar Island at low tide... Bar Island... The Vacation of Rain in Eden... There’s still so much to see and experience... Acadia National Park... Balanced Rock... Meeting Mother Nature... “The Bubbles”... Jordan Pond House Loop Trail... Blue skies!... Northeast Harbor... Southwest Harbor... Bass Harbor Head Lighthouse... Wonderland.

Day Three: Sieur de Monts, Wild Gardens of Acadia... “Homans Trail”... Thunder Hole... Jordan Pond House... Biking on carriage roads... Biking down a mountain... Back to Bar Harbor.

Day Four: New Hampshire... Driving up Mt. Washington... The White Mountains... Passing through a cloud... The views from the top... Glenn Ellis Falls.

Day Five: The Green Mountains... Vermont... Moss Glenn Falls (Stowe)... Bingham Falls... The Rain Vacation... Burlington, Vermont... The Adirondacks in the distance... Downtown Burlington.

Day Six: 6th Day of Rain... Crossing Lake Champlain... Ausable Chasms... Rainstorms creating massive waterfalls... The Adirondacks, Upstate New York... A hiker’s backpack.

Music

Music: “Life in a Northern Town” by Dream Academy, “Under the Milky Way” by The Church, “I Ran” by Flock of Seagulls, “Stormy Weather” by The Pixies, “Are You Gonna Go My Way” by Lenny Kravitz, and “Wah-Wah” by George Harrison.

Journal Log

5-17-13

I did develop a headache during the afternoon and found myself rubbing my temple for over an hour. Eventually, two Excedrin and two pain killers weakened my throbbing forehead.

And now I am off to Cleveland to start my summer vacation expedition....

Well, I made it up to Shaker Heights tonight all by myself driving in Lisa’s SUV. It was a bit of a trial by fire driving up here since I’ve never driven her car before nor have I driven up here by myself. That’s not entirely true since I had some big help and assistance with my GPS guiding me along. The GPS

was something I haven't used much before. So this was my first real time using it efficiently and successfully. As I drove up to Cleveland, I couldn't help but reflect on my life and how much it's changed. It took a lot of courage and gumption to make this trek a reality. I've had to move outside my comfort zone of being in Dublin during the summer. I'm doing exactly what I dreamed of doing two years ago of getting out during my summer off from teaching and exploring America's National Parks with my own DSLR. I feel more independent as an artist that way. I'm also adapting to change by asking Tom to be my travel companion. After last year's massive disappointment with my father, I've had to press the restart button with a new travel companion who I am more compatible with. I'm also addressing the need to expand my professional practice by shooting new vistas as part of my continued artistic and creative endeavors. I can't just keep taking pictures around Ohio. I need to go elsewhere in the world beyond my backyard. I've got to take greater leaps. And this trip is a big leap of faith. It's certainly not the first big trip I've taken. But it still gives my nerves a tremble or two.

When you're out on the road, it can get severely and devastatingly lonesome. I do wish that Lisa and Alyssa were on this trip with me. But I know the reality is that Alyssa would cripple us from relaxing and I'd just get frustrated because I wouldn't be able to focus on taking pictures and shooting video as part of my professional practice of expanding my portfolio. And for me, that's a large reason for this whole trip. I need to explore – artistically, creatively, spiritually, physically. It's the wanderlust in me that demands to be free. It's the whole point I became a teacher so I'd be able to take advantage of these summer days off. And it's time for me to *seize this time*.

5-18-13

Well, I didn't exactly sleep too soundly last night and into this morning at Tom's mother's house. I tossed and turned for most of the night mostly because I had coffee and took Excedrin a few hours earlier. I also usually don't sleep well when in a new environment. Still, the bed was cozy and at least I got to close my eyes for the night (even though I never got into a deep sleep).

Tom and I are planning on making it up to Massachusetts by the end of today. We'll see how far we get.

Today was our main traveling day to get close to Maine. Tomorrow will be our main *Maine* travel day. And for the most part, today was pretty successful, though stressful and tiring as well. We got out of Cleveland at 9:30 a.m. after having breakfast at The Original Pancake House with Tom's mother. I did the first 3-hour shift of driving up to south Buffalo where we had lunch at a New York Turnpike service area. Then Tom took over from there for the next 5 hours of driving all the way to Albany, New York on the far eastern side of the state. I read through R. Crumb's "The Book of Genesis" as Tom drove. I even nodded off once or twice due to the repetition of the road. We ate dinner at another service area where we got a quick slice of pizza. Then I took over driving until 9 p.m. where we ended up at a Fireside Inn & Suites in Nashua in Southeastern New Hampshire. It took us a total of two hours to reserve and find a hotel room as Tom called five different hotels that all ended up being booked up this Saturday night. Then I suggested he call up Lisa to ask her to go on the Internet to reserve the room for us since we couldn't find a place with WiFi. This is why people are supposed to book their hotel rooms in advance. Yet we just didn't know for sure how far we'd get today. And we got further than we thought. We're just 20 miles from Maine, after all.

This marathon trek to Acadia National Park really is a team effort. It's extremely difficult to find a hotel in a new area of America you've never been to before while driving in the dark. Add into the equation Massachusetts drivers rushing around at 25 miles over the posted 55 mph speed limit and you've got a stressful cocktail. Still, it's over now and we're in our quiet hotel room. I even took two sleeping pills to help me finally get some real sleep for a night.

5-19-13

"Acadia National Park: Eden National Park"

I managed to get a full night's sleep by getting out of bed around 7:22 a.m. after going to bed at 10:30 p.m. last night. So that made me happy.

Today turned out to be a rather positive, eventful, successful, and adventurous day out to our main *Maine* destination of Acadia National Park. It took us until 2:30 p.m. to arrive on Mount Desert Island at our Best Western hotel that we had reserved for three nights. The weather was overcast through the morning through southern Maine, which bummed both Tom and I out a bit since we had driven such a long distance to get to Acadia and Bar Harbor. It did help that we enjoyed a good continental breakfast at the

Fireside Inn that we had stayed at the night before. Once we were about 3 hours from Acadia, the heavens opened up and the sky was blue again. Maine really started to look spectacular. I also liked hearing that Acadia National Park was possibly once called Eden National Park. What a crazy, wonderful idea for a National Park: *Eden*. We decided to make the most of today since the call for weather tomorrow was rain. So we immediately headed out to our first choice destination of Cadillac Mountain. Now Tom wanted to hike up the mountain since he was in good shape and loved doing such things. Yet I had reservations and an 18-pound tripod to carry up with me. So I elected to drop Tom off and drive up to the top to meet him up there instead. So I got to drive the Acadia park loop by myself and pulled over several times to take photos and video. Once I got to the top, the weather got much colder and windier. I had to put on two layers of clothes and a winter hat. I was so high up on the mountain that the clouds were passing through like thunderous rolling fog. It was a weird spectacle to behold that took me by surprise. I got some great video out of the experience. Once I got to the actual summit parking lot, I was shocked to find Tom arriving there just as I got out of the car. I didn't expect to see him there until 2 more hours! Yet Tom was an avid hiker who did the trail in half the time. Tom was in his natural element. Yet once we hiked around the summit, my heart plummeted since there was no view to behold because the clouds had completely ruined the supposedly incredible view. I had to wait 15 minutes for the clouds to pass a bit to see some of the islands around Acadia. Once we drove down a bit more, I could get more shots of the surrounding area. Yet the summit was still pretty neat with its "world in afterlife fog" look to it.

From there, the weather was getting cloudier, but it was still somewhat sunny. So we checked out the rest of the popular eastern part of Acadia with its great overlooks and shorelines. We took in Sand Beach and Otter Cove. It was rather nice at the park since it wasn't in season, which meant far fewer people at the park. Therefore, Tom and I practically had Acadia National Park to ourselves.

Finally, our last destination was to get some dinner in Bar Harbor. We found a cute little touristy place by Geddy's where I got a beer and fish & chips. It was a nice way to end a good first real day of vacation in Acadia. I'm learning to relax and have some fun for a chance... even spend some money going out to eat when need be.

"Freebird" by Lynard Skynard and "Message in a Bottle" by The Police was the soundtrack to our drive to Acadia this morning. They fit rather nicely.

5-20-13

I had a bit of trouble sleeping last night. Tom snored and I tossed and turned. A mild, yet lingering headache also gripped me around 2 a.m. I still managed to get a few hours of sleep in.

When you go on a vacation, it's all about compromise. You can't do everything you want. There isn't enough time. The weather won't work with me. It rains when it should be sunny. And that's exactly what happened when we woke up this morning with rain pouring down steadily. Our plans got compromised. To put alcohol on our vacation wounds, the weather was going to be perfect five days later when our vacation in this region was over. Yet during the time we're here after driving 17 ½ hours to get here is rain, cloudy, and more showers off and on. Still, we had to make the best of things. We could still go to indoor destinations.

This second day in Acadia was a rather wild, weird day of many *highs* and **lows**, mountaintops and valleys. Like I mentioned earlier, it rained steadily all through the morning here in Acadia. This delayed us from doing any hiking or nature walks until into the afternoon. So in the meantime, we had to make the best of our damp situation by taking in the shops at Bar Harbor. This ended up working out rather nicely as a compromise. Tom and I checked out the various art galleries and curiosity shops for about two hours. Then we waited until low tide and walked to Bar Island across an exposed sand bank that was only able to be crossed on for about 4 hours. It was still misting rain, so I did get the best photography or video. This brought a damper on my mood a bit since I went on this vacation with my T3i in hopes of getting some great shots for my portfolio. But I had to accept that the images I was getting were never going to quite match the stunning sun baked pictures I was seeing on the postcards in the local gift stores. Getting those shots would require me to live here in Acadia National Park. I only get about three days in the off-season to see what I can get based on the time I have off and the meager budget I have.

I also called Lisa back after I noticed that she had tried to call me at 8 a.m., which is never really a good sign. Just as I heard her voice, I knew something was wrong. It turned out that our cat Guinness had run away last night. Lisa didn't realize it until this morning. She thought that Guinness may have gotten out last night at 11 p.m. when she was taking the trash out. So now Lisa was all upset and worried. She can't take care of Alyssa and the cats at the same time. I simply told her that Guinness has her cell phone number

on his collar. So if someone finds him, they'll know how to get a hold of her. Or he may be under the back porch hiding. Who knows. Who knows.

After our walk to the summit of Bar Island and then back to Bar Harbor, it was time for lunch. We found a neat little eating spot where I finally got to order the 1 ¼ pound lobster special for \$22.95. It also came with clam chowder, fried, coleslaw, and hot blueberry pie. Though the lobster was good, it wasn't anything I'd spend a lot of money on again. Still, I was glad to have tried it once and in Bar Harbor. Now I can say I had Maine lobster.

After our late lunch, we headed down the Park Loop Road to hike up to see the Hanging Rock on South Bubble. This was a 700 ft. mountain that we had to climb with still wet and soggy rocky trails. From there we headed south to Jordan Pond House where we did a fantastic 2-hour hike around Jordan Pond. I really liked how the trails kept changing from a traditional trail to giant rocks to planks of wood. Finally around 5 p.m., the blue sky started to show through the gray clouds that had been hanging over us the entire day. It didn't completely clear up, but it was something. We then decided to trek around the south and west portions of the island, especially the harbor regions where the lobster boats were stationed. We made several stops along the way, especially a lighthouse and crashing waves along a sea cove. For a day that we thought was doomed to be a total bust, we ended up doing pretty well for ourselves in the end.

I also noticed several people here in Bar Harbor and Acadia who were completely by themselves. I saw a single woman eating a lobster roll alone during lunch. I almost asked her if she wanted to eat with us. Then during the walk around Jordan Pond, we passed by a woman and then a man who were each just sitting by themselves just staring out at the tranquil vista before them. I couldn't tell if they were each at peace with nature... or contemplating suicide. Maybe I felt for them since I've experienced such *dire* loneliness several times in my own life. And it's always been the worst when in such beautiful natural wonders like a National Park. When you see so many other people looking so happy and together, you can't help but reflect on one's own solitude and feel the absolute worse emotional gut punch to your soul. It's emotionally shattering and all you feel is the abyss. Total terror.

Tom and I got back to the hotel after 9 p.m., which meant we had been gone for a whole 12 hours during the day. That's a lot of activity out and about. I am glad that we've been a good team together. I wouldn't have been able to make it around the island as efficiently without him, that's for sure. I still have to remind myself to be on my best behavior.

5-21-13

"Homan's Path"

Today was our third day at Acadia National Park, and like yesterday, it rained and had cloudy gray skies. I did decide to call my vacation video footage "Eden With Cloudy Skies". That's exactly how I would sum things up. We're in one of the most beautiful National Parks in the United States and its freaking raining. Still, we made the most of it. How could we not? The great trails were still there for the trekking. Tom and I started at Sieur de Monts at their Wild Gardens of Acadia. We even climbed one trail called "Homans Trail". Since it was lightly raining, I did slip and/ or fall down five times during the hike down the mountaintop. I had to put my camera away because I was losing my balance so much. I also looked foolish since I didn't have hiking shoes with me. I was only wearing year-old sneakers that had no traction.

From there, we traveled through the southern Acadia Park entrance where Tom and I were impressed with the cute young female brunette rangers. They were Tom's dream girls – young and knowledgeable about plants while wearing a ranger's uniform! We headed over to Thunder Hole where there was a great deal more wave crashing and thunderous booming action happening. Then we went to Jordan Pond House for lunch where I got seafood chowder, tea, and popovers (which were these delicious fluffy breads with butter and strawberry jam). Since it was still raining persistently, we headed down to Otter Point to hike along the coast. We only got to Thunder Hole again because I kept slipping and falling hard on my butt a couple of more time. I was also hurting my right wrist when I was falling. And every time I fell, I cursed loudly. My body was getting dangerously bruised and sore from over-hiking for the past couple of days. We had to turn around and hike back along the Park Loop Road where it was at least paved. I'm just glad that I didn't break my \$1,000 camera, let alone fall and break my wrist. That would be even worse than the cloudy, rainy skies we've been having.

The rain finally let up, so we headed back to Jordan Pond House where we finally took out our bikes and rode along the carriage roads. Tom choose to bike up Day Mountain Trail, a mountain that rose up 583 feet. This may not seem like much compared to other real mountains. Yet after just five minutes of biking at a 10 to 20 degree incline, I was ready to give up. My body and legs were massively sore from

hiking so much yesterday, let alone bruised and battered from falling down many times today. I felt like I was at the end of my rope. I had to get off my \$50 Meijer bike and walk it up the mountain. Tom had to wait for me at each pass. I was getting despondent from exhaustion, over-endurance, and frustration. I could barely talk as I biked forward and upward in misery. I wanted to turn around many, many times. I was way beyond my limit. After over an hour of biking and walking my bike, we finally made it to the summit. The view was misty and gray, but it was still pretty neat and moody. Like Tom mentioned, it's not every day you get to bike into a cloud. Yet the best part was biking *down* the mountain, which took only 8 minutes top. I also shot some GoPro video of the speed trek down the mountain. I'd never done anything like that. Best of all, we had the mountain trail to ourselves, which made it more private *and* spooky. I'm just glad neither of us biked off a cliff.

It was only 4 p.m., so we still needed something to do. So we headed over to a trail around Lower Hadlock Pond, which took over an hour. I was actually having trouble walking by this point because my body was so sore and tired. I looked like I was handicapped.

Finally, we ate dinner back at Bar Harbor. We choose a neat 50's style restaurant called Route 66, which had loads of 1950s décor inside. The restaurant also used to be a church! I liked that hybrid mix of 50's restaurant and church! I had a lobster roll, lobster bisque, and fries for \$19.99. It was another expensive meal, but well worth it. I'm trying to learn to enjoy myself when on a well-earned vacation. Tom and I also got three scopes of ice cream. I even tried a sample of the Lobster Ice Cream, which was just okay. It's basically lobster in buttery ice cream, which was kind of odd and slightly flavorless. I also picked up a \$25 bottle of Bar Harbor blueberry wine for Lisa as a gift. Tom reminded me that I needed to buy Lisa something on this trip. I'm not used to doing such a thing. Never have.

So that's about it for today. It was at times a very trying experience. Acadia was still wet and cloudy. I slipped and fell a lot. Yet I got up and survived. And I must reflect and acknowledge in written words that this vacation has been going rather well. Tom and I are still talking and working well with each other. And I'd rather be out here living this vacation than being at home feeling sorry that I never took the initiative with asking Tom to join me with taking this vacation in the first place. It certainly helps to have that extra travel companion. Without him, it would have been infinitely more stressful and lonely.

5-22-13

An old Southern lady at the Best Western continental breakfast this morning exclaimed how she "loves the grandeur!" of the mountains and rocks. Going to Acadia, rain or shine, was on her bucket list. I really liked the simplicity of her expression. "*I love the grandeur!*"

I do believe I hit my endurance limit today with us leaving Acadia National Park this morning since it was still freaking raining this morning. We had planned to go back up to the top of Cadillac Mountain for a clearer view. But no, the rain just kept on coming back. So we headed out of our hotel east of Eden to head on west to New Hampshire. I was rather disgusted with how pathetic the weather ended up being. It was like the picture-perfect postcards in the gift stores were mocking me with how much better their images were compared to what I was able to get. I also wanted this trip to be an asset to my portfolio with some nice video and photography. I haven't quite gotten that goal. We haven't even seen a single moose on this entire trip so far. Are there *any* moose in New England, or is it just some touristy marketing gimmick?

The weather did finally open up to us around noon as we made it into Berlin, New Hampshire that was at the north end of the White Mountains. We had a late lunch and then trekked south to New Hampshire's tallest mountain, Mt. Washington that stood at 6,288 feet tall. The weather was rather good on the drive up and the clouds parted just enough for us to see nearly the whole mountain. It was \$36 for us to take the Mt. Washington Auto Park drive up to the summit. There was some incredible views going up, especially the puffy white lower clouds that lines areas of the horizon that nested around the presidential mountain range. I'd never seen anything like it before. We were truly rising above the cloud line. Yet once we got above 6,000 feet, another line of clouds came in and we ended up being inside a cloud at the very top of the mountain's summit. This made for a very surreal foggy experience at the top where everyone was in a weird gray silhouette. On the drive down the mountain, Tom yelled and flipped off a car in front of us for riding their brakes too much rather than driving in 1st gear. I could tell the trip was tiring him down a bit on the edges as well. We also stopped at Glenn Ellis Falls, where we had to pay \$3 at the parking lot by putting money in an envelope to get a permit. The falls ended up being well worth it and quite spectacular. Yet as we drove on, the rain clouds came back and our "scenic drive" ended up being anything but a drive through mist and gray fog. I've just about had it with the bad weather at this point. I even tried to call a

hotel up in Barre, Vermont to reserve our room for the night, yet my call was dropped just as I was almost finishing giving them my credit card name.

Then we ended up stopping at a roadside scenic rapids where we got out to check out. I took a few pictures and video when Tom told me to come to another side of some rocks for a better view. Yet once again, I slipped with my camera around my neck. This time I was next to the river water's edge and fell in up to my knees. I yelled out to Tom for "Help!!" I was so exhausted, frustrated, and humiliated by this reoccurring experience of slipping and falling down on these wet slippery rocks! This time was the worst yet because I nearly got swept down the rapids of the river right along with my \$1,000+ camera!! "That's it!! I've had enough! I've had it!! No more for today!!" I exclaimed as I got out of the river with 1/3rd of me soaking wet. I was still lucky that all of me wasn't drenched like my cell phone and wallet, and especially my camera. This was getting ridiculous and rather psychologically damaging. I was instantly reminded of that awful incident in 2005 when I lost my cameras in the Scioto-Darby River. I swore to never go close to water with a camera again. And now this happened! It's no wonder I got so upset with myself. I was even being careful. My athletic shoes were just not made for hiking. They have no traction. And my legs are terribly sore from too much physical activity from biking and hiking and falling down! I can barely walk properly or keep my balance. Then add into the equation my tragic ambitions with being an accepted and recognized artist. I keep working so hard to take as many pretty pictures wherever I go. Yet now I'm confronted with the massive discouragement of going to such a beautiful region of the country that I've never experienced before... and it rains and rains. Every scenic view we were passing was too foggy to fully appreciate. I was just hoping for more from this vacation trip. I told myself that I could always come back another year and plan things out better with the weather. Life is a practice run of learning while you go. I had to accept things and move on. I also needed to control my fractured, overwhelmed, and heavily frustrated emotions. Back at the car, I pulled out some dry jeans, socks, and my water shoes, which ironically had much better traction than the sneakers I was wearing. I didn't like being wet and feeling humiliated. I had to tell Tom how embarrassed I was. He didn't mind, but wondered how my shoes could be so poor. I think it was also a combination of me getting road fatigue and just physically exhausted. There were just too many things out of my control without enough down time for me to properly relax and breathe. We've had too much being on the go and being active that I haven't had enough time to simply slow down and reflect.

We continued on down the road west through the White Mountains State Forest where we passed by so many wonderful hiking spots and scenic views. Yet we couldn't do any since the weather was raining and foggy. Also we just didn't have the time and I was just plain emotionally, mentally, and physically exhausted to do anything more. I finally got cell phone service back and confirmed our hotel reservation. We got to the hotel at 8:30 p.m. even though I was struggling to get the GPS to follow my directions. Technology was just overwhelming me mixed with having to follow directions rapidly. I was lucky that Tom did most of the driving these past few days because I've simply been too over-stimulated from too much new scenery and details around me. My photographer and artist's eye kept wondering around at all the new life coming at me. And when I did drive for about 15 minutes in the afternoon after lunch, I got quickly frustrated from seeing too much information and trying to follow the confusing directions. I really am starting to believe that I'm semi-autistic because I get quickly overwhelmed by too much information. I also see the world differently than others. It's no wonder I'm frustrated and depressed over not succeeding as much as my colleagues due to my emotional sensitivity and hyper creative leanings. I can be professional and extroverted, but not as long as some of my colleagues can. I can really get worn down. I was so thankful to have a wife to call up and have someone to talk to who loves me back home. It's a major emotional and psychological relief. It keeps me from being overwhelmed with loneliness as I have been on so many trips in the past.

So I thank you, Lisa, and I love you. And I'm glad I told her how much I missed her tonight and felt that this trip wasn't nearly as much fun since she's not here. Yet we both know that Alyssa is simply too young for this kind of vacation. I knew that and still had to take it. At least we'll all be going on another trip as a family unit up to southwestern Michigan in a month.

I also find myself half-humorously musing on how subtly I've gotten worn down by this vacation, as I knew I would. I even told Tom a week ago before we left on this trip that I would eventually get road fatigue. Sure enough, I got it this evening. It just built up after days of disappointing weather. In a sense, it's been a flashback to my 2009 trip to the Pacific Northwest where it rained on Steve Smodish and I wherever we went. I'm just glad that I had about an hour to myself tonight as Tom went out to dinner by himself so I'd have this time alone to write up this journal and sit still for a change. Being in a car for

several days at a time can just wear me down ever so much.

I even had to let go of taking pictures because there wasn't enough time or energy for it all. Why was I even taking so many pictures and video anyway? What was I trying to prove? It seemed like this whole world and area has already been photographed and videotaped to death already! If you go to Google maps, you can even see how many pictures have been taken at these scenic New England nature areas. I'm just simply retaking the same shots with slight variations. It's all too much for me as an artist explorer. I feel like I'm retracing the steps of others and not being able to strike my own course. I wish I could take photos of a Sasquatch or a UFO. Something that's never been seen and would get me some descent recognition for a change. I'm so tired of being an under-recognized artist/ videographer. It's tiring to my soul. No wonder I'd rather just be at home with my wife and child and work on being a good dad and husband.

5-23-13

Well, I have to admit first off that today was a *much* better travel day than the previous few days. Mainly, the weather finally held up for most of the day. Weather.com had showed that there was a 70% chance we'd get thunderstorms from noon to 9 p.m. Yet the rain clouds thankfully didn't happen until much later in the day at 5:30 p.m. That left us with a large chunk of the day to do some real vacation-filled activities. After having blueberry pancakes at a cute little restaurant in our Barre, Vermont hotel, we headed over to Rock of Ages, a giant granite quarry where we got a tour of the facilities and quarry. The video they showed us was rather strangely morbid with an elderly couple choosing what granite they wanted their tombstone to be. So this was the factory tour of where most granite tombstones come from!! Tom knew the area and drove us around to a couple of cemeteries.

From there, we headed northwest to Vermont's rather small, yet quaint capital, Montpelier where we went to the statehouse building and toured inside. It was a really neat historical location to discover interesting facts about Vermont's brave soldiers in the Civil War.

Then we headed further northwest into the Green Mountains National Forest area of Vermont that the state is best known for. Now I didn't have high expectations for today because the weather forecast looked like it was going to rain the whole day through and ruining all our outdoors activities. But incredibly and thankfully, that wasn't the case for the entire afternoon. We got to drive by Mt. Mansfield and the many ski resorts and ski towns that surrounded the area. It reminded me a great deal of Colorado and its ski towns. It was weird how many upscale places, hotels, and restaurants were now closed because the area is mainly seasonal. We skipped lunch and just snacked in the car as we eventually decided to check out two waterfalls that were in the area: Moss Glenn Falls (Stowe) and Bingham Falls. Both falls were unmarked and could only be found through using our GPS, which was only slightly accurate, especially with Moss Glenn Falls where we were lead 25 minutes to a woods area that was marked "Private Property. Violators Will Be Prosecuted". The trails leading to both falls were rather wet, muddy, and slick. So I found myself being extra, *extra* careful. It's one thing to fall halfway into a river. It's another to fall over into a raging waterfall, drown, and *die*. The weather was also much warmer today at around 77 degrees and high humidity. So after each hike, I was soaking with sweat. Still, the weather held out and we got some good hiking in. It was mostly cloudy throughout the day. Yet the clouds were more voluminous and the sun peaked out several times. It wasn't just a boring gray blanket.

After our successful hiking excursions, we also made a spontaneous stopover at Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream Factory Tour from 4:30-5:30 p.m. We got a free sample at the end of a new fudge flavor that wasn't out of the market yet. Tom had been through this area several times. He had driven past the factory tour several times. Yet this time, with my encouragement and companionship, he finally got that bucket list topic crossed off.

Finally at 5:30 p.m., the skies west of us grew heavily dark and heavy thunderstorms poured rain down on us as we drove into the hippie, University of Vermont college town of Burlington. Thankfully, the rain stopped as we got into town, which was a rather nice change from yesterday when the rain just kept falling down. We got a hotel at the Quality Inn for \$99 (actually \$89 with my 10% off AAA discount). It was worth it since they also had an indoor pool, hot tub, sauna, and free breakfast in the morning. Considering that breakfast costs \$10 a person nowadays, this was a pretty descent deal. With our hotel locked in, we each got a quick shower in and headed to downtown Burlington to walk around the boardwalk and along their trendy Church Street area. I even found Neil Young's "Waging Heavy Peace" book for only \$14 at a local independent bookstore. I've been looking for that book at Half Price Books for a year and never found it. So that was a nice find. Tom and I got a quick and good slice of pizza and then

headed back to the hotel while it started back up raining. We had a swim and sat in the hot tub. All I could contemplate was how good of a day it had been for a change on this vacation excursion of ours. We had finally gotten to see the glories of Vermont without the weather crapping out on us.

Lisa called me up tonight to see how we were doing. I was glad to hear her voice. I have to admit that I'm a bit homesick at times for my two lovely ladies at home waiting for me. I even called Lisa back to hear her "Sweet Lisa" voice again. What a nice and relaxing way to finish the day off.

5-24-13

Not all of one's vacation days are bound to be ideal. I knew that going forward throughout most of this soggy vacation. And that was certainly true with today's final nature outing. We woke up in South Burlington, Vermont to the news of rain in the forecast from the entire day in the Adirondacks. We only had one day here and this is what we got. But we still had to make the best of it. That was our mission in life. You've just got to push on through no matter what. So that's what we did. Even though the views were severely compromised, we still had to make the best of things.

After our continental breakfast and packed up our travel bags in the rain, we headed down to a state park where we drove up a knob to a disappointing view of total fog on the top. Then we headed to over to catch a ferry to cross Lake Champlain in rather choppy waters. Since it was raining, Tom had planned on us going to the Adirondack Museum since it was mostly indoors. Yet I checked a pamphlet for the place and it showed it opening May 25th!! Yet the pamphlet was for 2012. So I called up Lisa to ask her to check the Internet for their current schedule on their website. Sure enough, their opening day was *today*, this Friday since it was Memorial Day weekend. Finally, we got some luck on our side.

Once we got to New York State, we headed into the Adirondacks. We briefly checked out a bridge overview for Ausable Chasms. The side effect of this part of the country getting so much rainfall was that their waterfalls were gushing over like crazy! So when we stopped off at another chasm waterfall area off the road, we found a massive and spectacular display of water. We hiked down a rather slippery trail to see even better views where the water was profoundly gushing over. I got quite a shock when I noticed a black backpack/ mountain pack flow over the waterfall. At first, I wasn't sure if it was a body that had fallen into the raging river and had drowned. There was nothing I would have been able to do. Yet it appeared to be just the backpack. Still, that must have been a pricey loss.

From there, we headed through the small, yet famous Olympic Adirondack town of Lake Placid where the 1932 and 1980 Winter Olympics were held. We didn't have a chance to stop since we were trying to get over to the Adirondack Museum by 2:30 p.m. before it closed at 5 p.m. We didn't even stop for lunch and just snacked along the way.

Eventually, we made it to the Adirondack Museum and it cost \$18 to get in to see its many wonderful displays of history from the region. It was interesting how much history was in this area. The Adirondacks were the Disneyland of its day a century ago. It was where people on the East Coast went to vacation with their families. And that's still mostly true today. I had to rush getting through the various buildings and displays at the Museum since we only had 2 ½ hours that check things out. I took a great number of pictures there.

By the time we left after 5:20 p.m., Tom and I discussed just pushing on through back to Tom's mother's house in Cleveland since it was just about 6 ½ hours away. We would also save \$100 in getting a hotel this Friday on Memorial Day's weekend. We got some quick slices of pizza at a local restaurant at Inlet, New York and then headed on our long journey back to civilization. It wasn't until after 8 p.m. that we finally made it out of the Adirondacks and back to the New York Turnpike. From there, I took over driving for the rest of the way from west Utica all the way to Cleveland. It was a rather strange, surreal drive as day turned into night. The sun even finally teased us by peaking out at 8:30 p.m. as the sun was setting and gave us a gorgeous sunset glow that we drove into. I was playing the Top 100 Billboard Hits of 1972 on my iPod. Yet the songs kept skipping and "hiccupping" as it played through. It was infuriating enough to keep me awake for the long drive before me. I did like the concept of a song as a living thing and it hiccupped along. It was a "Living Song Hiccup Remix".

The drive and push to Cleveland was a long one, yet I was determined to make it happen. I owed Tom since he had done so much of the driving for the past 8 days. So I felt obligated to drive these final long stretches. They weren't too hard since I was on cruise control for most of it while listening to music in the darkness of night. I just had to stay awake. I did take two Excedrin for a headache. And Tom and I stopped at a service area for a dozen Dunkin Donuts to give us a sugar rush. Also we had passed by so many Dunkin Donuts that we just had to cap off the trip with some sugary goodness. They also kept us

awake during those crucial final hours through Buffalo, Erie, and finally into Ohio. I was getting massively exhausted by 12:30 p.m., but I kept on driving through. At least we had the GPS to tell us how far away we were from our destination. I didn't even stop for a restroom break because I wanted to get to Cleveland so badly.

So many thoughts went through my head during that strange, long drive through the night as Tom rested his eyes. I couldn't help but reflect on my life and this trip now coming to a conclusion. I was happy that, for the most part, this weeklong vacation was mostly a successful one. The weather didn't always work out as well as we had hoped. Tom even remarked that he's never been on a vacation where it rained so much. Yet we made the best of it. There were some tough parts to it with emotionally dealing with the disappointment of the weather being crappy and I wouldn't be getting the Eden-like shots I was hoping to add to my photo/ video portfolio. And half-falling into a raging river was the low point for me as well. Yet for the most part, we did all right. This trip was also somewhat cathartic to show that I could take a vacation without getting too emotionally upset and overwhelmed. I had to accept that I do get overly exhausted from too much information and stimulation. When I did drive through areas I didn't know, I did get overly nervous and overwhelmed. This is part of the semi-autistic part of me that is hyper-sensitive to the world around me. I'm taking it *all* in. And that is why the artist in needs need to take pictures of it all to archive and "process" it all. I am thankful to Tom for driving through much of the more confusing new parts so I could take pictures and take it all in. He also knew these areas much better than me. I also helped navigate with the help of the road atlas and GPS. So I did my part as well at times.

I also thought about how I was going to shape my video footage into more of an "America Splendor" journal-narrative voiceover (which is what I'm good at) rather than just putting in music song selections like I have for my previous vacation documentaries. I just needed to branch out more and say something *more*. I needed to express myself in a fashion that I never had previously. I've got an interesting summer of editing ahead of me.

But at least I got out and made this trip happen. I could have stayed home this past week and just felt depressed that I never took the initiative of going on a vacation like this because my daughter is still too young for such a trip. And my wife Lisa doesn't want to be stressed out by watching out for Alyssa on rocky cliffs when she doesn't have any fear or precautions, let alone communication skills to talk back to us. (Wait a minute... isn't that a *good* thing as well?!) But at least Lisa, Alyssa, and I will be going on a *family* vacation trip up to Michigan in less than four weeks from now.

I felt a bit guilty for going on this trip without my wife and daughter. But they both knew I needed to get out and see these National Parks like Acadia since they're my passion. And they know I need to film more. I was lucky to have a travel companion like Tom who helped share the travel expenses. So when we have to stay at a motel for \$89, it's only \$45 that I'm actually paying. That's a big difference. It also helped that Tom didn't snore too much on this trip. I did take sleeping pills every night and took a fan along with me. And for the most part, I was happy that I got a full night's sleep. So it was rather successful. I was also pleased that I didn't get a cold either. The biggest lesson learned was to learn when places on in-season so we didn't get hit with so much unpredictable wet weather. But then again, the side effect of this was fewer people and more privacy in the parks. Would you rather have the grandeur of a National Park to yourself, or sharing it with tens of thousands of people and dealing with traffic nightmares? It's an interesting tradeoff.

So that's my vacation wrap-up. Tom and I made it to Cleveland to his mother's house at 1:50 a.m. and I went right to bed. We're going to the Cleveland Symphony tomorrow night and then I'll be heading home Sunday morning.

I also have to mention that I did indeed get rather homesick at times for my wife and daughter. I'm not used to being away from them for so long. I used to never get homesick. But I guess that now that I have someone to love I also get the bangs of homesickness. That's a nice tradeoff.

"I can see for miles and miles. I can see for miles and miles. I can see for miles and miles and miles and miles and miles!" - "I Can See for Miles" by The Who.

"You were always so far away. I know that pain and I won't run away like I used to do." - "Brother" by Alice in Chains.

5-25-13

Ironically, I woke up at 8:30 a.m. this morning to see something out the window that I haven't seen in a whole week: blue skies. Even more ironically was that I was in Cleveland, Ohio. It was cloudy in Eden. Yet in Cleveland it was perfectly sunny. How about that?

In the end, I reflect on how much I have written in this journal and how many photos and video I have taken. *Yet who will ever see it? Who cares for it? Will anyone care? How do I make them care? What makes my pictures special in the least bit?* My art is always in existential crisis.

So today is sort of the big resting day in Cleveland, Ohio after a whole week on the go and move throughout New England. We've got the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra to go to tonight at 8 p.m. Tom raves that they're rated as one of the top three symphonies in the world. And I'm curious about experiencing a live symphony. Tom also bought me a \$89 ticket for it as well.

Finally, we headed off to the Cleveland Symphony this evening for their performance of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 in C min, Opus 37 and Tchaikovsky's 5th Symphony. It was pretty incredible to watch a *full* orchestra perform with dozens of bows from the string section rise up passionately to each movement of music. I'd never seen or experienced such a sight live in person before. What was even more incredible was the full *sound* of a live full orchestra of up to 100 musicians performing in a collaborative unified audible force. As the concert wore on, it did get a tad boring and I drifted off into daydreaming a few times or worrying about something trivial or another. Still, I was glad to finally get "cultured" and experience classical music the way it was meant to be heard and experience. There's a power to live performances that truly gets missed listening to a live recording.

5-26-13

And so this vacation comes to a close as of today. I'm actually not too sad about it either. It's a part of life and I'm rather anxious to get back to my girls, Lisa and Alyssa. It's nice to come back home to someone. And for the most part, I feel like this vacation was an accomplishment. I'm especially thankful that I didn't leave my laptop (which I'm currently typing on) or camera bag in a hotel room in Vermont or something. That would be an awfully long drive to retrieve those items.

It is also weird how a week vanished from existence as if it never even was there. Suddenly it's late May. I suppose that's a good indication that I had a successful vacation when I lost track of the days.

I'm thankful for having gone to a new part of the United States that I've never been to. I went to several states I'd never been to: Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. I also got to explore and see upper New York with Adirondack Park.

I'm also happy to be going back home and not having to go back to work. I'll still have plenty of video editing to work on and other projects. But this new week I'm looking forward to being around family this Memorial Day weekend and reading Neil Young's book.

I woke up at Tom's mother's place in Shaker Heights this morning and realized this would be my last time I'd be waking up in an unknown location. It's time to pack it all up and head for home.

Wow. I drove into Columbus around noon this Sunday after a 2 ½ drive from Cleveland to a world that was familiar... yet not quite. Lisa and Alyssa arrived home just five minutes after me. Alyssa wouldn't stop giggling from over excitement from seeing her daddy back home again. Lisa was a bit worse for wear since Alyssa had accidentally head-butted her in the right eye and gave her a shiner. That's right. My wife has a black eye from our overly excitable 2-year-old daughter. It took me over two hours to just unpack and start washing my laundry. It was a real chore to unload everything. Good God. I went downstairs and noticed that Pooh Bear had puked *six* times across the basement. Some of the pukes were dried over from a day ago. I found this ironic since Lisa was telling me how little Pooh Bear has puked since I've been gone. Then Lisa, looking stressed, realized that she forgot to feed the cat this morning. So that explains why some of the puke piles appear to have been eaten away because the cat was eating his own puke! Geez. Welcome home. Still, I'm glad to be back.

I Went Looking For Eden...

5-30-13: I went searching for Eden. (Incorporate Northwest Washington and Utah footage.) I finally found it... east of Eden. Yet paradise had cloudy skies. I was looking for a piece of mind. Along the way, I fell into a raging river. What are their hopes and dreams? What are their individual voices? Do they have anything original to say anymore? Do they have the strength, will, and daring to say it?

Trip Post-Mortem

5-30-13: Hazel, Acadia was really nice with wonderful trails. It did rain on us for two of the three days we were there. But we still found plenty to do and explore. We had rain for half the day in New

Hampshire as well. The clouds opened up long enough for us to go to the top of Mt. Washington (though it was cloudy at the very top). But we still got the views on the way up and down. We saw a lot of great waterfalls, though, as a result of all the rain in New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York in the Adirondacks. We had descent weather in Vermont. Rained in New York. Went to the Adirondack Museum on its first day of being open for the season. Still got some pretty good video and photos. Visited downtown Burlington, Vermont and the waterfront. We did about two hours of biking on the carriage roads in Acadia. Biked up a mountain, which was beyond me. But biking down was a thrill. Things were still a bit out of season. I'll try and go in the autumn next time around. Still a good and successful trip.

"Eden With Cloudy Skies: Extra Destinations" - (2013) - (9 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Rock of Ages Granite Quarry... Barre, Vermont... Montpelier, Vermont... Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream Factory Tour... Adirondack Museum.

Music

Music: "Back in the Saddle" by Aerosmith and "Find the River" by R.E.M.

"Michigan Adventuring: 2013" - (2013) - (Longer Version: 32 min.) (Short Version: 13 min.) Video Journal

By Eric Homan

Day 1: Hands-On Museum, Ann Arbor, Michigan... Tornado... Matthaei Botanical Gardens.

Day 2: Ann Arbor Farmer's Market... Country Farm Park... Domino's Petting Farm... Lorna's Landing, South Haven, Michigan... Homan Family Get-Together.

Day 3: South Beach... Harbor Fest... My old friend Joe Pleiman and his family.

Day 4: Dutch Village, Holland, Michigan... (Watch for flying wooden shoe on far right)...

Saugatuck Dune Rides, Saugatuck, Michigan... Saugatuck Dunes... Back to Dutch Village... "Hug Fest".

Day 5: Going home... Cabela's, Dundee, Michigan.

Tags: Hands-On Museum, Ann Arbor, Michigan, Tornado, Matthaei Botanical Gardens, Ann Arbor Farmer's Market, Country Farm Park, Domino's Petting Farm, Lorna's Landing, South Haven, Michigan, Homan Family, South Beach, Harbor Fest, Joe Pleiman, Dutch Village, Holland, Michigan, wooden shoe, Saugatuck Dune Rides, Saugatuck, Michigan, Saugatuck Dunes, Cabela's, Dundee, Michigan.

Journal

6-21-13

So today Lisa, Alyssa, and I embark on our Michigan family vacation. I felt really good waking up this morning as well. I felt a sense of pride to have a family of my own.

Lisa, Alyssa, and I made it up the Ann Arbor around 2:30 p.m. after leaving Columbus after 10:45 a.m. Lisa and I had first gone to the Ohio State fairgrounds to check out the 1st annual Half Price Books Clearance Sale where we only found a few things. We made a side stop in Marion, Ohio to quickly check out the Harding Tomb, something I've never been to before. It was fairly impressive. Lisa was extra neurotic on the road, especially with Alyssa in tow on this family vacation. Our daughter is just so unpredictable, like a time bomb that's about to go off. Thankfully, Alyssa slept for most of the way from Findley, Ohio up to Ann Arbor. Our first official vacation stop was at the Hands-On Museum in downtown Ann Arbor, where we played and learned for almost two hours. From there, we headed over to our Red Roof Inn motel that we had reserved. We had to get our dinner food at Frisch's Big Boy to go since we didn't think that Alyssa would be patient enough for a sit-down restaurant experience. As Lisa put it, today has been too great of a change for her to fully comprehend.

Our final tourist destination for the day was at Matthaei Botanical Gardens that are part of the

University of Michigan. They were much like Franklin Park Conservatory, just not quite as big. Still, it was nice to get out. Alyssa was pretty difficult to deal with at times. I could tell how badly worn down and stressed out Lisa was getting as well. She was acting sort of loopy at times. I reminded me of how stressed out I've gotten on vacations as well. This is, after all, our first "family" vacation outside of Ohio. So this is a new, challenging experience for all of us. It's a real trial of patience and compromise. It's not possible to feel "relaxed" on this family vacation when we've got a headstrong 2-year-old with limited verbal abilities who gets upset when we don't understand what she wants because she still can't fully tell us. I guess we should be thankful to have at least survived our first full day.

6-22-13

"Relax!"

Thankfully, we all slept fairly well in the hotel last night. It took me about two hours to fully fall asleep. But I still got a good amount of comfortable rest.

We started the day by going for breakfast at the Big Boy that was adjacent to the Red Roof Inn we were staying at. Lisa and I both got the breakfast buffet since it was preferable to eat as fast as possible with Alyssa. We had two hours to spare, so we ended up going downtown Ann Arbor where we came across their farmer's market. Then we drove a little south to drive past Michigan Stadium. We also spontaneously came across a Country Farm Park that had a pretty neat kids play area where Alyssa could run her energy down a bit more. Then at 10:30 a.m., we headed over to Domino's Petting Farm in east Ann Arbor. It was a nice little farm that had goats, rabbits, alpaca, cattle, and geese that kids could feed. They also had a nice (and literal) hayride.

From there, we headed our final trek due west to South Haven, which was a 2 ½ hour drive. Thankfully, Alyssa slept for most of the trip while Lisa drove and I read through more of the "Looking at Movies" book.

Once we got to South Haven, we finally found Lorna's Landing, the house that Tanya had found and rented for us over the next few days. To our shock and surprise, the place was actually rather incredible, especially for the price we were getting it for! The place was quite spacious. Each of us got our own room in the upstairs. I couldn't believe our luck and good fortune. This place looked absolutely ideal for a family get-together. Then Lara, Eric, Zachary, and dad arrived. Alyssa started going into hysterics and crying upon seeing my father, just like he used to do. So that deeply stressed Lisa out. It was also psychologically upsetting for Lisa to see how far advanced Zachary was in his speech abilities compared to Alyssa. Everything got really stressful very quickly and suddenly.

An hour later, Lara, Lisa, Alyssa, and I headed over to Wal-Mart. Boy, was that a stressful trip with "handful" Alyssa in tow. Then we looked around South Haven for a pizza place since Lisa and I were in charge of getting pizza for everyone. Lara kept trying to make conversation while we were trying to figure out our way around this new and confusing town. I could tell Lisa was fried. She usually is during vacations. And adding Alyssa to the equation is not helping.

So we got the pizza for dinner at 6 p.m. and that worked out well for everyone. It was pretty stinking humid outside, but at least the house we're in has air conditioning! It's madness with all these kids around now that Steve, Tanya, and their boys are here now as well. So many schedules and arrangements to be made. Lord, I can sense the tension and family dynamics at play. People are complaining about one another's behavior in a gossipy way already. I could sense that each family acts rather "clique-ish" and talks behind each family's back whenever something is said or happens. I just like to have a room to myself to type in with no one else around. That's a true vacation from this family vacation for me!

An hour after dinner, dad wanted us all to go to Sherman's Dairy Bar since they have such good ice cream there. After a half hour wait in the humidity, we were all pretty beyond tired. When we went to drive home, Alyssa had a major meltdown for five full minutes in the car while my dad was also in the car. Then we missed our road to go home. I had my back turned trying to help calm Alyssa down. We were only a few minutes from the house, but still. Lisa was beyond fried herself. Alyssa just kept on screaming at the top of her lungs. When we got home, Lisa didn't say a word. She was fuming. But she knew what was wrong with Alyssa: she was over-stimulated, over-tired, *over-everything*. She was well out of her normal routine. These past two days had thrown her into a tailspin that she wasn't psychologically capable of fully dealing with. "She needs a return to normalcy," Lisa exclaimed to me about how to help Alyssa. So Lisa cuddled with her in our bedroom to calm her down. And it worked. I prepared her milk and off to sleep she went. In a way Alyssa's meltdown was quite similar to what we were all feeling on this "relaxing" family vacation. We were all out of our normal routines and ordinary surroundings. We were all put into a new world where we couldn't find our way home. We were at a loss of direction. We were just

like little Alyssa. We just needed our milk and someone to cuddle with in a nice soft bed.

6-23-13

Today the morning plan was to go to South Beach by downtown South Haven. Steve, Tanya, their boys, and dad went to church while the rest of us went on our vacation. Lisa wanted us parked as close to the beach as possible, so we paid \$7 for our space. It was an ideal spot since the beach and the weather was just about as beautiful as we could get it. The sky was clear blue and the lake breeze made it feel quite comfortable with the temperature in the upper 70s. Yet vacations and sunshine are ironically perilous for someone as light-skinned as my daughter and I. We both had to put on extra sunscreen. There's been times in the past where I'd be at the beach for several hours and I'd roast like a lobster and get horribly ill during our vacation. I didn't want that to happen again. I also wore a white shirt and a large hat while in the water just as a precaution. The beach was really nice since we got there around 9:30 a.m. People were still filing in. I also got to walk over to the nearby red lighthouse. It was still a bit stressful since my sisters were scattered at different parts of the beach. It's hard to coordinate with so many different family members with their own schedules.

Eventually around 11 a.m. we walked through Harbor Fest, which was a community/ arts festival of sorts. We met up with my family a half an hour later. The sun was getting hotter and the temperature was hotter further from the beach at around 85 degrees. We settled to eat lunch at a tavern. Lara and Eric informed me of live air show fatalities at the Dayton Air Show yesterday where a stunt woman was sitting on the wing of a plane when it suddenly descended, immediately killing her and pilot in front of thousands of spectators, families, and children. I lost a bit of my appetite after watching the recorded video of their video-captured deaths on my iPhone. Filled with morbid fascination, disgust, and horror, I grew deathly quiet for the next hour, also because I was exhausted from so much extroverted activity in the sun. Also, Alyssa screamed and cried when we drove back to the house. Sigh.

The rest of the afternoon was spent relaxing and recouping at the house we rented as well as planning tomorrow's activities.

Handwritten inside a book on America's National Parks at the house rental: "To my father on his 59th birthday, This book is not just a 'picture' book. It is meant to be a guide to you as you retire. I hope that you will be able to see all of these beautiful, wonderful lands. There is so much to see. Now, please, take the time to see them. Love Janice."

Joe Pleiman and his family came over to the house for dinner at 6 p.m. this evening, which was a nice occasion to slip into our mini-vacation stay here in South Haven since they live just 20 minutes away. It was a slightly surreal experience to meet up on the southwestern side of Michigan to see Joe! His kids were growing up so fast. His oldest was the same age we both were when we first became friends in the 6th grade. The evening really made me nostalgic. I don't see much of my Coldwater friends or classmates. They visited until 9 p.m. I did get tired of socializing by a certain point. I'm glad we got that extra visit in since I've been saying I'd go and visit Joe up in Michigan for almost ten years since I moved back to Ohio. Here we are now in the years.

Joe also brought up being "stuck in Michigan" at the job he's currently at. He even wished to move back to Celina to a Dunham's store they had opened there. Joe also discussed "success" if you ever managed to get out of Coldwater. It made me reflect on how people "see" and talk about me. I must be quite the oddball with the stuff I've got on my website with my artwork and writings. I must have caused quite a lot of gossip. But I've had nothing to lose. I may just email Joe my newly edited "Joe" writings about my experiences in high school with him. I wonder if people think I'm doing "well" since I'm in Columbus, Ohio. It's all relative. People think much more of Marie Ebbing since she worked as part of the symphony on "Lord of the Rings". Yes, she was one of thousands of names at the ends credits. I come up with original ideas and I get close to no recognition. Hopefully if I ever do get this wanted "recognition", it won't go to my head and I'll hopefully be down to earth.

Joe also mentioned that our old friend Steve Vagades was now a truck driver. Now there's a lonely job. And Joe works really long hours most days as a manager at his job. Hearing these things really put my life into perspective. I'm beyond lucky to have these summers "off", though I do work pretty often by taking pictures and video wherever I go and video edit during my free time.

So here we are in the years. How are you doing?

6-24-13

"Don't Miss the Experience"

This Monday was probably our busiest vacation day here up in Michigan with an ambitious

schedule to keep in Holland, Michigan. We got a relatively early start to the day by leaving the house at 8 a.m. with Lisa, Alyssa, and my father. I had to drive because Alyssa wouldn't stop crying with mommy driving. This was somewhat stressful for me since I had to tell everyone (my dad) to not talk so I could hear the directions from the GPS. Our first stop was at Dunham's Sporting store where Joe worked at 8:30 a.m. to pick up some free adult tickets for Dutch Village, which just happened to be across the street. We got there right afterward and waited for it to open. Yet only the gift shop opened at 9 a.m., so we had to wait around until 10 a.m. for the main park area to open as well. Thankfully, our time at Dutch Village was a pleasant one, though we had to rush through things since we had to leave by 11:15 a.m. so we could get over to Saugatuck Dune Rides by 11:45 a.m. Alyssa did a pretty good job as well. I did enjoy the Dutch dancing where two wooden shoes went flying off during the high kicks.

Our immediate next stop was at the Dune Ride. We missed the entrance to the place since the GPS told us a different location than what was true. Thankfully, we still made it on time.

The dune buggy ride was fast and thrilling. I was sitting with dad while Lisa and Alyssa sat next to Lara. Alyssa both enjoyed the ride when it was speeding along. Yet she grew increasingly tired and eventually hysterical with tears because she was so tired. I just had no control over this vacation situation since the noontime was the only time I could reserve for us all to go as a family. Yet Alyssa is usually napping by then. It's an impossible situation. Still, we made it through.

Afterwards, I joined Steve, Tanya, and their boys to go to Dutch Village while Lisa left for the house with Alyssa for her nap. I felt bad about "abandoning" my wife and child. But what's the point of me just waiting around at the house again when there was more fun to be had elsewhere? And Lisa had the GPS and my cell phone if she got lost. It really wasn't that hard to get back. So I continued on with my other family, Tanya's. They could be just as dysfunctional as my own. I grew quiet for most of the afternoon because of exhaustion and how much concentration it took to take pictures and video everywhere I went. I was reminded of past trips I'd taken where I'd practically go mute from too much extroverted time and exertion. It was also rather baking hot and humid. Still, I was glad that the rain has held out for as long as it has.

On the drive home, we also drove through downtown Holland just to check it out.

This evening, Steve and Tanya had a cookout with Hobo Packs (hamburger, tater tots, onions, and carrots cooked on a fire in tin foil). It was a good family time for all on the eve of our last day in Michigan. Everyone felt that our time was closing in and at an end. Even thunderstorms were fast approaching from the west. We've had good weather these past few days, which we should be thankful for. Still, I think I'm just about ready to go back home.

6-25-13

Thunderstorms and heavy rain rolled in early this morning at 4:30 a.m. and woke us up a few times. They continued pouring down even through the morning, which literally dampened our morning beach plans. Yet we continued on nevertheless. At least it was our last day of our family vacation.

Once we said our goodbyes and pulled out of the driveway, Lisa let out a successful, elated yell that "We did it!" We had made it through our first ever family vacation with all our Homan families without there being a major fallout. All things considered, this was a fairly successful trip. There were stressful moments sprinkled throughout. We did succeed in our objective of having a family getaway together.

And... the weather did hold out. We had some humid days here and there. It was buggy as well. Yet this was our first vacation where it didn't rain on us throughout. Only today did the thunderstorms finally come in... and it was when we were driving back home. So it didn't really matter all that much.

Made it to the finish line of our home in Dublin, Ohio by 5:30 p.m. For the most part, the drive back was smooth and went by quickly, thanks to Lisa driving while I was able to read my two books on movies and music. Alyssa also slept during the first two hours as we made a pit stop in Dundee, Michigan at a gigantic Cabela's store where we ate a late lunch. I also took a gazillion photos and video clips. The place was like a Natural History Museum mated with a North American Gaming store. We nixed making a stopover in Coldwater since we were all getting tired of being in the car and just wanted to be home. The GPS helped a great deal as well with making the trip smoother and less stressful. We dodged a few massive thunderstorms brewing on the horizon line as we drove through northern Ohio because of the high heat and humidity.

Once we got home, I had an adrenaline kick to work on unpacking and getting things "back to

normal" as much as possible. This also consisted of cleaning up eight cat pukes, cutting my hair, backing up 20 Gigs of photos and video, recharging camera batteries, sorting clothes, cut my fingernails, and adding in my journals. And Lisa's dad ended up in the hospital because he's having trouble breathing because of pneumonia.

"Heaven Quests" - (2013) - (6 min. 30 sec.) Experimental Video Journal

A video from above and through the heavens, from Columbus to Burbank and back again.
Flown, shot, and edited by Eric Homan.

Columbus, Ohio... Grand Lake St. Mary's... Coldwater, Ohio, My Hometown... Celina, Ohio...
Burbank, California... Phoenix, Arizona... Columbus, Ohio.

Music: "Overland" by Moby.

"Memory Boats" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Memory Boats: Community Reflections" - (8 min.)

"Memory Boats (Trailer Version)" - (Version 1: 2 min. 30 sec.) (Version 2: 2 min. 30 sec.)

"Memory Boats (Motion Promo)" - (30 sec.)

"Memory Boats: Visions" - (12 min.)

"Memory Boats: Memories" - (11 min. 30 sec.)

"Memory Boats: Meditations" - (6 min.)

"Memory Boats: Marked by Time" - (3 min.)

"Memory Boats: Photo Journeys" - (4 min. 30 sec.)

"Memory Boats: Community Reflections" - (2013) - (8 min.) Documentary Video

Sunny 95 Park... Installed May 2013... Northam Park... Upper Arlington Labor Day Arts Festival... Installed September 2013... Upper Arlington Main Library... Installed June-August 2013...
Memory Wall.

Created by Elizabeth Fergus-Jean. Captured and Edited by Eric Homan.

Description of Project

Memory Boats is a site-specific installation created for the City of Upper Arlington and consists of floating boats carrying community images and stories written on scrolls. Hung in trees within the community parks, these fleeting and ephemeral boats are symbolic containers for the communities memories; and like all memories, they will gradually disintegrate with time, melding into their surroundings. **Memory Wall**, an interactive, community-engaged piece will be created by the audience who visit it at the UA Main Public Library. This piece is an opportunity for residents to share memories of their community while creating new ones through this collaborative experience.

Memory Boats: An Installation by Elizabeth Fergus-Jean: Join us as we explore Upper Arlington's stories and memories in a temporary exhibition by artist Elizabeth Fergus-Jean entitled Memory Boats. This site-specific installation has been created for UA and includes Memory Boats which are created of images and stories collected from the history of our community. There will be two installations, both will contain white memory boats containing stories of UA history written on scrolls. The boats will be hung from the trees and are designed to inhabit space in our community as they gradually disintegrate becoming part of our community's memory. A Memory Wall – an interactive, community-engaged piece that will be created by the audience who visit the wall at the UA Main Public Library, creates an opportunity for the community to actively share their own memories while creating new ones through this collaborative

experience.

The installation will be unveiled May 9, 2013 at the Amelita Mirolo Barn at 5pm. Upper Arlington resident and artist Elizabeth Fergus-Jean reveals, "My Memory Boats continue my exploration of the intertwining realms of memory and psyche. I consider these works as dreamscapes; imaginal boats that speak to our collective imagination, recalling our sacred relationship to our surroundings, which evoke our memories, our dreams and our reflections, encouraging our participation in tending to, and shaping a healthier world for all." The boats are designed to inhabit space in our community as they gradually disintegrate becoming part of our community's memory.

Memory Boats @ *Sunny 95 Park* [4395 Carriage Hill Lane], Reception May 9, 5-7pm

Memory Wall @ *Upper Arlington Library* [2800 Tremont Road], July 3-August 11

Memory Boats @ *Labor Day Arts Festival* [2070 Northam Road], Sept. 2, 10am-5pm

Production Notes

- Dark contrast – dark grass sea for the boats to sail on.
- Establishing shot at beginning
- Intercut people shots throughout to show that it's a park and these pieces are within it.
- Poetic wind and one boat opening
- 5 minutes of Sunny 95 Park footage
- No more barn shots
- Create 2-minute trailer

Tags

Memory Boats, Community Reflections, Installation Art, Elizabeth Fergus-Jean, Eric Homan, Upper Arlington, Main Library, Sunny 95 Park, Northam Park, nature, meditation, memories, documentary, video art

Voiceover Narration

My installations, "*Memory Boats: Community Reflections*", are poetic imaginings upon the interplay of how memory impacts a community's sense of identity and place. These site-specific installations were created for the City of Upper Arlington, with the hopes of engaging the public in interactive ways. The two installations in the public parks ask the viewer to ponder and move into a state of reverie, where upon they can imagine their own stories playing across the boats, as they are carried in the breeze, floating between the realms of the real and imagined.

These outdoor installations consist of white memory boats containing historical stories on scrolls. The boats are hung from specific trees within the park, and are designed to inhabit space in the community as they gradually fall apart over time, becoming part of the community's memory. As such, these fleeting and ephemeral boats are symbolic containers for the community's memories; and like all memories, they will gradually disintegrate with time, melding into their environment.

This work continues my exploration of the intertwining realms of memory and psyche. In part my interest lies in our memory of place. We used to live off the land, and now the land, our natural habitat, has become a backdrop to our busy lives. But I wonder, what have we lost in this shift of perspective? By placing these white boats in the trees I am beckoning to the viewer. The call is subtle, like a wisp of a familiar scent; or the quick flutter of a bird's wing as it darts by. It is a call to slow down a bit and take notice to one's surroundings, to feel the breeze, to notice the multifarious sounds reverberating around them, and to imagine.

Dreamy, slow, and calm, one can now begin to float in reverie.

What are the moods of the trees, do they mirror your own.

We know boats float in water, so by seeing boats float in trees it ignites curiosity, questioning and imagining. Awakening us to our previous dreams, to our memories, to stories that matter.

I began making large floating boats in 1990. I was originally drawn to the boat as a form for its archetypal resonance. It embodies the essence of our journey through life: from this life to the next, from one stage of life to another, evoking the realm of the imaginal. Although we might imagine these artworks to be simply reflections of the outer world we inhabit, they are rather, interpretations of such experiences, capturing the *neti-neti* realm of the *betwixt* and *between*.

The first component of these installations is located at Sunny 95 Park.

I hung these boats high within the trees in the hopes that they would reside in the peripheries of sight. Like memories that fleet across our minds, these boats only gather shape and momentum when the viewer pauses and allows the boats to come into focus. Their white hulls are akin to a blank sheet of paper, upon which the viewer can imagine their own memories, to imagine their stories and reflections of their journey through life. In essence, the stark whiteness amongst the foliage is like a beacon, in the hopes of illuminating the stories held within the viewer. Beckoning for stories and images to be cast upon the hulls, image upon image, memory upon memory, akin to water lapping upon a boat's hull. These new memories are then coupled with the story scrolls each boat carries within its interior.

The second outdoor installation opened on Labor Day in Northam Park, in conjunction with the city's Arts Festival. With this installation I chose to hang the boats a bit lower, directly engaging the viewer's eye. Bobbing up and down, swirling with the breezes, these boats encircle the tree recalling may pole celebrations, and the cycles of the seasons.

Coinciding with these outdoor site-specific installations I hung several of my boats within the atrium of the Main Upper Arlington Public Library. In stark contrast to the white boats hung in the park trees, these boats carried the stories of Upper Arlington directly upon their hulls. For me I imagine libraries as seas of words and images; repositories for our collective memory. Therefore these boats are floating in the imaginal word/image waters, necessitating their stories to be reflected upon the boat hulls.

In conjunction with these boats is a *Memory Wall*, an interactive, community-engaged piece created by the audience who visit the library. The intention of this work is to create an opportunity for city residents to actively share memories of their community by writing or drawing images upon *walls* of canvas. These walls, ever growing and changing with new stories and pictures, can then be experienced by library patrons, read as text and image, all the while creating new memories through this collaborative experience. It is my hope that through the action of shared memoir, this participatory art piece will encourage continued community spirit and fellowship.

Memories play an important part in our imaginings because they hold a place in our minds and souls, often linking the two together. We hold memories in our bodies and call upon them in moments of quiet reflection. Our memories influence how we experience the world, yet as we all know, they shift and evolve with time, elusive as catching a shadow. It is my hope this ephemeral quality of these dreamscapes will quicken the spirit of the viewers, triggering their memories and kindling their profound connections with the world surrounding them.

First Steps of Planning

4-12-13: I finally got to talking with Elizabeth Fergus-Jean about her installation projects over the phone for 40 minutes. We discussed her project in detail. She asked me to write up a proposed invoice to help her gain some money. She told me to shoot high for any overhead costs. She may end up having to pay for half and hopefully the city would pay half. Elizabeth wanted me to write this up and send it out as a .pdf file to her, and then she'd send it on to Lanette Sanatar.

To City of Upper Arlington,

Installation artist and Upper Arlington resident Elizabeth Fergus-Jean has proposed to ask me to help her document her upcoming installation exhibit "Memory Boats". She wishes for me to document the

boats being affected by environmental changes starting with the beginning of the installation on May 9th. She is interested in how they evolve and disintegrate over time in different types of weather over the summer, week by week. Then we'd take this photo and video footage and edit it into a 5 min. documentary about the piece with Elizabeth's narration. We could also use sound design to get the feel and atmosphere of the environments that the boats are installed in. We could also use water lapping or tree overlays to help visualize the story. Stills of her previous installations are at www.memoryboats.com and/ or <http://elizabethfergusjean.foliohd.com/>. The boats also feature artwork and writings that tell the history of Upper Arlington, Ohio.

The locations for the installations are around Upper Arlington are the following locations: Sunny 95 Park, Northam Park (during the Labor Day Arts Festival), and the Upper Arlington Main Library.

I have created a budget of \$1,200 based on 10-15 per hour/ per site visits for shooting and sound recordings at each installation, 3 hours for Elizabeth's interview/ narration recording, and 12 hours of post-production video editing and final rendered short movie output.

Thank you for your consideration of this proposal,

Eric Homan

Attached is the invoice for the Memory Boats installation documentary video. Let me know of any corrections or adjustments. Thanks, Eric

Shooting Times at Sunny 95 Park/ Sound Recording/ Video Editing For "Memory Boats"

May 10th: Friday morning 8:15 a.m.-9 a.m., weather: mostly cloudy

May 11th: Saturday 2:30 p.m.-3:15 p.m., weather: mostly cloudy

May 12th: Sunday 10:30 a.m.-11 a.m., sound recording of wind through trees, birds chirping, children playing

May 12th: Sunday 6:30 p.m.-7:15 p.m., weather: mostly sunny

May 13th: Monday 7:15 p.m.-8 p.m., weather: mostly sunny, sunset

May 15th: Wednesday 11:15 a.m.-12 p.m., weather: mostly sunny, windy

May 15th and 16th: Editing through footage from the various days of shooting.

May 28th: Tuesday 10:45-11:30 a.m., weather, partly cloudy

Oct. 11th: Friday 6:30 p.m.-7:15 p.m., weather, partly cloudy

"Memory Boats (Trailer Version)" - (2013) - (Version 1: 2 min. 30 sec.) (Version 2: 2 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video

"Memory Boats (Motion Promo)" - (2013) - (30 sec.) Documentary Video Promo

Description

A short motion graphics promo of the "Memory Boats" site installation by Elizabeth Fergus-Jean.

"MEMORY BOATS: COMMUNITY REFLECTIONS" by Elizabeth Fergus-Jean. Contact info: efergusjean@gmail.com. Motion Photos by Eric Homan.

"Memory Boats: Visions" - (2013) - (12 min.) Video Journal

The following is additional footage that was shot during the making of "Memory Boats: Community Reflections".

Elizabeth Fergus-Jean.

"Memory Boats: Memories" - (2013) - (11 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

The following is additional footage that was shot during the making of "Memory Boats: Community Reflections".

"Memory Boats: Meditations" - (2013) - (6 min.) Video Journal

This video is longer take shots of the "Memory Boats" with five-second cross-dissolves between shots as they hang from the trees with the wind blowing through the leaves of the trees. This is meant to showcase a more meditative quality to the experience of experiencing the boats as they were meant to be experienced.

"Memory Boats: Marked by Time" - (2013) - (3 min.) Video Journal

These are images of the "Memory Boats" after time and nature have taken its toll on them.

Then after many more months in the elements...

"Memory Boats: Photo Journeys" - (2013) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

A gallery of animated photos of "Memory Boats" taken over the course of the "Memory Boats: Community Reflections" project.

"Hope & Strength" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages" - (7 min. 30 sec.)

"Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages" (Version 2) - (7 min. 30 sec.)

"Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages (Subtitled Version for the Hearing Impaired)" - (7 min. 30 sec.)

"Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages (Subtitled Version for the Hearing Impaired) (Version 2)" - (7 min. 30 sec.)

"Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages: Nikki's Story" - (21 min.)

"Whatever It Takes: Nikki Jason's Blog" - (6 min.)

"Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages" - (2013) - (7 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video

"Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages (Subtitled Version for the Hearing Impaired)" - (2013) - (7 min. 30 sec.) Documentary Video

Description

This documentary short piece is about artist (and CCAD alum) Justin Jason's art piece entitled "Hope & Strength", which was about the five miscarriages that he and his wife Nikki suffered through until they finally gave birth to a beautiful baby boy.

Captions

Justin Jason... Nikki Jason... Calix Jason.

Credits

Special Thanks to Justin, Nikki, and Calix Jason. Shot and Edited by Eric Homan. Music: “Hope” by Jack Johnson. Dedicated to anyone who has suffered through a miscarriage.

Version 2: Music: “Living” by Moby.

Five Miscarriages Into a Beautiful Baby Boy

10-28-12: I ended up joining Lisa and Tom by going with them to Por Vida V at Junctionview Studios in Grandview Heights. Justin had a new art piece there about the five miscarriages that Nikki and him went through that eventually became a heart and into a little baby boy.

Subtitles

Justin: Look!

Nikki: There are my party hats!

Justin: Have you decided what color of hair you’re going to have, Mister?

Nikki: That pregnancy ended pretty quickly. We’re not even sure what really happened. But I was only about 5 and half weeks along when I had a miscarriage. It did just happen on its own. It didn’t progress.

Justin: The concept for the painting came about a year before I did it. Nikki, my wife, was throwing around the idea of documenting our experiences through artwork – the experience of having several miscarriages and how that has affected us. Thinking of it as a cathartic experience to do it through artwork.

Nikki: I just remember... crying and asking Justin, “Would it be okay if we stopped?” I just feel like I’m losing myself. If I go any further, I’m not going to get myself back. That I’m just going to be so damaged beyond repair. I don’t think I can do it anymore.

Justin: She had thrown around the idea of essentially a real simple concept of strings connected to little angels. And then those strings would be connected to a heart. They’re in the past. They still pull on your heartstrings. Each one was an individual miscarriage or loss.

Nikki: Okay, this has happened five times now, basically in a row over three years. How much more can we really handle? Women go through this and it’s really hard to just get up and go every day, do the same thing every day when you’re dealing with this.

Nikki: Every person that walks by you is pregnant. Or they have a kid and they’re pregnant. Or they have five kids and they’re pregnant. And you’re just like, “Oh my God!” I got to the point where I wouldn’t even leave the house because I just wanted to avoid that. I wouldn’t go to the store because that’s all you see.

Justin: The annual show, Por Vida, hosted here in town celebrates the Day of the Dead, the Spanish-Mexican holiday. The first thing that stuck out in my mind was that I wanted to mount it on a crib rail. I knew I wanted to have several different paintings and then connect them together somehow. We’d have the elements of geometry and interconnectedness going on. They leant themselves to a certain kind of grid that would connect them. So I started working with strings between the two. I decided I would do one painting each of ultrasounds of early term pregnancies. Angels to the upper painting of the heart really was just self-evident when I laid it out. It was a real simple just one string up to an ultrasound painting, and then right back to the grid. And then the show occurred on the Halloween weekend of 2012. Beyond doing a painting that just commemorates and almost a memorial to our experiences, to have it involved in this show meant a lot more. Everyone else contributing and celebrating something or other life in one way or another. So this was the best opportunity and reason to do this painting for us.

Nikki: I took a pregnancy test because we had went on vacation and two week before that... well, low and behold, we brought back a passenger we did not know about. I guess after you go through five pregnancy tests that are positive and it doesn’t work out... I mean, you see it and you’re like, “No! No, I don’t want to be on this roller coaster anymore.” As much I really wanted it in the back of my head, I don’t.

Nikki: The doctor brought the ultrasound up on the screen, turns the screen around, and shows us the heartbeat. And it’s like, “Chu-chu-chu-chu-chu!” She’s like, “See, you have the embryo, it’s measuring the right date.” This was amazing that we were going through this. We’d been through everything that we’d had, we’d stuck it out, and we were there. It was like *the moment*. “It looks like you’re going to be having a baby!” We were just... it was insane. I thought I was going to throw up.

Nikki: And he was born on June 29th, 2012 at 8:38 a.m. Weighed 5 pounds 15 ounces.

Justin: Kind of the concepts that I work with are about interconnectivity, have a kind of energy outside of the obvious physical world. A lot of line work is a representation of that. You have the heart in the center that has the highest magnetic force in the body. So that's also part of what drove using this kind of artwork that spinning around it, twisting in the little strands. This was sort of my interpretation on that, my own version of the heartstrings. The way the painting cascades down. You know, you have the angels pulling off in their different directions. But they're coming into the heart. They're organizing and then they kind of weave together to create this organized pattern, which culminates at the bottom in the living baby. The baby picture was actually one of Calix's early baby pictures when he was roughly four weeks.

Nikki: It's weird how it all worked out. I feel like everything we went through prepared us to be Calix's parents from the very second he was born. Justin and I have been strong throughout the whole five years, I guess now. And we never once fought about the situation. But our doctor looked at us and said, "I can't even believe you guys are still together and married. Most people would have divorced by now."

Nikki: Is it behind the wrapping paper? No, you're my party friends! Yeah!

Justin: There you go.

"Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages: Nikki's Story" - (2013) - (21 min.) Documentary Video/ Video Journal

Text

The following is Nikki Jason's complete and harrowing tale of living through five miscarriages... Nikki Jason... Justin & Nikki... Justin Jason.

The Purpose

The purpose of the following documentary shorts is to share one couple's hardships of living through multiple miscarriages by letting others know who have gone through this similar private trauma that they are *not alone*. Though education and candid conversation from someone who has gone through the heartbreak of experiencing a miscarriage(s), these video works are to help bridge the emotional gap to others have gone through similar painful experiences. This sensitive topic of miscarriages isn't discussed that much and there is a desperate need for people to understand it better. These documentary shorts are to reach out to the viewer who has gone through similar trying, traumatic experiences of what it entails when one has a miscarriage - both physically, mentally, and emotionally. Through hope and strength, one can make it out to the other end - and begin the healing process.

Overview

The original video interview was an hour long. There were so many important details to her experiences that the final edited version was down to 21 minutes. I used highlights for "Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages". But this is the full, complete, detailed tale of someone who went through five miscarriages.

Nikki's Intro Blog Reading

[Misconceptions](#)

Posted on [July 22, 2011](#) by [whateverittakesblog](#)

Since no one ever talks about miscarriages, no one really knows that you can make it to your first appointment and get a bad ultrasound. It's true, it's tragic and it's something Justin and I have dealt with 4 out of the 5 times we have been pregnant. The news that something went wrong in the early stages of embryonic development is crushing.

Before our journey started, I always thought that if the embryo was not "right" then it was better to lose the pregnancy early on and it wouldn't be a huge deal. Well, it is not that simple. It is human nature to get excited, to plan and dream as soon as you see those two pink lines on a pregnancy test. As many times as I have been down that road, I still have a hard time holding back thoughts of what things might be if this is the "one".

A miscarriage does not happen instantaneous. Like many people, I thought that BOOM an explosion happened and then it was over. Maybe it would be easier if every miscarriage was over fast and like a flip of a switch your body and mind were back to not pregnant. Sometimes it takes months for a woman's body to fully recover from a miscarriage. There are weekly blood draws (nothing like getting to know your lab personnel), dreaded phone calls regarding "numbers", follow up doctor visits and the regular

to occasional complete mental breakdown.

Tags

Nikki Jason, Justin Jason, Hope & Strength, Life After Miscarriages, babies, fetus, Infertility, multiple miscarriages, habitual abortion, lessons learned, depression, therapy, documentary video, Eric Homan, Columbus, Ohio, children, baby, family.

"Whatever It Takes: Nikki Jason's Blog" - (2013) - (6 min.) Video Journal

Nikki's Blog

<http://whateverittakesblog.wordpress.com/>

I have to be honest with myself... Let yourself be human... Game on!... Is all worth it.

Special thanks to Nikki Jason for telling her story.

Blog Excerpts

It's all about love

Posted on [April 21, 2011](#) by [whateverittakesblog](#)

There are many ways to look at the twists and turns that unfold in one's life. It has been a struggle for me to accept that things happen for a reason. My scientific mind wants to know why things happen, it yearns for a concrete answer. My husband and I will never know why we have endured so many miscarriages in the past two years. I have come to the conclusion that the reason we are able to continue our journey is because of love. Love is stronger than fear and sorrow. The love we have tells us that the pain and suffering will be worth it the moment we finally see the little flicker of a healthy heartbeat on ultrasound day.

The clarity and perspective I have on our situation needs to be shared. I remember coming home after my fifth miscarriage was diagnosed, through the tears I typed into Google "Hope after five miscarriages". No useful information resulted from my search, no blogs, no success stories, no words of encouragement...nothing. That is why I am here.

Whatever it takes.

The University of Pain

Posted on [August 9, 2011](#) by [whateverittakesblog](#)

All I really need to know I learned from my struggles with infertility: My top 22.

Do not take anything for granted.

Pushing away family and friends during tough times only makes you feel more isolated.

Your friends will not think any less of you if you cry in front of them.

A quick answer does not heal years of pain.

Horrible things happen to good people.

Advocate for yourself.

The internet is not a doctor.

You cannot rationalize everything that happens in life.

People say the worst things at the worst times.

Let yourself be human.

Comparing yourself to others does not get you very far.

Experience does not make things easier.

When the going gets tough, cling to the things that you love.

In a perfect world, hard work gets you what you want.

Outsiders that offer solutions to your problems need kicked in the shins.

Your true friends will stick around and support you no matter what.

Have a plan b,c,d,e,f & g just in case.

It's okay to feel the way you feel.

Vocalizing, writing and sharing your story with others is better than bottling up the trauma.

You cannot lie to yourself.

A mother's instinct is right 99.9% of time.

Live one day at a time.

Beating a Dead Horse

Posted on [August 21, 2011](#) by [whateverittakesblog](#)

I have followed my heart in making the decision to press on with our journey. The more thought I gave to the idea of abandoning this dream the more I realized that I couldn't live with myself if I knew there was still a chance things could work out. My choice may be extremely risky and more pain and heartache could be in our future. Our doctor said it best "You can't win the game if you don't play." With a clear mind and a heart full of love...game on!

Bothered

Posted on [September 15, 2011](#) by [whateverittakesblog](#)

It was not until my fifth miscarriage that I started feeling things bother me more and more. Comments that people made, pregnant women and anything related to babies were all so traumatic. I became dysfunctional, refusing to go out in public in fear that I would be exposed to one of the many sensitive issues I was battling. About a year ago I decided that it was okay to protect myself. I think we can all agree that having five miscarriages in less than two and a half years is absurd, unfair, etc., etc. I sometimes feel like I should be heavily medicated, shaking in a corner somewhere. Surprisingly, I am not. Somehow I find ways to cope with the sadness and grief that I feel. I talk about what bothers me, I write about what bothers me (and skateboard) because that is the only way I know how to deal with hardship. I have to be honest with myself.

"Gobbledigook" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"Columbus Toy and Collectible Show: Spring 2013" - (2013) - (7 min. 30 sec.)

"Doo Dah Parade: 2013" - (8 min. 30 sec.)

"Dublin, Ohio 4th of July Fireworks: 2013" - (6 min.)

"The 2013 Ohio State Fair" - (21 min.)

"Eric Homan: Video Work Excerpts" - (5 min.)

"Eric Homan: Educator/ Documentarian/ Video Artist" - (7 min.)

"Summertime: 2013" - (20 min.)

"Dublin Irish Fest 2013" - (9 min. 30 sec.)

"Dublin Irish Fest 2013: The Academy Irish Dance" - (13 min. 30 sec.)

"Video Self-Portrait: July 2013" - (1 min.)

"Video Self-Portrait: August 2013" - (1 min.)

"Columbus Toy and Collectible Show: Spring 2013" - (2013) - (7 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

This is for anyone who grew up in the 60's, 70's, 80's, or 90's. Here's your chance to temporarily revisit the toys of your youth.

Shot and Edited by Eric Homan.

A Trip Down Memory Lane: Taking it all in.

Reflections on the Day:

Music: "Parade of the Ewoks" and "Luke and Leia" (from Return of the Jedi) by John Williams.

Narration

4-14-13: For the first time ever, I drove down to the Columbus Toy and Collectible Show at Veteran's Memorial Center. I've heard of this event for several years now, but never felt the need or interest in going to it. I go to enough comic book conventions as it is. I just felt that I wouldn't have much to buy or check out. Well, as I found out for nearly six full hours today, I was quite wrong in the matter. The *experience* was just that - an incredible flashback to my 1980s childhood experience. There were aisles upon aisles of the toys from my youth that I'd always wanted, and some that I did have. There were the old Kenner Star Wars figures, He-Man and the Masters of the Universe toys, Transformers, G.I. Joes,

M.A.S.K., My Little Pony, Smurfs, *everything*. I went to that Big Fun Toy Store in Cleveland a few weeks ago and thought that place was a 1980s Eden Flashback. Yet this Toy Show was that X 40!!!! Within a few minutes of getting into the show, I had bought 8 old Star Wars figures that I didn't have for just \$20! It was amusing to purchase these figures for just about the same price of \$2.50, which was their original price back in 1983! I found myself literally taking *hundreds* of pictures and loads of video clips of this archeology trip to my past. That's exactly how I felt like: an archeologist that had stumbled into a gigantic toy store/ flea market from my childhood. It was deeply and immensely surreal! Then I found several vendors who were selling several boxes of comics. I picked out quite a few 25-cent books as well as some descent new \$1 books. There were also several people dressed in cosplay like a little girl Ewok, two Spider-Mans, a Slave Leia, a little boy dressed as Nova, the Joker, Cobra Commander, Captain America, and even Admiral Akbar (from Return of the Jedi). I couldn't help but laugh as I passed by all the bins of broken toys, some were still being sold for \$1.

I went bonkers and took tons of pictures for a couple of hours while documenting the legions of cherished toys from my past. I felt like I was in some kind of time warp. The surrealism and dream-like quality of being in this toy world left me a little light-headed. Or maybe it was the cold medication I was on with my cold still going strong on day nine.

"Doo Dah Parade: 2013" - (2013) - (8 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Short North, Columbus, Ohio... 7-4-13... Captain Ohio... Artcars.

7-4-13: The Doo Dah Parade turned out to be even better than last year. Justin, Nikki, and Calix even joined us for most of the parade. Of course, it took over 45 minutes for the parade to finally make its way to us after the parade had started at 1 p.m. It was a bit slower of a parade than last year since it didn't end until nearly 3 p.m. I did get a great deal of photos and video shot. And most importantly, the rain held out, which was wonderful. I also realized that I've now made documentaries about two of the participants of the Doo Dah Parade, Scott Crawford and Greg Philips. "Now, that's a lot of DOO DAH!" And yeah, those people pulling the truck with their back piercings was pretty intense.

"Dublin, Ohio 4th of July Fireworks: 2013" - (2013) - (6 min.) Video Journal

The Fireworks Nebula.

Journal

7-4-13: Then this evening, Tom and I trekked over Dublin Coffman High School to their football field to see Chicago perform at 8 p.m. followed by fireworks at 10 p.m. It was funny to see Chicago after all these years. I used to love their songs in the 80s. Seeing Chicago was all right. They weren't in their prime, but it was free and the vibe was good. As always, the fireworks are always fun to watch. I did a lot of reflecting tonight during the band's performance and the fireworks. It was rather nice to have a friend like Tom to go to these things with. It wasn't that long ago that I was in such agony for having no one to go to this event with. I felt fortunate to make it.

"As time goes on, I realize just what you mean to me. And now, now that you're near, promise your love that I've waited to share. And dreams of our moments together color my world with hope of loving you." -"Colour My World" by Chicago.

"Saturday in the park, I think it was the Fourth of July. People dancing, people laughing. A man selling ice cream. Singing Italian songs. Eh curare! Itza nice Ey! Can you dig it? (Yes, I can). And I've been waiting such a long time for Saturday." -"Saturday in the Park" by Chicago.

"The 2013 Ohio State Fair" - (2013) - (21 min.) Video Journal

9 a.m. ... Making a funnel cake... One of my short movies being shown in the Art Gallery.

Journal

7-25-13: Today was our 2013 Ohio State Fair day for Lisa, Tom, Alyssa, and I. This marked the first time we've taken Alyssa to the Ohio State Fair, and I must say that she did exceptionally well. Lisa and I did take separate cars just in case Alyssa needed to leave early. Thankfully, she fell asleep in the jogging stroller at 1:45 p.m. and got in an hour and 15-minute nap while Lisa played on her smart phone. Lisa and Alyssa did leave at 4 p.m. while Tom and I stayed to 6:45 p.m. We had been at the fair since 8:45 a.m. So we truly had a full day at the fair. We did a little of everything. It was also nice that we each got in for only \$3 today with a donation of two canned goods. (Normally, it would be \$10 per adult.) Like I've mentioned before, going to the Ohio State Fair has a sweetly nostalgic meaning for me since it's practically been an annual tradition for me since I was four years old. It was literally the most exciting and fun day of the year for me. In a way, it was also incredibly cathartic since it was on the one day of the year my mom, my two sisters, and I could escape Coldwater for an entire day. Of course after such a fun free day was extra bittersweet when we eventually made our long two hour drive back home at the end of the day. The day trip to the big city of Columbus, Ohio with its many skyscrapers was also freeing for me to escape the confines of Coldwater. Going to the state fair was always an over-stimulating experience. I was getting a massive culture shock with seeing so many diverse and different types of people all congregated together. And yet, it also felt strangely safe since over 75% of the people there were from rural farming counties and small towns just like me. So going back to the fair is always a trip down memory lane. Yet today I was bringing along my own child with my daughter Alyssa. I even took her on the big yellow slide, which is the ride I always go on every year. Now I was riding it with her on my lap as she giggled, laughed, and smiled the whole thrilling ride down.

This was our mini vacation day in Columbus. In a strange way, the Ohio State Fair feels like an alien world in the heart of Columbus. Someone transplanted a city of rural folks and planted them in the middle of the Columbus urban ghetto! It's so weird! But it's still so much fun and good exercise to walk the whole day through back and forth across the fairgrounds. I took a ridiculous amount of photos and video once again. I had multiple people ask if I was a photographer since I was wearing my camera with the Rode mic on top. "Yes," I replied. Lisa, Tom, and I shared a funnel cake, which was better than I thought it was going to be. I also tried to new Maple Bacon Ice Cream at the Dairy Building. It was just a fun day and I'm glad I let myself enjoy it. Helping most of all was the weather with clear blue skies and a high of just 77 degrees. I can't recall it ever been this nice and comfortable at the Ohio State Fair. Usually it's in the mid 90s and miserably humid. It was warm in the sun, yet I never felt overheated. I did feel a bit tired by 1 p.m. after we were out walking for four hours while taking so many photos and video. My age is catching up with me. It was bound to happen. I looked at the senior citizens who were at the fair and wondered how I'd do at their age.

Among the oddities found at this year's Ohio State Fair were: The Donut Burger, take your picture with a monkey, Big Fat Fries, Deep-Fried Everything, the largest per capital of obese rural people in one single area, "Up to 0% Off Discount Christian Books", and the Ugliest Cake contest.

"Cinematic Arts Reel" - (2013) - (11 min./ 8 min.) Compilation Video

Edited together 11-minute reel of past work from the Cinematic Arts/ Media Arts/ Time-Based Media Studies area at CCAD.

"Eric Homan: Video Work Excerpts" - (2013) - (5 min.) Video Journal

Video work excerpts from my select video projects: "Hope & Strength: Life After Miscarriages" (2013), "The Holiday House" (2013), "Artcars" (2012), "Life-Lapses 2013" (2013), "Christmas Abstract Lights #3" (2012), and "Columbus, Ohio: '1812 Overture'" (2011).

"Eric Homan: Educator/ Documentarian/ Video Artist" - (2013) - (7 min.) Video Promo

My personal explanation/ promo about myself as a teacher, documentarian, and video artist.

Taped 7-24-13... Video I, Video II, Video III, Motion Graphics, Computer Animation I, and

Advanced Time-Based Projects... Video Artist/ Documentarian... Sound Designer, Computer Animation, Motion Graphics, Video Production... Directing... Video Editing... DVDs I've made... Scenes from "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" (2004)... "Peggy's Story" (2005)... Scenes from "Comic Book Culture" (2007)... Taped 8-2-13... Scenes from "Graduate School Memories" (2010)... Filmed in 1999... Scenes from "Life-Lapses: 2013" (2013)... Video II studio shoots.

www.digitaltutors.com
www.greyscalegorilla.com
www.youtube.com
www.vimeo.com
<http://www.videocopilot.net/tutorials.html>
www.lynda.com
<http://library.creativecow.net/tutorials/>
<http://motionographer.com/>

"Summertime: 2013" - (2013) - (20 min.) Video Journal

Harding Tomb, Marion, Ohio... Buckeye Comic Con: August... Visual Products, Wellington, Ohio... ML "Red" Trabue Nature Reserve... Jeffrey Park & Mansion.

"Dublin Irish Fest 2013" - (2013) - (9 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

The Irish Wishing Tree... "To be a mama".

8-4-13: I wasn't sure if I'd go to the Dublin Irish Fest since Lisa, Tom, Lisa's parents, Alyssa, and Don went there at 10 a.m. so they could get in for free before 11 a.m. I got there at 2 p.m. and happily paid the \$10 to get in. I have to say that this was my fourth time at the Dublin Irish Fest and it was probably my best experience there.

The festival was greatly fun. The weather was terrific, though the sun beat down heavily. We saw some great bands and ate some good Irish food, like Haggis and Chips, and Irish Egg Rolls. We ended up leaving at 6:25 p.m. to go and pick up Alyssa from grandma's place. It felt like summer was ending, yet I still felt good that I got out and experienced it.

"Dublin Irish Fest 2013: The Academy Irish Dance" - (2013) - (13 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

"Video Self-Portrait: July 2013" - (2013) - (1 min.) Video Journal

Of Eric Homan.

"Video Self-Portrait: August 2013" - (2013) - (1 min.) Video Journal

"FAT-FREE ART" – DVD Video Journal Compilation

Contents Include:

"Video I: Fall 2013 Class Camera Demos" - (10 min.)

"Big Fun: Columbus, Ohio" - (2 min.)

"Hot Times Community Art & Music Festival: 2013" - (6 min.)

"Columbus Toy and Collectible Show: Late Summer 2013" - (6 min. 30 sec.)

"Zombiewalk Columbus: 2013" - (16 min.)
"Wizard World Comic Con: Ohio 2013" - (16 min.)
"Wizard World Comic Con: Ohio 2013: Adult Costume Contest" - (14 min.)
"MIX 2013: CCAD's Celebration of Comics Symposium" - (4 min.)
"MIX 2013: Highlights From the Panels" - (14 min.)
"Spacejunk Media Class Visit: Fall 2013" - (3 min. 30 sec.)
"Cinematic Arts Studio Open House" - (5 min. 30 sec.)
"Panavision Genesis Assembly" - (3 min.)
"Columbus Zoo: Boo at the Zoo - 2013" - (5 min.)
"Ohio Renaissance Festival: 2013" - (13 min. 30 sec.)
"5 x 5 (Fall '13)" - (30 sec.)

"Video I: Fall 2013 Class Camera Demos" - (2013) - (10 min.) Video Journal

Mon./ Wed. 8 a.m. class... Tues./ Thur. 8 a.m. class.

"Big Fun: Columbus, Ohio" - (2013) - (2 min.) Video Journal

Short North, Columbus, Ohio... Big Fun.

"Hot Times Community Art & Music Festival: 2013" - (2013) - (6 min.) Video Journal

Featuring Artcars... Columbus Children's Parade.

"Columbus Toy and Collectible Show: Late Summer 2013" - (2013) - (6 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Veteran's Memorial Center, Columbus, Ohio.

Journal

9-15-13

I drove down to Veteran's Memorial Center in downtown Columbus to attend the Columbus Toy and Collectible Show. This was my second time to this show, so it felt a bit like a repeat at first. Yet once I got inside the show at 9 a.m., I was glad to have made the journey back. Some people go to Buckeyes football games and spend hundreds of dollars of the ticket. Like the many other adult males in their thirties and forties, I'd rather go to a toy show to reclaim our childhoods. Specifically, many of us were buying back the toys we always wanted as kids. And why would we do this? We weren't just reclaiming our childhoods. We were reclaiming our innocence. We were all trying to get back what was once lost to us. Many people spend hundreds or thousands of dollars to find some degree of happiness by going on elaborate vacations or Ohio State Buckeyes football tickets. We were going to a toy show to find our personal happiness.

For the most part, I was at this toy show on a mission to buy used Kenner Star Wars figures and spaceships at a reasonable price. I'd always wanted an AT-AT Imperial carrier as a child. Yet its retail cost in the early 1980s was around \$40. So I never got one. I found a used one with a few missing parts for \$10 (which I talked down to \$5 since the woman selling it just wanted it out of the house). So it was now put in my house in the basement aka "The Man Cave". I looked around over the next few hours and realized that other guys who grew up in the 70's and 80's were also buying back Star Wars toys. Now that we've got jobs with a paycheck, we can afford these collectibles. Hence, this provides the existence of this toy show. It's the Star Wars generation all grown up... and they just wanna have some fun as well. It was funny to purchase loose Star Wars figures for around \$2 to \$2.50 per figure since that's how much they cost back in 1983! So I got quite a few more of them, including some that I never had. (I finally got a Jawa!) I also bought back some of the Star Wars spaceships that my parents forced me to get rid of at a garage sale in

1986 since they "took up too much space" and that I should have outgrown my toys by then. Well, here I was, *buying them back*. I didn't buy them in mint condition since it would cost way too much. But I was more than willing to pay around \$5 or \$10 per spaceship. I was at the toy show for over three hours and that was enough. There wasn't many comic book dealers there, as opposed to last April. But that's okay. I spent enough money for the day. It's the simple joys of life of buying bargains at a toy show that satisfy the little kid still living deep inside of me.

I was reclaiming the cherished relics from my youth as if they were the Ark of the Covenant. Getting an AT-AT was like finding my very own Holy Grail. The Star Wars figures were the keys to unleashing my imagination as a child. They taught me how to dream and to play. These simple little "toys" were the vehicles that first made me the artist and professional dreamer that I am today. The Star Wars universe was just that important and integral to me, as it was to millions of other young boys when that first trilogy of Star Wars movies came out between 1977-1983.

"Zombiewalk Columbus: 2013" - (2013) - (16 min.) Video Journal

Columbus, Ohio... The Gathering... The Community of the Undead... Zombie Jesus... Food donations... A zombie Twisted Sister... Zombiewalk!!!!... "The Shuffling Dead"... The finish line.

Music: "Suspiria", "Witch", and "Sighs" by Goblin.

Journal

9-14-13

This afternoon, I departed around 1:30 p.m. to go to Zombiewalk Columbus. This year it was held outside COSI. I managed to find a street that had free parking so I wouldn't have to pay \$5 for parking at COSI. The Zombiewalk Columbus was once again quite packed with zombies, ghouls, Ghostbusters, and other assorted frighteners. I was impressed by how many children were dressed in gory makeup! My favorite sight was the zombie Twisted Sister. Pretty cool. I also loved seeing the Jesus zombie. There was also a person with a camera every 10 feet. So I didn't feel like I was getting any images that others weren't getting as well. That's just the culture we live in now. Everyone has a camera, from high end to smart phone. It sort of takes the preciousness of being a videographer/ photographer out of me. I had a bit of frustration with my backup battery not reading properly and I missed about seven minutes of zombie walking action when the walk finally started at 5:30 p.m. I ended up using the remaining juice from the first battery and my GoPro. I was lucky to get what I did. Still frustrating to have my camera stop working like that. The walk ended up taking 50 minutes from COSI, across the Broad St. bridge, around the Scioto Mile, then back across the Main St. bridge. It was fun to do and good exercise. The event was for collecting canned goods for the Mid-Ohio Food Bank. Who says zombies are all bad? There were times when I felt that I was getting a bit old for this stuff. Lots of immature teenagers being annoying or twenty-somethings smoking. Yet I can't deny how nicely it taps into some degree of childhood splendor that is ever so missing in adulthood. And that is why I went... to hang with a collective group of people who all love George Romero zombie movies.

"Wizard World Comic Con: Ohio 2013" - (2013) - (16 min.) Video Journal

Columbus, Ohio... 10 a.m....A blackout!... Michael Rooker in the crowd... Lights back on... The Walking Dead fan panel... Michael Rooker... Stan Lee... William Shatner... Sean Astin... Chris Sprouse.

9-21-13

Stan Lee! William Shatner! Michael Rooker! Sean Astin! Chris Sprouse! The Walking Dead! A blackout! Cosplay galore! Adult Costume Contest!

