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The Agiot

162nd Edition

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Garitsa Bay moon

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti



"Waiter, you seem to have mixed my bill up with somebody who wants to buy this restaurant."

'RIP-OFF Island' (and it's not Corfu)

I RECENTLY ENJOYED A TOWN-CENTRE LUNCH with three friends (all writers in The Agiot) in Pergola restaurant, near Agia Sophia church. We had two plates of sardines, grilled halloumi, courgette fritters, and bekri meze (spicy beef stew), all generous portions and garnished with mixed green leaves and tomatoes so that we needed no salad. Plus, two bottles of retsina and two of posh water. The bill for four was 55 euros.

Fine, you say, fairly typical (although many central places, like those on the Liston, are much more expensive), but I'm writing this due to a report about the experience of two American ladies in Greece's self-styled 'Golden Isle', Mykonos. Tired of eating in their hotel, they headed out to a nearby beachside establishment. Not particularly hungry, they ordered a sharing platter of fried squid, a lobster pasta and a salad (none of it was very good, they said). In no meaningful way were they shown a menu, and when the bill came it was 1,640 euros. This is not a typo: One thousand six hundred and forty euros (even without the zero it would have been expensive). On complaining, they were closely surrounded by five hulking waiters, who warned them that if they didn't cough up, they would not leave the island.

Other people have come forward to condemn DK Oyster, on Platys Gialos Beach. The displayed menu shows coffees and teas at 15 euros, a bottle of Greek tsipouro at 149, plate of chips 25, and even plain water at 8.90. A single GLASS of 'premium wine' is 89 euros.

Meanwhile back in Corfu, the relocated grill room at Sinarades * charged four of us 28 euros in total for four portions of meat-based food (souvlaki, bifteki, sausage and pitta), plus two (or was it three?) bottles of retsina. Aren't you glad you live here, and not on Greece's 'Goldbrick Isle'?

['Goldbrick' = colloquial Americanism for 'swindle']

* It's at the road junction at the northern end of Sinarades, where you go right to the village and left to Kastellani. Identified by those vertical flags that everyone has these days.



The Storm that Never Was

ON THE WAY TO LESLEY BEAUPRE'S GALLERY OPENING on 9th June at Kinopiastes, I received a 'Severe Weather Warning' by text. At the gallery, people were talking about it and worriedly glancing at the sky. The owner of Tripa Taverna, opposite the gallery, had received the same warning earlier, and as a result had cancelled a party of over 100 people, due to dine that evening in the taverna's garden.

It did not rain. Not a drop.

To paraphrase the warning: 'A Severe Weather Warning has been given for your region. For your own security, please stay indoors until informed by the authorities that it is safe.' *

Time was, we'd watch the evening weather forecast with its neutral information, and make judgements on our own as to our safety or otherwise. I don't need anyone to instruct me not to walk in old-growth woodland when a wild wind is up, because I can judge by myself the risk of being hit by a falling branch.

Continued on Page 3

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 2

I don't need a wagging finger to prevent my tramping in long grass in summer, because I am aware of the danger of disturbing a snake. Likewise, I don't need instructions to stay inside when the weather is bad.

See what happens when you take these ominous warnings seriously, instead of relying on your own judgment and experience: Tripa Taverna lost a few thousand euros in turnover by cancelling the booking, due to giving credence to an exaggerated weather prediction. We have another recent example: Responding to a completely different threatened scenario, in 2020 a large section of the population huddled at home in fright for the best part of two years, paralysed by a vastly overstated prediction (see below) that they would die horribly of a not particularly virulent illness.

The long-term effects of such nannying are that people lose the ability to think for themselves, and become unable to estimate risk and to weigh up possible outcomes. Then they need even more nannying, until they cannot function without the say-so of the State.

And, of course, a dumbed-down, fearful, dependent and subservient population is just what the State desires. Now that the 'authorities' see that we are so easily conditioned by fear to behave passively and compliantly, they will exploit the 'fright factor' in future fake scenarios. And you'll fall for it. Wait and see.

(* Of course, no message came in to tell us the warning was over and we were 'allowed' out again, so anyone who fell for it might still be battened down at home waiting for the imaginary severe weather to come and go. Just like those people STILL wearing masks.)

Covid threat exaggerated, admits dedicated government agency

MEMBERS OF THE SCIENTIFIC PANDEMIC INFLUENZA GROUP have voiced regret about their role in the use of psychology in the governments COVID agenda. In a new book, 'A State of Fear' by Laura Dodsworth, they admit that: 'in March 2020, the government were very worried about compliance. They thought people wouldn't consent to being locked down. There were discussions with ministers about fear being needed to encourage compliance and decisions were made about how to ramp up the fear'. The group advised ministers that they needed to increase the level of personal threat from COVID (sic) because a substantial number of people did not feel sufficiently threatened. They admit using covert psychological manipulation techniques to coerce the public into total obedience and compliance. The group now admit that it was unethical and totalitarian... Boris knew all along that the entire pandemic was based on

lies, that there was no health emergency in the UK and that it was safe to break the rules and PARTY.

The Mail has been at it again with unintelligible statements that often mean the opposite of what the copywriter intended:

'It is to the Chancellor's credit that he has already introduced emergency help for struggling families worth £22billion.'

If families are worth £22billion, I rather doubt they are struggling. Surely, they mean 'It is to the Chancellor's credit that he has already introduced emergency help worth £22billion for struggling families.'

And here's another beaut, the caption for a drone selfie of a man, presumably a maintenance operative, perched on the hub of a wind turbine.

'This man has achieved probably the best ever selfie. He sat on top of a wind turbine for this beautiful drone shot, although it's highly dangerous so definitely do not try it at home.'

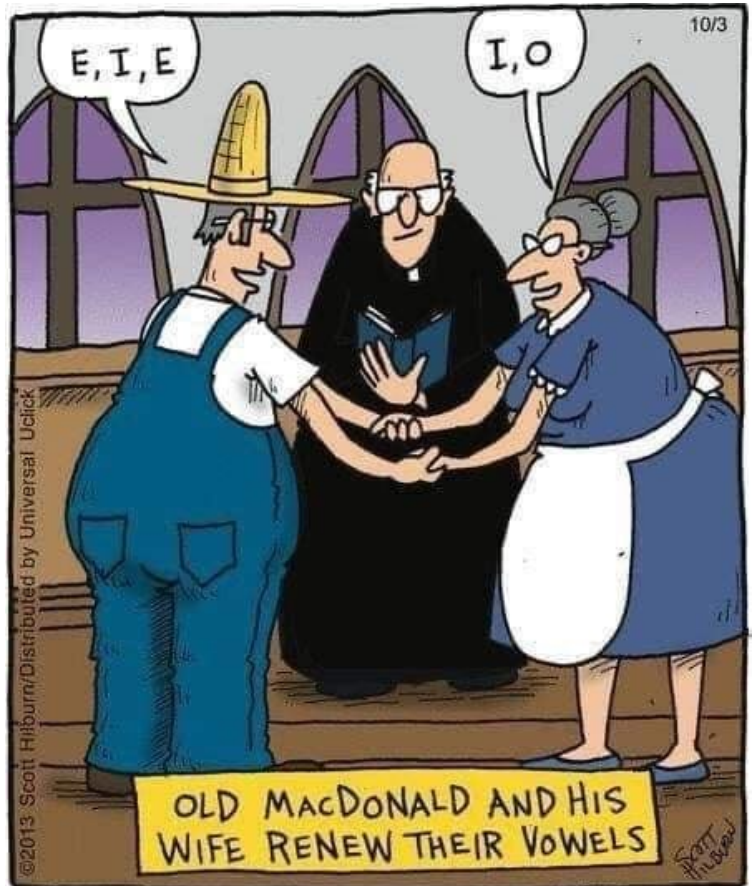
To which a reader replied: 'As I haven't got a 200ft wind turbine at home, I'm not likely to try it.'

This constituted another unnecessary warning from Nanny, and it's gratifying that a clued-up reader responded with a smidgin of sarcasm.

Given that many of the common surnames we have today were originally bestowed in Medieval times as labels for the work or trade of the person (think Smith, Tyler, Constable, Wheeler), it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that a man with a trade-related name should sometimes end up in that work, such as a Constable joining the police force. So, feel a little pity for Keith Weed, who is, of all things, President of the Royal Horticultural Society...



Gooners Gags

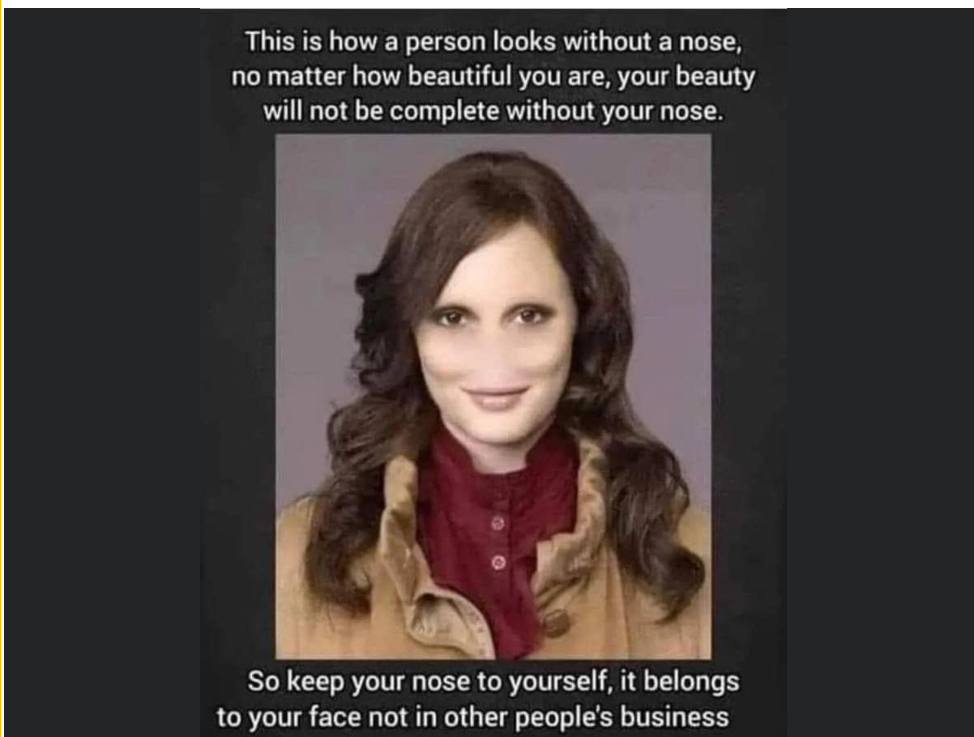
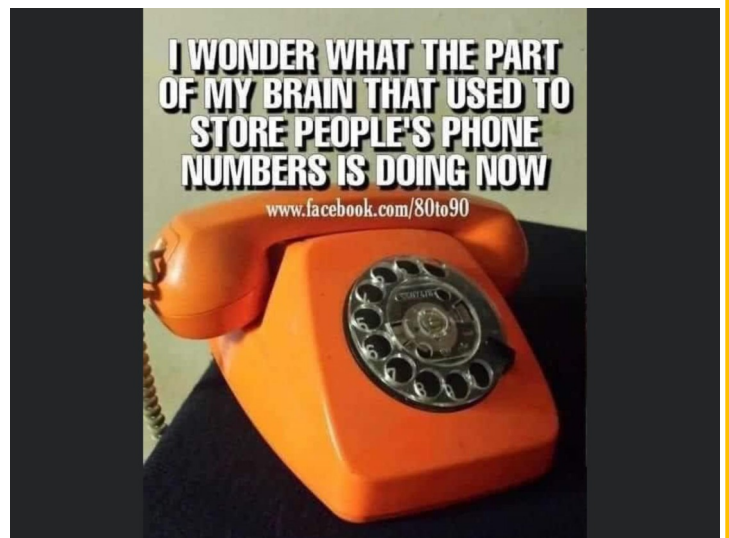


A young woman was pulled over for speeding. A Pennsylvania State Trooper walked to her car window, flipping open his ticket book. She said, "I bet you are going to try to sell me a ticket to the Pennsylvania Trooper's Ball." He replied, "Pennsylvania State Troopers don't have balls." There was a moment of silence. He closed his ticket book, tipped his hat, got back in his patrol car and left.

