

He kept pressing me to tell him who the members of the Tabriz Central Committee were and what decisions had been made in the ARF General Congress. Obviously, I had no response to that. My political convictions and the discipline I had embraced since I was a teenager prevented me from answering such questions.

To his outrageous idea about our relations with the British, I kept answering, “The British are *your* allies. We have no need to develop a relationship with them.”

The “preliminary” cross-examinations finally came to an end. They didn’t call me for questioning for about two weeks. One day, after a long period of waiting, the iron door opened with its nerve-wracking squeal. A guard walked in and called me for *dapros* (interrogation).

I was surprised, since my interrogations usually took place after 10:00 o’clock at night. This must be something extraordinary. I was taken to another section of the Cheka where they photographed me and took my fingerprints, then I was sent back to my cell. That was a puzzle and made me think for a long time. That kind of registration and documentation of prisoners normally takes place during the first days of incarceration, not six months later. Was this a good omen or a bad one? I couldn’t tell.

I had been abducted and brought to Yerevan and kept in solitary confinement so that no other prisoner would see me or know of my existence. That worried me, although I no longer dreaded death. But I knew that one day they would get rid of me without a trace in order to cover up their crime of abduction. On the other hand, the optimist in me suggested that the Cheka was