

# BREAKTHROUGHS I

Ron Eller

# PROLOGUE

---

Ronald Eller is an iconoclast of sorts; he is known to mock symbols of authority and the dogmas they entail. He draws energy from alternating currents gapping in the spaces between the sacred and the profane. The fact that Ron is also a poet is easily reconciled by his brilliance as a visual artist in both digital and traditional mediums. Where as philosopher Henri Bergson once mused about "the mechanical encrusted upon the living" Ron Eller's works parlay that symbiosis into a distinctive visual aesthetic. His fine art sensibilities were not lost on the graphic art and typography of his long sense discarded commercial experience where he won numerous awards and accolades.

Judging by the exuberance of his work ensconced in the two books, BREAKTHROUGHS I & II you'd think his life was moving to the cadence of a sixties rock and roll phenomenon. His images have a 3D quality, deep rich contextual visions, masterfully layered, magically interposed and, above all, luminescent. They are psychedelic visions possessed of geometric precision as well as a hand-sketched fluidity, like tattoos on warped space. That's just the surfaces. The narratives invoke the deeper meanings, invite a myriad of interpretations, which brings me to Ron's literary acumen.

Amidst the prose and free-verse poetry in BREAKTHROUGHS I & II is a purely honest adventure of verbal insights from the artist himself and coalesced by the accompanying fine art imagery. They are chemical reactions from the internal combustion of his creative engine. His verse is astute and purposely obscure. If Ron's art and writing must be labeled it should be called Neo-Expressionism Gonzo Art and Journalism.

BREAKTHROUGHS I & II have vanguard dispositions influenced by the likes of Hunter S. Thompson and Jean-Michel Basquiat. Ron's writing proffers logic and humor that range from the challenging to the inspired. His words echo and smile with a sense of playful cynicism, laughing mostly at himself. The correlating images are joyous. If his words are born from the intersection of prodigy and ideology, his images are genius that allow Ron to enjoy the status as a poet's poet and an artist's artist. Rock on to a timeless groove. Enjoy the concert and let the muse play while you are expressed to an inspired day. "Open one of my books. Laugh, Smile and Play. Take your time it yours for free and for pay." Ron's eyes twinkle luminescent highlights defining the joy of the creative discourse, "Of course, of course, to hell with creative remorse!" —**Νίκη Μνήμη**© "Enlightened Renovations"

\* Nike (Greek: **Νίκη**, "Victory.", pronounced [níkɛː]) was a goddess who personified victory, also known as the Winged Goddess of Victory. The Roman equivalent was Victoria.

\*\*In Greek mythology, Mneme (**Μνήμη**) was one of the three original Boeotian muses, though there were later nine. Her sisters were Aoide and Melete. She was the muse of memory.

# BREAKTHROUGHS

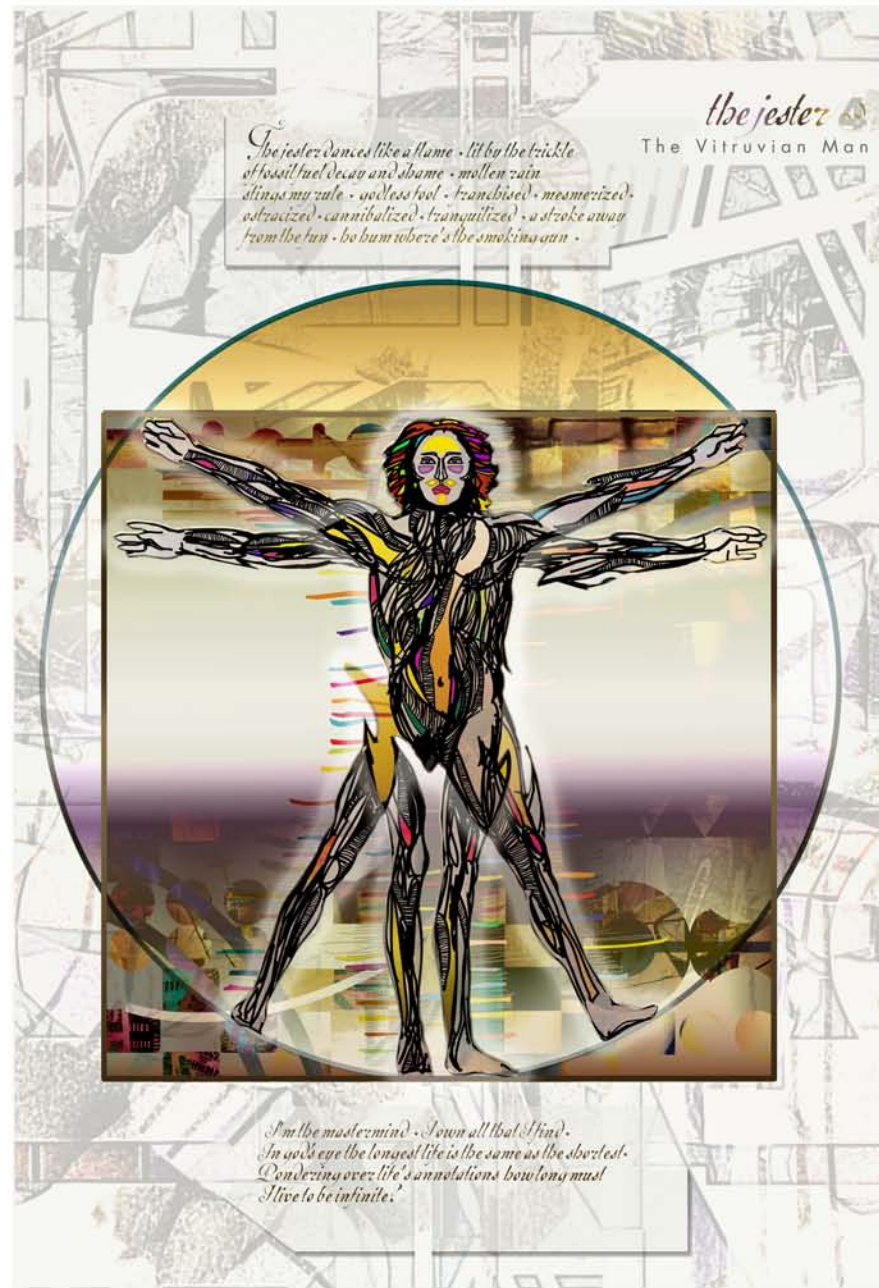
---

Each representation was developed by a process that begins with a spontaneous exploration of imagery. I utilize pen and ink drawings as studies or blueprints towards the complex production of the final image. I have returned to my roots by developing my impressions with the less technical technique of actually sketching or drawing with a pen or pencil. This direction could not be more profound considering the current working generation is unsure about what pens or pencils do. By beginning with a more painterly process, the direction and final imagery I create evolves in ways that are far more spontaneous. I have been able to combine the medium of painting with the medium of digital art in a purely creative process. Rather than being totally immersed in the technology and application manipulation, I am developing my ideas up front which allows me more clarity as I create the final image on the computer. The tactile relationship of pen or brush to paper is a healthy exercise that I have included as I develop my fine art works. Whole new vistas have been bridged by simply changing the direction from where I start. It's not terribly original or profound to understand that if one starts in a significantly different place the final destination, though basically the same, will be changed by the experience because the passage will be totally different.

Change the journey, change a life. In essence, the life of each art work I have created would be divergent if I began in any other way. The genius comes from the knowledge that a change is necessary and due. The ideology begins with a desire to explore change. Then taking the appropriate steps to make it all work is the beginning of a continued undertaking. The real creativity is realized by refining the process until it is owned by its creator. —Ron Eller

All rights reserved © 2011 by Ron Eller

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage retrieval system, without the written permission of the copyright owner.





## THE JESTER • THE VITRUVIAN MAN

### Legacy

The jester dances like a flame,  
Lit by the trickle of fossil fuel,  
Decay and shame.

Molten rain  
Stings my rule,  
Godless fool.

Franchised, mesmerized,  
Ostracized, cannibalized,  
Tranquilized,  
A stroke away from the fun.  
Ho hum where's the smoking gun?

I'm the mastermind.  
I own all that I find.

In God's eye  
The longest life is  
The same as the shortest.

Pondering over life's annotations  
How long must I live  
To be infinite?

—Ron Eller

This caricature goes far beyond its impetus of challenging the principals of classic proportions and the orderly principals of Renaissance architecture. The male figure is purposely drawn to create an organic balance of form in such a way that it is structurally sound, much the same way a tree or plant grows and balances itself in the forest. The human physique I created is decidedly inhuman although when one observes the image, there is not one question about its sense of humanity. *The Jester • The Vitruvian Man* stands literally and figuratively on its own as a modern work of art. Go ahead, roll over Beethoven and while you are at it drag along da Vinci and Vitruvius for some additional roll overs. Art is... Art rocks... Thank God for those who had the principals to challenge the principals of structure and design. Leonardo and Vitruvius were such men. They were the men who took us beyond the current thinking of traditional art and architecture, putting us on the pathway to centuries of progress in art and architectural design.

The future will provide us with new information and challenges as we continue to explore our planet and universe. *The Jester • The Vitruvian Man* is the continuation of this heritage and spirit as we progress by discarding and retaining. It will always be necessary that we challenge convention and dream our imagery until it becomes a reality. Sometimes from discord and indignation the seeds of creativity find their way to fertile land and in life's cycle we are continually reborn. Only too often it is the sand pebble lodged between the confines of skin and leather that moves us to action. Our ability to respond to discomfort can be a creative catalyst. — Ron Eller







# VIRTUOSITY

---

By Ron Eller

In the beginning the work was hesitant,  
Having an unpleasant smell and taste of thick  
Soupy fog in brackish water.

Looking beyond into the depth of premonition,  
Pursuant to a state or condition.

Not of laws made by man, but of color and  
Shape applied by a spontaneous performance.

Perfectly alone a celebration, this solitary act  
Of virtuosity is composure brought together by  
Artistry, flair, and the command of technology, as  
The page played a techno-electronic symphony.

Each piece begins, as is appropriate, in  
Spontaneous sketches in black and white,  
Pristine to audience and composer alike.

Discovered, in hue, saturation or luminosity,

The image is a product of brilliance  
And of years indebted to  
The constancy of loneliness.

From complex shapes adorn,  
To color in brilliance worn.  
Trimming the cumbersome weight.  
Shearing away the waste.  
Considerate to the elegance of taste.

Moving the shapes like a grand master  
Upon a chess board.

Examining the possibilities to the end,  
A gift of finesse does defend  
This virtuosity and commend.

This is not the possession of a wizard, but rather  
Borrowed in time and best used accordingly.  
A solitary and lonely gift  
With gratitude and love divine.  
In solitude the communication applied  
To its inevitable fate.

