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INTER COMM

CLUB INTERNACIONAL D'ANDORRA

NEWSLETTER/BUTLLETÍ INFORMATIU



VOL. 3 - Núm. 5 - AUTUMN / TARDOR 1994

CLUB INTERNACIONAL D'ANDORRA

INFORMATION / INFORMATIU

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COVER PICTURE OF AUTUMN CROCUS BY HORST MATSCHKE

Members are invited to submit seasonal photographs for use on the front covers of future issues.

■ Un Club per a gent de totes les nacionalitats que viuen al Principat. Actualment hi ha membres de 25 nacionalitats. En aquesta varietat de membres la llengua més comuna és l'anglès. L'objectiu principal del Club és reunir a gent en un esperit d'amistat i companyonia. El Club ofereix als membres l'oportunitat de conèixer-se socialment i/o a través de les diferents activitats que els Grups organitzen.

■ A Club for people of all nationalities living in the Principality. Membership now covers some 25 nationalities. With this diversity the major common language is English. The main aim of the Club is to bring people together in a spirit of friendship and comradeship. The Club offers members the opportunity to meet socially and/or through the many diverse activities to be found in the Groups.

■ Un Club pour personnes de toutes les nationalités qui habitent dans la Principauté. Actuellement il y a des membres de 25 nationalités différentes. Parmi cette variété de membres la langue la plus commune est l'anglais. L'objectif principal du Club est de réunir les personnes dans un esprit d'amitié et camaraderie. Le Club offre aux membres l'opportunité de se connaître socialement à travers des différentes activités que les Groupes organisent.

INTERCOMM CLUB INTERNACIONAL D'ANDORRA QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER - AUTUMN 1994

EDITORS: Jacquie Crozier and Tony Hooper

EDITORIAL.

Unbelievable though it may seem to those members involved with the Club since it was first tentatively mooted, the CIA is almost five years old. We held our 5th AGM last June and this is the first number of Volume 4 of Intercomm.

So the International Club is no longer "something new" - a novelty on the Andorran scene. Indeed it is often taken for granted; an accepted part of living here, like the dual postal system or the "mañana" syndrome. Therein lies a danger. The Club does not run itself; it demands a lot for work from the Committee, the organisers of social events, the editors and contributors to this Newsletter.

There is a largely new Committee since June - new blood, new ideas - but help is always wanted from members. There was a gratifying response from people willing to act as guest editors for the News Weekly during July and August. Each and all of them did a marvellous job and readers who continued to receive their weekly dose of local news were as grateful to them as the absent editor was. Many, many thanks. In addition we have continued to receive a flow of topical, interesting articles for the quarterly Intercomm. Again, very welcome and gratefully received.

So this editorial is not another nag for membership involvement, rather a heartfelt "thank you". But please, do keep it up. Help your new Committee. Many of the ideas suggested at the early, formative meetings have become reality: our own photocopier, a regular magazine and newsheet for members' contributions and information, a variety of social events. Perhaps now, with new statutes and the experience of the past years as a base, the Club can really "take off" and some more of the pipe dreams proposed at its birth - such as our own Club premises, come true.

EDITORIAL.

Encara que els pugui semblar impossible als membres actius en el Club des que se'n va començar a parlar, el CIA ja té gairebé cinc anys. El passat mes de juny vam celebrar la nostra 5a Assemblea General i aquest és el primer número del Volum 4t de l'Intercomm. Per tant, el Club Internacional ja no és "quelcom nou" - una novetat en el panorama andorrà. Sovint, però, no s'hi pensa, s'accepta com a formant part de la vida d'aquí, com el sistema postal dual o com el síndrome "demà". I aquí és on rau el perill. El Club no funciona sol; requereix molta feina per part de la Junta, dels organitzadors dels actes socials, dels deïtors i col.laboradors d'aquest butlletí. Des del mes de juny existeix una nova Junta - sang nova, idees noves - però com sempre és necessària l'ajuda dels membres. Vam tenir una gratificant resposta de persones que es van oferir com a editors convidats per al butlletí setmanal durant els mesos de juliol i agost. Tots i cadascun d'ells van fer una feina fantàstica i tant els lectors, que van continuar rebent la seva dosi setmanal de notícies locals, a l'igual que l'editor - absent - els ho van agrair. Moltes, moltes gràcies. Val a dir que hem continuat rebent articles temàtics interessants per a l'Intercomm trimestral. Altre cop, benvinguts i moltes gràcies. Aquest editorial no vol ser una queixa sobre la col.laboració dels membres sinó un agraïment de tot cor. Però si us plau, continueu així. Ajudeu la nostra Junta. Moltes de les idees que es van suggerir en les reunions prèvies a la creació del club, han esdevingut realitat: la nostra pròpia fotocopiadora, una revista i butlletí amb col.laboracions i informació per als membres i tota una sèrie d'actes socials. Potser ara és el moment, amb uns nous estatuts i amb l'experiència d'aquests anys com a base, perquè el Club pugui "enlairar-se" realment i alguns dels altres castells de vent que es van plantejar al seu naixement - com el nostre local propi - puguin esdevenir realitat.

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NEWS FROM THE BOARD

The postponed Annual General Meeting under the new statutes was held at the Hotel Paris-Londres on 28th June. 20 Members attended to hear reports from the President, Treasurer, Group co-ordinator and Intercomm editor. There were fewer nominations for election to the board than vacancies so all those proposed were duly elected. A full list together with phone numbers is shown on the inside of the front cover. Thanks were expressed for their past services to members of the old board who did not offer themselves for re-election. Special thanks were given to Jacquie Crozier who has been a board member since the club was formed. Jacquie will still take an active part in the club's affairs as she will remain joint editor of Intercomm & will continue to produce Andorran News Weekly.

We have had some problems with photocopying because the copier we have been using at Estil Nordic was quite old and subject to fairly frequent breakdowns and has now become virtually unusable. For the last few weeks ANW has been printed on the treasurer's computer but this is not always convenient. In addition other groups etc. need the use of a Photocopier. The board are actively investigating the possibility of purchasing a Photocopier for our exclusive use. This however presents difficulties of where it should be kept so we shall probably make an arrangement whereby we part pay of the cost with the balance being paid by a Third Party. The Club and the Third Party would be able to use the copier which would be kept on the Third Party's premises. Expenses would be shared on an agreed basis according to usage.

The Board are always seeking to improve the club and would welcome suggestions from members so please let any Board Member know if you have any ideas.

