

## EIRFeature

# The Greek Premier: A 'roman à clef'

*We publish below the text of a mysterious manuscript, apparently the early, futuristic, literary attempts of an unknown aspiring writer. According to the person who passed on to us the mutilated document, it was originally found "somewhere near Qasr al-Nil, in Cairo," during the Christmas season of 1982, thus making the item clearly of the futuristic genre. Our occasional contributor, Phocion, deciphered the handwriting and considered the item of some literary merit, perhaps worthy of seeing the light of publicity. We publish it under the title supplied by the original manuscript.*

The Greek Premier was shaken awake at 5:30 a.m. on Sept. 13, by coincidence a Friday, as the Athenian dawn was about to break. When he took the phone receiver from his sleepy aide's hands and said, softly, "Hello," he was answered, at the other end of the phone, by a highly excited Major-General St. Batzanakis of the Athens Region Security Police. The general spoke haltingly, with excited voice: "Mr. President, I am pleased to report the arrest, a few minutes ago, of three of the most dangerous terrorists in the realm, perhaps the masterminds of most terrorist activities in the country in the last 10 years. At least, they could most certainly lead us to the masterminds."

"For this you call me at this ungodly hour?" the Premier groaned unhappily. "But, Mr. President," protested the general, "you didn't ask me for their names."

"Well?"

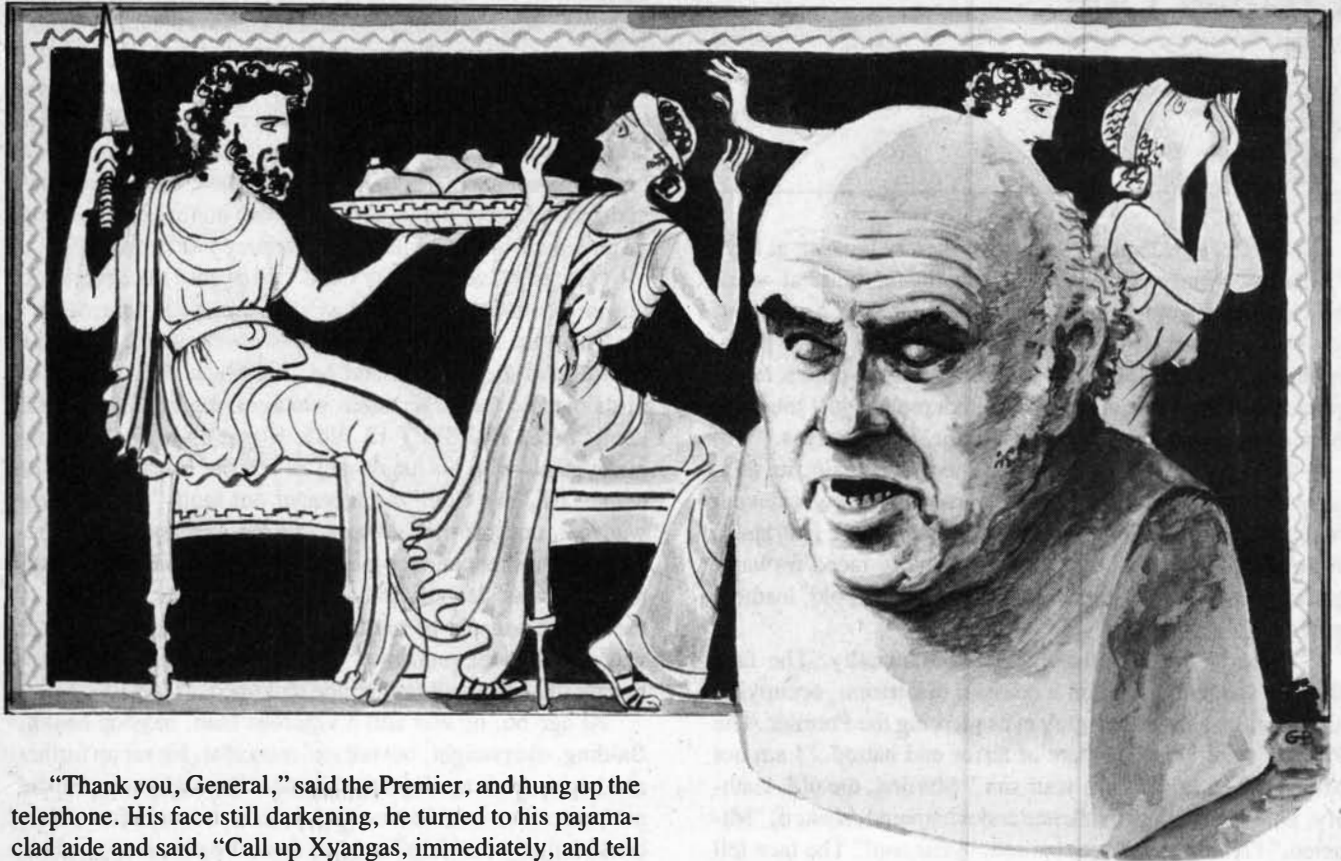
"They are: Theophile Bechtarakis, a Paris-educated mathematician, and George Sikelianos, the editor of the ultra-left magazine *Marxist Assembly*. . . ."

