

83rd Edition

The Agiot

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6TH AGIOTFEST A BLAST



The Fallout wow Agiotfest

By
THE MINSTREL

The party is over and what a party it was. The weather stayed kind, the show rolled out.

It is less than two days since the Agiotfest curtain fell; there is no considered way in which any meaningful article by me can be produced at this point.

So for this month I'll let the first few photos and a selection of comments from the fans do the talking.

Bernhard Heppner to all members of the agiot team: thank you very much for that event, it was so great.

Anne Hodgson Fabulous night, congratulations to all groups and a big thank you to Paul for organising yet another great event. Roll on Agiot 2015

Diane Carden Great night and great entertainment

Monique Michele Vincent brilliant thanku had a blast

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6th Agiotfest A Blast
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Sally Tinkler The Corfu Grapevine

AGIOTFEST 14

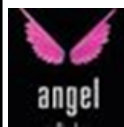
CONGRATULATIONS to Paul and Loula McGovern and the crew for putting together a fantastic night's entertainment.

This year you tried a different format - and by gum did you get it right.

EPIC NIGHT - Thank you. Xxxx Frank Paul Bloomfield See, I told you it would be a great night , as usual !!

Angelcafe Cafebar

16 hrs



WONDERFUL NIGHT !!!
CONGRATULATIONS TO ORGANISERS AND TO ALL ARTISTS

Mary Walker

Yesterday at 11:41

Another agioffest success fantastic night such a lot of hard work and

dedication goes into this event a big huge thank you to the Minstrel and everyone involved in this we just sit back relax n enjoy superb entertainment throughout the night well done all xx

Kelly-anne Delph Brilliant night really enjoyed it loved cuckoos and fallout xxx

++++

I want to thank all our loyal supporters, without whom the show would not even get off the ground. A core of these supporters is indispensable and I will do a write-up for October, thanking them publicly.

In the meantime thank you for the biggest crowd we have had to date, the special Agiotfest atmosphere, the splendid musicians, comperes and the great sound, time and effort put in by Bill Vrioni and his patient and friendly crew.

So it is goodbye to 2014, goodbye to the New Cactus Hilton with a tear, and great expectations for fields anew.

The Thursday before there was an 'unplugged' session at Ma Cocette, featuring two of our acts, The Fallout and Maria Voulgari. Here is a clip of the band at that lovely evening, attended by about 100 people.[scroll down to 29th August].

<https://www.facebook.com/Thefalloutmanchester?fref=ts>



'Trailer at Ma Cocette'



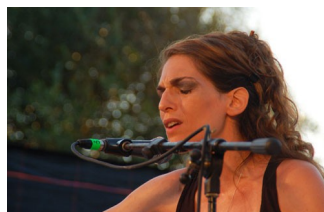
The Fallout



3 & The Cuckoo



Peter & Paul of The Mojo Bunch Blues Band



Maria Vulgari



Nicole & Dan Of 4 Square

Some of the crowd



Agiotfest 2014 Raffle

Well, I'm very happy to say we did 'IT' again this year! By 'IT' I mean we held a very successful Raffle at our Agiotfest 2014 on Saturday, 30 August and the response was just as enthusiastic as in previous years, if not more so! There were seventeen (17) good-quality prizes and all were claimed on the night

Again, this year, we maintained our lower ticket price of only **2euros** and realized a very handsome amount.

We, as always, were very impressed with the high level of support we received from our friends, local and abroad, and it is very encouraging to know that, despite our present financial restrictions etc., we can always find some cash to help those less fortunate than ourselves!

In our continuing effort to support local charities we will again, this year, make donations to those in need.

The List of Donations has not been finalized yet but details will be shown in the October issue of The Agiot Magazine.

Lucy STEELE, M.B.E.
Raffle Organiser

Village News

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

There have been so many visitors in August, most of them drawn by Agiotfest, that to list all of them would not be possible, but we must mention ten-year-old Alice who came this time without an owl or even an albatross but with Ellie the Elephant. The granddaughter of Derek and Carole clearly had grand ambitions and we hate to think of what she might bring as a fifteen-year-old; is Tyrannosaurus Rex really extinct?

