

Gentlemen Judges,

When this trial began, we had, like you, made the decision not to take part in the debates, not to defend ourselves; we knew that two things were going to take place in this trial; a comedy would be played out and a crime would be committed. Both could just as well have been done without us.

Of course, it was never a real trial. It was clear from the outset and to everyone that this trial was to be nothing more than a continuation of that tragic monologue, that monologue which began when the Greek armed forces were gagged and thrown into concentration camps, that monologue which has never ceased since then, that monologue which still resonates in the infected airwaves of Cairo radio and in the three-column nonsense of the Egyptian dailies.

And then in this trial we were not supposed to see judges and accused confront each other. You know perfectly well that we have the conscience of the accused no more than you have the conscience of the judge. In this trial two adversaries were to face each other and indeed did face each other. And as for the adversaries, you are certainly not the ones with whom we would have to measure ourselves....

And despite this we still agreed to participate in this trial and if not to defend ourselves at least to speak. We told ourselves that for us there was one more fight here and that we know how to fight both when we have weapons and when we don't. We told ourselves again that we are going to break this monologue, yes, whether you like it or not, we are going to break it. Of course we have few illusions. We knew very well in advance that around this courtroom a zone of implacable silence would be ordered, we also knew that someone arriving here would have to obtain the approval of the Police of three different States, we knew that the only possible connection between this courtroom and the international press would be the official bulletin of the Greek Second Bureau.

Yet we are going to break this monologue. We are going to break it because you yourselves will be forced to become our spokesperson, as paradoxical as that may seem to you. Whether you like it or not, you will soon be spreading the deep impression that the superb words of little Fournari made on you a few minutes ago, when he shouted to you in his honest and childish voice: "...and if you do not kill me, and if I live another hundred years, and if a hundred times the need arises again to revolt and raise arms against traitors to save my country, I will not hesitate to do so." This voice you will have a hard time stifling. You can shut forever the mouth that uttered these words. But tonight and every day when you think of talking about this trial you will suddenly feel with fear that your aplomb has diminished, you will realize that you are slipping, that you are losing your steps as if you had suddenly entered an unknown, improbable and incomprehensible territory. For such is the power of truth and moral courage.

This is why we have decided after all to participate in the trial, this is why I too have decided to plead. I will try as much as possible not to touch unnecessarily the idols that you have erected in the depths of your hearts, I will not take advantage of the rights of the defense to seek cheap revenge by soiling your taboos. You can rest assured that this famous name that you have prevented me with such determination from mentioning during the debates, I will not mention it now that you can no longer prevent me. I do not need it. Your Gods do not interest me. To the cries I will not respond with cries. I will respond with arguments.

There was once a Greek state. If this state managed to survive the cataclysm of 1941, it owes it to twenty thousand Greeks with indomitable souls, who for three years crossed the waters of our destinies to come to the Middle East and continue the fight against international fascism.

When the soil of our homeland was trampled from one end to the other by the invader, there remained to continue the existence of the Greek state only these twenty thousand free Greeks, these stubborn fighters who intended to give to the fire that was devastating the world, all that they had not yet given in Albania, in Roupel, on Mount Olympus and on the island of Crete.

These twenty thousand Greeks plus the few thousand mobilized from among the Greeks abroad were going to form three infantry brigades, equip fifty-two warships, form three squadrons of airplanes. This is certainly not much. But proportionally it is undoubtedly a result much superior to that which any other occupied state has been able to present.

Thirty thousand Greek bayonets of the most glorious kind. One could very well claim that they represented the Greek State, Free Greece. What remains at this moment of this state? What remains of this prodigious emergence from the occupied land of a people never subjugated.

A few deserters and hashish smokers who were taken out of prisons to make room for the anti-fascists, a few hundred police who are employed to guard us and a few hundred more lost souls. There are perhaps in addition a few hundred weak-willed men, especially career non-commissioned officers, who walked part of the way with us, got tired, and terrified by the very magnitude of the struggle to which they were far from accustomed, were dropped off at the first crossroads.

How many are there? In the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, how many are left? Two? Three thousand? The most generous calculation, based on the sorting done in the concentration camps, cannot exceed these figures?

And the others? What happened to those thirty thousand fighters that our enslaved mother sent to fight the conqueror on this foreign land?

Do you really want to know what happened to them? Go to the people who run the Greek Gestapo in Cairo and Alexandria, the euphemistically called Second Bureau, go to a car and take a ride in the Egyptian desert. And when you see barbed wire, gatehouses and sentinels stop and look more closely.