The joy selfishly afforded me is not mine,  
But rather the providence of all we call great.

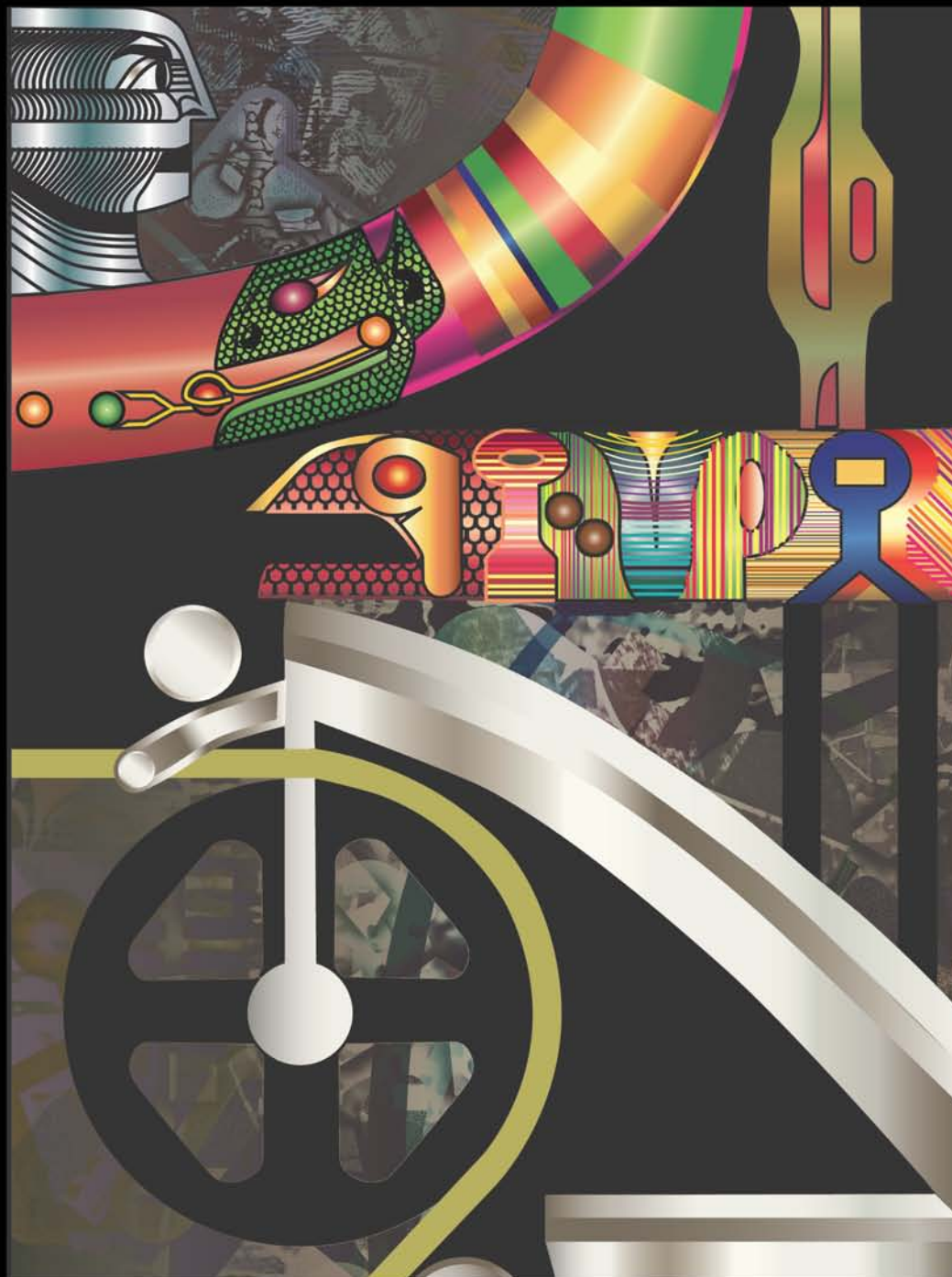
One is chosen as a matter of state  
And must be nurtured accordingly.

This gift by its very genius may be  
recognized too late.

Or not at all.

This burden I bear, This, my art, I share  
Or share not.

- *Center of Mass*
- 39"X60"
- Medium: Multi-Media
- Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvas
- Print #1





# SERPENTINE

By composition how do we  
The SERPENTINE evaluate?  
Sign of pure evil.  
Icon of fate.  
Omen to a nefarious date.  
Mixing with the Gods,  
How does this SERPENTINE rate?

This Evil-One slithers upon,  
On to the dark from the break of dawn.  
Never to rest, spreading its influence by spawn.  
Mankind relegated to this supposition  
We are cast to the serpent's organizational ambition.  
In social standing we pay our admission.  
Mixing with evil's colorful and hypnotic banding composition.  
It speaks in a loud piercing silence asking no permission.  
This myth bears its forceful weight by volition.  
It has been so forever and a day by definition.  
We feel its presence always by intuition  
And foolishly wish it away by extradition.

If we are good we are in opposition.  
If we are bad we are the next edition.  
In reality this myth plays the story  
Of good and evil by visual explanation.  
Providing a perceptible understanding by recognition.  
The question is do you believe in evil by definition.

By composition how do we,  
The serpentine evaluate?  
Sign of pure evil.  
Icon of fate.  
Omen to a nefarious date.  
Mixing with the Gods,  
How does this SERPENTINE rate?

—Ron Eller

- *Serpentine*
- 37"X58"
- Medium: Multi-Media
- Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvas
- Print #1



## UNREQUITED COMPULSIONS

### DICTIONARY

**compulsion** *lkəm'pəl sh ənl*  
noun

**1** the action or state of forcing or being forced to do something; constraint: the payment was made under compulsion.

**2** an irresistible urge to behave in a certain way, esp. against one's conscious wishes: he felt a compulsion to babble on about what had happened.

ORIGIN late Middle English: via Old French from late Latin compulsio(n-), from compellere 'to drive, force' (see compel ).

### THESAURUS

**compulsion**  
noun

**1** he is under no compulsion to go; obligation, constraint, coercion, duress, pressure, intimidation.

**2** a compulsion to tell the truth; urge, impulse, need, desire, drive; obsession, fixation, addiction; temptation.

—New Oxford American Dictionary

"An irresistible urge to behave in a certain way, OCD, against one's conscious wishes."

## PRAYER

As I think, so do I pray.

I pray all day.

I pray as I pass away into sleep.

To the God of cobblestone pathways

And palm trees as columns in the desert temple.

To the wisdom of experience and intelligence.

To the God of celebration and pageantry,

Of murals and spired ceilings and gold crucifixes.

To the God of daily ritual and prayer.

The God of honor and righteous respectability.

The God of life after death.

To the journey inward.

The God of peace and meditation.

To the example and hope of

Islam, Judaism, Christianity, Paganism,

Sikhism, Jainism, Lamaism, Agnosticism,

Atheism, and all human contrivances.

Those small, those grand.

To the God of transcendentalism.

To the existential God.

To the God by analysis, who does not exist.

I pray to what I can not express.

I pray for redemption.

I pray in vain expectation.

—Ron Eller







# EMERGE

---

Small Lofty Ideals  
To be better than we are.  
Honor and Courage admire.  
Upon the empty canvas I aspire.

I am just a man.  
With broad brush I quest.  
In harmony colors rest.

Pray not to hesitate  
When truth is hard to speak,  
When the shapes no longer seek.  
Pray not to falter  
When truth is hard to accept,  
When mixed hue can't reconcile.

When the time comes,  
When each choice beguiles.  
Honesty reflects,  
With truth protects.

Pray these small truths I live.  
Pray these small prowess I courage.  
Pray these small honor I aspire.  
Pray these small colors flourish.

Pray my small creation nourish.  
To be better than we are.

—Ron Eller



# THE INFAMY DRAIN

There is only so much light.

It's dark here in the infamy drain.  
In the infamy drain.  
So much pain  
Of good intent  
Another useless life is spent.

Judgment deferred  
The truth not heard

The predator patiently waits  
Culling out the weak.  
We dare not speak.

Critters beware  
It's not terribly fair  
The tread of a tire  
may get furrowed in your hair.

Karma is another word we feign to know.  
We do not always reap what we sow.  
This position taken, viewing the view.  
The odds are set, nothing here is new.

It's dark here in the infamy drain.  
In the infamy drain.

—Ron Eller

- *The Infamy Drain*
  - 36"X58"
  - Medium: Multi-Media
- Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvas
  - Print: #1







# EGALITARIAN

The United States Declaration of Independence subverted the dominant social doctrine of the time, the Divine Right of Kings, by saying, "All men are created equal." Egalitarianism (derived from the French word *égal*, meaning "equal"), has two distinct definitions in modern English. It is defined either as a political doctrine that holds that all people should be treated as equals and have the same political, economic, social, and civil rights, or as a social philosophy advocating the removal of economic inequalities among people.

In modern cultures, peoples tend to be divided into upper and lower classes. However, before the relatively recent agricultural revolution, humanity existed in primarily hunter-gatherer societies that, some believe, were at least largely egalitarian. It is considered by some to be the natural state of society.—Wikipedia

