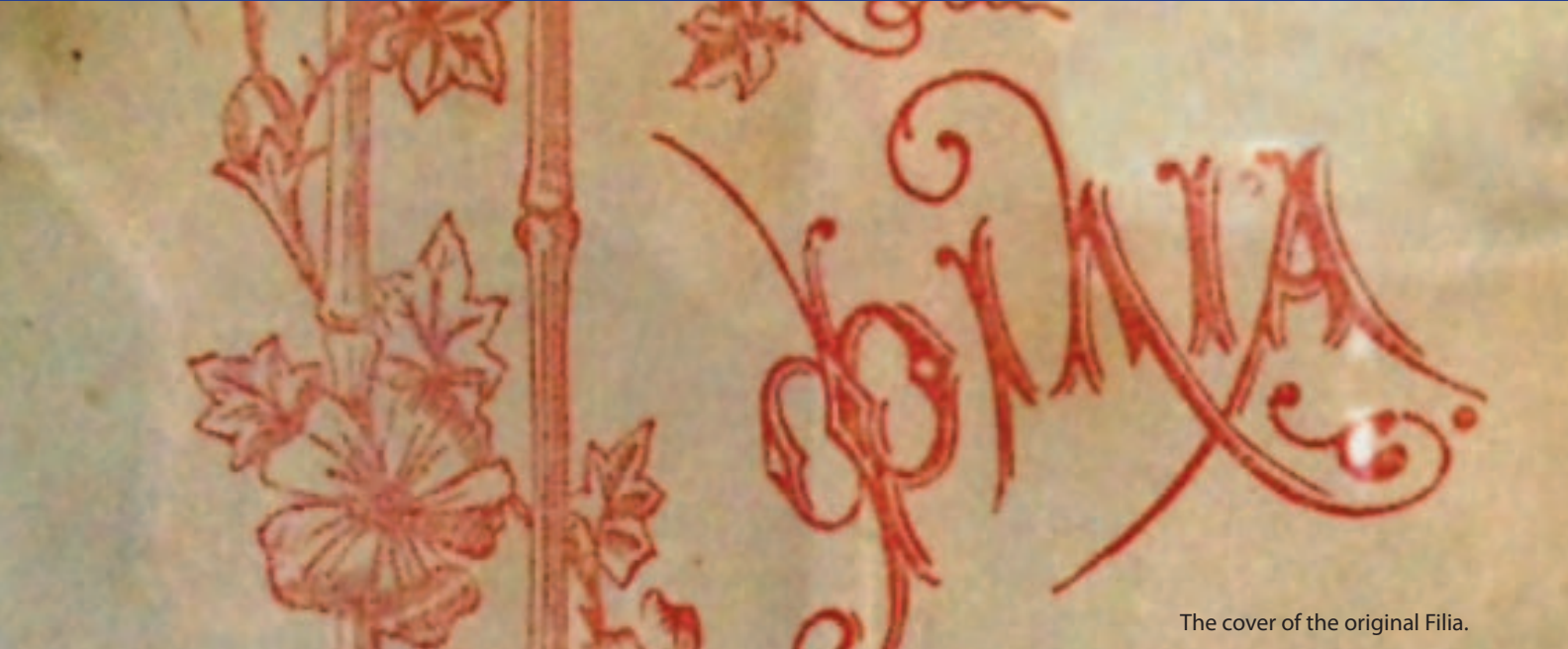


Through the pages of Filia

by Nick Pappas, Sydney



The cover of the original Filia.

AFK is now in its fourth year of producing Filia, and as a tribute Nick Pappas gives us a snapshot of issues that made the news in the original publication.

Through the pages of (the original) Filia, 1909-1913

Community publications convey aspects of daily life to their readers. With the passing of the years, they also become a repository of information about the times. This newsletter, for one, aptly titled *Filia*, informs and connects readers across the globe who share an interest in Kastellorizo and its people. Just as importantly, *Filia* will also one day serve as a source of information for those seeking to learn more about the Kastellorizian diaspora's links in the early 21st century to the island of their origin.