"General, I am going back to sleep."

"Mr. President, the third name is 'Dane Crystal.'"

The Premier's face suddenly tightened: "I see, General."

"I hope, Mr. President, that this success satisfies your request to tighten up the national security services."



"Thank you, General," said the Premier, and hung up the telephone. His face still darkening, he turned to his pajama-clad aide and said, "Call up Xyangas, immediately, and tell him that 'Dane Crystal' has just been arrested by the cops." "Xyangas is on the other line," the aide said, "and he says he is fully informed and there is no reason to worry, 'Dane Crystal' is too scared to talk, everything is under control."

"Let me talk to him," the Premier said.

"He just hung up," replied the aide. "He said he is driving down to KYP headquarters, just in case."

Raphael Xyangas was the Premier's private secretary and his national security coordinator, in charge of liaison with the KYP, Greece's Central Intelligence Service. Xyangas and the Premier went way back together, to the 1960s, when they shared political exile. When the Premier became the statutory head of the KYP, he appointed Xyangas to run the day-to-day activities of the service. In their earlier years, the two of them had shared adventures and bottles of scotch with the legendary "Pablo." The Premier trusted Xyangas.

The Premier was exhausted and drowsy. A terrible headache was banging at his temples and his tongue felt swollen and dry. It was only 5:45 and he had gone to bed just three hours earlier. He had been working late into the night with Xyangas and the deputy defense minister, bearer of the ludicrous name Johnny Cool, pouring over the "Bokhan list," gulping down large measures of scotch and smoking heavily. Xyangas had brought the "Bokhan list" a few hours earlier from Colonel Dyslexakis, who had just received it from his regular CIA liaison. It included seven names and a promise

of more to follow. These were names of Greek nationals operating as spies for the GRU, according to information supplied to the CIA by the captive Sergei Bokhan (Col. Sergei Bokhan, the Premier corrected himself), now undergoing extensive debriefings in a farmhouse in southern Virginia, U.S.A. Xyangas had known Bokhan prior to the latter's mysterious disappearance on May 25 from the Athenian scene. The plump first secretary of the Soviet embassy in Athens was known for his enthusiasm for fast cars and fast boys. He was also an expert on Cyprus, the Premier's favorite topic. Colonel Dyslexakis of KYP, another Cyprus aficionado, was rumored to have known Bokhan from wild escapades in Cyprus.

"My Dyslexakis!" mused the Premier, his affection mixed with fear. He thought of the "Bokhan list" again. Seven names. Four officers of the armed forces and three civilians. The senior civilian, a regional representative of the Premier's political party. All spying for the GRU. All fingered by the GRU's Bokhan. And the Americans promised to give more names. "Is this a promise or a threat?" the Premier wondered. Still, he couldn't stay awake any longer. He popped a couple of tranquilizers and turned off the light.

What followed might have been a living vision, had it not happened in deep, deep, sudden sleep.

## Chapter One

# Father!

A bitter, old, leathery face was intently looking at him. "Mineico, Mineeiiiiicooo," its cavernous, guttural voice howled, as if from an infinitely distant inferno. So distant, yet so deafening. It was a pale white face, of thick, thick, infinitely furrowed leather skin, three grotesque moles, large, proud, aquiline nose and no flesh underneath, just the large bones, bones that the Premier could feel with his eyes.

"MineeiiiiicoooOOOO," howled the face again, its thin, gray lips opening into a vast red cavern which grew to devour his entire field of vision. Then, an infinitely small, gray speck from the center of the red darkness, swiftly raced forward, growing enormously into a replica of the bitter, old, leathery pale face.

