escaped prisoner of war. "Yes, he'd testified to it himself. Yes, he'd surrendered to the Germans with the intention of betraying his country and he'd returned from captivity to carry out a mission for German intelligence. What sort of mission neither Shukhov nor the interrogator could say…Shukhov had figured it all out. If he didn't sign he'd be shot. If he signed, he'd still get the chance to live. So he signed" (p. 55). His story is not unusual in determining why people were sent to forced labor camps. Stalin created a state of mass paranoia and fear, in which anyone who dissented from him, or was even suspected of dissenting from him, was shipped away. People were constantly wrongly charged with treason based on their ethnicity, religion, failed military missions, and attempted freedom of expression.

Survival in this narrative can perhaps be explained through the Hobbesian view of the state of nature of man. Thomas Hobbes, who asserts his philosophy of the state of nature of man and social contract theory in *Leviathan*, essentially argues that a complete state of nature is a total state of war between individuals for survival. This state of survival, in the scrounging for food, tools, and basic commodities to makes survival easier, is the larger theme throughout Solzhenitsyn's work. Constantly present in Shukhov's day is his urgent need to eat, secretly secure necessary tools for work, and an apparent mistrust of other prisoners. "More than once Shukhov had recalled the way they used to eat in their village: whole pots of potatoes, pans of oatmeal…big chunks of meat. And milk enough to bust their guts. That wasn't the way to eat, he learned in camp. You had to eat with all your mind on the food—like now, nibbling the bread bit by bit, working the crumbs up into a paste with your tongue and sucking it into your cheeks. And how good it tasted—that soggy black bread! What had he been eating for eight, no, more than eight years? Next to nothing. But how much work had he done? Ah!" (p. 40). Here, we have the first need of every prisoner in camp, the desperation of severe hunger and the extremely hard work forced upon them daily. The obsession with food often overcomes Shukhov's mind throughout the day and he even goes to such extreme attempts as hiding bread in his uniform for later use, a crime in camp which could get him severely beaten and thrown into a cell in solitary confinement for two weeks.

The mistrust and brutality of inner camp violence and interaction also highlights the urgency of the survival instinct of the prisoners, specifically the main character. "Shukhov clapped his mittens together, joined up the lengths, and hammered the ends into the joints. He clapped his hands together and repeated his hammering. (He'd hidden his trowel in a nearby crack in the wall. Although he was among his own men, one of them might swap it for his own. That applied to Kilgas too)"(p.48). In his fight for survival, which meant ensuring that his daily assignment was completed in his squad, he swiped a necessary tool for work and had to constantly keep it hidden from everybody, including his closest friend in the camp, Kilgas. It was every man for himself and any little thing that they could

acquire to make their lives easier, once again emphasizing a Hobbesian state of nature in which if you have something others what, you are under the constant threat of attack by other envious individuals who wish to acquire your commodity for themselves. Mistrust between the prisoners was part of their lifestyle, as everyone had to worry about themselves in a system that was plagued by neuroticism. Violence enacted upon prisoners by guards and soldiers of the work camps was a constant threat. They never knew when they would be reprimanded or beaten and for what obscure reasons they would be tortured.

Particularly interesting is how this mistrust between prisoners in the Gulag bred violence amongst the prisoners themselves. In such a brutal system, the prisoners often enacted acts of violence upon each other, specifically prisoners who made some minor mistake that day and cost the camp laborers precious time. "'Boooo!' went the crowd at the gates. And they yelled, as the group drew nearer: 'Bastard! Shit! Idiot! Cow's twat! Lousy son-of-a-bitch!'…It's not joke to rob five hundred men of over half an hour…The deputy squad leader of the 32nd advanced. 'The damn fool crawled up to do some plastering. Trying to hide from me! Warmed up there and fell asleep.' And he hit the man hard in the face and on the neck, pushing him further from the guard. The Moldavian reeled back, and as he did so a Hungarian, one of his own squad, leaped up at him and kicked him hard from behind" (p. 95). Such violence and lack of structure between prisoners is a regular function of daily life inside Shukhov's camp. Feeding times and rushes to the mess halls are infiltrated with barbarism and mob panic. Racing, pushing, shoving, and the trickery and cleverness of getting extra food at dinner prove to emphasize that fact that prisoners are solely concerned with their own survival and perpetuate this in a manner such as survival of the fittest. In this state, prisoners often spied on each other and reported suspicious and illegal activities to higher officers for the chance to earn extra food, a day off of work, or simply to avoid having themselves being the subject of a soldier's violent angst.

Developed within this larger context of brutality, mistrust, and violence are the different ethnicities of various prisoners. Stemming from monarchial to modern rule, the marginalization of different regional peoples and forced incorporation of them into empire via Russification, presents itself throughout the narrative by the blatant and obvious distinction between prisoners of minority ethnicities and religions. For example, a prisoner by the name of Alyosha the Baptist is always portrayed in connection to his religious affiliation and commitment to God, The New Testament, and his refusal to sacrifice his religion at the hands of a communist regime that prohibited it. "Alyosha…cheeks were sunken, he lived strictly off of his rations, he earned nothing. He spent all his Sundays muttering with the other Baptists. They shed the hardships of camp life like water off of a duck's back" (p. 36). Another prisoner by the name of Tsezar "…was a hodgepodge of nationalities: Greek, Jew, Gypsy—you couldn't make out which. He was still young. He'd made films. But he hadn't finished his first when they arrested him…" (p. 25).