



Castellorizo's age-old water shortages: the Áheres

by Nicholas Pappas, Sydney

Two women in traditional attire, together with a young girl, are seen heading back to the town from the Áheres with their water-filled pots.

Visitors to Castellorizo would be well-acquainted with the island's regular shortages of water, particularly during the hot summer months. This article by Nicholas Pappas of Sydney focuses on an obscure poem from 1842 which illustrates the relatively advanced infrastructure and systems that existed in the days of the Ottoman Empire to protect and distribute fairly the island's limited water supply.

Castellorizo's aridity has been a feature of the island for at least two millennia and water has always been in short supply. While the island has never truly resolved the problem of its chronic lack of fresh water, varied efforts have been made over time to alleviate shortages of this most fundamental resource.

Domestically, a common element in a home's construction was a system of water collection that connected roof channels to private underground cisterns (stérnes). These provided for the basic water needs of a household, but their limited size, especially as residential allotments became smaller, meant that larger reservoirs were always required for the town.

Of these, the most visible today are the three giant cisterns on the outskirts of the town, strategically located at the foot of the mountains where the winter rains ponded. These are the Pasás wells, named after Ahmet Pasha of Kaiserli, who constructed them between 1859-1860, and they served the burgeoning community until the evacuation of the island in WWII. Other smaller reservoirs, particularly in the localities known as Pigádhia (behind the church of St George 'of the Well' – tou Pigadhioú) and Péra Meriá, played a similar function for their immediate neighbourhoods.

But by far the oldest, and largest, reservoirs of the modern period were the Áheres, a network of gigantic cisterns located in the elevated valley of Ayía Triádhia, between the elevations known as Mounda and Vígla, where water would gather after the winter rains.

These enormous basins were built by Ottoman settlers in the mid-18th century and were an elaborate, interconnected system for water collection, storage and basic circulation. The word 'Áheres' is said to come from the Arabic word for 'ten' ('áshra') because there were originally ten basins, but it is more likely that the name refers to the two largest basins which measure precisely ten metres, both in width and depth.

The Áheres were to remain the main source of water for the islanders until the early 20th century when they fell into disuse. Made redundant by the more proximate Pasás wells and domestic stérnes, they were more or less abandoned by the early 1930s despite earlier attempts by the island's French occupiers to clean and reintroduce them during WWI as the town's main water supply.

To provide equal distribution, the established practice was for the Áheres to be open to the public only on weekdays, usually on two or three occasions each week, depending on rainfall. A permanent guard («ο ακοιμητος φυλαξ») was stationed there in a small lodging to ensure that no theft occurred, especially when water was in limited supply. He would signal the opening of the cisterns by raising a large flag near the monastery of Ayía Triádhia which would be visible to the entire town below. To ensure that there was no congestion on the narrow pathways leading to the Áheres, no-one was permitted to return with their full pot until the guard had lowered his flag and the rocky pathway was clear.

Thanks to the writings of the island's great chronicler, Achilleas Diamandaras, we have preserved for us a window into the days when the Áheres were still the town's main water supply. According to Diamandaras, the verses that follow were composed by one of the island's poets, Michalis 'tis Maroúllas, and they deal with an event that occurred in 1842, when water was in short supply.



A view of the Áheres valley that demonstrates the location of the basins in relation to the Monastery of *Áyia Triádda* from where the guard would raise his flag to indicate that water was available for collection. His small lodging is just visible at the entrance to the basins.



A group of women at the entrance to the *Pasás* well in the *Mandraki*.



Women in the act of fetching water from the *Pasás* well in the *Mandraki*, much in the same manner as described in the *Áheres* poem

The poem is not only revealing of the acute dependency of the townsfolk on the Áheres, but also of the established system that was in place to ensure the fair distribution of this most sought after resource. We begin with the poem in its original Greek text, followed by an English translation with some explanatory annotations:

