

## Appendix I

### Biography of Alexander Solzhenitsyn

Alexander Isayevich Solzhenitsyn was born on December 11, 1918, in the spa town of Kislovodsk in the North Caucasus Mountains. His father, a former philology student at Moscow University, had died in World War I six months before his only son's birth. Alexander Isayevich, therefore, was born to a widowed mother in relatively indigent circumstances.

The elder Solzhenitsyn had volunteered from the army, abandoning his course of study, in 1914 and had served as an artillery officer on the German front. He was an officer in the Grenadier Artillery Brigade and a member of a battery that remained on the front lines until the Treaty of Brest. He and Alexander's mother had been married on the front lines by a brigade priest. Though he returned home from the war in the spring of 1918, he died soon after as the result of an accident and poor medical care.

Solzhenitsyn's mother never remarried, partially because of her fear that a new husband would be too strict a step-father to her son. She was an educated woman, fluent in French and English, and supported herself and her son by working as a typist and stenographer. Beginning in 1924, the two lived in Rostov-on-Don. They were forced to rent rooms and huts from private owners because the state did not provide them with a room. After fifteen years, they were finally given a drafty room in a reconstructed stable.

From his boyhood, Solzhenitsyn planned to become a writer, though he called his early writings "much of the usual youthful nonsense." As a teenager, he submitted stories, all of which were rejected, to Boris Lavrenev and Konstantin Fedin at the journal *Znamya*. Years later, Fedin would prevent the publication of by-then well-known author Solzhenitsyn's novel *Cancer Ward*.

Though Solzhenitsyn longed to study literature as his father had at Moscow University, his mother could not afford to send him to Moscow. Therefore, he embarked upon a course of study in the Department of Physics and Mathematics at the University of Rostov-on-Don in 1937. Later, he would say that his degree in mathematics twice saved his life - teaching mathematics in a

sharashka for four years of an eight-year prison camp term and again teaching mathematics to support himself in exile after his release.

Ultimately, Solzhenitsyn was able to continue his literary studies concurrently with his mathematical education. Between 1939 and '41 he was enrolled in a correspondence program of Moscow's Institute of History, Philosophy, and Literature. During his years as a student, Solzhenitsyn wrote an essay about the Samsonov disaster of World War I, sparking an interest in the war that would one day result in his novel *August 1914*. In 1940, while still a student, Solzhenitsyn married chemistry student Natalia Alekseevna Reshetovskaya.

After graduating in 1941, just a few days before the beginning of World War II, Solzhenitsyn was given a job as a physics teacher at the First Secondary School of Morozovka in his home region of Rostov. His tenure in this position was cut short due to the war, and in October of 1941, he found himself assigned to be the driver of horse-drawn vehicles for the Red Army, a job that he would hold throughout the following winter.

Here, for the first time, Solzhenitsyn's mathematical education played a role in shaping his destiny. Because of his background in mathematics, he was transferred to artillery school and completed an abridged artillery training program in November of 1942. After his commissioning, he served for two weeks in the Gorky region before being made commander of a reconnaissance artillery battery on the Leningrad front. He served continuously until 1945, always on the front - in the battle of Kursk, in White Russia, in Poland, and in East Prussia. Promoted to captain, Solzhenitsyn received the Order of the Patriotic War Class II and the Order of the Red Star.

During the war, between 1944 and '45, Solzhenitsyn had corresponded with a school friend, N.D. Vitkevich, criticizing Stalin but referring to him under a pseudonym. Nonetheless, Captain Solzhenitsyn was summoned to the office of brigade commander, Colonel Travkin, where he was arrested. His Colonel defied the SMERSH men arresting Solzhenitsyn by informing the young officer of the reason for his arrest, shaking his hand, and wishing him happiness.

Drafts of stories were used to support a charge of anti-Soviet propaganda against Solzhenitsyn. He was beaten and interrogated at Lubyanka prison in

Moscow, and was sentenced in absentia, a common practice for the Soviet government, by a three-man tribunal of the NKGB to eight years of hard labor on July 7, 1945. He spent the next five months at correctional camps near Moscow, where he was forced to work on city building projects. In 1946, because of his mathematical expertise, he was sent to the MVB-MGB scientific research institute in Moscow, where he spent four years.

In 1950, Solzhenitsyn was sent to Ekibastuz, a new camp for political prisoners only, in Kazakhstan for the three years remaining in his sentence. He would later transform his experiences at that camp, working as a bricklayer, laborer, and smelter, into *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. While there, he developed cancer, and was operated on but not cured. Immediately after his release from the camp in March of 1953, Solzhenitsyn served a one-month holdover at a transit camp and upon his release, learned that Stalin had just died. Nevertheless, Solzhenitsyn was sentenced to perpetual exile in Kokterek in southern Kazakhstan.

Solzhenitsyn spent the next three years of his life, until June 1956, in exile in Kokterek, except for a period at the end of 1953 when his cancerous tumor became life-threatening and he was sent to a cancer clinic in Tashkent, where he was cured. During his years in exile, he taught mathematics and physics in school and wrote, stories and the play *The Love-Girl and the Innocent*, in his spare time. In 1956, the Military Section of the Supreme Court reviewed his case and declared him rehabilitated and free to return to European Russia.

Upon his return to European Russia, Solzhenitsyn settled first in the Vladimir district and then in Ryazan, a town a hundred miles southeast of Moscow. While in prison, Solzhenitsyn had divorced his wife in order to protect her from persecution because of her association with him. Though she had married another man and had two children with him, she returned to Solzhenitsyn upon his release. Living in Ryazan, Solzhenitsyn supported himself by teaching mathematics, writing in his spare time, while Natalia Reshotovskaya taught at the Ryazan Polytechnical Institute. In the early '60s, the couple considered moving to Obninsk, a scientific center southwest of Moscow, where Reshotovskaya had

applied for a position as a chemist, but local Party members blocked her application.

Solzhenitsyn's first novel *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* was published in 1962 after a round of intense, routine scrutiny by Party officials. *One Day*, based upon Solzhenitsyn's experiences in the forced labor camp, was actually completed in 1958 but not submitted to the literary magazine *Novy Mir* until 1961. In a closed session of the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956, Soviet Premier Khrushchev delivered his "secret speech," denouncing Stalin. That speech was made public in 1961, during efforts to emphasize "destalinization" in the Soviet Union.

Alexander Tvardovsky, editor of *Novy Mir*, sought approval from the Central Committee of the Communist Party for publication of Solzhenitsyn's book. The committee was deeply divided and a final decision in favor of publication is said to have been made by Khrushchev himself. *One Day* was published in *Novy Mir* in November 1962, and government publications made efforts - through translation into English and publication in numerous literary venues - to give maximum publicity to this book which functioned as an instrument in Khrushchev's campaign to expose Stalin's abuses.

Now a celebrated writer in the Soviet Union and abroad, Solzhenitsyn ceased teaching and continued to write. His short stories, "Matryona's Homestead," "An Incident at Krechetovka Station," and "For the Good of the Cause" were published in *Novy Mir* in 1963. However, as Khrushchev's power similarly waned, ending in his forced retirement in 1964, Solzhenitsyn too began to face a backlash. Despite his obvious merit, he was defeated as a candidate for the Lenin Prize in 1964. The editorial board questioned and delayed publication of his novels *The First Circle* and *The Cancer Ward* in 1964 and '66, Solzhenitsyn's manuscripts and private archives were confiscated by secret police in 1965, and he sent a letter of protest to Premier Brezhnev in 1966. Solzhenitsyn also clashed with the Writers' Union.

By 1968, both unauthorized excerpts and complete English translations of *The Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle* were published in England and Western Europe. In the following year, however, Solzhenitsyn's struggles with the Writers'

Union, who had come to see him as a dangerous and outspoken political figure, culminated in his expulsion from the Writers' Union, thus depriving him of his status as a Soviet writer. Officially and publicly expelled, Solzhenitsyn condemned the Union's action and received some support from at least seventy other writers.

