

108th Edition

The Agiot



Photo courtesy of Konstantinos Kasselouris

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OCA Y Property

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO BUY IN
THE HEART OF AGIOS IOANNIS

GUIDE PRICE 70,000 Euros



Spiti George and Eleni

It is rare indeed when a property comes up for sale right in the heart of the old quarter of Agios Ioannis. More than rare. In the twenty-six years I have been lucky enough to live here this is the FIRST building that has been made accessible for non-Greek Corfiots.

Now, following the deaths of George and Eleni Xalikia, and with their grown-up family permanently settled in Germany, this place is available to a new ownership.

The property comprises the following;

- 2 storeys.
- Front courtyard.
- Back courtyard.
- 2 reception rooms.
- 2 bedrooms.
- Kitchen
- Toilet.

The above price we have already negotiated down from the original 80,000 Euros and there may still be some elbow room in dropping lower.

For lovers of Agios Ioannis seeking to become part of the history of this famous little backwater, this is an opportunity not to be missed.

The property is in basic sound condition but needs a full overhaul. Here at Oca y Property we can help turn this sad old lady into a dream cottage in a cherished location.

We are sole-agency for this property. Please enquire either her, at www.ocaypropertycorfu.com or to mcgovern@otenet.gr

Saturday Walks



Saturday, 1 October. KOMBITSI: The Pine Forest (2 hours *). Meet at the Old Kafenion - Brousko near the church at Kombitsi (drive up to the village from the main road between Alepou and Afra; the junction is just before the 'Legoland' development on the hill; turn left at the square by the church and the starting venue is 50 metres on), 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at the Old Kafenion - Brousko. NOTE: We have a choice of routes depending on conditions.

Saturday, 8 October. ALONAKI: Lake Korission and the Beach (1 ½ hours *). Meet at Alonaki Taverna (follow the signs from Agios Mattheos), 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Alonaki Taverna. NOTE: New Route: We follow the track along the spit and return along the beach. Swimming possible.

Saturday, 15 October. SAINT SPIRIDON: Surf and Turf on the Headland (1 ½ hours **). Meet at Saint Spiridon Beachfront, North Corfu, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch to be arranged. NOTE: This is nearly the same as last Spring's Picnic Walk, but with some deviations. Little climbing but rough underfoot in places.

Saturday, 22 October. KAMARA: Environs of a Picturesque Village (1 ½ hours **). Meet in Kamara Village parking, just after the square, 10.15 for 10.30 start (no coffee). Lunch at Arhontariki Taverna, Sinarades. NOTE: If you don't like uphill, you can opt out of this part of the walk, as we return the same way.

Saturday, 29 October. MARMARO: Plain and Riverbank (1 ½ hours *). Meet at Pepi Bar in Marmaro Square, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Tristrato.

NOTE: Mostly on easy-to-walk small roads and tracks.



© Alamy Stock Photo

If you wish to experience the breathtaking panoramas of the mountainous Ai- Petri region on the southeastern coast of Crimea, you must first brave the wooden bridges that tower over vast ravines.

MANAGEMENT COURSE

Lesson 1:

A man is getting into the shower just as his wife is finishing up her shower, when the doorbell rings.

The wife quickly wraps herself in a towel and runs downstairs.

When she opens the door, there stands Bob, the next-door neighbour.

Before she says a word, Bob says, 'I'll give you \$800 to drop that towel..'

After thinking for a moment, the woman drops her towel and stands naked in front of Bob, after a few seconds, Bob hands her \$800 and leaves.

The woman wraps back up in the towel and goes back upstairs.

When she gets to the bathroom, her husband asks, 'Who was that?'

'It was Bob the next door neighbour,' she replies.

'Great,' the husband says, 'did he say anything about the \$800 he owes me?'

Moral of the story:

If you share critical information pertaining to credit and risk with your shareholders in time, you may be in a position to prevent avoidable exposure.

Wife : Shall I prepare curry or soup today?

Husband : First make it, we will name it later.

Gooners Gags

A frustrated husband in front of his laptop :

Dear google, please do not behave like my wife. Please allow me to complete my sentence before you start guessing & suggesting.

A married man's prayer:

Dear God, You gave me childhood, You took it away

You gave me youth. You took it away.

You gave me a wife ... It's been years now. I'm just reminding you.



Dorothy and Edna, two "senior" widows, are talking.

Dorothy: "That nice George Johnson asked me out for a date. I know you went out with him last week, and I wanted to talk with you about him before I give him my answer."

Edna: "Well, I'll tell you. He shows up at my house punctually at 7 pm, dressed like such a gentleman in a fine suit, and he brings me such beautiful flowers ! Then he takes me downstairs and what's there ; a limousine, uniformed chauffeur and all. Then he takes me out for dinner; a marvelous dinner, lobster, champagne, dessert, and after-dinner drinks. Then we go see a show. Let me tell you Dorothy, I enjoyed it so much I could have just died from pleasure ! So then we are coming back to my apartment and he turns into an ANIMAL. Completely crazy, he tears off my expensive new dress and has his way with me three times !"

Dorothy: "Goodness gracious ! So you are telling me I shouldn't go ?"

Edna: "No, no, no, I'm just saying, wear an old dress."

