

3/7/23

initial idea

A project putting other people's MidJourney images.  
Take, AI-generated news illustrations of random MidJourney images.  
Three goes Choose-your-own adventure.  
Or maybe my own with over MidJourney images, to create  
an adventure?  
Infused with AI generated news?  
Or all dialogue is from AI-generated stuff?  
Character names are all MidJourney prompts.  
What would the story be?

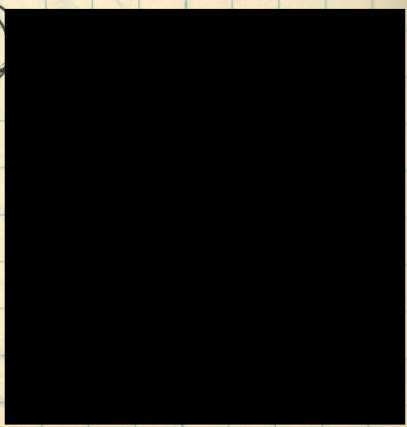
Theory:

- collective unconsciousness
- ego death
- insecurity with products  
of self of myself
- the hellish absence of  
humanity
- God in the data
- connections

- communication
- need to be bound to
- make jokes, have a straight man
- the emptiness
- bluntness
- corruption
- look for an essence in something
- look for clues in a mystery
- play the negative

7 years.

- Being trapped in this world - purple
- having things up; empty usage - like a conversation
- love - invisible appropriation
- my own drawings or paintings of these
- drawings or paintings based on of his own past, dad, son, etc.
- the warmth of my own hand, human energy
- the warmth of my own electronic music production
- accordion inside inspired by the images
- collage of images
- corners with these over there. A bunch of AS short chapters.
- anti-selferàmaking
- what surrealism & surrealism are searching for
- entering deeply, descending staircase  
"store-case"
- persistence - attention pulled everywhere.



Tips:

- a boy answers a door. Many different doors, most likely the same boy.
- he gives messages
- sometimes he isn't home. You get a glimpse inside his house, which is different every time.
- an example includes:

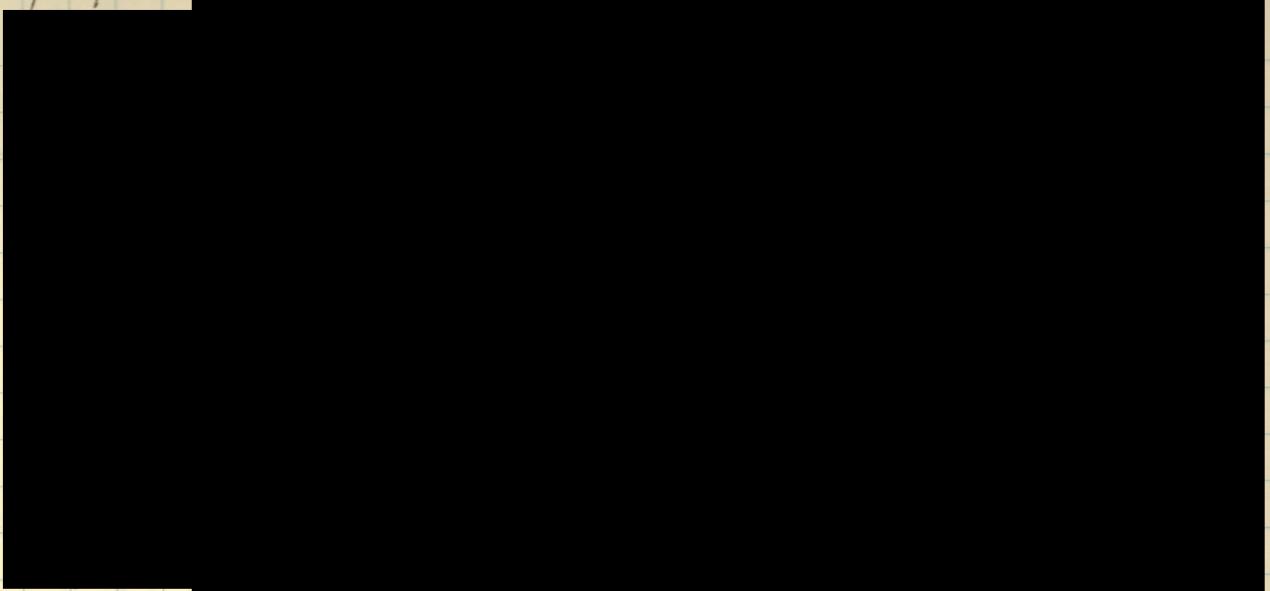
- A. Give me an envelope
- B. Show me the essence of —
- C. Create a clue as to —
- D. Remove human?
- E. Show me between the dots.
- F. Make a connection.