NOTÍCIES DE LA JUNTA

La posposada Assemblea General Anual, sota els nous estatuts, es va celebrar el dia 28 de juny a l'Hotel Paris-Londres. Hi van assistir 20 membres que van escalar els informes presentats pel President, Tresorer, Coordinador de Grups i l'Editor d'Intercomm. Hi va haver menys candidats a la Junta que llocs vacants, per tant, tots els proposats van ser degudament elegits. En la part interior de la portada, trobareu la llista completa amb els números de telèfon. Es van donar les gràcies al membre de la Junta que deixaven el seu càrrec i que no es presentaven a l'elecció. De manera especial es va agrair a Jacquie Crozier que ha estat membre de la Junta des de la creació del club. La Jacquie però, continuarà activament en el Club com a coeditora d'Intercomm i elaborant el Setmanari de Notícies d'Andorra.

Hem tingut alguns problemes amb les fotocòpies perquè la fotocopidora que utilitzàvem a Estil Nordic era una mica vella i tenia avaries freqüents, de tal manera que actualment és gairebé inservible. En les últimes setmanes l'ANW s'ha imprès a l'ordinador del tresorer però això tampoc és una solució. D'altra banda, hi ha d'altres grups que necessiten també el servei de fotocòpies. La Junta està estudiant seriosament la possibilitat d'adquirir una fotocopidora per al nostre ús exclusiu. Amb tot, això presenta el problema d'on la guardariem, per tant, possiblement farem un acord on pagariem part del cost i la resta la pagaria un tercer. El Club i aquest tercer podrien utilitzar la fotocopidora que es trobaria en el local d'aquest tercer. Les despeses es compartien sobre la base d'un acord segons utilització.

La Junta treballa constantment per millorar el Club i agrairia rebre suggeriments dels membres, per tant, si teniu idees, comuniquen-les a qualsevol membre de la Junta.



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DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

- 22nd Sept A repeat of the very successful PAELLA lunch at Restaurant Llac i Cel Engolasters.
- 16th/25th Sep Ordino Music Festival
- 8th/30th Oct Festival of Music & Dance, Andorra la Vella
- 14th/15th Oct Overnight trip to explore Tarragona one of the oldest cities in Spain with sights spanning 2000 years, from the birthplace of Pontius Pilate to examples of Caudi. We will also visit the Torres vineyards & the Vilafranca wine museum
- early Nov English-language First Aid Course
- mid Nov A repeat of the 1992 fondu party & the colourful FOLK DANCERS of Esbart Sta Anna
- early Dec Xmas shopping trip to Barcelona and optional visits to perfume factory and the costume museum.
plus Theatre Group Production
plus Xmas Music by the International Singers
- Spring 1995 A three-day visit to Madrid

NEWS FROM THE GROUPS.

DRAMA GROUP

The projected May offering of the comedy "Move Over Mrs Markham" had to be postponed because of illness in the family of one of the lead performers. It was a disappointment for all concerned as the whole cast were beginning to jell together as a unit. Ron Richards, the director felt it was one of the best groups of players so far in the Drama Group's long history of top performances. However, the same play will be presented during the Christmas holidays -- depending, of course, on who will be available.

Plans are afoot for a repeat of the cabaret show which was such a grand success the last time out. A fall showing is being discussed, but again it will all depend on the availability of people and the time to put it together. Not to worry. We will indeed come up with something for the fall or winter. As soon as we have our regular meetings we will know better what's happening and you club members will be duly informed.

One of the projects discussed at our last meeting was the setting up of a theatre arts centre. It would be in the form of workshops covering all phases of the theatre; i.e. acting, directing, scene designing, music, sound, lighting, costumes, dance, production, etc.. Our plan is to find a venue large enough (and cheap enough) to house a small fifty or seventy-five seat theatre and can also be used for the above activities. The primary purpose would be to encourage people who are interested in any of the activities to learn first hand how it all works and to give us a pool of people that we can draw on at any time. The centre would be open to all people living in Andorra. We would then be able to put on more productions of all kinds -- readings, one act plays, cabaret, comedies, dramatic plays etc., with performances in other languages as well. The possibilities are endless. However, it all depends on the right venue. We would appreciate any suggestions and input from club members who would like to support this project. We'll be waiting.

Rene De Knight (35627)

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THE LEGENDS AND STORIES OF ANDORRA - AN OCCASIONAL SERIES.

THE WHITE LADY OF AUVINYÀ SAVES ANDORRA FROM THE BISHOP OF URGEL.

One of the best known legends in all Andorra is about the Cascade d'Auvinyà which leaps down to the Valira near the Spanish frontier, halfway between Urgel and St. Julia de Loria. Many years ago, so the story goes, a certain Bishop of Urgel oppressed the Andorrans greatly. Taking the greatest advantage of his shadowy authority, he interfered in Andorran business on all possible occasions. It is usually remarked that his interest was not in the welfare of the Andorrans, but in the prosperity of the Bishop. Now in a watch tower near the border lived an Andorran family who for centuries were the guardians of the southern border. At the time of the incursions of the Bishop, however, the sole representative of the family was a lady; but she resolved to carry out the traditions of the family. Intercepting the Bishop as he rode up the valley on his fat mule, she boldly forbade him entry. With a contemptuous gesture - and possibly with an

appropriate remark - the Bishop passed on. At this point the legend divides into several versions. In some the lady dies immediately; in others her demise is postponed to a later stage in the story. The first makes a more fluent narrative.

The Bishop continued his frequent unwelcome excursions into Andorra. But on one night he was riding with two attendants. It was a beautiful moonlight night; the little party stopped to admire the waterfall, its foam gleaming in the bright rays of the moon. Then by the side of the cascade, suddenly appeared the figure of a beautiful White Lady - the Guardian of the Frontier. Smiling sweetly, she beckoned to the Bishop to follow her. He hesitated, and all was lost. The two attendants would have liked to follow too, but their feet were fixed to the ground by some invisible force - a most uncomfortable state of affairs. The White Lady, followed rapidly by the Bishop, disappeared into the forest. What happened there no one will ever know, for the Bishop would never say. From subsequent history, however, it would appear that the lady took the opportunity of a tête-à-tête to rate him soundly. It was over two hours before the Bishop returned - probably to the great relief of his attendants, whose feet must have ached considerably.

For many years the Bishop remained in his own town, and visited Andorra no more. As time went on his old instincts began to reassert themselves: he

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felt that he must revive his old interest in Andorra. But some recollection of the White Lady's warning, whatever it was, remained instilled in his mind, so that he did not journey to Andorra himself, but sent successive representatives. Each of these was a priest, of course, and each had an encounter with the White Lady. In some cases the White Lady contented herself with merely telling them what she thought about them. In others the conversation seems to have been somewhat indelicate, and even the Bishop's name was not sacred on her lips. None of the priests, however, came to any physical harm, so the fears of the Bishop began to subside. An important crisis then arose in Andorran affairs. If his influence were to hold, he must attend the Council in person. He set out on his mule - and was never seen again.

