

The Agiot

31st Edition

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Trafalgar Square to Corfu

Joe Brown at Trafalgar Square celebrating St. George's day.



By
The Troubadour

Our man was there in the hustle and bustle of the St. George's day celebration at London's Trafalgar Square.

With preparation underway for the following day's London marathon this part of the capital saw no local road traffic, which served to enhance the event's atmosphere.

A truly complete day of uplifting experiences in a celebration that has almost been usurped by the sense of political correctness that has swept what was a proud

country.

The flag of St. George omnipresent amongst the throng held up by old and young alike brought back some of the freedom of expression and patriotism that the Brits are vilified for if they dare.

With the backdrop of Nelson's column to a colourful and brightly lit stage the bright sunny day's activities culminated at 5.00pm with the appearance of the legendary rock and roller Joe Brown.

Accompanied by his four piece band and with Joe playing a variety of instruments, the hour long show

flew by with the crowd singing along to some of his well-known hits.

Despite being born up in Lincolnshire, his down to earth 'cockney-sounding' accent endeared him to the London crowd as one of them (there are a few Londoners left)

With his permanent smile and witty banter Joe engaged each member of the crowd as if he was addressing them personally; finally closing the show with his emotional rendition the 1924 written song 'I'll see you in my dreams'.

Back-stage photo shoots and personal introductions were all handled in true professional style and accepted with all good grace.

A magical afternoon in London town that we look forward to repeating in the sunshine of Corfu in August.



Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

On Corfu hardly a month passes without some spectacular celebration. May is no exception; on 21st everything comes to a screeching halt while the Corfiots commemorate the end of the British occupation and their union with mainland Greece in 1864. Since there are something like ten thousand of us Brits on the island we maintain a low profile on that day. In the morning, following the usual religious observances, bands, schools, associations, public services and military march past a saluting base in Town where local and visiting dignitaries take the salute. Often this is accompanied by a fly-past of units of the Greek Air Force. Then everyone makes whoopee. This is a great place to live!

The worthy winner of The Agiotfest Grand National Sweepstake last month was 83-year-old Valya. We have been asked, though, firmly to refute the rumour that she is starting to have riding lessons.

Peter Mercator McGovern is expected to arrive home some time this month or next after having spent a year or so in Australia. He began his return journey in January, but has detoured slightly via New Zealand, Vanuatu, Malaysia, Thailand, Vietnam and Cambodia. At the time of writing he is sampling the delights of Laos. We are by no means sure that he will not arrive with a dusky maiden on his arm.

Our local answer to Valentino Rossi has reverted to riding a bicycle, having been caught by the police speeding on a scooter underage.

Lesley Woolven has arrived for a visit. Ron was due to leave, but his flight was vulcanised, delayed four days. Swimming was an alternative, but we could not promise a favourable current through the Straits of Gibraltar.

The first Dutch cyclists have arrived together with all the administration. Andy has been busily welcoming their children. Other visitors to the village last month included Pat Brett, Cavan Hagan, Walter Stuart, bringing Scottish weather, and Denis and Linda Oxlee with trailer and power-boat. Already the last two are acquiring a rolling seafaring gait. The pet-shop parrot, for years a friend of Peter, is daily expecting removal to a new home. "Yo-ho, me hearties!"

Corfu Light Railway - Countdown to the Agiotfest

By
Earnest Porter

The Agiotfest 10 takes place in Agios Ioannis on the 27th and 28th August this summer. Bands from England, Greece, and Serbia are descending on our little oasis to do their stuff.

The Ocaj management team has been stressed at the thought of these minstrels being stranded in their homelands by another volcanic eruption at an unsolicited time, so has been in discreet meetings with a representative of the C.L.R.; as an alternative to flying them in the idea was to train them in. The C.L.R. is so keen to appropriate this publicity bonanza, they have negotiated recently with Con-

tinental railway networks to broker a deal for 'gauge' junctions along the various routes, for the artists and their equipment to be shuttled through Europe with the least possible delays. More urgent re-routing of track is planned for the early summer in the Potamos corridor, to bring the bands directly into the village of Agois from Corfu Port. Work on the Pantokrator Massif is being shelved- much to the relief of the Orthodox Church- whilst this new and more urgent opportunity arises.

