



IN THE
LAND OF TEMPLES
BY JOSEPH PENNELL



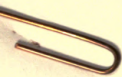
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JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES IN THE LAND OF TEMPLES

REPRODUCTIONS OF A SERIES OF
LITHOGRAPHS MADE BY HIM IN THE LAND OF
TEMPLES, MARCH—JUNE 1913, TOGETHER WITH
IMPRESSIONS AND NOTES BY THE ARTIST



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TO
R. M. DAWKINS

LATE DIRECTOR
OF THE BRITISH
SCHOOL AT ATHENS
WHO SHOWED ME
WHERE I SHOULD
FIND THE TEMPLES

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NOTES—ON MY LITHOGRAPHS IN THE LAND OF TEMPLES

I WENT to Greece for two reasons. First, because I wanted to see Greece and what remained of her glory—to see if the greatest work of the past impressed me as much as the greatest work of the present—and to try to find out which was the greater—the more inspiring. And second, I went because I was told by a Boston authority that I was nothing but a ragtime sketcher, couldn't see Greek art and couldn't draw it if I did.

I have been there—and did what I saw in my own way. To me Greece was wonderful and was beautiful, but anyone can see that—and can rave over it with appropriate quotations from appropriate authors. I know no Greek and have scarce read a translation. I say this regretfully—I wish I had—I should have seen more. I know, however, if I had not before seen the greatest art of the rest of Europe, I could not have been so moved as I was by what I saw in the Land of Temples, the land whence we have derived most of our ideas, ideals, and inspirations.

I drew the things that interested me—and it was, and is, a great delight to me to be told by those who have, some of them, spent their lives studying Greeks and Greece, that I have given the character of the country. What impressed me most was the great feeling of the Greeks for site in placing their temples and shrines in the landscape—so that they not only became a part of it, but it leads up to them. And though the same architectural forms were used, each temple was so placed that it told from afar by sea or land, a goal for pilgrims—a shrine for worshippers to draw near to—yet each had a character of its own—always the same, yet ever differing. I know, I am sorry to say, little of proportion, of scale, of heights, of lengths, but what I saw, with my own eyes, was the way these monuments were part of the country—never stuck about anyhow—always composed—always different—and they were built with grand ideas of composition, impressiveness, and arrangement. Has there been any change in the black forest before Aegina—the “wine dark sea” at Sunium—the “shining rocks” at

Delphi—the grim cliffs of the Acropolis?—these prove in their various ways that the Greeks were great artists.

These were the things I saw. Had I known more I might have seen less—for it seems to me that most artists who have gone to Greece have been so impressed with what they have been told to see, that—there are, of course, great exceptions—they have looked at the land with a foot-rule, a translation, and a dictionary, and they have often been interfered with by these aids. I went ignorant of where to go—or what to see. When I got to Athens I fell among friends, who answered my only question that “I wanted to see temples that stood up.” They told me where they were—and there they were. And for this information, which resulted in my seeing these sites and making these lithographs, I want to thank many people, but above all Mr. R. M. Dawkins, late Director of the British School at Athens, who, now that he has seen the work, agrees with others that it has something of the character and romance of the country. If it has those qualities, they are what I went out to see—and having seen them—and I have tried to express them—I know I can see more, if I have the chance in the future in the *Wonder of Work* of my time, for in our great works to-day we are only carrying on the tradition of the great works of the past. I have seen both, and it is so.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE ILLUSTRATIONS START AT TAORMINA, PROCEED AROUND SICILY—THENCE TO ITALY, AND ARE CONTINUED IN GREECE.

AETNA OVER TAORMINA	I
THE THEATRE, SEGESTA	II
THE TEMPLE OVER THE CAÑON, SEGESTA	III
FROM TEMPLE TO TEMPLE, GIRGENTI	IV
THE COLUMNS OF CASTOR AND POLLUX, GIRGENTI	V
SUNRISE BEHIND THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD, GIRGENTI	VI
THE TEMPLE BY THE SEA; TEMPLE OF CONCORD, GIRGENTI	VII
THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD ON THE WALL FROM WITHIN, GIRGENTI	VIII
THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD ON THE WALL FROM WITHOUT, GIRGENTI	IX
COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUNO, GIRGENTI	X
THE TEMPLES ON THE WALL, GIRGENTI	XI
THE TEMPLE OF JUNO FROM BELOW, GIRGENTI	XII
PAESTUM. MORNING MIST	XIII
PAESTUM. EVENING	XIV
CORINTH TOWARDS THE GULF	XV
ACRO-CORINTH FROM CORINTH	XVI
OLYMPIA FROM THE HILLSIDE	XVII
THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER. EVENING	XVIII
THE ACROPOLIS FROM THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER, ATHENS	XIX
THE WAY UP THE ACROPOLIS	XX
DOWN FROM THE ACROPOLIS	XXI
SUNRISE OVER THE ACROPOLIS	XXII
STORM BEHIND THE ACROPOLIS	XXIII
THE PROPYLAEA, ATHENS	XXIV
THE PORTICO OF THE PARTHENON	XXV
THE PARTHENON FROM THE GATEWAY	XXVI
THE FAÇADE OF THE PARTHENON. SUNSET	XXVII
THE FALLEN COLUMN, ATHENS	XXVIII
THE LITTLE FÊTE, ATHENS	XXIX
THE GREAT FÊTE, ATHENS	XXX
THE TEMPLE OF NIKE, ATHENS	XXXI
THE TEMPLE OF NIKE FROM MARS HILL, ATHENS	XXXII
THE ODEON, ATHENS	XXXIII
THE STREET OF THE TOMBS, ATHENS	XXXIV
ELEUSIS. THE PAVEMENT OF THE TEMPLE	XXXV
AEGINA	XXXVI
AEGINA ON ITS MOUNTAIN TOP	XXXVII
THE SHINING ROCKS, DELPHI	XXXVIII
THE TREASURY OF ATHENS, DELPHI	XXXIX
THE WINE DARK SEA. SUNIUM	XL

I

AETNA OVER TAORMINA

I AETNA OVER TAORMINA

FOR years I wanted to make this drawing—and for days after I reached Taormina I had to wait before I could make it: for a curtain of mist hung over the sea and land. Then suddenly in all its glory the great white, snowy cone, borne on clouds, came forth above the sea and shore. And Hiroshige and Claude and Turner never imagined or dreamt of anything so glorious — and I had it all to myself, for it was tea-time.



