

MARTIN HEIDEGGER
WORKS

General Editor J. Glenn Gray
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Also by Martin Heidegger

BEING AND TIME

DISCOURSE ON THINKING
(*Gelassenheit*)

WHAT IS CALLED THINKING?

IDENTITY AND DIFFERENCE

HEGEL'S CONCEPT OF EXPERIENCE
ON THE WAY TO LANGUAGE

POETRY, LANGUAGE, THOUGHT

MARTIN HEIDEGGER

Translations and Introduction by
Albert Hofstadter



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PREFACE

I have benefited enormously—the word is not strong enough—from the generosity of J. Glenn Gray in recurrently reviewing the translations down to their last details. Professor Gray's work with Heidegger on them, renewed over and over again, gives me the assurance that they may be submitted to the reading public with the feeling that at least some of Heidegger's own thinking comes through.

Hannah Arendt has been particularly liberal with suggestions for improvement; the present text contains many changes due to her.

Here and there are some verses—of Heidegger himself and also of C. F. Meyer, Rilke, Trakl, and Hölderlin. Because of the closeness with which Heidegger treats other poets, they needed original translation, and so for good or ill and *faute de mieux* they are all from my own hand.

In addition to the enduring and tireless encouragement of my son Marc and my wife Manya, I have special reason to refer here with love and gratitude to Evelyn Huber, whose courage and loyalty those know best who have come within her gentle sphere.

Santa Cruz, California

ALBERT HOFSTADTER

INTRODUCTION

Assembled in this book are seven writings that seem to be directly or indirectly concerned with art. But appearances can be deceiving.

These pieces should not be thought of under the heading of "aesthetics," nor even under that of "philosophy of art."

Heidegger's thinking about art is not concerned with the work of art as the object of *aisthesis*, that is, of the sensuous apprehension, in the wide sense, which goes by the name of aesthetic experience. His estimate of the significance of such experience, and a fortiori of aesthetics, can be judged from the Epilogue to "The Origin of the Work of Art." And his thinking, not only about art but about all else as well, is not philosophy in the sense of metaphysics, or of a universal theory about the nature and characteristics of things that exist, whether art works or anything else. His estimate of philosophy may be gauged from the remark in "The Thinker as Poet" (p. 8) that, of the three dangers threatening thinking, the bad and thus muddled one is philosophizing.

Heidegger's thinking about art, as about all else, is—a thinking that memorializes and responds, *ein andenkendes Denken*. Like poetry and song, it grows out of being and reaches into its truth ("The Thinker as Poet," p. 13). The being that is its origin is the being to which authentic human being belongs. Some understanding of its nature will be gleaned from Heidegger's accounts, in several of the essays, of the being of world, of thing, of art work, of man, of language.

One should first of all, perhaps, note his advice to the young student, Mr. Buchner, who had asked whence thinking about Being receives its directive ("The Thing," pp. 183f). To think being, Heidegger says, means to respond to the appeal of its presence, in a response that stems from and releases itself toward the appeal. But this means to exist as a human being in an authentic relationship as mortal to other mortals, to earth and sky, to the divinities present or absent, to things and plants and animals; it means, to let each of these be—to let it presence in openness, in the full appropriateness of its nature—and to hold oneself open to its being, recognizing it and responding to it appropriately in one's own being; the way in which one oneself goes on, lives; and then, perhaps, in this ongoing life one may hear the call of the language that speaks of the being of all these beings and respond to it in a mortal language that speaks of what it hears.

To understand how man may think in this way, recalling to mind the being that has, according to Heidegger, long been concealed in oblivion, one must understand the nature of the language by which thinking is able to say what it thinks. Hence the inclusion of "Language," the first essay in *Unterwegs zur Sprache*. The speech of genuine thinking is by nature poetic. It need not take the shape of verse; as Heidegger says, the opposite of the poem is not prose; pure prose is as poetic as any poetry. The voice of thought must be poetic because poetry is the saying of truth, the saying of the unconcealedness of beings ("The Origin of the Work of Art," p. 74). It bids all that is—world and things, earth and sky, divinities and mortals—to come, gathering into the simple onefold of their intimate belonging together. ("Language," pp. 206f). It is the topology of being, telling being the whereabouts of its actual presence ("The Thinker as Poet," p. 12).

Is there in the end any fundamental difference between the thinking poet and the poetic thinker? The poet need not think; the thinker need not create poetry; but to be a poet of first rank

there is a thinking that the poet must accomplish, and it is the same kind of thinking, in essence, that the thinker of first rank must accomplish, a thinking which has all the purity and thickness and solidity of poetry, and whose saying *is* poetry. In these essays, as they advance in date of composition, one may discern at the same time an increase in the poetic quality of their language. It is not an accident; it goes along with the growth of the author's vision of truth and being, and of man's life in the context of truth and being. In order to say what he must say, reporting what he sees, relaying what he hears, the author has to speak of the gods, mortals, the earth, shoes, the temple, the sky, the bridge, the jug, the fourfold, the poem, pain, the threshold, the difference, and stillness as he does. In truth, this is not philosophy; it is not abstract theorizing about the problems of knowledge, value, or reality; it is the most concrete thinking and speaking about Being, the differing being of different beings and the onefoldness of their identity in and with all their differences; and it is one with the being of the thinker and speaker, himself. In this thinking, which is the thinking that responds and recalls—*das andenkende Denken*—the thinker has stepped back from thinking that merely represents, merely explains, and has taken up his stance in "a co-responding which, appealed to in the world's being by the world's being, answers within itself to that appeal" ("*The Thing*," pp. 181f).

Out of the experience of such thinking comes the first piece. I have entitled it in English "The Thinker as Poet" because in it the thinker does what a poet does—*dichtet*. We have no word for it in English. I had tried "poetize" for *dichten*, but it has the wrong connotation and excites annoyance in those who feel for the language, suggesting affectation. *Dichten*—to write or compose poetry or other literature; to invent something fictional, make it up, imagine it. So it gets translated rather as poetry, or the writing of poetry, and often, where the word "poetry" appears, it is well to remember its sense as a verb, as naming

the act of composing and writing—as, for example, in “The Thinker as Poet” (p. 13), where poetry is the activity that corresponds in a neighborly way to singing and thinking.

Heidegger’s original title for this piece was *Aus der Erfahrung des Denkens*—“From the Experience of Thinking”—and one should read it as such, as the uttering of realizations that have come out of a long life of discovery of a way of thinking that belongs to life in its fullness as genuinely human. Every sentence in this thinking poem is pregnant with meaning. He who has read the entire book and then returns to it will find that what first seemed new, strange, difficult, now rings out with the clarity of a purely-wrought bell, letting one begin to hear the voice of thought, stilled in its being by having become unable to say what must remain unspoken; it is a speaking that, like all genuine poetry, says more than it speaks, means more than it utters. Perhaps then the reader will, some fine moment, understand what it means to say: *Segen simt*—“Blessing muses.”

