

LE
VOYAGE EN GRÈCE



PERIODICAL PUBLICATION

ENGLISH EDITION

LE VOYAGE EN GRÈCE

(THE VOYAGE IN GREECE)

PERIODICAL PUBLICATION

Published by H. JOANNIDES

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Cover : Drawing on a white background from a lecythus of the Vth century.

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The Anglo-Hellenic League

FOUNDED 1913

The objects of the Anglo-Hellenic League have been stated as follows :

1. To strengthen the ties between England and Greece and to promote friendship between the British and Hellenic races.
2. To spread information concerning Greece and stimulate interest in Hellenic matters.
3. To promote the social, cultural and commercial relations of the two countries.
4. To promote travelling in and between the two countries and secure improved facilities for it.

It is because *Le Voyage en Grèce* is in every way so admirably calculated to further the achievement of those objects that the attention of every member of the League is drawn to this admirable Journal. If immortal history, tradition, literature and art are blent with legend haunted landscape and seascape; with magical coastline, island and mountains; and if all this has given a unique spiritual charm to Hellas, the pages of *Le Voyage en Grèce* will indeed convey to its readers a most vivid impression of that unrivalled spiritual charm.

Published, as the Journal will be, but two or three times a year each issue of it —beautifully illustrated— will assuredly be treasured by all who read it. It need hardly be added that this project will be wholly impracticable unless it has adequate financial support : Each member of the League is, therefore, cordially invited to suscribe 10/— or preferably 20/— a year to ensure the success of this Publication, the literary and artistic side of which will be worthy of all that it seeks to promote.

Inquiries and application for subscription should be addressed to the Secretary of the Anglo-Hellenic League, C. P. Dracoulis, at West Heath Lodge, Branch Hill, N. W. 3, or 101 Leadenhall Street, E. C. 3.



S P R I N G

1937

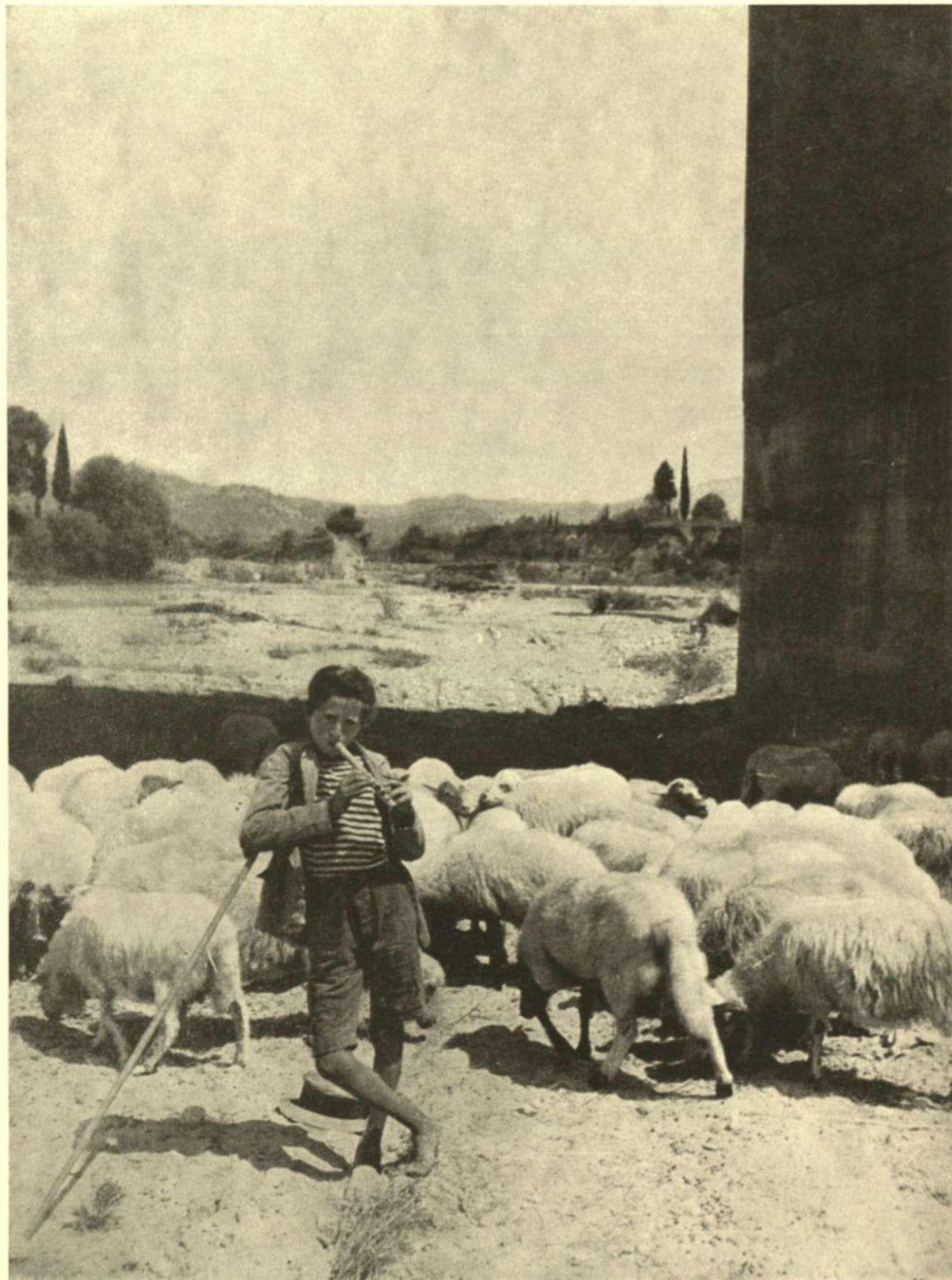


Photo. Coche de la Ferté.



Photo. Tracoglor.

In Greece, now

BY

PIERRE REVERDY

ON this white ship which shapes its course toward Greece, fleeing before the wind like a sea-mew's feather, cresting the wave like a fleck of foam, we are not merely descending toward the south, we are following the river of European civilizations upstream toward its source.

It is remarkable that this source should have welled up at an ideal point beyond which begins the exotic, beyond which Europe ceases to be more than an influence.

Five hundred years of an unthinkable domination could not attenuate the originally European character of this country, which the near neighbourhood of the Orient was bound to imperil more than any other, — this country whose charm is made of strength in sweetness and of order without rigour, which the barbarous influences suffered by the countries lying farther north have neither effaced nor hardened.

This land has produced beauty clearly, as a



Photo Margarida Lodi

volcano pours forth its lava darkly. It has flooded the world with it. And from this beauty, in a splintered, fragmentary state, people form, afar off, an artificial idea of Greece.

One may have adopted a hostile or a friendly attitude toward the Ancient World. The rôle which it played in our childhood, the way in which its legend was revealed to us, the ease and the pleasure, or the difficulty and repugnance with which we remembered, understood, and ruminated the substance of that legend, may have much to do with our present attitude. But still more important is the direction later taken by our mind as it came in contact with reality, our sense of values, our ability to distinguish between the true and the false, our notion of north and south, of current and counter-current, the rhythm of our steps and the pleasure we find in creating distance by prolonged movement, or the need which we feel to stop frequently to measure the result of our efforts.

For centuries, the treasures of Greece have fertilized the world. They have been plundered and imitated; for alas, the only thing that man can ever force himself to imitate is precisely the inimitable.

For my part, I did not go to Greece drawn solely by the desire to adjust the power of my emotion to the impressive breadth of the traces of the past which Greece contains. I was attracted much more urgently by this country so characteristically cut up by the sea; by a climate, a sky, the more glorious sun which looks down upon it, the rumours which had come to me from it, the glimpses I had had of it, so near to my love for the forms of the land, for landscapes, roofs, trees and fruits for people whom I could love...

And because I went deliberately toward life and not toward the legend, it was vouchsafed me to be not disappointed but enchanted.



For since the world was made — we must make the best of it — the world has always been a tremendous building and wrecking concern. And Greece shows us that the zeal for destruction has never been less than the zeal which mankind has always displayed for building. On its soil remain today far fewer things than its hitherto unmatched genius miraculously built there; all that was built is destroyed, all that is being built and that will be built will be destroyed. For love itself, at its



Photo Tricoglou



Photo Tricoglou

birth, bears within itself all the germs of its future destruction; that is perhaps why so much love is needed to construct what hate or simply the action of time will soon or late demolish. Indeed, it is far from certain that this action of time is not a form of hate, a mysterious aggression of that force of the void against the force, always persevering and ceaselessly renewed, of the will to be, the will to create. But once the die is cast, once things are caught in the cogs of Destiny, it is vain to consider them as if they could be otherwise — to consider living things as if they were dead, or dead things as

if they still had a part to play as living beings. Of this construction and of these successive demolitions, Greece has been the deepest, the greatest, the most fertile work-shop; it remains that which stirs most deeply the emotions.

But why then, by wishing henceforth to consider only this dazzling past, risk the permanent substitution of a symbol, inert after all and dead, for a reality which is still and forever splendidly living?

For my part, I should find this impressive and weighty past hateful if it prevented me from considering Greece in all the living splendour of its

present reality. I should find it deplorable if I were obliged to think that it could prevent Greece from living greatly in the present.

