

searching-waves,
rest and unrest

History of meanings traced

“ a walk, a trip to see
meanings of myself
discovered by history
”



TRAVEL
BOOKS

TRAVEL BOOKS

Let's Get

DISORIENTED DISORIENTED

But let's just suppose. What if the whole deal - orientation, knowing where you are, and so on - what if it's all a scam? What if all of it - home, kinship, the whole enchilada - is just the biggest, most truly global, and centuries-oldest piece of brainwashing? Suppose that it's only when you dare to let go that your real life begins? When you're whirling free of the mother ship, when you cut your ropes, slip your chain, step off the map, go absent without leave, scam, vamoose, whatever: suppose that it's then, and only then, that you're actually free to act! To lead the life nobody tells you how to live, or when, or why. In which nobody orders you go forth and die for them, or for god, or comes to get you because you broke one of the rules, or because you're one of those people who are, for reasons which unfortunately you can't be given, simply not allowed. Suppose you've got to go through the feeling of being lost, into the chaos and beyond; you've got to accept the loneliness, the wild panic of losing your moorings, the vertiginous terror of the horizon spinning round and round like the edge of a coin tossed in the air.
Salman Rushdie, *The Ground Beneath Her Feet*.



Disorientation is loss of the East. Ask any navigator: the east is what you sail by. Lose the east and you lose your bearings, your certainties, your knowledge of what is and what may be, perhaps even your life. Where was that star you followed to that manger? That's right. The east orients. That's the official version. The language says so, and you should never argue with the language. Salman Rusdie



Fig. 11.6 Book from Travel Section