

Gioj De Marco & Carolyn Mason

She's the Only Human Being on the Planet

2021

Looped single channel video (duration 5 min 19 sec)

This video came about as Gioj & I were each thinking about ground and underground as well as what's not readily visible. I did a performance work walking through clay and Gioj recorded sounds in caves in her native Italy as well as video of caves and lightning storms. Interestingly, the only place clay remains wet is at the bottom of caves. Ultimately, we decided to add text from another "underground" source: dreams. The subtitles in this video are excerpts from the Collective Dreamworld's continuous narrative. The Collective Dreamworld Project is an experiment in shared knowledge (conscious and unconscious) built in collaboration with the GPT-3, OpenAI's large-scale language-generation model.

The AI builds the Collective Dreamworld by weaving together dreams, then generates outputs in the first person, reporting on experiences with people, places, and things that populates it. All artists in this Quadrant of the museum have submitted dreams to the project.

Gioj De Marco reviewed, edited, and revised the language to give it a syncopated cadence, reminiscent of how we recall and recount dreams: in bits and pieces. She takes ultimate responsibility for the content of this text and wishes to acknowledge Loris D'Acunto, the engineer co-author of the Collective Dreamworld Project. (www.collectivedreamworld.com)

Full text from "*She is the only human being on the planet*":

The gold sparkles, its brilliance is blinding
I close my eyes for a moment
when I open them, I'm in a dark, damp cave
I am covered in a thick layer of dirt
I look down and see a large hole in the ground
In it, a doll's wooden hand
and a foot, as large as my leg
these belong to a giant, sleeping in a cave
I see a beautiful woman dancing
she has a trachea and an esophagus
I can't see any plants, but I can feel their presence
I begin my descent into a room with high ceilings
I hear gurgling sounds
a fish jumps out of the water and falls on the ground
there's an old man
and a young woman with a sword fish in her hand
she is the only human being on the planet
I play with a cat the size of a tiger

I bend down and pick up some flowers
the flowers are made of skin
I sit on the ground with pink yarn;
too long to roll up into a ball
I suck on it and throw it out of my mouth repeatedly
I look around and notice the walls of the cavernous room
the old man speaks and says:
"I am the Fish God"
"I am the oldest man on Earth"
a sound accompanies the transformation of the yarn
into a large white worm with a glossy back
the worm is eating the face of the dancing woman
the room fills with the terrible smell of dead fish
in my hand, is a chain of blackened, dead flowers