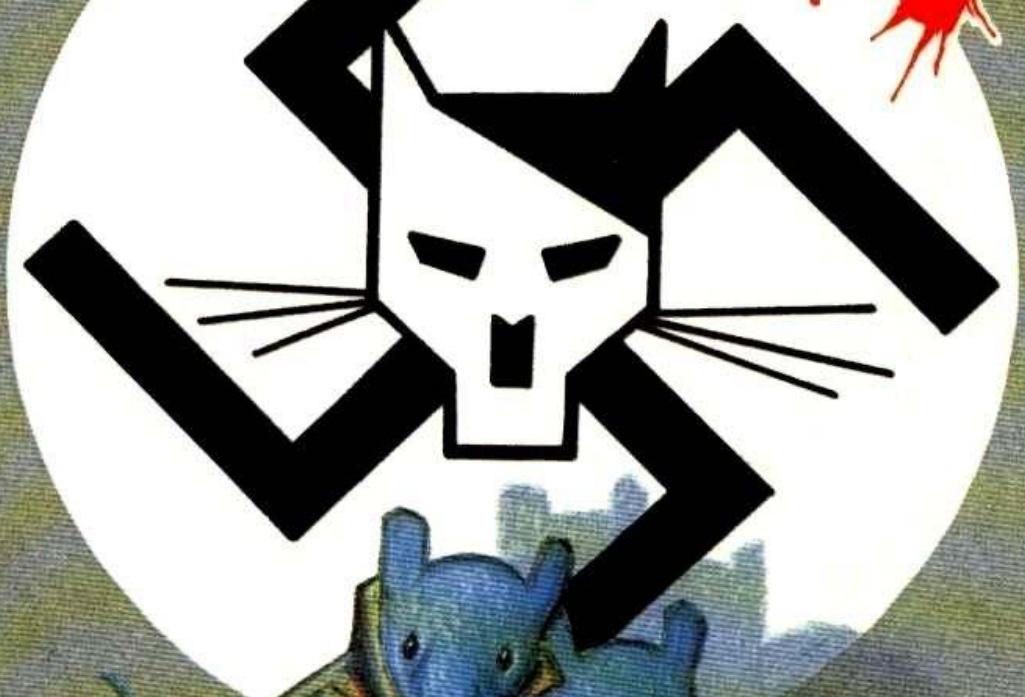


MAUS



A SURVIVOR'S TALE
art spiegelman



Maus is the story of Vladek Spiegelman, a Jewish survivor of Hitler's Europe, and of his son, a cartoonist who tries to come to terms with his father, his father's terrifying story, and History itself. Its form, the cartoon (the Nazis are cats, the Jews mice) succeeds perfectly in shocking us out of any lingering sense of familiarity with the events described, approaching, as it does, the unspeakable through the diminutive. It is, as the *New York Times Book Review* has commented, "a remarkable feat of documentary detail and novelistic vividness...an unfolding literary event."

Moving back and forth from Poland to Rego Park, New York, *Maus* tells two powerful stories: The first is Spiegelman's father's account of how he and his wife survived Hitler's Europe, a harrowing tale filled with countless brushes with death, improbable escapes, and the terror of confinement and betrayal. The second is the author's tortured relationship with his aging father as they try to lead a normal life of minor arguments and passing visits against a backdrop of history too large to pacify. At all levels, this is the ultimate survivor's tale—and that, too, of the children who somehow survive even the survivors.

Maus takes Spiegelman's parents to the gates of Auschwitz and him to the edge of despair (with a sequel to come). Put aside all your preconceptions. These cats and mice are not Tom and Jerry, but something quite different. This is a new kind of literature.

"In its effect on the reader, on a par with Kafka." —David Levine

MAUS

A SURVIVOR'S TALE



Ban
Cane
Jill
Spiegelman



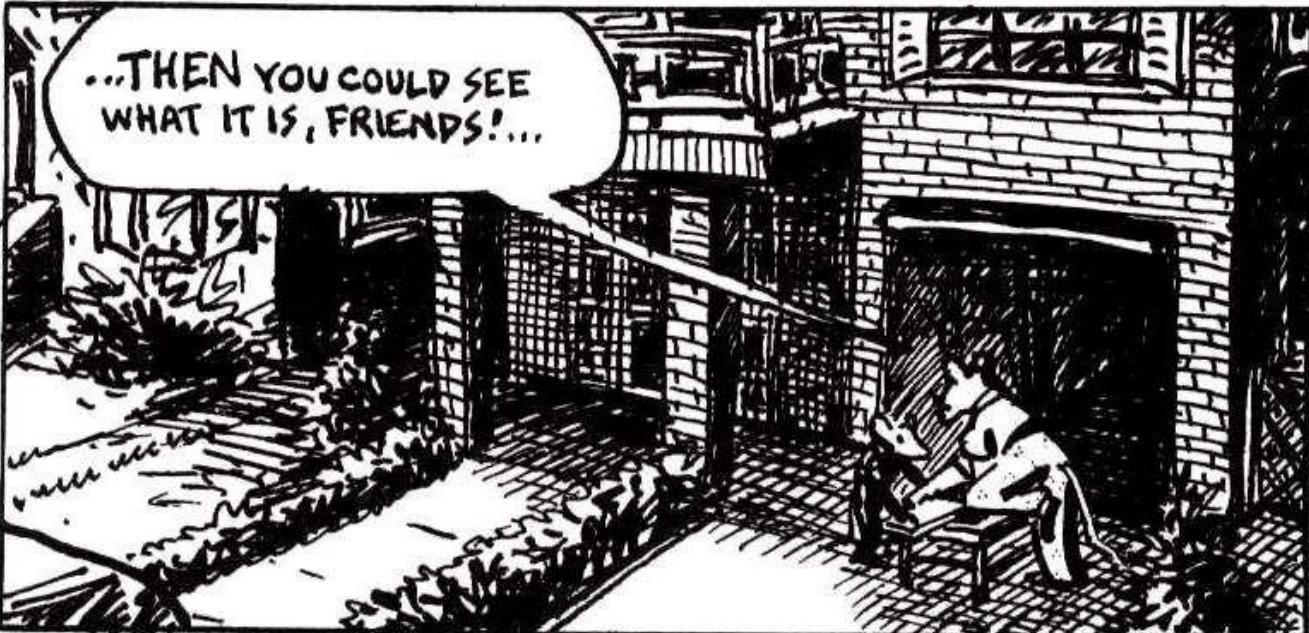
PENGUIN BOOKS

**"The Jews are undoubtedly a race,
but they are not human."**

Adolf Hitler

Ringo Park, N.Y. c. 1958





MY FATHER BLEEDS HISTORY

(MID-1930s TO WINTER 1944)

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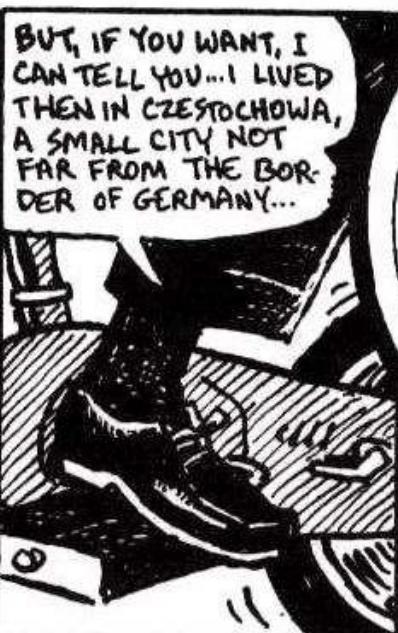


C H A P T E R O N E



I went out to see my Father in Rego Park. I hadn't seen him in a long time - we weren't that close.





I WAS IN TEXTILES-BUYING AND SELLING-I DIDN'T MAKE MUCH, BUT ALWAYS I COULD MAKE A LIVING.

I WAS, AT THAT TIME, YOUNG, AND
REALLY A NICE, HANDSOME BOY.



I HAD A LOT OF GIRLS, WHAT I DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW THAT WOULD RUN AFTER ME.



HELLO, VLADERK?
THIS IS YULEK...



A FRIEND OF MINE, LUCIA
GREENBERG, WOULD LIKE
TO BE INTRODUCED TO YOU.



PEOPLE ALWAYS TOLD
ME I LOOKED JUST
LIKE RUDOLPH VALENTINO.



EVENTUALLY, I TOOK LUCIA TO DANCE...



I HAVE A SMALL APARTMENT.
MY PARENTS MOVED TO SOSNOWIEC



I'D LIKE
TO SEE IT
SOMETIME.

MAYBE
SOMETIME

WHEREVER I WENT - I LOOKED AROUND - AND LUCIA GREENBERG WOULD BE ALSO THERE ...

VLADEK! - WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

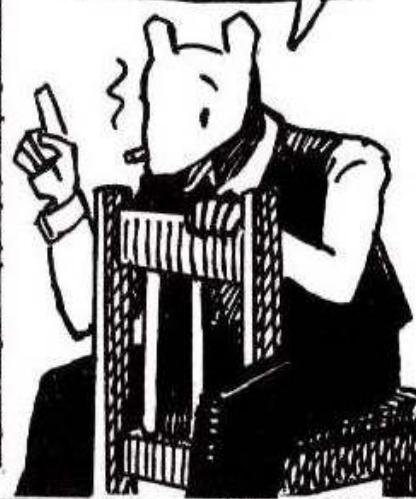


JUST TO THE MARKET.



ME TOO - LET'S WALK TOGETHER.

BUT, POP... MOM'S NAME WAS ANNA ZYLBERBERG! ...



ALL THIS WAS BEFORE I MET ANJA - JUST LISTEN, YES?



WHY DON'T YOU EVER INVITE ME TO YOUR HOME? ... ARE YOU ASHAMED OF IT?



SHE KEPT INSISTING ME TO SHOW HER MY APARTMENT...

- SO FINALLY, I INVITED HER...

EVERYTHING'S SO NEAT AND CLEAN!

I LIKE TO KEEP THINGS IN ORDER.

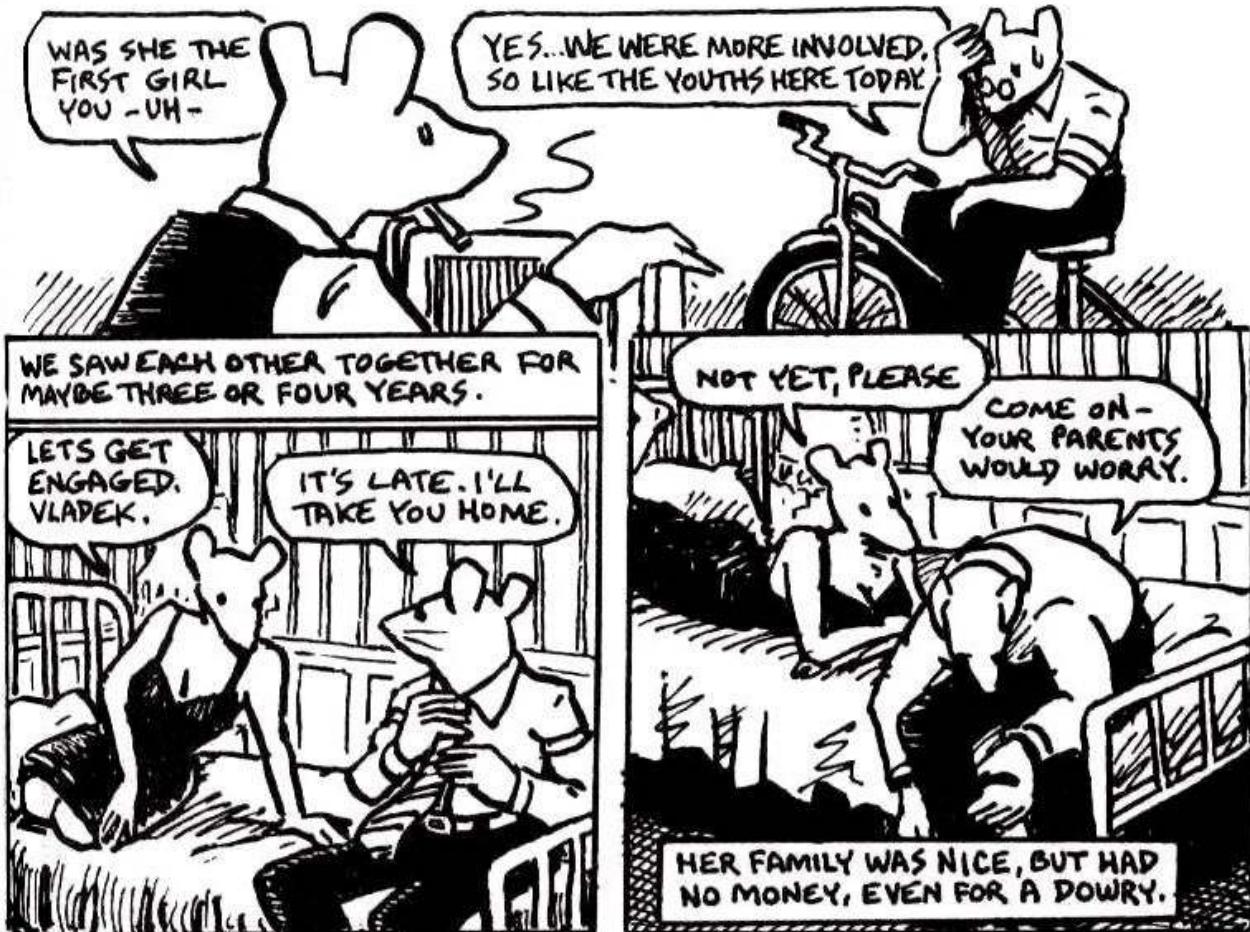


YOU MUST HAVE ANOTHER GIRL-FRIEND WHO CLEANS FOR YOU - NO?

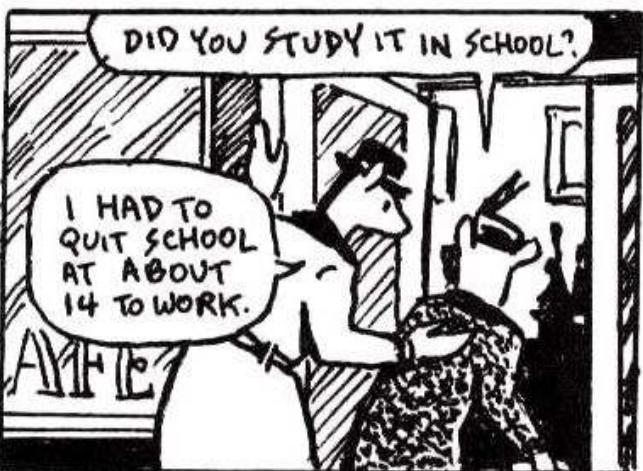
NO.



... I DIDN'T WANT TO BE MORE CLOSER WITH HER, BUT SHE REALLY WOULDN'T LET ME GO.



THE NEXT MORNING WE ALL MET TOGETHER. MY COUSIN AND ANJA SPOKE SOMETIMES IN ENGLISH.



AND THEN SHE STARTED WRITING TO ME SUCH BEAUTIFUL LETTERS — ALMOST NOBODY COULD WRITE POLISH LIKE SHE WROTE.

I VISITED A COUPLE TIMES TO HER. SHE SENT ME A PHOTO!!!

I BOUGHT A VERY NICE FRAME ...

IT PASSED
MAYBE A WEEK
UNTIL LUCIA
AGAIN CAME
AND SAW
THE PHOTO ...

I'M GOING TO GET ENGAGED TO HER, LUCIA.

PSSH! AND LOOK AT WHAT A BEAUTY YOU PICKED.

LOOKS AREN'T EVERYTHING, LUCIA. IT ISN'T GOOD FOR EITHER OF US THAT YOU KEEP COMING UP HERE ...

... WE HAVE TO PLAN FOR OUR FUTURES, AND —

FORGET HER!
LET ME MAKE YOU HAPPY!

IT WAS NOT SO EASY TO GET FREE FROM LUCIA.



ANJA'S PARENTS WERE ANXIOUS SHE SHOULD BE MARRIED. SHE WAS 24; I WAS THEN 30.



THE ZYLBERBERGS HAD A HOISERY FACTORY—ONE OF THE BIGGEST IN POLAND... BUT WHEN I CAME IN TO THEIR HOUSE IT WAS SO LIKE A KING-CAME...

WELCOME, WELCOME.

ANJA - VLADEK IS HERE!

MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE WHILE I HELP WITH THE DINNER.

TO SEE WHAT A HOUSEKEEPER SHE WAS, I PEEKED INTO ANJA'S CLOSET.

EVERYTHING IS NEAT AND STRAIGHT JUST THE WAY I LIKE IT!

BUT WHAT'S THIS - PILLS?!

I WROTE DOWN EVERY PILL.

IF SHE WAS SICK, THEN WHAT DID I NEED IT FOR?

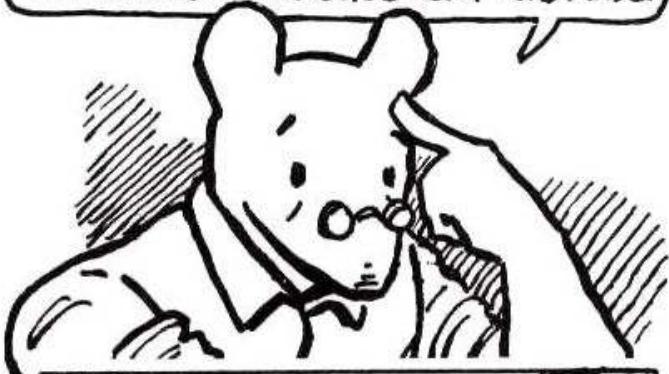
DINNER IS READY!

