

The Agiot

23rd Edition

This Month

Countdown To The Agiotfest 09 - Continues.
Page 1-2

Raffle Tickets Available.
Page 2

Agiotfest 09 Programme.
Page 2

Omega 5 Update.
Page 3

Village News.
Page 3

Corfu Weather.
Page 3

Ionian independence, enosis and the British Protectorate
Page 4-5

Stop Press
Page 5

Corfu Light Railway Argument Rages.
Page 6

Aunty Lula's Love Bites.
Page 5

Confessions of a Villa Chef.
Page 7-8

Bubbles and Boogie!
Page 8

Thank you from the Ark.
Page 9

Scherzando Says - Fun Page.
Page 10

Extra-Terrestrials?
Page 11-12

Classical Music Night Program.
Page 8



Countdown To The Agiotfest 09 - Continues

By Paul McGovern
Editor



Preparations are well-advanced for this year's great night of music on Saturday 12th September. If you haven't already bought tickets, please try to do so prior to the day.

We really don't want to have to turn away anybody from this ground-breaking show.

It will go on even if it rains, but for that possibility on the day please bring suitable protection. If there is a

massive downpour the show will switch to the following evening.

With kind contributions from Asian Spa we are able to offer a first-rate raffle. As well as the first prize previously noted please see the complete list within this article. The draws will be on the night. A percentage of the proceeds will go to local charities. We thank Lucy Steele for her tireless help.

Continued on Page 2

Countdown to The Agiotfest 09—
Continues
Continued from Page 1



"Agiotfest 09 T-Shirt"

T-shirts will also be available to order in all sizes and will cost €16.00 inclusive of postage and packing.

Comperes for the evening of the Saturday are Natasa Katehi and Steve Dell.

Representing the media will be several radio stations including Island Radio. Local newspapers will also be here, photographers and video cameramen will take their part.

Children under five are admitted free but will need a lap to sit on. Children between 5 and 14 are admitted at half price, but obviously get a seat.

Signs to the Fest will be in the form of red arrows [not aeroplanes]; for those who don't know the area please follow these to the car parking and nearby venue.

We welcome all Agiots and newcomers and hope you have a fantastic night.

AGIOTFEST 09 RAFFLE

First Prize:
One weeks stay for up to 7 persons in Villa Theodora, Agios Ioannis
During May 2010
(Travelling expenses not included)

Other Prizes Include:
2nd Prize - A surprise
3rd Prize - A bottle of Champagne
4th Prize - An 80 minute massage at Asian Spa
5th Prize - A water ski lesson
6th Prize - Ladies hair-styling

Ticket Prices: €3.00

AGIOTFEST 09 PROGRAMME

AGIOS IOANNIS PLATEIA, CORFU
SEPTEMBER 12TH 2009
GATES OPEN: 6.00 P.M.

6.30 P.M. — *The Good Old Boys* introducing *Jemma Bartlett*

7.30 P.M. — *Omega 5*

8.30 P.M. — *East Of Memphis*

9.30 P.M. — *The Dylan Project*

11.30 P.M. — *Draw for the raffle*

Timings may vary slightly on the evening.
Food and drink on sale from the Sylogos building all evening
Agiotfest t-shirts may be ordered and delivered from here.

The Agiotfest 09 is proud to be associated with:

Ocay Property Services
The Cultural Association of Agios Ioannis
The Corfiot Magazine
The British Corner Shop
The Corfu Club
Island Radio
Spear Travels
XpatAthens.com
Asian Spa
www.Daylong.co.uk

If you enjoy this evening and would like information for 2010 please visit: www.agiotfest.co.uk

LOOK OUT FOR NEXT YEAR'S LINE-UP FOR AGIOFEST 10



Agios Ioannis
Music Festival

Omega 5 Update

By Paul McGovern
Editor



Omega 5 was formed 5 years ago on Corfu. The band is operating out of the north of the island; Lead guitarist Paul Stenton has worked with many big names including sessions at Abbey Road. Barry Packman has been playing since early 1970s and has worked with Fairport

Convention, 10cc, War and Big Jim Sullivan. Steve Dell is the ex-singer with 1980s rock band Tiger Tail; on drums Nige Howard-Smith, Ex Changing Faces Band, worked for years in bands around Sussex. On Bass Steve Henshaw from north-east England has been playing since 1970s with bands all over the UK.

