

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

MAUSS

A SURVIVOR'S TALE



art spiegelman



PENGUIN BOOKS

Ban
Cane
Art
Spiegelman

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

Adolf Hitler

Rego Park, N.Y. c. 1958

It was summer, I remember.
I was ten or eleven...

LAST ONE TO THE
SCHOOLYARD IS A
ROTTEN EGG!

...I was roller-skating with Howie and Steve...

...til my skate
came loose.

OW!

HEY! WAIT UP FELLAS!

ROTTEN
EGG!
HA HA!

W-WAIT UP!

SNK, SNF:

My father was in front,
fixing something...

ARTIE! COME TO HOLD THIS A
MINUTE WHILE I SAW.

SNRK?

WHY DO YOU CRY, ARTIE?
HOLD BETTER ON THE WOOD.

I-I FELL, AND
MY FRIENDS
SKATED AWAY
W-WITHOUT ME.

He stopped sawing.

FRIENDS?
YOUR
FRIENDS?...

IF YOU LOCK THEM TOGETHER
IN A ROOM WITH NO FOOD
FOR A WEEK

...THEN YOU COULD SEE
WHAT IT IS, FRIENDS!...

MY FATHER BLEEDS HISTORY

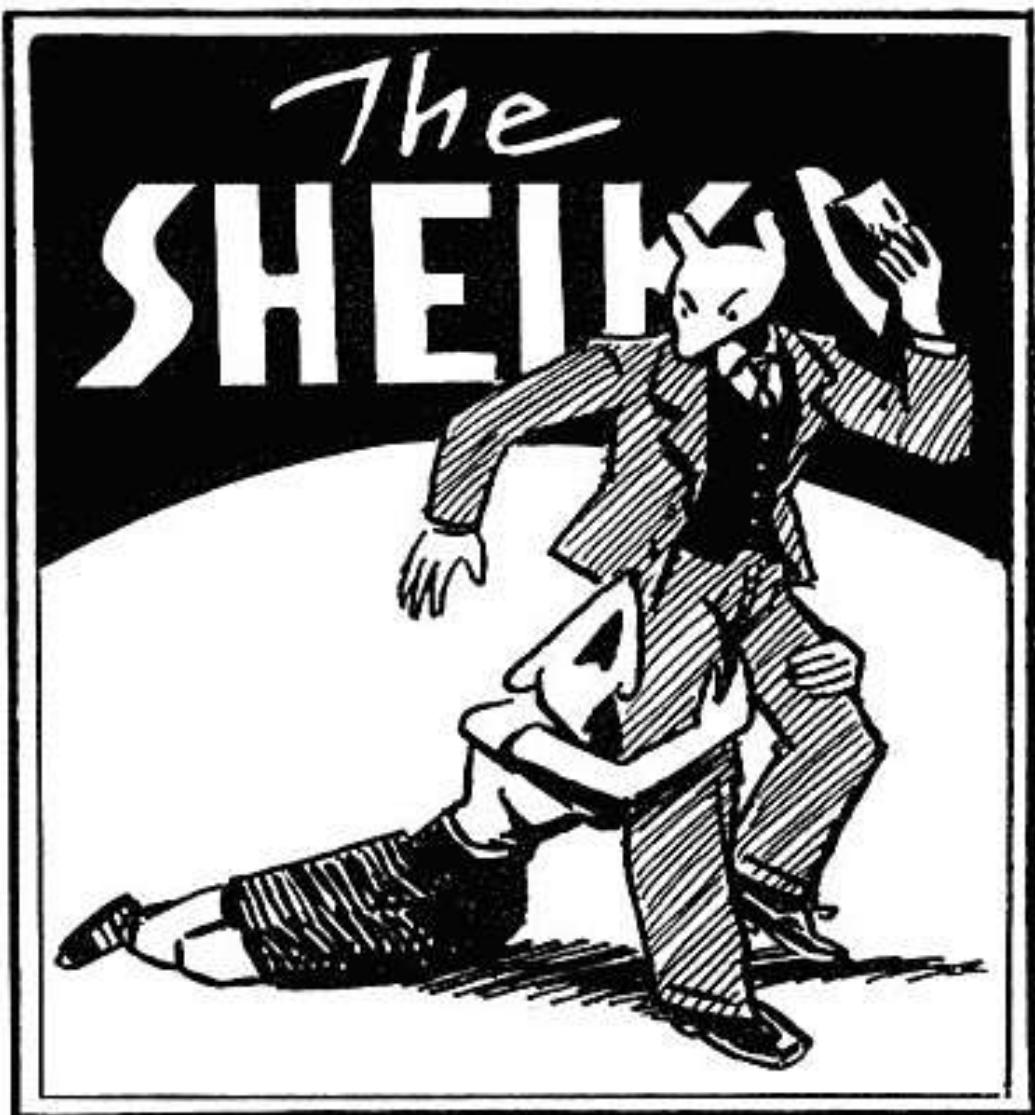
(MID-1930s TO WINTER 1944)

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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.



After dinner he took me into my old room...

COME - WE'LL TALK WHILE I PEDAL ...

IT'S GOOD FOR MY HEART, THE PEDALING. BUT, TELL ME, HOW IS IT BY YOU? HOW IS GOING THE COMICS BUSINESS?

I STILL WANT TO DRAW THAT BOOK ABOUT YOU...

THE ONE I USED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT...

ABOUT YOUR LIFE IN POLAND, AND THE WAR.

IT WOULD TAKE MANY BOOKS, MY LIFE, AND NO ONE WANTS ANYWAY TO HEAR SUCH STORIES.

I WANT TO HEAR IT. START WITH MOM... TELL ME HOW YOU MET.

BUT, IF YOU WANT, I CAN TELL YOU... I LIVED THEN IN CZESTOCHOWA, A SMALL CITY NOT FAR FROM THE BORDER OF GERMANY...

BETTER YOU SHOULD SPEND YOUR TIME TO MAKE DRAWINGS WHAT WILL BRING YOU SOME MONEY...

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, VLADEK?
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...



DO YOU LIVE ALONE?

YES.

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 ...

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

VLADEK! - WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

JUST TO THE MARKET.

ME TOO - LET'S WALK TOGETHER.

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...

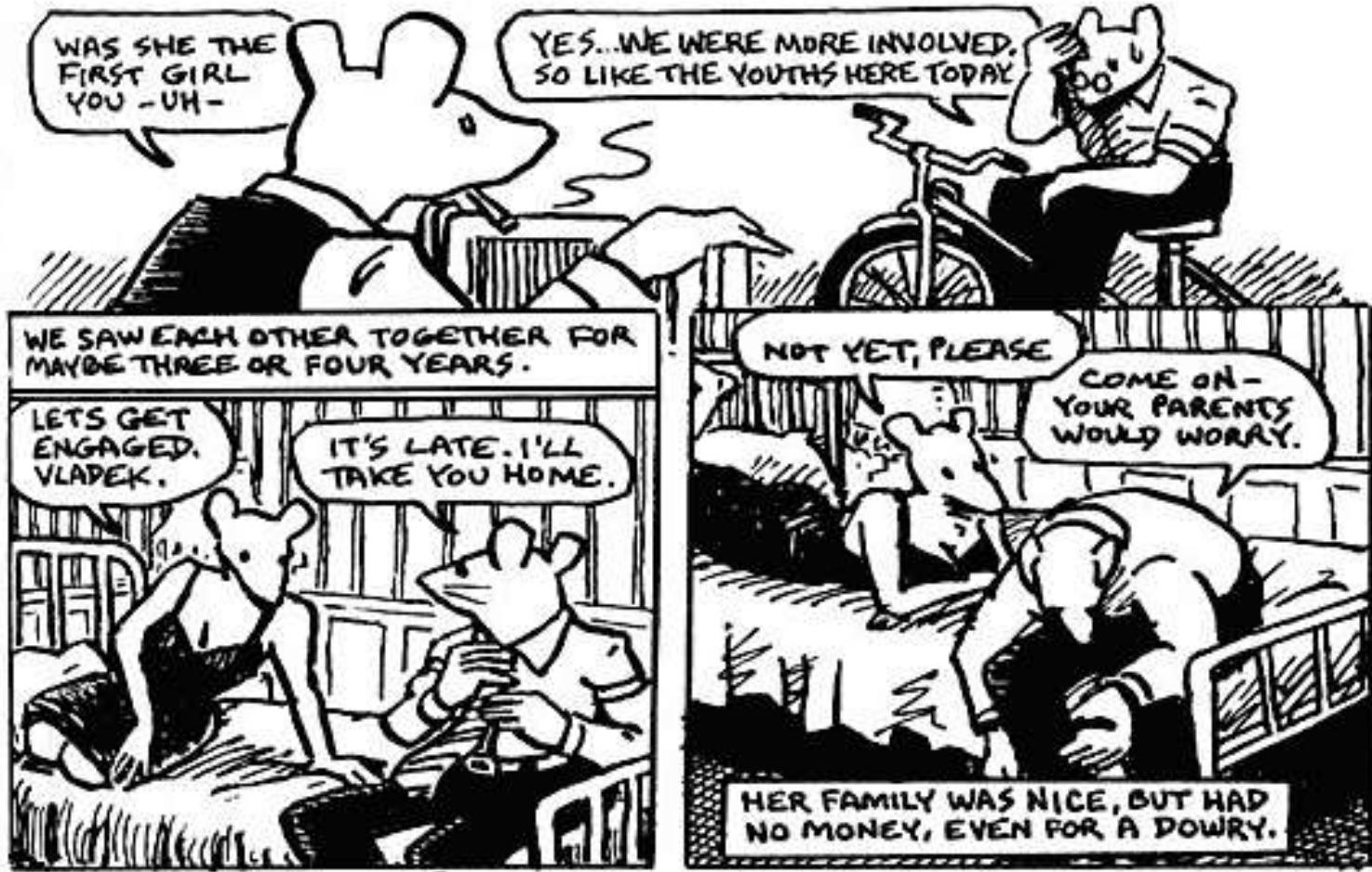
EVERYTHING'S SO NEAT AND CLEAN!

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 CLOSE 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.

HOW YOU LIKE HIM?

HE'S A HANDSOME BOY AND SEEMS VERY NICE.

THEY COULDN'T KNOW I UNDERSTOOD.

WELL - I PROMISED TO BE HOME EARLY... I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO ALONE

YOU KNOW, YOU SHOULD BE CAREFUL SPEAKING ENGLISH - A "STRANGER" COULD UNDERSTAND.

Y-YOU KNOW ENGLISH?

I HAD TO QUIT SCHOOL AT ABOUT 14 TO WORK.

