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The Agiot

128th Edition



Courtesy of Giannis Gasteratos

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Agiotfest 18

- By The Minstrel



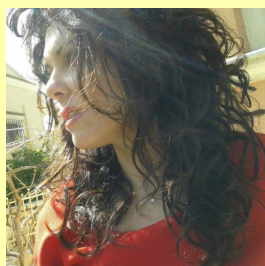
10TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY

CHECK OUT TEN YEARS OF FUN RIGHT HERE!
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c4W-zOm1tGU>

A mix of old favourites and new faces.

FRIDAY 31ST AUGUST
GATES OPEN AT 7.30.P.M.

SONIA GRAMMATIKOU :
Classical Piano



SURPRISE ACT 1



THE ALBUM
PROJECT:
SUPER Led
Zeppelin Tribute
Band

7 MILE LIMIT:
Swing and jazz

- Back by popular demand from
2017



BOOM BOX COLLECTIVE:
[Disco Band].

Dance 'til you drop.

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1G7R0tqB2UrHfaDgsQy5S0jAXZUlaqWcx/view>



SATURDAY 1ST SEPTEMBER

Brand new: AGIOTFAIR opens at 11.00.A.M. and will
close between 4.00.p.m. and 5.p.m.,
when sound-checks begin on stage.

Current line-up of people who
will have stand/table or tent;

Roadhouse Music Corfu
[a tent displaying/demonstrating
musical instruments, mostly electric
guitars].



Woodbrook Group [Sponsors].
They are an international,
independent financial services
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Eco-point
[Swimming pools and
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Daylong
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SKMS.
[Sponsors Self defence
instructors].



The fair will be managed by
Antoinette Goes on:
[0030] 6994934352.
All enquiries for displaying should be
directed to her.

There is no pitch fee.

See next month's issue for further developments on
Agiotfair.

Continued on Page 3

Agiofest - Continued from Page 2

SATURDAY NIGHT 7.30p.m.

Let the party roll on

SURPRISE 2

GEORGE
CHEMARIOS
with a new 2018
lineup.



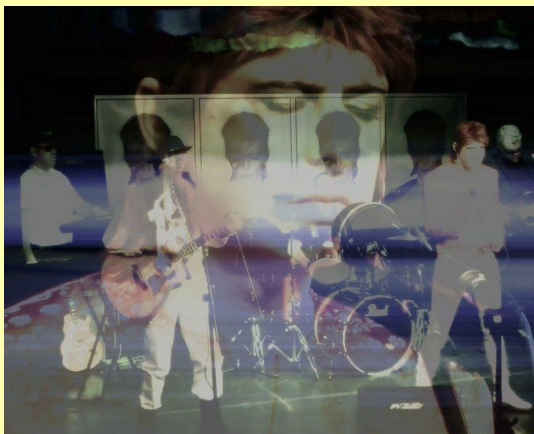
BLACK STRAT BAND
[have never disappointed-
be ready to rock].

ZOE UNSWORTH
from Engand with her
Greek own band.
[Zoe's star continues
to rise].



The Sensational David Bowie Tribute Band

[playing in August throughtout the UK
to packed crowds].



BOWIE UPDATE.

Not much to report this month. Our Bowie Band played to sell-out audiences in two of the larger live venues in Glasgow city centre (Oran Mor and St Lukes) and we're playing the O2 ABC in Glasgow later next month.

Our Mr Bowie was just spitting the last feathers out from the Oran Mor live chickenfest when I asked him if he could draw from his decades of experience in Rock and Roll to give his overview of the direction the live music business has gone over the years, and the way digital technology has influenced it.

He mused for a while then answered "that's a very interesting question! I've been thinking about this a lot recently. The advent of digital technology has probably made life more difficult for musicians like me". "why is that?" I asked "can you give me an example?". "yes, of course" he replied "the reduced size and weight of digital items means that it's almost impossible now to throw an LCD television through a hotel window". I had to agree with him on that point. I went on to ask if he'd ever used a Sony Playstation. "yes" was his reply. "I played tennis with it, but it broke apart the first ball I hit".

I complimented him on his willingness to embrace new technology.

He accepted the compliment with grace and suggested that if any of your readers would like him to give technology advice then they should just put their questions in writing to this publication, and mark it "Bowie's Digital Advice Service", and he will answer them in the next publication.

Unfortunately, there are no photos which have passed the censor this month, so I have raided the archives and included a photo of my own rock band from 1978. In that photo there are two members of the current Bowie band. My brother Tom (back row to the right), and my humble self (centre). Tom retains the majesty to this day, but my mean look has turned into a potato (albeit a mean looking potato). The second photo is of Janice (from the band) and me. It was taken around nine years ago when the band had to go on the run after a bizarre incident on stage involving Alice Cooper's pet python.

Continued on Page 4

Agiotfest - Continued from Page 3



Rock band 1978

<



Wanted Dead or Alive 2009

>

TICKETS AVAILABLE NOW

ADULT TICKET 12 EUROS

TWO-DAY TICKET 22 EUROS

Don't forget!

***'EARLY-BIRD TICKET PRICES
EXPIRE 30TH OF JUNE'.***

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Chas Clifton -
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Edem Club Dassia -
(0030) 2661093013

NSK, Dassia (opposite
Chandris Hotel) -
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Ecopoint
(Natty Katehi) -
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Les Woods -
(0030) 6948285043

Nikki Tsatsa
- (The Port)
(0030) 6932015127

Vasiliki Voulgari -
(0030) 6938011191

*Agiotfest
supporter
and friend
Nicos
Vernicos
pulling his
weight
>*



'Sponsors and friends coming to the Fest'

Message from a Sponsor:

Woodbrook at AgiotFest 18

Woodbrook Group is delighted to be associated with AgiotFest on the occasion of its wonderful 10th anniversary. Congratulation to everybody!!

Woodbrook is an Irish owned, Cyprus based financial advisory company, and our Corfu representatives are Senior Advisors Robert from Scotland and Mark from Ireland. We are already a bit like the League of Nations!

And we are here with all the wonderful AgiotFest fans as we extend our international flavour, mingling with music lovers from all over Europe, and indeed from all over the world.

On the serious side, we take our clients' financial protection and security very seriously! We are regulated by the Cyprus Securities and Exchange Commission, and we are one of the few advisory companies to be fully MIFID II complaint. (If you really want to know what MIFID II means, Robert is in the beer tent!) We take every possible care to make sure our clients' investments are safe and secure at all times.

We are also totally independent, which means the advice we give our clients is free from any influence of an overseeing Bank or insurance company. We have only our clients' best interest in focus and at heart.

But what really sets us above many financial institutions is our passion for client support. We truly believe that every client deserves the very finest service, support and attention, and the Woodbrook guys at AgioFest, Scottish Robert and Mark the Dubliner, are particularly enthusiastic about this.

Please talk to us at AgiotFest if any of this is interesting - we are the ol' fellas with the Woodbrook t-shirts!

Mark Slevin

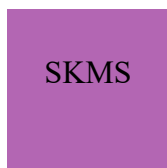
Continued on Page 5

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Your Trusted Financial Consultants



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to suit all budgets



Daylong



Corfu Beer



100+ Club



AELOS BEACH RESORT



Green Island



Mousehouse



Sally's Bar



Including:

- Adrian Ward (<http://realcorfu.com>)
- Anne Hodgson
- Aqualand
- Avis Owen
- Barry & Stella Knight
- Big Bite Restaurant, Benitses
- Bob & Jill Carr
- Bob Bakker
- Chas Clifton
- Compass Café, Kontokali
- Corfu Trail Properties
- David Dickinson
- Derek & Carole Pullen
- Dimitris Krokidis (<http://corfuwall.gr>)
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- Henk Van Der Does
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- Maria. Driving School
- Martin & Tracey Stuart
- Michael Spiggos, Firebrand Radio (<http://www.firebrandrr.co.uk/michael-spiggos>)
- Mickey Lowe
- Miri Widdicombe
- Neil Hendriksen
- Nikolas's Taverna, Agni
- NSK
- Pat & Gina Brett
- Paul & Jan Scotter
- Posidonio Restaurant Agios Giordis
- Rob Tinkler
- Robert Bennett
- Sarah Young
- Sephora Shop
- Simon & Lin Baddeley
- Star Bowl
- Steve Young
- Spyros Kaloudis, Dentist
- Sue Done
- Tavola Calda
- Trevor Whybrow
- Vassilis Pandis

ocay villas

Villa Theodora has been open for visitors since 2000.

The building is part of our heritage, having been the birth-place of Peter and Kostas's Great- Grandmother'

Quite a few of you who read this page have stayed here-some of you have stayed several times. Dare we say, some come almost every year.

Step out from the detached, private villa and onto the pool terrace and the 21st century disappears over your shoulder. You are at peace.



This summer we are grateful that every week has been booked, with the exception of :

3-10 September

Last week available

20% off published price.

If you want to join the calm then please mail Peter or Kostas at: info@ocayvillascorfu.com

BESPOKE PROPERTY - ASPECTS OF EARLY SUMMER WORK

Garitsa House



In the heart of Garitsa



Please revive us



The jungle awaits



Gategate

Border patrol south Agios

Bespoke Property - Cotinued from Page 6

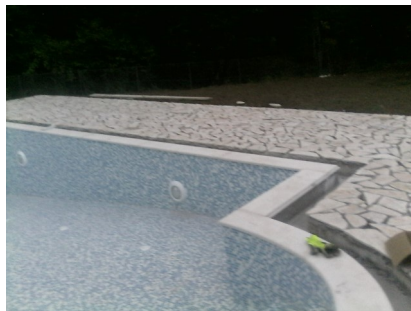
New Villa in the Valley



New Villa in the Valley 2

*Continued on Page 8*

New Villa in the Valley 3



Villa Theodora Patio Facelift



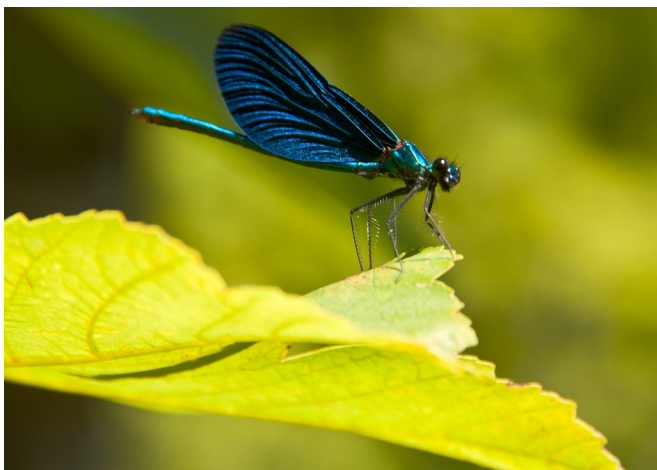
Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

Wildlife back ... with a Vengeance?

The other day I noticed a member of that increasingly common species, the Early Tourist, behaving very oddly in a nearby field. Bent over and moving very slowly, step by step, he was looking closely at the ground between the drying stems of Asphodel. Had he dropped his keys? Or had a fifty euro note blown out of his pocket? Then I saw he was carrying a net. What was he up to? I asked him.

Looking for insects, was the reply. He and his wife (who was fossicking in the verge) had already found three species of fritillary butterfly that they'd never spotted before, just in this field. They were staying in Corfu Town and, had bused in as far as the Golf Club, thereafter walking the kilometre or so to the Theotoky Estate, where they'd purchased some ecologically-produced wine and olive oil. Then they'd gone on butterfly-watch. I pointed them in the direction of a nearby ditch, choked with mature watercress (indicative of pure water), and often seething with electric-blue dragonflies. They were going on to have a poke around the Ropa River, and then take the bus back to Town.



This is the type of visitor Corfu needs, instead of All Inclusives in competition with other families to consume the most beer and cola and ice-cream so as to get their 'money's worth'.

Indeed, lots of butterflies are flitting around at present, and fire-flies are providing a nightly theatre. In general Nature is rather burgeoning, in the understated way of the parallel universe it exists in: the chorus of frogs in the Ropa River, and the vast number of huge toads squashed on the lanes are evidence of a world largely hidden from our view. We found two inch-long tortoises whilst strimming recently, and a full-grown one is wandering in the vicinity.

Medium-sized mammals such as pine-martens and hares leave signs of their passing. Above all (physically and literally), raptors swoop.

