

TOURING AS AUTHENTICALLY EMBODYING PLACE AND GLANCING A NEW WORLD

Glen A. MAZIS

Penn State Harrisburg

ABSTRACT: The critique of tourism as being only a distanced, detached, and consumerist passing through of foreign landscapes and cultures is disputed in this essay. The idea that tourism necessarily fits the paradigm of inauthenticity as the tranquilized and alienated hopping from spot to spot in prepackaged, superficial presentations is contrasted with another sense of tourism as drawing upon the potential power of the glance to disrupt the everyday, to focus on the particular, to be surprised by the new, and to bodily join up with the rhythms of place being as shifting. Authenticity is seen in both Heidegger and Merleau-Ponty to be primarily about a greater bodily awareness of surround and transformation of the self as an ongoing process of “selving” that yields a more singular sense of who one is in relationship to places and their interconnectedness. To gain a better sense of oneself in one own being or uniqueness is to gain more meaning through emplacement within the surround. The glance at a new world can open up an “interplace” which expands and deepens the sense of who we are in the interconnection and reverberations among places.

I. Being Located within the Bodily Map Inauthentically or Authentically

There is a long tradition in America of deriding the act of touring or of being a tourist or a sightseer, and also casting this endeavor as the inauthentic and alienated activity of persons who have the means to escape themselves, as Emerson colorfully put it in “Self-Reliance”:

“Traveling is a fool’s paradise. Our first journeys discover to us the indifference of places. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican, and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go” (Emerson 1993, 28).

So the person who seeks beauty and new vistas is deemed as one who has fled the deepening of the self in authenticity in an attempt at distraction doomed to failure. New landscapes lack the power to truly enchant, let alone transform, the one who has the means to dream of such a power of other lands and takes himself or herself there, the archetypal person on tour or tourist, who indulges in the semblance of being moved in induced intoxication but remains lost from true self-encounter or with others. The arguments are too myriad to rehearse here and would themselves become a boring tour of the intellectual landscape, but I will add one more critical declaration from Yi-Fu Tuan, who in his book, *Topophilia*, expresses what is undoubtedly the sophisticated, postmodern, and intellectual’s assessment of touring or being a tourist,

“Much of modern sightseeing seems to be motivated by the desire to collect as many National Park stickers as possible. The camera is indispensable to the tourist, for with it he can prove to himself and to his neighbors that he has actually been to Crater Lake. A snapshot that failed to register is lamented as though the lake itself had been deprived of existence. Such brushes with nature clearly fall short of the authentic” (1974, 95).

Of course, it is hard to read that passage without imagining Chevy Chase as Clark Griswold in the National Lampoon film, “Vacation,” running from his car, taking a snapshot of the Grand Canyon, and hurrying on his way. The critique of tourism as distanced, detached, a practice of consumption, socially competitive, exploitive, anti-ecological, egocentric, and imperialistic is well known to academics, despite the fact that globally there were a reported 842 million tourist arrivals in 2006, and most of those academics and their compatriots in all economically developed countries use their vacations for being tourists.

I will in this paper make the contrary claim, that although much tourism falls under the characterizations just presented, that there is a way of being a tourist—even a rather casual one—that can add to the authenticity of the self. Specifically, I will examine how seeing the self as primarily a lived body-self, can allow us to see that one’s “bodily map” can be enlarged by touring to include other topographies, cultures, people, and places in a deepened sense of one’s own surround, and that this in turn yields a differing sense of self, one that is more authentic. Given the Merleau-Pontian insight that one’s embodiment can only emerge as enmeshed within the phenomenal field surrounding one, to use his early language, or as being of the “flesh of the world,” to use his later notion, then the vectors of one’s embodiment can change through touring. A shift in the meaning of another country, locale or culture as initially objectified and known only abstractly through hearsay or “knowledge about,” can occur through the embodied perception and communion with a landscape in touring and result in a rearrangement of one’s felt bodily sense of place. There is a special danger in the conjunction of inauthenticity and the taking in of place of other cultures. *Another culture or locale only known abstractly can be easily entertained as utterly distinct from one’s own world, starkly foreign, and as such open to either indifference or demonization.* That is a result of this geographical and cultural place not being taken up in embodied relation. I will contend that even through the brief encounter of touring such places, they can become at least a felt place of interconnection and part of my own embodied sense of emplacement, part of who I am. Even if foreign, this horizon of another topography, history and way of life, is a horizon that has a place within the larger horizon of my own world, which has expanded to include it.