...BUT I TOOK PRIVATE LESSONS... I ALWAYS DREAMED OF GOING TO AMERICA.

IT'S A SHAME YOU HAVE TO RETURN TO CZESTOCHOWA SO SOON.

YES - BUT I HAVE MY BUSINESS.

HAVE YOU A PHONE AT HOME?

AS SOON I CAME BACK TO CZESTOCHOWA, SHE CALLED - ONCE A DAY... TWICE... EVERY DAY WE TALKED.

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.

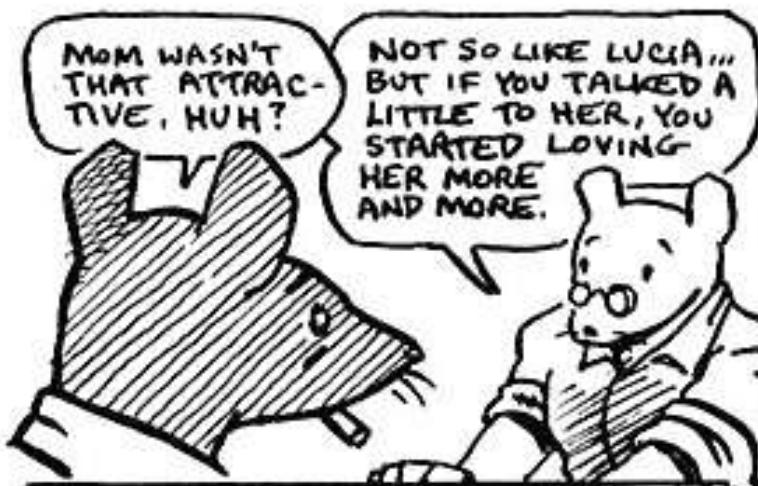
PSSSH! AND LOOK AT WHAT A BEAUTY YOU PICKED.

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 ZYLDERBERGS 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.

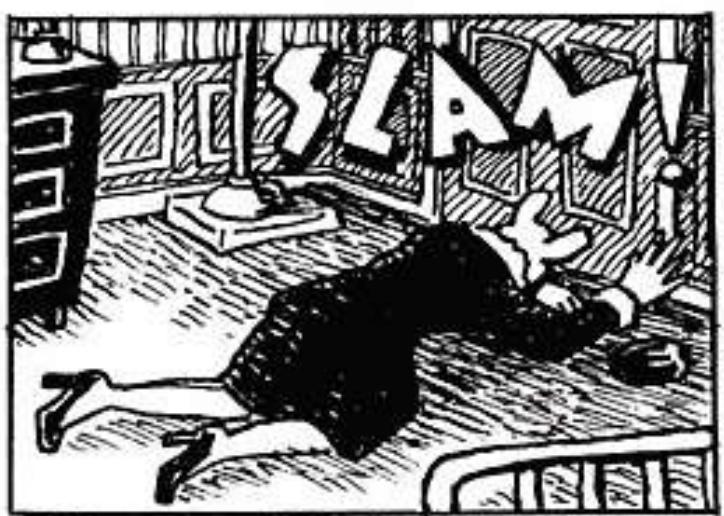
AH! HERE I FORGOT TO TELL SOMETHING
FROM BEFORE I MOVED TO SOSNOWIEC
BUT AFTER OUR ENGAGEMENT WAS MADE.



ONE EVENING THE BELL RANG ...



SHE FELL ON THE FLOOR
AND HELD STRONG MY LEGS.



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!

HELLO, MRS. ZYLBERBERG.
COULD I SPEAK
TO ANJA?

BUT
WHY?

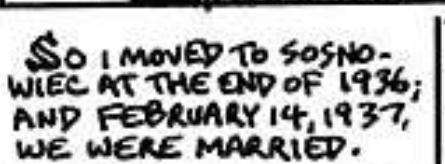
SHE GOT A LETTER FROM SOME-
ONE IN CZESTOCHOWA. MY GOD!
IT SAYS THE WORST THINGS IN
THE WORLD ABOUT YOU!

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.

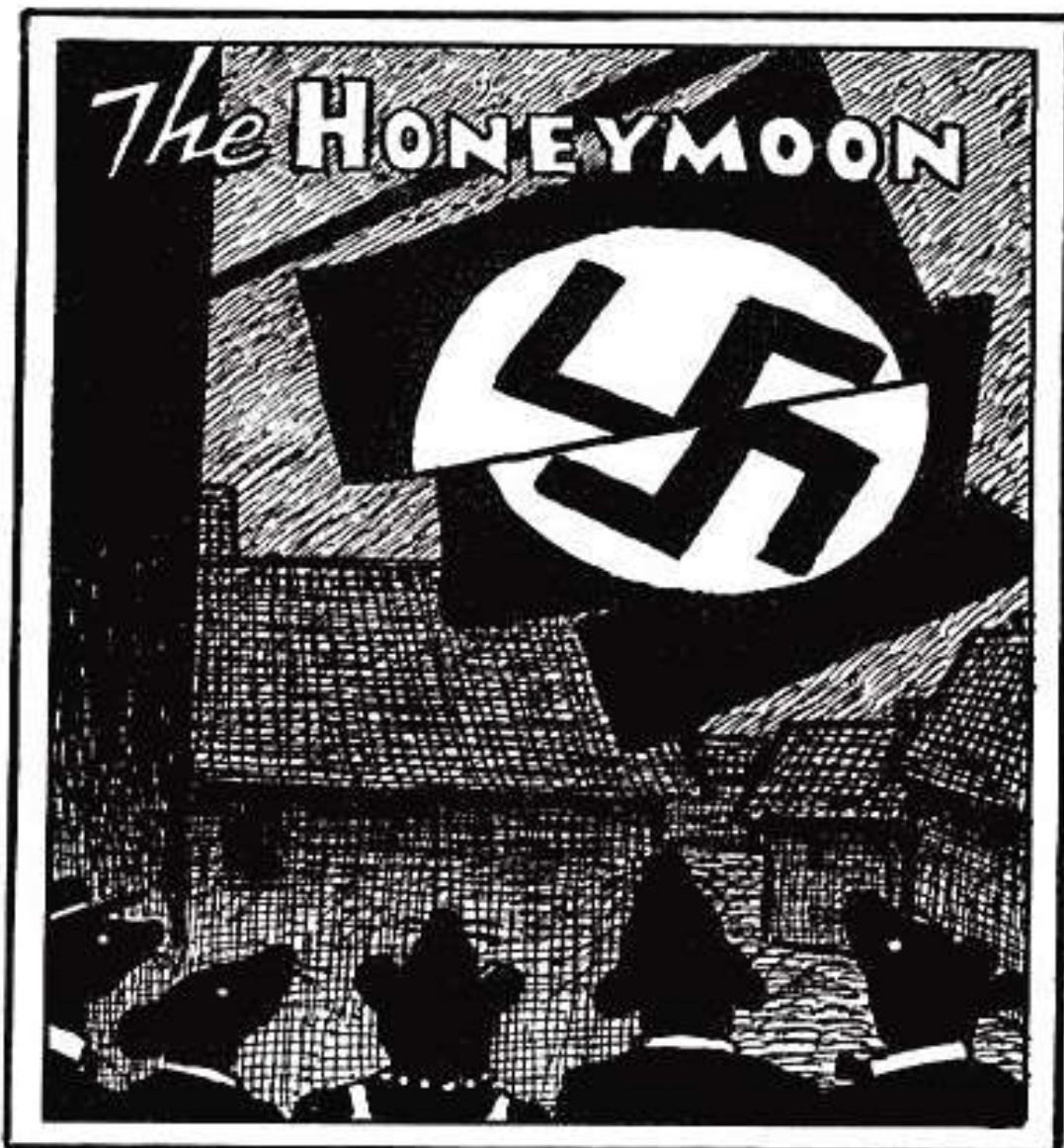
SO, TELL ME, ANJA - WHAT HAVE
I DONE THAT'S SO HORRIBLE?

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 ...



WHEN I FOUND OUT THIS STORY, I WAS READY TO BREAK THE MARRIAGE.

I TOLD HER "ANJA, IF YOU WANT ME YOU HAVE TO GO MY WAY..."

IF YOU WANT YOUR COMMUNIST FRIENDS, THEN I CAN'T STAY IN THIS HOUSE!"

AND SHE WAS A GOOD GIRL, AND OF COURSE SHE STOPPED ALL SUCH THINGS.

MISS STEFANSKA SAT IN PRISON FOR A LONGER TIME - MAYBE 3 MONTHS.

FATHER-IN-LAW PAID THE COST FROM THE LAWYERS AND GAVE TO HER SOME MONEY - IT COST MAYBE 15,000 ZLOTYS.

IT WASN'T ENOUGH EVIDENCE AND FINALLY THE POLICE LEFT HER GO.

JA, BUT NOT ONLY THIS. AT THE SAME TIME HE DID FOR US EVEN MORE...

YOU KNOW, VLADEK, WHEN YOU AND ANJA GIVE ME A GRANDCHILD, I WANT HIM TO BE WELL-OFF.

WELL, I ALMOST HAVE ENOUGH FROM MY SALES TRIPS TO START UP A TEXTILE SHOP...

A SHOP? PFUI! YOU OUGHT TO HAVE A TEX-TILE FACTORY!

THAT WOULD COST A FORTUNE!!

PLEASE - I CAN GIVE YOU THE MONEY AND PLENTY OF CREDIT.

I STARTED A FACTORY IN BIELSKO, AND VISITED TO ANJA EVERY WEEK-END.

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.

YES, I KNOW...



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

YES, A LITTLE...



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!

WE JOKED AND CALLED YOU "HEIL HITLER!"



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!



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.

OI!

LOOK!

IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF
1938-BEFORE THE WAR-
HANGING HIGH IN THE
CENTER OF TOWN, IT WAS A
NAZI FLAG..

HERE WAS THE FIRST TIME
I SAW, WITH MY OWN EYES,
THE SWASTIKA.



THE SANITARIUM WAS FAR AWAY FROM EVERYTHING—
SO PEACEFUL, SO QUIET.

LOOK AT HOW
BEAUTIFUL THESE
GARDENS ARE, ANJA.

UH HUH



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

OUR ROOM IS LIKE A LUXURY
HOTEL—LOOK AT THIS VIEW.

UH HUH

EACH MORNING
NURSES WOULD
VISIT TO ANJA.

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

WELL, WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY???

HE TOLD ME YOU'RE
DOING FINE—FINE...

JUST
RELAX.

I UNDERSTOOD
MUCH OF SUCH
SICKNESSES, SO
I HELPED ALWAYS
TO CALM HER
DOWN.

LOOK—WE GOT A LET-
TER FROM HOME TODAY.

