

Peter Bien's Entries in His Journal Regarding the Colonels' Junta, April 21, 1967–September 23, 2001

Peter Bien

Abstract

I was present in Athens on the first day of the Colonels' coup d'état in 1967 and remained in Greece for the next four months, during which I recorded in my diary what it was like to live under fascist rule. Since I spoke Greek and benefitted from intimate contact with my Greek wife's family, I was privy to some intimate exposure to the junta's activities, both blameworthy and beneficial. Afterwards, I continued my diary entries concerning the junta while residing in England and during another sojourn in Greece during the summer of 1970.

Keywords:

*Colonels, Papadópoulos, Pattakós
Katharévoussa, George Papandreou,
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As an introduction, I would like to offer a reply I wrote from Greece to a former Dartmouth student after receiving a letter from him. This reply, dated July 26, 1967, places it three months after the start of my four-month experience under the Colonels' Junta. I trust that it may help to create a broader personal context for some of the details of that experience noted in the journal entries that follow.

Dear Larry,

You are aware, of course, that having already translated three of Kazantzakis's novels, I am now engaged in research for a scholarly approach to his career. Luckily, a spring-term sabbatical has allowed me a four-month sojourn with my wife Chrysanthi and our two sons, staying at Chrysanthi's parents' home in Thessaloniki until summer and then for two months in a nearby village with a beachfront. Soon after arriving, I arranged to spend time in Athens in order to visit some people close to Kazantzakis and some others close to my wife's family, besides using the National Library to read some important items by and about Kazantzakis in Cretan newspapers. So off I went, alone, everyone else remaining in Thessaloniki. But this trip to Athens in the third week of April was by coincidence timed exactly to give me an eye-witness experience of the coup d'état that is now known by everybody. Indeed, as one can see from my journal's first entry on the coup, I was confined to my hotel (Hotel Omonia, Omonia Square, at the very center) for 36 hours while outside the square was deserted except for tanks and soldiers with machine guns. Inside you can imagine: uncertainty, speculation, every kind of fantastic idea about what was going on, who was overthrowing whom, when it began, when it would end, what would be found for us to eat, how we could get home, how to send assurances to wives (all telephone and telegraph service was cut for several days), etc. I also had the experience of visiting some of Kazantzakis's circle the day after the coup and seeing the effect. All this may sound very cruel to you, as though to me it was just "an experience," "something to be observed," "excitement." This is not the case. Quite the contrary. If I felt myself free, I could explain to you why not, and in great detail, with examples of particular people. But unfortunately I am not free to do this, as letters are censored, and I am taking a good deal of chance merely saying this much. I'm hoping that the censor will become discouraged by the length of this letter and not get this far. Let me just say that one of the most illuminating moments was when two young people, about twenty years old, cursed Kazantzakis violently, and with some long, rational, and detailed justification, saying that he was an example of precisely what is wrong with intellectuals: their ultimate refusal to take a position, their "ironic" stance that puts them above politics, or enables them always to see both sides. These two of course were Marxists, and their ideal of a writer was of course André Malraux (before he became an apologist for General de Gaulle). In any case, aside from my human involvement in the consequences of this coup, I am also "benefitting"—what a horrible word, in this context—from it, because I really understand now, for the first time, the Greek ethos, the climate in which Kazantzakis functioned for forty years.

What I mean is that this sort of thing is *normal*; the few years of democracy and parliamentary government are *abnormal*. Also, one realizes to what an extent politics invades every aspect of life in Greece. When the government changes, everything stops; then everybody in high position is fired and replaced with new people who are followers of the junta in power. Everything that has been accomplished in the old régime is rejected out of hand, simply because it was done by the old régime. The net result is that everything, in the long run, remains at a standstill, or goes backward. This is especially true in education. At every change of government, all the textbooks are changed, history is rewritten, the very language (“pure” or “popular”) alters, etc. Faculties, especially at university level, are juggled. I am beginning to understand, really for the first time, the splendor of our American division of powers between the federal government and the states. Our local autonomy may mean that Georgia’s education lags behind New York’s, but it also means that those who want to experiment and go forward can sometimes do so without fear of intervention from the federal government. Perhaps, in conclusion, I should say that I’m beginning to realize how my current experience here under this autocratic régime may help me understand and appreciate our American democracy.

Here is what I wrote on the spot. Probably half was composed in Greek, but I have translated that into English, retaining only some of my favorite Greek in the footnotes.

Friday, April 21, 1967, Hotel Omonia, Omonia Square, Athens.

I awoke today, went down to have breakfast as usual at about 8:15, and was surprised to find the dining room full-up; the other days it had been quite sparsely populated. Also, there were no waiters; the busboys and elevator boys were trying to serve the crowd. The reason for this was soon apparent. During the night, at about 3 a.m., as I later learned, the army had taken over the country and martial rule had been declared. Omonia Square, usually swarming with people at this hour, was deserted, as were all the streets. Instead, the square was manned by tanks, army trucks, squad cars. At each corner a soldier with a submachine gun. Ranks of soldiers with rifles and bayonets along the sidewalks. More soldiers on the roof of the hotel. The radio gave some succinct announcements, but no explanation of why this was happening and when it would end. The announcements consisted of “Forbidden: sale or purchase of gold liras, or changing of money, until Monday. Forbidden all traffic, automotive and pedestrian; all schools closed,” etc. In short, everyone “Stay home until further notice.” After the announcements, the radio broke out into a lovely Greek song, and the Greeks around the table sarcastically commented: Opa!

Everyone congregated in the lobby and entranceway to the hotel. Everyone had a personal version of what was happening and how long it would endure. The general opinion was that these were preventive measures enabling the authorities to round up members of EDA because secret

word had been received about a demonstration tomorrow. Also, Papandreou was scheduled to give a speech in Salonica, and there was to be a cavalcade of 200 cars going there from Athens. This, too, was apparently a threat to the king's party.

It soon became clear that the situation would last beyond the morning. In the afternoon the radio announced that a new government would be sworn in at 7:00 p.m. with a member of the Areios Pagos as prime minister. Also that there would be martial law indefinitely, that all letters would be opened, etc. Right now the radio is playing stirring patriotic songs, and there is no further news.

The opinion of the Greeks I spoke to was obviously various. Some seemed delighted that the "reds" were finally getting it. They felt that Andreas Papandreou ought to be the first to be arrested, also that both Papandreous had wrecked the country after the prosperity under Karamanlis. Others simply sighed at the chaos of Greek political existence: "We go one step forward and two backward. That's our life!"

Around 6:00 o'clock we were ordered away from the windows. Firing began—rifles and small cannon— but apparently in the air: a show of strength. One of the electric wires was hit and fell to the ground. Let's hope this is the only casualty! Everyone in the hotel is very jolly. Groups are playing cards; others are talking quietly. The greatest deprivation seems to be the inability to get cigarettes. So far the hotel has seemed able to feed everyone. I don't know how. The poor help must be exhausted. The people on night duty were pressed into service all day since no one else arrived. The chambermaids still had not eaten at 4:00 p.m. They shouted from a balcony near me to one of the soldiers below: "Sentry, give us a little bread!"¹ I don't know what happened. Let's only hope that by tomorrow morning some of the city's normal life will start again. Among other things, I wonder how I will get back to Salonica. If transportation resumes, the crush will be terrible, since all the foreigners will want to leave. Also, the Easter exodus will be starting next Wednesday, if not before.

Today I was supposed to visit Téa Anemoyánni and to pick up the book reviews from foreigners that she had from Mrs. Kazantzaki. I was also supposed to visit Kay Cicellis. All this was impossible—and no way of contacting anyone. Also no way of course of contacting Chrysanthi. No telephone service at all.²

Sunday, April 23, 1967, Athens airport, waiting for a late flight.

