



The KYTHERIAN

The Newsletter of the Kytherian Association of Australia
PO Box A203, Sydney South NSW 1235
www.kytherianassociation.com.au

SEPTEMBER 2007

PANAYIA MYRTIDIOTISSA FAMILY DANCE

Venue: Grand Barclay Reception Lounge
588 Princes Highway, Rockdale

When: Saturday 29th September 2007

Time: 7pm

Cost: \$50 per adult, \$25 per child (12 years & under)

Includes mezzethes and a 2 course meal with drinks
(except spirits).

Our Greek Dancing Classes will perform at this function.

(Children performing from Friday Greek Dancing will not be charged but will be given raffle books to sell).

*Payment can be made at Greek Dancing
each Friday night.*

Please book early by calling Kathy Samios on 9349 1849.

PANAYIA MYRTIDIOTISSA Liturgy at KOGARAH CHURCH
Sunday 30th September
(See page 4 for details)

LEGENDS vs ALLSTARS

Post Fathers' Day
Picnic and Soccer Match
Sunday 16th September
(see page 4 for details)

KYTHO CALENDAR**SUNDAY 16TH SEPTEMBER**

Legends vs Allstars Soccer Match and Picnic. (see page 4).

SATURDAY 29TH SEPTEMBER

September Family Dance (see details on front page).

SUNDAY 30TH SEPTEMBER

Liturgy at Kogarah Church and dancing in square in front of Church. (see page 4).

MUMS & BUBS

"Mums and Bubs" outings are held on the last Friday of each month, for babies and children up to 5 years, for more information please call Erenie on 0410 318 053.

**Editor's Note**

Last week, while waiting for my son outside his school, I watched as a car driven by a red P-plater tried to take a corner without braking.

Interesting concept....it would certainly save wear on your brakes but unless you're a Formula One driver, chances are that it is unlikely to be a successful manoeuvre. Sure enough, this fool mounted the footpath after collecting a couple of 'Stop' and 'No Standing' signs, not to mention the damage he did to the front of his car, which was probably his parents' car.

Just 15 minutes earlier, there was a group of students walking across the road. They would have been hit if the incident had occurred at that time. To make matters worse, there was also a young passenger in the car. All I can say is that the driver was extremely fortunate that no one was hurt.

However, as a parent, I simply can't understand how these inexperienced teenagers are allowed to drive powerful cars and collect siblings or friends from school. Some parents really need to take a hard look at the risks involved in giving this kind of responsibility to kids who are clearly not ready for it.

As far as the driver goes, I find it ironic that the ultimate humiliation of losing control of the car in front of a large number of school students will probably serve as a greater punishment than having to drive the mangled mess home to face irate parents.

On an entirely different note.....August 2007 will long be remembered as the month when the world watched our beloved Greece burn. As I write, the fires are still raging across the country with little relief from the heat in sight. It saddens me to think that the general consensus is that many of these fires were deliberately lit. Spare a thought for the families who have lost loved ones and for the many who have had their villages and homes destroyed. Hopefully, these fires will soon be brought under control and the slow rebuilding of shattered lives will begin.



IF ANYONE KNOWS THE WHEREABOUTS OF WILLIAM JOHN CASSIMATIS OF PETERSHAM OR HAS ANY INFORMATION ABOUT THIS PERSON, PLEASE CONTACT KATHY SAMIOS ON 9349 1849.

Kythera-Family.net

for the world-wide Kytherian Community



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Tested to the Extreme

One hundred and ten years ago my grandfather, Theo Andronicos, left his home in the town of Potamos, to make the long voyage to Australia on an Orient Line steamship, the "Oruba", disembarking at Circular Quay Sydney in July 1897. He was sixteen years old when he reached Australia. Grandfather neither returned to the island he called Cerigo, nor saw his parents again. His father, George Emmanuel Andronicos, who worked away from the island, had a small tobacconist shop at Port Piraeus. His mother, Panagiotitsa, was a Panaretto before her marriage.

The details on Theo's naturalization certificate dated 26th June 1906, though brief, provide some insight into his early years in New South Wales. He spent four years in Sydney, beginning in the employ of John Cominos of Oxford Street, followed by two years in Narrabri with shorter periods in Boggabri and Uralla. His older brother, Emmanuel, owned a fruit and confection business at Coonamble. Theo was a resident there when his brother died in 1910. When he returned to Sydney sometime in 1913, he met his future wife, Maude Mary Whyte. They were married in Brisbane in 1914. Theo had a good ear for music and as a young single man, played the violin at Greek community dances, accompanied by a bouzouki and mandolin player.

