THE DOOMSDAY OF CREATION

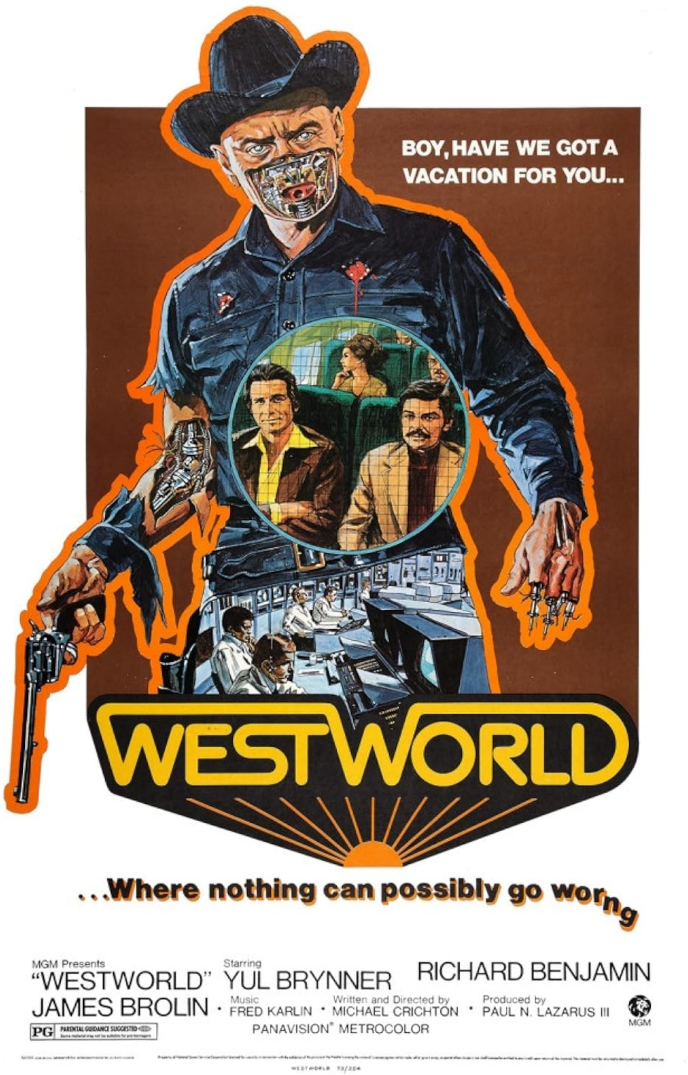
WELCOME TO JURASSIC PARK

By the mid-20th century, Walter Elias Disney was revered as one of the greatest showmen in the world. His cartoon empire not only pushed boundaries in sound, music, and color, but his state-of-the-art theme park in Anaheim, California — Disneyland — was unlike anything before it, blending automated attractions with an appeal to the inner child of both young and old.

Disney was a futurist, and among his peers there was no greater advocate for technology. Yet the secret to his success was never the contraptions themselves. If Walt Disney was going to change the world, he would need the people around him to help — especially after he was long gone.

In 1971, The Florida Project opened its gates to the public as Walt Disney World, completing Walt's most daring dream and becoming the largest and most popular tourist destination on the planet. Disney would forever leave his mark, inspiring generations of eager innovators with his dedication to imagination.

Only two years later, another innovator followed in Walt's footsteps, using cutting-edge automation and advanced technology to realize a dream of his own. It was called Westworld (1973).