Our friend Paris cleared things up somewhat yesterday. He came home at 2:00 p.m. after having spent the night in the Veterans' Hospital because of the emergency situation. (He is an army doctor, with a commission.) According to him, the coup was entirely that of a particular section of the army, and by no means the whole army. Secondly, it did not emanate from the king. On the contrary, the king was forced to sign

the decrees declaring martial law, suspending various articles of the Constitution, etc. Also, the government as now constituted, with Kollias and the other ministers, is only a front; the real power is elsewhere, in the army. Paris said that G. Papandreou and the head of the EDA were under house arrest; that Andreas Papandreou, Kanellopoulos and others had been brought “above”³ — i.e., to a detention building, a school or other public building, where all the prisoners were being kept. During the night there had been systematic ferreting out of all “enemies”—communists, recalcitrant journalists, politicians, etc. Paris said that they came to the hospital in the middle of the night and went to each superior officer, asking “Are you with us or not?”⁴ If they said Yes, they stayed at their posts; if No, they were taken “above.” All this was confirmed by others I spoke to. One taxi driver said that many had been taken during the night from his neighborhood. Another said that Psychiko, apparently a hotbed of leftists, had been heavily raided. Téa Anemoyánni said that many journalists had been taken that very morning, and that only Eleni Vlachou of *Kathimerini* was left alone. (This was probably an exaggeration, as four newspapers came out today.) She—Tea—also knew that one of her relatives or acquaintances was being hunted and was in hiding. All the while I was in her house, about two hours, from 5:00 to 7:00, friends and relatives kept coming in to see what had happened to their mutual friends. Today’s papers clarify the situation somewhat. The prohibitions against banking, money changing, etc., have been lifted. The suspended articles of the Constitution are printed in full, frighteningly: habeas corpus, freedoms of speech, assembly, right to civil trial, etc. The government asserts its right to enter homes by day or night, to imprison people, and to try all prisoners by court-martial. It forbids all assemblies of over four people. It imposes a 1:00 a.m. to 5:30 a.m. curfew. It denounces “yellow” journalists, etc., etc. All this is very clearly proclaimed in the newspapers and on the radio, without mincing any words.

All the people I spoke to—that is, all the “simple people”: waiters, cabbies, chambermaids—were in a state of despair. “What a mess!”⁵ Freedom gone! We can’t open our mouths now.” And not only simple people but also of course Téa, too, and her whole circle.

9:15 p.m. We have just arrived over Salonica. I could see the promenade clearly. Then it was announced that we would need to return to Athens because strong winds below prohibited landing. So back we go. This trip began at 5:00 p.m. at the airline’s Athens office. The plane was due to depart at 6:00; it finally departed at 7:45. An excursion!

My week in Athens, which now seems about to be prolonged, was very pleasant and full, to say the least.

I did a great deal of talking during the week, and visited with many people, so did not feel isolated or lonely. In the hotel the day of our enforced stay there, I spent time

with two Englishmen whose names I never got. Both had come to Greece to take part in the annual march of the Lambrakides to Marathon, a march that never took place this year. One was a farmer from Warwickshire; the other is what we'd call a professional peacenik, secretary of the "Committee of 100." I'm sorry that I didn't get his name. I was struck by how completely ignorant they both were of all aspects of Greek daily life or of the characteristics and culture of the people. And yet they were here to intervene, to encourage. Much as I sympathized with their pacifism, I found this ignorance disturbing. Also the secretary showed himself somewhat as categorical and narrow-minded as he feels his opposites are. In talking on Friday, we found one man, obviously a very cosmopolitan businessman, who seems quite content with the preventive measures, very antagonistic toward Papandreou, etc. Our English friends immediately labeled this one "a real right-winger and a fascist." Sad.

This morning I went to Agiou Konstandinou, near Omonia. The priest screamed and gesticulated during a long sermon, but I couldn't really understand enough to be quite sure what he was saying. He of course said the expected: that Christ was the true king and that the people of the time had realized this and signified the same by crying Hosanna. He also said (I think) that although the Jews crucified Christ once, the true-baptized Christians crucify him over and over. Whether there were political overtones here or not, I don't know. The congregation showed no outward sign of anything out of the ordinary. But the sermon's vehemence seemed extremely out of the ordinary to me. Quick visits to Benaki, National Museum, and Acropolis filled out the day. It was ironic to go through the various rooms in the Benaki dedicated to the signing of the Constitution in 1844 now that the Constitution has been abrogated.⁶

Monday, April 24, 1967, Κολοκοτρώνη 11, Θεσσαλονίκη

Went back to the Omonia Hotel last night; then chanced on a pub full of young working-class people, mostly boys. Orchestra, Greek dancing, hasápiko, zeibékiko, etc., though the dancers were not very good. Struck up conversations with two young fellows. One was from Serres, another from Nigrita. The Nigrita one was younger, maybe 22. I asked him what he thought about the political situation, and to my surprise he said he liked it. Why? Very simply, the leftists, he said, were all lazybones. As for him, he wanted to work, not to sit around talking politics. But the past two years, what with strikes and stoppages, he'd been able to work only a small part of the year. He was in building trades, installing heating and air conditioning units in new apartment houses. He said he makes about 7,000 drachmas a month and lives very comfortably: 1,000 for rent, about 1,500 for food (all in restaurants), and the rest remains.

It's amusing how a régime is favored or opposed by the common man for purely personal reasons, often completely non-political and certainly non-abstract. Here was

this fellow who favored the régime because (he hoped) it would give him steady work. Then there was the taxi driver whom I asked (in Greek, of course):

“What’s your impression of this situation?”

“Awful.”

“Why?”

“Don’t you see? Athens used to have lots of activity at this hour. And now?”⁷

In sum, he opposed the régime because it frightened people off the streets, imposed a 1:00 a.m. curfew, and thus gave him less business.

On the plane this morning I met Photios Petsas, director of the Archaeological Museum of Thessaloniki, who had just returned from the U.S., via Rome. He said that all the Roman papers had made much of the coup d’état. He had the suspicion that the Italians were secretly happy about the new situation since it would force tourists to avoid Greece and presumably go to Italy instead.

It is so strange the way life continues exactly as before, at least on the surface. Yet suddenly one comes suddenly upon indications of what is happening underneath. Walking past the central Telephone and Telegraph Office in Athens, for example, and seeing a soldier in the doorway, wearing a camouflaged steel helmet and carrying, not a rifle, but a submachine gun! Or what Chrysanthi told me today: how, Saturday morning, the school near her sister Lola’s house, where the captured leftists were interned, was surrounded by wives and children bringing scraps of bread to the men inside—and weeping.

Last night, in the hotel, I heard shooting again. Who knows how many have been killed, wounded, interned?

April 26, 1967.

Today O Pappous returned from the café and said that he heard that Theodorakis had been killed. My heart sank. We are living through the Germany of 1933! Later, Kostas and Lola came and said that the BBC and other stations reported that Theodorakis had been exiled to the Dodecanese—i.e., incarcerated as a political prisoner. I don’t know if this is true. G. Papandreou, they say, is critically ill, in hospital; Andreas is “under custody” and wounded in the leg. Kanellopoulos has renounced politics. The newspapers are disgusting—all spouting propaganda for the new régime (all dissenting newspapers have been silenced).

Papandreou was supposed to have made a speech in Salonica on Saturday, the day before

Palm Sunday. To welcome him, his supporters had amassed enough laurel leaves (cut on Mount Athos) to pave the entire way from the airport to the city. He would have entered as Christ himself! Today, the “official” news is that papers were discovered in the offices of the EDA showing that violent incidents were planned to stir things up on the day of the speech. Thus the preventive methods of the army were justified!

What strikes me most is how life, on the one hand, can seem to go on so normally—movies, I in the library, children in school, bread and milk, songs in the tavernas, theaters, concerts, everyone leaving town for the Easter holidays—while, on the other hand, these unbelievably fascist horrors are perpetrated, people are hunted down, imprisoned without trial, others are thrown out of their jobs, separated from their families, harassed. But to speak up, to resist openly, is impossible. It’s the Nazis all over again.