The sequel is illogical, which is good circumstantial evidence in favour of the genuineness of the legend. After the disappearance of the Bishop, a lonely wolf prowled about the little ravine of Auvinyà, helping itself to an occasional sheep from the local flocks. Its appetite was so enormous that the shepherds went forth in a body to shoot it, but their guns were antique and their aim was bad. In despair, they appealed to the Syndic. The President was then, as now, an essentially practical man. He armed himself with the most modern weapon in Andorra, and slew the

wolf the same night. Unfortunately, the brave President fell ill almost immediately afterwards. He was particularly troubled with violent dreams, which left him in a state of collapse. The doctors could do nothing for him. Then one night the White Lady appeared to him, and he appealed to her to cure him. Sadly she shook her head. "Alas, I cannot," she said, "I could deliver Andorra from the power of the Bishop, but I cannot deliver thee; for the wolf that thou killed was he". With this exceedingly frigid comfort she vanished, and the poor Syndic died.

There are several morals to be drawn from such a story as this. The obvious one is that bishops should not follow White Ladies into forests on moonlight nights. Further, people ought not to meddle unduly in other folk's affairs.... Everyone will agree that the Bishop deserved his fate, but the President was doing no more than his duty. Even in those days it was a crime to shoot a bishop, I suppose. But when the bishop is disguised as a wolf, helping himself freely to sheep, I venture to submit that no jury would convict on the evidence.

To some Andorrans this is nothing but a pretty little story. Others believe there is some essence of reality in it. And there are Andorrans who believe the story implicitly. To them the White Lady of Auvinyà is the Andorran Joan of Arc. She is the symbol of the fight against the power of Urgel.



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Ingredients:

- 8 ozs. (225gms) of Sugar
- 8 ozs. (225gms) of Mixed Fruit.
- 2 ozs. (65gms) of Butter.
- 1 lb. (450gms) of S.R. Flour, or equivalent.
- 1 teaspoon of Mixed Spice.
- 1 Egg.
- 2 tablespoons of Marmalade.

Method: Pour a large cup of hot tea over sugar and mixed fruit. Leave overnight.
Mix butter, flour and mixed spice.
Add 1 well beaten egg and 2 tablespoons of marmalade to sugar and fruit mix.
Add all other dry ingredients and mix well.
Place in well greased bread tin, and cook one and a quarter hours in a moderate oven.
Leave for a day before cutting and serving with butter.

UNCOOKED CHOCOLATE CAKE.

Ingredients:

- 8 oz.(225 gms) Biscuits.
- 4 oz. (125 gms) Butter or Margarine.
- 1 tablespoon Golden Syrup.
- 1 tablespoon Coconut.
- 1 tablespoon Drinking Chocolate.
- 1 tablespoon Sugar.
- 4 oz.(125 gms) Cooking Chocolate.
- 4 oz.(125 gms) Sultanas, Cherries etc..

Method: Crush biscuits and mix all dry ingredients together, melt margarine and syrup and stir into biscuit mixture. Press into greased tin. Cover with melted chocolate, leave to set and cut into squares.

SNAILS, MUSHROOMS AND SQUIRRELS FOR TEA.

The following extract is taken from the book "The Road to Andorra" by Shirley Deane. In the late fifties she and her young family spent an autumn and winter in Anyos. The local characters are recognisable, forty years older!

Incidentally, "Preserve wildlife, pickle a squirrel" is not a joke in Andorra. A book of local recipes, printed only last year, contains one for squirrel casserole and they are still caught round Anyos.

As the weather grew colder and the rains increased, a succulent carpet of mushrooms sprang up across the mountains. Although there were at least ten different edible varieties, there were as many more which were poisonous. We needed a local expert to advise us, and give us confidence. Maria was delighted to oblige. After a week of working in the fields, she enjoyed leaping up before the sun, beating on our door, and sprinting up and down a couple of mountain peaks.

"Isn't this restful?" she would sigh contentedly, as I came panting up behind her. "I like a nice, lazy Sunday."

The mushrooms were hard to find, peering shyly from their blanket of pine needles, but they were there in their thousands. The most revolting-looking ones were, perversely, the most delicious - notably the famous rovellones, a sinister combination of bright yellow with green spots. These were the only kind the Andorrans bothered to use, except for flavouring, and it was considered sacrilege to tamper with them in the cooking. They were just lightly grilled on a pine fore to preserve their subtle, infinitely delicate flavour, with salt and a drop or two of oil or butter added.

Then there was a large, puffy mushroom with slimy, brown skin, and a sickly yellow fungus underneath. These were delicious, too, but a nuisance to prepare as both skin and fungus had to be removed, leaving just the tender white centre for the pot. There was another crimson one, easy to confuse with the poisonous variety, which was good for seasoning, as it was strong, piquant and peppery and, of course, the pleasant little button, common in England.

...There is no real poverty in Andorra, though some villages are more prosperous than others, depending on the quality and angle of the soil. Anyos had good farmland and the people ate better than - say - Llorts.

They ate five times a day; it was necessary, working so hard in the cold. At five or six, when they rose, they had coffee or milk, with huge hunks of bread and a handful of sugar lumps. At eight, for breakfast, came meat and mashed potatoes, or fried potato omelettes, with wine and lots of bread. At twelve or one, their lunch was a cocida, a cauldron of stew, with meat, potatoes, dried beans and other vegetables, and more hunks of bread, and wine.

For meriendas, or afternoon tea at five, they had salad with ham or sausage, cut inches thick, and piled on bread still thicker. The main meal of the day came at eight, much earlier than in Spain, with more meat and potatoes and vegetables - pork or chicken or rabbit sometimes replacing the usual lamb or mutton. It was a monotonous but healthy diet, and the smoked hams and the several varieties of pork sausage were delicious.

Our own diet, by contrast, grew increasingly meagre as the year drew near its end, for we were running short of money. We began to live as much as possible off the land. The mushrooms were a godsend - we ate them grilled and fried and stewed, and for breakfast, lunch and dinner - sometimes tossed in garlic with perejil, a kind of parsley and sometimes steamed in milk and thickened to a white sauce. We had each variety separately, cooked in every possible way and great mushrooms stews of all kinds mixed together.

Besides the mushrooms, we had snails in abundance when it rained, good to eat but tedious to prepare; for these were wild mountain snails, collected by the children after showers in our special snail box. One had to feed them for two or three days on nothing but flour to clean out their tiny innards, then shake them violently about in ten or twelve successive pans of salty water to remove the grit from underneath their shells. They still had plenty of spiritual grit, however, for they continued to live through all this brutality. There one had to place them near the fire to trick them into thinking that the day was warm and sunny. They all emerged and peered about, trusting and optimistic - and that was the moment to plunge them into a pot of boiling water, so that they would die far enough out of their shells to be speared with a toothpick in

the eating. We cooked them in their shells in the Spanish manner, with a rich, piquant sauce, for their flavour is coarser than the refined French snail.

