

The Agiot

131st Edition



*Photo
Courtesy of
Dick
Mulder*

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Agiotfest 18

- By The Minstrel

The chrysalis emerges



Ten years are complete for Agiotfest.

The butterfly has emerged from its chrysalis and stretched its wings into the sky.

Agiotfest 18 took place on the evenings of August 31st and September 1st in Agios Ioannis, at the New Cactus Hilton.

For the first time a caterpillar appeared alongside it; the Agiotfair made its first tentative steps on the Saturday, in a field below the new stage.

This was the best Agiotfest to date-and we have had some good ones-so we are going to have to try harder still for 2019.

The musicians on stage for the two nights were all superb, the audience were typical of an Agiotfest audience; Beautiful. The 'unseen' heroes make everything happen.

I won't ramble on here as I think these photos speak volumes.

Too many thanks are required here and so every month from now there will be little tributes and anecdotes in this magazine, not only for this very special year but, also to celebrate our magical little history.

In 2019 Agiotfest will move location. Paul and Sally Grove and the Ballas family have patiently suffered our persistence for nine years, following the first gig in the plateia in 2009.

We need to grow so the search is on for a new home within the village we love.

People sometimes come up to me and say, 'well done for organising this event.' My answer is always the same. 'I don't organise it, I'm part of a very good 'football team' and Agiotfest is the best team on the island.'

We started this Festival, not to make money, but to bring love and enjoyment and memories. I believe that is why it succeeds.

Thank you all for supporting the people's party and so, please tune in here for further tidbits down the months.

The Minstrel

-We thank the following people for supplying some great photos: -

Frosso Moraiti

Dick Mulder

Tracey Hawkins

Vasilis Pandis

Sophie Jansen

Claire Sesay



Children at Free Prize Draw

Agiotfest 18 - Continued from Page 2

The Faces



7 Miles over the Limit



Black Strat Band always having fun



Boom Box Beauties



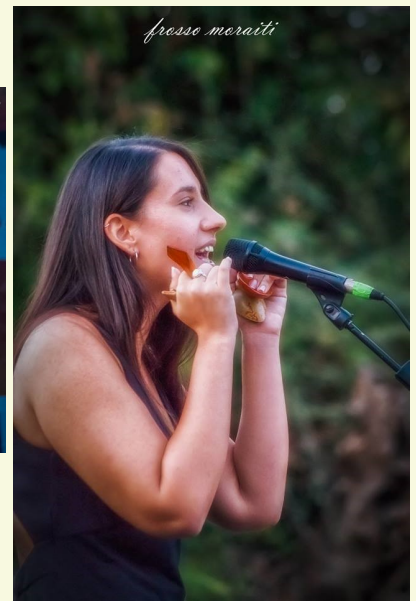
Eleanne leads X-Lovers



Janice backs Bowie



***Martin Soederblom
from Germany***



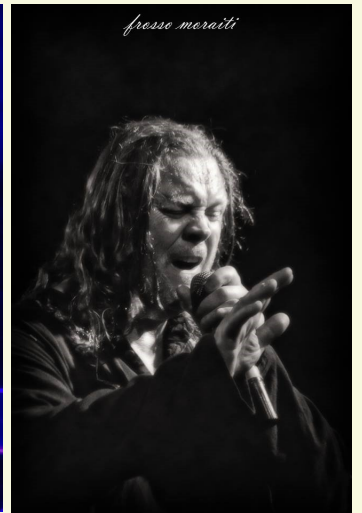
Nefeli gave us her heart

Agiotfest 18 - Continued from Page 3

The Faces *Continued*



Sonia classical piano



The Voice of the Album Project

Sensational David Bowie Tribute Band



Zoe Unsworth Band
<

The Fair



First Agiotfair



Let's have a look



The Camping



The Exhibitors



The Fest within a Fest

Continued on Page 5

Agiotfest 18 - Continued from Page 4

The Fair *Continued*



The Field



The First Arrival



The Food



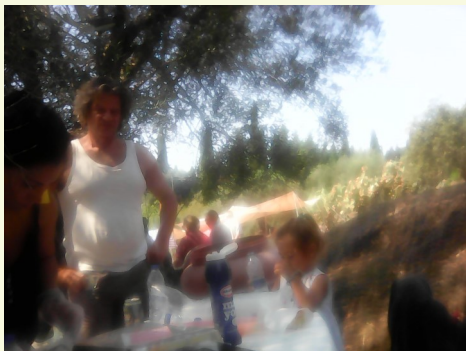
The Gentle Afternoon



The Jam



The Manager



The Mini-bar



The Re-cycling



The Shade



The RoadHouse



The Sponsors
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Agiotfest 18 - Continued from Page 5

The Fans



Agiotfest girls



Atmosphere
<



Audience settles



FamilyFest

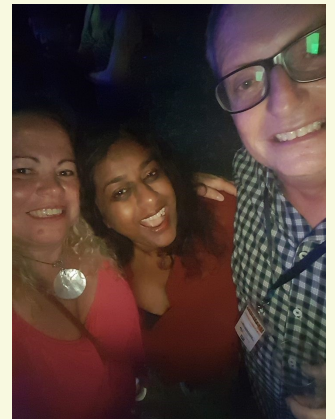


Fans flying in from UK



Crowd gathering before new

Claire flying in from England
>



The Agiots



Paul Fennell jammed with two bands

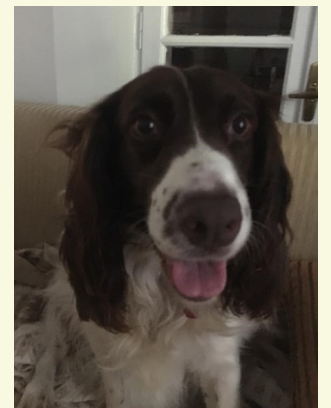


Rock chicks Agiotfest
<



Something in the air
<

Young girls
>



The Party is over

Agiotfest 18 - Continued from Page 6

Rocking on at Ermones with Robert Plant

By Hilary Paipeti

I had a coffee with Robert Plant the morning after Agiotfest. Was the celebrated Led Zep vocalist secretly in the festival audience, watching his group's tribute band perform, perhaps? Of course not. I am referring to Mark, who took on the Plant role on the first night of Agiotfest's spectacular double programme, with 'The Album Project: Led Zeppelin Tribute!'

The Album Project' was formed last October in order to play different tributes. It comprises a group of some ten musicians, who met on Facebook and perform in different configurations according to the particular band they are manifesting. So far, they have 'done' Fleetwood Mac, The Who, Pink Floyd (a very ambitious performance of Dark Side of the Moon which is probably too complex for them to bring to Corfu, more's the pity) and The Eagles. Under consideration for the future is Deep Purple, The Beatles and AC DC. 'We will definitely do [Agiotfest] again,' Mark assures me. It's just a matter of waiting for them to decide which band they will salute next time around.

Mark is a former professional musician who has toured all over Europe and in the USA and the Middle East with the Ned Kelly Band, playing all kinds of rock. It sounds as if it was a most exciting career, especially their time in Egypt, where they lived in a luxury tower set amid ground-level poverty, and in Jordan, where they played at an extraordinary venue in Amman. Family commitments meant a permanent return to home town Witney in Oxfordshire, where Mark established a successful property company with his wife, whilst maintaining his musical interests.

I met with Mark at Navsika Restaurant at Ermones, my local fave eatery, and funnily enough his own. We actually live an almost identical distance from the establishment, since away from Witney Mark has what he calls an 'Other Home' on the outskirts of Vatos. His connections with the village date from when he was just eight years old, when he was first dragged off to play golf at the nearby Ropa Valley club. 'I hated it, but with enforced practice I got really good. But as soon as I could I refused to play anymore.' Continued athleticism got him proficient in Martial Arts. He also owns property in Bulgaria, which he plans in part to maintain as a nature reserve,

It's all a bit *not* what you would expect from a talented musician, who can get his voice around a number of different styles. How did he manage Robert Plant's incredible 'weaponised' vocalisation?

'I could always do high pitch,' he informs me. 'I grew up listening to Steve Marriott, who has a fantastic range, even higher than Plant's.'

Well, that explains why, if we'd closed our eyes on Agiotfest opening night, we'd never have known that it wasn't the genuine Led Zeppelin on stage.



The Venue

Mark was in the audience at last year's Agiotfest, when the headliner was George Gakis. 'Love the setting!' he declared after the latest event. It's not so big and you can see the stage from everywhere.

