

www.theagiot.com

Tel: (0030) 6974932408

The Agiot

132nd Edition

This Month

Cover Photo.

Page 1

Agiotfest.

Pages 2-6

Nick the Clock's World.

Pages 7-8

Letters to the Editor.

Pages 9-10

Weather.

Page 10

Detective's Tales in Westshire.

Page 11

Hilary's Ramblings.

Pages 12-14

The Way Things Are and Were.

Page 14

Simon's World.

Page 15

Pine Leaves.

Page 15

Saturday Walks.

Page 16

Dumball Rally.

Page 16

HTC Announcements.

Page 17

A Poem.

Page 17

The Royal British Legion Poppy

Appeal.

Page 18

Tickle ties the knot.

Page 19

Aunty Lula's Love-Bites.

Page 19

Gooner's Gags.

Page 20

Village and Island News.

Pages 21-22

Advertising.

Pages 23-24



*Sensational David Bowie Tribute Band
at Kostas Taverna Agios Ioannis*

The Agiotfest

 - By The Minstrel

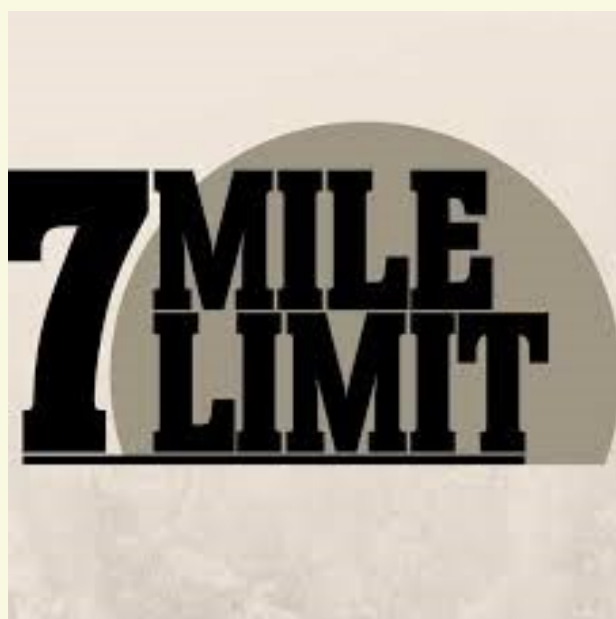
Highlights from 2018

Please like, comment, subscribe.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qFpHSjG-GO8&feature=youtu.be)

[v=qFpHSjG-](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qFpHSjG-GO8&feature=youtu.be)

[GO8&feature=youtu.be](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qFpHSjG-GO8&feature=youtu.be)



They took the show by the scruff
of the neck on Friday

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YZAhu5dxs2E)

[v=YZAhu5dxs2E](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YZAhu5dxs2E)

*BOTH VIDEOS CREATED BY
NIKOLAOS KOSKINAS, CORFU,
AND BOURNEMOUTH UNIVERSITY.*

2018 is for our memories. Now, we are looking to 2019, with our new venue to be announced in November.

Ticket prices, availability and more details will be announced then.

Agiotfair will be much bigger next year and cover two days, staying open in the evenings.

Free coaches will be made available.

Car parking and toilet facilities revolutionised.

But there will, as always, be room for our pic-nickers, without charge.

If you have not already done so, plan your 2019 Corfu Holiday around Agiotfest: you will not be disappointed!

Contact info@ocayvillascorfu.com for your stay, whether it be villas, apartment, hotel or camping.

Next year we will try to get better. That won't be easy but we have the stick well and truly lodged between our teeth.

Agiotfest - Continued from Page 2



Here is another smattering of photos from the fabulous 2018.



Dick tries his hand at Mulderfest <

Duke's Drumbeat >



Even the Soundchecks were fun <

Agiotfest warmups >



Album Project caused a stir <

Frans' posh bike >



Andy in victorious mode >



Gentle morning <



Best sound yet <

Boom Box Bass <



George Gakis at Scotter fest

Agiotfest - Continued from Page 3



Getting to know you
<



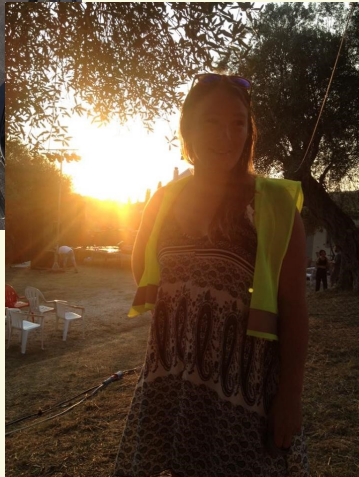
Why it works

Bands get the credit, as well they should. But where would we be without all the unsung heroes?

There are a few shown here, from our brilliant and hard-working technicians, smiley waitress and the priceless volunteers who. give heart and soul to this.

In this time that land forgot the Festival has squeezed out like toothpaste, to fill an entire week, maybe longer. From mid-August there is definitely music in the air in these parts, and smaller but very good mini fests have spread out in our village, making this area a must for music lovers in late August.

Katie Sunshine
>



Leapy
<



Magic night
>



That bloke gets everywhere
<



Agiotfest - Continued from Page 4

By THE MINSTREL

Can't leave this month without a word from our truly superb Headliners, the Sensational David Bowie Tribute Band.

🎵The Band Were All Together ⚡️🎸🎵
Soundcheck completed and now a wee bite and drink at the local Taverna . Can't wait to blast live and loud Bowie @ Agiotfest- Corfu . Love on Ya !!

🥰
Well - what a fantastic night we had headlining Agiotfest in Corfu. We had been looking forward to this gig for a long time and, Man, our expectations were utterly blown away. Thanks to each and every one of you for coming along and creating a magical atmosphere of love and peace and for your magnificent response to the music of our Duke. We hope ye all had a good night and enjoyed our performance.
We wish to thank all involved in getting us to play this brilliant live music festival- in particular to Paul Mc and Robert; thanks for your welcome and generous hospitality.
We hope to see ye all again.
Love on Ya!! 🥰'

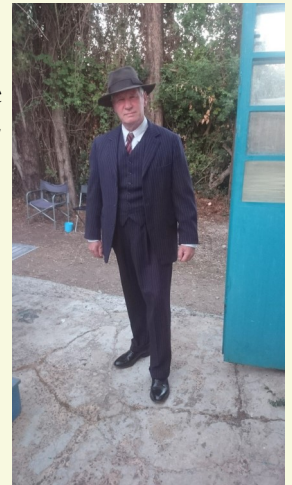
From singer John O'Brien;
'Thank you all for your lovely messages and for all your support and friendship. I've had the best birthday here in Corfu with the band and Angela and Stacey. Just wonderful. Love on ya.
John xx'

**AGIOTFEST LOOKS FORWARD TO
YOUR COMPANY ON
FRIDAY, 30TH AND SATURDAY, 31ST
AUGUST, 2019!**

Our Agiotfest hero landed himself a walk-on part in the latest Durrell series shooting on Corfu.