In the 90s Nature was not burgeoning, because Corfu was under chemical attack. In order to combat the Dacus fly (it affects the olive crop), the powers-that-be had sanctioned the use of the poison Lebaycid for systematic aerial spraying of the

countryside. At the time, I conducted a wide-ranging review of the impact of Lebaycid, and whilst no direct evidence of its destructive effects were openly acknowledged, there were certainly underground rumblings. And anecdotal and unofficial demographic manifestations (viz. huge cancer rates in agricultural communities) were apparent.

Lebaycid was already banned across much of the developed world, and as a result its manufacturer Bayer was in possession of massive stocks that it couldn't sell. So it found a patsy purchaser (no doubt with the aid of some greasing) in the form of our lovely government, who spent YOUR taxes on spraying YOU with a toxic compound, whilst making the super-wealthy Big Pharma even richer. Eventually, after a lot of noise from a few awakened folk (me among them) the aerial spraying was halted. No doubt Bayer subsequently offloaded its remaining stocks on some unwitting third world populations (as multinats do), who are proud to welcome sophisticated modern technology to their country, in place of the 'traditional' methods and materials they had used for generations. Unaware - or uncaring - of consequences.

The appearance of our friendly butterfly foragers were evidence of the consequences for Corfu of an end to the spraying. A powerful pesticide, Lebaycid killed not only the dreaded Dacus, but any other insect that came in contact with it. Larger animals absorbed the chemical through their food and from the air (reptiles and amphibians being particularly affected), and thus the poison would make its relentless way up the food chain, impacting even those at the top - the raptors. But with a couple of decades gone by with no large-scale aerial spraying conducted, our wildlife is back. But not, I hope, with a vengeance!

I have been known to read a cornflake packet around a breakfast table if there is nothing else stimulating to do. Pretty much any book will keep my attention, though I have struggled with some of Solzhenitsyn, and can't get past page 40 of *Pride and Prejudice* (and I am far from alone in that!). Nor does anything in the 'science fantasy' genre interest me. However, the worst offenders (the only two books I have actually thrown across the room) were authored by members of the same family. The Durrells.

I got halfway down the first page of Lawrence's 'Tunc' before it hit the far wall. Hard. A few years down the line, I was on a Durrell tour with a professor from an American university, who happened to be the world expert on 'Tunc' and its sequel 'Nunquam'. Rather apologetically, I confessed to my Tunc-toss. 'Yes,' he replied. 'It's pretty dire. Pretentious.' Vindicated!

The second Durrell book that provoked similar action was 'Whatever Happened to Margo?' by the female sibling of the family. I think it was supposed to be farce, but unlike the buffoonery in Gerald's books, it just doesn't work. Now, on the back of The Durrells on TV, it is being republished. Sorry, but don't bother.

Continued on Page 10

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 9

Remarkably, I myself have been accused of Durrell bandwagon-jumping, by a producer of the above-mentioned show. For the sin of politely requesting a mutually beneficial collaboration with them over the new issue of my guidebook 'In the Footsteps of Lawrence Durrell and Gerald Durrell in Corfu, 1935-1939', in ebook form (working on it!). This book was first published in 1998, so was hardly written 'on the back' of their precious programme, not even bandwagoning on the previous BBC Imelda Staunton film (2005). Since the guide - recommended as Travel Book of the Week in the Sunday Times - has been out of print for years, requests for a reissue have poured in, well before the recent Durrell series. I would rather like to turn the tables on that producer, and accuse his company of assailing Durrell bandwagons.

Mentioning keys, as I did at the start of Ramblings, brings to mind an escapade involving my old dad - not the sharpest tool in the box, bless him. He'd gone to shop in Asda (that way he could sneak the treats he wasn't allowed to eat), and exited with his box of purchases. Walking up and down the rows of hundreds of parked cars, he couldn't find his own, a pale blue Nissan Sunny. Around and round and up and down he went again - no sign of the vehicle. It's been stolen, he thought, and put his hand in his pocket to see if he had the keys (he'd been known to leave them in the ignition). They were there; he pulled them out. Only to discover that he should have been searching for a red Fiat Panda, not a blue Sunny. He'd gone to the supermarket in my mother's car ... and, in amongst the Mars Bar multipacks, had quite forgotten ...

Sc-ramblings: Salad Days (not)



After leaving boarding school for sixth form at an institution closer to home, I was in theory about to enjoy some better food.

Unfortunately, by this time, my mother was growing lazy in the kitchen

- mostly, I think, to be perverse, as Dad liked his grub. Thus, just at a time when more interesting vegetables were starting to appear in the markets and shops (even courgettes!), my mother gave up bothering with them, and served 'salad' instead. This 'salad' consisted of a small slice from an M&S Iceberg lettuce, cut into bits and coated with a far-too-vinegary French dressing. It was served immediately after the

main course in the French manner. My dad being a Scot, for whom anything vaguely leafy was 'rabbit food', he detested it. His way of dealing with it without incurring Mother's silent wrath, was to push it around the plate until it got so limp that he could hide it under his fork. My mother thought she was ultra-sophisticated - and 'European' - in replacing the traditional English two-veg accompaniment with lettuce, when in fact she was depriving us of decent food, Iceberg lettuce possessing absolutely zilch in the way of nutrients and vitamins. (Cos lettuce would have been a better option as it contains quite a bit of vitamin A, but the answer to the suggestion was 'we don't like it'; the totally bland, watery Iceberg was more acceptable to their palate.)

[A few years down the line, my parents could not get their heads around my version of salad - a whole giant bowl full of different raw vegetables, dressed with olive oil. They were genuinely puzzled as to why anyone would want to eat that. Of course, the English idea of 'salad' is summed up in this extract from a longer poem called 'Half-Cucumber Land': < Have you tasted an English salad? - You're in for a special treat! - A quarter of acid tomato, - A limp leaf of lettuce, quite neat. - A slice or two of cucumber - To go with the piece of cold meat. > More of that later.]

Mother also fell for the Flora ad., the one that persuaded so many foolish women that they could Save Their Husbands from an Early Heart Attack by feeding them hydrogenated vegetable oil in place of a natural product that had been eaten by humans for thousands of years.

I refused to comply, and a pack of real butter was set aside just for me. Poor dad craved the butter in place of the ghastly marge, but was banned from touching. He compensated by stuffing himself with Mars Bars and other chemical-ridden chocolates - and thirty years on died from heart failure anyway.

Then I was shipped away again, into higher education.

Now, as I wrote last month, the boarding part of my state secondary school was run as a business, and, as I noted '90 boarders at a fee of around 300 pounds per year each does not leave much margin for decent nosh, once you have paid [expenses]. But there really was no excuse at all for a government-funded Halls-of-Residence dining facility to be as bad as ours was. I shall not name the institution - educationally it was a well-regarded one that sent you out with a registered degree - as it is now merged and renamed, our campus abandoned. The sheer awfulness of the catering in this place was brought home to us when we went on work-placement (aka teaching practice), when even small secondary schools were serving pupils a cornucopia of choice, along with a rainbow salad-and-vegetable buffet at lunchtime. I'm afraid my greed at being faced with such a feast did not go down well (though the food certainly did!). And more recently, an ex-pat friend who is slightly older than me but studied a similar course elsewhere described the wonderful food they were offered at her college. So other places could manage to serve decent food on their government budget - why didn't ours?

It was remarkable only for being a stodge-fest. One memorable day, the menu indicated that pizza was the main course (only one choice, ever). Pizza had hardly made it north of Watford in those days, except in the biggest cities, so we were beside ourselves with excitement.

Continued on Page 11

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 10

Standing in line with our trays, we slowly became aware that this was not pizza as the rest of the world knew it: A deep, oblong metal baking dish had been filled with squashy bread dough, so that the 'pizza' base was around two inches thick. This had been smeared with the barest smidgen of tomato paste straight from the tin, and then sprinkled with the meanest handful of grated cheese, of some unknown provenance (the only protein content of the meal). Next station down the line was the 'starch' element (as if the pizza wasn't!), which was a scoop of chips. Then came the 'vegetable' element. And here I encounter a mentality that I really cannot tap into: Having just fed us two major portions of starch, the 'vegetable' on this day was ... tinned spaghetti in tomato sauce (probably not Heinz, either). And the pudding on offer was a suet-based one. Stodge-fest, indeed.

In a way I can see where they were coming from. Whoever was in charge of the catering must have thought to herself (and it was a

she): 'Right, we've got pizza, and that's Italian. What else is Italian? I know! Spaghetti! So let's serve tinned spaghetti as a veg!'

Where do they get these people? Who trained them and gave them a qualification in nutrition and catering? Who approved them to be let loose on young people, thereby perhaps ruining health outcomes for life?

The only alternative to the constant stodge was 'salad'. Only half a dozen were made each day as they were 'expensive', so you had to be at the front of the queue to obtain one, pathetic as they were: One lettuce leaf, half a golf-ball-sized tomato and two shavings of cucumber accompanied a meagre tablespoon of grated cheese or a mean slice of flabby ham. And if you chose 'salad' YOU WERE NOT ALLOWED ANYTHING ELSE, NOT EVEN A SINGLE SLICE OF BREAD.

The bread, of course, was ready-sliced Chorleywood-process white, and even that was rationed by the granite-faced sourpuss who supervised *. At least, it was rationed to us girls; the same did not apply to the lads, whom I once watched as they sniggered whilst rolling out a full trolley-load under sourpuss's nose, without disapprobation (she smirked at us lasses as we looked on enviously). I was sent for disciplinary measures when I complained about this incident.



Why didn't we cook for ourselves? you may justifiably ask. Well, first of all, the three meals served every day in the dining hall were free, and our spare cash was better spent on a drink in the social club a couple of times a week, and other late-teen necessities like shopping. Secondly, while there was a tiny kitchen in each hall-of-residence corridor, it only had a grill for toast and absolutely nothing in the way of equipment. Thirdly, none of us at that point had much idea about cooking - or indeed good eating. (Two of my friends used to put bread under the toaster, then go to their rooms and forget about it. It would burn. They'd chuck the charcoaled bread, put fresh under the toaster, and do exactly the same thing.

Several times.) Though I had already begun to dip my toes into the realm of food, cooking some very simple recipes from my mother's cookbooks - sausage jambalaya, Russian fish pie and chicken and sweetcorn pot pie were a few I remember making when home-alone. At that time the grand-mums of today's 'clean eating' gurus were themselves barely out of school.

I think many of us were dimly aware that this was not how food should be, but we had neither the knowledge nor the means to enact any changes.

So, faced with starvation on 'salads', or a life on fattening crap, several of us opted to become vegetarians, on the basis that the few genuine veggies in the Halls were treated to omelettes cooked to order. Of course, once the catering department had to cook for a shedload of self-proclaimed vegetarians, it was no longer practical to produce individual omelettes, so our requirements were put into the mass-catering mill. And, with something labelled 'nut cutlet' as the almost daily offering, they actually managed to out-stodge the stodge.

Fast forward to Corfu - where I arrived not very long after these events - and the huge variety of non-meat food on offer became evident. I say 'non-meat' because it wasn't self-consciously 'vegetarian', just food that didn't happen to have flesh in it. Even at the time I was in further education, in the late 70s, enough cookbooks were on the market to show that meatless food and a varied diet were not incompatible. But no, this lot in the catering department were stuck in the 1940s, in a small, sealed box on the top shelf of a very large wardrobe, in an attic at the end of a long corridor behind several locked doors, and nothing could persuade them that vegetarian cooking might involve - errm - actual vegetables. Nut cutlet it was going to be, forever and ever.

Unfortunately, choosing to be a veggie also excluded you from the only two decent meals of the week: Saturday evening fry-up and Sunday 'roast' lunch. It wasn't very long before we all switched back...

Mercifully, a marvellous bakery in the adjoining town produced the best cheesecake ever (I've still had nothing that comes close), and my friends and I would share a whole one each weekend.

It was in this hall-of-residence, though, that I acquired my very first cookbook. And that's when the rebellion began.

* I've been reminded by a friend from that time that sourpuss's name was Iris. She blighted my friend's life, too.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

FAVA



INGREDIENTS:

500gr Fava [yellow split-peas].
 2 medium red onions, chopped.
 2 cloves of garlic, chopped.
 2 carrots, peeled and shredded.
 Juice of one lemon.
 4 tbsp olive oil.
 Salt and pepper.

GO:

Rinse the split peas with plenty of water.

Heat a large pot over medium-high heat; add 2-3 tbsps. olive oil, the chopped onions, garlic and carrots and sauté.

