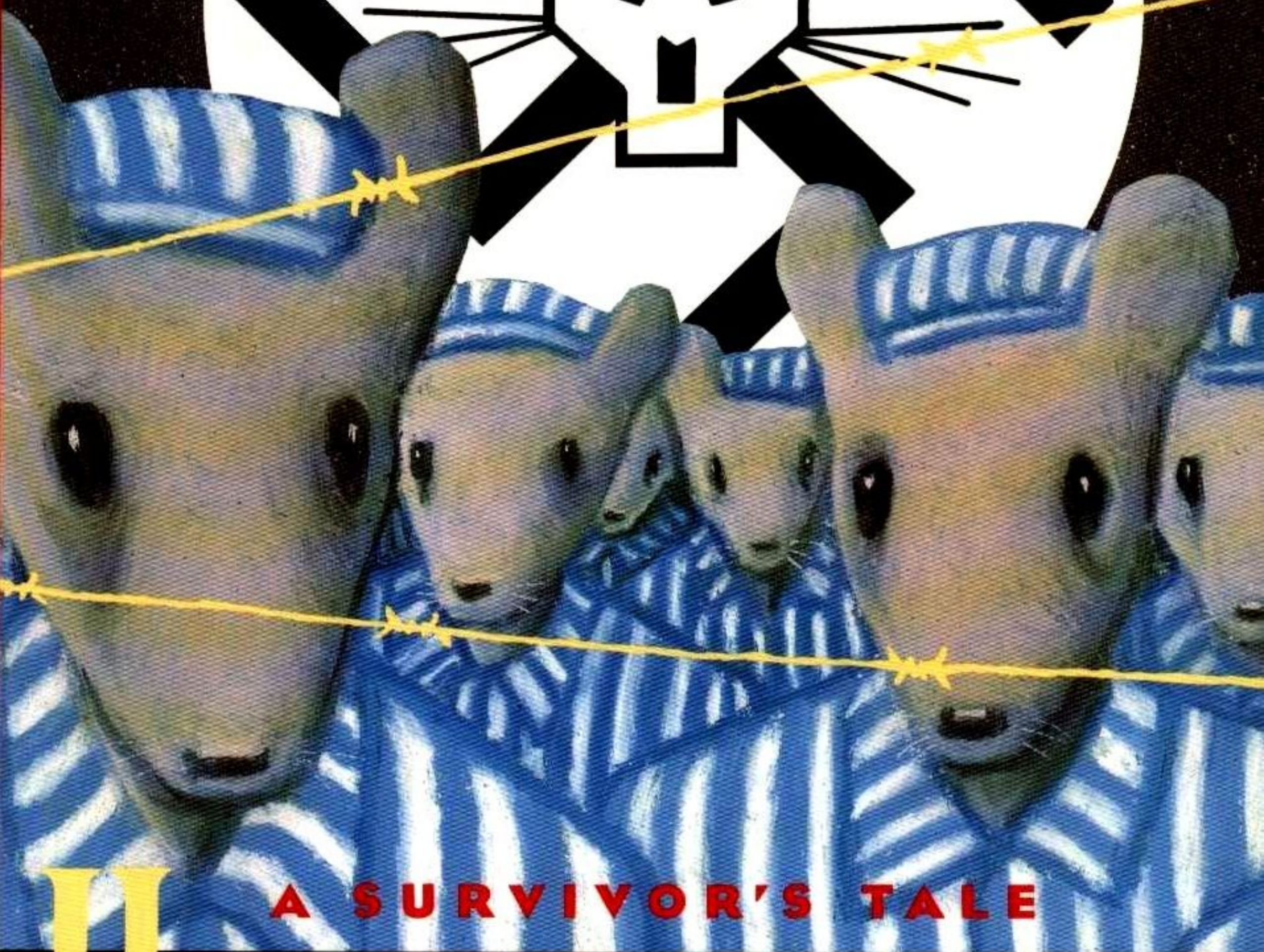


art spiegelman

MAUS



A SURVIVOR'S TALE

II

AND HERE MY TROUBLES BEGAN



Aclaimed 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.



Barbara
H. Kander

MAUS



MAUS

A SURVIVOR'S TALE

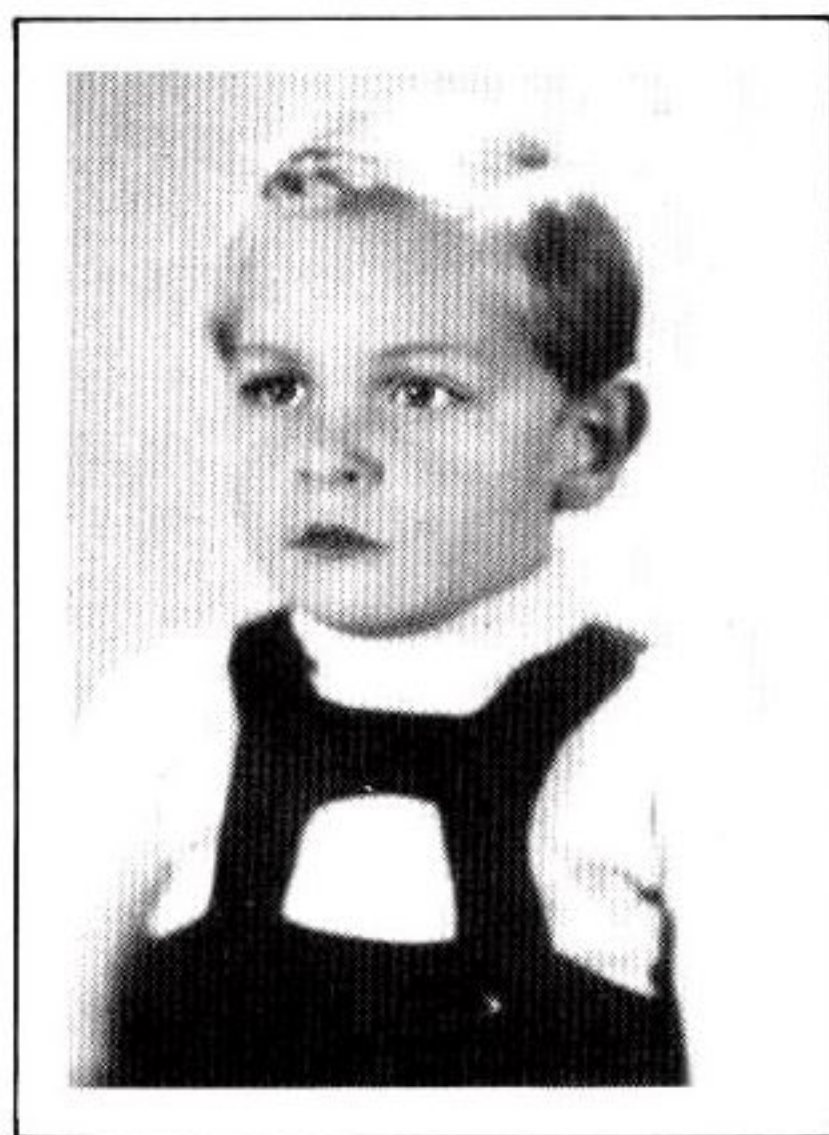
II

AND HERE
MY TROUBLES
BEGAN

art spiegelman

PANTHEON BOOKS NEW YORK

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, Richieu, 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

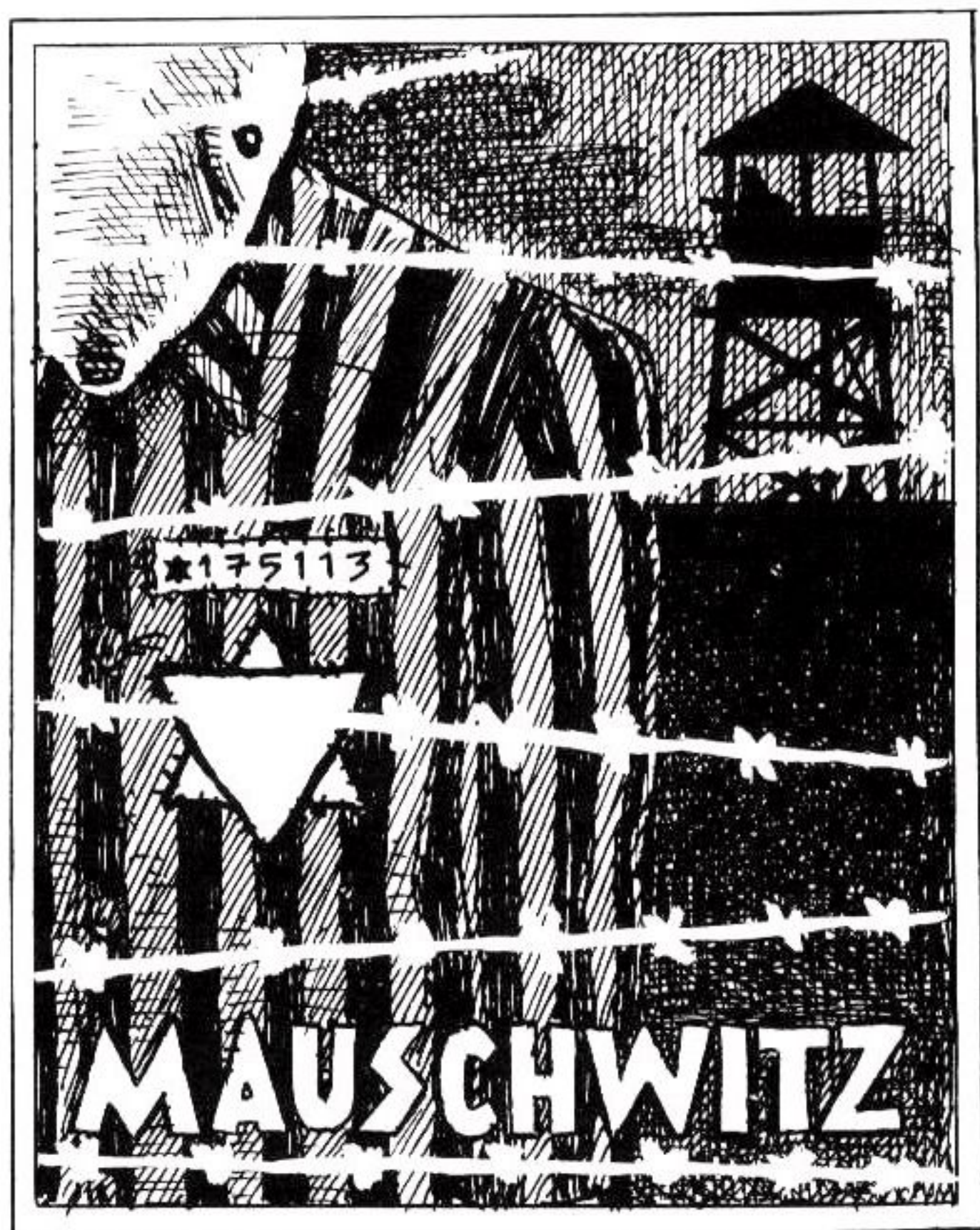
(FROM MAUSCHWITZ TO THE CATSKILLS AND BEYOND)