Here he is in character, awaiting the loss of his acting virginity.

Paul provided more snaps from his thespian day.



Paul Fennell Rising Star

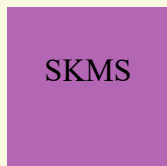


AGIOTFEST SPONSORS

Main Sponsors



Woodbrook Group



Spear Travels



Vrionis



Roadhouse Music



Accommodation



**Sunrise Cars
to suit all budgets**



Daylong



Corfu Beer



100+ Club



www.aeolosbeach.gr/



Green Island



Mousehouse



Sally's Bar



Including:

- 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
- 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
- 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

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

This is why you don't park in the striped area of a handicapped parking zone. Please share, thanks.



Best. Septic Truck. Ever!



My wife just opened my car door for me.

Would have been a nice gesture had we not been going 70 mph.



I MAY NOT BE THAT GOOD LOOKING OR ATHLETIC OR TALENTED OR FUNNY OR SMART.

I FORGOT WHERE I WAS GOING WITH THIS.

BUT I DO KNOW I LOVE BACON.



MEET STAN RUTNER



IG: STANDUP911

At 80 years old, Stan was diagnosed with lung cancer, and then weeks later, told it had metastasized to his brain. He underwent chemo and radiation, which nearly killed him. His doctor gave him about 2-3 weeks to live. With no other options, his son in law suggested he try CBD and THC oil. Stan started taking high CBD oil capsules in the morning, and high THC capsules before going to sleep. The results were amazing. In days, he was able to sleep better, eat more, go without using his oxygen tank, and walked without his walker! Within 9 months, he was completely cancer free.

Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 7

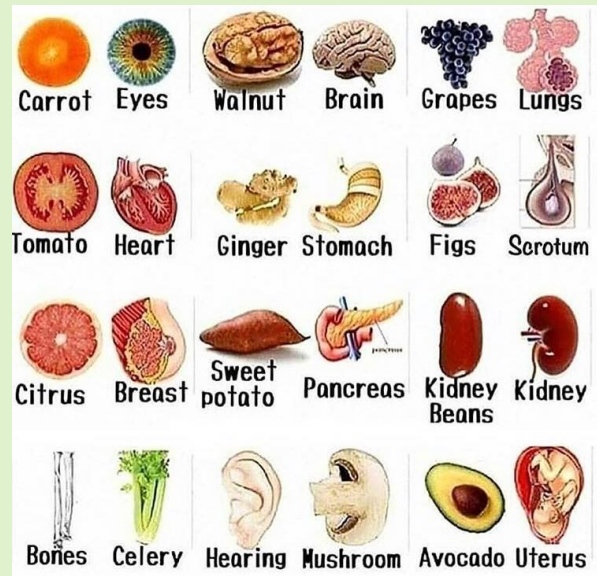
Starting to feel like the rescues are fighting a losing battle. Yet another hedgehog coming in that's been given "a nice bowl of milk". - [update. Two hours after arrival it vomited congealed milk and died.]

For anyone who has missed it - Hedgehogs are lactose (milk sugars) intolerant. Milk makes them extremely ill or dead.



Headache

Apple, Cucumber, Kale, Ginger, Celery



One day a school teacher wrote on the board the following:

- 9×1=7
- 9×2=18
- 9×3=27
- 9×4=36
- 9×5=45
- 9×6=54
- 9×7=63
- 9×8=72
- 9×9=81
- 9×10=90

When she was done, she looked to the students and they were all laughing at her, because of the first equation which was wrong, and then the teacher said the following; I wrote that first one wrong on purpose, because I wanted you to learn something important. This was for you to know how the world out there will treat you. You can see that I wrote RIGHT 9 times, but none of You congratulated me for it, But you all laughed and criticized me because of one wrong thing I did.

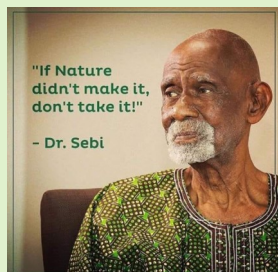
So this is the lesson:

The world will never appreciate the good u do a million times, but will criticize the one wrong thing you do...

"Flip over your bottle of lotion or shampoo. Look at the ingredients. As you read the list, ask yourself if you would "eat" them? Because that is technically what you are doing when you put something on your skin and it gets absorbed into your body. When you start thinking about your cosmetics and beauty products, lotions, sunscreens, deodorants, toothpastes, shampoos, and general personal cleaning products as something your skin "eats," it will revolutionize the way you choose them."

"One quarter of what you eat keeps you alive. The other three-quarters keeps your doctor alive."

-Ancient Egyptian Proverb.



That's' All Folks !

Letters to the Editor

A message from the Editor:

Welcome Gentle Readers to another edition!

We are pleased to welcome a new contributor this month, Elsa Nawain-with realistic tales of Detection in the West.

A return too by Richard Pine, a most erudite writer, who we are pleased to say has given permission for his interesting pieces to be reproduced here as Pine Leaves.

Sue Alexander posted; -

We really enjoyed the show last night! The performances, bands, and musicians were outstanding. 7-Mile-High were breathtakingly good and such fun when they played amongst the audience, their jazz swing really swung for everyone! Thanks [Paul McGovern](#) and the organising team, we look forward to tonight! 🎉 🎈 🎵 🎸 🎷 🎧 🎆

Ed:- Thank you Sue!

Claire Sesay posted; -

A gorgeous time has been had, caught up with lovely [Jan](#), [Ken](#), [Micky](#), [Paul](#) and the amazing [Anna](#). The Agiotfest was amazing as always and it gets bigger every year. Spent time in beautiful Pelekas and the Hawaii Pool Bar and met amazing people, [Rodula](#) and [Spiridoula](#) and Douglas and [Robert](#) and everyone xx

Big thank you to [Kim](#) who showed us Corfu only locals see xx

As for Paxos... 🤗 🤗 🤗 🤗 🤗 🤗 🤗 🤗 🤗 🤗

Perfect and made even more special by meeting [Ruth](#), Elizabeth and Hilary and laughing and having a wonderful Sunday evening.

A quiet Corfu town evening and bed.

