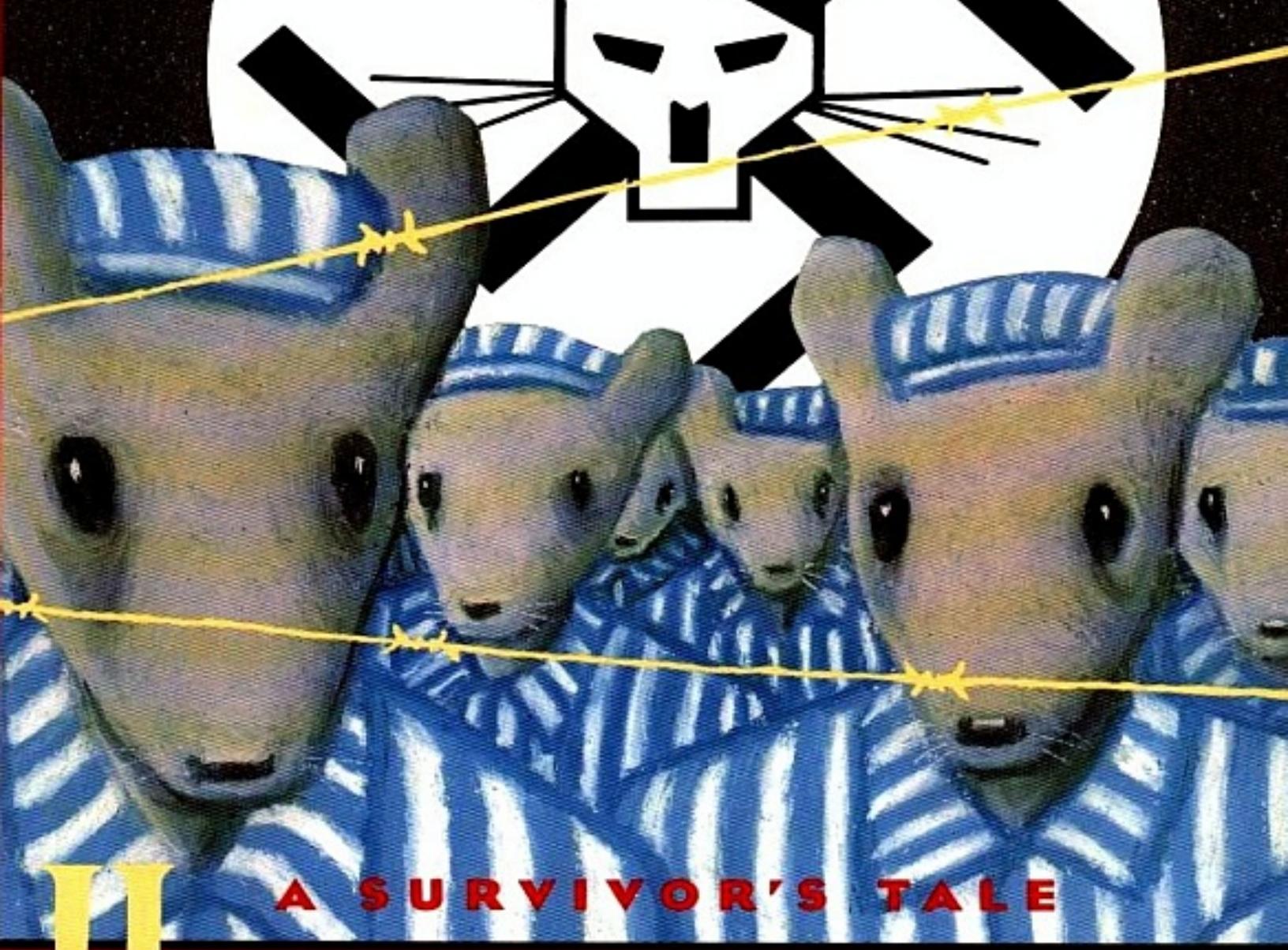


art spiegelman

MAUSS



II A SURVIVOR'S TALE

AND HERE MY TROUBLES BEGAN



Acclaimed as a "quiet triumph"** and a "brutally moving work of art,"*** the first volume of Art Spiegelman's *Maus* introduced readers to Vladek Spiegelman, a Jewish survivor of Hitler's Europe, and his son, a cartoonist trying 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. As the *New York Times Book Review* commented, "[it is] a remarkable feat of documentary detail and novelistic vividness...an unfolding literary event."

This long-awaited sequel, subtitled *And Here My Troubles Began*, moves us from the barracks of Auschwitz to the bungalows of the Catskills. Genuinely tragic and comic by turns, it attains a complexity of theme and a precision of thought new to comics and rare in any medium. *Maus* ties together two powerful stories: Vladek's harrowing tale of survival against all odds, delineating the paradox of daily life in the death camps, and the author's account of his tortured relationship with his aging father.

Vladek's troubled remarriage, minor arguments between father and son, and life's everyday disappointments are all set against a backdrop of history too large to pacify. At every level this is the ultimate survivor's tale—and that too of the children who somehow survive even the survivors.



MAUS



Banane



PANTHEON BOOKS

AUSS

A SURVIVOR'S TALE

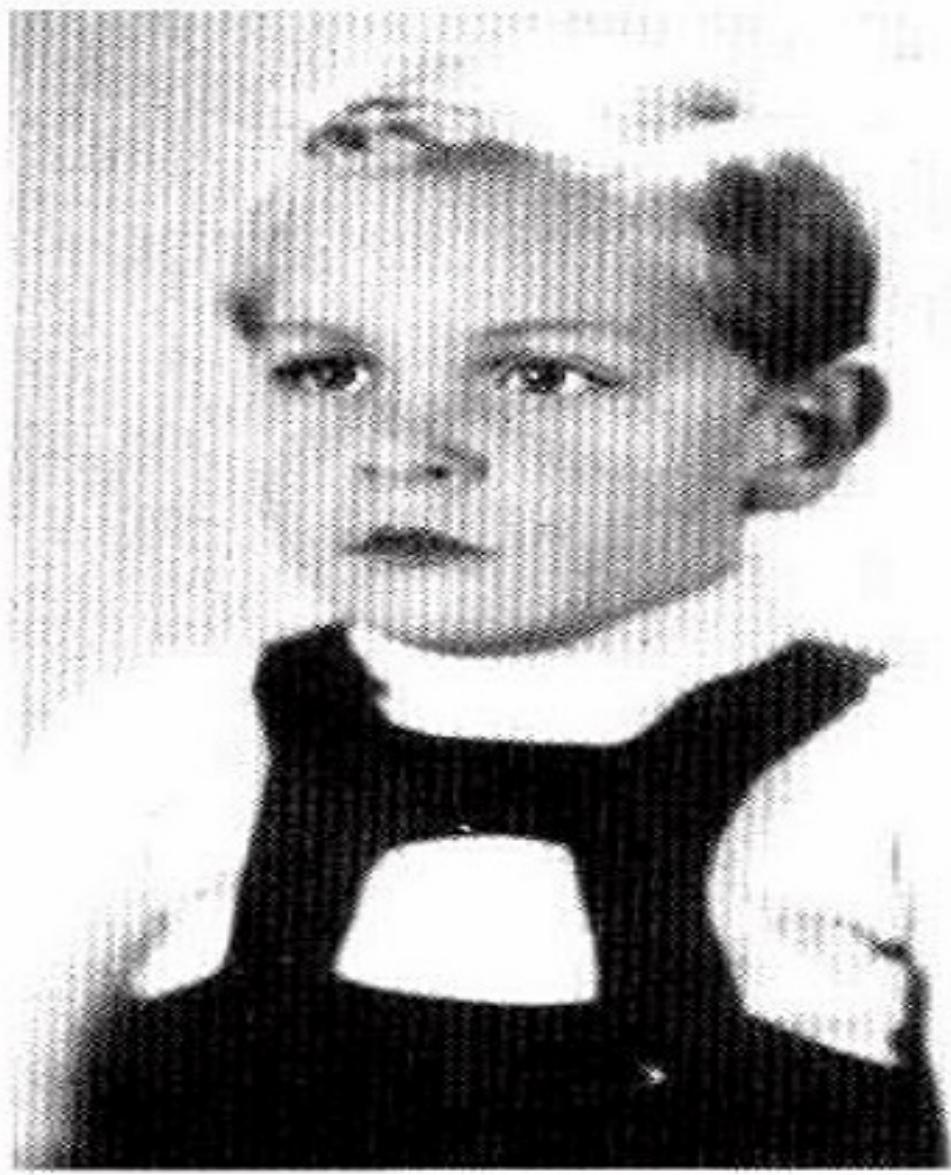
III

AND HERE
MY TROUBLES
BEGAN

art spiegelman

O K S N E W Y O R K

F O R R I C H I E U

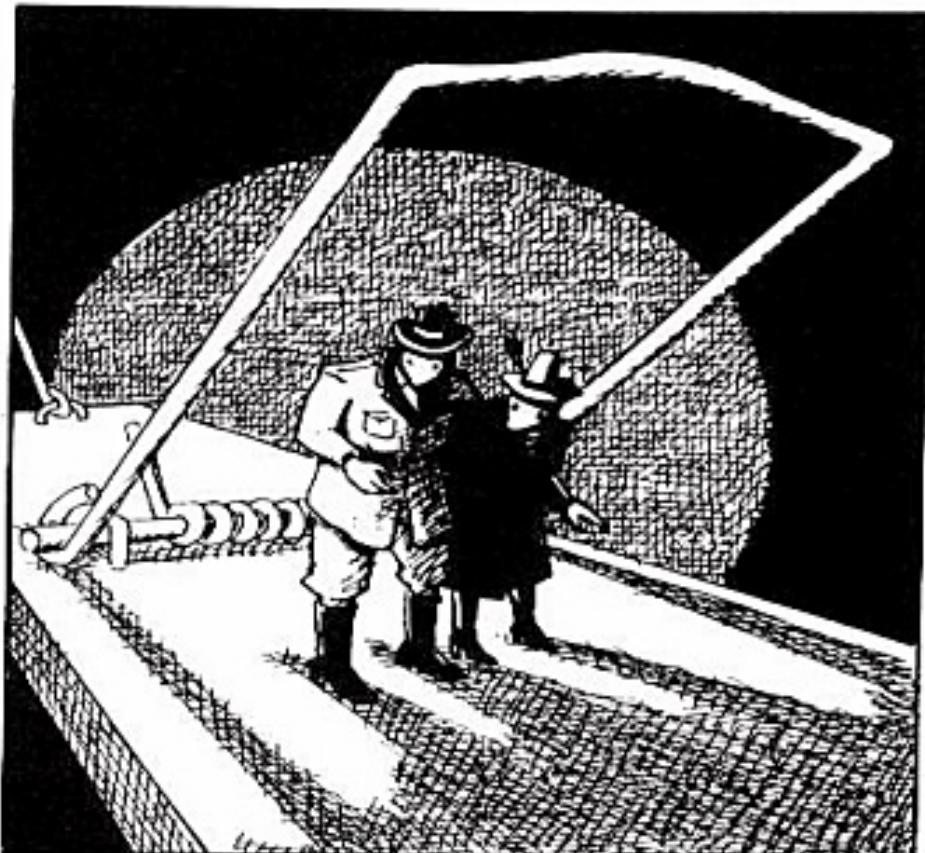


A N D F O R N A D J A



ART SPIEGELMAN, a cartoonist born after WW II, is working on a book about what happened to his parents as Jews in wartime Poland. He has made a series of visits to his childhood home in Rego Park, N.Y., to record his father's memories. Art's mother,

Anja, committed suicide in 1968. Art becomes furious when he learns that his father, VLADEK, has burned Anja's wartime memoirs. Vladek is remarried to Mala, another survivor. She complains often of his stinginess and lack of concern for her. Vladek, a diabetic who has suffered two heart attacks, is in poor health.



In Poland, Vladek had been a small-time textile salesman. In 1937 he married Anja Zylberberg, the youngest daughter of a wealthy Sosnowiec hosiery family. They had a son, Richie, who died during the war. Forced first into ghettos, then into hiding, Vladek and Anja tried to escape to Hungary with their prewar acquaint-

ances, the Mandelbaums, whose nephew, Abraham, had attested in a letter that the escape route was safe. They were caught and, in March, 1944, they were brought to the gates of Auschwitz.

AND HERE MY TROUBLES BEGAN

(FROM MAUSCHWITZ TO THE CATSKILLS AND BEYOND)

CONTENTS

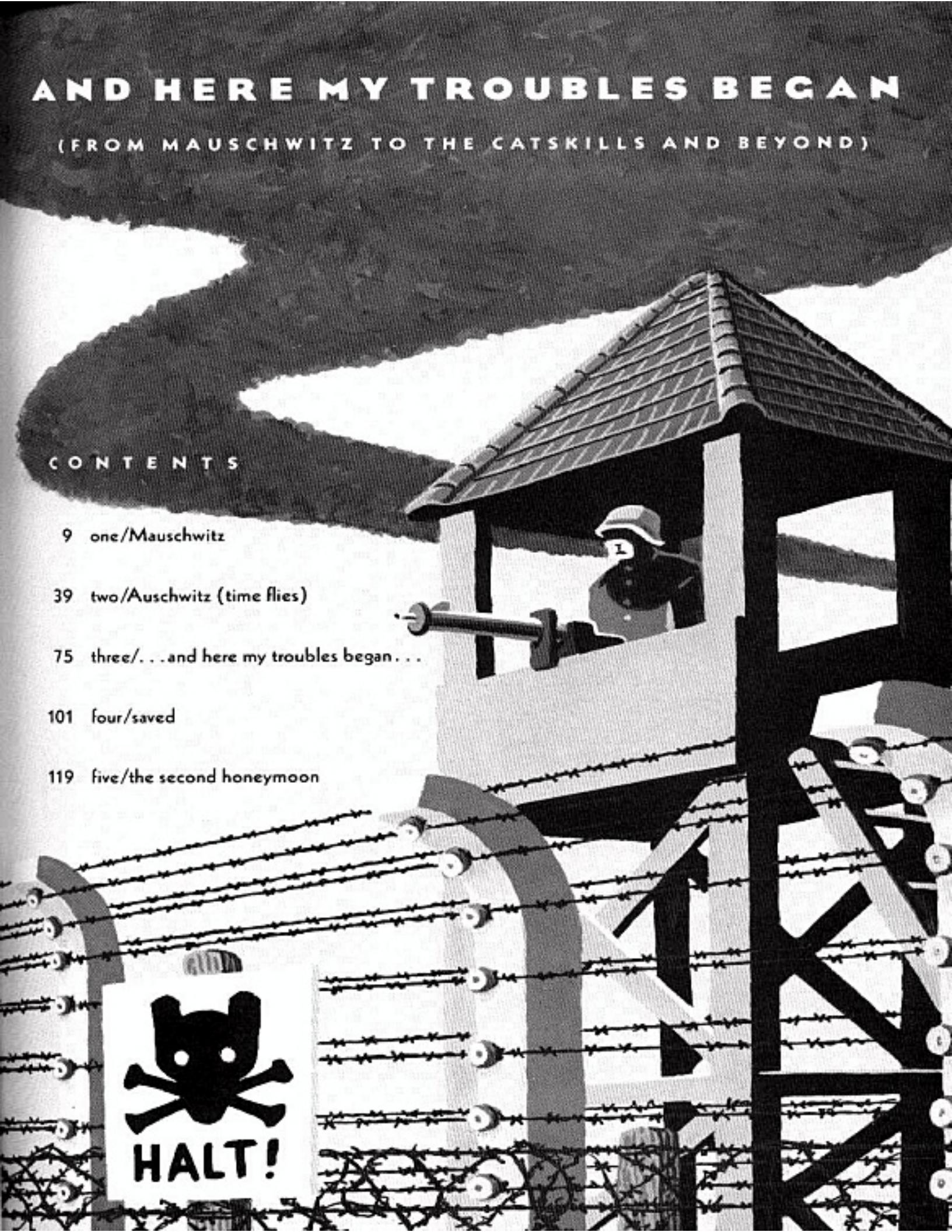
9 one/Mauschwitz

39 two/Auschwitz (time flies)

75 three/...and here my troubles began...

101 four/saved

119 five/the second honeymoon





Summer vacation. Françoise and I were staying with friends in Vermont ...



I'VE GOT IT!...PANEL ONE:
MY FATHER IS ON HIS
EXERCYCLE...



I TELL HIM I JUST
MARRIED A FROG...



PANEL TWO: HE FALLS
OFF HIS CYCLE IN SHOCK.



SO, YOU AND I GO TO A
MOUSE RABBI. HE SAYS
A FEW MAGIC WORDS
AND ZAP! ...



BY THE END OF THE PAGE
THE FROG HAS TURNED
INTO A BEAUTIFUL MOUSE!



I ONLY CON-
VERTED TO
MAKE VLADEK
HAPPY.

YEAH. BUT
NOTHING
CAN MAKE
HIM HAPPY.



YOU KNOW, YOU SHOULD HAVE
MARRIED WHAT'S-HER-NAME?
THE GIRL YOU WERE SEEING
WHEN WE FIRST MET? ...

SANDRA?



YES. THEN YOU
COULD JUST
DRAW MICE.
NO PROBLEM.

C'MON. I JUST DATED HER
TO GET OVER MY PREJUDICE
AGAINST MIDDLE-CLASS,
NEW YORK, JEWISH WOMEN.



THEY REMIND ME TOO MUCH OF MY
RELATIVES TO BE EROTIC, SO I JUST-

ART!
FRANÇOISE!!



HURRY-YOUR FATHER
JUST PHONED US! HE
HAD A HEART ATTACK!

WHAT?

OH
NO!



HE LEFT
THIS
NUMBER
TO CALL.

WE JUST SAW HIM LAST WEEK...ON THE
WAY UP HERE WE STOPPED AT THEIR
BUNGALOW IN THE CATSKILLS...
HE LOOKED FINE...

HI, POP... HOW ARE YOU?
HOW COME YOU'RE NOT
IN A HOSPITAL?...

HUH?

BUT-? YOU DIDN'T?
YOU'RE NOT?! BUT
WHY DID YOU-? SHE DID?

BUT WHEN?? WHAT???
I CAN'T HEAR YOU. SPEAK UP.
...NO,... DON'T CRY, POP...

JEEZIS. I GUESS SO...
TONIGHT?? I DUNNO. UM...
OKAY, OKAY. WE'LL TALK
ABOUT IT THEN...

JUST RELAX... OKAY...
WILL YOU BE ALRIGHT?
YES... I -UM- LOVE YOU TOO.
...SEE YOU SOON... G'BYE...