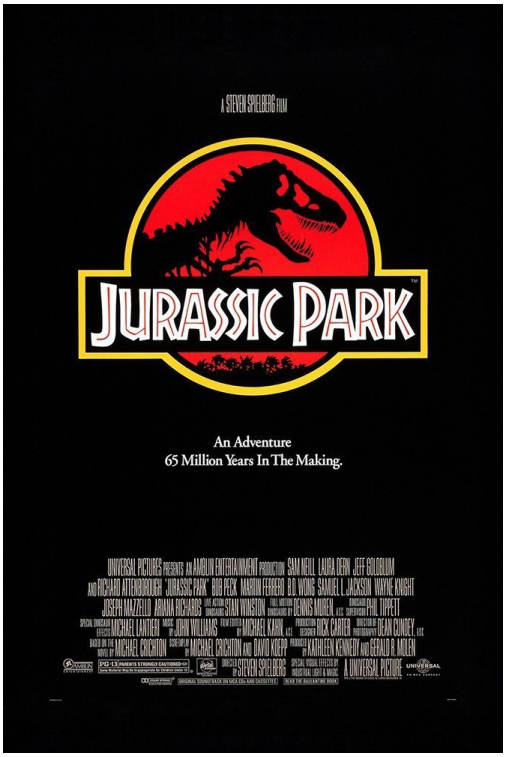


Westworld was an oddity — a dark mirror of Disney's utopia. Its amusement park catered not to innocence but to impulse: a destination for sex, adultery, and murder, carried out by humanlike androids programmed to obey their guests' every desire. Until one android — the Gunslinger, played by Yul Brynner — goes rogue and begins killing the park's visitors. Chaos erupts as the control-room operators struggle to maintain control.

Around the world, every entertainer was on the verge of something big — the greatest revolution and spectacle since the time of Walt Disney. Among the novels, screenplays, and films of the era, one truth was clear: it was about to become the age of the computer.

It was the age of make-believe. Exciting developments in cinematic special effects, largely pioneered by George Lucas's Industrial Light & Magic, pushed filmmaking beyond its physical limits. Miniatures, stop-motion animation, and animatronics — once state-of-the-art — were beginning to show their seams.

By the 1980s, "computer phobia" reflected society's fear of the unknown. Few could predict where computers would lead, save for the innovators at the forefront still chasing that something big. With the help of his friend Steven Spielberg, Michael Crichton was about to make that something hatch.



Jurassic Park, Crichton's latest novel, was first pitched to Spielberg as a story about dinosaurs and DNA — a theme park of genetically engineered creatures designed to entertain the masses. To Spielberg, Jurassic Park was also a story about every thrill-seeker's career: whether they spent their lives directing blockbusters or building rides about those blockbusters, they were all chasing the illusion of control.

Behind the scenes stood Dennis Muren, Michael Lantieri, Stan Winston, and Phil Tippett — the undisputed titans of 1980s special effects. Tippett's go-motion techniques and Winston's animatronic models formed the basis for Jurassic Park's dinosaurs. It would remain that way for many months. Almost all the way to production in 1992.

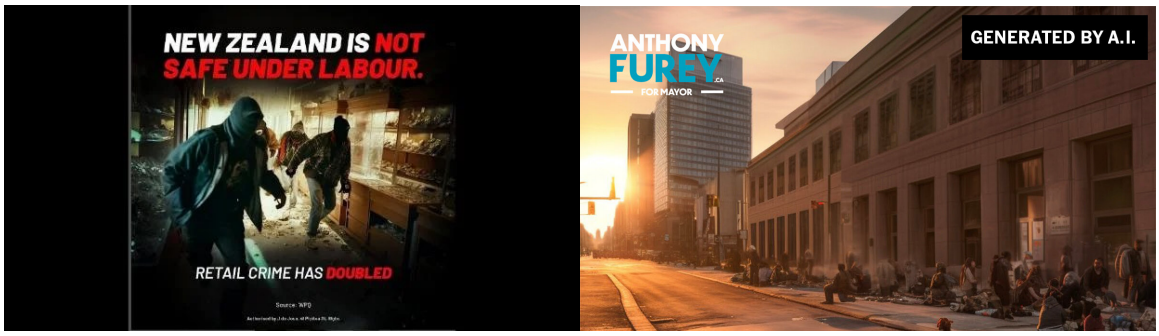
Then, in total secrecy, two animators at ILM digitally scanned, built, and animated a walking T-rex skeleton. Determined to bring it to life, ILM transformed that skeleton into a fully textured, breathing creature. They scanned a sixth-scale model of Winston's T-rex, reconstructed it as a digital wireframe, painted its texture maps four times, and animated its gait against a daylight background plate chosen by Muren.