This Saturday was the 2013 Wizard World Comic Con, an event I deeply considered not going to. Mainly, I felt like I had out-grown the fantasy world experiences. Seriously, how long can my love of comic books and women in cosplay last now that I'm entering my late 30s and a new parent? I simply don't have the time or energy anymore to keep up with reading comics. And the hot young women in spandex just don't excite like they used to. Frankly, I've grown old. I looked around the hundreds of people in line

with me at 9 a.m. and noticed that it was mainly young adults. I was now part of a more middle-aged group (that was still heavily represented there) who were showing their age. Meanwhile, there's a whole other generation there whose pop culture interests are not similar to what Generation X liked while growing up. I just don't understand all the Steampunk stuff. Or Furrries for that matter. Instead of seeing comic book characters, there just seemed to be quite a few video game/ Xbox characters that I didn't fully know who they were. Once again, I'm getting out and from another time.

All in all, the Wizard World Comic Con is really "Wizard World Pop Culture Con". Comic books really don't play a huge part in the show. In fact, there were only five or so comic book vendors. And there was hardly any of these vendors selling newer books for \$1 as I like to buy. So after a couple of hours, I finished up on the floor and had only bought around 25 books. This was both good and bad for me. Times were changing and perhaps I was falling out with comics. Oh no. But it's true. Or maybe I just didn't find many good deals to be had. Or both.

I have to make mention that collecting comics can be quite a lonely hobby. And going to a Comic Con can be fiercely lonesome. I really missed my wife, Lisa, and my daughter, Alyssa. You're in a bubble world at a comic book convention because everyone there is spending a day living in a fantasy world that they are willing to pay outrageous amounts of money to be in. \$50 for just one day isn't cheap, that's for sure.

So was it all worth it? By the end of the day, I could safely say that it *was*. This Comic Con wasn't about buying comics at a bargain price (as it was when the comic con was called the Mid-Ohio Comic Con). Instead, the show was more about bringing in celebrities, some A-list and some B to C-list. I was still amazed at how many people of moderate to low incomes are able to freely afford to spend \$30 to \$80 to get a celebrity to sign something for them. It's totally crazy. I'm no fan of the narcissism of some of these "celebrities" as well. Some, however, are truly great to the fans. It's fascinating to observe how powerful of a medium film and TV is to a populace. You could be a forgotten star in Hollywood. Yet if you starred in the Mighty Morphin Power Rangers, you can tour on the Comic Con circuit and make a nice living. It's that generation that were children in the 90s that love that show. To someone like me that was too old to appreciate that show, I really have no connection to it.

The biggest improvement this year at the Wizard World Comic Con was that they greatly expanded the number of seats for the guest celebrities. So I was finally able to attend these Q & A panels. Even more importantly, they allowed the audience to take photos or videotape them. So that made the \$50 ticket worthwhile. Ironically at the beginning of the convention, I walked past a sign saying that no photography was allowed with a camera with a detachable lens. I asked about this and they said my camera shouldn't be a problem. *Okay*. I ended up with 900 photos and video clips by day's end.

So the morning was taken up with browsing around the convention floor from 10 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. I ate at A Taste of Belgium at North Market for a late lunch (and, yes, I had a coupon). When I got back to the convention center, I ran into Ari and Liz, two of my former CCAD students. They were excited to see me and invited me to come along with them to watch the Michael Rooker ("Merle" from "The Walking Dead") panel that began at 2 p.m. A "Walking Dead" fan panel was going on before that. I felt like I was done with the convention floor, so I joined them. I was glad that I did since hanging out with others made the afternoon far less lonely. The Michael Rooker panel was fun and fast-paced. "Michael Rooker vs. The Audience"! No really, that was what the panel was called.

Then the next panel was the main reason I came: Stan Lee. I remembered that of all the "famous people" I wrote to in the 6th grade, I wrote to Stan Lee. He was 90 years old (!!!!), yet he was as entertaining and lively as ever. There's a reason why he's called "Smilin'" Stan Lee. He just has a pleasant good nature about him. He showcased a self-deprecating ego about himself.

Then right after his fantastic and funny panel was another major reason to attend this convention: William Shatner. "Captain Kirk" was 80 years old, yet Mr. Shatner was rather lively, even though he went off on rambling tangents from time to time. Still, what an incredibly experience to be in the same room with these major talents, and dare I say it, *legends*. Again, totally worthwhile. I was amazed at how many people drove in for this Comic Con. I felt lucky that it was only 20 minutes away for me in my hometown of Columbus. I also stuck around briefly for Sean Astin's panel before heading back to the convention floor for a final walk around. I also peaked in the room where the Wizard World Film Festival was going on. There was only a few people inside mainly because everyone was at the celebrity panels. What is the point of a film festival anymore when you've got YouTube and Vimeo?

I also chatted with Chris Sprouse and his wife Xan about possibly having Chris as a keynote speaker at next year's Mix symposium. I almost didn't talk to them because I wasn't sure what to say. But

I'm just needing to get over my anxiety to talk publically with people.

Finally, the main event of the Comic Con was the adult costume contest that started at 6:30 p.m. I got to sit next to my current Motion Graphic student Jacob who was there with his girlfriend who was dressed up as Poison Ivy. My camera battery died on me about halfway through the contest. My replacement battery wouldn't work properly, which left me deeply frustrated. I missed recording about 10 minutes of the contest. Just as I switched over to using my iPhone to record with, my T3i finally started working again. It just takes 10 minutes for the battery to properly work again. The costume contest was a bit surreal since there's literally hundreds of people taking pictures and videotaping the whole thing, including myself. So it really doesn't feel like I'm capturing anything *unique* or *special*. It made me realize that this event was being recorded from *hundreds* of alternate angles. Weird. People were even using their iPad tablets to record video or take photos with. Again, *surreal*. The contest finally ended at 8:45 p.m. and I was ready to head home. No after party for me. I'm simply too old and don't have the money to go out for drinks. I was glad to get the public parking spot about 2 ½ blocks from the convention center for \$5 rather than the \$10 at the parking garages a whole block closer.

I was also amused that during the adult costume contest, a somewhat heavier-set young woman who was sitting next to me got upset when a character took off their mask. "Keep the mask on!" she pleaded aloud. "It keeps the mystery!" I'd never seen this in real life where someone didn't want to masked costumed character to show their real self and face. They'd rather have the fantasy and mystery. Interesting. It's like she's in love with the superhero and costume but not the person. This scenario reminded me a bit of the early Black Cat/ Spider-Man relationship where Black Cat never wanted Spider-Man to take off his mask!

So all in all, it was a good day. I'm back home now and I'm no longer in the bubble fantasy world that was the Wizard World Comic Con. The Wizard World people really know and understand that there's this huge subculture out there that loves superheroes, sci-fi, fantasy, horror, and cosplay that will pay large amounts of money to satisfy this fan base.

Tomorrow is Sunday, my day of rest. And then the next day I'm back to work and the real world. The key thing is to not get too deeply lost in this Halloween fantasy comic book world. You won't want to get out of it and you won't have the social skills you need to make it in the real world. Lord knows I've had to learn this the hard way.

"Excelsior!"

"Wizard World Comic Con: Ohio 2013: Adult Costume Contest" - (2013) - (14 min.) Video Journal

"MIX 2013: CCAD's Celebration of Comics Symposium" - (2013) - (4 min.) Video Journal

Robert Loss... Jeff Smith.

9-27-13

I came into CCAD on Friday morning to take part and attend MIX 2013 for the comic book symposium. I had missed out on this last year since I'm so busy with keeping up with my classes, video editing, and taking care of Alyssa since she was only 1-year-old. I also didn't want to pay \$80 to attend the symposium either! Yet after getting President Denny Griffith's December letter to faculty and that I'm up for promotion, I realized I really needed to step up my participation at CCAD's other events. After listening to the first panel, I realized that I could participate in giving a 15-minute presentation on an area of comic books, such as creativity in comics. I need to do more exposure and lecturing as a visiting artist as part of being a professor. This would be an area I'm quite comfortable speaking in. The panelists' really were just reading their papers to an audience to 15-20 people. The panelists were also mostly from the Columbus, Ohio comic book scene. It's pretty great to hang out and talk to other independent "underground" Columbus comic book artists. There's a lot of great raw talent here. They're doing autobiographical comics in the same vein as I'm doing autobiographical/ personal video art. So we're kindred spirits. We're all creative people in Columbus, Ohio.

The best panels and presentations were the ones that presented visual materials throughout. They infinitely engaged the audience rather than just listening to someone talk in a droning voice.

Half Is The Art, Half Is The Commerce

Comic book artists work often in isolation. So that's why this symposium is so important. It brings in the comic book people together as a community to share advice and to network. You need a lot of anger, ego, and energy to make comics. "Fuck it! I'm going to do a book myself!" But you also need the competition. Also, *write up a business plan*. That's half of what you do. Half is the art, half is the commerce side. It's fine to do things as a labor of love. *But* you work hard. You should be paid for it.

Needing to Be More Commercial

What are your influences? What did they do to become successful? What was their business plan? Find someone you admire who is successful and emulate them.

See, that's where I've been going wrong in my art career. I've been emulating brilliant, inspired, emotional, yet ultimately *uncommercial* artists like Vincent van Gogh and Harvey Pekar. I love their work. Yet they had no real business plan or mass appeal while they were alive. Therefore, they suffered and had severe depression. So I must change. CCAD has been changing so much that it's almost like I've started a new job. I've been given a huge amount of new duties and software to learn. Frankly, I'm *exhausted*. But it's a good exhaustion because I know I'm learning to change. I have to "steal" from other artists and moviemakers in order for me to be successful. I've resisted this way of doing things for most of my life. Yet now I need to do more research to learn how to apply appeal to my own work by seeing how others work is appealing. I have to identify what is appealing about their work and use it in my own work. I can't keep going on the way I've been going... because I'm going nowhere. Maybe I do have to work more into the night and get less hours of sleep.

And so a day's worth of comic book symposium panels ended with "In Conversation with Jeff Smith" at Canzani Auditorium. I was pretty tired by 7 p.m. and the presentation didn't end until just before 9 p.m. Yet I was glad that I went. It showed that I was engaging myself more with the school outside of my department. Sure, I barely saw my wife and daughter at all today. Yet this is exactly what I need to be doing more of. I can't be a passive isolationist anymore. I'm pumped about moderating a panel tomorrow. I need to do more active and engaged public speaking roles. I need to build more confidence in myself and showcase myself more on campus.

9-28-13

Well, today was day two of the Mix comic book symposium and things went rather well. The big event for me today was this morning's panel on "Issues in Contemporary Comics" that I was asked to moderate. Mind you, I've never moderated a panel at a conference before. So this was a bit new for me. I spent twenty minutes this morning making sure I rehearsed everyone's introductions and knew how to pronounce their names correctly. I'm glad I did since it helped things move more smoothly. There were only about 15-20 people in the audience for the panel, which left some of the stress off of me. At the beginning there was only about 8 people there. Yet I recognized that I needed to be more active on the campus and this comic book symposium was an excellent chance for me to utilize my comic book knowledge. I haven't worked in the comic book business before, yet I did feel I could add my voice and knowledge to the conversation. For the panel itself that I moderated, I made sure things ran smoothly and all the speakers got their full amount of time. Then at the end, I opened it up to a question and answer session. I chimed in a little here and there just to add to the conversation. I wanted the panelists to have the majority of the time since they're the ones everyone came to see and hear. And their presentations were really excellent, perceptive, and enlightening. One presentation on *Maus* dealt with the book being about the memories of events from the Holocaust told in the comic book format. Another presentation on *Preacher* dealt with religious revisionist history and killing off God. The third presentation dealt with showing disabilities in comics, such as autism. And the fourth presentation dealt with analyzing two autobiographical comics dealing with incestuous situations. I liked how the last presentation ended with "infinite artistic possibilities". The biggest thing about being involved with this Mix symposium is hanging out with other academics that give presentations of their papers at these kinds of conferences. It's a whole other world of academia that I've never had to deal with. I made documentary and experimental video art. Where exactly does it fit in?

Being at this symposium all day Saturday was a bit of a struggle mentally and emotionally. It's utterly beautiful outside and I'm stuck indoors. The panels are wonderful, yet... it's still eating away on my weekend. I can't help but think about how nice it would be to be home relaxing and not at school/ work. Still, I'm deeply glad I attended and participating in this symposium. I felt so bad for not attending last year's symposium because of money and time. This year I made the sacrifice. What I got back was

community. It was worth the time and energy to sit through this symposium. I felt myself grow more as an artist and as a networker. I talked to a lot of comic book academics and artists that I normally wouldn't have normally. So this was a positive, fruitful weekend for me. I did a lot of reflecting on my own artwork. I even learned about how to get an academic video distributed. So I'm learning. This weekend was a social interaction experience. I could have been more isolationist. This weekend, I wasn't. I was constantly around people. Usually, my weekend life is around my family.

I was happy to hear from a fellow professor who teaches at another school that she received poor scores on her class evaluation because she had a poor view of mainstream comics.

Still, once everything was over, it was indeed good to be home.

I can write academic papers and autobiographical stories. I can't write fiction very well.

White Scripts and Black Supermen: Black Masculinities in Comic Books: Personal journal academic movie essays... Use royalty-free music... Move from interview to interview... Black Panther, The Falcon, John Stewart/ Green Lantern, Luke Cage, Tyroc, Black Lightning... The stereotype of the angry black superhero... "I've got to stop that black lightning!"... Made for university press. King Press distributed.

Here are some highlights from the past two days of MIX 2013: CCAD's Celebration of Comics symposium. Huge praise goes to my colleague Robert Loss who put this massive comic book community event together and deserves enormous amounts of thanks for bringing this event to Columbus. This morning, I also moderated a panel for "Issues in Contemporary Comics" with four excellent comic book scholars. Over these past two days, I gained a whole new respect for the art form and the independent Columbus comic book scene. There's a lot of impressive talent in this town!

"MIX 2013: Highlights From the Panels" - (2013) - (14 min.) Video Journal

"Spacejunk Media Class Visit: Fall 2013" - (2013) - (3 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

"Cinematic Arts Studio Open House" - (2013) - (5 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

Video from the Cinematic Arts studio open house that was held at the Columbus College of Art & Design.

10-3-13... Shot by Mr. Yang Wu. Additional Camera and Editing by Eric Homan.

"Panavision Genesis Assembly" - (2013) - (3 min.) Video Journal

"Columbus Zoo: Boo at the Zoo - 2013" - (2013) - (5 min.) Video Journal

"Ohio Renaissance Festival: 2013" - (2013) - (13 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

"Park of Roses: Autumn 2013" - (2013) - (4 min. 30 sec.) Video Journal

"5 x 5 (Fall '13)" - (2013) - (30 sec.) Video Journal

Vimeo contest: 5 shots, 5 seconds long each.

"Panavision/ J.L. Fisher Training 2013" – Compilation

"Panavision Training: Days One and Two" - (2013) - (1 hr. 45 min.) Video Journal

Genesis Test Footage.

"J.L. Fisher Training: Day One" - (2013) - (54 min.) Video Journal

"J.L. Fisher Training: Day Two" - (2013) - (1 hr. 43 min.) Video Journal

"J.L. Fisher Training: Day Three" - (2013) - (1 hr. 30 min.) Video Journal

Dolly maintenance: 00:00:00-00:40:00

Track and jib Assemblage: 00:40:00-01:30:00

"MIX 2013" – Compilation

"MIX 2013" - (2013) - (10 hr.) Documentary Video

Videotaped two days of the MIX 2013 comic book symposium.

"MIX 2013: Issues in Contemporary Comics Panel" - (2013) - (1 hr. 28 min.) Video Journal

I was quite lucky to have moderated this wonderful and diverse panel at this year's MIX 2013. Here is the panel in its entirety.

"This Is a Figment of Your Imagination" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"Cloud Shadows" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"So Unreal" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"Infinite Journeys" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"It's an Imagination!" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"What Are You Dreaming About?" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"The Carnival of Creativity" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"Infinite Possibilities" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"If You Can't Afford It, Steal It" – DVD Art Compilation

Contents Include:

"It's All Existential, Baby!" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"It's About Dreams" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"I'm Still Dreaming" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"Show and Tell" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"Keep Dreaming" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"Eric Homan Dadaisms" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"Flight of Fancy" – DVD Compilation

Contents Include:

"The Secret Parks of Dublin, Ohio" - (2014)

"The Saudi Tree Frog Mating Calls" - (2014)

Chris Cunningham emulation piece with cuts on colors.

"Night of the Nerds" - (2012) - (7 min.) Video Journal

"The Coupon Queen" - (2012) - (7 min.) Video Journal

Lisa Homan and her amazing coupon skills, techniques, and *secrets*.

"Unfinished Movie" - (2012) - (1 min.) Video Journal

A short movie that starts with the title "Unfinished Movie" and then you get a card that reads "Movie Missing", and just ends after that. "The End." Copyright 2012, Eric Homan.

"The Infinite Rose" - (2012) - (3 min.) Digital Video Art

Flowers with personal movies playing within them.

"Aurora Borealis" - (2012) - (3 min.) Digital Video Art

A series of still abstract/ expressionistic digital paintings

"Subconscious Supernova" - (2012) - (3 min.) Digital Video Art

A series of still abstract/ expressionistic digital paintings

"Ode to Autumn Leaves" - (2012) - (3 min.) Digital Video Art

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves. Why does autumn leaves? **Bleed the Autumn Leaves.**

Scale into a photograph to see another photograph composited within it.

"Autumn/ Winter: A Tale of Two Seasons" - (2012) - (3 min.) Digital Video Art

In the American Midwest, October is so incredibly beautiful with the vibrant colors on the trees. It's like walking through a van Gogh painting. Then within a week, it turns into gray depressive blah overcast skies and cold. It's Mother Nature at her most bipolar and manic depressive.

"What If Autumn Was Gray and Dull?" - (2012) - (3 min.) Digital Video Art

2-2-06: What if autumn was dull and gray like winter? This was my imagining of that thought by taking my "Epic Autumn" piece and removing its color.

"Paper Leaf Autumn" - (2013) - (3 min.) Digital Video Art

Dozens of 2-dimensional paper leaves hover around a graphic tree trunk with paint stroke limbs. The camera spins around them all, twisted and spinning around the trunk. Camera trucks in and through the leaf landscape in the air until it moves into one leaf to reveal the title inside the veins of the leaf. Cross-dissolve into scenes of autumn. Camera trucks into each shot to reveal another autumn with it behind or within the leaves. Synch to aggressive Beethoven music.

Composite leaf into dozens upon dozens of layers for a camera fly-thru. Cut out individual leaves to fall in space or to float in space, silhouetted and blurred. Animate the hue on the pictures and video to suggest changes in season. Splashings of red.

Cut out foreground elements from various photographs and layer them together into a well-composed image. You take parts from other visuals and combine them together into one integrated whole of Autumn Portraits. Have the different pieces fly in from the outside to form a nice composition. The closer the leaves get to the foreground, the more in silhouette they become so they don't crowd the shot with too much visual information.

Within each batch of leaves is another surreal autumn scene. Distort tool used to warp leaves to make them move and sway. The hue is also animated for changes in color.

Cut out photos and combine them in After Effects.

"Crosseyed Visions" - (2013) - (3 min.) Digital Video Art

My baby as seen from a crosseyed vision. See her four eyes!

"Abstract/ Photo-Real Photos" - (2013) - (3 min.) Experimental Video Art

Alyssa in a bobo seat. Zoom in, hold, and zoom out, hold. Repeat. Go from abstract pixelization to the full picture, and back again.

Use baby pictures to zoom in and out of them, from abstract shapes to the full picture.

Fast photos scale in and magnify their pixels over and over again in After Effects.

"A Play of Video Art" - (2013) - (3 min.) Experimental Video Art

Dancing and bouncing mini-videos. (Motion Sketch in After Effects)

"Popcorn Porn" - (2013) - (3 min.) Video Art

DVD Compilation List:

"Video Art 1996-98" – Video Art DVD Compilation

"The Wedding of Gwen and Nick" – DVD

"Computer Art Animation – 1998-2001" – Computer Art DVD Compilation

"Soundpharm" - DVD Art Compilation

“Atom DVD” – DVD compilation
“Computer Art Animations – 2001-2003” – Computer Art DVD Compilation
“Hocking Hills of Heaven: A Personal Documentary” – Documentary Video DVD

“Treasures of the Hocking Hills” – DVD
“Back to the Hocking Hills”

“Real Surrealisms: Computer Art, Video, and Animations: 1998-2005” – Video Art DVD
 Compilation
“Real Surrealisms”
“Baby Ryan: His First Year” - DVD
“David Hostetler: Artist In Nature” - DVD
“Video Journals” - Video Art DVD Compilation
“A Place of Visual Thoughts” - Video Art DVD Compilation
“Peggy’s Story” - Documentary Video DVD Compilation
“Ryan: Adventures of a One-Year-Old” - DVD
“Epic Autumn” - Documentary Video DVD Compilation
“New Worlds” – Video Art DVD Compilation
“Western Heavens on Earth” – Documentary Video DVD
“Mixed Parts” – Video Art DVD Compilation
“Get Creative: Video Art DVD Compilation: Vol. 18”– Video Art DVD Compilation
“Eric & Lisa: Special Limited Collector’s Edition” – Video/ Photo DVD Compilation of Our
“Natural Deformations” – Video Art DVD Compilation
“Comic Book Culture: An Examination of the Comic Book Allure” – Documentary Video
 DVD
“Eric & Lisa’s Home Movies” – Documentary Video DVD
“The Treptow Times” – Documentary Video DVD
“I AM DREAMING” – Video Art DVD Compilation
“Just My Imagination...” – Video Art DVD Compilation
“Eric and Lisa Homan’s Wedding Day” – Documentary Video DVD
“Eric and Lisa Homan’s Wedding Photos DVD” – Documentary Video DVD
“Ryan and Jonathan Hoeting: From 2005-2008” – DVD Compilation
“Mommy and Daddy’s Camera: Ryan and Jonathan Hoeting: From 2005-2008” –
 Documentary Video DVD
“Uncle Eric Homan’s Camera: Ryan and Jonathan Hoeting: From 2005-2008” –
 Documentary Video DVD
“The Honeymoon Nebula” – Video Art and Documentary DVD Compilation_
“Creative Heavens on Eric Earth” – Video Art DVD Compilation
“Eric’s Imaginations” – Video Art DVD Compilation
“Panic Attack Anthems” – Video Art DVD Compilation
“Vacations from Forever” – Video Art DVD Compilation
“Trip Out West” – Documentary Video DVD
“Odds and Ends” – DVD Art Compilation
“In a Sense/ Innocence” – DVD Art Compilation
“Memory/ Dreaming” – DVD Art Compilation
“Half-Dreams” – DVD Art Compilation
“Memory Atmospheres” – DVD Art Compilation
“Beyonds” – DVD Art Compilation
“Dare-Dreaming” – DVD Art Compilation
“Use Your Imagination” – DVD Art Compilation
“Too Much a Dreamer” – DVD Art Compilation
“Extreme Daydreaming” – DVD Art Compilation
“Creative Spaces” – DVD Art Compilation
“Introspects” – DVD Art Compilation
“Controlled Creative Chaos” – DVD Art Compilation

"Infinite Imagination" – DVD Art Compilation
"Dream Awake" – DVD Art Compilation
"Make-Believe" – DVD Art Compilation
"Fevered Imaginations" – DVD Art Compilation
"Live the Life" – DVD Art Compilation
"Ericland Theme Park Memories" – DVD Art Compilation
"Imagine That!" – DVD Art Compilation
"Did I Dream That?" – DVD compilation
"Dreams On" – DVD Art Compilation
"Imagination Arts" – DVD Art Compilation
"It's Not You, It's Me" – DVD Art Compilation

B. 3D Computer Art Animations

(Created with Maya, After Effects, Final Cut Pro, Shake, and Premiere)

"Memoria" (1998) - (40 sec.) 3D Computer Art Animation

Synopsis

A collage of photographs that have merged in memory start to float off, picture after picture, freeing themselves to be recognized, forgotten, or replaced. Some of the images bend, fade, wave, and even kick out from their Kodak cages. Behind the memories is a young boy's facade - a young person's mental image of oneself. The photographs reveal a jumble of writing spread across the back of each image. The words form together and lift out of the pictures: "They fall and dance into dream" - an omen. Past the text, the young boy's face rises up, then falls off to the side as if a mask to reveal yet another image of the young boy. On his cheek, beard stubble has grown all over his face - the little hairs turn out to be photograph memories growing on the little boy's face. Lastly, a group of razors come down and cut them off from his cheek.

Explanation

"As images curl and memories fade" - our lives as a metaphor for photographs becoming old. "Vision imagines world merge then break loose... free" - life collecting information, emotions, and form only to break apart throughout life. "A marriage of living..." - the friendships and matrimonial bonds we took up through our lives. "A divorce of death..." - the shattering of friendship or a marriage through death. "Spin around the view in order to be collected and reread" - to look beyond what a photograph image can tell you about the actual memory and what happened emotionally during the time that picture was taken. "Eventually, they fall and dance into dream" - our memories will become distorted and lost in our dream. "A face is left remembering, laughing, and grinning" - looking back at ourselves and accepting what we had made of our life... with a sense of humor.

The Poem

"Memoria"

"As memories fade and images curl, vision imagines worlds merge
then break loose... free... A marriage of living... a divorce of
death... spin around the view in order to be collected and reread...
eventually, they fall and dance into dream... a face is left
remembering, laughing, and grinning."

Sensitivity to Audio

I intentionally recorded and remixed my audio so that the poem sounded soft enough as if someone was remembering to oneself as if out of reverie. The viewer has to listen extra carefully to hear what is being said. I consider this piece one of those examples where headphones would work best in order to experience the animation on a more personal, intimate basis.

The Mind's "Animation"

For "Memoria", I used an ironic way to express animation without movement - in a *still* image. Rather than always using an animated sequence where action and movement does occur, I feel that the most important animation goes on in the mind of the viewer where one imagines and develops in their mind what is being exhibited. You don't have to make something move to give it "life". For example, I used family photographs floating in space with the sound of what may have been heard when the picture was taken to *suggest* the moment. I used the simplicity of a still image with subtle movement and audio to express an environment, an idea, an emotion, and most of all a memory. Without the distraction of frantic movements, the viewer can absorb the image and sound as it lingers in their memory and imagination.

"Definitions" (1999) - (1 min.) 3D Computer Art Animation

"Compiled" Definition

In the credits for "Definitions", I used the words "animated and compiled by" because I felt that the definition of "compiled" spoke a great deal for the content of the piece itself: to gather into a single book; to put together or compose from materials gathered from several sources; to translate into machine language.

Explanation

Our lives are played out with such a lack of definition and direction that we create our own meanings to live by. I created this piece as my own expression of making sense out of my own discoveries. I decided to take the simple image of a child happily trying to learn the alphabet and suddenly being overwhelmed by how much information learning a language has upon himself. A flood of confusion surrounds him and he escapes into his imagination to find a dictionary that will give him answers....:

Synopsis

The young boy with a frozen smile gazes out as if in a daydream. Alphabet letters begin to be given to him visually and verbally in front of him. Yet after the first six letters, the boy becomes overwhelmed and the letters become disorganized in their order and frequency. The young boy's cheerful face fades to horror. Being subjected to endless information on top of his confusion, the boy's eyes become replaced with little white letter "i's". His appearance becomes something less than human. In a panic and out of natural instinct, the young boy tries to find a way out by withdrawing into his imagination to find answers, definitions. He imagines his body made out of letters and his face printed on two pages of an open book titled "LEARNING ABC's". Letters fall around him as he moves, as if sweat or excess weight. The dark room he is in is filled with gray unreadable type on the walls. On a solitary table, a single blue book lays waiting. Upon hearing an ocean inside, the young boy lifts his letter hands and opens the book to find one of its pages remaining up and waving. He carefully splits the page in two and discovers to his amazement a vast ocean inside. Curious, he spreads the pages further and looks deep inside. Lining the book's crease is a long beach. The young boy's imagines himself running on the beach looking for something... any answer.... Eventually, he halts at a dark area on the beach and begins digging deep into the sand only to find... a dictionary. He unearths the giant book and slowly opens it. As he looks inside, he finds only a repetition of small printed text... words inside

their definitions, bloated descriptions, overloaded with letters and languages, page after page, too many lines to comprehend. His face returns to horror and shuts the book at what he has found -- *definitions*. Striving towards an end, almost reaching his goal, his end. He finds one and rejects it.

The Poem

"Definitions"

"a, o, j, p, l, s, v, u, t, j, i, i, r, m, o,
w, v, q, z, b, u, h, t, p, r, u, q, s, i, r,
c, o, k, e, x, d, u, q, v, l, k, y, q, m, i,
o, o, h, f, b, a, h, i, c, z, x, c, i, w, p,
y, e, s, y, e, s, y, e, s...!"

The "Anti-Poem"

While I was going to graduate school, the head director of the program, Edmund Skellings, the Poet Laureate of Florida, asked us students to pick or write a poem and animate visuals to it. This was an interesting idealistic idea, yet a flawed concept. Visual computer animators had to spend 95% of the time working on the technical aspects of their animation 80 hours a week. Where would we have time to become "poets"? Since I didn't want to use another person's words to express myself, I sincerely struggled to write in iambic pentameter. For my second animation, "Definitions", I took the concept of "poetry" and broke it down to its raw letters to make them rhyme in a chaotic barrage of communication. I ended up nick-naming it the "anti-poem". It was a statement of how well of a poet I saw myself and my internal struggles with writing a great poem. I was an ambitious artist – not a trained poet. These are two completely different areas of expertise – and I knew how I was. My previous poems' rhymes sounded forced to me. So "Definitions" spoke for me visually and verbally about breaking down the English language of stutters syllables. I just started belting out letters in the open air hoping for them to make sense together. Because of their confused disassociation, they gave themselves content when put together. The resulting letters were a successful "anti-poem".

Empathizing with Chaos

Some people don't understand why I choose to speak a random series of letters aloud. They just didn't "get it". Well, it's all about being a state of chaos. Haven't you ever been stuck in a traffic jam with roaring horns and road ragers? Been stuck in a grocery line for forty minutes with screaming children surrounding you while you try to keep your patience? Have you ever been on an important telephone call with other people talking and laughing loudly around you? Take any stressful, overwhelming experience and you should be able to empathize with the state of mind of this piece.

Synopses of Computer Animation Pieces "Memoria" and "Definitions"

The two animated poems, "Memoria" and "Definitions", were both introspective explorations and expressions of memory, knowledge, and aging. Each piece was produced during a semester at the Florida Center for Electronic Communication where Eric attended graduate school. Mr. Homan mixed computer animation, digital video, still imagery, and audio to create the animated pieces that have been submitted. "Memoria" explored the evolution of remembrance through "curling" photographs and memory stubble growing on a young boy's face. Eventually, those memories are shaved off in the end. In "Definitions", a journey into making sense of one's own discoveries through the eyes of a child was explored. The piece suggests that life is played out with such a lack of definition and direction that we have to create our own meanings.

All still images, audio, video, and animation are original. Mr. Homan used his own collection of family photographs to explore the piece "Memoria". The narration in both pieces is of Mr. Homan's own voice.

The animations were produced at the Florida Center for Electronic Communication,

Florida Atlantic University, Ft. Lauderdale where Eric Homan worked to gain his Masters of Fine Art in Computer Arts. He used a variety of software and hardware to complete his finished pieces. Alias/ Wavefront's Maya and Composer were used to animate the visuals on Silicon Graphics Workstations. Textures were manipulated in Adobe Photoshop. Mr. Homan assembled his audio by using Protools on Macintosh Workstations. Both pieces were completed during the 1998-99 school year.

The Metaphor of Finding Fantasy between a Single Page

There is one particular scene that I really appreciate for its imagination and symbolic power: the part where the child letterman opens a book and splits a single page in two. This has a certain degree of personal impact for me since I've always gone to books to find fantasy, imagination, and escapism. I never know exactly what treasures I will find inside. In this case, I find an additional treasure that others might not find: a double ocean between a single page. So not only are you finding imagination on a page, you're finding it *between* the page itself! The waves roll down to the crease of the book, which happens to be a beach line where someone is running. I loved the metaphor of finding such extraordinary fantasy inside the *inside* of a book. That is a really great idea.

"David Letterman"

There is a great inside joke in the lead CG character at the beginning of "Definitions". He's a smiling guy with red hair and with a body made out of letters. Upon seeing him in weekly critique updates in graduate school, my classmates ended up dubbing him "David Letterman". Both David Lettermans had red hair. It's just that my character had an actual body made of letters. I especially liked the "j"'s that made up the ribs.

"Life Forms" (2000) - (3 min. 30 sec.) 3D Computer Art Animation or "a 3D Rendered, Surrealistic/ Expressionistic, Animated Painting/ Short Film/ Haiku" – A Visual Poem

by Eric Homan(s)

-The following is an emotional roller coaster into a real-surreal, subconscious state.

Special Edition Version

The "Life Forms" special edition for DVD has extra interactive features about its genesis and personal explanations about each part of the piece.

Promotional Tag Lines

**THE PLANETS HAVE EMOTIONS
I'VE SEEN IT!
IT IS POSSIBLE TO EXPRESS THEIR NATURE!"**

The Passion Play of "Life Forms"

When I went to do my computer animation piece, "Life Forms", I wanted to make the content the foremost element in its emotional design. I wanted to use computer animation for doing something new with the medium, to express something original that hadn't been experienced before in any medium outside one's own imagination and private thoughts, to seek out a personal side of myself that will keep me (and hopefully others) caring about my work for years to come. Through the viewer's empathy, I wanted others to *feel* about the piece as much as I do. A strong, vividly colorful visual and audio sense had to also be conceptualized in order for the visual elements to be communicated successfully. I contemplated that all life forms on earth experienced some sort of passion in their life cycle (through the sun, through love, through emotion). This animated piece of mine is a trip through such a passion, a fever dream of a single dying piece of passion fruit:

“Life Forms” Synopsis

“Life Forms”, with its “Love and Death” theme, begins with a human bystander gazing and daydreaming transfixed on a fruit/ planet that is growing in orbit on a tree nebula. These pieces of fruit on the tree are planets held in orbit on a tree’s branches/ sun’s orbit. During his reverie, a rain begins to fall harder and harder until the fruit suddenly falls violently to the ground. The piece of fruit impacts with the hard rocky ground and, consequently, lies dying. Sensing its agony and pain, the bystander empathizes with the fruit. He watches it evolve into a subconscious part of itself... into a cosmos of its own fantasy. Sinking into the depths/ deaths of fantasy, the fruit blooms into a turbulent planet with the human narrator’s face upon its surface. Through the narrator’s empathy for the fallen fruit, he becomes reflected in the dying fruit. The remaining pieces of fruit on the tree appear like planets held in orbit on the tree/ sun. Inside the fruit is a hurricane atmosphere of anguished beauty. Bleeding with turbulent colors, its atmosphere sighs out gaseous tears. We float past scribbled terrains and layers of sensitive skin filled with floating memory, confusion, and feelings. *This was a visualized landscape of his human subconscious.* We ventured through the nostalgia of life suddenly slipping by... above mountains that remain scarred by love. Beyond its devastation cries a face - a bleeding blush of the bystander. He is imagining all of this. A moon of terror red hangs above as an expressionistic omen reacting in mournful tones of what will occur. Past this red satellite is a nebula of starry eyes opening wide awake to see a flash at great brightness, a super nova. The fruit, the star, is dead. The bystander tries to comfort himself with the thought that life remains all around... in every color... on every tree... in every dream, with every emotion. They will live and they will eventually die. He is one of them... one in all.

The Purpose for Its Creation

When I went to express my computer animation piece, “Life Forms”, I wanted to make the emotional content the foremost element of its design. I wanted to use computer animation for doing something innovative with the new medium, to express something original that hadn’t been experienced before in any media outside one’s imagination and private thoughts. I also wished seek out a personal side of myself that would keep me caring for the work for years to come. And hopefully also through the viewer’s empathy, I wanted others to care about the piece as much as I do. A strong visual and audio sense had to also be conceptualized in order for the animation to be communicated successfully. I contemplated that all life forms on earth experienced some sort of passion in their life cycle (through the sun, through love, through emotion).

My Personal Struggle to Form “Life Forms”

The following is a journal excerpt from August through September 1999 that shows how much I struggled with pulling this piece together into something that made some sense:

8-16-99: “I feel like I am truly losing here with my next computer animation piece/ poem... whatever it is. Sure, I am trying very hard to do something personal and original and interesting. Yet, it is not simple or logical enough for me to completely pull off or understand enough to organize it. I’ve been struggling all night with it. Rewriting, reworking, reworking it to the point where the meaning changes every time. I fear/ realize that the piece is getting darker than I wanted it to be. I couldn’t find an ending without going through some revealing despair to get there. I must say I do not know exactly what I am doing. I am in a situation where no one else can help me. What I am doing is too original for even myself to comprehend. Therefore, I keep hitting my head against my frustrations every fifteen minutes because I don’t think anyone else will understand this thing anymore than my last animations. I am full of hopeless heroism in completing this project. I have shed all of my confidence and ego of this piece. I can’t easily defend a work that will be visually wonderful (believe me... imagine *a van Gogh planet...*), but empty and laughable in content? Is this all just some daydreams stitched together - like life? “What?!”

When I express that I feel that the piece has gotten darker, I mean that it’s become more about me. I’ve started to address myself in the piece. “Jupiter’s emotions are like mine” - what does that mean? I know, but is it that simple? I’m trying to make an entire “story”/ experiential piece out of it. I keep getting great ideas, but where do they go? How do I connect them without conflicting them to the point where they are irrelevant to each other? Are there two faces to Jupiter? One is a giant van Gogh-like storm and another

underneath holding awesome beauty and imagination? I am still looking.”

Pre-Production on "Life Forms"

8-28-99: Then I went back to working on my graduate student work: After viewing several SIGGRAPH animation theater animations while I waited for my storyboard to print out, I realized that this piece that I have planned and worked out would indeed take *two* semesters to finish. I naïvely thought that I would be able to finish it in one. Yet after looking at those professional, technically innovative pieces (including a Björk music video), I knew I needed extra time for personally artistic and creative solutions. I hadn't worked with particle animation extensively enough anyway to know how to do it well for a piece that runs over two minutes. In addition to my teaching job taking up so much time and energy, I had to make this animation - "Jupiter's Emotions" - my entire thesis piece. I did spend four months over summer just planning out the storyboard....

8-30-99: Tonight I realized that I had dreamed upon this day before... presenting my storyboard, stressing out on how much work I have to do as a teacher and as a graduate student, getting criticism for parts of my Abstract-Expressionistic art piece that weren't expressed well enough to those in class who don't understand Abstract-Expressionistic art. In the end I was pleased to get an enlightening outside point of view. Things weren't matching up stylistically.

More Crises in the Formation of "Life Forms"

9-18-99: "I have found myself facing a crisis - - - after watching a few minutes of computer animation in "Planetary Traveler", I realized that its imagery was similar to my own piece, "Life Forms", that I've been working on for the past few months. I have to pull out all the stops - not just experiment, but also cut loose. *Don't care anymore*. I have to be so different that I shouldn't even know beforehand of what I'll do next. I have to break beyond imagination and technology. I have to find my own isolated place, document it, and try to make it back sane."

To Be More Than "Colored Clouds"

9-20-99: We had creative workshop this afternoon and my work-in-progress, "Life Forms", was criticized and critiqued with harsh, cold disinterest. I was distressed that I needed to create something more interesting for my piece than "**colored clouds**". I know they don't fully "get" what I'm doing with this piece that I'm doing being that I'm at the *very early* stages of its development. But still it hurts to work this hard and not get any recognition for it. I watched as my peers succeeded further than me in their graduate animated project work. It was like I hadn't gotten anywhere even though I had spent most of my weekend working on my project.

Eddie Breman Poetry Assistance

9-21-99: My poet classmate, Eddie Breman, reworked my poem for the sixth time. I was *so* burnt out I couldn't think artistically at all. His improvements were so much better rhythmically upon my original lines that I felt too humbled to consider the poem my "own" anymore. It's partially Eddie's now. He has helped me out considerably. The poem does sound so much better now. The ideas and words are mine, but the structure is Eddie's. I've been learning a lot of things lately from several of my classmates. I could never have made it through by myself. Admitting that I needed their help was the hard part.

A Crisis Point

11-24-99: I fear that I am at a crisis point in my computer animation piece: I don't know where to go next. Everything is built, ready to render... and I still feel it's incomplete... like I haven't gone far enough yet. I feel disappointment and urgency.

Pushing Computer 3D Art to the Breaking Point

2-28-00: I asked the best question I've ever mentioned during workshop: "*How do you critique artwork that isn't finished?*" What people do not understand, they dislike. That was the case of fact in class when my classmates tried to critique my Surrealistic and Expressionistic

computer art work-in-progress. One expressed how upset and disturbed she was at how saturated the colors were in my piece. Perversely, I was rather touched that she got such a reaction. But some of my classmates told me that they just plain didn't like what I was doing. It was too chaotic, too expressive, too daring, too different, too scary, too *weird*. I had pushed computer 3D art to the breaking point. They didn't understand that I was trying to create a grand dreamscape. So artistically aroused was I that I spent the rest of the night writing my thesis statement to release all of my bent-up anger over my peers' lack of understanding, hostility, and not "getting" my work. I truly want people to understand what I'm doing. Yet they've also got to at least be open to this kind of art. It isn't always for everyone. There's some people that like only Britney Spears... and there are those who like Neil Young, Salvador Dali, Kurt Cobain, and Vincent van Gogh. Guess which audience I'm aiming for?!!

The First Unveiling of the Fully-Formed "Life Forms"

3-20-00: I revealed my first draft of "Life Forms" in complete entirety for the first time with audio and editing. This was the first time my classmates has seen all of my scenes in sequence. Before, everything was just in fragmented pieces and didn't fully make much sense! Most of my classmates were impressed and thought it was really intense. It was the first time this semester that my classmates finally understood and saw all the puzzle pieces put together and what was going on. Most of all for me, they liked it.

The "Life Forms" Premiere Reaction

5-1-00: By this afternoon I nearly collapsed from exhaustion. I couldn't take seeing another technical mistake made on a classmate's audio or video. I had no strength left after working *five straight days* with a severe cold that I probably got from how badly exhausted my body has been these past few weeks. I was literally and figuratively sick of it all. The overload of responsibilities was just killing me. And what also hurt me was that this afternoon I felt such sadness that so few "got" my graduate thesis project upon presenting it in its completely state. "Life Forms" had been such a labored piece of art and to show it to my classmates who were such an apathetic audience that barely understood the depth of emotions being expressed to them. It was like feeding hillbillies sushi. They just didn't know what to do with it or what to think of it. My project was just too different from what they're used to. They only want *comedies* to laugh at. It was like they thought that computer animation is supposed to only be "entertainment" – not art!!!! "And what's this word 'catharsis' mean?" "Artistic catharsis" was just beyond them. I had spent an entire year of my life working on this senior thesis project only to have several of my classmates act with utter indifference. Only Eddie, the sole poet among us in class, acknowledged aloud that he totally "got it". I shouldn't be all that surprised that the majority of my classmates didn't appreciate my art piece. It wasn't for them. It was for those who feel deeply.

"You're very *intense*." -Karen Mathieson, my classmate, commenting about me upon seeing my completed art animation piece.

5-3-00: "Life Forms" was presented as the closing piece of the graduate animations at the M.F.A. show. I knew it was working when even I felt the time-based art piece's intensity. (Maybe it was because it was being shown to some 100 people who are not used to such "naked feelings" on such a large screen before.) Karen M. informed me that her mom commented that I have "a very dark mind" and if I was "okay". I got a big laugh out of that. Tonight was the best presentation that I've ever had of my artwork.

An Afterthought on "Life Forms"

11-19-08: When I was working on "Life Forms" in 1999-2000, I truly believed I was doing something that had never been done before with this new medium of computer animation and 3D digital space. While then-new studios like PIXAR and Dreamworks were just starting up their animation studios and producing their first hit 3D animated films, I was deeply inspired by 3D technology as a tool for self-expression and fine arts in a way that had never been done before. "Why make a 2D painting when you could paint in 3D?" was the question I asked out of myself

every day. I couldn't figure out why others were not doing more with this technology than making talking toys, animals, and insects! What had been created in 3D by others was mainly abstract imagery, but nothing all that self-expression, daring, or personal. Eventually, I figured it out: it was all about commerciality and what entertains people the most in order for them to pay money to see your *product*. For me, 3D was a medium to make a product to tell a cute, heart-touching story. It was a canvas to explore your inner most feelings. My goal wasn't to make loads of money, but to touch people's feelings and move them. In a sense, I was also making a "product", but my intentions were purer. Yet in the end, "Life Forms" only went on to win a few awards and prizes at film festivals while several of my classmates' more traditional and entertaining pieces went on to greater success at more festivals, including the computer graphics conference SIGGRAPH. I suppose featuring self-expressive time-based 3D artwork at a large computer graphics conference full of computer scientists and technical people isn't exactly the right audience for a personal and somewhat unsettling emotional work like "Life Forms". They'd rather have things that make them laugh and forget about life and their worries. And that is where computer animation and 3D space went for the next decade. Looking back on "Life Forms", I still feel that it was a pioneering work for its time and hasn't aged all that much. There are more complex technical aspects that I could do today that would enhance the work now. But it is mainly a product of an idyllic time period for me. In truth, I had such freedom to do whatever I wanted when I was in graduate school since my end-goal was to become a teacher and not someone who worked at some animation sweatshop factory. "Life Forms" lives on as a work of originality and wonderment. And it awakes to recognized for what it is: something new from a blockbuster medium of 3D animation and graphics.

A Time-Based Painting

During my first few years of dealing with this new creative and artistic palette called computer animation, I was trying to find a unique way of expressing myself through it. When I was in graduate school, I was shocked and dismayed by how many of my colleagues were doing the traditional "photo-real" style of creating their 3D worlds. Not that there was anything terribly wrong with this since this was what employers in the game design and commercial special effects industries wanted to see. *But I wanted more.* I didn't see anyone else doing anything *artistic* and creative with what looked to me as a new horizon for expressing oneself in a time-based fashion. Why do photo-real styles when I could be doing *anything* with it?! I grew to resent my colleagues for not being daring. I had to be different because it was in my nature. What I came up with for my graduate senior thesis was to use this 3D computer world as a 3D fine arts piece.

I suggest looking at "Life Forms" as a *three-dimensional, time-based "painting"*. It was sculpted with light and complimented with an atmospheric soundscape and spoken prose. Because the soundtrack was so atmospheric, I had to make the visuals just as atmospheric. "Life Forms" is not a "commercial" animation in any way. It could hardly be described as a cartoon just for the sake that it was created in a 3D animation package. As an artist, I look at three-dimensional space as a newly expansive "drawing board" - a 3D canvas. In addition to having an X, Y, *and* Z space to create in, I also can deal with other aesthetic dimensions like time, animation, and sound. Coming from a traditional 2-D painting and drawing background, I found the new expansions into three-dimensions and time to be exciting, unexplored territory. Imagine: an expressionistic, subconscious painting in a 3D environment/ canvas. I tried to express this world in "Life Forms".

A Scientific Documentation Visualization

"Life Forms" can be seen as a journey into the nucleus of an emotion. It's about tapping into one's imagination to find answers that seem delusional or insane – and they were *correct* answers in the imagination. Basically, it's the story of the "Big Bang" told in less than four minutes. I was using computer animation software as a microscope to peer into and through long, spiraling molecule strands of microcosmic DNA, harsh landscapes, and the combustible hydrogen gas clouds of rainbows. I wanted to create documentation that feelings were also made

out of vibrating, colorful, “rioting” atoms and quarks like all other matter in the universe. These are atomic emotions that can be split and exploded – hence, causing our human conditions of moods. Ultraviolet radiation from the sun fuels our emotions. Protons and anti-protons are at war with each other within us. We are but spirals of stars, gas, and dust. On a larger scale, stars are born, burn, and eventually die. When a supernova occurs, a new star is born in its place, cycling in this phase unto eternity and infinity. And from these new stars arose life. Thus, the narrative told in “Life Forms”.

Now I don’t know much about science; but with some potent imagination sugared to what knowledge I do know, it all seemed to make sense and sound pretty darn good!

An Animation of Emotions

I consider “Life Forms” to be about an animation of emotions, imagination, and existence... how they are interrelated, how they co-exist within each other... about my state of mind. Imagination is nothing without existence, and vice versa. The fuel for each other is emotions... *feelings*. The universe thrives on such qualities. A van Gogh painting and Jupiter are one in the same as far as expressionistic presences in our lives. A piece of fruit growing on a tree appears to be a galaxy of planets on orbit on the branches of a tree. Why they appear similar and share qualities are questions to me as well. I just saw them that way.

An inside clue about the fruit turning into a turbulent planet is that the fruit in the beginning episode is meant to be a *passion fruit*. It seemed to make sense that when it fell and realized it was doomed, it would experience a last transformation/ metamorphosis into fantasy as an enormous storm planet that resembled the orange hurricane appearance of Jupiter. The fruit became a massive presence of chromatic emotions that held a chaotic surface underneath and on its surface... images of the past, feelings fading away from the subconsciousness of the bystander/ narrator.

Audio wise, the narration is mellow/ dreamish starting at the beginning. Builds up to being excited, nervous, anxious, *lost, excited*, disturbed, accentuated, thrilled, weary, breathy tones once fruit transforms into a Jupiter-like planet. Voice builds back down towards the end.

This piece is also completely autobiographical because I am a dreamer.

Inspiration and Research

I started “Life Forms” from being inspired by the music from Bjork’s Homogenic, specifically the song “Joga”, which features the line “emotional landscapes”. I took that idea and *visualized* into an expressive, personal computer animated poem.

Other images from movies, photographs, and paintings inspired my visual style:

- Obviously, a great inspiration for me was 2001: A Space Odyssey with its grandeur of the wondrous and the unknown, and then moving beyond its psychological and visual implications. It was, for me, a mystical science fiction movie. The colors in the abstract, expressionistic star gate sequence; the purposefully slow, meditative pacing that gave the imagery a dream-like feel, the use of special effects to express emotions and story: it’s all in this landmark movie.

-2010: The Year We Make Contact, the sequel to 2001, for its amazing visuals and shots of Jupiter’s orange swirl surface slowly moving like a hurricane in slow motion.

- “Wheatfield with Crows” by Vincent van Gogh: “If one intensifies all the colors, one regains peace and harmony,” wrote van Gogh. I believed this and applied it to the presence of my emotional Jupiter in the universe. Also, “Starry Night”, among various paintings by van Gogh for obvious reasons.

- The opening three minute sequence to Contact which starts out from just outside our atmosphere and pulls back through our solar system, back past our galaxy, back past our universe, back past a universe of universes.... It awed my imagination.

-The Hubble telescope shots of the far reaches of the universe startled me. I witnessed nebulas, super novas, distant star clusters... things - presences in our existence in this universe that we haven't ever seen or completely understood yet! Some of them appeared like multi-colored phantoms or stardust ghosts. They were real and we didn't exactly know what they were. Could they be physical manifestations of emotion of how unstable the universe is? Could a star collapse and wipe out all existence? The fact that Jupiter is one enormous planet of hurricane, rage, and violent colors in our galaxy should give us a clue that there is violence in our existence. And our sun, our giver of life and growth, is also the ultimate source of devastation and burning. The sun is a planetary hell. One that will one day nova and form a black hole, which will suck our galaxy and hundreds of others into its abyss. These are constellations of emotions.

-I was also exhilarated by geographic shots from outside earth's atmosphere. How turbulent and beautiful our planet looked from 300 miles above. A detailed photograph of all the mud that flows out of the Mississippi River and into the Gulf of Mexico appears like an explosion of dark brown hues branching out like a tree or fingers into a botch-like shape of blues from outer space.

-Walter Murch's utterly chilling and hypnotic sound montage and sound design work on Apocalypse Now was a massive subconscious inspiration to "Life Forms"'s sound design. I had always admired the movie for its audio mix and consider it cinema's very best. I didn't consciously look at this movie for inspiration. It just always affected me. It wasn't until years later that I realized how much of an effect it really did have. I can hear it in the overlapping layers of distorted ambient rumblings and clangs of a cacophony of sound effects to create a surrealistic soundscape.

-In addition to Apocalypse Now's sound montage, there are the visuals to especially mention. Director of cinematography Vittorio Storaro crafted images of such realistic surrealism (or surrealistic realism) that transfixed me with their hallucinatory beauty. Most of the movie was filled with colored smoke, fog, or mist. It was like the atmosphere was breathing with the colors of an expressionistic painting. The enriched saturated colors and swirling textural clouds created a tangibly surrealistic real world. The yellows, pinks, browns, blues, reds, greens, oranges! It was alive with colors in a world full of death. It's like the world had gone wildly mad. Again, it wasn't until years later that I realized that this movie might have been a major inspiration to the visual look of "Life Forms".

I remember that I looked at Apocalypse Now for its expressionistic colored smoke screens and reality warped sound montage as reference for "Life Forms". Surrealistic films center on ideas and emotions more than character development and story. That is what I do. All that purple haze and yellow shadows. "The man is clear in his mind, but his soul is mad"... "You must make horror your friend, or else it will be your enemy and will be feared."

-The emotionalism of Vincent van Gogh.

-The subconscious imagery and terrains of Salvador Dali and his dream sequence for "Spellbound" (1945).

Inspiration and Perspectives

The core concept was in envisioning the galaxy to be full of expressionistic creations. From seeing dozens of awe-inspiring Hubble telescope photos of distant star clusters, super novas, and forming galaxies, I considered them to be a collection of *cosmic expressionist art*. We live in one universal sculpture/ art form where all things feel, bloom, burn, shine, and die. When I looked up into the black night sky during a full moon, I noticed that the moon has the abstract facial expression of someone crying. Our galaxy is filled with other emotional compositions. Our

sun - our source of life - is a gigantic mass of burning matter of fiery rage - a planetary hell. To me, Jupiter appears to be a van Gogh planet - full of turbulent saturated colors and violent everlasting hurricanes. As a matter of utter despair, the universe itself is around 99.8% emptiness. There are nebulas that are vibrantly colored with optical and radio light as if they were giant clusters of rainbows rioting with each other.

"Life Forms" expresses that the universe is made up of emotions - that it *is* a being that expresses its existence in its isolation in an infinite black darkness of space. From colored star clutters to exotically beautiful gas cloud formations, I believed that these *presences* have a life of their own. As the bystander in the piece, I wished to identify with them, be one of them, and feel like one of them. I asked myself: "How would a planet feel growing so ripe, but dying when it finally falls to the ground?" I noticed the turbulence on Jupiter's surface and painted my facade on its surface to suggest a self-portrait, or a personification of the two of us as one. I've always felt such wonder in contemplating about what lies within and beyond our universe. I wished for it to have the emotions that humans feel, so that we would have a kinship. I imagined faces forming out of the chaos of space. Eyes were stars. The moon that orbits the earth appeared like a crying human being who is continually enveloped by darkness day by day only to return out. I saw the universe filled with majestic emotional landscapes and horrific violence: volcanic terrains, super novas, frozen planets, galaxy-devouring black holes. It is the sun itself that gives us so much light and life, yet also holds our death when it dies out. "Did we learn how to love from the sun?" I wondered....

The Matter of Fact: God does exist, just look outside the universe. I've been reading a book on abstract-expressionist space art: nebulas, star clusters, super novas. It was like viewing self-portraits of God.

Maya Paint Effects - Digitally Painting in 3D

I used 3D digital paint strokes frequently in "Life Forms" using a feature in Maya called Paint Effects. Some skeptics dismiss most digital art as being made by the programmers who made the software, not the artists who use the software. It depends on what how you use the software to create your own personal vision. Paint Effects allows you to "paint" a realistic field of grass into a 3D scene and it animates itself as if it was blowing in the wind. I can understand how that seems to be the programmer's creation than the artist. You can play with the attributes for the grass, but it is still looks like Paint Effects Grass. You can also paint oil paint into a 3D scene. Where as a stroke of grass is something specific, a paint stroke is something abstract. It depends on what content you give each of them that makes the grass or the oil paint stroke your own. You have to give your art "soul". When someone uses the "artistic" watercolor filter, it remains a filter because it presents a certain style that someone else programmed. You can change its attributes and make the filter look slightly different, but if it still appears similar to the filter, it still isn't your own. Thousands of other people are using the same filter. What is making you all that much different from the others? The color red is not a filter because it is something aesthetically general; therefore, anyone can use red, green, pink, or purple in their art. *How* they use color is something specific. With "Life Forms", I saturated the colors to the point where they appeared to "bleed" and burn to suggest the death and passion of a decaying fruit/ planet. To me, saturated colors express strong emotions in visual forms. Vincent van Gogh once wrote to his brother: "If one intensifies all the colors, one regains peace and harmony". I believed this and applied it to the presence of the planet and the universe.

Feelings on "Life Forms"

People have told me that this work is "too personal" for a general audience to really enjoy. Quite simply, if one is not open to new ideas and honest emotions, they won't enjoy this or other expressive pieces. Take a line like "A surface scarred by wounds of love" - *who* hasn't been hurt by love and have left with their feelings indelibly wounded? Those words and visuals of a scarlet-burned world of pain and decay should stimulate some feelings and imagination in a way they haven't experienced before or lately.

Universal Audience Emotion

If one considers the colors to be too saturated, they may be (subconsciously) distancing themselves from feeling too deeply inside. I *want* people to feel and care about this work. They won't be able to let themselves feel if something isn't stimulating a reaction out of them like intensity of red to match the piece's emotional personality. "Life Forms" presents for the viewer to open themselves up emotionally and let themselves reflect on their past experiences, the world around them, and on the world inside them. There is a universality to the life and death of a fruit/planet and the weather-like changes of emotions. In the end, life continues on.

These are universal emotions. If you haven't experienced them, then at least they should make you curious to what they are like. I make personal art because I want to affect people with emotion. I cannot go through with doing art that only ends up being forgotten and unfelt. I make it my deepest responsibility as an artist to make my work "worthwhile" for the world to experience. I feel that personal art is the most sincere and most lasting expression art can take. If it means overcoming certain people's indifference about the content, then it is worth the risk of knowing that the piece did get through to other people.

Ultimate Audience Reactions

After viewing my piece "Life Forms", three members of the audience committed suicide. It was that powerfully uplifting into the hope of despair.

From Outer Space to Imagination

I wanted "Life Forms" to express an exploration (or *exorcism*) of the imagination - an infinite dimension where humankind has yet to ever fully understand or tour. For centuries, humankind has traveled to far reaches of earth to discover new lands and adventures. In the twentieth century, humankind ventured into space for the first time in our existence on this planet Earth. With "Life Forms", I showed the transition from space to the imagination. In a way, both are built on dreams. The universe is still an unknown frontier just as imagination and the subconscious mind are illusions. I like to consider "Life Forms" to be a sort of science fiction of the emotions - *there is emotional life in the universe*.

Outer space symbolizes our collective imagination. Gazing up at the stars, pondering on life elsewhere, questioning what else is out there. Mars - a frigid red desert planet with a temperature of 100 degrees below zero. We all dream of Mars. Exploring the underground oceans of Europa... Venus - a billion year old relic... the dry, green valleys of Antarctica...

Analyzing the "Life Forms" Poem

*Letters in **bold** are empathizing alliteration, consonance, rhyme, or verbal relationship.

"Life Forms"

I watched them grow off the trees
Planets plump, ripe and round.
Yet one **day** the **rain** teared **down**
One planet dropped to the **ground.**
Fallen, nearing death,
It felt anguish and **glee**
And departed into a cosmos
Its own **fantasy.**

I felt it evolve
Euphoria and **hurt**
A hurricane planet -
The fruit as an **earth.**

Rainbows in *riot*
Gaseous *tears*
Atmosphere sighing
For millions of *years*.

Scribbled terrain,
Sensitive *skin* in colored *pain*.
Confusion, nostalgia, hovered *above*
The *surface* scarred by wounds of *love*.
Within this *world's* chaotic *flush*,
Appeared a face - a *bleeding blush*.

In heavens all *black*,
A satellite *red*
Wore an expression
Frozen in *dread*.
Eyes open wide
One *simple flash*
Super nova *sudden*
Fades into *ash*.

I *thought*, worry *not*,
Life's *all around*.
Many *more* planets
Will *fall* to the *ground*.
Emotions continue
To grow upon *trees*
And most important,
They live within *mes*.

(Special Thanks to Eddie Breman, friend and poet, for his iambic pentameter assistance.)

Early Recordings of "Life Forms"

6-11-99: I recorded my first "stream of consciousness" poetry tonight. I filled my thoughts with some recent conceptual ideas about Jupiter and emotions in relation with me and, as I listened to music on headphones so I wouldn't be self-conscious of what I was saying, I let myself ramble aloud with a rawness and confusion that defined me at the moment. After two minutes, I stopped recording, saved the file, re-listened to it, edited it, and wrote the piece out. I was amazed at what I got. Contrary to the simple-minded beliefs of people, I wasn't on drugs or needed drugs to take me to this subconscious space inside my sensitive soul. My emotions were just in urgent need of expression.

Alternate Versions of Poem

The following poems are earlier incarnations of "Life Forms" when it was still being developed and re-edited. These versions reveal where the piece derived and evolved from. They also remain closer to the original ideas, images, and concepts of an emotional universe:

Alternate Version #1:

"Jupiter's Emotions" (alternate titles: "Dream-Land" and "Constellations of Emotions")

I watching them growing off the trees of stardust
Planets plump, ripe and round,

Yet so full of fright
The heat of the season shaped them
Yet the rain had to fall
Its branches were not strong enough to hold
The weight of so many worlds
One fell,
Erupting into colors of euphoria and hurt
Jupiter was free and lost in the same
Its violence unbound in its creation
Its facade a hurricane of lightning and emotions
Gaseous tears cloaking its atmosphere
Its visage resembling an abstract earth
Expressions of scribbles mark its existence
Statues of memory blossom in the air.
Loose continents developed of memory scattered over the world
Islands break off and float away forgotten
Emotional space - Jupiter's face
Its cosmos of ideas and perceptions
A petrified terrain of worry, hope, and impressions
Its origin manifested in passion
From a sun radiating it with affection
Its heat melting its blush

Above the expressions on Jupiter's face
A solitary glow shining out of the blackness of its isolation
Reveals as a moon
Its expression frozen in a cry
Its craters sore and swollen
And the billions of stars...
The billions of stars just stare
One blinks
A black hole emerges
Drowning all in presence
The stars collapse
And planets that relied on them die out
Nova in despair.
Worry not...
There are others elsewhere
There are other universes
Jupiter's emotions are like mine.

Alternate Version #2:

"A Nova Tear"

I said a tear
and what I cannot believe
(is what I hear)
Jupiter's emotions are like mine!
Swirling, twirling, blustering, curling...

Where are they going?

They moved to a world of fear
Aching... burning... intense red
And I die.

Breath in... sigh.

Never before, never seen in the world,
Never be an end of the world
Never see into the world - Love
Because I love you too
But not before the world.

The worlds the planets the stars!
Who am I in the corner of the stars?
There are so many no one can see
Not many more than I can see.

And I applaud, and I applaud, and I applaud, and I applaud,
And I applaud, and applaud, applaud, appLAAAUDD!
Fools me and I can't even believe.

But the world is hot and swirling
And I make it all up because I have the power
So do you and I can't even cry because I am there.

Before you can ever tell me where I am at
I am with you in the ascending orange shower.

You are there and I am there
I am gone and I am with you
I am real like the stars -
The billions of stars that stare
But I cannot see them stare.
Where are they at I do not know.
But find - I'll find them soon.
And where are you?
I know where I am.

Constellations of fear
Galaxies of emotions
Where are they at?!
And I am happy to be there.
Sparkling... Twinkling...

Nova
Black Hole
Reborn.

Alternate Version #3 (14th Draft):
"Life Forms"

(Audio Notes: Narration is mellow/ dreamish starting at the beginning. Builds up to being excited, nervous, anxious, *lost*, *excited*, disturbed, accentuated, thrilled, weary, breathy tones once fruit transforms into a Jupiter-like planet. Voice builds back down towards the end.)

I watched them grow off the trees
Planets plump, ripe and round.
Yet one day the rain teared down
One planet dropped to the ground.
Fallen... nearing its death,
It felt anguish and glee
And departed into a cosmos -
Its own fantasy.

I felt it evolve
Into euphoria and hurt
A hurricane planet -
The fruit as an earth.
Rainbows in riot
Gaseous tears
Atmosphere sighing
For eternal years.
Scribbling terrain,
Sensitive skin in colored pain.
Confused nostalgia hovering above
Feelings scarring the planes for love.
Beyond chaotic flush
Appeared a face -
A bleeding blush.

Heavens black,
Satellite red.
Its expression -
Frozen in dread.
Eyes open wide
One simple blink
Super nova
The planet dies.

Worry not, I thought,
There is life all around.
Throughout the universe...
On another tree...
Inside me.
Emotions remain -
Life.. is... sustained.

Software Used

Though "Life Forms" was an animation that took a year to prepare, execute, and complete, it has taken close to four years to comfortably learn how to use the computer and the right software in order to complete a three minute, forty second long multimedia animation. Since I had spent enough time learning and experimenting with 3D software, I knew what was possible to work. It also helped that I had extensively used digital video, interactive multi-media, and 2D digital paint applications in my artwork for the past several years before I began this piece. I used

the following software packages were used during the development of this piece: Adobe Photoshop, Adobe Premiere, Final Cut Pro, MetaCreations Painter, Adobe AfterEffects, Alias/ Wavefront Maya, Alias/ Wavefront Composer, Protools, Sound Edit 16, and Digital Performer.

Various Audio Mixes

Throughout the course of remastering my audio for "Life Forms", I decided upon creating various audio mixes, including a new 5.1 surround sound mix, a 5.1 narration-only mix, a 5.1 instrumental-only mix, and the Atom Troy "dance" 5.1 mix. These new audio tracks were supplied along with the original stereo mixes. This allows the viewer to experience the visuals through different audio mixes. I do not consider this *hampering* with the artistic vision because I conceived of the option. It is intentional *altering*. That's the whole point. It's an evolution of art in a more adventurous direction. I feel it is an extension of the animation - almost an exploration of how different the audio/ visual experience can be from multiple viewings of the same visuals.

Historical Footnote

For several days, I worked on parts of "Life Forms" while experiencing a real hurricane - Category Five (!) Hurricane Floyd - as it was clipping South Florida. Just hearing sixty miles per hour wind gusts was enough feeling to be inspired from.

Extra Ego "Credits"

"Life Forms"... Directed by Eric Homan... Produced by Eric Homan... Sound Mixed by Eric Homan... Catering by Eric Homan... Ego by Eric Homan... Written by Eric Homan... Special Visual Effects and Animation by Eric Homan... Animation Supervision by Eric Homan... Self-Gratification by Eric Homan... Ending by Eric Homan.

"Your Reds Will Bleed"

"Your reds will bleed." That was a comment that was brought up by our head professor Fran McAfee during a Monday critique during my final months at graduate school. What he meant by that is that the intense saturated red colors I was using in my color palette for the "Life Forms" piece were too intense to be played on a NTSC video TV screen. The reds will "bleed", meaning that the reds will sort of spill over based on how saturated they are. Yet in my artistic, emotional, and creative mind, the sheer concept that my reds would *literally* bleed really excited me! The piece itself was about emotional creation and turbulent emotions. So if my intense colors actually created an accidental "bleeding" effect on the monitor, that was something amazing! My project was too intense to be seen on normal TV sets. Conceptually, I mean, WOW! What a compliment. Ultimately, I had to put a "TV Safe Colors" filter on my project so my colors wouldn't be *too* intense, but intense enough.

"This Is a Painting"

"This is a Painting" -spoken narration to my latest CG animated paintings. Most people view 3D computer animation as only being used for character animation and cartoons. I view it as any palette or canvas for abstract, expressionist, surrealist art.

"Giverny (1)" (2000) - (1 min. 30 sec.) - A Multi-Media Electronic Poem

"Giverny (1)" is a multi-media poem with animated text, visuals, and audio.

"Giverny (2)" (2000) - (1 min. 30 sec.) - A Multi-Media Electronic Poem

"Giverny (2)" is a multi-media poem with animated text, a simplified bright yellow

background, and audio.

“Giverny (3)” (2000) - (1 min. 30 sec.) - A Multi-Media Electronic Poem

“Giverny (3)” is a time-based abstract Impressionist painting, a series of images evolving through the course of a poem.

“Giverny (4)” (2000) - (1 min. 30 sec.) - A Multi-Media Electronic Poem

“Giverny (4)” is a time-based photograph, an image that evolves through the course of a poem.

*The following is electronic poetry in a multi-media format with animated text, visuals, and audio.

Understanding Electronic Poetry: Animating “Giverny”: An Examination of Expressing Multi-Media Poetry

by Eric Homan

Intro

When Edmund Skellings, the Poet Laureate of Florida, approached me about animating one of his poems during my second year in the Masters of Fine Art program at the Florida Center for Electronic Communication, I turned him down because I was in the midst of an animation project that would take up the rest of my time until my graduation. Yet upon getting hired to the faculty as a research associate at the Center after I had graduated, he spoke with me again about animating one of his poems as well as working on a DVD on teaching poetry through animation. Ed and I choose “Giverny” - an interesting choice considering that the poem had already been animated eight years before. This offered an intriguing experiment of how different artists could interpret and visualize the same poem in their own ways.

Before I started animating, I explored, analyzed, and experimented with the concepts of visualizing a poem using computer technology. My goal was how do I represent a poem with images and keep the poem the primary focus. I decided to express the subjective impression of “Giverny”, considering it was about Impressionism and Monet’s flower garden. Outside of the literary strengths of the source poem, the piece became a meditation on color and light, abstraction and meaning, words and perception.

As an artist using the computer as my medium and palette, I had to choose what types of software to express the poem. Upon observing dozens of other visual poems that were created with 3D animation software, I learned that the visuals almost always overwhelmed the poem. Too much information, movement, and detail actually distracted and deterred the poem instead of enhancing it. I had to be extremely sensitive about not allowing the visuals to overpower the *words*.

Going back to basics in animating a poem created a provocative question of what medium would work best for *this type of poem*. What would be the best way of using 3D animation and 3D space to allow the poem’s words to *breath*? I ended up restricting myself to locking my camera down and create my visuals to a 3D simulated, 2-D canvas. It’s the sheer fact that there is not any 3D action that makes this piece *experimental*. A restrained camera forces the viewer to experience a visual poem that makes them think instead of showing them something dimensional and flashy.

My initial concept was to start with abstract visuals fading in and out of each other with the text of the Giverny poem appearing in the foreground. Because the poem deals with an Impressionistic account of Monet’s garden, I represented the poem’s text through Impressionistic

color. Then, I built upon the work of Dr. Edmund Skellings, who used colored text on a computer screen to teach and visualize the rhythms and alliterations in a poem. I used **colored text** in my own terms in “Giverny” that were Impressionistic, symbolic, Expressionistic, and organic to suggest a meaning. For example, the text for “For waking Paris needs you” is in blue, white, and red - the colors of the French flag. I drew simplistic cartoon-like imagery around the text in the poem (a green leaf above “leaf”, a rain cloud above “rain”). I also wanted the words to subtly present their character as the poem is being spoken (the word “shadows” is a shadow, the word “bright” beams bright). The final word of the poem is “Monet”, written out in the style of the artist’s signature, as if the finishing touch to a piece of painting.

The multi-media animation of “Giverny” is an evolution of the poem from the page to a computer system. It was now an animation of words, an illustrative expression. In some ways, the viewer is still reading the poem as if in a book. What makes it an enhanced experience is the inclusion of color, font styles, animated text, Impressionistic backgrounds, and a spoken performance of the poem read by the poet himself.

I constantly had to consider how far to go when *animating* the ideas and content. Do I need to have realistically rendered mist coming out around the word “mist”? Is that the idea behind animating a poem? It would be the obvious thing to do, and, in the end, diminish the poem into mediocrity. I had to find a way around illustrating a poem and actually expressing a poem. Should I build the poem in a 3D computer animation package and have a camera spin around the text so it’ll look really neat? Once again, I would be detracting from my original goal of animating a poem of not letting the visuals overwhelm the actual poem. I decided to use subtly as a means to my end expression. Using simplistic cartoon-like imagery was effective in not dominating the viewer’s attention to excessive detail and remaining abstract enough to allow us to keep concentrated on the poem being performed. It also allowed the viewer to form their own picture inside their imagination. I didn’t want to overestimate the power of imagination of the viewer where the real animation really occurs. This philosophy of merely suggesting instead of visualizing was created throughout the piece with the cross-dissolving Impressionistic painted backgrounds and the faint photographs of Monet’s garden in the backgrounds. Because the poem was being spoken, I was liberated in taking the text to extremes. When a line like “The bright green pads oval deep green shadows”, I could illuminate the text for “bright” to the point where it was barely readable. The viewer could read along to the poem and interpret the shining image of text as the word “bright” even though it’s barely visible.

In the end, I think that “Giverny” needs to be re-experienced and re-read to distinguish not just the subtleties in the visuals, but in Ed Skellings’ poem itself. Like any piece of literature, “Giverny” is something the viewer can go back and rediscover over and over again and uncover something new every time they experience it. There are treasures between the lines, in the visuals, in the rhyme, in the colors, in the metaphors.

Inspiration

Upon watching the opening sequence to Dancer in the Dark which features a series of paintings fading in and out of each other, I realized that a time-based painting could work. The art could be an evolving series of color, shape, and form merged with literal text and imagery. This became the groundwork for what “Giverny” was. I wanted to express a visual poem movie. Yet a visual experience that didn’t take away or distract from the importance of the written and spoken word. The camera (the point-of-view) had to be locked down.

Software Used

Software used to animate “Giverny”: Photoshop 6.0 (text and visuals), Painter 6.0 (background visuals), AfterEffects 4.0 (video editing and compositing), and Protools 5.0 (sound design and editing).

The Poem

"Giverny"

by Edmund Skellings

The bright green pads oval deep green shadows
On the long pond's mottled floor, a shallows-
Woven canvas: fog whited, dawn tinted,
The scent of silent lucent water hinted.

Sun upon sun, an evergilding sun,
Interrupting clouds, dim darks of rain,
The subtle pallet moon, dark darks of night,
Transform each leaf and bloom with prism light.

A garden castle with a willow moat,
A lilyflower lady in a boat,
A fading pigment permanence of mists,
All floating constellate. Like morning myths.

Open, Lily, for this poem I pray,
For waking Paris needs you. And Monet.

Edmund Skellings

The narrator on "Giverny" was my former boss, Edmund Skellings, who is the Poet Laureate of Florida (since 1980). He also originally had the patent for colored text on the computer screen until IBM bought it from him.

The Premiere of "Giverny"

12-11-00: I previewed my digital visual poem "Giverny" to everyone at the Center. A few liked it, but I didn't feel like they fully *appreciated* it. It's a lonely experience to show something that you feel has *meaning*, yet hardly anyone else *gets* it.

Ed's Apathetic Impression of "Giverny"

Ed was especially apathetic about my "Giverny" animations, saying that I needed "better things to do". Even though he didn't appreciate them, at least I finished them, liked them, and believe in them. I used my sense of humor sparingly, knowing that I had some harder times ahead. Sometimes Ed can be a person you just can't please.

Tags

Giverny, Monet, Edmund, Skellings, Eric, Homan, Electric, Poetry.

"Rainbow Twister Sex" (2001) - (1 min. 30 sec.) - An Abstract Expressionistic 3D Animated Painting/ 3D-Rendered Sketches

A "3D Animated Painting"

"Rainbow Twister Sex" is an abstract expressionistic "3D animated painting" of turbulent elemental weather and intense emotional colors. It's literally a sexual twister within the wild colors of fine art. Rainbow Twister Sex has two multi-colored cloud-paint tornadoes dancing around each other, courting one another in a mating dance. They are proceeded by a barrage of flashes of abstract, expressionistic colors that fade to the view of the tornado display. The best display method for this piece is on a large screen and with surround sound speakers. The image and sound is meant to envelope the viewer in a rush of color, shape, form, fury, and fantasy. The abstract splatter of paint strokes and rainbow clouds play together like a poetic dance in space and time.

Genesis

“Rainbow Twister Sex” was about the sheer spectacle of a surrealism in reality - of an *idea at play*. One evening I wrote down in my journal: “The storm clouds are changing into monsters. The horizontal lightning strikes. A twister rainbow ravaging through a Kansas town. My ears are popping.” The idea was simply left recorded and nothing more was done. Meanwhile I was experimenting with Maya’s Paint Effects with paint strokes in a 3D space. The two ideas never clicked together until I arrived with the idea of “Twister Sex” from misinterpreting the title of a sound effects CD called “Twister SFX”. When looking at the title from a far, I registered the CD to consist of audio recording of tornadoes in violent erotic bliss. My fantasy-blown confusion spawned the creativity and craziness to actually visualize what that might look and sound like: Two multi-colored, rainbow cloud-paint tornadoes embracing around each other in a mating dance with violent Mother Nature weather sounds. These events are preceded and followed by a barrage of abstract flashes of expressionistic colors that fade to and from the view of the tornado display.

The basis of the piece is a fusion of the most beautiful and violent weather elements of this earth. I believed that if they mated they would produce a supernova storm - an orgasm of nature. Rainbows, aurora borealis, twisters, lightning, thunder, and hurricanes merged in gorgeous intercourse. Swirls of color, whirls of sound meeting in the open air in love. Rainbows rapping around funnel cloud formations.

Further inspiration came from Neil Young’s song “Like a Hurricane”. I also consider “Rainbow Twister Sex” my visual interpretation of the song, especially during those epic distorted guitar solos. To a more extreme end, I was also interpreting Neil Young’s massive 34-minute guitar distortion collage album “Arc”, which was made up of guitar breaks from “Like A Hurricane” and other songs during his 1990 tour. My interpretation from the song was that love/ sex is ‘like a hurricane’. Passionate stormy weather expressing volumes of emotion. To express the euphoria of sex through swirls of color, I used the conception of rainbows in a storm.

“Novacane” by Beck, from his album “Odelay”. Imagine what that term means: is that a nova and a hurricane combined?!

Software Used

Software used to animate “Rainbow Twister Sex”: Alias/ Wavefront Maya, Adobe Premiere, Nothing Real’s Shake, and Digidesign Protools. 85% of this piece was created by using Maya’s Paint Effects oil paint strokes.

“PATIENCE” - (2001) - (3 min.) Computer Art Video Animation

This must be my ultimate time-based “movie”. It’s completely humor based, of course, but it is also a statement. I figured that if I ever make a movie, the first five minutes would be a pale bland screen with “PATIENCE” slowly appearing. One day I did, but did it as an experimental short film. I wanted to exploit the TV screen as a time-based canvas. We as viewers expect entertainment and quick cuts! As an artist I stepped back and gave the audience something different and challenged to them: I asked for their *patience*. The word “PATIENCE” ever so slowly fades in on the blank white screen as Saint-Saens plays in the background. I feel that, in the end, the piece was an ironic meditation about the viewer than about itself. The piece is really a time-based title sequence for “Patience” stretched out for the full length of the short movie.

This is really my “Andy Kaufman”-inspired, unconventional time-based media design piece. The context of the video is that the joke is on you, the viewer. It directly plays on the viewer’s own sense of patience - their own *human nature*. Could it be a statement of our “faster is better” culture where we expect to be entertained *immediately*? At its core, “Patience” is a comedy act on people with Attention Deficit Disorder. If you can’t watch this piece without losing your interest, there’s something wrong with you. Either its severe apathy or ADD. You take the pick.

“Abstractscapes” - (2001) - (3 min.) 3D Computer Animation

(To be viewed as an animated, looping 3D rendered Surrealistic/ Expressionistic paintings/ short movies)

Synopsis

The following is a loosely connected series of experimental animations that I spun together through the project name “Abstractscapes”. I was interested in acting as an artist scientist who uses the computer camera as a microscope to discover abstract designs and forms within CG geometry. The following fantasy designs I discovered/ created later formed the conceptual ideas from their appearance: scribbly, restless oil paint stroke molecules ready to explode into an artistic existence - A Creative “Big Bang”; A Star-Glowing Letterfield; A Fuzzy Planet; A Hairy Star; A Sun that Blooms into a Flower; Simultaneous Novas/ Star Blooms; Snow Stars; Cloud Tears; Dandelion Emotion; Pant Galaxy; Red Tears; Violet Dances; Subconscious Eyeland; Abstract Apocalypse, and A Candy-Colored Cosmos.

Stills and slow motions inside an experimentally distorted paint effects stroke. The lines look like time-lapse microscopic strobes of light and color. Multiple passes for various colors and shaped strokes. Strobe polarizing color phantoms in every line curve.

Installation Video Art Piece

Viewers look under a microscope and see time-based abstract digital art. Look closer and see something you hadn’t seen before, something hidden... *something extraordinary*.

“Fragmentation” - (2001) - (1 min. 30 sec.) Computer Abstract Animation Media Collage

-A Prayer Expression-

“Photo-Surreal” Style

During the fall of 2001, I became very interested in the concept of moving, organic 2-D photographs existing in the abstract dimension of 3D space. Photographs are used to being static, motionless, and frozen in time. But to take them into an environment of space and time was extraordinarily surreal to me... if not to anyone. If the images warp and twist within an environment that allows a camera to move around them, multiple expressions and moods can appear on a single still image. I like to call the style that I’m going for as “Photo-Surreal”.

For the narration for “Fragmentations”, I took a fragmented, stream-of-consciousness writing of my most immediate and urgent reaction to experiencing the movie 2001: A Space Odyssey on an empty stomach with low blood sugar levels and with physical and emotional exhaustion. The movie simply overtook me and catapulted my imagination to another far-beyond level. I was deeply considering understanding *death, infinity and the meaning to life*. That’s how blown away I was. So I wrote down exactly what I was manically going through. Though the lines are taken sporadically, the images and the words seemed genuinely linked in the tones of their emotion. I didn’t mind if both didn’t match exactly. Each flowed with each other as a chorus of memory, emotion, and imagination. I wanted a representation of the insides of the mind, visually and verbally as fragmented and fractured, floating and drifting.

“Fragmentation” Narration

“I **now** know how it feels to blow one’s mind. The emotion experience... education... involvement... event... awe! Human being. Images and sound that frightened my intelligence and stirred my imagination. Captivated. Astonished. Amazed. Thrilled. Crazed. The experience was so intense I felt like crying inside me. The feelings provoked me to ask bold questions - and I considered answers. I came close

to a near collapse. I need help - I sensed too much. *I haven't been able to close my eyes.* I've got to snap out of this or I won't be able to wake up! Please distract me! Let my imagination forget. Save me!"

(Epilogue): "Your responsibility is to yourself... I want to shock you in order to wake you up! I wanted to speak the truth about you... Oh my God."

Original Journal Entry

"I now know how it feels to blow one's mind. **2001: A Space Odyssey** - the movie experience... education... involvement... event... awe! The Star Child. Human being. An outer space ballet of space ships. The red light being of HAL 9000. The planets lined up with a black monolith. "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and "The Blue Danube". Images and sound that frightened my intelligence and stirred my imagination. Captivated. Astonished. Amazed. Thrilled. Crazed. The experience was so intense I felt like crying inside me. The movie provoked me to ask bold questions - and I considered answers. I came close to a near collapse. I need help - I sensed too much. *I haven't been able to close my eyes.* I've got to snap out of this or I won't be able to wake up! Please distract me! Let my imagination forget. Save me."

Being Different

This is not a narrative computer animation. I wasn't interested in "traditional" or commercial. I wanted Impressionistic... Expressionistic... Surrealistic. I was sick of everyone else being like everyone else. I didn't care about selling myself to a company since I was already in a career as a university professor. I had nothing to lose. So I used what creativity I had to express the contents of a moment in my mind. I can't imagine anyone alive who hasn't felt a bit overwhelmed and confused by life - be it in a state of "fragmentation". The narration was a sincere expression of feeling too much at a certain magnitude.

I used my face for several good reasons: personal, artistic, emotional, and financial. Since the piece was somewhat about my own personal experience, I used myself as my test subject/ patient. I wanted to explore myself through exorcising myself through an art piece. Moreover, I needed a model - especially whenever I felt spontaneously inspired. I had to use myself. I had no money I could hire anyone.

Happy Accidents

The construction of this piece was pretty much improvised as I went along. I took a paragraph from an old journal entry and mated with the visuals that I was experimenting with. One idea connected to another and after several months I had a completed piece. I accept *happy accidents* as part of the creative process. I sketched out notes and mini storyboards for myself to guide myself where to go. I don't mind not always knowing *exactly* what I was going to do next. I suppose that was what made the piece more spontaneous and exciting for me. I let the art create itself. You can't really translate the contents of one's subconscious literally anyways!

It's like painting a painting. You may not have a clear picture of what or how you're exactly going to paint, but you have an *idea*. You allow layer after layer to be applied until the finished image is created.

Finishing "Fragmentation"

I finished my latest computer animation/ art piece, "Fragmentation". I barely felt a thing since I've had so many technical problems and delays with the minute and a half long piece. It was a bittersweet end with my mind thinking: "*Now what do I do?*"

"Where do you get the time to do this work, Eric?" -Fran to me. Well, obviously "the time" comes from being single!

Software Used

Software used to animate "Rainbow Twister Sex": Alias/ Wavefront Maya, Adobe Premiere, Nothing Real Shake, and Digidesign Protools.

“Paintasia Digital” - (2002) (1 min.) A 3D Animated Digital Painting

Introduction

“This is a painting”... “Then it comes to ‘life’”.... The colors start to animate and move along. The camera moves through its depth. It’s like moving through a 3D painting.

Statement

I have “sculpted” and visualized in a 3D program a visual poem with an audio soundscape and verbal prose. Time-based abstract paintings breathing and moving along to a poem from journal-emotions spoken aloud. Hand-written text appears on the screen like spoken subtitles, only integrated in the landscape of the image. Combination of 2-D Shake compositing paint lines and 3D Maya Paint Effects brush strokes animating towards, around, and through the camera. Basically, what is being created is an animated abstract poem painting. The Camera is always moving through and within the painting (though morphing and fading into new forms, colors, and designs). Only the foreground composited images are animating around in space. Some restless paint strokes with shadows casting upon each other’s surface slowly growing and traveling around and about the canvas. There are varied speeds on all the dozen or so strokes. The point of this animated painting is to show them breathing, bleeding, bathing, glowing, even belching, farting, fucking, and dying. The extra multimedia elements added to the painting should enhance them instead of overwhelm them. Blurring in backgrounds baking in the sun. Some strokes are fat, hazy, and slow - evolving in color and direction. A painting animating itself in slow motion like a meditation. Art stretching itself in personified yoga. Cut-out painting pieces overlapping the others. Terrain canvas image in 3D package where the camera moves above, around, and through environment. Camera moves side to side subtly to get a sense of depth and space. Shadows move as camera moves. Mix and match lyrics/ lines of poem *surrealed* around to form a new meaning. Even the text can be written in paint suddenly and sporadically.

“I have found the Color of the Lord - and it is in these images.”

Meant to be projected on a large screen canvas with surround sound for appropriate viewing.

Poem

(Spoken slowly)

“My emotions confronted their nirvana -

A cacophony of enormous emotional expression.

Yet, still, I manage to love her with shy grace.

I continued without despair.

I prayed in emotion.”

Communicating the Narration

I believe that the key to speaking this “poem” (or whatever you want to label it) is to whisper the words *slowly*. Some people thought this method of self-expressive communicating was “wrong” since it’s not like how people “talk”. I took some inspiration from Nirvana’s song “Something in the Way” where Kurt Cobain whispered the lyrics slowly to empathize the intimacy and the vulnerability of the song. If he were to rush through the lyrics and speak them at a

“normal” pace and tone, the emotional effect of the song would be greatly diminished. To speak a poem by putting oneself out on the line emotionally is the point in making art. Most people do not know how to get in touch with their feelings.

“Image Having a Seizure!!!” - (2002) - (30 sec.) Computer Art Animation/ Surrealistic Situation

This project came about one day when I thought up the idea: **Art Having a Seizure!!!!** I liked the concept of using time to influence an image. And it would be displayed on loop on a gilded framed flat screen monitor in a museum environment beside still image works. What happens to it if it is allowed to “age”? One concept I conceived was to give an image human personifications. So I gave it a simulated nervous breakdown/ seizure/ orgasm. It's a time-based sense of Expressionism and Surrealism.

I was painting with light. The color itself became the emotion of the piece.

“Bubbles in the City” - (2003) (1 min. 30 sec.) 3D Computer Art Animation

“Take me somewhere I’ve never been...” –Quote from my imagination and subconscious.

Narration

“Dream... Deviate From Reality... Bubbles Through the City... Four individualistic bubbles, a bubblegum bubble, a soap bubble, a teardrop bubble, and a cloud bubble, float down a deserted Impressionist city street. It’s a reverie, simply put... a perchance to dream... Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! Awake. Pop!”

Synopsis

As fantastically impossible as it is, four giant chromatic bubbles float down a fictional cityscape street (inspired and referenced by downtown Columbus, Ohio and the stylized comic book essences of New York City). The city is modeled as a pageantry of color and reflected surfaces. Yet towards the end of the avenue, the camera pulls out from behind the city towers to reveal that the city is simply sitting on top of a table as a model metropolis. The bubbles pop once they rise up into the suffocating atmosphere. The title “awake” fades in and out. The camera pulls us out from a bubble that the entire piece had been reflecting on and pops. *The End.*

It was a dream not unlike what one would see inside a snow globe... or more specifically, a dream inside a floating bubble. The journey was beautiful, strange, fantastic, and unreal all at the same time until its fatalistic climax.

-Special thanks to Ryan Treptow, Justin Jason, and the Columbus College of Art and Design for their special assistance.

What It’s Really About

“Bubbles in the City” is mainly a daydream from me about myself. As a fragile artist, I am each of those individualistic bubbles (especially the teardrop bubble) floating majestically in a fantasy world, only to be swept away by an unforeseen destiny and popped from existence. Then I woke up. It’s the story of the life of a dreamer – me. I’m foretelling my own future through a reverie... simply put.

“Universe of Dialogue” - (2003) - (2 min.) 3D Computer Animation/ Video Art

The Text

I filled up the text narration with tiny truths with an intro credits sequence: “Eric Homan Presents... Universe of Dialogue... **An Information Overload Entertainment**... “They’re not saying

anything"... "What can I say?"... Behold, the disposable words... An unseen language... The thoughts only come in fragments... in incomplete sentences... A literary chaos within an empty word balloon... They become cartoon caricatures... Empty Dialogue Balloons? Listen Closer..." These titles have a comic book aesthetic to them to echo the use of word balloon and how they sometimes say and reveal nothing. "Understand?" reveals a main yellow text fragment. "It's doesn't matter!" says one bit of randomly loose dialogue. Finally, the end title: "Yet, we continue to search for meaning and intelligence in the universe."

The Synopsis

The piece begins with a montage of overlapping talking mouths and empty dialogue balloons overloading the mind. An abstract character keeps talking and talking. Above it is a dialogue bubble with nothing in it. The character keeps talking, yet nothing can be seen in word balloon. So the camera travels into the word balloon dialogue box to discover the microscopic mutterings of dialogue floating in the messy atmosphere. 3D letters in space dripping and blurring and rippling in depth and form. Overlapping cut-up clips of dialogue from mouth movements from inside a dialogue bubble.

The Autobiographical Inspiration behind the Madness

I have an acute difficulty understanding information when two people are speaking. I simply cannot *hear* or *understand* when too many people are talking at the same time in a room with poor acoustics. For example, if I'm in a club environment and sitting with a group of people and one of them starts talking to me, I won't be able to hear a damn word someone is saying to me no matter how hard I try to concentrate over the booming music. This is ultimately extremely frustrating and exhausting for me. I made this piece as an autobiographical expression of what it feels for me to be in that situation where I can't have "*fun*" in a "*fun*" social situation.

Intentionally Annoying

This was a rare work of art that was meant to start to get annoying after a minute of viewing it. The voices overlap and you are assaulted with too much information to the point where you are about to have a nervous collapse of your senses. That is what you are meant to feel because that is what it feels like when you are having a panic attack. And the media and the urban world around us is doing this to us more and more each day. Watch Bloomberg TV where they have multiple screens going on to give you up-the-moment updates on what is going on in different parts of the world. There are even multiple lines of business information scrolling across the bottom of the screen! (This was a direct inspiration for parody in this piece.) We as a culture have been assaulted with too much information, and we are starting to break down. This piece was to get us alerted to that fact. I am a sensitive human being. I also have a very hard time going to a bar that has dozens of noisy people talking at once with multiple TV sets playing different channels! It's total chaos for me since I can't concentrate on what one person is saying. They have to scream into my ear just so I can understand a sentence of what they are saying. It's ludicrous and surrealistically annoying. I kept the length of this piece to under two minutes. It could have been shorter; it could have been longer. Maybe one day I will do a five-hour director's cut version that will really hammer down the point!!

Soundtrack Description

This was a musical collaboration with musician/ sound designer Justin Jason for soundscape. A flood of partially-spoken words and sentences failing to make sense. Repeating voices, echoing rhythms, distorted sound effects, a cacophony of reverb noises. Like a blend of Phillip Glass, Skinny Puppy's "Falling", and a busy atmospheric restaurant - like an audio battle of voices, scores, and conversations. It is a world of controlled chaos.

I recorded a track for the narration and let the instrumental track remain in the foreground with the narration buried in the background. It just "sounded" better this way since it wasn't entirely necessary with the narration text already on the screen - *except* as a distant voice deep within our head as we ourselves read the visual text. That put it into a different state of mind - a subconscious state that off-puts the viewer from any normal state of reality or the average way a movie is put together. A slightly experimental/ surrealistic approach was appropriate for this effect. In effect, it had a dreamish quality.

“Seeing to Fly (The Journey of the Artist)” - (2004) - (3 min.) 3D Computer Art Animation

The Beginning

The following was one of the first 3D computer animation pieces I ever created. “Seeing to Fly” was conceived during spring of 1998 during my last semester as a student at the Columbus College of Art and Design. Since I felt that I was still learning and computer technology wasn’t advanced or fast enough, I never felt I had gotten a descent version made in the time I had to create it. So I went back several years later and reworked the concept and visuals to my liking with the advanced knowledge and experience I now had.

The Poem Narration

What if I were to introspect myself?
To look inside and be adrift
in heavy subconscious?
Freeing to *Fly*...
Dreaming to *Fly*...
Seeing to Fly...
Into an *Island*...
Into an *Eye-land*...
Into *I*. ...
Eric Homan Presents...
An Animated Surrealism:
an Adventure Painting
in Symbolistic and Expressionistic Hues.
“*Seeing to Fly* –
The Journey of the Artist”...
On an eyeland on a cross far *away*
grew a patch of identical flowers...
except for one.
All the other flowers did was *stare* blindly to the *sky*....
Yet one eye flower was willing to see *free*.
It dared, dreamed, and flapped
its leaves to the electric *air*.
Away!
It sprang sailing in flight out to great *height*.
Yet, the solitary flower adventured into the unknown.
Harder and harder it fluttered and strained.
The flower, the dreamer, continued with desperate *might*.
Just as it was about to fall,
it noticed a bright *light*.
It was a rare blossom of inspiration.
The flower flew down to pollinate with it as its *mate*.
Out born a *tree* of fruit *eyes* –
a gift of the *Delight*.
Born from *Freeing* to *Fly*...
Dreaming to *Fly*...
Seeing to Fly...
Now take a *bite*.

