

MAUS



A SURVIVOR'S TALE

art spiegelman



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

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

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

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

MAUS

A SURVIVOR'S TALE



Barbara
Julia
art spiegelman



PENGUIN BOOKS

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

Adolf Hitler



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!



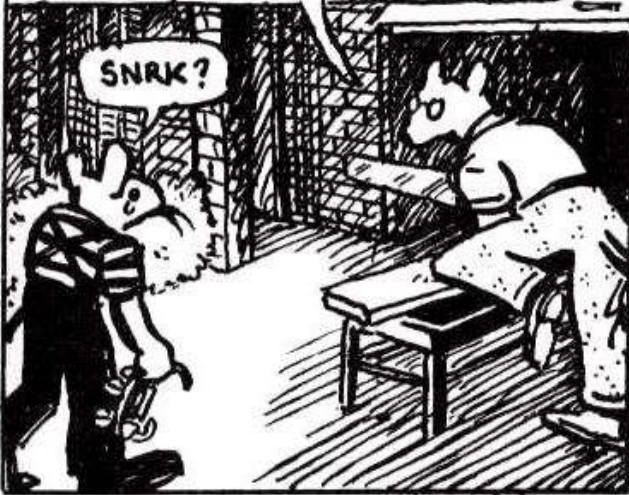
W-WAIT UP!



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.

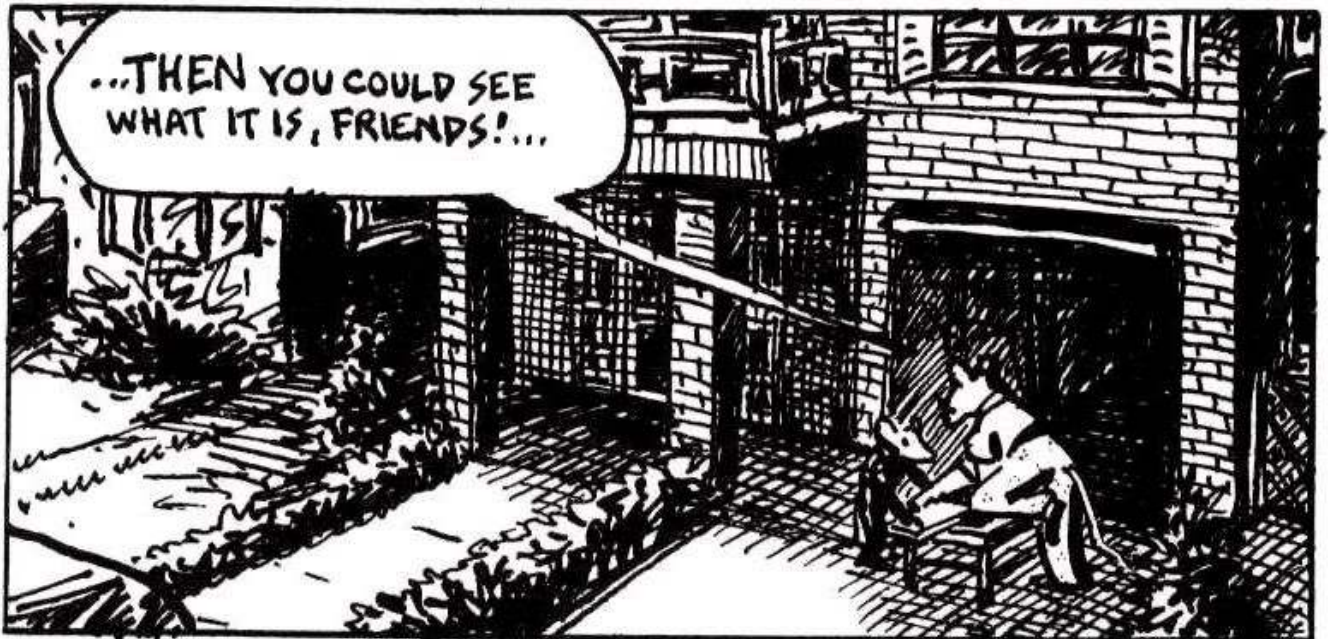
FRIENDS?
YOUR
FRIENDS?...



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

(M I D - 1 9 3 0 s T O W I N T E R 1 9 4 4)

C O N T E N T S

- 9 one/the sheik
25 two/the honeymoon
41 three/prisoner of war
71 four/the noose tightens
95 five/mouse holes
129 six/mouse trap



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.



POPPA!

OI, ARTIE. YOU'RE LATE. I WAS WORRIED.

IT'S A SHAME FRANÇOISE ALSO DIDN'T COME.

UH-HUH. SHE SENDS REGARDS.



He had aged a lot since I saw him last. My Mother's suicide and his two heart attacks had taken their toll.



MALA! LOOK WHO'S HERE! ARTIE!

He was remarried. Mala knew my parents in Poland before the war.



She was a survivor too, like most of my parents' friends.

HI, ARTIE. LET ME TAKE YOUR COAT.



THE DINNER IS ON THE TABLE.

ACCH, MALA!



A WIRE HANGER YOU GIVE HIM! I HAVEN'T SEEN ARTIE IN ALMOST TWO YEARS. WE HAVE PLENTY WOODEN HANGERS.

They didn't get along.



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.

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



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



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.



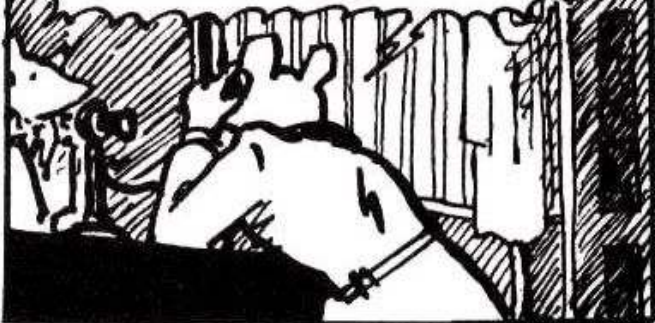
I HAD A LOT OF GIRLS WHAT I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT WOULD RUN AFTER ME.



HELLO, VLADEK? THIS IS YULEK...



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



EVENTUALLY, I TOOK LUCIA TO DANCE...



I HAVE A SMALL APARTMENT. MY PARENTS MOVED TO SOSNOWIEC



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

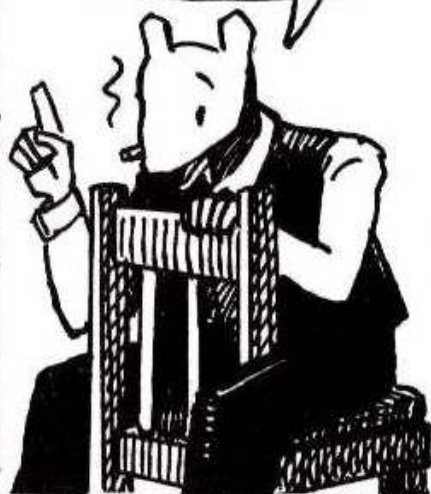


VLADSK! - WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

JUST TO THE MARKET.

ME TOO - LET'S WALK TOGETHER.

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



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



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



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

- SO FINALLY, I INVITED HER ...



EVERYTHING'S SO NEAT AND CLEAN!

I LIKE TO KEEP THINGS IN ORDER.

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



NO.

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



WAS SHE THE FIRST GIRL YOU -UH-

YES...WE WERE MORE INVOLVED, SO LIKE THE YOUTHS HERE TODAY

WE SAW EACH OTHER TOGETHER FOR MAYBE THREE OR FOUR YEARS.



LET'S GET ENGAGED, VLADEK.

IT'S LATE. I'LL TAKE YOU HOME.



NOT YET, PLEASE

COME ON - YOUR PARENTS WOULD WORRY.

HER FAMILY WAS NICE, BUT HAD NO MONEY, EVEN FOR A DOWRY.



WELL, EVERY HOLIDAY I WENT TO VISIT MY FAMILY... IT WAS MAYBE A JOURNEY OF 35 OR 40 MILES.

DECEMBER 1-1991

COUSIN VLADEK!



IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN. LISTEN !!!

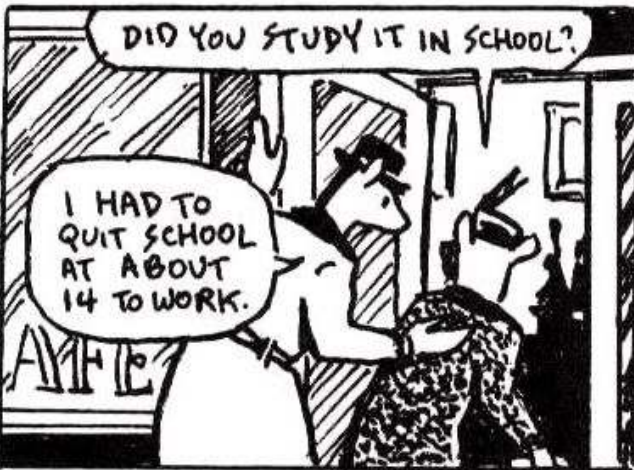


THERE'S A GIRL IN MY CLASS - I WANT YOU TO MEET US TOMORROW - HER NAME IS ANJA.



SHE'S INCREDIBLY CLEVER, FROM A RICH FAMILY... A VERY GOOD GIRL !!!

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



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

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



I BOUGHT A VERY NICE FRAME...

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



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

PSSH! AND LOOK AT WHAT A BEAUTY YOU PICKED.



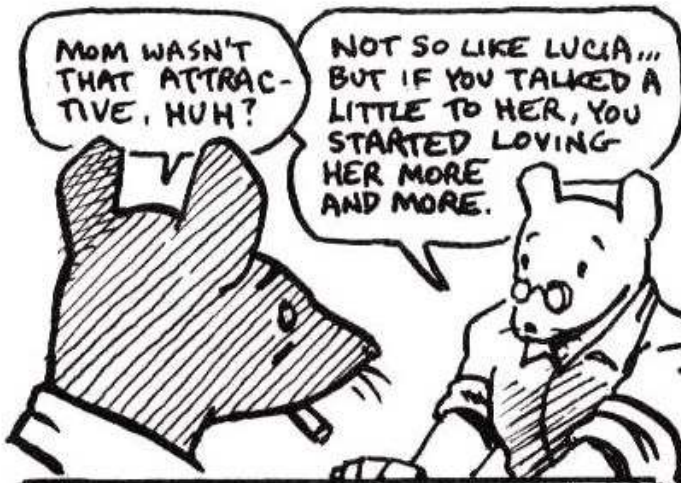
LOOKS AREN'T EVERYTHING, LUCIA. IT ISN'T GOOD FOR EITHER OF US THAT YOU KEEP COMING UP HERE...



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

FORGET HER! LET ME MAKE YOU HAPPY!

IT WAS NOT SO EASY TO GET FREE FROM LUCIA.



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

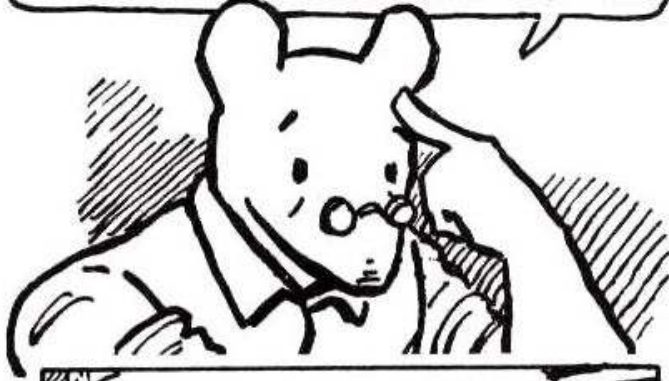
THE ZYLBERBERGS HAD A HOSIERY FACTORY—ONE OF THE BIGGEST IN POLAND... BUT WHEN I CAME IN TO THEIR HOUSE IT WAS SO LIKE A KING-CAME...



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



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



ONE EVENING THE BELL RANG ...



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

I-I'LL COME WITH YOU.



NO, YOU CAN'T COME WI-

PLEASE, VLADEK!

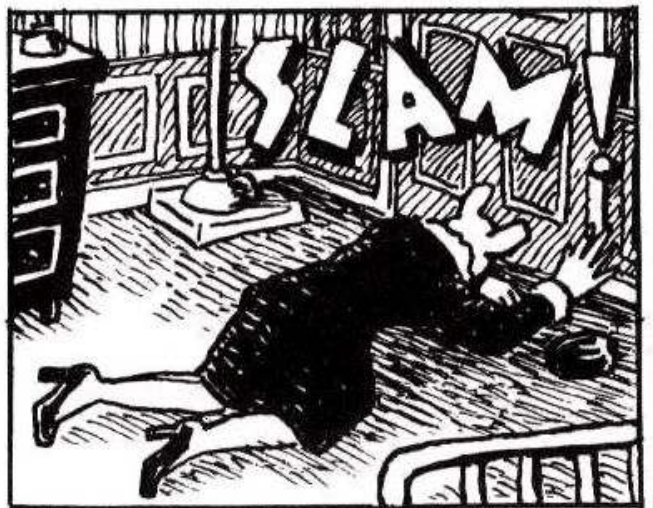


SHE FELL ON THE FLOOR AND HELD STRONG MY LEGS.



DON'T RUN AWAY!

I SAW NOW THAT I WENT TOO FAR WITH HER.



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

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



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



SHE SAYS SHE WON'T SPEAK TO YOU!



SHE GOT A LETTER FROM SOMEONE 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!





