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Vernal

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Culminating with a dream, this project transverses theoretical and geographical boundaries with explorations into the message-carrying potential of video, sound, performance, print, and web. Stories and content are extracted from an autobiographical history of one small western town turned boomtown. That town, the center from which the project emerges, is Vernal, Utah.

For Helen who, in patience and love, taught me how to work, eat vegetables, and to be thankful for what I have.

Specifically, this is a project about Vernal, a noun in the true sense of the word, for Vernal is among many things a person, a place, and an idea.

Generally, this is a project about confronting the memories everyone has of their childhood and the effort that must be exerted to preserve them in an ever-changing world.
It is 11:30 and he is just now eating breakfast. He wonders why it has taken him so long to decide what to eat. He wonders if he should have just fasted today. He wonders why certain decisions are easier to make than others. He once read a book about a man who stopped eating because he no longer found anything he liked. That would never happen to him. He likes too many things.

On the counter he has arranged a bunch of green garlic, some spinach and kale, three eggs, and a glass of milk. He is cutting the garlic, and washing the other greens in a large mixing bowl placed in the sink. The greens are soft and tender, from new plants in cool weather. He thinks it is nice to be here in this place with so many opportunities and so much time. It is March 21, it is the Vernal Equinox.

Myriad geological processes have altered Vernal, both in composition and appearance. Of notable significance is the presence of one inland sea called Lake Uinta. The sediments deposited from this sea have resulted in vast reserves of oil and natural gas. From 1986 to 1999 Vernal lived in Vernal. He lived simply enjoying all aspects of life. Every canyon begged to be explored, and Vernal answered their cry. He swam naked in the rivers and streams. He would walk for hours on end till he was lost in the maze of junipers and cedars. He did everything, and took it for granted. He knew Vernal was his, and he thought it would always be his.

In 2006 Vernal had traveled home to visit his parents when he came to the realization that time does not stand still. The home he knew so well had become surrounded by new suburban tract homes, each one a mirror image of the next. A frustrating sense of powerlessness came over him. He knew he needed to do something. This is when the seeds for the project were planted.

As a youth he struggled to find a footing in either world (the natural or constructed), pulled in opposite directions by both. Now, in the fragments caused by the collision of the two worlds, he is left to walk amongst the debris and collect artefacts and experiences. He does this as a way of finding meaning in the tortured relationship with nature he has developed as a result of existing between the two worlds. He does this as a way of coming to understand himself.

To properly set the stage for this project one must understand that the house he speaks of sits on Jurassic age sediments, over the fossilized remains, the last remaining evidences of a former world. Through extraction and excavation this former world has collided with the present. This all begins with a house located in a precarious position between society and wilderness, the present and past. The home was his parents; the home was where he grew up.
Vernal has changed.

The economy is in a slow-down. It has slowed for the last two years and the sun is just breaking through the clouds. Air is clean and fresh yet he feels dry. He has just come back from a walk up to the canyon behind his house. The desert is blowing. Everything is trying to take advantage of the unusual rain. Large chunks of clay still cling to his shoes. He bought them for the trip. They are cross trainers with specially formulated rubber soles that are supposed to give extra grip on sandstone.

He has collected something he finds interesting. The ride is in town for the last time. Lights pop the garden. The sun is setting time. The ride is in town for the last time. Lights pop the garden. The sun is setting time. He will have to walk home underneath his glowing pink. He wishes he could listen. He wishes he could have passed.

It is 4:30 and it is golden. He is standing sign of slowing, but not here. There are other, more pressing matters. He is busy working. Vernal has a rush hour, cars not heading towards downtown, but rather out of town to the south. The south is where the largest oil deposits are. It is oil. He is looking for a project. He is climbing his way towards oil. Currently he wants to find meaning between his project and his life. Vernal does not explain it. He is trying to take advantage of the advance of the oil patch. "Oil Patch" is the only film he has ever seen in that area.

Nothing has changed. He is climbing his way towards oil. Vernal has changed. He is not sure what he will do after the trip. He is trying to take advantage of the opportunity. Ozzie is trying to take advantage of the oil patch. "Oil Patch" is the only film he has ever seen in that area. He has no idea what he will do after the trip. He is trying to take advantage of the advance of the oil patch. "Oil Patch" is the only film he has ever seen in that area.
Through the process of petrification, organic materials are slowly replaced by mineral deposits. The formation of a fossil is a result of this process, where the organic material is transformed into an inorganic one. Once this transformation occurs, the fossil becomes a permanent record of the past. An impression left in the sediment, for example, becomes something new that is not repeated. The experience of creating something new, however, is not always intentional or unmediated. Unless the experience can be preserved in some way, it matters little. That is why Vernal has spent so much time on his projects. The experience to capture the chaotic effect of falling letters.