Copy and paste this link into your search-bar for more info about Barry and friends:-
<http://barrycorfu.tripod.com/index.html>

Corfu Weather Statistics:

The highest temperature for August this year was 37.1C on the 15th, and the minimum temperature was 21.2C. Total rainfall for the August was 20.9 mm with 17.1 falling on the 30th. Total rainfall for the year so far is 649.8 mm.. . Maximum windspeed reached 50 kmh on the 30th and maximum gust speed 90.7 kmh at two o'clock on the 19th

Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Nitsa has been walking around with one arm in a sling. It is said that she fell out of bed and fractured her collar-bone. However to date nobody has been known to reprove Kosta for shoving or kicking too hard and one person was heard to remark, "She shouldn't have been practising quidditch at her age." We are pleased to report that Nitsa is still her usual cheerful self and quite active, well on the road to recovery.

Despite the lengthy unbroken spell of hot weather we have been very fortunate in that there have been no serious fires on the island.

The fireplanes and their crews have spent a long holiday basking in the sun, with only an occasional brief outing.

This month has become known for Music Week, now transformed into Agiotfest. This year, with the event experimentally assuming international proportions, there will be just two concerts, the customary classical evening at the beginning of the week, Monday, 7th September, with Ria Georgiadis (flute) and Lionel Mann (organ), and the grand finale on Saturday, 12th September, featuring The Dylan Project with supporting acts. We are looking forward to welcoming Ria, professor of flute in the Music Department of the Ionian University.

Elke Hornig, who has been the flautist for the past five years, will not be on the island at the relevant time this year.

In August we welcomed the visits of Paul Grove and relatives, the families of Oresti Sarafopoulos, Henry Stach, Ray Bachan, Nigel Pilkington and Matthew Shingler, as well as Denis Oxlee, Angela and Nick.

In addition to participants in Agiotfest, September visitors will include returnees Slap and Tickle and Robert Bennett celebrating his 50th birthday. Happy Birthday, Robert!

Ionian independence, enosis and the British Protectorate

By
Simon Baddeley

Hellenic cunning is a foxed reflection of perfidious Albion. His body to be buried in the Hiera Polis, his love of Greece saving many a foolish Englishman's bacon to this day, Lord Byron swore "The world's at war with tyrants, shall I crouch"; but surrounded by Greek irregulars, delayed on Cefalonia the year before his death, he wrote home in private vexation 'there never was such an incapacity for veracity shown since Eve lived in Paradise.' Notwithstanding Maitland's roads, Guilford's education, garrison cricket and Tommy's *tsin tsin birra*, unravelling the machinations of Britain, her supporters, detractors and enemies on the islands, I learn more of political life under our 'amical protection'.

I was told by a British friend - a snippet filed under 'conjecture' - that Corfiots were fiercely proud to be Greek but sustained a certain sense of superiority toward other Greeks. Our dear friend N, from Patras, did mention, when we were happily [talking politics](#) at table - as is encouraged here - that some Corfiots (and presumably some in the rest of the Septinsular) felt, that in surrendering the Protectorate on 21 May 1864, the British had abandoned what could have been an independent Republic to the Greek Monarchy, embroiling them in the machinations of Athens.

Sir Thomas Wyse, author of an early guide for northern tourists - *Impressions of Greece* - had been ten years British Minister to the Hellenes, reporting on local affairs to the Foreign Office in London. On 2 December 1858, in a dispatch to

the Earl of Malmesbury, Foreign Secretary in the government of Lord Derby, Wyse describes how, on the evening of 24 November, he'd just left a party given by Ozeroff, the Russian Minister to Greece, when a young employee from the Hellenic Foreign Office called Typaldos arrived with the news 'that the Ionian Islands had been ceded to Greece'.

..the dance ceased...groups were to be seen in every direction congratulating each other, especially amongst the younger portion of the company on so unexpected and auspicious an event.

This news came attached to reports of William Gladstone's extraordinary mission to the islands, journeying from England by train and diligence through Dresden, Prague and Vienna to Trieste where the paddle steamer *HMS Terrible* took him down the Adriatic via the magnificent Albanian landfall - the storm-stripped mountains of the Acroceraunian peninsular - arriving in Corfu on 24 November - the day of the Russian embassy dance. The morning after Typaldos' news, people in Athens, according to Wyse, had begun ...