WHEW.

WHAT IS IT?
WHAT HAPPENED??

IS YOUR
FATHER OKAY?

HE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE
A HEART ATTACK...

HE JUST WANTED TO BE
SURE I'D CALL HIM BACK!

YOU'RE
KIDDING!

HOW COULD HE
DO SUCH A THING!

MALA LEFT HIM. SHE TOOK MONEY OUT
OF THEIR ACCOUNT AND DROVE OFF.

HE WANTS US TO STAY
WITH HIM AT HIS BUN-
GALOW FOR A WHILE.

I-I GUESS WE
HAVE TO GO.

I GUESS SO.



I WONDER IF RICHIEU
AND I WOULD GET ALONG
IF HE WAS STILL ALIVE.

YOUR
BROTHER?

MY GHOST-BROTHER, SINCE HE
GOT KILLED BEFORE I WAS BORN.
HE WAS ONLY FIVE OR SIX.

AFTER THE WAR MY PARENTS TRACED
DOWN THE VAGUEST RUMORS, AND
WENT TO ORPHANAGES ALL OVER EUROPE.
THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE HE WAS DEAD.

I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT HIM MUCH
WHEN I WAS GROWING UP... HE WAS
MAINLY A LARGE, BLURRY PHOTOGRAPH
HANGING IN MY PARENTS' BEDROOM.

UH-HUH. I THOUGHT
THAT WAS A PICTURE
OF YOU, THOUGH IT
DIDN'T LOOK LIKE YOU.

THAT'S THE POINT.
THEY DIDN'T NEED
PHOTOS OF ME
IN THEIR ROOM...
I WAS ALIVE!...

THE PHOTO NEVER THREW TANTRUMS
OR GOT IN ANY KIND OF TROUBLE...
IT WAS AN IDEAL KID, AND I WAS A
PAIN IN THE ASS. I COULDN'T COMPETE.

THEY DIDN'T TALK ABOUT RICHIEU, BUT
THAT PHOTO WAS A KIND OF REPROACH.
HE'D HAVE BECOME A DOCTOR, AND MAR-
RIED A WEALTHY JEWISH GIRL... THE CREEP.

BUT AT LEAST WE COULD'VE MADE
HIM GO DEAL WITH VLADEK.
...IT'S SPOOKY, HAVING SIBLING
RIVALRY WITH A SNAPSHOT!

I NEVER FELT GUILTY ABOUT RICHIEU. BUT I DID HAVE NIGHTMARES ABOUT SS. MEN COMING INTO MY CLASS AND DRAGGING ALL US JEWISH KIDS AWAY.



DON'T GET ME WRONG. I WASN'T OBSESSED WITH THIS STUFF ... IT'S JUST THAT SOMETIMES I'D FANTASIZE ZYKLON B COMING OUT OF OUR SHOWER INSTEAD OF WATER.



I KNOW THIS IS INSANE, BUT I SOMEHOW WISH I HAD BEEN IN AUSCHWITZ WITH MY PARENTS SO I COULD REALLY KNOW WHAT THEY LIVED THROUGH!

...I GUESS IT'S SOME KIND OF GUILT ABOUT HAVING HAD AN EASIER LIFE THAN THEY DID.



SIGH.

I FEEL SO INADEQUATE TRYING TO RECONSTRUCT A REALITY THAT WAS WORSE THAN MY DARKEST DREAMS.



AND TRYING TO DO IT AS A COMIC STRIP! I GUESS I BIT OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW. MAYBE I OUGHT TO FORGET THE WHOLE THING.



THERE'S SO MUCH I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND OR VISUALIZE. I MEAN, REALITY IS TOO COMPLEX FOR COMICS... SO MUCH HAS TO BE LEFT OUT OR DISTORTED.



JUST KEEP IT HONEST, HONEY.

SEE WHAT I MEAN... IN REAL LIFE YOU'D NEVER HAVE LET ME TALK THIS LONG WITHOUT INTERRUPTING.

HMMPH.
LIGHT ME A CIGARETTE.



And so, the Catskills...

HE SAID HE'D LEAVE THE KEY ABOVE THE-AH.
THERE IT IS!

ARTIE?

COSMOPOLITAN
BUNGALOWS

YAWN. SO, DARLINGS - YOU CAME
FINALLY. I WAITED AND I WAITED
AND I COULDN'T SLEEP.

EMERGENCY
OXYGEN UNIT.

YOU SEE HOW IT IS NOW, ARTIE. SHE
TOOK MY MONEY AND SHE RAN AWAY.
OY! HOW COULD SHE DO IT, TO LEAVE
SUCH A SICK MAN LIKE ME ALONE??

BUT NOW, AT LEAST, I'M HAPPY I
HAVE HERE YOU "KIDS" TO STAY
TOGETHER WITH ME...

LOOK HOW NICE I MADE FOR YOU A
BED. FOR THE WHOLE SUMMER,
YOU CAN BE COMFORTABLE HERE!

HEY! WE'RE JUST STAYING
FOR A FEW DAYS, POP. WE-

WELL! IN THE MORNING WE
CAN SPEAK MORE - BUT
NOW YOU CAN MAKE YOUR-
SELF AT HOME, SO AS LIKE
IT'S YOUR OWN.

G'NIGHT, POP.

(MY GOD. DOES
HE EXPECT US
TO STAY HERE
ALL SUMMER?)

(I GUESS SO. IF HE
HAD HIS WAY WE'D
MOVE TO QUEENS
WITH HIM TOO. HE-)

PLEASE!
I'M SO TIRED
FROM WAITING
'TIL YOU CAME.
TOMORROW
YOU CAN TALK!

SUCH A SUNNY DAY
AND STILL YOU'RE
BOTH SLEEPING??

WHU?
WHATIME IZZIT?

IT'S ALMOST 8:00, AND ALREADY I'VE
MADE FOR A HALF HOUR ON THE PORCH
MY GYMNASTICS. SINCE I WAS A BOY
I'VE MADE EVERY DAY MY EXERCISES...

AT FIRST THE NEIGHBORS TRIED
TO MAKE EXERCISES WITH ME,
BUT THEY COULDN'T KEEP UP...
SO NOW ONLY THEY WATCH!

IS
THERE
ANY
COFFEE?

MALA HAD HERE SOME INSTANT COFFEE...
TOMORROW WE'LL EXERCISE TOGETHER.

WHA? MY ONLY EXERCISE IS
WALKING OUT FOR CIGARETTES!
--INSTANT COFFEE'LL HAVE TO DO.

YOU HAVE TO HURRY NOW TO GET READY...
TODAY I NEED YOU'LL HELP ME TO PREPARE
MY BANK AND TAX PAPERS- MALA LEFT
THEM IN A MESS, YOU CAN'T IMAGINE!

YAH - HERE I HAVE IT. IT'S THE
CAFFEINE-FREE KIND OF COFFEE.

GROAN. UM. HAVE YOU
SEEN MY PANTS?

ALL YOUR THINGS I PUT
ALREADY IN ORDER
IN THE BUREAU, THERE.

WELL...
THANKS FOR
NOT THROW-
ING THEM OUT.

WAKE UP, HONEY. I'VE GOT BAD NEWS.
THE ONLY COFFEE HERE IS SANKA!

UNF? I BROUGHT OUR
COFFEE AND OUR POT.
LOOK IN MY BAG.

ACH!









A few tense hours later...





BUT YOU UNDER-
STAND, NEVER
ANJA AND I
WERE SEPARATED!

NO??

NO! THE WAR PUT US
APART. BUT ALWAYS,
BEFORE AND AFTER,
WE WERE TOGETHER.

NOT SO LIKE
MALA, WHAT
GRABS OUT
MY MONEY! -

AUSCHWITZ,
POP. TELL
ME ABOUT
AUSCHWITZ.

AUSCHWITZ WAS IN A TOWN
CALLED OSWIECIM. BEFORE
THE WAR I CAME OFTEN
HERE TO SELL MY TEXTILES.

...AND NOW,
I CAME AGAIN.

WE CAME TO A BIG HALL
AND THEY SHOUTED ON US.

GET UNDRESSED!
LEAVE YOUR VALUABLES!
LINE UP! SCHNELL!

I WAS, AT THAT TIME, STILL
WITH MY FRIEND MANDELBAUM.

THEY TOOK FROM US OUR PAPERS, OUR CLOTHES AND OUR HAIR--

(PSST- WH-WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US?)

(DON'T WORRY..)

WE WERE COLD, AND WE WERE AFRAID.

(IF THEY BROUGHT YOU
HERE, THEY'LL PUT YOU
TO WORK. THEY'RE NOT
READY TO KILL YOU YET.)

(WHAT ABOUT
OUR WIVES
AND OUR -)

SHUT UP, YIDS! TO THE
BATH HOUSE. QUICK!

EVERWHERE WE HAD TO RUN - SO LIKE JOGGERS - AND THEY RAN US TO THE SAUNA ...

IT'S FREEZING!

JUST THANK
GOD IT'S NOT GAS!

HERE IT WAS THE LIVE SHOWERS, NOT THE DEAD
GAS SHOWERS WHAT WE HEARD SOMETIMES RUMORS.

IN THE SNOW THEY THREW TO US PRISONERS CLOTHINGS.

ONE GUY TRIED TO EXCHANGE.

SCHNELL! SCHNELL! SCHNELL!

THEY NEVER EVEN LOOKED
ON WHAT SIZE THEY THREW.

E-EXCUSE ME. THESE
SHOES ARE TOO SMALL.

MAYBE NOW
THEY'LL FIT!

THE SHOES WERE
WOOD SHOES!

I WAS A LUCKY ONE. EVERYTHING FITTED ME A LITTLE.
ONLY THE SHIRT WAS TORN AND TOO BIG FOR ME ...

THEY REGISTERED US IN...
THEY TOOK FROM US OUR NAMES.
AND HERE THEY PUT
ME MY NUMBER.

175113

ALL AROUND WAS A SMELL SO TERRIBLE, I CAN'T EXPLAIN...
SWEETISH... SO LIKE RUBBER BURNING. AND FAT.



HERE WAS ABRAHAM -
MANDELBAUM'S NEPHEW!



WE NEWCOMERS WERE PUT INSIDE A ROOM.
OLD-TIMERS PASSED AND SAID ALL THE SAME.



I WAS WORN AND SHIVERING AND CRYING A LITTLE.



BUT FROM ANOTHER ROOM SOMEONE APPROACHED OVER



FOR ME IT WAS HARD HERE,
BUT FOR MY FRIEND MANDEL-
BAUM IT WAS MORE HARD.



IN SOSNOWIEC, EVERYONE
KNEW MANDELBAUM.
HE WAS OLDER AS ME...
NICE...A VERY RICH MAN...



...BUT NOW, IN AUSCHWITZ, MANDELBAUM WAS A MESS.



CAN I USE YOUR SPOON,
VLADEK?

OF COURSE,
BUT WHERE'S
YOURS?



I DROPPED IT, AND BY THE TIME I BENT DOWN, SOMEONE STOLE IT.

FOR A SPOON YOU COULD GET A HALF DAY'S BREAD.



BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
I ONLY HAVE TWO HANDS!



I SPILLED MOST OF MY SOUP, TOO. WHEN I ASKED FOR MORE, THEY BEAT ME!

MY GOD. PLEASE GOD...
HELP ME FIND A PIECE OF STRING AND A SHOE THAT FITS!



SO, MANDELBAUM AND I WERE TWO IN A BED.
WE DIDN'T KNOW WHY, SINCE IT WAS SPACES LEFT.



BUT A DAY AFTER, THEY PUSHED IN A SHIPMENT OF MAYBE 400 MORE JEWS THERE.



IT WAS ROOM HARDLY
TO MOVE. ONLY TO GO
DOWN TO THE TOILET WAS
15 MINUTES WALKING ON
THE UNLUCKY ONES
SLEEPING ON THE FLOOR.



AND COMING BACK I COULDN'T
FIND AGAIN WHERE IS MY BED.

IN THE BARRACK WAS A KAPO - A SUPERVISOR - HE
WAS SCREAMING AND KICKING, WHATEVER HE COULD.



LINE UP IN ROWS OF FIVE, YOU SHITS!
STAND STRAIGHT!



HE WAS ALSO A PRISONER,
A PEASANT FROM THE
GERMAN PART OF POLAND.



NOW LIE ON YOUR
BELLIES. QUICK!



STAND UP!
LIE DOWN!



STAND UP!
FASTER!



LIE DOWN!



WE DID SUCH "SPORT" ALL DAY - KICKING, HITTING,
YELLING - 'TIL SOME DROPPED DEAD. THEN MORE.

ONE TIME THIS BLOCK SUPERVISOR STARTED SCREAMING ON US:

WHO KNOWS ENGLISH?
RAISE YOUR HAND!

(YOU SHOULD
RAISE YOUR
HAND, VLADEK.)

(NO...)

(I DON'T WANT TO GET TOO
CLOSE TO HIS STICK.)

BESIDES, LOOK AT ALL
THE HANDS UP ALREADY...)

MANY FRENCH JEWS HERE
KNEW TO SPEAK ENGLISH.

HE TOOK THEM APART - BUT SENT THEM SOON BACK.

IT WAS 8 OR 9 OF US. EACH HAD TO SPEAK A FEW WORDS.

WHO KNOWS ENGLISH
AND POLISH?

NOW IT WAS VERY FEW
HANDS, SO I APPROACHED.

WHERE... 1ST... DER PEN?...

DER PEN IST... IN... DER TABLE...

NEXT.

WHAT I HEARD THE OTHERS
SPEAK I SAW I HAD A CHANCE.

I SPOKE ONLY ENGLISH TO HIM: FOR POLISH, I HAD A GOOD ENGLISH

YES, I GAVE PRIVATE LESSONS
OF ENGLISH WHEN I LIVED
THEN IN CZESTOCHOWA.

YOU MANAGED TO GET THE
BERLITZ BOOKS HERE!
YOU STUDIED ALREADY
TO CONJUGATE VERBS?

LISTEN. THERE ARE TOO MANY
PRISONERS HERE. THE SS WILL
LINE YOU ALL UP TOMORROW.
...BE SURE TO STAND
ON THE FAR LEFT.

HE WANTED TO LEARN
HERE ENGLISH!

AND HE KEPT ME
ASIDE THE REST.

IN THE MORNING, THE S.S. CHOSE WHO TO TAKE FOR THE DAY TO WORK. WEAK ONES THEY PUT ON THE SIDE TO TAKE AWAY FOREVER. BEFORE THEY CAME TO ME, THEY TOOK ENOUGH.



THE KAPO PUSHED THOSE REMAINING TO CLEAN UP IN THE BLOCK.



IT MUST BE IT'S HIS BREAKFAST. SEE HOW HAPPY HE HAS IT HERE!

I WAS AFRAID TO LOOK. I WAS SO HUNGRY, I COULD GRAB ALL OF IT!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? SIT DOWN AND EAT!



I ATE, ATE, ATE AS HE WATCHED. THEN I TAUGHT HIM A COUPLE HOURS AND WE SPOKE A LITTLE.

BUT WHY ARE YOU STUDYING ENGLISH?

I SPEAK GERMAN AS WELL AS POLISH - THAT'S WHY I'M A KAPO. OTHERWISE I'D BE A NOTHING LIKE YOU...

NOW THE ALLIES ARE BOMBING THE REICH. IF THEY WIN THIS WAR, IT WILL BE WORTH SOMETHING TO KNOW ENGLISH!



WELL, THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY. COME WITH ME.

TAKE OFF ALL YOUR CLOTHES.
CHOOSE THINGS THAT FIT.

SO I TOOK MYSELF CLOTHES LIKE TAILORED.

I GOT ALSO A PAIR REAL SHOES - NOT WOOD BUT LEATHER

ALWAYS I WAS HANDSOME...
BUT WITH EVERYTHING FITTED, I LOOKED LIKE A MILLION!

...COULD I ALSO TAKE THIS EXTRA PAIR OF SHOES,
A BELT AND A SPOON FOR-

WHAT?!

YOU JEW! YOU'VE ONLY BEEN HERE A FEW DAYS AND YOU'RE READY TO DO BUSINESS?!

I HAVE TO ACCOUNT FOR EVERY PAIR OF SHOES IN HERE!

I-I DON'T WANT TO MAKE TROUBLE. YOU'VE BEEN SO KIND TO ME... IT WAS FOR MY FRIEND...

WELL... I COULD "LOSE" THE BELT AND SPOON - BUT BRING ME YOUR FRIEND'S OLD SHOES TOMORROW - OR ELSE!

I EXPLAINED HIM EVERYTHING ABOUT MANDELBAUM,

I'M TELLING YOU - I WAS AMAZING WELL-OFF!

I RAN TO FIND
MANDELBAUM...

VLADEK!!!

YOU LOOK LIKE
A... A GENERAL!

HAH! NOT QUITE. BUT I'VE
BEEN LUCKY, AND I DIDN'T
FORGET YOU...



LOOK. I GOT YOU
YOUR OWN SPOON.

A SPOON! THANK
YOU, VLADEK, THANK YOU.

AND HERE'S A BELT - NOT
JUST STRING - A REAL BELT!

OH
MY
GOD!



AND ONE MORE THING:
A PAIR OF WOODEN SHOES
THAT WILL FIT YOU!

; gasp =

SOB

MY GOD. MY GOD. MY GOD...
IT'S A MIRACLE, VLADEK.

GOD SENT SHOES
THROUGH YOU.

...HE WAS SO HAPPY, HE WAS CRYING...
AND I STARTED ALSO CRYING WITH HIM.

HE WAS SO HAPPY WITH THIS.

...AND THE KAPO KNEW
MANDELBAUM WAS MY FRIEND
SO HE LEFT HIM ALSO ALONE.

HOW LONG I COULD, I KEPT HIM. BUT A FEW DAYS LATER,
THE GERMANS CHOSE HIM TO TAKE AWAY TO WORK...



SO YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO MANDELBAUM?

HE GOT KILLED. OR HE DIED. I KNOW THEY FINISHED HIM.

MAYBE ON THE WALK TO WORK, A GUARD GRABBED HIS CAP AWAY.

GO GET YOUR CAP-QUICK!

SO WHAT COULD HE DO? HE RAN TO PICK IT UP. AND THE GUARD SHOT ON HIM FOR TRYING TO ESCAPE.

THE GUARD GOT A CONGRATULATIONS AND A FEW DAY'S VACATION FOR STOPPING THE ESCAPE.

I DONT KNOW IF THIS WAS HOW IT WAS WITH MANDELBAUM - ONLY THAT VERY OFTEN THEY DID SO...

