

camp in the tundra, he suffered even in his freedom. You owe it to him and to the world to tell the story of his life and yours with him.”

Was it indeed time? Could this be the sign, the impetus to drive me to confront an unresolved inquietude nested deep in my conscience? Yes, I have thought about this a great deal. I have had my scruples at being so deeply engaged in my own field of scholarship as to forget my filial duty. I was a product of my father’s sacrifices. I took after him in many ways. I tried to emulate him and follow his path. I was always thrilled when someone in the audience at one of my lectures—it would be an Iranian Armenian, of course—approached me and said, “You are a true daughter of your father. We hear his erudition, the spark of his enthusiasm speaking through you.” And yet, among the Armenian communities outside of Iran, especially the younger generation, very few know about his life, his devotion to the Armenian cause, and his long years of suffering in Soviet prison camps. That was my fault alone.

That day in late October was followed by a lot of reflection and reconsideration. What impact could be expected of this undertaking? Who would be the targeted readership?

I have read many memoirs and novels and poetry by Armenian and non-Armenian intellectuals, victims of Stalinist repression, describing the hellish atmosphere of the Soviet Gulag,² the unbearable, the unspeakable

2 *GULAG* is an acronym for the Soviet bureaucratic institution, *Glavnoe Upravlenie ispravitel'no-trudovykh Lagerei* (Main Administration of Corrective Labor