In *Filia*'s first edition back in 2009, I wrote a short piece explaining the name chosen for this quarterly newsletter. 'Filia' is a name that harks back to another periodical, a fortnightly newsletter that was only to have a short life between 1909 - 1913. But conveniently for us today, it was to be published against the backdrop of the most testing years in the island's already tumultuous history. As such, it is a treasure trove of information, much of it only re-visited quite recently.

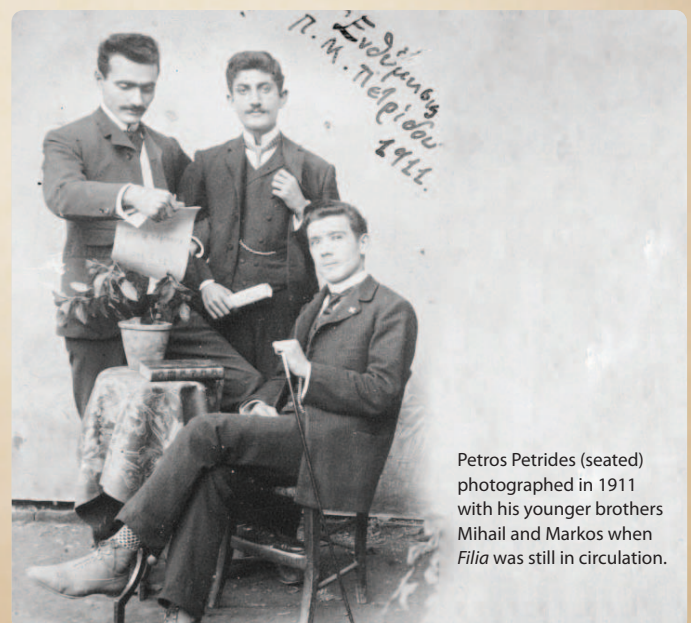
The original Filia

Filia remains the only pre-war periodical produced and printed on the island for its own population, both at home or already abroad.¹ The fact that it was launched in early 1909, only some six months after the Young Turks had seized control of the Ottoman Empire - with emigration from the island already a reality - gives us a hint of the sentiment that underpinned the newsletter's launch. Here was a convenient way to connect Kastellorizians across the globe and inform them of the latest events affecting their island, all while the world around them went about rapid change.

The newsletter's opening page optimistically described the publication's aim as 'the development and promotion, from all points of view, of the island of Kastellorizo'. With the benefit of

hindsight, it is evident that those few intrepid souls behind this expensive undertaking undoubtedly saw a deeper need to 'rally the troops' as the warning signs of the island's economic and social collapse had become more real as each week had passed.

Foremost among the proponents of the undertaking, and chosen as the newsletter's editor, was **Petros Mihail Petrides** (or 'Hatzipetrou'). Petrides, born on the island in 1886 and was a journalist by occupation. He had already written for Greek publications in Athens and Egypt, but his idea to launch a fortnightly newsletter at the age of 23 was highly ambitious. Even with the moral support of the influential **Achilleas Diamandaras**, then principal of the Santrapeia Boys' School, and Diamandaras' elder brother, medical practitioner **Kostas Spyrides**, both of whom saw the planned publication as an outlet for their own regular writings, which was a massive undertaking for those unsure times.



Petros Petrides (seated) photographed in 1911 with his younger brothers Mihail and Markos when *Filia* was still in circulation.

¹Of course, one should mention here Nick Stefanou's monthly periodical *Megiste*, published in Athens between 1938-1941, a source of valuable information for that period.



The scene on 25 March 1913, after the overthrow of the island's Ottoman rulers.

Through the pages of *Filia* (cont.)

Nevertheless, financial support from a number of benefactors, like Athens-based medical practitioner **Vartholomeos Kontos** and the influential **Stamatoglou** brothers, meant that the very first edition of *Filia* rolled off a specially-imported press in Petrides' father's home on the island in the first week of February 1909. Castellorizo at last had its own regular publication that could report on events both on the island and abroad as they unfolded.