Back to it tomorrow.... adventures are calling me

Thank you all for being just fabulous.. I am blessed beyond measure ❤️💜

Ed:- And thank you Claire!!

Dear Paul and Hilary,

Yay! So pleased to hear the Agiot Fest was such a big success :) Well done, Paul!

And I am very grateful to you Hilary for the exquisite review of *The Raven Witch of Corfu* :)

Last, I expect Indre Jon will surely enjoy growing succulents. I have a wide selection as they are my favourite kind of plants - so easy to re-plant and to keep as they can go for days without water. Also, they hardly get affected by adverse weather or pests. During my annual summer escape to Corfu, they are the only ones among my plants back in Athens that never seem 'to miss me' :)

I attach two photos from a long walk to Garitsa and Anemomylos last month. The Russian billionaire's innovative sailboat surely caught my eye. I don't care how much scorn it seems to have inspired among readers in the social media this summer. I think it's beautiful, the embodiment of innovative genius :)

Hugs, and heaps of thanks as always,
Effrosyni



Ed:- Thank you Frosso, always good to have your input, thank you.

Letters to the Editor - Continued from Page 9

From Niko Sagiadinos, Corfu

Hello Everybody,

This noon a little sad story about human misery happened to me. On our way to Anemomilos my girlfriend and I saw an old woman crawling helpless on the bottom of the way in Gialo forest. After stopping and try to help her we realize she was almost deaf, highly demented, disorientated, neglected and seems to have strong backaches. Hence, we are on the way for swimming we did not carry any mobiles with us. So, I asked for help in a near café and the girls called an ambulance which arrived surprisingly fast. The elder woman is known by face but no one of the locals can tell her address or even her name. The arrived ambulance told me that this happens sometimes in the past, but they do not know her name and address, too. They call the police for the dates. And now the irritating answer: The police said they will not come, because this happens often and we should let here there. The ambulance of course won't left her there and take her to hospital. I know my own experience (father), that demented people are difficult, do repeatedly annoying things and sometimes they need only attention. That is a sad story of life, but the poor behavior of the police made me really angry!

They seem to have her dates and could clear the situation fast, calling someone relatives or bring her home. But someone on department do not want. Now things getting more complicated and I am sure with more community costs at the end. I am Greek, but born, grow up and life in Germany, so I am not so familiar with language and social life here:

1. Is it really at the discretion of a Greek police officer to refuse support in the event of an emergency call and, so to speak, to advise to leave the woman to her fate?
2. If not, and the policeman just did not want to be disturbed.

Can anyone tell me where or which responsible person I can communicate this story of human poorness?
 Press, politicians, superiors?
 I don't mind ridiculing myself and achieving nothing, but I can't turn my back on such statements from public servants.
 Thank you for reading

Ed: - A sad human tale, Niko.

Corfu Weather Statistics - September 2018

Summary

| | Max | Avg | Min |
|-------------------------|-----|-----|-----|
| Temperature (°F) | | | |
| Max Temperature | 93 | 82 | 71 |
| Avg Temperature | 85 | 76 | 67 |
| Min Temperature | 72 | 68 | 60 |
| Dew Point (°F) | 77 | 67 | 43 |

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



*Photo courtesy of
 Dick Mulder
 <*

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

Detective's Tales in Westshire

Introduction:

People reading this will be split in to two groups: those who can relate with any kind of emergency service work and those who lead 'normal' lives. Those who enjoy a walk without seeing the drug problems or the people who are about to have a domestic argument without thinking of the work involved. Those of you that fall into the latter manage to go through life without knowing that a closed bridge with people stood in a certain way means that someone was likely to jump from the bridge in an attempt to take their life, had it not been for the patient work of our emergency service. Those emergency service workers have built a resilience to people's daily traumas, otherwise known as we are a little 'screwed up'. When I speak to those of you who are 'normal', I realise that the perception of the work we do is grandly overestimated. The job brings great high's and low's, with this I have had the elation of a 'Guilty' verdict at court and the lows of a victim who I was unable to get justice for. I thought in the first piece I would give you a real understanding for what a night at work is really like.

KNIFE

I started my shift on a normal evening, the sun was setting over the park outside my office and the wonderful Westshire shopping centre was glittering in the afternoon sun. The Westshire centre, as it glistens, has brought so many happy memories of anxiety and elation as to whether the security guards will have made the right decision in the difficult decisions faced by them on a daily basis. Westshire seemed busy today, it was a sunny autumnal afternoon and lots of people were out and about and enjoying the last bits of English sun that they could. In true English fashion they were sat outside at restaurants, in jumpers and coats, still holding on to any summer hope. I was sat at my desk trying to get a statement completed from a witness I had recently seen and catch up (if that is even possible these days) with my workload. Suddenly, my ears were filled with the sound that no officer wants to hear, a high-pitched siren sound of the emergency button with the heart sinking word "KNIFE" following. Here in CID (Crime Investigation Department for those of you that have always wondered), we are not used to the high-paced running involved in response duties anymore. However, on hearing our colleagues in danger, we donned our vests and ran - that's right we ran - from the office, as the call was minutes on foot from the

comfort of our office. We ran past members of the public who looked extremely alarmed at such a police presence and all running. This is not normal behaviour for Westshire Shopping centre, it is normally filled with families, or delinquents who are just there to cause trouble to see how people cope under pressure. We ran across that green I had been admiring earlier and ran towards where our colleague was in mortal danger. On arrival at the public toilets outside the food hall of Marks and Spencer (other stores are available on the high street) the team of us that had run to the aid of our defenceless colleagues, put the two suspects to the ground and placed them in handcuffs, dealing with the spit that was coming our way. When we finally got everything calmed down, we recovered this 'knife'! Now I bet you were thinking that it was a machete type knife, however it was a 1 inch corkscrew that would probably have struggled to open a bottle of wine, let alone cause any life-threatening damage to someone wearing a stab vest. However the pair of criminals were still spitting and so for their actions both got a stay at our finest hotel, with nothing but a pasty and a polystyrene cup of squash for room service. I would just like to point out at this point, you may have been wondering where were all of the uniformed officers at this point, I would hasten to add that the Armed Response officers (who are specially trained to deal with knife incidents) arrived safe and sound in their advanced vehicle with all their kit once the two reprobates were safely stowed in the 2 prisoner vans being driven by support officers. We felt reassured by their presence and pleased to know we have such 'fast acting' officers who will protect us when we need them the most. We didn't, however, let it go unmentioned that that was 1-0 to CID and we felt that there was definitely cake fines due, however we are still waiting.

