Sojourns
The Journey to Greece

Translated by John Panteleimon Manoussakis - Foreword by John Sallis

The story of Martin Heidegger's enigmatic search for truth in the land that inspired his philosophy, Aufenthalte (Sojourns) is the philosophical matrix for which he kept during his first visit to Greece in the spring of 1932. Available here for the first time in English, this invaluable translation offers not only a rare and intimate view of its author, but also a chance to observe Heidegger working with his philosophical concepts outside the lecture hall, applying them in concrete cultural and historical contexts. Here we find Heidegger in dialogue with Greek history itself as it has left traces in the land and as it has been recorded on various monuments and works of art.

"[Heidegger] was well past seventy when he went to Greece for the first time. For years he had hesitated about making such a trip, and five years earlier he had cancelled his plans to go there with his friend Erich Kästner. Later he made two further trips to Greece, as well as three trips to at least to Provence. But it was the first trip to Greece that was decisive and that yielded this beautiful, if enigmatic, travel book. Sojourns..."

— from the Foreword by John Sallis

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A volume in the SUNY series in Contemporary European Philosophy
Dennis J. Schmandt, editor

ISBN 0-7914-6496-3
State University of New York Press
www.sunypress.edu
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Martin Heidegger

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STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK PRESS
Sojourns

To the mother
For her seventieth birthday

A token of appreciation

Translation of Heidegger’s dedication to his wife, Elfriede.

Foreword
A Philosophical Travelbook

John Sallis

Sojourns is a travelbook. It was written while the author was traveling, or at least it was written as if it were being written while the traveler-author was under way. It is also a book about travel, not only about the philosopher-author’s travel but also about philosophy and travel as such. It is a book about the bearing of travel on philosophy, about the way in which the sights experienced in a foreign place can rebound upon what a philosopher has thought. One could well imagine instances in which such sights would serve to confirm something thought; for example, that
the sight of the pyramids might have served to confirm what Kant had thought about the estimation of magnitudes in judgments of the sublime. But in the case of Heidegger's travel to Greece, even the sense of confirmation undergoes a certain deformation inasmuch as what would be confirmed is a thinking of withdrawal from the very presence that otherwise constitutes a confirmatory sight. One might, then, be inclined to suppose that there is lacking a proper name for that which, in this instance, would connect philosophy and travel. In this case a simple account would not be possible, and this book about philosophy and travel, this philosophical travelbook, would, as it seems, remain enigmatic.

There are philosophers who never traveled. Kant is the most notorious of these, having never ventured more than a short distance from his native Königsberg. Yet his inexperience of other places did not prevent Kant from writing about faraway places and about the sublime things or exotic practices that could be seen in remote, foreign locations. Thus, in the Anthropology he describes in all too graphic terms the sight of the Tungese eating loathsome things; he tells also of the dread with which Arabs regard the human and animal figures hewn in stone that are often found in the Libyan desert Ras-Sem, since they take these figures to be men petrified by a curse. One knows of course that Kant did not witness such sights, that he never traveled to Mongolia or to Libya, that he is only reporting something about which he has been told or has read. Sometimes he even mentions the source of the tale he is relating (for example: "the physician Dr. Michaelis tells us that when a soldier in North America... ").

One might readily suppose that Kant had no need to travel, that nothing in his philosophical project required that he travel, that nothing in his writings would have been enhanced by travel. It would seem that both pure reason and the project of its critique of itself are supremely indifferent to variations of place and to the diversity of peoples, things, customs, etc. that one experiences in traveling. One might find it quite in order therefore that Kant mentions foreign and exotic things most often in the Anthropology, which is the text of popular lectures that Kant presented for some thirty years and which is marginal to
the critical project as such. And yet, similar references are to be found also in what Kant considered to be the completion, the capstone, of the critical project, the *Critique of Judgment*. There is, for instance, a passage in which Kant writes about the beauties of nature that surround the beholder in Sumatra; he mentions the English ethnologist William Marsden, whose *History of Sumatra* he evidently had read. In his discussion of the mathematically sublime, he refers to the pyramids, to a comment attributed to Savary that in order to get the full emotional effect from the magnitude of the pyramids one must be neither too close nor too far away. Kant mentions also St. Peter's Basilica in Rome, indeed as illustrating the same point; he remarks that it is the lack of such proper distance that causes the bewilderment that is said to seize the spectator who enters the basilica for the first time. Kant had seen none of these things, had not traveled to Rome, much less to Egypt or Sumatra. One can only wonder whether and how Kant's none too ample discussions of architecture, sculpture, and painting would have been enhanced had he seen some of these sights firsthand and not just relied on the reports of others.

The case of Hegel is almost the opposite. His travels began early in his career. In July 1796, having already left Swabia in order to take up a post as a private tutor in Bern, Hegel set out on a hiking trip in the Swiss Alps. While on the trip he kept a detailed diary, and on the basis of the account in the diary there is every reason to believe that Hegel's experience of the mountains provoked certain of his later thoughts about the beauty of nature and its inferiority to the beauty of art.

Perhaps even more significant were his travels during the Berlin period. Between each of the four presentations of his lecture cycle on aesthetics, Hegel undertook a major journey for the purpose of visiting the most renowned cathedrals and museums and attending musical and theatrical performances that differed from—and in most cases surpassed—what could be seen and heard at the time in Berlin. In 1822, he traveled across Germany to Belgium and The Netherlands, visiting the cathedrals in Cologne, Aachen, Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels. The experience of Dutch and Flemish painting afforded him by this journey had decisive consequences for his conception of
painting, for he discovered—especially in seventeenth-century Dutch painting—a genre of painting that retained the highest worth despite its lack of religious or even serious content.

Hegel's second extended journey, in 1824, took him to Vienna. Here too he visited the main museums; yet what proved most captivating was the music he heard in Vienna. In his letters he reports on performances of Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* and Rossini's *The Barber of Seville* that he attended in Vienna; these experiences fired his enthusiasm for Italian opera, an enthusiasm reflected in the account of music that found its way into the *Aesthetics*.

In 1827, on his third long journey, Hegel traveled to Paris, described in a letter to his wife as "this capital of the civilized world." Here again he enjoyed Italian opera and visited the renowned cathedrals (including Notre Dame) and the great museums (most notably, the Louvre), though his major discovery seems to have been French and English drama, especially Molière and Shakespeare.

In the *Aesthetics* one reads—and assumes that Hegel himself presented—such remarks as the following: "What has Raphael . . . not made of the Madonna and the Christ-child! What depth of feeling, what spiritual life, what inner wealth of profound emotion, what sublimity and charm, what a human heart, though one wholly penetrated by the divine spirit, does not speak to us out of every line of these pictures!" One can be confident that Hegel himself stood before several of the greatest of these paintings and experienced what speaks out of every line of them. And one can be confident too that Hegel's *Aesthetics* would have been impoverished had he not undertaken these travels and experienced first-hand so many of the masterpieces of European art.

The case of Heidegger is more complicated. From some of his more occasional writings, one knows that he took himself to belong to the southwest German region where, except for the five-year period in Marburg, he spent his entire life. One knows too that he was very much attached to his provincial hometown Messkirch and to the mountain village Todtnauberg, where he retreated in order to work undisturbed by the clamor of modern life. For much of his career he traveled very little beyond this region
except for brief lecture trips to other German cities. One exception was a ten-day trip to Rome in 1935, where he presented his first public lecture on Hölderlin, "Hölderlin and the Essence of Poetry." But such travel was exceptional for him; for the most part he avoided it himself and, it seems, discouraged others from undertaking extensive travels. Though it is known that on a trip to Amsterdam Heidegger saw the painting by van Gogh that he describes in The Origin of the Work of Art, it seems that he had not in fact at this time seen the temples at Paestum that he describes in this essay. And, according to Gadamer, an inveterate traveler, Heidegger discouraged him from going off to America to teach, urging him instead to devote his retirement entirely to his writing on Plato.

Heidegger's travel to Greece was the great exception. He was well past seventy when he went for the first time. For years he had hesitated about making such a trip, and just two years earlier he had cancelled his plan to travel to Greece with his friend Eckhart Kästner. Later he made two further trips to Greece, as well as three trips at least to Provence. But it was the initial trip to Greece, in 1962, that was decisive and that yielded this beautiful, if enigmatic, travelbook Sojourns.

Heidegger's hesitation had to do partly with his doubts about modern Greece, his doubts as to whether the Greece of today could still reveal anything of the Greece of antiquity. Yet there was also, as he confesses, a deeper doubt: he was concerned that the concrete revelation of Greek antiquity, of what he calls simply das Griechische, might prove at odds with what—in relation to Greek antiquity—Hölderlin had poetized and he had attempted to think. What was at stake in Heidegger's travel to Greece was, in a word—in a word in which for him all of Greek thinking and poetizing is concentrated—ἀλήθεια.

As he traveled from island to island, eventually and decisively to Delos, then to Athens, and finally to Delphi, the question remained always the same, as in his thinking the question remained—as he often said—always the same. At each site what was at stake was the yoke joining concealment and unconcealment, the yoke of ἀ-λήθεια. In the dark, nighttime sea, in the shining stones of Delos, in the enclosed absence of the goddess glimpsed in the
Parthenon, it was this yoke that he sought, even if the very sense of this seeking remained enigmatic, even if what it meant to find what was thus sought could never quite be said.

Sojourns is the story of this enigmatic search and of the perhaps unspeakable discovery.

