

Yesterday I updated my project and got a driver to take me to the university. There I continued working on the graphics to present my project in the thesis, ate some rice and cooked veggies with one of the students and took a long walk down the big road and improvising through the many dirt roads, getting to see the real it simply using my intuition. There I talked to the finance lady for ways to pay my artist fee and then walked back to my room this time hitting a large field which was unfortunately fenced. I then had to go all around it hitting a poor area with slums and a very polluted neighborhood. Back in the room I talked to Davide still in Montreal and we decided to leave for the coast as soon as he lands.

Yesterday I woke up, updated my project and then hit the road alone walking down to a small village and finding the guts to walk along a railroad by a lake which took me to a bigger village. It was quite a sensorial experience there with many human activities and home ran printing shops. My mission there was to find a travel agency to buy a ticket for me and Davide but was sent to many places and there was no place where to buy anything. I reached a more modern part of town, still being the only semi-white in the crowd and at last got a coconut to hydrate me and made it to the university just on time to eat some white rice. There I talked a bit with the Italian curator and then went with an Indian girl to change money at the bank. There was a long line now since bigger notes cannot be used. I anyway somehow managed to go in an empty desk and change a big note into small and new ones. I could then also pay the girl who bought the ticket using her credit card since foreign cards are not allowed. Back at the university I gave some of my energy to other students, drank some chai with them and later took off walking alone back in the dark though an hell of a traffic.

Yesterday I woke up in the student room after meeting a French artist who arrived in the middle of the night. He wanted to keep sleeping and I went of to the university alone this time walking on the main road. I was quite dissatisfied with the videos I took with my phone and now switched taking videos with my new cameras using the phone only to write. At the university I got a student and an assistant from Delhi to come with me to the technology museum to see my installation. We took a cab for over an hour and it was quite terrifying to see in what location they had my work, placed in some sort of a storage. Later we went to the old part of Bangalore where the two Indian guys had to buy equipment for an interactive work. I got a little frustrated about waiting but then we walked forward and ate some food at a small restaurant where I photographed a local business owner, a very proud young Indian. On the way back me and Shahshank, one of the guys took a tuk tuk back to the city center where we walked through a park before departing. With my heavy backpack always on me I walked down the popular MG road and took a metro to reach Davide at Majestic. I waited for him quite some time at the travel agency but then he showed up and we were happy together. I ate some rice with different sauces, giving it a chance being always quite careful not to get food poisoned. At last our bus arrived, a nicely furnished sleeper where we shared a bed together.

Yesterday it was nice to wake up on the sleeper bus speeding down the mountains to the Arabic sea, laying next to Davide and chatting about life. As we got to Kochi, we started walking around with our backpacks, removing our shoes to visit a few temples, drinking a chai on the street and getting a ticket at the train station to reach the back waters. The train was delayed and we waited seating on the hard ground next to some Hindu priests. The train ride was nice meeting some friendly people. It was relieving to get out of the terrible pollution and terrible rush to civilization experienced in Bangalore. At our destination we found a nice bed and breakfast and I offered to paint a graffiti in the back-yard. s I was painting an angel the mosquitoes were eating my feet and went in to take a shower. I talked to sweet Myrthe on the phone and went with Davide to eat some good Indian food. It was everything I ate the entire day and it felt good. Back in the guest house I had a nice long talk with August and did my drawings talking to some French law students, one of them asking me to draw in her diary.

Yesterday Davide and I woke up and got all our backpacks ready to walk an hour to the ferry. It was supposed to be a several hours drive down the backwaters of Kerala but I soon discovered that we were too few passengers and the price was supposed to be double if we wanted to leave. I then tried to mediate with the stubborn Indian chief but at last left with an Australian couple for the train station where we took a train down south to a beautiful village under some kind of celebration. We then reached a bit of a depressive compound with man hippies there to worship a guru lady giving hugs to everyone. We ate some free rice there with our hands, drank a coconut and then I stimulated Davide to work on his film so we sat off first to see a location by the river and then to a village to buy textile and bags of flowers. We were the only white there, in the dusty place but swept through it. It was nice to ride the tuk tuk back by the ocean with much life of poor but dignitous Indians still living off their fish. In the evening we ate in the Western section of the compound. I did not want any Western food but then actually gain some energy eating spaghetti and at last a little carrot salad after so many day without any greens.