WITH A PHOTO OF
RICHIEU—LET ME SEE.

HE'S A HANDSOME BOY...
JUST LIKE HIS FATHER, YES?

YES

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 RODED 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—
QUITE WELL-OFF...
A WORKING FACTORY,
A 2 BEDROOM APART-
MENT, A POLISH GOVERN-
ESS, AND EVEN A MAID.

LOOK, RICHIEU,
POPPA'S HOME!



YOU LOOK
UPSET, VLADEK.

THERE WAS ANOTHER
RIOT DOWNTOWN TODAY.



...EVERYONE YELLING, "JEW'S OUT!
JEW'S 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 GER-
MANY BEFORE THE
FIRST WORLD WAR.





"AND ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1939, THE WAR
CAME. I WAS ON THE FRONT, ONE OF
THE FIRST TO

ACH!"

SO TWICE I SPILLED
MY DRUGSTORE!

IT'S MY EYES.

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.

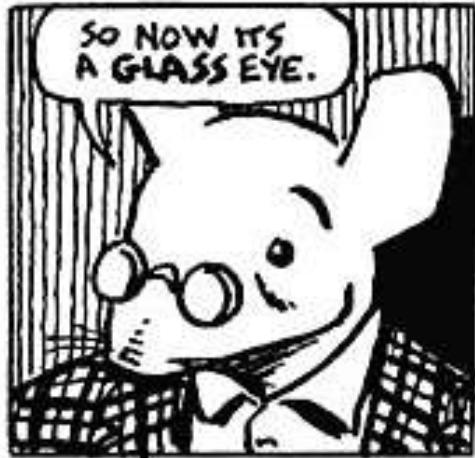
AND NOW I HAVE A
CATARACT INSIDE
MY ONE GOOD EYE.
YOU SEE HOW
I HAVE TO SUFFER?

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

UH-HUH.

HE LAST YEAR PUT ME
INTO THE HOSPITAL FOR
AN IMMEDIATE
OPERATION...

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



WELL, IT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY, YES? I'M TIRED AND I MUST COUNT STILL MY PILLS.

OKAY, GOOD IDEA... MY HAND IS SORE FROM WRITING ALL THIS DOWN.

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...



FORTUNATELY FOR ME, MOM WOULD EVENTUALLY FEED ME SOMETHING I LIKED, AND THROW AWAY THE OLD FOOD WHILE YOU WEREN'T LOOKING.

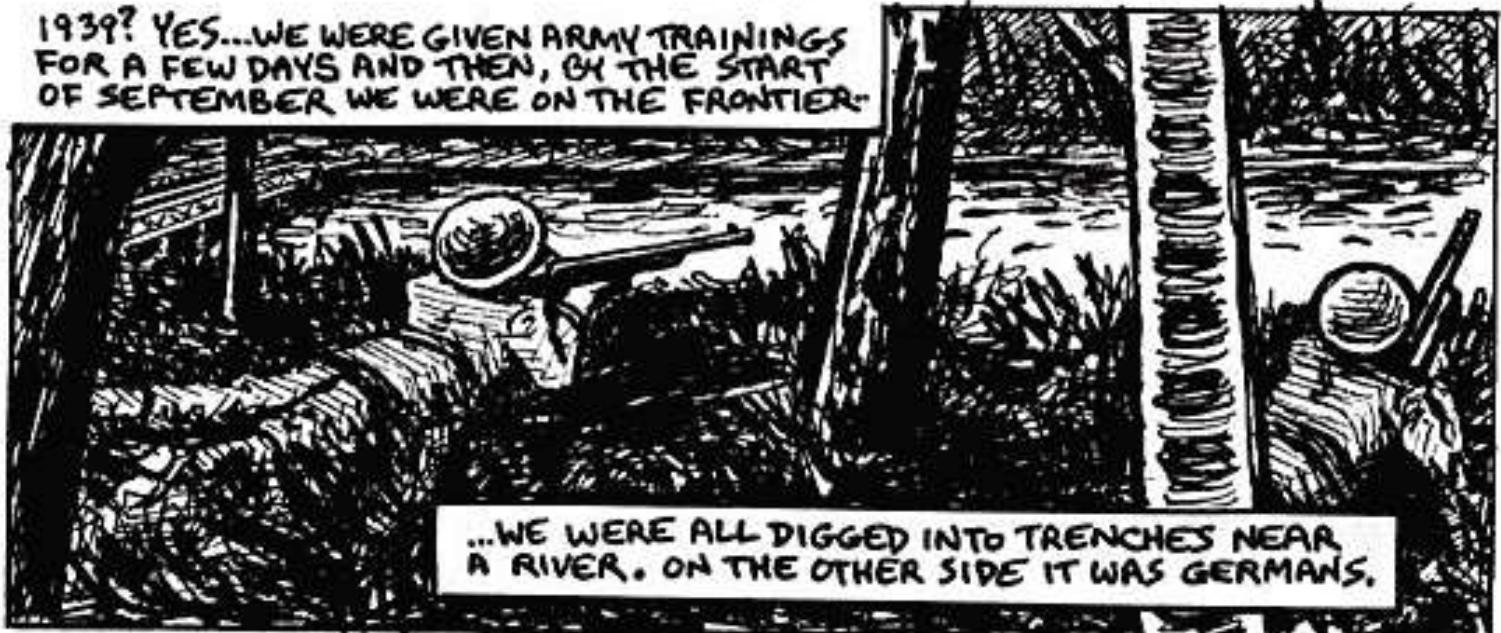
YES. ANJA WAS TOO EASY WITH YOU ALWAYS.

HMMH.
THANKS FOR THE DINNER, MALA. IT WAS DELICIOUS.



1939? YES...WE WERE GIVEN ARMY TRAININGS FOR A FEW DAYS AND THEN, BY THE START OF SEPTEMBER WE WERE ON THE FRONTIER...

...WE WERE ALL DIGGED INTO TRENCHES NEAR A RIVER. ON THE OTHER SIDE IT WAS GERMANS.



IT WAS EVERYTHING QUIET UNTIL NEAR MORNING...



WAIT A MINUTE.
THEY ONLY TRAINED
YOU FOR A FEW
DAYS BEFORE
SENDING YOU INTO
COMBAT!



WELL, THE FIRST TIME I WENT INTO THE ARMY FOR 18 MONTHS WHEN I WAS 21. THEN EVERY 4 YEARS I WENT TO LUGLIN FOR A MONTH TO TRAIN.

YOU KNOW, MY FATHER TRIED TO KEEP ALL HIS CHILDREN OUT FROM THE ARMY...



...BECAUSE WHEN HE WAS YOUNG, HE HAD THEN TO GO INTO THE RUSSIAN ARMY.
...AND THERE THEY TOOK YOU FOR 25 YEARS.
...TO SIBERIA!



MY FATHER PULLED OUT 14 OF HIS TEETH TO ESCAPE.
IF YOU MISSED 12 TEETH THEY LEFT YOU GO.



SO WHEN MY BROTHER MARCUS GOT 21 YEARS, FATHER PUT HIM ON A STARVATION DIET. ALWAYS MARCUS WAS SICKLY-SO THIN.

AND WHEN HE WENT FOR THE ARMY EXAMINATION...THEY DIDN'T TAKE HIM.



A YEAR LATER WHEN IT CAME MY TURN, FATHER WANTED TO MAKE TO ME THE SAME THING.

IT WAS SOMETHING TERRIBLE!...



THREE MONTHS BEFORE
THE EXAMINATION HE
STARTED WITH ME...



STOP, VLADEK. YOU
MUSTN'T EAT SO MUCH!

BUT I'M HUNGRY!

OKAY.
HAVE ONE MORE HERRING.



FOR THREE MONTHS I ATE
ONLY SALTED HERRING AND
NO WATER TO LOSE WEIGHT.



AND A FEW DAYS BEFORE
THE EXAM, NO SLEEP
AND NO FOOD...

GOOD BOY - JUST
A LITTLE MORE
COFFEE!

ONLY A GALLON COFFEE
A DAY FOR MY HEART.

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

HERE'S A HEALTHY ONE.

UM!...

NO... THERE SEEMS TO BE
SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM.

BUILD YOURSELF UP FOR A YEAR,
YOUNG MAN, AND WE'LL REVIEW
YOUR CASE AGAIN.



...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.

GET
UP!

GIVE ME YOUR GUN!

IT'S HOT! YOU WERE SHOOTING AT US!

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

I ANSWERED IN GERMAN AND HIS PARTNER STOPPED HIM FROM BEATING ME.

THEY MARCHED ME TO WHERE IT WAS
MORE LIKE ME. WAR PRISONERS.

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



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

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, THIS WAR!

WE SHOULD HANG YOU RIGHT HERE ON THIS SPOT!

OF COURSE, NOBODY OF US SAID A WORD.

PUT DOWN ALL YOUR VALUABLES!

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

WHY SO MUCH MONEY, JEW?

MANY OTHERS HAD ONLY 5 OR 6 ZLOTYS.

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

YOU NEVER WORKED A DAY IN YOUR LIFE!

LIKE YOU, ARTIE, MY HANDS WERE ALWAYS VERY DELICATE.

WELL, JEW, DON'T WORRY. WE'LL FIND WORK FOR YOU!

AND THEY DID.

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.

SO WE LIVED AND WORKED A FEW WEEKS IN THE STABLE UNTIL THEY TOOK US TO AN EVEN BIGGER PRISONER OF WAR CAMP.

BRRR. THE POLISH PRISONERS GET HEATED CABINS.

YES, AND WE'RE JUST LEFT TO FREEZE IN THESE TENTS.

IT WAS TERRIBLE COLD THAT AUTUMN. ALL OVER EUROPE IT WAS SO FREEZING THAT BIRDS FELL FROM TREES.

TO KEEP WARM WE HAD ONLY OUR SUMMER UNIFORMS AND A THIN BLANKET.

AT LEAST IF THEY GAVE US ENOUGH TO EAT.

THE OTHER PRISONERS GET TWO MEALS A DAY. WE JEWS GET ONLY A CRUST OF BREAD AND A LITTLE SOUP.

GOOD MORNING, VLADEK.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO BATHE IN THE RIVER.

YOU'VE GONE CRAZY.

ZORRE I'LL BE CLEAN! AND I'LL FEEL WARM ALL DAY BY COMPARISON.

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.

OPEN 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.

מה יטבר אהלייך עקיב, כשבנתייך ישראל.

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

I HAD A SET MADE FROM STONES AND BREAD CRUMBS.

Dear Anja.
I am fine.
I miss you.

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!