THEY WANTED ONLY TO FINISH EVERYONE OUT. IT WAS VERY HARD WORK AND VERY LITTLE FOOD.

...MAYBE THEY KICKED AND HIT HIM IN HIS HEAD BECAUSE HE COULDN'T WORK FAST ENOUGH.

...OR MAYBE HE GOT SICK. SO THEY PUT HIM FIRST IN THE "HOSPITAL" AND THEN IN THE OVEN...

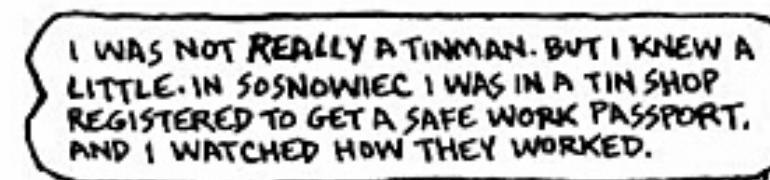
YOU SEE HOW THEY DID? AND I HAD IT STILL HAPPY THERE. FOR ME IT WAS NOT YET THE END.

NEWCOMERS WERE AFRAID FROM ME. I LOOKED LIKE A BIG SHOT AND THE KAPO KEPT ME CLOSE.

THEY'LL WANT 200 WORKERS TOMORROW. I'VE ONLY GOT 180 STILL REGISTERED HERE. ... YOU'D BETTER HIDE IN MY ROOM...

FOR OVER TWO MONTHS I STAYED HERE SAFE AND TAUGHT TO HIM ENGLISH.

OF THE GROUP WHEN I ARRIVED, ONLY I REMAINED...



ALWAYS AROUND AUSCHWITZ THEY WERE BUILDING. TO THE ROOFS THEY NEEDED GOOD TINMEN.







C H A P T E R T W O

AUSCHWITZ

(TIME FLIES)



Time flies...

Vladek died of congestive heart failure on August 18, 1982...

Françoise and I stayed with him in the Catskills back in August 1979.



Vladek started working as a tinman in Auschwitz in the spring of 1944...

I started working on this page at the very end of February 1987.



In May 1987 Françoise and I are expecting a baby...

Between May 16, 1944, and May 24, 1944 over 100,000 Hungarian Jews were gassed

in Auschwitz...



In September 1986, after 8 years of work, the first part of MAUS was published. It was a critical and commercial success.



At least fifteen foreign editions are coming out. I've gotten 4 serious offers to turn my book into a T.V. special or movie. (I don't wanna.)

In May 1968 my mother killed herself. (She left no note.)

Lately I've been feeling depressed.



Alright Mr. Spiegelman... We're ready to shoot!!!

Tell our viewers what message you want them to get from your book?



I never thought of reducing it to a message. I mean, I wasn't trying to CONVINCE anybody of anything. I just wanted-



=whew.=
they're gone. Sometimes I just don't
feel like a functioning adult.



I can't believe I'm gonna be a
father in a couple of months.
My father's ghost still
hangs over me.

* NADJA MOULY
SPIEGELMAN.
BORN 5/3/87

It's 9:30 pm. already. I've gotta head
uptown for my appointment with Pavel.



He's a Czech Jew, a survivor of Terezin
and Auschwitz. I see him once a week.



His place is overrun with
stray dogs and cats.



So, how
are you
feeling?
Completely messed up. I mean,
things couldn't be going better
with my "career," or at home,
but mostly I feel like crying.



I can't work. My time is being sucked up
by interviews and business propositions
I can't deal with.



But even when I'm left alone I'm totally
BLOCKED. Instead of working on my book
I just lie on my couch for hours and stare
at a small grease spot on the upholstery.



Somehow my arguments with my father have lost a little of their urgency... and Auschwitz just seems too scary to think about... so I just LIE there ...



It sounds like you're feeling remorse-maybe you believe you exposed your father to ridicule. Maybe. But I tried to be fair and still show how angry I felt.



Even so, EVERY boy when he's little, looks up to his father.

That sounds true, but it's hard for me to remember.



Mainly I remember ARGUING with him... and being told that I couldn't do anything as well as he could.

And now that you're becoming successful, you feel bad about proving your father wrong.



No matter what I accomplish, it doesn't seem like much compared to surviving Auschwitz.

But you weren't in Auschwitz... you were in Rego Park.



Maybe your father needed to show that he was always right - that he could always SURVIVE - because he felt GUILTY about surviving.



And he took his guilt out on YOU, where it was safe... on the REAL survivor.

um... Tell me, do you feel any guilt about surviving the camps?



No... just sadness.



So, do you ADMIRE your father for surviving?

Well... sure. I know there was a lot of LUCK involved, but he WAS amazingly present-minded and resourceful...



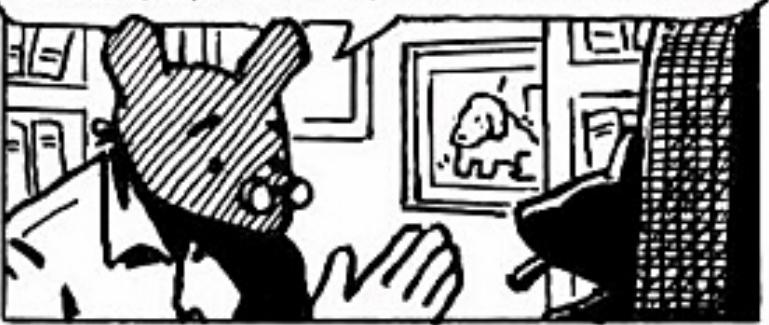
Then you think it's admirable to survive. Does that mean it's NOT admirable to NOT survive?

whoosh.

I-I think I see what you mean. It's as if life equals winning, so death equals losing.



Yes. Life always takes the side of life, and somehow the victims are blamed. But it wasn't the BEST people who survived, nor did the best ones die. It was RANDOM!



Sigh. I'm not talking about YOUR book now, but look at how many books have already been written about the Holocaust. What's the point? People haven't changed...

Maybe they need a newer, bigger Holocaust.



Anyway, the victims who died can never tell THEIR side of the story, so maybe it's better not to have any more stories.



Uh-huh. Samuel Beckett once said: "Every word is like an unnecessary stain on silence and nothingness."

Yes.



On the other hand, he SAID it.



He was right. Maybe you can include it in your book.

My book? Hah! What book?? Some part of me doesn't want to draw or think about Auschwitz. I can't visualize it clearly, and I can't BEGIN to imagine what it felt like.

What Auschwitz felt like? Hmm... How can I explain?...

Y!!!

BOO!



It felt a little like that. But ALWAYS! From the moment you got to the gate until the very end.

So, what part of your book are you trying to visualize?

My father worked in a tin shop near the camp. I have no idea what kind of tools and stuff to draw. There's no documentation.



Let's see. There would be a cutter-like a giant paper cutter - and maybe an electric drill press or two.

How do you KNOW that?

Oh, I worked in a tool and die shop in Czechoslovakia when I was a kid.

But it's getting late now, and I still have to walk my dogs.

Okay, I'll see you in a week...



Gee, I don't understand exactly why...

but these sessions with Pavel somehow make me feel better...

Maybe I could show the tin shop and not draw the drill press. I hate to draw machinery.



And so...

"...THEN, WHEN I CAME OUT FROM THE HOSPITAL, RIGHT AWAY SHE STARTED AGAIN THAT I CHANGE MY WILL!"



I WAS STILL SO SICK AND TIRED. AND TO HAVE PEACE ONLY, I AGREED. TO MAKE IT LEGAL SHE BROUGHT RIGHT TO MY BED A NOTARY.



FIFTEEN DOLLARS HE CHARGED TO COME! IF SHE WAITED ONLY A WEEK UNTIL I WAS STRONGER, I'D GO TO THE BANK AND TAKE A NOTARY FOR ONLY A QUARTER!



sigh
YOU WERE TELLING ME HOW YOUR KAPO TRIED TO GET YOU WORK AS A TINSMITH...



THE CHIEF OF THE TINMEN IT WAS A RUSSIAN JEW NAMED YIDL.



I'VE ONLY BEEN A TINSMITH FOR A FEW YEARS. IF YOU SHOW ME HOW YOU WANT IT CUT I CAN LEARN QUICKLY.



HAH! YOU NEVER DID AN HONEST DAY'S WORK IN YOUR WHOLE LIFE, SPIEGELMAN! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU...



YOU OWNED BIG FACTORIES AND EXPLOITED YOUR WORKERS, YOU DIRTY CAPITALIST!



PFL! THEY SEND DREK LIKE YOU HERE WHILE THEY SEND REAL TINMEN UP THE CHIMNEY. WATCH OUT. I'VE GOT MY EYE ON YOU!



WITH THE OTHER BOYS THERE, I GOT ALONG FINE.



HA! AND WHERE DO I GET ALL THIS FOOD?

JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN. YOU CAN ORGANIZE THINGS WITH THE POLES HERE.

POLES FROM NEARBY THEY HIRED TO WORK ALSO HERE - NOT PRISONERS, BUT SPECIALIST BUILDING WORKERS ...



THE HEAD GUY FROM THE AUSCHWITZ LAUNDRY WAS A FINE FELLOW WHAT KNEW WELL MY FAMILY BEFORE THE WAR...

FROM HIM I GOT CIVILIAN CLOTHING\$ TO SMUGGLE OUT BELOW MY UNIFORM. I WAS SO THIN THE GUARDS DIDN'T SEE IF I WORE EXTRA.



EVERYBODY WAS SO HUNGRY
ALWAYS, WE DIDN'T KNOW
EVEN WHAT WE ARE DOING...

IN THE MORNING FOR BREAK-
FAST WE GOT ONLY A BITTER
DRINK MADE FROM ROOTS.

I WOKE BEFORE EVERYBODY
TO HAVE TIME TO THE TOILET
AND FIND STILL SOME TEA LEFT.

ONE TIME A DAY THEY GAVE A SOUP FROM
TURNIPS. TO STAND NEAR THE FIRST OF THE
LINE WAS NO GOOD. YOU GOT ONLY WATER.

MIX IT! MIX IT!

NEAR THE END WAS BETTER - SOLID
THINGS TO THE BOTTOM FLOATED.

BUT TOO FAR TO
THE END IT WAS
ALSO NO GOOD

...BECAUSE MANY TIMES IT
COULD BE NO SOUP ANYMORE.

AND ONE TIME EACH DAY
THEY GAVE TO US A SMALL
BREAD, CRUNCHY LIKE GLASS.

THE FLOUR THEY MIXED WITH SAWDUST
TOGETHER - WE GOT ONE LITTLE BRICK
OF THIS WHAT HAD TO LAST THE FULL DAY.

MOST GOBBLED IT
RIGHT AWAY, BUT
ALWAYS I SAVED
A HALF FOR LATER.

AND IN THE EVENING WE GOT A SPOILED CHEESE OR JAM. IF WE WERE LUCKY A COUPLE
TIMES A WEEK WE GOT A SAUSAGE BIG LIKE TWO OF MY FINGERS. ONLY THIS MUCH WE GOT

IF YOU ATE HOW THEY GAVE
YOU, IT WAS JUST ENOUGH
TO DIE MORE SLOWLY.

EACH MORNING AND EVENING THEY MADE AN APPEL. THEY COUNTED THE LIVE ONES AND DEAD ONES TO SEE IT WASN'T ANY MISSING...

WE STOOD SOMETIMES THE WHOLE NIGHT WHILE THEY COUNTED AGAIN AND AGAIN.

ON OUR APPELS IT WAS ONE OLD GUY THERE, ALWAYS HE WAS COMPLAINING ...

I DON'T BELONG HERE WITH ALL THESE YIDS AND POLACKS!

I'M A GERMAN LIKE YOU!

I HAVE MEDALS FROM THE KAISER.
MY SON IS A GERMAN SOLDIER!

ONLY THEY HIT HIM
AND THEY LAUGHED.

WAS HE REALLY
A GERMAN?

WHO KNOWS. IT
WAS GERMAN
PRISONERS ALSO...
BUT FOR THE GER-
MANS THIS GUY
WAS JEWISH!

ON ONE APPEL HE DIDN'T STAND SO STRAIGHT AND A GUARD DRAGGED HIM AWAY. I HEARD HE PUSHED HIM DOWN AND JUMPED HARD ON HIS NECK...

OR THEY SENT
HIM TO THE GAS,
I DON'T REMEM-
BER, BUT THEY
FINISHED HIM
AND HE NEVER
ANYMORE
COMPLAINED.

TELL ME ABOUT MOM.
WERE YOU IN TOUCH
WITH HER IN AUSCHWITZ.

YA-

IN THE BEGINNING I KNEW
ONLY HER NUMBER, AND THAT
SHE WAS THERE - IN BIRKENAU.

THIS I FOUND OUT BY WORKERS
FROM BIRKENAU WHAT PASSED
WHERE I WAS TEACHING ENGLISH.

WHERE WAS
BIRKENAU?

THE CAMP WAS
A PART FROM
AUSCHWITZ ...

workshops and
camp extension.

SOLA RIVER

Ausch-
witz I

IT WAS MAYBE 2 MILES TO GO
FROM AUSCHWITZ TO BIRKENAU
THERE IT WAS MUCH MORE BIG.

N E S W
Auschwitz II
Birkenau

IN AUSCHWITZ WE HAD, SAY,
20,000 PRISONERS, IN BIRKENAU
WAS AT LEAST 5 TIMES SO MANY.

AUSCHWITZ, IT WAS A CAMP
WHERE THEY GAVE YOU TO WORK
SO THEY DIDN'T FINISH YOU SO FAST.

BIRKENAU WAS EVEN MORE
BAD. IT WAS 800 PEOPLE IN A
BUILDING MADE FOR 50 HORSES.

THERE IT WAS JUST A DEATH
PLACE WITH JEWS WAITING FOR
GAS... AND THERE IT WAS ANIA.

COME - IT'S TIME NOW
WE'LL HURRY FOR LUNCH
HOME TO THE BUNGALOW.

SO YOU WERE ACTUALLY IN TOUCH WITH
ANJA IN BIRKENAU?

WAIT!
WHO'S
MANCIE?

SHE WAS A HUNGARIAN, MANCIE, WHO
WORKED SOMETIMES THERE. BEAUTIFUL.
A TALL BLONDE GIRL. AND CLEVER.

REST BEHIND THAT STACK OF WOOD. I'LL WARN YOU
IF A GUARD COMES CLOSE.

YAH. FROM MANCIE I HAD A REAL
CONTACT WITH MOTHER, UNTIL
LATER I COULD BRING ANJA TO-

SHE HAD A LOVER, I HEARD LATER AN S.S.
MAN. HE GOT FOR HER A GOOD POSITION
OVER 10 OR 12 OTHER GIRLS FROM BIRKENAU.

(NOTHING FOR ME, BUT I'M
AFRAID FOR MY WIFE IN
BIRKENAU. CAN YOU FIND
OUT IF SHE'S STILL ALIVE?)

I TOLD TO HER ANJA'S NAME AND NUMBER.

(I'VE SAVED SOME FOOD.
I CAN PAY FOR YOUR HELP.)

(KEEP YOUR FOOD. WE'LL
BE WORKING HERE AGAIN
IN A FEW DAYS. I'LL SEE
WHAT I CAN FIND OUT.)

EACH DAY I LOOKED. FOUR DAYS AFTER, I SAW HER.

I MET A WOMAN
NAMED ANJA FROM
SOSNOWIEC. SHE'S
VERY FRAIL...

SOMEONE TOLD HER
THAT HER HUSBAND
IS STILL ALIVE AND
SHE STARTED SOB-
BING WITH JOY.

SHE SPOKE OVER TO ONE OF HER WORKERS; I
SPOKE ONLY TO MY TIN SO NOBODY WILL NOTICE.

I HEARD THIS, AND I STARTED ALSO CRYING A
LITTLE. AND MANCIE, SHE TOO STARTED CRYING.

A FEW DAYS AFTER, MANCIE AGAIN CAME THERE.

I PUT SOME "GARBAGE" UNDER A ROCK NEAR THE DOORWAY.

SHE BROUGHT TO ME A LETTER-A REAL LETTER!-FROM ANJA.

SHE TOLD ME HER KAPO WAS VERY MEAN ON HER AND GAVE WORK ANJA REALLY COULDN'T DO.



LIKE TO RUN FROM THE KITCHEN WITH THE BIG CANS OF SOUP.



EVEN FOR ME SUCH CANS WERE HEAVY, AND FOR ANJA-SHE WAS SO SMALL-IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE.



THE KAPO BEAT ANJA VERY HARD BUT KEPT HER TO THIS JOB.



I WROTE TO HER: "I THINK OF YOU ALWAYS," AND SENT WITH MANCIE TWO PIECES OF BREAD.

IF THE S.S. WOULD SEE SHE IS TAKING FOOD INTO THE CAMP, RIGHT AWAY THEY WILL KILL HER.

BUT ALWAYS SHE TOOK.

SO SHE SAID: "IF A COUPLE IS LOVING EACH OTHER SO MUCH, I MUST HELP HOWEVER I CAN."



EACH DAY I MARCHED TO WORK AND HOPED AGAIN I'LL SEE MANIE...



I JUST READ ABOUT THE CAMP ORCHESTRA THAT PLAYED AS YOU MARCHED OUT THE GATE...

AN ORCHESTRA?...

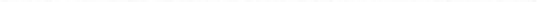


NO, I REMEMBER ONLY MARCHING, NOT ANY ORCHESTRAS...



I DUNNO, BUT IT'S VERY WELL DOCUMENTED...

NO, AT THE GATE I HEARD ONLY GUARDS SHOUTING.



DID YOU EVER TALK WITH ANY OF THE GUARDS?

ACH! WE WERE BELOW THEIR DIGNITY. WE WERE NOT EVEN MEN. BUT IT WAS ONE GUY...

IF HE SPOKE OF COURSE I ANSWERED. HE HAD EVEN A LITTLE HEART.

AAH, GUTEN MORGEN. THIS SPRING AIR REMINDS ME OF HOME... OF NUremburg...

YES, I WAS THERE ONCE. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL CITY.

AND IF HE LIKED ME, MAYBE SOMEDAY HE WON'T SHOOT ME

ONE TIME HE WAS MISSING A FEW DAYS...

YOU LOOK PALE. WERE YOU SICK HERR SOLDAT?

NO... I WAS... WORKING... IN BIRKENAU.

YES... I'VE HEARD ABOUT WHAT GOES ON THERE...

SHUT UP!

AND HE WAS AFRAID ANYMORE TO SPEAK.



