

# The Corfiot

Corfu's English Language Monthly Magazine

November 2007

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No. 203

## The 'Famous Five' of Corfu's Natura 2000 sites

**The Medusa, Snake Symbolism  
and Ley Lines**

**A Summer  
in Sidari**

**A Wartime  
Christmas**

**Israel: A Challenge for Beliefs**

**Real Estate  
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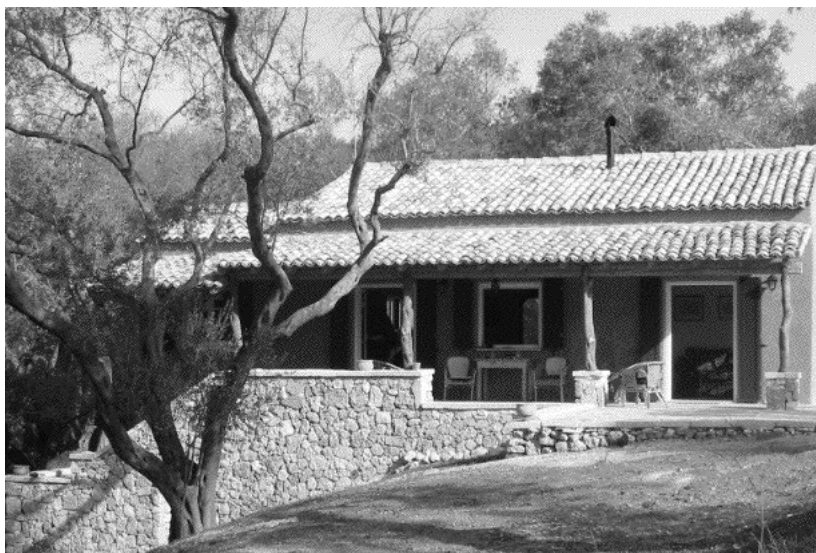
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## **The Corfiot**

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## ear to the ground

AS FIRES DEVASTATED GREECE DURING AUGUST, INTERNET SCAMS BECOME INCREASINGLY SOPHISTICATED. I guess that only the acutely naive now respond to the letter from a dying Nigerian whose last wish is to give you a quarter of his 38.5 squillion fortune in return for ensuring the remainder goes to charity. And there's the million euro prize from the European lotto which - amazingly since I never win anything - I have now won about 195 times.

This new scam is a little more credible, since it comes in the form of a flash on an otherwise authoritative website (in my case the Encyclopedia Britannica of all things) telling you you are the 999,999th visitor and can claim a prize. Clicking takes you to a site called FreeLotto.com where you can register and play. The site blurb claims:

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And - surprise, surprise - the VERY NEXT DAY I won a million dollars!!! Then I continued to win on an almost daily basis, my total so far being 1,010,300 dollars!

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I'm tempted to see just what happens once this dodgy bunch get their hands on my card details, so I can verify my suspicions, but I can't afford the possibility they might clean me out... In the meantime, let's see how many more non-existent millions come my way.

POOR OLD CALIFORNIA, SWEEPED BY WILDFIRES just as Greece was in September. Notice a difference in the reporting, though? Though the comparative scale of the disasters, based on the size of the affected areas, is similar, the US fire service is portrayed as fighting against impossible odds due to high, hot winds; to a man they firefighters are brave but overwhelmed. In contrast, the subtext in reports of the Greek fires was that the fire service was pretty incompetent (typical Greeks in other words). Did it not occur to anyone that the Greek firefighters may have been also brave but fighting against impossible odds due to weather and ground conditions?

No doubt someone may at some time make comparisons between the death toll in the two disasters. Two dead so far in California, while over 60 perished in Greece. Another mark of Greek incompetence! I would hazard a guess, though, that it's all down to Californian having big cars and big roads, all the better for fleeing with, while most Greek victims were probably stuck without transport in isolated communities (apart from those unfortunates who were burned alive in their cars due to a collision's blocking

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the road to safety).

It makes you wonder how slanted are other news stories, just by suggestion or omission.

AND ON THAT NOTE, DON'T MISS READING PETE BUTTON'S ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO ISRAEL AND JERUSALEM. He comes up with quite a revelation about the causes of Israel's enmity with its neighbours. And it makes sense. Wonder why all those important international correspondents have never caught on?

MORE STUFF I'VE LEARNT FROM PREPARING THIS ISSUE is the location of Corfu's five Natura 2000 sites - and one is a big surprise! As the basis for an article about ley lines, I've also been researching into the Medusa and the symbolism surrounding her, again with unexpected results!

Now read on...

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### SUNDAY SERVICES

Sundays 10.30 Holy Communion  
19.00 (1st, 3rd & 5th of month) Songs of Praise

(Sunday School & Youth Group run same time as Services except Family Service)

### REGULAR EVENTS

Tuesdays 10.00 Library & Coffee Morning  
Wednesdays 10.00 Coffee & Kids  
Wednesdays 12.00-14.30 Lunch Box  
Wednesdays 19.00 Scrabble Club (last Wed. in the month)  
Thursdays 10.30 Bible Study, the Old Testament (new series)  
Fridays 10.30-12.00 Informal Prayer Meeting

### REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY 2007

This year Remembrance Sunday falls on November 11th.

There will be a wreath laying ceremony as usual at the British Cemetery. Those wishing to participate are requested to be present by 11.45 at the latest.

Civil and military decorations may be worn on this occasion.

Following the ceremony, those present at the Cemetery are invited to the Holy Trinity Church for light refreshments.

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**Christmas Fair**  
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Saturday, 24 November 2007  
10 am until 1 pm

Christmas Table, Children's Toys, Silent Auction, Bottle Stall, Home Produce, Book Stall and lots more... Refreshments available.

21 Mavili Street (across the road from the Bella Venezia Hotel). Tel: 26610 31467

### Watch This Space

for news of the Ark Christmas Lunch, Captain's - Kanoni

### Car Boot Sale

at La Veranda, Dassia.  
17 November 2007, from  
10am. Contact Ellen on  
6946 697112

## PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

# Christmas Craft Fair at Casa Lucia

Once again, the Christmas season in Corfu gets off to a good start with the Craft Fair, to be held once again at a favourite location, Casa Lucia at Sgombou.

Casa Lucia has a welcoming atmosphere of its own and makes the perfect setting for the beautiful work produced by talented and enthusiastic residents of Corfu.

This year there will be: Paintings by local artists; Christmas cards and decorations; Woodcrafts; Tapestries; Silk Paintings; Jewellery with semi-precious stones; Cushions; Floor snakes and novelties; Seasonal home produce.

The Craft Fair will take place on

Friday, 30 November, between 14.00 and 21.00

Saturday, 1 December between 10.30 and 21.00

Sunday, 2 December between 10.30 and 14.00

Refreshments will be available and there will be a Raffle.

This is a great opportunity to buy a really different present for Christmas, and to get inspiration for taking up a craft yourself!

*Angela Papageorgiou*



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# Is Ethel Corfu's oldest visitor?

## 100th birthday celebrations held in San Stefanos

### *Secrets of a long life revealed*

When she was born there were hardly any private cars. Air travel was not even a speculation. Television was not invented.

When she was born, the Tsars still ruled Russia, and Britain oversaw an empire. She lived through two world wars, the rise and fall of Communism and the development of the global economy and instant communication.

Could she be Corfu's oldest visitor?

Ethel Connell will celebrate her 100th birthday on 29 November, but the party won't be a patch on the one her family surprised her with in Corfu recently. Ethel has been a regular visitor to San Stefanos, North West Corfu, for the last 16 years. This year, she travelled with her daughter and son-in-law, Evelyn and Derek Corner, her grandson Graham Corner and family friends Joana and David Rogers, basing the holiday as usual at Christina Apartments, an independent business belonging to the daughter of Manthos, owner of the seafront Manthos Taverna. It was here that, on an evening at the start of October, that the party took place.

'My mum's birthday is in November,' explained Evelyn, 'and this was the closest date. We had dips and BBQ chicken and salads, and Manthos brought some famous musicians over from Athens as a surprise. Mum was up dancing with Manthos - she's got medals for ballroom dancing! We went to bed at 3 in the morning.'

Manthos Taverna has become something of a specialist at arranging parties, weddings and celebrations. While Ethel and her family were visiting, the taverna hosted the engagement of a local, Manolis, to Linda from Scotland. The taverna's visitors' books chart the history of tourism in this still unspoiled corner

of Corfu - books in which Ethel crops up time and time again.

The business originated with Grandfather, a member of the Mouzakitis clan, the most prevalent family in the area. In 1901, he moved from Avliotes, where he had a kafenion, and opened a brickworks at San Stefanos. In 1933 he built the church which still stands above the southern end of the beach, close to the businesses now run by his grandson and great-granddaughter.

In 1925, his son - Manthos' father - opened a café for local fishermen behind the church. In 1964 he established the first restaurant in the area, Romanza. Then, on 13 June 1976, Manthos's own eponymous taverna opened its doors. 'My mother cooked at the start,' remembered Manthos. 'We were the first in San Stefanos to serve Sofrito, Pastitsada and Bourdetto, and we still use the same recipes.'

The family's century-old labours in the field of hospitality seem enshrouded in the mists of time, yet Ethel's lifespan encompasses them. She was already 18 when their first café was set up. 'Back then,' Ethel said of life in Britain, 'we had no washing machines, no hoovers; everything was done by hand.'

Ethel was born in Stoke-on-Trent but moved to Paisley in Scotland whilst still a girl. She now lives with her family in Hertfordshire '...near Beckingham Palace - David and Victoria Beckham are close neighbours,' confided her daughter. Ethel is a regular churchgoer who did voluntary work in a kindergarten until she was 92. She has two daughters and eight great-grandchildren, the oldest 21.

The secret of a long life? 'I don't smoke and I don't drink,' she says. Her advice? 'Live every day at a time, but still plan for the future. And above all - be happy.'

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## PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

# And the winner is... Kim Cooke

The 'Win a House in Corfu' competition has been won by Kim Cooke of Sevenoaks in Kent. The draw took place under the control of a Public Notary on Monday, 15 October.

In her entry, which was received by email, Mrs Cooke wrote:

*I love the fact that the house will be built in a traditional style, breaking away from the usual uniform-style new villas that despoil the landscapes in other countries.*

*It is an original project, and I especially admire the fact that the house will be built not only in traditional style but also using reclaimed materials, making it environmentally friendly.*

*I love the style of the traditional Corfiot houses, with their Venetian architecture, which was one of the things that attracted me to the island. It would be wonderful to live in one.*

*Corfu is one of the most beautiful of islands, steeped in tradition and history and yet with all contemporary amenities.*

*The other reason why I would love to win a house in Corfu is because I have been visiting the island for over 25 years, and I also lived there for three years. My daughter Anastacia was born there. We would still be there to this day, only my husband had a hit and run accident and was left for dead. When he eventually was found, he was taken to Athens and operated on for four hours. We had to return to England, which broke our hearts. My husband suffered brain damage and now has epilepsy. He went missing for two months in Athens when he had to leave the hospital. Now, after 15 years, he's on the road to recovery.*

*We come back to Corfu every year and have lots of lovely Greek friends who we miss a lot. We would love to be back in Corfu,*

Kim has won a house similar to this one.

The competition was organized by Petra Traditional Constructions, who will build the house in stone on a plot with a sea view near Karoussades.