Most of what I know about my grandfather was told to me by my mother. She was the only daughter and youngest child, and therefore held a special place in her father's affections. By nature my mother is friendly and outgoing, and has been blessed with a happy disposition. She was born in 1919 with the assistance of a midwife, at the residence behind their fish and chip and small goods shop at Given Terrace Paddington in Brisbane - the only one of Theo's children born at home. Her given name was Irene, but she has always been known as Rene. Two brothers preceded her. George, who was the eldest, was born in 1915. He took his name from his paternal grandfather. Second son Emmanuel, was born in 1917. As a youngster his father called him Manolis, but I only ever knew him as Mal, Uncle Mal.

By the mid 1920's Theo had sold their Paddington shop and established himself in a cafe in Edward Street, Brisbane. With the help of his wife Maude their business began to prosper. She waited on the tables while Theo did the cooking. All three children

attended good schools nearby. George and Emmanuel went to St. James Boys School in The Valley, while my mother began her schooling at St. Stephens Preschool, just around the corner from their cafe. Musical education was encouraged and both George and my mother had violin lessons.

My mother has fond memories of family outings during this period. On Sundays, they attended church in the morning, followed by an outing in the afternoon. Favourite destinations were the art gallery or museum at Gregory Terrace, or a stroll around the Botanic Gardens. It was considered a special treat to visit Christy Freeleagus's Astoria Cafe in Edward Street for ice cream served in silver dishes. They were a well dressed, handsome family and when they stepped out, heads always turned. Up to the age of nine, my mother recalls that their life was normal and happy, but this all changed when a series of tragic events occurred; first the death of a child, the breakdown of their mother's health, then the loss of their business.

A third son, James, was born in 1927. When he was only 10 months old, he died of double pneumonia during an influenza epidemic. The doctor who came to their house said that if he had been called sooner he might have been able to save him. Recollections of this part of my mother's life still evokes tears. Within the same year grandmother's health broke down. One morning, as she came down the internal stairs of their terrace home, she experienced her first epileptic seizure. Her children, who witnessed her fall, were horrified. There were no grandparents or other relatives they could turn to for support. With all of the worry and extra responsibilities of caring for a sick wife, dealing with an illness that was little understood and the upkeep of home and family, their business suffered and was eventually lost. During the next few years tough times lay ahead, and the Andronicos family was tested to the very extreme.

*This is the first half of an entry posted to Kythera-Family.net by **Gaye Hegeman**, a regular submitter to the site. This tragic yet heroic history of a family delt a very poor hand indeed inspires and informs and is one of the best entries ever submitted to the site. If you'd like to read the rest of the entry just go to the People/Life-Stories area of the site. Many of you will have interesting – and hopefully less tragic – family histories which we would be honoured to see on the site. And thanks again to Gaye for sharing her story and helping many of us put into perspective our own problems.*

You are the authors! Kythera-Family.net - the online cultural archive for Kythera - aims to preserve and reflect the rich heritage of a wonderful island. Members of the community are actively invited to submit their family collection of Kytherian stories, photographs, recipes, oral histories, and home remedies etc. to the site. Uploading directly to the site is easy and free. Thus we can help make available valuable and interesting material for current and future generations, and inspire young Kytherians to learn more about their fascinating heritage.



LEGENDS vs ALLSTARS

Sunday 16th September

for

Post Fathers' Day

PICNIC

&

SOCCER MATCH

at

Matraville Sports High

Chifley

Kick off for main game is 12 noon.

BBQ LUNCH provided.



PANAYIA MYRTIDIOTISSA CHURCH LITURGY

SUNDAY 30TH SEPTEMBER, 2007

KOGARAH GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH

**Our Friday night dancers will be performing in the "plateia"
in front of the Church at the end of the service.**

Soccer Team wins the Minor Premiership and poised to repeat Grand Final glory

We said it at the beginning of the season – we’re aiming for “Back to Back” success. And sure enough, the Kytherian soccer team has again made it to the business end of the season. Indeed, this year, as minor premiers, the Kytherians will start the semi finals in September as favourites.