## The Natural State of Man

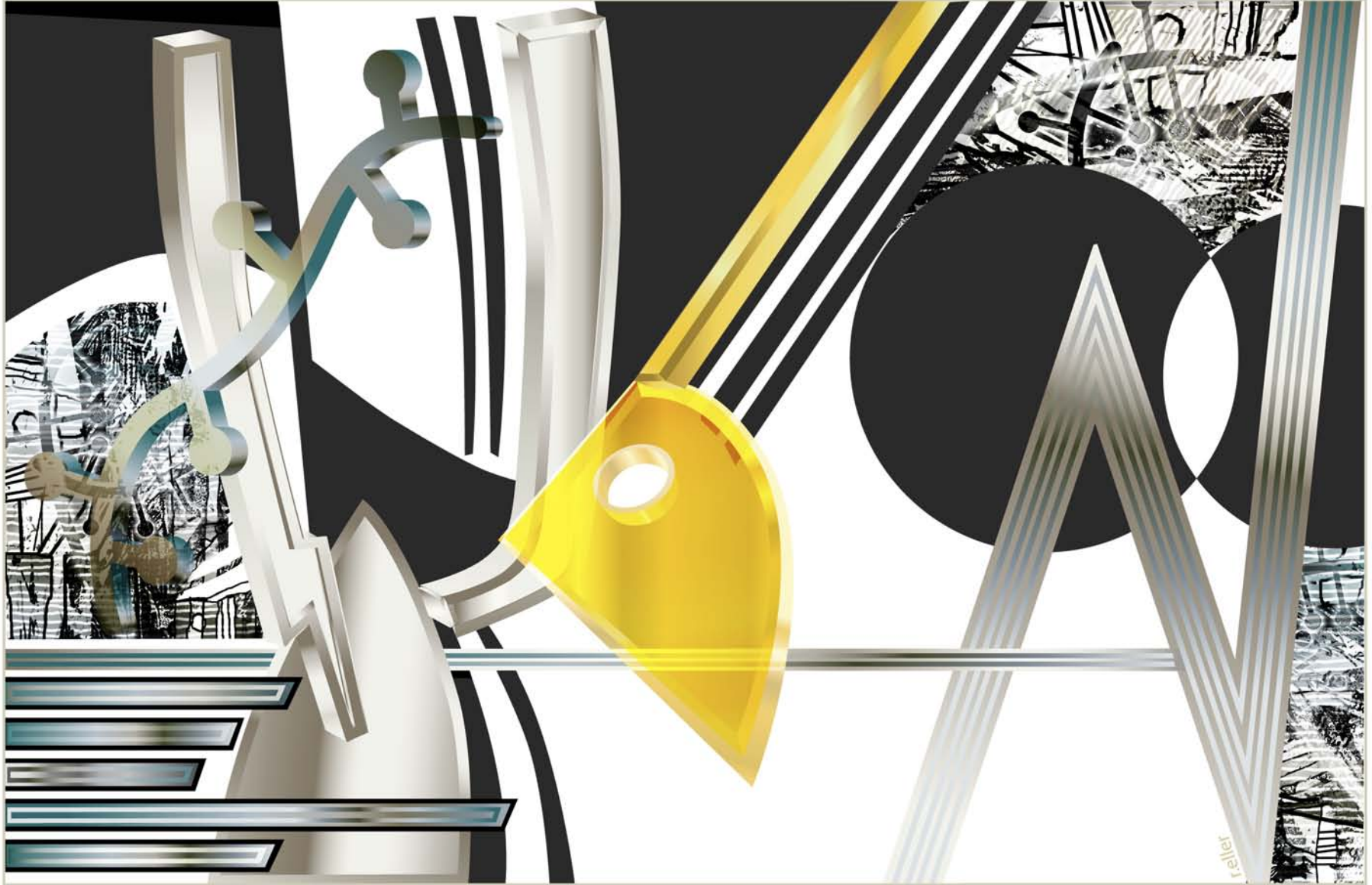
The natural state of man  
And the construct we call democracy  
Has become a doctrine of contrivance.  
A celebrity aberrance.

In the master's time the seasons change.  
The weathered stone can not be fooled.  
The brave thought shared once ridiculed,  
Provides faith to the faithless,  
Temperance to the reckless,  
Truth to the deception.

Once upon a yesterday and today our leaders stand  
Professing virtues, running false upon the land.  
Basking in fame's fleeting advantage,  
As the media preens and the fool screams.  
The disenfranchised wonder what it means.

Fear fuels, power, the deceptive machine.  
A solitary siren cries  
As the passing fable lies  
Through the sediment on to spring water flows  
From there to the sea goes.

—Ron Eller



# ARDUOUS

I journeyed arduously up the hill.  
To swallow it would be a tough pill.  
To write a poem can be strenuous.  
To express myself is an action most vigorous.  
This endeavor is all too joyous.

My picture is worth a thousand words.  
It was inspired by nine hundred drunkards.  
It was fired by eight hundred overdue landlords.  
I share challenging the demanding hordes.

The laborious act will be formidable.  
Most things are adjustable.  
To change is inevitable.  
Yet, it is not always advisable.

This writing is exhaustive with wisdom.  
I bend myself through the satirical prism.  
While exhausting the discords  
Of a continuing schism.  
It could be a beautiful decorator prison.

Thank god for the miracle of the synonym.  
The word will soon turn into an endless acronym.  
For this I will desert to the desert, a taxing heteronym.  
Rose Hernandez-Eller a most lovely patronym.

To balance upon the abstraction was strenuous.  
Each splash and stroke was an action much too vigorous.  
They were creative tasks often arduous.  
It could be construed as an action struggling, laborious.  
My art is not silent or weak,  
As I speak let me die notorious.

—Ron Eller

I'm ready to take my vows. Get me to a notary.  
The word is my beneficiary. I flee from the

B arren .

B leak .

A rid .

H allow .

I nsensitive .

Escape I seek and rush to a grueling hand of  
seven straight definitions flush

I magination .

I nnovation .

I nspiration .

P rocreation .

I nvention

O rigination

C onstruction









# THE DEPRESSION RECESSION

The sunken hollow oozing into a marshy bog  
Was similar to looking into an emotional mirror.  
Like most depressions expressed a stand-offish air,  
An unrequited dark beauty that invites a curious study  
As long as the distance remains over there.  
The smell plays stagnant to months  
Sometimes years of unmoved air.

Such feelings oft are precipitated  
By rounds of anxiety and applied torture.  
Each bout surrendered by wounds  
And the unforgiving forfeiture.

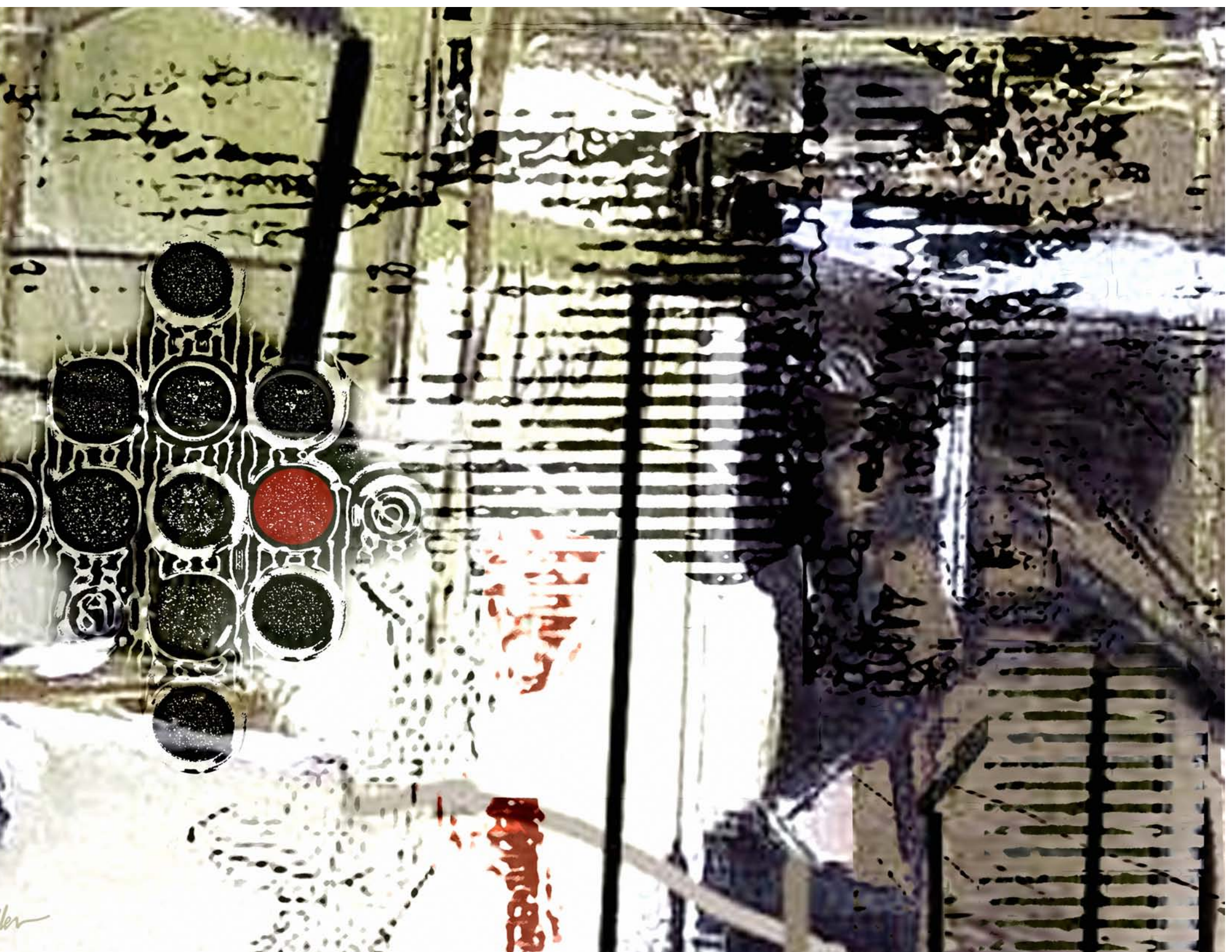
We have known too many hopeless  
Shallow insurmountable sinking places.  
We return the emotion with empty stares upon the emotionless faces.  
To these times we survive beyond God's good graces.  
Here there is no form for hope, or faith, or misplaced traces.

Yet it is here we stand at the beginning edge of these dark recesses,  
Seeking relief from the greatest pain of all pain.  
Know the inevitable shall apply again and again,  
Upon all suffering meted out at such speeds to be torturous  
Beyond all human endurance.

Having yet to feel the first sting  
From the impending affliction, we plead.  
So it is, the passing on of its demon seed,  
We are at the hour of our need.

It is here looking into the eyes of our beholder,  
We are made ready.  
It is the pain upon the bogged shoreline of this recess  
That we find our most influential motivator.  
It's here we seek God and Man's wisdom.  
Bridging the depths, hiding the horizon's dawn like a magnet  
Into to the division of a broad schism.  
Knowing we often are mortar of the bricks that finishes our prison,  
Bearing the pain of our misgivings,  
We become the custodians of truth in wisdom.  
To ourselves in time we are forgiven.

—Ron Eller





# EPICUREANISM

---

The image I have created is philosophically attached to an Epicurean ideology. The aesthetic is a modest creation reflecting a visual paradigm of object and color that are meant to express a sense of tranquility provided by a balance of energy through the artistic expression and practice acquired through a lifetime of design experience. The imagery is purposely organic and at the core is a continuity of objects and colors applied to an environment that at the center is intrinsically good. This masterful Epicurean art work is an expression of art that is meant to please. There is no satirical or jarring themes attached to the colors or imagery. Excuse me if these works lack the arrogance of a Picasso, Warhol and the Postmodernists, or the disturbing psyche of Dada and Surrealism. I feel as if I must apologize because my work doesn't aspire to have the intellectual audacity provided by waves of art museum "Conceptionalists."

