



## II. THE LIFE WORLD AS AN ENVIRONMENT FOR TRAVELING

### BUILDING FOR MOVEMENT

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The essay grants Martin Heidegger's understanding of human existence as building a dwelling that embodies and discloses the surrounding world – equally required as an extension of building. Moving through the various layers of human dwellings, from huts through mansions, to high rises and gated communities, we think that humans are the privileged species capable of sedentary life in their dwellings. Yet our feet tell us another story, call our being to move across vast panorama of creatures, plants, to discover in nature the wonders that are untouched by human building, to discover the architects and builders of vast and complicated structures in which insects – thousands of species – prove our self-importance wrong. The new environmental movements are already showing us how to live with and in nature, how to let our feet wander – as they are designed to do – without an auto. It is our need to get away from the closed “dwellings” into the open skies, teeming jungles and deep oceans.

Keywords: building, dwelling, evolution, nature, nature's architects, urbanization, wandering.

### Introduction

Let us stop admiring our heads for a moment, Georges Bataille said, and look at our feet. Our big toe is the distinctively human part, the only new body part in the human ape; it stabilizes our upright posture. We no longer support ourselves on the trees; we stand and survey the terrain about us. Survey, that is, map it out, stake out its directions and dimensions, its depths and its heights. Standing upright we support ourselves on the earth and raise our eyes over the landscape in the light of the skies.

Just look at our feet, Bruce Chatwin said; they are long and set parallel; they are made to move on ahead.

## Building a world

In the nineteenth century the sickness of individuals and of society was conceptualized with the term “alienation”. Dysfunctional and sociopathic individuals were called alienated, conceived to be possessed by alien forces, though these aliens were no longer identified with supernatural beings and no longer treated with exorcism but with psychiatry. The malady of modern society was analyzed as alienation: in capitalism workers are dispossessed of the products of their labor and dispossessed of their own desires, understanding, and will, for it is those of the capitalist that act in them. This social order was seen to have been prepared theoretically by the metaphysical and Christian doctrines that this world is not the true home for humans.

The critique of alienation engendered reflection on what it would mean, positively, to not be alienated. The concept of home became the central concept in philosopher Heidegger’s work. Heidegger declared that for humans to exist is to exist in the world, and explained that we are not simply in the world like a stone is in a box; we inhabit the world (Heidegger 1996). And we inhabit the world by making a home for ourselves here, by building. Thus for Heidegger building and dwelling become the very definition of human existence.

Building for Heidegger is assembling, assembling earth and skies, mortals and immortals. While assembling stones and boards and thatching or tar roofing we assemble the supporting and sustaining substance of the ground. A house is open to the skies, assembling on itself light and darkness, warmth and cold, rain and sun. A building is a shelter for us because we are vulnerable and mortal and it maintains that vulnerability and mortality out in the open. And its permanence keeps us in touch with the harbingers of immortal things.

For Heidegger all the fundamental activities of our existence are to be viewed as aspects of building a home here. Thought itself, which in the metaphysics established by Socrates served to liberate us from our bodies and this world and put us in touch with the realm of the ideal forms, now must be seen to serve building a home for ourselves on this earth and under these skies. Thus for Heidegger building does not come to an end when the stone, wood, or brick are assembled; for thoughtful dwelling maintains and continues the assembling of ground with skies, and assembling we vulnerable and mortal beings with the harbingers of immortal things. For Heidegger everything we do is for the future; we build homes for our children and grandchildren; we build for history. We build for immortals; our thinking sets up the truth that remains and survives our death.

For Heidegger dwelling with beings that we do not construct is also assembling animals and plants. In German a farmer is a *Bauer* – real farming is building up one’s herds and flocks and building up the fertility of the land. Thus for Heidegger humans are always and everywhere building their habitat. We exist in the world by building not simply a shelter but an environment, a world.

When we read Heidegger we cannot help thinking of Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, for whom the destiny of the spirit is to appropriate all of material nature, to imbed in materials the conceptions and will of the human spirit and to then recog-

nize that spirit in them. Hegel explains that we find nature beautiful by analogy with works of art – from a lookout point we see a stretch of mountains and meadows as a landscape, we see a grouping of plants as a still life, we see the hunter's hound posed with the hunter as in a portrait. In an artwork, he explains, vital human interests, the devolution and final issue of events, characters, or actions are imbedded in a pure and clear way.