Today, ironically, I was reading Theotokas’s account of the last fifty years of Greek history. He described the horrors of the Metaxas régime—the censorship, how all free discussion ceased—and then added (he was writing in 1958), “Let’s hope that we do not see such days again.”⁸ But here they are! “The seim anew.”⁹

April 27, 1967, Holy Thursday.

The government officially banned miniskirts for girls and long hair for boys. Will offenders be subject to courts martial? Also, every child must go to communion. Church and State hand and glove. We went to the reading of the Gospels at Aghia Sophía: church full to bursting, but later, around 11:00 p.m., the streets were nearly empty, which is so very abnormal for Greece.

All householders in Salonica—in all of Greece—were told yesterday that they had to register with the police the names of any guests in their home, within 48 hours, or else face a court martial. Likewise, all possessors of radio transmitters. Yet the newspapers try to give the impression that life goes on as usual. Above all, the government doesn’t want to lose the tourist trade.

I just heard via foreign radio reports that they executed the former hero of Greece, Manolis Glezos, the man who lowered the German flag from the Acropolis. Of course he was a communist—so, boom! The radio says 5,000 communists were captured in all. How many of these will be shot after a summary trial? Horrible! The same as after the 1922 catastrophe: they shot the entire government. And what did that solve?¹⁰

April 30, 1967, Easter Sunday.

Apparently Glezos wasn't shot. Yesterday's papers had a picture of him being interviewed by reporters in "the hotel where he is being detained." The "official" press release—the same one is carried in all the papers—said that those in question, including Andreas Papandreou, had no complaints regarding their treatment, food, availability of medical assistance, etc. Naturally! The word now is that Gromyko personally intervened on Glezos's behalf, telling the Greek ambassador in Moscow that it would be a barbaric crime forever held against Greece if she executed this "hero in the struggle for democracy." Who knows? In any case, the minister of the interior issued a long statement, carried of course in all the papers, to the effect that all this about Glezos and the rest was owing to the perfidy of the BBC and the foreign press in general, that Greeks were not assassins, that no one would ever be executed without a trial (court martial). As George Orwell so well knew, words easily lose their meaning. Double-think is here; slogans have replaced reason.

Fortunately there have been some small signs of resistance. Yesterday, upon waking, the Athenians found handbills everywhere saying: Death to the Fascists. How was this managed? And Lola, in church on Good Friday, overheard something else. The soldiers who have such a prominent part in church services here were all wearing a black arm band, signifying their mourning for Christ. As they passed, one young wag in the congregation turned to his friend and asked, "Who died?" The other answered: "Kollias!"

I asked George if he was in any way endangered. Chrysanthi said, for example, that in such situations there is always a complete reshuffling of posts. If some close adherent of the present régime felt that he wanted George's post, he could remind the authorities of George's past, and have him bumped. But George laughed this off and said there was no danger. His reason was very telling. There will be very little of this sort of thing, he said, and very little of squealing, turning stool pigeon, etc. Why? Because Greeks have learned over the last fifty years that the wheel turns. Those who inform on others under one régime will most likely meet a very unpleasant end come the inevitable day when that régime falls and is replaced by another. Who's in who's out is a game whose rewards are so short-lived, so bound to expire and boomerang, that the game is no longer worth playing. Perhaps this knowledge and experience helps to explain the strange (at least outward) insouciance that I see around me. Life goes on because, the faces seem to be saying, time itself will do its work. This will pass; the wheel will turn.

Yesterday I noticed that all the anti-royalist graffiti in the john at the university had been meticulously erased.

Easter, this year, was complete anguish and disappointment for me. I felt nothing, no emotion except disgust at the superficiality of humans. Perhaps it was the big city, and the crowds, and loss of immediacy and intimacy—practically impossible to get into

the church; church like a bus; everyone pushing for position; trying to enter or leave. Perhaps it was the omnipresence of soldiers and guns. In the great parade on Good Friday, first came the band (boys from the orphanage we visited on Panorama last time with Themis Altas), then boy scouts in uniform, then girl scouts, then army, then navy, all with fixed bayonets, helmets and all, although the guns were turned nozzle backwards; then finally one or two priests with Bible and cross. In the cathedral, where we went afterwards to worship, again soldiers, policemen. A group came in together; they removed their helmets, revealing brutal faces. They kissed the icon and then emerged, ready to kill again. Saturday night was just as bad. Navy men with bayonets lined the avenue from Aghia Sophía to the Cathedral. The square around Aghia Sophía thronged with people. Ropes to keep people in place. Police everywhere. Couldn't see, couldn't hear. No sense of the service that was ensuing. The whole thing simply a second-class carnival, parents bringing their children as if to a circus. The moment of the Resurrection, when the priest chants the wonderful Christ-is-risen hymn,¹¹ was unbelievably vulgar. The military band immediately began the national anthem [!], the officers standing at attention and saluting at the same time that a few rockets went off with muffled poofs while children and adults scrambled to get a light for their candles. What was somewhat touching, however, was the exchange of handshakes and greetings that followed: *chrónia pollá* (many years). Each group kissed and greeted. I enjoyed seeing the soldiers shaking hands likewise, with broad smiles, like cousins and uncles. Then everyone brought out the dyed eggs and each person cracked his egg against someone else's, to see who would have luck—namely, the one whose egg remained uncracked. The soldiers did this too, with great ughs & ahhs coming from the losers. Then most people peeled and ate the eggs. In a few moments the crowd dispersed, everyone still holding his or her lighted candle, the custom being to keep it lighted until you reach home. In a moment the restaurants had filled, the spits were turning with *kokoretsi*, people were tearing huge hunks of bread and drinking copiously, their lighted candles on the tables in front of them. Also, flowers everywhere, especially lilacs. I brought some home, along with three carnations; the house filled with perfume. But I insisted on first going into Aghia Sophía for a few minutes. The crowds were now gone, although the chancel was still half full. The two choirs were chanting beautifully. I felt a little—oh so little—of the mystery of the service. Then taxi, haggling over price, children whining, fighting about their candles . . . ¹²

May 4, 1967.

Kazantzakis in his letter of March 7, 1933 to Prevelakis writes: “This moment I’ve learned . . . that we have a coup d’état also in Greece . . . This entire century will be a century of dictatorship.” This was the abortive coup headed by N. Plastiras, organized during the night by the army. Very familiar. Reading this, I suddenly entered the Greek

mentality, suddenly understood the seeming indifference, the fatalism, the determination to lead normal lives despite this current dictatorship. The reason is very simple: it has all happened so very frequently in the living memory of the people here, in the 20s, in 1933, in 1936, etc. James Joyce was right: the seim anew. The wheel turns and returns. Knowing this, the people carry on, and wait. This sense of change as the lower level of a higher stability, the turning wheel, is unknown to Americans. Suddenly what I had learned intellectually, through reading, became a felt, tangible experience, and thus true knowledge for me. The problem now becomes how, despite this acceptance and fatalism, to act in such a way as to make the wheel turn faster.¹³

May 5, 1967.

“Do you have a newspaper, Grandpa?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t buy newspapers any longer. They all belong to the government. I’m performing passive resistance. And I don’t buy lottery tickets either, to keep from putting money in the government’s pocket.”

These are small ways of resistance. Also today when the Greek fleet came to Salonica and the sailors paraded through town (a show of their solidarity with the army that effected the coup), people lined the streets as always for such parades but stood stock still, mutely, refusing to applaud as the troops passed. Passive resistance. A recent government decree dissolved the United Democratic Left as well as all the Lambrakis groups.

May 7, 1967.