"Father!" the Premier whispered frantically. The face stopped suddenly, fixed in a colossal dimension, occupying all space, its pale, hazel-gray eyes piercing the Premier. The Premier stared back, a stare of terror and hatred. "I am not Mineico," he said, "I am your son." Startled, the old, leathery, pale face looked in silence and whispered, shaken, "Mineico." "No!" the Premier barked, "your son!" The face fell silent, its furrows rearranging themselves into an expression of infinite sadness. The father's face began weeping quietly. The Premier looked on and on, for a long time, at the pathetic, weeping ancient face. Then, he repeated, harshly, "YOUR son!" The pathetic old face looked at his, plaintively, begging, at it slowly raised and thrust forward a pale, bony, long-fingered hand. "Say you have sinned. Ask my pardon. Kiss my hand," it pleaded softly. The Premier kept staring, silently, defiantly. "Say you have sinned. Ask my pardon. Kiss my hand," the weeping face repeated. More silence, more defiance.

"Say *hemarton!* to me," begged the desperate, old face, reverting to the soothing, ancestral language. Then, the Premier's body was overtaken by an infinite, mighty, convulsion of weeping. "*Hemarton, hemarton.* Forgive me father, for I have sinned," he whimpered and bent down to kiss the skeletal hand. Hot, soothing tears nourished the Premier's face, dripping down his nose as he continued to bend down, down toward the stretched, pale hand.

His burning, wet, and shivering lips were almost touching the cadaverous fingertips, when suddenly, the Premier's eyes dried into merciless cold steel. He sank his two sets of hateful, remorseless teeth, with fury, into the hand. The face howled in horror, not pain. The hateful jaws pressed on with wild joy, devouring the hand deep inside the mouth. The Premier, his head lowered to his waist level, could hear the

horrified howls of the father's face recede in the infinite distance. When silence fell, the Premier was startled by the taste in his mouth, for it was no longer the crusty, chalky taste of the cadaver's bones; it was warm blood and sinew and flesh and hairy skin stuck between his teeth. With new horror, he flashed his eyes upward and saw, towering above him, where Father's pale face should have been, the flesh-and-blood face of Pablo, looking down at him and the thing he had in his mouth, with a leery, triumphant laughter.

"Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" whispered the Premier in horror, opening his eyes and waking, soaked in cold sweat.

The fresh rays of September dawn were now bathing the Castle villa around him and he could hear the chirping of birds outside the large, open windows. He read the digital clock: 06:51 FRI SEPT 13 1985. He sat up in bed pressing his eyeballs with his hands and he felt the warm wetness of tears. "Oh, my God!" he repeated out loud, "the weeping was real, not just in the dream." He looked around the spacious, light-drenched room and he saw he was alone. Daisy, his wife, was sleeping in her own room at the other end of the villa. Suddenly he realized he was not sleepy or tired. It was as though the enormous weeping convulsion of his dream had washed away all fatigue, he reckoned.

At age 66, he was still a vigorous man, in good health. Balding, overweight, but tall and muscular. He sat up further and began thinking about the horror of the nightmare. He did not remember ever having had such a dream before. How could it then be so familiar? Are there dreams, really, which we see only once but we believe that they have always been with us? Thoughtfully, he began reviewing the old, long gone days, 26 years, 22 years, and 46 years ago.

When did it all start with Father? It must have been either one week before or one week after the assassination of President Kennedy in Dallas. In the November 1963 election, Father's Liberal Party had won a sweeping victory at the polls and Father was once again premier, but wishing to win an absolute parliamentary majority, he declared new elections for February 1964, while the immense wave of his popularity was still swelling in the land. On Jan. 2, 1964, the son visited the American embassy in Athens and declared that he was renouncing his American citizenship. The next day, he announced his candidacy for the Greek Parliament, to represent the Achaia district. The February election was a triumph and the son rode into Parliament on Father's coat-tails. Father was the premier. This time a premier on his own right, not appointed by the king, not imposed by the British embassy, but a premier riding the crest of an immense popular movement of his own making. And the son, despite his American citizenship, also a newly elected victorious Member of the Greek Parliament, representing the district of Achaia, the family's ancestral bailiwick. Back in 1964, father and son stood proudly next to each other at the campaign balcony, reviewing the triumph, acknowledging the popular acclaim, ready to take the nation's fortunes in their hands.



*"Here I am, a prodigal, returned from Minnesota and from Berkeley, after 20 years of being an American citizen, now come repentant to Father's side, elected . . . to represent the district of Achaia. The ancestral Achaia of Pelops, the House of Atreus, where the wretched Thyestes had dinner made of his children's flesh and devoured them."*

Yet, what had the son thought, during that moment of triumph? "Here I am, a prodigal, returned from Minnesota and from Berkeley, after 20 years of being an American citizen, steeped in the politics of the Boston foxes, now come repentant to Father's side, elected, by a wave of anti-Americanism, to represent the district of Achaia. The ancestral Achaia of Pelops, and the House of Atreus, where the wretched Thyestes had dinner made of his children's flesh and devoured them, thus starting the curse of the House of Atreus, the curse of Achaia."

