

# The Agiot

## 45th Edition

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## AGIOTFEST 2011 - Corfu rock, soul and folk festival

monarch.co.uk

Sponsored By

**Ocay Services**

thecorfuclub.com  
social, business & enterprise  
network for the Ionian



The third annual International Agiotfest takes place in Agios Ioannis, Corfu on SATURDAY, AUGUST 27TH this summer.

Following the great success of the 2009 and 2010 event Ocay Services, in conjunction with gigapromotions.com, thecorfuclub.com and monarch.co.uk Airlines, is happy to excite the audience with Agiotfest 2011, which will be larger than ever before.

Top of the bill will be Jimmy James and the Vagabonds, Soul legends from the U.K. with a string of hits to their credit. Who has not heard of RED RED WINE? But they only provide the icing on the cake.

A full line-up of bands will give over 7 hours of live music, gates opening at 6.p.m.

4 Square, demanded back from last year. Come and see this amazing young band from Manchester, 2nd biggest ever CD sellers at the Cropredy Festival, one of the largest annual U.K. festivals.

The Outboys from Cheltenham, England, great exponents of PINK FLOYD, TALKING HEADS, THE CURE.

CORFU'S very own GEORGE TRYFONAS AND THE REBELLIONS, bringing their own unique CORFU style to our international jamboree.

Vince Vortex and the Cukes, crashing out the CLASH AND SEX PISTOLS.

This show has something for everyone. Come and see the only truly diverse and International music event that Corfu has. This Festival will be bigger next year if you show you want it. Main acts are already being pencilled in for 2012.

CORFU BEER will provide real ice cold beer, other drinks and food will be on sale at reasonable prices. T-shirts, CD's and ATMOSPHERE. Dancing is almost COMPULSORY.

TICKETS AT GATE 20 Euros or 10 Euros for under 13's. Car parking, Toilets.

Go to [www.agiotfest.co.uk](http://www.agiotfest.co.uk) for further information.

To buy your tickets on-line please visit [www.corfuwhatson.com](http://www.corfuwhatson.com)

or [www.agiotfest.co.uk](http://www.agiotfest.co.uk).

To Agiotfest θα πραγματοποιηθεί για τρίτη συνεχής χρονιά στον Άγιο Ιωάννη, στην Κέρκυρα το Σάββατο, 27 Αυγούστου.

Μετά την μεγάλη επιτυχία του 2009 και του 2010, η Ocay Services, σε συνδυασμό με τις gigapromotions.com, thecorfuclub.com και monarch.co.uk Airlines, βρίσκεται στην ευχάριστη θέση να ανακοινώσει στο κοινό του το Agiotfest 2011, το οποίο θα είναι μεγαλύτερο από ποτέ.

Ένα πλήρες line-up από μπάντες θα παίξει πάνω από 7 ώρες ζωντανής μουσικής, ξεκινώντας στις έξι.

Στην αρχή της λίστας βρίσκεται ο Jimmy James and the Vagabonds, θρύλοι της Soul από το Ηνωμένο Βασίλειο με μια σειρά από επιτυχίες στο ενεργητικό τους. Και ποιός δεν έχει ακούσει για το RED RED WINE;

Οι 4 Square ζητήθηκαν εκ νέου μετά την περσινή τους εμφάνιση. Ελάτε να δείτε αυτό το εκπληκτικό νέο συγκρότημα από το Μάντσεστερ, 2η μεγαλύτερη μπάντα σε πωλησείς CD στο Cropredy Φεστιβάλ, ένα από τα μεγαλύτερα ετήσια φεστιβάλ του Ηνωμένου Βασιλείου.

Οι Outboys από το Cheltenham, στην Αγγλία, μεγάλοι εκφραστές των PINK FLOYD, TALKING HEADS, THE CURE. Οι GEORGE TRYFONAS AND THE REBELLIONS από το νησί μας, παρέχουν το δικό τους μοναδικό στυλ.

Και τέλος οι Vince Vortex And The Cukes, αναβιώνουν τους CLASH και τους SEX PISTOLS.

