

# The Agiot

26th Edition

## This Month

Village News.  
**Page 1**

Land of The Lev.  
**Page 2-3**

Corfu Weather.  
**Page 3**

Art Exhibition.  
**Page 3**

News from The North.  
**Page 4**

The Ark Animal Welfare Charity.  
**Page 5**

Carols, Mincepies and Wine.  
**Page 5**

China Dragon.  
**Page 5**

The Elgin Marbles.  
**Page 6-8**

Corfu Light Railway and the 'Megali Paspas'.  
**Page 8**

Aunty Lula's Love Bites.  
**Page 9**

Igloos.  
**Page 9**

## Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing Editor

On the occasion of my first Christmas Eve on the island, fifteen years ago, nothing seemed to be happening in the village, so in the afternoon I caught a bus to Town, expecting to join in some festivity there. I was greatly disappointed; there were no decorations and the streets were almost deserted, most places closed. The dank drear weather seemed to reflect the absence of celebration. Back home that evening my meal was interrupted by a couple of teenagers singing somewhat tunelessly what I now know to be the traditional carol for that day, accompanied by the father of one of them strumming inexpertly on an out-of-tune guitar. Not knowing the going rate I rewarded them with 100 drachmas to which the man responded in disgust, "Is that all?" Musically I rather thought he was overpaid!

On Christmas Day my landlady, Marika Analitis, who very kindly always provided me with a midday meal, brought along a plate of mousaka and vegetables.

That was hardly Christmas fare so I hurried to the supermarket (open!) to buy a leg of chicken to fry with some chips that evening. I had been on Corfu only seven weeks and accordingly knew hardly anyone, but at least I was aware that in the Orthodox Church the Epiphany, January 6<sup>th</sup>, is regarded as being a far more important festival - it still is. However these days the turkey population of the island is greatly reduced around Christmas. I assist with the reduction.

Since the 1990s there has been a remarkable transformation. Christmas today is celebrated with a round of concerts and band processions in Town, where the decorations in every tree and across the streets make London's Regent Street look shabby. Every village now seems to try to outdo its neighbours in the brilliance of its decorations which here are chiefly outside the houses, across roofs, eaves, porches, verandahs, trees and shrubs. In Agios Ioannis we are rather concerned lest an aircraft should try to land on the

main road, having mistaken it for the airport flarepath.

Unlike many more commercialised places, however, Christmas here does not begin in August; most shops do not introduce their festive displays until the beginning of December at the earliest and decorations do not start to appear until around the middle of the month. In the village Giorgos will festoon the trees in the plateia with lights and set up the Christmas crib in the bandstand on about the 20<sup>th</sup>. Some decorative lights remain from Ochi Day in October.

The holiday lasts from 24<sup>th</sup> December to 7<sup>th</sup> January to include also the New Year and Epiphany celebrations. Most of our bright young things will be coming home to join in the festivities, but Peter will be basking by a coolibah-shaded billabong on Christmas Day, feasting upon their mouth-watering delicacy, roast wallaby with witchetty and eucalyptus stuffing, washed down with copious draughts of VB, while being serenaded by the local pop group exquisitely performing "Silent Night" on their didgeridoos.

Merry Christmas!

# Land Of The Lev

By Paul McGovern  
Editor

## Chapter 1- Bears and lakes.



"he can't come!!!"

Our travels in November took us East out of Corfu and on to the mainland of Greece, armed with suitcases more suitable for a small military expedition. The ferry has taken one and a half hours to cross to Igoumenitsa, and now we are on the Egnatia (named after the Roman Emperor) the impressive new motorway traversing northern Greece from east to west. It is almost complete now, yet with the disadvantage (?) of Services and distinct advantage of semi-built toll booths. So, a free ride along this fine highway.



"Samarina"

We come off in the gloaming at Grevenas, not an inspiring town, and are directed on to a road bound for Samarina. A lonely road into the night. A full moon and a skein of snow-ice on the hills

providing relief to the dark. An open plateia with a taverna's lights twinkling welcomingly. Beef with cabbage and beetroot and carrots. A large pine-log fire. Red wine. Our room is conveniently above the taverna.



