

SPEECH OF THE CYPRUS AMBASSADOR IN GREECE MR. CHRISTODOULOU PASIARDI IN THE PHILOLOGICAL MEMORIAL FOR THE HERO OF EOKA KYRIAKOS MATSI

Thessalonica, 22nd November 1998

If life is measured more with the intensity than duration, then the one who is cited and commemorated and honoured today was happy by having long, wide and plethoric life. Because Kyriakos Matsis, in the small duration of his thirty two years, had the time to experience the shocking intensity of a complete life, he managed to get the splendid emotions of a feverish route and succeed in summarising with his volunteer death all the great and beautiful things that adorned his straight and glorious course in our indecorous world.

The attempt of comparing or equating of common mortal man with a Saint is perhaps a sin. I dare to commit this sin, with the conviction that, when a common mortal man fritters away, with the expense of his soul the self-centred circle of his delimited life and exceeds the usual and unusual things in order to devote himself in the service of ecumenical man and in the prevailing of human values and ideals, then he is worthy promoted into a hero and worthy promoted into a Saint. And Kyriakos Matsis, is worthy promoted into a hero, and he could worthy be called a Saint. A Saint who was not withdrawn in a deserted place in order to be an ascetic. A saint who did not resort in hermitages and abbeys to avoid the further and snoop temptations. A saint who was not isolated in a quiet place and was not enclosed in cells in order to save his soul only.

Kyriakos Matsis chose to fight and consecrate in the world for the world, in the crowd for the mass, in the people for the people. He overcame the difficulties, faced the challenges and fought the dominant for life temptations, with peacefulness, courage, patience, dignity and above all with the faith of the above commissioned for the realisation of this important mission. He came through fire and water and was exported to moral recreation. He was tested and endured. He was also examined and was awarded with distinction. He was weighted, measured and was found complete. He drained his soul seeking and hunting moral perfection. He suffered for his faith in a better and happier world. And finally he was willingly sacrificed in the holy altar of the most beautiful and genuine principles of life and ideals. For Kyriakos Matsis, death was the divine climax of his tortures and passions, the evangelic synopsis of his beliefs and visions, the inevitable and excellent end of his dramatic

course towards perfection, completeness. Kyriakos Matsis with his words and actions was elected and will remain a hero Saint, a saint hero whom his picture will always remain in our national iconostasis, in order for us to bow and ask forgiveness for all the disastrous sins we commit wronging his sacrifice and contradicting his dreams.

In 1958 on Christmas Eve, Kyriakos Matsis, recollecting the sweet warmth of his house and at the same time experiencing with his soul and body the supreme debt to his country, wrote to his beloved parents, from a humid and dark hideout in the mountains of the fighting Cyprus:

"If the good Lord holds the great luck for us to offer our life for our country, then your joy should be immense. I do not know if a person can dream a better luck than this. And I cannot think parents that would not be prouder, for their children to fall for their country".

Eleven months after this letter, on 19th November 1958, the flourishing body of Kyriakos Matsis, a shrine and habitat of a pure and brave Greek soul, was cut in pieces from the lethal splinters of grenades, which were thrown in his hideout by the English soldiers. In his thirty-two years, the lovely bud of the mountainous ground of Palehori had the best luck he dreamed for himself in the last New Year's Eve of his life. And his simple and humble parents got the huge pride that their hero son bequeathed to them. The first words of the suffering father, as soon as he heard for his son's death were: "My wife and I are proud for the heroic death of our beloved son, who fought with all the strength of his soul for freedom of our suffering island. I wish the sacrifices of our children soon bring fruits, that is to say the coveted Freedom".

And forty entire years have passed since then. Forty entire years since Kyriakos Matsis, was sacrificed, was naturalised with glory and honour in the blissful country of immortality and eternity. And in these forty years a lot of trials and tribulation tragic things happened. The fight of Kyriakos Matsis, the fight of Cyprus for Unification with mother Greece, finally passed to the sweetest light of the divine Parthenon and concluded in the foggy and dreary fabrication of Zurich and London. The parents of the unforgettable hero, Hristofis who wears breeches and Kyriakou who wears scarf in her head, have already left from earthly life, in order to meet in the celestial lofts their brilliant lad who left before he saw his light blue dreams to be murdered in nightmarish nights which followed. Pentadahtilos, that put him in for so many nights, is for twenty four entire years a mountain range of pain and wailing, and behind it