Yet, becoming open to places that had seemed utterly foreign on the anonymous level of bodily awareness in the depths of perception might seem to be the opposite of what is considered becoming more “authentic.” If authenticity is the accomplishment of becoming more ones “own” as a self, as the term “*eigentlich*” literally means in its famous use by Heidegger in *Being and Time* that sparked the popularity of the “ethics of authenticity,” then experiencing on a pre-reflective, embodied level the sense of something that had been foreign to oneself can seem to be a movement in the opposite direction to the journey towards self-awareness

and affirmation, especially given the cultural biases that knowledge is a reflective grasp and locus of the self is “interiority.” Also, “experiencing” might seem to be an ongoing given and not an *accomplishment* like achieving “authenticity.” Yet, I would argue that even in Heidegger’s initial formulation, even though he largely ignores embodiment as a specific focus, authenticity is described as a way of being dis-placed in one’s bodily sense, as much as being lost in time, in the sense that one understands the places around one in a vague way given by cultural dictates and representations bombarding the “one” (*das man*) who is “falling” or what we might put in a more contemporary way as the one “passively ingesting the media glut and the advertising barrage of consumerist capitalism.” As Heidegger described, “Proximally and for the most part Dasein is ‘lost’ in its ‘world.’ Its understanding, as projection upon possibilities of Being, has diverted itself hither” (Heidegger 1962, 264). This being “lost” in the world as hallmark of inauthenticity might be a perfectly refined reflective knowledge of the world or more to the point, even a saturated prereflective, embodied knowing of the world as Heidegger’s use of the word *verstehen* (“understanding”) indicates given his usage in *Being and Time*, but it is one that has been prepackaged and “passed along” in the idle communication of the media, advertising, and other popular culture outlets. As far as the supposed interiority of the self, Heidegger has defined Dasein as ec-static, as finding itself by moving outside itself and then re-gathering into these relationships by allowing them to come forward with a sense in which the individual must be engaged in bringing forth, or as Heidegger calls the authentic temporality that resolves the “there,” “the primordial ‘outside-of-itself’ in and for itself” (1962, 377). To become one’s own person is to take in the network of relationships around one (that potentially enplace one) with enough depth, openness and personal engagement to break through the dislocating sense of prepackaging location the culture provides and that not only obscures who one is in relationship to this world, but veils the world for action that might come from oneself in a felt, personal way.

The ethics of authenticity have been misunderstood as a “being true” to an “inner self” in the face of social pressure to conform, instead of seeing that authenticity is better understood as a verb form of “an ongoing making oneself be one’s own” in the unfolding process of *responsive* self-discovery. It is probably better to say that rather than achieving authentic

selfhood, one strives to achieve authentic “selving” (2004, 245).¹ This ongoing process is seen through the work of Merleau-Ponty to be that taking up the body in a prepersonal way. It is prepersonal or “anonymous” because it happens before reflection and the deliberative sense of “personal self,” but through entering the web of relationships this is the perceiving body “emplaces us” within the surround. It is paradoxically by opening ourselves to the world around us in the prepersonal way of open perception that we gain a greater and deeper relatedness that gives us our sense of being a unique self. For Merleau-Ponty, when we perceive we “inhabit” all the vantages that are within that perceptual horizon, so that I see the surface of the lake not only from my own vantage on the bank, but also as the way a bird flying over it looks down upon it or a fish within it looks up towards the surface or even the way it would appear to a log floating down the current in the distance, since the perceiving body is “linked” with all the vantages of all the objects within the perceptual surround, animate or inanimate. The perceiving body doesn’t see from this vantages with the same clarity and distinctness as its literal one, but has the echoes of those other perceptions from other vantages as constitutive of its present perception yielding these added senses *as if* they were those taken in by those animals and objects now incorporated into my perception. The more one takes in of the myriad senses of that surround the more the body inhabits it and becomes “extended throughout,” *as if* this surround were part of its larger body. These new facets of surround as taken in are new facets of self to be discovered in the unique ways each of us takes in our surround and the unique journeys we have had through the largest world horizon.

