The Tiger Experience
The story so far:
A large tiger walks alone through the dense mid-day jungle. His steps spring elastic. His skin, loose around his body as he moves, swings under him from side to side. His stripes sometimes mesh with the tall grass to make him almost invisible, sometimes almost beat against the background to make him bigger and more menacing yet. The fur when seen close-up is dry and slightly mottled, tangled and dirty, covered by anything from mud to dust.
The light is carrying green down from the canopy, sometimes touching the tiger, sometimes missing, sometimes surrounding with a hollow kernel. Leaves and branches move away on his path, it seems reluctantly, the only things not afraid, but only revealing their defiance once he has passed.

Ahead an opening, at first only visible as a lightening of the green, then a hole in the curtain, then mist, then almost unbearable light bouncing back from the water. The river.
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The river flows swiftly, but some eddies seem motionless. Half-decayed trunks float as pirogues paddled by a demon crew, racing to the village upstream, though they are still behind their wakes.

Now the tiger wades into the water, goes back to the bank as if testing, and finally climbs on a branch and dives, the splash releasing the fears of all the potential preys hiding in the grass.
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The tiger swims, slowly, as calm and as powerful as the waters around him, oblivious to the current and all it advects past its glistening body, sometimes only stripes floating at the surface.

Then the tiger swims towards the other bank, now walks still half in water, now is totally out, and water runs off his body, briefly like a liquid fur.

Still for a moment, he is surrounded by a thin layer of steam. Then the tiger shakes his whole body and streams of droplets disperse and amplify his shape, until his fur appears almost dry again.
He starts to walk away, but suddenly stops. A few drops fall. He listens and sniffs. He must have spotted you. He turns around and stares exactly in your direction. You are certain than he cannot see you or smell you, but certainty is weaker than the tiger.

He seems to have decided you are not a threat, in fact not even worth a closer look. He turns around and walks away, and before he disappears behind the trees he sears in your mind for ever his fearful symmetry.
What is wrong with these pictures:

- shape modelling
- lighting
- motion control
- textures and patterns
- fluid flow
- interaction
- purple prose
So, what is the point?

Even though modelling and rendering in computer graphics have been improved tremendously in the past 35 years, we are still not at the point where we can model \textit{automatically} a tiger swimming in the river in all its glorious details. By automatically I mean in a way that does not need careful manual tweaking by an artist/expert.

The bad news is that we have still a long way to go. The good news is that we have still a long way to go.
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Any questions?