As the team embarked on the earliest preseason ever – we started on the First Sunday in February – we were confident that the new blood that joined our ranks would strengthen the team. Every bit of that young energy and enthusiasm was needed over the last month as the team had to play a number of games with 9 to 10 players. An unfortunate string of injuries and the usual lure of the Kytherian summer left the team lean on numbers.

However the Kytherian “never say die” attitude (or Ego) ensured that the last four weeks have been one of the most extraordinary in the history of the Team. After a poor game and near player implosion, the senior players and the young new recruits brought it all together with coach Victor Alfieris.

It all culminated in mid August when the 9 remaining fit players took on arch rivals Queens Park (last year’s grand final foes). A heroic “come from behind” victory saw the team win 3-2 and secure the minor premiership. Referee and opposition were in total disbelief as Kytherians threw caution to the wind and decided to attack rather than defend, which is what every coaching manual would suggest when the team is down to 9 players.

With our Greek vacationists back and endless physiotherapy sessions ensuring the return of our injured, the Kytherians will start the finals campaign in September at full strength. Details of our games will be posted on the Association Website.

Of course the ability to keep a Soccer team on the park for what is now its fourth generation of players depends enormously on the financial support of the Kytherian Association, the Kytherian 4WD and Recreation Club and individual benefactors. This year we would like to especially thank John Venetoulis, proprietor of Maroubra Family Pharmacy (327 Malabar Road, Maroubra) and Surfside Pharmacy (45 McKeon St, Maroubra Beach).

Post Father’s Day Picnic – Sunday September 16th, Noon

Even if the Kytherians manage to win a fifth Grand Final in their 30th season, the undisputed biggest game of the year will be on September 16th when the current team matches up against the Legends, the distinguished ex-players that have hung up their boots – except of course for the Sunday after Fathers Day every year.

That’s right. Its that time of year again - The Post Fathers Day Legends vs Allstars Picnic on Sunday September 16th. You will hear plenty of glory stories from the Legends and also see them display their prowess on the field. Please join us at Matraville Sports High School, Chifley to enjoy a picnic and celebrate Fathers day with Kytherian Dads. Kick off for the main game is at noon.

ELENI GAGE: Recapturing the past in Kythera



One of the most memorable books I ever read was “Eleni”, Nicholas Gage’s gripping story of the life and death of his beloved mother, Eleni Gatzoyiannis, in war-torn Greece and how he pain-stakingly tracked down the man who killed her during the civil war that erupted in Greece. Nicholas Gage went on to become a well-known journalist in the United States and has written several books on subjects ranging from Aristotle Onassis to the history and customs of Greece.

Gage’s daughter, and the bearer of his late mother’s (partially anglicized) name, has also turned out to be a very good writer. Eleni Gage, herself the author of “North of Ithaka: A Journey Home Through a Family’s Extraordinary Past”, has visited Kythera several times and has published her experiences of the island in *Travel & Leisure* magazine.

In the July 2002 issue of that magazine, Eleni Gage included a short but succinct piece on the island:

With a population of 3,100, Kithira is the kind of place where, when I forgot my bag at a taverna, the waiter let me know by calling the cell phone of the cabbie he saw pick me up. Traditionally difficult to get to, since it lies far from the rest of the Eptanissia, south of the Peloponnesus, the island is now served by flights, ferries, and hydrofoils. Yet somehow it remains almost entirely undiscovered—most foreign visitors are descendants of islanders who emigrated to “big Kithira,” Australia.

I was practically the only one around as I wandered through the whitewashed, bougainvillea-covered capital of Hora and climbed the Venetian fortress to see Kapsali’s long beach through a hole in the wall. At the ruined Byzantine city of Kato Hora, I had the sunset all to myself. For true recluses, I learned, the satellite island of Antikithira, population 70, has 10 rooms to let—but that sounded a bit too lonely for me.

With Hora closed for siesta, I sat down to write postcards in the square. A Greek traveler passed by and asked, “Miss, where is everybody?” Despite—or, rather, because of—Kithira’s solitude, Greeks who want peace and quiet along with their sunbathing are starting to visit the island. It may even be developing its own version of a scene. In Hora, I heard a handsome young man snarl into a pay phone, “Why aren’t you here? You’re not going to Mykonos or some jerk-off place like that, are you?”