However, Heidegger is correct to say that for most part our culture (and our twenty-first century’s is not different from Heidegger’s in this regard, except being worse, I believe) might be “lost” in this sense of taking in the world, and its most fundamental level of “being taken in” is perceptually, by being distracted, by being detached, by tranquilized, by hopping about in such a way as to not dwell, or in modern terms, to be on “autopilot” for much of the time. This for him is the heart of inauthenticity. To be authentic, I would assert, is first and foremost, although not exhaustively so, to return to the perceptual depth, vitality, and interconnected sense of the beings around one to who one forms relationships. Heidegger warned

that inauthenticity could eventuate in a “holocaust” where everything functioned as normal, but humans failed to become rooted in the world around them and failed to open themselves to the world’s coming forth in its presence and meaning (Heidegger 1968, 30). In the final chapter of *Earthbodies*, I agree with Heidegger in asserting,

“The prime effort of ethics should be to awaken us. To be fully awake every day is an achievement, an ethical achievement of attaining an ethos as a way of life, of being alive! This is why the Buddha, which means “the awakened one,” claimed to be jolted into awareness, to become fully engaged in the ongoing reality of everyday life, and not to be at a distance of ego worries, societal diversions, and general categories of existence that substitute for actually experiencing the unique presence of life at every second” (2004, 218)

is our greatest achievement, but also now has become the particular challenge in this postmodern period of dislocation. The body is the way into the world claims Merleau-Ponty, and if Heidegger is right, letting the world show forth its being is the way back to being ones own self, so a fuller embodiment in open perception is a key to achieving authenticity.

It is also true that an earnest and open intellectual or imaginative long distance study of another people and their context might start to yield a comparable understanding, but like other intellectual constructs, it is more likely to take root if it first finds a place within the lived spatiality of perception, emotion, imagination, and memory, as the currents of embodiment’s engagement with a locale, such as indicated when Merleau-Ponty declares in the *Phenomenology of Perception* that “the phantasms of dreams reveal still more effectively that general spatiality within which clear space and observable objects are embedded” (1962, 284). When in *The Visible and the Invisible*, Merleau-Ponty characterizes the body’s apprehension of something as a vertical grasp of layered dimensions of memory, imagination, emotion, concept, and visceral feeling grounded within each moment’s perceptual apprehension, he is pointing to the way in which the enmeshment with the surround has a depth which is a matrix from which self and world emerge as singular. The prepersonal dimension of perception even in his early work had been sketched out as taking place within the becoming of time where each new moment of prereflective experience is a “birth and a death,” and yet it is also one

“single moment” of perception from birth to death—thus layering the immediacy of the anonymous with the distinctiveness of one’s particular history. Now, in his last work, this is articulated by the depth and layering of the apprehending flesh. This understanding of the surround is part of the person’s own sense of self and has a resonant meaning they can uniquely realize through the interconnectedness of their experience, or what we might call an authenticity. Our embodied relationship to other cultures and locales does not guarantee empathy or deep insight and can even occasion antipathies, but if a true perceptual encounter has occurred, it does give a reality and weight to these others and their place with which we must struggle more authentically than being swept up in propaganda, public relations image creation, or vague indifference. The person has broken through the world of cultural representations to an opened perceptual encounter from which his or her unique self and sense of the world may become manifest.

II. The World at a Glance and Dancing Interconnectedness

The speed of touring as usually practiced and the brevity of time customarily spent in contemporary touring are marshaled as the two primary factors that mitigate against this kind of bodily engagement on a tour and are at odds with the long tradition of claiming that only by living in a culture or dwelling for a long time with a landscape can one have a true relationship with it in which its nature is slowly revealed or even be able to sense deeply what it means to one. Certainly, this might seem to even be more the case in emphasizing the body’s interweaving with the landscape around it. Furthermore, it is undeniable that a call like Wendell Berry’s to put aside the modern thirst for novelty and to devote one’s life to “attentively study the same small place decade after decade” (2001, 139) has a distinctive excellence and depth of understanding of locale and culture, and allows the transformation of the person within this relationship in true intimacy with the place. However, there is another kind of depth experience that is possible in the confines of the brief, mobile, and quicker paced sojourn with a place or set of places. In order to make this case, I will draw on Ed Casey’s exploration of the power of the glance as set forth in *The World at a Glance* where Casey is at pains to

dispel the monopoly of the lingering gaze to claims of knowing the surround and taking deep meaning from it. Casey contrasts the world seen by the careful and lingering gaze and its knowledge of “fixed attributes,” “permanent properties,” and “a sum of established items” with the world taken in by the glance.