INSIDE THE CAMP WE CALLED OUT. MAYBE SOMEBODY KNEW IF OUR LOVED ONES ARE HERE ALIVE.

EVA. EVA GOLDBERG FROM LODZ!

ANJA ZYLBERBERG! FROM SOSNOWIEC!

MY GOD. THAT'S VLADEK! I'LL GO FIND ANJA!

I WAS SO HAPPY. SOMEONE BROUGHT SOMEHOW ANJA OVER

DON'T LOOK UP, DARLING. A GUARD MAY SPOT US.

SHE LOOKED SO LIKE A SKELETON.

DID MANCIE BRING YOU MY LETTERS?

YES. AND WHEN SHE CAN, SHE GETS ME JOBS IN THE KITCHEN!

MY FRIENDS WAIT OUTSIDE AND I BRING THEM SCRAPS.

NO! SAVE YOUR SCRAPS! WHAT IF YOU LOSE THAT JOB? WHAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENS TO MANCIE?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT FRIENDS. BELIEVE ME, THEY DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOU. THEY JUST WORRY ABOUT GETTING A BIGGER SHARE OF YOUR FOOD!

BUT MY FRIENDS ARE ALWAYS HUNGRY, AND I-I DON'T HAVE MUCH OF AN APPETITE.

I BEG YOU, ANJA-KEEP YOURSELF STRONG. FOR MY SAKE.

JUST SEEING YOU AGAIN GIVES ME STRENGTH.

I HAVE TO GO BEFORE ANYONE NOTICES I'M MISSING.

I... I THINK ABOUT YOU... ALWAYS.

I WAS A FEW TIMES IN BIRKENAU, AND ONCE I HAD REALLY TROUBLES. I WAS GOING FROM WORK AND PASSED BY ANJA...

VLADEK! VLADEK! VLADEK!

ANJA! DARLING!
DID YOU GET THE
FOOD I SENT YOU?

YES.
YOU ALWAYS
ARRANGE MIRACLES.

I THINK
ABOUT YOU
... ALWAYS.

WE SPOKE A MINUTE ONLY
AND I WENT ON MY WAY.

A GUARD SCREAMED TO ME:

HALT!

WHO WERE YOU
TALKING TO?

N-NOBODY...

A STRANGER ASKED IF I KNEW
HER BROTHERS IN AUSCHWITZ.
I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING, SO
I HARDLY ANSWERED.

GET
INSIDE!

WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH YOU, YOU'LL
KNOW SOMETHING, JEWISH PIMP!
YOU'RE NOT HERE TO FLIRT AND GOSSIP.

COUNT THE BLOWS. IF YOU LOSE
COUNT - I'LL START AGAIN!



SO HE BEAT ME, WHAT CAN I
TELL YOU? ONLY, THANK GOD,
ANJA DIDN'T GET ALSO SUCH A
BEATING. SHE WOULDN'T LIVE.



THE NEXT DAYS IT WAS HARD TO GO WORK, BUT TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL, I COULD EASILY NOT COME AGAIN OUT.

IT WASN'T A PLACE WITH MEDICINES, ONLY A PLACE FULL WITH PRISONERS TOO SICK TO GO WORK.

EACH DAY IT WAS SELEKTIONS. THE DOCTORS CHOSE OUT THE WEAKER ONES TO GO AND DIE.

IN THE WHOLE CAMP WAS SELEKTIONS. I WENT TWO TIMES IN FRONT OF DR. MENGELE.

WE STOOD WITHOUT ANYTHING, STRAIGHT LIKE A SOLDIER. HE GLANCED AND SAID: "FACE LEFT!"

THEY LOOKED TO SEE IF IT WAS SORES OR PIMPLES ON THE BODY. THEN AGAIN: "FACE LEFT!"

THEY LOOKED TO SEE IF EATING NO FOOD MADE YOU TOO SKINNY...
FACE LEFT!

IF YOU HAD STILL A HEALTHY BODY TO WORK, THEY PASSED YOU THROUGH AND GAVE YOU ANOTHER UNIFORM UNTIL IT CAME THE NEXT SELEKTION...

WHEN FIRST I CAME I WAS VERY STRONG THEN, AND CAME WELL TO THE GOOD SIDE.

THE ONES THAT HAD NOT SO LUCKY THE S.S. WROTE DOWN THEIR NUMBER AND SENT TO THE OTHER SIDE.

THE SECOND SELEKTION I WAS IN THE BARRACK. IN
THE BED UP FROM ME WAS A FINE BOY, A BELGIAN.

I DREAMED MY WIFE WAS ALIVE.
SHE WAS COOKING A GIANT ROAST
WITH THICK GRAVY AND FRIED-



WE WERE EXPECTING DINNER GUESTS.
WE WAITED AND WAITED... THEN THE
GONG RANG. I WOKE UP WITHOUT EVEN
TASTING THE -

BLOCKSPERRE!



THEY TOOK THEN THE JEWS TO
A SELEKTION. I CAME AGAIN
TO THE GOOD SIDE, BUT THIS BEL-
GIAN, HE HAD MAYBE A RASH,
AND THEY WROTE HIS NUMBER...

ANY TIME THEY COULD TAKE HIM.
ALL NIGHT HE CRIED AND SCREAMED.



SOB

LOOK. THEY'RE GOING
TO KILL ALL OF US
HERE EVENTUALLY.
YOU THIS WEEK, ME
THE NEXT...

...NONE OF US CAN ESCAPE IT.
YOU MUST BE BRAVE... AND,
WHO KNOWS, MAYBE IT'S
NOT EVEN YOUR TURN YET...

BUT LATER HE AGAIN STARTED...



WHAT COULD I DO? I COULDN'T
TELL TO THE GERMANS THEY
WON'T TAKE HIM... AND
THE NEXT DAY, THEY TOOK.

SO... IN THE TINSHOP I HAD STILL THE SAME STORY WITH YIDL.

ONLY ONE APPLE FOR
ME TODAY? IS BUSINESS
BAD, MR. CAPITALIST?

WHAT HAPPENED TO
THE SHOEMAKER WHO
WORKED IN THERE?

A LOT OF THE POLISH PRIS-
ONERS WERE SENT TO CAMPS
INSIDE THE REICH. THEY
TOOK SOME OF MY BOYS TOO.

I RAN TO THE KAPO IN CHARGE FROM ALL THE SHOP.

DO YOU NEED A
NEW SHOEMAKER?

SURE. THE S.S. TOOK THE OLD
ONE AWAY, BUT THEY'RE
STILL BRINGING SHOES IN!

YOU KNOW, I'VE
BEEN A SHOEMAKER
SINCE CHILDHOOD.

YOU DON'T LOOK
LIKE A SHOEMAKER
TO ME... YOU'RE A
TINMAN!

DO I HAVE TO HAVE IT
WRITTEN ON MY FOREHEAD?

ALRIGHT,
THEN...
FIX THIS!

I LEARNED A LITTLE SHOE FIXING WATCHING
HOW THEY WORKED WHEN I WAS WITH MY COUS-
IN MILOCH, THERE IN THE GHETTO SHOE SHOP.

TO FIX SUCH AN OPENED
SOLE I KNEW TO TAKE
A DOUBLE THREAD
SMEARED WITH Vaseline.



...MAKE
THEN A
HOLE AND PUSH THE THREAD HALF WAY ONLY.

AND ON THE UP-
PER PART PUT
TWO HOLES EVEN
TO THE SOLE...



BRING THE THREAD THEN THROUGH THESE
HOLES.



CROSS THE THREAD FROM THE TOP AND BOT-
TOM, BOTH ENDS THROUGH A NEW HOLE IN
THE SOLE AND REPEAT SO UNTIL THE SHOE
IS CLOSED.



...AND SO IT'S
MADE, YOU
CAN'T EVEN
SEE IT HAS
STITCHES!



YOU'RE BETTER
THAN OUR LAST
SHOEMAKER!

YOU SEE? IT'S GOOD TO KNOW
HOW TO DO EVERYTHING!

SO, NOW I WAS A SHOEMAKER. I HAD HERE A WARM AND PRIVATE ROOM WHERE TO SIT...

OFFICIALS LIKED BETTER IF I FIX THEIR SHOES THAN TO SEND TO THE BIG SHOP INSIDE CAMP.

HA! I KNEW YOU WERE AN EXPERT TINMAN, BUT I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD SO MANY OTHER TALENTS!

AND HERE I DIDN'T HAVE ANYMORE TO WORRY WILL YIDL GIVE ME OUT.

THIS IS A NEW BOOT. I DON'T WANT YOUR REPAIR TO SHOW.

IT'S A BAD RIP... I'LL DO MY BEST.

IF IT DOESN'T LOOK BRAND NEW BY TOMORROW YOU WON'T BE HERE ANYMORE. UNDERSTAND ME?

I KNEW TO FIX SOLES AND HEELS, BUT WHAT THIS GESTAPO WANTED, IT NEEDED A SPECIALIST.

SO, GOING FROM WORK, I HID THIS BOOT TO SNEAK IT TO A REAL SHOEMAKER IN AUSCHWITZ.

CAN YOU FIX THIS? I'LL GIVE YOU A DAY'S RATION OF BREAD. FOR A DAY'S RATION OF BREAD I CAN FIX ANYTHING!

I WATCHED CAREFUL HOW HE DID, SO NEXT TIME I CAN SAVE MYSELF SUCH A BREAD.

NEXT DAY I HAD THE BOOT READY FOR THIS GESTAPO.

HE LEFT THE BOOT AND WENT WITHOUT ONE WORD.

AND HE CAME BACK WITH A WHOLE SAUSAGE.

HMM

YOU DID A GOOD JOB.

YOU KNOW WHAT THIS WAS, A WHOLE SAUSAGE? YOU CAN'T IMAGINE! I CUT WITH A SHOE KNIFE AND ATE SO FAST I WAS A LITTLE SICK AFTER.

I COULDN'T ANYMORE MAKE A BUSINESS SMUGGLING WITH POLISH WORKERS FROM HERE AS A SHOEMAKER, BUT STILL I WAS WELL-OFF...

THE GESTAPO WHAT I FIXED HIS BOOT RECOMMENDED ME, SO HIS FRIENDS WANTED I'LL FIX ALSO THEIR SHOES AND PAID ME FOOD.

I SHARED SOMETIMES TO THE KAPO IN CHARGE.

I JUST ORGANIZED SOME EGGS - WANT ONE?

WHAT A FRIENDLY JEW! SURE - WE CAN COOK THEM ON MY HEATER.

IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, IT'S GOOD TO BE FRIENDLY.

AND HERE'S A LITTLE BREAD FOR OUR MEAL.

GREAT! SAY, WHAT ARE ALL THOSE NEW BUILDINGS THEY'RE PUTTING UP THERE?

JUST SOME NEW WORKSHOPS. THEY'RE EXPANDING THE UNION WERKE MUNITIONS FACTORY...

AND THEY'RE PUTTING UP SOME BARRACKS TO MOVE SOME WOMEN WORKERS FROM BIRKENAU OVER HERE.

M-MY WIFE IS IN BIRKENAU. MAYBE I COULD GET HER INTO ONE OF THOSE BARRACKS!

HMM! IMPOSSIBLE! IT WOULD COST A FORTUNE IN BRIBES!

HE UNWRAPPED SOME CHEESE AND ATE HIMSELF A PIECE.

PLEASE. COULD I HAVE THAT PIECE OF PAPER?

WELL, SURE. I CAN LET YOU HAVE THE PAPER - BUT NOT THE CHEESE!

I NEEDED TO WRITE OVER TO ANJA!

EVEN PAPER WAS HARD TO HAVE THERE. MY FRIENDS CAME ALWAYS TO ME WHEN THEY NEEDED

I FOUND AND SAVED. FOR THE TOILET MOST USED A PIECE FROM THEIR CLOTHES OR THEIR HAND.

WHY DIDN'T OTHER PEOPLE SAVE PAPER?

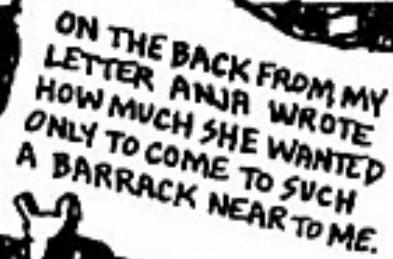
ACH! YOU KNOW HOW MOST PEOPLE ARE!



SO... I WROTE OVER TO ANJA THAT NOW I AM A SHOEMAKER, AND I HEARD HERE ABOUT THESE NEW BARRACKS...



AND MANIE TOOK IT. SHE WAS SO GOOD, ALWAYS SHE TOOK.



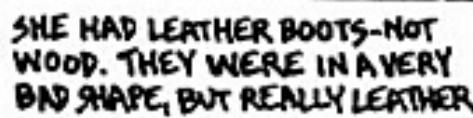
ON THE BACK FROM MY LETTER ANJA WROTE HOW MUCH SHE WANTED ONLY TO COME TO SUCH A BARRACK NEAR TO ME.

ANJA'S BARRACK WAS MAYBE 1000 GIRLS WITH A BAD KAPO WHAT HIT ANYBODY WHAT CAME NEAR.

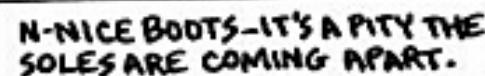


SNEAK! I SAW YOU TAKE A SECOND PIECE OF BREAD!

NO! -

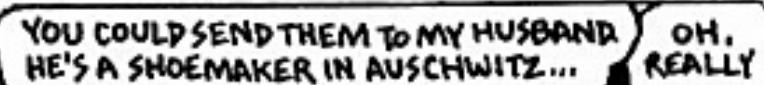


SHE HAD LEATHER BOOTS-NOT WOOD. THEY WERE IN A VERY BAD SHAPE, BUT REALLY LEATHER.



N-NICE BOOTS-IT'S A PITY THE SOLES ARE COMING APART.

SO? WHAT DO YOU CARE?

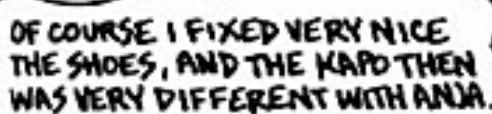


YOU COULD SEND THEM TO MY HUSBAND. HE'S A SHOEMAKER IN AUSCHWITZ...

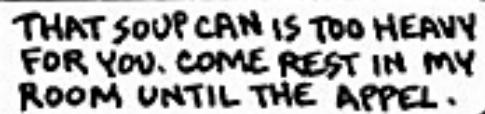
OH, REALLY



SO, SHE ARRANGED THE BOOTS OVER TO ME.



OF COURSE I FIXED VERY NICE THE SHOES, AND THE KAPO THEN WAS VERY DIFFERENT WITH ANJA.



THAT SOUP CAN IS TOO HEAVY FOR YOU. COME REST IN MY ROOM UNTIL THE APPEL.



...VERY DIFFERENT.

I THOUGHT ONLY HOW HAPPY IT
WOULD BE TO HAVE ANJA SO NEAR
TO ME IN THESE NEW BARRACKS.



IT COULD BE "ARRANGED" FOR
100 CIGARETTES AND A BOTTLE
VODKA, BUT THIS WAS A FORTUNE.



HOW COULD
YOU GET
CIGARETTES?
EACH WEEK TO THE
WORKERS, THEY
GAVE US THREE.



I STARVED A LITTLE TO PAY TO BRING ANJA OVER.

BUT, WHEN I CAME BACK ONE TIME FROM WORK...



I'M TELLING YOU
I WANTED TO CRY.

YOU LEFT THE BOX IN
THE BARRACK? HOW
COULD IT NOT BE TAKEN?

I DIDN'T
THINK
ON IT...

BUT EVERYONE WAS STARV-
ING TO DEATH! SIGH-I GUESS
I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YES...ABOUT AUSCHWITZ,
NOBODY CAN UNDERSTAND.

SO... I SAVED A SECOND TIME A FORTUNE, AND GAVE OVER BRIBES TO BRING ANJA CLOSE TO ME. AND IN THE START OF OCTOBER, 1944, I SAW A FEW THOUSAND WOMEN IN THESE NEW BARRACKS...



WHEN NOBODY SAW I WENT BACK AND FORTH UNTIL I SAW HER FROM FAR GOING TO MAKE MUNITIONS...

SHE WENT ALSO BACK AND FORTH BUT ONE TIME, IT WAS VERY BAD UNTIL IT WAS SAFE TO APPROACH OVER TO MY FOOD PACKAGES...



ONLY A FRIEND FROM ANJA WAS THERE AS A ROOM CLEANER...



IT WAS SEVERAL ROOMS THERE, AND HUNDREDS OF BEDS. IN ONE, ANJA LAY SHAKING, AFRAID TO BREATHE EVEN.

I'LL KILL YOU!
KILL YOU!

FOR MAYBE AN HOUR, LIKE CRAZY SHE RAN FROM ROOM TO ROOM, THROWING UPSIDE DOWN THE BEDS.

BAH! GET ALL THE BEDS IN ORDER BEFORE THE APPEL.

OKAY, ANJA. IT'S SAFE TO COME OUT NOW.

ON THE EVENING APPEL SHE CAME AGAIN THIS KAPO.

THE PRISONER I CHASED THIS AFTERNOON WILL NOW STEP FORWARD!

BUT THIS WASN'T YET OVER.

BUT MOTHER DIDN'T STEP OUT.

IT WILL BE BETTER FOR YOU IF YOU STEP OUT THAN IF I FIND YOU!

SHE CAME BACK AND FORTH, LOOKING IN EACH FACE, BUT WITH THE STRIPES EVERYONE LOOKED ALL THE SAME.

IF YOU KNOW WHO SHE IS, PUSH HER FORWARD OR YOU'LL ALL SUFFER!

SHE MADE THEM TO RUN, TO JUMP, TO BEND UNTIL THEY COULDN'T ANYMORE. THEN MORE, THE SAME.

FOR A FEW APPELS IT WENT SO, BUT NOBODY OF ANJA'S FRIENDS GAVE HER OUT. YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT SHE WENT THROUGH.

I HAD TO STOP SENDING OVER SUCH PACKAGES MORE TO ANJA.

I LOST ANYWAY MY JOB NEAR TO HER SOON AFTER. MY WHOLE WORKSHOP THEY CLOSED OUT...

THEY PUT US BACK TO THE MAIN CAMP AND TOOK ME FOR BLACK WORK. BLACK WORK?

CARRYING BACK AND FORTH BIG STONES, DIGGING OUT HOLES, EACH DAY DIFFERENT, BUT ALWAYS THE SAME. VERY HARD...

AND GOD FORBID, IF YOU STOPPED ONLY A MINUTE TO BREATHE.