Meanwhile, Solzhenitsyn's personal life was equally chaotic. He had separated from Reshotovskaya, who had moved in with her mother, and had begun a relationship with a thirty-two-year-old mathematics teacher named Natalya Svetlova. In 1970, their son was born. In October of that same year, he was announced as winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature. The Soviet press attacked this as a politically hostile act, and Solzhenitsyn was forced to decline the opportunity to accept the award in person because of his fear that he would not be allowed to return to the country. Continually criticized by the Soviet Press and by Brezhnev himself, Solzhenitsyn continued to write - this time August 1914, the first in a series of novels about World War I - and publish abroad, with the help of a Swedish lawyer. Efforts to award Solzhenitsyn his Nobel Award medal privately were blocked by the Soviet authorities in 1972, after he spoke to reporters from the New York Times and Washington Post about his continued political persecution.

In 1973, Reshotovskaya, despite pressure from the KGB, granted Solzhenitsyn a divorce, and he married Svetlova, with whom he would have two more children. However, he was at first not allowed to live with her. He had been hiding his novel, *The Gulag Archipelago* from the authorities, fearful that people mentioned in it would suffer reprisals. But when his former assistant, Elizaveta Voronyanskaya after being interrogated by the KGB revealed the location of a copy of the manuscript and hung herself, Solzhenitsyn decided to publish it. *The Gulag Archipelago*, the first volume of which was published in Paris in December of 1973, detailed some 1,800 pages of Soviet abuses from 1918 onward and was Solzhenitsyn's attempt to create a literary/historical record of the vast system of prison and labor camps in the Soviet Union. Though Pravda called it a lie, foreign radio stations immediate broadcast of the text into Soviet lands could not be escaped.

In February of 1974, KGB officers arrested Solzhenitsyn and brought him to Lefortovo Prison, where he was stripped and interrogated and charged with treason. The next day, he was told that he was to be deprived of his citizenship and was immediately deported to West Germany. He eventually rented a house in Zurich and was joined by his wife, their three children, and his step-daughter from Svetlova's first marriage in March. Subsequent volumes of *The Gulag Archipelago* were published in Paris later in the year.

Living in the West, Solzhenitsyn continued to publish profusely. From *Under the Rubble*, *The Oak and the Calf*, and *Lenin in Zurich* all appeared in print in 1975. That same year, Solzhenitsyn and his family settled in a secluded estate in Cavendish, Vermont, where Solzhenitsyn would remain for the next twenty years. In the '80s, he followed *August 1914* with three more historical novels - *October 1916*, *March 1917*, and *April 1917*. Life in the United States also allowed Solzhenitsyn to be more open and outspoken about the significance of Christianity in his worldview.

The decreasing tensions between the US and USSR and the coming of glasnost in the 1980s paved the way for the publication of Solzhenitsyn's works in his native land, including excerpts from *The Gulag Archipelago*. Changing political climates meant that in 1990, Solzhenitsyn could be declared once more a citizen of the Soviet Union. Following the collapse of the Soviet Union in 1991, Solzhenitsyn returned to his homeland in 1995. In 1997, Russia established the Solzhenitsyn Prize for literature in his honor.

## Appendix II

### Synopsis

Ivan Denisovich Shukhov wakes up at five AM in a camp for political prisoners in Siberia. Today, he feels ill and lies in bed for a little longer. A mean guard, the Tartar, catches him there and sends him to the guardhouse, where he's forced to clean the floor but is not imprisoned. Shukhov next goes to the medical dispensary, where the medical assistant Vdovushkin tells him his temperature is too low to be kept back from work. Shukhov next rushes to the mess hall, where a prisoner named Fetiukov has saved his breakfast for him, and back to the barracks, to hide his bread ration in his mattress, before roll call.

Shukhov and the rest of the squad follow their leader Tiurin to roll call, where a prisoner named Tsezar shares a cigarette with him. The cruel Lieutenant Volkovoi orders the guards to search the prisoners for extra non-regulation underclothes. In Shukhov's 104th squad, Tsezar and Captain Buinovsky are found to have extra clothing. Buinovsky, who has only been in the camp for three months, tells Volkovoi he can't legally search them, and for that, Volkovoi sentences him to ten days in the cells. Finally, the column of prisoners sets off, flanked by guards with machine guns, to the work site. On the way, Shukhov thinks of writing to his wife. In her letters she has talked about how the men no longer work on the communal farm but instead make money-painting carpets. That day, Shukhov's squad will be working at a half-completed power station. Shukhov eats the bread he has concealed in his coat and enjoys the time before work begins.

Tiurin assigns Shukhov and a prisoner named Kilgas to find something with which to cover the windows. Kilgas knows where there is some roofing felt, and he and Kilgas go and swipe it. Other men cut it to cover the windows, while Shukhov fixes a stovepipe with the help of a Ukrainian boy named Gopchik. The men notice the sun is above head in the sky and Buinovsky informs them that the Soviet government has decreed that the sun is at its highest at one rather than twelve o'clock. Shukhov thinks about how he came to be in prison: He was a POW who escaped from the Germans only to be charged with treason by the Russians when he returned to Soviet lines. Already, it's time for lunch, and the

squad goes to the mess hall. Shukhov is able to swipe two extra bowls, which means that he'll get one of the extra bowls for himself. Pavlo lets Buinovsky have the extra bowl.

Shukhov brings a bowl of oatmeal to Tsezar in the camp office where he works. There, Tsezar and another prisoner are arguing about Eisenstein's films. On his way out, Shukhov finds a bit of hacksaw blade in the snow and pockets it. Back at the power station, Tiurin tells the story of his discharge from the military and attempts to evade capture while Shukhov smokes a cigarette with tobacco borrowed from two Estonians who are like brothers. Tiurin returns and they set to work. Shukhov, Tiurin, Senka, and Kilgas mortar the blocks of a wall in place, while Buinovsky and Fetiukov - and then Buinovsky and Alyosha, when Fetiukov becomes too lazy - bring the mortar up a ramp in barrows. Der, the building foreman, comes to up and threatens to turn Tiurin in for another prison term for stealing the roofing felt, but Tiurin insists it was already there. His men rise and stand with him against Der, who backs down. Shukhov is just getting into the swing of laying the blocks when the signal to end the workday sounds. There is still a whole load of mortar left which will freeze overnight. Tiurin sends the other men away, and he, Kilgas, Senka, and Shukhov race to use it up. Kilgas, Senka, and Tiurin finally have to turn their tools in to the machine shop, but Shukhov swiped a nice light trowel long ago and finishes the wall by himself. Senka waits for him and the two rushes through the crowd to the gate. The guards take a long time counting and recounting the prisoners because one man is missing. It turns out to be a Moldavian who fell asleep while plastering. After a long wait, the guards allow them to begin walking back toward camp. Part way there, they see a column of men from the machine works and race them back to camp. They don't want to wait behind the machine workers because the guards take a long time searching them for knives. Shukhov's column makes it back first and just as he's about to be frisked, he realizes he has the hacksaw blade in his pocket. He hides it in his mitten and keeps from being found out. Back in the camp, Priakhov, Volkovoi's lieutenant, charges the Moldavian with attempted escape and send him to the cells for ten days.

Shukhov goes to wait in line at the parcels office for Tsezar, in case he has received a package. Tsezar comes to take his place in line and tells Shukhov he can have his serving at supper. Shukhov rushes to the mess hall and braves the wood club of the mess orderly to join his squad and get inside. He manages to get two thick bowls of soup for himself and sits enjoying them as he eats. He next goes to the Lett in Barracks 9 and buys two glasses of tobacco from him. Finally he goes back to his barracks, where he glances longingly at the contents of Tsezar's package and decides to save all his extra bread for tomorrow. Shukhov also conceals his bit of hacksaw blade in a partition, planning to sharpen it and use it to make money-repairing shoes.

Buinovsky and Tsezar share his food package. A young guard, "Snubnose" enters and takes Buinovsky away to the cells for ten days. Ten days with little food, in cold cells, which Shukhov knows can permanently ruin a man's health. The men are called outside for the evening recount, and Shuhov tells Tsezar how to keep his food from getting swiped. Shukhov smokes a cigarette with his new tobacco during recount and rushes back inside to protect Tsezar's package. In return, Tsezar gives him two biscuits, some sugar, and a slice of sausage. He eats the sausage and gives one of his biscuits to Alyosha. Alyosha is reading his Bible and tries to convince Shukhov to find solace in religion, but he can't. He is just getting comfortable in his bunk when the men are called for a recount, this one taking place inside the barracks. Shukhov finally gets back in bed and thinks that this was an almost good day before he goes to sleep.