Five years on, in the July 2007 edition of *Travel and Leisure*, Ms Gage’s enthusiasm and longing for the island are readily apparent:

I’d been to Kithira twice before, but I’d only stayed for two days each time. Even that was enough for me to realize that I loved the pleasant incongruity of this Ionian island. It has the blindingly white houses, broad beaches, and bright bougainvillea of the Cyclades, but instead of being barren and volcanic, it’s lush and green, like the other Ionians. Best of all, it’s never overrun with tourists. This is partly because it’s in the middle of nowhere—floating at the intersection of the Ionian and Cretan seas—and partly because it’s sizable, with 30 miles of coastline, and mountains filled with wildflowers and Byzantine villages. But mostly, it’s because the locals (3,400 people live there year-round), returning immigrants, and summer residents conspire to keep Kithira a secret. In the Athens airport, I bumped into the owner of Milos, a restaurant with locations in New York, Montreal, and Athens, and told him my itinerary. “I have a house on Kithira,” he said, frowning. “Be careful what you write. For those of us who spend time there, it’s someplace very special.”

Technically, Kíthira is the seventh of the Ionians, but it is geographically far removed from the rest, off the bottom of the Peloponnese, halfway to Crete, which is as close to Libya as it is to mainland Greece. I reached the island via the hour-long car ferry from Neapolis, but in my flurry of last-minute planning, I'd forgotten one thing: the car. Now there were none to be had on the island—even on quiet Kíthira, the handful of rental outfits book up fast in high season—and I was trapped in Hora, the hilltop capital.

Of course, most people who get "trapped" in Hora do so by choice. François Crépeaux and Frédéric Ferrière, owners of the Hotel Margarita, still make their home in Paris in the winters, but after vacationing on Kíthira six years ago decided to live there eight months a year, running the hotel, a 12-room converted mansion. "We fell in love with the island," Crépeaux told me, as we sat on their hilltop breakfast patio. "So we just stayed." Now they spend afternoons hopping on their scooters and zooming off to a quiet cove outside of Hora, which they reach by holding onto a rope and pulling themselves down a path through trees to the beach. Just the kind of place I'd go. If I had a car. Instead, I wandered around town, stopping for iced coffee in cafés overlooking pastures that rolled down to the sea. It was delightful, until I got hungry.

One of my few cardinal rules is never to eat at a restaurant named Zorba's—a certain tourist trap. But the only two restaurants I noticed in Hora were Zorba's and the Belvedere Pizzeria. Despite the latter's fabulous views of the illuminated Venetian-era castle, I didn't feel like pizza. So I found myself climbing upstairs to the roof of Zorba's. I almost fled when I saw Anthony Quinn dancing on the menu, above the quote, "It was from Zorba that I learned to stop fearing life and live." But I stayed, and had the cheapest, most satisfying dinner of my entire trip—perfectly grilled souvlaki, a salad filled with juicy, thick tomatoes, and a light rosé. It was all accompanied by entertainment, as the owner, who, like Zorba, dispenses advice, scolded a guest that fried cheese was "strictly forbidden in this heat!"

After dinner I wandered into the square and found the cafés filled with blue-haired gal pals yelling at their rambunctious grandchildren, and bald guys flicking worry beads. It reminded me of when I was a rowdy toddler, running around after dinner with kids I'd just met while my parents, unconcerned, drank wine out of tin carafes and watched my baby sister sleeping on two taverna chairs they'd pushed together to make a crib.

I was still determined to get out of town and explore some of the island's best-known sights. So bright and early the next morning, I stood in front of a parked cab until its owner came out of a café and handed me a business card printed yiorgos d. kalogeros, driver. I told him I wanted to visit the cave of Agia Sophia, which I'd seen on a postcard during my first visit to Kíthira. At the foot of a path off Kíthira's ring road, the cave was used as a church by sailors, who, in 1875, painted icons on the inside. Yiorgos D. Kalogeros, driver, sat in the shade, waiting as I followed a guide through a maze of stalagmites and stalactites. Afterward, we drove to his wife's hometown, the nearby, picture-perfect village of Mylopotamos. Beneath the town square hides another landmark, the Neraiades waterfall, a rushing torrent that ends in an ankle-deep pool shaded by trees that look as if their only purpose were to offer a little privacy to bathing wood-nymphs. Kalogeros seemed to know everyone on the island, from the speleologist giving tours at Agia Sophia to the backgammon players in Mylopotamos's square, who greeted him with a joy I would have imagined they'd reserve for relatives who had left long ago and only just returned for the summer. All I'd wanted was a ride, and instead I'd ended up on a tour with the island's unofficial mayor.