You will then see, in most cases, between a crowd of German and Italian prisoners of war, among insolent swastikas and double-headed Eagles, over there behind the tents the white and the blue.

And if you have the leisure and the means, go and make a little journey to Palestine, to Syria, to Libya and to the Sudan, to Malta and to Algeria, and even to England and to India. In every prison, in every space fenced with barbed wire, behind every guarded door, you will have many chances to meet Greek fighters from Albania, from Macedonia and from the seas, Greeks, from those who once belonged to that marvelous legion of daredevils who fled from every cape and every fold of our shores and who managed to arrive on the other side in spite of every law of reason or nature.

When did all these Greeks enter the prisons and concentration camps? They did not all enter during the last uprising. They entered during the dissolution of the 2nd Brigade, in July 43, they entered with the "events" of the cruiser "Averof" in Bombay, they entered with the crowd of "undesirables" who each time left the ships and army units to take the road to the prison or the camp.

Finally, all those who remained after this endless series of attacks by a band of fascists and fifth-colonists against the armed Greek forces of the Middle East, all those who remained after the innumerable purges from 1941 to 1944, were thrown into the concentration camps of the African deserts on the occasion of the events of April 1944.

This is the tragic account of the work of the Governments of Cairo from May 41 to this day.

The highest medal of Hitler's Germany is the Iron Cross. This medal is awarded by Hitler himself to the author of an extraordinary feat during the war and it has been established among others that a submarine commander who would have sunk two hundred thousand tons of Allied ships is a feat worthy of the Iron Cross. I wonder therefore what medal Hitler would have awarded to those who succeeded in dissolving an Allied army of thirty thousand front-line men.

This feat, which no German submarine commander could have accomplished, was accomplished by a band of Greek quislings, who constitute what is called the Greek Government of Cairo.

These men who did Hitler's work in our ranks, these men who by means of consecutive persecutions dissolved the Greek armed forces abroad, we refuse to recognize them as the legitimate Government of our country.

And this Tribunal that emanates from such a Government, we refuse to recognize it as a legal tribunal of our homeland. For us all those who recognize this Government are accomplices in the crime of the dissolution of the Greek armed forces and are responsible for it before the Greek people.

Everyone is free to attribute to whomever they wish this ultimate decline of our national prestige and of the Greek state. A fact that no one can ignore remains: Greece handed over thirty thousand fighters to a Government and this Government is giving back to Greece two thousand bodyguards.

So many Greek soldiers could never be disbanded without betrayal somewhere. Where is this betrayal? Where should we look for it? In the ranks of the tens of thousands of heroes of Albania and Pindos or among the few dozen political adventurers who paraded during those sad years through the luxurious offices of the ministries and the chic retreats of the nightclubs of Cairo and Alexandria?

This is a question that stands irreducible and definitive before every Greek patriot. No political sophism, no judicial discovery can dismiss it.

Who did they betray? The few or the thousands? Those who came to Egypt to fight for Greece or those who came to administer it?

Since there is treason, one of the two must be true. Either a clique of men with unmentionable interests has betrayed him, or the Greek nation has, in the space of a few years, fallen so low that thirty thousand of its best fighters have suddenly changed and become traitors and renegades of their own war and their own past sacrifices. If you prefer to adopt the second conjuncture, we find that for the sake of national honor, we must accept the first.

No. It is not possible that the Greek soldiers and sailors betrayed. It is not possible that these pure children of the Greek people who threw themselves against the tanks in Albania and sometimes managed to stop them with blankets and bayonets, were transformed from one moment to the next into cowards and deserters. Such a situation would be the most deadly insult against the Greek people.

I would be curious to see when these sad individuals arrive tomorrow at the first Greek coast and are arrested by the "who lives" of the partisan, what they will find to answer to this cry which will come out of thousands of anemic chests of the mothers and orphans of Greece: "Where is the army that we have entrusted to you?"

Will the men of Cairo dare then to repeat their odious accusation? Will they dare to claim before the Greek people that the thousands of their sons, moved by mysterious and indecipherable forces, have suddenly found themselves at the lowest point of human decadence, at the state of the man who betrays his country?

For ultimately? Gentlemen, it is not a question of the twenty of us whom you are judging today or of the fifty or a hundred whom you will judge tomorrow or the day after. It is a question of the tens of thousands who, instead of being on the battlefields at this moment, are in concentration camps and prisons.

