

EIR Document

The Greek Premier: A 'roman à clef'

We publish here Part II of the text of a mysterious manuscript, discovered "somewhere near Qasr al-Nil, in Cairo," during the Christmas season of 1982, according to the person who passed it on to us. Our occasional contributor, Phocion, has deciphered the handwriting and submitted the text for publication. Part I appeared in EIR, Oct. 18, 1985.

Chapter Four



Dane Crystal's Agony

In his sixth hour of pure, silent, horror, Dane Crystal was still sweating profusely, sitting down on the damp cement floor of the cavernous basement room. As he was dragged out of the police patrol car at 5:45 in the morning, he had noticed that he had been taken to Security Police General Headquarters at 18 Bouboulinas Street. Nothing had been done to him since his arrest, no one appeared to speak to him, ask him questions, or even inform him why he was being held. Nevertheless, he was panic-stricken. His sweat-soaked shirt was glued to his fat torso, his long hair was parted in many streaming long wet locks, and his spectacles were steaming. His trousers were soiled by repeated, involuntary releases of the sphincter muscle.

Oblivious to his physical state, he stared at what was in the center of the room: a huge naked lightbulb, hanging by a long wire from the high ceiling, sending its yellow rays all the way out to his distant, darkened corner. Right underneath the bulb, a solitary, worn, wicker chair. No other furniture and no other marking were to be found in the silent room, except the locked steel door to his left.

This naked room, by itself, was Dane Crystal's horror and agony. For years, the thought of this room, even a fleeting, momentary thought, had filled him with inexpressible panic. At the thought of this room, all rational activity in his mind would instantly be replaced by the white-hot, hysterical, uncontrollable panic of a hunted rabbit. For 12 years, Dane Crystal had lived and strived for only one thing: to escape the irrational explosion of this room's remembrance. And now, after 12 years, he was inside it, again.

The last time Dane Crystal had been here was in 1973, when, a high-school student, he had been arrested for anti-government activities. Back then, he remembered, transfixed in horror, the room was filled with his hysterical screams and the obscene shouts of his tormentors. In those days, he was not fat; he was a tall, handsome, athletic 18-year-old boy, with sharp, arrogant eyes, a sonorous laughter, and a conviction that the whole wide world was, somehow, his. His crime was that he had friends just as irreverently happy, just as offensively arrogant as himself. They had been boys who couldn't help thinking that the military government of their small country was a joke. And laughed boisterously and unabashedly about it, at home, in school, in the street, without the caution of the wise. It must have been the smallness of the country which brought out the ridiculous character of the solemn dictatorship. Dane Crystal and his friends could see the stolid wives of the colonels, their neighbors, of the "Revolutionary Council" hang out their families' wash, their husbands' underwear included, on the clotheslines in the neighborhood. When cheerful boys like Dane Crystal saw the solemn colonels' underpants hanging out to dry, they could not help but laugh when they later heard the stolid, inspirational pronouncements of the "national government." But the guardians of the regime, the frightened uniformed little men "in powerful positions," were too insecure to tol-

erate this boyish laughter. So, Dane Crystal had been arrested 12 years ago.

His tormentors of the Security Police were working on him three at a time: *bastinado*, electroshocks, and localized burning of the skin. No questions, no demands of any kind were made of him at any time by his stocky, hairy, middle-aged captors. After two days of alternating shifts of tormentors, interrupted only by medical examinations, after two days of begging for some explanation between his agonized screams, he believed that the torment would never end. His swollen feet would no longer register the pain of the *bastinado*. Deprived of sleep, his mind was in a narcotic daze, watching from a distance the pain of the skin burnings and electroshocks.

The torments were repeated at two- or three-day intervals, he didn't exactly remember now. He only remembered two things, the pain and the secret. The secret was that in session after session of torture, his tormentors would not tell him what was expected of him. They did not want information, nor any kind of statement, nor a confession. Nor would they tell him what they wanted him to do. They were there simply to inflict pain, as much pain as the doctors said he could endure. They wanted *him* to discover what he should do to end his torture. To his horror (and that is the "secret"), he himself discovered what he had to do for them, to end the methodical torture. He conceived in his mind and offered voluntarily his shameful humiliation, he begged the stocky, hairy, beasts to ravish and humiliate his young boyhood. He, in the end, thanked them with tearful eyes each time they took him from the infirmary to the barracks for gang rapes. For he knew, if he didn't show eagerness for the barracks, he would be taken back to the torture chamber. When it happened, he had still been a virgin boy, not yet having known woman or girl. And when it happened, the boisterous 18-year-old self he knew, died. He knew he died, because, since that day, his mind always remembered carrying, dragging on the floor, the corpse of the once radiant soul of Dane Crystal.