Drove past this plumber today with this decal painted on his truck.



Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 4



The England football team visited an orphanage in Wolverhampton today.

“It’s heartbreaking to see their sad little faces with no hope,” said Ben, age six.

Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 5



Realized I had to use the bathroom.

Got up and walked across the house, to the pantry.

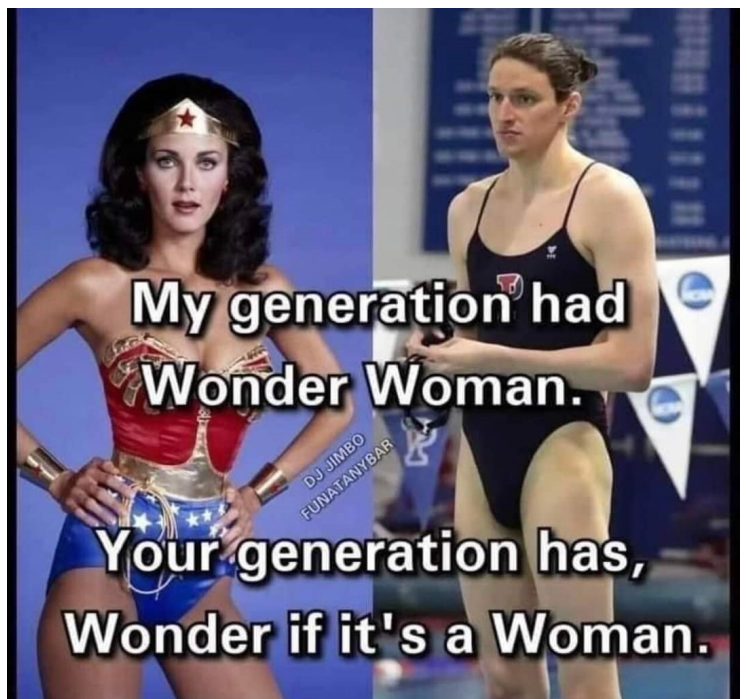
Couldn't remember why I was in the pantry.

remembered I had to use the bathroom.

Walked across the house to the bathroom.

Sitting on the throne I remembered why I went to the pantry...

Toilet paper.



Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 6

My wife and I have started role playing in the bedroom, her favourite is 'Sexy librarian' where I have to sit quietly while she reads a book.



A Winchester woman driving along at speed passed over a bridge only to find a cop with a radar gun on the other side lying in wait. The cop pulled her over, walked up to the car, with that classic patronizing smirk & asked, 'What's your hurry?'

She replied, 'I'm late for work.'

'Oh yeah,' said the cop, 'what do you do?'

'I'm a Rectum Stretcher,' she responded.

The cop stammered, 'A what?.....'

'A Rectum Stretcher!'

'And just what does a rectum stretcher do?'

'Well,' she said, 'I start by inserting one finger in the rectum, then work my way up to two fingers, then three, then four, then with my whole hand in I work from side to side until I can get both hands in, and then I slowly but surely stretch it, until it's about 6 feet'

'And just what the hell do you do with a 6 foot arsehole?' he asked

'You give him a radar gun & park him behind a bridge..'



😬 3



Continued on Page 8

Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 7



Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 7



Gareth Morgan's Virus Theory - Part 4 Overview

Ed: -Here is the conclusion of this fascinating Series by Gareth, pointing you towards further reading, should you have been interested thus far.

Related Papers

[Inactivation of Enveloped Viruses \(Coronavirus, H5N1 Virus\) and Disinfection of the Air with Legionella-X 100 Via Ultraviolet Germicidal Irradiation \(UVGI\)](#)

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Letters to the Editor

A message from the Editor.

Hello Gentle Reader,

And welcome muchly to the July Edition. I hope you will find bits to amuse you here.

It is time to say goodbye to Gareth Morgan's regular 'Virus Theory' reassessment. What a trip that was. Thank you, Gareth, for your kindness with allowing the downloads!

No Lula's Lovebites I'm afraid. She is almost a full-time carer for Nitsa and Kostas at present. She recently spent nine straight days and nights in the Hell Hospital with her Mum!

Welcome back to Richard Pine this month, and some new enterprises to tickle your fancy.

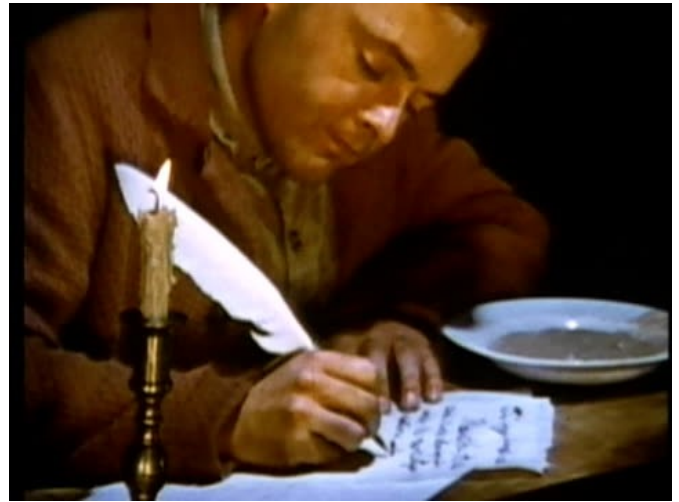
As the Economy sags and wheezes like a dying person, burglaries and the like are on the rise in Corfu.

So, we kick off with a useful message from this lady: Sheena Bates shared a link. [Corfu neighbourhood alert group](#)

'Dear all

Some of you know me, many don't, so may I just take a few secs to introduce myself.

I live in Agios Georgios Pagon with my husband and Labrador! I served 30 years in UK police before moving permanently here.



I am so sorry to hear that so many residents are experiencing burglaries and thefts and having attended and dealt with more burglaries than I could hazard a guess at I am well aware of just how devastating the effects can be. So rather than sit back and feel useless I am collating data taken from this page to try to see if there are any patterns/obv links to m.o etc

If anyone would like to message me direct, please feel free.

In respect of home security, one of the best affordable items on the market at the moment is the Ring doorbell.

This links to your phone and any movement sends an alert to your phone so you can see real time who is within the vicinity of your door (or wherever else you decide to put it i.e., gate?)

It also records and allows you to speak through it which could well be a deterrent as it could indicate you're inside your house, or you could tell unwanted guests that the Police are en route.'

Letters To The Editor – Continued from Page 10

Patricia Stach from Germany messaged:

‘Oh my god, this is not a newsletter, it is a Newsbook 🤔🤔. It is so crazy to see Kostas and Peter with their own children, because I remember the day when you all four moved over from England. Kostakis with a little red and yellow f***** car making incredible noise. We're getting old. Greetz to the whole family.’

Ed:- ‘Dear heart! Danke!! Yes, I too remember that day. It seems so far of and so close, all wrapped up in one. Much love to you from your other home.’

Our Poetess contributor sent in this:

‘Hello Paul, how are you? I saw the last Beach Rats in the Agiot. Thank you very much for publishing it all this months. Many Greetings and a big hug. Bruni.’

Ed:- Hey, Bruni. I absolutely have fallen in love with Beach Rats. I get it. All is good here. I hope you two continue to prosper!! If you want to publish any more of your heart-felt poetry then this is where you should send it. Much love xxx

In Memoriam



This is in memory of the lovely Mary Doumbou, who left us recently.

I prayed for change, so I changed my mind.

I prayed for guidance and learned to trust myself.

I prayed for happiness and realized I am not my ego.

I prayed for peace and learned to accept others unconditionally.

I prayed for abundance and realized my doubt kept it out.

I prayed for wealth and realized it is my health.

I prayed for a miracle and realized I am the miracle.

I prayed for a soul mate and realized I am the One.

I prayed for love and realized it's always knocking,

but I have to allow it in.

— Jackson Kiddard

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Good afternoon,
Details below are of this month's 100 Club winners.
Thank you for all the support you continue to give.
As we near the beginning of July, the second quarters payments become due (though many of you have paid the annual total so this is for info only).
If you are nearby Agios Ioannis, please feel free to make contact so we can collect the payments.
Look forward to seeing you soon,
Many Thanks
Paul and Jan xx
6948 701 369

* * * * *



The 100+ Club.

The 100+ Club 3rd draw of year 10 was held today
Wednesday 29th June 2022.

At Blue Bar Gouvia Marina.

The winner of the 100€ was Number 98, Julia Tilley,
drawn by non - member Yiannis

The winner of the 50€ was Number 29, Lou Taylor drawn
by non - member Marrion.

Congratulations to both winners.

Number of people present 8.

Members present 6.

Thank you to all who attended

A big thank you to the 130 members who support the
100+ Club,

Also, a big thank you to,

Paul & Jan Scotter, central area Team Support,

North area Team Support, Sandra Klouda & Louise Taylor.

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fanys Bar Ipsos.

The 100+ Club, representatives present, Ken & Jan Harrop
(Project Leaders). Jan & Paul Scotter (Central Area Team
Support).