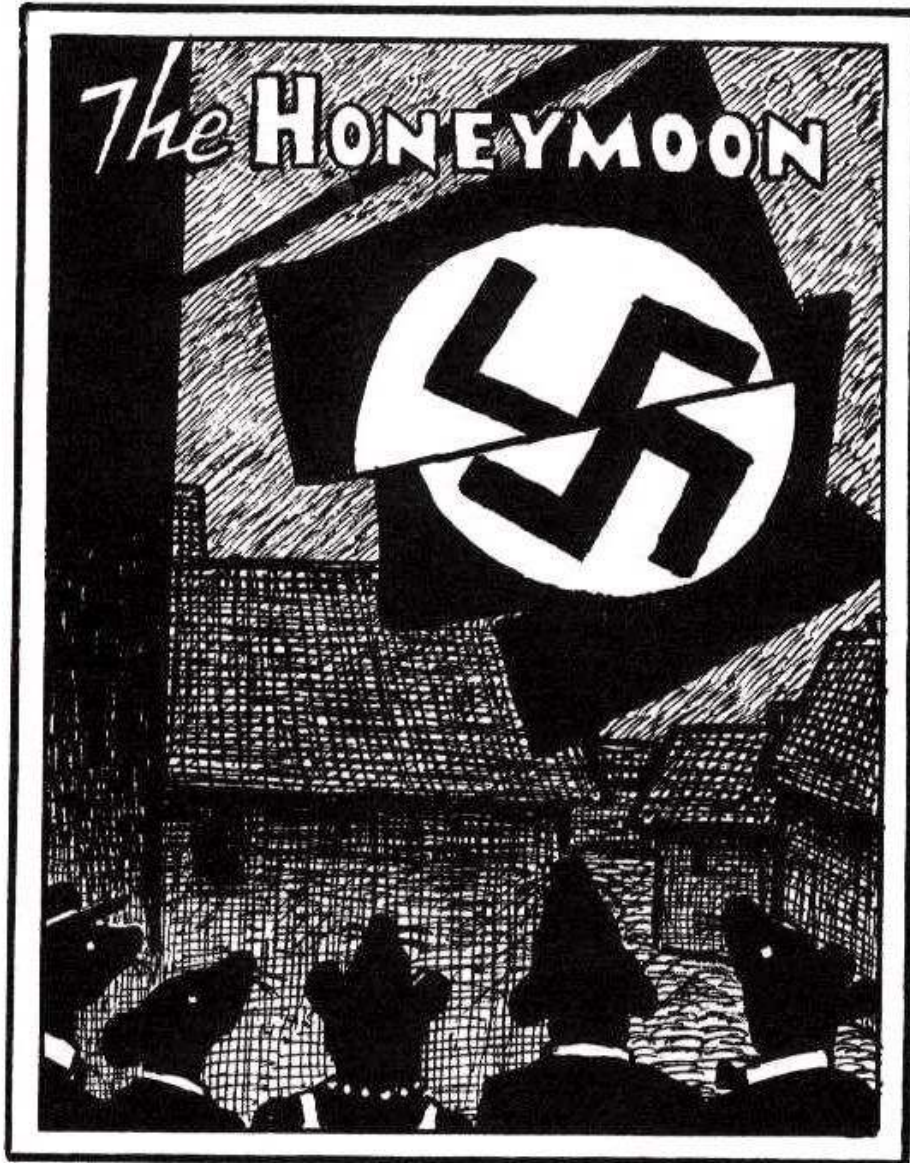
SO I MOVED TO SOSNOWIEC AT THE END OF 1936; AND FEBRUARY 14, 1937, WE WERE MARRIED.

AND NOW SOME VODKA TO TOAST THE YOUNG COUPLE.

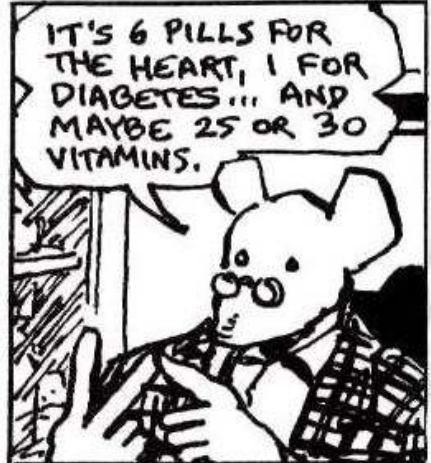


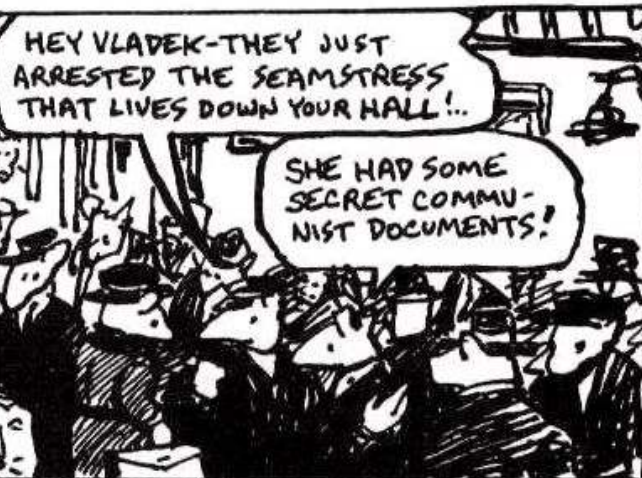


C H A P T E R T W O



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





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





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



HE'S A BIG BABY- OVER 3 KILOS.

MY GOD- ANJA ONLY WEIGHS 39!



OF COURSE, YOU NEVER KNEW HIM. HE DIDNT COME OUT FROM THE WAR.



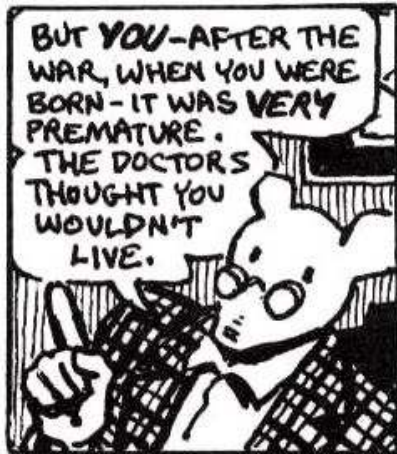
YES, I KNOW...

BUT WAIT- IF YOU WERE MARRIED IN FEBRVARY, 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!"

ALWAYS WE PUSHED YOUR ARM DOWN, AND YOU WOULD

OOPS!



LOOK NOW WHAT YOU MADE ME DO!



ME? OKAY, I'LL RE-COUNT THEM LATER.

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



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

BUT SOON IT CAME FROM SOSNOWIEC A TELEPHONE ...



WHAT'S WRONG, DARLING?

SOB
IT DOESN'T MATTER... NOTHING MATTERS.



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



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



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

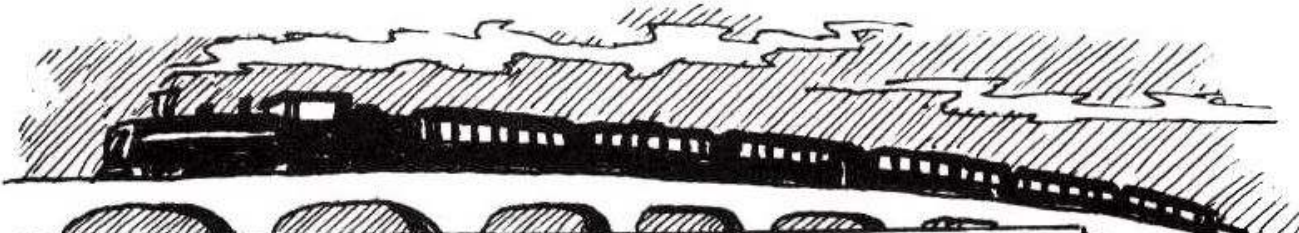


... BUT SOMEBODY MUST GO WITH HER... SOMEONE SHE TRUSTS.



... CAN STAY HERE WITH A GOVERNESS.

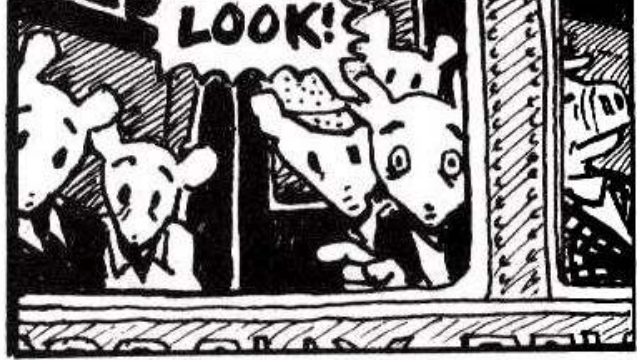
SOB



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

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

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



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 LETTER 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'D DROPPED A PILLOW A
FEW MILES BACK.
A GUY TRAVELING TO
AMSTOW PICKED IT UP.



IMAGINE - MY FATHER NEVER
RODE A HORSE BEFORE... BUT
HE UNKITCHED 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.

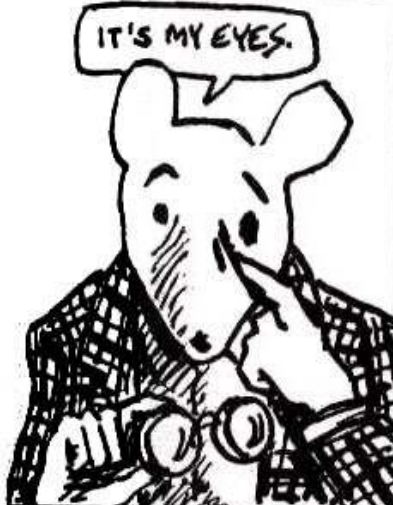
AND SHE WAS SO LAUGHING AND SO HAPPY,
SO HAPPY, THAT SHE APPROACHED EACH
TIME AND KISSED ME, SO HAPPY SHE WAS.

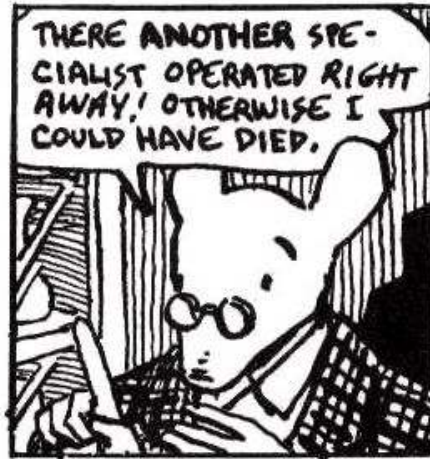


IN A COUPLE MONTHS WE WERE WELL-OFF— QUITE WELL-OFF... A WORKING FACTORY, A 2 BEDROOM APARTMENT, A POLISH GOVERN- ESS, AND EVEN A MAID.







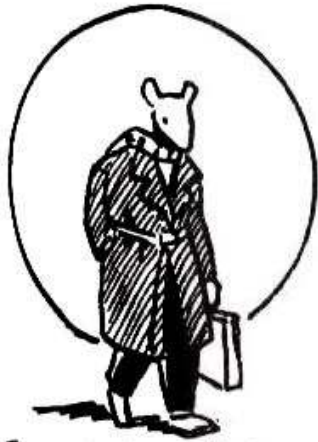


WELL, IT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY, YES? I'M TIRED AND I MUST COUNT STILL MY PILLS.



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..



HAVE SOME MORE GREEN BEANS, ARTIE.

YES, LOOK - YOU DON'T EAT ANYTHING!

NO THANKS, I'VE HAD ENOUGH.



SO FINISH AT LEAST WHAT'S ON YOUR PLATE!

OKAY... OKAY.



Y'KNOW, MALA, WHEN I WAS LITTLE, IF I DIDN'T EAT EVERYTHING MOM SERVED, POP AND I WOULD ARGUE TIL I RAN TO MY ROOM CRYING ...

YOU SHOULD KNOW IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO ARGUE WITH YOUR FATHER.



...MOM WOULD OFFER TO COOK SOMETHING I LIKED BETTER, BUT POP JUST WANTED TO LEAVE THE LEFT-OVER FOOD AROUND UNTIL I ATE IT.



SOMETIMES HE'D EVEN SAVE IT TO SERVE AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL I'D EAT IT OR STARVE.

YES! SO IT HAS TO BE. ALWAYS YOU MUST EAT ALL WHAT IS ON YOUR PLATE.

ACCH, VLADEK.

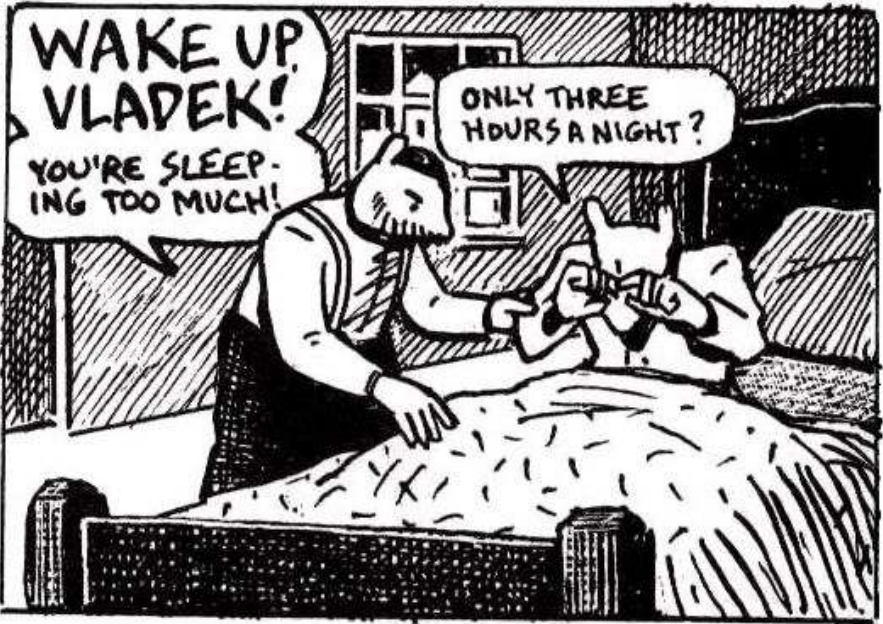
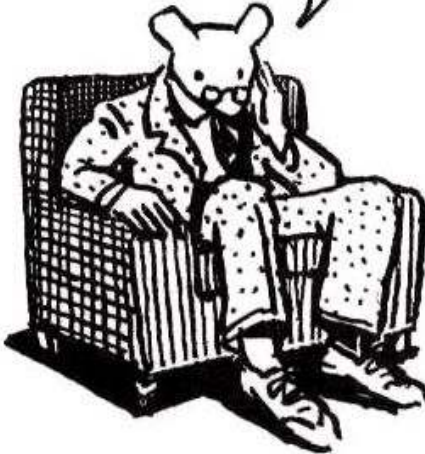


1939? YES...WE WERE GIVEN ARMY TRAININGS FOR A FEW DAYS AND THEN, BY THE START OF SEPTEMBER WE WERE ON THE FRONTIER.





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



WAKE UP, VLADEK!
YOU'RE SLEEPING TOO MUCH!

ONLY THREE HOURS A NIGHT?



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...

KPOK!
KPOK!
KPOK!

...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!