... to hesitate as to the advantages of the change. The more sedate and experienced did not see that either party could gain much by the proposed union. Others went so far as to express apprehension of immediate danger to the monarchy and dynasty, from annexing their turbulent

neighbour little used to the restrictions of genuine Hellenic liberty...(The Ionians) couple with the hope of such annexation, the means of establishing by their audacity or preponderance, a new state of things in Greece, involving in some of the theories, a radical alteration, not in the constitution only, but in the dynasty and Monarchy of the State...The time is not yet ripe, it is added, for so perilous an experiment. It would be not so much an annexation of the Ionian Islands to Greece, as of Greece to the Ionian Islands...

The news at Ozeroff's party turned out to be a rumour. Union with Greece did not occur for another five and a half years. Gladstone had come to Corfu to convey to Ionians, a message from Queen Victoria, that union or independence were, for the time being, impossible. He toured the islands. Arriving at Cefalonia, as he crossed the bridge to Argostoli under pouring rain, he encountered a large, boisterous yet civil crowd calling 'zito í enosi' ('hurray for union') and, from some at the back, 'Down with the Protection'. Back on Corfu he was taken to what's now 'Old' Perithia to sample a contrary view. Similar lack of enthusiasm for union was expressed in other places; Kinopiastes comes to mind, as does, Ano Korakiana, whose main street is called Odos Dimokratias - villages that have, even in recent times stayed away from town on 21 May. It's complicated.

Ionian independence, enosis and the British Protectorate
 Continued from Page 4

A Philhellene through his brilliance as a classical scholar, a growing admirer of the Greek Orthodox Church, inclining towards the ideals of democracy but only when the electorate were ready for its responsibilities, Gladstone became convinced that a catalogue of complaints against the Protectorate could be attributed to the style of the Commissioner, Sir John Young, an Etonian school friend. Young had secretly proposed an Ionian partition, converting strategic Corfu and Paxos to British colonies, leaving troublesome Zante, and Cephalonia and the smaller islands to Greece, a story leaked to *The Times* that had spread across Europe, and certainly to alert Ionians, well informed by a busy press. The leak embarrassed Gladstone en route. In a meeting with the Austrian Foreign Minister in Vienna he was emphatic this was Young's idea not Britain's policy. Assiduous in his homework on Corfu, Gladstone also came to attribute the Ionian dissension that had prompted his mission to the Maitland Constitution of 1817. Unbalanced in favour of the High Commissioner's veto, it was, like letting people leave school too early, a system that prevented progress towards a self-governing Ionian Parliament, making the Protectorate a colony in all but name, unready for the independence he hoped to sow (intimations of Gladstone's later preoccupation with Home Rule for Ireland). As for union with the Greek state, still immature after hardly 40 years' independence, Gladstone's soundings led him to doubt it was what most Ionians or the Greek government really desired.

He had spent a few weeks of his Ionian mission visiting Athens, so engrossed in politics he could hardly digest the classical sights. On 13 December 1858 writing to Edward Bulwer-Lytton, Secretary of State for the Colonies under Lord Derby, William noted 'divided sentiment' about union in the Greek Kingdom - something 'feared as well as desired' (fascinating to see the great man's handwriting and signatures on the actual letter in the National Archives at Kew). In the same bulky Colonial Office file I read a letter marked 'most secret' from Sir Henry Storks, also to Bulwer-Lytton, written a few months after Gladstone had sailed from Corfu on 19 February, keen to return to the fray at Westminster. Sir Henry had also been in Athens, leaving his Deputy in charge at the Palace of St. Michael and St. George. To Gladstone and Wyse's opinions he adds:

'No doubt the King of Greece would find the inhabitants of these islands very difficult to rule, and in many respects superior in attainments, and less docile than his own subjects, but still territorial aggrandizement, and the commanding strategical and maritime position of these islands, are objects of ambition which the Court of Athens is not likely to underrate...'

...and as for King Otto and Queen Amalia:

It is my duty to acquaint you that I have heard from sources in which I have confidence that little reliance is to be placed in anything the King or Queen of Greece, or the Ministers may say on the

subject of the annexation of these States to the Kingdom of Greece. I believe there is an undercurrent of intrigue fanning the flame here, and that the chief movers are Greek agents.

