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# The Agiot

127th Edition



*Courtesy of Νίκος Μουζακίτης*

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## Village and Island News

People who have been coming to this spot upon Earth for decades will not be surprised by the continuous excitements and intrigues that festoon such a curious place and are less prevalent in the sanitised world of British suburbia where they come from.

Communal edge breeds happenstances.

So, in this month set aside for the panoply of Greek Easter other things stirred hereabouts.

First off was the shoot-out at the Ocaj Corral. [thus, named as it was directly below the Ocaj office]. The Table War spilled over into physical confrontation, when one of the villagers attacked the landlord of the taverna with a stick. There was a lot of pushing and shoving by members of the two teams, followed by an evening spent at Corfu hospital with vinegar and brown paper.

On the plus side, a Phoenix arises in the Square under the plane tree in the shape of replacement table and chairs, keenly watched over on a daily basis by the Sponsors.

It would seem that we are witnessing the young Bucks of the village-though some are not so young-challenging the declining, physical power of Kostas, now in his nineties. No such challenges happened in his younger years, when he was undisputed Silverback in this particular Yitonia.

A far more serious event went down about a kilometer away in the Boondocks.

There was a Christening party at which several of the men had illegal guns [pistols]. As the party got into swing and the throats opened to alcohol, there was a lot of celebratory firing into the air. One man's gun jammed [ a man known by the locals as Bruce Lee]. As he was trying to sort it a wife of his friend *Rambo* strayed in front of his line of fire. The pistol suddenly discharged and the bullet entered her abdomen. It was a fatal shot.

For this reason, the Panygeri of Afra was cancelled shortly after,

They say bad things come in threes. The third was a road accident involving Fondas, on his motorbike, who many who visit the village will know. He collided with a car while on the road at Karoubatika. He was rushed to A&E where the remains of one leg was amputated. The driver of the other vehicle-a young woman-was uninjured, but certainly traumatised.

Amongst all this mayhem good things happened too, thank goodness.

We were happy to welcome home our young son Kostas from Japan, here for the summer.

And new settlers arrived in the shape of Barry and Stella Knight, to reside in the Agios valley.

## Around The Village



***Bono challenging a stray***

***Firewood in the valley***

>



***Lamb Chop View***

<



Village and Island News - Continued from Page 2

# Around The island



Film star outing



James and Rachel Spring visitors <

The quiet lanes of Almiros >



The busy Port courtesy of Dick Mulder <



New works at the airport <

## Courtesy of John Lanasis

Tucked away behind San Rocco Square in Corfu Town, very near to the psychiatric hospital - Someone of limited education called the patients there insane - but the only insanity I see in that area is the insanity of allowing such a beautiful building to become so decrepit....





# Pictures of Easter – *Village and Island News Continued from Page 3*



A Corfu Town Easter



A montage by Heather Skinner



Easter Sunday Fileto



The General



Sleeping it off



Eve of Easter by Panagiotis Dimisianos



With visitors from the mainland



Village and Island News - Continued from Page 4

# Watermill

by [René van Vliet](#)

## Secrets of Corfu

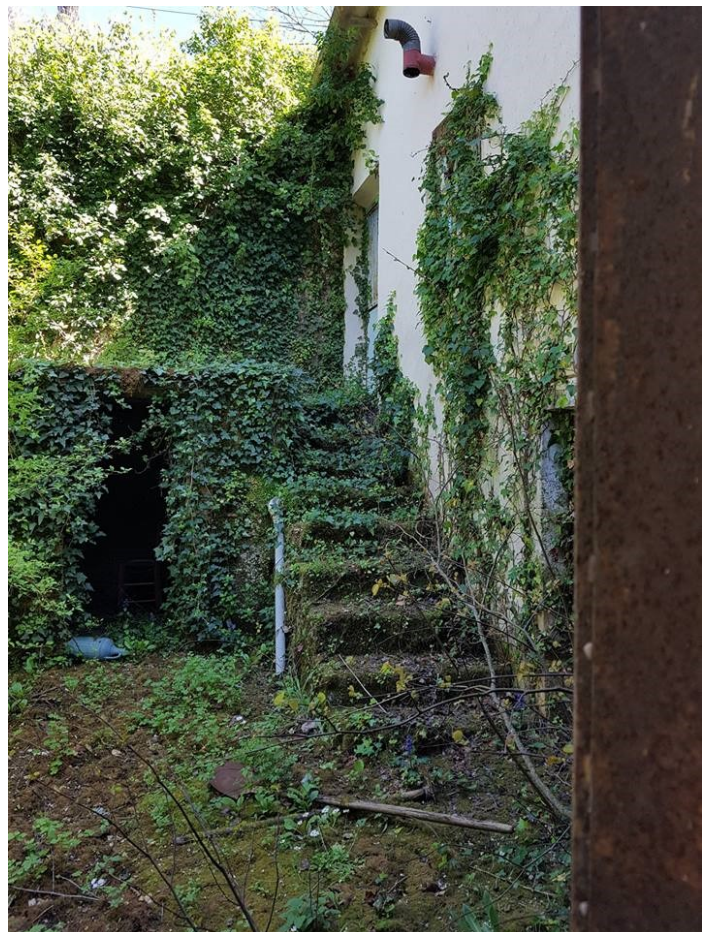
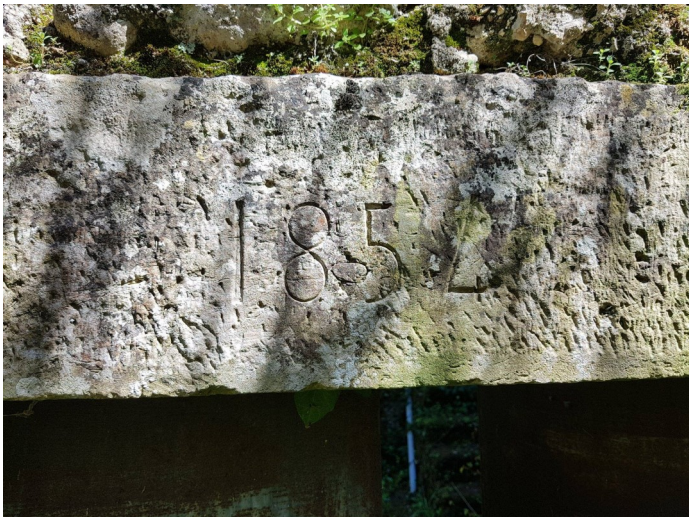
An old watermill and abandoned house on a dirt road between Chorepiskopi and Valanio.

Do not drive the road with the rental car because of big putholes but have a nice walk through the olive yards (2 April 2018).



The aquaduct (1831) of English High Commissioner Frederick Adam provide Corfu town in fresh water. The project cost 19.386 pounds and took 10 months to build.

Photos courtesy of [René van Vliet](#)





# Saturday Walks

**Saturday, 5 May.** Gastouri: Sissi's Spring and Agia Kyriaki PICNIC WALK (1 1/2 hours \*\*\*). Meet at Sissi's Spring, 10.30 for 11.00 start (to get to the Spring, turn off the Gastouri village road JUST before it gets to the very narrow bit. Continue to the Spring, about one kilometre on, a white beehive structure shaded by huge plane trees. NOTE: Bring along a picnic dish for SHARING and a drink of your choice. No personal sandwiches.

**Saturday, 12 May.** Vatos: Flanks of Mount Saint George (1 1/2 hours \*\*). Meet at 19th Hole Bar, next to the petrol station on the straight strip near the golf entrance. Lunch at Nafsika Restaurant, Ermones (possible swimming). NOTE: We shall play this by ear according to the temperature.

Walks for the rest of May will be decided on a week by week basis.

Please email: [info@corfuwalks.com](mailto:info@corfuwalks.com) if you'd like an update.



## Corfu Trail Property



### The Mediterranean Lifestyle Villa

- \* West Corfu Village.
- \* Immaculate villa in Mediterranean garden, land size 704 sq.m.
- \* Two bedrooms in main house, 83 sq.m.
- \* Separate apartment sleeping three, 56 sq.m., for Corfu Trailers or other guests.
- \* Car port, garage/workshop and laundry/utility space.
- \* Peaceful country location on edge of picturesque village.
- \* Good access to beaches, main roads.
- \* 30 minutes walk from the Corfu Trail.

The owner suggested that I call this house 'International Villa' because it has in the past been owned by Greeks, Germans, English and Dutch, with each nationality leaving an imprint of their sojourn. But what has resulted is a home that offers all the elements of a Mediterranean lifestyle, ready to endow a new generation of owners with all of its benefits.

The villa is located on the edge of one of Corfu's most picturesque villages, on a very quiet road and overlooking the expanse of the Ropa Valley and its bordering west coast hills. Despite the secluded location, the property is only a minute drive to the main road, with subsequent fast access to Corfu Town and its port and airport; and the beautiful west coast beaches and the Golf Club are within easy reach.

The villa is some 20 minutes walk from the course of the Corfu Trail.

The immaculately maintained accommodation is on two floors, the main house of 83 sq.m. being on the upper level. Downstairs, the guest apartment is completely independent, even having its own gated access to the road at the foot of the property.



*Corfu Trail Property*  
Continued from Page 6

The entrance to the upper house is by way of steps down from a spacious carport. Entering, an airy hall has wall-to-wall storage cupboards. To one side is the kitchen, fully fitted with integrated appliances, including an induction hob, dishwasher and fridge/freezer.

A hatch allows easy serving to the dining table in the lounge.

The lounge is at the front of the building, and has two sets of French doors opening onto a wide, covered, south-facing veranda. A widescreen TV has a satellite connection.

To the left of the hall, through an arch, are two bedrooms and a well-appointed modern bathroom. One of the bedrooms has access on to the veranda, and both have aircon units and generous fitted wardrobes.

The downstairs apartment also faces south, with direct access to the lower part of the garden through a wide covered patio whose low arches impart a distinctly Mediterranean atmosphere. The accommodation comprises a spacious double bedroom, a brand new bathroom, and a large living area with a sofa-bed, open plan with a fully-fitted, modern kitchen. Also at lower garden level are a spacious garage, currently being used as a workshop, and a laundry and utility room.

The property is tiled throughout and all windows have double glazing and insect screens. The central heating system is German and comprises aesthetically pleasing but highly efficient marble wall units.