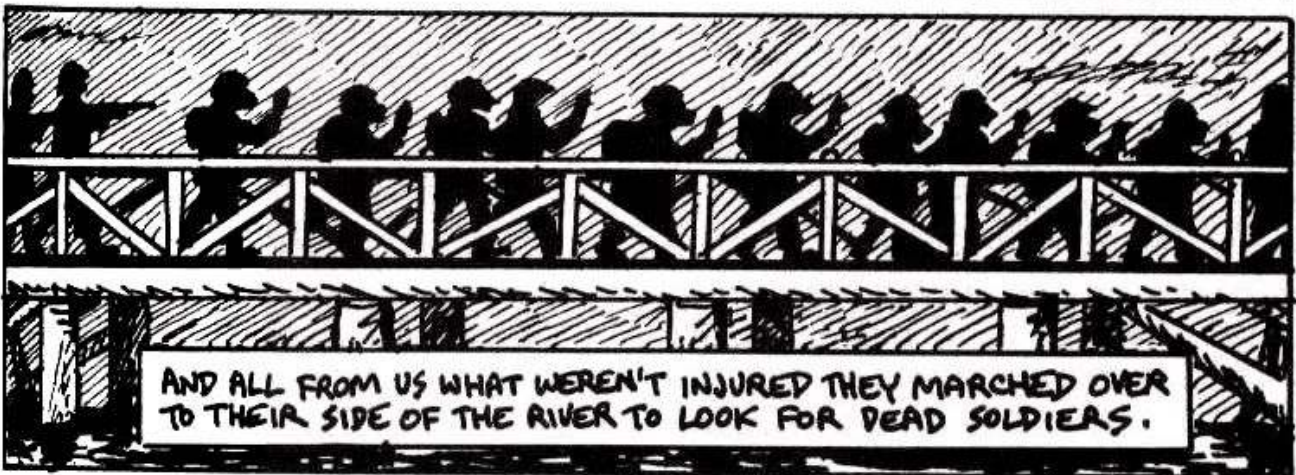


IT HELD UP A HAND TO SHOW
IT WAS HURT. TO SURRENDER.



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.





ATTENTION! ALL PRISONERS WILL
CARRY OUR DEAD AND WOUNDED TO
THE WAITING RED CROSS TRUCKS.



YOU! WHERE DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE GOING?

I-I THOUGHT I SAW A
BODY OVER BY THE RIVER!

I KNEW WHERE THE ONE I
SHOT SHOULD BE LYING.



YES, HERE!



ER VERBLUTETE!
HIS BLOOD RAN OUT!

CARRY HIM OVER
TO THE TRUCK
WITH THE OTHERS.



HIS NAME WAS JAN ...

... AND I KNEW THAT I KILLED HIM.



AND I SAID
TO MYSELF:
"WELL, AT
LEAST I DID
SOMETHING."

THEY TOOK US TO A PLACE NEAR NUREMBERG 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.

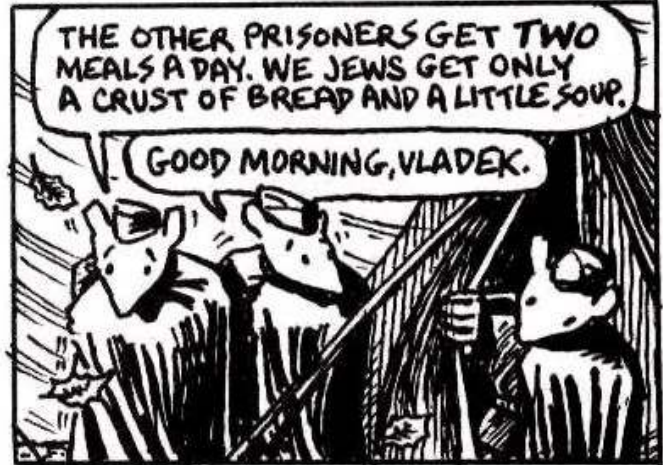
TO KEEP WARM WE HAD ONLY OUR SUMMER UNIFORMS AND A THIN BLANKET.

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.

BRRR 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.



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

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



I HAD A SET MADE FROM STONES AND BREAD CRUMBS.

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



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.

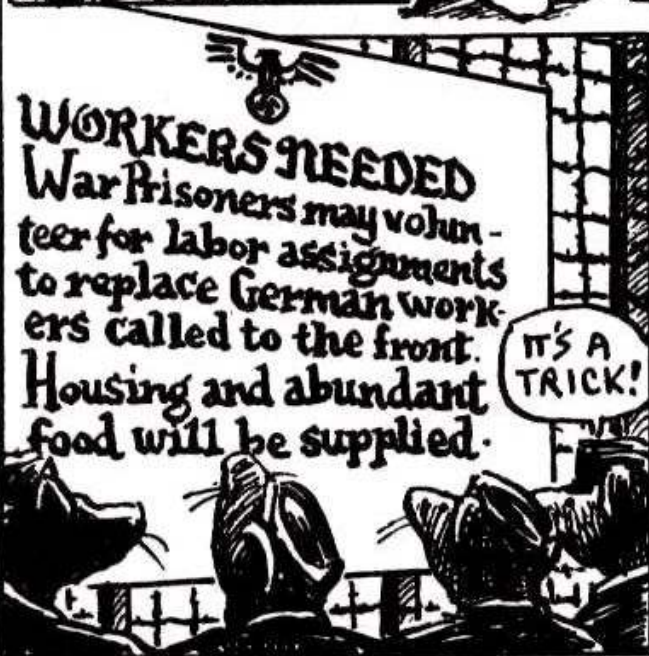
I HAD A SIGN MY FAMILY WAS SAFE, AND— BECAUSE I NEVER SMOKED— I HAD CIGARETTES TO TRADE FOR FOOD.



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.



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



BUT WHAT HAP-
PENED 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.

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

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

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



PARSHAS TRUMA?...



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





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

UNTIL, ONE TIME...



LOOK-
SOLDIERS!

IT CAME VERY MANY GESTAPO AND WEHRMACHT.



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!

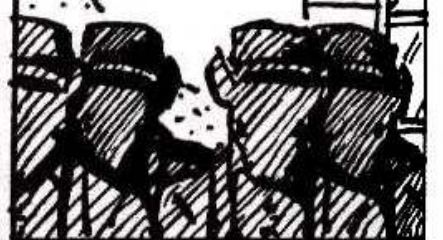
DO YOU KNOW
WHAT DAY IT IS?

SATURDAY, OF COURSE.

BUT DO YOU
KNOW WHAT
A SATURDAY?...

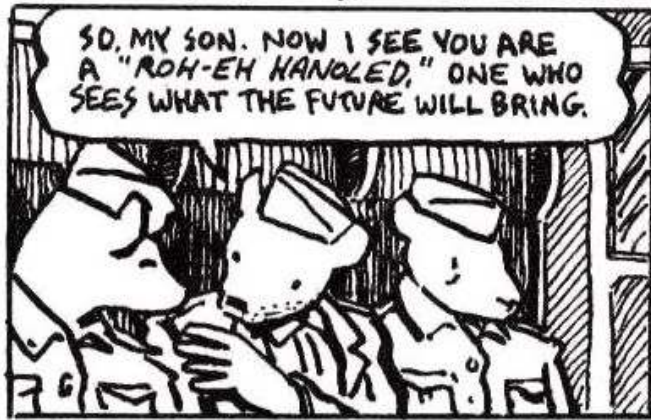


IT'S PARSHAS
TRUMA!





DURING THE JOURNEY I SAT WITH THE RABBI.



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



REICH: Annexed to Germany
PROTECTORATE: German controlled Puppet Government.

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.

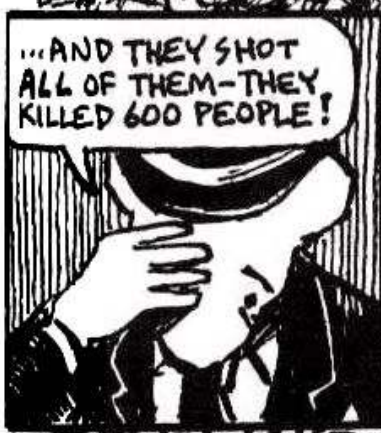


AND THE TRAIN WAS A LONG WAY PAST SOSNOWIEC. THEY TOOK ME UP, UP, VERY FAR - MAYBE 300 MILES - UNTIL WE CAME TO LUBLIN. THERE THEY UNLOADED ALL OF US FROM THE REICH.

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



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



I WAS VERY FRIGHTENED.

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

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



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

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



THAT NIGHT I WENT OUT FROM THE TENT.



I HAD TO URINATE.



I RAN QUICK INSIDE ...



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

AND A GUARD BEGAN SHOOTING TO ME.

THEN AS SOON AS IT WAS LIGHT.



SPIEGELMAN!.. SPIEGELMAN!..



VLADEK!

ORBACH, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

AND IN TEN MINUTES, 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...



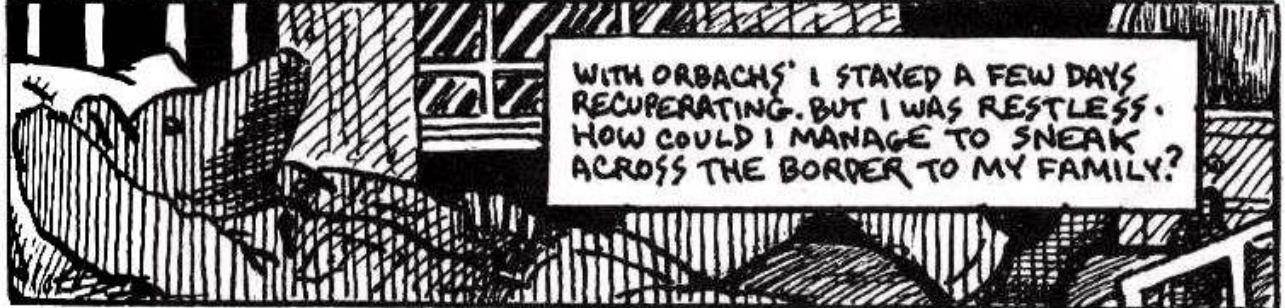
OH MY GOD! CHOCOLATE!

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

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

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

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



WITH ORBACHS' 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 ...



...BUT ANYWAY I GOT ON THE TRAIN IN THE DIRECTION I WANTED.

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

MAY I TALK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT?



SURE, SOLDIER.

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

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



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

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

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



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



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

...WHAT I THOUGHT I MIGHT NEVER SEE AGAIN.





FROM MY PARENTS' TO SO SNOWIEC 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.

RICHIEU!

BWAAH



HE STARTED SCREAMING.

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

WAH



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.

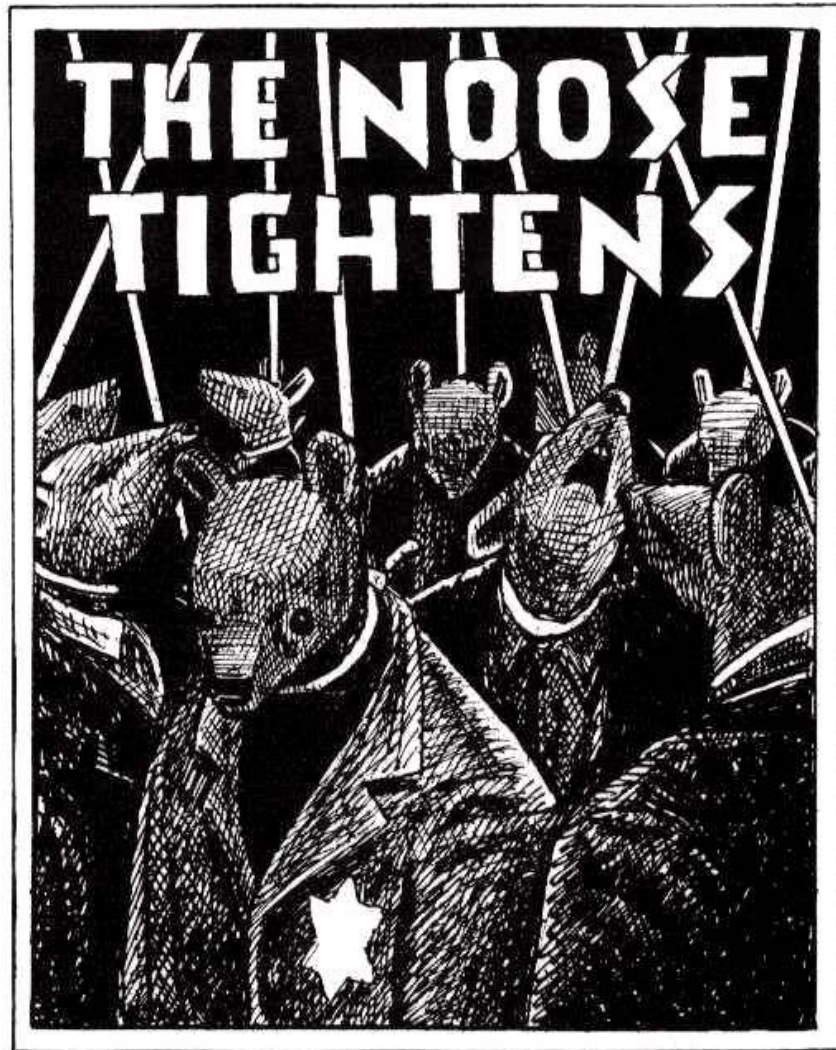








C H A P T E R F O U R







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



IT WAS ANJA AND ME, AND OUR BOY, RICHIEV...



ANJA'S OLDER SISTER, TOSHA, HER HUSBAND, WOLFE, AND THEIR LITTLE GIRL, BIBI...



AND IT WAS ANJA'S GRANDPARENTS. THEY HAD MAYBE 90 YEARS, BUT VERY ALERT...



AND, OF COURSE, IT WAS MY FATHER-IN-LAW AND MY MOTHER-IN-LAW...



AND ALSO THE 2 KIDS FROM YOUR UNCLE HERMAN AND AUNT HELEN: LOLEK AND LONIA





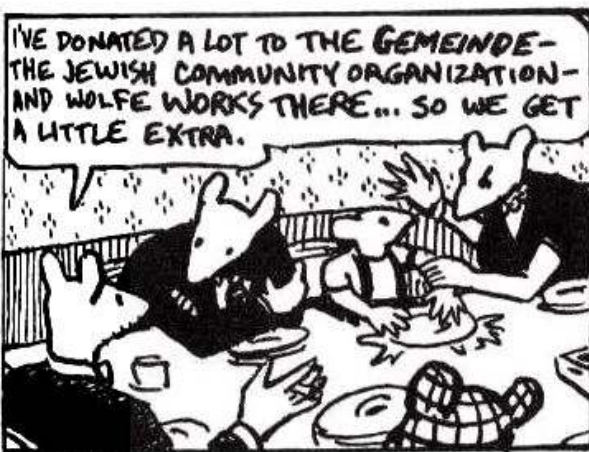
AH, GRANDMOTHER - YOUR STEW IS EVEN TASTIER THAN I REMEMBERED.

