

GREECE

1953

G r e e c e

Pictures of the first visit with Gerhard

1953

For Ulysse

Greece had been my dream ever since my father had given me Erich Kästner's book "Griechenland" with Kaulbach's drawings for Christmas in 1943. A young woman from New Zealand, whom we met in Florence in 1952, had encouraged us, it was possible, the murderous Greek civil war was over.



The feet of the Charioteer in Delphi, 1954

This year we walked, for almost 3 months. It all began in Italy, where we hitch-hiked down the east coast to Brindisi.

During the spring vacation (April-May) we had both worked in a saltmine near Hannover and had saved 1310 DM, of which we spent 400 DM on a real camera (Dixalox) and Agfa-Color film!! In the end father added some money, so that we started with 698 DM (app. \$180), 283 DM in Greek drachme and 415 DM in Italian lire half of which would go towards two return tickets by boat to Greece, the rest would cover living expenses etc.. By comparison to 1952 we were well endowed and in high spirits! - We left Göttingen at 6:00 am on 30 July, 53 and were immensely lucky. A truck took us to Frankfurt for 10 DM! on the Autobahn. There we separated. Gerhard got off first, and I was picked up by Swedes in Mannheim all the way to München. Where I spent most of the night sitting in the waitingroom at the Hauptbahnhof, half asleep half watching a woman cajoling her drunk husband - who gave speeches in Bavarian gesticulating like Adolf Hitler...

Thrown out of the Bahnhof at 4:00 am I made my way to the Youth Hostel, where I slept some more in their Hinterhof. At 9:30 Gerhard appeared. We hitchhiked south to Mittenwald, from where an entertaining French family with 3 children in a van took us down the Ziller Berg to Innsbruck. We slept in the Youth Hostel and in the morning bought train tickets to the Brenner border station. There, after trying autostop for a couple of hours in vain, we took the train to Trento and once

again separated. I got as far as the turn-off to Riva di Garda. This time Gerhard did not catch up with me, and I spent a restless night under some apple tree.

After that cold, wet and nerve-wrecking night in Marco, Gerhard arrived only around 9:00am. Some young Frenchman picked us up - but his car blew a tire in Riva. He politely invited us out : we were too great a load on his tires.

We walked for a few kilometers out of Riva, the day was sunny, the lake blue and inviting. The road passes uncounted tunnels. After the third tunnel Gerhard jumped into the lake - and I discovered that the mountainside was riddled with a maze of Austrian fortifications, tunnels and casemates from World War I. We decided to stay and laze in one of the bunkers with a blown-out opening towards the Lake.



View of Riva from our bunker just before the storm arrived.

Next morning it rained. We congratulated ourselves for the good shelter and the day of rest.

In the late morning Gerhard got off first, and I followed him in the company of one Contessa and Conte di Merano. We met on the outskirts of Verona.

It was going to be a very long day. At 18:00 an empty AGIP gasoline tanker gave us a lift - we were supposed to keep the driver awake (while his colleague slept in a bunk) - as we set out on a long, slow, circumlocutions night through the Po valley to the Firenzuola AGIP refinery. There, at 1:00 in the morning, in complete darkness, I fell into a ditch - fortunately dry. Limping we stayed and camped right there.

Next day (4 August) was tedious: We saw nothing and had to walk all through Bologna to find another apple orchard in one of its suburbs to sleep on the road to Ravenna.

A neurologist-psychiatrist drove us to Lugo, entertained us in fluent Italian, and presented us with his *card de visite* and an invitation, should we get to Bologna again. He promised to help us find our great-ancestor Johannes d'Andreae (1348).

We visited his private clinic on the way back, but his secretary was sufficiently aghast by the two vagrants - that he let himself be denied. This was a pity, because Johannes Andreae is truly famous and has a special memorial in the Bologna museum - which I only learned forty years later! -

We bought ourselves straw hats in Lugo and continued our Odyssey: We reached the Youth Hostel in Ravenna at noon. "Oh, yes," said the hostel mother clicking her tongue, "your girlfriend is already here. She went to the beach." She winked at me and made a suggestive gesture. It was Marianne Daeg, a longtime friend from Göttingen, whom we indeed found in Punta Marina late that afternoon in short Lederhosen, a Finnish knife in one side pocket! A sensation.

Ravenna with Mariannne Daeg

5-7 August, 1953

Ravenna was one of my dreams. All day we walked through its churches and mausoleums: San Vitale, Mausoleum di Galla Placida, Apollinare Nuovo, Baptisterium of Apollinare Nuovo and the Baptisterium of the Adriani,



Ravenna, The Mosaics of San Vitale

That night we walked out of town and camped behind a ditch off the road just before Classe.



Marianne took the photo. This is the only picture of one of our typical, wild camp sites. After an hour visiting S. Apollinare in Classe - which I still like much - we separated: three were too many, and I was embarrassed by Marianne's Lederhosen (Bavarian leather shorts)! - in Italy, a woman!! Gerhard and she left first. We only met again in Ancona late that day. It was not difficult to discovered Marianne in the main square of Ancona surrounded by half a dozen men propositioning to her. - "Oh," said my resolute friend, "I showed them my knife!" - She carried a Finnish hunting knife which she had acquired in Lappland on one of her lonely tours. - Gerhard sat at a distance by himself. Around 19:30 we walked out of Ancona and with a couple of rides made it as far as Porto Reccanati, where we found a colorful beach and a beach house for shelter.



