

The Agiot

41st Edition

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Agiotfest 11 27th August



A few more points about Agiotfest 11:

- Gates open 19:30.
- Starts at 20:00 until late.
- €20.00 per ticket
- Children aged 12 and under - half price.
- Toddlers FREE.

- 5 to 6 hours of great entertainment and enjoyment.
- Venue same as 2010, the New Cactus Hilton.



- Ticket purchase also available with PAYPAL.
- Car Parking available.



"Will he or won't he!!"

- Food and Drink at reasonable prices.
- Freedom to bring your own refreshments.

Spear Travels

We would like to thank our first major sponsors Spear Travels for their con-

tinued support of the Agiotfest. This will be their third consecutive year they have been on board and it gives us great heart when such a reputable company decides to join the ranks of Agiotfest lovers.

Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

The third and biggest Carnival before the season of Lent is on March 6th this year, excuse for a great deal of fun and games in Town. Then follows Clean Monday, a national holiday, the Orthodox Church's equivalent of Shrove Tuesday, when the menu is fishy, particularly chewing resolutely upon squid in its various guises. Any energy remaining after that is expended in flying kites, provided that the weather cooperates, by no means a certainty.

On 25th March we enjoy yet another national holiday, Independence Day. On that day, the Feast of the Annunciation, in 1821, at the monastery of Agia Lavra near Kalavrita, Georgios Germanos, Metropolitan Bishop of Patros, raised the flag of revolution in the Peloponnese, against the Ottomans

who had occupied Greece for more than three-hundred years. Soon the whole Peloponnese took up arms, killing 15,000 Turks. It was more than a century of strife before all of Greece was freed and in the meantime the Turks retaliated by eradicating Greek colonies on their side of the Aegean.

Those were days before ethnic cleansing went out of fashion. (The Serbs left it too late.) The Greeks received some international support; for instance at Navarino, in the last naval battle fought entirely between wooden ships under sail, an allied British, French and Russian fleet commanded by Admiral Codrington, destroyed an Egyptian-Turkish fleet, thereby seriously inhibiting the Turks' ability to reinforce rapidly their occupying military.

Of course Corfu was never under Turkish control, having been

occupied and defended by the Venetians, who wanted to make sure that their mercantile lifeline from Adriatic to Mediterranean could not be severed by the Turks. This island gained independence (from the last of a long line of occupiers, the British!) and reunion with Greece peacefully in 1864, but that does not prevent Corfiots from celebrating Independence Day. Why should it? Any excuse for a party!

A villager has been arrested on the mainland following a police raid on his house. They found 90kg of cocaine in his car. It was probably too much to hope that Agios Ioannis, if not Corfu, would escape contamination from the current pernicious plague, but at least there is one evil thug that will not be polluting the environment for many years. He is in custody awaiting trial.

Aspros bin Misleaden

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Cat Aspros has developed a habit, when he hears me preparing a meal, of quitting precipitately his favourite sleeping-perch upon the western arm of my lounge settee and charging wildly into the hall, traversed in two bounds, executing a sharp right-hander through the kitchen doorway, performing a prodigious two-metre leap on to the lid of the rubbish-bin, to bounce from there on to the top of a cupboard. There he will sit, supervising my cooking, in the hope that there might be something in it for him. Sometimes there is. It shows too;

he is possibly somewhat overweight at a corpulent six kilograms, despite his athletic activities.

Apart from a resounding THUD as he springs *en passant* from the top of the bin, all this is performed in absolute silence. That has its dangers.

A few days ago I neither saw nor heard him coming and opened the lid of the bin to drop in some eggshells just as he took off on his *pièce de résistance*. Fortunately I had recently emptied the bin. The shells beat Aspros to the bottom of the bin in a photo-finish; he entered headfirst without even touching the sides.

I must admit to having been convulsed with laughter as I held open the lid, watching while he disentangled himself from the bin-liner and clambered out with a look of deep reproach upon his face.

For two or three days he moderated his approach to a more cautious, decorous, circumspect trot, but he has since resumed his spectacular acrobatic performance. I now make sure that I know where he is before I open the bin.

Pottering in Peloponnisos

By Paul McGovern
Editor

Chapter 2: I died and went to heaven

Today was unseasonably hot; one roadside measure gave 27 Celsius. Mmmm, sounded a bit wonky, yet it certainly was warm



Following a Continental breakfast I hobble swiftly past the half-awake Receptionist, who casts a suspicious eye, and Lula walks to retrieve James with our new car key and head along the harbour road towards John's office. We are going to show him some drawings and designs. I'm hobbling this morning from an arthritic attack in the ankle, so struggle a few hundred yards with my awkward load past hordes of bemused Ghengis Khan immigrants loitering in the street; groups of them chase lorries hereabouts. We show our wares to John, then we are off to a commercial sprawl to window-gaze furniture. Luckily it stays at the gazing stage, as they are all closing early for



lunch.

