

IN GREECE

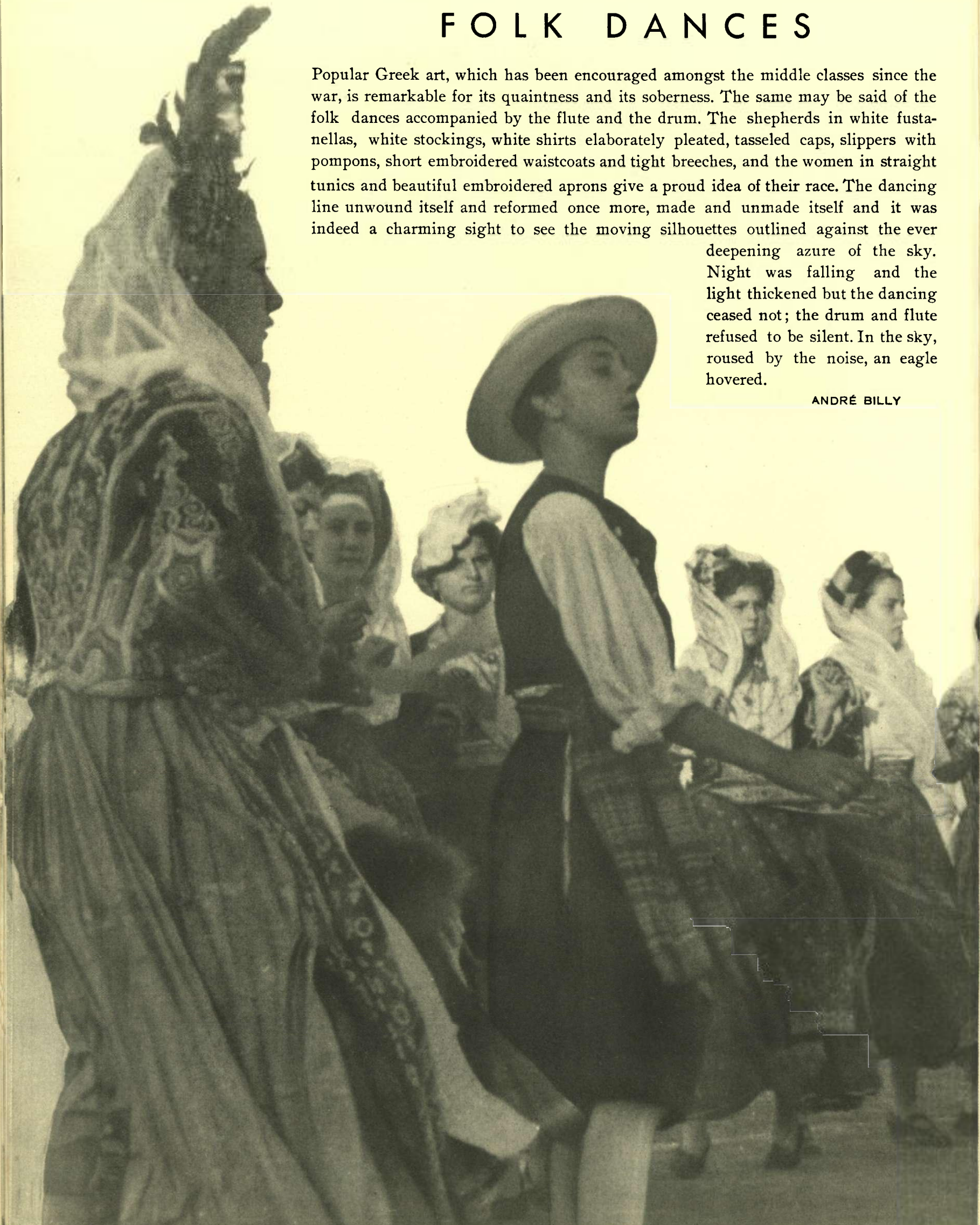


FOLK DANCES

Popular Greek art, which has been encouraged amongst the middle classes since the war, is remarkable for its quaintness and its soberness. The same may be said of the folk dances accompanied by the flute and the drum. The shepherds in white fustanellas, white stockings, white shirts elaborately pleated, tasseled caps, slippers with pompons, short embroidered waistcoats and tight breeches, and the women in straight tunics and beautiful embroidered aprons give a proud idea of their race. The dancing line unwound itself and reformed once more, made and unmade itself and it was indeed a charming sight to see the moving silhouettes outlined against the ever

deepening azure of the sky. Night was falling and the light thickened but the dancing ceased not; the drum and flute refused to be silent. In the sky, roused by the noise, an eagle hovered.

ANDRÉ BILLY



DANCES OF CORFU (AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE 4th AUGUST AT THE PANATHENIAN STADIUM).

PHOTOS NELLY'S





PHOTO NELLY'S

THE MAGNIFICENT CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE 4TH OF AUGUST AT THE PANATHENIAN STADIUM

(The celebration of the anniversary of the 4th of August was the occasion of a big popular fête, of vivid local colour. Groups of peasants from all parts of the Country with their dances and picturesque costumes brought to life once more at the Panathenian Stadium, the image of eternal Greece).



PEASANT GIRL OF METSOVO (EPIRUS).

PHOTOS NELLY'S



PEASANT GIRL OF METSOVO (EPIRUS).



PEASANT GIRLS OF THE ENVIRONS OF FLORINA (MACEDONIA).

THE CHARM OF THE GREEK PEOPLE

I like the Greek people for their hospitality, their wit and gentle irony which render them so akin to the French; also for their moderation which one might call their taste, and for a number of other reasons that I know not and which doubtless are the most important.

I believe that of old, everywhere nearly, people considered it an essential duty to accord hospitality to strangers, but how many have preserved this virtue intact to this day, in our Europe at any rate? They are very rare. The tourists — those at least who are interested in other things in Greece besides museums and famous ruins, and who have had contact with persons other than the hotel porters—know that the Greek people exercise hospitality in a charming manner. It has happened to me more than once to be helped forward to the front line of a procession or of some other popular spectacle, when finding myself behind the crowd; why? Simply because I was a foreigner.

When passing a house one day whence came merry music I went in. It was workmen, celebrating in a homely way the christening of their child. I shall never forget the generosity and the kindness with which I was welcomed . . .

Is there any traveller who has wandered through Greece and has not experienced the charming kindness with which the simple folk welcome to their homes the stranger that passes by?