LATER, A FRIEND, A DRUGGIST, TOLD ME THE PILLS WERE ONLY BECAUSE SHE WAS SO SKINNY AND NERVOUS.

HOW ABOUT SOME MORE GEFILTE FISH, VLADEK?

SO, TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, BY THE END OF 1936 WE WERE ENGAGED AND I MOVED FROM CZESTOCHOWA TO SOSNOWIEC.

AH! HERE I FORGOT TO TELL SOMETHING FROM BEFORE I MOVED TO SOSNOWIEC BUT AFTER OUR ENGAGEMENT WAS MADE.



ONE EVENING THE BELL RANG ...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M ON MY WAY OUT.



NO, YOU CAN'T
COME WI-

PLEASE,
VLADEK!



SHE FELL ON THE FLOOR
AND HELD STRONG MY LEGS.



(DON'T RUN AWAY!)



I SAW NOW THAT I WENT TOO FAR
WITH HER.

I RAN OUT TO MY FRIEND WHAT INTRO-
DUCED US. HE WENT TO CALM HER DOWN
AND TOOK HER HOME.

I DIDN'T HEAR MORE
FROM LUCIA - BUT
ALSO I STOPPED HEAR-
ING FROM ANJA ...

NO TELEPHONE CALLS,
NO LETTERS, NOTHING!
WHAT HAPPENED?

SHE SAYS SHE WON'T
SPEAK TO YOU!



SHE GOT A LETTER FROM SOME-
ONE IN CZESTOCHOWA. MY GOD!
IT SAYS THE WORST THINGS IN
THE WORLD ABOUT YOU!

WELL, I CAN'T CONVINCE HER
ON THE PHONE. I'LL COME
DOWN BY TRAIN ON FRIDAY
AFTER WORK.



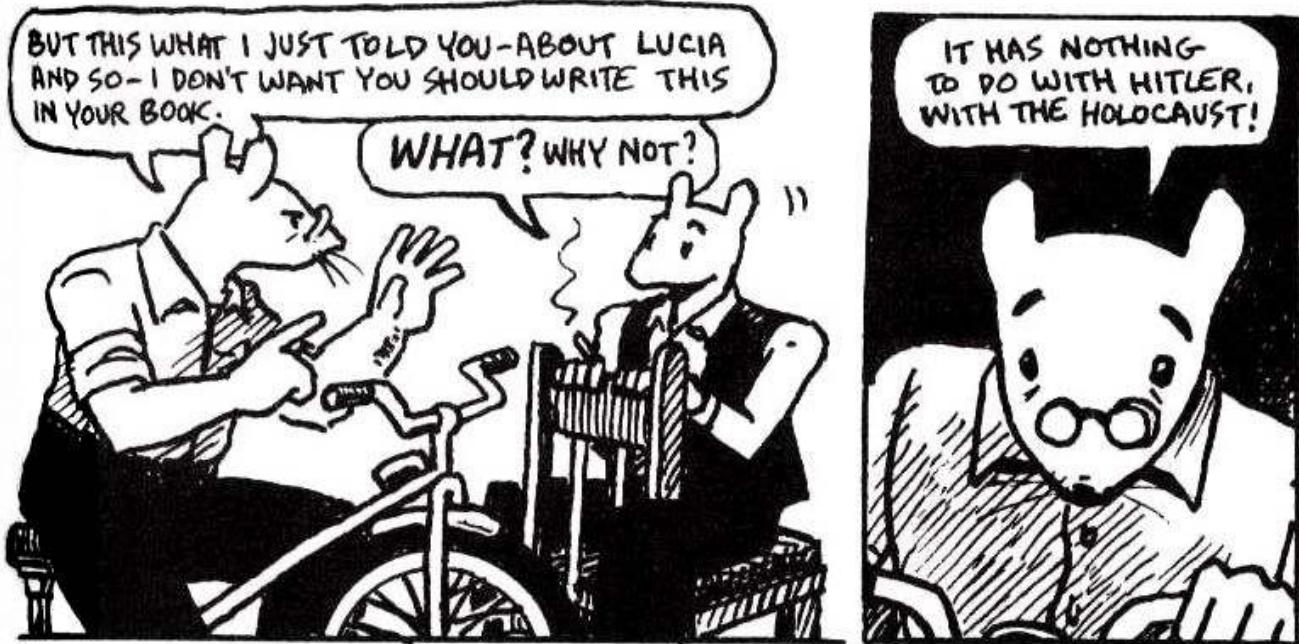
IT WASN'T EVEN A
HOLIDAY, BUT I WENT
ANYWAY TO SOSNOWIEC.

SO, TELL ME, ANJA - WHAT HAVE
I DONE THAT'S SO HORRIBLE?

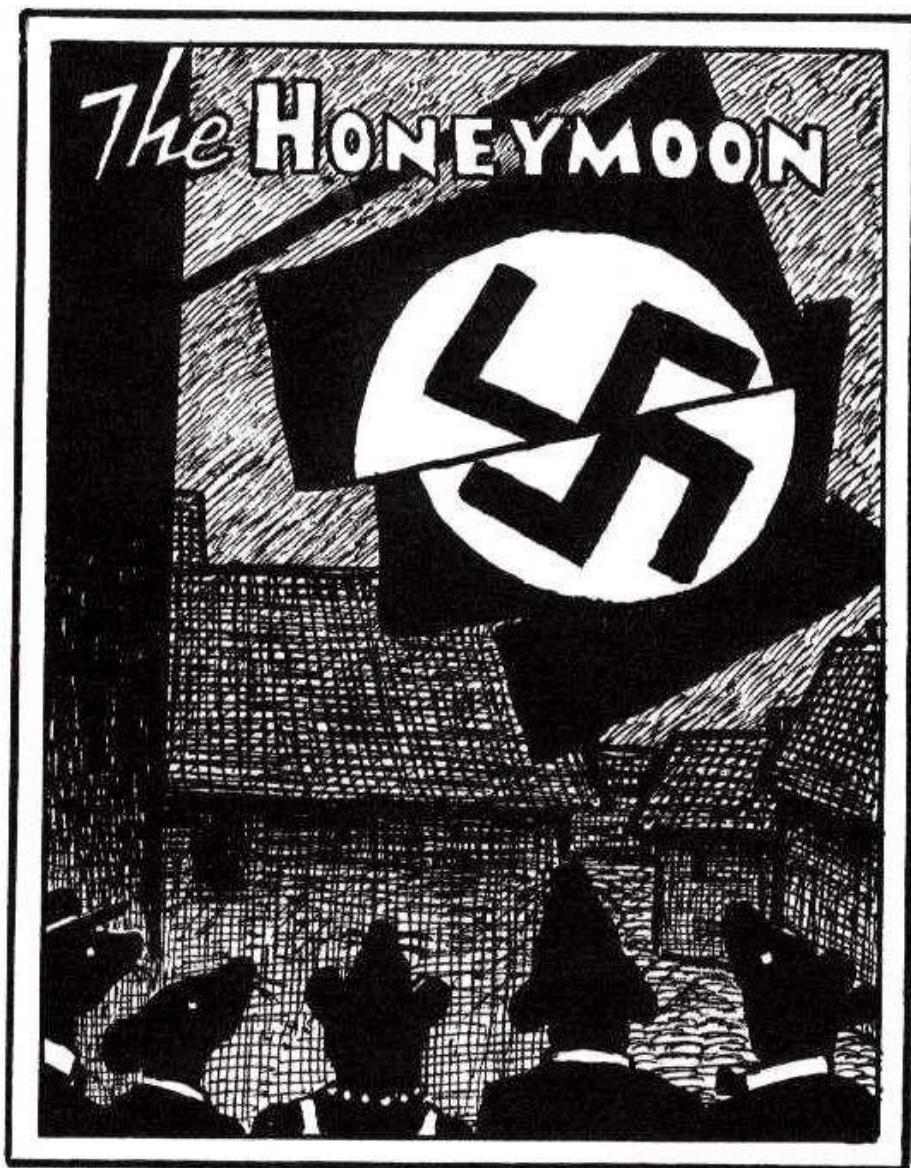
YOU SHOULD KNOW-
JUST READ
THIS!



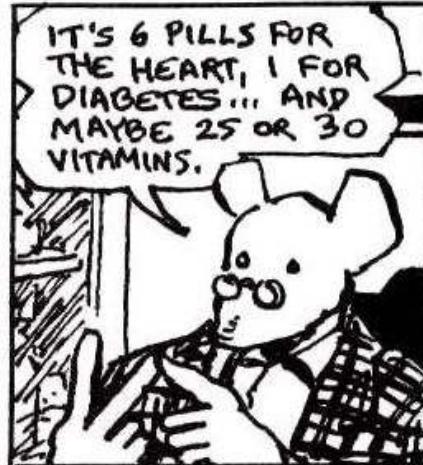




C H A P T E R T W O



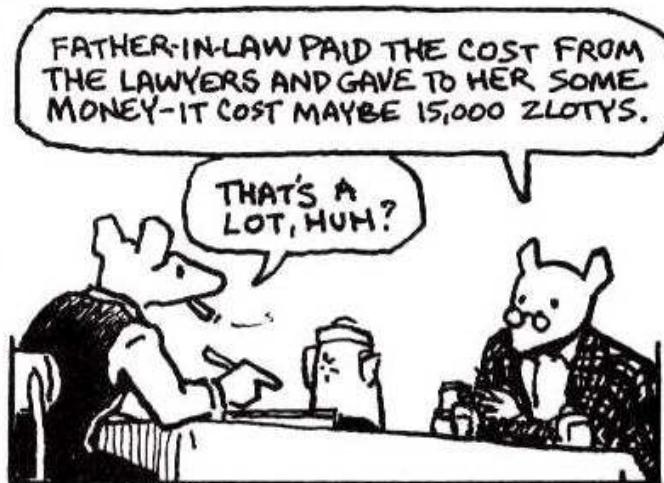
For the next few months I went back to visit my father quite regularly, to hear his story.



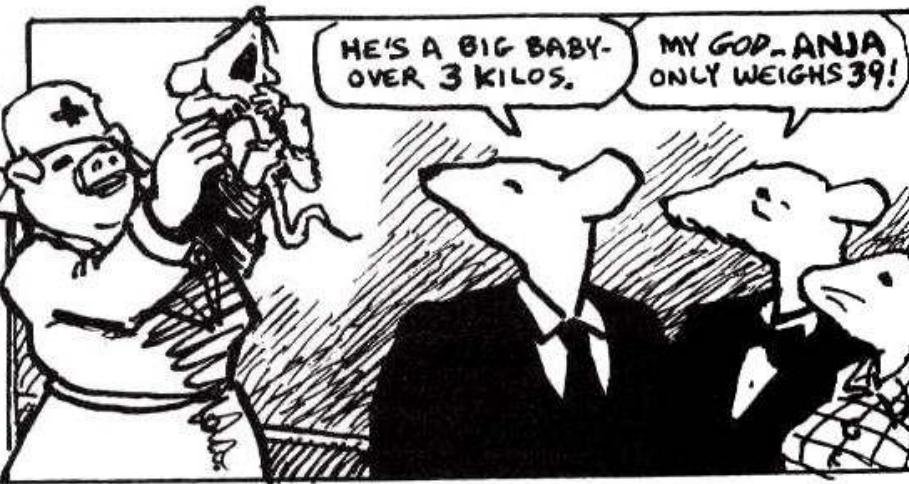


A LITTLE BEFORE THE POLICE CAME, SHE GOT FROM FRIENDS A TELEPHONE CALL ...





BY OCTOBER 1937, THE FACTORY WAS GOING, AND IT WAS BORN MY FIRST SON, RICHIEU.



OF COURSE, YOU NEVER KNEW HIM.
HE DIDN'T COME OUT FROM THE WAR.



BUT WAIT - IF YOU WERE MARRIED IN FEBRUARY, AND RICHIEU WAS BORN IN OCTOBER, WAS HE PREMATURE?



BUT YOU - AFTER THE WAR, WHEN YOU WERE BORN - IT WAS VERY PREMATURE.
THE DOCTORS THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T LIVE.



I FOUND A SPECIALIST WHAT SAVED YOU...
HE HAD TO BREAK YOUR ARM TO TAKE YOU OUT FROM ANJA'S BELLY!



AND WHEN YOU WERE A TINY BABY YOUR ARM ALWAYS JUMPED UP, LIKE SO!



ALWAYS WE PUSHED YOUR ARM DOWN, AND YOU WOULD

OOPS!



LOOK NOW WHAT YOU MADE ME DO!



NO! YOU DON'T KNOW COUNTING PILLS.
I'LL DO IT AFTER...
I'M AN EXPERT FOR THIS.



SO... ANJA STAYED WITH THE FAMILY AND I WENT TO LIVE IN BIELSKO FOR MY FACTORY BUSINESS AND TO FIND FOR US AN APARTMENT...

BUT SOON IT CAME FROM SOSNOWIEC A TELEPHONE ...

VLAPEK? COME HOME RIGHT AWAY - ANJA IS SICK!

SHE WAS CRYING AS SOON I CAME IN ...

WHAT'S WRONG, DARLING?
IT DOESN'T MATTER... NOTHING MATTERS.

SOB

BUT WHY ARE YOU CRYING?

I DON'T KNOW!
I HAVE A GOOD FAMILY... A FINE SON... I SHOULD BE HAPPY...

BUT I DON'T CARE.
I JUST DON'T WANT TO LIVE.

HERE, BABY. DRINK THIS AND REST.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
WHAT'S THE MATTER?

GIVING BIRTH WAS TOO MUCH OF A STRAIN. SHE'S ALWAYS HYSTERICAL OR DEPRESSED... A BREAKDOWN!

PLEASE

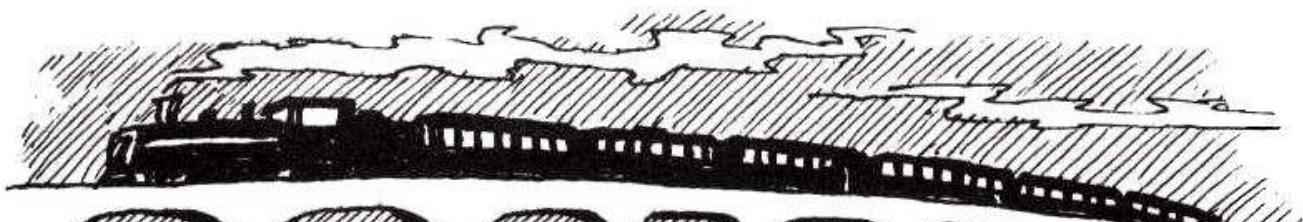
THE DOCTOR TOLD US ABOUT A SANITARIUM.

... BUT SOMEBODY MUST GO WITH HER... SOMEONE SHE TRUSTS.

EVERYTHING'S ARRANGED - THE CHILD CAN STAY HERE WITH A GOVERNESS.

... AND I'LL WATCH YOUR FACTORY.

SOB

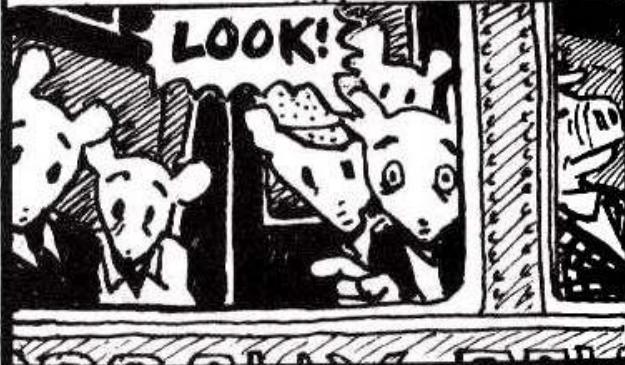


RIGHT AWAY, WE WENT. THE SANITARIUM WAS INSIDE CZECHOSLOVAKIA,
ONE OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE AND BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD.

I REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE ALMOST ARRIVED, WE PASSED A SMALL TOWN.



EVERYBODY-EVERY JEW FROM THE TRAIN - GOT VERY EXCITED AND FRIGHTENED.





ONE FELLOW TOLD US OF HIS COUSIN WHAT WAS LIVING IN GERMANY...





PEOPLE CAME FROM ALL OVER THE
WORLD WITH DIFFERENT SICKNESSES.
IT WAS EVEN SHOPS HERE... A
THEATER... REALLY BEAUTIFUL...



AND EACH FEW DAYS I TALKED TO
THE BIG SPECIALIST AT THE CLINIC.



IN THE EVENINGS
WE WENT EITHER TO
THE THEATER OR TO
DANCE IN THE CAFE.

DID I TELL YOU THE TRAGEDY ABOUT THE PILLOW
MY FAMILY LOST AT THE START OF THE 1914 WAR?

I WAS SEVEN... WE
LIVED TOO CLOSE
TO THE BORDER...
IT WASN'T SAFE...

I TOLD HER MANY JOKES AND STORIES TO
KEEP HER BUSY...

...SO WE TOOK WHAT
WE COULD ON A WAGON PULLED BY FOUR
HORSES AND WENT TO MY GRANDFATHER'S
HOME IN RADOMSKO.

SOMEONE RODE PAST US AND TOLD
US THAT WE DROPPED A PILLOW A
FEW MILES BACK.

A GUY TRAVELING TO
AMSTOW PICKED IT UP.

IMAGINE - MY FATHER NEVER
RODE A HORSE BEFORE... BUT
HE UNHITCHED ONE FROM THE
WAGON AND RODE TOWARD AMSTOW.

WE WAITED AND WAITED... MOTHER
STARTED CRYING: "SURELY HE FELL
AND GOT KILLED!" SHE HAD BEGGED
HIM TO "LET THE PILLOW GO AND
TAKE ALL OUR TROUBLES WITH IT!"