For this reason the work of art is of higher rank than any product of Nature whatever <...>. In virtue of the emotion and insight, for example, in the atmosphere of which a landscape is portrayed by the art of painting, this creation of the human spirit assumes a higher rank than the purely natural landscape (Hegel 1999: 38–39).

A painting of a landscape on our wall is of higher rank than the mere mountains, forests and rivers outside.

A natural landscape acquires value and significance in the measure that vital human interests are built into it, and it is these that we admire when we contemplate that landscape. Architecture, Robert Venturi declared, is shelter with symbols on it – today the commercial signs and moving lights made to be seen by passing traffic. It had always been so, he said; the sculptural relief on the facades of buildings of the Roman piazza promoted dynastic virtues and civic values, and a cathedral is like a complex billboard with niches for saintly icons (Venturi *et al.* 1977: 105). For Hegel these vital human interests are not biological but spiritual: they are the pursuit of the total cognitive system. For Heidegger too the revelation of the truth of things is the highest and essential destiny of humans. The supporting and sustaining earth, the illuminating and vitalizing skies, the vulnerability and mortality of humans, and the harbingers of immortal things are brought to light only through building – building not only a house, but a landscape, an environment, a world.

Is it not true that today human life is indeed devoted to building and building an environment, a world? In 1950 30% of humans lived in cities; today 47% do; by 2030 60% will. In 2002 394 million people lived in megacities, with 10 million or more residents; by 2015 604 million will. The population of megacities is increasing by 280 000 people a day. The inhabitants sense that the steel and cement of the high-rise, which may look vulnerable to tornados and earthquakes, are firmly planted on all the support of the earth. From their glass walls they look out over the city with the view of soaring birds and bask in the sun or glittering snowflakes of the vast skies. In Los Angeles, Miami, Nice, Buenos Aires many have panoramic views of the beaches and the oceans. The more prosperous live in gated communities, with their own shops, laundries, and entertainment centers. Many of the inhabitants keep pet dogs of manmade breeds. Seeing in American grain elevators and factories the future of building, Le Corbusier affirmed that architecture extracts from nature geometric forms, which give the mind pleasure: “it brings into play the highest faculties by its very abstraction”, he declared. “Our eyes are made to see forms in light”, he wrote, and “cubes, cones, spheres, cylinders or pyramids are the great primary forms which light reveals to advantage; the image of these is distinct and tangible within us and without ambiguity. It is for that reason that these are

*beautiful forms, the most beautiful forms*” (Le Corbusier 1986: 29). The trees and foundation plantings, dense spheres or cones of green or cut into cubes, are set to accent the lines of the building.

The inner cities and the slums are also gated communities; the suburbanites and the rich do not venture into them, and the inhabitants do not wander out into the suburbs where they would be quickly identified by neighborhood watch teams and surveillance systems. The streets are full of people on ground level, old people resting on the steps in the sun, young men hanging out on street corners, kids playing ball in empty lots, dogs and cats roaming the back alleys.

Out in the suburban sprawl the woods have been cut down and the farms subdivided; the land has been leveled and ten-room million- or two-million-dollar houses built on them. A few trees are planted about them; dense shrubs that are cut into spheres, squares, and cones are spaced along their foundations. The ground leveled for view is planted in grass, which hired teams on tractors cut two or three times a week under the summer sun.

In old Europe the plants that grew about houses were fruit trees and a mix of vegetables, herbs, and ornamental plants. It was the Gardens of Versailles, where the plants were cut into hedges, espaliers, and topiaries, laid out in sweeping perspectives – imperial gardens – that set up the dominant and lasting model that persists in suburban gardens. In Japan gardens most often have no beds of colorful flowers; instead they have beds of sand and rocks and moss under bent and gnarled trees. In them Japanese assemble features of the high mountains and rocky cliffs that occupy the uninhabitable 65% of the islands. But in the gardens everything is miniaturized, pruned, shaped. Not a stray weed is undetected and left there; not a branch is allowed to stray as it will and obscure maximum visibility. The gnarled limbs of century-old trees in the temple courtyards have been wired into shape and are propped up with crutches. Along the avenues of Japanese cities are rows of pine trees; in the autumn students are hired to prune them and pluck out every third needle to introduce Zen nothingness into them.