Everything is near, and it's relatively intimate. You can have an open-top stage as it's unlikely to rain, and you can even put a rug on the ground to sit on, which you can't anymore at UK festivals.' They look forward to coming back to Agiotfest - in a different morph, next time.

The Musicians

Mark Warwick: Vox
 Jake Kirkpatrick: Bass
 Bryn Thomas: Guitar
 Chris Catlin: Guitar
 'Rabs' Heany: Keys
 Simon Young: Drums

Comments on Seven Mile Limit

'What a band!' 'One of the best drummers I've seen!'

Agiotfest 18 - Continued from Page 7

A tribute from a fan

Huge thanks to all the organisers of the Agiotfest. If we hadn't been dog minding we would have been there on both nights, but chose Saturday as we are fans of the Black Strat band - and having seen this band many times, we knew they would give an impressive performance, as always. But we had never seen the Bowie tribute band and, although we had heard good reports, as dedicated Bowie fans of old, we were a bit skeptical as to whether they could do our hero justice. Oh my goodness, it could have been Bowie up there on stage! Absolutely brilliant tribute - thank you SO much for taking two OAP's back in time. THANKS AGAIN FOR A BRILLIANT AND MEMORABLE NIGHT!

Val Robertson



*The Album Project
were the richest
band.*

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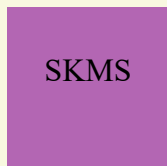
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Vrionis



Roadhouse Music



Accommodation



Sunrise Cars to suit all budgets



Daylong



Corfu Beer



100+ Club



AEOLUS BEACH RESORT



Green Island



Mousehouse



Sally's Bar



Including:

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Adrian Ward (http://realcorfu.com) • Anne Hodgson • Antoinette Goes • 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) • Gouvia Marina • Henk Van Der Does • Hotel Telesillas, Kontokali | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • In Action gym • Jo & Mel Sperling • Ken & Jan Harrop • La Tabernita Mexicana • Lennart & Sanna • Les & Chris Woods • Lionel Mann • Lucy Steele M.B.E. • Lynne Cahill • Margareta Rodehn • Maria. Driving School • Martin & Tracey Stuart • Michael Spiggos, Firebrand Radio (http://www.firebrandrr.co.uk/michael-spiggos) • Mickey Lowe • Miri Widdicombe • Neil Hendriksen | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Nikolas's Taverna, Agni • Nikos Pouliasis • 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 |
|---|--|--|

Letters to the Editor

A message from the Editor:

The September issue is a little late and a little short, thanks to the ravages of Agiotfest, which raped and pillaged much of August. Now we are back on track and hope to have a fuller edition for you in October. And on time!

Aleka Grammenou, my friend from our Yitonia [expecting twins], posted this lovely piece: -

Because we are in the final line now and I imagine that when the goodies come to me, my hands will be too busy for anything other than to caress them, I think today my birthday is a good time to express some things I want to say for a long time ... I'm not good at words, I prefer to write, it's also easy to express myself in general and I do not like to do it specially here but some things are beautiful to say and it is this one way ... I spent almost 9 very difficult months I was so sad with my babies ... But I could have patience and other so many sacrifices ... Everything that I have been deprived of all this time to protect them, to make sure that they will come to my life strong and strong so much I would have sacrificed These months were for me school, hospital, immobility, discomfort, made me another man, more patient, stronger, lost the stubborn child I was, I saw the life and the people around me differently, I appreciated everything small, which as before was indifferent or given maybe ... well the value of having small, simple, everyday things such as walking comfortably, going where you want, having a bath on your own, sitting in a chair without pain and without needing help to get up, without having to help you in everything ... It's a huge thing to be self-serving, to be independent, not to be tired of those next to you ... ah "These" ... What to start for them who was all this time next to me? ... People I knew they loved me they live a life for me, like me for them, my family, my parents ... Thank you, it's a little, but not unnecessary, I will never forget that they were going through all this trouble beside me and it was me crazy joy, they looked at me and they talked to me as if they were seeing my babies in my face ... My love was now threefold and they would collect it, because it was all that affection that little babies could feel and want to repay it!! I love

you! ... People who knew that they were not just "friends" and definitely not passers-by but something more ... but I did not even figure that out ... I was honored to have my god in my life, Mary Kotsopoulou a rare and unique creature with a huge heart full of kindness and love that all these months gave not only to me but to my whole family with all that she was, in every way, from help, support, love, care, strength, and I do not know what else ... At some point, I broke the con It is not counting everything you have done so long for all of us and especially for me and the babies, you are my family and you know it, I will always be next to you and the boys are so lucky you will be in their life as a spiritual mother ... we will drown our three Loves Our God because you deserve it ... I hope you will give us hahaha !!!! Thank you! ... And they are also people who, without waiting, were there, and they cheered me with their kindness, their selfless dedication and their real interest, and I want them to be close to me and to repay this pleasant surprise they made me and they made my difficult days more beautiful ... Others who were more interested than I expected for me and others who while I waited to be somewhere around, never appeared anywhere ... But this is something I was very pleased about because I never wanted to be unnecessary if people around me !! :) ... And somehow that was the time, with its beautiful and difficult ... the sure thing is that through all of this, everything has become better, more beautiful, more real ... I definitely go louder, more mature and I'm ready to face everything to protect these placentas that now make colubunas in my belly because they hung up and like my own children cannot wait a minute ... "hunger, we want to eat !!!" K We arrived at today ... A little bit left, we almost did our angels and this is the most important ... The only important !!! ... all the hard to pass, they will delete, the moment I hear your first crying, I'll keep you in my arms ... For that moment I live! Happy 30 to me !!



Aleka
<

Continued on Page 11

Letters to the Editor - Continued from Page 10

From Paul and Jan Scotter comes this Agiotfest message: -

Morning Paul, Hope your 24 hour sleep has left you revived and renewed.....Just a big thank you for another great festival, one of the best, something to applaud in every band/musician....drifting home to the last notes of Jean Genie.....a little melancholy as it was the last time in the olive grove....and so many

great nights remembered over the years.....how many bands ?? how many friends ??

Thanks for all those memories,
Love Jan and Paul xxx

Ed: Thank you kindly for ten years of loyal support and friendship. We have had some fine times, let there be more.

Hilary Paipeti enquires: -

I wonder if anyone could help me or advise where I might find more information about the following please. I am helping some friends (the Cecil's) with research into the life of Jill Cecil's Great Aunt, Mary Amelia Logothettis (nee Balls).

Mary seems to have had quite an adventurous life. Born in 1870, one of the daughters of Alfred and Grace Balls of Newcastle, she married in 1893 after a whirlwind romance Panagis Logothettis from Corfu and subsequent to this the couple lived in Athens, Corfu and Russia.

In fact, they spent twenty years in Russia before being expelled back to Corfu by the Bolsheviks. Panagis was Acting Consul General for Russia in Corfu. Mary and her husband knew many of the society and political leaders of the Southern Mediterranean. She also became involved in Red Cross and refugee work during most of the Balkan Wars of the early 20th Century and in WW1 was Director of the Casino Hospital in Corfu. Her husband I believe died in the late 1930s and she returned to the UK. However, in early 1940 Mary returned to Corfu to sort out her husband's affairs and became stuck on the island until the end of WW2. During this time, she again helped with refugees and Red Cross work on the island. She was awarded several Greek and Serbian decorations for her efforts.

Mary Logothettis died in Newcastle aged 90 in 1960. As you can see a fascinating lady who I feel sure must have some record of her life in Corfu or possibly someone who would remember her. Many thanks, Trevor Hancock

First published in the Pulse, online magazine of Holy Trinity Church, Corfu

Ed: - She has a further query for you astute readers;


Can any of you nature experts out there identify this bird? It is a juvenile, possibly some sort of heron or egret. It was found on the golf course, when a golfer's dog, a water-loving yellow labrador, 'retrieved' it from the lake (as they do). Fortunately, this lab possesses the breed's soft mouth, and the bird was not harmed.

The golfers released it back to the lake. But they would really like to know what it was, if anyone can help.

Contact hilary.paipeti@gmail.com



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.



Delicatesse was at Agiotfair and shortly opens a shop on the main road in Agios Ioannis.

