

Dream Map by Justin Bennett, Track One.

Take the time to adjust the volume of the player so that you can hear my voice clearly.

Stand outside the entrance of Instituto Tomie Ohtake, with your back to the building.

Ever since I arrived in this city, I have been troubled by dreams. Each night, it is as if I enter the city for the first time, and each night it's a different place. Sometimes, in the daylight, I recognize a place from my dream the night before. Slowly, walking around the city itself, I am piecing together a map of these dreams. Walk with me, and I'll show you some of them.

Dream number 1.

Do you see the pole in front of you, with all the black cables hanging from it? Walk towards it now.

In my first dream there are cables running along each street, distributing dreams to all the bedrooms in the city.

Walk to the right until you get to the next corner.

I wonder who decides which dream goes where? Or can people choose? It's not clear to me, but if we walk along the wires and listen carefully we can hear some of them...

Turn right and walk along Faria Lima until you get to the next zebra crossing.

Sometimes there is a loose cable dangling from the pole. These dreams are for those people without bedrooms. (move this back!!!)

Are you at the crossing on the left yet? When the light turns green then cross over to the other side. Watch out for the traffic!

Then cross over to the right-hand side of the street in front of you, Fernao Dias. When you get there, choose the next track.

Track 2 rua Fernao Dias.

Walk straight ahead, down the rua Fernao Dias. Walk on the right hand side of the street.

- Dream number two. A man in a white coat is standing, blocking my path. He looks like a doctor or a scientist. He opens a red metal manhole-cover in the pavement. "Here" he says, "listen, you can hear the water flowing down there. Each street here has a river flowing underneath it. They all flow down to the rio Pinheiros." He reaches down into the hole and pulls on a long, red rope. At the end of a rope is a glass full of black, dirty liquid. He offers it to me: "Drink!" The water looks like mercury. "Is it good?" I ask him. "No, but it's good for humanity" he says. He explains that if everyone drinks from the poisoned river then some may die but a few will live and they will pass their genes, or their good fortune, on to their children. "What doesn't kill one, makes one stronger" he says. "Eventually humans will evolve to drink poison instead of water." I wake up, suddenly very thirsty.

>>>Take the next right and walk down Rua Félix Bracquemond.

>>> At the end of the street, turn left into Rua Padre Carvalho and stop there, opposite the Divinal Vidros building. When you get there, choose the next track on your player.

Track Three. Rua Padre Carvalho.

- Dream number three is a recurring synesthetic dream. Some of the houses in the city have been painted in bright colours and they all give off a corresponding sound. When you

have a few next to each other, the street becomes a musical score.
This building, opposite us, has windows made of intensely blue glass. And this is what it sounds like...
>> now carry on, walking along the left hand side of the street.

Dream number five: I meet a man walking with a bamboo stick, painted with stripes of different colours. He scrapes it along the ground beside him as he walks and holds it up to his ear. I ask him what he's doing. "I'm playing the pavements," he says. "All the sounds of the city are recorded into the grooves and holes and I'm listening to them. Usually the pavements just sound like noise: crashing metal, helicopters or planes. But if I get into the right groove I can hear music..."

>> cross over Rua Tucambira and carry straight on.

>> Cross the rua Sumidouro and wait at the corner there. Look down to the right - can you see the big white ball on top of that building? I dream on my seventh night in the city that the doctor is working up there. He has a large maquette of the city inside the ball and he is sprinkling the city with water from a can.

>> carry on along Rua Padre Carvalho.

- Dream number eleven. The city is a huge factory. In each building there's an old, noisy machine, or people doing manual labour. They pass the result through a hole in the wall to the next house. You can't really see what they're doing from the street, but you can hear it. Everybody has a job and they seem to enjoy it. It is not clear what they are making though - I don't think they know themselves, but I'm sure that they are making a lot of money for somebody else. "Don't be cynical" says the doctor, who has just appeared behind me. "They're as happy as bees in a beehive, in fact this city IS a beehive." I wonder how he knows that bees are happy? and who is the Queen Bee?

>>Have you reached the church yet? Turn to the left here down Rua Campo Alegre, alongside the church. Walk onto the plaza in front of you. Watch out for the traffic! Choose the next track there.

Track 4. Plaza.

Dream number thirteen.

- I dream of a plaza in the city. The city council (municipality?) has given up planning and just leaves piles of stones, metal, tools, grass and digging machines around in the hope that the citizens will build something new. Every week it looks different. This week someone put up lights in random places, making a kind of night-time Agora where the people can meet and discuss.

What do you think this square will be 20 years from now? a market? a garden? a skate park? a football field perhaps. But most probably it will be a luxury shopping centre.

>> Let's walk on, with your back to the church, cross the road that cuts through the plaza, then carry on diagonally to the left. We will cross Faria Lima over there at the traffic lights.

Now we're walking through the mall, past glittering shops. Look, there's everything you could want: Chanel, Louis Vuitton, Hugo Boss, Emporio Armani, Nespresso, Google (used to be Apple), Burberry, Christian Louboutin, Clinique. It's almost empty here now, but just wait - in 20 years time everybody will be rich enough to shop here.

