



DINA W. ON

ANIMATION AND HUMOR

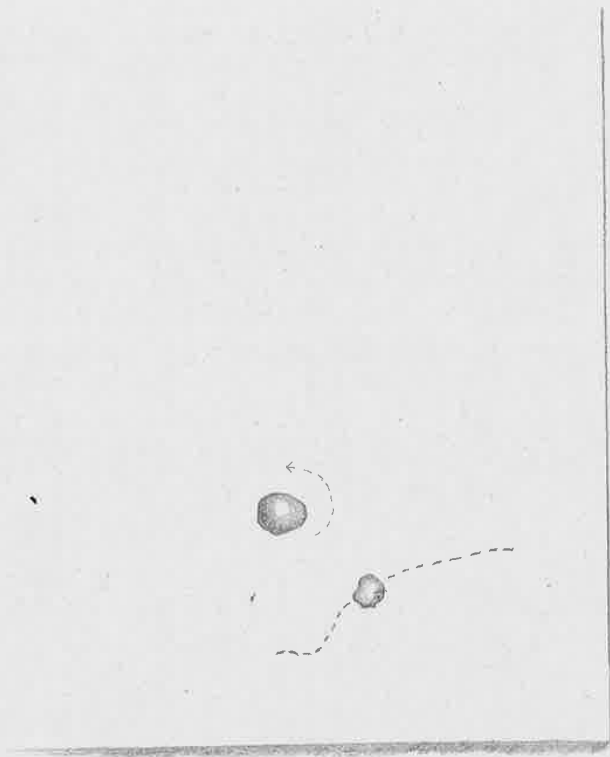
IN

ARCHITECTURE

Making little movies

As I roll out the plastiscine and create little figures to starr in my movies, I immediately recognize an ambition in their distinctness and visualize the beginning of a story. Sometimes I also see an ending. I make a point of not spending too much time shaping the characters, poking three holes to make the faces, and leave them like that. The world that pops out of the camera as I start shooting is rather extraordinary. As a short-sighted person I enjoy being able to look at details from really close up (such as the lines in the palm of my hand and so on), when my contact lenses are off, and it is very much the same thing that occurs when the camera focuses on the figure in the frame. Suddenly the figure starts moving, and life appears. I try not to change the surroundings, or the location, of the film set, but rather see it as a completely alien landscape the character has to deal with.

The interplay between the ground, the objects that make up the background, the light and how the character moves from start to finish, is different every time.