The government has now ordered that classes in the History of Democratic Institutions in the high schools be disbanded and be replaced by classes in the History of the Army! At the same time, Kollias in an interview with *Velt am Sonntag*, Bonn, insists when speaking to the foreign press that this is not a fascist government and that the whole purpose of the intervention was to lead Greece back to democracy: “The government aims at the implementation of a program of political and social reform, which will make possible the restoration of normal conditions and the return to parliamentary democracy.”¹⁴ The government also has plans to alter the Constitution, according to yesterday’s paper. And it abolished the permanent civil service so that all government employees, including schoolteachers, can now be dismissed for political or other reasons.

On the Athens-Salonica highway there is a huge sign explaining why no right-minded Greek should be a communist.

May 20, 1967.

Special service in the Rotunda marking the end of classes at the university. Five priests, beautiful voices, wonderful acoustics. Very stark and moving: this huge bare structure. I thought of Dartmouth. Our great buildings are constructed for sports events; the Greeks have the old churches still. Once upon a time, at least, they expended money and labor on something spiritual. There was a very meaningful element in this traditional ceremony. In the midst of the political instability of Greece, the Church is something solid and unchanging. The service goes on in exactly the same way as though oblivious of outward events—of Turks, Franks, dictators, communists. I see why many Greeks welcome this one-and-only force for stability and continuity. But decorum is very fragile. After the service ended and a priest began to speak to the students, everyone started to leave. There was such a commotion that the poor speaker couldn't be heard. Officials at the door, turning the students back and making them stay, only made matters worse because of the arguments that arose. Thus the "program" at its end was entirely disastrous . . . and extremely funny!¹⁵

May 25, 1967.

Went to Lagkadas on Tuesday to see the third and last day of the *Αναστενάρηδες*. I was allowed into their sanctuary again. Unfortunately, politics entered the event. The Minister of Northern Greece with his retinue was the "chief" spectator, and the chief firewalker came up to him and shouted Hooray for Greece, Hooray for the King, Hooray for the Crown Prince [the queen had given birth to a son on May 21], Hooray for the Army.¹⁶ But toward the end of the fire-walking, one of the walkers—the same one I had seen three years ago shrieking in the sanctuary—went up, icon over shoulder, to one of the high army officers in the front row and just stood in front of him for what seemed an interminable time, staring into his face with ecstatic black eyes. Then, suddenly, his whole face contorted and broke, like a piece of ice that suddenly cracks and melts, and he began to weep. But just as suddenly, again, he recovered, and danced away with the usual calm, dignified step. It was almost a scene out of *Marat-Sade*.¹⁷

May 26, 1967.

Spent the evening with Gregory Tzatlános, who married Chrysanthi's old friend Danái. He is a lawyer, very witty and bright, the first person I've met here in Salonica who has a broad outlook and a truly inquiring mind. I was also glad to see him joking constantly at the expense of Pattakós although he is probably a rightwinger. He, and everyone else, takes it for granted that the coup d'état was really engineered by the C.I.A.

All the key figures, Pattakós and Papadóoulos at least, are graduates of U.S. military schools. Also, people say that on the night of the coup the U.S. fleet was outside Athens—i.e., in case of failure, the leaders could have taken refuge aboard our ships. What a mire politics is!¹⁸

June 18, 1967, Aghia Triadha

George very depressed and melancholic. He fears that the government will dissolve the Agricultural Bank in order to appropriate its huge treasury (the government apparently is in desperate need of money already). Also, each agriculturalist is now required to write a biography giving, in detail, everything he did since 1940—i.e., whether was with the popular resistance, his status in the civil war, etc. How many will lose their jobs remains to be seen. Obviously there will be yes-men who desire these places and who will be elevated into them, the same that occurred in German universities and elsewhere under Hitler. Speaking of universities, Lola says that the same thing is happening there. Suspected professors are being given six-month “leaves” that will obviously be renewed indefinitely, this of course without pay (actually ¼ salary). The yes-men will not be hesitating to fill the positions. Apparently Kakridis will be among the first to suffer. He has already been relieved of his position as head of the Educational Council in Athens. Horrible, unthinkable.

Despite the propaganda in the newspapers, things are not going well. Tourism is almost zero. Our friends here in Aghia Triádha confirm this. Pavlos’s father’s hotel is almost empty; there are only a half dozen campers on the beach. When the Israel-Egypt crisis started and American citizens had to be evacuated, 1500 were brought to Athens, because all the hotels there were empty. The U.S. embassy took over 24 hotels—at the height of the tourist season! Kostas says that his businessmen friends are moaning. A wholesale distributor of wine and other drinks says his business is 20% off from what it was last year. People are afraid of the future, of losing their jobs, and thus are hoarding their money instead of spending it.

George went to a musical revue in Salonica. These revues always thrive on political satire. Now they must satisfy a censor before opening. There were one or two lines about how good it was to be rid of chaos, and well, we didn’t want elections anyway. But no one applauded.

Jokes at government expense are springing up. Here are three examples:

An army officer is sitting next to a woman on the bus. Suddenly the woman slaps him on the cheek. Then a man opposite gets up and he, too, gives the officer a slap. Then another man rises from the back of the bus, advances in the aisle and gives him a slap. All

three of them are brought before a court martial. The chief asks the woman why she slapped the officer. “Because he annoyed me with his hand,” she replies. “And you, sir?” “Because that woman is my wife.” Finally he asks the man who rose from the back of the bus. “I, judge sir,” says this one, “am the most guilty. I thought the government had fallen.”

A poor man goes to Pattakós and asks him for a photo. “With pleasure,” says Pattakós. The man takes it and returns to his village. Before long, everyone there is astonished. This poor man, who wore nothing but rags for so many years, is now dressed in beautiful clothes, has bought a car, etc. Everyone is curious about how he became so rich so quickly, and one day someone asks him, “What did you do, you who had nothing and now have everything? How did you do it?” “It was easy,” replies the former pauper. “I did everything with the photo. I show it to people and say, ‘Two drachmas for spitting, three for shitting.’”

Two dogs met on an Athenian street. One of them, well-fed, in good shape, had a large bone in its mouth. The other said, “Everything seems fine with you: your large backyard, your bone, even no lice.” “Yes I have all that, dear friend, but I’m still excessively miserable.” “You miserable? How can that be?” “Dear friend, I want to bark!”

Yesterday was a feast day in Aghia Triádfa. I took the children to church. No one paid attention to the service, yet people did understand something with a different sort of apprehension from our Western mode. Afterwards came army musicians playing martial music that had no relationship with religion—but that didn’t matter. Church and army: both are Greece, so let them join together. Also the double line of soldiers with expressionless faces and robot-like movements, dressed in battle helmets. The whole cluster was symbolic of Greek chaos or, if one prefers, of the Greek talent for combining discordant elements.¹⁹

June 27, 1967.

Last Sunday I helped George get rid of a pile of wood, also trimmed the lower branches from the pines he had planted, and had a lesson in pruning grapes. He was very melancholy, as usual. Says that all the agriculturists are on tenterhooks, waiting from day to day, not knowing if they will be among those to be “released” from their positions for political reasons. The initial “release” is for six months at ¼ salary. But how much hope is there of reinstatement after that?

July 2, 1967.

The problem is that neither I nor any Greek person can resist by announcing our opinion that much has changed and indeed the most sacred and important. Freedom is gone, yet we cannot say this from fear that a paid spy will hear us, run to the police, and denounce us. That is the situation.

George told us that the other day an army officer came to Lagkadas in order to address teachers and bank employees, etc. Such speeches now take place frequently; the government is attempting to “enlighten” people. This time the officer spoke chiefly about schooling. He said that teachers should now hold as their purpose to have the children realize that the army saved Greece, which was on the lip of the abyss. Take care you do this, he said; this is now your national responsibility. And he concluded his speech with the maxim: What Greece wants is not educated people but Greeks!²⁰

In the Thessaloniki stadium the army presented a great military display, free of charge. People ran to the stadium and filled it. Indeed, Kollias was present. The crowd rose and shouted Hurrah for Greece. Two young men, probably university students, did not rise or shout. Someone of course noticed this. Policemen soon appeared and escorted them to the police station. That is what Greece has become! Every day we read in the newspaper that mister so-so has been sentenced to 4 to 5 months in prison for “mocking the king.”