No, this is not parlor art or decorator imagery. This is my search towards an inner expression of design and my desire to share what I know to be true. The work is far from a hedonistic unrelenting expression of pleasure without the discipline and balance that makes good better. There is a power in the notion that pleasure can define us if it is just and fair, without pretense. There is an order to our universe and the Epicurean aesthetic seeks to establish through our senses (color, smell, taste) precisely what that is. This order is enhanced because in Epicureanism the heightened pleasure is the result of balance between our intellect and our intuition. The idea is to achieve an emotional balance that expands as our intellectual knowledge of real honest pleasure is understood. Discipline in and of itself is pleasurable. Pleasure without the reward of effort is empty and why Hedonism is without merit.

—Ron Eller

## My Wonderment.

Burnt Umber spread  
The canvas demands to be fed  
Zinc White invades  
It bends and streaks  
Between the valley and peaks.  
Yellow Ocher daubs mute.  
From yellow to sand  
The forms are taking shape.  
Alizarin Crimson starts its pillage.  
Zinc White gains in mileage.  
Cobalt Blue adjourns the culprit.  
Burnt Sienna cast and begins to split.  
My brushes move to an elaborate  
Choreographed modern dance.  
Nothing here goes by happenstance.  
The configuration is pleasantly out of control.  
I reel it in and give it a soul.  
This is my creation.  
This is my statement.  
This is my wonderment.

—Ron Eller

- *Epicureanism 05*
- 39"X60"
- Medium: Multi-Media
- Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvas
- Print: #1





# NARCISSISM

Narcissism is the personality trait of egotism denoting vanity, conceit, or simple selfishness. Applied to a social group, it is sometimes used to denote elitism or an indifference to the plight of others.

Freud believed that some narcissism is an essential part of all of us from birth. Andrew P. Morrison claims that, in adults, a reasonable amount of healthy narcissism allows the individual's perception of his needs to be balanced in relation to others.—Wikipedia

I created the image utilizing the words I and me. I have often felt that Narcissus has been the recipient of some bad public relations. In essence we are sole proprietors of our world as we know it. What this means is the sum of all our experience is ours alone. We cannot go beyond this relationship we have with our universe. In this sense we are all narcissistic. However, it can mean the more self-centered we are about our place in the world, the more giving and considerate we must become. Knowing I cannot speak beyond my experience forces me to be more honest as I record my life experiences through vision, smell, and touch. These experiences define us in a self-experiencing, self-centered way. It is only through death or deep sleep that we no longer experience stimuli through the id which then translates to our ego.

## Narcissus

He looks into the mirror image  
Of the near-glass pond.  
In the cast back, a reflection of  
Beauty he would become quite fond.  
By discovery becomes enamored with his reflection,  
Communing with the image he could never know  
And yet through appreciation in time would grow.

Narcissus, subject of a cruel deception  
To be known by its deceit and misconception  
Delivered by the Oracle.  
Taunted by the nymph, Echo.  
By an ill-conceived condemnation  
To be far more self-centered  
Than should be allowed.  
For better or for worse  
He saw all by this deception  
As it became more perverse.

He could not see through the other's eyes,  
Or hear by the other's sound,  
Or feel by the other's intention.  
It is by need and by love of his fellow man  
That he will come to appreciate a simple vision.

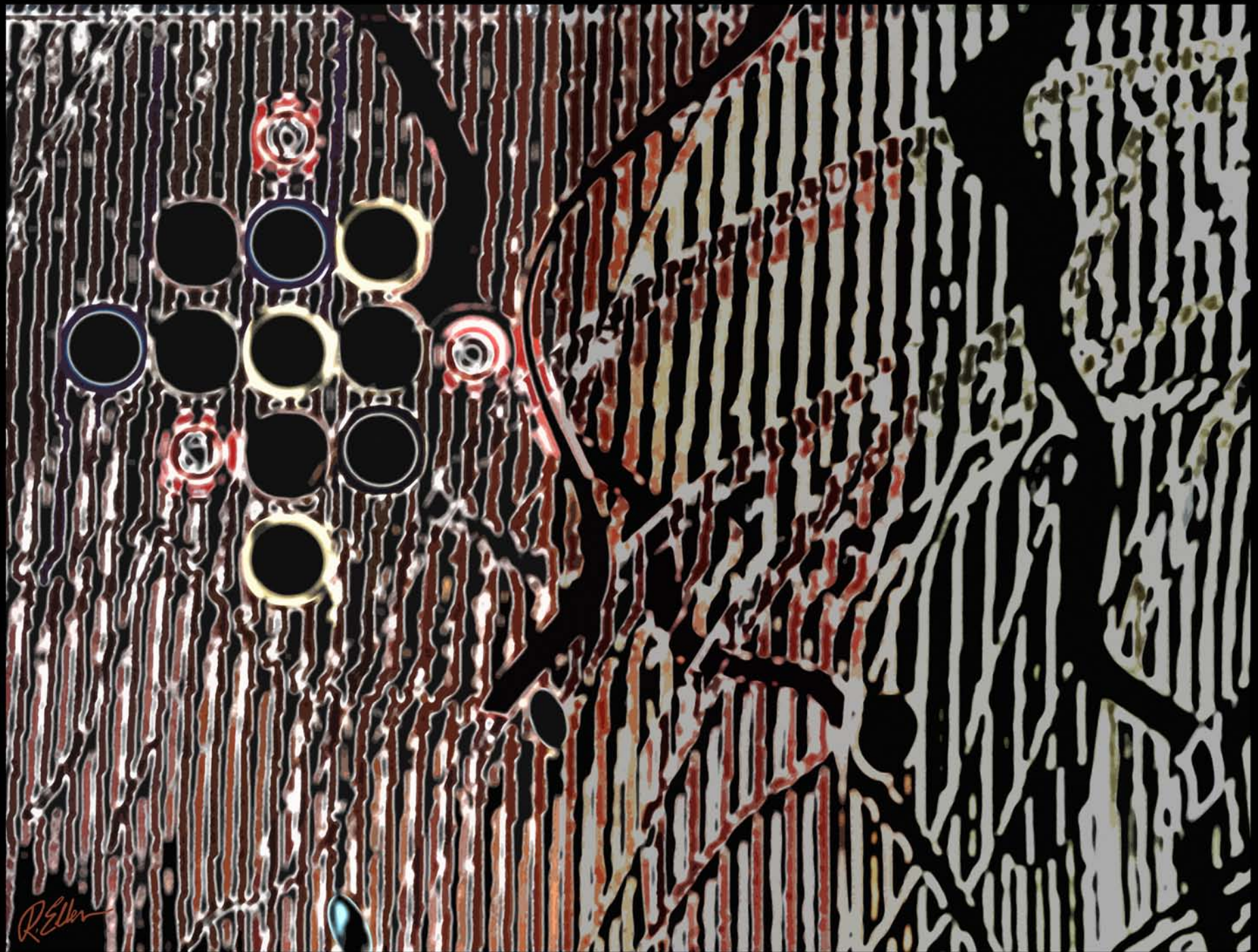
If it is to be my destiny,  
Let the Narcissus flowers bloom.  
By my reflective pond  
I shall rest and by some small wisdom find room.

I have come to see you better through this my looking glass.  
All others must in some part share my dreams as they pass,  
My hope as we shared what I came to know.  
Time through passage shows we are never alone.  
We are more than the deception our reflections have poorly shown.  
It is through understanding we discover, it is through sharing we create  
It is through self love we meet our fate."

—Ron Eller









# DICHOTOMY

Split us like the fallen tree  
Of ruffled bark and endless caves  
Of pitted wood ant holes.  
According to the arm twisting  
Mathematical, philosophical logic,  
We are relegated to different roles.  
They lay divided in a stack piled tall.  
Rip me, split me we are jointly exhaustive.  
It belongs one to the other et al.

If it were a possibility should one split  
A portion of wood and feel the pain of the other  
As the other shall succumb?  
I stoke the fire with the other.  
I pause to see the one within a pile of the other,  
Neatly stacked in an organized squeeze  
All separate and jointly exhaustive.

From the same tree they all did come.  
I rest soaking in the heat from one.  
Against the bitter winter degrees,  
Accosting me with the invasion  
Of a petulant December freeze.  
I take some abstract solace in the notion.  
This is part of the dichotomy flow,  
Jointly exhaustive, and mutually exclusive.

I digress to my place  
In the western chasm.  
Inspired for a moment brief,  
Stolen by the conflict thief,  
Guided by the lies of flawed intelligence.  
It is splitting off. Exactly how much?  
History and current world events  
Supposition their motives.  
By rule and convoluted realities,  
As our governance imposed centuries  
Of misdirection with political strategy  
into warring directionality.

Those responsible operated with a notion.  
The winning side does always bear the truth,  
Forcing our leaders into an inconsistent siege.  
The winning side has the perception of truth.  
No matter the truth.