We change tack and seek out Achaia Clauss (no relation of Santa) who resides south of the city. One minute we are driving an industrial wasteland, the very next climbing a beautiful wooded hill towards the world-famous winery; set in stately grounds is a Bavarian manse with sturdy outbuildings and cottages, perched above a tablecloth of Patras below. We enter a large low-ceilinged hallway, its wooden-panelled walls adorned with certificates heralding the achievements of the wine production. Little round



wooden tables to sit to. To one side is a chamber where resides a bar and a lady offering free samples of nectar. The whole has an ethereal charm. 'Have I died and gone to heaven?' I ask the lady, whose name is Antonia, as she begins to ply us with a selection of her vintages and the famous Mavro Daphne, named for the eyes of Herr Clauss's beloved. Antonia tells us her family hails from Afra, though she herself has never been. She has been work-

ing in the winery for thirty-one years so is something of an expert.

Three students show up and she gives us five a guided tour of the vaults. In a vast cavern stand serried rows of giant oak casks in chronological order, each cask having a mini-cask riding its shoulder. She explains that the smaller barrel drip-feeds the larger with a small quantity from the following year's batch. In this way the produce is freshened and is prevented from turning to syrup. All casks are sampled annu-



ally and so far all have been pronounced drinkable, dating back to 1861. It is not known when they may reach the end of their shelf-life. After this wondrous tour she intertwines seductive histories with more free samples of nectar, so we are bound to leave with a six-pack of glorious red, which we have been subsequently enjoying over the winter.

It is dusk as we leave heaven and we are hungry. Off we drive to the other side of the city to our dinner at Skoufos,



where yesterday we had had lunch with our hosts. I felt bored so had boar; Lula said something was fishy so had fish. Delicious. A lovely day, a lovely evening, despite more shame-faced hobbling past the suspicious Receptionist.

I had a dream

By
Simon Baddeley



After raining steadily all day, the sky has cleared, the wind gone down, the thunder wandered eastwards into Greece, winking off the sides of clouds, too far to hear thunder. After midnight a moon rises, gibbous and big; orange streaked with nimbus above the mainland mountains; brightening and shrinking as it clears the distant clouds to silver the Kerkyra Sea. The Belt of Orion glimmers high to the west and below the village, among trees, street lights glow into the distance through a film of mist diluting the adequate moonlight, wasting energy.

By morning the rain had returned for the day. I'd dreamed of arriving home in Handsworth to find the support staff of the institute going through my possessions. I pretended not to be me; smiled at one of them. "Riding on the crossbar" she sneered, knowing I'd understand her expression of shared contempt for my relished and indulgent liking for cycling to work. I woke sweating. Next I arrived at a rail station which might have been

mine; asked fellow passengers its name.

"What what what what what?" they chorused quietly.

I phoned *National Rail* on my mobile - an insane idea when awake - and someone said, mockingly, "mmm, mmmm, mmmm, mmmm."

Furious I threw the phone onto the platform where it shattered. No one noticed. I peered at a wooden board scraped to its painted grain and made out the name 'Joyford'. I was in my pyjamas - which I never wear - having wandered into an event attended by my old friend and colleague Tanya, who was acting a part in a scene in which she played a cake. Her decorated head stuck out of the top of a round table, intricately braided with a ruffled cake band round her neck.

"What's happening?" I asked, gazing round at lots of well dressed smart people.

"It's the something or other event...didn't you get it on...?"...she mentioned an obscure social web name to which I'd failed to subscribe. "Could you turn off my mobile for me?" she indicated it with her eyes on the table beside her.

Someone grabbed my arm and rescued me. I was involved in keeping Saddam Hussein captive in a butterfly suit - seriously Red Admirals - below the surface of a dank pool, but when we went to drag him out the suit was empty. He'd escaped. I, knowing how dangerous he was, fled but left my credit cards and my bicycle. Later I was in an office trying to explain who I was without ID, regarded as deranged with my tale of Saddam on the loose. "He's got a gun!"

I was rescued by the head of

school - still in my pyjamas - who said "Your daughter, Helen Baddeley, wants to see you. She's in the Philosophy Department over there."

He led me by the arm to the door to outside.