Yesterday i woke up in the guru compound, updated my project and went out of the bubble to connect more with the reality around me, poor fishermen in a little paradise where the ocean is however too powerful of a thing. Back in the compound I met Jonathan, a famous blogger with a recent background of drugs and parties. I took notes of whatever I was saying and later on thought of me as one of the most brilliant persons he has ever met but was quite bothered of the fact that I wanted to leave the compound before the arrival of the guru. We went to the ocean together and got me some headphones with meditative sound to listen to. I almost felt asleep. We then got back for some Western food among Westerner believer, pretty much people seeking for a way, out of a meaningless life. I tried to tell them how I did find meaning out of this meaninglessness but they all seemed drugged by the situation. Anyhow, in the afternoon I helped Davide doing some shooting for his film, first with an old fisherman and Davide knelt on the top of his boat crossing the backwaters. Later we went out on the beach where I drew a mandala resembling my six tips star and filmed there colored with red and yellow spices, dragging Davide at the center, surrounded by flowers and flames. It was nice to through ourselves in the water of the sea, warm but terribly powerful. I followed a hippy guy from Milano, also with a drug and rave background now converted to asceticism. He taught how to get under the huge waves coming at us like gigantic walls. In the evening I showered and went out again to meet Jonathan who wanted to talk to him. It took me sometime to justify to him the fact that I was leaving the guru compound, and that was namely my mission, keep wondering through India picking trash, filming etcetera and build this temple of time, a monument to syncretism.

Yesterday we woke up in the ashram and I updated my project before made arrangements to leave. I did my tai-chi and managed to get in contact with the boat captain to hear if they were on their way to us. They were and Davide and I got our backpacks ready, ate some food with Johnathan and a southern German guy exploding with drug problems. At last we crossed the pedestrain bridge to reach the deck where we waited for the boat. Once it arrived we sat on the roof and I worked on my thesis, removing a lot of text and keeping only the most essential. It was beautiful to pass by some many christian villages of the back water and see fishermen happy with very little. At last we reached Kollam and from there we got on a crazy taxi drive with two German tourists. The driver was absolutely crazy but we managed to have a good vibe. At last we reached Varkala and found a room in a lady's guest house. Davide bargained for a lower price which we got. At last we walked on the tourist cliff but had to come back as Davide was hungry and felt he had to do work.

Yesterday Davide kept in the room to work and I took a walk, first across the tourist beach, then over a cliff and down to the surfers beach where I did my tai-chi and then I walked further to a fisherman village. It was very poetic and I would have felt in the height of the sublime if it wasn't for all the human pooh everywhere on the beach. I walked a little further there but the tide was a bit too high and I took a little road inland drinking a coconut by a small temple. I then kept walking a met a cool Swedish couple with which I walked to the actual city of Varkala. The man was a photographer, the one who photographed the Swedish princess getting scared by a pig. He was really fond of my project. As we reached the city I sat off alone to explore although it was quite small. I bought some mandarins and walked back, this time feeling the heat and feeling hungry. Only in the afternoon, with just some coconut juice in my belly I reached the north cliff again where I ate some rice and curry. I tried to update my project but felt too tired. I then went to our guest house to take a nap and gave Davide some mandarins. Only at sunset we went out for a swim in the more quiet ocean. As the sun was setting, I helped a Finish woman from the ashram to carry her kid to a guest house. In the evening I bought a fabric and a paper rice small statues for Myrthe. I also stopped by a Tibetan man praying in a shop to buy some stones and a ring for August and a hamlet with the six tips stars for me.

Yesterday it was quite cloudy. I updated my project and then went out with Davide to eat an Indian pancake and then check out the cliffs to see if he could spot a place where to shoot more of his film. Back on the north cliff we ate some rice and curry and then tried to work from the café but I again felt tired. We went back in the guest house for a nap and later decided we should leave for Madurai given that Davide was dissatisfied with the settings for his film and the weather was going to be anyway rainy. I then let Davide work on his computer and bought the train tickets right on time from a small travel agency. We soon sat off with a tuk tuk to the train station and I went to buy some snacks, water and mandarins to bring along on the train ride.