II
THE THEATRE, SEGESTA

II THE THEATRE, SEGESTA

NOTHING, not even Taormina, is more magnificent than the set scene of the Theatre; how poor and mean must have been the forgotten mummers! The scene will exist till the end of time—even though scarce anyone climbs the mountain-side and, fagged out, drops in one of the thousands of empty seats hewn in the living rock, which will never again be filled.



III

THE TEMPLE OVER THE CAÑON, SEGESTA

III THE TEMPLE OVER THE CAÑON, SEGESTA

EVERYONE advised me to go to Segesta, and I am glad I went ; but I should never have known how wonderfully the Greeks made architectural compositions if I had not seen the Grand Cañon. There I saw Nature's compositions : here was one made by man—finer, though not so big—for bigness has nothing to do with art.



IV

FROM TEMPLE TO TEMPLE, GIRGENTI

IV FROM TEMPLE TO TEMPLE, GIRGENTI

NOT only are the lines of the hills, looking toward the sea, perfect, but the builders of these, as of all the temples, took advantage of the lines in the landscape, making the temple the focus of a great composition; an art no longer practised; but the temples of the gods of Greece were more important than the notions of local politicians and land-owners and architects.



V

THE COLUMNS OF CASTOR AND POLLUX,
GIRGENTI

V THE COLUMNS OF CASTOR AND POLLUX,
GIRGENTI

THIS is not a restoration, but a re-building. The re-builders worked better than they knew, and made a delightful—and popular—subject for every artist who goes to Girgenti.





VI

SUNRISE BEHIND THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD,
GIRGENTI

VI SUNRISE BEHIND THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD,
GIRGENTI

THE Land of Temples is the land of effects—and they must be seized when they are seen. I had no idea of making this drawing ; but as I reached the temple, the sun rose behind it, and I never saw it so huge, so mighty, as that morning. So I drew it—or tried to—while the effect lasted.

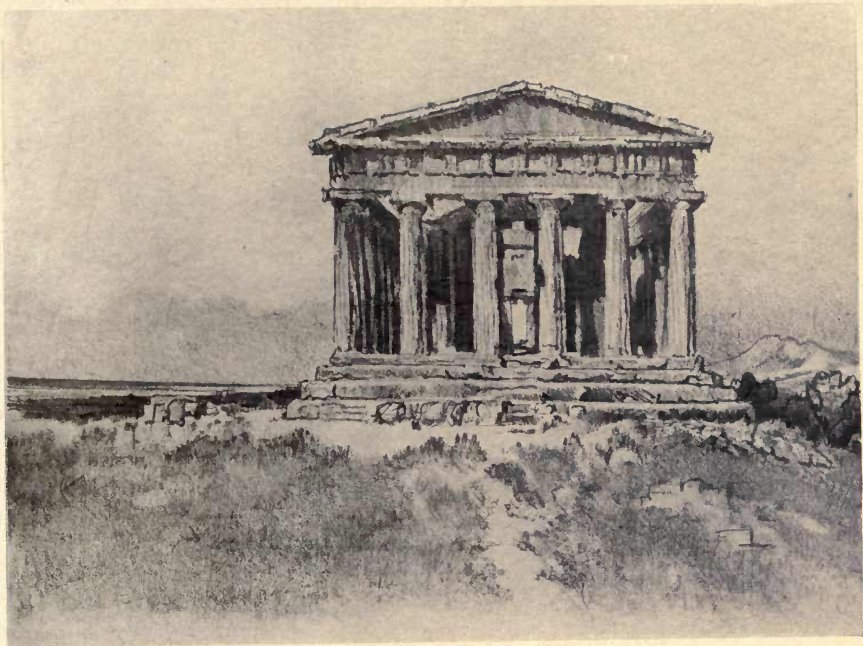


VII

THE TEMPLE BY THE SEA—TEMPLE OF CONCORD,
GIRGENTI

VII THE TEMPLE BY THE SEA—TEMPLE
OF CONCORD, GIRGENTI

I HAVE never seen long, level lines of temple, land, and sea so harmonise and work into a great composition as at Girgenti.

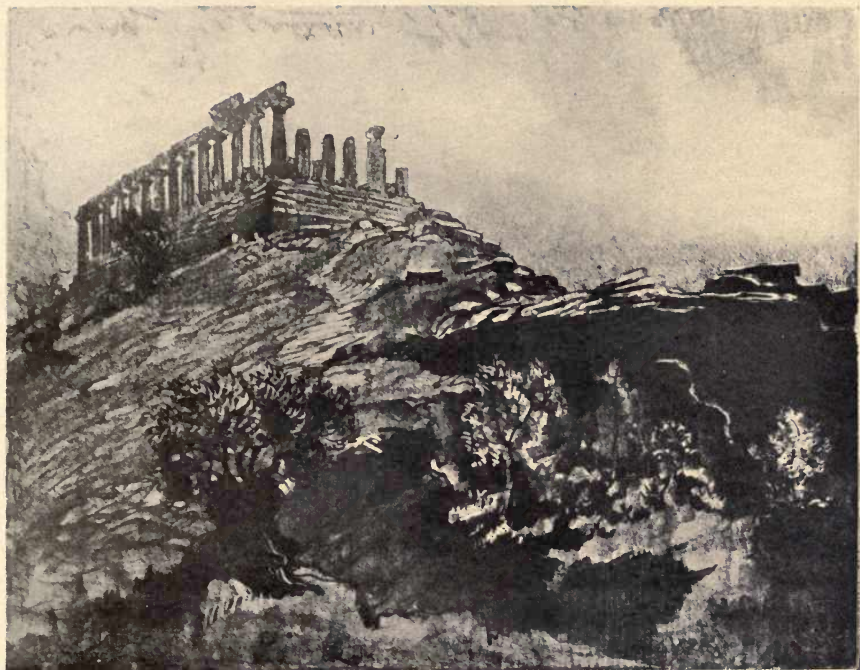


VIII

THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD ON THE WALL
FROM WITHIN, GIRGENTI

VIII THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD ON THE WALL
FROM WITHIN, GIRGENTI

HOW it piles up! What a perfect goal for the pilgrim; so noble is the sight, he must in awe have mounted to it on his knees.