WORKERS NEEDED
War Prisoners may volunteer for labor assignments to replace German workers called to the front. Housing and abundant food will be supplied.

IT'S A TRICK!

NEVER VOLUNTEER! IF WE HAVE TO DIE, LET'S DIE HERE!

NO!

I DIDN'T AGREE!

I'M NOT GOING TO DIE, AND I WON'T DIE HERE!
I WANT TO BE TREATED LIKE A HUMAN BEING!



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



MOUNTAIN

VALLEY

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:



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.

SO WE WORKED,
DAY AFTER DAY.
WE SURVIVED.
WEEK AFTER
WEEK. THE SAME.

UNTIL, ONE TIME...

IT CAME VERY MANY GESTAPO AND WEHRMACHT.

LOOK-
SOLDIERS!

ATTENTION! LINE UP ON THE ROAD
IN TWO ROWS! IMMEDIATELY!

WE WERE NOT AT EASE. WE DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT THEY COULD DO WITH US.

I STOOD ALWAYS IN THE SECOND LINE.

(PSST - VLADEK.)

I DIDN'T WANT THEY SHOULD SEE ME MUCH.

SOMEONE SNEAKED
NEXT TO ME...

RABBI! DO YOU KNOW
WHAT DAY IT IS?

SATURDAY, OF COURSE.

BUT DO YOU
KNOW WHAT
A SATURDAY?...

IT'S PARSHAS
TRUMA!



DURING THE JOURNEY I SAT WITH THE RABBI.

SO, MY SON. NOW I SEE YOU ARE
A "ROH-EH KAHOLED," 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 ...



HIER WAREN MIR ALLEIN

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

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

WE WERE THE NEXT PARTY!

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.



AND A GUARD BEGAN SHOOTING TO ME.

I RAN QUICK INSIDE



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

THEN AS SOON AS IT WAS LIGHT-

SPIEGELMAN!...
SPIEGELMAN!...

VLADEK!

ORBACH! AM
I GLAD TO
SEE YOU!

AND IN TEN MIN-
UTES, I WAS FREE!

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

I'M SORRY WE CAN'T OFFER YOU A BETTER MEAL,
VLADEK - BUT THE JEWS OF LUBLIN GET VERY
FEW FOOD COUPONS.

ONE MOMENT, GIRLS - I HAVE
A GIFT FOR EACH OF YOU...

OH MY GOD!
CHOCOLATE!

THESE I SAVED FROM A
RED CROSS PACKAGE.
ALWAYS I SAVED...
JUST IN CASE!

FINALLY, WHEN I
CAME AGAIN TO SOSNO-
WIEC, 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.

WITH ORBACH'S I STAYED A FEW DAYS
RECUPERATING. BUT I WAS RESTLESS.
HOW COULD I MANAGE TO SNEAK
ACROSS THE BORDER TO MY FAMILY?

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





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

FROM MY PARENTS' TO SO SNOWIE WAS ONLY A SHORT RIDE.

GO IN AND SAY YOU JUST GOT A LETTER FROM ME SAYING I'D BE HOME IN A WEEK.

I STOOD AT THE DOOR, LISTENING...

DON'T JOKE! IF VLADEK WAS COMING HOME, HE'D HAVE WRITTEN TO US TOO!

SURPRISE!

OH MY GOD.

VLADEK!

I GRABBED MY SON. HE WAS 2½ YEARS.

RICHIE!

BWAHH

WHY DO YOU CRY, MY BOY? I'M YOUR FATHER!

WAH

HE STARTED SCREAMING.

SNFF TH' BUTTONS, YOUR METAL BUTTONS, DADDY—THEY'RE COLD!

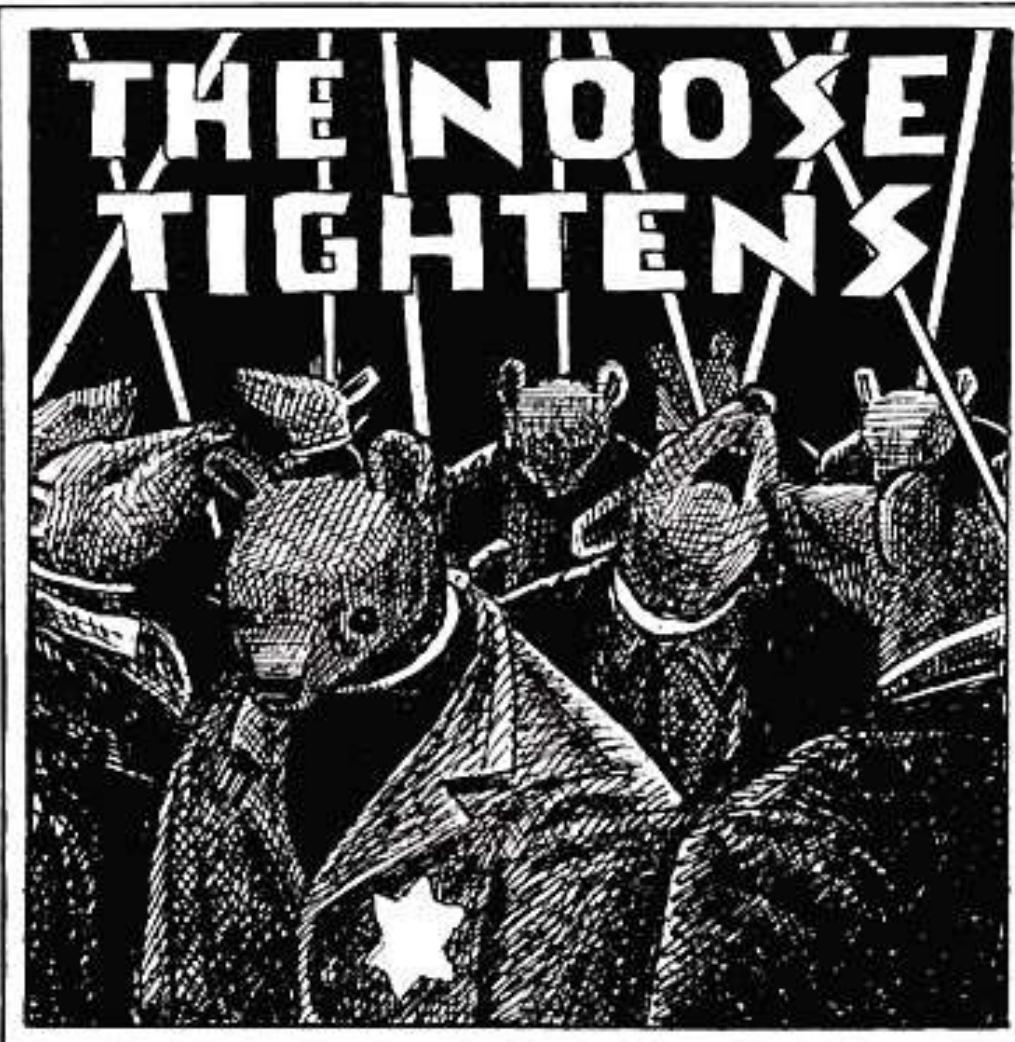
AND I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU HOW BIG THE JOY WAS IN OUR HOUSE.







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.



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!



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.



ONE TIME I WAS GOING TO SEE ILZECKI. THIS WAS LATE IN 1941, I THINK. HIS HOUSE WAS VERY NEAR TO A TRAIN STATION...

... AND IT WAS GOING ON THERE SOMETHING TERRIBLE.

I HAD TO PASS NEAR—AND THEY WERE GRABBING JEWS, IF THEY HAD PAPERS OR NO!

WHAT HAD I TO DO?

WILL I WALK SLOWLY, THEY WILL TAKE ME...

WILL I RUN THEY CAN SHOOT ME!

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

ALLO!

MR. SPIEGELMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? DON'T YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING ON?

QUICK—COME UPSTAIRS WITH ME UNTIL THE TRAINS LEAVE!

ILZECKI LIVED IN A VERY FANCY HOUSE. HE WAS THE ONLY JEW THERE.

SO I SAT WITH HIM AND HIS WIFE A GOOD FEW HOURS. WE HEARD SHOOTING AND SCREAMS.

HE SURVIVED ME MY LIFE THAT TIME.

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.



I HAVE A GOOD FRIEND, A POLE, WHO'S WILLING TO HIDE MY SON UNTIL THE SITUATION GETS BETTER.



...I THINK HE'D TAKE YOUR BOY TOO.
YES, YOU MAY BE RIGHT! LET ME SPEAK WITH MY FAMILY.



BUT, I'M TELLING YOU, IT WAS SOMETHING TERRIBLE GOING ON IN OUR HOUSE WHEN I EVEN MENTIONED IT.

WHAT? HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?

HOW CAN YOU EVEN THINK OF GIVING RICHIEU UP TO COMPLETE STRANGERS?!



I'LL NEVER GIVE UP MY BABY. NEVER!



ILZECKI AND HIS WIFE DIDN'T COME OUT FROM THE WAR.

...BUT HIS SON REMAINED ALIVE; OURS DID NOT.

...AND ANYWAY WE HAD TO GIVE RICHIEU TO HIDE A YEAR LATER.





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





FOR A WHILE I HAD ALSO
A FOOD BUSINESS THAT
I DIDN'T YET TELL YOU...



I MET SZKLARCIJK. HE HAD A BIG GROCERY ON MOPRZEJOWSKA...



YOU'RE ZYLBERBERG'S SON-
IN-LAW, RIGHT? COME INSIDE
AND WAIT FOR THE RAIN TO STOP.

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!



BUT WHEN WE CAME TO STARA SOSNOWIEC,
ALL MY BUSINESSES BECAME HARDER...
IT WAS NOT SO EASY TO
MOVE AROUND.

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

FATHER-IN-LAW AND LOLEK WORKED AL-
READY THERE, FOR REALLY NO MONEY.
I DIDN'T NEED THIS
BEFORE, BUT NOW I
HAD TO HAVE THE
WORK PAPER.

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...

"ALL JEWS OVER 70 YEARS
OLD WILL BE TRANSFERRED
TO THERESIENSTADT IN
CZECHOSLOVAKIA ON
MAY 10, 1942..."

"...A COMMUNITY BETTER PREPARED TO
TAKE CARE OF THE
ELDERLY THAN OURS
IN SOSNOWIEC..."

IT DOESN'T LOOK
TOO BAD! LIKE A CONVA-
LESCENT HOME.

ANJA'S GRANDPARENTS HAD ABOUT 90 YEARS.

WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER
-A FAMILY-FOR 70 YEARS.
WE DON'T WANT TO
BREAK APART NOW!

DON'T WORRY.
WE WON'T
LET THEM
TAKE YOU.

