

The Agiot

25th Edition

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Agiotfest 10 Gets Underway International Music Festival - The World Comes To Corfu

By Paul McGovern
Editor



"The Dylan Project wows the Crowd"

It may seem like early days, yet ten months will soon tick away on the great time-bomb of life.

So, with this in mind, plans are already opening for next year's event.

Agiotfest 10 is scheduled for three consecutive days in August, namely the 26th, 27th and 28th of that month.

The event will take place in the Old Village of Agios Ioannis, and we are giving good notice in the hope and



"Ellen and Dave (Pegg)"

expectancy that patrons will pencil in these dates to come and join the fun, whether or not they are Islanders or from far-flung lands.

Ticket prices and concessions will be made public in the December issue of this magazine, as will expected time-tables.



"Omega 5"

The line-up of performers will also be published. Negotiations are in hand, so it would not be right to name names at present. Suffice it to say, the music performed will cover the genres of Folk, Classical, Greek, Jazz and Rock....at least. We are hopeful of bringing a household name here, together with some brilliantly outstanding young acts, surely destined for wider acclaim. Each evening will experience a different 'mood' of music.

The overriding response from 09 was the number of



"Russ and Jemma (Bartlett)"

people who have said, 'Er, where, what, who, Agiotfest? What's that?' We thought we were doing a fairly good job in getting the word out...BUT OBVIOUSLY NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

It was good enough, however, to reach the ears of Greek State Radio [ERA], who came along and recorded the entire seven hours, which they subsequently broadcast from Athens.

So this time round we are going to be less shy. The 350/400 who attended the inaugural event were almost unanimous in their appreciation.



"Frank Bloomfield"

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Agiotfest 10 Gets Underway
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"East of Memphis"

Hopefully, the vast majority will return, bringing with them friends and relatives.

09, above all, was fun. We will ensure this is the underlying motive for 10. People have told us they liked the professionalism of the musicians, combined with the party atmosphere. This is how we intend to continue. Children were not only 'allowed' here, they were part of the joy.

Accommodation will be key, to those traveling from abroad. Please contact us through this site, or www.agiotfest.co.uk or mail mcgovern@otenet.gr for full details of where you can stay, how much it will cost, how far it is from the

arena etc.

Please regularly visit www.agiotfest.co.uk for our shop (PayPal available) and checkout the Agiotfest 09 DVD we shall release for Christmas.

Another big thank you to our 09 Sponsors and an invitation to further sponsors for 10. To create a yearly event of this growing magnitude we need your support. As the hundreds of visitors turn to thousands in the next few years, the positive benefits of Agiotfest to Corfu will become increasingly evident. Be amongst the first to benefit.

This is the start of our 5-year plan to bring each summer a truly special and grand international Festival of music to Agios Ioannis, Corfu.

This village has for forty years been a favoured destination for travellers from afar; the Agiotfest seems a natural progression.

Incidentally, for Agiotfest enthusiasts, T-shirts for 2009 (in all sizes) are still on sale at 17 Euros inclusive of postage and packing and an Agiotfest 09 poster. Payment is simple by utilizing the PAYPAL facility here on www.agiotfest.co.uk.



"All Bands Together"

Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Very regretfully we report the death of John Forshaw. John, a very popular member of our community, lived in Kokkini and was a very keen golfer, frequently on the links at Ermones. For some time he had been bravely fighting lukaemia. Our deepest sympathy goes to his wife, Judith.

The tables and chairs of the taverna have vanished from the plateia. The holiday season has ended and all is battered down for the winter.

Andy is sadly missing the company of tourists and has reverted to assisting the builders. He returns home in the evening completely exhausted and thick with brick dust and plaster. His flat-mate, Purrsephone, fastidiously shuns his company.

Already we have villa bookings for next summer and some most popular dates have been reserved. If you are thinking of visiting we would suggest that you hurry to secure your reservations in order to avoid disappointment.