IX

THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD ON THE WALL
FROM WITHOUT, GIRGENTI

IX THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD ON THE WALL
FROM WITHOUT, GIRGENTI

WHEN the glow of the sunset falls on it, and when the shadows block out the great rifts in the walls—walls which are like cliffs—and when the tourists and archaeologists have gone to dress for dinner and left one alone, one learns in the silence that the Greeks were divine artists.



X

COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUNO, GIRGENTI

X COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUNO,
GIRGENTI

AS the sun sinks into the silent sea, these battered, beaten columns take on a dignity which proves how impressive this temple was when their art was a living thing. Only from within comes a voice, in English or American, which proves that art is dead—Greek art.



XI

THE TEMPLES ON THE WALL, GIRGENTI

XI THE TEMPLES ON THE WALL, GIRGENTI

THERE they stand on the outer walls, the long line of them—and there are more than I have drawn ; but how magnificently they stand—these everlasting monuments to great art.

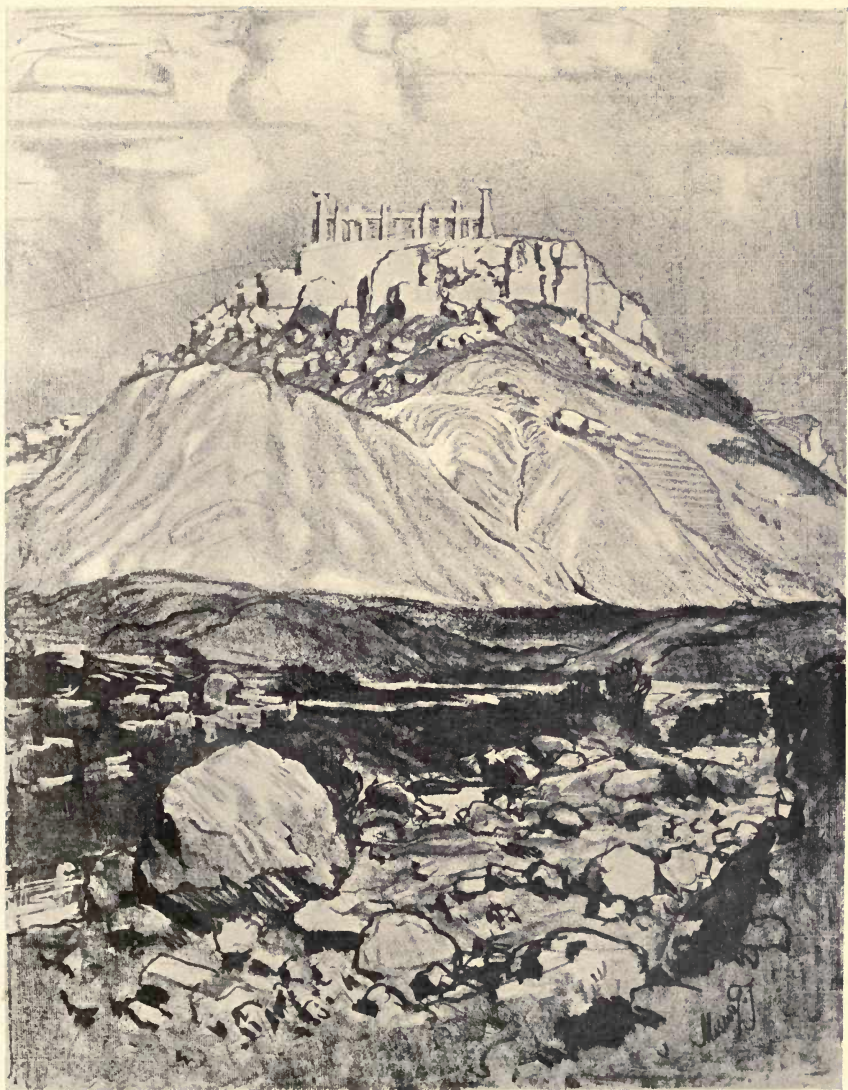


XII

THE TEMPLE OF JUNO FROM BELOW, GIRGENTI

XII THE TEMPLE OF JUNO FROM BELOW,
GIRGENTI

OUT of the dark river-bed and the huge boulders; some real, some blocks that have fallen from the wall above, slid down the high scarred hill and come to rest in confusion at the bottom. Above the shattered wall silently stand in the pale morning light the long line of pillars of the temple. And all the while I drew, the Sicilian glared at me from behind the great rocks, and I was glad when I had finished and could come away.

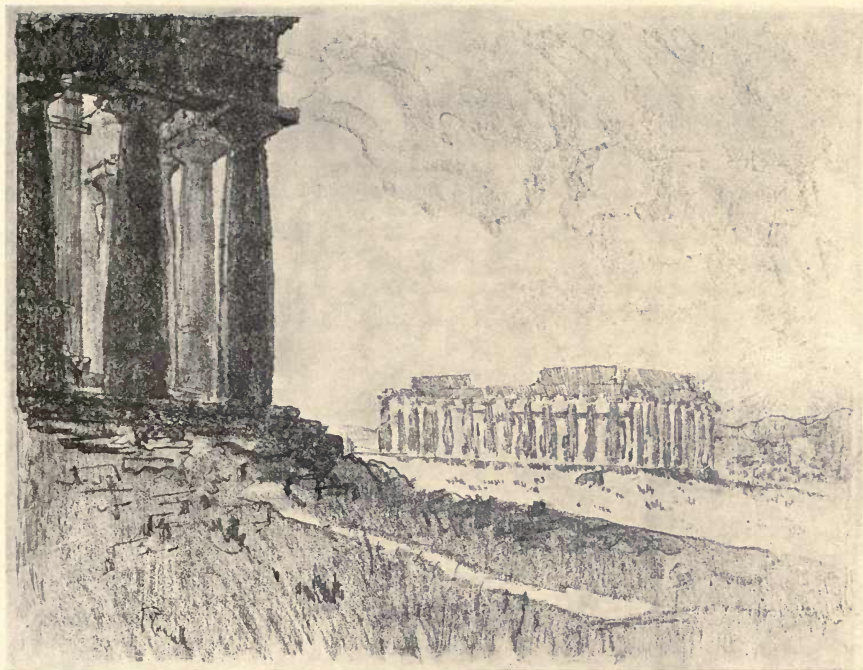


XIII

PAESTUM. MORNING MIST

XIII PAESTUM. MORNING MIST

WHEN, after a night of horrors at the inn of Paestum, I rose before day, the temples were veiled in mist ; the fences were lost ; the factory chimney had vanished—the guardians were asleep—the place seemed far away ; but soon a motor hooted and an engine whistled, the mists vanished, the guardians came out, the tourists flocked in ; the sadness, the loneliness of Paestum are gone with the malaria and the buffaloes—only the mosquitoes remain.