Having engineered Young's departure, Gladstone before heading home on *HMS Terrible*, suffering badly from sea sickness on the winter Adriatic, had prepared a detailed reform package aimed at maturing Ionian parliamentary practice, strengthening the hand of the Ionian middle ground, and weakening pressure for union with Greece. Sir Henry Storks, as he had anticipated, faced its immediate and absolute rejection by the [Ionian Assembly](#) amid renewed calls for *enosis*. Thus we enter the last five years of the Protectorate.

Stop Press!

By
 Roving Reporter

By the way there were two shootings in Gouvia recently. One person dead and one seriously injured.

But no-one knows anything else!!!

News From the North

Unfortunately "Obnoxious Al" is on holiday this month in Bulgaria.

We look forward to his regular article from next month. *Probably drunk on some beach.*

Corfu Light Railway - Argument Rages

By
Earnest Porter
[Transport and Communication Reporting]



“New main railway construction near Varipatades”

Things are coming to a head [of steam] over the building of a mainline station in Agios Ioannis [please refer to previous month’s issue]. A rival bid, not previously disclosed, has come in from a German firm to construct an S.S.

[super-station] at a location close to Varipatades. Despite the tender not being accepted work has already started on this massive rival to the more modest template of the Agios version, [see picture].

Work is occurring daily on this edifice, or I should say nightly, as the C.L.R. [its membership heavily split now on the entire issue] has conceded to night-construction only, to proceed with the new station without too much attention from interested parties. The sheep have noticed, however, as they have been prevented from their traditional grazing by a posh new wire fence surrounding the perimeter of the station with its attendant marshalling yards.

On a happier points Mr Giorgos Kolourades has revealed the livery to be adopted by the first trains will

be a smart olive green, indistinguishable almost from the surrounding flora; the timetable is for the first commercial journey to take place Easter 2010 with an 0-6-0 Joffre steam locomotive drawing six smart carriages. The only main issue here would seem to be the confusion as to exactly which stations the train will travel between.

Ocay Services have asked for a station to be built in Agios Ioannis in any event, to form part of an infrastructure capable of carrying the large numbers expected at Agiotfest 2010.



Aunty Lula’s Love-bites

SEA BREAM or BASS

1kg Fish
1tbls Chopped Parsley
2 cloves Garlic, finely chopped
1 tsp Chopped Rosemary
Salt and Pepper to taste.
Slices of Lemon.

For the marinade::

Lemon Juice
Olive Oil
Oregano

Go:

Wash and clean the fish, remov-

ing intestines and excess scales.
Rub with the salt and pepper.

Mix the herbs.

Stuff the fish with the herbs.

Grease some greaseproof paper’

Place the fish upon the paper and place a few lemon slices on the fish.

Fold the paper to completely enclose the fish.

Place the fish upon a baking tray’

Cook for about an hour in an

oven preheated to 150C

When cooked remove fish from the oven.

Open the paper and pour the marinade over the fish.
Serve.

Alternatively the fish may be barbecued, without using greaseproof paper, turning occasionally.

Bon appetit!

Confessions of a Villa Chef

By
Hilary Paipeti

Stepping in as a favour to a friend, I spent the first part of July cooking for a party of Swiss holiday-makers, staying in a villa near Kokkini.

Let's get my confession out of the way first: 'It ain't me that done it, guv, it were Rick Stein' (with a little help from Marcella Hazan).

Having been Rick's 'point of contact' and 'gofer' in Corfu for his latest TV series 'Mediterranean Escapes', I'm a great fan of the guy, and of the cookbook that accompanied the programmes. While I'm not a cook who follows recipes down to the last gram, I've found that you can rely on Rick - and I thought I would test some of his renderings of Greek dishes on my clients.

Two Swiss families with, between them, three early-to-mid teenage boys. Robust food required, and lots of it. I checked in advance with one of the mums, Doris, whether there were any food-hates, and whether Mediterranean grub would be acceptable. No problems, she said. The kids have been brought up to eat their salads and vegetables, and the only no-go was fish - a pity as I would have liked to do gravad lax (raw pickled salmon - my recipe, not Rick's) and marinated anchovies a la Hazan for starters, plus a fish paella as a main. But they that pay the piper ...