Someone might be found who would venture a naive argument. He would say: "No, we have never said that the tens of thousands of Greek fighters are traitors. The traitors are a few, very few, who have nevertheless succeeded in imposing themselves on others by material or psychological constraint.

Yes; that is what they wrote in their newspapers, that is what Captain Toumba repeated to anyone who would listen, from the loudspeaker of his speedboat during the siege of the ships in the port of Alexandria. So much so that, victims of their propaganda, they, it seems, believed in their pious desire themselves and succeeded in convincing even their great protectors, the English.

And one day they came to the camp of Fanara where three thousand sailors, non-commissioned officers and officers were interned until that moment. They came precisely to take away from us this mass of their loyal subjects whom we held, according to them, by constraint.

And then this incredible thing happened. It was, I must say, one of the greatest moments of my life, one of those moments when man suddenly realizes the full meaning of his existence and his destiny, one of those rare events when the heart of man is flooded with an enormous wave of optimism for the future of humanity. One of those unique incidents when man sees, in a flash, the layer of pettiness that suffocates the world leap and a terrible and magnificent Prometheus spring forth from that crater.

For seven days they cut off our food and opened the gates. We were, as I told you, three thousand men of the Navy divided into a series of concentration camps, 150 to 400 in each camp. Both camps populated an empty camp. No communication possible.

Next to each door our great English allies ostentatiously placed a stretcher. Seven days without eating and the doors open. We collapsed, we did not move. The "constraint" was still at play in this strange prison camp.

Finally, believing that seven days of hunger would have finally overcome the most powerful conflict, on the morning of the eighth day they came. They came with two

companies of infantry and a few dozen 25-ton tanks. They entered each camp one after the other and read what I am going to read to you.

(He presents to the Tribunal the identical piece of paper that the English had left in his camp and he reads):

"The English authorities do not wish to interfere in the internal political affairs of Greece. As, however, we have information that many loyal sailors remain in this camp against their will and as a result of pressure which is being exerted on them by the rebels, we want to give everyone the opportunity to choose freely. You have therefore three minutes of time. All those who agree to declare their submission to the Royal Hellenic Government in Cairo can go and collect their baggage and leave. They will be immediately released and transported to their respective units. The others will remain in this camp until we find a way to transport them to join their comrades of like minds. Finally, the latter will be transported outside Egyptian territory."

Two, three minutes passed in a dead silence, and then... they read their paper again. They assured everyone again that those who come out will have nothing to fear and will reach their units completely free.

They gave another ten-minute deadline, they extended it... someone stood up, livid... another... head down, furtive and slow movements, they grabbed their bags, they left. Then... nobody and nothing... bare chests swelled in triumph and... suddenly the concentration camp resounded with the first verses of our national anthem.

And the foreign bayonets went away with their pitiful prey. They went to the next camp...

The most bizarre plebiscite ever known in history.

Anyone who declared his loyalty to the Cairo Government automatically regained his freedom and left the camp under the protection of two infantry companies and several dozen tanks. Anyone who refused to recognize the Royal Cairo Government remained in the concentration camp where he had already spent seven days without eating, entered a new circle of adventures and was threatened with being transported outside Egypt.

Result: out of three thousand internees, 52 sailors and non-commissioned officers and 20 officers left. Proportion 2 1/2%.

That the English Gentlemen, despite their categorical assurance that those of us who would have remained there would have joined the other Greeks who have the same opinions as us, have precisely delivered a part of us to those who have opinions contrary to ours, is another story for which in due time the necessary explanations will one day be requested.

In reality, this constitutes not only a flagrant violation of the given word but also an extradition of political prisoners which goes against every principle of international law and morality.

But what should be remembered from this curious plebiscite is that out of three thousand, 2928 preferred to deprive themselves of their freedom with no clear date for it to resume and endure the regime of an English concentration camp than to recognize a government of traitors and quislings.

But I still have a question to ask: What would have happened if I, for example, taking advantage of the "freedom of choice" that our great democratic allies were granting us at this moment, declared my submission to the Royal Government and stepped out of the barbed wire to become a free man and "return to my unit" in accordance with the injunctions of this paper? In such an eventuality, what would have become of these terrible things of which you accuse me, the rebellion, the murders, the attempt to blow up the boats, the high treason? All these things took place before the plebiscite of the Fanara camp, not after. And yet this beautiful morning in Fanara I had the possibility with a simple declaration of loyalty, or even without declaration but with a simple tacit consent, to get up take my bag and "return free to my unit". And despite all the murders, the rebellions, the sabotage of the war effort and the high treason, I would not have been in this courtroom right now. In other words, if I am here now I owe it to the fact that at one point I refused to follow 72 cowards and chose to stay with 2,928 of my fellow soldiers, to the fact that one morning I refused to shout "Long live the King".

