



THE KEFI CLUB NEWSLETTER

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Combined Christmas meal

Tickets are now available for the combined Anglo-Hellenic and Kefi Clubs' Christmas meal to be held at the Bradbury Centre, Sansome Place, Worcester on Friday 9th December. Tickets prices are £20 for members and £25 for non-members. What a great price for 3 courses, with Greek wine included There is a vegetarian option, which must be booked in advance. Soft drinks are also available



Timings 7.30pm for 8.00pm.

For those who have not attended any previous meetings at the Kefi club, I have included a map for your convenience. Each year this event gets better and better so don't miss out contact either Nick or Les for your ticket. It would be great to see lost friends who are unable to attend Greek lessons or who have other commitments on club meeting nights.

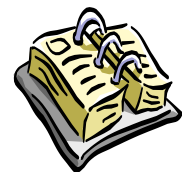
Museum trip off



The organised trip to the British Museum on Saturday 26th November has had to be cancelled due to the lack of numbers. Those who have paid will be reimbursed in full.

Change of date for cooking competition

The hugely popular and highly spirited cooking competition date has changed to 7th April 06 not the 14th April as previously published.



News from Crete

Six months in & Winter is on it's way – by Chris Lloyd

27/10/2005

I got up early this morning to catch the seven o'clock bus into Rethymnon. It was still dark and the stars were still all there twinkling and looking very beautiful. I felt a bit like I was getting up in the middle of the night, just the same as I might have if I was still in the UK with the days starting through Autumn into Winter. It is much easier to get up and feel lively when the early morning sun is beaming into your room (curtains are a luxury I do not have yet!) then when it is dark and slightly chilly. About this time I tend to develop a back problem as mine prefers to remain warm and horizontal than be hauled into a shivery vertical, it is just the same in Greece as it is in the UK!

I found myself reflecting on how things have changed since I arrived here in April. I had set off from England almost in a dream like state. It was difficult to believe that my adventure was really beginning, had I really bought that house in Greece? Would it still be there when I got there? Reality certainly kicked in when I got here early one morning and was faced with a lot of work cleaning just to establish myself in one room. I soon found that I had to share my room with various new 'friends' that were already residing here. A small brown lizard continued to live in his, or her, little hole in the corner. A small, transparent lizard, whose heart I could watch beating, seemed to live up above one of the lintels over the window. Various families of ants inhabited different cracks between the floor slabs with some tiny little ones in a crack in the wall over my sink drainer. In the mornings I often found that I had to compete for space in my sink with several lost looking snails that would be doing lazy circuits around the bottom (it suffers from a lack of a proper waste with a hole draining straight outside). I tried to pick them out carefully but they always seemed to prefer to be separated from their little mobile houses than from the sink, which could be quite messy and not very welcoming just before breakfast. My remedy for this was to flush them back down the hole they had come through with a bowl of water. This was very effective but I was unsure if it was anymore harmful than separating them from their shells. I tried to imagine them all enjoying the experience as a sort of snail version of white water rafting. Did they arrive down below to crawl away thinking 'bloody hell, I'm not going up there again' (OK I do know snails do not have brains or the capacity for rational thought but it is fun to think about it!) or, maybe, they found it so exhilarating that they came back for more. I never got round to marking any shells to be able to spot any enthusiastic dare-devil snails!

Anyway back to this morning. This was the first time I have had to catch the bus into town since I arrived on Crete as up to now I have had a car. I had to leave this in the UK last week, its return 'home' was partly down to the effects of a collision caused by a Danish tourist in a hire car. Apparently he was confused by a large red 'stop' sign at the junction he was approaching, so he rammed my car with his hired Peugeot, instead of looking where he was going. The Peugeot looked a very sorry state but my Volvo appeared to have escaped with a large dent in the rear driver's side door. However, it quickly developed a rather more terminal side effect after having been pushed so violently sideways that it started losing a lot of oil. I was shocked by the accident but more surprised at the perpetrator. I have always imagined the Danish nation to be such careful, considerate, intelligent and rather chirpy individuals but I now realise that this false impression has probably come from listening to too much Sandy Tsvorvig on Radio 4 (which is one of the things I miss most). I probably wouldn't have been half as shocked if the driver had identified himself as Belgian, but that may be down to another false impression or just plain prejudice. Everyone needs a 'whipping boy' and for me it's the Belgians, although sometimes I blame Kidderminster!

To the bus, still dark but with Orion's Belt starting to fade as the light began to come up. The purpose of this visit to Rethymnon is to pick up my new car later this afternoon. Actually it is an eight-year old VW Polo which is costing me approximately three times what I might have been prepared to pay for it in the UK. I am mostly in accord with the Greek Government as they seem to thumb their noses at a lot of the edicts passed down by the EU. However, the illegal re-registration tax that helps to keep the price of cars artificially high here really hurts, especially in my pocket. Now that I've paid up though I hope it remains as I will feel pig sick if the value of cars was to halve next week!!

Rethymnon is less busy now that we are nearing the end of October. There are obviously less tourists. Our visual senses are not being assaulted by bare-chested, red English men with football shirts in hand and

ample bellies spilling over the waists of their inadequate shorts. The behaviour of many of them seems to equate to that one might expect from the average baboon.