If you are interested in supporting the 100+ Club please
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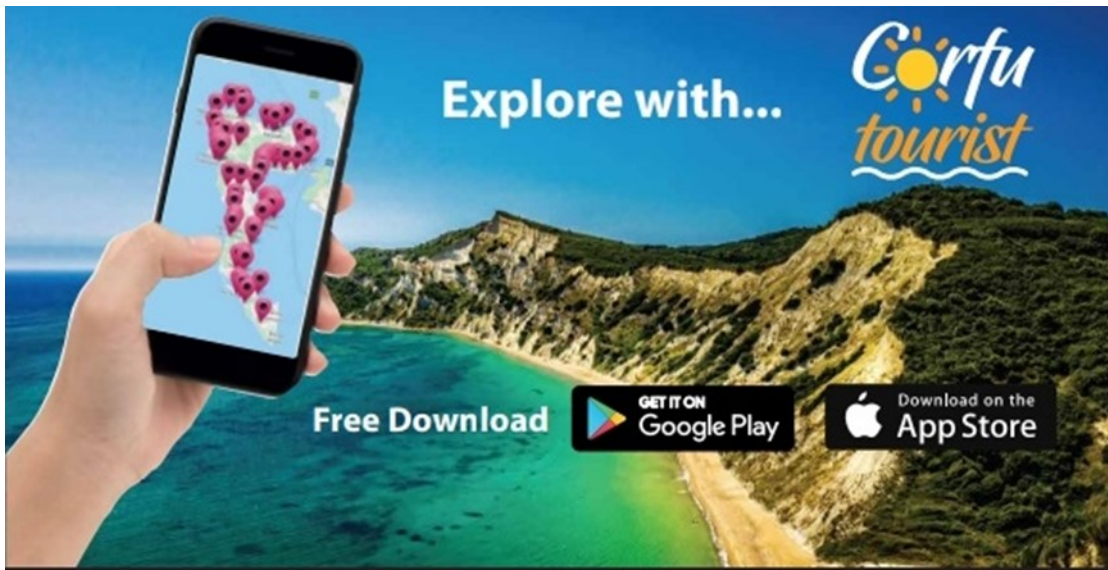
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New Openings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

With two years of intermittent tourism, and no certainty that we would ever be 'allowed' to go back to our old lives, it would have been natural if many local business owners and entrepreneurs had given up and sat on their hands, as they have elsewhere. In contrast, many Corfu residents have spent the time preparing for life to start up again with new enterprises, and improvements to existing ones. An example is Elizabeth's Taverna in Doukades, where the proprietors greatly enhanced the premises by spending Lockdown One constructing a new terrace garden, where diners can sit in peace, shade and comfort away from a narrow strip right on the village street that was previously their only outside space. Another go-ahead eatery is Apomero in the Ropa Valley, whose proprietors, formerly of Nafsika Restaurant on Ermones Beach, relocated to premises belonging to the family after the 'pandemic' decimated the resort's tourist industry. They are now enjoying lively business with locals, and with any visitors who are lucky enough to find them.

Here, we feature a number of people who've gone for it. It certainly is not the suspicious 'New Normal' we were threatened with. In fact, it feels like the 'Old Normal' on steroids!

New Art Gallery in Kinopiastes - Lesley Beaupre



At the opening: Artist Lesley (centre) with former Corfu Prefect Stefanos Poulimenos (right) and Tripa Taverna proprietor Spiros Anyfantis (left)

Artist Lesley Beaupre held the official opening of her art gallery in Kinopiastes on Thursday, 9th June. Among those present were the former Prefect of Corfu Stefanos Poulimenos, who was previously President of the Kinopiastes community and then Mayor of the Achillion Municipality; artist and author Panagiotis Mavropoulos from nearby Stavros; and Tripa Taverna co-owner Spiros Anyfantis, whose establishment is located opposite the new gallery.

Kinopiastes is rapidly becoming a village of multiple attractions. Tripa Taverna is the obvious original, but there is also an attractive convent a short walk uphill, and an Olive Museum next door, which unfortunately is currently closed. And that's in addition to the pleasing vernacular architecture of the old houses, and the delightful shady village square just around the corner from the gallery.

The gallery premises were formerly a traditional grocery store run by Spiros Tripas' great uncle, but apart from the footprint of the building and the polished mosaic floor in no way does it resemble its previous incarnation. In place of rickety meccano-style shelves and dusty food staples, the walls are pristine white, with paintings on the walls, and others hanging from the ceiling to create little spaces within the whole. The neutral background provides a frame which concentrates the viewer's eye upon the vivid palette of the art.

Lesley explains about the theme of her first exhibition, currently on show: 'The title work for this, my first solo exhibition on Corfu, is "We will play nice when we catch them, and sing". You will see on my website that dogs, in particular a small black pointy-eared one, frequently appear. I was involved with an animal welfare group on a Caribbean island where I lived before coming here. Recently, I have been a volunteer at one of Corfu's rescue shelters. I will not put into words how this has affected me - but maybe I have put it into paint. What if the Dog Star fell from the sky?

'When I learned that Kinopiastes can be translated as "the village of the dog catchers" there was no doubt in my mind what my opening exhibition would be about. It is a mix of new and retrospective works.

New Openings - Continued from Page 17

'And along the way, from one of the many rescue groups on this island, I recently acquired a small pointy-eared black dog.'

It seems that in Kinopiastes Life imitates Art.

On Facebook, Lesley is to be found at 'The Gallery, Kinopiastes'. Further details about her career are on her site <https://www.lesleybeaupre-artist.com/> though she says it's not updated to include much about Corfu yet.

Kinopiastes is located a few kilometres south of Corfu Town. From Town, follow the road south and go straight on at Vrioni for the Achillion. Go straight on at the Achillion junction. Kinopiastes is the first major village on the right. Either park at the road junction and walk five minutes up into the village, or drive up into the village (narrow!) and follow the street through the square to the car park, which is just after the gallery. Be aware that if you go to the car park, the way out is onward and not back through the village.

The Gallery is located exactly opposite the world famous Tripa Taverna *, where you can have a look inside at the characteristic vestibule - the quirkily-decorated 'Hole' of the establishment's name.

* Past guests include Anthony Quinn, Jimmy Carter, Francois Mitterrand, Melina Mercouri and Jane Fonda among others.

New Olive Oil Museum in Vistonas – Enotis

Photos courtesy of Corfu Tourist



Out in May on a recce drive with friend and colleague Pete from Corfu Tourist, I had been promised a visit to an olive press. Little did I know what sneaky Pete had in mind. We pulled up at the press in Vistonas - but the olive harvest was evidently over. 'It's closed,' I said, disappointed. 'Yes, but the museum's open,' announced Pete, who had set up a nice surprise for my benefit.

I had been looking to the left of the road, and hadn't noticed the large and shiny new building on the opposite side - the Enotis Olive Oil Museum, which opened on 2 April this year.

The Museum comprises an airy space where the history and evolution of olive oil production is laid out in the form of press machinery down the years, from the primitive single-wheel press to a almost-modern diesel-powered mechanism. They are interspersed with displays of agricultural tools and artefacts from past ages, and interpretive boards with pictures, descriptions and commentary in (for a change) excellent English. A film showing modern machinery and techniques plays on a loop. The whole installation is exceedingly well-executed and thoroughly captivating. (It was designed in partnership with the Ionian University.)

Through into another space, you find the products display and tasting area. Enotis showcases two types of its own olive oil: the eponymous 'Enotis', a single-variety oil from the local Lianola olive; and 'Agathon', a blend of Lianola and Corinthiako. The packaging is modern, crisp and stylish, from the standard-sized bottles to the small souvenir ones - and to take home for family and friends, a gift box is on sale for the princely sum of 6.20 (price in May). You can also buy packs of whole Lianola olives - and I promise you, you'll never buy another of those Kalamata ones.

Tastings of the oil and the olives are gratis and generous.

Continued on Page 17

New Openings - Continued from Page 18

In addition to olive merchandise, the shop sells a host of other local produce: Honey, marmalade, and olive oil soap, plain or scented with kumquat, rose, lavender and chamomile. It's a great place to stock up with attractive gifts that are a little out of the ordinary. And it's an opportunity to support a notable island venture, which very evidently has been a brave and substantial investment. May it repay the Konstantis family in spades.

The Enotis Olive Oil Museum is located at the edge of the village of Vistonas, which is just north of Paleokastritsa. Take the road to Lakones, run the gauntlet of Bella Vista and the Makrades junk-souvenir shops, and Vistonas is the next village.

The Museum stands just 200 metres from the Corfu Trail where it begins its descent towards Makrades. We hope that hikers using the island's long-distance footpath will take the opportunity to find out more about the olive trees that are such a characteristic feature of Corfu's walking landscape.

The descent to Makrades by way of the Trail follows a very ancient path which, considering the possible age of Vistonas (some say it dates back to ancient times) could be thousands of years old. The path was almost lost in undergrowth, and the Corfu Trail team, under the guidance of local resident (and olive harvester) Joy Konstanti (distant cousin) cleared it and brought it back into use.

Enotis Olive Oil Museum, Vistonas
26630 49038 - 6973 610889
www.enotis.gr - info@enotis.gr - Facebook Enotis-olive groves & museum

New Pizzeria-Trattoria at Ermones – Salado



Nikos and Litsa had been open just a week at the time of writing (20 June), but were happy to announce 70% capacity during those initial days - garnered without any publicity or promotion. They'd spent the early part of the season hard at work converting their new premises, with the main task the construction of a traditional wood-fired pizza oven.

Along with the oven comes an expert pizza chef, Fotis, who learned his trade at one of Greece's best cookery schools, and honed it at the renowned Hotel Elounda, Crete's largest and most prestigious. Two years in France provided additional experience, and now Ermones and the surrounding area are reaping the benefit.

The new establishment constitutes a boost to Ermones, which lost one of its only two public restaurants last year due to covid (the proprietors re-opened at Apomero in the Ropa Valley, with a less tourist-oriented menu). And it is also a boost to locals at home in one of the villages in the area, who can order delivery to all points in the direction of Giannades and Pelekas - and best news of all as far as Agios Ioannis (pick-up at the traffic lights).

The pizza menu includes Special (bacon, ham, peppers, mushrooms and fresh tomato), Carbonara, Pepperoni, Philadelphia, Chicken, Horiatiki, and Prosciutto and Rocket. Dedicated pizza fans with a sweet tooth can even round off the feast with Chocolate Biscuit and Banana Pizza! Like the pizzas, the pasta menu showcases the establishment's own take on the likes of Carbonara, Bolognese, Matriciana and Salmon.

Having found their feet, Nikos and Litsa are now planning a Brochure Blitz, locally and all over their catchment area - so look out for Salado coming your way!

