

117th Edition

The Agiot



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Scientology attempts to take over Corfu, 1968 - Part 1

The information contained in this article was sourced mainly from the book 'The Commodore and the Colonels' by John Forte, and was published in The Corfiot Magazine of May 2006.

It was a warm and sunny August day in 1968 when the ship anchored in Corfu harbour. She was the 'Royal Scotsman', a former Irish passenger ferry, now carrying the flag of Sierra Leone, and housing what appeared to the local people to be a school.

Corfu's British Vice-Consul, John Forte, had been asked to look out for the vessel, which had sailed for the Mediterranean from Southampton some months before, amid reports of 'young persons detained under duress.' In fact, the ship was nothing less than the floating World Headquarters for the church of Scientology, a cult founded by Nebraska-born science-fiction writer L. Ron Hubbard. The cult, designated as a church to give it legal status and as a charity to avoid taxes, was described a year later by the News of the World as 'a perverted form of psychology which robs people of their initiative, their sense of responsibility and their reason.' Less than a month before the ship's arrival in Corfu, the British government concluded that 'it is so objectionable that it would be right to take all steps within their power to curb its growth.'

Hubbard's doctrine was based on miracles he claimed to have witnessed in the Far East; it sought a 'scientific' explanation, with mental exercises which would ultimately allow graduates to become an individual who has 'willing cause over matter, energy, space, time, thought and life. This state is far more than becoming just a superman, IT IS THE IDEAL STATE.'

Hubbard invented a kind of lie-detector, the E-meter, to measure whether the mind is 'clear' of inhibitions and guilt on any subject. Several sessions at a fee of \$800 (in 1962) were required to become 'clear', or in the words of Hubbard 'a person who is at knowing and willing cause over his mind.' Graduation to the ultimate 'ideal state' could cost as much as \$15,000 at 1968 prices).

But first-hand reports suggested that the routines utilized by the church owed more to brainwashing than any legitimate psychological techniques. According to one leading psychologist, the routines 'can split the personality into a severe disassociated state and the recruits are hooked before they realize what is happening. The next step erases the boundary between reality and fantasy.' Many students, finding themselves in debt to the church because of the high fees, were forced to finance ongoing studies by taking menial low-paying jobs within the organization, and in the end find themselves alienated from life outside scientology.

John Forte writes that 'one of the features of this tax-deductible multi-million dollar industry... relates to the indoctrination of children. Alan Levy [a scientology commentator] is not the first to draw attention to the enormity that small children are ordered to 'disconnect' from their families, which means sever relations. Such estrangements are often deep and lasting, leaving heartsick parents no longer able to speak rationally to their children, if, indeed, ever able to speak to them again.'

This, then, was the organization which arrived in Corfu

that summer day. Local people were not aware that Hubbard had a hidden agenda. And that was to establish a permanent 'School of Scientology' on the island. Hubbard selected the Harbourmaster, Marios Kalogeras, as his first convert. As a result, the ship and its crew and students were granted special status. Reuters reported that 'students can be seen in taxis going to and from the ship without being asked by harbour guards for their passports or passes or even being questioned by customs officers.' John Forte writes that 'no-one was allowed to visit the ship without the Harbourmaster's permission and, indeed, I myself had difficulty to pass the security cordon of Hubbard and Harbour Police to deliver a message which I had been instructed to convey to Mr. Lafayette Ron Hubbard to the effect that the British Home Secretary had declared him 'persona non grata' in Britain.'

The church then proceeded to capture the hearts of the local shopkeepers by injecting some 1,000 pounds per day into the island's economy for provisions. The ordinary folk were won over through manipulation of the local daily newspapers 'Ephimeris ton Idisseon' and the 'Kerkyraiki' whose editors Hubbard quickly flattered. Front pages were dedicated to fawning articles focusing on the church, under headlines like 'All the World loves Greece, especially us.' Hubbard also used the papers to butter up the Colonels, who were then ruling the country.

'Elsewhere, the 'Gospel' spread like wildfire,' wrote Forte. 'Today it seems not only amazing but utterly incredible that El Ron was able to cast his spell over such a large section of the cream of Corfu society. The build-up of his image was fabricated by a top grade public relations team of smooth cultured and professional experts under the direction of Australian-born Delwyn Sanderson, a glamorous redhead who might have walked straight out of any James Bond film.'

'After exercising her charms and persuasions on the local office of the National Tourist Organization, where she acquired a number of useful introductions, she and her team soon became welcome guests in the homes of prominent hostesses whilst the more eligible males also became intrigued and captivated by Hubbard's attractive looking daughter, Diana, and her comely handmaidens. An accomplished pianist, Diana claims to have been a great friend of Mozart in a previous life.'

'Having sown its seeds so proficiently, the church could now look forward to reaping its reward in Hubbard's Utopia.'



Ell Ron

Continued on Page 3

Scientology attempts to take over Corfu, 1968 - Part 1

Continued from Page 2



The Apollo



Achillion

John Forte noted acidly that Hubbard did not go so far as to re-flag them in Greece; he chose Panama.). But despite the PR, not all was going Hubbard's way. Indeed, there was mounting indignation over the behaviour of the scientologists. Reuters reported that 'Many local authorities are scared to express their opinions publicly as they feel there might be an outcry against them from traders who see the ship as an easy way to fill their tills. But in private, civil, military and police officials speak strongly against Hubbard and his scientologists who come ashore in military parades, speak to no one and refuse to answer questions of what is going on underdecks on the Apollo.'

3. VIP DINNER

The dinner for Corfu VIPs went off like clockwork with Mr. Steinhauser of the Achilleion Casino as host and the top Corfu people there.

The only slight mar was a London Sunday Times reporter. Earlier the local British Consul tried to push him into the party, offending the Corfu VIPs. He got a table nearby and bobbed up to introduce himself and again much offended the VIPs. The host confided he had already confiscated the man's camera. These Corfu people work very hard to protect us. We are grateful that they do.

The dinner itself was excellent and in a very pleasant atmosphere, a large number of VIPs, good music.

Diana, Tony Dunleavy and myself represented the ship. Mary Sue begged off - too worn out fighting for days handling things overseas.

(VIP means "Very Important People", Cadets).

If we are very much on our good behavior, as we are, and continue to let the shore help us, as we have, they will go on being very happy with us.

The dinner guests were also at our very splendid Christening ceremony. Many spoke English but next time we will drill with a local language interpreter to give phrase by phrase translation of our speeches and it will be even better.

So the dinner and ceremony were a whirlwind success, and very very well done.

LEE, COMMODORE,
17 Nov 68

This article was contributed by Hilary Paipeti. Tune in next month for part two of this fascinating history.

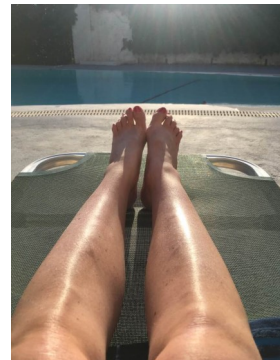
Hubbard himself was launched into society at a red-carpet party at the Casino, then housed in the Achillion Palace. Reciprocal events were thrown on board ship; an especially lavish party followed the much-hyped rechristening of the Royal Scotsman with the name Apollo (the church's two other vessels, which had arrived after the flagship, were renamed at the same ceremony.

Corfu Weather Statistics
JUNE 2017

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature			
Max Temperature	33°C	30 °C	27 °C
Mean Temperature	28 °C	25°C	22°C
Min Temperature	24 °C	19°C	16°C
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	0	0	0
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	18	11	6
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	32	26	21
Dew Point	24°C	18°C	9°C
Precipitation	16.0 mm	0.5 mm	0.0 mm
Wind			
Wind	37 km/h	6 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	-		
Sea Level Pressure	1020 hPa	1013 hPa	1008 hPa

Read more at:

http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugeT Gf.99



'7.15 just a bit of evening sun xx
Sharon Cox'

Simon's World



Get into bed and I'll text
you a story.