Given our culture’s bias towards the rational, the enduring, and the static, the steadiness of the prolonged gaze or gazing during a lengthy time period is seen as key to our knowing of the surround and our relationship with it. The experience of the glance shifts us to appreciating what is to be gained in the shifting scenes about us and our own continual transformations which play off our more settled sense of the world and ourselves. The world of this other register, according to Casey is “the world, in being perceived in a glance, leaves its fixed format as a settled scene” (Casey 2007, 478) and “the glance goes out to the horizon and back, it looms over the local landscape in its comprehensive sweep ... content with the multilocalism of its nomadic course ... singular and singularizing” (480). The glance, according to Casey, has not been appreciated in its power of taking in the surfaces of things as opening to depths, of grasping wholes, of entering into a more open-ended back and forth with the surround, of being the source of a vitality of entering worlds in a deft vision that stems and returns to a more embodied communicative relationship with the world. Furthermore, this quicker encounter seeks the particular, the singular, to take in. All these factors of the glance, and others will be cogent to the tourist’s potentially authentic encounter with the world, a world that becomes both new and more expansive in the glance of “the tour,” that is, the turning around from where we were before.

As I am articulate this power of the glance, I am going to use my recent experience on an ecotour in Costa Rica to be able to provide concrete examples. My wife, Judith, and I were struck by the sense that we had experienced a shift in our embodied sense of the world that was now connected to Costa Rica, as if the landscapes around our house were now somehow interconnected with the tropical rain forests, rivers and the spots we had visited in Costa Rica. This essay is an attempt to make sense of experiences like these by drawing upon Merleau-Ponty, Casey, and phenomenology. Given that we had been in Costa Rica for only eight days and had been on the move for several of those days from the

Caribbean bordering Torteguero rain forest area to the central Arenal volcano environs to the Pacific beaches by Manuel Antonio National Park, most would be tempted to say our experience was superficial, escapist, consumerist, engineered by capitalists to hide the reality of what we were being shown, possibly damaging to the ecology of the area, etc. This essay is not aimed at exploring the complexities of politics, economics, or ecology involved in those claims—especially since there are arguments to be made on both sides—but seeks to remain with the phenomenology of the tourist experience, in this case, mine. I would like to claim that my embodied experience of my surround has shifted in ways that are manifold, that my sense of my body and its interweavement with the world now extends to the beaches on the Caribbean with empty turtle nests, logs over rivers with aningas holding out their wings to dry in the sun, echoes in tree roots that I now encounter with other tangled tree roots that have turquoise crabs scuttling within them, layerings in the sight of the mountains across the way from my house with fleeting senses of the faraway cloud forests, that the tumbledown schoolhouse in the rural Pennsylvania countryside laterally connects to the schoolhouse painted in bright colors in Torteguero, that the site of the people laboring at the aluminum plant in town has reverberations of the scene seared into my body of the several men harnessed to wires running through the Costa Rican fields and carrying a trail of twenty-five huge bundles of bananas towards the shipping point, and so on. If as Yi-fu Tuan claims in *Topophilia*, that “Topophilia is the affective bond between people and place or setting” (1974, 4), I might even claim some measure of this relatedness after only eight quick days of tourism in this land. Does this make me inauthentic? Deluded? Alienated? Mystified? Or does it mean that in being concerned about the deplorable conditions of the local aluminum factory and going to a meeting at the town council, the reality of the Costa Rican workers in their struggle has a new felt reality that echoes within me that is not on the level of reflection but wells up from the perceptual and embodied sense of the surround now.

After preliminary arrivals, our trip began with a three hour boat ride down the system of naturally occurring, but now augmented, Torteguero canals. As a typical tourist, this meant three hours of glancing all about while someone else did the tricky job of navigating the boat. Can any

authentic relationship to the landscape be formed like this? Is this an embodied encounter and possibly enlarging experience as I claim it to be or is it not the prototypical disembodied spectator stance of the aesthetic attitude, here in the guise of the amused consumer, seeking amusement in detachment and using the world as a novel occasion? Certainly, Yi-fu Tuan seems decided that my experience is not my own, but the prepackaged superficial passing along of what has been leveled down to an easily disseminated spectacle of what Heidegger named in *Being and Time* as “curiosity” as a paradigmatic experience of the inauthentic life in which

“Dasein lets itself be carried along solely by the looks of the world. . . . it does not seek the leisure of tarrying observantly, but rather seeks restlessness and the excitement of continual novelty and changing encounters. In not tarrying, curiosity is concerned with the constant possibility of *distraction*” (1962, 216).

