

Christmas Comic



Hello, family & friend-shapes!

I worked on this off & on all year.

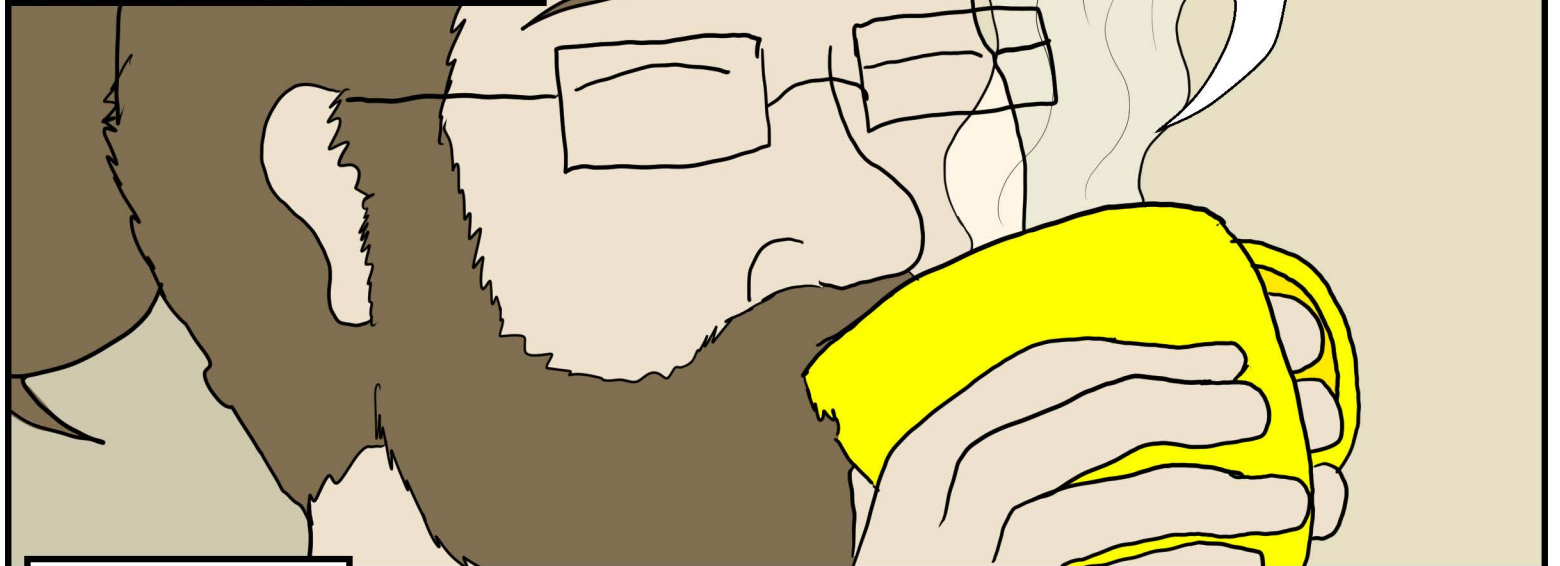
So, you're getting snapshots of where my mind was at various points! It's quite literally ~ 160 hours of work. $\frac{x}{\sigma}$

A week or so ago, I had the mad urge to delete it all. It gets a bit personal at points. I decided, in the end, personal is ok.

I hope you have fun; it's been neat to see how my doodles change over the year.

Be easy!







Early January, Leavenworth, KS

So, a bunch
of my lights stopped
working!

Which, I'm given to understand,
can happen when you have three
small electrical fires in your attic!

Foom!

Foom!

Fwoom!





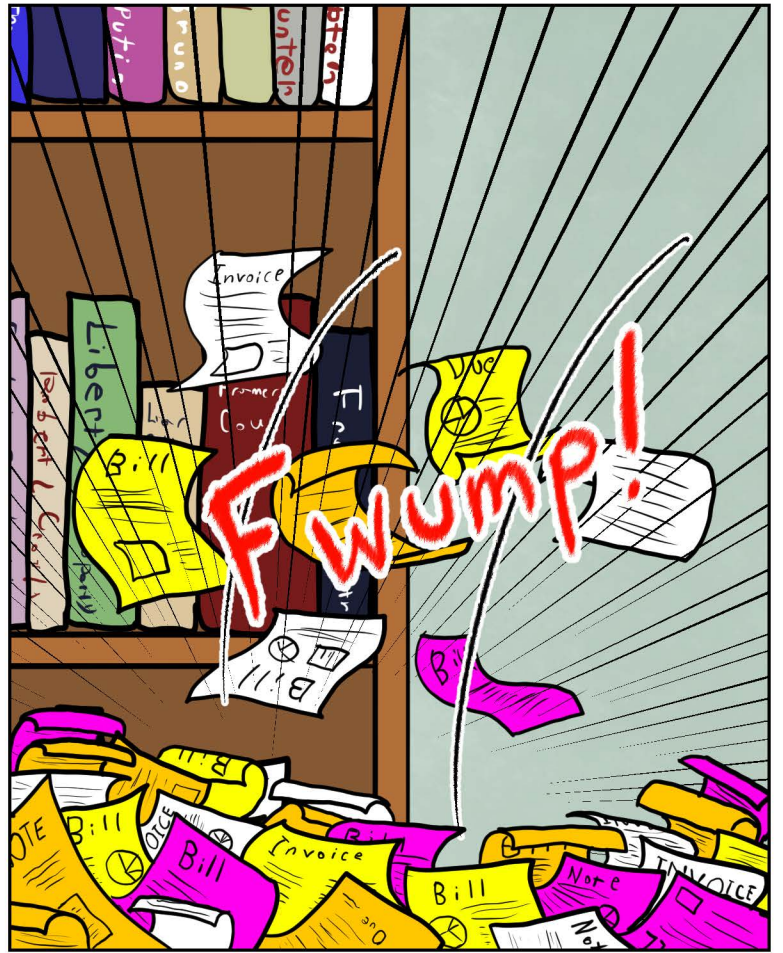
Then he didn't doodle for a while...



Doodled: Week of 25 Feb!!!







Doodled the week of 10Mar2019



So, fiscal realities being what they are, Project Plastersmash is on extended hiatus! In the meantime, I've put my energy into school & art practice.

Dang, I last updated this around March 10th?

Well, it's **April 13th** now, & I'm in Arkansas on a work trip. It's been good!



Really low-stress trip. I think my new-found professional apathy, plus a staffing change, have combined to create a really chilled-out mood.



It dawned on me that if I really don't care about my job, I'm free to dedicate my energy to what I do care about & I'm freed from all my excuses to suffer any work-related stress.



Then I went home!

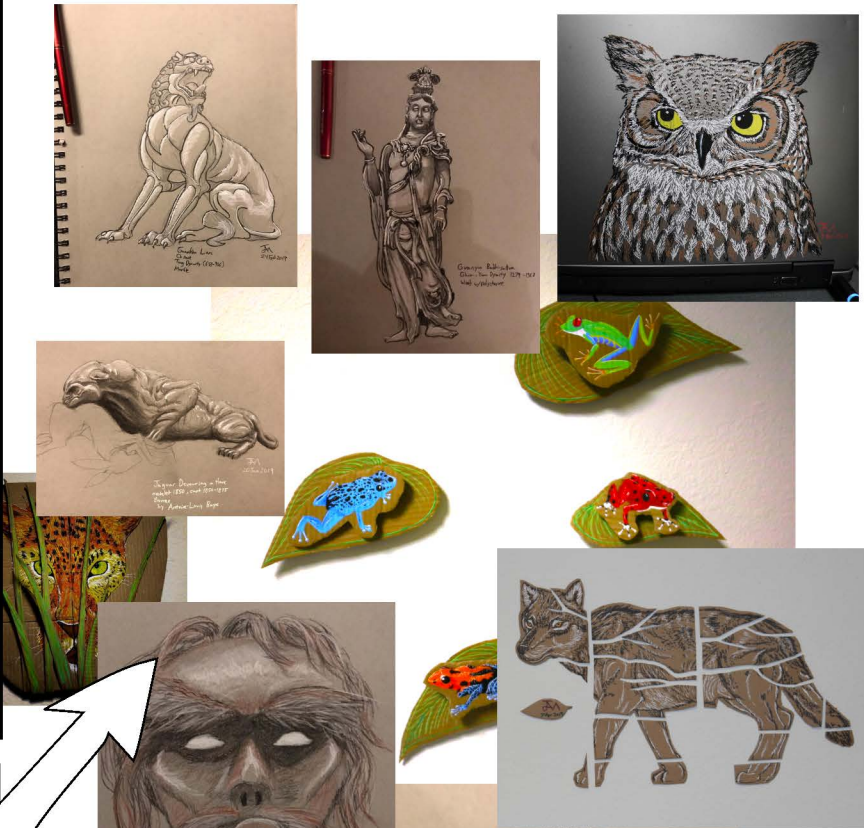


I did so many arts in Arkansas!

You can peruse them all on my instagram page, if you want:
[instagram.com/selcht](https://www.instagram.com/selcht)

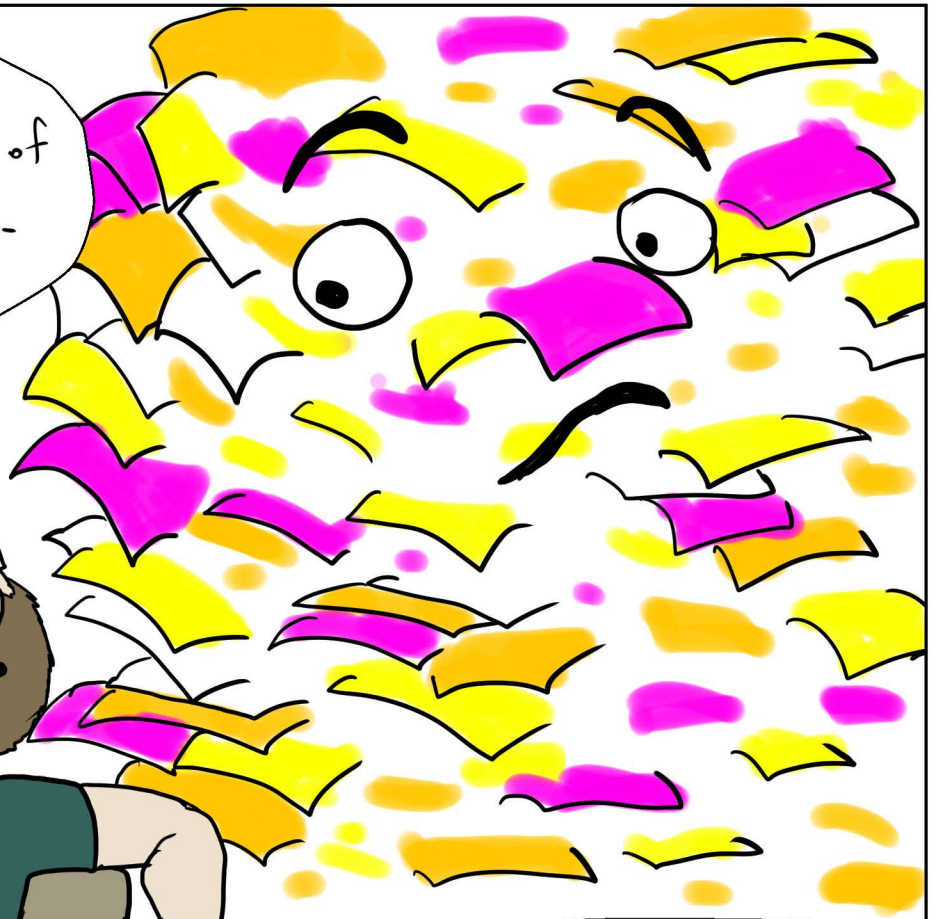
Or just go to the next page, of course.





And while **Mount Debt** from **The Month of Disasters** (Jan.) is an ever-looming presence...

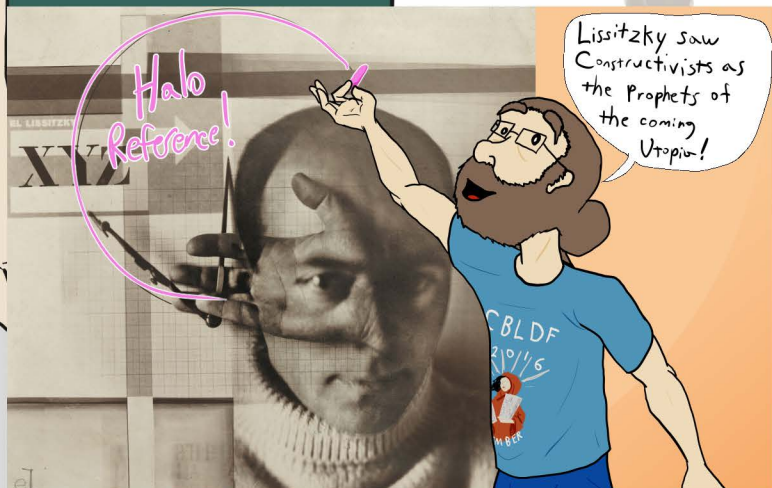
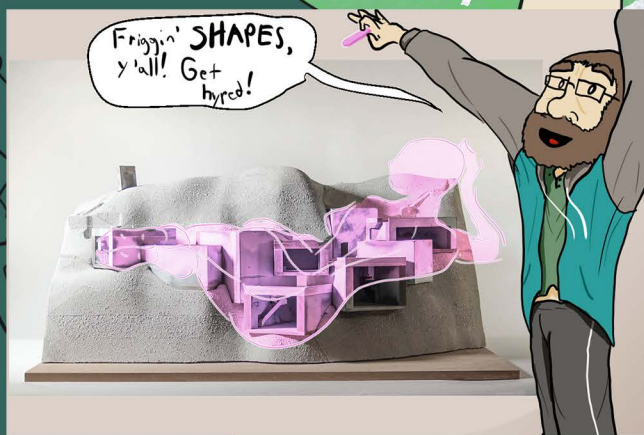
And constant source of stress, of course...



On the bright-ish side, the brutal realities of fiscal ruination have required me to take fewer classes! So I was able to dedicate many hours in my 3D modeling class to making this beauty!



I've also amused myself by doodling things to use in my mandatory school discussions. I've even doodled some tutorials for the University library.





Huh. Maybe I haven't been as artistically derelict as I think I have.



One of my professors said her dept. might wanna hire me to do some stuff. Haven't heard from them, tho.



Aaaaaaanyways...



Thinking about the future is weird.

July doodles!

You have
record-setting freak
weather all across
the face of this
tiny world...

You've got the
Ogallala Aquifer
being so over-tapped
we know it would
take thousands of
years to refill...

And all leaders
seem to differ on is
how quickly we
should destroy
ourselves.



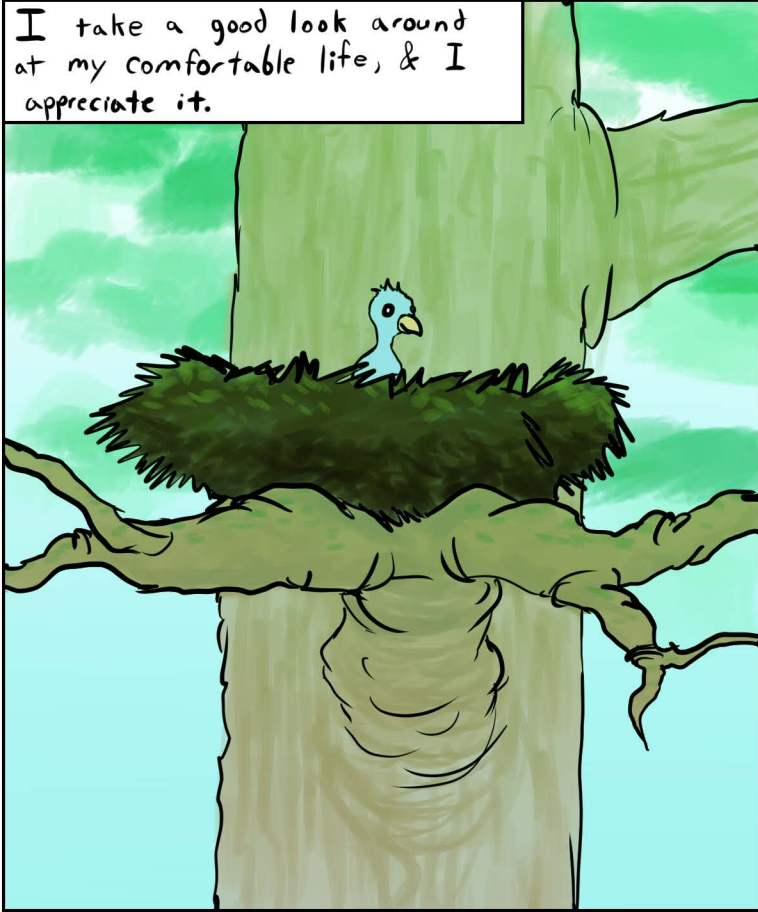
And of course as you get older, you have the spectre of illness ruining you, regardless of how carefully you try to navigate the byzantine halls of "insurance."

Practicality dictates to hang onto what you've got:
Stay put.

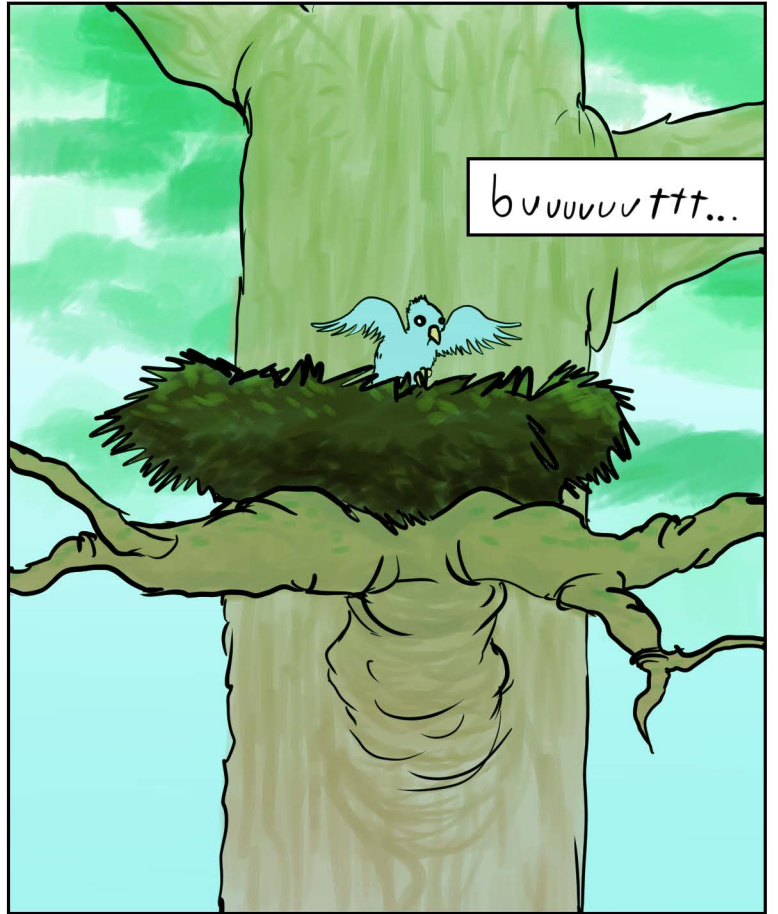


August doodles!

I take a good look around at my comfortable life, & I appreciate it.



buuuuuuutt...



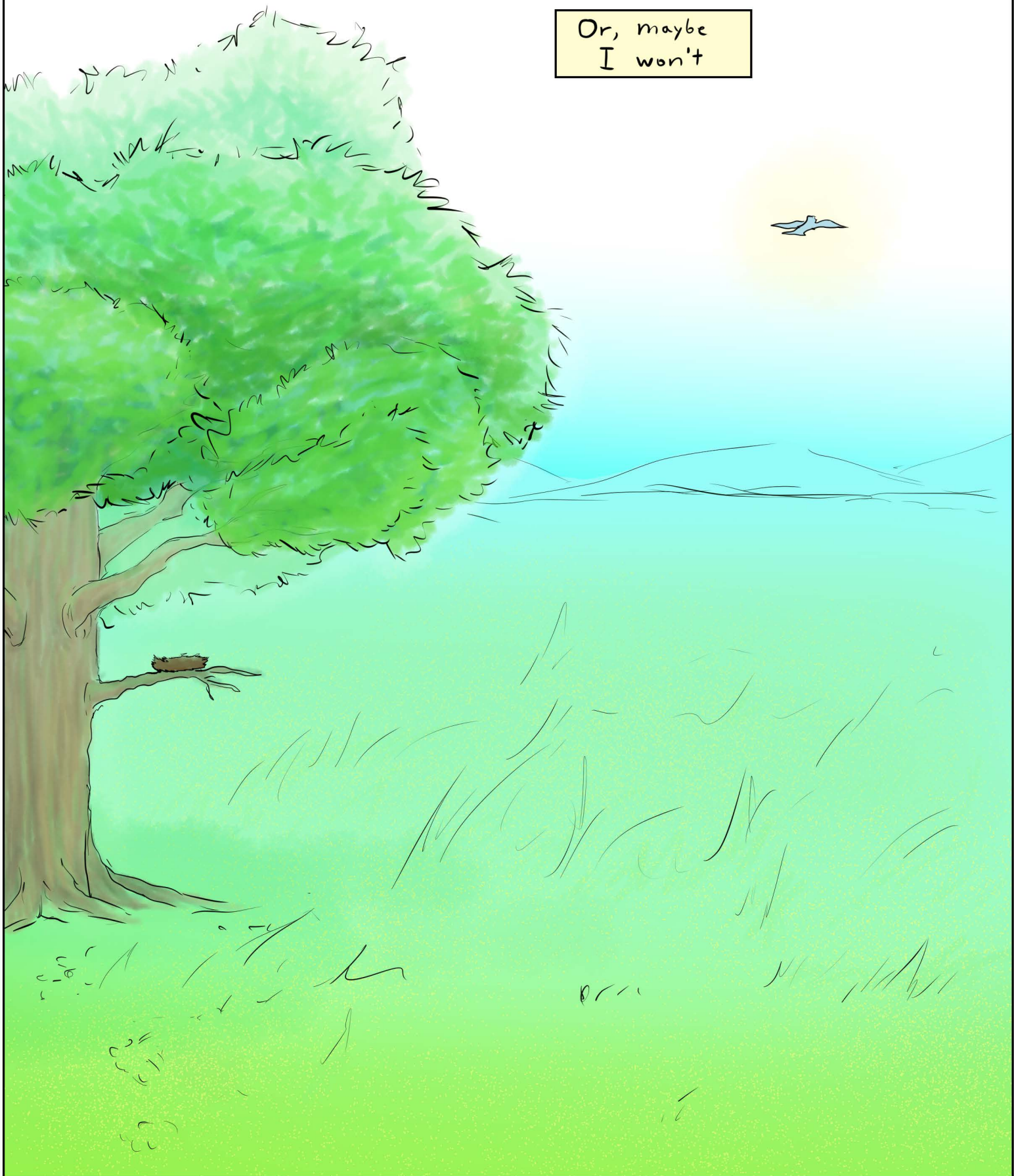
I've had this deep restlessness for so many years: I know I need to change.