The garden is on several levels, with different sections offering enticing spots to lounge whatever the time of the day. The paved patio are interspersed with flower beds planted mainly with Mediterranean shrubs and trees, among them lemons, oranges and avocado. A vine-draped pergola shades one corner, and a wood-fired pizza oven stands in another. One side of the garden, terraced for easy access to the beds, is dedicated to vegetables and herbs. Among the established perennials are oregano, rosemary and lavender. All areas of the garden are serviced by an automatic watering system, controlled by computer.

The property is for sale fully furnished as seen, with only personal items to be removed.

249,000 euros



[www.ocaypropertycorfu.com](http://www.ocaypropertycorfu.com)

<http://www.ocaypropertycorfu.com/corfutrailproperties/>





## Letters to the Editor

Lucy Steele mails;

Hello Ed,

I was wondering if it is possible you could run this updated Text (and photograph) on Paddy, the pure-bred pointer, in the May issue of The Agiot Magazine please.

His 'Homeless' situation is getting almost desperate and I'm at my wits end fretting about this lovely, very fine dog, God help him. Thanks Paul.

All the best, Lucy x

Ed:- Yes Lucy, please see in Advertising. x

**Vickie mails from Brantford, Ontario.**

I hope that spring days are upon you? We are still having snow and ice storms. Turn up the heat!!!!!!!

The anniversary of Lionel's passing is this week and I reflect back on the good times and the memories of "The one of a kind Mann" Again I thank Lula and everyone for the love and care that you showed him.

Also, I send a thank you to all of the village people and friends that came to greet MaryAnn and I when we came over after his passing. I cherish all of the special wishes and memories.

Vickie

Ed:\_ Thank you Vickie, they were very good times in Agios Ioannis, always to be treasured and remembered.

• **Effrosyni Moschoudi says**

This[April] was a particularly delightful issue. I laughed like a drain with the real-life call center conversations. I knew the one about Wordperfect from about 25 years ago when I was part of the corporate world and was actually using that product! Also, to add that I was absolutely fascinated by the well-written story about Pierris and the Pasha by Aleko Damaskinos in an earlier issue. Hope to see more stories from him in The Agiot!

Ed: Thank you Frosso, we will keep trying.

**James Smart from Tunbridge Wells writes:-**

The one concern I have about buying in Ano Koriakiana is that I hear that the new Corfu Light Railway will be going through the village on route to Paleokastritsa. Do you have any knowledge of this?

Ed:- I think that Simon's erudite letter published below should put your mind at rest James-at least for about 6 years. It is not dissimilar to the Brexit bungle!

### Corfu Light Railway (CLR):

#### Sgombou-Dafnilia Branch Line



Dear Paul.

A friend who knows says that "frustration among those in the know is subdued by the wish to avoid bringing the whole project into disrepute." I speak, of course, of the CLR branch line that will one day run from the junction with the main north west-south east railway line at Sgombu - alternative station name Sgombu Casa Lucia - to the shore at Dafnilia, following part of the island's main river to the sea.

*Continued on Page 9*



## Letters to the Editor - C.L.R. - *Continued from Page 8*

Those becoming publicly impatient, given, for instance, the near completion of the hotel complexes at Dassia, have little grasp of the conscientious complexity of the planning processes that have always accompanied the development of the CLR. In recent years, the Joint Transport Advisory Council for the Ionian islands has played an increasing role, in the design, and most importantly, the funding of the CLR. The Advisory Council's main Board, in mid-2010, reviewed proposals for the Sgombou-Dafnilia Branch line 'to assess its potential for enhancing seafront economies between Pyrgi and Kontokal, with especial reference to Small & Medium Size Businesses and the prospects for 'new-start' business. A key issue was the suitability of this branch, as in the case of similar short branch diversions, to carry freight, so as to reduce the damaging effect of an ever increasing volume of heavy traffic on local roads. A study by Dromos Pottzinger Sachs Research showed a rail freight substitute option delivering a pay off of over €300,000 a year in savings on highway maintenance, with palpable benefits in road surface safety and collateral insurance savings. In the case of the branch line, officials – elected and appointed – are bound to a statutory planning process as well as 'local protocols', meaning that initially, railways plans once they've had draft approval, must be scrutinised by up to ten different government bodies, three of which have offices in Brussels with oversight and veto-powers over Europe-wide transport projects. In late 2018 or early 2019, a Planning Statement outlining rough plans for the branch line will be reviewed by the Corfu Assembly, having passed scrutiny by various sub-bodies including local experts, who have drawn up a list of concerns, of which the principal is the two kilometre long culverting of lower stretches of the Dafnilia river over which part of the line will run up and down a steep gradient well known for its geological 'unreliability'.

Members of the public can attend this meeting as observers. Given the potential for disruption from two increasingly active pressure groups that have long opposed all aspects of the CLR, as well as the presence of CLR supporters, there will be heavy security. The branch line will almost certainly receive formal approval, after which detailed proposals will go out for consultation with the public and all interested agencies through until mid-2019, after which, assuming normal procedure is followed, we will be presented with a Master Plan and Interim Planning Statement, modified by comments received during the consultation. This will then be presented to Ionian Assembly for final ratification sometime after Easter 2020. Assuming their decision is positive, we will see Corfu's Strategic Assets and Land Service advising elected local politicians on a lengthy statutory process of rezoning, compensation valuations, rewriting of local strategic plans and valuation of selected land in the area for its formal sale to the Corfu Light Railway Company. We cannot expect a result for this process in under 4 years during which an overall veto on local land purchase will apply to avoid the kind of speculative land banking that brought the whole project into such disrepute in the immediate post war era. So look to Spring 2024 before the way is clear for ground breaking on the Sgombou-Dafnilia branch line. I need hardly add that many slips twixt cup and lip can occur over this period. We can expect that much can and will be done by way of influencing the prime movers in this lengthy process. I hope this lengthy explanation has been helpful. You are welcome to edit my letter as appropriate for the benefit of the educated readership of the esteemed Agiot Newsletter. Best wishes, Simon

**Ed:** \_Ye Gods Simon, you *have* been busy. Your well-founded report will come as a big relief to the above correspondent, who feared he may end up in Railway Cuttings, Ano Korakiana.

## Contributed by Alekos Damaskinos

A long time ago, August 1987 I was an extra in the BBC Durrell film- I am drinking coloured water and wearing a BBC suit! Next to me is Marjo Giannakis from the Hague, the young girl on the sofa is the actress ??? who was Margo and next to her my "aunt" ??? the mother of Patricia Manessi from Australia. Memories-memories....





## The Way Things Are and Were



Cherry blossom in Tokyo



Paleokastritsa (1958) - Courtesy Luko Manaris



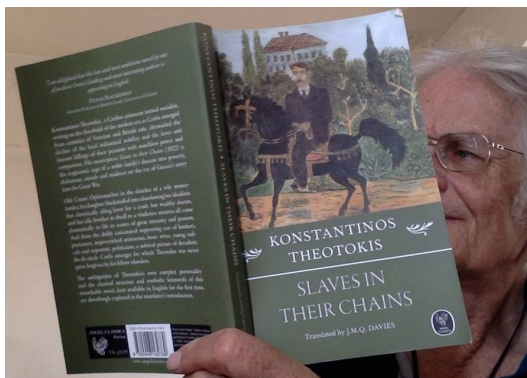
Chromelithograph postcard from  
September, 1908.

Was sent from Corfu to Cowes,  
Isle of Wight, England.

Courtesy  
of  
[Stefan Unkelbach](#)

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## Simon's World



A truly wonderful read - translated adeptly into English for the first time after nearly a century.

The Corfu writer Konstantinos Theotokis wrote this tragicomedy - *Slaves in their Chains* - about the relentless and personally catastrophic decline of an old aristocratic Corfiot family especially its patriarch - a man proud of the Venetian occupation and the British Protectorate, detesting the idea of union (enosis) with 'the mainland', of equality and liberalism, who had 'never done a serious day's work in his life'. The author wrote of a class into which he was born - the Signorini,

proudly names in the 'Libro d'Oro della Nobiltà Italiana'. The author abandoned his background to become a radical - but the book is not a political attack on his family and his ancestry. Worse! It's a brilliant spotlight on a dying class whose observer knew what he was writing about. What a film it would make! In the meantime a cracking read - funny, sexy, poignant - thanks to J.M.Q. Davies' (born in Thessaloniki) magnificent translation. Anyone interested in the history of Corfu but with none or shaky Greek will enjoy learning from this novel, as also Theotoki's recently translated short stories, capturing dramatic vignettes of village and peasant life in old Kerkyra. My understanding is that K Theotoki was never forgiven by members of his birth-class for his 'fictional' revelations of upper class island life in the early 20th century. I owe my discovery of this book to Richard Pine (Durrell Library of Corfu) for inviting me and others to attend the conference he organised with a Corfiot colleague from the Ionian University last October - NOVEL ENCOUNTERS: a festival celebrating Greek and Irish fiction - held over three days in Corfu Town.



# A Holiday with Granny



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

## Part 1

SPYRI WOKE UP TO THE SOUND OF CICADAS. For her, it was the sweetest sound in the world. It signalled that she was back in Greece, back to her beloved village of Moraitika in Corfu, the most precious place in the world to her.

Here, she'd spent countless long summers with her grandparents, her father's parents, away from the mad bustle of London where she grew up, the daughter of a Greek man and an English woman.

Nowadays, being a thirty-five-year-old restaurant owner in London, Spyri no longer had the luxury of long holidays abroad, but going to Corfu for a fortnight every summer was something she'd never give up.

Moraitika, to her, was as precious as oxygen.

And here she was again, on the first morning of her holiday in Granny's house. This is how she'd come to think of the house now, since her grandfather had passed away many years earlier.

My first day in Corfu! The thought made Spyri jump out of bed as if it was on fire. She drew the curtains and looked outside the bedroom window. The garden of the house next door was in bloom, sweet basil and rosemary wafting in the breeze, and she drew a deep breath with half-closed eyes as the gentle morning sunlight caressed her face.

Spyri went downstairs and made a beeline for the kitchen. She put water in the kettle and opened the cupboard hoping to find some tea bags. Her grandmother came in to join her just as Spyri took a glass jar into her hands and grimaced.

The old woman chuckled to see her sour expression. Spyri had never cared for the dried herb stored in that old jar.

"Oh Granny! All these years you never drank any other tea than tsai tou vounou! Why are the people here so hung up on mountain tea is beyond me. I mean, you can't even have it with milk! I must remember to visit the supermarket today and get some English Breakfast. Now where's the coffee?"

She began to rummage through the cup-board, moving jars and mugs around, to try to find it. She was sure she'd left a new jar of instant coffee granules in there last summer.