What am I accused of, can you tell me? I'm not smart enough to understand it. Is it because I rebelled in a time of war or because in front of the bayonets of an all-powerful Empire I refused to applaud the Caesar?

This is what we call "trialogue", a term which has since designated a new weapon discovered in the arsenal of reaction. At the first Brigade "trialogue" took on another form. Four thousand men were forced to pass through a corridor flanked by barbed wire in front of two doors. One led into a concentration camp surrounded by wire, sentry boxes and machine guns. The other gave access to free space. In front of this second door there was a long table and on the table sweets and oranges. And behind this table the most unusual spectacle imaginable. Senior officers of the Greek army in the role of election criers: "This way guys".

Of these four thousand men, 400-500 chose the door that led to freedom - approximately 3,600 chose the concentration camp, the prison and perhaps, who knows, a fascist bullet, rather than selling their conscience to a treacherous gang which grants itself the title of Greek Government.

??If we add to this the crews of "PINDOS" and "LIMNOS" which also came en bloc into the barbed wire and underwent a separate "triage" with a loss of only 20 men, the crews which were at the moment in England, and who, as Mr. Churchill was careful to inform us by his declaration in the House of Commons, "left their boats"; the crews from Malta who also took the same path which leads to the barbed wire; if we let us add the armored regiment, which stood up entirely like a proud soul around its hero, Colonel SIOTIS, and which arrived intact and without any loss at the concentration camp; if we add the eighth battalion, the famous eighth battalion, the battalion of the undesirables who arrived in the number of two thousand men and who found themselves isolated in the desert of Tripolitania; if we add the numerous other units and auxiliary services which were transported from the four corners of the Middle East and locked up in the new Hitlerian penal camps which dot the desert of Bardia as far as the Suez Canal, approximately twenty thousand men prefer, I repeat, to deprive themselves of their freedom rather than to approve a criminal Government and a band of agents of Hambro.

Greece has locked itself in concentration camps, Your Lordships, and these miserable hundreds of men who are outside are not even our guards, they are the servants of our guards.

I would like to ask again: What are these twenty thousand men who are at this very moment behind the barbed wire? Traitors or people deceived by traitors? If they are traitors, why don't you reintegrate them into their boats and units to fight the enemy under your aegis?

Are these men innocent or guilty?

No, they are none of those things. They are what the Second Brigade has been since it was dissolved in July 1943, what the victims of gas from the destroyer YERAX, the purges of MIAOULI, PINDE etc. are. They are what all Greek armed forces in the Middle East are: UNWANTED.

This is indeed a simple situation measuring the intelligence of a small child. 9/10 of the army are undesirable to the Government and the Government is undesirable to 9/10 of the army. What should we do? A little child would have answered: The army cannot change; the government changes.

But the Government does not intend to change. The Government reaches a Machiavellian agreement with a foreign power, mortgages the economic future of the country, locks up with the help of foreign divisions the 9/10 resistant members in concentration camps and remains... It stays with the 1/10. It prefers to reduce Greece's contribution to the war to one tenth than to sacrifice its unspeakable interests.

We were accused of having detained three warships in the port and thus even indirectly benefiting the enemy. How and why these three warships were stopped in the port of Alexandria is known to everyone and I will explain it to you shortly. But I ask you: Who then gives advantage to the enemy? The one who immobilizes three warships for three weeks or the one who immobilizes tens of thousands of fighters who ask to be sent into combat for three years.

And as it is possible that the systematic forgers of lies will go so far as to challenge the will of these men to fight, I will, while leaving aside all the other documents, communications, writings exchanged during the siege of the boats etc., and confining myself to the events that I myself experienced, read to you a memorandum that we sent from the Fanara camp to the British Minister for the Middle East with copies to the Legations of the United States, the U.S.S.R. and the French Political Committee.

(He reads a memorandum of several pages in which internal Greek forces request to be transported to any front to fight the enemy. They declare that they are ready to raise anchor and embark within 24 hours. In the event that England does not want to use these forces, they ask other allies to transport them and assign them to any land or sea front.)

It goes without saying that no response was ever given to this memorandum.