At breakfast the waiter hands me a staff with the worrying line, 'For dogs....and other things', and I saunter off along a tarmac road out of the village, with its cluster of corrugated pitched roofs. The staff is very handy for practising golf swings on pine cones along the way. Beautiful forest-clad mountains, part of the Pindus range, light drizzle, the road dips and rises and winds and eventually peters out at a church.



Off-road now, following downhill a swift stream which gurgles and slips between rocks. Into spruce and silent woods. I'm thinking of bears; roadsigns show their presence hereabouts. The stream finally gushes into a raging river, not very wide but fast. Three hours outward and the same back, but the going

has been easy so I follow the river downstream through trees and along a sandbank. Here on the ground are two large, worryingly fresh pats. Bears? Discretion being uppermost, I retrace my route through the lonely woods humming 'Teddy Bears' Picnic'. Over beefsteaki and mushrooms and unavoidable wine Lakis minehost confirms that the droppings were almost certainly from bears.



This perfect Landlord has drawn a rough map, showing us a B route northwest and later northeast through the mountains. The road is tarmac but we pass only two vehicles in twenty miles, testament we hope to a useful shortcut. James-Chariot of the Gods- is gurgling merrily away; he's developed an interesting gushing watery sound from his engine since his last service. Fallen boulders on the road from last night's heavy rains, fair-



sized icebergs impeding us. Cattle with overlong horns. One bull nonchalantly stands his ground as we nudge up to him.

Continued on Page 3



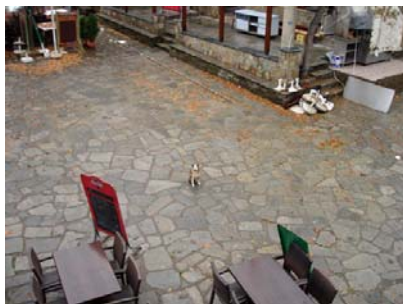
Land of The Lev  
Continued from page 2



*"Bull with attitude"*

Eventually we have to drive around him. I'm sure he smiles. Multi-hued trees in Autumnal glory, rushing rivers and a splendid gorge. A single file of goats winding up a black-earth ridge. A dismal village called Kotili in the Volo Oros range. A kindly old lady told us the village shop was open. It wasn't. Neither

was anything else. Even the dogs looked depressed.



with a fine view over the lake. This will do.



Onwards for a few hours the land is flattening out and eventually we reach the fine town of Kastoria, where we cruise around seeking suitable accommodation. Very few vacancies, surprising we find for November. So we drive out to a place called Dispilio where a lady called Dimitra ambushes us in her tiny car park and leads us to a spotless rooftop apartment. A balcony

Chapter 2 next month...



## Corfu Weather Statistics:

### November Statistics:

Highest Temperature: 22C on 6<sup>th</sup>

Lowest Temperature: 8.6C on 26<sup>th</sup>.

Total Rainfall for the Month: 267mm with 70.5mm falling on 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Maximum Rain per Minute:

18.7mm on 3<sup>rd</sup> at 10.23

Total Rainfall for the Year: 1217mm

Maximum Windspeed: 42.6kmh on 3<sup>rd</sup> at 09.22

Maximum Gust Speed: 68.5 on 5<sup>th</sup> at 22.37.

## Art Exhibition

An Exhibition of the Paintings and Tapestries of Theresa Nicholas is currently being held at "La Feuille d'Or" Art Gallery, Sofokleous Dousmani 3 in Corfu Town, just up from Faliraki. The Exhibition closes on 2<sup>nd</sup> January.

# News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria  
Contributing Editor

Christmas is acoming, so instead of whining about the excessive taxes being charged land purchasers by the Corfu government or about the bloody railway problems up North, I am going to tell a story about,

## THE SPECIALIST.

You've heerd a lot of pratin' and prattling' about this bein' the age of specialization. I'm a carpenter by trade. At one time I could of built a house, barn, church or chicken coop. But I seen the need of a specialist in my line, so I studied her. I got her; she's mine. Gentlemen, you are face to face with the champion privy builder of Sangamon County.

Like Harkins was my first customer. He heerd about me specializing' and decided to take a chance. I built fer him just the average eight family three holer. With that my reputation was made, and since then I have devoted all my time and thought to that special line. Of course, when the business is slack I do a bit paperhanging' on the side. But my heart is just in privy buildin'. And when I finish a job, I ain't through. I give all my customers six months privy service free gratis. I expalained this to Luke, and one day he calls me up and sez: 'Lem, I wish you'd come out here; I'm havin privy trouble.'