XIV

PAESTUM. EVENING

XIV PAESTUM. EVENING

ONLY in the mists of the morning and the glow of the evening is Paestum impressive any more. It is dignified, but the mystery and melancholy have gone.



XV CORINTH TOWARDS THE GULF

HERE the builders had tried for a wonderful scheme, and worked it out wonderfully, light against light—the glittering temple against the gleaming sea—the rigid, solid lines of the building telling against the faint, far-away, half-revealed, half-concealed silhouettes in form and colour of the mountains; over whose sides the cloud-shadows slowly moved. On one side my countrymen have built a shanty where they lived while excavating; on the other is a bare barrack, in which they have stored the stuff they have found. From the village Square, this museum completely hides the temple; but Greece was so much finer before it was discovered by archaeologists—or by most of them—for most of them have no feeling at all for the art they have dug up.



XVI

ACRO - CORINTH FROM CORINTH

XVI ACRO-CORINTH FROM CORINTH

THE way the great mountains pile up behind the great temple is most impressive.

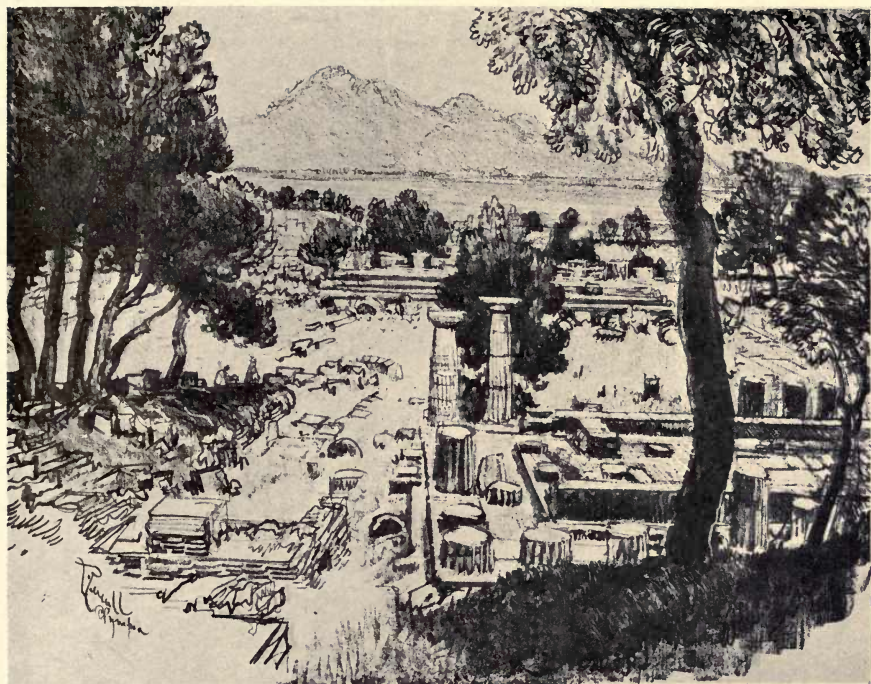


XVII

OLYMPIA FROM THE HILLSIDE

XVII OLYMPIA FROM THE HILLSIDE

THE Olympian groves are a fraud; they are mere bushes and only hide the temples amid which they sprout; but by dodging around the hillside one can see how finely the temples were placed and how lovely were the lines of the meandering river backed by the beautiful, ever-changing coloured mountains.



XVIII

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER. EVENING.

XVIII THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER. EVENING

NIGHT was falling as I was coming back from drawing by the river Ilissos. The subject was the most impressive I saw in the Land of Temples, and in the gathering darkness I drew it as well as I could.



XIX

THE ACROPOLIS FROM THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER,
ATHENS

XIX THE ACROPOLIS FROM THE TEMPLE OF
JUPITER, ATHENS

THERE is as much charm in the clearness of the day as in the mystery of the night, in the Land of Temples. And though I only moved from one side of the columns to the other, when I drew the Temple of Jupiter, Evening, the composition is as different as the effect.



XX

THE WAY UP TO THE ACROPOLIS

XX THE WAY UP TO THE ACROPOLIS

THE fragment of the steps that is left shows how imposing the whole must have been. In making this lithograph I could not help noting—though I did not put them in—the endless races that mounted ; and although the costume of each group changed, and often the nationality and language, there was almost always someone amongst them who could read the ancient Greek of the tablets built into the wall ; and always the whole party seemed to understand it. But the modern Greek is, I imagine, the greatest reader in the world—at any rate of newspapers.



XXI

DOWN FROM THE ACROPOLIS

XXI DOWN FROM THE ACROPOLIS

BETWEEN Athens, the pavement of the Temple of Nike, and the roof of the Temple of Theseus, there is a great gulf fixed, and this gives an amazing idea of height and depth ; and beyond, stretching to the mountains, with the feeling of the sea beyond that, is the sacred way. It is the way to Eleusis and the Sea. From the road, as it mounts the distant hills, the way leads straight to the Acropolis, which grows more and more impressive and imposing as you approach, till modern Athens hides it.