Today, *Filia* is a veritable window into the daily life of Castellorizo in these defining years. Historical facts and contemporary events are presented alongside erudite pieces of scholarship and more prosaic accounts of the affairs of the local and diaspora communities. As if the text wasn't enough, there are also fascinating advertisements which give us a clue to the various commercial activities of the Castellorizians, both on the island and abroad.

Politics and change

Not surprisingly, the pages of *Filia* give valuable insights into the major political events of the day, events which would shape Castellorizo's history over decades to come. With the arrival of the Young Turks, there had been hope in the Greek territories of the Empire that economic privileges, like those enjoyed for centuries on Castellorizo, would be preserved, despite their dilution in the last decades of the 19th century. Freedom from conscription and taxation, in particular, had long been foundations of affluence, and in a clear public affirmation of their support for the new regime, the Castellorizian elders were photographed on the steps of the Santrapeia School on 28 July 1908 with their Ottoman governor, in celebration of the egalitarian spirit the Young Turks claimed to bring with them. But this was to be an illusion; in under two years, most of the privileges were gone for good.

Filia had been quick to report rumours of change as early as October 1909 and, in the following month, it reported encouragingly about the conference of islanders that had been hurriedly convened in Symi to examine the changing situation. Diamandaras, it said, had returned full of hope, given the unanimous calls for the privileges to remain. They should not be ignored, *Filia* hopefully commented by way of editorial. In April 1910, the newsletter reported on the warm reception the islanders had afforded their new Turkish governor, the genial **Mustafa Loutfi Bey**, but later that month even he could do little but apologise when orders reached him from Istanbul for the

formal abrogation of all privileges enjoyed by the Empire's minorities. A rushed gathering of the entire male adult population in the Horafia resolved to protest 'in the strongest terms', but it was to be in vain. The foundations upon which the island had enjoyed its unbridled wealth were forever gone.

These events naturally dominate the pages of *Filia* in the succeeding months. But what they don't reveal is the massive exodus of males that followed these developments. Between 1910-1912, some 1,200 adult males of all ages left the island to avoid Ottoman conscription and taxation, many journeying to Egypt, but others into deepest Africa, South America and, of course, Australia. Theirs were intended to be temporary departures, most hoping to return when the situation stabilised. But with the onset of the Italo-Turkish War and, in the next year, the Balkan Wars, it never did, and the minority who did return were to leave for good again soon after.²

Commerce

Reports on commercial and business affairs are tempered by these developments and generally dominated by discussion of their impact, particularly on the mainland, from where most of the island's mercantile wealth was delicately derived. In Finika in 1909, *Filia* reported that there had been two principal Castellorizian exporters of timber, **Savvas Ioannides** and the **Efthimiou** brothers, while charcoal production in that town had been controlled by another Castellorizian, **Mihail Ioannou Stamatiou (Stamatoglou)**. But despite their dominance, rapid falls in the prices of timber and charcoal in Egypt in late 1910 had severely impacted the margins Castellorizian merchants were realising for their product and this had been passed on to these exporters. None of this augured well for what lay ahead.

More ephemeral despatches also give a clue about the commercial enterprises operated by Castellorizians, both on the island and across the water. In a prominent advertisement, the hotel of **Yeorgios Kaissis** in Makri (modern Fethiye) was described as the 'best establishment' in town for visiting Castellorizians, while on the island, **Mihail Hatzipetrou's** café was the place to frequent for merchants passing through, as it was conveniently located 'next to the customs house and port office'. And for those visiting Cairo, the establishments of the **Theodorou** and **Karaiskou** families were highly recommended.

²Against this backdrop, we also learn something about the island's internal administration at that time. In 1909, the first year of *Filia's* publication, the island's five member municipal council, the so-called Demogerontia, was comprised of **Antonios Hatziyiannakis**, **Stamatios Stamatoglou**, **Vasilios Tsakalakis**, **Paraskevas Kakulas** and **Kyriakos Kiosoglou**. By the following year, Kakulas and Kiosoglou had been replaced by **Theodosios Antoniou Penglis** and **Stavros Hatzigavriel**.