Now, 12 years later, the body and the mind still carried the name Dane Crystal—but no soul by that name was living. In its place now was horror and agony. The agony of confusion. The confusion of a person with a dead soul asking himself, "Who am I?" and slowly, painfully, month after month discovering that that "I" was nothing else but the fear and the horror begging relief.

Dane Crystal was weeping again, thinking back. Weeping for the pain but more than the pain, he was weeping for the 18-year-old Dane Crystal whom he had lost and never found again, after his release from Bouboulinas Street. Just being in this room brought him back to his own funeral and the slow, unforgettable agony of his own death which preceded the funeral. He had to keep the secret of his own death from family and friends. After his release from jail, he hid behind a wall of books and silence. But in this endless silence, only one thought obsessed him: The tears of gratitude during the moment of degradation, what were they? Were

they tears of gratitude for the release from the torment, or were they tears of joy from the filthy sexual act perpetrated on his person?

Sitting, now in the same filthy cell, staring at the huge bulb, he wept and wept and still had no answer. And wept more for the self he lost in 1973. He only stopped weeping when three policemen entered the cell, handed him a change of clothes, and silently led him to the public interrogator.

He walked down the long corridors of the Security Police Headquarters, flanked by the uniformed policemen, first to the backyard, then into the sealed van which drove them to the interrogator's office. Once inside, he managed to ask, timidly, what was all this about, why had he been arrested? Receiving no answer, he ventured to mumble that, it must be a mistake, a misunderstanding, maybe a case of mistaken identity. No answer again, and he thought to himself that it could not possibly be a case of mistaken identity, because he had noticed for one full month before this morning's arrest the surveillance of his movements by personnel of the Security Police. He knew that every one of his meetings with KYP officers had been "covered" by Baskinakis' Security cops. Yet Dyslexakis, the deputy director, kept reassuring him that nothing would happen to him, and kept insisting that he preserve his "deep cover," necessary to complete his infiltration of the terrorist network. Dyslexakis insisted that Dane Crystal's identity as a KYP agent be kept secret "at all costs."

Dane Crystal, in his present terrified state, wondered how sound the deputy director's advice might be. A bitter hatred simmered inside him, against the deputy director, against his rival, General Baskinakis, against the bored cops escorting him. Undecided, he was made to step inside the public interrogator's ample, well-furnished, civilized office—as most judicial magistrates' offices are. A large ikon of Jesus Christ in a gesture of benediction was hanging on the wall right behind the magistrate's desk, adding an air of calm and reassurance to the room.

Dane Crystal's knees began shaking uncontrollably when the magistrate began speaking in his low-key, droning voice, and he asked for permission to sit. The evenness and vague boredom in the magistrate's voice began to have a sort of quiet, reassuring effect on Dane Crystal, as he listened, gradually realizing that he was going to be brought to trial, charged on numerous counts, including "moral complicity" in the assassination of conservative editor Gerry Alexiades, conspiracy to commit murder, conspiracy to insurrection, attempted murder, attempted mass murder, and some others he could not understand. At the end of the recitation, the magistrate mumbled, off the record, that he personally believed, that only the charges of "moral complicity to first-degree murder" and "conspiracy to insurrection" would eventually stick, when the pre-trial process had been completed.

Dane Crystal, still dazed, locked inside his own distant world, pale and sweating, first appeared not to comprehend that he was in any way connected with what was being said to him. As more and more eyes were fixed on him, a sense of

astonishment started growing in him. He had to be asked twice if he understood what he was being charged with, before he answered with a startled "Yes!"

"Is there anything you wish to say?" asked the magistrate.

"I . . . Are you certain there is no mistake, Sir?" Dane Crystal asked, as the magistrate stared at him silently. "I haven't done any of this. . . . I mean, what evidence do you have? . . . Who is. . . ?" He thought of Dyslexakis' insistence that he not reveal his identity as a KYP agent, and fell silent. He now felt more interested in what was to come next than in speaking. Somehow, the horrors of the detention cell began receding, and his astonishment was turning into curiosity. The very recollection of Colonel Dyslexakis seemed to somehow dispel the fear that he knew he ought to have felt over the charges, but didn't.

The magistrate, resuming his monotone, informed him that "a great deal of incriminating evidence was found in the search of your apartment after your arrest," evidence which proved his guilt beyond reasonable doubt—notes; original typewritten declarations of terrorist groups taking credit for bombings and assassinations which had occurred and others scheduled to occur; internal policy discussion papers of two terrorist organizations, the "N-17" and the "Anti-State Struggle"; chemicals used for the manufacture of explosives; devices used for detonating mechanisms; gold bars and plaques; and so forth.

Chapter Five



The press conference

The Premier was watching his TV set in disbelief. Filling the screen was the triumphant face of the interior ministry's permanent secretary, Tsimbas, "The Pinch," whom the Premier knew to be a self-made jackass ("who worships his creator," the joke went), but not as big a jackass as he now was making of himself before a rapt audience of two million gossip-starved citizens, glued to their TV sets.

