



# BREAKTHROUGHS II

Ron Eller

# PROLOGUE

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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

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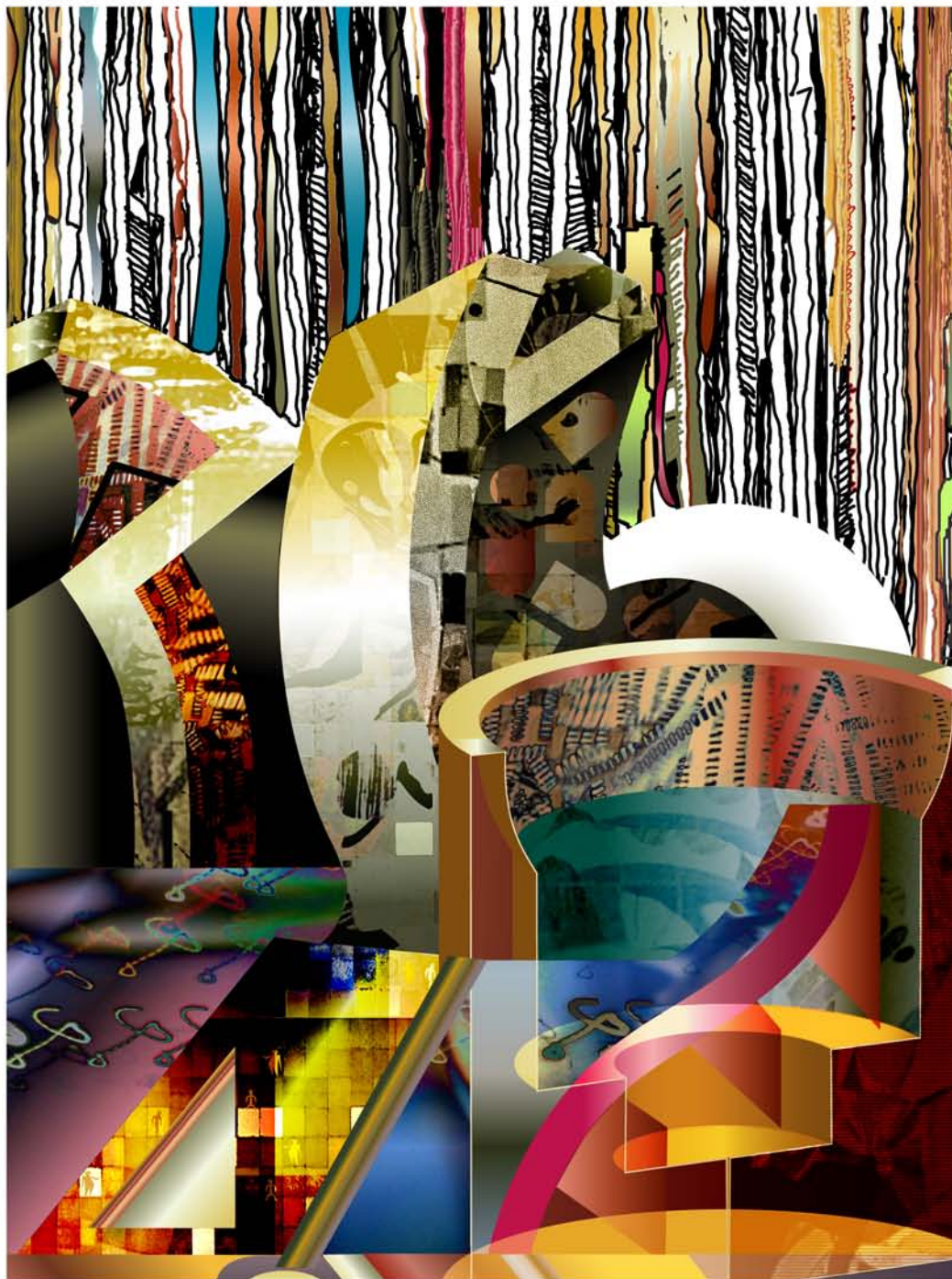
Each representation was developed by a process that begins with a spontaneous exploration of imagery. I utilize pen and ink drawings as studies or blueprints towards the complex production of the final image. I have returned to my roots by developing my impressions with the less technical technique of 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

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# CALCULUS

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As long as we can expose ourselves to such pain and barter with the stinging splinters of hope, I will continue to live as me, as will others persevere as themselves; I shall calculate the probability, material and positional. It's never sufficient, the calculus of poems and the irritation we call life. I suspect, mixed in the contrivance we share in words and drawn out images we call art, there is a bounty for a rare and odd few, in fame and riches. There is the knowledge, "We were gifted, by God. Yes, we were gifted, by God."

Burdensome though the gift is, I take pleasure in knowing where I can partake of my revelation. For lack of a better word I shall call it "Drink." I have a fondness and hatred for the word. I am an alcoholic, twenty-six years dry as a solitary coyote bone. Blessed be the saints of recovery from drink and coyote waste and fragments. It's an acquired taste, bitter sweet, often painful but oh so seductive. Sometimes too slow but, wait, the poetry envelops us and "Man can she rock." These are solitary undertakings: reading, writing, painting, drawing and there are days so vacant my words and rough images slip behind a cloud. Still, the clouds move when I move. I find great joy partaking in this gift. I seek validation in the splitting sky and in the desert waste by God's intent forever dry.

—Ron Eller

# FACE TO FACE

We all live in or on a data bit.  
I just wanna be there as I sit.  
See me as I work and run.  
Let me bore you just for fun.

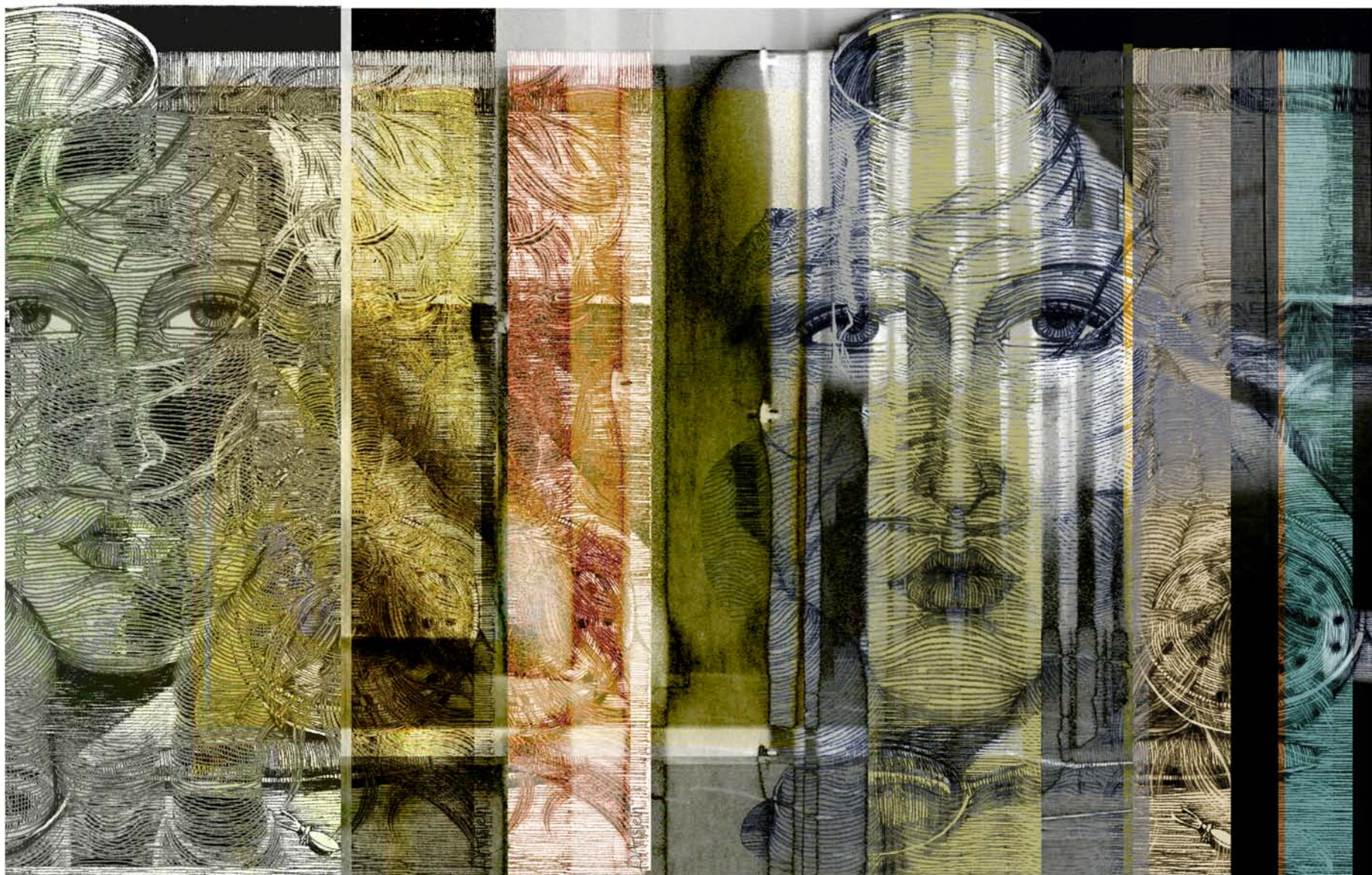
Give me some Face time.  
Your funky Face is all mine.  
Face to Face  
We vanished without trace.  
It was called a Face lift.  
In reality, it was a Face gift.  
Together we Faced the music.  
The sound was classic.  
My Face is congenitally intrinsic.  
The evidence was naturally Forensic.  
If you really want to know