The beach at Porto Reccanati



Our strange Trio in Porto Reccanati

The picture was taken on the following morning with the caretaker shouting at us in the background..We did not understand enough Italian! Later he got the police to evict us from the beach.

We separated for the last time and left around 14:00. Marianne went her own ways, and Gerhard and I rode down the Via Adriatica along the coast in a "*macchina vergine*", a brand-new Fiat 1100. In Marina di San Vito Chietino an excited group of ragazze – the teen-age girls of a very charming family on vacation - "caught" us and dragged us home. We were fed pasta bianca and given a bed for the night. - It was full moon. Very romantic!



Walking along the Adriatic coast south towards Greece
Marianne's parting picture

After a very slow morning we found a truck in Lecce which took us all the way to Brindisi!! A wonderful day, sitting and sleeping on some soft bags they carried, flying high over the parched dry landscape into the night. We arrived in Brindisi at 2:00 next morning and slept under olive trees in an old woman's garden.

Brindisi

12 August, 1953

The ship was already in port next morning. At the ticket office waited a surprise: Georg Statakopoulos and his 6-month pregnant Maggie! I knew him well from Göttingen. He had met her at a Faschingsball in February - and they were going home to get married... Maggie was already sea-sick....

We paid 31 000 Lire (210 DM about \$58) for our 2 steerage return-tickets - about half of our Italian money. The boat was to leave at midnight. We got on early and secured a space to sleep on a forward loading hatch. Thank God it was going to be a calm night - or we would have been drenched there. It was warm and only Maggie's moaning occasionally disturbed our sleep. Georgios was touchingly concerned for her.

By Boat from Brindisi to Athens

13-14 August, 1953

On the boat we slept for two nights under an unimaginable canopy of stars on the fore deck of the rusty old MS. Kyklades. In the middle of the second night the boat anchored between Ithaka and Kefallonia, Odysseus' islands, to pick-up scores of women in black and their crying children and take them to Patras, the frightened survivors of a 7.2 earthquake which had ravaged the islands two nights earlier. Standing tightly packed they were rowed across the heaving dark sea to our ship in open boats from which they had to clamber aboard up a swaying rope ladder - like we would be compelled to do many times in the years to come.



Akrokorinthos from the sea.

Next morning as the sun rose we lay for an hour at the entrance to the Corinthian canal..



The aging Kyklades thoroughly smoked up the tunnel-like canal.

We arrived in Piraeus (pronounced Pireev) on the day of Metamorphosis, Christ's appearance at Mt. Tabor, a to us only dimly remembered event, but one of the most sacred religious holidays of Eastern Orthodoxy. All banks and offices were closed. We had to borrow money for the subway to Athens. For a long day we searched the dusty, wind-swept town for a place to stay only to be offered in the end a free room in a hostel run by the mother of another Greek student from Göttingen....

Thus between tragedy and hospitality began my love affair with Greece which has endured sixty years. In 1953 we walked for eight weeks through the heart of the Peloponnisos high on the merciless Greek light and classical architecture. The photographs taken in this euphory with my

first camera have not been surpassed. Many of the Agfa-color slides are so faded and scratched that I cannot show them any longer, but modern computer technology has allowed me to restore them to their old glory.

Athens

14 August - 10 September 1953

Georgios had told us that we should take the pre-war, German-made subway to Athens.



For a few seconds one gets a glimpse of the Acropolis and the Agora from the Subway. We got off at Omonia Square. Lost, we walked up *Leoforos Binston Tsurtsil* (can you guess who that is? - this was how we learned Greek!) where a short, graying businessman accosted us in English, Could he help us? I explained our plight, and he offered to take us to the University Hostel. It wasn't far, we walked. The hostel was full, but they suggested a private student house on Leoforos Patision. Our guide offered to take us there and paid for our tram fare. And there happened a miracle: When our generous guide rang the bell on Patision 97 a young man appeared at a window and let out a cry. Within minutes he hugged us and took us in: "I know you! You are Rolf and Gerhard from Göttingen. I too study in Göttingen." - in German! Nikos Rousos's mother gave us a private room with a balcony - and there was no question of paying for it! Off and on we would spend a month in this place and never paid a penny.

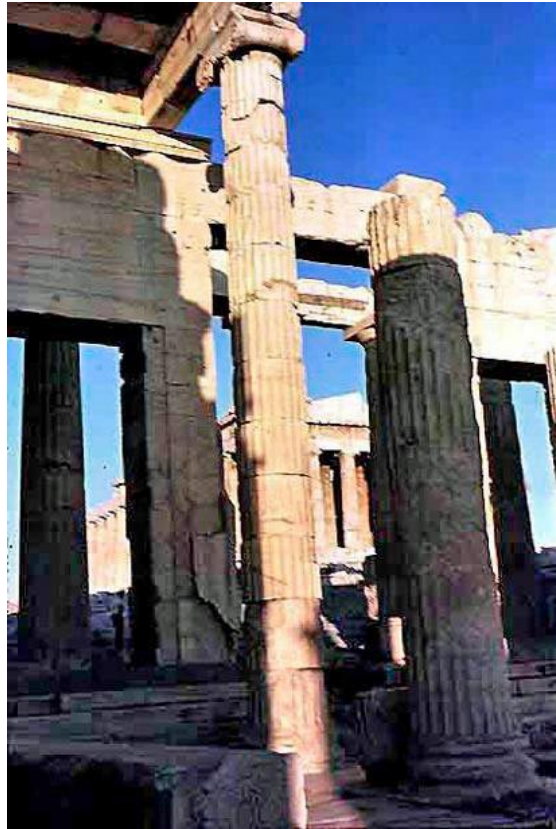


Athens from the Lykabettos

Fascinated by the chaotic Near-Eastern life of the city, we waited for a week before we ventured to face the Acropolis, which was the real attraction I had come to see.



