

EVERYSOMEWHEREVER  
THE UNSTILL-LIFE OF STEPHEN EASTAUGH

Stephen Eastaugh, Wilkes Land, Antarctica, 2000.

“I do not have a home. This is odd and almost illegal in the modern world. Not having a home makes me constantly in transit. I now confuse domestic with exotic and think airports are cosy. It seems I have a positive form of travel sickness.

Picture this tussle between my brain and my body due to this geographical promiscuity. My brain is drawn to the Poles for cold, cerebral order. The icy abstraction of being I see out there and I crave it. Perhaps these frigid terrains mirror the sad human disquiet of my mindscape? Simultaneously my body is lured to the Tropics for hot, emotional chaos. In these fecund climes I feel raw life that feeds and comforts my body. Should I be in the high or low latitudes? Hot or cold? Why not lukewarm?

This unstill-life has required me to discard most possessions in order to remain nomadic. Foreign is now very familiar to me. I wallow in foreign anonymity, moving from studios in Phnom Penh to Paris to pack ice. Every somewhere seems better than stasis. Sometimes this wanderlust feels like a bizarre non-stop stopover but most of the time I am pleasantly lost and at ease with my wayward way of melding art, travel and life.”

Shanghai. China. 2002.

“Obsession: The Belly of an Artist” by Stephen Eastaugh

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