

**THE APOKOTASTATIC DYNAMIC OF RECOLLECTION AND PLACE****G. V. Loewen**Chair, Department of Sociology  
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S7N 0W6, CANADA**ABSTRACT**

What are the relationships among biographical and narrative motion, history and place? This paper explores this question with a view to understanding self-actualization as a series of placements in both a physical and a mental landscape. Both of these forms of beings experience situatedness that upon reflection yields what can be called an autotopology. At first, we are another mere object in the world of objects. But our objection to this status calls into question the newness of what once was also merely 'there', in that it was never until this moment a part of what we knew to be our home, our sense of what is here for us. We desire not so much subjection as to be treated as a subject of this new place, within both the meaningfulness of being a topic and also a citizen, an in-dweller. What 'returns in state', then, is not so much the stars but rather our sense of what can be a home and a hearth. Apokotastasis updates itself as a new mode of being-subjective. The process by which this occurs is detailed below.

**Keywords:** Phenomenology, subjectivity, autotopology, apokotastasis, being.

One does not remain in place. We are aware that there are other places, as well as other minds. How do we reach them and why attempt to do so? Yet further, we are also aware that there are some things that cannot be left behind. Getting there means also returning here. The there becomes a new here for us, as we have stated, by us reaching out into it and making it a home. It is we, of course, who must adapt at first. The dynamic of the there makes demands on our abilities, its stocks of knowledge not quite at hand and over time never quite in hand. This is a good thing, as it keeps us alert to the open space of new possibilities and lets us know that the alien quality of the there has not been vanquished by our simple nostalgia to reinvent the origin of all things known and loved. It is kindred with the kind of anxiety that makes us aware that something needs our attention, that produces a mode of being concerned in us and one that extends outward from us into the lives of others who also must be in the world as it is and as they are. At its most basic, there is a functionalism to the return in state. The stars do not, of course, in actuality return to their initial position as formed one of the Greek bases for the concept being here used to describe what the there becomes for us: the site of our return to the ability to be at home in the world. But we are sophisticated and fragile distant cousins even of the stars. We are made of the same things they are. We are their children, and it may be our destiny to ultimately return to them not only as indelicate and indissoluble elements of matter and energy but as a breathing conscious sentience of some kind. The bare possibility of this should be enough to inspire to the greatest acts while we, earthbound, can only contemplate their far off brilliance.

If we are but the local stars of a transient and itinerant stage show, a motley production of cliché and pastiche, treading the boards for a limited time only, our role in the wider panoply

of that which lives on is none so meager. We are charged, in our admission to the drama that is our own, to render its plots and scripts with increasing eloquence and aplomb. Historical action does alter its course over time and space, and the lines our ancestors knew by heart often no longer function, either in the same way or at all. The movement from here to there thus culminates in Apokotastasis, but not exactly of the ancient variety: “It does not reinstate its past in the nonactuality of representation but in the actuality of its repetition. This system is productive not of representational sensations, givens of sense at would function as intentional traces of what inscribed them, but of affective sensations, the opaque, plenary affects of contentment.” (Lingis, 1989:158). After all, making the there into a new here requires of us that we adapt more so than the now known place that up until this moment was merely a space. Placement within the hereness of the there incurs in us a self-actualization that was present all along. We ourselves are reinstated by the confrontation with the statement emanating from the there: that I am a spatial being who can adapt and be content and that affectivity will produce an affection from me for the new place and that the new place will show affection to me. And we do desire to come into a position that will make our union with the there a sensible thing. We do not mind at first being treated only as an object in the new world of objects. Our subjectivity, still aborted and abraded by lingering absence, reaches out and into the construct of ‘being-there’. It purports to carry itself as Dasein but it is neither quite there nor quite being. The quietude that all aspects of non-being bring into play is a way in which the return in state can get its bearings. Because it is not a direction or a call to action, nor is it a phantasm constructing projects of action and predicting their outcomes given certain sets of hypothetical choices, our ability to recede from our own being in the world arrives in the penultimate space of the there, where the place-ness of what we now also have arrived at is still ‘opaque’ and ‘affective’, rather than clear and effective.

Because transience in population, mass immigration and emigration, internecine shifts in demographics and the rural to urban pilgrimage are all historically relatively recent phenomena, it should not be surprising that Apokotastasis has updated itself as very much a new mode of being subjective, a new phase of the subjection to the world of social forces, and also a new moment of subjectitude, wherein we feel the challenge of these collective forces that are not usually ranged against us in any personal manner, but present themselves to all who move as a range of cordillera, even mountains depending on our goals. It is also a recent understanding of the purpose of self in the world that pushes us to rejoin the ancient idea of returning in state to the origin point, for “...among the great aspirations which come down to us from the Romantic era are those towards reunification: bringing us back in contact with nature, healing the divisions between reason and sensibility, the divisions between people, and creating community.” (Taylor, 1989:384). We often understand this impetus to be a reaction to the alienating features of modernity, including the massive anonymity of large-scale nation-states and the apparent non-responsibility of their central governments. ‘Voter apathy’ is seen as a tip of a large iceberg of discontent, and not as a latent consequence of ease and contentment. But I think it cuts both ways here. Similarly with others in the oft-cited rogues’ gallery of anomic qualities we are said to possess as moderns. Indeed, if there were more subjective angst or Weltschmerz, to other possible ‘aspirations’ of the Romantic period, though inward looking and having as their destination a turning away from the world and its tasks, we would wonder if we would not see a general expression of these discontents against current political systems and their scions. Perhaps we are not yet quite there, as would be typical of the phase of being-there that is still adjusting to the new life. Our concerns are still elsewhere than the space in which the hereness of the there first becomes available to us: “What we are concerned about and attend to is there as not yet, as to be...for the first time, as already, as approaching, as until now, as for the time being, as finally.” (Heidegger, 1999:78

