

The Agiot

44th Edition

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“Now is the Time” ... for



**Jimmy James
And The Vagabonds**

*“I'll go where the music takes me”
and “Red Red Wine”*

Back by Popular demand

Also

4 Square

*“The Cropredy Convention’s second
biggest selling band of all time.”*

**The Rebellions
The Outboys
Vince Vortex Band**

7 Hours of LIVE Music

Saturday 27th August

Gates Open 6.00 pm
Price: Adult - €20.00 Child €10.00
Refreshments Available

Agios Ioannis Music Festival

Soul Rock Folk

Tickets:
(0030) 26610 58177/6974932408/6946949545

www.agiotfest.co.uk



Sponsored by:



Outboys Go South

By The Minstrel

The Outboys are quite unique to the Agiotfest; one of their number, Micky Clark, is a true Agiot. He comes to our village every year from his home in Cheltenham, sometimes several times, and has taken to hereabouts like a bird to the sky. He owns a parcel of the New Cactus Hilton, on which the event will take place. He has threatened to take his land away if anyone upsets him.

Last year he went to the sound-check and broke several drum-kits-not belonging to him of course- just to show us he can hit drums as hard as anyone else.

And he has persuaded the other members of his long-suffering band- he must have got them drunk- to come and join the party.

The Outboys have been sponsored for their appearance this year by DAYLONG, an international company headed by fellow-Agiot Paul Grove. Thank you very much for your continued support of our event.

Outboys are a 5 piece band playing their own brand of original progressive rock. Think of an eclectic mix of Pink Floyd, Talking Heads or The Cure. Founding members David Pegg (guitar) and Tal Golesworthy (bass) first played and wrote together in 1977. They were joined by Mick Clarke (drums) in 1980. Since then Kev Touhey (vocals) replaced original singer Alan Jenkins and Colin Green completed the line up on keys in 2007.



Walked into this place. There was this bloke playing the most haunting tune on his guitar—you know, that sound that makes your heart flutter. Another guy wanders on stage in the worst Hawaiian shirt ever and starts playing this rag time thing on the honky tonk—but really badly. Poor guy staggers through to the end of this excruciating piece and the rest of the band appear on stage applauding him. Then the world feels like it is ending as this apocalyptic guitar soundscape builds. The toms pound into your chest. This is the opening of Outboys Death Of The Blues set. Gotta be seen to be believed.....

Also Appearing at Agiotfest 11



"The Rebellions"



"Vince Vortex and The Cukes"

"Sandy who took over Cassanovas Bar, from Steve and Lisa, is from Maidstone, she knows of Vince Vortex, she says they have a big following at Earls in Maidstone she said they are very popular."

Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor



"Sandros of Agios Ioannis"

Visitors last month included Mike and Kate staying with Derek and Carole, Walter Stuart, Pat and Gina Brett, Paul and Sally, Ella and her friend Olivia with the Grove's relations, another Paul and Jo with their children, Eleanor and the twins Molly and Hannah.

Pentecost will be celebrated on 12th June so 13th June will be another public holiday.

Our village panegyrie, the Feast of Saint John the Baptist, is observed on 23 and 24 June. A

religious procession around the village from the church finishes at the plateia where feasting, dancing and leaping-through-fire follow. On one evening pupils from the primary school in the beautiful national dress stage a display of local traditional dances, a colourful spectacle.

Twice in recent years the festivities have been greatly curtailed owing to village tragedies; we are keeping fingers crossed.

Agiotfest 2011 - 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

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Janet Balaoura - mobile (+30) 6932249052

Vicki Moss - mobile (+30) 6942472222

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

For those living in the north of Corfu tickets for Agiotfest 11 can be purchased from Jan and Ken Harrop, who can also advise on coach transport to the event. Please contact them on:

Phone: 26630 94655

Mobile: 6946949545



"Jan and Ken Harrop"