We put aside for a moment every other aspect of the question, every other examination of cause and effect, every political argument and we ask: These men are asking to fight. No court has convicted them, no disciplinary punishment has been inflicted on them, no legal action has been taken against them. They are soldiers and they ask to fight.

These men constitute 90% of the former Greek forces. And they ask to reintegrate their units.

Finally, these men are the most experienced in war, they constitute the true elite of our armed forces.

And I defy anyone to deny that point.

When the cleaning of the destroyer Yerax took place, Captain TOUMBA himself declared: YERAX is no longer a warship, it is a school.

Captain Fifas, commander of PINDOS, once said: "My crew is the best in the fleet."

And one day this crew sent Fifas under escort to the military prison. Now this unique crew, made up of sailors with five and six years of experience, this irreplaceable crew is in a concentration camp.

Potamianos had repeatedly stated in the report: The best crews in the fleet are the crews of Miaouli and Kriti.

The Kriti crew is today accused, among other things, of having imprisoned Potomianos and part of it is in this room, another is in the Tahag concentration camp and the largest is in a camp in Bardia.

As for the Miaouli crew, whose current residence I do not know, it was indeed one of the best in the fleet and I agree on this with Mr. Potamianos. He was one of the best in the fight against external fascism and also showed himself to be one of the best in the fight against internal fascism.

When the first purge of Pindos took place, where the sailor Pantelias and five others left as undesirables, I served on board this boat and it was unanimously noted that the combativeness of the ship decreased by 20%. To convince the sailor Pantelias to leave the ship, he was offered a place that would be the envy of ambushers around the world, the place of mechanic in the private speedboat of the Admiral of the Fleet. Pantelias, worthy upholder of the tradition of Albanian fighters, insisted on remaining in his boat and continuing the war. For this he went to court and was sentenced to a year and a half in prison. At the trial both the commander and the first lieutenant on board testified that Pantelias was a model of a disciplined and hardworking sailor.

During the events of P.K.P., when around thirty sailors who had been expelled from different boats as undesirable, went to protest to the then Minister of the Navy, Mr. Venizelos, the latter told them: " I have the best and most flattering details from your captains".

These are the men who are in concentration camps today. After having proven that quantitatively they constitute the immense majority, we now prove that qualitatively they are the flower of our armed forces.

And these men who are not convicted by any court, who are not punished, who are not the subject of any investigation, are asking to fight.

Why aren't they given the means to fight?

And the others? The others with whom Papandreou is now trying to equip the boats for the famous reorganization of our armed forces?

These are a well-known and distinct category of men. These are those who have never set foot on a war ship, the declared or latent deserters, the depraved people of the Middle East, those who, being three years Caesar's friends, had monopolized the most remote and secure places in the endless and varied game of land services that were created in Egypt.

And with that a few hundred Greeks from Egypt, whom I certainly cannot overwhelm, but who are more or less indifferent to the political events in Greece - they have not

experienced the drama of our country, they have not felt it and they lack both political and warlike experience.

And here is the crime against the Greek nation that we denounce to the Greek patriots, to the people of our allies, to the free men of the earth. The preface to this crime was the dictatorship of Metaxas, the main act, the three years of the Middle East and the epilogue the assassinations of April and today's process.

Such an observer not versed in the political affairs of Greece would have asked: "It is understood, there is a betrayal somewhere. I also accept that tens of thousands of Greek soldiers, descendants of the 300 of Leonidas and the heroes of 21 could not transform by magic from one moment to the next into traitors and deserters. But on the other hand it is difficult to understand how and for what reason, the others, however few the 10 or the 20 who passed to the Cairo Ministries, which commanded our armed forces in the Middle East, were able to commit a crime as phenomenal as the dissolution of an entire army."

I must admit that I too would have made the same reflection, if in January 1943, at the moment when I arrived in the Middle East, a war volunteer from a distant colony, I suddenly found myself in the room of a tribunal like this one.

I came then with the baggage of enthusiasm and pure patriotism of Greeks abroad, I came to serve in the Free Greek Forces and that said it all.

I thought I would find here this atmosphere of brotherhood which would have surrounded an army which fights for freedom, for the freedom of its country and for the freedom of the whole world.

I thought I would find an anti-fascist army here, an army that fights not only for a military victory against the enemy, but for a better tomorrow, for a more just society.