This pair were also wanted for other offences, so you will be glad (or angry) to know that at court the next day one of them was handed a 16 week suspended sentence and told to behave. The other has been released to appear in court at a later time.

Elsa Nawain.



Hilary's Ramblings Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

Dreary September Pastures

WITH LITTLE RAIN TO SPEAK OF at the time of writing, apart from a couple of too-brief thunder showers just before AgiotFest, and an early morning storm in mid-September, the fields are grimly dry, the desiccated grasses like greige ashes, overtopped by the parched and brittle remnants of spring-flowering asphodel, and mid-summer thistles - all magnificent in their growing time but now presenting as extrusions in a wasteland. Now the danger of snakes hiding in the high grass has diminished, we can walk a few field paths, although poor Lulu hates the dry and spiky vegetation under her delicate little pawsies (at nearly 13, you'd expect her pads to have toughened up!). Heavy rain is needed to flatten the old growth and bring forth the new grass.

The only spots of colour are a few light purple cyclamens, and even fewer mauve autumn crocuses. Once the rains come, though, we shall see the brief flowering of the 'fall flowers': butter-yellow sternbergia, the tiny ivory crocus, delicate narcissus, and *Spiralis*, the only autumnal orchid.

The garden trees are dropping leaves of beige and bilious yellow, without the colour of the northern woodlands at 'fall' *. After some welcome years of a 'proper autumn', I wonder whether this season will see the return of 'summer to winter in one afternoon', such a feature of the weather in the 1990s.

* 'Fall' was apparently the original word for 'Autumn', though we regard it as an Americanism. 'Autumn' came to us from the Latin - via the French.

Observed: A Romanian-registered car pulls up at our neighbourhood over-spilled wheelie bin. Passenger exits the vehicle and carefully places a number of plastic bottle on the pile. Very refreshing to see that not all visitors just sling them out of the car window.

If you go down to the woods today...

Spotted in a neighbour's large, semi-wooded garden:



Do take care when out hiking in the forest...

Equality & Diversity Pandering No.1: The first of the named storms to hit the UK this autumn was called Ali, one of a list that has been (I quote from the press release) 'compiled from a list of submissions, selecting those which reflect the nations, culture and diversity of the UK and Ireland.' Next year: Abdul, Hussain, Mohammed, Omar and Saddiq. E&D Pandering No.2.: With the aim of attracting recruits from ethnic minorities, one UK Police 'Service' has issued a new uniform for women officers, designed to comply with Muslim dress codes by not revealing the female form. As if the normal uniform is in any way revealing!

The Prisoner Remembered



THANKS TO THAT MARVELLOUS CREATION that is the Internet, I have been able to watch the entire 17-episode run of the 1967/8 series 'The Prisoner'. I was barely ten when it was originally broadcast, and far too young, really, to be watching it. I had no idea what an 'allegory' was, for a start (nor do I think my literally-minded parents had), and it was very, very scary - behind-sofa scary in parts.

Watching the series last month, I remembered hardly anything except for the three-minute introduction, the end-titles, the lovely background of Portmeirion - and 'Rover'. Rover was the nightmare-inducing 'enforcer', a large, squashy white balloon that would shepherd those attempting escape, or those displaying non-compliance, back into 'The Village' - and if they were really naughty it would suffocate them in an extremely visual way, screaming faces pressed up against the thin white plastic (Elf & Safety would probably ban this now for fear someone would 'try it at home').

Of course, those iconic lines came back to me: 'I am not a number.

I am a free man!' (followed by scornful cackles from 'the new Number Two'); and 'I will not be pushed, filed, stamped, indexed, briefed, debriefed or numbered.' In the school playground we would bawl the catchphrase at each other: 'We want information. INFORMATION!' in a Dalek-style staccato.

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 12

Daleks were of course the other TV bogies that drove us behind the sofa, but today I think Rover is much more sinister. For 'The Prisoner' was so far ahead of its time that you suspect that Patrick McGoohan - its creator, executive producer, sometimes screenwriter, and star - was a time traveller into a future we are living with.

Tick: Panopticon environment with all-pervasive surveillance cameras.

Tick: Smart TVs that check on your every action (and someone might be watching you).

Tick: Compliance to social mores driven by bullying pressure to fit in.

Tick: Medication of those who step outside the 'norm'.

Tick: Brainwashing of people to convince them that they live in a paradise where they have all they can possibly want.

Tick: Forced gaiety - you WILL be happy or there must be something wrong with you.

Of course, since the serial was made in a very short time, some material is derivative: two-way TVs come direct from Orwell (1984), but I would add that today's devices - and the associated social media - the ones that give access to your every click and thus reveal your habits to the giant corporations, are worse. A nod at 'Brave New World' is evident with some unpleasant aversion techniques involving torture - also straight out of Room 101 in '1984'.

Interviewed ten years down the line, McGoohan makes it very clear that the series was intended as social commentary, stating that '[The Village] is trying to destroy the individual by every means possible, trying to break [Number Six's] spirit so he accepts the number 6 and will live there happily as 6 for every after. I think it's going on every day all around us. [People's] souls have been brainwashed out of them. The Prisoner [character] was rebelling against this sort of thing.' It's a testament to the brilliance of the series that this 'message' did not come across as 'clunking', as so many TV programmes do when they attempt to make a political point.

Indeed, so subtle was the 'message' that people still ask what was it all about. An allegory is 'a story ... which can be interpreted to reveal a hidden meaning, typically a moral or political one' (OED).

McGoohan was warning us how the system attempts to crush individuality, forcing us to conform, and ensuring we acquiesce to our prison. The ambiguous final episode, much dis-favoured and misunderstood at the time, suggests that this prison is not necessarily a place ('The Village'). but that, conditioned by society, we carry the bars around within us.

A commentator described McGoohan as 'undoubtedly talented, a rebel, a genius, a tyrant, a bit prudish, a perfectionist, stubborn and very, very complicated. Conformity was not in his vocabulary or his psyche. Being different like that leaves scars on the inside and the outside. But I don't think he would, or could have it any other way.'

What would McGoohan have written today, if he could see how we have all been totally seduced by the 'stuff', and suppressed by the system, that he warned against?

Watch Episode One here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sJq6hgAH-gE> You can easily find subsequent episodes.

Note: Patrick McGoohan died in 2009, aged 80. Around the time he was making 'The Prisoner', he famously turned down the role of James Bond.

He would have been the greatest.

Sc-ramblings: Carbonara Calls

YOU KNOW THAT SAYING, that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach? Well, it works.