The musicians themselves are unaware at present of this turn in events. It was thought politic to let them assume flights were to be arranged, should the C.L.R. not be able to fulfill their commitment to

the time schedule. But it is expected that indeed the clatter of arriving rolling stock will soon be heard amongst the cicadas and gypsy music as it pulls into Agios Central. The photo below is evidence that it will not be the first time that railways have been used to transport the stars.



Easter in Corfu - 2010

By
Simon Baddeley

Late Good Friday night the band hurried with taps along the street to join the procession at Agios Georgios. We met them, led by couched banners on Bravi, waited at the verge, as they headed west to the church by the bandroom. Then back up the street some people following others by their casements and doors crossing themselves as the bier was portered by, decked with carnations, rhizomes of wisteria and camellia. In and out of the crowd ran that urchin sister of Katheriniki looking in doorways and windows. People noticed her running loose. She knows us but would not take a hand. As she dashed off up a side road in the dark, Lin - the teacher - followed. I walked on up behind the band slow marching to a dirge up beyond the defile to Venetia, where they retraced their steps and Lin waited for me. "I lost her. It was like that film Don't look now. The little figure flitting in and out of sight in the back streets." Back at Ag. Georgios, a dignified prayer, then everyone dispersed, some like us taking home the flowers threaded into the bier in the centre of the church.

This is our third Easter in the village. On Saturday night, our candles were lit from the altar at Agios Georgios. We waited with others at the top of the village until midnight; heard the distant fireworks from Corfu town echoing off the mountains above us; then the band struck up, the lights came up and off went the village fireworks with gun shots and we processed down Democracy Street and burned our third cross on the lintels before be-

ing invited next door to a tableful of food. For me and Leftheris and Natasha and Fortis a bowl of margaritsas - the insides of their lamb - in tasty gravy to be soaked up with bread. Their mum said "The children don't like the insides" They shook their heads vigorously in agreement. This excused Lin who had the same problem with lamb's intestines, tongues, kidneys and liver - though she can enjoy kokoretsi. It was lovely how much with Natasha's English and our littler Greek we could share, not just pleasantries, fun though that was, but music - symphonies, opera, hymns as well as rebetika and local songs - all with humming and words which even I - tuneless - could join in at times, especially bits from Wagner, from Verdi and Puccini and tunes of Mozart's and Theodorakis' Ena to Chelidoni song which led us to the story of the architect's wife buried in the stonework of the bridge at Arta which led us to Yianni Moralis' portrait of my stepmother Maria in the National Gallery in Athens which Leftheris had seen on the internet, and then to family photo albums. We agreed on our liking of the old black and white photos and the pleasure of hard copy versus the web where I now store so much of my family's images.

On Easter Sunday we had a lamb roast at Mark and Sally's. At one in the afternoon, having been up until nearly four the same morning enjoying food - singing and conversation with our dear neighbours, we strolled down Democracy Street. The spitted lamb was turning over a bed of charcoal. Our assembly came from most parts of the UK, some long inhabitants

of the island - citizens - others like us still new and some visitors, one in Corfu for the first time. Angie and Martin we'd met before but I learned they knew Richard Hill's part of the world, and indeed, when I mentioned his address, knew his street. I explained Richard's craft and the finely re-carved roach I was so looking forward to holding in my hands in May. We came onto Pompey and the writer Graham Hurley who's given me so much pleasure.

The view from the balcony - greenery to the blue Kerkyra sea and the mainland mountains in their distant detail, while behind us the three crags, on one of which some lads had raised a flag - not the patrida, because it was red and yellow, but we couldn't make out the pattern. "Could ever a village be better placed?" Swallows darted among the houses. Our company spread across two tables on the balcony; smoke from the roasting lamb full of rosemary rising upwards; cheerful conversation. We ate olive-oiled pitta bread from a barbeque, helping ourselves from dishes of pasta mixed with glazed carrots and sausages; dressed salad; small roasted fowl to be eaten delicately. "This is just the first course" reminded Sally. There was wine, which could be diluted with ice and sipped for hours; also beer and water. Then the lamb - I honoured with half the head. "I've never seen anyone trying to eat a lamb's head with a knife and fork". True the only way to tease the meat from a skull is to pick it up and feed in the old way.