This poem fittingly begins a series of essays in which a main theme is that poetry opens the dwelling life of man. In “The Origin of the Work of Art” (1935–36) Heidegger had already pointed to the function of poetry as the founding of truth: bestowing, grounding, beginning. He conceived of poetry as projective utterance—“the saying of world and earth, the saying of the arena of their conflict and thus of the place of all nearness and remoteness of the gods . . . the saying of the unconcealedness of what is” (p. 74). This understanding of poetry remains throughout and is more and more developed as his writing progresses.

From early to late, too, we find the comprehension of the fundamental identity of art and language with poetry. All art, we learn from “The Origin of the Work of Art,” is essentially poetry, because it is the letting happen of the advent of the truth of what is (“Origin,” p. 72). And poetry, as linguistic, has a privileged position in the domain of the arts, because

language, understood rightly, is the original way in which beings are brought into the open clearing of truth, in which world and earth, mortals and gods are bidden to come to their appointed places of meeting (“Origin,” pp. 74f).

Authentic language, which has not lost its magical potency by being used up and abused, is poetry; there is no significant difference between them. That is why, when Heidegger attempts to state in the essay “Language” what language is and does, namely, what it does when it speaks, he chooses something “spoken purely,” rather than any random spoken matter. What is spoken purely is—a poem, and indeed, to help us best a poem that shows in its very speaking what language does when it speaks: Georg Trakl’s “A Winter Evening.”

Through the reading of this poem we become aware of how language, in speaking, bids to come the entire fourfold world of earth and sky, mortals and divinities, by bidding the things to come—window, snow, house, table—that stay the world, and bidding the world to come that grants things their being; it bids to come the intimacy of world and things—their difference, which appropriates them to one another. What unites opposites is the rift, the *Riss* (cf. “Origin”) that has become the difference, the pain of the threshold that joins. (“Language,” p. 204).

Whether Heidegger speaks of truth establishing itself in the beings that it opens up (“Origin,” p. 63) or of world and things being joined through the pain of the rift of their difference, he is thinking always of the opening up of the possibility of authentic human existence—of a life in which man does not merely go on blindly, writing in the grip of a basically false meaning of being, as in our twentieth-century life of *Gestell*, framing, but rather a life in which man truly dwells.

Dwelling is one of the basic thoughts in these writings. In “Building Dwelling Thinking”—note the absence of commas, intended to enforce the identity of the three—Heidegger develops the essential continuity of being, building, dwelling, and

thinking. Language makes the connection for us: *bauen*, to build, connects with *bauen* to dwell, and with *bin, bist*, the words for be. Language tells us: to be a human being is to be on the earth as a mortal, to dwell, doing the "building" that belongs to dwelling: cultivating growing things, constructing things that are built, and doing all this in the context of mortals who, living on earth and cherishing it, look to the sky and to the gods to find the measure of their dwelling. If man's being is dwelling, and if man must look to the way the world fits together to find the measure by which he can determine his dwelling life, then man must dwell poetically.

So in what Heidegger cites as a late poem of Hölderlin's, the one beginning "In lovely blueness blooms the steeple with metal roof," there occurs the phrase ". . . poetically man dwells . . ." which becomes the subject of the final essay in this volume. For how the world fits together, the appropriating of mortals to divinities, earth to sky, things to places and functions—how all is rightly measured out—can be determined only by the upward glance that spans the between of earth and sky, the dimension. It is poetry that takes the measure of the dimension, that is the standard by which all other measures—of this or that or something else—are themselves measured. The poet it is who, looking to the sky, sees in its manifestness the self-concealment of the unknown god, bidding the unknown to come to man to help him dwell. At the basis of man's ability to build in the sense of cultivating and constructing there must be, as primal source, his poetic ability, the ability to take the measure of the world.

Even what is apparently so simple as a simple thing—a jug, for instance, or a bridge, or a pair of peasant shoes—has to be seen in the light of the disclosure of the appropriation of beings to Being, the Open, the clearing of truth, if man's relationship to it is to be authentically human.

The remarkable essay on "The Thing" (and "thing" is another of the basic concepts in Heidegger's thought) makes

indelibly clear and vivid what a thing can be—a jug, as he deals with it here, or, as he notes, a bench, a brook, a bull, a book. He takes hold of the Being of things in the concrete way, a way he learned originally from the phenomenology of Husserl, according to which one's vision is addressed to things as they show themselves in the fullness of their appearance. What was a puzzle in "The Origin of the Work of Art" becomes transparently evident in these later essays.

There is a world of difference between man's present life as technological being under the aegis of *Gesell*, frame, framing—in which everything, including man himself, becomes material for a process of self-assertive production, self-assertive imposition of human will on things regardless of their own essential natures—and a life in which he would genuinely dwell as a human being. This time of technology is a destitute time, the time of the world's night, in which man has even forgotten that he has forgotten the true nature of being. In such a dark and deprived time, it is the task of the poet to help us see once more the bright possibility of a true world. That is what poets are for, now. But it means that, as poets, they must free themselves completely from bondage to the time's idols; and Heidegger's examination in "What Are Poets For?" of the poetry of Rilke, as on the way but not yet there, as still involved in the toils of the metaphysical view of reality, is of special timeliness.

So poetry—together with the language and thinking that belong to it and are identical with it as essential poetry—has for Heidegger an indispensable function for human life: it is the creative source of the humanness of the dwelling life of man. Without the poetic element in our own being, and without our poets and their great poetry, we would be brutes, or what is worse and what we are most like today: vicious automatons of self-will.

It is not aesthetics, then, that one will find in this book. Rather, it is fundamental thinking about the constitutive role that the poetic has in human life. Aesthetics, as we know it from

the history of philosophy, is a talking about appearances, experiences, and judgments, useful no doubt, and agreeable. But Heidegger here thinks through the basic creative function that obtains its creativeness from its willingness to stop, listen, hear, remember, and respond to the call that comes from Being. He does here, and in all his writings, what thinking is called upon by nature to do: to open up and take true measure of the dimension of our existence.

Much could be written about the language of Heidegger's thinking. It has created its own style, as always happens with an original thinker. Often a sentence or two is all that is necessary to distinguish Heidegger from, say, Wittgenstein, Russell, or Whitehead. The style is the thinking itself. It comes out of the German language and partakes of that language's genius. Schelling and Hegel spoke proudly of the natural fitness of the German language for philosophy; and in Heidegger's writings, increasingly with their chronological advance, we have a vivid example of this aptitude. It is by staying with the thinking the language itself does that Heidegger is able to rethink, and thus think anew, the oldest, the perennial and perennially forgotten, thoughts.

This does not mean that he willfully resorts to etymological or pseudo-etymological factors to play an arbitrary language game. He uses etymology as much to uncover human misadventures in thinking as to bring to light what has been obscured in history. An example is his account of the words for "thing"—*das Ding*, *res*, *causa*, *cosa*, *chosa*, where from the fundamental original sense of "gathering" there is a movement toward "that which bears on or concerns men," "that which is present, as standing forth here," eventually leading to "anything that is in 'any way,' anything present in any way whatever, even if only in mental representation as an *ens rationis*" ("The Thing," p. 176). The ancient thought of gathering falls into oblivion as the later thought of abstract being and presence takes over and occupies the foreground of thinking. Yet the ancient

thought—an original discovery of the poets and thinkers who spoke the Indo-European languages into being—is the one that is truest to the nature of the thing as it is knowable in and from living experience.