CONTENTS

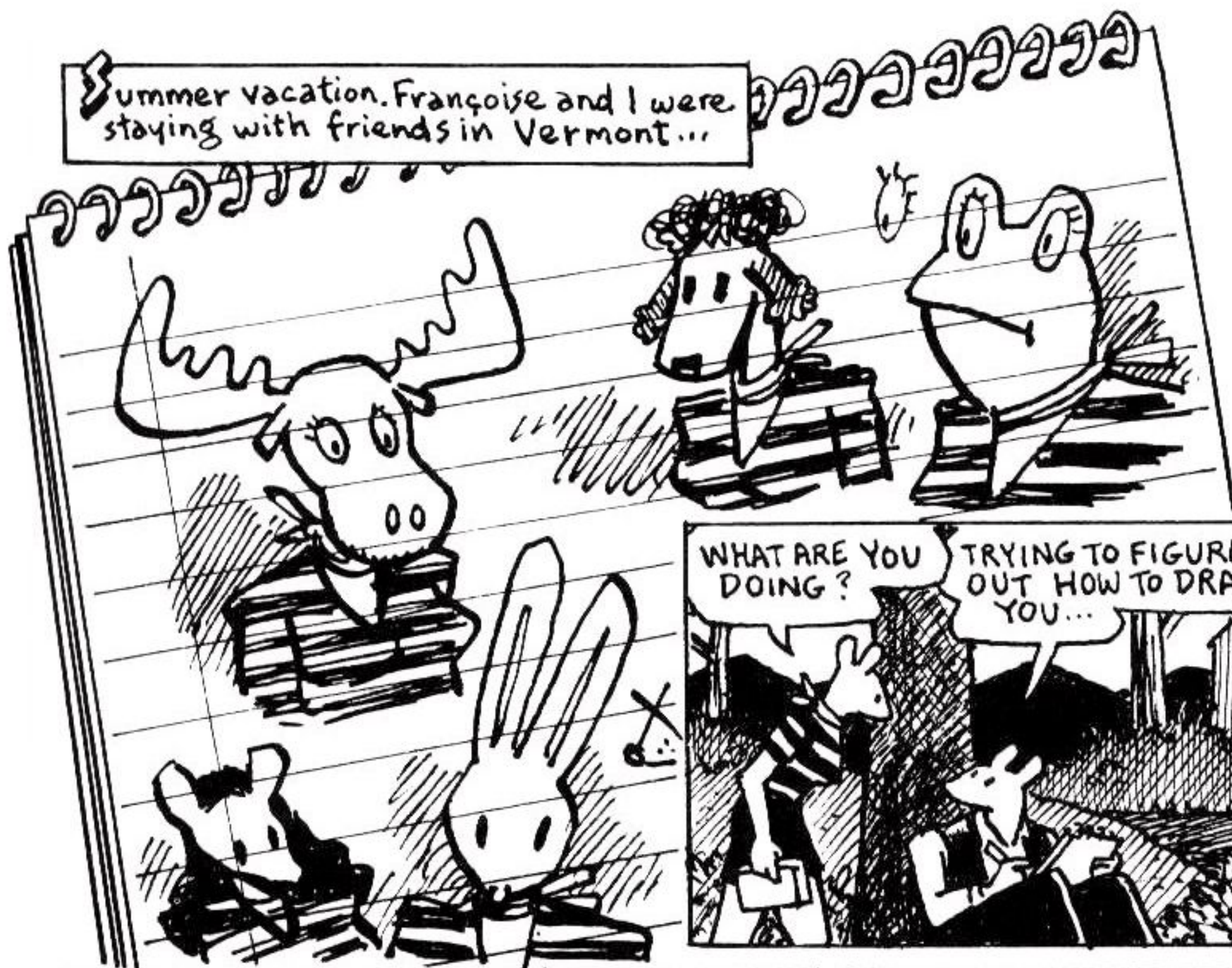
- 9 one/Mauschwitz
- 39 two/Auschwitz (time flies)
- 75 three/. . .and here my troubles began . . .
- 101 four/saved
- 119 five/the second honeymoon



C H A P T E R O N E



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



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO DRAW YOU...



WANT ME TO POSE?

I MEAN IN MY BOOK. WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL SHOULD I MAKE YOU?

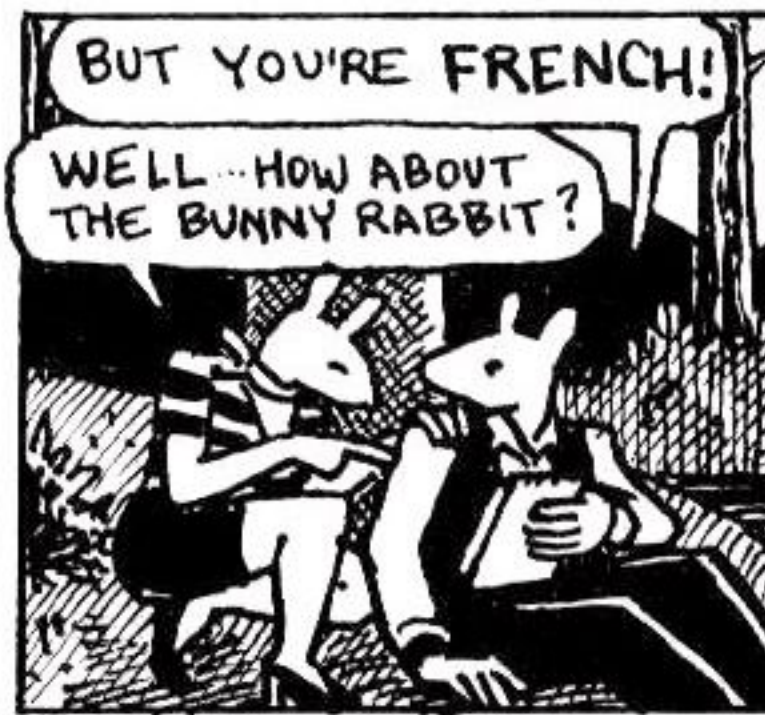


HUH? A MOUSE, OF COURSE!



BUT YOU'RE FRENCH!

WELL...HOW ABOUT THE BUNNY RABBIT?



NAH, TOO SWEET AND GENTLE.

HMMMPH.

I MEAN THE FRENCH IN GENERAL. LET'S NOT FORGET THE CENTURIES OF ANTI-SEMITISM...



I MEAN, HOW ABOUT THE DREYFUS AFFAIR? THE NAZI COLLABORATORS! THE —

OKAY! BUT IF YOU'RE A MOUSE, I OUGHT TO BE A MOUSE TOO.

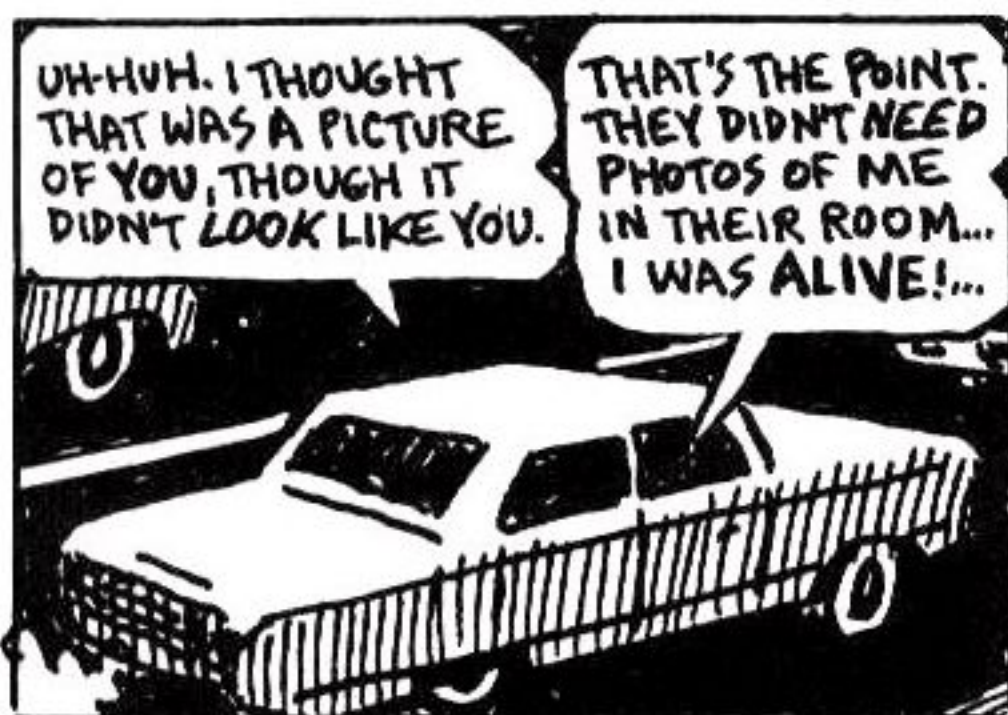
I CONVERTED DIDN'T I?











I NEVER FELT GUILTY ABOUT RICHIEU. BUT I DID HAVE NIGHTMARES ABOUT S.S. 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.

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

HMMPH. LIGHT ME A CIGARETTE.



JUST KEEP IT HONEST, HONEY.



And so, the Catskills...