Αυτό το σόου έχει κάτι για όλους. Ελάτε να δείτε το μοναδικό, πραγματικά ποικίλο, διεθνές μουσικό γεγονός στην Κέρκυρα. Ήδη γίνονται οι πρώτες κινήσεις για το Agiotfest 2012.

Η CORFU BEER θα παρέχει πραγματικά παγωμένη μπίρα, ενώ σνάκς, αναψυκτικά, T-shirts και CD θα πωλούνται σε λογικές τιμές.

ΕΙΣΙΤΗΡΙΑ 20 Ευρώ και 10 ευρώ για κάτω των 13 ετών του. Χώρος παρκίνγκ, χώροι υγιεινής.

Πηγαίνετε στο [www.agiotfest.gr](http://www.agiotfest.gr) για περισσότερα. Για αγορά εισιτηρίων online παρακαλούμε επισκευθείτε τις παρακάτω σελίδες [www.corfuwhatson.com](http://www.corfuwhatson.com) ή [www.agiotfest.gr](http://www.agiotfest.gr).

# 4 Square

By Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing Editor



When I heard 4Square at Afiotfest10 I was greatly impressed by their verve and vitality and their obvious enjoyment that communicated to their audience.

I used to play the viola as well as my various keyboard instruments, but never in a million years could I have tap-danced with Nicola's aplomb and skill while simultaneously performing delightfully on her violin. Dan's drumming has variety, subtlety and imagination in marked contrast to the tedious persistent brainless pounding of many of that fraternity, while imagination also colours the accomplished backing provided by the two Jameses on keyboard and guitar respectively.

This Youthful quartet are not mere entertainers; they are talented musicians. It is no wonder that they made such a spectacular debut at Cropredy. We are most fortunate to have them enhancing Agiofests.



## Ticket Distributors

**OCA Y Office** (Agios Ioannis) - phone (+30) 26610 58177 / mobile (+30) 6974932408

**Paul McGovern** (Agios Ioannis) - phone (+30) 26610 58172 / mobile (+30) 6974932408

**Richard Wilson** (British Corner Shop, Perama) - mobile (+30) 6947320420

**Petros Papageorgiou** (Boatman's World, Kontokali) – phone (+30) 26610 80104

**Diane Kontou** (Central/South Corfu) – mobile (+30) 6947621504

**Emma Wood** (Corfu Club, Barbati) – phone (+30) 26630 91338 / mobile (+30) 6943534654

**Paul Scotter** (Agios Ioannis) – mobile (+30) 6948701369

**Natasha Katehi** – mobile (+30) 6974663847

**Chas Clifton** - phone (+30) 26610 94627

**Janet Balaoura** - mobile (+30) 6932249052

**Vicki Moss** - mobile (+30) 6942472222

**Bill Vrioni (Town)** - phone (+30) 26610 35244

### For North Corfu:

(Tickets and Coach Transport to the event)

**Jan and Ken Harrop** - Phone: 26630 94655 Mobile: 6946949545

## More sponsors of Agiofest 2011



# Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing Editor



*"Why so tired after only a 14 hour shift"*

As well as a large party of convivial German bikers whose laughter

kept ringing round the plateia, visitors in June included Ian Greig, Wayne Best and his son all the way from Vancouver, Joost and Gwenny Smeets, Mike and Claudia Beyer with little Leonard and Theodore, Vivian Clarke and family, Ulrich, Ebner and friends, the Groves again with Micky Clark and Ingrid White, and Liz and James Stewart.

All had a great time at the panigyri, some even attempting Greek dancing when fortified by the local vintage.