I have been in charge of the children – 3 and 5 - for the first hour of each morning of the stay. It gives Amy and Guy – on holiday – longer to sleep, and even Lin.



Amy as a child

If a child doesn't wake me – probably by climbing into our bed, I, when I rise, head downstairs in nightgown and slippers a step at a time, knee joints hurting, but using the outside steps from our side balcony, lined with wisteria and honeysuckle, to avoid the creaky stairs above the guest bedroom, re-entering the house like a burglar, first peeing on the compost in the garden, before I wash and get breakfast ready in the dining room next to the kitchen, putting away, last night's washing, handling each item like spillikins.

Hearing an overhead thump of a waking child I hurry out again, ascending the steps to usher a pyjamad grandchild, perhaps both, downstairs, back the way I came, saying 'shush, shush', finger to my lips.

"Have a wee. Come on go to the loo. Yes put the seat on top. V.good. Let's get this nappy off Hannah. Go go. Shoo shoo. Excellent. I'll put that on the compost in a moment. Now wash hands. Wash! Very good. OK, sit at the table. Now!"

Oh to have the craft of Miss Pross, to be drawn by Phiz, immortalized by Dickens for my mundane morning valour. I issue orders. Mostly ignored; bringing drinks, a bottle for Hannah, cup for Oliver, then a flaky chocolaty cereal in bowls set before each child, to be followed by a small croissant.

Scheherazade told tales to save her life; I tell them to keep my grandchildren eating breakfast, and quiet.

"One day the sun didn't come up in the morning..." I've no idea where this is going, but I win a good few minutes of compliance thinking up what that would be like, starting with everyone thinking the clocks are wrong but slowly grasping that lots of people are now in a quandary as to what to do, apart from being astonished, and increasingly worried. "Shall we get up? Stay in bed? Where's the sun? Phoning around, listening to the radio, looking at the TV. Yes we've phoned Australia and China to see if the sun's still over there, but they say 'no, it should be with you by now. What on earth is going on? Do we go to school, to work?'"

Oliver's fascinated. I've got some control, authority. Hannah, at 3, probably doesn't understand this story, but she follows Oliver's rapt attention to my words.

"Eat your cereal or we stop the story."

I get breakfast done and start helping them get dressed, Amy having left two piles of clothes in the dining room.

"Tell me more" says Oliver

"Where do you think the sun has gone?" I ask, since I too have no idea.

Could an android ever be programmed to deal with the moving three-dimensional co-ordinates of dressing a small child, getting legs in pants and trousers, head and arms through the right holes in a T-shirt, pulling on socks so the heel's in the right place? As it is, at a certain point in the putting-on, the children help, stretching, reaching, leaving me to pull down, pull up and tidy. Phew.

Simon's World
Continued from Page 4

"In places where there are no street lights, people looked up at the stars. The Milky Way ran like a great river across the sky. Some could see the Plough and the North Star. Down in Australia they could see the Southern Cross but*...where are your shoes? Ah. Got them. Left foot! Push... but they could not see the moon. People were still too sleepy and too puzzled to be frightened. "What the heck is going on?" they asked standing in the streets, peering out of their windows "Someone needs to do something"

"Do you know why they couldn't see the moon, Ollie?"

"Why not?"

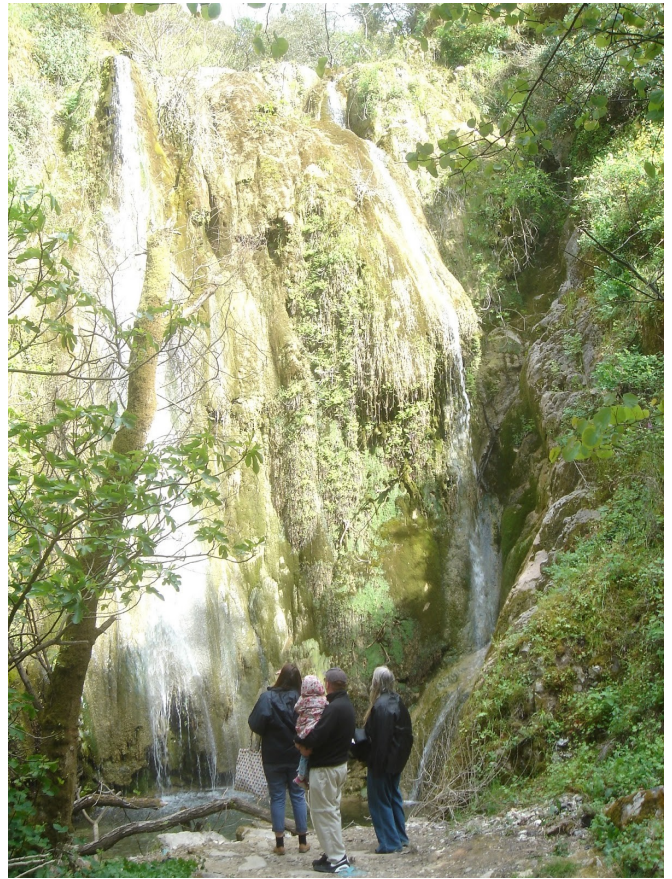
"See if you can guess. Let's go and see if the kittens in the apothiki are OK"

A north wind was driving fluffy clouds. Since it felt too cold for the beaches we'd enjoyed on previous days. On their last full day we managed to agree, almost amicably, to visit the winter fall at Nymfes – a village on the slopes of the island's northern range.

"Which way?"

"Through Skripero, to Trompetta then through Horespiskopi on the road to Roda. But after Ay Douli just beyond Episkopi take a right on a winding road for two kilometres."

"We'll follow you" said Guy.



'Climbing the forty steps back was easier.'



'The surprising agriculture in the Ropa Valley by Tzuvrtzia Vradi'



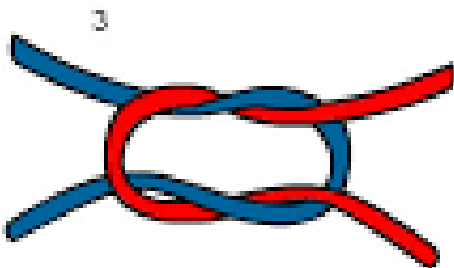
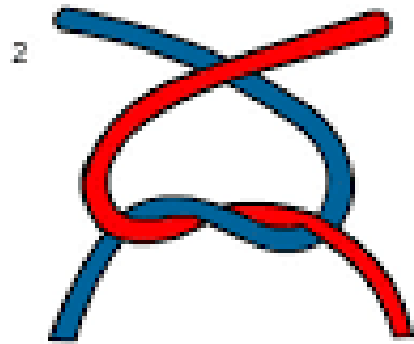
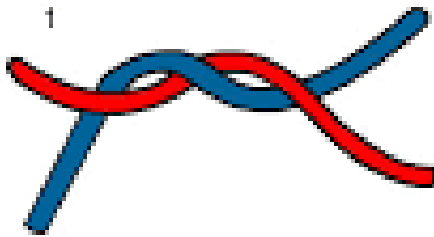
'Between Nymfes and Episkepsi'

Tickle Ties the knot

The first in a series of educational articles instructing in the correct tying of knots and their uses.

We start with the knot known to all Boy Scouts:

The Reef Knot



Reef Knot Tying Instructions

Tie two over hand knots. First, right over left and twist. Then left over right and twist.
Make sure both parts of the rope exit the knot together!

What is a Reef knot used for...

The reef knot is used to **tie** the two ends of a single line together such that they will secure something, for example a bundle of objects, that is unlikely to move much. In addition to being used by sailors for reefing and furling sails, it is also one of the key knots of macrame textiles.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

BAKED NOODLES AND RICE

INGREDIENTS:

50g butter
 1 tbsp. olive oil
 1 onion, skinned and chopped
 200g long-grain rice
 100g noodles[short]
 100g-150g mushrooms, sliced
 Pinch of pepper
 A half level tsp of curry powder
 700 ml chicken or vegetable stock
 1 level tsp salt

GO:

1) Melt half the butter with the oil, add the onion and fry gently for about five minutes.

