

I'm currently resisting all temptation to search the Internet for reviews of what I just experienced in order to leave my personal impression untainted. Stuck between a carpet store and a real estate office, the simple exterior of the Museum of Jurassic Technology occupies a nondescript space on busy Venice Blvd. Before browsing the museum's displays, the receptionist recommended viewing an introductory slide show. My girlfriend and I sat on a bench, pushed a button, and thirty seconds later I fell in love with the place. The film chronicled the (*their?*) history of museums in general, narrated by a confident man and a clarion trumpet that crescendoed at the climactic conclusion. The museum included many such push button narrations, which detailed the significance of particular pieces. The cozy museum was divided into about a dozen rooms, each with its own obscure, apparently random subjects: 1920s letters to Mt. Wilson observatory, a neurophysiologist who unsuccessfully tried to build a bridge across the Iguazu Falls in 1888, an opera singer of the 1920s, a memory researcher, an Egyptologist who studied the Tower of Babel, portraits of the Soviet space program canines, and so on. A small movie theater was located upstairs, along with cookie and tea service which mimicked the display on taste and smell in memory a floor below.

I still don't know what to make of the museum, or of the exhibits, including whether the artifacts were even authentic. Each artifact seemed to illuminate an aspect of the dawn of modern science. Despite the scientific subjects, however, the underlying focus was always the humanity within, a reminder of the inseparability between science as we know it and the human experience. Beyond that, I'm not quite sure what the museum, itself in its entirety the real exhibit, stands for; the receptionist hinted that the museum was frequented by graduate art students, and I felt that the museum spoke in esoteric art school language. Yet the drive I feel towards researching how others interpreted the museum's mystery speaks to the success the museum had in inspiring curiosity and community. Perhaps, the answer to the museum's mystery is a question: "What constitutes scientific knowledge anyway?"

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