September scribbles!



Maybe that means I screw up royally & fall.

Or, maybe
I won't



Or maybe I'll do everything right & the dumb luck that runs 80% of life will drop a meteorite on my head.



I shaved off my lazy man's beard, by the way.

Evidently that's where I've been storing the last 25 years, because I look like a baby.



Obviously I'm not leaping suicidally into my half-formed plans for big changes.



Obviously I'm in no huge rush to give up the do-nothing job that's paying my tuition bills.



And I know full-well any career in the arts will be less money.



Hence my engaging in a rather slow climb down from the plateau of material success I've found myself on.



It's very important to self-sabotage responsibly!



There are plenty of ways
this could go wrong.

But I've never been one
to allow plans & good sense
stand in the way of opportunity.

Especially opportunity to screw
up.

The way I reckon it,
the same reasons not to
change work as reasons
to change.



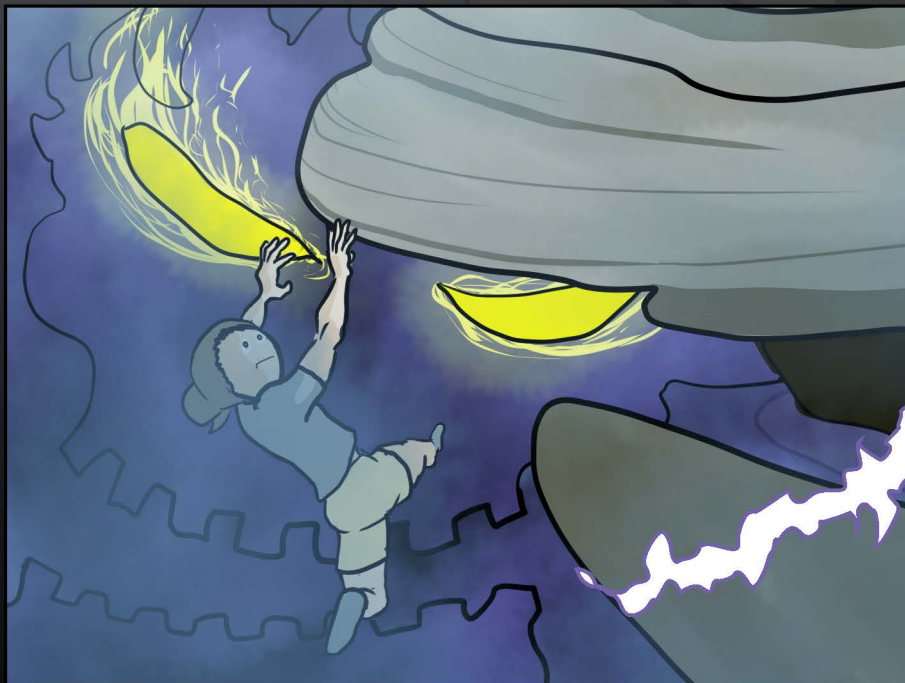
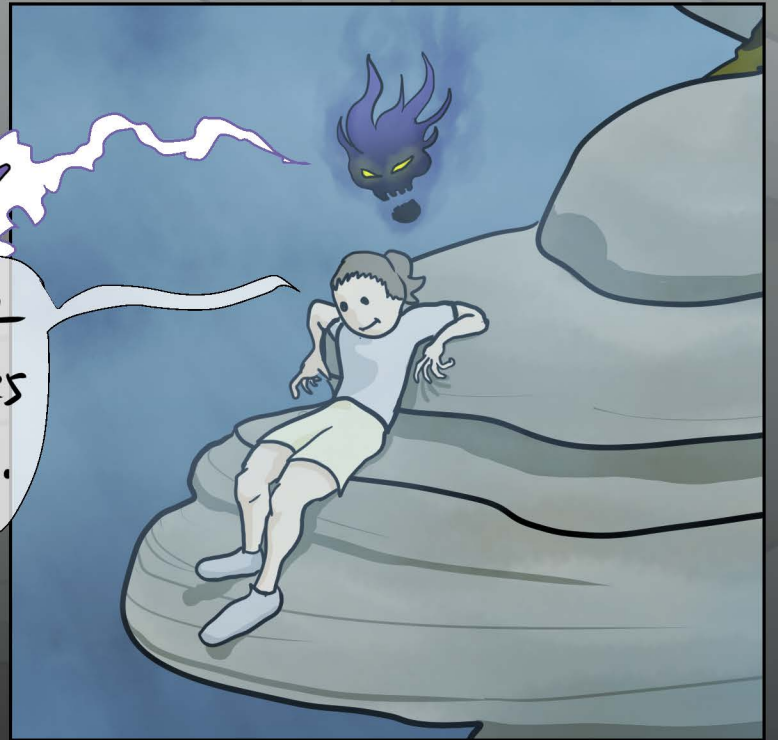


You're nearly 40..

All the more reason to start focusing my energy on what I care about.

You have it so easy

And too much comfort saps my spirit; it makes me become lazier & stupider.



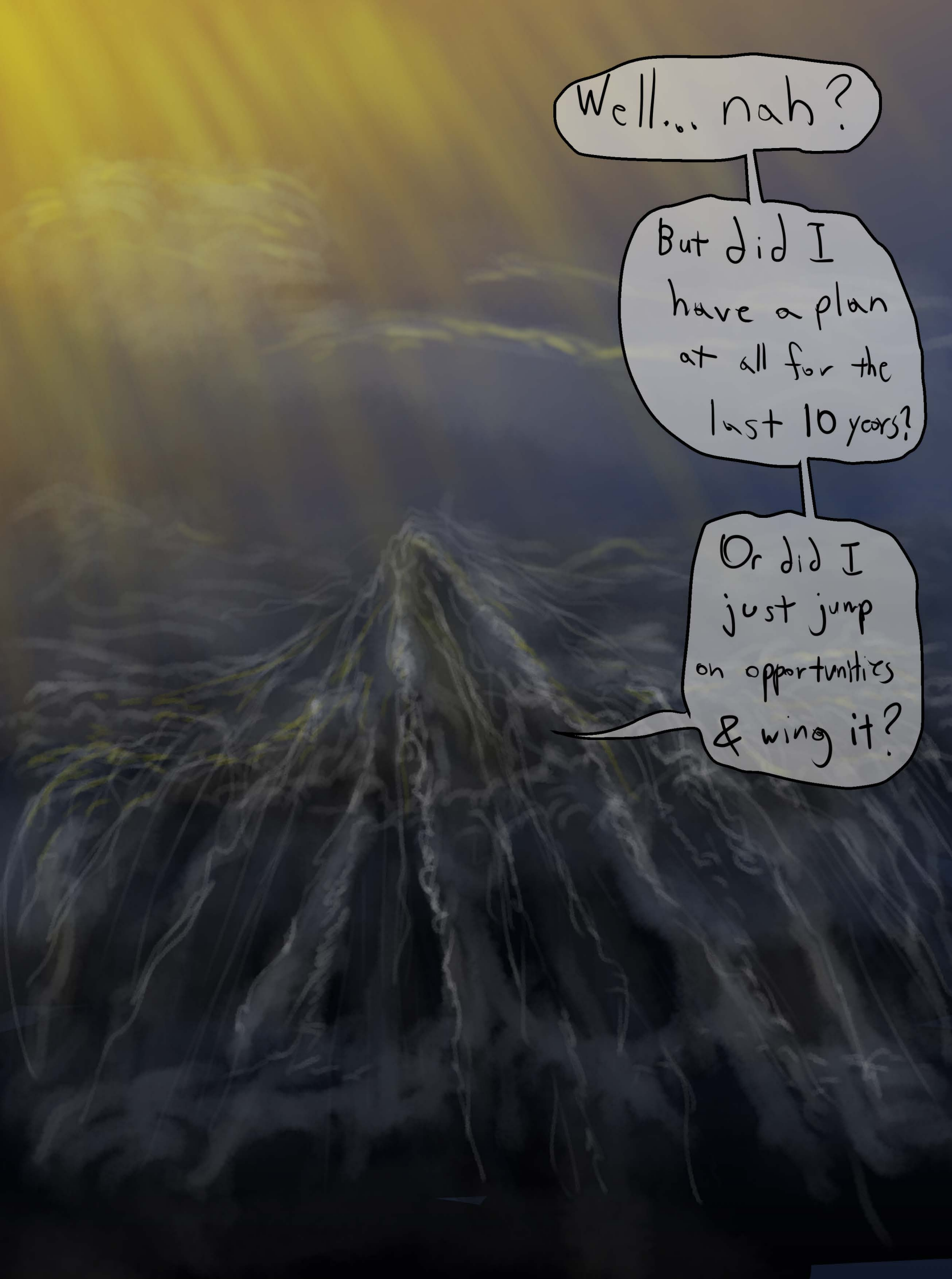
... and...
When you
FAIL?

How much money are you spending on this degree? What if it goes nowhere? How many of your big ideas have you ever even finished? What sense does it make to risk so much of what you have on such a bad bet? No one values the arts; it's just a passing fancy. You have so much to lose & so little to gain. Who are you, anyway? Do you have any idea how many people out there would love to have what you have? How can you be so ungrateful? The only reason you even have what you have is other people carried you. What makes you think all the sudden you're good enough when so many better people have failed? What foolish hope could be so self-destructive? Why can't you just, for once in your life, just be content with where you are & what you're doing? What gives you the right to be so dissatisfied?

Do you even have a plan?

When was the last time you actually liked what you made?


When was the last time you actually liked what you made?



Well... nah?

But did I
have a plan
at all for the
last 10 years?

Or did I
just jump
on opportunities
& wing it?



And maybe what
I stand to lose
doesn't matter
so much.

Being paralyzed
by indecision due
to the unknown is
a trap.

No one can
know what's
coming.

Maybe one good
turn deserves another.

It's astonishing to me, how we organize the richest society on earth around anxious desperation & marketing. It's like the whole thing exists to get you to move money in order to feel better.



You work at something you don't care about, so you can have money to buy things to feel better.

So instead of having time for what you care about, you just have stuff.

Most of the people I interact with at work wouldn't be there if they weren't tied to a bunch of financial boat-anchors.

And I look at my life: big house, lots of stuff, & I just see more work for something I don't care about.



But stuff has an inertia to it. It's like you're the possession, not the objects. It's a trap.



Sorry for how this light-hearted Christmas missive turned into therapy.

Hup!



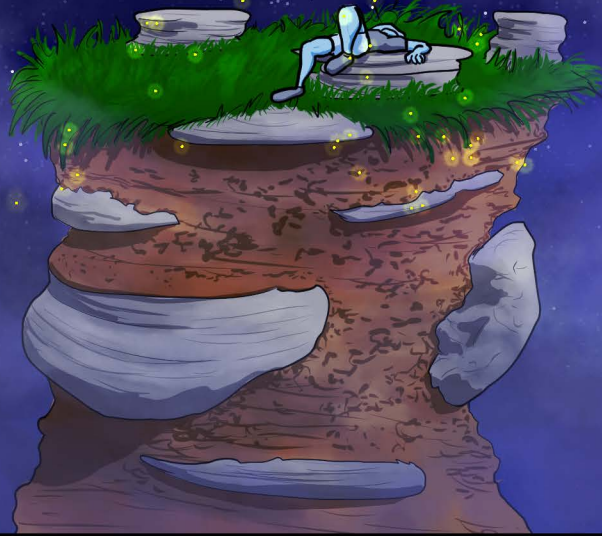
I did say this was going to track my year, after all.



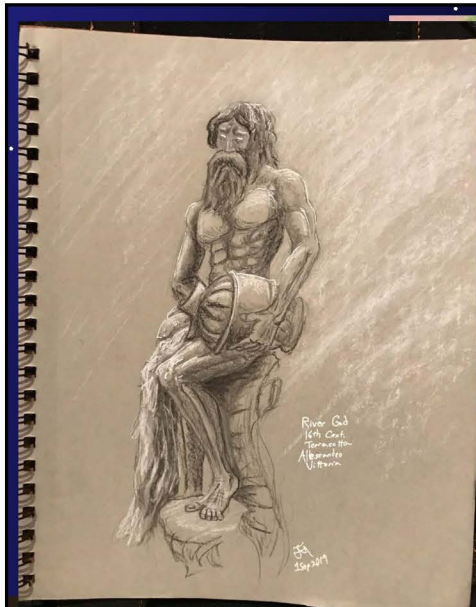
I've had an emotional couple weeks. I decided to not use videos or podcasts to fill my time & entertain me, so I've had to listen to my thoughts & use the time I'd been losing, unaccounted-for.



The last 13 or so pages of this super-fun comic happened in the past ten days!

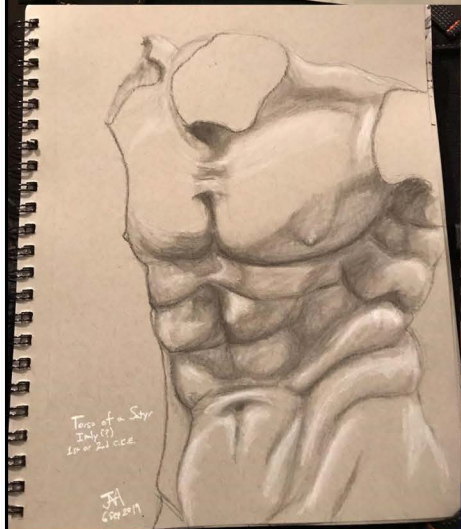


Also, all of these doodles.



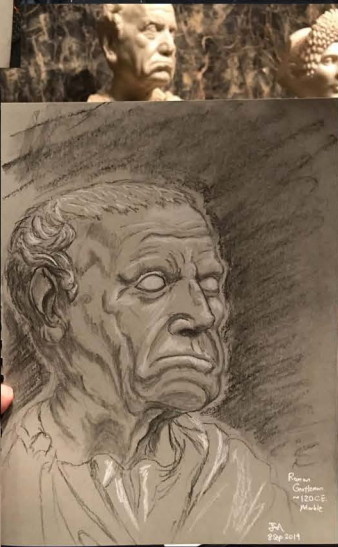
River God
16th Cent
Thomas St
Allegretto
1570-1600

JFA
25/9/2017



Trice of a Sky
July 03
1st & 2nd ced

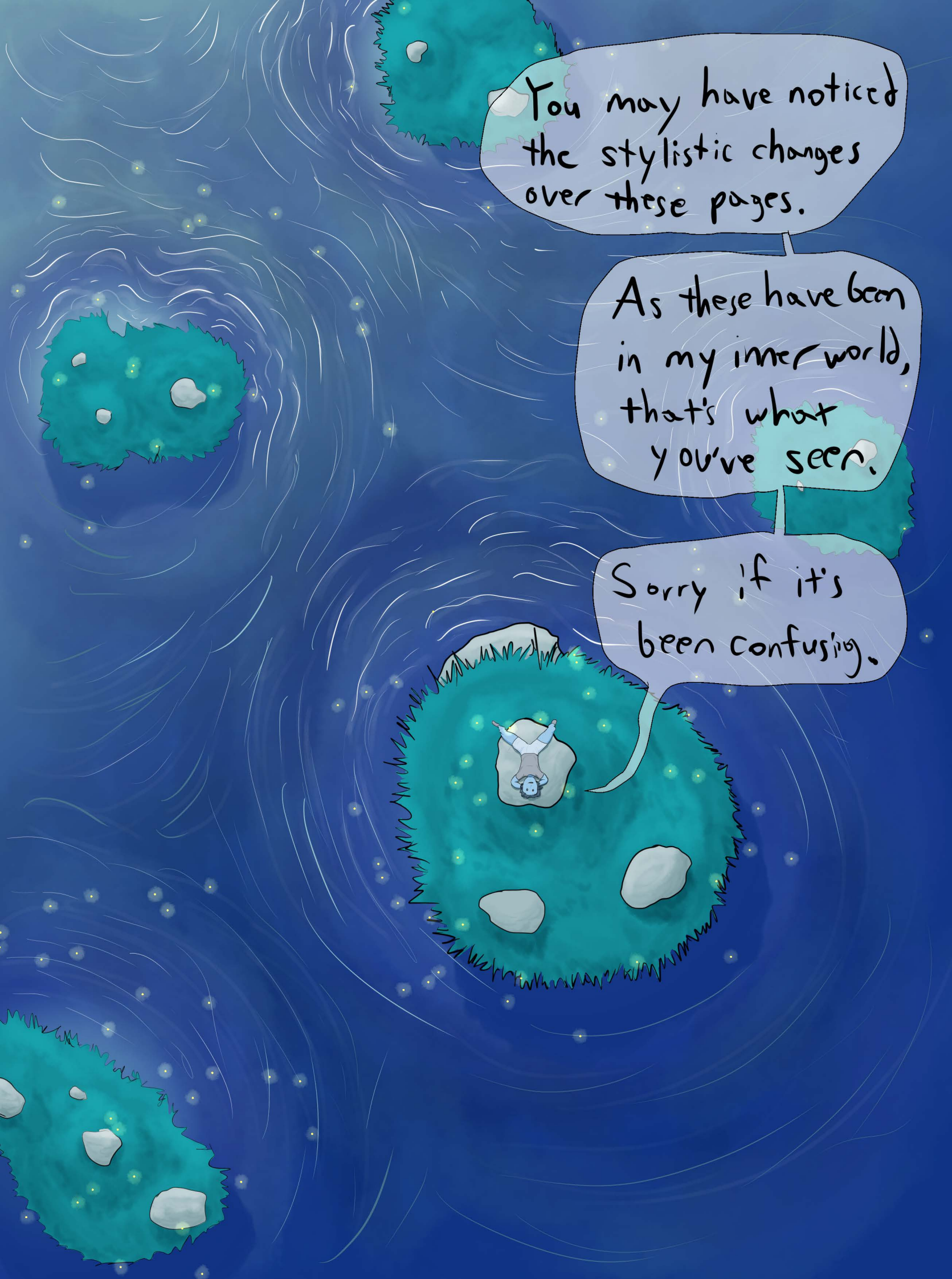
JFA
6/9/2017



Roman
Garden
1200CE
Muller

JFA
2/9/2017






You may have noticed
the stylistic changes
over these pages.

As these have been
in my inner world,
that's what
you've seen.

Sorry if it's
been confusing.



Doing this little comic
as a sort-of journal
all year, & flipping
back through it today,
has been rather
illuminating.

In fact, this little survey of life & desires takes on a feeling of inevitability.



It's pretty obvious that all year I've looked for something to feel a passion for.



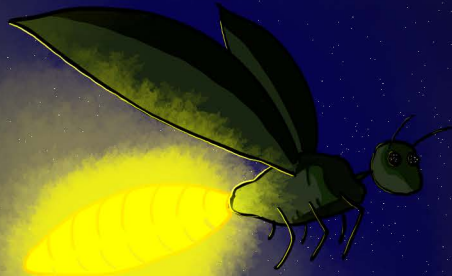
A bunch of projects with tangible results.

Maybe I'd find it in my 4.0 GPA.

I thought I might find it fixing up my house.



Somewhat-aimlessly fluttering from one outlet for the desire to make things to another.



But what changed this year, made it different from similarly-aimless years prior?

I reckon it must've been the financial massacre which hit from January through February.



It's easy to overlook how much I work to pay for what I don't care about when it's little by little, over the span of years.



But when you're forced to give up everything but essentials because of sudden debt, you think: why do I care about any of this?

For what?