As soon as the onions start to caramelize add the peas and blend. Pour in the warm water and the olive oil, turn the heat down to medium and season well with salt and pepper. Simmer with the lid on for about 40-50 minutes, until the split peas are thick and mushy. While the split peas boil, some white foam will probably surface on the water. Remove the foam with a slotted spoon.

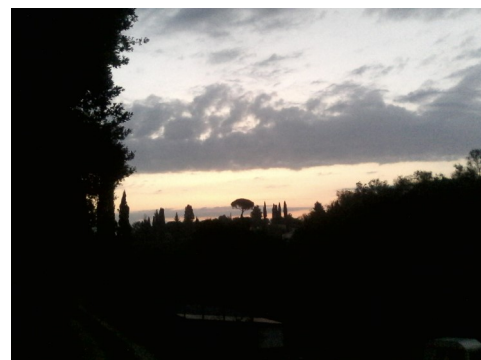
When done, pour in the lemon juice and transfer the mixture into a food processor. Mix, until the peas become smooth and creamy, like a puree.

Serve the fava with a drizzle of olive oil, a tablespoon of diced onion and some capper or chopped parsley.

Καλη Ορεζη!

Corfu Weather Statistics - May 2018

Max	Avg	Min
Temperature		
Max Temperature	31°C	26 °C
Mean Temperature	25°C	21°C
Min Temperature	20 °C	17°C
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	0	0
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	12	5
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	27	20
Dew Point	23°C	17°C
Precipitation	8.9 mm	0.8 mm
Wind		
Wind	35 km/h	6 km/h
Gust Wind	60 km/h	38 km/h
Sea Level Pressure	1017 hPa	1012 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

Agios Ioannis dawn

THIS ONE CAN'T BE SWEEPED UNDER THE CARPET

By John Lanasis

HOW DO YOU SPELL INCOMPETENCE????

<http://enimerosi.com/details.php?id=22432>

In April of 2016 documents outlining a carbon neutral fully funded solution were presented to the MP (at his request) by an international waste management / energy company which would have brought an end to landfill and all associated problems of waste management within two years. The proposed solution was of a type that is seeing considerable success across a number of other countries. No response or acknowledgment was ever received. Greece is NOT capable of managing the waste problems which are not only restricted to Corfu but numerous promises have been made by the municipality which have not been fulfilled. Here are Sections 3 and 4 of the proposal which outline for you the gravity of the situation. The figures we had at the time were 87,000 tones of waste annually and 13,000 tons backlog. The proposal included production of gas from the waste and installation of gas powered electricity generators etc etc.

Whilst the Mayor of Corfu has repeatedly invited an initial meeting, his staff at the central office in Alexandras Avenue have consistently blocked access to him citing various excuses such as, he's busy or he is in Russia !!! One wonders if access to ones elected politicians is something that Greece understands is a fundamental part of a democratic society. Certainly in other countries such as the UK it is a very different situation.

Here are sections 3 and 4 of the 2016) proposal which will give you an idea of the gravity of the situation.

3) CORFU'S WASTE CRISIS

a) The General Environmental Department of the European Commission has been and remains seriously concerned about Greece's continuing failure to comply with waste disposal environmental requirements including the closure of hazardous landfill sites.

b) In a recent report Greece was ranked 27th worst

EU state out of 27 in respect of its waste recycling, waste collection services and breaches of relevant European legislation.

c) Corfu has to dispose of its own waste which as an island's has become a significant and burdensome problem with Temploni, Corfu's only official landfill not only full but identified as being in breach of European Waste Management Standards since 2007, citing serious health and environmental risks.

4) HEALTH ENVIRONMENTAL AND ECONOMIC IMPACT

a) The increasing amounts of unregulated and untreated waste in the overfull landfill and the growing quantities of discarded waste to be found on streets together with fly tipping will further encourage the spread of disease and illness increasing directly attributable welfare costs.

b) Untreated discarded urban waste will have also begun to adversely affect the economy and particularly tourism (reputational risk – smell, eye sore, vermin attraction) an important source of Authority revenue.

[Municipal Cleansing Services Announcement: No more refuse collection - don't put your rubbish in the bins! - ENHMEPΩΣH On Line](http://enimerosi.com/details.php?id=22432)
enimerosi.com

Video Corner

No Chemo Therapy

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xEUexoNPfQ0>

Opinion

Contributed by Heather Skinner

Just some of my personal concerns now the new IKOS Dassia is open:

#1 on the website they claim to offer guests "Your own private beach offering an unspoilt stretch of fine white sand framed by fragrant pines and olive trees". Beaches here are public, it would be of great concern if the hotel tried to refuse people other than guests access to any part of the beach in front of the hotel

#2 it is another All-Inclusive resort - it is not aiming at the cheaper end of the market, it is aiming at the luxury market, so any arguments about AI being useful for families on a budget do not hold sway here. I am delighted that a luxury hotel has been built on the island to attract higher spending visitors, but it would benefit the local economy so much more if the guests to this place who have the money to spend were encouraged to spend it outside the enclave

#3 guests do have the opportunity of eating out, within their All-Inclusive package, in selected local tavernas "Sample the local cuisine at designated local restaurants at no extra charge (reservation required)". This is fine as long as the local tavernas get a good recompense from the IKOS, and if they are also of a good standard to not put people off eating outside of the hotel

#4 There will be some local staff employed at the resort, particularly in the lower end of the salary scale. However, the higher salaried managerial positions, and also a large percentage of staff overall, will be employed from outside of Corfu, and not just from elsewhere in Greece, but also from abroad (as identified on the careers page of their website)

#5 the global headquarters of Oaktree Capital Management that is the driving finance behind the venture is located in Los Angeles, so although the company is undertaking the IKOS ventures through the acquisition of / merger with a Greek company, profits will ultimately be repatriated to the USA

<http://ikosresorts.com/resorts/ikos-dassia/>

Courtesy of Enimerosi on-line News.

Hotel Employees Union presses charges against Ikos Hotel management

CORFU. The Hotel Employees Union pressed charges against the management of the Ikos Hotel in Dassia on Monday for illegal violence and violation of union regulations. Those involved in the incident were taken to the police station.



Union of Hotel Employees President Stamatis Pelais

29 May / 2018

SHARE

AddThis Sharing Buttons

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According to the President of the Union, Stamatis Pelais, it could have been avoided if there hadn't been inappropriate and offensive behavior on the part of the hotel management towards the Union representatives who were visiting the hotel to inform employees about Wednesday's strike.

The union members headed by Vice-President Eleni Mazi, were in the staff canteen holding some leaflets when the hotel manager came in, took them and tore them up! He shut the canteen door and called the police! The Union President arrived at the hotel and asked the police in the patrol car to arrest the manager for committing an offence against the union representatives and let them know of his intention to press charges.

The incident took place on Monday afternoon and all those involved were taken to the police station, where they remained until early evening. The case will most probably go to trial.

The local Corfu Communist Party (KKE) branch condemned the incident in the following statement: "This latest incident of bullying and obstruction of the work of the union confirms the increase in aggression on the part of employers, which needs to be resisted with solidarity and organized action. The SYRIZA-ANEL government is responsible for creating anti-labour and anti-popular measures which have led to the devastation of thousands of workers and the unaccountability of powerful employers. We state categorically that we won't be intimidated by terrorism and threats. Those who want to hush up the sweatshop conditions will find themselves up against the communists and many other honest working people."

Gooners Gags

I've been to a lot of places, but I've never been in Cahoots. Apparently you can't go alone, you have to be in Cahoots with someone. I've also never been in Cognito, either. I hear no one recognizes you there. I have, however, been in Sane. They don't have an airport, you have to be driven there. I have made several trips.

"I am sorry and I apologize mean the same thing. Except at a funeral." -

"What has four legs and an arm? "A happy bit pull."

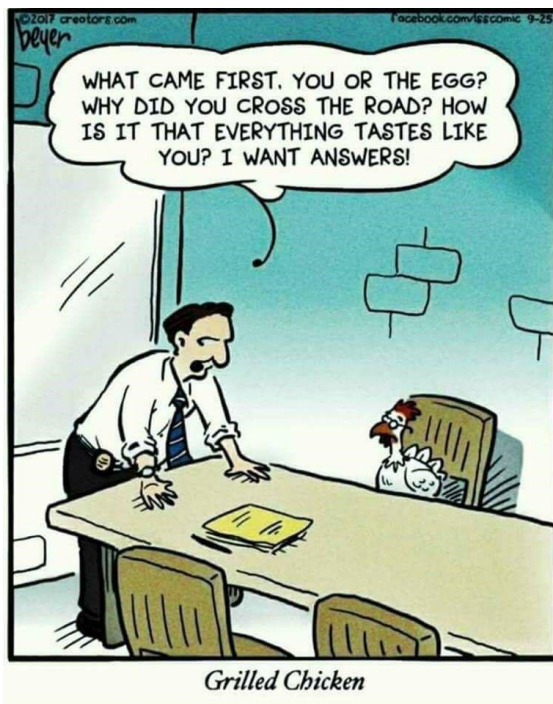
"Cats have nine lives. Makes them ideal for experimentation."

"Why do not cannibals eat clowns?" "Because they taste funny."

"I have a vest. If I had my arms cut off, it would be a jacket."

"What did Kermit the frog say at Jim Henson's funeral?" "Nothing."

"If at first you do not succeed, the skydiving is not definitely for you."



Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 15

HAPPINESS

After spending a lot of time alone in the same room of the owner's house, a crow and a dog grew fond of each other.

The crow is almost always on the dog's back, the dog even barks when people try to touch his pal.

The owner built a custom harness for more comfortable rides.



A duck and house cat were raised together by a family.

Reportedly the duck hates water and hasn't figured out yet that it can fly.



A wild-life park in China adopted two tiger cubs, which were soon adopted by a worker's dog that happened to be in the pen frequently.



The Fernandez family adopted a tiger cub after it had lost its family. It has been raised with the family dog since infancy, and they are inseparable.



Humphrey the hippopotamus was a house pet that became too large and was moved to the Rhino & Lion Nature Reserve in South Africa, where he was safe but lonely. A Cameroon Pygmy Mountain Goat climbed the fence into Humphrey's enclosure and befriended him.

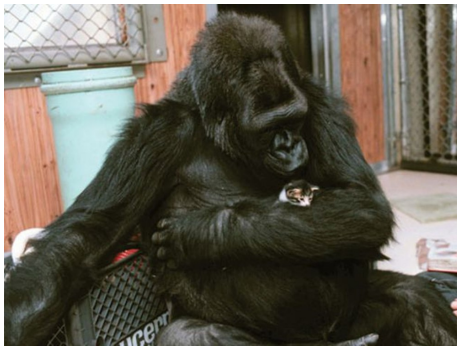


Sobe the iguana and Johann the cat were both rescued by a woman in Brooklyn, NY. Every day when the iguana is let out of her cage, she seeks out Johann for play time, along with a rabbit also kept as a pet.



Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 16

Koko the gorilla is famous for having learned to communicate by sign-language. For her birthday one year, she made signs to her teacher that she wanted a kitten.



Koko's teacher wasn't surprised, as Koko's two favorite books were about cats. They adopted a kitten from an abandoned litter and Koko showed it great care and gentleness.

Owls that hatched at a hawk conservatory were adopted by the park-keeper and became friends with his pet dog.



After a family took in this stray cat, she grew fond of their elderly dog. Realizing the dog was blind, the cat took on the responsibility of leading the dog to his water, food, shade, and toys. She would follow closely under his chin to guide him.



A lioness abandoned by her pack decided to adopt a baby impala after killing its mother. Several times, she

tried to leave the baby in the company of other impalas, but ended up having to take the baby back under her wing after the adult impalas were frightened away by her.



A giraffe and ostrich form an odd friendship at Busch Gardens in Florida.



A stray cat wandered into this Asiatic bear's enclosure at the Berlin Zoo. It has been coming back frequently for 10 years to visit its friend.



This unusual pair have been seen together for over a year in Lake Van in Turkey. They were first spotted by a local fisherman who witnessed them sharing a fish and playing together.

<

Gooners Gags - *Continued from Page 17*

At the Tiger institute in South Carolina, a female chimpanzee raised white tiger cubs after they were separated from their mother.

A photographer witnessed a wild polar bear coming upon tethered sled dogs in the wilderness of Canada's Hudson Bay. Instead of devouring the dogs, they played and cuddled. The polar bear returned every night that week.