Yesterday we reached Madurai after a night spent on the train, Davide and I the only white people. Madurai itself was also without whitemen and we found a cheap but filthy guesthouse. After walking in the mud and drinking a chai, we reached the beautiful temple and mixed among the Hindu believers entering the very core of the temple where we got a blessing on our head. It was an intense experience in which I asked god to make me a vehicle of his divinity. Later Davide went back to the guesthouse to work and I took a gigantic walk down some filthy neighbourhood turned ugly by the traffic, then along the river bed covered with trash and poor people and over to the very much out of date Gandhi museum. After looking through it and buying a few books I took a small snap in the park. My only lunch was a coconut and I was soon back on the road. I met one Australian hippy trying to get money out to pay his ashram and couldn't get money out myself but at last got a ride on the motorbike of an Indian who has studies in Scotland and he got me to a petrol station where I finally could get some basic cash. Walking back to the temple there was a lot of traffic. I managed and was quite exhausted but had to go looking for Davide who was in an Internet café. In the filthy room I ate a pomegranate and some oranges before eating some curry at a vegetarian restaurant.

Yesterday we woke up again in the filthy hotel and I updated my project before following Davide to shoot some pictures of him dressing him like his character next to an abandoned part of the temple. Later I got into the evil traffic and try to buy a ticket to a place at the foot of the mountain where Davide wanted to go. It was impossible to get any trains so I searched an searched and finally was able to find a small agency selling the ticket I needed. For lunch we went to a cheap vegetarian restaurant and did some computer work before leaving everything in the hotel room and spend a good hour back in the temple complex with a much water pouring from the sky and us going from one hall to another barefoot. We met an nice old Australian couple and had some more curry. I did my drawings and got back to the filthy hotel to pack and get going to the station with a tuk tuk. We made a stop back to the abandoned temple where Davide forgot his costume but we couldn't find it.

Yesterday we arrived in the middle of the night in a small city somewhere up north. We then started walking and Davide really wanted to go back to sleep so I left him behind a little temple while I kept walking with my backpacks next to the big temple. All hotels were busy because of a festivity and Indians were already active to start their celebration. A guy took me around to see more guest house but they were all busy and I had to give him some cash to get rid of him. I had to get used to walk around the tiny streets infested with barking dogs but managed to reunite with Davide. We then walked a long stretch on a trafficked road to the ashram, yet another bubble of white people playing the ascetic. There was no place for us there but soon a guy on a scooter picked us up and drove us to his country house between the holly mountains. Davide and I took a first nap and later ate the breakfast that the guy and his friend had prepared for us on banana leaves. Later we took a walk across the beautiful fields and over a little mountain. In our circular room we took a nap again and again got a nice meal from the hosts, with rice and curry. It was nice to walk in the evening through the village with a couple of kids on our side escorting us.

Yesterday I was ready to be home, in the Indian countryside but then followed Davide to the town. I drove the scooter there with him in the back, careful of the mad traffic but quite determined to make my way through it. We parked a little outside and the walk along the temple, fascinated about all the movement there. Later we tried to get some cash out from many of the banks but there were long queues and the ATMs had no money. I managed to convince an Indian to change Davide's Canadian dollars at last and we were free to go but Davide got worried about all the insect bytes on his skin and went to the hospital. I then roamed around the polluted village in the heat of the day and at last we went off to the ashram where Davide bought the costumes for his film. I paid with my credit card so I was able to get some cash from him. Back in the countryside we dressed up with the costumes and shot a bit of his movie before eating some of the spicy curry with our hosts.

Yesterday I had a good starting of the day updating my project and the working on the graphical part of my thesis in which I present my cathedral in each of its parts. Later we ate some Indian breakfast with race cakes. All the region morning about the death of their actress president and there was barely a soul around. Under the heat of the sun I helped Davide with his film, staging a shaman up a little mountain. It was quiet tiring and the lack of food got me quite low of energies. I regain some going with him to the nearby street filled with sadu people, folk who have left their families to prepare to die on the road. With the scooter we also reached a cliff and then the Raman Ashram from which we started walking barefoot to the meditation point of this recent spiritual leader. I felt he was a more authentic figure than the more commercial and mainstream Amma where we were a week ago. It was also very inspiring to me for my ashram in the mountains. At the meditation cottage I met a nice English man with Swiss ancestors. We walked back down talking together and later I kept with Davide in the ashram temple filled with the singing of young Indian monks. On the way back with the scooter Davide got me quite nervous with his playful driving but luckily nothing bad happened. Back in the country we got more curry with rice and I really felt i needed some other kind of food, especially fruit which this country should be rich of.