The newspapers published a list of forbidden books by communists, native and foreign. Chrysanthi’s father, passing by a bookshop the same day, saw policemen plucking the offending titles from the shelves and throwing the books into the street. Authors on the list were Galatea Kazantzaki, Kostas Varnalis, Elli Alexiou, Vasilis Vasilikos, etc., but *not* Nikos Kazantzakis. Marvelous!

We were very miserable. Chrysanthi is depressed and nervous, full of hatred for Greeks and everything Greek. I am all too conscious of the discrepancy between my project and the environment in which I am pursuing it. We spoke of leaving Greece. All this was just before we moved to Aghia Triádha. “I cannot stay,” Chrysanthi said. “I cannot see my brother suffer like this.” We spoke of leaving then and there, instead of moving to the village. But where to go? I sent hurried and somewhat dramatic letters to friends in Europe. In the meantime, as must happen in Greece, the whole family gathered to discuss the matter. George, Lola, even Pappous (who the night before had agreed with Chrysanthi) said stay, stay. So, we decided to stay, partly out of inertia, partly out of fear of not finding a place to live elsewhere at such short notice, partly in order not to disappoint and offend the family, break our agreement with the landlords in Aghia Triádha, and partly, I must confess, out of curiosity (on my part) to spend some more time here and have that much more direct experience of what it is like to live under fascism.²¹

July 20, 1967.

How history repeats itself. Here is Kazantzakis on November 22, 1922, writing to his wife Galatea concerning General Plastiras's coup d'état after the Asia Minor disaster: "the same people who kept quiet and yelled hurrah for the former regime now proceed to support the revolution." His overall conclusion seems to be elaborated in a subsequent letter: "I . . . believe that our nation's virtues are displayed only outside of state regimes. The Greek is horrible as a political functionary. As an Odysseus, wandering, working, merchandising, thinking, without his own governmental system, like the Jews, he is unique in the world. He is able, like the Jews, to become a most effective yeast to make the earth rise."²²

July 22, 1967.

Sudden report that Danae's husband, Gregory, is in prison. No details.

Theodorakis sentenced to 8 months in jail, commutable by payment of a fine of 200 gold pounds sterling per day, a total of 48,000 pounds sterling! Reason: abuse or "insult" of the Authorities by his telegram of 9.10.65 to the president of Parliament and various newspapers—i.e., for a crime of speech, not act.

In the newspaper *Makedonía*, 9 July, there is an article on the prohibition of communist books, a good example of the doublethink and newspeak that George Orwell knew so well. After describing the "willful blindness" toward the communist menace of all the parliamentary governments before April 1, it goes on: "The decision of the revolutionary government to prohibit the circulation of communistic theories was welcomed with relief by true democrats . . . The opposite happened with counterfeit democrats, who emitted sighs and spoke of the prosecution of thought! . . . The prohibition of Marxist thought constitutes not the prosecution of thought but an *element of self-protection*. Also an element of the growth of democratic ideals. Because every theory . . . has the right to protect itself from the subversive side-effects of a rival worldview. In other words, the democratic worldview at a certain stage of its development and consolidation has every right to disable the illicit competition of Marxist ideals. This *does not demonstrate a weakness* of western democracy's ideal of freedom . . . but rather *an absolute consciousness of the danger of totalitarianism* presented by the developing worldview of communism."

In the same issue there is an article with a statement by the government strenuously denying reports that the Athens Festival had been censored, and that works by ancient Greek authors had been deemed unsuitable for the new establishment. As proof: a letter from Aléxis Minotís, director of the National Theater. He said that the repertoire remained unchanged, except that the incidental music written by Theodorakis

for some of the plays would no longer be used. As witness to the democratic spirit of the “revolutionary government,” he cited the fact that one of the plays, Aristophanes’s *Plutus*, I think, will be done, as planned, in the translation by Kostas Varnalis.²³

July 26, 1967.

George Papandreou helped the working class when he abolished compulsory Latin in school. But now the revolutionary government is abolishing that step forward and forcing education two steps backward. Once again students will have compulsory Latin.

It is very clear why the factory is able to employ men in such filthy repulsive work and yet pay them only 80 drachmas a day. It is because outside the factory, every day, are lines of other men, the unemployed, begging for a job at any wage. Unemployment in Greece is naturally unfortunate for the unemployed but it is also unfortunate for the employed. And now, of course, since all labor unions have been abolished, things are worse than ever.

August 2, 1967.

Noel Jones, ex-president of the Quaker School here, appeared unexpectedly. We talked about politics and old times. He said that Bruce Lansdale told him that a British MP (Noel-Baker) told him that the British ambassador told him that the CIA was not directly involved in planning this particular coup on this particular day, but that certainly in a general way the CIA, as well as Bruce and lots of other people, knew a coup was coming. Apparently the CIA at least made the colonels feel that the U.S. would support such a move should it be the last ditch stand against communism. But this is obviously all 10th hand if that.²⁴

August 3, 1967.

Next to Ritsa’s cottage came another businessman, the holder of the exclusive franchise in northern Greece for locally made tricycles. I asked him if it was true that business was bad under the new régime, and he said “Yes, it is indeed very bad. Why? Because they won’t let us steal and cheat anymore—that’s why!”

August 27, 1967.

Nikítas told me that I would appreciate the truth of the slogan that the present

government “saved Greece” only if I had experienced what he, and all Greeks, had experienced in 1944, to emerge from their homes after the Germans had left, ready to celebrate the liberation of Greece, and to see on the mountainsides and in the towns, instead of the Greek flag, the Red flag!

October 14, 1967, 4 Fox Hill Close, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29, England.

Noel produced a copy, translated, of the form all Greek civil servants need to fill out. The most horrendous loyalty oath imaginable. Have you ever been a member of the C.P. or a front organization? Do you know any members? Have you relatives in communist countries? Etc.

October 21, 1967.

Article in the Manchester Guardian describing how the police are treating political prisoners and suspects in the Bouboulina headquarters in Athens. Exactly the same, even the same building, as the description of Gestapo treatment in Ange Vláchos’s novella. The seim anew.²⁵

November 3, 1967.

To London for meeting in Friends’ House about possibility of aiding families of Greek political prisoners. Chairman was the head of the Europe Committee. Joy Jones and Muriel Lindsay were present, and some others. We concluded that an approach might possibly be made through the new archbishop, who is familiar with Quakers because he visited the Salonica school. Nothing definite decided, however.

After the meeting I rushed to a concert by the Theodorakis ensemble, in Red Lion Square, a lovely corner of London. Met there Peter Cadogan, whom I had seen at the Omonia Hotel on the day of the coup. He is secretary of the Committee of 100 for non-violent direct action, and was organizer of the concert. It was a very emotional evening with a very good audience clapping, snapping fingers, shouting bravos. Theodorakis’s music becomes a bit wearisome in such a large dose, however. It was touching that this concert should be going on while he is languishing in prison and facing a possible death sentence. Also Ritsos, the poet, author of many of the lyrics, is in jail. Awful!

I heard one Greek student, obviously long resident in England, say: “My people are the most lethargic in the world. Why, on the day of the coup there weren’t 20 people in Athens, there wasn’t even one, to go out to Constitution Square and cry Bravo for democracy.” How naïve he is! He should have been there himself, to get a belly full of machine-gun slugs.²⁶

November 27, 1967.

Two trips to London for the Europe Committee, trying to send relief workers to Greece.

December 13, 1967, London.

Lovely walk along the Thames, in front of the Royal Festival Hall. While we were waiting for the boat train we saw a headline about King Constantine's counter-coup in Greece. Very excited. But all our predictions turned out wrong.²⁷

July 22, 1970, Οικία Αντωνίου Κοριαζή, χωρίον Άγιος Ιωάννης, Πηλίου-Βόλου.