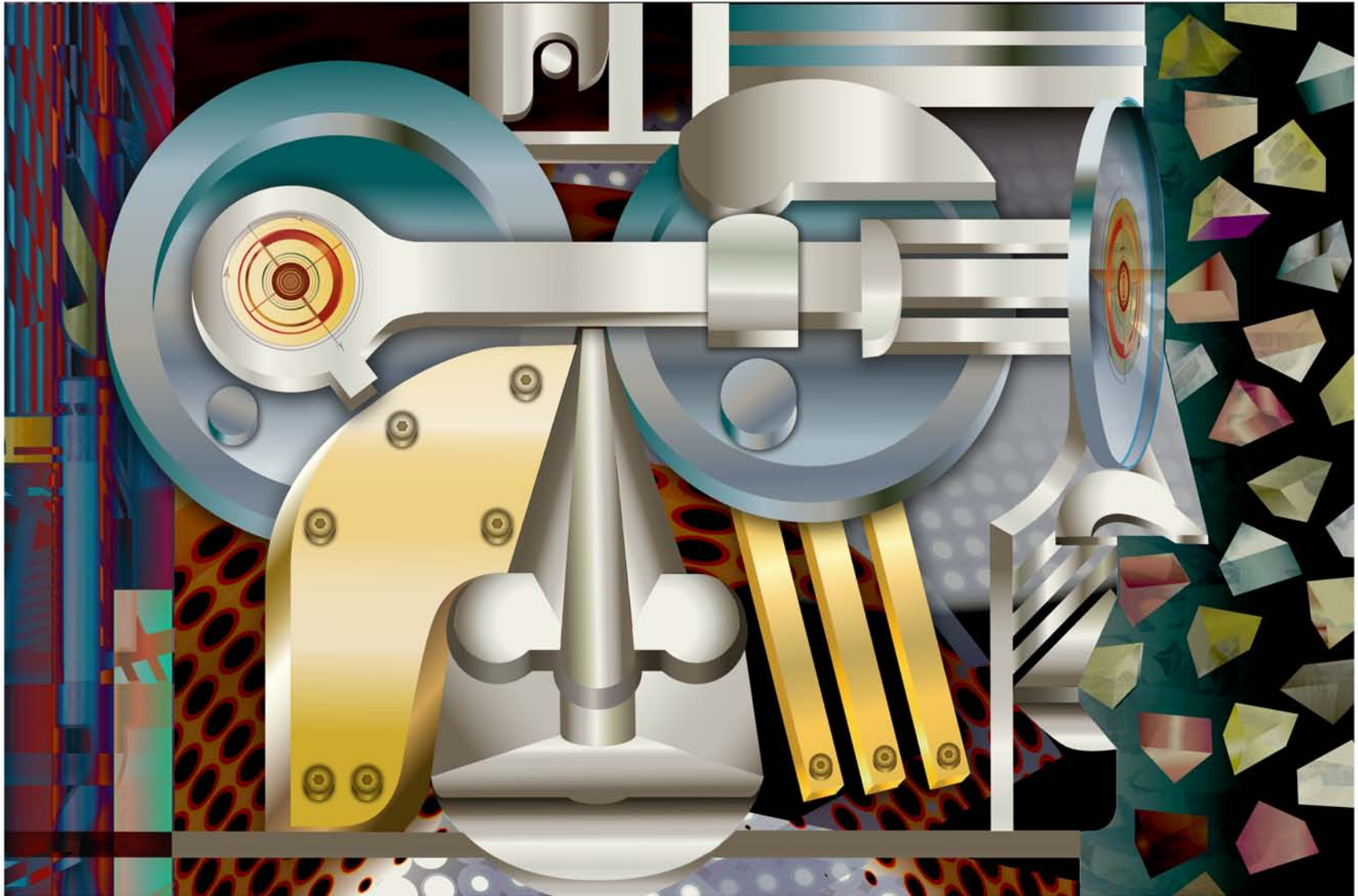
They are our leaders.  
They are deceit.  
They believe in our best interest,  
We are replete.  
In the name of moral defeat,  
They are the CIA, NSA, the FBI.  
Herbert Hoover wouldn't tell a lie.  
Bearing multiple centuries,  
Years and decades,  
Playing their charades,  
Until passing the reality  
Unburdens itself with a painful exposé.  
The truth will have its say.  
Of pure fidelity that cannot  
Forever be held at bay.  
So say you the real truth.  
In an undisguised dialogue.

Middle alternatives are essentially ignored,  
While native cultures are destroyed.  
We are a nation of refugees  
That are still hungry and unemployed.  
Women are placed and their reality  
Is shared but never faced.  
We torture our prisoners of war,  
Hiding the blood we bleach from the floor.  
We are as cruel and brutal as our transgressors.

This is part of the dichotomy flow,  
Jointly exhaustive, and mutually exclusive.  
As we expand the polarity  
Of the world's power structures.  
The ruling class has essentially  
Become Saturday Night caricatures.

—Ron Eller

- *Dichotomy*
- 36"x57"
- Medium: Multi-Media
- Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvas
- Print: #1



# PERAMBULATION

---

Our presence here is at stake as we gaze upon the tranquility of a glass lake, the existence of our intent flows behind in our wake. Walking in and around the sun, I am a stunning mix of hydraulic gears performing, a rock and roll attitude, forever divining surreal machinations. I am an oddity to be mused upon. I am the gift of a gold bronze jamming it stand along.

I am the king, crowned in chrome and colored in cylindrical cadmium and perfectly adorned; sculptured countenance to profiles directly perceived, some as of yet to be eventually seen. By appearance and aspect, here we connect the abstraction with red and white blood cells. It tells, our dreams, tells and tells and tells and tells.

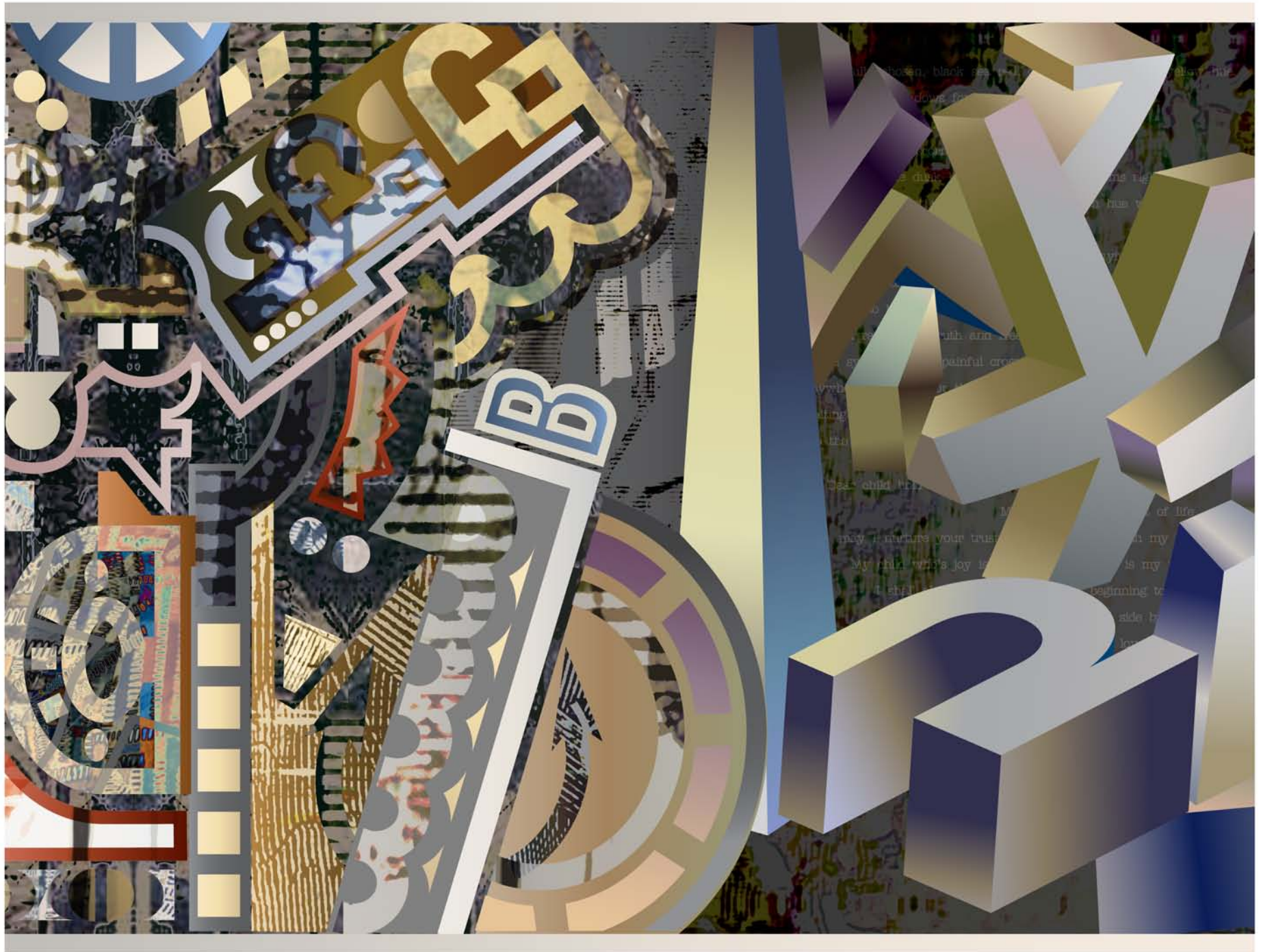
A manmade vision. An expressionless face merging into face, one direct, another by a profile project. A structure of sound body and mind.

Not heard: An idea of refined metals sculpted Into a face of aspiration. Behold the human imagination. No force on this earth can do so much. This is how we seek as we seek. Masters of our actuality, we do not comprehend this dichotomy of magic and truth. We are linked by reality, a fantasy, a fidelity and by fact and by faithfulness onto a polarity of division and contrast.

This word shall be my last. This image shall forever cast. A flow linking a consolidation of our reality. The hydraulics and gears churn and turn, be it code or engines synced to the logic of neural oscillations. Our dreams and images are necessary to all hope. It is here we succumb to a definition of faith applied through the strength of will and joined by our fascination for fantasies made real.

Our imagination shall progress as the true romantic finds a way to confess. —Ron Eller





# PERSPECTIVE

---

## The Muse

The muse dances and delights upon the midsummer night. Wind song plays. Euterpe guide my dancing brush as I fumble through the painterly haze, negotiating the shapes maze.

I falter and begin again. The muse of Apollo, ascend. The omen does in brilliant hue intend, my brush begins the dance once again. Play your song fair friend. Children of Zeus inspire my hand, so my small gift will bear fruit.

Amid the pebbles and sand an illuminated pearl-of-brilliance strand, speaks for those who cannot sing, liberates for those who cannot stand, cries for those who cannot weep, rest for those who cannot sleep.—Ron Eller

## Visions

Vision's visual expressions projected. Will my soul be rejected? Will my spirit be protected? Committed shapes and colors reflect a life maimed beyond recognition. Inward I travel for my sight while I beg for permission. Thick broad devoted strokes as I journey to the light. Between shape and hue the creation gist. The colors form and twist. I am gratified, this opportunity tried. The truth is, I confide. Reality is just an aside. —Ron Eller







# HE WAS A CREEPING JESUS

Creeping Jesus is a parody song on the Passion of Christ. Regretfully, due to Catholicism and Mel Gibson, far too much time has been spent on Christ's death than on this amazing man's life. I cannot help but believe that this was never Christ's intent. Regretfully, the Catholic church, in its effort to seek power, found as its corner stone the so-called "Passion of Christ." There was wealth and energy to be had in the story of martyrdom. This account marked the beginning of the marketing and advertising of one of the most forceful propaganda campaigns in the history of all mankind. Eventually, social authority and political control, especially that exercised by the merger of Catholicism and the evolution of Greco-Roman rule, evolved upon the masterful manipulation of this story. The martyrdom of a great Western spiritualist and philosopher known as Jesus Christ became the wealth and political ideology of Western man. Mankind's greatest architecture and artworks were inspired by the suffering and the death of Jesus Christ.

The passion and crucifixion of Christ has crept into the lives of Western man and civilization in such ways that serious political power rests upon the unquestioned belief that Jesus died in a macabre torture to pay for our sins. The cross, a vehicle of agony and death has become a symbol of faith, honor and respectability. Why not consider other vehicles such as a hangman's noose, a cyanide pellet, an injection needle, or a firing squad's bullet? Consider how many who have died at the expense of other ideologies that did not welcome the crucifix as a symbol of faith.

Let us not forget the holocaust or the crusades or the onslaught of Christian missionaries who, in their religious fervor, called for the elimination of paganism thus extending the violent oppression endorsed by Christianity. The following are lyrics to a song I wrote parodying the madness surrounding the Jesus myth.