Easter Day in Agios Ioannis



"Village Procession"



"Now we're cooking"



"Top Advice"



"Too many chiefs"



"Big chief makes good Spirit"



"Native cooking 'Jerky'"



"Mann and Lamb"



"Poser"



"Even more assistance"



"More assistance"



"Why are we waiting?"



"Alcoholic"

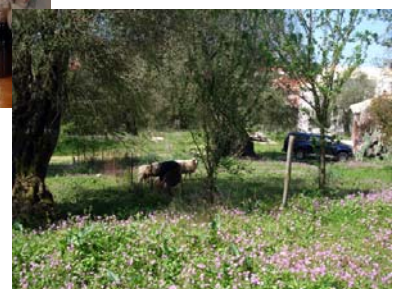


"Scott & Penelope"

"Strip-o-grams"



"Content"



"Next Years!!"

News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

Hallo again, cannot say much about what is happening in the North as I have been in Bulgaria most of this month. However on my return to Corfu North coast I see the usual 6 month stay wallys are arriving, thinking they are gods gift to the local Greeks. They always expect free drinks and special prices thinking that every year is the same as it was 5 or 10 years ago. When will these leeches realise that the economy has a problem and so does tourism in general and the poor locals have to struggle now to live and cannot really afford to give freebies.

On a different note, local Bulgarians are in more of a crap state than the Greeks, which means it is really cheap over there, although

where I go which is on the Black Sea, this was one of the worst winters with 4 foot of snow and 20 degrees below, the people are quite cheerful and optimistic. I have bought back 50 kilos of lamb at 4 Euros a kilo (9 to 11 Euros a Kilo here), 3 cases of Absolute Vodka 1 litre at 10 Euros a litre (21 Euros over here) and stacks of general groceries at ridiculous low prices. A labourer to work for me is paid 20 Euros for 7 hours and grateful for the work (and really works). Wonderful place to visit or buy property for holidays. From about 23000 Euros up. I have a detached house for sale on the Black sea for 35000 euros (wink, wink, have to get a plug in).

Back here in Corfu another thing I have noticed a lot more Brit expats have left Corfu and returned to England due to lack of money

and lack of work. One wonders what changes are going to happen if we have a disasterous summer season with tourism. Already a large number of restaurants and tavernas up this end have stated they are not going to open until 1st June, instead of beginning of May as usual. Live acts are finding it tough to get bookings at the moment due to the financial uncertanties of Bars and restaurants. Certain hotels are "rumoured" still owe money to staff from last year, but what's new about that ?

The railway line, what's happening? Who knows? But a Bright note will be of course, the Agiot Festival which I hope everyone will support.

I am, and always will be , Obnoxious Al.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Quick Corn Bread

Ingredients:

1 cup All-purpose Flour
 ¾ cup Corn Meal
 1 tbsp Sugar
 2 ½ tsp Baking Soda
 ¾ tsp Salt
 2 Beaten Eggs
 1 cup Milk
 1/3 cup of Olive or Sunflower Oil
 1 tbsp Butter

GO

1. In a bowl stir together the Flour, Corn Meal, Sugar, Baking Powder and Salt.

2. In another bowl combine Eggs, Milk and Oil.

3. Add Egg Mixture to Dry Mixture and stir thoroughly.

4. Melt Butter in a round 24cm Baking Tin.

5. Pour Mixture into the time.

6. Bake in a 200C oven for about 20 minutes or until light brown.

7. Preferably serve warm.

Bon appétit.

Corfu Weather Statistics:

APRIL WEATHER STATISTICS

Month's Rainfall: 17.4 mm with 6.7 mm falling on 19th.

Year's Rainfall to 30th April: 377.5 mm

Maximum Rain per Minute: 0.5 mm at 06.36 on 19th.

Maximum Temperature: 25.9C at 16.31 on 26th.

Minimum Temperature: 7.4C at 07.41 on 5th.

Maximum Windspeed: 38.9kmh at 17.52 on 6th.

Maximum Gust Speed: 62.9kmh at 15.48 on 6th.

Vivid Recollection

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

When I tell anybody that I can remember my first birthday they tend to look askance. Nevertheless I am absolutely sure because the date is unquestionable and I suffered a very frightening experience that is yet vividly impressed upon my mind more than eighty years later.