[1988]). Heidegger refers to these moments as ‘kairological’ and point for him to temporality as the fundamental basis of and for existence. But we have already seen that the moment always and already takes place *somewhere*, and cannot be otherwise than have this auto-spatiality. Our subjectivity introduces the topos of existence into the world, sentience and consciousness, the repetition of ritual and norm, yes, but also the creativity of motion and growth, evolution at the species level – though now of course more cultural and technological than purely adaptive and biological – and personal self-understanding at the level of the individual who is ‘charged’, as if carrying an electricity of the body and a fluid switch of the mind around within him. The ‘supreme moment’ for most of us, most of the time, is simply the opportune moment, the right time to act or to carry through a project of action. This cannot be known by mortals with any certainty until it is past, but the ‘Kairos’ of being-there admits to there being such moments because we can back-read our own history of action in the light of whether or not things went our way. Even here, this is no guarantee that this and only this moment was indeed the right one. Perhaps equally good action may have been effected some other time, or even better outcomes produced. So in fact the kairological analytic applies more realistically to space than time.

This is also true for another ancient concept, that of the endless cycle of nature: “The *apeiron* is actually that which has neither beginning nor end, in that it comes back into itself again and again like a loop. This is the miracle of being I motion that regulates itself constantly and progressively into the infinite. This, it would seem, is the true beginning of existing things.” (Gadamer 1998:88 [1996]). Since space ‘ages’ more slowly than does time simply because we experience time and are the only ones who do so – time is thus always for the ‘time being’; it is ‘being-time’ and not cosmic time or even geological time that is experienced by us – we can return to a place and remark on ‘how little things have changed’ or that even nothing at all seems to have been altered. That is, except ourselves. This kind of return, say, after a season or year, as in a family vacation to see the grandparents, the homestead, the old country or what have you, gives us the opportune moment to observe the difference between time and space in this way. We have undoubtedly changed at least somewhat. It is plausible that nothing of import - or nothing that means anything to us, as we ourselves are full of a kind of anticipatory nostalgia for returning to the origins of experience or even the genealogical origins of our ancestries – has actually changed in this place. When we were traversing and tarrying in outer space, we were just as much ‘placeless names’ as we were occupying a nameless place. Like free-floating signifiers excerpted from the syntagmatic chain, transients like ourselves became hitched up to the categorical imperatives of discernment and decision. Outer space, we now realize, is a paradigmatic zone of boundaries that cannot quite be placed or encountered. There is a vertical drop in which the signifier can be replaced by another that means something almost the same. The being who remains as a placeless name can never take a position in a meaningful way, just like the word that has somehow lost its cloud of attendant or orbiting terms that give it its context and its objection to its original and enduring ‘arbitrariness’. We too come to know that the meanings we can create for ourselves in time are limited to not only finitude, unlike the way in which the *apeiron* eases beyond this limit through rejoining itself, but also to subjectivity. In order to link these places of being, beings aspiring to Being, we think ourselves into the cosmos as part of its general outcome, if not its specific and calculated purpose: “...we might say ‘subjectivization’, of a teleological ethic of nature..” as Taylor puts it in regard to Shaftesbury (1989:255ff), and also come to believe that this ethic has some warm-hearted ‘affectivity’ for its outcomes in that the universe appears to be set up, at least locally, for their survival and reproduction. Then, of course, the ball returns to our court and it is we who bear the

responsibility of not upsetting the 'balance of nature'. It is we who can create out of our own objection to the pro tempore of mortality a 'life out of balance'.