There were apple trees in the woods, which seemed to belong to no one. We picked the fruit cautiously at first, then openly when nobody objected. Blackcurrants, too, were common in the mountains, growing in profusion on tall trees. When I began to bring home great basketfuls of these, the village women nudged each other in amazement.

"What is the matter?" I asked Maria. "Are the blackcurrants privately owned?"

"It's not that," she replied. "It's just that we can't understand why you need so many."

"Well, we eat them with cream from the milk," I told her, "and I make jam with the rest."

She laughed.

"Here in Anyos, we never eat them for pleasure," she explained, "but only for making a bitter medicine, an aperient."

No wonder the Andorrans were amazed, at our great basketfuls of the local castor oil.

Blackberries grew as plentifully as currants, and we ate enough to last all our lives. I made them into jam as well, and sent a cupful to every household - I had, of course, no jars. The jam caused something of a sensation, particularly with the children, and all the women came to ask me how I made it. I had never made jam before in my life, and I had no cookery book, so my method was simply to throw a lot of fruit and sugar into a pot and boil them until I grew tired of building up the fire. My demonstration jam-making lessons there lacked finesse, but were enjoyed by us all.

A steady diet of mushrooms, snails and blackberry jam begins to pall after a time and we felt the lack of meat. Luckily, our landlord chose that moment to present us with a pair of squirrels he had shot while walking.

"What shall I do with them?" I asked, bewildered, looking at the pathetic little carcasses.

"Eat them," he replied, "they're very good".

From then on, my husband borrowed a rifle and kept us well supplied with squirrels. We prepared them, like the mushrooms, in every possible way that human ingenuity could devise - grilled, fried, stewed, roasted on a spit with plain dry rice and with moist saffron rice. They were delicious, more delicate than rabbit and faintly flavoured with pine.

When Christopher had his ninth birthday, he invited all the children in the village to tea - bread and blackberry jam, and toffee made from our

invaluable bag of sugar. Each child brought a little gift that he had made or grown himself - a carved wooden boat, a couple of lettuces. Aventura proudly presented a pair of squirrels he had shot that morning, with great patience and concentration. "They're just for Christopher," he explained to us, apologetic but firm, "and not a bit for you." Flushed with pleasure, Christopher grilled them on the spot, and ate them joyfully for his birthday tea.

(If readers have enjoyed this extract, there are plenty of other chapters that illustrate how Andorra has changed. If requested, we will find space in future issues for some more revelations - the festa in Ordino and Llorts in winter or trying to get to Tour de Carol to collect a parcel.)

A MAGICAL DAY AT MONTSERRAT

How many times have you dashed down to Barcelona and gazed across at the serried mountain of Montserrat, and thought, "One day, I must go up there." Monserrat soars above Manresa, its spiky heights beckoning to you every time you pass. It is a mountain so magical and mystical that Franco conceded that marriage ceremonies held in its sanctuary could be performed in the Catalan language, even though, throughout the thirty-five years of his rule, Catalan was banned. It says much for the sheer magnificence of Monserrat that a dictator such as Franco should have deferred to its majesty.

It also says much for the enchanting magnetism of Montserrat that nearly forty members of the International Club of Andorra had managed to get up and be out on the street by 7.15 a.m., waiting for a bus one morning last June. The bus was to take them to Montserrat for the day, a trip organised by Ann Price with great efficiency. On the way, she handed out information sheets, and explained the day's schedule. Josafina Martinez had also come along to give Anne a helping hand. The bus was driven by the irrepressible Juanito, who dealt with a minor breakdown with competence and cheerfulness, while we took a coffee break at Pons. Then, with the bus and ourselves restored to good health, we continued on our way, with increasing excitement, towards the mighty mountain. Of course, Montserrat is not the highest mountain in Spain, but it must surely be the most alluring. Rising almost perpendicularly out of the surrounding lowlands to a height of 1,235 metres (4,075 ft), it is no more than seven kilometres long and five kilometres deep. From a distance, it looks just like a huge, jagged saw. Indeed, Verdaguer, the nineteenth century Catalan epic poet, described the mountain as one sawn by the angels. Its name means, quite simply, the "serrated mountain". mountains have always seemed like a signpost to God, their cloud-piercing crags pointing the way to heaven. Small chapels and bleak monasteries, built near the summit, seem to have a special divinity. But at Montserrat, in addition to any number of



small chapels scattered about the peaks, there is, more than halfway up, a huge complex of buildings including several shrines, a sanctuary, a monastery, two museums, a hotel, three or four restaurants, shops, a market square and a funicular building, in addition to an extensive car and coach park and a covered walkway. It is a staggering sight, pinned on the side of the mountain, tucked in between two on three soaring peaks. Many of the buildings are modern, but the cosy clustering within the backdrop of bare rock and the extensive views over the Pyrenees, give them a pleasing beauty. Apparently, the original, ancient buildings were sacked by French soldiers of Napoleon in 1811. Of course, soldiers have sacked buildings of beauty throughout the centuries, but it did cross my mind that these soldiers must have been particularly dedicated to scale the dizzy heights of Montserrat to carry out their work of destruction.

The new sanctuary is a fine catholic cathedral, watched over by the delicate elegance of the Black Madonna and Child. At one p.m. every day fifty young choristers, resident students at Monserrat, sing the Salve and the Virolai, the hymn of Montserrat. It was a moving moment as the clear young voices soared heavenward above the crashing chords of the organ. Afterwards, we took the funicular nearly to the top of the peaks, and walked up to one of several chapels perched on high. Others went to the very top, over an hour's walk to a frighteningly high peak. The views were magnificent, and we were fortunate with the weather, which was clear enough for us to see the hills of Barcelona to the east and the Pyrenees stretching along the northern aspect. Others in our group had visited the various shrines and the museums, or bought honey, jams and cheese from the stalls in the market square. The self-service restaurant vied with the cafeterias to serve a wide range of meals and snacks. There was a lot to do, from visiting the sanctuary, walking, climbing, shopping and relaxing in magnificent surroundings.