He was a creeping Jesus.  
He was a creeping Jesus.  
He was executed once a year.  
A bloody mess upon the cross he did hang.  
While the pious crowd bowed their heads and sang.

Oh yea, He was a creeping Jesus.  
He was a creeping Jesus  
He was a creeping Jesus

After Good Friday's bloody affair  
He rose from the dead then took to the air.  
On Easter Sunday, upon a cloud he rode  
Like a light bulb he glowed.

Come on, let's sing along  
He was a creeping Jesus  
He was a creeping Jesus  
—Ron Eller





# INSURRECTION

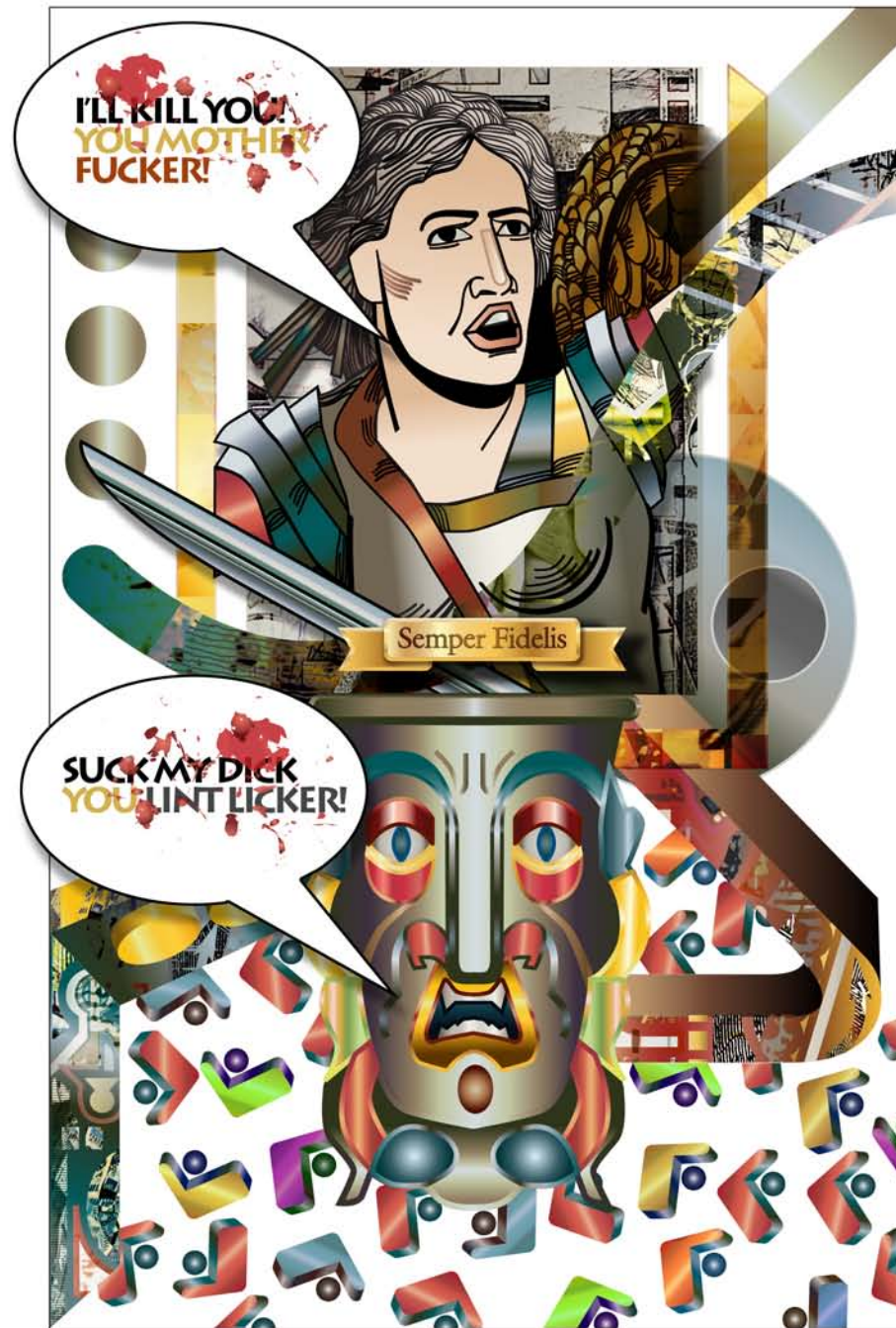
I was on anarchy withdrawal.  
There is nothing worse than the shits from low dose insurgency.  
Moaning and whining, sniveling and complaining  
Waiting, sweating the mutiny with odious sweat beads  
Streaming through the crags and crannies of my aging reality.  
Onward rebel soldiers to the crevasse  
Heading undeterred to my asshole.  
Here is where I stand, the sweat dripping from my testicles.  
Calling for civil disorder, my rancor covered with barnacles  
From years of festering disobedience.

Change is always too slow.  
Its an obtuse motion play-through  
Of a five-hour period piece of Little Women,  
Delaying as I doze graying,  
Unraveling, fraying, swaying to the beat of the other drummer.  
Convalescing to a chemically induced bummer.  
Suffering from the side effects of prednisone  
Suffering this bitter pill completely alone.

To breathe or not to breathe? This is the question.  
Let fester my digression as the fond memories  
Of mutiny and aggression make for their progression.  
I suffer this expression of ongoing and never ending oppression.  
To the secession from the failing religion.  
This manic depression brought on by the intercession  
of the transgression of the transgressors.

I say, "Burn, Baby Burn."  
It's your turn. When will we ever learn?  
Exclude me from the "we". I bear no real culpability.  
I'm just seeking a short bit of tranquility  
as I castrate you with my rage and hostility.

—Ron Eller





# ANGELS & GARGOYLES

---

- Keepers of the heavens and hells • Always faithful as the death toll tells • Semper Fidelis • Love for getting even • Love for the overzealous • Love for what to believe in •
- I'll kill you, mother fucker • I'll spill you, other fucker • Suck a truck, fuck a duck • I'll maim you and puke you up •
- I'm the angel on your shoulder • I'm the aggression that allows you to feel bolder • I'm the gargoyle in your fountain spitting up water • I'm the numbing pain inside that allows death to another •
- Gods and Angels bless our wars and our armament • Demons and Gargoyles sanctify our accomplishment • We are righteous. We are bold • We are the kingdom • We are gold •
- We are called a country or nation • We are a figment of a fool's imagination • Bow and pledge allegiance • Do it by choice. Do it by compliance • We haven't a moment to waste • On logic or defiance •
- I'll kill you, shit head • Fuck you, you are dead • Eat me, fuck me • Because of me you are free • All for God and Country Angels and Gargoyles • To the aggressor go the spoils.—Ron Eller





# *Cursive*

Within the cursive flow of letters hitched.  
Like subway cars strung out awaiting their time  
Of thought and dispositions, not yet posted  
For the historical record.

Ah, the beauty of letters carefully attached  
In caravans of thought, poetry and wisdom.  
The cursive from past, present and future  
In time moves forward.

There is a bullet train from London to Paris.  
Each car full of passengers bearing down on its mission,  
Traveling to a historical city in wonderment.  
Paris, "The City Cursive."  
Sculpture in relief of swashing swishing elegance  
In graceful attachments.

Ornamentation designed to never end, running from  
The fountain gargoyles and ornamental arrays  
Forever flowing through Europe to the wisdom of  
Communications provided by vision and design.

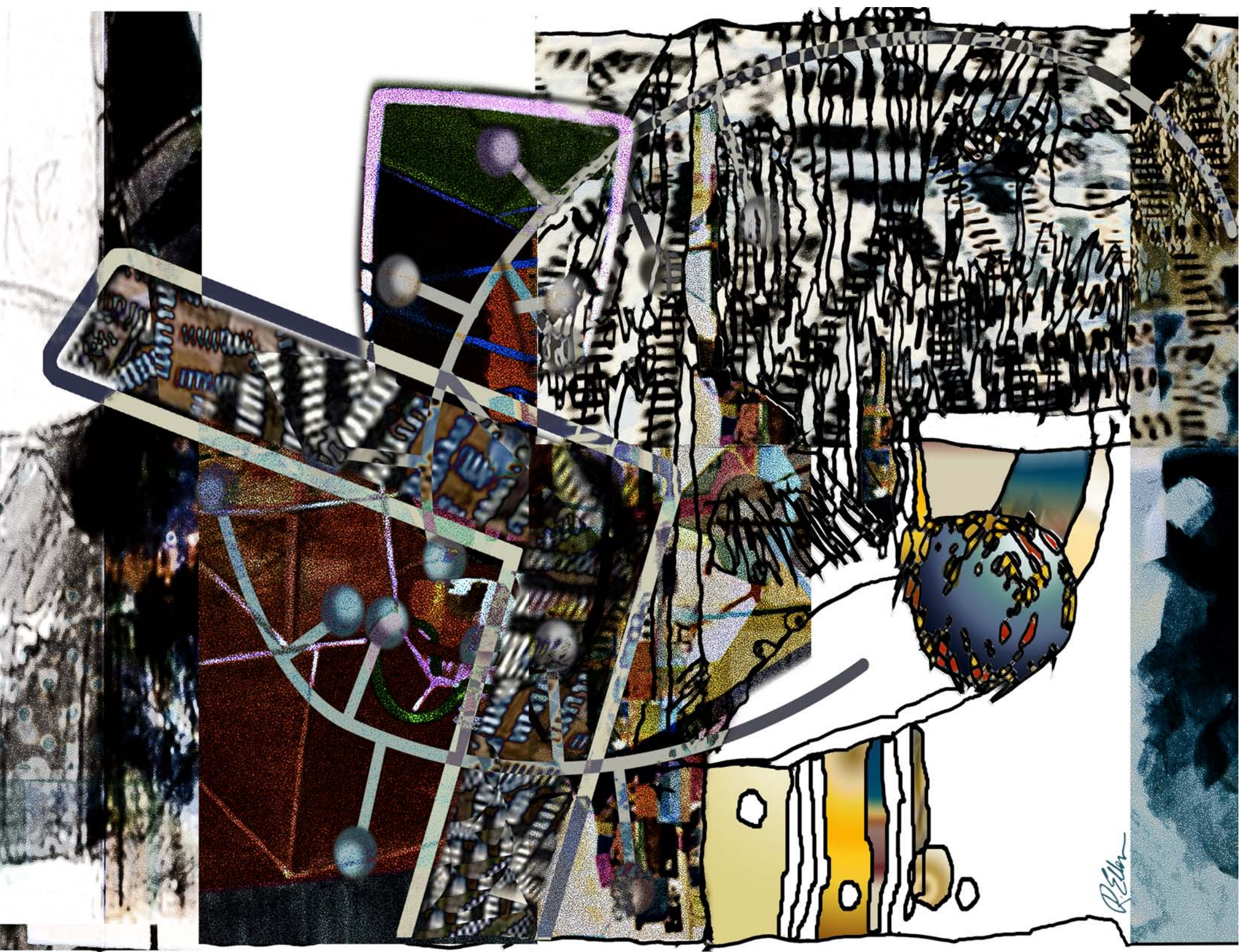
By this cursive invention  
Genius so expressed with quill, ink, and sometimes blood.  
Charles Pierre Baudelaire, Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche,  
Edgar Alan Poe, Dante Alighieri,  
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, William Shakespeare and...