There are many other charming traits in this people, beloved of the Gods.

I cannot tell them, but pray earnestly to experience them again.

JACQUES BOULENGER

PHOTOS NELLY'S

A PEASANT GIRL OF FLORINA, HOLDING HER PITCHER WITH THE GRACE OF AN ANCIENT CANEPHORE.





PHOTOS A. DE MEIBOHM

THE MONASTERIES AT MOUNT - ATHOS

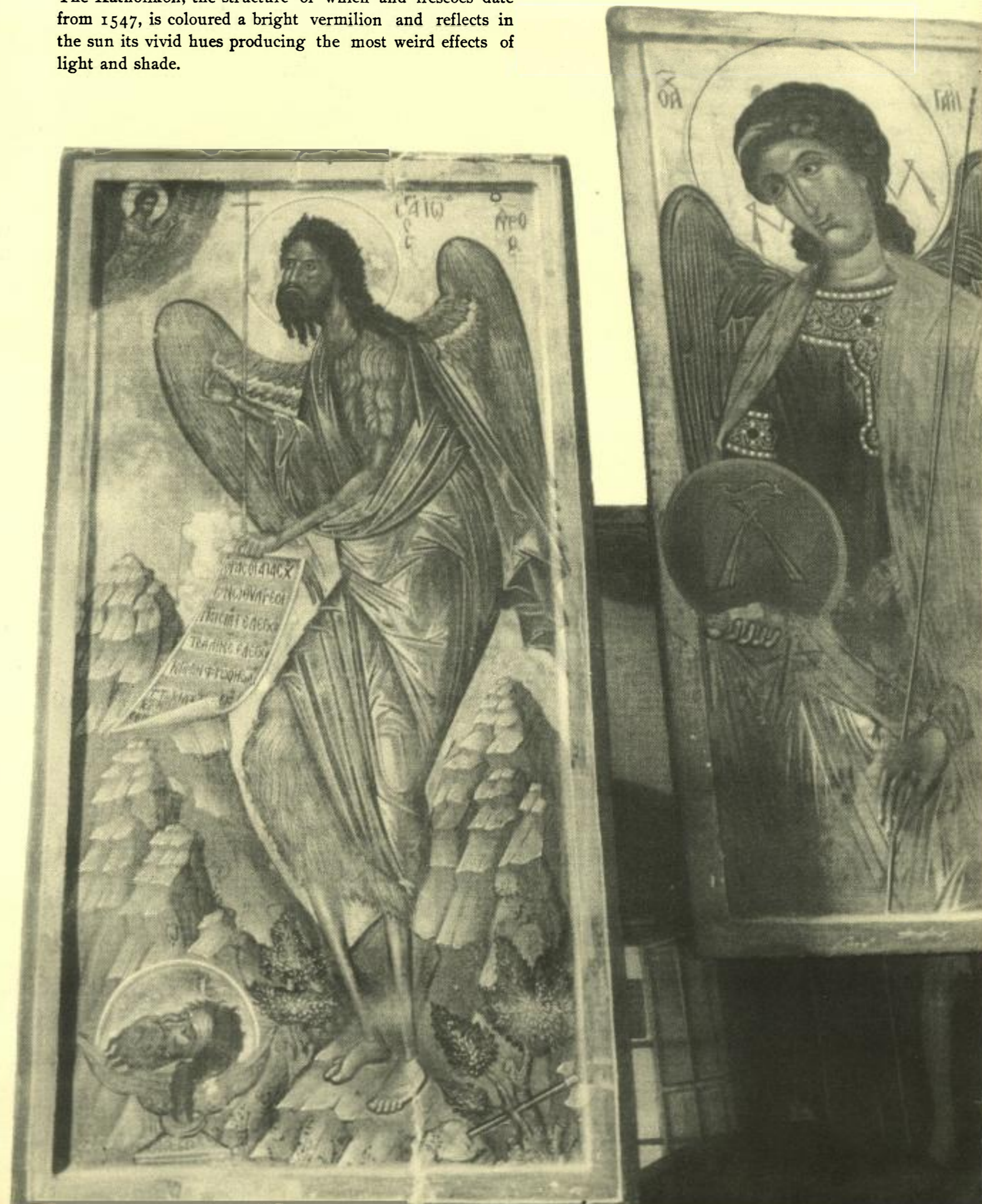
Wedged in between rocks and the sea, the monastery of «Dionysios» on mount Athos appears like an eagle's eyrie turned towards the sky.

A fantastic and massive fortress, with its many rows of cells overhanging into space, over enormous bastions, this vast pile is as a vision of the Apocalypse. It is not easy to describe the poetry, the rude and austere beauty which enshrouds it. Behind the monastery, which is in itself a very museum of Byzantine art, a rocky valley opens out surrounded by precipices. Above, between two peaks,

Saint Denis had his grotto and thence - says the legend - he saw a flame at the spot where the present monastery stands, which inspired him to build it.

The Katholikon, the structure of which and frescoes date from 1547, is coloured a bright vermilion and reflects in the sun its vivid hues producing the most weird effects of light and shade.

PICTURES OF CRETAN ART AT
IVIRON MONASTERY (HIGH ALTAR).



BYZANTINE ART

PHOTOS A. DE MEIBOHM

THE 'LADDER OF VIRTUES', FRESCO OF THE XVIIth CENTURY IN THE REFECTORY OF THE MONASTERY OF AGHIA LAVRA. COMPOSITION INSPIRED BY THE FAMOUS ASCETICAL BOOK OF JEAN CLIMAQUE.



THE FRESCO 'PRAISE THE LORD' IN A CAVE AT THE MONASTERY OF AGHIA LAVRA, INSPIRED BY THE THREE LAST PSALMS OF DAVID.

Athos, in the distance appears almost isolated on the sea, a peak so high, says Farrère, that at first one sees nothing else, and the coast which it dominates comes into view much later.

The mountain is surrounded by a thick cloak of green with bright patches here and there. These are the buildings scattered along the coast, amongst the inland hills or perilously clinging to the rocks.

This fantastic mass of lime-stone emerges gray and bare, a jagged silhouette, ending in the south in a chaos of rocks, which the setting sun tints with a vivid red, and which is lapped by the dark azure of the ever moving ocean. Nature, and the art of man for a thousand years inspired by thoughts of God, and perhaps chance as well, have contributed to gather here a picture of resplendent loveliness, so luminous and so varied that it sums up all the beauty of the Côte d'Azur, of Switzerland, of Umbria, Capri and Sicily.