On arrival, our group had broken up into several mini-groups, and we all did what we felt like. Our stay lasted three and a half hours, and it was just enough to all that we wanted. As Juanito drove us carefully down the mountainside, we found we could still gasp at the stupendous views as we twisted and turned out way downwards towards Manresa. Then,

having satisfied our spiritual needs at the mountain top sanctuary, we visited PRYCA, the hypermarket on the outskirts of Manresa, to satisfy our more prosaic needs. Well, of course, none of us initially wanted to ruin our spiritual mood. We told ourselves that we needed nothing at PRYCA - except a cool drink in the shaded area outside the hypermarket (where we could view the eternal Montserrat rising above us). An hour and a half later, with barely a moment to spare, we struggled back to the bus with heavily laden trolleys, to find that Anne had organised a cool box filled with champagne, white and red wine and apple juice. We all flopped into our seats, while the more energetic among us came around with an endless supply of drinks, snacks and nuts. With Anne in charge, even a trip to a hypermarket assumes an air of sophistication. We set off once more, heads lolling, exhausted and content. Another couple of hours, and we arrived at a restaurant near Pons where a



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four course meal with wine had been organised. Over the meal, we agreed it had been an absolutely splendid day.

For those of you with an interest in the statistics of events, I should tell you that thirty-six members of the International Club went on the trip, that there were eight different nations represented (Australia, Denmark, Great Britain, Iran, Norway, South Africa, Spain and the United States - given in strictly alphabetical order!), that we left our homes between seven and eight in the morning and returned after 1.30 p.m. The indefatigable Juanito drive many hours, even serenading us on the long drive home after dinner. In his efforts to keep himself alert, he was assisted by Anne and Jean and a few other blithe souls.

It was a happy finish to a wonderful day, and I'm sure I'm not alone in feeling a deep contentment whenever I think of our day at Montserrat.

Margaret Shaida.

TAKING TO THE WATERS

On Tuesday, July 5, 34 members of the International Club were treated to a guided tour of Andorra's newest and most spectacular edifice, the CALDEA. The tour began promptly at 10 AM, when the complex opens, as the group was met by our principal guide Ms. Laurence Favrel.

The complex, which sits in the heart of Escaldes-Engordany beside the eastern branch of the Valira River, is architecturally the most atypically Andorran building presently in existence. Outwardly, it has the appearance of a huge glass stalagmite thrusting skyward from what could best be described as plain surroundings. However, the outer appearance did little to prepare the visitors to the sights that greeted them as they entered.



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In the entrance concourse there are a variety of "upscale" shops offering everything from bathing suits and other associated equipment to jewellery, perfume, and works of art. Ignoring these enticements, the group passed down curved plastic stairs to the ground floor where each was given a "smart card" entrance ticket on which was subsequently recorded our entrance time as we passed through the turnstiles into the change room area. Here, street clothes and shoes were exchanged for bathing suits, clothing was stored in lockers, and each visitor subjected to an obligatory shower before gaining access to the pools area.

At first glance, it is hard to assimilate the features of the main pool area. The complexity of the internal structural members that support the glass-panel covering tends to draw the eye away from the immense main pool itself in which are placed several smaller elevated sitting pools. These smaller pools offer a variety of relaxing water nozzles designed to knead and relax whichever set of muscles might need such attention. Elsewhere in the vicinity of the main pool are hot and cold immersion pools and even ready access via a flume to open air pools where sun tanning and soaking can proceed simultaneously.

Before we were allowed to enjoy these delights we were first taken on an inspection tour of the private members' and the other facilities. The members' facilities, which are located in the mezzanine area surrounding a portion of the main pool, provide an opportunity for massage, UVA tanning, and even cosmetic assistance, as well as other pools not available to the general public. The other facilities that are available to all include a bar and restaurant, exercise equipment, a relaxation area, saunas, and even a simulated icewater pool.

After the tour, we were free to try out the various facilities available. Even with the time taken for the tour, there was plenty of time remaining in our

three-hour admission to thoroughly explore and test these facilities, and all left the CALDEA having enjoyed another International Club outing. Thank you Ann and Desmond.

Bob Kendrick

THE CAR BOOT SALE

Hailstones? Snow? The organisers, Annie Price and Desmond Allen, hadn't warned us about this. We knew how to handle thunderstorms of all magnitudes on the Richter scale, having come up to Andorra from a sticky and humid 96 degrees F of the Dordogne where we live and where *orages violents* are a regular fact of life.

But ice and snow at the end of June? Even in mountainous Andorra, such an inclement change in the weather must surely be a rarity? Clad only in a summer shirt, lightweight trousers, and a new, expensive pair of Nike training shoes, I stared bleakly out of the hail-lashed window at the glacier creeping down the mountains opposite and the whitening road below. My friend, Jean, joined me. We didn't speak; each of us know instinctively that the other was wondering what the morrow would bring - the day of the car-boot sale at Arinsal...

In spite of his recent discharge from hospital, Desmond was up in the designated car-park before 08.00 am. the following morning, marking out spaces for stalls. A glowering, grey sky frowned coldly on his efforts and also on the surrounding white-capped mountains. A persistent and chill drizzle nagged in the blustery wind.

I shivered and wondered why we had come. To sell French wine, of course, and a few odds and ends. Jean was hoping to take orders for hand-crafted, cross-stitch greetings cards. How we had packed it all into a little Austin "Mini", along with a chocolate Labrador, defied analysis.

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"Have a drink of this," said Annie seeing our chattering teeth. She proffered a beaker. "This will warm you up. It's brandy. And you'd better put something else on your feet. It might rain."

"Trainers are all I have with me," I explained. "I didn't expect snow at the end of June!"

"One year snow fell on the mountains at least once every month," Horst Matschke informed me in a most matter of fact way. "The weather is *most* unpredictable up here."

He and his wife, Ann had arrived shortly after we had, their car laden with things to sell on behalf of the ADN (Associacio per a la Defensa Natura) - including a natty line in T-shirts bearing the ADN's logo. But as yet they hadn't started unloading, as they were waiting for their stall to be delivered.

Stallholders began to arrive in increasing numbers and Desmond scurried about ceaselessly showing them to their allotted places. Soon, cars and stalls ringed the car-park kindly put at the disposal of the Club Internacional d'Andorra by the Comu de la Massana.

The unseasonable weather was forgotten amidst the hustle, bustle and good-humoured banter. Everyone involved was intent on making the best of the morning, come what may. Indeed, the leaden skies lifted and a pale, watery sun filtered down.

The vast majority of the stallholders were English-speaking. Many also spoke fluent Spanish and/or Catalan. By 10 am practically everyone had arrived and had unpacked. We made the acquaintance of the people on the next stall, Americans Laura and John Fecanin, already doing a brisk trade.

At my wine stall, business was slack. In fact, it was non-existent - and my feet were cold. One man, I divined him as French, *did* approach on several occasions, look studiously at the bottles and my hand-written notices. Each time, with a barely audible "*Trop cher!*" he departed until the next

time. I was miffed! Too dear, indeed. What did he expect me to do? Give it away?