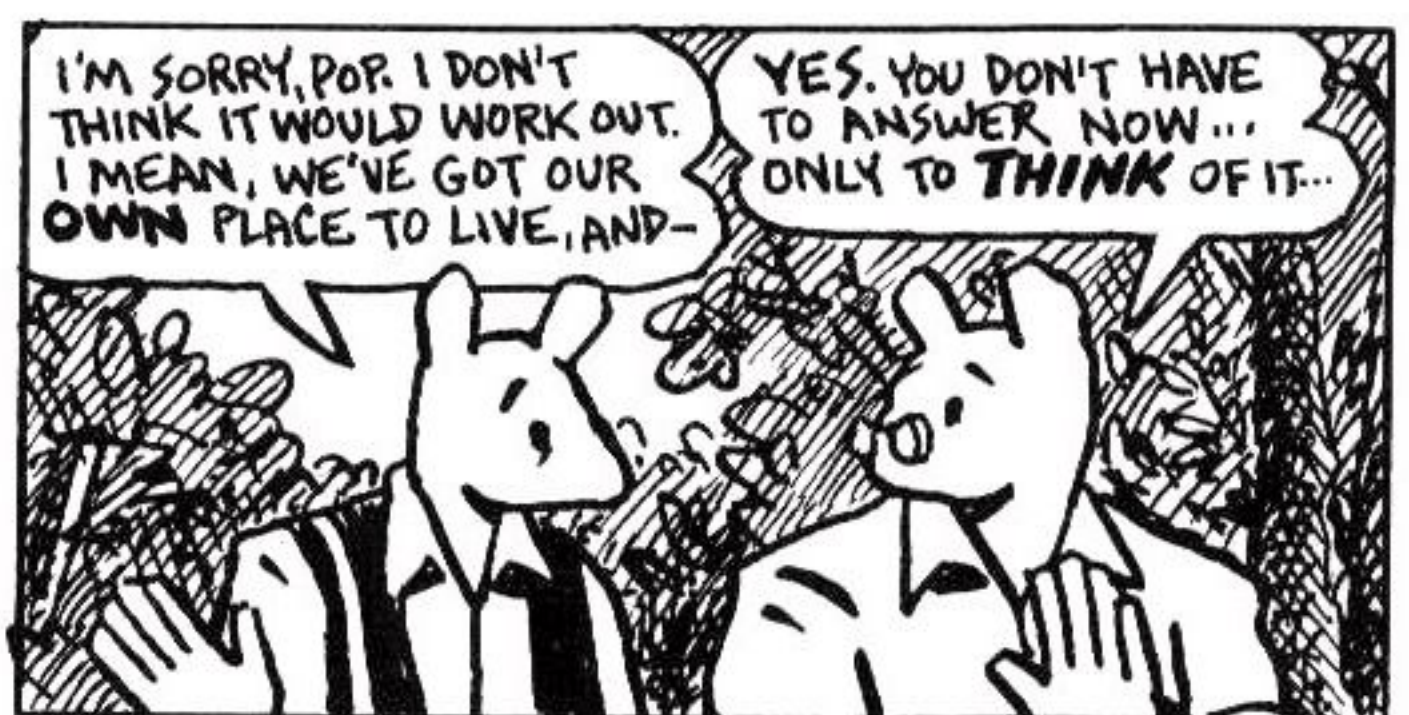


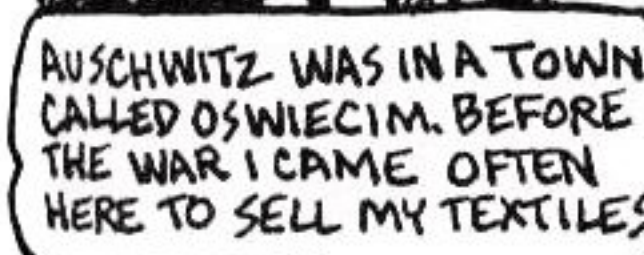
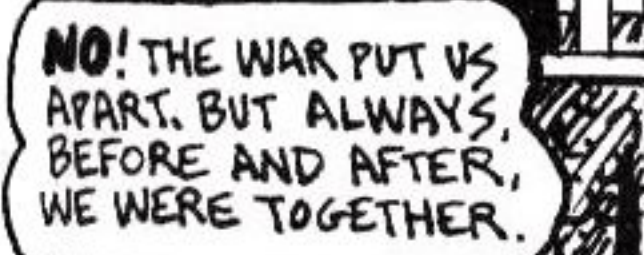




A few tense hours later...







EVERYWHERE WE HAD TO RUN—SO LIKE JOGGERS—AND THEY RAN US TO THE SAUNA...



IN THE SNOW THEY THREW TO US PRISONERS CLOTHINGS.

ONE GUY TRIED TO EXCHANGE.



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.



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 SHIVER-
ING 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.

HIS PANTS WERE
BIG LIKE FOR 2
PEOPLE, AND HE
HAD NOT EVEN A
PIECE OF STRING
TO MAKE A
BELT. HE HAD
ALL DAY TO
HOLD THEM
WITH ONE
HAND...

ONE SHOE, HIS FOOT
WAS TOO BIG TO
GO IN. THIS ALSO
HE HAD TO HOLD
SO HE COULD
FIND MAYBE
WITH WHOM TO
EXCHANGE IT.

ONE SHOE WAS
BIG LIKE A BOAT.
BUT THIS AT LEAST
HE COULD WEAR.

IT WAS WIN-
TER, AND
EVERYWHERE
HE HAD TO
GO AROUND
WITH ONE
FOOT ONTO
THE SNOW.

CAN I USE YOUR SPOON,
VLADEK?

OF COURSE,
BUT WHERE'S
YOURS?

I DROPPED IT, AND BY THE
TIME I BENT DOWN, SOME-
ONE STOLE IT.

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

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

I HOLD ONTO MY BOWL
AND MY SHOE FALLS DOWN.
I PICK UP THE SHOE AND
MY PANTS FALL DOWN...

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

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

BUT HERE GOD DIDN'T COME.
WE WERE ALL ON OUR OWN.

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!



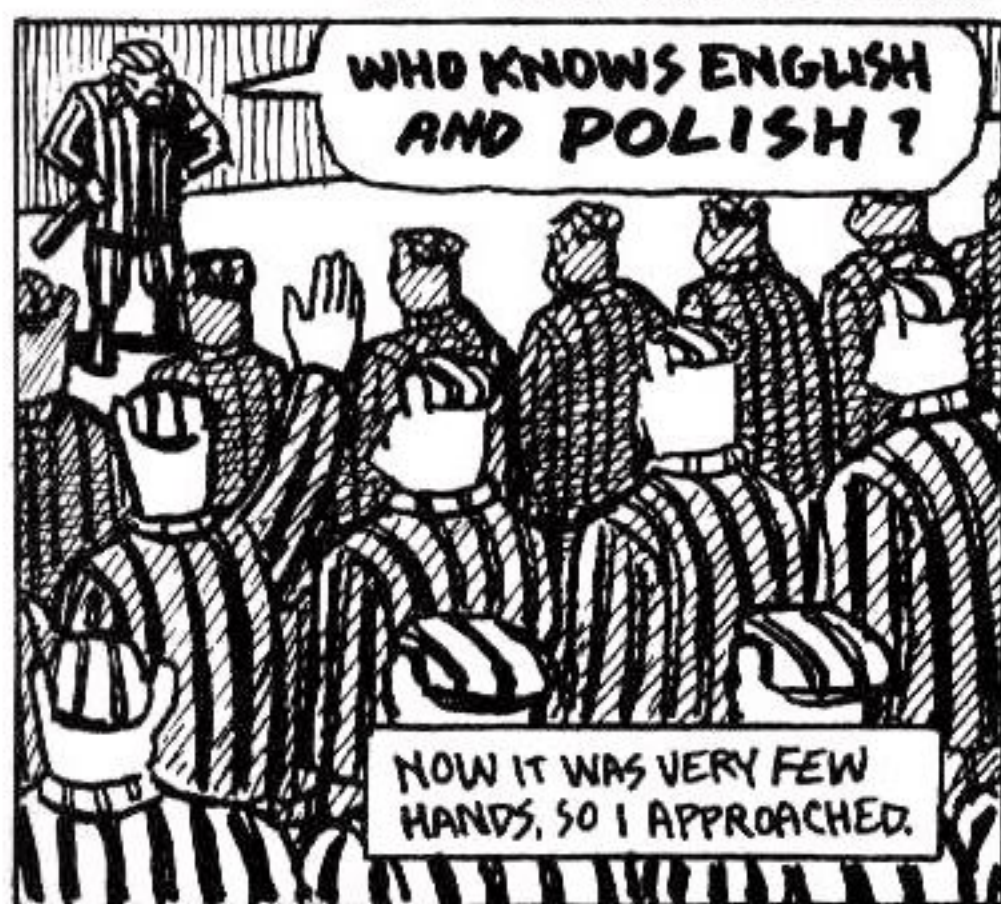
WE DID SUCH "SPORT" ALL DAY - KICKING, HITTING, YELLING - 'TIL SOME DROPPED DEAD. THEN MORE.

ONE TIME THIS BLOCK SUPERVISOR STARTED SCREAMING ON US:



HE TOOK THEM APART - BUT SENT THEM SOON BACK.

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



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



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.





I EXPLAINED HIM EVERYTHING ABOUT MANDELBAUM.

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



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!

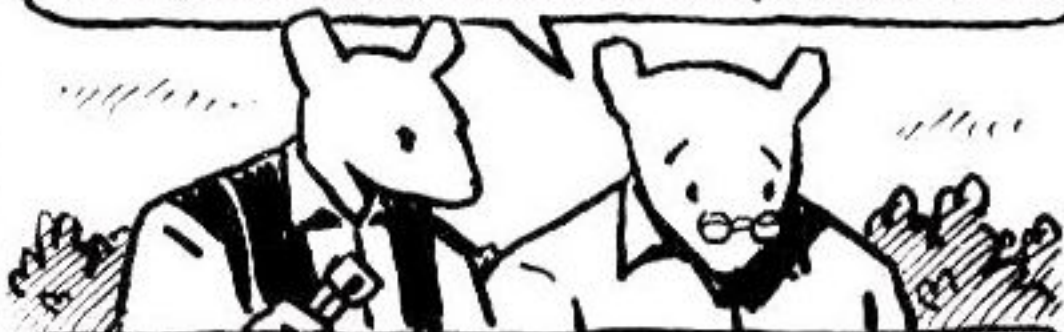
SO WHAT COULD HE DO? HE RAN TO PICK IT UP. AND THE GUARD SHOT ON HIM FOR TRYING TO ESCAPE.

THE GUARD GOT A CONGRATULATIONS AND A FEW DAYS VACATION FOR STOPPING THE ESCAPE.