The western approach to the Acropolis



The Parthenon from the Propyleae

Eventually we climbed the Acropolis and spent an entire day floating in the indescribable Attic light. I tried to catch this elusive light.



Propyleae looking west. There were very few tourists in those days, especially during the hot noon. Gerhard on the left seems to be the only one. And one was permitted to enter all buildings.



The gaping hole in the south-side of the Parthenon was shot by an artillerist from Braunschweig in the Turkish wars of the 19th century. The Turks had set up a powder depot in the temple.



The Lykabettos from the Parthenon
At this place stood the innermost Cella of the sanctuary



Erechthion and the northern columns of the Parthenon



Erechthion at high noon.
Maybe this photo gives an idea of the Light of Attica



The Korai of the Erechtheion and Athena's sacred olive tree and one of the photographers who pursued the tourists and delivered a paper print from his box in five minutes.



The Korai. The third in the row is a copy, the original, like the frieze of the Parthenon was removed by Lord Elgin and since hibernates in the gray light of the British Museum in London.



In the northern hall of the Erechthion Poseidon's trident was kept.



One glorious day big clouds hung over Athens, a perfect day for black-and-white photographs



The Hymettos in the evening light seen from the Parthenon



Another view of the Hymettos from inside the Parthenon
The Monastery of Kaiserani, from where we would climb across the Hymettos, lies in the dark shadow on the mountain.



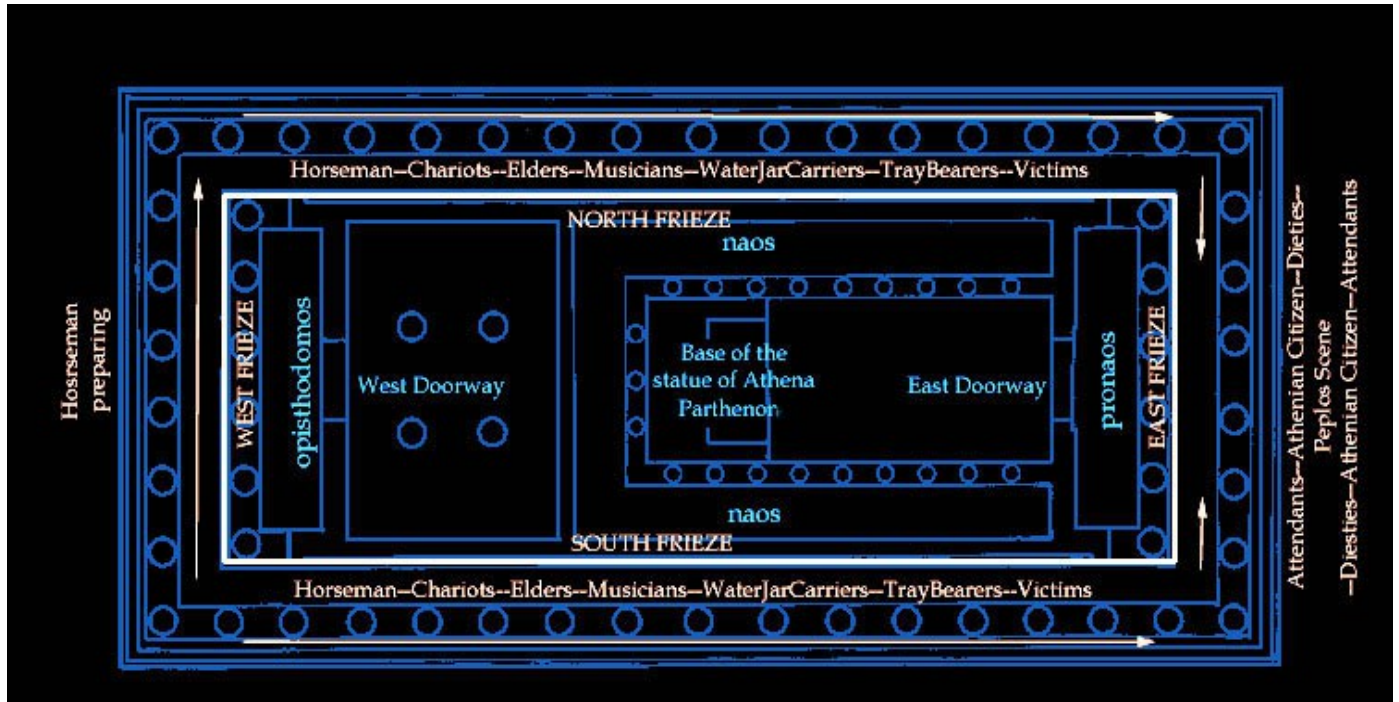
Athens and the Pentelikon through the northern columns of the Parthenon.
The straight avenue is Patisision where we had found a place to stay in a student dormitory.
The Pentlikon is where the marble for the Acropolis came from.



