

The Agiot

60th Edition

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Agiotfest Auction

By
The Minstrel



Following on from the very successful Agiotfest 12, the Agioteers had decided to have a fun evening at Villa Theodora, to auction off the surplus of prizes kindly donated, which were not raffled at the event itself. This happened Friday 28th September.



Steve Dell (pictured here with two literal supporters) was the Auctioneer for the evening, and a very fine one to boot. It was to be a Dutch Auction yet Steve put his own unique slant on proceedings, and it became a sort of yoyo auction, the prices descending and then

ascending. This ploy was no doubt to further confuse the bidders, already primed with Grouse whisky and ginger, a super gift from Dougie and Helen Potter.

Snacks and nibbles and copious quantities of wine were on offer and Steve had bought his sounds to intersperse the more serious business.



Lucy was sporting our nifty blue Optimistic bucket, into which was put the cash from bidding.

One or two fell into the pool, no names can be offered.

Each and every one of the prizes below went, and the proceeds split between Agiotfest 13 and local charity.



The star individual prize was the Osmosis machine, donated by Eco-point, and demonstrated by the lovely Natasa and her daughter Erika. This great item was snapped up by Derek Bedell.

Even from the U.K. we received a very generous sealed bid from Barry and Stella Knight for a Famous Agiotfest whisky bottle.



Thank you all very much indeed, both those of you who enjoyed the night and the kind people who gave their gifts. A special thanks to Steve, Lucy, Paul and Jan and Les and Chris and Lula, for putting on a fine night.

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Agiotfest Auction
Continued from Page 1

AGIOTFEST 2012 - RAFFLE PRIZES AUCTIONED

Osmosis Machine; Eco Point (Natasa)
4 signed books by Jim and Maria Potts
1 x 5* Metaxa; Paul, Alice Ticehurst
4 sacs of Jewellery from Ruby Rocket (Deborah)
Meal for two persons; La Tavola Calda
10 bottles of Famous Agiotfest Grouse Whisky; Dougie, Helen Potter
2 x Snow Grouse Whisky Dougie, Helen Potter
A set of four free check-ups from local dentist Spiros Koulouris
5 DAY Gym session; Inaction
Ladies Hairstyling; Evolution
Confectionery from Les and Chris Woods
2 copies of Sagittarius Rising by Cecil Lewis; donated by Lucy Steele

AGIOTFEST 2012 RAFFLE

We're very happy to announce that we had a huge response for our annual Raffle this year. So much so that we included only sixteen prizes in the Raffle on the night and decided to hold the other prizes over to be auctioned off at a 'Cheese 'n wine' party at Villa Theodora on Friday, 28 September, commencing at 7pm.

The Raffle itself went very well and all the prize winners were very happy with their 'winnings'. We all want everyone to win something and, of course, that's not possible but I felt very satisfied to know that a little boy of ten/eleven won a day at Aqualand – on his very first visit to Corfu. His mum was so pleased for him! Our 13year old singing sensation, Aliki HEWETT, won a prize – well done Alik! Gouvía Marina bought a large amount of tickets and won a free meal at Agni. One local resident won two prizes and yet another visitor bought only one ticket and won the star prize! That's the way it goes but we did have a very good mix of winners between locals and visitors.

In previous years the ticket price was 3euros. In view of the fact that many of us are going through some kind of financial hardship these days, we decided to reduce the ticket price by 33% to just 2euros a ticket. Would you believe that this year we sold more tickets than in previous years?

Also, in an effort to help our local charities we decided to increase our two annual donations by 20% this year. As there are many charities in need we make a conscious decision to donate to different charities each year. So, this year one donation was given to the local Corfu Donkey Sanctuary near Paleokatritsa. E.mail: judyquin@otenet.gr
Web: www.corfu-donkeys.com

The second donation was given to the local Red Cross Hellas charity. E.mail: depcof@otenet.gr Web: www.redcross.gr

The remaining Raffle prizes were auctioned off at a 'Cheese 'n Wine' party at Villa Theodora on 28 September and those present had a very enjoyable evening. A donation from this event has been given to the local Caritas Hellas charity. E.mail: caritashellas@caritas.gr
Web: www.caritas.gr

The Raffle adds to the overall enjoyment of our Annual Agiot Music Festival (four happy and successful years so far!) and we will stand by our decision to continue to support needy local charities in future years.