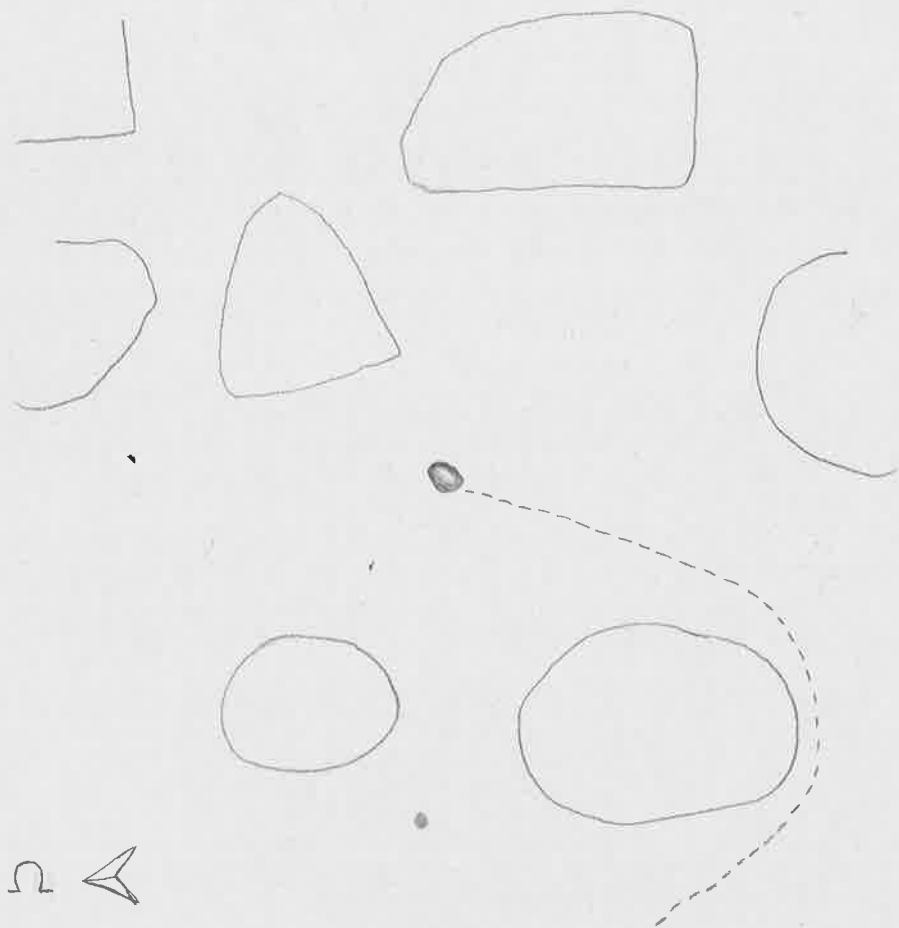
THE SITUATION IS HERE
THE SCALE IS NOT

Welcome to the Madhouse

“ Humans, as a rule, don't like mad people unless they are good at painting, and only once they are dead. But the definition of mad, on Earth, seems to be very unclear and inconsistent. What is perfectly sane in one era turns out to be insane in another. The earliest humans walked around naked with no problem. Certain humans, in humid rainforests mainly, still do so. So, we must conclude that madness is sometimes a question of time, and sometimes of postcode.

Basically, the key rule is, if you want to appear sane on Earth you have to be in the right place, wearing the right things, and only stepping on the right kind of grass.”

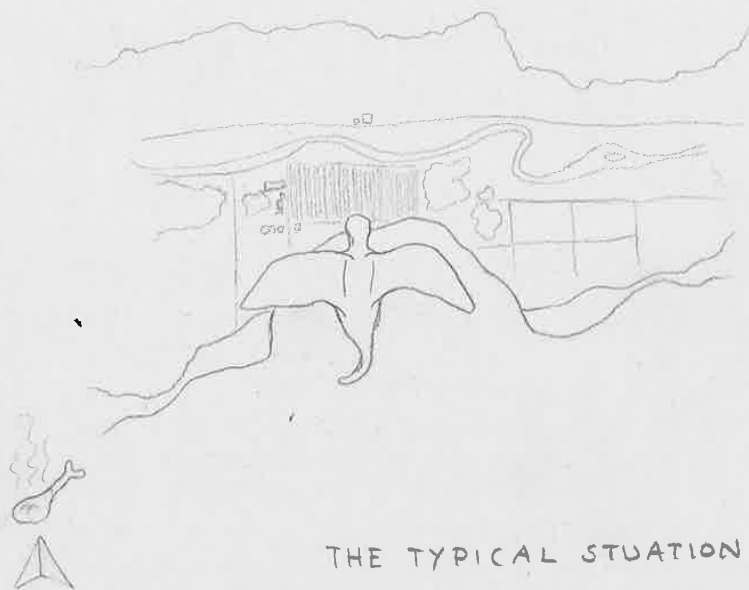
- Matt Haig,
The Humans



SITUATION IS DIRE
WHO WILL SAVE THE SCALE?

Museum Theft

Eating grapes and drinking coffee is the absolute worst you can do to your stomach. There should be laws against such activities. Going to work on a bad stomach is also bad, but at least you can leave or quit.