### Human nature and nature

Heidegger conceives of building to be coextensive with, essential to, and distinctive of human existence. But, like thinking with categories and reasoning, using language, making tools, building is not distinctively human. We share these things with beings most remote from us in the realm of life – with insects, and with birds, those descendants of the great lizards. Weaverbirds weave grasses into great hanging baskets interwoven into apartments, with false entrances to deceive predator birds, rodents, and snakes. Swallows cement clay and horsehairs into adobe cities in the walls of caves. Colonies of wasps and bees are veritable construction enterprises, with division of labor between those that collect and refine the wax and those that construct the hexagonal cradles of the young and the storage bins, those that collect gums to seal cracks and entrance passages, and teams to guard the entrances from intruders. There are security guards of ants that have bloated sacks of toxins in their abdomens

and that live suspended over the entrances where they can explode their bodies over intruders – veritable suicide bombers. The termites of the African savannah build huge high-rises with ingenious inner ducts to maintain drafts to cool the building, and floors where fungi are grown for food, so that they never have to leave the building – they live in gated communities.

Building is much less characteristic of mammals. Beavers build dwellings and dams. Rodents construct burrows and the blind naked mole rats of the African deserts dig out complex troglodyte dwellings with multiple corridors and storage rooms. But the “higher” or, let us say, bigger mammals, do not build dwellings. Our brother apes assemble only the most rudimentary mats to retire to at night.

For millions of years humans did not build shelters, and today hunter-foraging peoples in the rain forests and the Arctic, and nomads in Mongolia and in the Kalahari Desert and the Sahara do not construct buildings. There are hundreds of thousands of homeless people in the cities of America; most of them live nomadic lives. Worldwide 100 million people have no housing at all. In industrialized countries only contractors build houses and apartments, and these are generic units determined by a generic blueprint. Already an ever-increasing number of houses and apartments are prefabricated; assembled by automated machines run by computers in which the blueprint is soft wired.

Heidegger’s thesis that earth and skies are revealed through building a world comes out of his original notion that it is through manipulation, using, and not through contemplation, that things get revealed. A door is discovered by opening a panel in the wall; the hammer’s nature is revealed by hammering. What is revealed is not a hammer’s “properties”, that is, traits that belong to it, but its “appropriatenesses”, its specific way of fitting in with our hand and of driving certain kinds of nails into certain kinds of wood. And of course it is through manipulating substances that physicists and chemists discover, not their “properties”, but their ways of relating and reacting with other substances.

Yet is not this a strangely narrow picture of our experience? In every glance about us, our eyes and our sensibility record patterns, rhythms, tonalities, reverberations, mists, glows, glimmers, sparkles that we are nowise manipulating or using.

Heidegger declares that humans live in a habitat of their own building, an instrumental complex, a practicable field. Nature, he says, is in our daily lives discovered through manipulation and usage. Nature is the array of raw materials with which we build; it is the sun whose position our tasks and initiatives take account of; it is the wind “in the sails”; it is the bad weather we situate in time and place with our covered bus stops and railway platforms. Heidegger does not admit any clear distinction between the cultivated and cultured world and nature. What we call nature are nature reverses, areas we institutionally set up as recreational areas, with staffs to fight forest fires, feed the deer during periods of heavy snowstorms and cull them when they become too numerous, and reintroduce species that had disappeared from the area. For Heidegger what we call “nature” is just one aspect or ingredient of the habitat or environment we build for ourselves, and what the natural sciences and life sciences call

“nature” is a secondary, derivative, and abstract representation of our environment, our world, our habitat.