Before becoming fully embroiled in preparations for the festival Paul and LuLa managed a few days away

down south at Mousehouse. Almost every day in August was graced with cloudless blue skies and bright sunshine; Corfu lived up to its reputation.



'Fans at Villa Aphrodite'

Corfu Weather Statistics

	Max	Avg	Min
Max Temperature	35°C	33 °C	28 °C
Mean Temperature	29 °C	27 °C	22°C
Min Temperature	23 °C	21 °C	16 °C
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	0	0	0
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	19	15	6
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	34	30	22
Dew Point	25 °C	18°C	11°C
Precipitation	0,0 mm	0.0 mm	0.0 mm
Wind	50 km/h	5 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	40 km/h	34 km/h	29 km/h
Sea Level Pressure	1016 hPa	1012 hPa	1005 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

From the team that brought you Saddam Hussein's 'Weapons of Mass Destruction'... The 'James Foley Beheading Video'

It's been the biggest news story of the month, splashed on the front pages of the media, and whelping new angles daily. Everyone's read about the youtube video of US journalist James Foley being beheaded by a London-accented Jihadist. Wasn't it terrible?

US intelligence (oxymoron) assures us that the said video is 'authentic', so prompting a new wave of panicked voices demanding 'something must be done'. The world reels in horror at the behaviour of the Islamist barbarians.

Except... it didn't happen. 'James Foley' was not beheaded on this youtube video, the one that's dominated our news, the one which may well send the West to war again.

That's right. There was no beheading.

I'll repeat that: No beheading took place on this video.

What really happened was not what you're told

You've seen the photos: The orange-jumpsuit-clad man kneeling in a desert landscape; the black-dressed, masked and sinister 'killer' looming over him with a knife. You've read the statements. Then, having been told time and time again that 'James

Foley' was beheaded, you've projected the ending you were told occurred.

Except it didn't happen that way. I watched it, and what ACTUALLY happened was that the 'killer' brought his (very small) knife up to the victim's throat, the video blurred, the 'killer' made a couple of vague sawing motions, and the video cut out. Next up: a very blurry still showing a 'torso' draped in orange, with a fully pixellated round object sitting on top of it. For all I know it could be, oh I don't know, a log and a football?

Vanished by Adobe

I have personal experience of how easy it is to fake videos with the editing programmes now available, having been party to faked scenes on my most recent series of TV shows, Corfu Home and Away (axed due to a surfeit of truth). The 'ISIS' one wasn't even particularly sophisticated. One of the tricks our editor pulled consisted of disappearing us presenters in a burst of magic dust, and reappearing us in another spot. It looked very realistic, and I'm sure our editor could have faked a beheading (pun warning) a cut above this one.

Nastily, there are plenty of beheadings on youtube; and unlike this one, they show the head coming off and lots of gore. Since these sort of creatures are hardly driven by sympathy for their viewers' sensibilities, why didn't this one show it? A better explanation? No beheading.

Back-peddalling already

What beheading videos also have in common is that they are filmed jerkily on a mobile phone, with

numerous accomplices on screen, running round like headless chickens (sorry!), brandishing weapons and shouting out verses from the Koran. In contrast, the 'James Foley' one was filmed with two static cameras, probably on tripods, with only the two principals in shot; both extraordinarily calm, given the circumstances. Another first!

I could carry on listing discrepancies, but they would fill this mag - and Paul needs room for AgiotFest reviews. Suffice to say that a few days before I wrote this, the MSM began feebly back-peddalling, with a story that the video 'was staged'. The report went on to say that 'James Foley' had likely been beheaded later. This report was not much noticed and remains unquoted - and the hysterical claims continue.

Will the real James Foley please stand up

James Foley may well be dead. He could have been killed at any time since he was captured. He could still be alive and helping the rebels, or not. But one thing is for sure - that wasn't James Foley in the video (some readers will have noticed that I have up to now carefully written 'James Foley'). It doesn't even look like him. Which is probably why his parents, when wheeled out for the Press, did not look very upset.

The real James Foley had hollow temples, prominent cheekbones, a narrow jawline and a tapering chin. 'James Foley' has an almost square face. I doubt two years of mutton and rice could have so completely changed his bone structure.