We thank all our supports and friends for adding to the success of this year's event and look forward to the Agiot Music Festival 2013!

Lucy STEELE, M.B.E.
Raffle Organiser.



PRIZE 1	Gilbert P	469	Bought only one ticket!
PRIZE 2	Gouvía Marina	416	Bought 20 tickets
PRIZE 3	Daniel BLOM	397	Bought only a few tickets but always seems to win!
PRIZE 4	Lizzie CLIFTON	378	First of two prizes won!
PRIZE 5	N EWEN	358	Don't remember this person
PRIZE 6	Brenda PRIFTIS	429	Tourist shop in town; regular raffle supporter
PRIZE 7	Jan, Paul SCOTTER	446	Private sponsors - think you know them!
PRIZE 8	Dick, Miriam	565	Dutch couple; live in Ag Ioannis
PRIZE 9	Carol S	450	Carol also won night at Hotel Erikoussa
PRIZE 10	Aliki HEWETT	455	The 13year old girl who sang a couple of songs to tracks
PRIZE 11	Martyn ?	390	I think you know this guy
PRIZE 12	Sally PEACOCK	544	Works for one of the tour operators - nice girl
PRIZE 13	Lizzie CLIFTON	380	Also won Prize No 4
PRIZE 14	Ison ?	499	Nice young lad (about 10years old) on holiday with his parents - first time in Corfu!
PRIZE 15	Costas G	673	Don't know this guy
PRIZE 16	No name on ticket	530	Returned by female tourist - now included in prizes to be auctioned on 28 September.

Village News

By
Dr. Lionel Mann



"Martin
&
Tracey"

Among last month's visitors were old friends Barry and Stella Knight with family, Frank and Liz Gaskell again with family, Ruairi and Bernarde O'Connor, Ron and Les Woolven, George Doctor and



"David
&
Cecilia"



"Les &
Chris
Woods"

Babs. Les and Chris Woods, Ian Grieg, Walter Stuart, Paul and Sally Grove, Martin and Tracey Stuart, David, Cecilia and Phil Dickinson made it a lively month.

Although we have experienced an almost unbroken four months of scorching weather there had been no serious fires on the island until recently. One, fanned by strong winds, broke out at Kalafationes. Despite the help given to our local resources by firefighting aircraft from Igoumenitsa and Preveza the conflagration threatened to go beyond control when the heavens burst with the first torrential rain for months that soon put out the blaze and all fire crews went home,

happy though rather soggy.



"Saturday's Panygerie"

Agiotfest seems to have infused the locals with the desire to put on an increasing number of mini panygeries, the latest one [pictures here] happening Saturday last. This burst of partying is leaving some members of our crew with inflated livers.



"Lefteris's Birthday"



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Save our donkeys

By
Judy Quin

I was informed that the first donkeys arrived on Corfu from Malta in the mid 1800's to help in the building of St James Palace. Since then they have been imported from mainland Greece, Cyprus, Albania and Eastern Europe. Used primarily for transportation of people and goods; for agriculture, land clearance and seasonally during the olive harvest, the Corfiot donkey has had to work very hard. This is compounded by their very small size and the lack of equine knowledge to give the necessary foot and dental treatment to keep them healthy. Veterinary expertise in the equine is also severely lacking on the Island. Even the traditional Corfiot saddle, the samari, is so badly designed as to cause permanent damage to most donkeys at an early age.

The rapidly declining use of the donkey here renders the animals almost valueless. Prior to CDR existence, unwanted, old and sick donkeys were abandoned in the countryside or sold to the Roma's and other dealers on the Island from where they would be collected and sent in trucks to Italian slaughter houses. The main remit of the charity over the years has been to halt the transports by taking the donkeys to the shelter and caring for them here. We believe that after a life time of hard labour and neglect they deserve a happy retirement and a dignified and painless end to their lives. In the last 8 years we have given refuge and a ray of hope to over 450 donkeys, such is the huge problem with the unwanted donkeys here.