## Appendix III

### The Sentences of Swear Words

#### 1. Page 5-6 (setting = in the barracks)

The bunk rocked and shook as two men got up together-on the top Shukhov's neighbor, the Baptist Alyoshka, and down below Buynovsky, who'd been a captain in the navy.

When they'd carried out the two latrine tanks, the orderlies started quarrelling about who'd go to get the hot water. They went on and on like two old women. The electric welder from Gang 20 barked at them:

"Hey, you **old bastards!**" and he threw a boot at them. "I'll make you shut up."

The boot thudded against a post. The orderlies shut up.

The assistant boss of the gang next to them grumbled in a low voice:

"Vasili Fyodorovich! **The bastards** pulled a fast one on me in the supply room. We always get four two-pound loaves, but today we only got three. Someone'll have to get the short end."

He spoke quietly, but of course the whole gang heard him and they all held their breath. Who was going to be short-changed on rations this evening?

Shukhov stayed where he was, on the hard-packed sawdust of his mattress. If only it was one thing or another-either a high fever or an end to the pain. But this way he didn't know where he was.

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Shukhov made up his mind to go to the infirmary.

And then some strong hand stripped his jacket and blanket off him. Shukhov jerked his quilted overcoat off his face and raised himself up a bit. Below him, his head level with the top of the bunk stood the Thin Tartar.

So this **bastard** had come on duty and sneaked up on them.

"S-854!" the Tartar read from the white patch on the back of the black coat. "Three days in the can with work as usual."

## 2. Page 10, 11 (setting = in the warders' room)

The stove in the warders' room was blazing away. A couple of warders who'd undressed down to their dirty shirts were playing checkers, and a third who'd left on his belted sheepskin coat and felt boots was sleeping on a narrow bench. There was a bucket and rag in the corner.

Shukhov was real pleased and thanked the Tartar for letting him off:

"Thank you, Comrade Warder. I'll never get up late again."

The rule here was simple – finish your job and get out. Now that Shukhov had been given some work, his pains seemed to have stopped. He took the bucket and went to the well without his mittens, which he'd forgotten and left under his pillow in the rush.

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The top of the well was covered by a thick crusty of ice so that the bucket would hardly go through the hole. And the rope was stiff as a board.

Shukhov's hands were frozen, so when he got back to the warders' room with the steaming bucket he shoved them in the water. He felt warmer.

The Tartar had gone, but four of the warders were there quarrelling. They'd quit playing checkers or sleeping and they were arguing about how much millet they'd get in January. "Shut the door, you **shithead**! It's cold," one of them shouted.

## 3. Page 10-11 (setting = at the post)

The gang bosses reporting at the PPS had formed a small group near the post, and one of the younger ones, who was once a Hero of the Soviet Union, climbed up and wiped the thermometer.

The others were shouting up to him: "Don't breathe on it or it'll go up."

"Go up...**the hell** it will... it won't make **a fucking** bit of different anyway."

Tyurin – the boss of Shukhov's work gang – was not there. Shukhov put down the bucket and dug his hands into his sleeves. He wanted to see what was going on.

The fellow up the post said in a hoarse voice: "**Seventeen and a half below-shit!**"

And after another look just took make sure, he jumped down.

“Anyway, it’s always wrong-**it’s a damned liar**,” someone said. “They’d never put in one that works here.”

#### 4. Page 13-14 (setting = in the warders’ room)

Now Shukhov had an idea. He quickly kicked off his felt boots, stood them in them in a corner, threw the foot-cloths on top of them (the spoon he always kept in one boot clattered onto the floor-even in the rush to leave the barracks, he hadn’t forgotten it), and dropped to the floor in his bare feet and started sloshing water right under the warders’ boots.

“Take it easy, **you bastards!**” one of them said, seeing what Shukhov was up to, and he lifted up his feet.

...”What do you mean, rice? That’s on a different quota and there’s just no comparison.”...

“Why are you using all that water, **stupid?** That no way to wash a floor.”

“There’s no other way, Comrade Warder! The dirt’s worked right into it.”

”Didn’t you ever see your old lady wash the floor, **stupid?**”...

Shukhov straightened up and held the dripping rag in his hand. He gave an innocent smile which showed that some of his teeth were missing-they’d been thinned out by scurvy at Ust-Izhma in 1943, a really far gone. He had the runs, with bleeding, and his insides were so worn out he couldn’t keep anything down. But now all that was left from those days was his funny way of talking.

“They took me away from her in 1941, Comrade Warder. I don’t even remember what she was like.”

“Just look at how they mop... **The bastards** can’t do anything and don’t want to either. They’re not worth the bread we give’em. They ought to get **shit** instead.”

“Anyway, why mop the **fucking** thing every day? It makes the place damp all the time. Now, 854 listen here. Just wipe it over a little so it’s not too wet and get **the hell** out of here.”

#### 5. Page 22-23 (setting = the hospital block)

The hospital block was in the most out-of-the-way corner of the compound, and there was no noise from outside. There were no clocks ticking here-the prisoners weren’t supposed to have any. The powers that be kept time for

them. You didn't even hear a mouse scratching. They'd all been caught by the hospital cat appointed for the purpose.

Shukhov felt odd sitting by a bright lamp in such a clean room, where it was so quiet, and doing nothing for five whole minutes. He studied all the walls, but there was nothing. He looked at his jacket. The number on his chest had gotten a little worn. He'd have to have it redone if he didn't want trouble. He felt his bread. It had gotten pretty rough since that last visit to the bathhouse about ten days ago. But what **the hell!** There'd be another bath in about three days, and he'd have a shave then. Why waste time waiting in line at the barber's? He didn't have to look his best for anyone.

**6. Page 30-31, 35 (setting = yard)**

The boss must have slipped the fellow two pounds of fatback-you could see from the other gangs near by that Gang 104 was being lined up in its usual place. It was only the other poor suckers who'd be marched off to the Socialist Community Development. God, it'd be **hell** there today, with a temperature of sixteen below and the wind and no cover at all!

The boss needed a lot of fatback to slip to the people in the PPS and still have enough left for his own belly. He didn't get any packages from home, but he was never short of fatback. It was always handed over to him right away by anyone in the gang who got some.

That was the only way you could live.

The chief work-controller made a note on a board.

"Tyurin, you have one sick today and twenty-three to go out. Right?"

"Twenty-three." The boss nodded.

Who was missing? Panteleyev wasn't there. But was he sick?

And right away there was a lot of whispering in the gang. Panteleyev the **sonofabitch** had managed to get out of it again. He wasn't sick at all-the security officer had kept him behind. He'd be squealing on somebody again.

They could easily send for him in the daytime-keep him there three hours if they liked-and nobody's be any the wiser.

They worked it through the sick list.

The whole yard was black with prisoners' coats, and the gangs shuffled forward to be frisked.

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They said even the Commandant was scared of Volkovoy-let alone the prisoners and warders. Not for nothing was he called Volkovoy. And he always looked at you like a wolf. He was dark and tall and scowling, and always dashing around. He'd come at you from behind the corner of the barracks, shouting: "What's going on here?" You couldn't keep out of his way. In the early days he carried a whip of braided leather as long as his arm. They said he beat people with it. And he'd sneak up behind someone during the evening roll call and let him have it in the neck with his whip. "Get back into line, you **scum**." Everybody would back away from him. The fellow he'd whipped would take hold of his neck and wipe off the blood and keep his trap shut so as not to get shoved in the cooler on top of it.

Now, for some reason or other, he'd stopped going around with the whip.

#### **7. Page 65, 66-67, 71 (setting = power plant)**

The power plant had been there for two months, like a grey skeleton in the snow. But now Gang 104 had come. And what kept them going? Their empty bellies were held in by rope belts. The cold was fierce. There was no shelter and no fire. But they'd come and so life began again.

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You might well ask why a prisoner worked so hard for ten years in a camp. Why didn't they say to **hell** with it and drag their feet all day long till the night, which was theirs?

But it wasn't so simple. That's why they'd dreamed up these gangs. It wasn't like gangs "outside," where every fellow got paid separately. In the camps they had these gangs to make the prisoners keep each other on their toes. So the fellows at the top didn't have to worry. It was like this-either you all got something extra or you all starved ("You're not pulling your weight, you swine, and I've got to go hungry because of you. So work, you **bastard!**")

So when a really tough job came along, like now, you couldn't sit on your hands. Like it or not, you had to get a move on. Either they made the place warm within two hours or they'd all be **fucking** well dead.