The date is firmly fixed because my mother was in hospital producing my sister almost exactly a year younger than I, so I was staying with my grandparents. That morning when my grandmother arose she took me from the old wooden cot that had at some time borne each of her twelve offspring and placed me in bed beside grandfather.

Grandfather, a very successful Edwardian "self-made man", had risen from very humble origins to proprietor of a couple of large businesses. He had no time for useless birthday presents and gave me a little wooden hairbrush. (In those days I had more hair than nowadays.) First, though, he demonstrated its use by brushing his own scanty locks. (He had even less than I have now, but he made up for it by a veritable profusion of face-fungus: sideburns, moustache and "King George" beard.)

Then he handed the brush to me. However I seized it by its handle and proceeded to belabour his shining pate with the hard wooden back of the brush, chuckling gleefully the while. Grandmother quickly put me, protesting vociferously at the curtailment of my sport, back into the cot!

Memory of the next few hours is vague, except that we travelled by

train and at one place the train divided. Later investigation has determined that one half would have gone to Sheringham and the other to Cromer and that we were in the latter part. I have a picture in my mind of the ancient station, seen as grandfather held me to the window while carriages were shunted around. (That probably explains why my earliest ambition was to become an engine-driver!)

Grandmother's brother was a Cromer taxi-driver, the first there to have a motor cab. The driver sat in the open. The enclosed passenger cab was upholstered in black leather and the vehicle was black with dark blue panels and highly polished metal; I recall that clearly. He met us at the station and the smell of the leather impressed itself on my mind as did also the picture of the yard into which he drove us behind his house. There were a number of empty stables which had once accommodated his animals when his cab had been a horse-drawn.

It was a warm spring day so we went down on to the beach. There were few people around that early in the season. While my grandparents dozed in deckchairs I romped around naked, playing with a little white and black puppy that had joined us. Near us a stone groyne ran down the beach into the sea, restricting my play-area.

All at once I looked at the white pier glistening in the sunshine. It awoke a vivid recollection, "I have been here before!" It was a startling, terrifying realisation to my infant mind, not least those actual words which burst with horrifying comprehension upon my awareness. I ran screaming back to grandmother, who comforted me

while grandfather chased away the puppy, thinking that it had caused my fright. I was unable to explain and was eventually calmed down, dressed and taken back to my great-uncle's house.

That evening we were driven back uphill to the station in great-uncle's cab; a picture of the road with its high stone-clad wall on the left with foliage overhanging the top is etched upon my memory. I probably slept for the rest of the journey for I have no recall of that.

Over the years the experience so puzzled me that I enquired into the possibility that I had been taken to Cromer before that time, but, as anyone who knows my family history will bear out, that was not even remotely possible. In fact it was not until sixty-six years later that I went there again, this time to confirm my earliest memories. The groyne was almost silted up, but I was able to locate nearly exactly the place where my grandparents had been seated. What is more the pier had been recently painted and was gleaming in the spring sunshine, its midday shadows identical to those in my memory.

That later experience was no longer terrifying - but immensely intriguing! Today's "knowledge" is yet so primitive, so incomplete, that any attempt at explanation of the phenomenon leaves as many questions unanswered as it tries to answer. Is there such a thing as reincarnation, a belief in some parts of the world? Would the occasional appearance of infant prodigies be explained by only partial eradication of previous experience? There's an awful lot we don't know, isn't there?

Corfu's latest literary talent - Viviane J. Brentanos

- Presents her own book

About "Dreamweek"

Twenty three year old Isabella Stevens is too young to be tired of life. Her job as a holiday representative for the prestigious Dream Villas located on the beautiful Greek island of Kuros has provided her nothing but grief. Demanding, unreasonable guests and a cantankerous boss pale in comparison to the problems she has with her love life. After 12 years as Paul's childhood sweetheart, she's learned the hard way he's moved on with the island trap, Mel's and he's the audacity to blame her for his indiscretions. Charismatic, handsome actor, David Wells is a man on top of the world. At least that's what the casual observer would think. When he escapes his crumbling marriage on a Kuros vacation, he's no idea what's in store. A rocky first meeting does nothing to dissuade him from his attraction to the beautiful Izzie Stevens, a young woman with a mysterious air of pain in her eyes. It's up to him to convince her Paul is not her man. It is he who longs to care for this girl so long abandoned to life's cruelties and fates. For David, the emotional battle is equally daunting. Finally free of his wife's hold on him, he is frightened by his new vulnerability and love for Izzie. But can David open the door to Izzie's heart when tragedy shakes her world apart?