The very first meal I cooked for my husband-to-be (though I didn't know it at the time) was Spaghetti Carbonara, at a small house I was renting in Perama in the early 80s. I was not aware that his total exposure to spaghetti at home was 'with butter and cheese', something called 'bolonez', and a rather undistinguished sauce consisting mainly of olive oil, grated onion and tomato paste, with a few too many cloves (more about these 'dishes' later). My Carbonara thus constituted a taste revelation for him, and in retrospect I think it was at that point that I became less of that summer's squeeze (in between tourist flings) and more of a potential permanent partner.

Though the Carbonara I made in those days was very tasty, I was cooking it all wrong (I followed the 1954 Elizabeth David recipe in 'Italian Food'). After frying the bacon in butter and plonking it on the spag, I would partially scramble the eggs in the remaining butter, adding a bit of milk and some cheese at the end, then forking it through the kept-hot spaghetti. This is a very dangerous method, as if the pasta has to wait for any length of time at all, the mixture turns to cement as the eggs set. In the future, I was to utilise this quality to prise my husband away from his mother (normally a feat as impossible as ensuring peace in the Middle East), just by phoning up and telling him I was preparing Carbonara, and it would cement -up if he wasn't pronto-ly present. It worked every time.

Nowadays I have abandoned the David method, and cook Carbonara in the Roman way. It is said to have originated in Rome in the middle of the 20th century, urban legend speculating that it was created to appeal to WW2 occupying troops, pining for bacon and eggs. Did this mark the start of the fashion for fusion cuisine?

Rick Stein, in his 'Mediterranean Escapes' recipe book, admits he used to add cream and - like me - the 'wrong' cheese, Parmesan. He quotes an Italian chef: 'Never would the Romans dream of putting anything but pecorino romano on it, and adding cream is unforgivable.'

Continued on Page 14

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 13

Nowadays, Rick cooks pancetta in olive oil, and adds garlic and parsley. He drains the cooked spaghetti (al dente!) and puts it into the still-hot bacon pan. then tips in raw beaten eggs and some pecorino, with salt and black pepper. 'The heat from the spaghetti will be sufficient to partly cook the eggs but still leave it moist and creamy,' he explains. More pecorino on the table, and less risk of that dreaded cement. If you can't find pecorino, Greek kefalotiri is an excellent substitute.

Incidentally, if you order Carbonara in a local restaurant, you will likely be served a dish that ought in truth to be named 'Spaghetti in bacon, mushroom and cream sauce'. Altogether a different kettle of ... um ... pasta.

Back to that 'Unholy Trinity' of the ex's family's pasta. The 'bolonez' was not so bad, though with an overpowering dose of tomato paste and a heavy hand with the herbs it did not have the subtle flavour nor the slow-cooked tenderness of genuine 'Sauce Bolognese'.

The 'tomato paste' sauce was just olive oil also flavoured with a very heavy hand, especially with the cloves. But the horror was to come when I discovered that the 'butter' of the Spaghetti with 'voutiro and tiri' (and rather a lot of the so-called 'voutiro' went on the pasta) actually consisted of cheap margarine. A ghastly return to the Echo marge of boarding school teas.

Next time: First Family Meals - Oh Dear!

And Finally ... Two videos worth watching

'Balham - Gateway to the South' is a spoof travelogue written in the faux-jovial style of the times which follow two American tourists on the first day of their vacation. The original (radio) script was by Frank Muir and the lately-departed Denis Norden.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6ewUOSIRDkk>

'Yanis Varoufakis blows the lid on Europe's hidden agenda' is an interview by Swedish TV of the (betrayed) ex-Finance Minister of Greece. Watch and understand why Greece and the EU is in the current predicament.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nGt82RFfg3U>



Ian MacKenzie winner of the Who Wants to be a Millionaire game with the Wigtown Princess Elise Curran presenting.

Ian Agiot Stalwart

The Way Things Are And Were



Over 90 and still setting the pace



Rarely seen in these waters; a Paul Grove



Paxos pretty little sister

*Courtesy of
Ralph Frank*

<

Simon's World

What intrigues me about these florid old masters' 15th/16th century depictions of meat and fish, is how they compare with contemporary pictures of meat and fish, most especially how so much modern imagery evades the truth of what this food looked like when alive or just killed - unskinned, unplucked, undressed, unbutchered, not yet gutted, beheaded, or descaled. Popular food imagery strives to evade the fact of a transition from life to death - something that was such common knowledge for country people of all ages. Cosmopolitan art from a world dominated by the experience and sensibilities of the town, is prone to challenging this myopia. This painting, from the 16th century, by Pieter Aertsen, 'Butcher's Stall with the Flight into Egypt', like some of our modern art work, it is also replete with moral judgement - but in those days this was about the transience of human life. Even the references to the perishability of the meat is about humans, not the animals. Aertsen's painting comments on the neglect of the true tasks of a Christian life in favour of human bodily pleasures. Meat for most people in those times was rare and expensive, even restricted to the upper classes. In the background of the painting a self-indulgent party are compared with churchgoers, joined by the Holy Family on their flight into Egypt. Today the artist would be far more likely to comment - via shock - on the fact that something had to die for the meal to be prepared. Such modern comment accompanies, on the internet of course, covertly filmed footage from modern abattoirs, fuelling a lively politics around meat and fish eating as a moral choice. Such art also contributes to polarised protest about the rights and wrongs of halal and shechita slaughter and the enforcement of regulation on pre-stunning. In the

15th century it would be far less likely that people would forgo meat and fish for moral reasons or for concerns about health, and bleeding an animal to kill it was normal, rather than solely a religious procedure, for much of what became 'meat'. To see a relatively recent example, involving my stepfather, that might cue such contemporary thoughts and emotions surrounding meat eating, take a look at this 'Old Country' episode in which my stepfather oversees the finely crafted 'disassembly' of a pig by a local butcher. <https://vimeo.com/18387677>



Pine Leaves

Corfu resident Richard Pine, Director of the Durrell Library of Corfu, writes in the US Spectator about the real people behind 'The Durrells of Corfu' TV series.

<https://spectator.us/2018/09/real-durrells-corfu/>

And here he writes in the Irish Times about Santorini's tourism problems.

<https://www.irishtimes.com/news/world/europe/santorini-the-greek-island-caught-in-a-tourism-trap-1.3641166>

Saturday Walks

Saturday, 6 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.

Saturday, 13 October BENITSES: A Walk in the Hinterland (2 hours **).

Meet at Benitses Harbour Square, coffee shop to the left of central mini market, near the Kiosk, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch to be decided.

NOTE: A few short, sharp inclines, nice views.