On August 4, it was officially condemned. The international press and radio stations trumpeted the universal crusade against fascism. They raised high before the surprised eyes of humanity the ideological standards of the current war: Freedom, deliverance of the people from all tyranny, political or economic. A better society, a new life. Not only liberation of the states from the foreign invader but liberation of the masses from local enslavers.

At this time, we search in vain in the speeches of political leaders for the words: Germany, Italy. In their place we found the words: Fascism, Nazism, dictatorship, tyranny.

An anti-fascist momentum was stirring the universe.

The most progressive slogans were written on the flags of the Allies.

It is under such a flag that I came to line up, a war volunteer coming from a colony in which Greece not only had not mobilized its nationals, but in which not even the sad Ministers of Cairo knew how to identify on a geographic map.

I came to fight - also to give something to the total struggle of our people, to the struggle of all people for freedom.

And instead of finding the pure air of faith and fraternity of a legion of liberators, I found the infected and suffocating atmosphere of a nursery of praetorians. Instead of finding the anti-fascist army I dreamed of, I found an army infected by a band of political adventurers, fifth columnists and vulgar traitors, who were slowly and systematically carrying out their horrible crime against our homeland.

The veil was torn and I saw clearly. I realized in a flash precisely why the Greek Armed Forces of the Middle East had been created.

The Greek Armed Forces of the Middle East were created for two main reasons:

The first: To create places and career opportunities for senior officers who were coming from occupied Greece in numbers varying in direct proportion to the evolution of the chances of war. To form the pedestal for the wandering of political adventurers of all kinds who for a century have learned to negotiate Greece on the counter of their partisan traffic.

The second and most important: Establish a body of mercenary praetorians and thus prepare the dynamic means of their political survival once they arrive in Greece after the liberation.

At the top of the conspiracy was a clique of proven fascists who aimed and are aiming at the establishment after the war of a fascist and plutocratic dictatorship with Georges Glyxbourg, the son of Constantine the Boche, at the head (uproar...). Around them a clique of bankrupt politicians, long accustomed to getting tangled in the murky waters of petty mayoral politics.

Authority and force, this clique draws its power from the generous reservoirs of a foreign power, or rather from certain financial circles of a foreign power, interested above all in having loyal agents in post-war Greece. and capable expeditioners of C.E.I. and their banking combinations.

In its path of betrayal and vassalage, the Government of Cairo was moving further and further away from the Greek people.

The Greek people were not interested in the Habro-Tsouderos high finance schemes. The Greek people marched in a unanimous uprising against the invader. Already at the

end of 1941 the first nuclei of resistance were formed and the National Liberation Front (E.A.M.) was created, which was to play such a sublime role in the work of liberation.

Since the first moments of its creation, the E.A.M. embraced the overwhelming majority of the Greek people, this people thirsty for the fight to leave the conqueror. In no other country, with the sole possible exception of Yugoslavia, has the liberation movement taken on such a universal form. It was no longer the underground action of conspirators, it was the cosmogonic spasm of an entire people who do not accept the chains of slavery.

The E.A.M. succeeded in those glorious days of March 1943 in mobilizing 300,000 men in the streets of Athens and Piraeus and suddenly foiled the civilian recruitment of the Germans and the extension of the Bulgarian occupation. The E.A.M. raised the Peloponnese and prevented the concentration of wheat, the E.A.M. with its consecutive mass struggles in the large centers obtained the general application of that which ensures the biological survival of our people, finally the E.A.M. brought together on the mountains an entire army, well organized and well equipped, the heroic E.L.A.S. which comes alive in the valleys, sings a thousand times of our homeland, the ancient of our race, which rings on our summits the thousand-year-old call and galvanizes the soul of the nation, which saves Greece from this wave of collaboration and of fraternization with the invader who swept through the first months of the occupation from one end of the country to the other and threatened to drown every trace of national consciousness. The E.L.A.S. which blew up the Gorgopotamos bridge and prevented the transportation of German reinforcements to the Libyan front, the E.L.A.S. who, through the famous sabotage of the summer of 1943, executed with incredible precision his part in the great diversion plan of the English C.G. the day before the Allied landing in Sicily, the E.L.A.S. which liberated two thirds of the Greek countryside, the E.L.A.S. who, at this very moment that you are judging the fighters of Albania and the seas, is fighting hand to hand with the invader and giving its best children to the sacred struggle of our people.

The German military commander of Athens once told a meeting of journalists:

What is happening here is incredible. In all conquered countries we know that we are dealing with a certain group of revolutionaries, a certain number of spies. Our security service takes care of it and we have peace of mind. It's impossible to balance here. Here we have to deal with seven million eyes following us night and day, here we have before us an entire people of saboteurs.