Keep your eyes open for them opening soon.



abondance



Raclette <



Reblochon



tomme

Beaufort >



You can see this "thing" outside AB supermarket in Solari. You put in empty water bottles or cans, and you get a discount coupon.

This is called: **MOTIVATION** and we need at least 1000 of these.

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Also at Agiotfair was **RoadHouse Music**, Corfu
 Here shown is just a tiny sample of their wide range
 of guitars and instruments.



Corfu Tourist gets things done >



INTERNATIONAL HELLENIC WORLD

NOTHING MAKES ME MORE HAPPIER THAN... PACKING MY BAGS AND GETTING READY TO GO TO GREECE

 An illustration of a woman in a yellow dress and hat, standing next to a stack of colorful suitcases. She is holding a suitcase handle.

χρόνος / time	κόστος / price
0' - 1hr	3,00 €
1hr - 2 hrs	4,00 €
2 hrs - 3 hrs	4,50 €
3 hrs - 5 hrs	5,00 €
5 hrs - 7 hrs	5,50 €
7 hrs - 10 hrs	6,00 €
10 hrs - 15 hrs	7,00 €
15 hrs - 24 hrs	9,00 €
1 day - 2 days	16,00 €
2 days - 3 days	20,00 €
3 days - 4 days	24,00 €
4 days - 5 days	28,00 €
Each Additional Day (after 5th day)	+4,00 €
Price/Month	100,00 €

TIMOKATAΛΟΓΟΣ / PRICE LIST

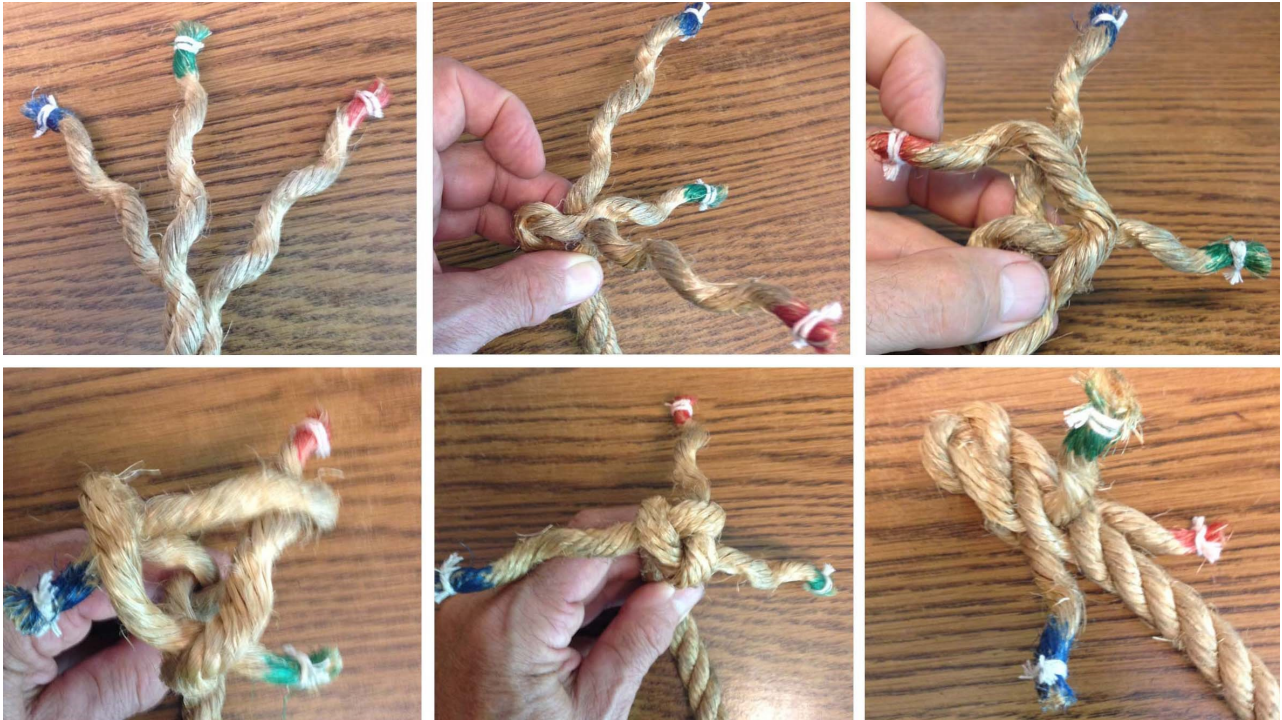
Παρακαλούμε πριν την παραλαβή του αυτοκινήτου σας, μην ξεχάσετε να πληρώσετε το αντίτιμο του parking στον Αυτόματο Σταθμό πληρωμής που βρίσκεται στην είσοδο του parking P2

Airport Parking Charges Corfu

Tickle Ties the knot

This month I continue in the dark art of splicing

Back Splice



How to back splice a rope

Unlay more than sufficient to make the splice and spread the strands evenly.
 Make a crown knot by bending each end over its neighbor in turn, going the same way round as the lay of the rope.
 Pull the crown knot into shape.
 Tighten it on top of the rope.
 Tuck each end in turn over the adjoining main strand and under the next. Draw tight close up to the crown knot.
 Continue in this fashion until you've made at least three tucks. Draw the ends tight after each round of tucks.

Why back splice a rope?

The back splice is made to prevent the end of the rope from raveling. It can be used instead of making a whipping. Of the three methods of splicing, the back splice is the least used because its bulk at the working end of the rope makes tying some knots more difficult.



Gooners Gags

Father: "Son, you were adopted."

Son: "What?! I knew it! I want to meet my biological parents!"

Father: "We are your biological parents. Now pack up, the new ones will pick you up in 20 minutes."

Patient: Oh doctor, I'm just so nervous. This is my first operation.

Doctor: Don't worry. Mine too.

Why is the Great Wall of China considered one of the seven wonders of the world?

-

Because it is an actual long-lasting Chinese product.



What is the difference between a snowman and a snowwoman?

-

Snowballs.

Mother: "How was school today, Patrick?"

Patrick: "It was really great mum! Today we made explosives!"

Mother: "Ooh, they do very fancy stuff with you these days. And what will you do at school tomorrow?"

Patrick: "What school?"

I was sitting in a bar one day and two really large women came in, talking in an interesting accent.

So I said, "Cool accent, are you two ladies from Ireland?"

One of them snarled at me, "It's Wales, dumbol!"

So I corrected myself, "Oh, right, so are you two whales from Ireland?" That's about as far as I remember.

Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 15



Father buys a lie detector that makes a loud beep whenever somebody tells a lie.

The son comes home in the afternoon. Father asks him, "So, you were at school today, right?"

Son: "Yeah."

Detector: "Beep."

Son: "OK, OK, I was in a cinema."

Detector: "Beep."

Son: "Alright, I went for a beer with my friends."

Father: "What?! At your age, I wouldn't touch alcohol!"

Detector: "Beep."

Mother laughs: "Ha ha ha, well, he really is your son!"

Detector: "Beep."



Beware when taking your Gran paddling

Corfu Trail Properties & OCAY Property



Casco Stone Villa awaiting finishing



Casco Stone Villa as it could look on completion

Casco Villa

Near Ermones, West Corfu.

Structurally complete villa for finishing. Internal room arrangement occurring to buyer's requirement - up to three bedrooms. Peaceful country location, near beach, tavernas, bus route. 25 minutes to Corfu Town, airport. Large garden close to the Corfu Trail. Combines top construction techniques with traditional aesthetics.

Located on a very quiet country lane carrying mainly local traffic, this semi-detached villa of 85 square metres sits in a 1600 square metre garden. The outlook is rural: to the west, it faces a hillside planted with bands of olives, cypress and natural forest; and to the east it looks across meadows to a wooded ridge. Except for the detached house, no other houses are located in the immediate vicinity.

