

The Agiot

40th Edition

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Needs You

The Agiotfest is back this summer and will take place on Saturday 27th August from Eight until Late.

We are calling on our friends and Agiotfest supporters to join us in this third year. So, please make an empty space in your diary for this date and come along for another superb evening of live music by quality acts.

What we can tell you now:

Gate will open at 7.30 and the fest will start at 8.00.p.m.

Tickets will remain at 20 Euros for some 5/6 hours

of music. Aged 12 and under will be half-price and toddlers FREE.

PAYPAL available for ticket purchase

Venue will be the New Cactus Hilton as it was in 2010

Car parking available

Food and drink at reasonable prices available on site.

No restrictions on bringing your own refreshments

Accommodation at good prices for travellers from abroad.

Toilets



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Agiotfest 11 Needs You
Continued from page 1



“Early Morning Preparations - 2010”

What we can tell you soon:

The Programme

News of acts

Other relevant information

For all of those of you who came in 2009 and 2010 a huge thank



you. We can say with some evidence that both years produced great evenings. We did a survey to which many of you responded. It asked a lot of questions of what you, the customer, thought of 2010, what you expected in 2011 and for any suggestions you wanted to put forward. This questionnaire, together with our own experience, will shape this year’s Agiotfest.

We cannot stress enough that the continuation of this festival is wanted by many of you. But these special evenings do not come cheap for the organizers. So we are looking for more people to turn up. Please spread the word and encourage all you know to make the effort. You will not be disappointed. We have kept admittance prices reasonable, as confirmed to us by your survey replies, but we need 500 paying customers, not 350, to ensure the ultimate success of this venture. The way I see it is that each person who spends 20 Euros is a direct sponsor for the future and longevity of Agiotfest. Put simply, the more



“Agiotfest 10 gradually filling up”

sponsors the more cash generated the better and better the music.

For those wishing to sponsor with a capital S, please contact us [here](http://www.agiotfest.co.uk) or through www.agiotfest.co.uk which will be reporting updates continually between now and the event.



Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

All have survived more or less unscathed the exertions of the Christmas-New Year-Epiphany holiday season. The village has now returned to its customary out-of-season somnolence, its calm broken only by the yapping of dogs pursuing every raucous clattering motorcycle and scooter that passes and the persistent pestilential penetrating buzz of chainsaws hacking logs for the heating of homes. One of Vasili’s large trees has undergone a very short back-and-sides and his

cottage chimney emits clouds of acrid smoke.

On New Year’s Day Kosta celebrated his 83rd birthday. That he did not dance was solely owing to lack of space around the dining-table.

The last two Sundays of this month will be runners-up to the last big Carnival in Town before the onset of Lent, excuses for some more jollification, children sporting fancy dress and attending parties.

Rumour has it that the big housing estate that now disfigures the formerly beautiful steep Kombitsi

hillside remains unoccupied because the foundations of the houses are not sufficiently secure and all risk collapsing into the valley in the event of heavy rainfall. At least our similar local development, now nearing completion, will not suffer a like fate. It is said that all units are already sold. We await with trepidation the onrush of settlers with their covered wagons and banjos.

Pottering in Peloponnisos

By Paul McGovern
Editor

Chapter 1: HELLO PATRAS



The 9th Of November was very windy and it did not auger well for a ferry crossing. We were up very early and getting our gear ready for our jaunt to the south. Every time we go away I say 'let's travel light', but this never works. Mounds of clothes and cases and other travelling paraphernalia are spread-eagled across our bedroom, our three posh cases await the traditional stuffing. It is truly amazing how much can be poured in. To be fair, one case was reserved for my paperwork, as the first part of this adventure was to be a working break. We load James [our trusty warhorse Land Rover]. It strikes me that our luggage is much smarter than he, and looks somewhat incongruous once inside. Other bibs and bobs are loaded including laptop, designs, models, travel kettle, maps etc etc. We sailed lunchtime to Epiros; they waited for the wind to drop before departure. No incidents during the crossing but the driver had a bit of difficulty parking at Igoumenitsa, so we went round and round in pretty circles for a while before docking.