Saturday, 20 October LIAPADES: The Olive Way (short version 1 1/2 hours **). Meet in Liapades Square, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Please park further down in the village, not in the square. Lunch at Elizabeth's, Doukades.

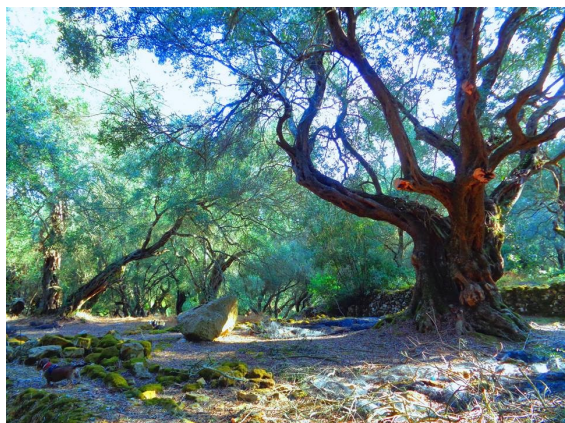
NOTE: We can extend this walk if we feel like it.

Saturday, 27 October PORTA: The Oak Forest and the High Tracks (2 hours **). Meet at the Old Schoolhouse, top of Porta Village, next to the big church, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch wherever is open on the way back towards town.

NOTE: Breathy climb to Mengoulas, exceptional views.

Saturday, 3 November TO BE ARRANGED.

Hopefully a completely new walk somewhere between Gastouri and Agii Deka. WATCH THIS SPACE!



Courtesy of Sue Alexander

NEWS!

Specialist walking gear shop opens in Corfu Town
Maybe like me you have struggled recently to find decent walking footwear and other specialist equipment. Colombia, behind the Liston, was good but it closed down. Admiral is far from admirable if you are female - women's shoes and sandals mostly being pastel and glittery, designed only for post-gym lattes. The big out-of-town sports hyperstores concentrate on 'popular' sports, and offer little to hikers. The 'hiking' footwear that looks so nice in the LIDL catalogue seems mostly made of cardboard (it falls apart after a couple of months of regular use).

But now a small specialist shop has just opened in the town centre.

It's called 'Explore' and it's knowledgeably and dependably run by a member of the local Mountaineering Club. Stock is fairly limited at present but will grow in time. And what they have is what you require.

Explore is at 34 Sevastianou Street, the alleyway between Panton Street and N. Theotoki Street, just behind the Liston. It's the alley that ends (or starts) at the well-known Chryssi Taverna.

Tel. 26610 34148

Mob. 6932 379672

www.exploreshop.gr

info@exploreshop.gr

f. exploreoutdoorshop

Dumball Rally

http://enimerosi.com/details_en.php?id=26008

HTC Announcements

Dear Friends

We are writing to the Pulse mailing list in response to a need for blood donations for Jules. He is currently in hospital in Ioannina awaiting a triple bypass operation next week. The donations can be given in the name of WILSON IOANNINA HEART SURGERY, certainly at Corfu General and also I believe in any hospital in Greece and should be given by next Monday 24th September.

After the operation he will need at least a couple of months recovery and he is thankful for the prayers and practical support he has been receiving.

Please continue to pray for Jules, his family and his team of surgeons and carers in the hospital and that God will keep him safe and back to normal in a few months.

Dear Friends

Enough blood donations have been collected for Jules' operation to go ahead next week. Thank you for your messages and prayers. We will keep you updated.

Dear Friends

Jules' operation has been allocated for Wednesday 26th September. Please remember him in your prayers. The church will be open from 10am so we can pray together.

"Do not be anxious about anything, but in every situation, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus".

Philippians 4:6-7.

The operation is over and the doctors are 'pleased with the outcome'. Jules is still in recovery and Trish has not been able to see him yet.

Thank you everyone for your prayers, support and messages.

Please continue to pray for Jules for a full recovery.

Love and Blessings
HTC



A Poem



In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.



THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION POPPY APPEAL – 2018



This year Remembrance Day falls on Sunday, 11 November and the Collection Boxes, plus a wide variety of Supplies, have now been distributed to many locations around the island: North; South; East; West and Central Corfu.

There will be the Wreath-laying ceremony at the British Cemetery on Sunday, 11 November, commencing at 11.45am and for those of you who have been unable to obtain your Poppy, I will be present at the cemetery with a full range of all available items.

I do understand the ongoing financial difficulties we are still living with. Bearing this in mind I, once again, ask you; our regular and reliable supporters of The Royal British Legion, to donate what you can reasonably afford and I can assure you that every penny will be put to the best possible use.

If anyone would like to have their own Home Collection Box, or to help with the sale of Poppy supplies to the public, please don't hesitate to contact me on: **6975 833654**



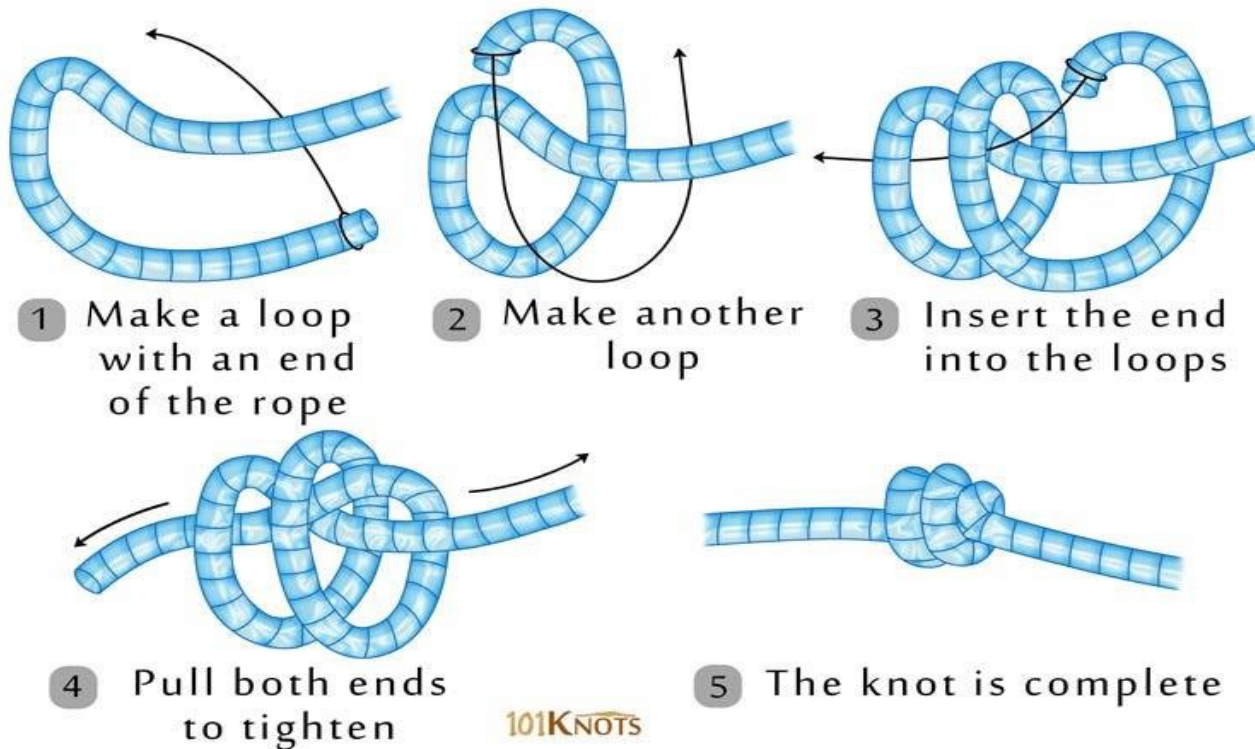
Let us not forget those who gave their all so we could be free and let's stand **'Shoulder-to-shoulder with all who serve'**