THE HORSE WAS BONY AND DIDN'T HAVE
A SADDLE... FINALLY, LATE THAT NIGHT,
FATHER RODE BACK WITH THE PILLOW
...UNDER HIS BLOODY "TUCHUS"...

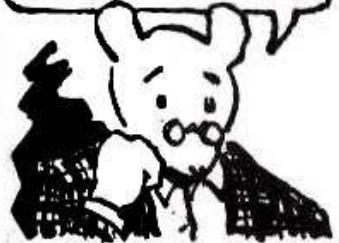
SO, FATHER GOT HIS PILLOW BACK
...BUT HE COULDN'T SIT
DOWN FOR THE REST OF
THE WAR!

I LOVE
YOU, VLADEK.

AND SHE WAS SO LAUGHING AND SO HAPPY,
SO HAPPY, THAT SHE APPROACHED EACH
TIME AND KISSED ME, SO HAPPY SHE WAS.



IN A COUPLE MONTHS WE WERE WELL-OFF—
QUIET WELL-OFF... A WORKING FACTORY,
A 2 BEDROOM APARTMENT, A POLISH GOVERN-
ESS, AND EVEN A MAID.



YOU LOOK UPSET, VLADEK.
THERE WAS ANOTHER RIOT DOWNTOWN TODAY.



...EVERYONE YELLING, "JEWS OUT!
JEWS OUT!" ... EVEN TWO PEOPLE
KILLED. THE POLICE JUST WATCHED!



IT'S THOSE NAZIS STIRRING EVERYBODY UP!

WHEN IT COMES
TO JEWS, THE POLES
DON'T NEED MUCH
STIRRING UP!



MRS. SPIEGELMAN - HOW CAN YOU
SAY SUCH A THING. I THINK OF
YOU AS PART OF MY OWN FAMILY!



MAYBE WE SHOULD
MOVE AWAY, LIKE
SOME OTHERS HAVE.

IF THINGS GET
REALLY BAD
WE'LL RUN BACK
TO SOSNOWIEC.



WHY WOULD
SOSNOWIEC BE
ANY SAFER
THAN BIELSKO?

WE THOUGHT THEN, THAT
HITLER WANTED ONLY
THE PARTS FROM POLAND,
LIKE BIELSKO, WHAT USED
TO BE PARTS FROM GERMANY
BEFORE THE FIRST WORLD WAR.







EVER SINCE I GOT IN MY LEFT EYE
THE HEMORRHAGING AND THE GLAU-
COMA, IT HAD TO BE TAKEN OUT
FROM ME. AND NOW I DON'T
SEE SO WELL.

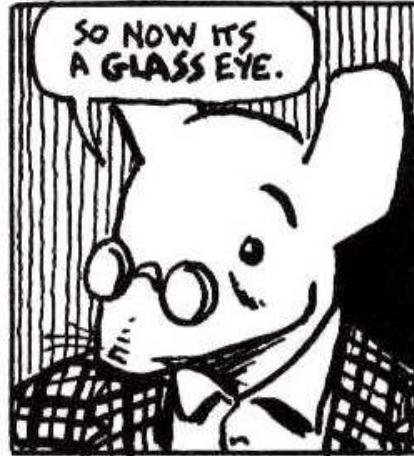
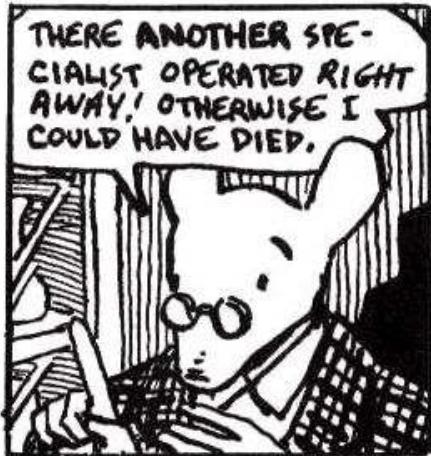


I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE BIG-SHOT
SPECIALIST WHAT WAS GOING TO
OPERATE ME?

UH-HUH.

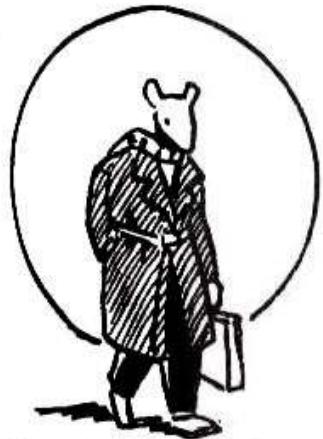


AND THEN HE JUST
LEFT ME.. HE WENT
SOMEWHERE AWAY
TO GIVE LECTURES ON
THE TELEVISION.



C H A P T E R T H R E E





I visited my father more often in order to get more information about his past...









AND WHEN FINALLY I WENT FOR MY MEDICAL EXAMINATION...



...THE NEXT YEAR FATHER WANTED I WOULD AGAIN DO THE SAME THING. BUT I BEGGED HIM AND WENT IN 1922 TO THE ARMY...

BUT LET'S GET BACK TO 1939!

YES, YOU SEE HOW YOU MIX ME UP?
...IN 1939 WE WERE ON THE FRONTIER,
DIGGED INTO TRENCHES BY A RIVER.

IT WAS QUIET UNTIL NEAR MORNING. THEN I HEARD SHOOTING ON BOTH SIDES.

AN OFFICER SNEAKED OVER TO ME.

DIG IN DEEPER.
YOU'LL GET KILLED.

YOUR GUN IS COLD!
WHY AREN'T YOU SHOOTING?

I DIDN'T SEE AT WHAT TO SHOOT...

...BUT I DIGGED DEEPER
AND STARTED TO SHOOT!

THEN BULLETS CAME
IN MY DIRECTION.



I DUG DEEPER MY TRENCH
BUT I STOPPED TO SHOOT.



BUT WHEN I LOOKED IN
MY GUN, I SAW... A TREE!...



AND THE TREE WAS ACTUALLY MOVING!



WELL, IF IT MOVED, I HAD TO SHOOT!



IT HELD UP A HAND TO SHOW
IT WAS HURT. TO SURRENDER.



BUT I KEPT SHOOTING AND SHOOTING. UNTIL FINALLY THE TREE STOPPED MOVING.
WHO KNOWS; OTHERWISE HE COULD HAVE SHOT ME!

AFTER TWO HOURS OF FIGHTING, THE NAZIS
OVERCAME OUR SIDE OF THE RIVER.



MY COMMANDER MADE ME SHOOT.
I ONLY FIRED IN THE AIR!



AND ALL FROM US WHAT WEREN'T INJURED THEY MARCHED OVER TO THEIR SIDE OF THE RIVER TO LOOK FOR DEAD SOLDIERS.



I KNEW WHERE THE ONE I SHOT SHOULD BE LAYING.



THEY TOOK US TO A PLACE NEAR NUREMBERG WHERE IT WAS MANY WAR PRISONERS. THE JEWS THEY MADE TO STAND SEPARATE.



WE SHOULD HANG YOU RIGHT HERE ON THIS SPOT!



OF COURSE, NOBODY OF US SAID A WORD.



HE CAME UP TO ME... I HAD MAYBE 300 ZLOTYS.



DO YOU EXPECT TO DO SOME BUSINESS HERE? SHOW ME YOUR HANDS!



ANOTHER GERMAN TOOK 4 OR 5 FROM US TO A STABLE.

SEE THIS MESS? IT BETTER BE SPOTLESSLY CLEAN IN ONE HOUR. UNDERSTAND!

IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO DO IT IN ONE HOUR!

WE REALLY WORKED VERY HARD.
BUT, AN HOUR LATER...

SO!

NOT FINISHED YET?

THIS WILL COST YOU YOUR SOUP, YOU LAZY BASTARDS!

AND SOMEHOW WE DID MAKE THE JOB IN ONLY AN HOUR AND A HALF.
BUT LOOK WHAT YOU DO, ARTIE!

HUH?

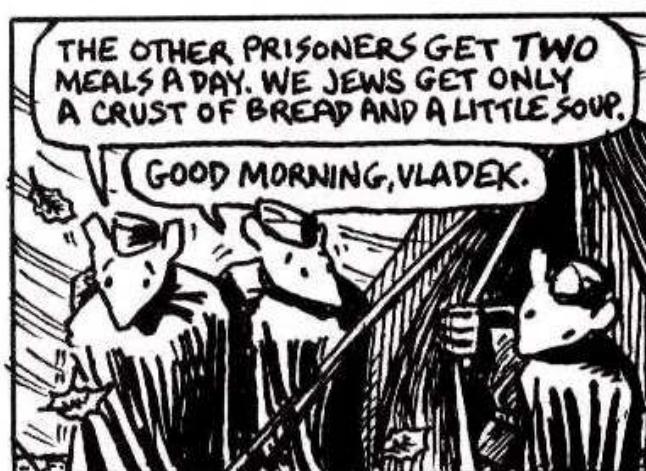
YOU'RE DROPPING ON THE CARPET CIGARETTE ASHES. YOU WANT IT SHOULD BE LIKE A STABLE HERE?

OOPS.
SORRY.

CLEAN IT, YES? OTHERWISE I HAVE TO DO IT. MALA COULD LET IT SIT LIKE THIS FOR A WEEK AND NEVER TOUCH IT.

AND SHE KNOWS HOW WITH MY SICKNESSES IT'S HARD NOW FOR ME TO DO SUCH THINGS.

OKAY, OKAY.
IT'S CLEAN.



MANY OTHERS GOT FROSTBITE WOUNDS. IN THE WOUNDS WAS PUS, AND IN THE PUS WAS LICE.

EVERY DAY I BATHED AND DID GYMNASTICS TO KEEP STRONG...AND EVERY DAY WE PRAYED.

OFTEN WE PLAYED CHESS TO KEEP OUR MINDS BUSY AND MAKE THE TIME GO.

AND ONE TIME A WEEK WE COULD WRITE LETTERS THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS.

בְּהִתְבֹּבוֹ אֶחָלִיד
יַעֲקֹב, כַּמְפַכְנָתִיךְ
יִשְׂרָאֵל.

I WAS VERY RELIGIOUS, AND IT WASN'T ELSE TO DO.

I HAD A SET MADE FROM STONES AND BREAD CRUMBS.

ONLY IN GERMAN.
AND VERY CAREFUL.

AND THROUGH THIS IT CAME A PACKAGE...

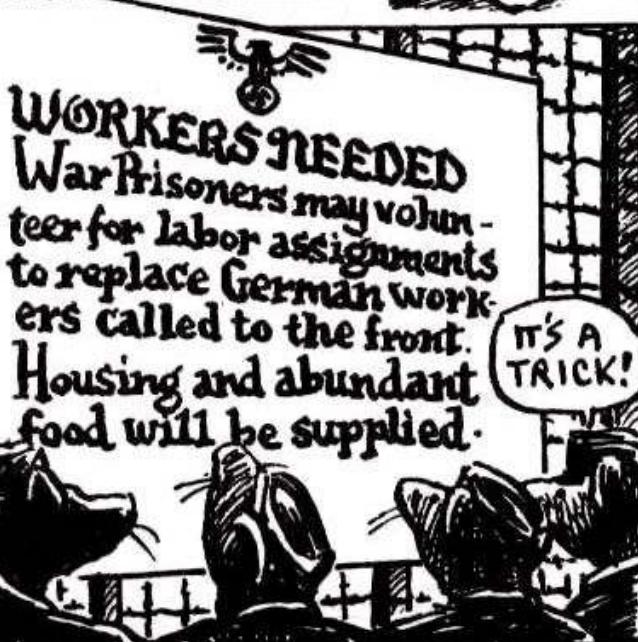
CHOCOLATE BARS!
CIGARETTES!
JAM!

IT WAS SO TREASURING FOR ME THIS PACKAGE.

I HAD A SIGN MY FAMILY WAS SAFE, AND—BECAUSE I NEVER SMOKED—I HAD CIGARETTES TO TRADE FOR FOOD.

AND SO THINGS WENT FOR MAYBE SIX WEEKS, THEN...

LOOK! THERE'S AN ANNOUNCEMENT OUTSIDE!





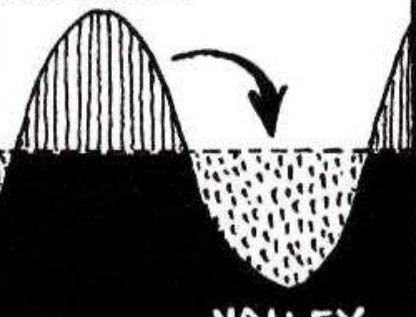
THE NEXT DAY WE WERE GIVEN SHOVELS AND PICKS ...



AND THE WORK WAS REALLY VERY HARD -
WE HAD TO MOVE MOUNTAINS.



MOUNTAIN



THE HILLS WERE MAYBE
3 OR 4 YARDS HIGH. WE
HAD TO MAKE IT LEVEL.

SOME COMPLAINED - THOSE WHAT WERE
TOO OLD OR WEAK FOR SUCH WORK:



WE TRIED TO HELP, BUT - WHAT YOU
THINK? - SOME WENT BACK TO THE
TENTS TO FREEZE AND TO STARVE.

BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM,
I DON'T KNOW.

STILL, EIGHTY PER CENT STAYED. THERE WAS ENOUGH
TO EAT, AND A WARM BED. IT WAS BETTER TO STAY...



...ALWAYS I WENT TO SLEEP EXHAUSTED.
AND ONE NIGHT I HAD A DREAM...

A VOICE WAS TALKING TO ME. IT WAS,
I THINK, MY DEAD GRANDFATHER...

"DON'T WORRY..."

"...DON'T WORRY,
MY CHILD..."

IT WAS SO REAL, THIS VOICE...

"YOU WILL COME OUT OF
THIS PLACE - FREE!
..ON THE DAY OF
PARSHAS TRUMA."

I WOKE UP RIGHT AWAY. AND WHEN
I WENT TO SLEEP, AGAIN IT WAS:
"PARSHAS TRUMA! PARSHAS TRUMA!"

SO WHAT'S
PARSHAS TRUMA?

EACH WEEK, ON SAT-
URDAY, WE READ A SEC-
TION FROM THE TORAH.

THIS IS SO CALLED - A PARSHA...
AND ONE WEEK EACH YEAR IT IS
PARSHAS TRUMA.

BEFORE WORK A FEW
FROM US PRAYED. IT WAS
A RABBI THERE WITH US.

ONE MOMENT, RABBI.
WHEN WILL WE
READ PARSHAS TRUMA?

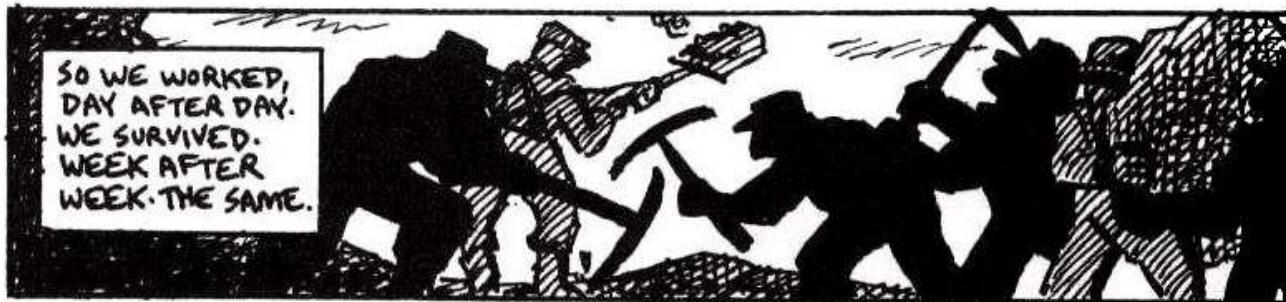
PARSHAS TRUMA?

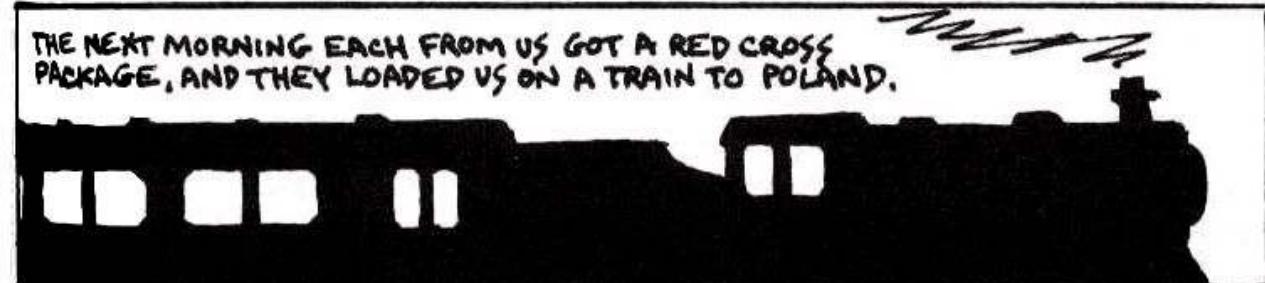
...IN THE MIDDLE OF FEB-
RUARY - ALMOST THREE
MONTHS FROM NOW. WHY?

THREE MONTHS -
AND EVERY DAY WAS
FOR US A YEAR!

I TOLD HIM MY DREAM...

LET'S HOPE IT'S TRUE.
I'M AFRAID WE'LL NEVER
GET OUT OF HERE.





DURING THE JOURNEY I SAT WITH THE RABBI.

SO, MY SON. NOW I SEE YOU ARE
A "ROH-EH HANOLED," ONE WHO
SEES WHAT THE FUTURE WILL BRING.

