

It was a strange situation in Tabriz, neither war nor peace. The Red Army was advancing in Azerbaijan, bringing the Red ideology, the boorish communist mob movement. The future was uncertain and unpredictable. What was evident, though, was that there was fear, there was panic.

An Iranian Army regiment, together with tanks and armored cars, was proceeding along the main street in the direction of the Iranian-Soviet border, accompanied by the sad, soft music of a single wind instrument. The troops marched at a slow pace, as if without purpose. The procession looked nothing like a military column moving to the battlefield.

The unknown and the uncertainty worried me. All sorts of rumors were circulating but it was impossible to verify any of them. In the street that morning, I met Colonel Beglari, the principal of the military school in Tabriz, and asked him what was going on. He answered with pretended indifference, "Nothing. The army is on its way to a maneuver." It didn't make sense. I was troubled. On top of it all, just the day before, my wife Parik and my older daughter Rubina had come in to Tabriz for a day from Vasminj, a summer resort where the rest of my family, including my younger daughter Roozan and my cousin Vartuhi, were staying together with other relatives and family friends.

I tried to find a car or a horse-drawn carriage to get there and bring my family back. The situation was fluid and changing rapidly. The streets were becoming deserted. The government had commandeered any and all means of