"Come on, never mind all that, Spyri mou! Tell me your news. Last night when you came we had no time to talk. When are you bringing a man with you? You always come on your own!" the old woman said with a benevolent smile as she took her time to sit at the table. Her arthritic legs and back gave her hell throughout the year. This was why she moved cautiously, having suffered too many nasty falls.

Spyri stole glances at her, the sight endearing. She'd just found the coffee and was now trying to open another old jar, the one for the sugar this time. Finally, she gave up with a grunt. "Why do you insist in using these jars? Rust and humidity have sealed them all shut.

Where are the ones I brought you last summer?"

Her grandmother gave a familiar knowing smile that signalled the answer to Spyri in an instant.

"You gave them away to one of the neighbours, didn't you? Oh Granny, why did you do that? I brought them for you! Not Marianna or Kaliopi, or Mrs Eleni from Albania..."

The old woman waved her hand dismissively. "They needed them more than I did. They're poor people, agape mou. Besides, I'm happy with my old jars. I've had them all my life. They are the ones I used to make your granddad's tea and your own milk and cocoa drinks when you were little, remember?"

Spyri walked up to where her grandmother sat, squeezing her shoulder fondly, her eyes misting over. Old memories from her precious childhood summers with her grandparents in this house, this heavenly village and island, had the knack of stirring her heart to form an unbearable mix of deep heartache and longing. To shake it off, she had another attempt at opening the sugar jar in her hands, and managed it this time, causing her grandmother to giggle.

*Continued on Page 12*

*Effrosyni Writes - A Holiday with Granny*  
*Continued from Page 11*

“See? There’s nothing to it. If I can open them with my gnarly old hands, then so can you.” Granny winked playfully. “And now, out with it. Don’t change the subject! When are you going to find a man and settle down? I’m an old woman, you know. I don’t have long to go!”

AFTER A QUICK BREAKFAST, Spyri took the downhill path to the beach for her first swim, her flower-patterned dress billowing softly around her legs, her wood-soled sandals clip-clopping on the concrete path.

As she strode along, she raised her hand every now and then to greet the locals. Some were milling about in their gardens or sitting out- side their front doors having a snack at plastic garden tables. Others greeted her from shop fronts, or rode by in their mopeds.

By the time she’d arrived at the beach she’d exchanged greetings and pleasantries with at least a dozen people. It always happened that way. And she knew, without a single doubt, that this afternoon when she’d have a walk down the main road, the rest of her acquaintances and extended family members would already have been informed she’d arrived. Moraitika was a small place and news of who was returning for their annual summer holiday travelled really fast.

She found her usual spot under a tree by the pier and laid out her beach mat. As she took off her dress, admiring her new bright-coloured tankini, her mind began to wonder. Old memories flooded her mind about people she once knew who used to swim here with her over the years.

She also recalled the trouble she used to have with the locals back in the day. Village gossip was a huge problem for her. Meeting boys secretly would have been impossible, and she never attempted to do it. Neither her grandparents nor her father had been happy with Spyri having much to do with young lads, be it tourists or the village boys. Spyri had always been a good girl, and so had decided to stay away from boys to keep everyone happy.

Only once had her decision presented a problem. It was the unforgettable thirteenth summer of her life, when Markos from Salonica had come to visit his aunt Alexandra in the village. Back then, all the children would gather outside Spyri’s grandparents’ house to sit at the front steps in the shade of a huge mulberry tree. In the early morning, and in the late afternoon, the village children would gather there to play cards, to chat, joke around, and generally to pass the time.

Spyri’s family were happy for her to socialize with the village boys back then, mainly because she was in the presence of a multitude of cousins and not alone with anyone in particular.

That summer had been one to remember because of Markos. He had turned up one day with his cousins, and just like that, Spyri had fallen in love. She still recalled vividly his sweet smile, and those cypress-green eyes that were specked with gold and hardly ever looked straight at her. It was painful how shy he was!

She could hardly get a word out of him and, unlike the other boys, he never attempted to flirt with her. But she only had eyes for him. At midday, he would arrive at the beach, at this very spot where she had just laid out her things, to swim with his aunts and cousins just as she swam with her own family.

Day in and day out they would swim together with the other kids, then all of them would meet again in the evening back at the house. And they would chat and play there together every evening till the sun descended in the distant blue horizon, cooling the air delightfully, and colouring the step where they sat with a glorious golden hue.

During one of those evenings, Spyri was feeling exhausted as that morning her parents had rented a pedalo. Sitting next to Markos as one of the children shared a long-winded joke, without thinking, Spyri had leaned towards Markos and, ever so softly, put her head on his shoulder. When she realized what she’d done she panicked, but then something occurred to her: that he hadn’t moved away or complained.

Instead, he’d tilted his head too, resting it against hers, and emitted a faint sigh that filled her heart with liquid heat. It felt like an explosion at first, rendering her dazed, then it dripped down to her stomach deliciously. She never forgot that feeling and hadn’t experienced it again ever since.

Since that day, she’d known she was irrevocably in love with him.

She’d told her female cousins about her feelings back then, and they tried to convince her to confess her love to him. When she insisted this was out of the question, they started to urge her to give him her address so he could write to her from Salonica in the winter. The thought had kept her awake for a few nights as the last day of her holidays drew near. But even then, after all that contemplating, her shyness had won, and she never dared ask him if they could be pen pals.

That summer, it all ended between them on her last day with a simple goodbye when Markos took the path to his aunt’s house at nightfall with the other village boys. He gave her one last wave from a distance and that was it.

*Continued on Page 13*



*Effrosyni Writes - A Holiday with Granny*  
Continued from Page 12

She never saw him again. His aunt would share snippets of news about him from time to time, as she and Spyri's grandmother were friends and often caught up on everyone's news during their chats.

Every year, Spyri would return to the village hoping to see Markos again but he never came. Instead, she'd hear all about his studies in Salonica, then about his fiancé, the woman he wound up marrying. In time, Spyri had given up on her hopes to see him again but, somehow, she never forgot him.

Markos was in her thoughts again now, as she slowly entered the water, stepping on smooth sand that glinted golden in the sunlight. The sea sparkled like a temptress dressed in her finest silk and jewels. The allure of the sea was so great in those moments that by the time she'd cooled enough to plunge into the water, her heart bursting with bliss, she had forgotten all about Markos again. For now.

ON HER WAY HOME, SPYRI greeted even more locals, and one of them imparted some sad news. Spyri was still deep in thought as she set the table. The meal was going to be basic today. These days, she could no longer count on her frail old grandmother to provide those unforgettable culinary triumphs of hers.

And so, Spyri was going to do all the cooking on this holiday and all the ones after that. This morning she'd had no time to cook, so she'd bought a few eggs, butter, bread, ham, and a can of dolmades from the mini-market on the way home, then rustled up a quick lunch with all that.

As she set the table, her mind was whirling still.

"What's wrong, kyra mou?" piped up her grandmother. Spyri could never fool her. She had no choice than to tell her what bothered her. "Mrs Alexandra died two days ago. Did you know? I just heard."

The old woman heaved a huge sigh. "Of course. But why do you seem so upset? Alexandra lived her life... and she was well into her 90s."

"I know, but still..."

The old woman waved dismissively and gestured Spyri with a beaming smile to sit and eat, the way she always used to at mealtimes. "It's a one-way street for all the oldies in the village. We'll all go before you know it. The village is half-deserted as it is."

Spyri sat and picked up her fork. "I know... But it's so sad. The village keeps changing so fast. So many of the lovely people I knew are gone. So many houses that used to be full of life, their doors wide open, now stand deserted, derelict... Every year I come I find less and less of the kind, elderly people that I knew once..."

sometimes I think I cannot stand it, you know? It breaks my heart."

Spyri's eyes misted over.

Her grandmother raised a brow. "All that is understandable, *psyche mou*, but in Alexandra's case, are you sure your heartache is not a little about something else, too? Like her nephew Markos, maybe?"

Spyri was about to pop a forkful of omelette into her mouth, and the hand that held the fork froze, hovering in the air, as her mouth remained open for a few moments. Finally, she put the fork down, her lips twisting.

"Well, am I wrong or am I right?" the old woman pressed.

Spyri registered her knowing smile and knew then she had known all along about her feelings for Markos.

"You're wondering if Alexandra's passing might bring Markos back to the village, aren't you, Spyri mou?"

Spyri didn't dare meet her grandmother's eyes. Instead, she looked down at her full plate, and muttered, "Do you think he will come for the funeral? Has anyone said anything?"

The old woman rolled her eyes. "What do I know? I hardly ever leave this house any more." She patted her arthritic knees. "And hardly anyone visits me these days either. Who wants to enter a damp old house to shoot the breeze with a wrinkly like me?"

Spyri's heart melted. She knew her grandmother had been suffering with terrible loneliness over the past seven years since Granddad's death. "I do, Granny! I want to shoot the breeze with you!" She reached out and patted her hand.

The old woman squeezed Spyri's fingertips with her own gently, her eyes meeting hers. Spyri saw a deep love in them that she knew would never die. No matter what.

The old woman chuckled and leaned back in her chair. "Now eat up! And don't worry so much about it. If he's coming we'll soon find out."

To be continued.



If you enjoyed this then please visit these websites:  
<http://effrosyniwrites.com/>  
<http://effrosyniwrites.com/your-guide-to-moraitika-corfu/>

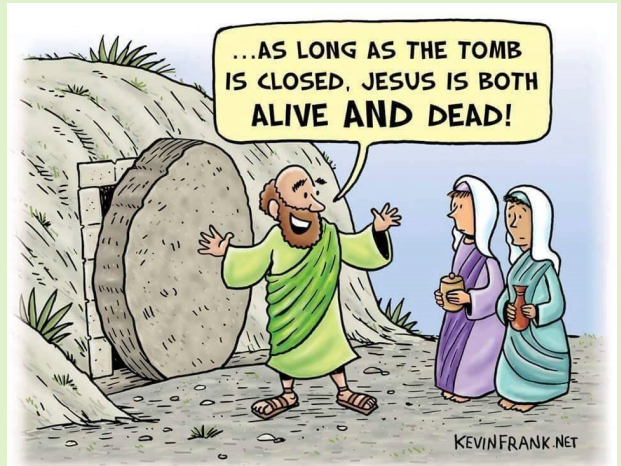


# Nick The Clock's World (The Comic With A conscience )



"The person who takes medicine must recover twice. Once from the disease and once from the medicine."