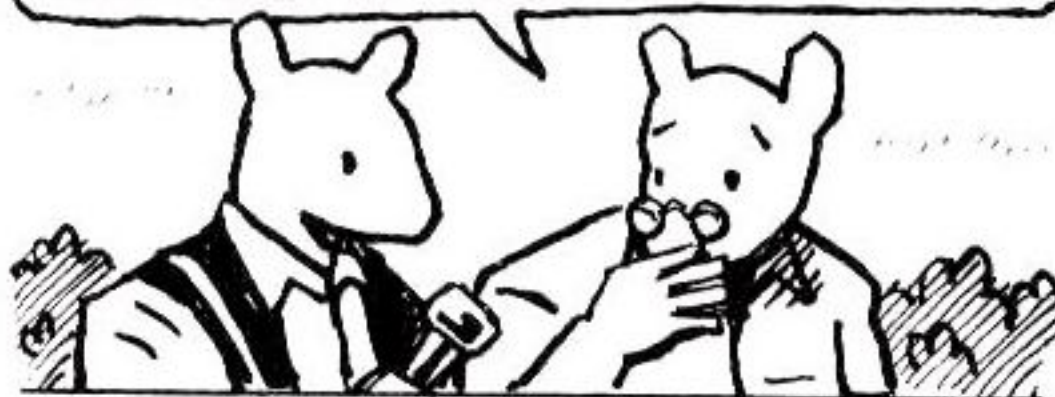


I DON'T KNOW IF THIS WAS HOW IT WAS WITH MANDELBAUM—ONLY THAT VERY OFTEN THEY DID SO...

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...

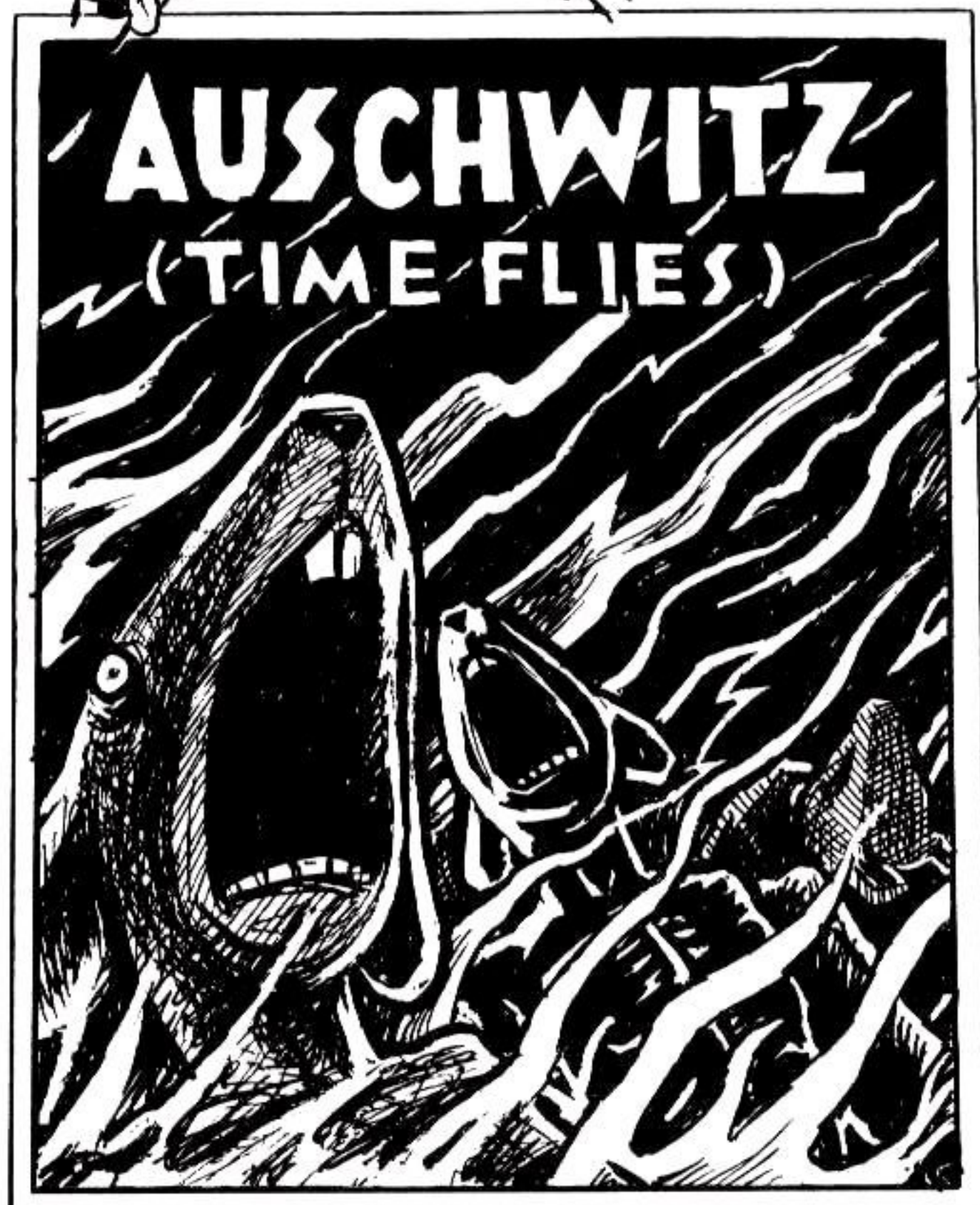


ALWAYS AROUND AUSCHWITZ THEY WERE BUILDING. TO THE ROOFS THEY NEEDED GOOD TINMEN.





C H A P T E R T W O



Time flies...











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?...

BOO!

YIII!



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!



PLEASE POP THE TAPE'S ON. LET'S CONTINUE...

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.



LET'S GET BACK TO AUSCHWITZ..

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!



ENOUGH! TELL ME ABOUT AUSCHWITZ!

Sigh

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



YAH. EVERY DAY I WORKED THERE RIGHT OUTSIDE FROM THE CAMP...

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



BAH! YOU'RE NO TINSMITH. YOU CAN'T EVEN CUT IT RIGHT.

BUT THIS IS HOW I'VE ALWAYS DONE IT!...

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...



I DON'T KNOW WHERE FROM HE HEARD STORIES ABOUT ME.

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



HE WAS A COMMUNIST, THIS YIDL.

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



I WAS AFRAID. HE COULD REALLY DO ME SOMETHING.

WITH THE OTHER BOYS THERE, I GOT ALONG FINE.



BRING HIM A FEW EGGS, SOME BUTTER OR CHEESE...

YOU'LL SEE. HE'LL SING A DIFFERENT TUNE.



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...

(PSST-I CAN GET YOU A FINE GOLD WATCH FOR A POUND OF SAV-SAGE AND SIX EGGS.)

(AGREED.)

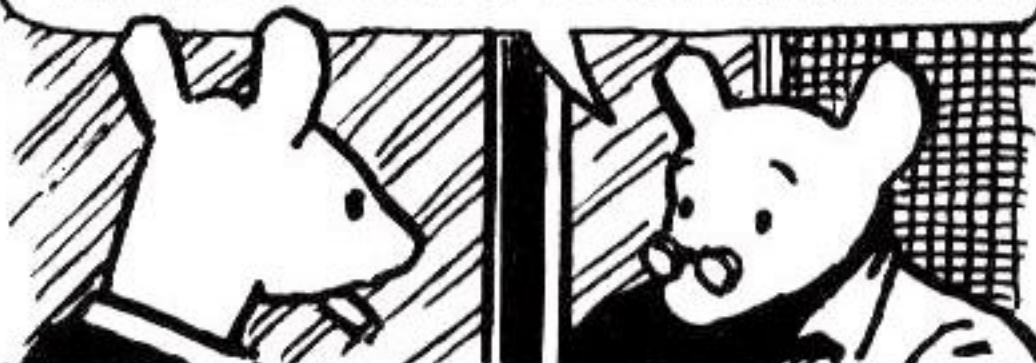


THEY HAD NOTHING, ONLY FOOD FROM THEIR FARMS. THEY WERE HAPPY TO MAKE EXCHANGES.

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



FROM HIM I GOT CIVILIAN CLOTHINGS TO SMUGGLE OUT BELOW MY UNIFORM. I WAS SO THIN THE GUARDS DIDNT SEE IF I WORE EXTRA.



HERE YIDL. I'VE GOT A BIG PIECE OF CHEESE FOR YOU.

A GIFT? VERY NICE, SPIEGELMAN.

AND WHAT ELSE DO YOU HAVE THERE? A LOAF OF BREAD? YOU'RE A RICH MAN!

WAIT! I NEED THAT TO PAY OFF THE GUY WHO HELPED ME ORGANIZE THE CHEESE!



HMPH.

HE WAS SO GREEDY, YIDL, HE WANTED 1 RISK ONLY FOR HIM EVERYTHING. I TOO HAD TO EAT.

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

IN THE MORNING FOR BREAKFAST 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 GERMANS 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 REMEMBER, 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...



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

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 DIDNT 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 ANJA.

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

SO YOU WERE ACTU-
ALLY IN TOUCH WITH
ANJA IN BIRKENAU?

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

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.

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.

(PSST, MISS-UP HERE!
I SEE HOW KIND YOU
ARE. HELP ME, PLEASE!)

HUH? (WHAT
DO YOU WANT?)

(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...

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

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

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.



"I MISS YOU," SHE
WROTE TO ME. "EACH
DAY I THINK TO RUN
INTO THE ELECTRIC
WIRES AND FINISH
EVERYTHING. BUT
TO KNOW YOU ARE
ALIVE IT GIVES ME
STILL TO HOPE..."

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

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



LIKE TO RUN FROM THE KITCH-
EN WITH THE BIG CANS OF SOUP.



SHE COULDN'T HOLD WELL
HER END. ALWAYS SHE SPILLED.



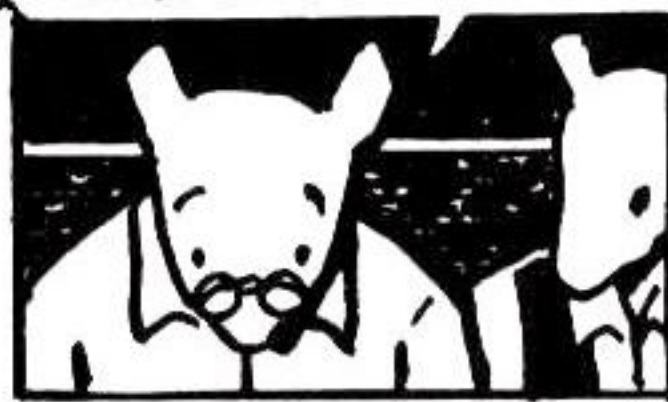
THE KAPO BEAT ANJA VERY HARD
BUT KEPT HER TO THIS JOB.