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Hilary's Ramblings
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I bet the video-makers (whoever they may be) are having a laugh at how we've so easily been taken in by this thumpingly bad effort. And we don't have to be taken in. When propaganda is offered, don't believe what you are TOLD you have seen. We don't have to be stupid.

Whodunnit?

In Ridley Scott's marvellous film 'Kingdom of Heaven' - which takes place in the same region in Crusader times - the chief baddy Guy de Lusignan asks his sidekick Raynald of Chatillon to 'give me a

war'. Raynald replies: 'It's what I do', and he goes on to slay Saladin's sister to provoke the conflict.

It's what they do, time and time again. So who did it? Was it:

- 1) the usual suspects, using a 'false flag' event as provocation and justification? War, incidentally, is THE most efficient method of redistributing ordinary folks' money into the bank vaults of the elite.
 - 2) the Islamic State, goading a firestorm that will kill them all and turn their dreams to dust?
 - 3) someone having a laugh?
- You decide.

Footnotes

1) Lionel rightly says that the incident was not a 'beheading'. A

beheading, he says (and Lionel surely knows, considering his background in War Crimes) is decapitation at a single stroke, usually from the rear. This, he points out, was a 'throat slitting', followed by butchery (that is, it would have been if it had taken place).

2) Lionel also asks why the authorities, including army chiefs, insist on calling it a 'beheading' when it is clearly not. I would argue that it is because 'beheading' is a much more emotive word than just 'murder' or 'throat-slitting'. More sure to get the public worked up and demanding that 'something must be done'. Don't fall for it.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Mixed Nut Bars

INGREDIENTS

- 200g Brown Sugar
- 80g Butter
- 1 Egg, beaten
- ½ tsp. Vanilla
- 120g Plain Flour
- ½ tsp. Baking Powder
- 150g Mixed Nuts, Walnuts, Cashews, Almonds or Brazil Nuts, coarsely chopped

Go:

- 1. Grease a 20x20x5 baking tin; set aside.
- 2. In a medium saucepan heat brown sugar and butter over a medium heat until the sugar dissolves, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and cool slightly.

3. Stir in the egg and vanilla and then the flour and baking powder until combined. Stir in the nuts and spread the batter into the prepared tin.

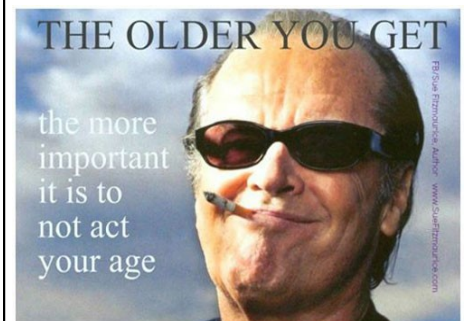
4. Bake in a 150°C oven for about 25 minutes or until a wooden toothpick inserted near center comes out clean. Cool slightly on a rack. Cut into bars while warm. Cool completely.

Bon appetit!

The World of Simon

<http://democracystreet.blogspot.gr/>

Nick the Clock's World



Annette

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

Annette came to the school aged ten knowing that she would be only one year with us and less than that time to make up the great leeway that her previous school had inflicted upon her. Her two brothers had been with us from the age of four until leaving at eight upon gaining places to board at a very prestigious preparatory school but Annette's parents had sent their daughter to a local School For Young Ladies not knowing that she would be taught social graces but little else prepared for a desirable marriage! Now belatedly realising their mistake that had sent her to us.

Since I had become head we had had no failure in entrance examinations of independent grammar schools and Annette was clearly determined not to be the first; during the summer holiday she had very thoroughly carried out all the work that I had set. All our pupils learnt mathematical tables up to sixteen times, squared to twenty, cubes to ten and a wide selection of formulae, tested daily; some went up to twenty times 'for fun'. English, while encouraging free expression, had to be strictly grammatical. Geography, History and Science were all widely taught with a view to satisfying the requirements of a General Knowledge examination. French, Latin, Art and Music were not required for entrance examinations, but we wanted to give a wide education and also had regular visits from an extensive selection of local business persons and services.