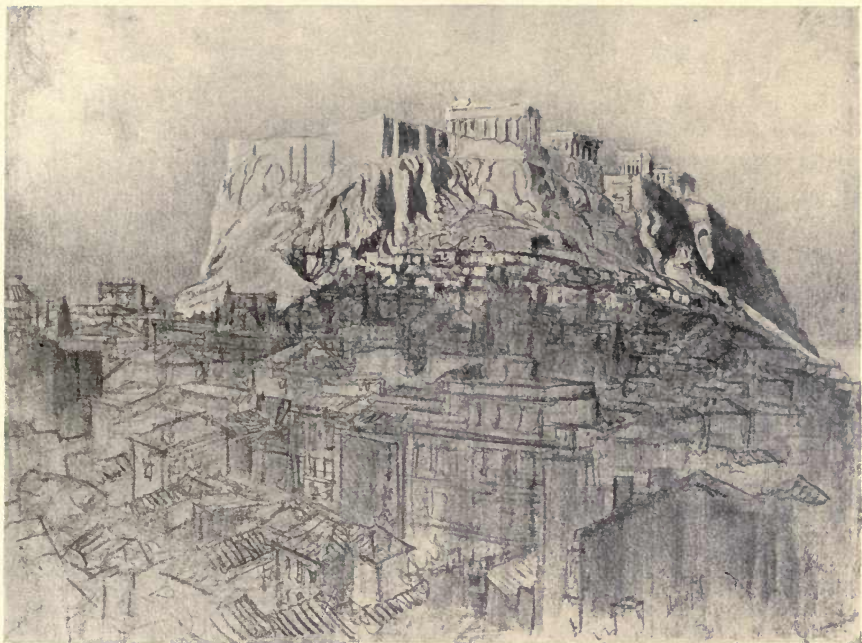


XXII

SUNRISE OVER THE ACROPOLIS

XXII SUNRISE OVER THE ACROPOLIS

EVERY morning the sun, coming in at my bedroom window, woke me when it touched the topmost part of the Parthenon ; and then the light spread down to the battlements, then to the cliffs, showing the horrid caves and strong ribs over and upon which the fortress temples stand ; and by the time the sun had reached the forum, the forum woke up and all the beauty fled—till another day.



XXIII

STORM BEHIND THE ACROPOLIS

XXIII STORM BEHIND THE ACROPOLIS

AND when the clouds of a spring afternoon gather behind the Acropolis, you realise why it was built on that barren rock: because the builders saw it would be the most impressive shrine on this earth.

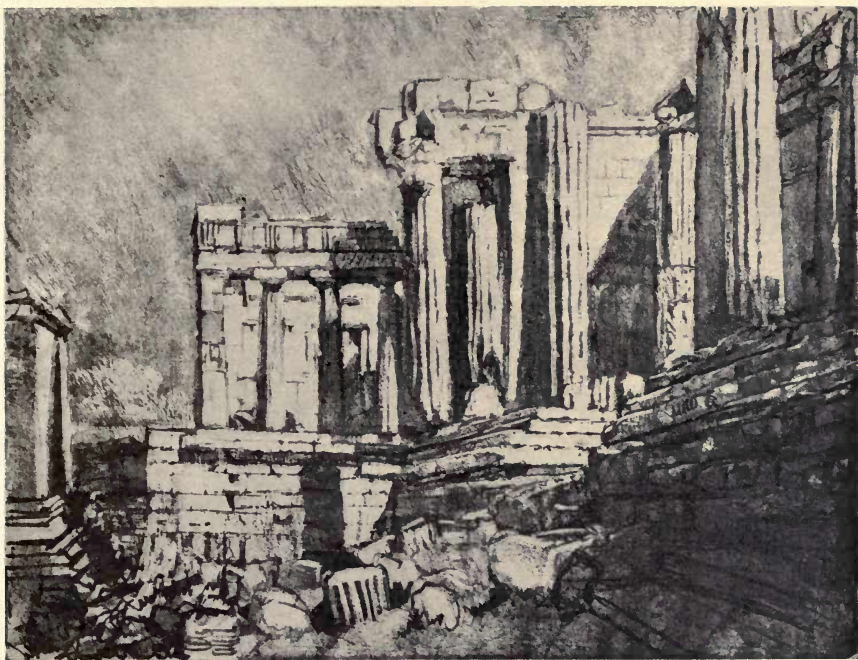


XXIV

THE PROPYLAEA, ATHENS

XXIV THE PROPYLAEA, ATHENS

THIS is pure architecture ; it interested me. I tried to draw it, as it looked to me ; but no draughtsman—no painter, either—will ever get that wondrous warm glow which seems to come from within the walls and suffuse them with light and colour.

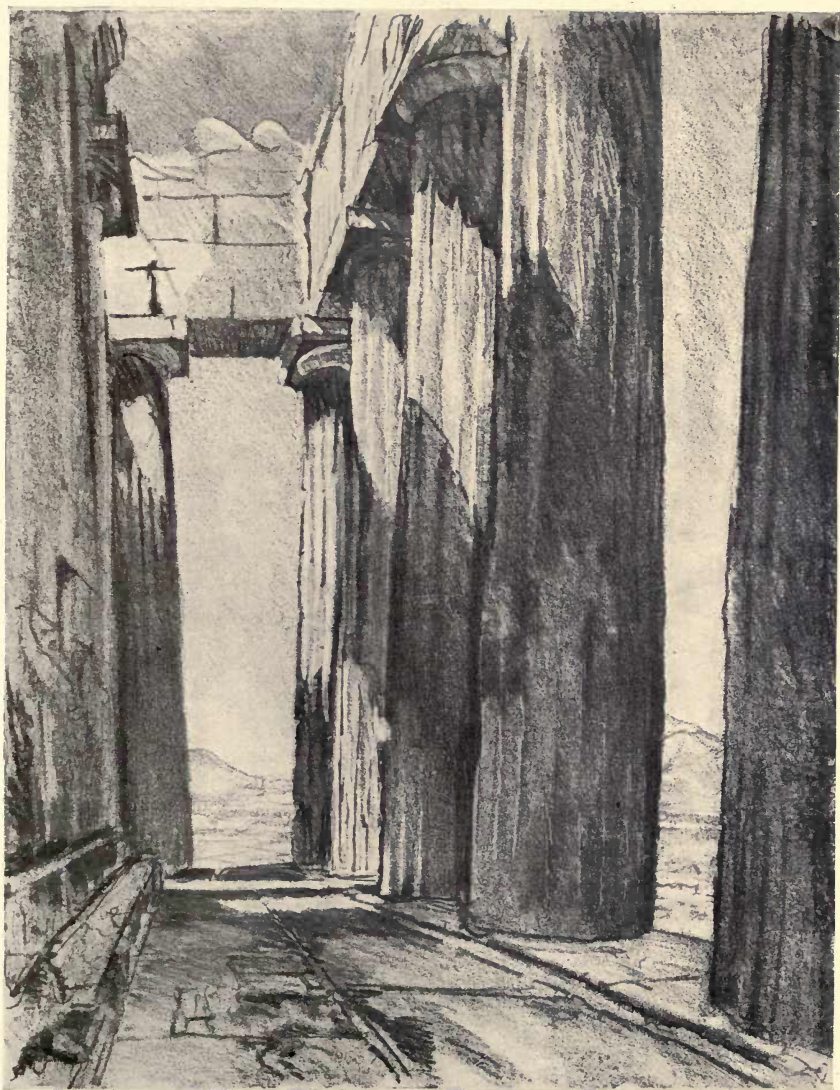


XXV

THE PORTICO OF THE PARTHENON

XXV THE PORTICO OF THE PARTHENON

THIS is the greatest architectural art in the world.