2) Add the rice with the sliced mushrooms, pepper and curry powder, cook gently for a further five minutes, stirring frequently.

3) Add the stock, salt and remaining butter and bring to the boil, then stir in the noodles. Pour into a two litre capacity casserole dish.

4) Cover and bake at 180 deg.Cent. for 40 minutes or until the liquid has been absorbed and the rice and noodles are tender. Separate the grains and noodles carefully, with a fork, before serving.

Καλη ορεξη!!



AND FROM ENGLAND: Our friend Mickey Lowe sent this in, so suitable on occasion for our pals in a cooler climate;

Today, while it is such a rainy and cold day, I have taken out Celery and Leeks and herbs etc. for a nice hot veg soup... Guess that is screamin'for homemade bread of some kind too eh? sigh.

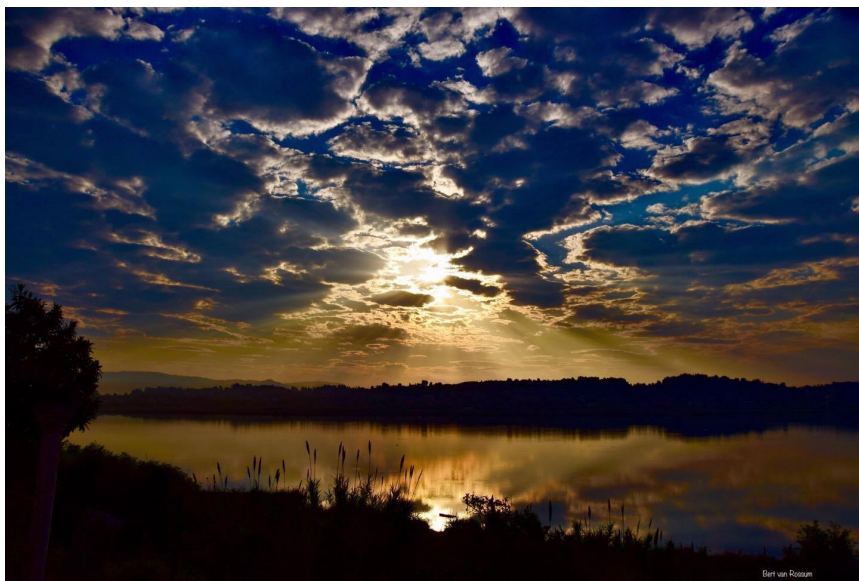
Anyway, when you rough chop a stalk of celery and simmer with a liter of water, (adding onion or leeks and peppers at will) you can "Blitz" it all with a wand or blender and you have the most wonderful smooth soup ever. And with the addition of onion, garlic and herbs it doesn't taste of celery particularly much at all, just veggie goodness. Truly worth a try. And, it has VERY FEW CALORIES !! It is very hearty soup.

Filetomo

This interesting nugget is inspired by Diane Carden:

<https://www.greeking.me/blog/greek-history-culture/two-greek-words-filetomo-charmolipi>

Nature



I was lining up the camera on a Silver Washed Fritillary - when it was joined by another..... they then appeared to mate, albeit briefly - and then separated..... which is when I could see they

Courtesy of John Denne

Courtesy of Bert Rossum

Baby spiders >



The Corfu Hornet Against Spiderman

Yes, nature is cruel every now and then. It was hard against hard, a real tough match between two fierce creatures: The Corfu Hornet against Spiderman. And like it was in the arena's of the ancient Roman Empire, from the beginning it was clear that only one of the fighters would survive, the other one would lose his life. So this footage below is not for very sensitive people :-)

Click on the image to watch the fight... <https://green-island.holiday/en/corfu-tips-en/green-island/blog-en/fierce-creatures>



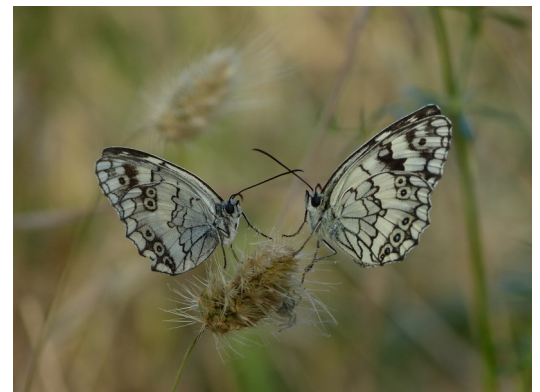
Come in to my parlour



Unidentified species in garden



A small viper in the lane



Nice to meet you, to meet you nice

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

Grenfell - The Symbol of Britain

I thought I was viewing scenes from Bangladesh, a country that suffers more than its share of building failures. But no, the furiously blazing high-rise was located in the wealthiest zone of one of the wealthiest countries (so it thinks) on the planet. The Grenfell Tower was aflame.

Grenfell must be seen as symbolising today's Britain, an 'all fur coat and no knickers' culture, one that indulgently feeds shiny sweets to citizens who are in dire need of a good, plain, nourishing stew. It's a culture that resembles a highly polished mahogany table that on closer examination turns out to be a veneer over worm-riddled chipboard.

So... they covered a grim 1970s concrete block with glossy cladding, partly to comply with 'climate change' measures (imposed under Tony Blair's regime - says it all), but also to avoid offending the aesthetic tastes of nearby wealthy residents. And, of course, it was done on the cheap, using panels that according to the manufacturer should not be used above 30 feet, in a job contracted out and sub-contracted time after time to greedy, cheapskate companies, so that the fat-cat council members could enjoy their fat-cat offices and pay-packets without lifting much of a finger. Result!

Britain is, after all, a country where people prefer to drive cars they can't afford to impress the neighbours rather than to put decent food on the table. A country where a National 'Health' Service that erroneously believes it is the world's best jumps to provide cosmetic breast enhancements and sex-changes on demand but can't find cash to treat a dying child. Where people beggar themselves to maintain an up-front designer lifestyle, in fear of derision by others. A plastic, sticking-tape society.

Yes, indeed, Grenfell constitutes a perfect emblem.



Grenfell ablaze

The Bramble Years

Three years ago on 26 June I found a pocket-sized puppy under a blackberry bush. Frightened and crying, dumped in the middle of nowhere the evening before, Bramble (so young he struggled to walk in a straight line) staggered into my arms, and has been my faithful companion ever since.

We all thought he was a Black Labrador, but he is more likely a black Rottweiler-cross. Luckily, the 'cross' element has over-ridden the stubborn trait that rotties are notorious for, and he remains as eager-to-please as he was in puppyhood. Rotties are also renowned for their fierce intelligence (I know, I was brought up with this breed), and it shows up in the context of his toys. He keeps them all in one patch of the garden, and recognises each by name. One is simply named 'toy-toy' and started life as a rubbery doll. Now all that's left is a scalp of woolly yellow hair, but it is still his 'toy-toy'. Then there is 'bonio', a piece of very well gnawed dry bone. His current favourite is 'monsta', a soft toy based on, I think, the Cookie Monster, though it may be Animal from the Muppets. When I ask Bramble 'where's Monsta?', he trots to his toy patch, and never fails to pick up the correct one. And, just as his own moniker, learned in minutes despite his age, he catches on to the toys' names straight away. Here's a picture of Bramble with Monsta.