The Eastern and Western dates

of Easter next year unusually coincide on April 4th, affording a rare opportunity for visitors from the U.K. and other West European countries to enjoy the holiday here, coming to witness the unique and spectacular Corfiot celebrations of the festival with its processions, pot-throwing, candle-lit rituals, fireworks, kokoretsi, red eggs and roast lamb. Every year thousands from all over the world visit to join in the fun. We shall be opening some of our villas early for visitors on this occasion; the pools will not be operating as we shall not at that time have returned the seals, penguins and killer whales to their summer refrigeration.

Gallant Greece

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Writing on this "Ochi Day", October 28th, when Greece celebrates its defiance of Mussolini in 1940, I wonder if the world appreciates how great a contribution the Greeks made to the defeat of Fascism and Nazism.

When the Italian dictator, in arrogant emulation of his German lord and master, presented Ioannis Metaxas, the Greek head-of-state, with an ultimatum demanding that Italian troops be allowed entry to his country, Metaxas is alleged to have said, "Ochi" ("No"), but more likely, "Alors, c'est la guerre," French being the language used by diplomats at that time.

The demand was issued in such a manner that it would have been impossible to comply. Mussolini wanted a fight - and he certainly got one. The Greeks lured the Italians into the mountains in winter, licked the pants off them and chased them, running frantically, back halfway into Albania.

Hitler came to his lickspittle's rescue, sending his forces into the Balkans, seizing Yugoslavia before eventually overcoming the courageous Greek army and their meagre British support, all that could be scraped together, by sheer weight of numbers. The Nazis then invaded Crete, gaining a Pyrrhic victory that left their airborne forces so badly mauled by the mainly New Zealander defenders that they never again presented a serious threat.

All this vitally upset the plans for "Operation Barbarossa", the Nazi attack on the Soviet Union. Its launch was originally scheduled for

March, but because necessary forces were engaged elsewhere it did not take place until June. Those three months were absolutely critical; the Wehrmacht was held by heroic Red Army resistance at the gates of Moscow at the onset of Russian winter. The invaders were not prepared for the extremely harsh weather which caused them such severe damage and casualties that they were never able to advance further, giving the Soviets valuable time to realise their assets in arms and new forces. Then came Stalingrad, Kursk and El Alamein, Nazi disasters. Thereafter the Wehrmacht was always on the back foot, striving to avoid the inevitable.

The rest is history. Anyone who attacks Russia is an absolute idiot; its resources, including climate, area and population, render it utterly invincible. That ignorant jumped-up corporal was freedom's best ally throughout the war, his lunatic autocratic "strategy" leading to the destruction of the combined Wehrmacht and Luftwaffe, the best-organised military machine that the world has ever seen. For over three years the enraged Red Army, despite suffering heavy casualties, fought all the bitter way to Berlin, further than a thousand miles, to bring Nazism to abject defeat. It was inevitable from the moment that Hitler stupidly decided upon his Russian adventure, but it was certainly greatly helped by the delay that Greece forced upon the inception of that madness.

In the meanwhile, until Hitler hastened his demise by crazily declaring war on the U.S.A., thus dragging it into Europe when it was chiefly engaged by the threat of Ja-

pan in the Pacific, "The Great Champion of Democracy" had sat on the fence, enriching itself by supplying arms and munitions to both sides. Hitler paid with funds looted from Occupied Europe; the U.S.A. bankrupted Britain. Even when at last the Americans became substantially involved, not until well into 1942, there were still U.S. firms sending supplies to Germany through neutrals in South America and Spain, although the Luftwaffe was regularly knocking down U.S.A.A.F. bombers with eleven or thirteen aircrew at a time. Hail, Holy Dollar!.

Actually, by the end of 1941 the eventual result in Europe was already decided, merely a matter of time. The writing was on the wall. Britain had been saved by a few young men of the R.A.F. who had hacked the Luftwaffe from the daylight skies and made invasion of the island impossible. The Wehrmacht had been held at Moscow; thereafter all was retreat. And all this had come about with considerable input from Greece, whose stubborn defence of its homeland had critically disrupted Hitler's timetable for conquest.

When at last Adolf and his miserable minions had been brought to ignominious defeat the Greeks yet faced years of tribulation, but nothing can detract from their gallant contribution to the overthrow of Nazism. They have well earned their right to celebrate on Ochi Day.