The apeiron of Apokotastasis has its finite homologue in our longing for the hereness of origins, home and hearth, first love or first steps, first memories that have remained part of our recollective consciousness. Our starry returns have more to do with the feeling that in doing so, we are likening ourselves not to the stars of the galaxy above and beyond us, but to those whom entertainment commodity bestows the dubious honor of fame and repute. We can only be the star of the show in a place where the show revolved around us from the start. So we too revolve round a circumference that we hope will deposit us back in that place of biographical renown. Like a smaller version of the infamous high school reunion, we seek to relive moments long past simply because most, if not all, of the ensuing moments have displaced us giving us the forehaving of becoming a placeless name. But eventually we are forced to recall our real place in the present of the there. At first this is regarded as an intrusion, rudely making itself known as the red death to our masque. But ultimately it contains the seeds of an ethic that both allows us to return matured and more importantly, to go on maturing: "Such a remembrance may have no explanatory usefulness but can still play the role of a moral heuristic. For moral reasons, a new depiction of the world is required, though this may not result in a clearer grasp of the world, nor in more muscular predictive powers concerning it." (Lilburn, 1999:74). What it does allow is to be able to pick out whatever changes have taken lace in the here, however minute. This must be the first step to attaining the human understanding of a return in state. Even the stars are altered over the course of eons. The mortal guise of the cosmic cycle alters us at a faster rate, but the alterations proceed in a manner that to us might give us the sense that we can apprehend the character of nature even in our short lifetimes within it. Stars eventually burn up their nuclear fuel. We eventually lack the organic ability to consume and process ours. We are a more sophisticated cosmic mechanism than our the stars, our most distant 'cousins', so it is the internal workings of the autotopos we embody that break down and not what fuels them. The stars internal workings could go on indefinitely if the same could be said of their fuel supply. This is why the stars appear to return to their initial positions in a more abstract manner as juxtaposed with how they re-appear from the earth's cycle of solar orbit. The earth, if thought to be immobile and the center of all things, parades the cosmos in a charade around it. But Apokotastasis has this other meaning for beings who, even on an immobile earth, actually move as does the imagined universe. It allows us to take into account the entirety of all things when we are ourselves not merely an insignificant part thereof, but that we can never rejoin the movement of Being through the process of apeiron. What exactly is this whole? "It is the 'whole' in the sense of the movement of the stars above and the changes of weather below, the rise and fall of the oceans and the living nature of the woods and fields. It is what surrounds and encompasses the nature of human beings..." (Gadamer 1993:115 [1991]).

This is the more common way of apprehending the character of what is, the is-ness of beings as part of a larger process of being able to be and of becoming. That 'oceanic feeling' of mythopoetic stature and status comes to us only rarely, to the skeptic in perhaps a misrecognized form, and to the cynic not at all. No matter. Instead of the oceanic we have the oceans. Instead of the flood of desire we have the flood tide. And instead of the forlorn ebb of regret we have the slack of the outrushing waters that reveal shoreline secrets both natural and cultural. All of us can partake in these manifestations of apeiron and Apokotastasis precisely due to their ability to cyclically return to the same place and space within the limits of our finite perception and imagination. Thus are both eternity and infinity rendered unto mortality.

Then it is up to our memory, collective or otherwise, to piece together this inductivity of remarks, remarking the surface of space through its signature, an autographic biopsy either smitten or caressed, the ocean's roar or the stream's burble, the 'tiger in space', to borrow Bataille's homologue, or the beetle going about its business. The remarkable quality of all of this 'wholeness' is that it remains available to us even though we just as often turn away from it or even attempt to sunder its connection with us. Ironically, it is religious thought that just as often pushes nature and cosmos away from us as it does seek to reunite us within their ambit. Perhaps this is the necessary dialectic of all mythopoetic means and meaning. The uroboric character of original nature, of all origins and their myths, contains this dialectic and speaks of a time and place when its tension was unified and unnecessary, a time and a place which are in fact neither, subsumed in the nether of autochthony, uttering the Ursprach of the incomprehensible Tongue. But if we cannot understand or return to *this* moment, we can at least listen to its resonance through the apeiron of what still surrounds us:

Everything is still in the 'now and for ever' of eternal being; sun, moon, and stars, these symbols of time and therefore of mortality, have not yet been created; and day and night, yesterday and tomorrow, genesis and decay, the flux of life and birth and death, have not yet entered the world. This prehistoric state of being is not time, but eternity, just as the time before the coming of man and before birth and begetting is eternity. And just as there is not time before the birth of man and ego, only eternity, so there is no space, only infinity. (Neumann, 1970:12 [1949]).

Neither time nor space to consider; our idealization of the hereness of home aspires this initiality of position, this apokotastaticity. But home is also a harness. We have shaken it off for good in our movement to the there. Our desire to make this new place a here for us has exposed us to the facts: we must change and move in order to live. This new knowledge, seen from the archaeological record as an abrupt shift from local subsistence groups – who themselves made lengthy tracks in the primordial world of timeless and spaceless Being – to a long period of stasis in which not only were the motions of the stars reinvented to suit the static character of social organization and its sedentary structures growing up around agricultural modes of production but also the religions and myths of afterlife and eternity, informed humanity's imagination for some ten millennia. The inertia of these systems, as well as their projection into the more realistic worlds of shifting subsistence – the Columbian conquest is the greatest progeny of this encounter - still gives us the desire to be still: "Each of us, I believe, has a special place to which she or he is pleased to return; some are lucky enough to have a small range of these. We may 'have' these places without knowing in detail that we do. Still, even outside acute self-awareness of embeddedness and indebtedness, we may instinctively view these locations, these *situations*, as curing and cheering, close to us, dear." (Lilburn, 2010:5, italics mine). Our personal apokotastases are the scale models of collective life that extends even into pre-agrarian systems. Intensive subsistence societies such as those of the North West Pacific Coast of North America had winter village sites that served as the collecting locations for larger populations, larger samples of the variety of related cultures that first lived there at least twelve to twenty thousand years ago. Summers were spent in more traditional hunting and gathering modes of production, transient, mobile, much smaller groups. The place of 'embeddedness', the name of where I can be from which cannot be otherwise, is not entirely a figment of agriculture and its more stolid sedentism. In the West, this is generally the case. But elsewhere, around the globe, there remain a series of primordial 'heres' that give us the sense that we must be from somewhere and that somewhere else is not the same.