HEY! THIS TRAIN SEEMS TO
BE PASSING SOSNOWIEC!

WHEN THEY DIDN'T STOP THE
TRAIN I BECAME VERY WORRIED.

YOU SEE, THE NAZIS DIVIDED POLAND INTO
PIECES: PROTECTORATE AND REICH, WITH
A GUARDED BORDER BETWEEN.



THE TRAIN WENT COMPLETELY PAST MY
PART OF POLAND - THE REICH - AND
STOPPED ONLY IN THE PROTECTORATE.

THOSE WITH PAPERS,
FOR KRAKOW-OUT!

AND, WHEN IT STOPPED IN WARSAW,
THE RABBI GOT OUT.

I'LL WRITE TO YOU.

BUT I NEVER HEARD AGAIN FROM
HIM. IT CAME SUCH A MISERY IN
WARSAW, ALMOST NONE SURVIVED.

AND THE TRAIN WAS A LONG WAY PAST SOSNOWIEC. THEY TOOK
ME UP, UP, VERY FAR - MAYBE 300 MILES - UNTIL WE CAME
TO LUBLIN. THERE THEY UNLOADED ALL OF US FROM THE REICH.

IN LUBLIN, THEY TOOK US TO BIG TENTS...



EVENTUALLY CAME SOME PEOPLE TO SEE US FROM THE JEWISH AUTHORITIES...



...TWO DAYS AGO THE NAZIS MARCHED THEM TO A FOREST,...



...AND THEY SHOT ALL OF THEM-THEY KILLED 600 PEOPLE!



I THOUGHT YOU WERE RELEASED AS A PRISONER OF WAR!

EXACTLY SO...



INTERNATIONAL LAWS PROTECTED US A LITTLE AS POLISH WAR PRISONERS.

BUT A JEW OF THE REICH, ANYONE COULD KILL IN THE STREETS!

I WAS VERY FRIGHTENED.

THEN WE HEARD SOMETHING TO GIVE US A LITTLE HOPE...

WE'VE BRIBED THE GERMANS TO RELEASE PRISONERS INTO THE HOMES OF LOCAL JEWS WHO WILL CLAIM YOU AS RELATIVES.

MY NAME'S SPIEGELMAN. THERE'S A FRIEND OF MY FAMILY NAMED ORBACH IN LUBLIN. I MET HIM WHEN I WAS HERE FOR ARMY TRAINING.

FINE! WE'LL TRY TO REGISTER YOU AS HIS COUSIN.

THAT NIGHT I WENT OUT FROM THE TENT.

I HAD TO URINATE.

I RAN QUICK INSIDE ...



AND A GUARD BEGAN SHOOTING TO ME.



AND THOUGHT ALL NIGHT DIFFERENT THINGS WHAT COULD HAPPEN TO US.

THEN AS SOON AS IT WAS LIGHT...



ORBACH WAS A FRIEND FROM MY UNCLE - HE HAD TWO BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS NEAR TO MY AGE.



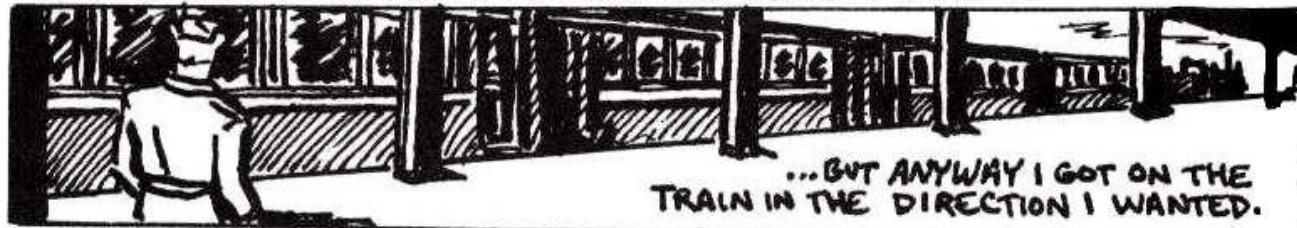
EVENTUALLY, WHEN I CAME AGAIN TO SOSNOWIEC, WE SENT THEM FOOD PACKAGES...

...WE WERE FOR A WHILE A LITTLE BETTER OFF... AND THEY WROTE BACK VERY HAPPY HOW IT HELPED SURVIVE THEM...

...THEN THEY WROTE THAT THE GERMANS WERE KEEPING THE PACKAGES. AND THEN THEY STOPPED TO WRITE. FINISHED.



TRAINS WERE STILL GOING FROM PROTECTORATE TO REICH. ONLY, ONE NEEDED LEGAL PAPERS. OF COURSE, THIS I DIDN'T HAVE ...



I APPROACHED TO THE TRAIN MAN, A POLE...

MAY I TALK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT?

I STILL HAD ON MY ARMY UNIFORM, AND I DIDN'T LET KNOW I WAS A JEW.

YOU'RE A POLE LIKE ME, SO I CAN TRUST YOU... THE STINKING NAZIS HAD ME IN A WAR PRISON... I JUST ESCAPED.

SURE, SOLDIER.

THE POLES WERE VERY BITTER ON THE GERMANS, SO IT WAS GOOD TO SPEAK BAD OF THEM.

I'M TRYING TO GET TO SOSNOWIEC - BACK TO MY FAMILY.

DON'T WORRY... WHEN WE GET TO THE BORDER, HIDE IN HERE.

AND SO THE TRAIN MAN HELPED ME COME BACK TO MY SIDE OF POLAND.



I WALKED FIRST OVER TO MY PARENTS' HOUSE...





AT 7:00 IT WAS A RULE, ALL JEWS HAD TO BE IN THEIR HOME AND ALL LIGHTS OUT.

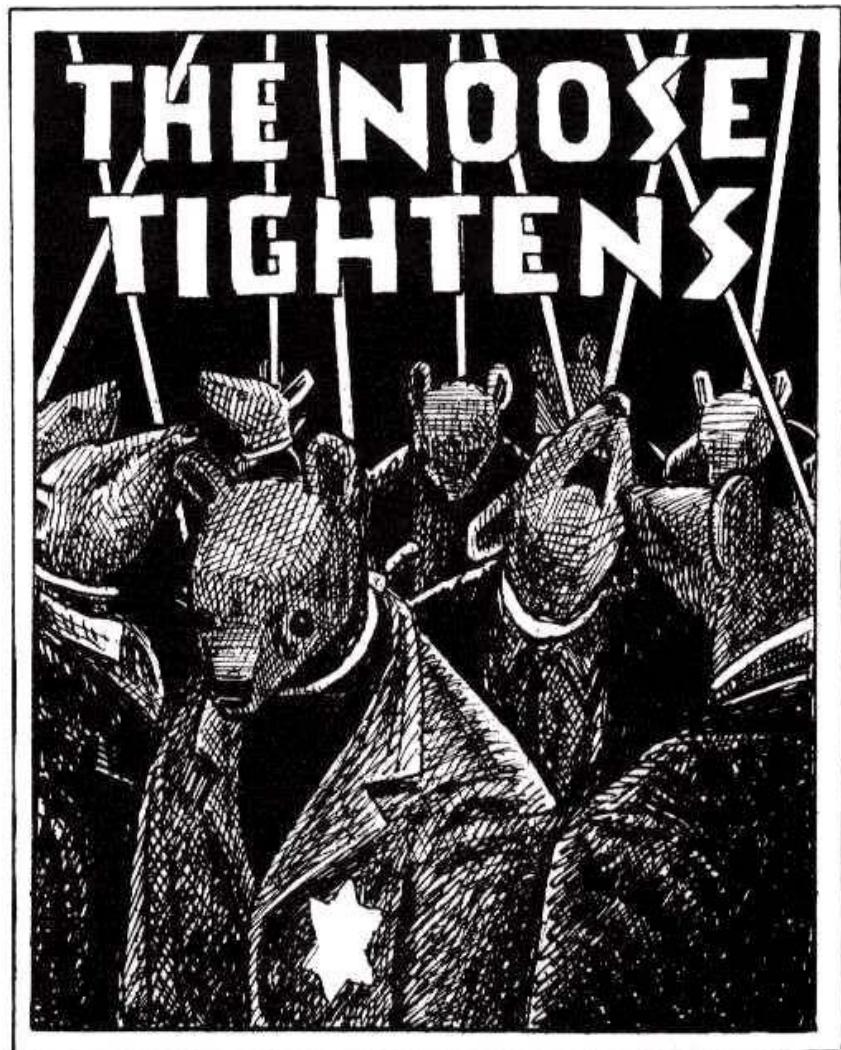








C H A P T E R F O U R







IT WAS TWELVE OF US LIVING IN FATHER-IN-LAW'S HOUSEHOLD...







I WENT THE NEXT DAY TO MODRZEJOWSKA STREET. HERE PEOPLE STILL MADE MONEY, FROM SECRET BUSINESSES - NOT SO LEGAL...



THE NOTE TOLD THAT I WORKED WITH HIM. SUCH A PAPER COULD BE USEFUL TO HAVE.

I WENT THEN TO SHOPS WHAT STILL OWED ME MONEY FROM BEFORE THE WAR...



A LITTLE LATER I WAS AGAIN ON MODRZEJOWSKA,
LOOKING TO BUY SOME TEXTILES WITHOUT COUPONS...

...THE S.S. CLOSED OFF THE WHOLE STREET TO IN-
SPECT THE WORKING PAPERS FROM EVERYONE.

I DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE
ABOUT THIS.

I MANAGED TO DISAP-
PEAR INTO A BUILDING.

BUT THEY TOOK MAYBE
50% OF THE PEOPLE AWAY.

I TALKED ABOUT IT TO FATHER-IN-LAW...

THEY ALMOST GOT ME! I'LL NEED
MORE THAN JUST ILZECKI'S NOTE!

(IT'S TRUE.)

COME... WE'LL VISIT A FRIEND OF MINE
WHO OWNS A TIN SHOP. I THINK HIS
OVERSEER CAN BE BRIBED.

AND SO IT WENT... OKAY, VLADEK...

SINCE WE MAKE THINGS FOR
GERMANY WE CAN GET YOU A
PRIORITY WORK CARD.

REMEMBER, IF THERE'S A ROUND-UP,
RUN IN HERE AND PRETEND
YOU'RE WORKING.

I LEARNED HERE TO DO THINGS WHAT WERE
USEFUL TO ME WHEN I CAME TO AUSCHWITZ.



WOLFE AND I SHLEPPED EVERYTHING VALUABLE DOWNSTAIRS FOR A POLISH NEIGHBOR TO HIDE.



ANJA'S MOTHER HAD GALLSTONES. THE DAY THE GERMANS CAME SHE LAY IN THE BED.



FATHER-IN-LAW HAD AN OLD FRIEND WHO CAME ALWAYS OVER TO PLAY CARDS.



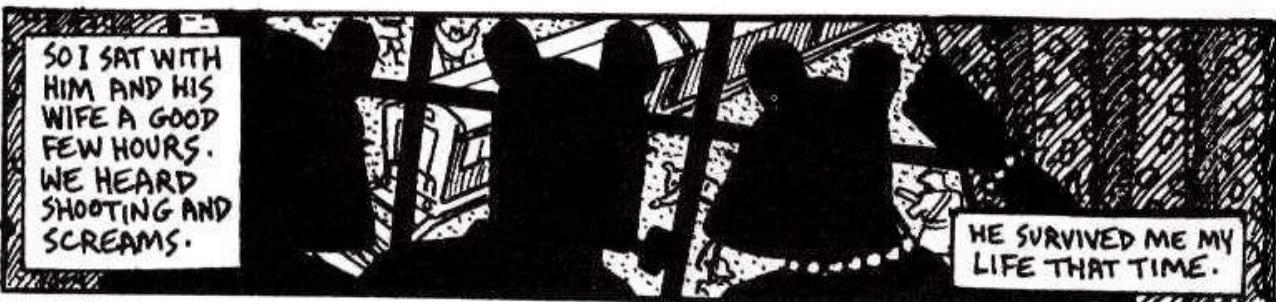
HIDDEN, WE HAD NO USE FROM THE FURNITURE. SO WE SHLEPPED IT AGAIN UPSTAIRS TO SELL.



HE WAS SO UNHAPPY AFTER. SO UNHAPPY!



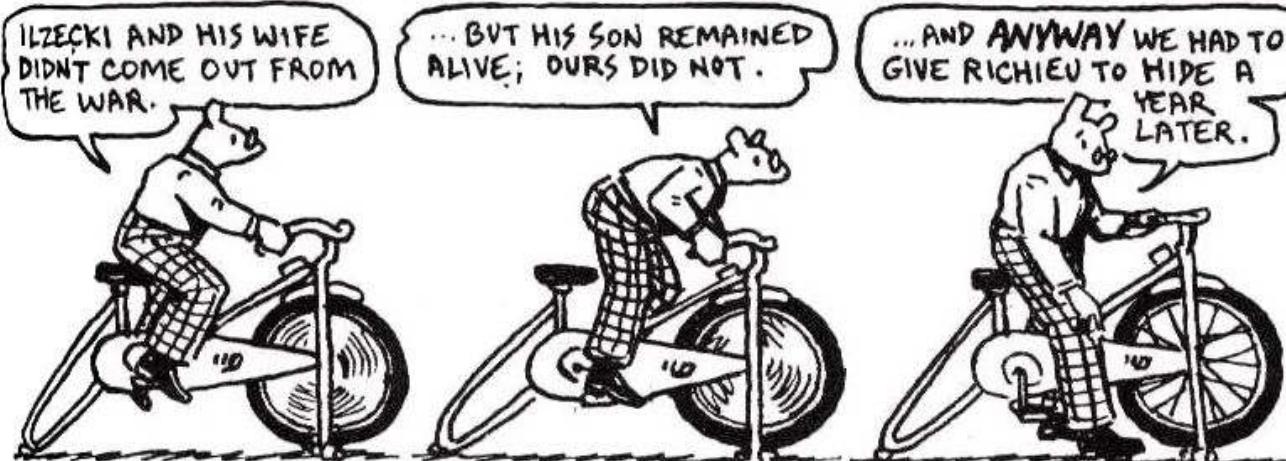
THEN FROM FAR, I SAW ILZECKI WALKING, SO I WENT HASTY OVER TO HIM.



ILZECKI HAD A SON THE SAME AGE LIKE RICHIEU. IF YOU ONLY COULD SEE HOW THOSE CHILDREN PLAYED TOGETHER.



WE CAN'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US - BUT WE MUST KEEP OUR CHILDREN SAFE.





ALL 12 OF OUR HOUSEHOLD WERE GIVEN NOW TO LIVE IN 2½ SMALL ROOMS...



BUT THIS WASN'T YET A REAL GHETTO. STILL YOU COULD GO INTO OTHER PARTS OF TOWN SO LONG YOU WERE HOME AT NIGHT-TIME



TOSHA INSISTED ON GETTING THE PART OF THE ROOM WITH THE WINDOW.



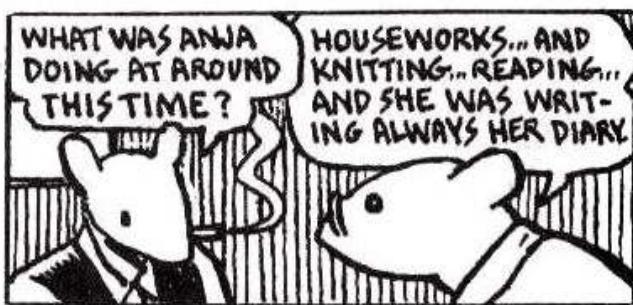
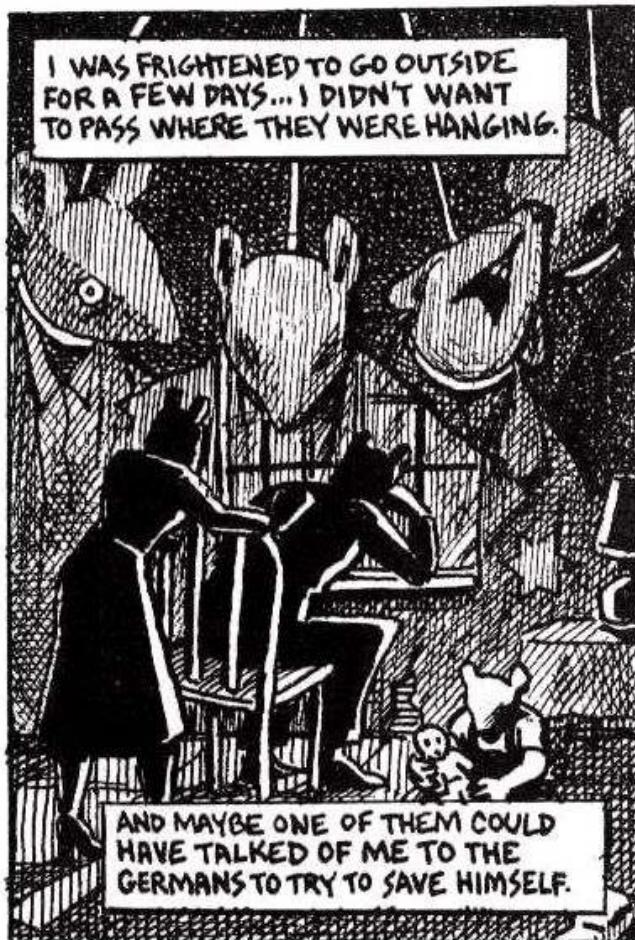
FOR A COUPLE MONTHS I DID HERE STILL MY BLACK MARKET BUSINESS. THEN CAME MORE BAD NEWS, VERY BAD...