Initially we thought that with the lack of use of the donkey over the

years, the charity would run its course in 20 years, there being no donkeys left, however some months ago, I spoke with a dealer who said he is bringing them over from Bulgaria, young, large, healthy donkeys. These are not for agricultural use but for use in tourism, with the current economic climate, locals are looking for other ways to make money. So many times I am asked by locals and foreigners for pregnant donkeys or baby donkeys or for healthy rideable donkeys for use in the tourist industry. We never sell our donkeys. I fear for any of these donkeys that are brought over, what will happen to them after the season has ended?

I never ceased to be amazed at the condition the donkeys arrive in. Broken backs, broken legs, spinal injuries, dislocated hips, severe tendon and ligament injuries and foot conditions that there is just no excuse for. What happens out there? How do they get like this? It is not just one or two that have 'accidents', it is hundreds. One thing I know for sure, the work of CDR will need to go on for many more years to come.

We have also helped hundreds of dogs and cats over the years. It is an extra financial burden as they all need to be sterilised and wormed. We mainly take in the old and sick dogs and cats that other charities often refuse; FIV infected cats, leishmania dogs. Despite this added veterinary expenditure we never give up on them. They all desperately want to live.

From our very humble beginnings 9 years ago using a rented field, we have made a great deal of progress. We have our own land, a huge modern stable block and are just completing the new support

building. Our regular visitors are very impressed by the great progress made over the years and are happy to continue supporting us because they can see exactly where their money is going. We are open to the public every day of the year so you can visit and see for yourself.

But we can't do anything without financial and physical support. Volunteers are always needed, particularly in the Winter months. If you could spare a morning, afternoon or a day, once a week, this would help tremendously. If you could donate or do a fund raiser this would help us to keep going. When the tourist season ends, so does our main source of income. I am sure all of you have seen much animal suffering on the island and wished you could help more. You can, every little donation or days volunteering directly benefits the donkeys and improves their lives and enables us to help more animals. We are happy to do it but we do need your support. Thank you.

For more information see www.corfu-donkeys.com or email Judy Quinn at judyquin@otenet.gr

CDR became an official Greek registered charity in 2006 and is funded entirely by public donations. Friends of Corfu Donkey Rescue (FCDR) was registered in 2010 with the Charity Commission

We aim to give:

The old a safe and happy retirement:

**The sick a chance of a cure;
The injured a chance of recovery:**

The abused the chance of regaining trust and hope and

The abandoned the feeling of security again.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Lemon-Poppy Seed Cookies

500gr All-Purpose Flour
250gr Butter
250gr Sugar
1 Egg
1 tsp of Vanilla
2 tsp of Poppy Seeds
1 tsp Finely Shredded lemon Peel
¼ tsp Salt
Granulated Sugar (Optional)

Go:

1. In a large mixing bowl beat the butter with an electric mixer on medium to high speed for 30 seconds. Add sugar and beat until combined. Beat in the egg and vanilla until combined. Add and beat in poppy seed, lemon peel, salt and flour.

2. Cover and Chill for about 2 hours.

3. Shape dough into small balls and place balls apart on an un-greased cookie sheet. Using the bottom of a glass, dipped in granulated sugar, slightly flatten balls.

4. Bake in a 180°C oven for 8 to 10 minutes or until edges are firm and bottoms are lightly browned.

Kali Orexí

Corfu Weather Statistics

One Day summary of September 30th 2012

Maximum Temperature - 33°C
Minimum Temperature - 18°C
Average Temperature - 26°C
Windspeed - 11km/h.



"Proof that cows exist in Corfu !!!"

Monthly Joke

Sent in by Mike Collett

To Be 8 again!

A man was sitting on the edge of the bed, watching his wife, who was looking at herself in the mirror. Since her birthday was not far off he asked what she'd like to have for her birthday.

'I'd like to be eight again', she replied, still looking in the mirror ..

On the morning of her Birthday, he arose early, made her a nice big bowl of Coco Pops, and then took her to Adventure World theme park. What a day! He put her on every ride in the park; the Death Slide, the Wall of Fear, the Screaming Roller Coaster, everything there was.

Five hours later they staggered out of the theme park. Her head was reeling and her stomach felt upside down. He then took her to a McDonald's where he ordered her a Happy Meal with extra fries and a chocolate shake.

Then it was off to a movie, popcorn, a soda pop, and her favourite candy, M&M's. What a fabulous adventure!