Doodled in Sep 2014

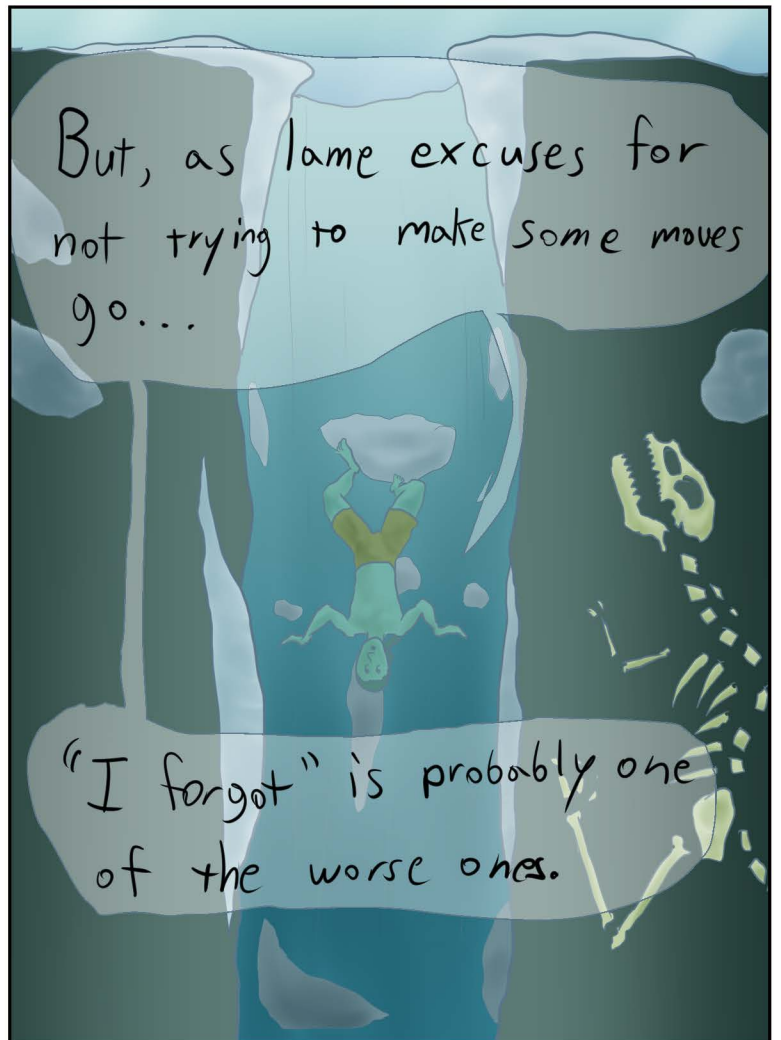
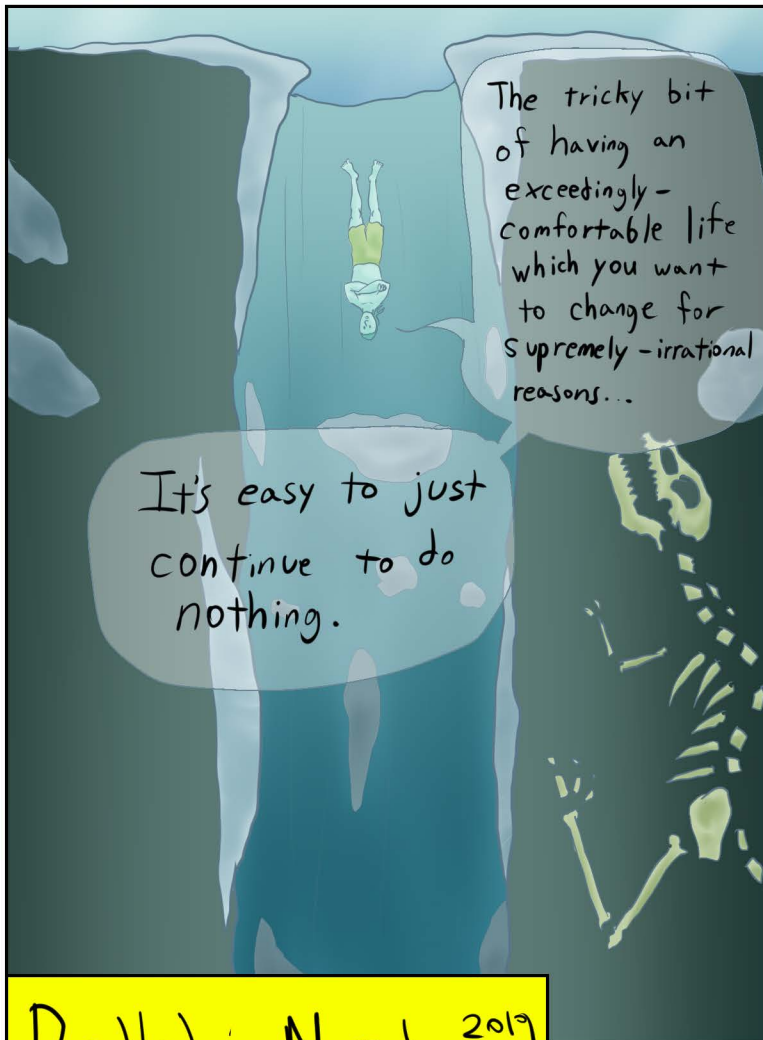
So, I reckon it's
time to make some
changes.

Stop eating my own
tail.

Waste less time on
what I think should
matter...

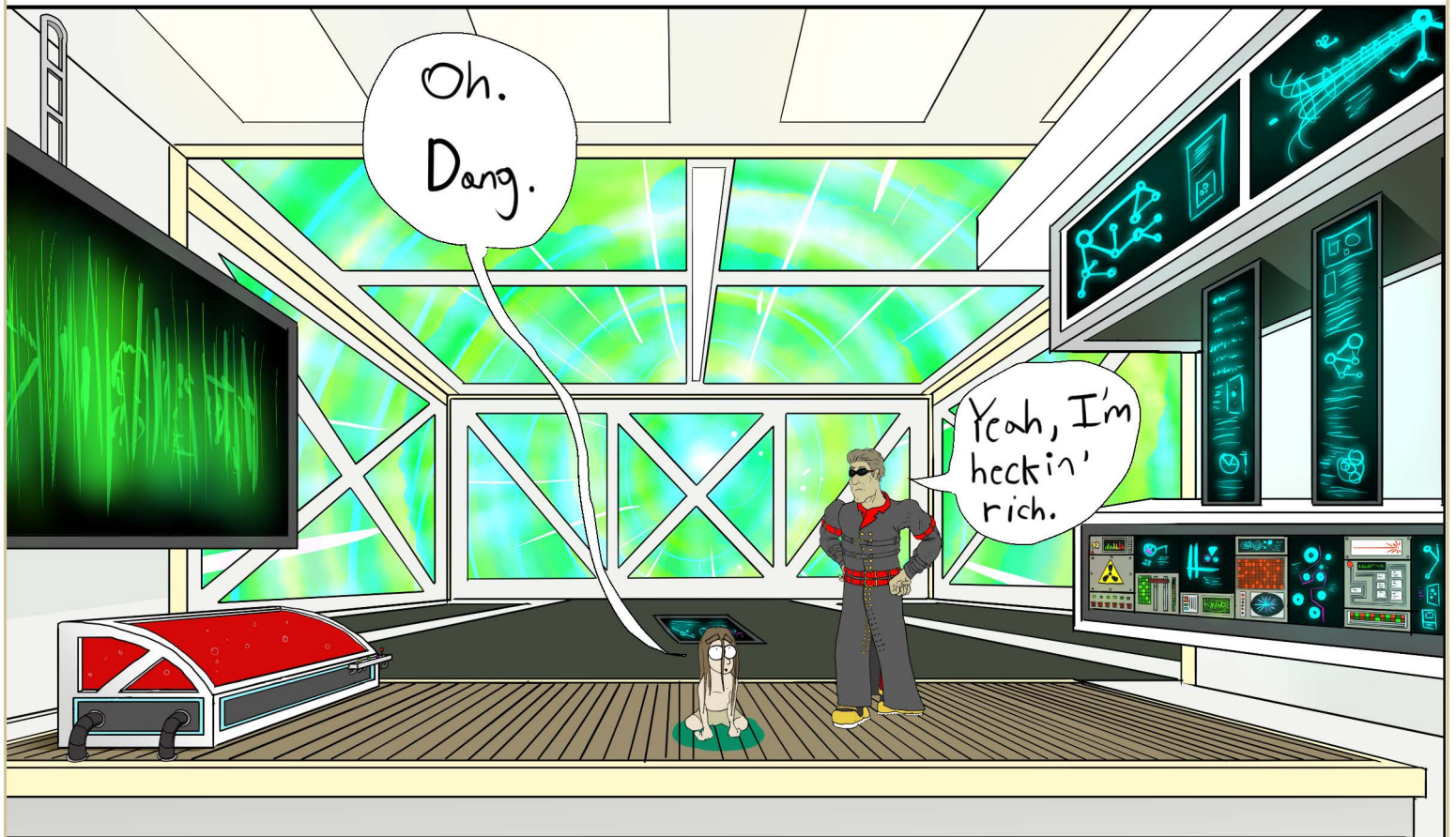
And focus more
on what does,
for now.

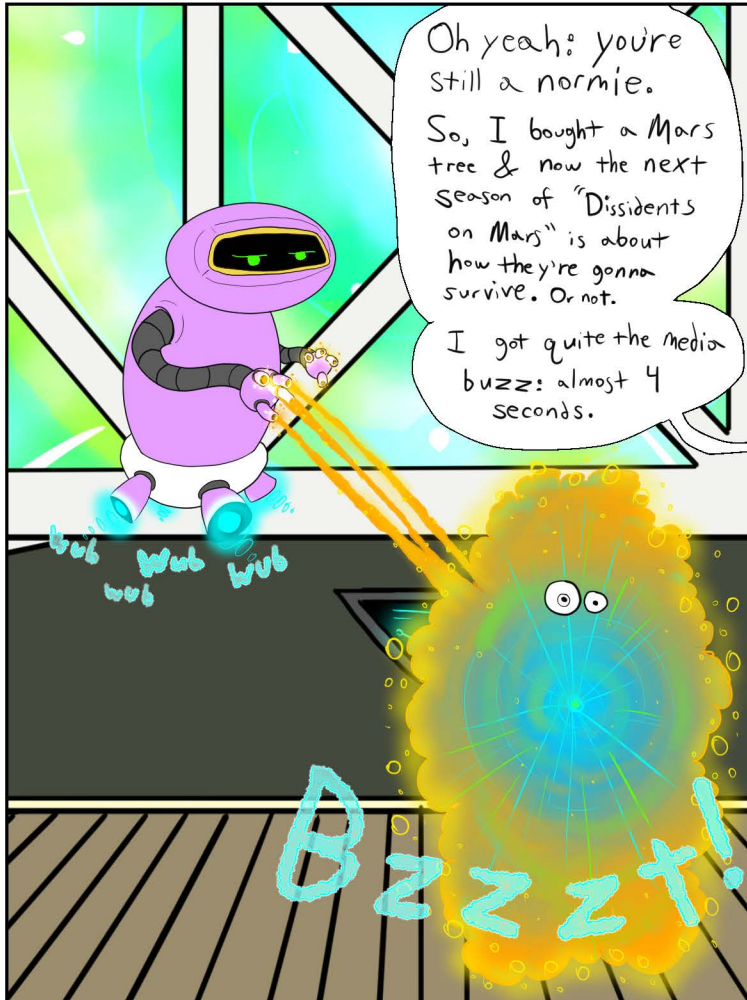
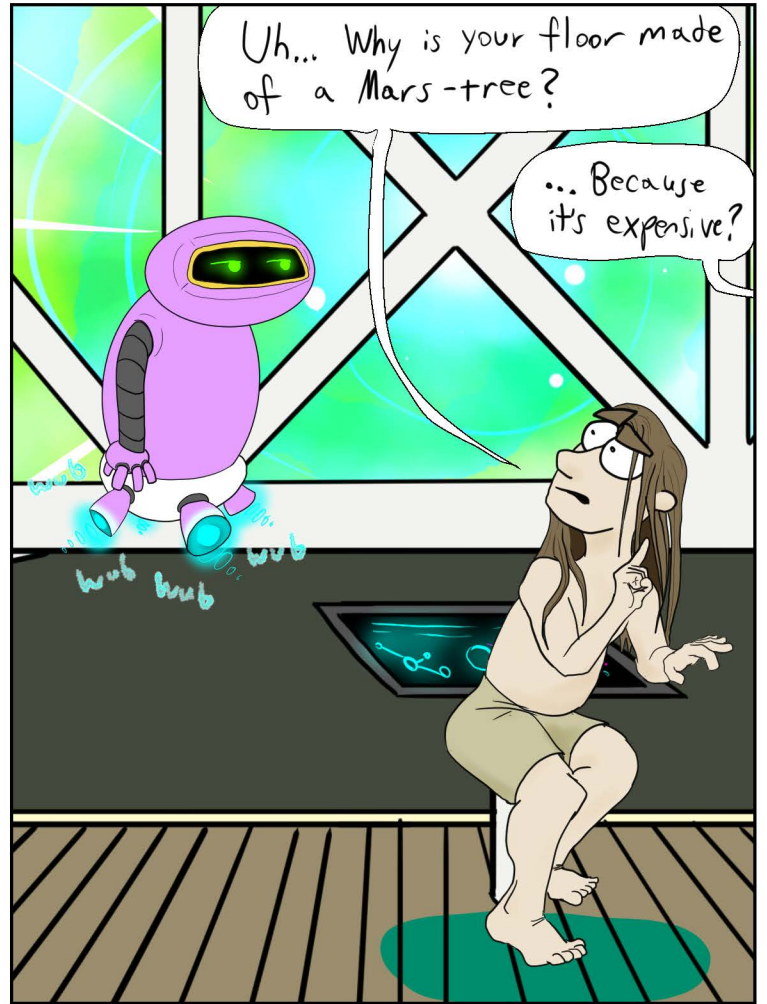


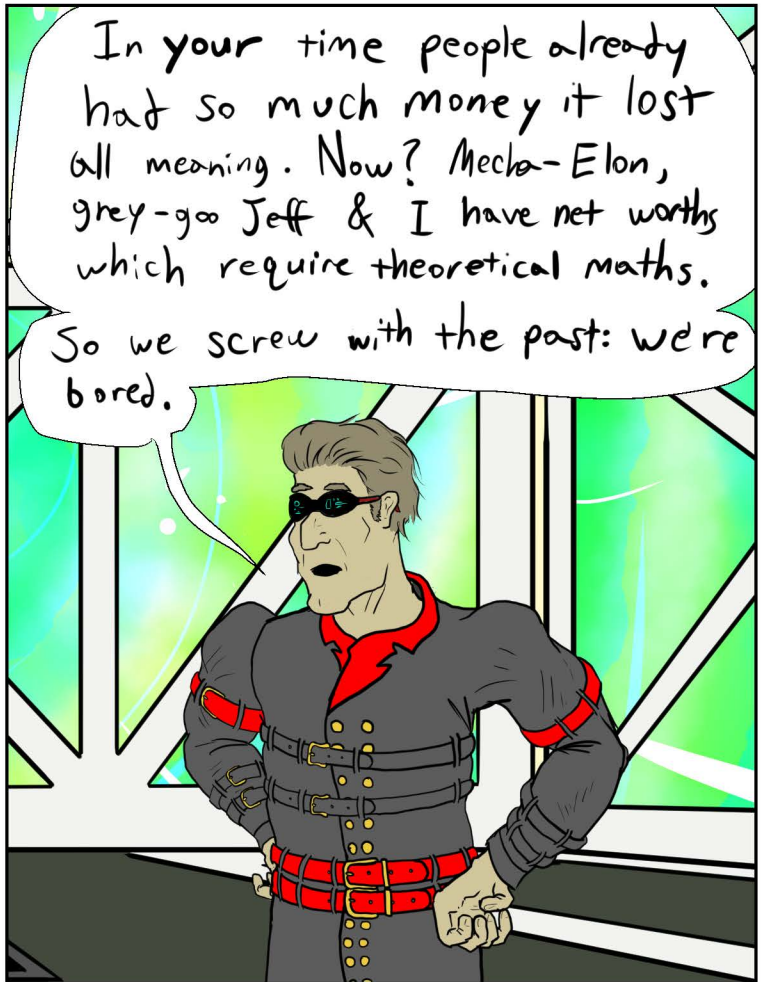
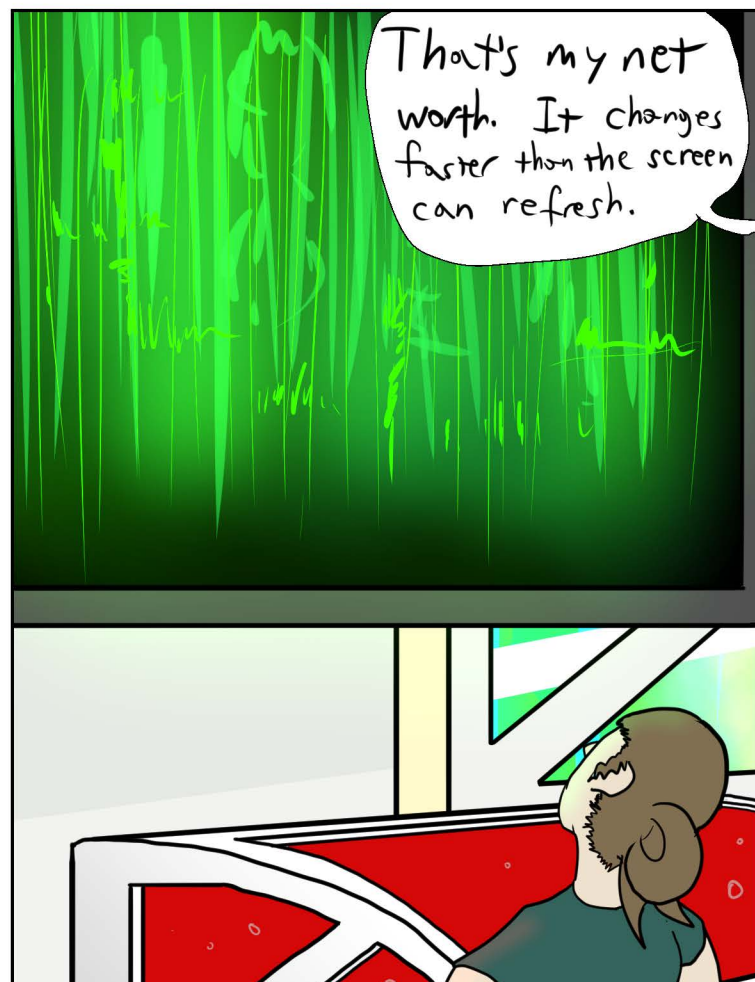


Doodled in November, 2019





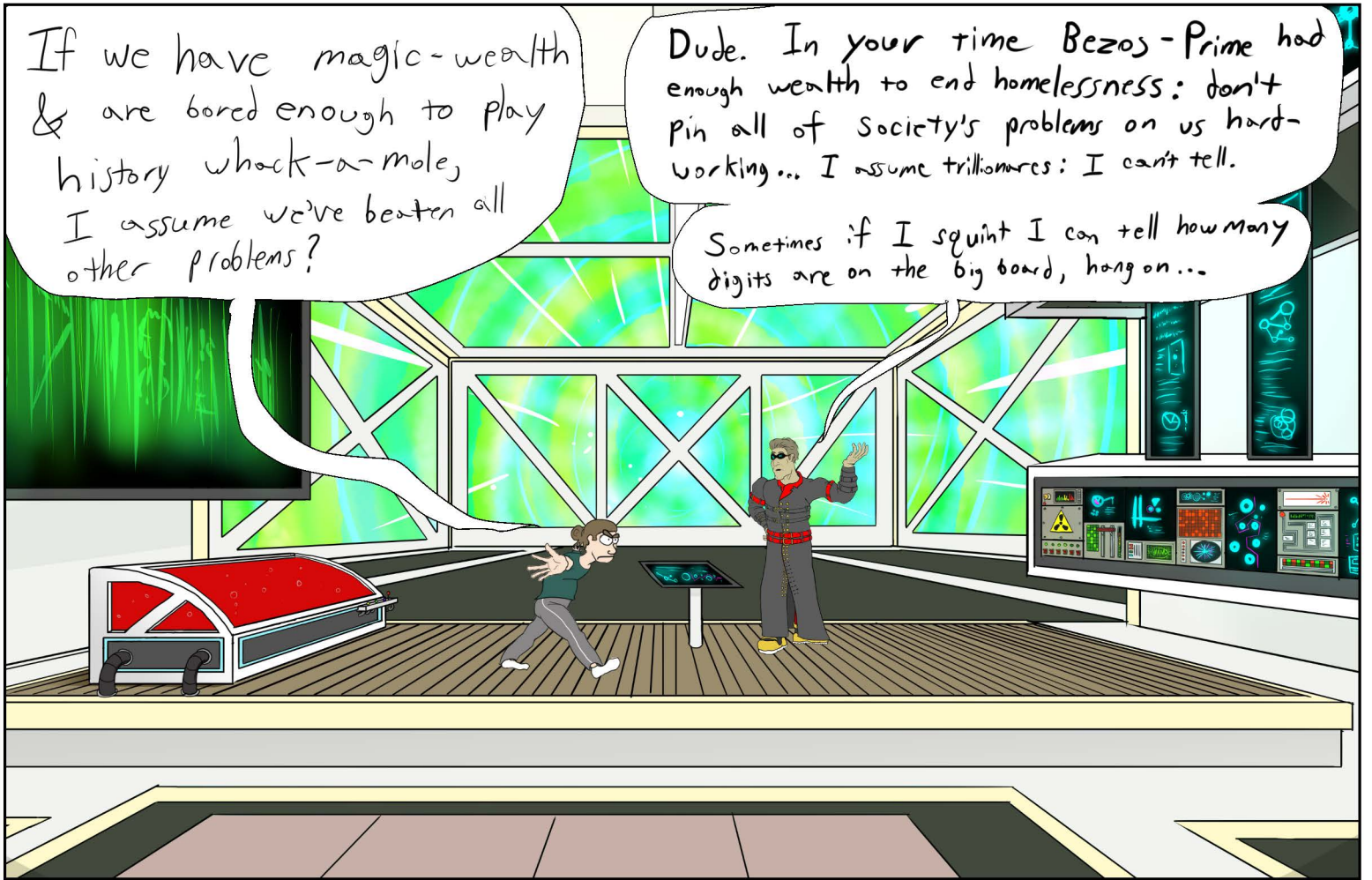




If we have magic-wealth & are bored enough to play history whack-a-mole, I assume we've beaten all other problems?