At the same time, it is only in capital that we find the much more recent sentiment also spoken of by Lilburn; the idea that there can be a number or series of such places where I feel more or less equally at home in the world. The farther from each other these places may be could indeed be thought of as more and more fortunate. One wonders if any of this kind of sentiment informs the wealthy elites of capital when one hears of their many homes far-flung across the world. Tax shelters, proximity to business interests, keeping up the status of a world traveller and keeping up with the blue-blooded Jones' aside, perhaps some of these houses may also be homes. Perhaps this one or that is close to the birthplace of a spouse (or spouses), or perhaps some defining event occurred in the region of another. I know of no studies that can confirm any of this. Even the instrumental value of prestige or market is not well known, though one does occasionally hear of some billionaire who has purchased a famous historical landmark just to say that he has lived there. However this may be, it is clear that the liquid character of capital can create a more liquid perception of what constitutes a here. Any number of theres, in other words, can take on the mantle of a specific set of heres. Somewhat paradoxically perhaps, the full bloom of individuated capital bears some resemblance to the more modest annual round of subsistence societies, where seasons dictate the motion of human beings. Both include within them a force of 'nature'. In the ancient mode these forces can be taken quite literally. In our contemporary life, it is in the 'nature' of market economies to favor the bold, the Vikings of wealth, or at least those that have survived, for the time being, the vicissitudes of a global economy not to mention their competitors. Either way, one feels the energy and fullest dynamic of whichever manner of life one has had to choose and continues to choose, given that for elites, a full range of options is at least theoretically available. Perhaps the choice of there is made so that even the most transient of us, or yet the most flighty, can indeed make a return to something that resembles the place of origins, the situation, or better, the situatedness of how we became human in the first place: "It is in such *situations* that one witnesses the full force of the analogy between physical beauty and moral impressions...one would like to remain there forever, because the heart hen feels all the truth and energy of nature." (Girardin, in Taylor, op. cit. 297).

My first real love occurred when I was fourteen. I recall still quite vividly a time when we had taken my father's dinghy to a little island close at hand to Victoria in Oak Bay and stayed there together all day while my parents sailed. Although we had pledged to return when we saw their much larger boat coming in to moor, of course we did not. I recall perhaps noticing a flicker of white out of the corner of my eye but I chose to ignore it. Ultimately, my father had to 'borrow' someone else's tender and himself row across to the island to fetch us. All he did was top the rise and gesture to us, not speaking. No doubt he was quite annoyed. The island had become for us another world. The world of young romance and friendship and though I had returned to that place many times as an older adolescent and viewed it from the shore many more times even to the present day, the memory that it calls forth each time is that of that one summer day, a halcyon landmark, a dreamed oasis spoken into being by the murmur of youthful conversation and contentment. Such a little, insignificant place, very much part of the vaster Vancouver Island that contains most if not all of my 'heres' and origins, and yet still memorable as part of who I was and thus also still some small part of who I am. The idea of being still, that stillness is a possibility in a life that is patently a walking onwards, it is this idea itself that breeds the content and contentment of a place. The stars return to the initiality of their positions to be at rest and not to contemplate yet further motion. Our scale model of both the effects of differing modes of production but also the deferring of the heavens the moment of movement that always must be forward to the end, to the finite, is a necessary feature not only of the construction of the there – I can see the island

quite clearly in my mind's eye even at this moment, and this I can say to myself 'There it is!' – but of the construction of the spatial self.

Yet each of these places has within their situatedness the fact that most of the time we are not entirely present to them. We imagine they feel our absence. It is our fate to share ourselves not only with others - if we are equally lucky as the 'luck' that resides in the pleasant place of contentment and fulfillment –but as well with other places, only a few of which will rise to the occasion of such homey situatedness. So when we are ourselves absent in our fullest presence, our shadows must take our places and haunt the confines of a place now left, forever, in some cases, or at least for a time. The dynamic of having a here over there and having to come here and go there – in this we are reminded of the Roman Captain and his predicament as well as his duty, Capernaum manifestly *not* being his home or his contentment – means that we must split ourselves up, divide the task of recalling that we still have a place to be still within while at the same time having to move forward and think about the future as a flux and a motion. Everything we need can only be found, we think, in the place of place-meant, the hearth of the heart. But this is in fact not correct. Staying at home addresses only part of the human puzzle. Even when we sleep we are not free from its tasks: "This split corresponds to the doubling of the shadow often met with in dreams, where the two halves appear as different or even as antagonistic figures. This happens when the conscious ego-personality does not contain all the contents and components that it could contain." (Jung, 1959:120). No doubt part of our feeling of resentment associated with having to move away from the place of origin and comfort has to do with the sense that it cannot answer for us all of our existential questions. We cannot grow merely by remaining in such a place, no matter how beautiful it might be to us. This is why the stars return and do not themselves simply remain. Indeed, even if we take modern scientific understanding into account, the notion of the cyclical universe has *everything* return in a manner the ancients, their fixed cosmic systems aside, would immediately recognize. There is a moment, hypothesized or observed in hindsight, an 'event-horizon' or edge-limit, that once crossed acts as the point of no return, as there until very recently was imagined to occur in the hinterland of a black hole, for instance. The exact place of this space-time event is unknown and perhaps unknowable depending on its cosmic or mythic context. Nevertheless it can be set in a constructed or contrived fashion to suit the psychological or astrophysical needs of the day. Even in basic economic relations this boundary has been well-defined: "Across any arbitrary line between two places, one of which makes a payment to the other, more goods flow toward the receiving place to the extent of the payment." (Lösch, 1967:303, [1945] emphasis removed). The point of this example is simply that a limit has been reached and must be crossed. When we do so our relationship with place is changed and indeed, *exchanged*, as a good or yet as a patent evil, as when 'the good' is turned into only the goods of commerce. Crossing over to the 'there' we leave the 'here' and convert it, exchange it. Its currency now begins to tarnish, and the luster of the 'there' begins to brighten for us. This is so unless of course we feel exiled, refugees from the point of origins. Yet all human beings must have some empathy for the true refugee because all of us are forced by living on to cross many thresholds, most of them quite arbitrary as they are set up by historical and social relations and might bear little resemblance to either our desires or the simpler biology of the human organism.