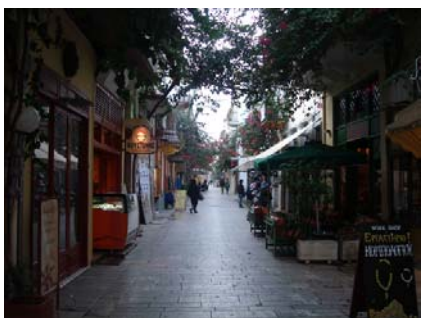
Pottering in Peloponnisos

By Paul McGovern
Editor

Chapter 4: Nafplio to Monemvasia



We break out today to explore the streets of Nafplio. And a very nice town it is too. We are aware of our crumbling bodies today, a sure sign of the onset of Father Time. Lula's back is starting to hurt again, a recurring condition, my left ankle is still aggravating me. I take allopathic tablets; perhaps the arthritis is let back in, though there is a distinct improvement in the neck, where audible cracking noises have been evident of late. C'est la vie. My middle years I set down in my journal, years back, as my dog-walking years. Should I be reporting these late afternoon years as Medical Symptom Years? At least I'm in the right country to become a hypochondriac. Lula is beset with new strange-feelings symptoms as we tread the lanes of the beautiful city this evening. These include blurred vision, which prompts us to sit at a patio café, where we get to recounting the various towns and cities we have thus far visited in this



country. We get to about thirty before our brains numb.

We eat in a very Corfu-like lane, where we have lovely spaghetti pollo at a good price. Cats wait at out table, skirmishing with each other for scraps. I get too friendly with a black one. Clawlessly, he gives me a sharp smack with his paw.

The following morning we debate where to go next. Monemvasia wins the vote so off we go, after a late breakfast, notable for Lula cramming provisions for the day into her Tardis (Handbag) before leaving. We are amazed by the seriously warm weather and bright



bright sunshine as we head south for 116 miles. A very good road. Easy driving. After reaching a very long village called Leonidio we begin to climb steadily into mountains, and away from the coast. We have lost the sun in this high country. Lula is nervous on these winding roads above unprotected gorges. Kosmas greets us; a splendid mountain village with a grand plateia. Down the other side into sunshine again, flat, fertile land, with fast straight roads. Here on this plain are stumpy olive trees being stripped of their crop by branch-shaking mechanical vehicles. So we cross this most easterly peninsula of the Peloponnisos and by four o'clock in the afternoon we are in very drab Gefira...Yet, immediately



the other side of a causeway lays our objective; a huge rock-mountain rising dramatically from the sea: Monemvasia.

We cross over and park on the narrow coast road. On foot we enter the walled city at the lower gate. We are now in narrow, cobbled streets, winding passageways, and crooked tunnels. No motor cars enter here. We leave the main lane to explore, and fairly soon find a cosy oasis called Arthamis. We barter here for an off-season rate and are rewarded with a beautiful apartment suite comprising private courtyard, beautiful bathroom with Jacuzzi, spacious diner/lounge below and upstairs a large bed-sit with grand office desk, subdued lighting, an outside dinky little terrace for our dawn tea. Great find.

Leaving our stuff, which we have hauled through the lanes, we walk a short distance to find Mantoula's Garden, where we sit over-looking the sea and dine on dolmades, spinach pancakes, and Fava [the regional dish of delicious pulses with onions. A gibbous moon escorts us back to our haven.



Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Yoghurt Cake with Bay Syrup

Ingredients

80g Soft Unsalted Butter chopped, with extra for greasing the baking tin.

250g Sugar

4 Eggs separated

¾ cup Greek Yoghurt

300g Plain Flour

3tsp Baking Powder

1 Lemon finely grated rind and juice

Bay Syrup:

270g or ¾ cup Honey

1 Lemon finely grated rind and juice

50g Sugar

4 Bay Leaves

1 cup Water

GO:

1. For Bay Syrup place Honey, grated rind, Sugar, Bay Leaves and Water in a

saucepan. Bring to the boil and simmer for ten minutes or until the syrup coats the back of a spoon. Add Lemon Juice and stir to combine. Cool.

2. Beat Butter and Sugar with a mixer until light and fluffy, and then add Egg yolks and Yoghurt and beat until well combined.

3. Stir in sifted Flour with Baking Powder and a pinch of Salt, Then add Lemon rind and juice and fold in until well combined.

4. Whisk Egg whites until stiff peaks form, and then add a third of Egg whites to the Yoghurt mixture and fold in to combine. Fold remaining Egg whites into Yoghurt mixture and then spoon into a greased and baking-paper-lined 20cm round cake tin.

5. Bake at 180C for 45 minutes or un-

Versions of syrup cake are one of the best-loved examples of glika tou tapisiou or 'sweets from the baking pan'. Traditionally served with strong coffee to balance the sweetness of the syrup, these moist cakes store well as the syrup prolongs their life.

til a cake-tester withdraws clean.