- G. Communicate with me like you care.
- H. Treat me like I'm one in a million.
- I. Be bland.
- J. Find the negative of —
- K. ~~Find~~ Buy me back something from the bottom of a staircase. (store-case)
- L. Show me love.
- M. Convince me that I'm not trapped.

One direction it could have gone in

- N. Paint something.
- O. Show me warmth
- P. Undo a combination.
- Q. Be raw
- R. Heat us all up

3/10/23



Another game idea using the results of other people's AI prompts

A series of pictures. Does this constitute winning or losing? If you guess right, you win. If you guess incorrectly, you lose.

A series of sketches using the results of other people's AI prompts.

A 3D, experience, map in a game. Plan it out. Two favorite things you love avoided.

A man is sitting on a bench. He's taking a drug that shows him how his consciousness constructs reality. The way in which his eyes see the world and send bits of information to the brain. It's intricate. The man is short and stocky. When his brain gets this information, it creates the images more or less from scratch. This is without the drug. With the drug, he sees the steps of the process. Like a flowchart. He can also choose to interrupt the process. Right now, he's choosing to interrupt the part where his brain ~~separates~~ creates a sense of foreground objects. Where if it sees out what is foreground and what is background. He sees you, but you are wall, tree, grinder, bird, fence. It's the opposite of smells. They no longer blend. Instead, when we experience smells, it's in their post-blended state. We smell them pre-blended, as individual particles that we don't experience any other way. Smells with outlines. Toon-shaded.

*"Chaos Dwarf from Warhammer Fantasy with an assisted breathing device, extremely deteriorated and near-death, dark weathered armor, steampunk mechanical details, very old and aged with deep wrinkles and scars, grim and determined expression, intricate realistic textures,*

See image example\_01.png

He appears to be 30+ years old now. His hair is chaotic. Everything about him is glass. A short shaggy cape around his head which is white.

It's still and all you can hear is the sound of him slowly sucking on his pipe like a drug dispenser. One might say lost to the world, but what is lost, when is the world?

You are a single 25 year-old male. Every once in a while you open your front door to gaze at this man. Attempt to see the world through his eyes, through his body, with his brain. Feel yourself become your environment, lose your identity.

[See image example\\_02.png](#)

His body moves with the undulating shape underneath. His thoughts are not what we consider thoughts. But what are thoughts but one by, following another. We have associations. What worse are we than the habit of projecting self in a senseless.

You shouldn't be perfectly taller, but you are. At your age, you are fully grown, but you feel as if you are eighty.

You go out into the world.

A neighbor passes by. Shelli. She's always joyful and vibrant. She fully embodies this from her to toe. Is she any more or less in the world than the man on the beach? She is running through it. But she is so lost in thought that you imagine there to mostly concern her but her. She's creating her world through her emotions. You imagine how that influences the way she sees you. She seems so excited to see you, but you know it's mostly internally-motivated.

[See image example\\_03.png](#)

There's a park near your house. You everyday on a conversation. It's easy; there are two people talking in a glass house. To think, everyday is not the right word, as you can't actually hear through the glass. But you can see everything. You know everything. You watch their body language, observe their lips. The girl is depressed. The other is listening, giving advice. The girl calls her Tessa, but you don't know who Tessa is. Perhaps a new neighbor.

A full-body portrait of a joyful and vibrant woman, aged 40+, laughing with genuine happiness while running. Rendered in a detailed Pixar-style animation with smooth shading, soft lighting, and rich colors. Her energy and enthusiasm shine through her expressive face and dynamic movement.

The scene is set against a clean white background.

High-quality rendering, cinematic lighting, 3D depth, ultra-detail ed.

louis sullivan  
inspired  
decoration;  
hyperrealistic,  
white  
monochromatic  
as a white dress

You look up into the clouds. Your own special form forms them into a being. You talk to the being. It's listening. You say you're uncomfortable with the shifting boundaries of everything.

[See image example\\_04.png](#)

The boy asks what you mean:

I mean how nothing looks like itself when I see it with new eyes.

~~I mean how I~~

- It's possible that your memory is failing. Or successfully defining in the way it was planned. Enjoy noticing new things. Soon you will be pulled away from this.

I mean how I'm never sure what to do.

- You don't have that many choices. Pick one. Don't be afraid. All it takes is a shift left or right, a click of the mouse.

