

on April 15, 1945, by way of informing him about the journey ahead, his prison guard contemptuously ridiculed him: "You protested against the verdict and the sentence. Now we are sending you to Moscow. Go there and tell them what you want." With that, he was sent off to serve time for crimes he had not committed.

I have been assured that the contents of the envelope detailed above are the entire contents of my father's file preserved in the archives, with one exception. The only document held back was a letter of denunciation that was used as a necessary pretext to make the arrest. Who wrote that letter? Who planted "the kiss of Judas" on my father's face? I have a hunch that he knew the identity of that person, probably a close friend whom he would never otherwise have suspected. Throwing the name of that traitor at my father must have been a tool used by his interrogators in their attempt to break him. He never spoke about it. We will never know.

These documents from the KGB archives now held in Yerevan shed light on the time my father spent incarcerated in his homeland. The rest of his time away from us, his life in the labor camp in the northern Siberian permafrost, remains inaccessible to me at this stage of my life, as I cannot venture to travel to Russia or to Norilsk, as some diehard researchers have done, and dig in the dark for scraps of information on my father. So I return to the old box of his papers.

The search through my father's handwritten papers revealed in scattered notes the shape and structure of the