Acknowledgments

I would like to thank the Staatsliche Antikensammlungen und Glyptothek of Munich for granting me permission to reproduce the beautiful cup of Exekias which Heidegger chooses as his concluding image of his journey to Greece. Six of the photographs that adorn this volume are by Robert A. McCabe, who, very much like Heidegger, discovered during those early journeys to Greece (1954–1965) the almost "metaphysical" quality of the Greek light. Through his camera we can experience today the Greek landscape as it must have appeared for Heidegger during
his first visit in 1967. I am most indebted to him and to the publisher of his work, Mrs. Anna Pataki, for allowing me to reproduce these photographs here (Robert A. McCabe, *Greece: Images of An Enchanted Land*, Athens: Pataki's Publishers, 2004). For Heidegger's quotations of Hölderlin's and Pindar's poetry I have used Michael Hamburger's translation (*Poems and Fragments*, University of Michigan Press, 1966) and Frank J. Nisetich's *Pindar's Victory Songs* (Johns Hopkins University Press, 1980). I would also like to thank Matthias Flatscher of the University of Vienna and Brian Gregor of Boston College for their valuable corrections and suggestions as well as Professor John Sallis for carefully reading my translation and furnishing it with a Foreword. I am greatly indebted for the continuing support of the editor of this series, Dennis Schmidt. Finally, since any encounter with Heidegger's thought remains a challenge, I would like to dedicate this translation to William J. Richardson, S.J., εἰς ἀνάμνησιν ἡμερῶν σπουδῶν.

J.P.M.

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But the thrones, where are they? Where are the temples, the vessels,
Where, to delight the gods, brim-full with nectar, the songs?
Where, then, where do they shine, the oracles winged for far targets?
Delphi's asleep, and where now is great fate to be heard?
Hölderlin, “Bread and Wine,” Fourth strophe

This “where,” raised out of an immense abandonment, a painful cry—this question, what is it looking for? What does the poet see when he cries out? He sees the flight of the gods and along with that, the desolation of men’s dwellings, the emptiness of their work, the vanity of their deeds. He dares to turn his gaze towards the Greece that has already been, although he does not find support in the actual experience of the world of the islands. Why did Hölderlin have no need of such an experience? Perhaps because his gaze was reaching farther, towards the arrival of the coming god,
so that only in the region of this fore-seeing that which has already been could reach its proper present. Then, the poetic cry sprung forth not at all from a mere abandonment but, instead, from the confidence in that which is coming and is able to leap over any need? What is coming only draws near and lasts for an insistent call. Are we today still hearing the call? Do we understand that such a hearing, at the same time, must be a call, even more for a human world that borders on self-destruction, and whose machinations drown out and annihilate any call?

In such a time, amidst the lack of vision, the suspicion awakens that such a sight is possible indeed, a sight that, since it exists, demands that we look even farther. What then? The overcoming of the poet? Never! What is reaching farther than the poet's world is, at the same time, of a lesser importance without ceasing to be for us above all what is most needed: namely, that the field open up, widen and submit there where the coming of god can be granted and the vigil for the feast of his arrival can be prepared.

How are we to find this field of anticipation? Aren't we to find it just by looking for it instead of contriving ways to waste our time? Who is to show us the path? What is to give us a hint about the field that we seek? This field lies behind us, not before us. What is of necessity is to look back and reflect on that which an ancient memory has preserved for us and yet, through all the things that we think we know and we possess, remains distorted. However, we could only seek something that, albeit in disguise, is already known.

The gods of Greece and their supreme god, if they ever come, will return only transformed to a world whose overthrow is grounded in the land of the gods of ancient Greece. If the ideas of the Greek thinkers—as the flight of the gods had begun—had not been uttered in a developed language and had these sayings not, in turn, been altered into an instrument of an alien worldview, then neither the power of the all-pervasive modern technology, still hidden from what is proper to it, nor the corresponding science and industrial society would now be dominant. If there were not, therefore, an enigmatic relation that relates the violence of the modern word with the former flight of the gods, we, who are seeking a salvation in
the ultimate danger of a potential sheer self-destruction of humankind, would have no need of a far-reaching re-collection of the absence of the flown gods, nor would we need a pre-thought of the field of an arrival of their metamorphosis.

I wonder if we are ever to find the region that we are seeking? And whether the finding will ever be given to us, if we visit the still existing land of the Greeks and greet its earth, its sky, its sea and its islands, the abandoned temples and the sacred theaters?

We, who are in greater need, in greater poverty for poetic thoughts, we need, perhaps, to pay a visit to the island of the islands, if only in order to set on its way the intimation that we have cherished for a long time.

For this reason, years ago the proposal and the gift of a journey to Greece came from the anticipating beat of the affectionate heart. That proposal was followed, of course, by a long hesitation due to the fear of disappointment: the Greece of today could prevent the Greece of antiquity, and what was proper to it, from coming to light. But also a hesitation that stems from the doubts that the thought dedicated to the land of the flown gods was nothing but a mere invention and thus the way of thinking (Denkweg) might be proved to be an errant way (Irrweg). The intimated region remained present in my thoughts. What had been given needed to be carried out.

The decision to visit Greece became easier when we had the opportunity to participate in a cruise together. It would be hard to imagine a more proper way of approaching the ever-distant island country.

The cold rainy days in Venice became an odd prelude. The dreariness of the impersonal luxury hotel that we happened to be staying in was matched by the decline displayed by the city. Venice—coming many years after Greece in history and thus closer to us in time—remains without the power to show us the path. It has become an object of historiography, attractive scenery for confused novelists, the playground for international conferences and exhibitions, loot for the tourist industry to squander. The past power and splendor of the Republic are gone from the remaining ruins whose polymorphous tangle of buildings and squares allows an endless and ever-changing description. Even the service at the Cathedral on Palm
Sunday, where a living tradition is mostly expected [to be found], gave us the impression of a spectacle; so careless was the liturgy. Aged was everything and yet not exactly old; everything belonged to the past and yet not to a past that still continues and gathers itself into something remaining so it can give itself anew to those who await it.

He, whose inner gaze is not incessantly confronted by the violence of the modern technical world, he most easily will be scattered in the brief and temporary spell that historicity and aesthetics give to the city. Whoever, though, seeks that place (Ort) that has been decisive for the present world-condition, although it is still hidden, while he remains aware that even the newest of the new, including the flight to historiography, falls apart unless it is brought back to its ancient origin—for him Venice cannot be anything else but the harbor where the ship docks that sets sail for Greece. To say such a thing might be unfair from a historiographical point of view; for history, however, it is necessary. History precedes historiography. It is destiny (Geschick) that rules in history.

As the destiny's image, the nocturnal sea appears; its ancient waves follow their laws indifferent to the modern, mechanized ship.

Under the light of the morning sun the long rocky Dalmatian coast rose from the serene sea. Our cabin in the deck of Yugoslavia did not offer much of a view, since it was blocked by the lifeboats; it was, though, very close to the bridge from which it was always possible to have a panoramic view of the entrances into the bays and harbors as well as of the expanse of the open sea. The friendly crew readily provided us with all the information we asked them for and they even allowed us to go in to the rudder room where they explained to us the function of its apparatuses. The personnel in the dining room were equally courteous and caring.

Early in the morning, after the journey's second night, the island of Corfu appeared, the ancient Cephallenia. Was that the land of Phaeacians? The first impression would not agree with the picture that the poet gives in Book VI of the Odyssey. I stayed then with my colleague Engelking on the highest deck of the ship. We were remembering the times of our
common lectureship at Freiburg, resting our gaze in the view of the Greek land and its mountains. Was this, though, already Greece? What I had sensed and expected did not appear. Maybe the notions that I brought with me were exaggerated and misleading. Everything looked more like an Italian landscape. However, it was in Sicily that Goethe felt the nearness of the Greek element for the first time. There, following a persistent impulse, he sketched the outline of a tragedy on Nausicaa, which he never wrote but, nonetheless, worked in detail, keeping it constantly in his mind. Why was the outline not actualized? Did it bear, perhaps, the features of a Roman-Italian Greece viewed through the light of a modern humanism? And was that worldview enough for the poet to announce, in his older days, the time of the machines?

Doubts arose early in the afternoon, when we continued our journey from Corfu to Ithaca, which, since it was Odysseus's home, promised the Greek element. The doubts remained whether we would ever be granted the experience of what isoriginarily [anfängisch] Greek; whether any such experience, as

is already well known, would not be predetermined and thus restricted by the present horizon of him who undertakes the experience; doubts about whether such effort to return to the origin [Anfang] would not remain vain and ineffective, even if it succeeded in some limited way; doubts about whether such a concern would not ruin the immediate experience of the journey. Why can one not straightaway keep hold of whatever he sees and then narrate it by simply describing it?

As if “Greece” had not already been described, often enough and in several ways, with accuracy and knowledge. Let it be enough, then, for our fellow travelers in the ship, their sincere effort to educate themselves by reading informative guidebooks and amusing books on Greece as they rest on the deck. It never crossed my mind, during the journey, to question the usefulness and the pleasure of such trips to Greece. Neither, though, did the thought leave my mind that what matters is not us and our experience of Greece, but Greece itself.

Can Greece still “speak” what is proper to it and claim us, the people of today, as listeners to its
language, we, the people of an age whose world is throughout pervaded by the force and artificiality of the ramifications of the enframing (Ge-Stell)? The concern about the age does not take us away from the point, i.e. from the direction of the journey to Greece, does not hinder the immediate experience; on the contrary, the latter opens itself for the first time to the expected, insofar as it is maintained in the reference to the world of today, instead of being appraised only in relation to the experiences of the individual.