Heidegger continues in the passage to contrast a way of perceiving the landscape in a rooted fashion that allows for dwelling with this kind of curiosity that has the “character of ‘never dwelling’ anywhere” (217). In this looking around idly and seeking new sights, Heidegger declares that “curiosity is everywhere and nowhere” as if in this mode we might physically be part of a planet of which we are not really a part of it as embodied, engaged enfolding in the flesh of the world, at least to the alienated extent this is possible while one is still able to survive—the sense of impending holocaust discussed before. Both inauthentic and authentic experience are rooted in the body and perception, but the difference is whether one is really allowing the perceptual to come forth as “showing itself from itself in the very way it shows itself” as the way that Heidegger calls for witnessing by the phenomenologist, but may also be true of achieving authenticity. Allowing perceptions to break in upon one in such a way as to open new meaning, new affect, and interrelated to one’s sense of already being “there” in the world with all its other places of significance such that one’s sense of self in these relationships is broadened, deepened, and made more acute.

Yi-fu Tuan agrees in *Topophilia* that the authentic relationship of the farmer to the land comes in an embodied fashion which grows slowly in daily laboring as he states, “The entry into nature is no mere metaphor.

Muscles and scars bear witness to the physical intimacy of the contact. The farmer's topophilia is compounded of this physical intimacy" (1974, 97). This for him is in stark contrast to sightseeing as not only not dwelling, but even though the tourist may be physically present in new locales, they are not really there, engaged in a bodily fashion, since "Sightseeing behind tinted windows of a coach severs man from nature" (96). I doubt Tuan would distinguish the motor launch from the travel bus and would see this ride down the canals as happening in Costa Rica and yet not—just more severing from the topos. In claiming tourism severs one from the topos, I think he would include either the more predominantly natural or specifically idiosyncratic cultural landscape. Tuan admonishes this will be our lot until we in developed technological cultures can cultivate prolonged embodied interaction: "what people in advanced societies lack is the gentle, unselfconscious involvement with the physical world when the tempo of life was slower" (96). It is not that I am sympathetic to the overall sense of these statements, but I also think there is a place to recognize that in a capitalist, consumerist and technologically driven world of hyperspeed, there are new ways of also affirming this situation in small, subversive ways, which is precisely how Casey characterizes the role of the glance—to look around and outside the taken for granted and be struck by new feature of the world or new worlds. Another more concrete way to frame this question is whether when I look up from my reading at the red cardinal and its presence is also a reverberation of the red of toucans in the rain forest or the kids in the streets of Lancaster looking for a place to play bring up a flash of those in San Jose, is there any meaning to this that might change the way we are in the world together? Might I come to myself more pointedly as also having a link to Costa Rica that solicits care from me?

Perhaps, it is telling to consider here for a moment why we become tourists and go on tour. Often, it is because we have fallen into the rut of the everyday, that the sense of our embodied placement in our habitual surround has become so automatic that as Heidegger also articulated so powerfully, everything has its pragmatically effective place within a world of objects, people, and events that have become mere tools for getting done our daily tasks. As he points out, they work well as unobtrusive and their usefulness is about being invisible, not really encountered by perception other than the

minimal level required for practical use. As I put it in *Emotion and Embodiment*, we often become “blind/numb imperceivers” of the world around us, operating with the taken-for-grantedness that is even more the paradigmatic sense of inauthenticity that Heidegger articulated in *Being and Time*, as the ready to hand world that covers over all deeper meaning and by implication the vitality and ownness of our embodied relationship to other beings (1994, 103-108). We may go on tour to be amused and distracted, but we may also seek to reenliven our sense of the world, to reopen ourselves to its complexities through differing cultures and varied ecosystems, that may require a kind of shaking up, a kind of “delirium” to use Merleau-Ponty’s term in “Eye and Mind” (1964, 166) for describing the attitude of the artist like Cezanne in face with the landscape that the artist often seeks to bring to us to awaken our bodies and perceptual acuities. It may be that to get an extensive feel and knowledge for another area takes relocation and extended dwelling, but it may be that the tour is perfect for those who seek it for the kind of subversion of the everyday rut and the desire to return to one’s world soon with reopened eyes and senses for its own wonder. In this wonder, they might find themselves in their uniqueness in away that had lost sight of while no longer really taking in their surround.