"Would I have won in this election?" the Premier remembered having thought back then, when he was still only the son of the father, and the father, not he, was then premier. "Would I have won if I weren't his son? Would I have been a political leader on my own, without being the son of this all-devouring father?" He did not answer this question then, and still now, 21 years later, he did not dare answer it. "I hated you then, for it, and I hate you now," the Premier thought.

He wondered, though, if he really hated him as much as the horrible nightmare of a few minutes ago had suggested. Maybe. After that 1964 election, after the moment of triumph, the son went to work to prove himself against the father. He built a separate power bloc of 40 deputies, a wedge into the side of Father's almighty parliamentary majority. "The Son's Faction" was to have two existences. To the loving, remorseful Father, it was to be presented as the promising son's proof of growing political skill, in which Father should rightfully take pride, and which he should view as evidence that Father's life's work, the Movement, would be ably led and continue to thrive after he had passed on. In those days of 1963, Father, already in his 70s, was obsessively preoccupied with the posthumous continuation of his life's work, with the

matter of succession, continuity, and, above all, posterity.

Father's weakness for posterity became the son's weapon, which afforded him to build this faction under Father's prominent nose. But the son's design was not to become successor, but usurper. "And why shouldn't I have?" the Premier asked himself out loud, looking again at the digital watch. "The son-of-a-bitch never did anything for me. Shall we talk about Mineico, huh? Huh? Shall we?"

From 1963 to 1965, the son and his faction moved skillfully to take control of the government's greatest vulnerability at the time, foreign policy. The son asked Father to be given responsibility for the reorganization of the Central Intelligence Service, the KYP. He cited his extensive contacts with the CIA back in the United States, his intimate knowledge, via Pablo, of the Mediterranean "spook circuit," as qualifications for the assignment. It was a reasonable argument, as the KYP was, by statute, under the direct jurisdiction of the premier. Father knew he had to reorganize it in order to cleanse it of its right-wing, ultra-conservative, NATO-infected officialdom, his principal political rivals. What better assurance to the Americans and the other allies than his American-bred and American-connected son carrying out the changes? Of course it would have to be done quietly to avoid any charges of nepotism. But it would work.

So, it came to pass. The son gradually brought his own men into KYP. Some were his own acquaintances, others suggested to him by "Pablo," who was then in Algeria as Archbishop Makarios's "consul general," others suggested to him by his old friends in Boston and California. By the summer of 1964, the KYP was the son's, and the son was the KYP's. He then first met Dyslexakis. Also the others: Colonel Parapertos, Captain Louloukos, Captain Papagorgeopoulos, Captain Trombas, General Skotopoulos, and others. The entire Second Directorate of the KYP became the son's power base. Through it, he controlled the deployment of the Greek military contingent on strife-torn Cyprus. And there, the "great game" was played. The son broke the father's heart in Cyprus and there he destroyed him. Father may have later been buried in Athens, at the ancient cemetery, but he was slain, by the son, on the Cypriot shores, where the wily Lord Caradon had, inside the son's KYP, spawned the ASPIDA conspiracy.

"What does this ancient history of 1964 have to do with me now," the Premier asked, looking again at the digital watch still showing, FRI SEPT 13 1985. "That jackass Batzanakis said Dane Crystal has been arrested by the idiots at the Security Police!" The Premier suddenly shook out of his post-nightmare stupor. He was now ready for action, back in the real world of power—"and responsibility"—he added. Quickly, coolly, he calculated: "'Dane Crystal' is one of Colonel Dyslexakis's 'whores.' Dane Crystal knows some of our counterterror program and he must not talk. He also knows the 'G. Goat Vossis Ploy' and some things about Bokhan."

## Chapter Two



# The deputy director

“‘Dane Crystal’ and I, KYP, Bokhan, me again, the ‘G. Goat Vossis Ploy,’ Louloukos, G. Goat Vossis and the legendary Pablo, Bokhan and Cyprus, Makarios and Cyprus, Pablo and Makarios, Cyprus, it all goes back to Cyprus. . . .” mused Lt.-Col. John Dyslexakis as he sipped his bitter-heavy Turkish coffee from his favorite white, thick porcelain demitasse. This is the way he liked to think, stringing up names next to each other, each name laden with its own significances, memories, and emotions, his mind fitting the names together with connecting glues that only *his* mind would produce so inimitably.