And how, on the Acropolis, after having paid the Parthenon the large tribute of admiration which is its due, can we fail to realize that we owe also to this sky, this sun,



WEAVERS OF ARAHOVA

this light, to the vast proportions of this immense arid plain, so delicately coloured, to the sparkling proximity of the sea, the intoxication that seize us, that it is to this particular setting of a work of the spirit and of the genius of men that we owe the emotion which sweeps over us — rare emotion that can thrill us only here? How can we fail to think that the light which, from dawn to dusk, transforms the appearance of this astounding ruined masterpiece, caressed it in the same way when it was intact and barely finished; that the hills in the distance have hardly changed, and that they formed then about the temple the same soul-stirring horizon? For if the Parthenon is admirable in itself, it stirs my emotions the more because it is placed in the midst of a landscape much more stirring than itself.

★

Yet nothing in the world shows us more completely, more clearly than the Acropolis the spiritual power of man, projected into space and measuring his littleness with the crushing dimensions of other creations of nature — but conscious of distances within himself so vast that the greatest things, instead of diminishing him, offer him, on the contrary, a fulcrum to prove to himself that he is yet higher than they.

This brings us to the thought that what has been created here could not have been created elsewhere — that the deep reasons which willed the creation here of these things still hold — that the contemplation of this nature, full of greatness and measure, so widely opened and so ordered beneath the sun, contributed more than all else to shape that clear spirit and to make it fertile; that it is only the disappearance of certain contingencies that can have changed the face of things; but that they may also reappear and change things again in the oppo-

site direction. Greece shows us, in any case, strikingly, how many good reasons have the nations which today brutally dominate the world, not to appear too confident for the future, no matter how distant. Indeed it is difficult to imagine today any nation holding alone in its grasp the in-

fluence, the brilliance, and the power which Athens possessed in the time of her splendour.

In our day there are no more empty spaces; the atoms are much more crowded, the displacement of one sets in motion at once all the others; and it is a surging of redoubtable forces that begins, a sort of blind swarming of insects in quest of an equilibrium disturbed by a fillip of fate. But the field of the Future is perhaps even wider than was that of the past, and it would be yet more difficult to designate, among the strongest, the nation which might claim hereafter the prestige which ancient Greece has been able to maintain in History down to our day.

Considered in the midst of the dense growths which have everywhere sprouted from the obscure depths of the mind, Greece is like a clearing, a free space where each object stands out more clearly because it stands in the light, where shadow itself is luminous, where the shadows have as much spiritual force and plastic value, as much vibrant warmth, as the brightest light, as the accents of the fiercest fires.

Certainly the glorious history of this living and luminous country is not altogether without influence in the exaltation which we feel at its contact; but it is not solely from that history that comes the fertilizing fluid which the country secretes, and which is so much more important than the joy of an avid curiosity, however fully satisfied. All that it has been gives way, in my eyes, before what it is, what I can not help believing it will be.

★

This country, thrown down at the water's edge like a hand which has scattered its jewels on the sea — a hand which holds in its fingers, like a rich fan, the fairest of seas.

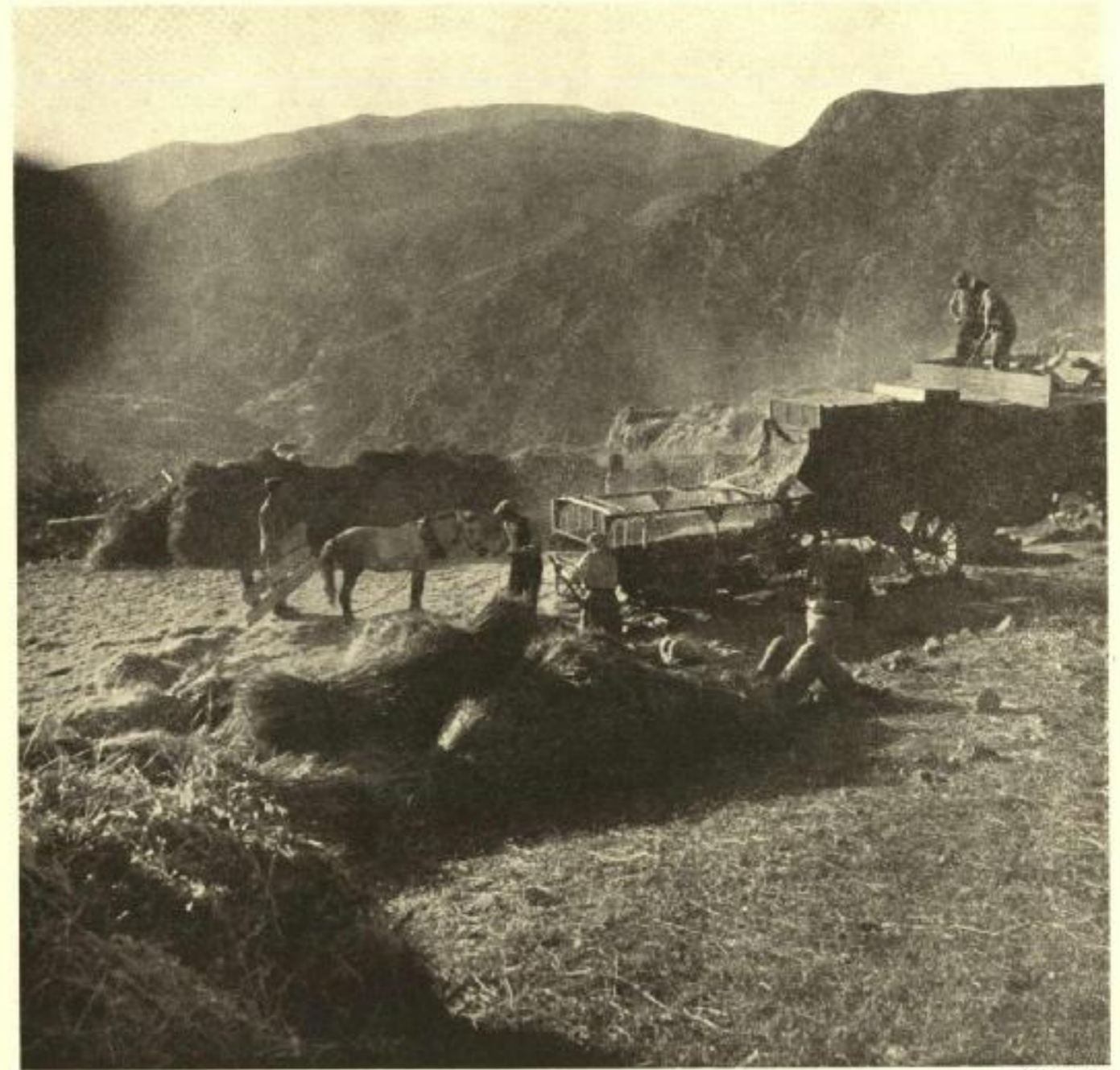


Photo Tricou'ou

This country which was like a beacon whose fires so long lighted all the countries of the world, I refuse to consider it as a dead hearth forever extinguished; it is rather a lighthouse, dimmed one evening when mankind perceived that there now came from the north a reflection of its dazzling light.

And I imagine that one day, when everything here will have sunk into the blackest disorder,

when the sense of values will have been completely upset in minds crushed together into foul masses, terribly homogeneous and powerful, — once more will be born down yonder, at that point of sea-girt earth, in its subtile, translucent, limpid, and caressing atmosphere, a new grandeur, irradiating the earth anew and restoring to it the sweetness of the peaceful fruits of the intelligence, the vibrant light of love, and the free impulses of friendship.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPLORATION OF ITHACA

BY

LORD RENNELL

I have been invited to contribute a note on the exploration of Ithaca and on the excavations which have been carried out there over several years. The British School at Athens has already published some reports from the experts who have superintended the digging. They have however only been able to devote a portion of each year's work to Ithaca where the classification and, when possible, reconstruction of pottery fragments extending over 2500 years takes time. There are hopes it may be completed in 1937.