"In an unprecedented, striking success, unique in the annals of the fight against international terrorism," Tsimbas boasted, "our law-enforcement agencies, led by the Security Police, have successfully identified and apprehended what is believed to be the high command of the terrorist movement in our country. After many months of painstaking investigations, police authorities last night took the decisive step and apprehended a braintrust of three arch-terrorists who have masterminded virtually all of the last 10 years' terrorist actions. I have been informed that their names are: Dane Crystal, Theophile Bechtarakis, and George Sikelianos. The amassed material evidence against them is overwhelming, and law enforcement organs expect that as a result of this breakthrough, new arrests will soon follow, to lead to the

complete dismantling of the terror apparatus in the country. . . ."

As Tsimbas droned on happily, the Premier felt a lump of disgust rise to his throat, almost making him spit at the television set. "Stupid, gloating, duplicitous, empty-headed little showoff!" he laughed to himself. In the past, in Cabinet meetings, the Premier's standard joke at the expense of Tsimbas was that "Showoff" might well be his Russian *nom de guerre*. He was in no joking mood right now. Unbriefed by Dyslexakis for 12 hours now, he felt the foreboding that disaster was about to strike, and strike hard. Dane Crystal, in the Premier's estimate, was just too close to knowing the secret of the government's counterterror program, including the "G. Goat Vossis Ploy." Neither the Security Police Chiefs, nor the interior ministry, nor the pathetic Tsimbas had been told about it. And now they had all plunged headlong and were squeezing Dane Crystal. And Dyslexakis had no way of finding out what Crystal was spilling to the magistrates.

"As for other suspects"—Tsimbas was responding to journalists' questions—"the police are concentrating their attention on a person with the initials G. G. V., who is frequently referenced in the captured diaries of Dane Crystal. . . . No, we are not certain of the identity, but. . . ."

"Here goes!" thought the Premier, with panic roaring inside him.

". . . there is a certain amount of speculation that the initials refer to Mr. G. Goat Vossis. . . ."

Right before the Premier's eyes, the government press room, in which Tsimbas was speaking, burst into an uproar, journalists hysterically jumping up and down, whistling, screaming, throwing up their hands, shooting questions. Pandemonium. Mr. G. Goat Vossis was a prominent member of the press corps, political editor of one of the most prominent Athens dailies, accredited to the government's press office. He happened to be absent when Tsimbas mentioned his name. His colleagues were now ready to lynch the permanent secretary. The Premier secretly wished they would. It was clear now that the idiot gumshoe cops had organized the Dane Crystal arrest just to get to the G. Goat Vossis bait. The Premier knew that if what he and Dyslexakis had codenamed the "Ploy," the "G. Goat Vossis Ploy," failed to hold up to close scrutiny, then he, the Premier, would be finished. Dyslexakis, of course, had not shared this concern, but then again, Dyslexakis had not known the true extent of the Premier's involvement with Vossis through the mediation of Pablo. All Dyslexakis knew was the Premier's involvement with Vossis, and his involvement with Pablo—separately. He did not know the strand which linked all three together into something far more compromising than anything contained in his meticulous blackmail files. So Dyslexakis could assure the Premier of the invulnerability of the "Ploy."

In another part of town, Colonel Dyslexakis was watching the same television program with amusement. As Tsimbas proceeded with his boastful pronouncements, the smile on the colonel's face grew into laughter. When the name G.

Goat Vossis was pronounced, he exploded with sarcasm. "They've walked straight into the trap!" he congratulated himself. "From here on in, we go for the kill. The reorganization will be complete." For years, Dyslexakis had cultivated Vossis' romantic leftist proclivities in order to build an elaborate alibi for the terrorism. He watched for years how Vossis studied ecstatically the writings of Bakunin, Kropotkin, Carlos Marighela, "Che" Guevara, and every other anarchist-terrorist theoretician. Vossis loved the literature of political terror and violence. He stayed up nights in political cafés discussing the merits of political violence. He daydreamed of that future day on which his country, Greece, would have its own robust political terrorist movement, like those of the exotic, distant lands he was reading about—Nicaragua, San Salvador, Peru, Palestine, South Africa.

Dyslexakis knew that, back in 1975, when the CIA's station chief Richard Welch was assassinated, he, Dyslexakis, had done Vossis the greatest favor in his life: He had given him what seemed to be a real, homegrown, anti-imperialist terrorist movement. How it was done is another story. Year after year, murder after murder, bombing after bombing, the legend was woven. As time went by, G. Goat Vossis' articles and books helped weave the legend, and Colonel Dyslexakis was expecting that he would become part of the legend itself. The central computer of the National Security Police was inexorably compiling, year after year, the strands of disparate reports, opinions, speculation mixed with facts, about the infinite possibilities that G. Goat Vossis might, just might, be a member of the legendary "N-17" terror organization. Many of these reports originated from Dyslexakis' KYP informants; other were captioned under the byline of West European law-enforcement agencies playing back to KYP and Greek Security Police officials, tantalizing morsels of information about G. Goat Vossis, originally slipped to them by Dyslexakis' own people. The time was coming when the sleuths at Security Police, beginning with General Baskinakis himself, started toying with the bold theory that G. Goat Vossis might be no less than the leader, founder, and mastermind of "N-17."