Read what Heidegger has to say about the thinging of things, that is, the gathering and uniting—or as the German says so directly and strongly, *das Verewellen*, the letting-while or letting-dwell—by which the world is stayed, in virtually every sense of "stay," and you will begin to re-collect in your own thinking a basic human grasp of the meaning of things, which will open up afresh a basic human relationship to them (e.g., the jug in "The Thing," the bridge in "Building Dwelling Thinking," the snow, the bed, the house in "Language"). As over against the modern concept of the thing which sees it primarily in its relation to human understanding as an object of representation and in its relation to human will as matter or product of a process of production or self-imposition—a concept, then, not of the thing in its own thingness, but of the thing in its subservience to human preoccupations—Heidegger finds in language the thought of the thing as thing, that is, as gathering and staying a world in its own special way. Hence he is able to use "thing" as a verb and, by this new coining and recoinning of the ancient word and its meaning, to think recallingly and responsively the being of the thing as man has authentically lived with things from the beginning.

Call this primitivism, if you will; it can also be called a recalling to origins, a reversion to the primeval, as Rilke describes what happens to everything perfect in one of the *Sonnets to Orpheus* (cf. "What Are Poets For?"—p. 97). It represents a movement away from the thin abstractions of representational thinking and the stratospheric constructions of scientific theorizing, and toward the full concreteness, the onefoldness of the manifold, of actual life-experience. This is the sort of response that Heidegger has made to the old cry of Husserl, "Back to the things themselves!"

Heidegger's thinking, *Denken*, is a re-thinking, *Andenken*, a recalling, remembering, memorializing, and responding to an original call coming from the central living presencing of the being of the world, and of men and other beings in the world. It calls for the complete opening of the human spirit—what otherwise gets fragmented into intellect, will, heart, and senses—to the ever-present possibilities of the truth of being: letting the world light up, clear up, join itself into one in manifold self-appropriations, letting us find in it a real dwelling place instead of the cold, sterile hostility in which we presently find ourselves.

This is what causes the difficulties, and also the joys, of translating him. For to find the right English words one has to learn to think the German thoughts. The dictionary often is useless for this purpose. No ordinary dictionary can explain what Heidegger wants to say by *wesen*, *ereignen*, *verweilen*, *Geftall*, or fifty other such words. Take the verb *ereignen* with its associated noun *das Ereignis* as example. In his earlier writing, as in "Origin," he tends to use the dictionary senses—to happen, occur, take place, and event, occurrence, happening. But as time goes on, searching to find the right expression of the meaning of Being, he discovers in this word what is not present in other ontological words like *sein* and *wesen*. The sense of "to be present" that is carried by *wesen* especially in the form of *anwesen*, though weighty, is inadequate to reach the primeval. Although presence is already very important in early Greek thinking about being, it is mixed up with presence for representational perception and presence as result of a process of bringing forth and disclosing here. The problem is to express a being's own way of occurring, happening, being present, not just for our understanding, will, and perception, but as the being it itself is. And Heidegger eventually finds the answer in *ereignen*.

This discovery is a curious one and shows clearly how Heidegger's dealing with language, far from being a mere etymologiz-

ing, is a creative employment of its possibilities in order to express *de novo* thoughts that belong perennially to human life but that have been more and more clouded over by the artificialities of the modern imprisonment of man in a culture dominated by the will to power and the technical-technological brain.

In the "Addendum" (1956) to "The Origin of the Work of Art" (1935-36), and thus at a more advanced stage of his comprehension, Heidegger refers to *das Ereignis* as that by which the meaning of Being can alone be determined ("Origin," p. 86). *Das Ereignis* is the event, in the dictionary sense, the happening or occurrence. But this translation makes little sense in the context. The suggestion is that we can only find the meaning of Being in something called *das Ereignis*. What is this *Ereignis*?

We begin to gather the word's import for Heidegger from his use of it in a decisive passage of "The Thing" (*Vorträge und Aufsätze*, pp. 178-79), where he is concerned to describe the world and its presencing, its "worlding." This is decisive because, if Heidegger gets close to saying what the Being of beings is, taking them all together, in their world, it is in and through this description of the world's being as such, the true and sole dimension of which is "nearing" ("Thing," p. 181).

Heidegger there defines the world as: *das ereignende Spiegel-Spiel der Einfalt von Erde und Himmel, Göttlichen und Sterblichen*, "the ereignende mirror-play of the simple onefold of earth and sky, divinities and mortals" ("Thing," p. 179). The force of this participial adjective is given by the context. The four members of the fourfold—earth, sky, divinities, mortals—mirror each other, each in its own way. Each therewith reflects itself, in its own way, into its *Eigenes*, its own, within the simpleness of the four. The mirroring, lighting each of the four, *ereignet* their *eigenes* presencing into simple belonging to one another. It is clear that Heidegger here is making use of the "own" meaning of "*eigen*" to read the sense of the verb

ereignen as to make one's own, to appropriate. But instead of "appropriate" in the sense of one's own appropriating of something for oneself, for which the verb *sich (etwas) aneignen* is already available, Heidegger wants to speak of an activity or process by which nothing "selfish" occurs, but rather by which the different members of the world are brought into belonging to and with one another and are helped to realize themselves and each other in realizing this belonging. Johanneine Christianity speaks of God as Love, the love that binds spirits into true community and that is the source of all harmony of being. Heidegger finds in the world's worlding that nearing by which its fourfold can be gathered, nesting, conjoining, in a round dance of appropriating and self-appropriating, in which the four, fouring, can unite in their belonging together. *Ereignen* is the verb that names the appropriating by which there can be a meaningful mutual entrusting and belonging of the four to each other.

But that is only one side of the coin. The verb *ereignen* was not in historical fact constructed out of the prefix *er-* and the adjective *eigen*, own. There was an earlier verb *erängen*, to place before the eyes, to show, connected with the noun *Auge* for eye. Some pronunciations sound *ain* like *ei*, and so it became natural to sound the word as *ereignen* and thereupon to read its meaning accordingly. *Ereignis*, the noun, is similarly related to *Eränkung*, *Ereignung*. Heidegger must have had this connection in mind. And it ties in with his most essential thinking. He had started, coming out of phenomenology, with the idea of truth as evidence, opening up, clearing, lighting, the self-showing of beings in overtress. This sense of truth dominates "The Origin of the Work of Art," and consequently much more emphasis is placed there on the lighting-clearing of the Open than there is on the appropriating of beings to beings, on light than on right. Similarly the art work, and a fortiori the poem, is more dominantly conceived as that in and through which truth as clearing-lighting occurs than as something in which,

as in ". . . Poetically Man Dwells . . .", the measure is taken of all measures, i.e., the basic grasp of rightness and fitness by which beings belong to one another. I do not say the difference of earlier and later thought here is absolutely sharp, but it is considerable and it is one noteworthy phase of the deepening and ripening of Heidegger's thought as he returned again and again to the problem of the thing, the work, truth, and the meaning of Being.