In *The World at a Glance*, Ed Casey claims that the power of the glance unlike the “gaze [which] shows itself to be the essence of sobriety ... the glance shows itself to be distinctly subversive” (2007, 144). To undertake the glance and especially to undertake as a project a protracted and responsive series of glancings about the world is to disrupt the established order of one’s life, or as Casey says, “The glance dis-establishes what is perceptually (and ultimately socially) established” (145). We shoot a glance at something that draws us to break out of our everyday imperception. This is why Casey claims throughout the book that glancing is the key to a kind of freedom for finding new sense in the world and opening the world to new possibilities, as well as the way to be perceptually open to surprise, the overtaking of one’s habitual expectations. In Costa Rica, to glance into the river and see a caiman’s snout or to look up and both hear and responsively exclaim “pura vida” to someone walking by with a quick smile, startled me out of my usual relationship to the rivers running through my life or the way that people can greet each other with a salutation implying the wonder of life itself giving us this opportunity to

meet today and be alive, a greeting that is more of a celebratory hail at life itself in and through others than I had experienced.

For Casey, glancing although primarily visual can be carried out in other perceptual and even mental modalities, like glancing at a thought or like my example of throwing one's auditory attention towards that mellifluous salutation coming from beside one. Also, the glance itself as visual, given Merleau-Ponty's notion of the interrelation of the senses with which Casey agrees, takes in "the complex configurations of objects and states of affairs" as "remarkably receptive, being open to what comes from without" (2007, 200) and includes a manifold of sensed qualities. Casey says we might think of the glance as a way the perceiver "reaches out to this object and touches it" (201), including within the glance even the sensory modality many would think most unlike it. There are ways of hearing glancingly or of taking a quick sniff like a glance which are a way of just quickly reaching out to something and being touched by it fleetingly. In the touch, I can help being touched by what I touch, as the most openly reciprocal sensory modality. In Costa Rica, when I glanced out at the workers tied by wires to the massive bunches of bananas, bringing them in from the fields, it was a way of quickly touching them and certainly of being touched by them in a way that is still unsettling. In the world of the glance, even as tourist, I am not necessary a detached spectator, but can be taken into this world in a way that lurks under the skin and beneath the rational appraisal of things in feelings swimming within like darting fish.

III. Glancing New Worlds in an Instant of Open Embodiment

For Casey, it is important to understand how the glance, even from behind the tinted glass of a motor coach or from within a river boat or during a hike through the rainforest is not necessarily a disembodied or a distant severance from its object, but may be quite the opposite, and may be quite the opposite in virtue of being the particular power of proceeding through the landscape, natural or cultural, glancingly. For Casey, the glance is very much of the body, as it comes from our immediate sense of embodied emplacement in the surround and thus "every act of glancing implicates the body as a whole ... we glance with the whole

body (2007, 58). Furthermore, it has a kinetic dimension as the way of the body enfolding itself into the surround: I glance out from my own bodily bearing, stationary or moving ... The glance brings together both sets of surfaces, those of the things (along with the places they inhabit) and those of my body” (85). Casey says that in a way like Hermes, who brought together mortals and gods, the glance takes the embodied perceiver and the world and “the glance is their instantaneous go-between.” Glancing enmeshes our body with the surround and even more so, given its other characteristics as by Casey as its inherent “double-beat.” The gaze is unlike the glance in what Casey calls the gaze’s “self-transcending intentionality that buries itself in the object or the scene onto which it gazes” (147) whereas the glance is marked by its pronounced rhythm of the “double beat” which is akin to Merleau-Ponty’s sense of the reversibility of the flesh of world in perception, with the caveat that Casey is claiming that the glance heightens this sense more than that of the gaze. In the second beat of the glance, there is the sense of being glanced back at by the object perceived, even if there is no animate object of the glance. The second beat actually merges with the first beat, so there is no time lag, but just this double sense of being taken in by the surround while glancing at it. Glancing for a quick second at the burning, popping eruption sliding down the side of Arenal, I feel my fragility and insignificance under its glance back at me within my own glance or the despairing look back at the shacks in the small village as they sag and are surrounded by rusing machinery that looks glances back at me on their visage as I glance at them.