The deputy director of the KYP was having his early morning coffee and glancing over the newspapers. Nothing of last night’s arrests had made it into the press yet, he noted with satisfaction. He knew his stoolpigeon “Dane Crystal” had been arrester by “Chickenhawk,” as he privately called Lieutenant General of the Hellenic Security Police Manuil Baskinakis. He had known for some time now that the arrest was coming. He also knew that the police general was arresting “Dane Crystal” merely in order to get at him, Dyslexakis. After all, “Dane Crystal” was his agent, “Dane Crystal” had been building a “legend,” on orders from KYP, of being a “terrorist” bomber, all over Athens, and, after all, it was the job of the Security Police to hunt down terrorists. “Dane Crystal” was the sucker whose whole handling had been designed to lead to this arrest, one day. The deputy director was amused at recalling how that flatfooted cop, that pimp and chickenhawk General Baskinakis, did manage to suspect that the whole wave of terrorism in the last nine years might be the work of the KYP, traceable back to the deputy director himself. And now, he fell for this “Dane Crystal” trap, as he was supposed to. The fallback strategy was simple: If and when the cops suspected the KYP of terrorist activities, they would be led to “Dane Crystal” and others like him. They would fixate on these decoys and investigate interminably all the tantalizing leads, all the clues inches away from proving their suspicions about the KYP. They would never get to anything because nothing was there, but they would be close enough to be obsessed for years. The real perpetrators were elsewhere.

So now, with “Dane Crystal” arrested, it was the Premier’s turn to sweat, the deputy director decided, fatalistically. He had to admit to himself, however, that this time, he was cutting it too close. Yet, he wasn’t really worried, be-

cause the Premier had no choice but to move to protect him. The deputy director thought of the hundreds of thousands of kilometers of magnetic tapes he had stashed away, containing the most devastating, incriminating, documentation involving the Premier’s person—the Premier working for foreign services; the Premier receiving bribes; the Premier in sexual escapades; with the Swedish woman; with the Canadian bodyguard. Also, secret conversations with “the Baker.” Deeply buried secrets involving the legendary “Pablo” and the “Curriel circuit.”

But the tapes were not only for the Premier, because the deputy director had also extensively covered the past lives of many other members of the Premier’s team. The “goods” on private secretary Xyangas were all right there on tape, and so were those pertaining to the deputy defense minister, Gen. Johnny Cool, to the minister of public order, to “Daisy,” to “Daisy” and the minister together, to a half dozen other ministers and three times as many deputy ministers and permanent secretaries, including that pathetic boy, the interior ministry’s general director Tsimbas, the “pinch,” who, in his younger days, couldn’t resist taking polaroid snapshots of himself training at the Al-Shaiqa terrorist training camp in Syria.

The deputy director felt an exhilarating sense of power surging up inside him. It came from the confident sense of knowing that with one simple telephone call, he could obliterate the entire first and second tier of his government. If not a phone call, then his untimely death, accidental or otherwise, had been arranged to produce the same results. The tapes had been programmed to be released in the appropriate manner. The Premier knew it and so did his principal collaborators.

However, the deputy director did have one worry: Apparently someone unknown, a mysterious person, was working against him. Since February of 1984, the deputy director began receiving reports that discreet inquiries were being made about his person in various odd places around the world. It first surfaced in Limassol, later, the mysterious inquiries started coming from London, Vienna, Durban, New York, Monte Carlo, Panama City. Matters became more serious when not only inquiries but also tiny little reports about his person started making the rounds in various gossip circles: Limassol again, and Prague, and Washington. He wondered why not London. But by now, his obsession was to find who it might be that was stalking him. All checks into the status of every one of his vulnerable and potentially vulnerable flanks produced negative results. Nobody he knew could possibly be behind this screening. But then, who was this discreet stalker? In his mind, the deputy director gave a name to his unknown enemy: The Predator.

His first break in this matter had come on May 24, 1985. One of the service’s informants, a Filipino whore working in the Troumba district in Piraeus, had passed on this two-sheet piece of Arabic handwriting. He had given it over for trans-

lation at the service and the result was astounding, for it was a memorandum about himself. When his people went to arrest the whore, she had disappeared; the search into her apartment produced another, larger, Arabic handwritten document, this time about the service, the KYP. This, he did not turn over to the service for translation, but gave it to one of his Lebanese friends, an arms trader named George. The deputy director was by now convinced that the Predator was deliberately slipping him the documents. Chances were not to be taken, however. Having retrieved both originals and all copies of the translations, he arranged for the KYP translator to die in a fatal traffic accident. The Lebanese, George, made headlines two days later, as he fell victim of assassination by "Libyan agents" who, after gunning him down at his home, vanished.