Thus *ereignen* comes to mean, in his writing, the joint process by which the four of the fourfold are able, first, to come out into the light and clearing of truth, and thus each to exist in its own truthful way, and secondly, to exist in appropriation of and to each other, belonging together in the round dance of their being; and what is more, this mutual appropriation becomes the very process by which the emergence into the light and clearing occurs, for it happens through the sublimely simple play of their mutual mirroring. The mutual lighting-up, reflecting, *erängen*, is at the same time the mutual belonging, appropriating, *ereignen*; and conversely, the happening, *das Ereignis*, by which alone the meaning of Being can be determined, is this play of *erängen* and *ereignen*: it is an *Erängen* which is an *Ereignen* and an *Ereignen* which is an *Erängen*.

It is because of this interpenetrating association of coming out into the open, the clearing, the light—or disclosure—with the conjunction and compliancy of mutual appropriation, that I have ventured to translate "*das Ereignis*," in the Addendum to "Origin," not just as "the event," "the happening," or "the occurrence," but rather as "the disclosure of appropriation." This translation has survived the critical scrutiny of Heidegger himself, as well as J. Glenn Gray and Hannah Arendt, and therefore I repose a certain trust in its fitness.

And a final point on *Ereignis*. In the earlier period, when the great emphasis was on truth as evidence, on placing before the eyes, *erängen*, the meaning of truth was defined in terms of *das Licht*, light, *lichten*, to clear, thin out, grow brighter,

and *die Liebning*, clearing, glade, opening. But as the thinking matured, although the effect of clearing, opening, brightening, and lighting remained, there was added to it a sense associated with the adjective *leicht*, that is, light in the sense of opposed to heavy, and especially in the sense of easy, effortless, nimble. Heidegger underlines this dimension of *Liebning* when he identifies the gathered being of the world's mirror-play as the "ringing," *das Gering*—an impossible word to translate. He indicates here how the world's ring-around dance of being is, in the old German sense, *ring*, *gering*, nestling, malleable, pliant, compliant, *leicht*, that is, light, easy, nimble ("The Thing," p. 180; *Vorträge und Aufsätze*, p. 179).

Thus the older coming out into the clearing of truth now becomes the conjoining in the mirror-play of mutual appropriation which *igheins* all the four into their own; and therefore I have translated "*lichtend*," which in "Origin" would have been "clearing," now as "lightening," intending it to bear at once and in inseparable union the senses of: to illuminate, to clear, to make nimble and easy, enabling the four to nestle into the circling compliancy of their presencing.

I have offered *ereignen* and *das Ereignis* as an example of Heidegger's creative use of language in reaching old-new thoughts. It is likewise an example of the intellectual and spiritual effort that must be made in order to grasp his German and render it in English. There are similar stories to be told about *wesen* and *Wesen*, which I have often translated in the sense of presencing rather than in reference to essence; or *Bezug*, which in "What Are Poets For?" I have steadily translated as the 'draft,' or *der Riss*, the rift of "Origin" which becomes identified with pain in "Language"; or many other words. Throughout his writings Heidegger is at work shaping his language, that is, his thinking, in the intense, condensed way—*dichtend*—characteristic of the poet, *der Dichter*. Translating him is essentially akin to translating poetry—for it is the poetry of truth and Being that he has been composing all his life.

REFERENCES

The present volume is composed, with Heidegger's consent, of writings from various works, chosen because they fit together to bring out the main drift of his thinking that relates poetry, art, thought, and language to Being and to man's existing as the mortal he is. The following notes indicate the sources.

"The Thinker as Poet"

Aus der Erfahrung des Denkens (Pfullingen: Neske, 1954). Heidegger notes at the end that this was written in 1947.

"The Origin of the Work of Art"

Der Ursprung des Kunstwerkes, Universal-Bibliothek Nr. 8446/47 (Stuttgart: Reclam, 1960). This is a new, slightly revised edition of the essay by the same title that appeared in *Holzwege* (1st ed.; Frankfurt am Main: Klostermann, 1950), which itself went through several printings and some changes. Prefacing the Reclam edition Heidegger writes:

The first version of the present treatise was a lecture given on November 13, 1935, to the Kunstwissenschaftliche Gesellschaft at Freiburg i. Br. and which was repeated in January 1936 in Zürich at the invitation of the student body of the university. The book *Holzwege* contains the text of three lectures at the Freies Deutsches Hochstift in Frankfurt a. M. on November 17 and 24 and December 4, 1936. The Epilogue was, in part, written later.

The *Holzwege* text incorporated in this special edition has been

newly revised. The Addendum, written in 1956, explains some of the leading words.

The introduction composed by H.-G. Gadamer contains a decisive hint for the reader of my later writings.

This Reclam edition is dedicated to the memory of Theodor Hetzler.

"What Are Poets For?"

"Wozu Dichter?"—another of the essays published in *Holzwege*. Of this, Heidegger writes in the notes for that volume: "The lecture was delivered to a very small group in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of R. M. Rilke's death (died December 29, 1926). On the textual question cf. Ernst Zinn's study in *Euphorion* N. F., Vol. 37 (1936), pp. 125 ff."

By the way, concerning all the essays in *Holzwege*, Heidegger had the following to say at the end of his notes: "In the intervening time these pieces have been repeatedly revised and, in some places, clarified. The respective plane of reflection and the structure have remained and also, along with that, the changing use of language."

"Building Dwelling Thinking"

"Bauen Wohnen Denken," in *Vorträge und Aufsätze* (Pfullingen: Neske, 1954). In the references at the back of this volume Heidegger says of this essay: "Lecture, given on August 5, 1951, in the course of the *Darmstadt Colloquium II* on 'Man and Space,' printed in the Proceedings of this colloquium, Neue Darmstädter Verlagsanstalt (1952), pp. 72 ff."

"The Thing"

"Das Ding," in *Vorträge und Aufsätze*. Heidegger's account in the references is: "Lecture, given at the Bayerischen Akademie der Schönen Künste, on June 6, 1950; printed in the *Jahrbuch der Akademie*, Band I, *Gestalt und Gedanke* 1951, pp. 128 ff. (editor, Clemens Graf Podewils)."

"Language"

"Die Sprache," in *Unterwegs zur Sprache* (Pfullingen: Neske, 1959). In this volume's references Heidegger writes: "The lecture was given on October 7, 1950, at Bühlerhöhe in memory of Max Kommerell and was repeated on February 14, 1951 at the Württembergische Bibliotheksgesellschaft in Stuttgart. The lecture, hitherto unpublished, has become known in the form of many transcripts and notes."