Excerpt:

'So, Miss Stevens, How's life treating you? Are you still working for *Dream*?' His low, modulated actor voice filtered out from behind the galley.

'No.' Izzie folded her arms.

'They fired me. Just after you left - after you left me.'

A cup crashed down on to a saucer and she jumped. She noted his hand shook but, to her surprise, he chuckled.

'Oh how easy it is to distort history. Still, I suppose I do owe you an apology. I presume they got rid of you on account of our little "fling"? Is that why you're here - for compensation? I'll see what I can do. I think there's a few million still in my account.'

'How can you even think that?' Izzie gasped. 'Do you think I'd put a price on what we shared? I don't care about the bloody job! I wouldn't change anything and it wasn't just a fling - at least not to me.'

'Bravo! What a touching little speech and so eloquently delivered.'

His back was turned but Izzie read the tension in his shoulders.

'So why did you come?'

'To say sorry...for hurting you.'

His laughter reached out and slapped her in the face.

'God, you're priceless! Now why on earth would you think you hurt me? As I said, it was a fling. Get over it! I have. Actually, sod the tea. I need a drink.'

Izzie watched as he reached in the back of the cupboard and pulled out a dusty bottle of burgundy.

'Sorry, I'm all out of Krug today. We'll have to slum it.'

'David, please...' Izzie hated the desperation in her voice but his vicious words cut her heart in two and she struggled against tears. 'Don't be like this...'

'And what would "this" be

exactly?' He walked out of the kitchen carrying two glasses. He stood so close she could smell the apple scent of his shampoo. She felt herself drowning as his eyes probed hers; dark and cautious but devoid of the love that had once lived there. His masculinity threatened her and yet every fibre in her body tingled. She longed to reach out and touch him, to have him hold her close and tell her everything would be ok. But he didn't. Instead, he moved away, hands on hips, expression bitter.

'You are so hard, so cold.' Izzie bit back a sob. 'How can you be so cold?'

'Cold?' He turned away. 'Mmm... let's see. How indeed.'

His glass went flying across the room and smashed against the stone wall. A gasp died in Izzie's throat and she watched, fascinated, as crimson liquid ran in rivulets down between the stucco pointing - like blood seeping from a wound.

'I'll tell you how, Miss Ice-control Stevens.'

He rounded on her and Izzie stumbled backwards. His eyes blazed, searing like the depths of hell and Izzie shivered.

'I am an actor. It's what I do. I'm very good at it and I have just given you the performance of a life time, one worthy of an Oscar because I am feeling anything but cold.'

He took a step towards her and although she wanted to run, she held her ground. He put his palms against the sides of her head.

Continued on Page 7

“Dreamweek”
Continued from Page 6

‘What I really want to do is take your pretty little skull and crush it between my hands. I want to rip out your heart like you ripped out mine. I want to kill you for making me feel this way. Oh I am a very, very good actor, my sweet Isabella. How else would I have got through that day? Watching you weep over Paul, knowing that, despite your words, I could never replace him in your heart. You made me despise myself. I was filled with self-loathing because I resented him so much. I was so jealous of him that, had he not been already dead, I would have killed him. How was I supposed to compete with him? How could I compare to his mem-

ory?’

He rubbed at the bridge of his nose and winced. Izzie watched, unable to move as he struggled to compose himself.

‘When I heard you tell Nat how much you loved Paul, something in me died. I never thought I could be so emotionally vulnerable. I didn’t believe another human being would have such power over me, the power to hurt me so much. God I must have been such an egoist to believe that. For the first time in my life, I understood Andrea. To be so insecure is hell. Whether I did it intentionally, if I caused her half the misery you caused me then I’ll regret that for the rest of my life. Jealousy is poison, Isabella, and it’s a poison I’ve discovered can’t be controlled and for that I hate you. So...’ He took a deep, pain-filled breath. ‘Why don’t you take your

conscience, your empty words and get back on that bus and get the hell out of my life? I don’t want you anymore. Now, is that cold enough for you?’

Izzie remained frozen.