I mean I'm starting to see things like flat men on drugs. I'm unclear about the borders of objects.

- That man is real. Oh, you mean you're starting to see things the way he sees them. If you're ever curious about where the edge of reality lies, USE YOUR HANDS.

You start to leave and realize a crowd has gathered around you. They are clear, emotional. Do they see the same thing in the cloud? Are they ready to do you? Are they on drugs?

They are clearly worshipful. They all have their eyes closed but some briefly peek at you. [See image example\\_05.png](#)

You see individual faces, which gives you some relief that you are not seeing things like the man on the bench.

You pass a playground. There's a girl in a bell, it looks at you. She says, "We're never going to get out, right?" She pulls a pacifier out of the pit, throws it to you. ~~You're never~~ "I'm never going to stop seeing you."

She turns, pulls out another pacifier. "Go get it," she says. She thinks you're a baby. Maybe she can sense that you keep seeing things with new eyes. That your eyes follow her in the undulating mass of multicolored balls with a dozen.

A hyper realistic image of a multitude of youthful christians in deep worship mode. Some are lifting their hands while others are crying to show how emotional the worship is. Others are bowing their heads with hands on their chin. Make this photo as a landscape

kid illustration of  
an entire large  
multicolor kid ball  
pool, with this  
older 6 year-old  
curly girl emerging  
from it in the back,  
holding a  
transparent  
pacifier high in her  
hand, colorful  
watercolor style  
with large strokes  
and no contour,  
child's book style,  
white background,  
not too much  
details in the face

You think, "maybe I am a baby."

"Am I a baby?" You ask the girl.

She lays out a pacifier and throws it at you.

You find some fish hanging on a line and attempt to hit, or at least get her other things to aim at.

She pulls out another pacifier.

[See image example\\_06.png](#)

She hits a fish.

Her eyes are combinations of multitudes of eyes. She has thousands of parents. Her face is a trash bin, a recycle bin, a compost bucket, the result of worms, flies, microorganisms, atoms, with all combining combining based on their own desires, their own attraction to each other.

Do you're not certain if she has a body beneath the balls or if her lower section dissolves into organic spheres. A puddle of globby material. Her eyes are wild. She knows what you're thinking. She throws another pacifier.

After a long, slow walk back, where you brush through the air as if it were made of the same material as your legs, you arrive at your doorway. Still 25 years old and male. You wonder what's up with the space of your house. You haven't stepped through the doorway ~~yet~~. Is there anything there before you step? Does it appear at the moment of entry?

You gather yourselves together and come inside.

The house celebrates your entry. Your lungs twinkle. There's an inner world that makes you happy about this outward nothing.

[See image example\\_07.png](#)

You live in a studio. It's all you can afford. Thank you. The one room is of a realistic bauhaus style. It's comfortable. You take off your shorts, shirt. You become a blanket and lay across your bed.

That girl thought we were trapped here forever. Is that so bad? Where else would we be?

Sure, it's empty and bleak.

Your room evokes a hellish absence of humanity. Your clothes and skin have left, it's they who ever here.

You look out the window: a tree? A tree-ish. Of course, trees don't exist in the sun my fish don't live from a scientific perspective. The fish outside the window sits more accurately into another category. Or, actually, maybe this is the only tree. Outside of scientific classifications, we're creatures free-reign.

Loop 7

You're in a pillow. You fall on the floor.

[See image example\\_08.png](#)

The fire keeps going.

It's getting darker.

You're so alone. You've always been. Deeply alone around people. All trapped in their aloneness, their immortality, their nonexistence.

The bed is solid. So is the room. So is the air.

You get out of bed to go soak in the tub. You float a bottle of liquor on the bubbles. The light is soft. The bubbles are soft. Your eye in the water up to your eyes.

[See image example\\_09.png](#)

You take a drink. Imagine you're like the skeleton who walks into a bar. The drink goes right through you. It aches sweetly.

You blow at the candles. They're resistance.