Finally she wobbled home with her husband and collapsed into bed exhausted.

He leaned over his wife with a big smile and lovingly asked, 'Well Dear, what was it like being eight again?'

Her eyes slowly opened and her expression suddenly changed.

'I meant my dress size, you f@*#! retard!!!!'

The moral of the story: Even when a man is listening, he is gonna get it wrong.

The Corfu Adventure - Part 2

By
Martyn Clark

After the trials and tribulations of getting to Corfu our adventure was about to begin, unfortunately the house we were renting from Anna and Nicos was not quite ready so we stayed in Anna's apartments in Agios for the first four days. The house was arranged by Paul and when we arrived we had no idea what it was like, we had a brief description and knew that it was at the end of a quiet lane between Dassia and Ipsos. It was then with eager anticipation that we went to see the house on the second day we were on the island when we drove down with Anna. It was really everything we wanted, we had been looking for a Greek house and not something brand new that was full of stainless steel and smoked glass.

The house fitted the bill perfectly and with our nearest neighbours being sheep and goats we could not have asked for more. We still though had a couple days before we could move in which was a bit frustrating as it seemed our adventure had not begun and would not until we were ensconced into the house. As we had driven over I had my own car here and very soon knew the Greek Highway Code off by heart. There are only four rules to driving and they are:

1. If anyone in front of you is driving too slowly sound your horn or for that matter just sound your horn anyway, everyone else seems to.

2. Don't worry about cutting another driver up or pulling out in front of oncoming traffic, other drivers will do it to you
3. Learn a few swear words in Greek, you are

certain to need them- 4. Always stop at roundabouts as no-one seems to know who has the right of way.

I have driven in Corfu quite regularly over the last decade so knew what to expect and to be honest it really is not that bad but to the complete novice the first few days on the road over here can be quite a daunting task.

It is certainly very different to living here than being on holiday, when you are on holiday you only have a week or two weeks to get that prized suntan and you tend to grab every hour you can in the sun with the often inevitable bout of sunburn. Living here you don't look for the sun and often you will cross over the road to move out of the sun into the shade. At the time of writing we are now into our eleventh week in Corfu and have only managed to get to the beach on five occasions. One thing that did surprise me though was after the first four or five weeks here we were hoping it might rain, wall to wall sunshine every day is nice but the occasional rain shower would not go amiss. Another habit that has changed is that I no longer wear a watch, back home in the UK you are constantly looking at the clock and everything seems to be driven by time. Here, time has no meaning, Greek people are notorious for their laid back attitude and that certainly reflects in their attitude towards time. Time is unimportant, things will be done when it is time to do them but there is no time frame to doing them. What then is the point of wearing a watch especially for me and Jo we are in the nice position when everything can be as the Greeks say *Avrio*. But in many cases the title of the John

Waller book could well be a motto for Greece "*Avrio Never Comes*". To be fair though the Greek time-keeping or lack of it is not as bad as many people make it out to be and it is surely a far better way to live by not being governed by time.

Our son Adrian visited us in early August but unfortunately only for three days. He is a doctor in emergency medicine in London and with the Olympics being on all holidays were cancelled for that period of time so he had to plan his trip around days off. He arrived on Tuesday 7 August and the following few days were possibly the hottest of the summer in Corfu so he has at least seen some good sunshine. It was his first trip to Corfu and like many people found the island to be an enchanting place and like many first timers he was amazed by how green the island is especially in the face of the oppressive heat during the summer months.

I think he liked it enough that he may return. It was nice to have Adrian in Corfu and we managed to do something we had never done before and that was to visit Pontikonissi, so for three days we turned into tourists.

We have been asked on many occasions why are we spending virtually the whole summer in Corfu and did we regret making our stay a long one. The answer to the first question is that we are here to assess the feasibility of living six months in the UK and six months here. And to question two, would you regret spending fourteen weeks in virtual paradise, there have naturally been a few down sides to our stay but nothing that has influenced or changed our thoughts about Corfu.

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The Corfu Adventure—Part 2
Continued from Page 6

Will we move here is still very much in the balance, we need to sit down when we return home to the UK and analyse whether our dream is just that or can we turn it into reality. In next month's issue of the Agiot which unfortunately will be written in England I will give my honest and candid thoughts on Corfu and the Greek way of life.