WE DIDN'T YET
KNOW OF AUSCH-
WITZ - OF THE
OVENS - BUT WE
WERE ANYWAY
AFRAID.

...SO, IN THE YARD, WE MADE A HIDING PLACE, A BUNKER...

CUT-AWAY VIEW:

STORAGE SHEDS

FALSE WALL

GRAND-
PARENTS

WE SNEAKED
FOOD TO THEM,
AND - WHEN IT
WAS SAFE - WE
TOOK THEM IN-
SIDE A LITTLE.

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.

WHEN DID YOU FIRST HEAR ABOUT AUSCHWITZ?

RIGHT AWAY WE HEARD...

EVEN FROM THERE - FROM THAT OTHER WORLD - PEOPLE CAME BACK AND TOLD US. BUT WE DIDN'T BELIEVE.

THEN THIS SAME NEWS CAME MORE AND MORE, SO WE BELIEVED, AND LATER ON, WE SAW ... EVEN WORSE!

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.





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?...







WELL, THERE'S SO MUCH JUNK IN THERE, IT'S WORTH A SHOT.



HE DRIVES ME CRAZY! HE WON'T EVEN LET ME THROW OUT THE PLASTIC PITCHER HE TOOK FROM HIS HOSPITAL ROOM LAST YEAR!

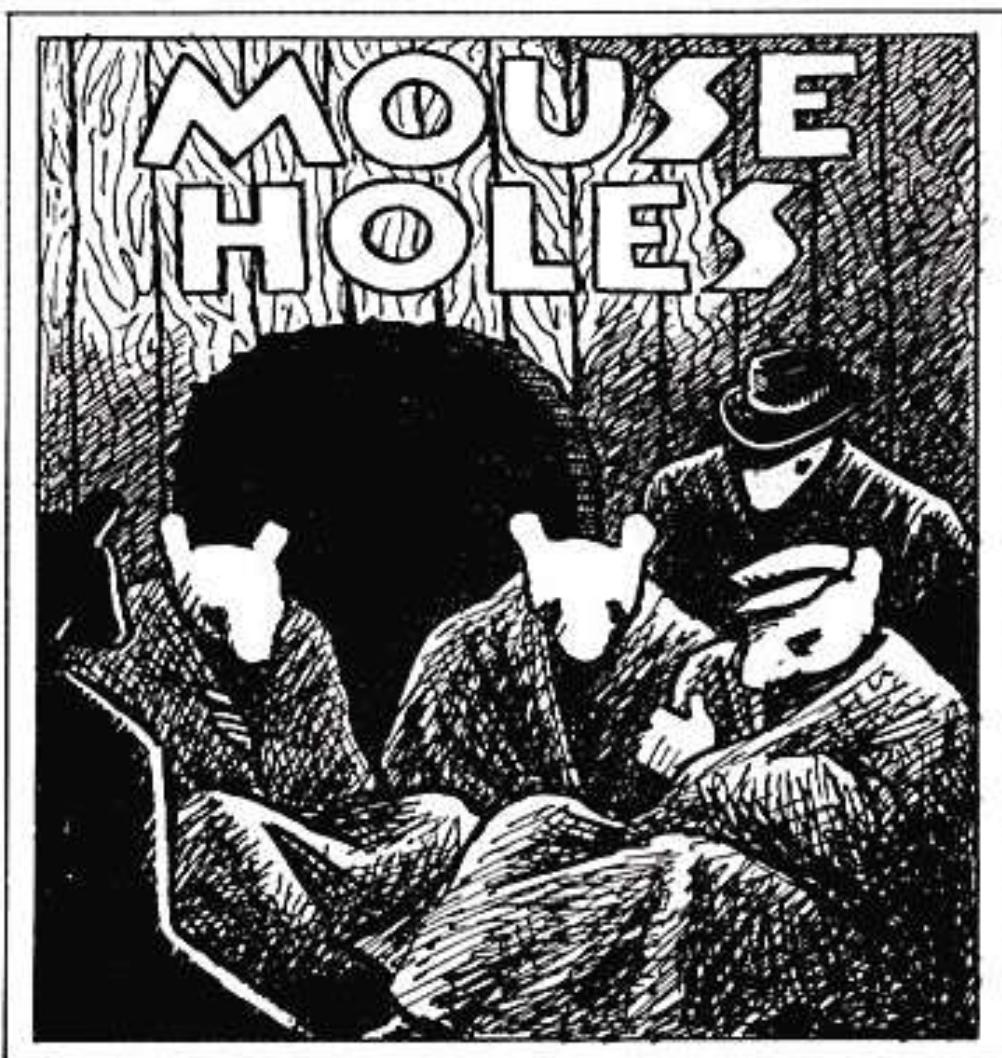


I BETTER BE GETTING HOME. I'LL LOOK FOR THOSE DIARIES NEXT TIME.



OKAY...
OKAY...
RELAX.

C H A P T E R F I V E







JUST GREAT.

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.

DOCTOR DRENS LIVED NEARBY...



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!....



WE WENT HOME... MY FATHER HAD COM-
pletely fallen apart!



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 PRAYED
I WAS PRETTY SPACED OUT IN THOSE DAYS—I RAN
TO MY MOTHER FROM THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD.

דָּר בְּרָא בְּרוּתָה רִימְלִיד...



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



I FELT NAUSEOUS.... THE GRIEF WAS OVERWHELMING!

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



...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.



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





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.

SO PERSIS ARRANGED, AND HE CAME AGAIN TO SRUDULA.



WE WATCHED UNTIL THEY DISAPPEARED FROM OUR EYES...



WHEN THINGS CAME WORSE
IN OUR GHETTO WE SAID
ALWAYS: "THANK GOD THE
KIDS ARE WITH PERSIS, SAFE

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

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

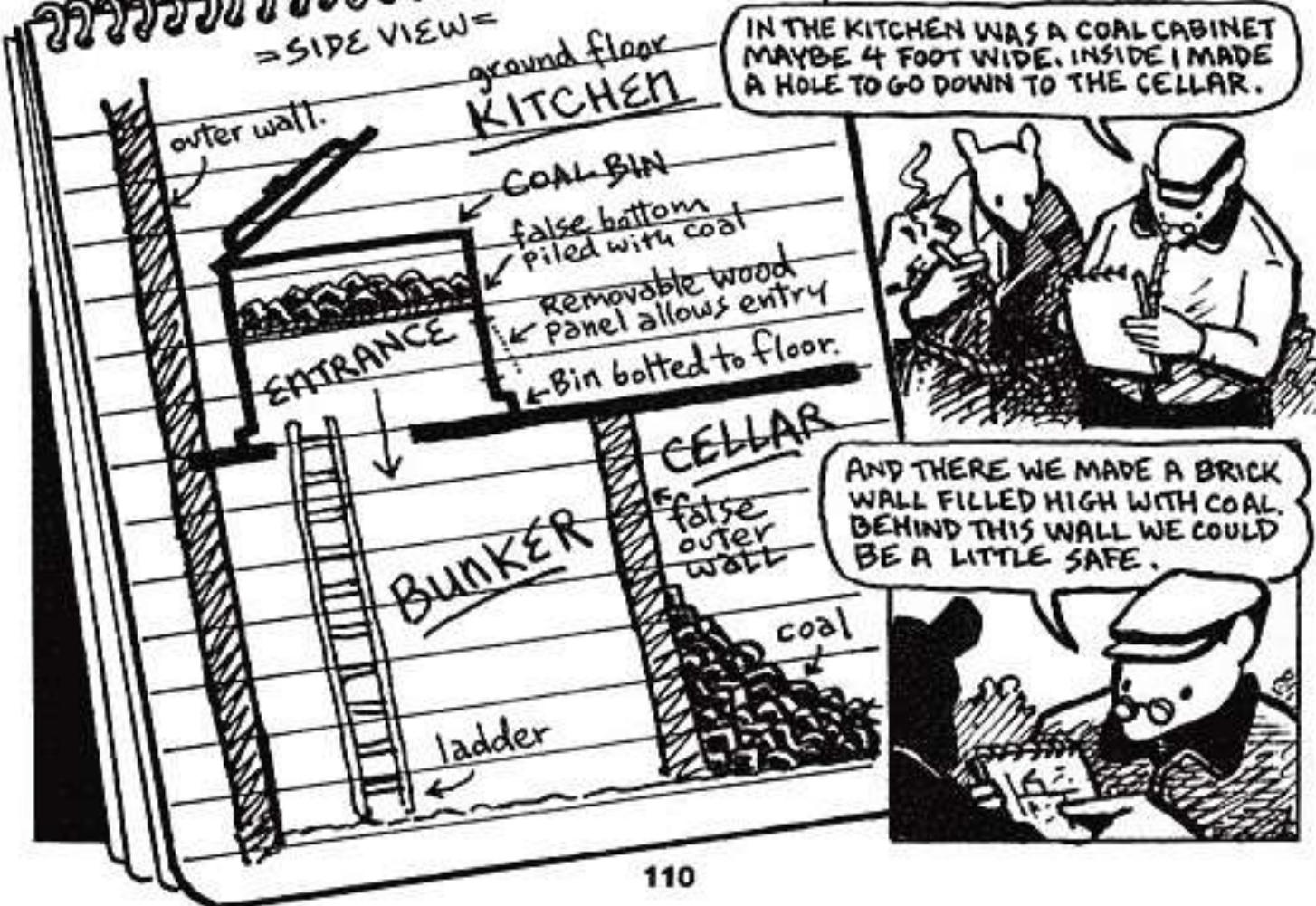


SO THE GERMANS SWINGED THEM
BY THE LEGS AGAINST A WALL...

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







EVEN WHEN THEY CAME WITH DOGS TO SMELL US OUT - AND THEY KNEW THAT JEWS ARE LAYING HERE - BUT STILL THEY COULDN'T FIND.



THE DOGS RAN UP AND DOWN LIKE MAD. BUT IN THE COAL BIN WAS ONLY COAL. IT LOOKED FULL AND THEY COULDNT LIFT IT. AND THE CELLAR, IT WAS ONLY A CELLAR.

IS IT SAFE TO GO OUT YET? I CAN'T STAND ALL THESE WORMS CRAWLING OVER ME.

THE GERMANS ARE LEAVING!