6. Spoon half the cooled Bay Syrup over the hot cake in its tin, Cover with a tea-towel and leave to cool.

7. Serve slices of cake drizzled with remaining Bay Syrup.

Bon Appetit!!



News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

Well I suppose it had to happen, I have just heard of a labour borough council are talking of the possibility of fixing monitors to all loos in the borough connected to an outside meter. The idea being all solid wastes passing through loos in any household is weighed and measured then a council tax to be called the "Passing Sewage Tax" will then be levied on each household!!!! Only in England.

15 years ago May was the best month of the summer season, up the North here was heaving, and money being spent. Tragically, this month is dead. The only tourists here are on all inclusive holidays, you know the thing, powdered eggs for breakfast, powdered spuds for dinner and bomba in the booze bottles. This spe-

cie is easily recognised by the rubber wrist band with a number on it. They drink a small beer with 4 straws in the bars for the party, to share and go crazy spending lavishly at night on a loaf of bread and a packet of spam to make sandwiches. Why has Corfu come to this sad state? What has gone wrong? Frankly I don't give a toss as long as I sell the little house I bought for investment!!! Boy am I mean.

The beach here in Acharavi has been destroyed by the company putting the new drainage system in. Huge lumps of steel conduit stacked on the beach sand, roads have been dug up then the trenches filled in but not re-tarmaced. Some bars are still getting ready for the season, spirits in many places are up from 3.5 Euro to 4.5 Euro. The bar glasses are now different, taller but much slimmer,

the measure looks okay but we know!!!! Especially when the ice is put in first. (Maybe that's why tourist numbers are down.)

Sorry to sound depressive, but when thinking back to the old days, not so long ago, it is depressing. But, as long as we have our health, roof over our heads and cheap Vodka from Bulgaria we should be grateful.

On a brighter note, my mate Little Al and myself have bunged a few more silly videos up on utube for the laugh. We don't mind looking stooooopid, www.youtube/user/corfual, and there are the last few cook books being knocked out at a tenner on www.lillylongman.com for those discerning wannabe cooks among you.

That's it, I need a wee dram. I am and always will be,

Obnoxious Al.

Corfu Light Railway to Revitalize Local Economy

By Earnest Porter

Hidden far down the agenda of a recent meeting of Corfu City Council is an item of importance for the future of the Corfu Light Railway, which had seemed ill-fated over the last few months but...

<http://tinyurl.com/3hyedsa>

It's item no. 45 ??????????????

I translate this 45 as a Decision approving allocations for the procurement album "Corfu Ionian Light" and "Easter in Corfu".

As I'm sure you are aware most people would have gone home at this point in the meeting, and it was intended to slip through, probably unnoticed, a major change in plan for the current route of the planned railway that was to follow the coast on a corniche route that would allow a number of private option halts serving some of the larger estates - including the Rothschild's - between Barbati, Nisaki, Kalami, and on to Kassiopi to join the new ferry terminal serving Saranda and further ports along the Eastern Adriatic.

As it is - and the reference to Easter in Corfu should make it clear - the Russian timber billionaire Zefiros Gasparov (nicknamed Paskaman) who has acquired large tracts of land between Acharavi and the Trompetta Ridge has privately sold the idea of an alternative route that will run from a massive new container terminal to be constructed along Roda Beach at the point where the winding road from Ag Pantelemon meets the main shore road. This new port, which will also include a marina and shopping complex carefully

landscaped into the surrounding shore, will serve material delivery needs for the massive wind farm planned around the Diapontian Islands and along the surrounding coast. The railway's route will rise gently up from the shore, entering a tunnel between Sphakera and Pantelemon (I have seen the draft plan but could not procure a copy) ascending on a route that passes beneath Episkepsi, where an escalator will serve a local underground station to the benefit of that community (watch for land values there), bending quite sharply west and emerging briefly into the open in the narrow plateau between Klimatia and Zygos, descending into a tunnel that will pass deep below Sokraki to emerge at the new Skripero General Station from where the line will pass more or less straight down the Ropa Valley with just one stop to serve Aqualand and the enlarged Festival settlement of Ag Ioannis. Villages between Skripero and Corfu City will be able to make bids for further halts, but the intention is to make these discretionary-linked with the train operator via Twitter and other social web sites. Thus, a loved one wishing to make a gesture may gift a station stop on the Corfu Light Railway website and special stops with excursion trains can be hired to serve weddings, funerals, festivals and panygiris. I was told by several people who had studied the alternative plan that Paskaman has pulled off a shrewd stroke by funding a route for the new railway that will be more popular with the public, as compared to a primarily 'private' corniche route serving wealthy 'Kensington' addresses. Powerful interests will resist this change citing the damage it will do to the environment, but Paskaman