## Chapter Three

# About the KYP

The deputy director, having finished his coffee, was now looking at the sole existing copies of the two translations. He had burned the originals. Glancing attentively, he read over once again:

*"About the KYP:"*

"The Greek Central Intelligence Service, the KYP, is a rather laughable affair, whose justification for existence is not very clear to me.

"However, it has become worthy of note, since Dec. 23, 1975, when the CIA's Athens station chief Richard Welch was assassinated and the perpetrators never caught. From that date on, a considerable wave of terrorist activities took place in Greece, including 10 major domestic assassinations, 14 assassinations of foreigners, and over 250 bombings, until the date of this writing. Not one person has been arrested. Ineptitude, the most observable, striking, characteristic of the KYP, might be the explanation, were it not for an element which has been puzzling me, namely that each one of the major domestic assassinations was a well-timed removal of a critical personality, at a critical turning point of political events; and each assassination benefited not the assumed perpetrators, the totally fictitious, presumably 'anti-imperialist' 'N-17 Organization,' but rather the Trustees. The surgical precision of the political effects of all of these assassinations is impressive. The total failure to catch any perpetrators or to gain any knowledge of the 'N-17' terrorist organization, after 10 years of killings—this also is impressive.

"One of course must add to the 10 'terrorist executions' the twice as many accidental deaths of other crucial persons,

the timing of which had an equally precise and devastating political effect—also to the benefit of the Trustees. We are therefore faced with the ideal pair: an exceptionally refined and precise political assassination capability, side by side with an exceptionally inept and exceptionally laughable Central Intelligence Service. In no other country of the globe but in Greece has such a combination been observed since the Trustees began to move seriously, in 1966-67.

"Why has Colonel Dyslexakis so skillfully disseminated the self-deprecating designation of 'Inspector Clouseau' about his person?

"Syrian and Libyan intelligence are completely free to use Greek territory by agreement. Israeli intelligence also. The big leagues are, of course, all over the place. The best of the Trustees' field operatives from these sectors meet freely all over the 3,421 Aegean Islands, on Crete and Cyprus.

"I shall therefore attempt to identify exactly what the particular character of the KYP's 'ineptitude' is. What in the efficiency-oriented West is known as ineptitude, in the Levant has no application. The 'players' of Levantine cultural background, are not achievement-oriented. No 'objectives' are of any interest and there is no 'ineptitude' in achieving objectives. The play is the thing in the Levant, and beneath the play, the seething, hermetically concealed, secret world of memories, dreams, passions, and impulses of the players. To argue that the KYP has failed, as a service, to supply intelligence for the policy needs of its government, would be irrelevant. There is no policy and the government there, like in all the Levant, serves no policies. It serves the infernal, secret, needs of the Pit of the leading players. Break through the infinite care with which these passions have been concealed to resemble 'policies,' and you shall be able to pick up the threads.

"The KYP was founded in 1949 at the initiative of Thomas Karamessinis of the CIA (earlier, of the OSS), and its leadership, under General Natsinas, was all U.S.-trained. Its assigned mission had primarily been counterintelligence and protection of national security from foreign, communist, infiltration. As a result, over the years, the KYP became a very significant factor in domestic Greek politics, as the distinction between domestic dissidents and foreign agents was never clear in any statutory sense. The KYP often found itself competing for turf with the domestic Security Police, the branch formally assigned with suppression of internal enemies of the state.

"Rather than being an intelligence service providing for the information needs of the government (which in the case of Greece are both minimal and can be supplied courtesy of NATO), the KYP became an uncontrolled outfit of very low efficiency, total lack of professionalism, which, innocent of any sense of either purpose or competence, was free to roam and play the political game. Whenever a serious operation was required for United States or alliance interests, the KYP



was always a convenient and effective instrument. Although as a service it started as a United States client, over the years, British SIS influence grew, especially as the Cyprus crisis began exploding in the 1960s.

"KYP personnel number approximately 2,000, none of them distinguished for any professional proficiency other than an innate levantine capacity for intrigue—a traditional handicraft in this part of the globe. The top 200 ranks are, by statute, officers of the Armed Forces and the gendarmerie or the police. Of the remaining 1,800, approximately 300-400 are drawn from lower ranks of the armed services and the remaining 1,400-1,500 are civilians. In addition, it has a large number of agents and part-time informants, probably up to 10,000-15,000. Many of the KYP's past directors have complained that there are too many citizens who like to volunteer their services, information and gossip to the KYP. Historically, the communist and left parties are heavily infiltrated by KYP agents. As a result of this overabundance of informants, the KYP had, in the 1960s, compiled political dossiers for about 10 million individuals, out of a population of 8 million. They were compiling political dossiers for deceased citizens!"