Deconstructionist architect Peter Bernard observed that today nature is on the verge of complete collapse, being replaced by information technology. He and architect Bernard Tschumi enlisted Jacques Derrida to collaborate on the design for Paris’ largest park, Parc de la Villette. In the completed Parc greenery is replaced by concrete, asphalt, and steel, and trees with machines with, like components of information technology, no fixed, predetermined use. Of course, no benches.

When we read modern epistemologists we instinctually rejected their arguments that sought to prove that we are imprisoned within the walls of our own subjectivity. When we read Heidegger we instinctually reject his arguments that seek to establish that we are imprisoned in the environment or world that we ourselves build. For Heidegger humans are essentially sedentary and their lives consist of stabilizing the dimensions and axes of the world revealed by their building, as thinking consists in stabilizing the truths discovered in building and dwelling. Heidegger does not recognize our compulsion to leave the habitat that we had built for ourselves, to leave the landscape in which vital human interests and spiritual values have been embedded – to depart for realms unmarked by human intentions and manipulations. We leave our home, our habitat, our practicable environment, our world to go to nature.

It is striking that Heidegger does not speak of nature – nature as biologists conceive of it: an ecosystem of multitudes of species from microbes, bacteria, vegetation, to large land and sea mammals. For biology humans are another animal species that evolved in an ecosystem that sustained it. Nature, that ecosystem, is what was not assembled by us.

By nature we mean – common discourse means – the inert substances and forms, the mountains and rivers that were nowise brought into being and into visibility by humans, that are visible to the 4500 species of mammals, 10 000 species of birds, 20 000 species of fish, the between 2 and 30 000 000 species of insects that are born and grow by themselves. Every zone of nature is an ecosystem of countless species, every knot of ocean under the polar ice caps, every square centimeter of the most thoroughly vacuumed carpet in the doctor’s office. When we go to the sequoia forests, the Andes in Patagonia, the Amazon jungles, the Ice continent of Antarctica, when we go to dive the oceans and visit briefly the swarming coral fish, when we go to soar on paragliders the winds and the sky, we go to visit realms unbuild and unmarked by human intentions and ungraspable with human concepts.

Nature is becoming, is evolution, is, in Jean-Paul Sartre’s vision, the realm of the disordered, unstructured, unorganized multiplicity, creeping, crawling, scuttling, swarming, teeming. Nature is movement; the so-called climax forest in never-logged jungles undergoes storms that uproot vast swaths of root-entangled trees; divers know that sunken ships are soon broken apart by underwater storms and encrusted with corals and gorgonians; the continental plates drift and collide. A square kilometer of tropical jungle contains up to 750 species of trees; everyone who has ever kept a salt-water aquarium knows that for most of the fish you buy in

the tropical fish store there is nowhere where you can find out how long they live or what they eat, and in every shipment to that store there are species of fish that have never been named.

To go to nature is to leave sedentary and stabilized existence and enter into movement. It is not building that reveals nature; it is movement into it and movement with it. Moving with the falling leaves in the fall breezes in the mountains under the drifting or gathering clouds. Moving through the savannah and the forest with the winds, ascending the mountains with the mists, drifting down the rivers. Moving with the herds of wildebeests, zebras, and impalas in the Serengeti. Soaring on a paraglider in the thermals with the vultures. Not swimming, only steering with one's fins in the ocean surge with the coral fish. To go to nature is greet all the Oryx and cheetahs and hummingbirds and moths with passionate kisses of parting. It is to build nothing, to manipulate nothing, to collect nothing.

Our minds no longer grasp, appropriate, collect, legislate; they become rushes and rhythms and flows. They join the birds in the sky. "Our own ideas move" Paul Shepard wrote, "through the velvet cranial spaces as unpredictably as the passage of herons or the brief flash of a startled deer at twilight <...>. They flit through consciousness, <...> are attended to momentarily, and in a flash are gone" (Shepard 1996: 60–61).

A fire draws a crowd. Watching the incredible power with which a small flame so quickly rises roaring and blazing and consuming, with an ever-changing swirling life like some demon. We abruptly feel like early hominids in Africa watching a forest fire lit by the stormy heavens. And after it is our house that was consumed by fire, we feel something of an exhilaration to be liberated from all the baggage, the stuffing, and the stale old memories that were sent to the sky in smoke.