NO - IT'S NOT LIKE BEFORE THE WAR, VLADK - I CAN'T GET THE FOODS I NEED.



EACH OF US GETS COUPONS FOR 8 OUNCES OF BREAD A DAY, AND A TINY BIT OF MARGARINE, SUGAR AND JAM PER WEEK. THAT'S ALL!

SO HOW DO WE MANAGE?



I'VE DONATED A LOT TO THE GEMEINDE - THE JEWISH COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION - AND WOLFE WORKS THERE... SO WE GET A LITTLE EXTRA.



AND THERE'S THE BLACK MARKET.

WITH MONEY YOU CAN ALWAYS GET ANYTHING!



IT'S DANGEROUS, THOUGH. THE NAZIS TAKE YOU OFF TO A WORK CAMP FOR BREAKING ANY MINOR LAW.

WORSE - EVEN IF YOU DON'T BREAK ANY LAWS!

... AND THOSE THAT ARE TAKEN AWAY - THEY'RE NEVER SEEN AGAIN!



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



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

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



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



...THE S.S. CLOSED OFF THE WHOLE STREET TO INSPECT THE WORKING PAPERS FROM EVERYONE.

I DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE ABOUT THIS.



I MANAGED TO DISAPPEAR 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!



AND SO IT WENT... OKAY, VLADEK... SINCE WE MAKE THINGS FOR GERMANY WE CAN GET YOU A PRIORITY WORK CARD.



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

AND SO WE LIVED FOR MORE THAN A YEAR. BUT ALWAYS THINGS CAME A LITTLE WORSE, A LITTLE WORSE...



FATHER-IN-LAW HAD A NICE NEW BEDROOM SET...



THE GERMANS LOOKED TO GRAB SUCH FURNITURE, BECAUSE IN STORES IT WASN'T ANYMORE TO GET.

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

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



OOF. ARE WE LEAVING THE OTHER BED UPSTAIRS?

JA. MOTHER-IN-LAW IS TOO SICK. SHE NEEDS A GOOD BED.



PLEASE DON'T TAKE HER BED-LOOK AT HOW SICK SHE IS.

THE DOCTOR IS HERE EVERY DAY.

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

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



...AND THEY LEFT WITHOUT TAKING ANYTHING!

YOU KNOW, I MET A GERMAN OFFICIAL WHO WOULD PAY WELL FOR A BEDROOM SET...



YOU HAVE EXCELLENT TASTE IN FURNITURE, HERR ZYLBERBERG. THANK YOU.



MY MEN WILL BE RIGHT BACK TO GET YOUR WIFE'S BED TOO!..



YOU CHEATED US LAST TIME, JEW!

WAIT! I HAVEN'T BEEN PAID, YET.

PLEASE, IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE GO BACK INSIDE.

HE WAS SO UNHAPPY AFTER. SO UNHAPPY!

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 GRAB-BING 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.



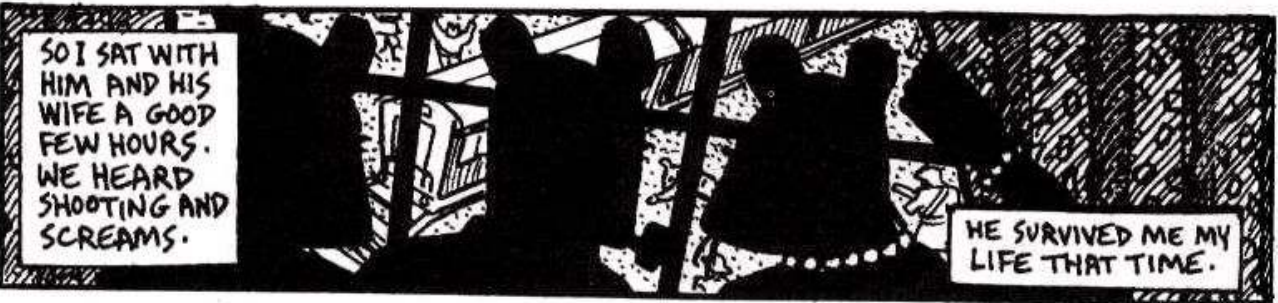
ALLO! MR. SPIEGELMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? DON'T YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING ON?

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 DIDNT 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.





WHEN WE WERE IN THE GHETTO, IN 1943, TOSHA TOOK ALL THE CHILDREN TO-

WAIT! PLEASE, DAD, IF YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR STORY CHRONOLOGICAL, I'LL NEVER GET IT STRAIGHT ... TELL ME MORE ABOUT 1941 AND 1942.



SO?... OKAY. I'LL MAKE IT SO HOW YOU WANT IT. 1941?... AT THE END OF 1941 THE GERMANS CAME WITH SOMETHING NEW. WOLFE RAN FROM THE GEMEINDER...

LOOK! THEY'RE PUTTING THESE UP ALL OVER TOWN.

ORDER
All Jews of Sosnowiec must be relocated into the Stara Sosnowiec quarter by January 1, 1942. Non-Jews will be moved into vacated premises.
Marek Merin

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



REWARD
FOR EVERY UNREGISTERED JEW YOU FIND: 1 KILO OF SUGAR

MOST PEOPLE GOT EVEN LESS SPACE. BUT FATHER-IN-LAW AND WOLFE HAD A LITTLE INFLUENCE...

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



HOLD THE LADDER, ANJA.

I'M PUTTING UP A CURTAIN TO GIVE US SOME PRIVACY.

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



IT DOESN'T MATTER, VLADK. I'M JUST GLAD THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN STAY TOGETHER.

IT WAS NO MORE THE LUXURY LIFE WE HAD BEFORE.

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

WHAT'S WRONG, FATHER?

THEY JUST ARRESTED MY FRIEND, NAHUM COHN, AND HIS SON.



THEY'VE TAKEN FOUR JEWS AWAY FOR DEALING GOODS WITHOUT COUPONS.

I DID MUCH BUSINESS WITH COHN!



THE GERMANS INTEND TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THEM!

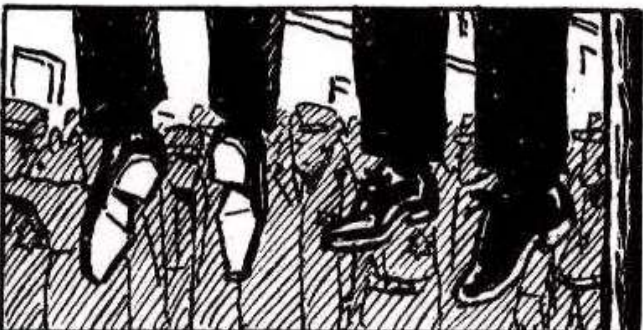
THE NEXT DAY I WALKED OVER TO MODRZEJOWSKA STREET AND I SAW THEM...



THEY HANGED THERE ONE FULL WEEK.



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



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

I WAS FRIGHTENED TO GO OUTSIDE FOR A FEW DAYS... I DIDN'T WANT TO PASS WHERE THEY WERE HANGING.



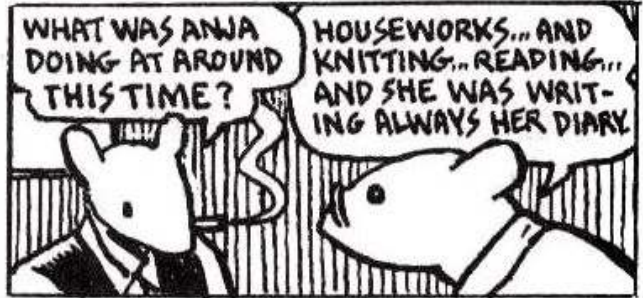
AND MAYBE ONE OF THEM COULD HAVE TALKED OF ME TO THE GERMANS TO TRY TO SAVE HIMSELF.

ACH. WHEN I THINK NOW OF THEM, IT STILL MAKES ME CRY... LOOK - EVEN FROM MY DEAD EYE TEARS ARE COMING OUT!



WHAT WAS ANJA DOING AT AROUND THIS TIME?

HOUSEWORKS... AND KNITTING... READING... AND SHE WAS WRITING ALWAYS HER DIARY.



I USED TO SEE POLISH NOTEBOOKS AROUND THE HOUSE AS A KID. WERE THOSE HER DIARIES?

YES, AND ALSO NO.



HER DIARIES DIDN'T SURVIVE FROM THE WAR. WHAT YOU SAW SHE WROTE AFTER: HER WHOLE STORY FROM THE START.

OHMIGOD! WHERE ARE THEY? I NEED THOSE FOR THIS BOOK!



COFF! PLEASE, ARTIE, STOP WITH THE SMOKING. IT MAKES ME SHORT WITH BREATH.

I THINK IT'S ALL YOUR PEDALING!



DON'T BE SO SMART! ...WHAT I WAS TELLING YOU? YES... AFTER THE HANGING I LOOKED FOR ANOTHER BUSINESS ...



...I STARTED TO TRADE GOLD AND JEWELRY.



IT WAS EASIER TO HIDE THAN CLOTHINGS. I KEPT THINGS HIDDEN IN THE CHILD'S STROLLER, AND I MADE A FEW ZLOTYS.

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

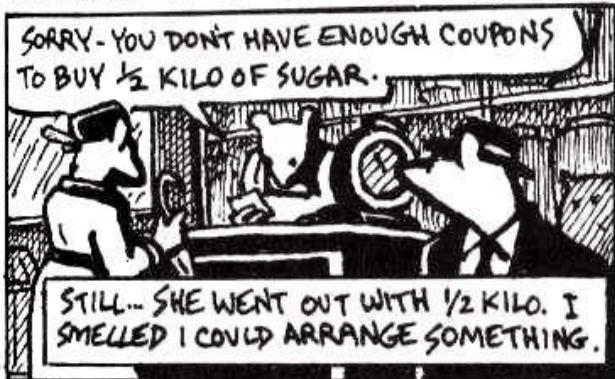


I MET SZKLARCZYK. HE HAD A BIG GROCERY ON MODRZEJOWSKA...



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 CARPENTRY SHOP.



FATHER-IN-LAW AND LOLEK WORKED ALREADY 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 CONVALESCENT HOME.

NOTICE:



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 AUSCHWITZ - OF THE OVENS - BUT WE WERE ANYWAY AFRAID.



WE SNEAKED FOOD TO THEM, AND - WHEN IT WAS SAFE - WE TOOK THEM INSIDE 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.

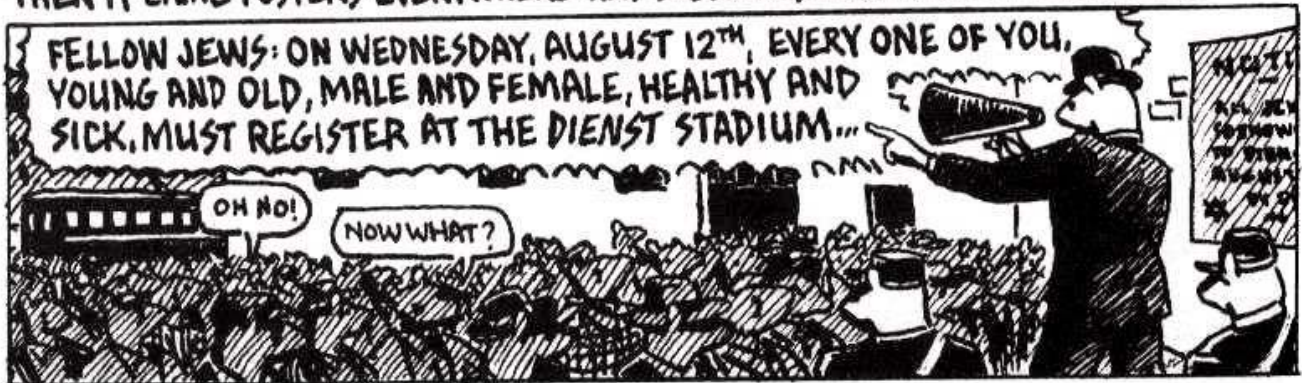


LET US KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING!

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

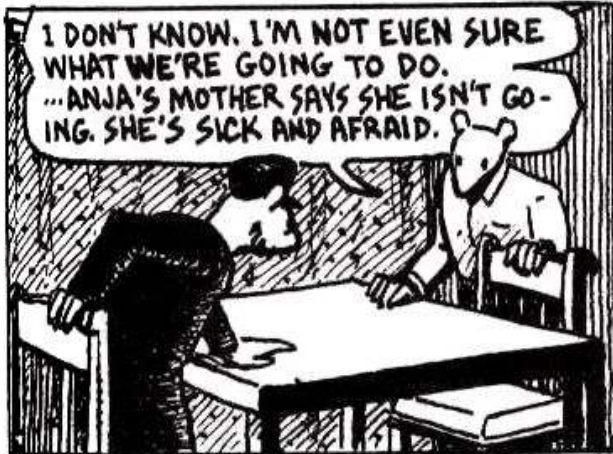


AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GRANDPARENTS, IT WAS A FEW MONTHS QUIET. THEN IT CAME POSTERS EVERYWHERE AND SPEECHES FROM THE GEMEINDE...



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.



LINE UP BY FAMILY AT THE TABLES TO REGISTER! QUICKLY!



OLD PEOPLE, FAMILIES WITH LOTS OF KIDS, AND PEOPLE WITHOUT WORK CARDS ARE ALL GOING TO THE LEFT!

WE UNDERSTOOD THIS MUST BE VERY BAD.

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



AH, YOU WORK AT THE CARPENTRY SHOP. GO TO THE RIGHT.



SO WE GOT STAMPED OUR PASSPORTS AND CAME QUICK TO THE GOOD SIDE OF THE STADIUM. THOSE THEY SENT LEFT, THEY DIDN'T GET ANY STAMP.