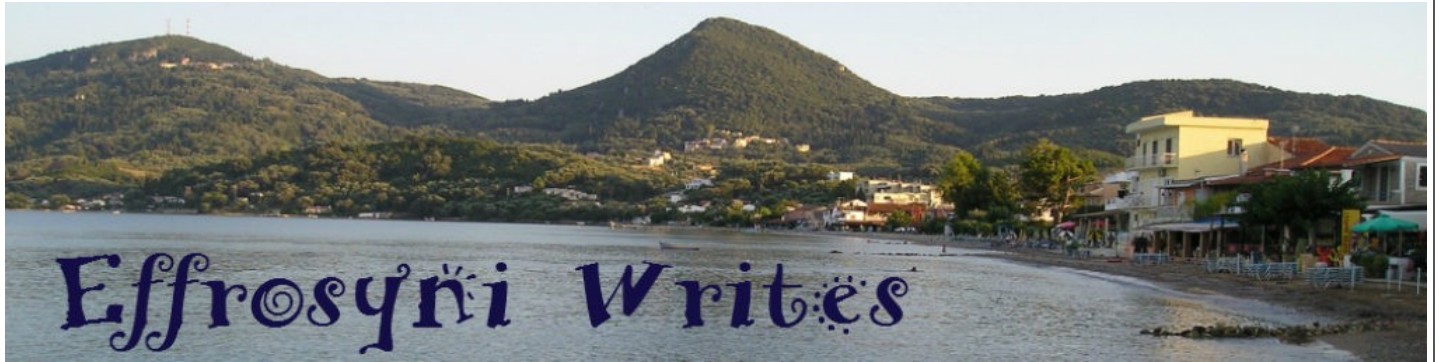
Other examples of strange and improbable animal friendships:



I hope you enjoyed these photos as much as I did.

It makes it difficult to figure out why humans and nations can't get along like this.

A Holiday with Granny



By Greek author and blogger, Effrosyni Moschoudi - from her short story collection Facets of Love

Part 2

AFTER AN AFTERNOON SIESTA Spyri got dressed to have a walk. She put on a white summer dress and slipped on sandals, the kind of shoes that she could easily remove. She intended to walk along the beach after her long stroll down the main road. At the seafront, she loved to walk barefoot.

With a deep sigh, Spyri opened her jewellery box to find something to jazz up her look and to cheer herself up. As much as she loved this house, these days it filled her with so much sorrow, because of all the things she missed so much about the past, the things that time, ruthlessly, had forever stolen from her.

Spyri gave a broad smile as she held in her hands a matching set that consisted of a necklace, bracelet and earrings. They were made of silver, and blue Murano crystal - a beautiful souvenir she had bought for herself during a trip to Italy many years ago. The shade of the blue crystal matched her eyes.

Standing in front of the mirror, pleased with the result, she used a fine brush on her long hair that fell on her shoulders in silky curls. She found one of her old ribbons from her teenage years in the drawing cabinet - her grandmother had kept so much from those years in there - and used it to tie a portion of her hair from the temples up.

The ribbon was fairly long. It held her hair loosely on the top of her head and snaked down the back almost to the edges of her locks. At its two ends, two tiny pink plastic baubles made delightful clicking sounds as they bumped against each other when Spyri looked around to make sure she'd left the room tidy.

Spyri entered the tiny living room, and her grandmother looked up from her knitting, her eyes looking huge behind her thick glasses. "Oh Spyri, you dressed up for your walk! You look lovely!"

Spyri snorted with laughter remembering how her grandmother used to coax her into choosing more womanly attire to go on her evening walks as

opposed to the casual shorts and t-shirts she'd spend all her mornings in. "Thanks, Granny. I knew it would please you."

The old woman winked. "Why don't you call at Mrs Alexandra's house on your way down to the main road? See if anyone's in? The funeral's tomorrow. You never know. He might be here."

Spyri sat beside her gran on the sofa. "How did you guess? That's what I want to know."

"What? That you have an affinity for Markos?" She gave a playful huff. "Give me some credit, please! You were so transparent that summer! Alexandra and I were forever chuckling to watch you two. Why do you think I kept asking for his news over the years? I knew you had him in your heart." Granny's expression turned serious. "Spyri, I know you have him in your heart still. And something tells me you are in his too. It's worth going over there to see if he's in." She winked. "Just in case. But do it now. Today. I have a feeling. Humour me."

MRS ALEXANDRA'S HOUSE was in an elevated position compared to the road. Spyri felt stupid as she climbed the steps that led up to the garden gate. What was she doing? What was she hoping for? The man was married, for goodness sake. And chances were he wouldn't even remember her after all these years. Besides, Mrs Alexandra's house was a typical humble village home... Even if Markos had come to the island for the funeral, he'd probably never choose to stay in a place as basic as this.

Yet, as stupid as she felt, her urge to try her luck was stronger than ever today. And she had promised her grandmother to visit the place and see if Markos was there. None of her doubts were going to make her turn around. No way. And if he was here with his wife, it wouldn't be awkward. She'd only be visiting a childhood friend to say hi and offer her condolences.

Continued on Page 20

Effrosyni Writes - A Holiday with Granny
Continued from Page 19

Spyri tried the garden gate and saw it wasn't locked. She pushed it open and paced the short distance to the front door. Typically for a village house, it didn't have a doorbell. Normally, she would shout out the name of the occupant and they'd come out. Seeing that she couldn't tell with certainty who might be in, she raised a fist and gave the paint-chipped wooden door a gentle knock.

Moments later, she heard heavy footsteps from the inside of the house. When the door opened, her face bloomed like a flower. Before her, stood a heartthrob that she easily recognized as Markos. He was tall, much taller than she'd imagined he'd ever grow to be, and big, the kind of big in a man that makes you swoon. And swoon she did, as soon as his green eyes, those unforgettable emeralds, locked with hers, leaving her breathless.

"Spyri? Is that you?" he said, his jaw dropping.

He had just eyed her up and down, she saw that, but the sight of him had rendered her mesmerised other than that, her mind numb, and she couldn't tell if he was scoping her with admiration or just to make sure it's her.

"Yes... it's me..." she managed after a few moments. She ran an impatient hand through her hair and shifted her weight from foot to foot for a moment or two. "So pleased to see you, Markos. Welcome back... it's been a while."

"Yes, it has. Hasn't it?" He brushed his forehead with his fingertips and beckoned frantically to her to come inside. "Sorry for keeping you at the door just then. Please come in, I wasn't thinking."

I arrived in the early hours of the morning and haven't slept at all... I'm beat," he said as they sat at a respectful distance from each other on an old worn-out sofa.

"You've come for your aunt's funeral, I expect?"

"Yes, that's right..."

"I am so sorry for your loss."

"Thank you, Spyri." He pinned his eyes on her, and the effect made her dizzy. In her mind she was now counting the summers she'd spent here without seeing these eyes that she loved so much. Forever and a day had been lost.

As if guessing her thoughts he spoke then, his head tilted, a bright smile on his face, "How long has it been, Spyri? Twenty years?"

Spyri nodded mutely, her lips pressed together, her mind in a whirl. He'd said her name again and, just like earlier, it had sounded like sweet angel music in her ears. *Do I see a twinkle in his eyes every time he says my name?* His look was intense, like a beacon that was emitting a secret signal, a concealed message she was supposed to get.

But these were crazy thoughts. Surely he was just saying her name and nothing else. She was only imagining these things. Goodness knows over the years she'd been doing a lot of imagining, a lot of day-dreaming about him. Somehow, no other man had ever meant to her anywhere near as much as he did. She'd had no steady relationships, and had barely had any romantic feelings for another man all this time. And then it hit her.

Is this why I've been shying away from men all my life? Have I been waiting for him to come back? Oh god! What now? While Spyri battled with inner thoughts and revelations, Markos had been eyeing her with a hint of uncertainty. Finally, he spoke up.

"I'd love to offer you tea or coffee, but I haven't had a good look around the kitchen yet, and I've no idea where to find things."

Heck, I don't even know if my auntie owned a kettle!" He gave a cute smile and sprung upright, a single finger pointing to the back of the house.

"Do you want to come with me and have a look? I'm sure a woman will be more capable than me to find their way around a kitchen. I'm useless with these things - a typical Greek male!" He laughed, a deep guttural sound that made her knees buckle.

Spyri gave a titter and rose from the sofa. Just as he beckoned her to follow, she caught sight of his arms, rounded shoulders and strong torso under his close-fitting white shirt and felt a surge of desire overcome her. She saw herself in his arms then, as if in a dream, snuggling close against his chest, face buried in his neck, kissing it softly, and she felt so warm inside that one of her hands flew up, seemingly of its own accord, and began to fan her face.

None the wiser, Markos opened the glass pane of the living room window a little wider on their way to the kitchen. "I know! Awfully hot again today! I bet it's much cooler in London! That's where you're staying still, right?"

Spyri smiled faintly and nodded as they entered Mrs Alexandra's kitchen. It looked as old as her grandmother's. Her eyes darted to the counter where two tattered glass jars stood, the wire around their necks rusty from the passing of time. *Identical to Granny's... Do they all shop from the same store here?* Entertained by her thoughts, she gave a bitter smile. She could see coffee and sugar inside the jars and guessed the contents must be rock-hard in this humid weather. She held up one of the jars to inspect it closely. She was right. Despite herself, she shook her head, lips pressed together. She could do without coffee.

Markos met her eyes and chortled. He held up a finger, turned on his heels and opened the fridge. "Aha! There's orange juice. The carton's unopened. Sell-by-date's fine. Would you like some?"

Continued on Page 21

Effrosyni Writes - A Holiday with Granny
Continued from Page 20

Five minutes later they were sitting on the sofa again, reminiscing about old times. Markos explained that his aunt, having had no children of her own, had left the house to him in her will. Her two nephews still resided in the village, her older sister's children, but seeing that they had a house and land on the island already, it had made sense to her to leave the house to Markos, her younger sister's child, who had no property there.

"My auntie knew how much I loved Moraitika. I've only spent one summer here my whole life, but I never..." He paused to clear his throat and look away for a few moments, before turning to her again. "Well, I never forgot... the place. It's so beautiful. And now, now I can make a home for myself here. And the timing is incredible. I keep thinking it was meant to be. Bless her soul, my aunt was an angel. She treated me like a mother during the summer that I spent here. She hardly visited us in Salonica after that, but I never forgot her. I never forgot *anything* from that summer." His eyes penetrated hers more deeply now. "You remember how lovely that summer was, don't you, Spyri?"

"Yes. Yes, of course I do, Markos." She looked away, pretending to admire an old frame that displayed a piece of embroidery. It depicted a basket of flowers on a table beside a cup and a teapot. And even though the colours had faded over time, Spyri could tell that when it was new, the picture must have been full of vibrancy, every flower a different, striking colour, the stems and leaves bright green, just like his eyes that, on the contrary, had remained just as bright as she remembered.

Suddenly, a thought ignited in her mind, stirring her curiosity.

"What did you mean just now when you said you're going to make a home for yourself here? I thought your life is in Salonica, isn't it?" She took a sip from her glass, trying to fake nonchalance, hoping she hadn't sounded as if she were complaining to him for never coming back.

To her surprise, when she drank and looked his way again, she saw his expression had changed to one of sorrow, almost regret. His head was bent down, eyes trained on the cotton rug under their feet.

"You know..." he finally said with a sigh. "My life has recently changed drastically. My wife of ten years ran away with my associate a few months back. A man as ugly as he was fat, and a notorious womanizer. Go figure..."

He gave a wry little smile, his eyes turning to her for only a brief moment, then darting to the rug again. "Anyway, the divorce has been issued now. She got the house. I got my dignity back. I decided to leave the city and never return. My aunt's choice to leave me her house, coming at the right time, made my decision so much easier to make."

"I'm so sorry about your marriage. I had no idea—"

"Don't be," he cut her off. "How would you know? I disappeared, didn't I?" He drank from his glass, emptying it. The tone in his voice made Spyri wonder. *Is he blaming himself?*

"Life happens to all of us, Markos... I'm sure you had better things to do back then than come back to mucky Corfu!" she joked and it worked. It elicited a loud chuckle from him and a half-smile.

To her surprise, he turned to her then, leaning forward, tilted his head and said, "It's getting awfully warm in here, Spyri. Fancy a walk? Down the beach where we used to swim back in the day? I bet you I can find the way there with my eyes shut!"

To be continued.

Get a FREE copy of Effrosyni's short story collection, Facets of Love:

<http://effrosyniwrites.com/yours-for-free/>

If you enjoyed this then please visit these websites:

<http://effrosyniwrites.com/>

<http://effrosyniwrites.com/your-guide-to-moraitika-corfu/>



Nature

You can almost hear the thought process!