### Building in nature

There are cities that are built with, alongside of, in companionship with nature. Cities where the natural site was so spectacular, so imposing, so grandiose that the builders shrunk back from reassembling it, structuring it, extending the human spirit into it. Most grand is Machu Picchu, perched on top of the crest of a high rock in the midst of the ice-crowned summits of the Andes, with, at the bottom of its cliff walls, the Urubamba River looping about its base. It was a city of women, priestesses and sorceresses. Below the houses they planted terraces for coca, and they also terraced the top of the Huayna Picchu rock that rises like a steeple above it, terraces too inaccessible for food crops, where they planted flowering plants to raise the eyes to the misty skies.

At Rio de Janeiro – the January River – the continent rises in an escarpment before the Atlantic; tropical jungle covers it. The city lies in narrow strips under that escarpment, before the circular arcs of the seventeen beaches extending 56 miles. In the glittering mists of the ocean rise 365 islands; in the center of the city extends Rodrigo de Freitas Lagoon, a huge fresh-water lake. In South Africa Cape Town is

laid out under the Table Mountain, an enormous mesa almost always covered with the “tablecloth”, a thin layer of cloud or fog that vanishes as it drops over the edges of the mesa. Arriving in the Bolivian Andes at El Alto, the highest airport in the world, you take a taxi across an utterly barren high plateau lined on both sides by glacier-covered Andes; then suddenly a deep gorge opens on the plateau and on its walls is built the adobe city of peace, La Paz.

When in Australia Sydney was laid out, the large hump of land immediately adjacent to Sydney Harbor was set aside in 1816, as a Royal Botanic Gardens. From the top there are magnificent views over the whole city and bay and down to the ocean. Enormous tropical trees spread over the flanks of the hills. There is an Aboriginal plant trail that invokes for urban people the land that nourished people for some 50 000 years. The Parliament, the State Library, and the Art Gallery of New South Wales front the city edge of the Gardens, such that legislators, readers of books, and amateurs of fine art pursue their activities before this expanse of South Pacific nature. The famous opera house with its shell-like sails rests in the bay just off the Gardens. The Botanic Gardens thus forms the matrix about which the city’s distinctive identity is shaped, and the destiny of this land, its nature, its Aboriginal inhabitants, and its history is spread forth. In coming to the Gardens to watch concerts and theatrical performances in its band shells, to watch the fireworks displays on New Year’s Day, coming to the Gardens to meet with friends after work and retreat with lovers in the evening, watching the ferries and transport ships and viewing the sunrise and sunset over the waters, Sydneysiders know and shape their identity as Sydneysiders.

Humans gathered in cities, but they also moved away from cities. They did not go out to build an environment, a world for themselves. They built sod shelters for themselves in the prairies, they huddled their clay houses under the cliff walls in Dogon country, they nestled their homes among the trees and bushes, they tucked their stone houses along the rocks of the sea facing the shoals of fish. They drove their sheep up the flanks of Brokeback Mountain and slept under the starry skies or in a tent when the rains and the cold came.

## Tomorrow

In the past, the rich built mansions, with outlying farms and servants making them self-sufficient households. They had elegant salons where they spent their evenings over refined meals and wines, with musicians after and card games and conversation. Their walls were hung with paintings and safari trophies. When they collected a lot of paintings they donated them to the city museum, in a wing where the citizens would see their name. Today as we drive past the mansions still being built, they look obsolete and pointless to us. Even the rich can no longer find or afford servants; they dine with their cronies in the city’s fine restaurants. Few people collect paintings and fewer artists are interested in making paintings; the significant art of our time is digital and electronic. One day, in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, a now small town that had been a

railway nexus and had given Pennsylvania six of its governors, a friend and I were cruising the street of the old mansions and in front of one of them we saw a sign “For Sale by Owner”. We rang the door and pretended to be prospective buyers. The woman who answered and invited us in said they had been there ten years. Her husband, an executive of a multinational corporation, was being transferred to Nashville, so they were selling the house – asking two million. She showed us the whole mansion. In the ten years they had been there she had managed to fill all the fourteen rooms of the building. One room was full of Shaker chairs; another of quilts, another of old bicycles, another of pewter pots, another displayed on shelves on all the walls several hundred stuffed dogs. Ten years of going to antique shops, summer fairs, and yard sales. Now they were selling the place and moving to Nashville where she would spend the next ten years filling rooms with stuff.