It turned out that my concerns regarding picky teenage tastes (NO WAY was I going to do hamburgers and fish fingers specially!) were paralleled by the two families' worries about hiring an English cook. You know that old joke: An ideal world is where the lovers are Italian, the cooks are French and the Swiss organise it all, while the nightmare scenario is where the lovers are Swiss, the cooks are English and it's all organised by the Greeks (sic). Before the party set out on their hols, a friend had commented: 'An English cook? You'll get fish and chips every night!' 'No, no!' replied Doris. 'She's going to cook Mediterranean food!' 'English Mediterranean food!' answered the friend. 'YEEUUUCK! Fish and chips with Mediterranean salsa!'

So does our reputation precede us ...

Thus it was with some trepidation that Marco, Doris, Freddie, Barbara, Claudio, Pascal and Yanick awaited their first meal. Since they were arriving early evening and wanted a 'light meal', I decided to prepare everything at home, to give them time and space for ablutions, unpacking and familiarisation. As arranged, I arrived at 20.30 with a meal-on-wheels: Tzatziki and Tahini Dips with crudite, Tabbouleh Salad, and Warm Roast Chicken. The Tahini Dip is the easiest starter imaginable - just mix tahini paste with lemon juice to taste and water until it reaches the texture of a light cream. The Tzatziki was Rick's, already tried and tested, and quite the best I've tasted. It also takes only a couple of minutes to put together, the only 'labour' being the grating of the cucumber. I subsequently had to prepare Tzatziki almost every night; the guests fought over the last licking, and I never managed to get any myself, for by the time I sat down it was all gone!

Pascal told his mum, Barbara, that the Tabbouleh (Middle-Eastern burghul and parsley salad) was 'better than hers'.

However, I didn't follow Rick's instructions not to soak the cracked wheat - I gave it about ten minutes, plus an hour mixed with the diced tomatoes and lemon juice that are also essential ingredients.

While the guests tucked in, I deboned the chicken, just-roasted at home and still hot, and dressed it with a sauce derived from one of Rick's dishes.

If I had been aware of their advance fears, I might have interpreted the expression on their faces at the end of the meal as relief. Which it was.

We quickly slipped into a routine: Breakfast about 9.30 every day, then one night eating in and the alternate night out, accompanied by me as no-drink driver. With only about five or six hours sleep a night, I wasn't going to give up my siesta, so I did most of the preparation in the mornings. Corfiot and Greek casserole dishes are good tempered, since they are the prod-

uct of minimal cooking facilities and are used to hanging around, so it was fine to leave them all afternoon and prepare only starters, vegetables and salads at the last minute. Evening by evening, I served Sofrito with buttered mashed potatoes (Claudio loves mash), Pastitsada with rigatoni, stuffed tomatoes and peppers, roast pork belly roll stuffed with garlic and served with Briam, Pastitsio, Gemista and Lamb Kleftiko. The Sofrito and Pastitsada were my own, but Rick helped out with the others.

I'd never made Pastitsio (macaroni pie with meat sauce and bechamel) before; it can be both stodgy and bland depending on the skills - or otherwise - of the cook. Trust in Rick!

Our favourite celeb chef doesn't stint on flavourings (we had discussed this on his visit, and had agreed that food in the UK is under-seasoned), so cinnamon, cloves AND bay leaves went into the meat sauce. But hang on! THREE whole tablespoons of oregano (great on grills, but can be bitter)? But didn't I say I could trust Rick? So three went in, and he was absolutely right; the sauce needs to be highly flavoured to balance the relative blandness of the pasta and bechamel.

Oregano was another key ingredient in the Lamb Kleftiko - again three tablespoons, including some freshly gathered from a friend's garden. The dish needed three hours in the oven, both too long a time to complete in the morning or in the evening, without intruding on my siesta. So I gave it an hour and a half beforehand, left it in the oven all afternoon, then gave it another hour's blast before serving. I also didn't peel the potatoes as per instructions, as they were newly dug and beautiful. The result? Lamb that was melting from the bone, soaked in a meld of garlic, lemon, bay and oregano. Truly divine!

Continued on Page 8

Confessions of a Villa chef
Continued from Page 7

Rick's Gemista recipe uses only tomatoes and contains no meat, but since I like peppers too, and my guests needed a substantial main course, I adapted Rick's recipe. Accordingly, half a kilo of mince went in, as well as two packets of Italian dried mushrooms, which while they weren't obvious in the finished dish, certainly contributed a depth of flavour to the sauce. I also interspersed the vegetables with potatoes, cut in lengthwise quarters. I hate waste, and I reheated the few remaining vegetables and served them as a starter for the next meal.