Meanwhile, in the afternoon we caught sight of Ithaca's wooded bays. At first and for a long time we couldn't understand where the ship was supposed to berth. An unexpected turn of the vessel, then, offered the view of a village with bright houses on the dark slopes. School children and local people along with their mayor, who had once been in Germany, greeted the German guests with a cheerful modesty. The home of Odysseus? Many things in this picture too would not fit in with the picture that I had from the days of my first reading of Homer in the Gymnasium in Constance under the guidance of an excellent teacher.? Here again, as in the harbor of

"Cephallenia," what was missing was the presence of that Greek element, the characteristics of which had assumed clarity during the course of my later study and in my discussion [Auseinandersetzung] with ancient thinking: it was not an ideal landscape but a world that spoke with ever-increasing force and was beginning to make the familiar opinions about itself totter; but again, it was not a historical scheme that contained all the living regions and the historical epochs of Greek civilization—but it was a persistent call of a directive that was addressing the articulation of the Greek Dasein as a whole. How would this show forth in Ithaca?

Instead, we met something oriental, something Byzantine, when a priest showed us the small church with the icon-screen and lighted candles after he received our small offering. Women in their gardens and children in the streets welcomed us with flowers.

In the evening the younger travelers and the crew had a good time, staying until midnight with the friendly people of the island, by which time the ship continued its sail to Katakolon, the small harbor in Elis.
The Yugoslavia anchored in the bay. Around eight o’clock we disembarked to a nearby shore with the assistance of old boats and a kind of a float. On this sunny spring morning buses transferred us from there, through Pyrgos, to Olympia. Small mules and donkeys were standing, patiently grazing scanty silage on the roadside, while other overloaded ones were making their way with slowly pace. Shabby-looking houses were followed by tasteless new ones along the side of the dusty road, up to the point where the vehicles were taken under the shade of high pine trees.

Now it had to come—that place (Ort) where once all Greece gathered itself during the hottest days of the summer for the peaceful celebration of the Games and to worship its highest gods.

But first we found just a plain village disfigured even more by the unfinished new buildings [to become] hotels for the American tourists. After that, we went through a high bridge over the stony ravine of the nearly dry Kladeos River and we were disappointed with the nearby view of the Cronus hill. It is unthinkable that the sludge and the detritus of this river were able to overflow and cover the sacred region of the temples in Altis so that they even wiped out the name of the place of the assembly of all the Greek people. What is even more unthinkable is that this very landscape, which one could also find in Italy, was established as the place of Greek festival and in accordance with them, the reckoning of time in Olympiads.

The wide and almost charming valley of Alpheus was, only through an inexplicable force, in keeping with the agonistic severity and articulation of the Greek essence. Doubts arose again whether this essence, long-cherished and often thought through, was a creature of fancy without any connection with what actually had been.

Pondering these things we entered the mystifying silence of the Altis in the bright morning with the nightingale’s song. Besides us all, divided into groups, were no other visitors in the ruins. The groundwork of the surprisingly great temple consecrated to Hera and Zeus, the colossal shafts of the columns, reaped by a superhuman power, although fallen down still preserving their upright, supportive thrust—all these kept at bay the impression of simply a massive edifice.
Was that a hint, perhaps, about the appropriate way of seeking that which had to be tested in the following days? Was that a signal for the clear insight that the archaeological research, although it remains necessary and useful, nevertheless, has no access to that which prevailed and took place amidst that which was erected—which means: was consecrated?

The vaulted passage that leads from the area of the temples to the stadium, and which is even mentioned by Pausanias, led us into the field of the games. But the games themselves and the proximity of the gods that is preserved in them—what would all these be without the song that praises, without the word which first, through the vibrating-articulated tone, reveals and veils that which has been here? What would all these be if the language of the poet did not speak? Pindar sings in the introduction of his first Olympian Ode, which also hails over there—toward the royal courts in Syracuse and Acragas of Sicily:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Water is preeminent and gold, like a fire} \\
\text{Burning in the night, outshines} \\
\text{All possessions that magnify men's pride.} \\
\text{But if, my soul, you yearn} \\
\text{To celebrate great games,} \\
\text{Look no further} \\
\text{For another star} \\
\text{Shining through the deserted ether} \\
\text{Brighter than the sun, or for a contest} \\
\text{Mightier than Olympia} \\
\text{Where the song} \\
\text{Has taken its coronal} \\
\text{Design of glory . . .} \\
\end{align*}
\]

The withered beauty of the festival in this place has concealed itself from us. It lingered, however, as an
immediate present [Gegenwart] in the creations and the figures stored in the Museum of Olympia which was established with great knowledge and care. Before that, however, we rested for the noon in the high grass under aged trees near the Altis, as butterflies were playing over us making the stillness more intense—a dim sign of Pan’s hour.

Afterwards in the Museum we had the chance to slowly bring together in thought the figures from the pediment of the Temple of Zeus with the remaining ruins in Altis and thus we avoided reducing the exhibits to artistic enjoyment as if they were separate works. Nevertheless, the rage of the battle between the Lapiths and the Centaurs is so powerful, the terror of the threatened women so shaking and wild and the beauty of the towering and commanding Apollo so godlike that it is easy to forget the artistic element of the pediment’s works. Could it be, perhaps, that the art that is indicated there is based on the fact that it withheld itself as creation and work for the sake of what it brings to manifestation?

The same holds for the restrained-strained awaiting before the competition between Pelops and Oenomaus. Where else has the silence been portrayed with such simplicity as the dimensionality of a Dasein’s space?

Never, though, were the two pediments objects of observation at the same height as the observer, but they were visible to the eye only upwards to a much greater height. Were they created for the human observer after all? Was not the flowing stillness of their appearance dedicated to the gaze of the invisible god as a gift of consecration? At moments a chasm was opened between the act of dedication and the exhibits; the latter were placed in accordance with the contemporary artistic intentions but, at the same time, were out of place; caught in themselves as they were, they became subjected to the machinations of the industrial era—they remain unable to show even what is proper to themselves to this world, let alone to indicate the paths of its transformation.

And then—despite the impasse of a designed artmarket, the metopes of Hercules came into unison with the sculptures of the pediment and the same universal style appeared as it has been realized in the song of the Aeschylian tragedies as the most powerful
poetic language. Such an experience does not allow the contemplation to attempt the stylistic comparisons that are characteristic of the history of art and which the strikingly placed Hermes of Praxiteles almost provokes. Again the memory goes back to the Gymnasium in Constance, when this statue was presented for the first time, during my third year, as the ideal of the Greek sculpture—but it didn’t speak to me. Only fifteen years later was I enlightened about the works of Greek sculpture—in a course given by the young professor Buschor in the beginnings of the second decade of our century in Freiburg under the strange title “The Plastic Art of the Greeks from Parmenides to Plotinus.”

Neither the one nor the other were sculptors. The one, however, in the beginning of the Greek destiny, gave shape to the horizon where the works and the deeds of this people would appear; the other created the horizon in which the fall and the end of Greek civilization took place and from which its concealed shape for a long time would determine the following centuries.

Did Olympia offer the insight that we have sought into what is proper to the Greek world? Yes and no. “Yes” insofar as its gentle emergence of its clearing distance spoke in an immediate way through the sculptures. But those were in the museum. Thus “no”—especially since the region of Olympia did not yet set free the Greek element of the land, of its sea and its sky.

The Greek element remained an expectation, something that I was sensing in the poetry of the ancients, something that I intimate through Hölderlin’s Elegies and Hymns, something that I was thinking on the long paths of my own thought.

The nighttime trip through the Gulf of Corinth brought the ship the next morning to the bay of this town. A day of painful conflict began. We were about to visit Mycenae. I felt a resistance against the pre-Hellenic world, although it was the critical exchange with it that first helped the Greeks to grasp their proper element. But it was only the finding of this proper element at last that I was longing for. In addition, I felt attracted to Argos and Nemea, the other place of the Greek athletic games, present as well in the Victory Odes of Pindar.

The wide floor of the valley, where the lone village of Nemea is nestled, is surrounded by terraced slopes; flocks of sheep stroll leisurely through
its pastures. The entire region itself appears as a single Stadium that invites festive games. Only three columns are left standing that still speak of the temple of Zeus that once was: in the breadth of the landscape they are like three strings of an invisible lyre on which perhaps the winds play songs of mourning, inaudible to mortals—echoes of the flight of the gods.

Similarly abandoned a temple of a “Heraion” stretched through the plateau of a mountain in the Argive land, the ruins of which were embellished with thick layers of fragrant flowers: it is the annually recurring loyal greeting to a sunken world. Across was the Acropolis of Argos. The words of the guard—in the beginning of Aeschylus’s Oresteia—come alive in the memory, as he is on the lookout for the signal of fire in the mountains. The course of an already fulfilled destiny shows at once its track:

I beg of the gods release from these toils,
A year’s watch in length, during which,
Sleeping on the roof of Atreus’ son,
Resting on my arms, like a dog,
I have known the assembly of the stars at night . . .

And Hölderlin’s question, “where is great fate to be heard?” manifests itself as the answer, insofar as his poem remains the memory of that which has been and gives to the heart a mysterious confidence. The fruitful Argive plain ends at the beach where the cliff city of Nauplia overlooks its bay—the harbor of Argolis in ancient times.