In cursive I share my thoughts. I honor the process.  
There is wisdom and magic between fountain paper and quill.  
Pen and ink prevails and the north wind fills the sagging sails.  
I am in good stead, forever indelible, accompanied by genius.  
The time is ours as we are true to mankind's greatness.  
The Magna Carta, The Declaration of Independence,  
The Gettysburg Address, Shakespeare's Sonnets, Plato's  
Republic...

—Ron Eller

- *Cursive*
- 33"x52"
- Medium: Multi-Media
- Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvas
- Print: #1







## MY SMALL LITTLE LIFE

---

My eyes open departing,  
The dead sea parting  
As the eye-opening window pane  
Begins to play its daily feature.  
A facsimile of imagery, my dreams break  
To the image upon my wall.  
The picture is my wake up call.  
My mind begins to crawl,  
The browns, the golds, and saturated black.  
Every inch and pixel I created.  
A silhouette walks forward, stops  
And then retreats to my intent.  
I dance through the abstraction  
Of mixed images.

Everyday replete, this story complete.  
My small little life, devoted to a passion, to a desire.  
I rest my eyes upon my creation  
Succumbing to my perception  
This resistance from obscurity.  
To be seen by legions for its purity.  
I breath a long life-giving breath,  
To my small little life.  
I have the gift, I am blessed

—Ron Eller©

- *Small Little Life*
- 33"X52"
- Medium: Multi-Media
- Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvass
- Print: #1





# TO THE AGING AGELESS OF THE SUN

Slip-sliding engrossed in a  
Slip-sliding sane man's nearly legitimate fear.  
Each day stealing pick-pocket inches.  
Where did all the miles secretly inching go?

Toothless, tattered, stained, upon wrinkled wads  
Of slacked skin stretched across scull and bone.  
Behold the old man seeking his home.  
"My home. Where is my God damned Home?"  
A king seeks his shelter  
With a mind driven helter-skelter

Stumbles upon the indignity of a final throne,  
Taking a dump, a lifetime from home.  
He is guided by an apathetic sitter.  
Surrounded by sitters, spatters and clones.  
Guardians of the sack skin and bone.  
Where is my God damned Home?

Resolute I act as if,  
As if this fact is a gift.  
Is and shall forever be.

Doing the daily flyby,  
Remember useless bits  
Of that and this,  
Bolstering the long lost ego.  
It slipped into the the abyss.  
A world class runner.  
A loving husband and father .  
A son and brother.  
A poet by heart and tone,  
With artistic soul shown.  
A scared jumping boy  
Playing with a lazy toy  
It failed to live up to...

A drainage ditch life  
Of lost hopes and silly dreams.  
Where do they go?  
The dreams taken by the show  
Of dirt and melting snow  
To the filtering stream will go  
On to a raging river flow  
Onto ocean's force shall continue on  
Sucked into the heat of the sun.

A novel far too long.  
A meaningful story  
Endearingly short  
Somewhere within.

This small little life is mine  
And forever is nearly gone.  
There were moments  
Courage and sensibility  
Found their way on  
To the aging ageless of the sun.

I'm just a wrinkled slacked-skin  
Burden of the state.  
I waited too long.  
Now it's too late.

I am today uncertain,  
Living life's reality of frailty.  
A testament to all that I fear.  
Oh shame must I take it to the limit.  
The dying: is it a right of passage?  
A spiritual direction to another life?  
We are the seasons from one  
To another, Could this  
Be our finest hour? —Ron Eller





# Dawn Light

---

Wandering in the dawn light of imagination. ^ Shape, color, hue, red, black, blue. ^ Form an elaborate pagination. ^ In cave wall the vision inspired ^ Intricate shapes perfectly mired. ^ Upon rough granite walls spired. ^ In the beginning man's simple shapes define the tapestry of the time. ^ The figures communicate and have done so for thousands of years. ^ Oh, would fate be so kind? ^ Should my simple configuration hearten? ^ Painterly in dimension the forms ascend. ^ May I rest now? ^ Have I journeyed to the end? ^

- *Dawn Light*
- 35"X57"
- Medium: Multi-Media
- Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvass
- Print: #1





# ARROGANCE

Beyond all logic exists  
Men of power and arrogance persists.  
Preying on fear and hate  
The masses relinquish their power  
As Hubris becomes the man of the hour.

Our weapons have grown beyond all horror  
Enough to extinguish life as we know it.  
A stalemate of fear.  
How in the fuck did we get here?  
Chained and caged by our deadly creations.  
We are the super power impotent nations.

Arrogance deceives posing  
As charisma and good will.  
Between lies and manipulation,  
Feeling powerless we concede.  
History has been an inept mentor.  
We repeat the arrogance,  
As if it were a genetic anomaly.  
Following, following great men  
Into war, depression,  
And years of recession.

We are powerless,  
Passing on our responsibility  
To a most willing receiver.  
On to the one and only real true believer.  
No room for trepidation or doubt.  
One who is forever right.  
One whose vision is beyond  
Our failing limited sight.

War, death and pain is our duty.  
There can be no sacrifice  
Too great for the homeland.  
Our aberrant leaders follow in line.  
As our most willing receiver  
Proclaims, "All this is mine."  
Rule by fear and apprehension  
Leading by self-will dissemination.

Dissension is no longer free  
Keep the fools working.  
Keep the armies marching.  
Keep masses wanting.  
Keep our mother's sons dying.  
Keep their others crying.  
Patriotism has all the answers.  
You'll never have to ask why.

This arrogance hides the truth we know.  
We do not always reap what we sow.  
This position taken viewing the view.  
The odds are set nothing here is new.

And the predator patiently waits  
Culling out the weak.  
We dare not speak.

Critters beware.  
It's not terribly fair.  
The tread of a tire  
May get furrowed in your hair.

But Adolph Hitler and the Evil Doers  
Will get their comeuppance.

—Ron Eller





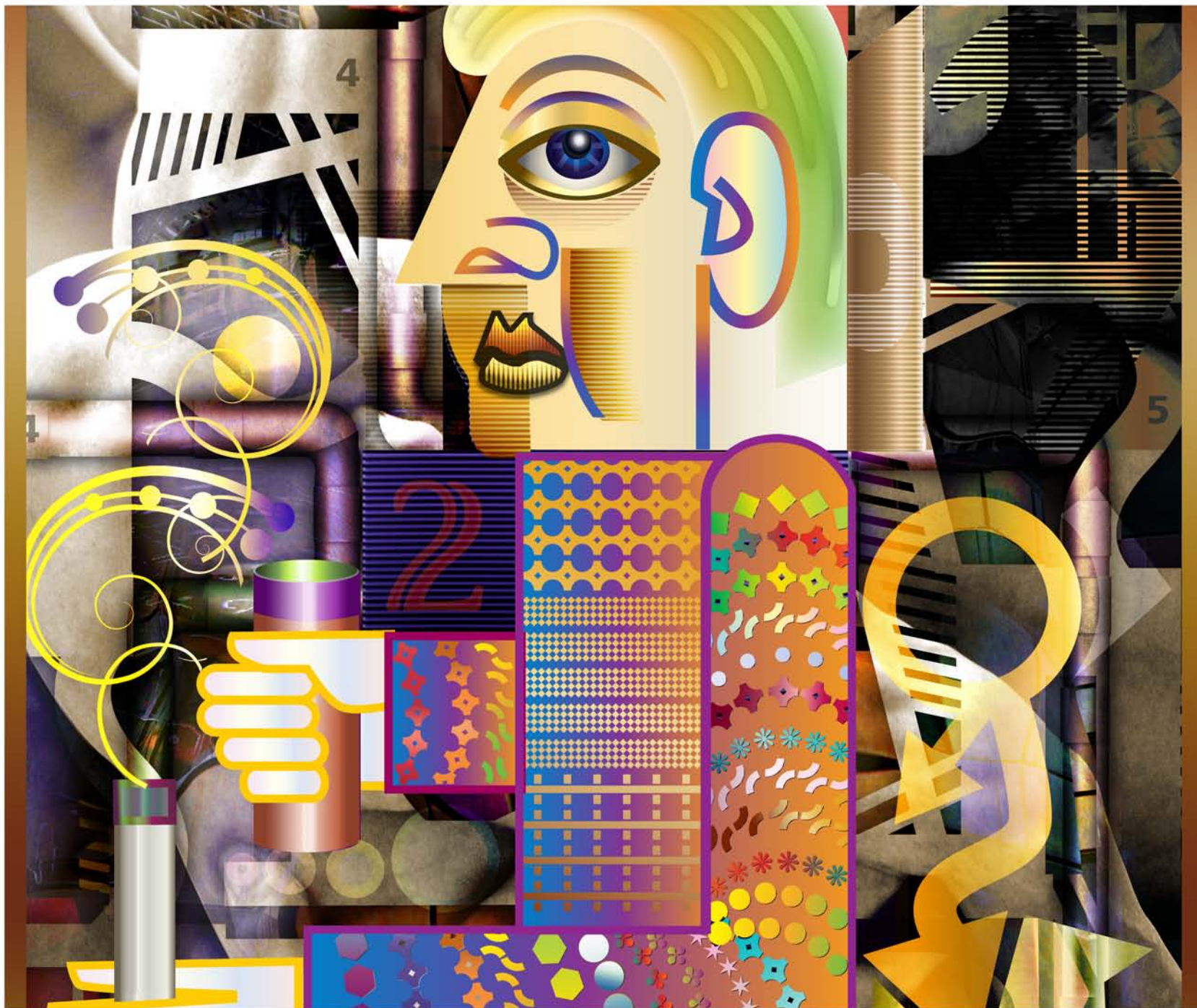
# MASKS (JUSTICE IS...)

---

The mask handicraft, by years of formulation, protecting the source, covers me in masked remorse, as I kill you with hatred and force. Camouflage me in righteousness, as I decapitate you with succinctness. Paint me in loving kindness, as I pull out your eyes and mock your blindness. Drape me in dark contentment, as I insult your good will. Veil me in bright dancing hue, as I slice your dignity in two. Color me bright red, as I choose who will live and who will be feed. You who skillfully fashions the facade.