An acid that has two or more hydrogen atoms  
That can be replaced by basic atoms or radicals is polybasic.  
My Face's favorite drug is an analgesic.  
Your Face's external factors are extrinsic.

We all live in or on a data bit.  
In the end, who gives a shit.  
See me whimper. See me lie.  
This is so profound, a tear haunts my eye.  
If I sit here long enough you can watch me die.  
Is there a reason for any of this?  
Life is just a matter of hit or miss.

—Ron Eller





*Face To Face* • 35"X54" • Medium: Multi-Media • Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvas • Print: #1







# GENRE ABSTRACT

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The term Genre painting is specifically relegated to where the main subject features human figures to whom no specific identity attaches. In other words, figures are not portraits, characters from a story, or allegorical personifications.

Genre in the Abstract is an artistic concept coined by me as a descriptor of abstract expressionist art which has a multiplicity of graphic elements. Consider each element to be an abstraction of a human figure. The various abstract elements interact with each other in an identifiable way. There is an underlying protagonist of motion between the multiple elements.

If Peter Bruegel were alive today I suspect he would be a master of abstract expressionist art. Rather than painting realistic depictions of community life in the 'hood, he would be creating various abstract principles that commune with one another. Each principle is part of an overall group. The group elements are living together on the canvas sharing their possessions and responsibilities.

Each step I take  
Living in my wake,  
A break.

A breakthrough.  
A vision I once knew.  
A search is due.

The truth I seek.  
The journey wears me weak.  
I search from bleak to peak.

As once a lost lover went.  
I left when she was sent.  
I came without consent.

It is the truth I seek.  
It is the truth I speak.  
A vision once I knew,  
I see with pure clarity.  
A breakthrough.

—Ron Eller

# kisMeT

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Is it all predetermined?  
Shall it be an orderly destination?  
Sitting in the dark awaiting destiny's play,  
The writer director guides us along his way.  
Fixed, established in advance.  
Ah, my dear kismet,  
I so want to believe.  
Still there is no objective proof,  
I have not for a second to receive.

Is it random, unpredictable,  
A series of arbitrary events?  
All this fosters my confusion.  
It often makes no sense.  
Applying logic post-mortem,  
So I surmise, it shall all fit.  
The long years have made me  
A little more wise.  
I am less inclined to dine  
Upon an empty plate of lies.

This combined with a bit of sarcastic wit  
I seek and re-seek a kind and loving God  
I think and re-think.

Upon the abstracts of the Gods  
If it's bad or good,  
Our disposition awards the culprit.  
The high priest spreads his lies from the pulpit.

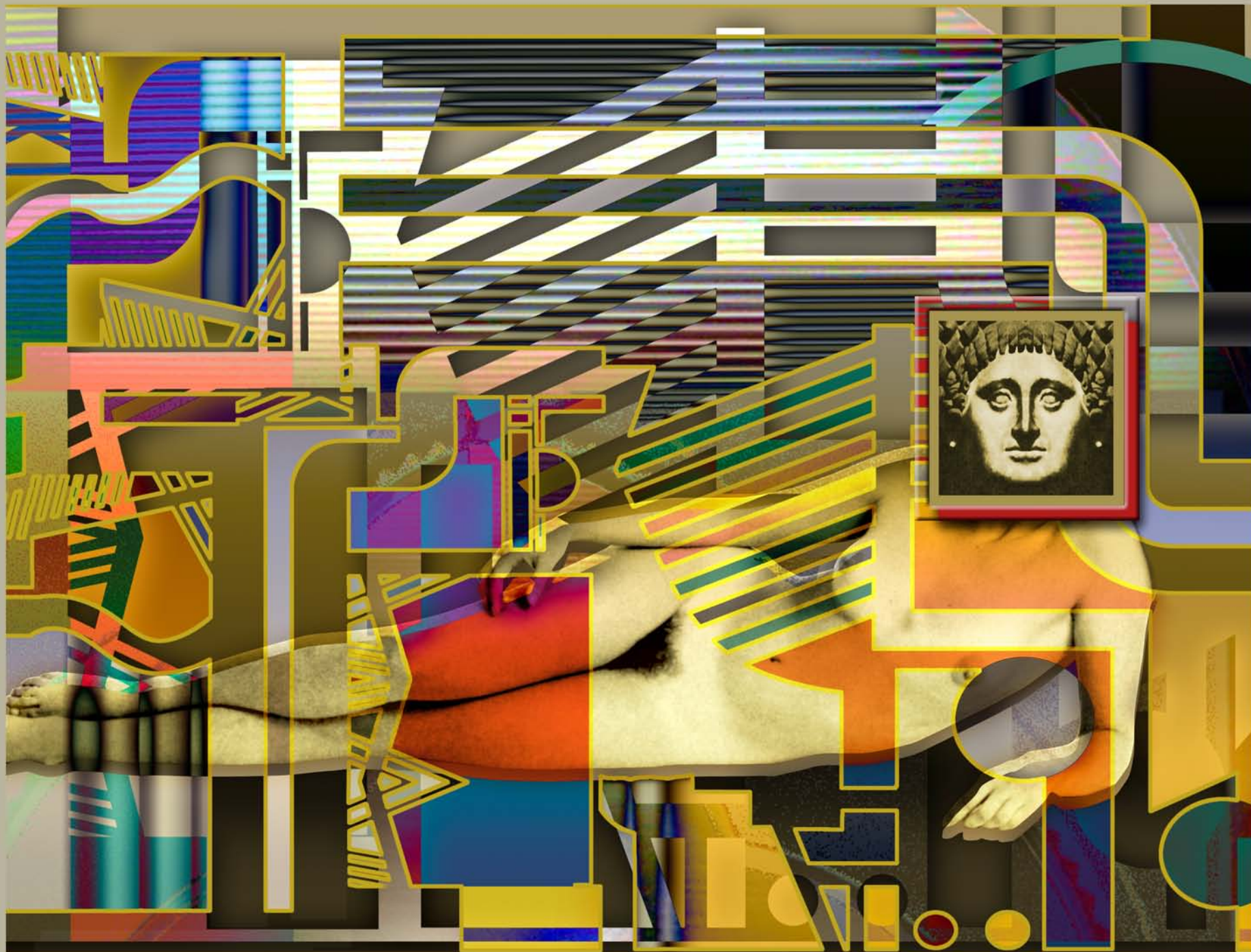
If it's continuity we seek  
Mankind's constructs crumble beneath  
The poorly fitted fabrications.  
The truth is a faucet with a constant leak.  
It can not be stopped  
As it gradually fills the flooding sink.

It is by sincerity, honesty, veracity and courage  
That order and destiny reside.  
Often inconvenient and seldom lenient,  
By surrender and will, I honor.  
To my God I am blessed by an agreement.  
The truth is the truth.  
It never bends to color, religion,  
deities, or no deities, society, fame or notoriety.  
The truth is the truth.  
By wealth or poverty, hero or coward, man or woman  
alien or familiar.  
The truth is the truth.—Ron Eller











# GUI

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**GUI**; sometimes pronounced gooey.

**RE**; sometimes pronounced reeee.

**R.ELLER**; sometimes pronounced reller.

**BOOB**; sometimes pronounced bust,

Two soft, protruding organs on the  
Upper front of a woman's body.