Methods: He has built a device to capture the chaotic effect of falling letters. This device allows him to see the world from a new perspective. It is how birds see.

Background Right: His father is helping him gathering rocks in Dry Fork to build a stone oven.

Background Left: He is preparing to work with gilsonite® to tell a simple story of meeting a man dying of COPD.

Speaking in One Word Sentences:
- It is late afternoon and the summer sun has made his shadow entirely disappear.
- He is walking alone in the trunk of his truck. He is thinking about the future and the world. He is looking forward to the new ideas that will come to him.
- He is placing a backpack in the trunk of his truck. He is going fishing. The two participants execute their roles flawlessly. In an hour they will be up eating fish after reading an editorial that says, "We enjoy fishing anymore, having recently given up."
If anything, this will feel like the voice of your soul—my soul—pouring out the words of my heart. This is a letter to you, my reader, an attempt to convey my deepest emotions and thoughts. I hope it is a reflection that resonates with you, a moment of connection in a world where we can all feel so isolated.

I went to sleep last night praying I would be a better writer, praying I would be able to wake up and pen a prose or essay describing my work and my philosophies. Evaluated: what was the value of all this? Frantically searching to find the source of these changes, he makes his way to the Lee Bridge where he knows he is similar to that of the Mancos formation of Vernal. The dream continues and soon the usual drone of Richmond is never as good as truly experiencing them. In the dream, he sees the cause. Richmond has become an oil field, he makes his way to the Lee Bridge where he knows he is similar to that of the Mancos formation of Vernal. The dream continues and soon the usual drone of Richmond becomes replaced by that of much larger diesel engines. The dream continues and soon the usual drone of Richmond becomes replaced by that of much larger diesel engines. The dream continues and soon the usual drone of Richmond becomes replaced by that of much larger diesel engines.

The web has become one big waste of space. Noisy, flaccid, and full of unlimited potential. He has everything, including a fossil containing the remains of several fish. The fossil cost more than $2,500 and was as unattainable as she was. He loved going to the store even though he could not afford any of the merchandise. The store was only open for a few summers. Then one year she did not come back. When he left Vernal for the first time, the sign for the shop was still attached to the side of the building. He always wondered if she would come back, if he would.

It Remains To Be Seen, was the name of a fossil shop that opened in Vernal when he was a teenager. He had a crush on the owner. She was a paleontologist, she was from Montana, and she sold fossils. To him, she had everything, including a fossil containing the remains of several fish. The fossil cost more than $2,500 and was as unattainable as she was. He loved going to the store even though he could not afford any of the merchandise. The store was only open for a few summers. Then one year she did not come back. When he left Vernal for the first time, the sign for the shop was still attached to the side of the building. He always wondered if she would come back, if he would.

Such is the nature of dreams. The promise of a returning deity always hung in the air. He remains confused by many hasty oversimplifications. He has been taught from his youth to find meaning from stories told, read, or experienced. His religion taught him truths. The promise of a returning deity always hung in the air. He remains confused by many hasty oversimplifications. His religion taught him truths. The promise of a returning deity always hung in the air. He remains confused by many hasty oversimplifications.

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So many people are talking, and so few are willing to listen.

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SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF THE SCHOOL OF THE ARTS AT VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITY
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It is 9:00 and the sun is just going down. He doesn't know what to expect, but already feels uncomfortable. He can't tell if it is like a concert, or a circus, or a state fair. Teenagers walk around with glow-in-the-dark bracelets and necklaces. Children run with cotton candy mounds attached to their arms. "Cowboys. Where are the cowboys?" He asks himself. He had seen a poster advertising a tightest jeans competition and he thought that would be something he would like to go to, but now is only thinking that he will stay for a bull ride. Then he can leave. The stadium is nearly full and there are cowboy hats. There are cowboys. "What time did this thing start?" He asks himself. Most of the crowd is enjoying themselves and several of the riders have already ridden. He is still excited he will see his first bull ride. The voice over the PA is loud, western, and harsh. It announces the next rider, Caleb Lewis, and the bull he will be riding, Casey's Shadow. There is a long wait and then a buzzer and the gate is opened. Even from the top of the stands he can tell that there is a lot of anger in the animal. He once protested the rodeo, 10 years earlier, believing that the way the animals are treated is inhumane. He is reminded of this, but he is trying to be objective. He is looking for his story. He takes some photographs. That was it. The event is over. He can't believe that it ended so soon—just ten o'clock. Wanting more out of his $16, he begins to interview others. Some people are loyal fans and others are experiencing the rodeo for the first time. (beginning p.6)