Yiayia's Mostly True Stories of Kastellorizo (Part 1)

by Nick Bogiatzis, Canberra

*Both sides of Nick Bogiatzis's family came from Kastellorizo, and it is approaching 100 years that both sides initially arrived in Australia. Yet Kastellorizo remains of strong interest to his family. Nick has written a set of six short stories: **Yiayia's Mostly True Stories of Kastellorizo** for his growing number of great-nieces and nephews. He hopes these stories for children will help introduce this next generation to the remarkable and fascinating history of their island homeland. He has agreed to share them with the readers of Filia.*

My Mum's a good cook. She makes lots of things I like, although she makes lots of things I don't like, and she still makes me eat them.

Which is why it's good when we go and stay at Yiayia's. Because my grandmother, Yiayia, doesn't make us eat things we don't like, and she cooks lots of things we really like that Mum says she's too busy to make. Like halva.

And she even lets us drink Greek coffee, like grown-up people, even though we have it in big cups and she puts lots of milk in it. But there's nothing better than sitting at Yiayia's kitchen table drinking coffee and eating the sweet sticky halva with our fingers. Mum would never let us do that.

Sometimes Mum and Dad say they are very busy and have things to do, so they drive us to Yiayia's and we stay with her for a few nights, and sometimes nearly a week in our holidays.

Although Yiayia doesn't say we can't watch television late at night, like Mum says, she always tells us so many stories that we often forget to watch television. And we still go to bed late, but we all agree we won't tell Mum.

Everybody at school thinks we're Greek because we have Greek names. But Mum and Dad tell me lots of kids at school have Greek names even though they're not Greek. Like Andrew, who is a good friend, and even Peter who is new at our school, and I don't know him yet, but I guess that he is ok given his name is Greek.

Even though people think we're Greek, I don't know how to talk Greek. Or not much really.

All our cousins and Greek friends know words like *yiayia* and *pappou* for our grandparents. And we all know the rude words Mum and Dad taught us for when we go to the bathroom. We've taught them to some of our mates at school, and we all giggle when we say them to show off in front of other kids.

We know lots of the words for Greek food, especially the sweets.

Sometimes when Mum makes a big halva in the oven, our friends come around to visit after school, because we all love eating it. My friends who don't know Greek call it 'wet sponge cake', because that's what it's like I guess.

It's different from Yiayia's halva which she fries in the pan, and she says it's special to her home island of Kastellorizo, especially for brides, or nifes.

When we have a very special event, like someone visiting from far away, Yiayia makes katoumaria. She says only people in Kastellorizo make katoumaria. And it's all flakey and covered with sugar and spices

and we eat it hot. It's so good, but you can't eat too much. One day our cousin Leni ate lots and lots and had a tummy ache for ages afterwards.

My sister Mia is older than me. Her real name is Maria, like Yiayia's, but only Yiayia calls her Maria. It's like our cousin Leni. Yiayia calls her by her real name, which is Eleni, but for everybody else Leni always says: It's Leni with an 'i', because some people think she has a boy's name.

And my name is Konstandino like Pappou's. He's dead now. But they used to call him Costa, which is why Yiayia calls me Costaki, which is 'little Costa'. But my friends who don't know Greek like calling me Dino.

Yiayia says I have a cousin in America with my name, but they call him Gus over there. Sometimes I think it's good having lots of names, except when Mum calls me Constantine, because then I know I'm in trouble.

Yiayia and Pappou came from an island called 'Kastellorizo', which is why we are Greek. Really we are Australian, because we were born here, and so were Mum and Dad. But people who come from Kastellorizo are called Greek so we are Australian and Greek.

I don't mind this, because there are other kids at school who are Greek and Italian and Vietnamese and Chinese and Lebanese. In fact my best friend Jessminda is half Greek and half Filipina. They are all mixed up from all sorts of places. Or at least their families are. So it's ok really.

