Little Eddie

Jerod Ra'Del Hollyfield

University of Tennessee - Knoxville

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**Practicum Weekly Log**  
Jerod Hollyfield

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Week</th>
<th>Duties</th>
<th>Days and Times</th>
<th>Total Hours Worked</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Jun 9-15 | *Logged and took notes on footage  
* Began importing footage  
* Trip to Appalachia, Va. for research and interviews. | R (1 p.m.-6 p.m.)  
F (3:30 p.m.-7 p.m.)  
Sat. (6 a.m.-11 p.m.) | 25.5 |
| Jul 16-22 | * Logged new footage  
* Imported footage  
* Planned structure of film | T (1p.m.-4 p.m.)  
R (1 p.m.-6 p.m.)  
F (3:30 p.m.-6:30 p.m.)  
Sat (3 p.m.-11 p.m.) | 19 |
| Jul 23-29 | * Imported footage  
* Edited raw footage  
* Acquired external hard drive for storage  
* Screening: Capturing the Friedman's for structural advice | Sun (3 p.m.-11 p.m.)  
M (12 a.m.-3 a.m.)  
T (1 p.m.-6 p.m.)  
R (1 p.m.-6 p.m.)  
Sat. (4 p.m.-10 p.m.) | 27 |
| Jul 30-Feb 5 | * Shot B-roll footage  
* Imported B-roll  
* Researched civil trial transcripts  
* Organized footage  
* Began editing intro | T (1 p.m.-6 p.m.)  
R (1 p.m.-6 p.m.)  
F (3:30 p.m.-8 p.m.)  
Sat. (4 p.m.-7 p.m.) | 17.5 |
| Feb 6-12 | * Transferred footage to external drive  
* Edited intro  
* Edited second section  
* Began editing "Spring" section | R (1 p.m.-9 p.m.)  
F (12 p.m.-7 p.m.)  
F (10 p.m.-11 p.m.)  
Sat (12 a.m.-4 a.m.)  
Sat (12. p.m.-8 p.m.) | 28 |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Notes</th>
<th>Days</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Feb 13-19</td>
<td>* Edited “Spring” section</td>
<td>T 1p.m.-6p.m.</td>
<td>R 1p.m.-6p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>* Screened first 20 minutes</td>
<td>R 1p.m.-6p.m.</td>
<td>F 3:30 p.m.-8 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>* Screening: Stevie for putting self into film</td>
<td>Sat 12 p.m.-8 p.m.</td>
<td>22.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb 20-26</td>
<td>* Edited “Spring” section</td>
<td>T 1p.m.-6p.m.</td>
<td>R 1p.m.-6p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>* Finished and rendered “Spring”</td>
<td>Sat 12 p.m.-9 p.m.</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb 27-March 5</td>
<td>* Edited “Fall” section</td>
<td>T 1p.m.-6p.m.</td>
<td>R 1p.m.-6p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March 6-12</td>
<td>* Interviewed Cindy and Virginia Williams</td>
<td>T 6p.m.-9p.m.</td>
<td>W 6p.m.-9 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>* Transferred 8mm films and “Beverly Hillbillies” clips to DV</td>
<td>R 1p.m.-6p.m.</td>
<td>F 3 p.m.-9 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>* Imported footage</td>
<td>Sat 11 p.m.-6 p.m.</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March 13-19</td>
<td>* Edited “Fall” section</td>
<td>T 1p.m.-6p.m.</td>
<td>T 9 p.m.-11 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>* Screening: Bowling for Columbine for putting self in film</td>
<td>R 1 p.m.-6 p.m.</td>
<td>F 3 p.m.-9 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March 20-26</td>
<td>* Finished “Fall”</td>
<td>M 10 a.m.-3 p.m.</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>* Edited “Winter” section</td>
<td>M 9 p.m.-11 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>* Screening: The Fog of War for pacing</td>
<td>T 12 a.m.-2 a.m.</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>W 12 a.m.-3 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>W 9 a.m.-3 p.m.</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>W 8 p.m.-10 p.m.</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>R 12 p.m.-7 p.m.</td>
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Senior Project
Approval & Completion Form

To be submitted on the last day for providing the semester grades and forwarded to:

