

Dinosaurs & Wonders  
Evelina Jonsson





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## 23/5

At the moment our galaxy the Milky way is approaching, in very high speed, one of our closest neighbors: Andromeda. In some billion years it is believed that these two galaxies will collide and execute a kind of gravitational dance, stretching over other billions of years: after the crash they will be thrown back and forth at each other, attracted by each others gravitational fields. In the end of the waltz they'll merge into a new bigger galaxy, possibly spherical instead of the spiral form both of them had before the collision. I find comfort in this image. I imagine someone thinking what will happen to earth and us. Maybe there will still be people, if we find a new planet to colonize or maybe just a giant spaceship floating around. How many civilization have risen and fallen during this time? Capitalism doesn't seem unbeatable anymore. Stonehenge is yet to be created.

## 24/5

I was thinking a lot about labyrinths today.

There is an analogy between scenography and 3D computer generated imagery (CGI). In the virtual the base material is always the same, the mesh, made up of a geometric network forming little flat planes. No matter how round the object, it always comes down to those 2D planes. In physical scenography the base material could be wood, MDF, papier-maché assuming whatever shape possible. To these shapes a surface is assigned, in 3D CGI it might be a photograph, scan, even a texture painting. The mdf and papier-maché would probably be painted.

These translations between dimensions are curious, painting/photography (2D mediums) on something three-dimensional, to give the illusion of being a real thing. The physical scenography will probably reach less realism than the computer generated. I like to imagine the inflatable stonehenge without air, a world that lost its shape, being just surface. It is like making a fabric simulation out of a solid shape, it collapses, and ends up almost completely flat. After making the same objects in actual as in virtual reality I found comfort in the physicality of matter, the perfection of the virtual is first stunning, everything is calculated, but also slippery. The perfect sphere cannot never physically exist. After time the complexity of physical reality is what catches me, in all its little folds.

**25/5**

Why did humans start making things, making art?

Cave paintings, stonehenge. Might it be the act that finally (in some way) separated us from animals, the need to imprint information, making nature into culture. (Vilém Flusser)

The human condition seems impossible to understand or grasp. Being in this world today sometimes makes me wish I wasn't, fiction makes it bearable, it provides an escape. Or to think of the time before this, of the cave paintings, or after, a zombie apocalypse. Another picture from my image collection is showing how the stonehenge was put together with the help of dinosaurs, one of people raving in the actual stonehenge. What does it mean to jump around in the inflatable version? is that the ritual of our time? to what god is it built? How can one prioritize a story over another? How are we suppose to deal with this chaos, of the all multiple stories?

The Lascaux you can visit is a fake Lascaux, not painted by cavemen, but by our contemporaries. Beliefs are manufactured. Now mass-produced.

### **The insect**

Being in nature, things are pure, I'm sitting in a place that reminds me of a kind of mental space I've constructed before and visited in search for peace. This is even more peaceful than I could imagine, it makes it a bit creepy.

A little creature just landed on my note book, it is brown-green, slightly shimmering.

The trees are spinning up like spirals from the ground, curling towards the sky, bending to east, because of the wind. Placed in the formation of a horse shoe, it reminds me of an ancient stone setting. On the ground there are remains of fallen down branches, as if it was a mass grave.

The insect is sitting on this paper, no, It flew away. Just before it walked towards the edge of the book and looked down into an abyss, I thought of when the earth was flat and you could fall down of the edge. How it would be to exist as an insect, or as a human when the earth was still flat and in the center, when everything wasn't spinning so fast. Some days I do wish I was an insect, so I wouldn't have to worry so much.

## 26/5

The Hobbit. It is a cornerstone of fantasy. Adapting the books into films they decided to split the not too long story into three parts, and added a lot of content. It ended up being bad and boring, but quite expected in these times of sequels. Even this version of the Hobbit must've been described in one of the books in the *Library of Babylon*. *The Hobbit* and *LOTR* are ultimate fictions, their worlds are completely separate from our.

The dunes of Texel recalls Middle earth, and with the Shire's theme song in the background one starts to become a little hobbit. Maybe the song is not even needed. Spending time in these fictions allows one to leave the body, be in trance, escape reality for a moment, for me it is a remedy fitted for the city, when the moment is over reality slaps you in the face with double power, and I regret spending time away.

In Games Workshops' Warhammer the fiction intersects with the making, hobby making, a making that is to a big extent predetermined. You buy the tiny figures from an army of your choice together with the codex that includes manuals for how to play and paint, making a landscape, color codes, the mythology of the army, illustrations etcetera. They are casted in grey plastic, there's an edge left from where the two parts of the cast met, you sand that down. When painting you have to use special Warhammer paint called for example, *citadel blue*, *rat skin flesh* or *mithril silver*. You are the one that has to make it look like the one on the picture, you follow the color codes because it is about belonging, not about imagination. After a lot of buying and painting you can eventually play. This manner of painting is like that of scenography and adding textures on cgi. Three dimensional objects that are painted radiate a slightly musty feeling I think. The miniatures get dusty.

**27/5**

I was painting rocks today.

the simulated image - the scientific image

CGI and virtual simulations opened up for us to represent things we couldn't see before, because they are long gone or yet to happen, in a realistic/illusionist manner. Like dinosaur documentaries, reconstructions of the ancient wonders of the world, like the Colossus of Rhodes and space documentaries about catastrophes to come, like the collision of Milky way and Andromeda. Maybe we sometimes seem to forget these images are fictional, as their realism is high. It is only recently the dinosaurs started having feathers, now they have been included in the plastic miniatures. These images have to become true, because what else are we suppose to believe in?

The say there is a 20% possibility we live in a simulated reality. The simulations performed by our computers seem so basic next to this idea, like those toy phones that have a sticker as a screen.

**30/5**

Science and fiction, science fiction, when science becomes fiction.

(What is Peter Jackson actually saying to Martin Freeman?)

Stories that have many versions, universes that are multiple, poly-centric networks. All these variations of Stonehenge, bouncing, raving, the motor of an alien space ship. A miniature souvenir. In a snowglobe with little alien heads falling instead of snow.

Bouncing high, maybe a bit like walking on the moon. It's strange we're moving in so many directions at the same time with out noticing, we are to small to notice. But then strangely almost exactly in the middle of the biggest and the smallest thing we know about. Anthropocentric.

Before the end of our galaxy in about 4 billion years a lot of things could happen. Meteorites do pose a big threat if we want to continue our civilization on earth. Techniques of leading away asteroids are being developed. Possible endings: *Starship Troopers*: meteorite destroys Buenos Aires, giant alien insects responsible, the big brain that sucks out brains. Or *Armageddon*. In both we survive.