Bespoke Constructions



A pool in the rain



Infill walling for damp areas old houses



Neat cover up to keep neighbours happy



Sort it out



To be improved by Ocay



We have our own plant



Wuthering heights

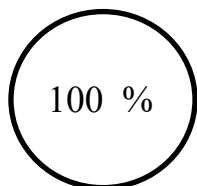
Trip Advisor says;

Peter and Kostas, you're one of our top owners.

Thanks for giving travellers such a positive experience. Responding quickly and accepting as many bookings as you can helps you rank higher in the search results and, ultimately, gets you more bookings. Keep up the good work!

How you're doing...

YOUR RESPONSE RATE



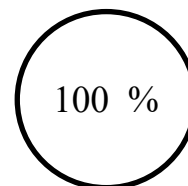
Nice Job !

YOUR AVERAGE RESPONSE TIME

3 HRS

Well done!

YOUR ACCEPTANCE RATE



Well done!

OCAY Villas

Please visit:
www.ocayvillascorfu.com

Letters to the Editor

A message from the Editor:

The point of this newsletter is to keep you distracted, informed and entertained.



We need help.

Would you please Agiot lovers mail in at mcgovern@otenet.gr and name your favourite three regular articles in order of preference and your least favourite in order of disinterest? If enough of you respond it will give a good idea of what our readership prefers and we will be able to adjust our future publications to suit your taste.

Please send in your votes. Only a few minutes of your time and it should end up with a better magazine.

It is difficult to provide our best shot without a feedback.

Thank you.

Lennart Bjorknald messaged in;

I want come back Paul McGovern my eyes are like niagara falls after reading september Agiot

Ed: WARNING-Please do not try to read this publication while peeling onions



'Agiots gathering-Swedish branch'

Frank Bloomfield says;

Paul, we just got back home and we have to say it was the best Agiofest to date in our opinion, you and the team excelled yourselves this year and deserve all all the credit due, we are hoping to come again next year and look forward to another great show , all the best Lin and Frank. Wales.

Ed; It is for people like you we do it Frank. Thank you!

Claire Sesay posted

Thanks Paul
Love the Mr Corbyn pic X

[Ed: this was in reference to a photo of Claire with famous leader from last month].

Letters to The Editor - Continued from Page 5

Vivienne Pittendrigh wrote;

Hi Paul,

Just read the first part – another big success – Congratulations. When I think of Kostas and me doing the whole Frangoulis concert I am so envious of your team. No wonder I was knocked out for a few days. However if you saw Dick's and other photos you will see what a great night it was. Fantastic production, superb band and of course Mario is recognized as one of The Three Tenors according to Jose Carreras!! George is excellent too and had his 33rd birthday that night.

Mario is one of the most interesting musicians (violinist as well as singer and actor – the same as Domingo!!) one of the most genuine, delightful people I have ever met and it is so good to have such a wonderful friend now with so much in common. Looking forward to February hearing his real voice without a mike in opera arias etc.

I shall be going to Ambelonas on Wednesday sometime after 5 and could take posters and leaflets to you or would you rather come here for a glass of wine and pick them up?

My computer is down and hopefully tomorrow at 11 IRIS will come.

Do keep in touch

Vivienne

Ed; Your concerts are always great and you do so much solo. Impressive Vivienne.

K Muir :

Hi ~ ~ can anyone please tell me how Lionel is ?? I cannot seem to get any answers from anywhere
Thank You

Ed: Hello Kathy, I am sorry to have to report to you that our Lionel passed away on April 20th, at home. It was widely reported at the time, and if you check the May Newsletter much is revealed. He lies in the British Cemetery, Corfu Town and has a headstone in place now.

Vickie form Ontario writes;

Paul, Lula and all

Thank you so much for all that you did for Mary Ann and I last week.

I really appreciated going to Lionel's grave site and then the gathering at the Taverna. We feel that the folks of the village are like our "Greek family and friends" It really was a wonderful day and

I feel at peace now knowing that Lionel in is a wonderful place. The head stone is very lovely.

Ed; It was lovely for us too Vickie xx.

The 100+ Club.

The 6th draw of year 4 was held today Thursday 29th September 2016, at Sally's Bar Ipsos.

The winner of the 100€ was Number 39 Hendrik & Margareet Koopman, drawn by none member Steve.

The winner of the 50€ was Number 128 Sue & Graham Short, drawn by none member, Sherwin.

Congratulations to both winners.

Number of people present 36.

Members present 14.

Amount raised from raffle & donations for Ray Sanders fight against Leukaemia appeal fund and prize winners to be announced soon. Thank you for your support.

Thank you to all who attended

A big thank you to the 117 members who support The 100+ Club, also a big thank you to,

Paul & Jan Scotter, central area co – ordinators,

North area Co-ordinators, Louise Taylor & Sandra Klouda.

Business supporters

Agiotfest 16

Hovoli Acharavi, Mediterranean Corner Mkt Roda, Sally's Bar Ipsos, The Agiot, Navigators Kontokali, Corfu Gazette, The Corfu Panto Group.

The 100+ Club, representatives present, (Ken & Jan Harrop Project Leaders) Paul & Jan Scotter (Co ordinators).