In the seventies sociologists at University College London theorized that we have entered into an age of material culture. We no longer define our identity and worth, as in prior ages, with character traits, such as bravery, loyalty, and honor; nor with allegiance to a leader, saint, sage, or sovereign; nor by ideas and ideals, religious or ethical; nor by ethnic become obsolete; we have come to believe that saints, sages, sovereigns are just celebrities constructed by public relations agents; in our multicultural cities we no longer find our friends and lovers in religious or ethnic communities. Instead we go on Saturdays to the shopping malls and, from the miles of counters piled high with mass-produced consumer goods, each of us makes his or her own selection of designer or suburban housewife dress and Brooks Brothers suit or leather jacket; we take home to display in our living rooms where we show to our friends our collection of jazz or classical albums, our set of Wedgwood or stock of vintage wines, our Mercedes-Benz or antique Duesenberg in the garage. About these things we form communities, networking with other collectors of harpsichord or heavy metal albums, Tiffany & Co. lamps or Mauser rifles, pit bulls or Turkish Angora cats.

Has not the age of material culture already come to an end in technologically advanced populations? We do not envy the rich whose homes are featured in the Sunday supplement pages of newspapers, rooms all furnished by professional interior decorators where nothing can be changed; we want throw things around and throw things out. We no longer assemble collections of things whose inert endurance fixes our identity; everything we buy – cars, computers, entertainment systems – will be regularly replaced by the newer technologies. We find it meaningless to define our identity and worth by a collection of mass-produced consumer goods that will quickly become obsolete. The only things we really treasure are things that have only sentimental value – things that retain the sensuality and sensitivity of someone we loved and who is no longer there, things we have brought back from Patagonia, Venezuela, Mali, Ethiopia, or Papua New Guinea and which, when our eyes fall on them, make us long to go away again, yet further.

The notion that humans build their habitat, that they build the world, has faded in recent decades under the impact of the environmental movement – the growing awareness that it is nature that circumscribes the zones of human work and that

humans are animals that evolved in and can survive only in complex natural ecosystems. This environmental consciousness had finally its impact on architecture with the notion of green architecture, launched in 1933. Green architecture is also called sustainable architecture. Its principles are low-energy/high performance building; buildings built with and powered with replenishable resources; eliminating waste and pollution through recycling; using materials that, like aluminum, but not wood, embody energy; materials that endure and accommodate change easily; buildings that take account of not only initial but long-range costs; buildings that minimize negative impacts on their settings; that provide natural light, fresh air and avoid toxic materials; that are close to public transport; and that promote not individualism but community living.

The green architecture movement, however, is still today a movement in professional architecture. Its clientele are rich, while the vast majority of buildings are built by contractors.

“Ours is not an era for heroic or pure architectural statements <...>. Ours is also not an era for expensive buildings: our national budgets do not support the architectural glories of a Parthenon or a Chartres, our collective heart is not in architecture”, Venturi wrote, “our collective values direct us in other paths, sometimes social, sometimes military, and our technology and our labor systems promote standard systems of conventional construction” (Venturi 1966).

Tomorrow, when we will take home most of our even gourmet meals from delis or restaurants, when our home libraries of books and music will be miniaturized on silicon chips we can access with cell phones, when most of our visits with friends will be through two-way video cell phones as we inch through traffic or sit in cafés, will not our homes, our apartments be less and less the habitats where we live out our lives? And when we look upon the future when the majority of humans will be living in megacities, in numbered apartments all alike in standardized and prefabricated high-rises, where all the furnishings, televisions, DVD and VR players, lighting, and decorations are mass-produced in automated and robotized factories, will not that millennial urge to leave, to wander off that governed the lives and cultures of humans for four million years return?