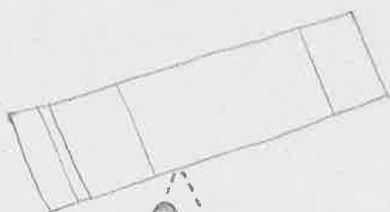
THE TYPICAL STUATION
AND SCALE

Dragon

“My armour is like tenfold shields, my teeth are swords, my claws spears, the shock of my tail a thunderbolt, my wings a hurricane, and my breath death!”

-J.R.R. Tolkien

The Hobbit

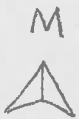
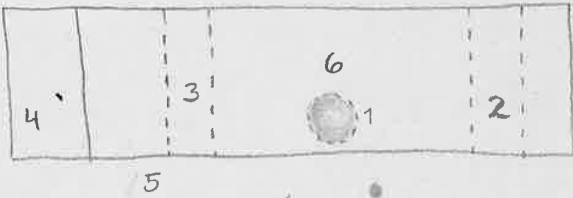


SITUATION OK
SCALE UNDECIDED

Circle House Tipper

Eternal movement and very, very long lasting dancing, all in the same house or building.

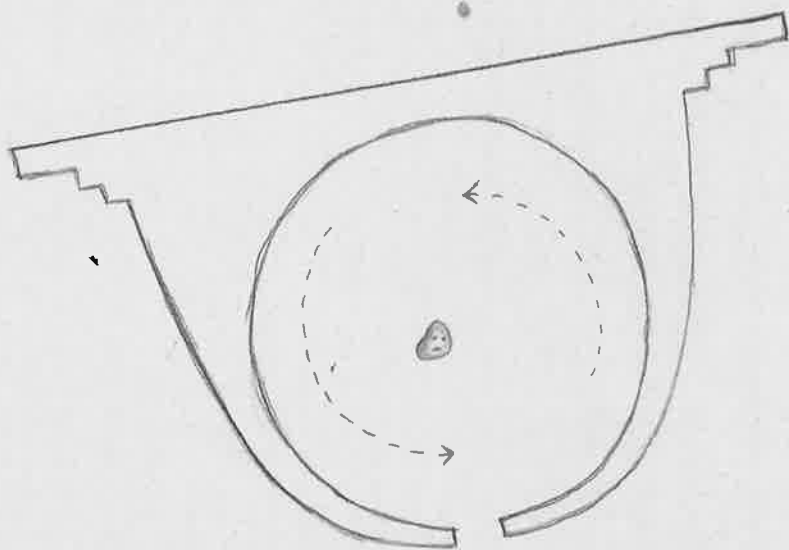
Skipping, tap-dancing, shuffling, spinning and pointing, it's the very idea of how the particular movements add to the wells and floors and openings. Inside or outside. And you have favourites of course, places where the dancing and the material blend together.



SITUATIONS CHANGE
SCALES DO NOT

House Jumper

Other times nothing works, no matter how hard you try. Then perhaps it would be good to look at it from a different perspective - the house could actually be moving to you and your positioning. A very slow breathing and sighing, contracting and twisting with light and shadow.

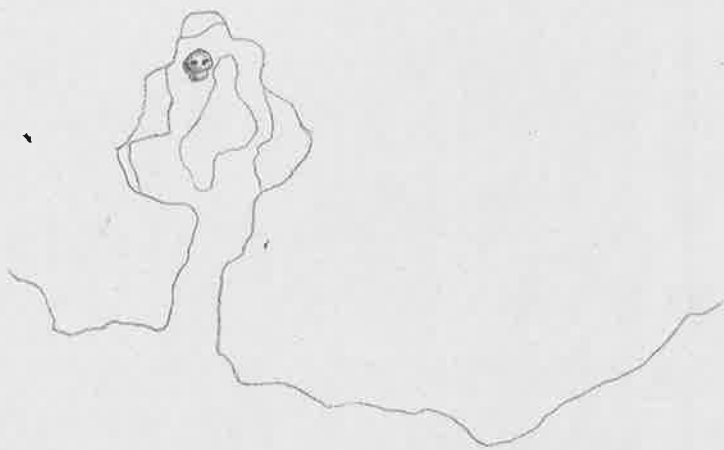


MERRY SITUATION
AND A HAPPY
NEW SCALE.