XXVI

THE PARTHENON FROM THE GATEWAY

XXVI THE PARTHENON FROM THE GATEWAY

DID these temples always grow out of the bare rock as now, or was the rock, too, overlaid with marble pavements? It must have been, for it is incredible that people with such a sense of beauty should have built such beautiful things on a stone pile.



XXVII

THE FAÇADE OF THE PARTHENON.
SUNSET

XXVII THE FAÇADE OF THE PARTHENON.

SUNSET

JUST as the bell rings at sunset, from between a rift in the clouds of the spring evening the last ray of the setting sun strikes the pediment of the Parthenon. And against the black clouds over the mountains, it is transfigured, and then slowly one leaves—turning from the wonder of man's work to the wonder of God's sunset, and the wonder of the afterglow over Eleusis.



XXVIII

THE FALLEN COLUMN, ATHENS

XXVIII THE FALLEN COLUMN, ATHENS

ON either side of the Parthenon the columns thrown down by the explosion of a powder magazine within, are lying, not as they fell, but each section carefully rolled into its proper place. The disorder at Olympia, when earthquakes destroyed the temples, is far more convincing and impressive, for there the columns lie in confusion, here in archaeological order.



XXIX

THE LITTLE FÊTE, ATHENS

XXIX THE LITTLE FÊTE, ATHENS

A LITTLE fête of some sort was being held at the little church by the little river, and the way to it was lined with them that sold things; beyond was the rocky river-bed; then the Temple of Jupiter; and away above all, the Acropolis—framed in by the black trees, the most romantic subject I ever saw.

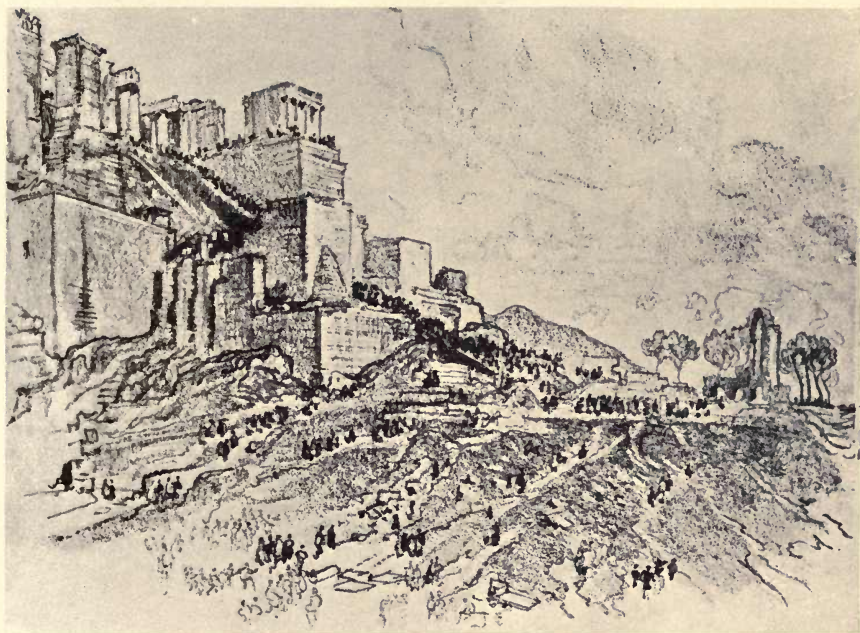


XXX

THE GREAT FÊTE, ATHENS

XXX THE GREAT FÊTE, ATHENS

ON the afternoon of St. George's Day I wandered out of the city up to the Acropolis, and found the whole plain and the approaches crowded; while the stairs were black with people, and so were the lofty platforms. The fête that afternoon, as I saw it from Mars Hill, was more real than any restoration or imaginations.