AND IF ANJA SPILLED OVER
ALL FROM THE SOUP, THEN
NOBODY GOT WHAT TO EAT,
ESPECIALLY ANJA.

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 MANCIE...



SHE COULD HAVE MORE NEWS OF ANJA.

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...



FROM THE GATE GUARDS TOOK US OVER TO THE WORK-SHOP. HOW COULD IT BE THERE AN ORCHESTRA?

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 NUREMBERG...

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.

WHEN I VISITED TO ANJA THERE, I SAW WITH MY OWN EYES HOW IT WAS...

YOU SAW ANJA?

YA.. EVERY FEW DAYS IT CAME AN S.S. COMMISSION TO THE TIN SHOP...

YOU HAVE MORE WORKERS THAN YOU NEED HERE...

GIVE US 10 PRISONERS TO TAKE BACK TO THE MAIN CAMP FOR OTHER WORK.

WELL ...TAKE THAT ONE... AND THAT ONE--

AND - WAIT! DON'T TAKE HIM! HE'S ONE OF MY BEST ROOFERS... TAKE THAT ONE... AND THAT ONE--

THE UNLUCKY ONES WENT OVER FOR BAD JOBS, BUT ME YIDL KEPT PROTECTED.

...SEND A CREW TO SECTOR B1b IN BIRKENAU. SOME OF THE ROOFS IN THE WOMEN'S CAMP HAVE COLLAPSED.

LET ME GO TO BIRKENAU. I'VE NEVER SEEN IT.

GO, SPIEGELMAN. AND DON'T COME BACK FOR ALL I CARE. BAH! I GIVE UP MY BEST TINMEN, AND YOU I SAVE.

WHY?!

SO I MARCHED WITH A FEW TINMEN OVER TO BIRKENAU. I CAME THE FIRST TIME IN SUMMER 1944.

THOUSANDS-HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF HUNGARIANS WERE ARRIVING THERE AT THIS TIME.

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



I WAS SO HAPPY. SOMEONE
BROUGHT SOMEHOW ANJA OVER



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

VLADK! VLADK! VLADK!

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!

EINS!
ZWEI!
DREI!

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 EASY 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 SELECTION I WAS IN THE BARRACK. IN THE BED UP FROM ME WAS A FINE BOY, A BELGIAN.



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 SELECTION. I CAME AGAIN TO THE GOOD SIDE, BUT THIS BELGIAN, HE HAD MAYBE A RASH, AND THEY WROTE HIS NUMBER...



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



...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 GERMANSTHEY WON'T TAKE HIM... AND THE NEXT DAY, THEY TOOK.

SO... IN THE TIN SHOP 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 PRISONERS 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!

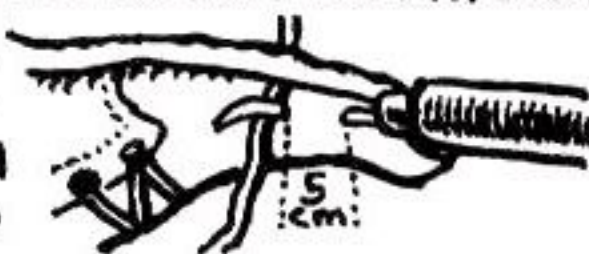
I LEARNED A LITTLE SHOE FIXING WATCHING HOW THEY WORKED WHEN I WAS WITH MY COUSIN MILOCH, THERE IN THE GHETTO SHOE SHOP.

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



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

AND ON THE UPPER PART PUT TWO HOLES EVEN TO THE SOLE...



BRING THE THREAD THEN THROUGH THESE HOLES.



CROSS THE THREAD FROM THE TOP AND BOTTOM, 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.



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.



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.



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 SMUG-GLING WITH POLISH WORKERS FROM HERE AS A SHOEMAKER, BUT STILL I WAS WELL-OFF...



THE GESTAPO WHAT I FIXED HIS BOOT RECOM-MENDED 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 MUNI-TIONS FACTORY...



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



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

HAN! 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!



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



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.



THEY ISSUED A LUXURY LIKE THAT?

YA. AND IF YOU DON'T SMOKE YOU CAN EXCHANGE FOR BREAD.



I STARVED A LITTLE TO PAY TO BRING ANJA OVER.

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



ALL WHAT I ORGANIZED I KEPT IN A BOX UNDER MY MATTRESS.



IT-IT'S GONE!

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 STARVING 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...



AND WITH THEM WAS ANJA. THIS I ARRANGED. IT WAS THE ONLY TIME I WAS HAPPY IN AUSCHWITZ.

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



SHE WENT ALSO BACK AND FORTH UNTIL IT WAS SAFE TO APPROACH OVER TO MY FOOD PACKAGES...



BUT ONE TIME, IT WAS VERY BAD.

HEY, YOU!
STOP!



DROP THAT PACKAGE AND
STOP RIGHT THERE!



STOP!



SHE RAN—SHE DIDN'T KNOW
WHERE—INTO HER OWN BLOCK.

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

H-HIDE ME,
LONIA, QUICK!

GET UNDER
ONE OF THE
BLANKETS!



I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE
SOMEPLACE, AND WHEN
I FIND YOU, I'LL KILL YOU
RIGHT HERE ON THE SPOT!



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.

BUT THIS WASN'T YET OVER.



ON THE EVENING APPEL SHE CAME AGAIN THIS KAPO.

THE PRISONER I CHASED THIS AFTER-
NOON WILL NOW STEP FORWARD!

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 IMA-
GINE WHAT SHE WENT THROUGH.



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

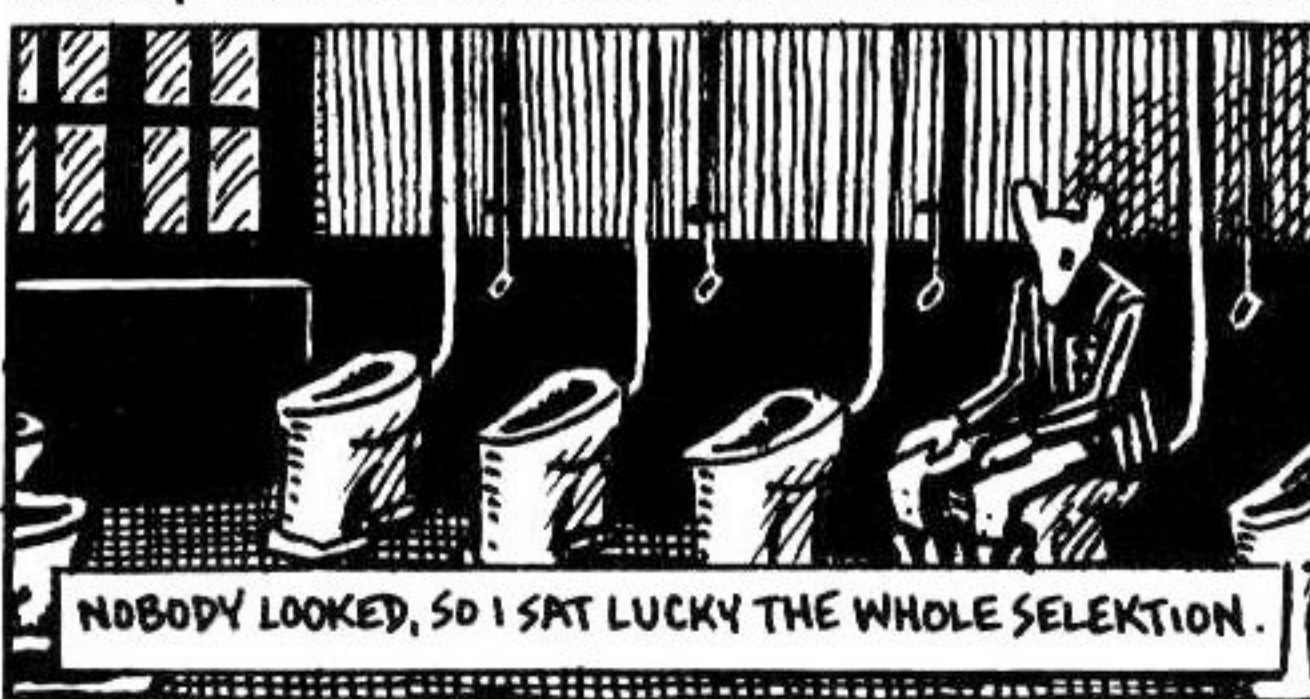


TO ME THEY NEVER HIT, BECAUSE I WORKED ALL MY MUSCLES AWAY.



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?





1944	
MAR.	Quarantine
APR.	
MAY	
JUNE	Tin shop
JULY	
AUG	Shoe shop
SEPT	
OCT	
NOV	
	Black Work



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.

WANT SOME TEA OR COFFEE?

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

HOW DID YOU BECOME A TINMAN AGAIN?

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 AUSCHWITZ. THEY NEEDED TINMEN TO PULL APART THE MACHINERIES OF THE GAS CHAMBERS.

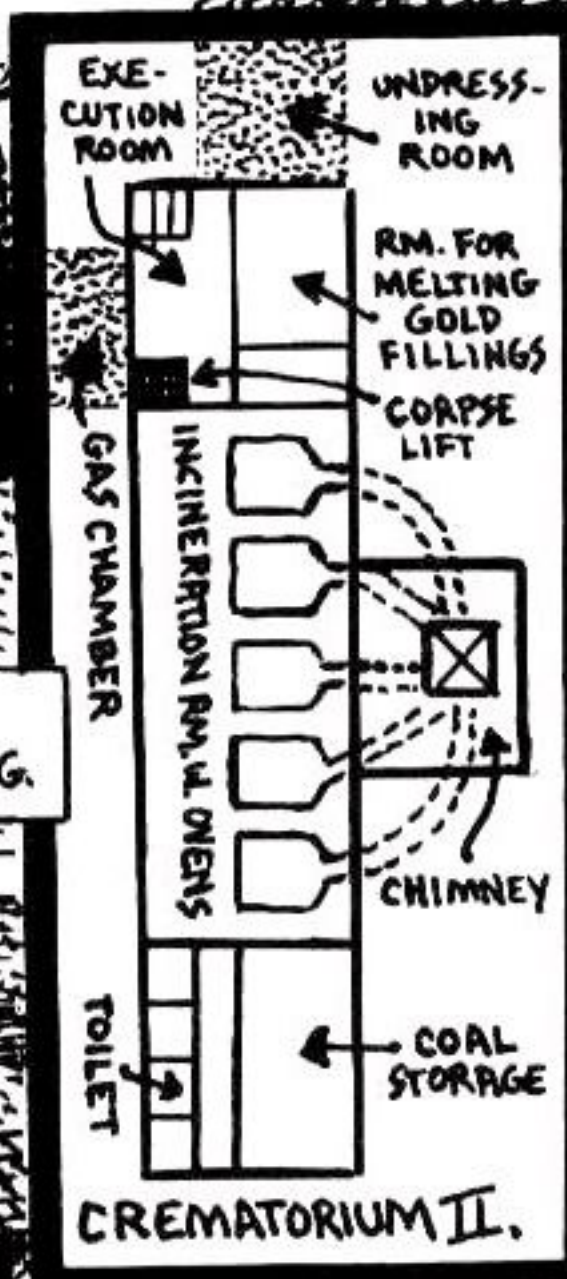
THEY WANTED TO PACK IT ALL TO GERMANY. THERE THEY COULD TAKE ALSO ALL OF THE JEWS TO FINISH THEM IN QUIET.

