

# The Agiot

36th Edition

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## Villa Theodora Concert - 23rd October

By Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing Editor

The concert by flautist Ria Georgiadis and organist Lionel Mann will commence (almost punctually!) at 8p.m. Unless the weather is not suitable for an outdoor performance it will take place around the pool on the extensive patio: otherwise we shall perform in the spacious lounge. An Indian curry accompanied by a choice of a drink will be served during the interval.

RIA GEORGIADIS was born in Thessaloniki where she graduated from the New Conservatory with the highest Diploma for Flute with distinction at the age of 18. She then studied at the Anton Bruckner University of Music in Linz and at the Staatliche Hochschule für Musik Freiburg i.Breisgau, studying with N.Girlinger and Prof. Robert Aitken, gaining Bachelor and Master Degrees with "Distinction". She also studied with Karlheinz Stock-

hausen, Kathinka Pasveer and Janos Balint (Doppler Institute of Music), and has attended Master Classes with J.P.Rampal, Ph. Boucly, P.Y.Artaud, I. Matuz, R. Fabbriciani, R. Dick, T. Wye, W. Bennett, A. Lieberknecht. She has received several scholarships and won prizes in international competitions (Gradus ad Parnassum, Hellexpo, Yamaha, Lilian Voudouri, Jugend Musiziert, Scholarship of the New Conservatory Thessaloniki, das Podium ..)

As a soloist she has performed with several orchestras in Greece and abroad (Thessaloniki State Orchestra, Thessaloniki Municipal Orchestra, Tschech Philharmonic Brno, Vienna Youth Orchestra..) and has played at international festivals and halls as the the Brucknerhaus Linz, Konzerthaus Wien, Konzerthaus Bregenz, Kongreßsaal Innsbruck, Internationale Stockhausen Tage Kürten, the Dimitria Festival, the Corfu Summer

Festival. She has made various first performances of works for flute and recorded for Austrian and Greek Radio.

She is a member of the Trio "Les Dames Déshéritées", the contemporary music ensemble eWave, the Harmonices Mundi Ensemble, the Ensemble Sonare and participated in such orchestral ensembles as the Brucknerorchester Linz, Klangforum Wien, the Passau Opera Orchestra, etc.

Since 2005 she has been teaching flute at the Department of Music Studies of the Ionian University in Corfu.

A church chorister, playing the pianoforte from the age of six and later the viola and oboe, LIONEL MANN envisaged becoming a concert artist until he was pitched at the tender age of twelve and at three hours' notice into becoming organist and choirmaster of a choir of twenty-four boys.

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Villa Theodora Concert  
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They were locally famous, determined to remain so, and therefore made sure that he quickly learned his job. He was completely hooked! Following some very un-military military service he studied from 1948 to 1952 at the Royal College of Music with Dr. Harold Darke (organ), Dr. William Lloyd Webber (theory, composition), Dr. Thornton Lofthouse (harpsichord, continuo), Dr. Edgar Cooke (choir-



training, liturgy). After holding church and cathedral appointments

Lionel became a concert organist in 1970 and, together with scholastic appointments, has performed for radio and television with orchestras and choral societies in Britain and New Zealand. Dr. Mann "retired" to Corfu in 1994 and has since been quite busy making music, teaching and helping with tourism.

# VILLA THEODORA CONCERT

RIA GEORGIADIS  
(Flute)

Dr. LIONEL MANN  
(Organ)

Saturday 23<sup>rd</sup> October  
8 p.m.

Admission 20 Euros  
including Indian food  
and a  
complimentary drink.

#### PROGRAMME

Sonata in C major ... .. Georg Phillip Telemann  
Introduction and Allegro ... Georg Friedrich Händel  
Sonata in G major ... .. Carl Philip Emanuel Bach  
Fantasia and Fugue in C minor...Johann Seb. Bach  
Andante in C major ... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
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Morceau de Concours ... .. Gabriel Fauré  
Der Nebel Steigt ... .. Carl Nielsen  
Prelude, Fugue and Variation ... .. César Franck  
Danse d'un Faun ... .. Lionel Mann  
Fantasie in E flat ... .. Camille Saint-Saëns  
Fantasie Mélancolique ... Matthieu André Reichert  
#####

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# Land of The Lev

By Paul McGovern  
Editor

## Chapter 6: Bulgaria [ Burgas ]



We are away from Soufli without tears by ten to eight, filling the tank with petrol before leaving. We are to drive 176 miles to reach our destination by about 1.20p.m. Se-date. Our breakfast is taken en route from produce we had bought in Kastoria.