Spinning House

Powers at play that only works at certain times each night, when desperation for the unnatural really has its hold on you.

In the early days, when mankind was starting to get the hang on things, Gods where born by the ritual of architectural dancing. Celebration of the comfortable shelter where you could put all your favourite things.



A TRICKY SITUATION
OF IMMEASURABLE
SCALE

Nick's Cave

And the mercy seat is waiting
And I think my head is burning
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this measuring of proof
Of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth
And anyway I told the truth
And I'm not afraid to die

-Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds
The Mercy Seat



SITUATIONLESS
SCALEABLE

Cloth

The sea and me, we had a sacred pact long ago. I come down to the shore at certain times every year, throw myself into the waves and drown. I get dragged out by the strong currents and when I get far enough out, I sink to the bottom.

The pressure is enormous, yet there is a calmness in this dark world that takes all my fears away. Lying like this, my clothes shifting slightly with the hint of current, I open my eyes and see my friends waiting. Their shapes have adjusted to the water to use my fins and tale to move. The sea expects a certain style from its denizens. A transformation much like the different stages in life, where one also needs help.

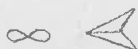
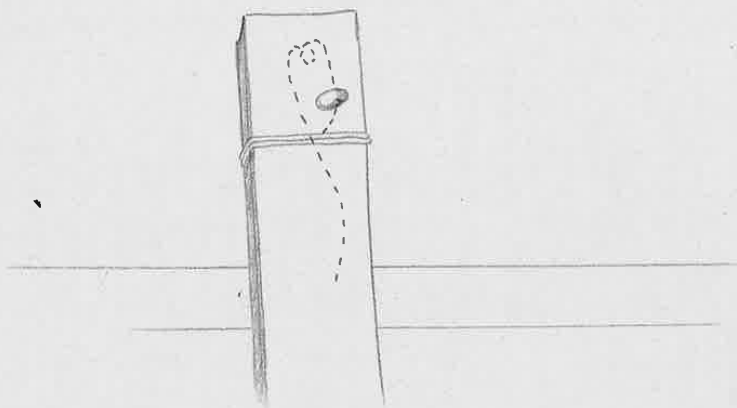
So now, having left my humanly body on the sea-floor, I join my friends and swim fast away, down to the deeper darkness of the sea. When it becomes impossible to see anything and the pressure of the imenseness is crushing and become literally unbearable, then the sea reveals itself to me.

I give the sea my thoughts on the week just past - what was on the news, what discoveries were made, what my daughter said one evening that made me and my wife cry, what the weather was like and how often I went to the “dentist” instead of doing routine checks in the department catalogues. The true sea knows all about the “dentist”.

When I am done and can think of nothing more to add, the true sea nods, contemplating maybe, and sends me back to my friends with the usual “SO LONG AND THANKS FOR ALL THE FISH”.

At this point I always black out, and wake up again feeling refreshed and inspired next to your grave.

Sea you next time!