In closing we have been adopted by two cats, the first has a black

smudge of fur just below his nose which is reminiscent of a famous German moustache, we felt though that we could not call him Adolf so it is Smudge. He was joined about two weeks later by another tom cat which my wife Jo thought should have a Greek name so he has been christened Socrates. Smudge was not responsive to humans but over the weeks has got a lot better whilst Socrates was within a few days looking for fuss and attention, when you stroke Socrates though Smudge does get a bit jealous and allows you

to stroke him. The last few days though has seen Smudge turn his nose up at the cheap brands of cat food but will eat Whiskas and the like. We have a cat back in England that does exactly the same thing so it seems that cats the world over have a similar philosophy in that they consider themselves superior to any other living thing on the planet.

Hiraeth: The Carnival Season Part 1

By
Dai the Nant

Every year the village elects a new Carnival Queen. In other villages this process is a Beauty Parade for 16 to 18 year olds, but in our village the competition is only open to girls in the Village Primary School. The winning name is drawn out of a hat by the mayor. The first name out is the new Queen, the second name is the Queen's lady in Waiting and then the next two are Queen's Attendants. Then there is a competition for Rosebuds and names of very young girls are drawn in the same way. We used to have only four Rosebuds, but every year the number increased until we ended up with a dozen or more.

All the "Retinue" mums then meet in the pub and decide on the colours and fabric to be used in the dresses. On Carnival Day the result always did the mums proud. The girls always looked very pretty. One year we even had a Crown Bearer. His name was Marcel and he wore a purple velvet romper suit and carried the crown everywhere on a purple cushion. It had to be removed

from him by force when the Crowning Ceremony was to start, and he wasn't happy about it. He said that it was his crown because he was going to be King.

After the New Queen had been crowned, Marcel took his cushion and sat on it centre stage whilst the Retiring Queen and the New Queen made their speeches. He occupied his time by very thoroughly picking his nose and eating everything he found in it, much to the delight of the crowd and the consternation of his mother.

Before the crowning ceremony, there is always a procession around the village. First we have the marching band from the local town, featuring quite a few local children. Then comes a very large walking troop of children, mums, dads and grandparents in Fancy Dress. Behind them come the floats. One year the Guides did a float about "painting the Roses Red" and the guide captain dressed up as the 5 of diamonds in a very fetching outfit. After the floats come the Carnival Queens and retinues.

Our village was very lucky in that one of the farmers had a beautiful horse drawn open carriage, and two trained horses to pull it. In this would sit both Queens and as many of their attendants as we could get in. Behind this came the remainder of the retinues in an enormous Milk Dray, pulled by two shire horses. The little girls sat on straw bales draped with velvet curtains and looked very pretty indeed.

But the highlight of the Carnival Procession was the Morris Dancing Troop, featuring all of the little girls from the Primary school who hadn't been selected to attend the two Carnival Queens. The troop was trained and led by Big Maureen. She was well built but not over tubby, about six foot 4 inches tall and 45 years old. In the Carnival Procession, behind Big Maureen, the 20 little girls waved their pom-poms and executed their dance steps with grim determination. Big Maureen always led the troop from the front on Carnival Day. And she could always be counted on to wear hot pants, cowboy boots, fishnet tights and cowgirl hat in the troop's colours (baby blue and white). Honestly, you couldn't make it up.

Sound Propulsion

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

If in the year 1800 any persons had suggested that the horse would one day be made almost redundant as a means of traction by a metallic contraption powered by rapid explosions fuelled by a volatile liquid they would probably have been immediately consigned to one of the primitive mental institutions of those days. I am not sure that today is any more tolerant of apparently crackpot ideas, but I shall take the risk; here goes –

In the sixties I was in charge of the music as well as teaching Mathematics and English at a Boys' Preparatory School in New Zealand. The purpose-built complex with its extensive grounds occupied a picturesque setting in gently undulating countryside miles from any other habitation. In those days before they realized that the Old Queen was dead discipline was very harshly enforced in their schools yet one morning all thirty occupants of a dormitory, aged eight to thirteen including the two prefects, confessed to having committed the serious crime of leaving their beds to crane out of the open windows and watch the passage of a strange flying machine "like a fried egg with a big bump in the middle" until it disappeared behind a nearby hill. In that remote area there were no curtains on the windows and some boys had been awakened by the glare on their faces. They had called the others. "It was very bright white light, sir." "It was dazzling!" Probably glowing white-hot from the friction on extremely high-speed travel through Earth's atmosphere although then moving quite slowly, preparing to land?

