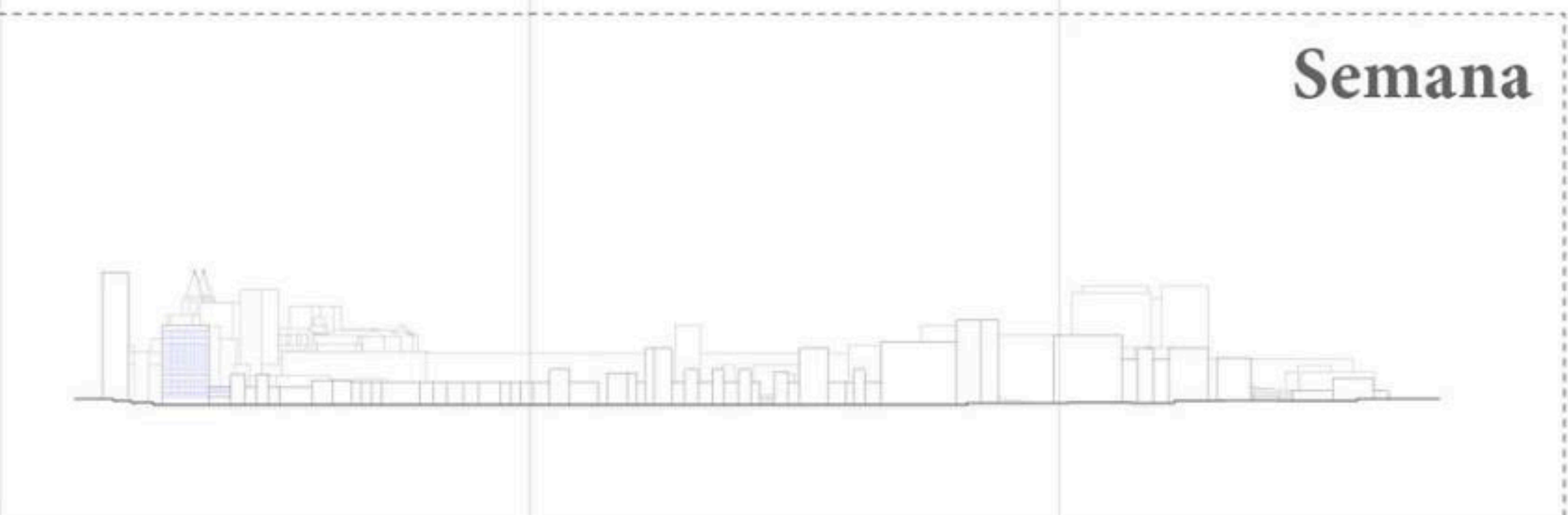
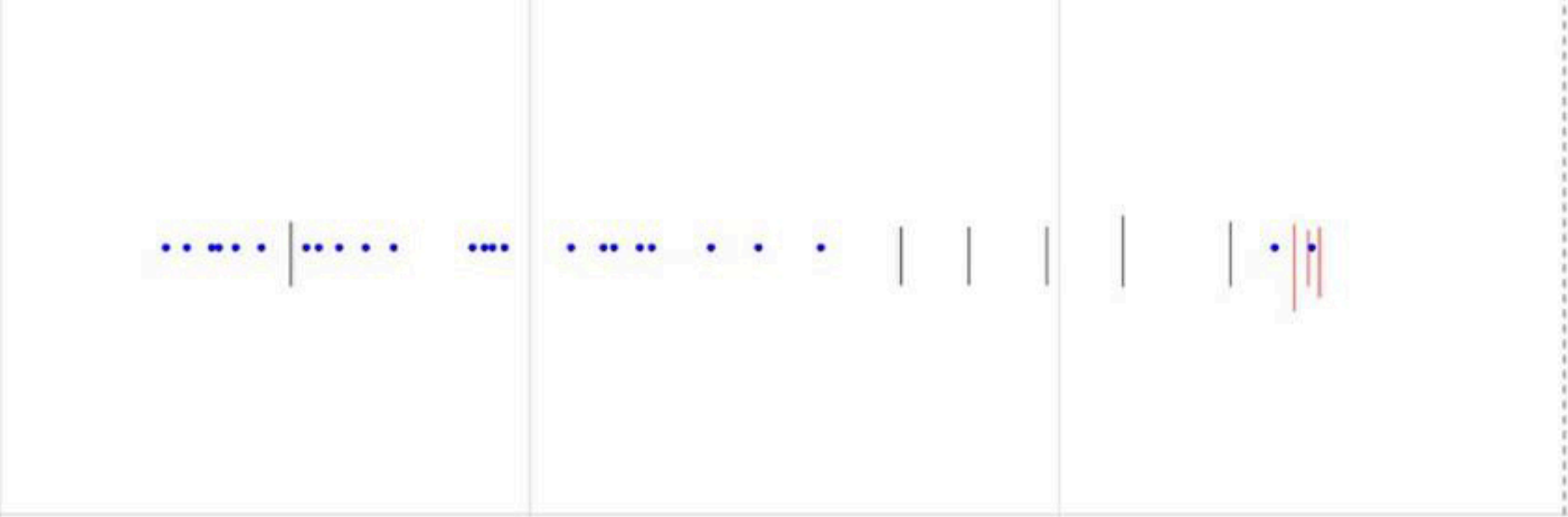