Deep into Thrace, flat or gently rolling lands. The Egnatia takes us by Alexandropoulos, where we are tempted to stop off to visit former Agiots Vangelis and Kristina. But we like our own company so push on north-east.

Now today the sun is out in all its glory. We pass through villages with that forlorn end-of-the-country feel. At the Kapitan Andreevo checkpoint we enter Bulgaria for the first time. Here we have an incident. We always have incidents. First the camera, then the Alpha Hotel, the shower in the waterfall.



"Railway Station"

This time the Greek BDSM lady Customs officer tells Lula that her passport is out-of-date. It does not expire until next year but it is not 'European' enough for this official. It is all Greek to her, and as she IS Greek this is confusing. She shakes her head unsmilingly and doubts that Bulgaria will 'let you in'. This foreboding is increased by the serious yet helpful lady at Bulgarian Customs, but after a bit of mental juggling she gives us the benefit of the doubt and lets us through.



"Bulgarian Architecture"

New countries are always exciting. We drive along single-lane but generally sound highways, rolling hills, shanty gypsy villages, gingerly following Mr Bulgaria's map. Police stop us. Very politely, we are told to turn on our headlights, obligatory in the winter months here. On we go through a gauntlet of road-works and police. Here is a fine forest to drive through. Dark, swarthy women, donkeys and traps. We both have upset tummies and are forced to desecrate Bulgarian countryside.

Eventually we reach Scottish-sounding Kraymorie. Stumbling about its quiet roads we find the Laguna Hotel/Restaurant and its owner Petyr. My namedropping of Mr. Bulgaria as a valued and distinguished guest here yields only a blank look and a shrug. He guides



us to top-floor Room 7, available at 30 Levs per night [conversion tables out please class]. [At the border we had exchanged Euros for 194 Levs. The no-understand Eenglish or Gleek girl had declined a hundred note with high suspicion.]

So now we are sitting in the ground-floor restaurant and ordering Bulgarian beer, brandy and coke for Lula and food. The young waitress in this family-run concern has little English but is helpful. Spaghetti and Chicken Chaj for 30 Levs including drinks.

We skipped breakfast here and drove James our trusty steed the few kilometres into Burgas. [Atlases out please, class]. It is a largish city on the Black Sea. In twenty minutes we are parked outside a large shop named Pumohu. We go in to find a Bulgarian version of Kotsovolos, or Expert. The quality of products, most of it imported, is high. Prices for the foreign goods are not much astray from Corfu.



"tsouhtra"

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Land of Lev  
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“From Russia with Love”

However, we spot an Elite1.5 litre travel kettle, a bargain at 23 Levs. The salesgirl has some English and confirms it is Bulgarian-made, which explains its cheap cost. She also teaches me thank you in her tongue: Blagodoria.

Leaving James in the car park we sally out, heading for the centrum, which is well-signposted. It is a beautiful Autumnal sunny day. A clean city with lots of trees and open spaces. Here is a café; The Cappy. Lula makes me laugh when she orders a hot chocolate, making

an exaggerated swigging motion. The waitress’s t-shirt bears the slogan, ‘Good girls are not nice girls, they are better at lying’. We reach the centrum and the railway station, where I am surprised to see a large tourist poster for trips on the Corfu Light Railway. Hereabouts are many pedestrian walks littered with smart shops. The Black Sea. A pier. Lots of big jellyfish. A brief meeting with Russian pilot Constantine - en route from Afghanistan to his home in St. Petersburg, ‘the most beautiful city on Earth’. On a pleasant main walkway we stop for brunch at the Boulevard, and dine al fresco



“Children’s Entertainment”



“Man attacked by Rabbit”

amongst happy shoppers. Lula has chicken with broccoli, I have a Bulgarian home-made dish of pork and sausage. Delicious cold black beer. The people here are friendly, not obtrusive. They do things well. A clown is entertaining children on the green. Christmas lights are going up. An old man eating candy-floss is in the park. Little girls on swings. A crazy man on the beach with a guitar. Trolley buses. A trip to Billa Supermarket; Pickwick tea and two mugs purchased here.

# Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing Editor

Following upon all the summer excitement September was quite a quiet month with all children back at school and few families visiting. Wednesday Lunchbox resumed in Town, but many regulars were yet absent abroad. The very large new estate on the road to the east is growing apace; it seems that the population of Agios Ioannis will be multiplying considerably in the near future. With the coming of Aqualand, persons boarding the No.8 bus at San Rocco were asked if they preferred

to be packed in olive oil or tomato sauce; soon they will be asked if they prefer to travel inside or on the roof. Visitors last month included Warren and Carolyn Craik, Marino and Michele Evangeli with their families, Walter Stewart, Frank and Liz Gaskell, Jeff and Liz Dickie with their three children all the way from New Zealand. Already some summer residents are leaving to relish enthusiastically the rigours of a U.K. winter. Ron Woolven is recovering from his fall from a ladder whilst pruning trees at Villa Persephone. He has been discharged from hospital.