On my last day, I decided to try my luck with the local bus, which crosses the island on limited routes. One led to the crescent-shaped beach of Kapsali, which is ringed by tavernas and dotted with blue-and-white changing booths that add a dash of retro-chic to the shore. Lolling about in the sparkling surf, I tried to channel a fittingly retro-chic icon, Brigitte Bardot. Then I remembered I hadn't brought a cinematic sundress to change into. Improvising, I threw a shirt over my suit and ran to catch the bus. As it chugged up the hillside, I spotted a small turquoise bay hidden between two steep green cliffs; for a moment, until we turned the corner, I had the best view on the island. Sitting in a damp bathing suit on an old velour bus seat next to a grandma in a housecoat, I'd finally accomplished my goal of recapturing my past. I was damp, salty, exhausted, and exhilarated. It was the feeling of my childhood summers.

Returning to Kythera, to our metaphorical if not spiritual birthplace, is all about recapturing our past. Eleni Gage is a tribute to the grandmother she never knew.

George Vardas

Social News

Births

Joanna and Mathew Coutts of Little Bay became parents for the first time. Baby **Catherine**, born 19th May is the second grandchild for **Jim and Mary Tzavaras** of Maroubra and first grandchild for **Graeme and Cathie Coutts**.

Congratulations

Congratulations to **Penelope Samios**, daughter of **George and Kathy**, for achieving Honours in her Bachelor of Liberal Studies degree at the University of Sydney. **Penelope** majored in Human Resources, Psychology, Linguistics and Modern Greek. She is now putting her skills to practice while working and holidaying in Greece.

Well done **Penelope** and best wishes for the future.



Those young ladies 16 years and over who want to do their debut at next years **Kytherian Ball** on the **31st May 2008** at **Star City**, please contact **Esther Calligeros** on **9344 0298**.

From will to deed: a road to property ownership in Greece

The following article appeared in the Athens News on 17 August 2007. Although Kythera has its own land registries (because of its own system of record-keeping), the article in the Athens News is relevant to all Greeks of the diaspora who want to find out more about obtaining or recording title to property in Greece.

CONVERTING what has been written and published in a will into a deed in your name can be a very involved process in Greece. Many factors come into play. How was the will written? Is the property clearly identified?

Many old Greek wills are vague in their bequests. One might state: "I bequeath all my property to my siblings." Some others do not clearly describe the property: "I bequeath my son the land between Yannis' farm and Demetra's rock wall." Where is the property located and what are its square metres or standing boundaries?

To legally accept property (transfer the deed into your name) or even file a declaratory tax form (E9/E1), you must have a clear description of the land you are attempting to claim. Of course, not all wills are ambiguous. Many clearly describe the land, the structures on the land and state who is to inherit it.

Regardless, if a will is clear or vague, the most important first step is to research the chain of title. If the research is not done correctly, problems may surface later when developing or selling the land.

The framework

In Greece there is no centralised/computerised national land registry system. Land registries have been created in some areas, but these are few and far between. In most areas, only mortgage offices exist.

Attorneys often refer to the land registry for clarity, but in fact they are referring to mortgage offices because in other countries the meaning of the office is different. The primary difference is that the mortgage office records titles by name and the land registry uses many more parameters. Only lawyers are qualified and permitted to conduct research in Greece's land registries and mortgage offices. In any land transaction, the title to the land must be researched. Sometimes this involves more than one mortgage office. There are more than 30 mortgage offices in Athens. These offices cover different periods and areas. The researcher may have to search in several offices to track down a property. In some island locations there is no mortgage office at all, and the office covering that island's land may be located on a larger, neighbouring island.

In almost every case, a lawyer must travel to the mortgage office or land registry - if one exists - which covers the area where the land is located. If the land has recently been sold or accepted, the documentation may be clear enough for further transactions.

However, if the documentation is an old will or an even older acceptance deed, then it is imperative that the research is current to protect your interests. Changes may have occurred to the land or ownership rights over time. Town boundaries may have changed that affect zoning, or parts of the supposed inheritance may have been sold off without the present owners' (claimants') knowledge.

What needs to be done?

The first step is for an attorney to identify the land's claimants after studying the following documentation:

1. Any existing wills (inheritance occurs either through a will or intestate, which is without a will).
2. A detailed family tree in order to determine who can claim a share of the property in light of Greece's inheritance laws, as well as to identify individual deaths that may impact the claims.
3. In cases of intestate succession, the heirs' nationality will impact their share.