Pavlo'd come with the tools already. All they had to do was pick out what they needed. And he also brought some pipes. True, there was nothing to fit 'em, but there was a hammer and a small hatchet. They'd do it somehow.

Shukhov clapped his mittens together, placed the pipes end to end, and stated fixing them up, dove-tailing the joints. He'd hidden his trowel nearby. They were all friends in the gang, but that wouldn't stop one of them from working a switch. He wouldn't even put it past Kilgas.

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Alyoshka brought some coal. Somebody shouted, "Pile it on!" Someone else yelled, "Don't, we'll get warmer from the wood!" He didn't know what to do, he just stood there.

Fetyukov squatted down by the stove, and put his felt boots right up to the fire, the dope. The captain pulled him up by the scruff of the neck and pushed him over to the hods. "Go and carry sand, you **bastard!**"

To the Captain, camp work was like the navy. ("If you're told to do something, then get down to it!") He'd gotten pretty thin in the last month, but he was still doing his best.

**8. Page 74-75 (setting = near the stove)**

One thing you had to know was never to put your feet near the stove with your boots on. If they were regular boots, the leather cracked. And if they were felt, they got damp and steamed, and your feet didn't get any warmer. And if you put them right up to the fire, they got burned. Then you had to go along till spring with a hole in them. There weren't any more where they came from.

"Why should Shukhov worry?" Kilgas was kidding him. "He's got one foot out of here already."

"Yeah, the one without the boot," someone butted in. They laughed. (Shukhov had taken off his left boot-the one with the hole in it-and was warming his foot-cloths.)

"Shukhov's sentence is almost up."

They'd given Kilgas twenty-five years. In the good old days it was always ten. But in 1949 they started slapping on twenty-five, regardless. Maybe you could last ten years and still come out of it alive, but how **the hell** could you get through twenty-five?

Shukhov sort of liked the way they pointed at him-the lucky guy nearly through with his sentence. But he didn't really believe it. Take the fellows who should've been let out in the war. They were all kept in till forty-six-"till further notice." And then those with three years who'd gotten five more slapped on. They twisted the law any way they wanted. You finished a ten-year stretch and they gave you another one. Or if not, they still wouldn't let you go home.

**9. Page 76-77 (setting = forest)**

It happened like this. In February of forty-two his whole army was cut off on the Northwestern Front. They didn't send any food by air-there just weren't any planes. Then things got so bad they cut the hoofs off dead horses soaked them in water to soften them up a little, and ate them. And they didn't have any ammo. The Germans tracked them down in the woods and rounded them up. Shukhov spent a couple of days in a POW cage in the forest, then he got away with four others. They made their way through the forest and the bogs and got back to their own lines. And when they got there, a machine gunner opened fire. Two of them were killed on the spot and another died from his wounds. So only two of them made it. If they'd had any sense, they'd have said they got lost wandering in the woods-then nothing would have happened to them. But they told the truth and said they'd gotten away from the Germans. ("From the Germans, eh, you **Motherfuckers!**") If all five of them had made it, maybe they'd have checked their story and believed it. But just the two of them didn't have a chance. It was quite clear, they said, that they'd fixed up their escape with the Germans, the **bastards**.

**10. Page 78-79 (setting = around the stove)**

"Don't kid yourself, fellows, it's easier here," he said in his funny way (he had that gap in his teeth). "Here you knock off the same time every day. Quota or no quota, they march you back to the camp. And the basic ration is six ounces

more. You can alive. So what if it is a ‘Special’ camp? Do the numbers bother you or something? They don’t weight anything.”

“**The hell** it’s easier!” Fetyukov hissed. (It was getting close to the meal break and they were all drawn up around the stove). “They slit your throat here while you’re in bed! You call that easy?”

“That happens only to **squealers**, not human beings!” Pavlo put a finger up, like he was warning Fetyukov.

#### **11. Page 87 (setting = in the caldron)**

The cook stuck his ugly red puss through the hatch.

“Where are they?” He was getting nasty.

“Take a look. You’re welcome!” Shukhov shouted.

“Get out of the way! Don’t block his view!” He gave somebody a shove. “Here’s two!” He held up the two bowls from the top. “And here’s the other twelve by rows of four. Count em!”

“Where’s your gang?” The cook took a sharp look at him through the little space in the hatch. The reason it was narrow was to stop anybody from looking in to see how much was left in the caldron.

“They’re not here yet,” Pavlo said and shook his head.

“What **the fucking hell** do you mean taking bowls before your gang comes?” He was mad.

“Here they are now,” Shukhov shouted.

They could all hear the Captain yelling in the doorway like he was still on the bridge of his ship: “What’s everybody hanging around for? You’ve had your meal, so get out! Give somebody else a chance!”

The cook grumbled something, straightened up, and now all you could see was his hands in the hatch again.

“Sixteen, eighteen.”

Then he ladled out the last one, a double helping. “Twenty-three. That’s it! Next!”

#### **12. Page 92 (setting = in the office)**

The office was a wooden shack next to the guardroom. Smoke was still belching out of the chimney, just like in the morning. The stove was kept going by an orderly who also worked as a messenger and was given a piece rate for this. The office never ran out of firewood.

The outside door and then the inside door (it was padded with rope) creaked when Shukhov opened them. He slipped in and brought a billowing cloud of steam with him, and pulled the door to fast (so they wouldn't yell at him "Shut the door, you **bastard!**").

It was real hot inside-like a steam bath, he thought. The sun looked playful through the melting ice on the windowpanes-it wasn't angry like on top of the power plant. And smoke from Caesar's pipe was curling through the sunbeams like incense in a church. The stove was glowing red-hot-they'd stoked it up so much, the **bastard**. And the flues were red-hot too.

Just sit down for a minute in that heat and you'd go to sleep right away.

### **13. Page 111-112 (setting = power plant)**

But the Captain got better all the time and Fetyukov got slacker and slacker. He kept tilting the hod-the **sonofabitch**-and spilled some of the mortar to ease the load.

Once Shukhov gave him a poke in the back. "You lazy slob. I bet you really took it out on the fellows in that factory you managed!"

"Boss," the Captain shouted, "give me a man to work with. I can't go on with this **shithead**."

So Tyurin switched them around. He put Fetyukov on the jobs throwing bricks up to the scaffold in a place where they could see how much work he was doing. And he put Alyoshka with the Captain. Alyoshka was a quiet fellow and he took orders from anybody who felt like giving them. "Full steam ahead, sailor," the Captain shouted at him. "Look at the way they're laying those bricks."

Alyoshka gave him that meek smile of his. "If we have to go faster, then let's go. Whatever you say." And they went down the ladder. A meek fellow like that is a real godsend in any gang.

### **14. Page 114-116 (setting = near the ladder)**

Something was up. Shukhov didn't want to miss it, but the mortar was freezing in his hod. He kept right on working while he listened.

"What **the hell** is this?" Der bawled. He was foaming at the mouth. "You'll get more than a stretch in the can for this. This is a criminal matter, Tyurin. You'll get another sentence for this on top of the two you already have."

Now it hit Shukhov what it was all about. He shot a glance at Kilgas-he'd already caught on. It was the roofing-felt! Der had seen it on the windows.

Shukhov wasn't a bit worried about himself-his boss wouldn't give him away-but he was scared for Tyurin. The boss was like a father to you, but to them he was nothing at all. Up here in the North they were always slapping on new sentences for things like this.

God, the way the boss's face twitched all over. The way he threw his towel on the floor and he went over to Der. Der looked around. Pavlo was standing there with his shovel up. He hadn't brought it up with him for nothing....and Senka, deaf as he was, had seen what it was all about. And he came out with his hand on his hips. He was strong as an ox. Der started blinking. He was worried and he looked around for a way out. The boss leaned over close to Der and said kind of quite, but so you could hear it up there: "Time have changed for **scum** like you, handing out new sentences! If you say a word, you **bloodsucker**, you won't be alive much longer. Get it? The boss was shaking all over and he couldn't stop.

And Pavlo was looking murder at Der. He had a face like a hawk.

"Take it easy, boys. Take it easy," Der said. He was all pale and he edged away from the ladder a little.

#### **15. Page 119 (setting = power plant)**

"More bricks, more bricks, more bricks!" the boss was yelling, and he told them to go screw their mothers, the whole **damn** bunch of them, the hod men and the fellows bringing the bricks.