Salado, Ermones

By the 'Ermones Beach' bridge, on the approach to the Grand Mediterraneo Hotel
Delivery: 6970 454394

Corfu Weather Statistics - June 2022

High & Low Weather Summary for June 2022

	Temperature	Humidity	Pressure
High	36 °C (3 Jun, 15:50)	94% (8 Jun, 23:50)	1016 mbar (8 Jun, 23:50)
Low	17 °C (11 Jun, 03:50)	26% (5 Jun, 17:20)	1002 mbar (10 Jun, 05:20)
Average	27 °C	63%	1012 mbar

* Reported 1 Jun 00:20 — 30 Jun 23:50, Corfu. Weather by CustomWeather, © 2022

Note: Actual official high and low records may vary slightly from our data, if they occurred in-between our weather recording intervals... [More about our weather records](#)

Summary

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature (°F)			
Max Temperature	97	89.87	77
Avg Temperature	84.88	80.07	71.29
Min Temperature	75	70.1	63
Dew Point (°F)	75	65.53	50
Precipitation (inches)	0.00	0.00	0.00
Wind	22	4.78	0
Gust Wind	17	0.01	0
Sea Level Pressure	30	29.87	29.58

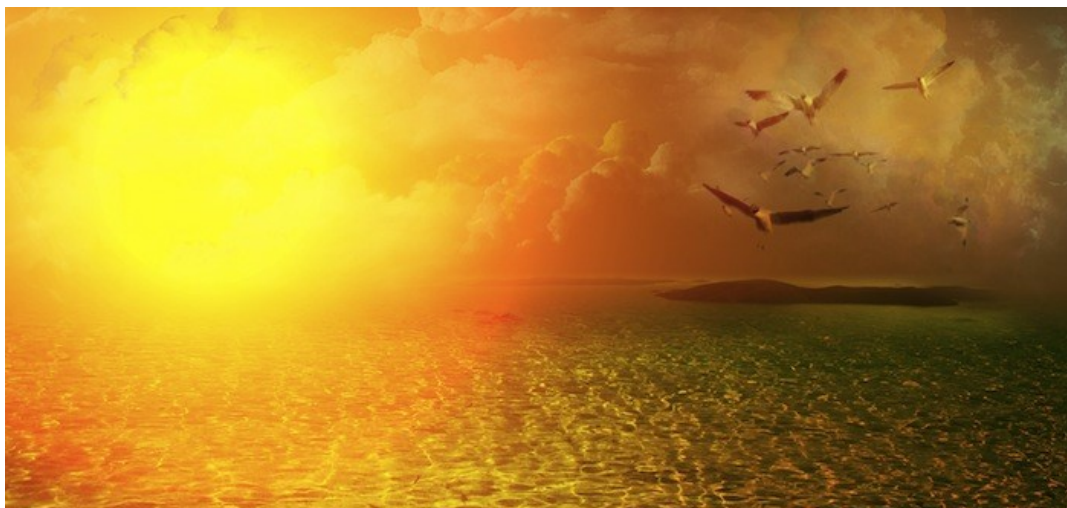
As one can still see, the Weatherman is still in denial of any rain whatsoever!

For more about the weather
GO TO:

[https://
www.timeanddate.com/
weather/@2463678/historic](https://www.timeanddate.com/weather/@2463678/historic)

&

[http://
www.wunderground.com/
history/airport/
LGKR/2013/9/1/
MonthlyHistory.html?
req_city=NA&req_state=N
A&req_statename=NA#PFq
1VRYHlbugcTgf.99](http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTgf.99)



Bespoke Property

Moonshine Valley begins to take shape.

We await the removal of shuttering, the arrival of bricklayers, while half the work force complain they have Covid.

Waters supply is connected.



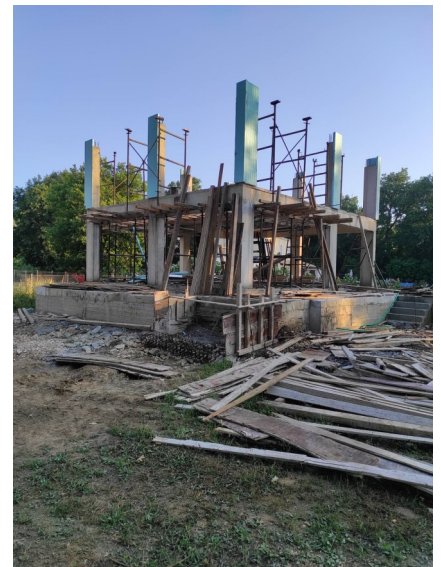
Continuing Skyward



Edifice



From adjacent property



Insulation



Steps in the right direction

<

Concrete Sinasi in place

>



Bespoke Property - Continued from Page 20

At Ano Korakiana the ground is marked and levelled and awaits two bases.



Ano Korakiana Entrance



The Grove



The Lone Pine

Poetry Corner

SEX

The curtain of night rises, and the scene below is lit.
The valley, like some exotic dancer, strips each
filigree layer of mist in a teasing reveal.

Collared doves, as if inspired by the dawn, pursue
each other from roof to treetop. Swifts, in their Top
Gun style, practice in-flight refueling.

Without our twisted intellect to interfere, life goes
on creating life.

Sex is all around. Even the fad of "Trans" is nothing
new to nature.

Non binary plants sprout proud stamens, while
quivering anthers await fulfillment.

The more "hetto" plants employ bee pimps. Like an
Arial sperm delivery service.

Nature's IVF in an elegant symbiosis. Our
intelligence gives us no right to sneer at sex.

It's at the root of most life. And we wouldn't be here
without it.

Fallon De Fears



Video Plus Corner

* Car Passenger Devoured by Sharks

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xxGrVCLN00E>

Wuthering Heights

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1pMMIe4hb4>

John Lydon on Kate Bush

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QV25-V1cYN4>

How this Pilot Broke the Rules and Saved
418 Lives | Terror Over Athens

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MPCx8WNkJA>

Frozen in Time- The Girl with Golden Hair

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9oNJZeddZnU>

Renting a car in Greece

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aJaSw0s_wa0

CATASTROPHE AT HER OWN
WEDDING - The Tragic Story of Angela Rose,
in Lawrence New York

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u1nJ7lhn5-8>

Jack Hargreaves Special, with Simon
Baddeley

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yXnhV85htEo>

* [Αλεξανδρος Καπατσουλιας](#)

Great show, Hal... Persistence, study of all details from the attacks, questioning the opinions of “experts” and analyzing the facts can lead to the truth... I live in Greece and like many others watching your channel have been obsessed with shark attacks for quite a long time. Trying to catch up with the previous episodes of your show, I came across your report of the 1951 attack on Vanda Pierri. I don’t know if you have already mentioned this, but there was another fatality in Corfu island –before 1900. It took place at Mandraki beach, in July of 1847. The victim was a British soldier, William Mills, 19. A large GW swam among local bathers and Mills’ fellow soldiers straight towards the poor guy, probably like having picked him specifically, grabbed him and sank again. One bite, he was gone. I believe they had found some remains a few days later, but I’m not really sure about that. It was in all newspapers at the time. The tragic loss of Mr Mills had also become the inspiration for a great poem by one of our major poets, D. Solomos. The poem, written in 1849, is called “Porphyras”, which was a word used for large sharks by the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands. There was even a University Course in Modern Greek Literature including that poem... Another fatality was the attack on Dim. Parassakis, 17, in September of 1948 on a beach near the Port of Pireaus. His friends witnessed the attack, talking about a 6-6.5 m. white shark. First bite severed his arm, second bite swallowed him from head to the waist. Then the shark took the rest of the body and disappeared. Nothing was found, the young man was completely consumed. Same as with H. Pogle in Trikeri island, 1963, same as with V. Pierri in Corfu. No test bites, no mistaken identity, no bumping, just three purely predatory attacks, with the victims ending up being eaten alive in shallow waters – only the attack on V. Pierri took place in 6-7 m. of water.. If I’m not mistaken, we had 14 recorded shark attacks in nearly 170 years in Greek waters. Eleven out of fourteen were fatal ! The total number is not great, the last recorded fatality was in 1983, I believe (a very strange case, indeed), but the ratio is scary...

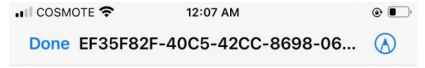
Nature



Carpenter bee
by Gillian Dick



Dahl's whip snake
Courtesy Paul Mathew



By Joy Konstantis



Common Bluetail - Ischnura elegans

Courtesy of
George
Kaloyiannis



*Turkish Clubtail from Fonissa river,
Sidari. George Kaloyiannis*



Not one but two Male Herman's tortoise
from Labrador Tree Services



*The peace and quiet will soon be over, the Cicadas
have arrived.*
Courtesy Peter Hardiman

Looking for the Durrells

Melanie Hewitt
Harper Inspire, 8.99 sterling

Reviewed by Richard Pine

Verdict: one wonders why Melanie Hewitt bothered to offer us such appalling drivel.

Spoiler: Young woman, unhappy in love, comes to Corfu due to the lure of *My Family and Other Animals*. Almost nothing happens, and she goes home.

Melanie Hewitt, according to her publisher, wanted to be a book illustrator, but gave that up to take a degree in English, and then decided to become a nanny, a career choice thwarted by the attraction of journalism (she became editor of the Doncaster Advertiser, no less). Apparently not content with this way of life, she then worked in PR before deciding to become an educator. Along the way she became a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, although we are not told on what basis this distinction was awarded. Quite a career so far.

Hewitt has now made her literary debut, due largely to her friendship with the late Nikos Louvros (a Corfiot villa-renter and one of the dedicatees of the book) and his English wife Annabelle, inventors of the so-called Corfu Literary Festival.

One cannot escape the feeling that this novel's *raison d'être* is its title: that, if it were not for the hugely successful tv series *The Durrells*, this insipid account of a young woman's pilgrimage to Corfu on the trail of the Durrells would have little or no meaning. There is an 'industry' based on the Durrells - not the largely academic 'Durrell industry' which surrounds Lawrence Durrell, nor indeed that associated with his zoologist brother, Gerald; but one generated entirely by Simon Nye's superb scriptwriting for the TV series, based on the Corfu Trilogy (that is, not only *My Family and Other Animals* but Gerald's other two books about his family's time in *Corfu*, *Birds*, *Beasts and Relatives* and *Garden of the Gods*). This 'industry' has already spawned work as different in quality as Michael Haag's superficial and unoriginal

The Durrells of Corfu (2017), written to order, I suspect, at the behest of the TV series producers, and David Shimwell's superb research into Louisa (mother) Durrell's Indian and Corfiot recipes, *Dining with the Durrells* (2019).

Penny, the 'heroine' - if we can dignify the woman at the centre of this romance with such a sobriquet - has just buried her father and broken off her engagement. She comes to Corfu because she and her father had shared a love for Gerald's *My Family and Other Animals* which appears as a leitmotiv whenever Penny is asked "Why did you come to Corfu?" - which is often. She wants to visit the Durrell haunts, saving up for some kind of climax a visit by sea to Kalamí, where Lawrence and his wife Nancy had lived in the house now known as 'the White House'. In between somewhat lukewarm (and very unclimactic) forays into Durrelland, Penny skirts romance with a mysterious solicitor-cum-fisherman and no, dear reader, nothing happens. No self-discovery a-la-Shirley Valentine, no saccharine Mills & Boon flirtation with s-e-c-k-s ... nothing. Oh, sorry, one chaste kiss. Possibly two chaste kisses, but the second one is too vague to amount to osculation. This is Mills & Boon on Dozol.