1. Στα χίλια οχτακόσια σαράντα δυο έτος,
Ακούσατε μου να σας πω τι έτρεξεν εφέτος.
2. Πείναν και δίψαν έχομεν κι είνε Θεού κατάρες,
Θέλει κι ο Βασιλέας μας τις δώδεκα χιλιάδες.
3. Ηλθα κι εγω ο δυστυχής από τα Παρασάμια,
Εις τον Φοίνικαν αρράξαμεν πώχει πολλά ποτάμια.
4. Ο Κυριάκος τ'Άλεξαντρή ήτον ο πλοίαρχος μου,
Κ'ήρθα εις το Καστελλόριζο, κ'αυτός ητ'ο σκοπός μου.
5. Στον καφενέν εκάθησα, τον καφετζήν φωνάζω,
«Γέμισε μ'ένα ναργιλέν, να φουμάρω και να κοιτάζω».
6. Γεμίζει μ'ένα ναργιλέν, φουμάρω και κοιτάζω,
Τις Αχεραις παρατηρώ κ'εύθυς την ρήμα βγάζω.
7. Πολύ μου κακοφάνηκεν το Σάββατο ημέραν,
Πού'δα τον Χατζη Κωνσταντήν κ'εσήκωσεν παντιέραν.
8. Αφησ'ο δράκος το νερόν και πάσιν να γεμίσουν,
Κ'όλαις αν δεν συμμαζευθούν, δεν 'φίνει να γυρίσουν.
9. Βλέπω κορίτσια στην σειράν, γυναίκες στην αράδα,
Θαρρώ πως εινε στράτευμα, κ'ήβγεν αφ'την αρμάδα.
10. Κ'ήτον οι μαστραπάδες των στα χέρια περασμένοι,
Κ'έστραφταν εις τον ηλιόν, 'σαν σπάθα 'κονισμένη.
11. Ω μπάρμπα Χατζη Κωνσταντή, βλέπε το νερό μας,
Να μη γλυτώσει γρήγορα για το κακό ψυχρό μας.
12. Ω μπάρμπα Χατζη Κωνσταντή, έχει καλά τον νου σου,
Και χθες εκλέψασιν νερόν την ώρα που κοιμούσουν.
13. Ω μπάρμπα Χατζη Κωνσταντή, τα λογια μου'νε αλήθεια,
Βλέπε καλά τις Αχεραις να'χεις Θεού βοήθεια!

1. In the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-two,
Listen as I tell you what took place.
2. Hunger & thirst abounded,
But our Sultan still wanted his twelve thousand.¹
3. And I the wretched one, had travelled from the Parasámia,
At Finika³ we moored, where the rivers are many.²
4. Kyriakos, son of Alexandri⁴, was my sea captain,
And we arrived at Castellorizo which was my destination.
5. I sat down at a café and called out to the owner,
"Fill me up an arghile, so I may smoke & gaze."
6. He fills me up an arghile, and I puff away and gaze,
And I look towards the Áheres as I compose this rhyme.
7. Strange did it seem to me, that on a Saturday
I see that H'Konstandi⁵ has his flag raised.

8. The dragon⁶ has left his flag unfurled, young girls they climb to fill,
And if they don't return, our water will soon be ending.
9. I see young girls in a line, and women in a row,
They look like an army marching, like an armada off to war.
10. And in their hands are their pots, which they hold aloft,
And they glimmer in the sun like unsheathed blades
11. Oh Barba Konstandi, look after our water!
So that it doesn't run out and lead us to misery.
12. Oh Barba Konstandi, please do stay alert!
Because they come and take your water while you lie asleep.
13. Oh Barba Konstandi, my words they are true,
May you have the Lord's help to look after our Áheres!

Considerable historical detail may be gleaned from this poem. For one, and as the accompanying photos reveal, it was the island's females who were assigned the arduous task of collecting water. One explanation could be that during the summer months, when water was in its shortest supply, the menfolk were absent at sea, but that answer is not completely satisfactory. It is more likely that, as a domestic chore, it was accepted as the duty of the women and young girls to fetch water for the family, regardless of the season. In these days of rigidly segregated functions between the genders, males rarely made an active contribution to the internal workings of a household.

The palpable consternation of the author at the sight of the sleeping guard's flag unfurled on a Saturday is also revealing of just how established and otherwise rigidly adhered to the system was. The fact that a poem was written to mark the event, and that it was remembered by Diamandaras so many years later, is also testament to just how seriously the risk of water shortages was viewed.

Needless to say, and as a closing reflection, it is intriguing that abrupt water shortages still plague Castellorizo, some 175 years after this poem was written. Wars, occupations, devastation and, more recently, administrative indolence have together conspired to make a problem our ancestors catered for, even with their limited technology, simply too hard for us to resolve once and for all.