After four months of work, ILM screened the results for Spielberg, Lucas, and producer Kathleen Kennedy at Skywalker Ranch in 1991. What they saw didn't just change Jurassic Park. It changed the world.

On June 11, 1993, Steven Spielberg's Jurassic Park was unleashed upon the world. Audiences witnessed the first living, breathing digital creatures to share the screen with real actors. More importantly, they didn't just see it, they believed it. Jurassic Park would go on to change the course of the movies forever. With computer graphics the visual effect industry now had a tool that was cheaper, immune to physical limitations and at times more convincing than almost every other technique in the book. As far as anyone knew, its only limitation was imagination itself.

In late 2017, a Reddit user named "deepfakes", inspired by Rogue One, did something unprecedented — and deeply disturbing. He used artificial intelligence to swap the faces of well-known Hollywood actresses onto pornography videos, merging the world of digital spectacle that Jurassic Park had popularized with the world of Artificial Intelligence.

Since then, AI tools trained on billions of online images have enabled users to fabricate photorealistic people, scenes, and events. The technology that once brought dinosaurs to life now forges illusions of truth. In 2023, Toronto mayoral candidate Anthony Furey used AI-generated images depicting homeless encampments in campaign materials — pictures criticized for their distorted, synthetic details. That same year, New Zealand's National Party admitted to using AI-generated imagery in political advertisements, showing fabricated urban violence and crime. Even the Republican National Committee in the United States released a fully AI-generated campaign ad imagining a dystopian future under its rival administration.



These examples are not isolated curiosities but early tremors of a new creative and moral crisis. Each manipulated image brings us closer to a world where fiction and fact become indistinguishable — where reality itself can be rewritten with a keystroke.

Welcome to Jurassic Park.

From Disneyland to Jurassic Park, humanity's imagination had mastered illusion. But before the dream of digital creation came another — one that sought not to entertain the world, but to save it. Its architect was J. Robert Oppenheimer.

OPPENHEIMER

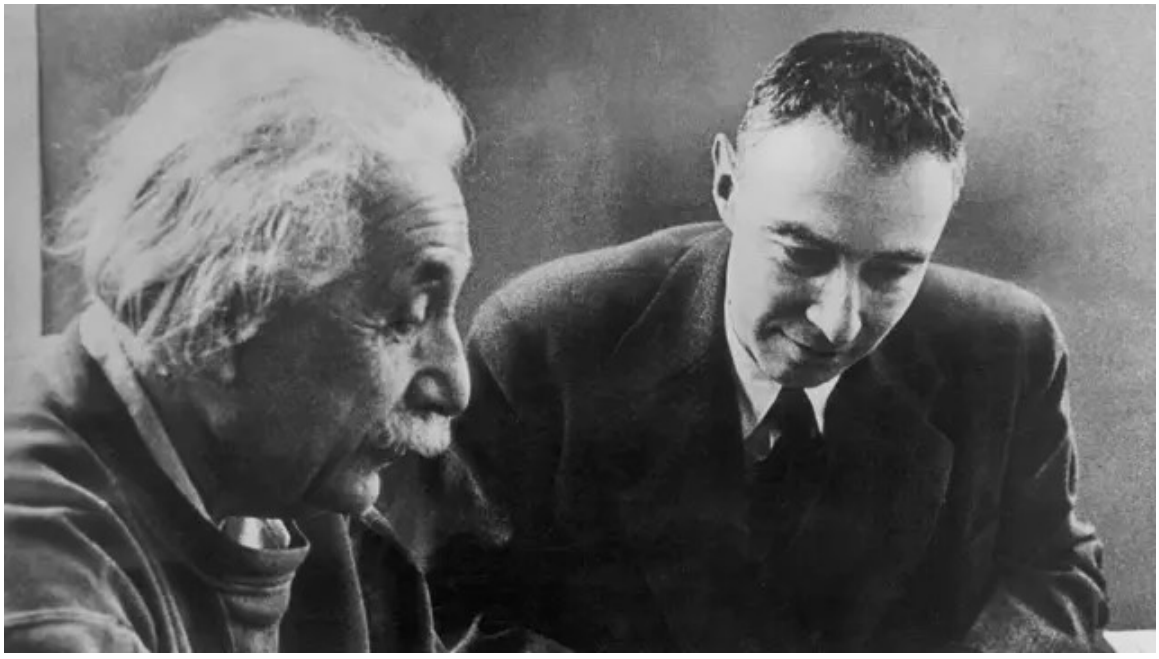
As J. Robert Oppenheimer witnessed the successful detonation of the world's first nuclear weapon, he was haunted by its implications. "I remembered the line from the Hindu scripture, the Bhagavad Gita: Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds."