"Pavlo wants to know what to do about the mortar," they shouted up from below.

"How much more do you want?"

"We've still got half a trough down there."

"Well, give us another one."

Things were really moving fast now-they were on the fifth row of bricks. They'd had to bend double for the first one and now the wall was up their chests. It was easy enough with no windows and no doors-just two solid walls and all the bricks in the world. They should've put the string up higher, but it was too late.

Gopchik spread the word that 82 had gone to hand in their tools. Tyurin looked murder at him. "Get on with the job, you **little squirt**. Keep those bricks moving."

Shukhov looked around. Yeah, the sun was going down. It was all red and there was a kind of gray haze around it. And just when they'd gotten into stride. They were on the fifth row now and that would be the last today.

#### **16. Page 122-123 (setting = near the ladder)**

The sun was really going down now. They didn't need Gopchik to tell them-they could see all the other gangs had handed in their tools and were crowding over the guardroom. (Nobody ever went over right away after they'd pounded the rail-they weren't crazy enough to stand around there freezing. They stayed put in their shelters. But then after a while the gang bosses would agree among themselves on the right moment for all the gangs to come out together. The prisoners were so **pigheaded** that otherwise they'd just hang around till midnight, waiting for the others).

Tyurin got some sense now. He could see how late they were. The fellow in the tool shed must be cursing him like crazy.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Don't worry about all that **shit**. Who care about it? Get down stairs and empty out the mixer. Take the stuff and put it in that hole over there and cover it over with snow so nobody can see it. And you, Pavlo, get a couple of other guys, collect all the tools, and turn them in. I'll send the last three trowels over with Gopchik. We'll just finish off these two hods here."

They rushed over and grabbed Shukhov's gavel out of his hand and took his string down. Then the hod men and the brick carriers beat it down the ladder. There was nothing more for them to do up here. There were just the three bricklayers left-Kilgas, Klevshin, and Shukhov. Tyurin went around and looked at what they'd done. He was pleased. Not bad, eh, for one afternoon's work? And without that **fucking** hoist too.

Shukhov saw Kilgas still had a little mortar left. He was worried about Tyurin getting **hell** in the tool shed for not bringing the trowels back on time.

"Listen, boys." Shukhov had a bright idea. "You give yours to Gopchik so he can take 'em over and I'll finish off the job with mine. They don't know I've got it so they won't have to check it in."

The boss laughed. "What **the hell** are we going to do without you when you're served your time? We'll all be crying our hearts out for you." Shukhov laughed too and then went on with the job. Kilgas went off with the trowels. Senka started passing bricks to Shukhov and put Kilgas' mortar into his hod.

#### 17. Page 124-125 (setting = power plant)

**The hell** with that mortar. The boss waved his arm. "Dump it over the wall and clear out."

"You better beat it, boss. You're needed over there." And just as a joke, as the boss clumped down the ladder, he said: "Why do the **sonsofbitches** give us such a short working day? You've just about gotten into the job and they pull you off it!"

Shukhov was on his own with the deaf fellow now. You couldn't talk with him very much, but you didn't have to either. He was smarter than everybody and caught on to everything without having to be told.

Slap on the mortar! Slap on the bricks! Press 'em down and look 'em over! Mortar, brick, mortar, brick ....

The boss had said not to worry about the mortar. ("Dump it over the wall and clear out.") But Shukhov was kind of funny about these things. And he couldn't help it even after eight years of camps. He still worried about every little thing and about all kinds of work. He couldn't stand seeing things wasted.

Mortar, brick, mortar, brick ...

"That does it," Senka shouted. "Let's get **the hell** out of here."

He grabbed the hod and went down the ladder. But Shukhov-the guards could set the dogs on him for all he cared now-ran back to have a last look. Not bad. He went up and looked over the wall from left to right. His eye was true as a level. The wall was straight as a die. His hands were still good for something!

#### 18. Page 126-127 (Around a track)

There are some people with nothing better to do than race each other around a track just for sport and of their own free will. How would they like it, **the bastards**, if they had to do it after a real day's work, without a chance to straighten their backs, with their mittens soaked in sweat, and their boots worn all thin-and in freezing cold like this?

They were painting like **hell**.

But the boss was over there at the guardroom and he'd think of something to tell them.

Now they were almost back with the others, and it frightened them. A hundred voices bawled at them: "**Scum! Bastards! Motherfuckers...**!" It's a terrible thing when hundreds of men start shouting at you all at once. What really bothered them was what would the escort guards do to them?

But it looked like the guards didn't give **a damn**. Tyurin was here at the back of the crowd. He'd told them and taken the blame on himself.

The men were still screaming murder. They were screaming so even Senka, deaf as he was, could hear it. And he got so mad he started shouting back. He was a quiet sort of fellow but now he laced into them. He shook his fist and he looked like he'd go for them. And then the men quieted down and some of them laughed

#### **19. Page 129 (In front of the gate)**

"Get a move on there, you **Motherfuckers!**" the guards yelled. "Line up!"

They were being counted now. The Captain and Shukhov were the last in line.

The escort guards got worried and looked at the board they were checking off from. Somebody missing! It wasn't the first time. If they could only count!

#### **20. Page 130-131 (In front of the gate)**

"Line up by gangs!" the chief of the escort shouted. But they were standing by fives, all mixed up and not by gangs. Now they started shoving into each other and shouting: "Over here, 76!" "Here I am 13!" "This way, 32!"

Gang 104 was right at the end of the line and they formed up there. Shukhov saw most of them had nothing in their hands. They'd been so busy they

hadn't picked up any pieces of wood, the crazy **bastard**. Only two of them had small bundles.

It was the same game every day. Before the signal to knock off the men picked up scraps of wood, sticks, and broken laths and tied them up with a piece of rag or worn-out rope to take back to camp. First they frisked you for it by the guardroom coming out-either the work-supervisor or a foreman. If one of them was standing there they told you to throw it on the ground (they'd already sent millions of rubles up the chimney and they thought they could make up for it with these splinters of wood).

#### **21. Page 133-134 (In front of the gate)**

There were five spies in every gang. But it was all phony. It said they were spies in their records but it was just they'd been POW's. Shukhov was that kind of spy.

But the Moldavians was a real one. The chief of the escort looked at his list and his face turned black. If a spy'd gotten away he'd really be in for it. Shukhov and the whole gang crowd got mad too. Who did he think he was, this **goddamn skunk, the sonofabitch, the fucking bastard!** It was dark already and the moon was up, the stars were out, and the night cold was getting fiercer, and now this **sonofabitch** had to go and get lost. Was the working day too short for him, **the fucker**, with only eleven hours from dawn to sundown? Maybe the judge'd give him a little more!

Even Shukhov thought it was funny for somebody to go on working like that and not hear the signal to knock off

He'd clean forgot how he'd kept on working himself a little while back and gotten mad because people were going over to the guardroom too early, but now he was standing there freezing and **bitching** along with the others. And if that Moldavian kept them hanging around here another half-hour, he thought, and the escorts handed him over to the crowd, they'd tear **the goddamn bastard** to pieces like wolves.

The cold was getting into them now. Nobody could stand still. They stomped their feet on the ground or edged back and forth.

#### **22. Page 135-136 (At the gate)**

The prisoners started screaming : “Yaaaaah!”

They saw three shapes coming out of the repair shop. So they’d gotten the Moldavian.

“Uuuuuh!” The crowd at the gates booed.

And when they got a little closer:

“**Bastard, crock, shit-head, no-good sonofabitch!**” and Shukhov joined too.

It was no joke robbing five hundred men of half an hour. The Moldavian came out with his head hanging down and he looked smaller than a mouse.

“Halt!” one of the guards shouted and started writing in his book. “K-406, where’ve you been?”

The sergeant came over to him and he was twisting the butt of his rifle. Some of the crowd went on yelling: “**Craphead, son of a whore, stinking bastard!**” But some shut up when they saw the sergeant toying with his rifle.

The Moldavian stood there with his head down and said nothing. He sort of backed away from the guard.

The assistant boss of 32 came up front and said: “**The bastard** was up there on the scaffold for the plasterers. He went up there to get away from me and he got warm and fell asleep.” And he rammed his fist into the back of the fellow’s neck. He let him have it real good. That was just to get him clear of the guard.

### **23. Page 137-138 (At the gate)**

“Yeah! Why’re you bunching up at the gates like that, **bastards?**” the fellows at the back shouted. They were sore at the ones up front. So what else could they do?