has been able to convince many that his Roda terminal will enormously decrease the disruption involved in constructing the new windfarms - both those around the Diapontian Islands and the smaller farm on the Trumpeta Ridge. As for suggesting that a corniche route will be less damaging, Paskaman has been heard to say "Don't you English have a saying about calling a pot black...or were you just referring to your funny game of snooker?"

An impressive working maquette of the planned railway has been constructed in the walled garden of the Villa A. in Agios I. and, supervised by local environmentalists, Dave and Alex Beech Kirk, is already bringing delight to local children as well as information and education to local people who may want to review the great benefits which the Paskaman Route for the Corfu Light Railway will bring to all in the area.

So, in a time of banking crisis, with Greece between a rock and a hard place, how refreshing that a non-European citizen should buck the trend and bring this fabulous initiative into the Eurozone. Almost single-handedly, it seems, he means to refloat the Corfu economy, creating thousands of new jobs along the way and retraining hundreds and hundreds of dozing civil servants for work on the railways. Let us hope Paskaman is not biting off more than he can choo.



I'm on The Train

By
Simon Baddeley



Heading south to London and from Euston on via Kingsway, Aldwych, Strand, down Fleet Street over Farringdon up Cannon Street to St Paul's Cathedral.

From Monument I asked directions to Fenchurch Street Station, down a narrow street before Crutched Friars tucked below rhombic offices, to take a train to Grays where I'm leading a session on navigating Political Space for senior managers at Thurrock Council, invitation - some months ago - of their CEO, Graham Farrant. I'll be teaching on Thurrock's Learning Campus, which sounds fine - indeed I'm really looking forward to it - but for the time spent, with knock-on effects - literally - obeying a technical manager's request that I have my presentation kit passed as safe, via a Portable Appliance Test (PAT) as required by the legislation

of specific relevance to electrical maintenance under the Health & Safety at Work Act 1974, the Management of Health & Safety at Work Regulations 1999, the Electricity at Work Regulations 1989, the Workplace (Health, Safety and Welfare) Regulations 1992 and the Provision and Use of Work Equipment Regulations 1998, 'which places a duty of care upon both the employer and the employee to ensure the safety of all persons using the work premises.' This includes the self employed - which I guess approximates to me though I'm actually at Thurrock this morning as a part-time visiting lecturer from Birmingham University. I'd guess that getting my laptop, its power cable, external hard-drive and external speakers tested - for free on campus by Roy at the Estates office - entailed about eight e-mails and as many phone calls over as many weeks with the most vexing problem arising when I borrowed Lin's car to make a swift journey to campus - I usually cycle - to squeeze in an appointment with Roy between another errand and someone bruised the skirt of Lin's bumper while I was parked, requiring remedial T-cutting and a some skilled splicing of bodywork by Guy and a few choice threats from Lin about



'ever borrowing my car again'. Anyway I've got little green stickers with a test date on all my kit, so - touch wood - I, and my students and all with whom I come into contact at Thurrock are - actuarially speaking a few percentage points freer of risk - in this uncertain world. Fingers crossed.

From Grays near the Thames I take trains back to London and onto Birmingham International where I plan to meet up with Richard to fly to Inverness, both of us uncertain as to whether the airspace between us and Scotland will allow us to fly this afternoon.



Corfu Weather Statistics



May 2011

Month's Rainfall: 16.9 mm
 Maximum Temperature: 31C.
 Minimum Temperature: 5C
 Average Temperature 19C
 Maximum Windspeed: 37 km/h.



"Villa Sofia"

Flight Fright

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

In 1976 I visited Hong Kong for Easter, on my way back from New Zealand to the U.K. After many years in sparsely-populated N.Z., where even a sheep wishing to visit relatives sets out on a two-day hike, I found the teeming thousands, the vibrant vitality, sleepless striving, endless energy of Hong Kong thoroughly thrilling, completely captivating. I relished every minute of my stay.