★

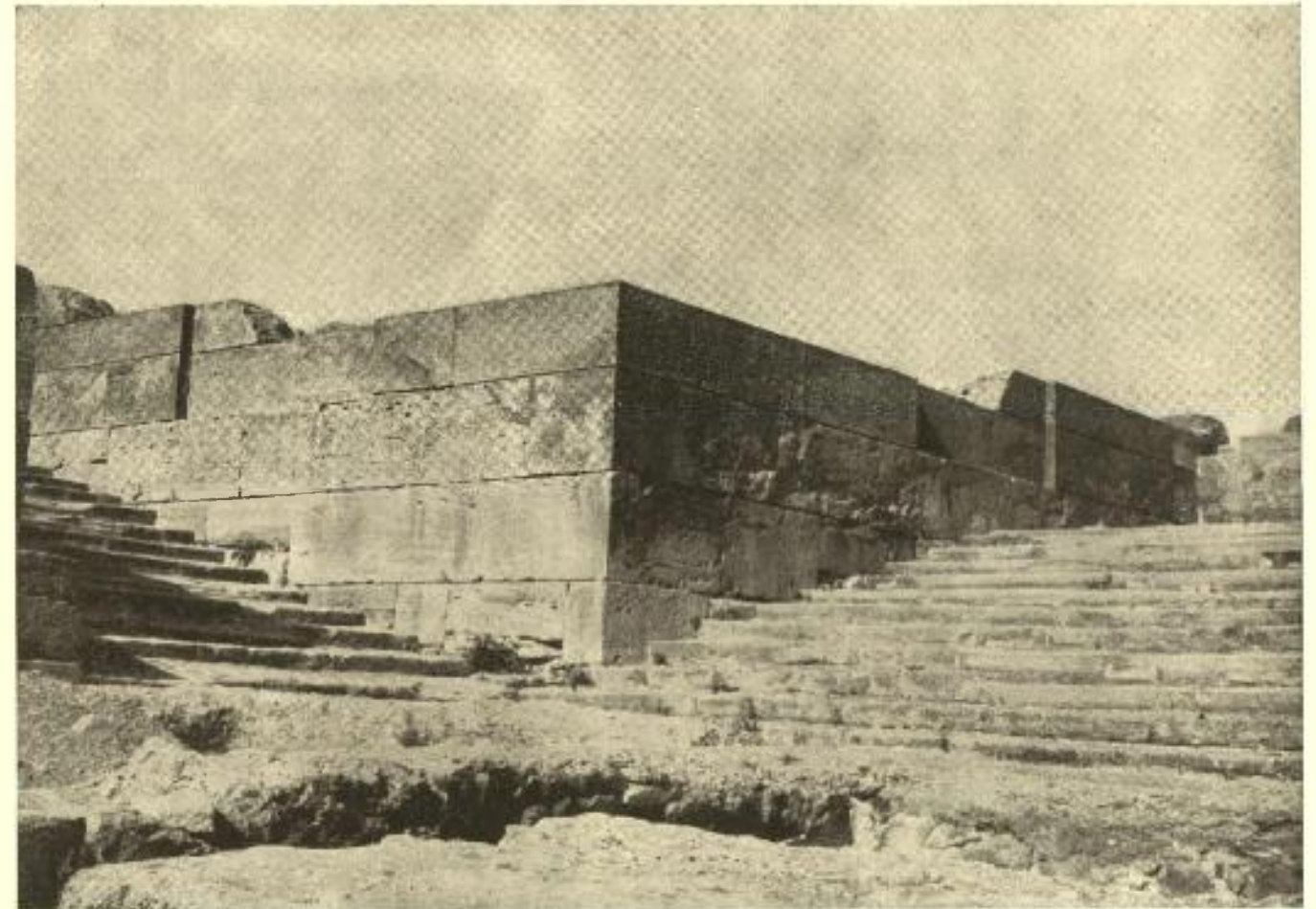
Excavations, serious as well as treasure-seeking, had been undertaken there before, and much valuable evidence has no doubt been dispersed. The exploration, which it has been my particular interest to promote, was inspired by a desire to refute the contention advanced by the eminent archaeologist and collaborator of Schliemann, Dr Dörpfeld, who sustains that the Ithaca of immemorial tradition was not the island of the Odyssey, which he holds to have been Leucas (Santa Maura), now re-named on some German maps Alt-Ithaka. The plan adopted for ascertaining whether valid grounds exist for rejecting an identification uni-



PALACE OF CNOSSOS

versally accepted since remote antiquity has been to collate the evidence furnished by the Odyssey itself with a thorough topographical study of the island and then, by excavating areas indicated in the text, to seek for concrete confirmation of identity. The result has been not only to convince the investigators that there are no such valid grounds, but to make it difficult for them to avoid a presumption that the Creator of the Epic was personally familiar with places which, though presented in the guise of poetry, fit into the story with a fidelity of detail quite irreconcilable with the suggestion of derivation from Phoenician Seamen.

The generally accepted interpretation of a passage in Book IX, 21-28, led commentators who cannot have sailed over these waters, to argue that Homer was ignorant of geography. What however Odysseus, describing his native land, really told the Phoenicians was that Ithaca, surrounded by many islands, three of which he names, lay near the mainland, the highest up of all in the sea, towards the gloom; whereas the others lay towards the dawn and the sun, i.e. the south. Now, because the Greek word for *gloom* is used in other contexts,



PALACE OF PHAESTOS

Photo Marguerite Lang

in antithesis to the dawn, this passage was assumed to imply that Ithaca was the most western island. But elsewhere in the Odyssey the *gloom* appears to indicate the north, as Strabo holds it does here. In any case it need mean no more than west of the main-land. The important words are "Highest up of all in the sea", that is the most northerly. Zante and the mass of Cephalonia are well to the south, and Doulichion, rich in grass and grain, must be looked for to the east where Strabo places it, near the mouth of the Achelous. The position assigned to Ithaca in the Odyssey is in fact exactly what it must appear to be to a navigator making the present Ithaki from the south. The recurring stock epithet *sea-surrounded* is appropriate to the island of tradition but not to Leucas which, until a canal was cut, remained joined to Acharnania, a peninsula as it was also described by Thucydides, Polybius, Strabo, Livy and Pliny.

Apart from the ease with which characteristic features of topography in the Odyssey can be

identified, such as the cliff of Korax in the south where the text requires it; the cave of the nymphs with its two entrances one to the north and one to the south, above the bay of Phorcys, facing Neriton, across the gulf of Molo, there are details regarding distances covered in a certain time and winds which are favourable, which accord perfectly with a voyage of Telemachus as described from Ithaca but would be difficult to reconcile with one from Leucas. And this brings me to one of the important points established by the excavations. Dörpfeld contends that the islet Dascalio in the Ithaca channel cannot be the Asteris where the suitors laid an ambush to intercept him on his return, among other reasons because it is too small and rises only some ten feet above the sea. It has now been ascertained that the original rock base of a cave-sanctuary on the shore of the bay of Polis is very considerably below the level of the sea, and similar evidence obtained elsewhere has made it clear that there has been a subsidence along the west coast, if not of the whole

island. Dascalio, opposite the entrance of the bay, with shallow water to the N. N. E. and S. S. W. was probably therefore at one time larger, a presumption supported by the existence there of an old cistern and other ruins which show it to have been once occupied. The sanctuary, the original rock level of which was ascertained by expelling the sea water, produced pottery covering some 2500 years, and it was there that the fragment of an *ex voto* bearing the words, a prayer to Odysseus, returned to light. This cannot be dated before the third century B. C. But it establishes the continuity of tradition. Here also, crushed by a fall at the cave entrance of rock which had to be blasted away, were found two fine bronze tripods of about the 9th century B.C., similar to those unearthed at Olympia.

After due study of topographical indications Mr Heurtley, then assistant Director of the British School at Athens, decided to cut trenches at Pelicata, above the Bay of Polis, where high ground with an outlook through the mountains in three directions suggested an ideal ancient city site, such as indeed it proved to be. A cyclopean wall, of which only two or three courses remain, surrounded it. Household objects, knives of obsidian, a little bronze was found there, together with pottery fragments, Helladic, Minoan and gray Minyan, covering a period of some 1500 years, but no piece to which a date subsequent to one thousand B.C. could be assigned. There were no structural remains, but lumps of mortar with markings of wood fibre suggested that the houses of the early Achaeans were built of lath and plaster, as is indeed indicated in the Odyssey by the occasional mention of a threshold of stone as though it were exceptional, in contrast with others of ash or oak. The inevitable inference was that the primitive city had been destroyed before the date commonly assigned to Homer by one of the earthquakes so common in these latitudes. West and north of the site rises the long ridge of Exogi,



THE PRINCE WITH FLEURS DE LYS
(FRESQUE OF KNOSSOS)

which should be, from the resemblance of its outline to an ancient ship, the mountain Neion, under which the city lay. On its lower slopes not far from the city the poet conceived the Domos of Odysseus to have been built on ascending natural platforms. A confluence of the once abundant drainage streams from the watershed of Neion would have formed the little harbour of Reithron in the northern bay of Aphales.

Subsequently, leaving Miss Benton in charge of excavations of the bay of Polis, Mr Heurtley transferred his activities to the saddle under Mount Actos, at the southern end of the Isthmus which unites the two halves of the island. The ruins on the summit, probably of the ancient Alalcomenae long walls descending towards the little bay of Pisaeto, were of too late a date to be associated with the heroic age. Burial cairns below dating back to the 10th Century B.C. revealed pottery unknown elsewhere in Greece at that epoch, departing in freedom of design and skilful drawing of animals from the conventions of the geometric type. Mr Heurtley's report on these finds will be awaited with interest, as they seem to indicate the permanence in Ithaca after the destruction of the old Polis of a cultured population, likely to preserve the traditions of the island and transmit them to Corinth, which the quantity of proto-Corinthian pottery found shows to have had an early trading-station here.

It has only been possible in this brief note to assemble some of the arguments for maintaining the time-honoured identity of Ithaki with the Ithaca of the Odyssey. In more than one of the eight ancient lives of Homer, some mere fragments, there is reference to his sojourn in the island. The higher criticism declared them all to be apocryphal. It has however been suggested that the writers assimilated matter from the Homeric epigrams which may have embodied a well-founded tradition. Such a tradition finds confirmation from the latest exploration on the spot.

GREECE REVISITED

BY

E. DENISON ROSS

Late Director of the British Museum
Director of the School of Oriental Studies.

To those who have been fortunate enough to make such cruises certain visions stand out more prominently than others in retrospect but each will have his special choice. For my own part I shall always recall among my many thrills the sunset I saw while driving from Athens to the Piraeus. For in this land sunsets have that peculiar character which is so realistically described by Byron.