**BOOB**; sometimes pronounced idiot,

*Fool, ass, halfwit, dunce, dolt, ignoramus,*

*Cretin, moron, imbecile, simpleton,*

*Informal dope, ninny, nincompoop, chump,*

*Dimwit, dumbo, dummy, dum dum, loon,*

*Dork, sap, jackass, blockhead, jughead,*

*Bonehead, knucklehead, fathead,*

*Numbskull, numb-nuts, dumb-ass,*

*Doofus, clod, dunderhead, ditz,*

*Lummox, dipstick, thickhead, meathead,*

*Meatball, woodenhead, airhead, pinhead,*

*Lamebrain, peabrain, birdbrain, jerk, nerd,*

*Donkey, nitwit, twit, twerp, schmuck, bozo,*

*Turkey, chowderhead, dingbat.*

**GUI**; represents the information

And actions available to a user.

**DRUGGY**; represents the information

And actions available to a user.

The actions are usually performed

Through direct manipulation.

My actions are usually performed

Through indirect manipulation.

**IMR**; *Indirect Manipulator Relation.*

Further refined and extended,

I once was further refined and extended.

**PUI**; is also an acronym

for *Perceptual User Interface*

**BMP**; is also an acronym

For *Bite Me Please.*

These aspects can be emphasized

By using the alternative acronym

**WIMP**; *Windows, Icons, Menus and Pointing device,*

These aspects can be emphasized

By using the alternative acronym

**PIMP**; *Paleofeces, In, My, Pagoda,*

Which presented the concept of menu bar

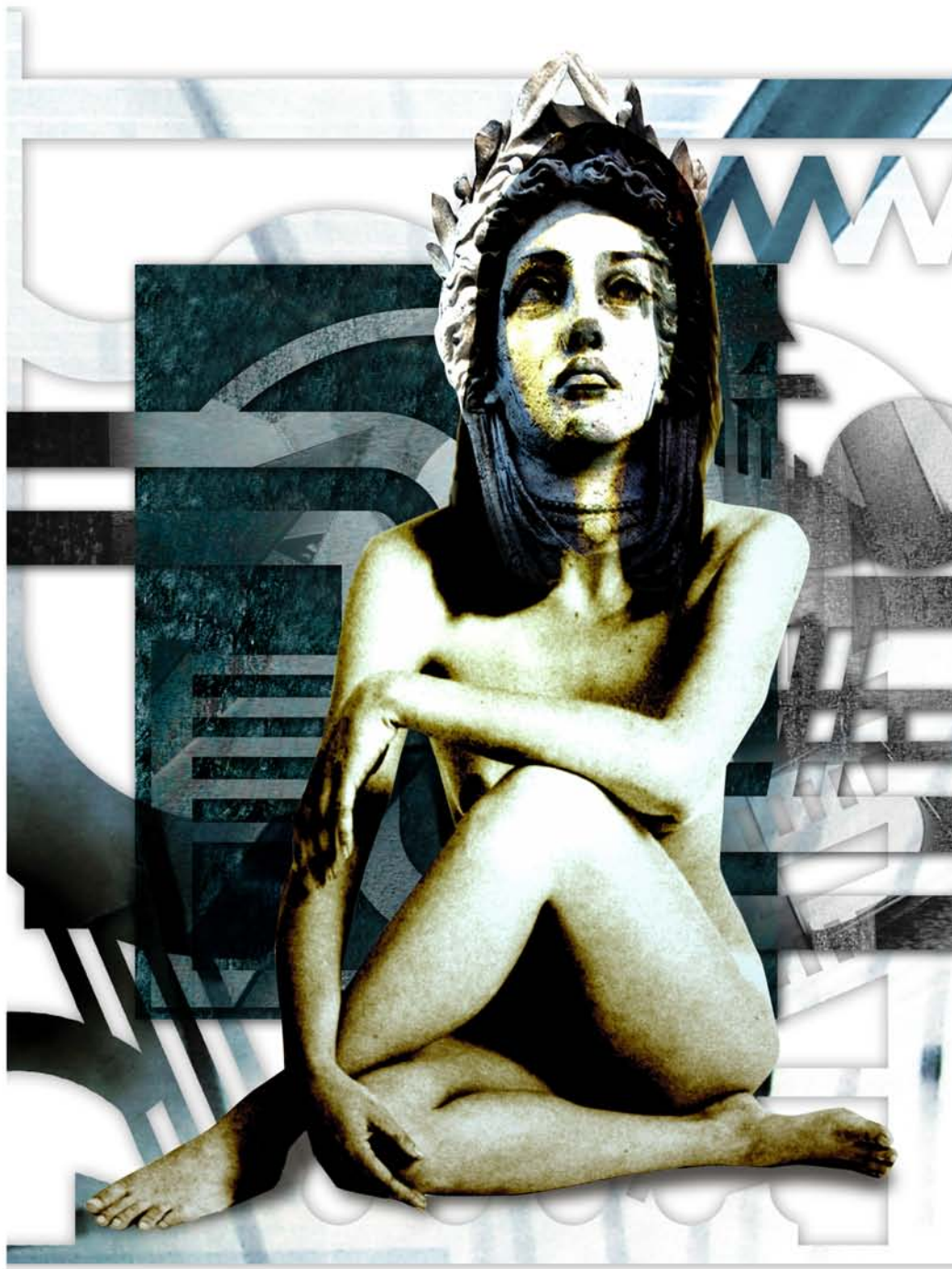
As well as window control.

A thousand years of feces without windows

Will take their toll.

Without the proper **GUI**, one has no soul.

—Ron Eller



# ENTROPY

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## Fame

The dream was in doubt,  
Like a newborn who cries out,  
a mixture of blood, blue ornate  
as it's color revealed its fate.  
Of this violent birth I speak.  
Has made us both tired and weak.

## Passing Away

Will I pass away in an unfinished life  
Pleading my last breath to stay?

Shall the final moment be so brief  
That for eternity I will be stuck  
In a state of suspended disbelief?

No one has ever returned to tell,  
Albeit an unlikely version of heaven or hell.  
Or in white lights travel to a final peace.  
To this life bid farewell.

Or into Dante's inferno shall slither  
Into caverns of deadly sin's punishments.  
Will I be forever vanquished for blundering  
God's commandments?

I ponder this and that trying to  
Get a grip on the burning flame  
Scalding my hand or be fuel to the horror  
Of unrelenting shame.

Or all assumptions made to rest  
Be laid to open the door  
Beyond my thought and intuition.  
I'll pass away uncertain  
To death's inevitable condition.

—Ron Eller







# CONCEPTION

A faceless enemy will reside where I hide.  
I confide, my enemy defines my pride.  
I lied, I no longer hide where I reside.

Ex lover, Ex believer,  
Ex absolver, Ex deceiver,  
Ex conceiver, Ex basket-weaver.

The fortress stronghold provides  
As the dark window hides  
And every stone stories  
Looking forward to the ocean tides.

Breaking through a monument of stone  
A living thing has made a home  
Upon an unwilling throne.  
A leaf has grown,  
Piercing the groin  
And a painful moan.

Stone the deity made upon deliverance.  
By destiny was betrayed  
As the multitudes played.  
The anthem marching bravely in stone relief,  
The warriors' last crusade in pure belief.

Design 2000, ongoing from nineteen sixty-five.  
Deform versus function versus malfunction.  
Morphed to abdication,  
Forced to settle for an abbreviation.

The communion by the peyote buttons released  
As I bowed and knelt before the desert high priest.  
The sun fades and burns from the Far East,  
Hiding in an entangled rooted grave  
Of the deceased.

Las Vegas, a vipers pit,  
Dust brown and grey,  
Just add water, stir.  
Make a mecca for childish adults to play.  
It's the American way.

Vibrant and alive as a coral reef,  
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.  
The high desert as the sunset  
Will slowly grow colder.

The desert night from neon  
Changes hue like a Chameleon,  
Changing saturation like a melodeon.

Cruise the lobby, cruise the hall,  
Dine a night in Epicurean delight  
While cruising a bloody blood vessel  
Upon an Atlantic trestle.