"What the hell was that?"

at Spiti Karloukia, Loutsas.

Courtesy of Bob Giles

Continued on Page 22

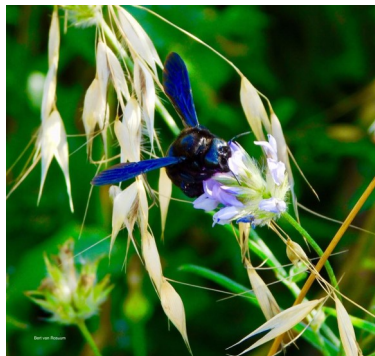
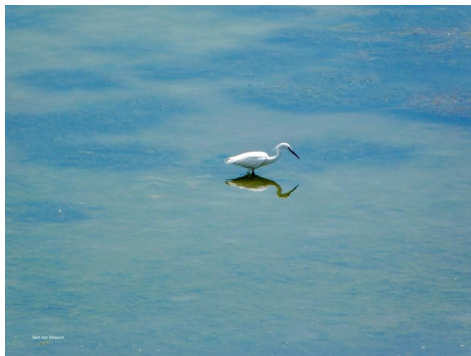
Nature - Continued from Page 21



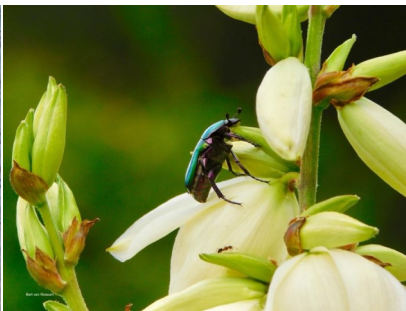
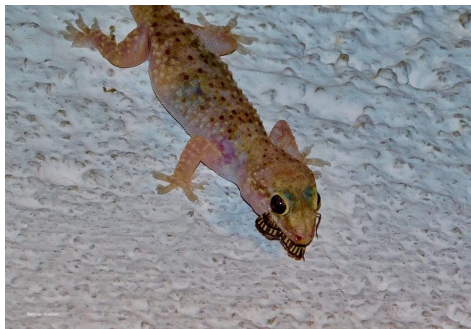
Brugmansia - courtesy Lorraine J Wilde



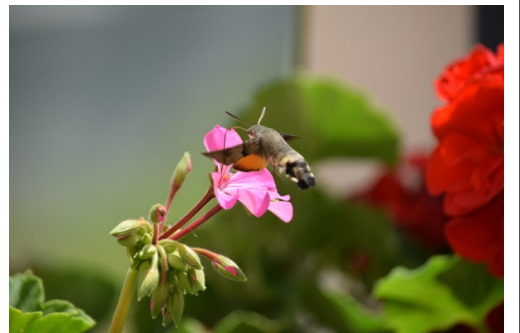
Carpobrotus



Courtesy of Kostas Mazonakis



Rose beetle



*Hummingbird Hawkmoth in Karousades
courtesy of Mark Hyder-Smith*

Courtesy of Bert Rossum



*This Hermann's Tortoise had just left its
overnight bed at 8am this morning.
Courtesy of Bob Giles*



*Sue Tsirigoti's
damselfly*



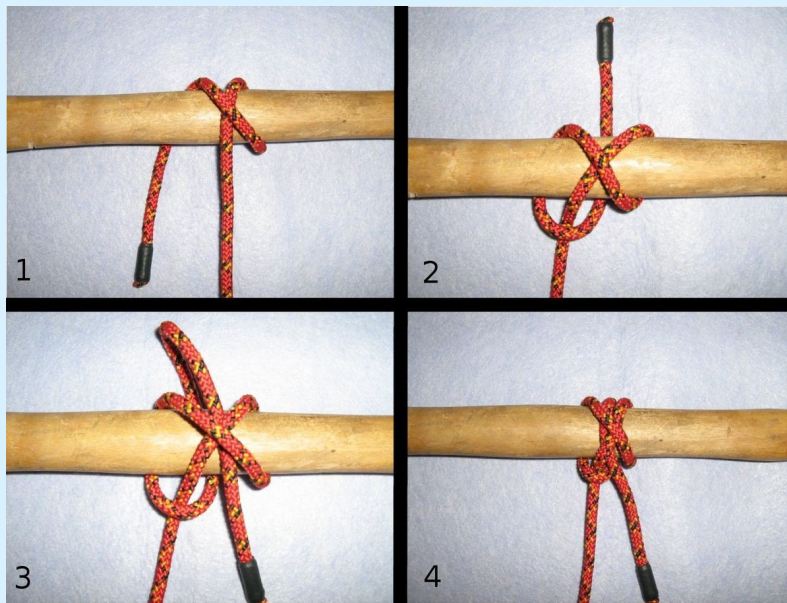
*juvenile lacertid
courtesy of Rob Kessler*

Tickle Ties the knot

As the Tickles embark on a boating holiday an appropriate knot for this month

The Sailors' Hitch

How to tie a Sailors' hitch

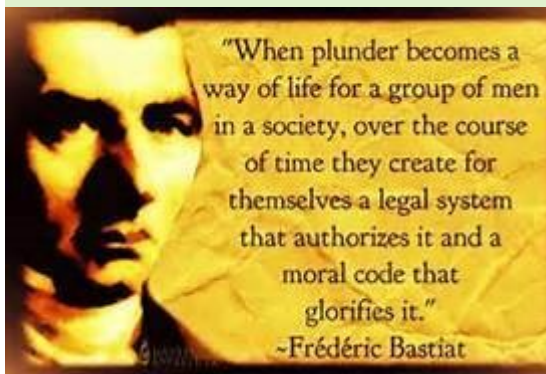
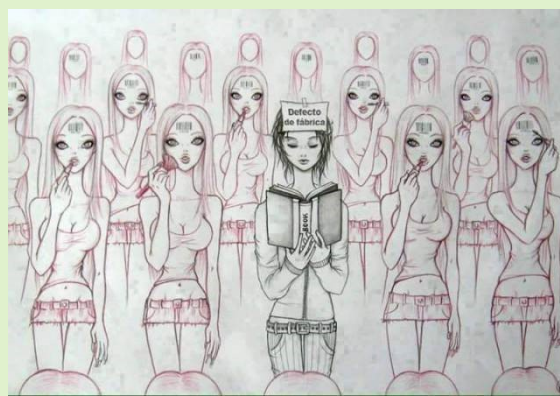
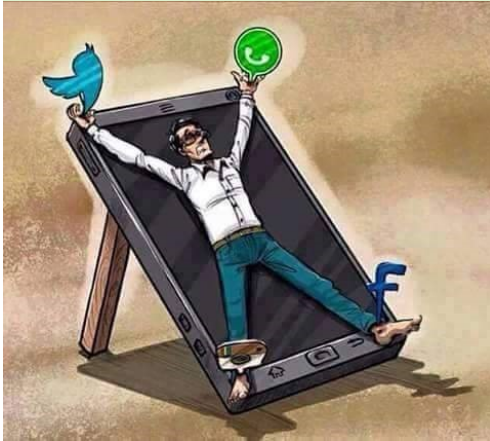


1. Pass rope around the object twice making a cross.
2. Pass the working end over the main line.
3. And then around the object from the opposite direction under the previous loops.

What is a sailors' hitch used for...

The Sailors' hitch is a secure, jam-proof hitch, used as a secure, non-jamming way of tying rope to an object. Can be used to attach a small rope to a larger one.

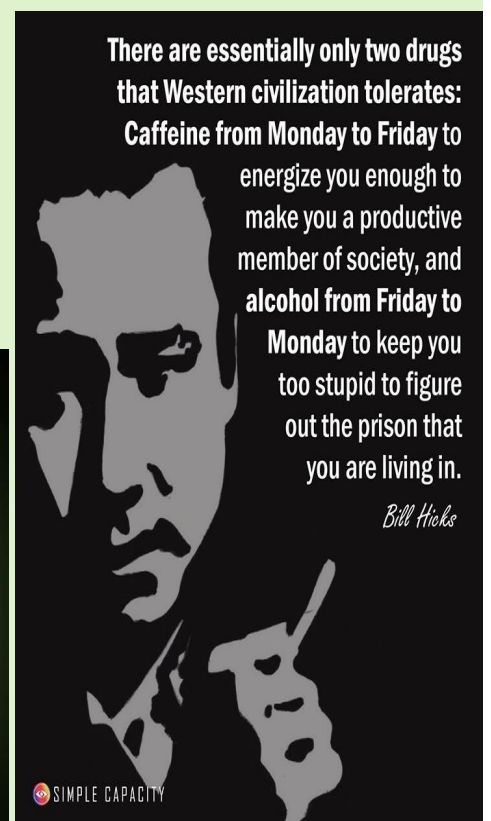
Nick The Clock's World (The Comic With A conscience)



What do we learn from cow, buffaloes & elephants?



It's impossible to reduce weight by eating green grass and salads and walking



Continued on Page 25

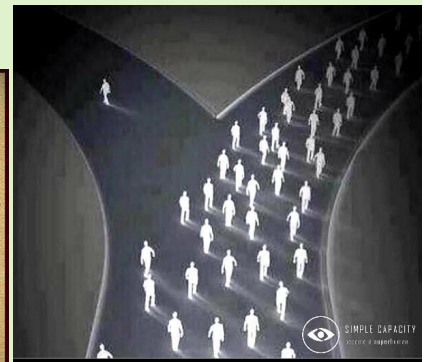
Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 24

What's in a Vaccine or Shot?

Mercury, Aluminum, Formaldehyde,
Nagalase, Squalene, Glyphosate,
Polysorbate 80, MSG, Antifreeze,
Cadmium, Lead, Glycerin, E-Coli,
Sulfates, Antibiotics, Acetone, Neomycin,
Streptomycin, Animal/insect blood, viruses,
foreign DNA/RNA, Aborted Fetal Tissue,
etc...

Neil Armstrong was the first
person to land on the moon.
'Neil A.' backwards is 'Alien'.

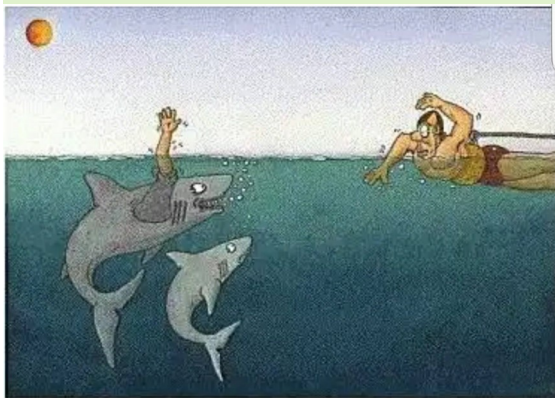
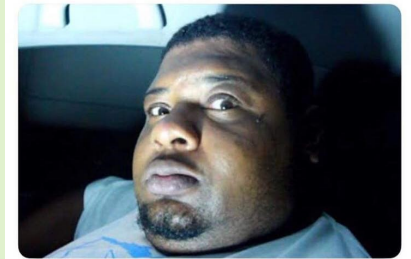


When you follow the crowd you
lose yourself, but when you
follow your soul you will lose
the crowd. Eventually your
soul tribe will appear. But do not
fear the process of solitude.

Read this very slowly and think about it.
Then read it again to help it sink in...



Your fingers have fingertips but your
toes don't have toetips, yet you can
tiptoe but not tipfinger.



"SEE SON...THIS IS WHY I SAVE THESE BITS."

BEFORE YOU COMPLAIN THAT
I AM A NUISANCE, REMEMBER...

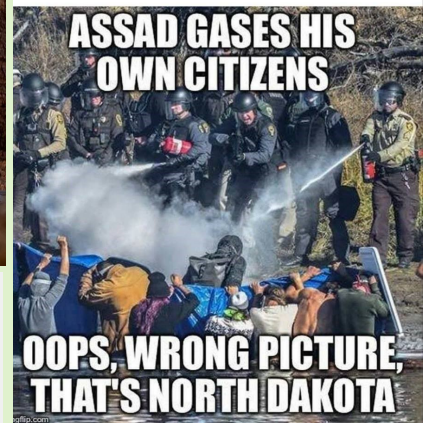


INSTALLING BRITISH SUMMER

50% ready



Installation failed
Error 404: Summer not found
Summer is not available in your country
Please try again



GOING INTO A TEENAGERS
ROOM IS LIKE TAKING
A TRIP TO IKEA.....