The Parthenon from its most glorious main East-Side

The Mystery of the Parthenon

2014



Floor Plan of the Parthenon, photo columbia.edu

Parthenon, παρθενών (genetiv plural), the “House of the Maidens” in Greek. What *maidens*? Why such a magnificent temple for some maidens? Athena even inherited the epithet *Athena Parthenon*, “of the Maidens” from that temple. Athena was *not* venerated in the Parthenon. The floor plan shows that the temple had an inner cella, which was surrounded by a 160-m long frieze. - That superb piece of Attic sculpture, *the* contested object of the British Museum in London, has for two hundred years served as a - fallacious - interpretation of the Parthenon. In 1993 surfaced a fragmentary papyrus of Euripides’s play “Erechtheus”. It had been used as the wrapping of an Egyptian mummy! The play describes the sacrifice of King Erechtheus’ youngest daughter as demanded by the Delphic oracle in order to save Athens from destruction by the Eleusinians.



The center of the Frieze over the Eastern Door to the Cella, photo Wikipedia

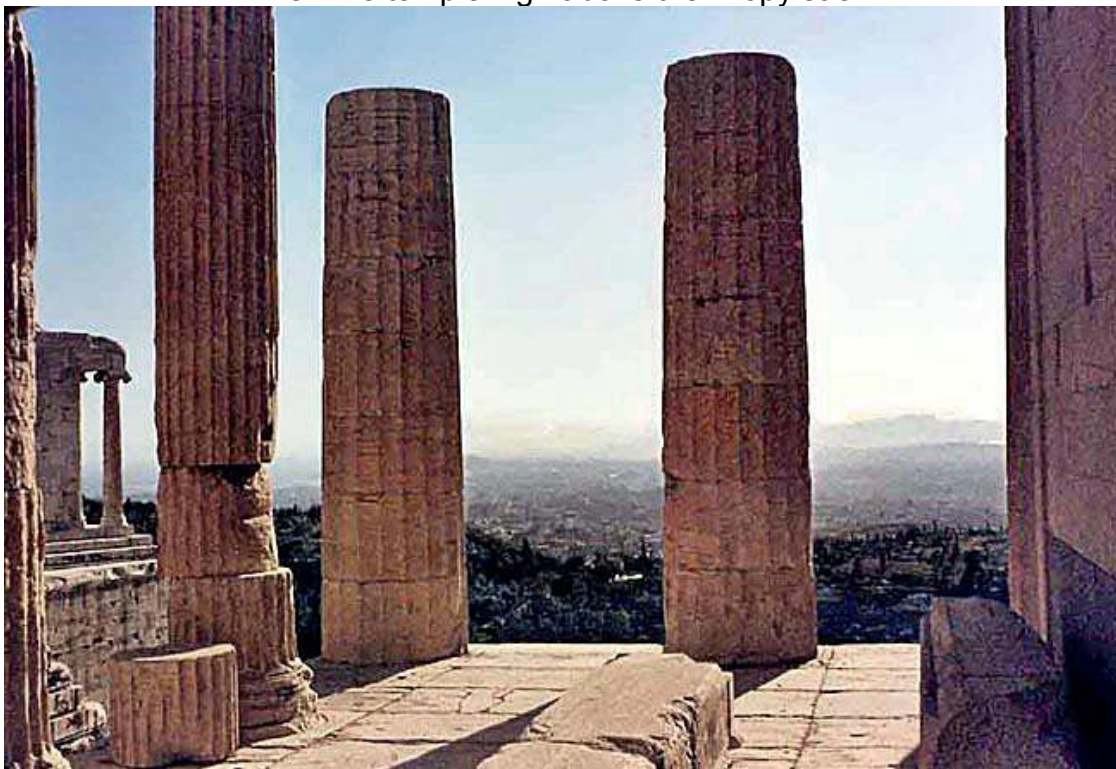
In a new interpretation using the Euripides play Joan Breton Connelly (1996, 2014) convincingly argues that this central scene on the east frieze, the focal point of the procession, shows the donning of the sacrificial garb by the youngest daughter of King Erechtheus in preparation for her sacrifice.

After Erechtheus has killed her, her two sisters jump off the Acropolis in a suicide pact. Athens is saved, and Athena orders Erechtheus to build a temple over the tombs of the three girls: *the Parthenon, the "House of the Maidens"*.

This dark foundation story of Athens, well understood in antiquity, completely changes our 19th-century classicistic view of Greek thinking and architecture.



The Nike temple high above the Propyleae



View from the Propyleae in the evening. In the distance one sees the island of Salamis and the narrow strait where the Persian armada was defeated and Athens was saved by Perikles.



Dionysos Theater seen below the Acropolis.

On this stage all the Greek plays were first performed. They defined the interpretations of the Greek myths and religion.

Climbing Across the Hymettos

In our third week in Athens we climbed across the highest point of Mount Hymettos to reach the southern tip of Attika and Sounion. There existed no road to the top as today, we had to jump from rock to rock, "cross country." Half dead of thirst we reached a farm house on the southern side near where we spent a restless night. Next day Gerhard ran a high temperature and we had to return to Athens by bus....



The Hymettos from the south near Koropi in Attika where we had spent the night. Today Athens International Airport occupies this area.



Gerhard sick in bed, Odos Patission

I bought hydrogenperoxyde and some throat lozenges for Gerhard, and when he was better again we took the train to Lavrion, and from there walked along the coast to Sounion.