If you are interested in supporting The 100+ Club please contact us Tel 6946949545

The 100+ Club supports Corfu Charities

the100plusclub@groups.facebook.com

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/the100plusclub/>

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Corfu

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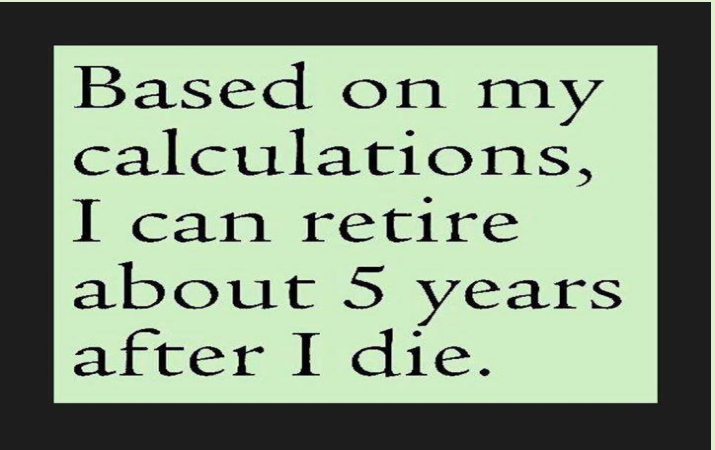
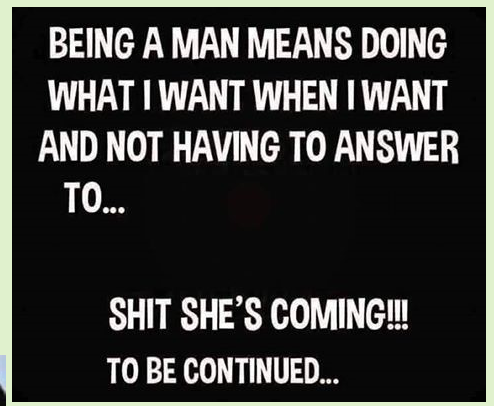
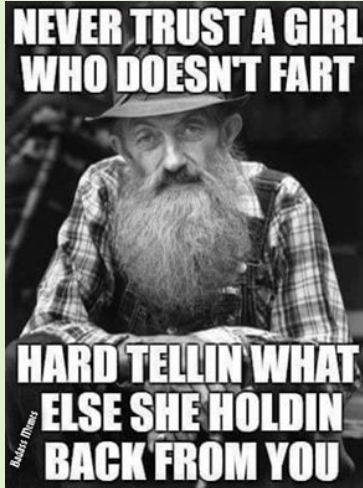
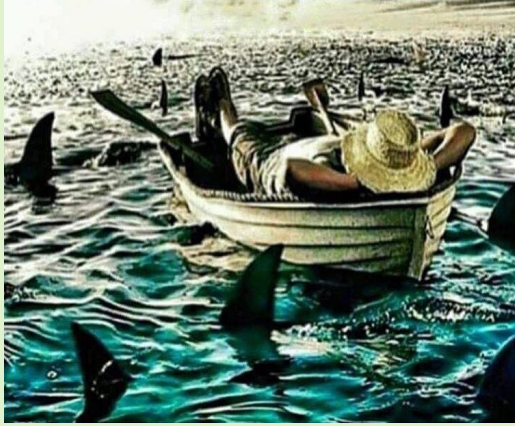
78 Members



Nick The Clock's World

(The Comic With A conscience)

I'm so unbothered and that's what bothers people



That's All Folks!

Village and Island News

By
The Editor

The month started for us with a lovely visit to the 'Spontaneous' taverna near the Port. Our friends Mel and Yvonne came down on the Kasiopi 'night cruise' for us to dine together at this enchanting spot. Lula bought a watch from a table salesman; I do not think it was Nick because this one was black. But you never know, Nick IS a master of disguise! The watch sometimes works.

What a lovely visit this was.



'John's slant on Ipsos'



'Storms like this courtesy of Giannis Gasteratos'



'Lula Yvonne and Mel at Spontaneous Taverna'

Two big events for us were both the Christening of Danae at our local church and also her birthday, which she had in the garden with a few incredibly tiny chums. She is a year young already and a little gem, but then we are biased of course.

This October became a servicing of personal health issues for us, which included various visits to Doctors, Specialists, Blood Sucking Laboratories and the Hospital. Far too boring to recite here. But there is always the humour. Two classic quotes to me from my heart specialist Dr. Caramel had me amused. He was explaining the potential seriousness of a certain condition to me. I said; 'You are worrying me now'. He said; 'You have to realise most of my patients die suddenly!' Mmmmm, I thought. 'Am I going to the right man?' He followed this up on my next interrogation, in which he had told me to ignore natural remedies like cumin and Acid Cider Vinegar. 'But they are natural', I protested. He looked sternly at me and blasted; 'Nature does not want you to live!'

I love this bloke.

'Danae with her Mum and Dad'



'John and Elaine at Kostas Taverna'

Old friends John and Elaine were here for a week and had a smashing time at Lydia's apartment, even though this was a week of some Premier-League storms. It did not

With the Grim Reaper sharpening his sickle in front of me I was very happy to flee to the sanctuary of my leafy arbour in our garden, where Lake Inferior is operating after a seven-year sulk and inhabited by a platoon of goldfish and koi. In fact, the bulk of this October Newsletter was typed out Lakeside to the gentle splish-splash of water and surface-plopping of feeding fishies. Far more therapeutic than a surgery.

stop our robust friends, who continued their peregrinations around the island on foot and by bus.