Although secluded, the house is just a few minutes by car (about 20 minutes on foot) to Ermones Beach, one of the west coast's famous strands, yet one much less commercialised and more friendly than Glyfada and Agios Gordis. It is an equivalent distance to the island's only golf course. Ten tavernas, most open all year round, are a short drive away (many less than five minutes), and three well-supplied village shops are similarly close. A bus route to Corfu Town, every two hours until mid-afternoon, passes the gate. The course of the Corfu Trail follows the valley 200 metres to the rear of the property, and innumerable hikes can be enjoyed, both by way of the Trail, and along paths and tracks over the mountain and through woodland and fields. The surrounding countryside boasts rich plant life, both natural and cultivated, and amazing displays of wild flowers in springtime. Among the cultivated

plants are walnuts, figs and olives, and extensive vineyards grow nearby. The villa is semi-detached; the identical adjoining property will be used by the owner as a holiday home, and its interior layout and finishings have been realised according to his wishes. The adjoining property for sale is structurally complete and requires external stonework, doors and windows, and internal design and finishing. The completed property comprises a sitting room with fireplace, comfortable kitchen area off the sitting room (and opening separately onto an outdoor dining patio), one large double bedroom, two smaller bedrooms, a large bathroom with walk-in shower area, a WC with washing machine and a storage cupboard. Flooring is natural stone. Wide verandas stretch to the front and rear. Heating in this property consists of the open fire, which has a optional facility to pump warm air into the bedrooms, and hot-cold aircon units. All these existing features may be duplicated in the adjoining villa, or a new owner may adjust the floor space and finishings to suit his own requirements. Construction of the two villas from the ground up is of first-rate quality. The reinforced concrete skeleton which forms the main structural entity includes a solid concrete ceiling over the accommodation and a solid concrete pitched roof (overlaid with bitumen membrane and traditional tiles). The roof space between ceiling and pitched roof is insulated, sealed and watertight, so neither a leak nor intrusion by any creature can occur. The external walls are constructed of large composite bricks, rendered with swimming pool-grade fine cement, and sealed with waterproof paint. This is clad with a thick layer of insulation. The final finishing consists of natural stone (not a faux-cladding of vertically applied paving stones!), which are painted with a waterproof coating. Where the two houses adjoin, the stonework is structurally bonded, providing additional integrity. The two houses have independent electricity and water supplies, and a discrete gate onto the road through the solid stone wall topped with timber railings which encloses the grounds.

200,000 euros (As seen, and subject to the below conditions.)

Buyers will be obliged to pay all fees relating to purchase (solicitor, notary public, land registry, commissions, purchase tax etc.).

Buyers will be obliged to pay for all finishing works, as agreed by contract with the vendors: * Exterior finishing, to be completed in exactly the same style as the adjoining house.

- * Interior finishing, with space arrangement to suit new owners.
- * Communal low stone wall between the two adjoining properties, to specifications of vendors.
- * Gate onto the main road.
- * All utility supplies (water, electricity, phone, internet) and their infrastructure (pipes, ducts, cables etc.).
- * Garden landscaping.

PLEASE NOTE THAT THE PROPERTY KNOWN AS:

'Sinarades Street House' is
SOLD

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

WHITEBAIT WITH KEFALOTYRI OR PARMESAN COATING



INGREDIENTS:-

- 500 gr small fresh whitebait
- 4 tbsp white flour
- 4 tbsp Kefalotyri or Parmesan cheese
- Half tsp of paprika
- Salt and pepper
- Oil for frying
- Lemon wedges to serve

GO: _

On a large plate mix together the flour, seasoning cheese and paprika.

Toss the whitebait in the seasoned flour, using plenty of it so that it does not clog.

Half fill a deep pan with oil and heat until it starts to form a haze.

Deep-fry the fish in small batches for about five minutes or, until golden brown.

Remove with a slotted spoon and drain on kitchen paper.

Serve immediately with the lemon wedges.

Καλή όρεξη

Saturday Walks

Saturday, 15 September: GIANNADES: Ramble on Ropa's Fringes (1 1/2-2 hours *). Meet at Tristrato (Giannades/Marmaro Crossroads), 10.30 for 11.00 start. Lunch at Tristrato.

NOTE: A little wander around the lanes and tracks on the fringes of the Ropa Valley.

Saturday, 22 September : KOMBITSI: The Pine Forest (2 hours **). Meet at the Old Kafenion - Brousko near the church at Kombitsi (drive up to the village from the main road between Alepou and Afra; the junction is just before the 'Legoland' development on the hill; turn left at the square by the church and the starting venue is 50 metres on), 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at the Old Kafenion - Brousko.

NOTE: A different route to last year's Kombitsi autumn excursion.

Saturday, 29 September : VATOS: Kortiraki and the Myrtiotissa Views (2 hours **). Meet at 19th Hole Bar, Vatos (beside the petrol station on the strip before the Golf Club entrance), 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Navsika Restaurant, Ermones (Chance to swim).

NOTE: A nicely varied walk with great views.

Saturday, 3 October : LAKONES: Short Circuit in Olive Groves (1 1/2 hours **). Meet at the coffee bar/shop beside the traffic lights, south end of the village, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Cricketers Taverna, Liapades.

NOTE: A couple of sharp ascents and some rough, stony paths in places.

ocay villas

www.ocayvillascorfu.com

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Aqualand Water Park



Getting wet



Catholic Church



Things are Buzzing



Fabulous pools



On the Waves



The Time That Village Forgot



Let's Play



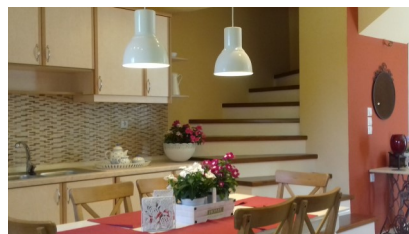
Watching the world arrive
<

Sonia's House in Kombitsi for rental

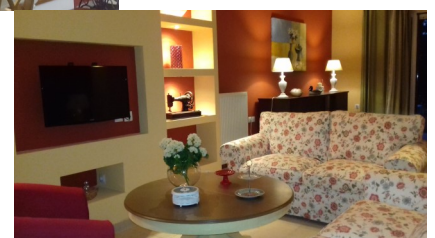
This 110sq. house has three bedrooms, one bathroom and a W.C., air conditioning and all the necessary electric facilities.



It is very conveniently situated 15 minutes from Corfu town by car. 100 Euros per night rental.



Perfect for a Corfu stay!



Please mail: info@ocayvillascorfu.com

This is Rubbish

WITH THANKS TO THE CORFU FORUM FOR THIS UPDATE

Use link: [Re: The Corfu Rubbish Situation.](#)

« Reply #345 on: Today at 12:52:10 PM »

An update today - <https://goo.gl/9AhyCF>

Conflicting opinions as to how long the riot police will stay in Lefkimmi

There may not have been white smoke coming from the Town Hall chimney but Spyros Aspiotis emerged from the Mayor's office looking good following a long discussion with Kostas Nikolouzos.

The Mayor told Enimerosi that he hadn't accepted Mr. Aspiotis' resignation after all, and so he remains in charge of the Municipal Cleansing Services. In any case, the Mayor retains overall responsibility for the revised plan for refuse collection which was recently approved by the town council.

Waste transfer completed

As regards the landfills in Temploni and Lefkimmi, according to authoritative information from Temploni on Friday 3rd, the transfer of 8,000 tons of

waste bales to Lefkimmi should have been completed within the next 24 hours - within the limits set when the temporary licence was granted.

What will happen with the riot police (MAT)?

It still remains unknown if and when anything will change as regards the cordoning off of a section of the main road and limited access to the area adjoining the landfill in Lefkimmi - leading to ongoing protests from local residents.

Leaving or not leaving?

According to local authority sources, the completion of the operation to transfer waste bales to Lefkimmi should lead to the re-opening of all sections of the main road to traffic - and perhaps limiting the police presence in the area. However, according to police sources, this has neither been discussed nor requested yet. The presence of the MAT is to safeguard public property which has repeatedly been vandalised in the past. The same sources say that it still remains for the damage to be repaired and the facility to be upgraded in order to obtain a licence to operate as a residue landfill - it is estimated that this will take until the end of September. How long the police remain is directly linked to these developments.

Corfu Weather Statistics - August 2018

Summary

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature (°F)			
Max Temperature	95	85	77
Avg Temperature	91	82	72
Min Temperature	82	76	66
Dew Point (°F)	79	71	61
Precipitation (Inches)	9.45	0.31	0



Read more at:

[http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?](http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTGf.99)

[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)

The Greek service referred to here every month has decided to switch to the Imperial system, just to keep you on your toes.

'It's hot I know go to sleep'

Hilary's Ramblings Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

Why a baby squirrel proves that European civilisation has had it

THEY WERE THE MEN WHO DROVE THE TIGER TANKS, the ones who pioneered Blitzkrieg, who manned the U-Boats (much bigger death rate than the Bomber Command raids), and (yes) the men who slaughtered six million Jews and countless others.