Weeks of unbroken sunshine ended in a spectacular day of torrential rain. Some flights to and from Corfu Airport were cancelled. Lula’s and Paul’s youngest son, Constantinos, on his way back to university in the U.K., was one of the many whose flights were postponed by a day. It is very distressing to report that Aegli’s computer has been stolen from the taverna. Crime is so rare here as to give such an occurrence additional horror. It is to be hoped that the police will meet with success in apprehending the criminal. Three days later: the computer has mysteriously reappeared, obviously far too dangerous to retain.

# News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria  
Contributing Editor

So the end of another season has come upon us almost, another week or two and those awful bloody holiday reps clear off. We can now get served in the supermarkets without a 2 hour wait, the roads are more clear those blasted dangerous 4 wheel drive bikes gone, oh bliss!!!!

Maybe we can now even wait at the airport without the police harassing us, what a dumb idea to close all the airport road parking to force everyone to pay for parking in that crappy airport car park, every one has gone money mad and grasping since the economy dropped.

Has anyone checked out the website [www.lillylongman.com](http://www.lillylongman.com) ? well worth it.!

Our new winter project is filming and turning out cookery DVDs featuring the recipes from the Lilly longman book. It should be great fun. Cannot understand it, I have not had a Vodka or indeed any other alcoholic drink for over a week now, Its been years since I got through a day without the urge for

a drink, My wife wants me to go back on it because she reckons I am feeling so much better other urges are coming forward!!!!

You know we all whine about the crappy EKA service and the Greek way at some point, so it gives me a modicum of pleasure to say something nice. About a year ago I was receiving a load of mail from EKA and could not make head or tail what they wanted, even Greek friends could not translate clearly what the letters were meaning, so I ignored them. Then I was telephoned by EKA demanding I go and see them next day. Now in 21 years of living here I have only ever worked for 4 summer seasons in a EKA paying job, and same as everyone I claimed unemployment in those winters.

So off I trots to see what is the problem, It seems because I am an old fart on an English pension, they felt I must apply for a Greek one as well. Knowing that this would mean a load of messing around I did inform them that I was not entitled to one, but they insisted I had

to do the paperwork, "IT IS THE LAW" they said. so I was given enough forms (In Greek) to fill in that what the equivalent of the book War & Peace. With the help of a close friend the job was done and the paper work dropped in. I heard nothing for about 6 months and then was phoned to go again, so I did they said they just wanted to update me that my papers had all been returned from Athens and Salonikki. Last week they phone me again, would I go down the next day with my passport and bank book, Allo, Allo, thinks I, so I did, Wonder of wonders not only did they weigh me in with a load of cash backdated to a year ago but are paying a nominal pension into my bank every month, not a fortune but enough for a few days on the Vodka!!!

So thankyou very much EKA, and for those other old farts out there who have done some legal Jobs over the years, go and ask if you are entitled if you are not contacted.

Thats it , I am and always will be Obnoxious Al.

## Villa Theodora Discounts



This is an invitation to ALL previous visitors to Villa Theodora to consider a week or two here in 2011. In our twelfth year we reckon it is about time to show our appre-

ciation to you as you have to us down the years. Many of you have become firm friends and I know you love our village, as we do.

For the months of April, May, June, September and October we are offering 30% discount across the board to any of you brave enough to book. April, May, June, and September will cost just £670 for a week or £1300 for the fortnight. October can see you can stay for the miserly amount of £430 for

the week or £850 for the two weeks.

Come and have fun as we would like our villa to thrum with friends next summer.



# Aunty Lula's Love-bites

## MINI PIZZAS

### Ingredients:

#### Base:

250g Plain Flour  
1tsp Cream of Tartar  
½ tsp Baking Soda  
½ tsp Salt  
120ml Milk  
50g Margarine

#### Topping:

250ml Tomato Purée  
2tsp Sugar  
Pinch Salt  
Pinch Pepper  
150-200g Grated Edam Cheese

### GO:

Sift Flour, Cream of Tartar, Salt into a Mixing Bowl and rub in the Margarine until the mixture resembles breadcrumbs.