The next step is for the attorney to identify the properties. This can sometimes be the harder of the two endeavours, depending on the documents provided, the information logged at the mortgage office and if there are individuals locally who can actually identify the property.

- continued over page -

When trying to identify property, if there is no will describing the property or if the existing will is unclear and no documentation exists at any of the mortgage offices or land registries, then you may have a serious problem. Without living relatives/friends residing near the property to help with the identification of the land, there are limited ways to identify the land. In some cases, property has been trespassed on and if there is no written proof at the land registry of this, like an adverse possession lawsuit, the only way to determine if trespass has occurred is by actually visiting the property.

There are real dangers to letting land "sit" without claiming it through these legal steps. It is your responsibility to establish clear title or you can leave the door open for trespassers.

In addition, with the Greek government's attempts to reorganise the country's land registries into a truly functioning property database, failure to assure current and clear title could mean the loss of your land. If you value your land in Greece, it is imperative that you act to protect your interests.

The documentation

In order to avoid further delays and also help your attorney better understand your case and determine the next steps to take, you should provide them with the following documentation:

1. Copies of any and all documentation describing the land (bills of sale, acceptance of inheritance documentation, acceptance of gifting, wills etc) you have.
2. A draft of the family tree listing full names of members, including maiden and married names - if possible two generations before the grantor (drafter of the will) down to you and your siblings. The attorney should search through these family names to make sure you are aware of all your property claims, as well as the share of the property you may claim.

The reason to have so many generations, apart from following the property in cases where there are no recent titles, is that the mortgage offices record titles by name only. In some villages, all the male children carry the same name. The researcher must be able to differentiate which familial line is the correct one back through several generations.

The research

If an old will is the primary documentation, it may take your attorney some time to sort out the wishes of the grantor and who the takers are, particularly if there are multiple marriages and numerous offspring involved. It needs to be determined if previous generations have accepted their inheritance so that the current generation may accept their inheritance. It is a layered process so that the chain of title remains intact.

Of course, problems can arise even with a recent will. If the grantor (testator) leaves all of his property and assets in a trust of some kind, the situation in Greece needs delicate handling. Trusts are not recognised and do not exist in Greece and they create enormous problems. It is wise for individuals who own property in Greece to leave their Greek holdings outside a trust.

Keep in mind that the research at the mortgage office/land registry is the most important step in legally clearing property. The attorney should research under all family names (ie grandmother's maiden name), siblings, aunts and uncles.

Most of the mortgage offices have numerous handwritten volumes which need to be cross-referenced and then cross-referenced again within their own organisational system. If other family members have accepted their inheritance, these documents should be on file and will help in the research, particularly if the property is jointly owned. The research should include verifying that there are no liens or burdens against the land, that the land has not been sold or gifted and that there are no pending claims of ownership through trespass.

As stated earlier, in some cases - depending on how old the will is and depending on where the property is located - the mortgage office may have little information. For many years land was passed orally; written documentation did not exist. If there is no paperwork, no one is available locally who can identify the land and the local mortgage office does not have any documentation, it can be very difficult to trace property. Of equal importance is verification that the properties actually exist. Attorneys prefer a visual identification to ascertain that no one has trespassed on the land. However, if the property is inaccessible (no roads) or there is no one locally to point out the property, this visual identification may be impossible.

The acceptance

In Greece, you must accept your inheritance or gift of property. It is a formal, legal process involving a number of steps. Your lawyer's list of things to do when you are accepting your inheritance includes:

1. Research property, verify shares of takers and verify property parameters.
2. If and when property is identified, your attorney may recommend hiring a local surveyor to map out property that has a high value.
3. Calculate the property's value (in some cases it has an objective value which is set by the tax office). It is on this value that the inheritance taxes, notarial fees and the land registry fees will be based.
4. Draft power of attorney giving the attorney the right to act on behalf of the client for all the next steps.
5. After receiving from the client the original, fully notarised and sealed draft power of attorney from the client (and a copy of the client's passport or driver's licence), a Greek tax ID needs to be issued for the clients (these are requirements of the tax office).
6. Gather the necessary certificates (such as certificates verifying existing wills, death certificates, filing of foreign wills if they have not been filed in Greece etc).
7. Complete the inheritance tax declaration and file it at the competent tax office on behalf of the client. In some cases there are no property taxes. This can happen if the tax office has given the land a small value (agricultural), or because of a death occurring before a certain date. If there is an inheritance tax, it can be paid in instalments. The inheritance tax declaration must be filed within a year of the death of the grantor. If this deadline passes, a small penalty may be set by the tax office.
8. Draft the inheritance deed.
9. Submit all certificates and tax declarations to the *symvolografos*, or notary and sign the inheritance deed in their presence.
10. File the official copy of the notarial deed with the land registry.