"It has four directorates:

**"First Directorate, Intelligence.** Its principal source of acquiring intelligence about other nations of interest to Greece is by means of official information exchanges and reports of diplomatic attachés.

**"Second Directorate, Counterintelligence,** the "real" KYP. By far the largest directorate, politically the most active and meddlesome in manipulating domestic politics. Its assigned mission, per statute: 1) monitoring, identification, and neutralization of foreign espionage activities, 2) collection of data, in cooperation with other government agencies, pertaining to counterespionage, 3) cooperation with the intelligence services of other nations, 4) disinformation of hostile intelligence services, 5) c purpose of neutralizing espionage targets.

"Notably, the currently controversial Colonel Dyslexakis is director of the Second Directorate. G. Goat Vossis's earlier manipulator in the 1971(?) -to-1974 period was the then director of this directorate, Col. Constantine Daoudakis. brains of the 1964-65 ASPIDA conspiracy was its then-director Colonel Parapertos. The ASPIDA conspiracy involved over 250 officers, among whose ranks were included almost all the officers serving in this directorate. . . ."

Each time the deputy director read the mysterious report, he stopped at this point. Why was the Predator focusing on the ASPIDA affair, and why did he seem to somehow connect ASPIDA with the G. Goat Vossis Ploy? If he knew that, he would learn something about how the Predator's mind worked.

The report continued:

"Approximately 80% (1,500-1,600) of all KYP person-

nel serve in this directorate. Virtually all of the service's informants are this directorate's assets.

**"Third Directorate, Archive Maintenance.**

**"Fourth Directorate, Personnel and Administration.**

"KYP has permanent regional offices in the following cities: Athens, Thessalonica, Yannina, Patras, Rhodes, Mytilene and Alexandroupolis. It also has temporary 'echelons' according to mission, in various other locations of the country. When the socialist government of the Premier was elected into office, in October 1981, the following reorganization was effected: An innocuous, and inoffensive, retired Lt. Gen. Gregg Pauletes was appointed chief. He is a trusted family friend of the deputy defense minister, Gen. Johnny Cool, and of the Premier. His virtue is that he doesn't know and doesn't wish to know, but will do anything the deputy defense minister and the Premier tell him to do. The post of deputy chief went to Brigadier Willi Grastis, a military incompetent who was retired by the junta, exiled himself to Italy during the Premier's years of exile, where he established contacts with the Propaganda-2 masonic lodge of Dr. Kissinger.

"As a result of Colonel Dyslexakis's intrigue, deputy director to head the Second Directorate was Brigadier Michael Deodatakis; chief of staff for the directorate was another non-entity, Brigadier Kallas. Dyslexakis himself picked the post of chief of the Security Section of the directorate, chief of the counterterror unit, and liaison with the CIA. It suddenly emerged that the 1981 hierarchical structure of the KYP was manufactured to be a mere buffer, composed of non-entities, which provided cover for Dyslexakis. The arrangement was made possible by Dyslexakis' mysterious hold over the Premier and the Premier's private secretary, Xyangas.

"The assassination of the ranking American intelligence officer in Athens, Captain Tsantes, took place in December of 1983, and immediately afterward, Colonel Dyslexakis, Xyangas, and the Premier moved to radically alter the public laws governing the KYP. According to our information at the time, Dyslexakis persuaded the Premier that without such a move and reorganization, the planned legal 'coup d'état' against the President of the Republic, Constantine Copronymos, would be impossible. The new law was rammed through Feb. 7, 1984. Xyangas, within days, had 'Dane Crystal' appointed to the state-owned National Television Organization, with instructions to commence certain operations among journalists. Three weeks later, the KYP's Deputy Chief Brigadier Willi Grastis, was forced by Dyslexakis to resign.

"The remainder of 1984 unfolded with extraordinary developments. For the first time in memory, the Greek government prohibited the entry into the country of the CIA's deputy director, after repeated requests. A dramatic increase of terrorist bombings, targeting foreign embassies and domestic national institutions, maintained the center stage of public

attention. Dyslexakis appeared to be the person orchestrating the entire activity, which included the near assassination of the head of the opposition party. The KYP successfully orchestrated two fake military coup d'état threats and, with help from the CIA, thwarted a third one which was real. Dyslexakis's activities acquired a new element of intrigue when Igor Andropov arrived in Athens as Soviet ambassador.