Willaim Osler, MD



Saint Schrodinger, the forgotten disciple.

## We Now Live In A Nation Where:

Truth Inside Of You



...doctors destroy health, lawyers destroy justice, universities destroy knowledge, governments destroy freedom, the press destroys information, religion destroys morals, and our banks destroy the economy.

~ Chris Hedges

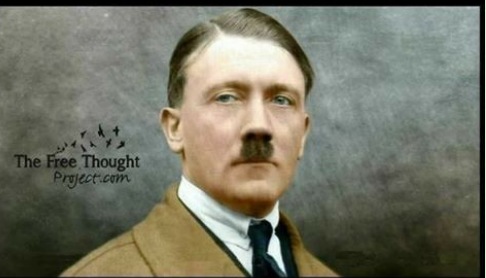


News

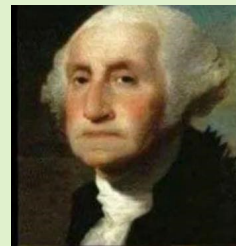
Long-time German resident 'must produce her papers' says Home Office

'Hostile environment'

NEVER FORGET THE FACT ADOLF HITLER WAS TIME MAGAZINE'S "MAN OF THE YEAR" IN 1938



MORAL OF THE STORY: MAINSTREAM MEDIA IS NOT ALWAYS RELIABLE



I CANNOT TELL A LIE



I CANNOT TELL THE TRUTH



I CANNOT TELL THE DIFFERENCE



Six great confusions Still unresolved 😊😂

1. At a movie theatre, which arm rest is yours?
2. In the word scent, is "S" is silent or "C"?
3. If people evolve from monkeys, why are monkeys still around?
4. Why is there a 'D' in fridge, but not in refrigerator?
5. Who knew what time it was when the first clock was made.



3:42 AM ✓

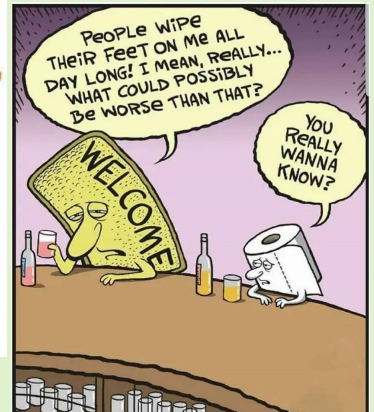
Continued on Page 15



# Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 14

**Wife: "The car is not starting. Dashboard shows the sign of a person sitting on toilet."  
Husband: "What...??  
Send me a picture."**



**When women reach a certain age they start to collect dogs.**



**This is known as the "many paws"**

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



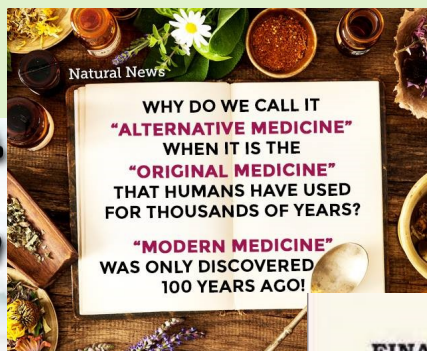
This was how physicians used to hear lung and heart sounds before Lennac invented stethoscope. Doctor over centuries never forgave Lennac for his discovery 10:41



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!!

**THIS USED TO BE CALLED DAYDREAMING. TODAY IT'S CALLED ADHD AND IS TREATED WITH DRUGS. WHEN DID CHILDHOOD BECOME A MENTAL ILLNESS?**



### FINALLY...THE BLONDE JOKE TO END ALL BLONDE JOKES!

A blonde woman was speeding down the road in her little red sports car and was pulled over by a woman police officer, who was also a blonde.

The blonde cop asked to see the blonde driver's license. She dug through her purse and was getting progressively more agitated.

'What does it look like?' she finally asked. The policewoman replied, 'It's square and it has your picture on it.'

The driver finally found a square mirror in her purse, looked at it and handed it to the policewoman. 'Here it is,' she said.

The blonde officer looked at the mirror, then handed it back saying, "OK, you can go. I didn't realize you were a cop..."

**That's' All Folks !**

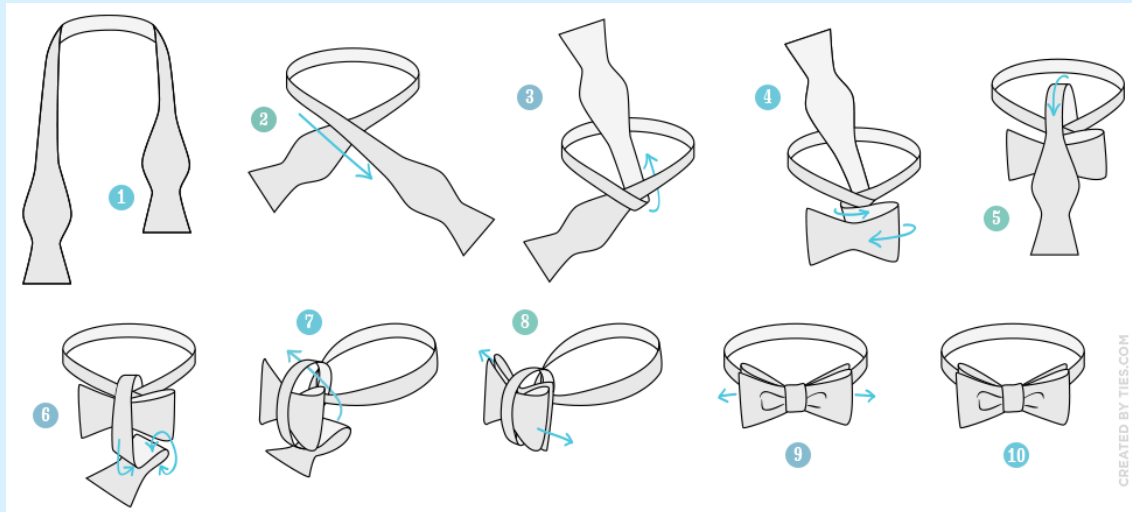
**A woman goes with her husband to the doctor for his exam. After the exam, the doctor pulls the wife aside and says: "Your husband is suffering from severe long-term stress, and he is a good candidate for a heart attack or stroke. If you don't do the following three things, he will surely die. First, every morning fix him a healthy breakfast. Second, when he gets home make him a warm, nutritious dinner, and don't burden him with household chores. Third, have sex with him several times a week." On the way home, the husband asks the wife, "I saw the doctor talking to you and he looked serious. What did he say?"  
Wife: "He says you're gonna die."**



# Tickle Ties the knot

Something a little different this month

## The Gordian Knot (or how to tie a bowtie)



### Bow Tie Tying instructions

1. Start with the bowtie lying face up. Adjust the bowtie so right side is shorter than the left. The end on the left will be referred to as A and the end on the right will be referred to as B.
2. Move A to the right side, across B.
3. Bring A under B and up through the neck loop.
4. At the joint, fold B towards the right and then towards the left to create a the bow shape.
5. Bring A stra-ight down over the middle of the bow shape that was made with B.
6. Fold A back towards the chest and pinch the fold.
7. Push the pinched end (A) through the loop behind B.
8. Pull on the folded parts of the bow to tighten.
9. Adjust until balanced on both sides.





1. *Iris pseudacorus*.  
Yellow Flag Iris



2. *Zerynthia polyxena*.  
Southern Festoon.

# Nature

Photos contributed  
By  
Giannis Gasteratos



4. Easter pots



5. Κροκοδειλάκι (Σκούτζικας).  
Starred Agama.



3. Πασχαλιά. Wisteria.



6. *Ophrys ferrum-equinum*.



7. Παπαρούνα. Common Poppy.



8. Νυφίτσα εναντίον ποντικού, σημειώσατε 1!  
Least Weasel vs rat!



9. The City



10. Γαλαζοπαπαδίτσα. Blue Tit.



Nature - Continued from Page 17



11. Δεντροβάτραχος.  
European Tree Frog.



13. Στεπόκιρκος.  
Pallid Harrier.

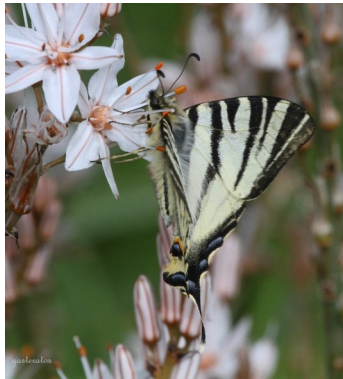


14. Βουνοσταχτάρες βλέπουν την πρώτη Ανάσταση από ψηλά.  
Alpine Swifts watching the first Resurrection from above.

<



12. Καλαμοκανάς.  
Black-winged Stilt.



15. Iphiclides podalirius.  
Scarce Swallowtail.



16. Bad sprits oxo.



17. Ευρωπαϊκός Μαυρολαίμης.  
European Stonechat.



20. Χνοώδης Δρυς.  
Downy Oak.



18. Ophrys sp.



19. Χωραφοσπουργίτης. Spanish Sparrow.



21. Στου γιαλού τα βοτσαλάκια...  
Crabs.

<



23. Γράβα Σκοτεινή.  
Skotini Cave.

With Ιωαννης Λουκας

22. Κερκυραϊκή Σάυρα.  
Dalmatian Algyroides.

>





Nature - Continued from Page 18



24. Αγ.Γόρδιος.  
Ag.Gordios.



25. Α.Γαρούνας.  
A.Garounas.



26. Στο βουνό των Αγ.Δέκα.  
On Mt.Ag.Deka.



27. Peace



28. Γράβα της Αθηνάς.  
Athina's Cave.



32. cf. Τρανορινόλοφος.  
cf. Greater Horseshoe Bat.



29. Saponaria calabrica



30. Παντοκράτορας Σατρού.  
Pantokratoras of Stavros.



31. Κόρακας.  
Common Raven.



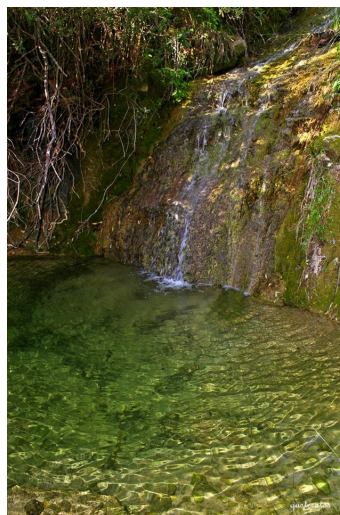
33. Φασκόμηλο.  
Salvia cf. fruticosa.