Long conversation last night with an official in the National Bank, but an amateur of literature. His wife said that teachers find ways to get around the decree about katharévousa. If you speak katharévousa in class, the children heckle you. Thus one starts and then “forgets”—i.e., lapses into dimotikí. Also, the katharévousa that is taught is “simple”.²⁸

July 24, 1970.

Lola says that if you go to any official office to request something and speak in demotic you are immediately suspect. You must say τῆς πόλεως, not της πόλης. Demotic is now a provocation! She also says that the reading books for the early grades are filled with chauvinistic propaganda, and especially with exultations of war, patriotism, bravery, heroism, etc. All sensibility, all refined feelings, have been eliminated.

Monday, July 27, 1970.

Long discussion with a teacher in Thessaloniki's special high school for university preparation. He has always been in favor of demotic. Nevertheless he did not agree with the program under George Papandreou. His reasons were convincing. In the previous regime, he told me, i.e., when katharévousa was still taught in the high school, he himself introduced demotic by its side, teaching from the Triandafyllidis grammar. This was known by everyone in charge. In sum, he was more or less free to do as he pleased. In the next regime he wasn't. Demotic was taught, and nothing but demotic. So far so good. But look at the sequel. The narrowness of the demoticists provoked a

corresponding narrowness in the Colonels, who threw out demotic and restored katharévoussa alone, from obstinacy. He feels that if only the fanatics on both sides could be ignored, the problem would solve itself. In short, the common people would solve it. Indeed, it is already being solved, which can be seen by comparing today's simple katharévoussa with the katharévoussa of Metaxas's time or earlier. Even the newspapers, today, write in a language that is really closer to demotic than to Korais.²⁹

Tuesday, July 28, 1970, Κολοκοτρώνη 11, Θεσσαλονίκη

Strange how life goes on. Lola told me that Aristónoulos Mánesis, who has been expelled from the university and exiled to a village, is now free. Lola saw him with his wife, and Kakridis, at a concert at the YWCA recently. Previously, Lola had met Mrs. Mánesi once in church and had asked her about her son while he was still in exile. The mother said he was well and that they were allowed to talk to each other on the telephone. Notice that the propaganda periodicals in England reported him as "gravely ill." The problem now is that, although he is free (though perhaps he needs to report daily to the police), he has no job. Worst of all, he was denied a passport, and thus cannot take up a university post outside of Greece. The concert in question, a piano recital, was given by Mina Zanna, the wife of the lawyer Pavlos Zannas, who is one of the prisoners on Aegina. Obviously his wife is free to pursue her career. Lola said that the husband has been translating Proust from French while in prison; some of the results are printed and are on sale as far as she knows, but she wouldn't dare go to Molhos's to buy a copy, for fear of being implicated. An interesting touch is that after the concert the pianist was presented with a huge bouquet—a really startlingly huge bouquet. Lola learned that this had been sent collectively by all the prisoners on Aegina, in her honor.

Lola's own situation is most unpleasant. After the coup, all teachers had to fill out various forms and, in addition, comments were solicited from all present and previous headmasters. The headmaster with whom Lola had had such difficulties, including a lawsuit, when he cheated her of her salary, reported that she had strenuously supported demoticization. On the basis of this, Lola's license to teach was revoked. Apparently there is a review procedure, and Lola had submitted an appeal, but so far (three years after the coup) nothing has been done.

Immediately after the coup, when Lola was still teaching, she was obliged to read aloud each day the newspaper editorials extolling the Colonels for having saved Greece, etc. The students were skeptical, at best. After one such reading of particularly repulsive chauvinism, one girl on the way out approached Lola and said, "What's the matter with you, Ma'am? Don't you listen to the BBC?"³⁰

Wednesday, July 29, 1970.

Alec's birthday, celebrated with candles bought in church (and removed), then stuck in pieces of baklava. Boisterous gay party with all of us, and the lovely family of friend Nikos from Salonica. He sang a few verses of Samiótissa in extreme katharévousa! We all howled.

Saturday, August 1, 1970.

Long talk with George. I asked him how agriculture was progressing now in Greece, and especially what effect the new government was having. He was extremely optimistic, and also had much praise for the Colonels. In general, agriculture is extremely healthy. Greece has reached the stage where it exports many products: wheat, grapes, tomatoes, etc. In addition, many new processing factories have been created, for tomato paste, for example, which is now exported all over the Near East, and even to America. There is no longer the problem of wastage owing to the scarcity of immediate markets. Previously, the fruit rotted on the ground; now it is canned, or exported fresh, where feasible. This has been facilitated by the government's policy of friendly economic relations with all countries, and especially with the Eastern Bloc (contrary to the government's fierce anti-communism). There is lively trade with Russia, which receives a proportion of the Greek tobacco crop, which previously remained partially unsold. Also wheat. Previously, the government bought up wheat at low prices and stored it. Now the wheat is exported and the prices are better. Trade is carried on with Bulgaria, Romania, etc., and even with Albania, from which the Greeks buy heavy machinery. The government, says George, has solved the wheat problem entirely. It was able to do this because it instituted revolutionary and radical measures that no previous government was willing to do, because of fear of vested interests. Here it was a question of trade guilds, the bakers' guild and the millers' guild. Previously these were "closed professions." No one was free to open a "furnace." In each neighborhood or village the number of establishments was controlled; the same with mills. When, and only when, the baker or miller died or retired could another man (usually the son) take over the business. In effect, each baker's shop or mill was a monopoly guaranteed to have no competition. This situation was perpetuated because trades could apply sufficient pressure on MPs to make any change impossible. When parliament was abolished, however, the new government, coming as it did from a sector having no previous political entanglements, was able fearlessly to take measures. In short, it made both the millers' and the bakers' trades "free" and open. The result is: more bakers, more millers, and better bread at cheaper prices. Also, the millers previously used foreign wheat because it was cheaper; now they use Greek wheat and make a smaller profit, with benefits to the economy and the consumer. Another trade previously closed and now

open is that of the chemist. George also praised the government's policy of ample loans to farmers. This of course is a continuation of previous policies, but under the Colonels the loans have been liberalized. For example, farmers can now get loans to build themselves new homes. This was not possible before. The interest is only 2 percent.

There is a great exodus from the mountain villages where farming is uneconomical. George sees this as a healthy development. In fertile and level regions, irrigation and mechanization have revolutionized agricultural practices.

The government is also encouraging tourism in an efficient and enlightened manner. It gives loans for the construction of modern hotels, for example. (Note the good taste of the new hotel at Aghios Ioánnis.) Prices are strictly regulated. There is also an active campaign for cleanliness. Every so often Pattakós flies over resort towns or beaches in a helicopter and woe to the mayor of an area that is found to be covered with litter.

But there is also, of course, the other side of the coin. I asked George if he knew of anyone who had been imprisoned, or of the families of such. Yes, of course, of course. "How many are imprisoned?" "No one knows. No one asks such questions." "Are there more people or fewer in jail now as compared to the early stages of the coup?" "As far as I can tell, more, many more. Especially army officers. Every day there are lists in the paper of those who have been relieved of their posts. They're jailed and then if they sign certain papers they are pensioned off." "How do the families live?" "Who knows? They manage on their savings." "Does anyone help them?" "Are you kidding? If you help them you land in jail yourself. But perhaps some people help them secretly."

What impressed me most about George's observations was his emphasis on how silent everyone is. No one talks about political matters. No one expresses any opinions to anyone else. "We don't trust a soul," he told me. "Not even our closest friends. So we keep quiet." He said that in the three years since the coup, no one had ever asked him, nor had he asked anyone else, the questions that I had posed, especially about the number of prisoners. In three years he had never discussed the subject with a soul.

Saturday, August 15, 1970.