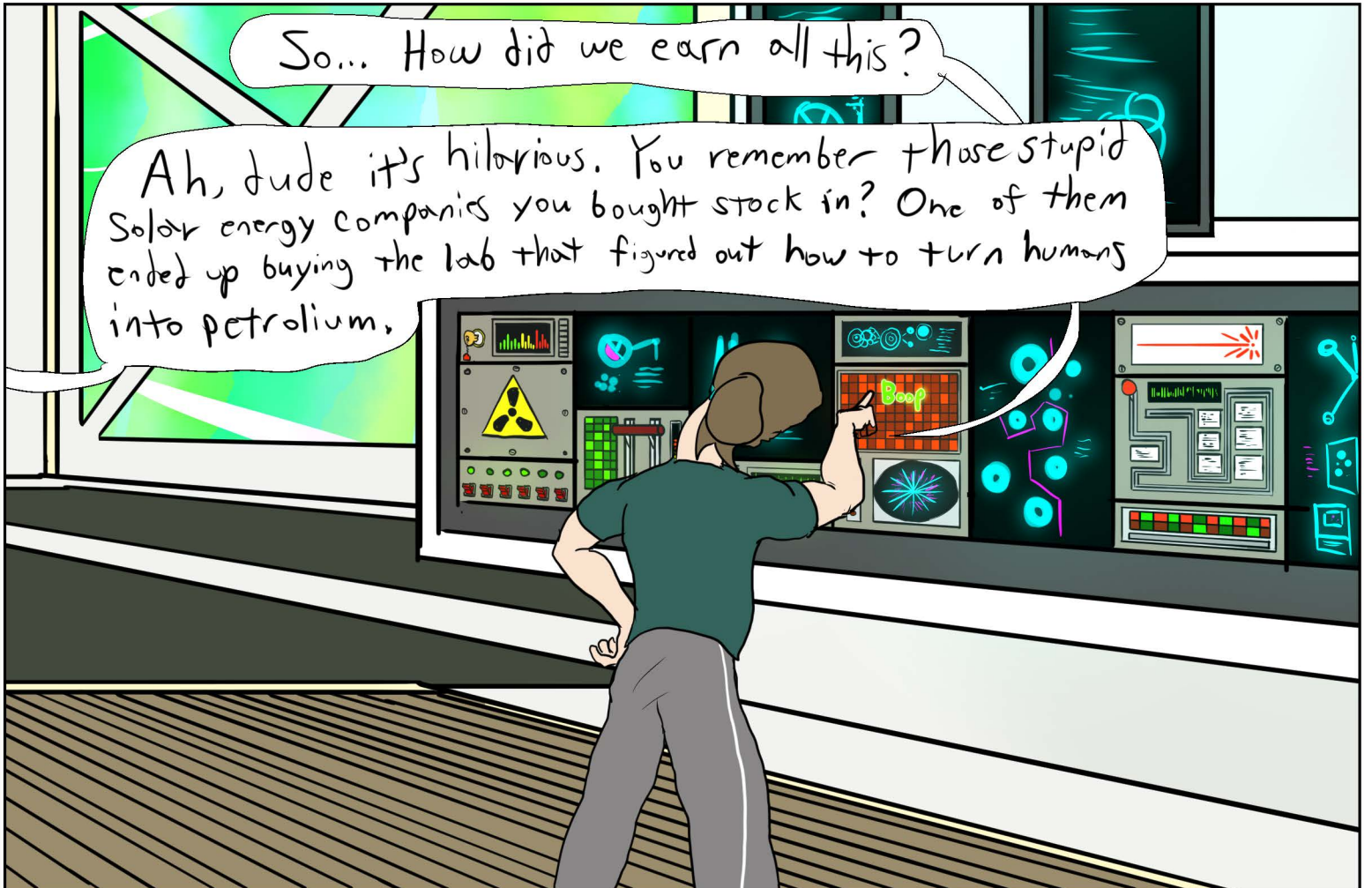
Dude. In your time Bezos-Prime had enough wealth to end homelessness: don't pin all of society's problems on us hard-working... I assume trillionaires: I can't tell.

Sometimes if I squint I can tell how many digits are on the big board, hang on...



So... How did we earn all this?

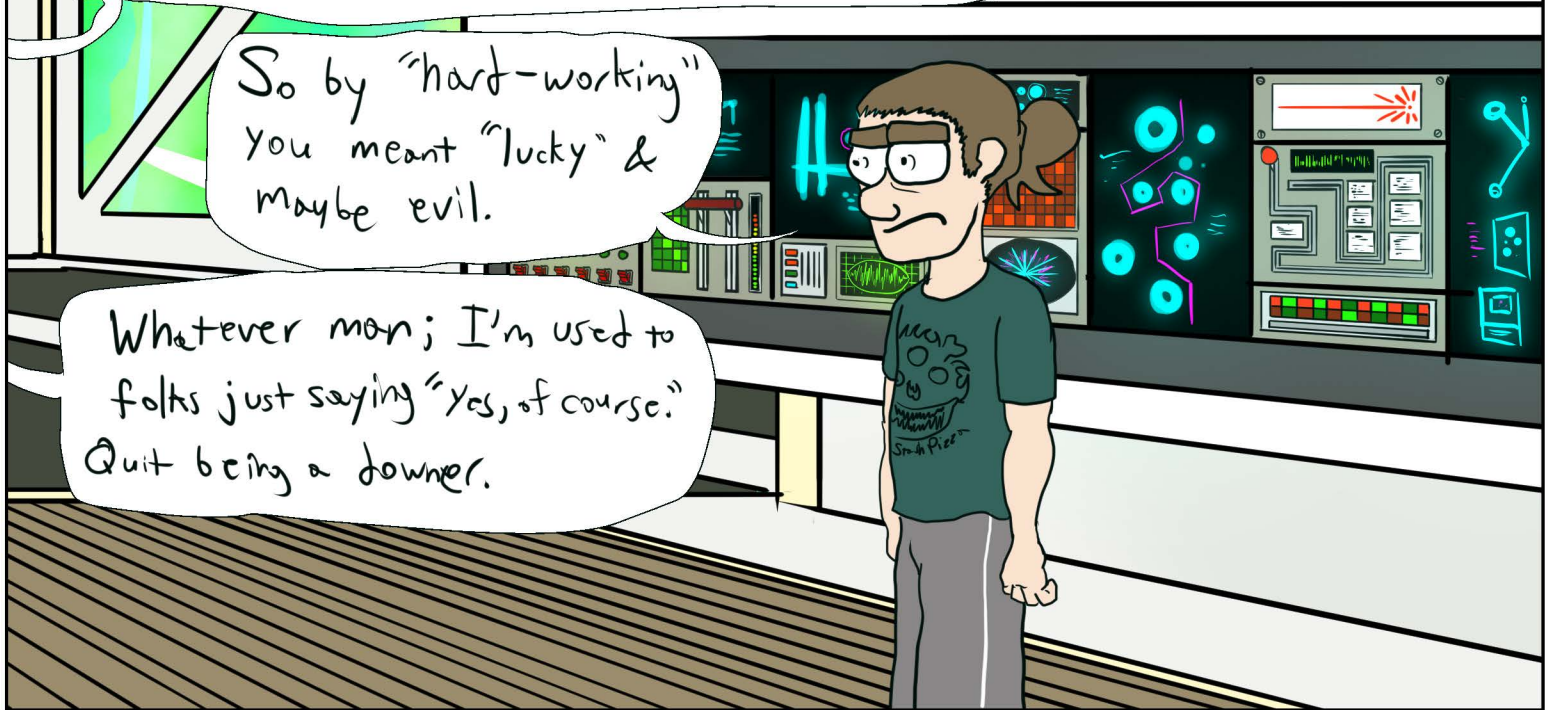
Ah, dude it's hilarious. You remember those stupid solar energy companies you bought stock in? One of them ended up buying the lab that figured out how to turn humans into petroleum.



So when it came time to invade Canada for their water ("ooh, Al-Qaeda is in Canada!" hilarious.), boop! Petroleum-Canadians! We made so much bank, bro.

So by "hard-working" you meant "lucky" & maybe evil.

Whatever man; I'm used to folks just saying "yes, of course." Quit being a downer.



Hey, we're coming up on your stop. Finally. Such a buzz-kill.

Bing!



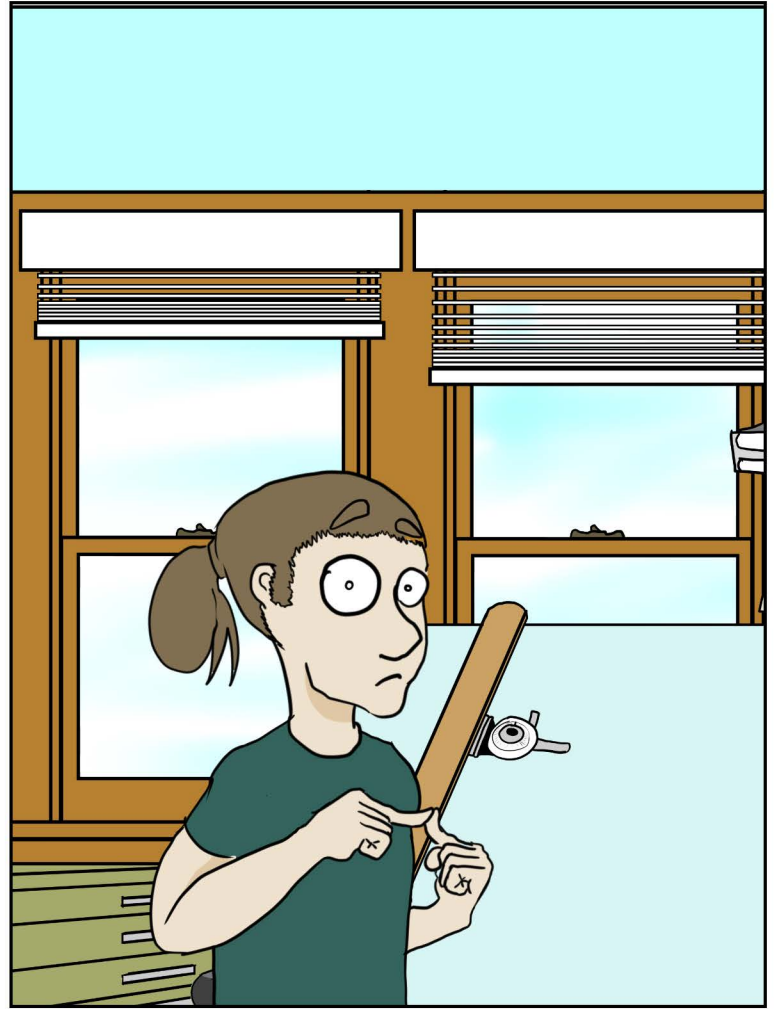
Later, dork.











Kitty news!!



Big Simon,
the Old Man,
shed this mortal
coil in November.

He seems to have
died in his sleep,
at peace, unhassled
by his hated foes:
veteranarian professionals.



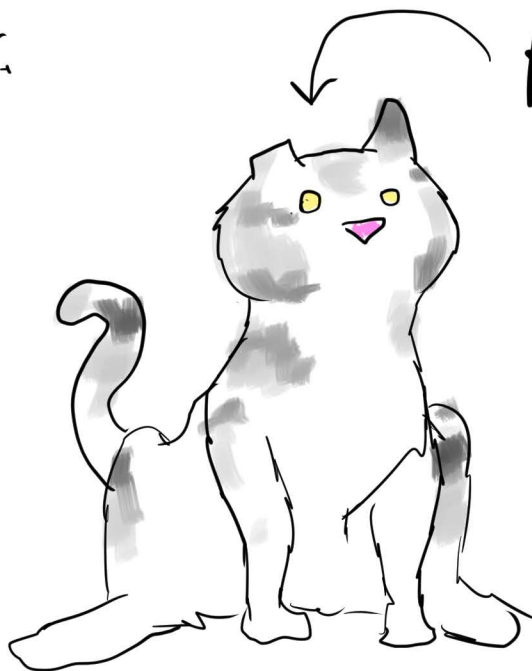
Grumbles, the
Little One/Little Boy,
still stalks the night
in search of his favored
prey: my tender
flesh or a stuffed
animal which I think
represents a weasle.

The outdoor, ex-feral crew still exist!

Rambo somehow has gotten even beefier.



He knows no Fear.



Rambo's uncle, Buddy, is still a good boy who hates having his head touched.

I saw him chase off a **DOG**.



Skitty Kitty has gone from the biggest coward to the biggest love-bug, somehow.

She wants scratches more than food.



Mount Debt
has been conquered!

Personal loan for
rewiring the house
balance? \$0.00.

Credit card balance?
\$0.00.

I'm still a full-time student
& paying tuition out of pocket.
Still got a 4.0 GPA, somehow.

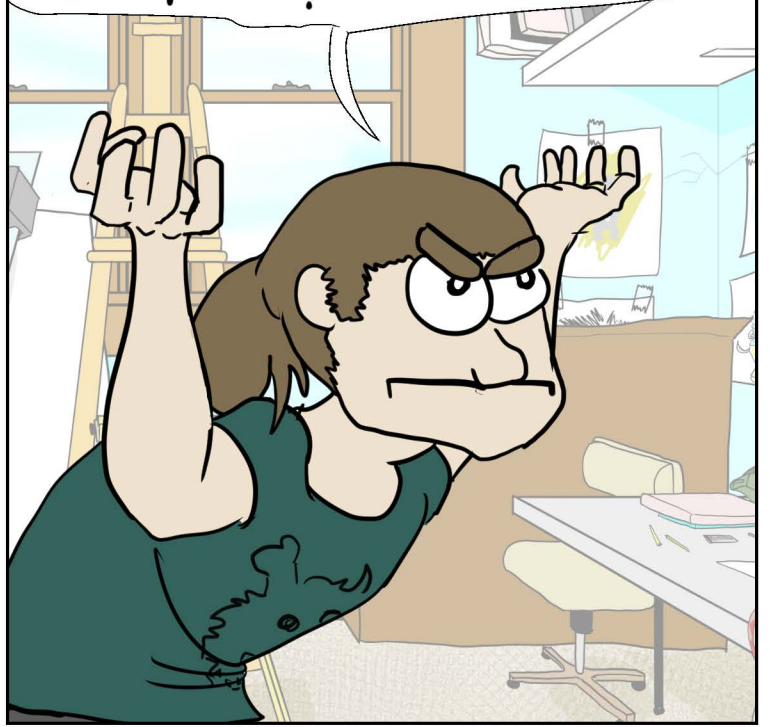


I think I
graduate in
May?

I was thinking I'd sell this house & move on, but now that mount debt is sorted & the place is so close to paid off (six years?) I think I'll keep it?



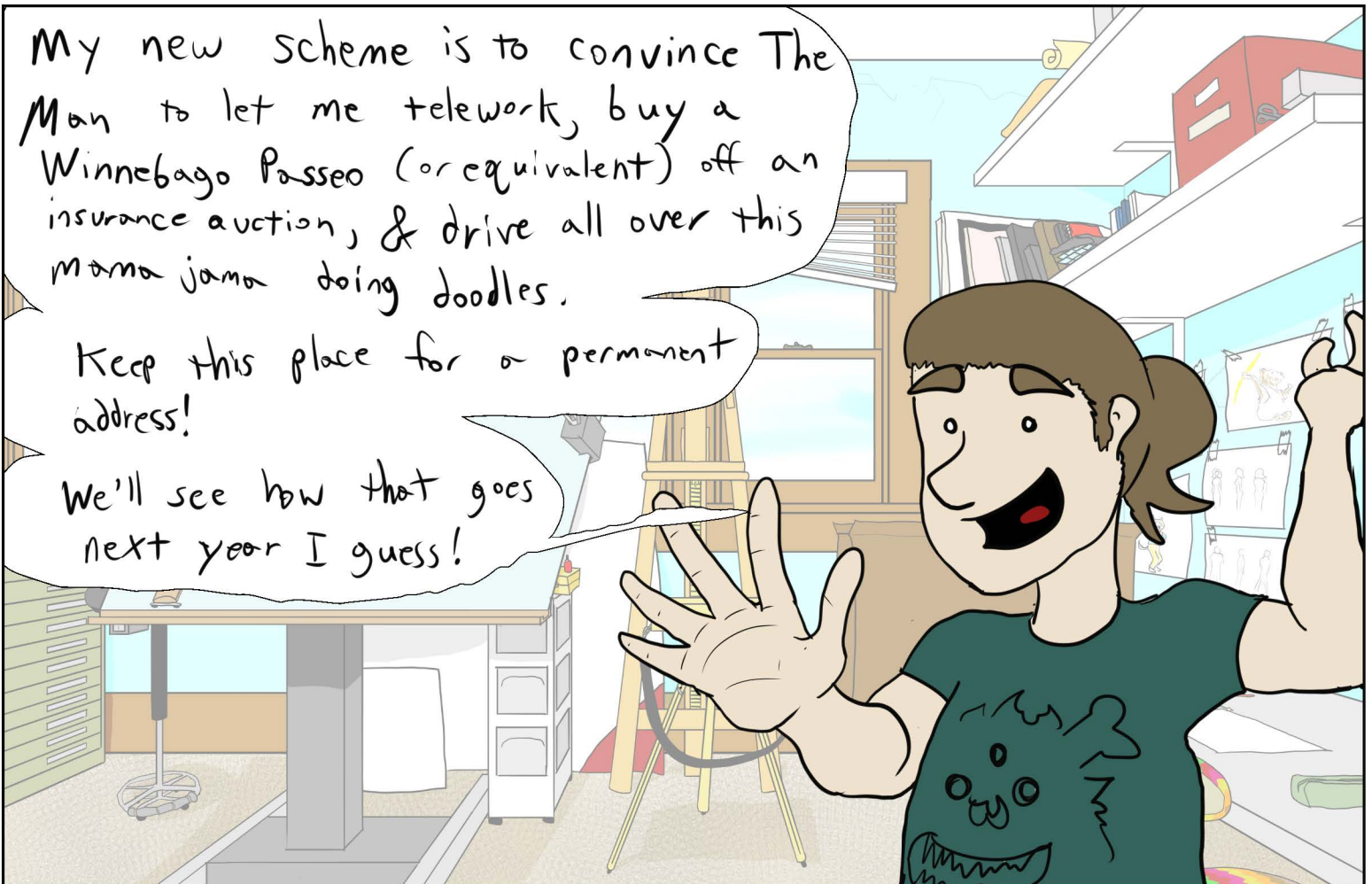
Plus I've fixed dang near everything that can go wrong with a bleeding house in this place!



My new scheme is to convince The Man to let me telework, buy a Winnebago Passero (or equivalent) off an insurance auction, & drive all over this mama jama doing doodles.

Keep this place for a permanent address!

We'll see how that goes next year I guess!

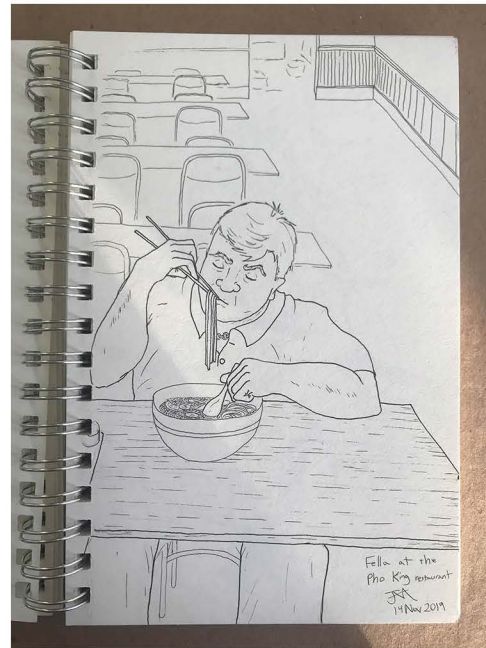
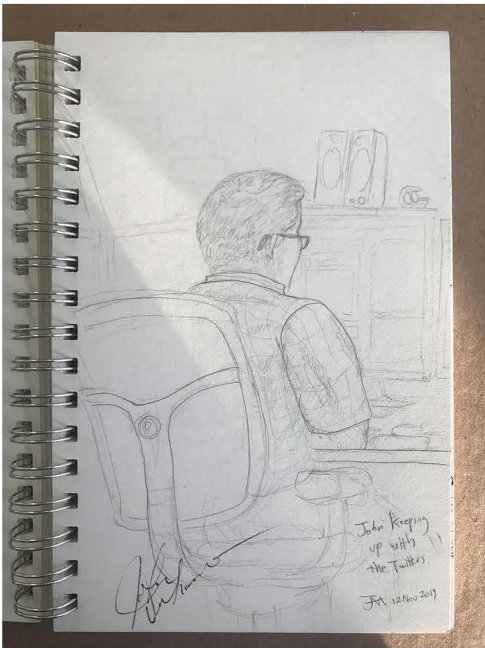
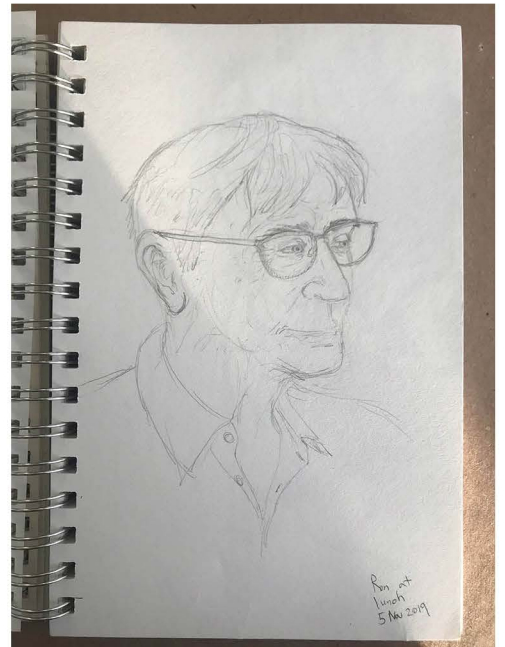


The
Following
Pages
Are
Some of
This Years
Doodles

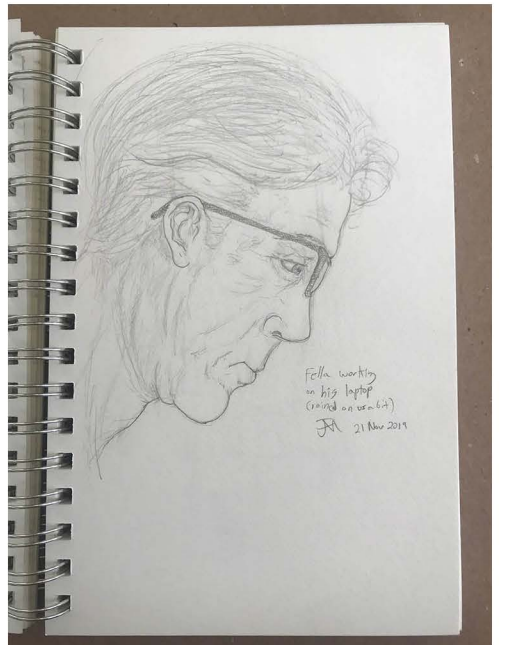
Candid
Doodles
of
K's



Sometimes, I'll
sit at the
window at the
coffee shop &
doodle strangers.