To this, we must add the treasures of Byzantine art, existing in such numbers, that what one has seen elsewhere seems fragmentary. All this still keeps an intense religious existence of its own, still beating with a rhythm unchanged for ten centuries, perpetuating the breath that inspired these treasures.

THE CYCLADES

The Cyclades make one think of high-born ladies, brought up amidst riches and elegance. None of the sumptuousness of luxury, even the most refined, has been denied them. Misfortune however has overtaken them. They have withdrawn from the world with the debris of their fortune. Nevertheless, they ever remain noble ladies and, of the past, there belongs to them the

supreme refinement that is refused the parvenu, a charming serenity and an adorable smile. The light that floods them amidst an atmosphere without blemish and the azure waters that enframe them, turn them, according to the hour of the day, into so many amethysts, sapphires, rubies and topazes.

GOBINEAU

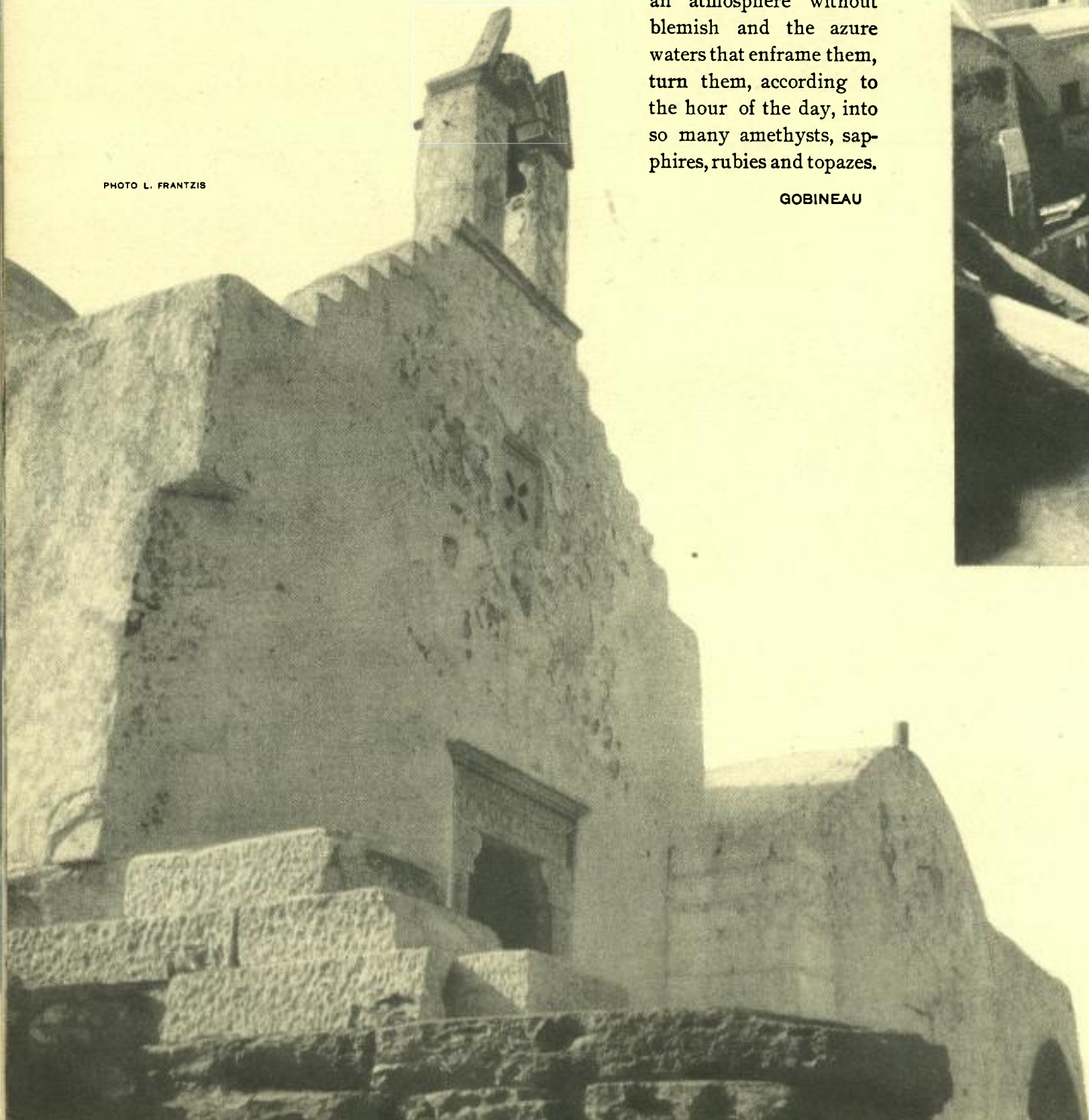


GENERAL VIEW OF SANTORIN.

PHOTO NELLY'S

Santorin, the most southerly of the Cyclades, all that remains of a volcano, the crater of which was engulfed by the sea, forming a circular roadstead as large as Paris, bordered by the island on the East, the North and the South, and on the West by the little Therasia. Santorin, like Skyros and Myconos, with its beaches, its windmills, the smiling fertility of its soil, the whiteness of its flat-roofed buildings, bathed by the sea, the purity of the sea-air, the beauty of the mornings and evenings, all these constitute one of the most pleasant spots in Greece, beloved of artists and painters. Above all the aspect of Santorin with its crags of lava and sulphur, reddish, sheer, five hundred feet high and more, topped by villages, is to the amateur of geological romanticism, worth a long stay, which will be made the more agreeable by the traditional hospitality of its inhabitants.

PHOTO L. FRANTZIS



THE HELLENIC ARCHIPELAGO

From the bows of the vessel that cut lightly through the blue waters of the Aegean, the islands of the Cyclades come into view on the horizon.

They are bathed in a dazzling clarity that splashes the rocks, clear-cuts the ridges of the mountains as with a chisel, gives the lines of the horizon an infinite distinctness which is found only here. Oh miraculous Grecian light of golden beams, it is you that bestow upon all things here an incomparable beauty, you that render beautiful these arid mountains, blotting out all vulgarity; it is you that explain the debonair genius of an Aristophanes, a Diphilus, a Menander, and you that complete and crown by your rays the raised fronts of the temples and the mutilated shafts of the marble columns.