*Slow sinks more lovely ere his race be run
Along Mona's hills the setting sun
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright
But one unclouded blaze of living light!*

Then I remember the marvellous coloring of the sea, especially near the rocky coast, where the intensity of the

deep purple makes one think the water is a new element. I recall especially the little bays in the neighbourhood of Delos. But perhaps the most wonderful vision of all was the chance glimpse I caught in the early morning of Patmos on the way to the town of the Revelation. The hills, which rise abruptly from the sea were wreathed in the mist of dawn, but high up in the heavens there suddenly appeared a white city, which floating in the air above the mist seemed to belong rather to the sky than to the earth. While we rounded the point it was lost again to sight, but as we entered the little bay we saw the real Patmos in the full sunlight, still beautiful, but only as a crown to the rocky eminence on which it stands.

Santorin offers another feast for the eye, and fills one with wonder that men should have chosen such a site for human habitation for other than æsthetic reasons.

One great charm of the Greek Islands for the voyager is their close proximity to one another, so that the scene seems constantly to be changing, as if by magic, with a hardly perceptible passage of time.

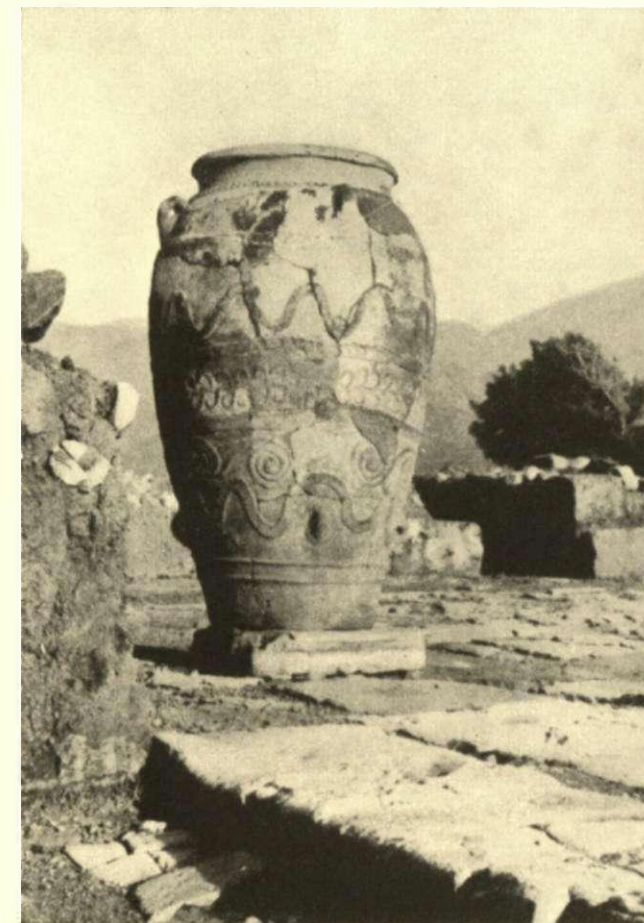
But it is not only the eye that is satisfied. A Hellenic Cruise is in itself a liberal education and in particular a lesson in history, which introduces us to the very beginnings of European civilisation and takes us through the Middle Ages.

To wander through the narrow streets of Rhodes is to find oneself back in the days of knights in armour, and one feels that the population, who look out from doorways and windows in the various quarters, Jewish, Turkish and Greek, are as little changed in aspect as are the walls of the city.

If you are fortunate you may on your cruise see and hear a play acted in one of the immense theatres, such as that of Epidaurus, and for an hour or two enjoy the re-creation of the early Greeks.

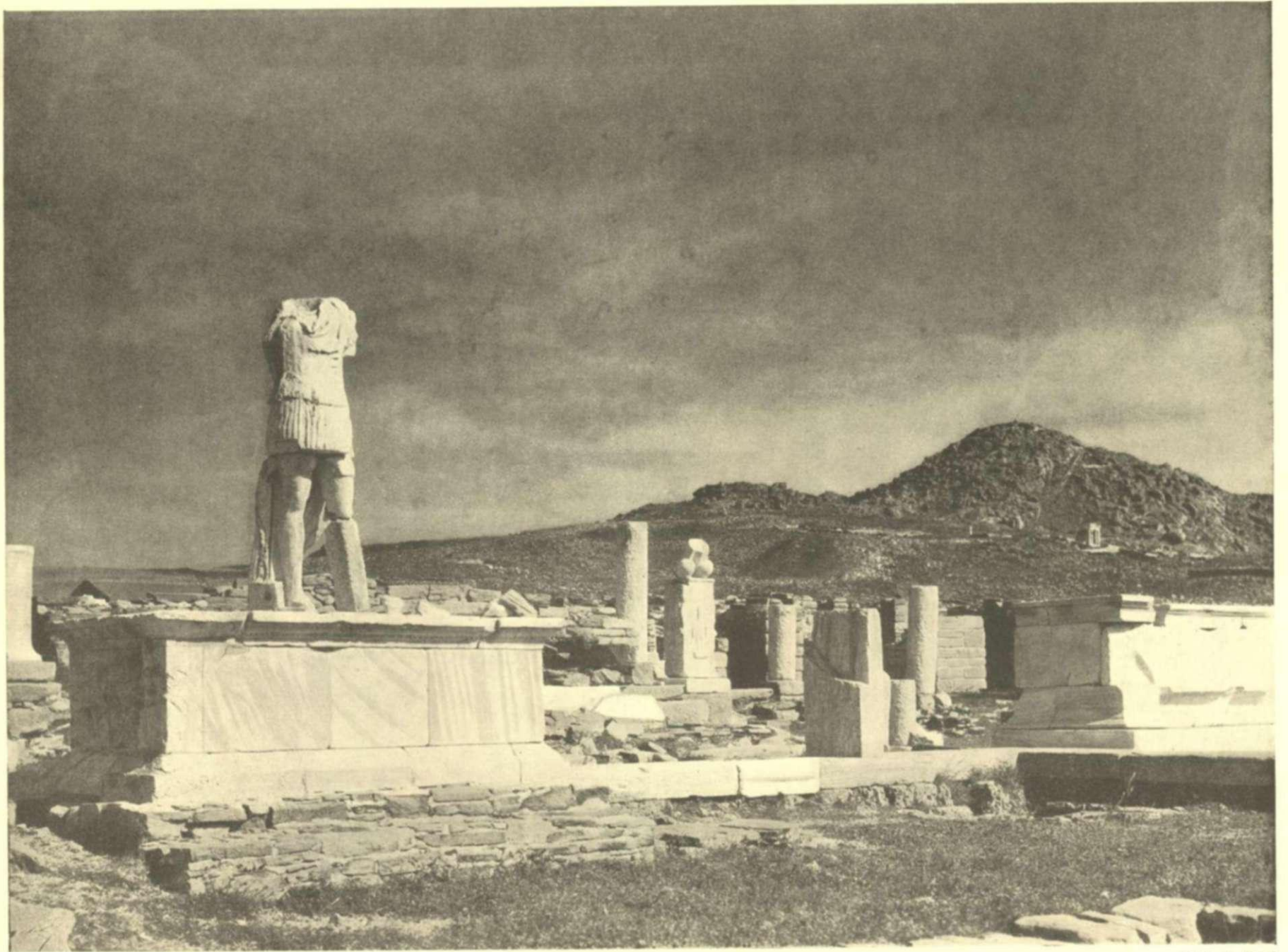
The climax of one's experiences must always be the visit to the Acropolis, of which there can be nothing left to say. But all should be warned that this triumph of Hellenic art is not to be visited with ease or comfort. One has to pay the price by a stiff climb and a rough walk. Whereas from below the hill the Parthenon is a beautiful dream, it cannot be taken in from any single spot on the Acropolis itself. One may wander in it and around it, one may sit and gaze at it from a dozen angles; it remains an eternal mystery of symmetry and beauty, unimpaired by the ravages of time, and resembles a symphony rather than a picture, for it can only be seen and felt by a process of gradual realisation.

Both those who have and those who have not made a study of Greece before they visit her will derive intense pleasure while they are passing between the islands from reading some of the many delightful books which have been written about her. This will help them to imagine themselves as ancient Greeks revisiting the scenes of their own past.