¹This is a reference to the annual payment known as the 'mahtou' which the Castellorizians were obliged to remit collectively to the Porte in fulfilment of the islanders' taxation obligations to the Ottoman Empire. It also guaranteed for the islanders their autonomy in the administration of their island's internal affairs.

²Parasámia' was the name used by Greek sea captains for the eastern end of the southern coast of Asia Minor, modern Syria. The word is of unknown derivation.

³Finika is a coastal town to the east of Castellorizo which had a large Greek population until the exchange of populations. At the turn of the twentieth century, of its 3,000 people, 800 were Christian, many of them with strong links to Castellorizo.

⁴This is probably a reference to Kyriakos Alexandri Hohos, a Castellorizian seafarer who plied the coast of Asia Minor during this period.

⁵Thanks to this poem we know that 'Hatzí Konstandi' was the guard who serviced and protected the Áheres in the mid-19th century.

⁶The word used here is 'δράκος' (literally 'dragon'), a reference to the dragons in Greek mythology who would guard the sacred 'water of immortality' emanating from the River Styx.

Life's Puzzles

Pantazis Houlis explains his passion for puzzles which he believes is a Kastellorizian tradition. He also explains why returning to Kastellorizo in 2012 has been one of the best decisions he has made in his life.

I am one of three siblings (together with an older sister, Kamariani, and a younger brother, Christos). My dad, Constantine, and my mum, Kleoniki, are the type of parents that kids would dream of having. Having such kind parents puts some positive pressure on us to try to keep it up. My dad was also one of the Empire Patrol disaster survivors. He received a bravery award by the Queen of England for saving people's lives, and won many football and water polo championships. I have never met someone who was as naturally strong or kind in heart.

I was born in Perth in 1970, and together with my brother we were very naughty and energetic, being a constant headache to my poor parents. We were however, very creative. In 1977, we travelled to Greece, so that my dad would invest in a car battery factory project together with some of his brothers. At that time, the smaller factory was performing wonderfully, and it was decided to expand to a much bigger one. That investment was not meant to be. My dad had to return to Australia, almost like the first time, similar to a refugee, but this time, his children were already in Perth awaiting him.

Arriving on Kastellorizo in the late seventies was a unique experience. It was a time when the population hardly exceeded one hundred people, and I was proud to be a primary school student of the Santrape School, at least for the first couple of grades. It was there when I got a huge zero mark for misspelling some words in Greek which shocked me. This incident turned me into a person who is very demanding when it comes to writing all words correctly (in Greek and English). In fact, I am always on a crusade to ensure everyone writes the name "Kastellorizo" correctly with two I's, and have even created a webpage for this, named as "Kastellorizo is written with two I's, just like Hellas".

For the upper classes of primary school, I had to go to nearby Rhodos, as there weren't any teachers on Kastellorizo. That is where I also finished my high school, but at every chance I returned to Kastellorizo, as the magical island was already in my heart.

During my time in primary school, I enjoyed some old TV shows whose purpose was to solve the 3x3 magic square. Despite being too young, I could solve it without much trouble using various ways. It felt good that I could solve it and enjoy the process at the same time.

At home, I virtually destroyed my mum's wooden base (for dough), by placing nails, fishing line, a marble, and two cloth clippers to create a home-made pinball. It was the same time when I was very lucky to be exposed to a Greek series of puzzle games made by the company "Doureios", which means Trojan Horse. Puzzles like Solo (also known as peg solitaire), and the Tower of Hanoi had won my heart instantly. The Rubik's revolution was also just about to happen, and despite not getting a personal Rubik's cube for a long time, I got a cylindrical 3D puzzle called "Whippit". And suddenly, I already had a small puzzle collection.

After high school, I studied for five years in Crete, one year in Electronics in Chania, and then four years at the University of Crete in Heraklion where I obtained a Degree in Mathematics with Honours. During my time there, I always took the most difficult (and most enjoyable) courses, while I was always creating new "weird" theories which soon were noticed by professors and postgraduate students.



While I was finishing my mathematics degree, I wanted to consult a professor about my future in Greece. Sadly, there were no positions available. In early 1995, I was back in Australia, doing research in Algebraic Number Theory.