"But I haven't got a daughter called Helen. My daughter isn't a philosopher. She's in the police." We were having a meal - four of us including Richard Pine - the only people in *Harry's Taverna* in Perithia. The rain was a torrent, spouting from the gutters, streaming along the roads. "We have cod" said Harry "and stiffado". "Ah" said Stephen "the piece of cod that passeth all understanding." "Fercrisake" said Richard "It's only one o'clock"



An Apology

Authorship of the very perceptive article "Dependence" in our February Newsletter was mistakenly attributed. It was in fact the work of Richard Pine and we extend to Richard our most sincere apologies for our error.

News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

Hi all, Do you know what a rip off OTENET is, for their broadband and internet service. They have no condoms ie: protection against spam, NOTHING!!!! Thank god for for sites like Gmail who will vet your imported mail so the spam can be diverted. Yesterday my OTENET mail address received 17 porno mails totally unrestricted, because OTENET is a RIPOFF, No matter who you go to for internet connection it must go through these OTE con artistes.

Why should we put up with a government controlled telephone company, Anybody out there interested in campaigning for Privatisa-

tion of Greek telephone companies???? The mobile phone companies are ripping us off , look at the offers in Britland, !! Brilliant, The old Teleset company from 20 years ago who screwed everybody with so called mistakes in the billing (Now WIND) Beware!!!

They still answer to OTE at the end of the day, So does every mobile company.;

If I am wrong feel free to write and correct me, I am just pissed off having to pay double bubble, ie: mobile charges off which a portion goes to OTE. Internet with crap service and protection.

I know we are guests in a foreign country, but why should we not make ourselves heard and help the locals to get rid of the corruption

here!!!

Most of the arsehole Brits have gone, those that sold a house originally bought for under Ten grand under the (God Bless Her) Maggie Thatcher, council house scheme and sold for a hundred grand and came here thinking they were gods gift to the local Greek community..

Those of us left should try and bring the local government into this century. Privatise the Telephones!!

I am and always will be
Obnoxious Al.

(Of course as usual I have had a few jars and am probably speaking crap)

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Key Lime Pie

Ingredients:

For the Crust:

150gr All-purpose flour
100gr Butter
2tbsp Sugar

Peel of ½ Lemon finely shredded
1 beaten Egg yolk with 2tsp water
(save the white)

For the Filling:

125ml Lime or Lemon juice
3 Egg yolks (save the whites)
1 can sweetened Condensed Milk

For the Meringue:

4 saved Egg whites
4tbsp Sugar
½ tsp Vanilla
¼ tsp Cream of Tartar

GO:

1. In a mixing bowl combine the flour, sugar, lemon peel,
2. Cut the butter into pea-size pieces
3. Using a fork stir in the egg yolk until the dough is smoothly moisturised
4. Cover the bottom and sides of a medium-size pie dish with the dough
5. Bake at 175C for 7 for 10 minutes.
6. Cool on a wire rack
7. In a bowl blend the egg yolks and

condensed milk.

8. Slowly add the lime or lemon juice.

9. Pour the filling into the crust-lined pie dish.

10. Beat the egg whites until stiff.

11. Add the sugar, vanilla and cream of tartar.

12. Spread on top of the filling.

13. Bake at 185C until golden brown

Serve chilled.

Bon Appetit!!

Charity Darts Competition Doubles Knockout



**5th March Kafeneio Pipoulis
20:30pm**

5€ per person, 2€ of which donated to above charity
Winners and Runners up Prizes

Raffle Prize Draw with all profits to Smile Of The Child

20:00 Registration
20:15 Draw
20:30 Start

Free Buffet

Corfu Weather Statistics

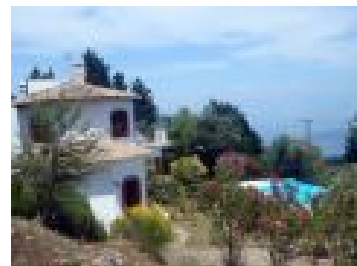
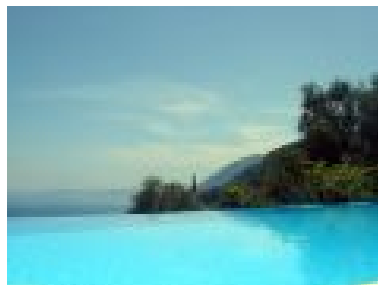
February 2011

Month's Rainfall: 7cm.
Maximum Temperature: 18.8.
Minimum Temperature: 6.3.
Maximum Windspeed: 51.5 km/h.
Maximum Gust Speed: 82.1 km/h.
Maximum Humidity: 99%
Minimum Humidity: 32%

Croquet

There was supposed to be a full report of a coaching lesson given at the Croquet Club, Gouvia Marina. Unfortunately, space restrictions mean we will have to publish it next month.