Note: Some areas of Greece require additional steps.

After this last step, the property is finally transferred in your name.

The cost

All of the above legal processes, while not cost-prohibitive, are not inexpensive. Calculate by your own country's standards what it would cost to send a lawyer to a remote location, such as an island or mountainous village where they may get stranded due to inclement weather or have to travel hours away by car to conduct research in less than desirable conditions. Depending on the location, it may involve an overnight trip to access all the offices that in Greece only work morning hours.

Researching through old books, which are perhaps fire-singed, or volumes that have been mis-catalogued - not to mention the time to research within these documents and filing the necessary paperwork - should be taken into account as well. This involves an outlay of legal working hours alone, not to mention travel expenses.

Depending on your case, you may need to add in inheritance taxes and maybe court costs if there is a challenge to the land. Many of the above costs are set by the Greek government, certainly taxes and land registry fees. By sending your attorney paperwork up front, in most cases they can estimate the initial step to research your property.

Land is an investment. If generations before you did not take the time to clarify their title, it is now in your hands. You must decide if it is worth the investment to you and your family. Remember you cannot sell or develop property without taking these steps in Greece. With the re-organisation of the land registries, the next generation may not get this choice.

* *Anna Haughton, JD, member of the Massachusetts Bar, ABA*

Evridiki Lerou, member of the Athens Bar

Gianna Zafeiropoulou, member of the Athens Bar

PIRATES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

Part I

By Luke Kepreotis

According to a police report filed by the Greek government in 1971, a shipment of Kurush (gold bullion) was stolen from a Turkish transport vessel while it was docked at the Kytherian port of Kapsali. Police concluded the theft to be the work of several individuals, who fled with their fortune. To this day no arrests have been made. As a result the Turkish government regularly chastise the Greek authorities over the loss of the cargo.

Ever since that fateful night, Kythera, that speck of an island, has witnessed a long-awaited and most welcome change. Cartographers began including the island on the map. Tourists flock from all corners of the country to soak in the island's rich history. And most of all, filmmakers of all shapes, sizes and descriptions test their craft on the island's rugged landscape.

This is the story of one such filmmaker, and a band of thieves: one the brains, one the brawn and the other, well, he came along just to get out of the house.

* * *

Summer doesn't exist on the island of Kythera. Neither does Spring, Autumn or even Winter. To the local Kytherians on the measly Greek isle, there is Hot, and then there is Hotter: the exquisite price for living so close to the equator.

The skies over Kythera are always blue, the seas are always full of fish and the unmitigated supply of ouzo ensures the simple residents of this tiny isle live a quaint but nonetheless happy existence.

You would have to be mad to hate the climate. You would have to be insane to turn up your nose at the untamed landscapes. You would have to be clinically depressed not to appreciate the humble beauties of Kythera.

Either that or you come from the mainland.

Leo Leonidas sat at his desk, hands steeped in a manner that suggested he had sat like this before and was attempting a new world record. He wore a double-breasted jacket, which was purposely left unbuttoned to reveal an expensive Armani shirt and a horde of gold chains. His eyes were hidden behind a set of thick black sunglasses. This was not a measure against the Kytherian sun: people pay more attention to your mouth when they can't see your eyes.

After a while he rose from his desk, revealing his shape. He looked like an avocado, or at least a sock with a frog down one end. And despite constant reminders such as arthritis, he was not a young man, a fact he chose to ignore.

Leo Leonidas, aging spendthrift and small-time movie director had delusions of grandeur, which is why he converted the interior of his trailer (unsuccessfully) to look like an office. In his sanctum the hat stand was the fern, the coffee warmer was the window sill, and the liquor cabinet was every conceivable space not already occupied by something else.

He took a deep breath, adjusted one of the many rings on his fingers and stepped outside through a shaky wire door.

Leo had a vision. A vision to make a movie about love and loss and things in between. Leo had a vision. Oh, how he had a vision. And that vision he called *Pirates of the Mediterranean*.