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.

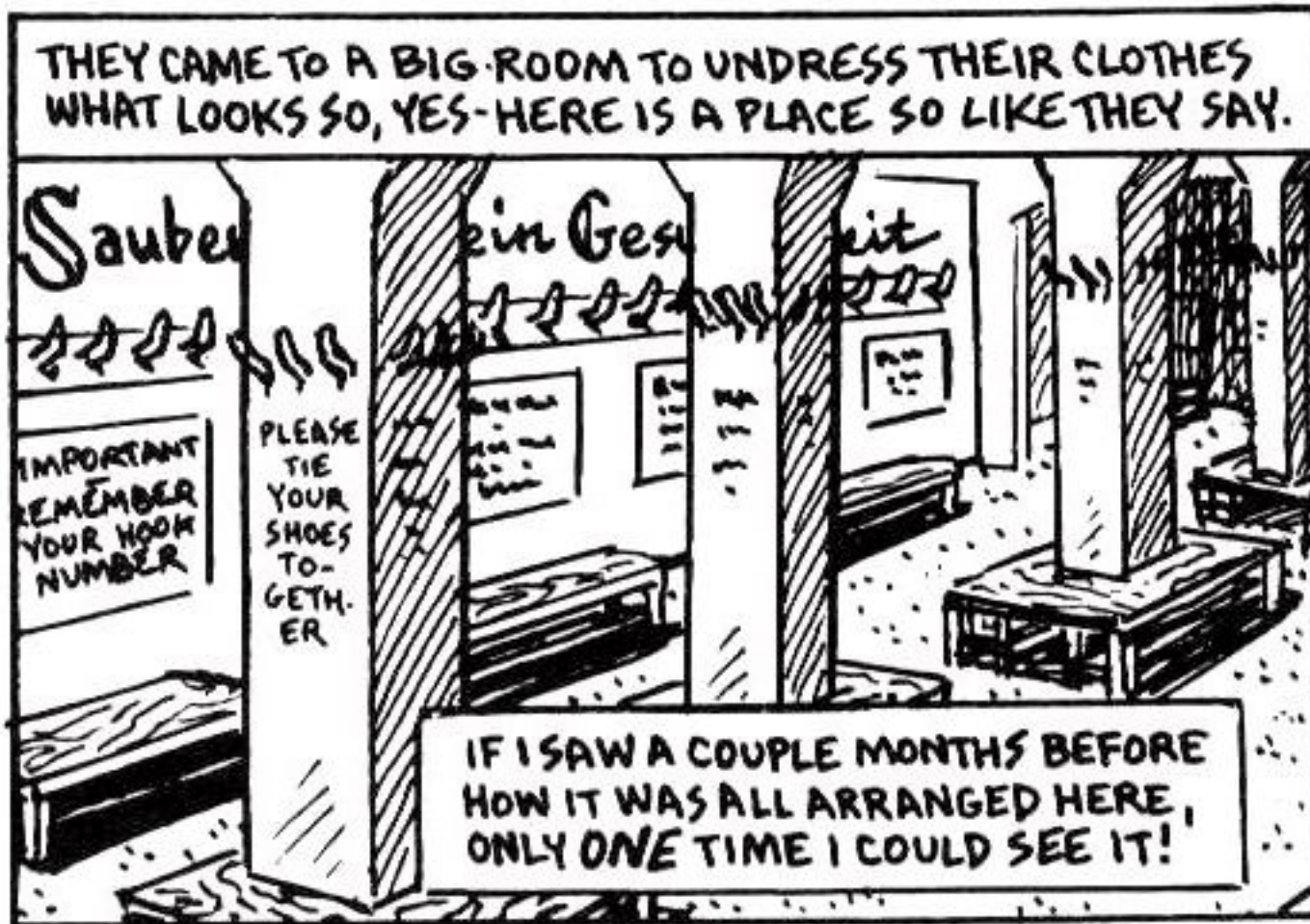
I CAME TO ONE OF THE FOUR CREMD BUILDINGS. IT LOOKED SO LIKE A BIG BAKERY...



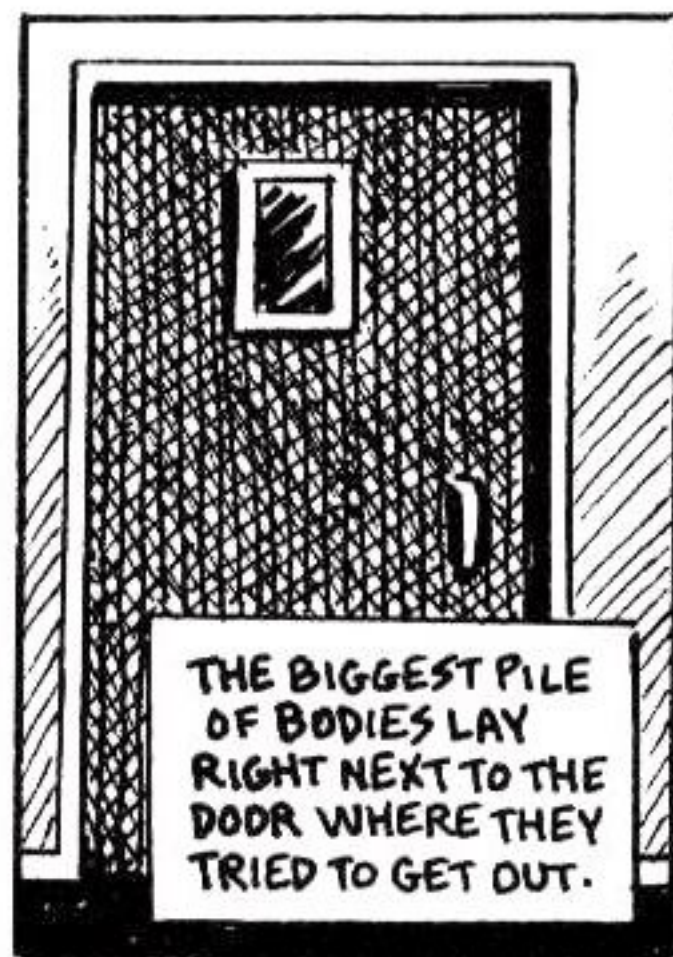
THIS WAS A FACTORY TO MAKE -ONE, TWO, THREE- ASHES AND SMOKE FROM ALL WHAT CAME HERE.



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.



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...



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.

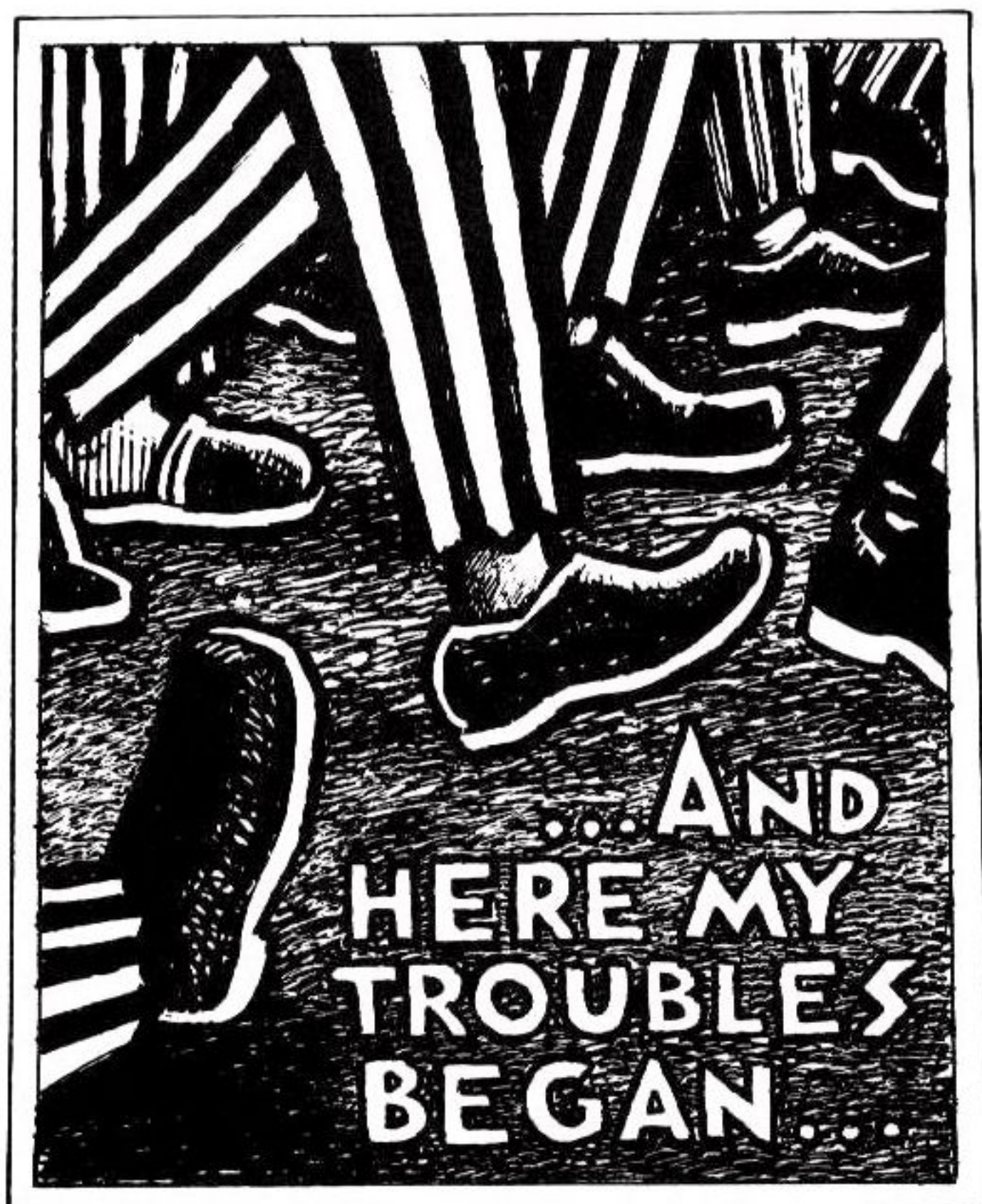
AND THE FAT FROM THE BURNING BODIES THEY SCOOPED
AND POURED AGAIN SO EVERYONE COULD BURN BETTER.