Property Feature



€900,000

Sea View Wonder in Gastouri

This stunning property was built by the current owners in 1995.

The two-storey three-bedroomed centrally heated home stands high above the sea, an infinity pool lies between it and the forested terraces which tumble away to the shore.

Balconies give out from the bedrooms to glorious surrounding views.

The mature garden and groves cover one and a quarter acres; it is possible for further building here. Ample car parking space lies off the entrance drive.

The property is completely private and secluded and within is beautifully appointed.



The owners are reluctant to let go of their prize but must return to the U.K..

The often overused accolade 'Location, Location, Location' is richly deserved here.



Please Go To: www.propertycorfu.org for more details on this and other properties

He Made The Stars Also

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Only five little words, a mere six syllables, but what a stupendous statement! Did its author recognise its full implications?

When I was Organist and Master of the Choristers at Napier Cathedral at least once a month some of the chorister-pupils at the school would come back in the evening. We would then go to lie on the beach, only about a hundred metres distant, away from street-lighting, armed with binoculars and telescopes, to study the myriad of stars that adorned the heavens, spotting the major constellations. In the Southern Hemisphere the display is even more spectacular than that visible up north, the night sky sparkling with hundreds of points of light.

It was stunning to realise that much of what we were seeing was many centuries of Earth-years old, so far distant were those stars that even at the speed of light it had taken all that time to reach us, and that now those same stars, travelling at astronomic speeds, were many thousands of miles from where we were then seeing them. Some may even have ceased to exist, their lifespan exhausted. Equally awesome was the knowledge that most, if not all, of those stars were the centres of solar systems with planets spinning in ordered orbits around them, all conforming to the Laws of Nature.

Too there was the thought that some of those planets supported life. It is highly improbable that Earth is the only inhabited one. In fact only a few years earlier I had met with a UFO experience. I doubt that there is anything to be feared from aliens. "Star Wars" is

the product of a sick imagination; any peoples that have progressed so far along the path of civilisation as to be able to move at will the vast distances between galaxies have long ago forsaken the barbarism of warfare. They may well carry weapons to protect themselves from the warmongering primitives of Earth, but unless attacked by its savage inhabitants they will not harm its benighted natives.

This all raises the vital question, is this wondrous progress of the Universe from the Big Bang entirely random or is its astoundingly orderly evolution controlled by some Infinite Intelligence, call it God, Deus, Allah, Jehovah, what you will? There are many supporters of either belief, but I would suggest that the very existence of Laws of Nature, of which we have yet only a very limited grasp, serves to establish the presence of a Master Controller, a Directing Intellect.

However, the various concepts promoted by self-styled "theologians" would appear to be very puny and inadequate compared with the Limitless Immensity, the Real Thing. Particularly ridiculous is the premise that such a Colossal Prime-Mover is in the slightest interested in every living creature. Such a gross misrepresentation is cynically pronounced by those claiming to be representatives of that All-Powerful Being in an attempt to impose domination over their gullible fatuous followers. Moreover the recent degeneration of their "worship" of the Omnipotent Majesty into trivial, tawdry "informal" twaddle and banal shoddy semi-literate liturgies with grotty music, linked to their servile pursuit of "political rectitude",

hardly matches the massive dignity of its Almighty Object and utterly refutes their claims - as well as destroying their credibility and decimating their adherents. Fortunately six years ago we saw the emergence of a highly-talented, far-seeing religious leader who is attempting to halt the decline. Hopefully his beneficent intelligent influence will spread.

There exist various texts presuming to explain the origin and development of the Universe and the nature of its Great Creator, but their sources are without exception somewhat dubious, the product of primitive, immature minds; much is no more than superstition, myth and legend. The human race has been around a mere six million years or so since our ancestors descended from the trees, has been civilised for a minuscule eight thousand. (Arguable because we still go to war, a reversion to despicable barbarism.) Those are tiny whiskers in the four-and-a-half billion years of this planet's life to date. We are still in the nappy-stage of knowledge, abysmally ignorant; there is yet a great deal that we do not know, waiting to be discovered. Unless, through its abysmal stupidity, the human race self-destructs, an alarming possibility, many millennia of enlightenment lie ahead. What an exciting future is waiting, what a vast torrent of learning yet to be explored. In the meantime let us just marvel at the Magnificent Concept and offer due homage to the glorious majesty of its Supreme Conceiver.