YOU GOT A HIT TO THE HEAD, OR WORSE.

I LIKED BETTER INDOORS WORK. I SOMETIMES WAS A "BETTNACH-ZIEHER"... A BED-AFTER-PULLER...

AFTER EVERYBODY FIXED THEIR BED, WE CAME TO FIX BETTER, SO THE STRAW LOOKED SQUARE.

WHAT A CRAZY JOB!

NO, THEY WANTED EVERYTHING NEAT AND IN GOOD ORDER.

BUT THESE DAYS I GOT TOO SKINNY AND IT CAME AGAIN A SELEKTION.

RIGHT AWAY I RAN INSIDE THE TOILETS. AND IF SOMEBODY LOOKED, I'LL TELL I HAD A BAD STOMACH. WHAT HAD I TO LOSE?

BLOCKSPERRE!

NOW IT COULD BE MY TURN.

NOBODY LOOKED, SO I SAT LUCKY THE WHOLE SELEKTION.

SO DID YOU DO BLACK WORK THE REST OF THE TIME YOU WERE THERE?

I HAD NOT AGAIN A NEW CHANCE FOR A BETTER JOB. IN AUSCHWITZ TOGETHER I WAS 10 MONTHS.

HOW LONG WERE YOU IN QUARANTINE TEACHING ENGLISH?

MAYBE 2 MONTHS... THERE I HAD IT GOOD. I-

1944

MAR.

APR.

MAY

JUNE

JULY

AUG

SEPT

OCT

NOV

Quarantine

Tin shop

Shoe shop

Black Work

YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THAT. HOW MANY MONTHS WERE YOU IN THE TIN SHOP?

IN THIS WORKSHOP - TIN AND SHOE WORK COMBINED - I WAS ABOUT 5 OR 6 MONTHS.

SO, BLACK WORK LASTED 3 MONTHS.

YAH...NO!
I REMIND MYSELF...

AFTER BLACK WORK I CAME AGAIN AS A TIN MAN WITH YIDL FOR 2 MONTHS. THEY-

BUT WAIT! THAT WOULD BE 12 MONTHS. YOU SAID YOU WERE THERE A TOTAL OF 10!

SO! TAKE LESS TIME TO THE BLACK WORK. IN AUSCHWITZ WE DIDN'T WEAR WATCHES.

YOOHOO!
I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU.

I WAS WORRIED. YOU WERE GONE A LONG TIME.

YOU FINISHED THEN MY BANK PAPERS?

UH-HUH. AND I MADE SOME SANDWICHES FOR LUNCH TOO.

GREAT!
I'M STARVING!

ACH! IF YOU MADE WITH WHITE BREAD, I'M NOT ALLOWED TO EAT.

SUCH A GOOD GIRL-WITH MY SPECIAL BREAD SHE KNEW TO MAKE... MALA WOULDN'T HAVE DONE SUCH A GOOD SANDWICH.

IT WAS THE ONLY BREAD IN THE HOUSE.

HOW DID YOU BECOME A TINMAN AGAIN?

WANT SOME TEA OR COFFEE?

I CAN MAKE. I HAVE A TEA BAG NEAR TO THE SINK DRYING FROM BREAKFAST.

MALA COULD GO FOR A WHOLE EVENING OUT WITH HER FRIENDS AND LEAVE FOR ME NOTHING COOKED TO EAT OR DRINK.

SIGH. YOU SEE HOW IT IS? I HAVE NOW ONE MORE TIME AN UNNECESSARY SUFFERING IN MY LIFE.

SO HOW DID YOU GET BACK INTO THE TIN SHOP?

WHEN THE RUSSIANS CAME NEAR, THE GERMANS MADE READY TO RUN FROM RUSCHWITZ. THEY NEEDED TINMEN TO PULL APART THE MACHINERIES OF THE GAS CHAMBERS.

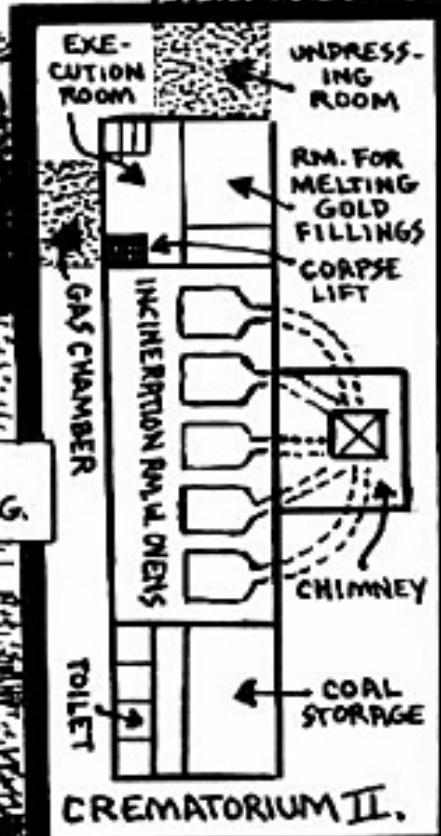
THEY WANTED TO PACK IT ALL TO GERMANY. THERE THEY COULD TAKE ALSO ALL OF THE JEWS TO FINISH THEM IN QUIET.

THE GERMANS DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE ANYWHERE A SIGN OF ALL WHAT THEY DID.

YOU HEARD ABOUT THE GAS, BUT I'M TELLING NOT RUMORS, BUT ONLY WHAT REALLY I SAW.

FOR THIS I WAS AN EYEWITNESS.

I CAME TO ONE OF THE FOUR CREMO BUILDINGS. IT LOOKED SO LIKE A BIG BAKERY...



THIS WAS A FACTORY TO MAKE - ONE, TWO, THREE- ASHES AND SMOKE FROM ALL WHAT CAME HERE.

underground undressing room

underground gaschamber

ovens

SPECIAL PRISONERS WORKED HERE SEPARATE. THEY GOT BETTER BREAD, BUT EACH FEW MONTHS THEY ALSO WERE SENT UP THE CHIMNEY. ONE FROM THEM SHOWED ME EVERYTHING HOW IT WAS.

DISINFECTTION
DEZYNEFKECIE
DISINFECTION

THEY CAME TO A BIG ROOM TO UNDRESS THEIR CLOTHES
WHAT LOOKS SO, YES-HERE IS A PLACE SO LIKE THEY SAY.

Sauber

IMPORTANT
REMEMBER
YOUR HOOD
NUMBER

PLEASE
TIE
YOUR
SHOES
TO-
GETHER

ein Ges

mit
Zugang

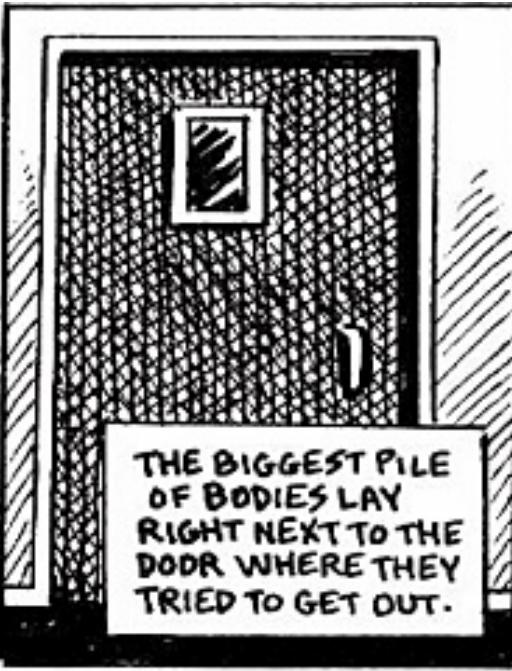
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Zugang

PEOPLE BELIEVED REALLY
IT WAS HERE A PLACE FOR
SHOWERS. SO THEY WERE TOLD.

IF I SAW A COUPLE MONTHS BEFORE
HOW IT WAS ALL ARRANGED HERE,
ONLY ONE TIME I COULD SEE IT!

AND EVERYBODY CROWDED INSIDE INTO THE SHOWER ROOM,
THE DOOR CLOSED HERMETIC, AND THE LIGHTS TURNED DARK.



THIS GUY WHO WORKED THERE, HE TOLD ME...

WE PULLED THE BODIES APART WITH HOOKS.
BIG PILES, WITH THE STRONGEST ON TOP,
OLDER ONES AND BABIES CRUSHED BELOW...
OFTEN THE SKULLS WERE SMASHED ...



THEIR FINGERS WERE BROKEN FROM TRY-
ING TO CLIMB UP THE WALLS... AND SOME-
TIMES THEIR ARMS WERE AS LONG AS
THEIR BODIES, PULLED FROM THE SOCKETS.



THEY PULLED THE BODIES WITH AN ELEVATOR UP TO THE OVENS—
MANY OVENS— AND TO EACH ONE THEY BURNED 2 OR 3 AT A TIME.



WHAT ARE THEY DOING
OVER THERE - DIGGING
TRENCHES IN CASE
THE RUSSIANS ATTACK?

TRENCHES - HAH!
THOSE ARE GIANT
GRAVES THEY'RE
FILLING IN!...

IT STARTED IN MAY AND WENT ON ALL
SUMMER. THEY BROUGHT JEWS FROM
HUNGARY - TOO MANY FOR THEIR OVENS,
SO THEY DUG THOSE BIG CREMATION PITS.



THE HOLES WERE BIG, SO
LIKE THE SWIMMING POOL
OF THE PINES HOTEL HERE.

AND TRAIN AFTER TRAIN
OF HUNGARIANS CAME.



AND THOSE WHAT FINISHED IN THE GAS CHAMBERS BEFORE
THEY GOT PUSHED IN THESE GRAVES, IT WAS THE LUCKY ONES.

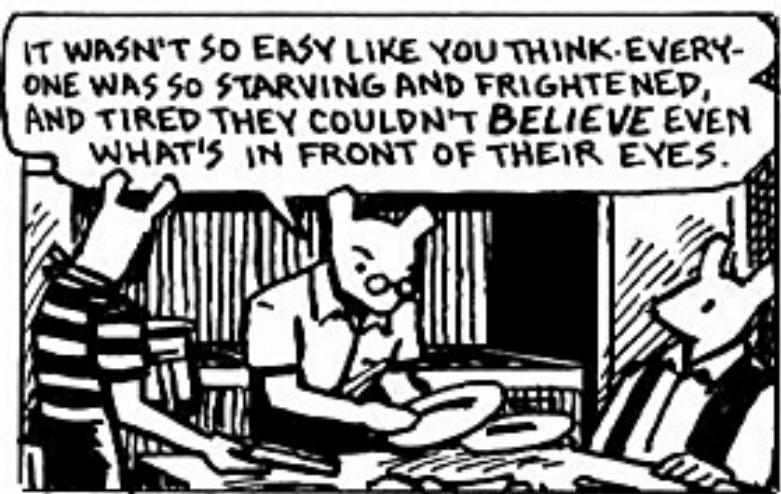


THE OTHERS HAD TO JUMP IN THE GRAVES
WHILE STILL THEY WERE ALIVE ...

PRISONERS WHAT WORKED THERE POURED GASOLINE OVER THE LIVE ONES AND THE DEAD ONES.



AND THE FAT FROM THE BURNING BODIES THEY SCOOPED
AND POURED AGAIN SO EVERYONE COULD BURN BETTER.



That night...

WHEW.
HE'S
ASLEEP
AT LAST!

IT'S AMAZING HOW HARD
IT IS TO SPEND A WHOLE
DAY WITH HIM. HE JUST
RADIATES SO MUCH TENSION.

POOR GUY. I GUESS
HE'S WORSE THAN
USUAL BECAUSE
OF MALA...

NAH, HE'S ALWAYS
THAT WAY... IT'S ONE
OF THE REASONS
SHE DID RUN OFF.

DO YOU
THINK
THEY'LL
GET BACK
TOGETHER?

I SURE HOPE SO. OTHER-
WISE HE'S OUR RESPO-
NSIBILITY, AND I DON'T
THINK I CAN TAKE HIM
FOR TOO MUCH LONGER...

WH-WHAT'S
THAT NOISE?

OH, NOTHING-
JUST VLADEK...

HE'S MOANING IN HIS SLEEP AGAIN.
WHEN I WAS A KID I THOUGHT THAT
WAS THE NOISE ALL GROWN-UPS
MADE WHILE THEY SLEPT.

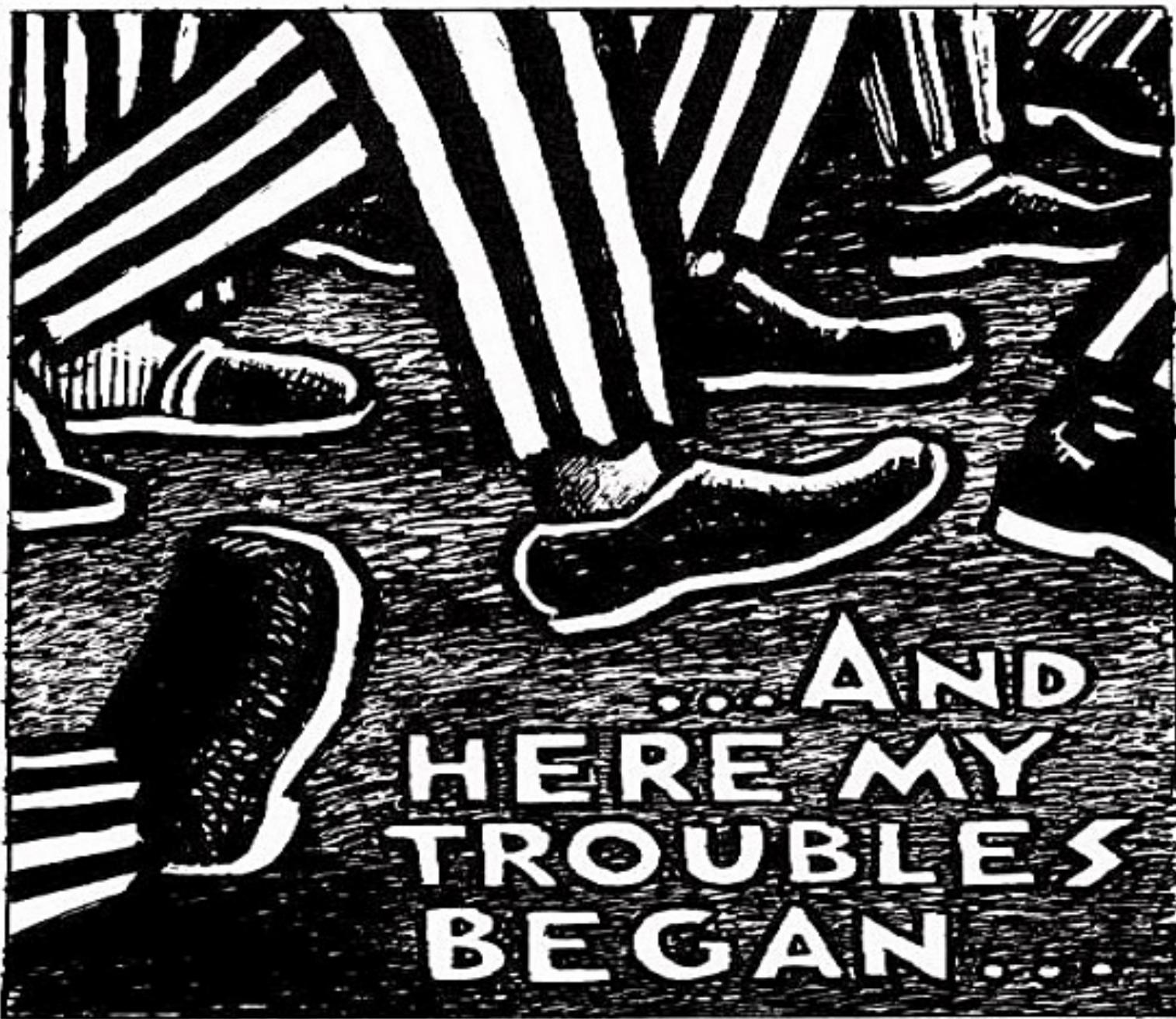
SIGH. IT'S SO PEACEFUL HERE AT
NIGHT. IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO
BELIEVE AUSCHWITZ EVER HAPPENED.

BUT THESE DAMN BUGS
ARE EATING ME ALIVE!

ME TOO.

PSHT

C'MON. LET'S GO INSIDE AND READ...
IT'S GETTING KINDA CHILLY OUT ANYWAY.



... AND
HERE MY
TROUBLES
BEGAN ...

27...
28...
29...

G'MORNING, POP. COUNTING
OUT YOUR PILLS AGAIN?

NO, MY CRACKERS! THE
PILLS I DID HOURS AGO!

HOW CAN YOU SLEEP
ALWAYS SO LATE?

IT'S
NOT
EASY...

YOU WERE
MAKING
QUITE A
RACKET.

I WAS DEFROSTING OUT
THE REFRIGERATOR...
I COULD HAVE USED
REALLY YOUR HELP TO IT..

IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL TODAY OUT-
SIDE, WE CAN DRIVE ALL TO-
GETHER TO THE SUPERMARKET.

SWELL.

I'LL GET YOU THERE ANYTHING YOU
WANT FOR THE WEEK TO EAT... TUR-
KEY LEGS, FISH, WHATEVER YOU WANT.

WE DON'T NEED MUCH.
WE'LL BE LEAVING IN
A DAY OR SO ANYWAY.

LEAVING!?
BUT ONLY
YOU JUST
CAME!

I PLANNED YOU
TO SPEND WITH
ME 'TIL THE END
OF THE SUMMER.

WE TOLD YOU IT WAS
JUST FOR A FEW DAYS
TO BE SURE YOU'D BE
OKAY ALONE UP HERE.

SIGH. THEN BETTER IF YOU
DIDN'T COME, NOW I GOT
USED A LITTLE TO HAVING
YOU TOGETHER BY ME.

BAH!

I'LL PACK THE FOODS WHAT MALA LEFT
TO RETURN IT OVER TO THE SHOP-RITE.
HELP YOURSELF FOR
A LITTLE CEREAL...

NO THANKS. I'LL
STICK TO COFFEE.

PLEASE. JUST TASTE
AND YOU'LL SEE HOW
GOOD IT IS.

NO THANKS.
I DON'T LIKE
SPECIAL K.

BUT IT HAS SALT AND ALSO SUGAR.
FOR ME IT'S POISON - I'LL GIVE FOR
YOU A LITTLE, YES FRANÇOISE?

NO THANKS.

IT'S A SHAME TO WASTE.
I'LL PACK AND YOU CAN
TAKE IT HOME WITH YOU.
THE BOX IS AL-
MOST EMPTY.
JUST LEAVE
IT HERE.