Village and Island News
Continued from Page 8



'Lake Inferior'

A wonderful crackerjack of a visit from Canadians Vickie and Mary Ann. They were stopping off in Corfu from the good Cunard ship Queen Victoria to visit Lionel's grave and their favourite Agios square. They bounced off the ship in unstoppable fashion. Having paid their respects at the British Cemetery they were whisked back where a small but eager bunch of Agiots were waiting to embrace them. They dined the afternoon away at Anna's table amongst a great froth of laughter, before rejoining their fun ship in the harbour.

Much of the merry talk at the tables was about Lionel and it became apparent that Lionel's cat Pericles, which we have inherited, is known at the tables as 'Lionel'. As this has caught on he is now re-Christened, along with two of the others in the Pride. They are now called Frederic [Lionel's middle name] and Ann [his cousin]. Bubbles is still Bubbles [Lionel always referred to Bubbles as the 100 Euro Cat].



'Lionel's Pride at Breakfast'

A thought here for Maria [affectionately known as Fat Maria] who was the landlady of the apartments opposite our house. She died suddenly in her town apartment. She was in her early-sixties. R.I.P.Maria.

Deaths and Graveyards have been an over-common visitor this year. And down at the cemetery there is further controversy. The photo on dear Aleko's grave is not Aleko. It can only happen in Agios Ioannis.

More socialising toward the end of the month with Ron and Lesley and Di and Steve down in Benitses. I am getting to like this fun-thing a bit too much. But then... One life!

And the month draws to a close with another wedding [in the midst of death there is life]. This one is Dimitris Pandis to his lovely bride Natalie. The wedding was in our church at the reception at L'Argenta Luna, Korakiana.

The Publication that brought you news of 'The Great Fence War', 'The Strange Case of the Drowning Donkey', and 'The Wrong Photo' has another International scoop.



'Vickie and Mary Ann visit Lionel's grave'

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'Queen Victoria'

>



'Lionel'

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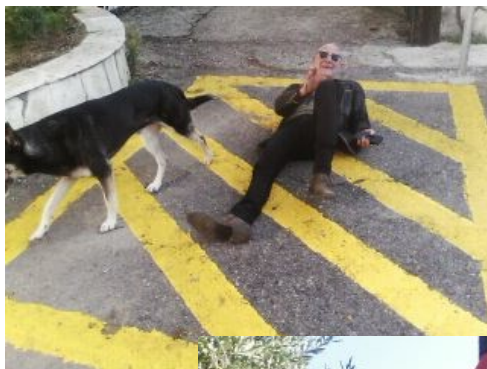
Village and Island News
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Two photos epitomise this October for me, here below. October has been beautiful.

A tables war is now the fashion. In the Red corner is the Mayor and in the Blue Corner the Taverna. In a bid to assist tourism the Red Corner wishes to restrict the number of tables the taverna can have out on the village square, presumably on the basis that a sort of 'Musical Chairs' panic will settle upon the thronging diners. An early shot across the taverna bows has been the cunning painting of a no stop zone in the narrow corner before the swings. Just to make sure the public gets the message a new schoolchildren-crossing sign stands proudly by on its post in wet cement. The fact there is not a school here is by the by.



'A Princess and a King'
 <



'Police Dog restrains law-breaker'
 <



'Father and Son in Garitsa'



'Where have all the children gone'
 >

Corfu Weather Statistics - September 2016

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature			
Max Temperature	32°C	27 °C	22 °C
Mean Temperature	26 °C	22 °C	20°C
Min Temperature	21 °C	18 °C	14°C
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	0	0	0
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	14	8	2
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	28	22	18
Dew Point	23°C	18°C	13°C
Precipitation	325.1 mm	12.4 mm	0.0 mm
Wind			
Wind	40 km/h	6 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	60 km/h	42 km/h	29 km/h
Sea Level Pressure	1026 hPa	1015 hPa	1006 hPa

Read more at:

http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTGf.99

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by
Hilary Paipeti

I THREATENED LAST MONTH to expand on my statement that 'day-to-day rules and social protocols - that [visitors] would strictly obey in the UK - are suspended because they are on holiday.' This statement in particular referred to many tourists' habit of stopping their rental car in the middle of a road junction, without pulling in to the side, in order to pore over a map, thus obstructing passage for other vehicles, and indeed sometimes causing danger. I rhetorically queried whether they would perform the same act of stupidity at a junction in Romford or Bristol (obvious answer: NO).

Some other examples of activities which tourists would never dream of undertaking at home, but on holiday they do:

Riding a motorbike when they've never sat on one before.

Ditto quad bike.

Riding motorbike or quad without helmet / protective clothing.

All of the above with small child riding pillion.

Jumping off pier / balcony whilst drunk.

Lying for eight hours in the sun.

Etc etc.

But the suspension of the normal codes of behaviour expected in their own country are not limited to stupid actions which only put the perpetrator in danger: These people often disregard the accepted social practices of their homeland, committing blunders that their UK social circle would find intolerable; ill-mannered gaffes which would elicit social exclusion.

Here's a good one: Relatives or friends have come to visit you in Corfu, and you all plan to go out every evening together. One evening, you call round to their villa (a good half-hour's drive along a difficult minor road) so you can communally decide where to go, as it has not been arranged in advance; to find your friends have cleared off to a town restaurant anyway, leaving no note at the accommodation informing you where to find them.

Let's reverse the situation: You, as a resident of Corfu, have gone over to visit relatives in the UK, and they expect you to call by every evening for a meal. One evening you decamp to a restaurant by yourself without letting them know. Might they be a teeniest bit cross?

