

midnight sun) and the polar night; the copious coal and metal mines of the region; and the Yenisei River with its month-long navigability to the Arctic Ocean which connects Narilsk (Norilsk) with the rest of Russia.

His outline also indicates that he intended to write about the lives of the thousands of prisoners of various nationalities who were forcibly brought from several countries to Norilsk and put to torturous labor; the relationships among these prisoners who had lost their human character and become vulgar and inhuman, ready to tear each other apart for a cigarette or a piece of bread; the violent mutual hatred and the collective abhorrence of the local regime and the Soviet government; and the Soviets' creation of a new kind of man, *homo sovieticus*, "in their own image," of course, as my father put it.

The second chapter of part 2 was to cover the process of separating the political prisoners from the criminal prisoners that took place in 1948; the special regime camp, that is, *gosudarstvenny asobi regimni lager*, which meant harsher treatment for the political prisoners; and the number painted on the back and the knee of the political prisoners' clothing which reduced their entire individuality and personality to a mere number, a method of dehumanization that certainly worked.

My father was planning to begin part 3 with the news of Stalin's death in 1953, which he underscored with the

---

their new religion. In the late 1920s, they were incorporated into national *okrugs* (small administrative districts) like other small peoples in the East of the Soviet Union. What my father's special interest was in writing about these people, I would not know: perhaps his personal contacts and experience with them; that we shall never know.