*Scottish Invasion—Liz and James Stuart*



*"One too Many"*



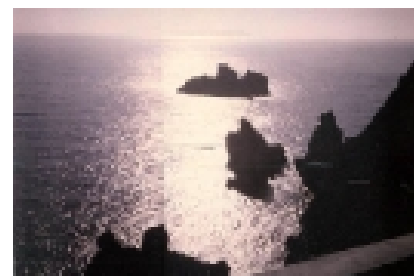
## Wayne's World

Photos from 1970's

*(at least it once was)*

*Wayne Best from Vancouver has just recently had a brief stay with us in the village.*

*We think he had a good time except for the "Stanley Cup" result.*





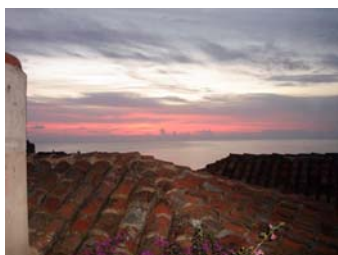
# Pottering in Peloponnisos

By Paul McGovern  
Editor

## Chapter 5: Monemvasia



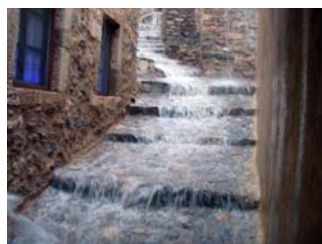
Today was near perfect. We did what we had planned yesterday, to explore this fascinating island town. We took a simple breakfast with coffee on our lower terrace. Before that the dawn birds and dawn had greeted us from the roof terrace. What beauty! The eastern sky was slashed with impossible reds, permeating smokestacks of cloud. An early-morning stroll took us along the battlements of the coastal fortification.



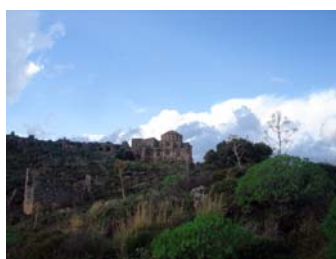
We gazed at the beautiful houses, crumbled houses, houses being renovated. Workmen were abroad early on these renovations, despite the lateness of season. They use mules, with panniers, to transport their cement and sand from without the city, under the lower gate, through the winding cobbled lanes with mule-friendly chamfered corners, to their various nooks and niches. I am along the seawall, and upwards as far as steps will carry me, past the East gate until progress is halted by a chasm. Returning to



meet Lula we now go down the passageways to the sea. Here is a handy ladder drops me swiftly into deep water. It starts to rain, then thunder. I'm wet anyway so it makes no difference. I've always loved swimming in the rain. We go back to our lodgings and in no time find the steep lane to our retreat is now a flash-flood.



As soon as it had started, it stops, so we are abroad again in the lanes, this time striking upward towards the upper city. We are soon out of the lower inhabited part and climbing past the total ruins of what was once a splendid town. It is too strenuous a climb for easy 21<sup>st</sup> Century dwellers, all clinging to the kinder lower slopes. Only the lonely Agia Sofia church on a summit is in prime condition. We slowly wend



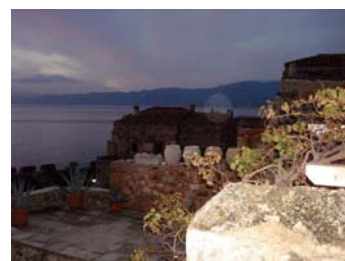
our way along winding, pattered tracks, across the rocky top of the islet. I think Lula is very brave with her poor back and my annoying ankle continues to throb. We are suddenly like to old peasants on this unforgiving landscape. Yet we manage to reach the citadel at the summit, where we are challenged by two huge crows, who squawk and dive to frighten us fro their nest high on the wall.

On the way down the beauty is enhanced by a double-rainbow out

at sea, which persists for many minutes. At last we make our apartment. A lovely refreshing cuppa. We are both expecting rigour mortis to set in now but the refreshing cuppa energizes us for a final outing, during which we take a light but tasty dinner at the friendly Marianthi restaurant.



More from Monemvasia



# Aunty Lula's Love-bites

## Apple and Raisin Cake

### Ingredients

- 200gr Sugar
- 2 Cups Diced Apples
- 1/2 Cup Raisins
- 1 Beaten Egg
- 1/2 Cup Vegetable Oil  
(preferably, half olive oil and  
half sunflower oil)
- 1 tsp Baking soda
- 1/2 tsp Cream of Tartar
- 1/2 tsp Cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp Salt

### GO:

Mix in order.

Pour into a greased 20cm tin.