Earlier Version of Narration

“What if I were to introspect myself? To look inside and be adrift in heavy subconscious? Freeing to Fly... Dreaming to Fly... Seeing to Fly... Into an Island... Into an Eye-land... Into I. ... Eric Homan Presents... An Animated Surrealism: an Adventure Painting in Symbolistic and Expressionistic Hues. “*Seeing to Fly*.” On an eyeland on a cross far away grew a patch of identical flowers. All they ever did was stare and stare.... Yet one

little eye flower was willing to see free and fly away from the other watchers. It dared, dreamed, and flapped its leaves to the electric air. *Away!* It sprang sailing in flight out to great height. Harder and harder it fluttered and strained. The flower, the dreamer, continued with desperate might. Just as it was about to fall, it noticed a bright light. The flower flew down to pollinate with it, the portal pollen sun-eye flower. Out born a tree of fruit eyes – a gift of the Delight. Born from Freeing to Fly... Dreaming to Fly... Seeing to Fly... Now take a bite.”

The Adventure Tale

The tale goes as such: We start by staring in on a human face, blurred, fragmented, and distorted. He is questioning himself to find answers and meaning: “What if I were to introspect myself...?” We move into his pupil and into another world, into an “eyeland” of the eye. The man is having REM dreaming while awake. He is *dreaming in smile, dreaming in style*. We move into the dilated dream and are transported into a fantasy world within “I”. We see his internal landscape made up as an environment of dreams, colors, forms, fractions, distortions, illusions, delusions, and blisses. It is the “makeup” of the human psyche.

We journey to an island on a cross where flowers are growing all alike... *except for one* that looks and acts differently from the rest. It is the outcast, the geek, and the dreamer that manages to leave the flowers and their rooted existence by yearning to be something more than its conformist surroundings. It is the story of the dreamer’s life and anyone who has felt alone, struggled, survived, rebelled, and escaped from the hell of being a social outcast. This is a personified tale of our lives in the guise of all the pretty flowers in an abstract surreal environment.

After struggling and believing it could fly, the flower takes off sailing into the open air. Yet it doesn’t exactly know where to go. Still, it continues to fly into dark areas where it’s never been. Time fades and the solitary flower can’t hold out forever in a vague world without the guarantee of grounding. Just as it is about to die and fall into nothingness, it sees a bright light ahead. It uses its remaining amount of energy and flies toward it. The light turns out to be a burning blossom of inspiration, for which the flower dives down into to pollinate within it.

Suddenly, there is a flash of light.

We pull out of another eyehole that turns out to be of an actual eye on a fruit hanging on a tree branch. The flower had become merged with other life forms to become a hybrid work of life-art. The eye closes slowly, then the scene pauses to reflect for a second, then slowly fades in back on the original man who dreamt of this fantastic adventure. He is in REM dream with a smile on his face. Now he understands. He has the confidence to dream without a net or apprehension. We fade out with the world environment drifting into visualized REM. The End.

The Adventure Tale (Edited Down Version)

Journey to an island on a cross where flowers are growing all alike, except for one that looks and acts differently from the rest. It is the outcast dreamer that manages to leave the rooted flora flock by yearning to be something more than its conformist surroundings.

After struggling and believing it could fly, the flower takes off sailing into the air. Yet it doesn’t exactly know where to go. Still, it continues to fly into areas it’s never been. Time passes and it can’t hold out forever in a vague world without grounding. Just as it is about to fall into nothingness, it sees a bright light. It uses the remaining amount of energy and flies toward it. The light turns out to be a burning blossom of inspiration, for which the flower dives down into to pollinate within it.

Suddenly, there is a flash of light. The flower had become merged with another life forms to become a hybrid work of art life. We slowly fades back on the original man who dreamt of this adventure. He is in dream with a smile on his face. Now he understands. He has the confidence to dream without a net.

The Symbolisms

I suppose there is a lot more going on in this piece than I even accounted for at first (or hundredth) viewing. I suppose it may have come out of me on a subconscious level of my own life experience and personal internal feelings. The island cross with all the repetitious flowers could be interpreted as the close-mindedness of some of the teachings of Catholicism. The individual, multi-colored flower could be me deciding to leave the island of this religion that I grew up with and on and finding somewhere else to live and be happy. After flying around for so long, the flower eventually sees a bright light and flew into it blindly. The light is the spark of inspiration that mates with one’s idea and emotions and creates art/creative fruit. And the dreamer receives that spark at the end of his dream.

Since this is about “the journey of the artist”, I suppose this tale could also be about a sleeping

caterpillar emerging from its cocoon existence as a butterfly and roaming away. It's very much to open interpretation.

The Soundtrack

Excerpts from Justin Jason's score "Cartumbulance". Other sound effects for the flower were recorded by me in a sound booth, as well as assorted sound FX from my back catalogue of thousands of samples. Here are examples: Harder flapping and panting when the flower is dying from desperate might... Subconscious soundtrack elements: an ominous eerie sound ambience of wind for fade out flower... I also recorded flower leaf wings flapping by making the sound effects up with my voice.

The Comic Book Influence

I also employed comic book techniques, such as text layered on top of images. My enhancement upon this was that both were moving and animated. I wanted to explore how the comic book aesthetic of combining words and images together could be used to communicate in a video/ computer animated/ motion painting collage setting. This whole project was about an environment in play. So I wanted to reflect that in several whimsical aspects that occurred throughout. The text is flying and hovering within the environments within the person's eyelid world. The characters interact with one another as well. When the flower flies whooshing by, the text spins around.

Letting the Art Happen

This was an art project that was made up almost entirely on the spot... like a painter painting little by little on a giant canvas as it came to him. The only difference was that my canvas was three minutes long and was 30 images appearing per second. I had the element of time to deal with and a narrative to express in that length of time. Abstract experimental pieces are a torture and a thrill to work on because I never know where it was going to lead (if anywhere). That is the risk *and* fun of doing them. They may lead to a dead end and mean nothing at all. Or they could lead to some place unexpected – perhaps another dimension between heaven and hell. All I did know was that I had to make some sort of sense out of what I'd created with this weird looking red flower that flew away from the flora flock.

While making this piece, I really don't know what I was doing with this piece or where it was going to lead to next. I made tiny thumbnail storyboards so I could map out what a scene was going to look like. I let "happy accidents" occur and went with them. If two images work together that I didn't plan on putting together, I fell in love with it and used it.

The Meaning

And I *struggled* so with this project for several months trying desperately to make *sense* of it. "Seeing to Fly" had to mean something – it couldn't just be so pretty colors and abstract shapes appearing on the screen set to an experimental electronic score. I wanted the viewer to *understand*. Eventually during the sixth month working on this project I had an epiphany that, ironically enough, this was really about what I was going through. It was about "the journey of the artist". Wanting to be set free from the conformity around me, exploring new and unknown territory, getting lost in the dark, and eventually finding the light of inspiration down the road. The project was about my life in making art. After that realization, everything else fell into place. It all made sense and I knew how to make it all work together. I was writing my autobiography through images. I was the flower, and I found the blossom of inspiration... on the X that marks the spot!

The Artist Angle

"Seeing to Fly" is a tale of what it's like to be an artist disguised in the guise of flowers while living in a world of surrealism. You can be like all the other flowers and bloom in the sun, and wither away eventually. Or you can do something completely unbelievable and creative. If man was never meant to fly, how on earth did we manage to do it without the *dream and desire* to do so? I suppose the same frame of mind could be empathized with the flower in this piece that also decided it can fly by flapping its petals and acting upon such a mad thought. Flowers aren't supposed to fly! Yet, isn't that such a crazy, creative thing to do? And after much trial and tribulation for God knows how long, it *does* manage to take off one day. It soars and flies into the unknown, finds exciting places, but also gets lost. There *are* areas of darkness and defeat. However, it does find a light and heads toward it. It isn't necessarily death. But rather it is life. That

“life” could be inspiration - creativity manifest. And out of this union is a new beginning, a birth of a new idea. So the lesson to be learned is that you can either stare at the fruit and die, or you can take a bite out of it and discover its wonderful tastes and riches. And sometimes you may spit it out... but you can always take another bite and try it again.

The Inspiration

I based some of my inspiration for the visuals for “Seeing to Fly” on surrealistic aerial Australian landscape photography and of foreign flowers. The camera flies into the vortex portal of an exotic flower’s petals, a multiple-layered fuzzy feathered pollinated vagina.

The Struggle

I worked so hard to make people care about this animation/ video art piece. Instead of spending the proposed two months on it, I ended up working on it for ten months. And during that time, I was working on it whenever new inspirations hit me. I wanted this piece to be a contender for prizes in festivals. I reworked the soundtrack for over six weeks, finessing the narration to the point where every word is enunciated and expressed *just right* and could be fully understood. I spend six months simply making certain that there was a narrative story in place that wasn’t so abstract that people wouldn’t go away from this art piece without a *clear* idea of what it was about. I hate vagueness since the intended meaning should be expressed *enough* for people to feel something from it. That’s the dire responsibility of the author/ artist. I love crazy abstract visuals, but there should be a reason behind them. In the end after nearly a year’s struggle, I feel this project is successful in conveying that sense of self-expression through the journey of a flower who believed it could fly. (I hope the viewer will believe it, too.)

The Reactions

I’ve had some highly contrasting reactions to this animation piece. Some people take it very seriously and passionately; meanwhile others find it totally hilarious, pointless, ambiguous, and/ or funny. In a way, I guess it is okay that it may be “funny” in parts because there is a whimsical nature to my personality, imagination, and artwork. The subconscious mind is a place where *anything goes*, in a manner of speaking. Surrealism *is* rather hard to take *seriously*. It’s all nonsense imagery that doesn’t exist in the real world. But as an artist who works in Surrealism and Expressionism, I made sure that I put in some sense and meaning to it. Some people find a lot to see in dreams, and others look at it as mere craziness. So to me, it’s all in the eye of the beholder and with those with an open mind. There’s also a maturity measure that has to be leveled as well. If you’ve ever looked deep within yourself to find answers to life through your dreams, art, or career, this piece will make plenty of sense. “*Take a bite*” out of life. See how it tastes. If it tastes funny, I hope you enjoyed the joke. If it tastes magical or sour, delightful or depressing, euphoric or nauseating, then that’s all good and well, too. That’s just some of the ingredients of life.

Critical Reactions and Indifference

2-27-04: I showed my “Seeing to Fly” art animation piece to my Computer Animation I class this morning. Three of my students broke out laughing and snickering through half of it. They just couldn’t take the surrealistic, yet serious content. Annoyed, I told one of them off sincerely that they clearly weren’t mature enough to handle such a work. One of the girls professed aloud that I must have been on some heavy drugs to do such a piece. That “offended” and amazed me even more that people would look at something I had carefully poured my soul into for nearly ten months as *nothing more* than ridiculous “trippy” images. Most of them really weren’t the right audience for such a work. It’s like having a football fanatic critique a Picasso painting. I exclaimed emotionally that there was no drug-taking in order to get images like that out of my head. “All you need to do is **use your imagination**. You don’t *need* drugs in order to make something original and unique. It’s just as much an insult to them for their shortsightedness. Some of these kids just haven’t learned how to make something different. They’re happy just remaking what’s come before. They’d rather recycle crap than dare to express something original. Good or bad, “Seeing to Fly” at least has a sense of integrity to it by simply daring to *say something* beyond just trying to entertain with saturated colors and a flying flower!

“Seeing to Fly” Big Screen Premiere

4-16-04: *Then* I attended the 1st Annual CCAD Animation Festival, for which featured the “official” debut of my three-minute work, “Seeing to Fly”. The personally hilarious thing about it being shown with the other works was that 1) I’m not a “student”, 2) the content was on some *totally different*

creative plane of thought from the other mostly gag/ humor-based student work. It made everything else seem unprofessional in comparison (though it is problematic and personally discouraging to me how many people don't "get" my piece at all). I even had a female student call me a "weirdo". Showcasing this piece on a big screen seemed to only confirm her point of view. I wonder if it's a maturity thing, or perhaps society doesn't know how to handle seeing something "different"? And from doing such visually and personally distinctive art work, I've merely managed to alienate myself from everyone else. So much for creativity being strictly beneficial.

Is My Work Too Surreal and Too Personal?

2-27-04: Did I say something too personal? Did I say the right wrong words to you? Is my art too truthful within the skin of surrealism? It shouldn't be. It's a lot like the world around us. It speaks to you as much as it speaks to me, out of me.

The Software

I used the following software packages for this project over a nine-month period:
Computer animation/ graphics: Maya.
Compositing and video editing: After Effects, Premiere, and Final Cut Pro – color correct/ "chromatize" video footage, motion blur on eye intro flashes.
Sound editing: Acid Pro and Premiere.
Still imagery: Photoshop.

The Budget

The total budget for "Seeing to Fly" was \$0.00 – *nothing*. I used the DELL computers at the college I work at, the \$2,000 DELL computer I have at home, and the Maya software on these computers. So the main budget was \$2,000 for the home DELL computer. Then you have to factor in my own personal time, as well as priceless, immeasurable things such as my passion, my creativity, my ideas, and my technical skills. Since this was a personal art project that I was making for myself and for art's sake, I worked for "free". That was the breakdown of my personal project budget. I made it out of several key ingredients: imagination, passion, and my spare free time on a home Dell computer that I already owned. There are computer animation movies being made for \$100 million dollars. There are also ultra low-budget Roger Corman produced movies being made for \$500,000 dollars that go straight to video. Then there's me – an independent computer artist with fantasy to share and the time to make it happen. This project is a revolutionary idea: *creativity created for the sake of itself*. And that's all right by me. It's *priceless*, you know.

The Audience

I submitted "Seeing to Fly" to the SIGGRAPH Computer Animation Festival in 2004. This marked the fifth occasion I've submitted my animated computer artwork to SIGGRAPH, and I've never gotten in. And I didn't expect to get in this time either. (And, predictably, it didn't.) The only way I see it possible for the work I've done to get recognition is if it's so vastly different from all the slickly commercial, Hollywood-ready character animation entertainment narratives that are submitted every year. It's my only shot at an audience. My work stands apart from everything else. It wasn't created so I can get a job in the special effects or computer gaming industry. I made it to express myself. And I know it's good and that other people with a serious enough demeanor will also see it as unique, impassioned, visionary, and sensitive. That's all I'm hoping for: to expose my visual dreams to an audience outside of my small group of friends and art school students.

The Thanks

This piece couldn't have been made without the support of some close friends, specifically Mr. Justin Jason for supplying me with one of his soundscape compositions, and Mr. Ryan Treptow for the great technical support and assistance when I needed it most.

C. Interactive Sequential Art/ Digital Art Experience Pieces

(aka Interactive, Non-Linear Short Movies)

(created with Macromedia Director)

Look through each digital gallery on an individual interactive museum CD.

Interactive Piece Intro: Before my interactive pieces, I begin with a general intro to what visual elements could be considered interactive:

“You are about to begin an Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece. In order to navigate from one section to the next, you will need to use the computer’s mouse to search through the screen and determine what can be clicked on to advance. Interactive areas will usually be indicated through showing *motion*, distinctive **color**, and isolated object, or any other distinction **feature**. Sometimes, the entire screen is active and it doesn’t matter where you click. So, explore and enjoy.”

If anything at all, these interactive pieces could be considered animatics or pre-visualization storyboards for future video and animation pieces.

The Intent of My Interactive Artwork

5-12-98: I create art out of my own observations and reverie. My interactive experiences are meant to visualize ideas into viewer-active experiences where they can reach a catharsis through interacting with surrealistic, expressive context that can penetrate the subconscious mind and emotions.

“Memoria” – (1997-2000) - Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece

“MEMORIA”

“An Interactive Environment of Memory” Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece

Interactive Memories

Estimated time to complete “Memoria”: ten minutes to a lifetime

“In your dreams my memories will be stored.” –Tag line for “Memoria”.

NOW LET’S FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE ARTIST AND “MEMORIA”!

Contents

Memory Site categories: “Memory Start”, “Memory Fragments”, “Photo Memory”, “Memory Lost”, “Pictoria”, “Memory Fantasy”, “Memory 1”, “Memory Hybrid”, “Memory Advent” (“Memoria” short movie), “Memory Fall” (“I Watched Images Fall” short movie), and “Memory End”.

Intro

Memory and Emotion Presents: A Documentary Fantasy or A Fantasy Documentary... The following documentary, “Eric”, was filmed between my fourth birthday in 1980 to my college graduation in 1998”... “Memoria”: the unfolding of memories... A Subconscious Interactive Experience:

INTERACTIVE MEMORIES

Think back to your conclusions of your own memories and debate if they're as true as you believe. Break through that superficial world of photograph memories. Dig into your imagination and feelings. Remember... and reveal what lies behind the images - what more happened during the time that image was taken that has now been forgotten or repressed. Educate your memories through these *Interactive Memories*.

Interacting with memories allows you to reveal multiple layers of hidden possibilities that a selected group of photograph memories can have. As you unfold these memories and realize their various transformations, you may reconsider your own memories and how they change and evolve through time. These family photos of my youth are ordinary, typical imagery - yet what happened around the time each photo was taken? Searching beyond the superficial qualities of these moments (the year, friends, family, the location, the weather, the expressions on people's faces) and finding what more can be remembered from these images -- and what can be distorted... lost... repressed... replaced with other information of pictures and dreams. It's time to remember.

You have a photographic memory... This is how I remember... r.e.m.ember. This is how I remember... This is how I remember...

Memory Remembers

A photo-gallery of my memories with memory audio: use these memories as your own. Don't Let the Memories Pass You By!... Share Your Memories With Photos!... Get out of this life.

With every stage of "Memoria", you are posed with the question, "How would you like to remember this? Memories are in multiple choice."

The first group of choices are: (a. How would you like to watch the memories? Memory? (b. How would you like to watch the memories? Misunderstandings? (c. How would you like to watch the memories? Articulate from memories? (d. How would you like to watch the memories? Recollect in imagination? All lead to an eye intro into "Pictoria".

Memory "Pictoria": An Environment of Memory

Experience Memory Lost Picture Show...

A photograph with a bald spot (It must be aging)...

During my subconscious vacation, I posed for a photograph next to the flame-like bush in "Starry Night" in December 1997...

Imagination is creative memories...

Music hurts me. I have memories in the form of music...

Stay innocent.

Photograph Dissection

The greatest time-based interactivity of "Memoria" is that through each stage of the experience you witness how the same group of photographs start to morph, mutate, fade, transform, and fragment visually. The photos actually look more saturated, desaturated, distorted, and illusionary throughout the course of interacting with these memories. The memories themselves start to question themselves, reveal what else was happening in each image when it was taken. One of two boys playing basketball confesses, "There's a lot of body odor out here!" Another image asks, "Do you remember this memory from living or from watching TV?" It sincerely wonders, "Is this really our memories or our imagination?", or television programs unconsciously absorbed into "memory"?

How would you like to watch the memories?

(a. Communicate? (b. Repress? (c. Express? (d. Distort?

Memory Communication

To be able to communicate with a photograph. With every photograph that you touch, it reveals the inner feelings of what actually was happening or being felt. Some inner truth will be revealed through interactivity. Some are humorous: (Standing in front of the garden. –“(And that’s exactly what I did!)”). Some pose questions that reveal answers and truths: (“What are we planting?” –Planting onions in the backyard... I used to make up the excuse that I didn’t have any friends because of the long hours I had to spend helping my dad tend to the garden.) Some photographs examine the preciousness and uncertainty of actually having a photograph of a memory you don’t even remember: (My dad playing with me on lap. –I have no memories of this moment except for this picture.) Some pose questions of lost friends: (My Best Friend and I playing basketball one summer afternoon. –I haven’t seen or heard from my best friend in years. *Have you seen yours?*) Some reveal the yearning nostalgia within each shot: (The neighborhood children playing kickball in their front yards with their parents. –When I saw them playing the same game I used to play when I was a kid, I grabbed my camera, took a picture for *my nostalgia*, and played outfield for Team B.) Some photographs explain the after effects of a deceptively enjoyable experience: (Enjoying myself by going horse-back riding. –My legs and rear end were sore for three days after riding.) Some express the sentiments to a fellow artist: (A good friend of mine out motion picture filming. –He was the first human being I ever met who shared my ideology of seeing the world differently.) Some expose the artificiality of a family smiling in a photograph: (Family portrait on my First Communion. –I’m not sure if we were all smiling because we were happy... rather we wanted to *remember ourselves as happy*.) Some share a personal reflection of a photograph: (My uncle and I horse-back riding at his farm. –This photo was a reminder of how much I enjoyed horse-back riding – especially the exhilaration of riding at full gallop. The wind was so strong... yet I held on.) Some are explain why I took the photograph in the first place: (The doorway to my former home. –This doorway used to be so familiar; so I figured I might as well start taking pictures of the doorways in my life.) If you want to exit this gallery of photo communication, you have to *repress/ erase* what you have just seen.

Repress: Every photograph is now *repressed* from learning or knowing anything about it. It was the interactee choice.

Express: The photos plead and exclaim their souls out to be remembered by the interactee. “Don’t forget us!”

Distort/ Memory1: Memories Chromatized. The photographs gain extra saturation throughout time and interactivity. They appear nicer, or more frightful. One’s memories distort them into something other than what they actually were. Their “reality” turns to something else. “What time is it?” –“Imagination has no time.” Repressed memories from childhood soon to be forgotten.

Memory Facades

Memories are in multiple choice: (a. (b. (c. (d. (e. (f. (g. (h. (i. (j. (k. Remember the good, you don’t need the sad – so hide it. “How would you like your memories? Scrambled? Or Sunny-side up?”

A clown master of ceremonies exclaims out, “Welcome to Imagination!” Here the memories start to become fantasy artifacts of themselves and merge with other memories around them. Play with the Baby Cannon where the interactee can shot the head off a baby boy... The two horse-riding photographs morphed into each other and the interactee has to decide which direction is north, east, south, or west... A father and son planting memories in their garden with gravestone markers. The photograph memories decompose underneath. It’s an adequate visual metaphor for what happens when imagination takes over one’s own. As old memories die, new life grows in its place. Roses have grown in the garden... Some of the photographs are already tried to cover up some of the memories and physically repress them. One puts hands on top of it. The interactee has to click off the hand to get to the bottom... One photograph transforms itself into another metaphor: “Dreams and sand castle kingdoms get washed away on the beach. I built a sand castle and turned myself into a sandman for it. Yet, something restricted me from going

any further.” Then the photograph labels itself CENSORED and REPRESSED... A photograph actually invites you to click in order to take the picture. A shot occurs and the faces of those in the pictures are bleached out. A camera beeping continues. A red flashing is seen in the reflection of a door window. Closer inspection reveals it is the red hair flashing on and off of the red-haired artist/ creator of the “Memoria” piece – the “Camera” and *rememberer*... The photograph of the boy standing in front of the back yard garden is now “Canceled” for some unknown reason... When you exit, you are given the option to stop daydreaming or stay? When you decide to leave, a coda appears: “Aware that in moments the way I saw these loosely-connected images and sounds will be replaced with the conscious existence of reality. I can feel their being, their existence... fade away. Eventually, information from fantasy and reality will overwhelm them for not being clear of what it truly was – just like each other.... Can you have empathy for a dream?”

Memory Deterioration

How would you like to remember this? Memories are in multiple choice: (a. Lies (b. Truth (c. Dreams (d. Fantasy.

Lies: Lying to yourself won't make the pain go away. You've got to live in the real world... with us. **Memory Fragments:** Lost in the Reverie. Fantasy... that's what the people want! “A man experienced something so horrifying that his mind rejected it by erasing his entire personality along with all his memories. It was self-inflicted amnesia. He reduced himself to a newborn mentality – confused, bewildered, fresh – and lived on from there.” “Man is made in God's I/ Man is made in God's image”. My/ our/ your past is fictionalized. We're Your Family. The Children are God. “Where am I? Where am I? Where am I?”

Truth: Our memories and dreams merge together through time into a **Memory Hybrid:** The photo gallery merging into one large mutant, atmospheric panorama of a memory. Dreaming is time-travel. It all becomes **Memory Dust.** One photo dreams: the ocean had moved up to my hometown street. My family was outside playing in it. I just sat on the front lawn and felt lost.

Dreams: Subconsciously, dreams invent memories that never *occurred*. They are visions, sensations, and ideas of what we wished we had experienced or felt. Fantasies are consciously realized. And we drift off into the **Memory Hybrid.**

Fantasy: Welcome to Imagination. Welcome to Love. Welcome to Escapism. Leads into **Memory Fragments.**

Memory End

How would you like to remember this? Memories are in multiple choice: (a. Repression (b. Loss (c. Forgetfulness (d. Death (e. Flashbacks.

Repression: Do Not Read: There are memories that are uncomfortable to remember because you don't know how to deal with them. A level of vulnerability arises for being a situation where you don't have total control over: not being able to do anything to prevent it, or you make the wrong move, or you were being taken advantage of. It is normal to dream over them. So go ahead in order to be sane in the present... It's time to dream it all up.

Loss: Portrait image says: “I want to kiss you.” The interactee can answer two ways: “I think I'd better go” or “I'll stay with you”. The interactee has to engage their emotions to make the decision of where this will all lead to. And will you end up hurting the image's “feelings”?

Flashback: Allows the interactee to go back in time to recollect or reexamine chapters of memory that they might have missed (“Memory Fragments”, “Photo Memory”, “Pictoria”, “Memory Lost”, “Memory Fantasy”, “Memory 1”, and “Memory Hybrid”).

Forgetfulness: Fading expressions... fading photographs... the images fade out and go blank until... *forgotten*.

Death: All the photographs in the gallery are labeled “deceased” as if they never were. They're dead from the mind.

The Advent of Memories

The final phase is to witness either “I Watched Images Fall” or “Memoria” memory movies. Now apply what you have just experienced to your own memories of your life.

Existential Interactivity

Because the nature of the piece is about remembering and forgetting, the piece calls upon its very self if the interectee will even remember *it*. Will it even remain?

What is “Memoria”?

Memory Art can be so personal that it's universal. On that basis, I made “Memoria”, an Interactive Digital Artistic expression of using family photograph imagery to educate society on how our visualized perception of our individual reality can be altered through time, information, and outside media. I believe that memories are the key to our existence and survival. This piece examines this through a multimedia education of how our memory dissolves and evolves throughout our life. The interectee goes through an interactive visual/ audio breakdown of what happens when one grows up and finds one's memories breaking down, confusing themselves, blanking out, and ultimately forgetting. To use digital technology, interactivity, and the visual arts to education, entertain, exhilarate, and amaze. The journey is shortened to a roughly fifteen minute tour through the development of photographs from my own childhood and adolescence. The interectee examines my past under a microscope of the imagination as an education and entertainment.

The Reason for Creating “Memoria”

I started re-thinking and questioning my memories in the months and years that followed the death of my mother in a car accident in October 1996. I was haunted whenever I looked at a photograph of her when she was alive. I also noticed that she always smiled. I spent months dealing with the trauma of her sudden death by remembering how nice of a person she was through those photos of her. Through my remembrances, I started to realize with great sadness that I wasn't sure what exactly happened during the time each photograph was taken. Eventually, I realized that there weren't that many photographs with my mother because she was the one who took the pictures. The memory of each was faded. I was only left with the superficial image of a photograph memory. I realized that my memories of her and my own past were amiss in dreams, lies, repressed memories, and a somewhat fantasized past. So I decided to dissect it through a multimedia journey of images, sound, and interactivity. The result was “Memoria”: a hybrid galleria of memories.

Memory Self-Discovery

“Memoria” is a psychoanalysis of myself and of my own memories. I had a traumatic event and reflected on my reactions. I had to make sense to all the confusion. That's where art came in. That is why I created this piece. If I didn't, the disorder in my life would have consumed me. I needed a way to express my revelations, fears, and fantasies in front of me so I could visually examine my sense of reality. This piece helped me find out about myself - and I hope it will help others as well. It begins with the portrait of a four-year-old boy: the time when most humans first start to become conscious of themselves and can remember at a mature level.

There is a need to forget... to dream over what we don't need to remember... to heal.

More memories clutter the subconscious and spawn memory hybrids. Imagination draws its own creative conclusions.

Memory art can be so personal that it's universal.

The Intention

What I meant to do with this piece is to take my memories and make them significant to the interectee so that they might *reconsider* their own memories. Most of the photos in this piece are insignificant and forgettable - but their moment was captured (the ages of those in the picture, the place, the temperature, the expressions). Then, I decided to make these photo memories

distorted, lost, dreamed up. I reconsidered each one and wondered if something repressed was happening in that picture that one couldn't tell from just looking at it - what was inside their heads. Let this piece fill their minds and dreams with wisdom, knowledge, and emotions. Let your images in your (the interactee's) mind touch them through time. See people die - only to see them alive in photographs. See people smiling in an idealistic flash.

Questioning Our Memories

"What is the shape of our memories? Do we really have... amorphous memories?"

Visualizing this proposed phenomenon through this interactive experience art piece was to allow the interactee to become an active voyeur and uncover through these collected photos - presented in multiple choice to visualize these questions and mysteries of our own memories. Was something happening in these pictures that one couldn't tell from just looking at it - what was really there? Is it really our memories or our imagination? That is what the interactee should ask oneself once they've through with this Interactive Digital Art piece.

"Existential Art"

"Memoria" is the most psychologically complex art piece I've ever conceived. It would be a bad joke to admit that it's taken a "lifetime" in order to accomplish the concepts of this memory piece. Indeed, I was in my early to mid twenties when I worked on "Memoria", but it didn't matter if I hadn't lived out a lifetime. All one needs is a minute to remember something and forget it sixty seconds later. I can look back onto this piece and recognize the great care that was put into it in order to make the most detailed visual example of how memory fades and disappears. It is "Existential Art" since it in itself claims and predicts that it will be forgotten.

The Elements of Interactivity

I clearly had fun with the interactive design and psychological effect of creating each element of interactivity.

-A still image of a boy's façade winks at you the interactee so you can proceed to the next stage. Imagine: art actively flirting with the interactee!

-In a crowd shot, the interactee can click on the various moving people and hear what they think before you enter into the "Memoria" documentary experience. Here are some of the following exclamations: "He's miscast!"... "Ha ha ha ha!"... "I don't get it!"... "Cough, cough, cough!"

Questioning One's Mind, Memories, and Photographs

"Who's behind the camera? Who took the picture? Who took the memory? Who remembers?"

"Was that memory part of my real life past or something out of my imagination? I can't tell anymore?!"

What is real anymore within our own mind? This piece was created so one could sort out those types of questions through a visual, interactive medium.

Do you have any false memories? Here are mine to view and examine on display.

"Memoria", the Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece, was created over a twelve-month period. I let the piece evolve and expand with possibilities just as remembering is a process of multiple choice. One can dream up ones past, forget it (consciously or subconsciously), or try to *understand* it. The introspection and self-discovery process became just as much a psychological journey for the interactee as it was for me when creating the piece. "Memoria" asks the interactee at the beginning: "Reconsider your memories through these interactive memories." Through that suggestion begins the interactee's ride into discovering if memories are real when subjected to time and the peculiarities of the human mind.

While looking through one of my family's photo albums, a friend of mine observed that we were always smiling and it looked like I had a happy childhood. I realized then that my mother wouldn't take a picture unless we were all smiling. We created an illusion of a family being happy - with no reminders of frowns or depression. Such photos would have been thrown out as

“rejects”.

The Definitions of Memory

Mem-o-ry (mem' e-re) *n.* : **1.** The mental faculty of retaining and recalling past experience. **2.** The act or an instance of remembering; recollection. **3.** All that a person can remember. **4.** Something remembered. **5.** The fact of being remembered; remembrance. **6.** The period of time covered by the remembrance or recollection of a person or group of persons. **7.** Persistent modification of behavior resulting from an animal's experience. **8. a.** A unit of a computer that preserves data for retrieval. **b.** Capacity for storing information.

All these definitions could describe this experience of “Memoria”.

Memories Are In Multiple Choice

The staple line of the piece was the reoccurring suggestion: “memories are in multiple choice”. This statement demands that the viewer become a major part of the experience for they are the ones choosing which way to remember. It is the viewer's active involvement in sorting through these interactive memories that they will be able to understand their own. In a unique way, “Memoria” is a psychology analysis visualized as an art experience.

A Different Experience Every Time

Each time one goes through “Memoria”, the experience will be *different* by selecting different choices of how to remember through the multiple choice categories. The fantastic thing about this is that this is how our memory really works. You may remember one thing one way, but the next time you remember something it may have changed to something else. Yet some routes you choose offer *different* and *identical* visualizations of how memories evolve through time and in our mind.

Memory Breakdown

Memories are broken down in several categories of explanation. Subconsciously when we sleep, our dreams invent memories that never occurred. They are visions, sensations, and ideas of what we wished we had experienced or felt. Fantasies are consciously realized as in a daydream or wish. Eventually, one may believe them... which leads to lies where one will convince oneself that a memory or fact didn't exist. This branches off in repression and/ or forgetfulness. And hopefully, at the end of one's journey, there is truth. Only then can one come to cathartic terms with their past through revealing lost/ repressed memories, or gain a realistic understanding of their past.

Multimedia Memories

The photos are displayed in a multi-media medium for a way of experiencing each photograph as it is being deconstructed visually and audibly. Rather than just seeing each image, I altered each photograph and mixed sound effects to each stage of its history. Concerning the audio, it recalls where the photograph was taken so that the still image has an environment of sound from some past. This addition enhances the experience and stimulates a sense of imagination out of memory - as if what was heard or might have been heard where that picture was taken.

Click on a photograph and a dialogue occurs. The images can *speak!* If you touch them, they talk. They have something to say.

Different Meanings

Often the people who go through this piece discover meanings that I didn't intend on. One believed that the “Baby Cannon” fantasy in the imagination sequence, where my dad is holding me as a baby on his lap and my head shoots off, was a metaphor for reproduction.

“Miscast In Documentary”

One of the in-jokes inside the piece comes from one of the audience members toward the beginning. If one selects a woman moving anxiously in the crowd, she criticizes the boy on the screen- me as a young child - for being "miscalc" when the picture she watching is a documentary. How cruel that would be to be called "miscalc in one's own life"!?

The Memories Remain Documented

The interesting contradiction of this piece for me is that I left behind a documentation of how memory evolves and fades away in various forms. Yet I could always go back and rediscover what the memories started out as. They remain documented digitally with descriptive text where they will never fade.

The Title - "Memoria"

The name "Memoria" (pronounced "mem-mor-re-a") derived from the Nirvana song, "Come As You Are". I believed that the name "memoria" to be a hybrid of memory and galleria - a *gallery of memories*.

Epilogue

I hope "Memoria" is meaningful to each viewer. Remember: it's not just about my memories - it's about everyone's memories and our collective experience of memory. In closing, I want you to remember this: *in your dreams my memories will be stored*.

Eric Homan

"Memoria" Still Holds Up

7-18-01: Last week, I rediscovered an early interactive experience piece of mine, "Memoria", and was shocked by how thought-out and deeply felt it was. Even the visuals held up! I thought they were better than what I've been doing artistically for the past year!!

"The Zoos" - (1997-99) Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece

-Slogan: "Have Fun, Get Lost"

Intro

"The Zoos" are a state of mind. They are all linked together through neighboring zoo attractions in which you are about to see and interact with. Consider what is in this zoo, why they are there, and how interacting with each attraction means.

"Zoo" Definitions

zoo (pl. zoos): 1. A park or an institution in which living animals are kept and usu. exhibited to the public. 2. *Slang*. A place or situation marked by confusion or disorder.

A Personal Surrealism Zoo

One can fully explore the imagination through interactive environments like this one. "The Zoos" Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece is designed as a trip to a zoo - but its contents are more surreal and personal. Society was the zoo. It was a mirror zoo to reality: issues on death, God (s), worship, love, and nature are all addressed interactively. I took the concept of a zoo with exotic animals and added interactive psychological surrealism within the cages. Where else could you see a deformed rubber band, a paper cheetah, friendly alligators, God, a tree, a pet cemetery, "Art", and other curiosities?

The Zoo Facade and Exhibits

The "zoo facade" is the map of the zoos that show visually where the three caves lead. Cave #1 goes into an orange/ blue crystal eyeball. Cave #2 is a circular zoo exhibit called "Freak

Shows". Cave #3 is the Overcrowded Zoo. Of course with all zoos, I created a special concession stand for refreshments like the "Zalopino Erotic Pepper", "St. Mary's Blessed Bagels", and the "Los Angeles Sensitivity Pretzel" - free with admission!!

The list of exhibits inside are: **Cave #1**: Blue Eye Cave, Art, Woods. **Cave #2**: Pet Cemetery, God, Holy Spirit, People (Laugh, Love, Spit), Mirror, Tree, Nature Public Service Announcement, Museum of Clouds, \$300 Heaven, Jupiter. **Cave #3**: Billboard Cave, Ice Caverns, Pregnant Snowwoman, The Map Inside a Map, The Overcrowded Zoo (Alligator, Squirrel, Cheetah, Grandma, Flamingos, Rubber Bands, Koyla Bears, Zebras, Mexican Wolf), Ladies, Dogs for Sale, Gentlemen, Tourists, Africa Stone, God #2, End/ Exit. **Concession Stand**: Zalapino Erotic Pepper, St. Mary's Blessed Bagels, Los Angeles Sensitivity Pretzel, Water.

Grandma

Inside Cave #3, the Overcrowded Zoo, is an exhibit with an old woman inside labeled "Grandma". My own grandmother is the woman behind the bars. Upon visiting her in a nursing home, I felt the overcrowded conditions and visiting hours reminded me of a zoo. As a reflective social statement, I gave her a place in my zoo. She could be anyone's grandmother.

"Hand Reaching Out"

The nature interaction "Public Service Announcement" within "The Zoos", was about how the environment is overwhelmed by our presence in it: our interaction with nature. By interactively *experiencing* it's message through an aesthetic, entertainment medium, one can grant oneself a sensitive understanding of an important issue.

Change

Catharsis comes in various disguises when in the zoos. To see certain attractions/ interactions, a virtual money slot appears on the screen for which the interectee has to pay virtual coins by clicking on the change slot. The money slot will either make the sound of money dropping in; or it will tell you "change", literally and psychologically.

The Nudes in Cages

I found an intriguing concept with having several nude figures being bored inside a zoo cage. Normally, you would have a nude looking sexy or glamorous in an image. Here were some nudes without anything to do in confined quarters. This was kinda like a scene that would have always been edited away or forgotten about because it was so outlandish or ridiculous. I like exploring the unconsidered and putting it on display.

Psychological Interactions

Throughout the zoos, pun signs appear that question how you should interact with them. For example, there are three cages with naked men in each. Outside their cell are the signs "Laugh", "Love", and "Spit". The interectee has to actively confront their feelings on how to deal with these situations. Even with the surrealism of seeing a naked human in a zoo, one should sympathize with the vulnerable figure. There arises the conflict with having to confront a sign like "Spit", let alone the challenge of "Love".

Come Up with Your Own Conclusions

9-10-98: I've been developing interactive pieces for "The Zoos" dealing with the interactive power of mere words: LOVE SPIT SILENCE. I assign them with visuals of my own imagination and consider the possible reactions (cryptic, confusing, passive, profound). But that really excites me! I'm challenging the viewer to come up with their own conclusions.

An Epilogue

It is never spelled out what the zoos are or what its inhabitants are doing there together.

Are you going through a religious shrine, a city zoo, a street block, a cave, a dark tunnel with light at its end, the pupil of an eye, an over-crowded planet, a billboard? In this "zoo" they are all combined and begin to interrelate to each other by being part of one location. The viewer's interactive exploration of the zoos offers an expression to the images being sequentially placed.

Imagination Epilogue: "The Zoos" Got Cancer

4-21-02: My interactive piece "The Zoos" got cancer after two and a half years after its birth. It was so sad to watch artwork that I'd created slowly die away.

"The Tragic, Yet Beautiful Flicker of a Candle" - (1997) - Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece or Animation

Two Versions of Viewing Book

-Experience runs through on its own pace with the exception of select scenes of interaction.

-Experience runs through at the pace of selecting interactive choices.

The Tale Begins

This was one of the very first sequential interactive pieces I ever created. This piece involves the story of being an artist personified in the burning flame of a candle. The smoke that is exhaled from the flame creates the most amazing of imaginary visions like a cloud waterfall, red hairy clouds, and a flaming horse. When the candle burns itself out, the light dies as well.

Storybook Text

"The candle waited for years or seconds for someone to light its wick... to light its wick. Suddenly, its dry wick was lit and its flame was bright! Someone saw the sorrow, the shine... and kissed it softly... kissed it softly. And its existence imploded on itself.... Its spirit exploded right back. A waterfall rained from clouds. Liquid hair sheds from the clouds. How would you like to end? Would you fade to white? (or) Would you fade to black?"

Things to Look For - The Book Within a Book

On the bookshelf in the library, one of the books whose cover can actually be read is Edgar Allen Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart". If you select the book, an animated short appears. I liked having that direct connection between this tale of a burning candle and Edgar Allen Poe. He was the definitive suffering artist.

"The Tell-Tale Heart"

"The Sad, Yet Beautiful Flicker of a Candle" is also a metaphor about Edgar Allen Poe. Hidden in the library as part of the environment is an adaptation of "The Tell-Tale Heart":

"An Eric Homan Adaptation of Edgar Allen Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart". "I loved the old man, yet one of his eyes resembled that of a vulture. So I decided to kill the old man. I waited... until...! I dismembered the body and deposited it under the floor planks. Knock knock knock! Police, come in. We talked, yet slowly... I grew very pale. I heard a low, dull, quick sound. The noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone?! My horror! Oh God! I admit the deed! Here, here! It is the beating of his hideous heart!"

"In the Shadow of the Sun" - (1997) - Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece or Animation

The Memory Tree

9-8-97: (This is the idea that started "In the Shadow of the Sun".) In the cemetery of failed relationships and lost loves, a tree with the initials of two ex-lovers carved into the bark is planted in their

memory.

-Choose which version to view or experience. (If you choose view, the piece will simply play through without interactivity; if you choose experience, you can click through the piece and interact with its storyline and discover more within the piece.)

Chapters

1. "Through Eden"
2. "Trail of Broken Hearts"
3. "Woods of Remembrances"
4. "The Sighing of Leaves"
5. "The Face of a Heart"
6. "Dissecting the Façade"
7. "Notebook Type"
8. "White Flag"
9. "Nature Made of Love Letters"

Synopsis

This piece is an interactive or animated exploration of first love through several subconscious environments. Eden is a symbolic land for being in love. You are leaving Eden when you begin "In the Shadow of the Sun". From your first-person perspective, you have just gone through a broken relationship. One spends the majority of the piece interacting with visual feelings of how it feels to lose love: a cemetery of trees (a woods of remembrance with the inscriptions of first loves upon each tree trunk); a decomposing leaf-heart buried alive a few feet under after the dead trees have been given new life; notebook pages of personal anguish... full of endless layers of scribbles and cries; a tree made up of old love letters; and in the end, Eden, though in ominous red, is revisited as if we are entering a relationship again.

The theme of being heart-broken, one of the greatest and most interesting of human conditions, was the basis and catalyst for the creation of this piece. It was the months after the breakdown of my first real relationship and I was in lonely confusion and misery. Out of blind creativity, I sculpted my tears into art. "In the Shadow of the Sun" is really a journey piece about growing up, moving from child-like idealism to full adulthood. The trip that the viewer is taken on is from out of Eden into the dark landscapes of jealousy, resentment, and longing. Eventually, we make our way out to Eden.

Like a "candle in the wind", it's a nice way to describe an artist's life.

Interactive Exploration

The interactivity in this piece, "In the Shadow of the Sun", is based on the possibility of navigating through an environment, discovering what lies inside of it, and causing changes within its world. This revelation can only be achieved by the curiosity of the interactor. The basis of the interaction is to give the images a meaning, a story, or a mood that the viewer will relate to and empathize with. Touching/ clicking on the images of people and objects becomes an openly voyeuristic experience for the viewer to discover hidden emotions within. In this piece's series of sequential images, I allow the interactor to be led to a forest cemetery of lost love where the initials of first loves are inscribed onto dead trees. At this location one can touch various trees in the foreground and see the initials of lovers (whose faces also appear on the tree trunk). If one touches the image again, the tree reveals an "X" scarred upon its surface (meaning that the tree is dead or that it will be cut down). I enjoy this sort of interaction for the viewer is unaware if they caused this violent "X" to occur or not.

Things to Look For

-The sun is leaving "Eden" at the beginning, which is symbolically the place where love used to grow and flourish. The rest of the experience is its journey through emotional dreamscapes.

-In the Woods of Remembrance, the close-ups of the dead tree tombstones have ghost-like faces

of the ex-lovers beside their carved initials on the tree trunk.

-Whenever you click on the sun or its shadow, you return to the “List of Chapters” menu that allows to you visit any section of the experience.

-The happy/ sad face is a cartoon representation of my manic depression at the time. Then the face winks at you in a flirtatious way.

-I really liked the grand irony of the sun casting a shadow.

-In Chapter Four: The Sighing of Leaves, the sighing sounds almost like a hum.

-A self-inflicted self-deprecating artist reference appears during the notebook “White Flag” sequence where the slip of paper reads “Generic Sadness”. Yet when it is animated, an overlapping of letters occurs and the flag reads “*eric Sadness*”, as in the sadness of yours truly, Eric Homan.

-The strange looking flowers that appear in “Eden” at the beginning and end have a heart-shaped hole in the middle of them.

Text in “Notebook Text”

“Dear God, please make her fall back in love with me. Amen us.”

“A tragedy of love.”

“My feelings are only doing me harm, so I gave them away.”

“Writing these words don’t heal me!”

“She isn’t one who misses me much.”

“Furious with loneliness!”

“I feel comfort when I’m with you.”

“Dream out.”

“It’s over.”

“I’m so sorry.”

“I didn’t want to hurt you.”

“Generic Sadness.”

“The sunset in her eyes... it faded away.”

Text in “Nature Made of Love Letters”

“I spell your scent. I see your beauty. I hear your voice. I taste your lips. I touch your hand. I don’t know you... love.”

“When two are in love... colors appear more chromatic and brighter.”

“Realizing my loneliness makes me want to cry or dream.”

“I did not want to be without a companion. So thank you for being here.”

“Colored Portraits” - (1997-98) - Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece

I did this piece out of empathy for mental patients who went into catalepsy. They withdrew so deeply into themselves (mostly because of a traumatic event in their life) that their mind refused to exist in the real world any more. They reminded me of some of the portrait images I was working on at the time. Withdrawing into one’s work so deeply... the portrait image itself is frozen and withdrawn from reality... the fantasy in the images were beautiful and escapist landscapes of a withdrawn person’s imagination.

“Image Says...” - (1998) - Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece

I pondered on what a pale yellow image hanging on a museum wall would be feeling... the result was part surrealism, dada, and expressionism at play. “Why do I feel?”

"The Falls" - (1996-98) - Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece/ Animatic

"The Falls" is a series of drawing put together as a multi-media animation. The visuals were sketched out frantically a month after the sudden death of my mom in a car accident. "The Falls" was the name of the piece of music I used for the piece, but the title turned out to also describe the depression of the grieving character in the cemetery as well as the descending rain that touches his cheek in the end. I made this piece as a reminder, to myself and to others, that after so much desperation and grief and insanity, one can still feel happiness from the smallest sources. In the case of this piece, redemption and comfort came from being touched by a drop of rain - a teardrop from heaven.

This piece is also quite significant to me for being the first piece I made that had deeply personal emotions as my subject matter. It took my mother's death to break them out of me and make them into a cathartic experience.

I am a bit embarrassed of the overuse of the piece of music I used (Ennio Morricone's affective score to The Mission) since I've heard it in countless other students' demo reels and in movie trailers. Still, as an experiment of matching someone else's music to the images and emotions inside me, it works. Also, I like the pun between the music piece's title, "The Falls", and the content of the visual piece.

An Analysis of "The Falls"

In my storyboard I was trying to convey a sense of anguish, emotional struggle, anger, isolation, and, ultimately, redemption and happiness. I used to believe that these emotions were mostly... routine clichés, until I went through them myself. Death caused these emotions and there was no way I could avoid or ignore them. I felt that the music selection, "The Falls", by Ennio Morricone immaculately displays these emotional tones. I put together my ideas, emotions, and recent experiences together while listening to Morricone's music. I also discovered that this music served as a form of comfort to me because it uplifts emotions to a majestic high after a long period of grueling melancholy. Through my storyboard interpretation, I wanted to present these emotions as a visual message.

I wanted to use an isolated setting for a feeling of complete seclusion from society. Therefore, I used the location of a deserted cemetery countless miles wide. The point of view descends with the music from heaven down to earth where this enormous cemetery reveals a dark, lone figure kneeling beside a gravestone. As we finally reach our character, the figure cries, weeps furiously, clenches the grass below, pounds its fists upon the ground, etc. - all out of grief. We view these anguished actions from several different positions to portray a sense of tension, repression, and entrapment. Rain begins to fall in the background. Suddenly, we again see a shot from up above descend upon the dark figure. Just as our point of view is about to impact with the dark figure, we realize, in a different frame from in front of the figure's face, that a rain drop has hit the figure's cheek, which surprises the figure. Suddenly, our point of view slowly backs off to show a change in the dark figure's face to a kinder expression, perhaps of acceptance. The single touch of a drop of rain (from heaven) calms the inner turmoil and lightens the darkness of the figure dramatically.

My storyboard is primarily for those who went through the death of a loved one. I believe that through the muse of metaphors in the form of visuals and music, an empathetic sort of healing can come across to ease the pain.

The piece would be filmed in stark black and white.

I used Ennio Morricone's "The Falls" as my music. With every heavy beat from this selection of music, a cut to another shot would appear (especially in the intro section). The visual point of view of a raindrop descends along with the music, as well as the feeling of grief within the music. During the slow motions shots, there are several beats to each shot. This keeps the image to our attention longer for us to study the visual as the music involves us. The graphic style of the visuals and the glorious mood swings of "The Falls" both counteract each other.

“Fear of Words and Images” - (1998) - Interactive/ Experimental Animation Experience Piece
“Images for Fear Words and” - (1998) - Interactive/ Experimental Animation Experience Piece
“and Images Fear for Words” - (1998) - Interactive/ Experimental Animation Experience Piece

Choices to Fear

You can choose between three versions: “Fear of Words and Images”, “Images for Fear Words and”, and “and Images Fear for Words”. The later two are spin-off “remixes” of the original, “Fear of Words and Images”. The remixes are parts two and three where the original’s imagery gets even more surreal and abstracted. It makes complete sense for its existence since the original piece was about fragmentation and chaos.

Intro Description

“The following piece is a series of drawing put together as an animation of still images. The running time for the piece is 79 seconds.”

Visualized Panic Attack Symphonies

This piece was created in 1997, and then reworked, reworded, remixed in 1999 and 2001. A hybrid of speaking distorted prayers, soft focus faces turning hard, and too many voices speaking at once. Ultimately, this is my personal visual expression of what it feels like to have a panic attack. Feel free to empathize with it. (*Best part: the ending when you are playfully and psychotically asked if you want to “end” or “again”).

Dialogue, Noise, Voices, Cacophony, Text, Prayers...

“Good morning. Fear for words and images. Blah blah blah blaaaaah blah blahha blah. All in all is all we all are. What? Rambling in memories. $2 + 2 = 2$. Say again? What for? See. Goodbye. Good to low. Happy together. uw gwer very call. but rathur need coatt. hello. blah. blah. I didn’t know. stone words. I love you I love you I love you. please please how are you how how are you re you how are y allegory? Where! how are you here! How are you how are you how are you how a e yok70u how hare you pwa ;uyy ire uh how are youy qweqweqweqe d 65 a d f e qaerq 2 543 g ??? help **help** Father who art thou in heaven Hallow be they Name Thy Kingdom Come thy ill be done One ea h as is in heaven Give us thy day our daily bread And forgive us of our trespasse As e forgive tho e who trespass against us An lead us not into temptation Forever and ever. Amen. hio why dad Stay dadad fol yawn serer gh ? o 4 ?? good night. again? fin?”

Sound and Song Collage Cacophony

Contains a cacophony of music samples from: Nirvana: “All Apologies”, Sinead O’ Connor: “Three Babies”, The Velvet Underground: “The Murder Mystery”, and U2: “The Wanderer”.

“Survival Series” - (1999) - Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece/ “Interactive Poem Experience ‘Video Game”

The Reason

Mainly, the reason I decided to create this work when I was young was to escape into a world of one’s imagination and uncover what “fights” in there. And as I got older, I rediscovered this game, added to it, and realized what more it was truly about: wrestling with one’s own demons/ enemies. This piece was drawn on notebook paper, my childhood art pad for “doodling” and expressing myself. I needed an escape from the torments of school and home. So, through several months, I created “Survival Series”, a computer game war-adventure-action-fantasy, which became my cathartic response and release to being teased by my classmates and

overhearing my parents fight. I took my frustration out through my art.

While reworking this piece, I questioned if the people who make or play violent computer games were also trying to fight their “*demons*” to liberate their aggression and find a way to escape? I realized that a computer game could be cathartic when interacted with on an emotional, mental, and physical level. So I laid into plan to add my own adult input and creative/emotional concepts into the drawings by making it an “Interactive Poem Experience ‘Video Game’”.

The History

This is not *just* a surrealistic computer game - or even a parody of computer games. This is an Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece of ideas and emotions at war (killer alligators with blue toe nails, a psycho yuppie skier, angry parents). When I was 13 years old, I sketched out a computer game called “Survival Series” during school. At age 22, I rediscovered it, reworked it in Macromedia Director, and animated it with user interactivity so that the interectee was fighting their way through the piece to get to each new part. I kept the game in its original notebook sketch form so it would appear that the pencil drawings were coming right out of the page from one’s imagination when approached/ provoked by you, a multi-colored commando.

The Mission

Using your imagination. It is your weapon to surviving reality.

Interactivity in “Survival Series”

The interactive qualities of this “computer game” are strangely cruel, yet they are also quite normal considering its origins where blowing things up is commonplace. Only here in this piece is the killing more severe, personal, and all the more surreal. You have to kill a “pregnant woman with a rocket launcher”, multi-colored natives, “Shamu” the killer whale, yellow crocodiles with blue finger nails, and even “dad” in order to advance to the end. That switch from comedy to seriousness in the interactivity forces the viewer to adapt and feel what they are dealing with on the screen.

Enter the Game

Once you make your first choice for how “hard” you want to play, an explosion goes off and you’re into the game. You hear a voice inside “your” head that tells you: “Remember... I Am You.” The logo above the screen tells you to “PLAY WAR” and that “You must kill whatever enemy moves in order to advance.” Below that is a caption of where you begin to “Start Winning Here”.

The Game Trek – Phases 1-41

Phase 1:

The adversaries you encounter are an odd, surreal bunch straight out of the imagination of a 13-year-old... with some adult enhancements and additions along the way. The creatures and “enemies” come alive right out of the drawings to attack you. First, there is a rare red boa constrictor. Your cursor becomes a sword or a gun to “kill”. As you move along, your character reacts to the various odd adversaries you have. You sigh, “Awe...” as you see Cotton Cobras in a pit. Yet in classic video game mentality, you look at something and then kill it. You’ve got to advance!! Ha ha! You throw a grenade into the pit, and instead of a loud explosion going off, you see “imagine explosion here” instead. You’re being asked to use your imagination rather than being *shown* something. Next, you come to a pond with a yellow alligator/ crocodile (?) - you aren’t for certain which is which. You kick it away like its nothing. Then you are asked with a giant billboard logo to ‘KILL PURPLE natives!!!’ You kill them by throwing your boat at them and they die screaming as women, or where they women? You get to a cave and take on blood red vampire bats.

Phase 2:

You click on the bats and simply order them to “Scat!” You enter the “Cave of Terror” and march on through the “blueberrystone”, “applestone”, and “limestone”. Next is The Monster From Under the Bed!” that you’ve always feared since you were four-years-old! Now is your chance to confront that horrible creature! You simply tell it “I’m not afraid of you anymore!” and the monster disappears! What a way to confront all the demons you’ve collected through your life. You come across a little kitty cat and are asked to “pet kitty”. Instead you slap it off the page of paper. You come across Wolf Man Jonn. You pick up a gun with silver bullets and shoot. “Hooooowwwwwllllll!” it fall away. You encounter some classroom ghosts from your past from school. They yell at you “Boooooo! Boooooo! We don’t want to play with you! You’re stupid!” Confront them and conquer them. The game has now become a trip through one’s universal psychosis in a battle to win over your enemies of your real life and fantasy worlds. Now that you’ve grown up, all you need to do is nonchalantly tell them back, “Boo. Boo,” and move on past them like you don’t care about what they think. Go under the purple blood waterfall and leave the cave on a raft.

Phase 3:

In the horizon is a rainbow with only greens and blues above a green sunrise. Your first opponent is “Andy”: 5’ 10’, has brown eyes, 165 pound, and has a girlfriend living on welfare. He tells you: “Hello, I’m Andy. Don’t kill me!” What do you do? What did he ever do to you? But you have to advance. You have to condition yourself to kill and follow orders, even if you have to kill innocent, kind people who you feel sorry for. You kill Andy and come to “Michael”, who offers you the opposite request from Andy’s since he asks you plainly to “Kill me.” The game has entered into euthanasia territory. Each character dies dramatically and horrifically.

Phase 4:

You now arrive at “The Terrorist Band” who are playing their favorite marching song. It’s Fourth of July parade music choreographed to cartoon violence. As you go on your obligatory killing spree, you pick up a “super shield” to dodge the Russian pelting you with a machine gun. You hear a marching band theme that also sounds like gunfire: “The anthem of war is rapid gun fire symphony.” A evil dude with an eye patch throwing knives at you suddenly asks: “How are you feelings?” You throw your super shield at him, knocks him completely out of the scene, fireworks go off, and you sarcastically question back: “Is that multiple choice? True or false? Or fill in the blank?” The more you proceed into this phase, your adversaries start dancing to the terrorist band music. A field of flowers grows before you advance.

Phase 5:

You take out the first bad guy and he falls to his death from “one story” and splits his head open. And now after making so many senseless killings, the bad guy with the club and parrot asks you, “Are you desensitized yet?” –“Nope!” is your response as you kick him and his stupid bird off the green trunk tree. As you proceed, you pause. An exclamation mark appears over your head. You recognize the guy in front of you with the bloodstained swords and jet pack: it’s “Dad”. It’s a total and complete shock to find him in this video game. And now you have to confront him. “I don’t want to fight you!” you scream out at him as he attacks. For once, you’re trying to communicate rather than kill. But the catch is you had to attack in order to advance. As you wrestle and fight with “dad”, there’s an adversary before you with a purple flamethrower who is frying both of you as you struggle to the death. But you don’t have much choice but to take both of your adversaries out at the same time by throwing “dad” at the flamethrower guy. There is only one way to rationalize what you’ve just done: “I didn’t want to kill you... but this life is war.” Your next fighter announces: “WELCOME TO THE AFRICAN JUNGLE!” And with that welcome, you uproot the closest turquoise and pink palm tree and smash him into the ground. Your next stage is to go up the giant trees by going up a ladder and using a pistol with blueberry bullets on a “psychiatrist”, who is in the game to help you with your “killing problem” and any other emotional issues you might have. African waterfalls appear in the background.

Phase 6:

You shoot the psychiatrist with your gun of blueberry bullets. Next up is "Frog Man", who happens to be immune to your blueberry bullets! Below him is the sign "LIVE". You proceed forward, pick up Frog Man, and throw him at two other adversaries on the next two trees!! The sign below now reads: "DEAD". You swing across the trees and take on a "Snake Cow" that goes "mooo". Being clever, you jump forward onto the snake, grab its tail, stretch it until you reach safely on the ground and move forward. In the process, you avoid and don't worry about all the other bad guys still posing threateningly in the trees. "COME BACK HERE!!" "WHAT ABOUT US!" "WAIT!!!!" "Cheater!" "Halt!" they scream.

Phase 7:

The bad guys up above are left with signs on them: "forgotten", "discard", "not important", and "dismiss". The frantic native, your old teacher, you encounter on top of a white elephant warns you: "You didn't finish all of your math homework!" Math + Homework = Tomorrow! You knock him off the elephant and take off with his elephant, which then steps on him.

Phase 8:

The next native hisses at you: "Sigh or die!" as he throws countless spears at your head. You come up to next: "a cart full of homosexual spinach" to everyone's complete and total confusion. As you take out the next native, you wrestle and fall into the "homosexual spinach cart". "KILL Multi-Colored natives" the sign says above you. You then go on a killing death spree of killing all the multi-colored natives you can see! Blood splatters on the screen. "A Red Alligator" on a leash starts barking at you. You smash it out with the sound of a bell. Your next challenge is two "fluorescent ninjas" as the world goes negative in Japantown.

Phase 9:

You do a super ninja move head summersault to take them out. The archer before you now brags: "I'm a sensitive killer" while shooting arrows at you. When you take out the archer, you advance to the next level and this possible prize: "WIN! A New Nazi giraffe elf if you kill RED JOE", the guy rolling boulders at you. Once you take out Red Joe by throwing him down the mountain/ hill side, you will the New Nazi giraffe elf: "It's Yours now in your imagination!" The environment is labeled "Black" and "Blue".

Phase 10:

Your next opponent speaks a dada nonsense language to you: "fdjlkf... asflakf?" on top of blue rock mountain monument. His speak confuses you, so you try to kill him. He shuffles his feet back and forth to avoid being near you. Eventually, you get to him and he falls away saying: "Byyyyyeeee!" The big bad guy you confront next snarls/ roars at you: "How is your subconscious journey going?" Your roar back right at him as you push him off the cliff. You put on some "Scuba Scuba Doo Gear" for the underwater adventure before you. The evil underwater scuba diver tells you underwater: "I like spear fishing!" You throw your spear at him and reply: "I like spear fishing, too!"

Phase 11:

At the next phase, you avoid some jellyfish while dodging depth charges dropped by an enemy X-21 fighter jet. A "Shark Minnow" exclaims/ growls/ Indian-chants to you: "WELCOME TO THE SHARK INDIAN OCEAN!" You wrestle with the shark, and toss it up at the next passing fighter jet, exploding it in the air. You dodge past some more treacherous ocean creatures like an electric eel, and then an Octopus Sow. You cunningly take the octopus sow and toss it at the electric eel to electrocute it. The speed limit is 2.5 mph.

Phase 12:

Swim and dodge past more aquatic sea life, like a Manta Ray, a Chainsaw fish, more jellyfish sperm, Catholic coral, and one mad manta ray, that manta ray style screams at you: "I will humble you!" You tickle it until it falls "converted" into the Catholic coral.

Phase 13:

A man-eating shark chirps at you in a giggling, man-eating sound. While combating the man-eater, you realize you could use the shark as a weapon of your own! So you put it in arms and take off with it through the treacherous ocean waters. You dodge past a sea worm and Sam the Squid. With shark in your hands, you "SHARK ATTACK!!" two mean old scuba divers with knives and a guy in an inflatable raft. More gory blood is splattered on the computer screen.

Phase 14:

"ATTACK!!" screams the screen. You release the shark on your last opponent in the water, who is carried off to his death by the man-eater. You are greeted on the beach by a snarling "Angry Lifeguard". Doing a drop kick on the lifeguard, your opponent yells out "YOW!" The guy behind him turns out to be the lifeguard's 3rd cousin, who is quite unhappy with his blood-relative getting offed. You turn around, leave the screen by moving off into the ocean, and there is a pause of confusion of what is coming next. Suddenly, you appear with your old friend, the man-eating shark, back for one last kill on this angry cousin and the two guys behind him. The shark still has the previous victim in its mouth as it grabs hungrily at another victim. The last guy has a torch and scares away the shark. "Ha!! Sharks don't like Fire!" he exclaims triumphantly.

Phase 15:

You're not afraid of fire, and easily stomp him to submission. But your next adversary is someone quite more fearful: the school bully Kyle!!! Everyone is afraid of the school bully who taunted you when as a child in school. When you encounter him, you shrink in size, visually and emotionally belittled by his insults and public humiliation. "Boy, do you stink! I bet you've never even been kissed before! Heh! He's never been kissed!! Heh-heh!" But you regain your confidence, courage, and composure by symbolically returning to normal size, jumping over him, and punting his ass outta here. Cathartically, you exclaim: "Thank you! That felt good!" You next fight off some dogs by kicking them 50 meters away! Then you take on the dogs' master by leaping up and ripping him in two. His two divided parts with different dogs attached to each side run off whining in different directions. When you encounter the next bad "guy", you hear a flirtatious whistle. "Yikes!" you both exclaim to each other. "Who whistled at who?" is the big question here. Love hearts is in the air. And this is the exact point in the game where you suddenly have a moment of reality check: is the character you're playing *gay*? Are you gay? This could be a first where the lead character/ you questions your sexual identity. A heart beat is audibly heard. Well, you take that sexual confusion, grabs the guy in front of you, and kiss him off the screen to his death. How about that love-touch?! The guy knocks the guy holding a boulder down with him. The boulder he was holding bounces down a hill, which you leap over.

Phase 16:

You meet an opponent in the middle of a bridge over a steaming lava love river. Yet he turns out to be a deeply sympathetic victim enemy as he pleads tremblingly to you: "Please help me...! I've got skin cancer." You do the kindly thing: you help him with euthanasia by throwing him into the lava river. A video game where you "help" another kill himself. What crazy kindness journey this has become. But, the next guy is about to kill you. "OH NO!, he's cutting up the bridge I'm on!" You quickly advance forward and toss him up so far into the air, for which he doesn't come down. The bad guy with the whip next uses "Germ Warfare" by coughing on you over and over and over again until you die from his sickness. Before you die, the guy you had thrown up into the air falls back down the earth and cracks the back of the germ warfare sick dude. You walk over them and crack some more bones. The next mean man is on a yellow bridge who offers you a "Pop Quiz!!: Question: What is my favorite color? A. Red B. Blue C. Green D. All

of the above, which would make Black.”

Phase 17:

Once you choose the correct answer, the bad guy exclaims: “Very good! Now die!” You hit back and he goes flying off into the air. The next guy asks for “One Quarter Please” to let you pass over what reads as the “Glowing God Piss River”. Once you knock off that toll collector, the title actually reads: “Glowing Gold Piss River”. You take out the guy hanging on the rope by sending him into the steaming hot piss river. Then you encounter Mr. Harris, your old fifth grade teacher. Once again, you fight an old adversary from our universal past. Didn’t we all have a Mr. Harris’ who you didn’t quite get along with. He lectures you: “Don’t play with *fire!*” You knock him off into the hungry fish in the pool pit behind him. They exclaim: “Yum!” To pick up a rocket booster backpack to avoid the killer fishies. But you find yourself facing off with an awfully angry old girlfriend who is shooting poison love arrows at you. “Happy Valentine’s Day” she screams bitterly at you sobbing hysterically.

Phase 18:

As you take her out and put her out of her misery, she dies with her last breath: “You put an arrow through my heart! Damn you!” You jump onto the green boat of the next bad guy, which overturns drowning him in the process. Before you next is a little mountain lion. “ROAR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” it meows! You punt it away in a discarding fashion. The guy throwing blue dynamite at you screams at you: “SIN! You *killed* an animal!” He’s oblivious to the fact that he’s trying to kill another living creature himself: you. Dodging the dynamite, you beat him down into the water while using him as an inflatable raft to stand on. The rainbow barracuda in the pool start feasting on his corpse. You exclaim: “WIN!” But the next opponent standing on a city dam asks impatiently and cannily: “When?” When will you win this ever-lastingly long game?!? A flower sun appears shining on approvingly. You knock over the damn dam dude into a pond area with alligators with blue toenails who scurry over to feed on the bad dude. “Do Not Feed the Animals” sign is in the background.

One of my favorite moments during the lapse of “Survival Series” occurs here almost halfway through the game when you, the multi-colored commando, encounter some hungry alligators before entering The City. The second alligator proclaims with a word balloon: “I’m Art!”. This scene best symbolizes for me the psychological and humorous nature of “Survival Series”. First, I find it funny that an alligator can say something. The word balloon “I’m Art!” also serves a fascinating double meaning. One: the alligator could be telling us his name is “Art”. Two: the alligator could be rather vain and pompous and declare *itself* to be *Art*. Three: the alligator could be speaking for the “Survival Series” piece *itself* and pronounce itself that it is Art. It works on all these various levels. I prefer the third level where the piece says it’s art. It works as being hilariously ironic and defiant at the same time. I believe I put that scene in there to advocate computer art as an art form - not just a flashy digital medium. *Does it take the artwork itself to tell you “It’s art”?*

You’ve just entered the battleground city filled with members of the New Nazi party, who follow the evil and delusional supremacy beliefs of the original Nazi party. The first to greet you past the city’s welcome sign is a New Nazi Nuclear Robot. You battle with it in a cacophony of manic city noise of car horns and traffic, only to explode the robot off to the side. Next is a kid on a scooter bike who tells you: “I’m going through puberty right now... don’t piss me off!”

Phase 20:

You slap the adolescent down: “Take that! And That!!” as his bike explodes with him lying on it. A McDonald’s sign appears in the background with some graffiti on it: “BILLIONS AND BILLIONS KILLED” (rather than served). Welcome to The Big City. Two new New Nazi robots start firing on you. You pounce up in the air, tapping out the hovering robot above, and force it to fall down rapidly on the robot below, exploding both in the process. Nice move! The next red robot honks at you frantically. You leap on top of this robot to “CRUNCH!” it down. The next robot on wheels sets

out an “ALERT!! ALERT!! INTRUDER!! ALERT!!” in the air. You quickly discard the robot off into the air. The guy behind him on the motorbike whispers pleadingly aloud: “I’d rather kill myself than kill another.”

Phase 21:

He does exactly what he says by backing up, driving forward fast, leaping over you, and to his death off the screen. It was “a suicide”. (Is this another first in video games?) You look at the guy killing himself, hesitate, ponder life for a moment, and then proceed onward. As you walk forward an “ELDERLY XING” sign walks by. You kick the bad guy with the trash can as if he himself was a tin can. “I feel like I’m killing a bunch of nameless ants, the multi-colored commando introspected to himself. All this senseless violence has provoked you to contemplate what you’re really doing, as well as question the mindless psychology of video game violence. Your next opponent picks up the trash can guy and uses his frozen corpse to fence with you until you kick him out of the scene, hitting and smashing the “ELDERLY XING” sign. The next super bad buy with the big sword screams out: “It’s American to Win!” over and over again. The American flag appears above in the sky. Fed up with this crazy attitude that winning and committing war is the “American way”, you pick up an entire six-story building out of the background drawing and drop it on him.

Phase 22:

The building storefronts have had some pretty interesting titles to them. They include: “BLISS”, “SALE Store”, “K-Dress”, “NO VALUE STORE (Nope Not One)”, “B.C. PENNY”, “Small Mart”, “BAD NEWS”, “EARS”, “BROWN BUG” with Free Bug Rides, “EYES”, “Welcome if you dare”, and “PET STORE”.

You enter a major war zone deeper into the congested city downtown where multiple adversaries are attacking you at once, including an enemy firing real bullets with a toy gun. “Whatever has the world come to,” you exclaim witnessing such craziness surrounding you. You click and by thunder shock interactivity the shooter drops dead. You squish the shooter guy as you pass over him before admitting, “I’m homesick.” Your opponent replies uncaringly back to you, “That’s too bad.” You pick up this guy, throw him into the air, and take out the other bad guy climbing up the side of the building. “I feel *much* better,” you sigh in relief.

Phase 23:

Proceeding a little further, you come across a Bomb for New-Nazi Robot Factory. Pick it up to place underneath the factory before it detonates. You encounter an uptight Robot Guard who asks you, “Where is your pass?” You just politely say, “Excuse me,” before proceeding to insert the bomb in a small concave area in the tunnel under the factory. The factory alarm blares.

Phase 24:

As you try to escape the tunnel, a guard races out of the factory to man the defense guns and fires at you, dodging the bullets. But it’s too late! The factory bursts in a giant white explosion. You jump into a Bearfield™ Racer Bike, the game’s blatant and glaringly large product placement. Another defense machine gun post fires on you. Taking off in your racer bike, you plow over them in the goriest, nihilistic fashion possible.

Phase 25:

The death spree freezes for a moment to tell you: CARNAGE AND DEATH SPONSORED BY BEARFIELD™ RACERS: Listen to her purrrr! “IT’S BEAUTIFUL!!” exclaims one of the bad guys. You speed across the ramp way over the water to take out two more bad guys before exiting the racer to let it crash into a bad guy in a machine gun defense pod. The crowd goes crazy over the magnificent death and carnage you have just unleashed. You go into the Goody Green Gunboat. You kick the latest enemy off the gunboat and take it for a spin into... “Survival Series: The Lake Attack”, a framed motion art piece in the Museum of Computer Art,

signed by the artist himself, Eric Homan. A scuba diver and a bad guy in a glider attack you within the frame of the picture. You take your Goody Green Gunboat for a wild ride by taking out the diver and leaping up into the air and slamming into the glider guy as they both sink to their death in the depths.

Phase 26:

The next phase brings up a startling new dimension to the game: you encounter three new adversaries that all happen to be yelling children. In war, this is something that soldiers have sometimes come across to their devastation. And here in this video game war, you must also confront this reality. In movies, it is often frowned upon to see a child be physically hurt on the screen. So what do you do in this world? You back up your boat, gather speed, leap out the boat, and let it fly at them so you won't have to "kill" them. The boat takes out the first one, but the other two dodge it. So bounce on top of them leaving them sinking to the bottom. You have to kill in order to proceed. It's the nature of the game. While you are in the air, you even take out the next bad guy on a jet-ski boat, and then finally jump over the dam.

Phase 27:

As you leap down from the dam, a Purple Lizard bites you in the little pond you're in. Click the lizard with your sword cursor, and a giant ice cream cone (!) comes down from the sky and splatters the purple lizard to purple pudding! You advance forward, put on a hang-glider, and take on a clown derelict also in a hang glider. You battle in the skies before you take out a clown horn and hit him away with it. You encounter a bad guy with a jet pack and a flame thrower who demands that you "HATE ME!" You sweep in circling him until he falls into the toxic green chemical oil sludge below. As you fly forward, you swat away two evils hawks from hurting you.

Phase 28:

Welcome to the WAR ZONE. Complete with X-Rated explosions. War is rated "X". You swoop in and pick up the knife guy knelling on the Chemical Oil tank and toss him at the parachute man who was firing the explosions. And don't forget to BOYCOTT THE BOYCOTT. Your next encounter of surrealism is an enemy throwing explosive hotdogs at you.

Phase 29:

One of the explosive hot dogs flies at you, which you catch and punt it back at the bad guy. He promptly and ironically dies from his own hot dog. Your next obstacle you face is the William Tell Sequence with a machine gun. You have an apple on your head as the enemy tries to blow it away with machine gun fire. You're in the pit with the dead guy's explosive hot dogs. So thinking fast, you pick up one and throw it at him. Instead of blowing him up, the bad guy with the machine gun *eats* it. He continues firing at you until you are able to advance forward. You write the following note: "Several hours passed until the enemy started to groan from the toxin I had planted in the hot dog I threw at him. Eventually, he died of food poisoning. In the distance is the historic site of Capitalist Ru\$hmore, a "Photo Spot" sponsored by Fujifilm. A mean old guy rolls boulders down a hill at you. Though you managed to jump over it, it rolls onto and carries away the food poisoned machine gunner. "The Rain sounded its applause to you! What a Great Jump!" You take out the boulder guy by shattering him down the hillside. "WELCOME TO ANTARCTICA"! as a guy in a military snow sled honks and beeps at you alarmingly. Don't worry, its just a Nobody.

Phase 30:

You do an amazing leap somersault through the air and land directly on me, letting out a beep as he passes away. Your score is: "10. 9.8. 10. 9.6. 9.9. 10. 10." You now have to move up a glacier mountain slope to encounter a "psycho yuppie skier". And here the fun really begins – Big Band Style! You take him in your hands and slide him up the slope to take out the other evil judges who gave you bad scores. Upon their demise on the sharp glacier ice below, they change

your killing score to a perfect all-around “10”. As the band keeps playing merrily, you trek across the bridge and come across your most horrific sight: a genetically engineered super-sized infant who screams at you: “Boo! I’m a New Nazi Baby!” You punt the baby away into the water. Then a Disgruntled Pro-Life Supporter starts crying like a baby in your face about what you just did.

Phase 31:

You wrestle with the baby-faced Pro-Life supporter until you see a window of opportunity to throw the babe at a bad guy with a spear, managing to take both out as they sink to the bottom of the icy waters. An arctic barracuda leaps at you, but you manage to swat it away. The next bad guy exclaims something rather odd to you out loud: “My knife is sharp!” and “I love you!” The bad guy just told you he “loves you”. Here again you encounter a major psychological challenge in the middle of a killing video game. What do you do when your opponent expresses their love for you? Break their heart, which is what you end up doing... literally. With this mini-love affair behind you, you come across an Eskimo Comedian that you have to kill since “He’s Laughing at You!” Disgusted with his laughter, you pick up your kayak and toss it at him, which plunges into the icy waters behind him where a hungry orca killer whale, Shamu 2, swallows him whole. And so begins the famous “Whale Fighting Anthem” as you have to go against Shamu 2 to proceed forward to complete whatever mission you seem to be on. Press forward, press forward!

Phase 32:

After a vicious and near-fatal wrestling match, you get a strong hold on Shamu 2 and smash her against a giant iceberg where she goes bouncing off the screen. A giant Russian with swords on top of the iceberg orders you to “HALT!” When you do, he clears his throat, gains his composure and concentration, and starts the merry Russian Fighting Dance just for you! You’re too weirded out to be impressed and slap him out of his senses and his life as he sinks to the bottom of the arctic ocean.

Phase 33:

Your musical journey through this crazy adventure continues, with a death count nearing 200. Your adversaries demand that you “DANCE WITH US!” as the music plays an old piano bar tune. You bounce around from small iceberg to iceberg as you fight in synch with the playing of each piano key. Your fighting becomes a musical act of brilliant performance. As you move on after killing the next two, a bad guy from behind your next adversary declares “I like bacon!” for the world to know. You don’t know how to respond but to throw the bad guy at the bacon person, taking both out as they fall over the ledge to their death. You jump up to knock out the “I like bacon!” word balloon which makes a cymbal noise when it pops. The arctic ice water below is blood red at this point in the game.

Phase 34:

Moving down the ledge along a rope, you come across a guy with swords who offers if you want to “BUY or SELL?” the “Rent-A-Sky” behind you. Tired of these games, you scream out at him: “Leave Me ALONE!” before kicking him out of the world. Next is a Villain throwing snowballs on a green slush iceberg? You are clearly on a surrealist landscape environment. Each time you get hit by a snowball, it sounds like a grenade exploding on you. So you devise a counterattack by rolling up a super green slush snowball and tossing it at him, while taking out the guy behind him as well. Beyond the green slush iceberg is “The Coughing Villain”, a butcher attacking you with his cold virus. You do what nature does: you move way back. When you realize you have to take him out anyway, you exclaim: “Don’t give me your germs!!” He ends up being a far more resourceful as you fight against him over the water, under the water, and in the air. Eventually, you get fed up and do a special explode your arms out move that bounds him out of the game. “HA-HA!” you laugh hysterically from the fight.

Phase 35:

“Burn!” is what you are greeted with as you advance to the next stage with a guy with a super-powered flamethrower burning through the ice barrier before you. Knowing you are pinned down, you make a daring move leaping over the barrier and through the flame to grab hold of the bad guy. Turning him around you flame-on the bad guy next in line. It’s now enemy-on-enemy. “ONE WAY” reads the sign below. You hijack “Doug’s Dog Sled” and take on Doug himself. Rarely in a video game do you know the name of the anonymous bad guys you constantly have to kill through. Now you must kill “Doug”. You charge your dog sled at him and trample over poor old Doug in a enormous “DOG FIGHT/ DOUG FIGHT” with another bad guy dog sled. As you charge at the dog sled with your own, you “*slice!*” through the bad guy on the sled, cutting him in two. Angry, the next evil Eskimo curses at you: “Come here you son-of-a-bitch!”

Phase 36:

You bong out the bad Eskimo and jump into the snow bike that lies in wait for you. A parachutist is sobbing before you. So you rev up your snow bike, take off at her, give her a kiss on the cheek and pushing her back and away, and race forward. You come across a two people having a war of their own: it’s your “angry parents” screaming. Physical and emotional explosions burst all around you, hurting you desperately. Backing up your snow bike, you bravely charge forward, plowing through both of them and silencing them.

Phase 37:

A cute cartoon doggie barks viciously at you. You are frozen in place unable to figure out what to do next. You leap up with your snow bike and squash the doggie flat, crossing out the cute doggie cartoon face. More cartoon violence. Next up is a guy who introduces himself with, “Hi! I’m Jim”. As he tries to formally verbally introduce himself to you, you slap him out of the game, erasing his name and greeting for good. Someone throwing boxes at you screams: “STOP IN THE NAME OF WAR!” along with a street sign with a skull red light, meaning for you to halt. You throw his half body out of the house like one of his boxes that was flying at you.

Phase 38:

A face with closed eyes appears from the chimney smoke in the sky above with a post-it note on his cheek that reads: “Please Do not Harm”. A voice is also heard that professes: “STOP KILLING”. You pick up the next bad guys in a forklift and throw them to their death. They make a death scream like a baby crying. You do a little dance with the next baddie with swords before he lets out a woman’s shriek. The face above opens its eyes at what you are continuing to do: kill, kill, and more killing. Coming up to the next larger-than-average meanie, an advertisement comes. “What you need right now is Creative Fuel Power, in easy-to-swallow gummy-chucks!” “Use your imagination to attack with Creative Fuel Power!” Your cursor now has the words “Eat One” on it. Once you click to “eat” and gulp it down, you now have the creative fuel power to take out that big old enemy. A giant red “DIE” stop sign falls from the heavens on your enemy. It has a “KILLING SALE! DETOUR > TODAY” sign on it as well. Keep moving on! You’re almost to the end.

Phase 39:

You cross the “Enemy Line” and head towards New Nazi Headquarters. A hang glider above you fires machine gun fire at you. You are ordered to “Kill the Imaginary Terrorist”, who asked himself, “Am I Real?” It’s a bad guy questioning his own existence. You’d better kill him in order to answer the question if he’s real or not. Apparently, he is... just not alive. Boom! Your next attacker is a pregnant woman with a grenade launcher! It’s one thing to kill a woman in war, but a pregnant woman with child?!? What to do? Fireworks explode above you as you do battle, and what you have to do to the pregnant woman is “CENSORED” from others to witness such an act.

Phase 40:

This is where things get pretty hairy. You’re fighting more than one opponent at once.

You've got someone firing at you in a hang glider, a U.S. helicopter shooting at you, and a large black snake coming at you threateningly. You have to remind yourself that you're "fighting in one's imagination, it's all make believe". Taking action, you stomp out the snake, throw the hang glider guy into the electric fence, and wrestle the helicopter enough to crash it into the ground! All this while a video game playing soundtrack plays in the background. Then finally arrives the ultimate interactive confrontation in a video game: you take on "God" in the guise of a little purple man with a whip. Okay, you may have been asking yourself for most of your life if there really is a God. Suddenly, you find yourself confronting him, and he may or may not be working for the New Nazis. You have a major personal confession to offer him: "God, I've been killing to get your attention." This could be a false-God, and you need to find out the truth. You kick him up and take out the entire watchtower before the New Nazi Headquarters. Whether or not it was God back there, he died from/ for your sins. Next up is a manic villain who asks you repeatedly, "KILL/ HUG ME! KILL/ HUG ME! KILL/ HUG ME!"

Phase 41:

You bonk/ hug him back and leave him in peace in death. You have now arrived at the New Nazi Headquarters where you will do final battle at the top of the building. As you come up to several new enemies, they break out in laughing at you. It's like you're back in junior high again being laughed at you bullies. You back up, pause for a moment, and take all four of them out, tossing two of them into the green water dam where three purple fish eat them alive. All this as a pinball game playing soundtrack is playing along with your battle game. Explosions are heard to the left of you – it's a bean bag bomber throwing his bean bag bombs at you! And to make the surrealism of the moment worse, dam water is chirping water. You leap up in the air and throw the bomber at the screen. Picking up the climbing gear, you begin your climatic ascent up the New Nazi building, swarming with baddies. You disable the laughing Nazi who is scaling the side of the building in your path. An electricity beam streaks out at you, as you barely manage to dodge it. The bad guy with the weapon screams at you: "Wait a momento! You killed God a minute ago!" Crawling carefully across the building, you pounce out the bad guy. But suddenly, you're attacked by two hang gliders with automatic weapons making a very loud noise and commotion. "SHUT UP!" you scream back at them before going hyper-crazy ballistic. You leap on one and fly with it trying to explode it from commission. As a bomb goes off on it, the disabled hang glider collides with the other and both fall destroyed. The evil New Nazi commander is just up above you. But before you can reach him, another bad guy attacks by throwing blue hot dogs at you. Stomping him out of the window, you exclaim happily: "HOT DOG!" Then a new bad guy appears with another electricity ray firing at you. He yells threateningly: "I HATE EVERYTHING!" Using your skills in video game violence, you take him out of his misery.

Finally, you've reached your destination and why you've been fighting all this time. You've come to "The Final Bad Guy... With A Red Cape on top of the New Nazi Headquarters with two hostages". He's extremely fast and agile with the ability to fly. How ever will you be able to combat this terrible new foe!?! Why, go into "Wig Out Mode", of course! You fly through the air and space with evenly matched fury as your equally-crazed opponent. You both battle with lightning speed and incredible might. Make one final click and see what happens: you inch towards him on top of the building and punch just once. His large cartoon head falls off as his body descends from view. Three convenient rocket boosters for you the hostages and one nuclear bomb were placed on the top of the New Nazi headquarters. How very convenient!!! And best of all: "YOU SAVED LIVES!!!" You fly off with the two hostages and set the bomb to blow up the New Nazi Headquarters in your awesomely destructive wake!!! What an ending. And the last shot in the game is all you killed in your path of destruction, including "God", "Dad", white New Nazi elephants, and purple natives - "you saved lives." And the red curtain comes down.

In the end, you have to wonder if what you just experienced was a genocide play... a holocaust in the form of a shoot 'em up video game. Was this a satire on Rambo-style super soldier able to kill hundreds violence? Is it a mockery of video game violence where the casualties are in the hundreds or thousands? You kill and kill and kill and kill just to move ahead to achieve

your goal of surviving and saving lives. The repetition of the killing is what intrigues and bothers me the most. There's no end to it until Phase 41. But is it really over? Will there be sequels? Certainly so. But after you're done playing the game, what happens next? Are you desensitized to killing and death? Is it that easy to deal with on an imaginary escapist plane than in real life? And how different are the two planes of fantasy and reality?

“Survival Series” Epilogue

“I've found that the best animation that one can produce is in one's own imagination. By being stimulated by subconscious imagery and childhood drawings, my mission was to recreate a special world that was “animated” in the imagination of a teenager/ child. Through this process, the interectee would be able to become part of the discovery experience that reveals one's fantasies, personal demons, and humor. –Eric Homan.”

You last interactive decision to make is to find with your cursor where you need to click to exit/ die the game. It's like shooting yourself, the war “hero” multi-colored commando. Your own blood splatters on the computer screen.

Rate the Level You Want To Live At?

At the beginning of the game, one is asked a simple question about how to proceed through the game/ life: “Rate the Level You Want To Live At?” This is the type of customary option that comes up on most player style video games: what level of difficulty do you want to play at? I simply changed how that was written to imply “what level do you wish to *live*?” and the entire meaning is given a much deeper sense of existential questioning. Do you want an easy life or a hard life? Do you want to challenge yourself or do you want to wade through life without ambitions? You, the interectee, get to decide if you want it to be “easy, average, difficult, or hard”?

The New Nazis

I decided to create a new enemy for you to take on within the “Survival Series” world. As a world history lover when I was in the sixth grade, I thought to myself what evil in the world could be worse than Nazi Germany in World War II? Why, “the New Nazis” of course! So I created this new evil world order of New Nazi who were a mix of all nationalities: German, Russian, South American, Asian, and even American. It was the mission of the multi-colored commando that the interectee plays to eradicate the New Nazis from the face of the earth for the so-called greater good of all humanity.

Unique Interactivity

The way I applied a unique interactivity of Survival Series is for the viewer to be manipulated into interacting with the piece through clicking to advance - and in the process, killing off each of the adversaries that get in your way. The way I kept the interectee interested is through humor, ideas, colors, cartoons, and sound. Eventually, the piece gets weirdly serious in Phase 5 when one of their enemies is labeled “Dad”. Since the character is a vague cartoon simply with the general title “dad”, the viewer psychologically thinks of their own father and has to confront old feelings about him. All this time, the interectee has been wrapped up in killing, killing, and killing. Suddenly, they have to take moral judgment if they should keep on killing. Even if they don't stop, they have been paused to reflect along their journey. The game has played them as they played the game.

Creating the Sound Design

One overlooked aspect about “Survival Series” that I found to be extremely satisfying is the sound design/ sound editing. The interactive adventure through this series of 2-D drawings had to “come to life” in some fashion. I captured and collected over three thousand sound effects/ sound samples of various sound effects CDs that I came across. I ended up using close to a thousand of those sound effects. And whatever sounds I couldn't find, I simply *creatively* recorded using a microphone into Sound Edit 16. I got to make up and “throw voices” when I needed to

make a scene or situation *work*. I had no budget to hire other people to do this work for me. "Survival Series" was a labor of love and creativity. So I felt obliged to make this all work. Then I would work with the sound files that I had made and manipulated them in some fashion that made them exaggerated, exotic, and larger-than-life. Often times, I'd change the pitch shift or add reverb. I layered the sound effects on two different channels while arranging everything together in Director. Then on certain areas, I would loop the sounds to create a constant environment going until the interectee who was playing through the Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece moved on to the next level.

Sound Effects as a Soundscape

There is something meditative about the simplicity of sound effects that I found intriguing. For example, in one scene, a constant barrage of real infantry fire expressed the simple imagination of a child created computer game - as well as the redundancy of war. One's imagination can tap into the soundscape and create an image of what is going on.

The soundtrack involves various echoes of wars: 18th century gunshots, canons, and cavalry charges battle against 20th century tanks, explosions, and machine guns. These sounds should be heard to remind oneself of the history of carnage as they create war.

"Survival Series" truly has the feel of someone playing along to a war fantasy game while making sound effects along with way. Coincidentally, it is the artist/ imagineer/ player who is making the noises throughout the game as the interectee plays along. You hear "BOOM", "DIE!", and "CRASH" along with subconscious thoughts like "I'm homesick", "I don't want to kill anymore", and "Thanks, I needed that". Just as a child would make sounds to imitate what they are hearing inside their imagination, I played along to the visuals as they were happening.

I have to admit that I like dirty sounding audio recordings. Sound that feels like it has a history to them, like they're lived and tired through the years. They're not cleanly digital and without atmosphere. (I cite Beck's "Mellow Gold" album as an inspiration.) The sound has the texture of the air in the room still hanging on its recorded skin. A hiss in the room is a presence all its own. Most of the sounds I insert and design into my artwork are impressionistic and symbolic of what type of sound one might hear *and* feel.

The Struggle to Finish and Survive "Survival Series"

Just for the record, this was the longest, most time-consuming piece I've ever taken on. It took from June 1998 to July 1999 to complete - I would roughly estimate over 3000 hours of my spare time. To this day in the year 2000, about five people have seen and experienced it.

Why Am I Doing All of This?

1-24-99: I spent my *free* weekend by working around ten hours each day on my "Survival Series" piece. At times I doubted why I was doing it or if anything significant would come out of it. When I felt exhausted and emotionally drained, I just thought about how this project meant my artistic freedom (which is still becoming more and more questionable every day). I fear that my creative time is dwindling. Yet the desperate urgency of using the time and freedom I've got to express myself keeps me going.

Massive Work Loss

5-30-99: When I discovered *and* accepted that parts of my interactive art "Survival Series" scripts had been corrupted, I cursed violently aloud and thrashed my fist against my bed until the blankets were bruised and bloodied. I lost so much technical and artistic *work* that I sensed insanity overwhelming me. How could it all just be gone like that?!? I had to start over and rebuild what was left. I worked without break for the next *six* hours - I just played some CDs to keep me motivated and not go mad. Indeed, reworking those scripts took a long time. I felt a migraine building inside from all the stress. Yet I did finish what I had lost and rested. But, the insanity of what I went through haunted in me.

6-19-99: As I worked on finishing my "Survival Series" piece, I wondered again if what I was doing was worth the energy, stress, and time I was putting into it. I often try to idealize myself

after Van Gogh as always working feverishly, passionately, and desperately for images that he believed in and wanted to make - yet knew that no one wanted. I've been giving everything I can - everyday - and it often isn't enough! I'm also doing art for what I believe in within a world where Art is commercialized... to make money off the aesthetic appearance of it, not for the self-expression and self-discovery that it was meant for. Still, I kept on going. "Survival Series" was something I needed to express. It was my own creative creation.

The Extra Features

Based on the Survival Series Guide window, one has several extra features to supplement one's viewing experience of the game. One can go through a miniature visual overview of the entire game, which shows you all 41 phases connected together like one giant scroll. One can view the game in its original primary black and white sketch form. And one can view color still frames from the game.

The Color Still Gallery

Within in the color still gallery extra feature, one can view the stills in normal view or in polar (negative) view, which offers a unique visual viewing experience. In this area, I inserted in descriptive titles for each image, all involving sardonic and surreal things to KILL. Here are the captions for each screen capture in the Survival Series still gallery: "KILL IMAGE. KILL MULTI-COLORED NATIVES. KILL THE MONSTERS INSIDE THE CAVE. KILL WITH A GUN. KILL ANDY. KILL THE BAND'S MUSIC. KILL OR KILL. KILL DAD. KICKL VIE.AEW O. KILL THE FROG MAN. KILL THE SNAKE COW. DON'T KILL. KILL YOUR TEACHER. KILL PURPLE PEOPLE. KILL RED ALLIGATOR. KILL NEW NAZI NINJA. KILL THE SENSITIVE KILLER. KILL BLUE. KILL... KILL SHARK MINNOW. KILL OCTOPUS SOW. KILL A MANTA. KILL INDIAN OCEAN. KILL CORAL. KILL AN EEL. KILL WIENER BOAT. KILL THE LIFEGGUARD. KILL KYLE THE BULLY. KILL DOGS. KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL. KILL KILLER QUIZ. KILL GREEN ROCK. KILL THE SKY. KILL OLD GIRLFRIEND. KILL KITTY KAT. KILL ALLIGATORS WITH BLUE TOE NAILS. KILL DEPRESSED. KILL NEW NAZI ROBOTS. KILL CITY. KILL? KILL RED TRASH CAN. KILL \$ALE. KILL EARS. KILL BUG. KILL NUCLEAR ROBOT FACTORY. KILL WELCOME. KILL PHASE. KILL WITH MOTOR BIKE. KILL EVIL. KILL HAPPY. KILL! BLAM! POW! KILL ALLIGATOR BLUE. KILL FOR PEACE. KILL BIRDS. KILL EXPLOSION. KILL GUN FIRE. KILL ANTARCTICA. KILL PSYCHOS. KILL BLOOD. KILL MIST. KILL FISH. KILL ESKIMO COMEDIAN. KILL SHAMU. KILL FOR FUN. KILL BASICS. KILL GIANT GREEN SLUSH. KILL CHEF. KILL WHITE. KILL WITH DOG SLED. KILL LIFE. KILL FICTION. KILL OR BE KILLED. KILL DOG. KILL POLLUTION. KILL FORK LIFT. KILL CREATIVITY. KILL ABOVE THE BRIDGE. KILL WAR. KILL IMAGINARY ARMY. KILL GOD. KILL NEW NAZI. KILL UP. KILL ALAS! (The Final Bad Guy... With A Red Cape). KILL AGAIN?"