OKAY. IF NOT, IS NOT. ONLY
JUST TRY THEN A PIECE
FROM THIS FRUIT CAKE.

I'M
NOT
HUNGRY!

SO, FINE. I CAN PACK
THE FRUITCAKE IN
WITH THE CEREAL FOR
YOU TO TAKE HOME.

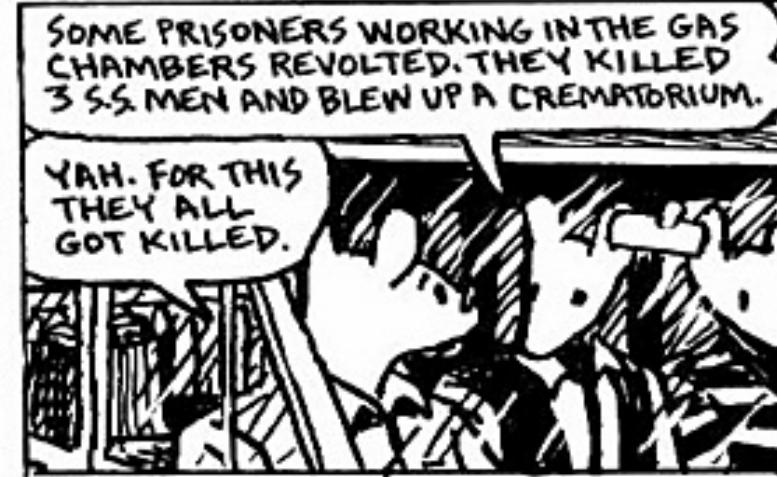
LOOK. WE DON'T
WANT ANY, OK?
JUST FORGET IT!

I CANNOT FORGET
IT... EVER SINCE
HITLER I DON'T
LIKE TO THROW
OUT EVEN A CRUMB.

THEN JUST SAVE
THE DAMN SPECIAL
K IN CASE HITLER
EVER COMES BACK!

I CAN GLUE TOGETHER THE BOX,
BUT STILL I DON'T THINK THE
SHOP-RITE WILL EXCHANGE IT!

And so...



A COUPLE WEEKS MORE AND THEY WOULDN'T HANG...
IT WAS VERY NEAR TO THE END, THERE IN AUSCHWITZ.



IF WE CAN JUST STAY
ALIVE A LITTLE BIT
LONGER, THE RUSSIANS
WILL BE HERE.



WE DIDN'T STAND ON THE LAST APPELS, BUT CAME UP TO THIS ATTIC.



SCREAMING GESTAPO CHASED EVERYWHERE. EACH PRISONER GOT A BREAD, A SAUSAGE AND A KICK OUT, OUT THE GATE, TO MARCH.

THEN THIS GUY FROM THE OFFICE RAN IN...



THEY'RE GOING TO SET FIRE TO THE CAMP AND BOMB ALL THE BLOCKS!

HURRY!



FINALLY THEY DIDN'T BOMB, BUT THIS WE COULDN'T KNOW. WE LEFT BEHIND EVERYTHING, WE WERE SO AFRAID, EVEN THE CIVILIAN CLOTHES WE ORGANIZED, AND RAN OUT!



IT WAS ALREADY NIGHT, THEY GAVE TO EACH OF US A BLANKET AND A LITTLE BIT FOOD TO CARRY, AND WE WENT OUT FROM AUSCHWITZ, MAYBE THE LAST ONE.

ALL NIGHT I HEARD SHOOTING. HE WHO GOT TIRED, WHO CAN'T WALK SO FAST, THEY SHOT.



THE MORE WE WALKED, THE MORE I HEARD SHOOTING...

AND IN THE DAYLIGHT, FAR AHEAD, I SAW IT.

SOMEBODY IS JUMPING, TURNING, ROLLING 25 OR 35 TIMES AROUND. AND STOPS.



KRAK

"OH," I SAID. "THEY MAYBE KILLED THERE A DOG."

WHEN I WAS A BOY OUR NEIGHBOR HAD A DOG WHAT GOT MAD AND WAS BITING.

THE DOG WAS ROLLING SO, AROUND AND AROUND, KICKING, BEFORE HE LAY QUIET.



KPOW

THE NEIGHBOR CAME OUT WITH A RIFLE AND SHOT.



AND NOW I THOUGHT: "HOW AMAZING IT IS THAT A HUMAN BEING REACTS THE SAME LIKE THIS NEIGHBOR'S DOG."

ONE OF THE BOYS WHAT WE WERE IN THE ATTIC TOGETHER, TALKED OVER TO THE GUARD...

PSST - LOOK. THE WAR IS ALMOST OVER. SOME OF US WANT TO ESCAPE INTO THE WOODS. WE CAN PAY...

?

SHARE THIS GOLD WITH THE GUARDS IN FRONT AND BEHIND. JUST DON'T SHOOT WHEN WE RUN...

WE'LL GIVE YOU THE SIGNAL LATE TO-NIGHT, AND SHOOT OVER YOUR HEADS.

ALL DAY LONG THEY WERE ARRANGING...

IT'S ALL SET, VLADEK. ACH. HOW CAN HELP PAY OFF THE GUARDS AND JOIN US.

YOU TRUST THE GERMANS?!

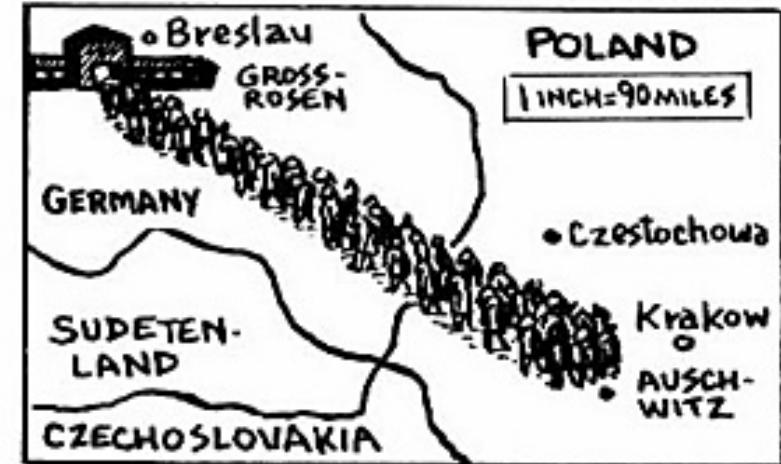
AT NIGHT WAS A COMMOTION. 6 OR 9 RAN OFF...

BANG!

AND OF COURSE YOU COULDN'T TRUST...

SO THE MARCH WAS GOING AND GOING. FOREVER WE MARCHED. AND THE ONES WHAT DIDN'T FALL DOWN, WE MARCHED.

AND SO WE CAME OVER TO GROSS-ROSEN. HERE WAS A SMALL CAMP, WITH NO GAS.



EVERYWHERE WAS CONFUSION AND HITTING. TERRIBLE!



THEY CAUGHT 20 OF US TO CARRY.

I GRABBED FAST A GUY WHAT WAS STILL STRONG LIKE ME.

MOST COULDN'T EVEN LIFT THEY WERE WEAK FROM MARCHING AND NO FOOD.



BEHIND I HEARD YELLING AND SHOUTING. I DIDN'T LOOK.

LAZY BASTARDS! LOOK AT HOW THOSE TWO RUN!



IN THE MORNING THEY CHASED US TO MARCH AGAIN OUT, WHO KNOWS WHERE...



IT WAS SUCH A TRAIN FOR HORSES, FOR COWS. THEY PUSHED UNTIL IT WAS NO ROOM LEFT.



SO, THE TRAIN WAS GOING, WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE.

FOR DAYS AND NIGHTS, NOTHING



YOU SEE, PEOPLE BEGAN TO DIE, TO FAINT...

IF SOMEONE HAD TO MAKE A URINE OR A BOWEL MOVEMENT, HE DID WHERE HE STOOD.



IT WASN'T ROOM TO FALL... AND IF HE FELL, THEY STOOD ON HIM.



SO HE JABBED TO THEIR LEGS WITH A KNIFE, BUT USUALLY HE ANYWAY DIED.

I ATE MOSTLY SNOW FROM UPON THE ROOF.



SOME HAD SUGAR SOMEHOW, BUT IT BURNED.



THE TRAIN STAYED SO, WITHOUT MOVING, I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG, UP TO A WEEK...

THEN, ONE DAY THEY OPENED...

THROW OUT
THE DEAD,
AND CLEAN UP
YOUR FILTH!

IF THE DEAD HAD BREAD LEFT,
OR BETTER SHOES, WE KEPT...

OUTSIDE WERE MANY TRAINS STANDING FOR WEEKS, WHAT
THEY NEVER OPENED, AND IT WAS EVERYONE DEAD INSIDE...

...THEY DIDN'T
NEED ANYMORE.

THEY CLOSED
US AGAIN.
WE WERE
VERY HAPPY
WE HAD NOW
ROOM WHERE
TO STAND.

NEAR TO THE DOOR WE PILED NEW DEAD
ONES. EACH DAY THE GERMANS OPENED:
"HOW MANY DEAD?" AND WE THREW OUT,
AND SOON WE HAD ROOM EVEN TO SIT.

THEN THE TRAIN STARTED AGAIN GOING AND GOING...
INSIDE WE WERE MORE DYING AND SOME GOT CRAZY.

THEY OPENED THAT WE WILL
THROW OUT THE DEAD...

WE'VE GOTTA GET OUT!
LET US OUT! OUT! OUT!

THEN AGAIN IT STOPPED.

ALL OF
YOU-GET
DOWN!

WE COULD NOT
BELIEVE WHAT
WE ARE SEEING!

THERE IS THE
RED CROSS!...

YES! AND THE GIRLS ARE GIVING TO EVERYBODY A
SNACK-A LITTLE COFFEE AND A PIECE OF BREAD...

WE DIDN'T REMEMBER EVEN HOW
BREAD LOOKS. WE WERE VERY HAPPY.

THEN THEY CHASED US BACK IN THE TRAIN AGAIN
TO DIE, AND SO THE TRAVEL CONTINUED MORE...

FROM ALL THE CAMPS
OF EUROPE THEY NOW
BROUGHT BACK ALL OF
US INSIDE GERMANY.

IN THE MIDDLE WE FOUND OUT
THAT WE ARE COMING TO DACHAU.

THIS WAS EARLY FEBRUARY, IN 1945.
IT WAS NO FOOD AND SO CROWDED—

LOOK WHERE YOU GO!

ACH! THE SHOP-RITE
IS THERE, AND YOU
DIDN'T TURN TO IT!

;WHOOSH;

SO, COME. WE'LL GO NOW IN TO
GIVE BACK OUR GROCERIES.

NO WAY! I'M NOT GOING IN TO
RETURN A LOAD OF OPEN BOXES
AND PARTIALLY EATEN FOOD.

WHAT'S TO BE SO ASHAMED?
IT'S FOODS I CAN'T EAT.
YOU WAIT THEN IN THE CAR
WHILE I ARRANGE IT.

Y'KNOW... I'LL BET YOU
THAT ANJA'S NOTEBOOKS
WERE WRITTEN ON BOTH
SIDES OF THE PAGE...

HUH? I CAN'T
REMEMBER.
WHY D'YOU
SAY THAT?

WELL... IF THERE WERE
ANY BLANK PAGES
VLADEK WOULD NEVER
HAVE BURNED THEM.

UH HUH...
HEY! YOU CAN
SEE HIM IN
THE WINDOW!

JEEZ. VLADEK AND
THE MANAGER
ARE SHOUTING
AT EACH OTHER...

NOW THE MAN-
AGER IS JUST
WALKING AWAY
FROM HIM ...

AND NOW VLADEK
IS TRAILING
AFTER HIM...

HOW
EMBAR-
RASSING.

SIGH. I'D RATHER KILL
MYSELF THAN LIVE
THROUGH ALL THAT...

WHAT?
RETURNING
GROCERIES?

NO. EVERYTHING VLADEK
WENT THROUGH. IT'S A
MIRACLE HE SURVIVED.

UH-HUH. BUT
IN SOME
WAYS HE
DIDN'T
SURVIVE.

MAYBE WE SHOULD STAY
WITH HIM A FEW DAYS
LONGER. HE NEEDS HELP.

ARE YOU
KIDDING?

...I DON'T THINK
WE'D SURVIVE.

YOO-
HOO!

YOU SEE? I EXCHANGED AND GOT
SIX DOLLARS WORTH OF NEW
GROCERIES FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

INCRED-
IBLE!...

...WE WERE SURE
YOU'D GET KICKED
OUT OF THE STORE!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING?
THE MANAGER IS A
VERY FINE GENTLEMAN...

HE HELPED ME AS SOON I EX-
PLAINED TO HIM MY HEALTH,
HOW MALA LEFT ME, AND
HOW IT WAS IN THE CAMPS.

OY! GET IN...
WE CAN'T EVER
SHOW OUR FACES
HERE AGAIN.

NOW WE'LL DRIVE BACK SO I CAN PHONE TO MY LAWYER ON MALA.

DACHAU...YOU WERE SAYING IT WAS VERY CROWDED IN THAT CAMP...

YAH-THIS WAS A CAMP-TERRIBLE! I HAD A MISERY, I CAN'T TELL YOU... HERE, IN DACHAU, MY TROUBLES BEGAN.



WE WERE CLOSED IN BARRACKS, SITTING ON STRAW, WAITING ONLY TO DIE.



IN THE STRAW, IT WAS LICE...

FROM THE LICE WAS TYPHUS.

TO EAT WE GOT ONLY BREAD AND SOUP, BUT YOU HAD TO SHOW FIRST YOUR SHIRT...



IF IT WAS ANY LICE, YOU GOT NO SOUP. THIS WAS IMPOSSIBLE. EVERYWHERE WAS LICE!

AND, GOD FORBID, IF SOMEONE GOT SOUP AND SOMEONE SPILLED HIM A DROP...



LIKE WILD ANIMALS THEY WOULD FIGHT UNTIL THERE WAS BLOOD.



YOU CAN'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, TO BE HUNGRY.

THERE, IN DACHAU,
I GOT AN INFECTION
IN MY HAND...

I TRIED TO MAKE WORSE
AND WORSE MY INFECTION...

EACH FEW DAYS SOMEONE
CAME TO SEE WHO IS SICK...

GO WITH THEM...

I WANTED THEY TAKE
ME TO THE INFIRMARY.

YOU SEE, THE INFIRMARY, I HEARD IT WAS A PARADISE.

PUT THIS OINTMENT ON HIS HAND AND KEEP
IT BANDAGED. IT WILL CLEAR UP QUICKLY.

HERE I HAD THREE TIMES A DAY
SOMETHING TO EAT, AND IT WAS
ONLY TWO PATIENTS FOR EACH BED.

I WORKED HOW I
COULD WITH ONE
HAND, SO THEY
WILL LIKE ME.

THAT'S STRANGE.
IT SHOULD HAVE
HEALED BY NOW!



I IRRITATED EACH DAY
MY HAND, TO STAY LONGER.

AH!
THERE! I
OPENED IT
UP AGAIN!



THIS HURT ME REALLY
VERY VERY MUCH...

I GOT AFRAID FOR MY
HAND AND LET IT HEAL.
...I HAVE STILL TODAY
A SCAR ON THIS PLACE.



FROM THE INFIRMARY I HAD TO GO BACK TO A BAD BARRACK, WHERE WE WERE ALL DAY STANDING OUTSIDE.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?

WHA? NO...

IT WAS NOTHING TO EAT, AND NOTHING TO DO, ONLY TO WAIT AND TO DIE.

I CAN SPEAK GERMAN, YIDDISH, POLISH AND ENGLISH.

ANGLAIS?!

DIEU MERCI! I TALK ENGLISH ALSO A LITTLE. I WAS BECOMING CRAZY! ...

THERE IS NO OTHER FRENCH HERE AND I DO NOT KNOW TO TALK GERMAN. I HAD NOBODY TO WHO TO TALK.

YOU ARE A POLE-JEW, YES? HOW YOU KNOW ENGLISH? ACCH... I DREAMED ALWAYS TO GO ONE DAY TO AMERICA.

SO, WE TALKED, AND IT MADE THE TIME LIGHTER.

EACH DAY HE FOUND ME, THE FRENCH MAN...

BRR. GOOD MORNING. IT IS AGAIN VERY COLD TODAY.

LOOK TO THIS, MY FRIEND. I HAVE A BOX!

HE WAS NOT A JEW, SO BY THE RED CROSS THEY LET PACKAGES COME TO HIM.

MY FAMILY SENDS. I WANT THAT YOU ALSO EAT SOMETHING.

MY GOD. SARDINES! BISCUITS! CHOCOLATE!

HE INSISTED TO SHARE WITH ME, AND IT SAVED ME MY LIFE.

WITH MY NEW FOOD I CAME TO AN IDEA...

PSST - DO YOU WANT
TO BUY A BAR OF
CHOCOLATE?

CHOCOLATE?!
DO I LOOK LIKE
A MILLIONAIRE?

I'LL TRADE
IT FOR YOUR
SHIRT.

MY SHIRT?! YOU'RE
CRAZY - I'D FREEZE!

UM - GIVE ME YOUR DAY'S
RATION OF BREAD TOO.

IN AUSCHWITZ A SHIRT WAS NOT SO EX-
PENSIVE, BUT HERE NO GOODS CAME IN.

I CLEANED THE SHIRT
VERY, VERY CAREFUL.

I WAS LUCKY TO FIND
A PIECE OF PAPER...

I UNWRAPPED ONLY WHEN
THEY CALLED TO SOUP...

AND OUTSIDE,
I DRIED IT.

SO, CAREFUL
I WRAPPED IT.

HERE WAS A SHIRT
WITH REALLY NO LICE!

MY OLD SHIRT I HID TO MY PANTS. I SHOWED THE NEW ONE.

OKAY.

RIGHT AWAY THEY
GAVE ME TO EAT.

YOU ARE A GENIUS,
VLADEK. A GENIUS!

I HELPED THE FRENCH MAN
TO ALSO ORGANIZE A SHIRT.
SO WE BOTH GOT ALWAYS SOUP.

BUT AFTER A FEW WEEKS
I GOT TOO SICK EVEN TO EAT...



I GOT VERY HOT FEVER AND
I COULDN'T SLEEP. TYPHUS!



AT NIGHT I HAD TO GO TO THE TOILET DOWN. IT WAS
ALWAYS FULL, THE WHOLE CORRIDOR, WITH THE DEAD
PEOPLE PILED THERE. YOU COULDN'T GO THROUGH!!!