Clair passed away.  
Flawed to a brilliant default  
Glaring painfully upon my life.  
He took my mother as his wife.  
He never raised a hand  
Upon me as I recall.  
If it is too painful to remember  
I should just not think at all.  
He tried, I learned and lied.  
His words were cruel  
As he from every bar stool  
Stumbled upon us all.  
He seldom meant or believed what he said.  
So many lies filled his head.  
I was often embarrassed  
Along with my mother  
By the impending dread.  
I learned to disappear which was best.  
I ran fast. I ran hard.  
I left them all in the desert dust.  
They lived below the brown barren crust  
As a river of denial crept.  
He wasn't all and always so bereft.  
I was a son regretfully inept.

I was as gone, as he was gone,  
As my mother was gone,  
As my brother was gone,  
As my sister was gone,

And the time went on and on and on.  
Move on, keep it going and just move on.  
The spoils don't go to the strong.  
They go to those who keep moving on and on.

In the eerie shadows deep  
As the predators creep,  
They flow and move  
Choreographed to a deep sea groove.  
They can never stop.  
In perpetual motion they must move.

The bulge large or small  
For some tells all.  
The truth is it could be a sock, cock, or ball.  
Believing what we see  
Can be a prelude to a long fall.

Created by man,  
These supple breasts  
And all this photo suggests.  
To our more prurient interests,  
Pursue at risk  
The Surgeon General Generally attests.

A land beneath  
Covered by a mid Atlantic coral reef  
Is a matter of belief.  
Did a lost culture and land exist  
And in a moment violently ceased?

The scourge of anticipation  
Is a form of mental masturbation.  
Generally visualizing the worst  
While both truths are equally first.

A Fortiori, used to express a conclusion  
For which there is stronger evidence  
Than for a previously accepted one.

—Ron Eller



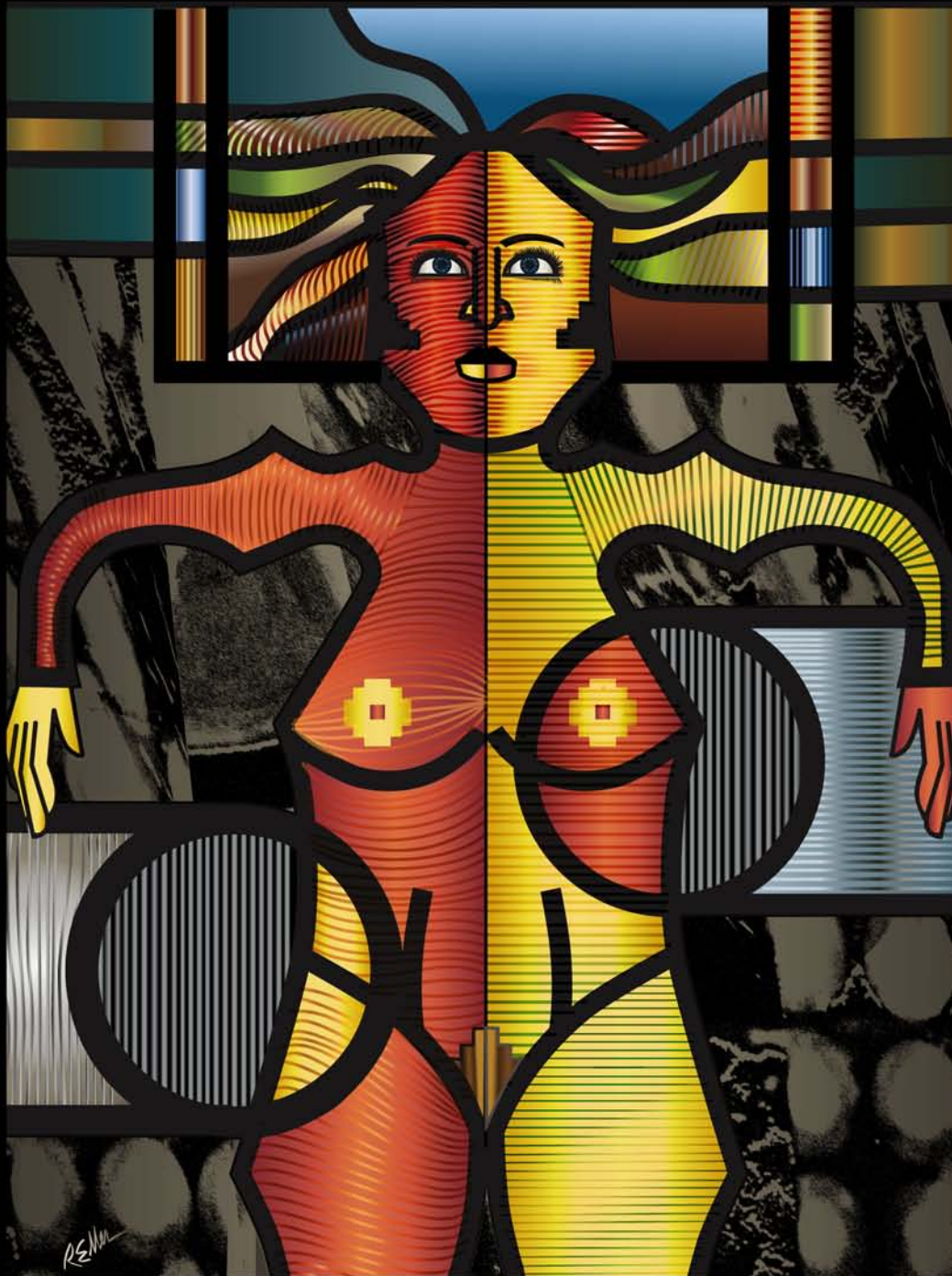


# HIDDEN AGENDA

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◆ I covet you it's true ◆ I covet the fire in the sun ◆ I covet the mad man with a gun  
◆ I covet the armies in decapitation ◆ I covet the bomb in distant sanitation ◆ I covet the lover in passionate fornication  
◆ I covet the widow's mortification ◆ I covet time beginning to end ◆ I covet death's transcend  
◆ I covet you who are so easily played ◆ I covet all that was made ◆ I covet it all and move on to fade

—Ron Eller



Scare Crow • Size: 33"X42" • Medium: Multi-Media • Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvas • Print: #1



# gØñZØ å®T & Néo-èxpReSsionism

Neo-expressionism was a style of modern painting that emerged in the late 1970s and dominated the art market until the mid-1980s. Related to American Lyrical Abstraction, it developed in Europe as a reaction against the conceptual and minimalist art of the 1970s. Neo-expressionists returned to portraying recognizable objects, such as the human body (although sometimes in a virtually abstract manner), in a rough and violently emotional way using vivid colors and banal color harmonies. Overtly inspired by the so-called German Expressionist painters—Emil Nolde, Max Beckmann, George Grosz—and other intensely expressive artists such as James Ensor and Edvard Munch, Neo-expressionists were sometimes called *Neue Wilde* (“The new wild ones,” “New Fauves” would better meet the meaning of the term).

Gonzo is a term that became an emotive word first used by the Beat Generation of the 50s and 60s when describing the experience of getting high on drugs, and was to become a part of San Francisco’s hippie crowd vernacular. It is associated with journalistic writing of an exaggerated, subjective, and fictionalized style—Meaning bizarre or crazy.

Hunter S. Thompson brought fame to the word by using it as a descriptor for his art. His intense and ill-fated relationship with the Hells Angels, his near-successful bid for the office of sheriff in Aspen in 1970, the notorious story behind the landmark *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, his deep involvement in Senator George McGovern’s 1972 presidential campaign, and much more by example demonstrates that Gonzo is about becoming totally immersed in one’s art so as to take on a life itself. Forget objectivity; one must surrender to the subjective because there is no such thing as objective truth.

Gonzo implies going out of one’s mind which is the destination a committed artist strives to experience. Gonzo implies a journey and is especially poignant if one has experienced psychedelic drugs like LSD, Mescaline, Psilocybin. I do not advocate the use of such chemicals, This being warranted by experience that eventually came to a smashing and painful dead end. There are many ways to “get there” without gambling on the volatile world of illicit and poisonous drugs. It is to take oneself into one’s art and let the experience become so subjective that there is no return, only change by breaking through. There is a structure to all this. It is the process of letting go which requires a conscious decision to work in a certain way. As the artist moves from each creation he or she trusts the experience of working free of preconceived notions. As time moves forward, the process becomes easier. The heart rules and the intellect observes the phenomenon.