For breaks on
a work trip, I
doodled folks
out & about.



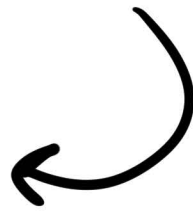
Cardboard

ARTS

On work
trips, sometimes I
doodle on trash.



I doodled this little white mouse & hid it in a work site in Minnesota.



Wolf in the woods: the first cardboard art

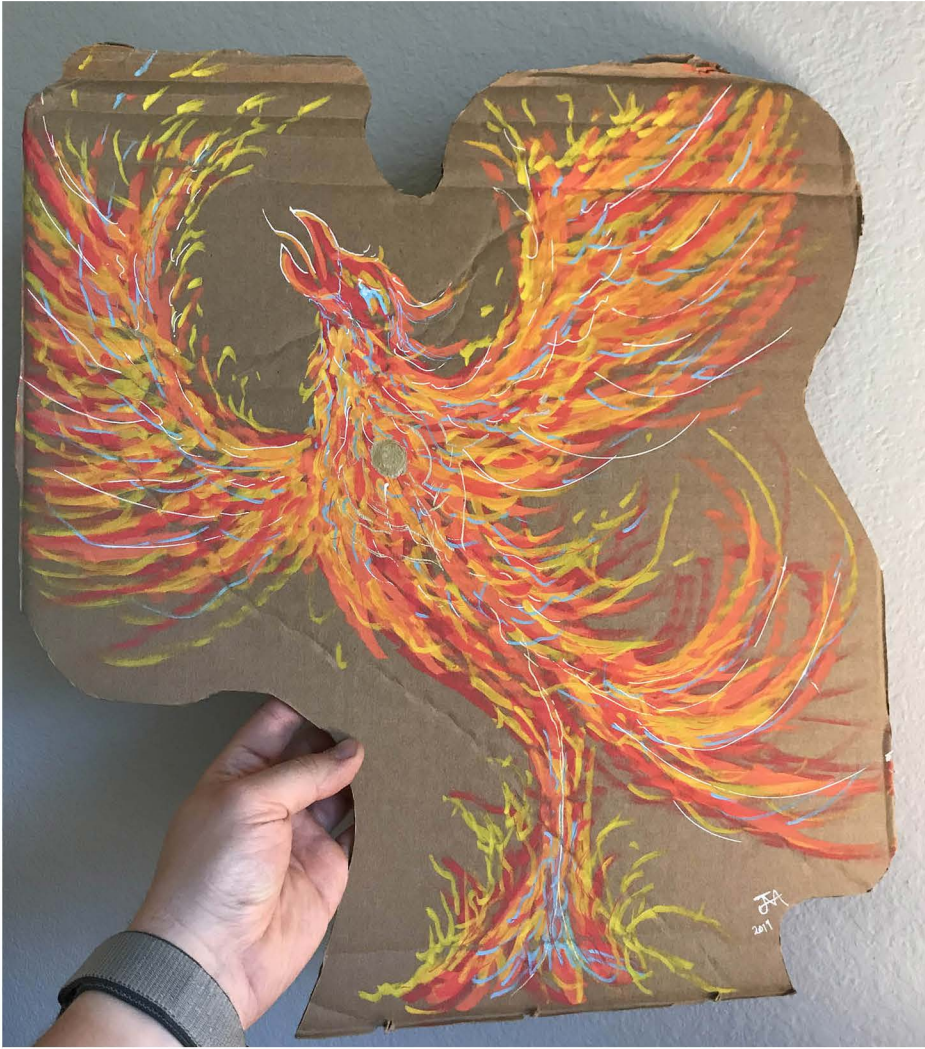


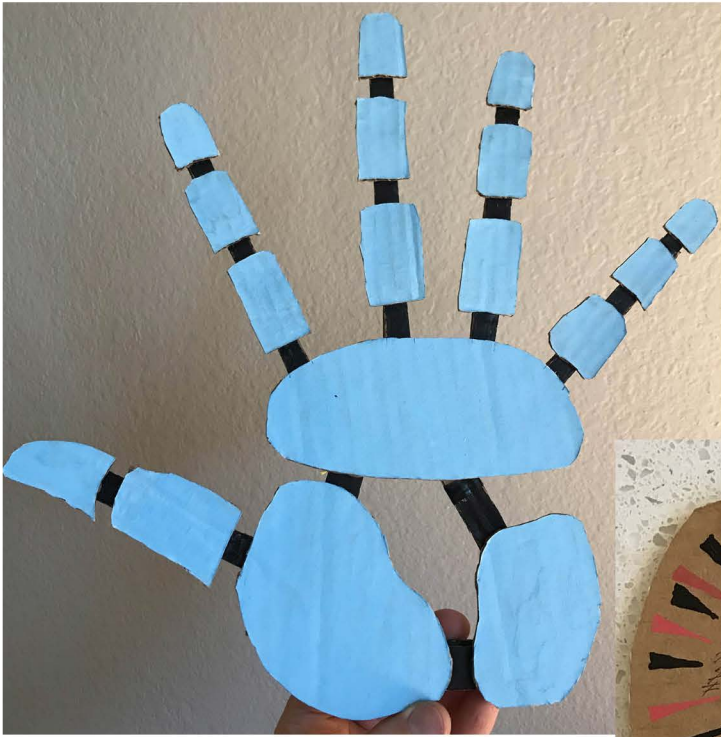
2 sides of a box at work



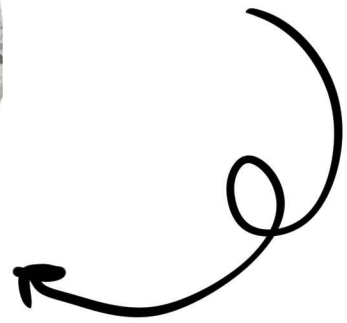
Other 2 sides of the box







This is my
favorite
cardboard
art



I Painted
on
Some
approps



Painted this
owl on one
of my work
laptops. It
was killed by
dripping
condensation.
RIP owl.



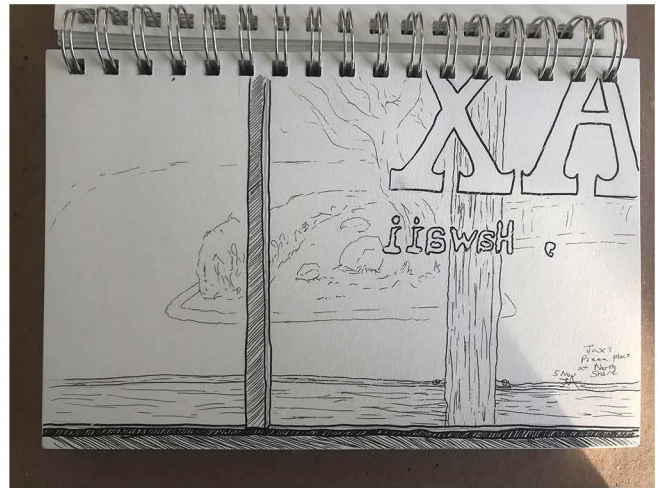
Jason's
frogs



Location

Doodles



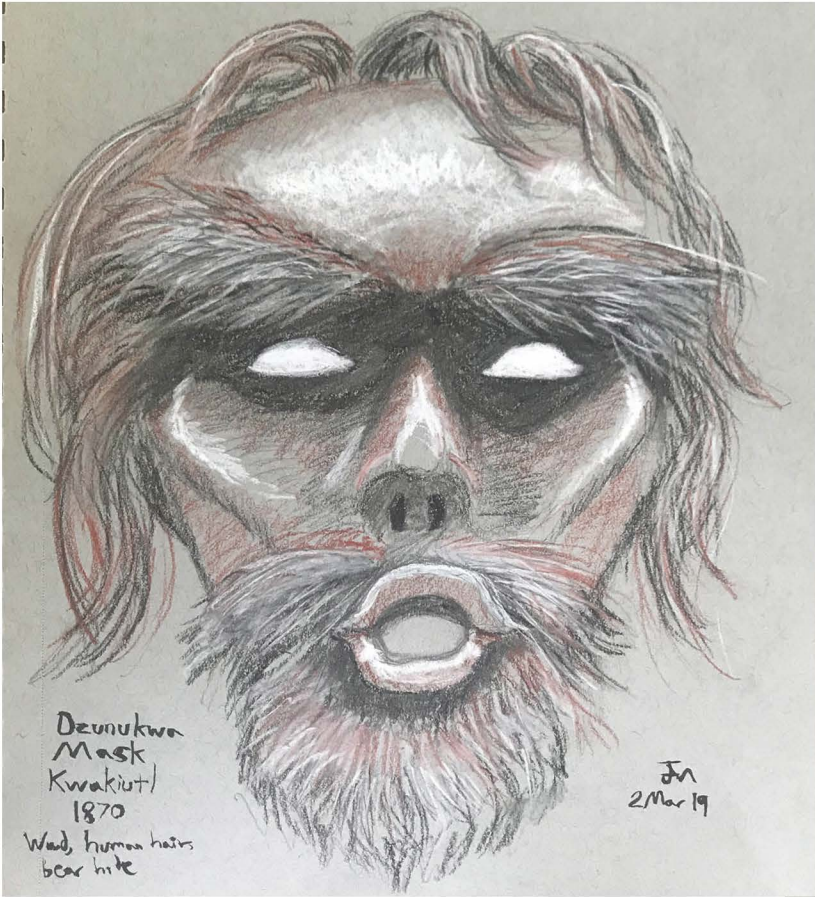


Some spots I did some doodles of. Very relaxing!

Museum Doodles

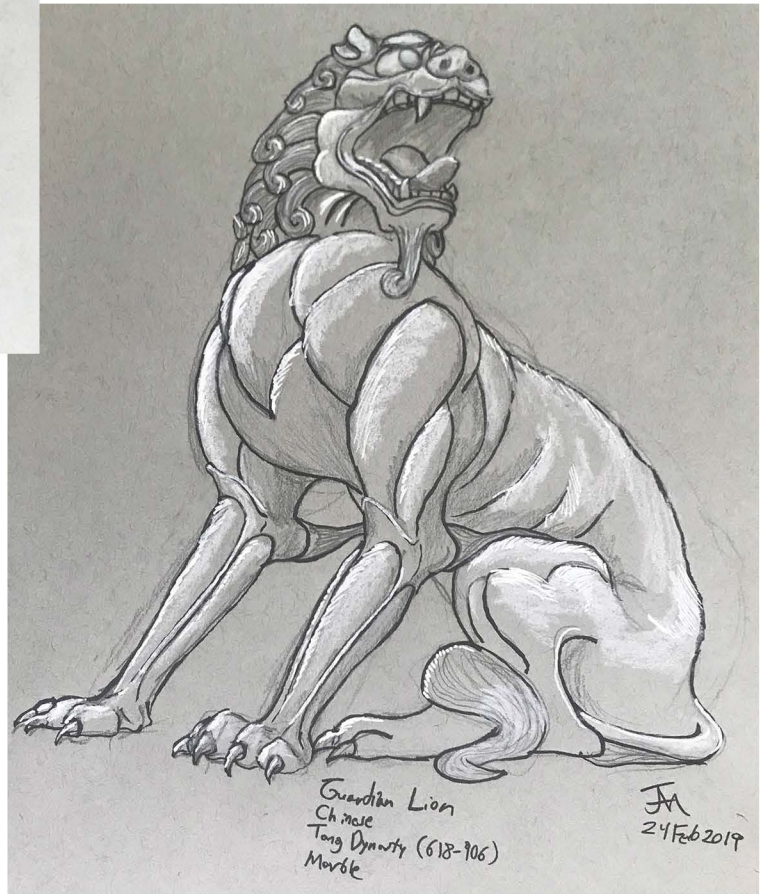
There're a lotta
these.





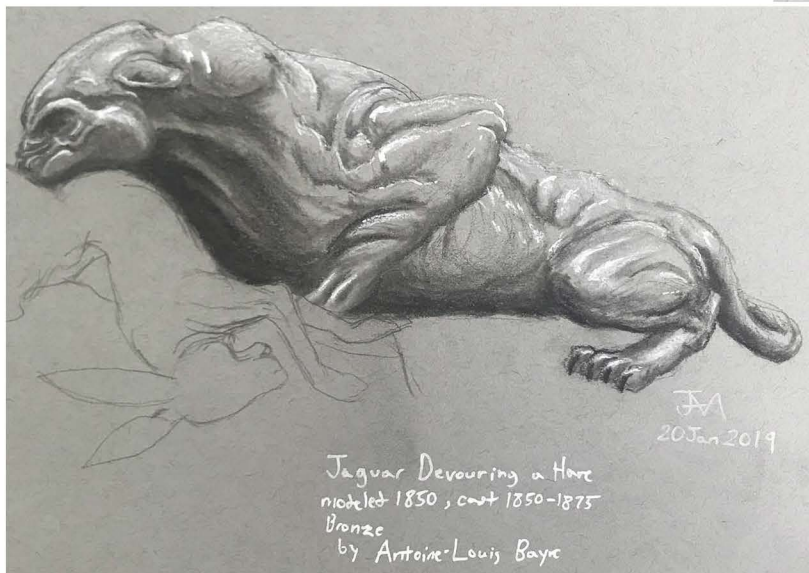
Dzunukwa
Mask
Kwakiutl
1870
Wood, human hairs
bear hide

JA
2 Mar 19



Guardian Lion
China
Tang Dynasty (618-906)
Marble

JA
24 Feb 2019



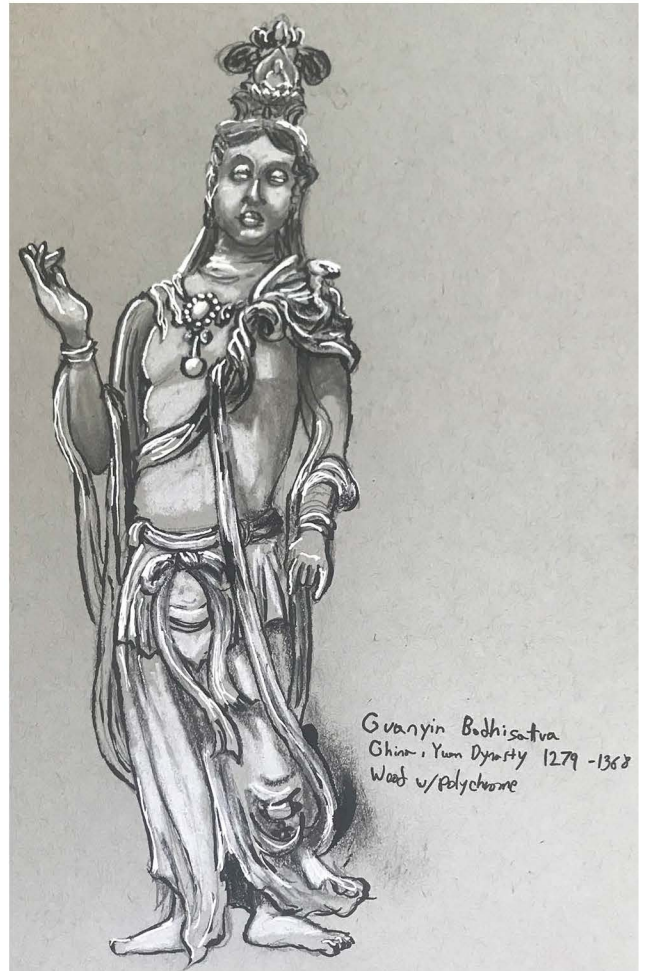
Jaguar Devouring a Hare
modeled 1850, cast 1850-1875
Bronze
by Antoine-Louis Bayre