Due to this antagonism, it is no surprise that our mythologies illustrate a dynamic between larger than life figures and figureheads that presages our own sense of inner turmoil and division: "With this splitting of the monster into a new opposite, its original opposition to God takes a back seat, and the monster is now in conflict with itself or with an equivalent

monster [ ] This relieves God of his own inner conflict, which now appears outside of him...” (Jung, op. cit. 119). This also relieves Man of the burden of discovering that he himself is by nature conflicting, or has as it were a conflicting nature. That ‘human nature’ conflicts with itself, that it is both here and there at once, separates it utterly from the rest of nature as a while. The projection of this dynamic into the world, though not so much the natural world in spite of our ongoing anthropomorphism and even personification of it, suggests that what we desire as an ideal interiority is at least the direction towards peace and unity. In other words, we desire what we imagine the Gods to already possess. If nature be their creation, and yet we ourselves be part thereof but also apart, since we are both God and Nature personified, then such a desire can become an aspiration. We may well imagine that because we are liminal beings, the half god and half animal experience calling to mind Nietzsche’s apt expression regarding intelligence in the contemporary world, we must consciously work towards a goal about which neither Nature nor God need expend any energy. This is a perennial sensibility in philosophical thought, for instance: “Instead of finding these in the dignity of the disengaged subject, objectifying a neutral nature, it seeks them in the inherent bent of our nature towards a love of the whole as good.” (Taylor, op. cit. 254). Of course it is all too easy to fall into the habit of projection as a means to disengage oneself from the task at hand. We act as if we were solely gods, excerpted from all forms of nature and thus mortal life, pushing outwards the conflict that properly belongs to us. Because we do not observe it in any other form of life that we know, such conflict becomes all the more burdensome due to our resentment, not of it, but of our ownmost selves. Just so, we either give ourselves too much credit, or too little, depending on the force we use to push away the turmoil of knowing that there exists a conflict that is ‘inherent’ to humanity’ as well as the fact that it is not the whole of humanity that is going to have to deal with my share in that general character, but in fact myself alone: “So true is this that every time he criticizes or praises his father [for example] he is unconsciously hitting back at himself, thereby bringing about those psychic consequences that overtake people who habitually disparage or overpraise themselves.” (Jung, op. cit. 18). The tense dynamic between our waking, mundane lives and the ongoing hermeneutics of the somewhat occluded depths of our consciousness provides just as much opportunity to understand the thereness of being as part of our self-understanding as it does the drudgery of having to force ourselves from the world of one to the world of the other each morning, dissatisfied and unfulfilled. The healthy magnanimity of the one who neither overpraises nor condemns himself unjustly seems hard to find. It is in part because we are still not at all at home in the new place. The reciprocity of the subject and the objectivity of a space that still defies our arrival and unexpected presence is certainly also ‘in our heads’. It is not ‘merely’ a neurosis. It does have its worldly attributes and reality of social forces. It is not mere phantasm. The social scene is indeed populated by others to us, who have their own agencies and motivations, even if structurally they can be placed in a similar frame of mind at the drop of an unconscious hat. On the one hand, we strive to distance ourselves from these others only because we need their succor. If we were to appear too much like than ‘already’, as it were, then they may imagine that we do in fact feel at home ‘this soon’ and thus do not require anything profound of them. Since this is not the case, we overdo it, risking making our lingering doubts about place into a malingering melodrama that calls itself lost. But this is not the only option: “The Great Individual, on the other hand, who really is a great man in the sense of being a great personality, is characterized not only by the fact that the unconscious content has him in its grip, but by the fact that his conscious mind also has an active grip on the content.” (Neumann, op. cit. 426). Although the mythic ring such a figure may be endowed with through a kind of monumental history – in this view to be a hero means to have become larger than life even though one still has to live; to say it another way, life occurs in *spite* of living – we are close at hand to explicating Aristotle’s famous

magnanimous man – also linked in a well known way to the ‘overman’ – simply by suggesting that he or she is awake to that which occurs mostly during sleep. The interpretation of dreaming is but one facet to this kind of alertness, which bears as well a close resemblance to ‘effective historical consciousness’ especially given that the history I am attending to and desire to make effective is my own in the world.