Add Milk and mix to a soft dough Turn on to a floured surface, knead lightly and rolled out to 1cm thickness.

Cut into 6cm circlets with a plain cutter or glass.

Place on a floured Baking Sheet.

Brush with Milk.

Bake in a pre-heated oven at 220C for about 10-12 minutes until golden.

Cool on a wire rack.

### To prepare Topping:

Pour into a pan the Tomato Purée, Sugar, Salt and Pepper Stir.

Cut the scone-type bases in half.

Place a spoonful of the Tomato Mixture upon each half.

Sprinkle the Cheese upon the halves.

Bake in a pre-heated oven at 180C. for about 15minutes until the Cheese bubbles.

Serve hot.

*Bon appétit.*

## Property Feature

### Village Cottage Kouramades



“€45,000”

This is a great opportunity to buy a traditional village cottage in sound condition, obviously in need of some “TLC”.

Viewing well recommended.



## Corfu Weather Statistics

### SEPTEMBER WEATHER STATISTICS

Month's Rainfall: 164.1mm with 81mm falling on 25th

Year's Rainfall to 30th September.: 632.7mm

Maximum Rain per Minute: 6.6mm at 12.22 on 25th

Maximum Temperature: 29.1C at 15.45 on 21st

Minimum Temperature: 2.0C at 20.08 on 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Maximum Windspeed: 55.5kmh at 16.00 on 25th

Maximum Gust Speed: 96.2kmh at 11.11 on 2<sup>nd</sup>.

# Tour De Chance

By Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing Editor

In my childhood, particularly during the war years, '39 to '45, to own a bicycle was not a "status-symbol", a luxury, but often a necessity. In those days no child was taken to school by car; we either used public transport and walked or cycled and were accordingly very much fitter than our modern obese and sickly descendants. Moreover petrol rationing had greatly reduced the number of cars and buses on the road, already very small compared with today's proliferation. We enjoyed genuinely fresh air in those times!

When at the age of twelve I became organist and choirmaster of a church some three miles from my home, I was already cycling on weekdays to Grammar School, four miles in another direction. Now I spent much time in all weathers pedalling hastily along sides of the triangle home-church-school, a right-angle 3, 4, 5 triangle for the information of geometrical buffs.

The church, where I had followed my Grammar School Music Master who had recommended me when he was suddenly taken ill, was very "high" Anglo-Catholic where all major saints' days and other festivals were celebrated with a 7.30 a.m. Sung Mass and a 7 p.m. Choral Evensong. On weekdays the morning observance was always followed by a Parish Breakfast that even in those days of rationing provided egg, bacon, sausage, beans, toast, butter (margarine?), jam and tea. How they managed that I do not know for our congregations, even at that hour, were always standing-room-only in a building seating two-hundred-and-fifty.

The twenty-four choirboys with myself and the six acolytes, mostly "retired" choristers, who had officiated were given priority serving because we needed to go to school. Although our priest never preached at these early morning events and we used comparatively short musical settings of the liturgy on such occasions, they still lasted as much as fifty minutes. The younger choristers attending local primary schools were within no more than ten minutes' walk of those, much

less to two of the three. However almost all of the older choristers and acolytes attended either of the city's two Grammar Schools. Good choral singing trains in intense concentration as well as acquainting with reputable literature (until the Anglican Church espoused banal texts and accompanying musical grot), essentials in preparing for academic success. One of those two establishments, a very ancient foundation, was less than a half-mile from the church in the surrounds of the cathedral, but most of us were pupils of the more-modern other, five miles distant in an opposite suburb of the city.

My predecessor had won for us an exemption from attending 8.45 a.m. Assembly at school when we had to attend Mass, but we were supposed to arrive as early as possible thereafter. The previous day I would hand in to the School Office a list of names of my choristers and any acolytes who would need the dispensation saving us from the hour's after-school detention that penalised late arrival without a valid excuse. When first I took up the appointment as a mere second-former some choristers and many acolytes were older than I; to be responsible for their "welfare" did nothing to dint my self-esteem! I had no disciplinary problems; those choristers enjoyed considerable local fame and were determined to preserve it. They made sure that I did my job efficiently!

After gulping down the bounty provided at Parish Breakfast and waiting impatiently for the last one to finish we would dash outside, grab our bicycles and start our desperate ride. The first four hundred yards was down a very steep hill, taken at breakneck speed. At the bottom our more fortunate brethren sped straight across a narrow bridge over the river into the grounds of their school while the rest of us skidded sharp left into the riverside road. In retrospect I am surprised that nobody ever failed to turn sufficiently and shot down the bank into the river; only an occasional bush or tree was there to obstruct it. Then came a race along the level river bank as far as the road junction outside the railway station where we encountered the

only set of traffic signals that might halt our progress. While a couple of older boys took the lead I always rode last to "chivvy" and to make sure that no stragglers were left. There were never less than eight of us, more often a dozen or so.

