

my name was. Then they asked her to tell me that I was invited to go to the concert and to express my opinion about the event. That was my “invitation” to the Ayvazyan Jazz Group’s concert, which sounded more like an order.

What to do? Why did they want me to go? I consulted a few friends. They all agreed that if I didn’t go, the Soviets would think I was afraid. They advised me to go but to take safety precautions. So I went, accompanied by my wife Parik and my friend Samson Khachikian.

During the first intermission, Samson and I went out to the foyer to smoke. Agaronov was there with a Russian officer. The officer approached me and asked for a light from my cigarette. That was odd. Was it a way of marking me for recognition? I was intrigued and wanted to find out what was going on. During the second intermission, we went to the other side of the foyer from where we could see the back lot. There was a car parked there and Agaronov and the Russian officer were circling around it at a rapid pace. And they weren’t just strolling. They were up to something.

The concert ended and we walked out. An Indian officer of the British Army joined us and walked alongside us without a word until we reached the main street. He then cast me a look and left us. Was it just a coincidence? Or did the British know the Soviets were out to arrest or abduct me? A number of our ungers were waiting at the end of the street to accompany us home. Evidence uncovered later would show that this was the first Soviet attempt to abduct me.

The persecution ramped up. Our sources told us there