THE FRIDAY SITUATION ON
THE WEEK-END SCALE

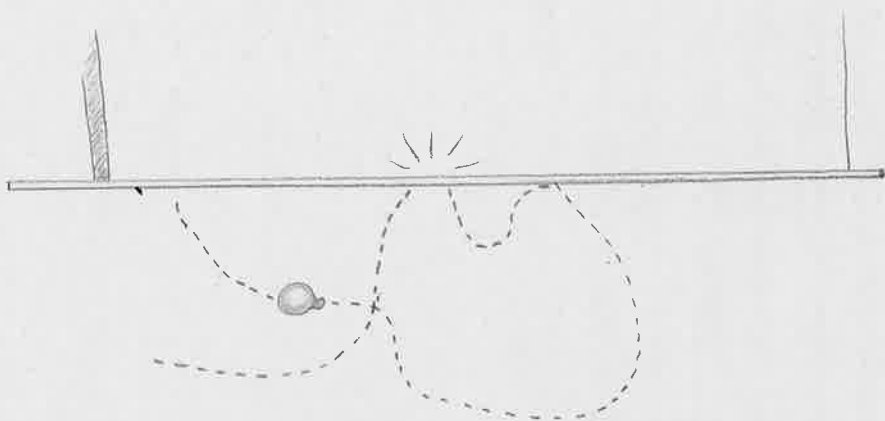
Face Changer

The stupid man had made another stupid mistake. Millions were lost, a town completely razed to the ground and thousands had died. But this wasn't what bothered the stupid man, not entirely anyway. The fact was that moments before the mistake was made, he had hesitated. He had suddenly felt a new sensation of disquiet. One of the many things people called the stupid man was head-strong, stubborn, single-minded - and take it as you will, but he was NEVER insecure or unsure of anything.

Hesitation was a waste of time, he felt. You just act, go for the gut instinct. Ask forgiveness later if you have to. And yet. This time he had experienced hesitation, although not enough to tip the scales. He had still gone through with it and made all those stupid things happen, to a catastrophic end. What would have happened if he had stayed his hand, and listened to that hesitation?

Did he even know what the alternative to action would be?

The stupid man kept playing the moment over and over in his head, trying to remember what had triggered it. It was one of many mistakes he had in the last few years, and he had gotten used to the remarks and bullying from his colleagues. But he had to admit, a mistake such as this was a first. It would be a hard journey indeed, to gain some trust and respect again, but eventually it would be business as usual. The stupid man would continue doing wrong and stupid things, on a smaller scale obviously. He lifted his eyes from the pieces lying scattered on the board and made a funny face. He would never learn and thank the gods for that, his friends thought.



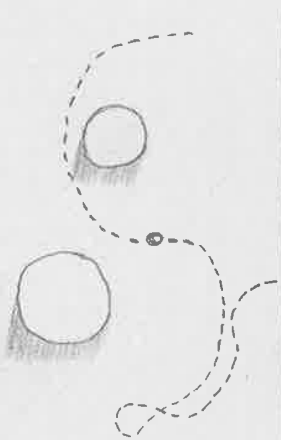
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PAINFUL SITUATION
HELPFUL SCALE

Impossible Climb

“We shape our buildings;
thereafter they shape us.”