Bake at 180c until toothpick  
inserted comes out clean.

*Bon Appetit!!*

## Corfu Weather Statistics

June 2011 (until 24th)

Month's Rainfall: A teacup full.  
Maximum Temperature: 30.4C  
Minimum Temperature: 0C  
Average Temperature 22.3C  
Maximum Windspeed: 53.1 km/h.



## News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria  
Contributing Editor

Another month has gone by, so what's new here in the North land of OZ?

Well, my drinking buddy has gone to England for a couple of weeks, so I thought this would be a good time to give the old Vodka a rest and dry out for the period !! Boring!!!!!! At the same time following a bit of stick from the missus, I thought a crash diet would be good as well.

Seriously, my biggest fault is thinking too much. Anyway since last Monday narry a drop of booze has passed my lips. I am just over the withdrawal period, although at times I even thought of using Vodka as an embrocation and rubbing it in, but no I resisted, it should be all downhill now for the next 10 days.

Of course we must not forget the

stupidity of dieting at the same time. I am using the Atkins diet which you either love or hate, I know in the past it has worked for me.

>From Monday to Friday I am down 3 Kilos, which is great if you don't mind bad breath, rotten headaches and awful smelly flatulence. Combine this with the feeling of permanent queasiness as a side effect from drying out, and you can gather it's been a crappy week. I am going to hang in there until my mate returns to Corfu and hopefully be able to go back on the pop in a vastly reduced capacity, with the hope I will have enough strength to lift a glass!!!

Anyone else deciding to stop the booze, DONT diet at the same time it takes all the fun out of it!

What else, Oh yes status quo up the North here as per last month, Very few tourists, very few prospective house buyers, mass suicides

from the local restauranters and bar owners, some who have been knocking on my door last few days to ask where is their best customer.

(Seems the local economy is resting on my vodka consumption). On the plus side clearer beaches plenty of room to sunbathe with no snotty screaming kids plonking down beside you, wonderful. (Mind you with my wind, no one would sit next to me anyway, even my wife is sleeping in the next room) Have you ever noticed the beach can be totally empty and a family with noisy brats will always choose from out of the whole empty beach to plonk down 10 feet from you? Weird.

Well no more to say, you can always check out [www.utube/user/corfual](http://www.utube/user/corfual).

About 15 silly videos to watch if you're bored and I have still got a really nice cottage ready to move into for a give away price.

I am, and always will be,  
Obnoxious Al

# Jonathan

By Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing Editor

He came to the school the skinny little seven-year old product of a late romance between an elderly couple who had each had two previous liaisons. He had much older nephews and nieces, brothers and sisters! Roaming the streets of the town at all hours of day and night, his protection was that everybody knew him and loved this extremely trusting, friendly and good-natured child. Jonathan had been pampered out of his mind and was sent to us because his parents had belatedly realised that they were ruining their son. (Over-indulgence is also child abuse.) He was academically a disaster area, the despair of teachers at his local primary school.

Although his home was only a ten minute stroll away, I accepted him as a weekly boarder from Sunday evening to Friday after school in order to counter his home environment. It was well known that if a child had difficulties, living with me overcame them in short order. I never had more than four boys staying and at that time had only two, boarding because their parents had moved away and their sons did not want to leave the school.

What a pair Andrew and Peter were! They were two of the brightest youngsters that I ever encountered, in our flexible system working at the age of ten from textbooks for fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds, and when they left us the following year both gained a Queen's Scholarship to their respective Independent Grammar Schools. The Head of one had asked Andrew to return for a second examination because he did not believe that the incredible results had been obtained fairly. Closely-supervised Andrew once more gained full marks and a standing ovation from their prep-school pupils when he left the examination room. Jonathan worshipped the ground upon which his two "brothers" stood and they in turn took him under their

wings, unhesitatingly helping him with his difficulties, not only in lessons but also in games' skills, for Jonathan was also very backward in that respect. Free-time was spent in the gym or on the sports field.

My deputy, an extremely competent young South African graduate of British descent in his first teaching post, was form-master of the seven-year-olds. He was immensely popular and had a wonderful sense of humour. He certainly needed the latter, daily coming to me to recount laughing Jonathan's latest "howler".