And Yiayia has lots of great stories to tell us about Kastellorizo but I sometimes wonder if they can really be true. But she says they are, mostly.

Last year, when I was little, someone asked me where Kastellorizo was. I thought about it and told them it was somewhere in Australia but I hadn't been there yet. When I told Mum she laughed and laughed. She showed me on a map where Australia was, where Greece and Turkey were, and where Kastellorizo was. It was so small on the map I was surprised we could find it at all.

When we stay with Yiayia, we ask her to tell us some of our favourite stories. They are always good to listen to. But sometimes I just feel I can't even imagine Kastellorizo. Not only were there castles, and knights, and treasures, and sailing ships, but it's now all gone.

Yiayia says there were once nearly 10,000 people there, but now, there are not even 400. When I'm at home sometimes I look around me and try to imagine all the houses gone and all the people gone and all the trees gone... It's too hard to imagine.

Whatever happened to Kastellorizo?

So I try to remember the stories Yiayia tells us, so that one day when Mum and Dad take us to Kastellorizo we will know all about it, even though we won't be able to talk good Greek to the people there.

Next year Mum said we might be able to start going to Greek school so that we can also talk to the other kids on Kastellorizo. Yiayia always says she's proud of us, and she'd be even more proud if we could talk some Greek when we visit her.

So when we arrive at Yiayia's instead of hello, we always say: *yeia sou* Yiayia. And *s'agapo*. In Greek it sounds ok to say 'I love you' to your Yiayia like that.



Yiayia's Mostly True Stories of Kastellorizo: The Time of the Gods (Part 2)

Yiayia said that Kastellorizo has a very, very old history. Not as old as the Aborigines in Australia, but still ancient.

In fact what was then the oldest boat in the world was found sunken just outside the big harbour, or Limani of Kastellorizo. And on it were all the treasures of the ancient world.

Yiayia said that in the ancient days, and even today, Kastellorizo was called *Megisti*, that means 'the great one'. Though I don't know why as it's such a tiny island. And she told us a special story from way back then. I still don't know whether to believe her. This is Yiayia's story of the ancient days.

Once there was a great king who lived on Megisti. Even the king's name was 'Megis'.

He was so great that one of his friends was a god called Apollo. Apollo was the god of the sun, and people in those days thought that the sun was driven around the world by Apollo with his horses.

Megis had built a beautiful temple for Apollo at the very top of one of the highest mountains of Kastellorizo. Even though Kastellorizo is so small, it has several big mountains.

The island looked very different then. It was covered with tall trees, which were used to make ships and houses. And there were olive and fruit trees and grape vines everywhere.

It still had its Limani, where big ships would come. Except in those days they didn't have engines, and the ships would travel with big sails, or be rowed by many sailors with oars. The ships came from all around the world, from Egypt and from Mesopotamia and from Greece. And they carried wonderful, rare things like coloured glass, and painted pots, and beautiful material, and bronze swords and knives, and gold and silver.

In big clay pots as big as a man, they would collect the wine that was made on Kastellorizo. And they would take it away to sell in far away places.

Wine was made all over the island. It was an exciting time of year when all the people would gather to stomp on the grapes to make the juice for the wine. Carved in the big flat rocks on the island were special hollows to put the grapes in, and channels to collect the juice. These are still to be found there today, thousands of years later.



Patitiri – wine press by Platon Alexiou for the AFK book *Kastellorizo: My Odyssey*.

As well as praying to Apollo, the people would pray to Bacchus the god of the wine, and to Poseidon the god of the sea, so that the wine would be good, and the sea would protect the sailors and the fishermen.

All the people would go to the temple to worship Apollo. From the temple they could look out over all the island, and across the water to the mainland opposite Kastellorizo, to where many of their friends and relatives lived.



Apollo's Sanctuary by Platon Alexiou for the AFK book *Kastellorizo: My Odyssey*.