So I gits in the car and drives out to Luke's place, and hid behind them Baldwin's, where I could get a good view of the situation. It was right in the middle of hayin' time, and them hired hands was goin' in there and stayin' anywheres from forty minutes to an hour. Think of that!!

I sez: 'Luke, you sure have got privy trouble.' So I take out my kit of tools and goes in to examine the

structure. First I looks at the catalogue hanging there, thinkin' it might be that; but it wasn't even from a recognized house. Then I looks at the seats proper and see what the trouble was, I had made them to durn comfortable. So I gets out a scroll saw and cuts 'em square with hard edges. Then I go back and takes up my position as before- me here, the Baldwins here, and the privy there. And I watched them hired hands going in and out for nearly two hours; and not one of them was stayin' more than four minutes.

'Luke, ' I sez, ' I've solved her.' That's what becomes of bein' a specialist gentleman. 'Twarn't long after I built the twin job for the school house, and then after that the biggest plant up to date- a eight holer. Elmer Ridgeway was down and looked it over. And he come to me one day an sez: 'Lem, I seen that eight hole job you done down there at the Corners, and it sure is a dandy; and figurin' as how I'm going to build on the old Robinson property, I thought I'd ask you to kind of estimate on a job for me,'

'You come to the right man Elmer,' I sez. 'I'll be out as soon as I get the roof on the two seater I'm putting' up for the Sheriff.' Couple of day's later I drives out to Elmer's place, getting' there about dinner time. I knocks a couple of times on the door and yells, 'Hey, Elmer, here I am; where do you want that privy put?'

Elmer comes out and we get to talkin' about a good location. He was all fer putting' her right alongside a jagged path runnin' by a big Northern Spy. 'I wouldn't do it Elmer,' I sez; 'and I'll tell you why. In the first place her bein' so near a tree is bad. There ain't no sound in nature as disconcertin' as the sound of apples droppin' on th' roof. Then another

thing, there's a crooked path runnin' by that tree and the soil there ain't adapted to absorbin' moisture. Durin' the rainy season she's likely to be slippery. Take your grandpappy-goin' out there is about the only recreation he gets. He'll go out some rainy night with his nighties flappin' around his legs, and like as not when you come out in the mornin' you'll find him prone in the mud, or maybe skidded of f one of those curves and wound up in the corn crib. No, sir,' I sez ' put her in a straight line with the house and if it's all the same to you, have her go past the woodpile. I'll tell you why.

' Take a woman, fer instance-out she goes. On the way back she'll gather five sticks of wood, and the average woman will make four or five trips a day. There's twenty sticks in the wood box without any trouble. On the other hand, take a timid woman, if she see's any men folks around, she's to bashful to go direct out, so she'll go to the wood=pile, pick up the wood, go back to the house and watch her chance. The average timid woman-especially a new hired girl- I've knowed to make as many as ten trips to the wood-pile before she goes in, regardless. On a good day you'll have your wood box filled by noon, and right there is a savin' of time.

'Now about the diggin' of her. You can't be to careful about that,' I sez. 'dig her deep and dig her wide. It's a mighty sight better to have a little privy over a big hole than a big privy over a little hole. Another thing; when you dig her deep you've got her dug; and you ain't got that disconcertin' thought stealin' over you that sooner or later you'll have to dig again.'

To Be Continued Next Month

Obnoxious Al.

**THE ARK ANIMAL WELFARE CHARITY**(Friends of the Animals)

The ARK Shop wishes a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our valued customers and friends.

The Shop is open every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,  
From 10am – 1pm

We will have our annual Xmas Raffle in the shop on Tuesday, 22nd December at 12noon.  
There will be lots of excellent prizes to be won!

The Shop will re-open at 10am on Tuesday, 12th January 2010.  
Happy New Year to all our valued customers

Christmas is nearly here and it's time to reach out and offer a little comfort to our dear furry friends. While we care for our beloved family pets, let's not forget the stray and abandoned animals on Corfu. Could you bring a poor, defenseless animal in from the cold; find a space in your home for a loveable kitten or puppy this Christmas? Could you foster an animal while it recovers from an operation? They all need our help, please don't forget them!