My guests' holiday luckily coincided with the mid-summer fig-ripening (main-crop comes at summer's end), so every morning I scrumpled the fruit from local trees (before anyone gets het up and sends me an irate letter, they would have fallen and rotted if I hadn't picked them). The figs formed the centrepiece for breakfast, along with watermelon, apricots, peaches or cherries (these from the supermarket), and cheese, cold cuts and fresh-baked bread. Twice I mixed leftover mash with an egg, some flour, cheese and parsley to make little potato cakes, frying them in oil until golden. But that's all the frying I did at breakfast - I don't do full English, and thankfully my Swiss guests didn't want it.

So two weeks passed with great nosh, everything being accompanied by the exclamation

'delicious!'

Maybe now at least one European family has a different opinion about English cooks!

SOME TIPS

EQUIPMENT Holiday-rental villas are often 'not very well equipped. Villa Aphrodite, supposedly set up for eight, only had two small saucepans and no serving dishes, and lacked some basic utensils like a colander and even a wooden spoon. I was lucky that a representative of the local office handling the rental went out and bought everything I asked for. Nevertheless, much of my own kitchen equipment migrated to the villa during the course of the stay. Particularly, I could not have managed without my beloved Le Creuset casseroles, and the Kleftiko would probably not have been as good cooked in anything else. Still, you sometimes have to improvise - the colander makes a good bread basket!

COLD CUTS Marco and Freddie in particular loved their breakfast ham and salami. I bought the meats whole from the Corfu Pork Products Factory (on the Paleokastritsa road near Casa Lucia) - air-dried salami with a smooth taste and Comot smoked salami which was more piquant, a wonderful sweet pork loin, and *Nouboulo*, pork loin soaked in red wine, salt-cured and dried, unique to the island. These I sliced to requirement every morning and also as a pre-starter for several evening meals. Many people are under the impression that these products are expensive, and prefer to buy packeted, ready-sliced ham and salami, mostly sloppily salty and chemically enhanced. But I calculated that by buying

whole from the local factory, our cold cuts cost **LESS THAN HALF** than if I'd bought commercial varieties from the supermarket. And ten times as nice!

CHEESE The same applies. Don't buy big-brand plasticised cheese - it's just that. Most decent-sized supermarkets have excellent cheese counters which sell 'off the wheel' products from all over Greece. Graviera is a medium-hard cheese which can be very sharp (like the one from Crete) or creamy. The Naxos one is very well balanced, and we also tried a creamy version from Paramythias (on the Mainland opposite, so the nearest you'll get to local). Also recommended is Ladotiri from Mytilini. Add some feta and you have a nice selection. As long as they're not too busy, the cheese-servers will be happy to give you a tasting so you can find out what you like.

BUTCHER I bought all the meat from Pavlos Lomis, whose shop near Aqualand was conveniently close to the villa. The meat is from their own farm at Vasilica and is ecologically produced: The lamb in particular was top rate.

THANKS TO: Alex and Sarah for delicious courgettes, aubergines, peppers and cucumbers from their farm. Kalliopi and Fergal for perfect green beans. Phil for oregano and the great Kleftiko potatoes. And the self-styled 'Crazy Swiss' for their appreciation. Not forgetting Rick Stein.

VILLA APHRODITE (with pool and sea view) can be rented through OCAY Property Services in Agios Ioannis. Tel. (0030) 26610 58177, website: www.corfuvillas.org.

Bubbles and Boogie!



On the last Saturday in August the Corfu Club arranged a business enterprise exhibition at Taverna Akti by the beach in Barbati. A steady stream of arrivals visited the variety of stalls exhibiting displays promoting everything from tennis coaching and tourism to candle-making and artwork. OCAY was there with a stall advertising Agiotfest.

The Exhibition was followed by a buffet dinner and dance. Those

of our staff who remained were greatly impressed by the cuisine!



THE ARK ANIMAL WELFARE CHARITYRegistered No: 306/1997

Contributed by Lucy Steele

WHAT A NIGHT !!

This year The ARK decided to try a different kind of Summer Party so on Monday, 27 July 2009 in Kanoni, we arranged a musical programme (Music on a Summer Night) and, much to our delight, it was an outstanding success!