As frequently as Penny is asked the "Why did you...?" question, she occupies her regular table at her local taverna and consumes her regular glass of rosé, until she becomes almost as bored as the reader with the endless repetition, the constant circling around the empty hole of her sexuality.

Factually, despite what seem to have been Ms Hewitt's own visits to Corfu, there are howlers. Penny is based in 'Saint George South' - the village of Agios Giorgios on Corfu's south-west coast, to distinguish it from a village of the same name in the north-west of the island. Penny drives north towards Corfu Town and succeeds, believe it or not, in passing the port of Corfu, and Garitsa Bay, on her left, which she could only do if she were heading south. Penny is clearly off-piste, but the reader who knows the island's geography is, at this stage, thoroughly piste-off.

Continued on Page 25

Looking for the Durrells - Continued from Page 24

The descriptions of the 'Durrell places' she visits read like a hysterical guidebook - the Greek Tourist Organisation must be thrilled not merely that Ms Hewitt trembles with emotion at the landscape between the mountains and the sea, but faithfully intones almost exactly the GNO's appalling 2014 video 'Gods, Myths, Heroes' which invites you to imagine yourself greeted by Athena or Hercules on arrival at Kapodistrias Airport.

But why should facts stand in the way of a little inventive imagination - to say nothing of re-arranging the island's geography? After all, Ms Hewitt's mentors, the organisers of the cricket event quaintly known as the Corfu Literary Festival, have declared that "Homer chose Corfu as his place of hospitality, devoting most of his Odyssey to it." It's a pity the classical scholars were so blind! Lawrence Durrell of course played the Corfu-Odysseus card for what it was worth, but even he didn't realise that Odysseus spent the entire Odyssey here and probably only went home to Ithaca when the pubs ran out of beer: "Oh well, better go home, see if the wife's left my dinner in the microwave". When asked to withdraw the mis-statement, the festival organisers refused. Like the GNO, they could see no harm in re-inventing mythology to suit the marketing strategy. With such nonchalance and indifference towards the facts, it's not surprising that Ms Hewitt's *Looking for the Durrells* leads us up blind alleys.

The 'Corfu Literary Festival' consists of a group of British cricketers who are also writers, or maybe a group of writers who are also cricketers. The analogy holds good either way, since although Ms Hewitt's Penny isn't 'bowled' she is certainly stumped and run out (or, rather, her author runs out of ideas to put into Penny's brainlet). And she is, for most of the book, silly-mid-on, even when, to continue the cricket analogy, it's all 'over'.

"A yearning ache for the simple gifts of family, home, love, community, and gratitude for the ordinary overwhelmed her ... The Durrells' life on Corfu had encompassed all these things, but Penny's life at home stretched emptily ahead of her, devoid of family and love". Oh dear, poor Penny. That phrase "gratitude for the ordinary" is, I think, the sole heart-warming expression in the whole of this devastatingly dull book. But the second part of that quotation is so completely at odds with what the Durrells' lives were like in the 1935-39 period as to make one wonder what value the book can possibly have as a guide to the 'Corfu of the Durrells' which the title leads one to expect. The whole

point of the Durrells' lives (plural, please) on Corfu is that they were searching for the same things that have eluded Penny: they were looking for love and a sense of community - Margo and Leslie as difficult teenagers, Larry and Nancy as artists, Louisa as a single impoverished mother and Gerald, aged ten, trying to find his place in the world of family, other humans, animals and flora. All of which was not only blasted by the onset of the war, which scattered them, but also challenged every day in Corfu by their blind expectations and the realities of trying to live among the Corfiots in town and country. Ms Hewitt just doesn't understand this. And why should she? She has been fed a picture-postcard image of an idyllic life in idyllic circumstances, and why should reality interfere with that? This, after all, is fiction.

Well, to be fair to Ms Hewitt, she does try a bit of realism: "How could I have imagined somewhere so perfect?" Penny pathetically asks, to which the mystery-man responds: "No place is perfect, because none of us are. We carry our hopes, dreams, hurt, and failings with us wherever we go." Good so far. But then, the GNO waves its wand and: "But when life brings you heartache, as well as good things ... Corfu does its best to either soothe you or celebrate with you." Aw, spit.

If this saccharine drivel had been titled "A Corfu Romance" or "Klimax in Kerkyra" or "Ionian Passion" it probably wouldn't have been published. Like Penny herself, it never reaches a climax or even probes the deeper parts of its subject. We want a tale of Mediterranean self-discovery to be gripping, but this novel has all the gripping power of a dead crab. What seems to be blatant profiteering on the back of 'The Durrells' TV series means that gullible readers will fall for *Looking for the Durrells* in the belief that it really depicts the island, and is a faithful representation of the Durrells' (apparently monolithic) lives in an age long dead, ignoring the ever-increasing eyesore of resortification, fearless breaking of the planning laws, and commercialisation of every aspect of tourism, which are sucking what is left of the life-blood out of Corfu.

I once described Victoria Hislop's writing * as "dull". Compared to Ms Hewitt, Ms Hislop is sparkling, fascinating, iridescent. But no, Ms Hislop is dull - so where does that leave Ms Hewitt, making a virtue of blandness, platitudes and repetition? Drowning in the Dozol, perhaps.

The Island*, set on Crete, was her first and most famous - **Ed.

From the Facebook page of author Effrosyni Moschoudi:

<https://www.facebook.com/efrosini.moschoudi/>



zzz sanh

Kalimera, keep looking up to the sky and saying thank you, no matter how dreadful you think the world is. I am telling you, all's good on Earth, our beautiful Gaia. The pain and destruction you see are either part of the Divine Plan or the aftermath of evil's hateful acts against the people. And yet, so many catastrophes have been averted by God already, even though very few know that among the masses. The angels are looking down from the sky, always protecting, always deflecting the arrows of the enemy directed on us.

And soon, the wrath of God will come from the sky to rain on the heads of all those who created hell here for us. God is the ultimate saviour and when He delivers the punishment, every single man, woman and child on our beautiful Gaia will know. Everyone will know God then, if they ever doubted His existence, and they will also see the face of evil on earth in all its ugly detail... So hang in there, if you, like me, have already awakened... It doesn't matter

who believes us, or if they think we are mad. Only God's Divine Plan matters, only love... Unity among the people, the Great Awakening and the transition of Humanity to the Golden Age.

It's all coming, and no one can stop it now. We are on the last stretch. God will have the last word. Once evil is exposed and dealt with, God's angels will come down here to dry all the tears from our eyes.

Do not be afraid of the financial/bank crash that's coming. It's evil... so it has to go. We will never be liberated from evil otherwise. The new (Quantum) financial/banking system is already in place now, running in the background, so the downtime will be very short. Just have some extra cash and food at home at all times so you're not terribly put out.

Remember this in the dark days to come when things go crashing down... God is in control always and He has people here doing His work. God and His angels won't let evil touch a single hair on our heads as His plan unfolds. But you need to do your bit... Keep praying for the Divine Plan to play out perfectly, keep dreaming of our radiant tomorrow in every blissful detail you can muster.

We all create our world together in our minds and hearts, every day. So beware of what you create. Beware of your thoughts and emotions. God made us creator beings. Evil never told us this so they can control us. They raised us to feel defenceless and weak. So start to be aware of your own personal power now... It is your true nature to create your own life, and you have power way beyond your understanding. Together, we will find our paradise at the end of this terrible journey. Love and light ❤️



Village and Island News by Paul McGovern



The tree is saved

The hot summer rattles on in Agios, events unabated.

The plane tree is saved! Or so it would appear to be the case.

With its new mantle of topsoil and a little TLC from the taverna and patrons, it is showing no sickly symptoms from its trauma.

Polymari, the planter of the sapling, may continue to rest in peace.

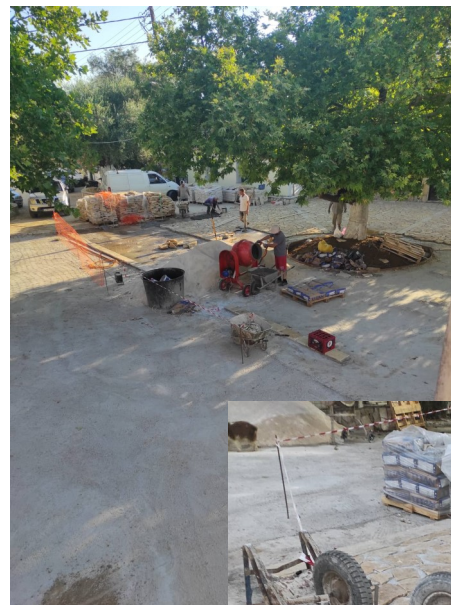
We have, from time to time, frequented a cafe in the valley called the Spring. They have a tame pigeon named Spiros, who sits with the customers quite happily. Alas, the owners went to Europe over winter and Spiros decided to go seek a mate, despite the ample feeding arrangement left in his coop. He is missed.

Teo the local painter suffered a heart attack and was rushed to Ioannina hospital. We are happy to report that he has recovered and is now back with us in Agios. Another recent absentee is young Alexandros Halikia, our neighbour because https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ElxsPBbZ_b8

Talking about illnesses in this clammy month, the local cases of Covid abound everywhere. Mostly, it is the injected ones who are suffering. Those injections don't do what they say on the can.

I've got a fan in the Agiot HQ now. I mean a thing that blows cold air, not a person. That helps.

You can be sure of one thing; water interruptions are a certainty, as the crew ramp up their efforts to get the plateia paved before the Panygeri starts on the 23rd. Whoosh! There goes another pipe, assaulted by a digger outside Ioannis's bungalow.



Racing against the clock

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Mating wheelbarrows

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Village and Island News - Continued from Page 27



Road closed



The last stretch



Frenzy

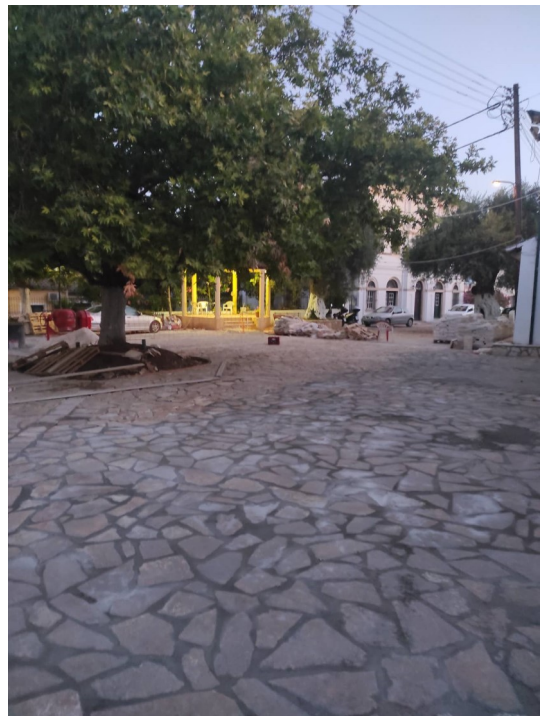


Where old meets new



On June the 10th we had thunder and rain, so don't believe the weather report on another page! On this day Lula fell backwards out of the Ocaj travel office and shook herself up badly. She was lucky. If she had fallen right instead of left, she would have tumbled a flight of steep steps. She had to rest up for a few days. This disappointed her, as she missed her cousin Maria's daughter's wedding.