Please call: 6979 798202 for information

Also, you can visit our website:  
[www.corfuanimalwelfare.com](http://www.corfuanimalwelfare.com)

## Carols, Mincepies and Wine

This is becoming something of a tradition. There will be a repeat this year at Villa Theodora on Sunday 20th December, starting at 7 p.m. All are welcome. Bring an appetite, a thirst and a singing voice. We have our own booklet of thirty-two popular songs and carols ranging from "Jingle Bells" to "The Coventry Carol" from which you can name your choice.

Please let us know in advance if you will be coming so that we may know for how many to cater. The lounge will accommodate at least forty and an overflow into the kitchen ensures proximity to supplies.



## China Dragon

By Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing Editor

A few evenings ago Lula, Paul and I attended a seminar promoting a series of concerts to be held here next summer. Apart from a scintillating performance of a piece of Chopin piano wizardry by a professor from the Ionian University the evening was a rather uninspiring affair, and we found the following buffet to be even less inspiring, meagre and unappetising. Therefore we shunned the food and on the way home decided to try the "China Dragon", a fairly recently opened Chinese restaurant on the right of the road down to the Electricity Company offices in Alepou. It had been recommended to me by a friend.

We were not disappointed. The place is not large; about eight tables for two three or four persons. The ambience is cosy, comfortable, welcoming and the service solicitous.

Above all the food was excellent. Lula settled for Pork Satay hot sauce while Paul and I tried Chop Suey and vegetables with Pork Char Sui for Paul and Chicken for me. I am not usually keen on Prawn Crackers, but while we were waiting for the main dish we nibbled those and I found them to be very tasty with a delicious sauce. Our main dishes were accompanied by a perfect fried rice, soft but not soggy, every grain separate, and the vegetables were deliciously crisp. The house white wine, fruity but not too sweet, provided a perfect accompaniment to the meal, and all was very reasonably priced. Fortunately we were provided with standard cutlery; I lack expertise in handling chopsticks!

We should have no hesitation in recommending the "China Dragon" to our friends. Their website is [www.corfurestaurants.gr](http://www.corfurestaurants.gr) and their telephone number 26610 43918. When you go there please mention "The Agiot". We shall be returning!



# The Elgin Marbles - Between sea and olives

By  
Simon Baddeley

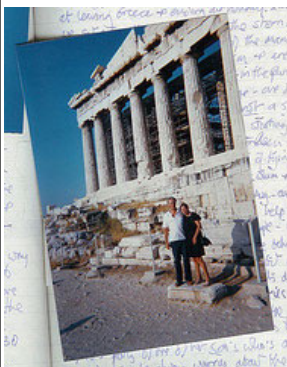


Dora Bakoyannis, Greece's impressive Foreign Minister, and ex-Mayor of Athens, was doing things in London this week - like talking with

David Miliband about Greek-Turkish relations and the FYROM issue. She brought a signed copy of Alexander the Great's birth certificate issued well south of the Slav upstart state claiming his history. No seriously, that's a squabble that has to be talked out by diplomacy - so it never gets fought out.

DB is a politician who tends not to put a foot wrong. (Future PM?) Bakoyannis, in the Mercouri tradition, met the British Committee for the Restitution of the Parthenon Marbles. She thanked them for their campaigning, stressing that Athens' goal (*diplomatic metonymy*) was to "reunite" the Marbles being held at the British Museum in London with those in Greece - a shrewdly used word; a change of name.

'They do not only belong to Greece but the world has a right to see them united at the new Acropolis Museum'



Consider the blank space on the west pediment above our heads in this snap taken by another couple who



we'd just snapped for *their* album. Whether you have the place to yourself - which can happen - or whether it teems with visitors, its genius loci is undeniable, yet in this world of 'signage' designed to teach visitors and remind locals about their history - the most finely crafted commentary on the Acropolis is missing. Blast away its roof and scar its pillars, it is the story told in marble on the pediments and friezes of the Parthenon that is as important to its integrity as Genesis is to the Bible or the statue of Romulus and Remus suckling a wolf is to Rome.

The theme of the western pediment is the rivalry between Athena and her uncle, Poseidon, as to who should be patron of their favourite city. Witnessed by Cecrops, the Goddess offers an olive branch; the God, a saltwater spring. What's that about? Ponder pethia! Think visitors! Or head to northern climes and check it while I have a skirto.