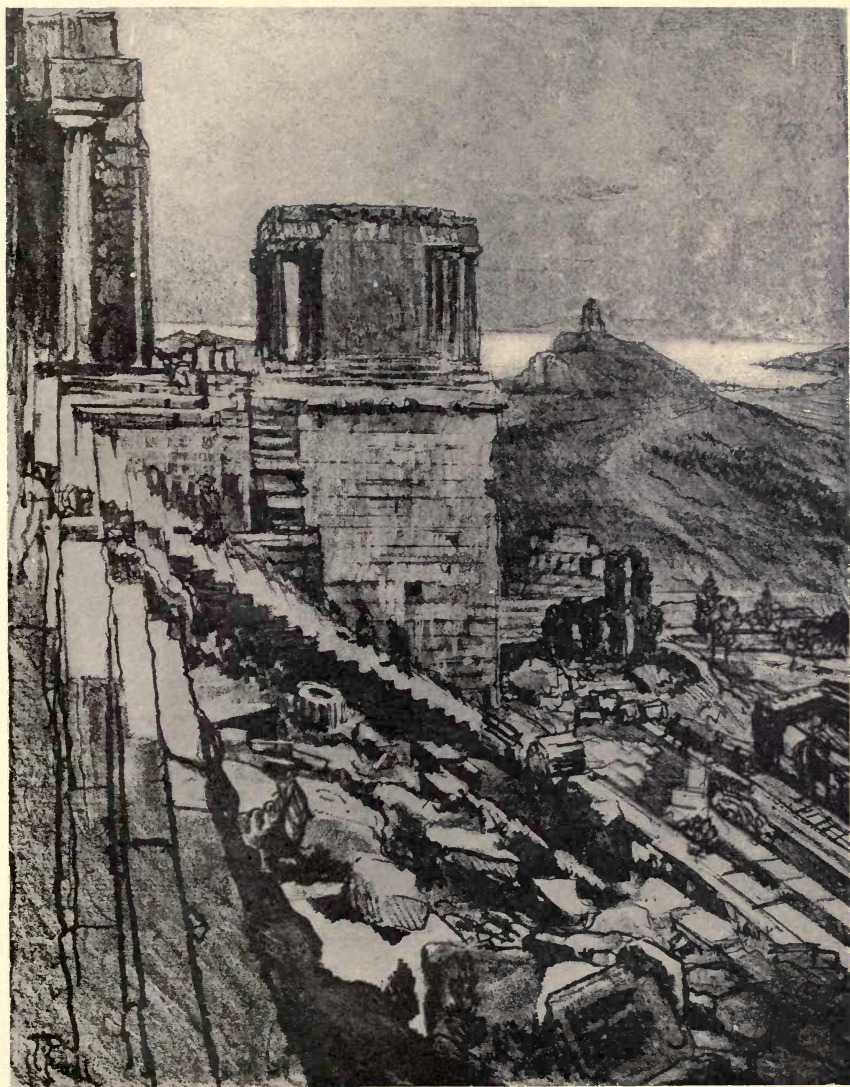


XXXI

THE TEMPLE OF NIKE, ATHENS

XXXI THE TEMPLE OF NIKE, ATHENS

ONE has but to cross to the other side of the Propylaea from the top of the steps—from the great platform and altar before the wall, to find an equally inspiring—or inspired—arrangement. For there is no accident in these compositions. The way the line of the sea cuts blue against the white temple walls and shows through the columns at either end, and the way the nearer hill of Lycabettus piles up dark against the shining base on which the temple stands and that is accented, too, by the one dark note of the theatre—though it is later that one sees these arrangements were not accidents. These things were all thought out by the builders of Temples.

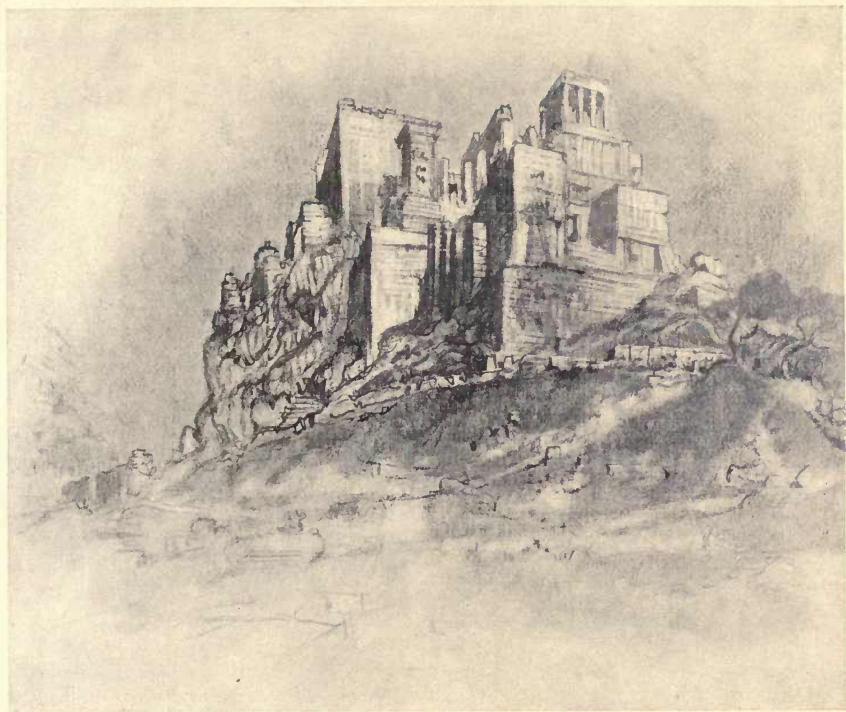


XXXII

THE TEMPLE OF NIKE FROM MARS
HILL, ATHENS

XXXII THE TEMPLE OF NIKE FROM MARS HILL,
ATHENS

THIS is the grandest grouping of the Acropolis. The way in which the whole, in solemn square masses, piles up—the temple dominating all—is marvellous. It is finer, I am sure, in ruin, than ever it was in perfection.



XXXIII

THE ODEON, ATHENS

XXXIII THE ODEON, ATHENS

LOOKING down from the Acropolis, one sees the theatre—even the Greeks mostly placed the theatre before the temple. But what I saw that afternoon was a school of small Greek boys studying and reciting in the Odeon, because the school had been taken for barracks. But as a soldier said to me, Mars was more real to him than the Turks he had been fighting.

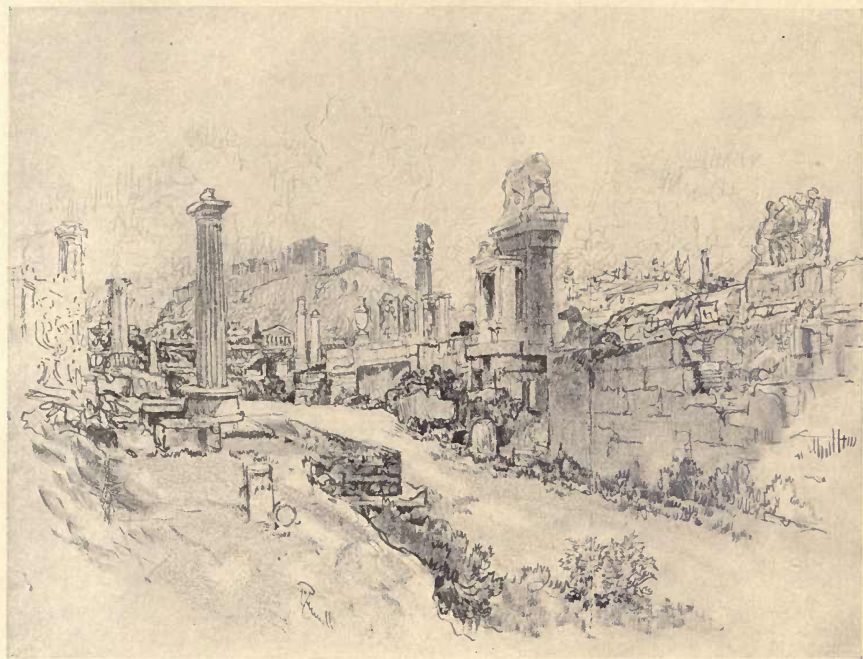


XXXIV

THE STREET OF THE TOMBS, ATHENS

XXXIV THE STREET OF THE TOMBS, ATHENS

TO be buried under the shadow, or in sight of the Acropolis must have been glorious. Nowhere else is there such a decorative arrangement of death.



