

The Agiot

48th Edition

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AGIOTFEST 12? - Do you want it?

By
The Minstrel

Wherever I go on the island there is a positive attitude towards this joyful occasion. Of course, there are always a few raised eyebrows...but then it wouldn't be Corfu without those, would it?

Each year the crowd gets bigger; we had about a 20% increase this year. In 2013 we intend to transfer the venue to a much larger natural amphitheatre within Agios Ioannis. This will hold many more people and enable us to attract even larger acts. I can't truthfully say better acts as it is hard to imagine anyone giving more joy than Jimmy and the Vagabonds did this August.



"4 Square"

BUT....WE NEED HELP.

Many of you have come



forward and offered voluntary assistance for next year. This is most heartening and we are very grateful for this. So, we are asking this question of our island supporters, and indeed those from the UK and beyond. Could each of you spend the next year in pledging to bring along 10 people you know as ticket buyers at 2012? That is less than 1 person per month for each supporter. So, from 50 supporters only $10 \times 50 = 500$; that figure on top of our 'core' support and hey presto, we are well on our way to well-and-truly establishing Agiotfest as one of the main summer attractions in Corfu.

Our second requirement is Sponsorship. We have done quite well in defraying

the cost this year through our loyal and helpful sponsors. But to continue to produce this amazing event we need an increase in Sponsorship money.

So, if any of our readers have any constructive ideas as to how we can entice would-be sponsors to share this opportunity or if you wish to join our 'Pledge 10 Friends' initiative, then drop us a mail to:

mcgovern@otenet.gr

All suggestions are appreciated. Some of you may wish to join our band of small sponsors. Please mail us to receive full and further details.

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Agiotfest 12? Do You Want It?
Continued from page 1



Please take a moment to read on to gauge the popularity of Agiotfest, and why we feel so passionately that the show must go on!

Below are just a few of the responses we were pleased to receive following the third annual Agiotfest, which took place without hitch on the 27th August last;-

'Still singing the songs great night and never danced so much in years. Think you owe us another performance to help with our health xxxxxx' ..Christine Vasilakis

'What a fantastic fantastic night jimmy james was awesome roll on next year count us in xx' ...Dawn Howarth

'Brilliant to see a real professional at work.....wonderful performance Jimmy' ...Paul Ticehurst

'Many congrats on a very well managed event; it went so very well! X' ...Lucy Steele



'Brilliant. Good organization. Fantastic night ! *****' ...Jo Parker

'You are a lovely man Jimmy, your performance was outstanding in that awful humidity and we hope to see you again here, thank you' xxx ...Carol Stroud

'Fantastic AgioFest well done we all had a fantastic night and it looked like Jimmy James and the Vagabonds had a fun night too.. What an artist!!!! and it was a great line up too.' ...Dawn Blissett Dodson



"4 Square ERA recording - unplugged"

'We would like to thank, Paul McGovern and his wife Lula for the hard work and money, putting together the Agiotfest for us to enjoy, well done this was the best one yet, if you missed this night for what ever reason it was a big loss to you and us, we need your support. hope to see you there next y' Ken & Jan xx ...Ken Harrop

'Jimmy your performance was incredible, truly incredible and Vince Vortex said to me that it was the best performance he has seen live and he has seen a lot. Thank you so much' ...Emma Wood

'Another great night at the [Agiotfest Music Festival](#), well done Paul and all involved, we had a great time and danced our socks off!' ...Vanessa Katsarou



'Excellent night. loved it....and the Beer wasn't expensive either!! defo be back, 2012'. They [Vince Vortex and the Cukes] were playing as we arrived. Heard them but didn't see them. They sounded great!!! I was hoping they were going back on stage, later on, especially after they had, had a few pints of Corfu beer!! Sadly no, they didn't play again. I'll make sure we dont miss them next year (if they are back). These guys were Brilliant....Sorry Jimmy & the Vags, but The Outboys stole the show.' ...Will Davies

And from Jimmy James himself:-

'Trust you and family are well. Let me first of all say just how much we appreciated your wonderful hospitality. Being invited to do Agiotfest was truly a great experience'.