Who organized this unique movement of resistance?

It was organized by those who believed in the anti-fascist struggle. Those who had the duty to fight fascism long before the world war of 1939 was declared. Those who, when

Munich politics reigned in the world, took to the streets and sounded the alarm. Those who had already fought with Hitler's hordes in Spain.

These are the people who organized the resistance, who took control of the levers. Yesterday, here, a witness came before you. This witness was unlike the others. As he explained to you, he had no objection to the goals of the movement, he had no criticism to make about what we did, he did not question our patriotism and did not want to dispute that our eventual success would have beneficial results for the national cause. But he had one cardinal objection. He did not agree with the people we chose as leaders.

Likewise, many of you admire, I am sure, the work of our national resistance, but you would undoubtedly have an important objection - its leaders.

I will give the same answer to this that I gave to the witness in question.

In this type of popular struggle, Your Lordships, there is no plebiscite. In this type of struggle, the one who believes in it more inevitably and unavoidably comes out on top.

The more the Popular revolutionary movement strengthened in Greece, the more asserted the reaction in the Middle East and the deeper the pit of our national split became.

The reaction in the Middle East had to lead the fight on two fronts:

- 1) Strike by any means the popular liberation movement growing in Greece.
- 2) Politically appropriate the Greek forces of the Middle East in order to be sure to use them to impose themselves in Greece when the moment of the final combat with the E.A.M. would come.

To achieve the first she used two means:

- a) The conspiracy of silence
- b) Collaboration with the invader.

To achieve the second objective, the famous purges of undesirables were implemented.

As for the first of the means just listed, the famous conspiracy of silence, I do not need a long exposition. At the same time when all the occupied countries of Europe were putting their national resistance movement in the most beautiful of their storefronts, at the same time when the most insignificant feat of arms in Belgium or Norway was transformed into a radio broadcast or a film, at the same time that Oradour was becoming a national symbol in France, any mention, however innocuous, of the word "E.A.M." was forbidden in the Greek newspapers of Egypt under penalty of prosecution. At the same time that each occupied country was taking care to register its mortgage on

the future Allied victory for the most insignificant of sabotages, the fatal Greek Government in Cairo hid from the world the unique exploit in the annals of this war: The failure of civil mobilization. At the same time when the nation was delirious with enthusiasm for having been freed from this scourge ravaging the other occupied countries, His Majesty's Ministers sent urgent directives to the Free Greek Radio of Jerusalem to strike this subject from its programs.

And you talk about national demands. But on what basis are you going to base these national demands, if not on the contribution of our resistance. Do you really believe that at tomorrow's peace conference there will be so much interest in your titles as police officers and military judges in the Middle East?

The second means that the Cairo Government used to get the better of our national resistance movement was indirect collaboration and then direct collaboration with the enemy.

This work began with the slogan that resistance to the invader was useless and harmful, that with modern means of warfare the maquis is a pure utopia, that the Germans should not be irritated. Our brave professionals, our generals, our colonels, our political leaders, our entire "dominant class", advised abstention and wait-and-see. They believed they were stifling the resistance movement with grocer's calculation and indifference.

And when they saw that the resistance movement was spreading invincibly with each passing quarter of an hour and that their "dominant class" was further isolating itself, when they saw the milestone of national honor rising high between the streets of patriots and the palaces of debauchery and opprobrium, then they turned the tide.

It was then that they launched the "nationalist" resistance. It was then that Brigadier Eddie came to revive General Zervas in the roulette gambling dens and the brothel waiting rooms, filled him with gold books and sent him to the mountains of Greece to resist... the E.A.M. It was then that the P.A.O., the E.K.K.A., and the E.D.E.S. appeared on the scene, as many mercenary organizations which had no other goal than to strike the E.A.M. and build up a force capable of seizing power after the departure of the Germans.

Control of supplies of weapons, food and money gave them all the necessary means to carry out this sinister plan.

And here are the results of this campaign: After three years of boycott from outside and systematic attacks from within, the E.A.M. has eleven divisions of regular troops and all the other partisan groups put together only a few hundred armed men.

To this day no one has disputed that the overwhelming majority of the maquis belong to the E.A.M. The staunchest enemies of the E.A.M. do not dare to reduce the percentage of this majority below 75%. Mr. Eden himself declared in the first days of April 1944 in the House of Commons that the E.A.M. has three quarters of the partisan groups in action on the Greek mountains.