Yes, this was done to me by my brother and his wife when last in Corfu (their name is the same as my

English name, easily found on the Internet, and they live near Lancaster should anyone wish to know whom to avoid). Here is another of their spectacularly ill-mannered accomplishments:

My brother and sister-in-law (let's call them 'A' and 'M' since those are their initials) had, quite some time in advance of their holiday, expressed a wish to go to a certain taverna, rather off the tourist track. I said I would book (required), and planned to do so a few days beforehand, once I had established the most convenient evening as regards the in-house entertainment. A month or so before their arrival, I found out, purely by accident, that M had already made the booking herself via Facebook without telling me, and furthermore she had phoned up my ex-husband (estranged in unfriendly circumstances), and invited him too!!! If I hadn't found out by chance, I would have arrived to find the ex sitting at our table!

Quite apart from the sheer insensitivity of this action, did they not consider that the particular evening they'd booked might not be convenient for me?

Obvious answer: NO.

I changed the booking (they had in any case mistakenly booked for a non-entertainment night), and made sure the proprietor (a friend) did not tell the ex when we would be there.

They did not appear to think they had done anything tactless, inappropriate, or just plain WRONG. So, to facilitate understanding, I turned the scenario around. How would you like it, I asked them, if I was due to visit you in Lancaster, and independently and unilaterally I booked a restaurant there, without consulting you as to whether it was convenient on that evening? And then invited along an ex of M's, whom I had only met a couple of times, through M and not on my own account, without telling you? I think it would be just plain rude, don't you?

But rudeness and contempt for those of us who live here often constitutes the default setting for people like these ones (Reader: I hope your relatives are more civil!). They leave their manners, along with their sense, at the 'Brain Reclaim' section in the airport's Left Luggage. And once they arrive, they treat us as second-rate citizens of a rather backward and poor island, as minions who are expected to drop everything for their own holiday's convenience, and as inferior natives who should bow and scrape and pull forelocks to obtain their bountiful largesse. Never mind that many Corfiots are richer (culturally if not in cash), more educated and certainly more civilised than boors like my relatives of Lancaster, whose meagre talents are difficult to understate.

Continued on Page 12

Hilary's Ramblings
Continued from Page 11

THIS SEPTEMBER HAS brought back strong memories of childhood autumns, and Sunday morning blackberrying excursions (unfortunately in the company of the aforementioned relative). Mostly, we went to a spot in the north-east corner of that gorgeous part of NW England known as Silverdale (an area specialising in haunting place names - like the twin villages of Yealand Redmayne and Yealand Conyers). We used to call this spot 'Fairy Steps', for buried in these woods just off the A6 was a limestone cliff with a narrow cleft in it, through which a dozen natural steps took you down to the lower part of the wood, and onward to a ruined peel tower near the hamlet of Hazelslack (another evocative name! Other local place names could be hamlets in Tolkien's Shire: Cringlebarrow, Thrang End, Storth). Though we knew the locality as Hazelslack Woods, on the OS map it's labelled 'Underlaid Wood' should anyone wish to explore.

The blackberries were so abundant here that it seemed it was our own personal orchard. We had a rule: bag three, eat one; though our chestnut Boxer-dog Del (girl, not boy) didn't bother with the bagging bit, having learnt to pick them off the bush by copying the rest of us (with her teeth, mind!). Then the bags would go in the freezer so that Mother could unilaterally ruin our apple pies for the rest of the year.

'Fairy Steps' came to mind particularly because this September I have never seen so many blackberries in Corfu, and good juicy ones as well. Locals don't pick them as they associate consumption with memories of wartime starvation. Younger generations, whose memories do not go back that far, don't tend to take country walks. So they're ALL MINE! Actually, since they don't ripen all at once as they do in the UK, you never get to pluck more than a handful at a time, so I don't bother to freeze them. And the only people I am depriving are the birds.

This is the point. There's a saying amongst English countryside dwellers along the lines of 'if autumn brings a lot of berries, be prepared for a harsh winter', their profusion being nature's way of fattening up the winged wildlife in readiness. Take this as a sign to get chopping, and stack your woodpile generously.

WHICH REMINDS ME. A couple of years ago, tax revenues from heating oil having been hit by a switch to open fires in economically compromised households, the government considered placing an extra tax on firewood. Best of luck with that: Most wood, certainly in rural areas, passes directly from chopper to consumer, not passing a middleman on the way (or at least, if it does, it is difficult for any financial overseer to quantify). So... what's the betting that they'll at some stage attempt another trick to make us pay for the luxury of winter warmth. A chimney tax, anyone?

EASY BERRY MOUSSE

Here's a way of using those blackberries, should you pick enough. Or you can use frozen berries from the supermarket - 'forest mix' is best.

250 gr berries

250 ml water

Sugar (optional)

1 sachet lemon jelly powder (or any other flavour you fancy)

1 small pot Total full fat yoghurt

Wash the berries if wild and place in a pan with the water, and a little sugar if you like (the jelly powder makes it sweet enough for me, but I don't have a sugar craving). Cook the berries gently until soft (If using blackberries, you might like to remove the tiny hard seeds by passing the mixture through a fine sieve once done). As soon as the berries are ready, dissolve the jelly powder in the hot liquid. Set aside to cool, out of the fridge as you do not want it to set at this stage. When it is no more than vaguely warm, add the yoghurt and mix in well. Tip out of the pan into a nice glass bowl. When it is thoroughly cool, place in the fridge and allow to set fully. It will not go hard like jelly, but will be creamy and mousse-like, and a lovely vibrant colour depending on the type of berries in it. You could also place it to set in individual bowls.

