

As I was passing the Cheka building, an Armenian officer grabbed me in the back and said, "Let's go in here. Give me your gun." "I am not a soldier," I replied. "I don't carry a gun."

By that time, another officer had pushed me through the door. Moments later, I was in their office being interrogated. I remember the following conversation taking place between me and the officer.

What is your first and last name?

Who are you looking for?

Baghdik Minassian.

You are not mistaken.

What is your position and your role in Dashnaktsutiun?

Who were you looking for and who did you arrest?

The Central Committee representative of the Atrpatakan Dashnaktsutiun.

You are not mistaken.

Put all the money you have on the table.

I emptied my pocket, about twenty-nine riyals [about eighty cents].

Do you have dollars?

We are in Iran, not the United States, I replied, guessing what he really meant.

The interrogation ended there. They put a sack on my head which I angrily pulled off. The Cheka officer explained that they were doing that for my own good, for my reputation, so the neighbors wouldn't recognize me. They covered my face with the lapels of my overcoat and led me like a blind person down to the backyard and into the basement prison. It was cold and humid in that cold