JA
20 Jan 2019

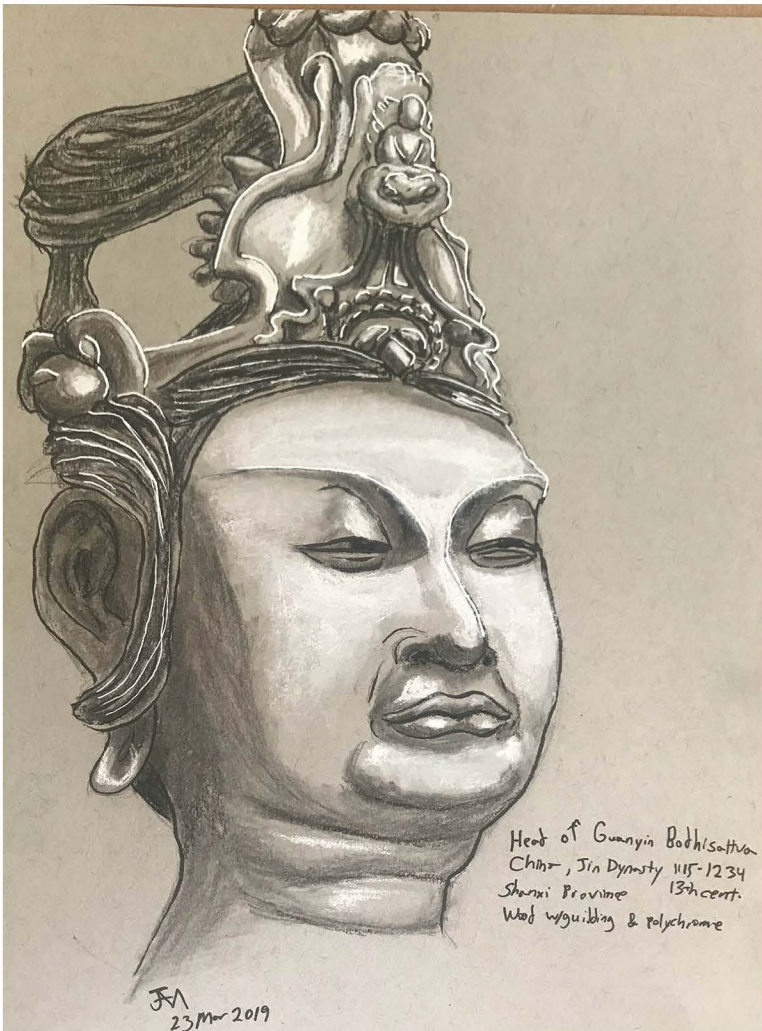


Tiziano Minio
Saint John the
Baptist
1535
Limestone

JA
3 Mar 2019

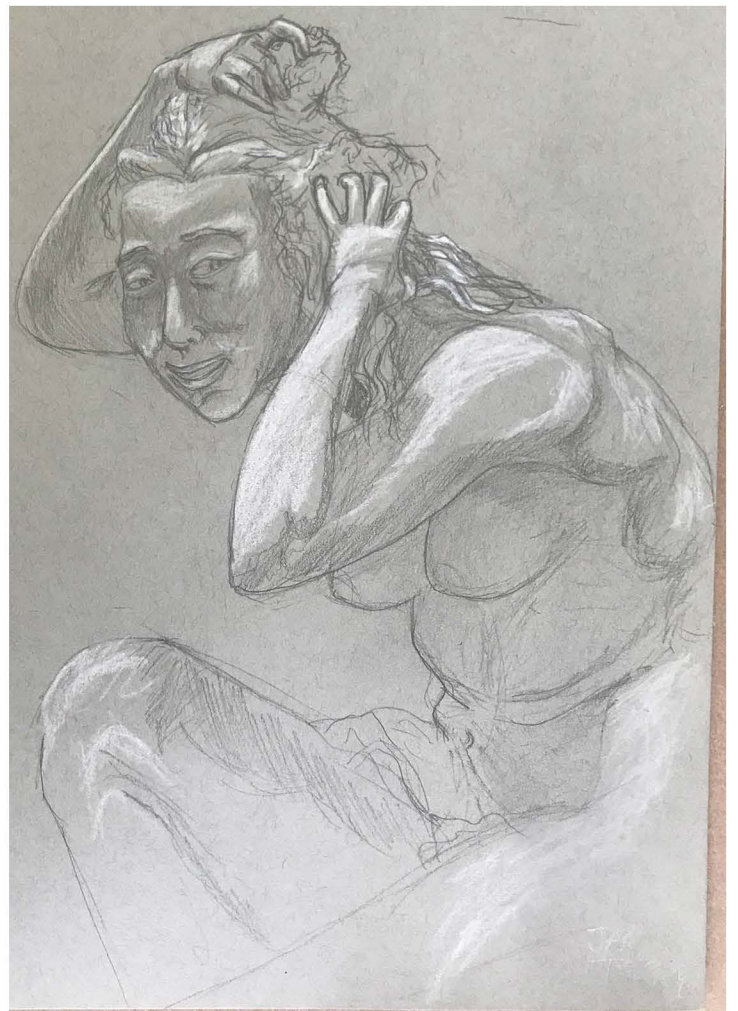


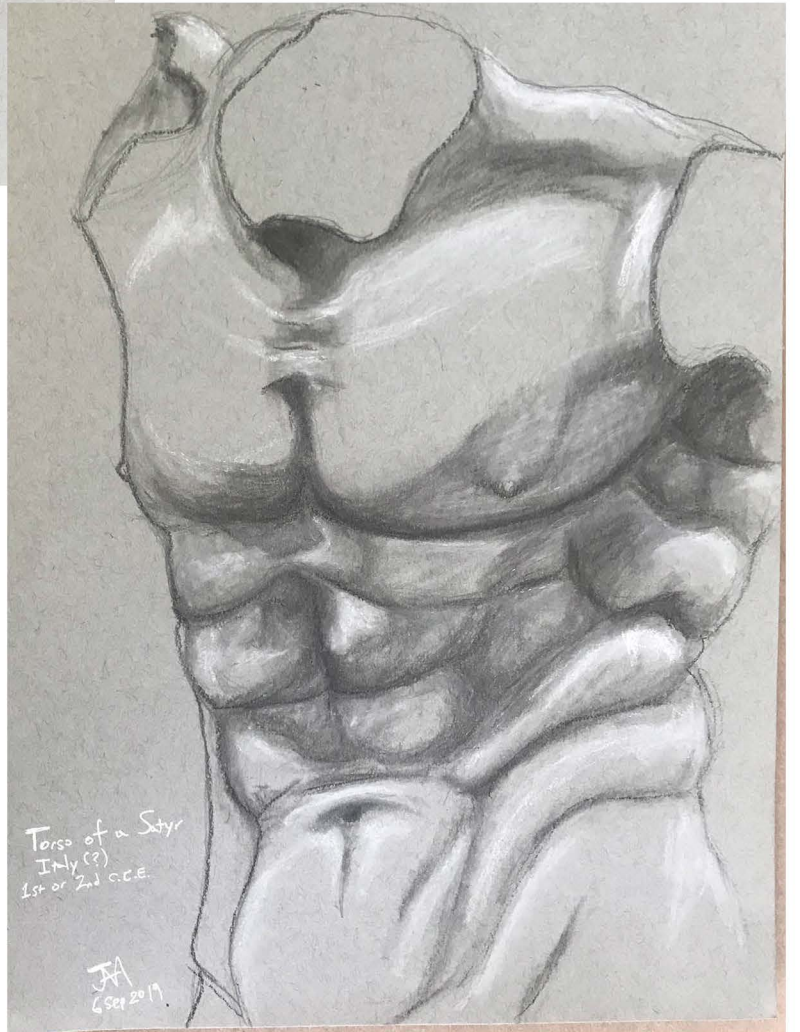
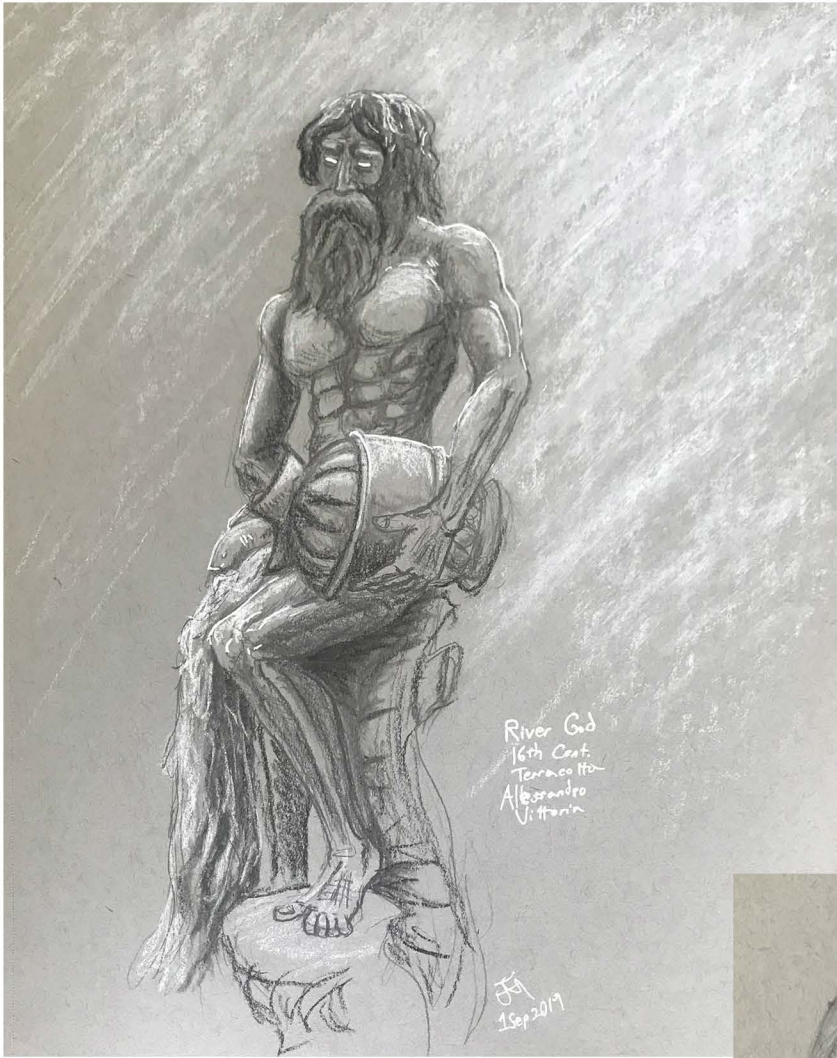
Guanyin Bodhisattva
China, Yuan Dynasty 1279-1368
Wood w/ polychrome

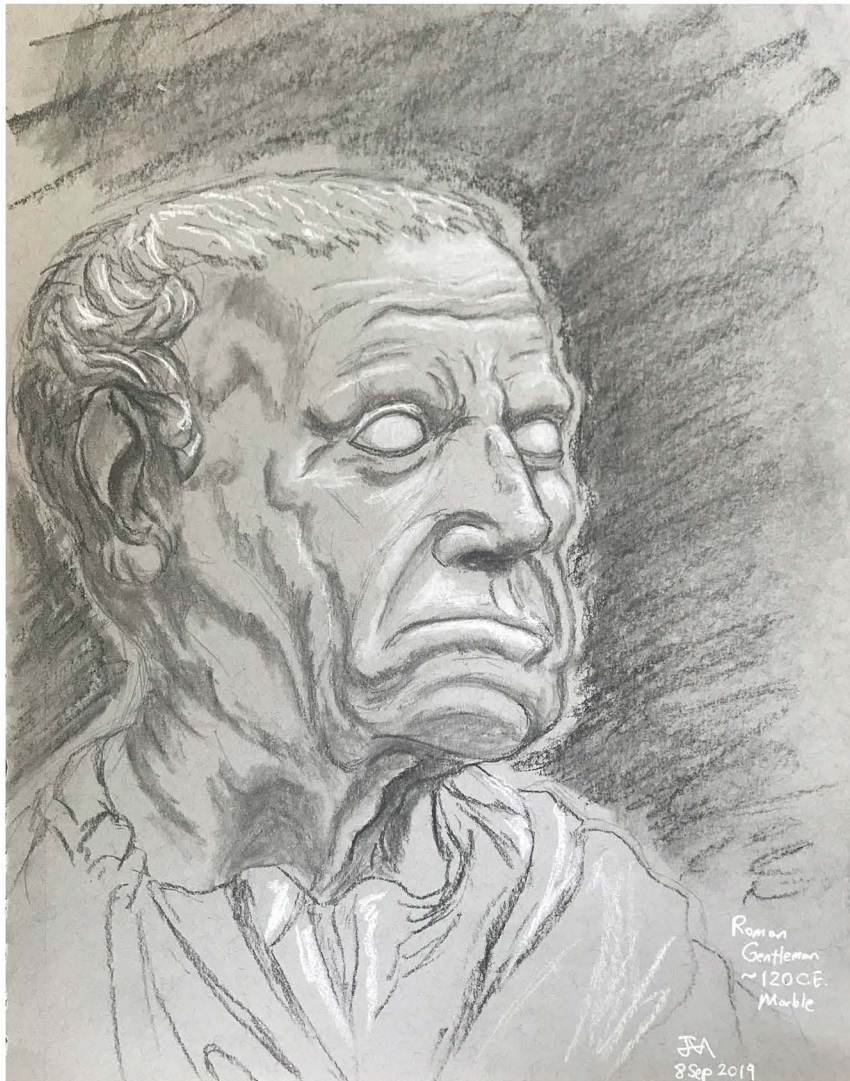


Head of Guanyin Bodhisattva
China, Jin Dynasty 115-1234
Shanxi Province
13th cent.
Wood w/ gilding & polychrome

JA
23 Mar 2019

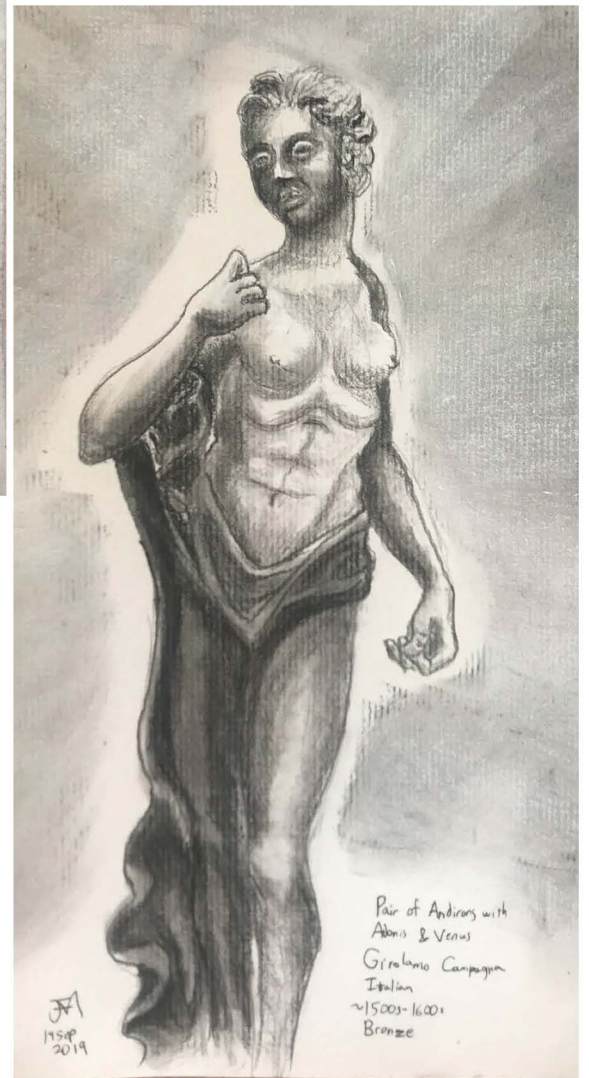






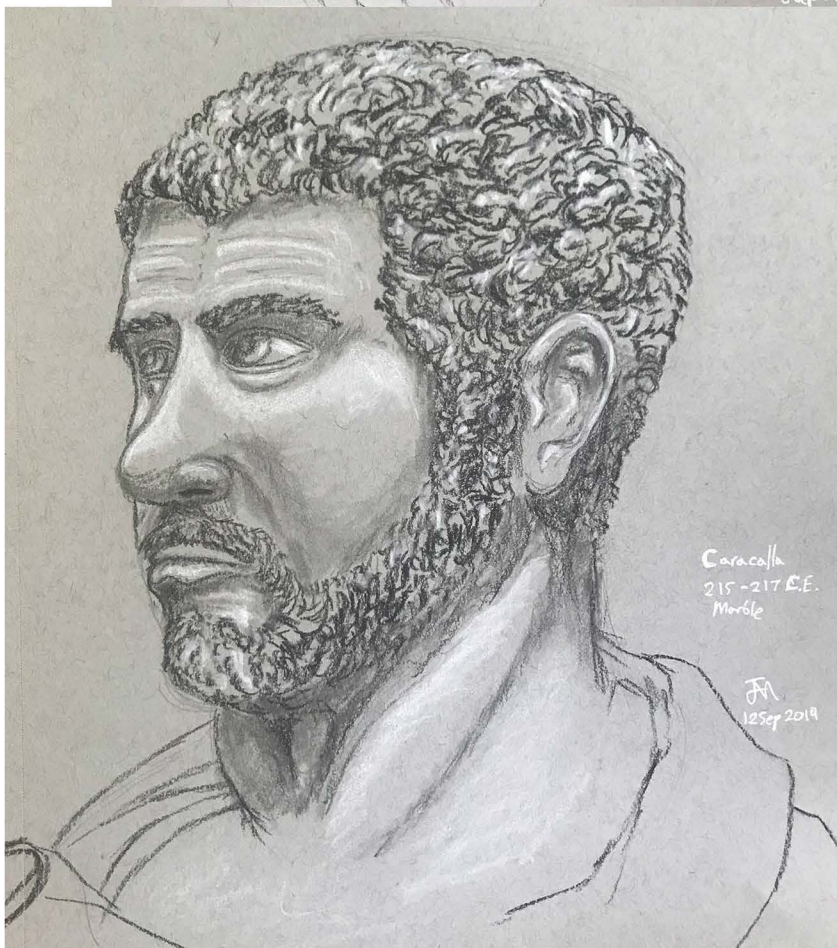
Roman Gentleman
~120CE.
Marble

JA
8 Sep 2019



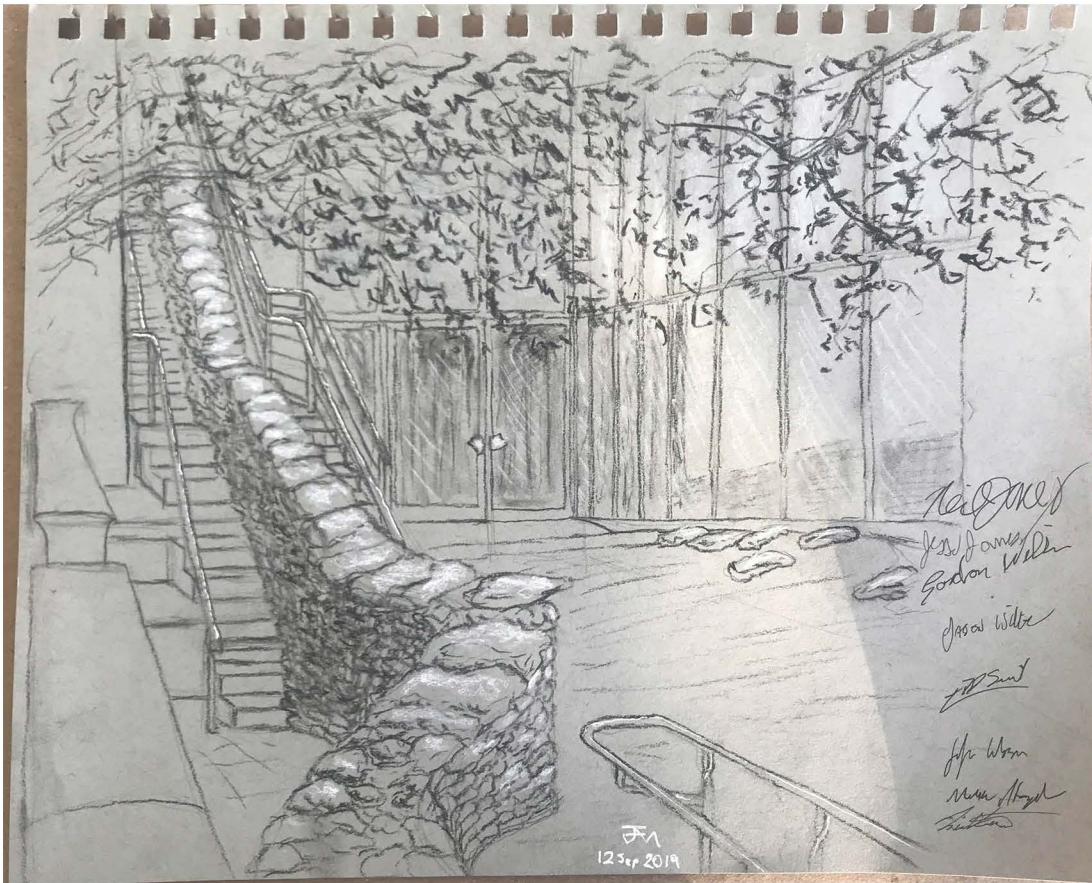
Pair of Androns with
Atena & Venus
Girulano Campaign
Italian
~1500s-1600s
Bronze

JA
17 Sep
2019



Caracalla
215-217 C.E.
Marble

JA
12 Sep 2019



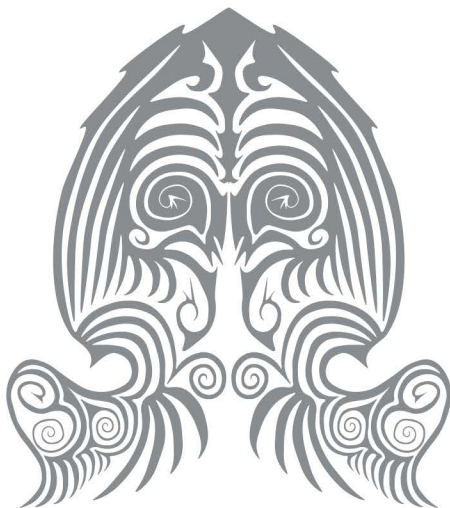
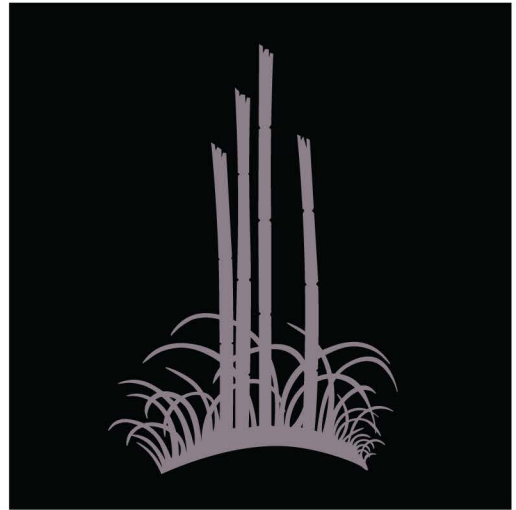
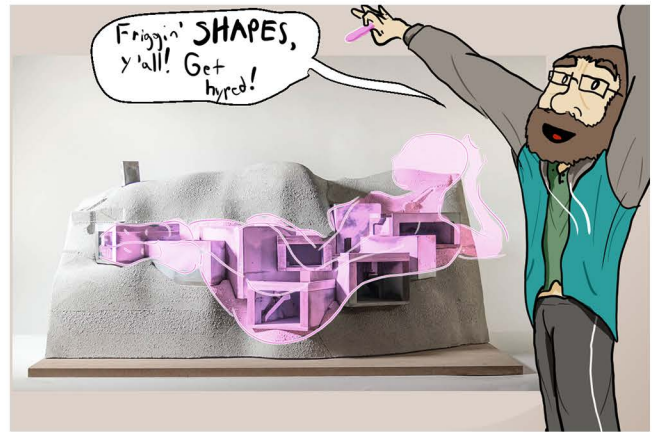
The Walking Wall exhibit, signed by the fellas working on it.