BrambleMonsta

Winter Vision

In last September's Agiot, I wrote the following: *There's a saying amongst English countryside dwellers along the lines of 'if autumn brings a lot of berries, be prepared for a harsh winter', their profusion being nature's way of fattening up the winged wildlife in readiness. Take this as a sign to get chopping, and stack your woodpile generously.*

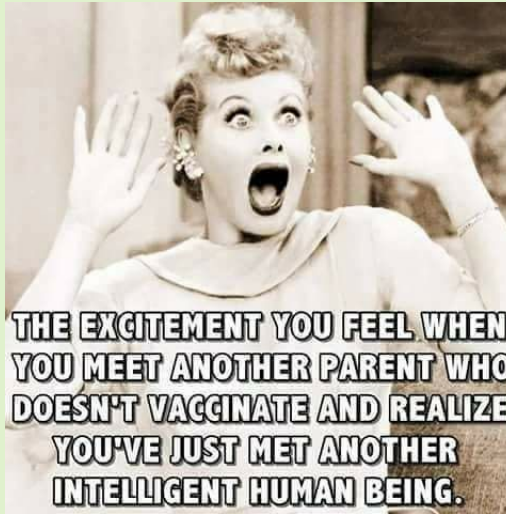
I remembered this whilst re-organising my computer files recently, and during the process finding photographs of my snowbound January garden (for readers who don't know me, I do live in Corfu, near the golf course). It was the first snow in lowland regions for many, many years and came in the middle of a prolonged cold spell during which early morning temperatures in the Ropa Valley dropped as low as -11 degrees.

Considering this, wasn't my September prediction rather accurate?

Watch this space for more prescience...

Nick The Clock's World (The Comic With A conscience)

SHOOTING A BEAR DOESN'T MAKE YOU A BADASS. FEEDING A BEAR WHILE HER CUB HUMPS YOUR LEG MAKES YOU A BADASS!



apocaloptimist

def: Someone who knows it's all going to shit, but still thinks it will turn out OK.

Grandmothers Against Bullshit

I am no bird expert...

But the one on the right is the female.

Domination Control

<http://wakingtimesmedia.com/13-families-rule-world-shadow-forces-behind-nwo/>

Victory: Hungary destroys Monsanto crops:
<http://www.antinews.in/victory-hungary-destroys-monsanto-gmo-cornfields/>

Before Us
<https://simplecapacity.com/2017/04/shocking-evidence-of-intelligent-civilizations-living-on-earth-over-100000-years-ago/>

Heatwave
<http://greece10best.com/extremely-high-temperatures-greece/>

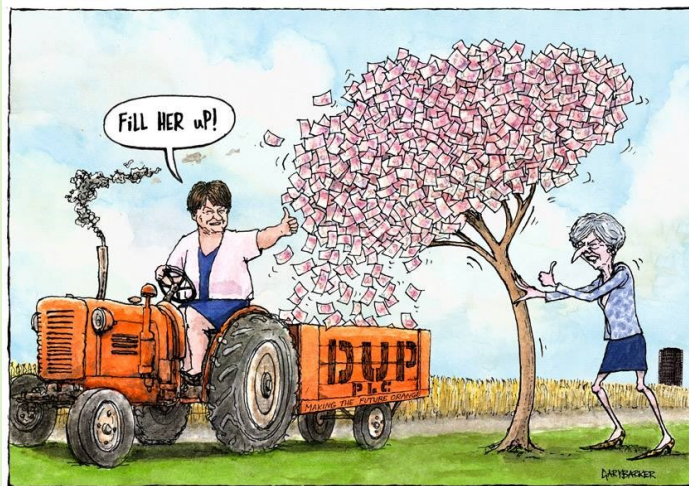
World's heltiest cheese
<http://theheartysoul.com/feta-cheese-healthiest-cheese/>

Geek Tourism
<https://www.theguardian.com/business/2017/jul/01/tourism-is-our-lifejacket-debt-stricken-greece-gets-record-number-of-visitors>



Nick The Clock's World

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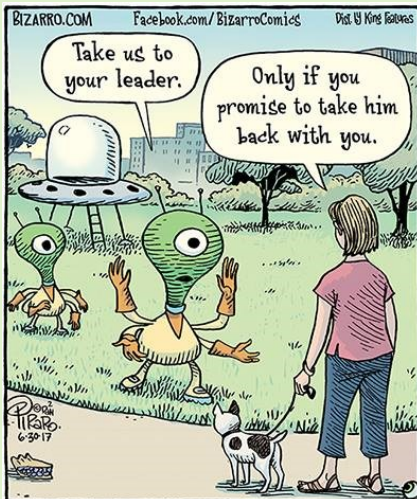
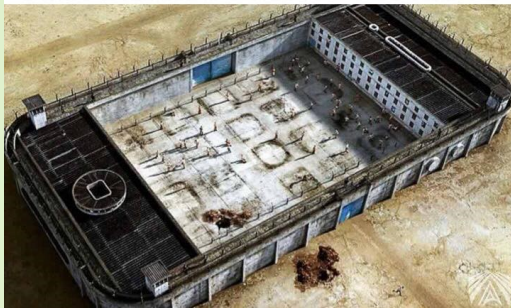
NIGERIAN MAN DIES AND AUTHORITIES FIND \$27 BILLION IN HIS APARTMENT.



HE HAD BEEN TRYING TO GIVE IT AWAY FOR 15 YEARS BUT NO ONE WOULD RETURN HIS EMAILS.

mematic.net

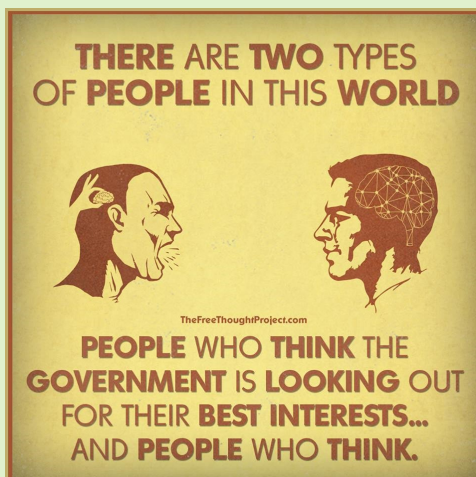
PEOPLE ARE PRISONERS OF THEIR PHONES THATS WHY THEY'RE CALLED CELLPHONES



Shortly, the public will be unable to reason or think for themselves. They'll only be able to parrot the information they've been given on the previous night's news.

— Zbigniew Brzezinski —

AZ QUOTES



MEDIA'S JOB IS TO CONTROL EXACTLY WHAT PEOPLE THINK.

- Mika (Low IQ Crazy) Brzezinski



Bespoke Property

Villa Daphne in the valley has now a coat for its bricks.

Continue to watch its progress in the coming months.



ENQUIRE AT: www.ocaypropertycorfu.com

ocay villas

Villa Theodora

Available for a long weekend

29th July - 1st August

(3 night stay)

500 €



'The Reason Why People Love Theodora'

Contact Ocay Villas for details on all these offers:
<http://www.ocayvillascorfu.com>



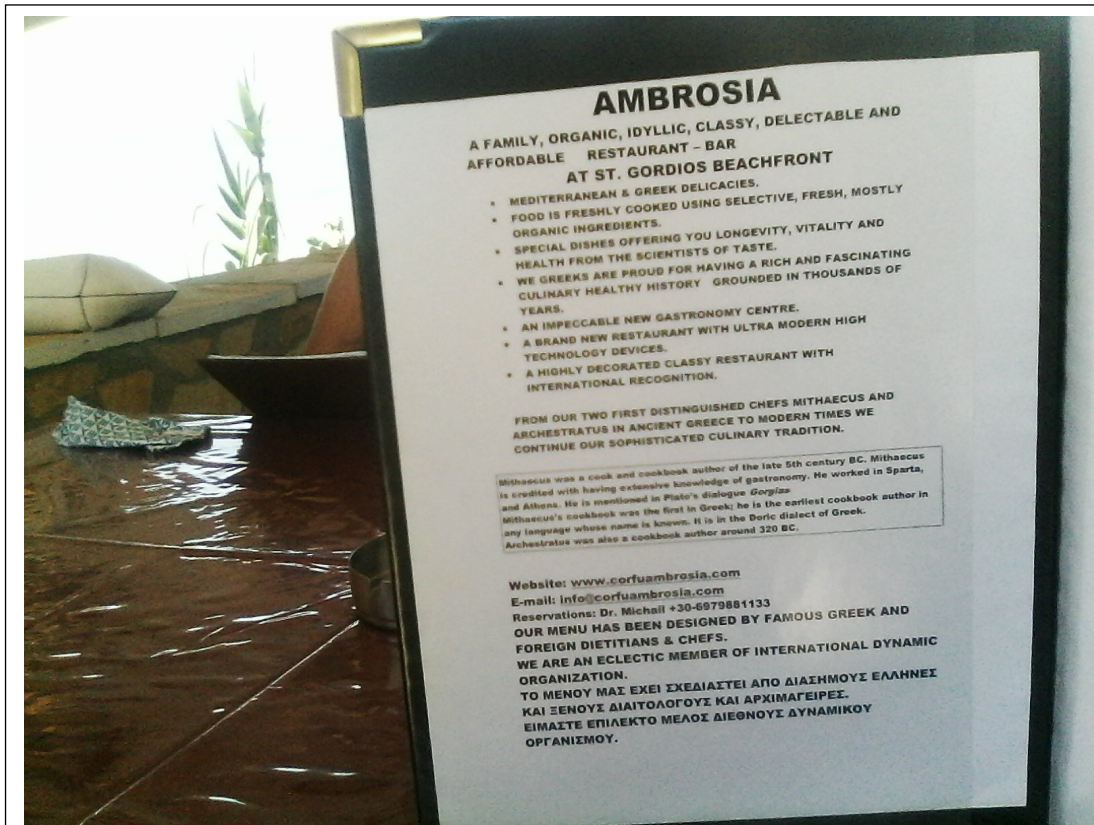
Small villa available for the following dates:
12th - 30th July, 2017 &
19th August - 16th September, 2017