A small path led us through a valley covered with grain fields, in some places scanty, in places fertile, towards Epidaurus, to the Temple of Asclepius and to the famous theater of Polykletus. This edifice that has been described often grants a reposeful look to the rail-like increasing hills and groves, at the top of which, the jag-edged Mt. Arachnaion towers. If, however, neither the joy of the traveler in front of the landscape, nor the thirst for knowledge of the Antiquarian is enough, then what remains here is to ask Hölderlin’s question from “Bread and Wine” (sixth strophe):

*Why are they silent too, the theaters, ancient and hallowed?*

Why? We are hardly capable of receiving and tolerating the question—so that we can realize how
poor and helpless stands present-day man with his progress in front of such solemn buildings, that since time immemorial granted healing. It is not an accident that this theater rises in the vicinity of the temples and the baths, to which wanderers from afar came looking for a cure for their sufferings, but perhaps they also came in order to experience the suffering of the disappearing gods.

Thinking about all this is difficult, insofar as that which determined the world of Greece in its proper character remains concealed. Again and again the question arises: Where should we look for this proper character? Every visit to every place of its dwelling, work, and feast renders us more perplexed.

Therefore, after our uneasy nightly crossing from Nauplia to the island of Crete, my hope diminished that I would find there what I was looking for or that I would attain a more rigorous development of these questions.

For this island, the biggest of the Greek islands with powerful mountain ranges jutting steeply out of the sea, steeped, encloses a strange, pre-Greek world. From the palaces and the cities of the Minoan civilization, that have been excavated in our century, we visited only Knossos at Herakleion. In the wide and many-folded mountain valley, the labyrinthal Palace bears witness to a nonwarrior, rural and commercial Dasein dedicated to the joys of life, although highly stylized and refined. A feminine divinity is supposed to have been the center of all the worship. What comes in view is something of an Egyptian-oriental essence. Enigmatic as the whole is also the sign of the double axe that keeps occurring. Everything is focused on the luxurious, on adornment and embellishment, from the large frescos to the insignificant utensils of everyday life.

All the findings from the different excavations have been gathered in the Museum of Herakleion which was recently reorganized: the abundance of objects and forms, the impressive glimmer and the luxurious shine beg the question: what is this that shines in things and hides itself in their shine? The small statues and the votive figures do not say anything clear about this. Is there, perhaps, some connection between the labyrinth and luxury? As an adjective the word luxus means something that is
moved from its place, displaced and dislocated, such that it evades and deviates from what is customary. Wherever that becomes an end-in-itself and emerges in great quantities, it puzzles and amazes. A maze is organized in a similar fashion. Albeit, the luxurious-labyrinthal of the Creto-minoan world remains far from the bleakness of the superficial, the emptiness of the frivolous. And yet, what shines in the amazing shine? Is the question perhaps not fitting? Could it be that what shines in the shine is only the shine itself and therefore neither can conceal nor hide anything? Doesn't it only want to shine in the anything-but-orderless variety of buildings, works, and equipment?

We relieved ourselves from the burdensome expedition to Phaistos, on the south of the island, and we stayed on the boat. Even the bazaar in Herakleion did not allure us. My thoughts linger around the museum's afterglow of that shine, which once belonged to the free structure of a vigorous Dasein, strange but all the same enchanting for the Greeks.

Was it that that the entirely different light of the snowy peak of Mt. Ida, the so-called mountain of the gods, indicates? Does it wink towards the "beloved islands, eyes of the world of wonder" (Hölderlin, "Lamentations," second strophe)? However, our journey to the Cyclads seems yet far. It was uncertain whether we would be allowed to be in the center of their circle.

Overnight the boat reached the island of Rhodes. We had approached the coast of Asia Minor. Are we farther away from Greece? Or are we already within the domain of its destiny, which was structured through its confrontation [Auseinandersetzung] with "Asia," by transforming the wild and reconciling the passion with something "greater," that remained great for the mortals and so it granted them the place for reverend awe?

It was not my stubborn will or the need for rest that held me from disembarking as I was looking at the attractive island. It was rather the recollection of thinking [Nachdenken] anew that demanded its rights: the confrontation [Auseinandersetzung] with the Asiatic element was for the Greek Dasein a fruitful necessity. This confrontation is for us today—in an entirely different way and to a greater extent—the decision about the destiny of Europe and what is called the Western world. Insofar, however, as the entire
earth—and not only the earth any more—is enclosed and penetrated by the radiation zones of modern technology and the atomic fields that technology has activated, the decision was overnight transformed to the question, whether and how man sets himself free in relation to a power that is capable of warding off the violence in the essence of technology. Faced with such a global situation, the thinking [Andenken] of the proper character of Greece is a world-alienating occupation. Or, at least, it seems that way.

Rhodes, the island of roses, is said to have an abundance of water springs, vegetation, and fruits; its history through the centuries is equally eventful and the variety of ruins bears witness to that. It would be educating and entertaining for the traveler to observe all these things.

As the blue of the sky and the sea changed by the hour, the thought arose, whether the East could be for us another sun-rising of light and clarity, or rather whether these are illusionary lights that feign the revelation to come from there and thus are nothing more than historical fabrications artificially sustained.

The Asiatic element once brought to the Greeks a dark fire, a flame that their poetry and thought reorder with light and measure. In this way, Heraclitus had to think the All of things present [Anwesenden] as κόσμος, and this as τὸν αυτὸν ἀπὸντον, as “that ornament everywhere the same”—this adornment created “neither by one of the gods, nor by one of the humans” (Fragment 30). The saying of the thinker becomes very strange for us, if we take it as just a word, and therefore we refuse an interpretation of the term κόσμος that is not based on derivative and worn-out representations.

Κόσμος—the ornament, the adornment, something that we should not understand as an additional garniture but rather as that which the old word “Zier” says, namely, the lighting, that which brings something to visibility, that lets the present be present in the light, every time in its time is different within its borders and so, it comes together in a unique assembly. Thought in this way, the word [Zier] expresses the entirety of what is present. Only when κόσμος is thought in this way, could we understand to what extent Heraclitus could consider it as the fire that
keeps rising, as the luminous-blazing thing that ἀπτόμενον μέτρα καὶ ἀποσβεννύμενον μέτρα “lights up (it brings to light and to visibility) the measures and extinguishes (withdraws) the measures” and brings in this way the perpetual antagonism between the moderate and immoderate: the reciprocal joining in the exchange of all things with fire and of fire with things, in a similar way as the exchange of the gold with the goods and the goods with gold: πυρὸς τε ἀνταμοιβῇ τὰ πάντα καὶ πῦρ ἀπόνιων ὄκωσερ χρυσὸν χρήματα καὶ χρημάτων χρυσός (Fragment 90).

In conversation with Heraclitus the day passed by until the evening, when enthusiastic visitors came back from Lindos, whose Acropolis, built over the sea like a terrace, I had missed.

But neither of the smaller islands in the Dodecanese (Kos and Patmos), where the boat moored the next day—it was Easter Day—succeeded in convincing us to disembark. Although Patmos remained present to me through the thought [Andenken] of Hölderlin’s Hymn. Now that manifold, questioning strophe began to speak, one strophe that begins:

But when thereupon he dies
To whom beauty most adhered . . .

The strophe that ends with (and when . . .)

The Highest
Himself averts his face
Because nowhere now
An immortal is to be seen in the skies or
On the green earth, what is this?

As the night was falling swiftly, there we were standing by the railing, gazing into the deep blue and at times foamy tide, as the expectation became more intensified and the apprehension greater about the possibility of finding an answer to the insistent call of the question regarding the proper character of the Greek Dasein and its world. Was, perhaps, the dark water a foretoken of the always veiled answer that was yet to come?

In the morning the boat glided slowly on the calm water toward Delos, by the port of the neighboring Rheneia and anchored a small distance away from
EPIDAUROS 1955. A performance of Euripides' play Hippolytos, first performed in 428 B.C. This theater was constructed about 350 B.C.

(Photo by Robert A. McCabe, published with permission.)

RHODES 1954. This marble Aphrodite, in the museum in Rhodes, was found in the sea.

(Photo by Robert A. McCabe, published with permission.)
ATHENS 1955. The Acropolis with the shadow of the photographer.

(Photo by Robert A. McCabe, published with permission.)

ATHENS 1954. Acropolis. The Erechtheion in silhouette. This temple was completed in 406 B.C.

(Photo by Robert A. McCabe, published with permission.)
SOUNION 1955. At the temple of Poseidon.

(Photo by Robert A. McCabe, published with permission.)

SOUNION 1954. This promontory, with its temple dedicated to Poseidon, is at the southeastern tip of Attica, serving as both a refuge and beacon for mariners.

(Photo by Robert A. McCabe, published with permission.)
its flat seashore. We were just disembarking when we met with some women forming a line along a barely seen path. They had spread out colorful textiles and embroideries for sale—a joyful spectacle, witness to a poor but assiduous life. It was not clear where the women came from, for the island was barely inhabited and its vegetation scarce. On the other hand, the slightly acclivitous land is filled with ruins of temples, buildings, statues and other miscellaneous structures. In comparison with everything else we have seen up to now in our journey, the island looked on first sight deserted and abandoned, in such a way, though, that it couldn’t have been the result of mere decline. At once it laid a claim totally unique that we had nowhere felt before up to that point. Through every thing a veiled great beginning [Anfängs] was expressed that once was.