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*living in a wonderful traditional house. And my daughter could return to her birth place.*

A more deserving winner could not have been drawn!



## PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

# Winter Walks Now on Wednesdays too

SATURDAY, 3 NOVEMBER **Plakoto - Vatos - Myrriotissa - Plakoto** \*\*\*\*. Meet Plakoto junction (on the road from Pelekas to Glyfada), 10.30. Lunch at Costas Taverna, Agios Ioannis

WEDNESDAY, 7 NOVEMBER **Mount Arakli** \*\*\*. Meet Lakones (Boulis Taverna), 2.30

SATURDAY, 10 NOVEMBER **Parigori Gorge** \*\*\*. Meet Loutses (Anapaftiria Junction) 10.30 for onward car transfer. Lunch at Foros, Old Perithia

WEDNESDAY, 14 NOVEMBER **Liapades - Iliodoros** \*\*. Meet Liapades Square, 2.30

SATURDAY, 17 NOVEMBER **Stavros Footpaths** \*\*\*. Meet Stavros road junction for onward car transfer, 10.30. Lunch at Paxinos, Benitses

WEDNESDAY, 21 NOVEMBER **The Secret Path and the Nun's Trail** \*\*\*\*. Meet Acharavi (Freddo Bar) 2.00 for onward car transfer

SATURDAY, 24 NOVEMBER **Pelekas and Sinarades** \*\*\*. Meet Pelekas (last bend before the village) 10.00. Lunch TBA

WEDNESDAY, 28 NOVEMBER **Kiprianades: Springs and Waterfalls** \*\*\*. Meet Kiprianades, 2.00

SATURDAY, 1 DECEMBER **Mount Agii Deka** \*\*\*\*. Meet Agii Deka Village, lower car park, 10.30. Lunch at Paxinos, Benitses

WEDNESDAY, 5 DECEMBER **Corfu Trail to Lakones** \*\*\*. Meet Lakones junction, 2.00

SATURDAY, 8 DECEMBER **Konstanti Hill NEW!** \*\*\*.

Meet Acharavi (Freddo Bar), 10.30. Lunch TBA.

WEDNESDAY, 12 DECEMBER **Kokini - Pelekas - Kokini**

\*\* . Meet Kokini Square, 2.00

\* Easy \*\* Longer but no severe climbs

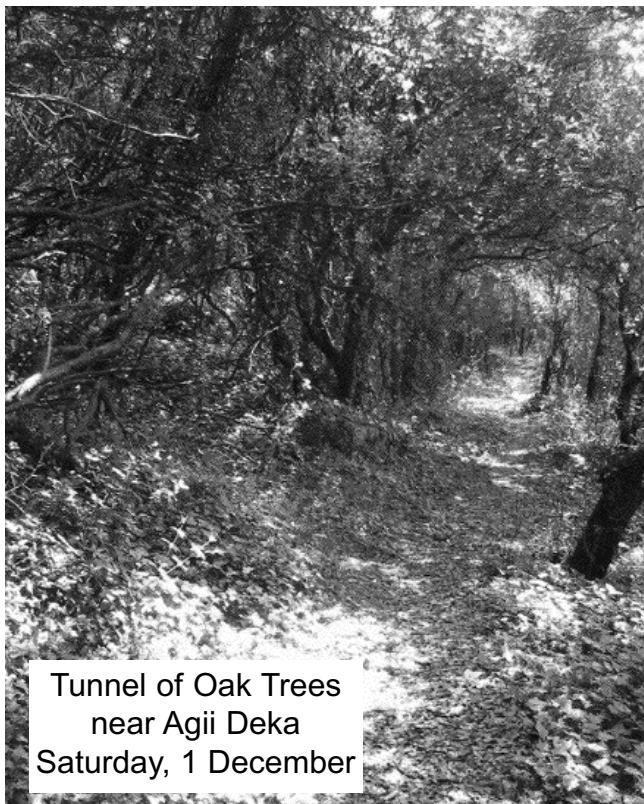
\*\*\* Moderate, with ascents

\*\*\*\* Difficult. Quite long with steep hills and rough terrain

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Looking down the  
Parigori Gorge  
Saturday, 10 November



Tunnel of Oak Trees  
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Saturday, 1 December

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# Chaplain's 'Perks': A Visit to Belgrade

by Clifford Owen

One of the perks of being a Chaplain in Corfu is that once a year we have the chance to visit another Eastern European location for the Eastern Archdeaconry Synod. The Archdeaconry stretches from St. Petersburg in the north to Athens in the south; from Ankara in the east to Vienna and Prague in the west. For Bible buffs, the Archdeaconry includes the Seven Churches of Asia Minor (see Revelation Chapters 2 and 3). It's a vast expanse of territory, but strangely, when we all get together, it seems no different to an English Deanery, where all live within 20 miles of each other at most.

I have attended synods at Ascot, England (yes 'the' Ascot) 2002, Prague (2003), Budapest (2004), Athens (2005), Vienna (2006) and Belgrade (2007). The area represents many languages, cultures, histories. The great sweeps of empires, the Austro-Hungarian, the Ottoman, and now the EU, played or play a major part in this great continental strip between Europe and Asia. Budapest, Vienna and Belgrade have the beautiful Danube in common. Running through it all is the great religious boundary between Orthodox and Catholic. So in a sense the Anglican Chaplaincies are very privileged to be here, and an even greater privilege to engage with the surrounding issues: social, religious, political.

For me, part of the pleasure of Synod is simply getting there. Ascot was the Brompton folding bike on South-West trains. Prague and Budapest were via Easyjet from Stansted. Athens was the 07.00 Olympic. Vienna, by Minoan Lines and the Johannes Strauss Express from Venice. But Belgrade? That was different. I went to the JAT travel agent in Corfu to be told that we would not be allowed to travel if we were not Serbs! So Olympic via Athens? I fancied something more exciting. So I looked first at the map and then went on the website. So it came to pass that the 07.45 Green KTEL bus from Corfu bus station to Thessaloniki was the answer. 43 euros including the ferry sounded the kind of deal I didn't quibble with. After a delightful drive through the mountains of Metsovo, we encountered the last 90 miles of the new motorway to Thessaloniki, arriving there at 1700. With no time to look at Greece's second city, except to find the Railway Station (OSE), I grabbed a meal in the station cafe and boarded the night train to Beograd - all for 30 euros.

The train was a bit like Von Ryan's express without the guns! It took its time; stopped either side of the Macedonian and Serbian borders. My passport was decorated with entry stamps. Worst of all, when I had finally fallen asleep (horizontally) in the compartment, ticket collectors would suddenly switch the light on, and demand

to see that I had paid. However, when it grew light I could see we were in a different country. The Serbian railway staff stood like ramrods to attention as the train passed through various stations. The last 30k was extremely slow, but nevertheless we arrived at Belgrade station just 44 minutes late. I recommend the journey!

The Chaplain in Belgrade, Robin Fox, uses that train a lot between Skopje and Belgrade. The Belgrade Chaplaincy includes daughter congregations at Skopje and Sarajevo.

I had not expected such a beautiful city. Situated at the confluence of the Sava and the Danube, I spent the first few hours just looking at it. A long jog over two bridges before Synod began afforded plenty of chance to take in the scope. I had never seen so many trams and trolley buses so close together.

Synod included all the usual things: worship, lectures on the displaced people of Serbia, talks

• *I had not*  
• *expected such a*  
• *beautiful city.*  
• *Situated at the*  
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## CHAPLAIN'S CHAT

on the recent Balkan problems, coach trip, traditional Serbian meal on the last night. The high point came on the first day when we visited the headquarters of the Serbian Orthodox Church. Our Bishop Geoffrey Rowell celebrated a Church of England Communion service in the Orthodox Chapel, with the Orthodox Archdeacon and other priests sharing in the service. Is this a first?

A great deal of study time was given to the Anglican-Orthodox Theological Report. Few people will realise that the Anglicans and the Orthodox have been in conversation for some years. The Report Believing in the Triune God (known as the 'Cyprus Statement') shows that Anglicans and Orthodox only have minor differences in their theology. Here in Greece, Orthodox and Anglicans have already started liaison visits between Canterbury and Athens.

We had a visit to the Tito museum. We were told that although he was a communist leader, he held the Balkans together. The coach trip included a visit to the Royal Compound and an audience with Crown Prince Alexander and HRH Princess Katherine. Although constitutional authority has long gone from the Serbian Royal Family, they are much given to their charity work and the Royal Family is respected.

We also saw the NATO bomb damage. Not everything has yet been repaired. Without doubt the Serbs are a people with a long history, developed culture, and a strong sense of identity. They were very proud of their brand new Orthodox church of St. Sava, not yet fully opened. It is the second largest church in Orthodoxy after Agios Sophia in Istanbul.

One of the main items of Synod agenda is the sharing of the chaplaincy reports from so many countries. Things are under pressure in Moscow. The Chaplain of Budapest reported favourably on the church there. Istanbul also has a problem, consequent upon the terrorist bombing of the British Embassy some years ago. But overall there was much encouragement, despite most chaplaincies being short of money. So the Church of England is alive and well, and living in Eastern Europe.

Next year 2008? Guess where the Synod is coming to? I've got a lot of work to do!

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• ...overall there  
• was much  
• encouragement,  
• despite most  
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## FEATURE

# The Medusa, Snake Symbolism and Ley Lines

by Hilary Paipeti

In our culture, mention of the Medusa, or Gorgon, mostly evokes negative responses. Mythology which has come down to us from the Ancient Greeks tells us that the Gorgon was a 'snake-haired ogress, the sight of which turned men to stone' (Penguin English Dictionary), and the word is also synonymous with an ugly woman.

According to Greek myth, the Gorgon were legendary monsters, the three fearsome sisters Medusa, Euryale, and Sthenno, daughters of sea monsters, with fearsome teeth and hair of serpents.

The Gorgon Medusa, whose gaze could turn the living to stone, was slain by the hero Perseus, who beheaded her by using Athena's shield to see her only in reflection. Afterward, her mask adorned the shield of the Goddess Athena.

(JK Rowling paid tribute to the myth in 'Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets', when Hermione used a mirror to view the Basilisk - a giant serpent/dragon whose gaze, like Medusa's, 'petrified' living things.)

Medusa forms the centrepiece of the massive pediment which was discovered at the Temple of Artemis at Stratia in Kanoni, and which is now displayed in the local Archaeological Museum. Her grimacing face, with protruding tongue at the centre of a humourless grin and bulging eyes, resembles a mask. Her hair is formed of stylised snakes which spill down over her shoulders, and two entwined serpents encircle her narrow waist. Her body seems depicted in the act of running, and bulges with muscles.

The bas-relief sculpture is the earliest of its kind in the Greek world, and dates from 590-580 BC. But Medusa has a much more venerable and powerful ancestry. Her origins have been traced to the Paleolithic period (Late Stone Age), long before her reinvention in popular Greek myth. At this time, her power is 'represented in labyrinth, vaginal, uterine, and other female designs. Throughout the Neolithic, her forces are symbolized by the female figure positioned in holy postures and gestures of empowerment, with the presence of animals, primarily birds and snakes whom she is intimately connected with. These images appear in the Mediterranean area and continue to extend into the late Bronze Age of Minoan Crete (1600 BC) where she is represented as the refined serpent-goddess-priestess.' (Women in Antiquity, Alicia Le Van 1996)

Medusa means 'sovereign female wisdom'. She appears in Sanskrit as Medha, in Greek as Metis, and in Egyptian Met or Maat. It is thought that she was originally imported into Greece from Libya where she was worshipped by the Libyan Amazons as their Serpent-Goddess. Medusa (Metis) was the destroyer aspect of the Great Triple Goddess also called Neith, Anath, Athene or Ath-enna in North Africa and Athana in Minoan Crete around the middle of the 15th century BC.