" . . . Poetically Man Dwells . . . "

" . . . dichterisch wohnet der Mensch . . . "—in *Vorträge und Aufsätze*. Heidegger's account: "Lecture, given on October 6th, 1951, at 'Bühlerhöhe'; printed in the first number of *Akzente, Zeitschrift für Dichtung* (edited by W. Höllerer and Hans Bender), No. 1, 1954, pp. 57 ff.

does not stand at the beginning of the poet's way, but at the point where Rilke's saying attains to the poetic vocation of the kind of poet who answers to the coming world era. This era is neither a decay nor a downfall. As destiny, it lies in Being and lays claim to man.

Hölderlin is the precursor of poets in a destitute time. This is why no poet of this world era can overtake him. The precursor, however, does not go off into a future; rather, he arrives out of that future, in such a way that the future is present only in the arrival of his words. The more purely the arrival happens, the more its remaining occurs as present. The greater the concealment with which what is to come maintains its reserve in the foretelling saying, the purer is the arrival. It would thus be mistaken to believe that Hölderlin's time will come only on that day when "everyman" will understand his poetry. It will never arrive in such a mishapen way; for it is its own destitution that endows the era with forces by which, unaware of what it is doing, it keeps Hölderlin's poetry from becoming timely.

If the precursor cannot be overtaken, no more can he perish; for his poetry remains as a once-present being. What occurs in the arrival gathers itself back into destiny. That which this way never lapses into the flux of perishing, overcomes from the start all perishability. What has merely passed away is without destiny even before it has passed. The once-present being, on the contrary, partakes in destiny. What is presumed to be eternal merely conceals a suspended transiency, suspended in the void of a durationless now.

If Rilke is a "poet in a destitute time" then only his poetry answers the question to what end he is a poet, whither his song is bound, where the poet belongs in the destiny of the world's night. That destiny decides what remains fateful within this poetry.

BUILDING DWELLING THINKING

BUILDING DWELLING THINKING

In what follows we shall try to think about dwelling and building. This thinking about building does not presume to discover architectural ideas, let alone to give rules for building. This venture in thought does not view building as an art or as a technique of construction; rather it traces building back into that domain to which everything that *is* belongs. We ask:

1. What is it to dwell?
2. How does building belong to dwelling?

I

We attain to dwelling, so it seems, only by means of building. The latter, building, has the former, dwelling, as its goal. Still, not every building is a dwelling. Bridges and hangars, stadiums and power stations are buildings but not dwellings; railway stations and highways, dams and market halls are built, but they are not dwelling places. Even so, these buildings are in the domain of our dwelling. That domain extends over these buildings and yet is not limited to the dwelling place. The truck driver is at home on the highway, but he does not have his shelter there; the working woman is at home in the spinning mill, but does not have her dwelling place there; the chief engineer is at home in the power station, but he does not dwell there. These buildings house man. He inhabits them and yet does not dwell in them, when to dwell means merely that we take shelter in them. In today's housing shortage even this much

is reassuring and to the good; residential buildings do indeed provide shelter; today's houses may even be well planned, easy to keep, attractively cheap, open to air, light, and sun, but—do the houses in themselves hold any guarantee that *dwelling* occurs in them? Yet those buildings that are not dwelling places remain in turn determined by dwelling insofar as they serve man's dwelling. Thus dwelling would in any case be the end that presides over all building. Dwelling and building are related as end and means. However, as long as this is all we have in mind, we take dwelling and building as two separate activities, an idea that has something correct in it. Yet at the same time by the means-end schema we block our view of the essential relations. For building is not merely a means and a way toward dwelling—to build is in itself already to dwell. Who tells us this? Who gives us a standard at all by which we can take the measure of the nature of dwelling and building?

It is language that tells us about the nature of a thing, provided that we respect language's own nature. In the meantime, to be sure, there rages round the earth an unbridled yet clever talking, writing, and broadcasting of spoken words. Man acts as though *he* were the shaper and master of language, while in fact *language* remains the master of man. Perhaps it is before all else man's subversion of *this* relation of dominance that drives his nature into alienation. That we retain a concern for care in speaking is all to the good, but it is of no help to us as long as language still serves us even then only as a means of expression. Among all the appeals that we human beings, on our part, can help to be voiced, language is the highest and everywhere the first.

What, then, does *Bauen*, building, mean? The Old English and High German word for building, *buan*, means to dwell. This signifies: to remain, to stay in a place. The real meaning of the verb *bauen*, namely, to dwell, has been lost to us. But a covert trace of it has been preserved in the German word *Nachbar*, neighbor. The neighbor is in Old English the *neadgeburr*;

neah, near, and *geburr*, dweller. The *Nachbar* is the *Nachgeburr*, the *Nachgebauer*, the near-dweller, he who dwells nearby. The verbs *buri*, *büeren*, *beweren*, *bewonen*, all signify dwelling, the abode, the place of dwelling. Now to be sure the old word *buan* not only tells us that *bauen*, to build, is really to dwell; it also gives us a clue as to how we have to think about the dwelling it signifies. When we speak of dwelling we usually think of an activity that man performs alongside many other activities. We work here and dwell there. We do not merely dwell—that would be virtual inactivity—we practice a profession, we do business, we travel and lodge on the way, now here, now there. *Bauen* originally means to dwell. Where the word *bauen* still speaks in its original sense it also says *how far* the nature of dwelling reaches. That is, *bauen*, *buan*, *bhu*, *beo* are our word *bin* in the versions: *ich bin*, I am, *du bist*, you are, the imperative form *bi*, be. What then does *ich bin* mean? The old word *bauen*, to which the *bin* belongs, answers: *ich bin*, *du bist* mean: I dwell, you dwell. The way in which you are and I am, the manner in which we humans *are* on the earth, is *Buan*, dwelling. To be a human being means to be on the earth as a mortal. It means to dwell. The old word *bauen*, which says that man *is* insofar as he *dwells*, this word *bauen* however *also* means at the same time to cherish and protect, to preserve and care for, specifically to till the soil, to cultivate the vine. Such building only takes care—it tends the growth that ripens into its fruit of its own accord. Building in the sense of preserving and nurturing is not making anything. Shipbuilding and temple-building, on the other hand, do in a certain way make their own works. Here building, in contrast with cultivating, is a constructing. Both modes of building—building as cultivating, Latin *colere*, *cultura*, and building as the raising up of edifices, *aedificare*—are comprised within genuine building, that is, dwelling. Building as dwelling, that is, as being on the earth, however, remains for man's everyday experience that which is from the outset "habital"—we inhabit it, as our language says

so beautifully: it is the *Gewohnheit*. For this reason it recedes behind the manifold ways in which dwelling is accomplished, the activities of cultivation and construction. These activities later claim the name of *bauen*, building, and with it the fact of building, exclusively for themselves. The real sense of *bauen*, namely dwelling, falls into oblivion.

At first sight this event looks as though it were no more than a change of meaning of mere terms. In truth, however, something decisive is concealed in it, namely, dwelling is not experienced as man's being; dwelling is never thought of as the basic character of human being.

That language in a way retracts the real meaning of the word *bauen*, which is dwelling, is evidence of the primal nature of these meanings; for with the essential words of language, their true meaning easily falls into oblivion in favor of foreground meanings. Man has hardly yet pondered the mystery of this process. Language withdraws from man its simple and high speech. But its primal call does not thereby become incapable of speech; it merely falls silent. Man, though, fails to heed this silence.