Olives are good food, good wood and their oil fuelled lamps. Both could be traded. Poseidon's gift was about sea power - important for defence and trading. Which is the best gift? What qualifies Cecrops to judge?



Poseidon and Athena occupy the central, high point of the west pedi-

ment's triangle - or should. Also up there - or should be were he not in the British Museum - is Cecrops, half man and half serpent, born from the soil, ancestor of the Greeks, who, by preferring Athena's gift, founded Athens teaching her citizens to bury the dead, honour the contract of marriage, to read and write. A civiliser. The Parthenon was named Cecropia in his honour. It became home to Phidias' building-high ivory and gold statue of Athena.

Can you see the problem here - a tension between peace and war; between the practicality of the olive, not to mention its beauty, and the fact of Piraeus and the security of the broad blue highway from whence came the trading economy of the Aegean basin and littorals beyond? Some lesson!



Did the neat little recording gadget tell you that while you were gazing in wonder at the remains of the marble narrative - chipped and bowdlerised by ill advised cleaning - in the British Museum? [*one of my students stands before the east pediment marbles a few weeks ago*]

Erichthonius, also on the west pediment, was the second king of Athens. I am confused about him. There seems to be speculation about his history and identity. He wasn't Athena's son but she brought him up. He taught his subjects to

Continued on Page 7

Between sea and olives  
Continued from Page 6

work silver, put horses to chariots, and to pull the plough. I don't think Poseidon liked him. I need to learn more. Then there are more water divinities - Iris and Hermes among them - joining in a debate which, for the moment, remains muted and remote since the chamber above our heads is sadly empty.

When I was last there, I was looking at the miniature reconstructions of the pediments in the museum on the Acropolis. I got into conversation with a Greek visitor from Thessalonika. I said I'd very much like to see the marbles returned, since their absence made me ignorant, stopping me shifting my gaze in a helpful way from pediments to frieze - a four-fold lesson there - to the larger structure, to the city below and towards the sea to the south. He said 'Yes they must come back, but we are not ready for them. Because of the air pollution in Athens they will have to go from your museum to our museum.' Having first seen the incomparable Parthenon in the late 1950s I was indeed struck by the pollution damage since then; more harm in 30 years than in many previous decades. I saw his point. More pragmatic than moral.

Athens' pollution problems are not helped by her magnificent topography. The great city is located in a basin surrounded by high mountains and the dear dark faced sea that has served her so well. Air dispersion despite the etesian winds of summer is minimal. It is the only city where I - a traveller - have suffered as much from the humid heat of August and which makes cooler suburbs like Kifissia so seductive. The main sources of air pollution - motorised traffic, industry, domes-

tic heating and air-conditioning - is increased by solar radiation during spring and summer. Athenians know 'the nefos'. The fires on Parnitha and closer in Kifissia amplify the problem - driven by ill-chance and yearning for land. Traffic congestion seems as bad as ever.

In 1977 the pollution of Athens was so bad, that, according to then Greek Minister of Culture, Constantine Trypanis, the caryatids of the Erechtheum had seriously degenerated, while the face of the horseman still on the Parthenon's west side was all but obliterated. Strict measures during the 1990s improved air quality. Five of the caryatids were replaced with replicas - the originals placed in the Acropolis Museum. Elgin had the sixth. [He's got a receipt. 'Hold on it was in my pocket just now. Wait. it's somewhere here, I promise.']. The nefos is rarer, but summer 2007 saw great palls of smoke blanketing the city. All the same, more Athenians are on bicycles. Many more rely on the superb rapid transit system that came with the Olympics. But people are people. They love their cars. They covet, they yearn and sometimes they burn.

The National Law 1650/86 contains the main legal framework for the protection of the environment. Air is monitored in a highly detailed scientific way, but...so much depends on human beings, corporate responsibility and confident government.

If the Parthenon marbles return to their pediments - not just to a superb air-conditioned humidity-controlled museum nearby (politically correct as that would be) - Greece will have achieved more than a just restoration, she will have tackled one of the great urban problems of the world. The statue of Romulus and Remus is in the Musei Capitolini not in the open

on the Capitoline Hill, needing similar protection from air pollution. If the Parthenon marbles do not return to their original place, then can you reproach those with the means who also retreat to 'superb' air-conditioned humidity-controlled environments separated from their fellows, shielded from the effects of their way of life?