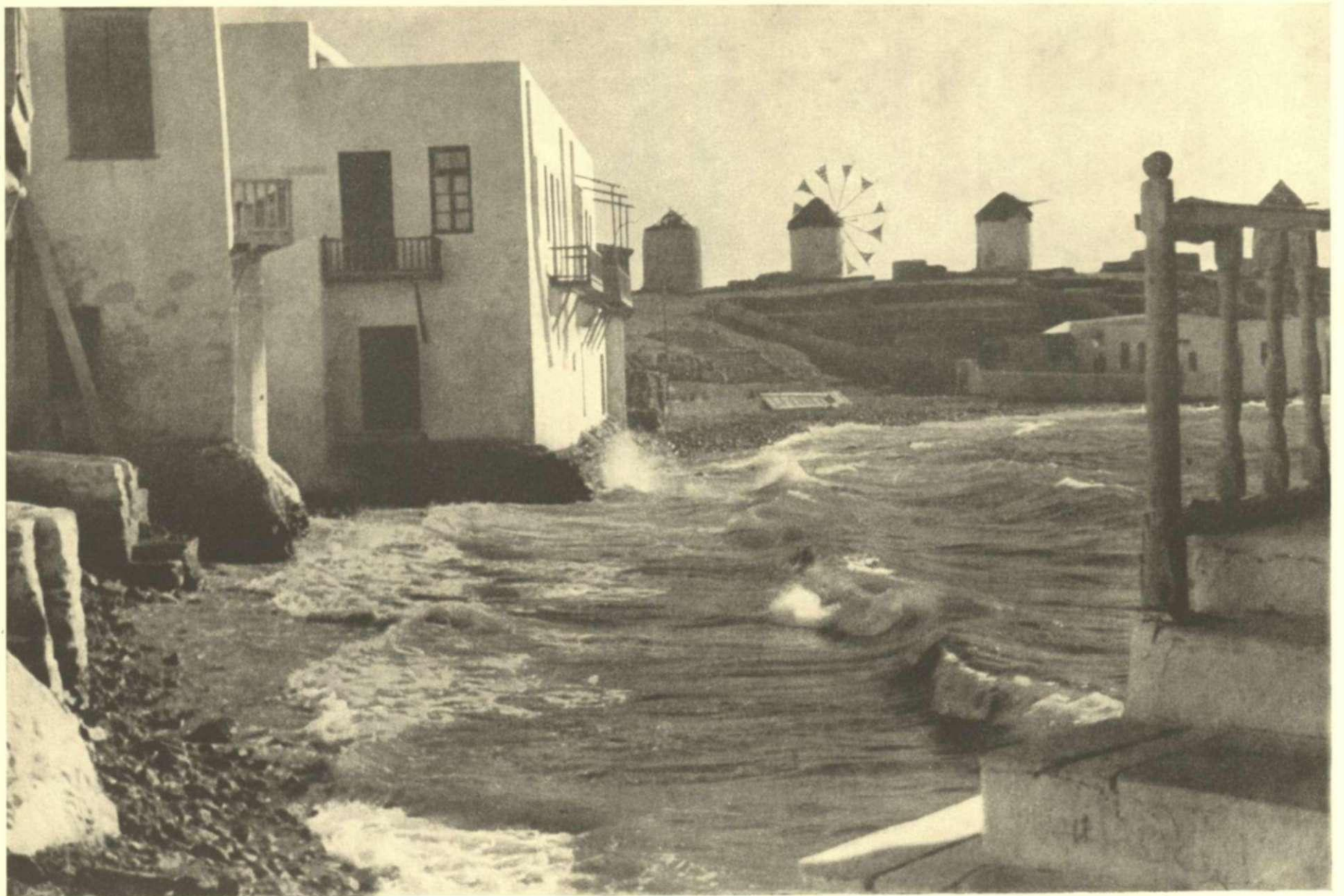
PALACE OF MALIA (CRETE)

Photo Claude Dervenn.



DÉLOS

Photo G. Seraf



MYCONOS.

Photo S. P. Alphen.



IN THE PLAIN OF MESSARA (CRETE).

These labours of Hercules were all performed near the tragic site of Mycenae. During the torrid and gloomy morning that we spent at Mycenae, our guide indicated to us various points of the horizon: 'Here he cleaned the stables of Augeas; there he slew the Hydra of Lerne...' Thus Hercules expended his efforts all around the one monster which he did not dream of slaying — the one which, alas, like the Kingdom of God, is within us. You remember that country of Mycenae. Did the landscape create the tragedy? Or did the tragedy create the landscape? I lean rather to the latter opinion: man's crime has set its seal on the plain of Argos. The mountains are not merely the colour of savage beasts; they are like savage beasts. The eternal Egisthus, the eternal Clytemnestra, whom every man must conquer within his own soul, whom he must put to silence, marked Greece with an indelible mark; — and Greece accepted it as a fatality. The Greek Hercules circles about Mycenae, about his own heart, about the one monster which he ought to slay, the one stable which he ought to purify. And when he invents a philosophy of self-mastery and of inward renunciation, the hardness, the pride, the callousness which he affects are perhaps worse than the passions which he puts down.

At Mycenae we saw with our own eyes the essential

difficulty which the Greek evaded. Some people, indeed, will admire in him that very determination to rule out what he could not conquer and to choose what he could assimilate. What did we see at Epidaurus? The road which we were following was lugubrious enough and partook of the horror of Mycenae. Suddenly we beheld Epidaurus. Nature grew bright and calm. At once an auspicious god took up there his abode and treated sick bodies. And the Greek erected a theatre those admirable tiers of seats, opening out like the tail of Juno's bird. The Greek extorted from tormented nature these prairies, these olive groves beneath which we saw grazing, in the evening calm, the idyllic flocks; — and on the horizon, on mountains of a moderate height, reigned the healing, brotherly gods.

Is there not — I but offer you this as a simple matter for reflection — is there not an essential contradiction between the religious sentiment from which sprang Greek art and this desire, not merely to accept man as a whole, but to bring the god down to human proportions? There lies, for the Christian, the essential cause of so rapid a disintegration...

From a lecture delivered by Mr. François Mauriac aboard the S. S. Hellas, (Cruise in the wake of Ulysses).



Photo Eli Lolar



Photo S. P. Alphen

EASTER CRUISES

BY

JEAN-LOUIS VAUDOYER

Conservateur du Musée Carnavalet.

EASTER meant sometimes April, sometimes the very beginning of May. From one year to another, the same scene was a Winter landscape or a Spring landscape. Thus we once saw Sparta all decked with iris, buttercups and asphodel; and another time covered with a light mantle of snow — a snow of fair soft flakes, a downy snow that made one think of Leda's swan.

On these cruises, the halts were in most cases so brief that it was hardly possible to loiter long in the ports where the boat cast anchor. But a few hours suffice, if one knows beforehand that one has but them, to furnish a happy choice of lasting memories.

Do my companions recall the humble, unfrequented little port of Katakolo, where one lands for Olympia? That backdrop of rusty frayed rocks, which promised nothing particularly beautiful, but which, once we had passed beyond it (by a train like a child's toy) revealed a country of vineyards and cypress, suddenly as melodious as the Tuscan countryside?... Do they recall the little port of Vathy, in the island of Ithaca, where we followed on foot, to reach a rather disappointing "Grotto of the Nymphs", an interminable quay? It was very early in the morning, and the new-born light tinted the pretty low houses with the translucent rose colour of sugar candy. Our tourist band brought to the window native women still half asleep, whom our optimistic memory recalls today as ravishingly beautiful one and all, and who tossed us great clusters of wistaria, which they plucked for us from their balconies... Ithaca, where each coachman, to dust his elegant carriage, proudly carries a triumphal feather-duster, curled and luxuriant, made of iridescent down and feathers, and so sensitive, so responsive to the lightest breath, that these feather-dusters seem, on the seats, like strange little live animals.

Do you recall Nauplia at nightfall, in its gulf, peaceful as a lake? Do you recall the islet, once the hangman's place

of exile, and on which now is built a charming little hotel where there is dancing in the evening? Do you hear in memory the voracious, insistent cries of those troops of young loustri (that is, bootblacks), who flung themselves at the feet of the young ladies as though they meant to devour them? In a few seconds, they made to sparkle like carbuncles shoes which had been coated with the mud of Mycenae and the dust of Epidaurus.

Do you recall Mykonos drenched with sun; its white houses with so thick, so pulpy, so nourishing a shade between them that one seemed to sip it, in its beneficent coolness, like a sherbet?... Do you recall Syra, where, in fifty shops, is sold a nougat so justly famous that the new cathedral which over-tops the town has been built in "imitation nougat" as though it were a gigantic advertising sign?... Do you recall Famagosta, in Cyprus; the hideous docks that England has built there; and, behind these docks, those gothic ruins where palm-trees grow and camels graze; those Venetian walls where still stands above the gates the Winged Lion that looked down upon Desdemona and Othello?...

...Land left behind, one returned to the habits and the commodities of the liner, the promenade deck which Marcel Boulenger paced unwearied (alas, he was not to see again that Greece that he loved so much); the little bar with its chestnut panels, where we drank so much ouzo and ate so many olives; where lively Roger Vitrac managed to trouble the obstinate calm of the Dutch tourists; where André Thé-rive missed no opportunity to make a pun; where the faith of Gabriel Boissy rivaled the learning of Mario Meunier; and where, a little before mealtimes, charming girls and ravishing young women, who had returned to the ship a quarter of an hour before completely tired out, reappeared as fresh as their evening gowns and with heightened beauty for having passed the day in the company of Helen, of Nausicaa, and of Daphne...

A Deeply refreshing holiday

BY

JOHN DRINKWATER

The Englishman has a tradition of paradox in his blood. He has always been an adventurer, and yet he has always been an islander. He has gone out and settled in all quarters of the globe, and yet he remains a little startled, aware of something unusual happening, as he contemplates a journey from Dover to Calais, and this though the Channel be never so smooth. Modern facilities of travel may have made his storied isolation a thing of the past, but he is an islander still, and when he ventures on a holiday abroad he is apt to be wary in the matter of mileage. If in the habit of his mind he has got as far as the Swiss Alps and the Italian cities, that is about the extent of his enterprise. To cross the Pyrenees still seems



SANTORIN

Photo G. Seraf

to him to be matter not for a holiday but for a campaign, and as for Greece that surely means a formidable expedition into the far Orient.