We are receiving tempting approaches already from performers, so please help us to help make 2012 BETTER YET!

Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

One sympathises with Obnoxious Al over the closure of his favourite watering-holes in places frequented by British tourists, especially in the north of the island. Restaurant, café, taverna, bar, souvenir shop, villa and apartment owners are all feeling the pinch. Owing to the weakness of the pound U.K. tour operators are marketing only "all-in" hotel holidays. With unlimited meals and refreshments, "We'll get full value for our money" visitors, gorged and distended, their little ones sickened by a surfeit of icecream, drunken eleven- and twelve-year-olds lying

helpless in their own vomit, hardly ever venture beyond their hotels' doors.

However here in Agios Ioannis we are becoming increasingly more cosmopolitan; to our villas we have welcomed Italians, Irish, Swiss, Swedes, Austrians, Germans, French, Belgians, Dutch, Danes, Serbs and Greeks. It is all very interesting and exciting.

Polymeris, who about thirty years ago planted the beautiful pair of plane trees that grace the plateia, was admitted to hospital, his condition giving cause for concern. He has since returned home, pronounced "better".

Alekos has shaved off his moustache.

Walter is arranging some additions to his house so that he may safely prance around naked in the hot sun.

Amongst last month's visitors were the Groves again, Cavan, Pat, Walter, Nikki and Chris, Ruairi and Bernard with Daniel and Aoife and friends, Steve Young and family, the Moakes family and Sue and Barry Maunder.



"New Kid on the Block - by Paul Young"

Slap and Tickle Strike Again

By Graeme Tickle



'After a long (72 hrs) and stressful labour, Emily entered the world via the sunroof (a casearean). Emily Alice spent the first day of her life on The special care baby unit as she was thought to have an infection, and low blood sugars. Mum and baby were in hospital till sunday for observations and recovery.

We are all at home now settling into our new lives!!.

I wet the babies head with some Corfu real ale, which my Mum and Dad had brought back after a little trip

to your fair isle. They did drive onto the plateau of A.I. but it was siesta time and no one was about.' '

This happy event happened in the Northern Wilds of England on the 3rd August 2011 at 8.07 a.m. The note in my diary reports 97kg in the top left corner. Surely that cannot be Emily!! No, I think it is probably me. Alice was 7lb 10, much more baby-like.

Graeme and Helen have been practicing since 2002 [maybe even earlier] for this happy event. It was in June 2002 they came to our Villa Theodora for their honeymoon and after nine years of slap and tickle they have pulled it off. We all say well done! May the three of you prosper and be happy. Much love from Agios Ioannis.



'Villa Theodora "North"'

Corfu Weather Statistics

September 2011

Maximum Temperature - 36C
Minimum Temperature - 13C
Average Temperature - 25C
Humidity - 69.8
Maximum Windspeed - 55km/h.
Rain - 34mm

News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

Hi All, What a rubbish month this has been, and what a useless lot the electric company are!! My mate lays on a band and food and guests for his 60th birthday, (Although I think he is really 90) what happens, you guessed bang 8pm out goes the electric, this is Monday evening, I live in the hills above Acharavi and mine goes out as well, Problem was my electric did not get sorted until 12.30pm on Thursday!!! Three and a half days without electric, food in the freezers ruined, stress and all due to the incompetence of the Corfu Electric company. Not even a word of apology to the public have I seen so far. Maybe if They put the Euro money into these companies instead of their pockets these things would

not happen.

To cap it all we have no street lamps working yet and no prospect of them being made to work, cat burglars heaven!!! And we have those up here in the North as well. Okay got that of my chest.

What a relief to see the end of the tourists, we are always pleased to see them at the start of the season but thank goodness it comes to an end. No more supermarket queuing and parking available again, lovely jubbly.