That night...



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







And so ...

LOOK, I'M SORRY
I SNAPPED AT
YOU BEFORE ...

YES, THE WALLS ARE
SO THIN, THE NEIGHBORS
CAN HEAR EVERYTHING.



I MEAN, FRANÇOISE AND I ARE BOTH
WORRIED ABOUT YOU NOW THAT MALA
IS GONE, BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT US
TO MOVE IN WITH YOU PERMANENTLY ...



WHAT PERMANENTLY? I WANT ONLY YOU'LL
ENJOY HERE THE SUMMER WITH ME...IT'S
PAID ALREADY IN FULL, WITH NO REFUND.



HOW WILL YOU
MANAGE, LIVING
IN REGO PARK
ALL ALONE?

ALONE I CAN
MANAGE MORE
EASY THAN WITH
MALA, BELIEVE ME.



COME, WE'LL SIT
ALL THREE TOGETH-
ER IN THE FRONT.

Y'KNOW...LAST
NIGHT I WAS
READING ABOUT
AUSCHWITZ ...



SOME PRISONERS WORKING IN THE GAS
CHAMBERS REVOLTED. THEY KILLED
3 S.S. MEN AND BLEW UP A CREMATORIUM.

YAH. FOR THIS
THEY ALL
GOT KILLED.



AND THE FOUR YOUNG GIRLS WHAT SNEAKED OVER THE AMMUNI-
TIONS FOR THIS, THEY HANGED THEM NEAR TO MY WORKSHOP.

THEY WERE GOOD FRIENDS OF
ANJA, FROM SOSNOWIEC. THEY
HANGED A LONG, LONG TIME. SIGH.



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.



THIS BOY WORKED IN THE
OFFICE AND KNEW RUMORS.



WE ARRANGED THERE CLOTHING AND EVEN IDENTITY
PAPERS, AND HALF EACH DAY'S BREAD WE PUT OVER HERE.



THEN THIS GUY FROM THE OFFICE RAN IN...



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!



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.



"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.



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 TONIGHT, AND SHOOT OVER YOUR HEADS.



ALL DAY LONG THEY WERE ARRANGING...

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

ACH. HOW CAN YOU TRUST THE GERMANS?!



AT NIGHT WAS A COMMOTION. 8 OR 9 RAN OFF...



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!



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



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



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



THROUGH THE TOWN WE WERE GOING. IT WAS EMPTY, WITH NO PRIVATE PEOPLE. AND WE SAW, FROM FAR, A TRAIN.

IT WAS SUCH A TRAIN FOR HORSES, FOR COWS.

THEY PUSHED UNTIL IT WAS NO ROOM LEFT.



WE LAY ONE ON TOP THE OTHER, LIKE MATCHES, LIKE HERRINGS.

I PUSHED TO A CORNER NOT TO GET CRUSHED...



HIGH UP I SAW A FEW HOOKS TO CHAIN UP MAYBE THE ANIMALS.

I HAD STILL THE THIN BLANKET THEY GAVE ME.



I CLIMBED TO SOMEBODY'S SHOULDER AND HOOKED IT STRONG.

IN THIS WAY I CAN REST AND BREATHE A LITTLE.



THIS SAVED ME. MAYBE 25 PEOPLE CAME OUT FROM THIS CAR OF 200.

SO, THE TRAIN WAS GOING, WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE. FOR DAYS AND NIGHTS, NOTHING



AND THEN IT STOPPED.



NO FOOD AND NO WATER, ONLY SCREAMS INSIDE.

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

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



AI! MY LEGS! I'M BEING STABBED!

AII!

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



IF HE HAD STILL FOOD, HE ATE IT.

I ATE MOSTLY SNOW FROM UP ON THE ROOF.



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



SOME HAD SUGAR SOMEHOW, BUT IT BURNED.



MY THROAT! I NEED WATER! WATER! GIVE ME SOME SNOW!

I CAN ONLY REACH A LITTLE FOR MYSELF!

PLEASE! PLEASE!! I BEG YOU!

OKAY. GIVE ME SOME SUGAR, I'LL GET YOU SOME SNOW...

SO I ATE ALSO SUGAR AND SAVED THEIR LIFE.



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...



THERE IS THE
RED CROSS!...

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



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.



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!



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
VLADK WOULD NEVER
HAVE BURNED THEM.

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



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

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



AND NOW VLADK
IS TRAILING
AFTER HIM...

HOW
EMBAR-
RASSING.





NOW WE'LL DRIVE
BACK SO I CAN
PHONE TO MY LAW-
YER 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...



I WANTED THEY TAKE
ME TO THE INFIRMARY.

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



GO WITH THEM...

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 BE-
COMING 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 FRENCHMAN
TO ALSO ORGANIZE A SHIRT,
SO WE BOTH GOT ALWAYS SOUP.

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

TYPHUS!



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



EVERY NIGHT PEOPLE DIED OF THIS.

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.



SO NOW I HAD TYPHUS, AND I HAD TO GO TO THE TOILET DOWN,
AND I SAID, "NOW IT'S MY TIME. NOW I WILL BE LAYING
LIKE THIS ONES AND SOMEBODY WILL STEP ON ME!"

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.



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



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



WAS I DREAMING ONLY?!

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

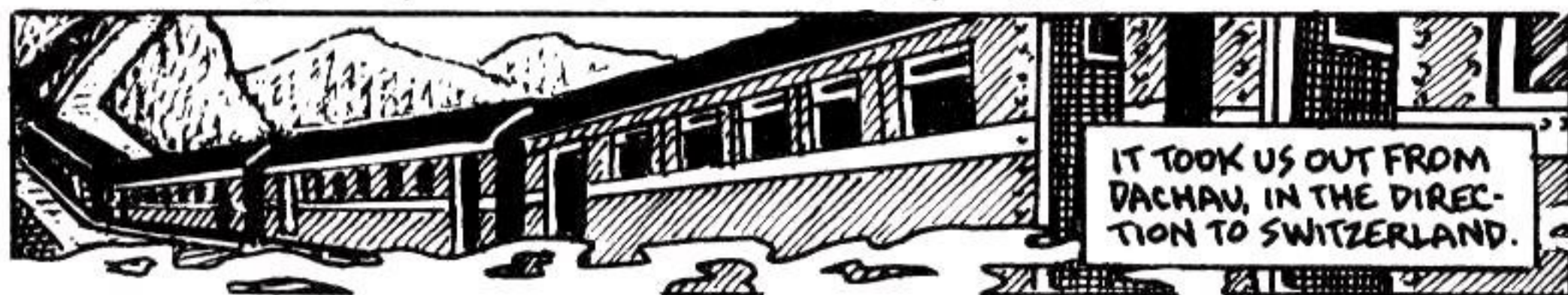


GASP! A
TRAIN!



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.

?!



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!







C H A P T E R F O U R



Back in Rego Park. Late Autumn...







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!



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



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



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



WE MARCH. WE STOP. FOR HOURS WE STOOD.



IT WAS COMMOTIONS AND RUMORS. THEN SHOUTS:



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



IN A HALF HOUR THIS TRAIN STOPPED

SOME WENT ONE WAY, SOME ANOTHER...



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 !!!



THEY GUARDED SO WE COULDN'T GO AWAY.



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

VLADK SPIEGEL-
MAN! IS THAT YOU?!

SHIVEK?!
YOU'RE ALIVE?

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

WE SURVIVED EV-
ERYTHING 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 50, 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 FRIGHT-
ENED, 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.

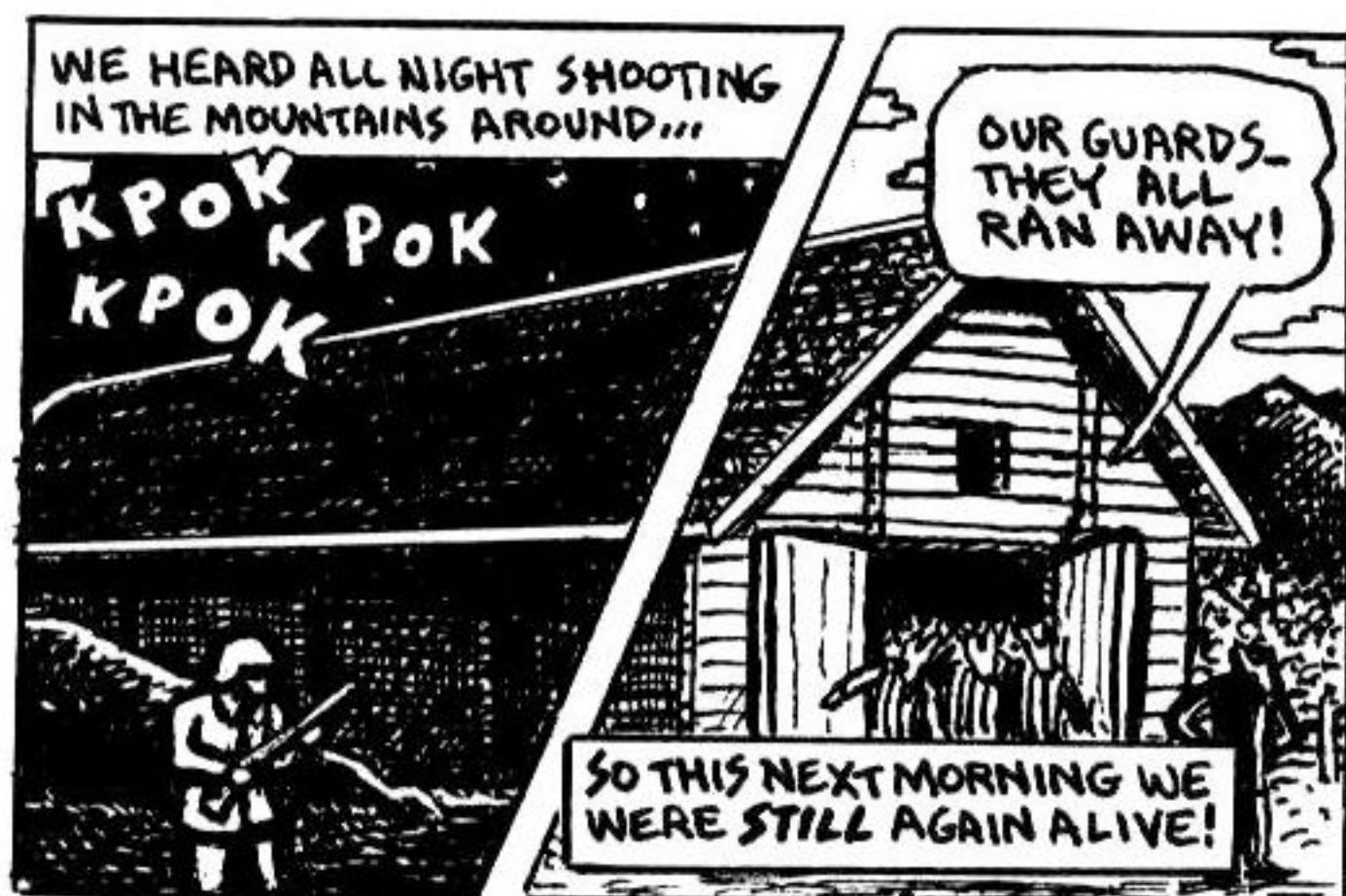
HALT!