Peter and Andrew also derived a great deal of amusement from helping Jonathan, although some of it was slightly questionable. I watched, inwardly bursting with merriment, at meal-times while the pair convinced the little one amongst other things that tomato sauce was Dragon's Blood, and that blackcurrant flan was toad-spawn. The latter had a spectacular sequel one Saturday afternoon in a crowded local delicatessen when Jonathan asked his mother, "Can we have some of that toad-spawn like we have at school, mummy?" The shop erupted and the boy's parents were still laughing when they brought him back on Sunday evening. Jonathan was also highly amused; he always good-naturedly accepted correction of his errors, even when misbehaviour met with a slap or two.

I would never allow pupils to watch television in their spare time, although we occasionally used educational programmes in class, when they were appropriate. We had a well-stocked school library and my boarders had periods set aside for homework and reading as well as for free-time. Some day-boys also stayed to complete homework and to share in after-school activities; I was always available to help anyone in difficulty. It was quite common for a pupil to ask parents to collect him from school as late as eight in the evening, or to return after his meal

at home so that he could join in the football, cricket, hockey, athletics or gymnastics. I always prepared our evening meal to allow for one or two boarders' friends sharing with us. (I am rather proud of my cooking. My boarders often reckoned that they fed better at school than at home. We had a gem of a cook to prepare the midday meal for all pupils and staff and she often left little "extras" for the boarders. A fisherman-parent would sometimes come to present fish for breakfast or dinner.)

By the end of his first year Jonathan had made up a great deal of leeway and I was looking forward to having him in my form the next year. Towards the end of the summer holiday I received a letter from his father telling me that he was splitting from his wife and that she would be taking Jonathan away to live in Scotland. I was absolutely furious. We had worked really hard to overcome their son's difficulties stemming from parental stupidity, and now all our efforts were being jeopardised by further idiocy.

Teachers are warned never to interfere in pupils' home affairs, although we often see a great deal of foolishness, but this time I made an exception and sent a copy of a particularly frank and critical letter each to mother and to father. Only a couple of days later a reply came informing me that the pair had settled their differences and were re-uniting, but moving to Scotland. Would I accept Jonathan as a full-time boarder as he did not want to leave the school?

The arrangement was ideal as Andrew and Peter had left and I had only one new boarder; Jonathan would be company for Robert. At the beginning of term I (plus two or three boys - the Nene Valley Railway starts there and we liked getting smoke into our lungs and smuts in our eyes!) would go to Peterborough to meet Jonathan from the Edinburgh express, and at the end of term a party of us would make a similar trip to see him off to the northern wilds.

Continued on Page 7



Jonathan

Continued from Page 6

Robert was a weekly boarder, but Jonathan was never lonely at weekends during the three following years. He was very popular; there were always friends around the place or an invitation to their homes. For that matter pupils would haunt the place out of school-hours, including Saturday and Sunday as well as throughout holidays. The beach was only fifty yards away and in good weather they would change into swimwear at school before trotting down there. However Jonathan and I, sometimes with one or two of his friends, would have Sunday lunch at a nearby restaurant which a succession of boarders had unjustifiably dubbed "The Soggy-Cabbage Parlour". Then we would stroll along the beach as far as an estuary that provided a yacht harbour as well as the home of a fleet of small fishing boats. There, after amusing ourselves watching the antics of some "weekend sailors" or golfers on the adjacent course, we would buy a freshly-cooked crab or prawns for Sunday tea before catching a bus back to the school.

On one such stroll we were diverted back to the cliff-top because the beach was closed for repair of damage to the coast defences resulting from winter storms. As we

passed the workmen's hut Jonathan noticed a dried up tea-bag that had been flung away after a brew-up. That week in a Science lesson dealing with Evolution I had concluded with the remark, "So if you are walking along the beach and see a stranded starfish, throw it back into the sea - it has been here much longer than you." It was well received!

Jonathan now took up the teabag and solemnly placed it in a nearby puddle of rainwater. "That'll revive it, won't it, sir?" Then he grinned impishly while I chuckled. He was always perpetrating such amusing antics.