Anyone interested in cheap property for sale check out my new www.corfupropertybargains.com or of course www.corfal.co.uk Also I have for winter rent a fully furnished studio/apartment with English fitted kitchen and Bathroom.

I am pleased to report that the new English shop near Sidari is do-

ing well, so looks like it was a good move to open. Good luck to him.

More Brits going back this month to Britland, times sure are getting hard for everybody. I am shuddering to think what crazy austerity measures are in the pipeline, how much can a government squeeze an already skint public?

Well that's the lot, time to jump in the bath and ponder my excessive navel.

I am, and always will be,
Obnoxious Al



Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Thai Chicken

Ingredients:

500gr Boneless, skinless Chicken
cut into chunks
500gr Peas, Carrots, Aubergines
and, or Broccoli, cut into chunks (or
any mixture of vegetable in season)
Zest of 2 Lemons
1 tbsp Thai Green Curry Paste
2-3 tbsp Vegetable Oil
3 tbsp Sliced Onions
1 tbsp Coarsely Chopped Garlic
1 tbsp Finely Chopped Ginger
1 tbsp Fish Sauce
2 tsp Sugar
1 tsp Salt
1 x 400ml Coconut Milk

200-300ml

Water depending on required consistency

A few fresh Coriander and Basil
Leaves

Go:

1. Heat a Wok or a large Frying Pan until it is very hot and add the Vegetable Oil.

2. Add the Thai Green Curry Paste and stir-fry for 1 minute then add the Chicken and mix until it is coated with paste.

3. Now add the Lemon Zest, Onion, Garlic, Ginger, Fish Sauce, Sugar and Salt and stir-fry for an-

other minute.

4. Add the vegetables and pour in the Coconut Milk and Water,

5. Turn the heat to low and simmer for 25 minutes or until the chicken is cooked through.

6. Add the Coriander and Basil Leaves.

Serve at once with rice in bowls.

Bon Appetit!!

Pottering in Peloponnisos

By Paul McGovern
Editor

Final Chapter (6): Homeward Bound!



"Leaving Monemvasia"

The end of the holiday was in sight. We wanted to head straight across Greece in one go, which at this latitude was three hundred and seventy miles. So, sadly, we left our so-cute retreat in Monemvasia and headed back to our wet home in Corfu; it was throwing it down when we drove off the ferry tonight.

We were up at dawn, packed, early morning coffees, creeping away from Arthamis shortly thereafter. We topped up James' tank before crossing the ancient causeway,

then headed for Sparti along an easy enough road via Skala. This drive was interspersed with showers. We stopped at a roadside bakery to glean goodies for our mobile breakfast. Further along, on a stretch of rolling road, we had a duel with a racing lorry; the driver was obscured from sight, so it played out like the famous film starring Dennis Weaver, where he is chased endlessly by a monster truck. Over hill and down dale it tried to catch and pass us, even though we were driving quite fast. Only the upward slopes thwarted its attempt. We lost it finally in a small village. James has been superb this holiday. He may be a thirsty old crate but what can we expect from a gentleman of his advanced age?

We pass through drab Sparti, a shell of its glorious history, looking for faces which may be descended from the three hundred, then to Tripoli. Thereafter, we take the advice of our Monemvasia landlord, as we are determined to sidestep the horrors of the Patras road-works jungle. We drive past Levidi and north of Lake Ladonas, then turn

west, before striking north for Patras. Over the immensely impressive bridge at Rio, with its toy-land approach system, north into 'Solid' Greece, Epirus and ferry-bound. Poorer roads slow our progress so we give up on trying to catch the 6.30 ferry, and wait for the next one at 8.30. It works out well as we are hungry and ready for the delights of the Emily Family Taverna, by the docks.

An unnecessary parking routine conducted by referee-style whistles on the fairly empty flat-bottom boat, suggests we are close to our home island.

So ended a really great trip, which will resonate in the old grey matter for many a year to come.



"Lula - Homeward Bound"

YIKES!!!!

The photo was taken at the entrance to Katlian Bay at the end of the road in Sitka, Alaska ..