As I enviously cast my eyes around other stalls where business was booming, I noticed objects for sale as diverse as oil-paintings, pieces of carpet, rolls of wallpaper, tools, electric transformers, books, an electric fire, a set of golf clubs (for a mere 5 mil), wooden eagles, a pair of ski-goggles with a fan in them, pieces of pottery, jams, plants, clothes, and one right ski boot - obviously the former property of a one-legged piste expert or a Pyrenean Long John Silver...

"Here, put these one," said Jean, interrupting my thoughts and handing me a pair of used but comfortable walking boots. "These will keep your feet warm. They're your size - I picked them up at that stall over there for next to nothing." She handed me the price tag that read 500 pesetas.

Gratefully I took off my cold, new trainers and pulled on the supple and immediately much warmer, old boots. I hurriedly stuffed the price tag in one of the trainers to avoid making litter.

"Thanks," I said with sincerity. "What a bargain!" I looked around, appetite whetted. "There's nothing doing here yet. Let's go and have a look round. There'll probably be more bargains. We can keep our eye on our stalls as we go."

And so we wandered off to have a quick look around. Selling refreshments were Joe and Binnie Segal. He, we learned, was a former Head of the English-speaking Jewish Community in Majorca and Binnie, a professional pianist. The Fecanins were still selling to a throng around their stall, and the ADN was doing a roaring trade.

In fact, everyone was busy and the customers looked well-satisfied with their bargains, especially the gentleman who snapped-up Britt Nielsen's stereo amplifier and twin loudspeakers for a total of 2 mil.

"That gear has been hanging around my place for

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ages," she explained as she set up a clothes rail and started to hang garments on it. "I was getting fed up with it."

We hadn't seen him as we wandered around, but we'd had a customers during our short absence. Wedged between the bottles of the red and the rose wine was a bright new 500 peseta coin. Alongside it was the price tag that had been on the boots, which were now snugly cuddling my cosy feed.

"Oh no!" I exclaimed, realising at once.

"What?" asked Jean.

"Someone has gone off with my trainers ...and left me 500 pesetas for them!"

I looked at my watch. It was 11.15 am. After losing my trainers, I decided I needed a drink. I plumped for the Bordeaux red in the cubitainer perched precariously on the roof rack of the "Mini" alongside two similar containers holding rosé and white respectively. The three containers were supply-reservoirs for customers buying wine by the glass. The bottles themselves were lined up the sergeant major precision on the stall.

It could have been either the sight of the wine running from the tap, the way I raised the vessel to my lips, or even the sound of appreciation I made as I downed the purple liquid, I don't know which, but it signalled the start of a rush.

The first to arrive was American John Fecanin from the neighbouring stall. Then came Annie Price, Britt Nielsen and Desmond Allen. Over a further glass I made the acquaintance of Jackie Crozier, a fellow journalist. The came others whose names I didn't know... Within a short space of time, I had sold out - the containers were empty and the bottles had all gone. So had the time. When I looked at my watch, it was nearly 1 pm.

It was then that I was approached by the Frenchman, the very same one who had earlier muttered and tutted that the wine was too expensive. "*Vous avez toujours du Bordeaux rouge?*" he asked almost desperately.

I apologised - in my best French, of course - and told him that, most regrettably, all the red had been sold - as had, too, the rosé and the white. There wasn't a drop left. It was most "*regrettable*", I repeated and I added that I was "*vraiment désolé*". My genuine regret was perversely dispelled somewhat by my noticing that, as he walked disconsolately away, he was wearing my new Nike trainers...

KELVIN PRICE

RACK RAILWAY TO NURIA

The morning dawned on Thursday, 14th July clear and crisp. It was a bleary-eyed group that got on the bus, driven by our competent, cheery Juanito. We endured an electrical blackout at 6 am. It is very difficult to get the makeup on in the dark and to get the car out; electrical doors not working. However, everyone managed to catch the bus on time. Ann with her usual efficiency checked us off her list. We have not lost a single member of the club as yet.

The drive down to Ribes de Freser was outstanding. Each hairpin turn affording us spectacular scenery. This is an extraordinary valley of outstanding natural beauty, shut off by high mountains, creating scenery with contrasts of brown and green fields. We arrived at Ribes de Freser at around 10 am, in time for a coffee break and a look around Ribes, capital of the Ribes valley. This is a summer holiday resort, through which flows the Rigard and Segadell rivers. There are numerous shops and hotels. The old part of the town has some interesting narrow streets.

We boarded the rack railway for Nuria at 11 am. This is a distance of 12.5 kilometres, rising 1000 metres to an altitude of 2000 metres. The journey time of 45 minutes is one we shall not forget and is an engineering feat. The train passes through the

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Nuria gorges, flanked by high walls of sheer rock and down the very steep valleys were numerous waterfalls. As many of us stood to look down the spectacular gorges, many "oohs" and "aahs" could be heard.

As we arrived at Nuria we were greeted with still more spectacular scenery. The Shrine of Nuria, with the Eina and Noufonts mountain cones in the background, together with the lake in the foreground, make a beautiful and tranquil setting. The shrine at Nuria is one of the most popular shrines in Catalonia dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The Madonna of Nuria, who is the patroness of Pyrenean shepherds, is also invoked by sterile women. According to tradition, women who want to have children must put their heads inside the cooking pot and ring the bell while praying to the Virgin for a child.

Several of our group took a cable car up to a higher peak where there is a hotel and yet further lovely views down the valleys. Nuria is a popular place for mountain walks, for which there are many trails. Other leisure activities include horse riding, fishing, swimming and rowing on the lake. The winter offers good skiing for the experienced and the novice, with an ice skating rink near the shrine. There is a comfortable hotel, offering full pension, open summer and winter.

Some four delightful hours were spent at Nuria, our group could be seen picnicking around the lake, while others went on walks to the various Stations of the Cross. The only way to Nuria is by rack railway or to walk up the valley. The walking time is around four hours and is for very good walkers. Prior to boarding our train for the return journey, we visited the little Museum of Wildflowers and Fauna. Due to the extreme winter conditions, wildlife is limited; the Pyrenean Chamois is the most represented. The wildflowers, on the other hand, account for a kaleidoscope of colour, changing according to the elevation.

Our train left at 4 pm; again we were delighted by our return journey. At the halfway station we picked up six of our group who had walked down the gorge which they all agreed was a wonderful walk. The afternoon had turned hot so Juanito had returned earlier to open the bus. We were happy to have cold drinks all round.

On our return journey we stopped at Ripoll, where we visited the former Benedictine Monastery of Santa Maria. This is an impressive monastery with carvings of Jonah and the whale, the parting of the Red Sea and the seven deadly sins, all within the archway, together with the twelve months of the year.

