

Fig.115 Collage of people met on a journey through southern India among Tamil people. There I also met westerners, mostly on a spiritual journey to ashrams where, besides, photography was not permitted. After many years, looking at this image I can still recall the stories behind each of these folk. I concluded then that life on the road is easier to remember.

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During my time spent living abroad I stumbled upon many people of different classes, from American bums and Vietnam veterans to Finnish boxers and Cuban dissidents. Only on very few occasions I met important people like the Boston major or one of Harvard directors. These official meetings occurred at the beginning of the project when I still complied with my career as an artist. Having given that up, I only stumbled upon people like me, generally dismayed with the system and in my opinion quite authentic and worth being remembered much more than any pretentious authority. It is while on the road that I meet these sorts of folk, traveling according to my intuition and reaching local communities and blending with them. Other prolific encounters occurred during exhibitions and conferences I took part in, meeting people like me tracking their daily lives. By photographing them then I quantified the so-called quantifiers. With the cultural establishment becoming entranced in a kind of identity politics, I decided to keep on following my intuition and disregard what was expected from me as an artist. If I just had adhered to it my reputation would have grown considerably but I did not want to become yet another painter a church who is told to adhere to a new kind of holy scriptures.