



My father see [one in particular](#) and says to go there instead, I tell him to [check the other](#) maps. We are both looking at [Magellan island](#), the road we can cross. He points the [one getting up. than I the one getting down](#). A guy there tell us about the island. In the map we can see [many square dots](#) that tell there is a city over [one million](#). We are taking than the [ferry](#) I [doubleask](#) at the entrance which way with the ticket-woman at the door. I imagine a black person from that place.

Walking on the side of [a big street with my sister](#). We are trying to reach [Tobaldini's](#)

Fig.019 Screenshot of a web interface I developed in 2001 to interpret my dreams. Prior to the beginning of the project I attempted to relate my dreams to my daily life, continuously photographing what captured my attention during the day so as to interpret what I dreamed at night. This induced me to make more conscious the subconscious and vice-versa.

Over the years that I have been recording my dreams, I could not but observe how technology has got increasingly more invasive. While every single aspect of our daily life has become dominated by screens, in turn also the remembering of dreams has become more difficult. Generally I try to abstain from using screens particularly at night. I have noticed a trend among my friends watching TV series after TV series. I came to realize that all this TV series watching is pretty much a surrogate of dreaming, that they can easily create a sort of collective subconscious in which not so much ideas but the seeds of ideas can be quickly implemented. Far from siding with any conspiracy theory of any kind, it is impossible not to denote an underline trend in these surrogate and collective and televised day-dreaming. Too much of this dream substituting entertainment is however too much of a fast food, rapidly produced, rapidly digested with some spice here and there like some sex or violent scenes but not really any savor and definitely a most disgusting after taste. We are far from the poetry of avant-garde films, of a Kurosawa or a Tarkovsky or a Pasolini who with their poetry can really stir the souls of viewers and enrich their dreams rather than consume them with some cutting edge special effects.