



TRAVAILOGUE

I don't have a home, this is odd and almost illegal in the modern world. Not having a home makes me constantly in transit. I suck up visas, kilometres and vistas like a hungry leech in a bloodbath. This lifestyle admittedly I chose twenty years ago, seems like a pathetic disease or on a good day, a constructive kind of travel sickness. This disease begins with itchy feet then rapidly escalates to an uncontrollable jerky body movement called 'packing the bag...' My particular symptoms include – confusing domestic with exotic, thinking airports are cosy, becoming automatically diplomatic in any situation, finding loneliness fun, solitude is desired, bowel problems are normal, borders and miscommunication seems

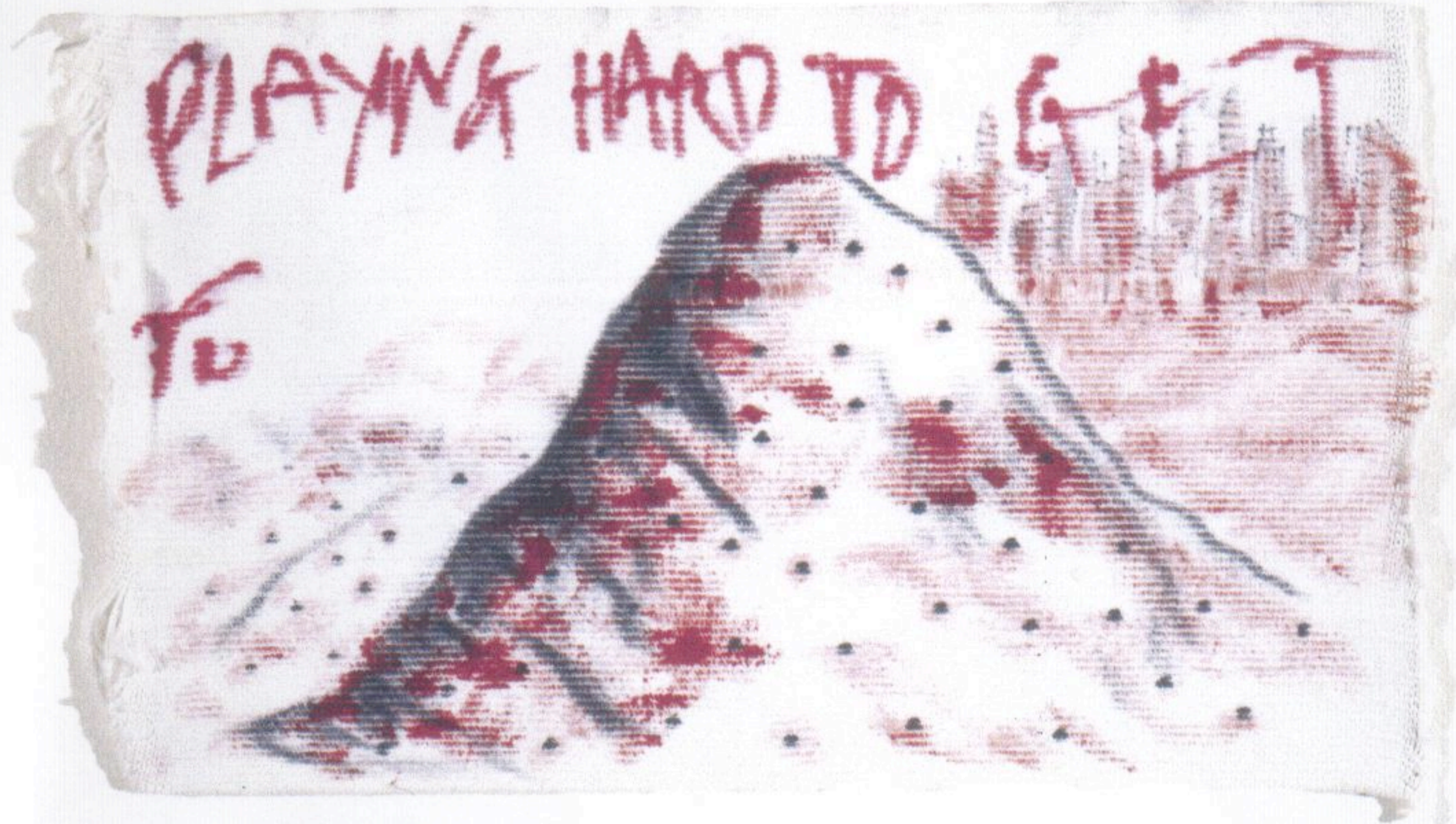
like homely topics and naturally, homesickness is cured. Like many diseases this tumbleweed fever overrides all else. I often wonder if I did have a home would I be able to stay there for longer than a few months without this sickness arriving at my doorstep and arranging my departure. Picture this tussle between my brain and my body due to this geographical promiscuity. I really cannot stay put. Stability scares me and climatic extremes I adore.

What should I do? Or rather where should I do it? My brain is drawn to the Poles for cold, cerebral order. The harsh icy abstraction of being I see out there and I crave it. Perhaps these frigid terrains mirror the sad human disquiet of my mindscape?

“hello where you from?”

“hello what you want?”

“hello what your name?”



Simultaneously my body is lured to the Tropics for hot, emotional chaos. In the fecund climes I feel raw life which feeds and comforts my body. Each year the rift widens as I am unable to decide where to plant myself. Will it be high or low latitudes? Hot or Cold? Why not lukewarm? Am I geographically challenged?

Climactically confused or is it just my wayward way? In sixty different countries that fly hundreds of colourful ethnic flags I have slept in probably over four hundred beds, that includes in vehicles, on beaches, under tables, in ice caves, on floors and also I recall one cupboard in Amsterdam. This unstill life has required me to discard most posses-

“hello you change money?”

“hello you want sexy?”

“hello you like taxi?”

“hello where you go?”

sions in order to keep nomadic. I am a serial monoglot isolating myself with only a single language, this makes soaking in anonymity much easier. I am regarded as an alien someplaces, occasionally an illegal one. Foreign is now very familiar to me. I wallow in foreignness like water buffalo in mud, moving from studios in Phnom Penh to Paris to Perth. Everysewherever seems better than stasis. I am pleasantly lost and at ease with my form of melding life, art and travel together. Sometimes this wanderlust feels like a bizarre non-stop stopover or a tricky painful habitual dislocation but thankfully there are the occasional comfortable pillows.

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