XXXV

ELEUSIS: THE PAVEMENT OF THE TEMPLE

XXXV ELEUSIS: THE PAVEMENT
OF THE TEMPLE

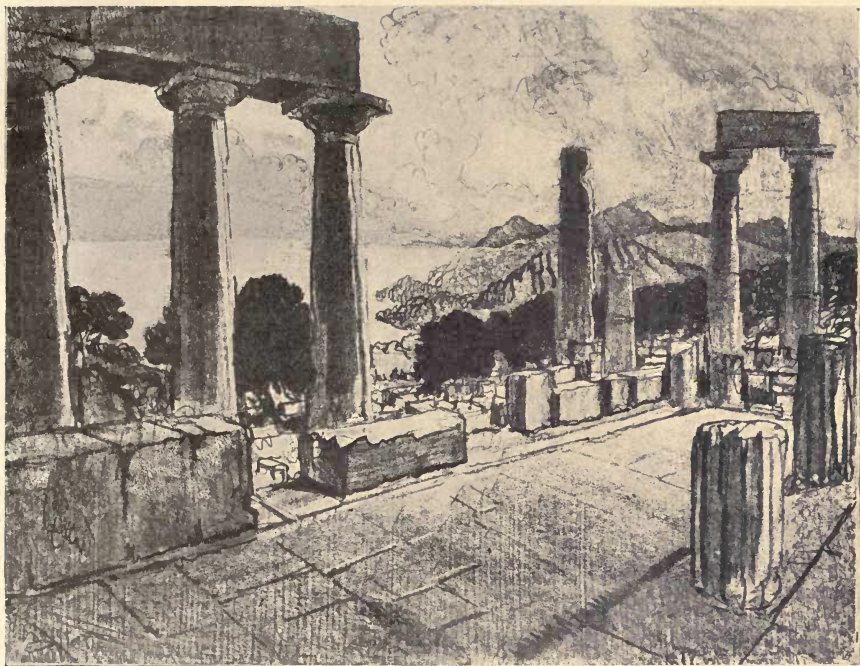
SWEPT away is everything, mysteries and all—all that remains is the great pavement on which stand the stumps of columns ; yet I doubt if it was finer ever. And the long drive out over the sacred way, the long, quiet day ; and the long drive back, with the Acropolis growing more and more majestic in the twilight, were perfect.



XXXVI
AEGINA

XXXVI AEGINA

ONLY at Aegina, so far as I have seen, is there a real—yet it is so beautiful it seems unreal—forest in Greece. Nowhere in the world do the trees in dense, deep shade so cover the slopes that lead down, almost black, to the deep blue sea; and where have I ever seen such a contrast between the bosky woods and the barren cliffs that tower above them? And all this is but a background for one of the most beautiful temples in this beautiful land, placed perfectly, by the greatest artists of the past, in the most exquisite landscape. Yet the guardian told me I was the third person who had visited Aegina between January and April last year.



XXXVII

AEGINA ON ITS MOUNTAIN TOP

XXXVII AEGINA ON ITS MOUNTAIN TOP

AS, after the long ride across the island, ever climbing, one comes from the dense wood, suddenly in front is the splendid pile, on either side the forest, beyond the sea ; and in the airy distance, Athens and the Acropolis.



XXXVIII

THE SHINING ROCKS, DELPHI

XXXVIII THE SHINING ROCKS, DELPHI

AFTER I had made this drawing, after I had had it transferred to stone and printed, I showed it to the Director of the Greek School, and he said: "Why, you have drawn the Shining Rocks." All I tried to do was to draw Delphi and the rocks behind the ruins. That in the light the rocks did shine was nothing to me, save that they showed the way the cliffs were built up. I have since learned, however, that I have shown one the great things of Greece.



XXXIX

THE TREASURY OF ATHENS, DELPHI

XXXIX THE TREASURY OF ATHENS, DELPHI

THE Treasury is a restoration; but, even so, it is charming, standing by the rough paved way, which is bordered by the semi-circular seats, placed always with the most wonderful views before them, and backed by the black mountains, up whose sides wind trails leading, in the spring, to the clouds. The loneliness of the land, and the hugeness of the temples and theatres built to hold the people who are no longer there, was intensified last year when all the able-bodied men had gone to the war, and the land was desolate.



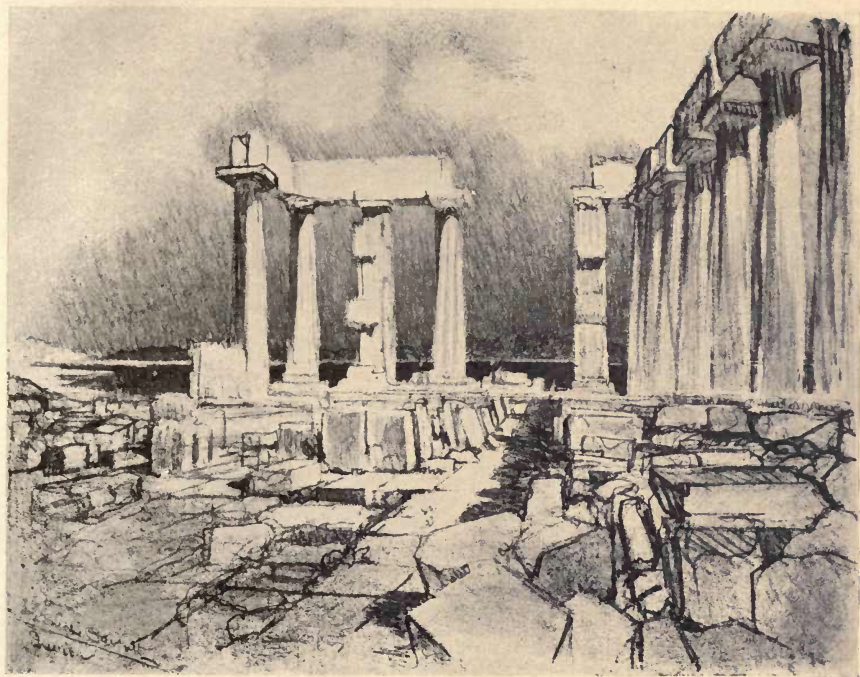
ΝΑΟΥ ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΟΣ

XL

THE WINE-DARK SEA, SUNIUM

XL THE WINE-DARK SEA, SUNIUM

FROM without and from within, either bright against the dark waters, or dark against the bright sea, the Temple of Poseidon piles up. One could stay on that mud-swept, sun-beaten headland for months; but without a camp, one can only stay a day.



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