75 years on, a male resident of Karlsruhe called for police protection - because he was being chased down the street by a baby squirrel.

It was thought that the tiny animal had lost its mother, and that the creature had targeted the man because it was in search of a new home, focusing its efforts on the one individual, as apparently they do. But at the moment when the authorities arrived, the squirrel, exhausted from its endeavours, curled up and went to sleep. The brave and intrepid politzei, doubtless with sirens fully deployed and in full rabies protective gear, transferred it to a sanctuary.

Unlike the increasingly milksopian indigenes, Europe's new arrivals would likely have stomped on the squirrelette. Come the crunch, who will fight back?

Tourism News (serious - no irony or jokes)

LOCAL AUTHORITIES HAVE BEEN WORKING since 2014 to provide Corfu beaches with floating wheelchairs and ramps that offer direct access to the sea, giving access for those with mobility problems. 21 beaches are already set up with the facilities - and that's only four fewer beaches than in the whole of Brazil! The new measures are the result of efforts by Corfu's deputy mayor for welfare and social policy and chairman of the Corfu Prefecture Association of People with Special Needs Andreas Skoupouras, who himself suffers from severe mobility issues.

BETWEEN 5 AND 7 SEPTEMBER, as part of efforts to develop ties between the region and communities of the diaspora, Corfu will host the first international conference for people of Ionian island ancestry. Among countries with a large Greek population are the United States, Canada, Australia and Germany. The conference will be inaugurated by Greek President Prokopios Pavlopoulos.

ON THE OCCASION of her recent visit to Corfu, I asked the present British Ambassador to Greece, Ms Kate Smith CMG, whether, post-Brexit, we expat British could expect to be forcibly repatriated. 'We have held talks with our EU partners,' she answered in robotic Theresa May style. 'And we have agreed that residents will be able to remain. We trust our partners will hold to their side of the agreement.' So that's sorted then...

Why the NHS cannot survive in its present form (#1)

MY DAD WAS AN NHS GP, starting in the late 1950s. Newly qualified (barely scraping through on second attempt) he managed to obtain a not-very-prestigious partnership in a two-man operation at the poor end of rather dismal Lancaster, then starting its plunge into industrial decline. The 'surgery' was at the rear of the practice house (where we lived until about 1960, though I have no memories), a grim brown-lino-floored waiting room, two antiseptic-scented surgery rooms and an office/records department. Patients queued up at opening time, and everyone was seen. If someone was too ill to attend, the docs went to their house. The same day.

At the start of his tenure there was no appointments system (though that was added later when the senior partner retired), and the two doctors worked on a one-day-on, one-day-off basis for the house calls and emergency night call-outs (these were frequent as they were the city's police-doctors, and thus responsible for emergencies, such as helping the fire brigade cut speed-freaks out of crappy mangled cars, and blood-testing drunken drivers, as was normal in those days). The office had a couple of female admin/receptionist staff, and my mother was expected (without payment for a long time, and always with a great deal of resentment) to man the telephone at home during the hours when calls were transferred there.

Yet despite overseeing a relatively deprived area, the two docs were never pushed to the limits. I wonder why?

Could it be that the patients in those days had grown up in the years when there was no free medical service, and so you only called on the doctor when you had something badly wrong with you? 'Oooo, we can't call the doctor for that!' the housewife would say when the child was running a fever or had an earache. Or when hubby went down with flu. Or if a family member was 'depressed'.

Nowadays, it seems that giant practices with a dozen doctors, specialist nursing teams, an army of locums, secretaries and receptionists galore, and dedicated practice managers, cannot cope.

Is it perhaps because folk have become so used to a free service that they will run to the doc for a torn fingernail, or a slight sniffle, or even just for an outing to combat their loneliness? Conditions that you never bothered the doctor with once upon a time?

Time to institute a charge, methinks (a reasonable one and not payable by minors, nor the elderly or folk with genuine special needs). That would deter the time-wasters who are hampering the people who have an ailment that genuinely requires the services of a doctor.

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 21

Sc-ramblings: I end up in Corfu, boo-hoo, poor me!

I DIDN'T PLAN ON BEING SENT TO CORFU; I wanted to go to Crete. Fresh off my Aegean holiday, Crete the last port of call, and after two months of Greyhounding around the States, I applied for work as a travel rep. Mother pooh-poohed the idea; in her youth she had been there, done that, pushing the boundaries of what was possible at that time. I suspect she didn't want to watch me enjoying a similarly adventurous life, when for her it was over. 'Why don't you get a proper job,' she whined at every opportunity over the next years. 'And a nice house in the suburbs. Then you can go to Greece on holiday for two weeks every summer.'

Dismissing these instructions, I got a job with a small British company, and came under the auspices of Allways Travel in San Rocco Square. Today's boss Spiros was five and trying very hard to win the global competition for the 'Most Obstreperous Child on the Planet.' He told me recently that he for the award.

I don't remember what my first meal in Corfu consisted of, but since it was taken in Gerekos Fish Taverna it was likely seafood. As we'd crawled a few Kontokali bars by then, all I recall is the fish-netted ceiling and not what I put in my mouth.

As reps we were feted by businesses in the areas we had clients.

Those were the days when you were allowed to make restaurant recommendations, though I preferred to simply inform visitors about the type of cuisine served by each establishment, and let them choose for themselves. Nevertheless, I got quite a few gratis meals in Benitses, the centre of my 'area'. Benitses then had not yet descended into its later guise as 'hooligan central', a blueprint for Kavos, though that was only a few years away. It was gentrified (as it has become again), though like everywhere a bit dusty, and had only half a dozen eateries - four Greek tavernas (two specialising in fish and lobster), a pizzeria, and a grill room. By the late 80s these were all gone (but one), and if you happened to pass through early morning, you were treated to the sight of a line of white vans unloading the day's supply of catering company pizzas and frozen moussaka, instead of fishermen off-loading their catch.

(A little leap forwards here: For two years in the late 80s, my ex-husband was assisting his best mate Teo, who had taken over one of the old eateries near the harbour. It still possessed the original iron range, and Teo did all the cooking on that. Teo was not a chef in any shape or form, but he did know how to put together, with the heaviest of hands as to the oil and spices, a true village-

style Pastitsada; also, he grilled giant T-bones directly on the range's iron surface. As far as I know, it was the only eatery in Benitses that summer that made its own food to order. The by-now-young tourists loved it - they mopped their plates clean with bread, thus demolishing the myth that Brits don't like oily food. Teo's English was rather sketchy, and when he took orders for a steak - invariably the diners asked for 'well done' and never 'rare' - he would answer 'thank you very much.' It was only at the end of the season that I broke the news to him that 'well done' meant the steak's degree of cooking, and not approbation for Teo. Luckily, it was the only way he knew how to cook steak, and the only way the diners liked it.)

But back to the early 80s. The food in Kontokali, where I lived, was no more varied than in Benitses. Pippilas was a bit posh, and popular with the Greek middle class at Sunday lunchtime. Then there was Gerekos for fish, Takis and another couple of Greek tavernas, and two competing grill rooms - George's and Real George's, all bordering the dusty semi-made village road. Gerekos was a little too expensive for everyday meals - a plate of squid, a salad and a glass of wine set you back 350 drachmas (about a euro) - so we usually repasted at Takis. (A very important note here: That year, Takis had been rented out and was not under the management of Dimitris and Nina.) A meal here cost 100 drachmas (35 cents today) for a shared taramasalata, spaghetti with mince, and wine. It was perfectly adequate, if you enjoyed bread already stale by evening, garishly pink tarama tasting mostly of salt, pasta cooked almost to a porridge state, and tepid, oily mince. This was fairly typical of the average bog-standard taverna at the time, which was why we put up with it. (It greatly improved when Dimitris took back control.)

The house where we three reps lived was on the Nissi, just past the Kontokali Bay Hotel; it now adjoins Roula's Fish Taverna, built later on the reclaimed reed-bed our veranda overlooked. It had a full kitchen, but the only dish I ever made there, briefly enthused by beautiful summer vegetables, was Ratatouille (the Greek baked version, Briam - so much nicer - had not yet reached Corfu). Oh! and the odd scrambled eggs on toast. We had other demands on our time, and no desire to visit shops for the innumerable store-cupboard essentials a kitchen requires for regular meals. All those cooking skills I'd been honing in London went on the back burner.