Arriving in Perth was like opening a new world for me, and my Uncle Michael with my Aunt Velma made me feel at home in the first month. Later, I had to start renting near the University, as my uncle's house was too far. My parents were not able to support me with the costs, but instead I looked for work in parallel with my studies. For a while, I worked in Fremantle at M.G. Kailis, cleaning trawlers and painting them. Until today, I remember an incident that made me love the people from Kastellorizo even more. Michael Kailis knew that I was too proud to ask for anything else than honest work. When we met at the yard, with him wearing a new suit and me full of grease and paint, he offered to shake my hand. I backed away, as I did not want to make a mess of his hand. But then, he swiftly came near me, grabbed my hand, and hugged me. His suit was ruined! He then sent me to the Learmonth factory in Exmouth where I had to cook prawns. It was surely one of the most delicious jobs I ever had.

After finishing my Master's Degree, I tried to find a full time job related to mathematics. I continued to search for a challenging job, even if that meant I would have to leave Perth, or even Australia. But despite the hundreds of job applications I was sending every single day, I only managed to get a few interviews with people who did not seem to appreciate my passionate Greek



accent. I was always told that I was overqualified, and they would rather get a graduate and pay less. They also kept asking me "so what is your area?", and I was answering "Affine Normal Edge Transitive Cayley Graphs". And their next question always amused me: "And what can you do in the real world?"

When I decided in 2012 to leave Australia and to return to Greece, my parents were sad to see me go away. In the past, when all my family went to Greece (and I was a little six year old boy) my dad lost everything he built with hard work, because he invested in a failed car battery factory in Greece. I then told my dad that this lost investment was not a disaster. When I said this he seemed a bit puzzled. Then I continued stating that if I had not grown up in Greece, then Greek would not have been my first language, I would have never blended with the cultural events and experienced Kastellorizo in the 70s and 80s, and I would have never appreciated the noble beauty of mythical Greece such as crystal clear waters, trees filled with fruits that anyone could pick up, and mountains filled with aromatic herbs. That, I said, would have been a true disaster. Thankfully, I grew up in Greece, learned Greek and ancient Greek (which I regard as the supreme mathematical puzzle), I went through Homer's epic stories *The Odyssey* and *The Iliad*, as they were originally written, and the disaster was prevented. An emotional, yet true confession that came straight from my heart. In addition, knowledge, travelling and experience, is what creates intelligence, and I am so thankful that I had all these opportunities and I have become what I am now.

PUZZLES

In the meantime, all those years, I was part of puzzle communities. On the business front, I was the force behind the MindStrat Puzzles Company, as I had a few patents of new mechanisms that were very attractive to all people. As a result, the UK Company Drummond Park, replaced their Rubik's Cube with the Oginov Tumbler (based on my rotational gravity mechanism) and to advertise it, we released on TV the first pure puzzle commercial in almost three decades.

The real world though, had another awakening. The toy market is huge. However, the puzzle market is a small fraction of this market, which eventually proved to be non-profitable. It will always be hard to emulate the success of the Rubik's Cube in the 80s, especially as everyone would not fall again for a toy that looks easy, but is difficult to solve. In fact, it is a feature that deters people from buying.

The philosophy of Maxxbrain (a new company created by me and two good friends) was based on using toys to make education more efficient and fun, something natural to kids. The concept was concrete enough, and we just had to choose the appropriate market. Thailand was the initial target, because it was the base of my business partners. But after some interest shown by a few Indian state governments, we have now

moved on to India, where our philosophy has been greeted with keen interest. This made more investors knock on our door and more South East Asian countries curious.

Being more practical, various research papers have shown that a combination of mathematical and spatial skills is what helps children to learn much faster than conservative methods. My role was to ensure that I fit known mechanisms into the existing curriculum material. These were new mechanisms (including my patented ones) and old mechanisms (some originating from ancient Greece). The aim was to combine and use all the tools which could make teaching a pleasant experience, just like playing a game.

My goal is to create a Pan-Hellenic puzzle network that could be the source of producing puzzles for this company. And this is why I am trying hard to collaborate with Greek companies Cubes, and Greek people. In my humble opinion, the tradition we have in puzzles is unique.

Today, my collection consists of almost four thousand puzzles, 15-20% of which are my own designs. Some notable puzzles I created are the Colossus (based on the four dimensional symmetry of the 24-cell), Kastellorizo House (secret box with mystical movement), Aquadron (rotational gravity puzzle using water), One Four All and Tornado (fitting interlocking puzzles which were honored at the International Puzzle Design Competition), Eledone from Kastellorizo (an easy but enjoyable folding plate puzzle), Secret of Atlantis (odd numbered folding plate), Cubedron (rotational gravity puzzle, whose next version was featured in a TV commercial), Krystalledron (a jewel-like puzzle), Matrix (a fundamental structure that can emulate any known algebraic puzzle, based on permutations), and Chameleon (using square sheets connected to the edges of a cube to completely change into any of five different colours).