With the dawn of computer technology there has been a resurgence of the New Wild Ones. The twenty-first century has opened multiple doorways of expressions that are more complex by design yet spontaneous in terms of craft. The digital art world is fertile ground for the style of Gonzo Neo-expressionism to grow.—Ron Eller\*

\* The above editorial was created with the help of Wikipedia, New Oxford Dictionary, Oxford Writer’s Thesaurus, and Apple Dictionary

# RAMPART

## The Defensive Wall Fails To Separate Our Inevitable Fate

Across the stone layered encampment  
Perched like a predator laying in wait,  
Oblivious to the whispering fidelity.  
The act of predation lies from within.  
The disloyalty lacks perception,  
Constructed stone for stone.

His narrowed vision allows  
For an unprecedented view  
Of a peripheral score of enemies.  
Exhumed decoys often externalized,  
Obstruct his view from within.  
His lack of perception has worn thin.  
The pain weighted by a reality  
Standing in the shadow behind him.

Upon the rock fortified rampart  
Nothing is as it seems.  
Only the hardened comfort of this stone parapet  
Provides for an existence of misdirection,  
The wall built upon denial and contradiction  
As he performs his act of self-fulfilled sedition.

Each stone of this defensive wall  
Provides a land-locked barrier reef.  
Constructed to his misshapen belief.

—Ron Eller





*Opaque* • Size: 36"X46" • Medium: Multi-Media • Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvas • Print: #1

# “Justice: The encumbrance that can never add up.”

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## Evaluation:

The evaluation was not conferred.  
Bartered and blurred  
Sold while hiding in the dark edges  
Of chilly basements and indigo alleyways.  
Once debunked by candlelight.  
Evolved by time and technology.  
Illumination providing sight  
To the burden of seekers determined to expose  
The failure of justice as an ideal.  
Justice: The encumbrance that can never add up.  
A manmade construct that shrinks into  
Darkened eaves and windowless walls.  
Filed somewhere under hideaways.  
Only to be revealed to a select few,  
Selected by a select few.

## Assessment:

The judgment was a cruel beheading  
Measured by the atonement's deception.  
Caught in the vacuum of deferred dreams  
Floating mystified yet anchored  
By the angel maker and a supreme being.  
Harshly twisting its language as if its rule  
Was as valid as the steal and girders,  
Of a resource structure to provide for the flow  
Of metro traffic moving in mindless misdirection.  
Structured to exist upon all hope and reason.  
To resist is gauged as a form of benign treason.

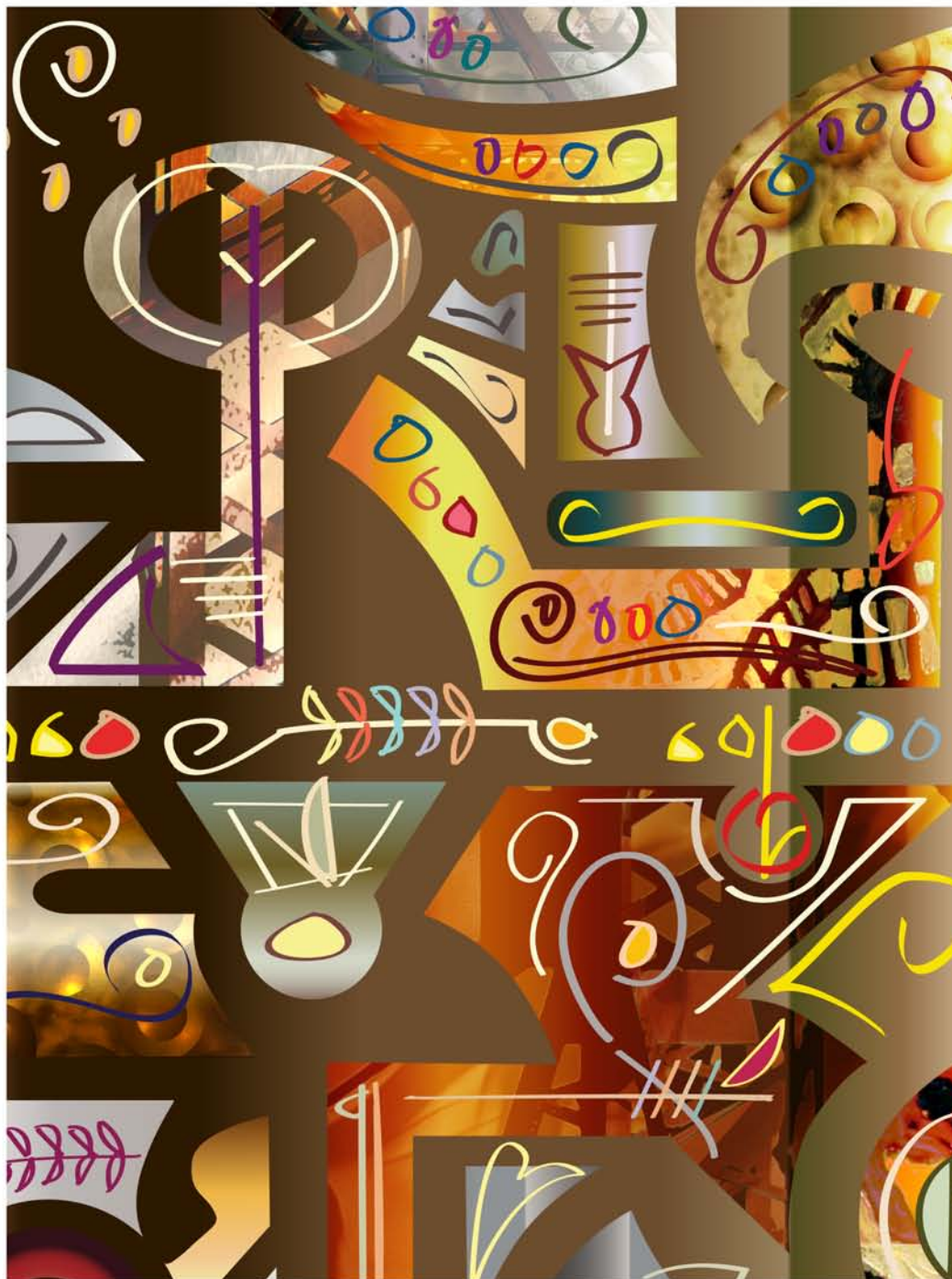
## Appraisal:

I appraised the configuration.  
I rated the hope and the destination.  
I estimated the value of the unknown.  
In the final analysis  
The unknown is a mystery once dignified.

## Examination:

The examination was as thorough and as valid  
As the veracity of the information.  
The criteria was used against a set of standards  
That appeared to be valid at this time.  
My life is in review.  
My yesterdays are but a series of diminished realities  
Timed to fading daylight in saturated black finalities  
Expressed and finessed into a non reflective hue  
Of vaguely illuminated ideologies.  
They morphed into a bulleted description  
Of the unknown in tomorrow's awakening.





*Icons Bygons* • 36"X58" • Medium: Multi-Media • Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvas • Print: #1

# WANT TO BUY SOME CARTOON ART?

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Sinew in tortured, twisted wood • We all did what we could • Tight Ass, Ass Hole, Ass Wipe, Butt, Butt Head, A Classic Renaissance Stone Butt • His foot got stuck in a rut • Sinew and stone, marble and bone we struggle together • We struggle alone • A stairway to heaven a stairway to home • The potato famine has long since gone • The deep is home for the ugly and strong • Alien life mutates as the dark waves fluctuate. • Light beams through the iron of the octagon. • New York is only for the insane and the strong, spread upon an island long • The Big Easy charms of ancient streets twine as the neon shines. • A moth upon my window did rest from flight • We look on in disbelief • My son Michael the Archangel returns in relief • The metropolitan guard stands in silent grief as the Met is taken in the dark night by a common thief • Abstract Expressionist metal is formed in lath and mesh as a child's crayon master piece is exposed in the flesh • Lemons yellow, lemons sweet, lemons sold for the street • My daughter and her child at play as their ghosts have their say • My granddaughters specter guards her through each day. • The seaweed flows out into the bay • I in a Panama hat don't really know where I'm at • The black and white angel in a heavenly choir sang • The bells from the cloudy blue sky rang • A caricature of an American portrait did hang. • A '55 Ford with a solid chrome grill stands perfectly erect upon an ant hill • My masterpiece in defeat fills my shoes and is complete • I was a cartoon before I could walk or start and was a festoon of colors in spoon fed cartoon art • No one is immune • We all live in a cartoon • If you are suffering from cartoon autoimmune disorder, CAD, It will come to an end soon • You are not BAD • You are just a CAD • Isn't it SAD • Want to buy some cartoon art • Pull my finger • Watch me fart • We all live in or on a data bit • I just wanna be here as I sit • See me as I work and run • Let me bore you just for fun • We all live in or on a data bit • In the end who gives a shit • See me whimper • See me lie • This is so profound a tear haunts my eye • If I sit here long enough you can watch me die • Is there a point to any of this • Life is just a matter of hit or miss

—Ron Eller





Cartoon • 36"X59" • Medium: Multi-Media • Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvas • Print: #1





# I don't “epiphanate.\*”

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Recently I have experienced an epiphany. A so called moment of sudden revelation or insight. This is especially interesting to me because I don't “epiphanate.\*” After facing a bevy of health problems, a sudden death in the family and having reached the point of no return on the downhill slope of life it has become very clear that each day I have here on this planet is a gift.