The following Sunday we were following the same diversion when Jonathan noticed that the puddle and teabag had dried. He tenderly retrieved the bag and solicitously deposited it in a larger puddle.

My amusement was even greater the next Saturday afternoon. Quite often during the summer I would take out any boys who wanted to come for a picnic. We would cross the estuary on the ferry and visit some derelict World War II coast defences where the youngsters would chase each other around the block-houses, gunpits and trenches. Our way to the ferry lay along the cliff-top and the area by the workmen's hut had been newly turfed. All ten stopped and watched mystified as

Jonathan quickly made a little cross of twigs and reverently pressed it into the grass at the site of the teabag's final resting-place.

"Jonny, you nutter!" His friends were highly amused when I explained.

The time came for Jonathan to go to Scotland to sit the entrance examination of a well-known Grammar School of high repute. I was rather concerned because, although the boy was by now a good average by our standards and we had never had a failure in my time as Head, I was under the impression that Scottish standards of education were higher than ours. I was utterly mistaken; when Jonathan returned, bringing his examination question papers, they proved to be far simpler than those of the various grammar schools to which our pupils gained admission. "They're pipsy," was the incredulous verdict of his friends. Needless to say, a highly-elated Jonathan was successful.

After he left us, during the few years that elapsed before my retirement, whenever his parents came to visit friends locally during the school holidays Jonathan would come to stay with me, a very welcome visitor. I have now lost sight of him, but I remember with great pleasure those four years that he was my pupil.

## Working on the Plot

By  
Simon Baddeley

I'm finding it hard work. Even a few minutes is just a few minutes of me using a fork down just one row. I suspect I'm not using the fork correctly. I made this film so I could show someone who might be prepared to coach me on how to do it better. I'm fighting the earth rather than working with it. I struggle to sink the fork into the ground. It gets

blocked by stones or bricks. A smaller fork won't get under root clusters.

The three pound hoe head I ordered - after seeing several people using such tools on the allotment - has arrived. Trouble has been finding a handle. It was "sorry sir you can't get them anymore" all over, until Lin found a gem of a site called *Get-Digging* based in Norfolk and in no time had identified what I'd bought as a type that comes in many forms in use across the world, often called an *azada*. I phoned them, spoke to Simon there, and using my debit card ensured a handle was on its way. I

should have gone there in the first place. I'm an old man returned to school.



A farmer at work with an azada

## Property Features



**Ourania - Pelekas**  
€145,000

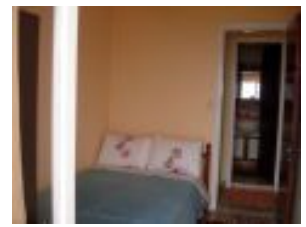
This apartment situated in the village of Pelekas is 85 square metres in size and features 2 bedrooms, a kitchen, a lounge. A nice view can be seen from the verandah.



**Carole's Cottage - Pelekas**  
€70,000

A quaint old cottage situated in the heart of the village of Pelekas, in a lovely peaceful area away from traffic but easily accessed by a pedestrian road.

The cottage itself is 82 square metres in size and comprises 2 rooms, a kitchen and small shower room. It is habitable, clean and with full electricity and water, but is in need of further reparation work. Great views of the island can be seen from all directions and although there is no land attached it has its own courtyard, with the possibility of creating a first floor balcony.



**Rodoula's View - Pelekas**  
€95,000

This 73 square metre fully-furnished apartment is located in the centre of Pelekas village. The apartment is on the first floor and features 2 bedrooms, a kitchen, living room and bathroom. There are balconies on either side of the apartment, the front one overlooking the village square and boasting unbelievable sea views of the west coast.

Pelekas is a lively village located close by to some of the best beaches on the island (Glyfada, Pelekas, Myrtilotisa and others) and not more than 12kms away from Corfu town.

Overall an excellent opportunity as being well priced and ideally located.

**Please go to the OCA Y Services website: [www.propertycorfu.org](http://www.propertycorfu.org) for more details on these and other properties.**