She symbolizes the the female mysteries. All the forces of the primordial Great Goddess: The cycles of Time as past, present and future; the cycles of Nature as life, death and rebirth (her intimate connection with snakes derives from this aspect; the





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serpent is a totem of the cycles of life and nature. It symbolizes immortality, as it was thought to shed its skin indefinitely). Medusa mediates between the realms of heaven, earth and the underworld. As a young and beautiful woman she is fertility and life. As crone she consumes by devouring all on the earth plane. She reflects a culture in harmony with nature.

'Medusa's ancient, widely recognized symbol of female wisdom was her threatening, ceremonial mask. It has wide unblinking eyes that reflect her immense wisdom. They are all-knowing, all-seeing eyes that see through us, penetrating our illusions and looking into the abyss of truth. Her mouth is deathly; it looks like a skull. It is devouring of all life, returning us to the source. Sometimes she has the frightening tusks of a boar which is meant to scare men, yet these hearken back to the pig, an ancient symbol of the uterus of rebirth. Her tongue protrudes like a snake's and her face is surrounded by a halo of spiraling, serpentine hair which symbolize the great cycles and her serpent wisdom.' (Women in Antiquity, Alicia Le Van 1996)

By the 7th century BC, Greece was moving from being a matriarchal society, in which the world and everything in it is born of a sacred mother deity, to being a patriarchal one, ruled by a father-god. The myths that have come down to us from Ancient Greece reflect the subjugation of the sacred feminine beliefs of the more ancient people to the Hellenic and Doric male-centric religion. Thus, 'the mythological beheading of Medusa symbolizes the ultimate silencing of female wisdom and expression... Her life-giving, death-wielding powers and wild forces of nature are controlled, tamed, and mastered by the male order. The cycles of life and nature are made to conform to his linear perspective.' (Women in Antiquity, Alicia Le Van 1996). The myth also served to conceal the origins of Athena, once an aspect of the Great Triple Goddess and now 'born of Man' from the head of Zeus.

Corfu's Gorgon Pediment perhaps represents Medusa's final appearance as an important figure of worship. The Temple of Artemis was built shortly after Corfu was settled by Corinth, a city-state at loggerheads with Athens. It is certain they found an indigenous people already on the island, perhaps of Phoenician origin and worshippers of the ancient Goddess. Perhaps it was

their influence that caused her image to dominate its main sculptural feature, the Pediment.

Male-centric myth tells stories of snake- and dragon-slaughter, metaphors for the parallel destruction of the cult of the Goddess, as represented by Medusa. The sun-god Apollo kills the snake-dragon Eurinaes, which embodies the old female-centric forces and matriarchal cultures which pre-date the Olympian gods (Later, his Christian counterpart, the Archangel of Light, Michael, killed his own dragon). Soon, worship of the Gorgon Medusa was wiped out, though her mask remained in folk legend, diminished.

But Medusa awakes. In 1921, amateur archaeologist Alfred Watkins 'rediscovered' the ley line system, imagining it as a network of ancient trackways (The Old Straight Track, Alfred Watkins, 1921). Ley lines are alignments of a number of places of geographical interest, such as ancient monuments, churches built on older sites and megaliths, supplemented by subtle manipulations of the landscape. In the latter half of the last century, New Age writers such as John Michell speculated that the apparent alignments are geodesic power lines, the life-force of the Mother Earth, Gaia; a sort of magnetic circuit which ancient people could 'plug in to' at various locations for refreshment and healing; some of these spots later became formalized sanctuaries or holy wells, which sometimes developed into Christian sites; others have been forgotten. Ley lines are also considered to be 'pilgrim's paths' which we instinctively follow. Perhaps the point of 'pilgrimage' is not only the destination, but also the process of getting there by following the healing ley line. As Broadbent and Miller wrote, 'The traditions of pilgrimage that have been with us from the dawn of time speak of this close association between humanity and the great Being that is the Earth. For countless thousands of years people have trod the paths of the Dragon, merging their own consciousness with that of their ancestral spirits and the mind of the living Earth itself.'

The most dramatic of ley lines is the St Michael - Apollo Axis, which cuts across Europe from Skellig Saint Michael off the west coast of Ireland and crosses sites dedicated to the Archangel (such as Saint Michael's Mount and Mont San Michel). Through France and Italy, the Axis reaches Corfu,

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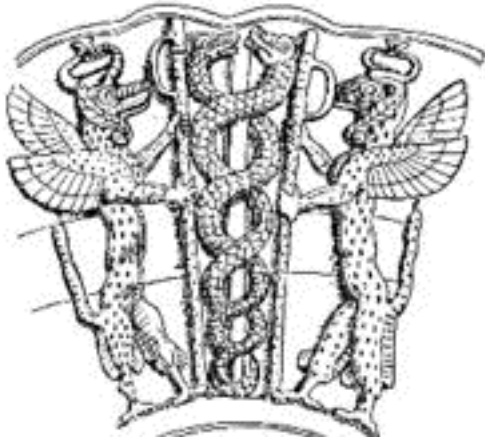
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# FEATURE

where, passing through the Temple dedicated to Apollo's sister Artemis, (the temple where Medusa dominated the structure) it transfers its allegiance to Michael's pagan counterpart, Apollo. Through Apollo's own sanctuary Delphi, his place of birth Delos and his temple in Rhodes, it completes its course at Mount Carmel, where Yahweh supplanted Baal (himself a Sun God).

Paul Broadbent and Hamish Miller, whose book *The Dance of the Dragon* brought the Michael-Apollo Axis to the attention of the public, have dowsed it. They found that it has three components - the geographical alignment, plus two energy lines which weave around the alignment, crossing it at various points to arc again across land and sea. This pattern can be represented by a symbol which cuts across time and cultures: the image of a serpent, or two serpents, coiled around an axial rod.



The oldest known example of the two-serpent image, dating from before 2000 BC, is of the Sumerian deity, Ningizzida (above). This was preceded in Egypt by a thousand years, where a single snake deity, Wadjet, was depicted entwined around a rod. Other examples of such staffs featuring coiled snakes in mythology are the caduceus of Hermes, the Rod of Asclepius, the staff of Moses; all symbols of ley line patterns depicted as gods and healing icons. The serpents that encircle the waist of Corfu's Medusa are without doubt a manifestation of the same symbol. No doubt it was with careful thought that Broadbent and Miller used the word 'Dragon' in the title of their book.

Though lack of time did not permit Broadbent and Miller to dowsed the Axis' power lines in their entirety, they established that both cross the geographical alignment precisely at the centre of the Temple of Artemis. A small hollow in the grass marks this spot, surely one of the most powerful on the Axis. Was this a place where people lay, close to the earth currents, to access the healing power of Gaia? Just as the image of serpent(s) coiled around a rod symbolizes the Earth's healing power as focused through ley lines, so Medusa's serpent-belt represents the twin power lines which cross the Axis within the Temple she guards. The axial rod is implied by the apex of the Pediment and the downward-pointing tongue.

The Michael-Apollo Axis appears to enter Corfu at Angelokastro (the church on the summit is dedicated to the Archangels Michael and Gabriel), and the dowsers picked up traces at the Paleokastritsa Monastery. One of the associated power lines heads over the central north of the island and sweeps down over the sea to Corfu Town and its rendezvous

with the twin line at the Temple. Until the lines are dowsed thoroughly, all must remain speculation, but the man-made landscape provides some telling clues. The chapel of Taxiarchis stands high above the village of Spartillas. Like many of the locations associated with the Line (Saint Michael's Mount, Mont San Michel, Monte Sant' Angelo, Angelokastro, Delphi etc), the chapel introduces a human element to an elevated or isolated feature of the natural landscape. The chapel also stands on the old pilgrimage route that took worshippers to the Pantokrator Monastery at the time of its great August feast. Since in pre-Christian days a temple dedicated to Zeus stood on the summit, perhaps this pilgrim's path has been in use for thousands of years.

Not far from the chapel, the Church of the Virgin of the Crossroads occupies an isolated spot near the village of Strinilas. Above the main doorway, two romping dragons face each other. Though the doorway is dated 1855, the stone carvings are not structurally integrated with the lintel, and may be much older. The presence of serpent images on a Christian monument, the 'crossroads' reference in the church's name, and its pointlessly isolated location, may be hidden ley line references. Does the power line also run through here?

We have examined the strong connections the serpent (or dragon) has with the Gorgon Medusa, and how serpents symbolise the healing power of the Earth's Gaian ley line system. But the Gorgon has additional ties with the Michael-Apollo Axis.

In all the popular tales the giant Gargantua appears essentially to be linked with the movements of the Earth's crust, raising up mountains, carving out lakes or the beds of rivers which he also at times causes to disappear. Although with less tumult, his activity is akin to that of the Giants of Greek mythology and we think that, like them, he symbolises the energies of the Earth, his favourite places being the bowels of the earth and the summits. (Lucien Richer, *The Michael-Apollo 'Axis'*)

Though Richer imposes a masculine character on the deity, it is clearly our Gorgon, our Earth Goddess at work again. As we mentioned earlier, the Michael-Apollo Axis is characterized by sites set on high points (the 'summits'), like Angelokastro, and sanctuaries with connections leading down into the earth, like Delphi and the Temple of Artemis ('bowels of the earth'). One of the most dramatic of the alignment sites on the Axis is Monte Sant' Angelo in Italy. Its alternative name is Monte Gargana. In legend, Mont San Michel was created by two stones thrown down by the parents of Gargantua. Our Gorgon's influence is felt everywhere along the line.

So we return to Corfu's Gorgon Medusa. Our culture has demonized her; myths and serpent-phobia make it hard for us to understand that the builders and artists who created her image on the Temple Pediment had no such negative associations. For them, she represented healing and the all-emcompassing power of the Earth. To enter was to accept the Divine, and to be refreshed. She, the Great Goddess, was the ultimate Sacred Feminine, the quintessential promise of pilgrimage.

'The pendulum is swinging. We are starting to sense the dangers of our history... and of our destructive paths. We are beginning to sense the need to restore the sacred feminine.' Just because Dan Brown wrote this (in *The Da Vinci Code*) doesn't mean it's not true.

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# The 'Famous Five' of Corfu's Natura 2000 sites

by John Waller

## What is Natura 2000?

European society, our immense cultural diversity and our economies are reflected in our landscapes, agriculture and natural spaces. We are stewards of a wonderful natural legacy that we can pass on to future generations. Over the last 25 years together the EU has built up a vast network of over 26,000 protected areas covering all the Member States and with a total area of around 850,000 square kilometres, representing more than 20% of total EU territory. This vast array of sites, known as the Natura 2000 network - the largest coherent network of protected areas in the world - is a testament to the importance that EU citizens attach to biodiversity.