PARVIS OF A CHURCH IN PAROS ISLAND.

PHOTO L. FRANTZIS



A LANDSCAPE IN PAROS (CYCLADES).

Greece without her sky would not be Greece. This force of the light is perhaps most felt in this sea of the Cyclades, studded by rocky islets like the stars of a clear sky in August.

The «unfurrowed sea» of Homer, has this morning a dead calm and exceptional limpidity.

The boat slowly goes through the narrow channel that separates the island of Rhenea from Delos.

A few soundings, the rattling of chains; the anchor has fallen two hundred metres from the shore.

The most sacred island is there, before us, where Apollo and Diana were born, illuminated by its white marbles which come to bathe even unto the sea.

From the hillock, a hundred metres or so high, which dominates the island the aspect towards the archipelago is incomparable. This small platform is as the centre of a striking harmony. The Cyclades appear as if rising one by one, from the water like bathing girls in sunshine.

ROBERT DE FRAGNY

SEASIDE AND COUNTRY RESORTS

Athens, if it was but for the seaside places of Phaleron and Glyfada, the shaded woods of Tatoi, Patissia and Kephissia, could be included in the list of usual summer resorts, leaving aside its beauty and historic glory. To be able to ride in a motor-bus on an asphalt road as wide as an auto-strada along that magnificent coast which follows the bay of old Phaleron to end at a sort of Deauville-like place, raised from nothing on a spot where, fifty years ago the learned von Hulsen could only discover the traces of an old wall, is one of the miracles of modern Greece. Dancing, a golf-club, flowered terraces, water sports, nothing is missing for the Athenians whom restrictions on exchange compell to stay in their country as well as for the foreigners who cannot conceive seaside places without fox-trots, cocktails, and varied pleasures until dawn. Glyfada as it is to-day would have greatly astonished the old pilgrims to Greece and even those of the generation immediately before ours, to whom the dear old Emile Isambert used to say that, for the excursion to Sunium, one had to sacrifice three days and spend the night in I forget what miserable village. The social pleasures of Glyfada have perhaps one drawback; they entice one to the idle life of the sea side, under the tyranny of numberless amusements deliciously frivolous. Although only a few kilometres separate Glyfada from the bay of Zoster, I would readily wager that not one visitor in a hundred has had the courage to undertake this short trip, moreover I doubt whether the people who spend the summer at Vouliagmeni, camping in the pine-woods

that surround the picturesque lake with the mysterious grottoes, have ever gone round the bay to tread the sands of the shore which, as the crow flies, is not five hundred yards away. Perhaps it is not their fault as they may not have been told that this is the site of one of the loveliest stories in the world.

Leto, daughter of the Titan Coeus and Phoebe, was beloved of Jupiter. Juno upon hearing of her spouse's infidelity, being unable or not daring to put the blame on the king of gods, who was nevertheless the real culprit, conceived

THE BEACH AT GLYPHADA (ENVIRONS OF ATHENS).



the idea of revenging herself upon her rival by obtaining the promise of the Earth to accord her no shelter and by creating the serpent Python, to pursue her.

And Leto started her wanderings on the earth. She traversed plains and scaled mountains, breathless and exhausted, each day heavier with the fruit of her sin, until, one morning, she reached this deserted beach, having evaded the serpent for some hours. And it is here that she undid her girdle (Zoster) and felt within her the thrills of motherhood.

Neptune was moved to compassion. Seeing that the Earth refused a refuge to the blameless culprit, he brought out of the sea the island Ortygia, which Jupiter fixed with chains of diamonds.

It was to be Delos where Leto gave birth to the children of love: Apollo and Diana

The beach of Zoster is the end of the journey, the revelation of a new life, lovelier and stronger than the curse.

On the beach of Zoster one can dream of the miracle of human tenderness.

R. P.

THE BEACH AT VOULIAGMENI.

PHOTO L. FRANTZIS



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IN GREECE

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» The soul grows pure, ethereal and light when contemplating Athens ».

SOPHIST ARISTIDES
II Century A. D.

» I would readily reject union with a goddess were I to see the smoke of Athens ».

LIBANIUS OF ANTIOCH
IV Century A. D.

» There is one place only where perfection exists; not two: that place is Athens ».

ERNEST RENAN

COSTUME
OF METSOVO
(EPIRUS)



IN GREECE



A NEW ATTRACTION OF ATHENS

All who travel by train from Athens to Piraeus, on arriving at the station of the Thesion, can see through the carriage window a vast field of ancient ruins which produces no particular impression on the uninitiated. The passer by sees here neither the remains of ancient peoples, nor columns of marble, nor scattered objects of art, or anything that is apt to dazzle or suggest to the uninformed a glorious past. Nothing exists here but the foundations of ancient monuments, structural outlines partly effaced, big stone blocks heaped anyhow; stelae of stone here and there emerge at random from broken up trenches, it is all one big entanglement which gives no hint of any plan to the ordinary man. This, nevertheless, is the site where the American Archaeological School is excavating, supported by rich donations from the New-World, for the purpose of discovering the ancient Agora of Athens.