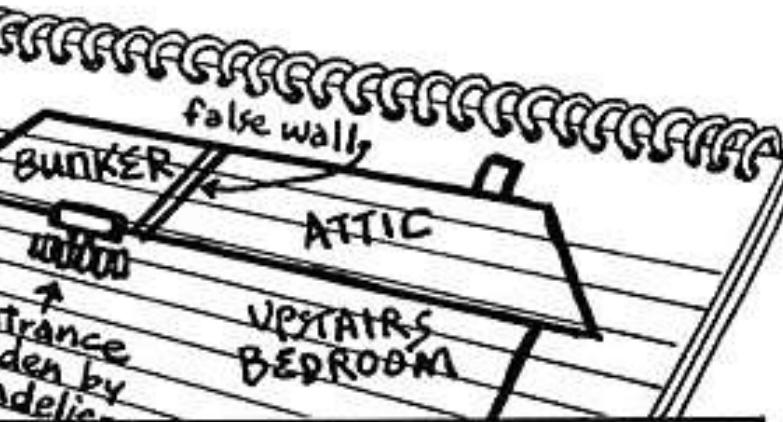
WE HAD WORMS THERE IN THAT BUNKER.

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH FOOD TO STAY HERE A COUPLE OF DAYS. WE'D BETTER WAIT 'TIL THINGS QUIET DOWN.



WE SURVIVED THERE A FEW ACTIONS. BUT OTHERS, WHAT DIDN'T HAVE SUCH A GOOD PLACE LIKE WHAT I MADE, THEY KEPT BEING TAKEN AWAY.

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



AROUND THIS TIME WE WERE PUT INTO A DIFFERENT HOUSE. HERE ALSO WE MADE A BUNKER.

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



EXCEPT TO SNEAK FOR FOOD, WE STAYED MOSTLY IN THE BUNKER.



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



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!



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...



WE WERE MAYBE 200 PEOPLE TOGETHER WAITING... EACH WEDNESDAY WENT VANS TO AUSCHWITZ. WHEN WE WERE CAUGHT, IT WAS THEN MAYBE A THURSDAY.

LOOK, ANJA! THAT'S MY COUSIN, JAKOV SPIEGELMAN, IN THE COURTYARD.

HEY! JAKOV! HELP!
JAKOV-Help us!

I MADE SIGNS TO SHOW I COULD PAY.

OKAY, DON'T WORRY!
HASKEL WILL COME HELP YOU!

VLADEK?!
THERE'S
NOTHING
I CAN DO!

SOME GOLD I HID IN THE CHIMNEY OF OUR BUNKER WHEN THEY TOOK US. BUT A FEW VALUABLES I HAD STILL WITH ME.

HASKEL SPIEGELMAN
WAS ANOTHER COUSIN.

WOULDN'T THEY HAVE HELPED YOU EVEN IF YOU COULDN'T PAY? I MEAN, YOU WERE FROM THE SAME FAMILY...

MAH!
YOU DON'T UNDER-
STAND...

AT THAT TIME IT WASN'T ANYMORE FAMILIES. IT WAS EVERYBODY TO TAKE CARE FOR HIMSELF!

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.



FROM THE WINDOW WE SAW LOLEK GO.



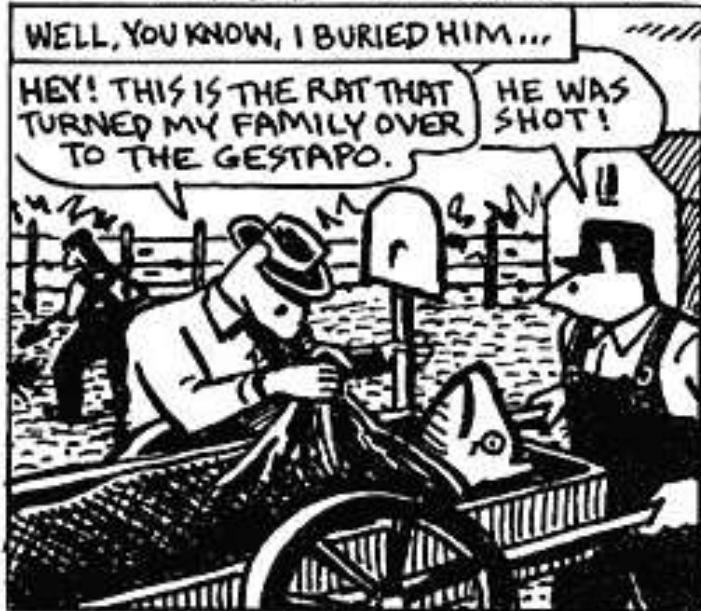
THE DAY AFTER, ANJA AND I CARRIED PAST THE GUARDS THE EMPTY PAILS.







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



IT HAPPENED I WAS ON THE WORK DETAIL, SO... I BURIED HIM.

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



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



H-HERE... YOU OKAY?



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.



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



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



GIFTS? WHY? HE SOUNDS LIKE A ROTTEN GUY!



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



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



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



I TOLD HASKEL AND MILOCH LATER ABOUT THIS.



PESACH WAS LIKE HASKEL,

PART OF THE JEWISH POLICE.

HE WAS YOUNGER, FROM HAS-

KEL, BUT ALSO A "KOMBINATOR."

I HAD STILL SAVINGS, SO I GOT

FOR ANJA AND ME SOME CAKE.

BUT, THE WHOLE GHETTO,
WE WERE SO SICK LATER,
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE ...

SOME OF THE FLOUR PESACH FOUND - IT WASN'T REALLY FLOUR,
ONLY LAUNDRY SOAP, WHAT HE PUT IN THE CAKE BY MISTAKE.



BEFORE THE WAR, PESACH HAD A RESORT HOTEL IN ZAKOPANE ...

IN THOSE DAYS ALSO HE FOUND ALWAYS SCHEMES.

ALL GUESTS HAD TO PAY BIG POLISH TAXES... SO PESACH TOOK BRIBES TO NOT REGISTER THEM. BUT IF AN INSPECTOR CAME, THE GUESTS HAD TO HIDE THEMSELVES AWAY.

ONE TIME HIS WIFE MADE NOT ENOUGH DESSERTS TO GIVE TO EVERYBODY ...
SO PESACH RAN INTO THE DINING ROOM AND YELLED, "INSPECTORS ARE COMING!"

IT WAS NO INSPECTOR, OF COURSE. BUT 40% OF THE GUESTS RAN FAST FROM THE ROOM.
... PESACH HAD ENOUGH DESSERTS LEFT OVER EVEN FOR THE NEXT DAY!

ARE YOU READY TO WALK AGAIN?

YES, IT'S TOO DIRTY TO SIT!
... BUT, REALLY, IF I DIDN'T HAVE MY NITROSTAT, IT COULD HAVE BEEN JUST NOW SOMETHING TERRIBLE.

MILUCH SPIEGELMAN - HE SURVIVED THE WAR WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD AND THEY MOVED TO AUSTRALIA. ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO HE GOT A BIG HEART ATTACK...

AND LAST YEAR, HE GOT ON THE STREET A SEIZURE - LIKE WHAT I HAD JUST NOW ...
BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE WITH HIM HIS PILLS.
HIS WIFE RAN TO FIND A DRUG STORE.

WHEN SHE CAME BACK MILUCH WAS DEAD!

NU? SO LIFE GOES.

BUT I MUST FINISH QUICK TO TELL YOU THE REST ABOUT SRODULA, BECAUSE WE WILL COME SOON OVER TO THE BANK.

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.



IT WAS NOTHING TO DO ALL DAY BUT TO LIE AND TO STARVE.



WHAT LITTLE FOOD WE HAD, SOON IT WAS GONE.



AT NIGHT WE SNEAKED OUT TO LOOK FOR WHAT TO EAT... BUT IT WAS NOTHING TO FIND.



NEVER ANY OF US HAD BEEN SO HUNGRY LIKE THEN.





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

THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY LIGHTS ON IN THE GUARD-HOUSE FOR TWO NIGHTS... I THINK IT'S SAFE.



WE MIXED WITH THE POLES GOING TO WORK.

WE'LL BE HIDING AT THIS ADDRESS. WHEN YOU FIND A SAFE PLACE, TRY TO CONTACT US, VLADEK.

GOOD LUCK, MILOCH.



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



ANJA AND I DIDN'T HAVE WHERE TO GO.





P PLEASE, POP...



BAN



YOU SEE THIS DIAMOND?
THIS I GAVE TO ANJA WHEN
FIRST WE CAME TO THE U.S.

EVEN WHEN YOU WERE A
LITTLE BOY, ANJA WANTED
THAT THIS RING SHOULD
BE FOR YOUR WIFE.

BUT IF I GIVE IT TO YOU,
MALA WILL DRIVE ME
CRAZY. SHE WANTS EV-
ERYTHING ONLY FOR HER.

SHE WANTS THAT I GIVE NOTHING FOR
MY BROTHER IN ISRAEL, AND NOTHING
FOR YOU—THREE TIMES ALREADY SHE
MADE ME CHANGE OVER MY WILL.

C'MON-
MALA'S
OKAY!

YOU ONLY CAN'T KNOW! EVEN RIGHT
AFTER MY LAST HEART ATTACK, WHEN
STILL I WAS IN BED, SHE STARTED
AGAIN ABOUT CHANGING THE WILL!

I SAID, "MALA, YOU SEE HOW SICK I AM.
LET ME A LITTLE BIT HAVE SOME PEACE.
WHAT YOU WANT FROM ME?"