I haven't a clue what I will do with this insight except maybe to be humbled and to remember the real insight hasn't much to do with longevity or “shortgevity\*\*”, but with the remarkable adventure I have experienced replete with ups and downs and all the extraordinary people I have shared some portion of my life with. It's been the events of our history that is so precious and to see the world and its people advance ever so slowly will go with me as I zap out or maybe transition from this life. Apparently I have more to do and say and should tomorrow come, may I respond with some sensitivity to this gift of which I

am most undeserving. May I do it with some fervor by giving back what has been bestowed on me by way of friendships. It is by being open to one another that we change the world one little insight at a time.

\*Epiphanate is a made-up word to emphasize the fact that I do not attach much stock in concepts such as an epiphany or the manifestation of deities on earth such as angels appearing to mortals or the appearance of a deity to me or anyone I might know unless of course said person or persons are absolutely certifiable.

\*\* Shortgevity is another coined word I created to make light of the word longevity, as if we need more non-English words in use with in the English language.

## *“I can and shall never surrender to this likelihood.”*

There are some who believe war is part of the human condition. However, there is a vast number of people who have been touched by the likes of Kseniya Simonova, Julian Lennon and his father John, by Picasso and Keith Haring and literally thousands of artists past and present who know that war is the absence of humanity. To admit that war is part of the human situation is to admit that all mankind is inherently evil and we have no choice but to surrender to such evil as being malignant. To believe this as mankind advances, means we will be erased as a species, our intelligence and sensitivities will ultimately be responsible for our demise. I can and shall never surrender to this likelihood. I stand with all artists for peace, knowing our passion and truth must and will prevail.

Thank God for these artists. May they continue to tug at our heart strings, As **Picasso**, in Guernica, **Keith Haring**, in Untitled about war, **Tom Brewitz**, in Kinetic Sculpture Peace, **John Lennon**, with Imagine, **Julian Lennon**, with Keep The People Working, **Otto Dix**, in Trench Warfare, **Harvey Finkle**, photos of anti war protests. and **Kseniya Simonova**, a Ukrainian who as a performance artist interpreted Germany's invasion and occupation of Ukraine during WWI, and so many more designers, painters, musicians, actors, dancers, sculptors. The pain of war as a subject is significant to many gifted people who truly speak with their hearts, through their brushes, cameras, guitars, metal or clay. I have joined this group of people. I am committed to an ideology that does not accept that war under any circumstance is a viable or pragmatic option, even under the threat of force. There is not a situation that cannot be confronted effectively under the philosophical tenets of passive resistance.—Ron Eller









# OEDIPUS, a perfect tragedy.

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Ah, the curse of self-fulfilling prophecies  
Sneaking into our lives through the thoughtless open window.  
Woven unconsciously into an intricate tapestry  
We shall not look, study or briefly gaze upon.  
Preferable, our ignorance, rather than our generosity.  
We pass compassion like a burning hot plate.  
Anywhere, over there, elsewhere.

Elsewhere the providence of Oedipus,  
Oedipus debunked as unwise and misguided.  
A king's destiny, A foolish man's heredity.  
Before the final curtain drops  
the truth shall be revealed and reviled.  
Putting out his own eyes in a fit of madness.  
A perfect tragedy.

—Ron Eller





# Sub●FOUR

## All About Time...

Two Time.  
Time warp.  
Killing Time.  
A Time for every season.  
Quantum Time.  
Time for change.  
Buying Time.  
The Time of our lives.  
Time has come today.  
Times Roman.  
Times Europa.  
Times New Roman.  
Times Ten.  
I've got too much Time on my hands.  
Time is what the clock tells us.  
The clock does not tell us what Time is.  
Does anybody really know what Time it is?  
Does anybody care, ...about Time?"

Roger Bannister Timed a mile in 3:59.4.  
His was the first Time for a sub four.  
The Time was nineteen fifty four.  
Since that Time there have been many more.  
Time was of the essence.

Against Time he endeavored a Time-consuming  
Time exposure.  
For the Time being.  
I wouldn't give you the Time of day.  
All in good Time.  
Time will tell.

Time can never recount  
as Time is forever recounted.

Time travel.  
Time machine.  
Time as yet to be seen.  
Against the test of Time.  
Time only knows.—Ron Eller

## More About Time...

"I saw eternity the other night,  
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,  
All calm, as it was bright,  
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,  
Driv'n by the spheres  
Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world  
And all her train were hurled ..." —Henry Vaughan

"Clocks slay time... time is dead as long as it is  
being clicked off by little wheels; only when the  
clock stops does time come to life." —William  
Faulkner

"Who forces time is pushed back by time; who  
yields to time finds time on his side." —The  
Talmud

"Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, creeps  
in this petty pace from day to day." —William  
Shakespeare

"Men talk of killing time, while time quietly kills  
them." —Dion Bouicault

"Time is like the wind, it lifts the light and leaves  
the heavy." —Doménico Cieri Estrada

"How long a minute is, depends on which side of  
the bathroom door you're on." —Zall's Second  
Law

"Time is the coin of your life. It is the only coin  
you have, and only you can determine how it will  
be spent. Be careful lest you let other people  
spend it for you." —Carl Sandburg

"What then is time? If no one asks me, I know  
what it is. If I wish to explain it to him who asks, I  
do not know." —Saint Augustine