The land opposite was called Lycia. In one of the towns of Lycia, called Antiphellos, there was a beautiful theatre. It was carved out of the hill, and all the seats were in a semi-circle and were made of stone. No matter where you sat you could hear what was said on the stage below, and everybody could see Kastellorizo as a beautiful island sleeping peacefully behind the stage.

On the hill at the back of the theatre, the rich people would have their beautiful tombs carved from solid stone. They were made to look like the houses they lived in, only much smaller, with pointed roofs, which were the heavy lids of the tombs, and also carved from solid stone.

Not everything was peaceful in Antiphellos. Nearby lived a monster. It was a strange monster, with a strange name. It was called the Chimera. Its head was that of a lion, its body that of a goat, its tail a snake. And strangest of all, it breathed fire.

It was dangerous. King Megis would often go hunting, and sometimes he would cross the sea to Antiphellos with his friends to hunt lions and other animals. One time, instead of hunting, he found himself hunted by the Chimera.

This is what happened. The King was out in the hills with his son Prince Nikiphoros and his men, when they heard cries for help. They rode to where they heard the calls and saw that the Chimera had trapped a young girl against a rock.

Before they could even think what to do, Prince Nikiphoros had rushed forward on his horse. This was so sudden that it surprised the Chimera, and almost surprised the King. But King Megis was a King because he was also wise and clever. He knew he had to distract the Chimera while his son snatched up the girl onto his horse to escape.



Yiayia's Mostly True Stories of Kastellorizo: The Time of the Gods (Part 2)

And this is just what they did. King Megis and his men shot arrows at the Chimera, drawing it away from the girl and from Prince Nikiphoros. Some of the brave men were killed by the Chimera's fire. But as soon as the girl was on the horse, they all raced down the mountain to the sea and onto their boats.

The King had barely escaped with his life. King Megis brought the bodies of his dead friends home to Kastellorizo. He had graves carved into the rock of a low hill facing Antiphellos. You can still see them today just at the edge of the Mandraki harbour. At that time the Mandraki was not all covered by the sea, and people used to live there and graze their sheep and goats.

King Megis thought the Chimera might now attack Kastellorizo. Many of the people were afraid and some hid in the temple of Apollo. Others hid in the King's castle that stood at the mouth of the Limani. People also hid in the many caves on the island.

One special cave was high up on the island and carved underground into the rock. It was very hard to find as it was under an old house. To climb into the cave, you had to go down the slippery wet rock, so they knew the Chimera could not get them there.

Others hid behind great walls that had stones so huge that nobody could imagine how big the men must have been who made them. Everybody thought that the one-eyed giant called Cyclops must have made them in even more ancient times, as even today the walls are called the Cyclopaean walls.

The fishermen on the island had another special hiding place. Even though it was a big cave, even bigger than King Megis's temple for Apollo, it had a tiny entrance. You could only get into it on a little row boat when the tide was low. Inside the water was as blue as blue. Even bluer than it was in the Limani.



The cave was a good hiding place for the fishermen, but the seals also liked hiding in it, and sometimes gave the sailors a fright.

King Megis was brave, and he went to the gods Apollo and Poseidon and asked for their help. Poseidon had seen how Prince Nikiphoros had saved the girl's life, and that even King Megis had only just escaped from the Chimera. He offered to help.

He asked his son Bellerophon, to slay the Chimera. To help Bellephron, he gave him a most beautiful white horse that had wings and could fly. The horse's name was Pegasus. Pegasus was able to fly over the head of the Chimera to escape the fire from his mouth, and Bellephron was then able to kill the Chimera with his sword.

But the flames kept coming from the mouth of the dead Chimera. Even when they buried him fire and smoke continued to come out of the ground like a volcano for hundreds and hundreds of years. Because of this they named the hill where it was buried 'the Chimera', and it's still called that today.

Bellephron was a hero. So was King Megis's son, Nikiphoros, who had saved the girl. She was a good person, with blue-green eyes, that seemed to change to match whatever colour the sea was. The King's son fell in love with her, and they married and lived happily together. When King Megis died they became king and queen.