The misconception is unfortunate, for every cultivated man's travels ought sooner or later to take him to Greece. Let the Englishman and his

wife who are proposing to visit Paris for the tenth time, or Rome for the third, pause for a moment and consider the possibility of visiting Athens for the first. The cost over a given period will not be appreciably greater; the few additional hours spent in travel will be through fresh country and not wasted. And it is difficult to exaggerate the delights that will reward so admirable an impulse. I was myself over forty when I first climbed up the Propylaea and found the Parthenon and the Erechtheion living realities before me, their marble lucidity shining in the Athenian sunlight against a violet sky. Violet it has been called, and with reason. The occasion was one never conceivably to be forgotten. The physical

beauty of the scene would itself make any journey worth while, but it was suffused by an emotion that can be realised only by experience. The traveller, no matter how slight his classic education, is inevitably conscious that he is here on ground sanctified by an achievement that has



SANTORIN

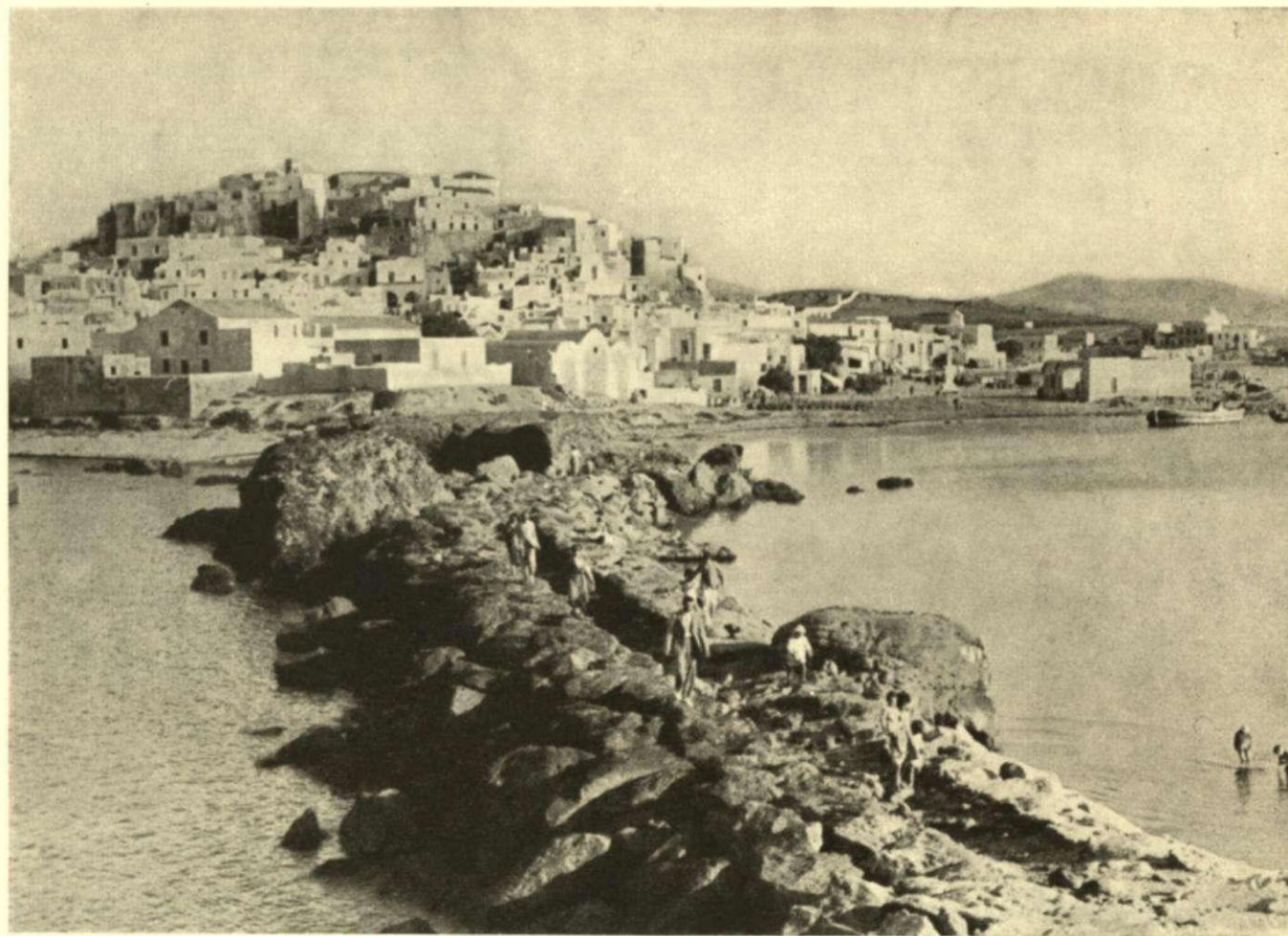
Photo G. Seraf

profoundly affected the whole nature of his intellectual and spiritual life. Even though it should be our misfortune to know little of Greek thought and poetry, it is impossible on that spot not to be aware of the intimate presence of Aeschylus and Sophocles and their peers, the poets and philosophers who made Hellas the imperishable splendour that she is.

And, once in Athens, an easy way lies before the traveller to those other scenes that make up the Greek story. Sunium and Marathon, Delphi, Eleusis and Thermopylae, all are accessible at a small cost of pence and time. Even Missolonghi,

that little town with its hawks and its melancholy lagoons, haunted by the ghosts of Byron's last and noblest pilgrimage, is not too far afield.

The Greek people have an especial kindness for English visitors. The service done to their country by Englishmen in 1824 has never been forgotten. It was a service of which Englishmen may still be proud: to have given a little to the race that has given so greatly to the world. And what Greece once gave she still gives, and there in a short journey we may come to the scene and circumstance of her giving. It would, I think, be impossible to take a holiday more deeply refreshing.

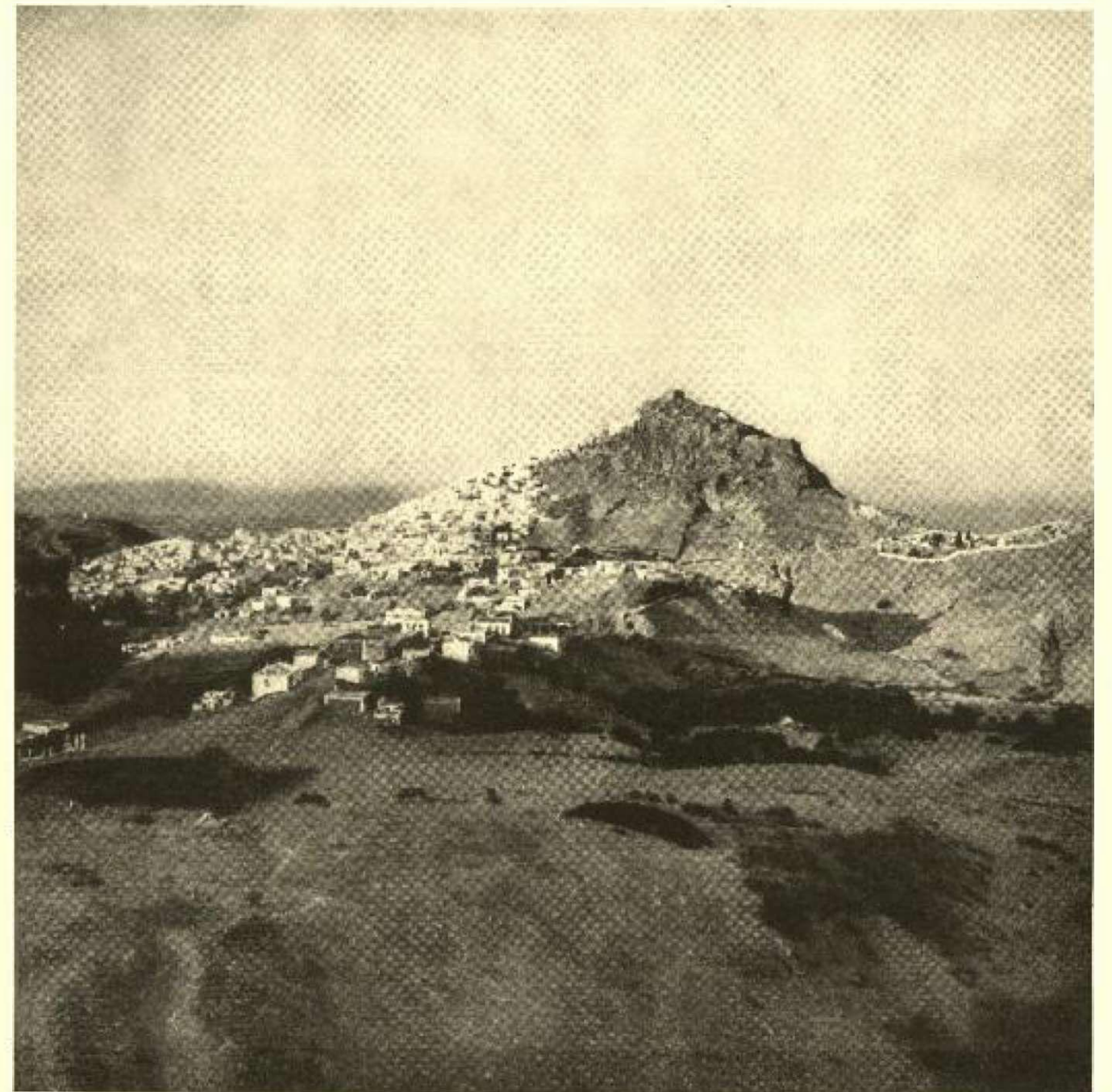


NAXOS.