George was again very eloquent and emphatic about "psychological torture" under the present régime. The imprisonment, maltreatment, etc. must not divert people's attention from this. Nor must the manifestations of ordinary everyday life—the eating, dancing, buying, etc.—because underneath is always this lurking fear. "The horror," he says, "is that from one day to the next I don't know whether I'll be holding my job when I wake up in the morning. The horror is that there is no law, only the whim or will of the rulers. I can be fired on the spot, and for no reason, or for false reasons supplied by

sycophants. And there is no recourse. Everyone in Greece—and especially of course civil servants, which means every teacher, priest, agriculturist, policeman, etc.—lives with this fear. Thus no one, but no one, will ever tell anyone else, especially a foreigner, that life is bad. “We’re fine,” they’ll say, and will change the subject. And outwardly they are fine: they smile, eat, enjoy themselves. But inwardly they are holding on for dear life and living from day to day. Thus the situation is intolerable for all intellectuals, all people with ideals and visions.

For George, the situation is complicated by the continued specter of his brother, Odysseas. George feels, indeed knows, that this fact has hindered his career. Indeed a functionary in the Ministry told him as much: it’s the rules! Father, mother, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, cousins. If anyone has a “bad record” this is taken into account. George has received promotions and salary increases according to the regular scale. But everything above and beyond has been denied him. In particular, he twice took examinations for fellowships to study in France. Both times he came out first among the examinees, but the fellowships were given to someone else. On the other hand, he perhaps is the beneficiary of the old-time Greek system of nepotism. (We’ll see.) His application for transfer back to Salonica so that he could be united with his family was never acted upon until one day his wife Efthymoúla, by accident, discovered that one of her distant cousins was a high-ranking officer in the inner revolutionary clique, indeed serving in the palace as an adjutant to the Regent. They went to see him. He of course did not know of George or of Efthymoúla, but as soon as he heard of the family relationship he was more than willing to help. “The Revolution does not believe in separating families,” he said. “This is disgraceful.” In the event, he succeeded in having George transferred (maybe) but still 50 km. from Salonica. To be more exact, he assured George that the order had been written. It had to pass pro forma through the Council. George is still waiting

George said that this cousin assured him very vigorously that Papadopoulos is not a fascist, and that he basically believes in the parliamentary system. He admitted however that some of the other members of the government do not share this view. One needs to be careful in every appraisal because everything is rather subtle. Because decrees are issued, for example, does not necessarily mean that they are honored. After the constitutional referendum a law was passed subjecting to punishment all those who did not vote. This was later rescinded. Yet when a friend of Themis’s applied for a passport after the rescinding, he was denied it because he hadn’t voted. What is one to think, accordingly, of the new regulation lifting the ban on all the books proscribed since the beginning of the Revolution? I asked a bookseller what this would mean in practice. “How can it be applied?” he answered me. “We are all afraid. Who will be the first to display these books?” To make matters worse, the decree states that no book may be sold if it has “propagandistic content.” In short, the situation is now probably worse, for the

decision is left up to the bookseller, who knows that “propagandistic content” can mean anything that a tribunal wants it to mean. Before, things were definite and you knew what could be sold and what could not.

Regarding the constitutional referendum, o Pappous told me how it was conducted, at least in Salonica. There was “secret balloting.” You were supposed to be given two ballots, one saying Yes and the other No. Then you were supposed to go behind the curtain, drop one of them into the box, and destroy the other. Fine. But the voters, when they entered the polling place, were handed only the Yes ballot. If they wanted the No ballot they had to ask for it. This obviously no one did, as their name would be recorded on the spot by the attending policeman.

Fear is the keynote, especially for those like Chrysanthi’s family, who have a “blot” on their record. We invited both Lola and George to come with their families to England, taking advantage of our presence there. But will they? Not likely. Lola, for example, will be very reluctant to apply for a passport because this will remind the authorities of her existence!³¹

Sunday, September 23, 2001, Princeton.

Drove from Princeton to Manhattan with John Iatrides, pleasantly, lots and lots to talk about. He related how during the Junta period he was at a reception at the Officers’ Club in Thessaloniki when he walked Papadopoulos, surrounded by goons. Everyone began to applaud. But John kept his hands behind his back, whereupon one of the goons approached him menacingly. He then applauded, for which he now of course hates himself. But these moments of cowardice (or “accommodation”) keep one alive.³²

NOTES

Thanks: As always in my publishing life, I am grateful this time as well to the late Peter Mackridge for added information and the correction of an error.

1. Φρουρέ, δώσε μας κανένα ψωμάκι!

2. Items in date April 21, 1967 that may need explanation:

EDA: United Democratic Left, leftist political party.

Papandreou: Andreas Papandreou, son of former prime minister George Papandreou.

Areios Págos: Greek Supreme Civil and Criminal Court.

Karamanlis: prime minister from 1955 until June, 1963.

Greek Orthodox Easter: April 30, 1967.

Téa Anemoyánni: Athenian intellectual, friend of Kazantzakis.

Kay Cicéllis: Greek novelist & translator born in France, Athens resident.

Chrysanthi: my wife, born in Macedonia, girlhood in Thessaloniki under the Nazis. We were staying with her family in Thessaloniki.

3. επάνω

4. Είστε μαζί μας ή όχι;

5. Τι χάλια!

6. Items in date April 23, 1967 that may need explanation:

Paris: Thessaloniki family friend, Army physician, supporter of his two unmarried sisters.

Kollias: Constantine Kollias (1901–1998), Attorney General of the Areios Pagos (Supreme Civil and Criminal Court), named Prime Minister by the Colonels.

G. Papandreou: George Papandreou (1888–1968), Greek prime minister 1944–45, 1963, 1964–65; father of Andreas Papandreou.

Kanellopoulos: Panayotis Kanellopoulos (1902–1986), Greek prime minister deposed by the Coup. Under house arrest until 1974.

Eleni Vlachou (1911–1995): owner of the Athens newspaper *Kathimerini*, which she closed down as a protest against the coup. Arrested, but escaped to London where she agitated against the Colonels.

Lambrakides: followers of the famous pacifist athlete, left-wing physician, and MP Gregoris Lambrakis (1912–died on 27 May 1963 from assassination).

7. — Τι εντύπωση έχεις για την κατάσταση αυτή;
— Χάλια.
— Γιατί;

— Δεν βλέπεις; Τέτοια ώρα, πριν, η Αθήνα είχε μεγάλη κίνηση. Και τώρα;

8. Μακάρι να μη ξαναδούμε τέτοιες μέρες.

9. Items in date April 26, 1967 that may need explanation:

O pappous: Ο Παππούς = grandfather, in this case Chrysanthi's father

Theodorakis: Mikis Theodorakis (1925–2021), famous leftwing composer eventually imprisoned by the Colonels, who forbade his works.

Mount Athos: The “Holy Mountain”, site of numerous monasteries.

Theotokas's account: in the book *Πνευματική Πορεία* by Γιώργος Θεοτοκάς.

Metaxas régime: 1936–1941, known as the 4th of August Régime, the time when the prime minister, Ioannis Metaxas, imposed an authoritarian nationalistic ideology.

The seim anew: James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake* 215.23.

10. Items in date April 27, 1967 that may need explanation:

Manolis Glezos (1922–2020): lowered the Nazi swastika flag on the Acropolis on 30 May 1941 for which he became an international anti-Nazi hero. Eventually identified and arrested by the Germans, he survived (see April 30 diary entry). Nor of course was he executed by the Colonels. He died at age 97.

They shot the whole government: The “Execution of the Six” held responsible for Greece's military defeat in Asia Minor.

11. Χριστός άνέστη έκ νεκρῶν, θανάτῳ θάνατον πατήσας, και τοῖς έν τοῖς μνήμασι ζῶην χαρισάμενος

12. Items in date April 30, 1967 (Easter Sunday) that may need explanation:

George: Chrysanthi's older brother, a professional agriculturalist working for the Agricultural Bank.

kokoretsi; a traditional dish eaten after the Resurrection service, consisting of lamb intestines (ideally repeatedly washed), stuffed with lungs, heart, liver, pancreas, and who knows . . .