But if we listen to what language says in the word *bauen* we hear three things:

1. Building is really dwelling.
2. Dwelling is the manner in which mortals are on the earth.
3. Building as dwelling unfolds into the building that cultivates growing things and the building that erects buildings.

If we give thought to this threefold fact, we obtain a clue and note the following: as long as we do not bear in mind that all building is in itself a dwelling, we cannot even adequately *ask*, let alone properly decide, what the building of buildings might be in its nature. We do not dwell because we have built, but we build and have built because we dwell, that is, because we are *dwellers*. But in what does the nature of dwelling consist? Let us listen once more to what language says to us. The Old Saxon *wonon*, the Gothic *wunian*, like the old

word *bauen*, mean to remain, to stay in a place. But the Gothic *wunian* says more distinctly how this remaining is experienced. *Wunian* means: to be at peace, to be brought to peace, to remain in peace. The word for peace, *Friede*, means the free, *das Freye*, and *fy* means: preserved from harm and danger, preserved from something, safeguarded. To free really means to spare. The sparing itself consists not only in the fact that we do not harm the one whom we spare. Real sparing is something *positive* and takes place when we leave something beforehand in its own nature, when we return it specifically to its being, when we "free" it in the real sense of the word into a preserve of peace. To dwell, to be set at peace, means to remain at peace within the free, the preserve, the free sphere that safeguards each thing in its nature. *The fundamental character of dwelling is this sparing and preserving*. It pervades dwelling in its whole range. That range reveals itself to us as soon as we reflect that human being consists in dwelling and, indeed, dwelling in the sense of the stay of mortals on the earth.

But "on the earth" already means "under the sky." Both of these *also* mean "remaining before the divinities" and include a "belonging to men's being with one another." By a *primal* oneness the four—earth and sky, divinities and mortals—belong together in one.

Earth is the serving bearer, blossoming and fruiting, spreading out in rock and water, rising up into plant and animal. When we say earth, we are already thinking of the other three along with it, but we give no thought to the simple oneness of the four.

The sky is the vaulting path of the sun, the course of the changing moon, the wandering glitter of the stars, the year's seasons and their changes, the light and dusk of day, the gloom and glow of night, the clemency and inclemency of the weather, the drifting clouds and blue depth of the ether. When we say sky, we are already thinking of the other three along with it, but we give no thought to the simple oneness of the four.

The divinities are the beckoning messengers of the godhead. Out of the holy sway of the godhead, the god appears in his presence or withdraws into his concealment. When we speak of the divinities, we are already thinking of the other three along with them, but we give no thought to the simple oneness of the four.

The mortals are the human beings. They are called mortals because they can die. To die means to be capable of death *as* death. Only man dies, and indeed continually, as long as he remains on earth, under the sky, before the divinities. When we speak of mortals, we are already thinking of the other three along with them, but we give no thought to the simple oneness of the four.

This simple oneness of the four we call *the fourfold*. Mortals *are* in the fourfold by *dwelling*. But the basic character of dwelling is to spare, to preserve. Mortals dwell in the way they preserve the fourfold in its essential being, its presencing. Accordingly, the preserving that dwells is fourfold.

Mortals dwell in that they save the earth—taking the word in the old sense still known to Lessing. Saving does not only snatch something from a danger. To save really means to set something free into its own presencing. To save the earth is more than to exploit it or even wear it out. Saving the earth does not master the earth and does not subjugate it, which is merely one step from spoliation.

Mortals dwell in that they receive the sky as sky. They leave to the sun and the moon their journey, to the stars their courses, to the seasons their blessing and their inclemency; they do not turn night into day nor day into a harassed unrest.

Mortals dwell in that they await the divinities as divinities. In hope they hold up to the divinities what is hoped for. They wait for intimations of their coming and do not mistake the signs of their absence. They do not make their gods for themselves and do not worship idols. In the very depth of misfortune they wait for the weal that has been withdrawn.

Mortals dwell in that they initiate their own nature—their being capable of death as death—into the use and practice of this capacity, so that there may be a good death. To initiate mortals into the nature of death in no way means to make death, as empty Nothing, the goal. Nor does it mean to darken dwelling by blindly staring toward the end.

In saving the earth, in receiving the sky, in awaiting the divinities, in initiating mortals, dwelling occurs as the fourfold preservation of the fourfold. To spare and preserve means: to take under our care, to look after the fourfold in its presencing. What we take under our care must be kept safe. But if dwelling preserves the fourfold, where does it keep the fourfold's nature? How do mortals make their dwelling such a preserving? Mortals would never be capable of it if dwelling were merely a staying on earth under the sky, before the divinities, among mortals. Rather, dwelling itself is always a staying with things. Dwelling, as preserving, keeps the fourfold in that with which mortals stay: in things.

Staying with things, however, is not merely something attached to this fourfold preserving as a fifth something. On the contrary: staying with things is the only way in which the fourfold stay within the fourfold is accomplished at any time in simple unity. Dwelling preserves the fourfold by bringing the presencing of the fourfold into things. But things themselves secure the fourfold *only when* they themselves *as* things are let be in their presencing. How is this done? In this way, that mortals nurse and nurture the things that grow, and specially construct things that do not grow. Cultivating and construction are building in the narrower sense. *Dwelling*, insofar as it keeps or secures the fourfold in things, is, as this keeping, *a building*. With this, we are on our way to the second question.

II

In what way does building belong to dwelling?

The answer to this question will clarify for us what building,

understood by way of the nature of dwelling, really is. We limit ourselves to building in the sense of constructing things and inquire: what is a built thing? A bridge may serve as an example for our reflections.

The bridge swings over the stream "with ease and power." It does not just connect banks that are already there. The banks emerge as banks only as the bridge crosses the stream. The bridge designedly causes them to lie across from each other. One side is set off against the other by the bridge. Nor do the banks stretch along the stream as indifferent border strips of the dry land. With the banks, the bridge brings to the stream the one and the other expanse of the landscape lying behind them. It brings stream and bank and land into each other's neighborhood. The bridge *gathers* the earth as landscape around the stream. Thus it guides and attends the stream through the meadows. Resting upright in the stream's bed, the bridge-piers bear the swing of the arches that leave the stream's waters to run their course. The waters may wander on quiet and gay, the sky's floods from storm or thaw may shoot past the piers in torrential waves—the bridge is ready for the sky's weather and its fickle nature. Even where the bridge covers the stream, it holds its flow up to the sky by taking it for a moment under the vaulted gateway and then setting it free once more.