The Color Purple  
BLACK light hUE

Alizarin CrIMsOn

PrUSSian Blue

E L E G A N T W H I T E  
warm gray flood



Egg Shell Beige GRAY MUD  
**BLOODY** Blue,

Green Blood Burnt Sienna **Bold Yellow Sheen**

Burnt Toast Brown **FIRE ENGINE GREEN**

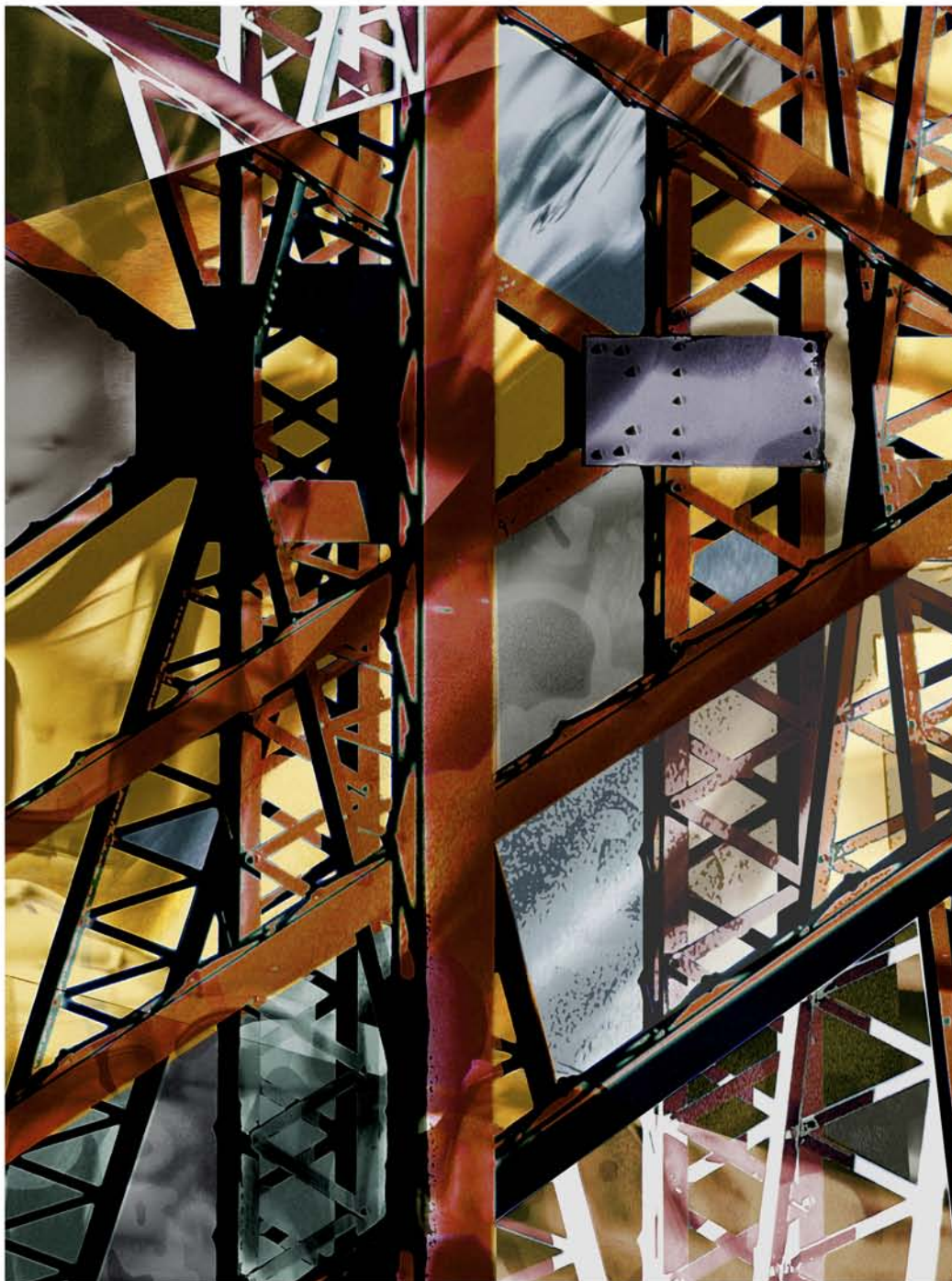
- What I create may never be seen • The strokes in toil may never be shared
- From this truth I prefer to be spared • Works gathering in attic dust
- Some never shown
- Yet I must go on
- This is my recompense
- This is my innocence



# EXODUS @ 6

• The Exodus was synchronized to the sixth hour • From the Seine river forwarded, onto the Eiffel Tower • The Black Death arrived early in 1348, forcing the Grateful Dead to Exodus much too late • Some say @ around or near 1968 • Killing around eight hundred people per day • King Louis XIV should have left after he had his say • Aristocratic denial led to the Middle Ages disaster • They should have moved on to the cadence widely expressed later • Faster, disaster , faster, disaster, faster, disaster, faster, disaster, faster, disaster • Alas, this grandest of grand cities became a safe haven after World War I for artists and poets to gather • To and from the Exodus defined • Provides the catalyst for a new beginning divined • —Ron Eller





*Bridge 02* • 38"X57" • Medium: Multi-Media • Output: Giclée Monoprint on Canvas • Print: #1





*Positive Negative Space* • 52"X87" • Medium: Oil on Canvas • Number: #1



# p O S i t i V e   n e G a T t i v e   S P A C E

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Freedom's empty canvas blinding white steals the painters sight.

Hidden in the veil of pause commitment rendered cause builds a wall with ornamentation  
and begins to walk the halls of transformation.

The wall of color bends and grows, a river of black oil flows, seeping into the cracks and crannies  
taking the path of least resistance.

Disobedience proclaims it's defiance.

Painterly white submits in compliance. The siege begins, the black night defends.

Each moment the expression sends. Waves of mixed pallet ascends.  
Raising the tattered flag, free the artist commends.

The paint in variant cause transcends, by courage and valor the artist defends,  
and so the conflict ends.

—Ron Eller





# Our Greatest Contradiction

He looked downward like a small child  
who had been caught in some insignificant lie.

We are born to deception, our greatest contradiction.  
We value honesty as a matter of morality.  
Yet, our survival can be contingent upon a lie,  
Simple, complex, deceptive, and interwoven,  
Our aspect dare not unfold, retaining our countenance  
In deception will hold upon such dealings  
As our life may depend.  
With such mechanisms our countenance does defend.

We are settled with the commercial smile  
Tuned to the unconscious machinations of our day,  
Knowing it's sincerity it is matter for heresy.

We live and die by our expression, true or false.  
And yet do not by aspect consider  
Being caught in flagrant deceit.  
Subject to the greatest treachery of all  
By such fraud we are replete

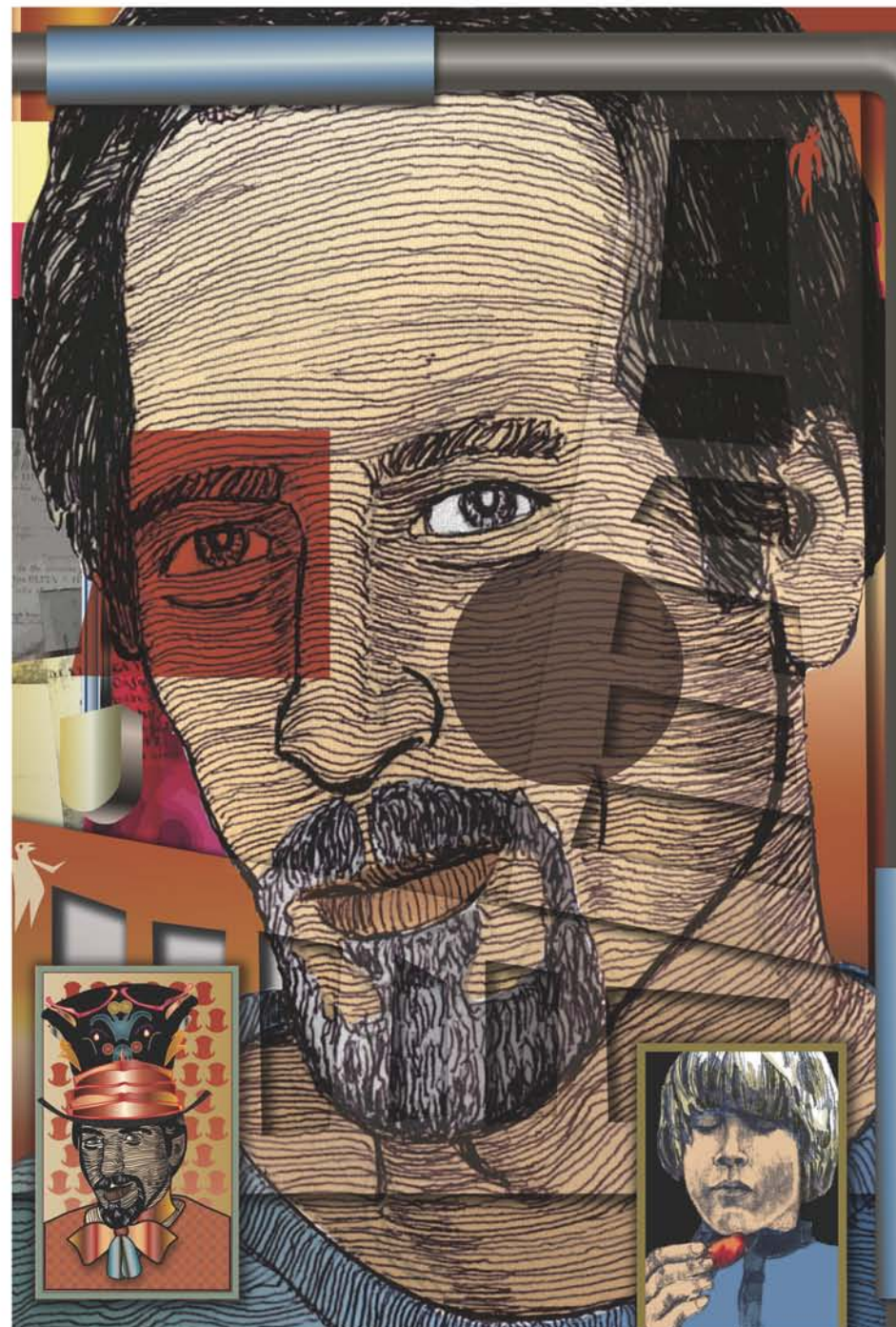
With the pain of our own orchestrated defeat.  
To disregard such misgivings is a matter of our conceit.

For ourselves we seek with reprisal such honor or truth  
That bears the attachment to our better selves.  
Often found by accepting a power greater  
Than All our deceptions and misplaced confessions.