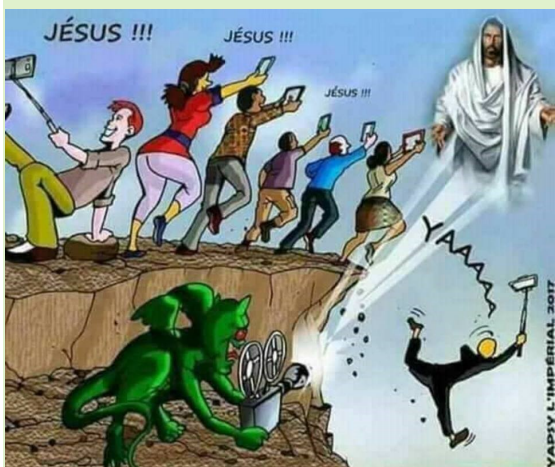
YOU POP IN JUST TO LOOK
AND END UP LEAVING
WITH 6 CUPS 2 PLATES
3 BOWLS A TEA TOWEL
AND SOME CUTLERY

The Jew says,
"Christians and Muslims are wrong."

The Christian says,
"Jews and Muslims are wrong."

The Muslim says,
"Jews and Christians are wrong."

The Atheist says,
"You're all correct."



Continued on Page 26

Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 14

"Try not to be
a Malaka"

~ Buddha ~



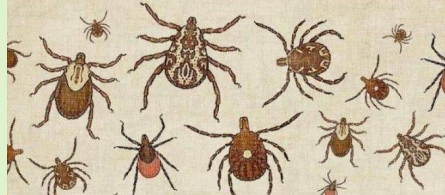
If the human population held
hands around the equator



A significant portion of
them would drown

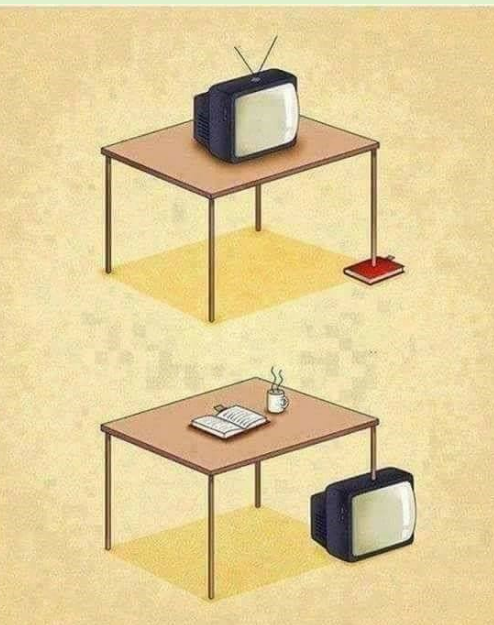


politics |'pälə,tiks| poly: many
ticks: blood-sucking parasites

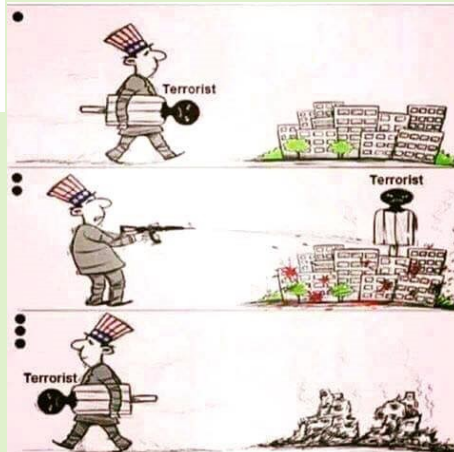


Really?

and what are you using on your
own people, twinkie dust?



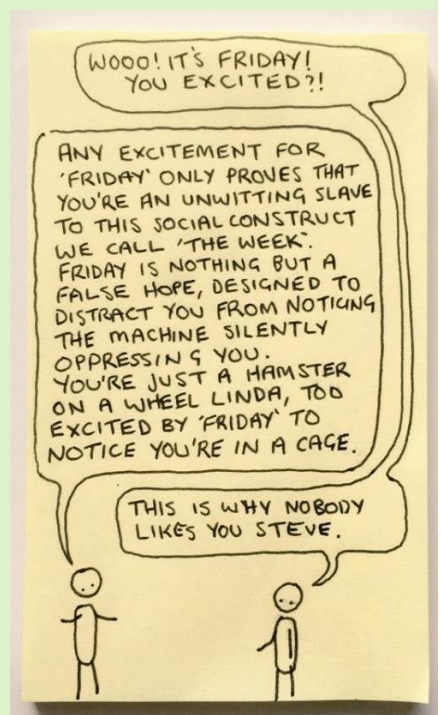
the nice part
about living in a
small town is that
when you don't
know what you're
doing, someone
else does



The Bible says being gay is fine, as
long as you're high.

"A man who lays with another man should
be stoned."

• Leviticus 20:13 ESV



The phone rings, and the
wife answers.

A pervert, breathing heavily,
says, "I bet you have a tight
ass with no hair."

Woman replies, "Yes I do,
he's watching TV - whom
shall I say is calling?"

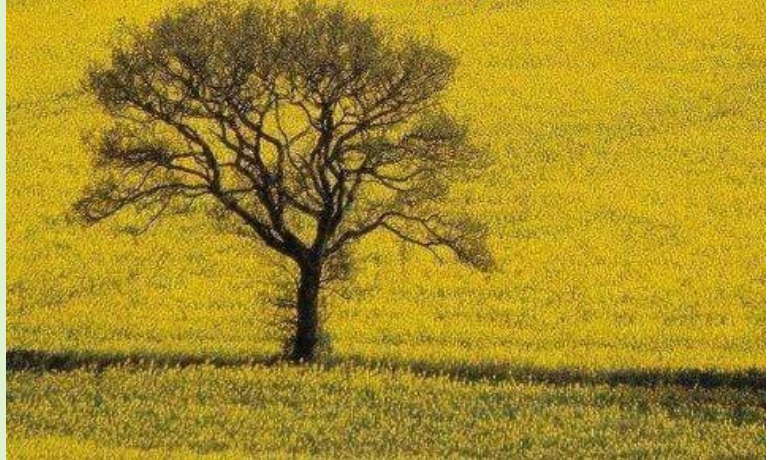
Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 26

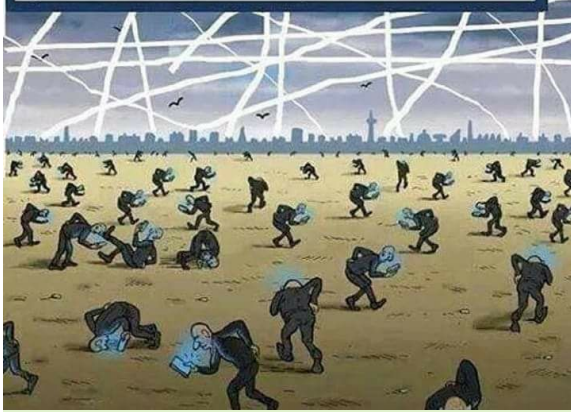
I know this is a joke site, but I am asking people on every possible forum to wish me luck!! I am on my way to speak to the bank manager, and if things work out for me my life will be drastically changed....I'm talking millions here!!!

I am so excited I can barely get the stocking over my head!!

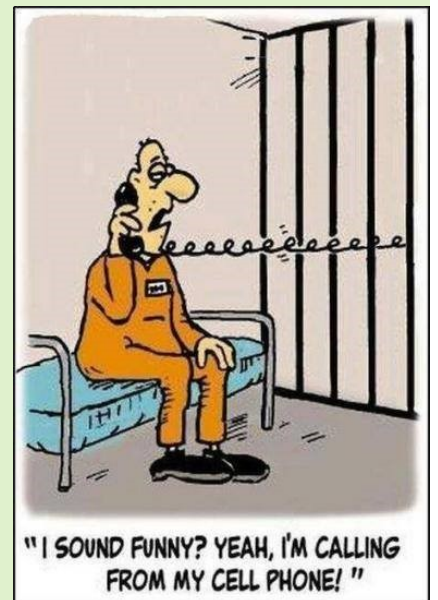
A society grows great when old men plant trees whose shade they know they shall never sit in.
Greek Proverb



Prophecy delivered to Hopi Indians:
"Near the day of Purification, there will be cobwebs spun back and forth in the sky."

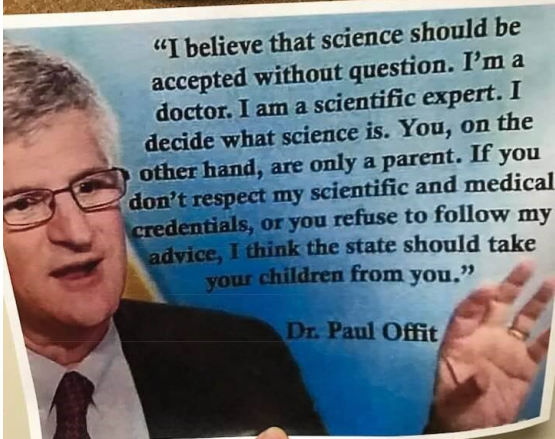


Whenever
I'm feeling fat,
I try not to stress
about it and just
keep my chins up.



Here are the facts that we know:

1. The child's first symptoms arose on Tuesday, Jan. 9th. He vomited while eating dinner.



MIGHT AS WELL STAY AND
HAVE ONE MORE

WIFE'S GOING TO CHEW MY HEAD
OFF WHEN I GET HOME ANYWAY



That's' All Folks !

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

We are an Anglican church in the heart of Corfu Town, offering a warm welcome to residents and visitors to our services and social events.

Services for June:

Chaplain Rev Jules Wilson will be away from 6th to 26th June

Sunday 3rd June

10:30 Family Communion Service
Talk by Rev. Canon Leonard Doolan
Sunday School in Church Room.

Sunday 10th June

10:30 Morning Prayer Service
Talk by Anne Giannouka

Sunday 17th June

10:30 Family Communion Service
Service led by Revd Dr Nigel Scotland

Sunday 24th June

10:30 Family Communion Service
Service led by Revd Dr Nigel Scotland

HTC South

There will not be a service this month

Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God; trust also in me.

John 14:1



Weekly Events during June:

The church is open daily Tuesday to Friday 10:00 to 13:00 for coffee, chat and exchange of library books.

Monday

17:30 The Kontokali group meets

Tuesday

10:00 Coffee Morning in the church room
12th - Master's Crafters Group

Wednesday

10:00 Coffee Morning in the church room
13th - 12.30 Lunch 'n' Meet

Thursday

10:30 Bible Study
11.00 HTC North - Bible Study
Contact Mark 26630 32478
17.00 Worship Group at HTC

Friday

09.00 Prayer Meeting
10:30 'Little Angels' - Mums & Tots Group

Other Events during June:

Thursday 14th June

18.00 Ministry Team Meeting

Thursday 21st June

09.15 Pastoral Care Team Meeting



**HOLY
TRINITY
CORFU**

21 L.Mavili Street, Corfu 49100

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THE ANGLICAN CHURCH
IN GREECE



www.holytrinitycorfu.net
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Simon's World

By Simon Baddley

Richard Pine was arrested - briefly - last year. He wrote about it last week in the Times Literary Supplement. He doesn't exactly mince words, but steers to the truth about things many would prefer go unmentioned.....I was arrested last year in Corfu for conducting a tour without a licence. In the summer a cadre of cycling Tourist Police patrols the town somewhat aimlessly. In this instance they were summoned by an official tour guide, who regarded me as poaching on her territory. We were standing in the Bosketto Durrell on the Esplanade, where I was explaining to my students that the municipality had named the garden in honour of the brothers, Lawrence and Gerald, who had lived on the island between 1935 and 1939. Faced with a night in jail, I decided to take the war into the enemy camp. It transpired that the licensed guide was unable to tell my group how the garden got its name, where the site of Lawrence Durrell's favourite eating place was - the Taverna Perdika - or the wine shop where he bought his retsina. "So you aren't actually qualified to do this?" I said. "No", she replied, "but you must pay me for not doing it, and then you can continue with your tour." At which point the Tourist Police released me without charge.

A few years previously, I had visited the mayor, who was uninterested in culture and was not even a Corfiot. He couldn't see the point of a memorial to the Durrells. "What have they done for Corfu?" he asked. "Well, Lawrence Durrell's book about Corfu, *Prospero's Cell*, has sold about half a million copies, mostly to tourists who want to appreciate the poetry of the island." He began to take an interest, so I pressed home the argument: "And his brother Gerald wrote *My Family and Other Animals* which has sold more than 5 million copies worldwide, not counting Russian and Chinese pirated editions. These people created the tourist industry on which this island depends". As I knew him to be partial to Irish whiskey, a small donation seemed to lubricate the deal.