The bridge lets the stream run its course and at the same time grants their way to mortals so that they may come and go from shore to shore. Bridges lead in many ways. The city bridge leads from the precincts of the castle to the cathedral square; the river bridge near the country town brings wagons and horse teams to the surrounding villages. The old stone bridge's humble brook crossing gives to the harvest wagon its passage from the fields into the village and carries the lumber cart from the field path to the road. The highway bridge is tied into the network of long-distance traffic, paced as calculated for maximum yield. Always and ever differently the bridge escorts the lingering and hastening ways of men to and fro, so that they may get

to other banks and in the end, as mortals, to the other side. Now in a high arch, now in a low, the bridge vaults over glen and stream—whether mortals keep in mind this vaulting of the bridge's course or forget that they, always themselves on their way to the last bridge, are actually striving to surmount all that is common and unsound in them in order to bring themselves before the haleness of the divinities. The bridge *gathers*, as a passage that crosses, before the divinities—whether we explicitly think of, and visibly *give thanks for*, their presence, as in the figure of the saint of the bridge, or whether that divine presence is obstructed or even pushed wholly aside.

The bridge *gathers* to itself in *its own way* earth and sky, divinities and mortals.

Gathering or assembly, by an ancient word of our language, is called "thing." The bridge is a thing—and, indeed, it is such as the gathering of the fourfold which we have described. To be sure, people think of the bridge as primarily and really *merely* a bridge; after that, and occasionally, it might possibly express much else besides; and as such an expression it would then become a symbol, for instance a symbol of those things we mentioned before. But the bridge, if it is a true bridge, is never first of all a mere bridge and then afterward a symbol. And just as little is the bridge in the first place exclusively a symbol, in the sense that it expresses something that strictly speaking does not belong to it. If we take the bridge strictly as such, it never appears as an expression. The bridge is a thing and *only that*. Only? As this thing it gathers the fourfold.

Our thinking has of course long been accustomed to *understate* the nature of the thing. The consequence, in the course of Western thought, has been that the thing is represented as an unknown X to which perceptible properties are attached. From this point of view, everything *that already belongs to the gathering nature of this thing* does, of course, appear as something that is afterward read into it. Yet the bridge would never be a mere bridge if it were not a thing.

To be sure, the bridge is a thing of its own kind; for it gathers the fourfold in such a way that it allows a site for it. But only something *that is itself a location* can make space for a site. The location is not already there before the bridge is. Before the bridge stands, there are of course many spots along the stream that can be occupied by something. One of them proves to be a location, and does so *because of the bridge*. Thus the bridge does not first come to a location to stand in it; rather, a location comes into existence only by virtue of the bridge. The bridge is a thing; it gathers the fourfold, but in such a way that it allows a site for the fourfold. By this site are determined the localities and ways by which a space is provided for.

Only things that are locations in this manner allow for spaces. What the word for space, *Raum*, *Rinn*, designates is said by its ancient meaning. *Raum* means a place cleared or freed for settlement and lodging. A space is something that has been made room for, something that is cleared and free, namely within a boundary, Greek *peras*. A boundary is not that at which something stops but, as the Greeks recognized, the boundary is that from which something *begins its presenting*. That is why the concept is that of *horizmos*, that is, the horizon, the boundary. Space is in essence that for which room has been made, that which is let into its bounds. That for which room is made is always granted and hence is joined, that is, gathered, by virtue of a location, that is, by such a thing as the bridge. *Accordingly, spaces receive their being from locations and not from "space."*

Things which, as locations, allow a site we now in anticipation call buildings. They are so called because they are made by a process of building construction. Of what sort this making—building—must be, however, we find out only after we have first given thought to the nature of those things which of themselves require building as the process by which they are made. These things are locations that allow a site for the fourfold, a site that in each case provides for a space. The relation between location and space lies in the nature of these things *qua* locations, but

so does the relation of the location to the man who lives at that location. Therefore we shall now try to clarify the nature of these things that we call buildings by the following brief consideration.

For one thing, what is the relation between location and space? For another, what is the relation between man and space?

The bridge is a location. As such a thing, it allows a space into which earth and heaven, divinities and mortals are admitted. The space allowed by the bridge contains many places variously near or far from the bridge. These places, however, may be treated as mere positions between which there lies a measurable distance; a distance, in Greek *stadiou*, always has room made for it, and indeed by bare positions. The space that is thus made by positions is space of a peculiar sort. As distance or "stadiou" it is what the same word, *stadiou*, means in Latin, a *spatium*, an intervening space or interval. Thus nearness and remoteness between men and things can become mere distance, mere intervals of intervening space. In a space that is represented purely as *spatium*, the bridge now appears as a mere something at some position, which can be occupied at any time by something else or replaced by a mere marker. What is more, the mere dimensions of height, breadth, and depth can be abstracted from space as intervals. What is so abstracted we represent as the pure manifold of the three dimensions. Yet the room made by this manifold is also no longer determined by distances; it is no longer a *spatium*, but now no more than *extensio*—extension. But from space as *extensio* a further abstraction can be made, to analytic-algebraic relations. What these relations make room for is the possibility of the purely mathematical construction of manifolds with an arbitrary number of dimensions. The space provided for in this mathematical manner may be called "space," the "one" space as such. But in this sense "the" space, "space," contains no spaces and no places. We never find in it any locations, that is, things of the kind the bridge is. As against that, however, in the spaces provided

for by locations there is always space as interval, and in this interval in turn there is space as pure extension. *Spacium* and *extensio* afford at any time the possibility of measuring things and what they make room for, according to distances, spans, and directions, and of computing these magnitudes. But the fact that they are *universally* applicable to everything that has extension can in no case make numerical magnitudes the *ground* of the nature of spaces and locations that are measurable with the aid of mathematics. How even modern physics was compelled by the facts themselves to represent the spatial medium of cosmic space as a field-unity determined by body as dynamic center, cannot be discussed here.

The spaces through which we go daily are provided for by locations; their nature is grounded in things of the type of buildings. If we pay heed to these relations between locations and spaces, between spaces and space, we get a clue to help us in thinking of the relation of man and space.

When we speak of man and space, it sounds as though man stood on one side, space on the other. Yet space is not something that faces man. It is neither an external object nor an inner experience. It is not that there are men, and over and above them *space*; for when I say "a man," and in saying this word think of a being who exists in a human manner—that is, who dwells—then by the name "man" I already name the stay within the fourfold among things. Even when we relate ourselves to those things that are not in our immediate reach, we are staying with the things themselves. We do not represent distant things merely in our mind—as the textbooks have it—so that only mental representations of distant things run through our minds and heads as substitutes for the things. If all of us now think, from where we are right here, of the old bridge in Heidelberg, this thinking toward that location is not a mere experience inside the persons present here; rather, it belongs to the nature of our thinking *of* that bridge that *in itself* thinking gets through, persists through, the distance to that location.

From this spot right here, we are there at the bridge—we are by no means at some representational content in our consciousness. From right here we may even be much nearer to that bridge and to what it makes room for than someone who uses it daily as an indifferent river crossing. Spaces, and with them space as such—"space"—are always provided for already within the stay of mortals. Spaces open up by the fact that they are let into the dwelling of man. To say that mortals *are* is to say that *in dwelling* they persist through spaces by virtue of their stay among things and locations. And only because mortals pervade, persist through, spaces by their very nature are they able to go through spaces. But in going through spaces we do not give up our standing in them. Rather, we always go through spaces in such a way that we already experience them by staying constantly with near and remote locations and things. When I go toward the door of the lecture hall, I am already there, and I could not go to it at all if I were not such that I am there. I am never here only, as this encapsulated body; rather, I am there, that is, I already pervade the room, and only thus can I go through it.