“Line up by fi-I-ves!”

The moon was really shining bright. It wasn’t purple any more and it was way up by now. They’d lost their evening! That **damn** Moldavian, those **damn** guards. What a rotten lousy life!

The fellows up front were standing on their toes and looking back to see who’d been missed in the count and if the last row had two or three. Right now their lives depended on it.

### **24. Page 140-141 (At the gate)**

The escort was all ready and they skipped the “sermon” this time.

“Forward March-and make it snappy!”

**The hell** they’d make it snappy! They didn’t stand a chance of beating the other columns to camp, so they sure weren’t in any hurry. They all had the same idea and they didn’t have to tell each other.

“Get a move on,” the chief escort shouted. “Get a move on, front, rank!”

**The hell** they’d get a move on! They trailed along with their eyes on the ground like they were on their way to funeral. They didn’t have a thing to lose now. They’d be the last back in camp anyway The guards hadn’t given them a square deal, so let ‘em yell their heads off as much as they liked.

#### **25. Page 147 (In the guardroom)**

Caesar turned around. The ends of his neat black mustache were all white with frost. Then Caesar said to him: “What’s the point in that, Ivan Denisovich? Suppose I don’t have any package?”

“Maybe not, but what **the hell!** I’ll hang around for ten minutes and if you don’t come I’ll go over to the barracks.”

What Shukhov had at the back of his mind was even if Caesar hadn’t gotten anything, he could sell his place in the line to some other guy.

It looked like Caesar wanted a package real bad. ‘Okay, Ivan Denisovich. Go over and get in line. But don’t wait more than ten minutes.’”

#### **26. Page 156-157 (In the package room)**

The line wasn’t moving very fast. Three fellows-a camp barber, a bookkeeper, and one of the guys from the CES-pushed up front, and they weren’t too polite about it either. These weren’t just poor slobs like the rest but high and mighty trusties and the biggest **bastards** in the camp. To the men’s way of thinking they were worse than **shit**, and they didn’t have much use for the men either. There was no sense talking back to them. They all stuck together and they were in good with the warders.

There were ten fellows ahead of Shukhov and seven more in back of him. Now Caesar came along. He had to duck down to get in through the doorway in the new fur cap he’d gotten from home. (That was another thing, these hats. Caesar had given a bribe to somebody in the right place so they let him keep this

fancy new cap, the sort they wore in the big cities. But others who'd been brought in with their service caps, straight from the front, had them taken away and got the plain pigskin caps they gave you in the camp.)

#### **27. Page 159-160 (On the way to the mess hall)**

There'd been a Commandant who was strict as **hell** about this order and nobody liked to cross him. The warders jumped on anybody going around by himself and put 'em in the cells. But the whole thing broke down. It didn't happen all at once, it sort of faded out little by little like a lot of these high-sounding orders. Suppose the screws called you out, well, you couldn't go along with a whole bunch. Or you had to go and pick something up in the stores, well, there wasn't much in it for the other fellows to come along with you. Or some guy who got it in his head to go over to the CES and read the newspaper, who the **hell** did he think'd go along with him? And then there were fellows going over to get their felt boots repaired or their things dried out. And then those who just wanted to go from their own barracks to the next one (this was the thing they were real tough on but it wasn't so easy to stop it).

That pot-bellied **bastard** of a Commandant had made this order to take their last bit of freedom away, but it didn't work out like that.

On his way back Shukhov ran into a warder took his cap off just to be on the safe side, and ducked into his barracks. There was one **hell** of a racket inside-somebody's bread ration had been pinched while they were all out at work and everybody was shouting at the orderlies, and the orderlies were shouting back. There was nobody from 104 there.

#### **28. Page 161 (On the way to the mess hall)**

This was Clubfoot's job and he wouldn't let go of it for anything in the world. With that limp of his he'd gotten himself classed as an invalid, the **bastard**, but there really wasn't a thing wrong with him. He had a stick cut from a birch tree and he lashed out with it from the top of the steps if anybody tried to go up before he gave the word. But he was careful who he hit. Clubfoot was sharp-eyed as they come and he could spot you in the dark from behind. He never went for anybody who could hit back and let him have it in the pass. He only beat a fellow when he was down. He'd let Shukhov have it once.

And this was the kind they called “orderlies,” but if you thought about it they didn’t take orders from anybody. And they were in cahoots with the cook.

**29. Page 161, 162(In the mess hall)**

The manager of the mess hall was a fat **bastard** with a head like a pumpkin and shoulders a yard wide. He had so much strength he didn’t know what to do with it and he bounced up and down like on springs and his hands and legs jerked all the time his cap was made of white fur soft as down and he didn’t have number on it. There weren’t many people “outside” with a cap like that. He didn’t give a **damn** for anybody and all the men were scared of him. He had a thousand lives in the palm of his hand. Once they’d tried to beat him up but the cooks all rushed out help him. And a choice bunch of **ugly fat-faced bastards** they were too.

**30. Page 162-164 (In the mess hall)**

Shukhov had to get over to the steps fast as he could and see if 104 was still here-everybody looked at the same at night in their black coats. But there were so many of them milling around now like they were storming a fortress (what could they do, it was getting close to lights out?) and they pushed their way up those four steps and crowded at the top.

“Stop, you **fucking sonsofbitches!**” Clubfoot yelled, and hit out at them with his stick. “Get back or I’ll bash your heads in!”

“What can we do?” those up front yelled. “They’re pushing from the back?”

And it was true, the pushing came from the back but the fellows in front weren’t really trying to hold them back. They wanted to break through to the mess hall. Then Clubfoot held his stick across his chest to make a kind of barrier. And he threw all his weight behind it. His trusty got his hand on the stick too and helped him push. Even the manager didn’t worry about getting his precious hands dirt and took hold of the stick

They shoved real hard. They had plenty of strength with all that meat they ate. Those up front were pushed back and fell on the men behind. They went down like tenpins.

“**Fuck you, Clubfoot!**” some of the guys in the crowd shouted. But they made sure they weren’t seen. The others kept their mouth shut and just scrambled to their feet fast so’s not to get trampled on. And they got the steps cleared.

The manager went back inside and Clubfoot stood on the top step and shouted: “How many time do I have tell you to line up by fives, you **blockhead!** I’ll let you in when we’re good and ready.”

Shukhov thought he saw Senka Klevshin’s head way up front. He was real glad and started pushing his way through fast. But the men were jammed tight and he couldn’t make it.

“Hey, 27!” Clubfoot shouted. “Get moving!” Gang 27 ran up the steps and inside on the double. The rest rushed the steps again and the men in the back pushed hard. Shukhov pushed for all he was worth too. The steps were shaking and the bulb over the doorway was making a sort of creaking noise.

“Won’t you ever learn, you **scum?**” Clubfoot was mad as hell. He hit a couple of the fellows on the back and shoulders with his stick and pushed them over on the others.

He cleared the steps again.

Shukhov could see Pavlo go up the steps to Clubfoot. Pavlo’d taken charge of the gang because Tyurin didn’t like to get mixed up in this kind of mob.

“Line up by fives, 104!” Pavlo shouted from up there. “Let ‘em through, you guys up front!”

**The hell** they’d let ‘em through!

“Hey there, let me through! That’s my gang!” Shukhov grabbed hold of the man in front of him. The fellow would have been glad to get out of the way but he was wedged in there too.

### **31. Page 165 (In the mess hall)**

The manager looked out from the door and said to Clubfoot: “Let’s have another two gangs.”

“104!” Clubfoot yelled. “And where d’you think you’re going, you **bastard!**” he said to a fellow from another gang and hit him on the neck with his stick.

“104!” Pavlo shouted after him and started letting his own men through.

### 32. Page 166 (In the mess hall)

“But there’s another guy over at the hatch waiting for it.”

“Let **the bastard** wait. He should’ve been sharper.”

