

from his position as editor-in-chief of the Armenian daily newspaper *Alik* (The Wave), he began to work on his memoir. He was finally ready to put pen to paper and relive the years of horror. Alas, he was not given the chance. Fate, providence or bad luck? In May 1976, the ARF Dro Committee of Australia invited him for a month-long visit, with meetings and lectures in Sydney and Melbourne. He embraced the opportunity and he successfully accomplished his mission. But during the last week of his stay he was stricken with influenza—the record outbreak in Australia claimed many lives—and he was taken to a hospital for emergency treatment. When he returned home, he was not fully recovered but he was happy and excited. The Australian Armenian community had received him cordially and enthusiastically. His lectures had been well attended and warmly commended. He promised to tell us all about it the next day, but first, he needed to rest.

That night, we rushed him to the hospital almost unconscious, with a bleeding ulcer inflamed by the heavy dosage of aspirin he had been given in the hospital in Sydney. His cautious abstemiousness over the years had camouflaged the ulcer he had contracted in the Soviet *lager* (camp). The date was June 13. After major surgery and a month of return stays in the hospital, he passed away on July 13. Doctors were unable to stop the bleeding which caused the steady drop of his blood pressure and drove him in and out of coma. I remember a few times when he was half-awake, he would utter in a fading voice, “Yenisei... Narilsk....” I would ask him what he meant, but