Even when mortals turn "inward," taking stock of themselves, they do not leave behind their belonging to the fourfold. When, as we say, we come to our senses and reflect on ourselves, we come back to ourselves from things *without ever abandoning* our stay among things. Indeed, the loss of rapport with things that occurs in states of depression would be wholly impossible if even such a state were not still what it is as a human state: that is, a *staying with* things. Only if this stay already characterizes human being can the things among which we are also *fail* to speak to us, *fail* to concern us any longer.

Man's relation to locations, and through locations to spaces, inheres in his dwelling. The relationship between man and space is none other than dwelling, strictly thought and spoken.

When we think, in the manner just attempted, about the relation between location and space, but also about the relation

of man and space, a light falls on the nature of the things that are locations and that we call buildings.

The bridge is a thing of this sort. The location allows the simple onefold of earth and sky, of divinities and mortals, to enter into a site by arranging the site into spaces. The location makes room for the fourfold in a double sense. The location *admits* the fourfold and it *installs* the fourfold. The two—making room in the sense of admitting and in the sense of installing—belong together. As a double space-making, the location is a shelter for the fourfold or, by the same token, a house. Things like such locations shelter or house men's lives. Things of this sort are housings, though not necessarily dwelling-houses in the narrower sense.

The making of such things is building. Its nature consists in this, that it corresponds to the character of these things. They are locations that allow spaces. This is why building, by virtue of constructing locations, is a founding and joining of spaces. Because building produces locations, the joining of the spaces of these locations necessarily brings with it space, as *spatium* and as *extensio*, into the thingy structure of buildings. But building never shapes pure "space" as a single entity. Neither directly nor indirectly. Nevertheless, because it produces things as locations, building is closer to the nature of spaces and to the origin of the nature of "space" than any geometry and mathematics. Building puts up locations that make space and a site for the fourfold. From the simple oneness in which earth and sky, divinities and mortals belong together, building *receives the directive* for its erecting of locations. Building *takes over* from the fourfold the standard for all the traveling and measuring of the spaces that in each case are provided for by the locations that have been founded. The edifices guard the fourfold. They are things that in their own way preserve the fourfold. To preserve the fourfold, to save the earth, to receive the sky, to await the divinities, to escort mortals—this fourfold

preserving is the simple nature, the presencing, of dwelling. In this way, then, do genuine buildings give form to dwelling in its presencing and house this presence.

Building thus characterized is a distinctive letting-dwell. Whenever it *is* such in fact, building already *has* responded to the summons of the fourfold. All planning remains grounded on this responding, and planning in turn opens up to the designer the precincts suitable for his designs.

As soon as we try to think of the nature of constructive building in terms of a letting-dwell, we come to know more clearly what that process of making consists in by which building is accomplished. Usually we take production to be an activity whose performance has a result, the finished structure, as its consequence. It is possible to conceive of making in that way; we thereby grasp something that is correct, and yet never touch its nature, which is a producing that brings something forth. For building brings the fourfold *hither* into a thing, the bridge, and brings *forth* the thing as a location, out into what is already there, room for which is only now made *by* this location.

The Greek for "to bring forth or to produce" is *titho*. The word *techné*, technique, belongs to the verb's root *tec*. To the Greeks *techné* means neither art nor handicraft but rather: to make something appear, within what is present, as this or that, in this way or that way. The Greeks conceive of *techné*, producing, in terms of letting appear. *Techné* thus conceived has been concealed in the tectonics of architecture since ancient times. Of late it still remains concealed, and more resolutely, in the technology of power machinery. But the nature of the erecting of buildings cannot be understood adequately in terms either of architecture or of engineering construction, nor in terms of a mere combination of the two. The erecting of buildings would not be suitably defined *even if* we were to think of it in the sense of the original Greek *techné* as *solely* a letting-appear, which brings something made, as something present, among the things that are already present.

The nature of building is letting dwell. Building accomplishes its nature in the raising of locations by the joining of their spaces. *Only if we are capable of dwelling, only then can we build.* Let us think for a while of a farmhouse in the Black Forest, which was built some two hundred years ago by the dwelling of peasants. Here the self-sufficiency of the power to let earth and heaven, divinities and mortals enter *in simple oneness* into things, ordered the house. It placed the farm on the wind-sheltered mountain slope looking south, among the meadows close to the spring. It gave it the wide overhanging shingle roof whose proper slope bears up under the burden of snow, and which, reaching deep down, shields the chambers against the storms of the long winter nights. It did not forget the altar corner behind the community table; it made room in its chamber for the hallowed places of childbed and the "tree of the dead"—for that is what they call a coffin there: the *Totenbaum*—and in this way it designed for the different generations under one roof the character of their journey through time. A craft which, itself sprung from dwelling, still uses its tools and frames as things, built the farmhouse.

Only if we are capable of dwelling, only then can we build. Our reference to the Black Forest farm in no way means that we should or could go back to building such houses; rather, it illustrates by a dwelling that *has been* how it was able to build.

Dwelling, however, is *the basic character of Being in keeping with which mortals exist.* Perhaps this attempt to think about dwelling and building will bring out somewhat more clearly that building belongs to dwelling and how it receives its nature from dwelling. Enough will have been gained if dwelling and building have become *worthy of questioning* and thus have remained *worthy of thought.*

But that thinking itself belongs to dwelling in the same sense as building, although in a different way, may perhaps be attested to by the course of thought here attempted.

Building and thinking are, each in its own way, inescapable

for dwelling. The two, however, are also insufficient for dwelling so long as each busies itself with its own affairs in separation instead of listening to one another. They are able to listen if both—building and thinking—belong to dwelling, if they remain within their limits and realize that the one as much as the other comes from the workshop of long experience and incessant practice.

We are attempting to trace in thought the nature of dwelling. The next step on this path would be the question: what is the state of dwelling in our precarious age? On all sides we hear talk about the housing shortage, and with good reason. Nor is there just talk; there is action too. We try to fill the need by providing houses, by promoting the building of houses, planning the whole architectural enterprise. However hard and bitter, however hampering and threatening the lack of houses remains, the *real plight of dwelling* does not lie merely in a lack of houses. The real plight of dwelling is indeed older than the world wars with their destruction, older also than the increase of the earth's population and the condition of the industrial workers. The real dwelling plight lies in this, that mortals ever search anew for the nature of dwelling, that they *must ever learn to dwell.* What if man's homelessness consisted in this, that man still does not even think of the *real plight of dwelling as the plight?* Yet as soon as man *gives thought to his homelessness, it is a misery no longer.* Rightly considered and kept well in mind, it is the sole summons that *calls mortals into their dwelling.*

But how else can mortals answer this summons than by trying on *their* part, on their own, to bring dwelling to the fullness of its nature? This they accomplish when they build out of dwelling, and think for the sake of dwelling.