A nice side effect of the puzzle collection, was the creation of a flash movie, based on a cartoon character I invented when I was at high school. This character is now the "Puzzle Ninja", the protector of puzzles and the nightmare of those who copy puzzles or cheat when solving. The Puzzle Ninja uses two weapons of mass construction, the Cubedron and the Krystalledron.

It is well known that Greece has an enormous tradition in enigmas and puzzles (Sphinx, Labyrinth, Gordian Knot, Pythagoras Justice Cup, etc), and that the oldest puzzle saved inside scripts in human history is the Stomachion by Archimedes. What is not well known is that Kastellorizo has also a big tradition in enigmas, as the existence of puzzle magazines "Anamniseis" written by Michail Petridou in the 19th century proves it. There is one of those magazines (dated in 1899) at the island's museum.

The International Puzzle Party (IPP), which is the biggest and most prestigious puzzle club in the world has only three Greek members as



inventors: Panagiotis Verdes, Michael Toulouzas, and me (Pantazis C. Houlis). The latter two are descended from Kastellorizo.

Since 2010, I have been organising a puzzle event every year in Kastellorizo; the Kastellorizo Enigma Congress (KEC), where I simply showcase some impressive puzzles from my collection, including some of my newest prototypes. It has been hosted at various sites on the island.

So being based on the rich tradition of the past and the present, we could ensure that the future is also bright. From what I have seen, Kastellorizians love puzzles, and the island is cosmopolitan, inspirational and full of energy. Also, because of the geographic isolation, the puzzles provide a perfect refuge for the mind, especially during the tough winter months.

A special note should be given to two metal puzzles made by the Japanese company Hanayama. One of them is called Cast Amour, and it resembles the exact symbol of Kastellorizo, i.e. a cross and an anchor on a heart. It is a beautiful puzzle, which I love to show to everyone who loves our island. The second is called Cast Dolce, and it is the cross and the anchor, without the heart. Nevertheless, we may place it on our own heart while solving it!

Kastellorizo is a perfect place to have and design puzzles, and my plan for the future is to provide a Puzzle Museum (using my collection which is the largest in Greece) to provide another reason for people to visit the island. This is one of my next goals of my life.

Kastellorizo is the place I grew up, so it was not a surprise that I wanted to return. I had to find a way, some realistic way to spend as much time as possible on this beautiful island. After some spells in 1996, 1998, and 2005, I was able to come to Kastellorizo every summer from 2008 until 2012. But that was not enough for me. One month is never enough to stay in Kastellorizo every year. And the very risky move to Kastellorizo in January 2013, was probably the best decision in my entire life. Many Greek-Australian friends of mine were in disbelief that I was leaving an organised country (Australia) to go to a crisis-hit country (Greece). However, the crisis is global, and Greece has a unique beauty. But I must say with all my heart, that returning to Kastellorizo was by far the best decision in my entire life.

For me, being in Kastellorizo, did not only mean that I returned and focused exclusively on my work. I saw it as being part of a new tiny wave that could directly help in many ways. Using the knowledge, contacts, and experience acquired throughout my past years, and blending again with a natural lifestyle, was to me like a jig-saw puzzle whose pieces were being correctly placed back inside a frame of creativity.

Editor's Note: Since this article was written, Pantazis' father has passed away. *Friends of Kastellorizo* would like to offer condolences to the family.

A selection of Pantazis' themed puzzles are on sale at the Kastellorizian Information Office.

FILIA: IMPORTANT NOTICE

The first edition of *Filia* was published in 2009 and this will be the 28th edition. Over that time, *Friends of Kastellorizo* has relied on the financial support of sponsors and the payment of your annual subscription fees to maintain the high quality of publication.

As you will appreciate production costs of *Filia* have steadily increased over the years.

Please note that in 2016, *Friends of Kastellorizo* will only be delivering *Filia* by mail to those members who have paid the annual \$25 subscription fee. If you are unsure whether you have paid for 2015/2016 please email us at coordinator@kastellorizo.com for confirmation.