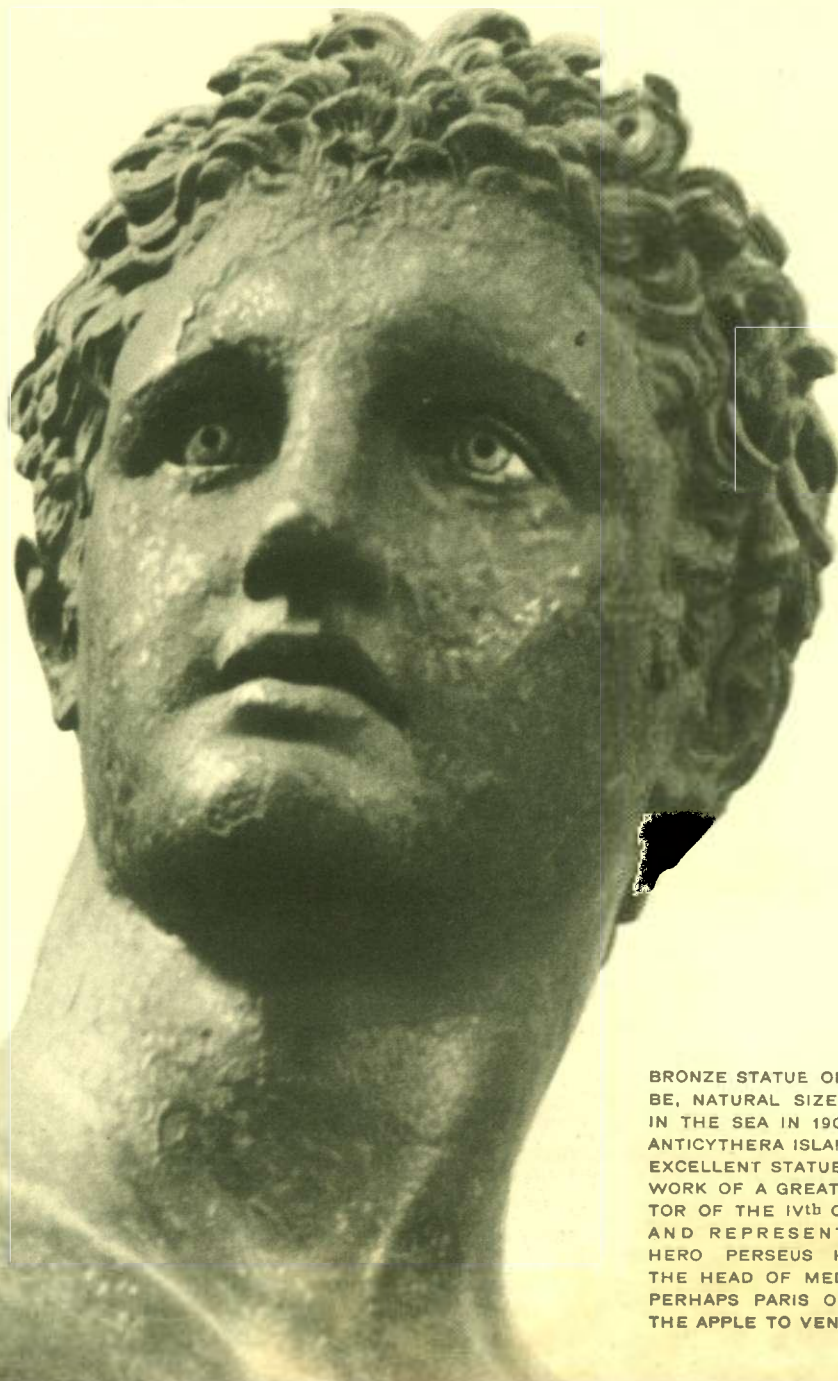
What has already been found on this archaeological site is enough to move us deeply.

Walking over the ruins, which may have no outward appearance but have so profound a significance we are conscious of treading on sacred ground which once saw the public life of ancient Athens unfolding itself, the most glorious public life the world has ever seen. The excavations have already laid bare the ruins of the two most important monuments of the ancient Agora, the ancient Boule and the Tholos, where sat the archons of the town and the archon eponymus, thus locating the position of the remaining known monuments of this ancient political centre, of porticoes and altars, with prospects that the progress of the work will complete this great discovery. The fact that even to-day the stranger who visits Athens can walk over the ground of the ancient Agora and may pick up the shell that bears the name of Aristides, the same that served to banish this great Athenian citizen from Athens, this fact alone, I say, constitutes a matchless attraction for the town of Athens, equal to the marvels of the Parthenon, the Temple of the Wingless Victory, the Theatre of Dionysos, the Columns of Olympian Zeus, the Temple of Theseus, the tombs at the Keramikos, a new attraction the equal to which no historical town in the world can show.

So that, by the discovery of the ancient Agora and the nearly simultaneous discovery of the Academy of Plato, where work is still continuing, thanks to the generous support and enthusiasm of a donor friend of Antiquity, by which the exact situation of the garden of Academus was located and the ruins of the Gymnasium with the porticoes, laid bare, where taught the Prince of Philosophers, by the discovery, I say, of these two famous places of ancient Greece which reserve to us, who knows how many other surprises still, we can say that the archaeological miracle of Athens is complete. Athens of the legends lives again once more, caressed by the same light that shone on its first beauty. Athens lives again with a new expression, the most moving of all.

PAUL NIRVANAS
OF THE ATHENS ACADEMY

PHOTO NELLY'S



BRONZE STATUE OF EPHEBE, NATURAL SIZE. FOUND IN THE SEA IN 1900, NEAR ANTICYTHERA ISLAND. THIS EXCELLENT STATUE IS THE WORK OF A GREAT SCULPTOR OF THE IVth CENTURY AND REPRESENTS THE HERO PERSEUS HOLDING THE HEAD OF MEDUSA OR PERHAPS PARIS OFFERING THE APPLE TO VENUS.



STATUE OF 'ZEUS WITH THE THUNDERBOLT' FOUND IN THE SEA, NEAR CAPE ARTEMISION, OFF THE ISLAND OF EUBŒA. WORK BY PHIDIAS IN 460 B. C. (NATIONAL MUSEUM ATHENS)

PHOTOS NELLY'S



COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF OLYMPIAN ZEUS (ATHENS).



GREECE DURING SUMMER

It needed some rainy summers to give people the courage to seek the sun on Mediterranean shores. They realised then that the heat was anything but overwhelming or unbearable, as inexperience had led them to suppose, and that some countries are seen at their best during the splendours of summer. Greece is of these countries. If many winter travellers find this

climate mild, there are even more who avail themselves of the months of July, August and September to realise the dream of this matchless pilgrimage.

The sea-breeze and the perpetual snows of Olympus and Taygetus, mitigate the fierce rays of Phoebus, and the nights, fragrant with orange-blossom, bergamot, jasmine, roses and pines, are of a sweetness without rival.

The Greek Government



PHOTOS NELLY'S

THRESHING IN THE ENVIRONS OF CORINTH.

has made during recent years laudable and successful efforts to adapt its roads to the requirements of motor traffic, Athens, centre of excursions and amusements, has no longer any cause to envy more renowned resorts.

