

[demonstrations].” Calmly and with some sarcasm, I replied, “Isn’t there anything else to miss?” That was the end of the conversation. Finally, the “prison” door opened and I was taken to the train, surrounded by soldiers.

They seated us in a corner of the wagon so that I couldn’t see any passengers but I could hear them talking. A Western Armenian fellow was loudly criticizing the government, complaining about the dire living conditions and the hard work. The other passengers kept quiet, neither affirming nor contradicting his “criticism.” Most likely, their life experience had taught them to ignore such critics and protesters who were obviously informers and spies. That was one of the tactics of the manhunt. Indeed, the Soviets are masters at concocting an accusation, abducting or simply stealing people. That is characteristic of their politics even today.

The train stopped in Yerevan. After all the passengers were gone, they let me off. Martial law was in force and the station was submerged in darkness. Once in a while an anti-fascist billboard caught my eye in the dark. A military officer—who happened to be my future interrogator—received me and rode with me in a car. Soon we were in an office in the Cheka building in Yerevan.

After some formalities, and after taking every object from me that could have been used to commit suicide, they put me in a cell. It was clean and warm, a real paradise compared to my cell in Tabriz. But I was in the Cheka prison, a notorious place known for murderous torture throughout the history of Bolshevik Communism. But