Dyslexakis had kept score: In 10 years, there had been over 250 bombings, a dozen multi-million-dollar arson incidents, 10 executions of Greek public personalities, 20 more discreet deaths, and over 15 killings of Palestinian and other Arab political personalities in Greece. The Security Police had developed no leads or hypotheses other than growing suspicions about G. Goat Vossis and his circle of crackpot writers and *artistes*. Of course, there had been two shootouts between policemen and "suspects," in which two policemen and two "suspects" had been killed. One of the suspects was a Dyslexakis agent, the other a trainee. But nobody was ever to know this.

Dyslexakis was still watching Tsimbas' comical performance when a phone call from the Premier interrupted him.

"John, I want to know what Dane Crystal is saying."

"Yes, I know. It is a little tough for us at the moment to

get inside, but I wouldn't worry. I know he is not treated badly, and that's important for him."

"John, listen to me. First I must know what he's saying. Second, you must ensure that he doesn't say anything wrong, if you know what I mean. Third, I want you to keep a very, very close watch over the G. Goat Vossis aspect of this. *After* this, I might be interested in how Dane Crystal is being treated by the cops—not before."

"Mr. Premier, let me assure you: Dane Crystal will not speak unless he is under extreme physical duress, which is now ruled out. I have had the entire press corps clamoring on the phones about police brutality. Baskinakis has received an earful from each of the major Athens editors personally. Dane is safe and sound and he knows it. Besides, over a period of weeks he has been conditioned not to divulge his relationship with the KYP under any circumstances. He feels completely assured that we shall back him up to the hilt. If I know him at all, he is probably enjoying, right now, the intrigue and the limelight of his little adventure. All he is likely to spill to the magistrates is his theories about Vossis."

"Cut it out, John," the Premier snapped. "Get it through your head that Crystal has one of two choices: Either he says he is a junior member of 'N-17,' and a couple of other groups, and plays out the scenario all the way, or he says he is a KYP agent on assignment. And neither you nor I know if he has the staying power to go through the scenario."

"I know Dane Crystal better than he knows himself. For him it is not a matter of staying power. He will play out the scenario, because this is his favorite way of thinking about himself. So long as he knows that the scenario has your backing, he'll play the role to the hilt. It's part of his fascination with me, with the service, and with your office. Your sending Xyangas to meet him was a stroke of genius. His fascination with the service *is* his soul—whether he knows his soul or not. I know it, because I am in the service. Please don't worry, Mr. Premier."

"OK, John, I leave it up to you," the Premier said.

"And one more thing, Mr. Premier. We have sent one of our people into the interrogator's room for a few minutes—just to reassure Dane and reinforce the grip. In was in-and-out, but it worked."

As the conversation ended, both the colonel and the Premier noticed that a new drama was unfolding on the television screen. A second press conference was apparently taking place, this time not by Tsimbas but by the deputy minister of the press, Costas Lalistatos. The spokesman was making his opening statement in response to the Turkish prime minister's recent statement respecting sea and air demarcations over the Aegean between Greece and Turkey. He ended with long citations from the Treaty of Lausanne, the Montraux Convention, and the Law of the Sea. Suddenly, the wiry figure of G. Goat Vossis appeared on the screen, leaping up from among the journalists.

"With all due respect, Mr. Minister," Vossis was saying, "do you mind cutting out the bull and answering a few ques-

tions about this Dane Crystal matter? Why were the arrests concealed from the morning press? Second, why did so many hours pass before Crystal was brought to the magistrates? Why did his interrogation occur with the public prosecutor present, but without defense attorneys?"

Both Dyslexakis and the Premier were surprised to learn from Vossis that the public prosecutor was present at the interrogation. Then they heard Lalistatos answer, with the usual officiousness of uncertainty, to the effect that "these two questions pertain to matters of juridical procedure which should, therefore, be addressed to the judicial authorities. In order to obtain any information pertaining to this matter, you must address the supervisor of the Athens Prosecutor's Office, who is supervising the interrogation clerks, who, in this instance, happen to be officers of the Security Police."

This mouthful did not seem to impress Vossis, whose appearance in the conference room was quite a spectacle. He was a tiny, wiry man, darting about restlessly, balding, with a short, black beard, and piercing, bloodshot eyes. His mousey face was a succession of snarling contortions.