Photo Dr. Mareet Danis.



Photo Edward Gage.



SKYROS

Photo Tricoglou.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

BY

HAROLD NICOLSON

FOREIGN travel has its advantages both physical and mental. Yet it has also its disadvantages; and of these the most cumbersome is that, in every instance, it entails the burden of foreign travel. Man is

not by nature a migratory; animal nor yet is woman. We prefer, on the whole, to stay put. And yet in the midst of this sedentary pleasure will come at weak of urge, we wish, as even the oyster wishes, to migrate. And

at that we are brought up against the inconvenience (for it is great) of foreign travel.

There is in the first place the necessity of transport. One is obliged, if one desires to be mobile, to move. And this process in its turn entails cabs to Victoria Station, and thereafter much straining in queues, and passports, and the difficulty of foreign language and exchange.

In the second place there is this packing business. The train like a pencil through the night bears one past places where one would fain linger were it not for sponge-bags.

The sponge-bag to the traveller is what washing up is to those who indulge in "fêtes champêtres". A return to the squalid in life, a return from the romantic to the realist. Foie Gras on any fork looks much the same as potted meat. One's sponge at Taormina is very like one's sponge at St. Pancras. And then the toothbrush, even the most elegant toothbrush, even the toothbrush of the late Earl of Chesterfield, remains a toothbrush, whether owned by a Primate, a prima donna, or a pensioner of the dole. No man, nor even any woman, can be a hero to his (or her) toothbrush. And that daily confrontation with this emblem of mortality is a shame to the spirit. Not being an egalitarian I resent these emblems of the general common multiple.

As I have said, and with great acumen, packing spoils foreign travel. It is well, therefore, when one travels in foreign lands, to procure a yacht. Here you have the pleasure of the static mated to the enjoyment of the dynamic: you combine in luxurious and stimulating proportions the elements both of surprise and recognition: that same porthole through which on Monday you observed the aquarium at Naples will on the following Friday encircle for you a vignette of the customs house at Corfu: and all the while your sponge will have remained damp but sedate in its enamelled basket and

your toothbrush will have tinkled delicately through Mediterranean dawns against its static glass. You become, in such circumstances, an ambulant mollusc carrying your shell. How pleasant is such an experience. And incidentally how rare. For yachts, today, belong only to those who are very rich indeed: and such people, owing to the compensations of malignant nature, have lost all sense of appreciation.

Fortunately, however, the enterprise of the great steamship lines have given us the convenience of yachting without its responsibilities. You pay your fare.

Not for you to worry thereafter whether the guests are really enjoying themselves, whether the captain is really contemptuous, whether the cost of every hour really works out at £14.18.2d. or whether, when it is all over, the yacht, swathed in mackintosh, will really have to eat its head off at Burnhamon-Crouch. You obtain the sense of mobility and static luxury without the galling sense of proprietorship: you pass from rose-red isle to roseraed isle: and night after night, from Thyra to Epidaurus, your toothbrush will tinkle gently against its glass.

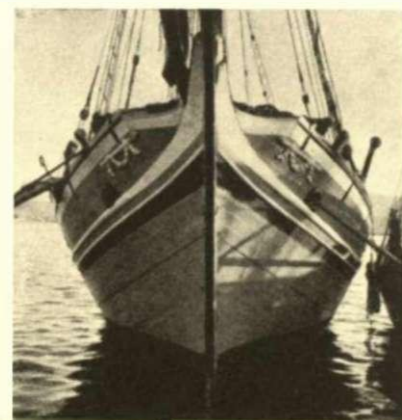
You can visit, thus encompassed, the Islands of Apollo and those of Venus: Olympia will be yours and the excavations of Mycenae; the tomb of Rupert Brooke, the rock where Ariadne endured so provocative an experience, the volcanic harbour of

Santorin (where barnacles drop silently from the hulks at night time) the glory that was, and after all still is, Greece... all these will be at your command.

In comfort and without sea-sickness you will pass from the realms of romance to those of realism, and the sun will encircle your journeying from rose-fingered dawn to crocus evening. There is nothing in this earth as rejuvenating as the Greek Islands. They represent the April of our civilisation—yet it is an April warmed by eternal June.



Photo Costas Colzumbassis



Photos Tricoglou



WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES

The following are reproductions of paintings now in the Vatican Library at Rome, in the room of the Nozze Aldobrandini. They were discovered in 1848 in the Via Graziola on the Esquiline and were offered to Pius IX in 1853. They covered the upper zone of a portico about 14 metres in length. These paintings, by the originality of their conception and their technical beauty, are one of the finest monuments of Greek art. They date from the end of the Republic or the beginning of the Empire. We present them in the order given by the Odyssey.

ROGER VITRAC.

Ulysses arrives in the country of the Lestrygonians. Four vessels lie at anchor. The hero sends three men to explore the country. They meet the daughter of Antiphas. In the foreground, the Nymph of the Fountain, with an amphora. (Reproduction page 26.)

★

The Lestrygonians assail the fleet of Ulysses. Above, Lamos, the city of the Lestrygonians. At the right, King Antiphas on the beach, wearing an azure cloak, urges on the giants to exterminate the Greeks. (Reproduction page 27.)

★

The Lestrygonians destroy the fleet of Ulysses. Scene of terror in which the Lestrygonians are seen to drag the broken ships to shore, climb the mountains in search of stones, and hurl rocks. On the surface of

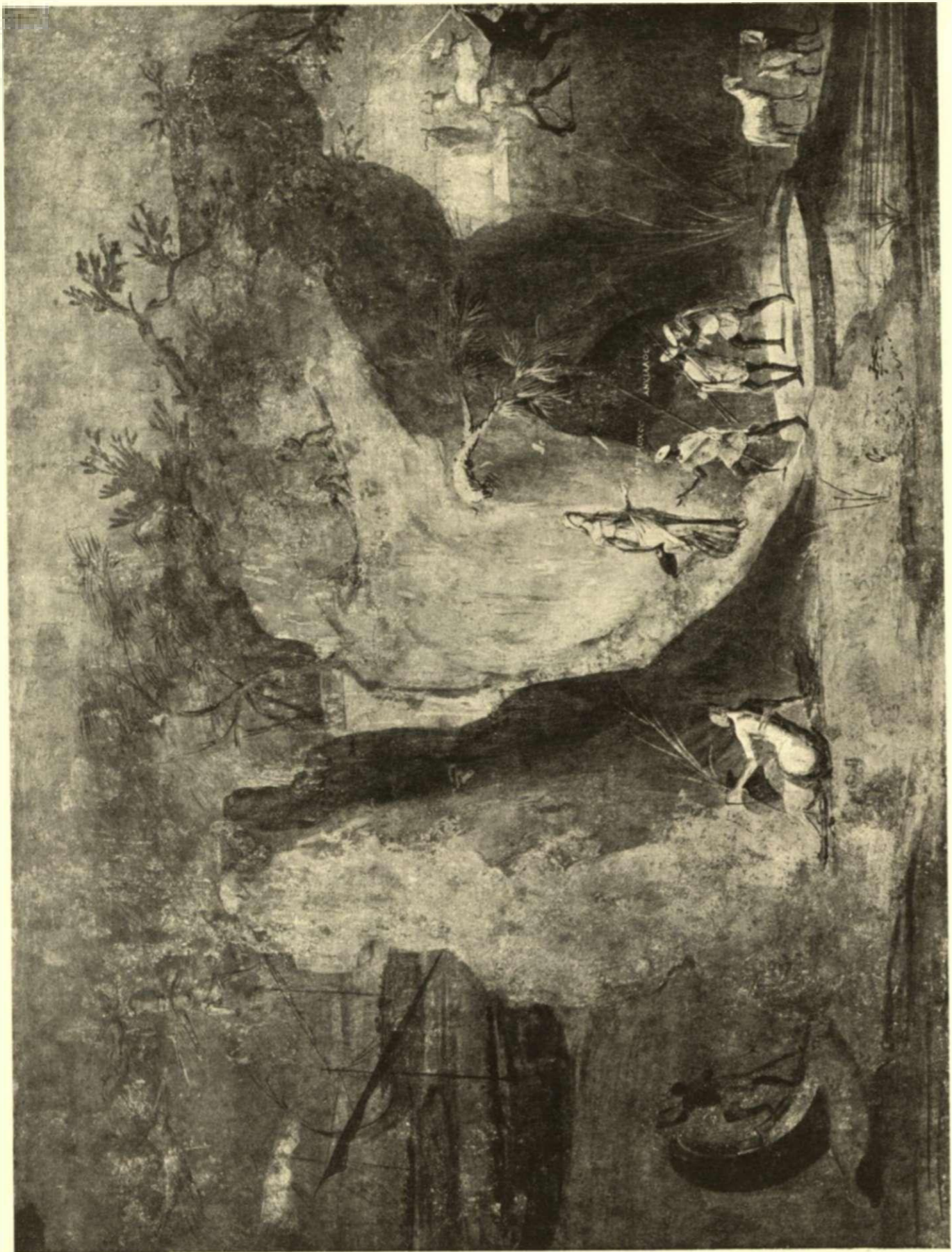
the water emerge the heads of the shipwrecked sailors. (Reproduction page 28.)