13. Items in date May 4, 1967 that may need explanation:

Kazantzakis's letter: Printed in *Τετρακόσια γράμματα του Καζαντζάκη στον Πρεβελάκη* (Athens, 1965), p. 370.

Nikos Kazantzakis (1883–1957): internationally famous Greek writer.

Prevelakis: Pandelis Prevelakis (1909–1986): Cretan writer, younger colleague of Kazantzakis.

Plastiras: Nikolas Plastiras (1882–1953): Leader of the Revolutionary Committee after the 1922 Asia Minor disaster; accepted responsibility for the execution of 6 former leaders; fled to France after the failure of his 1933 coup.

14. «Η κυβέρνηση ἐπιδιώκει ἐφαρμογήν πολιτικοῦ καὶ κοινωνικοῦ προγράμματος μεταρρυθμίσεως, τὸ ὁποῖον θὰ καθεστᾶ δυνατὴν τὴν ἀποκατάστασιν ὁμαλῶν συνθηκῶν καὶ ἐπιστροφὴν εἰς τὴν κοινοβουλευτικὴν δημοκρατίαν.»
15. Items in date May 20, 1967 that may need explanation:
Rotunda: Very large cylindrical building in central Thessaloniki built in A.D. 306 by the Romans, meant to be the mausoleum of Galerius Caesar; later served as a church and mosque; now used by the University for important ceremonies.
16. Ζήτω ἡ Ελλάδα, ζήτω ὁ Βασιλεὺς, ζήτω ὁ Διάδοχος, . . . Ζήτω ὁ Στρατός.
17. Items in date May 25, 1967 that may need explanation:
Lagkadas: village about 20 kilometers from Thessaloniki, location each year of the barefoot fire-walking ritual performed by the Anastenarides.

Marat/Sade: a play by Peter Weiss set in an insane asylum.

18. Items in date May 26, 1967 that may need explanation:
Pattakós: Stylianos Pattakós (1912–2016), one of the principals in the junta that overthrew the government. Deputy prime minister 1967–73, Minister of the Interior 1967–73.
- Papadópoulos: George Papadópoulos (1919–1999), leader of the Colonels’ coup, eventually prime minister.
19. Items in date June 18, 1967 that may need explanation:
Kakridis: Ioannis Kakridis (1901–1992), classical scholar, advocate of language reform: taught at the university in Thessaloniki from 1948 until he was relieved of his post there in 1968.

Aghia Triádha: Seaside village quite near Thessaloniki. We rented a villa there for the summer.

20. Αυτά που θέλει ἡ Ελλάδα εἶναι ὄχι μορφωμένους, μα Ἕλληνες!
21. Items in date July 2, 1967 that may need explanation:

Galatea Kazantzaki (1884–1962), Nikos Kazantzakis’s first wife, a left-wing author.
Kostas Varnalis (1884–1974), Marxist intellectual and writer.
Elli Alexiou (1894–1988), Galatea’s sister, left-wing writer, journalist, teacher.
Vasilis Vasilikos (1934–), writer, journalist, politician forced into exile by the coup, published “Z” in 1967 about the assassination of Lambrakis.

22. «Εγώ . . . θαρρώ πως οι αρετές της ράτσας μας αναδείχονται μόνο έξω από Κρατικά καθεστώτα. Ως Κρατικός ο Έλληνας είναι φρικαλέος· ως Οδυσσέας, περιπλανώμενος, εργαζόμενος, εμπορευόμενος, σκεπτόμενος, χωρίς δικό του Κρατικό σύστημα, σαν τους Εβραίους, είναι μοναδικός στον κόσμο. Μπορεί, όπως οι Εβραίοι, να γίνει δραστικότερο προζύμι για ν' ανεβεί η γης.» (Νίκος Καζαντζάκης, *Επιστολές προς τη Γαλάτεια* [Αθήνα, 1958], σελ. 140.)

23. Items in date July 22, 1967 that may need explanation:
doublethink and newspeak: see George Orwell's novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

Alexis Minotis (1900–1990): stage actor and director, film actor.

24. Items in date August 2, 1967 that may need explanation:

The Quaker School here was the Domestic Science School for 50 village girls between the ages of 14 and 16, outside of Thessaloniki near the American Farm School, run by British Quakers in conjunction with UNRRA, begun in 1945 and amalgamated with the Farm School in 1966.

Bruce Lansdale (1925–2009) served the Farm School as President from 1955 until 1990.

Philip Noel-Baker (1889–1982) was an MP off and on until 1970.

Mr. and Mrs. Noel Jones, serving as joint principals of the girls' school in 1960, raised sufficient funds in England to construct a better building to house staff and students.

25. Items in date October 21, 1967 that may need explanation:

Bouboulina: a center in Athens, named ironically after Laskarina Bouboulina (1771–1825), a wealthy shipowner on the island of Spetses who organized a private force to aid the Greek struggle for independence.

A translation of the novella “Hours of Life” appeared in *Charioteer* 1972, pp. 35–87.

26. Items in date November 3, 1967 that may need explanation:

Joy Jones and Muriel Lindsay: the second and first co-directors of the Girls School in Thessaloniki, with their husbands Noel Jones and Charles Lindsay.

The new archbishop (of Thyateira and Great Britain): possibly Athenagoras, who served from 1963 to 1979.

Ritsos: Yannis Ritsos (1909–1990): brilliant poet, member of the Communist Party of Greece.

27. Items in date December 13, 1967 that may need explanation:

King Constantine's counter-coup: his unsuccessful attempt against the Colonels on December 13, 1967 forcing him to leave the country.

28. Items in date July 22, 1970 that may need explanation:

katharévoussa: conservative form of the Greek language (spoken quite badly by the Colonels), bringing it a bit closer to Ancient Greek, as opposed to dimotikí, the popular form of the language that people actually spoke without needing instruction.

29. Items in date July 27, 1970 that may need explanation:

Triandafyllidis grammar: Manolis Triandafyllidis (1883–1959) was a leading advocate of the demotic language as opposed to katharévoussa. His 1941 *Νεοελληνική Γραμματική (της Δημοτικής)* became a respected resource.

Koraïs: Adamantios Koraïs (1748–1833): Greek philosopher, resident chiefly in Paris, who developed katharévoussa as a compromise between Ancient Greek and demotic.

30. Items in date July 28, 1970 that may need explanation:

Aristóvoulos Mánesis (1922–2000): Distinguished professor and lawyer in Thessaloniki who openly opposed the Colonels' coup. In his final class before being removed from his post in 1968, he delivered to his students a statement against autocracy that has become a sort of classic.

Molhos's: a favorite bookstore then in Thessaloniki, the best place to find foreign books.

31. Items in date August 15, 1970 that may need explanation:

Odysséas: George's younger brother. A student in law school when the Nazis invaded in April 1941, he became active in anti-Nazi resistance and eventually left Thessaloniki in order to join the resistance forces in rural Macedonia. These were largely Communist at the time. When the Axis Occupation turned into the Greek Civil War after the Germans left in October 1944, he remained with the anti-government forces. When these were defeated in 1949 he found his way to communist territory north of Greece and eventually was transported by the Soviet Union to Tashkent, where he remained for over thirty years, before being allowed to return to Greece.

Constitutional referendum: This was held on July 11, 1968. The new constitution gave the armed forces immunity from governmental control. The monarchy was retained (it was abolished in the later referendum of July 29, 1973).

32. Items in date September 23, 2001 that may need explanation:

John Iatrides (1932–): Greek historian, co-author with Ambassador Robert Keeley of *The Colonels' Coup and the American Embassy: A Diplomat's View of the Breakdown of Democracy in Cold War Greece*. Also the author or co-author of other significant books and articles relevant to the Colonels' coup.