The following local Artists very kindly gave their services free:

PAPPA LENNO & DOC STEVE
THE GOOD OLD BOYS (Russ & Frank)
JIM's JAM (Jim, Marcello & friends)
BLUES REFUGEES (Raul & Dave)

These Artists gave an excellent performance, playing everything from Rock 'n Roll, Rhythm 'n Blues, Jazz, Ballads, Harmony – you name it; they played it!

For the sum of only 18euros we provided a finger buffet, wine, soft drinks (served by three charming young ladies in Greek national costume) and catered for around 150 happy people.

There was a Raffle (tickets cost only 3euros each) and the 32" Flat-screen HD TV was won by a lady who lives in Gouvia.

The ARK Animal Welfare Charity would like to sincerely thank the Artists, and all the volunteers who helped make the evening so successful. We would also like to thank the local shops/supermarkets who donated various food/drink items.

The evening helped boost our funds, thereby enabling us to extend our programme of caring; providing medical assistance and finding homes for as many animals as possible.

It is with this gift of giving our time to help the many stray and abandoned animals on Corfu that The ARK can go forward to become a more successful Charity.

THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH !!

[Web site: www.corfuanimalwelfare.com](http://www.corfuanimalwelfare.com)

[E-mail: info@corfuanimalwelfare.com](mailto:info@corfuanimalwelfare.com)

A REMINDER:

Sunday, 4 October is World Animal Day and The ARK will acknowledge this Important Day by having an Open Day in Corfu town. There will be an Information Centre (open Saturday and Sunday, 3 and 4 October) and you are all very welcome to visit us and learn more about our very important work regarding the welfare of the abandoned animals on Corfu.

Scherzando saYS

Youthful Thoughts?!

A little boy goes to his father and asks 'Daddy, how was I born?'

The father answers, 'Well, son, I guess one day you will need to find out anyway! Your Mum and I first got together in a chat room on Yahoo. Then I set up a date via e-mail with your Mum and we met at a cyber-cafe. We sneaked into a secluded room, where your mother agreed to a download from my hard drive. As soon as I was ready to upload, we discovered that neither one of us had used a firewall, and since it was too late to hit the delete button, nine months later a little Pop-Up appeared that said:

'You got Male!'



Young people don't know what age is, and old people forget what youth was.

Irish proverb



A group of children were asked to list what they thought were the present "Seven Wonders of the World". After some discussion and disagreements the final list read:

1. Great Pyramids of Egypt
2. Taj Mahal
3. Grand Canyon
4. Panama Canal
5. Empire State Building
6. St. Peter's Basilica
7. Great Wall of China

One child was still working on her list so the teacher asked if she needed help. "Yes, a little. There were so many to choose from," she replied. "Maybe we can help, what have you got so far?" The girl replied "I think the Seven Wonders of the World are:

1. To See
2. To Hear
3. To Touch
4. To Taste
5. To Feel
6. To Laugh
7. To love

Children sometimes help us to see things in a very different way!?

Be kind to your kids, they'll be choosing your nursing home!

Unknown



In youth the days are short and the years are long; in old age the years are short and the days are long.

N.I. Panin 1718-1783



The first half of our life is ruined by parents - and the second half by our children.

**C. Darrow
1857-1938**



Thought for Next Month

I've heard that cardiovascular exercise can prolong life; is this true?

Your heart is only good for so many beats, and that's it... Don't waste them on exercise. Everything wears out eventually. Speeding up your heart will not make you live longer; that's like saying you can extend the life of your car by driving it faster. Want to live longer? Take a nap.

Extra-Terrestrials?

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Some forty years ago I was appointed Director of Music at a boys' Preparatory School in a former British colony. The country is very sparsely populated and children as young as six from remote locations need to attend boarding school for their education.

The appointment was alleged to be one of the most prestigious in the land; twenty-four of the hundred-and-twenty pupils were Choral Scholars, singing services in the Chapel. When I had attended for interview the Headmaster had told me, "Of course we cannot make this completely a home-from-home, but we do our best." He had showed me the dormitory of the six-and seven-year-olds, each bed with a teddy-bear or similar on its pillow. I had hesitated before accepting the post as I was very happy where I was, but eventually I yielded to a barrage of telephone calls from the Head and moved in.