Δήλος is the name of the island: the manifest, the visible, the one that gathers every thing in its open, every thing to which she offers shelter through her appearing she gathers into one present.

With every step that led us over ancient rocks and ruins, with the wind that blew stronger and stronger, towards the cleft peak of the Mt. Kynthos that rises steep in the middle of the island, the meaning of the island’s name became more expository and its significance grounded in its being [seiender].

Δήλος, the manifest, the one that reveals and does not hide but, at the same time, the one that conceals and hides: it hides the secret of the birth of Apollo and Artemis: Apollo, the one with great and luminous gaze, the glowing one, he who commands through his splendor. Artemis, the archeress, the one who finds her home in the shelter of the wilderness—the two of them are siblings. The way of their presence is together the powerful nearness and the sudden disappearance in the farness.

It remains hard to describe, if it does not reject any description, the manifold and interrelated essence of the god and the goddess.

The common birthplace for both, Δήλος, the manifest, the signifying one, shows that she—the insignificant and humble center in the circle of islands—hides what is sacred and protects against every profane crush. One barely begins to think enough what the name of the island contains, that which calls the
entirety of the Greek people to celebrate the festival that grants them the grace of divine favor and demands from the mortals the reticence of awe.

Δήλος, the sacred island, the center of the Greek land and its coasts and seas, reveals insofar as it conceals. What is this, that in this way appears in herself? Towards what does she nod? That which the Greek poets and thinkers, by foreseeing from afar what was for them present, have experienced and named: the interdependence [Ineins] between the unconcealed (the unhidden) and the concealed (the hidden): 'Αλήθεια. Every saying and, through it, every creation and work, every deed and action receives from άλήθεια and retains in it the determination of their type. For άλήθεια is this place [Bereich]: the open space that is taking place [sich darreichende] and gives place [erreichende] to every thing, that determines and liberates, that allows what is present and absent to come and last, to leave and err.

All poetry and thought presupposes her aspect. She herself is retained through the mortal prospect. 'Αλήθεια is seen but she is not thought in her own proper character. Since then, άλήθεια remains unthought and unexamined regarding her origin.

'Αλήθεια is the proper word of the Greek Dasein, δέμος, the saying which for the Greek thought unfolds as the Λόγος in λέγειν and διάλεγεσθαι, namely, what comes-to-presence as expression and discussion. What comes-to-presence is generally preserved by the fundamental characteristic of άληθεία, of the uncovering of their presence within the horizon of hiddenness—this characteristic has not been thought any further.

Should we wonder, then, if we take into account this matter, that presumably an ancient tradition in Plato's Phaedrus speaks of the πεδίον τῆς άληθείας, of the "field of un concealment," where everything that truthfully comes-to-presence is allowed to stay?

If 'Αλήθεια is also called 'Εστία τοῦ κόσμου, "the hearth of the appearing that penetrates and enlightens All, the one that gives and declines measure," fiery hearth of the coming-to-presence—then, the attempted interpretation of Heraclitus's utterance of κόσμος as πύρ becomes meaningful only in the name of άλήθεια as έστία. The hearth gathers together and watches over κόσμος, because it offers
and withdraws its guard in the luminous flame of appearance. The meditations that for a long time occupied me with regards to ἀληθεία, and the relationship between un concealment and concealment have found, thanks to the sojourn in Delos, the desired confirmation. What appeared to have been only an imaginary conceptualization was fulfilled, it became full of presence, the presence of that clear [gelichtet] that had once granted to the Greeks this coming-to-presence.

Only through the experience of Delos did the journey to Greece become a sojourn, cleared [gelichteten] dwelling by that which ἀληθεία is. Delos itself is that field of the unconcealed hiddenness that accords sojourn: first to φύσις, to the pure and self-sheltered rise of mountains and islands, sky and sea, plants and animals, the rise where each thing appears in its strict type but also in its gently suspended form. In the sojourn granted by ἀληθεία the ἐργον appears as well: everything that is made and built by human work. In this granted sojourn, the mortals themselves appear and precisely as those who respond to the unconcealed, for they bring to their proper appearance that which becomes present in this or that manner. All of this, however, occurs in the face of the gods and in their service, whose nearness was once occasioned because of the concealed un-concealment. An early endowment took place, in response to its call, thinking [Denken] was to become recollection [Andenken] and as such thanksgiving [Danken].

What for us today is called world is the inestimable entanglement of a technological apparatus of information that confronted the unscathed φύσις and took her place, while the function of the world became accessible and tractable only by calculation.

It is only seldom then and after long preparation that we can succeed in looking at the presence of that which had once received form and measure from the field of ἀληθεία.

The experience of the sojourn in ἀληθεία, and of ἀληθεία as that which bestows the sojourn means: to catch a glance of the invisible of ἀληθεία as that which is invisible among all things, as that which frees what comes-to-presence with regard to visibility and perceptibility and upholds it there, as that invisible which by un-concealing insofar, as it
hides and refrains from being sensed. Without doubt, it is within this cosmos alone, a cosmos determined by ἀλήθεια and its φύσις, that a saying can be awoken that would allow us to enter the creation of Greek poetry and thinking.

While I remained occupied with thinking the secret of ἀλήθεια, we were moving further away from the seemingly small but meaningful island of Delos, as the boat had turned towards Mykonos, the fashionable spot of international tourism. Perhaps it is good that, because of Mykonos, an oblivion cloaks the lonely Delos, for in this way it remains protected.

As in the evening of that remarkable day the Yugoslavia took the turn from Delphi to Athens, and the calm tide of the sea became dark blue again, the thoughts were given over to the question of whether and how it would be possible for yet another sojourn to be granted to us, a sojourn for which the grand and congenial forces of creating and acting out of the unscathed invisible will be preserved. Or, whether the technological world of science and industry would not, quickly and surely, manufacture growing possibilities, which have the consequence that the modern man feels everywhere at home? Thanks to that, the discussion about homeless-ness would have been proven a lie, branding it as the escape of an empty romanticism. What if, then, this groundless “home-ness,” secured only by means of technology and industry, abandons every claim to a home by being contented with the desert-like expansion of traveling? As a consequence, even this question could cease to be of interest, because the concept of “content” would have been cancelled out by the supply of an always-increasing demand for new things.

Unavoidable as it is, this destiny could not, then, but refuse a sojourn to man, which would have demanded from the mortals the need to create and act in the service of the gods. Such a sojourn would have effected a halt on the precipitating discoveries, profitable only to man. It would have effected a halt on the increasing deformation of the human essence, which was carried out with the adoption of man by the machine, a process that produces at the same time the corresponding wonder in these services, and thus leaves man trapped in his own machinations.
Why then, as we were approaching Athens, these glances towards the growing desert of earth's unavoidable destiny that denies its sojourn? Neither despair nor alienated comparison between the today and that which-once-was gave rise to my thoughts. But rather a singular question confronted the mind: whether man would be granted another familiar sojourn, as it was once given to Hellenism, an inceptive and great sojourn, rich and yet moderate? But that had its time and was suddenly dismantled.

That first sojourn remains unrepeatable. Nevertheless, it is not even gone. It remains as the beginning [Anfang], which, despite its manifold transformations, determines our present age's technological world of finance and industry.

The historical future of the age will be decided by whether its relationship to the beginning will remain in oblivion or will become a recollective thinking.

The journey to Greece must contain the course of such reflection, if it is not to become mostly an entertaining and instructive trip.

Early in the morning we looked for the bridge so that we could watch the entry to Piraeus. A blurry light prohibited the view. The haze over the modern metropolis was covering everything Greek. In the bay, the American navy had anchored. Over the commotion of the port Lycabettus and the Acropolis became visible, although still blurry enough.

The awareness that we should go through many layers became stronger, that we should overcome many things that distract our attention, to leave behind familiar representations, in order to allow the Hellenism that is sought even here in Athens to show itself.

Luckily, once our boat was anchored in Piraeus, a family friend picked us up with her car and drove us, through the dockland and the wide streets of the modern city, directly to the Acropolis. We arrived there as soon as the entrance to the archeological site was opening. Besides a few workers, no one was to be seen there. In the glare of the morning sun, under a bright sky and well over the haze, in a stillness alien to the city, we begin ascending more and more slowly through the Propylaia to the house of the goddess whose name the city bears.

The temple of Ἀθηνᾶ Παρθένου, the daughter born from Zeus's head, indicated the presence
[Gegenwart] of the god, whose "thunderbolt steers all" (Heraclitus, Fragment 64). From the outside and even in the temple everything denied a mere view. No proper standpoint could be found from which we could have a rapport with it. An enriching sojourn seemed not to have been given. The stonework of the temple lost its materiality. The fragmented disappeared. The spatial distances and measures became condensed into one singular place. The collectiveness of the temple was at play. Through an inconceivable shine the entire building began to float, as, at the same time, it assumed a firmly defined presence, akin to that of the supporting rock. This presence was fulfilled by the abandonment of the holy. In this abandonment the absence of the flown goddess draws invisibly near.

No archaeological description and no historiographical clarification could match the silent egress of this nearing that comes from afar. All knowledge and the opinions one brings along sank in the void as subsequent additions.

Only the effort to hear in the saying of the poetic language of Aeschylus's *Eumenides* offered us some help towards a distantly fitting sojourn in this place [Ort] where the dedication had taken place.