Many of the thousands of visitors to Corfu each year arrive clutching a copy of *My Family and Other Animals* - even more now that it's published with its two siblings as *The Corfu Trilogy* and is the subject of at least three television series. Milo Parker, now sixteen years old, is the star of the show as Gerald, and has already become an ambassador for the Durrell mission to save endangered species, along with John Cleese, Princess Anne and David Attenborough.

Purists complain that the series takes liberties with Gerald's story: Mother Durrell never went to the edge of matrimony with a gay Swede; Lawrence never went to the

edge of death with appendicitis; Theodore Stephanides was married and did have a daughter (Alexia Stephanides Mercouri). But the clever lie at the centre of the Durrell-Corfu mythology is Gerald's own book. In order to tell a good story - or not to spoil one - Gerald was economical with the truth. Lawrence didn't live with his mother and siblings, as *My Family and Other Animals* would have you believe. He and his wife Nancy (whom Gerald airbrushed out of history) lived mainly in a fisherman's cottage in the bay of Kalami, now known as the White House, while Mother and the three younger Durrells rented a series of villas in the vicinity of Corfu Town.

What is undeniable, however, is that Lawrence and Gerald both discovered their life's work while living on Corfu. Lawrence wrote *The Black Book* and sketched out *The Alexandria Quartet* and *The Avignon Quintet*, while Gerald recorded his intention to spend his life saving animals from extinction. Which is why in 2000 I chose Corfu as the location for the Durrell School, a multidisciplinary international seminar on the arts and sciences which ran until 2013, with participants from all walks of life and all persuasions, including Jan Morris, Roderick Beaton, David Bellamy, Nancy Durrell's daughter Joanna Hodgkin and Gerald's widow, Lee Durrell.

Lawrence and Gerald became tourists in their own hinterland when each returned in the 1960s - Gerald to film a travelogue for the BBC, *The Garden of the Gods*, and Lawrence to revisit the White House at Kalami. Both had grave misgivings about the development of the island for mass tourism. Lawrence found that the commercialization which today vigorously exploits the White House had already begun. Athenasios, his former landlord, was under the impression that Lawrence would join them in attracting boatloads of visitors. He thought that when the caiques came with the foreigners, Durrell could stand on the balcony and make a sign and they would be able to charge extra.

Gerald, for his part, was horrified at the explosion of hotels and rental villas along the east coast. He had fallen in love with the island, "a ravishing creature who was mature and beautiful". Revisiting it "was like paying a visit to the most beautiful woman in the world suffering from a terminal case of leprosy, commonly called tourism". If he could see the effect of resortification - those concentration camps of cheap beer, buffet suppers and, believe it or not, Mexican evenings - he would perhaps prefer not to believe it.

Corfiots have mixed feelings about both the Durrell legacy and the television series. They continue to take pride in the fact that Corfu is famous today as a cultural and ecological wonderland, because of the Durrells' writings.

Continued on Page 30

Simon's World
- Continued from Page 29

But they are ambivalent about the benefits of tourism relative to its gradual erosion of that culture and natural beauty. One of Gerald's old haunts, the pristine headland of Eremitis, has been acquired by the US-based NCH Capital Inc which plans to build a resort with 1,000 beds, condominium villas, a shopping mall and a marina. The beauty which tourists pay to enjoy will actually be sited beneath the concrete on which they place their sunloungers.

Corfu Town has been cosmopolitan for centuries. It provided the emergent Greek state with its first president and with both the words and music of the national anthem, before agreeing to join the state in 1864 - a decision many Corfiots today view with remorse and misgiving. Modernization doesn't agree with all Corfiots. Yes, there are McDonald's, Marks and Spencer, and Lidl. But there are also the city's timeless arcaded streets where, especially in tourist-free wintertime, one can discover what Lawrence called its "fents and warrens". In addition to the still-visible gaps in the streetscapes left by the German blitz of 1943, there is one great silence: of the 1,500 Jews taken away from here, only 150 returned, and fewer still continue to live in this area. As Lawrence Durrell wrote, "the silence is mnemonic".

And the countryside has shown that the march of progress is not inexorable. I always advise prospective visitors to hire a car and visit the mountain villages where time has not exactly stopped, but where it goes slower than Starbucks. There are still places - waterfalls, lagoons, valleys, caves - which Gerald Durrell would recognize and where he would feel at home. Gerald knew the truth expressed by Odysseas Elytis (one of Greece's two Nobel laureates in literature), who wrote: "you will come to learn a great deal if you study the insignificant in depth". Maybe that's why he concentrated on rescuing small species rather than the giant panda or the elephant. Elytis also advised "Don't go searching elsewhere for the Golden Fleece. The Golden Fleece is within you: find it there" - an admonitory lesson for Greece today.

Today I live in a small village which is quite unGreek. But it's thriving, with two shops, two tavernas, a kafeneion and even a post office, but sadly bereft of almost anyone between the ages of twenty and forty. It is probably as close as one can get today to the locales described by Gerald in his books - industrious, self-contained, realistic but hopeful.

The village got its first graffito last year: Strength Trough Unit (sic), the slogan of the Golden Dawn party, which has a surprisingly large following in Corfu, higher than its already high national average. The graffitist was either

lacking in English, or the party bosses told him to economize on the paint. But no one has erased it. My village-born neighbour supports Golden Dawn even though I explained that their policies include eviction of anyone who doesn't have four Greek grandparents (this includes both of us) and the persecution of gays (which he is). "But they have good economic policies", he protested. Corfu suited the Durrells as supreme storytellers, not least because Greece seems to obey Lawrence's dictum that "we live lives based upon selected fictions". Next year the Durrell School is hosting another gathering of both Lawrentians and Geraldians. I've been casting around for a collective noun, and decided on "a Libation of Durrells". I'll take a group around the old wine shops. Worth getting arrested for."

TLS 25th May 2018

Remembering Chris Holmes



Most
entertaining is
[*Corfucius*](#),
musician
Chris Holmes
(died in Corfu -
January 2018)...

...the uncourtly courtier, son of a war hero, on a perch above Kontokali, apt with a keyboard, does acrobats with grammar as conjurors spice their acts with mistakes, issuing lasciviously illustrated comment on gossip in Britain's reptile press, reminiscence - un-English revelations about family perfidy - and invention, revelations about sins of lust and alcoholic indulgence cleansed by the Church of England in Corfu, son of an exceptional [mother](#) only now gone to her long home, he's silent on anything as tedious as 'the crisis', venomous on anything as worthy as housework or gardening (honouring Lin and I with the monicas - [Charles](#) and Carrie), a sweet recluse, seductive misanthrope, artful in flattery.

Biking

By Simon Baddley

The road winds through pastures, vineyards and olive groves between Skripero and a small T-junction on the main road between Paleokastritsa and Corfu town, overlooked by the slopes of the Trumpeta Range running east-west across northern Corfu. It's a day in late April.



I also have the larger bicycle with more gears. Of course, I can no longer use the bus to vary my travels as I do with the folder. <https://flic.kr/p/d5PGiY>

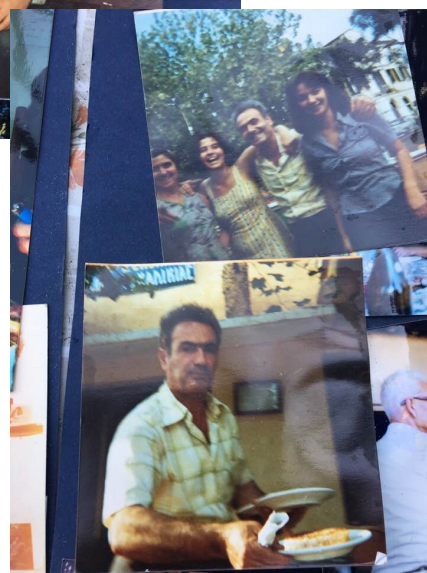


My larger bike

The Way Things Were And Are

Agios Ioannis Days Gone By

Courtesy of Ian Ramage



If you advertise here it will cost nothing. We have a modest but growing circulation. It is our pleasure for our friends to advertise their wares without charge.



Chas Clifton
from Agios Ioannis;
Firepits/Bar-B-Qs
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Approx. 7 days from order to
delivery.

Two sizes available.
1.30 x 80 m (280 Euros) and
90 x 90 (260 Euros).

Other sizes on request.

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Chas on:

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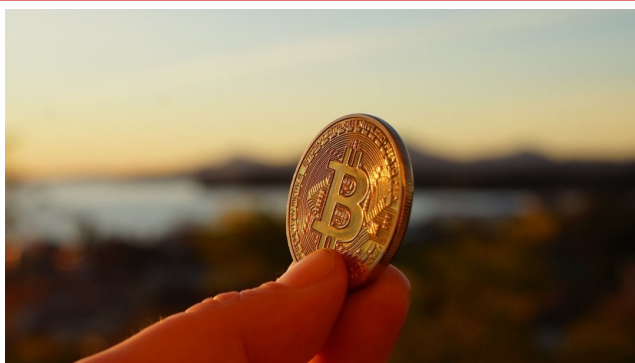
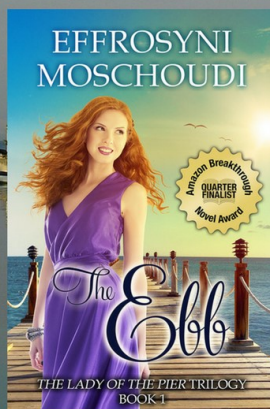
Iakovou Polyla 24 (pedestrian street),
1st floor

2661032023/ 2661024140

Drop in for advice and quote without
obligation.

Sweet, first love
in Corfu...

VISIT AMAZON



I've knocked up a crypto page if you or
anyone you know is looking to get into
crypto www.robgroove.com/crypto



Roadhouse Music, Corfu island

1977 ovation USA made matrix. Rare as feathers on a frog, innovative design with a aluminium neck, solid spruce top that's matured to a lush patina, excellent play me all day action and elctro output piezo pickup output that makes headroom to die for. comes with hard case. Affordable vintage and live workhorse. Stays perfectly in tune due to zero neck movement and the tuners fitted to this model are just spot on excellence. 450 European fun tickets, pm roadhouse corfu for more.

Contact me at <https://www.facebook.com/roadhousemusicsupply/>



Corfu Golden Paste

A MESSAGE FROM KATRINA GICA.

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

One jar 200g of Fresh - Homemade - Organic- Golden Paste is €6. –

€5 for 54 Frozen Golden Turmeric Bombs - T-Bombs.

For Orders please message me, call 26610 58090 or 6948 547 663.

Or email gicas@otenet.gr .



ED: Ed: I cannot recommend this product highly enough. Some people don't like the taste. Try this once a day. 1 OR 2 TSP OF PASTE, 1 TSP HONEY, HALF A GLASS OF WATER, TOP-UP TO TASTE WITH COCONUT MILK STIR VERY WELL UNTIL MIXED EVENLY ... DELICIOUS!



Summer Song for sale

*If you are interested in this bargain
then please ring me on:
[0030] 6981758522*



**Sally's Bar,
Ipsos**
alive and rocking



Letters to the Editor

Note from the Editor:-

NO WALKS TOO HOT BUT REMEMBER SEPTEMBER

Welcome to the June Edition Gentle Readers.

The collection of rubbish, or should I better say, the non-collection of rubbish, is number one concern on our island at present. The article is dealt with under the title 'This One Can't Be Swept Under the Carpet'.

STOP PRESS

Helen Lait says;

For those unable to open the link, in short the plan is for the waste to go to Temploni to be baled and then transported to Lefkimmi. There is NO option available to remove it from the island. The contractor has said the baler will be ready for action on Friday. There will also be spraying etc. of areas where there are large amounts of rubbish

[Corfu Mayor: There is no alternative to Lefkimmi landfill – I ask for the public's understanding - ΕΝΗΜΕΡΩΣΗ On Line](#)

James Smart mails from Royal T.W.

actually met a couple of guys in Ano Korakiana who knew you (Simon and Paul I think) and we discussed the Corfu Light Railway in depth. I wondered if it's to be a steam powered affair or electric like The Bullet train in Japan? I did notice some electricity poles being erected whilst there and wondered if they were being put there for the overhead power lines, I'm sure all will become clear...I look forward to catching up for a beer once I'm back in Corfu. I hope all is well
James.