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



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





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



I WENT MYSELF TO THE EMPTY HOUSE.



SO, WE BOTH DRANK TOO MUCH MILK AND LOOKED AROUND.



I TOLD EVERYTHING HOW WE SURVIVED TO HERE...

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

BANG! All!
BANG!

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.



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 HOSIERY FACTORY.

IN 1939 HE AND HELA 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.



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.



Levek. Sosnowiec '27

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.

Sarah + Pinek. Tel Aviv, 1963

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 PIC-
TURES 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. MAY-
BE 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...







HEY! EVERYTHING'S AL-
MOST PACKED, MALA.
THE MAIN REASON I
FLEW DOWN WAS TO HELP!

PSSH. YOU KNOW VLADEK.
WILD HORSES CAN'T HOLD
HIM STILL... SO NOW HE'S
EXHAUSTED, AND ME TOO.



GROAN



HI, POP.
HOW
ARE
YOU?

TERRIBLE.
SO WEAK...
SO WEAK...

DID YOU ARRANGE
EMERGENCY OXY-
GEN FOR HIM ON
TOMORROW'S PLANE?

UH-HUH. AND I'VE GOT AN AMBULANCE
TO TAKE HIM AND ME FROM J.F.K. TO
LAGUARDIA HOSPITAL. I'LL CHECK HIM
IN WHILE FRANÇOISE DRIVES YOU HOME.



HOW DID YOU
TWO GET BACK
TOGETHER?

I DON'T KNOW. I GOT A
CALL FROM THE HOSPI-
TAL AND FELT SORRY
FOR HIM. I WENT OVER.



I SWORE I'D NEVER SEE HIM
AGAIN, BUT I'M JUST A SUCKER.
HE TALKED UNTIL I WAS BLUE
IN THE FACE... AND HERE I AM.

MALA,
MALA!
COME
QUICK!



ANJA MUST HAVE
BEEN A SAINT!
NO WONDER SHE
KILLED HERSELF.

HE'S
CALL-
ING
YOU.



IT'S JUST HIS STOOL. HE
WANTS ME TO CHECK IT
BEFORE HE'LL FLUSH.
HE'S AS DIFFICULT AS EVER.



BUT NOW HE'S MORE CON-
FUSED AND DEPENDENT.
...WHAT CAN I DO?
HE TRAPPED ME.

Next morning...







Late that night...



LaGuardia Hospital...



A month or so later...





SO, IT CAME AN ORDER...

WE ALL CAME OVER TO GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN.



I WAS FOR A GOOD FEW DAYS VERY SICK.



A YEAR AFTER, I FOUND OUT IT WAS NOT ONLY TYPHUS, BUT ALSO DIABETES.

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 TICKETS 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...

NOW IT WAS ONLY STONES AND NOTHING.



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!

NOT ONE BUILDING WAS STILL STANDING.



WE CAME AWAY HAPPY.

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



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...



JENNY!
SONIA!

LOOK!
IT'S VLADEK
SPIEGELMAN!

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!





"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 PROP-
ERTY BACK. THE POLES
LEAVE HER ALONE.



ANJA IS ALIVE!
MY HEART JUMPED!
I COULDN'T BELIEVE.



SORRY, ANJA.
NO NEWS
FOR YOU...

EACH DAY SHE CHECKED TO
THE JEWISH ORGANIZATION,
AND EACH DAY SHE CRIED.

SHE TOLD ME LATER, SHE
WENT ONCE TO A GYPSY...



ANJA KNEW IT WAS FOOLISH,
BUT LOOKED ONLY FOR SOME HOPE.



I SEE TRAGEDY...DEATH!...
YOU'VE LOST YOUR FATHER--
YOUR MOTHER...EVERYONE!

Y-YES. ONLY
LOLEK, MY
NEPHEW,
CAME BACK-



I SEE A CHILD...
A DEAD CHILD...

RICHIEU! MY
LITTLE BOY,
RICHIEU. SOB.



WAIT! NOW I SEE A MAN...
ILLNESS...IT'S YOUR HUSBAND!
HE'S BEEN VERY, VERY ILL...



HE'S COMING - HE'S COMING HOME!
YOU'LL GET A SIGN THAT HE'S ALIVE
BY THE TIME THE MOON IS FULL!



I SEE A SHIP... A FARAWAY PLACE...
YOU'LL HAVE A NEW LIFE...
AND ANOTHER LITTLE BOY.

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



BUT NO SIGN
CAME OF ME.

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.



AND SOMEBODY FOUND HER...



ANJA, ANJA,
MY ANJA!



SO... LET'S STOP, PLEASE,
YOUR TAPE RECORDER...



I'M TIRED FROM TALKING, RICHIEU,
AND IT'S ENOUGH STORIES FOR NOW...



SPIEGELMAN

VLADK
OCT. 11, 1906
AUG 18, 1982

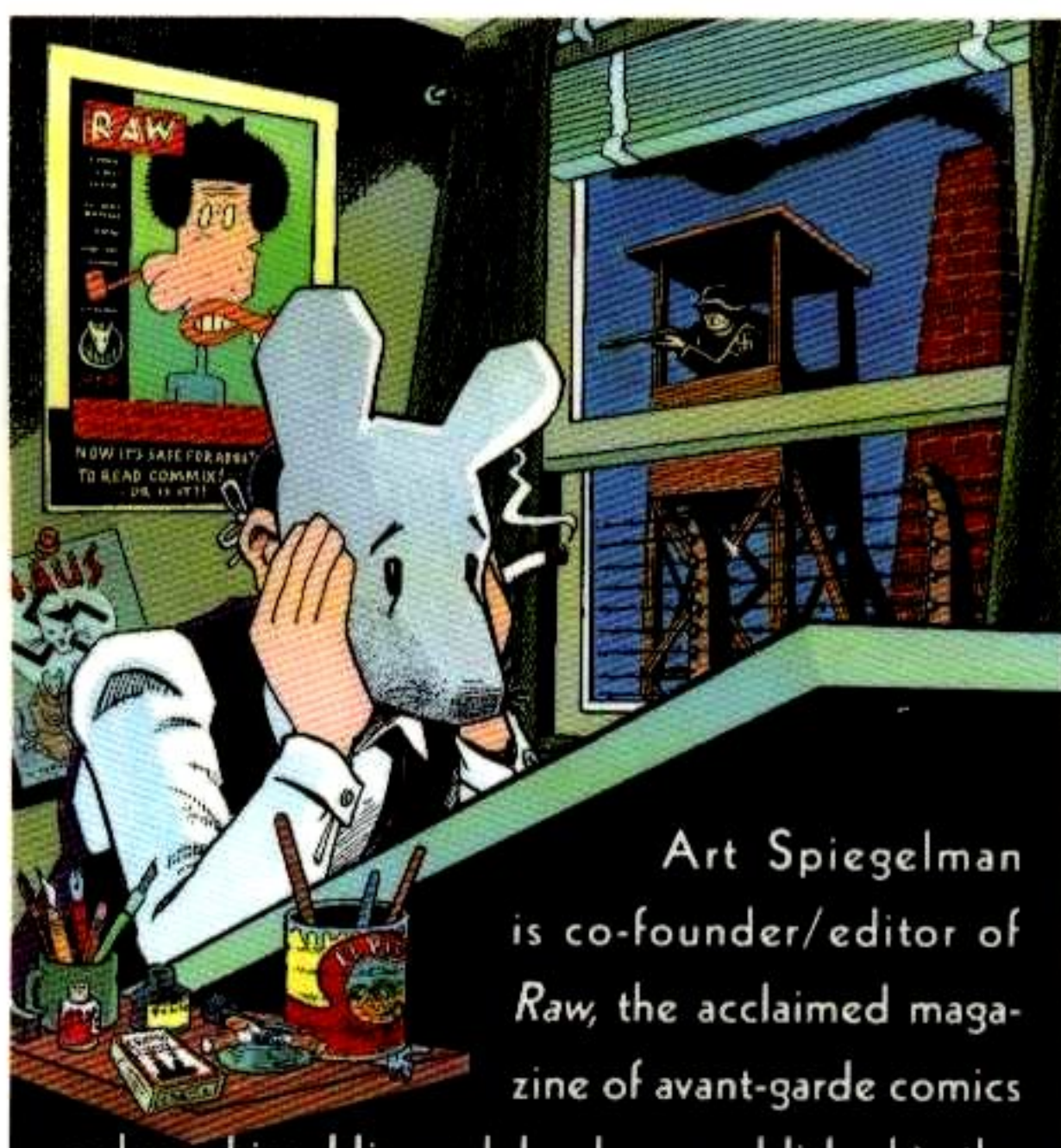
ANJA
MAR. 15, 1912
AUG 21, 1968

- 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.

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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*

CAMP EXTENSION

WORKSHOPS

AUSCHWITZ

S.S. HEAD-QUARTERS

AUSCHWITZ II
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600-1000 prisoners per barrack

WOMEN'S BARRACKS

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