In the first edition of *Filia* in 2009 we reflected on philanthropy with this quote :

The word "philanthropy" is of Greek origin and literally means 'the love of humankind' and, in its modern sense, means private contributions for public purposes. In studies from around the world, the number one reason people act philanthropically is to bring about positive change and that is the focus of *Friends of Kastellorizo*.

The mantra of *Friends of Kastellorizo*, "giving back to the island of our forebears", captures the yearning and sense of duty the Kastellorizian diaspora feel for that little rock in the south eastern Aegean Sea and our desire to ensure its rich history and culture endure. Through *Friends of Kastellorizo* we acknowledge our deep appreciation for the many sacrifices made by our forebears to provide a better life for future generations of Megisteons scattered throughout the world.

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The Prelude to Easter

by Efrossini Zoniou, Athens

February and March are the months when the awakening of spring and the revival of nature are the symbolic background to Greek Orthodox festivities of the Triod, the period of Carnival and Lent, which will eventually lead to Christ's Passion and hope-raising Resurrection at Easter sixty days later.

Carnival traditions are rooted in paganistic rites of Ancient Greek Dionysiac celebrations of nature's rebirth and earth's fertility, which have survived in diverse local forms throughout Greece, and have become closely intertwined with Christian traditions.

Some customs are common all over Greece, though.

The three-week period of Carnival, called Apokreo, or Apokria, or Apokries ("end of meat-eating"), is a period of merry feasting, dancing and disguising before the austere period of Lent ("Megali Sarakosti"). Partying culminates on Tsiknopemti ("Smelly Thursday") in the second week of Carnival, which is also called Kreatini (meat-eating week). Tsiknopemti, derived from "tsikna", the stench of burnt fat or grilled meat, owes its name to the tradition of consuming large quantities of grilled meat among boisterous drinking and dancing on that day. The last week of Carnival, called Tyrini ("cheese-eating"), when meat is abstained from, but consumption of other animal and dairy products is allowed, is the transition between meat consumption and fasting and the gradual preparation for the austere fasting of Lent to follow soon.

Kathara Dephtera ("Clean Monday") marks the end of fat-eating Carnival and the beginning of the purifying forty-day fasting period preparing for Easter. On this day, housewives would clean all pots and pans with hot water and ash till they shone, to remove all traces of meat's fat. Kathara Dephtera is characterised by the consumption of nistissima (fasting foods) or sarakostiana (Lent food) such as seafood, taramosalata, olives, halva, fasolada without oil and, of course, lagana, a thin type of bread without yeast, baked only on this day. But it also rounds off Carnival time as the last day of rejoicing, called "Koulouma", celebrated collectively on picnic parties in the countryside, where children and adults alike honour the tradition of flying a kite, probably the symbol of spring's return, the hope of shedding worries and prayers sent to Heaven. The origin of the word "Koulouma" could be in Latin "cumulus", "heap" but also "end", which would refer to the end of Carnival's rich eating

or, alternatively, in "columna", "column", because Kathara Dephtera was allegedly first celebrated by the columns of the Olympeion in Athens. In the capital, Koulouma was and is, to this day, celebrated in an open-air party on Philopappou Hill, where all residents are invited by the municipality.

In the three weeks preceding Kathara Dephtera, Greek skies are dotted with paper kites: kite-making and flying, which used to be a favourite springtime hobby of children's, is an art, which requires rehearsing and perfecting up to D-day. Kite-makers invest all their craftsmanship and artistic creativity in the design of their usually hexagonal kites. A kite has to be carefully "weighted" (balanced) if it is to fly high, the length of its tail being a crucial factor depending on wind force (the stronger the wind, the longer the tail). The reward, however, is worth the effort put into kite-flying preparations: once your kite has "found its wind" (i.e. reached a point where the wind is blowing steadily), you can tie the string to a steady point and savour your "sarakostianous mezedes" (Lent delicacies) together with the sight of your kite peacefully gliding on its own in the ether.

Unfavourable weather conditions on Kastellorizo made it virtually impossible to honour the tradition. However, we managed to fly the kite briefly from the top of the castle. Undaunted by Kastellorizo's whimsical ruler, Aeolos, we persevered in the following days until we succeeded in enjoying the sight of our kite rising in the Kastellorizian sky over the limani.

And so, at long last, we flew the kite of the New Spring, of Hope, of Love and of Creativity.



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