"Survival Series" Genesis

When I was around ten years old, I wanted to grow up to be one of those video game creators who made the environments for Nintendo Entertainment Systems that only had 2-D, 8 bit graphics (this was state-of-the-art back in 1986). So I decided to get a head-start by designing my own computer adventure games on dozens of sheets of notebook paper in study hall. Then I graduated to long strands of green paper that stretched out to be twenty-five feet long for my imagination to be drawn on at home. I made sequel after sequel for "Survival Series". Ironically, I never owned a Nintendo while growing up – so ultimately I was *creating* my own games to play because I didn't have any Nintendo games to play. I had to go to a friend's house and watch/observe him play Nintendo for hours on end while my imagination plotted.

A Look Back

Revisiting this piece, for me as an artist, is a blast of wild ideas of a 23-year-old with imagination to cut loose. "Survival Series" was the project I invested my time, fantasy world, and emotions into. And the interactive events and creativity are everywhere. This type of piece I

simply wouldn't have been able to accomplish now. It was made during a certain time in my life that I can't go back to being. I'm simply not that same personality type. I don't think I could come up with delightfully silly game opponents like "alligators with blue toe nails"! It's just too strange and eccentric for me now.

Your feelings...? Thoughts? Impressions?

"Vincent van Gogh Working at McDonald's" - (1999) - Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece

Intro

"Vincent van Gogh Working at McDonald's". "If Van Gogh were alive today, he probably wouldn't be a painter. Vincent would be a filmmaker or a computer animator – a late 20th Century artist. He may also be working at McDonald's to help pay for his education at a nearby art school." Vincent McGogh: Employee of the Month: Our supper Worker!

Vincent's Writings

I/ Vincent wrote: "I'm an artist with such high artistic standards and opinions I can't work in a non-creative environment... *I live off of being creative...* In order to make my art original and interesting, I had to set impractical goals and commit myself to insane dreams. I built myself up to become an artist with the riches of emotions and imagination... only to have to fall back down because no one needed them in art anymore... I aspired too high in order to create art that was sincere, personal, and universal...."

"I learned to feel - and now I don't know how to go back down to normal. I fear that I am too eccentric and emotional to work around "normal" people in an environment where I couldn't express myself. My only real talent was my creativity - and it isn't necessary in the "real world"... I don't know of any other job where original artistic ability was part of the job... So to support myself, I flipped burgers."

"My co-workers were too diverse and different for me to feel any sort of connection with them. All I could feel was isolation... despair... despair... the repetition numbed my mind and tired my body. My eyes felt burned by the sight of reality. My leg ached for no apparent reason. I felt an emotional hurricane in my stomach and a tornado depression in my head. I rarely laughed; when I did, my laugh was so loud and long people suspected that I was crazy. I was just so glad to feel something other than doom."

Interaction: Flip the burger.

"God, I hate this job. Sometimes, I imagine myself melting away. When I get back from work, I was too exhausted to do anything but watch TV. A headache eats into my brain. I am afraid of myself. I'd rather create computer art than socialize around people. I don't always find the conversation to be worthwhile when no one wants to discuss their real feelings. Yet what energy do I have left after working each day? ...I want to sleep. I got so tired I felt ill. I'm so emotionally tired, I can feel myself falling asleep effortlessly."

Vincent's nightmare: McAmerica: Me = McDonald's. McDonald's "M" tattooed on my cheek I had a McDonald's in my own backyard. McDonald's McAmerica with a crucifix on top of the arches. There were Holy McDonald's all around where families go to for blessed fast food. There were "Billions and billions out there". Come and give praise! The headquarters was in St. Louis, where they their famous arch was now the "McDonald's/ St. Louis Arches", shaped to look like a double M. The McDonald's Arches at sunset. Wake up!

During the day, I'd go to class at the school computer lab. I had the urgency to express myself, yet the technology would keep overwhelming me. Before I discovered computers, I painted. "Who is your target audience?" one asked after being shown my painting. I was shocked. It was for anyone to feel and appreciate. "It isn't good enough for you because it isn't in a frame! Is that it!?" I snapped back. Yet on my days off and when I was alone, I would be able to learn and work. The computer allowed me to release myself the moment I was inspired. No preparing

canvases. No buying oils to paint with. I used the computer as my canvas and my emotions as my palette. And I was not able to stop from working... expressing! My artwork didn't matter to anyone except me... They think, "The colors are nice..." but what of its feeling? So I'm here at this fast food hole - broke - with barely enough money to support myself! I don't wish to ask my brother for any more money. He's done so much for me already. ...Van Gogh. My name is van Gogh. It's pronounced van "gaw" - but everyone else calls me van "Go" even after I correct them. Am I that invisible? I was feeling inspired and optimistic about doing some paintings, but work came first. I was too tired to do anything. (Vincent's Eye.) I am an artist in a life where the world doesn't want art. I cannot support myself. I feel that I am stranded in working at fast food places for the rest of my life."

Made and dedicated to all struggling artists... wherever they are. The end.

"String Quintett F major - Adagio" by Anton Bruckner.

The Purpose

"Vincent van Gogh Working at McDonald's" is an interactive experience of transporting van Gogh into today's society and discovering how he would have lived as a struggling artist. Its audience is intended for all... hopefully with an open mind and heart. The purpose of the piece is to express how it feels to be a true artist in a world where they are not accepted or understood.

I decided to take Vincent into a modern day setting and see if he'd matter amongst our multi-media, information-drenched culture. Would anyone care about his work? Would he be struggling just like me in trying to find his place in the world as an artist trying to express his feeling and visions? I used my own empathy for Vincent van Gogh (through experiencing his paintings, reading his letters to his brother Theo, and watching Lust For Life religiously) and used my own emotional responses as his own as a digital artist. As a result I made a piece that interactively expresses the mentality of a struggling artist. The interactive engagement is important in following into Vincent's workplace, inner thoughts, drawings, and journal entries.

The interactivity resembles that of reading through a children's storybook, reading from image to image to get to the next part. Only here it is a multimedia experience involving animation, still imagery, audio, and interactive exploration design. The content is also more adult-oriented with some grim realism amidst the surrealism.

I imagined Vincent using modern art forms and working at a modern job - eight hour evening shifts at McDonald's. No one knows or cares for his work. He is amiss among millions of others images. He has no place."

Part Autobiography

"Vincent" remains a quintessential piece of documenting the changes that occur in ones life. I am an artist who learned to feel such intensity from van Gogh's work and apply it to my own work. I felt betrayed when my work isn't considered "commercial" and doesn't get exposure, except for a few small animation festivals. I was one year away from graduating from graduate school and didn't know where to go with my life. I knew that if I spend my days in working for minimum wage I'd either go insane or become emotionally numb from the robotic labor. This is not a world that supports right-brained people. Artists either die out, sell out, or conform to society. During a severe day's panic attack, I expressed how I was feeling in the narrated text of this piece. "Vincent van Gogh Working at McDonald's" remains one of my most personal and "realistic" works. I dedicate it to all struggling artists working for recognition.

What astounds me the most is how well this piece documents where I was at that time in my life as an artist trying to *survive*. The fear of uncertainty was obviously the motivating force to express what I was feeling inside out as art. I'm sure others can sympathize, let alone empathize.

Early Version of the Saga of Vincent

Here is the first version of Vincent van Gogh that I recorded in my journal in late June '97 days after my first relationship ended: "Fates of legends forsaken: Because he needed money to buy art supplies, Vincent Van Gogh ended up flipping hamburgers at a local fast food restaurant. Though emotionally exhausted after a long day of impassive labor, he still managed to spend

time on his artwork. Yet, he grew frustrated that what he was trying to express had already been done before he had his chance to be original. Unable to cope with such a thought, he grew immensely distant from his family and peers. Concerned, his brother Theo asked him to go on anti-depressants. When he did, he lost his sense of urgency to paint, to create, to express - at the sake of his creativity. His relatives thought he was better now that he was on the same emotional level they were on. Vincent was later drafted to the Coast Guard."

Van Gogh works at McDonald's and gets teased by kids that his red hair makes him look like Ronald McDonald.

4-13-99: Unused Vincent van Gogh internal dialogue (inspired by girlfriend Bethany): "I feel stuck. I don't make enough money here to leave town for a better job. I take the bus every day because I can't possibly afford a car. I'm lower class and I'm down."

"People liked my work, yet no one bought a piece. Through the whole day I hoped that someone rich would discover my work and get me out of here."

"-But you can't buy hope at McDonald's... McDonald's and the American Dream."

Reflections on the Work from an Older Point of View

As a 29-year-old looking back at "Vincent van Gogh Working at McDonald's", I see a 22-year-old who made this piece as a scream of desperation in the form of autobiography, satire, social commentary, and artistic statement. I started this project just after I had graduated from art school and was about to go to graduate school. I worked on this project through my two years in grad school while in a horrible depression of wondering what an artist like me was going to do with my life. I was dealing with the fact that artists, real artists, can't make a living in today's commercially driven society. You can't express your soul and expect to make a living. While in graduate school, I knew this would be my last chance to do any creative work. This was sort of a last gasp of something I was feeling at that particular time in my life. I didn't know what my future would bring. I didn't know where I'd be able to get a teaching job. I was scared shitless. I was that freaked out. And out of that desperation and my own personal empathy for Vincent van Gogh, I created this interactive/ animated storybook tale of what if Vincent van Gogh was alive today. He'd probably be working at a fast food joint like McDonald's just to make ends meet. And this was built on the truth of many fellow student artists who graduated from art school and were forced to take mediocre jobs just to pay the bills. I "played" the role of van Gogh by growing a red beard and took photos of myself. I also went to various McDonald's and took pictures there where I painted on a red beard on a teenage employee. It was like a late teens, early twenties version of what I felt Vincent van Gogh would have felt like in modern times. So here was this great artist whose paintings sell for millions of dollars, and yet in modern times no one wants them or sees their value since "Vincent van Gogh" isn't a name artist. His job at McDonald's stunts his creativity. He takes anti-depressants to curb his depression, which further hinders his artistic side. One could see all of this as a comedy with some heavy elements of tragedy to it. I mean, I've known several artists in my life who are just as good as so-called "name" artists. Yet they continue to live in poverty and without their due recognition. What is to blame for this? Is there so much art in the world at this point that a Vincent van Gogh wouldn't even be noticed anymore?

One thing I know is that I probably couldn't have made this piece today. I've been a teacher for several years and have years of experience in academia and in the freelance world behind me to keep me successful for years to come. But when I was in the middle of graduate school and didn't know my future, I was burning with desperation of what my future might bring. I knew my portfolio was commercial world orientated, so I felt fatalistic about my chances in life. I knew teaching was my main option at the time where I'd be able to continue to do my creative work while being in a creative environment around artistic young talent. Yes, sometimes the teaching job could be overly technical and dull, but it was good work that helped people out. And that was a fine reward. So no, I couldn't make this piece as an older adult. It just wouldn't have felt quite the same. The 22-year-old me had a different intensity that burned as strongly and passionately as a van Gogh painting.

"Map of Europe" – (1999) - Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece

A map of the world where Europe's countries' names are misplaced (France is labeled United States... Spain is labeled India...)

This piece was created to see the world differently... geographically the same, yet totally rearranged in nations. This new world order was restructured to express the confusion of learning where everything is at in the world with so many countries, counties, and roads. Personally, I've always felt confusion of reading a map and ultimately getting utterly and hopelessly lost. It's like being in an alternate universe.

Also, I wanted deal with Europe's ever changing national structure. Yugoslavia split in several different nations. Czechoslovakia turned into the Czech Republic and Slovakia. As a parody, I divided Germany into two different nations, Ger and Many. Countries split apart and reunite every year. It's non-stop.

“Interactive Shorts” - (1999) - An Anthology of Short Interactive Experience Pieces

“Interactive Intro”

NOTICE: THIS IS AN INTERACTIVE ENCOUNTER! BEFORE YOU ENTER... THE PIECE INSIDE IS ALIVE. IT IS A VERY GOOD FRIEND AND LOVES TO TOUCH YOU. SO DON'T BE SURPRISED IF IT SURROUNDS YOU. THIS PIECE IS JUST VERY AFFECTIONATE. HOWEVER, IF YOU HAVE A HEART CONDITION, ARE PREGNANT, OR DO NOT WISH TO COME IN DIRECT CONTACT WITH THIS PIECE, PLEASE DO NOT GO IN! CAUTION!!

The following interactive multi-media short pieces are self-contained experiences. Some are only an image with sound... a few are sound alone. In other pieces, a moving object is a clue to click on to advance through the piece. Sometimes, the interaction is on a psychological basis and doesn't involve clicking at all. There are 53 pieces in all, each mostly averaging out to be 30 seconds in length. 3... 2... 1... Now enjoy.

The following pieces are: “10% Off”, “A Wakening”, “Aging”, “Artist Biography”, “Attention”, “Barbie Fashion Show”, “Bees Inside Speakers”, “Bees Mating”, “Blossoming”, “Buried Below”, “Burn Image”, “Choose Love”, “Close Eyes Interaction”, “Cloud Thunder”, “Country Holocaust”, “Ear Pierce”, “Explosive Image”, “Eye Sizzlin”, “Feed Fish”, “Finger Field”, “Flip Facade”, “Group Smile”, “Hand In Box”, “Heartbeats”, “Help Me”, “Image Says...”, “Light”, “Map of Europe”, “Nude with Watch”, “Nuro”, “Obese Lightning”, “Photo with Chicken Pox”, “Psyche Out”, “Rainbow Print”, “Raping”, “Shampoo”, “Sink Smile”, “Scissors”, “Smell the Flowers”, “Smokey Bear”, “Stuck In Rain?”, “Surgery on the Ceiling”, “Swamp Evolution”, “Swings”, “Take the Pill”, “Tot Dance”, “Tower Clock Surprise”, “Tree Dung!”, “Under the Painting”, “Viva Gotham”, “Where?”, “Wookiee War”, and “Work Day”.

“10% Off”

The ultimate in macabre interactivity! Click on the hand and one of the fingers gets cut off! SLICE! SALE 10% off German Hand! SALE!

“A Wakening”

A Wakening is a time lapse photo where the woman's closed eyes open through time. She stays awake and even blinks. Yet once you click on her face with her eyes open, they are suddenly closed shut. Click to End.

“Aging”

Aging - Eric Homan. Click on each of my portraits to advance myself one year in age. Interactivity as a way of watching a sped-up aging process.

“Artist Biography”

Artist Biography: Eric Homan

Lonely/ X

Frustrated/ X

Alienated/ X

Depressive/ X

Desperate/ X

Hungry/ X

Blissful/ X

Lost/ X

Found/ X

Red/ X

Sensitive/ X

Shy/ X

Insecure/ X

Introverted/ X

Polite/ X

Quiet/ X

Now Just Test the Sigh of me for interactive proof.

“Attention”

Attention! You have activated the auto-destruct mechanism in this computer... The mechanism is nuclear detonated... You have forty seconds... The bomb sounds are going off! You have thirty seconds... You have twenty seconds... You have ten seconds... You have five seconds... Seconds....

“Barbie Fashion Show”

The carnival music is playing. The audience is applauding. What could all of this be for? Well, it's the nude Barbie “Fashion Show”. “We're perfect!” they say. “Yah!” “I'm perfect!” “I'm perfect!” “I'm an Anatomically Correct Doll!” CENSORED. But there are other nude figures with unspeakable problems. “I'm nothing but broken (and impotent).” “Discarded with the rest of the broken toys. Just Junk.” Headless Barbie dolls.

I bought the junk naked Barbies at a Fort Lauderdale thrift store especially for this piece. I'm sure it looked rather perverse purchased eight naked Barbie dolls, some without heads or limbs. Ha.

“Bees Inside Speakers”

Bee Inside Audio Speakers: This is another of one of my favorite examples of merging a visual idea with a great sample of audio. In this case it's the disturbing ambience of a bee flying around the interactee's ears in stereo. After a while, it gets *extremely* creeping and unnerving because the bees sound like they're *really* close. And for the interactee's benefit, the cursor is the size of a fly swatter.

“Bees Mating”

Interactive suggestion: Focus In on the blurred out yellowness. It focuses in to see that the image is two bees mating.

“Blossoming”

“Blossoming” by Eric Homan. A book of photographed metaphorical blossomings. Blossoming Hope. Blossoming Light. Blossoming Words. Blossoming...

“Buried Below”

Question: “What is buried under a cemetery?” Click to discover what lies beneath.
Answer: “A cemetery buried in a cemetery.”

“Burn Image”

“Do you want to Burn the image for heat?” Click in to find a bunch of art projects burning in a fireplace.

“Choose Love”

This could be the ultimate of an interactivity option. “Choose a love” from a crowd of women. The cursor turns into a heart. Choose Love: Love Grows on a Tree. An this red tree of “love”, various photos of “beautiful” women are growing on its branches like “fruit”. Pick one to be your soul mate. “I love you” is said when you click on of the ladies. “But there isn’t anything behind her image. Her image’s only beauty.” This was actually a lesson on love through interactive media.

“Close Eyes Interaction”

Direct interactive piece: “Close your eyes... for a moment.” There is a moment of silence. Then an annoying buzzer goes off. “Open” appears.

“Cloud Thunder”

Click on the white cloud. Boom! It’s now a *thunder cloud*.

“Country Holocaust”

A simulation of an atomic blast occurring in the outskirts of civilization – a *country holocaust*. The fields go bright red until nothing is left besides *red*.

“Ear Pierce”

Do as it says and click on the ear to *Ear Pierce*. One click and in drills a hole into it’s ear!!! “Yell!”

“Explosive Image”

“SET EXPLOSIVE INSIDE IMAGE HERE.” CLICK and it’s set. BOOM!!! The image explodes from Surrealism to total Abstraction with its colors gone overblown and blurred out. Now *that’s* Interactive Digital Art!

“Eye Sizzlin”

Click on the pan, crack an egg, and grill an eye on a pan. It’s an eye *sizzlin’* into surrealism.

“Feed Fish”

“What are they doing? Giving a group of fish some food. Feed the fish! Don’t be shy! The ‘S’ shape of the cursor is actually a worm. So go ahead and click on the fish and see if you catch one of them.

“Finger Field”

Click on the field and it illuminates up to reveal that it is a *finger field*.

“Flip Facade”

Click on the weirdly burnt man and discover his “flip side”. “I’m cute,” he exclaims. “I have no life.” Click again and his horrific face disappears into darkness. Click again and “I’m happy”. His face has been transformed again into something even more bizarre and twisted. “I hate being real.” Now he can’t figure out how to look or feel. He keeps changing and flipping facades. It’s all

one jumble of persona image.

“Group Smile”

“Beauty everyone wears like make-up. They’re all made-up. Faces wearing faces. Masks wearing masks. Flowers are monsters. Diamonds don’t shine. Mirrors are not art. You are not real with that face. You are not real with that fact. You were.” And her faces switches and dances from face to face. “Smile.” “Do you want to be a twin? Beauty everyone wears like make-up *are* make-up.

“Hand In Box”

A surrealist joke piece of playing with claustrophobia with a single hand being trapped within the confines of the dimensions of the image size. The hand’s fingers keep trying to poke and jab at the sides and all around its confines, but it simply can’t get out!

“Heartbeats”

Here is an image where the soundtrack plays a crucial role in all its simplicity. “The baby Regan has not one heart... but two.” Can you figure out why? (There is a ghost Regan in the image as well.)

“Help Me”

“Help Me” cries brightly out as tears from a young man’s eyes. “Get help.”

“Image Says...”

“Image Says...” hangs in a gallery space. Interact with it to find out.... “Why do I feel? *Why do I feel?*” Fin.

“Light”

Interactivity: “Turn on the light.” The light happens to be flowers in bloom. Click on them, and, *ding*, they illuminate the room magically!

“Map of Europe”

The world is/ as a mess. Here is a Map of Europe. Click on each country and you’ll find something different for what the country is actually. Each country is completely wrong of what it should be. A map of the world where Europe’s countries’ names are misplaced (France is labeled United States... Spain is labeled India...)

This piece was created to see the world differently... geographically the same, yet totally rearranged in nations. This new world order was restructured to express the confusion of learning where everything is at in the world with so many countries, counties, and roads. Personally, I’ve always felt confusion of reading a map and ultimately getting utterly and hopelessly lost. It’s like being in an alternate universe.

Also, I wanted deal with Europe’s ever changing national structure. Yugoslavia split in several different nations. Czechoslovakia turned into the Czech Republic and Slovakia. As a parody, I divided Germany into two different nations, Ger and Many. Countries split apart and reunite every year. It’s non-stop.

“Nude with Watch”

“...*Search the image to find the watch...*” This is one of the more “feel your way around the image” interactive projects. From the suggestion of the title “Nude With Invisible Watch”, you actually have to move the cursor around to the wrists of the nude subject to discover that he really does have a watch on. The confusion of seeing the nude without a watch on with the sound of a clock ticking should trigger some sort of curiosity to find this “invisible” watch. Only through the interactivity will you be able to find it.

“Nuro”

The image of a unmoving pet toy zebra appears on the screen. “Nuro, my zebra, is dead.” “I don’t play anymore.” Click again... and it goes away... gone.

“Obese Lightning”

An incredible x-ray image of “obese lightning... with Cellulite.”

“Photo with Chicken Pox”

Give an image chicken pox by *TOUCHING* on it with the cursor. This is a nice exploration and extension of how human interactivity can physically affect a digital image. It’s a way of giving the elements of personification to something not human. But who wants something negative. So click again and the chicken pox turn into confetti!

“Psyche Out”

This is meant as a minimalist animation piece of rapidly displayed red and black rectangle shapes meant to play on a loop to create a seizure. Ya, that’s it... an *Interactive Digital Art* seizure experience.

“Rainbow Print”

Click on the black text and it “bleeds” a rainbow of ink out and away. It’s my version of an abstract interactive horror piece.

“Raping”

(Parental Guidance Is Suggested)

This is probably one of the most disturbing, shocking, offensive, unsettling, insane, maddening, out-there, yet brilliant art pieces I’ve ever done. And it’s also one of the most simple in a time-based sense of the word. All that is going on is placing the white text “raping” on a black background with a disturbing sound sample. It’s not just the juxtaposition of both is what creates something truly horrifying. It’s the fact that the interactee has to *imagine* what is going on in their own personal imagination. In a way, the black background is like a censoring layer to guard us from a horrific visual sight. Yet, all we’re left with is the audio and the indication that this tragic act is going on. I feel that the piece is successful in simulating a mental image and erupting emotions inside the viewer/ interactee. Beyond that, it’s merely a catalyst for alerting people to *envisioning* the horrors of rape.

What may be even worse about the piece is that there is no interactivity. The cursor simply disappears and you, impotently like the rape victim, can’t truly do anything to interact and stop what’s going on.

This is possibly one of my all-time favorite *time-based* art pieces I’ve ever worked on because it’s based on the power of one’s imagination to paint the picture. It’s probably one of the most provocative pieces I’ve ever done... and yet there is absolutely no nudity or violence in it. But what it does so “magically” is make the viewer deeply uncomfortable, upset, squirmy, disturbed, or weirded-out with what is going on inside their imagination. And it’s all done with white text on a black background with a sound FX on loop of a man breathing, grunting, and moaning. The sound effect itself was from one of those canned sound FX CD compilations. So it sounded somewhat corny to begin with. The text on the screen simply states: “Raping”. And that is also the name of the piece. What makes this piece so unique for me, let alone the viewer, is the power of one’s imagination of what is going on in one’s head as they *react* to this visual and audio experience. What is going on inside one’s head? Is this piece meant to be disturbing? Is it meant to be hilarious?!? I, the artist, haven’t really “made” anything graphic *at all*. What is graphic is the violence and nudity of the act of “raping” going on in *their* head and imagination. That is really what is the most “disturbing” element. So if anyone is upset by this piece, it’s the viewer upsetting themselves! The scenario for the “rape” is whatever the viewer is making up in their imagination and fantasies. It’s a male voice in the soundtrack. (By the way, I *refused* to use the sound of a woman because there’s simply been

far too much violence against women. And I wanted to turn things around and make it a man's voice.) But what "scenario" is playing out here? That is perversely up to the viewer to decide. The grunting man's voice could be the person being raped... or the rapist. It's impossible to tell if the rape victim is being severely hurt by this event... or if he's enjoying it. You also don't know if it is a woman raping a man, or vice versa. Or is this a man and man encounter. YOU SIMPLY DON'T KNOW. It's all up to the subjective imagination of the viewer.

I will give away what the actual sound FX sample really was: "Man Crying" was the title. My role as an artist was giving in another layer of meaning by putting white text on a black background. This is easily one of the simplest art pieces I've ever done and one of the most effective.

What I also find most interesting, humorous, or deeply disturbing, is that the "raping" goes on... forever. The sound FX is programmed to loop and keep going on and on and on and on... *to infinity*. That's pretty conceptually messed up. If you let your imagination go wild, it makes it seem like the rapist is possibly being raped for all eternity in hell!!! (As all rapists should, in my opinion.) So if you let your imagination think that way, this piece could be considered cathartic. But I fear some people will only see it on face value and be instantly offended all because of its title and not allow themselves *look deeper*. I suppose that is the purpose of this artist's statement: to explain and articulate my purpose and intent. There will always be misinterpreted art or songs. (Bruce Springsteen's bitter anti-Vietnam song "Born in the USA" comes instantly to mind as it's usually played "patriotically" on the Fourth of July.) There is always more than might superficially think.

I want to also sincerely express that I condone rape in any form or violation of another human being. I hope this piece doesn't endorse rape in any way, shape, or form. It's meant to provoke, make you think, make you feel, and stir one's emotions and imagination. It's not for everyone. But it's an exciting exercise of one's not often used imagination. If their imagination scares them or if art scares them, then that's just too bad. I apologize if this piece upsets anyone's fragile feelings. But as the saying goes: "*Art does not apologize.*"

I must also acknowledge that I "like" this piece because it makes people take notice of my own artwork (for once!). After fifteen years of making art and tens of thousands of hours of work, I still can't seem to get people to "notice me". So if I have to do something "controversial" in order to wake people up, so be it. I'm a lonely frustrated artist. I'm tired of not being noticed or recognized. It's extremely frustrating and debilitating. So let there be "Raping".

But what is probably the funniest thing about this piece is that there's an undercurrent of wicked humor underneath everything. If anyone really gets super upset and feel I've done a piece that is just "too much" and is exploitive to those who were victims of rape, the joke is really on them. They're the ones who "raped someone" by using their own imagination and emotions. I didn't. I just put up some white text of "raping" and a black background and a "man laughing" sound FX. That was it. The controversial part was created by those who were easily offended and upset. So this piece works as a nice F-U to those who react too quickly and act too conservative. I consider myself "conservative" and was raised Catholic. But I still like the use my sense of humor on the hypocrites who charge art for being too "graphic". In this case, the graphic imagery was all made up by those easily offended. The joke is ultimately on them!

"Shampoo"

"Dream, Shampoo!" So is it shampoo that can dream, or a shampoo that tricklates through the scalp and into the brain to create a dream?

"Sink Smile"

Every morning when I shave, I look down at the faucet and would usually some sort of facial shape appearing on the faucet top. One day I witnessed an actual happy face. So I took a picture and named it the "Happy Sinkhole". After that image there is an image of "an amorphous smile".

"Scissors"

Similar to the "Bees Inside Speakers" and "Raping" pieces, this one is about a title suggesting an act with an audio sample stimulating a visual picture in one's head of what's going on. In this case, it's a stereo file that "scissors are cutting your hair". If you have headphones on, the stereo separation is so effective it almost becomes maddening!!! Those scissors get too

close.

“Smell the Flowers”

The interactivity asks you to “Please smell the flowers.” When you interactively click/smell the black and white flowers, they morph and distort their form as well as turn into color. “That’s better”, it says.

“Smokey Bear”

Obviously, I had *fun* with this one. I took the character of “Smokey the Bear” and characterized him with the persona of “Joe the Camel” for targeting kids. So Smokey became “Smokey the Bear: Cigarette Company spokes figure”. “Cigarettes are good for you! Try some today! Just listen to Smokey!” “Hi there little boy! Are you having a good day? Have I ever told you about Smokey the Brand Cigarettes? There’s *great* for kids like *you*! Ha, ha, ha, ha!” – “Mommy! I’m afraid! That big bear has a cigarette!! Weep, weep, cry, cry!”

“Stuck In Rain?”

Ah, just what every person doesn’t want to go through: being stuck in rain. While click on the image of being in a car stuck in rain and the rain goes away and an ad appears before you: “STUCK IN RAIN? 772-HELP”.

“Surgery on the Ceiling”

Just madness here. A man in a black Cleopatra wig is performing “surgery on the ceiling”. This image could also be a parody of Lionel Richie’s hit song “Dancing on the Ceiling”. Yeah, just call me “Weird Eric” Yankovic.

“Swamp Evolution”

Here is a series of “swamp evolutions”: from ink line drawing to black and white image to color image to abstract chromatic image to tactile collage image.

“Swings”

A nice example of a photograph with a soundscape. I was trying to combining a still photograph of a black and white, single solitary swing with an uncoiled chains of that swing creaking as environment ambience.

“Take the Pill”

Here is a great interaction: “Art is a drug. Eat this jelly pill and alter your mind.” Click and gulp it down.

“Tot Dance”

This is part of my playful side. Having a “tot” image dance and hide around the frame of view for the delight of the viewer. Ahhh, ain’t that cute!? I just wanted to make an image dance. (The “tot” is my sister Tanya when she was around one or two years old.)

“Tower Clock Surprise”

This is one odd image of a clock tower wrapped in red ribbons. Click on it for the surprise: it’s a giant cacophony coo-coo clock.

“Tree Dung!”

What is that one the ground? Is that pine cones... or... *tree dung!!!* The large lady exclaims: “I found TREE DUNG!”

“Under the Painting”

This is a question I’ve always been curious about: was there ever an image painted on

top of a painting when it was being painted. "What was painted underneath this image?" Click to find out what image was made underneath.

"Viva Gotham"

I had a dream about Catwoman playing Ann-Margret's part in Viva Las Vegas. The lunacy of the fantasy inspired to create the dream for in Photoshop and later make it into an interactive animation piece.

"IT'S THAT "GO-GO" GUY AND THE "BYE-BUY" GAL IN THE FUN CAPITAL OF THE WORLD! ELVIS PRESLEY AND ANN-MARGET in Viva Gotham! (Digital Elvis Copyright Graceland Properties/ Batman Copyright DC Comics)

This is another one of my "dancing images" pieces. I love the digitally altered collage of images behind the Elvis Presley Batman and the Ann-Margret Catwoman that featured both of them getting married with their masks on, going water-skiing with their masks on, and playing music with just their masks on.

"Where?"

This interactive project is about searching around the image to find what there is to click on. It's also my sarcastic response to people who hating interactive projects. "**Where?**" "Where is it?" "**Here?**" "Where is it?"... "I'm giving up"... "Nothing"... "This is taking too long"... "Sigh!"... "I won't give up/ I won't give up"... "We're being tricked!"... "I think there's something there." Basically, this piece is *meant* to frustrate the interactee. Yet once they do, they are rewarded with a giant close up of a teddy-bear exclaiming "OH!" You just have to click around to find it. Don't give up.

"Wookiee War"

I animated a photograph I had taken of two Star Wars Rancor creatures eating Chewbacca. They move back and forth, almost in a dance to the soothing sound of a melody. Eventually, the image tears and Chewbacca the Wookiee is ripped in two.

"Work Day"

This is a documentary of workers that were paid minimum wage to do nothing but watch others work. There were seven employees to do a three-person job. So four of us stood around. That was it. For eight hours with a lunch break, we watched and waited. Our work was one long "break". Yet how distressing it was for one's break to never end. We become idlers for our jobs, wasting away in our lack of usefulness. After a while, we yearned in despair to work. But how could we complain when we don't know how to do the job better than those already doing it? Part of us didn't want to leave because we had gotten used to how things had gotten and didn't want to do any real work. There were no other jobs to be done except this one project. We just had to sit and wait. And wait. Wait... Wait...

"24 Hours a Day Work": "I've got a job in which I do nothing but live and go about my day and nights. When I eat breakfast at a restaurant, I get paid my minimum wage. When I go to the bathroom, watch TV, read a book, go to church, get drunk with friends, smoke cigarettes – even when I sleep and dream. My time sheet is 12 a.m. to 12 a.m. – *24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week.*

Yet, I get restless, tired, and anxious from not earning the day. It was too easy. There was no struggle to rise above. I had no goals to challenge and accomplish. I was merely sitting still – numb, emotionless, confused, and all too comfortable to move. So I can start respecting himself. Discover some pride from standing up and walking forward overcoming hardships. Life is vague. We define. To be continued."

"Once Upon A Workday..." by Eric Homan

In a modern metropolis of towering office skyscrapers, I worked and breathed all day inside private cages called cubicles. Only during my break did I have a chance to daydream out the fifty-third floor window. Today, I gazed, silent and mute, in melancholy awe that

somewhere there was life better outside. At a nearby office building across from me, I sighted a fellow office worker staring out just like I was. To wonder if we shared the same dreamings comforted me... for the moment.

Also during my 9:30 coffee break, I watched the unrelenting rain pellet the outside of the window. I imagined the rain to be of heavy tears from co-workers on higher floors. Before the lapse of my daydreaming, I glimpsed a woman's body descend like a stone before me. I shivered violently, took a final sip of coffee, and returned to work.

Inside my cubicle, I worked with one primary function: to watch the computer screen for the changing stock rates from across the nation. The numbers never ceased. Only during my breaks will someone else watch the rates for me. Yet, to lose my attention for a mere second might cost me my job. My mis-led ambitions wailed for escape to a better life. Stuck immobile and limited was a cruelty for my sanity. In time, I feared that I might....

Praying for patience was never enough to pass the time that didn't to pass with seconds, but rather with sighs.

I wondered in bewilderment why so many of us remain at this job functioning mechanically like monkeys with robotic minds. Are they also trying to raise enough money to commit themselves to an asylum like I? "Ha ha ha."

Beyond the plastic boundaries of my gray cubicle were the boundings of my sensitivity. I refused to be as disgustingly naive as my co-workers for I seemingly alone realized the prison my career was in. During my break at noon, I wasn't able to completely digest my lunch. Eventually, I found myself vomiting into the restroom toilet. To see my face relected in the polluted toilet water was like some horrific self-portrait.

At the end of my workday, I rushed exhausted out the revolving exit door like a young child glad to be out after a long day of school. Noticing a sidewalk ice cream stand, the nostalgia of my innocent youth suddenly lured me to taste a flavor that I had long forgotten. I had never imagined that lime sherbert could taste so... healing. Like a storybook fantasy, my workday had actually closed with a happy ending - that is until tomorrow morning.

Interactive Sampler CD - (1999) - An Anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

Contains examples of my various Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces completed in Director: "The Zoos", "Shorts", "Paying the Meter", "Vincent van Gogh Working at McDonald's", "Memoria", "Survival Series", and a collection of Shorts ("ticket for show", "Curiosity Inside", "10% off", "bees inside speakers", "bees mating", "close eyes interaction", "cloud thunder", "girlfriend sale", "nutritious", "pink", "raping", "raspberry gas", "road tire roadkill", "under the painting").

Interactive Sampler CD #2 - (1999) - An Anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

Contains examples of my various Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces completed in Director: "ticket for show", "Curiosity Inside", "introduction", "tax dollars", "thank yous", "abstract flags", "bathroom confusion", "brain trees", "closed for meaning", "color bars abstracted", "computer malfunction art", "copulating grasshoppers", "curvaceous finger", "distortions", "Do Not Enter", "double realities", "hair dryer", "hand performers", "invisible image", "memory mix", "mix menu", "no commercial value", "painting canvas", "pink", "place humor here", "red canvas series", "red-plosion rose", "ripe brains", "ship at sail in painting", "silence", "skin tinting", "sky drive", "sky line", "stare ways", "sun setting in ocean", "sutcarsba", "tan red tanning on the highway", "touch

me”, “type symphony”, “video store selection”, “Vincent model”, “wave designs”, and “word attack”.

Interactive Sampler CD #3 - (1999) - An Anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

Contains examples of my various Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces completed in Director: “Calendar Age”, “Dreaming in Silhouette”, “Paintings”, “Sandman”, “Shoe Story”, “The Falls”, “Historical Events of WWII”, “Artist’s Points of View”, “Dancing Id Abstracted”, “Photos”, “Distortions”, “Kissing the Emotional Candle”, “Light Tears”, and “Water Landers”.

Interactive Digital Art Sampler CD - (1999) - An Anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

Contains examples of my various Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces completed in Director: “Vincent van Gogh Working at McDonald’s”, “Survival Series”, “Dancing Id Abstracted Photos”, “Dreaming In Silhouette”, “Historical Events of WWII”, “Raw and Aged Portraits”, “The Sandman” (animatic), and “The Falls” (animatic).

“Touch” - (2000) - An Anthology of Short Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

The following pieces are: “Begin”, “Touch Intro”, “** 1/2”, “Affection”, “Afro-balloon”, “Aperture Fog”, “Are We Real?”, “Art Sale”, “Banana Sidewalk Split”, “Barbie Holocaust”, “Bed Sheet Wrapping Paper”, “Black Cloud”, “Blue Nipple”, “Boy Scouts Going to War”, “Butt Chair”, “Butterfly Display”, “Car Crash Attraction”, “Caricature”, “Cartooned”, “Cloud Drawbridge”, “Cloud Factory”, “Color Bars”, “Colored and Concerned”, “Colored Landscape”, “Creativity Good”, “Curvaceous Finger”, “Dead End”, “Desert Highway”, “Dolphin For Sale”, “Dragon Reflected in Ocean”, “Eric Views”, “Eucharist”, “Expires”, “Eye Candy”, “Eye Ring”, “Eye Test”, “Eye Vagina”, “Fall During Spring”, “Fall Leafs”, “Fantasight”, “Feet for Hands”, “Finger Frequencies”, “Finger Trunks”, “Finger Watch”, “Flag at 1/4 Staff”, “Folk-Singing Telemarketer”, “Forest Lightning”, “Fork Eyes”, “Fossilized Underwear”, “Girlfriend Sale”, “Hair Dryer”, “Halloween Costumes”, “Harry Krinkle”, “Ice Cream Cone Flame”, “Image Under Construction”, “Image Wearing Shades”, “Interactive TV”, “Karen Paints”, “Kingdom Come”, “Leaves?”, “McDonald’s Religions”, “Meet Fred”, “Memory Ants”, “Merry-Go-Round”, “Mom’s Prayer”, “Mount Rushmore”, “Movie Graveyard”, “Museum of Fart”, “No Security”, “Nutritious”, “Paint Scribbles”, “Peanut Butter Caves”, “Penguin Christ”, “Photo Spot”, “Picture #8”, “Pixel”, “Plant Growing in Space”, “Red”, “Reflective Mood”, “Ripe Brains”, “Road of Crosses”, “Road Tire Road-kill”, “Screaming City Lights”, “Scribble Prose”, “Sexy Kangaroo”, “Shadows in the Green Dream”, “Sky Brushing Teeth”, “Small Town”, “Spaghetti Money”, “Strips of Acne”, “Surrealism Crossing”, “Sweat”, “Swinging Girl”, “Tarantula!”, “The Moon Cries”, “The Thin Eric”, “Too Much Flash”, “Tree Club”, “Type Clouds”, “Very Soft Porn”, “Vincent Model”, “Vincent Reading Vincent”, “Washington on Tour”, “Water’s Edge”, “Wave”, “Webbed”, and “Whistler of the Air Conditioner”.

“Begin”

Just a reminder before the show: “Please, No Smoking in Interactive Experience.”
Intro: The following work is comprised of over one hundred diversified short interactive pieces. They are simple, direct ideas that thrive on the continents of surrealism, comedy, expressionism, personal documentary, and dada. I choose to explore the integration of still images and multi-layered sounds to create an animation inside the mind and imagination of the interacting viewer. In addition, I wished to challenge how interactivity could affect the progress of an idea through both sound and images. Eric Homan.

WELCOME FRIENDS! ERIC FRANK HOMAN PRESENTS...

“Touch Intro”

Select the screen to get to “Touch”: Interactive Pieces by Eric Homan. *Touch*. “Touch an Idea”.

“ 1/2”**

This is a rather bizarrely humorous exploration of feelings of mediocrity. Every time you click, the further back you get to revealing what you’re actually looking at. Once you’re past that stage, you can to “discover what is written on top of my head”. “Mediocre.” Ever get the feeling you’re stamped with being “Mediocrity”? Well, this is a visual expression of such a doubtful feeling. Then we go into a “** 1/2” star Doomed Art Gallery where all the art is just average, “mediocre”, and meaningless. One depressed image even exclaims, “I’m Forgettable”. Click on it *and it is*.

“Affection”

This is a core interactive piece where the click of the mouse causes the connection of “affection” between the man and the woman. Before, “affection” was only written on her pinkie. Once you click and interact with your “love” and “affection”, the word is written on both of their pinkies.

“Afro-balloon”

Digital sketch design for the Hot-Air Afro-Balloon. Ride above the ground in a huge afro-balloon.

“Aperture Fog”

There is something called “depth of field” when working with a camera that will cause objects in the foreground and deep background to go out-of-focus with a certain setting. In contrast, you can set the depth-of-field to be in sharp focus for everything in view with a different setting. In this experimental image, I created something called “aperture fog” where the objects go out of focus from a “fog” in the scene. Wild visual conception.

“Are We Real?”

A still photo “dada” experiment where the alligators within the photo ask one another: “Are we real?” Indeed, is a photo of real creatures actually *real*? I suppose it depends on which point of view you’re viewing it from. “I don’t know,” the other alligator replies.

“Art Sale”

An art sale featuring an image that simply has “\$15.00” printed on it costing \$15.00. The following image is a surrealistic rainbow swirl with \$50.00 and the artist’s signature printed on it for \$50.00. The proceeding image is similar to the one before it, just dark toned down with \$5000.00 and the artist’s signature on it. The stakes have gone up. But with your next click, you’ve just “bought” it. It’s been “SOLD”... or is the next image simply called “SOLD” for \$10,000?

“Banana Sidewalk Split”

This “delicacy” is a New York Favorite treat to some bums and homeless people.

“Barbie Holocaust”

“Barbie Holocaust”: “They were *desperate* for affection. Only *one* was chosen. Rejects were thrown away – a Barbie Holocaust.”

2-20-00: After seeing my 100th raped and naked Barbie doll laying dead on a giant pile of Barbie dolls at the Swap Shop, I had had enough of life today.

“Bed Sheet Wrapping Paper”

Patent for invention: Bed sheet Wrapping Paper – Christmas presents wrapped in bed sheets.

“Black Cloud”

“A black cloud in a boredom of whiteness.”

“Blue Nipple”

I bet you’ve never seen anything like this before. Just see what happens to it when you “interact” with it....

“Boy Scouts Going to War”

This piece asks the question of what it would look like if Boy Scouts actually were marching to *war*.

“Butt Chair”

First initial design for a “Butt-Chair”. So please, take a seat. Click on the “butt-chair” and get a surprise. (Hint: squeeze the sharmen.)

“Butterfly Display”

A Butterfly Display: Butterfly Being Breast-Fed. Butterfly with Trademark™. Butterie Butterflies with a girl giving them wet butterfly kisses.

“Car Crash Attraction”

A crowd gathered around the Car Crash Attraction at the State Fair. *Oooooohhh. Aaaahhhhh.*

“Caricature”

“Hi! I’m a caricature!” says the little squirrel. We’re Perceptions of Us.” Then pick a Tree and see what it says. It’s also a “caricature”. And the other tree has that darn squirrel in it again.

“Cartooned”

Click on the image of the man within the cartoon world and he’s suddenly “*cartooned*” into their world. Click again and he’s in a color/ black and white world limbo! He’s not just marooned – he’s *cartooned!*

“Cloud Drawbridge”

A cloud drawbridge where clouds can pass safely through a busy sky intersection.

“Cloud Factory”

An actual picture of a “cloud factory” where they make the lovely cumulus clouds for the sky. Here at this factory, *they make Beautiful Clouds!* These are man-made clouds in nature to make the world more aesthetically pleasing to our eyes!

“Color Bars”

A spoof that an interactive experience art piece would actually need “color bars”... with a police frequency to boot.

“Colored and Concerned”

This piece brings new meaning to the label “Colored Freaks”. One of them has to ask with concern: “How long must I feel so vague and undefined?” They’re Colored and Concerned.

“Colored Landscape”

A colored landscape gets colored from the interactee’s clicks.

“Creativity Good”

Interact with the screen to “open” it. What is opened is a refrigerator door with a gallon of

liquid “CREATIVITY” milk. Click to drink it down. And, *ooohhh*, it’s so good! “An artist is in you.” For a Peaceful World Tomorrow, Encourage Creative Play Today! *Creativity Good*.

“Curvaceous Finger”

1-12-99: My fingers grew breasts as I made it through puberty. The same bullies who teased me about my curvaceous fingers ended up being aroused by them. Growing up is so confusing.”

“Dead End”

Dead End: “He walked on past the edge of his hometown in the middle of the night, never to look back.

“Desert Highway”

An illustration of a desert highway that goes up to the sky.

“Dolphin For Sale”

A young woman is at the local aquarium looking at the beautiful dolphins. Dolphin – for sale at Sea World Market. The last thing we see is her reaching down for the dolphin...

“Dragon Reflected in Ocean”

Click on the image several times to see what possibly could be a dragon’s head and it’s glowing eye reflected in the water. Do you see it?

“Eric Views”

A series of views of “Eric” from various point of views. Finally, the last image is of Eric *beheaded*.

“Eucharist”

This could be the first ever Catholic religious experience. “Body of Christ” Interactive Communion. Make the click to accept the “Body of Christ”. You’ve just accepted our Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour.

“Expires”

Morbid black humor here featuring a little red-haired boy who has “Expires March 1987” on his forehead. His birthdate is July 27, 1984. He’s like a product that goes out of date after a certain date.

“Eye Candy”

Interactive “eye candy” of various sexy circus ladies. Ring those bells, boys! Then finally, the “eye candy” image of “Chocolate Cows”.

“Eye Ring”

Scream, because this is an image of a *literal* eye ring of a man who has decided to wear his right eye as an eye ring.

“Eye Test”

An interactive eye test that comes closer and closer as the test proceeds, only to discover that the actual letters of the eye test are blurred out. Some surreal eye test, this is.

“Eye Vagina”

Do you see it? Use your imagination through my suggestion that it is an “eye vagina”. Interestingly, the cursor is rather phallic looking. So do you wonder what would happen if you interact with the “eye vagina”?

“Fall During Spring”

Fall During Spring: Tropical weather, yet leaves had fallen to the ground?

“Fall Leafs”

A collection of close-up shots of various autumn leafs, leaf trails.

“Fantasight”

Through the vision of “fantasight”, click to reveal “an angel”.

“Feet for Hands”

Deconstruct this man with “feet for hands”. Little by little, he is contrasted to death.

“Finger Frequencies”

An actual image of organic finger electricity waves! This is what the inside of one caucasian male’s skin looks like!

“Finger Trunks”

This is a project of fingers that are growing root like trees or flowers. There’s actually rings and wrinkles on the finger trunks.

“Finger Watch”

The all-time Casio Finger Watch. It’s stylish, practical, timely.

“Flag at 1/4 Staff”

(What exactly does that mean if a flag is at 1/4 staff? Does that mean some really, really tragic occurrence happened?!?)

“Folk-Singing Telemarketer”

Like most people during the turn of the millennium, we were harassed by an ungodly number of telemarketer callers. So I put together a new twist on how they would try to woo their customers over the telephone: “Hello there! Is Mr. McAfee home? Oh hi! I’m here to woo you over the telephone and tell you that you’re special! Do you wanna buy my...? Do you wanna buy my... insurance package? Satisfaction Guaranteed! You can use our credit card company. You’re viable for it. You need it *so badly!*”

“Forest Lightning”

A photo looking up at the electricity-like branches some trees in a woods during winter when there was no leaves attached to them. To me, it looked like black lightning.

“Fork Eyes”

Imagine this visual: an organic fork with eyes on the end of its four point top. Every time a person would use this fork, they’d be poking out their eyes. Just so people can know how it would feel, this interactive piece allows you to click and proceed to the visualization of someone using the fork. Listen to it scream!!

“Fossilized Underwear”

Fossilized Underwear dated back to 10,000 B.C. incredibly still preserved in one piece. Amazing!

“Girlfriend Sale”

A sign up for a “Girlfriend Sale”: Asking Price: only \$5,000. And she’s on SALE!!! What nice eyes she has!! Click on her, and you’ve just bought yourself a date!

“Hair Dryer”

An interactive simulation of what it would be like to get your hair dried. The best part about it is the stereo surround sound of the hair dryer moving from the left channel to the right channel and back again. One’s hair gets “dried” in one’s imagination!

“Halloween Costumes”

This is a series of shots of my old Halloween Costumes. For Halloween in 1979, I dressed up as a four-year-old girl! “Do you like my costume?” Halloween 1983, I was a Dragon Fly!! You can tell from the red hair on top of the head! For Halloween 1989, I was a fence. Boo! The next thing I knew Halloween lasted for twenty years when I found a job as a cleaner at Disney World. That’s me dressed up there. The costume got old pretty fast.

“Harry Krinkle”

This is a fun, funny pun visual: a literal “Harry Kinkle” crinkled up Santa candy wrapper.

“Ice Cream Cone Flame”

An illustration of an “Ice Cream Cone Flame”. It sorta looks like a torch with a white creamy flame.

“Image Under Construction”

Another neat interactive piece that asks the interectee to “Complete” the building site image that is *under construction*. And with each click, the building goes up until completion when it’s finished. Incredible!

“Image Wearing Shades”

An image with shades on of a woman wearing shades. Oh, the suggestive irony actually visualized....

“Interactive TV”

Here is a great example of interactivity going too far. “Touch the TV! Feel the TV! Bow to the TV!” That’s the imminent future of TV - interactive TV.

“Karen Paints”

KAREN PAINTS: A Documentary. Your cursor turns into a paint brush and with every paint stroke/ click, a new painting is created on top of the previous painting... like magic!! It’s like the inner works of one’s mind.

“Kingdom Come”

The toy lion in this piece was one of my first toys I had as a baby. I gave him the nickname “Kingdom Come” as in the “Our Father” Christian prayer. Here, “Kingdom Come” is the King of the Jungle. “Thy Kingdom Come, Thou Shall Be Done, On Earth As It Is In Heaven”.

“Leafs?”

Imagine a bunch of leafs with personalities written on them so we humans could understand them. “We’re weird!” “Leaf”. “I Love U”. “I love you too”. “I’m Larry”. “We’re real”. These are just a few things that they actually have to say. These are truly not your ordinary leafs.

“McDonald’s Religions”

This is one of my favorite conceptual statement pieces: “Holy McDonald’s restaurant chains”. There’d be a religious symbol on top of the “McDonald’s” arches. Imagine if there were six different McDonald’s in my hometown. Depending on your religion, you would go to your selected fast food chain. Here is St. Luke’s Lutheran McDonald’s... Holy Trinity Catholic

McDonald's... Christ Church Episcopal McDonald's... A Jewish Synagogue McDonald's... and Kingdom Hall of Jehovah's Witnesses McDonald's. But as for me, I don't go to McDonald's anymore. Their food is too greasy for me.

My small hometown has eight different McDonald fast food restaurants in it - each representing a different religion. There are three Roman Catholic McDonald's, two Protestant McDonald's, a Jewish McDonald's, a Buddhist McDonald's, and a Baptist McDonald's. There are no atheist McDonald's. "These Chicken McNuggets are the Body of Christ. Rejoice and enjoy!"

"Meet Fred"

Meet Fred: "Hi! I'm Fred! A proton molecule and one of your relatives!" Who knows? It's probably right.... But once you click on it, Fred goes pop. You've just killed a relative.

"Memory Ants"

Images of memories crawling over a portrait of myself as a young boy as if the memories were ants. They're memory ants. The memories are attacking!!! They're all over me!!!!

"Merry-Go-Round"

Go riding on the interactive merry-go-rounds.

"Mom's Prayer"

"My Mom's Prayerful Expectations": This is certainly a personal little piece that I had of a recording of my mother's voice when my sister Lara was interviewing her for a family genealogy project. What she says is heartbreaking because she's talking about not exactly having any plans after she retires from teaching. But she admits that she does pray and plans to do any work that God wants her to do. The snippet of audio reminded me of how deeply religious my mother was. She would die in a car accident only one year after her retirement. That's what makes the piece so crushingly tragic.

"Mount Rushmore"

Mount Rushmore: a U.S. Capital Monument. It features the faces of the presidents on U.S. currency. Listen to the people "ohhhh" at this monument of money.

"Movie Graveyard"

At the massive flea market in west Ft. Lauderdale called the "Swap Shop", there are dozens of giant white monolithic movie gravestone screen. It looked like a movie cemetery of blank white screens looking like white tombstones – like a cemetery tribute to the dying drive-in movie theaters. People still hang out waiting for a show to start. They're waiting and mourning.

"Museum of Fart"

Come Inside! It's a Museum of Fart!! Guess what it would be like....? That's the great thing about this art piece: it's all about the *idea* that is created with the juxtaposition of an image to support it. The rest of the work is done in the mind of the interactee. Do you dare click on the museum itself? One more click and it turns into a giant pair of buttocks. Guess where the entrance is? Come Again!

"No Security"

A semi-frightening real life sign I came across while traveling through the Florida Everglades: "NO SECURITY". What the hell does that *really* mean!!? Is there really no security wherever you go? What a statement sign!

"Nutritious"

The Homan Family: siblings Eric, Tanya, Lara. They're German Bred Meat, Soft and Tender! Here's the Nutrition Facts about us! (I admit and apologize that this piece is totally

twisted!!)

“Paint Scribbles”

Minimalist interactive piece where one click paint-shoots scribbles over a paint doodle image.

“Peanut Butter Caves”

Somewhere around the outskirts of Columbus, Ohio, are... Peanut Butter Caves. The actual cavern walls are made of creamy peanut butter! Don't touch or you'll get sticky!

“Penguin Christ”

Funny visual gag of what looks like a penguin walking on water. Is this the “*Penguin Christ*”?!?!?! What if the Son of God came back as a penguin?!?! Would we *worship* it then?!?

“Photo Spot”

Imagine if specific places all over the world had signs that told you that they were “photo spots”?! What if there was nothing interesting really going on there? Would you still take a picture of it because someone told you so? That's what this piece is surrealistically trying to point at. What if everything was a photo spot (like they have so often at amusement parks? What would be interesting if everyone takes the same picture of the same things?

“Picture #8”

“Hello! I'm Picture 8!” says Picture #8 featuring a Hong Kong woman in red.

“Pixel”

A “Pixel” framed in a gilded frame in a museum. It's computer art!

“Plant Growing in Space”

A plant growing in nothingness... out in all that blackness and plantness is growing out of nothingness. Leafs growing out of nothingness – outer space.

“Red”

Curious what “Red” is? Click on it and you'll get what you'd never expected but still expected anyways.

“Reflective Mood”

An animated image that changes through time as the image of the man reflects.

“Ripe Brains”

RIPE BRAINS: On Sale: \$2.50 each. Brains in a shopping card being sold outside for a discount.

“Road of Crosses”

A visual of a road of crosses that line the yellow division line as electricity pole crosses.

“Road Tire Road-kill”

I came up with the concept of road tire road-kill came to me while driving from Florida to Ohio. I'd see real road-kill, but I'd also see plenty of torn up tires along the roadside as well. To me, it all looked like road-kill in itself.

“Screaming City Lights”

An illustrated photo with night city lights that look like they're screaming out with the sounds of the night with car driving excessively fast mixed with bell tongs and whistles.

“Scribble Prose”

A visual illustration of what “scribble prose” looks like.

“Sexy Kangaroo”

I took this photo at the 1999 Ohio State Fair. To me from the composition, it simply looked like the kangaroo was posing for me. So I called it “Sexy Kangaroo” as a joke. Some people find this piece “offensive”. I suppose the title stirred their imaginations too greatly. Also, you can “go ahead and touch me” and click on the kangaroo. You’ll get quite a reaction from the kangaroo!

“Shadows in the Green Dream”

Two people in Love reflected in the blurry, hazy green dream water with their shadows.

“Sky Brushing Teeth”

This was an audio experiment humor piece with a visual. Is this the sky brushing teeth *or* harsh wing? You decide!

“Small Town”

Yellow Springs, OH: An art town with no visible sky. Small Town. They’ve got a downtown comic book/ used book store... with a cute yellow fire hydrant in front. Main Street has clean sidewalks and green, green bushes. Where else can you find a “gallery of music and art” in a small town in Ohio? And a rather saturated town at that in the summer. There is even an art theater in this small town! The people are friendly and curious. See a good movie any evening of the week! *Enter*. You know it’s an artist town when the local shoe store is called “Moody Shoes”! There’s even the arty downtown book store. The downtown doesn’t have an ordinary Grocery Store. They’ve got Organic Grocery. The flowers bloom yellow-yellow. It’s nature trails are rocky waterfalls. A book store that looks like a home instead of a corporation. And finally, a tavern – not a bar – but an actual downtown tavern where one can order a plate of spaghetti and a draft beer while listening to good music!

“Spaghetti Money”

A \$500 bill that is extra stringy like spaghetti! So I called it *spaghetti money!*

“Strips of Acne”

Interactivity: peel off one of the strips of acne of the man’s face.

“Surrealism Crossing”

What if you came across a STOP sign that ended up being green instead of red? What exactly would you do? Green is supposed to mean “go”, right? Should you stop/ go?!? This is pretty maddening! That’s why it’s called “Surrealism Street”. And further on up the road things get even stranger with a “SURREALISM CROSSING” sign. There’s a furry nose mermaid in the sky and baby skipping sideways across the street.

“Sweat”

A series of “Sweat Portraits”. Sweating Heat. Sweating Self.

“Swinging Girl”

“Swinging Girl”: “There goes that girl swinging off the earth. That girl is swinging her life back and forth. Singing through the air like an acrobat angel. Swinging beyond the waves of her terror. It’s the Swinging Girl.”

“Tarantula!”

Movie poster for “Tarantula! East The Borrows”! GIANT SPIDER STRIKES! CRAWLING TERROR 10 FEET HIGH!

“The Moon Cries”

The full moon above has always looked like a moon face crying sadly. It’s always haunted me in a way.

“The Thin Eric”

Conceptual piece concerning a character called Eric the Thin (or, The Thin Eric).

“Too Much Flash”

Photo 101: Too Much Flash on the face. Click the mouse button to see what an effect that would have. It simply bleaches out the person’s face... or body.

“Tree Club”

The Tree Club: Your best defense against bad weather and cruel society! Built to keep your tree secure!

“Type Clouds”

Click around to move through the clouds of black and white type text. Break through the sound word barrier! And on the other end is total color abstraction.

“Very Soft Porn”

An image of myself showing “some leg”. I humorously called this one “Very Soft Porn”.

“Vincent Model”

A sketch model of a Vincent van Gogh model computer art character. “I like mouse!” he exclaims as an oil painter converted to doing computer art paintings. The last image you click creates the real life Vincent van Gogh model in real life. “I’m real!” he proclaims.

“Vincent Reading Vincent”

Vincent van Gogh as a young man reading about himself in a book about his artwork. Ah, the irony.... “I like this guy,” he says to himself.

“Washington on Tour”

What if they could transport actual national monuments across the country to tour them to other cities? Well, I made an drawing about it of the Washington Monument and the Capitoal Building on tour. *Coming Soon To a City Near You!*

“Water’s Edge”

Imagine diving into an abyss swimming pool. There isn’t any water – just blackness below. Would you dare to dive in? What if you swam to where the water end – the *water’s edge* into the abyss?

“Wave”

An animation simulation of several wave shots fading in and out of each other as they crash up against you.

“Webbed”

A frightening piece about a sketch figure behind a webbed pattern.

“Whistler of the Air Conditioner”

My old air conditioner would make the most annoying whistling sound in the apartment I

used to be living at. It would drive me literally crazy. It was so hot that I had to use the air conditioning, but I despised hearing that weird whistle hum. My landlord looked at the air conditioner and found nothing wrong with it. I eventually imagined that there was an actual “whistler of the air conditioner” making this terrible noise that was living inside.

Genesis - Whistle-Blower of the Whirlpool Air Conditioner

9-6-98: I’m battling a noise from inside my apartment. I know what it is and where it’s coming from: it’s a high-pitched whistling in my air conditioner. I don’t know why it started last night and I can’t get rid of it. The more it bothered me, the more I thought about it, the more I imagined aspects about it. So I decided to befriend the sound by making it my imaginary friend, the Whistle-Blower of the Whirlpool Air Conditioner (**it’s better than going mad over its presence.**) Its voice is at such a high pitch I doubt others can detect it. Documenting it makes me all the happier about my discovering it. I believe that my audible friend could be heard throughout the world through various languages of “whistles” and “hums” that come out of modern society.

“Pinkies” - (2000) - An Anthology of Short Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

Intro

I’ve been making it my duty to give the still digital images I’ve made through the years a multimedia environment to them with interactivity, animation, and audio. The following multimedia gallery, nicknamed “Pinkies” because its contents are short in length, is an interactive documentary of *surrealism in reality*. The following images were photographed and collected because of how bizarre they were for being part of the world. I also selected old family photographs and noticed surrealistic stories in their history. Come in and see...

“Ticket for Show”, “Curiosity Inside”, “Tax Dollars”, “Thank You’s”, “Almost Bald Tree”, “America Super Savings”, “Art, Period”, “Ask Her Out”, “Bathroom Confusion”, “Belly Art”, “Billboard Advertisement”, “Bird Flight Flyer”, “Birthday Suited”, “Bite me”, “Blue Desert Island”, “Boycott the Boycott”, “Brain Trees”, “Butterfly on a Stick”, “City of Car Garages”, “Closed for Meaning”, “Cocoon Bed”, “Comic Book Groupie”, “Contentless”, “Copulating Grasshoppers”, “Dada Postage”, “Dadad”, “Dandelion Hotels”, “Date Doors”, “Dinosaurs in the Sandbox”, “Directions”, “Disintegrating Photos”, “Do Not Enter”, “Don’t Bother Me...”, “Drivings”, “Drowned Memory”, “EARS”, “Elephant in Chocolate”, “Emerald Sea”, “Eric and the Facade”, “Eric Hats”, “Eric’s Parking Only”, “Evil Baby”, “Eye in an Eye”, “Family Portraits by Eric”, “For Rent”, “Fran”, “Free Baptisms”, “Gator Art”, “Gilded Frame”, “Girl with Hairy Eyebrows”, “Girlfriend Sucking Neck”, “God’s Arm”, “Golden Mushrooms”, “H-Bomb Sunset”, “Hand Art”, “Headphones Smile”, “Hiring Smiling Faces”, “Homelife Zoo”, “Human Billboard”, “Human Zoo”, “Hurtin’”, “Image with Chicken Pox #2”, “In the Garden of My Past”, “Interchangeable Parents”, “Justin as Believer”, “Kid with Copyright”, “Kodak Moment”, “Mergirl on Swings”, “Mermaid Stocking”, “Museum of Ideas”, “New Emotion”, “Nose Child”, “Parking for Casual Male Only”, “Pine Needle Art”, “Please Waste”, “Profiles of I”, “Push”, “Rainbow Fields of Ohio”, “Raspberry Gas”, “Red Smile Face”, “Red-Haired Afternoon Kid”, “Red-plosion Rose”, “Sandmans”, “Santa’s Not Real”, “Scream Children”, “Sea Horse”, “Sky Sets”, “The Smiling Boy”, “Star Rays”, “Stormy Beach”, “Stuffed Animals Lost”, “Sugar Mts.”, “Surreal Proclamation”, “Three Crosses in West Virginia”, “Touch Me”, “Trail Exploration”, “Tree Disguises”, “Tree Hug!”, “Triplets”, “Turtle Tree Stump”, “Two Front Pill Teeth”, “Underwear Invasion”, “Urinade”, “Used CD Places”, “Video Store Selection”, “Waiting in Line - The Ride”, “Watching a War”, and “Water Air Dolphin Show”.

“Ticket for Show”

“One ticket for show – click to enter”. It’s \$2 virtual money – so it’s free! Ka-ching!

“Curiosity Inside”

The words “Curiosity Inside” are a verbal and visual invitation to come inside. “It’s art for people who don’t care for it.” Pinkies by Eric Homan: **A Documentary of Surrealism in Reality.**

“Almost Bald Tree”

A photo of a tree with a rather human problem: it’s going bald with only patches of hair/ leaves on its branches.

“America Super Savings”

“America On Sale.” Here is the American flag up on sale. Is this an accidental allegory on America? It was a picture taken from the front painted window of a car dealership.

“Art, Period”

“There is no question in my mind that this is art. Period. That’s what it says, too.” Isn’t that rather arrogantly self-confident?! Especially since the art is proclaiming itself art... period! But it sure is amusing, too. I mean, when was the last time the art actually communicated directly to you that it was art?!?

“Ask Her Out” (A “collaboration” between Eric Homan and Karen Mathieson)

Intro

“To explain, this was a week-long art piece I did dedicated to my repressed crush/ playful fantasy with a girl called Karen Mathieson. I choose her because she flirts with that fantasy. So as an artist, I’m flirting back with a gallery of art pieces concerning the simplicity and innocence of asking her out and gaining her almighty affection. I’ve been thinking about her off and on for over two years and it’s about time to release those locked-up feelings. This is also my joke to life about dealing with my loneliness and my need for love. In the heart of it, I’m trying to achieve sincere fantasy. I want to exploit my imagination because it is what makes me thrive. I know the conflicts I have when getting involved with someone - I simply don’t have the time or energy to commit to them every day. As an artist I have to have most of my time dedicated to art. My significant other has to share being the center of attention in my life. I’ve conceived having a girlfriend for just one or two days of the week... maybe Tuesday and Sunday, and alternating the days every week. I want fantasy and reality to mix and meet... and love being the bridge. So I’ve sent her these innocent, nostalgic photos from my past (solo prom pictures, my curly red hair three year old self) asking her to come play with me. This is the product of my half-real, half-flirting relationship with her and all the crushes I’ve ever had with the myriad of girls I’ve known in my life. I want to see if I can make art and life meet in the form of a date.

-Disclaimer: Don’t be disturbed... it’s just me.”

Epilogue

“(Dear Journal,)

Today was a maturing experience, not a depressing one... Karen M. asked me if I had a minute to talk, so we went into my office and I closed the door. She expressed to me that she’d rather have us remain as friends than start dating and have things go weird between us if things later went bad. It was a mature decision on her part that I totally agreed with. I understood. We’re working in a similar educational system and we didn’t want to strain our working relationship. We went further and discussed our particular human natures and views on love with a kind insight, honesty, and respect for each other. We accepted our weaknesses and strengths. I even revealed that I’d had feelings for her for several awkward months and that was why I finally sent her those “Do you want to go out” images by e-mail. It was the first time I’d been “turned down” and felt fine about it, mostly because I was emotionally on the same level as she was. We both

were trying to find strength within ourselves after the end of a long-term relationship. We hugged and felt a newfound understanding between us. It was a happy ending between us... as "friends".

That's how my days go. I go out on dates in my dreams, and I get rejected in reality...." Then the epitaph appears: "She not right for you! Think!!" Another successful failure.

This short interactive experience story is probably one of the most perfect pieces I've ever done. It says so much about the most personal of feelings: love, fantasy, loneliness, reality, dating, rejection, friendship, and dreaming. It's an ironic example of the personal emotions inside fantasy world of art trying to break through to reality, only to succeed through as art itself. "Ask Her Out" is a simultaneous failure and success, and completely autobiographical. It shows great imagination, naiveté, charm, wit, silliness, originality, perversion, and ultimately vulnerability. Though one might call "Ask Her Out" a voyeurism exercise, I call it personal art for all to experience and learn from, hopefully with some maturing enjoyment. I want to reward the viewer with something that is real and honest.

I was "the man who pretends to hit on woman he'd like to hit on for real". I'm always joking about it. Be careful, I'm not trying to be weird, but the situation of being single is so unstable and crazy that I *had* to make fun of it. If I gave my heart out to be rejected again... I'm tired of the anguish so I make fun of the circumstance.

Content

Email messages to you:

- Sending a digital coquette of flowers... A smiling picture of herself looking "bruised" with hickies.
- A card with me as the "Vampire of New Orleans" during a SIGGRAPH trip to New Orleans where someone got a picture of me biting into Karen because "*I've only got fangs for you!*" *Bite!* "Yum!"
- Myself in a prom tux posing for the camera and asking "You are passionately and sincerely invited to a date with Eric F. Homan the First on any weekday or – oh my golly! – weekend! Make your reservations by calling toll-free: (954) 467-0778. Ask for Eric the Red!
- Myself in a t-shirt with the words: "SOUL MATE" with the words above me: "I'm actually a Sexxee Scottish Redhead! Come to me... I'm wearing a \$6,000 kilt!"
- "Adorable" pictures of myself when I was three years old with very curly red hair and playing in the front lawn of my old home. Above me are the "innocent" words: "I like to hold hands with pretty girls like you. They're soft! Come play with me! We can play ball together!"
- And finally (and most desperately and humorously): "I'm 4 Rent. Love, Eric."

In Retrospect

This project sort of disturbs me because it represents a side of myself from the past that was extremely weird in how I went out to get attention from girls. Of course, I'd only show a girl these images if they had a quirky sense of humor as oddball as my own. The quest for love can make you do some pretty dumb things. This projects is a time capsule of when I was raw with romantic ridiculousness.

"Bathroom Confusion"

This is a pretty great sight gag featuring a Men's restroom sign with an abstract male figure – but he's in a dress!! What great sexual confusion! How would people deal with this sight in real life? Would the real macho guys be unable to go inside because they're not feminine enough to enter? Once again, it would be surrealism in reality. Then there's another public bathroom/ restroom entrance with the names outside for "Ladies/ Lamas/ Lamen"? Who goes in here?

"Belly Art"

Photo of Karen Sanok's pierced belly button with "Belly Art" written in marker under it. Karen Sanok and I collaborated on a new logo for Maya, and another logo for life in general. I hope you enjoy them. (This was a parody of the Maya computer animation software package's logo featuring a guy with "MAYA" tattooed on his tongue.) What follows are different ways of painting on and around her belly. It's all for fun and play.

"Billboard Advertisement"

A billboard back advertisement. It's blank naturally, but that's the humor of it actually being considered an "advertisement".

"Bird Flight Flyer"

Conceptual design for air travel for the human race by attaching a bird to a person's back. A bird wings traveler.

"Birthday Suited"

A picture of me (supposedly naked). And just in case I'm not, I tell you anyway,

"Bite Me"

Ever want to put your hand into the mouth of an alligator? Well here's your chance in the form of an interactive click of the cursor! Come on, come on!

"Blue Desert Island"

An animated painting that once you click on the blue desert island it reveals that is "at the edge of the world".

"Boycott the Boycott"

A public service announcement reminding you to "BOYCOTT THE BOYCOTT".

"Brain Trees"

An interactive short asking you the "pick some fruit" off of a "Brain Tree". "Now you're so much smarter". And if you listen in, you can hear that the brains with a heartbeat.

"Butterfly on a Stick"

Homemade Butterflies on a Stick are such "delicious treats".

"City of Car Garages"

Shot from the 9th floor of an overlook of downtown Ft. Lauderdale, which appears to be a city of car garages. It's just endless towers of parking... just parking. It makes you wonder where all the businesses are if all the people do is go to work in the city and simply park their cars in the tall skyscrapers?

"Closed for Meaning"

This is probably one of the best sight gags I've ever altered ever so subtly in Photoshop: a restroom "Closed Temporarily for Meaning".

"Cocoon Bed"

Being wrapped tightly under one's bed sheet covers with only one's head sticking

out can make it look like a cocoon bed. They sleep and dream... *cuddled in me*. They sleep for weeks before emerging again. "In the morning, I'll be a butterfly!" The last image is of an opened bed sheet cocoon.

"Comic Book Groupie"

These are some pictures of me dressed in a Cleopatra wig lying on my bed with various favorite comic books spread out around me. When I looked at this picture, I thought I looked like a "comic book groupie": someone with a deep, passionate attraction to the medium of comic books. I collected thousands of comics, hundreds of issues of the *X-Men*. I'd lay down, open up a book, and enter their fantasy world. *Doom Patrol*, *Animal Man*, *Swamp Thing*.... Just to get lost and fall in love with the imagination that seemed lacking in the real world.

"Contentless"

This is an old friend and classmate of mine from my freshman year of undergraduate school. "His name is Jon... and he's contentless. He has no plans for the future or the present. He doesn't have any new ideas or any originality. He's just posing outside an art college."

"Copulating Grasshoppers"

Sex scene between two grasshoppers. Rated NC-18 – No Children Under 18 Admitted.

"Dada Postage"

A "0 cent" USA postage stamp. This is Dada postage.

"Dadad"

Dada beyond dada. "I discovered a urinal that like looked like Duchamp's infamous Dada urinal. I wrote my name on the found object and made it my own dada." I displayed the potty in the bedroom. Duchamp's "R. Mutt" urinal - by Eric Homan. Dada "dada-ed". Dadad. This is an awesome statement of how one person can overkill the nihilistic ideals of an "artist" who killed art by presenting ordinary objects are "art". He took an everyday piece of art that people and art history books know about and called it "art". Wow. So is it by R. Mutt or E. Homan?

"Dandelion Hotels"

Welcome to Dandelion Hotels. It's within a grassy field in the wilds where if your imagination could lead you there you could live within the tall dandelion stems. It's brighter when you stay here. Come back anytime. Exit Dande-land. The dandelions will miss you.

"Date Doors"

A graphic interface for entering the doorways into a journal entry for 10-23-98, 10-24-98, and 10-25-98.

"Dinosaurs in the Sandbox"

Fun little image of some kids digging up a huge dinosaur skeleton in their sandbox. What an exciting find!!!!!! It's a Kids' Dinosaur Expedition Dig Site.

"Directions"

<<< Directions >>>
>>> HAPPINESS<<<
<<< SUCCESS >>>
>>> MONEY MONEY >>>
<<< MONKEYS >>>
>>> DESPERATION <<<
Imagination <<<
Novention ^
The And <
Retroomsv
The Living As <
Guest Gelations WorldKey ^
Art Trial <<< DO NOT FEED THE ART

“Disintegrating Photos”

A display showing several photos with water damage on them with interesting corrosion effects on them.

“Do Not Enter”

“Do not enter” a circular stone ring. A funny little interactive dead-end.

“Don’t Bother Me...”

This is an image of myself on the computer working on art so intensely that I’ve got a handing note above with “Don’t Bother Me... I’m Feeling!” I hate getting distracted when I’m in a creative/ artistic state of mind. Annoying sound effects empathize my point. “Don’t Bother Me... I’m Breathing.”

“Drivings”

A series of shots from behind the wheel of a car driving around South Florida. Eventually, you get stuck in a traffic jam. How typical of the area. That’s drivings.

“Drowned Memory”

Interactive click on a self-portrait image that actually makes me “drowned in his own self portrait”. How innovative.

“EARS”

“Where else can you get the best and widest variety of ears in town?” Why... at *EARS!* This spoof of misreading the department store “SEARS” where I figured this store called “EARS” must sell great ears there. This Month’s Specials!!: Brazilian... Italian... German... Haitian... Scottish... After visiting the store, you’re left with the question: “What should I get at EARS?” Only \$79.95!!

“Elephant in Chocolate”

This is a series of photos of an animatronic elephant playing in what looks like a pond of liquid chocolate. The only things that’s for sure was that this was one weird safari.

“Emerald Sea”,

A nostalgic picture of when my family went to a beach to swim in the Atlantic Ocean. As we were there, the sea turned emerald green as if we were swimming off the

coast of Ireland.

“Eric and the Facade”

Still shot of myself with a blank masculine mask in front of my face. But once you click on that mask, it reveals that “I’m scared”. That’s the power of interactivity. You can “dissect” a self-portrait and find out what lies beneath.

“Eric Hats”

This is a series of “Eric Hats”, #1 and #2, featuring my upper half as an actual hat. Who would have thought that a small man would make such a wonderful head object.

“Eric’s Parking Only”

In my bathroom, there is this sign above the toilet that only I can “park” there. It’s a personal joke.

“Evil Baby”

This is my baby picture after I was born. My eyes were squinting almost menacingly, so I added some “special effects” to express that I was an “*evil baby*”.

“Eye in an Eye”

I love this one. It’s an eye watching in the pupil of an eye. Now that’s a bizarrely cool conceptual visual.

“Family Portraits by Eric”

This is a series of warped photo manipulations I did around the concept of a “Family Portrait”. One of the first photos has my face is all blacked out, and my sisters Tanya and Lara have scribble faces as if they were drawn by a three-year-old. I suppose that the humor of it. It’s what happens when someone plays a little too giddily with family pictures. Another photo distorts the faces once the interectee clicks on them. Also, I did this mini-project years before “The Ring” or “Ringu” came out with people’s faces turning out all horrifically distorted looking. But one of the best shots is towards the end where it’s a group shot with my sisters and I. It looks like a normal picture, but with one additional detail: it has a “Parental Advisory: Explicit Family” sticker on it. Ha!! The image after that has a family portrait, but once you click on it you discover there’s a whole woodsy environment attached to the top of it. A grown man within that area asked, “What am I doing in this photograph?”

“For Rent”

An actual photo around the neighborhood I used to live at in Ft. Lauderdale where it appeared that a palm tree had put itself up “FOR SALE”. Humorously enough, once you click on the “I’m 4 Rent” sign, the tree has been “SOLD!!”

“Fran”

“Fran” on sale. This is my documentation of having misread a package of “flan” as “fran”, which made me wonder if “it’s made of PEOPLE named FRAN! You could call it “Soylent Fran”. It’s Delicious!!

“Free Baptisms”

Come inside the bathroom and get into the shower. You can get a Free Baptism by taking a shower in there.

“Gator Art”

Objects that appear like alligators. For example, the first image you see is a Gator Log. But once you click on it (too hard), it “explodes” and what you get to see is “Gator Stomach” because it guts are everywhere. Then we have a future “Gator Victim” because a gator is outside in waiting asking him to “come along!” Next we have “Gator Vulgar” spouting out cursing in gator tongue. We also have a girl with “Gator Eyes”. That makes her a “Gator Babe”. That makes “Gator Affection”. Ah, a tale of a girl and her gator that “loves” her.

“Gilded Frame”

“Computer Art in a Gilded Frame: An Essay” by Eric Homan. People still don’t seem to respect art that is presented on a computer screen... ..Would they respect computer art more if an expensive frame was attached to the monitor? I’ve added the surreal word “DAD” to my computer. *It’s my father. My dad is my computer. Now... Is it Art? ...or does it take a nice frame to make it significant? Is it art? Art? Art? Art? Art? ...You’ve created Dada. The gilded frame is Dada. Erase the frame and see what’s within...*

The Computer Monitor Is A Frame

With the advent of the computer to make art, I feel that seeing and experiencing art has forever been altered. It has been frustrating to break society’s norm of displaying two-dimensional art in an expensive gilded frame on a museum wall. Just because a museum is a place designated for “*art*” doesn’t mean there can’t be art shown outside... even at one’s own home on their personal computer. The computer monitor is a frame just as the television is a frame. Because there is such an overwhelming amount of mediocre movies, computer art, and computer games, people consider TV sets and computer monitors with less regard when something artistic is shown on them.

Do you need gilded frames around windows to view life as beautiful art? Do you need a gilded frame in front of you constantly?

“Girl with Hairy Eyebrows”

Imagine a beautiful girl with a pretty face, but her eyebrows happened to be overly hairy! How would that make you feel about her? Would you still consider her a beauty, a freak, or a unique individual?

“Girlfriend Sucking Neck”

This is a shot of an old girlfriend of mine actually “sucking” her own neck. This is quite an amazing feat to behold since it looks like she’s swallowing her entire head whole!

“God’s Arm”

This is a real photo of *God’s Arm* reaching down from Heaven. Amen. Or it could simply be a photo of a rather opaque sun ray. I prefer the former explanation.

“Golden Mushrooms”

A surreal, abstract landscape featuring “golden mushrooms”.

“H-Bomb Sunset”

A real photograph taken while driving during dusk in Ft. Lauderdale that appeared like an “H-Bomb Sunset”. And it fades out just as we would if it was real.

“Hand Art”

A Hairy Hand. A Sand Hand. A hand dripping a flower on a newspaper shadow.

“Headphones Smile”

A photo of some headphones that appeared to be making a smile. The ear pieces looked like cartoon eyes and the head band part looked like a large smile from a certain angle.

“Hiring Smiling Faces”

Boston Market with a sign in front of the store that they’re “NOW HIRING SMILING FACES”. Would that make the restaurant “Happy Market” instead of Boston Market because they’re *Now Hiring Happiness!*

“Homelife Zoo”

A museum dedicated to scenes of domestic lifestyles. “Ohhh” and “Ahhh” at scenes from “The Kitchen”. See housewives *vacuum cleaning in style* in their evening gowns, and then resting for the day.

“Human Billboard”

A Human Billboard for Discount Golf Supplies, Oakland Park Drive - Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. All this guy does all day is stand beside the busy road holding a sign saying “Golf Liquidation”. To me, it just looked like an act of human desperation. I mean this is a human being’s *job!* That utterly horrified me. This man has no other purpose besides listen to music on his headphones and stand for hours on end in the hot south Florida sun. Insane.

“Human Zoo”

This was taken at an actual zoo where a couple of male homo sapiens were relaxing on a large log fixture behind bars. It was humans in cages! Humans barred in! This was a zoo where monkeys roam free above the humans in their cages. There were even humans’ caged emotions. Caged “love”. “Feed” the naked human. “Spit” on the human in his dark cage. It’s a human zoo.

“Hurtin’”

Punk abstract piece with animated dots flashing up on the screen with someone screaming “*Keep on hurtin’! Keep on hurtin’! Keep on hurtin’!*” But once you click on the abstract gray dot images, everything goes to being peaceful again. Birds are chirping. Everything is white and wonderful.

“Image with Chicken Pox #2”

“Don’t touch me!” If you do, you give the portrait image chicken pox. Who would have thought that art would be susceptible to diseases?! It’s art personified. Click on the image again and something even worse beyond imagination occurs!!!

“In the Garden of My Past”

An experiment in using a still image with an audio atmosphere. Intriguing concept. It’s also interactive, so clicking on it will produce a cloud atmosphere.

“Interchangeable Parents”

This was a series of pictures from my First Communion with my godparents, grandparents, and own parents. The concept was that they all could have been my own parents. I look pretty much the same in each picture, but the people behind me could simply be interchangeable parents. Or, of course, I could be with no parents.

“Justin as Believer”

“He stands on the stream. Justin as Believer.” Click on the images and “You are a witness.” Then there is a final reflection: “Things are gonna change, aren’t they?”

“Kid with Copyright”

A photo of a little girl with an eternal copyright beside her foot. Copyright. (Copyright Eric Homan, 2000)

“Kodak Moment”

Classic “Kodak™ Moment. A little red-haired boy with freckles holding yellow flowers with a kitty on his shoulder.

“Mergirl on Swings”

Surreal shot of a mergirl/ mermaid on swings.

“Mermaid Stocking”

“Looking for something interesting to buy your girlfriend? Why not try getting her a... Mermaid Stocking!” Doesn’t it look great on her!?”

“Museum of Ideas”

The Museum of Ideas is the Public Library. Look at it as a museum of books, a museum of imagination. Take the library’s side entrance to Knowledge. “Welcome to the Main Library!” You have access to thousands of free movies... and books that achieve grand ideas. And it’s a great place to make out! It’s all the world in one palace! Witness the towers of books! Sit back and soak in the ideas!

“New Emotion”

INTRODUCING... THE NEW EMOTION!!! This is a visual experiment in trying to visualize a “new” emotion that’s just been created. What a weirdly wild thought! Best of all is that if you click on the emotion, it becomes *better* and *redder*! You’ve just contributed to the experiment.

“Nose Child”

Nose Child: fix her face. The interactivity is created by each click of the mouse. You help give the little girl a “nose job” and make her “cute” anew.

“Parking for Casual Male Only”

A real sign in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida for “PARKING FOR CASUAL MALE ONLY:

VOILATORS WILL BE TOWED”. So it seems you can only be a casual male in order to park. If you’re not, boy, you’re gonna get towed!

“Pine Needle Art”

“Look inside the Garden for Pine Needed Art that carpets the ground. Deeper. Deeper. Deeper. *Deeper.*” With each click, the interactee submerges into the needles on the ground to find odd abstract line designs below the surface that you usually wouldn’t notice or see. It’s treasure.

“Please Waste”

Actual trash can at one of the Orlando Florida theme parks asking visitors to “Please Waste”. This is reality documented with confusion abound.

“Profiles of I”

These are side shots of myself in 2000. “Name: Eric Homan. Occupation: ‘Artist’. Emotions: Deep. Sex: Yellow. Favorite Color: Prism. Middle Initial: a copyright C.”

“Push”

This is a great “interactivity in nature” image. A cut log with the words “PUSH” on it. So I did. And if the interactee does too, a “creak” sound is made.

“Rainbow Fields of Ohio”

An abstract field of multi-colored dashes that dance in the breeze. But once you click on them, they erupt into a madness of rainbow death.

“Raspberry Gas”

I’ve never fully understood why a fart sound is called a raspberry. So I made a actual image of a raspberry. If you click on it, you get “raspberry gas”. Surreal humor stuff.

“Red Smile Face”

Click on the red smile face to change its face. It’ll wish you to “have a great life...!”

“Red-Haired Afternoon Kid”

An interactive four-piece photo collage that allows the interactee to click on each boy image to enlarge it to fill the screen.

“Red-plosion Rose”

This could very well be the first hurricane rose explosion. Click on it to have it *explode bloom*. Click again to make it pollinate white, and then red, only to return back to a surreal red-plosion rose form. Eyes, galaxies, nebulas, star clusters, and other universe flowers explode from this Big Bang. A new universe is created from that single red-plosion rose.

“Sandmans”

“Sandmans: Guardians of the Books of Dreams. Two Dream Kings bookend an entire collection of Sandman trade paperback books. One is Daniel. The other is

Morpheus. The Sandman Collection: Read Any Good Dreams Lately?"

"Santa's Not Real"

An investigation to uncover that "Santa's not real". A little boy exclaims aloud: "What are you?! Who are you then, 'Santa'?"

"Scream Children"

Concept drawings of Edvard Munch's "Scream" figure as little children. I nicknamed them "The Scream Children". Aren't they cute!?

"Sea Horse"

"Look! A Sea Horse!" A photo of an actual "sea horse" drinking some water on a Ft. Lauderdale canal.

"Sky Sets"

A collection of sunsets from the magic hour. Dusk puddles with a bronze yellow sunset reflected on its surface. Or a "Fire Dusk" of clouds that look like they're on fire. A sunset that looks like the "Second Coming". A "Dusk Beach". A "Heaven Advertisement" advertising heaven to tourists and other visitors in South Florida.

"The Smiling Boy"

A funny staring contest with the interectee and this little red-haired boy does is smile, and smile, and smile. "He never stops!!! Stop that smiling, kid!!!! You're killing us!!! Stop!! Stop!!!! Stop!!!!!! He won't look away or cease from that horrific smile!!! God damn it, stop!!!"

"Star Rays"

An image collection of star rays #1, #2, and #3 with super-sonic sounds.

"Stormy Beach"

This is a tale of two lovers on a stormy beach. Clicking on the image offers more visual cues of their love. The environment imitates their relationship. Hear the thunder roar.

"Stuffed Animals Lost"

These are three of my favorite stuffed animals when I was very little. "They're stuck in a void of a child's memory. Spinning in the darkness. No one plays with them anymore... except to hurt them. Stuffed giraffe decapitated. The play things went belly-up.

"Sugar Mts."

In the suburbs of Davie, Florida lies the *sugar mts.*, great mountainous landscapes in which to mine for their great sugar powder minerals.

"Surreal Proclamation"

This is a surreal proclamation: "Hi! I'm YOUR MAMA", says the mother Bernstein Bear. And the girl begs the question, "You're *my* Mama?!!" Click on the image, and you will find out the answer!

“Three Crosses in West Virginia”

Along an interstate in West Virginia were three crosses to remind me that Lord Jesus Christ died in West Virginia.

“Touch Me”

This is the ultimate emotional interactivity: “Touch me and feel love”. Does it work? “Why can’t you feel? You’ve got to believe me.”

“Trail Exploration”

Explore an Escher-like nature trail that will take you in all sorts of different point-of-views and lost multi-reality angels. “I found a Troll Man. He perches over a stairway trail. I found a secret cove with the inscriptions of lovers past. The stony cove was shaped like the body of a gray whale. I found many trees. This one touched me. I filmed the reel world.

“Tree Disguises”

Click on the boy and girl and put them into “tree disguises”! “I’m a tree!” Aren’t you convinced?

“Tree Hug!”

An actual photo of a grown man giving a tree a hug. Due to the possible explicit “sexual” content, a parental advisory is added to it.

“Triplets”

A set of twins X three. That makes the group of them twin “*triplets*”.

“Turtle Tree Stump”

An actual photo of what looks like a turtle fused with the trunk of a tree. So I called it a “turtle tree stump.

“Two Front Pill Teeth”

Picture of my two front pill teeth. Just kidding! It just two pills between my teeth!

“Underwear Invasion”

An invasion photo of galactic tightly-whitey under pants coming in to invade the world! When surrealism comes to invade, it can be *so* distressing!!

“Urinade”

Lower-priced alternate version of “Gatorade” called “Urinade”. Take a guess what it’s comprised of? It’s 100% Pure and Unfiltered. And it’s *high in protein!*

“Used CD Places”

These are the used CD stores I frequently shopped at practically every week from thousands of used CDs to choose from. It had great CDs from \$1.99 to \$4.99 to \$8.99. And the service is wonderful and funny. “You want to hear a joke?” The CD stores were everywhere. Just across the street at Larry’s Records for more used CDs. Right over the

hedge across Oakland Blvd. The service greets you at the doors! “Welcome back, Eric!” And I visit their sister store, CD Exchange twenty blocks away!

“Video Store Selection”

This is a confusing contradiction that continually irks me: Oscar quality movies beside mediocre movies and “unrated” soft porn videos. No wonder people don’t respect good movies as modern art. If it’s not in a museum, it’s reduced in importance by being stuck beside trash in a local video store. How can movies be considered art when “****” (four star) movies like “The Ice Storm”, “Immortal Beloved”, and “In the Name of the Father” are mixed alphabetically with smut and Hollywood crap? Video Stores are partially Museums.

“Waiting in Line - The Ride”

This is a ride if you like it or not at practically every amusement park you go to visit: “Waiting in Line - The Ride”. *It's Life!*

“Watching a War”

“Watching a War at the Beach”. Awe and applause at War. A child stands in awe of what he’s witnessing.

“Water Air Dolphin Show”

A “Water Air Dolphin Show!!” that actually has an “air dolphin” doing trips for the audience in the liquid air.

“Tax Dollars”

“A ‘Pinkies’ Thank You: This Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece was created with the help of your tax dollars. *Thank You!*”

“Thank You’s”

“Thank You’s” from the artist: They are all etched in bricks along a zoo wall: “Justin Jason, Bethany, Eric Frank, Tanya, Dad, Mom, and Lara.” Goodbye.

“Old School Art” - (2000) - Five galleries of images from my past art pieces dating from 1980 to 1997

In Director, I’ve put together dozens of old art pieces when I was kindergarten to high school, as well as oil paintings and Painter images I did during my college years, to show what kind of an artist I started off being. This collection reveals just as much about me as my later, more mature work. How revealing to see my development from images of space fantasy, goofy monsters, basic still lifes, and portraitures into my own self-expressive style.

The sound design for the piece is comprised of idiosyncratic audio samples layered on top of each other to invent an enhanced meaning for the imagery.

The interesting thing about the progression of the piece was that the longer I worked on it, the more I had to say. New concepts and revelations came to me after ten months of working on its design and sequencing. Eventually, an archive project became a psychological lesson in the evolution of becoming an artist.

“INTERACTIVES”

“3 Exams”

Students on Strike

“On the third week of August 1980, every grade from kindergarten to senior high went on strike. It started with just a few yet quickly grew into a militia. Recess felt like prison with so many silver bars. We just had to act. A class stood at every end of their institution. Some of their teachers stood beside them. “We’re not moving!” they chanted. “Grrrrrrrrrr!” snarled the first graders. They demanded that their education be less chaotic and overloaded with useless information. This is how I learned the alphabet: “A+, A, A-, B+, B, B-, C+, C, C-, D+, D, D-, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z. Some playfully rebelled by tying up their teacher. Some took no prisoners... just classrooms. The strike is remembered. Our rebellion led education systems everywhere to be changed, altered, and reformatted to fit with how much information a young person really needs to learn. It was the wisest lesson we ever learned. Sincerely your, (F).

Super Red

Here comes Super Red to the rescue! Defender of all those who tried and still got F’s!! “Super Red’s Origin”: “Being teased during school was like being the target of a firing squad... they’d shoot, I’d get killed - yet I remained alive. They shot at me when I made my way to my first class until I got back home. If words were physical weapons, my body would have been mutilated to the point no one could recognize me. I wanted to fight back so much. The fact that I didn’t was because of the fear of getting suspended and how it would affect my college chances in the future, embarrassing my teacher parents, and being emotionally unstable troubled me. Yet when all that teasing was occurring to me, I was secretly obsessing about how I would fight back in a different way - I’d work harder than them, I’d make more of my life than them. I wanted to make my life so much better that they’d be humiliated that a geek like me went further than they did. I’d be the one on top twenty years later because I couldn’t be when growing up with a class full of bullies.

Because they had teased me so cruelly for all my various imperfections (red hair, dandruff, my walk, b. o., a red hairy chest, my parents being unpopular high school teachers, acne, glasses), my emotions grew an obsessive will to work hard. It was like having a super power - repressed anger - that built up for some twelve years. It’s fueled me to work.

‘I’m a super-hero artist. In normal life, I’m Eric Homan. When I work on art, I turn into Super Red!!!”

Essay: “I Don’t Understand Why We Grade”

“Can we grade a color? Where is the integrity in being graded so lowly for being a shade of red? They graded even my art. And screwdrivers. So why are we grading? C?”

“Calendar Age” - (1997-2000)

“A Portrait of a Day”

This is a personally historic important interactive piece for me because it was my *very* first Interactive Digital Art piece in Director. It was simply based upon interactively dissecting the surreal contents of a day, September 4, 1997. The viewer could choose Attractive Clothes, Passionate Work, Intimate Love, Naked Entertainment, or Meaningless Exit.

“Calendar Age”

Birthdays are a subject deconstructed within this piece: “A birthday is a personal holiday. And what’s odd about today is that it is my birthday. It feels no different than any other day in the year. I even went to work. It was hard to remember that on this day years ago I was born. No one else around me knew that today was *my* day. I guess part of the pleasure of having a special day dedicated to you to the fact that you are the center of attention. Today, I wasn’t. Being born on

any anonymous day of the year seemed rather... ambiguous. I didn't feel anything special about today. It was just a date that has been personalized by me officially entering into real life - my big "coming-out" party. My birthday could have been any day. I really don't know for certain. It's just a day I was assigned to for life. What if I started celebrating my birthday spontaneously every few weeks? Wouldn't that be a surprise! Every so often a new birthday? So I anonymously started giving myself a party with presents and looked forward to each B-Day. Though my new birthdays were like any other day, they were my birthdays. I didn't care that a birthday comes just once a year. Birthdays aren't forever, so I celebrated them! "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TODAY, TOMORROW, AND NEXT WEEK!!!"