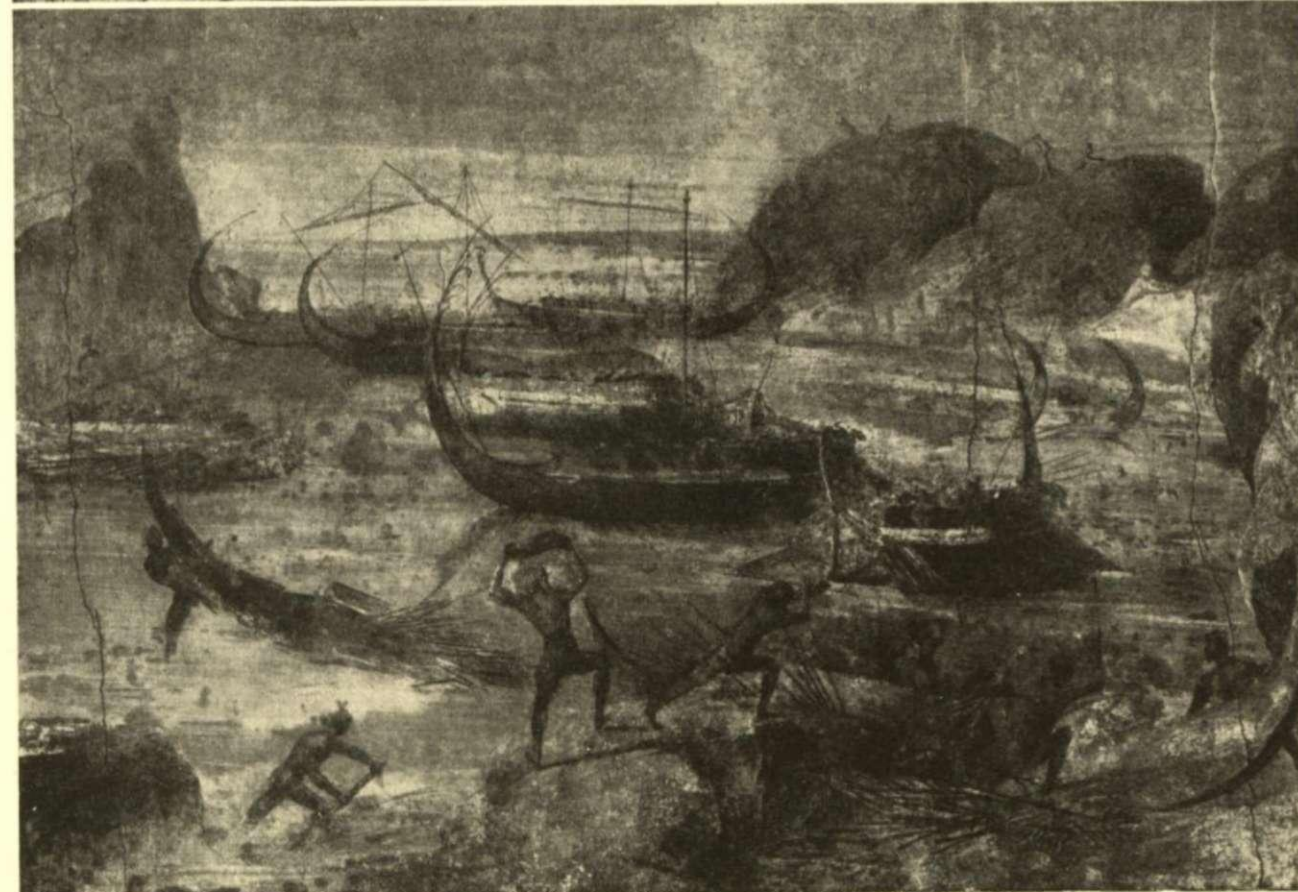
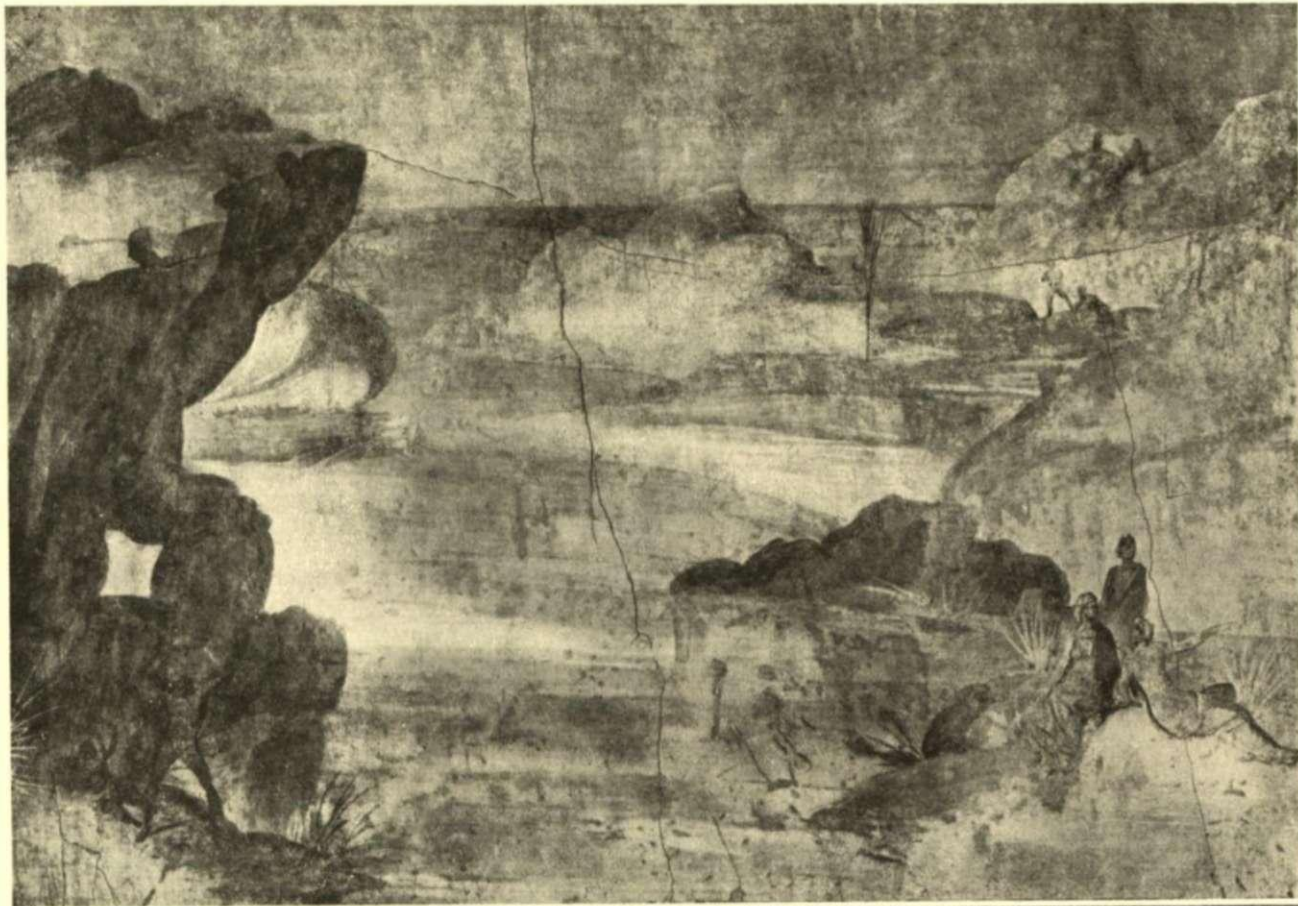
★

Ulysses sails toward the Isle of Circe after escaping from the fury of the Lestrygonians. Three girls in conversation on a reef. On the hill, several male figures represent perhaps the meeting of Ulysses with Hermes. (Reproduction page 28.)

★

Ulysses in the house of Circe. The enchantress, with a branch in her hand, opens the door of the palace to the hero; beside her, a serving-woman. The hero is protected by Hermes. Hence we see, at the right, Circe kneeling and imploring his mercy, while the serving-woman flees in terror. (Reproduction p. 25.)





UNDER THE AUSPICES

of H. E. Ch. Simopoulos, Greek Minister in London, of H. E. N. Politis, Greek Minister in Paris, of the Directors of the «Musées Nationaux» and the School of the Louvre, of the "Société des Amis du Louvre", and the newspaper *Le Jour*.

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Photo Makrotzka.

ULYSSES'

CRUISE organised by «LE VOYAGE EN GRÈCE»
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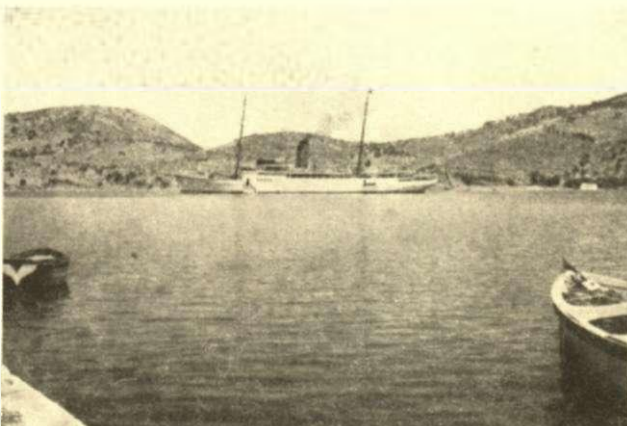
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