The Monastery of Kaiseriani

2 and 5 September, 1953

Hidden under old plane-trees in a forest of pines on Mount Hymettos lies the Byzantine monastery of Kaiseriani. It has a lilting spring near its entrance, already famous in antiquity. Arguably one of the most idyllic spots near Athens

While Gerhard was lying in bed with tonsillitis I took Janet to Kaiseriani, an English botany student from Cambridge, who also stayed at our student dormitory. We enjoyed an afternoon and an unforgettable sunset returning rather late to Athens. This was the one time in our life together where Gerhard blew up at me, complaining of being neglected and abandoned.



Kaiseriani. Janet Abrams collecting mosses for her research project at Cambridge University.

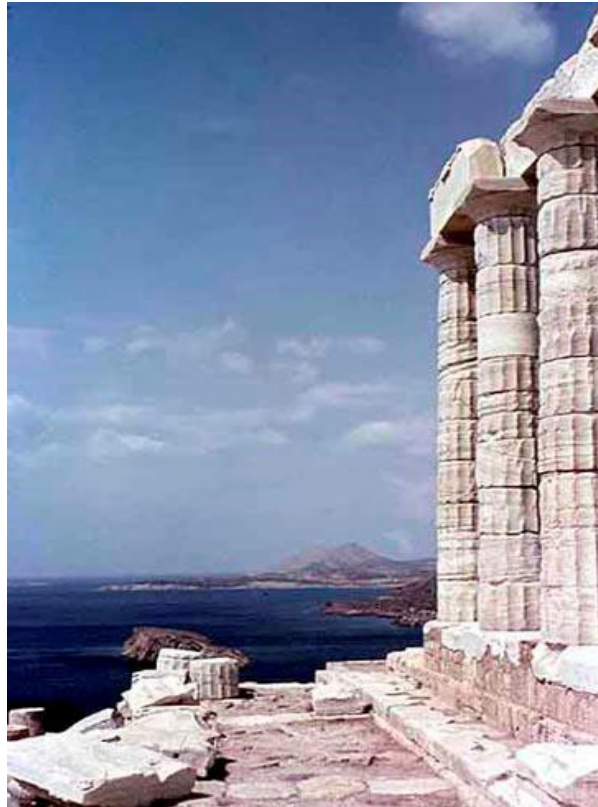
Sounion

5 - 7 September, 1953

At last we took the train to Lavrion and walked on the road along the coast of Attika to Sounion



The Aegean Sea from the road to Sounion



Poseidon temple and the islands. Sounion, blown by the salty sea winds, is the only white temple in Greece.



We slept on the beach below the temple .Late in the afternoon a family appeared from their field work to cool off and wash their feet

The Monastery at Daphni

8 September 1953

Outside of Athens, on the busy road to Eleusis and Korinthos lies the exquisite Byzantine monastery of Daphni. It harbors the most sophisticated 12th -century mosaics in Greece.



Daphni stands on the foundations of a temple to Aphrodite and Artemis, it was a way station along the processional road to the mysteries at Eleusis.



The courtyard of Daphni. In 1953 there used to be an Ionian column built into the wall of the moni. It has been removed in the restorations of 1957.

Korinth and Patras

1-3 September 1953

Girorgios Stathakopoulos had invited us to his wedding. We took the train to Patras (10 hours!) and on the way spent a day in Korinth. We walked all the way to Palaia Korinthos with the ruins of city and a temple to Apollo. Later we climbed Akro- Korinthos with its huge ruined Franco-Venetian-Turkish fortress and a splendid view.



Apollo Temple and the mountains of Delphi across the Gulf of Korinth.



Walls of the Venetian "Kastro" at Akrokorinthos

Our stay in Patras became a disaster. George and his bestman received us at the bus station and took us to a minor pleasure beach, there was no room in his mother's house. We had to sleep at the beach. That wasn't so bad, but during the entire 2 days we were not given one bite to eat - except a bag of sugar-glazed almonds. We were truly hungry.

The Island of Aigina

10 - 12 September, 1953

Aigina lies in the middle of the Saronic Gulf between Attika and the Peloponnese. Beneath the island mountain, once sacred to the Panhellenian Zeus (now occupied by Aghios Elias), are the ruins of the temple of Aphaia, a manifestation of the Cretan Artemis-Britomaris and a daughter of Zeus. I had seen the excavated frieze of the temple in Munich.... This and the fact that Aigina is on the boat route to the Troizinias, Epidauros, and the Peloponnisos made me decide to take the cheapest, slowest ship to the island and on to Poros.



The Doric columns of the Temple of Aphaia



View of Southern Aigina and Mt. Elias. We spent two days hiking across Aigina - and celebrating my twenty-second birthday with a self-cooked fish dinner on the beach below the temple.



Invited for a noon meal by fishermen in Aigina



The entire family

Next morning we hiked on through the hilly back-country in the southwest of the island. An inquiry for the right donkey path brought us to this fisherman's family, who obliged us to share their meal: the women served the guests and men - like in Biblical times....
The Aegean Sea is so clear because it contains very little plankton and consequently few fish. Our new friends shrugged, the bigger ones eat the smaller ones, there is not much to catch, but they offered us raw sea urchins which tasted very good.
Eventually the exceptionally beautiful young girl standing behind the matriarch was delegated to show us the path – barefoot.



A rare Praying Mantis on one of the ubiquitous thistles.