Nobody today disputes the fact that the mountains of Greece belong to the E.A.M. What's more, the Mountains have become synonymous with the resistance of the E.A.M. It is our enemies themselves who grant us the titles of sovereignty over the mountains. The newspaper "Anatoli" in its editorial the day before yesterday, wanting to attack the E.A.M. attacks "Mountains".

Mr. Papandreou is free to describe this as "monopolization of the struggle", where I come from, this is called the trust of the people.

A popular struggle, a struggle embracing the nation, honorable gentlemen, cannot be monopolized; she lets herself be guided by those who constitute her natural avant-garde.

Why then did EDES also fail to monopolize the resistance? EDES where the latter partisan received one gold pound per month at the same time when the rebels of E.L.A.S. walked barefoot and spent the winter without blankets?

Can they tell us these learned people who examine the Greek people day by day and diagnose their political opinions with such precision, can they tell us what demonic magic trick the E.A.M. pursues his adversaries, that he is only a well-organized minority alongside an amorphous and fluid majority, that he kills, burns, etc. etc.

A great deal. Everywhere and always and the same thing. Wherever we encounter armed Greeks in the Middle East or on the mountains of occupied Greece, their overwhelming majority is united and follows the same line. But that doesn't matter to our Pontiffs.

Greek Forces in the Middle East are rising up? The 30,000 Greeks in the Middle East are not the Greek people.

Do the rebels of ELAS say anything? Come on, what do a few tens of thousands of snipers have in common with millions of Greek people?

Doesn't the E.A.M., which as a political organization leads the resistance in the towns and villages, agree? Think about it, a few intrepid saboteurs or a few bold demonstrators, do you take that for the Greek people?

So what do you want us to do, dear gentlemen? Should we by chance close shop and wait for the bosses to return? Should we interrupt our national life until we can organize

elections and referendums? Should we return to our peaceful occupations following Mr. Papandreou's brilliant slogan? Or will it then be necessary for the current majority, the majority of the fighting nation to submit to the majority of the 1935 assembly?

If the will of the Greek people is not expressed by the soldier and the sailor who gave their blood at Mount Pindus, at El Alamein and at Anzio, if the will of the Greek people is not expressed by the free mountains of Greece, where the Greek soul has found itself after 120 years, if the will of the Greek people is not expressed by the militant organizations of the resistance, i.e. by the entire advanced wing of the nation, of the nation who does not accept the foreign yoke, by whom can it be better expressed? Is it by Georges Glyxbourg and his court or by the political deserters who were declared absent on August 4, 1936 and reappeared in May 1944?

In the name of whom and for what is the Government or Governments of Cairo declaring 9/10 of the Greek forces in the Middle East and 3/4 of resistant Greece undesirable?

The answer comes from time to time, timid, hesitant, uncertain: "In the name of the royal mandate and the continuity of power."

Allow me to explain, certainly not to you, Your Lordships, but to these simple children who sit with me on the same benches what exactly this profound legal term means.

In 1935 a plebiscite took place in Greece and our King received 99% of the votes. In 1936 our King appointed Jean Metaxas as Prime Minister of Greece. Demertzis was succeeded by Metaxas. Tsouderos to Demertzis. Tsouderos came safely to the Middle East and formed and reformed around ten cabinets. In 1944 he handed over power to Mr. Venizelos. Mr Venizelos to Mr Papandreou. All this is called in legal terms, continuity of power. Four years During the Greek people, death in the soul fights against the invader. For four years a company of distinguished gentlemen passes the Great Seal of the State from one to the other. And this is called continuity of power.

This is the crime against the nation that we denounce.

You have deliberately kept the best units of the Greek army away from the war. You refused tanks to our famous armored regiment, the heroic I.S.T.A. You hit the soldiers who were leaving the first Brigade to go fight at El Alamein alongside the Australians and you sent the deserters away with two months in prison. You brought collaborators from occupied Greece and let them command the units and boats of free Greece. You insulted the dead of El Alamein under the pretext that they wanted war. You emptied the boats of fighters and filled them with traffickers. You tried to cause the Second Brigade to degenerate in the brothels of Beirut. You have supplied the prisons and penal colonies of the British Empire from the Eastern to the Western Hemisphere with Greek soldiers. And in the end you liquidated the army. You have irreparably stained the

Greek name. You allowed the Greek flag to be trampled by the dirty boot of the last picket, the last lunatic from the underbelly of London.