Checking in at the airport on the day of my departure I was told that the 9p.m. flight would be delayed for twelve hours while an engine of the aircraft, a Boeing "Jumbo", received attention. They booked us into a nearby hotel for the night.

We left on time the next morning and made our first scheduled stop at New Delhi. However our take-off from there in the heat-rarified 110F atmosphere of midday with a full complement of passengers, many of them children returning to school in the U.K. at the end of the Easter holiday, was of necessity made without a full load of fuel. It was announced that we would make an unscheduled stop at Bahrein for refueling - where better? Some time passed after take-off before we reached normal operating height; we saw quite a lot of India from a low altitude.

At Bahrein as well as refuelling the aircraft our next meal was taken on, braised camel, I think, masquerading as chicken. Also we were told that there would be no scheduled stop at Frankfurt; passengers for that destination would be ferried back from Heathrow.

When flying I like to have a window seat. There is so much of interest to be seen from the air: shining lakes, tortuous rivers, passes through mountain ranges, the tracery of road and rail through jungle and forest and across the patchwork of fields con-

necting spots of hamlets to smears of cities, caravan routes winding over deserts between green blobs of oases. When the earth is not visible there is always a glistening expanse of cloud with its ever-changing shapes to admire and to scan for the specks of other aircraft. At night there are lights in various patterns to arouse conjecture. Flying is boring only when over featureless ocean, and a couple of weeks earlier that had been relieved for me by having been invited up to the flight deck between Auckland and Melbourne to watch fascinated amongst other things our coordinates rapidly clicking over while the coast of Australia materialised on the radar.

Accordingly I was looking out of the window while chewing with determination upon a chunk of the recently-served camel when we were flying high over Frankfurt. Obviously nobody had bothered to tell the aircraft that we should not be stopping there and that it would not have a well-earned rest. It rebelled. I saw with amazement and alarm our outer starboard engine explode in a flash of flame, a puff of smoke and a shower of metallic shards.

The aircraft shuddered and went into a steep dive as our pilot presumably sought the safety of a lower altitude lest our compression had been compromised. After a seemingly interminable hiatus the aircraft levelled off, we continued on our way and I breathed again. Although we were advised to remain belted in our seats from time to time a youngster or two would sneak across for a closer look at the hunk of junk dangling from the wing.

Seated beside me was a six-year-old, already with hundreds of flying-hours, many thousands of air-miles to his name; his father, sitting on his other side, commuted frequently between London and the Far East usually taking his son with him. Now, in common with most of our young passengers, the little boy was absolutely thrilled; a rather tedious flight had

suddenly become quite exciting. I found myself unable to share their enthusiasm.

Crossing the coast is often at a height affording a panoramic view of the Netherlands and even as far as Denmark on a good day. This time we were so low as to offer a sight of details of traffic on the roads, shipping in the Channel and Thames Estuary.

The undercarriage lowered and locked with its usual clunk. We made a very low pass over Heathrow so that observers on the ground could see if the landing-gear had been damaged. Then we roared up and around for final approach while the cabin-crew quickly went round to check that all had satisfactorily adopted the required crash position. My young neighbour's excitement redoubled at this new development. I was nothing like so keen.

Following a featherweight touchdown the aircraft rolled smoothly along the tarmac. I straightened in my seat to peer out at the row of fire-engines, crash-tenders and ambulances lining the runway and breaking away to follow us. We were being well cared-for.

The plane came gently to a halt and then taxied sedately to our disembarkation point. The youngsters were bubbling over their "fabulous" flight.

It was evening so the airline offered free overnight hotel accommodation to any whose arrangements had been disrupted by our delayed flight. I had no arrangements to be disrupted but I took up the offer; they owed me that for the scare. However, when flying thereafter I was able to relax, secure in my personal experience of the inbuilt safety-margin of aircraft and the exemplary expertise of flight-crew that had brought our damaged flight safely to its appointed destination. Flying is by far the safest means of travel.

Property Features



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.



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 it's own courtyard, with the possibility of creating a first floor balcony.

Please go to the **OCA Y Services website: www.propertycorfu.org** for more details on these and other properties.

Photo Gallery



"Rare Family Outing - this Winter"



Teilis and Alekos

Agiots



Spiros and Lula



Villa Spanopoulos Concert featuring "Duo Armande"



Spiros and Melina