The decision to reach the Peloponnes via Poros was fateful. On the boat we were befriended by Nonda Spiliotopoulos, the heir to a shipping business. Attracted by Gerhard (which I only figured out later) he invited us to his summer house on the island of Poros.

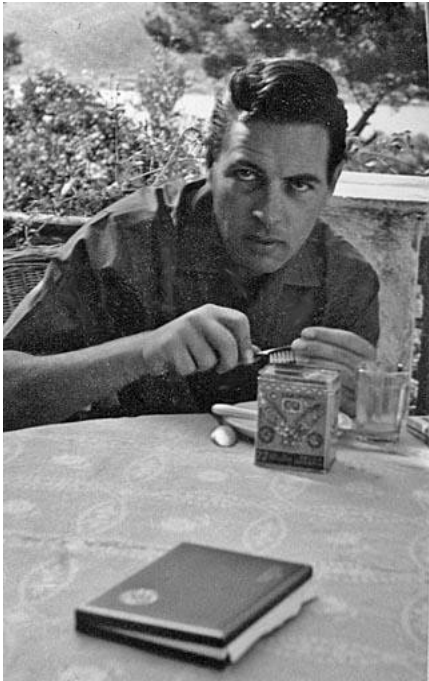
Poros

12 - 19 September, 1953

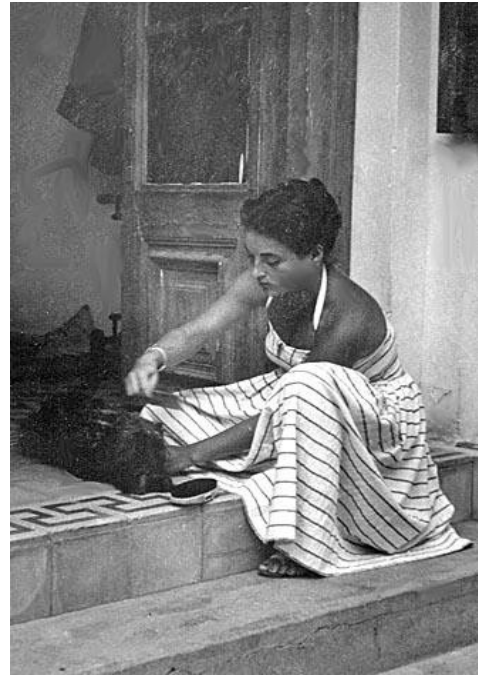
When we arrived in Poros at night, Nonda and his sister Daisy were waiting for us with their little boat to take us to his villa on the Peloponnesian side of the narrow strait.



The village of Poros from Nonda's "villa" in 1953



Nonda



Dionysia an Anthony

Here they are, Nonda cleaning his sister's jewelry with a toothbrush - a pack of expensive Greek cigarettes in the foreground - and charming Daisy (Dionysia) grooming the deaf, sixty-equivalent-old dog Anthony. We spent a wonderful week with them. Long talks on the terrace, wrapped by the scent of pines, bathed in moon light, in three languages - their mother had been German, Nonda had gone to college in England, and if needed he was equally fluent in French - on music, art, and literature into the small hours of the morning. Excellent *retsina*, strong *kafelaki* after dinner, and the best cigarettes available. On the weekend arrived four more guest, a Greek medical doctor and his German wife Ingeborg, a young woman from the French embassy, and Pavlos, a boring Greek shipping agent - Daisy's suitor at the time. On that weekend I decided that my house would one day be as open as Nonda's.....



the Troizinias and the "Sleeping Woman" from Nondas terrace

At the end of the week Nonda went to Athens and on his return told us that we had to leave, he expected Pavlos and another business associate for the week-end. He stuffed our pockets with cigarettes, took us across the channel, and "Please no sentimentalities!" hugged us goodbye: And

we walked again, along the gulf behind Methana, over the ridge of the *Sleeping Woman* where, at Ano Phanari, a Greek who had been to America took us in and put us up in a spare room. A day later we reached

Epidauros

21 - 22 September, 1953



View from the upper tiers of the theater at Epidauros.

Most of the day we explored this curious "spa" with a theater for over 2000 spectators - located essentially nowhere... And the cures were effectively psychotherapy - the God appeared in the dream of the sleeper.... All this would occupy me for many years to come.



Stage entrance of the theater.

After an unpleasant encounter with an English couple in a Jaguar - the only tourists around - we took a bus to Nauplia, climbed the Palamides, the Franco-Venetian castle at sunset and next morning started to walk towards Mykenai.

The Argolid



The fortified island of Vrotsi in the Bay of Nauplia and the Peloponnese in the background. The conical hill of the kastro of Argos.

Somewhere in the Argolid a peasant with a two-wheeler donkey-cart picked us up for a few kilometers. He concluded his long speech on his "faith" - Communism with the exclamation, "all Germans boom, boom! But you are ok..." and invited us to a bottle of red wine - at noon! Slightly tipsy we walked on.



The good Greek Communists at the cantina in the Argolis

Cyclopean Tyrins



The Gateway of Tyrins. On the way we explored the cyclopean ruins of Tyrins for a few hours. The hill is not high but one has a magnificent view of the Argolid and the sea from its ramparts. Burtzi is still visible on the left, and the conical hill of Argos is very close. Since then Tiryns has assumed a larger meaning, Its excavator, the long-time director of the German Archeological Institute in Athens, Wilhelm Dörpfeld, was Barbara's grand-uncle.