The message on the west pediment - the debate between Poseidon and Athena, between sea and olives should be renewed and resolved. They may argue. They may quarrel. But if they cannot share the same space then nor can we. The next time I enjoy on an olive from Kalamata or Halkidiki I will be more aware of its salty taste.

What British things have been taken to another place? I can't think of any that are a bone of contention. U.S. universities have bought quite a few original manuscripts, and now and again we hear of British Museums trying to save certain works 'for the nation' in competition with overseas private collectors. I'm failing to imagine what it must feel like to want the Parthenon Marbles back - because they are 'ours'. Cargo cults are driven by a shared feeling in a subject population that a powerful tribe has run off with their forefathers' wealth and magic powers, their technology and art.

I wonder if growing Greek self-confidence will lessen demands for the return of the marbles so that when they come back,

Continued on Page 8

Between sea and olives  
Continued from Page 7

as I think they should and eventually will as part of the integrity of Pericles' Acropolis, the party will be ill-attended. Had Elgin not completed his mission for which he suffered famous abuse from Byron\*, illness, impoverishment and gross disfigurement, the world might not have the marbles that now exist.

*\*Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,  
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they lov'd;  
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see  
Thy walls defac'd, thy mouldering shrines remov'd  
By British hands, which it had best behov'd  
To guard those relics ne'er to be restor'd.  
Curst be the hour when from their isle they rov'd,  
And once again thy hopeless bosom gor'd,*

*And snatch'd thy shrinking Gods to northern climes abhor'd.*

*Childe Harold: Canto 2 (15) 1812*

Since writing this I've learned of a sturdy intellectual thread in Modern Hellenic culture that has mixed feelings about widely venerated emblems of Classical Greece such as the Parthenon, including growing political sophistication about the way regimes exploit the supposedly objective work of archaeologists - preserving, rebuilding and destroying resonant symbols. As a discipline it's referred to as 'socio' - or 'social archaeology'. See for instance Liana Giannakopoulou 'Perceptions of the Parthenon in Modern Greek Poetry'

The Parthenon is not a popular source of inspiration for modern Greek poets. Only a few poems are devoted to it, expressing either the poet's grief for bygone ages of glory

or his praise of the immortal Greek spirit. Against this background, three poets can be distinguished for being different and original. For Palamas, who fights for the cause of Demoticism, the attitudes of his contemporaries towards the Parthenon encapsulate what he takes to be a sterile veneration of the ancestors. He thus opposes the idea of the restoration of the Parthenon, promoting the Modern Greek language instead. For Sikelianos, the Parthenon is only one monument among many. This weighty symbol of ancient Greek tradition is not a source of awe or embarrassment, but the yardstick that indicates the importance of the modern poet's achievement. For Calas, finally, the Parthenon is associated with the declining values of a doomed bourgeoisie and should therefore be blown up and replaced by new standards in life and art.

## Corfu Light Railway and the Megali Papas

By  
Earnest Porter

Can this be true? Our correspondent in the Ecumenical Patriarchate of Constantinoupolis communicates to us that a letter of censure has been sent to the Committee by the Private Secretary of the 'first among equals'.

This latest setback amongst a mountain of setbacks concerns a complaint sent overland by a messenger on donkeyback from the hilly holy outpost of Pantokrator Monastery. This messenger was the lone monk who holds sway over this mountain stronghold, and is rarely seen, so in essence he sent himself on this vital mission and shut up shop during his lengthy absence. A sign on his door simply said 'Back soon'.

What tales did he whisper into the ear of the Holy One can only be surmised. Suffice to say a decree was

issued to the H.Q. of Corfu Light Railway, whose office has been moved to a secure location in the suburbs of Kerkyra. The Patriarch has apparently expressed the concern that major boring through the massif will undermine the foundations of the Monastery atop the mountain. This boring is required to connect the Ropa Expressway with the holiday destination targets of the Northern Riviera, namely Sidari, Roda, Akharavi and Kassiopi.