Kyrenia a sad city that accompanies the endless lamentation of the bitter sea. In Dikomo, there that the Greek virtue of Kyriakos Matsis glowed, there that Kyriakos Matsis went up the steps of the sky, there where the proud eagle of Cypriot mountains was sacrificed, the hordes of the Turkish enemy and the Turkish settlers go for walk. Cyprus is not that country that Kyriakos Matsis envisioned. An immense extent of sadness and grief is now the ground that gave birth to the brave lad, the ground that wrote and signed the heroic epic of the 55-59, this tortured ground of my embittered island that thirty centuries of Greek history plough it and exhaust it. And in the suffocating fog of our current difficult and anguished times, Kyriakos Matsis is hovering as live and sleepless memory of a betrayed Greek, as an unfading and tearing picture of the unjust and unfair right.

We, at this moment, forty years since the melancholic autumn in 58 and twenty four years after the hot summer in 74, we cite and honour Kyriakos Matsis again and we wish not only in favour his soul to rest, but also in favour of our souls resurrection. We cite him today here in Thessalonica. The city, which he loved and was much loved by. In his five years of study in the Agricultural school of the Aristotelian University, from 1946 until 1952, the roads Andrianoypoleos, Sokratous and Amalia will accomodate a burning bramble from a mountainous village of Greek Cyprus and will be bases of operations of a beautiful adolescent who opens his wings for high flights and his heart for great emotions.

Here, in this beautiful city, which caress softly with its human hand, that which quietly provokes with its flowing atmosphere and that discreetly stimulates with its unsolved and penetrating sweetness, Kyriakos Matsis will study, contemplate, will fall in love, will write, will seek, will discuss, will reveal himself, will be mobilised and will bring up for the first time in Greece the Cypriot problem as a subject of respect of human dignity and re-establishment of human rights.

He arrived in Thessalonica on 22nd October 1946, after being to Athens first, in order to submit to and cry in the holy rock of Acropolis. Six days later, he watches the parade for the anniversary of 28th October in Thessalonica, he is moved when he sees the disabled people, and writes in his calendar: «the wooden legs of the disabled people of war were creaking. And the creak brought a feeling of despair in their soul, because our sacrifices were sacrificed in the altar of saint interest of the big forces ».

The candidate for sacrifice speaks and he is grieved for the unjust sacrifices of the Nation, without suspecting in that time his own sacrifice would be sacrificed in the altar of the sacrilegious interest of the big forces. Now, here in Thessalonica, he simply prepares for the sacrifice of his life to a holy aim. "It will come", he writes «the hour of action. Nothing is gained without sacrifices and freedom isn't gained without blood ».

Who, however, is this person that in his adolescent years had the time to experience Palama and Kalvo, Solomo and Kavafi, to converse with Thoukididi, Socrates, Platon, Aristotle and the stoic philosophers, to be puzzled reading him is Froyd , Shopenhaouer, Dostogiefski, Marx and Einstein? Who of is this poor farmer boy of an illiterate villager family who is lulled in his childhood by reading Greek history and who sleeps by spelling the word Greece? Who is this young student of the Greek high school of Famagusta who begins from his childhood to keep a personal Calendar and record actions, thoughts, feelings and questions? Who is this Cypriot student of Agricultural school of Thessalonica that is distinguished for his records, for his oratory, for his passion inspired by God and for his multidimensional action? Who finally is this Kyriakos Matsis who insisted to be sacrificed for the freedom of his country and who insists for so many years after his death to watch us ,to check us , to intervene and to shout through his grave?

He was a genuine Greek, a carrier of genes of a glorious history and taking a heroic tradition, who was born, lived and acted in a time that waited for him, not simply to express it , but to exceed it , as a pioneer of a new generation and as a herald of a new era. He was a person, for whom the defining adjectives are used only as an effort of an approximate description and as free attribution of an essential text that is not literally translated. Kyriakos Matsis was a free person with the genuine significance of the term, who experienced intensely and dialectically the internal fight of the intellectual person and who transubstantiated the pure speech into inspiration work, always ready to pay the price that the concretisation of an idea is demanding, always willing to pay the ransoms for the ascent the top, for the factual quantity of the unearthly dimensions of height. "Always", he used to say, "What we need is our accumulation in the snowy road. Without this might never bloom the shining of Rhodes. If you don't roll in the slime of mud, how will you need to bathe in clean waters of the stream? Without the winter of life spring would have no value «.