The Way Things Are And Were

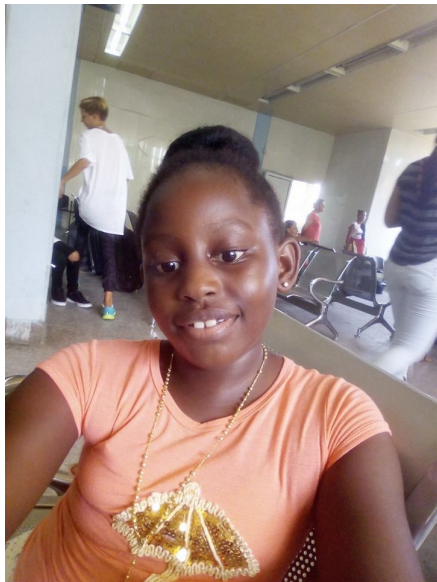
THE BEATLES



IN ARACHOVA, GREECE (1967)



Gordon visits Sweden



*Our Cuban pal
Brenda*

<

*Villa Theodora
North*

>



Video Corner

Karl

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7CgmbzuiDeg>

August fire, Corfu

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s4YuEX-mCg4&feature=youtu.be>

Real tomatoes

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wu8yCGhVKjA>

Village and Island News

One day I'd been in a blur of Agiotfest activity so, I stopped in the rustic garden of a roadside inn, to savour a beer and collect thoughts. It was approaching dusk. All of a sudden, I was treated to a symphony of clouds in the Northern sky, from my vantage of a rickety chair under a canopy of vine.

This marvel of creation had me spellbound in minutes. The longer I stared, the more it fascinated, this part of the deep blue sky was embroiled in rolling, drifting, variegated billows, continuously curling and shifting shape, presenting a multitude of images, from dragons to country maps, noble busts and crashing seas, wisps of cotton and dreamy spirals, galleons sinking and smoke signals rising.

Wind came and blew the dream away, leaving thin trails of regret that once had slumbered in my mind's eye.



And so was the A month, or August, or Agiotfest.

It was a rich jamboree for sure, with the Festival dominating my month like an oncoming prizefighter. Even so, in the midst of Agiotfest there is life and, life made the ups and downs, the turmoil, the bureaucracy all quite agreeable, if tiring.

Did not start so well, with my already self-battered laptop finally given a mortal wound by Andy, who one day contrived to curl a rear leg round its mains lead, and yank it from the table onto an unforgiving, tiled floor. Amazingly, it still worked, but came on only after a lot of twisting and

depressing of its buckled chassis. Too frightened to entrust it at this critical time to the labyrinths of the repairers, I chose instead to set it up in a cosy position and feather it through the whole month.

Meanwhile, in Japan, my second son has started a job on a building site in the city. I hope he has learned the Japanese for 'Duck!'

Met a lot of people in August, mostly but not solely to do with the A word, as it is known in this house. One of these was Agiot contributor Effrosyni Moschoudi, who was with her English husband Andy. Hilary and me drove down to meet them for the first time at Moraitika, where 'Frosso' spent her magical childhood. What a splendid afternoon we had together, posing as tourists.

My friend Trevor has been in hospital in England for some serious surgery, following an aneurysm. Some of you will know him so, I'm happy to report that he had a successful operation and is regaining his strength, back at home.

Another sweet, social encounter. This time with my cousin twice removed, Cloe, who contacted me after getting a job as a dancer in a Roda hotel. We had never met before, now we are family. You can't escape your genes. Here she is humouring me in Akharavi.



'A discovered Cousin'

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 24

The month had the two best BBQ's of the year, one in Villa Theodora, the second in Villa Sofia.

It was a family affair on the 15th, which we squeezed into a tiny gap between guests. Peter was supposed to be chef but it fell to Xrisa and Lula to hold the reins. My Sympathera handled the fire with a quiet self-assurance and calmness, making me feel like a total novice by comparison. Peter waded into and cleaned the pool, in which Elina, Danae, Prokopis and I all took our turns. The meats were cooked to perfection, Nitsa made a social call, each of us seemed to melt into a peaceful and self-satisfied humour. I sat there thinking, 'this simple, family occasion is worth a hundred sparkling, social soirees.' For me it lacked only the attendance of our precious, Oriental children to make it utter bliss.



Putting all to rights
<

They were the best of times and the best of times
>



3 Generations
<

The second was on the 26th in our back garden, where we hosted the Gaskell and Lewis families, who had never met each other but soon were roaring away like old buddies. The next bit you can't make up. Two of the daughters of these happy people are both Anna's and both are Police officers in England. It was an arresting occasion.

Peter is making a splash in his new position as El Presidente of the local Sylogos. He has introduced an open-air cinema in the Plateia. Here is the bar to prove it.

BBQ Time
>



'The Sylogos makes a bar'



Grub Up
<

The Premiere coincided with my meeting there one rain-threatening evening, with German wandering minstrel Martin. It was supposed to be his audition for Agiotfest. Martin strummed one chord and at precisely that moment, an explosion of Cartoon sounds engulfed the entire square, drowning totally his acoustics.

My daughter's Nan swims most days
>



As I often say hereabouts, you just can't make it up.

Continued on Page 26

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 25

Boats



Futuristic



Majestic



Realistic

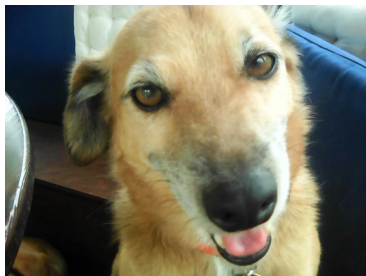
*Contributed by
Bert van Rossum*



Voyeuristic



Touristic



Cutie in Messonghi



Days of Protests



Gentle Card School

People

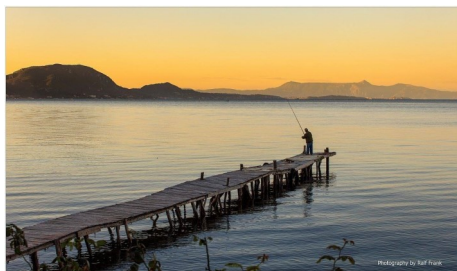
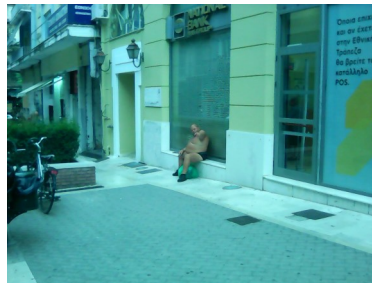


*Lena Franca and
Heike in Makrades*

<

My friend Ioannis

>



*The Old Man and the Sea
Courtesy of Ralf Frank*



Young Italians in Ipsos



*Lazy lunches
courtesy Dick Mulder*

Continued on Page 27

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 26

Places



Our Harbour



*courtesy of
Yanni Mushka Turner*



A Skein of olive leaves



Edem



courtesy Ian Thorne



Corfu Golf Putting Green



Fishing Harbor by Paramonas



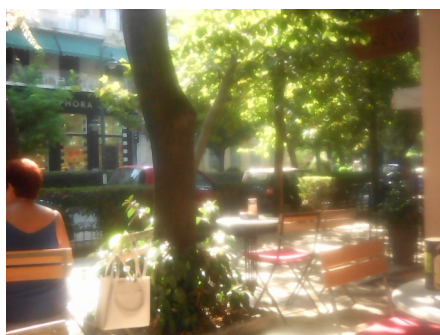
In Defence of Corfu



Magoulades



It could be thousands of years ago



The Brew



Where I dream

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 September:

Services led by Chaplain Jules Wilson

Sunday 2nd September

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

Sunday 9th September

10:30 Family Communion Service
Followed by Fellowship Lunch

Sunday 16th September

10:30 Family Communion Service

Sunday 23rd September

10:30 Family Communion Service

Sunday 30th September

10:30 Harvest Festival

HTC South

Friday 14th September

18.00 Communion Service at the
Catholic Chapel in Messonghi

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

John 14:1

Weekly Events during September:

The church is open daily Tuesday to
Friday 10:00 to 12.30

Monday

17:30 The Kontokali group meets

Tuesday

11th - Master's Crafters Group
25th - Coffee Morning

Wednesday

12th - 12.30 Lunch 'n' Meet

Thursday

10:00 Bible Study
11.00 HTC North - Bible Study
Contact Mark 26630 32478
17.00 Worship Group at HTC