Stolen Beaches C.L.R. Coverup

By Earnest Porter

Controversy rages in the Ionian Parliament over the 'leak' which has shed doubt upon the rumour concerning the systematic theft of Corfu's seabed by Italian dredgers, and transportation of the golden horde to island-building Arabs in Dubai.

An anonymous tip-off to this journalist led to a clandestine meeting with a member of said parliament in a basement in old Corfu town. Chain-smoking and sweating profusely, the politician-who of course for legal reasons cannot be named-admitted that the rumour had been spread by officials in the first instance, to detract attention from the real reason lying behind the narrowing of beaches at Glyfada and Myrtilotisa. It appears that a deal has indeed been struck with the Italians.

Corfu Light Railway is once more at the centre of the crisis. Breaking down in tears, the informant admitted that, yes, there have been Italian dredgers in the area off the western approaches, and, yes, a section of seabed

has been scoured. But the perpetrator behind this industry has been a consortium of businessmen known to have links with Trenitalia and the Corfu Light Railway.



"Italian Pirates"

The fantasy of a high-speed connection between Brindisi and Glyfada may become a reality after all. The mysterious consortium is operating under the name of EasyRail. Bullet trains have apparently been ordered from Japan, bringing the hope of swift and sure migration of Italian tourists to our beaches [slim or otherwise] by the year

2015.

It would seem that the tender is being put before the engine, as no pre-contract talks have yet taken place with Contractors, although it has been suggested, without sarcasm, that Lego are interested in the development of a 'plastic' tunnel of immense strength, being laid from shore to shore, at great expedience.

Following up on this lead, I flew to Palermo to meet with the 'brains' behind the Italian end of this operation, Signor Alberto 'Knuckles' Baloni. He assured me over a balone sandwich, that the link would happen 'ifa necessary over thera deada bodies'

'How can you be so sure?' I asked, politely refusing the pretty white stuff laid out in a simulated railway line on the desk before me.

'Becausa', he replied, snatching the straw from my hand, and fixing me coldly with his remaining eye as he inadvertently sliced the tip of his finger with his razor blade, 'I willa maka them an offera they cannota refusa'.

Let Out The Horse

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

A few weeks ago a visitor, new to the island and driving a large "people-carrier", commented to me on how narrow are some of Corfu's roads. One of his daughters was more graphic. "Mummy had kittens every time we met another car."

It reminded me of an experience on my first tour with the boy choristers of my Wembley church choir. We were accommodated in a very large old vicarage in the wilds of deepest darkest Norfolk from which we travelled around singing services or giving concerts arranged by our priest-headmaster-host at churches within a thirty mile radius. During term times the place was a

"crammer" and we used the school's minibus for travel to our various engagements. I had never before driven anything so large and found it difficult to judge the width when passing through gaps.

One afternoon, proceeding along a narrow country lane on our way to a concert, we met a horse-drawn haywain. The large cart was very well loaded, its burden piled high, bulging low and wide over the sides. Moreover it was being driven along the wrong side of the road, rather to its right of centre. There was a deep drainage ditch along the freer side of the road and I took great care to avoid that, but in doing so went close to the side of the wagon and removed a layer of hay all along one side.

Once clear I accelerated to blow away the hay that was decorating our vehicle, while in my mirror I watched horrified the entire load of the cart slowly toppling into the road on the side where I had taken away its support. There was no thought of stopping to apologise; I did not want the tender ears of my charges to be assaulted with the inevitable comments of the other driver. The boys were highly amused by the unusual spectacle. I sped away even faster, seeking cover around a bend in the road before our number-plate could be read.

"Sir, it's very crowded back here," complained the Head Chorister from one of the rearmost seats. "When are you going to stop to let out the horse?"

We were still breaking into chuckles days later when one of our number would recall the incident.

News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

Blooming weather, at least it's warm. Makes me laugh when I hear the few remaining tourists whining because their apartment roof leaks, do they not know that this is Corfu and apartments are not expected to be used in the rain!!!!

The demos up here is still messing around with the drains, surface the road, dig it up surface the road dig it up, the new tarmac now looks like a patchwork quilt, no doubt in a couple of winters these patches will be holes again and left unrepaired until another election.