The rest of the buildings in the Acropolis retained their beauty—this transposing and, at the same time, transfixing element. However, they could not be immediately brought in unison with the Parthenon.

Meanwhile—as the first morning hours passed away unawares—the crowd of visitors became larger. Hardly was the obtained sojourn to be substituted by sightseeing arrangements. These, in their turn, were replaced with the functioning of cameras and film recorders.
The annoyance with the crowds was not that they blocked the ways and obstructed access to different places. What was much more bothersome was their tourist’s zeal, their toing and froing, in which one was, without being aware, included, as it threatened to degrade what was just now the element of our experience into an object ready-at-hand for the viewer. No one, however, would like to contest or underestimate the fact that several of them would preserve a serious impression from the temples of the Acropolis for the rest of their journey.

We returned to the city after taking a small snack in the garden of the charming Café by the hillside. The Mediterranean crowd was full of life and yet unreal in comparison with the memory of what we had experienced. The same impression of something artificial was true about the presentation of Greek folk-dances that was organized in the hotel “Amalia,” where the passengers from the boat were assembled after lunch.

Early in the afternoon our multilingual friend drove us with her car to the temple of Poseidon in Cape Sounion. The well-designed road followed the quiet bays of the Saronic Gulf, passing through small suburbs while offering us a view across the gulf of Aegina. Over the steep foot of the mountain stood the gleaming-white ruins of the temple in a strong sea breeze. For the wind these few standing columns were the strings of an invisible lyre, the song of which the far-seeing Delian god let resonate over the Cycladic world of islands.

The way the bare rock of the cape lifts the Temple towards the sky over the sea, serving as a signal for the ships; the way that this single gesture of the land suggests the invisible nearness of the divine and dedicates to it every growth and every human work—who could insist here any more on the capability of meager saying?

However, all this is present only in the element of an unspoken language and that offers an all the more reliable access to them. In the land of the Greeks, though, was given the exceptional gift of holding the wealth of the holy, both its grace and its fear, in its spoken language. Despite their love for navigation, the people of this country knew how to inhabit and demarcate the world against the barbarous in honor
of the seat of the gods. Despite their ambition in competition, they knew how to praise what is great and by acknowledging it, to bring themselves in front of the sublime, founding, in this way, a world.

It seems as if we of the present-day have been expelled from such a sojourn, trapped in the chains of calculatory planning. Even the serene and quiet village, which we slowly crossed in our return through a back way towards Athens, could not dispel completely the dark thoughts that impose themselves on whomever admits the increasing desolation of modern Dasein.

During a brief visit to Phaleron, with its simple undecorated houses and the lavish rose gardens, we arranged with our guide a new visit to the Acropolis and the local museum for early the next morning.

The Parthenon was towering again, not only over the modern city but also over our sojourn to Attic land—although, in the beginning, it threatened to disappoint us, since we had so often seen its images and descriptions of its sculptures in art history books.

However the journey by sea with its brief shore leaves did not allow us to hike the mountains and feel at least in their luminous heights the presence of the local spirits and their games.

Instead, the archaic collection of statues in the Acropolis Museum—exhibited with great care and not numerous—offered a view that halted the will to understand as it constituted something purely strange. However, this kind of strangeness was not frightening. It led to a world, which had been determined as the inception of a great destiny. One, upon entering the Museum, comes across this view, a view that corresponds in the best possible way with the saying that Heraclitus utters regarding the Delphic god:

Οὔτε λέγει οὔτε κρύπτει ἄλλα σημαίνει
He neither reveals, nor hides but rather he shows

To show means to let something be seen, which as such [that is, as visible] is kept at the same time covered and protected. Such a showing is the proper happening in the field of ἀλήθεια, which founds the sojourn in the antechamber of the holy.

In this way, and with respect to what has showed itself, it was a felicitous coincidence that later the crowd down in the city kept us from visiting the
National Museum. Although the votive relief from Eleusis that is on exhibit there could have been for us an immediately expressive, and thus fulfilling, sign of what the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, which we earlier recited on the boat, puts in poetic language.

On the same evening and in order to bid farewell to Athens the car led us to another point above the city by a shadowy road through the forest of Hymettus towards another world: the Greek Orthodox monastery of Kaisariani. The monastery lies hidden deep in a corner of the forest near a spring whose water we tasted. The abandoned cells of the monks resembled a series of caves. The Christian element of the small church still preserves an echo of ancient Greece, the dominion of a spirit that would not succumb to the ecclesiastical-juridical thinking of the Roman Church and its theology. A “pagan” temple was once dedicated to Artemis at the location of the monastery.

Thus, the farewell to Athens became a greeting to Apollo’s sister and her playmates. For a moment my thoughts flew beyond the mountains towards Delos. The world of islands was opened up again.

By noon we had to be on board. Soon the boat would depart for Aegina passing by Salamis. The Όρος, “the mountain” of the island of Aegina had a stronger impact on me than the remembering of the battle in the bay of Salamis. In that decisive battle Aegina participated by sending thirty ships, since at the time the island was at its prime thanks to its commerce. Our boat did not turn towards the port of the island, but anchored in a quiet bay close to a small village. The local people with their mules waited for the strangers by the seashore, so that they can
guide us to the Temple of Aphaia. The lovely island, covered with trees, whose older meaning had declined, was called by Pindar ἀληθέως χόρον, "the wavetaming island," δολιχηρεμον πάτραν, "the fatherland of the skilful rowers" (Olympian Ode VIII), Αἴγιναν προφέρει στόμα πάτραν/διαπρεπέα νάσον, "Aegina pronounces the mouth as homeland, the glorious island" (Isthmian Ode V). What determined the sojourn of the Greeks in the world and their relationship with everything present showed itself again around the temple: namely ἀλήθεια, the unconcealed concealment.

Already the name names the ancient goddess Ἄφοια, the one who does not appear, who withdraws from appearance, the unapparent—what Ἀλήθεια means. So the goddess Ἄφοια shelters the enigma of Ἀλήθεια. The sacrificial service and the worship of the goddess were held in the sphere of that enigma. The fact that the temple of Aphaia is one of the most ancient temples in all of Greece indicates to what extent ἀλήθεια, which speaks through the name of the goddess, is the earliest [name] that led to the presencing of the present as the Greeks experienced it. The allusion to the Aphaia divinity also means that the reference to the goddess determined at the same time the relationship of the Greeks with their world, without letting it drown in an indeterminable pantheism.

The Greek relation to the divinity of the god and the gods was neither a faith nor a religion in the Roman sense of the world religio.19

The joyful-peaceful element that surrounded the temple like a veil, as in every lightening of the Greek Dasein, covered and hid within itself the darkness of destiny. This encouraged my reflections regarding the simple relationships in which this great nation found its sojourn. It allowed them to understand and celebrate the earth and sky as both familiar and unfamiliar.

Although the slope of the mountain where the temple was located was not particularly elevated, it offered, nevertheless, a panoramic view of Sounion, Athens, and Attica as well as the islands of the Aegean. During a relaxing break we took a swim in the clear waters of the rocky beach.

By the evening, the Yugoslavia headed towards the nearby Isthmus of Corinth. A good sleep deprived
us of the possibility of watching the passage through the high and narrow canal. The expectation of Delphi collected my thoughts around something else, something that remained still indeterminable. Judging from the previous experiences of the sojourns I was suspecting that this last one, which had been considered as the crowning visit of the entire journey, would surpass all knowledge and imagination carried with me and would speak with its own language.

The morning arrival in the small bay of Itea with a strong but refreshing breeze, the passage through the old and large garden of olive trees in Krisna, the long ascent through the growingly meager valley high up by the foot of Mt. Parnassus, all of these seemed like a preparatory meditation for the entrance to the sacred space, where according to the ancients' legend the navel of the earth is protected, hidden inside the temple.

The saying of Hölderlin from his later poem Greece, “for firmly fixed is the navel of earth,” gave a direction to the place where Gaia, the earth-mother, had given birth to the world of the Greeks and their great destiny.

However, the entrance to the village, with the modern hotels parading along the main road, brought a cacophony to the harmony of my thought. However, by the time we reached the Castalian spring a shimmer of sacredness had again fallen over the place. Where did this come from?

Not from the ruins of the temples, the treasures and buildings that stretched high along the hillside, but from the greatness of the region itself. The Phaedriades, the shining and gloaming ones, although at that time of the day had hidden their light; nevertheless the steep slopes of the ragged rocks and the cleavage of the dark gorge between them, in unison with the somber depth of the great valley of Pleistus surpassed any human work.

Under the lofty sky, in the clear air of which the eagle, Zeus’s bird, was flying in circles, the region revealed itself as the temple of this place. The place itself before anything else unveiled for the mortals the hidden mystery of this location where it was allowed to erect their dedications—and first among them, as fits its rank and dignity, the Doric temple of Apollo.
“Delphi’s asleep” (“Bread and Wine”). But the word of the *Eumenides* is still awake in the preserved poetic saying of Aeschylus, in the beginning of this work, Pythia the priestess comes out of the temple’s chambers for the morning prayer:

Πρώτον μέν εὐχὴ τῆς πρεσβείας θεῶν  
Τὴν πρωτόμαντιν Γαίαν  
*With the first prayer I honor among the gods*  
*The most ancient seer—Gaia.*

Recollective thinking dwells on the inhabited sojourn that brings together from Atreus’s palace in Argos to the Aeropagus in Athens the entire destiny of the Greek people. And as we climbed higher and higher on the mountain slopes through steps and paths, the *Pythian Odes* of Pindar began, through a vague recollection, to speak.