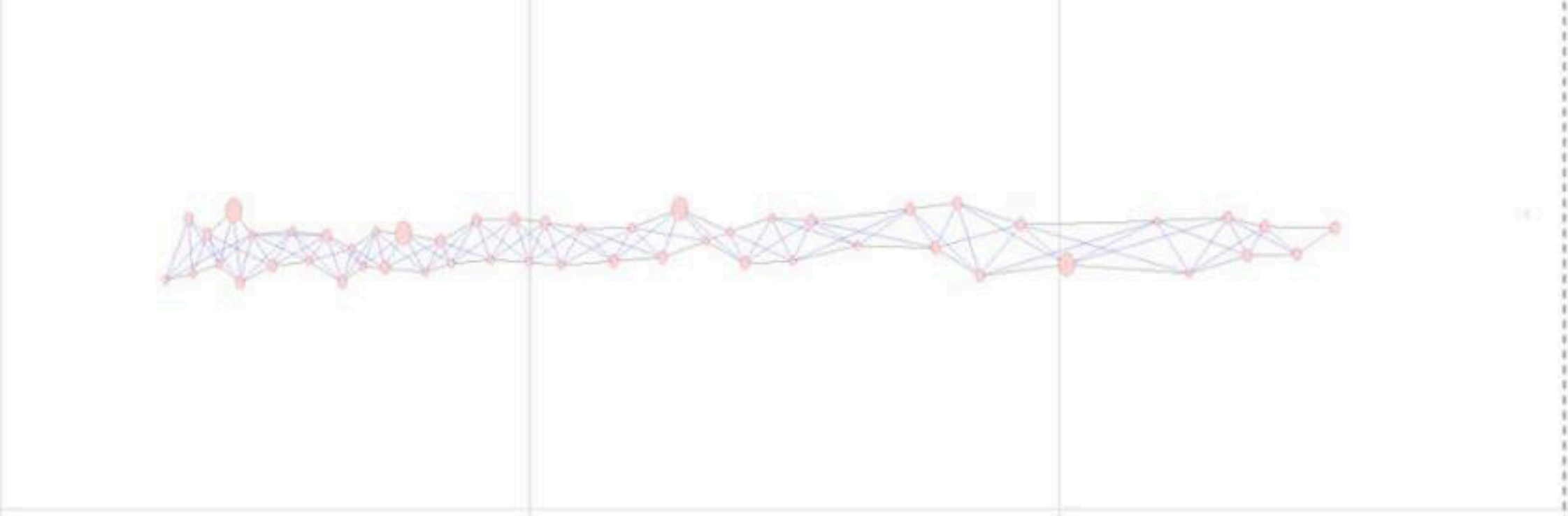
It is eleven o'clock on a week day, 25 de Março is a shock. A change of atmosphere occurs in the city, I find myself in the middle of a Brazilian bazaar. The temperature rises, my senses are blurred, all those information shake me.
 I begin to climb this monster bursting with energy. The numbers of passers increases such a human tide; I am shoved with either them or with items which look like waterfalls taking over the street. I am caught, shaken, questioned: I can not walk straight.
 Agua, agua, agua! The cries of street vendors is mixed with the music of digital shops, which are followed along the journey by the smell of "Made in China" objects, punctuated by the fast food. Summarizing in some way the philosophy of the XXI century.
 Suddenly the street opens, I stop at a bar to take an orange juice, the sugar and acidity wake me up and allow me to continue my path. The Camelos decrease, the cars are taking over the street. I cross. The pavement shrinks, allowing space only to street vendors; cartons and boxes become shops. Using the most ingenious systems.
 The street winds down, the view opens on a large avenue perpendicular. Few Camelos sell food, then vacuum.