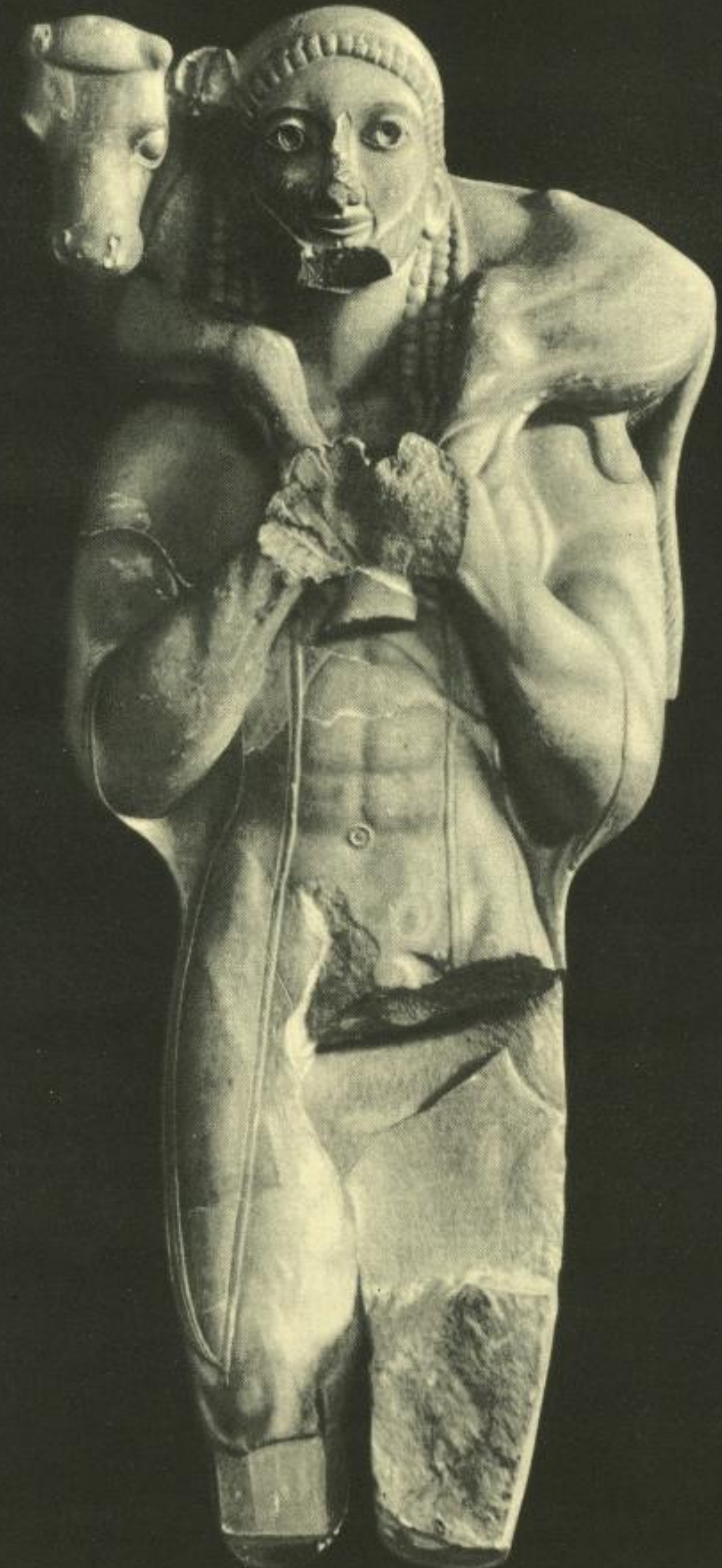
Usually however it is not for this that one comes to Greece. The magic of classical memories which are more or less deeply rooted within us begins to exert its spell upon us as we approach these famous shores. Whether you visit Attica or Achaïa, Locris or Beotia, Argolis, Arcadia or Elis, the islands of the west or the east, legends quaint or noble adorn each name.

Travelling in Greece does not bring to the tourist new discoveries, as do the castles of the Loire, the villages of the Rhine, the cities of Italy, the churches of Spain or the museums of other countries — it is rather the realisation in the maturity of intelligence of the lessons learned in childhood. These are the old letters that one reads again not for the sake of finding unexpectedly something new, but to appreciate their candour, their feeling or their style.

It is, in addition, a lesson in proportion and harmony. «Greece», said Renan, «invented beauty as she had invented reason». Under barbarian influence the world tends to forget reason, and to renounce beauty. In returning to their source the eyes discover other things besides enchanting ruins and incomparable masterpieces.