34. Αράχνη στη Γράβα  
Καταχωστή.  
Spider in Katachosti Cave.



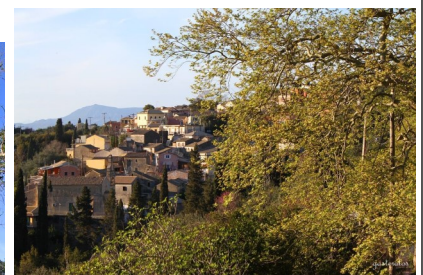
35. Γράβα Καταχωστή.  
Katachosti Cave.



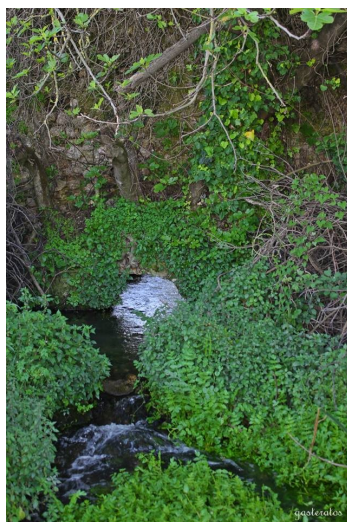
36. Ο μικρός καταρράκτης  
στις Μούργες.  
The small waterfall in  
Mourges.



37. Τεράστιοι Πλάτανοι  
στο Γαστούρι.  
Massive Oriental Plane  
Trees in Gastouri.



38. Γαστούρι.  
Gastouri.



39. Παλιός νερόμυλος στην  
Χρυσίδα.  
Old watermill in Crisiida.

40. Λευκοτσικιάς.  
Little Egret.



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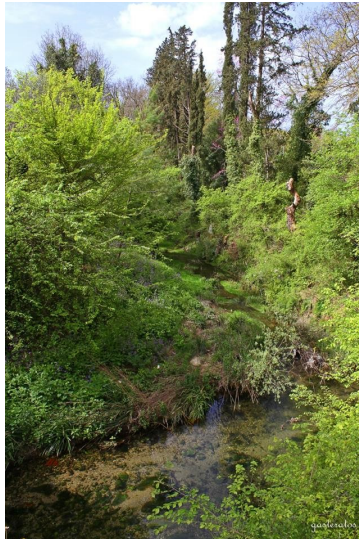
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Nature - Continued from Page 19



41. Παλιός ανεμόμυλος στους Βαρυπατάδες.  
Old windmill in Varipatedes.



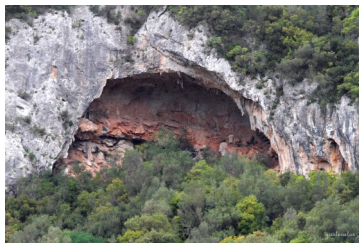
42. Το ποτάμι του Ποταμού στην διαστέρωση της Άφρας.  
Potamos river in Afra's junction.



45. Χωροεπίσκοποι.  
Choroepiskopi.



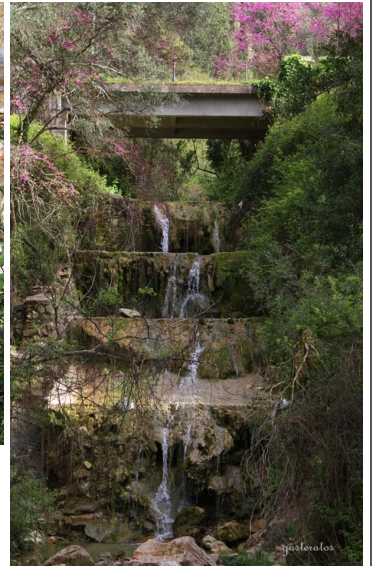
49. Λιβάδι Ρόπα.  
Ropa Valley.



46 Γράβα του Αναστάση (Νιανιήρη).  
Anastasis (Nianiiris) Cave



43. Ανάμεσα σε Βατωνιές και Αρκαδάδες.  
Between Vatonies and Arkadades.



44. Ανάμεσα σε Βατωνιές και Αρκαδάδες.  
Between Vatonies and Arkadades.



47 *Pisum sativum*  
Jack-of-arrived



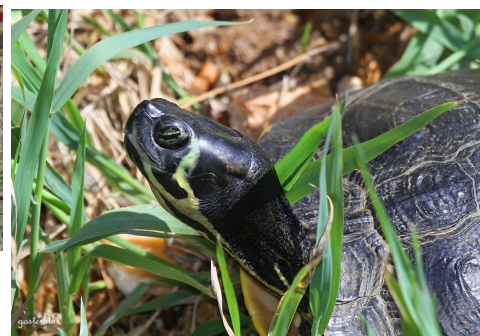
48. Λίμνη Μπρεντάνου.  
Mprentanou Pond.



50. Στικτή Νεροχελώνα.  
European Pond Terrapin.



51. Νερόκοτα.  
Common Moorhen.



52. Κιτρινομάγουλη Νεροχελώνα.  
Yellow-bellied Slider.

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Nutria (*Myocastor coypus*) Kaliviotis



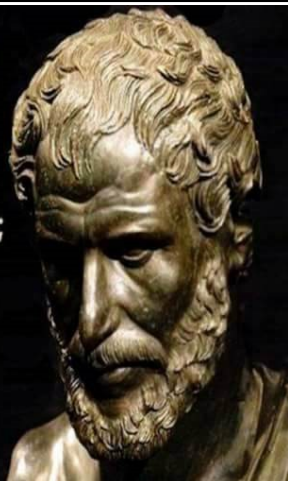
Swallowtail - photo by Peter Hardiman



Η διαμόρφωση του χαρακτήρα  
σου γίνεται από τις επιλογές  
σου, μέρα με τη μέρα.

Ποια είναι τα ενδιαφέροντά σου;  
Ποιες είναι οι σκέψεις σου;  
Ποιες είναι οι πράξεις σου;  
Αυτό θα γίνεις.

Ηράκλειτος



A Poem  
courtesy of Afroditi

<

## Video Corner

Corfu's most famous family

<http://www.radiotimes.com/travel/2018-04-01/the-durrells-alexis-georgoulis-on-his-favourite-corners-of-corfu-all-corfiots-are-crazy/amp/>

The obscenity of wealth

[https://www.theguardian.com/business/2018/apr/07/global-inequality-tipping-point-2030?CMP=Share\\_iOSApp\\_Other](https://www.theguardian.com/business/2018/apr/07/global-inequality-tipping-point-2030?CMP=Share_iOSApp_Other)

Easter is so very Greek

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TcuhHMO8C8U&feature=share>

Trends in Corfu Tourism

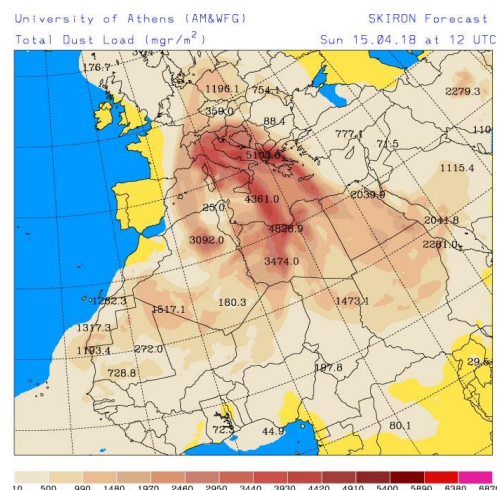
[http://enimerosi.com/details\\_en.php?id=21016](http://enimerosi.com/details_en.php?id=21016)

Yanis Varoufakis

[https://www.theguardian.com/news/2018/apr/20/yanis-varoufakis-marx-crisis-communist-manifesto?utm\\_source=esp&utm\\_medium=Email&utm\\_campaign=The+Long+Read+-+Collections+2017&utm\\_term=272174&subid=25437896&CMP=longread\\_collection](https://www.theguardian.com/news/2018/apr/20/yanis-varoufakis-marx-crisis-communist-manifesto?utm_source=esp&utm_medium=Email&utm_campaign=The+Long+Read+-+Collections+2017&utm_term=272174&subid=25437896&CMP=longread_collection)

## Corfu Weather Statistics - April 2018

Max	Avg	Min	
<b>Temperature</b>			
Max Temperature	31°C	24°C	17°C
Mean Temperature	23°C	18°C	14°C
Min Temperature	17°C	13°C	8°C
<b>Heating Degree Days (base 65)</b>	8	2	0
<b>Cooling Degree Days (base 65)</b>	10	2	0
<b>Growing Degree Days (base 50)</b>	24	15	7
<b>Dew Point</b>	19°C	13°C	3°C
<b>Precipitation</b>	0.0 mm	0.0 mm	0.0 mm
<b>Wind</b>			
Wind	40 km/h	6 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	60 km/h	44 km/h	26 km/h
<b>Sea Level Pressure</b>	1023 hPa	1014 hPa	1006 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](http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTGf.99)

April Africa sand

# Gooners Gags

## For those who know everything:

The liquid inside young coconuts can be used as a substitute for Blood Plasma.

\*\*\*\*\*

No piece of paper can be folded in half more than seven (7) times.

Oh, go ahead ... I'll wait.

\*\*\*\*\* \*

Donkeys kill more people annually than plane crashes or shark attacks.

(So, watch your Ass )

\*\*\*\*\* \*\*

You burn more calories sleeping than you do watching television!

\*\*\*\*\* \*

Oak trees do NOT produce acorns until they are fifty (50) years of age or older.

\*\*\*\*\*

The first product to have a bar code was Wrigley's gum.

\*\*\*\*\*

The King of Hearts is the only King WITHOUT A MOUSTACHE.

\*\*\*\*\*

American Airlines saved \$40,000 in 1987 by eliminating one (1) olive from each salad served in first-class.

\*\*\*\*\*

Venus is the only planet that rotates clockwise.

(Since Venus is normally associated with women, what does this tell you?

That women are going in the 'right' direction...!

\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

Apples, not caffeine, are more efficient at waking you up in the morning ...

\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

Most dust particles in your house are made from DEAD SKIN !

\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

The first owner of the Marlboro Company died of lung cancer.

So did the first 'Marlboro Man'.

\*\*\*\*\*

Walt Disney was afraid OF MICE!

\*\*\*\*\*

PEARLS DISSOLVE IN VINEGAR!