"Clapping"

This fictional 'avant guard' Beatles album was conceived as a dada artsy cash-in by cherishing the sound that John, Paul, George, and Ringo could make just by the sound of them applauding. It was meant as a statement of what is considered music to the ear of the beholder and critic. I also had a great time writing the pompous critics' quotes from various famous newspapers and magazines. The "Rave Reviews": "Never before has a popular music group's popularity been so exploited to its bare essentials!" –Rolling Stone... "The GREATEST joke... in rock history" –Chicago Herald... "A Psychedelic Masterpiece. Stands out as a milestone of positive energy at its most simple state!" –LIFE... "Dada meets Rock 'N' Roll!" –The New York Post.

"CD Cover Designs"

Intro: The following CD covers were created out of a need to design fronts for the images, sounds, and other computer files I was burning onto CD every month. Therefore, I had CD's called "February Stockpile", "April Falling", and "May I?". The imagery was often picked spontaneously to be the face of each month as a subconscious choice. In addition, I created covers for the various Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces that I've made in the past few years. I hope you find the artwork pleasing, diverse, and eccentric. It's me after all.

My CD cover artwork has sometimes been "criticized" for being "too organic". I'm no graphic designer - that's true enough. Some people have told me that I shouldn't waste my time. That sort of comment made me wonder about my art projects that I constantly do to keep me happy and eased. Are any of them worthwhile considering that only a few people see them? Or is that just the way artists have to live? Is it better to live in seclusion and not listen to criticism that would only stall your vision? My CD cover case artwork is hardly traditional - scrappier in method than professional. It's a combination of old family photos, drawings, vibrant colors, sketches, recent photographs, and digitally assembled collages. It's no wonder I've been able to do so much artistic, "unprofessional" work - I don't show it to anyone. I just evolved into my own style(s). Yet I have to ask the great question: "Why do the work if no one else, besides myself, appreciates it?" How do I make a living? How do I survive? I write because it keeps my thoughts organized and expressed. Maybe I do art out of the need for fun and emotional release. Perhaps you can share in it.

"More CD Covers"

Intro: The following CD covers were created out of a need to design fronts for the images, sounds, and other computer files I was burning onto CD every month. Therefore, I had CD's called "January Jazz", "Aprilings", and "Eric Homan's February". The imagery was often picked spontaneously to be the face of each month as a subconscious choice. In addition, I created covers for the various computer art pieces that I've made in the past couple of years. I hope you find the artwork pleasing, diverse, and eccentric. After all, it's me.

“Dreaming in Silhouette” - (1997-2000)

This was another early and prominent experimental animation piece I did in Director in 1997. It basically consists of a series of abstract/ expressionistic images transitioning into each other. The metamorphosis goes from an atom bomb being dropped by a stork to a figure warming their hands over the atomic mushroom cloud to melting into a horse-rider constellation to the abstracted title sequence to a cityscape silhouette.

“Introspections” - (1997-2000)

“A Coloring Book”

My interactive coloring of a cartoon face with the ending question: “What race am I now?” Once again, using surrealism to make a statement about racial identity.

“Holding a Question”

My non-linear memory collage. If the subconscious had an amusement park where people could go to ride it, “Introspections” would be one of those destinations.

The interactive basis of discovering through this piece is that behind every image reveals something else underneath or deeper inside. Each image has layers underneath the colored makeup that can be magnified into to expose an entirely new environment, idea, or emotion. The image begs to “Take off my make-up”.

“The colors have voices. What race am I? E)ric homan. CathJewish Blues. Familiarity forces us into daydream. Reveal the memories, thoughts, and seas. Remove the super ficial/ fictional skin. DISSECT THE LINES AROUND THE QUESTION. BEHOLD A QUESTION. DECONSTRUCT THE QUESTION. ENGAGE THE QUESTION. COLORIZE THE QUESTION. Take off my make-up IN COLORED PIECES. RELIGIOUS HUES. THE FINGERS NEST AND HIDE FEELINGS. A Nest of Emotions. BABES HIDE ON MY SEE MAN SLEEVE. TEE-HEE! PICK YOUR DIALOGUE. URGENCY ITCH ON MY SHOULDER. Very little originality! HELP!!! IN RED WAVES. IN RED SPAGHETTI RAIN. BREAKDOWN THE ART MAKEUP. Artistic Breakdown. ENTER THE INNER MAKEUP OF WORD CELLS.”

“Colored Portraits”

“I imagined myself in various guises... and decided to withdraw completely from real life. I made a world for myself where I can be anything I want to be. So deep within myself I am stranded - a frozen image. It’s so safe in here. The colors keep me warm. The colors are beautiful... freakish. A facade under waves of color make-up communicating through visual emotions.”

“Memory5”

“I’ve done so much, yet I don’t remember much of it. Do you feel fine? Emotional barometer is 158 degrees. I dismissed time and lived anyway. Fly façade.

“Memory50”

“The facades splinter off.

“Montage Eye”

I’S SEE... EYES SEE.

“It’s Your Choice”

“How would you like to feel today? It is your choice. Satisfied. Depressed. Silly. Excited. Worried. No feelings. Wasted. Wonderful. Disillusioned. Always your choice.

“Introspection”

“Do you like sadness? Then come inside and try to survive... thrive... and keep your

pride. Introspection> It makes one humbled... vulnerable... at peace. Open up yourself to be able to love... be loved.

“You Sacrifice Your Time”

“You sacrifice your time with me? Thank you and goodbye.” Sad... Glad.

“ObservationSurreal”

A collection of found photographs sparked creative ideas and concepts.

“Cloud Idea Club”

Cloud and Day, Cloud Army, Cloud Bloom, Cloud Cowiflowers, Cloud Ejaculation, Cloud Gang, Cloud goddess or god, Cloud Hell, Cloud Jail, Cloud Mother, Cloud Mountain Top, Cloud Ocean, Cloud Painting, Cloud Patches, Cloud Pillows, Cloud Rainbows, Cloud Ribs, Cloud Silhouette, Cloud Swimmer, Cloud #1, Cloud #2, Cloud #3, Cloud Dance, Hole in the Sky, Jet Streamers, “M” Cloud, Blue Cloud Bird, Streamers, Cloud #5, Poof!

“ObservationSurreal”

Apple Shore, Balloons in Blue, Bamboo Bars, Banana Snow Shreds, Bark Alligators, Basho Hat, Bacteria Battle, Bathroom Floor, Bead Skin, Bean Pods, Bee’s Back, Black Rose Crust, Blood Crust, Blood, Blue Bark, Blue City, Boney Wall, Banquet, Brick Chains, Brick Conformity, Brick Divercity, Brick Image, Brick Warps, Bricks Ordinary, Broccoli Eyes, Brush, Bullwinkle’s Grave, Bush Asteroid, Bush Breast, Bush Moon, Butterfly Bat, Butterfly Eyes, Candy Cornies, Carpet Slugs, Carpet Tits, Cattle Dots, Cheerios Eyes, Cheese Fire, Cheery Eyes, Choose a Love, Christmas Lights, Circuit Organs, City Lights, City Pimples, City Settle, Corn Eggs, Cracker, Cracks in Thunder, Cranberry Rainbow, Cream Kids, Cubicles, Circuit City, Curly Skin, De fence, Dear, Desert Boom, DO NOT ENTER, Dune Curves, Earth, Elephant Open, Eyeland, Fabric Canyon, Fabric Rainbows, Fabric Screen, Farm Marsh, Feather Mountains, Feet Underwater, Firework, Firewords Face, Firewords, Fireworks, Fireworks4, Fish Air, Fisherman Pissing, Flower Eyes, Flower Fall, Flower Line, Flower Art-ificial, Foil Water, Foil, Forest Ground, Frame Gilded, Frame 2, Galaxy Eyes, Go!, Grain Brains, Granite Fields, Green Coffee Beans, Half Moon, Hayfever Field, Hi, Highway End, Highway Sky, Holey Cheese, I Salute, Ice Cream Blossoms, Ivory Bricks, Jellies, Jellies2, Jello Water, Jesus Why?, “JIKLI”, Tree Afro, JRT004, Land, Leaf Bats, Leopard Hurricane, Lip Berries, Main St., Manure, Map of Earth, Marble Quake, Metal Sun, Metal 17, Monkey Guide, Moon Cage, Mosso, Mutant Stump, Negro Bricks, Neon Name, Night City, Ocean Belly, One Way, Orange Lime Stone, Outer Space Map, Palm Tree in Space, Palm, Parking Lot, Parking Over, Peanut Testicules, Pear Inside, Pepper Tree, Pine Guard, Pink Swamp Hair, Plank, Powdered Eye, Purple Pink Lands of Web, Rainbow Horizon, Red Barn, Rescue, Rice Fields, Ripple Bricks, Rock, Salad Swamp, Sand Dunes, Saturated, Shape Candy, Skin Desert, Snake Crust, Spider as Christ, Spider Fairie Wings, Stone Back, Stone Barrier, Stone Cake, Stone Shower, Stone Skin, Stones in Wall, Stonewall, Stop, String Facade, Stubble Hairs, Sun Daisy, Sun Rose, Swamp Onions, Swamp Pie, Tent Bra, Traffic, Tree Ball, Tree Ghoul, Tree Pepper, Tree Surface, Tree Terror, Tree Tied, Tree with Bad Skin, V Cage, Vertex Ridge, Vince Smile, Vine Vine, Wall Valley, Wall with Scabs, Water Drug, Water Scales, Where, White Icing Road, Window, Wood Abyssal, Wood Eyes, Wood Ripples, Wood Waves, Woods Creak, Worm Grass, Wrinkled Bag, Yellow Forest, Zucchini, Air Jaws, Alexander, Asteroy, Aurea Set, Autumn Underwater, Bear Pose, Bridge To Clouds, Bridge to Clouds 2, City Blocks, City of Sun, Coast with Tans, Crock Smile, Daisy Eyes, Desert Bloom, Female Desert Curves, Earth Scabs, Earth Shade, Earth Swirl, Farm Marsh, Fish for Sale, Flower Bloom Boom, Flower Teeth, Flower’s Sex, Fog Ocean, Holey Money, Blurred President, Hippo Water, Ice Waterfall, Inca Mountain Fields, Jackson, Jaguar Tree, Jefferson, Liberty and New York City, Lincoln, “Mc” Monument, Ocean Stars, Mountain with Hair, NY Lights, Ocean Cave, Ocean Light, Ocean Nipples, Ocean Octopus, Ocean Organs, Ocean Web, Ocean Worm, Orange Ocean,

Particle Universe, Peacock of Eyes, Planet Crest, Pond of Art, President Pile, Rainbows of Clips, Rainbow Fields, Rhino + Rhino, Rubber Band Facades, Sky Frost Road, Skyland, Sun's Gaze, Sunset Waterfall, Supreme Court, Tiger Porcupine, Tree Desert, Universe City, Washington, Waterfall in Woods, Waterfall Jungle, Will Return, Wood's Creak, Woods' Creak 2, Yellow Forest, Zebra's Ass, Daisy19, Daisy Maids, Daisy Trees, Jelly Belly Spaghetti, Nature Trail, Yellow Brain, Bamboo 25, Dead End, Bark Caves, Bark Streams, Blue Fuzz Water, Cardboard Fields, Silver Carpet, Kitty, Rainbow Fuzz Water, Red Hair Water.

"Parking Metered Life"

This was a social statement told in a storybook surrealism fashion. My feeling were that wherever you go, you're always having to pay to stay – to simply *exist*. If you're poor or low on money, living just becomes a draining option. You pay to get into a park. You pay to park your car by the hour. You pay to attend a school. I decided to make a joke out of that fact by creating a landscape where man, woman, child, and trees have to pay a meter – or else. It was surrealism in reality.

Narration

"Parking, Living, and Paying. It's a Parking Metered Life": "At their lunch break, they had to pay the meter just to sit down. 25 cents for every five minutes - just to sit down and read a magazine. How can you keep living when the meter only takes quarters and you're only got pennies? Your life was limited to only five hours. If you don't pay the meter, they will tow you away and put you away. They put a parking meter by a tree. It got ticket after ticket until they chopped it down. Nature was converted over to meters. Existence in society had a price. Wherever you go, you had to feed the meter. Just standing around outside in the free world... pay, pay, paying... One faded away... You begin to feel like a metered man, standing on empty. Out of change. Out of time."

"The Sandman" - (1997-2000) - Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece/ Animatic

The following is an animated short based on the horror/ fantasy comic book series, "The Sandman". You are given two ways of experiencing the same animation: the first is by interactively clicking on moving objects to advance to the next set of imagery in a way that you are the one discovering parts of the image that allows you to advance to the end; the second is by simply watching the animated short without active involvement. Whichever way you experience the piece, I hope you enjoy it.

After the animation is finished, you can go through it again the same way or the other way; or, choose to visit a still image gallery of the animation's visuals with content and character descriptions of each.

"The Sandman" and all related characters/ worlds are copyright of DC/Vertigo comics. The contents of this URL acknowledge this fact to both DC/Vertigo & the author Neil Gaiman. The contents and imagery within are based upon the characters and worlds of the Sandman by the above said. This piece is created for the purpose of a school storyboard project and is not intended to reflect an officially approved DC Vertigo project, however pending the results of this research, any developments of the contents herein will be by default property of DC/Vertigo comics.

"Love Mates: A Shoe Story" - (1996-2000) - Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece/ Animatic

The Narrative

"Love Mates: A Shoe Story" – A Tale of Shoes, Sex, Soles, and Courage

- An army of men's shoes march down a corridor. It was a great shoe army. Boots, sandals, slippers, dress shoes, and sneakers all joined forces.
- They knew exactly where they were going. They had been marching for weeks to get to their destination. These shoes were on a rescue mission.
- The leather shoe general stopped at the door of the giant and pounded on the door.
- The giant opened the door. "Hello?" he asked looking around in a state of confusion, but he didn't see anyone there. Then he looked down.
- Suddenly, the shoes sprang about and surprise attacked him one after another after another....
- Within seconds, the giant was stamped to mulch, overwhelmed by hundreds of pairs of angry male shoes. They had won their battle.
- Now they sought to find the captives of the evil giant in his bedroom closet.
- They stood together looking up at their final destination glowing in a yellow light.
- Slowly, the closet doors swung open.
- Inside, lined in perfect rows, were the captives: a dozen pairs of women's shoes.
- The general boots climbed up the drawers to help them out of their confines.
- The boot released them, much to the female shoes' satisfaction.
- One by one, the boots help the feminine shoes down from the closet cage.
- The army starts to celebrate their grand victory. The women's shoes find a male suitor and snuggle up on top of them.
- The men's shoes untie the laces of the women's shoes. Gently, they spread them apart.
- "Thank you endearingly for saving us!" the women's shoes exclaim. "We want to make love, but only if you use a condom sock."
- They agree, and the squeaking begins!
- After all that kicking and loving, they lie down together. The men shoes light up a cigar.
- Once they were all rested, they started all over again with a massive shoe orgy. They were all "Love Mates"!

The History

This was one of my first sequential image projects for my Photo II class. It was photographed in the first floor dorm hallway with the combined efforts of ten people's shoe collections. Whatever made me think up this tale of an army of male shoes rescuing a pair of female shoes from my roommate was beyond me. (Maybe sexual repression and I used shoes as a metaphor for sexual release.) Perhaps I just wanted to see how male and female shoes would have sex. Of course the masculine shoes would use a pair of socks as a condom. I will admit fully that this is one very twisted little work of creative art.

From my journal: "My creativity released itself as I sketched a story board of narrative ideas concerning an army of masculine shoes out to save some feminine shoes. I was so anxious to seize my idea.

Since I needed some female shoes, I decided to ask Phyllis. For the next two and a half hours, Rob and Brian helped me on my photography idea. The sight of twenty pairs of shoes lined in the hallway created an attraction for my neighbors to stick their heads out and watch in confusion. Without Rob's constant criticism and advice, "my" work wouldn't have been as special and educational for both of us. Brian was our "light man" - and I thanked him endearingly."

"Computer Art Animations: Special Features Edition" - (2000) - Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece

Introduction/ Statement of Purpose

The following is a collection of storyboards, stills, and designs from my past computer animation pieces. Their purpose is to examine and illustrate the creative development from a

sketched idea to final conception. It is a personalized trip inside the mind of an artist searching for a unique expression of self. Furthermore, this piece was created as a way of teaching artists how a short computer animation piece comes together. The development of the storyboards, animatics, various sound designs, alternate poems, and inspirations reveal how creativity evolves into a whole completed creation. Together as a whole, the piece becomes fuller with the addition of the artist's written statement, synopses, and defense. Here within is the birth and evolution of an idea and how it became an artistic experience.

It's also a place to bare the soul of the animated pieces. It's a chance to reveal who I am as a digital artist as well as the deeper meanings behind the art.

Revealing One's Storyboards and Designs

People are naturally curious to learn how computer animated shorts are made. As an artist, I am naturally obsessed by how art is made. Where did the ideas come from? How did the project evolve into a finished piece? What were the first initial sketches look like? What I've constructed is my own behind-the-scenes sneak peek into several years worth of creative work condensed into a short, organized summery. I hope people find something of merit and interest that are as drawn to the art-making process as I am.

"Artist's Statement"

This piece is a digital reproduction of my senior thesis statement reassembled as an artistic interactive experience. Considering that the content is about using digital technology as a form of electronic communication, handing in my thesis statement as a *paper* seemed rather contradictory of my beliefs. It took a lot longer to figure out how to design on the computer than it does on a blank piece of paper. After rewriting and re-editing my thesis statement seventeen times, I was able concentrate on its multi-media qualities. As an enhancement to the thesis statement, I used subtle, yet atmospheric soundtrack to accompany the content. The visual backgrounds were equally subdued in color, brightness, and darkness. Being in the visual computer arts and my thesis statement being about using computers to express oneself and communicate, why wouldn't my thesis statement be visual and multi-media statement as well.

More personally, I also wrote this statement for people to *understand* me, as well as to understand myself, better. One could read this as an introspective memo from my id, soul, and psyche....

"Relationship Exorcisms" – (2000) - Interactive Exorcism Piece/ Romance Journal

These are "Relationship Exorcisms of the Id". A Girlfriend Scrapbook: An Eric Homan Breakup Symphony.

(In order to protect the actual ladies, the following characters are entirely "fictional" and "made-up".)

This romance journal was written for all eyes and an open mind. It features sincere emotions, fantasies, ideas, humor, and possibly "vulgar language". To all those with closed hearts... don't read on. "Relationship Exorcism" is a way of retracing the steps of the highs and lows of a past loves as well as treating sorrow. Through photograph memories and personal journal entries, the viewer gets a private glimpse into the heart - broken and open.

As a personal journey to my memory and emotions, the piece verges on being emotional pornography. It's an undisguised continuing love story, an open examination of my triumphs and weaknesses, or perhaps even a shrine to departed love. It's about taking on one's demons from the past and the present so one can handle the future. Maybe, that's why it feels so uncomfortable, yet immensely intriguing. Hopefully, in the end, "Relationship Exorcism" offers the viewer emotional resolution in their own lives and a new beginning.

Some people might feel uncomfortable about reading the journal excerpts in this piece. Let me remind that art is a voyeuristic medium. Among other things, "Relationship Exorcism" is an autobiography. People don't have much trouble reading van Gogh's passionately emotion-filled letters to his brother Theo. This should be no different.

Because I exposed my personal writings to the women I've dated, I have inadvertently destroyed several of the relationships I've been in. I included a majority of those controversial *words* in "Relationship Exorcism" to be judged on its own honesty. I wrote it and exposed it because I wanted to address the problems and issues that were occurring in my life. By doing so, I felt I was doing something positive and trying to set up a form of communication instead of not speaking of problems. I broke the golden rule of love: I hurt those I loved. In the process I hurt myself in the end. It was self-destructive and self-expressive. I did what I felt was right and I lost because of it. Truth hurts.

These are my open love letters for everyone to read.... I just had something possessing inside of me that I needed to get out. I know this piece reeks with vulnerability and yearning for connection - whether through a comedian's guise or through an artistic facade. It's embarrassing for a single artist to express oneself. I suppose I just didn't care.

If you need to escape, click the "retreat" button located at the bottom left corner of the screen.

Exorcise Each

Exorcise Each: Phyllis – one-year relationship. Bethany: two-year relationship. The Other Women of my Life.

Phyllis Hornung: My First "True Love"

Captions

At the end of our freshman year at the Columbus College of Art and Design... Standing in a classroom hall.

Journals

3-27-99

I remember how "pure" and "right" I thought Phyllis was for me. We never went out and experienced life. We played it safe. ...I remember my mom telling me that I lived in "My own little world". I wanted to make my art out of it. I remember everything crashing when Phyllis broke up with me. She was a good person... and shattered me for my own good. I remember my mom dying in a sudden car accident. Realizing that someone who was as kind and loving as she was die so violently ruined aspects of my emotions. How insane to be rewarded for a lifetime's work of giving oneself to God and others with such a senseless death? ...I remember getting rejected by those two California graduate schools after working so hard. How terrifying it was to believe in one's self and be stripped of a future?

3-27-99 (continued)

And why do I write all of this?... this introspection? I want to be a writer... I want to record my life changes so I can later understand my growth... I want to someday impress others... I need introspective self-expression to clear my head... I wanted to break me down because I felt I was entering a new stage in my life... with a girlfriend, with graduate school, with a career ahead of me, with a family?

3-28-98

Does it hurt me so much to find out that your ex was having fun last night? I write because I need an outlet to understand my passionate gloom. It's just the idea of her that haunts my mind... I over-exaggerate it all.

4-17-98

"What do you do when you get lonely... and no one is waitin' by your side... You've running, hiding much too long... you know it's just you foolish pride... Layla... you've got me on my knees... "Layla": Derek and the Dominoes "...make the best of a situation... before I finally go insane... please don't say you'll never find a way... and tell me all my love is in vain... Layla... darling, won't you ease my worried miiiiinnndddd" -- Words like these move me - they are my life.

Phyllis has a boyfriend and I'm realizing now that I need companionship to ease the intensity of my loneliness. I need to give myself if she will be with me, sacrifice my demons in the act of loving another. I will fail and I will win. Instead of being some lonely soul watching movies in his empty apartment, I've got to try and live a different life. I can not go on living with the fact that my past loves have with their new friends - and I am alone with my art?! with movies?! I must not be alone for the thoughts I imagine are... madness. This afternoon, I asked Rhonda out for a Saturday date. I'm concerned that I don't know. I want to have a good time, but what to do?

10-14-98

I noticed a woman who looked uncannily like Phyllis today. I kept glancing over at her off and on for ten minutes until she left with her male co-workers. I had feelings longing even after... and I knew my feelings were being tricked.

10-19-98

I felt a deep need for their affection - and never got it... Kelly, Kristin, Nikki... a broken heart was never getting to know them. I'll

miss them from afar and feel a chill whenever I see a woman who looks like them.

12-6-97

I'm still trying to break the infatuation I had with Phyllis -

I have to tell myself "she's not the only one".

I've defeated the pain only to be lonely. Then I beat the pain again - with the same old emotional reaction. Am I fucking loneliness?

1-10-98

I miss Phyllis only when I'm alone... and I've been lonely lately. Oddly, I'm not in love with her anymore (or am I just writing that).

I've aged to realize that there are other women out there. When I was flirting with Kristen, I didn't miss Phyllis. It was just a matter of being with people. I had discovered how to cure my loneliness.

1-13-98

I can't get further with women besides being kind and friendly. The loneliness I receive makes me change so I can find an answer.

1-18-98

Dream: I went up to a brunette at a flower stand - she turned around - it was Phyllis! - so shocked, I woke up.

Comes to show that in every woman I see or try to meet, I remember Phyllis.

1-21-98

Just as the application process was slowly killing me, I was unpredictably asked out by a female peer who I usually say "hello" to. How many times have I played her role in asking out someone I hardly know, yet have gained enough courage to risk asking them out? When she asked what I like to do on weekends, I told her that I mostly "work". She knew that was "an excuse". Yet, I wanted to go out and change - yet I didn't expect her to invite me. We ended by exchanging our phone numbers (deja vu) and she joked aloud that I hadn't given her my real number (I felt the same way when I asked Roma out in high school).

Immediately after she left, my body started to react - very much in shock. I felt like Phyllis and how she didn't have feelings for me - "just a friend". I discussed what had happened to Brandon and he thought I should be ecstatic. Have I ever known how to enjoy myself?

1-23-98

I was challenged with the game of love and I folded! - with sincere honesty! Was it suicidal to be true to one's emotions by turning down another who wants you?? Yet I listened to her, talked with her, exchanged questions about each other - and realized I wasn't attracted to her. Is it my negative opinion of doing "boring things" like going out drinking, dancing, and playing cards that is keeping me single?!? In a way the choice I made was so wrong, and so right that I was screwed in either reality.

I feel so awful. I acted just like Phyllis did to me when we broke up (trying so hard not to hurt me, yet never changing her decision); the biggest difference was that I used some humor to ease the strain. "We're not the same... we want different things..."

1-23-98

YOU! You've got to understand that turning her down has forced me to question "what am I doing"?!!?! After talking on the phone with her for over two hours, I could tell that I would mostly be superficially amused by doing something I -- IT IS ME WHO'S NOT WILLING TO COMPROMISE WITH SOCIETY'S SET RULES!!!!? I knew what I would get if I went out with her on a regular basis. Instead of being inspired by her personality, I would have had to become part of her way of life. I didn't want the distraction. (Every THOUGHT Is Deja Vu!!!! I remember this experience...!) I really am looking for a woman who is emotional and eccentric. I have to address this situation with urgency for I wouldn't be able to uphold my beliefs! Exclamation points are necessary to express the emergency I have encountered. I've never turned down anyone. I know how devastating that can be. "Here's your affection back" was never a sentiment I wanted!!

...yet I do feel stronger after dealing with this mess... this lesson.

Now that I've been excited with urgency and expressed myself to an exhausted state, I'm ready to dream. I just had to turn her down to keep myself on track and remain focused on my idealist crimes.

1-24-98

I'll concentrate mostly on an over-heated debate I had over the phone with Nora, my former neighbor from Coldwater, who actually tried to tell me how I should change: "Why don't you go out dancing or go to a coffee house?... You need a female perspective on life - you need a mother... a girlfriend... Are you gay?... Be honest. Are you on drugs?"

What kind of conclusion could I have about this nonsense? I haven't met my soul partner yet because I'm different and eccentric!!! I don't curse because profanity just doesn't fuckin' make a point!!! You tell me how I should feel!!!

Sometimes, I just want to get the hell away from people's opinions!

It's not a matter that I don't know how to have fun - it's that I wouldn't be able to handle other people's idea of fun.

2-15-98

Phyllis and I met accidentally at the 5:15 evening mass which we were at because we had both decided to sleep in this morning.

Though I knew it was another disillusion, she sat somewhat closer to me. After mass, I sensed a rekindled fondness for her as we conversed furiously about our school work (our life). Yet, her sweet presence built me up only for her lack of emotion to let me down... into confused desperation. While at my apartment where she asked if she could pick up a movie picture, I desperately wanted to change her - to my liking - by offering her my emotions; yet my efforts were vain and in vain. I affectionately appreciated her innocent charm and naivete - yet she scarcely had any nature of feeling. I felt raw hatred for her (and myself) when she didn't react to my passion or artwork for she was the only female I've known that has accepted me. She kept herself from feeling any sort of change in her life - and acted totally comfortable with that. That was emotionally suffocating to me... discouraging everything I once loved and believed in her.

3-10-98

Disappointments in another girl has worn me. I'm just an easy friend. Being kind to another was no strain - I have trouble with emotionally relating to her. Falling out of love is a sin that none of us can help.

My used heart is back on sale.

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2-15-98

We're both misfits: she's a quiet one; I'm an emotional one. We don't quite work in society - that was one reason why I was so attracted to her. Writing all of this is just my way of confronting the longing I've had ...and letting it go.

I wanted time for us to listen, time to care for each other. Yet, time alone won't help us.

And, understand, ripping her apart is ripping me apart. Dissecting my feelings of her is exposing my own flaws.

"I needed you... you didn't need me!": "Mother" by John Lennon

I can't return to you... no matter what.

6-26-98

It still shocks me to see a former lover with another. It is emotional surrealism - and it's still tormenting to me. My imagination exaggerates the memories and emotions that once were and a rush of jealousy blush coldly through me.

I know about my conflicting emotions - but conflicting illusions?! I feel no love for my ex-girlfriends, yet.

The Other Women of My Life

Captions

My mom... my sisters, Tanya and Lara... going to prom stag and single with a group of friends... my neighborhood girls (ages 5 to 7)... my graduation social date, Britney... There was also a love for inspirational people like my third grade teacher... There's always a dog to keep one company... Bjee - an Indian friend from the dorms during my first year of undergraduate school... After my relationship with Phyllis was over, I started to have renewed feelings for her roommate... ..especially when she had a knife in her hand... Emily... Then there were other female classmates... Aileen... Jodi... with Rhonda at the Columbus Zoo... her first love letter to me... Once I moved down to South Florida, I encountered a series of women in my new life... the girl at a downtown photo development store... Chung... Karen Sanok... Karen Mathieson... I was conflicted with where my heart should be with... eventually, none of them worked out... girl at a Ft. Lauderdale used CD store... Mary at another used CD store... Diane... Dara... Elena... would you trust this man?... the women turned into plastic window dressing icons... there's always owning a dog... I've graduated from love... Give me a hug. I'm out of school.

Journals

3-31-98

"You're such a nice guy... you're going to make some girl happy" said a girl I had felt affection for.

"I puppy-love you!"

3-21-98

Rhonda and I went out and had some delicious sandwiches at a theater cafe, ice cream, and attended a film that wouldn't start. My female companion amused me with her friendliness, plainness, and goodness... yet I could not find myself emotionally involved with her. As a reaction I acted goofy in such a way that romance wouldn't be able to be taken seriously. Tonight, I realized my love would be for a woman of creativity, goodness, and emotions.

3-28-98

After going out to see L.A. Confidential with Rhonda, I decided with enough understanding of myself that I didn't want to be romantic with her. We were nice to each other and joked... though I couldn't feel an attraction to her beyond her innocent charm, cute snicker, short shorts, and pleasant attitude. Upset with the shallowness of our relationship, I showed limited amounts of affection - just kindness. It was a bad sign when I was more interested in reading a review on L.A. Confidential than her. And why do I write this all down? To seize a pause in my life and expose my soul. I wonder if I have to slow down and observe things because my mind works a bit slow. It's hard to believe in things after tonight. Yet, that's typical of life and I have to keep thriving on without getting lost in my losses.

4-13-98

Alas, my feelings have been resolved. This evening I realized that my ex has a boyfriend - and I don't mind. Only vague memories reminded me that I once loved her. I didn't feel affection for her. I felt no jealousy. With them before me, I realized I've plagued myself for months with imaginary anguish created from my loneliness. I now discovered that I had the power to control my feelings. I really am happy.

4-14-98

The feelings back-fired. My frustration with love has become my motivating force that causes my eccentricity with its sudden bursts of wildness, introspection, and shyness. The alienation is getting to the point of utter desperation. I must change. I must! I can not go on living like I am. My sense of humor has died. I have no choice.

4-15-98

I wanted Rhonda, yet I couldn't let myself give my life over to be with her. I like her... yes. Yet, I want her to replace my loneliness. I realized that and stopped making jokes to hide my insecurity. I had become disturbed. She made a comment that I was driving her nuts

for being so quiet. She thought I was ready to explode from keeping everything inside. "Don't you ever get lonely living by yourself?" she asked. I hesitated and responded in defense, "I've got my computer...". There. I discovered a flaw in myself. I met, listened to people, and discovered that we shared human emotions. Yet, I was still inside myself.

4-19-98 4:39 a.m.

I felt a woman's love tonight in a way that I've craved for since I was in kindergarten. After going out to see The Apostle and getting a late supper, we arrived at the parking lot in front of my place. Instead of telling her "good-bye", I invited her in. I showed her my interactive work and my family photo albums. I re-worked a few interactive pieces while she waited for me. She aroused me by stretching her body on the carpet. She was kind to me. What am I doing not paying attention to her? Am I that scared and withdrawn in my work? I lied down beside her... talked a little. Time stood still. She asked me what was on my mind. I told her: "I was thinking about making out with you." Around ten minutes later, I kissed her. We paused and talked. Slowly, we got closer. Her tongue was in my mouth. Surrealism was reality. I was uncomfortable about going further because I didn't have a condom.

Anyway. Around three a.m., we had touched and rubbed every part of our bodies. She wanted me! ... me. I've never been so close to another human being, physically or emotionally. Peace was being with her, in her. God.

She set a shiver through me by telling me she cared... oh. No other woman has given me her love! She thinks about me as much as I do her.

4-20-98

Where is normal reality? My life has been altered and I have encountered contradictory emotions for love. Is it a distraction, boredom, or peace? I had been so bored of life I retreated into my own world and created peace for myself. Now, she wants me to live in reality with her. Her scent is so strong I don't know what to do.

3 for May 1998

Simply, I had a wonderful day out with Rhonda at the Columbus Zoo. To spend time with another person who wants to be with you is a kindly blissful incarnation of love that I never experienced. In order to counter the loneliness of being, I decided to enjoy the day since it was here for the living.

5-6-98

The idealism fades.

My flirting with a fellow classmate... a Picasso mind set to want many women - just not all at once.

10-5-98

This morning I could smell old loves of mine in the air around me.

Bethany Browning: My Second "True Love"

Captions

Our shadows on a green pond... Enjoying ourselves at a city park. taking Bethany's picture... Cedar Point Amusement Park... Bethany's trip to San Francisco... Portrait of the Blurry Roses... Ft. Lauderdale Beach... Burnt crispy red, but in love... 10-23-98: Bethany's first visit to South Florida... Bethany's heart in the sand... We imagined what our child would look like - it didn't work out too well... Bethany of Columbus, Queen of Glitter, Babe of Faeries, Your Knight of Lauderdale, Eric Human Hoffman Holman Human Homan... Spending a day at the Metro Zoo, Miami... Otter love at the Zoo... They smiled back at us!... Butterfly World... Kissing a butterfly on my shoulder... Bethany's Christmas Tree - Made from her own body... Bethany and our friends Justin and Nikki... *Happy Love Day!*... DisneyWorld, Orlando... the sun was a peach with spikes... Sea World, Orlando, Florida... Art on one of her letters... Our own private Prom night... Bethany in "costume"... Our Pseudo Wedding... Bride and Groom... Kissing a flower... Bethany's creative love letters... Islands of Adventure, Orlando, Florida... Bethany's catchphrases: "It'll be fun." "Woo woo!?" "--eek!" "Let's go dancing!"... Weeki Wacki Springs, Florida... ..and then it ended.

The Journals and Letters

April 29, 1998

What's going on here? A girl with glitter around her eyes, black green lips, and in a long black dress was flirting with me?! And I'm dating Rhonda right now. Three weeks ago I only had my loneliness. Now I'm getting to know so many I don't know and I'm confused excited. I'm shying away because I'm so uncertain about who I could love the most.

5-9-98

As I was leaving my sister's car outside my apartment, I spontaneously met a female Goth CCAD student who had also graduated with me today. Her smile invited me and I started talking to her. She helped me carry my things to my place. We found out that we both enthusiastically liked Sinead O'Connor and other music. We went back to her place, listened to some selections of her CD collection, flipped through her photo albums, and looked at her fairy fashion/ graphic design work. She was weird and exciting. So was her friends... maybe more than me.

I've become so open minded that I could meet any fascinating girl and immediately fall in love. But the more I was around her, the less I'd feel for her?

5-9-98 (continued)

Understand I have been wanting to talk about Sinead O'Connor with a female for so long. And this girl likes Death (the character), too.

I'm scared. I'm tough. I'm "Will you marry me?" weird. I'm tired. I'm raw.

Have I felt too much sorrow from losing love that I've become impotent to receiving someone new who is offering me hers? Yes, I

have. I find relationships boring, then fun, then unbearable, and exciting!?

5-15-98

I felt the intensity today. I realized that I'm enjoying my relationship with Bethany more than being with Rhonda. My attraction to Rhonda was for the mere sake of having a girlfriend to conquer my loneliness. Though she wasn't exactly my type, she turned me on with her cheery personality and her affectionate flirtations toward me. At last, I confessed to Bethany that I'd go out with her if I wasn't already with Rhonda. (It's very simple) The spark between Rhonda and I is barely alight. I admitted it because Bethany noticed it on my face. I felt drunk, wasted from all the confusion I had picked up from all of this. It was spawning all sorts of weirdness in me. Strangely, I felt better afterwards with some truth in me.

May 18th, 1998

I chose to make love with Bethany tonight for I didn't feel any shame or doubt about having sex with someone I enjoyed being with. We got to give each other comfort and pleasure in a way I've never felt before. I lost my virginity - I came out feeling more experienced... educated... with sheddings of shyness on the carpet floor.

5 anyday 98

I can at last take on talking with a girl even after the first week of knowing her - unlike Rhonda whose magic died so. My nervousness of sleeping with a girl have been vanquished... conquered. She's been the only girl I've known who I like to be with as a friend and girlfriend. We share mutual tastes in music and emotions. That is so blissful.

I smelled the scent of raspberry shampoo on my shirt tonight... it's Bethany.

May thirty-one, nineteen ninety-eight

Bethany knocked on my window and wrote "BETHANY LOVES ERIC" with little decorations in colored chalk on the front doorway to my apartment. I even withdrew from her childishness because I felt it was silly and mindless.

I am not sure of how long love can last... but I'm holding out for it.

June 3rd, 1998

I know exactly why I can't go out with more than just one girl at once: it's too much for my sensitivity. I admit that I've felt an enormous affection for dozens of women in the same day - but I was never romantically involved with any of them. One is overwhelming enough.

June nine, 1998

I encountered two ex-loves of mine just minutes between each other. Feeling for each, romantic longings, were rejuvenated by their presence near me. Memories of being close to them set me estranged. Something inside of me sobered from desperation. I wanted to be with someone who would heal my selfish loneliness. Bethany was her - to love.

June 14, 1998

Bethany and I did find fun at Cedar Point though, at times, the amusement wasn't so amusing. Is this the pinnacle of having a good time together? I was with a girlfriend and my skin turned warm pink.

6-26-98

Bethany asked me tonight if I had ever been kissed when I was young. It came back to me suddenly: the time Julie Koesters and I nearly kissed in a classroom just before our evening first grade play. I wasn't completely sure if I had made up the memory - maybe it was a dream I liked to remember while growing up. The special memory had just been lost with all the other words, images, and memories that I'd piled up inside through the years of living. I could be made-up. My youngest memories are so lost now.

7-13-98

I'm scared... for I know how many changes are coming. I'll be moving away in a matter of weeks - very soon. I have to keep myself from getting too attached to Bethany - conflicting with all my growing feelings for her. My sanity demands of myself to live in the present so that the memories of the past and the emotions of the future don't break me.

7-20-98

Bethany and I have a crisis. This humid afternoon, I addressed that she was "lazy" and that she didn't know what to do with herself. What a shitty thing to say!?! Am I being "honest"? Well, I found out tonight that she has every reason to feel pain. The life she has lived destroyed her self esteem. She does have artistic talent - yet no money for a car to get a job or to leave Columbus. I can't give her empathy any more - and I know that sympathy isn't enough. Even with a growing headache, I tried to listen to her just complaints and problems. And I couldn't give her any greater comfort than idealistic sentiments: "...It'll be okay." I gave her compassion. At least.

7-20-98 (continued)

We should be breaking up - yet, I'm conflicted with that. Part of her is wrong for me... though the rest is right. I don't know what I'm doing!

August 5th, 1998.

On the way down to Florida, Emotions are anxious - crashing from responsibility, loss, isolation, doubt... Yesterday evening, I withdrew into myself so deeply from being sick and being reminded of good friends, Bethany... and that this apartment was now my permanent home for the next couple of years. Dad was a good distraction from realizing that I've left good friends behind. Now that he's gone, I'm left to deal with the loss.

"I love you so much." Those words sent a chill down her spine. The older I've gotten the more I feel those words.

My god I felt so alone today. Yet, I give thanks for having a computer as a tool to work on and allow myself a chance to express the creativity and emotions inside. A VCR and TV to keep my imagination and emotions stimulated. An air conditioner. Food. A microwave. A CD player. A car. A bed. My life.

8-7-98

Dear To Whom It May Concern And That May Just Be You - Or Me,

It's been a couple of days so far since I've been on my own in Fort Lauderdale. My dad did more than I had realized for me (moving my possessions from Ohio to Florida and helping me find an apartment). When he finally left, I felt a sudden burden of responsibility - a frightening panic of being alone. There were so many things I still needed assistance with... to understand. I managed to find my way around downtown, do some shopping, and visit the Electronic Arts department of Florida Atlantic University.

9-3-98

To Bethany: I didn't mean to hurt you that week I left Columbus. To write that you didn't have any artistic talent was a delusion spawned from the stress of leaving you, good friends, a familiar comfortable setting. I ended up with anxious, distraught, and

reckless thoughts. Funny predicament of this is that it forced a reaction in you to work harder. How I empathize with that.

9-15-98

At midnight, I was in bed thinking about how goofy I was on phone with Bethany. She sounded really concerned about coming down to see me and I made jokes to ease myself of her worries. I phoned her back up and apologized to her. Thus began the most heart-felt talk I've ever had with a woman. Bethany humbly told me of how I've said things that "kinda" hurt her: "Well, I like you the most since you've been the most interesting girl I've come across so far." That was too arrogant to say aloud to someone I cared so deeply for. When she mentioned the possibility of us breaking up, I was faced with imagining how lonely I would be if that happened. The feeling physically weakened me. I told her softly about what I was feeling. That was a right move.

9-15-98 (continued)

We discussed how hard it is for us to be this far away in serious terms. I had taken for granted the thought of her love. Living without it - I felt an emptiness far more terrifying than death. We didn't avoid issues like we usually did. She was so honest about her feelings that I actually felt a love for her inside of me grow deeper than I've ever felt before. It was such a peace that I understood why people write songs about this feeling of love. Bethany even had the guts to ask me about marriage and living together.

9-15-98 (continued)

I could sense her curiosity and honesty that left me able to answer positively. Normally, I would have acted jokingly to hide my uncertainty; but tonight I felt the answer, the reasons, and the feelings for why we should stay together. Before it was just for the sake of having someone of the opposite sex tell you she'll be your girlfriend. Tonight, it was for exchanging love back and forth. And that meant exchanging doubts and fears, second-thoughts and suspicions, too. That was a part of love I rarely ever expressed because, I guess, I didn't want things to go wrong. Usually in the past, I wouldn't express those things until my relationship had ended. I was too afraid that my partner wouldn't be able to handle my anguish for living, my problems with her, my stupid negativity in general.

9-15-98 (continued)

Tonight, Bethany convinced me she was strong and understood me enough to make it through. We encountered a major barrier and we're willing to climb it.

I actually felt love tonight. I think it was better than losing one's virginity because not everyone feels it. It's like the flip side to an orgasm. One is physical, the other is emotional. I love Bethany Browning.

9-16-98

She unraveled me, my humor and other emotional defenses..

9-23-98

Sometimes, Bethany will weird me out by some of her actions and my communication with her gets crippled. It'll just be so unsettling, and quiet... my emotions break down. All I feel is estranged.

At least I found my reflection in the world - Bethany.

10-4-98

"I love you. I'm sorry"

10-23-98

"A Dreamer's Depression"

(don't read this - it'll break our kind naivete)

It's so perilous to live a life around a dream. One day I will realize that the fantasies I create are only temporary and isolated. Once I have to leave them, I will be left desperate and helpless to becoming like everyone else. Dreams and sand castle kingdoms get washed away on the beach. Fantasy girl has no flaws - not at all like reality. Just the beauty of being a dream. Girlfriend is so likable and wonderful, but so is the downs of reality that she is in... with me.

10-25-98

She's like the music she likes: background music.

And she's like a dizillion other metaphors - some positive, some negative. She's slow, childish, awkward, she'll get so quiet it's unnerving, self-conscious inducing, and depressing. She's fun, sexy, emotional, eccentric, and artistic. Parts of her reminds me of myself. I had fun with her going to "Butterfly World" - but not when we got lost on the Florida Turnpike. I'm not always in love with her... but I won't deny that I am about every hour. She's good for teaching me how to deal with people. I've learned patience and humbleness from her.

Does it scare you that she's so much like you - your twin, your lover, your mirror.

10-28-98

Some of the guys at work commented at a photograph of my girlfriend that she was "hot" and that I was "lucky". Funny... their comments improved my feelings for Bethany.

11-22-98

I talked to Bethany on the phone. At first, I didn't want to listen to her because she sounded tired and depressed. I felt little love for her. Then, I decided to say what was on my mind, expose myself without getting cynical, and listen to how she was feeling. I'd tell her if I felt estranged by her comments or if I felt empathy for how she was feeling. She was very truthful and honest about how she felt. She even brought up that she knew that I didn't like that she wasn't intelligent enough for me sometimes... how she reminded me of myself sometimes. We went on and off and on. We will survive because we can communicate.

12-20-98

God bless you Bethany Browning,

I love your brownies.

from: Eric the Love

1-17-99

Ya, I love you beyond my soul for words or images. I'll hold you until the dawn. You! Bethany B.

Browning/ Bethany ®. Browning. I love you. Browning. I bow to you. BAY-BEE-AH.

I'm too tired tonight. I'm starting to talk like a baby in love.

You love I love You,

1-24-99

Let me just record and express this: I do not like hearing my girlfriend tell me she's barely hanging onto sanity for not being able to get a job. I would be in her situation if I hadn't been accepted to grad school. I've got despairing empathy for her... to spend one's life wasting and waiting while one's ambitions have no where to flourish.

2-1-99

"You're beautiful, strong, and fragile." -love letter from Bethany

I wrote my girlfriend a love letter today - propaganda for love.

7-11-99

XXXOOOXOXOXXOOOXXXX I don't know exactly what the X's and O's mean but I love you. Eric!

3-15-99

Gosh, I miss Bethany. I'm actually looking forward to calling her up. It makes me happy... to know that someone else out there feels sincerely for me as I do for her. After today, I really need her comfort.

3-23-99

I've been missing Bethany so much lately I've had to turn off my heart in order to keep going on. I've realized that my feelings can destroy me when I get overwhelmed.

3-26-99

"Bethany does my body good."

3-27-99

I remember how "pure" and "right" I thought Phyllis was for me. We never went out and experienced life. We played it safe. I remember everything crashing when Phyllis broke up with me. She was a good person... and shattered me for my own good.

And why do I write all of this?... this introspection? I want to be a writer... I want to record my life changes so I can later understand my growth... I want to someday impress others... I need introspective self-expression to clear my head... I wanted to break me down because I felt I was entering a new stage in my life... with a girlfriend, with graduate school, with a career ahead of me, with a family?

Womb Me.

Hugs, Kisses, Bugs, and Snugs!

Eric Homan F.

3-30-99

For what may be the first time, Bethany and I soberly discussed her being stuck in a dead-end life in Columbus. Things have been uneasy between us because I've been pressuring her about moving down here to Florida. But she's still not completely sure about where to go. She still needs her driver's license, a car, an apartment, a job... money! It's all slowly breaking us apart. I'm starting to feel the same way I did last year at this time - so loose and desperate with an uncertain future. Our relationship's starting to turn into something more fragile than fun. Our love feels naked.

3-31-99

I worried over Bethany and our love the whole day through. Feelings of loneliness were breaking me up. Melancholy was my middle name... Eric Melancholy Homan. Work was a relief to me, a distraction from feeling.

4-1-99

I am starting to feel disturbed by my emotional bond with Bethany. When she is troubled, I feel the pain, too. She told me tonight that her parents had a bad fight over her asking for more money. Feeling empathy depresses me. I'm wondering if we've become too emotional for our own well being. We've been abused so many times that we bleed too often.

4-16-99

I am certain, though, that I love you, Bethany Bee Browning, and that I am so very happy to know you, feel you, and touch you...

Love you,

Eric

6-28-99

I've been antagonizing Bethany for acting like a little girl when I talk to her on the phone. She said I was a "little boy". I could say no more. I like her for being innocence, weird, and spirited... just like me.

She felt weird. He calmed her back down. She was amazed that he was her boyfriend. He was too. He told her if it wasn't for her, he'd be suicidal. She said the same. "Do you know how hard it is to be an individual, emotional, different, and introverted? Just imagine how it would be that way... and be alone."

We were victims of our lives. Yet, we left our past naked and now live in the present... happily and in love with each other. They still cry from time to time, but they are happy.

5-6-99

Just when I thought the novelty of being in love was fading off, Bethany and I fell back in love with each other. And I don't quite remember feeling this good in quite a while.

7-6-99

I realized another reason why I work so hard all the time: because I've been missing Bethany so much. I try relentlessly to keep my mind occupied. Weekends are the worst they aren't people around to distract me.

8-10-99

I was feeling the loneliness and longing for being with Bethany again. It was like an emotional withdrawal. I couldn't believe how happy she was to be with me. Only now do I feel how wonderful and special she is to me.

"I have a confession to make ...I'm having an affair with my art."

9-12-99

The comfort of knowing that someone else out there loves you keeps loneliness from attacking my emotions. The "Wow, I've got a girlfriend" thought has worn off after a year of going out with the same girl. I took her for granted. She was someone who was there to fill me with a sense of love. Tonight, my relationship with Bethany fell out naked before us and we had to pick up what remained. As something to talk about, I decided to disclose to Bethany that I felt guilty about having had sex with another girl in a dream I had this morning. She said I must have had read her mind. I knew generally what she was about to say... "I was going to half-seriously write you a letter about the possibility of seeing other people..."

9-12-99 (continued)

Strike two: Bethany suggested to me that she may not be able to move down to Florida. Now I had to come to terms that if she decided she couldn't leave her family and friends, or moved to some other part of America, our relationship would be over. I just assumed that she would follow without complaint. How naive and selfish of me.

9-12-99 (continued)

I paused a lot during our nearly two hour phone conversation/ confession. I was just so complicated by having to deal with so many problems. Our relationship was getting tougher... literally. The poignancy between us was so sharp that I started to laugh. How did our relationship get so messed up so suddenly? I break out of my silence and expressed to her how much she meant to me emotionally and physically. It was like the missed moment of frankness that Phyllis and I never had between us before it was too late. We both admitted that we both felt a calmness and ease between ourselves that we hadn't had in quite a long time. "My God..." I felt so jealous and disturbed to think of Bethany with someone else! I love her and don't want to share the emotional bond we've built between us. She kept telling me that she'd understand if I had an affair with someone for just one time... but that just made me more suspicious of her. I felt my emotions bleeding inside - just like the self-portrait I've been working on lately of my blush bleeding red.

9-12-99 (continued)

Bethany further disclosed that she was thinking about seeing a psychiatrist again because she's got insurance. I felt all upset over that, but then realized that back when Phyllis broke up with me that my ideal woman would end up being in a mental institution. Only someone who could match the number of emotional and mental problems as I could I feel empathy and "comfort" with. I got almost exactly what I wished for.

"Will you still love me, will you still feed me... when I'm 64?" I sang out at one point. Bethany was shocked for that was something that was bothering her lately.

9-12-99 (continued)

So everything seems to be back to normal now... present tense only. The next hour could be something completely different or horrific. When I feel the present - the actually moment where I inhale a breath, I discover myself and how things are okay. For a moment of silence, Bethany and I did indeed "break up". We both acknowledged that neither of us wanted to break up and felt the pain in hearing such words. But in a realistic, honest way, it was the best thing that has happened between us in quite a long time. Tonight was better than sex, more lasting and comforting than any orgasm. We communicated with each other. We tried to solve things out between us. We discussed our fears, dreams, and concerns. Good.

9-25-99

When I was a teenager, I had dreams that at one point during my life I would find myself at peace. I feel that lately I have found that destination in my life. I used to pray to God for a girlfriend. Answer: Bethany Browning. Amen!!

10-5-99

To be completely honest with myself, I am actually dating my work first, Bethany second. I gear nearly all of my attention to computer work/ art/ technology and about an hour to my own girlfriend per day.

10-14-99

Bethany, an emotional beauty!

12-2-99

She and I are the anti-social type - we both like to party without the party.

12-5-99

For the fourth day in a row, I've been at the center from 8:30 a.m. to 10 p.m. I've been having to deal with not just my own problems, but five other peoples' predicaments. Today I did manage to get 50 seconds of animation with audio onto tape. Unfortunately, I still barely had enough energy to talk to Bethany over the phone. I felt so bad. My exhaustion has been making us distant. I must try to change that.

12-8-99

It all became very clear to me tonight, as I mingled at a Graphic Design Graduation Show, why I am so attracted to Bethany. Surrounded by dozens of gorgeous, bland women in slickly modern artist attire, I realized I couldn't relate to anyone in the room beside Caleb. None of these "artists" had anything to show off that separated them from each other. It was like their presentation was fore-front and their art was secondary. As soon as I noticed this, I wanted to leave... desperately. To make things all the more obvious, the band played and looked like an imitation Stone Temple Pilots. "I was stunned with despair."

12-8-99 (continued)

I imagined myself single again and how doomed I would have felt if I didn't have Bethany. Because she isn't as successful or as rich or as glamorous as those graduates in that room, she knew how it feels to be below someone else. And for that special feeling, she is a deeper feeling person and I feel love for her. The fact that she's struggled is what I find attractive. She's pretty, but not a "pretty-thing". She's her own self. As for me, I am afraid that I am too weird and different to be sociable in normal society. I am more happy being unsociable.

12-11-99

Bethany arrived yesterday and my body is quite sore. ...We discussed where we were at in our lives and our relationship during a Mexican dinner. Later, we went CD shopping at used CD stores. Last night, we watched live video performances of the Sugarbushes and the Cocteau Twins. We also made wilder love for the second time. The first time we tried I couldn't get a full erection and discovered how it felt to be impotent.

12-12-99

Here is this girl and guy who don't talk much to each other, though they often admit that they love each other back and forth.

12-13-99

Bethany and I rode the Islands of Adventure and Universal Studios.

12-16-99

I retreat into you every night, Bethany love.

12-18-99

I'm alone anew. Bethany left this evening after I dropped her off at the airport. I knew how it was going to feel before she even left. For one full week, we both experienced what it would feel like to be living together. Disappointments were abound, yet our bliss was still around. Her kissing me does get tiring, though I do like it sometimes. All I can feel now is a conflicted happiness: I want so urgently to work/ I want so desperately to be with her. Am I really alone when I'm with my computers? No, I'm not. But the machine still can't compete with human contact and human emotions. That is why I choose Bethany as my other self. That is why I stare at her so oddly sometimes. I love her because I can.

12-19-99

All those little things we did together were ordinary when we did them; yet how wonderful they seem now in my memory...: going to the mall to eat Chinese food and share our meals with each other... being knocked over together at the beach by an unsuspecting wave... walking through a tropical park hand-in-hand... waiting at the airport together before her flight departed with her. These little things mean so much to me now. (Oddly enough, the littler things mean not much to me...: driving to the airport...walking through a parking garage... waiting in line at an airport to drop off her luggage. I suppose there was no scene to be recognized of, though I imagine there was plenty of potential for these moments if the environment of each wasn't so restrained.)

12-21-99

He looked deep within himself and realized that tonight he didn't miss her. His mind was elsewhere... somewhere pained and exhausted from what the day had brought upon him. All he could do was sing-a-long to Neil Young singing "Baby mellow my mind..." He knew he was too weak to live alone again.

Now he is too exhausted to cry, to express, to explain.

I saw most of my faults and fears tonight. My consciousness was wide open. My emotions were cut. I was bleeding fear. I believe it was her energy and child-like personality that drew me into her. For now, that is enough to keep me interested.

12-30-99

I love you because it keeps me sane.

1-5-00

I told Bethany my most painful realization: -"The thought of losing you chills me to my bone." Bethany asked: -"Are you afraid of losing me? I hesitated and replied -"...I'm afraid of losing myself." She spoke so maturely to me when I was so very scared with thoughts that she might be with some other guy or girl. She saved me, eased me, loved me. Loved me. Sentimentalized me. "Thank you."

1-25-00

Excuse me... I've been having girlfriend worries. I've been feeling deeply lately. Bethany's broke... and all too wealthy with suffering. A lack of money is killing her off slowly... day by day. Ya... she's learned her share of despair. I offered my dad's help to her which made her feel all the more uncomfortable. So he called her up to talk with her personally about what she needs and what she is going through. I found no better way to help her. I don't care anymore what happens. I had to act. I felt the electricity in my nerves. The air of uncertainty chilled me.

1-26-00

dream: I dreamed that I had gotten back with Phyllis after we had graduated. I figured she would have less problems to deal with in light of Bethany's dilemmas. (Don't worry, Bethany. It was just a subconscious fantasy... an easy way out.)

1-30-00

I got tired talking to Ms. Depression.

Bethany, you've given my life meaning. ...You've also given my life bruising mood swings. You knock me out.

2-5-00

Bethany's still sedated with tears and dreams... I'm glad we're not fooling each other that we don't want to be around... life.

2-6-00

It's February and I'm having my mood seasons. For a while, I lied in a complete calm nirvana inside a warm blanket half asleep for over an hour as my headache dissipated. An hour later, my feelings weren't sure if Bethany is feeling well or love for me. Scared me for a moment's eternity. I let myself sulk in my obsessive fantasies. It gives me a nervous fuel. I listened to the love-hurt songs of Neil Young while working on the computer. I questioned, "How do people stay in lo

2-8-00

Well.

I talked to Bethany tonight. We disclosed our feelings that things weren't going right between us. At my most direct, I asked her questions on if she still loved me anymore. She replied with aching honesty: "...I care for you." Bethany went on to tell me that I had been hurting her in my letters to her... that I had written things that made her feel extremely uncomfortable and insulted. I had forgotten that when I write... when I express myself, I am terribly critical and honest. I say things that I see that need to be fixed. I talk about things that are bothering me. I disclosed these things to another and now I'm feeling the consequences. I'm full of rage and peace now. I've gone through this sort of crisis before. Phyllis cried to me over the phone that she just wanted us to be friends. Now Bethany is saying something awfully similar. That she can not relate to me anymore. "I don't think I love you anymore. I don't know what to say to you anymore." I wanted to know what I had written or said in the past that had made her so upset. She told me and I offered to change. I apologized humbly. She still didn't feel good. Instead of panicking with sadness and grief, I handled myself with complete directness and need for understanding.

2-8-00 (continued)

(as I write this, I realize that I can not let anyone else read this. I hate the fact that Bethany can't handle words like these anymore. Yet... then again... who could who was emotionally involved with me?)

I told her why I needed her, why I need to be alone (like she told me she does), and that we don't always work. I do get impatient with her when she acts clumsy... and I expressed that I would try to be more considerate and patient starting now.

Hell, let's get to what I'm feeling right now. I am pissed that she's so whiny and ungrateful. If she wants to be alone, let her die alone. I feel spite. I can't help it. It's out now! Yet everything inside of me knows that every human being feels this way at some point in a relationship. I'm sick and tired . so very tired. and alone. "Co-dependent!" I poured myself out to her and got grief and tears in exchange.

Deep inside, I know that she'll come around.

Deep inside, I know that very few people could deal with me on an emotional basis. Bethany is a rarity... a fluke.

2-8-00 (continued)

It's now ten minutes later and I realize that I felt the same strong mean feelings toward Phyllis when she broke up with me. Slowly, I came to learn that things like between Bethany and I just need time to work themselves out. She also informed me that she is on her period. "I'm not mad..." I explained to her disbelieving ears. I know that time will tell how things will go. How can I be mad when I know that's life.

I'm not mad because Justin and Nikki have gone through the same thing more than once.

Bethany is in dire need of finding her self-esteem. I'm trying to keep patent.

2-9-00

I felt an ulcer of despair chilling me. Where does one find happiness anymore when the one you counted on has left you with emptiness? Today, I was sobered to the point where a classmate of mine noticed that something was deeply wrong with me. My body was faint and losing weight as a result of my oblivion. Extraordinary hate evolved into calm and anguish into freedom into loneliness. I didn't want to call her back and just wait for her to call back and apologize. Yet my sanity couldn't hold that long. I needed some explanation or solution.

2-9-00 (continued)

We managed to reconcile after an hour's long conversation. Bethany didn't shy from telling me that professionally I was really mature, but emotionally... I still have to grow up. No one has told me that in years - and I heard her. We communicated in a way that two adults need to in order to remain friendly with each other. I... I loved her for her honesty. (Yet now it's breaking us apart)

In consequence of yesterday's sadness, I went through today with the emotion and thought that I was alone and single again. I believed that Bethany and I had broken up... and I took it quite seriously.

2-11-00

In contrast, Bethany acted up again tonight leading me to wonder if she's worth living with. I'm sick of her telling me her inside fears to me about how one of her friends would be more attractive to me than her because her friend is more positive and intelligent. I hate her for doing that to me and to herself. She says that she's been off her birth control/ mood control pills for two weeks now. It shows. I'm finding that she has a problem.

*The lesson of today is keep your honesty and fears away from those you love or else they'll get hurt.

2-12-00

As a lesson from this week's trauma with our relationship, I found that exposing too much of oneself to another person can be hazardous emotionally. We're so discouraged from how brutally honest we've been with each other that we can barely talk to each other anymore. So I have to hold back myself... censor myself. I spoke my soul out this week. Bethany said: "You want me more when I don't want you, you don't care for me when I'm all mushy for you." That's rather true. We take each other for granted like we take life for granted. If we can't learn that or live with that, what are we doing?

2-13-00

Dear Bethany,

Just so you know, this letter is unedited, though I thought before I wrote instead of sloppily writing down every critical thing in my head... I feel that it does explain things better than I could over the telephone:

A bit lonelier than usual, I awoke to the wind of my worries.

2-13-00 (continued)

It's easy to be happy with a fantasy so that's right where I went first thing this morning - my computer work. It's for a grade and a M.F.A. degree anyway so why not spend my day doing that? Yet inspiration and energy only last so long and I found myself longing to get out. All I could think is that she resents me for all the mistakes and misunderstandings of the past. If all people act this way, I feel no point to going into any relationship. I try not to say or feel things that will make others offended or defensive. I think that critical part of my existence is to do just that. Lately, a paradox fell on my face as I expressed too much of myself and found my closest friend and lover hating me for it. I feared my own writing and feelings. I used to be able to write and write and write. Without someone caring and giving their love as a means of balancing out the daily frustrations, I found life terrifying... as anyone would when they're alone and sensitive. I'm finding my own honesty all too routine after so many breakups.

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2-13-00 (continued)

So, in the end, I had to question to myself: "Are these words that brutal?" Yes. Yet, I asked myself different questions: "Are they therapeutic for me to get them out?" Yes - it is my art therapy. "Are sharing these words wise with someone you try to love while keeping in contact with from afar?" Depends if the letter is about them negatively. That was my error before and partially the fault of our living apart. I wouldn't have sent her my journals if I had more time to write every two weeks. She doesn't want to read all of my movie reviews/ impressions.

We live in a time where emotional nakedness is commonplace. Rock 'n' Roll was the first time in history that white people actually spoke what they felt to a mass audience. When you grow up with role models like Sinead O'Connor, Bjork, Kurt Cobain, John Lennon, and Kermit the Frog, how else am I supposed to act?

love in scars and tissues,

Eric

2-14-00

Anyway, the best news I got all day was hearing Bethany's Valentine's Day answering machine message. She was acting happier and more stable for the first time in over a week. Bethany even apologized and expressed "I love you very much." That was my greatest relief. I called her back and we were back to talking like we normally do. I told her I wasn't mad and was glad we had our "spat". We needed better communication between each other... or else we would continue hurting each other without realizing.

It's nice to reconcile on Valentine's Day and renew real sense of love.

It has become an unspoken requirement that if you work in computer animation you must have little or no social life. Eddie told me that Dr. Skellings explained to him once that to be an artist, you have to choose between an artistic vision, a social life, or a girl - and you can only have two. I rejoiced for I knew I had no social life. How frightening it was days before when I didn't have a girl or a social life. I realized now that the girl fills the empty space of a social life.

2-15-00

I now live with the haunted memory of breaking up with Bethany and how despairingly lonesome I felt as a result.

3-1-00

I feel like I deserve a purple heart for despair. Bethany unloaded her unhappiness with life at me tonight - again. She called me an "asshole" and said she wants her independence. Common sense isn't one of her virtues. (She would take offense to that last line.) I feel that I have matured and grown up inside - mostly thanks to the fact that I've got a regular, full-time job ahead of me at the center that gives me the responsibility and respect that nourishes my self-esteem. Bethany has never gotten her chance. She now finds it her obligation to hurt me because her life is all "weird". So I snapped out of my sappy and sentimental mood in which I was in when I called her and told her assertively how I felt about how she was treating me and herself. I do not love her when she's so down that all she can do is hurt those close to her - and most of all herself. I don't want to be around her. It used to scare me that we may not always be together. I've been feeling a need for us to have some time apart. I'd rather be with someone else. (I am mad... and rightly so.)

For the first time in my life, I'm not afraid of being alone. It's a matter of being happy: I would actually rather be without than with. We've got a problem... or should I say she's got a problem.

3-2-00

"Who's gonna ride your wild horses? (Your wild emotions?) Who's gonna drown in your blue sea?" U2's "Achtung Baby" sounded right with morning in my sober mind set of love.

3=3=00

Bethany and I talked to each other again this evening without hurting each other. I was strangely satisfied and disappointed with the conversation. We just talked... like friends. We wished each other "good night" and hung up our phones. I suppose we shouldn't rush and have things ironed out perfectly, but I strive for that way. When I was disclosing all the places in the Keys I would like to go to, she responded, "You will." In my mind I thought that she would have said, "We will". Like most couples we continue to share each others interests (*music, movies, dolphins, beaches), but our love has been tarnished by our lives. A secret part of me enjoys living with so much uncertainty. Another part of me is crying out of relationship damage. Perhaps we would rather act like friends instead of loving each other (we can't as easily hurt each other if we don't love each other). Granted, we are two people mutually exhausted by life. It is not who is dying - it is my idealism. "I love you... I love you not."

3/5/00

I am completely exhausted. For the first time in our two year relationship, I asked Bethany if she wants to break up with me. She replied, "Yes." We've been acting like "friends" who just care about each other for over a week now. She hasn't sent me her usual letters. And she has been insisting on finding her "freedom" for weeks now. I understand where she is coming from - who hasn't been young and wanted their independence from everyone around them? Like Jimmy Stewart giving his passionate plea to Congress at the end of Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, I poured out my heart on why we shouldn't leave each other. Just as it wouldn't be good for me for emotional reasons, it wouldn't be good for her for financial reasons. We've spent the past two years building up our relationship only for it to be torn down in two weeks. I feel like I'm about to pass out from devastation of my depression. I can't tell if she's going through a mood swing, self-doubt, or selfish independence. My patience is on its knees. I'm so tired. Bethany's got her mind set on being idealistic without being realistic. When the most I could get out of her was "I think about it", I sighed in noble defeat.

3/5/00 (continued)

What enrages me about Bethany's decision is that she wants all these dreams and freedom - but she doesn't want to make me part of it. It is a selfish freedom that I've come to despise. She says that she's not afraid of being alone anymore. Well... how long will that last?

When I talked to Bethany over the phone, I was feeling insecure. I called her because I needed someone to talk to. I wanted to patch things up between us. Instead, she stabbed me with her need for independence. Right now, I feel like I hardly need her at all. I can meet other people. I've been living inside a shell of myself. I can talk to other people. I don't need to rely completely on her. I won't deny the inner conflict inside me: one side yearning for someone to love me back, the other not needing anyone at all and I can make it alone. I'm so confused.

3/5/00 (continued)

I called up Justin and Nikki and got their input on the situation between Bethany and I. It seemed that I wasn't alone in thinking that Bethany has got some serious issues to work out, and it wasn't entirely me that had some changing to do. Talking to

someone other than a dysfunctional Bethany really helped gain me a new perspective. I don't always need her. I've been going out and doing it on my own. She needs me more than I need her.

3-6-00

I woke up early this morning and waited in bed until the sun displayed its shine. I tossed and turned for an hour and a half. Deep inside, I needed some sense of closure or clarity in my life. Bethany broke me emotionally when she confirmed to me that she would rather break up with me than go on with our relationship. So when I got to the center, I asked Frank into my office and disclosed to him what has been going on between Bethany and I. His main advice was to break up with her so it is clear to her how reality is. According to Frank, I couldn't just say "Let's keep things going on" without really breaking up. I had to make the decision. Next, I went to Chris who offered that I just "pray" and wait for her to come around. Later, I apologized to Caleb on how quiet and distant I've been lately and informed him that I've been having relationship problems.

3-6-00 (continued)

Towards the end of the day, I talked to Eddie and exposed to him that Bethany does have a history of being sexually abused when she was younger. Eddie, having been with several other women who also had that sort of history, explained to me that it is very rare for someone who has been abused to ever fully recover and live a stable life. He pointed out that I would have to deal with her mood swings for all the time I am with her. That is what my dad meant last night that he predicts a lot of grief and misery for me in the future if I plan to stay with Bethany. She has to decide on if she wants to take the risks in her life in order for her to succeed in her goals. If she wants to deal with her problems, she better address them. If she can't get her driver's license, she better do something about it. She can't just wait around all her life. I can't wait my whole life away. Tonight, I listened to "Fleetwood Mac: Greatest Hits" and it truly felt like sonic therapy for me. Those ballads about scorned love...

3-8-00

Life's disappointments are life's victories. And vice versa.

I've gotten so many opinions on what I should do about my relationship that I'm skeptical if I would even take Bethany back if she wanted to reconcile. Most of the response I've received back has been negative and doubtful about our relationship lasting much longer and how painful it would be if we went on together.

I finally called Bethany back up and asked her if she felt the same way she was before. She was. And with that... I decided it was best to let her go... or that is, let us go. I just could not let our "relationship" go on any longer. It has been destructive for me for months now. She can't get her driving license or a decent job to pay her bills. If she wants to find herself... fine. If she doesn't want me to be part of it, I can't (and couldn't) persuade her to make me part of it. Her mood swings have become intolerable for me to deal with. I can't keep hanging on when she mostly gives me her depression and exhaustion. I acted surprisingly calm about (officially) breaking up with her over the stupid, impersonal telephone. I told her that I had gotten several opinions from various sources... most of which were negative:

3-8-00 (continued)

"Having a relationship with someone who has been sexually abused seemed like it would be pressing on me for all the time I was together with her... It all depends on how much you can take of it. ...Sorry to be the bearer of bad news" - Eddie Breman.

"Being in a relationship is business... if you aren't making any assets, it isn't a good deal. Also, you should always date women who are younger than you." - Ed Skellings. Break up with her so that it is real between the two of you. If it wasn't meant to be, so be it. If you do both get back together, then it was meant to be" - Frank Balzano. "You can do better. You need someone who is more stable" - dad. "Pray" - Chris Stigel.

We had to make some sort of change in our relationship. Perhaps we truly broke up when I left Columbus back in July of 1998. I certainly feel changed. For the past four days I've been ill with loneliness and uncertainty. All those times we had together are now just memories, video, and photos.

3-8-00 (continued)

I needed the closure and to know what way to think. I wish to go out with a classmate of mine (as a friend for the time being) so I can rebuild a social life for myself. I felt like I handled myself as an adult for the first time in dealing with the breakdown of love. I reacted rather sloppily when Phyllis broke up with me. When I don't feel in love with anyone, I start to cry in desperation. I suppose I'll find my companionship through my computers and my work as a teacher at the center. I'm really not as afraid of being with someone else as I was. I wished Bethany to be the one and only one. But that isn't how things are going to be.

Bethany turned off my heart and now I don't care. I don't understand this feeling - I feel fine. Has reality hit me yet? Or have I just gotten used to love going south? I don't feel so bad because I feel a certain confidence in myself I didn't have three years ago. Socially, I am more grounded and less awkward. I am not afraid of what people might say about my red hairy chest when I take off my shirt. I've got a good job lined up for me. As a young adult, that is the most important thing in my life. There is no reason to get married just yet. Growing old and "experienced" does make one cynical... and sad. But it does make one mature, intelligent, and whole - depending on one's point of view.

3-8-00 (continued)

Bethany mentioned to me that it isn't impossible that we may just get back together. I just told to her what Frank said to me before about if things were meant to be. She's going to mail back my Doom Patrol comics to me and I'm still going to send her my birthday package.

"The Returning of Possessions."

3-9-00

Throughout the morning I was feeling too confident until an offhand remark offended me because of its truth. A female classmate told me, "You're such a loner" because I decided not to go out for coffee. I took it to heart because she was right. I would rather go to the library by myself than sip coffee with co-workers. That realization of my personality pained me with the deepest sense of loneliness I've felt in years. An hour earlier, I was idealizing about easily going out with a classmate of mine that I've found "interesting" - only to find out that she may be seeing another classmate of mine. My idealism was dashed. Life's loneliness was slaying me. I didn't count on feeling jealous of the love of others close to me so soon. I found myself comparing myself to my classmate and seeing how much more outgoing and positive he was to me. The source of my loneliness was in my self-doubt in my own personality. How can I win in a world that accepts winners and shuns its losers? How quickly I lost my sense of stability in myself. I felt like an outcast. I know how to be myself, but I have faults and sensitivities that I can not do much about. I guess that is what left me so attracted to Bethany for she has the similar dilemma. I feel that my love for her has

grown even though it's died.

3-9-00 (continued)

The basis of our relationship with each other was that we were both completely honest with each other - we were each other's shrink.

3-10-00

I make love to my artwork. The beauty that I can create attracts me to it. I guess that makes me asexual or "art sexual".

If heaven is a mirage... or an oasis in the clouds... this love is obsolete.

3-10-00 (continued)

As soon I left one nightmare, I enter another. I don't have to worry myself to a moral death with getting a descent job at a place where I won't be creatively strained. I do have to worry about my moods again now that Bethany wants to be "free". I've been feeling the urgency of my "freedom" and it hasn't been working well on my emotions. One moment I'll be ready to cry from the reality of my personality isn't all that "compatible" with barely anyone I know who I would like to be romantically involved with. It's easy to be funny and funny around people. But to be intimate and share feelings, time, and family... that sets my mind reeling with doubts... realistic doubts. Frank advised me to "loosen up" when I talked to him today about my difficulties with being around people like not wanting to go see a mediocre movie with a group of people.

3-15-00

I still miss Bethany and I'm still angry with her. When you start to love someone, you eventually learn to hate them a bit as well. I guess that means there was an emotional connection.

For over four hours tonight, I burned with loneliness... thoughts of Bethany... wishing to beg her to come back... precautions to leave her be... fears that I will be alone for years to come. I know that I am not "compatible" with society and that makes me feel so lost and hurt. It also motivates me to work constantly - which gives my life some sense of purpose. "I love to burn."

3-16-00

What strangles me with loneliness is that I spend so much time in seclusion and working alone on my artwork. I do feel a need to spend time by myself to think, rest, meditate, and work. But the isolation can be deadly. I yearn to love someone who understands me without being too overbearing on me. I'm scared because I know no one in their right mind is like that. There is a doom blushing inside of me.

I hit bottom at 4:22 p.m. after writing that last paragraph. I was whimpering inside of me to talk to Bethany. I needed someone to understand. I only felt better by re-editing my thesis statement. I have gotten so close to knowing my deepest emotions that I am scared of them. But it is only when I am honest with myself that I truly feel good. To say what is on my mind and express myself, that is something to be pleased about. Wow. I am not censored by society or my job.

3-17-00

I hadn't heard from Bethany in over a week until I received a letter from her today. My secret hope that she may have changed her mind was in vain - as I knew from experience from other breakups. Same old "we will remain as friends and will always care for you" sentiment was expressed. It's as polite and mature as two ex-lovers can be. It was my second closure statement meaning that things really are over. They just needed repeating to make them understood in my mind. As conflicted as I am about leaving her, I am realizing that as an adult these things do happen. I'm only twenty-three and I'm still trying desperately to find myself. So is she in more ways than me. She still doesn't know what to do about a career and she doesn't have much money to get started. I have to accept that we are both still young. Nothing... absolutely nothing... is certain. I realize now that she really can't move down here. She's not ready, I'm not ready, and we're not ready. That is why we have to part. No love between us for sushi, sex, music, movies, emotions, or theme parks can keep us together forever. A relationship collapsing is one of the saddest things I have ever had to deal with. It takes a certain cold maturity to learn to be friends instead of lovers.

3-23-00

Awaking to massive craters of loneliness inside me, I was kindly comforted by hearing Bjork's love song for being in pain "Joga": "This state of emergency - how beautiful to be..."

I'm still upset because I still want her.

It did it!! I did it!! Bethany and I didn't get back together - BUT we did manage to talk. She called me up and I was a mess because I was in the middle of watching Taxi Driver and feeling desperate. She asked me how I was doing - all I could do was pause... and say "Sometimes good, sometimes not so good" (or something like that). But as ten minutes passed on, I told her that I still believed in things between us. An hour passed and we just talked, sometimes about what we've been doing... sometimes about us. She listened, and I to her. She's been feeling good about being free. I told her how I've been feeling. She didn't change her mind, though she did listen. I guess that is why I am feeling so much better. I spoke my mind maturely. We could have made it if we talked things through. She was more skeptical. I was more "romantic" and sentimental. But she knew I was being honest. That was what counted.

I'm feeling a sense of cautionary hope for the first time in over two weeks.

3-26-00

I need someone who understands how many hours a week I need to work in order to release myself and keep a good teaching job. That is why I am so scared when I realize there isn't many women who would ever want to understand or deal with me. My confidence plummets from the reality of my situation. That is why I don't want to lose Bethany Browning. I may actually be attracted to unstable women. The relationship cliché of "there are plenty of fish in the water" doesn't apply to me. There are a rare few fish who could handle me.

3-27-00

I'm in a state of total conflict. I don't necessarily want to be with her - but I don't want to be without her. She probably won't work with me, she may be the only one who does. I don't know is the best I can make of things. One day I will feel a deep need for her and to love her. The next day I don't want to be around her or anyone else. I just keep making my art, doing my job, eating my microwave dinners, watching my movie, writing my journals, masturbating to my fantasies, and dreaming. Even when I have found myself, I'm lost.

3-29-00

Bethany called me up tonight. It sounds like she still cares in a relative way. At least more than Phyllis did when she broke up with me. I trembled a bit at first when we were on the phone again. After I joked around, I started to be care-free. I didn't feel attached to her anymore. She can go about her life. So can I. Bethany admitted that she still thought about me - and I of her. We're both doing okay. But the flame has dimmed.

3-31-00

I'm full of hate and rage for Bethany because I still love her. She's giving up our future to keep her pride that she can make it in life by her own means. She even told me herself that she'd probably end up living in the ghetto if she wasn't with me. How long will it take for her to wise up? How long do I have to wait until I lose my heart.

4-2-00

I miss Bethany or whoever (Phyllis? Karen? Nikki? Julie?) to be happy. I thought things would work out.

4-3-00

I woke up lonely and lost. My only way out was to have a creative solution. Thinking back to my past with Bethany, I realized how I could communicate to her in a way she would understand: music. So I assembled a tape mix like she used to do for me. I labeled it "Emotion Mix: Side A and B"

Come to me... I'll take care of you... Come back down... You're exhausted... You don't have to explain... I'll understand... You know I love you... so don't make me say it... it would burst the bubble... break the charm...

When you are away, my heart comes undone... slowly unravels like a ball of yarn... When you come back... we have to make new love...

You're dangerous 'cause you're honest... you're dangerous, you don't know what you want... well you left my heart empty as a vacant lot for any spirit to haunt... who's gonna ride your wild horses? Who's gonna drown in your blue sea?

I think I'm dumb... or maybe just happy... My heart is broke... But I have some glue... Help me inhale... And mend it with you

Let's Dance... put on your red shoes and lets dance the blues... to the sound they're playing on the radio... because my love for you would break in two in you should fall into my arms and tremble like a flower.

Love is a drug that I'm thinking of

Hold on John hold on... it's gonna be alright... when you're by yourself and you tell yourself just to hold on... cookie.

Help! I need somebody... not just anybody... you know I need someone... now my life has changed in so many ways... my independence has vanished in the haze... by now then I get so insecure.

Try to see it my way... do I have to keep talking until I can't go on... while you see it your way while knowing that we risk that our love may soon be gone... we can work it out... we can work it out... Life is very short and there's no time for fussing and fighting my friend...

Success has made a failure of our home... I never changed - I'm still the same!! You're killing me. Am I not your girl? Am I not your girl? Am I not your girl?

I fall to pieces when I see you around... how can I be just your friend? I fall to pieces every time someone speaks your name. Time only adds to the flame. You tell me to find someone else to love.

You don't have to speak, I feel... you push me up to this state of emergency... how beautiful to be... state of emergency... how beautiful to be...

all that no one sees, you see... what's inside of me, every nerve that hurts, you heal... I don't have to speak - I feel

You're the one who's missing out... but you won't notice until after five years if you'll live that long you'll wake up... all love-less... I dare you to take me on...

All they really needed from you is maybe some love... why must we be alone? to realize that's real... I don't expect you to understand... I won't expect you to wait for my dreams...

How can I have feelings when my feelings have always been denied? You know that life can be long... you have to be so strong...

How can I give love when I don't know what it is that I am giving? How can I give love when love is something I have never had? Oh no... Oh no...

Still I wish you'd change your mind... if I ask you one more time... but we've been through this a million time before... all those things that don't change, come what may... if all the good times are all gone, so then I'm bound to be moving on... I'll be looking for you if I'm ever past this way...

Faraway... so close

The grand facade... so soon will burn... I reach in from the inside... in your eyes... I am complete.

4-3-00 (continued)

It ended this evening. I called Bethany up out of desperation to get back together similar to what I did with Phyllis. I had never heard her sound so certain that we were not going to get back together. I told her all the reasons why I thought we could work things out and told her I was realized that I was repeating myself. I was in total pain. Then she informed me that she was dating someone, which I figured would eventually happen. It was my final bit of closure. I knew it was officially over. There was no doubt in my mind. At the time that news devastated me. After we said goodbye to each other for a very long time, I felt an urge to call someone up who I could relate to... someone female. I called Karen Sanok up and helplessly spilled myself to her. Weeks ago, I wished to just ask her out and start dating again. After talking to her for two hours I felt for her as someone I could simply talk to. She's attractive and weird in a friendly way, but most important she's rational and stable minded. Breaking up with someone is good for me because I can grow up now. We discussed growing out of doing work constantly on the computer and having fun. Its a truth about myself that I haven't experienced much fun and enjoyed myself since I was very, very young. My teenage years were spent in a shell and watching movies.

4-3-00 (continued)

I discovered a bit more freedom when I was in college, a semi-girlfriend, music, movies... but predominantly, I worked on art. Though my relationship with Bethany was good as far as sexual experience and emotional growth, we were stuck with the sad fact that she wasn't going anywhere with her life... among other things like my moods and her moods clashing. I'll be sad and upset for many days to come, but tonight I am started to realize that my success is that I have to change in ways I didn't want to. I wished for everything to be fine, but that isn't how things are. I have to accept my sacrifices and do something about it. If I'm indoors too much, I should go out, have some courage to call someone up, and just go out. Sometimes, I am addicted to my work and I won't feel like going out. Sometimes, I should. Independence is something I haven't outwardly worked enough.

4-3-00

Dear Bethany,

I am sorry to have acted so forceful and selfish about asking you to take me back. I've just been feeling hot and cold about how I was supposed to feel about you for the past few weeks. Tonight, I feel that things are clearer to me and I can stand on one set of emotions with the understanding that we won't be getting back together and I need to start my life over... which is a rather nice thing. I don't want you to think that I hate you though I may have come off that way sometimes. A lot of what you said was true and I do have some

growing up to do. It may take years of time and experience, but I realize that I have to change. In a sad way, I have our breakup to thank for this. I know that you will be a success in life no matter where your life goes. You can make it because you have grown in self-confidence and stability. I was just scared of letting you go so I sometimes made up excuses that you couldn't. In some ways you were much more mature than me.

Anyway, I made this tape for you to audibly show you how I was feeling on the morning of April 3rd. This evening those feelings changed so consider this tape a late Valentine, or a sad silly plea for love. We did have good times together, but it's time to move on. I am an emotional roller coaster, but I promise you I will enjoy the ride.

Eric

...and then it ended.

Open Journals

12-27-00: I think this whole "Relationship Exorcism" project is exciting for me because I've been able to use my journal entries from the past few years in an actual multi-media art piece. My writing is something I've spent a great deal of passion and time on.

Final Lines

"Interactively chose your destiny..."

-Who will you marry?

-Who will you forget?

-Who will you return to?

-Who will you divorce?

-Who will you remember?

-Who will you love?

Any which way... good luck.

"Historical Events of WWII"

I did this piece from a comment that I should try doing something for children. I figured it would be fun to do an interactive educational art project that was geared towards children. So I decided to digitize a non-fiction book I had created when I was in the seventh grade aptly titled "Historical Events of WWII". It was my first educational multimedia children's book.

"The Thinker"

A sound tone odyssey through the mind of a naked man trying to think.

"Red Canvas Series"

A series of red digital canvases created one Friday night on an impulse. A creative exercise of my imagination making a mark on reality through electronic painting. The idea is having a simple red canvas that evolves through time with various designs, images, and compositions.

"Stare Ways"

A series of diverse stares assembled into sequence.

"Memory Mixes" - (2001) - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

"Memory Mixes"

"Memory Mixes 2 - Double Exposures"

What do cross-dissolved memories and overlapping sounds create for you?
For me, I found new meanings - and a "happy accident" work emerged.

In the following memory mix pieces, I experimented in the layering of images to create a

new image - and hence, a uniquely surreal content with a dreamlike effect. The viewer's interactivity is to allow one to discover what interacting with each image will create. Sometimes the actual interaction saturates the image! A grayish nature image will be filled with bright green chroma.

“Distortions”

For the piece “Distortions”, I went for a different effect of deforming imagery to create a new content. I used a “paint” tool in the image manipulation software Painter to create a fish eyes lens exaggeration on whatever part of a photograph I painted it to. The viewer's interactively alters the *distorted* photograph back to its original version. “Distortions” is actually a contradiction of the term.

“Green Discoveri”

The text from this piece was applied to the “Memory Mixes” as a sort of universal surrealistic undertone. How does a group of specified words apply unrelated images? They still create a context in themselves.

This is an entire senior thesis all in itself, just on the basis of experiencing differences in the time-based qualities of this piece. The various memory mixes presented here are interactive with an aesthetic point of how long the viewer wishes to experience them. The audio is a loop based sound collage in juxtaposition with cross-dissolved images. The speed one goes through determines the mood through their own interactive pacing. The same goes with visiting a museum. If you wish to run through a museum or experience one piece of art for hours on end is up to the viewer. The longer one spends with each image, the more of a meditative feel the experience creates. The faster one goes through the images, the more of a fever dream feel the experience creates.

“Feel” - (2001) - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

“Feel” remains my favorite and most effectively psychological interactive title.

This selection nicely exhibits a wide variety of styles that interactivity can take. It's all one big trip of surrealism of sights!

“Intro”, “Feel”, “Accident Site”, “Apartment Wonderland”, “Atomic Transformation”, “Basketball Hoop Forest”, “Batgirl Auction”, “Beautiful Vomit”, “Boy To Man”, “Buffet Cruise”, “Building Face”, “Bullet Hole Belly”, “Color Bars Abstracted”, “Computer Malfunction Art”, “Couples”, “Double Realities”, “Dragon Fly Nail”, “Easter Canned Corn”, “Entertainment Ladies”, “Extra Long American Flag”, “Fake Fairies”, “Family Photos”, “Fancy Typing”, “Garden Graves”, “Generic Poses”, “Graduate!”, “Hand Performers”, “High Urinal”, “Icon Art”, “In Use”, “Invisible Image”, “Joe Joes”, “Justin and Nikki Show”, “Justin's Asylum Apartment”, “Leaf Heart”, “Long Red Rubber”, “Masking in Love”, “Mermaids in an Aquarium”, “No Commercial Value”, “No New Ideas”, “Octopuss”, “Odditorium”, “Photo with Bullet Hole”, “Place Humor Here”, “Sad Art Sale”, “She's Sleeping at a Funeral”, “Ship at Sail in Painting”, “Siblings”, “Silence”, “Skin Tinting”, “Strawland”, “Sun Setting in Ocean”, and “Walks”.

“Intro”

Get the Intro color bars before starting the interactive experience. Then the abstracted “alternative color bars”.

“Feel”

Now interact physically and emotionally: “feel” the plant. When you do, it screams out and flushes itself red. “Good.” Now *feel*.

“Accident Site”

Obviously, this is an extremely personal documentary about a tragic accident that occurred in my life. “This was the location where my mother was killed in a car accident. You can still see the accident tire marks on the road.” Click to move closer and see the marks closer.

“Apartment Wonderland”

“My Apartment Palace Mousehold.” The following is a tour of my living quarters. “Enter. My workspace, bedroom, kitchen, and studio in one efficiency apartment. Inspiration abound hanging on the walls. Outside, my back door entrance. PRIVATE PROPERTY: KEEP OUT. My pets: a Florida salamander... Florida parrots in flight. A stupid noisy parrot: ‘Would you kiss me even though I’m a parrot?’ –‘Shut up!’ Me being obscene: ‘I’m naked!’”

“Atomic Transformation”

The Atomic Transformation of Atom Troy. Click to transform him over and over again. Surge him with electricity into his brain and image.

“Basketball Hoop Forest”

The rather surreal sight of a Basketball Hoop Forest: trees with basketball hoops on the tree trunks.

“Batgirl Auction”

“BATGIRL ON AUCTION!” –“Perhaps you’d include Batgirl, too!” Batgirl exclaims to the eager crowd. “Batgirl!?” “*Batgirl!*!” -“Batgirl?! Bats! I’m surrounded by bats!” Click on her to make your bid in the auction. “Where can I get in touch with you?” MAKE YOUR BID!

“Beautiful Vomit”

A sort of disgusting vomit-like abstract painting.

“Boy To Man”

Click on the boy to make him transform into a man. Now he’s boy to man through your interactivity.

“Buffet Cruise”

“Just four miles from downtown Ft. Lauderdale, FL, is... The World Famous Buffet Cruise! The Buffet being prepared. Eat everything you can possibly imagine while sailing out for the Atlantic Ocean! The ocean buffet has been a proud tradition for over twenty years. Just \$29.95 for Adults. \$14.95 for children under ten. Come join the fun!”

“Building Face”

A fun pun on the title “Building Face” where the top roof of this college building appears to look like a face.

“Bullet Hole Belly”

“Posing for a picture with a bullet hole in belly.” The mouse cursor turns into a gun target ring. Click to fire! “Rosina slipping in a \$5 to fix the hOle.” –“This should do it.”

“Color Bars Abstracted”

Inverted color bars to confuse the viewers and video technicians.

“Computer Malfunction Art”

As a computer artist, I hold this piece close to my heart with its witty sense of humor. I’ve had computer art crash and malfunction on me several times and it just kills me because I’d lose many hours worth of work for no good reason. The computer would just screw it up from being

stored improperly, or the computer had a glitch. So I decided to get my revenge and do a self-expression piece about my frustration with “computer malfunction art”. These are some examples of some still digital art that actually did turn out all screwed up and scrambled looking. Some of the others are slightly manufactured to look pixilated and fractured. The sound mix is a cacophony of mechanical instruments such as prints and electronic devices. The computer simply abstracts the work rather bizarrely in a way that I kind of find *beautiful*. So I thought making art out of my frustration would be rather funny and enlightening. So in a way, it was a collaboration project with my Power Mac 8600 and I.

“Couples”

“(Odd) Couples: They had a child while still under the age of ten. This couple simply melted into each other’s love from each other’s devoted affection. They met at summer camp in ’87. “She loved him the moment they set eyes on each other.” –“He promised to never leave her.” He met another girl at camp. It’s the same old cliché of love and life. These couples couples remained to stay together. Isn’t that odd?”

“Double Realities”

Double Realities: “Looking at the World Upside Down”. “On the beach burning” with my oldest sister swimming in the ocean sky directly above... Playing along the coast of a vertical ocean... A ceiling family portrait... An Upside Down World with the trees reflected and mirrored in the lake’s surface”... “There is another alternate reality above the skyline”... Two images next to each other is another example of *double realities*... “Sky’s the infinite. There is another world in between”... “Highways that run side by side *on their side*”... “Upside Down Again”... “Holding on”... “There are roots/ branches of trees under the earth”... “Clearwater Beach Park”... “Overground”... “Underground mountains. Mountains under the mountains”... “McDonald’s Cemetery”... “An alternate reality flip-side cemetery”... “Reverse Rob the Guard”... “Double slide!”... “Jack of Sister Hearts, with sister Tanya and sister Lara”... “Sisters #1 and #2 on Dock”... “Feeding Time”... “Shamu under the water surface under gravity”... “Sea OtherWorlds”... “Shamu surfing”... Shamu standing”... “Interesting trick: Female trainer putting on a show being swallowed whole”... “Phony World: life was just a set. ‘Really?’”... “Ocean Tickling”... “Dolphin Swirl”... “Dolphins underwater under water.”

“Dragon Fly Nail”

“Dragon Fly nail.” Move down in for closer inspection. “Slightly rusted.”

“Easter Canned Corn”

“After everyone exchanged their Easter presents to one another, I finally gave mine to my sister Tanya. She unwrapped it and to her delight, it was a can of corn!” –“Gee... thanks.”

“Entertainment Ladies”

“Entertainment Ladies! There are other attractions to keep me occupied for the time being. I love the Circus!... and the *beautiful* women of the circus... and the sexy female circus clowns. Inside the theater’s mouth, dancing women in colored tights and reptile castle guardians with great legs. Beware! The lizard demon women! Even cartoon characters look good! Betty Boop! Oh Betty!! Betty Boop and Me.

“Extra Long American Flag”

Here are some images of what a super long American flag would look like. And it poses the question: “If the American flag is extra long, does that make it more patriotic?”

“Fake Fairies”

The Fake Fairies. Just a bunch of girls dressed up like pixies. It’s a fairy fair. Come for the fairy tickle!

“Family Photos”

A disturbing album of “Family Photos”: bad sunburns... babies at play outside... and inside... “You two just crack me up!” -“I am SOoo Cute!”... Baby crawler... Baby decomposing...

“Fancy Typing”

This is an incredible shot of myself doing some “fancy typing” by typing on a word processor keyboard from behind my back. Now *that’s* skill!

“Garden Graves”

A little red-haired boy is digging with his toy rake and asks: “What lies underneath the garden?” –“Garden Graves.”

“Generic Poses”

Generic Poses of Eric Homan: my default looking, conservatively dressed senior pictures that really don’t represent me at all. “There’s no personality to his image. He’s such a square. What is it that makes you different from everyone else?! What are you going to remember? I’d like to be remembered. With these photos, you might just as well call me “Generic Eric”.

“Graduate!”

“Graduate! This isn’t a graduation gown! It’s really an orange dress to humiliate me in front of my relatives! As we’re lined up along the track field for graduation, ready... set... graduate!” -“Graduate! Graduate! Graduate!” screams the crowd. “Ha HA! I made it! I BEAT THE SCHOOL!” “It’s not a good sight to have an ominous gray sky during one’s high school graduation.” “Good luck, Artist!” said Nick Wenning, my high school art teacher after my graduation. “My graduated awe.” Graduation Grin. My party was like a Kids Fun Fair. “Class of ’95. Way to go, Eric!” said my graduation cake. Graduation platters. My god parent Sharon. My other god parent Gene. “Gotcha! Graduate!”

“Hand Performers”

Intense close-ups of various hands in the wild at night! Oh! Look out! They’re dangerous and rabid! Beware of the sharp fingernails! Their skin is as tough as a rhinoceros! Oh my! Now they’re hand wrestling with each other! What a fight!