33 Reasons to come to Agiotfest

'All photos courtesy of Dick Mulder, Green-island.'



Adoring



Appreciating



Belonging



Bonding



Clapping



Crowding



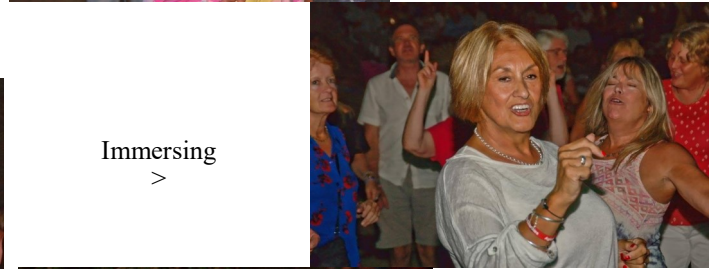
Instructing
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Beaming



Disinhibiting



Immersing
>



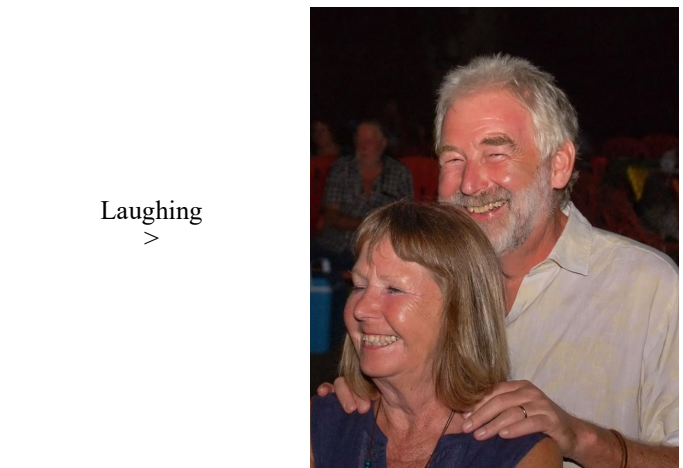
Clicking



Dancing



Joking
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Laughing
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Continued on Page 14

33 Reasons to come to Agiotfest— Continued from Page 13



Listening



Exulting



Grooving



Loving



Enjoying



More clicking



Observing



Sharing



Reflecting



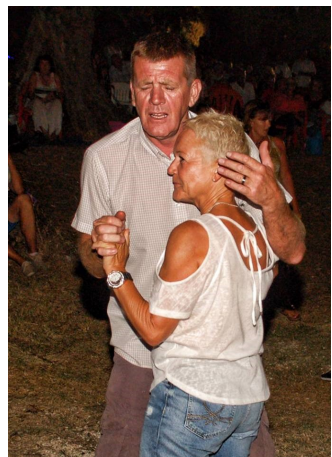
Saluting



Teasing



Glowing



Romancing



Partying



Sleeping



Holding



Obliging



Waving



Wondering

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

ΣΠΑΝΑΚΟΡΥΖΟ [Spinach with rice].

Ingredients

1 kg fresh spinach rinsed
 Juice of one lemon
 1 onion finely chopped or 2-3 spring onions
 chopped
 100ml olive oil plus more for drizzling
 1-2 tablespoons chopped dill [optional to taste]
 250 ml hot water
 100g medium grain rice
 Salt/Pepper

Go:-

1. In a large pot wilt the spinach with the lemon juice and 1 teaspoon olive oil. Set aside to drain.



2. In another pot sauté the onion with the rest of the olive oil until soft. Add the spinach, [dill] and warm water and bring to a boil.
3. Add the rice, salt (as needed) and pepper and simmer for about 20 minutes until rice is soft and there is no water left. Add additional warm water as needed.
4. Serve warm or at room temperature with a squeeze of lemon juice and a bit of olive oil and feta.

Καλή όρεξη

The World of Simon

Being on my bicycle I could for once stop and give more than a motorist's passing glance at this decaying place on which the ivy's spreading. A short story awaits a visitor who once knew the Sunflower Hotel in Gouvia - right next to the main road. I half think that someone may be staying in one of its 14 rooms, slipping in and out past the dusty reception unstaffed for - how many years? Last reference on the internet is 2002 but there's still a phone that may even ring. Are there happy ghosts of holidays past roaming here? It has always seemed to me a pleasant poignant ruin. No Bates Motel. The Sunflower Hotel.



Tennyson: Life and Thought have gone away
 Side by side,
 Leaving door and windows wide.
 Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night:
 In the windows is no light;
 And no murmur at the door,
 So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door; the shutters close;
 Or through the windows we shall see
 The nakedness and vacancy
 Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
 Is here or merry-making sound.
 The house was builded of the earth,
 And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
 Here no longer dwell;
 But in a city glorious -
 A great and distant city - have bought
 A mansion incorruptible.
 Would they could have stayed with us!

Nature



A stick insect by Jason Fisher



Composition in green by Joy Konstantis



Flamingoes by Bert Rossum



Preying Mantis courtesy of Gillian Dick

Lionel's Pride

CURRENT SITUATION

No. of cats in original legacy: 9

Of which inherited by OCAV: 4
(old cats and young)

Number who have died: 2

Number requiring homes: 3
(as pictured here)

They cannot be housed here for long.