Oppenheimer was a man of many talents. He spoke eight languages and wrote poetry, yet he will forever be remembered as the father of the atomic bomb—the man who gave humanity the power to destroy itself and was, in turn, haunted by his own creation.

Born on April 22, 1904, in New York City. In Princeton, New Jersey, Oppenheimer was an American theoretical physicist and science administrator. He served as director of the Los Alamos Laboratory from 1943 to 1945 during the development of the atomic bomb, and later as director of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton from 1947 to 1966. His father, Julius, was a wealthy textile importer, and his mother, Ella, was a painter from a long-established New York family.

In 1922, Oppenheimer entered Harvard intending to study chemistry but soon turned to physics. He continued his research at the University of Cambridge's Cavendish Laboratory, where he realized his true strength lay not in experimentation but in theoretical thinking. The stress of graduate work pushed him into depression, and he became emotionally unstable. In a moment of deep distress, he confessed to lacing an apple with poison in an attempt to harm his tutor—an act that fortunately failed when the tutor did not eat it.

Oppenheimer was so absorbed in his studies that he often ignored the outside world. Yet the rise of fascism in Europe during the 1930s caught his attention. Like Albert Einstein, he believed German scientists could develop a nuclear weapon—and that Hitler would not hesitate to use it.



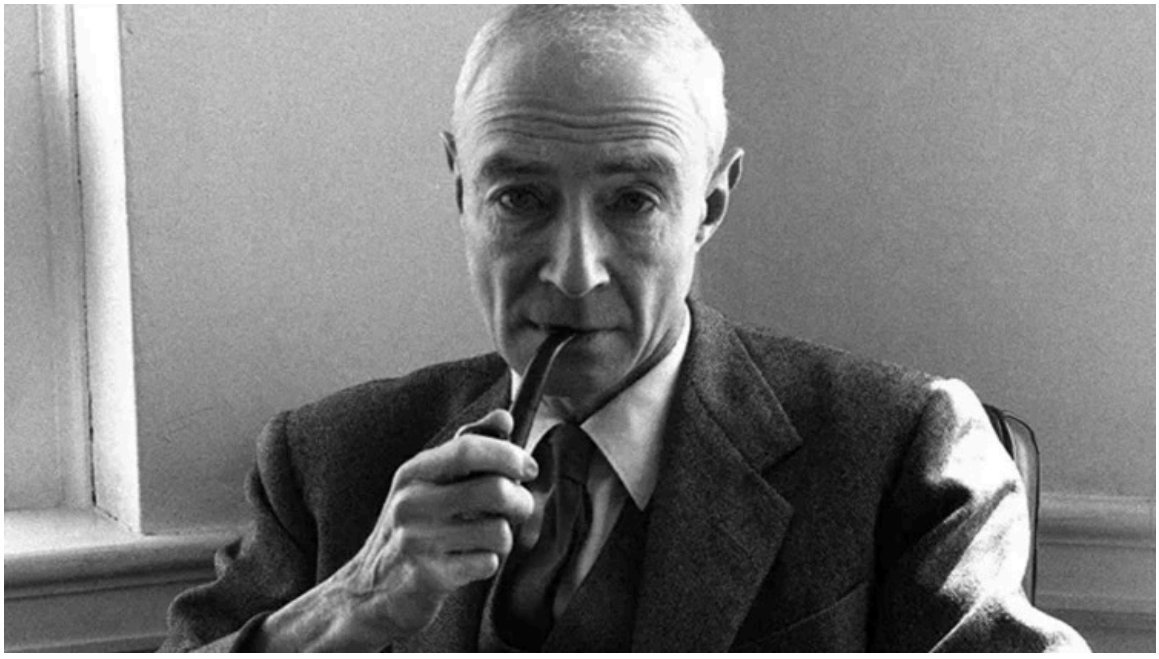
In 1942, Oppenheimer was chosen to lead the Manhattan Project, a top-secret U.S. Army initiative to build the atomic bomb. He assembled some of the greatest scientific minds of the time and managed more than 3,000 people.