Natura 2000 is the centrepiece of EU nature and biodiversity policy. It is an EU-wide network of nature protection areas established under the 1992 Habitats Directive. The aim of the network is to assure the long-term survival of Europe's most valuable and threatened species and habitats. It consists Special Areas of Conservation (SAC) designated by Member States under the Habitats Directive, and also incorporates Special Protection Areas (SPAs) which are designated under the 1979 Birds Directive. Natura 2000 is not a system of strict nature reserves where all human activities are excluded. Whereas the network will certainly include nature reserves, most of the land is likely to continue to be privately owned, and the emphasis will be on ensuring that future management is sustainable, both ecologically and economically.

Can you name the Famous Five (or sadly not-so-Famous Five): five sites around the coast of Corfu that are deemed environmental protected areas under the Natura 2000 programme, the largest coherent network of protected areas in the world?

If you know the answer you will have either attended the Symposium on 'Cleaning up the Mediterranean' organised jointly by the Durrell School of Corfu and the Ddikeoma Institute during the last week in September, with expert speakers from the Hellenic Centre for Marine Research and United Nation Environmental Programme (Mediterranean Action Plan), or be already aware of the legacy which we should be handing to future generations but are in danger of destroying. Before giving the answers, I want to summarise some of the lectures.

'Biodiversity is good, and pollution is bad'. That was the message.

Biodiversity - the immense variety of Life on Earth - is what makes our planet not only habitable but beautiful. We depend on the natural richness of our planet for the food, energy, wood, raw materials, clean air and clean water that make life possible and which drive our economy. But we also look to our natural environment for less tangible things such as aesthetic pleasure, artistic inspiration and recreation. The Mediterranean makes up just 0.7% of the seas but it contains 10% of all species. How come? Because the Med has such so many different coastal environments, including our Famous Five. But biodiversity is in danger because of over-fishing, with trawling the greatest demon of all: nearly half the catch is discarded and the sea base is destroyed.

The western Med. is happier than the eastern (with the Black Sea worst of all); a place where more 'bad' things happen: sewage and urban run-off, industrial pollution and solid waste dumping has yet to be controlled; desalination plants are killing the lower level marine life; and aquaculture is increasing. As a result, Harmful Algal Blooms, which will increase with global warming and now seen off the east coast of Corfu, are creating serious public health problems.

Dr. Lee Durrell, Gerald Durrell's widow, explained the importance of islands in the programme of Durrell Wildlife Conservation Trust. Their work in saving endangered species and re-introducing them into the wild is leading the world in maintaining bio-diversity. As one of the audience, from Canada, pointed out: it's a pity the same is not done about cod!

From North-West Corfu, Dirk Stoller brought the meeting down to earth with a bump with his campaigning on ecological and alternative lifestyle issues, agro-tourism, marine conservation, the protection of species and nature, waste management and recycling. The powers on the island would surely have sat up if they had been in attendance.

Dirk Stoller's practical approach was followed by the remarkable story of the Sea Turtle Protection Society and a call by Greenpeace for the establishment of Marine Reserves which have a proven record of increasing the number of species and regenerating the fish population over time.

By now you want to know about Corfu's Famous Five - two of which were said to be the finest examples in Greece. Top spot goes to Korission Lake 'with the Juniperus stands, unique remnants of a forest in the islands of Corfu, and the petrified sand-dunes which create an area of great aesthetic value. This is a complex, interesting and almost unaltered ecosystem, one of the few remaining natural ecosystems in Corfu that has not been greatly changed by tourist development. As the main wetland on the island, Korission Lake is an important site for wildlife protection, and especially for bird migration and breeding, for the survival of the protected species *Lutra lutra*.'

It was suggested that the second of Greece's 'top of the pops' was the cliff coastline between Paleokastritsa and Glyfada.



Another of our Famous Five is the Antioniti Lagoon where 'the wetland and nearby habitats are kept in rather good condition. The reed thickets cover an extended area. The protection and sustainable management of the site can contribute not only to the preservation of wildlife but also to the economic development of the area (fishing, leisure activities, ecotourism). The greater the delays in establishing status of legal frame, the more the threats to the environment will increase.'

'Until 1988, the Lefkimmi wetlands had been used as a salt-works operation. It is evident that a very rich flora and many coastal vegetation types exist. The lagoon(s), the wet and salt meadows (east of the main lagoon), the small rivers and the neighbouring hills all play an important role in the structure and function of the ecosystem as a whole.'

Finally and perhaps most surprising of the Famous Five is the coastal strip from Kanoni to Messongi. 'The beds of Posidonia, sea grass, constitute the most important coastal ecosystem in the Mediterranean Sea as it contributes considerably to primary production and serve as suitable place for laying eggs fishes and supplies a perfect habitat for many animal and plant species. The beds grow denser towards Mesongi. This marine area is characterized by a great diversity in flora and vegetation.'

The coastline of Paxos has also been designated a Natura 2000 site.

At the conclusion of the meeting the following resolution was passed:

The 1st Corfu Symposium "Cleaning up the Mediterranean", recognising tourism as the basis of the Corfu economy, request the Mayors on Corfu and Paxos to use their offices to turn the Green island of Corfu into the 'greenest' in the Mediterranean thereby encouraging Eco-Tourism to the island by the following actions:

1. Implement a full scale recycling programme
2. Encourage the use of alternative energy
3. Fully support the existing six Natura 2000 sites on the islands of Corfu and Paxos
4. Support the establishment of a Marine Reserve between the Diapontian Islands
5. Encourage the compliance by hotels and other organisations of ISO 14001:2004 (Environmental Management Systems)

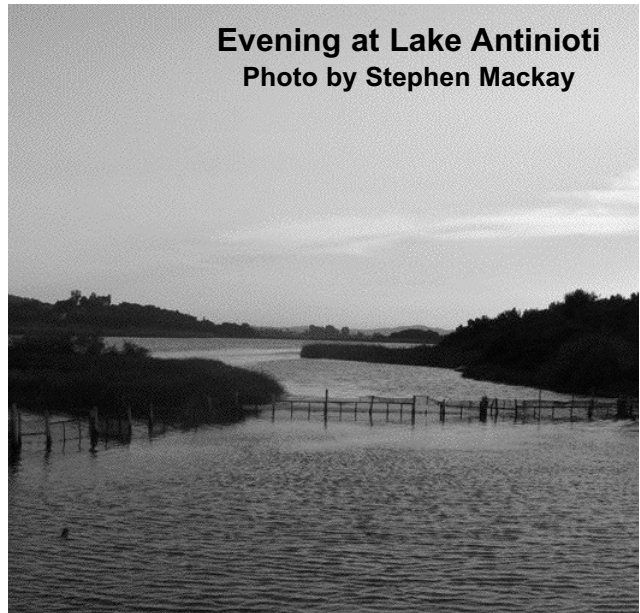
The Symposium asks the organisers to:

1. Gain endorsement of this resolution by the NGOs working in the islands
2. Report back future progress to participants

The following notes were provided for the delegation to meet the mayors:

1. All recyclable material should be separated at source. In particular the recycling of plastic bottles is seen as a major priority. Tourists would welcome this as part of a 'Make Corfu Greener' campaign.
2. The proposed generation of electricity by PV solar cells is welcomed and should be the first step towards self-sufficiency. The installation of bio-gas plants for electricity generation would be a welcomed solution to human waste, which is perceived by visitors as finishing in the sea.
3. The islands are uniquely rewarded with six sites, two of which are claimed to be the best of their type in Europe, namely, the cliffs between Paliokastritsa and Glifada and the lagoon

**Evening at Lake Antinioti**  
Photo by Stephen Mackay



and dunes at Korission. The latter are endangered by quad bikes. There was also concern over the development beside the Antionoti lagoon. The sites could become the focus for eco-tourism.

4. It is accepted that the quantity and maturity of local fish available in the markets has dropped over the years. Marine Reserves which are set up in open sea have proved that this trend can be reversed. Subject to scientific confirmation, a Marine Reserve in the Diapontian Islands would improve fish stocks locally, enhance the islands eco-credentials and offer divers a study location.

5. As the islands compete against other tourist destinations, we must offer a quality product. Hotels compliant with ISO 14001:2004 would have a marketing edge and the islands would be able to enhance their environmental credentials.

6. With Corfu Town now a World Heritage site, park and ride facilities should be introduced. It is the minimum tourists will expect from a Greener Corfu.

*John Waller is author of 'Greek Walls', 'Corfu Sunset' and 'Irish Flames', all available at the Made in Corfu Shop, Gastouri.*

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**BRAMBLE** (left) is proof of Lulu's collie ancestry. He is black and white with beautiful collie markings and is developing a deep ruff; a lovely smooth-coated collie. Though immensely affectionate, he is an excellent guard with already a strong bark. He is the leader, and will greatly appreciate a firm owner to give him direction; he is desperate to please but needs to know what is expected of him. He is turning into a truly magnificent dog.



**PADDY** (centre left) shows more of his setter roots, though as he is a bit of a whimp I doubt he will do for hunting. He has a whiskery face and melting black eyes, a coarse medium-length white and light tan coat, and a very sweet nature.

**BELLA** (right) has inherited her mother's light and elegant frame, delicate little paws and huge agility. Her coat is short and honey and white in colour. She has always been the littlest and is usually pushed out of food and love-ins by the bruisers. She has a lot of affection to give, and would blossom in a one-to-one relationship.

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Do come along and help support the stray and abandoned animals on Corfu; your assistance is reatly appreciated. Our website is: [www.corfuanimalwelfare.com](http://www.corfuanimalwelfare.com).

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# Israel: A Challenge for Beliefs

 by *Pete Button*

*For the final part of their Middle Eastern Tour aboard 'Shecat' the sailing catamaran belonging to friends Sheila and Patrick, Pete Button examines Israel and the Holy City of Jerusalem.*

For as long as I can remember there has been a war, crisis or impasse in the Middle East. From the time of the Six Day War, when I was just old enough to form opinions, it seemed fairly straight forward; the country was Palestine, then it became Israel with a different culture and a different religion which formed the basis of the constitution. A new nation forced through by the UN, by the US and the UK on the land that was once Palestine; of course the Palestinians were, and still are, unhappy. Since then the Israeli government appeared to be aggressive to all its neighbours, going to war to grab more territory. Events of recent years have done little to change the simplistic understanding I formed in childhood.

Visiting Israel was going to be interesting, particularly since Sheila is an ex Kibbutznik.

I endeavoured to keep an open mind and use the trip as an opportunity to dispel my beliefs and look for positive things.

Before arriving in Israel we had already visited Syria and Lebanon so we had heard and seen an Arab perspective. Almost everyone's only desire is for peace; there appeared to be no aggression, just an acceptance that Israel exists and a desire to get along. We heard of some despair among displaced Palestinians in overcrowded camps. I calculated that in these places each person had just three square metres to live in.

Our first stop in Israel was Hyfa where I had a real shock; the yacht club hosting us had Jews, Christians and Arabs as members and all were very friendly to us and each other. I chatted to a young woman who, during the Hezbollah bombing last year spent 28 days without taking her clothes off at night so she was ready to get into a shelter. Sometimes she would spend the night sitting in a community bomb shelter, leaving her too tired to do a normal day's work. The human cost of conflict was harsh here too.