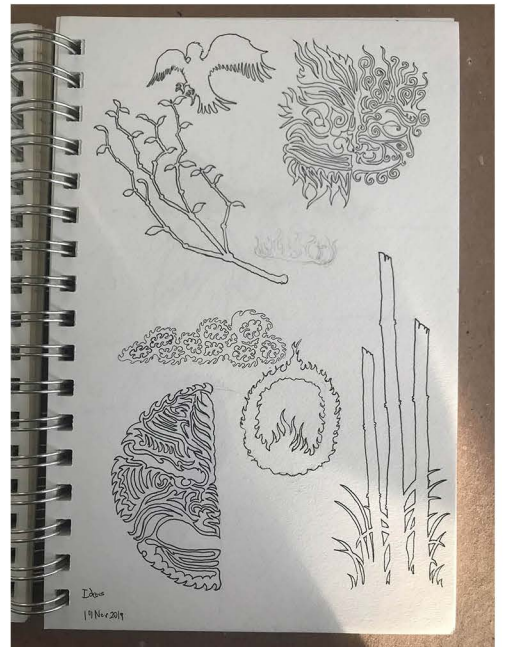
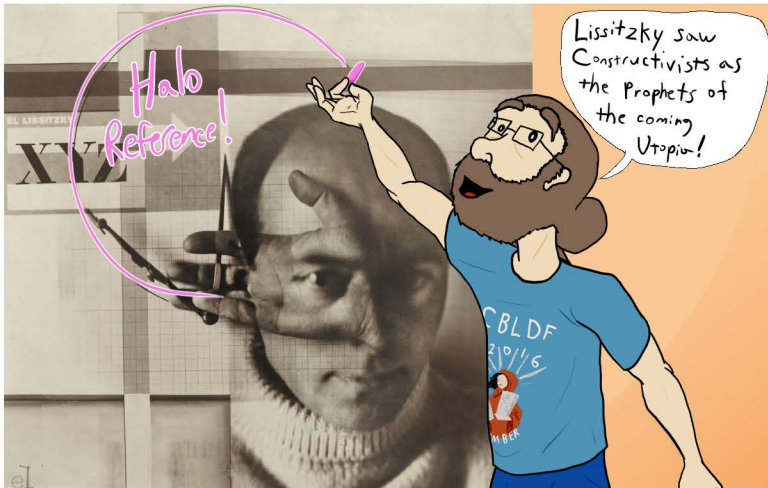
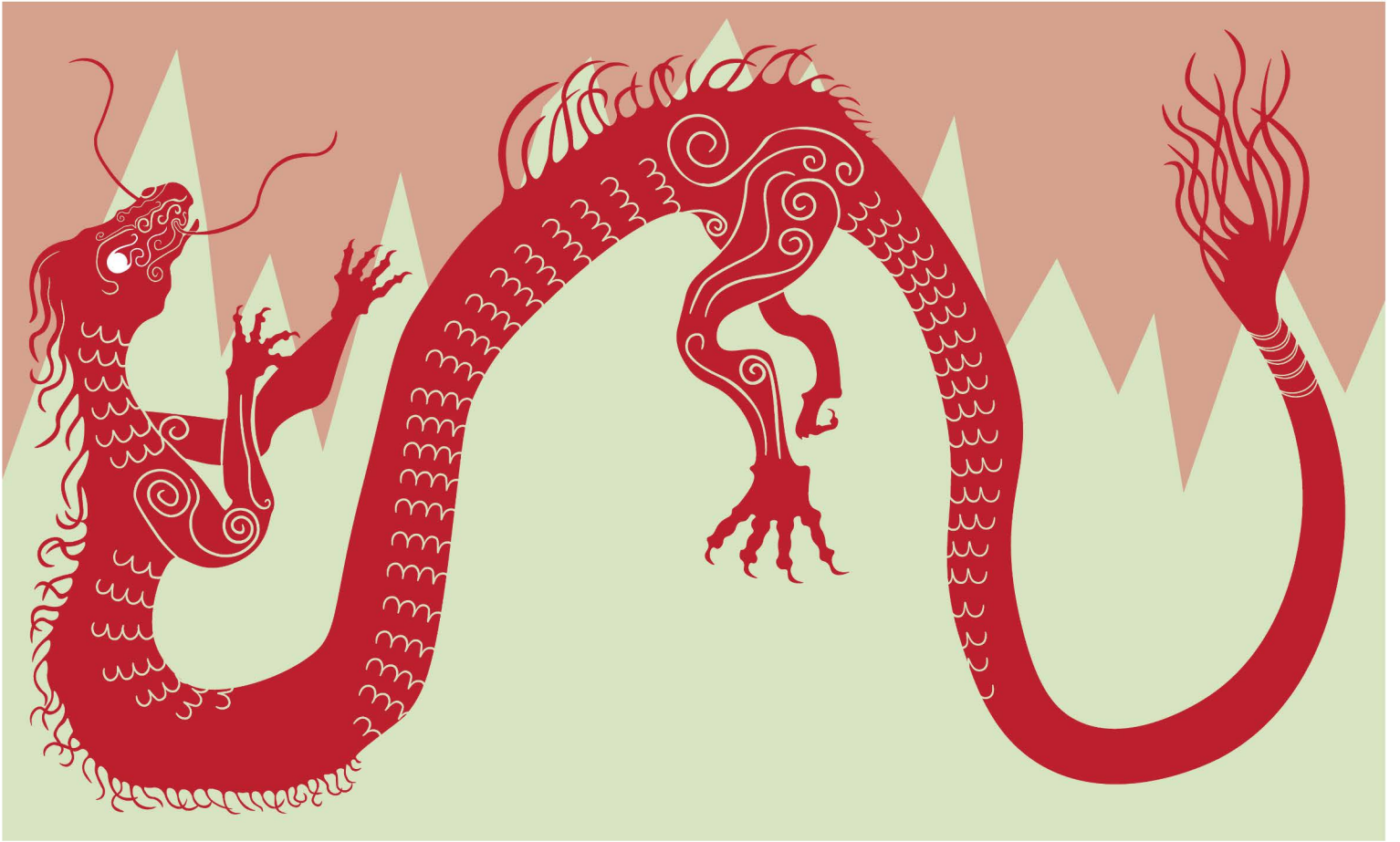


Doodles for School

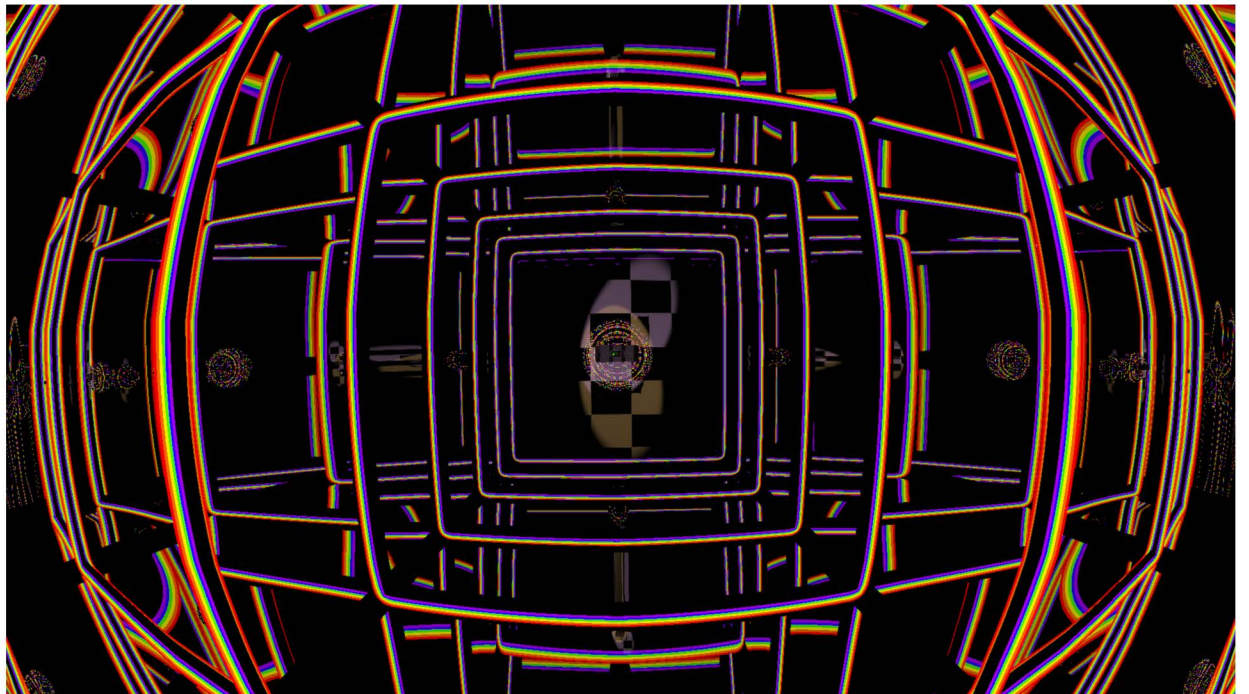
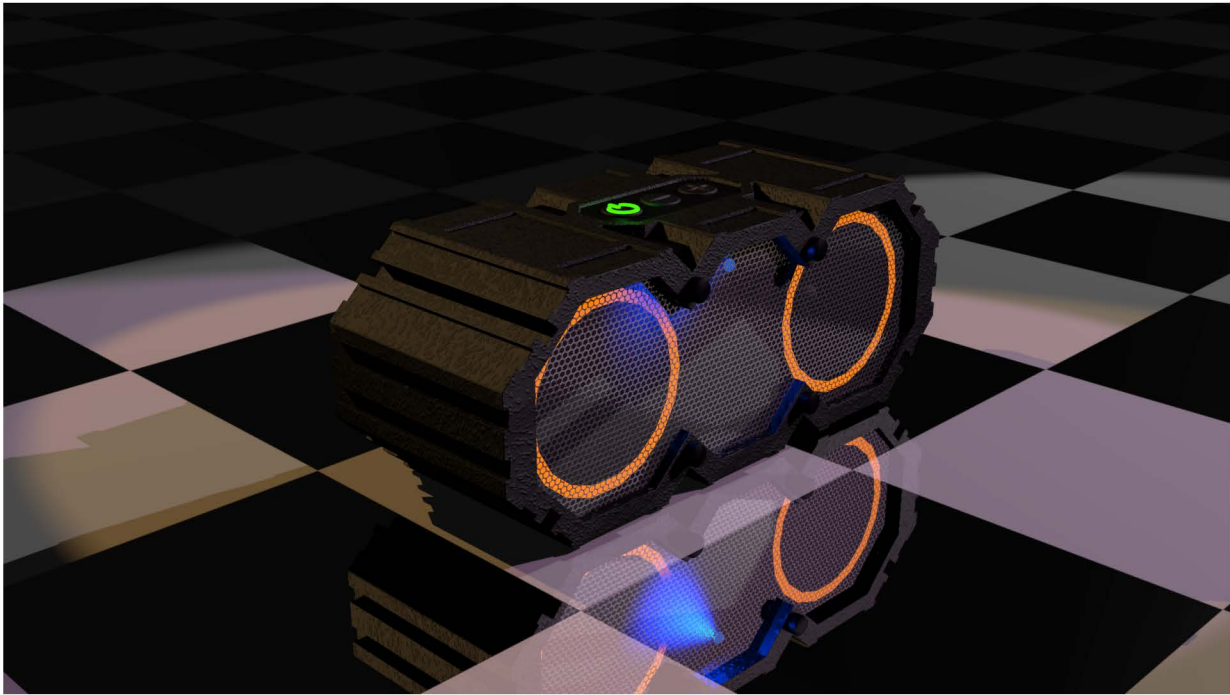
To accompany
discussion posts
or design projects.







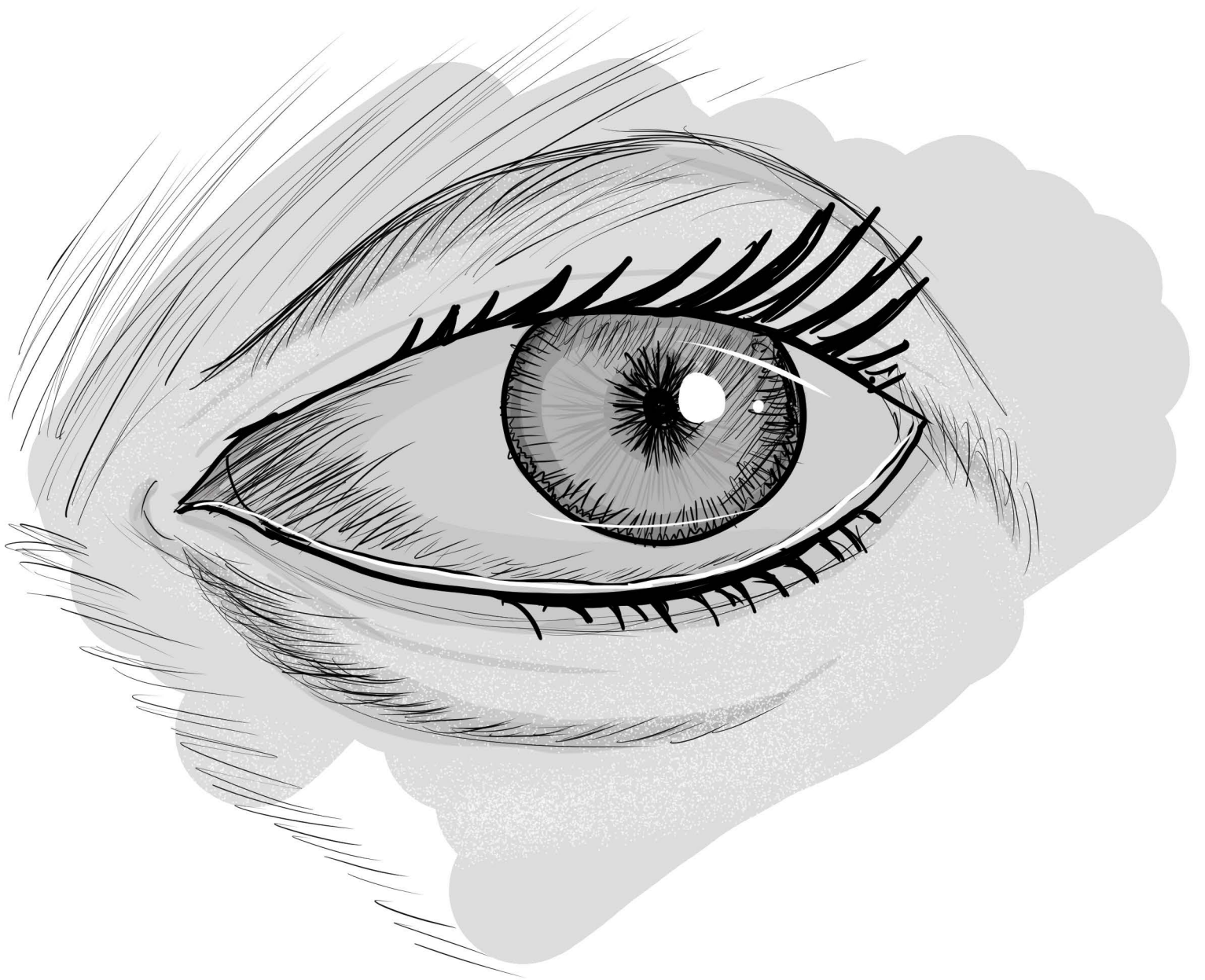
Two stills from my first
3D animation final at the school.

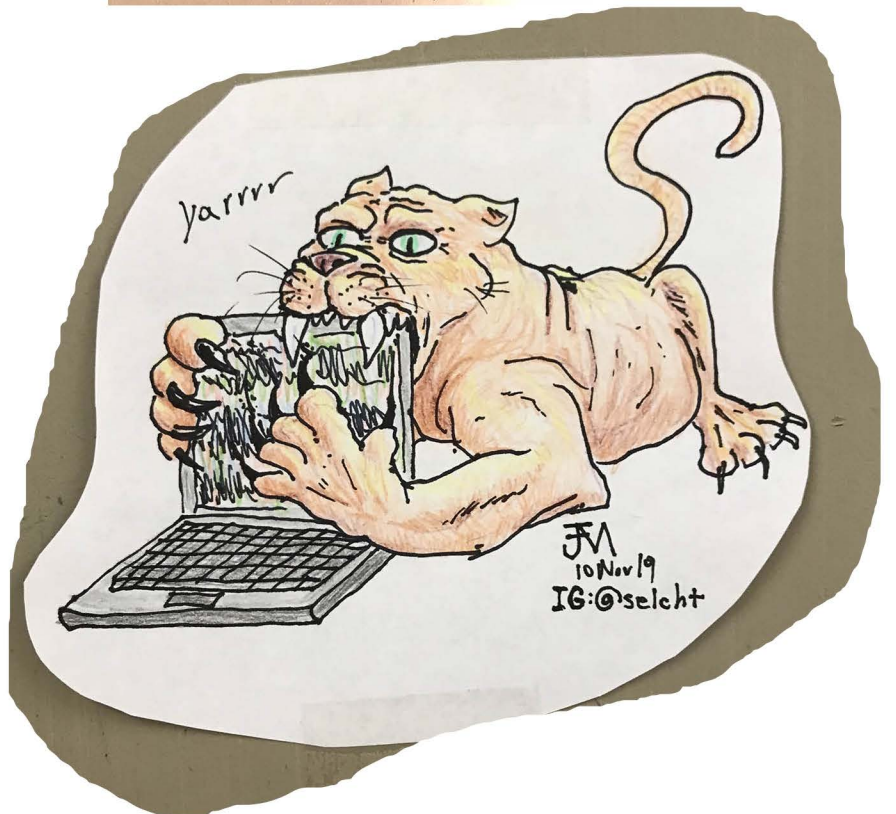
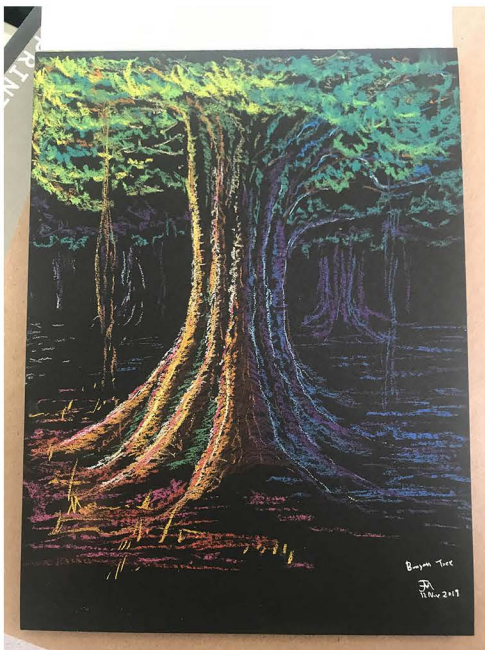
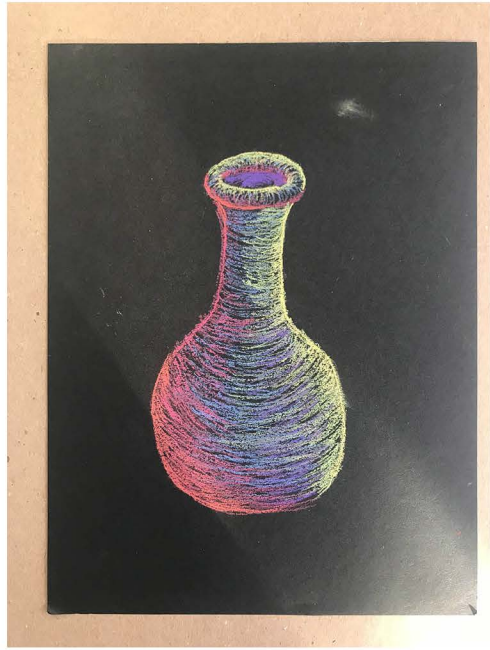
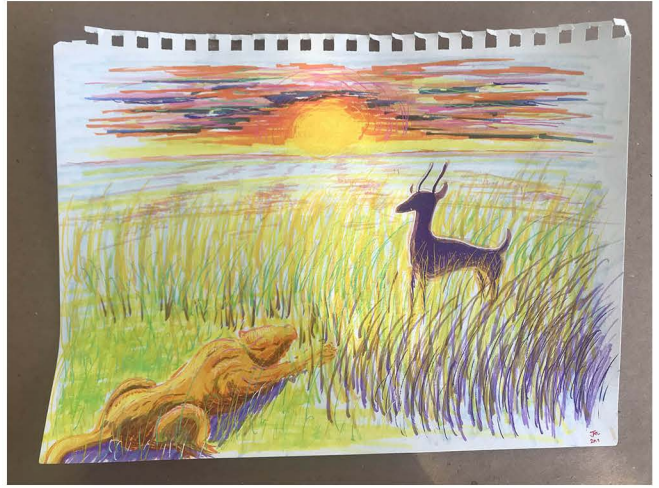


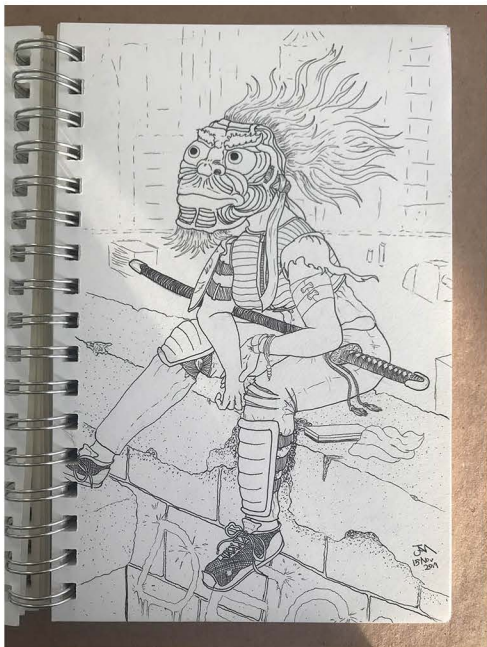
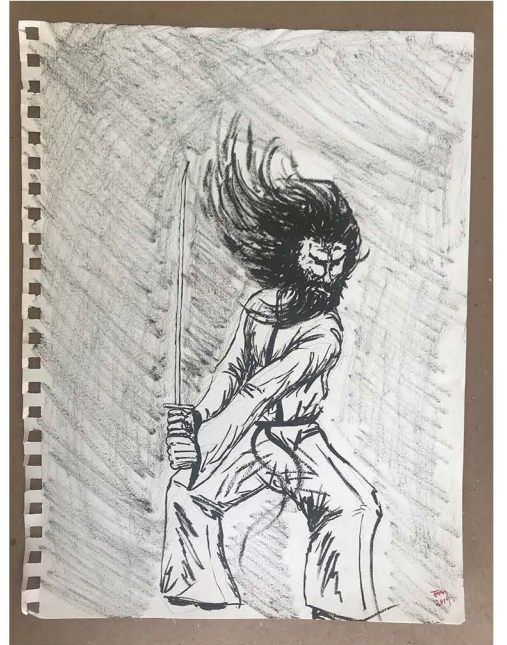
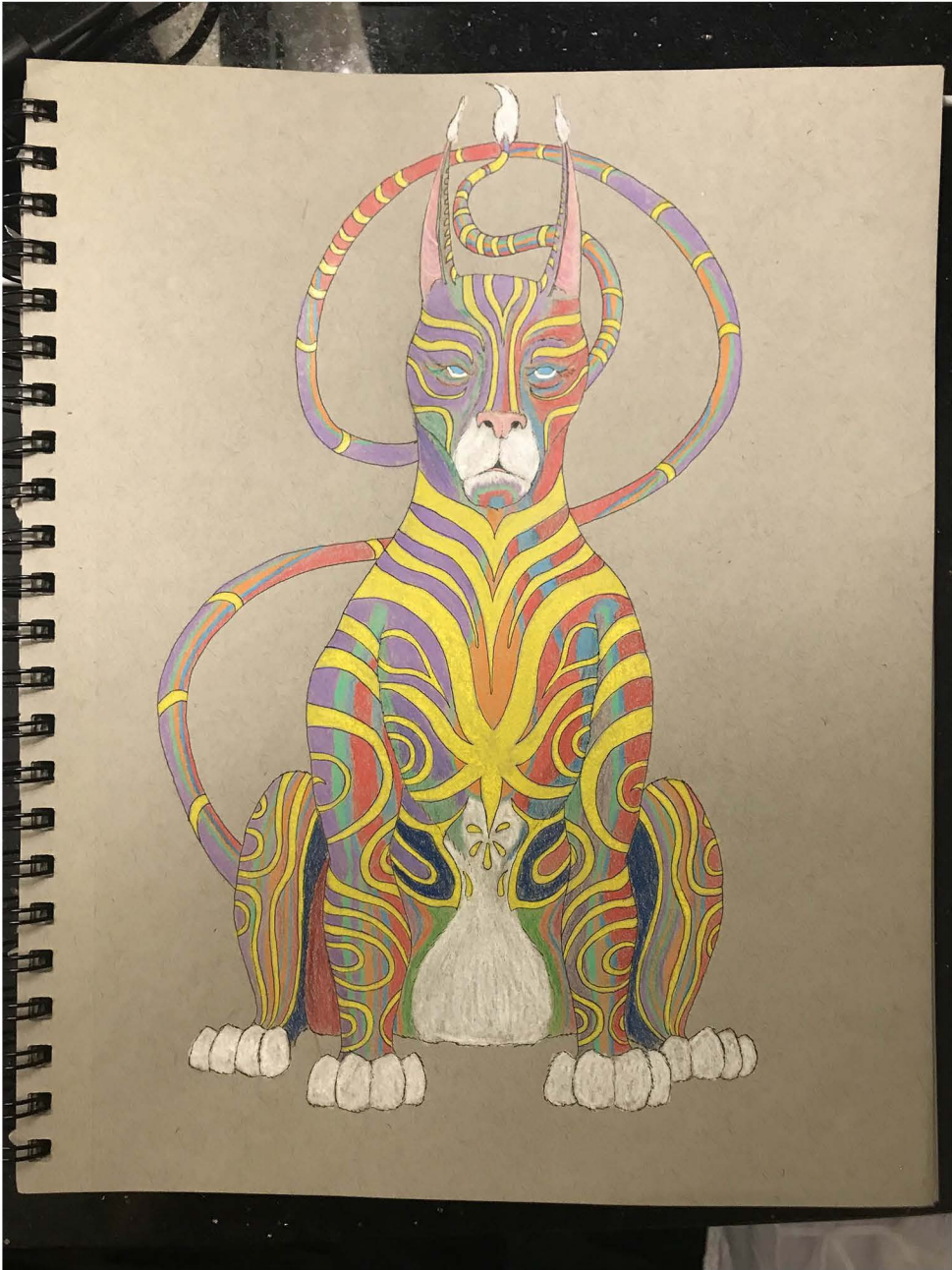
Randoms

I either can't remember what these are from, or they're just stuff.