YOU HAD TO GO ON THEIR HEADS, AND THIS WAS TERRIBLE, BECAUSE IT WAS SO
SLIPPERY, THE SKIN, YOU THOUGHT YOU ARE FALLING. AND THIS WAS EVERY NIGHT.



I WAS ALIVE STILL THE NEXT TIME IT
CAME A GUY FROM THE INFIRMARY...



THERE I LAY TOO WEAK EVEN TO MOVE
OR TO GO TO THE TOILET OUT FROM BED.



THEY GAVE BREAD AND SOUP, BUT I WAS TOO WEAK TO EAT...



I SCREAMED, BUT I COULDN'T SCREAM.



SO I TOOK MY SHOE AND KNOCKED LOUD.



SO... MY FEVER FELL DOWN,
AND SOMETHING NEW CAME.

ATTENTION!..

EVERYONE STRONG
ENOUGH TO TRAVEL,
LINE UP OUTSIDE...

YOU WILL BE EXCHANGED
AS WAR PRISONERS AT
THE SWISS BORDER.

THEY LIKED TO SEND OUT THE SICK ONES,
BUT NOT SO SICK THAT WE ARRIVED DEAD.

I WAS VERY WEAK, BUT, FOR MY BREAD
I HAD TWO FRIENDS WHAT HELPED ME.

WHEN THEY LEFT ME GO FOR EVEN A
SECOND, MY LEGS DIDN'T HOLD ME.

BUT I CAME SOMEHOW
OUTSIDE THE GATE...

GASP! A
TRAIN!



HERE WAS A TRAIN NOT FOR COWS AND
HORSES, BUT A REAL TRAIN TO TAKE
PASSENGERS - A TRAIN FOR PEOPLE!

I THOUGHT THIS TRAIN, IT MUST BE FOR THE GESTAPO, BUT NO!



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT FRENCH GUY WHO HELPED YOU?

YAH. HE WAS A FINE FELLOW...

I CAN'T REMEMBER EVEN HIS NAME, BUT IN PARIS HE IS LIVING... FOR YEARS WE EXCHANGED LETTERS IN THE ENGLISH I TAUGHT TO HIM.

WELL... DID YOU SAVE ANY OF HIS LETTERS?

OF COURSE I SAVED. BUT ALL THIS I THREW AWAY TOGETHER WITH ANJA'S NOTEBOOKS.

ALL SUCH THINGS OF THE WAR, I TRIED TO PUT OUT FROM MY MIND ONCE FOR ALL... UNTIL YOU REBUILD ME ALL THIS FROM YOUR QUESTIONS.

SKREEEK! HAH?! WHAT FOR DO YOU STOP, FRANÇOISE? WE'RE NOT YET TO THE BUNGALOW!

THERE'S A HITCH-HIKER...

A HITCH-HIKER? AND - OY - IT'S A COLORED GUY, A SHVARTSER!

HIYA.

PUSH QUICK ON THE GAS!

THANKS. IT'S A HOT DAY FO' WALKIN'.

MÓZ BOŻE! CO SIĘ STAŁO JEGO
ŻONIE? CZY ONA ZGŁUPIŁA? *

*(POLISH:) Oh my God! What's happened
to his wife? She's lost her head!!

MAH COUSIN'S PLACE IS JUS' UP TH' ROAD.

PSIA KREW! CHOLERA! TO
NIE MOŻLIWE. A SHWARTSER
SIEDZI TU ZE MNA! *

*(POLISH:) @!@!!! I just can't believe it!
There's a SHWARTSER sitting in here!

V'ALL TAKE
CARE NOW.
AN' BE GOOD.

WHAT HAPPENED
ON YOU, FRANÇOISE?
YOU WENT CRAZY,
OR WHAT?!

I HAD THE WHOLE TIME TO WATCH
OUT THAT THIS SHWARTSER DOESN'T
STEAL US THE GROCERIES
FROM THE BACK SEAT!

WHAT?!

THAT'S OUTRAGEOUS!
HOW CAN YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE,
BE SUCH A RACIST! YOU TALK
ABOUT BLACKS THE WAY THE
NAZIS TALKED ABOUT THE JEWS!

ACH!...

I THOUGHT REALLY YOU ARE MORE
SMART THAN THIS, FRANÇOISE...
IT'S NOT EVEN TO COMPARE.
THE SHWARTSERS AND THE JEWS!

BUT, HOW DARE YOU GENERALIZE
AND SAY ALL BLACKS STEAL! IT'S

JUST STOP, YES?
YOU ONLY DON'T
KNOW THEM...

WHEN FIRST I CAME TO NEW YORK I
WORKED IN THE GARMENT CENTER.
BEFORE THIS I DIDN'T SEE COLOREDS...

BUT THERE IT WAS SHVARTSERS EVERY-
WHERE, AND IF I PUT DOWN ONLY FOR
ONE SECOND MY VALUABLES, THEY TOOK!



AH!... YOU SEE, KIDS...
WE'RE HOME SWEET
HOME ALREADY...

...NOW WE CAN MAKE A VERY HAPPY
LUNCH FROM ALL MY NEW GROCERIES.

ONLY THANK GOD THAT YOUR
SHVARTSER DIDN'T TAKE THEM.





Back in Rego Park. Late Autumn ...





BUT HOW
DID ANJA
SURVIVE?

MANCIE-THE HUNGARIAN
GIRL WHAT I KNEW THERE
IN AUSCHWITZ-SHE KEPT
ANJA CLOSE BY TO HER.

AFTER THE WAR I LOOKED ALWAYS
FOR MANCIE, TO GIVE A NICE RE-
WARD, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW EVEN HER
FULL NAME, AND I NEVER FOUND!

MOM USED TO MENTION
RAVENSBURCK. WAS
MANCIE WITH HER THERE?

YAH...
MAYBE
IT WAS
THERE...

I KNOW ONLY THAT ANJA CAME OUT
FREE BY THE RUSSIAN SIDE AND SHE
CAME BACK TO SOSNOWIEC BEFORE
ME. MY LIBERATION, IT TOOK LONGER...

IT WAS THE LAST MINUTES
OF THE WAR. I LEFT DACHAU...

I REMEMBER WE GOT EACH A TREASURE BOX FROM
THE SWISS RED CROSS: SARDINES! BISCUITS! CHOCOLATE!

I WENT TO BE EX-
CHANGED FOR GER-
MAN PRISONERS ON
THE SWISS BORDER.
BUT WE NEVER CAME.

SO, AT NIGHT, SOME TRIED TO STEAL FROM ME...

HEY!

WITH MY TYPHUS I NEEDED STILL MUCH TO REST, BUT
THIS TREASURE WAS MORE TO ME THAN SLEEPING.

EVERYBODY OUT!
LINE UP IN FIVES!

HERE WAS THE
END OF OUR RIDE.

WE HAD FROM HERE TO GO BY FOOT TO THE FRONTIER...

AND I SAW, IT'S NOT EVERYWHERE, MY
HELL. IT'S STILL LIFE THINGS GOING ON.

WE MARCH. WE STOP. FOR HOURS WE STOOD.

(WHAT'S GOING ON?)

(THEY'RE TAKING US BACK TO DA CHAU!)

(NO, NO. THE AMERICANS ARE COMING.)

IT WAS COMMOTIONS AND RUMORS THEN SHOUTS:

THE WAR IS OVER!

IT WAS OVER.

MARCH BACK
TO THE TRACKS!
SCHNELL!

THEY DIDN'T LEAVE US GO, BUT PUT US TO A FREIGHT TRAIN.

THE AMERICANS WILL
BE IN THE NEXT TOWN.
THEY CAN HAVE YOU.

ON THIS TRAIN NO GUARDS CAME.
SO REALLY WE SAW, IT IS OVER NOW.

IN A HALF HOUR THIS TRAIN STOPPED

HEY! THE AMERICANS AREN'T HERE!

WHY WAIT? LET'S GO!

SOME WENT ONE WAY, SOME ANOTHER...



WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE WE WENT.



HALT
OR WE'LL SHOOT!

ALL OF A SUDDEN, IT WAS
A WEHRMACHT PATROL!

LITTLE BY LITTLE THEY GOT ALL OF US WHAT WERE GOING TO BE FREE,
MAYBE 150 OR 200 PEOPLE OVER IN THE WOODS, BY A BIG LAKE ...



I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IS GOING ON,
BUT I WAS AGAIN HERE IN GERMAN HANDS.

THEY GUARDED SO WE COULDN'T GO AWAY.



THERE ARE MACHINE GUNS
SET UP ALL AROUND US!



WE OVERHEARD. THEY INTEND
TO MURDER EVERY ONE OF US
TONIGHT, RIGHT ON THIS SPOT!

IN THE LATER AFTERNOON I WENT OVER CLOSE TO THE EDGE OF THE WATER ...

VLADEK SPIEGELMAN! IS THAT YOU?!

SHIVEK?! YOU'RE ALIVE?



SHIVEK WAS FROM BEFORE THE WAR, A FRIEND FROM BEDZIN, NEAR SOSNOWIEC.

WE SURVIVED EVERYTHING JUST TO GET SHOT WHILE THE WAR ENDS!

I STILL HAVE A LITTLE COFFEE I ORGANIZED. LET'S MAKE A LAST CUP.



LOOK!
GET HIM!

SPLASH



ONE OLDER GUY, HE WAS MAYBE SO, JUMPED TO THE LAKE. IT WAS A FAR SWIM.

KBANG!
KBANG!

HE MADE IT!
DO YOU HAVE THE STRENGTH TO TRY?



JUST STAY NEAR THE WATER.
WE CAN ALWAYS TRY IT WHEN THE REAL SHOOTING STARTS.

SO IT CAME NIGHT. WE WERE TERRIBLE FRIGHTENED. WE SAT AND WAITED.



IT WAS CRYING AND PRAYING. SO LONG WE SURVIVED, AND NOW WE WAITED ONLY THAT THEY SHOOT, BECAUSE WE HAD NOT ELSE TO DO.

IN THE EARLY MORNING
WE WERE STILL ALL ALIVE.

THEY'RE GONE!

IT'S A MIRACLE!
THERE'S NOT ONE
GERMAN LEFT—
JUST THEIR GUNS!

WHAT
HAP-
PENED?

I WAS LYING NEAR THE
HEAD OFFICER'S TENT—
HIS GIRLFRIEND WAS
ARGUING WITH HIM...

SHE BEGGED HIM TO LET US GO. SHE
WARNED HIM HE'D BE PUNISHED.

"THE WAR IS OVER," SHE CRIED.
"LET'S RUN AWAY!" SHE SAVED US!

SOME, WE WENT ONE WAY, SOME ANOTHER.

MAYBE WE CAN GET FOOD
AT ONE OF THESE FARMS.

HALT!

ON THE ROAD WAS
ANOTHER PATROL,
ALSO CATCHING JEWS.

SO WE HAD AGAIN THE SAME STORY. THEY FOUND
40 OR 50 OF US, AND CLOSED US TO A BIG BARN.

WE HEARD ALL NIGHT SHOOTING
IN THE MOUNTAINS AROUND...

KPOK
KPOK

OUR GUARDS...
THEY ALL
RAN AWAY!

SO THIS NEXT MORNING WE
WERE STILL AGAIN ALIVE!

COME, SHIVEK. LET'S
FIND A BUNKER UNTIL
THINGS QUIET DOWN.

WE CAME BY A GARAGE. SO I WENT OVER...

PLEASE, SIR. WE NEED
A PLACE TO HIDE 'TIL THE
AMERICANS GET HERE.

GO AWAY!
I DON'T
WANT TO
GET INVOLVED!

HAVE PITY.
IT'S JUST
FOR A DAY
OR TWO!...

WELL...THERE'S A PIT IN
THE BACK. IT'S NONE OF
MY BUSINESS IF YOU
WANT TO LIE IN IT!

OVER A DAY WE LAY THERE.
THEN TWO WEHRMACHT CAME.

HEY! WHICH WAY
IS INNSBRUCK?

THAT WAY,
OFFICER.

BUT WAIT - TWO JEWS
ARE BACK THERE,
HIDING IN A PIT!

THEY WERE IN SO BIG
A HURRY TO RUN, THEY
DIDN'T EVEN LOOK TO US.

LET'S GO, SHIVEK. WE'LL FIND A SAFER SPOT.



A PART OF THIS HOUSE, IT WAS A BARN. FROM THE WALLS WE HEARD SHOUTING.



THE FAR SIDE FROM OUR BARN FELL DOWN A LITTLE...



I WENT MYSELF TO THE EMPTY HOUSE.



I TOLD EVERYTHING HOW WE SURVIVED TO HERE...

...AND FROM DACHAU WE
CAME OVER BY TRAIN TO-

BANG! ALL!

THAT'S JUST MY MEN
SIGNALING THAT
THEY FOUND A CACHE
OF GERMAN AMMO...

THOSE KRAUTS CAN'T
HURT YOU ANYMORE.
THE ONLY ONES LEFT
ARE DEAD OR DYING.



ONE TIME IT CAME A WOMAN WITH OFFICIALS TO THE HOUSE.

ARREST THOSE TWO JEWISH THIEVES!

THEY STOLE MY HUSBAND'S CLOTHES!

WE NEVER LOOKED ON WHAT CLOTHES WE TOOK!





YAH. HE WAS ANJA'S OLDEST BROTHER. HE RAN, IN LODZ, THE FAMILY HOISIERY FACTORY.

IN 1939 HE AND HEILA CAME TO SEE THE WORLD FAIR, AND STAYED HERE THE WAR. IN 1950 - YOU WERE A BABY - WE CAME ALSO HERE, FROM STOCKHOLM TO HIS HOUSE.



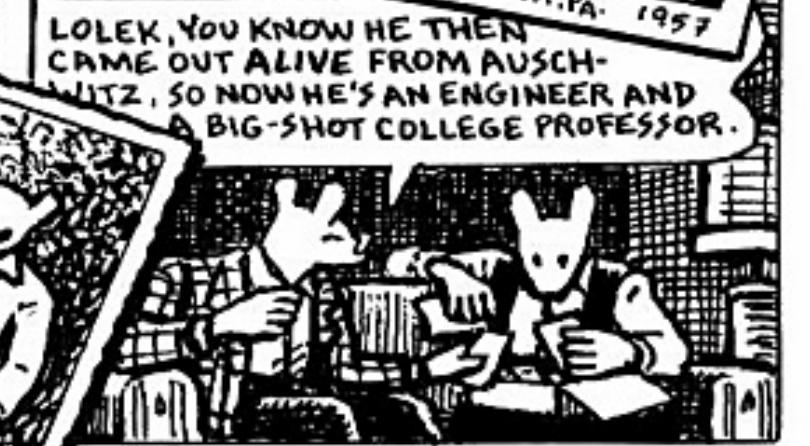
I LIKED BETTER TO STAY IN SWEDEN - I HAD AGAIN A GOOD BUSINESS - BUT ANJA INSISTED TO BE WITH THE ONLY SURVIVING ONE OF ALL HER FAMILY.



AND - OY - WHEN HERMAN DIED FROM A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER IN 1964, ANJA STARTED THE "ALSO TO DIE A LITTLE."



SO HERE IT'S THEIR TWO KIDS, LOLEK AND LONIA, WHAT STAYED BY US, IN SOSNOWIEC, IN THE WAR.



LOLEK, YOU KNOW HE THEN CAME OUT ALIVE FROM AUSCHWITZ, SO NOW HE'S AN ENGINEER AND A BIG-SHOT COLLEGE PROFESSOR.



THE LITTLE GIRL, SHE FINISHED WITH RICHIEU IN THE GHETTO.



THIS BROTHER OF ANJA, JOSEF, HE WAS A SIGN PAINTER, A COMMERCIAL ARTIST, ALWAYS SHE SAID YOU RESEMBLE.

Lolek-Hela 1946

Josef. Lodz. 1939

HE HAD, IN LODZ, A GIRLFRIEND - A BEAUTY - BUT SHE LIKED MONEY AND NIGHTCLUBS. THEN THE GERMANS TOOK AWAY THE FACTORY FROM ANJA'S FAMILY.



SO HE HAD LESS MONEY AND SHE LEFT HIM, AND HE KILLED HIMSELF.



THE MIDDLE BROTHER, LEVEK, HE RAN WITH HIS WIFE TO RUSSIA WHEN THE WAR CAME, BUT WHEN HE SAW HOW IT WAS THERE, HE WANTED TO RUN BACK.



THOSE WHO RAN TO RUSSIA, THEY PUT TO SIBERIA AS TRAITORS, BUT TO SMUGGLE BACK OVER THE BORDERS COST A FORTUNE. I SENT SOME MONEY...



IN '38, WHEN I NEEDED CASH TO MY FACTORY, HE GAVE. SO NOW I HELPED HIM COME BACK TO HIS WIFE'S FAMILY... TO WARSAW.



IN WARSAW, YOU KNOW HOW IT WAS. IF THEY STAYED ONLY IN RUSSIA, THEY STILL NOW COULD MAYBE BE ALIVE.



ANJA'S PARENTS, THE GRANDPARENTS, HER BIG SISTER TOSHA, LITTLE BIBI AND OUR RICHIEU... ALL WHAT IS LEFT, IT'S THE PHOTOS.



WHAT ABOUT YOUR SIDE OF THE FAMILY?

MY SIDE?... MY FATHER, AND FELA, AND HER 4 KIDS, I TOLD YOU GOT TAKEN IN '42.



ZOSHA AND YADJA, MY YOUNGER SISTERS, HAD ONLY 1 KID EACH, AND CAME WITH ME INTO THE GHETTO BEFORE THEY ALL DIED LATER TO AUSCHWITZ.



MARCUS, MY CLOSEST BROTHER, AND MOSES, WENT TO A CAMP, TO BLECHAMER, SOON AFTER I CAME OUT FROM THE ARMY.

I SENT THEM MONEY BY THE RED CROSS... I HID IT INTO BREAD.



I WROTE THEM: "THIS BREAD, IT'S EXPENSIVE. EAT IT VERY SLOW AND CAREFUL." I MET AFTER THE WAR A GUY, HE SAW THEM DIE, BUT WOULDN'T TELL ME HOW.



MY OTHER BROTHERS, LEON AND PINEK, THEY DESERTED OUT FROM THE POLISH ARMY TO LEMBERG, IN RUSSIA...



A FAMILY OF PEASANT JEWS KEPT THEM SAFE. PINEK, HE MARRIED ONE OF THEM. BUT LEON GOT SICK. DOCTORS SAID IT'S TYPHUS, AND HE DIED OF A BAD APPENDIX.