On one trip we asked guides to tell us about the problems, 'Don't hold back, tell us how you see it,' we urged. In response, they asked us a question: 'What is the cause of all the problems in this area? Jerusalem? Religion?' The answer was one we did not expect. Water is the key, Israel only has one source of drinking water - the Sea of Galilee. The last war with Syria was because Syria was getting itself into a posi-

tion to take water from this lake and thereby threaten the existence of Israel more surely than with the use of weapons. The Israelis are trying to overcome this by using US and Arab money to develop six huge desalination plants on the Med and Red Sea coasts. Two of these are already functioning but the water is not yet at a standard for drinking, so it is being used for industry.

Every Israeli we met was very friendly. On our first afternoon in Herzliya we were enjoying a gin after a long passage when some sea kayakers appeared around our boats, and we immediately started talking. I have done a lot of kayaking and sea kayak coaching and these guys had all trained in the UK so it seemed we had many mutual friends. I was invited to go paddling the next morning before sun rise. I was expecting an early morning drift along the coast and a good chank. No chance! These guys were very serious and on a full-on fitness session, or maybe they wanted to blow away the big shot from the UK! After 15 minutes we stopped for a break as the sun rose. I was knackered; this was hard. I looked around and everyone was gasping for breath and pouring sea water over their heads; they were struggling too. From then on I cruised and kept up conversations. Many of the folk lived in Tel Aviv or in beachside houses; all went abroad several times a year. The sea kayak club was the

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best run and best equipped I have ever seen. These guys were really nice and munificent, I got on well with them and now think of them as friends. However, they demonstrated another of the big problems of the region: 'Haves and Have Nots'. Most Israeli's have wealth and a standard of living equal to the UK, but most Arabs live in near-poverty.

On the last day of the rally there was another opportunity to go to Jerusalem. Sheila said it was the most interesting city in the world, home to the three major monotheistic religions. I could not miss it. I was indoctrinated with Christianity as a child, something I resent now. My current beliefs are a mixture of Pagan reverence for the environment and its spirituality and the Buddhists' journey to Nirvana.

First stop was Mount Corpus for an overview of the city, a log book of life experience, with the gold of the Dome on the Rock constantly drawing one's eye.

It was explained to us in the Garden of Gethsemane that there is no doubt that a guy called Jesus lived here and that certain events happened; whether or not he is the Son of God is where the belief begins, so 'why not' accept that things happened in the place we are told. The Garden was a very beautiful tranquil place, with ancient olive trees. Were these trees here when Judas gave the world's most famous kiss in their midst? This thought made the events seem very close. Next door the Church of the Agony of Christ was a gorgeous Orthodox Church with scenes from the Garden painted on the walls and gold everywhere. On the way out I wanted to buy a poster from an Arab vendor by the garden gates, but he did not have enough money to give me change from \$10. Another 'have not' amongst so much opulence.

To enter the Old City we had to go through airport style security. We had to show passports or ID, have our bags scanned, and people were randomly frisked. We tourists mingled with Orthodox Jews who wore their black clothing and hats, and with office workers and people going about their everyday lives. A man told me he went through the check point six times a day; how demeaning. The first thing we saw in the city was the West Wall, the Jews see the term 'Wailing Wall' as derogatory. Here there were thousands of people, noise and colour. Several bar mitzvahs were going on, since Jews from all over Israel - indeed the world - aspire to have their child's bar mitzvah celebration here. I was shocked how easily we were accepted, even welcomed right down to the base of the wall, which is the last remains of the old Roman city wall, the most sacred place on earth for the Jewish people. Some pushed prayer messages into cracks in the edifice others stood swaying trance-like holding the stone. It was very moving.

The old city of Jerusalem is divided into quarters. We were told we could not visit the Dome on the Rock or the Muslim sector, but this was not strictly true - it was our Jewish guides who could not, but we could, as four of my friends who are Turkish Muslims proved by leaving our group to go to pray at what for them is the second most holy site in the world. The rest of us walked on through the Armenian and Jewish quarters, through narrow streets and souk-like alleys.

Our next stop, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, belongs after years of dispute equally to Orthodox Christians, Catholics and Armenians. In 1863 a treaty was agreed dividing every inch of the church into time zones and areas managed by each group.

Unfortunately, they neglected a small balcony which has a ladder leading down from a window, and so worried they are about upsetting the treaty no one has touched the ladder for over 150 years.

I remembered a little about the crucifixion story and 'the stations of the cross'. What surprised me were how close together they were: 'This is where Jesus rested', 'this is where he was nailed on', 'this is where the cross stood' etc, etc. all within the space of a large sitting room. We saw the slab where Jesus was laid after being taken down. The church was heaving with people, some clearly very moved, at the site where the cross stood. Several people were in tears and I saw at least two people faint and have to be carried out. In a larger room was the tomb where Jesus was laid, and here I was able to stand aside and contemplate the place. There was certainly a buzz or feeling from the millions of people who visit, but it seemed as if all the tourists and sheer popularity of the place had washed the spirituality away. It felt cold and empty, almost worn out. Then in the next room we saw two Muslim women in full burqas, with mops, pushing Hoovers around. Bloody hell - in this most holy of places the Christians can't even do their own cleaning! It occurred to me that possibly the whole place is just for tourists and 'maybe' believers, a sort of indoor Jesus theme park, and that the real spiritual places were hidden away for those in the know - fair enough; I felt my presence was defiling the place.

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*The solution can only be like a pan-dimensional jigsaw; with no picture to follow, it will only go together if all the pieces have flexible edges.*  
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During the rest of the trip we saw many more sites, including the famous Jaffa Gate. By late afternoon the police were hassling us to be out of the city. Why? Today there was to be a big Gay Pride march and trouble was expected. Time and time again we were told Israel is tolerant of homosexuality - a march like this would be no problem anywhere else, but in Jerusalem there are too many deeply held beliefs and too many sensibilities. This seemed to me the very reason to have it there, and many of us wanted to stay.

By the day we flew back to the UK, I was regularly paddling with the sea kayakers and we went out for a pre-dawn trip again. Half a mile off shore three helicopter gunships sped over, fast and low, heading south; we could feel the downdraught as they passed. Next morning in Stanstead Airport I looked at a newspaper: 35 Palestinians killed in Gaza by a dawn helicopter raid. F\*\*k!

Has the trip changed my views? Yes, very much. If so many people across the whole region 'just want peace', how can it be so hard? It is clear that there is no one truth, and everyone has a valid and true view. The solution can only be like a pan-dimensional jigsaw; with no picture to follow, it will only go together if all the pieces have flexible edges. I confess I have no idea how it could even be started. I now feel empty and confused, and I have definitely lost my simplistic view about the Middle East.

# A Summer in Sidari

by Josh Dean

I had flown to Venice from Stanstead and had around four hours to kill before my ferry departure to Corfu, but was not in a position to make the best of it. Sharp Versaces in Alfa Romeos weaved past me from all angles, I was carrying what felt like a sack of cement on my back, and for some baffling reason I had chosen to deny myself the use of one arm in order to carry a fleece-lined duffle coat. This seemed like a good idea when I left fog-draped Newcastle. Foolish garment choices aside, I had very little cash at my disposal. I resolved to return to Venice at some point during my youth with more money and a woman. And no duffle coat.

I boarded the ferry two hours prior to departure and commenced the obligatory wander around the various decks. I took a few pictures then stared blankly out to sea for a while, waiting for us to get underway. I felt a little compensated for my lack of sight-seeing as the ferry edged out of the harbour, leaving wonderful views of Venice. Soon the coastline faded and I went in search of some cheap beer. The bar served Mythos (which I have come to like very much) at a moderately distressing four euros. This could not last. Not for twenty-two hours anyway. Thankfully, I found the ferry shop, which annoyingly did not sell beer. Instead, I found a curious bottle that contained something of a clear appearance. The label was useless to me in Greek, but I could make out the magic 40%. A steal at four euros, it had to be purchased. I have never tasted lighter-fluid, but now I think I am able to put forward a reasonably convincing argument regarding its attributes.

And so after a couple of weeks I ended my abuse of the parents' hospitality and found myself in Sidari working for a UK tour operator. Mum declared that I was 'too cultured for Kavos'. Still, the only culture to be found in Sidari is in the Greek yogurt.

If not cultured, Sidari is at least an interesting place. Interesting places are always worthy of note, but not necessarily worthy of praise. You may find a road accident interesting, but not generally worthy of praise. And so here I am in Sidari.

It's the cramped display of a colourful yet weathered seasonal attempt at earning some cash that gets me, and it's the same with most Mediterranean package deal resorts whose hey-day was probably ten years ago - and late coming then. The result now is an endless cluster of back-lit perspex signs, advertising everything from cheap (and ominous) car hire, to discount cigarettes and pints of John Smith's. Tethered Lilos flap flippantly in the breeze, looking as though even they want to escape the constant bashing of dust carried on the wind and deafening beat of drum and bass that penetrate the skull every night. And how do so many shops selling so much of the same things, that nobody seems to want, manage to survive? I have been here six months and have not yet seen one person leave a shop carrying a bottle of what appears to be orange 'Flash' in a Corfu-shaped glass bottle. Even the Greece 2008 calendars containing a selection of very liberal ladies, with an oddly consistent choice in Eighties hair-dos, would have been clearly at home some time ago.

But the best yet is the Costa del Sol beach bags I have seen hanging hopefully outside a particular shop. None appear to have been sold. I am still hopeful though: on my way home recently I was accosted by a lady who leaped out of a cigarette shop brandishing a calculator. Seeing that I was in uniform she loudly enquired as to whether I spoke English. I was in an irritable mood after an instantly forgettable day at work and frankly I did not need this. I looked down at my uniform and then at her, hoping this would answer her foolish question. It did not. I looked down at my badge, which announced I was 'JOSH DEAN'. This appeared to have no significance in indicating my likely choice of primary language. I sighed deeply inside and conceded that yes, I did speak English. The lady seemed unable to convert the price of 200 B&H from 'Greek money' into 'Scottish money'. I explained the basic calculation on her calculator, but not before indicating the UK Sterling price displayed prominently on the label is also applicable to those who live north of the border. This she seemed surprised at. And now I suspect that Sidari is one Costa del Sol bag down.

I am a bit of a news junkie so feel somewhat starved in Sidari. The TV in my room cannot even get CNN. BBC World is dubbed into Greek (to my immense annoyance) and all the other channels are full of adverts where Greeks appear to be a little too enthusiastic about dairy products. The situation with newspapers is not great either. Tabloids are clearly the paper of choice for the tourists. These are always available on the same day and cost a fair bit less than the broadsheets, which are generally a day behind. I would buy the Sun if I wanted to read about Victoria Beckham breaking a nail, or if I required something with which to light a fire. The Express is no good either; it always baffles me how they manage to print a truly insignificant headline, that is 'off the scale' of things nobody is interested in. Every other day they seem to be writing how the price of a semi, in some arse-end of nowhere dive in the Midlands will rise by 26p by 2014. I am convinced they would keep this line of reporting should Osama bin Laden be found to be stacking shelves in Superdrug on Camden High Street.

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On the subject of dangerous men, the Greeks can be very lax about safety, usually to an amusing and endearing point. I was surprised how easy it was to hire a small boat with virtually no questions asked. One afternoon myself and a fellow rep approached a man with a shack on the beach. After a quick explanation of the prices and boundaries we were soon ready for the off.

"You have driven boat before?" our man enquired.

"Yes, a few times. I have an RYA powerboat certificate," I replied.

"For this, there is no need."