"This particular campaign culminated with the assassination, on Feb. 21, 1985, of an intimate personal friend of President of the Republic Copronymos, a widely respected publisher named George Montferrat. Dyslexakis had arranged for delivery to President Copronymos of certain audiotape blackmail materials pertaining to his compromised role in the 1974 Cyprus invasion—at exactly the moment that his friend Montferrat was being felled by a hail of bullets. The affair resulted in the President's resignation, immediately followed by premature elections in which the Premier won by an artificially manufactured landslide.

"Immediately after the June 1985 election, Dyslexakis made himself deputy director of the KYP in charge of the Second Directorate, dismissing Brigadier Michael Deodaktakis. He also recalled from the embassy in Washington an Air Force brigadier nicknamed "Philip of Macedon," a fool under the influence of Leonard Boudin, back to Athens, and named him deputy director at large. General Pauletes, the innocuous, obedient chief of the service, remained as traffic manager of messages between Colonel Dyslexakis, the Premier's secretary Xyangas, and the deputy defense minister.

"Dyslexakis, the official permanent liaison with the CIA, elevated himself to near notoriety in the ranks of the service, approximately one week after the most interesting defection to the CIA, of GRU Col. Sergei Bokhan, who had operated under the cover of first secretary of Mr. Igor Andropov's embassy in Athens. What remains to be seen is what, if anything, Dyslexakis now intends to do with the KYP. So far, he appears to have had extraordinary success in creating, in the public's mind, the illusion of a formidable, invincible, clandestine terrorist organization which conducts spectacular bombing operations. Within the spectacular tensions of these bombing campaigns, Dyslexakis's agents and cut-outs carry out precise political assassinations. For example, the assassin of publisher Montferrat, according to our inquiry, turns out to be a psychotic but highly skilled murderer who was in jail awaiting execution of his death penalty. He accepted the contract to kill Montferrat on the promise that the death sentence would be waived. He is still alive and in jail.

"We must therefore pose the hypothesis that every single incident of terrorism in Greece, fatal or otherwise, from the Dec. 23, 1974 assassination of CIA station chief Richard Welch, to date, have been carried out, not by any clandestine terrorist organization, but either by KYP professionals or by other, non-service, commercial professionals under contract by Dyslexakis's KYP and allied foreign agencies. If this

hypothesis is eventually verified, further conclusions ought to be drawn respecting the Trustees and the Trust."

The deputy director finished his reading and once again puzzled over what this "Trust" and "the Trustees" business might be. They were a puzzle to him as big as the Predator himself. If this whole weird affair did in fact pose a threat to him, as he suspected, he would have to learn. Not only about the Predator, but also about the others. There is no enemy you cannot befriend—this is the only eternal truth the deputy director subscribed to, but he thought he had a problem now. Should he befriend the Predator or the Trustees, whoever either might be? Unless he learned who both were, he couldn't know which of the two was stronger, and therefore wouldn't know whom to befriend, and this would be a mistake. He was about to light a cigarette, when his train of thought was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

"Colonel," the voice said, "'Dane Crystal' is being held incommunicado at the Security Police headquarters."

"What do you mean, incommunicado?"

"Mr. Xyangas made three inquiries with the cops and all they told him was that it is now in the hands of the Public Inquest Authorities."

"The *who*?" the deputy director shouted.

"You heard me, Colonel. We shall be reading the text of 'Dane Crystal's' full testimony in the newspapers Monday. We have no access, and Mr. Xyangas has no access."

"Leave Xyangas out of it. What do our people inside police headquarters say?"

"No access. Baskinakis has them all marked and they are assigned to street duty for the week. It's sealed. Nobody knows what 'Dane Crystal' is saying."

"Tell our people in the press to start screaming about police brutality, charge that 'Dane Crystal' is being tortured, the works. Start now, and I am coming in. Tell Xyangas to wait right there," the deputy director said, and he got up to leave. In his hurry, he left behind, on the kitchen table, the Predator's other note, the one with the heading "Lt.-Col. John Dyslexakis." It was the sole existing copy, and it would not be there when he returned home that evening. His wife would find it, and keep it to herself, feigning ignorance.

*Editors' note: There is a break in the mutilated manuscript at this point, and then the following two disjointed notes:*

"... 'Dane Crystal,' in his official deposition 48 hours after his arrest, confessed that he was for at least eight years an agent of the KYP. . . ."

"... Colonel John Dyslexakis and 'Dane Crystal' had been arrested together, and quickly released, by the Security Police in a routine anti-terror dragnet (in December 1984). . . ."

*To be continued*