Ed: I do know the gentlemen to whom you refer James. Simon is *possessed* with this railway, so anything he says on the subject should be taken with a puff of smoke. If you noticed electricity poles being erected then indeed that is a rarity nowadays, as ΔΕΔΔΗΕ [the Dis-organisation irresponsible for such erections] say that they have run out of poles. Or, I wonder, are they fast-tracking dwindling supplies for the priority of the CLR?



Vasilis Pandis waxes lyrical;

I changed my car horn to gunshot sounds. People get out of the way much faster now. Gone are the days when girls used to cook like their mothers. Now they drink like their fathers. You know that tingly little feeling you get when you really like someone? That's common sense leaving your body. I didn't make it to the gym today. That makes five years in a row. I decided to stop calling the bathroom the "John" and renamed it the "Jim". I feel so much better saying I went to the Jim this morning. Old age is coming at a really bad time. When I was a child I thought "Nap Time" was a punishment. Now, as a grownup, it feels like a small vacation. The biggest lie I tell myself is..."I don't need to write that down, I'll remember it." I don't have gray hair; I have "wisdom highlights"! I'm just very wise. If God wanted me to touch my toes, He would've put them on my knees. Last year I joined a support group for procrastinators. We haven't met yet. Why do I have to press one for English when you're just going to transfer me to someone I can't understand anyway? Of course I talk to myself; sometimes I need expert advice. At my age "Getting lucky" means walking into a room and remembering what I came in there for. Actually I'm not complaining because I am a Senager. (Senior teenager) I have everything that I wanted as a teenager, only 60 years later. I don't have to go to school or work. I get an allowance every month. I have my own pad. I don't have a curfew. I have a driver's license and my own car. The people I hang around with are not scared of getting pregnant. And I don't have acne. Life is great. I have more friends I should send this to, but right now I can't remember their names. Now, I'm wondering...did I send this to you, or did you send it to me?



Ed: - Join the club Youngster!

Village and Island News

May was spared the dramas of April hereabouts, yet it was not uneventful.

The main backcloth is the continuing problem across the island of the Refuse situation, mentioned at length elsewhere in this issue. Here is a problem which cannot be solved which must be solved. At present, the best that can be hoped for is for the rubbish-can to be kicked further down the street.

An English Resident, Maria Markou, said goodbye to her beloved Corfu. Many of you may know her. She was here to wrap up her affairs and remove her effects from her bungalow near Limni, to return to England with the terminal cancer which will probably claim her life 'ere the summer is through. I was so impressed by her strength and acceptance of her fate. As you can see from the photo, she looks well. 'That is what I find so annoying', says she. 'People don't think I'm ill so they don't feel sorry for me.'



*Maria says
goodbye to
Agios Ioannis*

<

'I am ready to go she,' adds, 'I have had a good life. It is my son Lee who cannot accept it.'

We also hear from Maureen of the passing of ex-Agiot Dave Larkin, though we have no details whatever of this sadness.

Danae is continuing her path as a 'little monkey', I'm very pleased to say. And this month she found a new big friend in the shape of Silke, who visits most summers with her Mum Astrid. Silke, who learnt to swim as a toddler in the pool at Theodora, has evolved into a most mature and intelligent nine-year-old. She has two ambitions; one, is to become a rechter [judge] when she is an adult and, two is to own a villa in Corfu. I bet she achieves both.

Peter was voted in El Presidente in the recent Syllogos elections but is trying to body-swerve the position as much as politic will allow.

The disposal of garbage is not the only crisis assailing us at present on our scepter'd isle. ΔΕΔΔΗΕ- Masters of our Electricity Grid, seem to be run by the same people who handle the landfill. Extracting connections for new builds is currently a whole new adventure in itself, entailing inordinate time calling on various offices and a trail of paperwork Brussels would be proud of. One day, in the valley, a ΔΕΔΔΗΕ truck with four or five men suddenly appeared. They needed to cut some branches to make way for cables. But they didn't have a 'company chainsaw', so we needed to hire one locally, to prevent them disappearing as suddenly as they came. They explained that they have two crews and two chainsaws, but one saw is broken and their mates have gone off with the survivor. They also, tongue in cheek, ordered ten beers, because it was hot. That was *before* they started! They must have liked the saw they were given, because they set about the hedgerow like the Texas chainsaw massacre.

At least such Bedlam is alleviated by those special Corfu moments, when we can all laugh at the madness we are in. Such an occasion was a treble name-day at Garitsa for Kostas, Kostas Junior and Elina [official name Elsa Konstantina, which qualifies her for half a point]. Both families were present and sat and sat for a lengthy afternoon of food, wine and incessant chatter. I was the only foreigner[full-blood] on show but in my dotage I realise I am very Gringlish by now, as I can clearly see by observing and comparing myself with the other Brits at play!

Agiotfest looms closer and this entailed a jolly time with friend and sponsor Robert Bennett, who went all posh and booked into the Corfu Palace Hotel with his Jane. I think we rightly entertained the smattering of U.K. yuppies on show, which mostly amused the waiters!

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 35

Around The Village



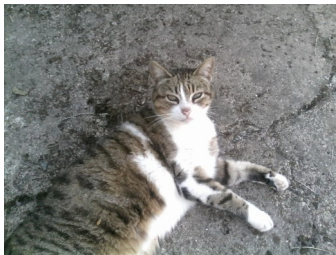
Aqualand colour co-ordination



Famous Corfu Modern Sculpting



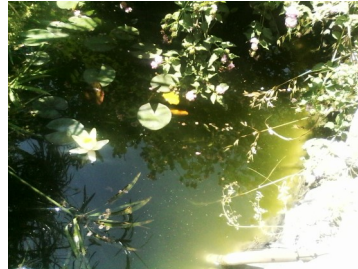
Henk's sentinel



I am the boss here remember



Jasmin



Jungle pond



Jungle pond clearing



Lofty Cotton Castles



One of Lionel's expensive cats



The jungle from our arbor



This Yucca came from a pot

Around The island

Lucy's garden at Lagouteri Boboula



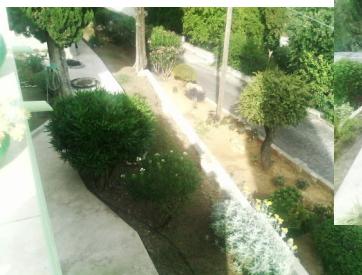
Hours of
work
<



A shop in Lakones
courtesy Dick Mulder



Benitses Espalnade



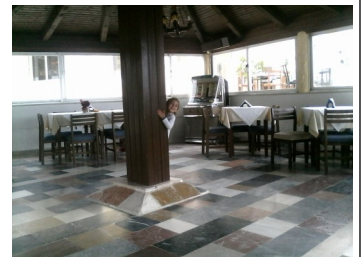
Immaculate terrace



Winding path down



Ipsos strand



Peek a boo

Village and Island News Continued on Page 37

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 36

Around The Town



A sad lady leaves her love in the town cemetery



Creative sign-writing in town



Early summer blossom



Gilford cat



Good company at the Nautilus



Upwardly mobile tourists
Corfu Palace Hotel



The Rex in town



Town edifice



Unusual Corfu Skyline



Guardian fort
<

Corfu Trail Properties & Ocay Property



- Property for sale in Corfu's best walking areas, on or near the Corfu Trail, the island's premier hiking route
- Ideal holiday homes for enthusiastic hikers, nature lovers, and get-away-from-it-all Corfu devotees
- Potential rental income stream from Corfu Trail trekkers
- Productive business opportunities
- All types of property available, from little old cottages to potential hostels, modest hotels and land for development
- Become a Corfu resident in one of the island's loveliest areas.

Corfu Island

While Corfu is best known for its holiday resorts and beaches, for its nightlife and spectacular monuments, it is also recognised as a tremendous island for hiking. It's endowed with a huge variety of landscapes, from rocky mountains in the north, to bucolic plains in the centre; villages untouched by modern life, juniper-studded dunes, deep-cut ravines, salt pans and sea marshes, and everywhere rolling hills covered with an eiderdown of silvery-grey olive groves. The island's size gives scope for a lifetime of exploration

The Corfu Trail

Corfu's distinct regions with their characteristic hikes are linked by way of the Corfu Trail, described as 'the famous Corfu Trail' in an August 2017 travel article in the Daily Mail. The Trail, initiated by private enterprise in 2001, is a 220 kilometre

snapshot of the best that the island can offer walkers. Taking approximately ten days (different programmes may be shorter or longer), it only touches on clamorous mass tourism at one point, mainly taking in traditional villages and other low-key residential areas.

The Corfu Dream

As creator of the Corfu Trail, my dream came true – for the Corfu Trail is now renowned worldwide. But a secondary dream is being realised. I had hoped to see a day when the 'tourist drachma' (now the euro) was spent elsewhere other than in busy resorts, spent in places where it would go directly into the hands of the locals, instead of into the maws of multi-national travel giants. A day when village tavernas and local shops would earn from slow-ambling visitors, instead of gaining nothing from those quick-passing in an air-conned hire car. Some of these businesses are now earning, thanks to the Corfu Trail.

I also saw the Corfu Trail as an artery, a 'route one' link between its regions, especially ones blessed with fabulous countryside. This too is happening, with a number of villages waking up to their hiking potential, and clearing and marking in some way their local footpaths and trails. Stavros and Agii Deka, Sokraki, and Vatos, all on the Corfu Trail, are among them.

Continued on Page 39

Corfu Trail Properties & Ocaj property
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Corfu's Villages

Unlike in many places, where villages have been urbanised and gentrified out of all recognition, where the countryside is a vast industrial unit, the old life has not been sucked out of Corfu's rural communities. Yes, many of the young people have moved abroad or to the environs of Corfu Town for reasons of work, education and social life, but their heart remains in the village, and the villages still possess a heart. Many have a taverna, a coffee bar or two, and generally a well-stocked store, a bakery, and some even a butcher. Fast broadband is widespread. Decent bus services link the settlements with Corfu Town. Many villages have a cultural department which organises local events, from the annual fiesta of the local church to a children's carnival party. New residents from overseas are always welcome to join in.

The Problem

So popular has the Corfu Trail become, with hikers arriving from as far afield as Israel, Hawaii, Tasmania and Alaska, as well as from all over Europe, that those using it often experience difficulties finding on-route accommodation, especially during early spring (February to April) and late autumn (late October and November) when the island is at its best for walking. These are weeks when most tourist accommodation is not open. During hiking 'high season' (May and early June; September and early October) most of the accommodation is pre-booked via local agents on behalf of overseas tourism companies. We'd like to make sure walkers can find somewhere to stay at all times.

At present, the Corfu Trail Guide recommends a set programme of ten days with stopovers at certain designated locations. But not everyone wishes to follow that programme; they might prefer to take the Trail at a fast pace, or go more slowly. We want to offer that option too.

The Solution

So our answer is to identify property on the Corfu Trail which may potentially serve as accommodation for Trail hikers, whether it be Airbnb style, private cottages, or of a guesthouse/pension type. We are looking for investors to join us in this success story, which is becoming, indeed, a victim of its own success. Investors who will help themselves, and

also help us.

With this in mind, we have, as a start, picked out six on-Trail villages which are suitable for hikers to overnight in – or indeed stay in for a wonderful extended walking holiday of a week or two.

Preferably, these locations would offer lots of other walks in the vicinity; and in-village facilities such as eateries and shops. The villages are (from south to north, just as the Corfu Trail passes through them) Stavros, Sinarades, Vatos, Giannades, Makrades and Sokraki.

Properties on the Corfu Trail

We are offering for sale tiny individual cottages as well as groups of them for conversion, modern houses, successful ready businesses with pension facilities, and the odd large old mansion to make a characterful boutique guesthouse. An investor might buy a home plus a number of small cottages to rent out, either to overnight Trailers, to longer term vacationers who wish to spend some time hiking, or to non-walking holidaymakers who just prefer to immerse themselves in peaceful rural life. Or they might wish to develop an out-of-village plot both for hikers and additionally as an – increasingly fashionable – agrotourism business. All the properties on offer are directly on or very close to the course of the Corfu Trail. The in-house Trail creator can advise.

Resident on the Corfu Trail

Of course, there's no obligation at all to buy as an investment in order to accommodate Trail hikers, or indeed to have any connections with visitors at all. The villages have been chosen as ideal and enjoyable spots for full or part-time residence; as places where one can achieve a lifestyle change, either during regular holidays or on a more permanent basis. You don't have to be a hiker to love these locations. From prices starting at just a few thousand euros, you can live out your Corfu dream.

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