The bubbles are as islands. You hear gunshots outside. Wonder if the dwarf on the beach is OK. He probably is.

realistic bohemian style bedroom of the house with green tone and modern furniture with Parisian moldings with a modern fireplace in it

A luxurious bathtub filled with thick, soft foam, dimly lit by warm ambient lighting. A Royal Salute whiskey bottle elegantly placed on the edge of the tub, reflecting subtle golden highlights. The scene is intimate and romantic, with gentle candlelight reflections on the glossy marble surroundings. A cinematic, moody atmosphere.

atmosphere with soft shadows and a rich color palette of deep blues, golds, and warm amber tones. Captured with a Sony A7R IV, 50mm f/1.2 lens, ISO 400, shallow depth of field (bokeh background), cinematic lighting, soft focus on reflections, film grain texture, high dynamic range (HDR), ultra-realistic photography --ar 16:9 --v 6.0

You are so relaxed

Before you know it, it is the middle of the afternoon.  
[unit 7]

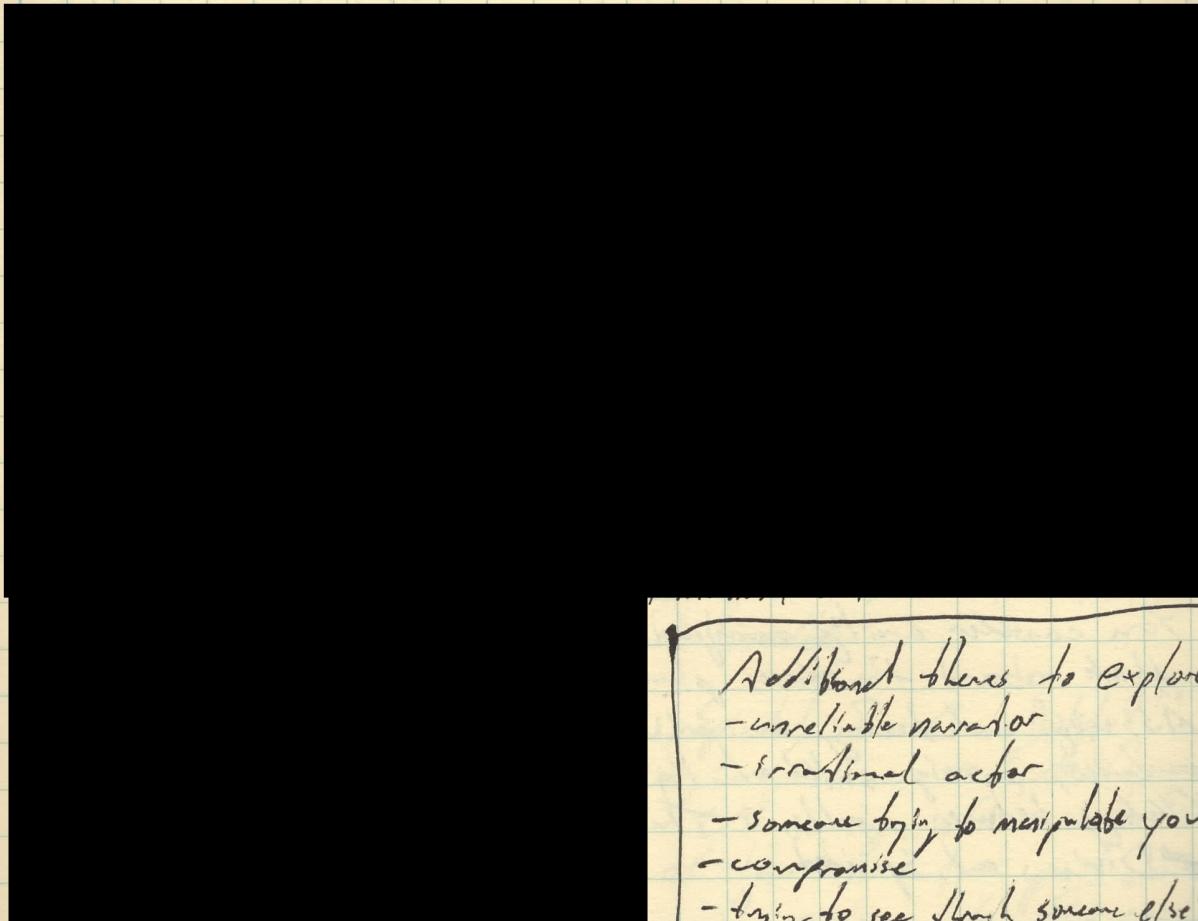
It is night again. Elegant, glamorous night. You imagine  
the tinkling of cocktail piano! The ~~soul~~ is hollow but  
sheamy. The candle winks at you.

[wait]

It's once again the middle of the afternoon. Your fingers, toes,  
backpacks, and knees are all prunes and raisins. The water  
is still just warm enough. See image example\_10.png

[wash]

The water is now cold. It's spoiling the romance. You  
finish the bottle of booze and get out. However, the  
floor drips onto you and you have to dry your towel.



Additional themes to explore:

- unreliable narrator
- irrational actor
- someone trying to manipulate you
- compromise
- trying to see through someone else's eyes
- consent via love
- splitting - going - cauflouring