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



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

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



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



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

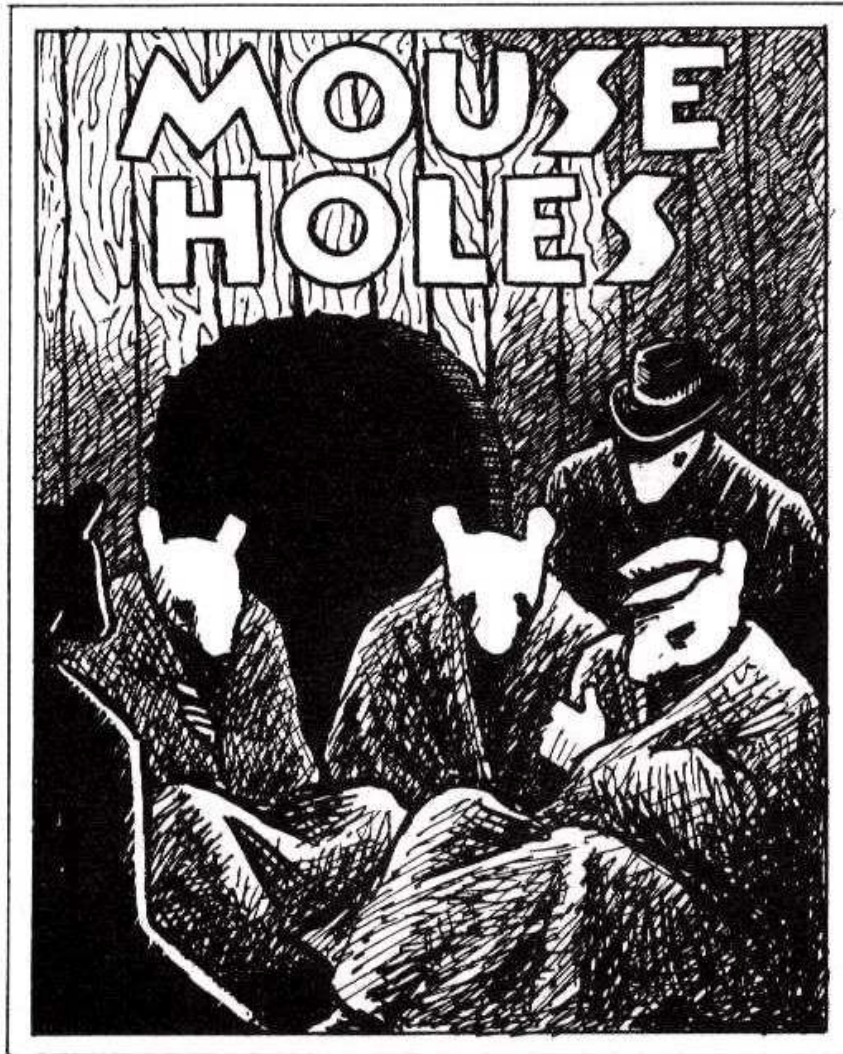
WELL... IT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY. YES, ARTIE?...







C H A P T E R F I V E





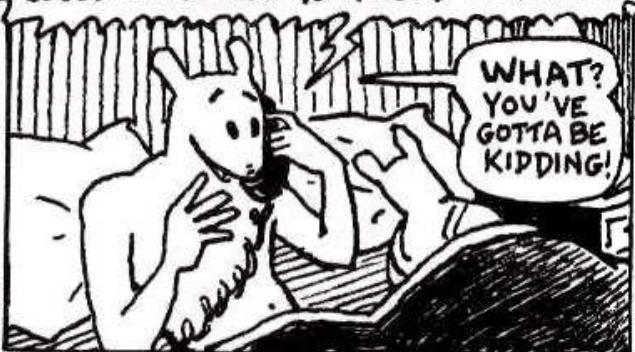
HE INSISTED ON FIXING THE DRAIN-PIPE AND GOT DIZZY! I DON'T KNOW HOW I EVER GOT HIM DOWN!



NOW HE WANTS TO CLIMB BACK UP! WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?!



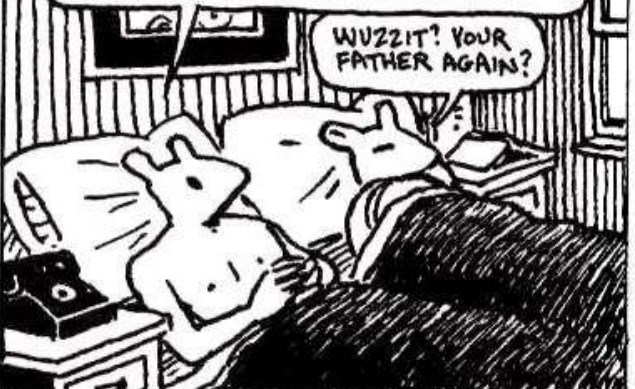
I'M TELLING YOU, MALA MAKES ME MESHUGAH! I WANT THAT MAYBE YOU COULD COME NOW TO QUEENS TO HELP ME.



WHEN I WAS YOUNG I COULD DO BY MYSELF THESE THINGS. BUT NOW, DARLING I NEED IT YOUR HELP FOR THE DRAINPIPE!



WHEW. MAYBE I WAS DREAMING.





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.

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 ORENS LIVED NEARBY...

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



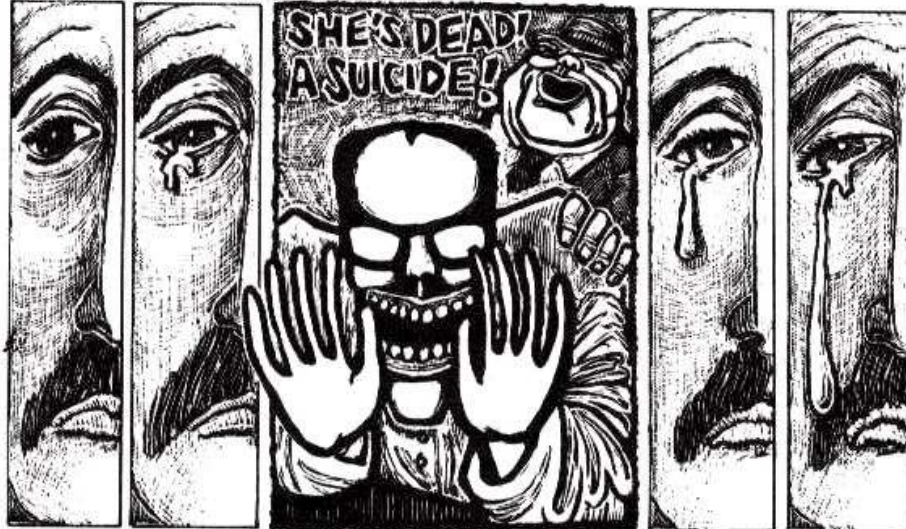
COME TO THE DOCTOR'S... YOUR MOTHER IS -AH- SICK!... HE WILL EXPLAIN



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



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



NOW, NOW, BOY...

NO, LET HIM CRY... IT'S GOOD FOR HIM!

WE WENT HOME... MY FATHER HAD COMPLETELY FALLEN APART!



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

I WAS EXPECTED TO COMFORT HIM!



MOTHER... MOTHER...

SOMEHOW THE FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS WERE MADE...



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

PROTECT WHAT YOU HAVE

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



THE NEXT DAY AT THE FUNERAL HOME WAS WORSE...



יתגדל ויתקדש
שמה רבא בעלמא

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

די ברא כרעותה וימליך...

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



IT WAS TOO MUCH-I HAD TO LEAVE...



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



NOW YOU CRY! BETTER YOU CRIED WHEN YOUR MOTHER WAS STILL ALIVE!

I FELT NAUSEOUS THE GUILT WAS OVERWHELMING!



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



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



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



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



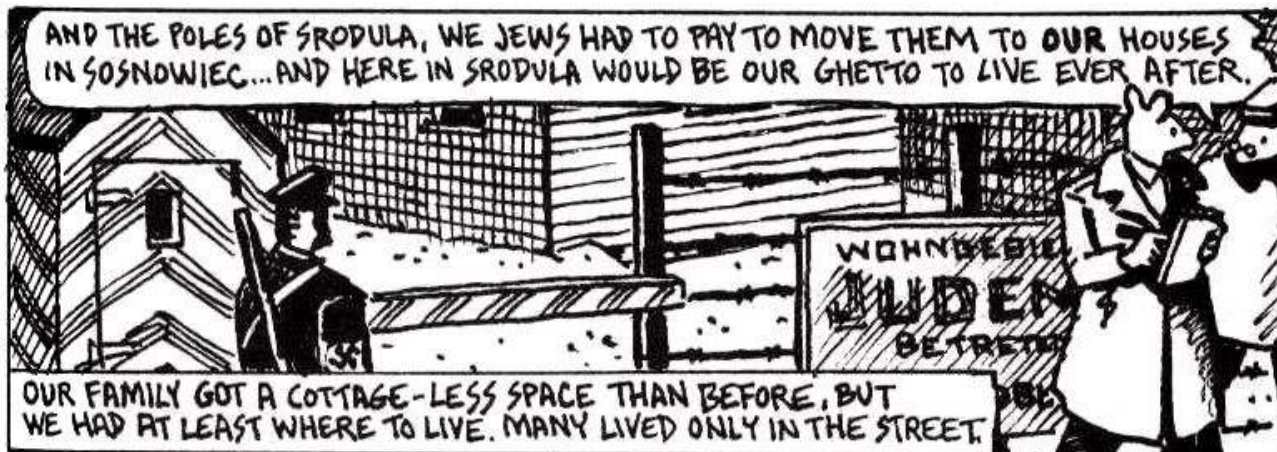
...I TURNED AWAY, RESENTFUL OF THE WAY SHE TIGHTENED THE UMBILICAL CORD...



I REMEMBERED THE LAST TIME I SAW HER...







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



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



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



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



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

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

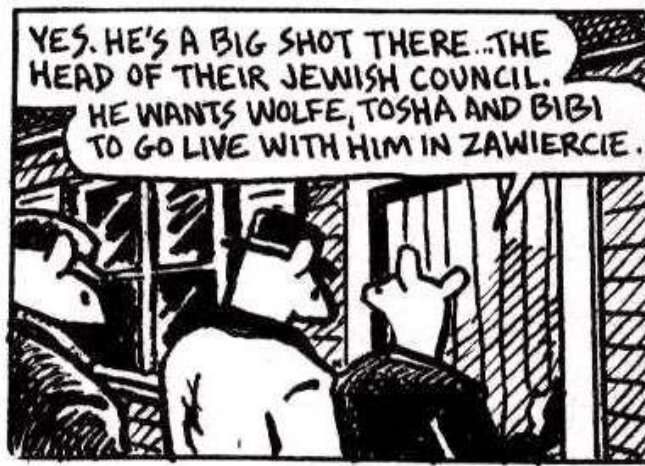


VLADK! LOLEK! HURRY HOME!

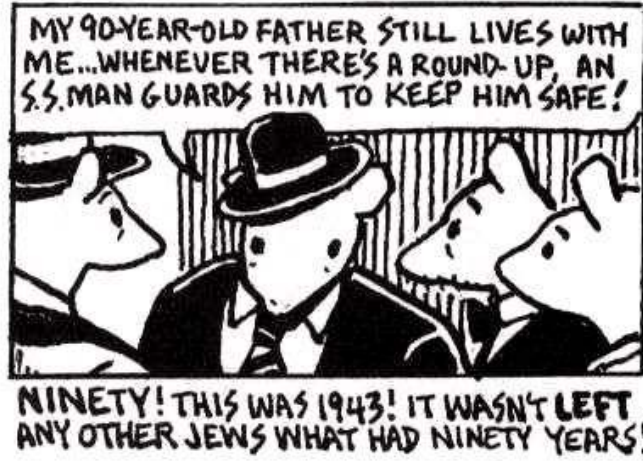
ANJA! WHAT IS IT?



WOLFE'S UNCLE PERSIS IS AT OUR HOUSE!
FROM ZAWIERCIE?



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



SO PERSIS ARRANGED, AND HE CAME AGAIN TO SRODULA.



IT WENT WITH HIM WOLFE, TOSHA AND BIBI

LOLEK'S LITTLE SISTER, LONIA

AND OUR BOY, RICHIEU.

WE WATCHED UNTIL THEY DISAPPEARED FROM OUR EYES...

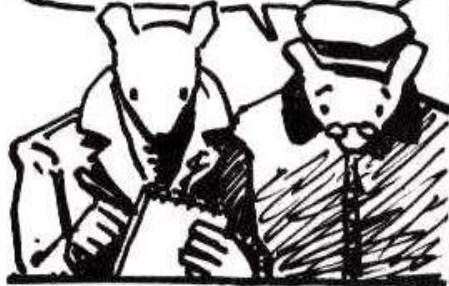


IT WAS THE LAST TIME EVER WE SAW THEM; BUT THAT WE COULDN'T KNOW.

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 SRODULA TO AUSCHWITZ OVER 1,000 PEOPLE.



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



SOME KIDS WERE SCREAMING AND SCREAMING. THEY COULDN'T STOP.

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



AND THEY NEVER ANYMORE SCREAMED.

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



THIS I DIDN'T SEE WITH MY OWN EYES, BUT SOMEBODY THE NEXT DAY TOLD ME. AND I SAID, "THANK GOD WITH PERSIS OUR CHILDREN ARE SAFE!"



A FEW MONTHS AFTER WE SENT RICHIEU TO ZAWIERCIE, THE GERMANS DECIDED THEY WOULD FINISH OUT THAT GHETTO.



ALL THE GESTAPO IN THE GHETTO HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY OTHERS FROM OPOLE. THEY JUST SHOT PERSIS AND THE REST OF THE JEWISH COUNCIL!..



THEY'RE EVACUATING ZAWIERCIE. WE'RE ALL SUPPOSED TO GO TO THE SQUARE WITH OUR BAGGAGE RIGHT AWAY. THEY'RE SENDING ALL OF US OUT- TO AUSCHWITZ!





DID TOSHA'S HUSBAND SURVIVE?

NO. ON THE TRAIN TO AUSCHWITZ HE TRIED TO ESCAPE AND THEY SHOT HIM.



HARDLY ANY SURVIVED. BUT THESE THINGS WE LEARNED ONLY MUCH LATER. IN OUR BUNKERS WE HEARD ONLY RUMORS.



YOUR 'BUNKERS?'

YES. WE HAD IN SRODULA TO MAKE FOR OURSELVES 'BUNKERS,' PLACES TO HIDE.