I raised my eyebrows inquisitively to prompt some reasoning.

"You are in Greece now, my friend."

"Ah. OK, well I'll just be careful then and make sure I don't hit the rocks in a searing ball of flames."

"For this, there is no need."

I raised my eyebrows for the second time.

"You are in Greece now, my friend," he replied again.

I climbed aboard and positioned myself to grasp the engine. I reached for the engine kill-cord to put around my ankle but after some effort I realised it was superglued to the unit. I looked up at our man.

"For this, there is no need."

I didn't bother to raise my eyebrows.

There are a few things that generally irritate me about working for a large company. Often these come in the form of blatantly ill-disguised business initiatives which are 'justified' due to whatever aspires to the current mood, such as climate change. Yes, everyone is jumping on this bandwagon, from Mr Cameron cycling around Brittany in his Billabongs to some Hollywood prat in a Prius hybrid car. My particular grievance comes in the form of the company purchasing a number of the forthcoming long-range Boeing 787s. A key element of reasoning behind this glamorous purchase is that these particular airliners are 20 percent more fuel efficient than, say for example, the Airbus A330 equivalent manufactured in Europe. Well, that is all well and good, and hell it looks great at those glitzy PR events. But the massive increase in air passenger travel over the last ten years is due to scales soaring and costs crashing. Yes, the company will decrease the fuel consumption on certain routes by a fifth, but if they are gracious enough to pass these cuts onto the average traveller - which I am sure they are intent on doing - then we will see approximately a one-fifth increase in passengers, unless my logic escapes me. And therefore the net result is no reduction in aviation emissions but an increase in sales of the Sun in somewhere new and ready to spoil, such as El Salvador, and an extra several hundred mil-

lion dollars in the pockets of Uncle Sam to blow the shit out of said country when he realises they may be in possession of a valuable commodity, such as brain matter. Should Washington suddenly become oddly aware of a conscience and decide to spare life amongst innocents, the cash going to Boeing would only help fuel an economy which produces 24 percent of global emissions, but only has four percent of the global population. Hmm. Airbus anyone?

Another minor irritation is my company email address. I am assigned a seemingly random selection of numbers, acronyms and underscores - none of which relate to my name. This only helps to underline the fact that yes I am one of several thousand employees and yes I will wear the mass-produced uniform and no I won't have a say in jack. Any comments? Let me know at [insig\\_emp47579@faceless\\_PLC.co.uk](mailto:insig_emp47579@faceless_PLC.co.uk)

Fortunately the Corfiots are not proficient in the production of airliners or schemes of inflicted animosity (except perhaps calling everyone Spyros), so escape a tirade of abuse. It is interesting coming to a place where English is not the first language but is spoken almost as widely as if it were. It gives a much clearer insight into the people as say, Portugal for example. And the Greeks like talking to you and seem genuinely interested. Bold is probably the way I would describe them, with a dainty softly-softly approach, especially with their blunt and unashamed reasoning. It is refreshing, though, because it is genuine and never meant in malice - they just speak their mind. This spade-is-a-spade outlook is something you would not find in the UK, or if you tried to put it into practice the likelihood is that you would be on the receiving end of a smack in the mouth.

Towards the end of the season I took a day trip with my parents to Lefkimmi in the south of the island. It is on occasions like this that it is obvious that Corfu is a truly delightful island and the people really are fantastic. We had very good food, served by genuine and interesting people in surroundings that could not be argued with. I really shall miss this place.

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# Christmas 1940

by *Lionel Mann*

I cannot pretend that my wartime Christmases were in any way typical. Early in 1940, although aged only twelve, when my school music master had been taken seriously ill, I had been 'conscripted' into becoming organist-choirmaster of a choir of twenty-four boys at a suburban church with a local reputation for the high quality of its music.

Until I went to St. Martin's my experience as a church chorister, from the age of six - and indeed the ethos of my home - had been somewhat austere and gloomily Protestant, but my new place was very much Anglo-Catholic. From my very first encounter I was totally enthralled by the glorious music, the dignified ceremonial, orderly observance of seasons and festivals, beautiful vestments and exquisite furnishings. All was akin to emerging from murky mist into sparkling sunlight. The impressive liturgies for Holy Week, Easter and Whitsun had been a stunning revelation, but whenever I remarked upon them I was told, "Wait till you see Christmas!"

Now Christmas had come. After Evensong the previous Sunday, walking down the darkened church to the choir vestry to dismiss the boys, I had been seized by a keen sense of anticipation. The solemn music and ceremonial of Advent was finished and our next appearance would be accompanied by all the brilliant music that we had been rehearsing for weeks.

In those days Christmas did not start until midday on 24th December; it was 'just not done' to perform Christmas carols in public before then, except at school where we should not attend at all during the festive season. However, the war had led to 'Post early for Christmas', with shops displaying seasonal wares much earlier than usual so that parcels might be sent in good time to troops serving overseas.

Our last choir practice before the great day was on the Monday evening. Although it meant turning out during the blackout, these practices always received full attendance. "In this choir voluntary means you must do it; compulsory means you'll be kicked out if you don't," the Head Chorister had unsmilingly imparted when apprising me of local customs. Seven- and eight-year-olds thought nothing of walking alone a mile or two in the dark, even in pouring rain; despite the constant threat of air-attack Britain, was a much safer place for the elderly and the young in those days than it is today. Too, the infectious enthusiasm of those choristers and their pride in being members of St. Martin's Choir is now rarely encountered.

The next morning, early at the church in order to practise my organ music for the festival, I found the place already a hive of activity: severe Advent purple being replaced by festive white, silver and gold; holly and ivy being draped upon every projection; candles and incense cones being placed in every recess. Nobody objected to my playing. "It's just what we need to start Christmas." In mid-morning I went to join everyone in persuading a large tree through the door and erecting it in the front north corner of the nave.

Back at home - my grandparents' because mother had left us and father was away building airfields - I was dismissed from the bustle in the kitchen with a hot mince-pie until lunch was ready. In the meantime I donned my finery in preparation for a very busy twenty-four hours and then retired to the lounge where an aunt had just finished decorating the tree, real small coloured candles being part of the decorations, carefully placed to avoid fire hazard. After lunch, having satisfied grandfather's meticulous inspection, I caught a bus into the city.

I often wondered what other members of the congregation at the Cathedral thought at seeing a little squirt wearing the scarlet and gold blazer and tie, grey shirt and shorts, grey socks with scarlet and gold turn-down of the junior forms of the city grammar school, being solemnly virged into a place beside the choirstalls by none other than the Head Verger. For months I had attended there at Saturday afternoon Evensongs in order to familiarise myself with the great music of the Anglican liturgy and had become known as a 'regular'. Moreover, they always arranged that copies of the music should be provided for me to follow. The Head Verger was the uncle of one of my St. Martin's choristers. Was it the merest flicker of a wink that he bestowed upon me when we gravely bowed to each other as I took my place?

That Christmas Eve at the crowded Cathedral was my first acquaintance with the splendour of the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols and from the very first magical impact of a distant solo boy's voice singing the opening verse of 'Of the Father's love begotten' to the concluding torrent of sound from the second-largest organ in Britain crashing out Bach's prelude on 'In Dulci Jubilo' I was completely captivated. Afterwards, apart from pausing briefly in the nave to admire the massive Christmas tree decorated with coloured electric bulbs, a recent innovation, I hastened home for tea, impatient to reach St. Martin's in order to try out some ideas given me from having heard 'The Doctor', as he was known all over the county, performing at the Cathedral.

Although it was midwinter, daylight was only just fading when I set out on my bicycle for St. Martin's at soon after five o'clock. Summer Time had been retained through winter during the war and Double Summer Time introduced during summer in order to give people daylight after work to 'dig for victory' in their gardens and allotments. At home our tennis court and ornamental gardens had all been converted to vegetable plots. After the war it was years before I could again face a turnip, swede or parsnip!

The congregation at First Evensong of Christmas at St. Martin's was made up of even more children than usual, more than two hundred. As on all big festivals, the double doors at the west end of the nave affording access to the Church Hall were fixed open and rows of chairs arranged, thereby about doubling our seating to five hundred, yet we had reached standing-room-only by the time the service started. Nevertheless, I was able to play only softly beforehand because it was unthinkable that mindless chatter should disturb the sacred serenity.

Many persons had arrived quite early; entry, and exit after the service, was a rather elaborate exercise owing to blackout regu-



lations. Supervised by the duty sidesman, about twenty would cram into the porch, lighted only by a single blue bulb high up inside the outer door, which would then be bolted. Only then would the inner door be opened allowing entry to the nave, lighted dimly from chancel at the far end. When the porch was empty the inner door was locked and the sidesman would open the outer door for another group to enter. Punctual attendance was encouraged as entry was forbidden once a service had started and the nave lights were switched on. St. Martin's was one of the few churches in the city that had an efficient blackout system enabling us to hold services during hours of darkness; every window of church and hall had tightly fitting outside shutters that our Verger closed at appropriate times.

Six musical chimes of the sacristy clock broke the expectant silence, the nave was flooded with light and I played softly just three notes, D, F sharp, G. "Once in Royal David's city..." sang the Head Chorister from the entrance to the choir vestry at the back of the nave. "He came down to earth..." Everybody joined in the second verse, a veritable roar of sound, while the eight pairs of choirboys were led down the centre aisle by crucifer and two taperers, bearing cross and candles. When they had taken their places in the chancel choirstalls, a second procession emerged from the door beside the organ, a swarm of acolytes followed by two priests, our own Fr. Morgan being assisted at greater festivals by elderly Fr. Lucas who came out of retirement for such occasions.

Anglican Evensong, the envy of many other Christian churches (yet today ousted by muddle-headed illiterate 'informal worship'), proceeded upon its orderly course, psalms, lessons, office hymn, canticles, Creed, responses, prayers, anthem, a little carol. Then, "Let us proceed in peace," was intoned by Fr. Morgan, to which all responded, "In the Name of the Lord. Amen." We burst into the first verse of "O Come All Ye Faithful" as crucifer and taperers led off in a ceremonial procession down the north aisle with the two churchwardens carrying their staves of office moving ahead to clear the way through the overflow congregation. Following the choristers came two more taperers, the thurifer swinging his censer, accompanied by his diminutive boat-boy with the boat of incense granules and spatula, another acolyte bearing a bowl of holy water and his partner with the sprinkling rod, the 'bookboy', yet two more taperers and then Fr. Lucas, Fr. Morgan.

Though we were using the extended version of the hymn I yet needed to 'improvise' between verses (prepared and written out in advance - I knew my youthful limitations!) in order to spin out the duration of the hymn. Halfway around the back of the nave the procession stopped and closed up for the Blessing of the Crib. A beautiful model of the stable with exquisitely-moulded figures of the participants in the Nativity was censed, sprinkled with holy water and blessed, and then the procession resumed. Before the last verse came another break while Fr. Morgan, surrounded by acolytes, chanted the Christmas gospel from the top of the chancel steps.

The sermon followed. Our priest never preached for more than five minutes; "If you can't strike oil in five minutes, stop boring!" People (even the choirboys, than which there is no higher accolade!) listened to his sermons and remembered them. The

singing of "While Shepherds Watched" accompanied the Offertory and "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" provided a hearty conclusion after the Blessing.