A silent thanksgiving to Hölderlin, whose translations transformed the Greek word to our own, a thanksgiving also to Norbert von Hellingrath who died prematurely. He had the glorious luck to find the translations in the national library of Stuttgart. How moved must he have felt when his gaze wandered over the lines of the *First Pythian Ode: For Hieron Of Aetna*, *Charioteer:*

*Golden lyre, rightful possession of Apollo*  
*And the bright-haired Muses,*  
*To you the dancers listen*  
*As they begin the celebration,*  
*And the singers*  
*Follow the rhythm*  
*Plucked on your trembling strings*  
*In prelude to the chorus;*  
*It is you that quench*
The lancing bolt
Of ever-flowing fire and lull Zeus' eagle
Perched on his scepter
With folded wings.

What more festive tone could one sing for the homeland of the Pythian god, in what more glorious way could Delphi—the slumbering and awakening recollection—be awakened than by Pindar's Pythian Odes?

During the hours we stayed at the holy place, the crowd of visitors increased significantly—everywhere people taking pictures. They throw their memories in the technically produced picture. They abandon without clue the feast of thinking that they ignore.

Higher on the mountain's slopes new construction for modern hotels were rising unfinished. Their conspicuous place clearly cannot eliminate their inferior function on behalf of the tourist industry. Carefully we descended passing between walls and blooming flowerbeds. With each and every step the sacredness of the place became less and less evident. From the road, saturated with buses and cars, the sacred region looked like nothing more than a landscape that has become the possession of tourism.

We hesitated here also, as in Athens, to enter the Museum crowded with visitors as it was. The sojourn to Delphi came to an end with a snack that the passengers of our ship took together with other traveling groups in the hall of a hotel.

During the return to the bay, I came to realize that with the unthoughtful assault of tourism an alien power enforces its own commands and regulations over

Delphi—The theater and the Temple of Apollo
ancient Greece. It also became clear, however, that one would evade the issue, were he not willing to pay attention to the tourist activity that leaves us with no choice, by focusing instead on the chasm between a “then” and a “now” and by acknowledging the destiny that here dominates.

The irresistible modern technology together with the scientific industrialization of the world is about to obliterate any possibility of a sojourn.

However, the strange, although timely, conclusion of the journey to Greece in Delphi did not turn into a departure from Greece. As our boat sailed away from the Corinthian Gulf to the Ionian Sea, the entirety of ancient Greece was transformed into a single island, enclosed from all the rest of worlds, known and unknown. The departure from it became its arrival. What had arrived and brought the assurance of its stay was the sojourn of the flown gods that opens itself to recollective thinking.

The sojourn lies in the endurance to the question that Hölderlin poses.

By the last strophe of the “German’s Song” he allows the confident expectation to prevail over and against the futureless progress of the technological epoch by asking the “last and first of all/ muses:”

Where is your Delos, where your Olympia,
For celebration that would conjoin us all?
How shall your son divine the gift that,
Deathless one, long you have darkly fashioned?

After two sunny days and two quiet nights the return to Venice by the Adriatic Sea became a unique thanksgiving for the gift of the sojourn and for the insight into its estate [Eigentum].

When at the last evening after the sailing from the bay of Dubrovnik the red glowing sun sunk into the sea, some dolphins escorted our boat for a while. This was Greece’s last greeting.

As the cup of Exekias, where the dolphins with gliding leaps swim around Dionysus’s vessel driven by the wind, rests within the boundaries of the most beautiful creation,²⁰ so too the birthplace of Occident and modern age, secure in its own island-like essence, remains in the recollective thinking of the sojourn.
Translator’s Notes

1. “The thought as such is a path,” Heidegger wrote (“Das Denken selber ist ein Weg,”) in Was heisst Denken? (Tübingen, Niemeyer, 1954/1971), 164. The word “Weg” assumes a special meaning when Heidegger translates as “Weg” the Aristotelian term “όδός” in an essay that dates back to 1939, “On the Essence and Concept of φύσις in Aristotle’s Physics B, 1,” in Pathmarks, William McNeill, ed. (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998) [GA 9]. Aristotle’s passage in question reads as follows: “Επὶ δ’ ἡ φύσις ἡ λεγομένη ὡς γένεσις ὁδός ἐστιν εἰς φύσιν (Physics, 193b, 12). Heidegger makes the following comment on Aristotle’s passage: “Characterized as γένεσις in the previous section, φύσις is now understood as determined by ὁδός. We immediately translate ὁδός with “way” [Weg] and we think of this as a stretch lying between the starting point and the goal. But the “wayness” of the way must be looked for in another perspective. A way leads through an area, it opens itself up [öffnet sich
selbst] and opens up the area [eröffnet]. A way is therefore the same as the process of passage from something to something else (Gang). It is way as being-on-the-way [Unterwegsein]” (p. 222/291). That understanding of the path must be distinguished from the “road”; a road is an already walked way. In a similar fashion Heidegger writes in the winter seminar of 1942–3: “The ordinary Greek word for “way” [path] is ἡ ὑδός, from which derives ἡ μέθοδος [literally: “with(in)-a-path”], our borrowed word “method.” But ἡ μέθοδος is to-be-on-the-way [path], namely on a way [path] not thought of as a “method” man devises but a way that already exists, arising from the very things themselves, as they show themselves through and through. The Greek μέθοδος does not refer to the “procedure” [Verfahren] of an inquiry but rather is this inquiry itself as a remaining-on-the-way. In order to discern this essence of “method” understood in the Greek manner, we must first recognize that the Greek concept of “way” [path] ὑδός includes an element of per-spect and pro-spect. “Way” [path] is not “stretch” in the sense of the remoteness or distance between two points and so itself a multiplicity of points. The perspective and prospective essence of the way [path], which itself leads to the un concealed, i.e., the essence of the course, is determined on the basis of the un concealedness and on the basis of a going straight away toward the un concealed.” Parmenides, trans. André Schuwer and Richard Rojcewicz (Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1992) 59/87. While the way is linked with thinking (“The way is a way of thinking.” The Question Concerning Technology, trans. William Lovitt [New York: Harper & Row, 1977] 3) method is related to modern science. In the birthday speech that Heidegger gave for Eugene Fink’s sixtieth anniversary (now published as Appendix to The Fundamental Concepts of Metaphysics, trans. William McNeil and Nicholas Walker [Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1995]) he makes a reference to Nietzsche’s The Will to Power and the victory of method over science. Heidegger then adds: “Method here is no longer though as the instrument with the aid of which scientific research works on the objects it has already set out. Method constitutes the very objectivity of the objects . . . (368).

In the long passage from Parmenides, cited above, we come across two important characteristics of the “path”: its “perspective and prospective essence” and its relation with the “unconcealed”, i.e., ἀλήθεια. In our text the “path” is clearly leading towards the “field” which, “lies behind us, not before us.” A similar statement is to be found in the 1955 lecture Was ist das—die Philosophie? (Pfullingen, Neske, 1956; in English, What is Philosophy? trans. William Kluback and Jean T. Wilde [New York: Twayne Publishers, 1958]) where he states: “The word, as a Greek word, is a path. This path, on the one hand, lies before us, for the word has long since been spoken, i.e. set forth. On the other hand, it lies behind us, for we have
always heard and spoken this word. Accordingly, the Greek
word φιλοσοφία is a path along which we are traveling
[unterwegs sind]” (29/6). Philosophy as a path needs to be
distinguished from the historiographical understanding of
philosophy qua metaphysics. If philosophy is a path on
which we are always “on-our-way” to ἁλήθεια, then, it
should be understood as the path of thinking which,
indeed, has the capability of regressing as well as progressing
from the ‘origin’ (Herkunft) to the ‘arrival’ (Ankunft); it
also opens up an area [eröffnet] while it opens itself up
[öffnet sich selbst] (see Parmenides, op. cit.). In many in-
stances Heidegger speaks of Dasein in a very similar lan-
guage; in a text that dates from the 1928 winter seminar,
he says that Dasein is the open that opens up the beings
(ein wesenhaft sich öffendes Offenes) (Einleitung in die
Philosophie, GA 27, 143). It seems that, in a sense, we are
not only always “on-our-way” traveling the path but we are
intrinsically that pathway itself.

2. The field towards which the path of thinking is
leading lies ‘behind’ us inasmuch it is understood as the
“beginning” (Anfang) of the very path of thinking on which
we are already ‘on our way’. It lies ‘behind’ us also in the
historiographical sense, that is the chronological order of
something that has passed in the past. At the same time,
though, the “beginning” is always that which is yet to come
as “arrival” in the historical sense (“Anfang bleibt als
Ankunft,” in Hölderlins Erde und Himmel, GA 4, 171), and,
therefore, lies ‘before’ us in the arrival of the gods of Greece
and their last god. “In the essential history the beginning
comes last,” Heidegger writes again in Parmenides (p. 1, op.
cit.), and as such, it prepares the way for the other begin-
ning (einen anderen Anfang) (see Beiträge zur Philosophie).
As such, the field can be said to be the field of the uncon-
cealed, that is, as Heidegger himself will note later on in
our text, τὸ πέδιον τῆς ἁλήθειας (See note 17 below).

3. The trip to Greece came as a gift from
Heidegger’s wife, Elfride Petri, to whom, in return, Heidegger
dedicates this journal.