Villa Aphrodite

Available for dates: 12th–24th July, 2017
150 € per night

If you advertise here it will cost nothing. We have a modest but growing circulation. It is our pleasure for our friends to advertise their wares without charge.



Ambrosia Agios Gordis

Great food and service at this new place right on the beach.

Went there with friends on Saturday-lunchtime- and it did not disappoint.



Green and pleasant Agios Giordis



Sea view from Ambrosia



Always a great
Welcome
in Ipsos



CORFU BEER



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fax: +30 2661020704
e-mail: info@patounis.gr
www.patounis.gr

Traditional Olive Soap

Throughout modern history soap has been a necessity in developed societies, as the primary means of hygiene and cleanliness. It also found application in medicine and pharmacology for its healing and antiseptic properties. Though things have changed, traditional soap still has the benefit of having passed the test of time: It has offered its services for many successive generations, improving the quality of life while being environmentally friendly throughout production and use. Furthermore pure soap is considered the most thorough skin cleanser since it unblocks the skin's pores by effectively removing dirt, oily substances and dead cells.

The "PATOUNIS Soap Works" with a history of over 150 years, still make handcrafted soap by traditional methods from locally produced olive products. The Corfu plant built in 1891, preserved with its functioning tools and equipment, constitutes a living memory of a splendid old local tradition.

The following soaps are made here:

- **Olive Oil Soap** is made totally of pure virgin olive oil. It has limited lathering capacity but is distinguished for its mild action on sensitive skin.
- **The Green Olive Soap** is made of olive pomace oil which contains the olive chlorophyll, is acclaimed for its disinfecting properties and wide range of applications (also good for hair and scalp, provided you use it with soft water).
- **Olive-Palm Soap** is made of 80% pure virgin olive oil and 20% edible palm kernel oil thus a mild soap with rich smooth lather.

The above soaps are made using only the basic raw material of traditional soap manufacture, i.e. naturally occurring oils, soda, sea salt and water.



Dawn Purves at Avgerini <

**Avgerini Catering
Corfu**

<http://www.avgerin cateringcorfu.com/>



Nino's Taverna. Old Town



**La Tavola
Calda**

[P.Giotopoulou](#)
[10-12](#)
[Corfu Old Town](#)

Tel for reservations on :

[_2661 044480](#) or [6998345630](#)



**Divino Italian
Restaurant**

BRILLIANT FOOD
FRIENDLY SERVICE
REASONABLY-PRICED
AND AT THE QUIET END
OF GUILDFORD STREET



**Tranquil
Camping
Dionysus
at Dassia**

**Red
Penguin
Dassia**

The Way Things Were



The old port on a postcard from April, 1928.

Was sent from Corfu to Plauen, Germany.

[Stefan Unkelbach](#)

The Spring of '65 The King and Queen Arrive

From the *Corfu News*, June 1965

On Wednesday 26th May, in glorious spring weather, the King and Queen arrived for their summer stay in Corfu. With them were Queen Frederica, the Queen Mother, and the Diadoch, Princess Irene. The Royal Party came on the warship *Polemistis* which with flags flying, made a brave sight as she anchored, with the punctuality which is, as the old tag has it, 'the courtesy of Kings', off the Old Harbour exactly at the pre-arranged hour of noon. They landed in the Royal barge and were met by Church and State dignitaries, as well as by hundreds of schoolchildren, many of whom also lined the streets through which the party drove to the summer villa of *Mon Repos*. King Constantine, who wore naval uniform, and Queen Anne-Maria, in a dress of pale blue, looked radiant and waved and smiled to the crowds.

Corfu is especially enthusiastic about this year's Royal Visit for in only a few weeks now, the Queen is due to give birth to the Heir to the Throne. On all sides admiration was expressed for the gracious gesture of the Queen in driving, in so late a state of her pregnancy, through the town instead of landing at the Royal Villa. It was, indeed, the first time that the people of Corfu had seen their Queen officially and all were impressed and touched by her beauty and grace. The prayers of all go with her.

Lawrence Durrell, well-known travel writer and poet, has arrived in Corfu with his family for the summer. The author of 'Prospero's Cell', an imaginative evocation of pre-war Corfu, is hidden away on some lovely creek on the west coast, but can often be seen in the C**** B** (sic). [Now the Liston Bar – Ed.]

Thirty British VIP travel agents and influential journalists arrived in Corfu on Tuesday 15th June, from England as guests of Olympic Airways and the Greek National Organization of Tourism for a two day visit.

Princess Benedicte of Denmark, elder sister of Queen Anna-Maria, arrived in Corfu on Sunday, June 13th. Kenneth More, the British film actor, is staying at the Hotel Castello [Dassia - Ed.]



A few weeks after Corfu

By
The Minstrel

It's just around the corner. Here below is a foretaste to a project still in progress. I know it's close but Don't worry, it'll be alright on the night!

We are very happy to have the charismatic George back, this time with his Troublemakers. They are guaranteed to get you off your feet.

Also, the very exciting 7 Mile Limit. Paul Kontos of this swing band was dishing out the hamburgers in a very early Agiotfest.

When Ken posted his piece below he did not know the ticket prices.

Now they are published at www.agiotfest.com Look out for Loyalty discounts. Your friendly distributor-as shown on the website-knows the score.

For those of you who have been before, you know the format. For those who have not tried it then ask yourself only one question; Why is it in its 9th year?-



KEN HARROP SAYS:

Well, well, well, what a response to Agiotfest 17 the number of tickets that have been ordered from me, even though the people do not know how much they will cost or who the line-up is, true supporters of Agiotfest.

Agiotfest17.

Only 9 weeks to go.

If you would like to picnic, have a party, dance the night away, have a drink and relax, meet new friends and old, or just listen to 5 hours of music from different bands, then Agiotfest17 is the place to be. Saturday 26th August 2017. start time 7.30pm.

For people living/staying in the north/north west/east coast of Corfu, if you require entrance tickets/Coach/Steam Train. tickets.

Contact Ken & Jan +30 6946949545,

Between 10am & 10pm

Thank you for your support.

For people living/staying in the South of Corfu, requiring entrance tickets/Coach tickets.

Contact Ian Fern, Tel;6971948113 or via Facebook.

Thank you for your support.

To find ticket sales for all other areas, please visit the web site, www.agiotfest.com

NB ticket price and full line up to be announced soon. Thank you to all who have ordered tickets this last week, even though you do not know who is on or what price the tickets are, true Agiotfest supporters, more information to come.