"The flag", he used to write, "for which I gave the oath to serve is the Truth. To her I will always remain faithful and fight for Light and Truth... ". And he supplemented: "You must know the truth first, in order to be able to release other people". In the unquenchable light of the liberating truth he was hovering, with the eyes of his soul awake, Kyriakos Matsis, was indifferent, as a butterfly, if he hurt or was burned.

Beyond and above the formal elements of his biographical note, the genuine identity of Kyriakos Matsi emanates from his best work and arises from his spoken writing. There, in his action, in his Calendar, in his letters, in his Notes, in his poems, the man is revealed and his heart and soul are scanned. This heart, which its vibrations were vibrations of fight and distress, pain and love, passion and love affairs. And this soul, that as a divine force moved the perishable body in imperishable from the time actions, that was exhausted in the quest of light and truth, that constantly laboured and was tortured to achieve the touch with perfection and fulfilment. Still a graduate student of High school, Kyriakos Matsis wrote: "If it is true that the biggest difficulty of person is to beat himself, let's then start this fight. I will come across with enormous obstacles. I will accept them though, as a stage to perfection ". And he later supplements: "Alas if human values were shown from their exterior clothes and from the spectacular appearance... you as a human being , then have duty, obligation for something superior... climb to the magic nature of superiority and then you will feel the value of life".

"The superior person", Confucius said, "demands from himself. The humble from the others". And Kyriakos Matsis always demanded, from himself, believing, as he wrote, that "if we want the human race to be better let's each one of us try separately to improve ourselves ".

From the school years until the last days of his life, the kyriakos Matsis will be writing. His pen was the natural extension of his mind and his heart too, a good helper of his constant vibrated soul. In the white paper the words fell charged with meaning and feeling, as drops from the sky of a feverish life, that fought to tame its counterbalancing inside forces, to harmonise in an admirable coupling his thoughts with dream, the feasible with the desirable, the perceptible with the ideal, speech with work. In this interminable fight of Kyrakos Matsis with his inside and outside world, in this dramatic confrontation of mediocrity with perfection, the visible surface with the invisible substance, of the minor and major, the Will and the Faith was up to the last breath the guns of the fighting person and the confronting person.

"Oh faith", Kyriakos Matsis prays, "oh' splendid strength enduring and omnipotent, you which you are hidden inside me and you are mine. Give me sterling patience to resist, a driving strength in order to act. A dominant will in order to win. Show me the way to honesty, in order to have the courage to face everybody without fear and shame ". And he continues his prayer and confession: "do not let your lips to spell a bad word, oh, man and small thought let not be founded in you.

Human souls do not live without symbols and do not achieve great things without faith in human strength.

This is what our great prayer should be.

I believe in, myself while he overcomes his own instincts, he is armed with self-confidence in the fight for the others and himself. I believe in my faith for success ".

And when, as an agriculturist returns from Thessalonica to Cyprus, in 1952, Kyriakos Matsis, with self-confidence of a pure ideologist and with the elation of a passionate visionary, writes: "The real ideologists stand with courage, put their hand in their heart, hear the voice of their conscience and say: I will be thrown in the fight, I will fight honestly and pluckily , I will accept the opponents' arrows , I will always move forward until I achieve my goal. And I will achieve it because I have the right on my side, because I sympathise the people, I see the uneducated people and I want to wake them up, him I see the wronged and I want to vindicate them «.

A Scientist, a thinker, a poet. An uneasy spirit Kyriakos Matsis, a fighter of spirit, a researcher of mysteries of human nature and of the fighting forces of human life, an unusual person who looked far in the horizons and went up in the skies, without losing contact with the earth, with reality, with currents events around him, without being away from the public street and the national road. With the spirituality that distinguished him, with the morality that adorned him and with the absence of clusters that allowed him free access and overcoming in time and in space, Kyriakos Matsis could always see clearly the tree without losing the view of the forest, he always cares for the tree because he believes that in this way he protects the forest. Still a student in Thessalonica, he formulates his wisdom for life in which he places the mass above the individual, the plenty above the one:

"I try to distinguish my perceptions for the attitude that someone is supposed to keep towards the mass and I find that not only from its ideological opinion but also

from the real perception of the well comprehended interests, we should all follow the:
` each for one and all for the mass.