For the old King Megis the people of Kastellorizo carved a beautiful tomb in the mountain of Kastellorizo, just under his castle, and facing Antiphellos. This way he could always look out over the land that he had saved. The King's tomb was like a small, beautiful Greek temple that is still there today.

Nikiphoros and his wife were very popular as king and queen. They would often go together across the water to visit the people of Antiphellos, who now lived happily and safely. The people there called her Vasiliki, meaning 'like a queen' because she wasn't actually their queen, but they all felt she was special for them.

They would give Nikiphoros and Vasiliki the best of the food that they would grow in the fertile valleys, and especially give Queen Vasiliki her favourite cheese called *touloumi*. This was made by leaving milk inside a goat skin until it became a delicious tasty white cheese.

When Queen Vasiliki died many years later, all the people from Antiphellos and Kastellorizo collected money and made a beautiful gold crown, shaped into ivy leaves, thirty-five in all. They put the gold crown on her head before burying her in a big stone tomb on the top of the mountain, near the old house with the underground cave.



The Stefani by Platon Alexiou for the AFK book *Kastellorizo: My Odyssey*.

Student Exchange 2013



Sofia Tived is the daughter of Christine Phillips and Henrik Tived.

Granddaughter of Anthony and Mary Phillips (nee Antonas).

The grandfather, Anthony Phillips' surname was Panegyres prior to coming out to Australia.

My name is Sofia Tived, I am 15 years old and my mother is Australian, of Greek heritage and my father is Danish. I love being part Greek. Greece has always fascinated me and I have always wanted to visit. I know little about Kastellorizo except that my family originates from there and my parents were married on the island.

I applied for the Student Exchange Program 2013 so I can learn about the culture and how it's different to my culture here in Australia. I also applied so I can experience the language and research my family history.

It would be a privilege to participate and this experience will help me gain an understanding of the island, the history, traditions and day to day life of the locals on Kastellorizo.

Being part of this program would make my grandmother (Mary Phillips) very proud. I can imagine the smile on her face, if she were alive today.



Marie-Claire Phillips is the daughter of Kingsley and Felia Phillips.

Maternal Granddaughter of Nick Kyriakos Simeon and Clara Simeon (nee Fermanis)

Paternal granddaughter of Anthony and Mary Phillips.

As an average teenage girl, I wonder about where my family come from; because my maternal grandfather, Nick Kyriakos Simeon, died when I was too young to understand and appreciate his stories about growing up on Kastellorizo, and even though my other grandparents were not born there, they still had a close relationship to the island as their parents were born there.

Now because I'm older, I am hearing and appreciating all the stories my family and extended family are telling me about their experiences on the island when they travel there. I'm also looking forward to seeing Kastellorizo not from a tourist's perspective, but from someone who actually lives on the island and knows its secrets, best locations and where all the locals go.

I am so grateful to have been accepted into this exchange programme and I cannot wait to gain so much knowledge and experience from it.



Jayden Black is the son of Perry Black and Vanessa (nee Palassis).

Grandparents are George Anthony Palassis and Margaret (nee Anastas).

Hi, my name's Jayden Black and I applied for the Kastellorizian Exchange Program for many reasons. My Maternal Pappou, George Palassis, was born there and always tells me stories about the island.

I would love to see where my Pappou's and grandma's (Margaret Palassis) families grew up and where they lived. I would love to see another part of the world and try something new.

I have never been to Greece before which makes me even more eager to go as I have heard fantastic things about it. I really want to learn more about the history of the island and my family.

I think it will be wonderful to experience the different foods, language, culture and people. I am very eager to climb the great mountain and I am looking forward to swimming across the, very well spoken about, crystal clear bay (Limani). I would love to experience a different lifestyle and meet new people.

I am thankful and very excited about going on this journey.

AFK would like to thank the following people for their support and generosity with the Student Exchange Program.

ACCOMMODATION

Amalia and Stratos Amygdalos from Poseidon Apartments, Kastellorizo.

Nick and Elspeth Geronimos from Studio Apartments, Athens.

Roslyn and Manolis Geronikolas from Royal Hotel, Rhodes.