AGIOTFEST 17

**INTERNATIONAL NIGHT OF LIVE
MUSIC AND DANCE**

AUGUST 26TH, 2017

7.30 P.M.

**AGIOS IOANNIS
CORFU**

9TH STRAIGHT YEAR

www.agiotfest.com

tel. 6974932408



Let the bus take the fuss

If you are going to Agiotfest 17 make it a safe and relaxing evening by travelling by coach down from the north or up from the south.

From the north starting in Sidari heading to Perithia with stops along the way then down the east coast to Gouvia, contact Ken & Jan Tel 6946949545 asap. From the south please contact Ian Fern Tel 6971948113 for full details.

GEORGE GAKIS



George Gakis 2011

George Gakis has been a longstanding figure in the Greek rock music scene. He created "**The Trouble-makers**" in May 1993, as a five person (melodic) rock group, influenced by groups such as, Whitesnake, Aerosmith, Bon Jovi, Deep Purple, Winger, Scorpions etc

Through his own label **G. G. Records**, he released three albums:

"**Keep on Rock 'n' Rollin**" (1989), "**Pain in my ass**" (1995), "**Forbidden Paradise**" (2000), music and lyrics by George Gakis.

Worth noting is that George Gakis and his band have appeared in more than a **1000 live** performances, almost everywhere in Greece, building up an avid audience of fans.

At present he resides in Ioannina (Greece), where he is businesswise active. On the side, he still appears throughout the country and in cooperation with the municipality of Ioannina he has been in charge of the **Castle Rock Festival** for the last four years, hosting major artists such as: **Scorpions, Whitesnake, Deep Purple, Glenn Hughes, Winger, Dokken** and British pop band **James**, among others.

In June 2010, George Gakis and his band along with the sixty (60) members **Symphonic Orchestra of Thessaloniki** gave birth to an amazing creation of classical music.

Worth mentioning are the band's support performances of legendary rock group concerts, such as **Deep Purple**,

Whitesnake, Glenn Hughes, Dokken, Winger, Over the Rainbow, Twisted Sister and Uli Jon Roth.

In 2010 George Gakis and The Trouble-makers opened the **Scorpions** tour in Thessaloniki, Ioannina, Patra and Athens at S.E.F in front of over 50.000 people.

George Gakis latest album, titled: **Too much ain't never enough**, includes ten (10) original songs, lyrics and music by George Gakis, and one very special arrangement of a traditional Greek song. The album is coproduced and mixed by **C. F. Kip Winger**, with guest star appearances by **Joe Lynn Turner** (Rainbow, Deep Purple), **Bobby Rondinelli** (Rainbow), **James Kottak** (Scorpions), **Greg Smith** (Alice Cooper, Over the Rainbow), **Mark Cross** (Helloween, Firewind, Outloud) and **Yiannis Spathas** (guitarist of legendary Greek rock group Socrates).

During the last two years he's been touring Europe with legendary performer **Joe Lynn Turner**.

Website: www.georgegakis.gr

Email: george_gakis@yahoo.gr

Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/george.gakis1>
<https://www.facebook.com/georgegakis2>



There is trouble in the making

Agiotfest 17 Continued from Page 17

Introducing an exciting new band in Corfu,
one destined to go places;

The immaculate 7 Mile Limit;
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?
v=yKODnPcQaZk](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yKODnPcQaZk)

*"Never play anything the same way twice." - Louis Armstrong
(Photo by: Aglaia Pantelaki)*



>

Yesterday

Frank Bloomfield is now a regular fan at Agiotfest;
You can spot him here this summer. But he is more
than that. He was at the very start of this enterprise in
the noughties, along with Russ Bartlett and the late
Jake Keen, pictured below in the garden of Villa
Theodora, playing a small and exploratory gig for
what was to follow later.
He sent me this;

'Yo Paul ! found these photo's whilst looking
for other things, The Good 'ole Boys at one of the
first Agiotfest when it was around the pool at the villa,
great memories!'



The Good Ole Boys

On a personal note, for Frank to come back regularly
as a friend and fan....enough said.

Next month's issue will complete the programme
with a slice of luck!

And to round off here is a photo of the lovely and Lia
from previous Fests, included here especially as she
hides her light under a bushel.



Lia Kolita

We owe Frank and Russ and Jake a lot for 'getting us
up and moving'.

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Accommodation



Green Island



Mousehouse



Sunrise Cars



Spear Travels



Sally's Bar

to suit all budgets



Vrionis



Daylong



Roadhouse Music



Corfu Beer



100+ Club



Trevor Whybrow

Including:

- Adrian Ward (<http://realcorfu.com>)
- Anne Hodgson
- Aqualand
- Avis Owen
- Barry & Stella Knight
- Big Bite Restaurant, Benitses
- Bob & Jill Carr
- Bob Bakker
- Chas Clifton
- Compass Café, Kontokali
- David Dickinson
- Derek & Carole Pullen
- Dimitris Krokidis (<http://corfuwall.gr>)
- Gouvia Marina
- Henk Van Der Does
- Hilary Paipeti
- Hotel Telesillas, Kontokali
- In Action gym
- Jo & Mel Sperling
- Ken & Jan Harrop
- La Tabernita Mexicana
- Lennart & Sanna
- Les & Chris Woods
- Lionel Mann
- Lynne Cahill
- Margareta Rodehn
- Maria. Driving School
- Martin & Tracey Stuart
- Michael Spiggos, Firebrand Radio (<http://www.firebrandrr.co.uk/michael-spiggos>)
- Mickey Lowe
- Miri Widdicombe
- Neil Hendriksen
- Nikolas's Taverna, Agni
- NSK
- Pat & Gina Brett
- Paul & Jan Scotter
- Posidonio Restaurant Agios Giordis
- Rob Groove
- Robert Bennett
- Sarah Young
- Sephora Shop
- Simon & Lin Baddeley
- Star Bowl
- Steve Young
- Spyros Kaloudis, Dentist
- Sue Done
- Tavola Calda
- Vassilis Pandis

Village and Island News

June 2016 will go down as a hottie, with July forecast to be even hotter. Check out the weather page.

The days are a blur of activity; Fun, sun, work and play.

We had our two-day Panygeri, well-attended as usual. Here are some snaps from Night One.



Looking intelligent <



Intelligent >



The Durrell's continue filming in Corfu, and friend and Agiot Sushma Taylor lands a plum part as an extra.

Agiots star in Durrells <

Here are a selection of photos from June, a snapshot of summer life here. There are fourteen photos, representing Corfu as best as eleven grains of sand could represent all the grains of sand on all the beaches of this fabulous isle.



Lull before the storm <



Ceasefire in Table War >



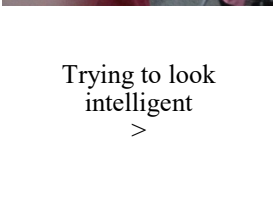
The band plays on <



Our village Panigyri >



Culture <



Trying to look intelligent >



Agios Ioannis Sverge <



Best girls >



Chas's pack <

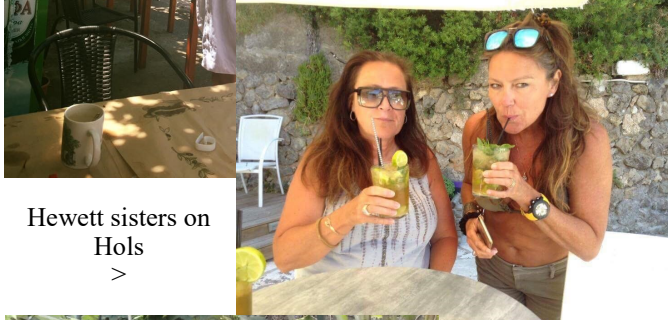
Village and Island News
Continued from Page 20



First Martian in Agios
<



Some people are dog-lovers
<



Hewett sisters on Hols
>

Smallest church in Corfu courtesy Dick Mulder
>



Lionel's cat Frederic
<



The long and winding road by Dick Mulder
<

Northern Princess
>



CLR has a rival



The Souvlaki Baggers
<

The photo of the CLR usurper above even has the audacity to promote a timetable, for those of you visiting the beautiful south. [As kindly supplied by Ian Fern].

