

Ref. 101-Nights, DREAMS

Night 31, Eugene

Oct, 2

I visualize a dream. Among other people present, there is a girl who recently became engaged to the Korean Ambassador. For her, the social upgrade sets her up for a new beginning in a select social status. The girl is rather serious; she is committed to her partner in a traditional way, because of her family, which was also related to diplomats.

In the ambassador's house, there is a restroom, and some of the floor tiles are broken; others are just dirty. It would be recommendable for someone to repair the ambassador's restroom. In my studio, I have some pieces of mosaic left and offer to help replace the ones that are damaged, even though they are not exactly the same. But I have an idea for a nice detail in the design of the floor. She seems to agree rather than be against the idea.

I awaken and soon fall back to sleep, to return to the previous dream.

Once again in the Korean ambassador's house, I dream I am willing to take on the mission to repair the floor in the restroom. I decide to approach the girl and ask for the keys, but she refuses to hand them to me. I feel like a stranger to this house there's nothing for me here so I leave.

The scene shifts. I find myself at a bus stop in the middle of the highway past the tollbooth, heading to Viña Del Mar. I see a bus arriving and await to jump on it. Unfortunately, it is not the right one. It goes in the opposite direction and does not stop at all.

Although I see the bus parked further on, in another place, it is clear it is not going to Viña del Mar.

I wonder where I am. Bus stations often have an underground station, so I decide to walk around and look. Luckily, I find the last stop of one of the lines. In the

end, it makes me think there is no possibility of going further and instead I should insist on catching another bus. Finally I manage to get on a bus with one seat left, in the middle of the corridor.

I spontaneously start chatting with a woman sitting beside me. Her conversation moves me to a different scene. While walking in the middle of nature somewhere near the highway, I spot Marguerite Pilven with one of her sisters. They want to go on a bus trip to Madrid, a journey they cannot afford, because unfortunately in my dream they belong to a low social class. I feel sorry for them, I am concerned they will probably never have the chance to travel by bus to Madrid even though their Spanish blood.

Once in Viña del Mar, I find myself with a group of people from different countries. I relate to them as if it is a Glasgow School of Art alumnae reunion years after the Master's program. It's a dark night.

Standing in the sand on the beach, I hear the strong Scottish accent of a fellow

named Eric. I ask him, "Where are you from in Scotland?" He replies with the name of a place I have never heard before. "It must be a wee town," I add. He says nothing, his attention on his boyfriend, who he hugs. Being gay is not a problem; I would like to invite them to visit Valparaíso.

In the distance, I can distinguish a typical profile of the port and its characteristic houses that seemingly slip down the cliff. Valparaíso is special and full of charm. I insist they should come and see when I accidentally fall into a hole in the sand.

Lorena comes to see me, and what happened. Nothing bad; it is hilarious! I want to take them to a bar in Valparaiso, but Lorena's opinion is that it is far. I argue, "The last time I came to Chile, I didn't go." We both share a special affection for Valparaíso, so I think she will understand.

On the way to Valparaiso I meet a girl. I first assume she is also an artist and

former student from the Master's. For some reason, she makes me doubt whether she is an artist, but I never find out. The contemporary art world attracts people that are not necessarily trained in Fine Arts. However, her intentions towards me are different. She approaches and rubs her thin tongue with my lips. Openly free and feeling responsive to tactile sense, I close my eyes for a kiss.

My attention is suddenly drawn to Fred Pedersen entering the foyer with a six-pack of beer. I get emotional to see him. It has been many moons since the Master's, although I believe he is not particularly expressive.

I would like to share some beer with him, but at that moment, I realise drinking is not recommended. I know tonight I have to put on the electrodes to record my dreams. I fear one drink is never enough, and it is better not to drink at all. It is a self-restriction.

In this very last fragment of the dream, I introduce my project to him, as follows:

"The same way I did the painting Void during the Master's, do you remember? I painted tiny bits of colours in order to construct a large image.

Here, too, I am building a large image bit by bit, over a long period of time, but with different tools."

Ref. 101 Nights, DAY-BY-DAY

Day 31, Eugene

Oct, 2

00:41 Start again with a new EEG study on the computer

08:38 Recall my dreams and fall asleep

10:40 Wake up, take off the electrodes and shower

11:12 I get dressed and change the water for the electrodes

11:49 Rinse electrodes and let them dry

then I launch backups

12:21 Note my dreams until 14:38

13:11 Cook oatmeal in 5 minutes

13:35 Write down some other dreams

18:19 Go out and walk around the
neighborhood of Friendly

18:59 Arrive back home and do yoga
stretching until 19:31

20:01 I have salmon and an artichoke for
dinner

20:16 Serena is here to set the net, in
the meantime we watch a show

21:18 She leaves, I finish D.
Attenborough, Natural History Museum
Alive