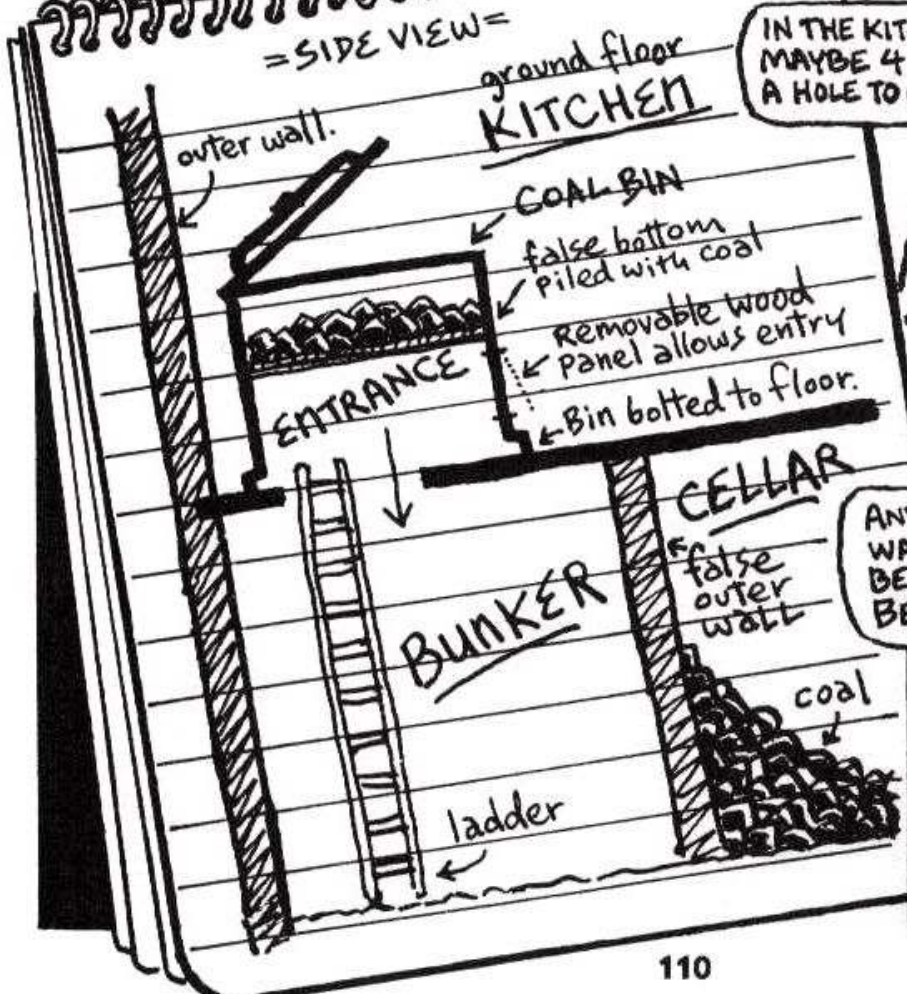
THE GERMANS STARTED TO GRAB OUT ANYBODY, IF HE HAD PAPERS OR NO.



THEREFORE I ARRANGED FOR US A VERY GOOD HIDING SPOT- IN OUR CELLAR, WHERE IT WAS COAL STORAGE.



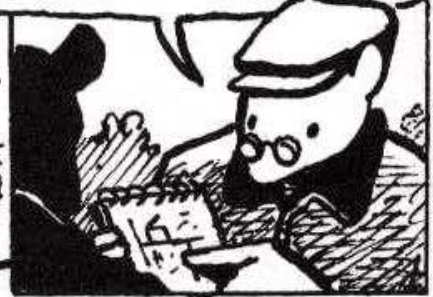
SHOW TO ME YOUR PENCIL AND I CAN EXPLAIN YOU... SUCH THINGS IT'S GOOD TO KNOW EXACTLY HOW WAS IT- JUST IN CASE ...



IN THE KITCHEN WAS A COAL CABINET MAYBE 4 FOOT WIDE. INSIDE I MADE A HOLE TO GO DOWN TO THE CELLAR.



AND THERE WE MADE A BRICK WALL FILLED HIGH WITH COAL. BEHIND THIS WALL WE COULD BE A LITTLE SAFE.



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 COULDN'T 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!



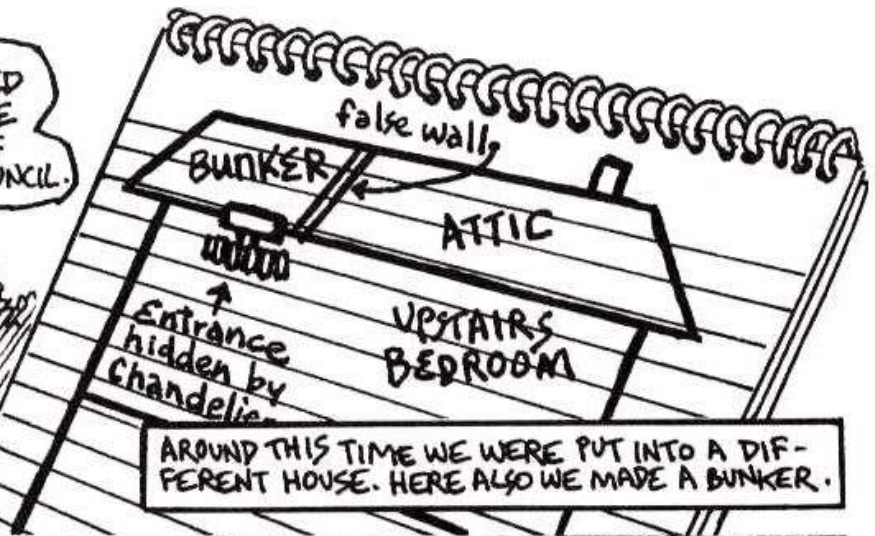
WE HAD WORMS THERE IN THAT BUNKER.

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 MONIEK 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.

LOLEK! THANK GOD YOU'RE SAFE!

IT'S LIKE A BATTLEFIELD OUTSIDE!



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



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

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

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



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



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

ONE NIGHT WE WENT TO SNEAK FOR FOOD...



WE DRAGGED HIM UP TO OUR BUNKER



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



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



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



...THE GESTAPO CAME THAT AFTERNOON.





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

(LOOK, VLADEK. I CAN GET YOU AND YOUR WIFE OUT—EVEN YOUR NEPHEW. BUT YOUR IN-LAWS ARE TOO OLD. THEY'LL NEVER GET PAST THE GUARDS.)

PLEASE! WE'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE.



THE TWO GIRLS HE SENT BACK TO THE KITCHEN.

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



FROM THE WINDOW WE SAW LOLEK GO.

MY GOD, VLADEK...



YOU MUST GET MATKA AND ME OUT TOO. GIVE YOUR COUSIN THIS GOLD WATCH, THIS DIAMOND—ANYTHING!

OF COURSE I—I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN.

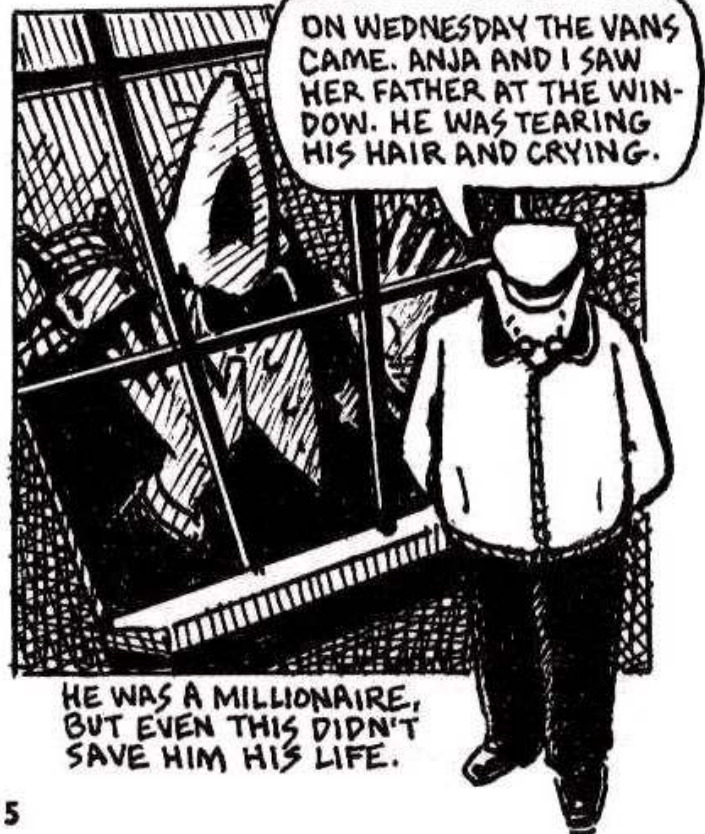


THE DAY AFTER, ANJA AND I CARRIED PAST THE GUARDS THE EMPTY PAIRS.



HASKEL TOOK FROM ME FATHER-IN-LAW'S JEWELS. BUT, FINALLY, HE DIDN'T HELP THEM.

ON WEDNESDAY THE VANS CAME. ANJA AND I SAW HER FATHER AT THE WINDOW. HE WAS TEARING HIS HAIR AND CRYING.



HE WAS A MILLIONAIRE, BUT EVEN THIS DIDN'T SAVE HIM HIS LIFE.





MILOCH-TAKE CARE OF COUSIN VLADEK.

GLADLY



BEN HERE CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO RESOLE THE GERMAN BOOTS.

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



WE'LL RESERVE THIS WORKBENCH FOR YOU...



YOU DON'T HAVE TO SIT HERE ALL THE TIME, BUT WHENEVER THE GERMAN COMMISSION COMES TO INSPECT, JUST SIT THERE AND LOOK BUSY...



FROM TIME TO TIME I HAD OTHER JOBS ALSO TO DO AROUND THE GHETTO...



YES! THIS REMINDS ME SOMETHING NOW...



REMEMBER THIS GUY WHAT I TOLD YOU GAVE US OUT OF OUR BUNKER?...



WELL, YOU KNOW, I BURIED HIM...

HEY! THIS IS THE RAT THAT TURNED MY FAMILY OVER TO THE GESTAPO.

HE WAS SHOT!



HASKEL HAD ARRANGED HE WOULD BE KILLED.

BUT IF HE'S DEAD WHY ARE HIS EYES STILL WIDE OPEN?

HE WAS STRUGGLING TO SURVIVE.

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!**



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



H-HERE... YOU OKAY?

HOOSH



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



LET'S SIT ON THAT STOOP.

JUST RELAX. DON'T TALK FOR A WHILE.

HOOSH! I MADE TOO FAST, OUR WALKING!



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

YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY?



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

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



GIFTS? WHY? HE SOUNDS LIKE A ROTTEN GUY!

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



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



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.

... SUCH FRIENDS HASKEL HAD.

I TOLD HASKEL AND MILOCH LATER ABOUT THIS.



BUT COUSIN PESACH WAS REALLY SELLING CAKE! EVERYONE WHAT COULD AFFORD IT STOOD ON LINE TO BUY A PIECE...



PESACH WAS LIKE HASKEL, PART OF THE JEWISH POLICE.

HE WAS YOUNGER FROM HASKEL, BUT ALSO A "KOMBINATOR!"

I HAD STILL SAVINGS, SO I GOT FOR ANJA AND ME SOME CAKE.



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

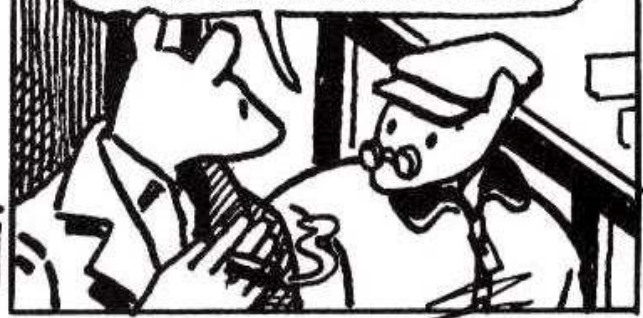


BEFORE THE WAR PESACH HAD A RESORT HOTEL IN ZAKOPANE ...



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!

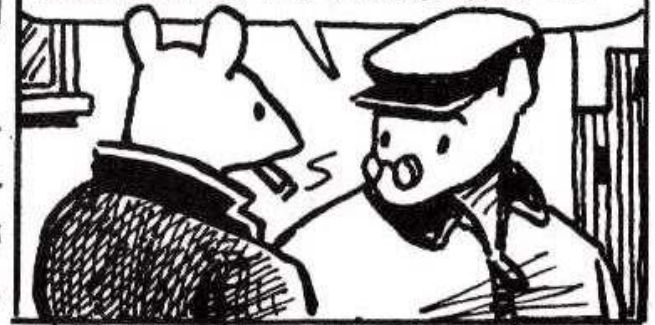


ARE YOU READY TO WALK AGAIN?

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



MILOCH 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 MILOCH 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.



IT COULD BE OUR TURN SOON, EH VLADEK?

LET'S HOPE NOT, MILOCH.

HASKEL HEARD THAT ANY DAY NOW THEY INTEND TO DEPORT EVERYONE THAT'S STILL LEFT HERE.



MILOCH TOOK ME TO THE SHOE SHOP

IT WAS EARLY AND NOBODY WAS THERE...

HASKEL MADE PLANS TO SMUGGLE HIMSELF OUT OF THE GHETTO.

PESACH AND I HAVE A PLAN ALSO...



WE MOVED A FEW SHOES FROM A PILE HIGH TO THE CEILING...

...AND TOOK ME INSIDE A TUNNEL...

DON'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT THIS EXCEPT ANJA AND YOUR NEPHEW.



...A TUNNEL MADE FROM SHOES!

WE CAME OUT TO A BUNKER...

BE PREPARED TO BRING THEM ON A MOMENT'S NOTICE!

INCREDIBLE!



EVERYTHING WAS READY HERE SO 15 OR 16 PEOPLE COULD HIDE.

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



NO THANKS, FORGET IT!

BUT MILOCH ORGANIZED EVERYTHING!



I'M SICK OF HIDING!

OUR NEPHEW WAS THEN ONLY 15. HE WAS WORKING AS AN ELECTRICIAN.

ALWAYS LOLEK WAS A LITTLE MESHUGA...