"We shall not buy this c--p from you, Mr. Minister, with all due respect, and we shall ask you whether or not your office has been maintaining wiretaps over the press corps in general and over 'yours truly' in particular."

Five other journalists rose to their feet demanding answers about wiretapping. The deputy minister was on the defensive. The leak about the wiretaps had gone from the Security Police to a group of Members of Parliament who were requesting the formation of a commission of inquiry.

Vossis pressed his attack: "Given that we are naive folk, Mr. Minister, will you tell us whether or not your famously left-wing governing party will allow the formation of this commission of inquiry? You know, for example, that my phone has been tapped since the election period?"

"To begin with, do not raise your voice, Mr. Vossis," the minister mumbled weakly.

"Listen, mister," Vossis retorted with his typical irreverence, "some days ago, when I told you, and other journalists told you and your goddamned government that the phone company was tapping our phones, you said that all these charges are 'mythology.' And now, Mr. Minister, the charges have been proven true."

Livid at the insult, Lalistatos snapped back, "They still are 'mythology,' Mr. Vossis, and as you know, the telephone company has sued the journalists who allege wiretapping."

"Another crock, Mr. Minister, because all the colleagues from the right-wing newspapers have been sued, but I haven't been sued, and I called the telephone company and all its officers a bunch of stoolpigeons and they still have not sued me, Mr. Minister."

"They have not sued you, Mr. Vossis?"

"They have not sued me, Mr. Minister."

"At any rate, let us continue," Lalistatos stuttered, demolished before the eyes of the press corps and the national television audience. The hall was a zoo. The Premier was

disgusted and distressed. Dyslexakis was ecstatic, as he watched the legend of his handiwork soaring before the eyes of the nation.

Then, suddenly, a new element was injected into the press conference, as a news bulletin was read from the interior minister himself that Dane Crystal had told the interrogator that he was an employee of the KYP. Dyslexakis turned pale, transfixed in front of his TV set. The Premier, panicked, turned off his television, ordered his car, and told Xyangas to call an emergency meeting. Dyslexakis received Xyangas' call summoning him to the defense minister's office within the hour.

Now, the hall of the press conference was dominated by the senior political editor of the Communist Party's daily newspaper, a calm, large man with a *basso profundo* voice, who had the reputation of being the best-informed in his profession. His name was Oeconomou. "If I understand correctly, sir," this Oeconomou was saying, "the responsible minister has announced that a person employed by the government as an agent of the KYP, who for years has been infiltrating progressive organizations of the Left, was taking part in certain kinds of activity and is now accused, as I understand, with attempted murder, 'moral complicity' in assassination, conspiracy to insurrection, and certain other activities, while he was on government payroll. Do I understand correctly, sir?"

"So you say!" answered Lalistatos.

"And I further say, Mr. Minister," continued the communist editor, "that Dane Crystal, the KYP employee in question, has testified that he had meetings with the Premier's own personal secretary, one Raphael Xyangas, and that this Xyangas had secured for said KYP employee and accused assassin a lucrative employment at the State Television Institute, for the purpose of conducting surveillance over journalists such as myself and Mr. Vossis."

To his horror, Dyslexakis watched the deputy minister of the press, perspiring and panicked by the turn of events, commit the ultimate, catastrophic mistake. Lalistatos, unable to resist the temptation, declared: "Mr. Oeconomou, on the matter of Mr. Xyangas, I can state categorically that he never once had any contact, either in person or by telephone, with Dane Crystal. Moreover, Mr. Xyangas has absolutely no connection with this matter."

Slyly, coolly, the communist editor let the Xyangas bait go by, and continued, "But, Sir, the question is much broader and goes beyond Mr. Xyangas. We have here an announcement by the interior minister himself that Dane Crystal, a man accused of murder, is an employee of the KYP. Doesn't this service bear any responsibility? And doesn't the particular government which is served by this service bear any responsibility? And do I understand the Constitution correctly when I read that the KYP, constitutionally, is under the direct, personal supervision of the Premier?"

"Mr. Oeconomou," Lalistatos replied, crestfallen, "I have nothing more to add to this other than what the minister of

interior just announced.”

But this was not the end of it. Vossis, informed that the previous government spokesman, Tsimbas, had named him as a prime suspect in the aftermath of the Crystal interrogation, was out to draw blood. As the cameras swung to focus on his bloodthirsty face, Colonel Dyslexakis knew fear.

“Whoa boy, Mr. Minister!” Vossis growled, “remaining the naive a---e that I am, Sir, with due respect, I had been hoping that certain resignations were to be announced today. General Baskinakis, maybe, and Colonel Dyslexakis, and General Paulettes, I don’t know, maybe Mr. Xyangas, too, not to say our great Premier himself, and I won’t dare say maybe even the august deputy minister of the press. No resignations having been announced, I am to keep this naïveté of mine to myself. My question now to you is this: You were saying a while back, that the KYP’s proper task is taking care of national security, and among the chores of national security, the matter of terrorism is also to be included.”