For Casey, this double beat of the glance means that “the glance deconstructs its own subjectivity” (2007, 150). There is an encounter with other beings in the glance, other persons, creatures or even objects, which turn a face back towards us and move us outside of ourselves into the weave of the surround through this encounter. However, this happens in an instant in a distinct place, as a bond of singularity—it is that particular rhythm of, for example, the sloth clutching its baby and oozing its way through the canopy or the jerky and playful swinging white-faced monkey hanging in the branches above our swimming pool that returns the glance back upon me, as well as from the encompassing swaying trees, open sky, and gentle air, that elicited from me that first beat of my glance

within a very singular moment of my existence. Casey states, “The glance is whereby the singularity of being—a singularity always already a plurality—is first signaled. With the glance we first move into the midst of things: of the circumambient lived world” (275). The glance is the primary way the body is enfolded in the world, and we are drawn outside of ourselves. It is that moving out of visual perception that leaps into the world only to rebound back into our bodies with a sense of what is about us at that particular moment. This power of the glance moves us potentially beyond our habitual ego-identities at the heart of our taken-for-granted world in order to be surprised by new significances.

I suppose that part of being a tourist is the not unlikely scenario of only having perhaps a few afternoons or even only one afternoon to walk by the manzanillo trees, the shy agoutis turning away in the brush and the lazy iguanas lying about, and into the forest of Manuel Antonio in contrast to one who really dwells with the forest by being a local or having more time to spend there even as a foreigner. Yet, Casey would claim that in the time of this short sojourn, the time of taking glances at the forest, and even loaded down with the preoccupations that I may have brought with me to Costa Rica, as so pointedly commented upon by Emerson, or despite my perhaps unreal expectations, I can break out of my habitus into this new world:

“A glance takes in ... a glance takes us out of ourselves, out of our formerly defined, defensive egoic identities. ... By effecting this release, the glance can takes us virtually anywhere—to almost any surface and any place of the world. Indeed, it brings us to the world itself, the world at a glance: the world in a glance” (2007, 5).

So, it might not take long to be brought to a radically different sense of the world from the landscape around one and perhaps even an altered sense of oneself as within that landscape, and now always so, in the depths of one’s embodiment that is a resource for reclaiming the unique sense of oneself as authentic.

However, many would still say, all one is taking in is superficial, a gloss-over the life of the rainforest, the way of this differing land, but this, too, may be untrue. Certainly, one doesn’t gain the depth of knowledge and intimate sense of the surround of the one who has spent years gazing

carefully at details and gaining knowledge of myriad pertinent facts, like our guide who can spot a sleeping sloth hanging far above in the canopy in an instant or discern a wood quail on a log or a basilisk in a tree that an untrained eye could never spot, but as Casey says, “The glance is an incisive inroad into this world. . . . It gets us to the surface of things, as many surfaces as we can bear—thus as many places as we can go. These surfaces and places are not bare or brute; they are telling; they say themselves, they show themselves, to the glance that takes them in” (2007, 7). The sense of these differing beings in a far differing surround is apprehended in this perceiving as something palpable, as that kind of sense which Merleau-Ponty calls a motoric meaning, a prereflective significance enfolded into our embodiment as engaged with the surround. As Merleau-Ponty described this sense in the *Phenomenology of Perception*, since our bodies are “our general medium for having a world,” then a “motor space” is more than the place through which we move, but rather “through the study of motility is a new meaning of the word ‘meaning’ (1962, 144; 146). The way we move through the world structures the way the world has a sense for us. A key part of this motor sense is gained as we move through a place and glance about. There is a more pervasive and diffuse sense of what we have encountered in the glance, or as Casey says, “The glance has the unique power to take in the world *tout ensemble*, as the French say, ‘all together.’” This more holistic significance of what we encounter may be more akin to what Merleau-Ponty called “style” or the way separable acts or events or things cohere to present a sense that exceeds their parts, a gestalt. Casey alludes to this point in Merleau-Ponty, and points the genius of the glance as “every glance exhibits the structures of the all-at-once in its own manifestation.”

This power of the glance might mean that the tourist, glancing all about, is able to take in through embodiment a sense of the whole. It may be perhaps an incomplete, but felt sense, of the life of those people left at Torteguero now that the industrialists have been driven away from this preserved area, a flash of the life of those who subsist on fish, walk by piles of rotting machinery, and work in the surrounding tourist lodges, living in simple shacks, but also whose children have stacked their chairs carefully on the simple school desks in a country where the funds for armies were transferred into the funds for education. There are glances

at the healthy looking dogs playing in a quiet spot open to the sky, the murmur of the rain forest and the expanse of the Caribbean shore—a mixture of pain, want, oppression, joy, community, smiles, sea rhythms, rain forest fecundity, and much else that can't be parsed intellectually. Yes, the tourist only glances about, and may get some of the facts wrong, lack the deeper insight of studied knowledge, but may also leave with a different body and a somewhat different sense of themselves as connected to these people and the plight of the turtles seeking to come back from polluted seas. There are other embodied flashes, like the dynamic sense that there are depths of the earth belching lava each day on the slope of Arenal that can be heard in that distinctive crackling sound bounding down the slope that come over the tourist as she or he tries to go to sleep at night on her or his soft pillow.