\*\*\*\*\*

The ten most valuable brand names on earth:

Apple, Coca Cola, Google, IBM, Microsoft, GE, McDonalds,

Samsung, Intel and Toyota, in that order.

\*\*\*\*\*

It IS possible to lead a cow upstairs ... but, NOT downstairs.

\*\*\*\*\*

A duck's quack doesn't echo, and no one knows why.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dentists have recommended that a toothbrush be kept at least Six (6) feet away from a toilet to avoid airborne particles resulting from the flush.

\*\*\*\*\*

And the best for last.....!

Turtles can breathe through their BUTTS!

(I know some people like that, don't YOU?)

So.....

Remember, knowledge is everything, so pass it on.....and go move your toothbrush!

And stop folding that DAMN PAPER



So pleased Kate's had a healthy baby boy, but I think 8lbs 7ozs is stretching it a bit...



**Gooners Gags** - Continued from Page 22

Old men can be quite realistic and clever.  
A 77-year-old man is having a drink in a bar. Suddenly a gorgeous girl enters and sits down a few seats away. The girl is so attractive that he just can't take his eyes off her.

After a short while, the girl notices him staring, and approaches him. Before the man has time to apologize, the girl looks him deep in the eyes and says to him in a sultry tone: "I'll do anything you'd like. Anything you can imagine in your wildest dreams, it doesn't matter how extreme or unusual it is, I'm game. I want \$100, and there's another condition".

Completely stunned by the sudden turn of events, the man asks her what her condition is.

"You have to tell me what you want me to do in just three words"

The man takes a moment to consider the offer from the beautiful woman. He then whips out his wallet and puts ten - \$10 bills in her outstretched hand. He then looks her square in the eyes, and says slowly and clearly:

"Paint my house."

(Our needs change as we get older).

\*\*\*\*\*

**'Viagra'** is now available in tea bags.

It doesn't enhance sexual performance

But it does stop your biscuit going soft.

\*\*\*\*\*

A Chinese walks into a bar in America late one night and he saw Steven Spielberg.

As he was a great fan of his movies, he rushes over to him, and asks for his autograph.

Instead, Spielberg gives him a slap and says, "You Chinese people bombed our Pearl Harbour, get outta here."

The astonished Chinese man replied, "It was not the Chinese who bombed your Pearl Harbour, it was the Japanese".

"Chinese, Japanese, Taiwanese, you're all the same," replied Spielberg.

In return, the Chinese gives Spielberg a slap and says, "You sank the Titanic, my forefathers were on that ship."

Shocked, Spielberg replies, "It was the iceberg that sank the ship, not me."

The Chinese replies, "Iceberg, Spielberg, Carlsberg, you're all the same."

\*\*\*\*\*

**Three contractors are bidding to refurbish the fence at 10 Downing street.**

**One is from Birmingham another is from Liverpool, and the third is some bloke from London.**

**All three go with a Downing Street official to examine the fence.**

**The Brummie contractor takes out a tape measure and does some measuring, then works some figures with a pencil.**

**"Well," he says, "I figure the job will run about £900.**

**£400 for materials, £400 for my crew, and £100 profit for me."**

**The Scouse contractor also does some measuring and figuring, then says, "I can do this job for £700.**

**£300 for materials, £200 for my crew, and £200 profit for me."**

**The bloke from London doesn't bother to measure or figure, but leans over to the Downing Street official and whispers, "£2,700."**

**The official, incredulous, says, "You didn't even measure like the others!**

**How did you come up with such a high figure?"**

**The bloke whispers back, £1000 for me, £1000 for you, and we hire the guy from Liverpool to do the job."**

**"Done!" replies the government official.....**

**And that is how Carillion was born.....**

## 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 May:

Services led by Chaplain Rev Jules Wilson

#### Sunday 6th May

10:30 Family Communion Service and Sunday School in Church Room.

#### Thursday 10th May

10.30 Ascension Day Service

#### Sunday 13th May

10:30 Family Communion Service

#### Sunday 20th May

10:30 Family Communion Service

#### Sunday 27th May - Trinity Sunday

10:30 Family Communion Service  
19.00 The Well

#### HTC South

#### Friday 11th May

18.00 Messonghi Catholic Chapel

*In all thy ways acknowledge Him and  
He shall direct thy path*

Proverbs 3:6

### Weekly Events during May:

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  
Closed 1st May - public holiday  
8th - Master's Crafters Group

#### Wednesday

10:00 Coffee Morning in the church room  
9th - 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 May:

#### Tuesday 1st May

Public Holiday

#### Thursday 10th May

18.00 Church Council Meeting

#### Friday 11th May

09.00 Ecumenical Prayer Meeting at HTC

#### Thursday 17th May

09.15 Pastoral Care Team Meeting

#### Saturday 19th May

Men's Breakfast with Bryan Turnbull

#### Monday 21st May

Union of Ionian Islands - local holiday

#### Saturday 26th May

10.00-13.00 Summer Fair



HOLY  
TRINITY  
CORFU

21 L.Mavili Street, Corfu 49100

DIOCESE IN EUROPE  
THE ANGLICAN CHURCH  
IN GREECE



[www.holytrinitycorfu.net](http://www.holytrinitycorfu.net)



[htccorfu@gmail.com](mailto:htccorfu@gmail.com)



(0030) 69865 38755



**CAN WE FIND A 'FOSTER/FOREVER HOME' FOR THIS DOG? 29.04.2018**

**PADDY** is a sweet natured pure-bred pointer with a calm temperament; 7years old and in very urgent need of help. Like so many other abandoned/mistreated animals, he's been struggling to survive on the streets for years but, unfortunately, while trying to defend his female

companion from four 'randy' dogs all trying to mount her whilst she was in 'season', he was attacked by these dogs and sustained serious wounds to his back. He had been hospitalized for more than five weeks now and, after the best of care, has made a good recovery but the vets advise he should not be returned to the streets. He is not chipped but is now sterilized. He has arthritis in his two front elbows and this is being treated with pain relief.

After various tests it was discovered he is suffering from 'Heartworm' and his treatment has begun. This treatment can take up to three months altogether and we are appealing for a kind-hearted animal lover to give him his 'Foster/Forever Home'. This gentle dog has had such a hard life and deserves the chance of being shown the love and kindness that all animals deserve. He mixes well with other dogs/cats.

The vets have been wonderful in providing their best professional care, free of charge, for the past five weeks but cannot finance the cost of the Heartworm treatment or his accommodation. We must look towards trying to raise funds from our caring animal lovers. I know this is a regular request, especially when times are not easy financially, but I do know that if you are able you will donate as much as you can afford. I assure you every cent will be appreciated. Thank you all for caring.

Lucy Steele, M.B.E.

My contact details: Mobile: **6975 833 654**

**Donations to:** The ARK Animal Welfare (Registered Charity 306/1977) Account at Alpha Bank. Account Number: 68000 200 201 4311  
IBAN Number: GR59 0140 6800 6800 0200 2014 311





# Roadhouse Music, Corfu island

Custom bespoke guitar bodies, scratch plates.

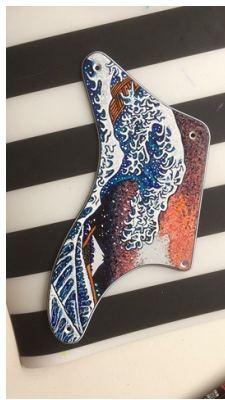
Custom made in UK; bodies, necks, scratch plates, even your own design painted and sealed on your existing plate, see us at the Agiotfest Corfu, first Saturday of September, September 1st.

We will be at our exhibition stand with renowned artist Mr Fernández.

STARTING FROM 11.00.A.M.



CUSTOM HAND DRAWN SCRATCHPLATE ART TO UPGRADE & PERSONALISE YOUR GUITAR



AGIOTFEST IS PROUD OF ITS RELATIONSHIP WITH ROADHOUSE CORFU, GROWING STRONGER YEAR ON YEAR.



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.



## Alekos Damaskinos

BSc(Hons), MSc(Edin), PhD(Edin), A.F.I.M.A



We are proud to welcome the scholar, translator and raconteur **Alekos Damaskinos**. Aleko is a walking treasure-trove of memories: of growing up as a boy with the Durrells; of the naturalist, scientist, poet and modest hero Theodore Stephanides; and the beauties of Corfu, from rare wild orchids to owls; from extraordinary archaeology to folk tales. His personal account of life on Corfu in the past is infused with rare scholarship - and irresistible charm.

Born and educated in Corfu, Aleko went to Edinburgh Napier University to study pure mathematics and received three degrees. He has lectured at Edinburgh University, Queen Mary College, University of London, University of Phoenix, Arizona, USA, and University of Cape Town. In Corfu, he has been a walking tour guide specialising in the flora and fauna of the island. He produces English-Greek translations of literature, history, and accounts of life in Corfu.



What a better way to  
enjoy the golden hour?!

at [Ride The Town](#).



## 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. –  
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## ***Aunty Lula's Love-bites***

### Spinach and rice dish [Σπανακορυζο]

Ingredients:-

1Kg of fresh spinach

Two thirds a cup of rice for risotto

Half a bunch of chopped parsley

Half a bunch of chopped dill

1 cup of olive oil

2 leeks, washed and chopped

1 small onion, chopped

1 small bunch of spring onions, washed and chopped

Half cup of white wine

2 cups of water

Juice of half a lemon

Salt and pepper

**Go: -**

Wash the fresh spinach thoroughly. Drain and chop. Put the olive oil in a saucepan; sauté the leeks, onions and spring onions for four to five minutes.

Pour into the saucepan the white wine and leave for two minutes.

Put the rice in, stir it for one minute and add 2 cups of water. Boil it for 10 minutes, then add salt and pepper, chopped dill and parsley, and chopped spinach.

Cover the dish and cook for about 20 minutes.

Stir and squeeze on top the juice of half a lemon.



*Καλη ορεξη*

# Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

## Spicy does it

SEARCHING GOOGLE FOR SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT, I somehow came across a site about curry (this is why I love Google, for all its faults).

The Curry Guy, as he self-entitles, is a Californian who married a Brit from Yorkshire. Becoming fascinated by curry, never experienced state-side, he managed to inveigle himself into Indian restaurant kitchens, and found out their secrets. It's all about a base sauce...

I have been foisting his recipes on the Anglican Church monthly lunch club, for whom I cook, and the various curries (so far Jalfrezi, Madras, Rogan Josh and Korma) have been extremely well received, to say the least. All the recipes are on the Curry Guy site, and free, so look it up!