So they made a deal-S-208 put his bowls on the table and Shukhov snatched the tray. But the other guy ran over and grabbed it by the end. He was smaller than Shukhov. So Shukhov shoved it at him and sent him flying against one of the posts holding up the roof. He put the tray under his arm and dashed to the hatch. Pavlo was standing in line and he was sore because there were no trays. He was glad to see Shukhov. The assistant gang boss of 27 was just in front of Pavlo at the head of the line, Pavlo gave him a shove

### 33. Page 167 (In the mess hall)

“104!” Pavlo called into the hatch. There were five of these hatches-three for dishing out the food, one for men on the sick list (there were ten men with ulcers who got special food, and all the bookkeepers had wangled this diet for themselves too), and the fifth for handing back the bowls. Here the men fought to see who’d get to lick ‘em out. These hatches weren’t very high up-a little above your waist. All you could see through them was hands with ladles

The cook had soft white hands but they were **damn** big and had hair all over them, more like a boxer’s than a cook’s. He picked up a pencil and checked off from his list on the wall: “104-twenty-four!” Panteleyev was here too. Like **hell** he’d been sick, that **sonofabitch**!

The cook picked up a great big ladle and stirred the stuff in the caldron-it’d just been filled nearly up to the top. There were clouds of steam coming out of it. Then he picked up another ladle that held one and a half pints-enough for four bowls-and began to dish out. But he didn’t dip down very deep. “One, two, three, four...” Shukhov watched to see which bowls he filled before the good part settled back on the bottom of the caldron and which had only the watery stuff off the top. He put ten bowls on the tray and went away. Gopchik was waving at him from a place by the second pair of posts. “This way. Ivan Denisovich, over here!”

#### 34. Page 170 (In the mess hall)

He drank the watery stuff on the top of the other bowl, poured what was left into the first bowl and scraped it clean with his spoon. It made things easier. He didn't have to worry about the second bowl or keep an eye on it and guard it with his hands.

So he could let his eyes wander a little and look at other bowls around him. The fellow on the left had nothing but water. The way these **bastard** in the kitchen treated a man! You'd never think they were just prisoners too!

#### 35. Page 176-177 (In Latvian's room)

Somebody in the room was yelling: "You think that old **bastard** in Moscow with the mustache is going to have mercy on you? He wouldn't give a **damn** about his own brother, never mind slobbs like you!"

The great thing about a penal camp was you had a **hell** of a lot of freedom. Back in Ust-Izhma if you said they couldn't get matches "outside" they put you in the can and slapped on another ten years. But here you could yell your head off about anything you liked and the squealers didn't even bother to tell on you. The security fellows couldn't care less.

The only trouble was you didn't have much time to talk about anything.

#### 36. Page 181-182 (In Shukhov's room)

And now the Captain came along in a good mood with a potful of tea. But it wasn't the kind they got in the camp. They had two tubs with tea in the barracks, but who'd call that tea? It was lukewarm and had the right colour, but it was really just slops and it smelled of rotten wood from the tub. But this tea was only for poor **suckers**. Well, the captain had gotten a fistful of real tea from Caesar and run off to get some boiling water. He looked pleased with himself and set it up on the locker. "I nearly scalded my fingers under the faucet," he said as if he was proud of it.

Caesar was spreading his stuff out on sheets of paper in the bottom bunk. Shukhov could see this through the cracks in the boards, and he put the mattress down again so he wouldn't get upset at the sight of it. But Caesar couldn't do without him.

### 37. Page 185-186 (In Shukhov's room)

("Looks like the captain made it," Shukhov said to himself. The Captain hadn't heard what was going on. He was too busy telling his story and eating that sausage.)

"One more thing," the warder said. "Is S-311 here? Is that one of yours?"

"Let me take a look at the list," Tyurin said, just to stall. "How can anybody remember all these **damn** numbers?" He was playing for time, trying to drag things out till they called the men for the night check, and maybe then the captain wouldn't have to go to the cooler that night.

But Snubnose shouted out: "Is Buynovsky here?"

"What's that? Yes, I'm here," the Captain called out from his bunk. (some people move too fast for their own good.)

"Buynovsky? Yeah, that's you all right, S-311. Let's go!"

### 38. Page 187-188 (In Shukhov's room)

"Come on, get out!" the trusty in charge of the barracks shouted. "If you're not all out by the time I count to three I'll take your number and report you to the Comrade Warder!"

This guy was the biggest **bastard** of them all. He was shut up with them at night in the same barracks but acted like a higher-up and he wasn't scared of anybody. It was the other way around-everybody was scared of him. He could turn you in to the screws or let you have it in the puss. He counted as an invalid because he'd lost one finger in a fight. You could tell from his mug he was a real hood. And that's just what he was. They pulled him in for a real crime, but they hung Article 58/14 on him too. That's why he was in this camp.

### 39. Page 188-189 (In Shukhov's room)

Shukhov hopped down from his bunk and stuck his feet in his felt boots. He was holding the cigarette he'd just made-he wanted it real bad. But he didn't go right away, because he was sorry for Caesar. It wasn't that he wanted to get something out of Caesar again but he was just sorry for him. He thought a lot of himself, Caesar did, and he didn't know a thing about life-he shouldn't have spent all that time fussing with his package and should've gotten it to the storeroom

before night check. He could've eaten the stuff later, but what could he do with it now? If he took that **damn** bag out with him to the check he'd just make a laughingstock of himself in front of five hundred men, but if he left it here it might be pinched by the first man back. (In Ust-Izhma things were even tougher-the crooks always got back from work first and cleaned out all the lockers.)

#### **40. Page 189-190 (In the passageway)**

He had a hard time shoving his way through the crowd at first (and he had to guard that cigarette in his hand so it wouldn't be crushed). But in the passageway that led off both halves of the barracks nobody was in a hurry-they were shrewd as **hell**-and they stuck to the walls like grim death, two deep on both sides, and all they left clear was the outside door. You could only get out of it one at a time and they didn't mind if and dope wanted to. But most of them liked it better inside. They'd been in the cold all day long and nobody was that eager to freeze out there for another ten minutes. If anybody wanted to die, okay, but the rest of them could wait a little.

#### **41. Page 190-191 (Outside the barracks)**

Five men came down the steps of Barracks 9, and then another three. Shukhov went in with these three to make up the next row of five. It wasn't so bad standing here when you'd eaten a little bread and had a cigarette in your mouth. The tobacco was all right. The Latvian hadn't lied. It had the right strength and it smelled good.

More men came straggling out the door and there were a couple of rows of fives behind Shukhov now. The fellows coming out were mad as **hell** at the guys still hugging the walls in the passageway. They had to stand here and freeze till those **bastard** came out.

#### **42. Page 191-193 (In front of the barracks)**

They were all pouring out down the steps now. That trusty and the warden, the **Motherfuckers**, were kicking them in the ass.

The fellows who'd been first in line outside shouted at them: "Thought you were being smart, didn't you, you **bastards**? Trying to make cream out of **shit** or something? If you'd gotten out here before, we'd be through already."

They were all outside now. There were four hundred men in a barracks, and that made eighty rows of five lined up one after the other. The rows right in front of the barracks kept their lines of five, but the fellows in back were just bunched up any old way.

“Line up by fives, you at the back!” the trusty yelled down from the steps. But the **hell** they would, the **bastards**!

Caesar came out of the door all hunched up and doing his best to look sick. There were two orderlies from the other half of the barracks behind him, and two from their half with some lame fellow. They chased Caesar to the back and lined up in front of all the others. So Shukhov was now in the third row of five.

The warder came out on the steps.

“Line up by fi-i-ves!” he shouted to the men at the back and he had a strong voice.

“Line up by fi-i-ves!” the trusty bawled too. And his voice was even stronger

But they still didn’t line up, the **bastards**.

The trusty shot down the steps, went to the back, and bawled them out real good. And he punched some of the guys. But he was careful who did it to. He only hit fellows he knew wouldn’t stick up for themselves. They all lined up now and he went back to the steps. And he and the warder started yelling together.

“One, two, three...”

Every row of five shot into the barracks when it was called. They were through now for the day!

If they didn’t do another check, that is. Any sheepherder could count better than these dopes. Maybe he didn’t have any book learning, but he could herd his sheep and keep count of them. But these **bastards** couldn’t do it even though they’d been taught how.

#### **43. Page 194-195 (In the barracks)**

The prisoners were pouring back in the barracks. Some fellows in Gang 20 were shouting: “Hand over your boots for the dryer!”

They let these fellows go out of the barracks with the boots and then locked it. And then they'd come running back and hammer on the door: "Comrade Warder, let us in!" But by then the warders would be over in HQ doing their bookkeeping on those plywood boards to see if anybody'd run away.

But Shukhov didn't give a **damn** about all that today. Caesar was coming back now. "Thank you, Ivan Denisovich," he said.

