

Martirosyan's personality. He had blue eyes and an agitated expression. Such people are usually edgy and short-tempered.

He made a few accusations and declared, "The Dashnaktsutiun Party is detrimental to the Armenian nation and should be disbanded." The moment had come too soon. I put on a calm expression and said, "Political parties are not born to order and do not die to order. People's needs and demands give birth to them, and history and events make them disappear. Now the needs and the history of the Armenian nation will show which party should disappear, the Dashnaktsutiun or the Bolshevik Party." Martirosyan was startled. He stood up and began pacing the room. "*Nastayashchi* [real] Dashnak," he grumbled through his teeth. "Take him and show him around Yerevan," he ordered in Russian. "We'll break him." Thanks to his temperament, I had achieved my goal.

Ruben Ghazaryan, who was also the Deputy Minister of National Security, took me in his car and drove me through the streets of Yerevan. I honestly have to say that I was not very much impressed or elated or enchanted, such that Martirosyan could "break" the "*nastayashchi* Dashnak" in me.

We returned to Ghazaryan's office and the prison guard took me down to the basement and locked me up in cell No. 3.

My cell was very small, two paces wide by three or four paces long. There was no furniture. During the daytime I would sit on the "bedding." It was forbidden to sleep during the day. There was a small opening in a corner