'Poppycock', says spokesman for the C.L.R., Ioannis Trakopoulos, 'More likely the Holy Father is more concerned over the 'Italian influence' growing in the train corridors of power.' 'He really must have tunnel vision if he thinks we do not have the technical resources to insulate the Monastery from the odd rumble. He should get back on track and express his opinions on other lines, and real-

ize that his station in life is to signal his beliefs to his flock, and not use the Holy Church as a platform for sideline issues'

'Don't you think Constantinoupolis has every right to voice its opinion?' enquired our Reporter.

'It's Istanbul, not Constantinople' sang the railwayman,

The fact that Mr Trakopoulos is a member of the Catholic church of Corfu has not gone unnoticed in Istanbul, er, Constantinople.



"Lego plasma-forming for proposed Pantokrator Tunnel"



# Aunty Lula's Love-bites

## YIOUVARLAKIA

(Meatballs and Rice in a Egg-Lemon Sauce)

### Ingredients:

½ kilo Mincemeat  
One Grated Onion  
¼ cup Rice  
3 tbsp Chopped Parsley  
2 tbsp Chopped Dill  
2 tbsp Olive Oil  
Salt and Pepper to taste  
Convenient amount of Flour  
5 cups Beef Stock or Water  
50 gm Butter  
2 Eggs  
¼ cup Lemon Juice

### GO:

1. In a big bowl mix the mincemeat, onion, rice, herbs, olive oil, salt and pepper. Knead these together for a few minutes and shape into meatballs.

2. Flour the meatballs and leave for a few minutes.

3. In a big pan boil the stock or water with the butter.

4. Gently drop the meatballs into the liquid, cover and simmer for about thirty minutes.

5. Meanwhile lightly beat the eggs in a bowl, and add the lemon juice.

6. With a ladle remove some of the stock, allow to cool slightly and beat into the egg-lemon mixture.

7. When the meatballs are cooked, remove from the heat, allow to cool slightly and then pour the egg-lemon sauce.

8. Cover them and stir briefly.

9. Reheat gently if needed.

*Bon appétit.*

## Igloos

By Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing editor

One morning in an English lesson with a class of eight- and nine-year-olds we were studying the use of prefixes to form antonyms, such as "possible" and "impossible". In due course we encountered the wildly irregular "noble" and "ignoble".

The class wit raised his hand. "Please, sir, does that mean that Eskimos' houses don't have loos?"

When the laughter had subsided I suggested, to further merriment, that the boy's reasoning might conceivably have had some foundation. We pondered upon hacking holes in the ice.

The school choir, all boys aged from seven or eight upwards, was often invited to sing for festivals in churches around the county. Some of those buildings, especially the ancient ones, lacked toilet facilities. At such locations little boys answering the call of nature retired behind a convenient bush or tombstone. Predictably the boys quickly coined

"loo" or "igloo" to classify the venue for a performance.

One Christmas we were asked to sing a Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols in the quaint little Saxon church of a remote village. Between afternoon rehearsal and evening performance we were entertained at the nearby stately home to a sumptuous meal washed down with copious draughts of orangeade or lemonade.

Of course a church more than a thousand years old was an "igloo". Many parents often attended performances given by their sons and not long after that service commenced one observant mother in the congregation noticed that her offspring was showing signs of discomfort. During the singing of a hymn she marched down the aisle, beckoned the youngster from the choirstalls and led him outside. The boy returned and slipped back into his place before the hymn had finished.

Emboldened by that example every boy in turn took advantage of the singing of hymns, as opposed to carols sung only by the choir, to make a short absence from his place, run the gauntlet of the crowded con-

gregation down the single aisle and struggle from the heavy west door to return presently in a much happier condition, every boy, that is, except the eleven-year-old Head Chorister, whom wild horses would never have dragged from his most responsible position. Afterwards, however, when checking the choirstalls for anything left behind, I noticed a substantial puddle on the floor in his position! Of course I never mentioned it except when his chuckling mother referred to the mishap.

Some years later, in Corfu, the proprietor of the supermarket opposite my apartment came across one morning. "There's a young man in my place asking for you. He says you once taught him. Do you want to see him?"

It was that erstwhile Head Chorister, now student at a very famous university, travelling with three friends across Europe to Athens. He had left the group to explore Corfu for three days while he visited me. We had a great time touring the island while recalling with considerable hilarity former days, including the Carol Festival at that ancient "igloo".