If this is the ideal, however, closing in on it theoretically does not necessarily mean that we follow its direction in space. For moderns, rather often enough “...the notion of the individual is grasped only in its relationship with a totality. It appears through the negation of a totality and, finally, has to return to it, which means that it has to negate itself. Hence, the individual is nothing more than a momentum of the movement of dual response, and it cannot be seen why this movement should begin at all.” (Liederbach, 2012:127). Watsuji’s critique of what he sees in Heidegger as not so much a conundrum but an absence of existential logic can be compared to the mytho-poetic self in space that must acknowledge that it is already and always part of a whole and any individuality that sub-tends from this and manifest itself as ‘personality’ or even as person maintains a relationship of here and there to that whole. The key to understanding our historical relationship to the inertia of structures and tropes - the literary imagination plays itself out in dreams and desires just as does the mythic, even for those of us who do not objectify it through a patient reading or a studied literacy – is the fact that facticity in everyday life is not that of a singularity or only a here. The thereness of the world lies in front of us, immediate and immanent, through the intersubjective relationships we maintain with others. *This* is what it means to have a conscious grip on the contents of unconscious motifs, because they, like ourselves and our actions, just as assuredly play themselves out in the world of the waking self. So we do not, in our efforts at self-understanding try to negate the there in the manner of the negation of the whole. This distance is the affectation of objectivity. It is necessary as an authenticity in the sciences but has ‘disastrous’ effects – the term is used advisedly here as the ‘bad stars’ of ill-fortune are ultimately being referred to; that is, the stars are *prevented* from returning to their initiality as both the cause and effect of ill-fortune – in psychology and autopology. Indeed, because of this, “...Watsuji’s hermeneutic does not assume a vantage point outside of the historical and practical reality of *ningen sonzai*. The individual does not suffice as a category of analysis because of its one-sidedness with respect to *ningen*’s intersubjective reality.” (Wu, 2001:99). To address the perennial problem of self and other, here and there, such an interpretation aspires to the synthetic, the archiphonemic language of the *Aufheben*, what Wu refers to in Watsuji as ‘the moment of totality in the dialectic’. Hence: “Morality consists of a return to authenticity; the self arises by negating the whole in inauthentic revolt, but authenticity is again realized with the abandonment of the self culminating in the nonduality of self and other.” (ibid). There have been enough Western critiques of Heidegger’s authentic human being to acknowledge this ‘negligence’ of the intersubjective as a true lacunae. But it is originally found to be that it was in an Eastern perspective that such a critique had begun its trajectory.

The intersubjective character of both everyday existence and whatever structural essence may be found in the unconscious has then the drive towards a whole. This is not the unity demanded by a fascist politics. There is no false fate within the nature of humanity, driving forth all other options, ‘as if there were only one human nature’ as Sagan aptly put it. Indeed, we may think of the self in space as being the moral model upon which larger collectives may rest their aspiring moralities. The wholeness that animates consciousness reminds us that no partial collective will ultimately succeed. Are we already seeing the manifestation of this will to maturity in the world at large? “The structure of world politics has changed in ways that

help contain nationalism. Crucially, in much of the rest of the world the very high level of geopolitical conflict that characterized European history is not present. As a consequence, the link between nationalism and imperialism has to a large extent been broken. Many state leaders wish to join the elite of world politics, to be part of global modernity, rather than to insulate themselves from it.” (Hall, 2005:18). These sentiments may be premature. In the chameleon of neo-colonialism, imperial aspirations remain cloaked in world aid programs and trade deals, including arms. Though Europe is rapidly fading as a relevant political arbiter, the giant states of Asia, based originally on civilizations much more ancient than those of the West, are now stepping onto the stage. We do not know how they will order what will eventually become their world, but we do suspect it will be at least somewhat different from what the Eurocentric imagination has conjured for so long. It is true that these ‘new’ powers aspire to become the elites of global economies and national hierarchies, while it is also true that non-governmental organizations, especially and specifically transnational corporations, are rewriting the contours of what constitutes constitutional space. Political leaders, elected or no, representative of real populations or mere figureheads, often find themselves bowing to their concerns to the general expense of citizenry and polis.

Akin to cultural leaders, artists, thinkers, writers and composers and the like, statespersons who stand out may well be enveloped in the wider tides of economic and demographic forces that lie far beyond their control. These forces are the fluid guardians of another kind of space, a There that is always there and cannot come to be here in any intimate or individual sense. Those who rise from these waters are eventually consumed by them. The sense that full democracies are in the minority relative to the actual numbers of sovereign nations does not affect such a process, though it may lengthen the time between the attempt to make this larger There into a comprehensible here through works of individual greatness – however this may be judged – though it may also be true that specific individuals with elite networks may be protected from their historical demise by dictators as long as the talent they harbor and make manifest remains in the service of the leader. Either way, the person herself is not an ultimate source of the renegotiation of large –scale spaces or a serious threat to the ongoing presence of geopolitical forces, either in her brief hey-day or during the somewhat longer period of memorialization (V.I. Lenin) or even martyrdom (Rosa Luxemburg): “The time lag between the appearance of a genius and his assimilation by the democracy of consciousness is relatively small. For the genius himself it may be tragic, but so far as humanity is concerned it is irrelevant.” (Neumann, op. cit. 435). The sense that such people, for better or for worse, represent not merely our communal interests in the arts of subsistence or survival – more the career politician’s purview than that of the artist – but our supposedly more noble desires of godhead and the good in itself leave us stranded when the tide that swept them away from us recedes. We then attempt to recall what once was here for us, here for the taking and here in the sense of ‘here we stand’, in order to combat the growing understanding that the thereness of social and historical forces has an ability to objectify our subjectivity and drive it along in a new direction. We must come up with a different response in order to recover our poise and stance in the shifting sands of modern consciousness and its tendency to experience an absence of place: “This answer points not to the intrinsic loveability of the object but to certain inclinations in the subject. It is an answer of this kind that the word ‘affection’ suggests to a modern. The explanation turns on a feature of the lover’s motivation.” (Taylor, op. cit. 256). In other words, we do not need to rely on the genius or the god on earth to save us, but on our own attitude of self-reliance; in this case, we must act as did the role-model of the great individual, the one who is connected to the collective unconscious in an active and alert manner. In this, and through this, she can be said or seen to represent the widest possible interests of our common humanity. Mother Teresa, Hypatia, St. Francis, or Gandhi, are