COHN HAD A DRY GOODS STORE. HE WAS KNOWN OVER ALL SOSNOWIEC. OFTEN HE GAVE ME CLOTH WITH NO COUPONS.



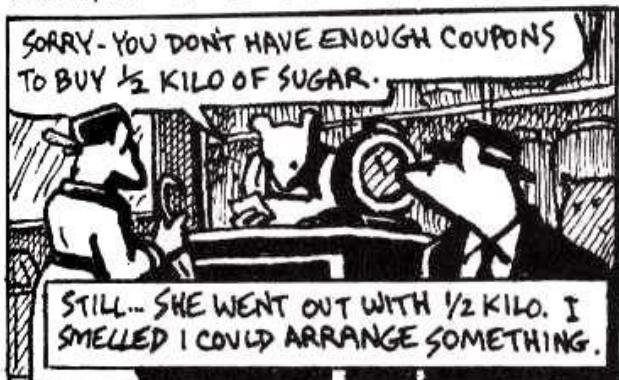
I TRADED ALSO WITH PFEFER, A FINE YOUNG MAN-A ZIONIST. HE WAS JUST MARRIED. HIS WIFE RAN SCREAMING IN THE STREET.





SO, TOGETHER WE SAT AND SPOKE, AND HE
HELPED, FROM TIME TO TIME, A CUSTOMER...

THEN A LITTLE MORE WE SPOKE AND HE
MADE TO ME A PROPOSITION...



WHEN SOMEBODY IS HUNGRY
HE LOOKS FOR BUSINESS...

ONE TIME I HAD 10 OR 15
KILOS SUGAR TO DELIVER...

WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO SAY?
FOR THIS I COULD REALLY HANG!





THE TIN SHOP FINISHED - THE OWNER WAS THE ONLY JEW THEY LET WORK THERE. I GOT THEN A JOB IN A GERMAN CARPENTRY SHOP.



WOLFE COULD HAVE ARRANGED ME A JOB AT THE GEMEINDE... BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO PUT MY HANDS THERE WHERE JEWS WERE BEING TAKEN.

AND THEN IT CAME AGAIN SOMETHING NEW FROM THE GERMANS. WE GOT A NOTICE...



SEVERAL TIMES CAME THE JEWISH POLICE TO OUR HOUSE...

OUR RECORDS SHOW THAT MR. AND MRS. KARMIO LIVE HERE. THEY HAVEN'T REGISTERED FOR TRANSFER.

YES - MY WIFE'S PARENTS - THEY LEFT WITHOUT A WORD A MONTH AGO.

JEWISH POLICE?

YES - WITH BIG STICKS.

SOME JEWS THOUGHT IN THIS WAY: IF THEY GAVE TO THE GERMANS A FEW JEWS, THEY COULD SAVE THE REST.

AND AT LEAST THEY COULD SAVE THEMSELVES.

AND A MONTH AFTER, THEY AGAIN CAME TO FATHER-IN-LAW.

MR. ZYLBERBERG, YOU AND YOUR WIFE MUST COME WITH US.

IF THE KARMIOS DON'T TURN UP IN 3 DAYS YOU TWO WILL BE SENT IN THEIR PLACE!

HE HAD STILL A LITTLE "PROTECTION" FROM THE GEMEINDE, SO THEY TOOK ONLY HIM AWAY - NOT HIS WIFE.

HE SAT A FEW DAYS THERE, THEN HE SENT TO US A NOTE

HE WROTE THAT WE HAD TO GIVE OVER THE GRANDPARENTS. EVEN IF THEY TOOK ONLY HIM AWAY NOW, NEXT THEY WOULD GRAB HIS WIFE, AND THEN THE REST OF THE FAMILY.

SO, WHAT HAPPENED?

WHAT HAPPENED? WE HAD TO DELIVER THEM!

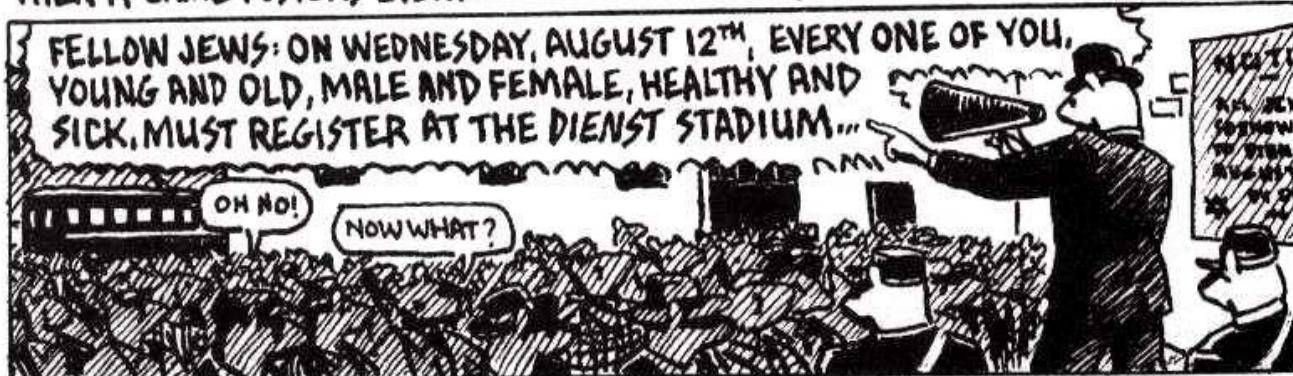
THEY THOUGHT IT WAS TO THERESIENSTADT THEY WERE GOING.

LET US KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING!

BUT THEY WENT RIGHT AWAY TO AUSCHWITZ, TO THE GAS.



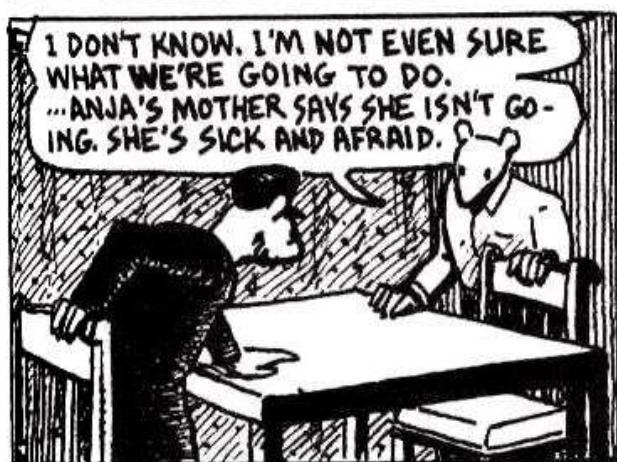
AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GRANDPARENTS, IT WAS A FEW MONTHS QUIET. THEN IT CAME POSTERS EVERYWHERE AND SPEECHES FROM THE GEMEINDE...



MY FATHER - HE HAD 62 YEARS - CAME BY STREETCAR TO ME FROM DABROWA, THE VILLAGE NEXT DOOR FROM SOSNOWIEC.

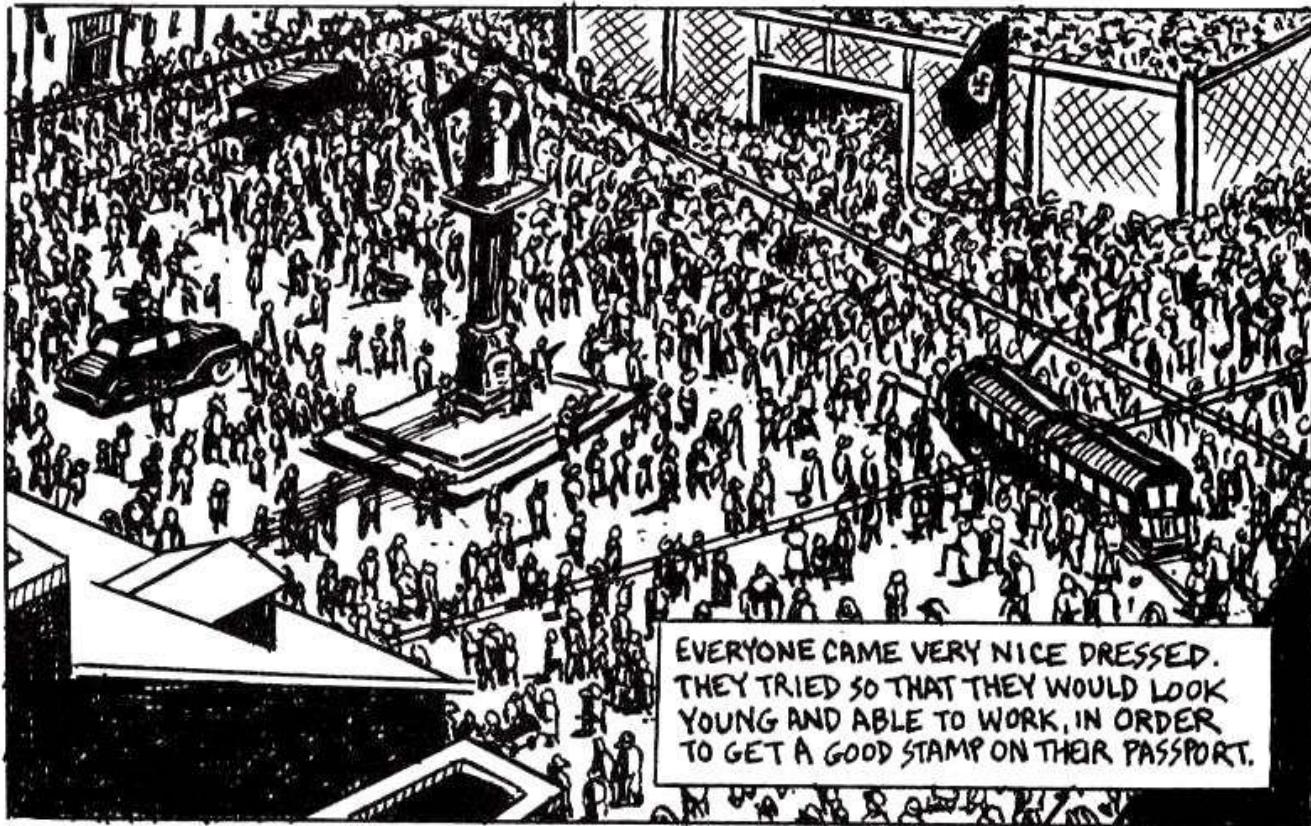


AFTER MY MOTHER DIED WITH CANCER, HE LIVED THERE IN THE HOUSE OF MY SISTER FELA, AND HER FOUR SMALL CHILDREN.



REALLY, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO ADVISE HIM.





EVERYONE CAME VERY NICE DRESSED. THEY TRIED SO THAT THEY WOULD LOOK YOUNG AND ABLE TO WORK, IN ORDER TO GET A GOOD STAMP ON THEIR PASSPORT.

WHEN WE WERE EVERYBODY INSIDE, GESTAPO WITH MACHINE GUNS SURROUNDED THE STADIUM.



THEN WAS A SELECTION, WITH PEOPLE SENT EITHER TO THE LEFT, EITHER TO THE RIGHT.



ME AND ANJA CAME TO THE TABLE WHERE MY COUSIN WAS SITTING...



WE WERE SO HAPPY WE CAME THROUGH. BUT WE WORRIED NOW - WERE OUR FAMILIES SAFE?



BUT LATER SOMEONE WHO SAW HIM TOLD ME... HE CAME THROUGH THIS SAME COUSIN OVER TO THE GOOD SIDE.

HER, THEY SENT TO THE LEFT. FOUR CHILDREN WAS TOO MANY.



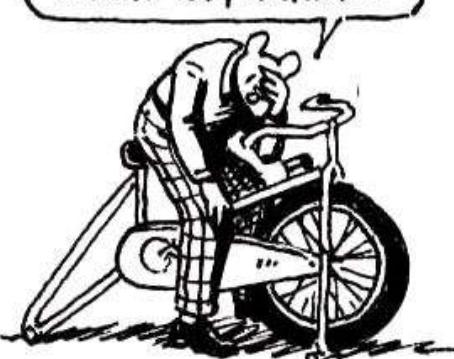
AND, WHAT DO YOU THINK? HE SNEAKED ON
TO THE BAD SIDE!



THOSE WITH A STAMP WERE LET TO GO HOME. BUT THERE
WERE VERY FEW JEWS NOW LEFT IN SOSNOWIEC ...



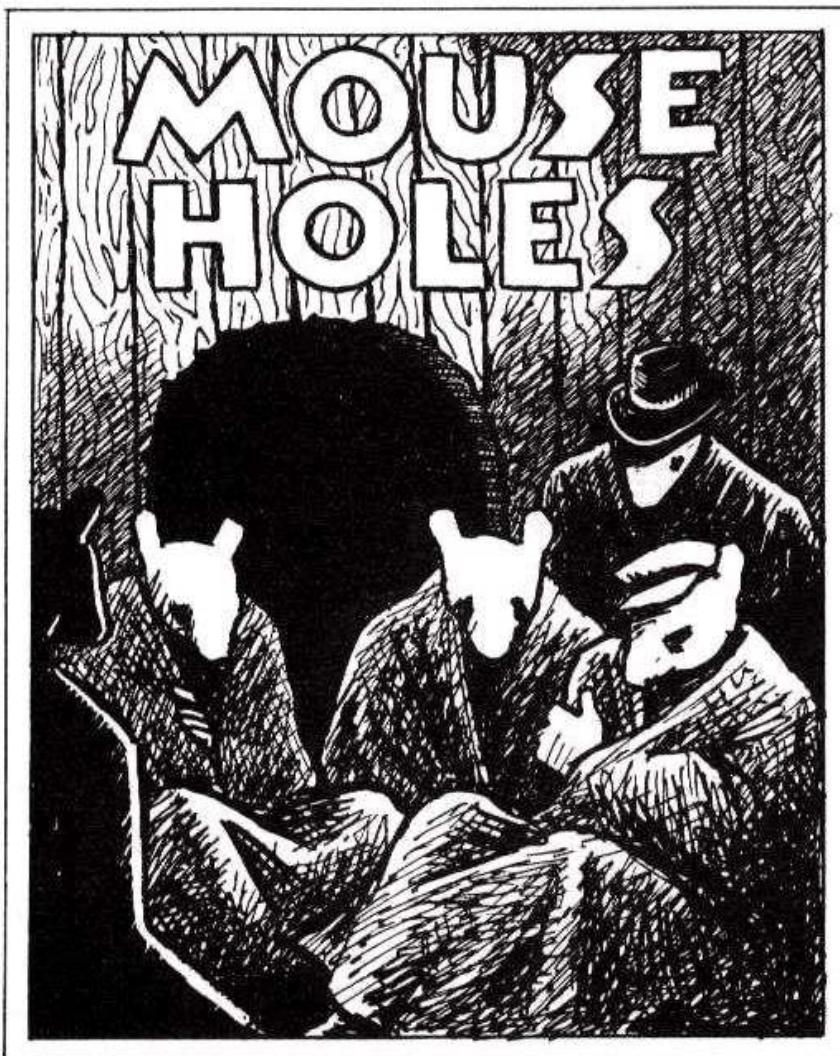
WELL... IT'S ENOUGH FOR
TODAY. YES, ARTIE?...







C H A P T E R F I V E







About a week later, early afternoon...







PRISONER ON THE HELL PLANET A CASE HISTORY *

MY FATHER FOUND HER WHEN HE GOT HOME FROM WORK... HER WRISTS SLASHED AND AN EMPTY BOTTLE OF PILLS NEARBY...

I WAS LIVING WITH MY PARENTS, AS I AGREED TO DO ON MY RELEASE FROM THE STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL 3 MONTHS BEFORE

IN 1968, WHEN I WAS 20, MY MOTHER KILLED HERSELF... SHE LEFT NO NOTE.

I'D JUST SPENT THE WEEKEND WITH MY GIRLFRIEND, ISABELLA (MY PARENTS DIDN'T LIKE HER). I WAS LATE GETTING HOME...



I SUPPOSE THAT IF I'D GOTTEN HOME WHEN EXPECTED, I WOULD HAVE FOUND HER BODY...



WHEN I SAW THE CROWD I HAD A PANG OF FEAR... I SUSPECTED THE WORST, BUT DIDN'T LET MYSELF KNOW.

A COUSIN HERDED ME AWAY FROM THE SCENE.

COME TO THE DOCTOR'S....
YOUR MOTHER IS -AW- SICK!...
HE WILL EXPLAIN



DOCTOR DRENS LIVED NEARBY...

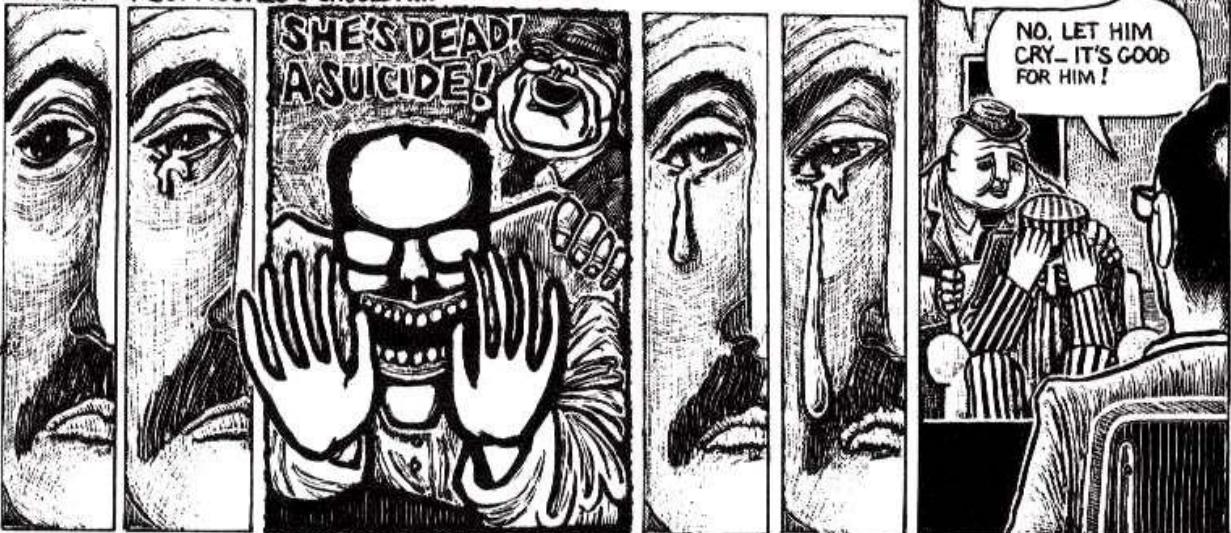
SIT DOWN, ARTHUR... I
THOUGHT I SHOULD BE
THE ONE TO TELL YOU...