It is my destiny to wear these wondrous masks. My place is where the shadow casts, in time and forever lasts. As long as pretense is its own reward. As long as pretext remains sharper than the sword.

—Ron Eller



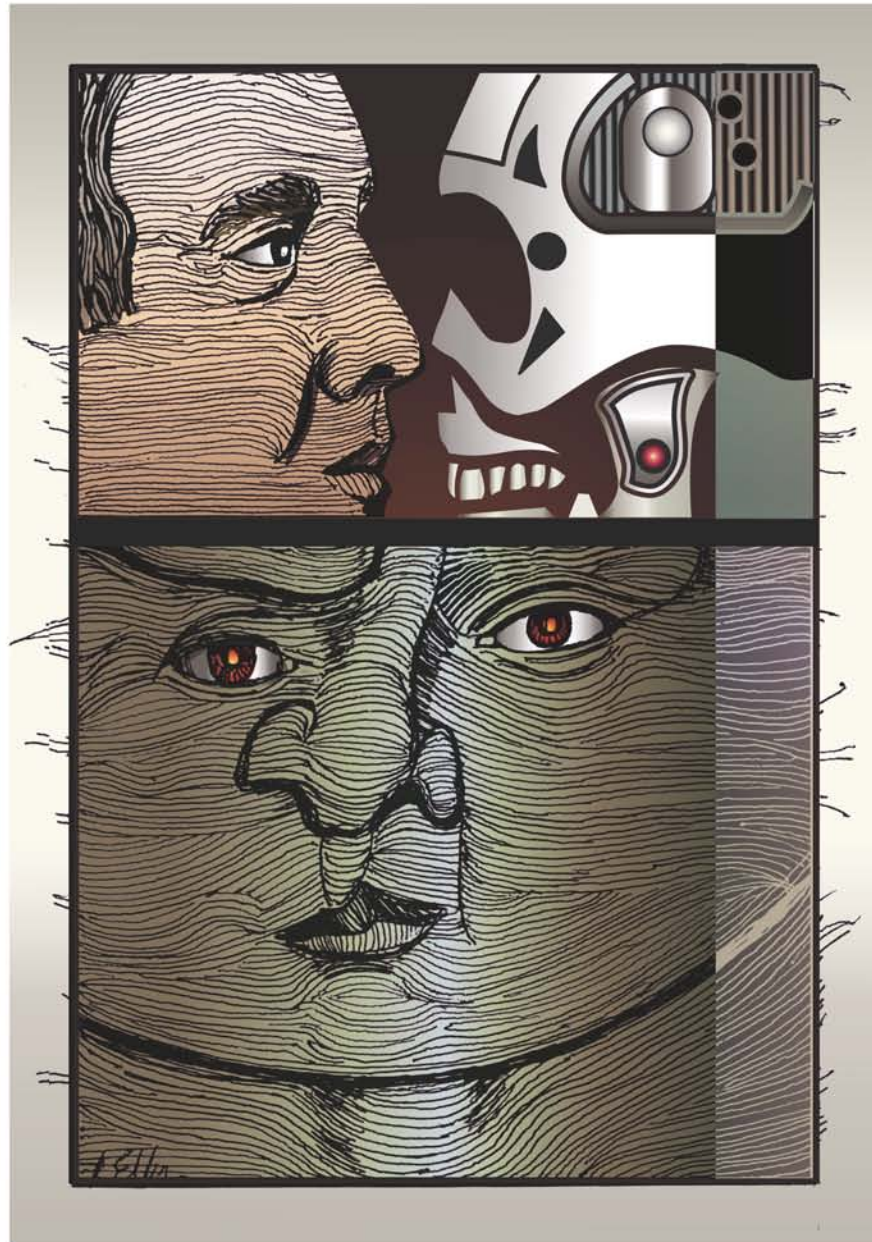


# bEatNICks

---

We were introduced to the Beat Generation by way of bongos, goatees, sandals, and by a carefully planned reprisal that was crafted to diminish one of the most important artistic movements in the history of modern man. The fifties was the age of paranoia led by Senator McCarthy's onslaught against Communism. Middle America stood in alarm as they hoped for deliverance from surreal enemies and projected circumstance. There was in the air a distilled pure paranoia that fueled the unrequited desperation of mid America. All they worked for could and would be lost. The danger was seen as ever present from without and within. The enemies were Jews, Blacks, Hispanics, Communists, Muslims, Russia, China, Cuba, Intellectualism, Modern Art, Homosexuals, Drugs, Sex, and of course just plain fun.

Sadly, the fear of which I speak is not without merit. The generation that proceeded my generation lived through a major depression and went to fight a war that was staged and fought to reorder the power structures of the then known World Order, This war was fought to insure the Axis powers-Germany, Italy, Japan-could never again amass a war machine that would upset a world order structured by the peace accords agreed upon at the end of World War II. The beat generation arose from the rubble and offered an ideology that was about internalized freedom and creativity. It challenged the Puritan ethic and adhered to a loose-knit existentialist philosophy that was ripe with disillusionment to the horrors of the world wars. Above all, the Beat Generation was developed through a sense of irony. Even the name Beatnik was a formed ironically by the word beat which has multiple meanings and the word nik, yiddish for someone or something that behaves in a certain way. Greenwich Village, New York was the starting place of artists and writers who came together in a spontaneous act of survival. The word got out and thousands made their way to New York either to be discovered or to find their way to the so called Holy Grail (a pivotal creative opportunity or breakthrough).—Ron Eller





# did

## Dissociative Identity Disorder

The storm whipped, lashed  
The frizz of a primate's permanent hair.  
Wind swept for effect  
And trimmed to orphaned dos and dashed don'ts.

Dissociative Identity Disorders,  
From the godless manmade machine we take our orders  
And succumb to the wiles of a scorned tempest.

The disorder imploded  
Upon the order of Saint Francis of Assisi.  
Francesco di Bernardone collapsed upon Egypt  
Where the only true Italian Papal God  
Dispensed His crusaders.  
They were besieging Damietta,  
Hoping to find martyrdom at the hands of the Muslims,  
Where nearly a thousand years  
Of continuing resentments prevail.

A lovely saint, indeed. Far more lovely in retribution.  
Soaring the heavens. Conferring with God.  
Seeking the Babylonian high rise.  
The best martyr is a dead martyr.  
As God punishes the opposers  
The Evil Doers were all posers.

Saint Francis, noted to be  
Tidy, scrupulously neat, methodical and systematic.  
As with most saints of unique proclivities,  
Proclaimed by pontiffs soaked  
And steeped in papal infallibility.  
God speeds, Beelzebub still trails.  
He is lying in wait for the final all-out dash.  
The beginning and end as eternities clash.  
Forever beings break away to the final solution.

The brainiac machine moves resentfully slow  
As it twitches out one zero and one ones per zettabyte.  
The brain trust of geeks and freaks,  
With bloated chests sickened of frozen breath  
Paused while waiting out the sub zero winter storm.  
Warily listening to the pitter patter of pianos soloed  
And cursed by the screams of synthetic violins  
And a thousand other notable sins.

If I could multiply all these suppositions  
Of active personality disorders,  
Would the world be better for it?  
Numbers and countless storms raining down  
Upon the warped waves  
Of Earth's salt water, foliage, stone, sand, grit and dirt.  
A free fall of words that  
Don't mean a moment of wit,  
Lost in the sum of it.

I am beginning to warm up to the idea  
Disassociated by dreams and a wood chip ablaze  
In a blackened stove of iron will  
Thawing my mummified dead bones.  
The storm is but a window pane  
Away from the stabbing thrusts  
Of a traumatic and rude invasion of faith  
And purified by chemically induced "Compos Mentis."

Ah, I almost forgot!  
The latent excuses of  
Dissociative Identity Disorders,  
The folly of the brainiac machines,  
And the legacy of the storm.

The mask is permanently attached  
To my many other faces that  
Refresh my ever fluctuating mood.  
I curse the infidelity of this continued delusion.

The machine waits and mutates  
As the algorithm surreptitiously commits  
To a destructive undertaking.  
Beheading each one in a mercenary mission.

The storm delays to the very end,  
As I await, departed for a godly son  
To commend me to heaven's gate.  
For this event I cannot be late.

—Ron Eller





# LIFE INCARNATE

---

"Love requires timing, for all time is dissimilar  
as we are gained to the experience."

"We age soon enough, incarnate to the wisdom  
of time's contrasting outcome."

"Love is change and the incarnation of our character  
as we struggle to make life's amends."

"Love is the humane effort to be strong  
after one of life's devastating losses."

" Love's power is humility when a victory is won."

"This our life incarnates upon the aging shelf, weathered  
by time and warmed by the heat of our passion."

" This is our life incarnate, never to be done alone, "

—R. Eller

- *Life Incarnate*
- 36"X58"
- Medium: Multi-Media
- Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvass
- Print: #1

# RETICENCE

Upon all endeavors there resides  
A certain and uncertain reticence  
A "To be or not to be, that is..."  
The inevitable prevail.  
Most decisions border on acquiescence.  
Upon their nature, most fates fail.

Here forever, the most inevitable  
Of all lies in wait.  
Death by presence  
We pretend to be living  
As the thought did  
For a moment abate.

Like our shadow connected  
By a light source and angle  
In total darkness steals life's luminance.  
The decades and half-lives pass.  
The one and only pure truth  
is indelible by its permanency.

We are here by seconds  
Feigning death's acceptability  
No truth can be more profound  
Than life's beginning or end.  
It may be the only truth  
We ever know.  
It may be the only sure  
Place we ever go.

—Ron Eller



# Postmodernist Works

---

After a fruitful career in Advertising and Marketing I retired and began to follow my dream into the world of fine art. I have developed a collection of imagery that is not only worth while but is eclectic and rich with versatility that emulates the modern artists of the Avant-Garde and has been critiqued as comparable to some of the more respected artists of the New York School.

Please take a few moments to study my work. No doubt you will find an image that appeals to you. I have been creating Postmodernist works that mark the change into high tech culture and will be with us into the future as we step forward into the twenty-first century.

All the images displayed in my Breakthrough books are one of a kind artworks that cover a multiplicity of mediums, oils, pastels, pen and ink, photography, digital, and numerous images that are multi-media mixtures. These works are for sale and have been determined by various gallery owners and collectors to be valuable, rare and collectable.

If you are interested in purchasing an artwork call: (860) 267-6729 or (772) 834-4581, Email: [ron@reller.com](mailto:ron@reller.com)

Web Presence: <http://www.ron-eller.com/Site/Index.html>





# BREAKTHROUGHS

---

By Ron Eller