‘Go on. Didn’t you hear me? Get out before I - ’

‘You don’t frighten me, David.’ Izzie found her voice - and her courage. She felt strangely calm, even though a terrible fury burned in his eyes. His emotional outpouring told her everything she needed to know. He loved her.

For more information about this book and the author go to:

<http://corfu-author.tripod.com/>

Property Feature



Orange Tree Cottage

The asking price for this little gem is 79,000 Euros. Situated in Temploni, 500 metres behind the plateia of this small village with a quaint taverna thereon. Orange Tree House comprises one bedroom, one living room, a small kitchen and a shower room. An air-conditioning unit, wood burner, sky satellite, phone and ADSL internet are all included.

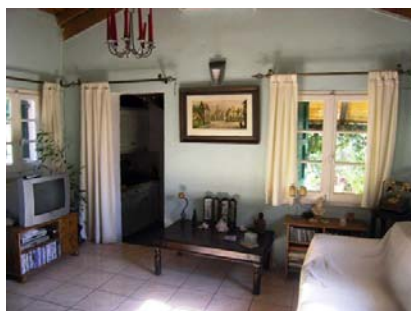
There is a tiled pergola at the bottom of the totally secluded garden with beautiful views over the valley.

The size of the villa is 50sm and the land area 260sm.

This sweet villa is in excellent condition and well-worth a look. It is ideal for a couple with no children.

The owner is moving abroad and has reduced the price to a very attractive proposition.

Furniture may be left here, subject to discussions with the owner.



HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.



Sudoku Winner

Last months winner of the Sudoku puzzle is:

Hilary Paipeti, who wins a dinner for two at the ‘Boileau Bistro’.

SCHERZANDO SAYS

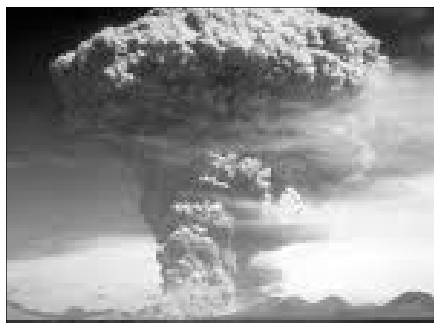
Hurray! The sun is shining and everything seems so much better some how doesn't it?



Weather Effects

A volcano is a mountain with hiccups.

Never lend a geologist money. They consider a million years ago to be recent!



“Experts have warned that it could take years of work by experienced professionals to clean up after the volcano. That’s why Mum’s gone to Iceland.”

BBC News

“Europe faces prolonged air chaos” ... ermm, how can there be air chaos when we are all stuck on the ground?!

The last wish of the Icelandic Economy was to have its ashes spread over Europe.

Anyway, I hope everyone is now back in their right places by now?!

“Call it Iceland’s revenge, but it appears there is no more effective a way for a small country to get its own back on a larger one than to have an erupting volcano in its midst.”

Jeremy Warner

Ernie: Hey, look at all those people down there, they look like ants.

Eric: They *are* ants, we haven’t taken off yet.

Morecombe and Wise - 1979

Politics- the gentle art of getting votes from the poor and campaign funds from the rich, by promising to protect each from the other.
Oscar Ameringer

News Matters

A politician is an animal that can sit on a fence and keep both ears to the ground.
H.L.Mencken

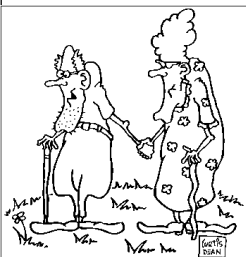
The most successful politician is he who says what everybody is thinking most often and in the loudest voice.

Theodore Roosevelt



	9		1	6	7		
	1					3	5 7
	8	7		4		6	1
5			6				
1			3		5		4
					9		2
7		4		5		1	8
9	6	3					7
			7	3	2		4

Just remember, once you are over the hill, you begin to pick up speed.
Charles M. Schulz



“Remember when shake, rattle and roll meant more than just getting out of bed?”

Sudoku Session - May

This month there will be a small prize for the correct answers emailed/ phoned/ delivered to the Ocaj office. (Lucky dip of all correct ones)
Remember you need to put the numbers 1-9 in each little 3 x 3 square as well as each row and column.
List answers from the 6 shaded squares left to right starting from the top with a comma between each to avoid confusion please.