Most mornings I'm out at the taverna, before it opens, to soak in the army of birdsong and, of late, to watch the building team race over the tarmac with their slabs and concrete. The Foreman has been very diligent, in control, and exacting. Unfortunately, one afternoon-he does stay on site all the way through the labour-he had to go and collect his son from a Basket match. Yep, you've guessed it, during his short absence, the workers continued laying without recourse to his design plan. Oh! Too late now. We can now boast that Nothing is Correct Plateias are alive and well in our village. I doubt many will notice the slip in the design.



On the eve of the Panygeri

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 28

I'm including this poem, for one reason only. I dreamed it and it was fresh on awaking. I don't boast that it is any good, only that I did not invent it, it came to me from another dimension. Lula shoved pen and paper at me and told me to write it down;

'We only had to get to the top of the hill, when the gun fell off, the gun fell off.
 "Don't stop now for to make the top, cos the gun fell off, the gun fell off."
 We make it to the top without the cannon, over the brow and into the canyon.
 Down we fly with a hue and cry, and some men fall off, some men fall off.
 The cart runs blind, the axles grind, over the ruts we're losing our minds,
 And now the wheels come off, the wheels come off.
 To the edge of a turn horses and carriage they churn,
 Over the cliff we speed in a jiff, and off we fly, oh why, oh why?
 'Cos the gun fell off, the gun fell off.'

June the 13th, apparently, is St. Winston's day. I've never heard of it, perhaps you have? Lula told me that. In my Greek book it says ΑΓΙΟΥ ΓΙΝΕΥΜΑΤΟΣ.

Oh dear, two days after the poem I have another dream, short but crystal clear. In it I was at Borodino, with the Russians. An artillery piece was being loaded upon a wagon. "Be careful with that piece," said the Tsar. "It's f-----," I said to him. He looked sharply at me. "Be still, English," he grunted, "We don't want to start a Revolution, do we?"



HQ of the Agiot

>

A new amusement has entered my little world at the Agiot HQ. I call it Radio Nitsa. It is a baby alarm, set up at the threshold of my officelet, to raise the cry should either of the Aged Persons be in distress. I do receive a few distress calls, luckily of a minor nature, but the interesting thing about this 'newcomer' is that I get to hear all the local gossip as clear as a bell. Unfortunately, it is mainly in Greek, as various visitors come and go, so I cannot extract all of the juice from the fruit, as it were.

But on the 21st, there was a real emergency. Marlies has been visiting daily to apply Physiotherapy to Nitsa. Obviously, our Dutch friend is too successful, as she has returned some mobility to Nitsa's legs. But she gave the old lady the repeated advice 'don't try to walk unaided.'

This advice was not taken. Nitsa did a solo sortie into her other room and fell. She breaks her hip! This turned into a crazy day of chaos, culminating in Nitsa being hospitalized and Lula disappearing with her in the ambulance, to stay with her Mum for nine straight days and nights, as it transpired. On the 29th, after a successful operation, Nitsa is returned to us, and is now in need of some pretty intensive care, mainly from her daughters.



Great night at Agios Ioannis Panagerie tonight

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 29



Courtesy Richie Henderson

Courtesy of Joanne Sperling

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No language barriers between these English and Greek nippers

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On the 23rd the Plateia was finished, the scene was set, and the Panygeri commenced its two nights of fun and festivity.

I won't dwell on it here but I don't recommend walking through the 'fire run'. Keep running, it's hot!

Ray Bacchan lost his wallet in the Bacchanalian festivities, and he had to leave for the airport without it. On reporting its absence, he finds from the UK authorities that it was used three times that morning, in Agios, to purchase items at three local shops.

The Agios Ioannis Citizen's Police Force is currently investigating the incident.

Sally Harmsworth

10 break ins in all Saturday morning Arillas San Stefanos and us 😞

* * * *



at Messonghi Beach - Courtesy Adsy Couto



Paxos in the distance...courtesy Ian Fern



With a lifeguard standing by

The Way Things Were and Are



Terry and Ivy from Faversham, Agios visitors



Friend Sally Henley, also from Faversham



My lovely cousin Julie



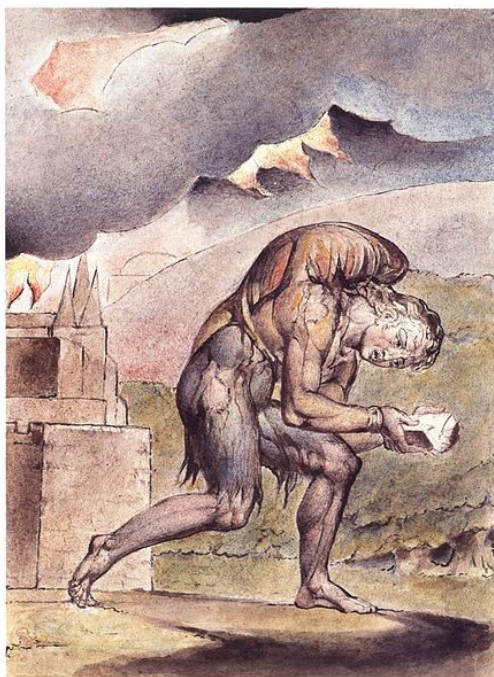
Remembering the 'Mexican' Agiotfest

The World of Simon



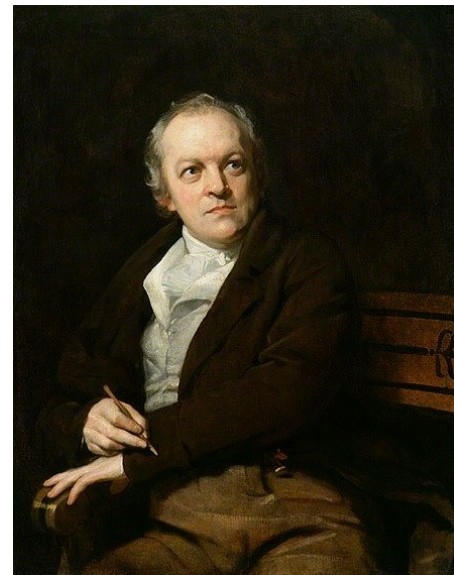
George and Simon

'I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and, as he read, he wept, and trembled; and, not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?"' John Bunyan at the start of *The Pilgrim's Progress* 1678. The picture is by William Blake. A million years ago - a week before Christmas 2019 - I was with my brother George in Bunhill Fields in Finsbury Square where he showed me the graves of Blake and Bunyan buried close together there.



William Blake 'Christian Reading in His Book' 1825

William Blake's first biographer, Alexander Gilchrist, records that in June 1780 Blake was walking towards Basire's shop in Great Queen Street when he was swept up by a rampaging mob that stormed Newgate Prison. The mob attacked the prison gates with shovels and pickaxes, set the building ablaze, and released the prisoners inside. Blake was reportedly in the front rank of the mob during the attack. The riots, in response to a parliamentary bill revoking sanctions against Roman Catholicism, became known as the Gordon Riots and provoked a flurry of legislation from the government of George III, and the creation of the first police force. The Gordon Riots were motivated by anti-Catholic sentiment. They began with a large and orderly protest against the Papists Act of 1778, which was intended to reduce official discrimination against British Catholics.



William Blake



John Bunyan's grave in Bunhill Fields, London

The World of Simon - Continued from Page 32

Memory of a walk in the Highlands. I can't always work out, in the heat of these unlikely days of sun when clambering a slope, what are insects rising from the warm grass and what are floaters inside the liquid of my eyes. I saw at last a tortoise shell butterfly basking on the dried mud of a path as I walked with the dogs and Amy's best friend, Liz, whose come to stay at Brin Croft for a while. She and I strolled along the Farnack yesterday. The terriers romped, swimming, sniffing, tasting the Highland air.

"There are two rivers that would run through my paradise. This and the Itchen" - a river far away in Hampshire...where, as a four year old, I looked over a low bridge at the brown



trout inches from my nose holding station with emerald ranunculus above the golden gravel. The Itchen rises from a chalk spring like most southern rivers, remaining more or less level through the year, unlike its burn-fed counterpart that rises and falls with the rain.

Little Brother is Watching You

By Paul McGovern, Editor

Everybody has Covid now.

It usually comes in clusters, bursts, family packages.

But at the moment there are few restrictions imposed.

Injections seem to be completely irrelevant to the problem.

Which is what Little Brother was saying from day one.

Summer is here, let the children play.

I have self-diagnosed Long Covid. This came as a shock to me one day; I realised that I can remember sneezing when I was five or six, and have done so from time to time ever since! Now I know why.

While we all relax the enemy continues with its plans apace.

29 Jun, 2022

corfuNEWS

CORFU HELLAS WORLD

GREEN BUSES
ΥΠΕΡΑΣΤΙΚΟ ΚΤΕΑ Ν. ΚΕΡΚΥΡΑΣ
www.greenbuses.gr
ΑΕΙΤΕ ΤΑ ΔΡΟΜΟΛΟΓΙΑ

We will have our ID and driver's license on our mobile phone from July 27.

"The planning is on the afternoon of July 27", stressed the Minister of Digital Government, Kyriakos Pierrakakis, speaking to "2nd OT FORUM".

As he explained, the same process for the passport will take more time "because it is a travel document and requires bilateral agreements".

"So we first handle the national part. The national part is that we pass the identity and the diploma on the mobile. This will be done at the end of July and the relevant legislative initiative will come to the Parliament".

As the minister said, "the identity has now changed. Our identity is our passwords, username and password to enter services. "Identity is a service."