Keep Corfu Clean

By
Peter Papageorgiou

On December the 19th some people who had had enough of the rubbish situation in Corfu, decided to try and do something about it. It was to be a symbolic gesture of cleaning up a small part of town. Facebook was used to invite volunteers. Interestingly, out of 2108(!) invitations, 1898 did not respond, 143 said they couldn't make it, 46 said they might, 21 said they would definitely come and 7 actually turned up. It could have been 8 but she had to babysit for 2 of the others...haha! I was one of them!

a great time was had by all and we went home feeling happy that we



had actually tried to do something rather than sit and whine about the situation at the kafeneio or online...



A few days later we got back together again and decided to try and do more. The idea came from the Atenistas group in Athens. A group of non-party affiliated individuals with a set of common goals. To try and make everyday life in the city a little better by organising various dos, happenings and efforts to tidy up, neaten up, enliven, help the needy, point wrongdoers in the right direction, anything really that can put a smile on someone's face... and make life better! This is how the Kantounistas were born. Over the Xmas period we got together again and again, created a Kantounistas facebook group, a blog (kantounistas.blogspot.com) and started to plan our first official "action".

Unusual Happenings in Corfu

This morning, (at 12 o'clock that is, because that is what passes for morning in Corfu, especially on Sundays...) a small, but active group of people was seen in San Rocco. They managed, in just over an hour, to gather up all the rubbish that was lying, discarded all over the square.

Armed with rubbish bags, brooms, a shovel and a little (not much...) good will, they managed to tidy up a part of town that almost everyone visiting the commercial center passes from. There were a few passers-by because the shops were open, it being the last Sunday before Xmas. They stole a few glances, but otherwise went about their way...

At some point one of the immigrants sitting on the park-benches

got up and dropped some litter into one of the bags, grabbing the opportunity to say "Goodmorning" to one of the girls sweeping nearby.

They gathered their rubbish-bags into a big pile in the middle of the square for some quick snapshots. Then they loaded them into a car and trailer and drove them to the rubbish tip in Temploni. The Greeks call it the CHYTA (X.Y.T.A.) which stands for Area of Healthwise Burial of Refuse... (I'm sort of making this up as I go along, bear with me...!)

Arriving in Temploni they had the opportunity to witness firsthand the result of Mans passing upon this earth, in all it's glory...but that's a big discussion for another time

maybe, as big as the MOUNTAINS of rubbish there...

Who were these people?

It doesn't really matter. Suffice it to say they are people like you! Normal people who smoke or not, who have children or not, who ride bicycles (some more than others...) who may have dropped the occasional piece of litter even (but maybe not, I can't be sure...) Simple people, not perfect, but beautiful. Simple people joined together by one thing. The fact that they have decided to stop being part of the problem and start becoming part of the solution.

You can become one of them too. All that's required is your smile!

Scherzando Says

Children can always lighten even the most stressful times!!!!



What was Sir Walter Raleigh famous for?

He is a noted figure in history because he invented cigarettes and started a craze for Bicycles.

Name one measure which can be put into place to avoid river flooding in times of extensive rainfall (e.g. in Mississippi).

Flooding in areas such as the Mississippi may be avoided by placing a number of big dams into the river



Name six animals which live specifically in the Arctic.

Two polar bears
~~Three~~ Four seals

What did Mahatma Gandhi and Genghis Khan have in common?

Unusual names

What is a fibula?

A little lie

For those of us who feel we are technologically challenged, here is evidence that someone

has it more badly than we do!



A man making heavy breathing sounds from a phone box told a worried operator:
'I haven't got a pen, so I'm steaming up the window to write the number on'.



Tech Support: 'I need you to right-click on the Open Desktop'.
 Customer: 'OK'.
 Tech Support: 'Did you get a pop-up menu?'.
 Customer: 'No'.
 Tech Support: 'OK. Right-Click again. Do you see a pop-up menu?'.
 Customer: 'No'.
 Tech Support: 'OK, sir. Can you tell me what you have done up until this point?'.
 Customer: 'Sure. You told me to write 'click' and I wrote 'click'.

Tech Support: 'OK. In the bottom left hand side of the screen, can you see the 'OK' button displayed?'

Customer: 'Wow. How can you see my screen from there?'

and finally?!

"Can you turn the engines down, they're too noisy" topped the list of the most common - and ridiculous requests from airline passengers in a recent survey of 3,000 cabin crew.

"Please can the Captain stop the turbulence?" "Is there a MacDonald's on board?" also featured along with requests to open the plane's windows!!