YOUR MOTHER KILLED HER-
SELF—SHE'S DEAD!



I COULD AVOID THE TRUTH NO LONGER—THE DOCTOR'S WORDS CLATTERED INSIDE
ME.... I FELT CONFUSED, I FELT ANGRY, I FELT NUMB! ... I DIDN'T EXACTLY FEEL
LIKE CRYING, BUT FIGURED I SHOULD!....



NOW, NOW, BOY...

NO, LET HIM
CRY—IT'S GOOD
FOR HIM!

WE WENT HOME... MY FATHER HAD COM-
pletely Fallen Apart!

I WAS EXPECTED TO
COMFORT HIM!

SOMEHOW THE FUNERAL ARRANGE-
MENTS WERE MADE...



OY ARTIE! WHY? WHY?
SUCH A TRAGEDY! AND
NOT EVEN A NOTE!!!



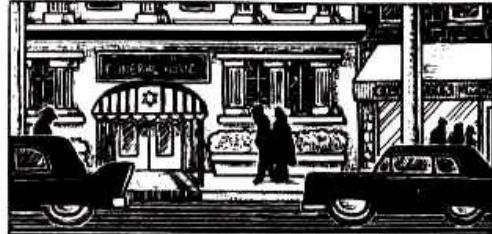
...AND FOR \$950⁰⁰ WE HAVE A
BRONZE CASKET WITH BRONZE-
COLORED VELVET—OF COURSE,
FOR \$2,000⁰⁰ WE CAN...

PROTECT
WHAT YOU
HAVE

THAT NIGHT WAS BAD...
MY FATHER INSISTED WE
SLEEP ON THE FLOOR-AN OLD
JEWISH CUSTOM,I GUESS.
HE HELD ME AND MOANED
TO HIMSELF ALL NIGHT.
I WAS UNCOMFORTABLE...
WE WERE SCARED!



THE NEXT DAY AT THE FUNERAL HOME WAS WORSE-



MY FATHER FOUGHT FOR SELF-CONTROL AND PRAY
I WAS PRETTY SPACED OUT IN THOSE DAYS-I R
TO MY MOTHER FROM THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE I

די ברא ברענותה וימליך...



"O NOBLY BORN... IN YOUR
JOURNEY THROUGH THE
LESS VOID, REMEMBER
UNITY OF ALL LIVING THI



A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY FOUND ME OUT IN THE HALL....



THE NEXT WEEK WE SPENT IN MOURNING...
MY FATHER'S FRIENDS ALL OFFERED ME
HOSTILITY MIXED IN WITH THEIR CONDO-
LENCESS...



...BUT, FOR THE MOST PART, I WAS
LEFT ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS...



I REMEMBERED THE LAST TIME I SAW HER...



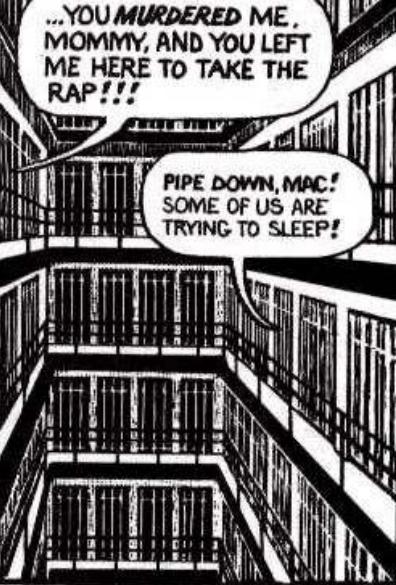
SHE CAME INTO MY ROOM... IT WAS
LATE AT NIGHT...



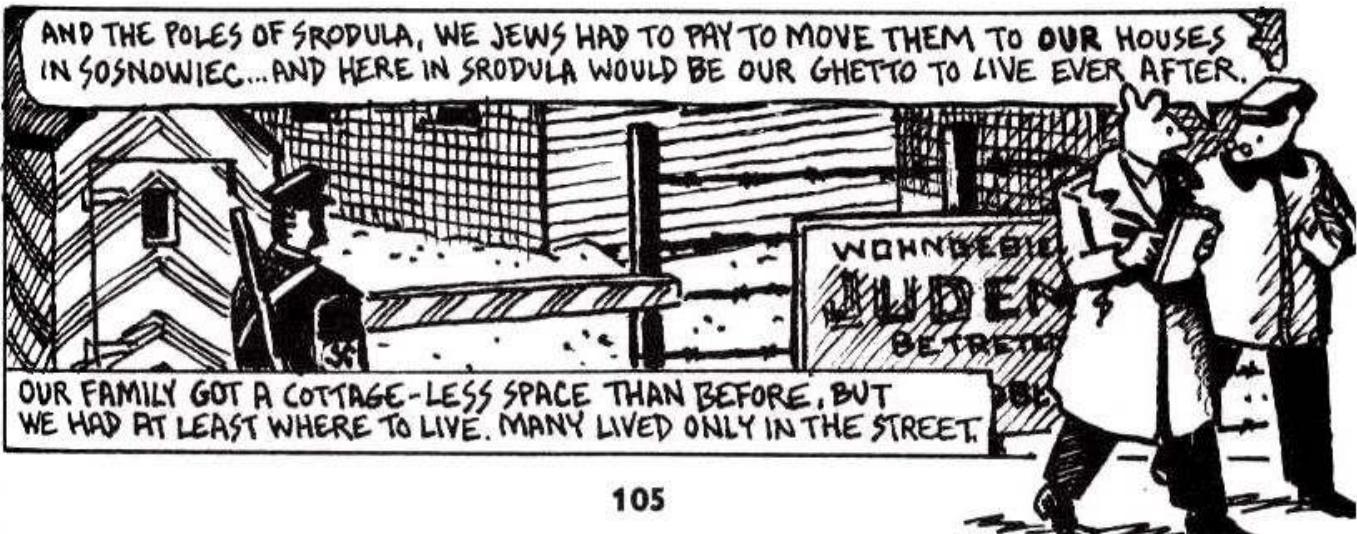
...I TURNED AWAY, RESENTFUL OF THE WAY
SHE TIGHTENED THE UMBILICAL CORD...



WELL, MOM, IF YOU'RE LISTENING...







EACH DAY WE WERE TAKEN TO SOSNOWIEC, TO WORK IN GERMAN "SHOPS"...

ANJA, WITH HER SISTER, TOSHA, THEY WORKED IN A CLOTHING'S FACTORY...

AND I WENT, TOGETHER WITH MY NEPHEW, LOLEK, TO A WOODWORK SHOP.

EVERY DAY THE GUARDS MARCHED US ABOUT AN HOUR AND A HALF TO WORK.

THE GUARDS, IT WAS JEWS WITH BIG STICKS. THEY ACTED SO, JUST LIKE THE GERMANS.

...AND EVERY NIGHT THEY MARCHED US BACK, COUNTED US, AND LOCKED US IN.

VLADEK! LOLEK! HURRY HOME!

ANJA!
WHAT
IS IT?

WOLFE'S UNCLE PERSIS IS AT OUR HOUSE!)

FROM ZAWIERCIE?

YES. HE'S A BIG SHOT THERE...THE HEAD OF THEIR JEWISH COUNCIL.
HE WANTS WOLFE, TOSHA AND BIBI TO GO LIVE WITH HIM IN ZAWIERCIE.



NINETY! THIS WAS 1943! IT WASN'T LEFT
ANY OTHER JEWS WHAT HAD NINETY YEARS!



ANJA'S MOTHER DIDN'T LIKE TO LOOK AT
THE FACTS. BUT FINALLY EVEN SHE AGREED.



WE WATCHED UNTIL THEY DISAPPEARED FROM OUR EYES...



THAT SPRING, ON ONE DAY,
THE GERMANS TOOK FROM
SRODULA TO AUSCHWITZ
OVER 1,000 PEOPLE.

MOST THEY TOOK WERE KIDS - SOME ONLY 2 OR 3 YEARS.

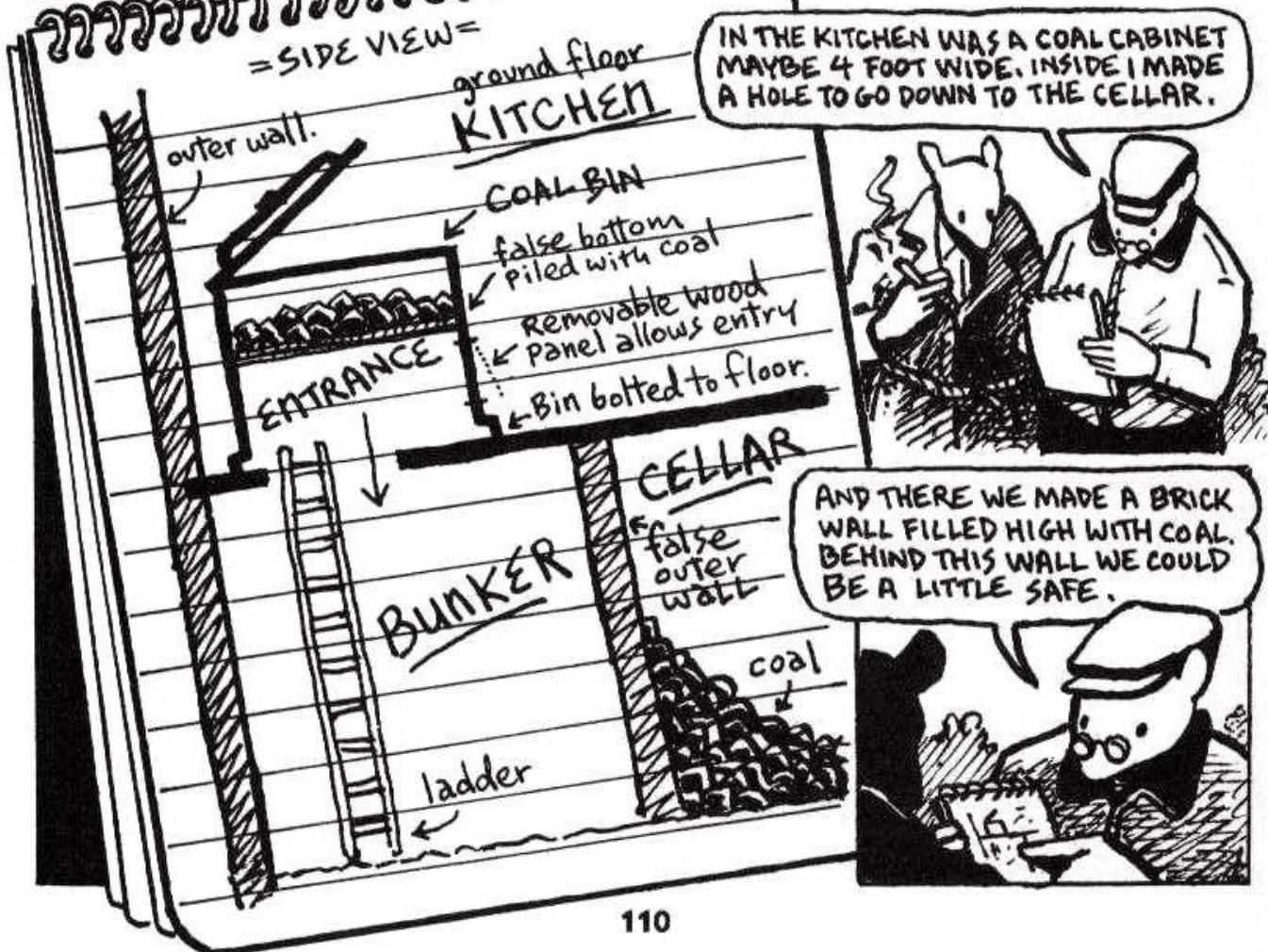


SO THE GERMANS SWINGED THEM
BY THE LEGS AGAINST A WALL...

IN THIS WAY THE GERMANS TREATED THE LITTLE
ONES WHAT STILL HAD SURVIVED A LITTLE.









THEN, IN JUNE, THEY ARRESTED MONIKA MERIN AND ALL THE OTHER HIGHEST BIG SHOTS OF THE JUDENRAT, THE JEWISH COUNCIL.



BY THE END OF JULY THE NAZIS MADE TO LIQUIDATE COMPLETELY OUR GHETTO - IT WAS 10,000 JEWS TAKEN AWAY IN ONE WEEK.



LOLEK! THANK GOD YOU'RE SAFE!

IT'S LIKE A BATTLEFIELD OUTSIDE!



THERE'S HARDLY ANYONE LEFT IN SRODULA. EVERYONE HAS BEEN DEPORTED OR SHOT.

FROM ALL THE JEWS OF ALL SOSNOWIEC IT WAS LEFT MAYBE 1,000 IN THE GHETTO.

AT LEAST YOUR BAG IS FULL... YOU FOUND A LOT OF FOOD, YES?

JUST A FEW OLD TURNIPS... AND SOME BOOKS.



BOOKS!? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WE CAN'T EAT BOOKS!

SHH
ALL THE TIME WE WERE HUNGRY.
WE JUST DIDN'T HAVE WHAT TO EAT.

ONE NIGHT WE WENT TO SNEAK FOR FOOD...



WE DRAGGED HIM UP TO OUR BUNKER.



MY WIFE AND I HAVE A STARVING BABY.
I WAS OUT HUNTING FOR SCRAPS!



IN THE MORNING WE GAVE A LITTLE FOOD
TO HIM AND LEFT HIM GO TO HIS FAMILY...



HE MAY BE AN INFORMER. THE
SAFEST THING WOULD BE TO KILL HIM!



THEY TOOK US TO A BUILDING IN A
PART OF SRODULA SEPARATED BY WIRES—
A GHETTO INSIDE THE GHETTO—AND
THERE WE HAD TO SIT AND TO WAIT.





THE NEXT DAY CAME IN TWO GIRLS CARRYING FOOD.
WITH THEM CAME HASKEL, A CHIEF OF THE JEWISH POLICE.



THE TWO GIRLS HE SENT BACK TO THE KITCHEN.

QUICK, BOY. GRAB THIS EMPTY PAIL AND CARRY IT OUT WITH ME.

FROM THE WINDOW WE SAW LOLEK GO.



THE DAY AFTER, ANJA AND I CARRIED PAST THE GUARDS THE EMPTY PAILS.







HASKEL HAD 2 BROTHERS, PESACH AND MILUCH. PESACH WAS ALSO A KOMBINATOR. BUT MILUCH, HE WAS A FINE FELLOW.



HASKEL IS ALIVE STILL IN POLAND, WITH A POLISH WOMAN, A JUDGE, WHAT KEPT HIM HIDDEN WHEN HYAAK!

MAMY HEART-ARTIE! QUICK! TAKE FROM MY POCKET A NITROSTAT PILL.

H-HERE...YOU OKAY?

HOOSH

I-I'LL BE FINE NOW. I HAVE ONLY TO CATCH MY BREATH STILL FOR A MINUTE.

JUST RELAX. DON'T TALK FOR A WHILE.

HOOH!
I MADE TOO FAST, OUR WALKING!

LET'S SIT ON THAT STOOP.

THANK GOD, WITH THE NITROSTAT IT'S COMPLETELY OVER RIGHT AWAY! WHAT WAS I TELLING YOU?

YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY?

WELL... YOU WERE SAYING THAT HASKEL SURVIVED THE WAR.

YES. EVEN A FEW YEARS AGO I SENT HIM PACKAGES.

GIFTS? WHY? HE SOUNDS LIKE A ROTTEN GUY!

YES. I DON'T KNOW WHY. I KNOW ONLY THAT I SENT.

YOU KNOW, ONE TIME I WAS IN THE GHETTO WALKING AROUND...

HALT,
JEW!

GIVE ME YOUR I.D. PAPERS - I'M GOING TO BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT.

AH. I SEE YOU'RE A MEMBER OF THE ILLUSTRIOS SPIEGELMAN FAMILY... GO ON YOUR WAY THEN, AND GIVE HASKEL MY REGARDS.

.... SUCH FRIENDS HASKEL HAD.

I TOLD HASKEL AND MILCH LATER ABOUT THIS.





BY THE END OF 1943 THE VANS WENT EVERY WEDNESDAY WITH MORE AND MORE AND MORE PEOPLE FROM SRODULA TO AUSCHWITZ UNTIL IT WAS VERY FEW LEFT.



...BUT WHEN ANJA AND I APPROACHED TO DISCUSS THIS BUNKER WITH LOLEK...



ALWAYS LOLEK WAS A LITTLE MESHUGA...



THE GHETTO FINISHED OUT SO LIKE MILOCH SAID. ABOUT TWELVE FROM US RAN INTO HIS BUNKER WITH HIM, HIS WIFE AND HIS THREE-YEARS-OLD BABY BOY.