How stupid who the hell wants a railway station in Rodha, put it with all the other rubbish in Sidari. And who's bright idea to bring over a consultant from England Bluebell Railways to advise on the possibility of narrow gauge tracks. !!!!

On the bright side my cookery book of 100 year old plus recipes will be finished in a couple of weeks, I must confess it has been great fun cooking these recipes, some disasters and a few triumphs plus taking lot's of pictures to illustrate it. !!

I dont know how the nude pictures slipped in!!!!!!

I must confess I am shocked at the number of businesses closed down for good up here. As we all know when a Brit comes here 90% think opening a bar is the dream, they dont realise that when a Greek rents out a bar that he used to run its because he was not earning. So it's not unusual for them to take the best years profits, double it and thats the rent a Brit will pay. In their arrogance and ignorance they always think they can do better. When will they learn. Even the lo-

cal Radio Station has closed down, Island Radio. A shame because hundreds of people listened to it, at least it was an original idea just did not get the support it needed.

I went to the Alien police the other week to renew my residence permit, I took my friends wife with me who happens to come from Thailand. The rudeness that she experienced from the one person on duty had to be seen to be believed, he spoke to her as though she was rubbish, not a respectable lady that she is, with a British passport, wealthy in her own right with an English partner of 12 years standing. I was disgusted. We were sent away over nitpicking details without accomplishing anything except anger. Obviously having been here over 20 years I should have known to go armed with every bit of paper possible. But I confess to complacency,

We went back 2 days ago, boy were we loaded with paper, they want it they were going to get it. So we goes in ready to make a com-

plaint to Race Relations if the rudeness was repeated. A lady officer was behind the counter this time, what a change, polite, friendly, efficient, courteous, helpful, wow, what a contrast, we were both in and out in 10 minutes, so well done that lady Alien police Officer, wish there were more like you around.

Whilst on a roll thought I would go to Acharavi Demo's to apply for the AMCAR international health card. Bloody brilliant, straight in and dealt with and out again. Sometimes it's a pleasure to live here

I suppose thats all my gripes at the moment, I am and always will be,

Obnoxious Al.



"One of Alan's Workers..?"

And Now For Those.....Who Can Read

By
Simon Baddeley

Reading on through Eleni Calligas' brilliant thesis (The 'Rizospastai': politics and nationalism in the British Protectorate of the Ionian Islands 1815-1864. Calligas, E., 1994, A9m British Library Shelfmark DX187456 Ph.D., London, London School of Economics, 44-9204), I'm learning how the personality of different High Commissioners flavoured, what she calls, the Ionian *politeia* from 1815 to 1864. I need to be aware of the significance of events in the other islands within the British Protectorate - Santa Maura (now Levkas), Ithaca, Paxos, even distant Kithera beyond mainland Pylos, used as a place of exile for radicals, but especially Zakynthos and Cephalonia. I need to be aware of the deeply resented economic rule of the landowning *signorini* who as part of the office holding Camarilla, clung to offices held long before the British Protectorate, ever opposing liberal reforms introduced by successive commissioners to mend the harm done by Sir Thomas Maitland's belief in the civilizing potential of authoritarianism when dealing with those he saw as culturally inferior. I need to be aware of different commissioner's attempts to create a vot-

ing system across the Septinsula that, at least later, was meant to set the conditions for evolving autonomy - policies overseen by Colonial Ministers of varying political flavours in London, whose messages took 12 days to get to the islands - an interval that could separate a Commissioner from the r h y t h m o f local events. I need to understand different commissioners' reactions to the rebellions in Leucas and especially Cephalonia - notorious for Sir Henry's Ward's lethal over-reaction to the second peasant revolt there, with executions and unrecorded floggings, disproportionate - in numbers judicially killed - to the murders of landlords and their servants. I need to be aware of the tide of revolutionary thinking coming from Ionians educated in Italy and France and spread through local printing presses, private clubs, songs and celebrations in Cephalonia and Zakynthos, and of course the infusion of Hellenic nationalism from the mainland, with constant taunting of the British by the *Rizospastai* - Girolamo Pretenderi, from Cephalonia, 'insolently' naming his dog 'Douglas' after Lord High Commissioner Sir Hugh Douglas (Calligas p.89).