I believed in certain moral values and I mean to apply them in my life. Because it is these that will save a man's dignity and will put him to the mass, they also constitute the corner stone of society based on which we should raise the resplendent building of tomorrow ".

God, the Earth, Cyprus, Greece, people, the Truth, Beauty, Freedom stood the altars of adoration and the saint steps of the soul of Kyriakos Matsis.

"Who might God be? – Humble Matsis wonders –and what does he represent? God is spirit. And this spirit cannot be anything more than the spirit of good, the spirit of right, of the genuine, that gives birth to the great works, special thought, and the sacrifices for the mass ".

"For the Ground I will speak to you now, my dear. The ground that hides inside it the biggest secret and the most beautiful as well, ` the charm that the power of material gives in the spirit of its beings. Nothing tied me up more than this bond. And when as a functional in a special creation, I took roots to the trees on a ground that I never believed it was mine, faith always took roots inside me next to the creation I also made an outrage. . Spirit stood rebellious Creation seemed immoral. The bushy green on the dry ground was a nightmare to me.

Yes, I have always dreamed a bushy life, but not like that. I wanted it tightly suited in some other moulds. I do not know if you characterize me excessively sensitive... However everyone should fight. Everyone should make something, with the body, and the heart, with the spirit, and laughter to enjoy it.

This is why I do not mind if Turks live on the ground or Greeks or Jews, or... what is important is for the ground to be lived by those who irrigate it with their sweat and walk free on it, its defenders, and it's sovereign. Breathe its air with pride, air of dew, beauty, and bravery. Not suppressed ...».

The fighter – the thinker exceeds, like a true free person, the narrow borders of his national space and embraces the ground with his spirit, mother of all the people all over the world, declaring the deeper and most essential meaning of ecumenical freedom. Greek body and soul Kyriakos Matsis becomes the heart and intellect

citizen of the world, the brother of all people on earth, a fellow traveller in a common course for a better tomorrow, for a free tomorrow. The meaning of freedom was never limited for the Kyriakos Matsis exclusively in the circle of his slave country and did not only concern the throwing off of a specific yoke. Kyriakos Matsis believed in the intellectual freedom as the only real freedom of a person. The term freedom had for the free Matsis had a wider dimension and prospect, a wider interpretation and application. He analyzes the type of freedom he had dreamed: «The solid ground is changed into spirit Ground, you step on this ground and the ground is the flame of your heart, it's the sheen of light you whiff. From the solid freedom of material and body we reach in superior levels, in the freedom of spirit, in the disengagement of spirit from the narrow superstitions, hate and inferior instincts, in order to breathe the air of beauty and bravery».

If nature holds surprises for us now and then, Kyriakos Matsis was definitely a surprise, with the meaning that he was ahead of his contemporary people and era, without splitting the narrow contact and the communication with his contemporary people and his era. His ideas, his thoughts and visions, no matter how high they were, no matter how distant they were no matter how many all romantic elements they contained, they were not abstract and unexpected forms, impassable places and metaphysical jumps in utopian places. The ideologist, the visionary, the poet Matsis was simultaneously and at the same time down to earth and realist, a man of action and factual offer, with intense political and social conscience, with clean thought and glance, with judgement and sharpness. A detainee and tortured during the fight, he discusses with his fellow prisoners and torturers the essence and prospect of the Cypriot problem, the Macedonian problem, the Balkan general subject. He impresses with his thoughts, his attitudes and his opinions, with his judgement and his analyses, with the precedence and his insight. He, who was born in a poor hut of a village, he, an aristocrat in spirit, the charismatic personality, the personified politeness and magnanimity, this sweet Kyriakos Matsis.