The whale is coming up to scoop up a mouthful of herring.....

(the small fish seen at the surface around the kayak).

The kayaker is a local Sitka Dentist. He apparently didnt sustain any injuries from the terrifying experience.

The whale was just around the corner from the ferry terminal and all the kayaker could think at that moment in time was:

"Paddle Man - really fast!"



Two kinds of party on Corfu

By
Simon Baddeley



"Calypso and her dad, Paul on his 50th birthday"

On Saturday where Paul's and Cinty's home perches at a bend on *Democracy Street*, its terrace entered from the street, with a vertiginous drop over a low wall to the lower part of the village, there was a gathering of their family and friends. Almost immediately below the terrace there are two narrow derelict private houses, their rooves, over frameless walls, almost entirely collapsed with bare fissured beams sagging under the few clumps of tiles that haven't fallen into an interior lather of collapsed floor, forsaken furnishings, insinuated brambles and climbers. A hundred yards beyond, having avoided the heat of the day, someone was hammering inside one of the many houses in the village being renovated - signs of activity inside its smoothed interior. I sat on the wall nursing a chilled beer inhaling the smell of barbecuing meat and smoke serving to keep mosquitos at bay, listening with the agreeable passivity of a guest, to the sounds of food preparation inside the big kitchen of the village house that Paul and Cinty have been immaculately renovating over the last two years. "See over there" said Phil, Paul's dad - recently arrived from chilly England "that house with the small window in

the gable end" he pointed over the rooftops below to another house I'd not seen. "They've been working on that all day right through the midday heat, putting up a cantilevered roof and balcony. The speed they work!" It was a party for Paul's 50th birthday, with family and friends invited to a spread that was gradually and effortlessly brought out in bowls and trays from kitchen and barbecue and, before that, biscuits to carry one of Paul's younger brother Mark's rich chickla, pigeon and chicken liver pâté topped with scarified butter and bay leaves from his and Sally's tree in the garden further down the village. Lin and I sat with Cinta's mum, Natalie, and Mark and Paul's mum, Sheila, at one end of a large teak table sipping iced drinks, served the readied food by young people bringing dishes and cutlery and "anything else you need". I took in how the people at this Greek and British gathering full of cooking, drinking and eating, men and women, young and old, were neither too thin nor too stout, the daughters and sisters and nieces so singularly female shaped, lithe and tanned and dressed, not to kill, but to be simply beautiful, uncovetously happy, smiling, laughing so unself-consciously I felt my gaze almost voyeuristic. Our friend Paul McGovern had said there are two kinds of parties on Corfu - one is flash "showing off who you are and what you have" and "the other you enjoy". I was treated discretely, perhaps unconsciously, with Mediterranean respect for elders. We were looked after without patronage, service matched to my enjoyment of being attended to - and what food we had. Beside the rich greenery of salads came belly draft, chicken satay with sauce to hand, souvlaki, spare ribs with piquant dip, lamb chops perfectly scorched rich with tender meat, spicy

Greek sausages striped from the BBQ grid, chicken wings and legs in abundance with a plate to hand to discard the small bared bones that could not be shared with the two Jack Russell terriers wandering between our feet after treats. As we sat, and drank and talked Mark came over to me with a small exquisite tasting piece of reddish meat, a perfectly cooked wood-pigeon breast.

"How did you marinate that to make it so tender?"

"Nothing" he said "That's how it is."

I love how Homer describes the preparation and cooking of meat in *the Odyssey*. Read in unlikely places, his eternal words purvey the anticipation of feasting amid surrounding dark. The breeze was balmy curling the smells of food and smoke among us, dispersing it into the starred darkness through which now and then we glimpsed the lights of planes, soundless above our chatter, heading north and south. Some time in the evening I got a text message from Richard saying he and Emma would be coming out to stay with us in October. We debated experiences, spoke of families, of trying to imagine being grandparents, of films we'd seen and books we'd read, of fear and fate and the vexatious irritations of getting old, of the riots in England, the dignified words of **Tariq Jahan** that seemed to set a new tone and turn a tide, the parlous state of the economies of the world, of places visited, comparing the difference between people in the village who live in the same house in which they were born over 60 years ago, and others like me who have no such special link to place, hesitating to choose where, if allowed, they'd hope to die.