Calligas takes me through the short sojourn of the first High Commissioner, Sir James Cambell, who took over from the military governorship of Major Oswald in 1813, the rule of Maitland (1816-1823) and his notoriously monarchical constitution - Ionians dubbed him 'King Tom' - giving him veto over the Senate and its Assembly, followed by Sir Frederick Adam (1823-32), George Grenville, Lord Nugent (32-35), Sir Howard Douglas (35-40), James Alexander Stewart-Mackenzie (41-43), John Colborn, Lord Seaton (43-49), Sir Henry Ward (49-55), Sir John Young (55-59), the Extraordinary Commissionership over 12 weeks of William Ewart Gladstone (Nov 58-Feb 59), Sir Henry Storks (59-64) who at the end of the Protectorate on 21 May 1864 handed the office to the President of the Ionian Parliament, Count Dimitrios Nikolaou Karousos. This period is now generations past, in our timing 'long long ago' - yet history made in that period is engraved in Ionian architecture, and the more I learn of it, the more distinctly I taste its flavours in the present *politeia* of Corfu.

Corfu Weather Statistics:

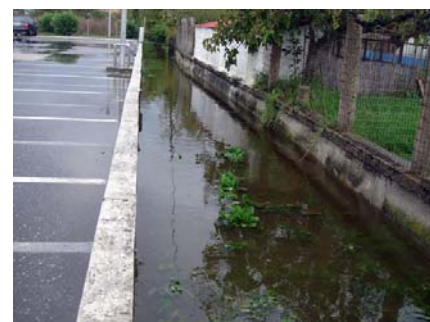
The highest temperature for October this year was 24.9C on the 1st.

The minimum temperature was 10.8C on the 15th..

Total rainfall for the October was 275.6mm with 7.6mm per minute falling on the 2nd at 22.50.

Total rainfall for the year so far is 948.5mm'.

Maximum windspeed reached 46.3kmh on the 13th and maximum gust speed 70.3kmh at 01.56 on the 24th.



Aunty Lula's Love-bites

GINGERED CARROT CAKE

- 2 cups All-purpose Flour
- 2 cups Sugar
- 2 tsp Baking Powder
- ½ tsp Soda
- 4 beaten Eggs
- 3 cups finely shredded Carrots
- ¾ cup Dried Fruit pieces
- 2 tsp grated Ginger Root
- OR 1 tsp Ground Ginger
- ¾ cup Cooking Oil

Orange Cream Cheese Frosting.

- 200gm Cream Cheese
- ½ cup softened Butter
- 5 cups sifted Powder Sugar
- 1tbs Orange Juice
- 1 tsp finely grated Orange Peel.

GO!

1. Grease and flour two 22cm round Baking Pans. Line the bottom of each with Greaseproof Pa-

per and put them aside.

2. In a large bowl mix flour, sugar, baking powder and soda.

3. In another mixing bowl combine the eggs, carrots, dried fruit, ginger and oil.

4. With a spoon stir together the contents of the two bowls.

5. Pour the mixture equally into the Baking Pans..

6. Preheat oven to 180C.

7. Bake pans for about 35 to 40 minutes or until a toothpick inserted into the centre comes out clean.

8. Once cooked cool on a wire rack for 10 minutes.

9. Remove cakes from the pans and detach greaseproof paper.

10. Continue the cooling on the racks.

11. **Prepare the Frosting:** Beat the Cream Cheese, Butter and Orange Juice with an electric mixer until light and fluffy. Gradually add two cups of the Sugar and then slowly add the remainder of the Sugar. Stir in the Orange Peel.

12. When the cakes are cold, cover top and sides with the frosting.

Cover and store in a refrigerator until required.

BON APPÉTIT.

THE ARK ANIMAL WELFARE CHARITY

(Friends of the Animals)

Moving House ? Leaving Corfu ?

If you are at the stage of having a good clear-out, for whatever reason, don't throw your unwanted items away.