Dyslexakis winced.

“Now then, my good deputy minister of the press,” Vossis continued, “tell me whether our good KYP—with all these paid employees and stoolpigeons, and accused murderers like Dane here—does it not have a conception of national security that is like a rubber band? Could not this rubber band be stretched a little to characterize half of the citizens of this beautiful realm as terrorists, according to the wits of this stray Inspector Clouseau and that random Colonel Dyslexakis? And could not the responsibilities of the guardians of our national security, stretch to include in their definition of terrorism, the way certain journalists, certain leftist journalists such as myself, carry out their profession? And could not such journalists be slyly approached by our KYP and its constitutional chief the Premier, to be bribed and compromised with gold and jewels? Would such activities be within the jurisdiction of the KYP?”

Complete silence had now fallen in the conference hall. The howls had died down and journalists, security men, cameramen, and officials, breath baited, were staring intently, now at Vossis, now at the wounded, perspiring deputy minister of the press. Dyslexakis, a few miles away, held his breath as he watched his television screen.

Finally, Lalistatos, breathing heavily, replied.

“This is your point of view, Mr. Vossis. Whoever is not a terrorist, will not be considered a terrorist and will not be accused of being a terrorist. All of us know that journalism is not terrorism. This is my answer.”

A few miles away from the conference room, still in front of his television, the middle-aged, overweight Colonel Dyslexakis was finally beginning to perspire, even though his open window was letting the fresh, cool September breeze into his office. He was stunned, first of all, that G. Goat Vossis had named him on national television—“that random Colonel Dyslexakis,” he had said. After 21 years of effective, well-concealed work, now the walls of insulation were coming down, because of this loud-mouthed marionette. Yet this

was merely the personal aspect of the disaster. Worse yet was the fact that the whole policy had been blown out of the water. Dane Crystal had been made to speak things he was not supposed to speak. He was out of control, had named Xyangas as a contact, and had confessed he was working for the KYP. Worse, the interior minister himself had seen it fit to announce all this to the national press, even before the KYP had a chance to know what was going on. And even worse than that, this communist Oeconomou seemed to know more of what was going on than the interior minister! The colonel, flustered, had only one explanation for this whole tangled mess: That bastard General Baskinakis of the Security Police had him outmaneuvered, and the outmaneuvering was probably part of some kind of coup now in progress.

Before his meeting with the Premier, 45 minutes from now, Dyslexakis must put in motion a damage-control operation. Once damage-control was in progress, he knew how to force the Premier to proceed with a coverup. But how do you do carry out damage-control against General Baskinakis when you don’t know what the bastard is up to? Baskinakis had been meeting with the Americans and with Mossad representatives for the last two weeks. No contacts with the Russians, of course, and that worried Dyslexakis even more: Had the Americans developed a separate track with Baskinakis over the matter of the famous “Bokhan revelations?” Was there a “Bokhan angle” in Baskinakis’ hunt for Dane Crystal and himself? Either way, damage-control must include a discrediting of Dane Crystal.

Dyslexakis turned on his dictaphone and dictated a press release, instructing his secretary to distribute it immediately to the wire services and the press. The release communicated the following points of information: Yes, Colonel Dyslexakis, the deputy director of the KYP, confirms that Dane Crystal is an agent of the KYP. Crystal, however, had been for 10 years a paid agent of the Security Police, under Baskinakis, prior to volunteering his services to the KYP. The KYP accepted his offer because it was interested in information regarding the G. Goat Vossis terror network, which Dane Crystal possessed as a result of his association with this network prior to his service with the KYP. Finally, the KYP had never fully cleared Crystal, who is still under suspicion of being a “G. Goat Vossis” terrorist, or perhaps an “N-17” terrorist trying to infiltrate the secret services.

The press release concluded with a hint that, in the KYP’s considered opinion, Crystal would have been exposed as an “N-17” agent, when the investigation was prematurely ruptured by the Security Police’s ill-considered arrest of the suspect this morning. This was supposed to leave a lingering suspicion that the Security Police might deliberately have tried to protect “N-17” and Dane Crystal by prematurely blowing up the meticulous work of the KYP.

With his little masterpiece already going over the news-wires, Dyslexakis briskly stepped out to meet the Premier, at the Army General Staff Headquarters in Holargos, just outside of Athens.

Chapter Six



The dead man's revenge

It was about two hours after the meeting with the Premier had started that something extraordinary began unfolding at the main entrance of the Athens magistracy's office, where Dane Crystal had been taken for interrogation. Even as his emergency meeting was going on, the Premier was soon to learn, the little drama unfolding at the interrogation was to shake the country to its roots.