"It sounded just like the organ

in the chapel, sir." There was a fine three-manual-and-pedal pipe organ in the school chapel. Sixteen of the 120 pupils were Choral Scholars, trebles and altos of the Chapel Choir which traveled around giving concerts as well as, augmented by tenors and basses of the staff, regularly broadcasting the chapel services. An Anglican priest was resident School Chaplain. The Head Chorister and two Senior Choristers were among that dormitory's occupants; all three corroborated the description of the machine's sound.

Excitement was redoubled with the arrival of a dayboy, son of a sheep farmer, bubbling with the account of a large patch burnt overnight into pasture not far from their homestead some ten miles away.

Authority was sufficiently impressed by the importance of the boys' revelations as to inflict no punishment for their flagrant breach of regulations that forbade leaving beds between Lights Out and Morning Call save for the direst emergency. I do not know if the incident were reported anywhere; I was about to leave the school in order to take up a cathedral appointment and anticipation of the challenge of my new post overrode even the prospect of finding an alien in my bathroom.

Today does anyone doubt that there are other inhabited planets in the Universe and that at least one is so far along the road of civilization as to have developed spacecraft capable of speeds making possible travel between solar systems and possibly between galaxies? What is their motive power? Clearly it is something far more powerful than anything used by our comparatively

primitive shuttles.

"It sounded just like the organ in the chapel, sir." I have often wished that I had questioned the boys closely. The instrument had many registers producing a wide variety of timbres. Was the sound that of a single rank or of a combination? Those choristers were musically very intelligent, playing strings or wind, piano and organ; they could have described the sound precisely.

Was that the craft's motive power? From my study of acoustics as a unit in my B.Mus. I know that sound has real force, can damage and hurt. Anyone who had been battered by decibels at a pop concert or a panegyrie can testify to that. May sound waves be sufficiently harnessed, concentrated, channelled, directed to provide propulsion? The low speed of sound is irrelevant; it is its initial kick that counts. The energy to produce sound may be obtained from solar power and the extreme heat generated by superfast travel through atmospheres.

I am far too old, lack eyesight, have no resources to undertake research. Perhaps this article will come to the attention of a young scientist and arouse his interest.

Incidentally I know that a very eminent scientist has advised that we should resist any aliens who may invade, citing the malignant activities of the Conquistadores and other settlers in America. Much as I admire that gentleman I would venture to disagree.

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Sound Propulsion
Continued from Page 8

The early settlers in the New World were almost as savage as the natives whom they slaughtered and oppressed, whereas any aliens who arrive here are so far along the path of civilization, witnessed by their technical achievement, that they have long ago forsaken oppression.

War is a total relapse into barbarism. They may carry sophisticated weaponry in order to defend themselves lest they should be attacked by the barbarous denizens of Earth, but otherwise their intentions will be entirely benevolent.

Hollywood has often portrayed extra-terrestials as grotesquely ugly, yet may not such cultured individuals be strikingly handsome? They

may, however, need to wear gas-masks to filter out the poison with which we have laced our air through ignorance and ill-managed industry and transport, another good reason for seeking alternative means of propulsion!

Rain Came

By
Simon Baddeley



We knew three days ago the weather would change. Mark told us. I trust him, as a friend, and as someone who works for Sailing Holidays, where it's good business to keep an eye on the weather. Even though we've seen it for five seasons, the shift as high summer passes is a surprise; an event. We were strolling below the village on Thursday evening exploring a small church in a clearing at the end of a short track off the road to Kato Korakiana. It was being repaired. Who does this work? Is it done for free? Is it a voluntary tithe based on loyalty to the village? I have so much to learn about this place. In England we would see evidence of collections to maintain churches. Not here.