Friday

10.00 Prayer Meeting
10:30 'Little Angels' - Mums & Tots
Group
(after schools have reopened)

Other Events during September:

Thursday 13th September

18.00 PCC Meeting

Thursday 27th September

09.15 Pastoral Care Team Meeting



**Next Sunday Schools
2nd September
7th October**



**HOLY
TRINITY
CORFU**

21 L.Mavili Street, Corfu 49100

DIOCESE IN EUROPE
THE ANGLICAN CHURCH
IN GREECE



www.holytrinitycorfu.net
htccorfu@gmail.com
(0030) 69865 38755

Simon's World

After I'd carried our luggage down the 13 steps, while Lin drove on down *Democracy Street* to park, I returned for our shopping - packed in three cardboard trade boxes. Carried down, I placed these beside the luggage, inside the porch, our closest door. I walked round to the veranda, and opened the other door, in familiar dark I switched on the electric. I walked down to below the apothiki, raised the iron lid above the communal taps, wary of scorpions, and turned the lever on our water meter; and a second lever above the pressure gauge on the side of the house. From the dining room, I opened the sticky front door to heave in luggage and groceries. The air seemed clean and fresh indoors. "The house feels cool"

Lin had the kettle going. Tea and coffee. I'd glanced at the tidying to be done - the wisteria sprouting whippy tendrils to be cut back; the reluctant Bougainvillea showing at least some red flowers; invasive pelargoniums to be curbed; dried summer-shed leaves to be swept and put on the compost; litter at the bottom of the path from the street; and the rest of the path, as it passes below the house, needing my sickle to clear our way to the lower road.

I checked to see how the citrus trees were doing since their [infestation with scale insects](#) this last year has prevented fruiting. I'd sprayed the trees with olive soap mix in the first week of June. Now at least there was no black mould on the top of the leaves preventing photosynthesis.

Although the scale insects had been busy over the last 11 weeks - all my flypapers hung in the branches were covered with their remains. Yet more were stuck on the underside of almost every leaf.

"But" said Lin "they're all dead"

The sticky substance with which I'd circled trunks and veranda pillars seemed to have stopped ants from their suspected symbiotic alliance with scale insects, though wasps were hovering and settling amid the leaves, sipping the remains of the honeydew the scale insects exude.



"And look!" said Lin "I can see at least twenty new lemons"

My heart rose at the sight of them, almost hidden amid foliage.

"Goodness! How that's cheered me up. I wasn't even bothering to look for new fruit yet."

Others in the village have pollarded their trees to skeletons or sprayed insecticide that kills *all* insects indiscriminately, without guaranteeing that scale insects will not return on new leaf growth.



New lemons on one of our scale insect infested citrus trees

I suggested we spray again - with olive soap solution only.

"Not so you harm the leaves"

"Perhaps leave it for the moment. Hope for the winter and spring. Pray for new blossom."

"Sponge off the dead insects from some leaves. Check to see if they return."

Later our neighbour Katerina spread her arms in exasperated despair. This 'no-lemons' problem is "everywhere in the village"

I saw lemons in a net on the fruit counter at *Lidl*, imported from Spain.

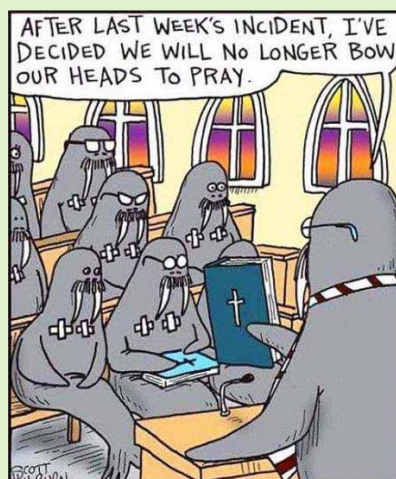
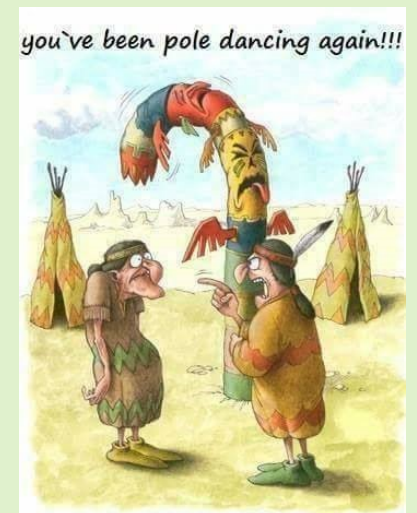
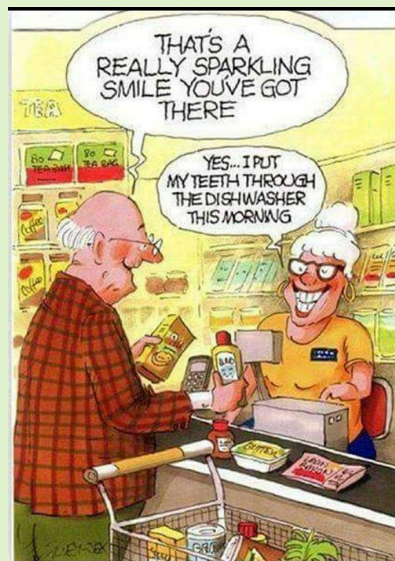
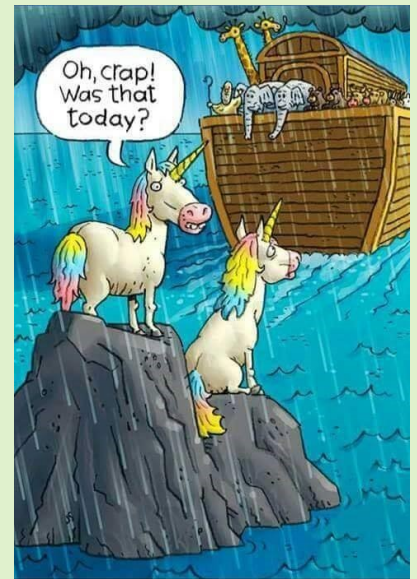
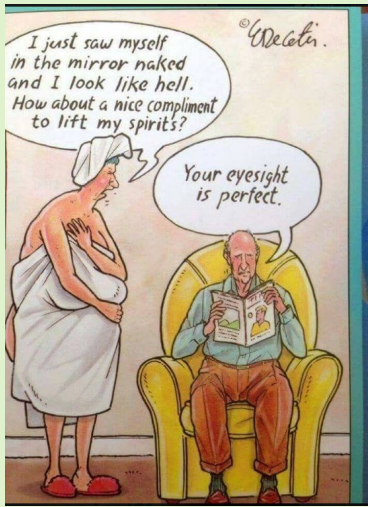
Having lunch in Doukades with [Marie and Bo Stille](#) - naturalists,, ecologists, books on the lizards, dragon flies, snakes, slow worms, frogs and toads of the island under their belts - I showed them sample leaves covered in dead insects and one of my flypapers and what we'd done to remedy the infestation.

"Sometimes trees *learn*." he said "They evolve resistance"

"Really?"

"Sometimes. Yes, Perhaps you should leave things to your trees."

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



Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 30

Tea is an evil substance!

Tea is much more dangerous than beer.

Please avoid drinking tea.

I discovered this last night. I had drunk 14 beers up until 3.00 am at the pub while my wife was just drinking tea at home.

You should have seen how angry and violent she was when I got home.

I was peaceful, silent and headed to bed as she shouted at me, all night long and even into the next morning.

Please ladies, if you can't handle your tea, just **don't drink it...**



FALSE FLAGS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

False Flags derive from the military concept of flying false colors to deceive the enemy. False Flags are used by intelligence agencies to stage a terrorist attack that is blamed on a political enemy. The government uses the tragedy – real or fiction, as a pretext to start a war, or to enact draconian laws, or to conduct psychological warfare on the public, and other nefarious agendas.