However, the ethos has changed. Many of the former pupils going on to Public Schools at thirteen has asked to be taken away because of the harsh conditions in secondary schools in that land, and parents were complaining of the "cosy" conditions prevailing at that preparatory establishment. The Head had appointed a Housemaster from a Public School with the mandate to "toughen up" the pupils. All boys, even the six-year-olds, were roused from bed at seven in the morning to run naked across the field, white with frost in the winter, to the swimming-pool and there forced to swim a length before returning to the school where those taking a warm rather than a cold shower

were denounced as "wimps". Additionally a strict regimen was enforced by Matron and Housemaster with a multiplicity of petty rules, infringements being met with savage beatings. This was in the second half of the twentieth century, but nobody had told the populace that the Old Queen was dead and a very archaic system of education prevailed country-wide. The main winter game was Rugby football and the boys were urged on with, "This isn't a game, it's war. Go for it, get your man." (Their national team still performs a war dance before its matches). Three times we of the staff were required to drive around the sparsely-populated rural locality to find pupils who had run away. They were hauled back to very severe punishment.

I stuck with it for two terms before resigning, sick of witnessing the distress caused by the barbaric conditions. I was also declared a "wimp", but word spread and within two days I received a telephone call offering me a cathedral appointment that I immediately accepted.

All this is but to set the scene for very intriguing incident. Of course, given such Spartan environment boys were very loth to risk breaking rules, one of which forbade leaving bed after lights-out. However one morning all thirty eight- to thirteen-year-old occupants of one dormitory, prefects included, admitted to having scrambled from their beds to watch a very strange aircraft, "like a fried egg", passing their windows, uncurtained and open day and night except to driving rain. The machine was glowing brilliantly white and emitting a musical hum, "Just like the organ in the Chapel,

sir." They saw this phenomenon vanish behind a nearby hill. Their various accounts were significantly similar and even iron authority refrained from punishing misdemeanour under such circumstances, moreover a day-boy, from a farm in the direction that the aircraft had disappeared, arrived that morning telling of a large circle of scorched crops in one of his father's fields. I have never ridiculed any tales of U.F.O.s!

Planet Earth has been around for four-and-a-half billion (4,500,000,000) terrestrial years, give or take a few either way; only a brief five million (5,000,000) years ago our ancestors came down from the trees; a mere one-hundred-and-fifty thousand (150,000) years ago had they become recognisably hominid; a scant ten thousand (10,000) years ago were the first signs of "civilisation" apparent. (Debatable - we still go to war - a total relapse into barbarism.) Given reasonable conditions - unless some brainless U.S. president starts throwing nuclear missiles about or we manage to destroy completely our environment through widespread industrial and internal-combustion pollution - the human race may expect to be around at least another three billion (3,000,000,000) years before our orbit becomes too close to the Sun to support life. We must beware of intellectual arrogance; there is so very much more to be learnt; we are yet in the nappy stage of knowledge and technology. I always warned my pupils, "The more you know, the more you realise that do not know."

Continued on Page 11

Extra-Terrestrials?
Continued from Page 10

Does anybody seriously believe that we are the only inhabited planet amongst the many thousands spinning around in space? And as there are other life forms out there, may some not be infinitely further along the road of development and able to travel around the universe at will? Too, they will also be truly civilised and pose no threat to our lower form of life. "Star Wars" is no more than a tragically distorted fantasy; no genuinely intelligent power seeks to dominate and exploit others.

What would be the purpose of an "alien" visit to Earth? Exploration? Research? They would naturally be very reluctant to become embroiled in the rash of hostilities that currently plague this planet and they might even leave "missionaries" with the purpose of trying to guide us to better things? There are also records of the inexplicable disappearance of notable personages. "Beam me up, Scotty?"

Accounts of mysterious appearances exist, the most widely publicized allegedly having been accompanied by strange music and exotic beings. The depositing of an exemplary alien would explain the

event at least as plausibly as the more widely accepted but somewhat incredible infantile account. (It would also explain the arrival's amazing adult knowledge of curative procedures!)

Scoff if you will, but there are infinitely more things in this universe than are dreamt of in our current very primitive philosophy. U.F.O.s and benevolent extra-terrestrials are by no means beyond the bounds of possibility.

Pen Friend of Andy!!



"Molly Gaskill from Derbyshire"

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