University Honors Program, F 101 Melrose Hall
Tel.: 974-7875
Fax: 974-4352
honors@utk.edu

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Student</th>
<th>Faculty</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Name: Jerod Hollyfield</td>
<td>Name: Paul Harrill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Major: Journalism</td>
<td>Discipline: Media Arts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ID: 230-31-0975</td>
<td>Rank: artist-in-residence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E-mail: <a href="mailto:Jhollyfi@utk.edu">Jhollyfi@utk.edu</a></td>
<td>E-mail: <a href="mailto:pharrill@utk.edu">pharrill@utk.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phone: (865) 547-9904</td>
<td>Phone: 4- (865) 405-7465</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Project Title: Little Eddie
(Ca Feature Film)

Approval

☐ I have reviewed this completed senior honors project with this student and certify that it is complete and commensurate with honors level undergraduate research in the field.

☐ Based on its academic merits, I recommend that this project be digitally catalogued and archived by Hodges Library to make it widely available.

☐ I recommend this project for an Award of Distinction.
Note: A small number of awards, including financial recognition, will be given at the UHP spring convocation.

Faculty Member’s Signature Date

☐ Read, approved and recorded

University Honors Program Date

(November 2004)
Notes on “Little Eddie”
Jerod Ra’Del Hollyfield

Little Eddie never meant much to me. I knew him as a name that would wander in and out of conversations, touching on memories I never had. He was a character in a story long before my time, and I grouped him with the Shirleys, Jeans and Dewitts that litter the history of a Southern farming family. For my relatives, Little Eddie lives on after death much as he did during his natural life, a child on the periphery of events, never interacting and always lingering. No one has forgotten him, but no one desires to remember him too well. Alone, quick flashes of his memories serve as pleasant reminders of a boy who injected joy into the lives of his family while eschewing the circumstances of his death. However, when culled together, individual memories not only tell the story of one child, but delve into the bonds of family and the resonance of a tragedy that transcends generations no matter how much it is ignored.

For me, “Little Eddie” was not meant to be a real movie. It was an investigation into a part of my family history about which I knew very little. Since I left Appalachia, Virginia in 1985, I have carried a sense of guilt with me that I have not truly been able to shake. I never actively sought to remove myself from my heritage, but as I grew older, I saw my history unwittingly seep further and further into the background. Life in a metropolitan academic environment has little regard for the product of a defunct coal camp and I hated myself for sacrificing truth for artifice despite the immediate rewards. Unfortunately, the one area I could not hide my history from was my work. The more I attempted to remove myself, the more obvious and general my films became until they were so riddled with pretension and artificiality that their merit was largely lost. I tried to convince myself that I was happy with my work, stridently refusing to give into my fear of becoming a fourth-rate visual Faulkner, but when the
work meant so little to me, I knew it could not possibly mean anything to anyone else.

In the fall of 2003, my teacher and mentor Paul Harrill assigned the students in my documentary film class to make a short film about another person with themes that grow broader as the material gets more specific. By chance, my mother and grandmother had planned their fall trip to Virginia to decorate Little Eddie’s grave site and I decided to tag along more out of convenience than substance. Until that weekend, no one had ever given me a detailed account of Little Eddie’s life and the circumstances surrounding his death. As I interviewed friends and relatives about him, I began to notice his influence over the lives of all who knew him. Whether his death caused his mother to change his grave decorations three times a year 40 years after he died or grandfathers to hold their grandchildren’s hands a little tighter, there was no denying that Little Eddie’s three years of life had made a lasting impact. I didn’t know it then, but I had begun much more than an assignment.

“Little Eddie” is the first 90 minutes in my filmmaking career that I can honestly say I am proud of. Through his story, I have attempted to capture not only the circumstances of a child’s death, but directly addressed the loss that permeates life after a tragedy to such an extent that it has the potential to mar even the most pleasant of memories. His influence runs deep into the minds of his family, through the undercurrents of the Civil Rights struggles that defined his generation and into the Southern stereotypes from which I had so vehemently distanced myself. While it is impossible to discern where his threads eventually end, I am now proud to say that they run right through me. Little Eddie and his memory have made me a Southern filmmaker, and I couldn’t be happier.