Yesterday I woke up early to update my project and then sat off with Davide first to the gas station and then driving the scooter to the ashram. He kept driving so I felt quite uncomfortable for his playfulness. At the ashram we ate a slice of apple pie before setting off climbing the mountain where god Shiva is said to be resting. It was quite a climb on the rocks and several times we stopped. At last I forgot my trash pouch on a rock and had to go back down to fetch it. Finally on the top we were told to remove our shoes as we were supposedly walking on the god's head. It was quite smelly there with all the petrol and chemical things humans with their beliefs have burnt. A monkey at last stole my garbage bag. Back down we met few interesting people like a Dutch guy completely devoted to Amma, following the guru everywhere in her international trips and a skinny Indian who played the enlighten one but at last only wanted our money. It was back to the café at the ashram that I had a nice conversation with a German guy, Benjamin. In the evening we drove back to the guest house and had a pleasant time with one of the hosts who told us about the life in Goa, and how he got in bed all sorts of European ladies and all the kind of drug he sold to them.

Yesterday I woke up early in the Tamin countryside and updated my project and did some editing on my thesis and wrote an essay on the religious thoughts I am maturing after India. Davide felt sick and I drove the scooter alone to the ashram where I met up with Benjamin and an Italian girl. We all went to a smaller ashram to meditate and wait for a tiny Amma to come in and look in our eyes. The look of her it is thought to give her followers some energy. I did not feel it from her eyes but certainly her presence did bring some mental peace. After this I took Benjamin to town and we stood in a line with the locals to withdraw money at the ATM. Some of them were quite violent but we managed to go in and I withdrew twice with my card and twice with Davide's. As Benjamin could not withdraw any money, I first gave him my cellphone, to call his German bank and then offered him food next to the ashram. He was nice to talk to him and see that he also recently met his biological father like me. Later I bought mandarins, pomegranates and a pineapple and drove back to the village. There I shared some fruit with Davide and we felt asleep. We then drove in the Sadu road for a chai and got back a sunset to light a small fire in the little mountain near the guest house and shoot more of his movie. He was happy and the atmosphere nice. In the evening we ate curry and bread with one of our host with had much to share about his view of India and spiritualism. I then recorded him.

Yesterday I woke up early to update my project and then drove with Davide first to the ashram. There I went up towards the meditation cave and found a whole new and wilder kind of monkey to which I gave the banana with the memory stick from my project. Later I ate a croissant and drank a carrot juice with Davide before attending one more section with the looking in the eye guru. This time I really had no feeling from this tiny lady and was a bit disgusted about all these Hindu hippy Westerners awaiting to be empowered by her. Anyhow, the day continued and Davide and I sat off with the scooter towards the opposite mountain in a semi deserted area with nice small villages. We walked through many of them enriching our vision with beautiful flower fields, nicely painted small houses and the people. Davide also manage to ties the usb with my memory stick containing all my project around a little black goat. Later we checked a village on the opposite side of the mountains and crossed a funeral on the way back. There were flower all over the street but the people got angry when we stopped to look. Back in the village we took a walk with the kids and in the evening we went to another village where they baked all sorts pancakes on wood fire heated stone. We also checked a nice temple in the dark of the night. My right shoulder hurt so Davide had to drive but this time he was responsible.

Yesterday I woke up and updated my project. As Davide also woke up we decided to walk to town. We then went through the countryside and half around the mountains stopping here and there to drink a coconut, a chai or eat a dose and a sugar cane as I used to when living in China. At last we reached the ashram and Davide felt tired so he sat in the meditation room while I wrote a few e-mails on my phone. We then walked over the Ramana mountain path and down to his meditation cave. In the city we went to the temple where Davide took a nap while I filled in an invoice to get the money I was promised for my Indian show. On the way back to the ashram we got in a barber shop where I got my beard cut in preparation of my trip back to the West. We ate normal international food in a little family restaurant and then walked all the way back. Meantime Myrthe wrote me that she wanted Polish workers to finish the plastering of the living room and we had quite an exchange before I could persuade her to let me finish the work. In the country it was too dark and dogs were kind of wild so Davide and I hitchhiked the last mile back to the guest house.

Yesterday I woke that it wasn't so early but anyway did a proper update of my project and also edited my thesis removing all images but the ones illustrating each part of my project. I then walked with Davide across the tidy fields of the Tamil countryside and got on the road around Shiva's mountain, this time going clockwise and eating first some rice pancakes to then proceed to the opposite side towards the city. It was magical to make nice encounters, getting a parrot to choose our divine avatar, drinking coconut and getting holly seeds. Towards the city it was quite tough with the heat and the smog. Davide started bleeding from his nose and it took some time before we reached town. There we went through the market place, finding it quite beautiful,