ü









This is on the underside of
a hotel room table now.





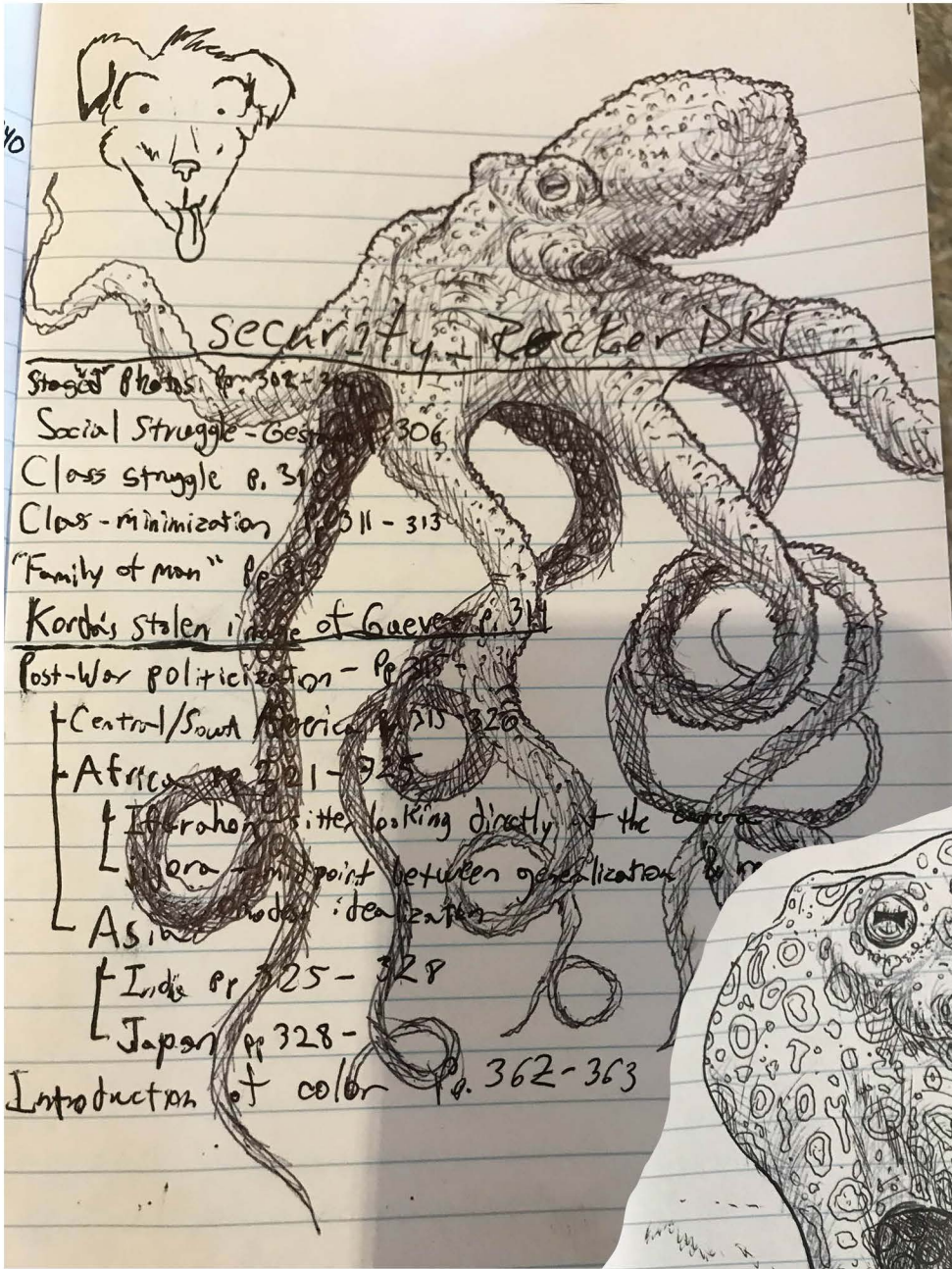


Yes, that
is a pepper
shaker from
a hotel
breakfast
area

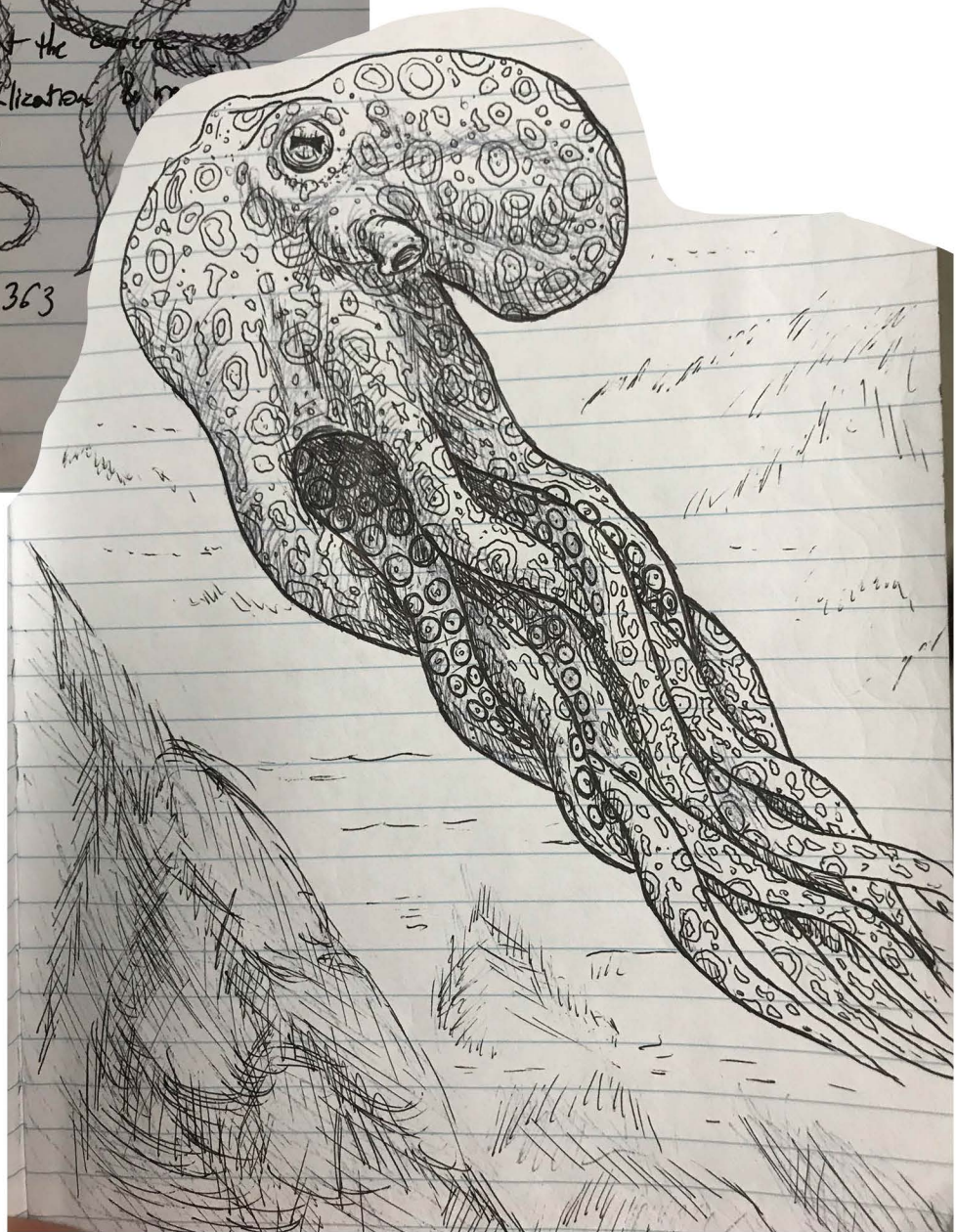
96
11



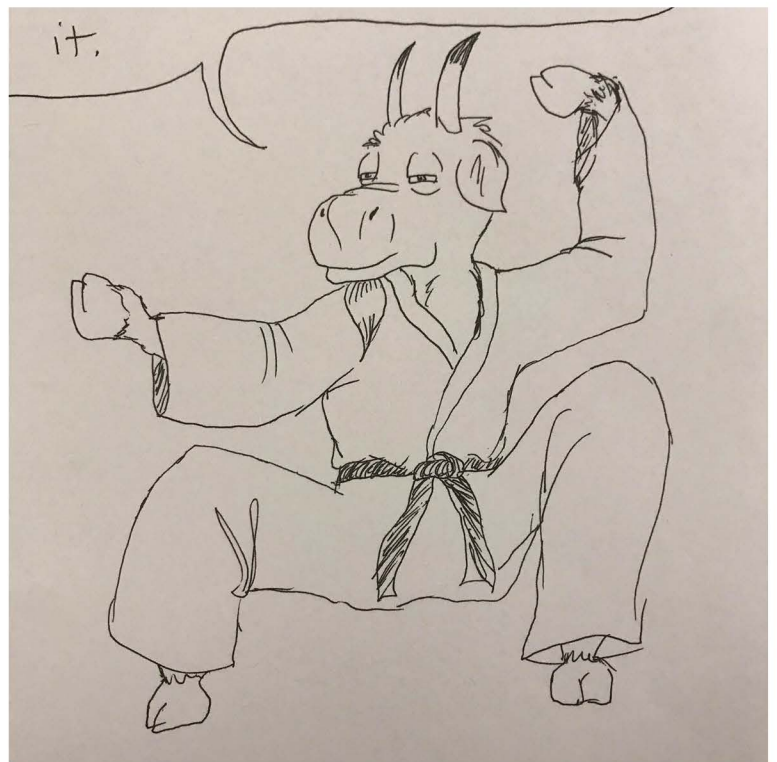
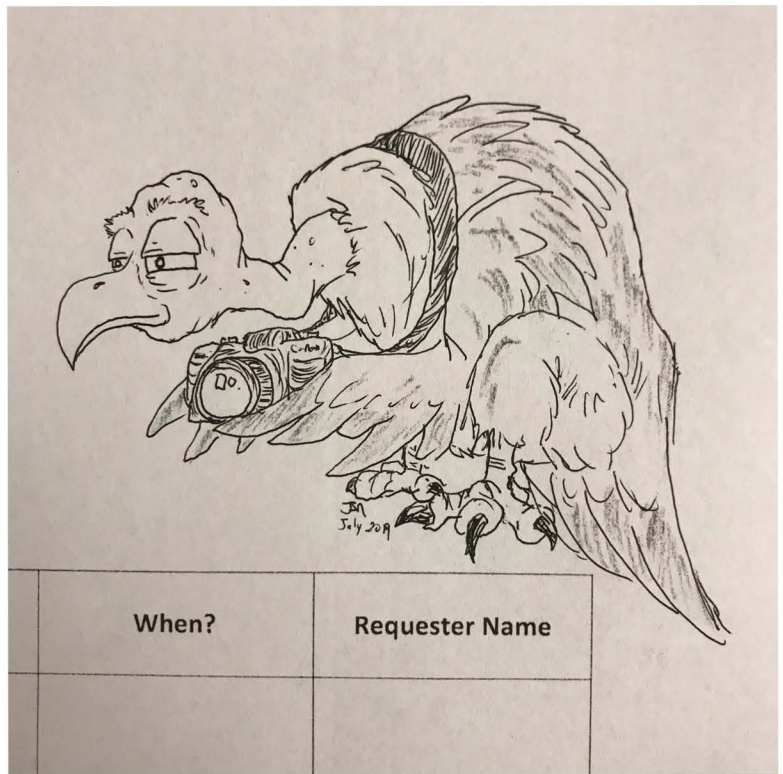
Rrummble...



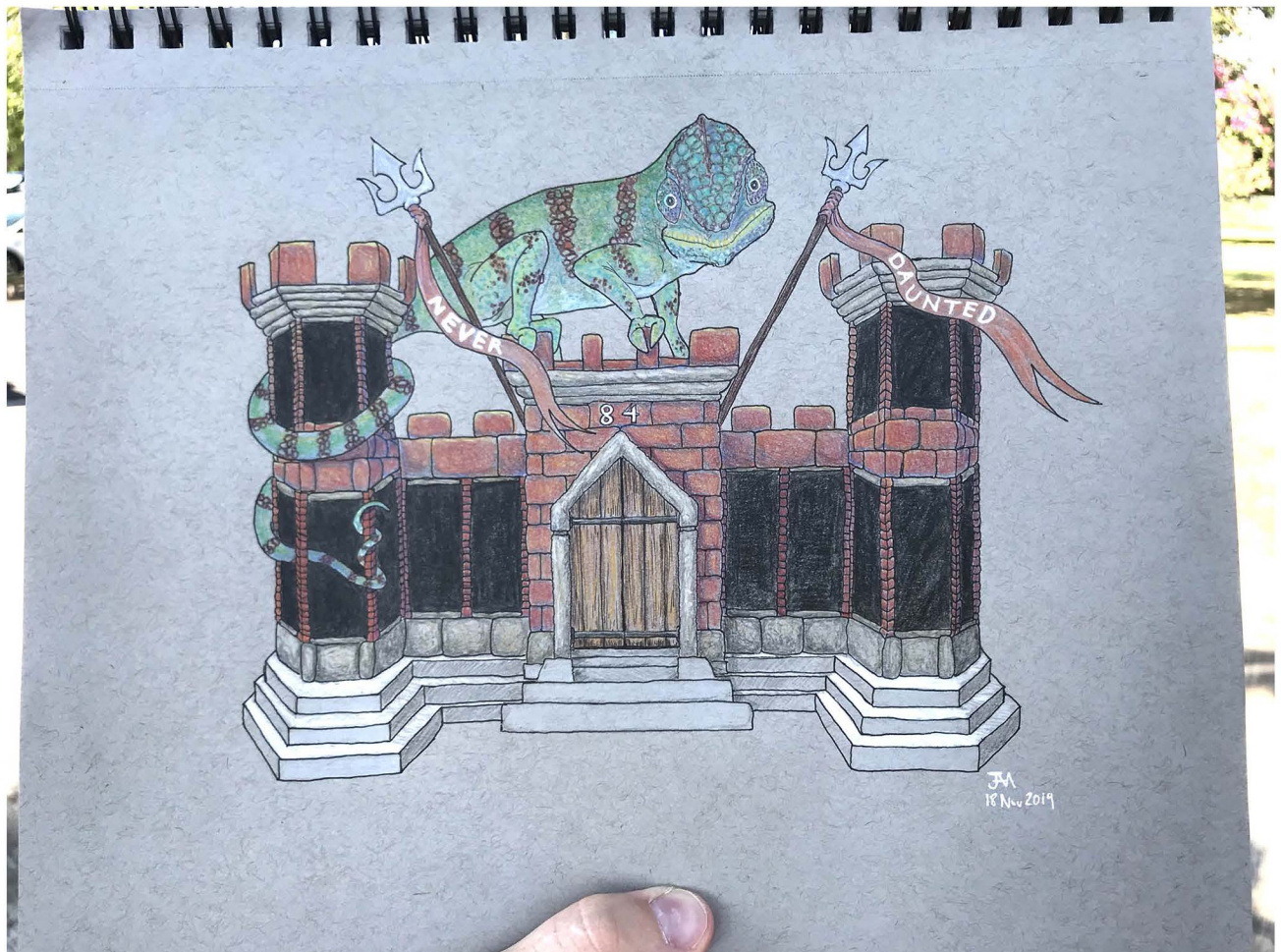
Note pad
scribbles



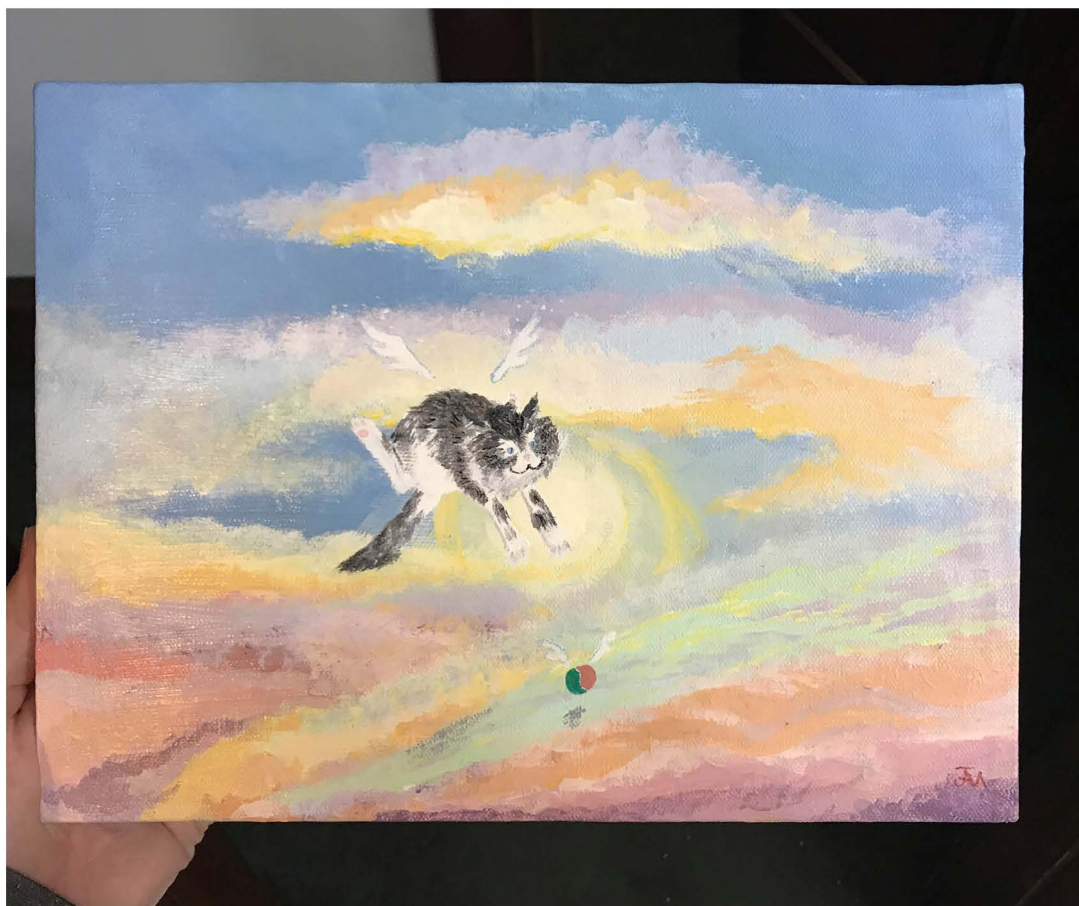
Some helpful
critters I doodled
on instructions
I wrote at
work for
folks



An engineer Major asked me
to doodle their mascot. Her
energy was so excited I agreed
without thinking. 7 hours
later



Little acrylic painting I
did for the lady who took
care of Simon while I'm
out of town



Gouache painting I finished
this month (December)



That's

it,

Pally

No more comic!

Here have a... a
dinosaur in
a suit.

I dunno.
Bye!