SO ONLY MY LITTLE BROTHER, PINEK, CAME OUT FROM THE WAR ALIVE... FROM THE REST OF MY FAMILY, IT'S NOTHING LEFT, NOT EVEN A SNAPSHOT.



THESE PHOTOS WE GOT FROM RICHIEU'S POLISH GOVERNESS.

WE GAVE HER OUR VALUABLE THINGS TO HOLD UNTIL THE WAR IS OVER.



BUT AFTERWARD SHE SAID, "ALL THESE VALUABLES, THE NAZIS GRABBED AWAY."

WE DIDN'T BELIEVE, BUT THE PICTURES AT LEAST, SHE GAVE BACK.



CAN I TAKE THESE HOME?

YAH. IT'S FOR YOU. BUT, WAIT- I'LL PUT THEM TO AN ENVELOPE...



THE CIGAR BOX I CAN NEED FOR-

AKKH!



WHOO. YOU SEE! MY NITRO-STAT HELPS ME RIGHT AWAY. BUT I TALKED TOO MUCH. I'LL LIE A LITTLE DOWN.



UM-WHAT ABOUT THE STORM WINDOWS?

ALONE YOU CAN'T KNOW HOW TO DO, AND I'M NOW TOO TIRED FOR THIS. MAYBE TOMORROW WE'LL DO.



IMPOSSIBLE. I'M TOO BUSY! I'LL COME OUT AGAIN NEXT WEEK.

ACH. THEN NOW WE MUST DO IT. I'LL-UNNF



GREAT-HAVE ANOTHER HEART ATTACK! LOOK, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO PAY A BIT MORE FOR HEAT A FEW DAYS LONGER.

GROAN.



I'M -UH- SORRY I MADE YOU TALK SO MUCH, POP.

SO, NEVER MIND, DARLING. ALWAYS IT'S A PLEASURE WHEN YOU VISIT.



C H A P T E R F I V E



Winter...







Next morning...



WHY DID YOU WANT TO LEAVE POLAND?

PSSH. IT WAS NOTHING ANYMORE THERE FOR US AFTER THE WAR. NOTHING.

WE WANTED HERE TO COME, TO UNCLE HERMAN, BUT HERE WAS QUOTAS, SO HERMAN HELPED US TO HAVE A VISA OVER TO STOCKHOLM TO WAIT.

DID YOU WORK THERE?

AND NOW I WORKED-HARD LABORS...

I LIFTED AND CARRIED ALL DAY HEAVY BOXES. ONLY SUCH JOBS IT WAS FOR REFUGEES.

BUT I WAS STRONG THEN NOT SO LIKE NOW... AND I LOOKED TO GET IN A BETTER BUSINESS.

ONE DEPARTMENT STORE THERE, A JEW OWNED IT. I WENT TO HIM...

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SEE YOU FOR WEEKS!

BUT MR. SPIEGELMAN - WE DON'T NEED ANYMORE SALESMEN!...

BESIDES, YOU CAN HARDLY SPEAK SWEDISH!

IN YIDDISH WE SPOKE.

I SOLD TEXTILES AND HOSIERY IN POLAND, BUT I CAN SELL ANYTHING! GIVE ME SOMETHING NO ONE CAN SELL - I JUST NEED A CHANCE!

HOSIERY? HMM... WE'RE STUCK WITH A WAREHOUSE FULL OF UNFASHIONABLE KNEE-LENGTH STOCKINGS, BUT NOBODY-

PERFECT!

IN THE U.S., UNCLE HERMAN AGAIN HAD A HOSIERY FACTORY. BY HIM I GOT FULL-LENGTH NYLON STOCKINGS.

THESE IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND IN SWEDEN.

YOU WANT MY NYLONS TO BUY?

DO I?! MY CUSTOMERS WILL KILL FOR THESE. THEY'RE RATIONED!

HOW MUCH?

NORMAL PRICE. BUT TO EACH PAIR YOU MUST TAKE ALSO A PAIR OF MY KNEE-LENGTHS.

I'LL THROW THEM AWAY, BUT IT'S WORTH IT!

AND I SOLD OUT THE WHOLE INVENTORY.

I BECAME SO, LIKE A PARTNER TO THIS DEPARTMENT STORE AND VERY WELL-OFF.

WHEN IT CAME A FEW YEARS LATER OUR VISAS TO AMERICA, THE STORE MADE A BIG SURPRISE PARTY.

YOU CAN STILL RIP UP YOUR BOAT TICKETS AND STAY!

BON VOYAGE

REALLY I WAS SORRY TO GO.

I MADE IN THE STATES A LIVING DEALING DIAMONDS, BUT NEVER I HAD IT AGAIN SO GOOD.

SIGH. COME, WE'LL GO NOW INSIDE.

HUH? WHY? WE'VE GOT LOTS OF TIME.

IT'S TOO SUNNY. MAYBE IF YOU DIDN'T PACK AWAY MY SUNGLASSES, WE COULD STILL SIT.

Late that night...

PLEASE REMAIN SEATED
UNTIL OUR SICK PASSENGER HAS DE-PLANE...

GROAN

J F K

SO THERE WAS A 6 HOUR DELAY BEFORE BOARDING.
THEN VLADEK COMPLAINS THAT THE OXYGEN UNIT
ISN'T WORKING AND HE CAN'T BREATHE.

THE CREW CHECKS AND SAYS THE UNIT IS FINE...

THEY SAY HE'S TOO SICK TO FLY, BUT
WE REFUSE TO GET OFF. THEN VLADEK
SAYS THE OXYGEN TANK IS WORKING,
AND HERE WE ARE!

I'M GLAD
YOU CALLED
TO SAY YOU'D
BE LATE.

THEY SET UP A FREE PHONE
FOR DELAYED PASSENGERS.
MALA CALLED EVERYONE
SHE KNOWS IN AMERICA.

YOU SEE? I
LEARNED
FROM
VLADEK!

A half hour later...

FINALLY! FRANÇOISE AND
MALA MUST BE HOME AND
DRY BY NOW. THEY COULD'VE
DRIVEN US TO THE HOSPITAL.

DON'T WORRY, THE RIDE IS
PAID BY MY INSURANCE.

EXCUSE ME. HE'S SICK,
BUT I DON'T THINK HE
NEEDS A STRETCHER.

REGULATIONS
BUDDY.

SO, WHERE IS LAGUARDIA HOSPITAL?

ACH! GO ON QUEENS
BOULEVARD 'TIL I SAY
YOU TO TURN RIGHT.

THANKS, MISTER--
BUT PLEASE STAY
ON THE STRETCHER.

LaGuardia Hospital...



A month or so later...





SO, IT CAME AN ORDER... WE ALL CAME OVER TO GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN.



IN THIS DP CAMP, I HAD IT EASY...

HURRY, VLADEK! WE CAN
EARN SOME CHOCOLATES!



OKAY! WE SPEAK
ENGLISH! OKAY!!

SHIVEK, HE COULDN'T SPEAK
EVEN POLISH - JUST YIDDISH.

WE CARRIED MANY GOODIES WHEN
FINALLY WE GOT OUR I.D. PAPERS TO GO.

WE WANT TICK-
ETS TO HANNOVER.

TICKETS??...



I DON'T KNOW IF THERE
ARE EVEN ANY TRACKS!

THAT FREIGHT MAY
BE HEADING NORTH.



TRAINS STOPPED AND STARTED AND HAD TO CHANGE OFTEN DIRECTIONS...

LOOK, SHIVEK-
NUREMBERG.



I SCRUBBED STREETS
HERE AS A P.O.W...



WE CAME TO ONE PLACE, WÜRZBURG - WHAT A MESS!

WHERE CAN
WE FIND
WATER?

HAH! WE HAVEN'T
HAD ANY WATER
IN THREE DAYS!

THE AMERICANS
DESTROYED - SOB-
EVERYTHING!



WE CAME AWAY HAPPY.

LET THE GERMANS
HAVE A LITTLE WHAT
THEY DID TO THE JEWS.

NOT ONE BUILDING
WAS STILL STANDING.



WE ARRIVED FINALLY TO HANNOVER...

THE KIDS CAN SHARE ONE BEDROOM.
YOU TWO CAN HAVE THE OTHER ...



DO YOU KNOW
WHERE ANY
OF YOUR
FAMILY IS?

I'LL GO TO POLAND TO
SEE IF ANYONE'S LEFT.
WE PLANNED TO MEET
IN SOSNOWIEC IF WE
GOT SEPARATED.



I SENT A LETTER TO THE JEWISH
COMMUNITY CENTER THERE, FOR MY
WIFE, BUT SHE CAN'T STILL BE ALIVE...
I SAW HER IN AUSCHWITZ LAST YEAR...



SHE WAS
SO THIN...
SO WEAK...

YOU MIGHT GET NEWS ABOUT
YOUR FAMILY AT THE BIG DP
CAMP AT BELSEN. JEWS ARE
FLOODING IN FROM ALL OVER.



IT WASN'T FAR, SO I WENT FOR A FEW DAYS TO BELSEN.
ONE MORNING A CROWD ARRIVED IN, WITH TWO GIRLS
WHAT I KNEW A LITTLE FROM MY HOME TOWN ...



WE JUST
CAME FROM
POLAND...

WE WERE
LUCKY TO
GET OUT!...



WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T
GO BACK TO SOSNOWIEC.
THE POLES ARE STILL
KILLING JEWS THERE!



REMEMBER THE GELBERS?
THEY OWNED THE BIG
BAKERY IN SOSNOWIEC...



WE THOUGHT HITLER
FINISHED YOU OFF!

GO AWAY, JEW! THIS
IS OUR BAKERY NOW!

SLAM!

"HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.
HE SPENT THE NIGHT IN THE
SHED BEHIND HIS HOUSE..."

"THE POLES WENT IN. THEY BEAT HIM AND HANGED HIM.

"...FOR THIS
HE SURVIVED."

HIS BROTHER CAME FROM
THE CAMPS A DAY LATER,
AND ONLY STAYED LONG
ENOUGH TO BURY HIM...

STOP IT!... I
DON'T WANT
TO HEAR
ANY MORE!

JUST TELL ME.
DID YOU HEAR
ANYTHING
ABOUT ANJA?

I SAW HER! SHE DIDN'T
TRY TO GET HER PRO-
PERTY BACK. THE POLES
LEAVE HER ALONE.



ANJA WENT A FEW TIMES
EACH DAY OVER TO THE
JEWISH ORGANIZATION...



SO SHE SAT HOME EVEN
MORE DEPRESSED, UNTIL...



ANJA! GUESS WHAT!
A LETTER FROM YOUR
HUSBAND JUST CAME!



HE'S IN GERMANY...
HE'S HAD TYPHUS!
IT'S JUST LIKE
THE GYPSY SAID.



AND HERE'S A PICTURE OF HIM:
MY GOD-VLADEK
IS REALLY ALIVE!



I PASSED ONCE A PHOTO PLACE WHAT HAD
A CAMP UNIFORM - A NEW AND CLEAN ONE -
TO MAKE SOUVENIR PHOTOS...



ANJA KEPT THIS PICTURE ALWAYS.
I HAVE IT STILL NOW IN MY DESK!
HUH? WHERE DO YOU GO?

I NEED
THAT PHO-
TO IN MY
BOOK!





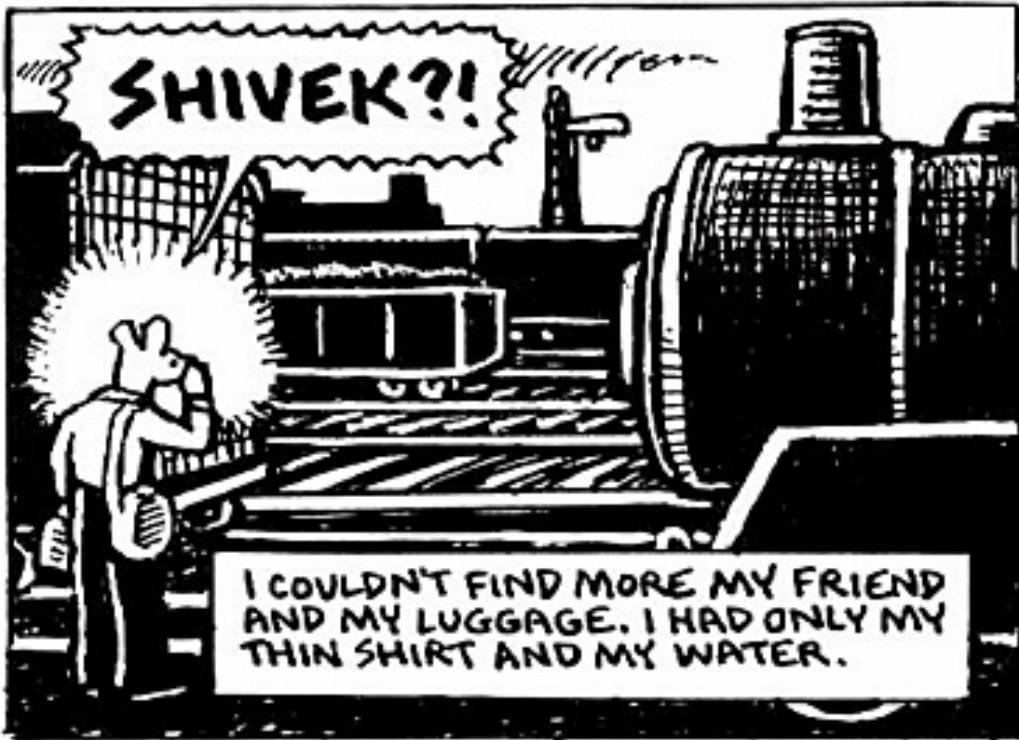
WE WENT SOMETIMES BY FOOT, SOMETIMES BY TRAIN.



ONE PLACE WE STOPPED, HOURS, HOURS AND HOURS.



I MARKED OUR TRAIN CAR, BUT WHEN I CAME IN AN HOUR BACK, IT WAS GONE TO ANOTHER TRACK



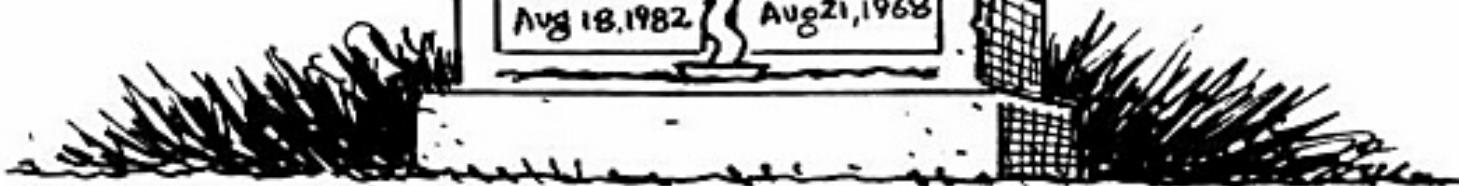
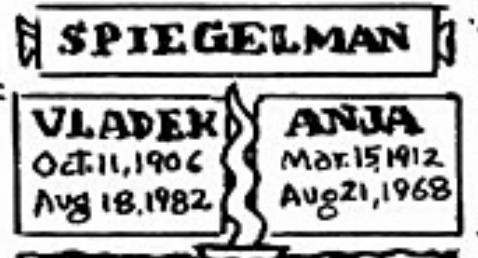
SHIVEK WENT BACK TO HANNOVER TO FIND ME AGAIN...



WHEN I CAME FINALLY TO SOSNOWIEC,
I HAVE SEEN VERY LITTLE JEWS AROUND.



THERE IT WAS PEOPLE WHAT KNEW ME.

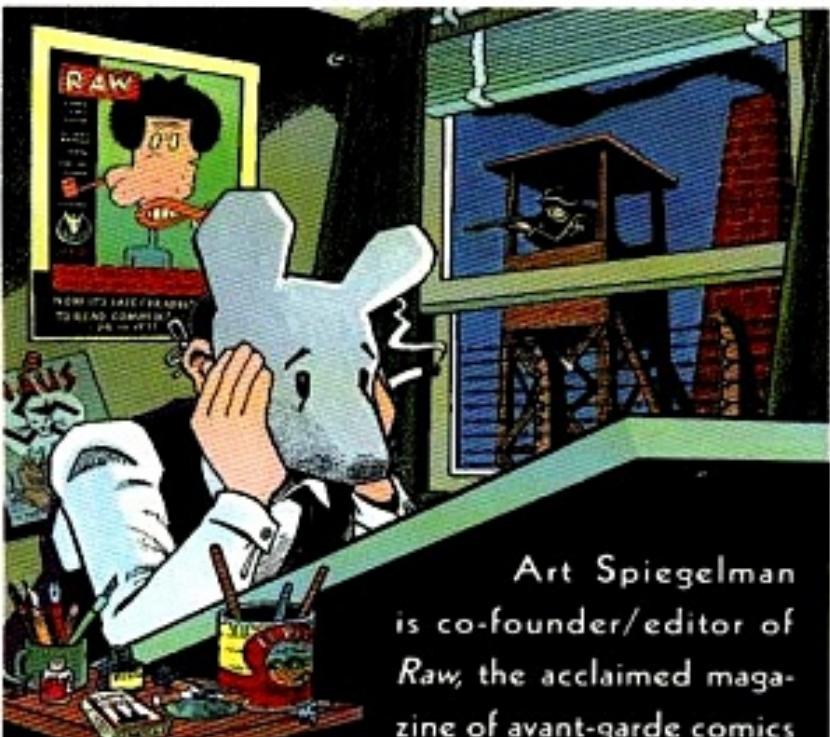


— art spiegelman — 1978-1991



Maus is a book that cannot be put down, truly, even to sleep. When two of the mice speak of love, you are moved; when they suffer, you weep. Slowly through this little tale comprised of suffering, humor and life's daily trials, you are captivated by the language of an old Eastern European family, and drawn into the gentle and mesmerizing rhythm, and when you finish *Maus*, you are unhappy to have left that magical world and long for the sequel that will return you to it."

—Umberto Eco



Art Spiegelman is co-founder/editor of *Raw*, the 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, and his drawings have been exhibited in museums and galleries here and abroad. Honors he has received for *Maus* include a Guggenheim fellowship, and nomination for the National Book Critics Circle Award. Mr. Spiegelman lives in New York City with his wife, Françoise Mouly, and their daughter, Nadja.

Author illustration by Art Spiegelman

Pantheon Books, New York

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"All too infrequently, a book comes along that's as daring as it is acclaimed. Art Spiegelman's *Maus* is just such a book."

—Esquire



"AN EPIC STORY TOLD IN TINY PICTURES." — NEW YORK TIMES

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