Some difficulties emerged with the ingredients, though - some spices were not available in any of the supermarkets. I managed to find some at the wonderful local products shop in the market (including a cayenne pepper that was so hot it made me sneeze for several minutes when I transferred it from bag to jar). But I still could not find some of them.

(The situation is nevertheless a thousand times better than it was when I first arrived, when all you could obtain was ready-ground black pepper, cinnamon, one sort of paprika and cloves. Even now, turmeric has only been easily available for a year or two.)

Then someone told me about a shop in Corfu Town called 'SweetnSpicy', run by a Canadian of Greek/Lebanese heritage. Saoumaa Fadia's place is down the Old Port end of Agias Sophias Street, number 12, and it's amazing. I shall never have to look at an Indian recipe again (or indeed a Middle Eastern or Thai one) and think 'naa, can't do that, I'm missing X ingredient'.

Saoumaa has been cooking since she was ten, and the kitchen was always her refuge when stressed or sad. With her background, spices are in the DNA.

'For many many years friends and family have always told me to open my own restaurant,' she writes. 'But that is something I refuse to do only because for me cooking is like a therapy and having a restaurant would only make me hate cooking in the end. So, I decided to do the next best thing: spices.'

'In the beginning when I started I also had some ready-made spice blends in the shop and I one day I decided to go and fry some potatoes and thought, hmm, let's try some of that potato mix. Of course, I first read the ingredients in the mix, and to my surprise saw some things I did not agree with. I wondered why baking soda would be in there, and the answer was not acceptable. I refuse to sell something that I wouldn't eat myself. So I put some spices together, fried my potatoes, sprinkled my new potato mix on them, and tasted. I was so pleased about the outcome. My potatoes were not only very tasty, but healthy as well. That is when I said, I can do this.'

'So today I have over 70 different spice mixes from different countries and each are all very very tasty and very healthy since I add no preservatives or artificial colors. I get to do what I love and people get to enjoy cooking at home easy and are even eating healthier. It's a win win.'

A win win for us as well. Bring on the curry!

Agias Sophia Street is the second turning along from M&S, in the direction of the Old Town. Fork right 50 metres down, and SweetnSpicy is near the far end on the left. Lunch Box takes place on the second Wednesday of each month (unless a public holiday), at the Anglican Church, 12.30 sharp.

## Sc-ramblings II

MEALS AT HOME ON WEEKENDS AND DURING HOLIDAYS were more varied than on schooldays (see last month's Sc-ramblings), as they were taken en famille, and my dad was not going to accept fry-ups and fish fingers, all my brother would eat. Sunday lunch was generally roast leg of lamb with roast potatoes and veg, and mint sauce from the garden. For a housewife in the 60s and 70s, my mother was quite progressive in her cooking - she had several Elizabeth David cookbooks - and she often served something that would have been regarded as 'exotic', like Cassoulet (a toned-down version, for where would you get preserved duck and Toulouse sausage in the north of England in those days; you couldn't even buy spaghetti), Pissaladiere - a sort of Provencal pizza

- or lamb cooked Breton-style, with a sauce of little flageolet beans.

Of course, there was Cauliflower Cheese, and Macaroni Cheese (my brother would eat cheese in this form as it was disguised), and Kedgerree, and 'curry' (fried mince flavoured with a spoonful of curry powder, served with sliced bananas, apple pieces, raisins and desiccated coconut, a recipe no Indian would recognise). M&S Mince Pie (savory mince in a double pastry layer) was one of the first ready-to-eat meals, and was an occasional dish, one that kicked off my mother's later reliance on bought ready meals. Best was foil-baked wild salmon, fresh from the river at the bottom of the garden. Not so good was mother's default 'soup', simply a greengrocer's bag of ready-cut pot vegetables boiled and put through a mill; the soup was just little bits of veg suspended in water. Later on, when my brother had actually started to eat anything other than fish fingers (see last month), there was a delicious fish pie, made with smoked haddock poached in milk, flaked into thick béchamel with the addition of shrimps, hard-boiled egg and parsley, with a bubbling of cheddar on the top.

But - and it's a big BUT - all was not well elsewhere on the fodder front. Because, for most of the year, I was away at boarding school.

This was not a posh public school, but a small market-town co-ed grammar - about to go comp so full of lazy, time-serving teachers - that took some boarders, 90 of us from about 350 pupils in total. The boarding side was managed as a small business by the wife of one of the masters. And 90 boarders at a fee of around 300 pounds per year each does not leave much margin for decent nosh, once you have paid for staff (cleaners, cooks, matrons), services, laundry and maintenance on two large, elderly houses for your client children.



*Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 30*

OK, we're not talking Jane Eyre deprivation levels here (though Charlotte Bronte's school, on which she based the one in the book, had been located just up the road), but it definitely scraped barrels.

Monday lunch was Grey Gristle Pie, which was the very last scraping.

Friday was fish, fried with chips every other week (good), but the alternate week boiled to a grey, boney death with grim, soggy potatoes. Breakfast was probably the best meal, with Cornflakes, Rice Crispies, Weetabix and Shreddies served in a rota, and proper full-fat farmhouse milk; in the countryside in those days, you couldn't get anything else, but I am sure that should a cheap form of processed milk have been available then, we would have got it. This was followed by something hot (grilled tinned tomato was popular/cheap, as was faux 'scrambled egg'), and real butter on our toast. Sundays were the highlight: bacon for breakfast, roast lamb, roast potatoes and cabbage for lunch, and bubble and squeak made with all the leftovers for supper - this sounds awful but was actually quite nice.

So here is a typical day, except for breakfast, detailed above:

Lunch: Pie (see above), boiled potatoes, boiled cabbage.

Steamed suet pudding or tinned plums/prunes.

Tea: Cheap sickly commercial cake. Sunblest bread; this was the early days of the Chorleywood Process, which ruined mass-market bread.

Sunblest was cotton-wool-teeth-clogging when fresh, and resembled a loafah by the next day. Leftover slices, if not used up at breakfast for toast, when the texture was disguised, were sent to the tea-table again, mixed with the fresh stuff as camouflage. In place of butter, we got Echo marge, which is only supposed to be used for cooking.

Supper, one of the following: Cheese on Sunblest, beans on Sunblest, scrambled eggs (HA!) \* on Sunblest, battered fried spam, cauliflower cheese (good), stewed tinned peas.

A diet of stodge for five years. But we were growing and hungry, and there were a couple of weekends a term when we could go home. And Saturday mornings when we were allowed into the tiny town for an hour or so, and we would rush to the tearoom for 'a cup of coffee and a toasted teacake' at a cost of one shilling and sixpence, our entire pocket money for the week. If you'd had a windfall in the form of a few bob on a Postal Order, from a doting granny or godmother, you might be able to sneak a sixpenny bag of chips or a bar of chocolate.

A couple of times a term, we were taken on a Saturday fell walk, either to the Lake District or the Craven area of North Yorkshire.

Being a boarder, my picnic lunch was supplied by the school. We knew exactly what we would get: a boiled egg and a sandwich made with Sunblest, Echo marge and sandwich spread. This last was a ready-made bottled concoction from Heinz (whose only contribution to decent food as far as I can see was baked beans), which looked and tasted like vomit, especially in combination with the marge. Quite often, my parents would join us as they didn't live very far away, and on

those days they'd bring along a better lunch. But I remember one occasion when they were absent, and I was sitting at the summit of Pen-y-Ghent in a thick February mist, wondering whether hunger was a better option than the hideous school sandwich, when a sheep loomed suddenly out of the fog and performed a zippy fly-by - snatching the sandwich out of my hand. At least the decision was taken out of my hands - literally!



In about my third year, a decent greengrocer opened up in the high street (the ONLY street!), and among the veggies and fruit it sold were ... wait for it ... green peppers!!! The first time any of us had seen these. But it never occurred to us that they were actually edible. The art teacher purchased them regularly as a subject for still-life studies, and that, for a long time, is what I assumed was their forever role in our lives. I would never have believed that one day I would GROW them myself!

So, snowflakes, where was the 'five-a-day' regime? (We were lucky if we got three.) Organic fruit and berries, your 'clean eating' craze? (We had to buy fresh fruit ourselves if we wanted it, but we preferred teacakes.) Who would have catered for your 'intolerances' and 'allergies'? (You'd have been bullied.)

Tell you what, though - I'd never want to go through that again. And, it's going to get even worse... much worse... before it gets better.

\* Mass-catered scrambled eggs is mostly a concoction of milk thickened with just enough egg to be able to mash it into a wobbly pile; basically, a mushed-up savoury custard. But who knows: At my school they may even have used powdered eggs. They were certainly capable of such a crime against eggs.

THIS FANTASTICALLY FACETIOUS COMMENT was posted under an article about the new royal baby: 'What right-wing fascists the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge are, for having assigned a gender to their new baby before it can decide for itself!'



# Agiotfest 2018

By The Minstrel



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Agiotfest 2018  
Continued from Page 32

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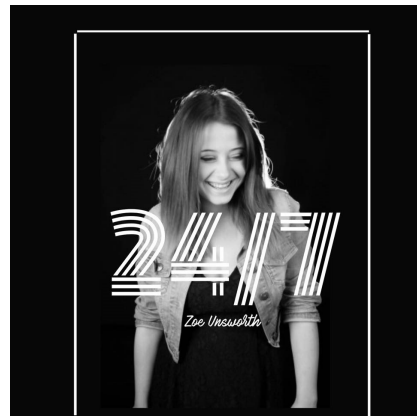
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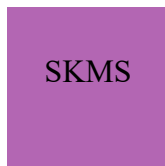
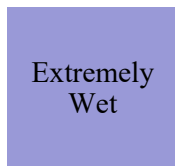
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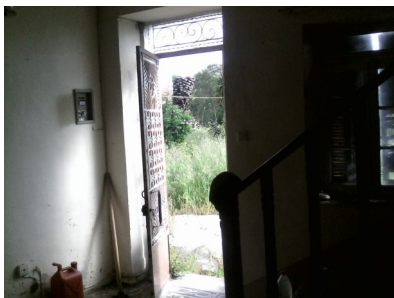
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## An Englishman in Italy

Contrapuntal Melodies of Sweden

We flew to Sweden's Skavsta Airport, with Ryanair. The preparations were quite important, I arose at three fifteen! Made coffee for us, then we washed and dressed.

A fine film of frost required hot water To be thrown on the windscreen, then we left.