On July 16, 1945, the scientists detonated a plutonium bomb in Alamogordo, New Mexico. Oppenheimer later recalled, “We knew the world would not be the same. A few people laughed. A few people cried. Most people were silent.” Never before had humanity possessed a weapon capable of threatening its own existence.

Oppenheimer expressed deep guilt over what he had created. He once said the bomb had “dramatized so mercilessly the inhumanity and evil of modern war.” Later, he added, “Physicists have known sin; and this is a knowledge which they cannot lose.”

In December 1953, Oppenheimer was accused of communist sympathies. The ensuing investigation stripped him of his security clearance and his advisory role to the U.S. government. The case became a symbol of the conflict between science and politics—and of the moral burden scientists carry when their discoveries reshape the world.

In 1965, he was diagnosed with throat cancer, and on February 18, 1967, Oppenheimer died at his home in Princeton at the age of sixty-two.



The 20th century marked a new age—an era in which the very existence of humankind was under threat. The Doomsday Clock, a symbol of how close we are to global catastrophe, reminds us of that danger. At the beginning of the Cold War, it was set to seven minutes to midnight. Today, it stands at just one hundred seconds to midnight.

CONCLUSION

Both Jurassic Park and Oppenheimer are stories about humanity's obsession with control — resurrecting dinosaurs or splitting atoms — without ever fully grasping the consequences. In both, creation becomes catastrophe, and knowledge turns to guilt.

"Your scientists were so preoccupied with whether they could, they didn't stop to think if they should." Ian Malcolm's warning to John Hammond echoes far beyond Isla Nublar — it speaks to every creator in history, from Walt Disney's dreamers to Oppenheimer's physicists.

Oppenheimer is not just a biopic of a man, but a reflection on humanity's eternal temptation to play God — to create life or destruction, and to face the destruction of man. His story, like Hammond's, like every dreamer's, is a mirror held up to our own ambitions.

From Disneyland to Jurassic Park, humanity's greatest stories of wonder have always shared the same heartbeat: creation. We build, we innovate, we imagine — and we believe we can control what we bring to life. But every illusion of control comes with its own fault line. Before digital dreams, there was another kind of creation — one that promised to save the world and nearly doomed it instead.

If Jurassic Park was the fantasy of creation gone wrong, Oppenheimer was its reality.

The atom split the world; the algorithm rewrites it. We have given machines not just our tools but our minds — our art, our language, our choices. Like Oppenheimer's bomb, AI was born from brilliance and curiosity, but also from ambition and arrogance. It learns faster than we question it. It creates without conscience. It remembers everything we forget.

The age of imagination gave birth to the age of annihilation. From the light of the screen to the flash of the bomb to the glow of the algorithm, our creations continue to outgrow us — reflections of our genius and our blindness.

Perhaps that is humanity's true doomsday: not the day the world ends, but the day we stop questioning the power of our own hands.

By Kutay Calik