The Kytherian sun played an aura of light across the sweeping green countryside, illuminating objects both natural and unnatural. The glow slunk silently over hills and fields, and melted over masses of wires, cables and cameras. A door swung back on its hinges and Leo Leonidas stepped into the light. He positioned his hands so that his fingers formed a rectangle. He could now see the world through the eye of the camera. There was no doubt about it – it was a tequila sunrise. One of those special mornings where you stare at the horizon, you're sure it's 6 am, but you can't see a thing because you've had too much bloody tequila.

The director pinched the high of his nose and ambled through the rising cacophony of actors rehearsing and stage-hands darting around as if their heads were on fire.

Everyone was talking. No one was listening.

Eventually he reached the set of the lone willow tree, the centrepiece for his visual banquet. Underneath the umbrella of wispy fronds sat a body reclining just as lethargically as the willow in the crisp morning breeze. The body was tall and young and had so many muscles that they seemed to crowd out other parts of his body – like his brain. He was the chief on-screen talent and main character of the film, Nick Scorthos the heartthrob, who plays, well, Nick Scorthos the heartthrob.

The heavens had blessed Nick with a perfect body, and seeing as the world is kinder to beautiful people; fame, fortune and everything else that goes with it – misery included. Nick had spent the last five years “acting” in the hit Greek soap opera *Aphrodite’s Lovers*. Leo was able to negotiate a contract with this star of the small-screen, promising him the lead in his movie and the opportunity to further his career. Just whose career, you ask? Well, let’s just say Leo liked being vague, especially when it came to financial arrangements.

‘Nick!’ cried Leo, kicking the stool out from under the man’s feet. ‘Wake up, you worthless dropout! You’re meant to be rehearsing your lines!’

Held together with tight leather pants, professionally sculptured facial hair, and a flimsy white t-shirt two sizes too small, the Adonis found the time in his busy schedule to rouse from his nap.

‘Huh? You say something?’

‘Did I say something? Did I *say* something? Of course I said something, but you never seem to hear me, do you? Each time I walk on set you are either making faces at the wildlife, talking on that microscopic mobile phone of yours, or peeking into the female change rooms!’

Nick raised an eyebrow. ‘How would you know about the peeking unless you were in there t–?’

Leo paused for a moment. ‘I’ve heard things, ok? But that’s beside the point. Whenever I park my rear into my director’s chair, that’s the signal for you to emote. That’s the signal for you to act. That’s the signal for you to perform! And whenever I’m not in that chair, you are supposed to be rehearsing, got that?’

‘Eh, I don’t feel like it today,’ said Nick, lifting his legs onto a nearby camera case.

The vein in Leo’s forehead began to throb. ‘And why not?’

Nick lowered his sunglasses, exposing his eyes. ‘Well, to tell you the truth, there’s no motivation for me here.’

‘No motivation?’

‘Yeah, no motivation. I mean I’m used to acting under the big city skyline. I’m used to jet-skiing across the bays of Santorini. I’m used to expensive stunts and massages and night clubs and parties. Not acting in front of a hopeless little willow tree. See what I mean, Leo? No motivation.’

The vein on Leo’s forehead seemed about ready to burst.

‘You will listen to me and you will listen good, you gaudy little headache. This is Pitsinianika–’

‘More like The Pits,’ coughed Nick.

‘I’ll pretend I didn’t hear that,’ continued Leo. ‘And Pitsinianika is as old as the hills. You’re used to working with big names and big budgets? Well, I have something even better for you; three thousand years of history! This land is an antique, Nick! Just think how many Ancient Greek warriors fought and died on this very ground. Think about the kind of spirit that would make you boldly march across a continent then fight a war for ten years! Think about the courage and the convictions and verve of your forefathers and then tell me whether you prefer Pitsinianika or the set of *Aphrodite’s Lovers*.’ Leo turned and stretched out his arms to either side of him like he was a golden Greek statue. ‘Motivation is everywhere, Nick. You just have to have the feel for it. It’s what makes you get up and seize life instead of sitting around like an unemployed jellyfish.’

Nick the Adonis lowered his sunglasses and glanced at the tedious landscape.

‘I don’t feel anything,’ he grunted.

This time Leo bypassed kicking the camera case and went straight for the throat.

- To be continued -

Books & CD's for sale -
can be purchased from the
Kytherian Association of Australia:

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