It is 4.30 and we leave the port, heading for Patras. We hugged the coast all the way down, as we like to explore, before turning east to Vonitsa. Earlier we had driven fast and empty dual carriageways but as night descended these had given way

to treacherous low-lying twisting roads with indistinct verges and no lighting. We finally struggle out of this, cross the superb but 12.20 Euros toll-bridge at Rio, and somewhere past nine in the evening we enter bustling Patras streets and find our way to our hotel Byzantino, after fortuitously stumbling upon a small municipal car park buried in the shops and crammed lanes. The attendant insists on parking our vehicle for us in the narrowest of available space, and duly bends the ignition key whilst so doing. Luckily, we have a spare. The hotel is but a short walk from the car-park, we are soon cosied inside a very pleasant room, where we drop everything before sallying out into the very busy streets, to find an al fresco pitta supper - it is agreeably warm despite the lateness of the hour and season.

The male receptionist at the Byzantino has definitely written me off as an idiot. The morning after our arrival we are rudely awoken around 7.00.a.m by the pneumatic hammering of a work-team outside our window. Lula wants to move rooms and dashes down to see said receptionist. Lula reports the noise and he agrees to move us; she then shows him the bent car key and he points her in the direction of a nearby key-cutter. We start moving our stuff to room 207 at the opposite and quieter side of the building but in the melee I accidentally lock



our existing room prematurely. Lula reports that I have done this. Then I can't find my shoes. Lula re-



ports this. The Receptionist goes to room 105 with Lula in search of my shoes whilst I'm paddling up and down corridors shoeless. And in Room 105 there is a strange smell; it wasn't me, honest! Anyway, he has now marked my card and probably had my passport carefully checked by the authorities.

We get a taxi to the marina, where we have an appointment. I cross the hotel lobby gingerly, wishing to alert further suspicion from the hotel man. We are meeting a business associate John for the first time, and I am immediately impressed by his pink-striped shirt, very similar to the one I am wearing, which shows he is a man of great taste. We sit for a long time getting to know each other, before being joined by his wife Artemis. We talk some more before strolling out in pleasant sunshine to a nearby taverna, where we take lunch on a terrace. A long lunch with superb food, capped off with a fine Tentoura liqueur. Yummy yummy. John and Artemis share their time in Greece and the Canary Isles, and we are interested in all they have to say of their busy yet interesting lives. They are fine hosts and drive us back to the hotel at teatime. We are plum tuckered and decide on an early night, as we want to explore the famous winery tomorrow, which John and Artemis have recommended.

News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

So who said we are lucky to live here, this is probably the most expensive Island to live on, we are overburdened with taxes, costs a fortune to keep a car on the road, Burglaries are through the roof up here in the North, Windy and raining, everyone is skint !!!

We have to ask ourselves why is the crime rate going so high? Could it be that successive Greek governments have been incompetent and corrupt making the populace short of money and desperate, or that Greece would have been better off not joining the EU, or

that the high taxes are making it to expensive for the tourists, or maybe foreigners are moving out here but are broke before they even get here!!!

We could live in UK, Freezing cold, armed robberies, terrorism, High taxes, Police state, you cannot fart without breaking some law or other, Police stops all the time.

Corrupt politicians.

Well, I guess looking at things overall, WE ARE lucky to live here, at least it doesn't snow!!

If you are on computer why not check out Utube, the "Corfual" site, we have 8 videos up that we have had a crack making. Might cheer you up !!

Also do not forget WWW.Lillylongman.com our book is still on offer at half price only ten quid. Buy one and support the poor. (Me) a sample recipe is here.

I am and always will be. Obnoxious Al

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Vegetarian Burger

Ingredients:

400gr tin Haricot Beans rinsed and drained
400gr tin Kidney Beans rinsed and drained
20gr Fresh Basil chopped
50gr Kefalotiri or Parmesan Cheese grated
75gr Sundried Tomatoes chopped
1 Egg
100gr Breadcrumbs
25gr Pinenuts chopped
1/3 tsp Chilly Powder, more or less as wished.
Salt andf Pepper to taste if desired.
Enough Olive or Vegetable Oil for frying.

GO:

1. In a blender mix the Beans, Basil, Cheese, Sundried Tomatoes, Egg. Chilli Powder, Salt and Pepper into a smooth consistency.