View of the Argolid and the Argolian Gulf - the island of VROUTSI is visible on the left - from the citadel of Tyrins.

Mykenai and the Artrides

22 September, 1953



Mykenai from the olive groves of the modern village

We arrived in Mykenai late in the afternoon. You can barely make out the citadel of the Atrides on this picture. It lies just below the shadow on Mt. Zacha. In pre-Hellenic times it was sacred to the Great Goddess, and from there she mercilessly pursued the frivolous northern men who had built their castle in her precinct - until Orestes, the last man of his clan, half-mad because he had killed his mother (matricide), was absolved from her curse by the Council of Athens helped by Athena



As one gets nearer the low hill with the citadel of the northern invaders stands out below Mt.

Zacha. To the pre-Hellenic people certain topological formations of the earth were sacred: Mt. Zacha was the head of the Great Goddess and the two hills below it her breasts - separated by a chasm that stood at the same time for her sex. The provocative position of the castle of the Atrides on this sacred manifestation was the hidden cause for the vicious wrath with which the Goddess persecuted the Hellenic men for a millenium - down to Orestes' matricide.



The Argolid from Mykenai.

We spent an unforgettable full-moon night on the roof of the hut of the archeologists. A warm wind blew from the Peloponnes. An English archeologist had joined us late at night and started to recite the tale of the massacre with which Klytemnestra, the priestess of the Goddess, and her lover Aigisthes received Agamemnon on his return from Troy. She prepared a bath for the tired hero and then threw a net over him. Aighistes easily cut down the defenseless, naked hero, and Klytemnestra castrated the dying man in the tub and for good measure hacked-off his head with the sacred ax of the Goddess. With Agamemnon died 18 adults among them Kassandra and the twins she had borne him - exactly as Schliemann found them. "People were slaughtered like pigs," writes Pausanias, "and Klytemnestra declared the day a feast day in honor of the Goddess." - I still shudder when I am in Mykenai....

Arkadia

23 - 29 September, 1953

Because hitch-hiking had turned out to be very poor we took the train to Megalopolis next day, a journey of six hours.. In Megalopolis we walked out of town into a full-moon night. Dogs howling, a flock of sheep in the moonlight, the smell of pines, flickering lights on the graves of a cemetery. We found a place to sleep in a pine wood climbing a hill. Apparently the shepherds had noticed us and in the middle of the night drove their bleating flock towards us.... Next morning we discovered that our hill was the backside of the theater of the once prosperous Hellenistic town of Megalopolis.



Our noon rest we shared with this dangerous looking bull
We walked on to Karytaina, then a lively medieval village crowned by a castle of Guillaume de Villehardouin, the crusader who defeated and usurped the throne of the last Byzantine emperor in Mystras. Today the village is a ghost town...



The plain of Megalopolis from the village. The circular enclosures are threshing grounds.



The Alpheios gorge below Karytaina

Our path crossed the river on the stepping stones in right lower corner. The narrow path is barely visible in the picture. We had become very good in finding our path by the smallest details, a fresh scrape on the ground, a dislodged stone or a broken plant. From here we walked for two days along a stony road towards Andritsena. Once a day an overcrowded bus passed us - which we waved on.



The crusader castle of Karytaina in the distance from the road to Andritsena.

In 1953 Andritsena, our next stop turned out to be a lively, picturesque market town. Somewhere high in the mountains south of it lies the lonely temple of Bassai (pronounced Vasse in modern Greek). How to find it? On our way we had met an archeology student from Freiburg who drew a

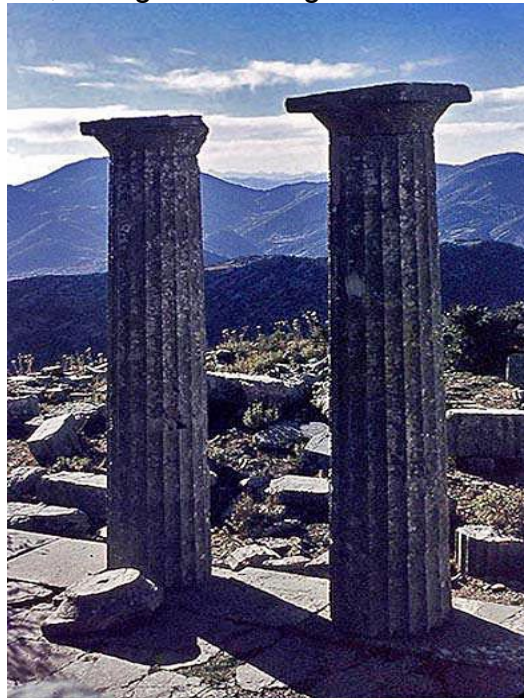
sketch of the foot path to Bassai, but no one in Andritsena could point us in the right direction. My Greek was too poor. We found the path after two hours of searching for the right cemetery and a telephone line, the Freiburger had indicated.

Bassai

26 - 27 September, 1953



The Apollo Temple of Bassai in 1953 before it was badly damaged by an earthquake in the 1980s. According to Pausanias it was built by Ichtinos, the architect of the Parthenon. Architecturally it is the oddest Greek temple, directed to the south (not the east) with a single Ionic column in place of the altar, and a small door towards the east. The venerable ivory image of Apollo stood on the side, facing east through this side door.



