

Keyifli Okumalar Dileriz

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RESMİ WEB SİTEMİZ

<https://rantey.org>

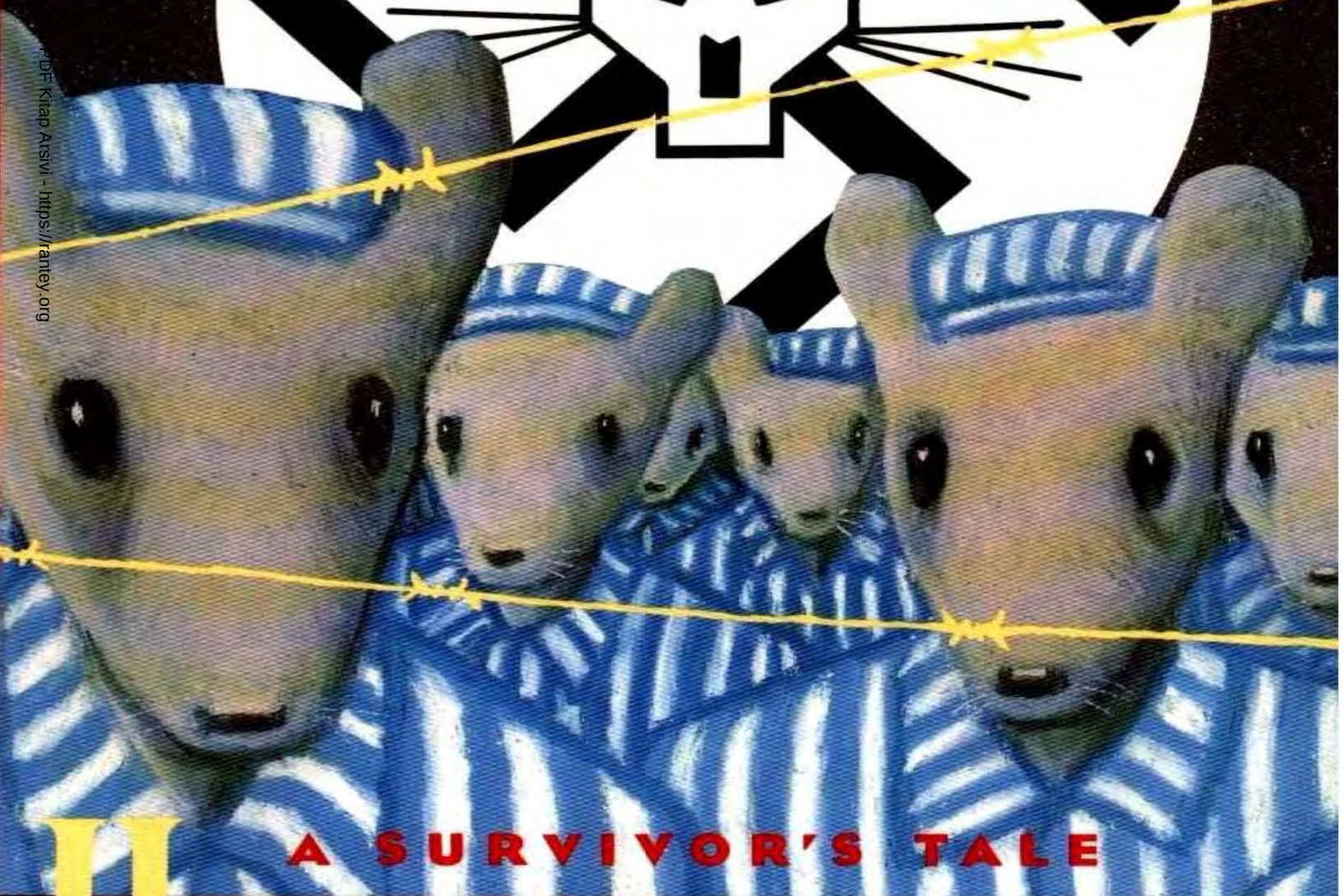
Yedek ve Duyuru Kanallarımız

Sitemize erişim engeli gelmesi veya adres değişikliği durumunda aşağıdaki kanallardan güncel giriş adresine erişebilirsiniz:

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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.