2. Add 50gr of Breadcrumbs and Pinenuts and blend further.

3. Divide the mixture equally into eight shaped Burgers.

4. Place upon a tray or big plate and top them with the rest of the Breadcrumbs.

5. Cover and store in refrigerator for two hours.

6. Heat the Oil in a fryingpan.

7. Fry the Burgers for about five

minutes each side until they become crisp

8. Serve with chips and salad if wished.

NB. Dried Beans may be used instead, but they must be soaked overnight and sufficiently boiled.

BON APPÉTIT

Feline Frolics

One Wednesday morning at eleven, when I set off to the bus stop on my way to Town, Hedges and Aspros trotted along beside me and nothing I could do would stop them. From time to time I picked them up, turned them round and pushed, but as soon as I started again on my way they resumed their escort. Around halfway when a local cat tried to join us sweet demure Hedges flew at it, screaming horrible oaths, and it fled for its life. Where she learned such language I cannot imagine for her parents, Alexander and Bubble, were such refined creatures. I blame that grey ruffian from the hotel; I am always telling her to keep away from him.

Hedges rejoined us and when we had passed the school, reaching the children's playground, I made one last despairing effort to send them back home. When Aspros turned again to follow me Hedges delivered a straight left to his nose that stopped him in his tracks though she continued to trot beside me. I was worried how she would cope with the traffic when crossing the main road, but she avoided everything with the insouciance of a girl-about-town and sat beside me waiting for the bus. However I was worried that she would try to board the bus and twice carried her back to the other side of the road,

ignoring her loud protests; each time she returned to the bus stop, even looking up at the traffic lights before crossing. Furthermore I was not sure how Hedges would cope with the traffic and crowds in Town and whether the menu at Wednesday Lunchbox would be to her taste.

Fortunately just before the bus arrived Paul and Lula drove up in the Landrover. They agreed to take Hedges home. I threw her, protesting vehemently, into the back seat. She tried to escape and I heard Lula squeal as Hedges executed a frantic complete circuit of the interior when they drove away. Greatly relieved I boarded the bus.

For my return a friend gave me a lift from Town to my door and I was pleased when Hedges reported for lunch together with the rest of my cats - except Aspros. Neither was he there at teatime, so when I had finished in the office at around six o'clock I set off down the hill calling at intervals. I had reached the school before he came trotting towards me, completely unconcerned. "I knew you'd be back." His little legs working about twenty times to mine he cheerfully came back home - to eat very heartily.

I understand from Paul that Hedges settled down in the car and has now shown interest in becoming a rally driver!

Corfu Weather Statistics

January 2011

Data is available only to 16th January, since when the Weather Station seems to have gone into hibernation.

Month's Rainfall: 18.5 mm

Maximum Temperature: 17.4 C on 16th.

Minimum Temperature: 2.8 C on 5th

Maximum Windspeed: 15.3 kmh on 11th

Maximum Gust Speed: 62.9 kmh on 11th .

Photo Gallery

More From The Loser's Cup - 2010

Christmas Eve 2010 - in Corfu



Dependence

By
Simon Baddeley

....'HAPPY NEW FEAR' proclaims a graffito in Corfu town. Another reads: 'Do some good - kill a cop.' But, despite the recent renewal of terrorist activity in Greece, those who have most to fear in the coming months are not the security forces but the members of 'closed' professions - those self-regulating, self-contained occupations ranging from lawyers and accountants to taxi drivers and electricians. A condition of the IMF-EU bailout for Greece is the deregulation of these professions - reckoned to number more than 70 - and opening them

up to competition, since their existence violates the principle of free movement of goods and services. Legislation was prepared by government before Christmas, but was postponed due to apprehension that the backlash from the vested interests would add to the already unstable political and social situation...Deputy prime minister Theodoros Pangalos, who is responsible for co-ordinating the reforms of the key ministries, acknowledges that Greece's 'original sin' can be traced back to the founding of the Greek state in the 1830s. In a traditionally rural society, peasants became the 'clients' of landowners and local

government officials. Just as successive governments in the 1970s and '80s 'bought' votes through protectionism, so these historical 'patrons' bought obedience and adherence from the land. So Greek society is permeated by the idea of dependence.