Two Doric columns in the south cella

We slept in the sun-heated southern cella. It was late September and the nights were cold far from the warm sea. Very early next morning a girl appeared from nowhere with a bowl of sheep's milk for the *xenoi* - the foreign guests....



In the morning Gerhard painted the view while I took pictures.



Gerhard's watercolor is lost, but the slide of the view south has survived. In the far distance to the left is the craggy line of Mt. Taygetos and on the right the square block of Mt. Ithome in Messenia, behind it the sea. These two days were the high point of our Greek journey in 1953.

We had discovered a new mode of walking at high speed on the stony donkey-paths: lifting the feet high with bent knees. Later I would discover that the American Indians and the Tibetan *Lung*-runners used the same funny gait. We now ran up and down the smaller hills.

In beautiful country, near Khorio Tripotamias we crossed the Alpheios to its the northern bank. We stripped to our underpants, carried the backpacks on our head, and waded into the uncertain waters. When the water had reached our waists two boys materialized from nowhere on the opposite bank and directed us to a shallower ford.

We had to come with them to their *spiti*- home in the village. We were quite formally introduced by the older boy to their father and mother "*afto pateras einai kai afti einai i materas mou...*" - this is father and this is my mother, and no excuses were accepted, we had to spend the night with his family - several sisters, three boys, all ages in one large room under a the rafters of a simple shingle-roof on the second floor of their traditional farmhouse. The animals occupied the ground floor, a balcony surrounded the upper story. Father expertly fried eggs for the *xenoi* - the guests over an open fire-pit in the small, separate kitchen, accompanied by dry dark *psomi*-- bread. One of the girls was sent out to fetch the village teacher who spoke some English.... All the age-old questions a *xenos* has been asked since the times of Odysseus: You are *adelphoi*-brothers? Do you still have a father and a mother and any other brothers and sisters? Where do they live? - so far away! Is your mother not worried about you?

And then came the sleeping ritual. There was one bed which the parents shared - in which we had to sleep. Father and mother moved onto the balcony. From a big chest the girls took out rugs and wool blankets for everyone. First the boys then, after they had blown out the candle - there was no electricity - the girls bedded down in the remaining corner - all in the same large room.... Next morning under much giggling, the sun already streaked through the cracks in the roof, the *xenoi* were examined with much curiosity. After a very formal goodbye we were taken by the boy who had found us to the path to Olympia: he wished us *Kalo taxidi!* - a good journey....

Olympia

29 September - 1 October, 1953



The Temple of Hera in the Altis of Olympia

I remember the Altis - the sacred precinct of Olympia, as a wonderfully peaceful pine wood - filled with the songs of migrant birds from northern Europe.

We spent a day of rest at the banks of the Alpheios. Our boat would leave from Patras at noon on 5 October, we would dawdle through the last week between Olympia and Patras. We found a wooded spot above Kato Achaia near Patras and a beach where we could take a last swim in the Greek sea. The boat was crowded with soldiers on their way to Eipeiros to guard the Greek border with Yugoslavia, the Kosovo and Montenegro. The Adriatic waves were long and disconcerting that night, a thunderstorm hung over Eipeiros.....

Pompeii and Paestum

10 and 11 October, 1953

When we reached Brindisi it began to rain. Hitch-hiking was dismal. After a wet night in the Trulli district of Apulia we took the train to Naples and decided to visit Pompeii and Paestum.



Pompeii, House of the Faun



Pompeii, city gate and Mt. Vesuvio

Pompeii needs no introduction but Paestum is less well known (south of Salerno). It was once a busy Greek harbor city that flourished between the 5th century BC and the 3rd century AD. Now its ruins are scattered across an open landscape close to the sea, a most romantic place. Greece is full of stones, flat, arable land is scarce. The Athenians lived off their wits, and like today the young emigrated to where an easier life could be eked out. Magna Graecia was a fat land before the Romans ruined Sicily and Apulia by exhausting the soil



Magna Graecia, The romantic landscape of Paestum



Paestum, the Agora

Vincent Scully has aptly called the Greek temples "Jewelry Boxes of the Gods" - they were not designed with people in mind, not as houses for the masses of faithful like the Christian churches. - However in Magna Graecia the Great Goddess had not lost her magic which was connected to the ominous signs of the surrounding earth, mountains, rocks, and chasms that had been the realm of her various incarnations. The three temples at Paestum were all dedicated to female deities, one next to the other in a great landscape. .



The misnamed "Poseidon" Temple

Better preserved than the Parthenon, it is much heavier, less elegant than Ikhtinos' temple.



The Artemis Temple



The Heraion

The Hera Temple at Paestum has retained some of the magical female power, and this photo with the heavy clouds, one of my favorites pictures, captures some of this feeling. The temples of Greece are not romantic buildings, but like the entire Greek culture a manifestation of a millenium of bloody fighting between the old female Goddess and the new male order.



Heraion



Poseidon and Hera Temples on a late October afternoon



Last Sunset in Paestum

Our long Way Home

12-22 October, 1953

The journey home became an Odyssey: rain in Italy, snow on the Brenner, autostop very difficult- we walked many miles. It didn't get better in Germany. Finally I hitched a ride for us on a freight pram down the Neckar river to Heidelberg. In Gelnhausen Tante Magda gave us a bed for the night and 10 Marks. We reached Göttingen drenched and hungry but happy on 22 October..