When I finished playing my voluntary at least half the congregation was waiting patiently to leave through the 'light-lock', but I found the choristers waiting rather impatiently for me; we all had an important engagement to keep. With the assistance of the Sacristan we 'pulled a fast one' using the sacristy as our private 'light-lock' and avoiding delay.

Moving rapidly, we made for our Head Chorister's home about a half-mile from the church. There Chris's mother with four or five other 'choirmums' was waiting to feed the hungry hordes. How they managed at that and the following wartime Christmases to provide such plenty, despite stringent rationing, I cannot imagine. A large variety of sandwiches, sausage rolls, mince pies, cakes, jellies, tinned fruit, cream, custard, soft drinks was quickly depleted and yet some was left 'for later'. Throughout the evening groups chatted, played board games or went up to one of the four bedrooms to slip off shoes and lie down to snooze.

Soon after eleven o'clock, sleepers were wakened and the remainder of the bounty was consumed. Attendance of probationer choirboys at the midnight and early morning service was voluntary, but has anybody ever tried to keep a boy in bed at Christmas when excitement is offered? Making our way back to the church we joined a steady procession of pedestrians all going in the same direction, calling out the season's greetings to one another. Throughout the war we discovered that very few nights are so dark that 'it is impossible to see your hand in front

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of your face'. Also, it was apparent that both the RAF and the Luftwaffe had a holiday at Christmas; no drone, whether even of friendly or uneven of hostile aircraft, infringed upon the stillness. A long queue had formed at the 'light-lock'. Extra buses ran across town to St. Martin's at festivals, crewed by volunteers who wanted to attend services. Again we used our privileged access through the sacristry.

The nave was already full when we arrived, and the hall was filling. Acolytes were busy lighting the myriad of candles placed upon every convenient ledge and the incense cones in the window recesses. In 1940, as in every year for the following sixty-five, whenever playing for Midnight Mass I performed J.S. Bach's 'Pastorale' (BWV590) beforehand, its delicate thirteen minutes perfectly suited to the occasion.

The sacristry clock tinkled midnight and I played two notes, C, F. At the far end of the church the boys, conducted by the Head Chorister, sang unaccompanied the first verse of "O Little Town of Bethlehem". The nave lights flashed on, organ and everyone joined in the second verse while choir and then servers and priests processed to their places. The local army barracks was not much more than a stone's throw away so there was always a substantial male presence in our congregation, often adding the tenor and bass that the choir lacked. The resultant welter of sound was probably audible back at the barracks!

The hymn finished and immediately, while Fr. Morgan censed the altar, the choir chanted the glorious Christmas introit psalm 19, "The heavens declare the glory of God..." For the Mass itself we used a three-part setting by an obscure Italian early classical composer, probably written originally for a convent. Its simple gaiety made it a great favourite with the boys, and we trotted it out on most great festivals. The text was in Latin, but in those days all educated people knew at least a modicum of that language, and anyway our congregation had the English translation in their prayer-books.

Our priest never preached at a midnight service. "They don't want to be kept from their beds while I exercise my tonsils." He merely imparted Christmas greetings, and then we launched into "O Come, All Ye Faithful" for the Offertory.

The chancel at St. Martin's might have been designed with the size of our choir in mind; with a bit of a squeeze all twenty-four choristers and I, kneeling side by side, fitted along the altar rail to receive communion. Then we performed most of the Christmas carols in our current repertoire while the congregation was communicated; even with two priests ministering it lasted nearly a half-hour. Conforming to the Book of Common Prayer we sang the "Gloria in excelsis" at the end of the service and again concluded with "Hark the Herald Angels Sing". All lights in the church were switched off, apart from a couple in the chancel and the organ console lights, providing a dim glow throughout the building, and both inner and outer porch doors were opened allowing the congregation to disperse without hindrance.

In those days I always played a transcription of the "Hear, King of Angels" chorus from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" after Midnight Mass; it lasted not much more than three minutes. Even so only two choristers remained when I went into the vestry to remove cassock and surplice. (Nobody was allowed

into the chancel unless wearing ecclesiastical robes.) The pair were my 'escort' part of the way home, and we usually met up on the way to church too. We always left our bicycles in the same place behind the church so that we could easily find them in the dark. Our front lamps were screened by cardboard discs with a narrow slit about an inch long across the centre, throwing a slender beam of light on to the road about four yards ahead. We had red reflectors on the rear mudguards and wore small fluorescent discs pinned fore and aft to our clothing.

About a mile from the church my companions turned right into a new housing estate and I veered left beside the old, disused aerodrome, across the heath, through woodland, downhill and home. More than half the walls of my bedroom over the front porch were windows and it had been deemed impossible to blackout. The gas light (grandfather thought electricity dangerous) had been fixed off and I learnt to dress and undress in the dark, always placing clothes meticulously in the same order and position. Actually, it was often so bright with moonlight that I could surreptitiously rise when everybody else was asleep in order to copy out, seated at my dressing-table, instrumental parts of music that I had written for the school orchestra but had lacked time to prepare during a busy day. On this night I crept quietly to my room and was asleep before two o'clock.

My alarm woke me at seven. I was far too excited to feel tired. Grandmother was already up preparing Christmas dinner and she always insisted that I should never 'go out on an empty stomach'. A round of toast and meat-dripping, washed down with a cup of tea, satisfied her requirements. The route to church was marginally more uphill than the return, taking me about twenty minutes. I needed to wait only briefly for my 'escort' at our rendezvous.

It was still dark when we reached church - daylight saving in reverse - yet already people were streaming in through the 'light-lock'. Although probationer choirboys were excused attendance at the eight o'clock Mass, three or four turned up and were rewarded with being given surplices to wear over their cassocks and allocated places in the full turn-out of singing-boys and choristers on this occasion. The music was slightly more simple than at midnight, but communion took just as long because our congregation at this early hour was equally as large as it had been earlier. All our carols had another outing!

To save going home for breakfast I accompanied Chris to his house where we were treated to a great feast. His father was away commanding a North Sea MTB; his mother and sister ministered to our needs. Soon after ten we left for the 'final fling'.

High Mass on Christmas Day was always the absolute highlight of the festival. Well over six hundred crammed into St. Martin's. Three or four double-decker buses were parked in the streets near the church. As well as all the music we had used at midnight, there was a ceremonial procession to the Crib. I found it all immensely inspiring, enjoyed every minute, thrilled to produce such exhilarating sounds from the beautiful instrument at my disposal. Afterwards in the choir vestry I found all twenty-four boys lined up and being given their Christmas present, a little pocket-torch, by Fr. Morgan. The elderly Colonel and his family from the nearby barracks was also there; he pressed a

## TRUE STORY

half-crown into every hot sticky little hand, a custom he observed every one of those wartime Christmases. Needless to say, he was great favourite of the boys! I must admit that I liked him too; he always took me aside and graced my hand with a crisp pound-note.

Back at home everyone was awaiting my return before gathering in the lounge to hand out the presents piled around the base of the tree. Then at about two o'clock we sat down to Christmas dinner: grandfather, grandmother, my father and sister, two uncles, four aunts, myself. It was always turkey with all the trimmings, followed by Christmas pudding with white sauce. Home was a strictly 'alcohol-free zone'; I cannot remember what we drank, probably water or maybe fruit-juice.

Grandmother always prepared at least a dozen Christmas puddings but we never ate one of them; they were grandfather's presents to his most valued employees who had been with him since he first set up 'on his own account'. Instead, a friend of the family who had been 'in service' as a cook and now lived in London always sent us one. On one of those wartime Christmases we needed a mine-detector when eating the pudding; almost every bite yielded a little silver sixpence. Before we had finished the telephone rang. It was the cook. Please would we save all the coins? She also prepared a pudding for their local orphanage and had sent us the wrong one. I had never before seen grandfather laugh so much!

At three o'clock we always listened to the broadcast of the King's Christmas Message, delivered in a rather hesitant but attractively intimate style, and then we all left grandfather alone for his 'quiet snooze'. Punctually at four, as also on Sundays, he would come looking for me. "Are you coming, Lionel?" We would set out on his 'constitutional', walking at a brisk pace round the 'four-mile-square' of roads around the village. He would regale me with anecdotes from his past, and impart his business ethics and his philosophy of life. I was his oldest grandchild in Britain and, although he encouraged my ambition for a musical career, I think that he never ceased to hope that I might succeed to his business. Brought up in the country, he had a keen eye for nature and would point out animal and bird tracks, showing what they revealed of whatever had made them, or any other phenomena.

Evensong on Christmas Day was said and not sung unless the day were a Sunday, which never happened during my time at St. Martin's. I had no need to turn out again that day.

'High Tea' on Christmas Day also consisted of many delicacies. Grandmother, a little slip of a thing, smaller than thirteen-year-old I (and I was small for my age!), had been given six months to live at the age of eighteen. She actually lived to be ninety-six, having produced twelve children, surviving sturdy, robust grandfather by nearly thirty years! She was also a divine cook, which obviously weighed greatly with one of grandfather's physique! Her pork-brawn that always graced our festive tables melted in the mouth. Does anyone make it these days?

Throughout the war we frequently received food parcels from our numerous relatives in Canada. Despite rationing, I seemed never to go short of anything much, except for bananas and oranges, but now I realise that other members of the household must have stinted themselves in my interests. On Boxing Day

we relaxed between meals while grandfather spent some hours striding around the locality, distributing largesse to his employees.

Choir practices at St. Martin's followed their usual routine except that during school holidays they took place at four in the afternoon instead of seven in the evening. Daily I went to the church for organ practice. The last of the great season's events was the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols that replaced Evensong on the Sunday after Christmas. That 1940 occasion was my introduction in that celebration. For very many years I could never eat a full meal before playing for any big occasion, and I am certain that such must have been the case for that event. As Organist-Choirmaster, I was required also to read the Third Lesson, a requirement that I found more daunting than playing all the music needed for the festival! Once again, the church and hall were crammed to capacity. One of the highlights was the old Colonel's dramatic declamation of the Eighth Lesson; one was almost impelled to applaud. Herod was certainly denounced as an utter rotter! Years later, when as headmaster I was required to read that lesson at my school's Carol Festivals, I attempted to reproduce the CO's florid style. The pupils loved it!

Afterwards I went to Chris's place with some of the older choristers to celebrate the end of a very successful, and in my case excitingly revealing, few days. Its delights are still very fresh in my memory.

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# Signs It's Time To Redesign Your Website

Eventually you'll have to make some changes to your website. Some of these changes can be accomplished with simple maintenance and by making updates to your site. But there's only so far that patching and revising your current site can go. If your site is particularly outdated, or if it's not working well for you, it's probably time to consider a full-scale site redesign. Here are some signs that it's time to redesign your site:

**YOUR BUSINESS HAS CHANGED OR GROWN** If your business is no longer the same as it was when you designed your site, chances are that you should redesign your website to reflect that. If you've only had a few small changes, you might be able to just update your current website. But, if you've changed your business direction, decided to provide new products or services, or if your company has grown significantly, it will pay off to redesign your site.

Reconsider how the changes to your business should be reflected or addressed in the structure, design and strategy behind your website.

**YOUR SITE LOOKS AS IF IT WAS DESIGNED IN 1995** Some signs of an outdated web site include: chunky, slow-loading graphics; old-style "framed" coding, where the site is divided up into panes that load separately; animated cartoon clip-art throughout the site; text created as images instead of in HTML. Having any of these on your site could reflect poorly on your business, making you look behind the times. It can also make you look like you don't care enough about your business or about technological advances to keep abreast of them. Keeping your company's website looking modern will improve its credibility.