Please Help

Phone: 6974932408





Always a great welcome in Ipsos

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A MESSAGE FROM KATRINA GICA.

If you have heard about the benefits of using Turmeric, have discovered that the best way to take it is Golden Paste, yet you haven't got around to making any yet. Then this is for you.

One jar 200g of Fresh - Homemade - Organic- Golden Paste is €6. – €5 for 54 Frozen Golden Turmeric Bombs - T-Bombs.

For Orders please message me, call 26610 58090 or 6948 547 663. Or email gicas@otenet.gr .



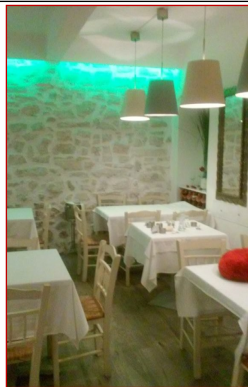
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5-DAY FESTIVAL...BE A PART OF IT!

Conversations with Dr McGoo

BY LANCE MAGNUSSON

Dr Magoo Acquires a Lady Friend

I suppose you've noticed there's been a lady visiting my house recently! I can assure you, however, that nothing improper is going on. Thanks to my sister's preference for riding her pony over observing me in my favourite boyhood game of firing nails at my toy lead soldiers, lined up in serried ranks on the hall floor - and of course admiring my fine aim - I have not wanted anytime in my life to have much to do with females. I'm afraid this intransigent and thoroughly selfish behaviour on my sister's part, in rejecting my toys, rather did ruin my life in the fair-sex department, but I never, ever mention the subject.

However, this lady is different, I must admit. First of all, she listens to me at all times; pays attention to all those wonderful stories I have to tell about my life's work stacking shelves in Tesco, and of course all the minute details about how I came to gain my Physician Degree in Theoretical Particle Wotsit, by proving beyond all measure of doubt that the tree in my garden is not solid. She listens to the particulars of all my other acclaimed inventions and endeavours, such as my DATFOM Diet * which I revealed in this newsletter a few months ago, and my incredible success in learning fluent Greek in three days flat. Yes, she listens to everything I say - that is, when she's not talking loudly herself.

And she's always got such a sweet smile fixed on her face! What? You think it looks like a smug, supercilious smirk, do you? Well, I think her smile is very nice, and it especially beams when she's telling me about how she's superior to all the other expat females here on the island. I am sure she's right, as she's got a Greek husband with a great job in a government car wash, as well as children who are successfully claiming benefits in the UK, my friend having made sure they were born there, just in case there weren't enough government car wash jobs available here.

I have to add that she also runs a very successful business, with her main office in Town and agencies

all over the island (ensuring of course that her female expat sub-agents are beholden to her, as is obviously their place. They are not the Boss and never can be!). I so admire her ability to implement an innovative business model - reflecting my own similar ability, as evidenced on the numerous occasions I told the senior management at Tesco how to run the chain, according to the aforesaid model. As I instructed the Tesco executives as they swept by on their annual inspection of my branch, it goes like this: You have to identify a product which no-one possesses but everyone needs; you then supply the product to the consumers at the correct price; and you offer a full follow-up service. By the way, I'm quite amazed and very disappointed that the Tesco lot just ignored me when I proffered this exclusive and original advice.

But back to my lady friend. You'll never guess what truly essential product she identified as missing from the local marketplace - one that everyone agrees is absolutely crucial for the well-being of the local populace: Sunlamps!!! It's a terrific idea, don't you think? Yes, I understand what you are saying - this is the Med., and it's sunny. But you surely know that sometimes it's cloudy for a day or two at a time in the winter, and therefore on those days people don't get enough of the vitamin thingy needed to stave off that syndrome everyone gets in the UK. MAD, I think it's called. Anyway, my friend identified the desperate need of the Corfiots for sunlamps and the lack of them in the shops. And what's more, she found a cheap and affordable supply source. So the sunlamps she sells are made in China. And they're made of plastic, which brings down the unit price even further! Don't you think that's an amazing concept? She's even serious about the follow-up service, which she gets her island-wide network of agents to enact on her behalf in an efficient manner. Apparently, the service mainly consists of scraping up the blobs of plastic left when the lamps are first turned on. But of course she can then sell the customers another one! Remind me to scribble that down later as an addition to my business model - Instant Product Redundancy. You know, I think I shall sell this idea to all the manufacturers in China. Make a fortune!

Continued on Page 19

Conversations with Dr McGoo
Continued from Page 18

Anyway, when my lady friend gets complaints which can't be dealt with by her agents, she crossly tells them it's not her fault as the initial deal to purchase the plastic sunlamps was made by her former business partner. By the way, he's not involved in the firm any more, but we'll come to that in a minute. The fact is, he was not pulling his weight - probably because, like every single person worldwide with a drop of Greek blood in his veins, he suffered from congenital stupidity and idleness. All he did, after all, was dash backwards and forwards to China to secure the deal, handle all the import licenses and permits, secure a warehouse, receive and stack the stock, and drive his truck around delivering the orders, whereas my friend worked so much harder sitting at the office desk and answering the phone on the occasions it rang. It really was an unfair division of the workload. But that's the Greeks for you - exploitative of all us foreigners.