commonplace examples of the *personification* of the transpersonal into worldly spirituality and the seeking of truth. Only through a mimesis of the structure that guided their behavior while amongst us as human beings – not that we need understand their afterlife in any transcendental sense of ultimate Thereness, the otherness of an other world – can we too partake in a force that goes beyond the social and historical forces of the mundane world and their powerful tidal inertias. If we cannot stand against the routine but inexorable phenomena of the tide and its metaphors, we can take to the higher ground of metaphysics become ethics in the world.

The place of ethics in a world of mundanity and instrumentality must itself be one that shifts, adapting to the course of larger forces without bending its will to them. We need often to step aside when we arrive in the there. We are not part of the local knowledge, nor do we understand its intent. We will not, at first, recognize any ‘genius’ for what he is, for all persons in this new here are strange to us in the way the old genius of our home was also. But what we can imagine upon our arrival is that what is now here for us was not always the case. We are very aware of this transition, having just completed it in the basic sense of movement, travel, journey and other logistical considerations. To do so we supported ourselves. In doing so we gave evidence that selves can be self-supporting, self-reliant in both the Emersonian sense but as well in the wider sense that one can use the tide to get where one needs to go. Patience and foresight, the skill of navigation are obviously necessary to do so, but it remains the case that the tide itself can be rendered as value neutral in its own self-supporting dynamic, the dialectic of here and there, in and out, flood and slack. We come to this conclusion and are able to act on it by putting ourselves at a distance from the mytho-poetic thereness of the immutable other-world that can intrude or impinge upon our own. We at once aspire to mimic the heroes of that world through the aping of the acts of ‘genius’ in this, but at the same time we cannily utilize the forces we might in our imagination stand against to complete the movement necessary to attain the there. This new distance between the subject and the inertial objectivity of tradition comes about through the practical understanding of worldly forces as self-contained: “...Greek cosmology develops itself as the truth that lies at the heart of cosmogonies of the most ancient thinkers, cosmogonies that were supported originally by religion and then more and more by scientific observation. The world needs no Atlas to carry it. It contains itself and holds itself in order.” (Gadamer 1998:41 [1996]). One might go so far to suggest that the shift from religious cosmology to that of science rests along the same continuum as the shift from the here to the there. Home is like religion. It gives us ultimate comfort. It answers all of our most pressing existential questions without rebuke. It asks no questioning of us but a simple faith that rests itself after the day’s work is completed. It is always Here for us. Science points always to the There. It questions and questions alike. It does not rest, and often raises more questions than it answers. It does not attempt any ultimate solution to the challenge of existence, but treats both it and its object as an ongoing experiment. It provokes in us the awe of the strange and alien rather than the contentment of a faithful hearth.

Science says to us: “I address you from your place in order to say to you that I have no place, since I am like those who make their trade out of resemblance – the poets, imitators, and the sophists, the genus of those who have no place.” (Derrida, 1995:108 [1993]). Not that science is a fraud in any way, it does not mimic or confront us with a charade. It does not *sidestep* the questions it poses or that we pose to it about the workings of a self-contained world. But it does *step aside* when such questions become perennial and essential, and can only translate a ‘resemblance’ of the myths that used to animate our waking consciousness during the agrarian period, its arching cosmogonies oddly similar to those of religious narratives from

which they have descended. At the same time, the ongoing and even methodological thereness of science inscribes us in a here in order to question both our place in it and the notion that 'here' is valid as more than a sentimental construct: "You alone have place and say both the place and the nonplace in truth, and that is why I am going to give you back the floor." (ibid). If only due to our parting from the ground of home and its here-ness, we can retake the stage of autotopological investigation in a more abstract manner. We shall see below that the here and the there are primarily the subjective aspects of any phenomenological analysis of the spatial self. There remain three other aspects that tend to the objective as they are not so beholden to our desires and our apprehensions about them as individuals. We need the here and the there in our personal lives, but other forms of space enter into our consciousness by way of broader horizons.