I was not concerned with the gender of pupils but wanted only to

produce hardy, adventurous, ambitious, enquiring, lively children. Physical Training and Games also played an important part in that. Pupils at a nearby state school stared aghast as our boys marched past on their way to the park to play football in the rain or snow when the groundsman swept the lines clear on our pitch. We were a healthy crew; weeks passed with full attendance. In those days before the advent of avaricious Claims and cossetting Health and Safety I allowed boys and girls to climb the various trees that graced our grounds. Our cook was also a fully trained nurse and dealt very expertly with minor cuts and abrasions as well as producing delicious school dinners that led to some pupils complaining of the standard of their home cooking. Into this environment Annette bounced with commendable confidence; her brothers had told her what to expect.

Although we often lost boys aged eight going off to board at preparatory schools on their way to public school we yet always had more boys than girls. That year the imbalance was even greater than usual, just one girl to six boys. Helen, daughter of a local farmer, was more than delighted to welcome Annette. They had met previously at gymkhanas as both were fanatically pony-crazy, to the degree that I once threatened that instead of awarding house points for good work I would throw them carrots. That merely aroused shrieks of girlish laughter. In less than a week the rest of the staff had reported that our new arrival had integrated completely and the visiting teacher who handled the

girls' physical activities told me that Annette was very athletic so I made her Girls Sports Captain thus filling the vacancy for a second girl prefect, an appointment that met with general approval. Her unflinching cheerfulness and determination had already made her very popular. Annette's parents discharged their responsibility to the tenant in their large estate with exemplary care and at least once a week I would receive a telephone call asking me to look after their daughter after school as they were delayed by attending to the medical, social or legal affairs of a tenant. This posed no problem as many of our pupils stayed after school hours, sometimes as late as seven o'clock because both parents worked. I regaled them with orange juice and biscuits and they could come to me if they needed help with their homework before going to play in the grounds or gymnasium. In Annette's case I could give some extra tuition.

I always had a class of anything from twenty to twenty-five eight to elevens, using a tutorial system for English and Maths based upon a well-graded system of textbooks and a nine-module system over three years of most other subjects. It was a case of every pupil working as fast as possible and I could check by marking every English exercise book when Maths was homework and every Maths exercise book when English was homework, as well as giving individual and group tuition during the day.

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Annette
Continued from Page 6

Every pupil took home a weekly report card showing his or her result in weekly testing including position in the class as well as position by age. Any pupil with work position higher than age position was doing well and any pupil with the reverse result would try hard to remedy the situation. Predictably Annette's results were not good at first, but she steadily improved and by Christmas she approached par.

"Annette that was not very ladylike!"

I was watching from a doorway as the mistress on duty called the children together after morning break. On her way to take up position at the head of the class for which she was prefect the girl had performed a perfect cartwheel, thereby earning reproof from the rather straitlaced teacher, daughter of a very high-ranking Army officer.

"Sorry, Miss Warren." She did not look particularly repentant.

"Annette, that was not very ladylike. You're wearing red

knickers," I whispered as she passed me on her way into class.

She gave a little squeal of laughter and when I went into the room I saw her and Helen giggling merrily. They shared a double desk and had become great friends, commuting regularly between spacious farmhouse and stately mansion.

The fateful day arrived and Annette together with our other candidates went off to sit entrance examinations. All our pupils sat at least two examinations, often more, and them accepted what they deemed the most advantageous offer of a place. Annette passed both her choices and opted for the very prestigious school that her mother had attended.

"Annette is dying!" The terrible news went through the school one Monday morning when her place in class was empty. The girl was in hospital where doctors were fighting for her life. She had been out riding that hot Saturday morning and felt thirsty so she had dismounted and drank from a rural stream.

These days our entire countrysides, vegetation and waterways are poisoned by chemicals alleged to improve fertility. The water in that stream was highly toxic.

At Morning Assembly every day prayers were offered for the girl's recovery and I announced the latest report on her condition. She had become immensely popular all round and when she returned a week later her progress from gate to class room was a triumphal procession. I am sure that she must have put on considerable weight from the sweets that she received.

End of term came. Most of our pupils expressed themselves as sad at having to leave when they went on to other schools, but never had I experienced anything like Annette's regret. She arrived weeping, wept all morning and fled weeping when school closed at midday. We would miss her too. She made a great impression on all who met her.

P.S. Years later Annette made a very, very desirable marriage to a very lucky man.

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