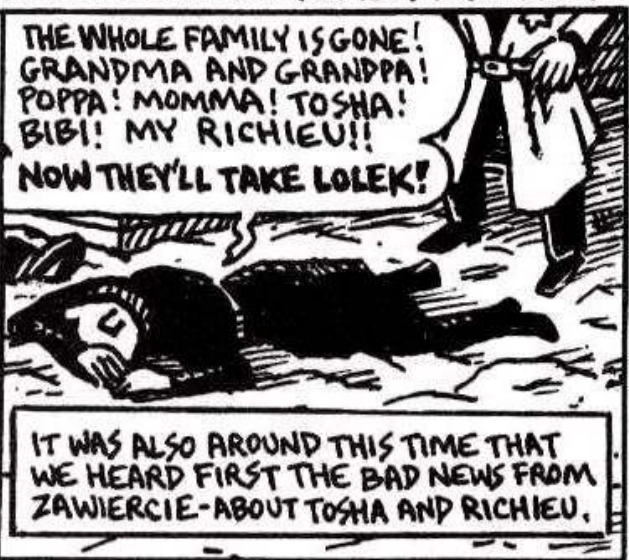


I'M A SKILLED WORKER. WHEREVER THEY TAKE ME, I'LL BE OKAY.

YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT TO THE OVENS!

AND HE DID GET PUT INTO ONE OF THE NEXT TRANSPORTS TO AUSCHWITZ.

ANJA BECAME COMPLETELY HYSTERICAL.



THE WHOLE FAMILY IS GONE! GRANDMA AND GRANDPA! POPPA! MOMMA! TOSHA! BIBI! MY RICHIEU!! NOW THEY'LL TAKE LOLEK!

IT WAS ALSO AROUND THIS TIME THAT WE HEARD FIRST THE BAD NEWS FROM ZAWIERCIE-ABOUT TOSHA AND RICHIEU.



OH GOD. LET ME DIE TOO!

COME, ANJA. GET UP!



WHY ARE YOU PULLING ME, VLADEK? LET ME ALONE! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE!



NO, DARLING! TO DIE, IT'S EASY...



BUT YOU HAVE TO STRUGGLE FOR LIFE!



UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT WE MUST STRUGGLE TOGETHER! I NEED YOU!



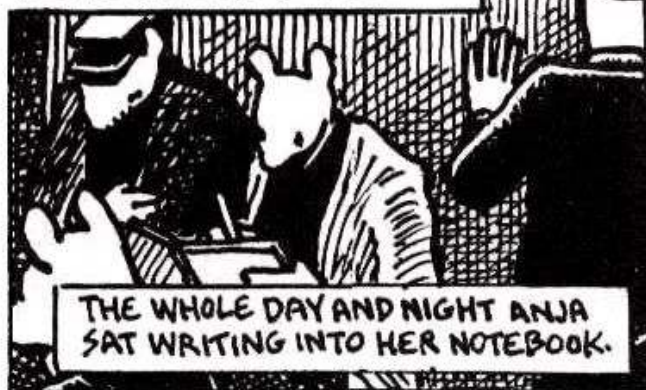
AND YOU'LL SEE THAT TOGETHER WE'LL SURVIVE.

THIS ALWAYS I TOLD TO HER.

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



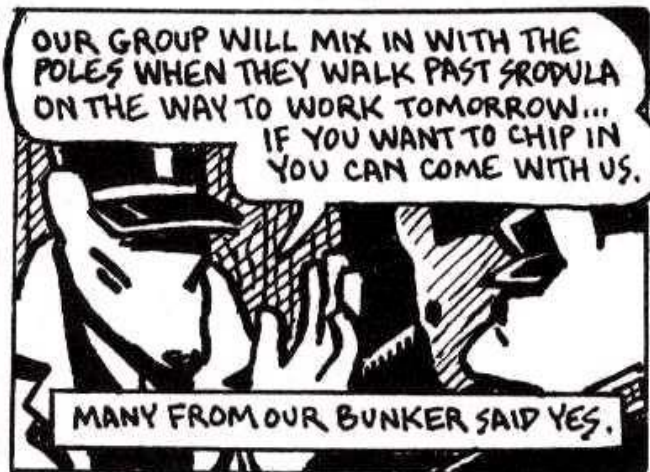


AFTER A TIME PESACH CAME OVER TO US FROM HIS BUNKER...

MAYBE YOU FOOLS ARE WILLING TO LIE HERE UNTIL YOU STARVE TO DEATH - BUT NOT ME!...



I'VE CONTACTED ONE OF THE GUARDS. IT'LL COST A FORTUNE, BUT HE'S AGREED TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY.



OUR GROUP WILL MIX IN WITH THE POLES WHEN THEY WALK PAST SRODULA ON THE WAY TO WORK TOMORROW... IF YOU WANT TO CHIP IN YOU CAN COME WITH US.

MANY FROM OUR BUNKER SAID YES.



MILOCH AND I, WE SAID NO TO THIS IDEA. WE DIDN'T TRUST TO THE GERMANS.

ONE GUY FROM OUR BUNKER, AVRAM, CAME TO ME.



HE SAID, "TELL ME WHEN YOU WILL GO OUT, VLADEK. THEN I'LL KNOW IT'S SAFE."

HE AND HIS GIRLFRIEND WANTED TO PAY ME TO ADVISE.



THEY HAD STILL 2 WATCHES AND SOME DIAMOND RINGS. I DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE. THEY NEEDED THESE TO LIVE.

SO I TOOK ONLY THE SMALL WATCH.

THE NEXT MORNING, VERY EARLY, THE GROUP WALKED OUT.

I STOOD, SECRET, BEHIND A CORNER. I HEARD LOUD SHOOTING, AND I DIDN'T GO TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED...



THEY GAVE OVER THE MONEY AND WENT PAST THE GUARD.



TAKA TAKA TAKA



I ONLY RAN VERY FAST BACK TO OUR BUNKER.

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

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



THEY'RE ALL GONE!

THE GHETTO IS EMPTY!

WHEW



AHEAD OF TIME WE ORGANIZED OURSELVES GOOD CLOTHES AND I.D PAPERS.

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.



WE WENT ALL IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.

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



AND THE FRIENDS KEPT THEM... UNTIL AVRAM'S MONEY FINISHED. THEN THEY WERE REPORTED.

ANJA AND I DIDN'T HAVE WHERE TO GO.



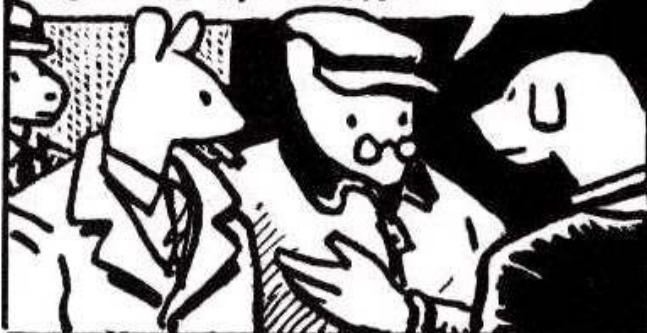
WE WALKED IN THE DIRECTION OF SOSNOWIEC - BUT WHERE TO GO?!

IT WAS NOWHERE WE HAD TO HIDE.

CAN I HELP YOU, MR. SPIEGELMAN?



YES, I HAVE HERE MY SON, ARTIE. I WANT TO SIGN HIM A KEY, SO HE CAN GO ALSO TO MY SAFETY BOX.



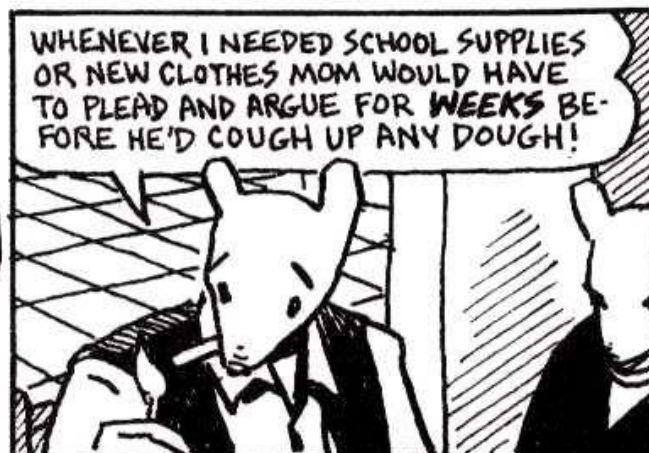




C H A P T E R S I X



Another visit...

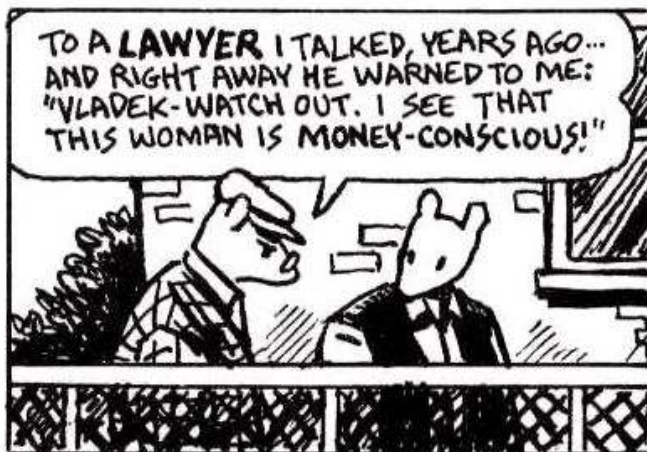














GO THROUGH THE COURTYARD TO THE SHED
IN THE BACK. I'LL BRING YOU SOME FOOD.



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.

B-BE CAREFUL.



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









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



IT'S ALMOST DAWN - WHEN MRS. KAWKA COMES TO MILK HER COW, SHE'LL BRING YOU SOME COFFEE.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO DEKERTA.



DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE AGAIN. I'M TERRIFIED WHILE YOU'RE GONE.

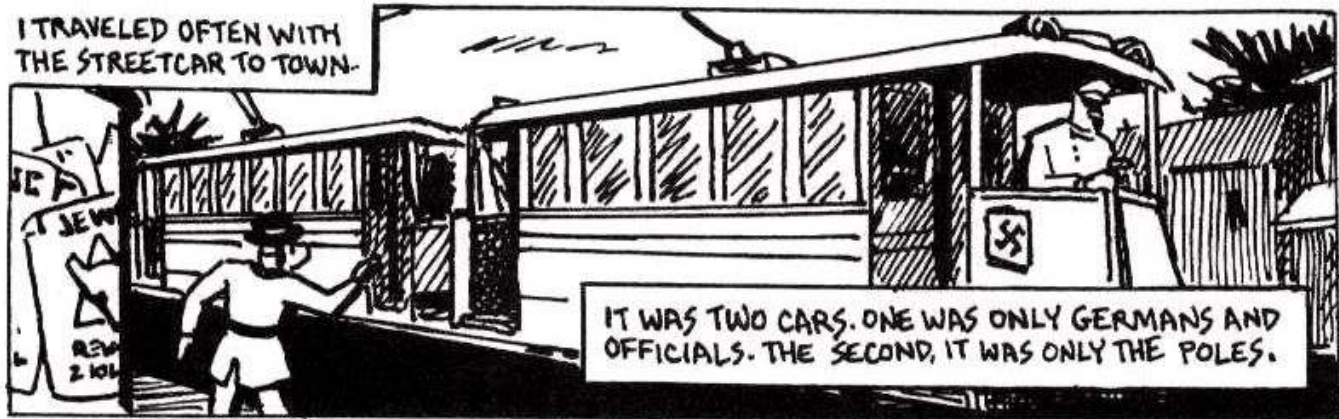


DON'T WORRY, ANJA. I'LL BE SAFE. IF I DIDN'T GO OUT WE WOULDN'T HAVE FOOD... WE WOULDN'T HAVE THIS PLACE!...



AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WARMER PLACE FOR THE WINTER... AWAY FROM SOSNOWIEC IF POSSIBLE ...

I-I'LL BE OKAY. COME BACK QUICK.



I TRAVELED OFTEN WITH THE STREETCAR TO TOWN.

IT WAS TWO CARS. ONE WAS ONLY GERMANS AND OFFICIALS. THE SECOND, IT WAS ONLY THE POLES.



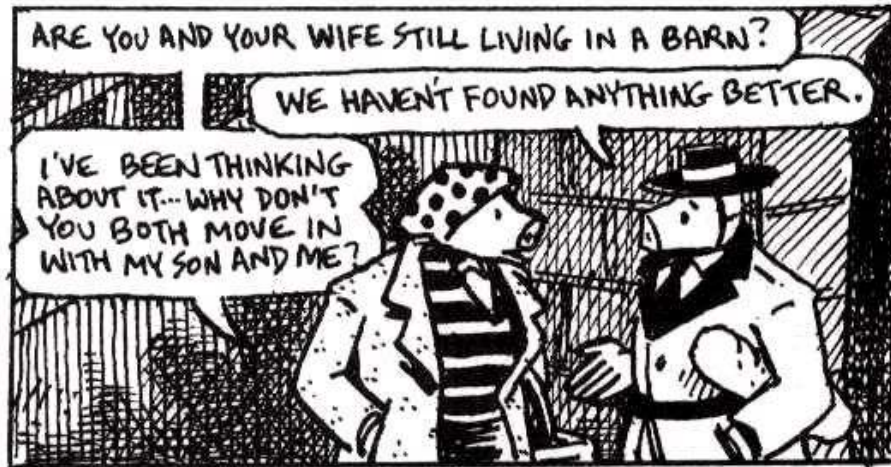
ALWAYS I WENT STRAIGHT IN THE OFFICIAL CAR...

HEIL HITLER.



THE GERMANS PAID NO ATTENTION OF ME... IN THE POLISH 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.

WHEW

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...



BE SURE TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE WINDOW - YOU MIGHT BE SEEN!



ONE MINUTE!

(QUICK-GET IN THE CLOSET!)



IF SOMEBODY CAME, WE HAD FAST TO HIDE,

A LETTER FROM YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. MOTONOWA.

THANKS.



BUT I HAD SOMETHING ALLERGIC IN THE CLOSET.

AAH-



OR MAYBE IT WAS A COLD-I CAN'T REMEMBER...

-CHMF

BUT ALWAYS I HAD TO SNEEZE.

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



THIS IS TERRIBLE!

THE GESTAPO JUST SEARCHED ME--THEY TOOK MY GOODS!



THEY MAY COME SEARCH HERE ANY MINUTE! YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE!

WHAT?