“High Urinal”

“This urinal is too high for me to piss into. What kind of world do we live in where you can’t reach the piss pot?! I had to stand on the waste basket just to be level with the freaking urinal!” *Meanwhile across the country...* “I can’t reach these overly high urinals?!” No one could easily take a piss!

“Icon Art”

Icon Art: Icon Mother and Icon Son. Icon Postcards. Icon Self Portrait, with a religious and carnival music score.

“In Use”

“Personality “IN USE”. I don’t want to be used, so don’t even *try*. “Poof!”

“Invisible Image”

Juxtaposed with all these other pieces, this one seems rather clever in how the title suggests what the image is even though there is nothing there. It asks the viewer to use their God-given imagination to “see” the image even though it is “invisible”. This is a true *Interactive Digital Art*. The interactee now creates an image inside their brain of what they might be seeing. The vagueness of the subject title creates the image. Now that’s interactivity.

“Joe Joes”

Joe Joes: a series of Joe Pleiman pictures. Joe staring down his computer... Joe Land... where Joe roams (living in the basement of his grandparents' house)... Joe Pleasure... Joezilla!... Joes have their own reality... How does this end?!!

“Justin and Nikki Show”

“<<<<<< While I'm waiting for a girlfriend, I at least have good friends who emotionally keep me happy. >>>> Justin and Nikki! Or Nikki and Justin! Justin and I. Buds. Kissing Nikki's Grinch. (See the romance in my life?!) Kiss, kiss. Relaxing at Justin and Nikki's place. Bye-bye! Until next time, my friends...”

“Justin's Asylum Apartment”

Inside Justin's Asylum Apartment. Justin *is* God. This is Justin's World. Justin Creating. Jake Justin Jason. Kitty-cat man. How perfectly crazy!

“Leaf Heart”

A strange leaf shaped like a valentine heart. Don't touch or handle it too much or it may shatter apart. Dedicated to Bethany.

“Long Red Rubber”

Now here's a bizarre instrument that twists and tweaks the imagination: a *long* red rubber! Imagine what kind of man who uses that!!!! Who used this Seven Foot Rubber anyways?

“Masking in Love”

“When you're masking in love, the world disappears and no one else exists except her.” The phone will ring, but you don't hear it, can you?

“Mermaids in an Aquarium”

I really like the concept of this one: an aquarium of mermaids. It would make sense for me to have one since I adore mermaids.

“No Commercial Value”

Great personal statement piece. The Struggling Artist with a sign on his back reading: “NO COMMERCIAL VALUE”. tHe rEaLizatioN”.

“No New Ideas”

I really like this one, too. It's an art piece that actually admits “I've got no new ideas here. ...Nothing extraordinary to express at all. Complete vacancy.” That's rare honesty when it comes down to coming up with creative and original ideas, but can't. Every artist and writer has gone through this.

“Octopuss”

A series of Octopus pictures and closeups: Octopuss. Octo-Legs. Octo-Arms. Octo-Fingers. Octo-Pores.

“Odditorium”

“A Surrealism Museum: inspired by Ripley's Believe It or Not! Odditorium. I'm at home here. “FREAKS, ODDITIES, AND CURIOSITIES” proclaimed the sign outside of the “Odditorium”. I had entered the museum of the weird and wonder-found. Part Disney World, factual illustration gallery, interactive displays, and freak show carnival – but most of all, a celebration of the realistic surreal!! I learned that trees had actually grown pink lemons, how to make a shrunken head, and a man had grown a horn out the side of his head (a true human unicorn). ‘Which one is plastic?’ The Surrealism was real: The Half-Ton man. Plastic Warriors from the plains of Ohio. A near-

sighted rock wearing eyeglasses over its eyes! It's (sur)real! 'Remember me!' It was a museum of the unusual. Consequently, it ranks with the Salvador Dali Museum as the best art settings I've visited. Ripley's Believe It or Not! Museum Odditorium: *An Eric Homan Reality*. Come again!"

"Photo with Bullet Hole"

A smiling red-haired boy is standing with his grandparents. The only problem is that there's a bullet to this photograph character's head! Who "shot" him? Was it from clicking on the art piece that fired the shot? Who's responsible?!?!

"Place Humor Here"

Again another "interactive" piece that asks the interectee to put in their own interactive input in to make the connection. "Place humor here", it asks. *Giggles!*

"Sad Art Sale"

A solitary man sits at a booth in a park festival selling his artwork prints on a table. It's a "Sad Art Sale": Depressing Art on Sale – 85% off!?! And the crowds pass by merrily. Here is some of the artwork:

"Heart Flowers": \$50.00.

"The Tragic, Yet Beautiful Flicker of a Candle": \$50.00.

"A Waterfall Rained From Clouds: \$50.00.

"Faces of Heart" : \$50.00.

"Hand Reaching Out" : \$50.00.

"Heart Buried Underground" : \$50.00.

"Nature Made of Love Letters" : \$50.00.

"I Feel Comfort When I'm With You" : \$50.00.

"Candle Flame Kiss" : \$50.00.

"Who was going to buy artwork that was this expressive and *scary*? It would not match their bathroom? Maybe I should choose my alternatives: "I'm selling smiles!" "I sell blank art." "No Sale." Though I did make a few new nude friends!"

My *Sad Art Sale* Ad, Business Card, and Resume: Eric Homan: Digital/ Multi-Media Artist: "Call me Please!" No one's interested. Scrap it. Everybody's laughing.

"She's Sleeping at a Funeral"

Introduction: This is a psychological study through the delusional mind of a young man-child who can't believe his mother has just died. "She's sleeping at a funeral. She looks peaceful and at ease. But why did they gather together memories of her? "Flowers for her dreams," I suppose. She wasn't waking. *She must be fast asleep*. Her husband in a dark suit watched her lie motionless. WAKE UP!! No... she's gone. I remember my girlfriend being there with me. But she just merged with my memories of that day. All that's left is our dreams... and monuments to those asleep and departed forever. She's in her own dream world now. Goodbye... and Sweet Dreams." (Dedicated to my mother.)

"Ship at Sail in Painting"

Here's an interesting visual concept: a ship at sail in an abstract painting.

"Siblings"

This is a carnival piece. "We all look the same. We must be related." My two sisters and I have the same *face*.

"Silence"

After all the noise and cacophony of the earlier work, here is a break from it all: a moment of silence. So here is the interactive domain of *silence*.

“Skin Tinting”

“Do you want to look and feel different? Take a chance and consider tinting your ordinary skin tone with our amazing selection of radiant hues! Visit Skin Tinting Inc. BODY PAINTING & BODYWORKS. *WE'RE ALL THE RAGE!!* Purple skin studs! Green skin babes! Turquoise chicks! Color Tinting Special!! -“I feel and look so much *better!*” Sexy Blue! -“My husband loves my new shade!” -“I get all sorts of great compliments!! I adore my new skin tone!!” JUST CHECK OUT OUR FABULOUS FLAVORS OF SKIN TONE!! Red, Yellow, Blue, Purple, Silver, Black, Gray, Green, Gold, Rainbow, Whatever!! Don't mourn for your late spouse! Make a change in your life... for less! Skin Tinting Special for Widow!! The sun will change the skin color of people with red hair. Also try our skin tinting sun tanning lotion! Organic Skin Tinting!!

Imagine this entire project was inspired by driving past a sign that read “Window Tinting” when I misinterpreted it as “Widow Tinting”. Hence began this art project conceptual piece.

Next, interact with a man on the beach and “Tan me.” Click to tan. The sound of frying eggs and grease is heard over the shore waves. He becomes tanned lobster red. Click again and he tans into greens, turquoise, blues, and purples! Click again and he then tans into nothingness. “Ugh!” says the woman next to him.

Then there are actual people *Tanning on the Highway*. The craziness of tanning is everywhere.

“Strawland”

“Endless miles of strawland fields. There's something in the distance that sounds something like an atomic blast. What would it be? Upside down face field. It's a Hot Air Balloon Field!”

“Sun Setting in Ocean”

Visual sketch was what it would look and sound like if the sleeping sun were setting in the ocean. (Based upon the visual illusion of how the sun looks like its setting into the ocean water during a sunset when viewed from a shoreline.)

“Walks”

This is a series of sketches for a character to be composited into a commercial. First you have to walk through several layers of abstract whiteness and rainbow colored swirled backgrounds.

“Private Imagination” - (2001) - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

“Bathroom Performances”, “Cards I've Made”, “Comic Book Con”, “Comic Book Store”, “Creative Writer”, “Custodian Life”, “Earth Pulp”, “Faces Under Scan”, “Geographic Puzzles”, “Nude Thinker”, “Painting Canvas”, “Party Poses”, “Picture Perfect”, “Primitive Dinosaurs”, “Rainbow Twister Sex”, “Red Canvas Series”, “Reflection of Coldwater”, “Scribbled Ideas”, “Skyglades”, “Star Wars Figures”, “Stare Ways”, and “Wave Designs”.

“Bathroom Performances” – (1997-2001)

BATHROOM PERFORMANCES by ERIC HOMAN. “The Bathroom”: Behind this door is one of my first ever digital images back in 1996 for Digital Imaging class. This rather gross-out humored laced surrealistic image features someone being flushed down a dirty toilet with a hand trying to keep the toilet lid face from sneezing. And just to make it artsy, there is a toilet paper rimmed border to it. The next “CENSORED” image features a guy having a rather explosive bowel movement, complete with comic book text action title (KABOOM!!!). It's a “Bathroom Peep Show featuring two onlookers from behind the shower curtains. “Holy Doo-doo!” exclaims one. “Ya!” says the other mad professor. If you look closely, the toilet itself is bulging out from too much pressure and “stuff” in it.

“The Kitchen”: Features a man eating edible “crusty vanilla toilet paper”.

“The Bedroom”: A found object in bedroom: there is a pointy plastic object called “Ahab’s Condom”.

“The Amusement Park”: This is a drawing I did while in junior high of “Sealand Amusement Park”, where guest can relax in the underground facilities and scuba dive in the depths of the ocean. This was the type of places I wanted to make during my phase in life when I wanted to be an architect for amusement parks. There would be a formal dining area, a scuba diving store, bedroom living quarters, and a pressurized elevator to take guest from floor to floor, to outside underwater to swim with the sunken ships, manta rays, octopus, and sting-free jelly fish. Just be careful to not go too close to the pressurized elevator water duct or you may get sucked in. Also, avoid the guy who “urinated in the water!” Happy Flushing!

“Cards I’ve Made”

These are a collection of anti-Hallmark cards I made for family and friends. For several years now, I’ve been making my own “home-made” cards during special occasions to special people in my life. For me as a self-expressive artist, offering out Hallmark cards on special occasions is a weak, phony way of *expressing* one’s feelings through mass-produced sentiments. Signing your name to one of those cards is like plagiarizing one’s own emotions. You didn’t make that card or give it your honest sentiment - just a vaguely similar, impersonal one. Some people think making your own personal cards is “cheap”. Well, I don’t know of anything more *cheap* than using someone else’s artwork and emotions in a generic, commercialized card to speak for oneself! I give presents that people can’t buy: gifts from my heart, from my imagination, from my creativity, and from my *own* emotions. Those are some of the greatest gifts one can give to another. So here are a few of the cards that I have made through the past few years. My advice to all: *make your own cards*. Use crayons, a computer, arts and crafts, anything. Just be creative and honest with *your* expressions and *your* feelings. Don’t let money pay for your emotions.

A Creative Gift on a Birthday

5-26-03: What I appreciate most from a birthday gift is creativity or a creative gift. Make the cards yourself – express yourself with your own feelings. I’d at least announce: “Pardon me if I express my emotions, but this is what I feel for this woman” – and sincerely speak my soul about my girlfriend/ love/ friend/ whoever. That’s a true gift - not some manufactured Hallmark emotion card that you *buy*.

Cards Examples

“Happy Birthday, Fran! You made it this far. Eric. Amen”... A single digital painted flower glowing for Bethany... “Thank you for your continued support of my career in education and art. If not for your help and guidance, I doubt if I would have made it as far as I have. Happy Holidays and good will to all women, men, and poets everywhere. Eric”... “Eek! We’ve lost our heads for each other! Happy Valentine’s Day Lover”... A red-haired giraffe saying “Happy Father’s Day! Love, Eric”... “Joe Plei-Man. Civilized since 1977. Happy Birthday! Eric”... “Get Well Soon”. Eric in a comforter wheelchair... “Happy Father’s Day! Love, Eric” –The Spaghetti Boy... “Welcome Back!” Clown... “Halo or crown of thorns? Jaan Shengerger Tribute Card Caricature... “Happy Birthday Joe! Here’s some extra cash. (Features illustration of \$500 worth of spaghetti money.) I’ll be back in Coldwater sometime in early August so make early reservations. Tickets are on sale at the local library... Eric Homan Painter caricature with hot dog smile lips... “I wish you a happy birthday and a merry new year! Sorry that I couldn’t make it to your Bar Mitzvah! Prrrrr. Get Well Soon. Surrealism Crossing”... “Hi! Hi! You’re so hot I had to make you a Valentine card. LO VE eric”... “To my dad, Wishing him a Happy BirthDay” –from an icon Eric... “*You’re a Liar, Frank!*” says the monkey. “Congrats on not dying just yet! From your friends. Now rest”... Freckled boy says “Happy Valentine’s Day”... “Scream painting screams “Birthday!” “Happy Birthday Tanya!”... Flowers to Karen, From Eric... Driving the “Happy Anniversary! Happy Tractor”... “You’ve got Warm soft hands. Happy Bethany Day! I Love You!!”... Caleb Goodbye Cards: “*For he’s a jolly good fellow... for he’s a jolly good fellow... and we’ll miss you dearly!*” Caleb Rocks. –From the CEC gang... “So Long, Caleb Strauss!” –from the CEC Gilligan’s Island crew... Multiple Greeting Card Goodbye: “Thank God, you’re finally leaving!” “We’ll miss you dearly, sweet Canadian!”

“Before you go, Caleb, I’ve got a question concerning Maya...”... “And with its head, he left it dead and went galumping back. Grrrr... That’s so lame!” –says the Caleb Jabberwocky... Caleb billboard with multiple quotes... “Happy Birthday Tanya 25! I love you”... “I will be out of town during your birthday. To solve this problem, here is your extra special advance B-Day card!! I hope life is treating you kind. Three cheers for Lara!! This message will corrupt your computer in five seconds... sorry. Bye-Bye now. Happy B-Day Lara!”... “An Eric Homan Holiday Card: Santa’s Not Real! But that won’t stop me from wishing you a blessed Holidays!! Have a... a. Merry Christmas b. Happy Hanukkah c. Krazy Kwanzaa d. Cheerful Atheist Day”... “Get Well Soon Dad!” –says the happy octopus in plastic.

“Comic Book Con”

Photos from the Mid-Ohio Con – Ohio’s Comic Book Show! Columbus, Ohio Convention Center. Dec. 1996. Inside the Convention Center... Verry, Colossus, Jeff, and Rogue... Jeff, Colossus, Rogue... Colossus, me, and Rogue... Colossus, me as Wolverine, and Rogue... Comics Halls... Comics Walls... Comics and Comics... Comic Book Hall... Comic Book Artists Room with P. Criag Russell – Comic Book Artist... Chaos Comics... Gambit and Rogue scandalous... X-Men huddle: Gambit, Rogue, and Cyclops... The X-Men with Jeffman... Sadly, Jeff’s about to die... Verry and Jeff on the convention steps: tired, pleased... Captured in the Moment: Fading out for the time being....

“Comic Book Store”

Comic Book Store visited by Eric Homan... Walls lined with comic books... The Comic Book Guy... Covered in Comics... Then there’s the comic book junction... Comic Book Store Mosaic... New comics or anything at all, it’s here!... But paper prices rose and interest waned. The store went bankrupt... CLOSED.

“Creative Writer”

“Trapped at Sea”: “It was a clear, bright, sunny morning when Andy Johnson, a mailman, gave a letter that read: Eric Homan, we invite you to a dinner and a dance on the ship *New York*. We will ship out to sea on March 11. Signed – Captain Kyle.

So I got packed up and left for the dinner on the *New York*. It was a stormy night and the waves were strong. I first went to the ballroom. I was having a great time when the ship suddenly stopped. I thought to myself, the ship must have hit something.

The ship was turning over and many people were panicking. I saw that the ship was in flames, so I went upstairs to get out. Then I was pulled overboard. I fell down into the water on my back and saw that many people were in the boats. Then I found some in-boards floating in the water. This would make a good raft, I thought. I climbed on them and fell asleep.

When I awoke, I saw that no one was around. The ship was gone, the people were gone, and I was *trapped at sea!*

So I was trapped at sea, but there was some storage food and some pieces of ship floating in the water. I started to build a sail. Then I accidentally cut my arm. Some of the blood went into the water. I knew that sharks would come because of the scent of the blood. Suddenly two sharks started coming toward my makeshift raft. I grabbed some boxes out of the water to find something to kill the two sharks. Then I found something – a net. I noticed that one of the two sharks was right next to my raft. I scooped the shark right out of the water. I took a knife that I also had found in one of the boxes. I threw it at the other shark. I hit it! I jumped into the water and finished it off.

For days I had been using a net to catch some fish to eat. I drank the water I stored when it rained, but I really wished that a ship would come by and pick me up.

Well, it had been a week now and here have been no ship in sight. Also, I haven’t seen any islands. I have been eating fish and other creatures of the deep. I have been making a rope out of seaweed, too. One day I saw a sea turtle floating in the water. So I made a lasso, roped it, and got the turtle. Now I didn’t have to row because the turtle was doing it for me. I thought to

myself, I can't keep eating fish all the time, so I returned to the task of searching for something to get a boat's attention. Then I found a flare gun – something that would really get someone's attention. But there were only three shots left, so I had to use them wisely.

Now I had a flare gun with three shots in it. I lifted the flare gun up and shot it. It went high in the air and made a big flash of light. I waited for a half an hour. Then I shot the flare gun again. Still nobody came. So I waited for a day. At ten o'clock in the morning, I lifted the flare gun up. Just then a twenty-foot great white shark went right on my raft with its mouth wide open. Quickly, I pointed the flare gun at the shark, pulled the trigger and covered my face with my arm. The flare went right in the shark's mouth and blew up the gigantic shark.

A few minutes later I saw a fishing boat coming toward me. I was picked up. They said that they had heard an explosion and came to my raft. They also said that they had been trying to hunt down this huge shark because it had been eating most of the fish in the area.

When I got home, I was greeted by many people. I was surprised that I had survived being trapped at sea!

"Home..." by Eric Homan: "Home is the place where there is love and caring. Where people listen to you. When you are sick, they will always help and care for you. You are fed at home. You never go hungry at home."

"The Race For the Gold" by Eric Homan:

"The piercing shot goes off,
And the eight swimmers dive into the chilling water,
Each seeking to win the gold.
They are both violent and graceful,
Gliding through the water,
Like dolphins in the surging sea,
With force and great strength.
Every stroke is long and hard,
Every breath is quick and fast,
Every kick is strong and mighty.

As the swimmers near the end,
They push themselves a little harder,
Swim a bit faster
And reach a lot farther,
Until one of the swimmers
Touches the finish
With an extended arm
On the edge of the pool.

"Custodian Life"

Custodian Life: Break time in the empty cafeteria. Custodian break with Hawaiian Punch and a newspaper. It's a custodian job life. The custodian closet is the custodian home. A custodian in arms with mop. Custodian model.

"Earth Pulp"

This is a collection of images of the abstract worlds of the under-earth pulp and roots. They're churning, boiling, bubbling, growing, feeding, and breathing. Seedling rear-ends end up being shown as well. Crumpled Autumn Maple leaves are great on salads. A Stonehenge of fossilized stones.

"Faces Under Scan"

This is a series of scanned facial portraits in odd, eccentric ways. Faces as nebula: many stars we cannot see. A post-it note on the cheek of a man with it saying "Please Do Not Harm".

One face says "Do not Erase". "I'm lost and scanned!" One face is of a face stretched out horrifically. Eventually, all the crazied faces start to overlap and distort upon themselves.

"Geographic Puzzles"

This collection of photos taken from a window seat from an airliner are called "geographic puzzles" because from that high altitude they do appear like abstract acre puzzle pieces. Triangular pieces of property and fields vary in hue and tone from a view from above. Also from above, we see junk in the grass land, a railroad zipper,

"Nude Thinker"

The Nude Thinker: Based upon the Rodin's famous sculpture of "The Thinker", but with a live model.

"Painting Canvas"

Interactive lightning paint strokes can be applied to this painting. With every click of the mouse, the paintbrush cursor creates another layer of paint to the work of art. It's the closest thing to actually creating a painting electronically. Finished.

"Party Poses"

Party poses. Reactionaries. Tap one guest on the shoulder, and he turns to you. "~What/?" he says. "®†'ß~ Δ¥ã f©ð!@" Normal party. Abnormal party. Spinning drowned faces that smile. Party guest faces. Brandon's complete disgrace ®. Girls giving oxygen kisses. There's a Vincent van Gogh shirt guy. Party under faces. Nipple. ç~|ß®† "Δø~≤μ~¬~ΩãΣœã`j™. ""ßçøΣΣ""ßø. Party posers. §ç ∞¶• °º- ≠ç £™¡¡¡`œ´ ®†. Jody's neck. -Go back to earth. -Head for the light. -Pass out. jOurnal 50=8-98

"I've seen here before. How cares/? drunkk and can't care enough ot concider the misspellings. I,m liess than a mile away from packing iron for my friend who commented that I souod never pack iron. I went ot Ric Petry's pary and had fun, got depressed, laughed out loud - and they wondered whyk! Misspelling are intentional. (_) I drank and drank and stopped, and drank. I played a clown and an observer. Who dcares. No one daers for new words. Damnlisa ITS'S ORINGINAL TO WRITE WHILE DRUNK STUPID. HELP HELPHelp"

"Picture Perfect"

Take the best picture: click to take a picture of the girl. Find the best image of her. Try and get it right without her eyes being closed. Get the exposure right. Don't get it blurry. Make sure she's ready. Have her look at the camera. *Picture Perfect*. Nice Job.

"Primitive Dinosaurs"

This is my Dinosaur Collection of drawings of hundreds of exotic extinct dinosaurs from the fourth grade. Click on a Dino to see it closer. Tyrannosaurus. Brontosaurus. Pterodactyl. Gorgosaurus. Moropus. Deinonychus. Woolly Mammoth. Saber-Toothed Tiger. Triceratops. Protoceratops. Brontotherium. Styracosaurus. Baluchitherium. Fabrosaurus. Alticamelus. Megatherium. Anatosaurus. Stegosaurus. Sauropod. Glyptodon.

This is also possibly one of my best fantasy sound designs collages of what these extinct dinosaurs could have sounded like.

"Rainbow Twister Sex"

Rainbow Twister Sex - Violent Weather. A visualization of a tornado composed of violent rainbows scorching the earth. Click on it to make it more destructive. The audio is a mix of Neil Young's song "Like a Hurricane" with feedback excerpts from his live "Weld" album. "You are like a hurricane!"

“Red Canvas Series”

Eric Homan Presents: Red Canvas Series: a series of digital paintings all created from a red canvas. Abstract Space Art. Bisexual. Blindfolded Elephant Behind Bars. Blushing. Color Red Portrait. Cosmic Tapestry. Cosmos Paint Portrait. Devil Feces. Electric Spaghetti. Green Blusher. Green Tears. Holy Lands. Inside Saturn’s Rings. Light Shark. Long Smile. Lost Face. Miss Amiss. Muscle Face Grin. Nova O. Pearl Eyed Girl. Rainbow Wreck. Sad Eyes, Green Smile. Saturation Stains. Scattershot Stars. Self Portrait #33. Simple Smile. Stained Sun. Stars Or Red Sand Paper? Such a Sad Face. Sun Bursts. Void.

“Reflection of Coldwater”

“Reflections of Coldwater”: My Hometown. The town grocery store and a new McDonald’s. The next door arts and craft store. My old hangout place, the downtown library on Main St. I used to believe that the town water tower was actually a “milk tower”. Coldwater High School. School’s out... the parking lot’s empty. One week, the school’s news board changed to a single name. *ELIZABETH HOMAN*. The day after my mom died, the high school in which she and my dad had worked at, and where my sisters and I went to school, displayed only the letters of her name on its news sign. My Coldwater best friend, Joe.

The sounds are a fair sample of what one would normally hear in such a town: mainly *quiet*. You hear locusts. Cows mooing. Crickets chirping. Lawn mowers running. Children playing. Birds calling.

“Scribbled Ideas”

A visual and audio cacophony of notebook sketches. There are so many scrambled, jotted down ideas here that are at times brilliant, and other times meaningless. “Violence on sale... When I sleep, I’m dead... Movie star mushrooms... Hey soul, you affection please... Drawing as monuments in environments... Emotion by Eric Homan... Yes You!... Dissolve to Van Gogh... ERIC HOMAN: Customer Signature... Memory Times... 5:49 R.M... A drawing of a façade of clothing with the person being naked from the behind... Set on fire for its feelings... Love for \$300.00... The skeleton of a leaf... A face is left... HOMAN REALITY movie theater... Sound of clapping... A painting hung on a tree... Free Christ... Wearing masks, bearing their facades... Eric Homan: creative organism or creative atoms... ‘So why do I have to speak in word bubbles?’ –‘I don’t know?’... Vegetarian ice cream... Diet dope... Crater breasts on a woman’s crest... BYE-BYE.

“Skyglades”

Skyglades: A surreal extension of the Florida Everglades where alligators swim in the sky pond... Seas of grass with islands of trees... Long white trails... Everglades Tower... Forest islands in a grass ocean... Skyglades walkway... A veggie forest... A galaxy pond tourist attraction... Smile environment... Grass façade... Pond sky... Al the Gator... Evervastness... Grass sky... Crows above the tall grass... Grass birds... Pink swamp hair... Grassland of straw... The white trail... Thumbs up alligator... Skyland.

“Star Wars Figures”

Playing with my Star Wars figures. The Star Wars Universe. Star Wars kid. Star Wars 2. Star Wars by Kenner. Star Wars Boba Fett. Star Wars figures. Star Wars Village. *Chewy*. Star Wars ships. Star Wars colony. Star Wars soldiers. Star Wars figures amassed. Star Wars carpet battlefield. I played many more wars since.

“Stare Ways”

A series of interactive stares: Stare Under. Stare Eyes. Stare Right. Stare Scared. Stare Fog. Stare Wicky Smile. Stare Buzz. Stare Out-of-Focus. Stare Bizarre. Stare Sisters. Stare Brunette. Stare Portraiture. Stare on Computer. Stare Blurry. Stare Streak. Stare Way. Stare

Pixel. Stare Deresolution. Stare Abstraction. Stdfsarfsdf Absjlskjfos. Stare Interactive.

“Wave Designs”

Wave Designs: Ocean clouds. Ocean cosmos. Ocean stars. Ocean glacier. Wave Faces. Waves in the waves. Sparkled horizon. Wave Maker. Wave Trails. Ocean Clouds. Circular Ocean Horizon. Shore Craters. Shoreline and Torn Sky. Vertical Hover Boat. Wave Caress. Beach Scars. Toe View. White Waves upon Shore. Memories in the Ocean.

“Abstractscapes” - (2001) - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

“Intro Abstract”

This piece is a collection of abstract ideas in forms, colors, compositions, sounds, and shapes. It’s mainly a series of free response pieces of art. I wish for the viewer to question if they are meaningless images and sounds, *or* something new and exciting? Are they the revealing new perspectives on experiencing art and life, or are they just a pointless collage of “abstract crap”? The viewer’s creative input is crucial to discovering the imagination within each piece.

As for selecting the audio for each piece, I listened to thousands of sound samples that I had collected and picked whichever ones made me feel something unusual. I also overlapped some of the soundscapes to invent a new hybrid sound. It was the birth of something abstract into something *real*. It’s an extremely naïve way of creating, I know. Yet it was through honing into a childlike mentality and imagination that captures a sense of awe in discovering something new for the first time.

These abstract views and sounds are an interactive gallery of surreal points in the imagination. Enter with a sense of adventure and discovery:

“Abstract Animals”, “Abstract Clouds”, “Abstract Explanations”, “Abstract Fabric”, “Abstract Feathers”, “Abstract Flags”, “Abstract Planets”, “Abstracted Squares”, “Abstractus”, “Bloom in Maze”, “Earth Lights”, “Escherland”, “Holey Holes”, “Lightning Trees”, “Orange Fields”, “Paper Mache Continents”, “Pixel Abstracted Portraits”, “Scribbled Land”, “Shapedancer on Yellow Prayer”, “Subcartsba”, “Textured Facades”, “Type Symphony”, and “Work Attack”.

“Abstract Animals”

Flamingoes as pink balls... or Giant Dandelions. “*Rarraaahh!*”

“Abstract Clouds”

Abstract Clouds: click on the clouds to see them abstract in painted swirls of red and blue!

“Abstract Explanations”

Abstract Explanations: #1-11 explanation panels. Each panel abstract explains *everything*. “H Mask” and “Devil’s h’s”.

“Abstract Fabric”

?Abstract Fabric: click on the fabric to turn it into something increasingly and far more bizarre: [blue pubic hair](#).

“Abstract Feathers”

Moving into a feather’s hairs and finding a whole other world of microscopic hair fibers! The feather’s patterns begin to distort and swirl the closer in you get. They almost bleed into one another.

“Abstract Flags”

Abstract Flag: What if some nations decided on making abstract art as their flag designs

these are some of my ideas and concepts.... Abstract French Flag with its blue, white, and red stripes blurred together. Rainbow Abstract Flag: a painted flag that is completely abstract paint stroke – meaning little to nothing but the intensity of the colors.

“Abstract Planets”

Abstract Planets in the form of minimalist shapes: Planet Button Accordion, Planet Conch Trumpet, Planet Darabukka, and Planet Diple. And now the Colored Abstraction Planets. Double Exposed Planets. And then, in the end, Planet Nothing.

“Abstracted Squares”

Abstracted Squares that bleep and beep when clicked on. They even turn into colored squares.

“Abstractus”

This is the main centerpiece of “Abstractscapes”: “Abstractus”. It’s a collection of still abstract studies with descriptive, cryptic titles: “Crayon Land”: an abstract world made up of crayon drawings. It’s “Realism”. “A Raw Curve.” “Blue Cloud Bird” (when the cloud is really green). “Blue Fuzz.” “Cardboard Curtain.” “Cheese Desert.” “Chrome Tom Orange.” “Color Domes.” “Fur-Face.” “James”. “Bethany As Spider.” “Bethany Thorns.” “Funny Fireworks.” “Eric in His Red.” “Tree Cone.” “Giraffe Belly.” “Diamond Glitter Guy.” “Glow Guild.” “Green Eyes.” “Green Gal.” “H! Chaos!” “Metalliscist Texture.” “Night For Day For Night City.” “The P Palette.” “The P-Pee Palette.” “Uncertain Reality.” “Illegal Graffiti.” “Eric in ‘Costume’.” “Red Rainbow Rover Red.” “The Rainbow Shaving Itself.” “A Field of Rotting Rainbow Turds.” “Rainbow Clouds With Ducky.” (“Please please please!”) “New Netting Ned” (“I was given a dumb name at birth”). “Red Patterned Fabric.” “A Red/ Breen/ Orange Raw Reality.” “RGB Marshmallows.” “Reverse Rubber Curves.” “Rubberband Roads for Biking.” “Star-Color Manifestations.” “SUPER Team Steam.” “Rainbow Mess Vignette.” “Rainbow Shredded Strands.” “The Rainbow Reams.” “Creative Writer PICT0020.” “Ocean Version 2.5.”

“Bloom in Maze”

Here’s something you don’t see every day: a romantic valentine interactive piece. A flower in a maze. Now bloom in Maze. The flower blooms out and away from the labyrinth maze and blooms *for you*.

“Earth Lights”

This is a collection of “unexplainable” earth lights, or that is, lights found on earth. Fire lights shake and tremble in static form. The World Explodes.

“Escherland”

Here in “Escherland”, you can physically move into a 3D space and play with your sense of perspective. Look down from above and see an Escher world realized in our own reality. How does one view perspective correctly? How do we judge depth and perspective anymore?

“Holey Holes”

Holey Holes: click into them to discover how “holey” they really are.

“Lightning Trees”

Lightning Trees: click on the trees to create the lightning out of the trees. It’s a neat little interaction.

“Orange Fields”

This piece is meant to be a visual orthographic view of looking straight down on abstract rows of crop fields. If viewed from a side angles, you can see that they are fields of orange

stripes.

“Paper Mache Continents”

This is an image inspired by how earth's continents used to look 80,000 years ago when they were all relatively connected, yet fragments. In true abstract flair, I made my continents out of paper mache. First up is imaginatively named Yellowland. Then there is Coloria, a hybrid continent of blue, red, and yellow with a peninsula like Italy. Next is Redland (which will soon evolve into Greenland). In between the continents is The Black Sea. The crumpling of paper makes up the sound of the waves. Above this abyss ocean is Old Ancient Greenland. Then we move down to New Yellow Florida. Once we move out to look at the whole earth, we realize that it's a Rainbow Planet.

“Pixel Abstracted Portraits”

What if you had your picture taken and you turned out as *pixel abstracted*? This is what it would look like. Juan pixel portrait. Eric pixel portrait.

“Scribbled Land”

Imagine if you will a land that is entirely comprised of scribbles from pens, pencils, and crayons. This is an imagining of that aesthetic landscape.

“Shapedancer on Yellow Prayer”

This is probably one of my favorite nonsense titles I've ever come up for a still digital image with audio: “Shapedancer on Yellow Prayer”. What a descriptive message it gives! What exactly is a shapedancer, and what *is* a “yellow prayer”? I don't “truly” know either, but it's up to the viewer to make up a meaning to it as best they can. That's their interactive part of this piece. I make up a nonsense meaning and subject matter, and the interactee dreams up the meaning. *Now that's Interactive Digital Art.*

“Subcartsba”

“Sutcarsba: The Flip side of Abstractus (spelled backwards). It's a collection of still abstract studies with descriptive, cryptic titles: “Green Clean.” “Traffic.” “Tube Chaos World.” “Type Cloudsxx.” “*aY aregerubcM gnippilf tneclV.*” “*A Deathlife.*” “*Back of Their Heads.*” “*The Geo-Poem.*” “*Water Patterns.*” “*Handage.*” “*Words.*” “*SwaJ rennid.*” “*Yellow Bew.*” “*Patterned Erutxet.*” “*Clone of Untitled Skin.*” “*Smiling Paint.*” “*It's Incredible!*”

“Textured Facades”

This is a collection of hand-made textured surfaces for a Design class project I had to do. I assembled them all together to use as a series of textured *facades*. Imagine that every image is a face.

“Type Symphony”

This is an audio experiment title that asks the viewer to consider the typing of words on a typewriter as a “type symphony”. Could words layering on top of each other be considered *beautiful*? Could this mix of language and noise actually be considered *music*?

“Klfnsdjko fhuio sfghl.gnmsdkl o h iosfgh sigfhj sdlwerhji tsgsjlgh sduovgh sdihfgfghsk ghsjkg u nsu sfj ghujghsjg hs lgsdfhtgu esn gjklsdfhguiodfy ilsdf ghjsdklgh slg hjeioyt oshjg sog sdjklh gos fsdjlh gsuigh sld ghdsfjklgh sghsjlghsdkg gfs ofsdj rfghru sdfug ru h gjkxcy8 fisdo fgdsio gh sod gsdtw8989yh9 .”

“Work Attack”

What if the world's words decided to have an intelligence of their own and *attacked*. The great writers who created these powerful words didn't realize that they had a mind of their own. So now they're decided to take over the humans. This was a brief snippet of what the abstract

world would look like. Horrors! We would have a chance.

“Realities” - (2001) - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

“Columbus”

“CCAD Memoirs”: A digital scrapbook of my Columbus College of Art and Design Years (1995-98).

“CCADSurreal”: An intentionally mixed-up, surreally labeled digital scrapbook of my Columbus College of Art and Design Years (1995-98). Examples include: an empty parking lot with the title “Tony Portrait”, myself in a graduation gown with the title “Eric in “Costume”.

“Columbus Photos”

These photos are not to be considered great in any respect. They were some of the very first pictures I took for a Photo I class during my freshman year at undergraduate school. I was still learning how to use and experiment with the camera. They were all shot with black and white film and later digitally scanned in with a sepia tone. They are my memories of Columbus, Ohio, circa 1995-96 featuring my old dorm mates, friends, classmates, downtown Columbus sites, Columbus College of Art and Design views, my hometown of Coldwater, Ohio, my mother, my hometown best friend Joe, and other assorted ideas that caught my attention at the time.

CCAD Photo I and II Picture Gallery: “Chef Man”, “Rob Before Killing”, “Earring Darling”, “Brad's Arm”, “Old Shoes”, “Welcome To Coldwater”, “Cafe Minister”, “Fire Bushes”, “Factories”, “To Harts”, “Drive In View”, “Skyward Gaze”, “Feeling Existential”, “Sleep Eric”, “Turmoil”, “Nude Bored Further”, “Leafless Flower”, “Joe On Ice Mountain”, “Christ Sky”, “Columbus Downtown Dusk”, “Cafe Bridge”, “Fire Dept.”, “Sleeping Cool”, “Nude Exposed”, “Greek Market”, “Winter Lake2”, “St. Mary's Canal”, “Foot Prints”, “Crash Help”, “Earring Darling2”, “Outlooking”, “Feet And Disturbed”, “Help 2”, “Help Mes”, “Lake Of Ice 2”, “Verry Alone”, “Bradass”, “Brian Portrait”, “Sitting Around”, “Desolate Drive In”, “Leaf And Hand”, “Joe In Introspective Park”, “Joe Pool”, “Railroad Crossing House”, “Canal Horse”, “Swing”, “Old Shoes 2”, “Feet And Confusion”, “Looking Up At You”, “Angel Of Death”, “Steve V”, “Warmth of a Bloom”, “Joe Happy”, “Cafe Man2”, “Iced Over Lake And Ducks”, “Car Streaks”, “Sleeping Cool2”, “Closed For Season”, “King Of Pain”, “Big ?”, “Nude In Out of Focus Clothing”, “Verry Downtown”, “Rob Deminita2”, “Welcome 2”, “Rob Dementia”, “Lumber In Backyard”, “Nude In Altered Perspective”, “Verry Fly”, “Church Man”, “Flames Or Fire”, “Winter Lake”, “Canal Horse 2”, “Feet Face”, “Nude Bored”, “Highway Billboard Sign”, “Mood Flowers”, “Mood Flowers2”, “Closed Harts”, “Old House In Woods”, “Ice Hop”, “Scared Flowers”, “Stove Of Flowers”, “Hiding”, “Cigarette Puddle”, “Back Side Nude”, “Verry Burn”, “Fractured Portrait”, “Greek Church”, “Flying Glass Jelly Fish”, “Workers”, “Bored Nude”, “Night Car Lot”, “Cobain Memorial”, “Feeling Existential2”, “Night Bushes”, “Nude In The Spotlight”, “Face Holding”, “Weak Bird In Garden”, “Car Pool”, “Rob Flashes2”, “Flower Shout”, “Lake of Ice”, “Flowers For The Oven”, “Deaf Park Lawn People”, “Sky Gazing”, “Drive In Vacancy”, “Spinning Blocks”, “Comet Into Trash”, “Pool Car Hop”, “Lost Face”, “Cafeteria”, “Broken Night Sign”, “Mood Pose”, “Beyond Dead End”, “The Thinking Man”, “Introspective Park”, “Flower Lantern”, “Ice Jump”, “Railroad House”, “Relaxed Portrait”, “Jeff Studying”, “Christmas Star Church”, “Rob Flashes”, “Ashamed”, “St. Mary's Cannons”, “Feet For Smile”, “Help Broken”, “Drive In Blank”, “Orthodox Church”, “Flower Compose”, “Reading”, “Joe King of Ice Mt.”, “Cafeteria At CCAD”, “Verry In Winter2”, “Floor View”, “Verry In Winter”, “Window Portrait”, and “Verry Smoking”.

“Columbus Photos Mated”: The Columbus Photos from above layered with their whites dropped out to create a double-exposed composite image.

“My Role Models”

Meant to be a companion piece to the writing: “The Empathy Files: My Personal Artistic and Aesthetic Influences, Role Models, Motivators, and Muses”.

At some point, I decided to collect hundreds of images of people, bands, movies, music, and other intriguing images that inspired me throughout my creative development. These were

and still are my role models. The contents include five interactive galleries of various people, movies, and music: U2, Bjork, America Beauty, Nirvana, Bob Dylan, The Empire Strikes Back, Neil Young, Sinead O' Connor, Lust for Life, etc. Enjoy!

“Men”

“Men” is about the confusion of identity in representing males in society. Just because the words say “MEN”, the graphic shows a simplified figure silhouette in a dress. It's nice to take people off guard and confuse them. They have to go to the bathroom really bad, but they aren't sure if they should enter because it would hurt their image of themselves. What a paradox!

“Sanctuaries” - (2001) - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

The following Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces, under the project title of “Sanctuaries”, are places to hide from reality in a carnival of creativity. Like most art I create, I made them out of a need for escapism from emotional pain and boredom.

“Abstract Sidewalk Faces”, “Area Closed”, “Art Theater Mass”, “Artistic Bankruptcy”, “Ass”, “Atomic Art”, “Aunt Icon”, “Bat Fruit”, “Become a Normal”, “Black Photo”, “Blush”, “Canceled”, “Car with Freckles”, “Cemetery Benches”, “City of Cranes”, “Cloud Mountains”, “Clouds Behind Barbed Wire”, “Collector's Funeral Card”, “Color in Families”, “Commit Suicide Please”, “Controller Interactions”, “Daily No News”, “Dead Soldier”, “Digital Self-Portrait”, “Discovery”, “Dream Mutilation”, “Dressed Up Tree”, “For Sale”, “Full-time Lover Needed”, “Giant Wedding Ring”, “Gift-Wrapped Home”, “Giraffe Stems”, “Girl Attractor Light”, “God of Custodians”, “Green Jell-O Ocean”, “Halloween Costume”, “Hardcore McDonald's”, “Heaven Erupts”, “Hold Your Breath”, “Homan Real Estate”, “Insurance Fags”, “Interactive TV”, “Jet Stream Cursive”, “Journal Hauntings”, “June 2001 Journal”, “Leftover Abstracts”, “Long-armed Cross”, “Newspaper Printed with Red Ink”, “Out of Order”, “Palm Angel”, “Panic Attack Entertainment”, “Parody of Nothingness”, “Patience”, “Personal Business Card”, “Pissing Landscape”, “Poems”, “Reading Promotion”, “Road Closed”, “Sale Price Estate”, “Scribbles People-like”, “Shaving Self-Portrait”, “Sound of Extinction”, “Spielberg-Related Movies”, “Stars in Cars”, “Sunset Gazers”, “Super-Red/ Eric Homan Bio”, “Surrealistic Road Turn”, “Symbolic Chaos Language”, “Thin”, “Tree Zoo”, “Twig Abstracts”, “Vincent Memorial”, “Washington D.C. 1990”, and “Watch for Art”.

“Enter Sanctuary”

Featuring a sign inviting in: “The Sanctuary: First Artistic Church: JOIN US FOR WORSHIP SUNDAY OR ANYDAY”. As you enter the front door of the Sanctuary Entrance, “expect greater things”.

“Abstract Sidewalk Faces”

“See it?”

“Area Closed”

A humorous dead-end Interactive Digital Art gag section.

“Art Theater Mass”

An art house movie theater in a converted church called “Cinema Paradiso”.

“Artistic Bankruptcy”

“I've decided to declare artistic bankruptcy!”

“Ass”

Interactive pun with “Ass” placed on the ass of an ass. It's like that game: place the tail on the donkey. In this case, it's click the cursor button on the *ass*.

“Atomic Art”

AtOmIc ARt: I wanted to obscure these images in the guise of vibrant ghost color phantoms. The result was “Atomic Art”: radiation images that *glow*. The hues explode before your very eyes!! Gunfire, cannons, fireworks, and screams are the cacophony surrounding the images.

“Aunt Icon”

My aunt Sue shot from a low angle with a palm tree with a sunray burst from behind her. It made her look like a religious icon. “God Bless You, Too.”

“Bat Fruit”

Inspired from seeing at a zoo exhibit where they were hanging from a tree branch like a piece of fruit. Hence, *bat-fruit*.

“Become a Normal”

This was an angry spoof I did on “normal people” of corporate society. I just thought it would be a gas to see a poster advertising a “Professional Protocol Dinner” on how to become a normal person with absolutely no individuality so you won’t offend anyone. Oh, what a perfect society like would become. And just to lure in more starving graduates, it’s for free!!!

“Black Photo”

Minimalist conceptual piece of what a beautiful black photo would look like. Use your imagination to see what’s in the photograph!

“Blush”

Once again, a time-based interactive conceptual art piece where a blank white image actually *blushes* before your very eyes! Now that’s creative entertainment!!

“Canceled”

Another joke piece made relevant and important by the fact that it’s actually listed amongst the other Interactive Digital Art pieces. It’s like going to a show and finding out its been “canceled”. Bummer! Only in this case, it’s no big deal because there’s no real loss of money involved.

“Car with Freckles”

A piece that asks the ultimate question: “Would you buy a car model with freckles?” If it had freckles everywhere, does that mean the car has *imperfections* or *personality*? And the car sweats.

“Cemetery Benches”

“Cemetery Benches”: A monument you can sit on in memory of the dearly departed. “IN LOVING MEMORY OF HOWARD L. CARR 2-14-27 8-14-94.” There’s even a The Stonehenge Design Seat. “IN MEMORY OF DAN NELSON and HAROLD AND DORTHY REH.”

“City of Cranes”

Outside of the university tower I was working at around 2000, the city of Ft. Lauderdale seemed to be nothing else besides gigantic cranes building up skyscrapers everywhere I looked. It was a City of Cranes.

“Cloud Mountains”

These were some snapshots of the “Cloud Mountains of Ft. Lauderdale”. They were these huge gigantic puffy white cumulus clouds that hung over in the distance like a godlike mountain range. Some were towering over 18,000 ft. over the cityscape!

“Clouds Behind Barbed Wire”

Funny image composition I took where it looked like the nice white puffy clouds were being held captive behind a barred wire fence. A slightly frightening surrealistic image concept.

“Collector’s Funeral Card”

This was slightly twisted fun with the concepts of funeral memory cards and the baseball card collecting. I made up that my Grandma specifically autographed and numbered her funeral memory cards before her death to increase their value and significance.

“Color in Families”

Interactive “coloring book” image where a click is all it takes to color with a crayon the members of the family. And once you do, the family “thanks” you for it.

“Commit Suicide Please”

This wild, dangerous, but enormously sarcastic artistic statement is for the interectee to do the ultimate form of interactivity – to kill oneself. And if you click, you do just that. It’s a risk piece. The curiosity of clicking kills you. So how does it feel to be dead?

“Controller Interactions”

Interactive instruction-based art manual of how to manipulate time while going through the interactive piece in Director. You control if you want to see the interactive movie art in slow motion or in fast speed. You control if the experience is silent, normal volume, or full blast (similar to how one would listen to music at various volumes). “Controller Interactions on piece for the viewer to choose from in the Control Panel. Volume Control: though set on its normal volume, a softer or louder version can offer a different experience in tone (subtle to noisy). Frame Rate: choice of speed in which the frames will play at (the more frames, the faster the piece will be). You can use these interactions to control how you want to experience multi-media artwork.

“Daily No News”

Imagine: a day without news. Nothing interesting happened that day, so no newspapers were made. The newsstands were empty.

“Dead Soldier”

This is the carcass of a “G.I. JOE” figure that’s been crushed and destroyed a few too many times. It’s been in too many wars. Crushed under foot. Essentially, it’s an anti-war statement for children and adults alike.

“Digital Self-Portrait”

A pixel portrait of myself: a truly digital self-portrait with the pixels showing out proudly and prominently.

“Discovery”

Interactive discovery through a figure on the beach: “What’s this? A snail in a shell!”

“Dream Mutilation”

“Touch me”, it says, taunting and tempting the interectee to dare themselves to mutilate a young boy. A chainsaw turns on. The imagination takes over. And his arm is gone, and then his entire body is destroyed into a scrap of white.

“Dressed Up Tree”

Photo I took of a tree at Disney’s Animal Kingdom that appeared to be the surrealistic real sight of a tree “dressed up”.

“For Sale”

Surreal piece involving a house up “FOR SALE BY OWL”?!?

“Full-time Lover Needed”

Half-joke ad for someone to fill a position as a “FULL-TIME LOVER”. “Needing help with lite cooking, shopping, doctor apts., errands, and companion for dining. Call Latoya at (***)735-0598. Leave message! Valid FLA license. My transportation or yours! Reference available also home health aide certified!

“Giant Wedding Ring”

Surrealism follows me everywhere with this giant rock gem on my hand to remind me of how much my wife loves me!!! What exaggerated affection!! “A two pound crystal ring to show the one you love how much you truly love for them! Take your pick from these enormous crystal collection.”

“Gift-Wrapped Home”

~Unwrap a house today!~ This is one of the many houses I saw being fumigated for termites and other insects in South Florida. They always looked like giant birthday presents to me.

“Giraffe Stems”

A picture of bamboo stems that had a giraffe pattern on them, like hybrid giraffe bamboo.

“Girl Attractor Light”

This was a new computer software helmet that attracts women to the light of the male mate – similar in nature with the ocean fish that has a light attached to its body that attracts small prey to its mouth. I created a helmet with a light on it to attract in curious women so I could kiss them.

“God of Custodians”

“Will, the god of the custodians and Maintenance Men.” It says it all, doesn’t it? “I’ve got magic tools!”

“Green Jell-O Ocean”

This is an image of an ocean coast where tourists swim in the green Jell-O ocean water. Bizarre!

“Halloween Costume”

“Understand me tonight, I can’t stand being normal.” I re-realized that at Rosina’s Halloween party where I dressed up wearing an ironic “Costume” T-shirt, a “Wayne’s World”/Cleopatra wig, a cowboy hat, a “Ty Primosch” name tag, and gorilla feet. If a psychoanalyst was there, he’d see that I was a person too excited by the holiday to dress up as just one character, but should be as many as I could. So I dressed as an extension of myself: a hybrid schizophrenic personality. It was great being such an original creation!

“Hardcore McDonald’s”

This is part of my surrealism photography series. Surrealism deals with familiar objects made very strange. Here was surrealism in reality. Two familiar locations juxtaposed next to each other, one innocent and universally everywhere, the other erotic and “private”.

“In the sunny tropical vacationland of Ft. Lauderdale lies the red and yellow light district... One of its strangest sights is the McDonald’s adjacent to a women’s topless club. It’s a . . .

HARDCORE McDonald's! "Hot and Delicious!" Are "PURE GOLD" and McDonald's connected for a reason? Is the "M" of McDonald's really a pair of Breasts? Let's look at further evidence.... What exactly is "Funland" (with over 99 Billion served)!?! McDonald's had taken a turn for the SURREAL. *Cum Inside!* Indeed. "We love to see you Smile!"

"Heaven Erupts"

"Heaven erupts... war clouds!" Peaceful cumulus clouds burst out into thunderstorm, and then finally in radiant fire clouds!!

"Hold Your Breath"

"Hold your breath as you read on - and don't exhale." As the image asks you to interactively do this, the image before you goes pale, as if its consciousness and your consciousness are passing out.

"Homan Real Estate"

For Sale: Home Real Estate: Proof that there's Homans everywhere! This is something I took a picture of in my hometown of Coldwater, Ohio. It seems that only in that area of Midwest Ohio there are other Homan families. Everywhere else I go in America, "Homan" is a rarely heard as a last name.

"Insurance Fags"

I was driving by an Insurance store on Oakland Park Blvd. one Saturday when I noticed something strange... "What the hell?! Fag Insurance?!?! Was this a place where only gay people can get special insurance policies?! It was a surrealism sight.

"Interactive TV"

"Imagine a world with Interactive TV... It would mean much more than just using a remote control. It would expand yourself." Conceptual project endorsing the TV experience of the future. Interactive Entertainment TV would be here to stay as part of the media's evolution.

"Jet Stream Cursive"

"Jet Stream Cursive of Consciousness." This is mainly a verbal and visual play on words in a creative stream. I was combining the visual imagery of *jet streams* from a jet with *stream of consciousness*. So as the interctee clicked on each image, the visuals started to become more surreal and color tinted to reflect a state of consciousness.

"Journal Hauntings"

"I acted like the same round of mumblings, silliness, and sensitivity. I'll be there yesterday. *Journal Hauntings*. What a funny little life, I am. I acted like the same round of mumblings, silliness, and sensitivity."

"June 2001 Journal"

This was a preliminary test for an interactive interface that would allow the reader/ interctee to click on a date from the calendar month of June 2001. I simply wanted something fun and feasible for people to read through my dozens of painstakingly compiled writings, ranting, prophecies, dreams, and fantasies.

"Leftover Abstracts"

A default sequel to another Interactive Digital Art piece entitled "Abstractus", which was a compilation of various abstract digital paintings I'd done. These were the "leftovers".

“Long-armed Cross”

This was an odd image I discovered while biking around the tropical neighborhoods of Ft. Lauderdale: a white cross that looked like it was for someone with an extremely longer arm. It was a surrealism sight.

“Newspaper Printed with Red Ink”

What if a newspaper was printed in red ink instead of black ink? What sort of psychological influence would there be? This was a visualization of that.

“Out of Order”

Another spoof Interactive Digital Art piece that “breaks” on you when you go to it. It’s a clever joke of “art” being “out of order”.

“Palm Angel”

Palm tree branches that I took a photo of that resembled a “palm angel”. Click on it and it goes to heaven.

“Panic Attack Entertainment”

This is a possible intro logo for my production company, “Panic Attack Entertainment”.

“A Parody of Nothingness”

Yet another spoof art piece! But it is quite interestingly conceptual by making a parody of the fact that there is nothing there – but it’s “art”!

“Patience”

This must be my ultimate time-based “movie”. It’s completely humor based, of course, but it is also a statement. I figured that if I ever make a movie, the first five minutes would be a pale bland screen with “PATIENCE” slowly appearing. One day I did, but did it as an experimental short film. I wanted to exploit the TV screen as a time-based canvas. We as viewers expect entertainment and quick cuts! As an artist I stepped back and gave the audience something different and challenged to them: I asked for their *patience*. The word “PATIENCE” ever so slowly fades in on the blank white screen as Saint-Saens plays in the background. I feel that, in the end, the piece was an ironic meditation about the viewer than about itself. The piece is really a time-based title sequence for “Patience” stretched out for the full length of the short movie.

This is really my “Andy Kaufman”-inspired, unconventional time-based media design piece. The context of the video is that the joke is on you, the viewer. It directly plays on the viewer’s own sense of patience - their own *human nature*. Could it be a statement of our “faster is better” culture where we expect to be entertained *immediately*?

“Personal Business Card”

This was an experimental digital business card design that I made up around the year 2000. It would give my address and phone number information, as well as image designs and resume information.

“Pissing Landscape”

Surrealism Sight #4856: A lawn that was actually taking a piss. Actually, it was simply a water sprinkler, but I simply used some creative vision to make it into something else.

“Poems”

A collection of poems that I had written while in undergraduate school:

"Blossoming"

Through the tired murk and burnt-out inferno,
I entered a nostalgically scented forest –

A forest of flowers –
I searched the rainbow-toned fields
To pick some precious blossoms for my love;
Overwhelmed by the brilliance of their color,
I gazed beyond their fashions of beauty in bloom.
Soon I noticed a dry garden of welting whispers –
Lone, shriveled plants like lips that have never been kissed.
How I observed their flaws among a paradise of perfection...
Should I reject them for their physical rumors of defection?
Could I believe in the love they could share?

After pondering for moments or years,
I bent down to pick her bouquet...
...and presented them to my dear.
She asked, "Where did you pick these pale white flowers?
I've never seen these before."
"I found them in my love for you..." I explained,
"...and I felt that their imperfections needed to be shared."

"Your Mystic Despair"

Possibly by dismal life or pleasant death,
Art evolved as your expressive breath;
You thrashed your objects of emotion aside
Upon passive walls of selfish pride;
You and the parasite of despair were never to have met
Yet, still it stayed as your inspiration and pet.
You dared to flirt and survived to cry...
Only to display creative anguish painted across a burning sky;
So you locked yourself in reclusion for final confession –
Which revealed the unsatisfied pain of your acute depression.

So you breathed fresh poetry and dreamed sonic tears,
Life could dance once you dared your sensitive fears.

"Poetic Questions"

This poem is vastly unimportant:
I bet it won't even rhyme with rhyme.
How I beg of words?
For my life's purpose and emotion,
I'd rather exclaim! than chatter.
A poem of low esteem:
I don't know the worth of existing...

"The Existential Poem"

Opps... um, my dream came true!
Now I don't know what to, er... do.
What else can I rhyme?
Why else can I rhyme?
How else can I rhyme?

"Reading Promotion"

This was a "reading promotion" design that I'd made in the fourth grade. At the time, I thought it was pretty good. "Reading Fills Your Life With Dreams" with a young male teenager

reading about *Aladdin and His Lamp*, *Tom Sawyer*, and *Sherlock Holmes*. It ended up getting 2nd place.

“Road Closed”

“Road closed – the mountain is in the way.” Interactive visual sight gag.

“Sale Price Estate”

Or that is, “Sale Price Estate” for only a 29 cents price tag!!

“Scribbles People-like”

A gallery of frantically, nervously scribbled people I had drawn.

“Shaving Self-Portrait”

“Shaved through.” A series of “portrait-self shaving” self-portraits.

“Sound of Extinction”

The Sound of Extinction: The Brazilian Rain Forest. Listen in... As you click on the image as the interectee, the image goes inverted and almost looks like bones instead of rainforest. Click again, and the rainforest disappears... just like it has. That is the power of Interactive Digital Art. By clicking on the image, you’ve physically participated in “destroying” the rainforest.

“Spielberg-Related Movies”

A Design II project of Spielberg Related Movies: “1. Back to the Future, 2. Arachnophobia, 3. Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom, 4. Close Encounters of the Third Kind, 5. Jaws, 6. Innerspace, 7. Duel, 8. Raiders of the Lost Ark, 9. Jurassic Park, 10. E.T., 11. Poltergeist.

“Stars in Cars”

Photographic exploration of the stars of light that reflect on the rain drops on a car windshield.

“Sunset Gazers”

“Sunset Gazers (and Vacation Takers).” Snapshots of a sunset at Naples featuring a crowd of dozens. “Going... going... gone. The adventure continues to the next sunset...”

“Super-Red/ Eric Homan Bio”

Non-fictional book coming in August of 2032 titled: “Super-Red: A Biography of Eric Homan” by Joe Jason. The cover of the book is an electronic rotating collage of eccentric photos of myself bathed in red.

“Surrealistic Road Turn”

Everyone’s taken a wrong turn while on the roads of America and the world. Well, here is one occasion where things got rather out of hand.

“Symbolic Chaos Language”

This was a chaotic printout that came out of my Epson printer when it wasn’t working, which was rather often. So out of my frustration and out of this unreadable chaos language it printed out, I made this piece.

“Thin”

The key is the interactive click that makes the figure of someone taking a photo become “*thinner*”. One click and he turns to bones. “Thin.”

“Tree Zoo”

I believe I took this shot at one of the Disney parks. From my askew point-of-view, it looked like a tree zoo since it was a tree behind bars. Surrealism.

“Twig Abstracts”

Palm tree bark that I had scanned in with my own interpretations: “Coco Hair”, “Coconut Nest”, “Nest Boat”, “Twig Fingers”, “Twig Hand”, “Twig Trunks”, “Twig Cord Rainbow”, and “Twig Cord Cobra”.

“Vincent Memorial”

These are shots of the gravestones of Theo and Vincent van Gogh in France. So I made an electronic memorial for them.

“Washington D.C. 1990”

During the 8th grade, my entire class took a trip to Washington D.C. As a project for English class, we had to take pictures and make a scrapbook out of them. This is a digital version of that scrapbook. They’re hilariously amateurish photographs.

“Watch for Art”

An interactive photograph of a road sign that reads “Watch For Art”, and then with a click, “Live For Art”.

“Photographic Journeys” - (2002) - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

Includes: “Artist’s Point of View”, “Beach Bum Bike-ride Bonanza”, “Bike Route”, “Crazy by Candlelight”, “My Subconscious Explodes”, “Red Candlelight Portraits”, “Silly! Artist! Crazy!”, “The Underground Scene”, “Walk Around”, and “Water Landers”.

“Artist’s Point of View”

“Beach Bum Bike-ride Bonanza”

“Bike Route”

“Crazy by Candlelight”

“My Subconscious Explodes”

“Red Candlelight Portraits”

“Silly! Artist! Crazy!”

“The Underground Scene”

“Walk Around”

“Water Landers”

“Inbred Photographs” - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

Includes: “Color Fountain Dance”, “Dancing Id”, “Dusk Drive Dream”, “Kissing the Emotional Candle”, “Light Tears”, “Portrait Parade”, “Tree Metamorphosis”, “Trip Into Green”, and

“Water Lights”.

“Color Fountain Dance”

I’ve certainly never been happy with a simple photograph image. I feel that nearly every photograph has been taken over and over again, repeated into familiarity and technique. Therefore, as an artist and audience, I’m interested in overlapping images that create a new bastard image - a surrealistic hybrid. As a result, the alchemy ignites my imagination. With photography for me, some sort of manipulation has to occur to the image to make it *extra-ordinary*. With this piece, I preferred the method of double-exposures through the computer process of additive and multiplied layers. It’s an experimental execution where not even I know what exactly I’m going to create. It’s trial-and-error art making.

“Dancing Id”

“Dusk Drive Dream”

“Kissing the Emotional Candle”

“Light Tears”

“Portrait Parade”

“Tree Metamorphosis”

One day I stayed indoors during my day off. An hour before dusk, I broke out and biked through the neighboring public park, Holiday Park in Ft. Lauderdale. Passing by an exotic tropical tree, I was stunned by how much imagery, form, and design it had upon it. With a digital camera in tow, I snapped 80 some pics of what my imagination was witnessing. I was high on creativity from a desperate need for fantasy around me. My imagination compensated by muscling with creative prowess. I captured every angle the very moment I located a particular tree metamorphosis. I found the artist’s signature who originally created the tree on the tree’s trunk, the initials of ex-loves, horizontal vaginas, phallic trunks, anuses, squirrels couples mating on the sun-beamed trunk kingdom ledges, lizard wart warriors, angry octopus roots, badger heads, eyeballs in the bark, the visages of pleasant monsters, mutations, and morphs. The Fichus trees were works of art - nature and man-made, through reality and the imagination - that the elements were combined in giant trees.

Technique

When color balance and color correcting these images, I subtly “painted” in the color changes instead of simply altering the entire tone of image with one command. This offered a somewhat surreal visual tone mix that varied throughout the image.

“Trip Into Green”

“Water Lights”

“Curiosity Inside” - (2002) - an anthology of Interactive Experience (Sketch) Pieces

“Curiosity Inside”, “Intro”, “Private”, “36 Cents”, “Abstract Hangman”, “Ambient Silence CD”, “Art Donation”, “Art Math”, “Ass Professor”, “Awards”, “Blonde Rentals”, “Butterfly Petals”, “Cable Umbilical Cord”, “Cardinal Coming Down”, “Christmas Lightning”, “Cloud Museum”, “Confetti Art”, “DANGER!!!”, “Digital Come-On”, “Dildo Tree”, “Draw On Me”, “Earth Abstractions”, “End Of Road”, “Excellent”, “Exit”, “Exit Only”, “Explicit Blankness”, “Family”, “Family Folio”, “Fear For Your Sanity”, “Fine Art Visit”, “For Rent”, “Fragile”, “Garbage Nature”, “Ghost Print”, “Give

The Gift", "God Bless America", "Hand Print ID", "Human Pictures Presents", "Journalisms", "Jungle Journey", "Junk", "Lord Is Here", "Mangrove Mangles", "Masters Degree In Fine Farts", "Milk Tower", "Movies I've Watched", "Museum Setup", "My Funeral Card", "Naples Sunset", "Once Upon A Writing", "Out Of Business", "Out Of Focus", "Patriot Flag", "Peppermint Stick Trees", "Pink Dusk Elephant Clouds", "Pornography In Clouds", "Racing For Acceptance", "Rat Terminator", "Restaurant Of Emotions", "Safe Place", "Safety Tips And Rules", "Save Insanity", "Scarred Selves", "Sell America", "Soft Focus Couple", "Soon", "Stolen Image", "Stop", "Suicide War", "Surface Surreal", "Surreal Ohioans", "Surreal Paper Tray Holders", "Swap Shopping", "Terrorist From Ohio", "Test The Sigh", "Thank You For Your Cooperation", "The End", "This Piece's Commercial Value", "This Space For Rent", "Tickle, Tickle", "Two Towers Tall", "Vegas Light Abstractions", "Veterans' Day Observed", "Wife Sale", "Writer Deep", and "Yellow".

"Curiosity Inside"

The interactive menu page interactive piece.

"Intro"

There's curiosity inside! Click to enter and find out.

" Private"

Eric F. Homan – Private... Click to –enter-

"36 Cents"

A crumpled and torn up dollar bill is only worth "36 cents" in its worn and deteriorated condition.

"Abstract Hangman"

How would it feel to play a completely abstract game of "Hangman" where the word you had to guess was something as mixed up and made-up of a word as "xoqrhdeaz"? Now wouldn't that make the game rather challenging?

"Ambient Silence CD"

Now this is a really clever idea of mine: An audio CD of "ambient silence" with 10 tracks with varying lengths in time. The thing is they all play the same sound: silence! The selling point to this soothing "music" is for people to "listen to it at night as bedtime relaxation music". *Just imagine how soft the music is! On Sale Today - \$12.99.* 42:21 is the time length of the CD.

Track Listings:

- 1) 3:42
- 2) 2:50
- 3) 8:07
- 4) 1:59
- 5) 4:21
- 6) 5:08
- 7) 9:00
- 8) 2:33
- 9) 2:49
- 10) 3:01
- 11) 7:10 (hidden track)

"Art Donation"

To donate by Credit Card for one of these two excellent pieces of artwork, call 1-800-SDJFOAJISOFJ.

"Art Math"

What if one could calculate how to multiple, add, subtract, and divide *art* in order to create

surrealistic, abstract art? And what would it look like? This was my attempt at visualizing this conceptual idea.

“Ass Professor”

This was a joke that my former boss, Edmund Skellings, gave to me when I got promoted to “Assistant Professor”, or as it was abbreviated, “Ass. Professor”. It made me laugh because *what the hell is an Ass Professor?* So here is my business card as an “Ass Professor”.

“Awards”

Here’s a listing of some of my more prestigious awards, such as the “Good Boy Award” for Best Behavior in the Fifth Grade... Swimming War Metals (what does “third place” in a war mean?)... “I got an American flag patch for being an American”... “Then I became a Native American. Shawnee Council of Ohio 99. “You’ve won your merit badge! And so many more. Yet there’s always the other side to success, fame, and riches.” Fool’s Silver and Gold. Just Bronze Pennies and Nickels. Our Great Eagle Flying/ Dying Down. And what are we awarded: a Goldmine Fortune for the Blind. A Penny and a Nickel for Our Hard Work. Oh well. I don’t mind using Native American money.

“Blonde Rentals”

This piece was inspired by a mini-vacation I was taking with my uncle Jack and aunt Lorna in Naples, Florida. He looked out the window and noticed some hot young female blondes riding some jet ski boats. “Boy, I’d like to have one of those,” my uncle Jack sarcastically joked aloud. I thought it was a warped genius thing to say because it sounded like he wanted to get a “Blonde Rental”. So I made a joke art ad for “Tourist Discounts” for Blonde Rentals/ Fun Rentals as well as Harley Davidson Babes. “Rent me!” they exclaim! Just let your imagination run wild on this one. It’s in the gray area between finding a girlfriend on the beach and getting a prostitute.

“Butterfly Petals”

A unique picture of a flower with pink “butterfly wing petals”. Capture a pink butterfly flower petal!

“Cable Umbilical Cord”

Technology and human biology combine with “cable umbilical cord”. A man is “jacked in” to a TV through a TV cable that’s really an umbilical cord connected to his belly button. I’ve never cut off my umbilical cord to the TV. Get your in information by *Media Momma*. It’s entertainment erect.

“Cardinal Coming Down”

This is a photo of a “fake” cardinal” flying down at you! “Cardinal” diving down!

“Christmas Lightning”

Light stream photography experiments of Christmas lights around the Ft. Lauderdale area in December. It’s Christmas lights abstract art!

“Cloud Museum”

“Cloud Museum”: Grand Canyon County, Arizona, U.S.A. The clouds are on display in the heavenly sky gallery above the Rocky Mountains in Arizona. An Obese Cloud Boy. Cloud Stars. A Cloud Art Fusion. Cloud Covers. A Cloud Ballerina.

“Confetti Art”

“Confetti Art”: art that “explodes” on top of itself to create a new work of art. So every time you click on the image, it changes and becomes anew by “confetting”. The images overlap almost into a visual cacophony of light and color. The images abstract into meat and fingers and colored light lines.

“Danger!!”

Interactive piece to alert you of “DANGER! DANGER!! DANGER!!!” What that “danger” *is* will be up to the interactee’s imagination.

“Digital Come-On”

The interactive piece *itself* asks, "Do you want to see a movie or something some time?" Don't break its “heart” drive, or your computer won't work again.

“Dildo Tree”

Photos of “A Dildo Tree of Florida, with sweet dildo fruit that are sometimes used in salads. Dildo fruit fallen on the ground. Go ahead and gather some fruit together.

“Draw On Me”

You see the back of a man with a shaved head and you are asked to “Draw on Me”. Click and you’ve drawn a face on back of his head. “What’s so funny?” Click again and the man’s face appears on the back of his head where the drawn face was at! “What are You looking at?!” he says.

“Earth Abstractions”

“Earth Abstractions”: States of nature with extraordinary features. "Woodman's Reach". "Vein Tree". "Tree Tentacles". "Tangled Tree". "Spike Leaf Tree". "Smearred Faces Mt. Side". "Rock Abstraction". "Faces in the Mt." "Mt. Making Faces". "Face Slide". "Face Range". "Mountain Slit". "Canyon Crater Scream". "Bark Abstraction". And "Greenery".

“End Of Road”

An End Of Road Interactive Digital Art piece. Sorry, you have to turn back. It’s the END OF ROAD.

“Excellent”

An animation message of good advice to an old friend: “Excellent! May the fire burn you out of Ohio. Just don’t let the emotions burn you or anyone else who don’t necessarily deserve it. Passion is great when its used in the right ways.” “*God bless and good-bye.*”

“Exit”

This is the “EXIT” to leave from later on. At least now you know where to go! Thanks for stopping *by-bye-bye!*

“Exit Only”

This is only an exit. That's all. Really.

“Explicit Blankness”

A blank image that has a parental advisory label on it. Should it be censored? What does it mean when people start putting ‘parental advisory’ stickers on blank images? Are they paranoid of us using our imaginations now?

“Family”

“Family”: a series of abstract digital portrait paintings of my family. “Covered Smothered”. “Dad”. “Lara”. “Me Part 2”. “Me”. “Steve”. “Tanyasleep”. “Yo!”

“Family Folio”

This is a collection of childhood drawings I did of my family members when I was around ten or so. Juxtaposed with them are deeply personal, sentimental letters that my parents wrote to me.

Also included is "Eric's Birthday Wishlist":

0. An Ankh necklace
1. A red sports car (please make sure I will be able to fit into it. No matchbox cars! About the size of the Buick. The automobile must have an engine inside, too.)
2. Pink, cute bunny slippers.
3. Any critically acclaimed trade paperback.
4. Modern clothes.
5. A weekend pass to Universal Studios.
6. Two front teeth (wait, I have those already).
7. Phil Collins/ Genesis tapes/ CDs.
- 7.5 A video camera.
8. A CD player.
9. A time machine so I can relive my past birthdays.
10. Cologne (fresh smelling).
11. And much, much more!

Next up is a family drawing made up of stick figures: Mom, Dad, Eric, Lara, and Tanya. A rejected drawing of my dad. A crazy drawing of my family (Lara, Tanya, me in 49ers shirt, angry mom, and dad). Also, that's "ME" on a mountaintop in the background. An happy April raindrop with "honor" stickers on it.

Then finally there is a writing for and about my mother. "A Mid-Spring Morning's Miracle":

- "She's a mother: a living, working sculpture of intimate love and gray hairs.
- As a fierce challenger against the odds, my mother never lets dust rust on her grinning pride.
- She's got lots of attitude – attitude in voluminous amounts.
- A lovely dame whose birthday marks the quintessence of hope and chocolate ice cream.
- The sparkling beauty from within her beams like a Pacific Ocean horizon.
- It is special to celebrate her birthday; yet to savor her kindly existence is the most marvelous of gifts.

Finally, "A Personal Defense" Shield of reasons for high self-esteem and self-determination:

1. I never give up hope.
2. What I want to be is an architect.
3. If I had one year to live, what would I do: I would do things for other people.
4. I am creative.
5. My favorite vacation spot is Lake Erie.
6. What is my favorite song? "Uptown Girl" by Billy Joel.

"Fear For Your Sanity"

This is essentially a humor slogan Interactive Digital Art piece. "FEAR FOR YOUR SANITY" – how shocking and direct!!

"Fine Art Visit"

Fine Art Visit: Eric Homan visits some Fine Art on his vacation to Expressionism Land in the Imagination Zone B39XE. "Art. Art."

"For Rent"

An interactive experience art piece that is putting itself up "FOR RENT". Or BUY ME!!

“Fragile”

An interactive piece that cautions you of how “FRAGILE” it is. “PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE. THANK YOU”.

“Garbage Nature”

When nature is brought out on the curb like regular garbage, it becomes literally *garbage nature*. Tree excess and plant poop. Now recycle by clicking/ interacting! Recycle!! Regrowth. What comes out of the earth is fossilized garbage nature. And the world becomes a gorgeous apocalyptic wasteland of wonders! Here comes the dawn.

“Ghost Print”

The imagery in this piece is from a local newspaper clipping of myself at age four. The odd and slightly eerie thing about it is that the people in the imagery look slightly ghost-like. Can you read between the ghost print? The holy ghost teenager. *Phantoms!*

“Give The Gift”

Just a note to remind people to “Give the gift of Imagination to your children.” *Interact with that thought.*

“God Bless America”

The God Bless America Man: Here was a homeless man wandering around the streets of downtown Ft. Lauderdale the day after September 11th, 2001. I thought it was a beautiful sight, so I took a picture of it. He walks the lonely trail patriotically and proudly. “God Bless America, man.”

“Hand Print ID”

ID yourself based on your handprint against a computer scan screen. Click to take your scan. Your print is your identity. You leave your mark. This is who that mark was made by. The handprint is literally your barcode. Barcode handprints. So hold onto your identity. Hold on to anything.... Without identity, you're nothing. Don't fade away and lose yourself.

“Human Pictures Presents”

This is a possible opening production company logo design animation with “Human Pictures Presents” and “An Eric Homan Film” fading in and out with a close-up of a man's eyes and nose bathed in blood-red.

“Journalisms”

These are pieces of my journals applied in a time-based format. So I called it “Journalisms”. This is some of the phrases that go on it the mind of the work: “oh God, I really am too sensitive. “Can I love you? Can I want you?” I don't understand those terms of emotion. I feel sick with depression. I am seeking help - from myself. ...I loved her. Collapsing from under the burden of my emotions, I prayed for a lover. Have I, through the weeks, become accustomed to my anguish that it no longer affects me? Tears are emotional rain. Desperate, I needed a shower. indulged in creativity. I had to laugh. Emotions going into extinction in a world of apathy. The day already seems past. I think I'm the difficult one to live with. Free the imagination. My face didn't match the emotional exhaustion in my soul. When you think of me, I smell your scent... “Hope”. I can't “talk” - so I dream. Suddenly, I got struck by lightning and died. No more jokes. Every word spoken is vulgar (#\$(r&*!@\$*!4V\$*@\$??). Time... forgot about me. Boredom. Time to react. Time to live. Time to risk my life. “I'm a loser”: my society has unconsciously stamped it all over me. Now I rely on what I do best, my art, to show that I'm a someone. i am a depression feeding off of movie escapism. i.am.not."special". my.words.are.no.different.than.yours. Once we ate the apple, remorse and conscience set into our being. With my passion for expressing my artistic dreams, my life force waned in exhaustion. Imagine bashing in the head of a stuffed animal, and then skinning it. What's next? I don't know (I do dream). my emotions were left lost. What is the difference

between my feelings and the way I act? Which is the facade? I know that I will smile when I read over this sentence in time. Predictably, I will be amazed that I was thinking of you in the future tense. I didn't come here with an artistic background; I arrived with creativity and emotions on my palette. We were so close that I breathed the scent of mint on her soft breath. "It must be nice to have meaning to your life," wondered I? I got so excited, my body temperature rose above normal. I tried to fool my emotions that today is my last day alive - so I'd better do everything I can with it. Yet, that persuasion seemed contradicted the second time I tried using it. I felt the warmth of her body's fire. Applying blood red paint on the wrist. I am a lunatic Casanova. Your scent is so strong - I can taste you. Begin the day with "Madame Butterfly" as your emotional anthem. "sorry about me". To be alive is a flawed experience of perfection. Time to react. Time to live. Time to risk my life. The sun wasn't shining, though it didn't matter. Why did God give us anger and blasphemy? Panic Attack. my life! I just sit here, doomed with boredom. I see all these crazy things going on around me, and I can't make sense out of them. I've expressed these feelings before, yet they do not vanish. I know exactly what to do to help myself. I know what other people will advise to me. ("I've been exaggerated my problems by taking them all on at once. No wonder I'm bawling my head off from all this stress.") Yet, I still don't know... I'm twenty years old and I've already challenged my existence for meaning. No wonder I feel surprised when I realize my young age. Upside down mouth - a frown becomes a smile. Negativity laughed. A harsh sensitivity headache disabled any sort of ego. My disillusionment led to desperate daydreams. I felt fear for what I had created with emotions and imagination. So many words were spoken... So much beauty, it made me sad. even upset enough to daydream out of urgency. This is not reality. do it for my id... There are too many people alive, alive, a lie. please don't criticize my imperfection! There are 10,000 other people out there with the same dreams and ambitions as me. Being sensitive, I knew the risks and realized the chance that it could fail. I understood. A million emotions betrayed me at once. ...Emptiness. Loneliness. Empathy. Sympathy. Hatred. Rage. Longing. Confusion. Loss. Disillusion. Remorse. Sorrow. Grief. Horror. Friendship? Acceptance. Defiance. Chills. Despair. Uncertainty. Senseless. Hang in there. Take care of yourself." *Journal-isms*.

“Jungle Journey”

Jungle Journey! That a wild trip through the wild neighborhoods of suburban Ft. Lauderdale!!! Look out for wild animals! Look out! A wild female runner! *She may be running up to 20 mph!!* Sometimes at night in the downtown districts of Lauderdale, the herds gather together to watch a movie in public under the night sky. I wonder if they know they're in an open cage?

“Junk”

“Junk”: Just some "junk" leftover images I had on my hard drive. A sideways gold coin. Erase horse rider stationary. A Fall Feather Leaf. Headphone Hermits. Girl looks up at crayon sky. ...meaning nothing but *beautiful*. LSD Superheroes. Screaming Me's. *Parking Lot on Side*. The Car Within the Vines. And the Final Brush-Off.

“Lord Is Here”

A Burger King billboard boldly announces that “THE LORD... IS HERE”! Who would have thought that the Lord would be at Burger King of all places?!? And you can get merchandise there as well! See how the sunset plays upon the sign: “LORD OF LIGHT GLASS: \$1.99 EACH.”

“Mangrove Mangles”

Mangrove Mangles: Trees made of root stems for limbs. It's a maze of trunks, branches, stems, and limbs.

“Masters Degree In Fine Farts”

Another one of my “brilliant” parody pieces where I changed my “Master of Fine Arts” degree to be my “Master of Fine Farts” degree (with a major in Art). So I spent two years learning how to be an expert *farter* at Florida Atlantic University?

“Milk Tower”

In my hometown of Coldwater, Ohio, I was led to believe that one of the three town water towers

where used to be a "milk tower". The Coldwater "Milk Tower", I called it. And a town factory was where they processed the milk. I just had an unusually overactive imagination. But at least I found out where milk came from....

"Movies I've Watched"

This is a list of names of some of my friends who happen to be movies... Each year lists the movies I watched per year. Warning: this is a massive list.

"Museum Setup"

This is my DVD Museum Set-Up for my computer art animation work for gallery display. For example, my computer animation piece "Life Forms" is programmed to loop when inserted into the DVD player or in a computer with a DVD player. Multiple copies of the Artist's Statement Paper will be provided on the table beside the monitor playing the artwork. The display is simply a computer monitor with a frame on its front with speakers on its side (5.1 surround sound or 2 channel stereo). Several people can sit in front of the monitor to view the work collectively for a more personal experience. Or there could be another more advanced setup with several of these setups, but with just a monitor, a DVD player below, and headphones so that one person would experience the work *personally* one-on-one, making for a more personal, private experience.

"My Funeral Card"

In Loving Memory of Eric Homan (nee Stauble): Date of Birth July 27, 1976 in Coldwater, Ohio. Date of Death: Friday January 18, 2002 in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. 25 years old. Funeral Services: Monday, January 21, 2002, St. Sebastian Catholic Church, St. Sebastian, Ohio at 10:30 a.m. Fr. John Bensman Officiating. Final Resting Place: St. Sebastian Cemetery.

My funeral card would also have abstract art on the front cover. And a Serenity Prayer for my soul.

"Naples Sunset"

A Naples Sunset. Help us set the sun by clicking on the sun.... *Out goes the light!*

"Once Upon A Writing"

A couple of old writings:

"Once Upon A Workday..."
by Eric Homan

In a modern metropolis of towering office skyscrapers, I worked and breathed all day inside private cages called cubicles. Only during my break did I have a chance to daydream out the fifty-third floor window. Today, I gazed, silent and mute, in melancholy awe that somewhere there was life better outside. At a nearby office building across from me, I sighted a fellow office worker staring out just like I was. To wonder if we shared the same dreamings comforted me... for the moment.

Also during my 9:30 coffee break, I watched the unrelenting rain pellet the outside of the window. I imagined the rain to be of heavy tears from co-workers on higher floors. Before the lapse of my daydreaming, I glimpsed a woman's body descend like a stone before me. I shivered violently, took a final sip of coffee, and returned to work.

Inside my cubicle, I worked with one primary function: to watch the computer screen for the changing stock rates from across the nation. The numbers never ceased. Only during my breaks will someone else watch the rates for me. Yet, to lose my attention for a mere

second might cost me my job. My mis-led ambitions wailed for escape to a better life. Stuck immobile and limited was a cruelty for my sanity. In time, I feared that I might....

Praying for patience was never enough to pass the time that didn't to pass with seconds, but rather with sighs.

I wondered in bewilderment why so many of us remain at this job functioning mechanically like monkeys with robotic minds. Are they also trying to raise enough money to commit themselves to an asylum like I? "Ha ha ha."

Beyond the plastic boundaries of my gray cubicle were the boundings of my sensitivity. I refused to be as disgustingly naive as my co-workers for I seemingly alone realized the prison my career was in. During my break at noon, I wasn't able to completely digest my lunch. Eventually, I found myself vomiting into the restroom toilet. To see my face reelected in the polluted toilet water was like some horrific self-portrait.

At the end of my workday, I rushed exhausted out the revolving exit door like a young child glad to be out after a long day of school. Noticing a sidewalk ice cream stand, the nostalgia of my innocent youth suddenly lured me to taste a flavor that I had long forgotten. I had never imagined that lime sherbert could taste so... healing. Like a storybook fantasy, my workday had actually closed with a happy ending - that is until tomorrow morning.

“A Beginning and End”

by Eric Homan

“A Beginning” (which reality and fantasy made up to start a life or a story) blessed me with a mood out of my own imagination. All the freedom that creativity had to express swarmed together into an inspired daydream that I could exist with it – not just as motivation, but as my spirit. With its euphoric, unlimited possibilities for me to realize, I immediately merged its ideas into my emotions. Together, we were a dream of absolute freedom that could be expressed in a human body. I was a daydream – and the daydream was I. Married together, we could dismiss problems and limitations by overwhelming them with uncanny amounts of creativity, an infinite fury of emotions and ideas at play. We had created our own personal Utopia. We weren't without hate, nor were we without love. A gust of youthful spirit tickled through us. A celebration of our birthday was every moment we were together.

Just when I thought this perfection of living would never end, I felt my body and mind exhaust. Suddenly, I noticed that no one around me felt the same feelings I was. They were isolated in their own lives, jobs, families, friends, and emotions. An intense alienation set in me like a slow death. The loneliness was unthinkable, unbearable. The only way I could save myself would be to escape to sleep.

Yet tonight, dreaming wasn't as safe as I had dearly wished it would be. My daydream side must have inspired what I was about to dream: my death.

“The End” (which ultimately closes all lives and stories) arrived one night when I was killed in an auto accident. I didn't understand why I was dead. It shocked me that I didn't even get a chance to say “Good-bye” to loved ones or fulfill enough of my dreams.

On the day of my funeral, my friends from my childhood carried me in my coffin through the sites and places where we spent our memories: the dusty hallways and chalk-scented classrooms of kindergarten through high school... the neighborhood where I grew up playing kickball... the Catholic church where my family attended mass together every Sunday... and finally, to my resting place at the town cemetery. *They wept in the memory of me?* I wish I were alive.

“The Beginning” (for which I invented because I enjoy “happy beginnings”): I woke up deeply disturbed by my dream, yet ultimately relieved to be living. My daydream side was gone, though it didn’t matter. “I am alive.”

“Out Of Business”

Another very funny “active” Interactive Digital Art piece that addresses the fact that it has gone “*OUT OF BUSINESS*”. So you can’t get into it because it’s all closed up from a lack of funding. It’s hilarious.

“Out Of Focus”

A series of introspective self-expressive self-portraits that find me “out of focus” in every one. What a visual statement of my mental mind at the time!!!! This is really an underrated work.

“Patriot Flag”

Patriot Flag: These were a series of digitally painted flags that I made just a few days after the events of 9-11. The final flag image was a chaos flag that said something about the state of the American psyche.

“Peppermint Stick Trees”

Peppermint Stick Trees: Trees with trunks made of peppermint sticks. Go ahead and take a lick by making a click!

“Pink Dusk Elephant Clouds”

Pink Dusk Elephant Clouds on Parade! Driving home one evening I noticed something extraordinary marching by in the sky. A factory was smoking out the elephants into the dusk skyline. I couldn’t believe that air pollution had developed such a sense of imagination for the surreal!!! Pink creatures were marching over me in a psychedelic heavenly jungle.

“Pornography In Clouds”

Pornography In Clouds: Do you see it? Can we censor it from our innocent youth?!? Can we continue to tell our innocent children to cease from looking up into the sky and use their imaginations?! Are the clouds simply too soft and curvaceous?!?!? CENSORED!!

“Racing For Acceptance”

I joined the Junior High track team to gain acceptance among my peers. So I ran. *Faster!! Faster!!!! Hurry runners!!*

“Rat Terminator”

"Ha ha ah ha!! I killed that stinking rat!" says the Rat Terminator Custodian! "Ouch!" "Ha, ha! I'm #1!" says the Rat Terminator! "Until next time.... my pet!" "Who da MAN!? Ya, it's ME!" Rat Terminated.

“Restaurant Of Emotions”

Restaurant of Emotions Menu:

Emptiness:	\$0.50
Hope:	\$7.95
Despair:	\$5.45
Loss:	\$6.95
Guilt:	\$11.95

Peace: \$2.95
Love: \$8.55

*all items with tax included

“Safe Place”

An Interactive Digital Art “Safe Place”. Don’t worry, you won’t get “hurt” or harmed here!!!
Or will you?

“Safety Tips And Rules”

“Safety Tips And Rules” by Eric Homan (age four). THAT’S ME! NO DIVING ON PEOPLE. NO SIMMING AFTER EATING. NO DISTRACTIONS DURIN SWIMMING LESSONS. NO RUNNING. NO DISTRACTING THE LIFEGUARD WHILE SOMEONE IS DROWNING. NO BIG KIDS ALLOWED TO SWIM IN THE KIDDIE POOL. NO SPITTING ON LIFEGUARDS. NO SPLASHING. NO SWIMMING AFTER THE LAST CALL TO COME IN DURING CLOSING TIME.

“Save Insanity”

A SURREAL ad I found in the paper so you can “*Save \$100 Insanity On All Computer Packages!*” Or “*Save \$100 Insanity On All!*”!!! Art U.S.A. Rand at the Lowest Price. CRAZY! OF COURSE... YOUR FAVORITE HUGE CHRIST!!” OOOH! UNREAL!!

“Scarred Selves”

These are some experimental still images of abstract digital paintings I did composited on top of some snapshots of myself. I like the colored stringy textural qualities of these pieces mixed on top of photography.

“Sell America”

\$ELL AMERICA? Is America really up for \$ale?!?

“Soft Focus Couple”

A Soft Focus Couple: With every time you click on the couple, they blur more and more out of focus. “*The softer they look, the more perfect their Love will be. No wrinkles or flaws. No signs of ill Feelings or Sadness. No sign of emotion at all. Nothing at all.*” Eventually, they are blurred out to nothing. That’s how soft focus their love is.

“Soon”

This is probably one of the most ominous photos I’ve ever taken. Just a torn and damaged sign on a pole with the word “SOON” written on it. What does it really mean by “soon”?!? It’s totally suggestive and open to interpretation.

“Stolen Image”

This is a “stolen” image from the compositing program Shake for making a default pixilated background image. Now I’m in trouble!!!!!!

“Stop”

Bent over “Stop” signs in the neighbor I used to live in within Ft. Lauderdale that clearly didn’t stop someone. “*Stop?!?*”

“Suicide War”

The Suicide War is unofficial, though there are thousands of casualties every year... for all known history. Something is killing us off. We have our weapons: harsh words, guns, hatred, razors, drugs, rope,

sensitivity, knives, etc., etc. Hopefully, at one point, we won't take anymore. A global wail of sirens will alert the world of a state of emotional emergency. The world will turn yellow, then to red. A mass suicide of hundreds of thousands would occur leaving the responsibility on those who lived. How will we live with the knowledge that friends, role models, parents, teachers, and children could no longer bare the pain of existing in this society? Some of us will be wounded during their private battles - with scars down our wrists and artistic yearning in our emotions to show for it. Change cannot occur from just ourselves. Everyone must evolve emotionally or face extinction from our own stupidity, laziness, and arrogance. It will be known as "The Great Manic Depression". And I am a veteran from the Suicide Wars.

“Surface Surreal”

Surface Surreal: These are a series of photographs from the Grand Canyon with heavy atmospheric amounts of colored mist tinting within. It makes these already extraordinary terrains into extraordinary alien world landscapes.

“Surreal Ohioans”

“Surreal Ohioans”: Real Authentic Creative Ohioans. Sweet Innocent Christian Boys. Then Things Got Weird...tk. Freaky Affection Freaks. "Kissy-kiss!" Searching for Nature's Art. Look At What We Made! Surreal Faces Are Abstract Us.

“Surreal Paper Tray Holders”

Bent and twisted beyond any reasonable use! This must be tray holders in a surreal universe!?!

“Swap Shopping”

At the "Swap Shop", Ft. Lauderdale, FL. \$20. People at the "Swap Shop" in Ft. Lauderdale sell practically everything you own in order to pay their bills or just to survive. Clothes and Junk at low, low prices. So what is it all emotionally worth?

“Terrorist From Ohio”

WANTED: Eric F. Homan - Terrorist From Ohio: For Crimes Against Art and Humanity. Now DECONSTRUCT THE CRIMINAL. Click on him to see the many different versions of this wanted man. He's barred, crumpled up, black and whited, gray-polarized, mystified, saturated, polarized, thresholded, negative-fied, yellow-fleshed, red-tanned, turquoise blued, psychedelically warped, inverted, rainbowed, violeted, red-n-greened, sepia-toned, minimalized, ravaged of color, hue keyed, hell-burnt, fogged, graffitied, gray-painted, day-for-nighted, *targeted*, and mirrored. And then finally all these versions of this “Terrorist from Ohio” are animated in a movie.

Genesis

I made the ‘Terrorist From Ohio’ images in the weeks following the attacks on the World Trade Center. Upon printing out the image and giving it to my boss, he hung it on the hallway bulletin board. Within the hour, a faculty member took down the image by who courteously believed someone in the building might not find it humorous. I knew the image was sensitive in its “terrorist” subject matter, but didn't that make it all the more potent, dangerous, and funny? When the Marx Bros. made a comedy about war called "Duck Soup", the film was received with mixed reactions unable to find the insanity of war humorous. Indeed, war is not a funny matter – but it does make one laugh when looking at it from a screwball, if not realistic, perspective.

“Test The Sigh”

Click in the white space to “*test the sigh*”. “*Siigggggghhhhhh!*” you make.

“Thank You For Your Cooperation”

Some of these interactive experience pieces actually address the viewer/ interectee *directly*. “Thank you for your cooperation. The Management.” In other words, thanks for interacting!

“The End”

Click to “The End” title whenever you want in nonlinear time! Oh boy!

“This Piece's Commercial Value”

This is an actual Interactive Digital Art piece that directly addresses the viewer by declaring “This Piece Has No Commercial Value!!”

“This Space For Rent”

Surrealism continues: this is an actual space of interactive experience art that is selling itself *for rent*.

“Tickle, Tickle”

“Interact with the Words” by *tickling* them with the cursor.

“Two Towers Tall”

“Two Towers Tall... Two Towers Fall. The World Erupts. My Emotions Are At a Crawl. And What Is Left Behind?” This was the artwork I did in Painter immediately after 9-11-01. It was meant to be spontaneous, violent, frightening, and chaotic.

The journal entry of that day: 9-11-01 (or as it became...) **9-11-01 “My Record of a Day”**

It was the usual morning routine. I drove to work listening to a tape in the car... oblivious to anything that was being reported live and urgently on the radio. I arrived at school at 8:59 a.m. like I usually do. I was the first one there. Then Claire, the department’s secretary, arrived saying something about a small private plane had hit the second tower. It didn’t make much sense from what she said. I figured she was talking about the second university tower that was just built next to ours. I went over to the 9th floor window to check and see what damage had happened outside. There was nothing. Then Fran arrived and cleared it up to me that it was *a jet airliner* that crashed into *the World Trade Center* tower in New York City. Claire rushed over to her phone to call her friend in Brooklyn to find out what she knew what was happening. Immediately all three of us went to work in looking up the latest news at various new websites online. Yet the five or six news websites we all checked from Ft. Lauderdale’s to New York’s to London’s were completely clogged down with too much internet. I’d never seen anything like this. Claire’s friend on the phone in Brooklyn said there was thousands of business papers flying through the city right now. I immediately thought of director Terry Gilliam’s office building mutiny scene from Monty Python’s The Meaning of Life.

Changes. Armageddon - Live. Televised Faces of Death.

*Most of what is written below was recorded as I watched the horror unfold on TV between the hours of 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Eastern Standard Time so I could get the most raw, immediate emotions and reactions down.

Apparently, two hijacked airliners crashed into the World Trade Center Towers just after I got to work at nine a.m. What absolute urgency to re-enter my life. Thousands of people were possibly killed. The secretary informed me that on the radio someone witnessed millions of office papers are flying through Brooklyn - just like a scene from a hyper-surreal Terry Gilliam movie. It’s **anarchy** realized! It’s the unraveling of our boring society! This isn’t a movie. It’s live on the Internet, radio, and satellite TV. Beethoven’s 5th Symphony is playing in my office. It’s 9:13 a.m. I’m used to hearing news of 500,000,000 people being killed by bug asteroids in Starship Troopers - but *this is reality*. (Yes, it was an ultra-violent sci-fi movie satire that I thought of first when I heard the news. There were insane, unbelievable causalities. It seemed that unreal.)