Before such an investigation can continue, however, we need to look once more at what remains of the there even when we have arrived and settled in it, making it for the most part a here for us. The there contains, to our chagrin perhaps, elements that can never be our own. Whether this is a regional phenomenon – in that we have come to know a relatively large space as 'our place' and are comfortable within its ambit; above I used Vancouver Island as a whole as a personal example – that within it continues to contain the alien and the unreachable, or whether it is on the scale of the miniscule – one's spouse may have her secrets that it would be both rude and unethical to intrude upon. Carr relates a poignant example of the first case:

Not far from the house sat a great wooden raven mounted on a rather low pole; his wings were flattened to his sides. A few feet from him stuck up an empty pole. His mate had sat there but she had rotted away long ago, leaving him moss-grown, dilapidated and alone to watch dead Indian bones, for these two great birds had been set, one on either side of the doorway of a big house that had been full of dead Indians who had died during a smallpox epidemic. Bursting growth had hidden house and bones long ago. Rain turned their dust to mud; these strong young trees were richer perhaps for that Indian dust. They grew up round that dilapidated old raven, sheltering him from the tearing winds now that he was old and rotting because the rain seeped through the moss that grew upon his back and in the hollows of his eye-sockets. (Carr, 1941:21)

Carr writes of the intensity of a 'great lonesomeness', and the sense that after visiting this village of Cumshewa the event felt as if had 'not quite happened'. This place had, even by the turn of the twentieth century, moved from the here of a thriving place of culture and activity to a metaphor for a forgotten space. The other-world was all that was left, and soon enough, even its representative Raven would also melt back into the purely organic forms of the forest and wild nature, which seals the fate of all things mundane and extramundane.

The unreachable aspects of the there serve not just as boundaries to our imagination and perhaps also real physical limits to our mobility and adventures, but reminders that human consciousness needs always to be active. It cannot rest on whatever laurels we may presume it to have accrued over an evolutionary time period. The transparency of our own contemporary situation concerning politics and geography, territory and resources, climate and nature only underscore the call to consciousness that it must be both ever vigilant and also questioning. The desire for the other-world set apart from this one now lacks the pragmatic suasion to steer the course through our modern malaise. The former is now a curse

on the latter. For a time, until the decimation of contact ‘germs, guns and steel’ et al, Raven and his peers could inhabit the world of humanity without feeling that they were intruding, on the one hand, or experiencing the absence of their human siblings and thus feeling profoundly lost, on the other. All pre-agrarian metaphysics called forth the transformation beings of a world that was polyglot in its magical empathies. The divisions between the sacred and mundane realms were fluid and diverse. So much so, that an experience of the sacred was not at all extraordinary. Perhaps it was even expected. The death-watch and subsequent mourning of an entire set of cultures contains no comparative compendium of credit in human history. Our shared ability to use language remains the haunt of the spirits of the spirit: “Held in the field of the poem, this kind of poetic participation makes possible the reclamation of language as a means of communion with the earth.” (McCaslin 2011:65). If, as we saw Carr claim, the artifacts in museums have no one to hear them speak, we rely on nature as forever objective and anonymous to preside as the indefinite audience for all human remains. Nature does complete culture in this way. If we often find ourselves confronting in an assertive, even aggressive, manner the thereness of wild nature it is because we have the self-same desire to confront what is natural in ourselves. It is this remaining force – like the dust and bones of once living beings, the detritus of consciousness, the *disjecta membra* of the spirit and of spirits – that commits us to finitude and brings all things back into itself. Our desire is not to be thought of as giving in to this kind of space, unnamable and ungraspable. Our presence in nature, whether the landscape that surrounds us in every opened space of being uninsulated by the unreflecting grey of our cities, buildings and roads, or the lingering fact that we have come out of nature through becoming cultural creatures, is one of the ultimate acknowledgements of the there to which we have been ever drawn: “This is a kind of presence in which our authentic existence, so to speak, realizes its telos, its perfected form. The word *entelecheia* is the marvelous expression which Aristotle fashioned to express this. He thereby created a word which in itself, as it were, articulates the full completion and realization of a living being.” (Gadamer 1993:74 [1986]). The fact that our fullest completion is yet incomplete and must also be so can either be thought of as an enduring challenge to finite consciousness or as a perennial resentment. At the moment, in our world, the latter is in its advent, and the manifestation of this resentment lays waste all around us. The forest to which Raven could always return in living form or in that artistic has also been to a great extent destroyed. There is neither home nor refuge, neither subject nor object in a barren open-ended space that contains neither here nor there.

And we deeply feel these absences. The loss of cultures, though some courageously remake themselves, constitutes a recession into the thereness of another sort of other-worldly There. With a bitter irony, we humans attain the distance of this There by destroying ourselves. Is this the reason why we are still somnolent regarding our current potential for utter annihilation of all life? Like the child with the ball to whom the game is increasingly uncomfortable, we take off for home, seeking the respite of all that which forgives our pettiness and self-adoration. If part of the realization of completed being lies in the opposite of becoming being, that the two are one and the same and cannot be brought to a telos infinite and continuous, then there is for us an ethical task not to blame Nature for what we up until today remain. Culture, lost, reborn, expended, high and low, would be but an imaginative dream without its natural backdrop, its spatial landscape that is buttressed by the stubborn objectivity of ecological forces and processes. If here and there are to become kindred, our journey’s end, our lover’s meeting, must take place within both natures simultaneously; the character of home and that of away must be kept beside one another without becoming the same old thing: “Like lover’s quarrels are the dissonances of the world. Reconciliation is in

the midst of strife and all things come together again.” (Hölderlin, in Taylor, op. cit. 386). Our passion for elsewhere drives us to return and make good the pact of what is already there.

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