- Winston Churchill

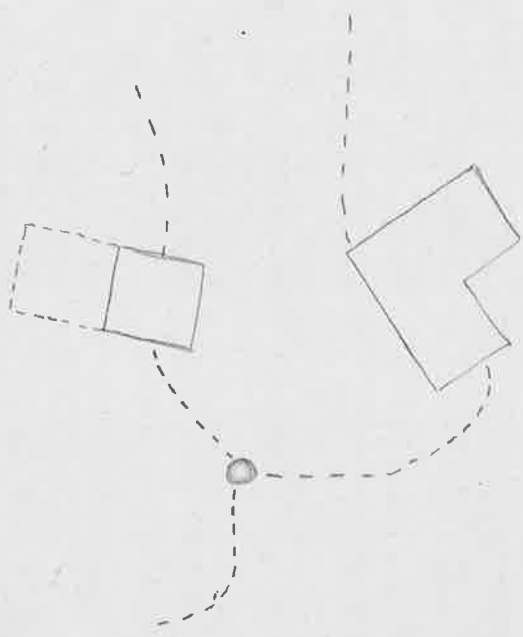


IN SITU ATION
OUT OF SCALE

Drunken Betsy

Drunken Betsy wobbled out from the pub, the early morning sunlight harsh in her eyes. There was no shame in spending some quality time feeling sorry for yourself, after the trauma of getting reelected as Head Mistress of the Sheets in His Majesty's service. No shame at all. It was all she could do, in fact, the only thing still in her power to do, in the short time before they discovered hiding place and rounded her up again. She figured she had about three more hours. And she would spend them with her favourite boy-toy, Big-Ben Albus. If only she could remember which way to go. As she tried to focus on getting her legs not to drag so much, the wind caught her petticoat and threw her completely off balance. Landing awkwardly on her side, she heard an unmistakable snigger from an alley-opening to her right.

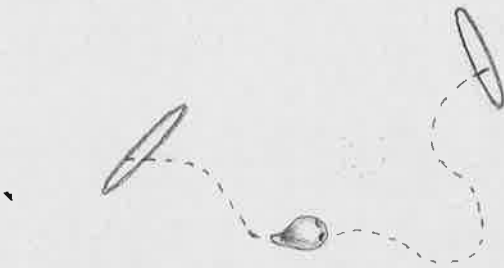
"Heartless bastard", she mumbled as she scrambled to her knees and dusted off her dress as best she could.



NEW SITUATION
IMMINENT SCALE

Divine Intervention

Having already placed himself between the giants, taking great care not to wake them in the process, Bartholomew finally got to work. Drawing on all the powers from the ancient music-spirits in the area, he felt the giants slowly moving toward him. The ground started shaking, a steady rhythm accompanying his magic pull. He felt calm, but kept alert none the less - if the giants awoke during the ritual, his defenses couldn't save him. Step by step, he pulled them closer, until they were right next to him, the cold of their scaled hide chilling his own.

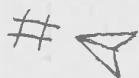
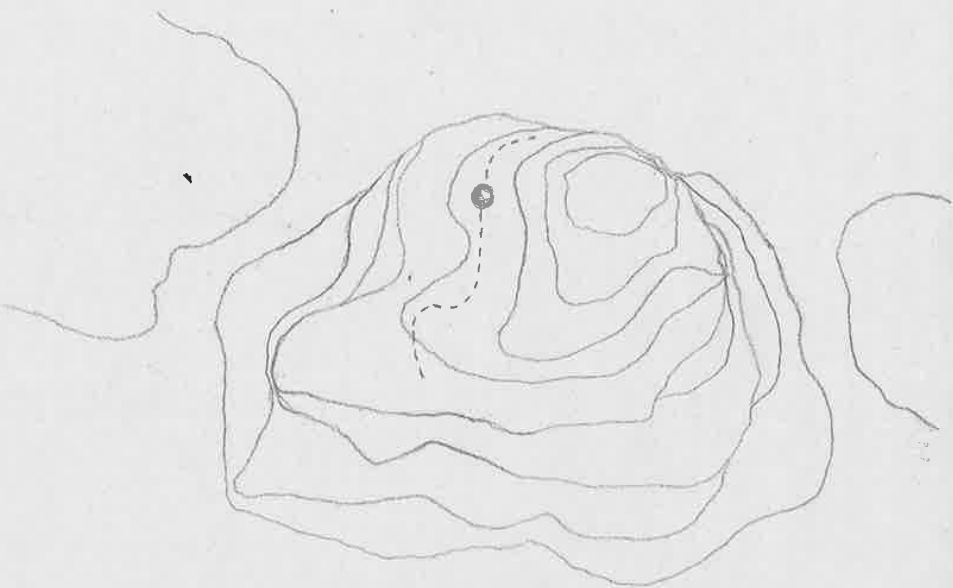


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Universe Whale

“It is a great adventure to contemplate what the universe, beyond man, to contemplate what it would be like without man, as it was in a great part of its long history and as it is in a great majority of places. When this objective view is finally attained, and the mystery and majesty of matter are fully appreciated, to then turn the objective eye back on man viewed as matter, to view life as part of this universal mystery of greatest depth, is to sense an experience which is very rare, and very exciting. It usually ends in laughter and a delight in the futility of trying to understand what this atom in the universe is, this thing- atoms with curiosity - that looks at itself and wonders why it wonders. Well, these scientific views end in awe and mystery, lost at the edge of uncertainty, but they appear to be so deep and so impressive that the theory that it is all arranged as a stage for God to watch man’s struggle for good and evil seems inadequate.”