Sweet and humane, with his passions, his desires, the loves, his weaknesses. A completed person, who experienced as much as he could, the charms of life, which he loved and was hurt, who here in Thessalonica, was captured by the eyes of a girl in the north, by those eyes as he writes " are strong magnets that attract me pull and join our souls... her look is necessary. It gives me the strength and courage and hope in the fight for life ". The in love adolescent hymns to his calendar this unmarried nymph of the Thermaikos Nymph ": "The fatal woman who leaves deep

her traces in the heart that was charmed by her enchantment and felt her metal voice echoing thunderously inside him and her magic glance to flow in his being the genuine chastity of the omnipotent divine greatness of love. The broken heart asks for rest next to the ethereal creature, who is nothing else than the supplement of his own existence ".

The history is written by some heroes, Known and unknown. And the heroes interest people of every era. However, history people will always be moved particularly by those heroes who accompanied sensitivities and passions, the physiologic human passions, By those heroes who have the vulnerable strength to weep and the bold weakness to cry, until the time they are called to attempt the big overshooting in the uncommon, big jump towards death and eternity. Such a hero who is moved and moves was Kyriakos Matsis, who a few minutes before dying he will have to ask from his companion in the hideout : "When you come out , ask for Theodora and tell her that at this last moment I remember her ".

"As prepared for a long time, as courageous", Kyriakos Matsis will be enlisted among the firsts in that splendid fight of EOKA 55-59. In this fight, that revealed the genuine person of Cyprus, that reaffirmed the Greek historical identity of the island, that revived and repeated greatnesses and glories of our race that was and will remain a brilliant medal hung in the tortured breasts of the Nation.

The attendance of Kyriakos Matsis in this fight was not just an occasional spontaneous movement, an impulsive action of juvenile enthusiasm, an accidental exit of dull feelings. It was a conscientious action of pure patriotism, a natural development that was prepared during time by the ordeals of the mind and soul, the fullness of heart and the realisation of the dream. Matsis had a complete awareness of his debt and mission, and the aims and limits of the fight, of the political dimensions and international extensions of that big at the time revolt of Cypriot Hellenism.

In this holy fight, Kyriakos Ma'tsis will be a bright leader, a recognized charismatic physiognomy, who encourages , rouses, is on perpetual motion , struts mountains and plains, organises and fights. The vision of Cyprus freedom fills and carries away the modest fighter, gives substance and meaning to his life, opens the way for glory and his greatness. Now it is the time for Matsis to turn his speeches to actions, to vindicate his calendar, to materialise his lyric verses, to agree with the Athenian

Demosthenes in his utterance "if action is absent, all speeches seem empty and vain".

On 9th January 1956, Kyriakos Matsis is arrested and led to the horrible detention rooms in Omorfita. In these detention rooms his horrible martyrdom begins, but his magnanimity will also shine. The sensitive fighter, the one who according to Solomos "tired his breasts out but never kindness", Zealot of light, truth and perfection, the one who would never grieve and harm any one, screams from pain, suffers from continuous convulsions from repeated electric shocks, suffer patiently during nights and days the biggest martyrdom, that of insomnia, he swears in the most vulgar way, he is trampled and tortured as a human wreck. Thus covered in blood and bruised, with the pain to penetrate his entire body, he fades and is revived, he falls and is raised, he is beaten and erected, he provokes his torturers and he is perhaps the only fighter who admitted the identity and the moral content of his fight.

"I am Kyriakos Matsis", he said. «You arrested me, I am here as a leading member of the organisation, I have given myself for freedom of my country after the Second world War, in which we fought together against Nazism. And I would consider it a big humiliation, after your refusal to release Cyprus, if I was not part of the liberating effort that is carried out. If you were in my place, what would you do? Answer, if you are decent persons and if you respect your country and history. I respect these things, I am what I am, and I will fight, as much as I can, for the release of Cyprus". These words are not commented and this tendency of Kyriakos Matsis, in order for beauty, morality, courage and their emotion not to be decreased. His Greek, decent, splendid answer to the English Governor of Cyprus John Harding also remains uncommented, when the last one came in the prisons in order to ask from Matsis to reveal the place that the leader of the Fight Digenis was hidden. In return, the hard Field Marshal offered the colossal sum of half million of pounds and a safe escape abroad to Kyriakos Matsis. The reaction and answer of Kyriakos remained historical. He stood up from the chair in which he was seated, he struck his fist on the table in front of the Governor and shouted:

"I'm so sorry, because you have not realised with whom you conversing. You should know that we "do not fight for money, but for virtue". And after he opened the door he left and entered his cell again. As a brilliant Greek, in a beautiful historical moment.