Shukhov nodded at him and jumped up on his own bunk like a squirrel. He could finish off that bread now or smoke another cigarette or go to sleep if he wanted.

#### **44. Page 200 (In the barracks)**

Some of them were sleeping already. They grumbled and started to move and put their feet in their boots (they never took their pants off, it was too cold under the blanket and you got all stiff without them).

"The **bastards!**" Shukhov said, but he wasn't too angry because he wasn't sleeping yet.

Caesar reached up and gave him two cookies, two lumps of sugar, and a slice of sausage.

#### **45. Page 201 (In the barracks)**

The gangs who had their boots in the drying room-they didn't mind much either. Some of them had slippers or they went out in their foot-cloths or in their bare feet.

"Get a move on!" the warder yelled.

"Would you like a taste of the stick, you filthy **scum?**" the trusty said. He was there too.

They were all driven over to the other side of the barracks and the ones who came last had to go out in the passageway. Shukhov stood out there by the wall near the latrine. The floor under his feet was wet and there was a freezing draft from outside.

## Appendix IV

### Tables

Table 1. The list of swear words

Settings	Speaker	Swear Word	Page
1	The electric welder	Old bastards	5
	The assistant boss of the gang	The bastards	5
	The Thin Tartar	Bastard	6
2	One of the warders	Shithead	11
3	A Hero of the Soviet Union	The hell	10
	A Hero of the Soviet Union	Fucking	10
	The fellow	Shit	10
	Someone	Dammed liar	11
4	One of the warders	Bastards	13
	Comrade Warder	Stupid	13
	Comrade Warder	Stupid	13
	Comrade Warder	The bastards	14
	Comrade Warder	Shit	14
	Comrade Warder	Fucking	14
	Comrade Warder	The hell	14
5	The Storyteller	The hell	23
6	The Storyteller	Hell	30
	The prisoners	Sonofabitch	31
	Volkovoy	Scum	35
7	The Storyteller	Hell	66
	The Storyteller	Bastard	67
	The Storyteller	Fucking	67
	The Captain	Bastard	71
8	The Storyteller	The hell	75
9	The Storyteller	Motherfuckers	77
	The Storyteller	Bastards	77
10	Fetyukov	The hell	78
	Pavlo	Squealers	78
11	The Cook	The fucking hell	87
12	One of the warders	Bastard	92
	The Storyteller	Bastard	92

13	The Storyteller	Sonofabitch	112
	The Captain	Shithead	112
14	Der	The hell	114
	The boss	Scum	115
	The boss	Bloodsucker	115
15	The boss	Damn	119
	Tyurin	Little squirt	119
16	The Storyteller	Pigheaded	122
	Tyurin	Shit	122
	Tyurin	Fucking	123
	Shukhov	Hell	123
	The boss	The hell	123
17	The boss	The hell	124
	The boss	Sonofbitches	124
	Senka	The hell	125
18	The Storyteller	The bastards	126
	The Storyteller	Hell	126
	The prisoners	Scum	126
	The prisoners	Bastards	126
	The prisoners	Motherfuckers	126
	The Storyteller	Damn	126
19	The guards	Motherfuckers	129
20	Shukhov	Bastard	131
21	The Chief of the Escort	Goddamn skunk	133
	The Chief of the Escort	The sonofabitch	133
	The Chief of the Escort	The fucking bastard	133
	The Chief of the Escort	Sonofabitch	133
	The Chief of the Escort	The fucker	134
	The Chief of the Escort	Bitching	134
	The Chief of the Escort	The goddamn bastard	134
22	The prisoners	Bastard	136
	The prisoners	Crock	136
	The prisoners	Shit-head	136
	The prisoners	No-good sonofabitch	136
	The prisoners	Craphead	136
	The prisoners	Son of a whore	136
	The prisoners	Stinking bastard	136
	The assistant boss of Gang 32	The bastard	136
23	The fellows	Bastards	137
	The Storyteller	Damn	138
	The Storyteller	Damn	138
24	The Storyteller	The hell	140
	The Storyteller	The hell	141

25	Caesar	The hell	147
26	The Storyteller	Bastards	156
	The Storyteller	Shit	156
27	The Storyteller	Hell	159
	The Storyteller	Hell	159
	The Storyteller	Bastard	159
	The Storyteller	Hell	160
28	The Storyteller	Bastard	161
29	Shukhov	Bastard	161
	Shukhov	Damn	162
	Shukhov	Ugly fat-faced bastards	162
30	Clubfoot	Fucking sonofbitches	163
	Some of the guys	Fuck you	163
	Clubfoot	Blockhead	163
	Clubfoot	Scum	164
	Pavlo	The hell	164
31	Clubfoot	Bastard	165
32	Pavlo	The bastard	166
33	Shukhov	Damn	167
	Shukhov	Hell	167
	Shukhov	Sonofabitch	167
34	The Storyteller	Bastard	170
35	Somebody	Bastard	176
	Somebody	Damn	177
	The Storyteller	Hell	177
36	The Storyteller	Suckers	182
37	Tyurin	Damn	185
38	The Storyteller	Bastard	188
39	Shukhov	Damn	189
40	The Storyteller	Hell	189
41	The Storyteller	Hell	191
	The Storyteller	Bastard	191
42	The Storyteller	Motherfuckers	191
	The fellows	Bastards	192
	The fellows	Shit	192
	The Storyteller	Hell	192
	The Storyteller	Bastards	192
	The Storyteller	Bastards	192
	The Storyteller	Bastards	193
43	The Storyteller	Damn	194
44	Shukhov	Bastards	200
45	The trusty	Scum	201

Table 3. Speech act

Swear Word	Speech Act				
	Directive	Com	Representative	Declarative	Expressive
Old bastards	✓				
The bastards			✓		
Bastard				✓	
Shithead	✓				
The hell			✓		
Fucking	✓				
Shit			✓		
Dammed liar				✓	
Bastards	✓				
Stupid			✓		
Stupid			✓		
The bastards			✓		
Shit		✓			
Fucking			✓		
The hell	✓				
The hell					✓
Hell			✓		
Sonofabitch				✓	
Scum	✓				
Hell			✓		
Bastard		✓			
Fucking			✓		
Bastard	✓				
The hell				✓	
Motherfuckers				✓	
Bastards				✓	
The hell			✓		
Squealers			✓		
The fucking hell				✓	
Bastard	✓				
Bastard				✓	
Sonofabitch			✓		
Shithead			✓		
The hell				✓	
Scum				✓	
Bloodsucker		✓			
Damn			✓		
Little squirt	✓				
Pigheaded			✓		
Shit		✓			
Fucking			✓		
Hell		✓			
The hell					✓
The hell			✓		
Sonofbitches				✓	

The hell	✓				
The bastards				✓	
Hell			✓		
Scum				✓	
Bastards				✓	
Motherfuckers				✓	
Damn			✓		
Motherfuckers	✓				
Bastard				✓	
Goddamn skunk				✓	
The sonofabitch				✓	
The fucking bastard				✓	
Sonofabitch				✓	
The fucker				✓	
Bitching					✓
The goddamn bastard				✓	
Bastard				✓	
Crock				✓	
Shit-head				✓	
No-good sonofabitch				✓	
Craphead				✓	
Son of a whore				✓	
Stinking bastard				✓	
The bastard			✓		
Bastards				✓	
Damn				✓	
Damn				✓	
The hell				✓	
The hell				✓	
The hell		✓			
Bastards			✓		
Shit			✓		
Hell			✓		
Hell				✓	
Bastard			✓		
Hell			✓		
Bastard				✓	
Bastard			✓		
Damn				✓	
Ugly fat-faced bastards			✓		
Fucking sonofbitches	✓				
Fuck you				✓	
Blockhead	✓				
Scum				✓	
The hell		✓			
Bastard				✓	
The bastard	✓				
Damn			✓		
Hell			✓		

Sonofabitch				✓	
Bastard				✓	
Bastard				✓	
Damn		✓			
Hell			✓		
Suckers			✓		
Damn				✓	
Bastard			✓		
Damn		✓			
Hell			✓		
Hell			✓		
Bastard				✓	
Motherfuckers				✓	
Bastards				✓	
Shit		✓			
Hell				✓	
Bastards				✓	
Bastards				✓	
Bastards				✓	
Damn					✓
Bastards				✓	
Scum				✓	
Total	14	10	35	53	4