4. There is a certain relation between the term
history (Geschichte) and destiny (Geschick). In the early
writings Heidegger distinguishes between the individual fate
(Schicksal) and the common destiny (Geschick): “But if fate-
ful Da-sein essentially exists as being-in-the-world in be-
ing-with others, its occurrence is an occurrence-with and is
determined as destiny. With this term we designate the
occurrence of the community, of a people.” (Being and Time,
trans. Joan Stambaugh [New York: State University of New
York Press, 1996] 352/384). Common destiny, thus, func-
tions as that agent that links Dasein with its community
and allows it to participate in a tradition. In later times,
however, Heidegger will attempt to establish a stronger
connection between destiny and history even on the grounds
of a common etymological deriving [although the term
Geschichte derives from the verb geschehen (to happen, to
take place) and Geschick comes from the verb schicken (to send, to befit, to be proper). A characteristic example of this attempt can be found in a passage from the 1956 lecture Der Satz vom Grund (Pfullingen, Neske, 1957/1978) where Heidegger says: "The history of Being is the destiny of Being which is emitting itself towards us..." (108). And few pages below he adds: "The destiny of Being is as addressing (Zuspruch) and claiming (Anspruch) the saying (Spruch) through which every 'speaking' (Sprechen) speaks. Fatum in Latin means saying. But fate as the saying of Being in the sense of the withdrawing fate is nothing fatalistic simply because it can never be such. Why not? Because Being by emitting itself provides the open field of the spatio-temporal structure and, at the same time, by delivering man it brings him within the open field of his essential possibilities that befit him" (158). In the 1953 lecture Die Frage nach der Technik (published in Vorträge und Aufsätze, Pfullingen, Neske, 1954/1978) [trans. as The Question Concerning Technology, see note 1 above] he writes that it is "out of this destining that the essence of the entire history [Geschichte] is determined. History is neither simply the object of chronic [historiography] nor simply the fulfillment of human activity. That activity first becomes history [geschichtlich] as something destined [geschicklik]" (24/28). In the important lecture Time and Being (delivered the same year as the journey to Greece) Heidegger more precise about the relation of the fate of Being with (its) History: both are understood as the work of Ereignis: "The history of Being [Seinsgeschichte] means destiny of Being [Geschick des Seins] in whose sendings both the sending and the It which sends forth hold back with their self manifestation. To hold back is, in Greek, εποχή. Hence we speak of the epoch of the destiny of Being. Epoch does not mean here a span of time in occurrence, but rather the fundamental characteristic of sending, the actual holding-back of itself [An-sich-halten] in favor of the discernibility of the gift, that is, of Being with regard to the grounding of beings." (Trans. Joan Stambaugh [New York: Harper & Row, 1972] 9. The German text in Zur Sache des Denkens [Tübingen: Max Niemeyer, 1969] 9).

5. In Book VI, Odysseus is cast away in the shore of the island where he is found by Nausicaa, the daughter of King Alcinoos. The dominant presence of Nausicaa in this and the subsequent books of the Odyssey explains the reference to her a few lines below in the same paragraph as the theme of a tragedy that Goethe conceived but never wrote. The actual description of the island of the Phaeacians is in the fifth book of the Odyssey (lines 375–440). Corfu has been believed to be "Scheria," the island of Phaeacians. The island was known in ancient times as "Corcyra" (and not Cephalonia, as Heidegger believes) and it played a catalytic role in the outbreak of the Pelo-ponnesian War according to Thucydides' history. The architecture of today's Corfu, as is the case with the rest of the Ionian Islands, has
been heavily influenced by Italian architecture since the islands were under Venetian authorities from about 1400 to 1797.

6. Ge-Stell is one of Heidegger's neologisms that almost always appears as a characteristic or function of technology's operation. It has been rendered into English as “im-position,” “en-framing,” and “frame-work;” it indicates a certain kind of calculative thinking that deprives things from their possibilities by not letting them appear (as they are) but instead pre-establishing their functionality. In 1949 one of the four lectures that Heidegger gave in Bremen was entitled “Ge-Stell” (the other three were “Das Ding,” “Die Gefahr,” and “Die Kehre.”) An expanded version of that lecture was delivered again a few years later under the title Die Frage nach der Technik.

7. A number of sources indicate that very often in conversation Heidegger would speak with veneration about his teacher of Greek in the Gymnasium in Constance; his name was Sebastian Hahn, a clergyman who was buried in Rast, a village near Heidegger's native town, Messkirch.

8. Auseinandersetzung is a key term in Heidegger's vocabulary. Heidegger renders Heraclitus's πόλεμος (strife or war) (fr. 53) as Auseinandersetzung. Here it is translated as discussion (in this context) or confrontation (see p. 25 below). For the philosophical and political implications of the term for Heidegger's philosophy, see G. Fried, Heidegger's Polemos: From Being to Politics (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2000).

9. Altis is the sacred precinct in Olympia which encloses a 660 ft. long and 580 ft. board space. Inside this space stood the famous temples of Zeus Olympios and Hera as well as other buildings that housed the administration of the Olympic Games.

10. Pausanias (c. 150 AD) was a periegetic writer who left us a Description of Greece (the ancient equivalent of a tourist guide); Olympia occupied the sixth book of his treatise. He was an eyewitness of everything that he describes (monuments and sculpture mostly) and his accuracy has been confirmed by archaeological excavation.

11. Pindar's first Olympian Ode, the beginning of which is cited here by Heidegger, celebrates the victory of Hieron, king of Syracuse, in the single horse race that took place during the Olympic Games of 476 B.C. That was the third victory of Hieron, he had also won the horse race at Delphi in 482 B.C. and again in 478 B.C. The city where the athlete was also a king explains Heidegger's references to Sicily.

12. Heidegger describes here the west pediment of the temple of Zeus which depicts a mythological episode that took place during the wedding of Pirithous, king of the Lapiths (a tribe in Thessaly). Pirithous had invited the Centaurs (half-horse and half-man creatures) to the feast where they tasted wine for the first time. They soon
became drunk and attempted an assault against the bride. Here is the story as it is narrated by Homer in Book XXI of the Odyssey:

Here is the evil wine can do to those who swig it down. Even the centaur Eurytion, in Peirithoos' hall among the Lapithai, came to a bloody end because of wine; wine ruined him: it crazed him, drove him wild for rape in that great house. The princes cornered him in fury, leaping on him to drag him out and crop his ears and nose. Drink had destroyed his mind, and so he ended in the mutilation—fool that he was. Centaurs and men made war for this, but the drunkard first brought hurt upon himself.

(Translation by Robert Fitzgerald [New York: Vintage Classics, 1990] 400). The same episode was also sculptured later in a series of metopes in the north side of the Parthenon.

13. Pelops was a hero particularly worshipped at his namesake Peloponnese and whose life and deeds have been associated with the Olympic games and the broader area of Olympia which according to Pindar's first Olympian Ode, was his burial place as well. The chariot race between Pelops and Oenomaus, which is the theme of the east pediment of the temple of Zeus, alludes to a promise made by Oenomaus to give his daughter, Hippodamia, to any man who can carry her off in a chariot and escape his pursuit. Pelops challenged Oenomaus and won the competition with his skills, taught by his former lover Poseidon, and by killing Oenomaus who, in turn, cursed him. Pelops fathered Atreus who was the father of Agamemnon. The effect of Oenomaus's curse is seen in Aeschylus’s Oresteia. Pelops had a sanctuary in the Altis.

14. E. Buschor is the author of Vom Sinn der griechischen Standbilder (Berlin, Gebr. Mann, 1942) and Frühgriechische Jünglinge (München, R. Piper, 1950). He is often cited in W. F. Otto's Dionysos, a book that influenced Heidegger’s views of Greek religion (see also note 19 below).

15. A late-bronze age sanctuary dedicated to Hera, center of the Heraian Games.

16. The opening verses from Aeschylus’s Agamemnon, the first play in the Oresteia trilogy. Agamemnon had promised Klytaimnester that if he seized Troy he would signal the good news by a series of beacons that, from mountain to mountain, would reach Mycenae. For that reason Klytaimnester placed a guard on the roof of the palace who would be on the lookout during the night for the “signal of fire.”

17. Plato, Phaedrus, 248b. The “field of truth” lies in the “hypercelestial place” towards which the souls strive and struggle to ascend and from which they receive nourishment. To be juxtaposed with the “field of forgetfulness”
(τὸ πεδίον τῆς Αῆθης) that the souls have to traverse in their procession to the underworld (Republic, X, 621a). The former is seen before embodiment, the latter after death.

18. Fragment 93.

19. The “Roman sense” of religio is exemplified in St. Augustine’s treatment of the etymology of the word in De Vera Religione. For a more recent analysis of the term—indebted to Heidegger—see Jacques Derrida’s comments on the “globalatination” of the world by religio in Derrida’s and Vattimo’s Religion (Palo Alto: Stanford University Press, 1998). Derrida cites at length this and other passages from Heidegger’s Sojourns in order to support Heidegger’s “protest against Rome, against the essentially Roman figure of religion” (note 9, p. 68). Against the “Roman” understanding of religion stands Hölderlin’s authentically “Greek” poetry and the studies of W. F. Otto (Die Götter Griechenlands).

20. The cup of Exekias is treasured in the State Collection of Antiquities in Munich (reproduced, with the kind permission of the Museum, on the cover of this book). A comparison of the cup’s design with Greek maps of the ancient world (Oecumene) would reveal striking similarities in proportion and arrangement.