

Armenian lives, I did everything I could to ward off the recurrence of such a conspiracy, for the best interests of my homeland and for the sake of the security of my people? Is that why I have been convicted and my family has been subjected to immeasurable suffering? Who can explain this calamity brought upon me and my family, and that by the hands of an Armenian government? Whom shall I blame? To whom shall I complain?

My father speaks of his diminishing physical and spiritual strength and the anxiety of not knowing anything about the state of his family. Are they already lost? He begs the Commissar of State Security to release him from the hell of his prison cell and give him a job for the good of the people until his case is revisited and resolved. "Who benefits from my incarceration? Neither Armenia nor the Armenian people," he writes. He is being punished for nothing, and as a foreign citizen, he asks to be sent back to Iran, his country of citizenship.

My father's petition is full of pathetic, emotional outbursts. This is a man who still adheres to his principles, who maintains his honesty and sincerity, and who desperately tries to reason, yet with an ever-diminishing faith in human justice. The physical aspect of his letter tells it all. The handwriting is barely legible. The lines slope down to the right. The spaces are uneven, the letters ragged and incomplete. One need not be a graphologist to see how his handwriting has changed since his incarceration fourteen and a half months earlier.