Quizzical Questions

Off with their Heads
Legal; Terrible =
Lawful; awful

Sounds the Same

1. Arguments; awaken
2. Floor; tale
3. Sweet; abandon
4. Location; fish
5. Atmosphere; inheritor



- A. Brave: fortunate
- B. Speech: share
- C. Buccaneer; enraged
- D. Fireside; planet
- E. Spring; weight

Answers for April

Sudoku - 3, 1, 4, 8, 7, 3 were the shaded squares.

Anagram - JUST ONE WORD

Question for Cooks - Long sausages should be grilled in the same way as short ones!

CORFU

ENTERPRISE EXHIBITION

FOR CORFU - FOR BUSINESS - FOR FUN

Sunday 23rd May 2010 at VERDE BLU - AKTI, Barbati Beach

**Raise the profile
of your business**



**Promote it directly to
other businesses and
directly to the public.**
To reserve and plan your
exhibition space contact
us now

EXHIBITION

Admission for members of the public
visiting the exhibition between
11.00 a.m. - 9.00 p.m.
FREE OF CHARGE

**SHOW YOUR SUPPORT
FOR CORFU BUSINESSES**

Families with children welcome
Refreshments on sale

PARTY TIME!

9.00 p.m. - late
Join us to celebrate
Corfu with champagne,
food and live music

Admission with pre-paid ticket only



The Corfu Enterprise Exhibition is a Corfu Club event. For tickets to Party Time or information on how to get involved in the Corfu Club visit www.thecorfuclub.com or call 6943 534654

Sponsored by:

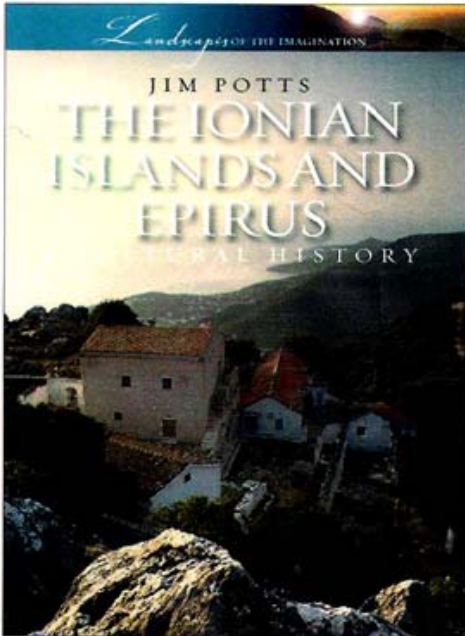




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A Cultural History

Jim Potts

Scattered off the west coast of mainland Greece are the seven Ionian Islands, celebrated for their spectacular landscapes, olive groves and classical associations. Together with the mountainous mainland region of Epirus, the combined populations of Corfu, Paxos, Lefkas, Ithaca, Kefalonia, Zakynthos and Kythira constitute less than a twentieth of the population of Greece, yet they have made a huge contribution to the culture of the country, before and since becoming part of the Greek state. The unsurpassed beauty of the islands and of the Pindus Mountains has stimulated the imagination of countless writers and artists from Homer to Byron, Edward Lear and the Durrells, Louis de Bernières and Nicholas Gage, as well as scores of nineteenth-century travellers.

Drawing a mosaic portrait of the Ionian Islands and special places of interest in Epirus, Corfu resident Jim Potts focuses on the landscapes, legends, traditions and historical events that have appealed most strongly to the imaginations of writers, residents and travellers.

ODYSSEUS AND SAPPHO: the landscapes of the poets; Homer's Ithaca and Scheria; Sappho's leap; the identification of Dodona; classic ground; King Pyrrhus.
THE SEVEN ISLANDS: Strategic issues; Corfu v. Kefalonia; Byron and Casanova; Empress Elizabeth of Austria; Greek writers, Solomos, Laskaratos, Theotokis and Valaoritis.

TURKEY, VENICE, BRITAIN, GREECE: conflict and occupation; union and liberation; the Second World War and civil war; nationalism and identity; cultural differences.

JIM POTTS is the author of *Corfu Blues*, and co-editor of *Swedish Reflections*, from *Beowulf* to Bergman. He worked for The British Council for 35 years in many countries. He now splits his time between Corfu, Epirus and the UK.

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