Around 9:50 a.m., Diane called up the center and I heard Ed literally screaming in pain over the phone from watching the first Tower collapse. In my imagination, I envisioned the world blowing up. I’ll never forget Ed wailing over the phone as that first tower came down. Here was a man who acted so tough crying out in total madness. And I had to imagine what was happening as he watched it on TV. It was the ultimate in realistic extreme surrealism: the ordinary world had gone mad. He *ordered* me to close the lab and have all faculty and students go home and watch the news on television. I drove to Juan and Ali’s place

for someone to be with and watch the TV. I've rarely felt so sick from such a sudden, live, loss of life. "Something I've never seen before" kept being expressed by the newscaster. To witness such catastrophic death on such a scale sickened me. Exclamation marks simply do not express the feeling and distress. Pearl Harbor seemed like a dent compared to this. People mentioned the beginning of World War III, the declaration of WAR, and, worst of all, the prophecies of Nostradamus. "Change the channel, *please*, the news is too surreal for me. I don't want to watch anymore." The next channel had the Muppets on - *escapism never felt so good*. Such a sudden change in the world's existence was massively unbelievable. Yet the surrealist aspect about this devastation is that I'm not directly harmed. I'm passively watching this news. They said that possibly 50,000 or more people were in the buildings. And it's not ending. Such panic. So frightening to me to see life imitating art. They've been so many movies have been made about terrorist attacks with CG explosions. Those deaths were faked for entertainment. This is real and has affected everything. Stampedes of panicked Manhattan downtowners were trampling over people. I heard reports of hundreds of people jumping out of buildings just to get *out* and die quickly. The army, as well as everyone one in the country, is on "highest alert". I had no idea of what an economic devastation this would have on the world, especially the United States. They means we are at war *now*. Martial law is in effect in Manhattan. This is the biggest reality nightmare I've ever seen.

Being an emotional artist and fantasist with a massive imagination, this type of news *numbs* and *succumbs* me. Just yesterday, I was thinking to myself that no important news has happened in quite some time. Today, we suddenly have big, bad Hollywood action flick appearing on all the TV stations that appears like a mix of visual and plot elements from Independence Day, Armageddon, Fight Club, Godzilla, The Siege, War Games, Air Force One, True Lies, The Towering Inferno, Deep Impact, Executive Decision, Passenger 57, Airport, Mars Attacks!, Dante's Peak, Lethal Weapon 3, Starship Troopers, Akira, Die Hard, Die Hard 2: Die Harder, and Die Hard With a Vengeance. It's even on MTV, VH1, virtually every cable channel. Though it was thankfully and unironically not Comedy Central or Sci-fi Channel, it was ironically on A & E ("Arts & Entertainment") and E! ("Entertainment" TV). Such a massive counter-attack on terrorists is going to be unbelievable. Our anger will demand their blood. Nuke the enemy. Who would do such insanity is numbingly incredible. Don't they know they are killing themselves by killing others? Any terrorist in the world who threatens the lives of innocent people in "peace-time" will be "dealt with" – killed, eliminated, arrested. This means anyone who is "different" will be prosecuted. Anyone extreme will be feared with extreme prejudice. Our sanity has been tested. If you're an enemy of the United States, you will be rounded up.

Today, September 11th, is our Kennedy Assassination, our Hiroshima, our D-Day, our Challenger disaster, our Pearl Harbor. I chuckled to myself sometimes to release myself from the madness that was on TV. I wish to vomit or cry because my empathy is diseased. No work, no play... all activities were canceled. The world around me has literally shut down: universities, malls, Disney. North America's airports have been closed down. I made American Airlines tickets just yesterday. I find it hard to shake this reality when it feels like fantasy on the TV.

Look how much I've written. I needed to get it all out. There was just too much emotion. Today was impossible to fully comprehend; yet we have to. It's time to sacrifice our existential lives. "It's too much insanity." I don't wish to watch anymore TV. There are only so many times I can watch replays of 50,000 people die. This is literally *Surrealism's Revenge* on reality. "There is no stronger emotion." "**Jesus Fucking Christ!**" screamed people unedited on the TV reacting to the news.

For the first time in many years, I felt the dear need to pray in a church. I needed some type of comfort. I dearly wished for a loved one to be with if in the case a nuclear device was smuggled into the country and pointlessly destroyed several more million innocent people. Where is the meaning in our lives if we are to experience so much grief?!

Maybe I can turn to songs in order to find solace and security...:

"Gimme, gimme shelter... or I'm gonna fade away... War, children, it's just a shot away...
It's just a shot away!" "Gimme Shelter" by the Rolling Stones.

"What a feeling..." -sang Lou Reed on "The Bed".

"Goodbye, Ruby Tuesday, Who could hang a name on you? When you smile with every new day... Still I'm gonna miss you..." –The Rolling Stones' "Ruby Tuesday".

APOCALYPSE NOW REDUX appeared in huge bold letters on the local art theater billboard on this fatefully ironic day of 9/11.

I actually got so scared, so paranoid, so panicked, that I called every person I was close to: I called

my dad, both of my sisters, Justin and Nikki.... I was freaked out. I thought this was the beginning of a possible end of the world. My point of view of existing was now shaking.

I lied in bed for hours, barely being able to sleep for twenty minutes at a time without waking up and being flooded with worries over and over and over again. I must have only gotten three hours of sleep.

“Vegas Light Abstractions”

These are some photography light abstraction experiments that I did while in Las Vegas in August of 2001. Ego Lighting. Eric Glow. Light Curls. Light Ribbons. Lights of Fire. McDon's Thunder. Vegas Fire. Vegas Streams. *And Now The Show Closer Spectacular!!!*

“Veterans' Day Observed”

Just a friendly reminder sign of an Interactive Digital Art piece that reminds you that “Veterans' Day is observed on Friday. No School” in case you didn't know.

“Wife Sale”

This is a spoof sign I “put up” for a “Wife Sale” as if it was an event like a garage sale. / thought it was funny. It gets worse when you click to the next image and it's for a “Wife Sale” and the wife's been “Just Reduced” as if she's used and old property – and she comes with a pool! How else do you expect a surrealist artist to react when he comes across a sign with “For Sale : Diana Verdi: call 366-4840”?!? WIFE FOR RENT. MAKE BEST OFFER!

“Writer Deep”

Writer deep in ideas. He passionately writes down his thoughts and feelings in his journal notebook. He is within his own world.

“Yellow”

A fun and simple surrealist interactive piece that says that the color green is “YELLOW”. It's meant to play upon what you know and warp it to mix up what you think is “right”.

“Bigtime Interactives” - (2002) - a collection of large Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

Contents include: Comic Book Babes (“Batgirl Bat-Trap Event”, “Comic Book Brothel”, and “Goddesses in Tights”); Music (“Cobain Memorial” and “U2 Concert Ticket”); Paintings (“Painted Subconscious Images”, “Raw Portraits”, and “Raw and Aged Portraits”); and Survival Series: Volume II (“Survival Series Parts I, II, and III”).

Comic Book Babes

“Batgirl Bat-Trap Event”

“Welcome to the Batgirl Bat-Trap Event. Compiled by Eric Homan. Starring Yvonne Craig as Batgirl. “Crime fighting is a serious matter to me, too, Batman. But you might as well get a few laughs out of it!” Batgirl Bat-Trap Event #1: Turned into 2-D super heroes. #2: Tied up with cat whiskers. #3: Dunked in caviar. #4: The Notorious Siamese Human Knot. #5: Chained in a dungeon. #6: Hit from behind. #7: Paralyzing fog. #8: Tied up and cut. #9: Pressurized. #10: Glass Chamber. #11: Tear Gas. #12: Umbrella gas. #13: Riddled Away. #14: Rocketed Away. #15: Batgirl Bat-Trapped! To Be Continued...!”

“Comic Book Brothel”

Featuring: Black Widow, Catwoman, Black Canary, Rogue, Captain America, Wolverine, Storm, Spider-Man, Gambit, Colossus, Cyclops, Lara Croft, Supergirl, Batgirl, Domino, Jade, Catwomen, and Wasp!

What I have forgotten about my artwork is that sometimes at its core is satire. I'm distorting and exaggerating reality to make a point in order to get to a deeper level of meaning.

"There is a place where comic book heroes roam the night as prostitutes in their seductive, sexy skin tight costumes. Hey men and women! Have you ever wanted to get laid by Black Widow, Captain America, Rogue, or Spider-man? Is super hero sex just beyond your wildest fantasies? Not anymore!! At Universal Studios' Islands of Adventure Marvel Universe Island, you can make it with mutants, super-serum studs, or gamma-powered super freaks. Spandex costumed sex stars are waiting for you just around the corner at the comic book brothel!! *Make My Orgasm Marvel!!* Sorry kids... this attraction is for the grown-ups only! 'Yo were always my favorite webslinger, Spidey!' It's a comic book fan's dream cum true! And she's so available!!! WITNESS: Hunky, steely Colossus and super powerful, sexy Rogue. Pick your favorite super hero. Wolverine, Jeff, Colossus, Cyclops, Gambit, and Rogue. Just check out this assortment of super babes on display! 'Oh Batman!' 'Yummy!' Take your pick! 'Wouldn't you like to spend a night with a super hero?' Rogue is WAITING for YOU. *Lick it up.* Batgirl likes all the BOYS! How about having Batgirl by the FIRE! Or Domino? *Hey there!* How about Jade? Plus, we've got the widest assortment of super women in catsuits in the know universe!!! "*Meow, meow, meow!* And don't forget about our delicious selection of Catwomen!! We've also got Phantom in bed! Vertical or Horizontal for U. But Rogue has always been a top choice! Yet, SUPERGIRL offers you super orgasms! 'Take me now, fanboy!' Have a Batdance. Make your choice! *See you soon!!!!*"

"Goddesses in Tights" - The Batwomen of the 1960's Batman TV show (and beyond).

"The following is a valentine examination of their role as muses for imagination and sexuality. Concerning the old 60's Batman TV series, there was nothing more satisfying than watching Julie Newmar play Catwoman and Yvonne Craig play Batgirl. Julie Newmar's Catwoman has been a fascination on mine since my adolescent days. Of course, she was one of those first women who I noticed on TV who aroused me sexually. Yet, her escapist character - a super hero in a disguise/ costume - attracted me emotionally. She was eccentric, sexy, a little awkward, and, most importantly of all, kind of innocent. She was the great TV tease fantasy - a brunette super "villain" in skintight black leather. The fact that she was bad made her even more appealing. Most importantly, she didn't make me feel dirty when I looked at her. I used my imagination when I saw her in a skintight costume that stimulated the erotic fantasies. In fact, the costumes left a *lot* to the imagination. She's a PG-rated sight - not an X-rated one. In fact, it's PG-rated S & M! It all adds up to that comic books are innocent pornography for the imagination. Their physical allure awakened the sexuality of millions of teenage boys. It was like watching a PG-rated porno. They managed to project a sweetness and innocence to their roles that attracted so many. Their costumes were completely form fitting which projected the female nude figure for, perhaps, the first time to adolescent males who were just beginning to discover changes in their bodies and thoughts. They had an extraordinary gift for projecting innocence and sexuality at the same time - a pairing that was all too perfect for young boys turning into men. They were groundbreaking in every way: they were some of the first women to be sex objects uncensored on network TV for generations to discover through the 60's, 70's, 80's, 90's, and the new millennium. Their allure was as mysterious as it was magical. They built up fantasies and hormones. They turned into comic book mythology: goddesses in tights. For that revelation, I pay my tribute and gratitude."

History

I decided to do this digital scrapbook memoir dedicated to sexual fantasies of comic book women upon discovering hundreds of free pics of Julie Newmar as Catwoman on the web. It was what awakened the imagination flood of memories and old feelings.

Music

"Cobain Memorial"

Click through the photographs to see merchandise, posters, scary scenes from the day Kurt was found dead, Kurt's guitars, the "Unplugged" show, and album cover artwork. It's all on display for one to go through in this interactive memorial tribute.

For the soundtrack, I created "Come As Your Apologies", my cacophonous Nirvana remix of "Come As You Are" with "All Apologies", that played during the final sequence of images from Cobain's life. It's meant to stir up the empathic experience of feeling overwhelmed by life... just as Kurt did.

"U2 Concert Ticket"

To go to the U2 Concert, "get your ticket" by interactively clicking on the ticket. Within the ticket are the images and experiences of the actual Ft. Lauderdale opening show to the 2001 world tour. Then the images go into their Grammy Award wins. At the end of the journey, there I am. "I'm a fan. Posing with music heroes. A big fanatic fan."

Paintings

"Painted Subconscious Images"

During the creation of these images at my father's house during a two-week work leave "vacation", I was experiencing an immense feeling of *homesickness* to get back to my own place of living in Florida. It truly showed in the naming of some of the paintings I did during this vacation period that were basically autobiographical confessions of what I was feeling at the very moment I made each image: "Happily Sad", "I Give Up Face", "Let's Leave", "Lost", "Miss Me", "Nonexistent", "So Many Smiles", "Soon", "Take Me Away", and "Vague I Fell". Since most of the paintings were abstract expressionistic works, the titles announced my inner chaos as its meaning.

The complete name set: "A Rose", "Accidental Spiral", "Atmospheric", "Bad Eye", "Big Smile!", "Big Top1", "Big Top2", "Blue Karen Rose", "Bud", "Celebrate", "Color Clouds", "Cool Face", "Day 1", "Developed", "Devilin", "Disaster", "Dot Dot", "Drip Death", "Drippy Tears", "Faceo", "Finished Yet", "Flower Explosion", "Flower Features", "Flower Features2", "Flower Land", "Flowers Like Dominoes", "Frequency Smile", "Galaxy", "Glory", "Good", "Grasslands", "Green Blush", "Green Scrap Face", "Happily Sad", "Heartface", "Hundred Smiles", "Hurricane Sun", "I Give Up Face", "I Give Up", "I Love You", "Japanese for 'Ha!'", "Let's Leave", "Lost", "Miss Me", "Nonexistent", "Pearl", "Present", "Psycho Feathers", "Rainbow Fog", "Rainbow Snake Skin", "Raw Green Face", "Redhead", "Ruined Painting", "Seaweed", "Side of Breast", "Signature", "Smiles Face", "So Many Smiles", "Somewhere Near", "Soon", "Spaghetti Hurricane", "Spaghetti Hurricane2", "Spider's Web", "Splat!", "Splat!2", "Sunchild", "Take Me Away", "Tapestry", "Teeth Smile", "Textured Vapors", "There's Something Underneath", "Thunderstorm", "Undertree Underdark", "Vague I Fell", "Vertigone", "When Can I", "Wild Life", and "Yellow Mts. Overhead",

"Raw Portraits"

These are a series of "raw portraits", as in they were quickly made in a fury of emotional outlet, high spirits, and crazy energy.

The following paintings are called: "Chris Portrait", "Christ Portrait", "Chung Portrait", "Clone Portrait", "Courtney Portrait", "Kurt Portrait", "Diane Portrait", "Eric Portrait", "George Portrait", "Karen Portrait", "Lost Portrait", "Me Portrait", "Redhead Portrait", "Orangehead Portrait", "Owen Portrait", "Tony Portrait", "End Portrait".

The Repeating Voices

"After making it... I thought I'd go out into the real *world* and see if I could make it out there"... "And what gives light?!"... "*Feels goooood*"... "I didn't tell you ta *ahhhuuppphh!!!*"... (whimpering) "I don't wanna play any more games?!"... "I'M GOING TO EXPLODE!!!!"... "I'm losin'!"... "I've got *nothing!*"... "I've got nothing to say. I just throwing boxes on people"... "I CAN SCREAM! STEAL! LOVE IT ON GONE!! BUT YOU'RE GONNA SEE WHAT YOU *FEEL!*"...

"And the CIA said son... Stop sniffing that smoking gun"... "I don't care to explore nothingness"... "I'm a sensitive killa!"... "I got so tired I felt ill"... "I had the urgency to express myself, but I kept getting overwhelmed by the technology"... "I HATE EVERYTHING!"... "I love you!"... "I don't want to fight. Use me as a shield. Save yourself!"

"Raw and Aged Portraits"

This is basically "Raw Portraits", just multiplied and divided by 2. This version has been "aged" with extra layers of graphics "makeup". It becomes more of a true time-based action painting.

Survival Series Sequels

"Survival Series: Volume II"

"Survival Series: Volume II: Part II"

"Survival Series: Volume II: Part III"

"Survival Series: Volume II - Raw"

"Survival Series: Volume II: Part II - Raw"

"Survival Series: Volume II: Part III - Raw"

This was the continuation of the first video game that I had planned out as on paper during sixth and seventh grade study halls. One of the first job aspirations of mine was to become a video game world designer. I simply felt I had the imagination and adventure for it. And this was what came out of me from my thirteen year old mind. I originally drew it all out on green roll-out paper. Then over ten years later, I scanned in crucial areas and colorized it with the airbrush in Adobe Photoshop.

The "Survival Series" came about over a combination of restless creativity and severe adolescent boredom. My interest at the time was video games so that was where I invested my artistic designs and ideas. I drew serpents, aliens, soldiers, Indiana Jones style adventures, a crocodile hunter adventurer hero, and mythology characters and treasures – a hybrid imagination video game.

Villains are colored as if they were imagined in colorblind madness.

"Trip Out West" - (2002) - Interactive Digital Art Experience Piece

A collection of photographs that my friend Steve Smodish and I took during our vacation/ art trip/ escape to Yosemite, Sequoia, Las Vegas, Hoover Dam, Zion, Bryce Canyon, Grand Canyon, L.A., California coast, and San Francisco.

Text Captions

Moon over Yosemite... moon over forest... surreal surreal blue sky... Yosemite hills... Steve Convertible... Big Meadow... burnt trees... barren green... green tree mountains... Steve Yosemite... ivory mt... hard milk mt... bald mountain... blue sea sky... sea moon... mt. puzzle... castle mt... Eric Adventurer... Eric Observer... tall trees... white mountain... Eric of North Country... Eric Valley... there... Steve with a camera... top of my world... relaxed into nature... Natured Artist... Eric the Giant... Steve Giant... Steve the Tree... sky stop... cloud mt. range... ripples shore... cave mouth... Damn Way... Sequoia hair... Sequoia trunk picture... Peace from New York, NY, NV... Shadow in NY, NY, NY... tired Steve... Bryce Canyon at dusk... Bryce Canyon skeleton... Canyon Ribs... Arizona plateau... Grandiose canyon... canyon ports... canyon canyon... canyon cove... heaven and hell on earth... Eric and the Grand Canyon... Steve and the Grand Canyon... Green Grand Canyon... peppered canyon... tree canyon... polar opposites... Dark Cloud Canyon... Canyon pines... Canyon Thunderstorm View... Steve Canyonheart... Hard Clouds... Canyon Art... Canyon Smile... Canyon confetti... Observing the alien world... Rugged Venus... it's all too much or nothing... Edge of the World... Canyon Crease... Clay Canyon... trail through trees... Ghost Canyon... Fog Canyon... Canyon dusking... Dusking... Dusking2... Ghost Land... Canyon Glow... Canyon Glow2... Sun Dusk Summer Glow... Dusking #7... Grandest Canyon... Sunset Time... Sunset Time Past... Tiny People... Sun fog on canyon... Sunset #1... Sunset #2... Sunset #3...

Sunset #4... Sunset #5... camera manned... Canyon Cool... canyon pedestrians... cloud branch abstraction... Eric Canyon... Grandest... a shift in clouds... taking it all in... tree branch abstraction.

“CEC Memoirs” - (2001) - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

A “scrap book” collection of images collected during my years (1998-2000) as a student at Florida Atlantic University at the Florida Center for Electronic Communication.

“The Florida Center for Electronic Communication: The CEC Sun! CEC Memoirs by Eric Homan. "It all began here... ..in the CEC Lab.” Karen M. Creative Workshop. Chung. Eddie. Kirk. Fran. Frank. Caleb. John Muehl. Eric. “The Boys”. Dhruv. Caleb. Diane. Victor. The Yellow Computer Lab. The yellow lab of Silicon Graphics work stations and Karen M. Overhead of the Center’s work stations. The center’s overhead lights. Silicon Graphics work station. All Smiles at the Lab: Frank, Eddie, and Chung. Caleb and his Friend. Caleb Strauss. Chung Ching Lau. James and Dhruv. Diane Newman. Eddie at sound mixing board. "Electronic Arts Rogues Gallery": Frank, Caleb, Eric, and Vic. Eric animating himself. Fran & Frank. John Muehl. Karen Mathieson : The shirt speaks for her. Karen M. Victor DeLeon. Tired James. Giddy James. "Jame(s)". The Piece of Trash Sculpture Outside University Tower. *What Genius*. Eric daydreaming out of the 9th floor window. Window with a view of the Atlantic Ocean. 9th floor sky view of Cloud Mountains. Views of University Tower. Shadow in the blue room. Victor’s Shadow in the blue room. Victor’s Shadow and Exoskeleton. Ed ©. Claire ©. I’m Ed Skellings Copyright 1999 All Rights Reserved. I’m Claire Conde Copyright 1999 All Rights Reserved. Claire in white. Danny working on an O2. The Electronic Art Center: Karen M., Fran, Caleb, Eric, and Eddie at work. Caleb’s Frustration and Fury! Danny and Caleb *Stressed*. Group attention during group workshop. "What’s this?" Workshop Critique. "Frank, I have a question?" Observing the work on the BIG SCREEN. Attention in Workshop. What do you think? Frank doing his Workshop pledge. Karen Confused, Dhruv Sleeping. *“Interesting...”* Overhead Workshop Discussion. Listening to our Special Topics Speaker. Ed’s Poetry Reading at Borders. Ed’s Reading His Work from Memory. “Ed” at 10% off. Skellings’ Moment. Ed Skellings - Young and Old. Ed and his enthusiastic audience. The Poet facing his Borders audience. Ed Skellings portrait. Diane in white. Caleb’s drawing and Eddie’s tonguing. Caleb and Eric awarded certificates by the dean. "I would like to thank God..." Group Smile! Eric and Dr. Childrey. The Familiar view from the 9th floor. Vic posing with Onyx2. Victor with his Elvis Costello glasses. Eric in a paranoia panic attack hate stupid crashing Machiinee!?!? Eric working in Maya. Monitor and Eric. Gerritt - Our Temp Lab Tech. The New Recruits - Karen 'n' Chris. Frank and his CG Flower. Big Face Fools!! Three Amigos: Frank, Eric, and Juan. Eric assisting Frank on G3. Suave Juan facing front camera. Frank and Eric working on G3s. A.R., Karen S., and Eric at CEC. Eric assisting the undergraduate modeling class. Caleb with undergrad modeling class... with Steve Smodish. Juan and Eric talking. Juan, Frank, Chung, and Eric. Workshoppers: Karen S., Chung, Karen M., Juan, and Fran. Special Topics Group Project. Chris working the digital camera. The Projection Screen. The video equipment and workshop chairs. The O2’s along side wall. The computers and video equipment. The PC workstations. The Video Equipment Decks. Proud Caleb and Proud Eric outside their new office. Welcome! to Caleb Strauss/ Eric Homan: Office 915. The Glowing Homan. Hi! It’s Ty! Rosina Proper. Chris the Mac. Karen Sanok Relaxing. Juan surprised!! CD on Fran’s finger. Ed and Fran. CEC students working. Look! Authentic students working! Monday morning workers. CEC *Smiles*. Humans and monitors. Eric reading about one of his role models. Eric Daydreaming. In Neil young clouds. Mr. Happy! “I look happy, but I’m not.” Eric reaching out to Frank for help. Bearded Buddies: Eric, Chris, and Frank. Beard Profile. "Cheese, Frank?" “Do you like cheese?” Frank sleeping in his car. Eric in his instructor mode. Eric teaching his undergraduate students how to smile. *“Do better!”* Eric teaching the Saturday animation class. "Rosie Highlighted": Student who highlighted her entire text book believing that every word was *extremely* important. "Florida is Ed. Ed is Florida." Eric and Caleb burnt out together. Students hard at work. Dhruv, Karen S., Juan, and Frank. Karen S., Juan, Frank, John Moore, and Ty. Dhruv thinking... Students focused. Juan helping Chung. Juan working on Maya cloth. Chung posing. Happy Birthday Ty! It’s your party! Caleb Caricature. Daily demands to Frank Balzano. Lunchroom Round Table. Frank and Eddie taking a break. Coffee Gangsters. Chris, Ty, and

Juan. PIXAR event at CEC. PIXAR speaker and crowd. The PIXAR Watchers. Before the M.F.A. show. "Couple in Black": Chung and Eric. Eric relaxed in his office. Caleb: "Hold on..." Caleb: "Okay, you can take the picture now." Preparing for the show. Fran taking a picture. The CEC gang - Pose #1. The CEC gang - Pose #2. Awaiting the show. The graduates in a row. Thumbs up from Eddie and Dhruv. Ed, Eddie, and Dhruv. Eric, Eddie, Dhruv, Frank, Karen M., Caleb, and Ed. Ed's Introduction. Applause applause applause applause applause applause. Eric and Karen bedazzled after the show. Group photo. Group photo #2. Group photo #3. Group photo #4. Black Eric, Caleb, and Fran. Black Red Eric, Caleb, and Fran #2. Eric, Caleb, and Karen joking. Trio in a row. CEC Alumni Portrait. CEC Alumni Portrait #2. CEC Alumni Portrait #3. Fran Hi-Five! Eds together. John Muehl and Karen. The Strauss Family. Rosina, Scary Juan, and Karen #1. Rosina, Karen #2, and Eric van Gogh. John, Frank, and Chung. Chris with his Ladies: Karen M. and Rosina. Happy Gang: Eric, Karen, Victor, and Frank. When Victor Attacks! "For God's Sake! I'm *not* van Gogh! Don't cut my ear off!" "Cheese" (take the picture). CEC MFA CLASS 2000: FLORIDA ATLANTIC UNIVERSITY, FORT LAUDERDALE. Outtake shots: Kirk. Eddie Breman. The University Cube. Eddie in front of the university parking lot. Eddie waiting on a parking meter. James and Dhruv. The Computer Laboratory of Scientists and Artists. Frank, James, and Danny in Lab. Frankenstein at workshop. Listening to a speaker. (With a hand accidentally over the camera lens). Ed awarded a Turkey? Clap clap clap clap clap clap. Clap clap clap clap clap. Rhino Software Training. Victor Smug. Victor without glasses. Improved view of University Tower. Metal crumpled paper sculpture. Invisible metal crumpled paper sculpture. Childrey's poetry reading. Childrey poem. Poetry in Dania garden. People chatting before M.F.A. Show. CEC plaques and awards. Diane and his sister. "Rosina... *sit down*." Eric standing. Eddie standing. Dhruv standing. Caleb standing. The after M.F.A. show crowd. Crowd discussions. Group photo #5. Eric, Fran stiff-as-a-board, and Caleb. CEC alumni portrait #4. Eric, Graham and wife. "Envious?"

CEC Cartoon Parodies

"Explanation for Cartoons" by Eric Homan: "There were late nights when I was alone at my apartment when I needed to cheer myself up. The basic way I managed to accomplish this was through doodling and making cartoons of whatever was in my head. While retouching up some photos I had taken during my two years as a graduate student, I decided to make a duplicate version and draw on it. The following are the products of my whimsy. I apologize if they are silly."

"Caleb Art. Caleb Drawn. Cornel Ed of KFC. Ed Butterfly. CEC Slugger: Diane! Computer Ball Cards. CEC PLAYERS: Eddie! COLLECT THEM ALL!! "I'm an Afro!" Frank Flashback to 70's. Evil Pirate John Skellings. Karangel Butterfly. (Inspired by Karen M. modeling a butterfly for her first animation). Cheshire Karen. Fill-in-the-Dots People. Frankanne. (Frank's head on Fran's body). Peter Pan? My shadow and myself. Punk Frank. Monkey Frank. "Screwy kids!" -Frank Scorsese. (Frank modeled after famous Italian-American director Martin Scorsese). Aaron Insane. The Lick Kiss. Chris and Eric playing. Chuholoos. Tyraffe. (Inspired by the giraffe Ty was working on for one of his animations). Eric: Artist Grad."

"CEC New Year" - (2001) - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

A "scrap book" collection of images collected during my years (2000-2001) working as a research associate at Florida Atlantic University at the Florida Center for Electronic Communication.

The Text Notes: CEC New Year A.F. (After Graduation). with Ty, Caleb, and Chris as the Atlanta Bread Company Gang. Eric At Work On Learning DVD Over The Summer. Eric Attacking Chung. Caleb As White Angel. Eric With Devilish Shadows. Duel Monitors For Non-Linear Editor. Eric On Headphones. Eric With Girlfriend Sinead O' Connor. Eric Working. Eric And Fran. "Redheads Rule!" Eric Praying? Karen M. And Claire C. Posing In The Parking Lot. Steve - Master Massage Tamer. Eric *Trying* To Give Caleb A Hug. Caleb And A Mysterious Black Spot. Gift Sex Sheep For Caleb. "*Caaaaaleeb!*" "*Nosferatu* Eric" The CEC Onyx2 Coffee Table. Caleb

Relaxed. Steve And Eric Pondering The Present. Steve Sleeping. Steve Smodish. Steve's Catchphrase: "Crazy Damn Kids..." Karen M., Steve Happy, And Rosina Artist. "Heh!" Up Fran's Nose. Vampire Francis! Rosina And Eric At Karen M's Brother's Wedding. My Wedding Day: Eric And Caleb Happily Married... Or Maybe We're Just Joking Around! Karen M. Smile. Caleb Cam: Caleb's Farewell Dinner Party. The CEC Crew. "Ha Ha Ha Ha" Caleb Party. The Max And Ty Band: Live In Ft. Lauderdale!! Female Pyramid - Karen M., Karen S., And Rosina. Ty And Juan Gang Hand Signals. Ty Kissing Himself - "I'll Toast To That!" "...Now That's Just Sick!" Out To Eat At Chili's - Caleb, Rosina, Karen M., And Eric. "I'm Happy?!" Karen's Young Sis, Tegan, With Caleb. Rosina's Husband, Tegan Trying On Caleb Glasses, Caleb Feeling Humiliated. Rosina As Caleb. Eric As Intellectual Caleb. Tegan, Eric, And Caleb At The Commercial Blvd. Pier... Playing Around! Eric "Proposing" To Tegan. "Golly Gee!" Eric, Tegan, And Caleb Benching. Eric Calm, Tegan Yawn, Caleb Sneer. Lower Half Of Eric, Karen M., And Caleb. Eric Relaxed, Caleb Massaging Karen. The SIGGRAPH Trip to New Orleans. New Orleans Map. Karen S., Chung, and Eric: First Day in New Orleans. The Crammed Hotel Room. "An Innocent Orgy" (with Ty Video Taping). Juan and Caleb ?Lost in New Orleans. Juan and Eric in the Hotel Room. "Ty Dylan", Karen S., and Chung. New Orleans Sunset. Eric and Juan Dining. James and Eric. James' Girlfriend and James. A Lonely Man and Claire. Francis McAfee - Smile Extraordinaire. Rosina, Karen S., and Steve. Juan and Chung. CEC Faculty and Students Panorama. Sax Man on the Mississippi. CEC Group HUG! Fran Liked Getting His Ears Licked? Ty, Rosina, and Eric. Karen S. - Photographer. Photographing the Funny Faces. Eric and His "Girlfriends". "Girl Talk" - Chung, Karen S., Karen M., and Rosina. Bourben Street Masses. Ty and Rosina in a Trolley. Juan, Eric, and Stever. Eating Out at a Middle-Eastern Restaurant on My Birthday. Smiles and Grins. Eric, Karen M, and... uh... Juan? Rosina, Steve, Karen, and Fran *Smilin'*. The New Orleans Crew by the Tracks. Juan, Ty, and Steve Back in Trolley. Relaxing on the Trolley. A Stately Hotel Lobby Portrait. Ty as the Piano Man. Ty Smile. Hotel Hallway Gathering. Ty and His Guitar in New Orleans. Ramblin' On... Rosina Relaxed in Smile. The Curse of New Orleans: Vampirism. The Redhead Vampire of New Orleans. A CEC Halloween: Rosina's Halloween Party. "Ha!" Eric in His Ironic "Costume". Al and Karen S. "Playing". The Lady Vamp Rosina. Eric and Karen S. "RAWHIDE!" Juan, Juan's Cow Friend, Karen S., and Steve? Al as Jason. "Eric" and "Juan". Mystery Girls. Al, Juan, and Chung in Disguise. Let's just all sit back and enjoy this picture of Rosina sucking on an eyeball egg for a while... Halloween Highlights 2000 : Salad with Maggots. Eyeball Surprise! Kitty Litter Cake. In "Costume". Said the Raven. Braveheart and Vamp Girl: Together At Last. The Night Wares On... Robin Hood in Huge Sun Glasses. Bat-Couple: Catwoman and a Goateed Batman. Karen Shock. "Where's Chung?" The Man In Black. The Moll and the Hawaiian Maid. "Be Safe!" Watch! The Hand is Possessed! Cutting Off the Cow's Utters! The Braveheart Studs. What a Weird Date... Cooking Yourself for Halloween Dinner! Phantom of the Halloween. The Dinner Ladies. The Happy Vampire Hosts. "Jason V." Laughing. The Goths. Happy Ghouls. "Hey There". Knife Tickled. The Happy Weird Family. Chung Behind Mask. *Ladies in Black*. "What's Cookin'?" Out of It. *BATS!!* Red-Eyed Lady In Black. Alejandro On The First Day Of Class. Alejandro's Catchphrase: "I'd Do Her A Favor...." Atom In The Upstairs Sound Studio. Chris: The Dude With The Dandruff" Shirt. A Dara Portrait. Eric And Ty "Buzz Lightyear" Primosch. Eric Channeling Creativity. Eric In His Van Gogh Museum Office. Students Charging Into Their Work. Tony Portrait. Al And Karen S. At The Center. Juan, Rosina, Chung, And Dara. Shake Compositing Software Training Day. Juan, Rosina, And Chung. Rosina Resting. Rosina W/ Blue Hair! Rosina, Dara, And Stever. CEC Back Room. CEC Center. Tony Hello?! "Buzz Off!" Illegal Graffiti: I Will Not Leave Messages For Eric Homan! "Don't Take My Picture, Bub! I'm Working!" Ty Teacher. Elena At Work. Eric In Frame. 'Al' At Work. "Steve The Potato-Head". The Uncertain Reality. Ty, Al, And Dara. Ty Helping Al With Shake. Steve Shirt. Elena Exposed. Juan's Shadow. New Year's Party People Posers. "Oh The Obscenity!" "Oh The Obscene Sexy!" Obscenity. Mass Obscenity. Obscenity. Obscenity X 4. Steve In The FAU Tower. Ft. Lauderdale Dusk. Claire Face. Eric Face. Fran Face. Karen Sanokie Posing. "Yah! I Did It For Sanokie! ...Or Maybe Not." Karen S. Meditation. Owen The Winner. Eric And Al. "What Is *This*?!" "Prepare To Flunk, Al!" Eric "Angry" With Al (But Al Doesn't Mind). Alejandro As Bono. Atom's Sound Room Studio. Atom In The Post-Production Sound Editing Suite. Atom Editing. Al, Chris, And Juan. The Animation Workers. Al And Chris Talk. Chung And Karen At Work. Chung Bemused. The Center's Awards Wall. The Telly Awards. CEC Pamphlets and Propaganda. Down the 9th floor

“Secret Island Park”

“Transformation”

“Vision Quest Crusade”

I was feeling **bored** and creatively empty with my life one Saturday evening, so I went on a bike ride with my digital camera on stride. Upon my trek through Holiday Park during the dusk magic hour, I came across several trees with pink-orange blossoms and abstract bark. As I started taking photos, I noticed surrealistic designs and faces within the bark when I looked through the viewfinder of the camera. I started *capturing* with a renewed intensity and vision. I was reminded that whenever I run dry of ideas and imagination I could rely on nature to provide. The ambiguous brilliance of design that clouds and nature make were a source pool of fantasy in my eyes. I just needed to view it as such through taking picture, videotaping or sketching on paper of my visions. I may look crazy like a man possessed by creative fever – but I wouldn’t stop for the world to cease seeing such life that so many others cannot see. It actually takes a moment and willing mindsets to *see* the living organic imagination surrounding us all. You have to be hungry, even desperate for it. I must stress that drugs are not a necessity to see “hallucinations”. A willingness to dream *is*. I’ve always considered taking drugs a form of “cheating” when it comes to creating surrealistic art.

“Waiting in a Parking Lot”

“Life Picture Show” by Mom and me.

Comprised of two categories: **Real**: “Picture Show - Child”, “Picture Show - Teen”, “Picture Show - Adult”; and, **SurReal**: “Picture Show - Childnated”, “Picture Show - Teenerated”, “Picture Show - Adulterated”.

Photography by Elizabeth Homan, my mother, because she was the one usually taking the pictures of the family at “special” occasions. It features the stages of my early life of my first 18 years as the “Youth of Eric Homan” and the “Adolescence of Eric Homan”. You can see me grow from child to teen to adult. In the “Surreal” option, you can see me grow from “Childnated” to “Teenerated” to “Adulterated”.

“Photograph Bastards” – (2002) - an anthology of photo Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

Includes: “Kayaking through Heaven”, “Lost Direction”, “Lost Direction x 2”, “Trail Lour”, and “Trail Lour Surreal”.

An *Idea* Photographer

I am an *idea* photographer. I like to capture an imaginative concept or an emotion, which is in contrast with most photographers who are more interested in composition, texture, and contrast.

“Fragmentation Demos”

Includes: “Fragmentation”, “Fragmentation Stills”, “Fragmentation Tainted Selves”, “Fragmented Mattes”, and “Shedding of the Skin”.

“Fragmentation”

“Fragmentation Stills”

“Fragmentation Tainted Selves”

“Fragmented Mattes”

“Shedding of the Skin”

“Surrealife” – (2002) - an anthology of photo Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

Includes: “Abstract Abstracts”, “Moon Eye Planets”, “Paintasia Digital”, “Posters Of Popular”, “School Inmates”, “Surrealist Keyboard”, “Synopsis Of Art Projects”, “Union Of Stevetanya”, and “Vacation Surreal”.

“Abstract Abstracts”

A gallery of diverse Dada-like abstract textures, designs, and formations from real life objects to painted confections.

“Moon Eye Planets”

A surreal gallery of detail scanned in mineral rocks to make them so large that they look like gem-rock asteroids and planets. The soundtrack of sci-fi FX compliments the visuals. “Blue ice moon... Blue pupil... Jupiter moon... Brown eyes... Brown blue eyes... Glass prism eyes... Green Jupiter... Green rock planet... Metallic blue mt... Pirite mt... Cloud rock... Purple moon... Violent eyes.”

“Paintasia Digital”

“Deconstruct the Minimal”: A gallery of abstract-surreal imagery cross-fading into one another.

I proposed the question: “What if my digital paintings mated with each others’ pixels?” “Paintasia Digital” was the result. It was all about experimenting and messing around in the laboratories of Photoshop and Director.

“Posters Of Popular”

A gallery of my favorite movies at the time: Ghost World, Heathers, Say Anything, Spider-Man, etc.

“School Inmates”

“My Inmate Years”: This one is a real funny one. I assembled a gallery of my old school pictures to show the years I was in “prison”, aka school. It shows my fifth grade photo with “475683” under my “prison” portrait. Then it goes through my Elementary years with our yearly class photos. This piece is a good example of what one’s imagination can make out of your old junior high and high school photos. “I was part of the prison track team. 1990 and 1991.”

“A Surrealist Keyboard”

A computer keyboard with mixed-up keys, blurred-out letters on the keyboard, an Eject Key, an “oh shit” Key (next to Help Key), a “Don’t Press” Key, blurred out keys, a special “19,523” key with the number keys, and finally an “End” key button.

“Synopsis Of Art Projects”

This is my “Synopsis’s of Art Pieces (1997-2000)” Word document *visualized* out with textured backgrounds and captions.

“Union Of Stevetanya”

This is the photo montage that I made for my sister Tanya and her future husband Steve for their wedding day. It shows them each growing up and then their time together. Set to industrial clatter and clang. Eventually, their photos get cross-dissolved into one another, hence creating the true “Union of Stevetanya”.

“Vacation Surreal”

A gallery of surreal vacation photos in and around Florida and Ohio... Beginning interaction: “Shot me.” Human in zoo cage (look inside).

“Freak Photographs” – (2002) - an anthology of photo Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

Includes: “Exotic Locals”, “Fast Sighs”, “Nature Deformities”, “Parallel Universe Parking Only”, “photos X 2 Exposed”, “Universal Fun”, and “Up Down Around in South Florida”.

“Exotic Locals”

“Fast Sighs”

“Nature Deformities”

“Parallel Universe Parking Only”

“photos X 2 Exposed”

“Universal Fun”

“Up Down Around in South Florida”

“Universal Inspirations”

To witness the turbulent nebula cloud formations captured by the Hubble Telescope have offered me light years of inspiration for my art. The universe was an on-going abstract painting. To see such colors, forms, movements, designs, and luminosities in actual existence as the thread bearings of our very existence blew my imagination away. I took those images to heart and merged them with a self-expressive, emotional aesthetic.

“Crazed Photos” – (2002) - an anthology of photo Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

Includes: “Air and Sea Show and Tell”, “American Images”, “Cuddle Nature”, “Open”, “Sky Blues”, “Sushi Maniac”.

“Air and Sea Show and Tell”

“American Images”

“Cuddle Nature”

“Open”

“Sky Blues”

“Sushi Maniac”

“Double XX Poses” – (2002) - an anthology of photo Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
Includes: “Domestics”, “Field Trip for Adults!”, “Garage Saler”, “Lunch Park”, and “The Long WAY Home”.

“Domestics”

“Field Trip for Adults!”

“Garage Saler”

“Lunch Park”

“The Long WAY Home”

“Full Posed Goes” – (2002) - an anthology of photo Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
Includes: “100 Shades of Smile”, “Art Airways”, and “Disney County”.

“100 Shades of Smile”

“Art Airways”

“Disney County”

“Out of Order” – (2002) - an anthology of photo Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
Includes: “Columbus Guises”, “Heaven Continues”, “Nature Hike”, “Party Poppers”, and “Waterparking”.

“Columbus Guises”

“Heaven Continues”

“Nature Hike”

“Party Poppers”

“Waterparking”

“Altered Ventures” – (2002) - an anthology of photo Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
Includes: “Mattventure” and “SIGGRAPHED”.

“Mattventure”

“SIGGRAPHED”

“Double Plays” – (2002) - an anthology of photo Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
Includes: “Homans at Play”, “Hometown Recovery”, and “Wrong Way Haze”.

“Homans at Play”

“Hometown Recovery”

“Wrong Way Haze”

“Fair Ways” – (2002) - an anthology of photo Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces
Includes: “Fair State Ohio” and “Leaves”.

“Fair State Ohio”

“Leaves”

“Sensitives” - (2002) - an anthology of Interactive Digital Art Experience Pieces

Includes: “Personal Intro”, “Welcome to My Artwork!”, “101 m.p.h.”, “Arm-waves”, “Atheists?”, “Bite Off Your Tongue”, “Black Canvas”, “Blue Stop Sign”, “Circular Rainbow”, “Colored Feather”, “DO NOT ENTER”, “Eric Homan's Gift Shop”, “Escape Confession”, “For Sale by Owner”, “Fortune Cookie Say”, “Free God”, “Funding”, “Geek Food”, “Glamour Girls”, “Have You Seen My Lost...?”, “Heterosexuality-Pride Flag”, “I Won't Bore You!”, “I've Got the Job”, “Kindergarten”, “Lost Soul?”, “Masturbation P.S.A.”, “Pretty Heads for Sale”, “Scarlet Cash”, “Self-Portrait”, “Thank You”, and “THIS IS NOT FOR YOU”.

“Personal Intro”

Intro to the Interactive Digital Art Experience with the Artist's Statements (with a PARENTAL ADVISORY). And the beginning is a visual text version of my “Essays on My Artwork” paper.

“Welcome to My Artwork!”

Welcome to my artwork! fðß©®'Σ'''øæ≥+“Δ. I will be your master of ceremonies. -Eric Homan

“101 M.P.H.”

A surreal traffic sign for “101 M.P.H.” Fasten up! It's the law!

“Arm-waves”

Scans of wavy field of red hair grain on one's arm.

“Atheists?”

This is an in-depth documentary that probes into the question if certain member's of the animal kingdom that might just be atheists! Is this cardinal, the state bird of Ohio, a non-believer? Statues of holy figures (saints, Virgin Mary, Jesus) are pooped on by pigeons, one of God's creatures. Is this an act of atheism or ignorance? The bird-brained blasphemer in question. *Sacrilege!* Looting geese with no respect for the dead or the living. They poop and walk wherever they please! Exactly, W.A. Chryst! The tomb says it all in response to these creatures of no kindness or sensitivity. This is why we have hunting season.

“Bite Off Your Tongue”

Direct interaction with the viewer/ interectee to “Bite Off Your Tongue”. It's a daring interaction that dances on the border of actual interactivity. Is this for real, is it art, is it satire, or all at once? Is that all too dangerous to be exposed to those who don't know the difference?

Yet since this is an electronic Interactive Digital Art piece, what would happen if you *click*? When your curiosity peaks, your answer is *red*.

“Black Canvas”

This is the “Black Canvas”. You put your imagination into it to make it into art. Therefore, it is a priceless work of art based upon what you project into it. Or maybe it’s just a Dada piece where it’s just a big joke – seriously, a “Black Canvas”? Or maybe it’s minimalist art at this height!

“Blue Stop Sign”

This piece/ photo image poses the question: what would you do if you came up to a blue stop sign? Aren’t stop signs traditionally *red*? And if green is go, and yellow is caution/ slow down, what does blue mean in traffic terms?!? The image is a weird bit of surrealism in society.

“Circular Rainbow”

Here is an image of a Circular Rainbow. (Also known as a Dog Star). Click to see what happens when you interact with it. Or a Rainbow Black Hole. Or Nothing.

“Colored Feather”

Behold! A Rainbow-Colored Feather! Worship it!

“DO NOT ENTER”

What happens when society has so many “DO NOT ENTER” signs that you simply can’t move anywhere? This is what it looks like. Madness.

“Eric Homan's Gift Shop”

Welcome to “Eric Homan’s Gift Shop”. Please Enter.

“Escape Confession”

Daily Confession and Revelation: “I want to escape myself every day. It’s time to stop running away from myself.

“For Sale by Owner”

Another Dada piece in taking the concept of an image and making it into art as well as a joke at the same time. The content is the fact that the image is *selling itself* by posting itself “For Sale”.

“Fortune Cookie Say”

Fortune Cookie Say: “You have yearning for perfection in bed.” *Enjoy!*

“Free God”

Sign posting for “Free God: German Shepard Mix. 8 Months Old, Very Friendly, Great w/ Kids”. “Have you seen me lately?”

“Funding”

This is a kindly reminder/ acknowledgement piece to say without your attention/ funding this artwork wouldn’t even *be*. “Funding for this piece provided by: YOUR NAME HERE. Without your funding this art wouldn’t exist...”

“Geek Food”

Geek Food: Featuring 7 of 9 Popsicles and Barbarella Honey Buns. And what exactly is “Geek Food” anyways?

“Glamour Girls”

Exploitation piece involving naked Barbie dolls who are all “Glamour Girls”. Click to see why!

“Have You Seen My Lost...?”

...“Lost Soul?": Short hair, light tan, medium size answers to the name Bear. Lost in the

Victoria Park area around 10:30 a.m. on 1-29-02. Please Call.

“The Heterosexuality-Pride Flag”

Whenever I go through certain areas of various cities, I kept seeing so many rainbow striped gay-pride flags. I mean they were everywhere – in storefronts, in front porches, in galleries, in parks. It just started to make me feel left out as a heterosexual male. I felt very left out in the celebration of my own sexuality. I didn't have anything to represent how much pride I had in loving women. So in response to my alienation, I designed my own flag, a Heterosexuality-Pride flag, spawned from my own twisted sense of absurd humor. Conceptually, the flag works on many levels. Instead of a variety of colors to represent a rainbow, I made it with only two colors, red and blue. This was meant for several reasons. One, red and blue are colors on the American flag, suggesting a political conservativeness that seems to represent most heterosexuals. Second, the suggestion of two colors means a preference for someone who is different than oneself, two opposites of a sort, a man and a woman. This brings up an odd slant on the rainbow flag that could mean that gay and bi men and women love many types of people and lovers, suggested by the various colors of the rainbow flag.

Ultimately, the creation of a heterosexuality flag represents an absurdity to the need for “pride flags” at all. People are free to choose whatever type of lifestyle they see fit in the pursuit of a healthy, pleasant life. If someone is gay, they deserve the same amount of respect as everyone else. We need to respect diversity and difference at all costs. Though, I am not gay, I consider myself “different”, like all of us have throughout our lives. What makes us special should be treasured and held in high esteem. Take personal pride in that.

“I Won't Bore You!”

In what may be the most defiant, self-aware art piece ever, this image/ Interactive Digital Art piece actually addresses the viewer: “I won't bore you!!!!!!” It's a deep proclamation. And hopefully with being only one image, it *won't*.

“I've Got the Job”

This is what 45 different emotions look like in fifteen seconds. Flashes of manic excitement, shock, awe, relief, surprise, and jubilation upon finding out that I'd gotten a new job.

“Kindergarten”

This is my kindergarten class picture. The faces have faded through time. Though I remember only me!! ...alone.

“Lost Soul?”

“Lost Soul: Short hair, light tan, medium size answers to the name of Bear. Lost in the Victoria Park area around 10:30 a.m. on 1-29-02.

“Masturbation P.S.A.”

Though you may be without a lover and my “love life” may be stagnant, you wouldn't consider your sex life dull. Instead of dating someone who you wouldn't respect the next morning, you can practice safe sex by masturbating once or twice daily. You've got a great imagination that keeps you stimulated to produce some amazing orgasms that are wildly better than actual intercourse. Masturbation is safe sex - it's clean, you get off with no emotional mess afterwards or no hassle; just a simple clean up after ejaculation.

“Pretty Heads for Sale”

For your best deals on heads, come to the Swap Shop, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida!!

“Scarlet Cash”

Is this money still considered valid cash? Does making it the wrong color make it false, or are we just colorblind to seeing it “correctly”.

“Self-Portrait”

Who says a “self-portrait” has to be a portraiture? It can be some crushed flowers on the ground, too. So here I am for you.

“Thank You”

“Thank you and goodbye”. Simple, straight, and true – and all for you, dear viewer. (Why not make an Interactive Digital Art piece that directly interacts with the viewer by thanking them?)

“THIS IS NOT FOR YOU!”

This was my call to arms against those who laugh at experimental artwork as just “weird” or obscure when there *is* a sense of feeling, integrity, and imagination involved. If the message of those pieces doesn’t *communicate* well enough to you, I decided to make a banner to speak a bit more clearly: **THIS IS NOT FOR YOU! STAY AWAY. DON’T EVEN BOTHER WATCHING OR TAKING NOTICE UNTIL YOU GET AN OPEN MIND. AND DON’T FORGET TO SUPPORT THE ARTS!!**

“All You Can Eat and Believe” – (2002) - an anthology of Photography Interactive Digital Art Experiences Pieces

Includes: “Even More CD Covers”, “Grand Leftover Memories”, “Miscellaneous”, “More Cards I’ve Made”, “Out of Order”, “Super Buffet”, “Universal Inspirations”, and “XXXX-Exposed”.

“Even More CD Covers”

“Grand Leftover Memories”

“Miscellaneous”

“More Cards I’ve Made”

“Out of Order”

“Super Buffet”

Super Duper World Buffet: American, Steak, Chinese, Italian, Mexican, Thai, Vietnamese, Norwegian, beer.... One large mega buffet with over 10,000 items to choose from!!!

“Universal Inspirations”

“XXXX-Exposed”

“My Mother’s Life’ Interactive Scrapbook” – (2004)

This is an interactive version of a scrapbook titled “My Mother’s Life” that my sister Lara made of our mother’s life in the years after her untimely death. You can flip through it page to page as if it were a real book. When you click on a page, you will be able to see detail of it.

“Homan Family Interactive Scrapbook” – (2004)

This is an interactive journey through the family photographs through the ages. The timeline is mixed up and shuffled, like looking through time through a kaleidoscope. The photos span a half a century. Most are from the lives of my two older sisters and myself.

“Double X – Director Studies” – (2004) - an anthology of Photography Interactive Digital Art Experiences

Includes: “An Amusement Play”, “Baby Star Snow”, “Can It Get Any Better”, “Catering Americana”, “Covenant”, “Ducks & Leaves”, “Enter the Zooz”, “Falling”, “Falling 2”, “Graduation Poppies”, “Great Pumpkins”, “Guises”, “Holy Spaces”, “Homans”, “Impractical Items”, “Mom Interactive

Scrapbook”, “New Amazings”, “NO OUTLET”, “OHIO STATE FAIR”, “OHIO STATE FAIR 2”, “OHIO STATE FAIR 3”, “Oil Spill Comets”, “Old County”, “Old County 2”, “Old County 3”, “Oranges”, “Snowflake Moments”, “Sound Farming”, “Super Freak”, “Texan Prayers”, “Texas Treason To Time”, “Trip Away Texas”, “Wet Paint”, “Wet Paint2”, “WET WET PAINT”, “X-ING”, and “Your Own Risk”.

I spent the time to do these pieces to experiment with digital photos I had taken over the years and use various double-exposure modes to see what type of weird and exciting experimental abstract visuals I could come up with.

“Double X (Part II) – Director Studies” – (2004) - an anthology of Photography Interactive Digital Art Experiences

Includes: “Zoo Attack!”, “Winter Wonderland”, “Underground Images”, “To Be or Not To Be”, “To Be or Not To Be Too”, “Stratosphere Mates”, “Snow Daze of Days”, “Into the Wild”, “Rainbow Industries Inc”, “It’s a van Gogh-ous Life!”, “Peanut Moons”, “Nature Play”, “Job Fair”, “Oh, Baby!”, “Odds and Ins”, “Hocking Hills of Heaven”, “Dad’s Icons”, “Cloudscape City”, “Bang a Drum, Bong a Bongo”, and “Home Is Where The Fantasy Is”.

“Art Is Not Optional” – (2006) - an anthology of Photography Interactive Digital Art Experiences

Part 1: “63 Degrees of Fall Seasoning”, “Art Is Not Optional”, “Art Signs”, “BEAUTY STOP”, “Birthmarks”, “By Candlelight”, “Carrot Porn”, “Confidence Personified”, “Cow Tales”, “Dim Sum Delight”, “Duck & Chickens”, “Evolved”, “Highlights of a Season”, “Images on the Wall”, “Nature Headquarters”, “Private Property”, “Pumpkin Patches”, “Satellite Control”, “SHOP”, “SIGGRAPHED”, “Snow Salt and Pepper”, “Spring Convention”, “Sunset International”, “The Advantages of Looking”, “The Chocolate Museum”, “Viewing Area”, “Wintered”, “You Will Get It!”, and “Zooillogical”.

Part 2: “Airborn”, “Aspire To Inspire”, “Cheese”, “Cicada Apocalypse”, “Collectibles”, “Debut Showing”, “Dog Days”, “Double Doubles Part 1”, “Double Doubles Part 2”, “Double Doubles Part 3”, “e-Art”, “Face Hues”, “Fancy Plants”, “Free Admission”, “Free Air”, “Free Kids”, “Gallery Open”, “Garden Accents”, “Grins”, “Have An Awesome Day!”, “Home Park”, “It’s a Boy”, “NO SNOGGING”, “Now Showing!”, and “Outreach”.

Part 3: “Pain Relief”, “Party Goods”, “Pets Must Be On Leash”, “Rebirth Skateboarding”, “Redrum”, “Rockhouse”, “Rose Garden”, “Super Thrift”, “Voting Today”, “WATCH CHILDREN”, “What To Do”, “Wide Angel Weirdness Wonders”, and “Wood Is Good”.

“Carrot Porn” – (2006)

Compiled by Eric Homan (Suitable for audiences over 21)

One day I was web searching across the Web and came across several pictures of carrots on the Internet. Intrigued by some of the imagery for the simple word “carrot”, I downloaded several of the pictures. And when I had them all grouped together, it seemed almost like a fetish site for those who were sexually aroused by pictures of carrots (!?!). Anyways, the pictures ran the gamut of weird: people posing with carrots, sweaty close-ups of carrots, mutant baby carrots. It was all so ridiculous. And the icing on the cake of symbolism was how phallic the carrots were after a while of looking at them. So I simply called it all “Carrot Porn” and made it into an Interactive Digital Art piece of going through these “heavily suggestive photos”. With that type of title to the work of “Carrot Porn”, one’s imagination goes widescreen and crazy with it, when in truth the pictures are completely innocent and simplistic! But it goes to show that with one little title, it can completely evolve and alter several photos meaning.

“Doubles Doubles: Part 1, 2, and 3” – (2006)

This is a series of double *double* exposures of photos – quadruple exposures! This wild

experiment was to see what would happen when four separate images are multiplied four times on top of each other.

“You Are Here” – (2007) - an anthology of Photography Interactive Digital Art Experiences

Includes: **“50 Cents Each”, “Art in Action”, “Artists at Work”, “Autumn Hybrids”, “Bad Lands”, “Be Wise Sanitize”, “Bloodgood Japanese Maple”, “Bug Splatter”, “Cat Porno”, “Cloud Worlds”, “Coffee Customized”, “Come See”, “Continental Divides”, “Corn Palace”, “Depression Geyser”, “Do Not Climb On”, “Do Not Open”, “DO NOT REMOVE”, “Don’t Be Afraid of Spring”, “Dueling Rainbows”, “Eden”, “Edge of Abstraction”, “Endless Horse Skies”, “Explore the World Wild”, “Eye Mart”, “Fallen City”, “Finish”, “Five Cent Buffet”, “Flower Yard Sale”, “Gallery of Artful Treasures”, “Grand Teton”, “Great Snot”, “GREATEST FREE SHOW ON EARTH”, “HELL IS REAL”, “Homan Dr”, “House Is Open”, “Just Ducky”, “Lemonade Flavors”, “Life on the Edge”, “Mile High Comics”, “Monkey Farts”, “Moon Walk Completed”, “Moose Crossing”, “Old Faithful”, “Plateau of Fire”, “Point of Interest”, “Red Rocks”, “Respect This Place”, “Restoration Area”, “Santa Stop Here”, “Santa’s the Coolest”, “Share”, “Shrine of the Sun”, “Snow Petals”, “Solitude Sitting”, “Start”, “Sugar Maple”, “TALI HO”, “Taste at Your Own Risk”, “Testes Park”, “Thanks for Staying”, “The Mighty Bin”, “The Ultimate Buffet”, “Tulips of Terror”, “Welcome To Cuyahoga Valley”, “Welcome to the Pumpkin Patch”, “Worm”, “Worry Stones”, “Yard Sale”, and “You Are Here”.**

D. Performance/ Conceptual Art Pieces

“Life” - (1976-???)

If you get to know me well enough, you’ll know that everything I do is “art”. I’m creatively aware that I am existing. My breaths that I breathe are invisible evidence of the working organic machine I possess in this functional body that allows me to make art out of my body and mind. In fact, everybody’s life is performance art. We get up from dreaming every night and we *perform* a particular task and function. We go to work, take a shit, make love, eat breakfast, daydream, and butter bread (and not in any particular order). We don’t recognize how creative our lives are since we take it all for granted. Most people are accustomed to their routines and don’t live every moment for how fragile it truly is. Our lives are *art*. We’re beautiful. We’re sad. We’re alive. We’re existing for the moment.

“Free-Form Dancing” - (1998)

Perhaps the greatest moment Bethany and I had together was just turning out the lights of her apartment, turned on some good eclectic music, and free-form danced around the room. There was no one to see us to judge us if we were “good” dancers or not. What we were doing was so much freer than any dance that had ever been created. There was no form or technique. We just went crazy like a couple of kids with no consideration to the “rules” or anyone’s critical opinion. It was a moment of unequaled bliss. I danced and spun around to music, free of concern - too fatigued and happy to care. We spun around with our hands held together, swirling in the greatest feelings – beyond sex, beyond laughter, beyond art. It was a dance of no name. It was an ecstasy in the wild movement of our bodies in the dark. There was no one to see us – not even ourselves except in the city street lights star-mooning through her apartment curtains. It was glorious to spin like musical notes in dance. We were the living embodiment of an amusement park ride! We couldn’t stop laughing from being so exhilarated. This dance was amazing because neither of us knew how to dance. And I didn’t enjoy dancing. But there I was – having the time of my life doing a dance-less *dance*. There was no one there to judge us. This was freeing your body. This was losing your

mind. This was it – living *life*.

“Committing “Suicide” in a Video Game - My Masada Maneuver” - (1999)

6-9-99: After playing a multi-player computer killing game at James’ house, I was adrenalized, traumatized, desensitized, amused, bemused, and, ultimately, used as an easy target to slaughter. (Ha Ha, I know. But in the end, it was meaningless and absurd.) Someone was always more powerful and experienced in killing - which involved winning - just like in sports. (War and sports are very close to the same thing). I was merely a target for someone more practiced to gain points and feel a sense of glee over for beating everyone else. Realizing that I didn’t have any way of surviving in the game, I started jumping off mountain cliffs just to steal the pleasure away of murdering me from my opponents. In an act of breathtaking existential surrealism in a video game environment, I killed myself 112 times in about 15 minutes. For me, it became an expression of performance art inside an interactive computer game. Ironically, I myself was the only person I could manage to kill. No one understood my act of emotional abandon. I wasn’t “nuts” for killing myself - it was actually the smartest thing to do. I had been impressed by what had happened at Masada. When you’re up against impossible odds and your opponent wants to kill you, you take away their pleasure of slaying you by killing yourself. Who was more nuts - my opponent who slaughtered people meaninglessly for glee and points... or me who killed myself in order to expose the mockery of competition, violence, and war?

Yet again, I realized that I am too sensitive and eccentric to have friends in this average world. Loneliness steals me back.

“The World Championship Sushi Title Fight” - (1999)

10-8-99: This afternoon... around high noon, Frank and I went to a \$12.69 all-you-can-eat sushi restaurant. Then and there, we must have eaten over \$80 worth of sushi and shrimp tempera. After an hour of stuffing ourselves silly, the Japanese chefs were actually giving us angry dirty looks for making them so much lose money and making them work extra hard. All I could think was Muhammad Ali in When We Were Kings (which I had just watched the night before and his spirit was so fresh in my mind) with all of the legendary boxer’s awesome determination and charisma. This was our championship sushi-eating battle. We had to eat our worth – *and a little bit more!!* My competitive nature went into overdrive and I tried to keep up with Frank – and Frank kept up with me! It was like we were in the boxing ring – only we were competing with how much susi and tempera we could eat! And we had to eat absolutely *everything* we ordered, or else we’d get charged for it! So the pressure was on. And when we ordered our food on these small little cards, we sometimes wouldn’t get our food for twenty minutes, making us believe that the waitress had forgotten our order. So we’d order another sheet of sushi! Then the waitress would come out with our previous order and we’d be stuck with \$20 more worth of sushi to finish!! And then the second accidental order would come in ten minutes later! Regardless to say, this was getting to be an emergency because I didn’t have enough money for the extra sushi. So I kept stuffing myself until I could burst! I pleaded with Frank to eat some of my extra sushi, but he himself was stuffed like crazy. I was so full that my facial cheeks were puffing out!!! Frank made me laugh because he thought I was going to explode with too much sushi!!!! We weren’t allowed to pocket any of the sushi, but in desperation, I stuffed a few rolls in a napkin and tucked it into my jean pockets. It was that, pay \$20+ dollars for the extra sushi, or simply vomit all over the floor!! Frank and I were so overly aggressive with our competitive spirit that we burnt-out our bodies from drastic sushi overeating indulgence. We had been there for nearly two hours and had nearly completely crippled our bodies. It was so bad that once we got back to the center, we actually had to lie down on the upstairs lounge couches to rest and wait out the stomach aches we had from the expanding rice in our gigantic tummies. The Guinness Book of World Records should have been on hand to record our ridiculous feat of consumption. The bad news was that we missed out of two hours of working this afternoon because we were laid out in the upstairs lounge trying to digest all that sushi!!!!

“Alter Ego Artist Eulogy Exhibition” - (2001)

What is real any more? Many “starving” artists admit that their work won’t be worth anything until after they’re dead. The art would be worth even more if it were from tragic circumstances and great drama. So I conceived this: an art exhibit for an alter ego of mine who kills himself on May 27, 2001 after believing that he is a failure in society since no one cares about his art work. The audience gains sympathy for him/ me and finds themselves more interested his work since more the story is more *romanticized*. At the end of the exhibition month, if the show is truly successful, I will mention that my alter ego was really a front, a glorious dramatic facade larger than life and part art.

Can we believe anything anymore? We take things at face value and choose to accept them as they are. After so many scams and scandals, we have developed a cynical undercurrent that shields are emotions from getting too attached to anything. It is a self-defense mechanism and humanity self-destruction.

We can’t tell what is real any more - but, most importantly, does it matter? Singers can be lip-synchers, but does it matter since we’re seeing “singers” sing. Milli Vanilli were just a beautiful package to sell a product. Does it matter than someone else wrote and sang their songs? Most musicians use other people’s songs and use technology to enhance their voices. I don’t see much difference.

Our livelihood’s integrity has been blurred. Adobe Photoshop can alter and manipulate any photograph to say what you want. Any movie footage can be reworked into Forrest Gump moments, like when Forrest meets JFK on archival film. Oliver Stone can “rewrite” his own history on the conspiracy to assassinate a president with JFK. It doesn’t matter. We view TV news and newspapers are the truth. So what if the truth has been re-edited to be more exciting, funny, tragic, or sexy? When the World Trade Center was attacked and destroyed, half the world wondered if they were watching a Hollywood special effect. *It didn’t seem real*.

So, in conclusion, if an artist like myself kills myself off to make my art more commercial, have I suddenly turned my “life” into cliché!? Will the critics reject me in the end as *just another* Vincent van Gogh, Dorothy Parker, Edgar Allen Poe, Jackson Pollack, or Kurt Cobain?

“An Invisible Art Gallery Show” - (2002)

Put on a gallery show where all the art is invisible. The people who come to the show have to use their imaginations to “view” what the art looks like. Each piece has a title that allows the spectator to use their imagination to *see* each piece in their imagination. So they become the default artists because they’re applying their imaginations to create the art. It’s a true Interactive Digital Art experience. What an idea! Low-to-no budget, too.

“My Holidays Music Mix: My Wedding, Divorce, Funeral, and Driving Soundtrack Selections” - (2003-present)

The following are my music mix selections that I've made for, quite eccentrically, my wedding day (whenever it comes) and for my funeral arrangements (and whenever it comes), as well as, jokingly... cynically... sarcastically, my *divorce* music.

My Dream Wedding Soundtrack

These are the plans/ directions to my wedding:

The following music is to be played during my wedding ceremony and reception for a large gathering of family and friends. I want to share my emotional experience that certain songs shared to me. Some of the music selected for today’s event may be a little bit more obscure or unknown to many of you. Yet the songs were selected because of their poignancy rather than their popularity. Collecting these songs together is an art concept piece in itself. It’s my idea of the ultimate wedding mix tape. Feel free to sing along or read the lyrics while the songs are playing. I hope you enjoy them as much as I have: The beginning classical music selections are to be played while everyone is waiting for my wedding service to begin. Let the anticipation build. As the bride and her father walk down the aisle, play

“Imperial March” as a joke, then start up the traditional wedding march music. But I must admit that there is a bizarre similarity with Williams’ “Imperial March” and Wagner’s “Wedding March”...:

The Impetus

I decided to take on this pet project on a number of factors. I had an old girlfriend who used to make these wonderful mix tapes for me to listen to that would expose me to the types of music she was most influenced and touched by. I always thought that was such a novel, eloquent gift to give to those close to you. The other cause that started this was when I was doing wedding photography and I half jokingly informed the soon-to-be bride and her parents that I also do video work and DJ (since I have such a enormous CD collection). I mean, why spent hundreds of dollars for a DJ when you can just put in a burnt CD with over a hundred MP3s on it that fit the mood of a particular holiday? The more I thought about the list the more it grew. And finally, one night when I was feeling bored and restless, I started work on it. And since I’ve spent the past few years collecting lyrics for hundreds of music groups, I decided to also make a lyrics sheet to the songs that go with each holiday so people can follow along and understand what the songs are all about.

Joke Music for a Friend’s Wedding Day

Use of my list of Divorce and Funeral music selections would also “adequate” as wedding music if used in a brutally brilliant, ironic sense. Just imagine hearing “It’s Too Late”, “Bridge Over Troubled Water”, or “Adagio for Strings” during a wedding or the reception would be priceless!

Divorce Classics : Soundtrack to a Divorce/ Breakup

(Music for an empathetic ear. Just some sardonic, cynical humor here.)

To be played before, at, or after divorce/ breakup proceedings:

My Funeral Soundtrack

I pondered on how I would like my personal funeral to be. So I assembled some appropriate funeral music for myself. A black mass with black candles burning on a pink-shaped stage with the naked emotions of these songs singing over it all. It would be appropriate for The Beach Boys’ harmonies sound like church music. Many of these songs are codas. I expect no one to wear black outfits. I’d rather have people come in rather multi-colorful outfits. Rainbows of balloons will be let go once I am lowered into burial. And personal reflections will be remembered. I want people to go away from my funeral and think, “*That was the **best damn funeral I’ve ever been to!***” So here the music I wish to be played at my wake:

Driving Work Power/ Inspiration/ Sex Favorites Music

“My Emotion Mix: Side A and B (My Existential Wedding Mix)”:

“Come to Me” -Björk: “Come to me... I’ll take care of you... Come back down... You’re exhausted... You don’t have to explain... I’ll understand... You know I love you... so don’t make me say it... it would burst the bubble... break the charm... “

“Unravel” -Björk: “When you are away, my heart comes undone... slowly unravels like a ball of yarn... When you come back... we have to make new love... ”

“Who’s Gonna Ride Your Wild Horses?” -U2: “You’re dangerous ‘cause you’re honest... you’re dangerous, you don’t know what you want... well you left my heart empty as a vacant lot for any spirit to haunt... who’s gonna ride your wild horses? Who’s gonna drown in your blue sea?”

“Dumb” -Nirvana: “I think I’m dumb... or maybe just happy... My heart is broke... But I have some glue... Help me inhale... And mend it with you.”

“Let’s Dance” -David Bowie: “Let’s Dance... put on your red shoes and let’s dance the blues... to the sound they’re playing on the radio... because my love for you would break in two in you

should fall into my arms and tremble like a flower.”

“Love Is The Drug” -Roxy Music: “Love is a drug that I’m thinking of... ”

“Hold On” -John Lennon: “Hold on John hold on... it’s gonna be alright... when you’re by yourself and you tell yourself just to hold on... cookie.”

“Help!” -The Beatles: “Help! I need somebody... not just anybody... you know I need someone... now my life has changed in so many ways... my independence has vanished in the haze... by now then I get so insecure.”

“We Can Work It Out” -The Beatles: “Try to see it my way... do I have to keep talking until I can’t go on... while you see it your way while knowing that we risk that our love may soon be gone... we can work it out... we can work it out... Life is very short and there’s no time for fussing and fighting my friend... ”

“Success Has Made a Failure of Our Home” -Sinead O’ Connor: “Success has made a failure of our home... I never changed - I’m still the same!! You’re killing me. Am I not your girl? Am I not your girl? Am I not your girl?”

“I Fall to Pieces” -Patsy Cline: “I fall to pieces when I see you around... how can I be just your friend? I fall to pieces every time someone speaks your name. Time only adds to the flame. You tell me to find someone else to love.”

“Joga” -Björk: “You don’t have to speak, I feel... you push me up to this state of emergency... how beautiful to be... state of emergency... how beautiful to be... all that no one sees, you see... what’s inside of me, every nerve that hurts, you heal... I don’t have to speak - I feel.”

“5 Years” -Björk: “You’re the one who’s missing out... but you won’t notice until after five years if you’ll live that long... you’ll wake up... all love-less... *I dare you to take me on...* “

“Real Love” -John Lennon: “All they really needed from you is maybe some love... why must we be alone? To realize that’s real... I don’t expect you to understand... I won’t expect you to wait for my dreams... “

“How?” -John Lennon: “How can I have feelings when my feelings have always been denied? You know that life can be long... you have to be so strong... How can I give love when I don’t know what it is that I am giving? How can I give love when love is something I have never had? Oh no... Oh no... “

“Four Strong Winds” -Neil Young: “Still I wish you’d change your mind... if I ask you one more time... but we’ve been through this a million time before...all those things that don’t change, come what may... if all the good times are all gone, so then I’m bound to be moving on... I’ll be looking for you if I’m ever past this way...”

“Stay (Faraway, So Close!)” -U2: “Faraway... so close... ”

“In Your Eyes” -Peter Gabriel: “The grand facade... so soon will burn... I reach in from the inside... in your eyes... I am complete.”

Interludes: **“Moonlight Sonata”** and **“Für Elisa” -Beethoven**

"Empathy Music Collections" - (1995-1998)

Here are my Undergraduate Art School Song Dub Collections. They certainly tell their own stories while expressing what I was feeling emotionally at the time. Enjoy...:

Empathy Music Collections #1: Prince: “The Question of U”, Bob Dylan: “Lay Lady Lay”, Ennio Morricone: “Once Upon a Time in America”/ “Deborah’s Theme”/ “The Falls”, Neil Young: “Philadelphia”, Pink Floyd: “Another Brick in the Wall, Part 2”/ “Goodbye Blue Sky”/ “Run Like Hell”, Genesis: “Ripples”, Christopher Cross: “Arthur’s Theme”, Henry Mancini: “Moon River”, John Lennon: “Imagine” (rehearsal), John Lennon: “Real Love”, The Beatles: “When I Fall”, Louis Armstrong: “What a Wonderful World”, Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan with Eddie Vedder: “The Face of Love”, Stanley Myers: “Cavatino”, John Lennon: “Grow Old With Me”/ “Oh My Love”, Don Henley: “Sunset Grill”, Talking Heads: “Heaven”, Nino Rota: “What Is a Youth”, The Beatles: “Julia”, John Barry: “Theme from ‘Midnight Cowboy’”, “Theme from ‘A Summer Place’”, Sinead O’ Connor: “Sacrifice”.

Empathy Music Collections #2: The Beach Boys: “The Warmth of the Sun”/ “In My

Room"/ "Don't Worry Baby", The Beatles: "Strawberry Field Forever" (Demo)/ "Across the Universe" (demo alternate version), The Righteous Brothers: "You've Lost that Lovin' Feelin'"/ "Unchained Melody", The Beatles: "We Can Work It Out", Procol Harum: "A Whiter Shade of Pale", Louis Armstrong: "We Have All the Time in the World", The Beatles: "Happiness is a Warm Gun"/ "I'm So Tired"/ "Yer Blues", Sinéad O' Connor: "Mother", Genesis: "I Know What I Like", The Doors: "People Are Strange", Bob Dylan: "Masters of War", The Rolling Stones: "Ruby Tuesday", Carole King: "It's Too Late", Pachelbel: "Canon", Rachmaninoff: "Ahedte Cantalile", Barber: "Adagio for Strings", The Beatles: "Don't Let Me Down"/ "The Ballad of John and Yoko"/ "Blue Jay Way", The Cranberries: "When You're Gone"/ "Free To Decide".

Empathy Music Collections #3: Frank Sinatra: "My Way", The Rolling Stones: "Play with Fire", Led Zeppelin: "Kashmir", Elton John: "Someone Saved My Life Tonight", Harry Nilsson: "Everybody's Talkin'", George Michael: "Calling You", Tina Turner, "Private Dancer", Doobie Brothers: "It Keeps You Runnin'", The Beatles: "You've Got to Hide Your Love Away"/ "Yes It Is", Nirvana: "I Hate Myself and I Want to Die", Neil Young: "Only Love Can Break Your Heart"/ "Birds", Bruce Springsteen: "Hungry Heart"/ "The River", Yoko Ono: "Why?".

Empathy Music Collections #4: Fleetwood Mac: "Tusk", Harry Nilsson: "Me and My Arrow", B.J. Cole: "Sleepwalk", Sheryl Crow: "If It Makes You Happy", Don Henley: "Dirty Laundry", Buffalo Springfield: "Expecting to Fly", The Beatles: "Help!", Queen: "Bohemian Rhapsody", The Beatles: "While My Guitar Gently Weeps", George Harrison: "Give Me Love", Neil Young: "Harvest Moon", George Harrison: "My Sweet Lord", Neil Young: "Don't Let It Bring You Down", Björk: "Hyper-ballad" (Cover the Edge mix), The Muppets: "Rainbow Connection"/ "Movin' Right Along".

Empathy Music Collections #5: Neil Young: "Sample and Hold"/ "Transformer Man", Todd Rundgren: "I Saw the Light", Bruce Springsteen: "Hungry Heart" (Live), Kate Bush: "Wuthering Heights", Neil Young: "Rockin' in the Free World", The Yardbirds: "You're a Better Man Than I", Vince Guaraldi Trio: "Linus and Lucy", Depeche Mode: "I Feel You", The Stone Roses: "I Wanna Be Adored", John Lennon: "Gimme Some Truth", XTC: "Dear God", The Smashing Pumpkins: "The Beginning is the End", Ennio Morricone: "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly", Underworld: "Born Slippy".

Empathy Nostalgia Music Collections #6: Jerry Goldsmith: "Gremlins Theme", Erik Satie: "1st Gymnopedie", Julian Lennon: "Too Late For Goodbyes", Sheryl Crow: "The Na-Na Song"/ "Run, Baby, Run", "Leaving Las Vegas soundtrack" excerpts of dialogue and jazz, Bob Cabert: The Winds of War", B. J. Thomas and Burt Bacharach: "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head" and "South American Getaway", Pearl Jam: "Wishlist", Beastie Boys: "Intergalactic"/ "Remote Control"/ "Song for the Man", Richard Strauss: "Also Sprach Zarathustra", George C. Scott/ Patton opening dialogue, Jerry Goldsmith: "Patton", Tammy Wynette: "I Don't Wanna Play House", Neil Young: "Roll Another Number", The Allman Brothers Band: "Whipping Post".

Empathy Song Mix: Dire Straits: "Money for Nothing", U2: "Bad" (Live) and "A Sort of Homecoming" (Live) and "Three Sunrises" and "Love Comes Tumbling", Radiohead: "High and Dry" and "Fake Plastic Trees", Bruce Springsteen: "This Land is Your Land", Nirvana: "Dive" and "Sliver" & "Been a Son" & "(New Wave) Polly" and "Big Long Now", Radiohead: "Creep", Sinéad O' Connor: "I Believe in You", DNA featuring Suzanne Vega: "Tom's Diner", Leadbelly: "In the Pines", Sinéad O' Connor: "Empire - Bomb the Bass" and "Heroine", Mono: "Life in Mono", Liz Phair: "Flower", Nirvana: "About a Girl", Samuel Barber: "Adagio for Strings", The Smashing Pumpkins: "Shame" and "Behold! The Night More", Leadbelly: "Good Morning Blues" and "Midnight Special", Derek and the Dominoes: "Layla", George Harrison: "Dark Horse", Genesis: "Mama", The Police: "Don't Stand So Close To Me" and "Synchronicity II", George Harrison: "Cheer Down" and "When We Was Fad", Genesis: "The Trick of the Tail" and "Ripples", Carly Simon: "Coming Around Again", The Eurythmics: "Sweet Dreams (Are Made of These)", The Doors: "Touch Me", Led Zeppelin: "All My Love", Frank Sinatra: "Night and Day", "The Simpsons": "Jazzman" and "In the Garden of Eden", The Smashing Pumpkins: "For Martha", George Michael: "Praying for Time", Eric Carman: "All By Myself", Annie Lennox: "Why", The Cranberries: "Put Me Down", John Williams: "Amistad", Sheryl Crow: "Maybe Angels" and "Change", Elmer Bernstein:

“To Kill a Mockingbird”, Bruce Springsteen: “Streets of Philadelphia”, Peter Gabriel: “Love Town”, The Traveling Wilburys: “Handle With Care”, The Grateful Dead: “Touch of Grey”, Camille Saint-Saens: “Carnival of the Animals (The Aquarium)”, Nustat Fateh Ali Khan and Michael Brook: “My Comfort Remains”, Foo Fighters: “Walking After You”, Sarah McLachlan: “Black”, Noel Gallagher: “Teotihuacan”, The Beatles: “Come and Get It”.

Favorite Mix Tape (1992): Phil Collins: “Against All Odds”, Starship: “Sara”, Heart: “These Dreams”, Level 42: “Something About You”, The Cars: “You Might Think”, Stevie Wonder: “My Cherie Amour”, Christopher Cross: “Arthur’s Theme (Best That You Can Be)”, Matthew Wilder: “Break My Stride”, “65 Love Affair”: Paul Davis, Kool and the Gang: “Rhythm of the Night”, Toto: “99”, “I’m Not In Love”: 10cc, Tears for Fears: “Everybody Wants to Rule the World”, Men at Work: “Down Under”, “Do They Know It’s Christmas?”, Harold Faltermeyer: “Axel F”, Tears for Fears: “Head Over Heals”, Duran Duran: “Ordinary World”, Hall & Oates: “Private Eyes”, Spandau Ballet: “True”, Billy Joel: “Uptown Girl”, Wham!: “Careless Whisper”, Madonna: “Live to Tell”, Genesis: “Land of Confusion”, Madonna: “Oh Father”, Chicago: “Colour My World”, Tears for Fears: “Shout”.

Mix Tapes from 1999-2000: John Williams: “Duel of the Fates”, Queen: “Killer Queen”, Wings: “Venus and Mars”, Steely Dan: “My Old School”, Jefferson Airplane: “White Rabbit”, Pink Floyd: “In the Flesh” (live), Dire Straits: “Sultans of Swing”, The Beatles: “Ob-La-De, Ob-La-Da”, Loverboy: “Working for the Weekend”, Crosby, Stills, and Nash: “Judy Blue Eyes”, “For What It’s Worth”, Neil Young and Crazy Horse: “Big Time”, Neil Young and Crazy Horse: “Like A Hurricane”, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers: “Into the Great Wide Open”, “Neil Young and Crazy Horse”: “Cinnamon Girl”, The Doors: “Love Her Madly”, The Rolling Stones: “(I Can’t Get No) Satisfaction”, Van Halen: “And the Cradle Will Rock”, Sarah McLachlan: “Black”, Noel Gallagher: “Teotihuacan”, The Mash: “Suicide Is Painless”, Willie Nelson: “On the Road Again”, Berlin: “Take My Breath Away”, Nirvana: “Rape Me”, Neil Young: “No More”, Beck: “Nobody’s Fault But My Own”, Beastie Boys: “Sabotage”, Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young: “Southern Man”, Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young: “Ohio”, Gloria Estefan: “Go Away”; Eddie Vedder/ Mike McCready: “Masters of War”, Neil Young: “Just Like Tom Thumb’s Blues” and “All Along the Watchtower”, Bob Dylan, Roger McGuinn, Tom Petty, Neil Young, Eric Clapton, George Harrison: “My Back Pages”, Everyone: “Knockin’ On Heaven’s Door”, Elton John: “A Word In Spanish”, The Who: “See Me, Feel Me”, David Bowie: “Space Oddity”, Bob Segar: “Turn the Page”, The Beatles: “Revolution”, The Pretenders: “Hand In Pocket”, U2: “Surrender”, “I Threw A Brick Through A Window”, “A Day Without Me”, “An Cat Dubh”, “Into The Heart”, “Sunday Bloody Sunday”, “I Fall Down”, “Cry”, “The Electric Co.”, “October”, “New Year’s Day”, “Gloria”, “I Will Follow”, “One”, and “Discotheque”, Madonna: “Who’s That Girl”.

Mega Mix Tape from late 2000: Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young: “King Midas in Reverse”, Phish: “Waste”, The Zombies: “Time of the Season”, Jimi Hendrix Experience: “Sunshine of Your Love”, Guns ‘N’ Roses: “Don’t Cry”, Louise Armstrong: “Mack the Knife”, Doris Day: “Que Sera Sera”, Max Steiner: “A Summer Place”, Bobby Vinton: “Blue Velvet”, Iron Butterfly: “In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida”, Tupac Shaker: “I Ain’t Mad At Cha”, Marilyn Manson: “The Dope Show” and “I Don’t Like the Drugs (But the Drugs Like Me)”, Stone Temple Pilots: “Sour Girl”, Philip Glass: “Anthem, Pt. 2”, John Williams: “Dry Your Tears, Afrika”, John Williams: “Superman Main Theme”, The Who: “Bargain”, Radiohead: “Fake Plastic Trees” (live), Jimi Hendrix Experience: “Foxy Lady” and “Can You Please Come Out Your Window?”. And More: Creedence Clearwater Revival: “Born on the Bayou”, Nino Rota: “Godfather Waltz” with grunge rock accidental overlay mix, Manhattan Transfer: “Twilight Zone”, Neil Young with The Band: “Helpless” and “Four Strong Winds”, Nirvana: “Breed” and “Dumb”, Buffalo Springfield: “Out of My Mind”, Moby: “Hymn”, “Feeling So Real”, and “God Moving Over the Face of the Waters”, Genesis: “Mama”, Led Zeppelin: “In the Evening”, The Rolling Stones: “Waiting on a Friend” and “Gimme Shelter”, Pink Floyd: “Green Is the Color”, Maurice Jarre: “End Credits”, The Cars: “Moving In Stereo” and “Drive”, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers: “Stop Draggin’ My Heart Around” (Demo), The Doors: “Break On Through”.

Classic Rock 105.7/ FM Mix Instructions

Take clips from these Classic Rock power ballads and mix into one long listening experience:

"You'll See" -Madonna, "Waiting for a Miracle" -Leonard Cohen, "The Future" -Leonard Cohen, "She's Got You" -Patsy Cline, tape waves/ distortion, "A Summer Place" -Max Steiner, "Exit Music (For a Film)" -Radiohead, "Sacrifice" -Sinead O' Connor, "Impromptu Opus 29" -Frederic Chopin, "Good Vibrations" -The Beach Boys, "The River" -Bruce Springsteen, "Born To Run" -Bruce Springsteen, "Personal Jesus" -Depeche Mode, "Thus Sprach Zarathustra" -Richard Strauss, "We're Not Gonna Take It" -The Who, "Your Wildest Dreams" -The Moody Blues, "Walk on the Wild Side" -Lou Reed, Classic Rock DJ, Stand Back" -Stevie Nicks, "I Shot the Sheriff" -Eric Clapton, "Do You Know What I Mean?" -Todd Rundgren, "(Oh) Pretty Woman" -Van Halen, "Helter Skelter" -The Beatles, "Hey Nineteen" -Steely Dan, "Who Do You Love?" -George Thurgood, radio static, "Won't Get Fooled Again" -The Who, "Magic Bus" -The Who, "Dirty Work" -Walter Becker, "Birthday" -The Beatles, "Hollywood Nights" -Bob Seger, "Janie's Got a Gun" -Aerosmith, "Cocaine" -Eric Clapton, "Free Fallin'" -Tom Petty, "One of These Nights" -The Eagles, "Girl, You Really Got Me Now" -Van Halen, "Casey Jones" -The Grateful Dead, "The Logical Song" -Supertramp, "Can't Find My Way Back Home" -Blind Faith, Stand Back" -Stevie Nicks, "Let Down" -Radiohead, "Trampled Under Feet" -Led Zeppelin, "What Is and What Should Never Be" -Led Zeppelin, "Fame" -David Bowie, "Whipping Post" -Allman Brothers Band, "Get Back" -The Beatles, "All the Young Dudes" -Mott the Hoppole, "Edge of Seventeen" -Stevie Nicks, "Benny and the Jets" -Elton John, "Point of No Return" -Kansas, "We Will Rock You" -Queen, "We Are the Champions" -Queen, "Mama" -Genesis, "That's All" -Genesis, "Bad Moon Rising" -Creedence Clearwater Revival, "Susie Q" -Creedence Clearwater Revival, "Dancing the Night Away" -Van Halen, "Throwing It All Away" -Genesis, "Gallows Pole" -Led Zeppelin, radio static.

"The Art of Friendship"

-An artistic collaboration in life between Matt Plotecher and Eric Homan-

6-9-02: The art of friendship can wear several guises. It isn't just some bland state of happiness you share with the company of another person or thing. Comradery involves all the emotions – good or bad, happy or sad. You can be bitter rivals and argue with each other to the point of singing a song aloud so you won't hear the other person's voice. They can be sharing their time together by watching "Weird Al" Yankovic videos – with both appreciating the uniquely off-kilter, idiosyncratic sense of humor that so few can truly value. It's driving in a car with a friend with the windows down in the country and not having to say anything to each other. It doesn't matter that you're both tired – it's about being there with someone besides yourself in that moment. You're not alone and that's enough. It's spending time together by conversing in a swimming pool and spa about famous musicians from the 80's. It's laughing at a friend's jokes no matter how spectacularly good or bad they are. More importantly, it's in being in the presence of a friend's kindness and hospitality. That's where the art comes in. That's where the meaning to life is revealed.

Yes, all of these things are private "performance art", in a most personal sense. They can be empathized with by outsiders, but they're best *experienced*. It completes oneself to be alive and not be alone. That is real art. That is the treasures and wealth of friendship. It's *collaboration* in life. It isn't something you can hang in a gallery or win lots of recognition and awards for. Yet it is a personal prize, may it even come in a mere photograph memory.

Friendship collaborations aren't finished until the day we die. It's ongoing, with all the ups and downs it has. It's in the art of life.

What a sickly sentimental side of me that all was.

"Halloween"

10-28-94: This was a perfect time capsule of the high school experience for me. And it only showcases the one hour I had to be at high school per day during my senior years (since I was part of the Post-Secondary Program and was taking college classes at a nearby college.)

Well, get ready and willing for another long journal entry because today had fifteen minutes of

absolute angst, dismay, and envy.

This afternoon, I assembled my Halloween disguise for my school's dress-up day. I did have second thoughts about dressing up. But after so much shyness, I figured, "What the *hell!* It's my *last* Halloween dress-up day!" I wore a black t-shirt under my favorite purple design silk shirt, gray jeans, a blue bandana, a Marti Gras feather mask, and black grease paint on my chin, around my lips, and waving lines below my eyes. I figured I was crazy for dressing the way I did – *and crazy if I didn't!* I tried to boost my spirits by watching a part of Pump Up the Volume.

I drove over to school, walked down to the back doors behind the school where I always go into, walked into the teacher's lounge to pick up today's Channel One notes, and put on my disguise. It felt pretty dumb with the mask on, but the perplexing feeling was a *good* feeling. Mr. Woeste recognized me and I spoke with him momentarily. Dan Holbrook knew me immediately, too. As I entered the classroom, Darren saw me and laughed really hard. Then my former teacher Mr. Brunswick asked me what I was supposed to be. I responded with some self-deprecating humor, "I guess I'm supposed to be '*a Marti Gras reject!*'" It was a stupid thing to say, so I went back to my seat and took off the mask. When the rest of the class entered, they sort of laughed and snickered at me, except with negatively and scorn. I just don't think my classmates and peers "got me" or my sense of humor. Karen Timmerman almost mockingly asked me what I *was*. I was really shocked by their off-puttish reactions. In their minds, if you dress up for Halloween, you *must* be someone *recognizable* - not anything weird, funny, strange, creative, or original like I was doing. Somehow, this also seemed like a metaphor for how small town people think of movies: they don't want anything original, just things they've already seen before. So how dare I be different and odd?!! Yet still, I was stuck and alone in this high school hell, so I still had to live with this offensive world. I couldn't shake from feeling down and confused. So when one more classmate, another girl, asked me what I was, I said blankly in a self-defeated way, "I don't know." Jayme Sudhoff stared at me with *fucked-up eyes* and critically wondered the same. It seemed like her eyes were screaming at me: "How *dare* you be so *weird?*" What started off as a "fun" thing to do by dressing up as an abstract costumed creation turned into a confused costume Halloween disaster. I had no irrational-thinking, creative, or open-minded artists around me. I was in a school room full of high school seniors who could only think of Halloween as something people dress up as "normal" characters. They were too "adult" to dress up for Halloween, unless it was to be ironic and funny. They wouldn't want to look "uncool", would they? To be honest... at that very moment, I actually felt *threatened* by their lack of vision and open-mindedness to something *different*. I needed to get the hell out of this insane asylum of "cool kids" who refuse to have fun without being thoughtlessly cruel. This was public humiliation and peer disappointment on a level I wasn't expecting.

By 2:55 p.m., Mr. Fair announced for all seniors to go down to the gym for the annual Halloween assembly. I quickly put on my mask and headed off to the gym behind Steve Vagedes. Frankly, I wanted to disappear, and putting on the mask was the best escape plan I could find. When we were about to walk up to the gym bleachers, he recognized me and told our group of friends, including Joe, who I hadn't seen in two weeks. He *stared* at me in perplexed amazement and bewilderment that someone as shy as me would dress up as something like *this*. I was essentially letting my "freak" flag fly since it was Halloween. As I sat down next to Veg, I looked over at Joe and noticed two girls sitting next to him. One was a very pretty shorthaired girl (like Bridget Fonda) and the other had glasses and long brown hair. I realized then that the pretty shorthaired girl was Joe's girlfriend and her friend. Joe then shouted over to me what I was supposed to be. I replied trying valiantly to act like I was having a "good time": "I'm a Marti Gras reject!!" or something like that. Joe was sitting next to a loud and popular Darren Hart. I guess that if you get a girlfriend, you achieve "higher status" in a superficial high school class system. You get more popular friends. Meanwhile, us single guys all sat together in the back rows. I looked behind me and noticed Kyle Gansert. I also noticed the ring on his necklace – a flashy fashion statement for couples to show (off) they're in love. Finally, my two best friends, past and present, were now occupied with the other sex. They didn't need my company anymore. I couldn't imagine things getting any worse today for me.

And then they did. The assembly was for a costume contest for the entire high school that a student committee had judged each grade throughout the day and selected the winners. As the agonizing assembly went on, one of the winners for best costume were two underclassmen dressed like two unpopular high school teachers, Lester and Liz Homan - *my parents*. My public humiliation had just been compounded and squared. I had to sit there and watch as two teenagers two years younger than me walk in front of the whole student body, staff, and faculty while dressed up as caricature versions of my own parents. This surrealism was at its ultimate breaking point for me. I felt really sick – mentally, physically, and emotionally. My life was corroding where I sat and all I could do was watch through my mask. I

wanted my life to end. I wanted out of this hell, this high school. I didn't realize that my own high school would turn into a living hell for Halloween dress-up day.

We student custodians started work early at 3:15 p.m. so we could leave earlier. As we walked over to the North end of school, a small innocent kid asked me what I was supposed to be. At my wits end, I blew up at him saying, “*Nobody! Do I have to BE somebody?!*” High school only made me a mean person. But I felt that if anyone could find my costume "fun", it would have been a little kid.

Still, they just wanted something to center on to see "how" I was. Without it, there was no bearing for them to relate. So in a way, it was my own fault. But then again, Halloween has no rules. There is no requirement that you have to dress up as a famous person or type. I can just be anyone or anything I want. It's that freedom that drew me to dress up in the first place. But instead of freedom, I was slapped with discrimination, distortion, and disillusionment. Trick or treat, indeed.