I would like to stand in some philologic point of this proud answer of Kyriakos Matsis, that is associated immediately and defining with his morality and bravery. "We do

not fight for money ...», he said, he did not say I fight. He did not use the singular number. He used the plural, as all his written work during the fight, when he spoke for his own thoughts and actions. When he writes to his father on New Years Eve 58, he replaces I with we: "if the good Lord holds the great luck to offer our life for our country ...». When he writes to old fellow student his in Thessalonica and later to his professor in the Agricultural school of University Evangelos Panera, Kyriakos rescinds the first person of singular of the personal pronoun again. "We have made up our minds ... the way is difficult, but we are tireless ... the strength of faith gives vibration to our breath..."he will use the plural again when, after his escape from the camp of concentration, he writes to his Leader and tells him about the tortures he suffered: 'we went through an ordeal, but our God helped us. We were pressured in every way ".

However, the singular number, the 'I', the completed intellectually fighter will use, when he will be interrogated after his arrest and he says, with modest pride: "I am Kyriakos Matsis... I am what I am and I will fight as much as I can for the release of Cyprus" and when on 19th November 1958 encircled in his betrayed hide after refusing to be surrendered, he will shout: "If I come out, I will come out shooting". And in these two cases, it was a clearly personal affair, it was the proud curtsey of 'I' in front of ordeal and death, it was the decent arrogance of I in front of the last moment of an individual's life.

In this last moment of his life, Kyriakos Matsis would remember what he used to say and write: "choose if you can the way of your death a beautiful death is usually the noblest action of life". He would remember these words, without possibly knowing that he repeated, after so many centuries, the utterance of the Spartiatis Lykourgos: "it's better to have a good death rather than a horrible life".

Alone, in that autumnal day of November, in his hideout Kyriakos Matsis, alone, after he had ordered his two companions to go out, did not take him long to decide between life and death. "The perfect person, the excellent ", Isiodos, wrote "is the one who alone thinks it over, and realises what's best". The excellent Kyriakos Matsis soon realised what was best. He had already considered what was the best, years ago. And when the hour came, alone with God, he did the best. He was sacrificed.

I do not know if it is disrespect for heroes to be evaluated and be ranked, casualties of war in favour of their faith and country. I only know that for some there is a

particular dimension in life and in action a particular dimension, and in the way of their death there is a special greatness. A dramatic greatness that shocks, when somebody is called to decide in a few minutes if he wants to live or prefers to die and finally chooses death, as the right and conscientious action of offer to the mass, as a conformity and consequence in his beliefs and ideals. Kyriakos Matsis had the time to decide. He was given the possibility of choice. And as a young person that he had every right and every excuse to want to live and enjoy life. He denied life. He denied to be surrendered and to betray his primeval self. He denied ignominy and humiliation. And he chose to die, with dignity of the chosen in life, with the glory of the valiants of the world.

Kyriakos Matsis wrote plenty. Many things by a lot of people were said for Kyriakos Matsis. But whatever was written or said, it will always remain from Kyriakos Matsis a serious remainder, unfulfilled, unsolved, inaccessible, that will leave incomplete his immaculate form and weak the recording of the entire speech of his heart. Some of his time, perhaps the longest, some of his moments, the most critical perhaps, and some of his experiences, the most shocking perhaps, belong exclusively to himself and were buried with him. What, however, wasn't buried with him and remained with us, is so big and so strong, that it is enough to crown the hero and to lit up the road of our life.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

When history tires out to recite the heroic epic of Kyriakos Matsis legend will undertake to tell his ageless glory. And when legend tires to recount his brilliant greatness, fable will intervene to add with eerie elements in the sketching of the picture of a person, who suffered for his faith in the biggest, in the most splendid, in the most beautiful ideals of life.

Forty years after his heroic death, we experience today the bitter rebuttal of our dreams and the big grief of our horrible national tragedy, we intensely feel the deep need to be continuously chosen with Kyriakos Matsi, to receive communion from his body and blood, from the body and blood of the betrayed and the wronged generations of my country, in order to be able to bear and fight in this critical time of our national life.