"Theodoros Pangalos"

Property Features



Agios Martinos - North West Corfu
Price: €68,000

This Mid-Terrace cottage is a modernised old stone property set in a quiet area of Agios Martinos. Only five minutes from Acharavi with magnificent views across to Albania. It has a small garden to the rear with lemon and orange trees, also with rear access. A 'laid to stone' patio to the front measures 35 square metres.

This cottage features one small central room/hallway with two other rooms, possibly one bedroom and one lounge. French doors lead out into the garden. There is a recently refurbished bathroom with shower combined, and a kitchen/diner fitted with a new kitchen from England.

A brick built outhouse has been waterproofed and can be used as a washroom or laundry room. Electricity and Water are connected and there is a well to the front of the property that is in working order. This property has been nicely modernised and is ready to



Villa Sclerosis -by-the-sea - Bulgaria
Price: €32,000

This is a detached villa near the village of Kraymorie, Bulgaria, and is 52 square metres in size with 2 rooms up and 2 rooms down and balconies featured. It is situated in 600 square metres of land which includes a well in the garden for water supply, electricity is also connected. Located only 10 to 15 minutes from the fabulous beach of Kraymorie on the Black Sea, it is also situated close to a fishing lake on the edge of a forest, within a hunting area ideal for hunting deer, wild pig etc.

The nearest town is Sozopol, a 20 minute drive and the nearest city is Bourgas also a 20 minute drive.

For More information on these and other Properties - Go To: www.propertycorfu.org

Is Your Money In Safe Hands?

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Some years ago I was approached by “Something-Big-In-The-City”, who had been forced into early retirement nearby through health problems, asking me to accept his ten-year-old son into my school. The lad had been attending a “highly-reputable” Boys’ Preparatory School in London, so I had no reservations in acceding to his father’s request. However, when our new entrant arrived I was horrified. True, he spoke beautifully, was well-mannered, a good sportsman, but academically he was about three years adrift by our standards.

All our pupils sat examinations at the age of eleven for entrance to Independent Grammar Schools, today’s chief British custodians of academic quality, sometimes with as many as two-hundred contesting twenty places, and we had not had a failure since I had taken over as principal. Too, if pupils needed to gain a scholarship because parents could not meet fees we could also guarantee that; the child just had to work a bit harder.

When I told the father that his son was very unlikely to pass any entrance examination, that I could not make up his colossal leeway in six months, the fellow did not seem at all concerned. In the event my reservations were proved correct, the boy was our sole failure in the entire seventeen years that I was principal. His father was so foolish as to go to the Head of a genuinely highly-regarded Grammar School and offer him a “financial inducement” to accept his son. He was very promptly shown the door and the Head, a personal friend of mine, we were both musicians,

phoned me in anger at my having sicked the moron on to him. However we both concluded in laughing at parental stupidity.

The boy left at the end of the school year and went to the local Comprehensive School, the only pupil whose name did not feature on our Honours Board.

Some seven or eight years later I was returning from a visit to London, seated in the restaurant car of a train with three of my pupils. I always took the year’s Head Boy, Head Chorister and Sports Captain to London on the Saturday before Christmas in order to visit Hamleys, Harrods, Trafalgar Square and Regent Street and we were enjoying a meal on the journey home.

A very elegantly attired young man rose from a table nearby to leave the car, but stopped by our table. “Hello, Mr. Mann, don’t you recognise me?”

He smiled, introduced himself as that former pupil and briefly recounted his doings through the intervening years. He was still living at home. Although he had managed to pass only three “O-levels” at the end of his schooling his father had secured him a good job in the City. He went his way after we exchanged the season’s greetings. I reflected that he must have good job if at his age he could afford to commute daily eighty miles by train, eating in the dining car!

Only a few days later I was guest at the home of the bank-manager father of a pupil. Discussing the nation’s economy with that parent I was deploring the sabotage of our manufacturing industries by successive governments. When I was a child Britain was second only to the U.S.A. in productivity per head of

population. At the time of that discussion, some twenty years ago, it had already slipped disastrously. Today it is fourteenth and declining steadily. Even little Switzerland has displaced the U.S.A, which is now also on the way down, victim of its own vicious voracity..

That evening my host tried to allay my concern by telling me that Britain now relies upon “service industries” to sustain its economy. That offered little reassurance. Most service industries merely push wealth around while it loses its value; tangible product is minimal.