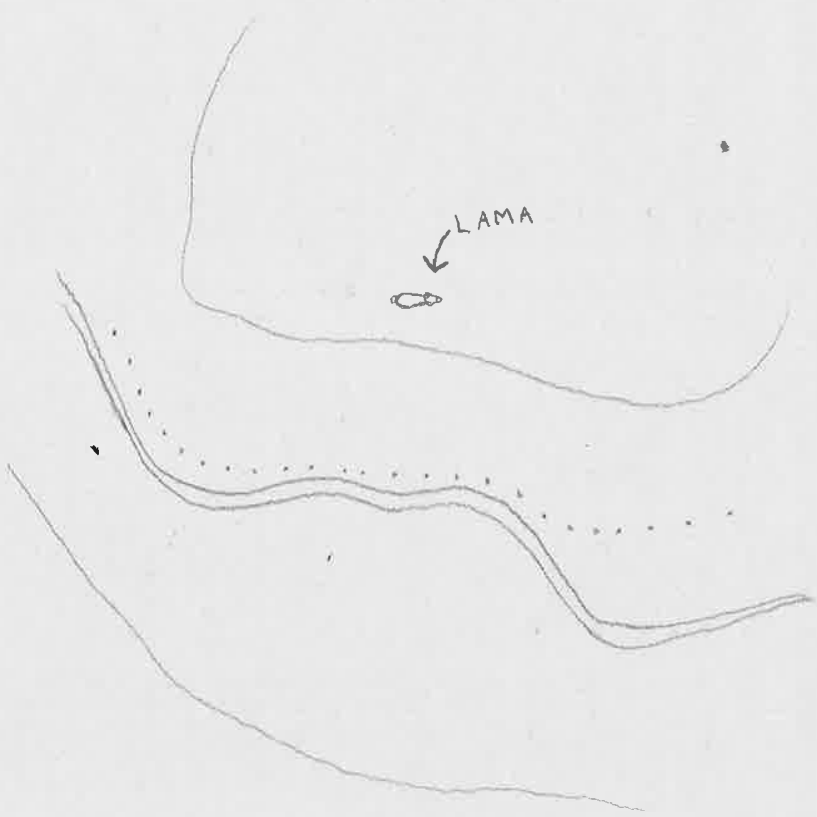
-Richard Feynman,
The Meaning of it All



APPROXIMATE SITUATION
CLOSE TO SCALE

Lista, France

I went to France for about a week. Apart from the cheap food and drink, I didn't enjoy it very much this time. I've decided that French people are super uncomfortable to be around. Anyway, we went to the beach one day where I shot two-three films on different locations. They turned out nice, and thinking about that day now makes me feel good.



REAL SITUATION
SCALE TO BE CONTINUED

Lista, Norway

I found myself a corner behind the house we lived in, edging a newly cropped field, an old bunker, some rocks and a bird-watching tower. There, I sat myself down and started to clear away the grass in the radius of my reach. When I got down to the soil, I started clearing away all the roots, and pebbles, and worms and spiders. Then I went over to the field and stole some straws. I broke the straws into similar lengths, and stuck them into the soil-circle.

After this I took a break and ate some candy. Looking at my work, I saw that something was missing. I used some of the longer roots I had pulled out to make a scaffold on the one side of the circle, laying more grass and long leaves to cover it. Now it looked like a type of shelter for who - or whatever might want to visit.