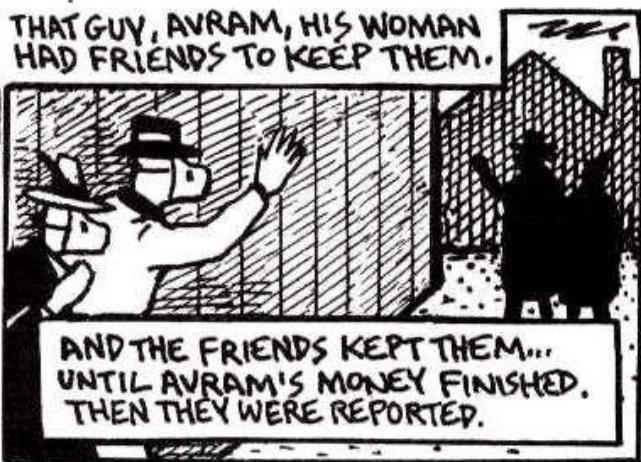
ONLY A FEW OF US REMAINED. A LITTLE BEFORE DAWN WE WENT OUT FROM SRODULR...



WE MIXED WITH THE POLES GOING TO WORK.



THAT GUY, AVRAM, HIS WOMAN HAD FRIENDS TO KEEP THEM.



ANJA AND I DIDN'T HAVE WHERE TO GO.



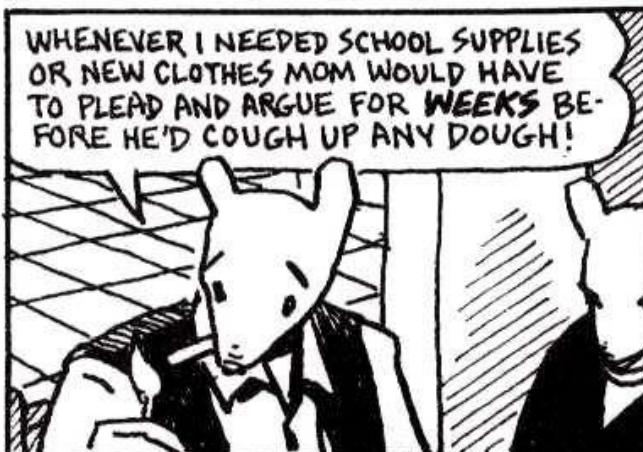


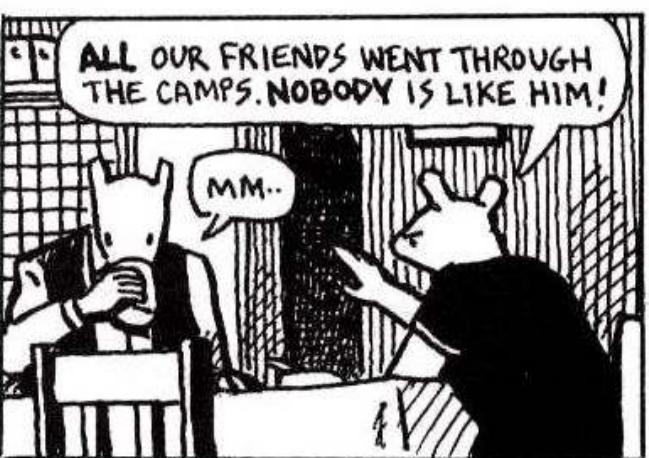


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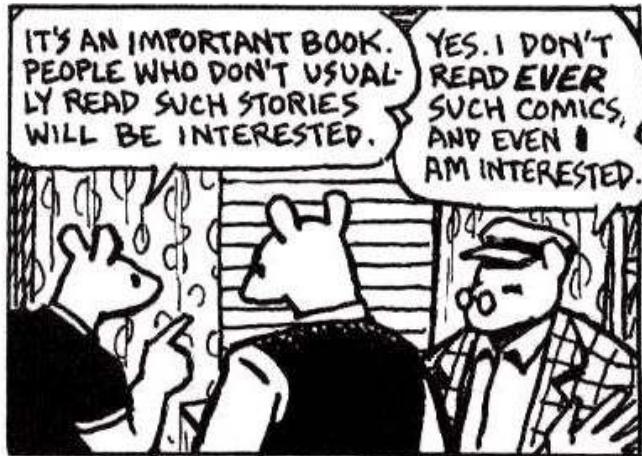


Another visit...











MAYBE YOU SHOULD BOTH SEE A MARRIAGE COUNSELOR.

ACH! I DON'T WANT THAT A STRANGER SHOULD MIX INTO OUR PRIVATE STORIES.

TO A LAWYER I TALKED, YEARS AGO... AND RIGHT AWAY HE WARNED TO ME: "VLADEK-WATCH OUT. I SEE THAT THIS WOMAN IS MONEY-CONSCIOUS!"

AND ONCE MALA AND I SAT WITH AUNT HELEN TO HELP AGREE US FOR A NEW WILL... BUT A MONTH AFTER, MALA WANTED AGAIN TO CHANGE IT.

DON'T SEE A THERAPIST ABOUT YOUR WILL... TALK ABOUT HOW TO GET ALONG BETTER.

WITH MALA, IT'S NOT TO GET ALONG. ONLY IT'S THE MONEY!

I GIVE UP... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

YOU SEE? I ALSO DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

LOOK. I CAN'T STAY LONG. I NEED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU AND ANJA... IT'S CHILLY... TAKE ALSO HERE A BLANKET.

NO THANKS. WHAT HAPPENED IN 1944, AFTER YOU LEFT SRODULA?

WE SNEAKED TOWARD SOSNOWIEC...

IT WAS STILL DARK OUTSIDE... WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO HIDE OURSELVES...





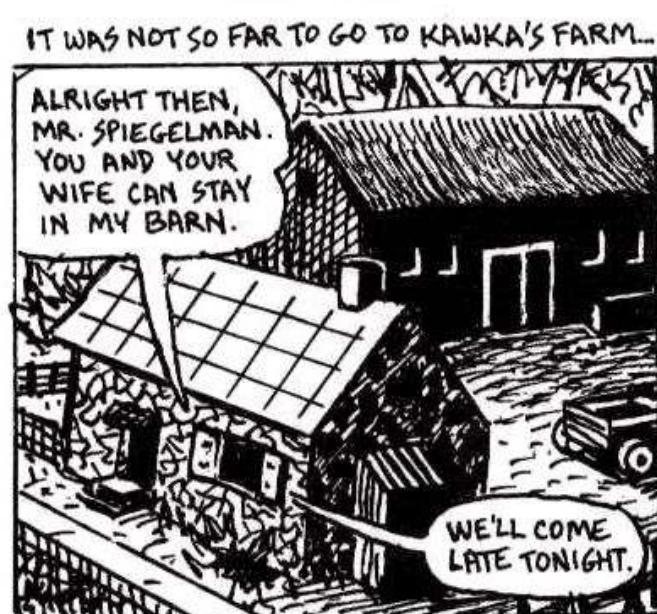


SO I LEFT HIM AND WENT RIGHT AWAY TO DEKERTA 88. THERE IT WAS A BIG COURTYARD...



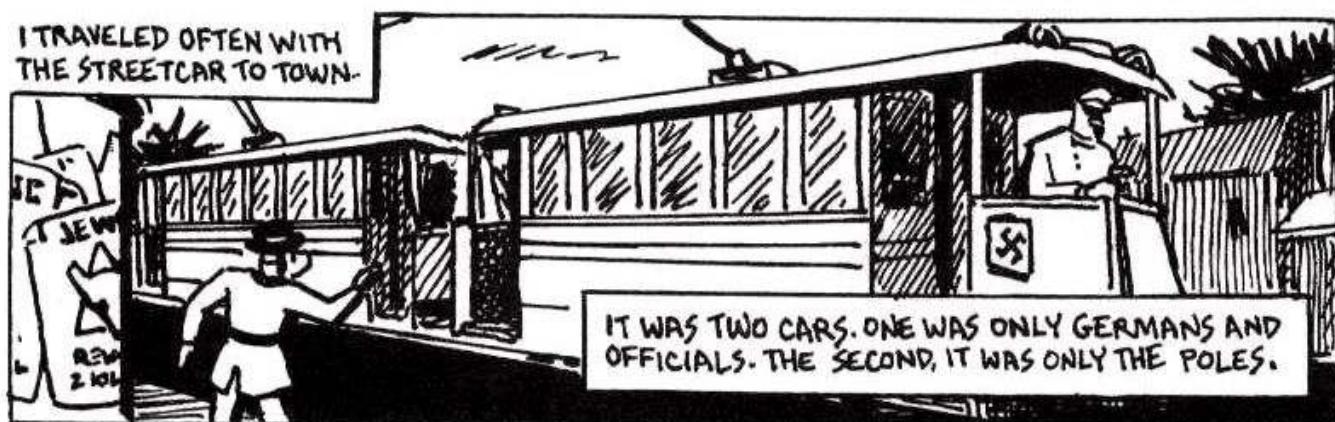
SHE SHOWED TO ME SAUSAGES, EGGS, CHEESE... THINGS I ONLY WAS ABLE TO DREAM ABOUT.





WE'LL COME
LATE TONIGHT.

DON'T WORRY...WE
WON'T BETRAY YOU!



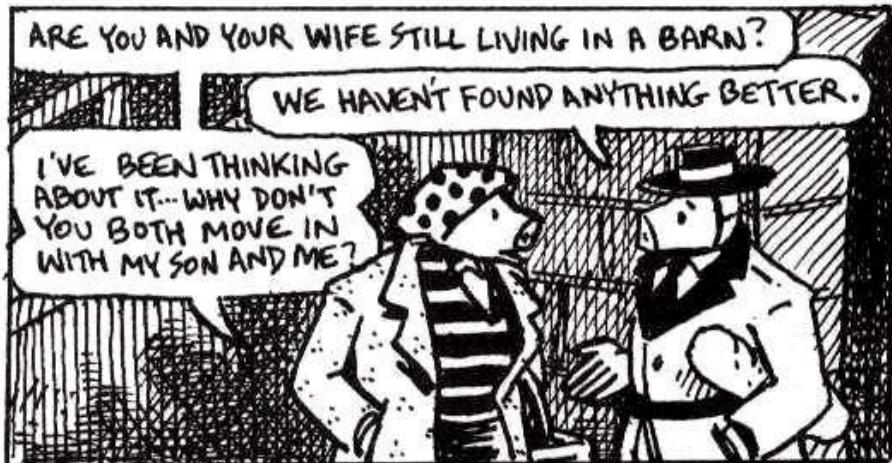
AT THE BLACK MARKET I SAW SEVERAL TIMES A NICE WOMAN, WHAT I MADE A LITTLE FRIENDS WITH HER...

GOOD MORNING,
MR. SPIEGELMAN.

HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. MOTONOWA! WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN YOUR BASKET TODAY?

HOW ABOUT A LOAF
OF FRESH BREAD?

FINE,
FINE.



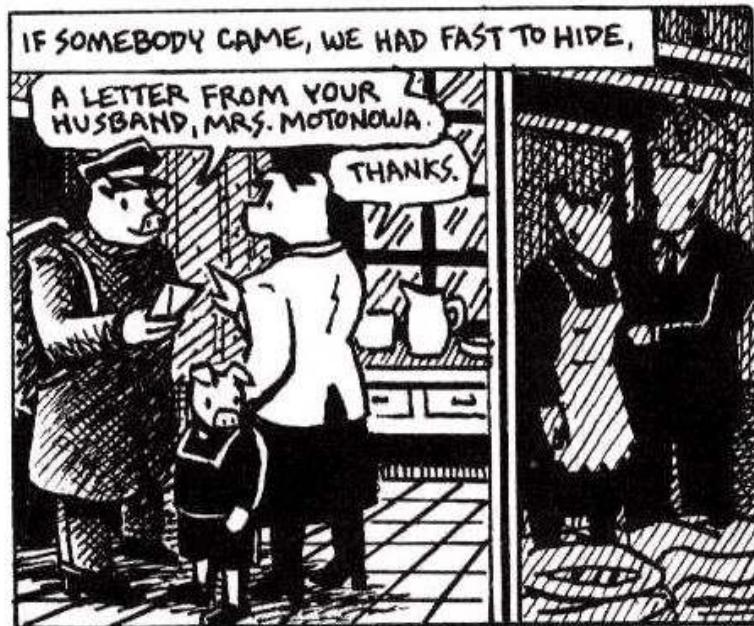
THE NEXT EVENING SHE CAME WITH HER 7-YEARS-OLD BOY TO KAWKA'S FARMHOUSE...



WE HAD HERE A LITTLE COMFORTABLE...WE HAD WHERE TO SIT.



BUT IT WAS A FEW THINGS HERE NOT SO GOOD... HER HOME
WAS VERY SMALL AND IT WAS ON THE GROUND FLOOR...



STILL, EVERYTHING HERE WAS FINE, UNTIL
ONE SATURDAY MOTONOWA RAN VERY EARLY
BACK FROM HER BLACK MARKET WORK...

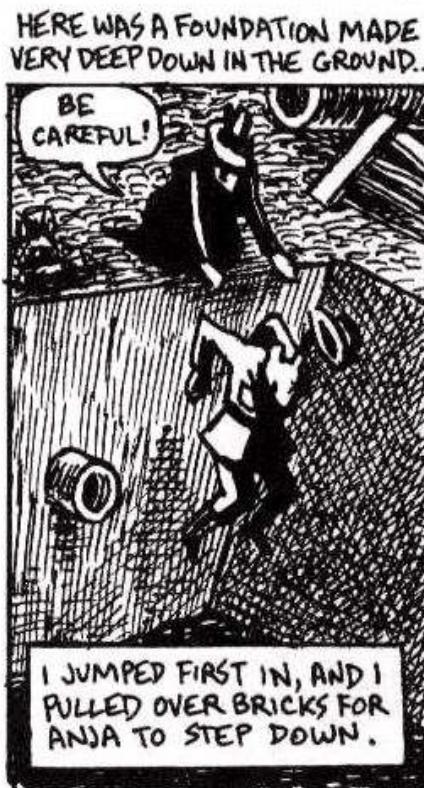




ANJA WAS SO AFRAID SHE WAS SHAKING.



FOR HOURS WE WALKED.



I JUMPED FIRST IN, AND I PULLED OVER BRICKS FOR ANJA TO STEP DOWN.



IT STARTED TO BE LIGHT...



LATER, KAWKA CAME IN...



SHE TOOK ANJA INSIDE AND BROUGHT TO ME SOME FOOD... IN THOSE DAYS I WAS SO STRONG I COULD SIT EVEN IN THE SNOW ALL NIGHT...

THINGS CAN'T BE THIS BAD EVERYWHERE! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF POLAND!

YOU KNOW, BEFORE I TOOK YOU IN, I HAD A YOUNG MAN AND HIS SON HERE...



TWO PEOPLE I KNOW SMUGGLED THEM INTO HUNGARY. I HEARD HE AND HIS BOY WERE DOING WELL THERE.

HUNGRY! REALLY?! I'D LIKE TO MEET THOSE SMUGGLERS!





SO... I WENT NEXT DAY TO DEKERTA STREET TO BUY FOOD...



PRAISE MARY. YOU'RE SAFE! I COULDN'T SLEEP, I FELT SO GUILTY ABOUT CHASING YOU AND YOUR WIFE OUT.



AFTER WE WERE BACK ONLY A SHORT TIME...

WELL, MY HUSBAND WRITES THAT HE'S COMING HOME FOR HIS 10-DAY VACATION.

IF HE KNEW YOU WERE HERE HE'D THROW US ALL OUT. BUT, DON'T WORRY... YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN MY CELLAR.



AT NIGHT WE COULD MOVE AROUND A LITTLE, BUT IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE DOWN THERE...



BUT, THEN, MOTONOWA STOPPED TO COME DOWN.

IT'S BEEN 3 DAYS SINCE SHE BROUGHT ANY FOOD.

HERE... HAVE ANOTHER CANDY...



ALSO, HERE WE HAD NO PLACE WHERE TO WASH, SO ANJA GOT ON ALL HER SKIN A TERRIBLE RASH.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WORSE - THE HUNGER OR THE ITCHING.

DON'T SCRATCH! IT ONLY - SHH!



SO, WHEN IT CAME THURSDAY, I WENT IN THE DIRECTION TO TAKE A STREETCAR TO SEE KAWKA IN SOSNOWIEC.



THEY RAN SCREAMING HOME.



SO I CAME OUT WELL FROM THIS...



WHEN I ARRIVED TO KAWKA, THE TWO SMUGGLERS
WERE THERE TOGETHER SITTING IN THE KITCHEN..



ANJA AND I BOUGHT ALWAYS PASTRIES THERE.
HE USED TO BE A VERY RICH MAN IN SOSNOWIEC.

BACK WHEN IT WAS THE GHETTO, ABRAHAM
WAS A BIG MEMBER OF THE JEWISH COUNCIL.



THE SMUGGLERS PROPOSED US HOW THEY WOULD DO.



WE SPOKE YIDDISH SO THE POLES DON'T UNDERSTAND.



I know Mrs. Kawka, but I'm not sure about these two.



I AGREED WITH MANDELBAUM TO MEET AGAIN HERE. IF IT CAME A GOOD LETTER, WE'LL GO.

BUT IF EVER I TALKED OF THIS PLAN TO ANJA...



BUT IF WE HEAR FROM ABRAHAM...



THE JANITOR IN THE HOUSE MILOCH OWNED, SHE HID NOW HIM AND HIS FAMILY; BUT -OH BOY- HE WAS IN A SITUATION WORSE AS I COULD IMAGINE!



