

There were frequent visits by artists as well as musical groups and theatrical troops. Concerts and exhibitions were staged, and the performance by the Ayyvazyan Jazz Group was one of those cultural showcases.

The Diasporan Armenian is a strange being when it comes to anything pertaining to Armenia. We become sentimental patriots and we welcome, honor and celebrate the artist, scientist or writer who comes from Armenia. Thus the atmosphere was one of jubilation when the Ayyvazyan Jazz Group came to Tabriz. The entire Armenian population of the city turned out to greet them, forgetting for a moment the wretched situation they were living in. Obviously, I had no intention of going to their concert, given the unsafe environment, and also because we knew through our connections that there was a plan afoot to arrest Archbishop Melik-Tangian and myself. I preferred to be more cautious and not show up in a busy public place. In that dangerous situation, I received an “invitation” to attend the concert.

I was sipping my coffee in Davit’s café one day when the two Armenian officers from the Soviet consulate came in, took a table and ordered Armenian coffee. We did not greet each other. “Outside of this room,” they had cautioned me during our meetings, “we do not know each other.” Before leaving the café, they approached Davit’s sister at the cash register and engaged her in conversation. While they were talking, she turned her head and gazed at me a few times. Thus I knew they were talking about me. When the officers left, Davit’s sister came over and told me they were asking about me, who I was and what