Yells and grunts echo up and down the street. Greeting perhaps? Feeding time is entertaining in a nauseating sort of way. Earlier in the Summer I watched a group sat on a wall in the centre of town. One of them consumed w large family packs of 'Ruffles' crisps and 3 large cans of Mythos beer in under twenty minutes, during which he also managed to smoke 4 cigarettes. I am not joking! So I guess he was good at something rather than 'good for nothing' which the rather posh middle aged lady sat next to me muttered to her husband.

The 'toy train' service is now sat idle in the car park. There are an increasing number of these operating up and down the coast, toytrain.com or something. A lot of visitors seem to spend all day either waiting for or riding around on these which is a shame as they clog up the roads and a lot of those crammed into its little carriages look as if they might benefit from a good walk. I am left wondering if a section of the human race will begin to loose the use of its legs over the coming years as a lot seem to need transport if anything is more than about 5 minutes walk away.

After some shopping, which included finding some rat poison to deal with the night-time visitors to my roof space (another similarity my new home has to my old apartment in Malvern!) I went to pick up the car. I was introduced to the wealthy owner of the BMW & Seat dealership that I have purchased the car from by one of my stonemasons. I find it intriguing as to how an Albanian stonemason married to a Romanian lady has a wealthy Greek koumbaros but there we are. It has been a nice useful connection to make which should mean that I have a reasonably decent car at a reasonable price (for Greece) and with the right paperwork. The right paperwork, Ahhh! Well, for now I will have to manage with a paper form the garage as I do not have the right paper that will allow me to own a car on Crete which I can only get from the Police Station at Eposkopi, 20 km away. Also tomorrow is 'Oxi day' which means everything will be closed so the final part of my paperwork will have to wait until Monday. In the meantime, I managed to get some passport photos, something I hate, which actually turned out sort of, almost, quite nice really! The car means that it will be easier for me to get on with my work and, more importantly, means that I can get down to the beach for a swim.

28/10/2005

Today is Oxi Day and I joined most of my neighbours at the church. Afterwards there was a celebration at the memorial in the village where the local children spoke about the meaning of this special day which I am sure you all know about. My mind wondered during the celebration, well it was distracted by a mobile phone! I was left wondering whether the Greek enthusiasm for mobile phones and advertising may mean that some time in the future this might become N-oxi-a day! Would the almighty have to become a subscriber or the recipient of the phone companies' most prestigious mast siting.

I shall miss not being able to attend the joint Kefi Club/Anglo Hellenic Club Christmas dinner. I have enjoyed both clubs dinners in previous years so I am sure that this year will be quite special. Hopefully, it will be a nice day here and I will make my own celebration with a cheese pie on the beach.

Best Wishes to you all – Chris

PS – The work on my house is going very well.



Cyprus is a beautiful island popular with British holidaymakers. Richard Rimel is one of them. After many visit to the Cyprus Richard bought a property on the island, he visits five time a year at least.

Any one interested in to buying or renting a property in Cyprus could contact Richard on 01905 358487, mob. 0772 1557664, email: rrimelcyprus@aol.com

Greek fans celebrate...



Greek fans celebrate during yesterday's Eurobasket 2005 final against Germany, in Belgrade. Greece led for the last 36 minutes to easily defeat Germany, 78-62, and win its second European Championship and first since 1987, when it had won at home. Led by guards Theodoros Papaloucas (22 points) and Nikos Zisis (13), Greece never let Germany threaten in the second half and effectively neutralized Germany's superstar, Dirk Nowitzki, who did manage to score 23 points before being pulled out of the game with just over three minutes to go. More than 5,000 Greek fans were in the 20,000-seat arena to cheer their team on. Papaloucas was voted the match's MVP.

Giant souvlaki set to grab chunk of history



A Patras taverna owner will today attempt to set a new world record by making a gyros souvlaki (doner kebab) which will weigh some 1,850 kilos and will need 300 kilos of herbs and spices for added flavour. On Friday, Costas Dasios began setting up the structure to roast the meat. It involves a 1.73-meter stainless steel skewer surrounded by 72 grills and powered by a 4-horsepower motor. A 2-ton natural gas tank will provide the fuel for the effort, which should see Dasios enter the Guinness Book of World Records. The current record was set in Cyprus by Lebanese restaurateur Sami Eid, who in June cooked an 1,814-kilo gyros souvlaki made from some 2,150 chickens. Dasios has set up his structure in Patras harbor and is due to start cooking the meat at 9 a.m. for around four hours. The souvlaki will be cut into portions weighing 100 grams.

[e kathimerini 24 Oct 2005]

The right decision at last!!!!!!! (Nick Kontarines, 29th Oct 2005)

FETA is a protected product, in the same culinary league as Champagne, Shetland lamb, Newcastle brown ale and Parma ham, as was reported in the Daily Telegraph on the 26th Oct. 2005.

This is the final decision of the European Court of Justice after thirteen years of legal arguments and objections from France, Denmark, Germany and Britain. Surely, if the judges had tasted Greek Feta in comparison with the imitations, it would not take them so long to reach the right decision.

Now all these French, Danish, German and British companies which used the name Feta for marketing their inferior products have to rebrand them at a considerable cost. What a pity. If they had only known that "one who mounts somebody else's horse, will be forced to dismount half way to his destination". [v vOpoioV kabalhvsei xevno avlogo, ton katebavzoun sta misav tou drovmou].

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