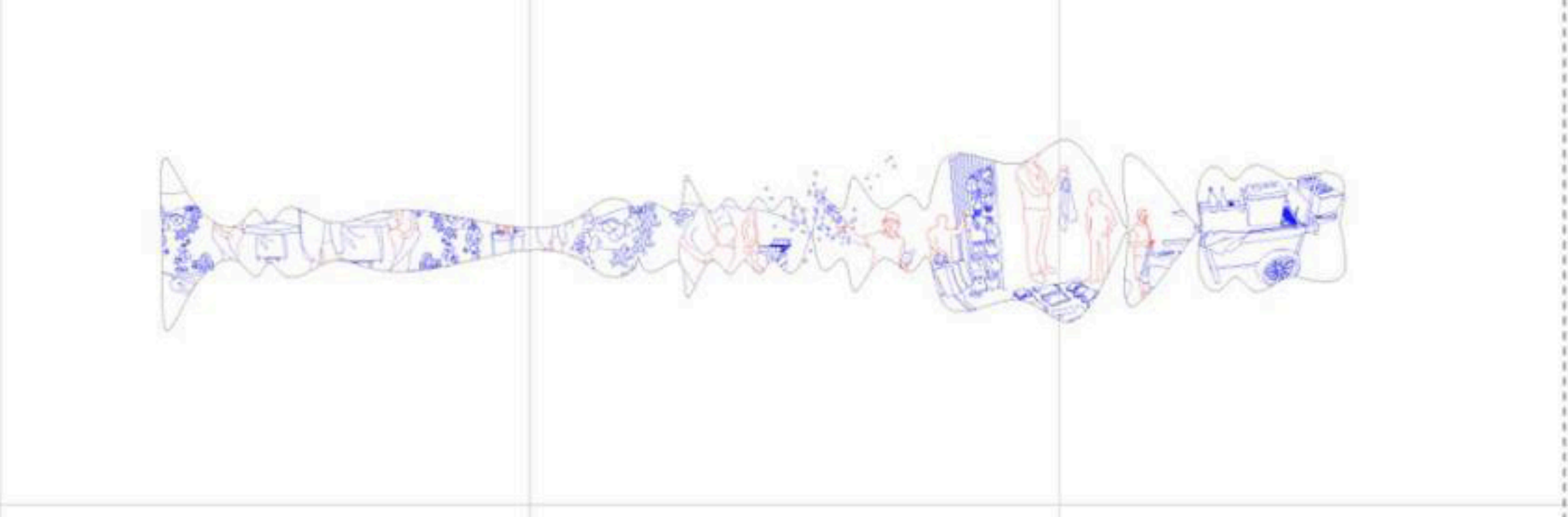
Taste



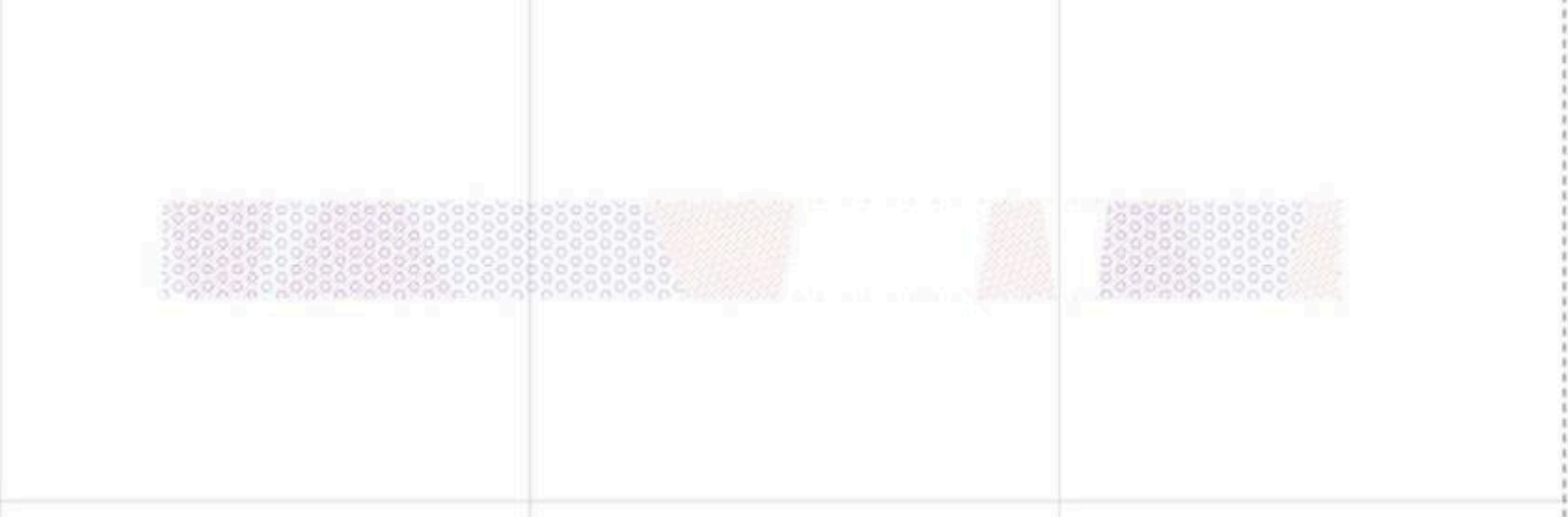
Touch



Sight



Smell



Sound