Cross over the road, walk over the concrete barrier in the middle, and then cross the next road. Walk to the little kiosk next to the white metal fence.

When you get there, choose the next track.

Track 5. Av. Faria Lima

Walk over the plaza in front of you, along the side of the white metal fence on your right.

Walk on, keeping the green fence on your right. At the corner, turn right and walk to the entrance of the Mercado Municipal.

Turn around and look again at the green wall. In my dream this is what this colour sounds like.

Looking at the green wall, turn to the right and walk back the way we came. Do you see the large blue building with the blue fence around it? Walk straight ahead keeping the blue fence on your right. Stop when you get to the next corner.

- Dream number 17. There's a group of people at the corner staring up at what used to be an advertising billboard across the street. I ask someone what she's looking at. "The TV" she says, "I look up there and see my favourite novella.". "I'm watching the football" says a man "and my team's winning" Another guy is watching the news programme... "whats in the news?" I ask. "Clouds, just clouds" he replies.

Turn right and walk along the street.

At the corner, cross over rua Cunha Gago and then cross to the left side of Arcoverde. Continue walking along the street.

Dream number nineteen. - a friend tells me that all the cables are going to be taken down from the poles and put underground. I wonder what that will do to the dreams. I find a hole in the blue fence and there, behind a rusty metal door is an entrance to the underground world. I go down. It seems that there's a complete city underground, a kind of a mirror of the real city, but roofed with concrete. Many people are hurrying through the passages. There are musical trains which race through tunnels, and entrances to dusty mines where old men with bent backs are breaking rocks with pickaxes.

At the next corner, cross over at the traffic lights and walk to the left along the right hand side of rua Pedroso de Morais.

When you get to the next corner, cross over into the park, the Praça dos Omaguás, and choose the next track.

Track Six, Praça dos Omaguás.

- In this dream, on my twenty-third night in the city I come across a miniature rainforest. Do you hear the insects? They sound like foreign insects to me. I look around me and I see one of them, a huge ugly locust-type thing sitting on a tree. It seems to be made of shiny aluminium, and it has one black eye, like a video camera. One of my friends says "yeah, they're watching us - they're Google drones - they fly here all the way down from the States and send stuff back to the C.I.A. and the N.S.A. " "Bullshit," says the other - "you're so paranoid! just listen, you can hear that they're from Brazil."

Walk on through the park up to the kiosk by the corner. Now turn right and walk up the right hand side of Rua Inacio Pereira da Rocha. (Inacio)

- Look at the pavement. sometimes I think the whole city is a kind of psychedelic art installation. The pavements are designed to dazzle your eyes with patterns, or to trip you up.

In this dream, number twenty-nine, I seem to be in the future. The streets look almost the same as they do now but emptier, There are very few cars and they all look old and all beaten up, rusty, patched up with wood, cardboard and tape. Most of them have broken windows and they're all spreading thick, black smoke. The gasoline has run out - now people use the water from the river to run their cars. Gas stations are derelict and people have started living in them.

Cross over to the disused gas station in front of you. Now turn left and walk along the right-

hand side of Rua Lacerda Franco.

- Can you see the yellow house yet, further along on the right? When you get there go and stand in front of it, as close as possible to the coloured wall. This is what yellow sounds like...

OK, we can carry on walking now.

Cross rua Morás and continue along Rua Iquitos.

- Dream number thirty-one. The strange house there on the corner across the road is a prison. You can see the guard house clearly. In fact all the buildings on this street are for holding people under house arrest. They have to stay inside watching novellas on large televisions. You can see the electric fences to stop them climbing over the walls, and even cameras to make sure they don't sneak out when no-one is looking.

Just before the next corner cross over to the left and turn left down Rua dos Miranhas.

There are friendly guards hanging around outside with dogs keeping an eye on the place, and tending the street gardens that the rest of us enjoy. The streets are ours. The electric fences prevent dreams getting in to the houses, and if you listen carefully you can hear the fences working. Or is it just me that can hear that? Can you hear them? If you can, don't tell the doctor!

Cross over Avenida Pedroso de Morais at the crossing to your left and walk back to the Instituto Tomie Ohtake.

- Dream number thirty-seven. Again the doctor appears. He looks serious. "Come with me," he says, "I will help you. You've been wandering around for days, aimlessly." "No!" I cry, "not aimlessly - I'm listening, I'm working - I have an "Oeuvre", I'm mapping my dreams." "What do you dream of?" he asks. "You" I reply. "EXACTLY!" he says. and I wake up, my heart thumping.

When you get to the Tomie Ohtake building wait outside. We're nearly finished tracing the dream map. There's just one left...

Dream forty-one. In this dream I'm standing up there on top of the tower looking downwards. From up there, people are so small that they look like little specks. The doctor is there too, looking down at the city as if through a microscope. "They are just like cells and parasites moving through the body of the city, I'm trying to find the logic behind their movement." he says. "As a doctor, it's my job to eradicate disease, and that's what I'm trying to do with the city. What kind of cell are you?" he asks me. "A red blood cell carrying oxygen? an antibody fighting a disease? - or are you maybe a virus, or a bacteria?" "But bodies, cities, need bacteria" I say. "Not my city" he tells me, and he disappears through a door back into his laboratory.