During our drive to Ciampino the day Began to dawn, revealing the hills and Valleys of Viterbo on the Cassia, That famous access road to Rome. After A panino at the airport, a roll With mozzarella and salami, we Took off, sleeping soundly till half past ten.

The temperature in Skavsta was ten Degrees lower than in Italy, but Dry and sunny, and there we met my son. He drove us, for an hour and a half, through

Sun streamed forest, The highway interperped With brown and yellow fields and mustard seed.

His house was warm, low ceilinged, and we ate

Smorgasbord-an open sandwich with cheese

And ham, potato salad, and beetroot Mayonnaise. After this we slept until The grandchildren came home from school. In the

Afternoon we drove to Stockholm, to

hear

Them singing with their school choir, rehearsing

Bach's St. Matthew Passion, with the adult

Choir in church. This church is enormous and

Has the best acoustics of any church That I have heard. When we left church, I felt

The cold crackling in my hair. We bought Thai

Takeaway and ate it when we got home.

The prawns, which I am not supposed to eat,

Were quite delicious! I spent the next day

Learning Swedish, and two days later, we Heard the full oratorio with a

Thousand people packed into the church. So,

With my programme, I could read and guess the

Swedish, hear the choir, especially, my Grandchildren sing; and hear the organ play

Bach's contrapuntal melodies for hands And feet. This was both exhilarating And exhausting, when I came out into

The street. The performance by the choir and

Soloists had been superior, but the Children's choral singing had been superb.

On Friday, driven into Stockholm, we

Had lunch, while waiting for the matinee Performance of Franz Lehar's The Merry Widow at the Royal Opera House.

We sat in the best box! 'Glada Ankan,' As it's called in Swedish, much updated, Sung beautifully, extremely funny, At times, almost pantomime, we loved it! On Sunday, after church, we met some-

one Who said "I'm a princess!" offering me Her hand to kiss. She was from Ghana, I Shook her hand, she called her friend from Sweden,

Who said he was of noble blood. They were

Charming and amusing and we hope to See them again. On Monday I bought my Grandson a watch for his birthday, offered

A prawn lunch. On Tuesday, we had to leave

At eight, my Daughter-in-law drove us to The airport. We came home to rain, with that

Contrapuntal feeling of delight with Sweden and my family, and coming Home to Rome and then Nepi once again.



Royal Opera House—Stockholm, Sweden



# Will we get fooled again?

Contributed by Hussain al-Bretani

Well, I was nearly right.

It wasn't an attack by NATO on Russian forces in Ukraine that was planned, as last month I speculated might happen, but one by the 'coalition' on Syria (and by extension on Russia, in this poxy proxy war). As I wrote in April, the bizarre events in Salisbury were likely aimed at vilifying Putin so an attack by the West on his interests would be deemed acceptable.

(Regarding Salisbury, does anyone else find it rather odd that Yulia Skripal just vanished on her release from hospital, after suddenly recovering from the alleged nerve agent? Look how Marina Litvinenko was pursued by the media after her husband Alexander died of Polonium poisoning in London, also allegedly on the orders of Putin. Why not a single interview, nor a solitary photograph, not a word or a statement? She could clean up by selling her story. And the 'poisoned policeman' also did a runner, with no interviews or appearances on This Morning. Fishy, that.

Back to Syria, and that convenient chemical weapons attack. Like many 'ordinary' people (i.e. not the political classes or drippy luvvies with their knickers in a twist), I immediately questioned the immediate finger-pointing at Assad.

For a start, why would he have mounted such an attack, when he was days away from taking the rebel enclave by conventional means, and in full knowledge of the consequences of doing so, having been in receipt of US bombs in retaliation for an earlier alleged chemical attack? The Syrian state may not be the most salubrious on the planet, and it has used torture and massacres as political weapons - especially under Assad's blood-soaked father. I have no doubt that elements in the government continue these policies. But Assad himself (who at around the same time as the 'attack', released 200 Christians imprisoned underground for four years by rebel factions - but that was not reported) seems to be a highly intelligent, urbane and dignified man, a somewhat reluctant head of state who was forced to leave a lucrative and satisfying career as an ophthalmologist in London when his brother, groomed to take over from Assad the elder, was killed in a car accident. He demonstrably is not an uncouth, unthoughtful boor. And contrary to the impressions offered by the West's MSM, he is very popular in most parts of Syria.

Reporting on statements from official sources, the MSM issues factoids similar to the following:

'The balance of probabilities is that Assad ordered the attack.'

'All indications are that Assad was responsible for the attack'.

'This has all the hallmarks of an attack perpetrated by Assad.'

'It is highly likely that Assad directed this attack'.

Now, supposing that a guy named John Smith was accused of a murder, and the press wrote about the case in exactly the same manner...

'The balance of probabilities is that John Smith committed the murder.'

'All indications are that John Smith was responsible for the murder.'

'This has all the hallmarks of a murder perpetrated by John Smith.'

'It is highly likely that John Smith committed this murder.'

... and that in direct consequence John Smith was sentenced to life in prison without investigation or trial, on the basis of these press statements alone, and without the forensic examination of any actual crime scene, or indeed any body. Just as Assad has automatically been found guilty-by-press, with no independent investigation in place, nor even any sealed-off crime scene being scrutinised or verified victims examined.

In the hypothetical case of John Smith, the luvvies would soon be squawking 'whatever happened to the Presumption of Innocence?', incidentally a cornerstone of the law and a civil society (unless of course John Smith had been accused of paedophilia or of 'touching a woman inappropriately', or of a 'Hate Crime' against a perceived minority group, in which case he WOULD be guilty de facto by finger-pointing.)

If, in the real world, all they had on John Smith was the evidence of some unverified accusations, as per the statements above, he would likely be taken in for questioning but probably not charged; in the unlikely event that the Crown Prosecution Service did think that a case could go ahead, no jury could or would convict on the basis of these accusations alone.

Yet the Western Media and Western Governments have convicted Assad on exactly this basis.

Does the principle of Presumption of Innocence not apply under International Law, as it does in the so-called Centres of Democracy ('hollow laugh')?

And of course, Putin - the world's latest evil bogeyman - is Guilty by Extension.

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*Continued on Page 39*

*Will we get fooled again? - Continued from Page 38*

What really DID happen in Douma?

In MSM newspapers (I haven't seen TV footage) we are shown photographs of VERY cute children (amazingly well-nourished for the siege situation they have been living under for years), wailing and breathing into nebulisers or oxygen masks. Picture captions tell us that children are 'foaming at the mouth' and 'dropping dead'. Suggestible readers (i.e. most of them) merge the captions and the images, and go away with the belief that they really have viewed pictures of children foaming at the mouth and dying in a chemical attack. A few years ago, the same techniques were utilised to cause people to believe they had witnessed the beheadings by ISIS of westerner journalists and aid-workers on screen, whereas in fact the offending videos DID NOT SHOW A SINGLE PERSON BEING BEHEADED. We are nursery infants being fooled by a clever nanny who knows which buttons to push.

Get this straight: There is absolutely (at the time of writing) no independently, impartially verified evidence that any chemical attack took place. What we have are:

- \* witness statements from alleged 'survivors', whom we cannot identify as genuine; they are 'survivors' only on the word of the media.

- \* reports from 'aid agencies' such as the propaganda unit whose members wear white helmets (and don't think that agencies such as Doctors Without Frontiers' are immune from telling lies to their own advantage, to justify funding).

- \* proclamations that samples from the scene 'carry the same markers'

as Syrian state chemical weapons stocks, when there is no 'chain of custody' in place to verify these are unadulterated and legitimate samples, genuinely obtained from the crime scene at the time it allegedly took place.

- \* finger-pointing. More finger-pointing. And ever more finger-pointing.

The sole eye-witness report comes via journalist Robert Fisk, who has been covering the Mideast for four decades. He wrote of interviewing a Dr. Rahaibani, who runs the clinic where the disputed video was made.

The doctor told him there was a lot of conventional shelling on the night in question, and "huge dust clouds began to come into the basements and cellars where people lived. People began to arrive here suffering from hypoxia, oxygen loss. Then someone at the door, a 'White Helmet', shouted 'Gas!', and a panic began. People started throwing water over each other. Yes, the video was filmed here, it is genuine, but what you see are people suffering from hypoxia - not gas poisoning." From the horse's mouth, as it were.

To see how the media perpetrates untruths conveniently confirming Assad's guilt, whilst not actually telling lies, here is a quite beautiful example (you have to admire them):

A few days after the 'attack', the Mail led with a headline: 'WHO confirms Assad chemical attack'. Oh well, I thought, if the World Health Organisation confirms it, then my theories are wrong. But you had to read this long article DOWN TO THE VERY LAST PARAGRAPH to discover the throwaway line, that (I quote) 'WHO was citing aid-workers on the scene.' So, they were referencing (ha, ha) dispassionate, unbiased WMD experts, then. Again, accusations without any independent, disinterested enquiry. How many readers read much behind the headline, and did not register the qualification? The message of that headline was intentional.

Same old, same old lack of independently verified evidence, all over again. But published in such a way as to further the anti-Assad, anti-Putin agenda whilst disguising, in plain sight, the truth. Which is: no hard evidence exists. We just do not know exactly what happened at Douma.

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Bayonetting Belgian Babies; Gulf of Tonkin; 911; WMD in Iraq; impending massacre in Benghazi. Surely we won't get fooled again? Will we?

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- \* In case you think it's just me, senior figures in the British Army have challenged Theresa May's claim that President Assad was behind the attack:

'Major General Jonathan Shaw said: "Why would Assad use chemical weapons at this time? He's won the war. That's not just my opinion, it is shared by senior commanders in the US military. There is no rationale behind Assad's involvement whatsoever. He's convinced the rebels to leave occupied areas in buses. He's gained their territory. So why would he be bothering gassing them?" Speaking exclusively to The Mail on Sunday, the ex-SAS and Parachute Regiment commander added: "The jihadists and the various opposition groups who've been fighting against Assad have much greater motivation to launch a chemical weapons attack and make it look like Assad was responsible. Their motivation being that they want to keep the Americans involved in the war - following Trump saying the US was going to leave Syria for other people to sort out." His views were echoed by Admiral Lord West, former head of the Royal Navy, who said: "If I was advising President Assad, why would I say use chemical weapons at this point? It doesn't make any sense. But for the jihadist opposition groups I can see why they would."'

This may explain why, after Trump's table-thumping rhetoric, the response was in reality a bit of a damp squib.