Lucy STEELE, M.B.E.
Poppy Appeal Honorary Organiser



Tickle Ties the knot

Barrel Knot Instructions



Aunty Lula's Love-bites

BAKED POTATO AND LEEK GRATIN



INGREDIENTS:-

- 900 g medium-sized potatoes, unpeeled.
- 2 large leeks, trimmed.
- 200g Camembert or ripe, Brie cheese, sliced.
- 450 ml light cream.
- Salt and pepper.

GO:-

Preheat the oven to 180 degrees C.

Cook the unpeeled potatoes in plenty of boiling, salted water for about ten minutes, until slightly softened, then drain and let them cool down.

Cut the leeks into 1 cm lengths and blanch them in boiling water for two to three minutes, until softened, then drain.

Peel the potatoes and thinly slice them. Put half of them into a shallow, butter-greased, oven-proof dish and, spread them out to the edge.

Cover with two thirds of the leeks then, add the remaining potatoes.

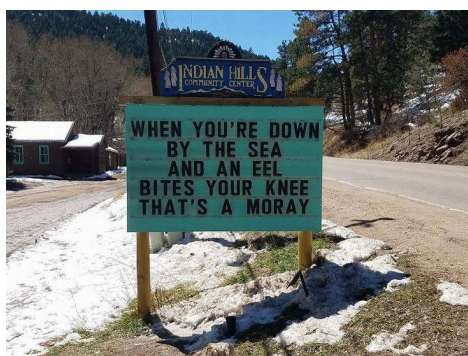
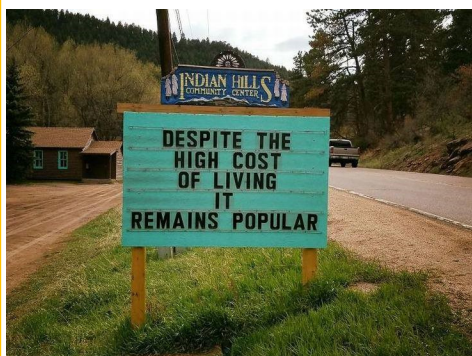
Tuck the slices of cheese and the remaining leeks in among the top layer of potatoes

Season with pepper and pour the cream over.

Bake for one hour, until tender and golden if the top starts to over-brown before the potatoes are tender, cover with foil.

Kali Orex!

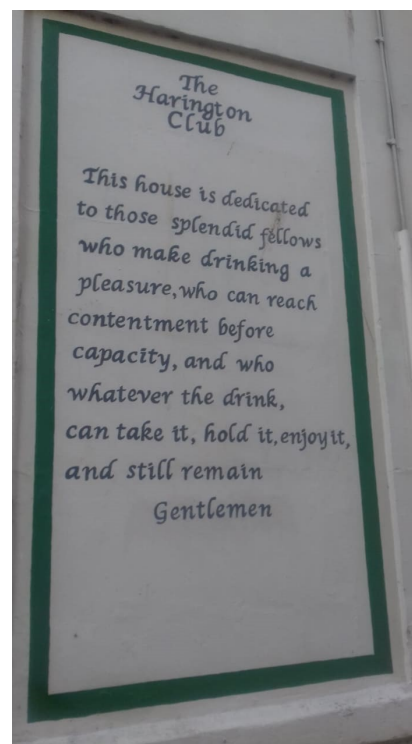
Gooners Gags



I'VE BEEN BANNED FROM TESCO Yesterday I was at my local Tesco store buying a large bag of My Dog dog food for my loyal pet and was in the checkout queue when a woman behind me asked if I had a dog. What did she think I had an elephant? So, since I'm retired and have little to do, on impulse I told her that no, I didn't have a dog, I was starting the Dog Diet again. I added that I probably shouldn't, because I ended up in hospital last time, but I'd lost 10 kilograms before I woke up in intensive care with tubes coming out of most of my orifices and IVs in both arms. I told her that it was essentially a perfect diet and that the way that it works is to load your pockets with My Dog nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry. The food is nutritionally complete so it works well and I was going to try it again. (I have to mention here that practically everyone in queue was now enthralled with my story.) Horrified, she asked me if I ended up in intensive care because the dog food poisoned me. I told her no, I stepped off the kerb to sniff an Irish Setter's arse and a car hit me. I thought the guy behind her was going to have a heart attack he was laughing so hard. I'm now banned from Tesco. Better watch what you ask retired people. They have all the time in the world to think of daft things to say



Since I have started packaging my trash like this, my neighbors respect me. They say "good morning" with a smile and keep the music volume real low.



Village and Island

Oh dear, just wonderful. As I'm settling to type up this effort, my poor dog-abused laptop has finally bit the dust. The chassis hangs on by a thread and now wires inside have become disconnected, rendering recharging impossible.

So, here we go on the reserve laptop-which my old brain now must adjust to, in order to round off this newsletter.

As the photos that were to be included are trapped on my stricken machine, I apologise for the dearth of such for this October edition. Maybe one or two may spring from the ether as this chapter unfolds.

Before they left for Scotland, we had a very nice send-off meal, courtesy of Andy and Janice from the Bowie band. What a great bunch and credit to their nation were that crew.