If I had to label my life this Friday, it would probably be considered “Surviving the Halloween High School Hell”. I changed the way I comb my hair by brushing it back. I dared myself to wear an eccentric costume creation even though most of my peers only dressed up in group costume characters. It seemed like none of them had the guts to go it alone, be an individual, and dress up *by themselves*. I worked up the confidence to be an individual today... and I paid the price for it. (My favorite costumed group was the group who dressed like characters like “G. I. Joe, Catwoman, etc.)

10-28-00

On this Halloween weekend, I was so schizophrenic with ideas and holiday-excited that I wanted to change costumes over twelve times in one day. And understand me tonight - I can't stand being normal – not on Halloween. I re-realized that at Rosina's Halloween party where I dressed up wearing a “Costume” T-shirt, a “Wayne's World” Garth-like/ Cleopatra wig, a cowboy hat, a “Ty Primosch” name tag, and gorilla feet. If a psychoanalyst was there, he'd see that I was a person too excited by the holiday to dress up as just one character, but should be as many as I could. So I dressed as an extension of myself: a hybrid schizophrenic artistic personality. Dara looked at me up and down and pleaded: “What are you supposed to me?” Having heard that sort of question in Halloween's past, I knew how to answer this time: “I am whatever I am. I'm whatever you want me to be.” Dara responded: “I couldn't tell if you were a Muppet or something.” It was great being such an original creation.

9-27-02: I created my own homemade Halloween costume this Friday evening out of a small yellow Superman t-shirt, gold boxers, an oven mitt, scuba goggles, a cowboy hat, a black belt, and the scuba snorkel tucked in my boxers to make myself look like I have a rhinosaurus penis. I ended up appearing like a Texan, oversexed, third-rate super hero wannabe. It looked glorious! It was all made in half an hour and didn't cost me a dime. It's creativity over commerce. Anyone can purchase a costume. Halloween is about dressing up anyway you want! Choose to be yourself and free your imagination! Don't buy your fantasy!!

10-15-03: Go as a Ku Klux Klan member in the white robe and white pointy hat. Now that is something people rarely or never go as because it's racially charged. But then again, isn't it also a “scary” costume to go as for Halloween? In the context of a Halloween party where people are dressed up as mutilated, gored up zombies and demons, going as a particular person from real life would be quite a shocker with a certain degree of context to it. It's the KKK amongst the monsters.

“Bad’ Bowling Performance Art” – 1989-1992

I remember being in the 8th grade and being bussed off to go bowling at the nearby bowling alley. Imagine: bowling as a required subject in junior high. That's what it was like to grow up in a small town. Anyway, bowling was like a national pastime in my hometown, but I rarely ever took part in it. I simply didn't care for sports of any kind. What's worse, I had a heavy crush on a girl in my class and was helpless in any way to impress her since I had little to no athletic abilities. When I started bowling, I started rolling gutter ball after gutter ball after gutter ball. After a while, it became a parade of surrealism. I wondered if anyone had ever bowled a “0” or a “7” before in bowling? I know people aspire to bowl a perfect game of “300”, but how about the ultimate low score? So since I was so pathetic and was embarrassing myself

already in front of everyone so badly (not to mention to girl I liked), I decided to start playing a joke on the game of bowling by “trying” to roll gutter ball after gutter ball. Unfortunately at one point, I managed to get a spare and broke my “winning losing streak”. I believe I ended my game with a high low score of 38. In a way, I was trying to make an artistic comment on how personally humiliating Physical Education class was for me. So I decided to humiliate the game right back by serving it an orgy of gutter balls. It was my first statement of teenage rebellion disguised as pathetic playing.

"Professional Surreal Sports" – 1988-1993

I was such a terrible basketball player when I was a teen. I'd shoot the ball and I'd make the shot once every fifty or so shots. Sometimes I wouldn't even hit the rim. I'd usually be a few feet away from the rim. Being this bad at this sport in Phys. Ed. was a uniquely embarrassing and mandatorily humiliating experience that I had to go through every year until I was in Junior High School. Worse yet, the main way to impress a girl at my school was to be good at sports. This constant discouragement and frustrations brought out a sense of absurdity to life and sports. Competing in basketball when you're bad at it became a surreal adventure from the right point of view. Taking the perspective of the game and flipping it upside down by making a point of *not* scoring made the game more satisfying for someone so *good* at that. Using my imagination, losing meant *winning*. Unfortunately, I was the only one understanding this game, so I couldn't play that masquerade... except when things got too much for me. It was my attempt into professional Surreal Sports.

"Surrealist Reverse Basketball" – 2000

When I play basketball with my Surrealist friends, the object of the game is to play hard and not make any baskets. Basically, if you made a shot, you get two points - yet whoever has the highest score *loses the game*. When I was in high school, my best friend, Joe Pleiman, usually made me play him on his home basketball court even though I sucked at basketball and at sports in general. Further psychological and romantic frustration occurred when a special girl that I had a deep crush on, Nikki Mescher, was a star in basketball. So in present day, I gain psychological satisfaction by playing basketball in reverse - the loser ends up being the winner!

"Surrealism Sports: Basketball Played with 20 Basketballs" – 2002

Surrealism Sports that I would like to take part in: Basketball played with twenty basketballs at once. One game's final score: 1048 to 952.

"Coming Out of the Closet – Surrealist Style" – 2002

As a surrealist and a heterosexual, I should come out as a homosexual. It's so stupid to “come out” in the first place, so why not make fun of the “event” by coming out when you're *not*. *Screw* with people's minds. *Blow* them away! Give their imaginations and minds head.

"A Secret 'Soft' Soundtrack" – 2002

A barely audible, music-filled underscore that registers on a subconscious level for the viewer. The songs are soft enough that the viewer may not even hear them. It's like a soundtrack that plays in one's head while go about the day.

"Child's Crayon Drawing" – 2002

8-19-02: A children's crayon drawing with an expensive, old frame around it: The actual drawing isn't extraordinary at all. It's basically the type of imagery that any 1st or 2nd grader could make during “Art Time” in school. What is unique, though, is the frame that the drawing is mounted to within this museum environment. Does it really take such an extravagant frame to suggest that a child's simplistic, primal imagination can actually be considered as “good art”? I believe this art is *good* art – and that is why I put

my own “child’s crayon drawing” that I had made when I was six in a fancy frame, like most “valuable” works of fine art. The abstract imagery that a child can make is some of the rawest forms of surrealism, expressionism, and symbolism. All such art deserves recognition and place beside the Picassos, Dalis, and van Goghs.

"A Creative, Home-Made Halloween Costume" – 2002

I created my own homemade Halloween costume this Friday evening out of a small yellow Superman t-shirt, gold boxers, an oven mitt, scuba goggles, a cowboy hat, a black belt, and the scuba snorkel tucked in my boxers to make myself look like I have a large rhinosaurous penis. I ended up appearing like a Texan, oversexed, third-rate super hero wannabe. It looked gloriously hilarious! It was all made in half an hour and didn’t cost me a dime. It’s creativity over commerce. Anyone can purchase a costume. Halloween is about dressing up anyway you want! Choose to be yourself and free your imagination! Don’t buy your fantasy!!

"Ku Klux Klan Member: A Truly Scary Halloween Costume" – 2003

Go as a Ku Klux Klan member in the white robe and white pointy hat. Now that is something people rarely or never go as because it’s racially charged. But then again, isn’t it also a “scary” costume to go as for Halloween? In the context of a Halloween party where people are dressed up as mutilated, gored up zombies and demons, going as a particular person from real life would be quite a shocker with a certain degree of context to it. It’s the KKK amongst the monsters.

"Photo Id" – 2003

Thanks to new modern technology, you can now photograph your memories and dreams with the help of the “Photo-Id”. Just hook up the neuro-circuits to your quartolobs to transmit a clear signal to the monitor screen. When you’ve got the right frequency and image, press *Capture* and then *Save*. It’s that easy! Now you won’t have to bring a camera or video camera on vacation! You can just hook up the “Photo-Id” directly into the memory neurocenter of your brain and capture everything that you saw. And you don’t have to worry about a camera getting wet or broken ever again. No more upgrades! "Photo-Id" is the way to go!

"A Black Bible" – 2003

A Black Bible where all the traditionally "Caucasian" characters were actually African-American. (And in truth, many of them were dark-skinned.) Moses, Jesus, God, Mary, Solomon, David. Only Judas is white. (Use this religious book as an experiment with people’s reactions toward a familiar story and tale – just with a change of skin tone.)

"The Censored Music Video" – 2003

"We are unable to show you the next music video because it is **censored**. You will just have to use your imagination. ...Wait a minute! That’s obscene as well!!! Stop it! Stop it!! STOP IT!!!"

"The Anti-Telemarketer Offensive" – 2004

If you receive a telemarketer call, have a group of people call them back to sell *them* some of your own wonderful products. See how they feel to have their phone ringing all day long with aggressive solicitors. They merely act all nice and friendly, but they’re really just invading your privacy.

"The Incarnations of “Eric Homan” – 2004

My past Birth dates: July 27, 1976; March 5, 1982; November 2, 1978; etc, etc: I was died from the Black Plague in 1344. I was eaten by rabid wolves in Germania in 1249 after suffering war wounds on

the battlefield. I was guillotined in 1787 in France. I died in a gambling feud in the Nevada territory in 1884. I was killed in Northern Ireland in 1974 from a bomb blast. In a past life, I was a Nazi concentration camp guard who was torn apart while alive by the Jewish prisoners when the Russians came and freed them in April 1945. I died in World War I when I stormed towards the Turks in Saudi Arabia. I died of old age in 1679 in what would become Alaska. I was gorged by a wholly mammoth in 951 B.C. I committed suicide as Edgar Allen Poe in 1849. I was a lady bug for two weeks in late 1946. I can't help but recall history because I was reincarnated from all the deaths of the past.

"Movie Rating the Days of One's Own Life" – 2004

A movie buff decides one day to rate every day as if it were a movie. He eventually goes tired and weary of the repetitious nature and unoriginality that his days bring. It's like the 10,000 sequel he's seen of him starting his day urinating, taking a shower, shaving, applying deodorant, taking his pills, crapping, putting on his morning clothes, eating breakfast, brushing his teeth, using mouth wash.... It's all too boring to take. So he urges himself to watch great movies to upscale his day's worth, and therefore its rating. So he ends up rating a movie within a movie that is his life seen through his own eyes.

"'Deep Cuts': An FM Radio Station Featuring Primarily Lesser-Known Classic Rock Songs by Classic Rock's Greatest Bands" – 2004

I want a Classic Rock station that doesn't play just the hits songs of the past. I love Led Zeppelin, but I don't want to hear "Stairway to Heaven" four times a day. Play more obscure tunes from Zeppelin, Genesis, The Rolling Stones, The Beatles, The Who.... They've all got plenty.

"Turn Off Unwatchable 'Must-See TV'" – 2004

2-1-04: On this Super Bowl Sunday, I found myself unable to watch TV for the manipulative cheapness they project upon 100 million zombie viewers. Why watch a show that doesn't project integrity with "special" appearances by our "great" president (pimping himself to get elected), over-sexed pop stars, multi-million dollar movie trailer spots, and beer. It's all unwatchable "must-see TV". Oh my God, now they're doing a commercialized "tribute" to the astronauts who lost their lives in the space shuttle Columbia. Thank God I still have my independence to turn off this crap.

"Drowsiness Death" – 2004

3-16-04: My nephew Ryan has a fear of going to sleep because he isn't sure if he'll be able to wake up again. What a phobia! I think I had the same one when I was a baby as well. Imagine being so tired that you lose consciousness, but you don't know what sleep is yet so it feels like your body is going to die? It's a terrifying notion to deal with and accept!! Is this feeling of drowsiness death overcoming me? How will he know for sure if it isn't?!?!

"Gender-Orientated Ammunition" - 2004

3-21-04: What if there was gender-orientated ammunition that could kill one those of a particular sex? Guy Bullets can only kill men. If used on a woman, they only *pinch*. To kill a woman, you have to use Babe Bullets.

"Emotional Exorcism Exercise" - 2004

4-6-04: Why "hurt"? I'm already willing to get this pain over with. I'm more tired of how I tend to wallow in the sorrow. So I got out of my self-deprecating *easy chair*, put on my athletic shoes, and went out around the magic hour to bike up and down the high-speed traffic along Bethel Rd. It was a twenty-minute practically non-stop all-out *emotional exorcism exercise* to burn off this tidal wave revolution of defunct affections. When I got back to my condo and got off my bike, I realized that my leg muscles had tightened up to the point where I could barely go up and down the stairs. I had worked myself that **hard**.

What pain I was in.

"Depression Weight-Loss Plan" – 2004

I'm on the depression weight-loss plan. I've lost 10 pounds since I've gotten my heart broken! Get into a breakup today and lose some weight in an emotional and existential slow-burn today!

"Pregnant Art?!??" – 2004

My artwork today informed me it was pregnant. I'm going to be a father! If it's a boy, we're going to call him "Memory of a Lost Planet". If it's a girl, we'll call her "Al". If it's a unisex, we'll call it "Untitled".

"The Ultimate Countdown Leader" - (2004) - (5 min.) Conceptual Digital Video Art

5-minute short film of a 500 number countdown leader

"Invisible Animation" - (2004) - (2 min.) Conceptual Digital Video Art

Create complex, invisible characters and models in Maya for your animation projects.

"'Priceless' Museum Art" - (2004)

At a gallery opening, have a list on the wall with the prices of the works of art on display. The catch is to have them wildly and ridiculously overpriced. The goal is not just to not sell anything, but to comment on their "real" value. Can you really give art a price tag? Isn't it priceless?

PRICELIST

1. \$50,000
2. \$14,000
3. \$24,500
4. \$99,000
5. \$12,000
6. \$80,500
7. \$29,000
8. \$200,000
9. \$755,000
10. \$150,000

"I Am a Work of Art" – 2005

A mirror in a museum for people to see themselves - living masterpieces - as art.

"Eric Homan: 'Taco Bell Terrorist'" – 2006

After I stopped at Taco Bell's drive-thru, I noticed a glint of sunlight hitting a tree with bright red berries sprinkled by the hundreds around it. What really caught my eye was how it contrasted with a dark stormy sky behind it. Knowing I had my digital camera in my trunk, I parked my car in the parking lot and walked over with my camera to take two pictures of it for a moment. Yet as I was walking away, two customers or employees came out of Taco Bell and looked over across the street behind the tree I was taking pictures of. I suppose they were curious or paranoid of what exactly had caught my attention. Did they think I was photographing a storm? A car accident? A hot chick? A U.F.O.? Did they think I was a sex offender taking a picture of a little kid? "I just liked the way the light was hitting the red berries on the tree!"

Go back and eat your damn tacos!" I wanted to scream back at them. I drove half-amused, half-horrified by what they must have thought I was doing. They're the ones who are truly crazy based on their imaginations of what is really going on drawn to a conclusion by their fears and fantasies.

Epilogue: Upon downloading the pictures off my digital camera, I noticed Bigfoot in the background hiding behind the berry tree. Well, what do you know....

"The Art Bar" - 2008

The best thing I noticed tonight at Gallery Hop that was intellectually and imaginatively stimulating was an "Art Bar". I mean, what a weird concept!?! A chocolate candy bar or a beer that is actual "art"?! Wow!

"Cum Art" - 2008

2-2-08: If someone jerked off, squirted their semen on a blank black frame, put on an expensive frame, and called their work "art", would you agree?

"Marriage" - 2008

10-25-03: *Currently in the early stages of pre-production.... Check back later.

7-12-08: Married to Lisa Rericha! How about that!

"Credit Where Credit's Due!" – 2009

2-4-09: Add your name to the end credits of any classic movie like "Star Wars", "The Godfather", or "The Dark Knight". Just obtain a digital version of the movie, edit in your name as someone prominent like "Executive Produced by" or "Screenplay by", and then leak the movie for free on the Internet! Then your former classmates will be so impressed with your latest "accomplishments". You've always wanted to see your name at the end of a major movie. Thanks to digital non-linear edited technology like Final Cut Pro, you too can be *in the movies!* (Inspired by seeing those thousands upon thousands of Lord of the Rings fans during the end credits of the expanded version of "Return of the King". It lasted about eight minutes and their names were printed very, very small!)

"First-Person Nose Point-Of-View" – 2009

3-31-09: One thing I never noticed before was that if you close one of your eyes, you can easily notice your nose protruding off your face. Yet if you have both eyes open, your nose *disappears!* Try it! It actually works – like a personal magic trick! Keep one eye closed, look over at your nose, and turn your head. You will have a first-person *nose* point-of-view!

"Bottle Up a Cloud" - (2009)

Take a cloud out of the sky and put it in a bottle for safe-keeping. A memorto of a memory made of vapor and dreams.

E. Writings/ Journals

"Eric': Journals 1993-Present"

I was offered \$5 to write up a 300 page autobiography of my life and times. More in need of

fulfilling my narcissist qualities than in need of the extra cash, I accepted the offer.

I've also come to realize that my journal, currently titled "Eric", is by far, the most astonishing artistic achievement of my entire life. My journal is my greatest personal artwork of all. It's grown to be over 5,000 pages (!!!) of writing from over a decade of my life. Writing in my journal is the side of me that my peers rarely see. They don't know that I write ten pages of personal writings on average every two weeks. It's a special side to me that I find special. If I were to let a significant other read what I write, she wouldn't see me the same way again. It would be the equivalent of allowing someone into my thoughts and emotions - insecurities, imagination, secrets, and all. What a dangerous dimension to let a mortal glimpse.

One day I found myself reading through my old journals from my '95-'98 years at CCAD. Looking back at my life with a mirror of words was like being on a unique time machine of my own life's making. It was the greatest gift one could ever leave for oneself, as well as for other generations to discover and uncover. I re-experienced what I had lived through words in the reality in my memory and imagination.

The more I read through just my '95-'98 CCAD journals, the more I realized how many long hours, heartfelt emotions, and energy I spent writing them. Just because I never attempted suicide doesn't mean I haven't had my rough days. How scary to read that I was a depressed mess of a man-to-be.

My journal is my greatest legacy. It is also my most privately guarded piece of art. Yet I *yearn* to disclose its contents to the world to see.

The Origins of My Journal

In the early 90's, I had been contemplating recording my thoughts down on paper. But, like most people, I figured I didn't have the time. I wanted to start writing because at that point I wished to become a writer when I went to college. What stopped me was a lack of ideas and extraordinary experiences to write about. It wasn't until my then therapist suggested that it would be useful for him to analyze my private daily thoughts if I wrote them down on paper. So to help with my "treatment", I agreed and started. That was in the spring of 1993. What began as the recording of routine daily events and casual emotions dwelled into a highly introspective and creative exercise.

The Beginning of My Journal

5-16-93: Well, after years of waiting and thinking and thinking and thinking about it, I've decided to begin writing down my "daily adventures" and journals. I have been looking for a diary for so long that I just went ahead and used this notebook. The purpose of doing this is to expand my writing ability, write down ideas, to recall my memories, and, lastly, to understand myself better. I don't know from the beginning if it will be worthwhile or worth the time. If anything, I hope recording my days helps me remember my memories better. I faintly remember many details from my youth already. It's all merged together in the haze of time. Hopefully a journal will aid me in remember and retaining the details.

My Days Are Too Much Like Dreams - So I Write Them Down

6-26-94: Well, I'll say one thing for sure: I do want an influential future and my vacation was fun. I am obsessed in doing better. If I didn't, I wouldn't be writing as I usually do in this very journal. It's funny... I could have left off all this information about my Dayton vacation and forget about it five years later. My days are too much like dreams - so it is my habit to write, record, and express them down. I better keep on writing about the real world. I am an unusual man trying to live in a normal man's world. Suicide in hell sounds too sexy for my tastes anyway. Nothing (including that past sentence) makes sense anymore. Just imagine if I hadn't written it down. It just wouldn't exist at all.

Journal Writing

6-28-00: Writing in my journal is the side of me that my peers rarely see. They don't know that I write ten pages of personal writings on average every two weeks. It's a special side to me that I find quite unique. If I were to let a significant other read what I write, she wouldn't see me the same way again. It would be the equivalent of allowing someone into my thoughts and emotions - insecurities, imagination, secrets, and all. What a dangerous dimension to let a mere mortal glimpse into and grasp.

My Emotional and Creative Savior and Saver

1-6-02: For the past eight years, my journal has served as my outlet to my emotions. I dearly needed it to survive and keep my sanity. And I deeply thank it for being the outlet that was always there - on call at all hours of the day. I just needed a computer to type it all out on. And then I was whisked away. It felt so good to keep this journal. It's been my emotional and creative savior and *saver*. I've stored so many ideas over the years in my journal. I'm lucky that I kept at it or else so many memories, emotions, honesty, and ideas would have been lost forever with the fog of aging.

To Have People *Understand* Me

1-11-02: I've been obsessed for several years having people *understand* me in order to relate me. I've written down my deepest feelings and thoughts to make an emotional connection. I poured my emotions into the words and art that I create that it pains me if people don't feel for it. Therefore, here is my life articulated as best I could in words and images.

The Labor of Writing

1-14-02: *Writing takes a lot out of me as a creative person. The cover letter I wrote had to be restrained in its prose, restricted in its length, and re-edited multiple times to fit in the essentials of my background as an educator and artist. It roughly took two full weeks to finish. This paragraph in itself took seven minutes just so I could organize the words in my head to form several sentences of meaning. It takes an immense amount of concentration of emotion and idea. I hope people realize how much time and effort I've put into my work.*

The Truth Comes Out in Introspective Journals More Than in Extroverted Real Life

6-2-97: You may also notice that my letters and writings come out of my journals. I write them to find out who I am. *They really don't have any power until years later when I re-read them and discover how much I've grown and changed.* Since you are a significant part of my life, you have a right to read them to learn who I am, as well. I sometimes hate phone conversations because we have to keep talking continuously, superficially about "how our lives are going" and "about the weather" instead of really dealing with and expressing ourselves. Writing a journal really allows oneself to come clean with one's emotions and imagination, to be truly introspective, and to have the time to express oneself when one feels more inspired and most alive.

If I made an honest movie about my thoughts, I would be rated [NC-17]. It matters how mature one handles the many vulgar words, sexual knowledge, and dark emotions one encounters in this world. Some of my peers would easily be rated [X], [XXX], or worse. [XXXXX]?!?!??

Writing as an Outlet

6-14-02: It came to my attention while I was typing out my '94 journals that I used to talk about my problems to my mother and my sisters. I just needed someone to talk to so I could get my feelings out so my depression wouldn't crush my impressionable teenage mind. Since my sisters left for college, I had fewer and fewer people to talk to. Eventually, even my mom would suddenly and violently be taken away from me. It's no wonder I sought solace in writing since I was soon alone. I didn't always have family or friends to comfort me - so I found my voice through speaking my feelings through written words. My journal became my closest confidant, outlet, and "friend".

A Journal's Self-Expressive Release

7-31-02: While typing out my high school journals, it's come to my attention that keeping a journal or a diary is a way to express and release one's soul. It's a way of bettering one's self. It's personal art and essential ingredient to keep one's sanity. It allows oneself to examine one's day, one's emotions, one's insecurities, one's victories, and one's sorrows. It's a personal therapy session one can give oneself to clean out their heavy soul. It's practically necessary for everyone to keep one just to become more sensitive to life and society.

I Write It All Down to Make Sense Out of It

4-19-03: Some days, I talk more to my journal than I do with real people. What I have to say is too insane to be expressed to 99.99723% of the world. The insanity clusters of ideas, concepts, thoughts, emotions, feelings, memories, and all is too much to categorize. It wouldn't make sense out loud. So I have to write it down to dissect and edit the fragments of my time and space.

Looking to a Journal for Life's Meanings

6-2-03: In times of desperate need, I *mine* my journal words for meaning, organization, and form for mass consumption. I've got all this passion-soaked work and nobody has ever seen it. People are oblivious to my struggle for self-expression. *It's time to fight back!*

Priceless Journals

8-17-00: Everything I wrote tonight I could have said to someone... a close friend or a significant other. *Yet I wrote it down.* As lonely an expression that is, I am blessed that I can go back and read what was in my head on August the 17th, year 2000 A.D. What a personal treasure - like the finest of art, *priceless.*

The Importance of Keeping a Journal

It's come to my attention that keeping a journal or a diary is a way to express and release one's mind. Most artists keep notebooks to record their ideas, thoughts, and drawings. My notebook is the computer. It is where I record my soul and creativity. This ongoing journal is my legacy. I believe it's art if you create something out of no other reason than the *need* to create. It's essential to keep one's sanity with all the madness going on in life. It allows oneself to examine one's day, one's emotions, insecurities, victories, and sorrows. It's a personal therapy session one can give oneself to clean out their heavy burden of being human with sensitivity. It's practically necessary for everyone to keep one just to become more understanding with life and society.

Journaling: The Ultimate Creative Exercise

10-14-02: I keep a journal to have someone to talk to so I don't go *insane*. Judging from how much I've written, I've been in great need of communicating. It's also the ultimate creative exercise by making sure what you write (or say) is worthwhile and worth saying. It gives me an extraordinary opportunity to organize my thoughts – and, by default, record them. It's a documentation of the fantastic experience of one's own existence - a written account of the blur of attitudes, ideas, and events... twisted in the seeds of hours. And years from now, I'll be able to look back and see specifically what was going on in my mind as well as what my mindset was like. It's sort of an incredible introspective, self-reflective gift to oneself in the future.

A Journal's Purpose

11-23-01: *The purpose for writing this journal is for me to discover who I was back then and see my creativity mapped out the day I was inspired to write down a specific idea, memory, or emotion. On a later date, I can resurrect those concepts for possible execution when I need inspiration.*

I've been writing a journal since 1993. It's taken time to make myself comfortable enough to be able to open up, confess, reveal, and express the deepest parts of me and what I've experienced as Life. I'm "*on*"/ alive – and I'm aware of it by recording my times. I release the most intimate of thoughts in my journal. They are my most sacred elements of who I am. It contains the repressed stuff I'd never reveal to another soul except to myself so I could see who I am. In my journal lies my fantasies, my dreams, my nightmares, my fetishes, my sexual desires, my loves, my hates, my imagination, my records, my hopes, my despair.

"You hear things all around you. And the trick is to just remember them and *write* them down so you can use them somewhere." -Carly Simon. That explains how I pretty much work through keeping an ongoing journal.

"I wanted to get this on tape while the feelings were still *fresh*. While the *emotion* was still raw."
-From *Secret Invasion: Frontline #3*.

A Journal Releasing Creativity

When you're an artist, you always have to stay creatively active. For me, keeping a journal is the best way of keeping the creative spirit burning. You need to have some sort of output; so words are the fastest, most convenient source. Also if and when I need an idea to make an art piece out of, all I need to do is look back at my journals. Even the words and notes I wrote in 1996 as an undergraduate student are surprisingly direct, imaginative, and emotional. I just have to organize and focus excerpts into something **fully realized**.

I believe that the reasons I write so often in my journal is that I'm chronically frightened of not having any ideas to come back to when the time comes for me to do a new art piece. When I was in my undergraduate Photography I class, I didn't have a clue of what to take pictures of. My work suffered for that reason and I received a "C" grade. Being a perfectionist, I was haunted by the experience. Ever since, I can't stop from recording every good idea I've come up with. I can't stand losing an idea, no matter how stupid or small it is. I record all my dreams, every movie I watched and how I felt about it and during it, every prominent experience or feeling I had during the day.

Looking back at all the journals I've written, I sensed great pride at what I've done with my life in regards to creativity and self-expression. I *expressed* myself. I kept myself from going mad thanks to keeping a journal. I made it through hell.

Keeping a Journal: An Amazing and Affordable Self-Help Psychoanalysis

11-15-02: Yet a journal can be the most positive thing one could ever create in one's life. Keeping a journal is a celebration of one's life... of one's very existence. It's a document of what one learned, felt, lived, dreamed. Writing down and expressing one's feelings like a religious confession is an exorcism of the sum of one's manic day – especially if you're an emotionally overloaded artist type. Releasing emotions by oneself is more helpful than seeing a psychiatrist for \$150 an hour. Since I've been writing in a journal in 1993 with over 1,200 pages, I've probably saved myself around \$20,000 in session fees. What an amazing self-help psychoanalysis. Yet the first step to writing a good journal is to not hold anything back... even if it's immensely embarrassing. You have to let those feelings be exposed naked to yourself through words. The safety catch is that one doesn't have to reveal those feelings to anyone else but oneself (and certainly not to your significant others if one knows what is good for oneself and sustaining one's relationships).

Journal Psychiatry

6-27-04: Journals are written by people who have seen shrinks who first advised them to begin keeping one. So that tells you something about the type of person who keeps a journal. We're all still in therapeutic session... just in a much more financially affordable type of psychiatry.

A Journal's Power

8-3-03: When I'm interacting with someone in person, I feel that I'm not communicating myself effectively enough because I'm mostly *feeling*. I'm too much on the spot, in the moment surrounded by too many distractions. Yet when I sit down in a safe, secluded area, I have the ability to enhance upon how I can communicate by emulating what I'm *feeling* with more concentrated *thought* and *intelligence*. I can harbor my emotions, imagination, and intelligence into something of great merit and self-expression. It does enrage me that I can't emit that same level of creative power in spoken conversation as I can when I write or make art. I simply need to be honed in on that creative state of mind. No one sees the artist when I'm in public. They see some *anybody*. It's in my artistic work that I'm recognizable as a true individual talent.

A Journal as Psychotherapy

3-11-02: You could say that I write this journal as psychotherapy to myself. When I did have to see a psychiatrist, I always regretted that my family was paying all this money for me to express my feelings. So I figured I might as well express my feelings to myself, learn from myself,

and keep the money to buy CD's with. I thought it was absurd to pay someone \$120 an hour to listen to my troubles?! Also, after nine months, psychiatric sessions weren't going anywhere. So I decided to keep an introspective journal analysis of my soul, imagination, dreams, fantasies, times, emotions, and ideas. It was my way of saving money and spending it on something worthwhile. Oddly through the years, my journal evolved into written art. In a sense, I was commissioning myself to write down my most personal, anguished emotions.

I am writing this on-going idea journal out of a desperation that I may not be inspired or creative in the future. I need something to fall back on when I've burnt out of imagination.

I recently read that Kurt Cobain's diaries were purchased for 4 million dollars. What a pay-off for having manic depression!!

These have been my personalized psychotherapy years. I hope they do the trick.

Journal Writing Art Therapy

10-9-08: Why aren't people considering more with art therapy as a less expensive alternative to therapy? It's just as effective to write a journal or do some artwork than to pay \$150 an hour to tell someone else your problems and fears. Art is something everyone can do no matter their skills. You just have to constructively release your emotions and feelings.

I Write in My Journal With a Furious Need for Self-Expression

2-19-06: I write with such seriousness that comes from a deep despair from within me. It's that dark passion that needs a place to go, so I write in my journal with a furious need for self-expression. I need it desperately – this release. It's my savior. And when your friends aren't around or answering their phones to have someone to talk to, I've always got my journal to "listen" to my soul. It never lets me down.

Testament of the Times

6-17-01: The more I read through my CCAD journals, the more I realized how many long hours, heartfelt emotions, introverted imaginations, and energy I spent writing these journals. Just because I never attempted suicide doesn't mean I haven't had my rough days. How scary to read that I was a depressed mess of a man-to-be back then.

Really Nice Autobiographical Short True Stories

6-26-02: One of the most ironic things about my '93 journals is that I was constantly depressed over myself because I couldn't figure out anything to write about. Oddly, I was completely *oblivious* to the fact that my journals were really nice autobiographical short true stories in *themselves*. I was *writing* good stuff when I thought I had to write something of great fiction. Typing out those journals is my saving grace to my past self that my life and those high school years weren't in vain. Another interesting side fact is that each journal entry I wrote during that era took me *at least* an hour to write out. I put a lot of time into writing my journals back then. Hand-written journals took a lot longer to write than typing.

My Journal Companion

2-26-02: Having a journal has allowed me to have great conversations even though I am alone. It's like being stuck on a desert island and not having anyone to talk to. All I've got is time to wait and dream. Writing a journal gives me an outlet to keep my mind occupied so I won't go mad from the solitude. It's been 13,485 pages and counting of written therapy.

Journal Exorcism

Like everyone, I have a dark side, but as an artist I am able to express it and reveal it. My journals happen to be my primary outlet for me to immediately exorcise that darkness. All the depression, the bent-up sexual urges, the rage, the exhaustion, the sicknesses, the bitterness. But the journals also expressed the joys, the blisses, the exhalations, the epiphanies, the miracles, the wonders, and the dreams of my existence. It contains my very *being*.

In This Sometimes Pointless Journal

11-13-94: And so I keep on writing in my journal for nobody... or somebody. I don't know for sure. Early this afternoon I spied/ gazed across the street on a neighbor Schwiterman girl and

her boyfriend from inside my bedroom. She was sitting on his lap with her legs around his body. I watched and observed them for two minutes as U2's "Desire" ironically played in the background. I couldn't help but feel immensely jealous and sexually/romantically repressed. I tried to study Geography after my unfortunate trip to Starstruck Video, but I felt crippled by my utter rage since I couldn't understand my studies. I even played Sinéad O'Connor's enraged ballad "Three Babies" to sympathize with my emotions, which were in a total wreck. I didn't care to see another movie or listen to anymore music. So I wrote down my day *in this sometimes pointless journal*. Later on, "The Simpsons" was on, which brightened up my spirit. The show renewed my confidence that it is my favorite show on TV these days.

I wonder how foolish this journal would sound if someone read it besides me? I drew a question mark on the palm of my left hand just like the one Michael Stipe had on his hand last night. After all, I am also in a collective state of confusion lost amongst the universe. -?-

Who Exactly Is Going to Read These Words?

4-17-94: Some moments I really wonder if writing a journal is worth it. I've spent an hour now on just today's. And who exactly is going to read it? Ah ha! *Me?* Of course, in later years I will be able to see exactly what kind of person I am/ was. Near brilliant and totally worth the time. I hope.

My Journal Is a Creative Gift to Myself

4-28-95: *My journal is a creative gift to myself and to the intimate others who dare to share my life with.* This journal is my only written record of proof that I actually *did* try to live a life, with a full heart, imagination, movies, entertainment, music, family, and friends. I'm proud of this journal quite endearingly. In addition, my literature writing has gone up till this moment. Ironic thing about my journal is that no one will probably ever read or know of it. It won't be *realized*. (Or will it?)

This journal is a literary ballad to myself. It's my own proof that I had emotions of hurt, hope, fear, love, anger, and bliss. *All of these journals are a record of my very humanity, my soul, my essence, my my, hey hey. Eric Homan is here to stay.*

There Needs to Be a Record

5-31-95: Major events occurred today. Alas, my parents officially retired from teaching at Coldwater High School. Imagine how much "easier" my life will be now. No more crank calls, toilet papering clean-ups, people driving through the front lawn, or "nigger-knockings". Most fortunate of all will be the diminished amount of mean-spirited teasing toward my family and myself. I will *not* miss it... *nor forget*. And that's partially the importance of keeping *this very journal*. People need to know what "crimes" were occurred and the emotional effects it caused upon innocent people. There needs to be a record.

Spend an Hour a Day to Write a Life-Study Log

7-7-95: I'm uncertain of how much I should write. I spend an hour a day to write a life-study log for its benefits and its losses. Yet, questioning my creative conscious behavior does make sense. How else could I grow more productively than to... ponder on living or wasting my time? All I know is that I feel that it is important and it is something I should do. In fact, I think the whole world would be better if each person spent an hour out of their busy day to reflect on their existence in an introspective journal.

Every Journal Entry Is a Prayer

8-12-95: Every journal entry is a prayer. I'm writing out the words I say to God. I just do so through writing this journal. I get my feelings, memories, reflections, hopes, dreams, fears, and imagination out so we can both remember and keep track of what I'm saying. And at the end of each journal, I often even write down "Amen". It's a prayer. I am, at heart, a very spiritual person. I want to keep a communication with God. So this is my creative outlet to do just that. I want to get better at my writing and how I communicate. So I'm getting more than one thing done at the same time as praying through writing these very words. I'm learning to articulate myself better. If you don't learn how to express yourself, how will God ever *listen?* "Amen."

Writing a Journal Is Self-Psychiatry

8-19-95: Writing a journal is self-psychiatry. It's that simple. Think about it. You need to

get your emotions out by writing down your demons, your fears, your insights, and your dreams. Then you can look back at these words, analyze them for yourself, and reflect. You're literally doing psycho-analysis on yourself for free! That's the grand beauty of keeping a journal. And it's for free! No \$100 an hour fees for seeing a psychiatrist either! (Unless you want to pay yourself \$100 an hour for writing in your own journal!)

Journals Help Me Reveal Who I Used to Be

12-26-00: Listened to lots of CDs (mostly Concrete Blonde) while sorting through my journal memoirs/ ideas. It felt great to know I've got creative honesty in storage *en masse*. It revealed to me *who I used to be*.

Valuable Journals

3-3-02: Kurt Cobain's private journals are being sold in an auction for millions of dollars. I wonder if anyone will think my words are powerful or meaningful, let alone *valuable*. Maybe that's another reason why I keep writing with such confessional honesty in my journal: that on some day they'll be worth something beyond the emotional therapy... even money.

Looking Back in Shock on a Life Through Reading Your Own Journal

10-20-02: The journal is the recording of the inner remnants of one's mind. When you look back at it and read through your life, you can't help but exclaim, "How exciting! How horrific! How incredible! I lived through all that."

Our Journals: Kurt Cobain vs. Eric Homan

10-23-02: I was reading some excerpts from the diaries and journals of Kurt Cobain and found myself surprised that my journals were much more deeply felt, confessional, more emotional, and insightful than his. Quite honestly, I've never read journals as deeply revealing as mine have been about the artistic and emotional cycles. That seems rather bizarre.

Fighting to Find Meaning and Truth to My Very Life and Existence

1-30-03: I believe the other reason why I obsessively write in my journal is because I am fighting to find meaning and truth to my very life and existence. I want to remember why I've taken the path I made. Ideas keep streaming through my mind so fast I needed to right them all down. Forgetfulness is just a part of life; keeping a journal was my failsafe device. I can also use those memoirs as an oasis for inspiration and ideas. I like looking at literary echoes.

Pause to Reflect and Write

7-22-04: It's amazing how you won't write if you're too busy socializing and such. You have no time to think, contemplate, create, and record one's life and imagination. A whole active day will go by and you won't have a moment to step back and be able to take in all in with typed words like these until later that night or perhaps the morning after. My God I really need that time to pause, reflect, and write. It's so important to me.

Journal as a Life-Map

5-23-05: Most of what I end up writing about is my confessing the emotional turbulences inside of me when I'm under duress or depression. It flows out of me as an outlet for the flaws that I carry in the ways of loneliness and confusion. I find writing to be a friendly medium of expressing my ideas and daily events. A journal is a perfect record of what occurs to me and where to put my creativity.

Journal as Financial Savoir

Here's a mathematical psychological idea for you concerning journal writing in relation to psychiatry. If I continued seeing a shrink since 1993 at a rate of \$120 per day of writing. Then measure in the inflation rate to \$200 by 2004. I would have had spent around \$8,000 on average *per year* on psychiatry bills. Then that would be \$104,573.45 from 1993 to 2004 that I've saved in writing down my feelings and thoughts in a journal. *Now that's saving money!!* What a deal I've made for myself by learning to express myself through self-expression through journal writing!!!!

Journal as Time-Travel

Reading my journals is like time-travel through words.

The Importance of Taking the "Time Machine" Trip Back by Re-Reading One's Journals

7-25-12: This afternoon, I finished up reading and editing the month of August 1995. This was an especially important part of my life since it was the beginning on my years as a CCAD student. It's hard to believe that it's been 17 years since I started as a student at CCAD! Reading those journals for the first time in years really brought me back to a very different state of mind when I was filled with so many insecurities. My biggest worry was just having a girlfriend who would be kind to me. I desperately wanted a girlfriend. The most I wanted from a girl was just to have someone to hold hands with. I had no expectations for sex whatsoever... especially if I wasn't married! I was also extremely jealous of everyone who had girlfriends already as well. Reading those journals again was like taking a time machine back to when I was only 19 years old. It was actually a wonderful experience even though it was scary at times to read about how profoundly introverted and lonely I was. I even re-discovered that I had a near-panic attack on my second day in the CCAD dorm. Yet reading these journals are deeply gratifying to me since it shows me how far I've gotten in my life. And it's extremely important to me to read these journals, assemble a writing about my "CCAD Student Experiences", and share this information to my own students so I know emotionally what some of them may also be going through. I'd completely forgotten how different it was for me back then. After all, you (usually) only get to go through college once in your life (unless you drop out and re-enroll years later).

Keeping a Journal for Art

7-3-01: John Lennon wrote many of his songs out from his journals. This is why I spend so much time writing in my own journal.

Journal Existential Importance

There are thousands upon thousands of sensitive, emotional, and creative people out in the world who also keep journals just like me. What makes mine any bit as special as theirs? Ultimately, it cancels out our uniqueness. Doesn't it? It forces the world not to care all that much when there are others with the same feelings recorded in the same phrases and ways.

Artistic/ Creative Use of My Journal Notes

6-16-03: All the notes in every movie that I've watched *has* a song in it. I just need to take the notes, quotes, and ideas and put them into song or story fashion. I'm an expert on that area because I experienced that movie and absorbed the feelings. I once took my notes from "2001: A Space Odyssey" and made it into the spoken words for an art piece animation. I just have to allow myself to accept them as such.

Movie Journal Conversations

9-16-02: When I write down comments during a movie, I'm recording what feelings that arise during the movie experience. I'll also stop the movie to write down lines from the movie that strike a personal cord with me. It's sort of a communication between myself and the movie itself. It speaks to me and I reply back through journal notes.

To Mark the Passage of Time

5-30-02: My dad keeps telling me how fast life is passing. I believe it's been moving very *slowly*. I keep a journal that shows how much work and activities I've done. When you have a document of how much you've lived, it feels a lot *longer*.

I've Traced My Journey Well

3-29-04: I've been so prolific (and narcissistic) that I've been writing my autobiography since I was 16 years old. Yet there is nothing else that pleases me more than feeling creative, expressing myself on the computer, and listening to great music. I love the feeling of *being useful*, working in a hypnotic artistic trance, and getting things *accomplished*. And I've recorded my adventures the whole way by writing in my journal. I've traced my journey well.

An Illustrated Journal

12-20-04: I find "American Splendor" to be such a revolutionary idea and concept. It's basically a journal *illustrated* as a comic book. It's Harvey Pekar's life, musings, depression, dreams, perversions, struggles, drama, comedy, despair, and other varied moods mapped out as *art*. It's a journal in picture form. He took his existential boredom, his spare time, and made it into an art form. That is great. That gives me something to do – a purpose. I've got the words and the content. I just need to translate it. "American Splendor" gave me the confidence to try anything.

I record every idea that flashes in my brain here. It's a stream of creative consciousness. Every day's journal is a near perfect record that could be made into a work of visual art. It's all there and ready to be plucked – realized - visualized.

You've got to have faith in your ideas and concepts. They will take you places. Envision them. Believe in them. Create them. Complete them.

Studying This Alien Life in My Journal

12-27-04: I've been taking specimens, making recordings, and collecting samples of my time here on Earth, in this land called "United States of America", by keeping a journal. It's my duty to my Lord My God from the Planet Heaven. I hope I'm doing a good job.

The Darkest and Deepest Reaches of My Soul Were Clear to See

1-3-05: I've been re-reading through some of my old journals and I realized how much of my soul and darkness I put into it. The long hours of isolation that I poured out of depths of me are clear to see. The darkest and deepest reaches of my soul were clear to see. It's all there typed in **red text**. I'm a writer and a fighter.

The Creative Act of Editing Through My Journals

5-31-05: Just when I wake up in the morning feeling confused and lost of what to do with myself on this day off from work responsibilities, I found myself gravitated towards working on editing my journals. It really is such a wonderful creative activity that stimulates my brain and allows me to listen to some favorite music while drifting off into a creative state of mind. It's also a job that's taking me indefinite years to work on.

Journal Writing as Meditation

5-19-02: Excuse me if I spend some time on the computer writing my journal. The solitary practice is like meditation to me. It is my quiet time for just my thoughts and me. It's where I find some precious balance to my day in order to make some sense out of it all. It is my time of "prayer", like a meditation. I know some will scoff at such a comment, calling journal writing "prayer". But it's as much talking to God as going to an actual holy place and kneeling. When you look inward to find your soul, isn't that as much prayer? It certainly is for me. I meditate through typing words every day. I saves me. It is a blessed action. It is sanctuary.

My Spiritual Journal Prayers

4-11-04: I turned down an invitation from my sister Tanya to go with her and her family to Easter mass this morning. They must think I'm not very spiritual. The truth is quite the opposite. My journal entries are actually no different than psychiatric prayers. That's *5,000* pages of prayers. They are my most private feelings aimed at a higher being to sort out my existence and place amongst the universe. I would call even *attempted* that to be *hugely* spiritual. And you don't need to go to church, a synagogue, a mosque, or a temple to pray like that. You can worship at the temple of your soul. You just have to be in tune with yourself.

Journal Symphonies

9-29-06: Typing in my journal is like playing the piano with text that contains ideas, emotions, feelings, fiction, and facts. And it just flows out of me. I'm making music through words and memories. I call it: "Journal Symphonies".

Journaling the Life Blur

7-4-07: At a certain point, I paused and reflected to my silent self how a blur life is when you've got so much to do. You become used to waiting for things to happen. Life just passes as you wait or accomplish activities that you set out for yourself. That is why I desire so deeply to write down my journeys in this journal. I want a record that not all life was a blur. I want to make its mark that things, emotions, events, and experiences actually did happen!

Time Traveling Through the Textual Machinery of Journal Writing

3-22-12: Lately, I've been peering into my teenage high school psychosis through reading my 1994 journals. It's quite a fascinating read, like time traveling through the textual machinery of journal writing. I'm also mining my past for ideas and insights that I have since long lost due to age and experience.

A Detailed Analysis of How I've Grown

3-22-12: I've also been editing through my 1994 journals and it's shocking how different of a person I became within just one year's difference from 1993 to 1994. I came into my own. I tried to get out of my shell a bit more. I gained an actual sense of *taste* in movies and music. I gained an artistic identity. It was all rather incredible to read how I changed month by month. Yet I still wasn't fully mature yet. And my severe teenage depression was still hounding me.

My Journal As My Therapist, Mirror, and Creative Outlet

5-29-12: What my wife doesn't seem to know is that I use my journal as my therapist, mirror, and creative outlet. And because I'm recognizing what is wrong with the world (and it upsets me), those closest to me are finding it difficult to live around me. I understand that. But my journals is one of the greatest stabilizing outlets for me in my life. It's my own AA meeting, my anti-depressant, my artistic canvas, my baseball diamond, my football field, my outer space and galaxy, my dreamscape, and my asylum all in one.

Memories Fade – Journals Don't (as long as you back them up)

5-6-13: I am so glad that I've spent the time to write up a journal every day of my life since 1993. When I was younger, I always hated the fact that I'd be able to come up with these great ideas – but I'd forget them in a few minutes. That is where I came up with the discipline of writing things down. I now have a perfect trail of how my mind works and the experiences I've had. It's the great creative journey. It's all there... magically. And I can use these memories/ ideas/ recollections/ more as jumping off points for my artwork as a way to express myself. It's all there.

Creative Therapy Through Journaling

5-12-13: If anyone ever gets critical for how much journal writing I've done throughout my adult life, I can just give them this simple reasoning: it's creative therapy for myself and possibly even others. I need to write down my feelings and experiences in order to understand myself better. It's a way of purging my emotions. Journal writing is also a form of self expression and a path to utilizing my artistic abilities to their greater potential. So why not write in one's journal? Why aren't others? Some drink or smoke or shot guns or create art or write poems. I create art and write. That is what I do. That is who I am and part of how I define myself.

"Happy 20th Anniversary, Eric Homan Journal!"

5-16-13: Today marks the 20th anniversary of my starting writing this journal. That's an amazing achievement. Yet will anyone ever read it? Severely doubt it. But it's still the most precious creative and emotional work I've ever made. So "Happy 20th Anniversary, Eric Homan Journal!"

"Using DVDs as an Educational Aid in Schools for Artists and Animators"

DVD education article for educational magazines and SIGGRAPH.

"The Benefits of DVD"

“Interactivity in Media - The New Artistic Expression”

“Inside the Mind and Creativity of a Computer Artist”

“Who I Am as an Artist” aka: Everything You Wanted To Know About Eric Homan (But Was Afraid To Ask)”

“My Creative Life: Essays and Synopses of My Artwork (1993-2007)”

“The Empathy Files: My Personal Artistic and Aesthetic Influences, Stimuli, Idols, Role Models, Motivators, Muses, and Gods”

“My Misinterpreted Music Lyrics Archive”

Introduction

An interesting phenomenon: rock song lyrics – most people don’t hear or understand them entirely, yet they “know” the songs (mostly by melody). It’s a whole misunderstood element to our lives that we all share. People like listening to music, but they often don’t hear all the lyrics. They may hear something different from what is actually be sung, or they will simply tune out what is being said if they don’t understand it. Sometimes, the song is the brilliantly misunderstood lyrics, like “Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin)” that sound like “Thank you for letting me be myself again”.

“Fortune Cookies Fortunes”

“My Wedding Day”

(For Lisa)

Proposal, courthouse, bachelor party, wedding rehearsal and dinner, wedding day, wedding reception, honeymoon.

“Adventures of a Small Town Ohio Custodian”

E. Website Canvases

www.erichoman.com - (2002-present)

Surrealism/ Expressionism/ Imagination/ Catharsis

Empathy Art: Digital Gallery: The Art of Eric Homan - Healing Art

Copyright 2011, Eric Homan

**- MATURE SUBJECT MATTER –
FOR SPECIES WITH IMAGINATION AND EMOTIONS ONLY**

The Power of Empathy is Within You.

Hopefully there is something here you can empathize with... something you can personally understand... something you that can make you feel....

This website canvas started as a place where I could post my resume and my computer artwork, and it evolved into a personal information/ self-expression propaganda gallery to give people a deeper understanding of who I am as a computer artist, art/ movie/ music lover, and

human being. I don't want the listing of movies and music that I like to be just a fan site. I want it to be an emotionally sincere and influential expression to other people. –Eric Homan

My First Website Launch

1-17-02: My big moment today was posting my own personally created website at www.geocities.com/empathyart. To see my work and words available for the world to see was vastly exciting. The shock and thrill of exposing my ideas and imagery to the world to look upon fascinated me. A web page is the great electronic communication!!

1-31-02: [Upon observing my new website, lurie commented that it was strange that it is so full of intensity, vigor, liveliness, and expressiveness - but it came from someone who is generally quiet and conservative in appearance. I had to explain to him that I had to be restrained when I am teaching at a university. I cannot be this wild artist character that is part of my nature while he is my student in my classroom. But it's very true that there are two me's - the conservative teacher and the wild creative-passionate artist.](#)

My www.erichoman.com “Opening”

The unofficial launch for the Eric Homan gallery website at www.erichoman.com was on February 17th, 2003 at 8 p.m. in a friend's basement filled with mounds of unwashed clothes. Only my web master friend and his baby girl were in attendance. In a way, this website is just as spectacular as an gallery opening. It was the accumulation of eight years worth of work in digital visual arts and writings. I actually prefer the display method of a web page than to an actual gallery space. I simply had more control over the design and use of text, interactivity, and streaming video. Yet in our society, a website opening by an upstart digital artist isn't worthy of a “real” opening since it's *only* digital.

Sanctuary website created in Macromedia Dreamweaver MX.

2-21-03: [Hello one and all, I just got my new website up - \[www.erichoman.com\]\(http://www.erichoman.com\) - that features a whole lot of artwork images and writing from the past eight years. Check it out... some of you are also featured underneath the category of "Friends and Family". Take care, Eric Homan.](#)

Alternate Names for My Website

11-21-01: www.erichoman.com, www.eric-art.com, www.erichoman-art.com, www.heartshattering.com, www.empathy.com, www.empathyart.com.

Artist Credentials

9-29-06: Eric Homan is an intergalactically-known artist known around the charted regions of the universe. His works have been displayed on Jupiter's moon, Io, as well as Neptune, Mars, and Venus. Most recently, Mr. Homan completed two three-mile wide glacier-ice sculptures of President George W. Bush's face and Jesus' face in Antarctica that were designed to slowly melt away from Global Warming in order to get America's political leaders to get their attention.

Interactive Art Work

You will have to download Shockwave Player to play these files, which it should prompt you to do when you click on the link. It only takes a minute.

F. Charcoal Drawings

“CCAD Portfolio” (Charcoal, Pencil, and Pastel) – 1989-1992

Contents include: “Perspective of the Bathroom”, “House Objects”, “Self Portrait”, “Untitled”, “Miniature Still Life”, “Turnabout Clock”, “Rejoice in the Shadow”, “Lion's Facade”, “Two Angel Girls”, “Daydreaming”, “Teddy”, “Young Self Portrait”, “Dark Facade”, and “Redemption”.

G. Tactile Art Pieces - Art for the senses of touch

“The Daily Revenge” – 1988

When I was in the fifth grade, I used to draw a Far Side-inspired comic strip called “The Daily Revenge”. As a sort of warped catharsis for getting teased at school, I started drawing this daily cartoon about having revenge on my classmates. The first one I drew involved sending 500 pizzas with anchovies to a bully’s address where his parents got upset when handed the bill. (Inspired by some students of my parents who actually did order pizzas to our home as a joke.) Another was about dumping dozens of piranha and alligators into a swimming pool where the most popular girl in school, who had rejected me, was swimming. I quit doing this strip after a few days because I ran out of ideas and I felt bad about what I was doing. (Though years later, I see it as a cathartic exercise in releasing some personal demons inside me. And I suppose, other people could certainly relate to the comic strip.)

“Edgar Allen Poe’s Ashes” – 1993

For a Junior English project concerning around the life of Edgar Allen Poe, we were allowed to do any type of project that reflected the work and creativity of the author himself. I had fallen in love with the macabre writer, and decided to embark on an art project that would do the writer proud. I made a box that was covered with illustrations from Poe’s stories. The best part was what was inside: Poe’s ashes!!! I thought it was extremely loyal to Poe’s work, and might even appeal to his dark sense of humor. Of course, the ashes were from my family’s fireplace that I scooped out and put in a little plastic bag with a black twist tie. Yet I liked and admired the imagination of anyone else who might look inside and wonder if indeed it was Poe’s ashes I was handing in for a school project.

11-28-93: I nearly completed my Poe project, complete with an original idea for inside the box – the cremated remains of *Edgar Allen Poe*!! I thought the idea of ashes and chicken bones went brilliantly along with the images and blood on the box. I am quite impressed and pleased by the finished work.

“Bubble-Wrap Breasts” – 1999

A simple piece of bubble wrap put onto a museum stand with the title “Bubble-Wrap Breasts” next to it. The text adds an erotic surrealistic edge to an ordinary piece of found society that people like to play with. With the added description of “breasts”, playing with bubble wrap becomes something erotic, innocent, and deviant – all at the same time.

“My Girlfriend” – 1999

Though I consider her a work of art (the most beautiful creation in my existence), I don’t believe in intimately sharing her. It just wouldn’t make her as special to me if she wasn’t monogamous to me.

“Your Own Pet 'Blowjoba'” – 2000

11-14-00: A soft cat-like ball creature (a pussy) with a big mouth and no teeth. Popular among single males ages 12 to 45. It likes to suck and purr... *all night long*.

“Hug” – 2001

An art gallery space where viewers/ guests get a hug when they walk in from the artist. It’s hugging/ touching as artistic expression! The real question is if the viewers will feel anything from it, or if they’ll be bewildered by it.

"Holiday Hugs" – 2002

12-7-02: People go out each holiday season and buy gifts for their relatives because *"they have to"*. I'd feel like a hypocrite if I went out and did the same. For Christmas, I'm giving out something genuine from the heart that can't be bought: *hugs as presents*. Yet people will only call me "frugal" and "cheap". That's the worst irony about Christmas: genuine gifts from the heart are worth less expensive gifts bought from Macy's. But isn't a hug something as personal, genuine, from the heart, and real as one can freely give?!! And aren't the best things in life free anyways?!

"An Un-Hallmark Digital Holiday Card" – 2002

12-9-02: (Photos taken at "Ohio's Best Thrift Store") "Don't be down, Santa, just because it's the Holidays... Someone's here to pick you up! Happy Helpful Holy Holidays! Ho ho ho ho! Hug yourself for me."

"It's too late for Hanukah, too early for Christmas and Kwanzaa, so I'm sending out this digital holiday card smack in the middle of the holidays.

Since I teach and work in digital imagery, I decided not to print out this card and just send it over the Internet. It saves a few trees. Peace, love, and goodwill to all women and men. Eric Homan."

"The Unconventional Christmas Tree Ornament" – 2003

12-27-03: I was at the Twehues family Christmas gathering at Lara's this afternoon from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. During the end of the party was the annual holiday ornament exchange. Having not taken part in this in the years past, I didn't know what to expect. I brainstormed the week before of what to do. I'm not a physical arts kind-of-guy – I'm a digital artist. Then the idea struck me to tie a spare black shoelace I had lying around to a floppy disk and consider it a "found art ornament". Then it dawned on me to add the digital holiday card that I spend two hours working on to the disk with a written "Merry Christmas... (Insert disk into your home computer to get the rest of the holiday greeting)" on the outside. It was sort of an inside joke as well as a personalized ornament that I was a digital artist and *this* is what I am. When it came time to do the ornament exchange, I realized that everyone had made arts and crafts ornaments, mostly of snowmen. My sister Lara gave me a dirty confused look when I showed her my prized ornament. My contribution was at the wrong party and was obviously too unconventional for any of my relatives. My aunt Lorna, my only "artist" relative in my bloodline on either side of my family, questioned me why I "couldn't do anything *creative*". I laughed hysterically inside myself.

"Trick or Treat Cocaine" – 2004

Imagine having children come to your doorstep on Halloween night and tell you "trick or treat". Yet you have completely forgotten about what day it is. So in an embarrassed panic, you set out in search for something to give the little monsters. You have got nothing of sugary substance. Yet then, you have an idea! What is a better sugary substance than the bag of sugar you keep in your top kitchen cabinet?!? You immediately take it down and fill up zip-lock baggies with 4 ounces of sugar. Sure, it looks a bit like cocaine that you're giving the children, but it all you've got. Oh well, it'll create quite a fright for their suburban parents!!

"eBay Purchase of a Hair of Actor Alan Rickman" – 2004

I know this twenty-year-old girl who has a "slight" obsession with the English actor Alan Rickman, especially the Gothy Professor Severus Snape that he plays in the "Harry Potter" films. One day she came in with a zip lock plastic bag with her first gray hair in it. I thought that was a pretty eccentric thing to do – and quite amusingly funny. Suddenly, an idea popped in my head: what if I were to give her a zip lock plastic bag with a single strand of hair of Alan Rickman's that I "bought on eBay for \$50". Also enclosed was an autographed image of the actor that I had found and printed off the Internet. It seemed like a witty parody of what kind of insane items one can buy on eBay. I was also inspired by a scene from the Richard Linklater mover "Slacker" where one character is selling Madonna's pismire for around \$50 or

something.

There's also an "urban legend" that someone tried to sell a computer graphics polygon sphere on eBay. To understand how hysterically meaningless this is, people will create within a computer animation package complex models and try to sell them on various 3D graphics websites for potential buyers to use in their animations or commercial projects. To create a mere polygonal sphere in a computer animation program like Alias' Maya is as easy as a click of a button. The joke, I suppose, was that someone would go to such a length as to sell something as common and simple as a sphere. The surreal-tinged joke concept stuck with me and I applied it to this idea of selling fantastically meaningless things on the greatest auction in the world, eBay. You can buy *anything* on eBay!

The trick of this gag gift was to present it with a straight face. And when I did, she couldn't quite tell if I was joking or not. And she wasn't very pleased at all!! In fact, she lost her appetite and walked away. I guess that makes it rather potent art gag statement on the limits of obsession and to bring up the horrors of celebrity stalkers who are trying to make a profit off of someone's celebrity *hair*. The underlying surrealness that someone would even want to possess a mere hair is disturbing and hilarious. You can't tell if you want to laugh or freak. It's modern day's realistic horror surrealism. As an artist, I'm using humor to make a statement of something very *real* and *wrong*.

"Eric Homan Action Figures" – 2004

"Angry Eric", "Depressed Eric", "Inspired Eric", "Artist Eric", "Happy Eric", "Creative Eric", "Numb Eric", "Orgasmic Eric", "Patient Eric", or "Erratic Eric". Use your imagination and play with them as if they were toys to let your fantasy worlds run free! *Buy Them All!*

"Catholic Chocolate Mint Communion" – 2004

When an Ester Williams Candy Store moved in next door to a large Catholic Church, the candy store owner who was from the congregation came up with a brilliant idea: make the Communion wafers be chocolate mint or caramel or peanut butter. Church members could choose the line of the flavor that they wished in order to have part of the delicious body of Christ!

"Video Dresses" – 2006

Play abstract video animations on dresses to attract attention for people to watch you more.

"Peeps for Every Holiday!" – 2009

They first made Peeps for Easter time. Now they've got Peeps for Christmas. Last year they started up with Peeps for Halloween. I mean, what's next now? Peeps for Thanksgiving? Opps, too late. It's so ridiculous they might as well make them for every minor holiday. Tree Peeps for Arbor Day. Heart Peeps for Valentine's Day. Shamrock Peeps for St. Patrick's Day. Martin Luther King Jr. Peeps... Dollar Sign Tax Day Peeps... Fourth of July Peeps... Groundhog's Day Peeps... Hanukah Peeps... President's Day Peeps... Memorial Day Peeps... Black Friday Peeps. *IT'S ENDLESS!!*

H. Audio Art Pieces

"Erased Art"

5-15-96: "Listen to my young voice break on one of those hand tape-recorders. My desperation never sounded so choppy, so confessional, so... *so-so*. Re-experience my rambling intimacy while a sad song played in the background. Erase all of that recording and its audible emotions. Gone until memory returns it."

"A Moment of Silence"

"Eric Homan: A Moment of Silence" – A CD of total silence for 60 minutes. Though there is "nothing" there to hear, there is. The content of listening to silence makes for a personal, introspective

experience for those who have never actually listened to silence before. Is there “music” in silence? Is there something there to be heard in silence? I believe so. Silence is golden, as the old saying goes. Maybe there is brilliance in escaping all the noise in society. Also, the title is loaded with puns, sarcasm, irony, and double meanings. Indeed, “how long is a ‘moment’?” It’s up to the listener to decide. As an artist, I’m simply the content provider.

“Ambient Silence CD” – 2001

Now this is a really clever idea of mine: An audio CD of “ambient silence” with 10 tracks with varying lengths in time. The thing is they all play the same sound: silence! The selling point to this soothing “music” is for people to “listen to it at night as bedtime relaxation music”. *Just imagine how soft the music is! On Sale Today - \$12.99.* 42:21 is the time length of the CD.

Track Listings:

- 1) 3:42
- 2) 2:50
- 3) 8:07
- 4) 1:59
- 5) 4:21
- 6) 5:08
- 7) 9:00
- 8) 2:33
- 9) 2:49
- 10) 3:01
- 11) 7:10 (hidden track)

"Death Bloom: The Debut Album" – 2003

1. “The Queen’s Porn”
2. “I’m Eclectic, Too”
3. “Boner in the Morning” – “I’ve got a boner in the morning. It’s never been this huge. I felt so embarrassed. And I didn’t want to waste it. So I *boned her in the morning*. And she really liked it! ‘It was something to wake up to!’ she exclaimed to me.”
4. “He’s Got Imagination” – “Beware, he’s got imagination! He’ll tell you anything. Any lie. Any pry. He’s a locksmith to fooling you with his creative disguises. He’s here to entertain you and entrap you in his secrets. They’re fiction and false, but you like them all the same. You’re in love with him. You’re in hate with him. He’s your husband. He’s your wife. He’s your barber. He’s your teacher. He’s your preacher. He’s you.”
5. “Eccentric Tendencies” – “Eccentric Tendencies are the only kind I can ever have!”
6. “**Horny and Bored**” - “**Horny and Bored! Horny and Bored! Horny and Bored! I’m Horny and Bored! Horny and Bored! Horny and Bored! Horny and Bored! We’re all Horny and Bored!**”
7. “Lethal Injections of Love”
8. “The Wild and the Weird”
9. “Death **Blooms**”: “The leaves are in *death-bloom*. Death **Blooms**.”
10. “**Professional Outsider**”
11. “**Autumn Colored**”
12. “**Electric Raspberry Lemonade**”
13. “The Girl With the Killer Body And The Ugly Face” by Ryan and my band “Death Bloom”.
14. “The Queen’s Son’s Porn” (hidden bonus track)
15. “Sweater Brother”
16. “**Squeal Like a Pig**”.
17. “She Had a Killer Body, But an Ugly Face”
18. “Swing Set Symphony”: “Swing! Swing! Baby, *swing!* Swing me higher! Higher!!! Swing the baby! Sacrifice the baby!!! I love you, mother! I love you!!!” Our group is all about eclectic ballads of a

diverse and schizophrenic nature.

Ryan T. and my band - "Death Bloom".

Death Bloom – a photo with Ryan dead face down in a hot tub with a flower bloom from his ass.

Death Bloom lyrics to "Swing Set Symphony": "Swing! Swing! Baby, *swing!* Swing me higher! Higher!!! Swing the baby! Sacrifice the baby!!! I love you, mother! I love you!!!" Our group is all about eclectic ballads of a diverse and schizophrenic nature.

Death Bloom belly drum solo feature "Mad Dog" Madison on lead vocals. "Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah!!!"

"What If Farts Were As Loud as Sonic Booms?" – 2004

What if farts were as loud as sonic booms? Life on earth would become intolerable! The sound barrier would be breached every few seconds. No one would be able to get to sleep or be able to find any peace and quiet in their lives. Even in the wilderness the deer and bunny farts would be too annoying to bear.

"Heckler DVD Commentary Tracks" – 2004

Have one of my time-based art pieces have seven commentary tracks full of hecklers and critics who talk about their opinion about how they see my work. Some will just go on and on about how self-loathing the content is. "Can't this guy just get over the fact that the girl dumped him and get over it already!!!" one will say. "God, this guy is depressed!!" exclaims another.

"Rapping the Rap" – 2004

The Eric Homan Experience does a rap song called "Public Enemy" about the great rap group Public Enemy. It'll be quite a trick since it would be a rap song about rappers who used other people's songs to rap over. It would be rapping the rap.

"The Insanity of Your First Sneeze" - 2004

Do you remember your first sneeze? That nervous buildup of steam inside your lungs that is ready to burst out of you? But how? Through your nose, ears, butt, or mouth? Maybe we'll simply self-combust. And for a moment, we picture that we will! Sneezing doesn't seem to make sense. But it's just one of life's funny mysteries.

"I Have Nothing to Say" - 2011

-My Hard Rock Song of Silence that I wrote.

I. Photography

"Slices of Life Pie" - (2005) – DVD photo gallery

My photos of my life collection: This collection of photos is like a Collection of Souls. This is a massive archive of over 10,000 digital photos that I've taken since 2000 on DVD format as digital slideshows. These photographs can be seen as postcards of my life, mailed out to you through a digital format.

I don't photography reality. I photography my impression of reality.

Credits

Pictures by Eric Homan's camera, with assistance from Eric Homan.

I Am an *Idea* Photographer

2-20-01: I am primarily an *idea* photographer. I like to capture an imaginative concept or an emotion, which is in contrast with most photographers who are more interested in composition, texture, light, and contrast. My primary goal is to capture the idea before it's gone. Ideas are more important to me than the aesthetic beauty of a shot. It's that simple.

How Digital Photography Loosens Up My Creativity

6-9-01: For over a week, I've been doing more experimental photography with the Center's digital camera. With no film to develop, my creativity has been opened up without financial concerns holding me back. The proof is in the looseness of the images. I can just wander around and take as many pictures as I wish. I can experiment with angles that I wouldn't have dared to shoot from. I don't have to over-think when I'm taking pictures. I just do. And it's freed me up so much inside. I'm so much happier artistically as a photographer. It's a real eye-opening and creatively liberating experience.

My Own Digital Still Camera

2-13-02: I got my digital camera today, starting a new age in my experimental digital art creation. I can use it at any time and on any day without having to share it with anyone else. It's my boredom killer and my imagination capturer. I can seize images from angles I never dreamed of. I can be completely loose with this camera. I don't have to worry about wasting film or not knowing what the images are going to look like (let alone turn out). I adore the spontaneous snapshot quality of the images. Plus, it's another payoff for purchasing my new PC since it has an USB port to download the images.

Financially Affordable

3-5-02: For the past two days at Disney World, I captured 467 images on my digital camera. If I had developed those photos at a lab, it would have cost \$130 and \$44 for the film. God, I love digital photography. It's so much more accessible and affordable.

My Personal Preference with Using a "Point-And-Shoot" Digital Camera

6-3-10: I want to also go over the aspects of why I use a \$300 "point-and-shoot" digital camera rather than a "professional" \$2,000 digital camera with a \$3,000 lens. Now the lens part, I wish I had. Yet I find my \$300 camera to be much more freeing and spontaneous to use rather than something more professional where you have to adjust so many settings to get the right exposure. Changing the F-stop and the rest just removes me from the emotional moment. I love the spontaneous quality of whipping out my camera, turning it on, framing the shot, use the auto-exposure, and pressing the capture button. Boom! I'm done. I've got the moment. Then I can turn around, see more things to capture, and take more pictures. The camera is so small and light-weight that it doesn't get in my way. I can hide it in my jeans pocket. It's a perfect weapon of creative choice.

J. Freelance Projects

"1997, CCAD Student Fashion Show"

"1998, The Wedding of Gwen and Nick"

"2000, 2001, 2002 M.F.A. Show, Florida Center for Electronic Communication"

"2000-2002, DVD authoring and production, Florida Center for Electronic Communication"

"2000, 20001, Music videos "Everybody's Gonna Learn It Sometime" and "Life Forms" for Atom Troy, Sony Records"

"2000, Laura Schnidman: Dance Video Reel"

"2001, DVD/ CD album covers for Atom Troy, Sony Records"

"2003, Wedding Photographing, Dave and Tara Twehues"

"2004, 'Treasures of the Hocking Hills'"

"2005, 'David Hostetler: Artist in Nature'"

“2005, ‘Peggy’s Story’”

“2007, Wedding Videography and Video Editing, Lara and Eric Limbert”

Includes the entire wedding ceremony, with rehearsal dinner and reception highlights. Also included is an edited 12-min. version of the wedding ceremony.

Created by ‘little brother’ Eric Homan.

8-22-07: I captured your wedding ceremony and it all turned out looking really nice. I even videotaped a little bit of the dinner rehearsal and the reception. I'll put the entire service on DVD and I also did and 15 minute edited version of all the main highlights. If you have the digital pictures on a CD, I can put those on the DVD as a slideshow all with the video.

9-24-07: Eric and Lisa, We looked at the wedding video the other night and absolutely LOVE it! Wow! We are so glad that you and Lisa were able to do that for us. I didn't even know that you had taped the dances at the reception and really treasure having those taped. Thank you, thank you, thank you! Take care! Lara

“2008, Jory Farr Music Performance”

5-27-08: Hi Denny, Can you recommend some CCAD student who is really good with video? I have a small budget and need to get a performance recorded that can be burned to DVD using Final Cut. Any suggestion greatly appreciated. Hope you are doing well. Jory Farr

What type of performance do you want videotaped? -Eric Homan, Assistant Professor, CCAD Media Studies

A storytelling performance, where I accompany myself on conga drums and the audience gets involved in the post-story meaning of the myths. Jory

I might be interested in this. Where and when will this take place? And what is your budget estimate? -Eric Homan

Hi Eric. My performance takes place Saturday 8 p.m. June 14 at Unitarian Universalist Church. I could get 12 people or I could get 50. I don't know. But the performance is me telling myths set to conga rhythms that I play live. Then after each of the two tales we have audience participation, as we analyze the meanings of the myths. I would want that filmed if individual people are OK with that.

I'm thinking \$40 an hour. I need 50 copies of the performance on DVD, too. Do you do that? We should talk. Give me a call 252-0269. -Jory

Sounds good to me. I can make the 50 copies. I've got a \$3000 video camera on loan from CCAD for the summer to use as well. I've also got Final Cut Pro and DVD Studio Pro to edit and make the DVDs with. I also live just west of the OSU airport, so I'm not too far away from the Unitarian Universalist Church. Cell: 614-565-6535 -Eric Homan

5-28-08: I managed to set up a little bit of freelance videography/ editing/ DVD authoring this summer by videotaping a music performance at a Clintonville Church. The only reason I got the gig was because Ric Petry emailed if any students were interested in this job. I quickly inquired about its specifics. I got a quick response back, and accepted the job. \$40 an hour works for me since it involves a music performance.

The Performance

6-14-08: This Saturday evening, I embarked upon a strange new path. I worked from 7:20 – 9:20 p.m. freelance videotaping a Congo performance and storytelling with a small audience of ten people. It was mainly the performer's (Jory) friends who were attending. This was all held at a Clintonville Unitarian Church, which tends to cater to intellectuals and liberals while tending to be more progressive with their thinking. It was sort of a shock to be there. These were somewhat well-to-do people who are extremely well-read, have visited many therapists, eat organic and/or vegetarian food, and have probably published a few books along the way. This was all a very nice change of pace from the churches I've been to my entire life. I got set up forty minutes beforehand and got plugged into the soundboard that the sound person was mixing with. The videotaping went generally well sound and visual wise. I tried to move around conservatively to get some new angles, but without having the camera movements get too distracting. I got a few pretty great shots in there. It was just a rather odd artistic/ cultural experience to be there to see and feel. It was exactly what California culture would be like with being more intellectually open and being more free-thinking.

The Editing

6-18-08: Today from 4 p.m. to 7:30 p.m., I was over at Jory Farr's house in Old Columbus by Franklin Park Conservatory (not the nicest area of town, but bohemians seem to like it) to work on his “Incurable Wounds” Storytelling DVD. I captured his performance last night and color corrected the photos

I had taken of his performance this morning. And I have to say for those three hours plus, I worked and worked and worked. I set up my laptop and Jory guided me through how he wanted the performance to look edited together with inter-cut segments inserted within of when he talked about the story. This made the performance on a DVD feel easier to watch. And I completely agreed with him. I did the editing, transitions, and assembling of his performance. Then I put it into DVD Studio Pro, made an interface, and burnt it onto DVD. The time flew right by, though I was "on" the entire time without much of a break, which can be difficult. I was acutely aware that I was getting paid by the hour and didn't want to slack off since my employer was sitting right next to me. Fortunately, there were no technical difficulties and we got three DVDs all burnt and ready for him.

Jory was a pretty cool guy, and more importantly, he's a writer for Columbus Monthly and had just done an article on Jeff Smith. Jory had spent a few days with Jeff and was an old friend of Jeff's from years before. Jory even brought up that someone should make a documentary on Jeff and if I'd be interested. Of course was my answer! But will it actually materialize... that I just don't know nor can I really get too excited about it rationally happening. There's the budget question if we'd even get paid at all, or anything much. Still, it was good to make another contact in Columbus and do a little more freelance work. Jory was happy with the end product we produced, and so was I. So I went home with my \$215 check. And another day was done.

"2008, Hocking Hills Tourism Association"

6-26-08: Hi Eric, I recently watched your video "Treasures of the Hocking Hills". It is excellent. You have great footage of the area and our artists. We need to update our web site with video and I would like to talk with you about creating the video. Please get back to me at your convenience.

Thank you,

Karen Raymore, CDME

Executive Director

Hocking Hills Tourism Association

13178 St. Rt. 664 S

Logan, Ohio 43138

(740) 385-2750

www.1800Hocking.com

Hi, thanks for your email.

I've done quite a bit of photography and videography of the Hocking Hills area over the past six years. If you've got the "Treasures of the Hocking Hills" DVD, there is actually an extra feature on there called "Hocking Hills of Heaven", a five-minute mini-documentary that I did in early 2004 about the Hocking Hills area. You can choose either to watch it with narration and music, or just with the (classical) music. That piece may be the most ideal item to use. (The narrated version is my own personal musings about the beautiful Hocking Hills region.)

I'm in jury duty (but not assigned to a case) for the rest of the afternoon.

Here is my cell #: 614-565-6535. Home: 614-356-1668. Take care, Eric Homan

"2009, Chase Swisher Football Highlight Reel"

Highlight reel of a high school football player's best scenes. #7 Olentangy Orange High School. 5' 11". 170 lbs. 4.4 40 yd dash. 10.85 100 meter dash.

I'm a Mini Movie Production House

4-22-09: Kon, Eric, Corey, Brian Swisher contacted me about a paid project that he wants to commission. He's looking for someone who can edit a 'highlight reel' DVD of his son's football career. His son is being considered for some draft opportunities. Brian has a lot of DVDs of games which would've have to be captured and edited. He has a budget. If you are interested, or know of a current or former student who might be interested, Mr. Swisher can be reached at 614-562-4575. He has a very tight deadline - within the next couple of weeks. Let me know if you, or any of your contacts follow through on this.

Thanks. Ron

4-23-09: Brian Swisher called me up and came over to the house around 1 p.m. to drop off the DVDs he wanted captured and edited for his son's football demo reel. He immediately agreed on the \$50 an hour editing fee for this and I was all set to start editing since today is my day off. I got this freelance contact through Ron Saks. And Brian, a well-dressed business man, mentioned that some of his son's football friends were also thinking about having their plays made into edited DVDs to show to schools.

Brian's from Lewis Center, just twenty minutes north of me. So I realized that there was a lucrative opportunity to gain a lot more freelance work. Columbus has quite a few wealthy suburbs (Powell, Dublin, Upper Arlington, Bexley) that are full of well-to-do parents that would like to make finished, polished movies of their children. I'm guessing this freelance job will take about 4-5 hours and make me \$250. Not bad at all. And it's all stuff I know how to do. So there's not too much stress involved, which is quite nice. I've gotten plenty of years of editing movie experience behind me that I am confident to do a very good job. I also work well on a tight deadline when needed, such as with this project where Brian wants something done in two week deadline (which I can do in a few days). And the CCAD Mac laptop I've got at home here gives me the opportunity to travel to a client's house and work anywhere using Final Cut Pro (for video editing and post production), DVD Studio Pro (for DVD authoring), and Toast (for extracting the video off of a DVD). I'm a mini movie production house.

Inspirations:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZXOdgApOLTc> William Callaway Football Demo Reel

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hCAkVvNFk-0&feature=PlayList&p=08EC7901C72FDDDBA&playnext=1&playnext_from=PL&index=44 Allen

Iverson Playing High School Football

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Dd2Jyjyb9M&feature=PlayList&p=7D66D9E6F2E1FE30&playnext=1&playnext_from=PL&index=18 High School Football - Bone Crushing Hits

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-fLOGXzmLsY> Derrick Grant Football Highlight Reel

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_qZYs5Vn5gU&feature=related Grant 2007 football highlights

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I110tsROOD8> Twin Cities Video & DVD, Inc. Sports Demo

What seemed like it would be a relatively simple, low-stress freelance project just got all too problematic when I was having a lot of issues with extracting the video off of the DVDs through the application Toast. So now I will have to go to school and do it all a different way. Grrr...

4-24-09: I did get most of the work done on the "Chase Swisher Football Highlight Reel" freelance video done by tonight, Friday night. I captured the DVD footage at school, which worked out better (and faster) than the way I was trying to do it yesterday. So it's good to get that completed until I show it to Brian Swisher, Chase's father.

4-26-09: Brian Swisher and his teenage son Chase came over this Sunday evening around 7:30 p.m. to preview what I had put together. To our collective delight, they were thrilled and highly impressed with what I had edited together for them. "This is beyond what I was expecting," exclaimed Brian. "Wait until your teammates and coach see what we've got!" He paid me \$250 cash, too. This project only took me a week to do, off and on, and was much less stress than other projects I've done in the past. I like these freelance projects where they don't badger me down with technical problems, but offer me just enough of a challenge to make me engaged in it. And this could very well offer several lucrative future freelance possibilities for me over the summer.

"2011, Scioto Mile/ Bicentennial Park: Projection + Light Show"

"2011, Natalie Lane, ISSA 2012 Spokesperson DVDs, Fitness Training Videos"

K. Installation Art Projects/ Places

"My Home"

How to Create Your Art Apartment/ Personality

11-3-00: I was on the Internet that I discovered a poster sale site with every possible imaginable at www.movieposter.com. The *Pulp Fiction*, *Braveheart*, *The Shining*, The Beatles, Nirvana, etc. posters I had admired so much when I was a freshman at the CCAD dorms where all there. Even though I love John Lennon, *Reservoir Dogs*, U2, Kurt Cobain, Salvador Dali, Vincent van Gogh, James Dean, Indiana Jones, *My Own Private Idaho*, *Say Anything...*, Sid Vicious, "Akira", Bob Dylan, I couldn't quite have them all. I don't have the wall space. I used to

feel so lucky if I could come across a mere movie poster or a Dali poster. With this website, I've found the college dorm room guide to decorating your room/ personality. Still, there is something not quite right about it. I might look just like everyone else. The difference is that I sincerely felt for what I was displaying. I'm not a poser of posters in order to fit in.

11-14-00: While remodeling the posters hanging on my apartment walls, I realized I've designed a museum of my favorite comic strips, movie posters, music, and paintings. This evening, I got to design my dream room. I received my \$200 worth of movie posters in the mail and replaced my older posters with My Own Private Idaho, Man on the Moon, Taxi Driver, Wings of Desire, Blade Runner, American Beauty, Dead Poets Society, and several others. It was nice to be surrounded by films I have long respected up on my walls. My apartment doesn't seem to be in Florida anymore - it's in my own closed world. I've surrounded myself with movie images, music, and computers. I've built my fantasy world to *live* in.

1-5-02: I live in my childhood dream world paradise. My apartment is my sanctuary. I used to pray for a TV set to be in my bedroom when I was young. Now at the age of 25, I've got my own place with my own TV, VCR, DVD player, movies, cable (DIRECTV), theater-quality surround sound speaker system, two computers, free internet, nine boxes of quality comic books, miscellaneous books, a CD player, and 1,300 CD's. I'm in an Eden of my own making.

"The Children's Museum of Surrealism, Expressionism, Impressionism, and Playism Art"

Art piece: A children's crayon drawing with an expensive, old frame around it: The actual drawing isn't extraordinary at all. It's basically the type of imagery that any 1st or 2nd grader could make during "Art Time" in school. What is unique, though, is the frame that the drawing is mounted to within this museum environment. Does it really take such an extravagant frame to suggest that a child's simplistic, primal imagination can actually be considered as "good art"? I believe this art is *good* art – and that is why I put my own "child's crayon drawing" that I had made when I was six in a fancy frame, like most "valuable" works of fine art. The abstract imagery that a child can make is some of the rawest forms of surrealism, expressionism, and symbolism. All such art deserves recognition and place beside the Picassos, Dalis, and van Goghs.

"Microscopic Abstract Art" - (2001)

2-7-01: Installation Video Art Piece where viewers look under a microscope and see time-based abstract digital art. Look closer and see something you hadn't seen before, something hidden... *something extraordinary*. (Any of my abstract art pieces can be seen within.)

"Imagination Art" - (2002)

Audience/ Artist Conceptual Gallery Piece: Blank white images in frames hanging on the wall with a title for each image. "Eric and Gene Riding a Horse" or "Walking of the Easter Sun". Visually descriptive titles – but they don't have a visual image to accompany it. The viewer's imagination has to make up that image. It's a psychological interactive piece.

"Eric's Garage Gallery" - (2003)

Experience his finest art from his own garage! It's genius! Trust me. Plus, make sure you get some lemonade at the neighbor girl's stand for only 25 cents!

"The Anti-Depression Café" - (2003)

Featuring anti-depression salads, anti-depression soups, anti-depression hamburgers, anti-depression shakes, and anti-depression mints along with other fine selections! It's sure to please you! Also try some Anti-Depressant Rainbow Sherbet and some Prosaic Truffles for Desert! They're sure to ease your mind.

"Suicide Art" (Extreme Existential "Humor") - (2003)

11-18-03: Imagine what a wildly creative idea it would be to kill oneself! 99.9999% of the population wouldn't even fathom of such a concept, let alone carry it out for the sake of originality. Just slash your wrists right now and ponder where you'd suddenly end up. Would you end up at anywhere at all? Would you see a beautiful angel in front of you to inform you that all your pain and boredom is gone? Will there be a dark skeleton man in a black cloak with a sickle waiting for me? Would you be in heaven singing songs with Jim Morrison? Would you witness yourself being reincarnated as an Indonesian snail? And back to where you killed yourself: would you witness in amusement as your colleagues and friends discover your dead body? It's all in having a creative, imaginative death. Would you be happier without the pain? In a heaven where imagination reigns? Yet where is the worth of creativity in a world already made out of dreams? Would it have been more imaginative to keep on living until one's eventual demise? Will you taunt the rule that all suicides go to hell instead of heaven?

"The World's Most Boring, Yet Unique Zoo" - (2004)

Featuring thing you normally see... except here they're behind bars or in a cage: squirrels, rabbits, robins, pigeons, homeless people, Jehovah's Witnesses, worms, more squirrels, Christians, Jews, pudding, an apple pie, a television set, fungus growing on stale bread, beaver roadkill, teenage Mexican pizza delivery boy, a used condom, a kite, a lost four-year-old child, a cup of water, and other "surprises". It's a whimsical place to go that you've never quite experienced before. Created and conceived by an original artist. This is a project to call attention to the objects that we take for granted and don't pay much mind to. They're too ordinary to be impressed by anymore. So maybe it takes seeing them behind bars to make them more *fascinating* and *unique*.

"Holograms of Rock Legends in the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame" - (2009)

Holograms of rock legends roaming the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame where you could walk right up to them. Or they would ask you a question as if they were actually interacting with you. You would just take old vintage video/ movie clips, rotoscope them out of the shot, and project their 3D hologram in a darkened space. Making these rock legends come to life would be a nice, interactive, multimedia addition to the Rock Hall. And their memories would "*not fade away!*" And this would be done in a fun, though respectful way to the original artists themselves. It's part making musicians come back in their prime *right in front of you, next to you, and around you*. Yes, it's part funhouse trick technology, but it's also about seeing your role models and idols "*alive*" and *real before you*. You may have never gotten the chance to meet them or see them live. So here is your chance in a Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame. It also makes part of the museum more like Ripley's Believe or Not! Odditorium that featured a 50-year-old Ripley himself introducing what you were about to see. Only thing was he's been deceased for decades. But there he was, back to life! Using the video holograms makes these rock legends come "back from the dead" and reintroduces them to a new, modern audience. Look, there's Neil Young from 1976 and 1967. There's John Lennon in his Sgt. Pepper's uniform from 1967 as well! He's alive again! Even The Big Bopper, Buddy Holly, and Richie Valens are back! Janis Joplin! Kurt Cobain! Slash from 1991! Pete Townsend from 1971! Bono from 1987!! Björk from 1993!! Debbie Harry from Blondie from 1978! ELVIS from 1955!!!! It's video technology brought to a whole new level of reality.

"Garage Saler' Art Installation Piece" - (2010)

There was a deeply misunderstood "genius" of putting a garage sale inside an art museum. Within that flax garage sale, I had an old 1980's TV set that you usually see at garage sales these days. And on that TV set, I played my documentary short about garage sales featuring my dad, an avid, obsessive "*Garage Saler*". So in truth, I had two pieces working as one in the same space. I had the "*Garage Saler*" documentary and the garage sale art installation. I likened to having a garage sale in an art museum next to other works of art to Duchamp's urinal that was hanging on the wall. Both are expressions of Dada and Surrealism at their finest. How bizarre and deeply humorous to wonder into an art museum with so much diversity of art only to find a freaking garage sale!!!! Complete with a free box!!!!

Yet the humor was lost on many, many people. They just didn't get what I was trying to do. Most

people ignored the "garage sale" as a bunch of trash and walked on by. Many others found it unsuitable to the museum space. I bet a few wanted it torn down. And in fact, my presentation was rearranged and reorganized when I came back to see the setup on the day of the opening. I suppose what I had up was just too weird and strange. (How ironic if it's dealing with art!) Yet I am deeply glad I had the guts to go through with it. It took *risk*. It took *daring*. It took creativity to enjoy it. And since we couldn't put up artist statements next to the works of art that each faculty member had up, the message of the "garage saler" art installation was mostly lost. And I was looked down on as a bizarre, "talentless" eccentric. How funny indeed.

By "Duchamp"

And yet if the name "Duchamp" was added as the "official" artist's name, the piece would have been instantly acclaimed as a modern Dadaist masterpiece. If it had that "Duchamp" name recognition, people would "get it" because they know the Duchamp "Urinal" sculpture. This garage sale "sculpture" is in the same Surrealist/ Dadaist vein.

History

4-17-10: Hello Melissa, I've decided upon two pieces. One is the "Garage Saler" piece. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XgtwWJaa7fl> We can use an older TV set monitor (I'm sure CCAD has plenty) with a \$40 sticker on it. Next to it will be a "Free Box" with a few nick-knacks inside. (I won't have to put much inside since it'll give the impression it's been picked over.) The second video will be on a separate TV monitor/ flat-screen (whatever CCAD has to offer). It's called "Ryans Memories: Video Memory Performance Visualization". I've got a 3 min. short version. <http://www.vimeo.com/10707622> Yet the original long-form version (45 min.) can be played on loop on a DVD. (So the real time is "infinite".) It's a non-narrative, experimental memory video piece. The average person can get the idea behind the project in a few seconds. Let me know if these are okay. -Eric Homan

8-11-10: Hello Melissa, I've got my looping DVDs for "Garage Saler" and "Ryans Memories: Video Memory Performance Visualization" already made that play when automatically when a DVD player is turned on. All I need to know now is the media equipment we've got available for me to show my two video pieces. It'll only need to be two TV monitors and DVD players. Two years ago for the Faculty Show, they used a TV/ DVD player in one setup on a white pedestal. That'll work for me, or whatever you recommend. The "Garage Saler" installation setup isn't too complex. I've got a "Free" box with items inside and a "Make Offer" sticker to put on the TV monitor. Pretty simple. I just need to confirm that you've got the monitors and players. Take care, Eric Homan

Trials at a Faculty Show Opening

9-8-10: So we had the "opening" for the "Shared Spaces" CCAD Faculty Show. My first impression after seeing how my two video pieces were being displayed: *great disappointment*. I had checked on how the setup was twice a week before. The "Garage Saler" piece was on a table with a "Free" box next to it. This evening, the table was gone. The "Free" box was gone. The old TV monitor was sitting on the floor surrounded by the items in the "Free" box with a garage sale sign next to it. I think the curator must have felt that the "Free" box was too "gaudy" to be part of the gallery space. Therefore, my "garage sale" concept in a gallery was basically diminished and obscured. And I simply don't have enough political clout to argue or complain. After all, this is a "shared spaces" art show with dozens of my faculty colleagues. It's not like it's a show of just me. And to make things worse, there were no headphones for the piece since it was just playing off the TV's speakers. The problem: there were hundreds of chatting people around and you couldn't hear the volume *at all*. So basically, my documentary piece was sitting on the floor playing without sound surrounded by some random items. I understand they had to compromise with how it was set up. I gave them free reign to do so. And I know that tomorrow people will (probably) be able to (somewhat) hear what is playing. *But still*, so much for first impressions to my fellow faculty colleagues, the president, provost, and my own students. The presentation just looked... *lacking*. What I had in my head (as well as what was set up last week) looked so much better, exciting, and creatively stimulating. I went to the exhibition with reduced expectations anyways. Gallery showings of my work are always frustrating. Even though the "Garage Saler" piece was literally put on the floor and muted, I still have the original work to be shown any way I wish: be it on the Internet, on DVD, or in my own gallery showing at some other future point and time. I still wanted to "impress" people. I still want some delusional sense of "recognition" for how creative and artistic and original I am.

I had another piece in the show as well, "Ryans Memory: Video Memory Performance

Visualization”, which was incorrectly labeled, "Ryan's Memory". It was meant to be "Ryans", as in there are plural *Ryans* on screen. It was presented on a somewhat large flat screen monitor, which enlarged the SD (Standard Definition) picture to the point where it looked pixilated and muddy. But then again, after I thought more about it, maybe that was all right since it was about distorted, fragmented, and faded memories. There were some headphones attached to the monitor. Once again, because of the gallery's noise level, I could barely hear the audio, let alone the subtleties and what was being said. Once again, the audio track (which is basically 50% of the video experience) was muffled or muted. So instead of a designed chaos, it seemed to *just* be chaos. That left a bad taste in my mouth and had me reeling with embarrassment. It made it seem like I had put little to no thought into my artwork pieces, which was entirely to the contrary! I was so embarrassed... humiliated. Or maybe that was just my high expectations playing my ego for a trip, a fall. One of my students watched the piece for a minute and told me, "I liked your piece. It was *trippy*." Ugh. I could only imagine how my more *design*-orientated colleagues felt about it. I understand perfectly well that not all art is for everyone. So I tried to keep that in mind if someone reacted poorly and critically to my work. I feel that by themselves, I really like the two pieces I submitted. I really do. I wouldn't have submitted them to be show in this group faculty if I hadn't! And it takes a lot of bravery and guts to show your work to your fellow co-workers and your own students. I'm sure there were several students that felt they could do *better*. Maybe that's another level of frustration and humiliation I was feeling. Something inside of me felt they were probably *right*. Some of them *are* as talented as the faculty. I did walk back to my two pieces and noticed that from afar the "Ryans Memory" piece looked much better. It was meant to be more of a "time-based memory painting". Yet how many people actually *got that*? I did *dearly* wish we had our artist statements next to each work. Without our words from the artist himself or herself, the work just felt somewhat obscure and *meaningless*. And that is the worst kind of reaction one could get from showcasing one's art! I drove home in a daze of dire disappointment after looking at most of the faculty's work for over 30 minutes. It was another missed artistic opportunity that I couldn't do anything more about. All I could do is go home and make some more artwork for another day.

"Who's gonna pay attention to your dreams?" - "Drive" by The Cars.

L. Life

“My Daughter, Alyssa Ann Homan” - 2011-present (In collaboration with Lisa Homan)

9-3-10: *Now Lisa and I are expecting a child into our world. That is so very much in the right direction of my life. This baby will be, in a manner of speaking, my greatest work of art - my greatest collaboration into creation. Life.*

4-22-11: Born on April 22, 2011. It is quite assuredly that Alyssa is my greatest work of art that I've ever assisted in creation. Alyssa was a "true artistic collaboration" between my wife Lisa and myself. Truly an inspired pairing!

6-13-11: *"She's your greatest work of 3D art you've ever done!"* -Nanette Hayakawa remarking upon seeing Alyssa for the first time when Lisa took her in to show her.

7-25-11: *I was looking after Alyssa while Lisa was getting ready for work from 6 a.m. to 6:50 a.m. Yet there was a moment where I bent down to play with her. Yet I was still quite sleepy. So we just gazed into each other's eyes. To my great shock, she looked back with more awareness and intent in her gaze. She wasn't just making baby noises or smiling without reason like babies often do. This time she just stared right back into my eyes with this mature, calm and collected soulfulness to her. She just looked up at me with a look of such... concentrated, yet completely uncomplicated peace and love. It really hit me hard. At that moment, I fully realized the immense beauty of being a father. It all paid off with that simple little moment.*

Z. Epilogue

“Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way. The time is gone, the song is over. Thought

I'd something more to say." –"Time" by Pink Floyd.