As Linda and I chatted in the circle of parched land before the church, surrounded by olives, there came the rumble of thunder, easily

mistaken at first for a plane taking off from the city. We started home towards the village, its wings spread across the slopes of Trompetta between Mougades to the west and, a kilometre mile to the east, Venetia. "Have you noticed" said Lin "how Mougades is just as high on one side as Venetia on the other?" We walked along the straight road north that leads into the centre of the village past small pastures and the now derelict football field. The thunder wandered about, reverberating, not easily placed. Now and then lightning flashed. The evening sky was grey, matte, taupe and the air humid. We felt the first flecks of rain. As we walked the drops stayed as spots on the dry road. I felt them t h r o u g h m y s h i r t . "It's like an orchestra tuning up!" "Hurry or we're going to be soaked" We clambered up the last steep paths to the house.

The symphony started; all timpani and percussion with special effects. Perfectly timed lightning striking across the darkened sky; the thunder deafening, the rain like a breaking of waters cascading down pipes, gullies, over the edges of gutters too small to handle the flow; splashing off window sills and through a couple of windows we'd left open day and night to let breezes cool the house.

All night it rained and thundered following the flicker of light through the shutters. Ano

Korakiana, being, with Sokraki and Spartillas and Skripero, attached to the island's highest mountains is near the centre of Corfu's storms as the weather of the north meets the weather of the south on the Trompetta Ridge. Peering through our eastern window we can see the warm southern air climbing the cypress ravines forming mist then cloud as its vaporises at the watershed, creating a false impression of weather from the north, when most storms are driven from the south. I went into town by bus in the morning, taking my folding bicycle. At the bus station, well wrapped in waterproofs, I cycled happily through town to the airport to meet Yianni in the carpark. Here further south the wind was far stronger, streaming water across the runway. A Russian holiday charter heaved into the wind with a customary roar; vanishing in seconds from sight and sound in the thick white mist of the gale.

"It's a dreadful day" said Yianni, wind grabbing at his raincoat, as he handed me the key, holding the back door open for my bicycle. I imagined him meeting new arrivals looking for their late summer holiday on the island and finding this. I suspect he'd been up all night for the late-early inward flights. the esplanade. Beautiful.

Continued on Page 10

Rain Came
Continued from Page 9



"The Old Fort from Garitsa"

It reminds me of the film Zorba. It opens with a gale; a shelter on the quay at Piraeus assailed by wind and rain, doors slamming, water streaming down the windows, people huddled inside awaiting the boat to Crete. That classic was black and white, but there's hardly a modern Greek director who doesn't balance blue with heavy doses of grey; grey factories, grimy landscapes with faceless trucks spraying grey water from the gutters of dual carriage-ways, surging through the exurban strip malls and dislocated condominiums that surround all modern cities. Consciously or not, such scenes give an ageing formula some dilution – compensating for films set in the Republic where the producers locate a globally-branded landscape and pay for Photoshop 'Ελλάς; clearing away tourists,

plastic bottles and displays stacked with Chinese souvenirs, to invent a scene of costumed extras, wise old yiayias, wrinkled old men with white-wing moustaches chatting in the shade, swinging kombolói, virgins in comely dresses, kind but relentless fathers, dutifully pinafores wives, passionate young men in white shirts, tactical donkeys on cobbled alleys, decorated by set designers, lighting gaffers and post-production digitisers tippexing out what doesn't fit the cliché in an acoustic landscape of syrtaki and goat bells dubbed over techno beat, football commentary and engines.

The morning after the storm the landscape is changed; a canvas scraped to the gesso, with new colours and shades worked into the imprint of familiar horizons along with new ones which, as the season progresses into the kinder weather of autumn, become more and more a part of the background - the peaks of Epirus in haze through summer...



"The morning ferry to Igoumenitsa "

...show in silhouette, and then by November are enriched by varying shades of snow that will last beyond Easter when the mainland again recedes into haze. "We nearly lit the stove last night" said Mark, dipping a ladle into a casserole in the middle of his and Sally's table to serve us a steaming gravied stew of duck - mallard and wigeon shot over marshes in Evros by the Turkish border.

The Agiot Website

Because of hacking issues we have discontinued the Forums on our Agiot website.

However, we will start to add items to the news section from time to time for those who are eager to check in on what is happening.

www.theagiot.net



"Photo contributed by Vasilios Pandis"