We recently returned from two nights at the Corfu Beer Festival, where we had a bit of fun with friends. I cannot give a fair assessment of that alternative festival, as naturally I am extremely biased. Suffice to say, it was an interesting sortie into the extremities of our northern coastline.

We stayed at the Hotel from Hell in Arillas, which I refuse to name, as the owner who greeted our arrival was a merry fellow, so why upset him?

The lack of creature comforts was immediately noticeable however, when the wardrobe door handle came off in my hand. Never mind, wash hands and get ready to go out. Oh, no soap. Let's try the shower instead. This was a dangerous move. The flexible-pipe shower-head sprung into life like a writhing snake and flew off its wall-mounting, almost a decapitation there.

Open the fridge. Empty. Completely.

Retreat to the balcony then. No problems there, if you are a Hobbit.

Mosquito protection has not reached this retreat, and the clime was unseasonably warm, so awoke next morning scratching furiously. Quick shower again. No hot water. Well, at least it woke me up. Now, I'm shivering. Flick on the TV. Surprisingly, it does not work.

It was not all negatives, mind. There were numerous stickers around the apartment, with

instructions on what you could do and what you should not do. And you should be aware of the new law inviting an 'occupation tax.' Forgot to pay that, somehow.

Another fast and furious month in the Time that Land forgot. Where to start?



Well, there was Danae's third birthday party, which occurred at Figareto, scene of many a party. I'd never seen so many balloons in my life [in such a relatively small place], peppered around the garden and play area. My son was still blowing up more balloons, as we arrived. Father-in-law was heard to say; 'they must have spent a month's salary on balloons alone!!' Outside, the kids, under parental supervision, were exploring the various slides, swings and see-saws, thoughtfully provided by our in-laws.



One little girl, Maia Elena, played all alone with her doll. She was noticeably less well turned out than her noisier peers, yet she seemed the most contented child of all.

Continued on Page 22

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 21

Danae and I have fun at the Supermarkets. Markato was our playground one day. My task is to keep her in the shopping trolley while hers is to escape from it. She is very capable of doing this. When she does escape she heads straight for the shelves, where she would buy everything in the shop, if she could, including items for adults. I only manage to restrain her from her raiding up the stairs to the first floor, by telling her that is where Cruella Deville lives. Close call. At Jumbo, for her birthday treat, even more vigilance was required by Papoo, as Aladdin's Cave beckoned.

A few incidents pervaded our sacred turf during October. We are becoming like the Wild West, probably brought on since Wyatt Earp [AKA Kostas Halikia] hung up his guns. There was an assault on a young woman in one apartment, by an Albanian. Luckily, her screaming drove him away before he could inflict more than psychological damage. The police were called by a frantic Mum but, they showed little interest, until the intercession of the British Consulate, Charlie Gail Picoula. The Albanian escaped abroad. Ironically, a certain Scotsman, shortly thereafter, was to report the theft of his wallet and cards, cash etc, from a room in the same complex. This time the police did show an immediate interest but the Scotsman later found his belongings, under a pillow, where he'd squirreled them away after a night on the lash.

There was a Scottish wedding, at the church of Irapanti in Kommeno, between Katie Clanahan [niece of Martin Stuart] and Jason McColl. The reception later was at the Pine Garden Estate, Kontokali. A merry busload of cheery Scots-the men in smart kilts- headed out from our plateia.

Late summer visits are happening from Lennart and Sanna, Gina, and Cousin Sofia from Ohio, with her Granddaughter, also Sofia. The beautiful September weather persists to make their stays the more enjoyable! And the Villa Theodora pool is alive once more with splashing and squealing.

I'm put in mind on one glorious dusky evening, as I trundle down the Ropa valley, of a similar evening thirty-one years ago, when the late and much-loved Uncle Lollos, took me and my English car for a very sedate, if somewhat zigzagging adventure along this very same route. I believe we stopped at every hostelry along the highway, where Uncle partook of a little ouzo and chatted with his mates. All the way along he

was assuring me in his limited English that he had driven taxis in Corfu for many a year, without a single crash. For my part I was mightily impressed by his capacity to hold so much liquor and stay on the road simultaneously.

Our Phoenika tree has a fresh outbreak of the beetle blight, which has devastated Corfu. The tree-man has returned and doused our fifty-year-old tree, but thinks its days may be numbered. We thought earlier in the year that Andy's days were also numbered. Yet, he soldiers gamely on with his heart pills and coughing and many hours of sleep. The old bushy-tail has developed a new trick, which they say old dogs are incapable of. He stalks us around the house, breathing heavily, stopping the moment we are no longer in the same room as him. This is to remind us that he would like a snack.

We are sending our best thoughts and wishes to our friend Jules, of the Anglican Church, who has recently undergone successful triple by-pass heart surgery in Ioannina.

To end this busy month on a high, what better news to report on than our dear daughter-in-law, Elina, is now expecting her second child in the Spring. Further adventures at the Supermarkets of Corfu now await unsuspecting shoppers in the future.

Editor's note:-

Because of the aforesaid computer misbehavior, I have lost- for this week anyway and along with photos, the Chapters for Bespoke Property, Oca and Corfu Property Trail, all of which we hope will be back on track in November.



'You better call Pauls'

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.

Corfu Golden Paste



A MESSAGE FROM KATRINA GICA.

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

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

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

For Orders please message me, call 26610 58090 or 6948 547 663. Or email gicas@otenet.gr .

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



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

Keep your eyes open for them opening soon.



Raclette



abondance

Tome >



Reblochon <

Beaufort >



If you have a pool or want to get one, we are what you are looking for! Pool chemicals, spare parts for all brands and all the stuff needed for a pool, you can find in our shops!

1st-Nat. Rd. Palaiokastritsa 50, Solari & 2nd-Nat. Rd. Lefkimmi, Kanalia

Solar energy is for free! Why not get advantage of it? We can advise you for the best solution! Just ask us!

Tel: 26610 36995 Email: info@ecopoint.gr



RoadHouse Music, Corfu

Line6 iv75
€150
Κέρκυρα

A great do it all combo with a loud 75 watts.

Nice clean conditions.

Can courier c.o.d all over Greece

Επιστόμιο
Bach
>



Πωλείται Ibanez JS-100 Satriani (1998)



Corfu Tourist gets things done

INTERNATIONAL HELLENIC WORLD

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

| | χρόνος / time | κόστος / price |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------|
| ΤΙΜΟΚΑΤΑΛΟΓΟΣ / PRICE LIST | 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 € |

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

Xrisa Jewellery



Beautiful hand-crafted designs like this, made with love by Xrisa Mantzarou.

Telephone
6978206077
for all enquiries.