We today need more than ever before, kyriakos Matsis, We need the heroic spirit of that glorified era, we need his loud voice of history and of our ancestors, in order to instil strength and unshakeable faith, breath and indomitable belief, vision and

fighting courage. The future of our tortured place is today jeopardised and our national and natural survival is seriously threatened. The enemy is already inside the walls and the dangers are visible that they suffocating encircle and besiege our grieved and unjust ground. In this decisive for our future hour, in this difficult turning-point of our history, we do not have neither the human right of making any errors nor the luxury of dulling and indifference nor any documentation of lassitude and fatalism. The only right we have, the only responsibility we bear, the only debt we bear is a continuous and constant fight a reliable and insistent fight, until final vindication.

And in this fight for the salvation and the redemption of Cypriot Hellenism there are not tiers for spectators, there are not any resting places for the tired, there are not any lockers room of responsibilities, there are not shelters for fatalists and defeatists. There are only obligations and ramparts. From these obligations no one can escape. And in these ramparts we continue to stand up and be awake, denying, to be surrendered and to surrender the ground of our fathers, denying to get used to the possession of our territories, denying to succumb and bow the Turkish intruder and conqueror.

For twenty-four entire years we remain free besieged claiming each day not just to keep what remained to us, but also to recover what with violence took us. This land that was taken from us is ours and not theirs. This land, that the hordes of the Attila enemy step on it and the settlers' hordes pollute, is fertilised with the bones of our Greek ancestors, is charged with Greek history, Greek language Greek religion, Greek culture. This land is not forgotten. This land is not written off. This land is not for sale.

We are not lotus-eaters in order to forget what we are eligible and what belong to us. We are not adopted in order to wait for the higher up or the outside donation of freedom or for a miracle (dens ex machina) in order to resolve our tragedy. We are not desperate people in order to erase altars and ancestral hearths and to attempt our national suicide. As weak as we might be, as few as we might be, as difficult as and our way might be, national suicides we are never going to become.

The fight of Cypriot Hellenism is Fight of Nation. A Fight for honour, dignity and integrity of the Greek Nation is the fight of Cyprus. We do not have the right of failure in this fight. Failure in this fight will not only mean the destruction of Cyprus, but also the starting line of new dangers and adventures for the whole Hellenism. I always think and speak as Greek. And, whatever concerns Greece, it concerns me too. And

from this place, I see and I realise that the north danger for Cyprus it is the East threat for Greece. The Turkish Enemy does not only aim Cyprus. It aims, threatens and has designs on other departments of the Nation too. Cyprus was and remains an integral part the Greek Nation.

When the Nicosia resident is distressed, the resident of Thessalonica and Athens cannot relax. When Kyrenia, Famagusta, Morfou and Lapithos are occupied by Turkish, Xanthi, Komotini and the Aegean cannot feel secure. When the Turk has already passed the gates of Cyprus, the emigrant Greek of Melbourne, London and Chicago is not entitled to be indifferent. The Nation is indivisible and united. Its fate the same. Its future common. The responsibility for its defence the same.

When you wake up in the morning and watch Pentadahtylos to weep when you feel Kyriakos Matsis buried in the Imprisoned Tombs and next to him the Turkish crescent, when the enslaved villages and our cities are occupied by the Turkish and are becoming Turkish, when outside our doors threat and danger lurk, then resistance and fight are not subject of choice, but a matter of historical need and historical debt. If contact with reality is called realism, what realism is superior of the responsibility for Cyprus salvation and the survival of Cypriot Hellenism? If contact with the Kyriakos Matsis and all the heroes and witnesses of our fights is considered to be romanticism, what romanticism is more realistic rather than the imperative need of vindication of the past sacrifices and the foundation of hopes for the future? Forty three years from the glorious starting line of the heroic epic of the legendary EOKA, forty years from the death of Kyriakos Matsis and twenty four years from the nightmarish preface of our big national tragedy, we count the dreams that were killed, we count the wounds that were accumulated, we count the sacrifices that were wronged, we count the Greek centuries that passed from our grieved country. And we find the total sum so big and heavy that does not allow the deviation from the one and only way, from the one and only fight. The way and the fight for freedom, salvation and vindication of Cypriot Hellenism. And in this way and fight Kyriakos Matsis lasts as unquenchable light. And in this way and fight, the everlasting Kyriakos remain an everlasting Sunday of our life.