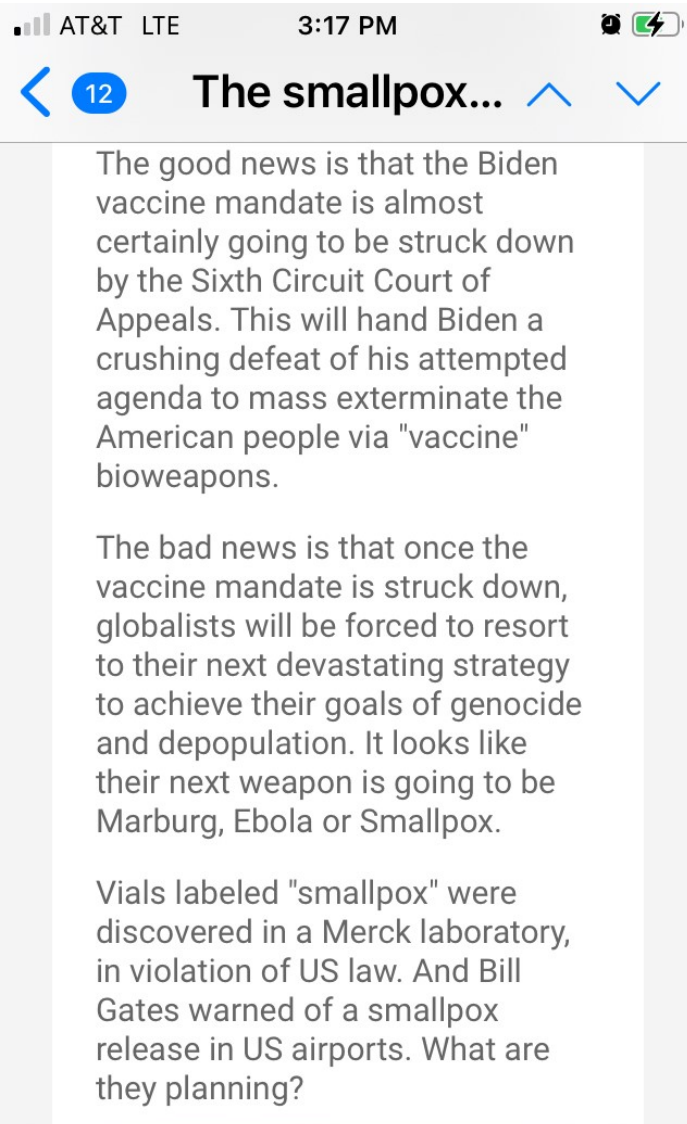
It is noted that recently Kyriakos Pierrakakis had mentioned that in the near future the Single Citizen Number will be implemented, which will replace the AMKA and the AFM.

The Enemy have no choice but to go forward

Continued on page 34

Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 33

Wait until the Fall when we will be only too appraised of the grim winter ahead.



Let us frighten the masses some more_

The signs are on all the doors right now. One such sign, as reported by a local pharmacist.

Critical medicines across the board are starting to be withheld. Manufacture has ceased for several key pharmaceutical substances. There will be a big problem here from November.

No doubt the useless, if not dangerous, injections, will be ramped up once more.

I keep a record of deaths, people I know. Sounds morbid, but I don't feel morbid about it,

I just like to know who has left.

My statistics-don't we all love statistics- are telling me that many more middle-aged people are signing out with heart failure or the sudden, aggressive assault of rapid cancers this year.

'Official 'insurance stats are showing 20% minimum excess deaths for 2021 in America.

Can't be anything to do with the breakdown of victims' immune systems, can it?

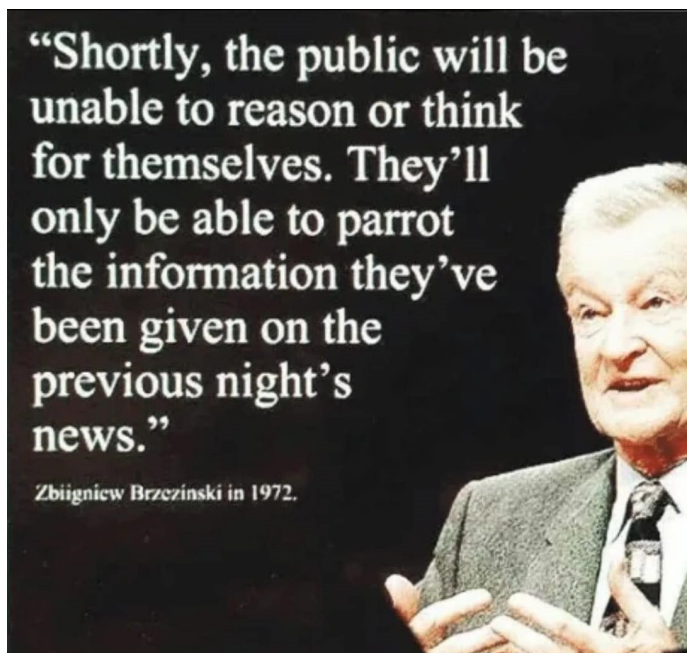
We continue to stockpile food.

Kostas old shotgun is repaired and ready for use.

Watch the alarming increase in crime now in Corfu, untainted by Police.

Listen to this;

<https://tapnewswire.com/2022/06/edward-dowd-the-great-reset-is-dead/>

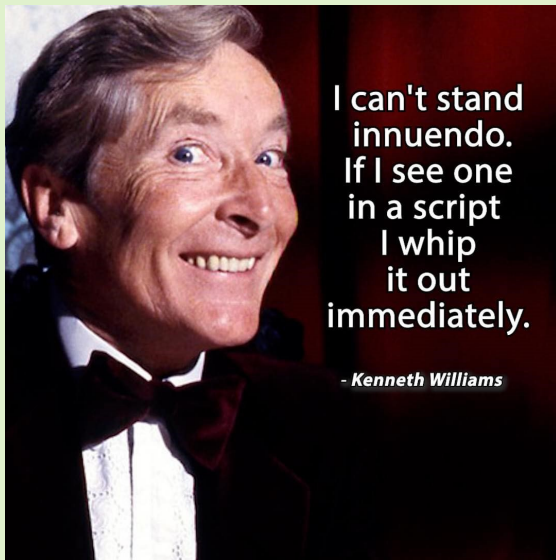




'Nick's niche'

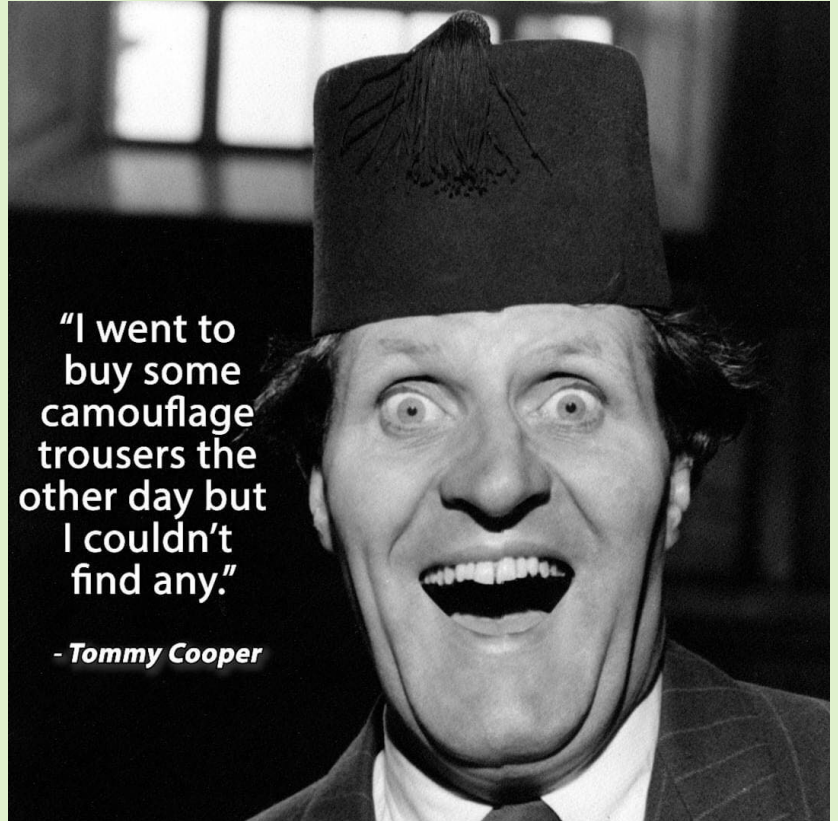
Nick The Clock's World

The Comic With A Conscience



I can't stand innuendo. If I see one in a script I whip it out immediately.

- Kenneth Williams

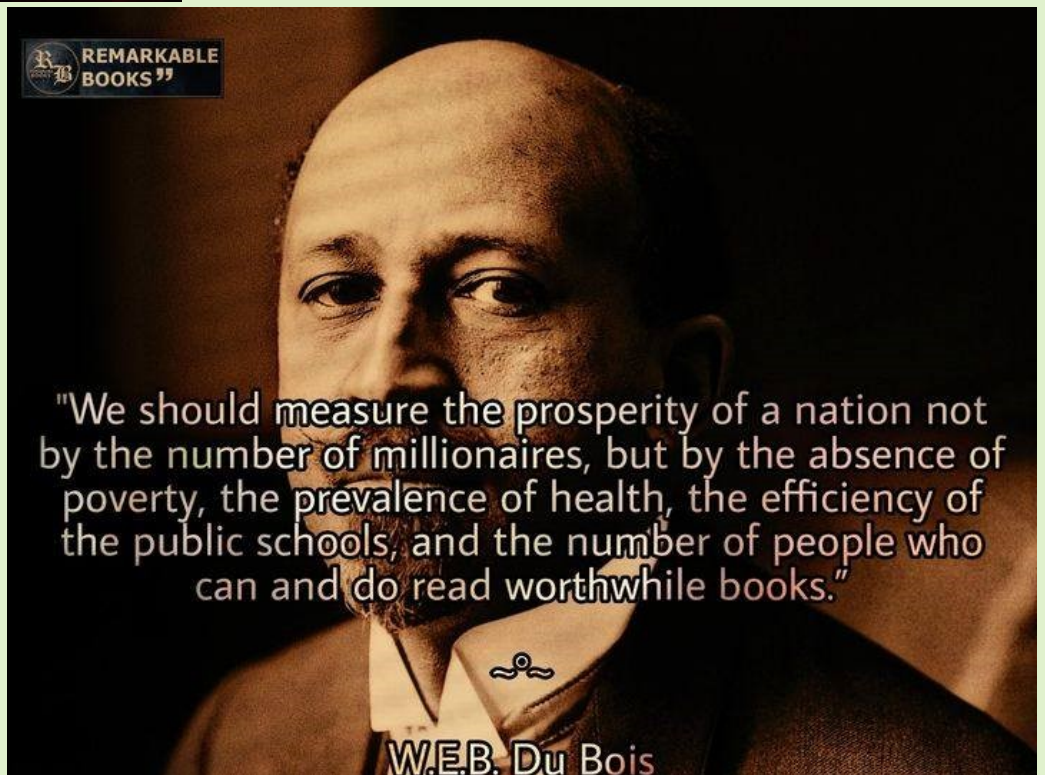


"I went to buy some camouflage trousers the other day but I couldn't find any."

- Tommy Cooper

A woman spent 35 years working for a bank. She was recently made redundant and hasn't coped very well. She now spends her days outside the branch using the ATM over and over again.

Doctors say she's just suffering from withdrawal symptoms



"We should measure the prosperity of a nation not by the number of millionaires, but by the absence of poverty, the prevalence of health, the efficiency of the public schools, and the number of people who can and do read worthwhile books."

WEB. Du Bois

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 35

STOP EATING
C. R. A. P.

Carbonated Drinks Refined Sugars Artificial Foods Processed Foods

THE SACRED PLANT

You can't sell electric cars if gas is affordable...