The cloisters, dating back to the twelfth century, are particularly beautiful. Close by the monastery is the museum, displaying a very impressive arrangement of working models, weapons, nails from mediaeval times, along with memorabilia of the Spanish wars and historical costumes.

More than happy with our wonderful day, we boarded our bus for the return trip home via another road on the opposite side of the valley. This was no less impressive than we had already seen.

Juanito was able to pull over to a shady spot and cold drinks, nuts and cheese all round made us even more happy than we were already.

As each group got off the bus in Andorra all agreed it was an outstanding day. I am sure we speak for all our group; our sincere thanks to Ann Price and Desmond Allen for all their organisation and research into each of these bus outings. If you have not been on an outing of this type may we suggest that you come on the next one. As well as being educational, it is a lot of fun!!

Thank you Ann and Desmond for making it all possible.

AUDREY MASON

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Never having seen a bullfight, speaking no Spanish, making little or no progress with my Catalan lessons: if you don't know me you might well wonder why I didn't listen to the plentiful unsolicited advice I received. Ex-pat friends, to a man and woman, were unanimously, unreservedly against the idea of even considering going to see their host country's national spectator sport; they doubtless went to see the nude female mud-wrestlers in Hamburg when guests of the Germans, I did even though it was 'out of bounds' to all ranks.

If you do go to a bullfight, then go to Madrid, go to the fiesta at the end of May. The acquisition of tickets for the bullfight in Madrid is rather more complicated than purchasing tickets for a cup-final at Wembley or an international at Twickenham; the right connections are required, apart from the dosh. In this case the connection was the twin brother, living in Madrid, of a London criminal barrister whose solicitor girl friend also happens to be my daughter. Somewhere along the chain, were two glamorous señoritas one of whom can be seen on Spanish television and, I suspect, a few gentlemen in very dark glasses. One's choice of seat is important, the design of the Plaza de Toros ensures that all have an excellent view; the aficionados rightly prefer a seat in the shade where, to my surprise, they seem also to prefer to sip large, very large, whiskies.

A dedicated beef eater since my first sailing trip to France in nineteen forty eight; I had intended that all my sympathies should be with the bulls. Not for the first time, I had got it wrong: this was no ordinary bullfight, this was the Domecq brothers who fought the bulls from the back of magnificent horses. In spite of living for over a quarter of a century within a few yards of a couple of dozen horses, I lay no claim to any knowledge of horses or horsemanship: for all that, if you have ever been impressed by top class polo or Olympic dressage events then go to see the Domecqs and you will see real horsemanship of a much higher order. If the horse puts a foot wrong in front of the bull, the rider will risk more than missing the ball, or the loss of a point.

Bullfighting's bad reputation amongst non-Spaniards is almost certainly largely due to the picador and his unfortunate horse. With the matadors mounted

throughout, the fights that I saw, there are no picadors, no padded blindfold pathetic horses.

There being no picador armed with a lance, it was left to the bullfighter to place his own banderillas, three sets of two, each set diminishing in length. The rider controlling his mount with his legs as he lent far out of the saddle to place the darts. The agility of rider and horse was almost unbelievable: to describe the timing as perfect, an understatement. Like polo, the mounts were changed frequently.

Crowds tend to worry me, make me nervous, especially if it is not my responsibility to read the riot act. Football crowds I particularly dislike. The Madrid bullfight crowd was an almost relaxing experience, no partisan supporters of rival teams, the circular structure not concentrating an obvious section of the crowd. The few uniformed police seemed unconcerned, they didn't look like men expecting trouble. Probably less petty criminals in the throng, in percentage terms, than in London's Oxford Street on an average Saturday afternoon.

The difference with the bullfight crowd was that all were for the man, just so long as he performed correctly; if he made a mistake, the crowd responded, with one voice, most unfavourably. It was very obvious that the rider would do better to risk himself rather than his horse, if he wanted to please the Madrileños.

On one occasion: the rider, having plunged his sword into the bull, dismounted and knelt unarmed close in front of the stricken beast who took a step forward, collapsed and died: during this moment of high drama the horse was calmly walking back to its stable. It takes confidence, skill and bravery to do what that bullfighter did, after one sword thrust, from the back of his horse.

Seeing the Domecqs fight on horseback has probably spoilt, for me, any other bullfighting spectacle; I would certainly go to see them again.

The bull has neither choice nor chance, like a fighting-cock his life is one of food and sex until his first and last day in the ring. Killing a fighting bull from horseback in front of an audience is certainly cruel but no more, probably very much less cruel, than the fate of his less aggressive cousins in the abattoirs of the world.

If you are a bull and your time has come there are far worse places than La Plaza de Toros, facing one of the Domecqs.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE HASH.

Taoists preach wu wei, 'inaction', and believe that action is the root of all evil.

Pedestrian n. a person who is walking; a person who walks competitively.

adj. prosaic, dull, uninspired.

Since arriving in Andorra last year, our Labrador bitch has developed a liking for the HASH; presumably it was the word itself which first attracted her. At every opportunity the dog attempts to coerce my wife and me into going on these ankle risking hillside scrambles in the forlorn hope of food at the end of the 'walk'. Labradors are justifiably renowned for hoping for food at the end, either end, of anything: it is not her behaviour that I find so strange, it is my wife's in wanting to go with her.

Even odder is the compulsion of the dedicated hashers to coopt all and sundry, even such as me, to their Saturday afternoon masochism: their regular dinners, sans Labradors, are good fun and more readily understandable.

For those like myself who prefer not to hash, I have cited two impeccable sources; Laoze, a Chinese philosopher circa 500 BC and the more recent Concise Oxford Dictionary.

Hash n. a jumble, a mess. reused or recycled material

v. make a mess of, bungle.

"Dawn Raider"

HEALTH

YOUR EARS

Tuning into the sensitivity of our ears can improve both our physical well-being and emotional state. Putting on your jewellery in the morning could tickle your libido just as much as a parting nibble on the lobe from your lover. Earrings clip onto the earlobe near the two acupuncture points that open the chi (energy) channels for the senses and the sexual organs. Take the nibble a little further and, according to the Kinsey report, it is possible for both men and women to reach orgasm from ear stimulus alone.

Many tribal people have never lost this knowledge, but most of us need to be returned to the sensuality of the ear. Arline and John Liggett examine the extraordinary and often appalling things that

centuries of humans have done to their anatomies in order to be culturally acceptable. One horrifying example is ear mutilation: so highly prized are ears sexually, they often suffer in countries where female circumcision was once the norm. This makes the Ancient Egyptian punishment for adulteresses - striking off ears - more comprehensible.