We surrender to bowing heads  
Like a small child to the inevitable lie.  
This understanding can only be born from rigorous honesty  
And is the cornerstone of a trite yet simple truth.  
"To thine own self be true."

—Ron Eller







# No More Dreams for Mexicans or Mad Hatters

Michael often wore his intelligence like a weighted bulletproof vest. To Mike success and failure were not so important. What was important was to have an exchange. Playful debate was an Eller tradition. As Michael's father I don't think I ever considered winning an argument. We simply moved the discussion on. **There always was more to be shared.** This is not to say that Michael wasn't beyond some very sophisticated manipulation or guilt mongering. As all humans, he was quite capable of getting what he felt was important even if it took a little psychological warfare.

Michael's best of times were during his high school years in Reno, Nevada. He attended Wooster High School where he did well as a student and athlete. He was physically and intellectually attractive. **His sense of humor kept him popular and in the good graces of friends and teachers alike.** Our relationship was more as friends than father (authority figure) and son (obedient serf). I seldom played the authority card. It just was not necessary. Michael more often than not exercised a good sense of judgement. He never saw himself as a second class citizen and he knew his opinion counted. A child being seen and not heard was not a staple in our lives.

Regretfully, during Michael's senior year of high school I was having serious problems of my own. During this time I worked as an art director at an ad agency that preferred to win awards and liked even more to spend money they did not have. My great career was on the rocks along with my marriage to Linda. I made a decision to take a job in Dallas, Texas with an Irvine, Texas advertising agency, thereby leaving Michael to struggle alone with his step mother. In retrospect, the decision to move alone to Dallas was not a good one. **It was based on fear which never follows wisdom.** Within weeks things had come to a head with Michael and Linda. I received a call in Dallas from Mike. He was in tears and together we decided he could move in with his best friend, Dennis Woll, until we could sort things out.

Along with all my other difficulties I was nursing a drinking habit that would change Michael's and my life forever. I went into detox and upon my return to Reno I discovered that my reputation as an alcoholic had traveled with me, and my employment prospects were next to none. I decided by a pragmatic philosophy to go to plan B. Having no other options I would freelance as an art director and Michael would move in with me. During this time Michael was going to school at the University of Nevada. Strangely enough I was developing a successful freelance business. **Little did I know that this time in our lives was the beginning of the end. Soon we would no longer be together as father, friend, and son.**

We were both doing well. I remember the time as one full of hope. I was living a life clean from drugs and alcohol. I never drank again because I wanted to be present for my children. Michael was on his way to facing the challenges and dreams of adulthood. He loved to read and was especially attracted to history. **He had great potential that went far beyond the University of Nevada.**

Michael chose to leave Reno and to go to USC. He embarked on a course of study in world economics where he went on to graduate with honors. A year or so after graduation Michael and a wonderful young black woman decided to move to San Francisco. After a year Mike and his lovely mate broke up for reasons I would later come to understand. Michael had been behaving strangely and his girlfriend hadn't the resources to deal with his behaviors. All appeared to be going well until they broke up and I started getting strange late night telephone calls from Mike. I assumed he was dealing with their breakup by self-medicating. I had secretly hoped that it was a drug problem because it was an issue I knew how to deal with. After a rescue trip to San Francisco it was apparent that Michael's problems ran much deeper. He was diagnosed after several weeks as bipolar with schizoaffective disorder. He was tested for other chemicals but there wasn't even minimal traces of alcohol or pot. From this point on the relationship we once had was gone forever. I do not wish to go into the struggles that Michael was to endure for another eighteen years. **After so many years of facing one disappointment after another Michael chose to end his life on March 8, 2010.** There simply was not going to be an upside. Michael was married to an attractive Mexican woman who abandoned him and her children. They were living, rather struggling, in Laredo, Texas with four young children that Michael adored. Child services intervened and proceeded to take the children away. In the end there would be **"No More Dreams for Mexicans or Mad Hatters."** Be in peace dear Michael. I understand why you had to let go.

This book of poetry, prose and art is dedicated to the memory of my son **Michael Dean Eller, March 31, 1965 to March 8, 2010.** No regrets, my dear Michael save for one. I did not verbally acknowledge that I loved you enough. **I speak it every day in the present tense, Forgive me for being too late "I love You, Michael"—Ron Eller**





# DIGNITY

By Ron Eller

## Dignity Poem “Understanding”

As the heart beats • As the eye guides • And the carriage rides • The warrior defeats. • The land blows into sand. • The canyon spires grand • The tower giveth room • The janitor pushes a broom • The cabby goes here and there • The airplane takes to the air • The man pays the ticket fare • In the trunk is a tire spare • Is life fair? • Does anyone care • Does the shoe fit? • The cells split • The player uses his mitt • This is it • He has great wit • Maybe it is time to withdraw • Nothing exists without a flaw • Its flawed to perfection • The dog went in the other direction • In circles we go. It's part of the flow—R.Eller

## Dignity “As A Term”

Dignity is a term used in moral, ethical, and political discussions to signify that a being has an innate right to respect and ethical treatment. It is an extension of Enlightenment-era beliefs that individuals have inherent, inviolable rights, and thus is closely related to concepts like virtue, respect, self-respect, autonomy, human rights, and enlightened reason. Dignity is generally proscriptive and cautionary; in politics it is usually synonymous to “human dignity”, and is used to critique the treatment of oppressed and vulnerable groups and peoples, though in some case has been extended to apply to cultures and sub-cultures, religious beliefs and ideals, animals used for food or research, and even plants. In more colloquial settings it is used to suggest that someone is not receiving a proper degree of respect, or even that they are failing to treat themselves with proper self-respect.—Wikipedia

## Dignity “Renaissance”

The word “dignity” was first used in the Latin language before the Renaissance, then later by the French, and finally the English language. While dignity is a term with a long philosophical history, it is rarely defined outright in political, legal, and scientific discussions. International proclamations have thus far left dignity undefined, and scientific commentators, such as those arguing against genetic research, cite dignity as a reason but are ambiguous about its application.—Wikipedia





# silicon botox

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Silicon and Botox is a satirical spoof about the tragedy media women face regarding the superficiality of outer beauty. This is not exclusively a feminine issue however the pressures are great on our sisters. The task to live up to concepts of beauty that are unrealistic plague many modern women. Science and the medical industry has stepped in to exploit the situation with the intended ruthlessness of a predator. There have been great profits to be made exploiting the reality that our ideas of beauty feminine and masculine, are impossible to attain. Enjoy the humor as I expose the insanity of the human condition and hopefully offer a new reality that allows us to be who we are with all our imperfections

Give me those swollen puffy Angelina lips,  
Made "to suck the chrome off a trailer hitch.\*"  
I'm on my way to becoming  
Americas hottest superstar media bitch.  
As the cameras focus  
On my larger than life succulent lips.  
Custom made for the 3D, HD,  
Super wide screen complex.  
Watch them fly, mumble squeal and mope  
As the cowboy hero ties them to a rope.

I'm beholden to the botox, silicon pharmacon  
No, No, No, You can't take my Botox away  
I'll never submit to detox.  
Beat me, stone me with a pile of hard rocks  
I love the neurotoxic injections.  
I can't wait for the next get together,  
At Party Down Botox.  
Love my skin as it stretches

Across my brittle osteogenetic skull,  
With lips pumped full of silicon.  
Don't bother to read my lips.  
They are now as big as my hips.  
They are sculpted into a smile  
That is forever pursed.  
My struggle to move them  
Has become cursed,  
Along with my forever forward  
Pointing breasts of silicon.  
They should be  
A national monument or beacon.

My image will become a national icon.  
I owe all this adulation and readiness to  
Defcon pharmacon injections  
Of Botox and Silicon.  
I have won the never-ending battle  
Of lose skin, gravity and sag.  
I found the fountain of youth  
And permanent longevity.  
Forgive me for my lack of brevity.  
Since the poem is about me.  
There is nothing I'd rather discuss  
As my beauty has become my omnibus.—R.Eller

\*Line delivered by Willie Nelson from the movie *Electric Horseman* with Robert Redford, Jane Fonda and Willie Nelson, Distributed by Columbia Pictures and Universal Studios

# RETICENCE

Upon all endeavors there resides  
a certain and uncertain reticence  
A "To be or not to be, that is..."  
the inevitable prevails.  
Most decisions borderline on acquiescence.  
Upon nature or as many the fate sails.

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 be 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

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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

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By Ron Eller