As Dane Crystal and his three police guards emerged from the interrogator's room, they were besieged by a mob of journalists, cameramen, and photographers. Dane Crystal refused to follow the gait of his escorts and planted his feet on the ground, looked up and faced the shouting journalists. Cameras began clicking and video-recorders rolling. He looked disgusting: rolls of fat coming down his chins, unshaven, unwashed, breathing heavily, with long streaks of sweat slowly pouring down from his forehead to his neck and chest, his long, unkempt hair sticking and wet, his thick glasses balancing on his potato-like nose. Yet his fat lips were growing into a smile. The policemen tugged at his sleeve, but he refused to budge.

"I want to make a statement to the press!" he shouted.

Everybody froze. The cops stood helplessly at attention. TV cameras were broadcasting live. Slowly, deliberately, Dane Crystal selected his most eloquent diction. A liberating, merciful feeling of calmness was taking over inside him, ever since the moment he had decided, inside the magistrate's office, to tell the whole truth as he knew it. He felt that a weight was being lifted from him, as though he didn't have to drag along the weight of his dead soul any longer.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the press. My name, as you may know, is Dane Crystal, and I have just been informed at the public interrogator's office, that I have been charged, on numerous counts, with matters pertaining to political murders, terrorism, and sedition in general. All these charges are lies, fairy-tales spun of whole cloth. The authorities claim to have found what they prefer to describe as 'conclusive evidence' in my home, which I invite you and urge you to examine. They have found nothing more than four coffee-making machines. The authorities have spun a plot against me, a plot aiming for my destruction."

"But why should they do such a thing, Mr. Crystal?" a journalist asked.

"I was hoping for this question, and I thank you for asking it, sir," Crystal said. "I am not exactly certain of their reasons, but please pay attention to what I have to say. I am a disreputable person, a 'stoolpigeon,' a filthy person, you might say. I am, have been, an agent of KYP. A paid agent

of KYP, for a number of years now. As such, I had infiltrated certain political parties and even was regional secretary of one for some time. Initially I did these things under coercion, but not exactly under coercion, since I had been swept up by the fascination of it all." Crystal paused to take a deep breath.

"I am guessing why they should want to set me up, so please bear with me. . . . I know their dirty affairs. I am a KYP agent. On salary. I was in collaboration with 15 officers whom I have named in my preliminary testimony and I shall name again in my full testimony.

"What dirty affairs?" a reporter asked.

"About the murder of the two in the Polytechnic School during the 1980 commemoration." Dane Crystal responded. "About the murder of discharged officer Kouvas . . . the entrapment of the Russian Sergei Rogof . . . the conspiracy in the Serifis Affair . . . the rivalries and hatred which emerged with the merger of police and gendarmerie and the role of the KYP in this merger . . . the hatred between Dyslexakis of KYP and General Baskinakis . . . Christodoulides . . . the correspondent of *Liberation*."

"You are accused of bombings."

"I deny the charges. I have nothing to do with this."

"How were you going to spy on journalists?"

"Xyangas placed me in the Television Institute. I shall tell the investigator everything that I have been pressured to withhold until now. I have been pressured to conceal from the examining magistrate the fact that I was being used to frame up innocent persons with charges of terrorist activities. In other words, that I should accuse named persons of the extreme Left, about these forged documents which were passed to me. More specifically, the KYP and the Security Police wanted me to make G. Goat Vossis appear as the terrorist mastermind of the country. I know this is a lie. I know that the KYP is behind virtually every terrorist act of the last 10 years. And I know that the Security Police are totally in the dark.

"I shall refer to everything I have learned in the course of my service. I shall show the extent of plots that have been woven in the last few years.

documents of which they accuse me. These documents, I assume, are either forgeries, or are concocted for the creation of deceptive impressions or to conceal their own activities."

He was getting dizzy, but he continued: "I had first been arrested in 1973, for anti-junta activities. The 1973 affair was clearcut . . . then I was a boy of 18. I was tortured by the Security Police with *bastinado* and so forth, the usual. This left its marks on me. Later, when they came around and sought to contact me around 1976-77, I was already in a state of phobia toward policemen—not just phobia, but also worship. I was also dominated, I say it sincerely, by a worship for power. Then there are other complications. I'm a very messed up person, ugh, maybe this is not relevant, but things are more complicated, I have my weaknesses, you know."

The mob of reporters, startled for a moment, fell silent. A clerk from the magistrate's office came out already distrib-

uting copies of the first interrogation's transcript. Dane Crystal's police escorts, holding him firmly by the arms, pushed quietly through the crowd.