I WENT TO THE JANITOR BY TROLLEY



I HAVE SOME COMPANY UPSTAIRS. I CAN'T TAKE YOU TO MILOCH UNTIL THEY LEAVE.



GENTLEMEN, THIS IS MY COUSIN, VLADEK.

HI "CUZ," HAVE A DRINK.

SO WE TALKED, AND THEY BELIEVED I AM HER COUSIN.



WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF VODKA. BRING SOME MORE, MEINKA.

THERE ISN'T ANY.



BAH! SHE'S HIDING HER VODKA!
JUST LIKE SHE'S HIDING JEWS IN HER YARD!

THE JANITOR AND I FROZE OUR BLOOD FROM FEAR...
IF YOU DON'T PUT ANOTHER BOTTLE ON THE TABLE RIGHT AWAY, WE'LL TELL THE GESTAPO ABOUT THE JEWS YOU'RE KEEPING!!



HERE'S A FEW MARKS, MEINKA. RUN DOWNSTAIRS AND GET ANOTHER BOTTLE FOR OUR FRIENDS.

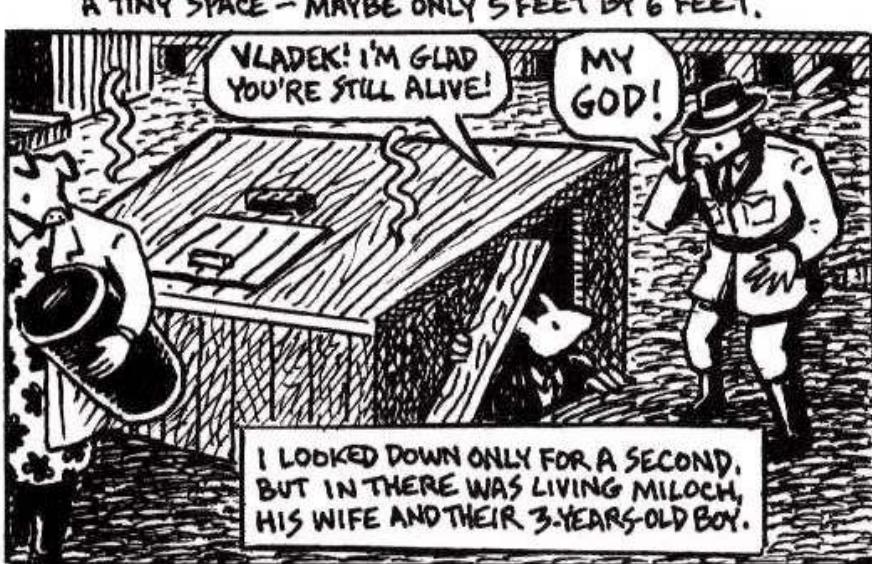
'ATTA BOY.
HIC.

IN 15 MINUTES SHE CAME WITH A BOTTLE AND THEY WERE HAPPY.

YOU SEE? YOUR COUSIN KNOWS HOW TO ENTERTAIN GUESTS!
TO YOUR HEALTH.



WE DRANK AND WE DRANK- ONLY NEAR MIDNIGHT FINALLY THEY WENT HOME.



AND I WAS LUCKY. NOBODY MADE ME ANY QUESTIONS GOING BACK TO SZOPIENICE.

A FEW DAYS AFTER, I CAME AGAIN TO THE SMUGGLERS. AND MANDELBAUM WAS ALSO THERE.

LOOK, VLADEK - MY NEPHEW IS SAFE! THEY BROUGHT ME A LETTER FROM HIM.

IT WAS IN YIDDISH AND IT WAS SIGNED REALLY BY ABRAHAM. SO WE AGREED RIGHT AWAY TO GO AHEAD.

BUT ANJA JUST DIDN'T WANT WE WOULD GO...

PLEASE, VLADEK, CALL IT OFF!

BUT IT'S ALL ARRANGED. I'VE EVEN GIVEN THEM HALF THEIR MONEY!

NO! NO! NO! IT'S SOME KIND OF TRICK!

BE REASONABLE. I SAW ABRAHAM'S LETTER WITH MY OWN EYES!

WH-WHAT DID IT SAY?

"DEAR AUNT AND UNCLE, EVERYTHING IS WONDERFUL HERE. I ARRIVED SAFELY. I'M FREE AND HAPPY. DON'T LOSE A MINUTE. JOIN ME AS SOON AS YOU CAN. YOUR LOVING NEPHEW, ABRAHAM."

I-I DON'T KNOW...

WE LEAVE THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW FROM THE KATOWICE TRAIN STATION.

AND FINALLY I CONVINCED HER.

SO, I WENT ONE MORE TIME OVER TO MILOCH IN HIS GARBAGE BUNKER AND DIRECTED HIM HOW HE MUST GO TO SZOPIENICE AND HIDE...



AND, YOU KNOW, MILOCH AND HIS WIFE AND BOY, THEY ALL SURVIVED THEMSELVES THE WHOLE WAR... SITTING THERE ... WITH MOTONOWA...

BUT, FOR ANJA AND I, IT WAS FOR US WAITING ANOTHER DESTINY...

WE CAME WITH NO PROBLEM BY TROLLEY CAR TO OUR MEETING POINT WITH THE MANDELBAUMS AND THE SMUGGLERS.





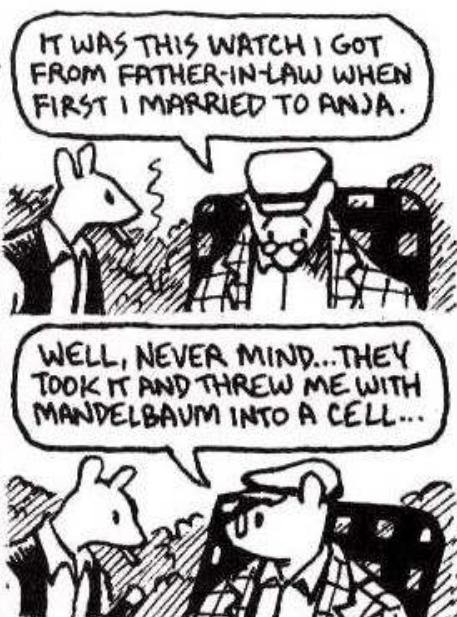
I HAD A SMALL BAG TO TRAVEL.
WHEN THEY REGISTERED ME IN,
THEY LOOKED OVER EVERYTHING.



WITH A SPOON HE TOOK OUT, LIT-
TLE BY LITTLE, ALL THE POLISH.



IT WAS THIS WATCH I GOT
FROM FATHER-IN-LAW WHEN
FIRST I MARRIED TO ANJA.

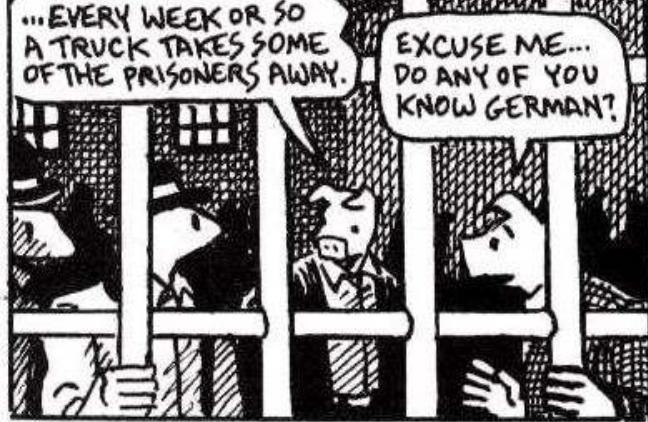


HERE WE GOT VERY LITTLE TO EAT - MAYBE SOUP
ONE TIME A DAY - AND WE SAT WITH NOTHING TO DO.



...EVERY WEEK OR SO
A TRUCK TAKES SOME
OF THE PRISONERS AWAY.

EXCUSE ME...
DO ANY OF YOU
KNOW GERMAN?

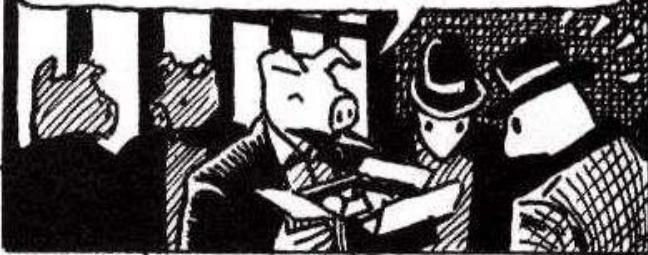


MY FAMILY JUST SENT ME A FOOD PARCEL.
IF I WRITE BACK THEY'LL SEND ANOTHER,
BUT WE'RE ONLY ALLOWED TO WRITE GERMAN.



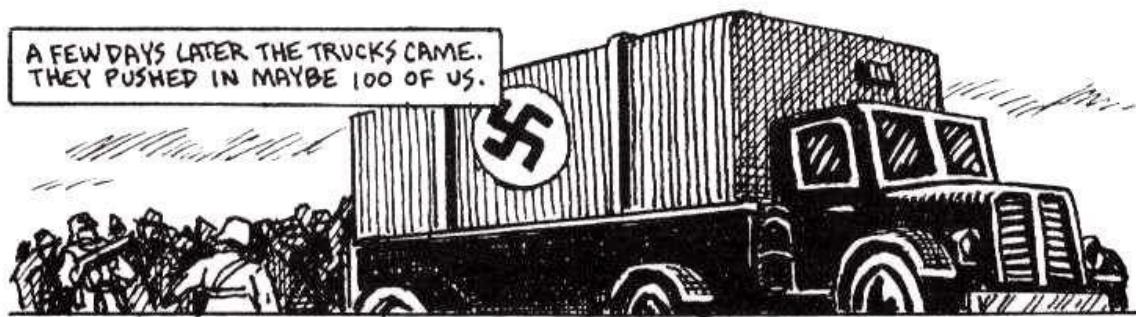
IN A SHORT TIME HE GOT AGAIN A PACKAGE...

YOU DID A GREAT JOB! TAKE ANYTHING
YOU WANT FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIEND!



IT WAS EGGS THERE... IT WAS EVEN CHOCOLATES.
... I WAS VERY LUCKY TO GET SUCH GOODIES!

A FEW DAYS LATER THE TRUCKS CAME.
THEY PUSHED IN MAYBE 100 OF US.



ONE MORE TIME I WAS TOGETHER WITH ANJA.

HERE, DARLING. I HAVE EGGS?! CAKE ???
A PRESENT FOR YOU... WHAT? HOW?...

I HAD STILL THINGS I GOT
BY WRITING THIS LETTER.

NO...YOU KEEP IT... I'M NOT HUNGRY.

HERE...
AT LEAST
TAKE HALF
FOR LATER.

WE CAME TO THE TOWN OF OSWIECIM...
BEFORE THE WAR I SOLD TEXTILES HERE.

AND WE CAME HERE TO THE CONCENTRATION
CAMP AUSCHWITZ. AND WE KNEW THAT FROM
HERE WE WILL NOT COME OUT ANYMORE...



WE KNEW THE STORIES - THAT THEY WILL GAS US
AND THROW US IN THE OVENS. THIS WAS 1944...
WE KNEW EVERYTHING. AND HERE WE WERE.







"Spiegelman portrays the Nazis as cats, the Jews as mice, the Poles as pigs and the Americans as dogs. They are all terrifyingly human. This is comic strip art which has nothing to do with Tom and Jerry. Anyone moved by Briggs's *When the Wind Blows* ... will appreciate Spiegelman's genius for dealing with a subject many would say cannot be dealt with at all"

– *The Times*

"You need be neither a Jew nor a death-camp ghoul to be moved. Anyone who has ever tried to understand the mystery of their parents, and how the 20th century has treated them, will find in *Maus* a key that turns the lock"

– Ian Jack in the *Observer*

"This intensely personal account of a family's survival, of hair-breadth escapes and incarceration, deals artfully with experiences and emotions that many might fervently wish to forget. Of how, when life is stripped to subsistence level, trust and betrayal take on unprecedented dimensions ... In the tradition of Aesop and Orwell, it serves to shock and impart powerful resonance to what, after all, is a well documented subject. And the artwork is so accomplished, forceful and moving, without resorting to sentimentality, that it works" – *Time Out*

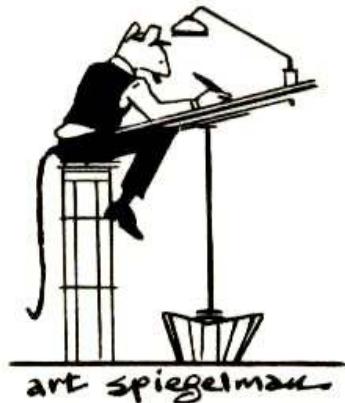
"*Maus* memorialises Spiegelman's father's experience of the Holocaust – it follows his story, frame by frame, from youth and marriage in pre-war Poland to imprisonment in Auschwitz ... The 'survivor's tale' that results is stark and unembellished... One of the clichés about the Holocaust is that you can't imagine it – like nuclear war, its horror outfaces the artistic imagination. Spiegelman disproves that theory"

– *Independent*



"The best cartoon book I have ever read. There is not a wasted word or a wasted line in it. Very direct, very powerful, very moving" — Steve Bell

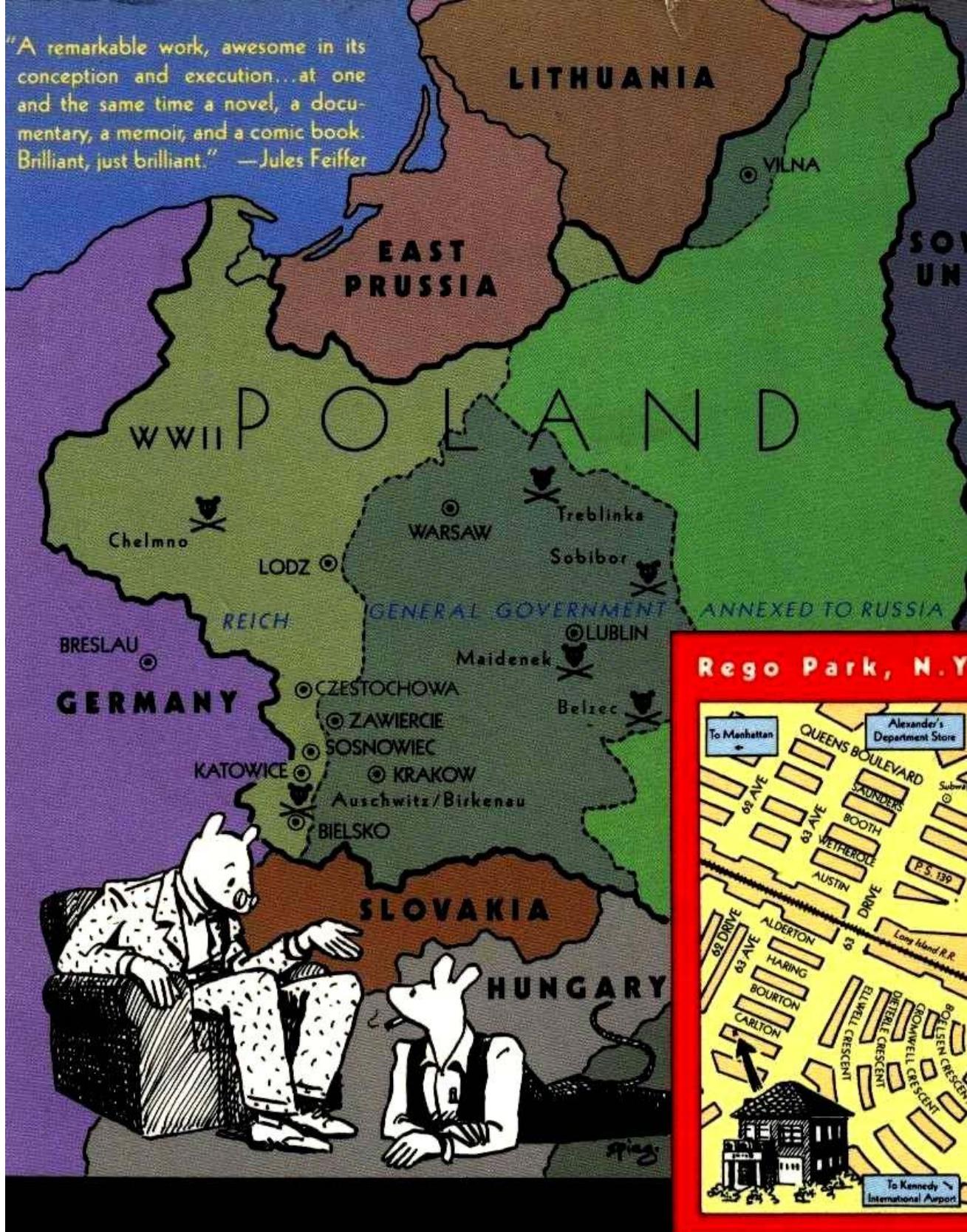
"A very moving book about a subject so terrible it is almost impossible to comprehend. *Maus* proves that the strip cartoon is a medium just as good as the novel or film. A great achievement" — Raymond Briggs



Art Spiegelman, born in Stockholm in 1948, is co-editor of *Raw*, the internationally acclaimed magazine of avant-garde comics and graphics. His work has been published in the *New York Times*, *Playboy*, the *Village Voice*, and many other periodicals in the U.S. and abroad. He has received Europe's highly respected Yellow Kid Award for his work on *Maus*, and also *Playboy*'s 1982 Editorial Award. A teacher at New York's School of Visual Arts, he lives in New York, where he is currently at work on *Maus*, Part II: "From Mauschwitz to the Catskills."

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