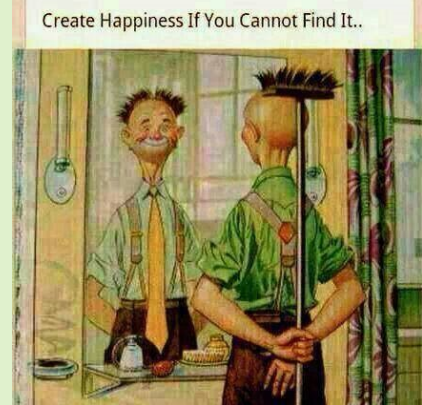
"We get into the habit of buying junk fast foods that have no actual food in them. We buy gallons of poisonous household cleaners when one degradable soft soap would do. We are poisoning our homes and wasting our hard earned money for no good reason. Why? Because the advertising industry tells us to. They just want you to buy stuff. Companies are extremely sensitive about you buying their products because if you don't buy their stuff, they go out of business." -Woody Harrelson

CHILD BEAUTY PAGEANTS THE HYPER-SEXUALIZATION OF CHILDREN

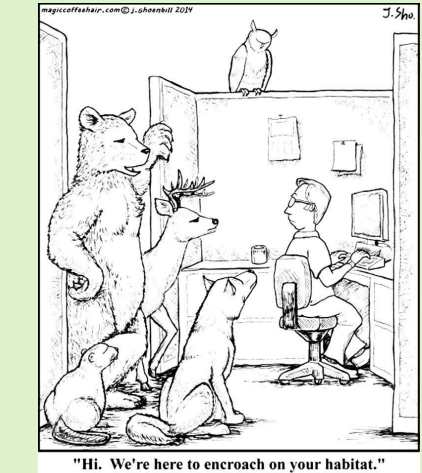
Child beauty contests are sick! Sadly, little girls are being stripped of their childhood: so that the Jezebel mother can fuel her narcissism. But she is a "baby" – not a "Barbie". She should be playing in the "sandpit" not "glitz". A child should not be stressing about looking seventeen and having a perfect body. This million-dollar industry is wicked!



I heard internet addiction is now an official mental disorder and you can go to rehab for it. I'm only going if there's Wi-Fi.



IF YOU DON'T REALIZE THAT THE HUMAN POPULATION IS BEING SYSTEMATICALLY DUMBED DOWN...



THEN YOU MAY HAVE BEEN SYSTEMATICALLY DUMBED DOWN

That's' All Folks !

random randomness. memes/fb

A HUMAN FART CAN BE LOUDER THAN A TROMBONE. I DISCOVERED THAT AT MY DAUGHTER'S SCHOOL CONCERT.

random randomness. memes/fb



Nature



Courtesy of Bob Giles



Agios Ioannis



Courtesy of Bert van Rossum



Courtesy of Aggeliki Siaplaoura



An Ent

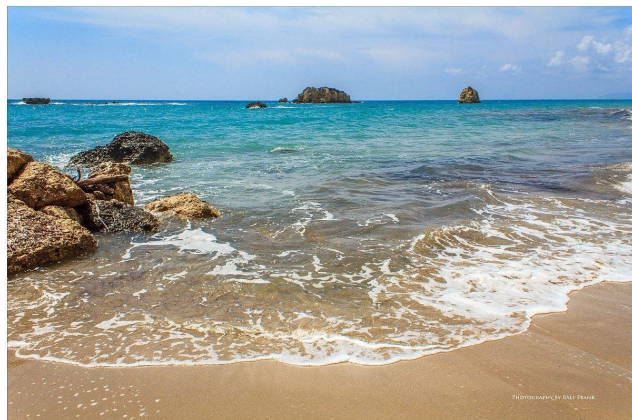


*Opportunities are like
sunrises,
If you wait too long, you will
miss them.*

Photography by Ralf Frank

Courtesy of Ralf Frank

*Courtesy of
Kostas Mazonakis
>*



Prasoudi Beach

Courtesy Sue Tsirigoti



Oh the guilt!
Something chose
one of my shutters
to spin itself a co-
coon to pupate
and it sadly got
squashed as I
opened them...the
cocoon was so
tough! Felt like
fiberglass. Ques-
tion is what would
it have become It
was also

Continued on Page 33

Nature - Continued from Page 32



Chalikiopoulou Lagoon this morning



Eurasian Hoopoe Τσαλαπετεινός

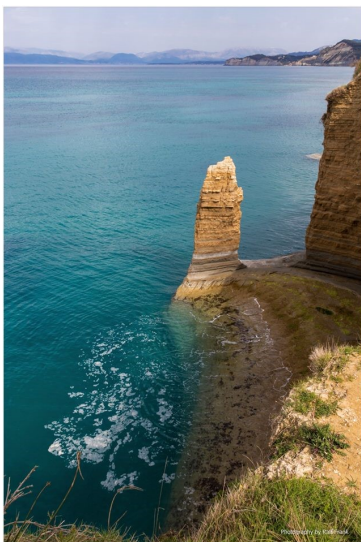


The fastest living creature on earth
Peregrine Falcon near Angelokastro 12th August (BW photo since I over-exposed it by mistake and it looks better like this.

Courtesy of
Giannis Gasteratos



Hidden beach
Courtesy of
Dick Mulder



Courtesy of
Melita Forte Chakiris
<

Indre Jon
You know there is this thing that you dream about and strive to achieve and then you give up, i am talking about many plants i wanted and i planted and they died, so i am happy with roses and geraniums etc. So as much as i hoped to grow herbs in the apartment terrace constant traveling and malfunctioning dripping system cornered me, so new plan - succulents. Best thing about them is not that they can be watered once every couple of weeks but that you can pinch it from everywhere and they root, friendly people of old town gave me quite a few cuttings already. So wish me luck and i will post an update 😊 :D.

Succulent Plant Guide

BECKI OWENS



The Raven Witch of Corfu



By Greek author and blogger, *Effrosyni Moschoudi* (Reviewed by Hilary Paipeti)

Just south of Messongi, and standing slightly separate from the aerial-capped hill of Hlomos, is the 'pyramid-shaped' mountain of Martaouna, one of the main settings for Effrosyni Moschoudi's new novel, 'The Raven Witch of Corfu'. Dubbed a 'fantasy holiday romance', it's a step up from Mills and Boon - much more Mary Stewart than Barbara Cartland, with a bit of Gothic horror and Harry Potter-esque magic in the mix. And it's certainly a page-turner - ideal for lazy afternoons on Messongi beach (where much of it is set), or indeed at any place or time.

The plot gets going so quickly that it is almost impossible to précis it without giving the game away. Suffice to say that the heroine has returned to Corfu after twenty years, with a task to undertake - namely to claim back her twin brother, who was kidnapped, aged 12, on her previous visit. In a cave. By a wicked witch.

Sounds unlikely? So was Harry Potter, but that turned out OK, didn't it? Continuous action through nearly 400 pages (how DID she keep it up?) and a number of sub-plots draw you in fast. Reading a pre-publication edition, I was supposed to be proof-reading, but I was so keen to know at every stage what happened next that I forgot! Approaching the denouement, I really puzzled over how it would work out; I'm usually good at guessing endings, but this one floored me. Would it finish with a cop-out? No. Effrosyni came up with the goods, with a brilliant 'twist' that pulled the plot back from the brink.

What anchors Effrosyni's books in reality is her sense of place. Her Corfu books are set in and around Moraitika, the ancestral home of her grandfather, and the place where she has holidayed every year since childhood. While plots may possess touches of the supernatural (as shown at the end of our recent serialisation of Effrosyni's short story 'A Holiday with Granny'), they are set in a real and familiar world, which renders the incredible somehow plausible. You can walk with the heroine to the secret olive groves on the mountain of

Martaouna, and accompany her around Messongi and to a 'Varkarola' festival at Petriti, where you'll experience a long evening in high summer. These concrete scenes help us accept the surreality of the storyline, just as hobbits, orcs, elves and wizards could justifiably inhabit a world fully recognisable as England and north Europe.

But the supernatural is not contained only in the book itself. As Effrosyni tells us in her blog, 'something spooky happened when [the artist] got to work on the cover! I only told him my book was set on a beach in Corfu and, of all places, he showed me this image that actually depicts the bay in Messonghi.' So, if you think you're going to have to suspend belief when reading 'Raven Witch', just consider:

There are more things in Heaven and Earth... Who knows what's really hiding on Martaouna?

'The Raven Witch of Corfu' will be available from this autumn on Amazon, in Kindle format or as a paperback. The Kindle will be published in four episodes of around 100 pages each. If you sign up to Effrosyni's newsletter, you will receive a free pdf copy of Episode One.

to read/download a free sample, and for the book trailer, go here:

<http://effrosyniwrites.com/books/the-raven-witch-of-corfu/>