A right turn across a bridge and into a long uphill grind along a wide main shopping street was the worst part of the ride, for few of us had "gears" on our bicycles. Then followed an extended flat stretch around the mound of the Norman castle. Another short climb along a narrow one-way street in the older part of the city led us to a wide level tree-lined boulevard stretching for more than two miles towards our destination. Pedalling frantically we always made very good time there. So that we should all arrive together any who had sped ahead would wait impatiently at the left turn into the elegant lawn-bordered "stockbroker-belt" road leading eventually to the school gate.

The duty prefects checking late-comers at the entrance would greet us "Holy Joes" and tick off our names against the list that I had submitted. Then we would run to the cycle sheds, wheeling our machines as riding inside the school grounds was forbidden. Another dash to the lockers outside our respective form-rooms in order to collect the books that we should need would be followed by rushing to the room for the first teaching period of the day. Often we would then, breathing heavily, discover that in fact we were early and that the rest of our fellows were still in Assembly.

Expected to arrive by 9.00 a.m. we were very rarely late. The five-mile ride never took longer than twenty minutes, often less, even in bad weather, an amazingly rare occurrence. I am rather surprised that the names of some of my choristers of those days have never appeared amongst those of leaders in the Tour de France. From time to time our wild progress excited profanity from the drivers of the few motor vehicles that we encountered, but luckily we never met with an accident on our Tour de Chance.

# A bumble bee in the cockpit

By  
Simon Baddeley



Rain arrived in the early hours. I heard its patter before dawn and snoozed the better. By midday water was spouting in gouts from the gutter pipes, pouring down steps in the village like a burn in spate, running in rivulets down the street, gurgling into the cross street gutters. Heavy clouds streamed up from the south flowing up the sides of the mountains behind the village hiding the crags, blowing a lopypy sea toward the strait. It rained all afternoon, into the evening. I was driving back alone from Tzavros after midnight, windscreen wipers at double speed. At the corner just beyond *Marmara Trifona* - stone factory - I skidded the car ending up in brambles and hollyoak facing back the way I'd come. In seconds I knew I was stuck there. But I was unhurt and so was the car. A Samaritan had already pulled up just ahead of me. Was I alright "Can I take you anywhere?" Andrioti on his way to Acharavi gave me a lift home to Ano Korakiana. Mark, who I texted, offered to help drag me out but said it was a very dangerous corner 'better try your car hire company'. I cycled down to see the scene in the morning, sun shining again.

As I surveyed the scene several people stopped to check no-one had been hurt and offer assistance, but Yianni from [ValuePlus](#) cars in Sidari was sorting me out in no time. Early Sunday but Sophia, his wife - I think - answered the phone almost instantly. She contacted Yianni and a few minutes later said he'd be along with a tow truck in 45 minutes. Yianni's first action on arriving was not to check his car but to express his relief I was safe and ask "Are you alright?", later checking the new tires on the car in case they had been a problem, when I was well aware it was my fault for touching the brake too late on a steep corner in drenching rain. The two truck men, Spiros and another Yiannis, spoke for a few moments, then positioned the truck across the road, with one stopping northward traffic and me waving down southward. In less than five minutes the car was out of the verge, the road clear, and the car on the truck, taken to a layby a hundred yards away, and off loaded. Yianni drove it a kilometer back and forth and back and handed it back. "Everything's fine. No worry. Pay the truck €40" Which I did gladly, with a tip, especially as I'd been offered an earlier tow for €90 by another passing truck while I was waiting for Yianni.



I'd not told Lin the night before what happened. Wanted it sorted first. Now I did, realizing how fortunate it was that I'd not had my skid at a lot of other places where I could have fallen off the road, toppled the car, injured or killed myself and worse done the same to another on the road. This is how everything goes pearshaped in life; how easily and ordinarily the man with the scythe can drop in for a chat. Now apart from the lesson about wet roads on Corfu - told me plenty of times - I hold the memory of people's kindness and efficiency. That has so often been my experience here.

The winner of the Agiotfest Raffle Prize No. 3 "Clare P." has not yet claimed her prize.

If anyone knows of Clare please ask her to contact us at the office on:

Tel: 0030 26610 58177 or  
Email: [mcgovern@otenet.gr](mailto:mcgovern@otenet.gr)