Two Lighthouses

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

Trinity House is the organisation responsible for the provision and maintenance of all devices, from bell-boy to lighthouses, warning shipping of dangers around the coasts of Britain. Off-shore lighthouses and lightships were until recently manned by relays of three-man crews relieved regularly, weather permitting; today they are fully automated and serviced regularly by technicians conveyed by ships or helicopters. Lighthouses are distinctively painted red for the middle third of their towering heights.

In 1964 on holiday on the Scilly Isles with two of my pupils we were thrilled to be invited to go with the supply ship to Bishop's Rock lighthouse. That light is at the western edge of the Scillies to warn of the maze of rocks and lowlying islands that have been the graves of so many ships, their cargoes and crews through the ages. However, although the sea was calm there was too much swell to allow mooring at the rock and we anchored a few yards off.

The crates and canisters were lifted to the rock by a system of ropes and pulleys connected to a winch on the ship and a stanchion set by the steel door of the lighthouse, and empties returned in the same manner. Supplies were manhandled in through the doorway by the three-man crew while they exchanged news and pleasantries with the ship's crew.

During our return we were told of a recent occasion when three B.B.C. men visited Bishop's Rock to carry out a Christmas Day broadcast from there. They were stranded there for six weeks until the weather moderated and they could be lifted off and the crew relieved. Lighthousemen are used to such eventualities but the radiomen were hospitalised until they recovered from the trauma of such stormy isolation.

Some twenty years later with another pupil I visited Beachy Head lighthouse, set at the top of high cliffs on a promontory jutting into the English Channel. A father and mother with their three young sons were also being shown around by the elderly keeper. As we mounted the more than a hundred

steps to the lantern our guide showed us the storerooms, the living accommodation, the workshop and the "offices".

From the lantern the keeper led us outside to the surrounding walkway. I do not like heights except in aircraft and spared only a cursory glance at the rocks three hundred feet below.

Back in the spacious lantern we examined the massive lamp and its revolving shade with its slits that produce the distinctive pattern of flashes that give each light its easily recognized signature.

Our guide entertained us with anecdotes from his long experience as a lighthouseman, including that of a terrible tempestuous night on Bishop's Rock when three times waves more than a hundred feet high came over the lantern.

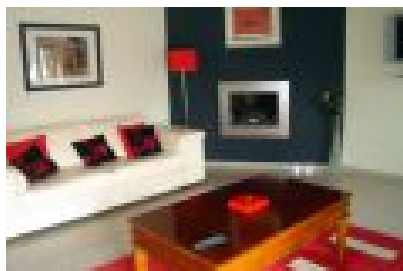
"Has that ever happened here?" asked the boys' mother.

The keeper eyed her pityingly. "Lady, when the water reaches the red mark here I'll be off to them hills over there." He pointed inland.

I do not think that the lady fully understood why we were convulsed with laughter. We were still chuckling when we made our way down the winding stairway and out to our car in the bright sunlight.



Property Feature



Agios Martinos Villa
€299,500



Massively reduced from 365,000 euros to a bargain price of 299,500 euros.

This Villa is 96 square metres in size and has been renovated to a modern design by the owners themselves giving particular

attention to details, such as insulation to the original stone walls. It sits in 1200 square metres of land with an extensive patio area and well kept gardens. The villa consists of 2 bedrooms, 1 bathroom, a kitchen and a lounge.

On the lower level of this villa is a self-contained apartment of 60 square metres. This features 1 bedroom, 1 bathroom and an open plan kitchen, lounge and dining

area. This villa features great views and is located in the quiet village of Agios Martinos, but very close to the nearby resorts of Acharavi and Sidari.

All of the high quality furniture featured in the house is also for sale at 10,000 eu-