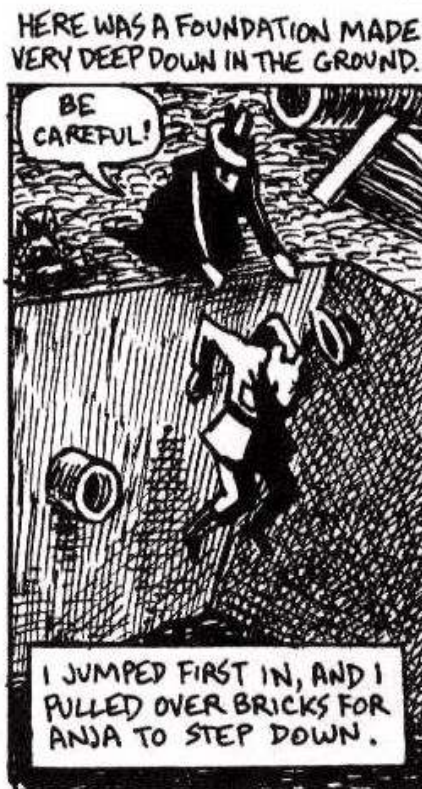
BUT WHERE CAN WE GO?



I DON'T KNOW. BUT YOU MUST GET OUT NOW!

OH MY GOD... THIS IS THE END!

ANJA STARTED TO CRY... BUT WE HAD NOT A CHOICE.



IT STARTED TO BE LIGHT...



COME. WE WON'T BE NOTICED IF WE MIX WITH PEOPLE OUT ON THE STREET.



I'M SO TIRED AND COLD...

WE CAN REST NOW.

WE CAME FINALLY AGAIN TO THIS PLACE WITH THE COW AND WENT INSIDE.

LATER, KAWKA CAME IN...



W-WHO'S IN HERE?

THE SPIEGELMANS... WE HAD NOWHERE ELSE TO GO.



WELL... I GUESS YOU CAN STAY. BUT, REMEMBER: I DON'T KNOW YOU'RE HERE!



WHY, MRS. SPIEGELMAN, YOU'RE SHIVERING!

YOU CAN COME INTO MY HOUSE FOR AN HOUR OR SO, 'TIL YOU WARM UP.

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



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

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



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

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



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



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.



... I SET UP A MATTRESS... I'LL COME DOWN WHENEVER I CAN.

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...



AIEEE!

WH-WHAT IS IT?



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!

FLIK 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!

MMM...

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.



THE MOTHERS ALWAYS TOLD SO: "BE CAREFUL! A JEW WILL CATCH YOU TO A BAG AND EAT YOU!" ... SO THEY TAUGHT TO THEIR CHILDREN.



I APPROACHED OVER TO THEM...



SO I CAME OUT WELL FROM THIS...



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



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

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



THE SMUGGLERS PROPOSED US HOW THEY WOULD DO.

WE SPOKE YIDDISH SO THE POLES DON'T UNDERSTAND.



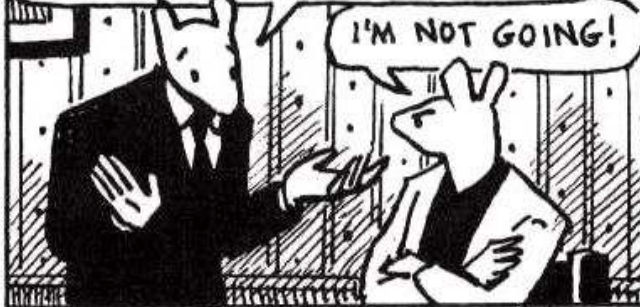
BUT IF EVER I TALKED OF THIS PLAN TO ANJA...



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.



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 SITUATION 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.



THE CONDITIONS HOW MILOCH WAS LIVING-YOU COULDN'T BELIEVE.



INSIDE THIS GARBAGE HOLE WAS HERE SEPARATED A TINY SPACE - MAYBE ONLY 5 FEET BY 6 FEET.



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



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...



AND FINALLY I CONVINCED HER.

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

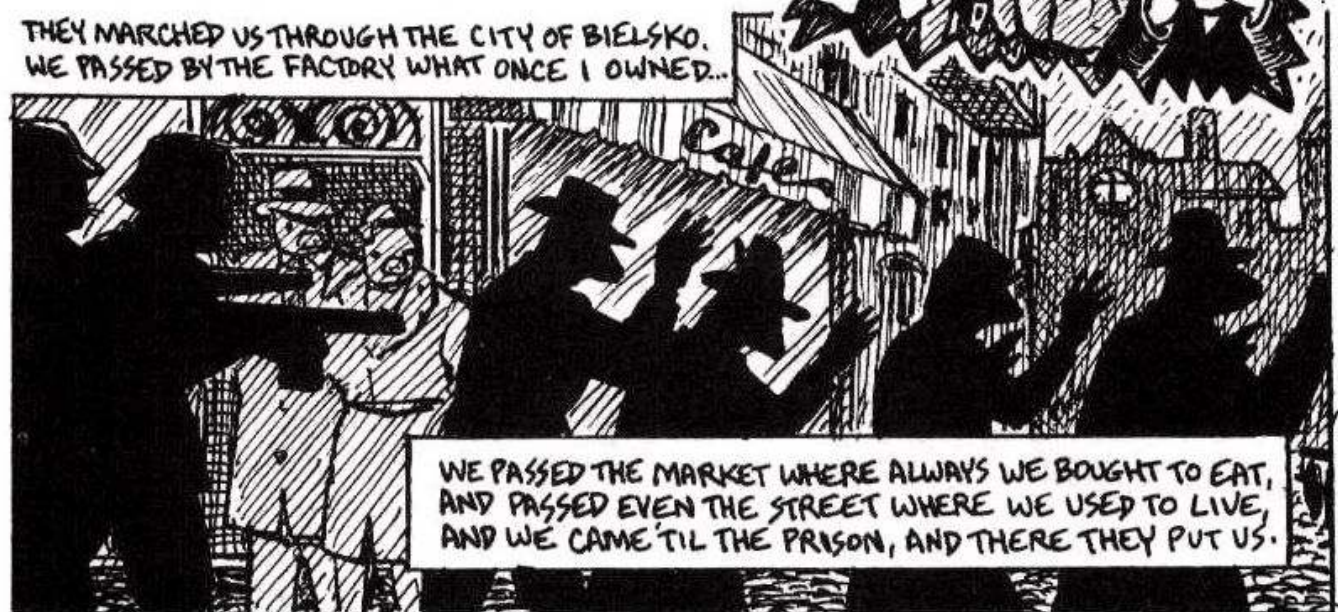


AND, YOU KNOW, MILOCH AND HIS WIFE AND BOY, THEY ALL SURVIVED THEMSELVES THE WHOLE WAR... SITTING THERE ... WITH MOTONOWA...

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



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, LITTLE BY LITTLE, ALL THE POLISH.



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

WRAPPED IN FOIL, I KEPT IT HIDDEN THERE... IT WAS MY LAST TREASURE.

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



WELL, NEVER MIND... THEY TOOK IT AND THREW ME WITH MANDELBAUM INTO A CELL...



WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO ABRAHAM?

WHO?

AH, MANDELBAUM'S NEPHEW! YES. HE FINISHED THE SAME AS US TO CONCENTRATION CAMP.

-BUT

YES. I'LL TELL YOU HOW IT WAS WITH HIM - BUT NOW I'M TELLING HERE IN THE PRISON...



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...



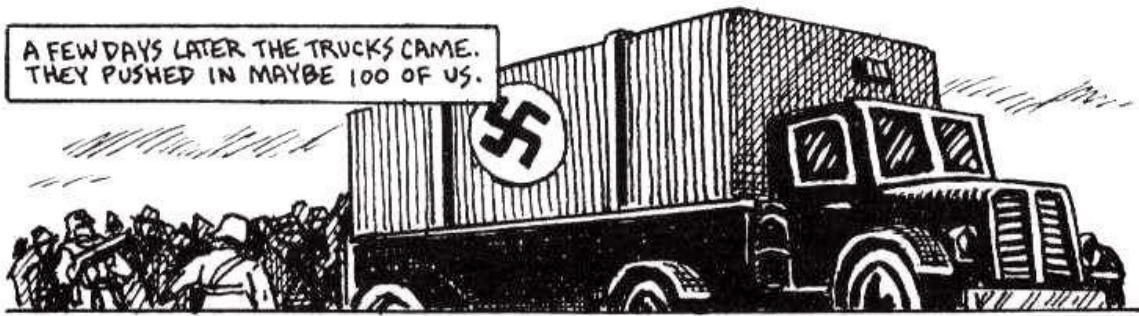
IN A SHORT TIME HE GOT AGAIN A PACKAGE...

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.

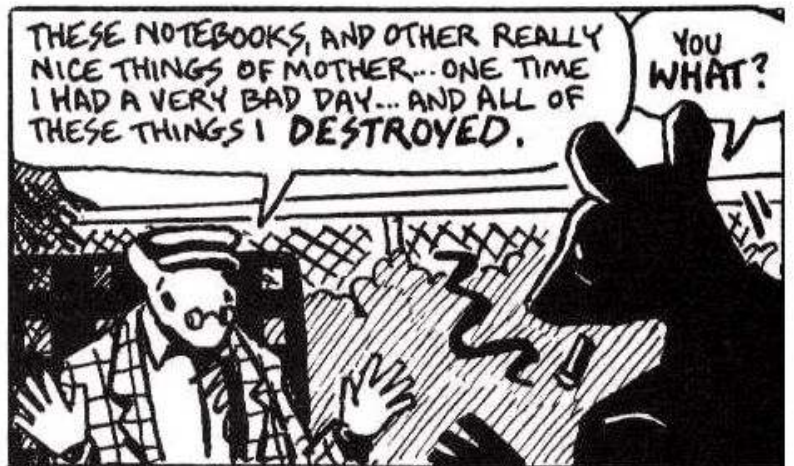


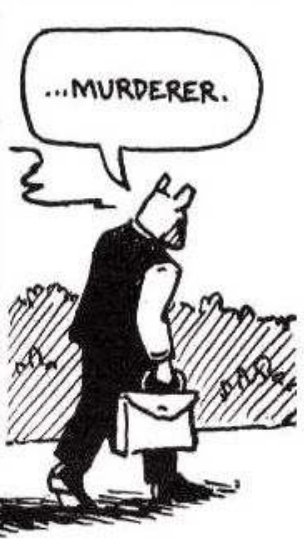
WE CAME TO THE TOWN OF OSWIECIM...
BEFORE THE WAR I SOLD TEXTILES HERE.

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

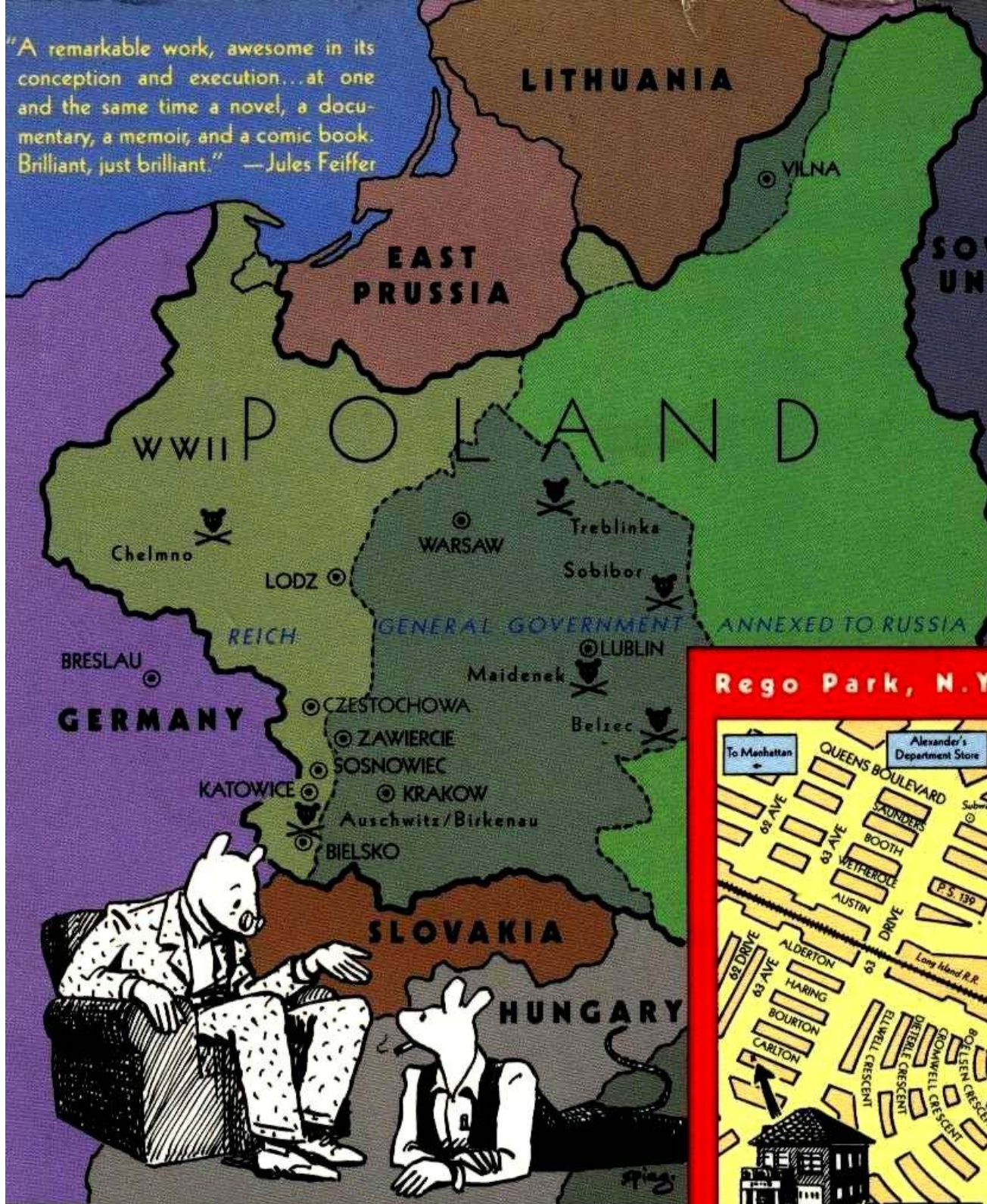
"A very moving book about a subject so terrible it is almost impossible to comprehend. *Maus* proves that the strip cartoon is a medium just as good as the novel or film. A great achievement" – Raymond Briggs



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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