Most of you know The ARK has a small shop in town and we will sell anything from a set of cutlery to a washing machine! All items accepted must be in clean condition; all electrical items must be in working condition.

So, if you have any unwanted items, ie: books, dvds, winter clothing, shoes, electrical items, kitchen equipment etc., we will be happy to take them off your hands!

Proceeds from all sales go towards helping the stray, abandoned animals on Corfu, of which there are too many.

Please call: 6975 833654 to make arrangements for drop-off/pick-up
Visit our website: www.corfuanimalwelfare.com

Scherzando SAYS



Halloween Howlers!

Bump...Bump...



A man was walking home alone late one night when he hears a BUMP... BUMP... BUMP... behind him.

Walking faster he looks back, and makes out the image of an upright coffin banging its way down the middle of the street towards him ... BUMP... BUMP... BUMP...

Terrified, the man begins to run towards his home, the coffin bouncing quickly behind him ... faster... faster... BUMP... BUMP... BUMP.

He runs up to his door, fumbles with his keys, opens the door, rushes in, slams and locks the door behind him.

However, the coffin crashes through his door, with the lid of the coffin clapping ... clappity-BUMP... clappity-BUMP... clappity-BUMP... on the heels of the terrified man.

Rushing upstairs to the bathroom, the man locks himself in. His heart is pounding; his head is reeling; his breath is coming in sobbing gasps.

With a loud CRASH the coffin breaks down the door. Bumping and clapping towards him. The man screams and reaches for something, anything ... but all he can find is a box of cough drops! Desperate, he throws the coughdrops at the coffin ...

... and of course ...
... the coffin stops!



Two men were walking home after a Halloween party and decided to take a shortcut through the cemetery just for laughs. Right in the middle of the cemetery they were startled by a tap-tap -tapping noise coming from the misty shadows. Trembling with fear, they found an old man with a hammer and chisel, chipping away at one of the headstones. "Holy cow, Mister," one of them said after catching his breath, "You scared us half to death -- we thought you were a ghost!

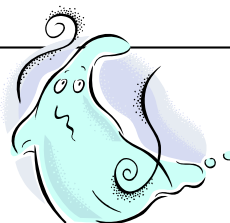
What are you doing working here so late at night?" "Those fools!" the old man grumbled. "They misspelled my name!"



Halloween at the

Hospital

An extremely modest man was in the hospital for a series of tests, the last of which had left his system upset. Upon making several false-alarm trips to the bathroom he decided the latest was another and stayed put. He suddenly filled his bed with diarrhoea and was embarrassed beyond his ability to remain rational. Losing his presence of mind, he jumped up, gathered up the bed sheets, and threw them out the hospital window. A drunk was walking by the hospital when the sheets landed on him. He started yelling, cursing, and swinging his arms wildly, which left the soiled sheets in a tangled pile at his feet. As the drunk stood there staring down at the sheets, a security guard who had watched the whole incident walked up and asked, "What the hell was that all about?" Still staring down, the drunk replied: "I think I just beat the shit out of a ghost!"



Nuns vs Vampire

Two nuns, Sister Mary Agnes and Sister Mary Vincent, are traveling through Europe in their car, sightseeing in Transylvania. As they are stopped at a traffic light, out of nowhere, a small vampire jumps onto the hood of the car and hisses at them through the windshield.

"Quick, quick!" shouts Sister Mary Agnes, "What should we do?"

"Turn the windshield wipers on. That will get rid of the abomination," says Sister Mary Vincent. Sister Mary Agnes switches on the wipers, which knock the mini-Dracula around. But, he hangs on and continues hissing at the nuns. "What shall I do now?" she shouts.

"Try the windshield washer. I filled it with holy water before we left the Vatican," replies Sister Mary Vincent. Sister Mary Agnes turns on the windshield washer. The vampire screams as the water burns his skin, but he hangs on and continues hissing at the nuns.

"Now what?" shouts Sister Mary Agnes.
"Show him your cross," says Sister Mary Vincent.
"Now you're talking," says Sister Mary Agnes. She then opens the window and shouts, "Get the hell off our car!"