Before the Premier or Dyslexakis or anyone else had received advance notice, the press corps was now reading the transcript of the first interrogation. General Baskinakis had arranged for full publicity before Dyslexakis had a chance to react. The text read, in part:

"Magistrate: In the search of your house which was conducted this morning, the following typewritten, original texts of proclamations and letters were found: a) a proclamation of one 'Revolutionary Organization of Anti-Militarist Struggle,' which begins with the sentence 'Today's execution of the publisher of the *Daily News* . . . ' and ends with the sentence 'an object lesson to the bourgeois and reformist press'; b) a proclamation by the 'Group of Revolutionary Solidarity' taking responsibility for the bombing of the Embassy of Saudi Arabia on April 14, 1983; c) a proclamation by the 'People's Revolutionary Army,' addressed to the 'Revolutionary Organization N-17,' which proposes actions to execute certain judges and exercises criticism against 'N-17' on grounds that the latter 'only executes American and CIA-connected targets.' How did these documents come into your possession and what do you have to say about their contents?

"Dane Crystal: These original, typewritten documents were given to me at various times by Lt.-Col. John Dyslexakis of the KYP. The colonel requested that I do an analytical study of the text of each of these, in accordance with my contractual obligations with the KYP. I did write such analyses for each of the texts that your honor has mentioned and handed them over to the colonel. I did likewise for a number of other texts, which your honor has not yet mentioned, which were still in my possession, until the time of my arrest, all of which were given to me by Lieutenant-Colonel Dyslexakis, in a similar manner. I had formed the opinion about these texts that, either the KYP and Dyslexakis had obtained them through their informants inside these terrorist organizations, or that the texts were written by KYP officials, for purposes of their own, to which I am not privy. I believe that I was told to 'analyze' them in order for the KYP forgers to test the credibility of their forgeries.

"I must further add, your honor, that my immediate superior, Lieutenant-Colonel Dyslexakis, repeatedly drew my attention to a person frequently referred to in these documents with the initials G. G. V. Dyslexakis repeatedly confided in me that he suspected this might be the well-known columnist G. Goat Vossis, and he repeatedly asked me to investigate and verify this suspicion. Your Honor will notice that the documents cast G. G. V. in a role of undisputed leadership and authority among the reputed terrorist organizations.

"Magistrate: Why should Lieutenant-Colonel Dyslexakis give you these documents? What was your relationship with him, or the KYP, if any?

"Dane Crystal: I have been a paid employee of the KYP

since 1976. Earlier, I had been employed as informant by the Athens Region Security Police and, occasionally, by the Service of National Security. My assignment was to inform on leftist parties and organizations, especially of the extra-parliamentary, extreme-radical Left, and, if possible, on terrorist groups and organizations, all of which I had been instructed to infiltrate. I did infiltrate leftist political groups, but it proved impossible to infiltrate any terrorist group after years of endeavor. My salary at the KYP was 15,000 drachmas per week and I was collaborating with 16 officers, whose names I am submitting to Your Honor in writing. The immediate superior to whom I was reporting was Lieutenant-Colonel Dyslexakis. On occasion, however, I did directly report to the Premier's private secretary, Mr. Raphael Xyngas. Mr. Xyngas personally instructed me to conceal any evidence which might emerge between an alleged terrorist who had been killed last May by officers of the Security Police, and members of our present Socialist Party government. In return, Mr. Xyngas had me employed at the Television Institute, from which I drew a second salary. A third form of payment to me was numerous gifts of gold bars and gold jewels from Dyslexakis. These gifts were given to me in connection with a special request from Dyslexakis, that I should entrap certain journalists of the extreme Left, especially including G. Goat Vossis. From my general knowledge and experience of KYP methods and procedures, I have formed the opinion that the KYP conducts all the bombing incidents in this country, though I have no court-admissible proof for this. I further believe that all the terrorist assassinations in recent years have been conducted either by the KYP or with the knowledge and consent of the KYP. For the specific instance of the execution of publisher Montferrat, I overheard KYP officials report that the actual assassin was a convict who had been sentenced to death—I am submitting his name to Your Honor in writing—who was offered by Dyslexakis to carry out the execution in return for which his sentence would be commuted. This convict was transported by the KYP from the Corfu prison to Athens, carried out the murder, and was returned to Corfu on the day of the murder. His death sentence was subsequently commuted to 20 years in prison."

The entire press corps was reading this text avidly while the Premier was locked up at Army Headquarters in an emergency meeting with Dyslexakis, Deputy Defense Minister Johnny Cool, his personal attorney, the minister of the interior, General Paulettes, the figurehead chief of the KYP, and of course, the indispensable Xyngas. The storm was about to reach its climax.

Meanwhile, all editorial offices had already received Colonel Dyslexakis' press release, and the relevant political commentators, on KYP payroll, began to work on the following theory: Either Dane Crystal's testimony is KYP-ordered disinformation spread for some unfathomable purpose, or Crystal is an "N-17" infiltrator into the KYP. That he might be telling the truth is out of the question. (*To be continued*)