Well, what happened was that this rip-off merchant whom she worked with got together with a group of friends to charter a small jet to go to Sochi for some sport. It ran out of fuel and crashed into the Black Sea, and they all died. As my lady friend said, that solved all her problems. The partner chap very nearly didn't go, apparently, as he couldn't find his passport, but fortunately she discovered it at the last minute at the back of the office desk drawer. Otherwise he'd still be dossing around the place doing F-all, wouldn't he?

You think it sounds like she wanted him dead? No, no, NO! You've taken what she said out of context. She never stated she wanted him DEAD, though she admits it's incredibly convenient that he is. How could a thought like that even enter the mind of such a nice, sweet, saintly person? Absolutely everyone in the world agrees she is so so so nice, and who are we to question that?

You see how nice she is? She brought me this plastic half-bottle of alcoholic beverage. I do hope it's vodka. Do you think you could give it a try for me? I'm really rather sick of that ouzo stuff so I'd rather not sample it first myself just in case. It's cheap euros, you say? I thought you could only get them at the bank rate... Oh, T-S-I-P-O-U-R-O. That's another I can add to my vast vocabulary of five Greek words - six now! Will it be good for lunch with Fanta Orange, and a mash of pickled beetroot and tinned sardines

on white toast? **

* The best-selling Ditch-All-That-Foreign-Muck Diet.

** A popular DATFOM Diet combination. Try it! [Ed. Tzatziki a delicious optional extra.]



Together

VIDEO CORNER

Paradise in heaven.

[WARNING: STRONG LANGUAGE].

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5qUbrsFuWHg>

Another England Manager crucified

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z8zl5hkTang>

Greek Dancing Viewable for those
with Google-mail.

[https://mail.google.com/mail/u/0/
#inbox/156b6275fb41393c](https://mail.google.com/mail/u/0/#inbox/156b6275fb41393c)

Nostalgia

A reflection on youth

THE MINSTREL

George Martin died on March 8th, 2016. He was 90. Many times he was described as the fifth Beatle.

The fleeting remembrance of his passing got me thinking about the band, so on Youtube I started to 'relive' some of the extraordinary times of the Beatles, a period of my short span which has had a disproportionate effect on my tiny life. For hours I watched various videos, clips, stories, and as I did so gradually fell again under that wonderful spell of youthful dreams and suburban skies.

How can I, how can anybody, explain the stardust that was the Beatles? Either in writing, or more significantly to me personally, to my own family. Many 'academic' writers have tilted at the post. But can anyone really and faithfully describe a river? So it must rest that this impact, this feeling, this dream, must remain in my inner core, as an unrequited passion.

The sensation of this journey is bitter-sweet, glorious, melancholic. For fifty-four years this beam of light has coursed through veins and neurons, sometimes elevated to consciousness, sometimes subliminal. But always there. These feelings I have but cannot explain-why should I- have been experienced by millions. Many, many millions.

So it is a comfort to an old man that, ultimately, we are never alone. As pebbles in a stream we have the water rushing and cleansing and engulfing us, but each of us pebbles has a slightly different ripple.

I never saw the Beatles perform live, never met them, never spoke to them. Yet, no doubt like so many others, I feel they are part of me and, by definition, I'm part of them. So happy and lucky to lived in these times.



Bryn

Having spent two months trudging through India, Thailand, Vietnam & Cambodia viewing the countryside through an alcoholic haze & surviving my 73rd birthday on my return, I vowed not to drink anymore.....However, I'm not going to drink any less.....cheers!!! P.S. do you think it's time to get another beach shirt?

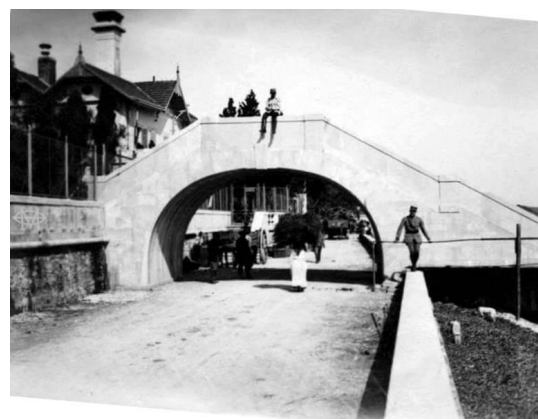


Bryn Gooding, friend of Corfu.



The strange case of the stolen head <

Turn of the Century photo of the Kaiser's bridge >



Greece is Number 1

AND FOR THOSE OF YOU
WHO DO NOT KNOW:

Readers of the popular and highly regarded *Condé Nast Traveller UK* magazine have just voted Greece as the best country in the world to visit in the 2016 edition of the Readers' Travel Awards.

The current refugee and economic crisis in Greece has not deterred jet setters from making their way to the Mediterranean- with tourists well aware of the fact that Greece is still at the top when it comes to guaranteed warm weather, pristine sea water, breathtaking sunsets and delicious cuisine.

Greece's tourism office is predicting a record year for 2016, with arrivals estimated to reach 25 million and 27.5 million including cruise ship passengers.

Coming in at second place is neighbouring country Italy and third place has been awarded to the United States.

Top 10 countries in CN Traveller's online Readers' Travel Awards →

1. Greece
 2. Italy
 3. US
 4. South Africa
 5. France
 6. Spain
 7. India
 8. Australia
 9. Thailand
- Mexico

COME TO GREECE!