OTHER THANKS

City of Perth for the generous sponsorship.

Betty Mouzak and staff of Satrapeia School, Kastellorizo.

Efrossini Zoniou for providing Greek lessons to our Australian students as part of her voluntary contribution.

The warmth and generosity of the local people and restaurants on Kastellorizo.



Letter from Kastellorizo

by Lefki Kailis, Perth

Here we are on the first floor of my sister's original three storey Kazzie house, renovated completely in tune with the spirit of the island. It's a large room on our level with a timber floor and shuttered windows to let in and screen out light and breeze. Here and there in the stone washed walls are cavities that have some historical significance, but that serve now as niches for a 'kesvene' or a 'thimyatiri'. On one side of the large bed is the old fire-place with a hand painted sailing vessel on its facade. On another side of the room a bed sits on a platform behind drawn-back white 'kendimena' curtains that pull shut canopy-bed-style. As in the traditional houses on the island, there's a timber 'tzimia' on the upper walls that most likely used to display plates and precious items brought from Marseilles, Alexandria or the Far East. French doors lead out to a small wrought iron balcony with glimpses across to the beautiful Kastellorizian Limani.

The cock crows us out of sleep around five in the morning but it's the fruits of the baker's labour that brings us to consciousness, begging us to get down there for the warm crusty bread, koulouria and sweets. This morning our ears are opened to the sound of a big hoot-hooting. We contemplate why the Blue Star's pulling in at this time of the day?

Later it becomes evident that it's a Greek military frigate come into port. Why so? Locals always know the story because things happen outside their front door and many are up at dawn living in rhythm with the sun.

Swiftly following the sonic boom of the frigate is the rumble of the garbage truck. It comes daily to disturb the twenty cats that scavenge on the overnight leftovers dumped in the open storage bin. They scat voluntarily. Now, somebody is calling out to Yiorgo and there are engine noises, the sound of workmen beginning their day – a concrete mixer here, a trolley being wheeled there. Then there's the tread of footsteps above - conversations begin ...

As Dylan Thomas has observed - the little village is waking.

Across the lane a neighbour opens her front door. She's prepared a thimyatiri and the intoxicating waft of the incense comes our way around 8am. We must remember to thank her.

The air is warm and the vassiliko and lavender are keen to the nostrils as we open the big wooden doors to the outdoor courtyard. We'll have our usual breakfast of crusty bread, Greek yoghurt, fig jam and black tea then we'll be out and about on the streets of Kastellorizo.

Not a bad life!!!

Proverbs

by Dr Paul Boyatzis, Perth

Proverbs

Question: Epétasen ogátharos ?

Response: Epétasen

(Did the donkey fly?..... Yes , it did !)

Common expression to indicate ridiculous agreement to an unreasonable question. Insulting response to the questioner in order to "put him / her" in their place.

Káthe thávma triémeron.

(Every miracle lasts only three days)

A comforting expression to allay fear, anxiety, disappointment, in an agitated person. It implies that, "as the saying goes", if a great event such as a miracle lasts only three days, all other matters are not worth worrying about.

Kastellorizian Lexicon

The Kastellorizian word is in bold lettering with the demotic word in brackets.

Vítsa	(Xílo ...Bastoúni)	Walking stick
Vroulí	(Kotsíthi)	Hair platt
Kouloúmbou	(Kolímibi)	Swimming
Yierás	(Pligí)	Ulcer
Manjourána	(Dendrolívano)	Rosemary plant
Koutsá	(Koukiá)	Broad beans
Yiaprákia	(Dolmáthes mé klimatófilla)	Stuffed grape leaves with rice
Salándourma	(Dolmáthes mé kremithófilla)	Stuffed onion leaves with rice
Glíoros	(Grígoros)	Fast / energetic person
Kaskinévo	(Thrapetévo)	To run away
Melekoúnia	(Gliká mé sisámi ké méli mé sirópi)	Sweets with sesame & honey
Voualí	(Koúnia moroú)	Baby's cradle