### Instead of the conclusions

As more and more of humanity live in megacities, swaths of agriculturally unproductive terrain are being returned to nature. In Wyoming cattle and sheep ranches have been for several decades now returned to the antelopes and coyotes. Even in Holland land is being returned to nature. Indeed Holland is the site of a major project in Oostvaardersplassen to restore 60 square kilometers of land to the condition, vegetation, and animals that existed there before humans arrived. Then the region has been grazed by Aurochs, bison, elk, red deer, and Tarpan horses. The primordial bison had been reduced to 54 by 1925, but protection has increased their numbers today to 3000. The last pure Aurochs had been killed in 1627 and the last pure Tarpan horse in 1887,

but in the 1920s geneticists Heinz Heck and Lutz Heck in Germany undertook a selective breeding of cattle with Aurochs blood in them and horses with Tarpan blood, saving the throwbacks until animals of the original size, color, and form of the primordial Aurochs and Tarpan horses were born. Today in the world's most densely populated country we can see wild herds of these animals depicted on the caves of Chauvet and Lascaux.

Some years back an Italian visiting professor of philosophy at Pennsylvania State University, upon now returning to Milan, where he had been born and raised, decided to live from now on in hotels in the city, changing from one to the next on a whim. The head of the philosophy department at the California State University, Stanislaus each summer crosses the country to visit his parents on their farm in Maine, and decided, one summer, to camp in all the National Parks on the way. He found he had loved it so much that when he got back to his house, the following year he used it only to store his books and camped, cooked and slept, in his back yard.

Architect Jorge Gentilini, appalled at the Costa del Sol now entirely lined with high-rises that are empty all but four months of the year, worked on designing tall steel pylons upon which campers could be hoisted and plugged into the electricity and plumbing, and which would stand bare, like trees that shed their leaves, when the season is over. We need mechanics and designers to build campers, Winnebagos that do not look like sardine cans. Every season lighter tents are being designed, that can be disassembled in minutes, leaving no trace of themselves in the forest.

We go off, to the nearby or far-off forests, to the mountains, the glaciers, the beaches, the oceans. Look at our feet, Chatwin said, they are long and set parallel; they are made to move on ahead. We make our way across mountains and continents as the continental plates collide and buckle up these mountains that freeze the West winds and dry out these deserts. We descend into the Grand Canyon and the Quebrada de Humahuaca treading the eons that deposited these fifty strata of petrified sediment. In the crystal nights of deserts and mountains our gaze travels the light-years of the stars. We visit excavations and monitor the millions of years from algae to dinosaurs. We trip through the savannah with the wildebeest and the impalas and stroll the beach tacking the waves with the plovers.

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## SUBREŠTI JUDESIUI

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### Santrauka

Straipsnyje aptariama haidegeriškoji žmogaus egzistencijos samprata kaip statymas tokio būsto, kuris įkūnija ir atveria supantį pasaulį – tai vienodai reikalinga pastato pratęsimui. Keliaujant per įvairius gyvenamuosius būstus – nuo lūšnelių iki rūmų, iki aukštai iškilusių ir apsitvėrusių bendruomenių, teigiama, kad žmonės yra privilegijuota rūšis, gebanti gyventi sėslų gyvenimą savo būstuose. Tačiau mūsų pėdos pasakoja kitokią istoriją, kviečia keliauti plačia gyvenūnijos, augalijos panorama, atrasti gamtoje žmogiškųjų statybų nepalietus stebuklus, neaprėpiamos ir sudėtingos struktūros architektus ir statytojus, kuriuose tūkstančiai rūšių vabzdžių liudija, kad mūsų susireikšminimas yra klaidingas. Naujieji aplinkosauginiai judėjimai jau rodo, kaip sugyventi su gamta, kaip leisti pėdoms klajoti – kam jos ir yra sukurtos – be automobilių. Mūsų poreikis yra ištrūkti iš uždarytų „būstų“ į atvirą padangę, knibždančias džiungles ir gilius vandenynus.

Reikšminiai žodžiai: statymas, būstas, evoliucija, gamta, gamtos architektai, urbanizacija, klajojimas.