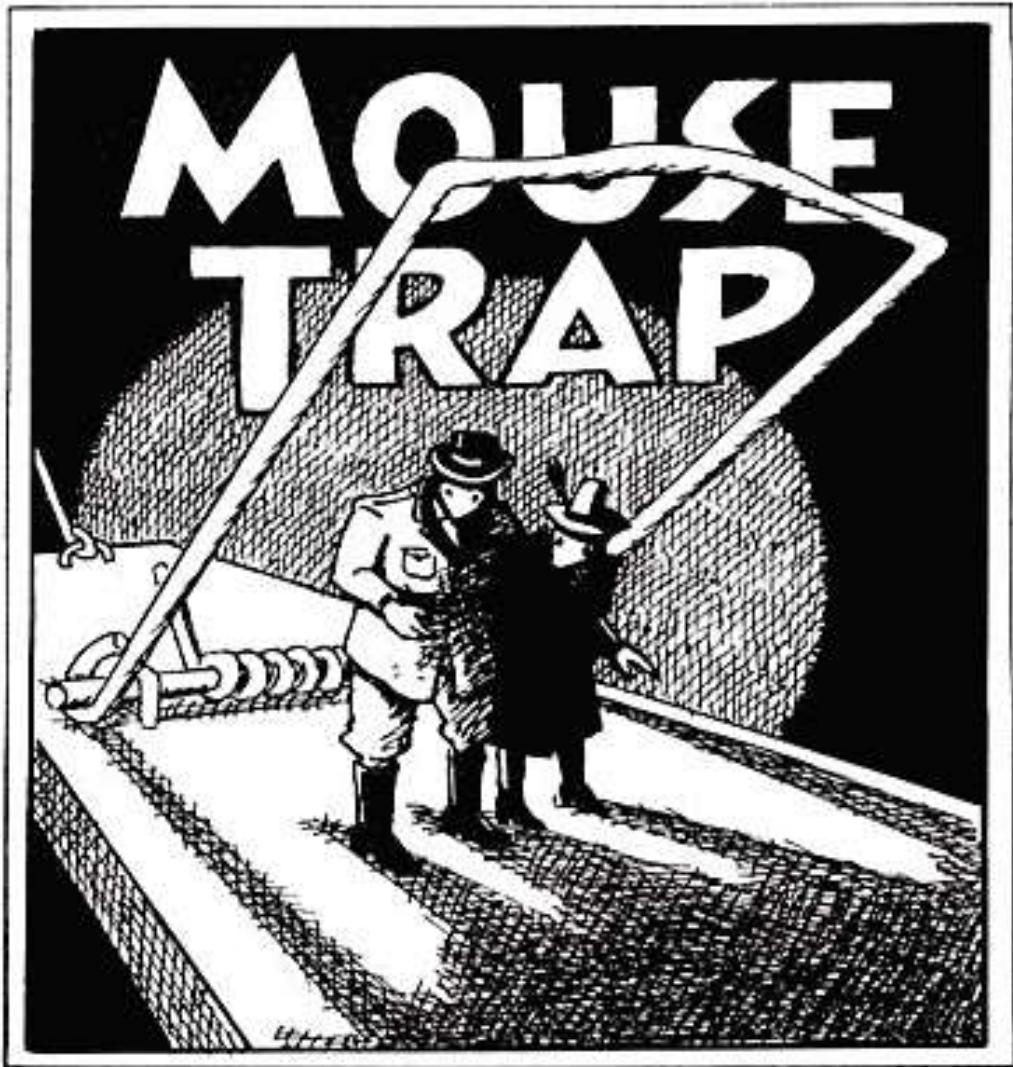
AND SHE SCREAMED, "I WANT THE MONEY!
THE MONEY.
THE MONEY!"

WHY, ARTIE?
WHY I EVER
REMARRIED?

OY, ANJA!
ANJA!
ANJA!

EASY, POP...
LET'S GO HOME.

C H A P T E R S I X



Another visit...















GO THROUGH THE COURTYARD TO THE SHED
IN THE BACK. I'LL BRING YOU SOME FOOD.



THANK GOD THERE ARE
STILL SOME KIND PEOPLE
LEFT. I THOUGHT—
A
JEWESS!



THERE'S A
JEWESS IN
THE COURTYARD!
POLICE!

HURRY:



AN OLD WITCH RECOGNIZED
ANJA FROM HER WINDOW.

WE RAN FAST TO THE SHED AND HID IN THE STRAW.

IT'S OKAY
FOR NOW...

I DON'T THINK ANYONE
HEARD HER... SHE'S A
LITTLE SENILE ANYWAY.

BUT YOU MUST LOOK FOR A
BETTER PLACE TO STAY.
SOMEONE HERE IS BOUND
TO RECOGNIZE YOU!



IT'S ALMOST MORNING. WAIT HERE.
I'M GOING OUT TO SCOUT AROUND.

I WALKED, BUT I DIDN'T
KNOW WHERE TO GO.



CLIK
CLIK
AND I HEARD SOON IT WAS SOME-
BODY FOLLOWING BEHIND ME.



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



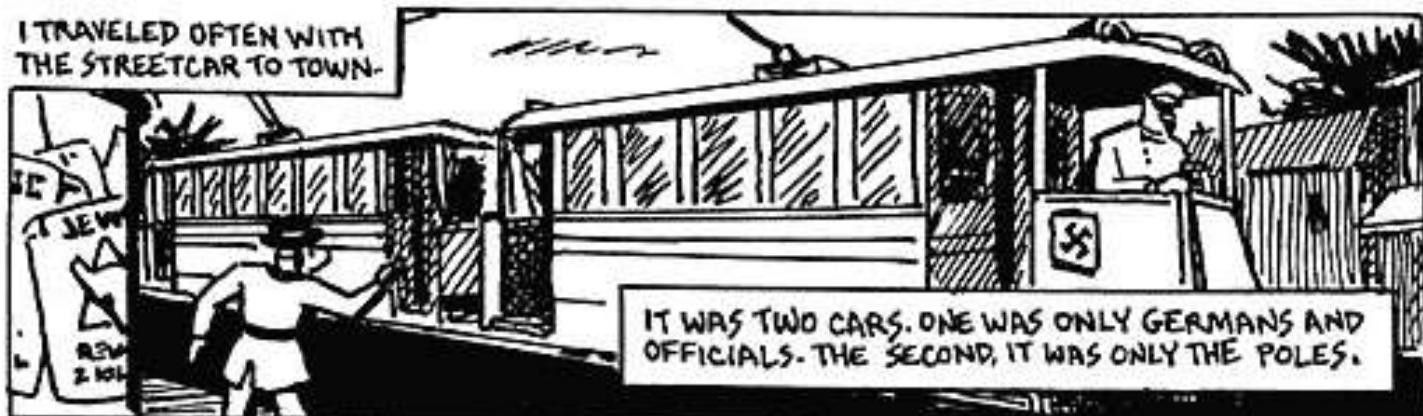




AND SO WE CAME THERE
TO LIVE WITH KAWKA'S COW.



I TRAVELED OFTEN WITH
THE STREETCAR TO TOWN-

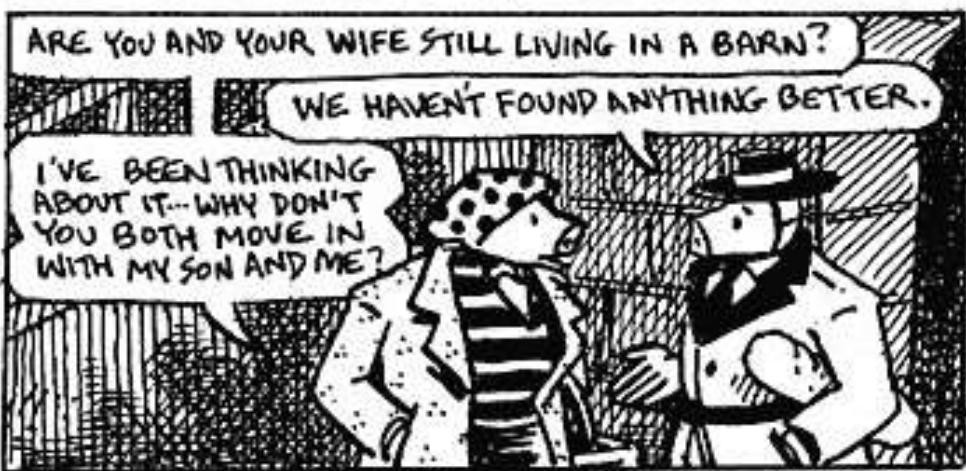


ALWAYS I WENT STRAIGHT
IN THE OFFICIAL CAR...



THE GERMANS PAID NO ATTENTION OF ME... IN THE PO-
LISH CAR THEY COULD SMELL IF A POLISH JEW CAME IN.

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



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.

REMEMBER, LITTLE ONE - NEVER TELL ANYBODY
THERE ARE JEWS HERE. THEY'LL SHOOT US ALL!

YES,
AUNT
ANJA.

THE LITTLE BOY WAS VERY SMART
AND HE LOVED VERY MUCH ANJA.

YOU HAD TO PAY MRS. MOTO-
NOWA TO KEEP YOU, RIGHT?

OF COURSE I
PAID... AND
WELL I PAID.

...WHAT YOU THINK?
SOMEONE WILL RISK
THEIR LIFE FOR NOTHING?

...I PAID ALSO FOR THE FOOD
WHAT SHE GAVE TO US FROM
HER SMUGGLING BUSINESS.

BUT, ONE TIME I MISSED A
FEW COINS TO THE BREAD...

I'LL PAY YOU THE REST
TOMORROW, AFTER I GO OUT
AND CASH SOME VALUABLES.

SORRY... I WASN'T
ABLE TO FIND
ANY BREAD TODAY.

ALWAYS SHE GOT BREAD,
SO I DIDN'T BELIEVE... BUT,
STILL, SHE WAS A GOOD WOMAN.

IN HIS SCHOOL THE BOY WAS
VERY BAD IN GERMAN.
SO ANJA TUTORED TO HIM.

ICH BIN...
DU BIST...
ER IST...

SHE KNEW GERMAN
LIKE AN EXPERT.

AND SOON HE CAME OUT
WITH VERY GOOD GRADES.

MY TEACHER ASKED ME
HOW I IMPROVED SO MUCH...

SO I TOLD HIM
MY MOTHER
WAS HELPING ME.

WHHEW

HE WAS REALLY
A CLEVER BOY.

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



BUT ALWAYS I
HAD TO SNEEZE.

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





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.



SHE TOLD ME THESE TWO ACQUAINTANCES VISITED OFTEN TO HER ON THURSDAY EVENINGS... TODAY WAS MAYBE A MONDAY...

I DON'T GET IT... WASN'T HUNGARY AS DANGEROUS AS POLAND?

NO. FOR A LONGER TIME IT WAS BETTER THERE IN HUNGARY FOR THE JEWS... BUT THEN, NEAR THE VERY FINISH OF THE WAR, THEY ALL GOT PUT ALSO TO AUSCHWITZ.

I WAS THERE, AND I SAW IT. THOUSANDS - HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF JEWS FROM HUNGARY...

SO MANY, IT WASN'T EVEN ROOM ENOUGH TO BURY THEM ALL IN THE OVENS.

BUT AT THAT TIME, WHEN I WAS THERE WITH KAWKA, WE COULDN'T KNOW THEN.

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

OH GOD! OH GOD! MR. SPIEGELMAN. YOU'RE ALIVE! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

MRS. MOTONOWA!

I WANTED TO FIND A NEW CONNECTION TO HIDE US. BUT REALLY I DIDN'T THINK TO FIND AGAIN HER.

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

THE GESTAPO NEVER EVEN CAME TO MY HOUSE. I JUST PANICKED FOR NOTHING. PLEASE COME BACK AGAIN.

ANJA WAS GLAD OF GOING BACK. AND MOTONOWA ALSO - ALWAYS I PAID HER NICELY.

AND THAT SAME NIGHT WE SAID GOODBYE TO KAWKA AND WENT AGAIN TO SZOPIENICE.

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.



SO EACH DAY AND NIGHT WE SAT IN SUCH A STORAGE LOCKER...