I had many discussions with the head of a nearby large Boys’ Preparatory School, a personal friend. Whilst I maintained that the sole justification for independent schooling was that it offered better academic and technical training than the totally ineffective state system, he averred that to inculcate social graces and skills was of equal or even greater importance. The very existence of my school, though, depended upon our academic success, whereas there are always indigent Public Schools eager to accept any fee-paying pupil, however obtuse. Yet such places are recruiting grounds for “good fellows” of the Civil Service as well as “captains of industry”. Is it any wonder that the national economy is in disarray? A nation’s true wealth is its brains. English-speaking countries are approaching bankruptcy.

My infant years were blighted by the first Great Depression, inflicted upon the world through the insatiable greed, abysmal ignorance and monumental stupidity of the “financial wizards” in Manhattan and The City.

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Is Your Money In Safe Hands?
Continued from Page 7

When recently a second Great Depression (euphemistically described as “recession” or “down-turn”) again ruined the lives of millions around the world I was reminded of my encounter on the train. As long as financial institutions and businesses are controlled by such dimwits as that young man and his father, appointed not by intellect but through “influence” and nepotism, such disasters are inevitable. Consortia claim that they need to offer exorbitant salaries and bonuses in order to attract experts to their service, yet those so-called “experts”, through their moronic ineptitude, inefficiency and incompetence, regularly impose distress, misery and disaster worldwide. Whom do they think they are fooling?

From the ages of eleven to eighteen I was a member of my grandfather’s household. He was a very successful business-man, apprenticed at fourteen to the village cobbler, at forty owner of a shoe factory with sixty operatives and a building concern employing twenty more. When instructing me in his business principles he was always repeating the Shakespearean tenet, “Neither a borrower nor a lender be.” Refusing to comply with the stupid regulations being imposed by the Atlee government in 1946, he shut down his businesses and accurately prophesied the death that foolish politicians, “activists”, and “economists” would inflict upon British industry.

For nearly seventy years I have dealt with the same bank and never been overdrawn, have never asked for credit, yet only a few months ago they wrote offering me a considerable amount of credit. That is fla-

grant skullduggery, encouraging persons to run into debt so that the bank may impose further charges in addition to the extortionate ones already levied. They are resorting to downright ruthless trickery to defraud of hard-earned income gullible populaces, deliberately dumbed-down by pitifully inadequate education systems, led into folly by a flood of cynical deluding propaganda. Anyone who incurs debt is a fool, easy prey to the vicious voracious financial vultures.

The thousands who have recently lost their homes bear witness to the predatory machinations of building societies and similar corporations, luring the ignorant and unwary into extortionate deals that hang around their necks for year after year and then collapse in ruination, while in the meantime their victims are often imprisoned through economic necessity in the slavery of uncongenial employment just as firmly as ever were the slaves in the cotton fields or sugar plantations. Hire-purchase companies have equally evil retentive claws..

Grateful employers took out a life policy in my name a long time ago and paid the annual premiums. When I left their business I continued the payments, but when in due course the policy matured I discovered that the return on my “investment” was about three per cent. I could have put the money to far better use elsewhere. It was a case of having been conned by a gang of thieves who enriched themselves by using my deposits. I had thought my bosses better informed. How many others have fallen into a similar trap?

Some years ago my apartment was burgled. I have never bothered with insurance, except when it was a legal requirement, and was able to console myself with the calculation that the value of the articles stolen

was far less than would have been the cost of premiums over my adult years. Much insurance is also a scam, scaring people into parting with their money through the prospect of most unlikely catastrophes, another piece of financial exploitation.

It is very encouraging to note that there is now a strong movement afoot to exercise far tighter control on financial institutions. It is long overdue. However, until that is firmly in place any funds that one entrusts to such establishments are most certainly not in safe hands. It would also help were their staff to be recruited on the basis of personal intelligence. Honesty too would be a useful attribute. Is that too much to be required? Anyway, so long as the correction is subject to the ineptitude and corruption of politicians any real improvement would appear to be unlikely. Those who have reverted to secreting their savings under the mattress may have chosen wisely, but even that has great risk; the value of currencies can be subject to wide fluctuation through the evil self-enriching manipulation or clumsy muddle of the world’s “financiers”. Safety is very elusive.