Train timetable.... 11 till 2 and then 5 till 8. It travels from Aquis Sandy Beach almost to the Malibu Taverna then back and forth till it's time to stop... 6€ per Adult 4€ per child.

Our pool in heat
>



Continued on Page 22

Village and Island News
Continued from Page 21

I was walking past the big Mosque in Garitsa one day when I noticed the local Moslem community are redeveloping the children’s playground and surrounding area, giving the locality a distinctive ‘desert’ feel. Bravo for initiative!



Kiddies park taken over by local mosque
<



Pond drained for drought affect. Gold-fish eaten.
>

Keeping with the Oriental theme, we went to Karnveer Indian Restaurant in Gouvia with Kostas and Ai one humid evening. Ai is Japanese, so it was a quirky novelty to

take a Japanese to an Indian. Three of us had bhang lassis, but the friendly waitresses were perplexed when I enquired about the various ‘strengths’ of their products. They assumed an air of neutrality. I should have shown them this;



The real deal
<

In India, it's a weed milkshake that brings all the boys to the yard. **Bhang lassi** is a drink that's made of yoghurt or milk, nuts, spices such as cardamom and cinnamon, rose water, and—yes—cannabis, ground and mixed with water, then formed in the shape of balls.

To round off a peek at how things once were in Benitses; <https://atcorfu.com/benitses-the-first-tourists-of-the-60s-and-legendary-spiros-on-the-beach/>

Living in La La Land

By PETER PAPAGEORGIU

A word of explanation on the rubbish situation (at least as I understand it). The garbage removal services of Greece are manned mainly by so called "symvasiouchoi". they are workers who are kept on a limited time contract, usually a few months. Many of these people have had their short-term contracts renewed a few times, (in many cases over a few years) because, of course, ever since Greece has been on the road of austerity, many other workers were fired. They usually fired the useful ones of course because the well paid, useless ones, are too well connected to lose their jobs... Now the symvasiouchoi who have been working the last few months WITHOUT their contracts renewed (and WITHOUT pay) have been told by some council that this is TOUGH but they should not have continued to work and will NOT get paid. So, they went on strike and the permanent ones went on strike too in solidarity. From here on it gets complicated. Some municipalities are using this situation as an excuse to bring in private companies to do the cleaning, and other work, even health care... and on the one side the government wants to give people jobs, on the other it is not allowed by our lenders to do what is needed for OUR country... The reality is if these people

just go home, the dimoi will not cope and in many cases private companies will get called in, who use any worker they can find and pay peanuts when they pay, as they abuse the power given to them by the crisis and the new Europe controlled legislature, to lower wages even more...so as usual things are not black and white and we all pay the price... and the rich are getting richer... (that never stops...)

And a little extra explanation, according to Greek law you are only allowed to be on short term contracts for a total of 24 months, then you must be made permanent staff or fired. The workers are needed but the controlling council (dare I say Euro-lender controlled) wants them fired. All makes it even more obvious that we are not living in a free country but rather some European banker-devised dream of totalitarian control through money lending...



The Other Side

Gooners Gags

A little stereotypical but I bet you smile just the same. For the benefit of my friends across the Atlantic, 'a wheelie bin' is a small household trash bin issued to most households by the local authority. If you have never heard 'japanese english' spoken then this one will be lost on you.

THE WHEELIE BIN

A rubbish collector is driving along a street picking up the wheelie bins and emptying them into his compactor.

He goes to one house where the bin hasn't been left out, and in the spirit of kindness, and after having a quick look about for the bin, he gets out of his truck goes to the front door and knocks. There's no answer.

Being a kindly and conscientious bloke, he knocks again - much harder. Eventually a Japanese man comes to the door. "Harro!" says the Japanese man.

"Giddy, mate!

Where's ya bin?" asks the collector.

"I bin on toiret," explains the Japanese bloke, a bit perplexed.

Realising the fellow had misunderstood him, the bin man smiles and tries again.

"No ! No ! Mate, Where's your dust bin?"

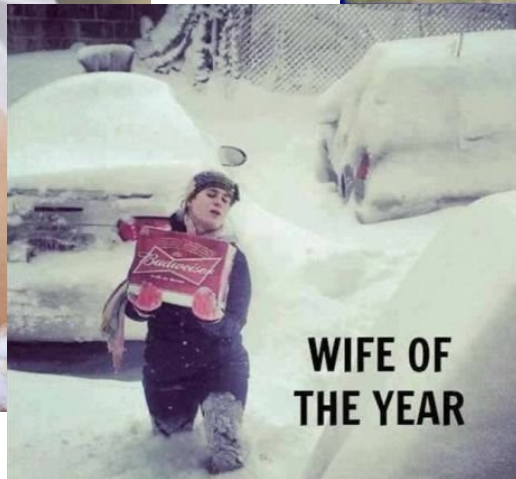
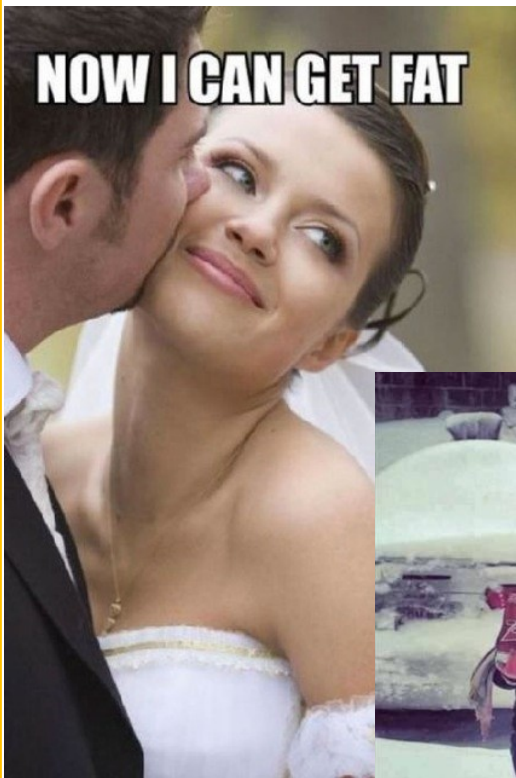
"I dust been to toiret, I toll you!" says the Japanese man, still perplexed.

"Listen," says the collector. "You're misunderstanding me. I mean, Where is your wheelie bin?"

"OK, OK. " replies the Japanese man with a sheepish grin, and whispers in the collector's ear. "I wheelie bin having sex wiffa wife's sista!"



Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 3



"My fiancée and I requested twin-beds when we booked, but instead we were placed in a room with a king bed. We now hold you responsible and want to be re-reimbursed for the fact that I became pregnant. This would not have happened if you had put us in the room that we booked."

A hiker was walking past a farm when he noticed that a pig in a sty adjacent to the farmhouse only had three legs. Intrigued by this he asked the farmer why the pig only had three legs.

"Oh, that pig, let me tell you about that pig" said the farmer, "four weeks ago a spark from our chimney set fire to the thatch whilst we were all asleep. This wonderful pig smelt the burning

thatch, jumped out of his sty and banged our door until he woke us up and I was able to put the fire out. He saved the whole family."

"Yes" said the hiker, "but why has the pig got just three legs?"

"Well" said the farmer, "just two weeks ago we accidentally left our front door unlocked and our toddler son strayed out and fell into the duck pond. We were unaware of this but that amazing pig saw it, dived into the duck pond and dragged our son out, saving his life."

"Yes" said the hiker, "but why has the pig got just three legs?"

"Well" said the farmer, "just last week, the terrific pig noticed that a fox had got into the chicken run. He ran across, chased the fox out of the run, thereby saving all our chickens."

"Yes", amazing said the hiker, "but for goodness sakes please tell me

why the pig only has three legs."

"Well" said the farmer, "when you have a pig as good as this one you don't eat him all at once!"

Two hunters are out in the woods when one of them collapses. He doesn't seem to be breathing and his eyes are glazed.