IN THE DAYS WE WERE AFRAID TO BREATHE - PEOPLE CAME DOWN OFTEN TO THEIR LOCKERS.

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



TH-THERE ARE RATS DOWN HERE!

SHH-CALM DOWN, STOP SCREAMING.



THOSE AREN'T RATS. THEY'RE VERY SMALL. ONE RAN OVER MY HAND BEFORE. THEY'RE JUST MICE!

OF COURSE, IT WAS REALLY RATS. BUT I WANTED ANJA TO FEEL MORE EASY.



BUT, THEN, MOTONOWA STOPPED TO COME DOWN.
IT'S BEEN 3 DAYS SINCE SHE BROUGHT ANY FOOD.

HERE... HAVE ANOTHER CANDY...

I HAD STILL CANDIES I ORGANIZED ON DEKERTA. ONLY THIS WE HAD TO EAT.

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!

KLIK

THE DOOR.

I'M SORRY I COULDN'T GET DOWN BEFORE - MY HUSBAND IS GETTING SUSPICIOUS.

HE ASKED WHY I GO TO THE CELLAR SO OFTEN. HE EVEN ASKED IF I WAS HIDING JEWS HERE!
...HE WAS JOKING, BUT STILL...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT HERE?

THERE ARE RATS, GIANT RATS! THEY'RE HORRIBLE!

WELL - YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITH THE RATS THAN WITH THE GESTAPO... AT LEAST THE RATS WON'T KILL YOU!

AND SHE WAS RIGHT. WE WERE HAPPY EVEN TO HAVE THESE CONDITIONS.

AFTER THE TEN DAYS HER HUSBAND LEFT, AND SHE TOOK US BACK.

IT'S GOOD TO BE "HOME," EH, VLADEK?

IT'S A LOT NICER THAN THAT CELLAR.

BUT I DIDN'T FEEL SAFE HERE. IT WAS TOO MANY WAYS SOMEBODY COULD FIND US OUT. I WANTED TO GO BETTER TO HUNGARY.

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



THEY RAN SCREAMING HOME.



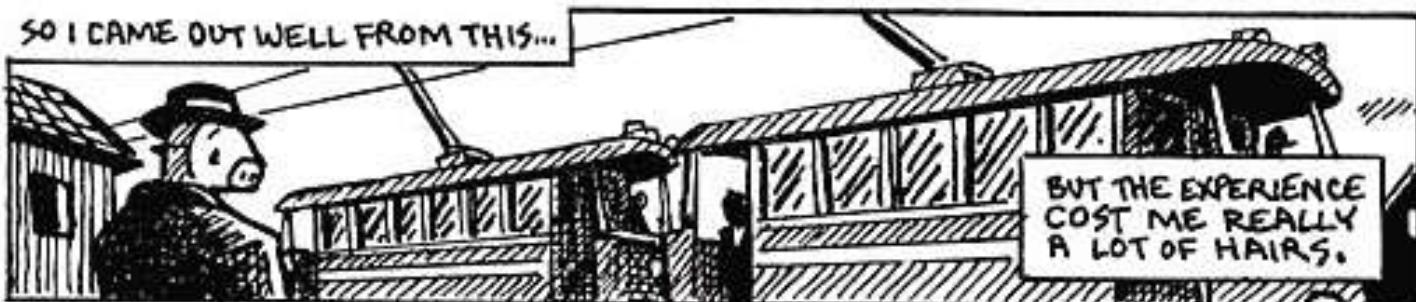
DON'T BE AFRAID, LITTLE ONES.
I'M NOT A JEW. I WON'T HURT YOU.



SORRY, MISTER. YOU KNOW HOW KIDS ARE... HEIL HITLER.



SO I CAME OUT WELL FROM THIS...



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



MR. MANDELBAUM!



MANDELBAUM BEFORE THE WAR OWNED A SWEETS SHOP.

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 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—



BUT WHAT DO WE DO IF THE GESTAPO COMES TO SEARCH FOR ILLEGAL GOODS?
...WHAT IF A NEIGHBOR NOTICES US THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW?...



WHAT IF HER HUSBAND FINDS OUT ABOUT US?
EVEN THE BOY COULD LET SOMETHING SLIP!
...THIS WAR COULD LAST ANOTHER 4 OR 5 YEARS.
WHAT DO WE DO WHEN OUR MONEY RUNS OUT?



IN HUNGARY WE COULD BE FREE TO WALK THE STREETS AGAIN, LIKE HUMAN BEINGS... I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN CARE OF YOU - TRUST ME.



DON'T DO IT, MR. SPIEGELMAN — IT'S JUST NOT SAFE! YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THESE SMUGGLERS.



WE WON'T GO UNLESS WE HEAR THAT OUR FRIEND GOT THROUGH.

I'VE HAD AWFUL NIGHTMARES ABOUT YOUR TRIP - PLEASE STAY WITH ME!



WAIT - NOW WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

- TO VISIT MY COUSIN AND SEE WHERE HE'S HIDING. IF WE DO GO TO HUNGARY, HE MAY BE BETTER OFF HERE WITH YOU!



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

I WENT TO THE JANITOR BY TROLLEY

HELLO- I'M
MILOCH'S COUSIN,
VLADEK.

YES, HE TOLD
ME YOU
MIGHT COME.

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 GESTA-
PO ABOUT THE JEWS YOU'RE KEEPING!!

R-RELAX
FELLOWS.

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.



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 AR-
RANGED. I'VE EVEN
GIVEN THEM HALF
THEIR MONEY!

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

WH-WHAT
DID IT
SAY?

"DEAR AUNT AND UNCLE,
EVERYTHING IS WON-
DERFUL HERE. I AR-
IVED 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 KA-
TOWICE TRAIN STATION.

AND FINALLY I
CONVINCED HER.

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

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

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

WE CAME WITH NO PROBLEM
BY TROLLEY CAR TO OUR MEET-
ING POINT WITH THE MANDEL-
BAUMS AND THE SMUGGLERS.

EVERYTHING IS
ARRANGED. HERE
ARE YOUR TICKETS.



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

WHAT'S THIS?
SHOE POLISH??

YES. I LIKE
TO KEEP
MYSELF NEAT.

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

WELL, WELL.. A GOLD WATCH.
YOU JEWS ALWAYS HAVE GOLD!

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.



WHY DON'T THEY PUT US TO
WORK LIKE THE REST OF YOU?

IT MEANS YOU
WON'T BE HERE
VERY LONG...



...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.



I KNEW WELL TO WRITE
GERMAN...SO I WROTE...

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
A PRESENT FOR YOU... EGGS?! CAKE ???
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

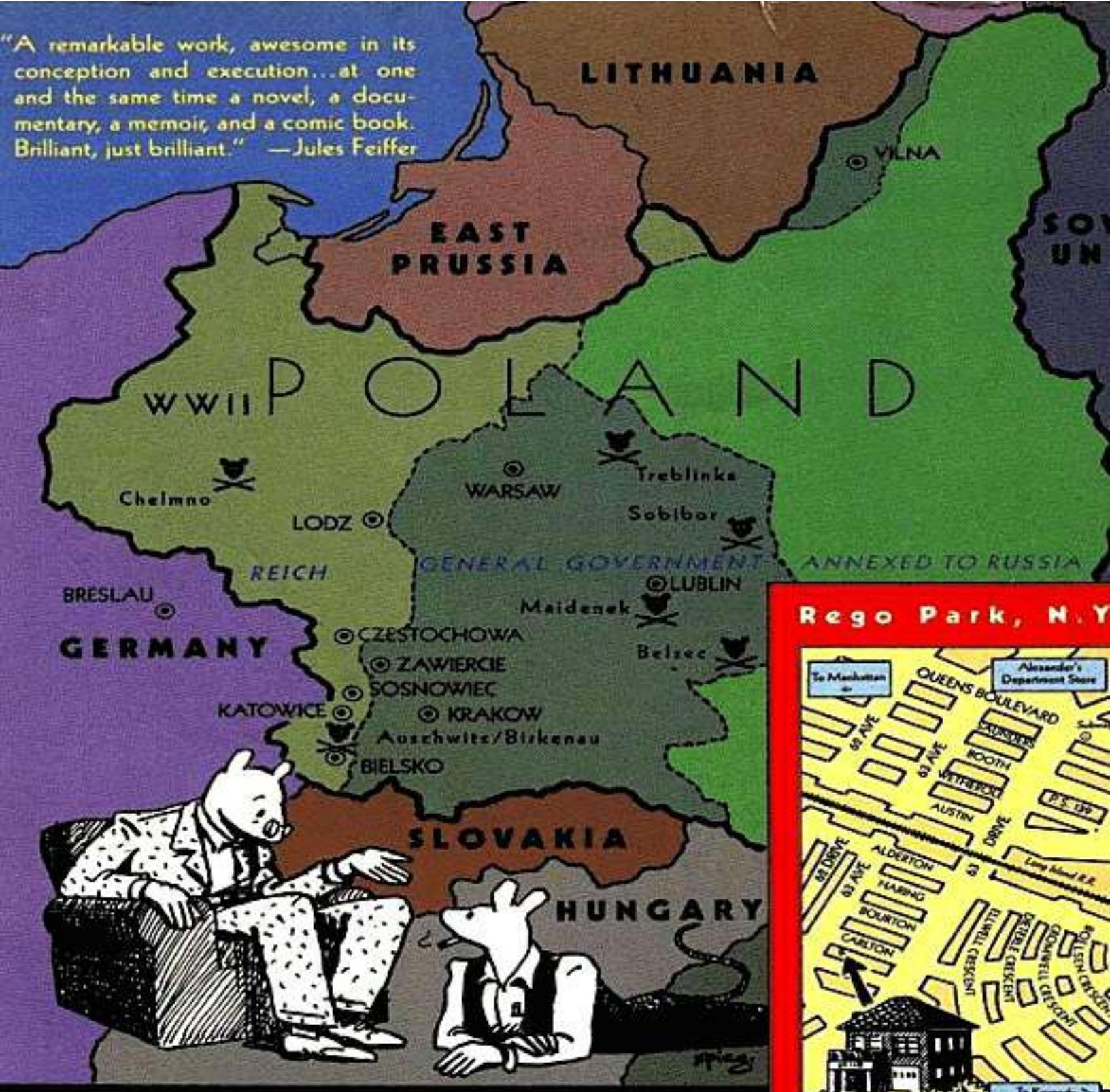
"A very moving book about a subject so terrible it is almost impossible to comprehend. *Maus* proves that the strip cartoon is a medium just as good as the novel or film. A great achievement" — Raymond Briggs



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."

Cover illustration and design by Art Spiegelman

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