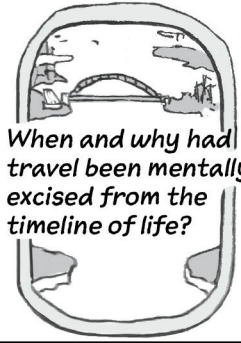


For most of my adult life I've flown home to the Southern Cross.

Often, as the plane neared antipodean shores, a travelling companion would sigh, 'Back to reality'.

We were as present as we'd been the day before.



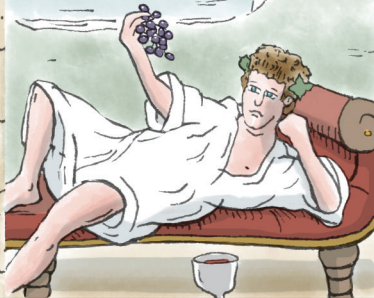
When and why had travel been mentally excised from the timeline of life?

The allure of elsewhere isn't new.



Babylon had an antiquities museum.

The Romans holiday homes.



But after a few millennia,



indulgence, plundering and natural disaster took a toll.

From the Dark Ages on, for more than a thousand years, journeys were undertaken almost solely for

conquest



trade



proselytising



or marriage.



Regardless of the goal, the trip was never anything less than deep engagement with another culture.