The other guy whips out his phone and calls the emergency services. He gasps, "My friend is dead! What can I do?"

The operator says "Calm down. I can help. First, let's make sure he's dead." There is a silence, then a shot is heard.

Back on the phone, the guy says "OK, now what?"

An Englishman in Italy

The Changing Rhythm of the Season

First thing in the morning I discover that Trump is warning of conflict in North Korea. That's certainly enough to churn the stomach. However, I'm thinking breakfast. First the pills ritual, then a cappuccino, eggs and bacon, sausage, mushrooms. This, has to last me until the evening. Next on the agenda, it is time for a transaction. I'll



Opa!

transfer funds from my bank in Guildford to my bank in Nepi. This enables me to buy more coffee with my Italian bank card, and clear some of my accounts. My daughter phones. The rhythm of the season changes. I'll go to Canada in June, not May. I'll stay in Italy in May, So my companion may also alter step, or keep to the same rhythm. Interruption first, and maybe opportunity are thrown to us. Adjustment is essential. I sigh, the rhythm of the dance has changed, the choice is to react or not react, in point of fact, I resent the choice, but sometimes it is good for the old to break the mold; what can't be helped may be endured, or even better still enjoyed; it needs some effort, some reason, to put my back into the changed rhythm of the season.

Living in Albania

Contributed by
Rob Sherratt

I wouldn't want anyone to think that life in Saranda is a bed of roses all the time. Take tonight (Friday) as an example. I grabbed a couple of hours shut-eye between 7 and 9 to prepare for the following all-night vigil.

Between 9 and 12 was the boom boom boom chatta of the beach clubs, normally using 1000 watt amplifiers and competing in loudness to try to attract customers who enjoy being deafened. To be fair to them, they all obey the curfew against human noise which begins at midnight.

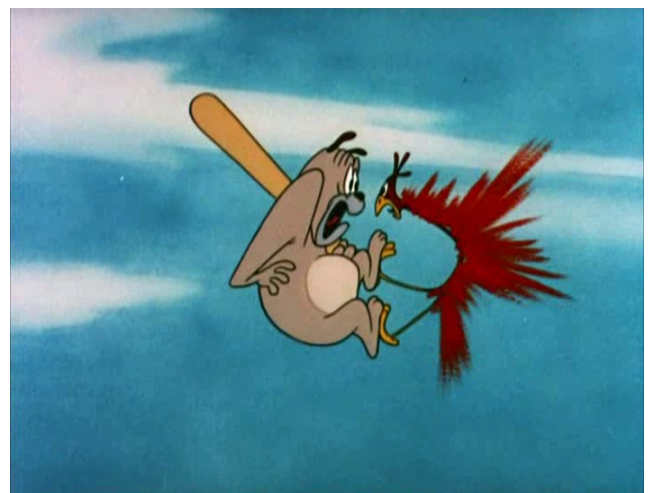
But then it's the turn of the stray dogs. Alerted by the sudden midnight cessation of boom boom boom chatta, they form up in groups of 5 or 6 and then commence gang warfare against each other's pack as they hunt down any unfortunate cats, mice or lone human beings who are staggering home after the boom chatta and ten rounds of rakia. Now, the dogs chorus gradually wakes up the neighbourhood hens who become quite alarmed by these animals so akin to wolf packs that the poor hens don't understand the difference. I mean, does a hen care if it is a dog's breakfast or a wolf's breakfast?

Well I don't really care, but the hens' guardian angels are of course the neighborhood cockerels who try vainly to frighten off the dog packs. And they are loooud. I mean if I was in a pack with 6 other

canines, I would be terrified of the roosters going "cock a doodle go away", wouldn't I? Anyway, the cock and dog pack shouting matches normally conclude at about 3:20 in the morning when I guess their vocal chords are red with exertion. Oh, thank the Lord I say, drifting into blissful slumber.

Well, He obviously hears me. Because at 3:30 am, the Babai at the big mosque in the center of Saranda turns on his 2 million megawatt sound system and screams at everyone to wake up and say their morning prayers.

Bring back the boom boom boom chatta, the dogs and the cockerels I think. At least they were in tune! And then it's 4 am and sunrise. Maybe now I can get some sleep? Oh damn, all the cockerels just started up again!

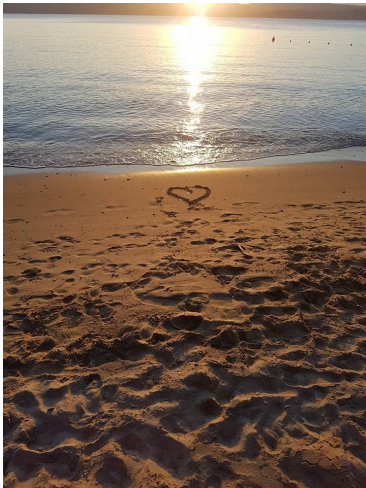


Letters to the Editor

Editor Comment

I hope you enjoy this month's Agiot as much as I've enjoyed putting it together. There are new contributions this month from Graeme Tickle [get knotted] and Rob Sherratt [funny]. Peter Papagiorgiou gives a better insight into the murky underground of the refuse collections in Living in La La Land. The article supplied by Hilary Papeiti is the first of two parts of a fascinating and little-known Corfu history of the 1960's'.

Colette Tart is an unknown song lyricist of the first order. She does not even realise it herself. She supplied this photo with these effortless and poetic lyrics;



'My footsteps kept washing away had to keep going back to draw the heart'

Agiotfest next year!

OBITUARY

Ian Greig died following a long illness. He was a visitor to Agios Ioannis over several years and was very popular.

Mark Farrow says;

A lovely man, we will treasure our memories of the good times we spent together, rest in peace our gentle friend xxx



Ian Greig

From Sushma Taylor of Agios Ioannis

When we lived in Perama we were entertained every week during the season by Elvis. I miss the delightful renditions of Elvis (you know what I mean Vanessa Katsarou BUT..... Our first season in Agios Ioannis near Aqualand is beating Elvis hands down! For sure!

Karaoke renditions of "Let it go" by a strangled cat on a hot tin roof and "it wasn't me" by a horse with colic is extremely charming and fully entertaining. I have joined in with the enthusiastic and over whelming round of applause each received and Zsa Zsa has sat up and even considered joining in.... i had to restrain her

I was of course worried that her howling would wake up the kids.

It's been an extremely delightful evening and i am looking forward to many more during the course of this fabulous summer season.

All hail to the tourists. May their voices be..... well.....oiled.... (At the moment there is a girl trying to sing something that sounds like nails on a black board.... immensely delightful) just reaching for more wine.....

Oops - just figured out its "a whole new world". That it is indeed.... roll on the summer!

From Pat Butcher

Hi Paul have worked out how to message you on Facebook but now you are getting technical asking me to befriend you again . Guess sending you this message is not right so instructions please!!!! Good news you are right patience is required to read the newsletter as I'm still on Corfu time (chilling) it was easy. Who was that handsome foursome having lunch? Awaiting instructions xxx

Ed: Hello Pat, Well, I am gladdened you were resolute enough to 'get through' to the Newsletter. May you become an avid reader over time! A Contributor even? An incredibly handsome foursome. The lines have been blocked by fan-mail ever since I posted!! Mmm, there seems to be a glitch at Facebook, so I will try to get some sense from them, though they are an Ivory Tower. Watch this space! Love from Corfu xxx

hilary.paipeti@gmail.com on June 3, 2017 at 12:46 pm
LETTER TO THE AGIOT

Congratulations on a rather good Agiot this month. It had become a bit of a 'picture book' at times, but this one was back to form. I'll now be sending a link to all my walkers - some of them will be readers, but maybe there will be a few new ones in amongst them! Good picture choices for some of the articles, too.

Hilary Paipeti

ED: I apologise Hilary for sometimes reverting to picture-book mode. In mitigation three factors might be considered; 1] I am lazy.2] I cannot spell big words 3] I have always loved Rupert Bear Annuals.