If you don't think that's part of what's going on here, you ain't paying attention!

I'm just a little plant.

I am hemp. Less than 3% THC, one day I could grow to produce over 10,000 commercial products made in the USA. I'm also edible, a vegetarian protein including every amino acid as well as omega's 3 & 6 essential fatty acids. Best of all, I am renewable and I don't need to be genetically modified because I'm naturally resistant to pests & weeds!

THE POISON GARDEN

© SATISFACT © AMANDA SLATER / FLICKR

Northumberland County, situated near the southern border of Scotland, is home to the most dangerous garden in the world: Alnwick Poison Garden. Since 2005, various poisonous plants have been cultivated here. The garden is under surveillance 24/7, and the most dangerous plants are enclosed with a barbed-wire fence.

Paddy is inconsolable after his dog goes missing, his wife says, 'Why not put an ad in the paper'. He does this and after 2 weeks he gets no replies. 'What did you put in the paper?', asks his trusting wife, Paddy says, 'Here boy!!!!!!'.

A soldier who was renting a house from me has done a runner owing me six months' rent. He told me he was a General but I've since discovered he's a Left Tenant.

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 36

Alcohol

(noun)

a bitter fluid used to help white people dance



I've ordered some German food over the internet. The sauerkraut has arrived but the wurst is yet to come.

A copper just knocked on my door saying he was looking for a man with one eye. I told him to use both, he would find him quicker.

Why did the scarecrow win an award? Because he was outstanding in his field.

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 37

I took my suit to the cleaners, who wanted to charge me £15. Instead, I gave my suit to the charity shop next door. They cleaned and pressed it, and put it in the window. I bought it for £4.50!



LINCOLN NATIONAL GROUP PAYOUTS




June 29, 2022 | Roman Balmakov

Life Insurance CEO Reveals Deaths Are Up 40% Among Working People: "Just unheard of" | Facts Matter

HELLENIC WORLD

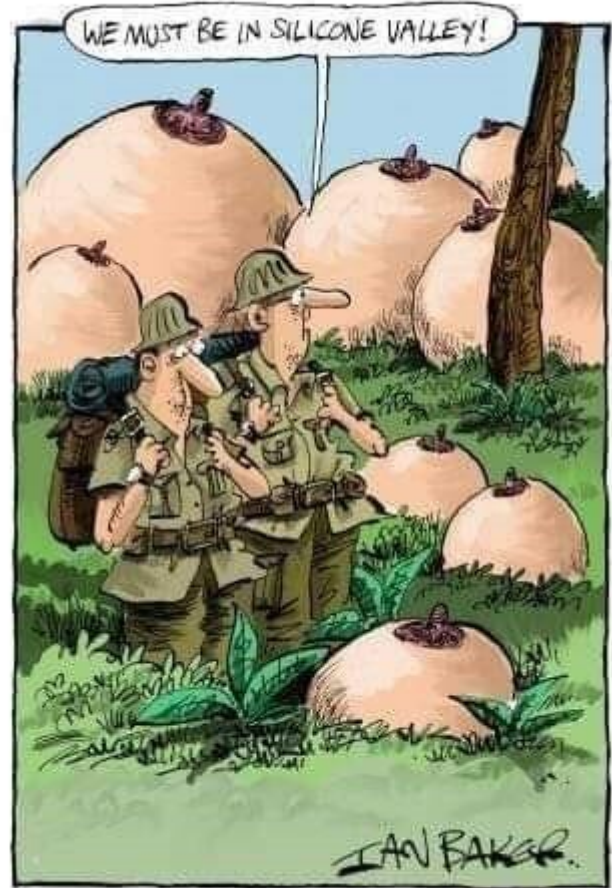
**IT DOESN'T
MATTER
IF YOU'RE A
SMALL MALAKA
OR A BIG
MALAKA
YOU'RE STILL A
MALAKA!**



Ejaculate
(v.) What a Yorkshire person says to Jack when he's not on time.

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 38

Mother superior tells two new nuns that they have to paint their room without getting any paint on their clothes. One nun suggests to the other, "Hey, let's take all our clothes off, fold them up, and lock the door." So they do this and begin painting their room. Soon they hear a knock at the door. They ask, "Who is it?" "Blind man!" The nuns look at each other and one nun says, "He's blind, so he can't see. What could it hurt?" They let him in. The blind man walks in and says, "Hey, nice BOOBS. Where do you want me to hang the blinds?"



DALAI LAMA SPILLS BRUTAL WORDS ON THE MASS BRAINWASH ON SOCEITY

[CHECK IN COMMENTS](#) 🇺🇸

I can't believe it's monkeypox season already. I still have my Ukraine decorations up.

A German Shepherd, Doberman and a cat die and go to heaven. God greets the three and asks each what they believe in. First God asks the German Shepherd who replies, "I believe in discipline and loyalty to my master." God says, "This is good, you can sit here at my right hand."

Next, God asks the Doberman what he believes in. The Doberman replies, "I believe in love and protecting my master." God says, "Wonderful, you can sit here at my left."

Finally, God asks the cat what he believes in and the cat replies, "I believe you are in my seat."

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 39



Keith Richards' daughters. When they die, he'll inherit everything.



A Chinese man comes to Los Angeles for a holiday. He arrives at LAX and gets a cab to take him to his hotel. He sees a few buses on the way, and he says to the taxi driver: "The buses here are so noisy and really slow... In China, the buses are very fast!" The taxi driver says nothing. Later the Chinese tourist sees a marine with a few boats sailing by. He comments again to the driver: "The boats here are so slow... in China, the boats are very fast!" The driver kept silent and drove. When they get to the hotel, the Chinese tourist gets out of the taxi and asks for the meter reading. The driver calmly tells him the price, and the man is startled. "Are you kidding?" he yells, "Your buses are so slow, the boats are so slow. If everything else here is so slow then how come the meter of your taxi is so fast!?" The driver gives him a smile and says: "It's made in China."

There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that Julian Assange knows a LOT more about the Deep State than Amerikan atrocities. That is why the contemptible English are torturing him in such a grotesque and open manner. My guess is he has information on the paedophile Vile Family and a lot of politicians as well. Therefore, if we want to leave a better world for our children, a world of truth instead of lies, peace instead of war, leaders who care about the people instead of pigs with their snouts in the trough-like Johnson, Biden, Morriscum, Arden, Bolsonaro etc, and a free transparent press instead lies and rhetoric from state~controlled agencies like the appalling BBC and Murdoch's 'newspapers', it is clearly obvious we must do all we can to help free those who try to show us the real truth. We must stop leaving it to others to change the rotten corrupt system, and play our part, because, as parents and adults, **IT IS OUR DUTY.**

Get up, stand up now for your brother, Julian Assange, the voice of truth and logic. Don't let the English take his life, for if he dies, part of us dies with him. Let us not let that happen. Let's take our world back. **WE'VE HAD ENOUGH.**

Continued on Page 41

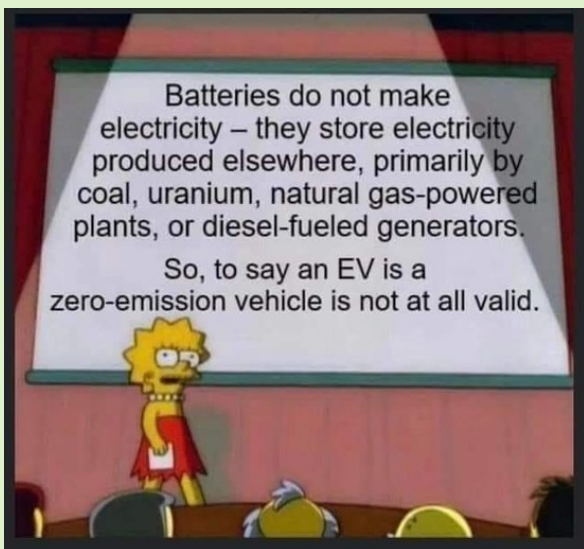
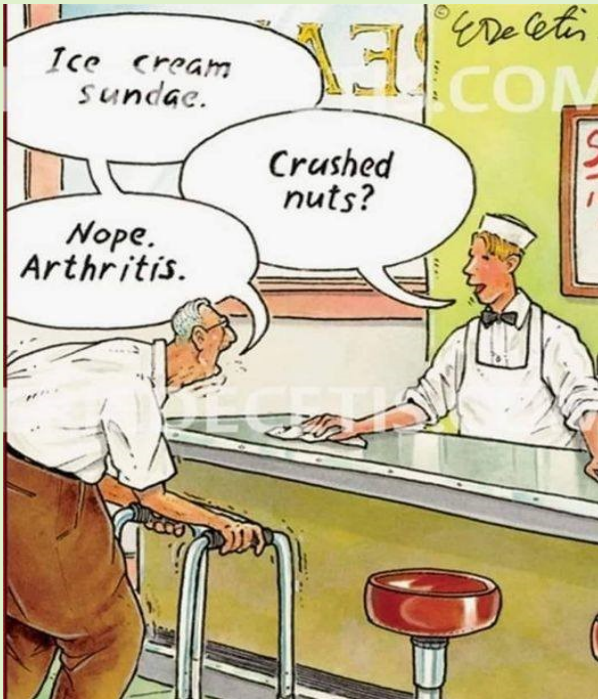
Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 40

The graveside service just barely finished, when there was a massive clap of thunder, followed by a tremendous bolt of lightning, accompanied by even more thunder rumbling in the distance. The little old man looked at the preacher and calmly said, "Well...she's there."

Laughing with a mouthful of Coffee



"Not bad, guys. Now let's do one more take, with more emphasis on tone, harmony, melody, rhythm, composition, lyrics, musicianship, tempo, and originality."



Batteries do not make electricity – they store electricity produced elsewhere, primarily by coal, uranium, natural gas-powered plants, or diesel-fueled generators.

So, to say an EV is a zero-emission vehicle is not at all valid.

That's' All Folks !

Look Who's Walking ... Again ... and Again ... and Again

Enthusiastic Corfu Trailers Huw and Carole were spotted at Tristrato recently, enjoying their FIFTH hike along Corfu's long distance footpath. The couple walked the Trail in 2008, 2013, 2016, 2018 and again this year. Here they are pictured with Corfu Trail founder Hilary Paipeti (centre).

'It's funny,' said Hilary, 'I ran into them last time they were here - in exactly the same place, at Tristrato! If you are walking from Pelekas to Liapades, as many organised programmes do, Tristrato is conveniently located at the very moment when you start thinking about lunch. And the food is nice and hearty, and the beer cold - exactly what walkers require.'

Huw and Carole were walking with the support of local office Aperghi Travel, which handles the ground arrangements, accommodation

booking and luggage transfer for a number of European walking specialists. As might be surmised, Huw and Carole have become very friendly with travel office boss Anna. Hilary suggested that they might consider a career in guiding groups on the Trail, seeing as they know the way better than most people!

**Photo by Peter Bowley -
Corfu Tourist**