RENE PUAUX

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THE MONUMENTS

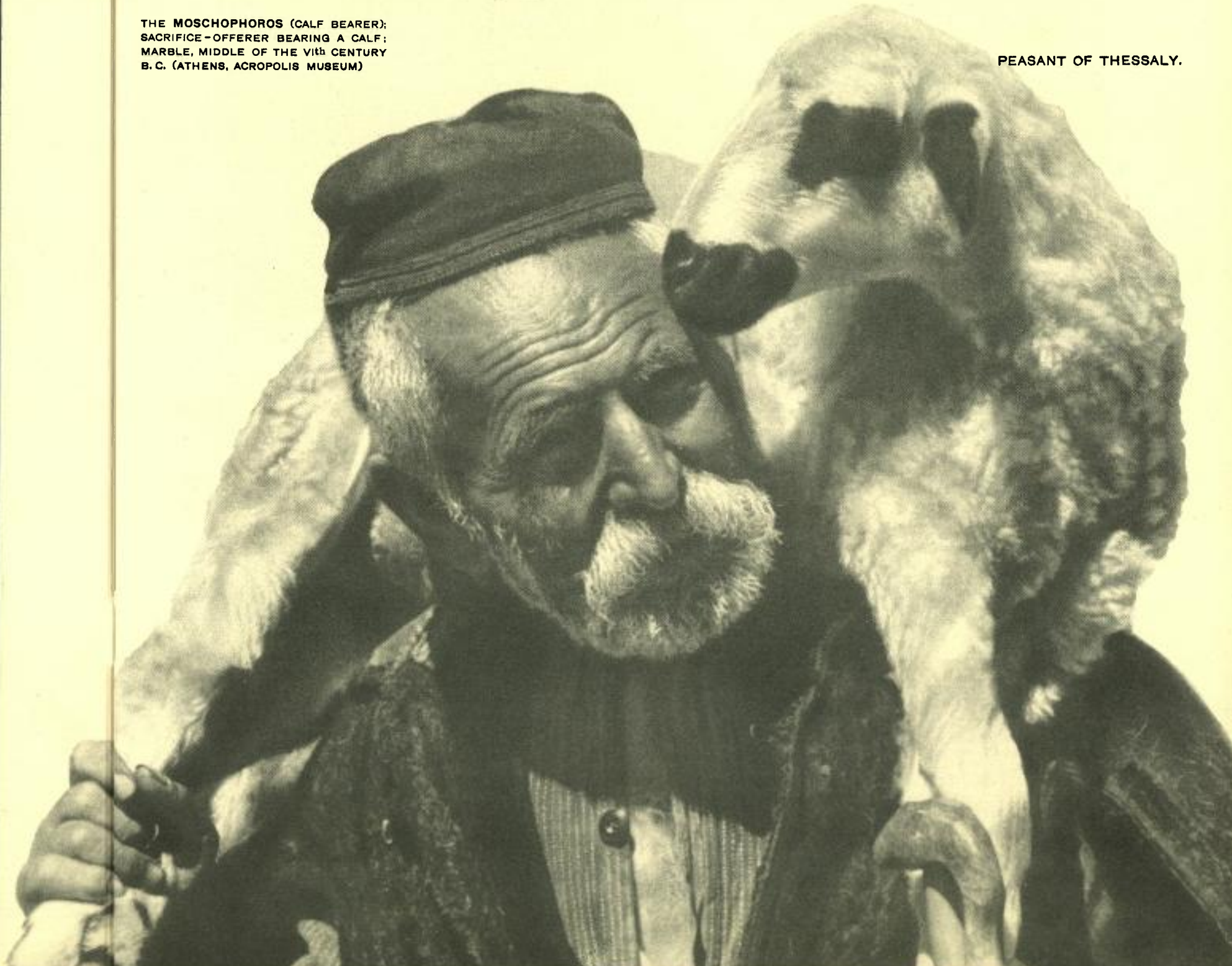
When passing from the ruins of Lacedæmon to the ruins of Athens, I felt as if I would have wished to die with Leonidas and live with Pericles . . . I saw, from the top of the Acropolis, the sun rise between the two shoulders of mount Hymettus; columns of light blue smoke were rising in the shadows, along the sides of Hymettus, betraying the presence of gardens and bee-hives. Athens, the Acropolis and the Parthenon ruins were bathed in the most beautiful tint of peach blossom, the sculptures of Phidias, struck by a slanting ray of gold seemed brought to life again and to move across the marble, such was the mobility of the shadows of the relief; in the far distance, the sea and the Piræus were white with light and the citadel of Corinth reflecting the splendour of the new day, shone on the western horizon as a rock of fiery purple. If, after having seen the monuments of Rome, those of France appeared to me vulgar, the monuments of Rome seem to me barbaric when viewing the monuments of Greece.

CHATEAUBRIAND

PHOTOS NELLY'S

THE MOSCHOPHOROS (CALF BEARER);
SACRIFICE-OFFERER BEARING A CALF;
MARBLE, MIDDLE OF THE 5th CENTURY
B. C. (ATHENS, ACROPOLIS MUSEUM)

PEASANT OF THESSALY.

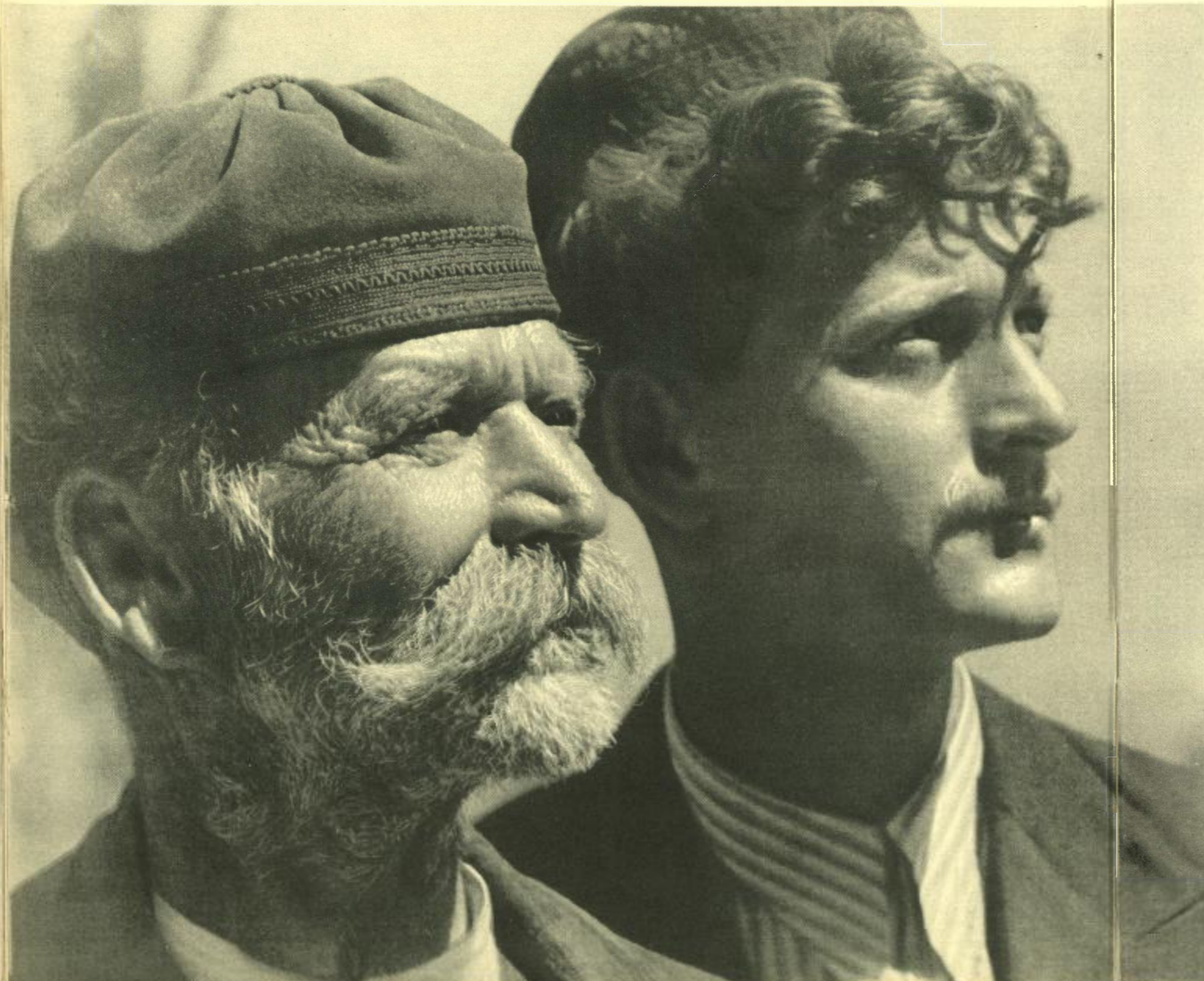


PEASANTS OF THE PARNASSUS

I halt near the spring of Castalia. The murmur of the water, in the vibrating light accentuates still more the silence of midday. A cyclops with a goat and lamb is sitting under a plane tree and winks friendly to me with his single eye. He offers me good smelling brown bread, fresh goat's cheese and wishes me «Kali doulia»! (good business).