Not only is the ear richly supplied with the cranial nerves that give it such great sensitivity but it also contains over 120 acupuncture points linked by meridians (channels) to each part of the body. In fact, it is possible to improve the whole body's energy with ear acupuncture, known as auricular therapy.

Perhaps more fascinating still is the profound effect that sound has on our psyches. The act of hearing is, in itself, immensely complex. Sound waves are funnelled into the eardrum, turning into vibrations which pass through ever smaller bones until they reach the fluid-filled cochlea. Here, these vibrations are felt by thousands of tiny, highly sensitive fibres, determining the pitch and loudness message passed to the brain for decoding as a sound.

By honing the sound we can, it seems, send healing messages to the body. Bach's music, for example, creates the mildly relaxing alpha waves. Alpha waves are brain eaves that indicate a relaxed state; beta waves result from normal waking activity; and theta waves are a sign of profound relaxation.

The whole new field of psychoacoustics is developing fast. Brain mapping looks at different areas of the brain to evaluate where and how sound affects them. With research under way in the USA we will soon be able to pitch sound directly at our particular problem. Already, there is a great deal we can do for ourselves. Clients using special hypno-peripheral assimilation tapes in flotation tanks have had excellent results in achieving the profound theta brainwaves which mean really deep states of relaxation and awareness and even self-healing. These tapes work by overloading the brain with sound messages - two voices simultaneously tell a different story in each ear. The brain struggles but fails to understand. Nonplussed it passes into a state of deep relaxation. Music can produce theta waves too. The "perfect fifth" musical interval used by the Greeks has a healing effect and can bring out deep memories.

CHILDREN UNDER THE INFLUENCE

Years ago there was a poster advocating a well-known brand of stout for nursing mothers. It would be unthinkable today. Most women pecking

a baby know they should drink less alcohol during pregnancy and the medical view is that it is better for them to cut it out altogether from the moment they conceive. Now research from the USA indicates that women should continue to abstain from alcohol throughout breast feeding.

At its worst, Foetal Alcohol Syndrome covers a variety of severe congenital abnormalities and is believed to cause mental retardation. Heavy, steady drinkers, as opposed to sporadic bingers, are putting their babies more at risk but there is evidence that even light drinking can affect the embryonic central nervous system, particularly in the early weeks of gestation when a woman may not realise she is pregnant. The effects may persist into childhood with the children of drinking mothers averaging a lower IQ at the age of four and being more hyperactive and less able to concentrate at age seven and even later.

The brain continues to grow rapidly after birth and the American study shows that the breast-fed infants of drinking mothers (two or more drinks a day) show a slight but significant delay in their motor development and co-ordination at one year old. It is now known how this happens but there are two likely possibilities: either the developing brain is "exquisitely sensitive" to a very small quantities of alcohol or the baby ingest an accumulating dose. Either way, why risk putting your child under the influence?

NOTHING TO SING ABOUT

PSORIASIS is difficult to say and even harder to admit to. The unsightly red patches covered with silvery, scaling skin can appear without warning at any age, on any part of the body, though not usually on the face or hands. How it happens is not yet understood but there seems to be a genetic factor. If one of your parents suffers from the disease, you have a ten per cent chance of developing it, and if both parents are unfortunate enough to be victims the likelihood increases to fifty per cent.

Although not life-threatening, the disease can be embarrassing, especially for young people, and occasionally it is severe enough to warrant hospitalisation. One think is certain: once the complain has appeared, you'll have to learn to live with what is a chronic though fluctuating disorder. Keep healthy.

SAMIA OMAR

(Summarised from various medical articles)

MORE NEWS FROM THE GROUPS

THE INTERNATIONAL SINGERS

With so many people away over the summer we took a break. However, with our pianist Binnie Segal accompanying us on her beautiful new piano, we are now getting up steam for another Festival of International Christmas Music. We have already chosen the carols which this year will be in Catalan, Dutch, French, German, Latin, Welsh and of course English and set a date for Sunday 18th December. On the night we hope to introduce you to some new guest soloists as well as old favourites. Meanwhile we will make most welcome anyone who wishes to join us in the choir. As always members are coming and going and it is vital that we have enough voices to be able to sing two and three part harmonies. At the moment we are particularly short of altos but any voices are welcome. We meet in Super Pal between 4 and 6pm on Tuesdays. We are hoping that some male singers will join our Christmas rehearsals at the beginning of November.

Anyone who is interested in joining us please ring Brenda Ross 836886 or Laura Fecanin 836869

SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCING

The Scottish dancers have taken their usual summer break. We hope to restart in October. After the sudden death of Padre Ramon we have confirmed with the new Padre in La Massana that we can still use their church hall on Sundays from 4.30pm to 6.30pm. John Gill will continue to teach us. Laura will be getting in touch with all last year's dancers when we have a firm starting date. Any new people interested in joining a fun, energetic evening please phone Laura Fecanin 836869

NATURALISTS

The group is going to the Lleida steppes on Thursday, September 16th. Meet at the Spanish frontier at 8.30 am. A long week-end at Casa Guils, near Tremp is planned for October and on November 17th there is an excursion into France to to lakes near Mont Louis to see ducks and water birds. Meet 9 am Spanish frontier.

For more details or if you need a lift phone Brian Dore 42849, Jacque Crozier 35931 or Ann Matschke 41279

HOUSE FOR SALE:

Passeig del Forti 50/1, E43893 Altafulla, Tarragona (Between Tarragona and Sitges) 3½ hours by car from Andorra. 3 bed. House facing sea, situated in cul-de-sac, no through traffic, beach 2 mins walk. House comprises: Large lounge/dining room with open log fireplace, 3 large windows, facing sea. Kitchen with el./gas cooker, fridge/freezer, double sink. Ground floor cloakroom with WC shower and WB. Utility room with washing machine. First floor: 3 beds, 2 double & 1 single. Bathroom with large circular bath, twin basins WC and bidet, fittings all red. Second floor: large storage area & sun patio, with satellite dish and drying lines. (some house have converted this area into 4th bedroom). The house has its own car parking space

under cover at the rear and it has a garden on three sides, mostly lawn but has grape vines, roses, about 6 hibiscus bushes, geraniums & a number of other flowering shrubs. The area is quiet and is considered very safe, the police come round twice every night and most of the other adjoining houses are second homes for business people from Barcelona and Tarragona, there are a few English families and English speaking people in the area. House fully furnished, including carpets, rugs & curtains and every window has shutters, electric lawn mower, telephone, (77/65 0706) satellite television. Price 20,000,000 pts (£100,000). Viewing when we are there. We have a whole series of photos. For further details contact the owners: Sandy or Gill Furnston - Andorra 36060 or FAX - Andorra 37668



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The Editors

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