It would add to Casey's descriptions of glancing to supplement it with the idea proposed in Tony Hiss's *The Experience of Place* of "simultaneous perception" as the ability that "lets me gently refocus my attention and allows a more general awareness of a great many sights, smells, sensations of touch and balance, as well as thoughts and feelings" in a particular place (1990, 3) and would point to a way in which glancing's power can be further augmented. Hiss feels that we have this ability to be more diffusely focused and more immediately aware of our surroundings, weaving ourselves more fluidly into their texture and feeling within ourselves their sense. Hiss claims that:

"ordinarily, we seem to be completely separate from everything and everyone in our surroundings, and our sense of external things (if not of other people) is that they are waiting around until we can find them something to do. At moments when the boundaries flow together, perhaps, even disappear, a different sense emerges. Walking through a landscape, we sense that the plants and animals around us have their own purposes. At the same time, our sense of ourselves now has more to do with noticing how we are connected to the people and things around us" (21).

This sensibility is our ongoing power, Hiss claims, even if most of us do not exercise it with the stream of distractions and tasks with we occupy ourselves. However, Hiss has confidence that it is an art we can cultivate,

and there is no reason that an able tourist might be able to practice some of its capacity.

Certainly, it is also true of the power of glancing that Casey articulates, that although present in everyone, it is an art to be developed. I do not deny that the glance of most tourist's might well be an "empty one," glazed over with thoughts of eating more, indulging in other ways, impressing neighbors, being amused, and a lifetime of habits of not being very perceptually open to the surround—and reinforced by the agendas of many cultural, economic and political forces. Yet, I do agree with Casey's endorsement of Gaston Bachelard's declaration that "Everything durable is the gift of an instant" (2007, 9). In this regard, Yi-fu Tuan agrees also, when he says that "The first glimpse of the desert through the mountain pass or the first plunge into forested wilderness can call forth not only joy but, inexplicably, a sense of recognition as of a pristine and primordial world one has always known" in *Space and Place* (1977, 184). These instants, which might overtake even the most preoccupied tourist, let alone those who do savor their break with the everyday in a more gathered fashion, might open for us as embodied perceivers that *interplace* Casey describes: "The glance connects the otherwise unconnected across a space common to the glancer and the glanced-at; it brings them together in a space they share that is more than simple location. It is a genuine interplace." In entering this interplace, one's embodied sense is transformed and enriched, and we are pulled out of the everyday inauthenticity Heidegger feared of being tranquilized, distracted, caught up in our tasks, and not hearkening to the world's presence. In addition, our sense of place and our sense of who we are as a body interwoven with places has shifted to something more open and connected to other place—and other concerns within them and other presences can now resound within us and bring us back to ourselves more palpably in that process that is authenticity unfolding.

It may be that for me now the Susquehanna is part of a larger watershed than that of New York and Pennsylvania, but one that somehow in a nonlogical but embodied sense gives onto the Torteguero canals that flow by water horses and white egrets spaced every twenty feet in a tidy territorial division or that the dingy Armstrong plant on the edge of my little town also has a relationship to the factories of San Jose or the stalls of the

horses used by Wyeth to make drugs next over the hill from my house also leads to those never-ending banana plantations with their company stores and barracks. Maybe, I have a “bigger body” now, one that is enfolded in an interplace between my tourist experience of Costa Rica and my dwelling by the Susquehanna, that will make it possible for me to be open to events occurring there with a felt meaning and importance I would otherwise lack. If we are to treat distant cultures with some measure of empathy, regard and respect, it can only be a helpful experience to have a heightened sense of the reality of other places and peoples resonate within my own body. This is to be released from the waking slumber of inauthenticity and to use the tour as the way to glance at new worlds that bring us back to who we are in our habitual world as still open to meaning coming forth both from within it and through resonating with distant senses in authentic experience.

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Notes

1 Also, the entire last chapter is an argument that authenticity is a task of becoming more emplaced within one's surround by awakening to perceptual depths of experience (211-50).