I sit by him with my sketching. The shadow that lengthens upon my hand tells me that the hour grows late.

The colours around me take on tones more warm and vivid. The bough of a plane tree glows in an orange light. Quite near, peasants armed with long poles beat down the fruit from olive trees. They exchange with one another light banter. How simple life is here and with what joy the people delight in it!



PHOTOS NELLY'S



PEASANT WOMAN OF FLORINA, HARVESTING.

Slowly the mountains take on a colour of blue and purple. Young peasant women pass before me, singing and laughing. What a charming group! Their steps are as music. They bear bundles of olive branches, for feeding the cattle which follow them to the merry tinkle of bells. Once again the Phedriads glow, and then the shades ascend from the ravine. Tired, but deeply moved I follow the young girls and their flock towards the brightness which is fading above the gulf of Itea.

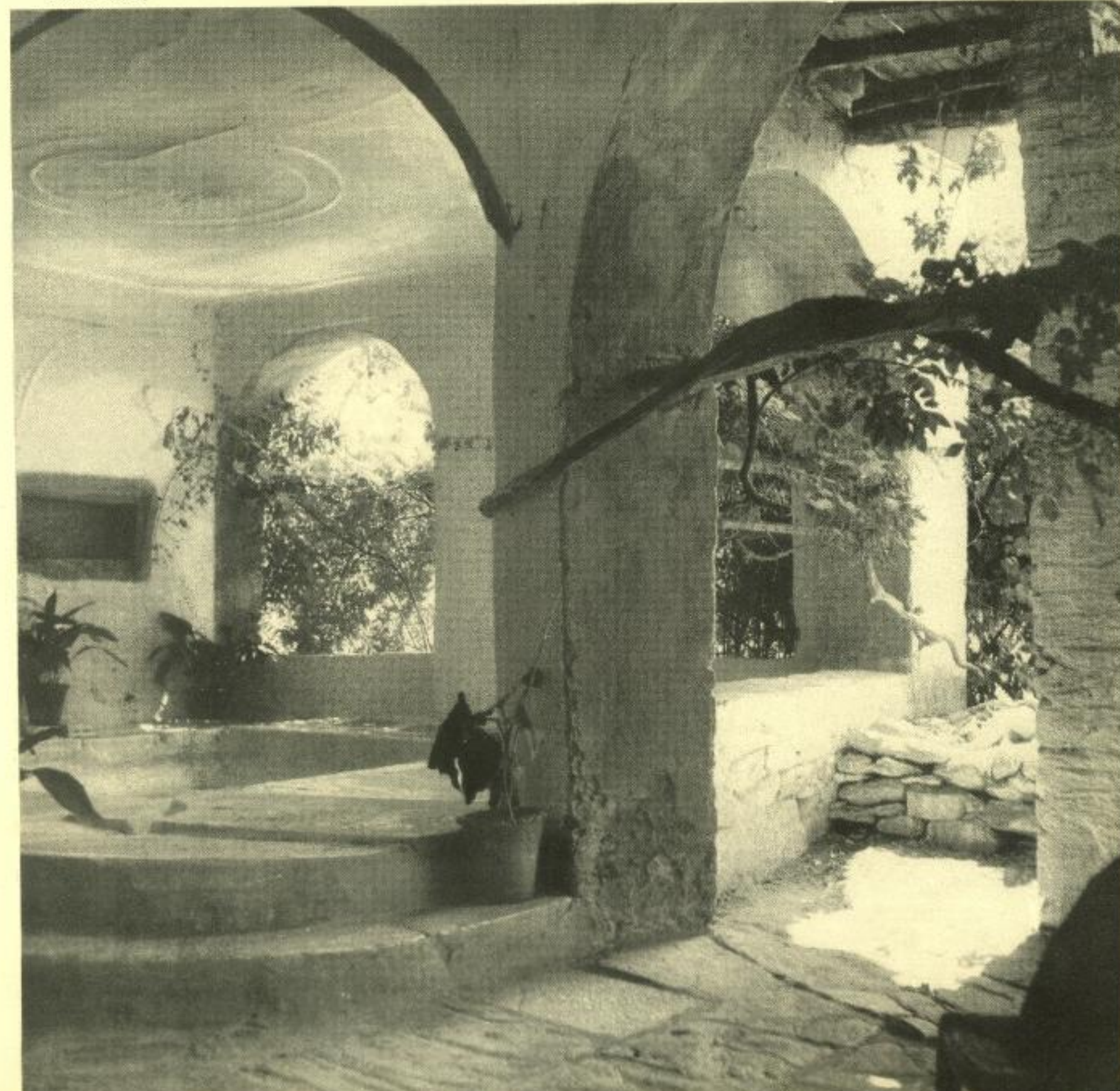
GEORG. A. MATHEY

SCENES AND LANDSCAPES OF EPIRUS

... the passer - by
Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee
From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze:
The plain is far beneath — oh, let him seize
Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease:
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

PHOTO L. FRANTZIS



A COURT-YARD AT METSOVO (EPIRUS).

PHOTO NELLY'S



PHOTO CHROUBAKI

LANDSCAPE IN KONITSA (ÉPIRUS).

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
 Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,
 Chimera's alps extend from left to right:
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir;
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain fir
 Nodding above; behold black Acheron!
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
 Pluto! if this be hell I look upon,
 Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none.

No city's towers pollute the lovely view;
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
 Veiled by the screen of hills: here men are few,
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot;

But, peering down each precipice, the goat
 Browseth: and pensive o'er his scattered flock,
 The little shepherd in his white capote.
 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
 Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

(CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE)

LORD BYRON

PEASANT GIRLS OF ZAGORIA (EPIRUS).

PHOTO NELLY'S