**THE INFORMATION ON YOUR SITE ISN'T USER FRIENDLY** If you cringe when you read your site text, or if you regularly get questions on your site text from visitors, restructuring your copy or rewriting it can help to fix these problems. If you've been adding to your site over time and the navigation has become unwieldy or confusing, restructuring your navigation could be another pressing reason to redesign your site. You want visitors to be able to easily find their way around your site and to be able to access all the information you have within a few clicks. Laying out your site to make that possible can make your visitor's experience on your site a lot easier.

**YOU APOLOGISE FOR THE SITE WHEN REFERRING TO IT OR HANDING OUT YOUR BUSINESS CARDS** Your site should be a source of pride. It should provide your clients and prospects an easy way to get a lot of information about your business. And, if you have to apologise for out-of-date information, broken images, poor design, difficult navigation or anything else on your site, it makes you look unprepared and unprofessional. Make sure your site is in top shape and looks impressive, so your clients believe your business is in good shape too.

**YOU'RE NOT GETTING GOOD RESULTS ON THE SEARCH ENGINES** Poor rankings in the Search Engines can be a result of not optimising your site well. Poor search engine ranking can also be a result of bad design choices or coding on your site. Make sure that your site isn't designed using frames and that the text is coded in HTML. Flash sites are also more difficult to optimise for Search Engines.

**IT'S NOT BRINGING IN ENQUIRIES AND HELPING YOU TO MAKE SALES** If your site was designed long ago, then there's a good chance that it was designed just to act as an online brochure. This was very common a few years ago, when websites were new. But recently businesses have realised that a website can do a lot more than just impersonate your brochure - it can help you close sales, bring in new prospects and make your business easier to run. By redesigning your site to include the latest e-commerce applications, you can bring in more enquiries and make more sales.

**YOUR SITE IS DIFFICULT TO UPDATE** If your site is difficult to keep updated it might be time to consider a whole site redesign. Make a list of everything that you want to do on your site and consult a web designer about redesigning your site with those changes in mind. Often, if you have extensive changes to make to your site, it can be less expensive to just start again. If your site is designed in Flash, redesigning and recoding your site could improve its functionality.

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## Gastouri Office, Village Road, Gastouri

Tel. 26610 52833 / 6948 889174 / 6948 180198

**AGII DEKA** (Central) Achillion View House (Traditional - in need of restoration) Very characterful almost-detached village house on three floors. Fantastic sea view. Renovation required for two bedroom holiday home. 35,000 euro

**AGIOS MATTHEOS** (South) Loutrovio (Traditional - in need of restoration) Stunning old olive press with lots of space. Great view, potential for small yard. 55,000 euro

**AGIOS MATTHEOS** (South) Courtyard Cottage (Traditional - restored) Old terraced house, for sale fully renovated by the Petra team in traditional style. Excellent value for money in popular 'real' village. 65,000 euro

**KASTELLANI MESSIS** (Central) Georgia House (Traditional - restored) Roofless old house currently being rebuilt and renovated in traditional style. Nice space, good-sized garden. 85,000 euro

**KOURAMADES** (Central) Galano House (Traditional - restored) Cozy but spacious quality-renovated one-bedroom house, fully furnished and equipped - take key and move in! Edge-of-village, quiet, rural view, parking outside, small garden. Budget price! 94,000 euro

**DAFNATA** (Central South) Olive Press Guest House (Traditional - restored) Good business proposition - old olive press converted as small B & B (2-4 units), on course of Corfu Trail. Can extend for owner accommodation. Two courtyards, garden, parking close. Beautiful country view. Bargain price. 130,000 euro

**KATO PAVLIANA** (Central South) Pavliana House (Modern) A lot of house for the money - very spacious two-bedroom home on edge of traditional village, a few minutes from beach and good facilities. Undeveloped basement for guests or work. Garden, garage. Only needs new kitchen and TLC. 160,000 euro

**AGIOS IOANNIS** (Central) Yiannis Houses (Modern) Four three bedroom family houses under construction in immensely popular village. Quiet rural location yet near all the excellent facilities, including schools and Aqualand. Top quality construction and competitive price. From 180,000 euro

**VARIPATADES** (Central) The Trivoli Estate (Traditional - restored) Vast and prestigious estate, with historic mansion being renovated and extended to provide luxury accommodation. Very quiet and private location within easy reach of Corfu Town and West Coast beaches. 2,500,000 euro

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## Barbati Office, Main Road, Barbati

Tel. 26630 91403 / 6948 180195 / 6948 889181

**SKRIPERO** (North Central) Americanos House (Traditional - in need of restoration) Sound old house requiring mainly internal work. Possible to make two bedrooms. Yard with ready BBQ! Great outlook, close car access. Possible DIY project. 45,000 euro

**AFRA** (Central) The Doll's House (Traditional - restored) Three bedroom house, immaculate and ready to occupy - immense bargain for size and location. Very relaxing and cosy cottage atmosphere. Covered yard, quiet edge-of-village location, parking and shop close. 85,000 euro

**SKRIPERO** (North Central) Koukoula House (Traditional - restored) Old house and attached barn, currently being renovated in traditional style. Interesting space, walled courtyard, road access. Convenient and ideal for holidays or permanent residence! 90,000 euro

**SPARTILLAS** (North Central) Ekklesia House (Traditional - Partially restored) Village house for upgrading - can be occupied quickly, possible DIY project. Up to four bedrooms possible in two or three independent units, for large family or part-rental. Parking close, sea view. 95,000 euro

**SPARTILLAS** (North Central) The Old Terrace (Traditional - in need of restoration) Eye-catching, picturesque derelict house, in commanding position with great sea view. With very large plot in Town Planning - could be developed for B&B rental or resale. Only one owner.

**GIANNADES** (Central) Vale View House (Traditional - restored) Very pretty fully renovated house in edge-of-village setting, with car access, country views from two balconies, small yard. Two bedrooms, separate lounge and kitchen. 110,000 euro

**GARDELADES** (West) Flower House (Traditional - restored) Pretty old house, renovated in traditional style. Up to three bedrooms, large roof patio. Road access, parking very close. Quiet location near best beaches and amenities - perfect bolt hole. 150,000 euro

**SOKRAKI** (North Central) Yannis Stone Arch House (Traditional - part restored) Large old house, ready to occupy, on edge of 'walkers' village' on Corfu Trail. Nice garden, views, parking very close. Upper floor needs some modernization. Generous and adaptable space offers holiday rental potential. 150,000 euro

**SPARTILLAS** (North Central) Judi Apartment (Modern) Style magazine territory - an exceptional apartment with staggering sea view. Two bedrooms, veranda. Shared pool with sundeck, off-road parking. For sale fully furnished. Mediterranean living at its stunning best! 160,000 euro

**KATO KORAKIANA** (North Central) Petalo House (Traditional - restored) Old house, renovated to maintain its charm, and immaculate. 2/3 bedrooms, lots of living space including huge patio. Yard, garden and parking. Very tranquil and private location, yet very easy access to beaches and main roads. 230,000 euro

**AGIOS MARKOS** (North Central) Villa Jackson (Modern) Versatile villa for large family home or two apartments - room for guests or potential for rental. Secluded but convenient for shops and beach. Well maintained. Garden, beautiful sea view. A dream house! 270,000 euro

**SPARTILLAS** (North Central) Judi Penthouse (Modern) Style magazine territory - an exceptional penthouse with staggering sea view. Two bedrooms, huge veranda. Shared pool with sundeck, off-road parking. For sale fully furnished. Mediterranean living at its stunning best! 500,000 euro

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Arillas Office, Afionas Road, near Arillas

Tel. 26630 51362 / 6948 180197 / 6949 982724

**KRINI** (North West) Vault Cottage (Traditional - in need of restoration) Very interesting piece of architecture - ground floor barrel-vaulted tunnel. Two floor cottage with walled yard and potential for parking. Imagination needed to create romantic one- or two-bedroom home with character. 27,000 euro

**AGRAFI** (North) Stavros House (Traditional - in need of restoration) Old house for renovation, but in very good condition - could mostly DIY. Plenty of space for up to 3 bedrooms. Sunny garden, outhouse, streetside parking outside, great mountain and sea views. Minutes' drive to beach and close to Acharavi. And all this at a bargain price! 55,000 euro

**VELONADES** (North West) Velonades Manor House (Traditional - in need of restoration) Character mansion house for renovation, part of larger complex in quiet country location. Vast space for conversion, could make B&B, home for extended family, or provide rental / resale income. 90,000 euro

**PEROULADES** (North West) Kyra Skeleton (Partially built) Unfinished concrete structure for completion to make a spacious family home. Open country location near traditional village and close to beach. Good road access. 110,000 euro

**PEROULADES** (North West) Sunset Houses (Modern) Three of five houses available in high-quality small development, close to traditional village and short walk to renowned beach, with Sidari a few minutes drive. Two bedrooms. Large landscaped garden with BBQ and room for pool. From 150,000 euro

**AGRAFI** (North) Almond Blossom House (Traditional - restored) Delightful village house with fertile garden, wide country view and plenty of space and light. Fully renovated using traditional materials and modern techniques. Three bedrooms, two bathrooms, spacious living area. Direct road access. 160,000 euro

**AGIOS IOANNIS** (North West) The 'Good Life' Orchard House (Modern) Residential 'Good Life' opportunity or imaginative business enterprise - orchard with 170 trees, many varieties, plus ready-to-occupy bungalow and workshop. Short walk to low-key beach in Corfu's lovely north. 350,000 euro

**AGIOS IOANNIS** (North West) Villa Oceanus (Modern) Fabulous seafront villa in totally secluded location. Four bedrooms, large living areas indoors and out. Wonderful sea and sunset views, pool. Immaculate and tasteful. Mediterranean Dream come true! 1,300,000 euro

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## Perithia Office, Acharavi - Kassiopi Road, New Perithia

Tel. 26630 98002 / 6948 180196 / 6949 982726

**PELEKITO** (North) Pelekito Cottage (Traditional - Partially built/restored) Pretty cottage in delightful quiet hamlet near the sea, only requiring modernization - could be occupied. Two bedrooms possible. Many traditional features. 75,000 euro

**AGIOS PANTELEIMONAS** (North) Sandie's House (Traditional - restored) Two bedroom village house in quiet hamlet, sensitively renovated and ready to occupy. Two large patios with outstanding sea views. Parking, bus service, tavernas close. Near popular Acharavi resort and beach. 143,500 euro

**AGNOS** (North) Spring Meadow Houses (Modern) Four luxury houses for sale individually as quality holiday homes. Good rental potential. Unique in Corfu: heated pool with Internet control. From 145,000 euro

**LOUTSEES** (North) Yellow House (Traditional - restored) A spacious old house with three bedrooms, fully restored and ready to move in. Lovely peaceful mountain location yet 10 minutes from beach. 175,000 euro

**COYEVINAS** (North East) Coyevinas Beachfront House (Traditional - in need of restoration) A 'Jewel in the Crown' of sought-after North East Coast - everyone's 'must have' house, right on the sea. Needs renovation in character. Comes with large plot of land, can build 550 sq.m. additional housing. Prospect for development in Corfu's top region, or for prestigious home. 1,200,000 euro

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