

Tsylia Liatun



This is me (in center), my mother Sarah-Maria Kats and my daughter Tatiana. This photo was taken in the town of Igarka in 1954.

In 1948 when in exile in Siberia we were taken to Igarka town to work at a timber facility. It was a picturesque spot on the bank of the Enisey River. There in 1949 I met my future husband Alexandr Liatun. We got married in 1950 and in 1951 our daughter Tatiana was born.

In 1953 Stalin died. The only thing we were sorry about was that he hadn't died 10 years before. There would have been less suffering. In 1954 after Stalin's death we received temporary identity cards and later we received passports with a note that we were convicts. My friends advised me to submit a request to have my passport reissued explaining that I had lost mine. I, my mother and my husband received other passports without the note about being a convict. We were not subject to any residential restrictions any longer and could travel to any place in the country. I can't say life was too bad then. You can't imagine how little a person needs to be happy. I had my beloved husband and daughter beside me. We rented a room that was our home. My husband hammered nails in the wall and hung a piece of cloth to hide our clothes hanging there: this served as a wardrobe. It was nice and convenient! I learned to make clothes. At first I learned to make men's clothes and later learned to make women's clothes as well. We stayed in Igarka until 1960.