Washington Post**Boston Globe*

Barbara
Hunkeler

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-

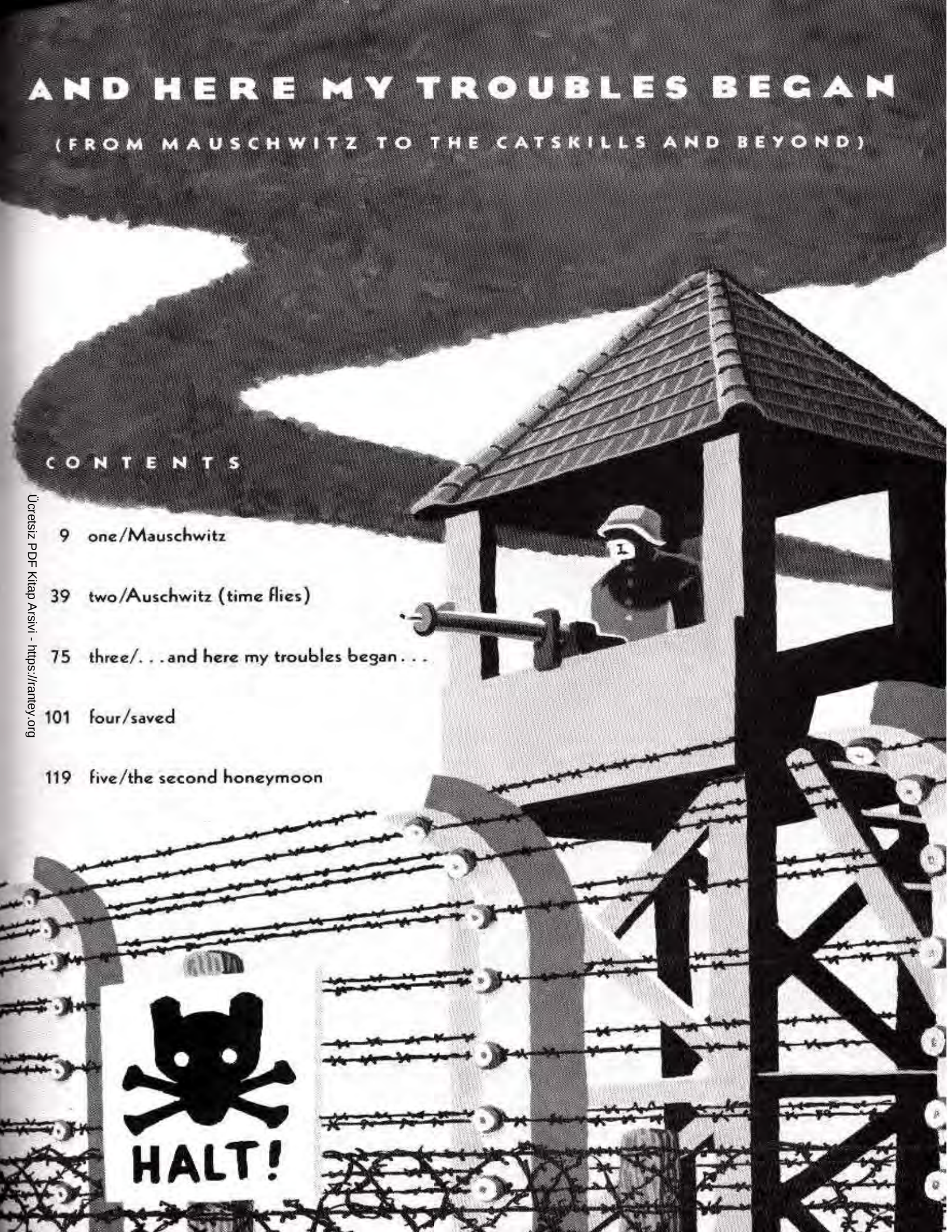
ances, the Mandelbaums, whose nephew, Abraham, had attested in a letter that the escape route was safe. They were caught and, in March, 1944, they were brought to the gates of Auschwitz.

AND HERE MY TROUBLES BEGAN

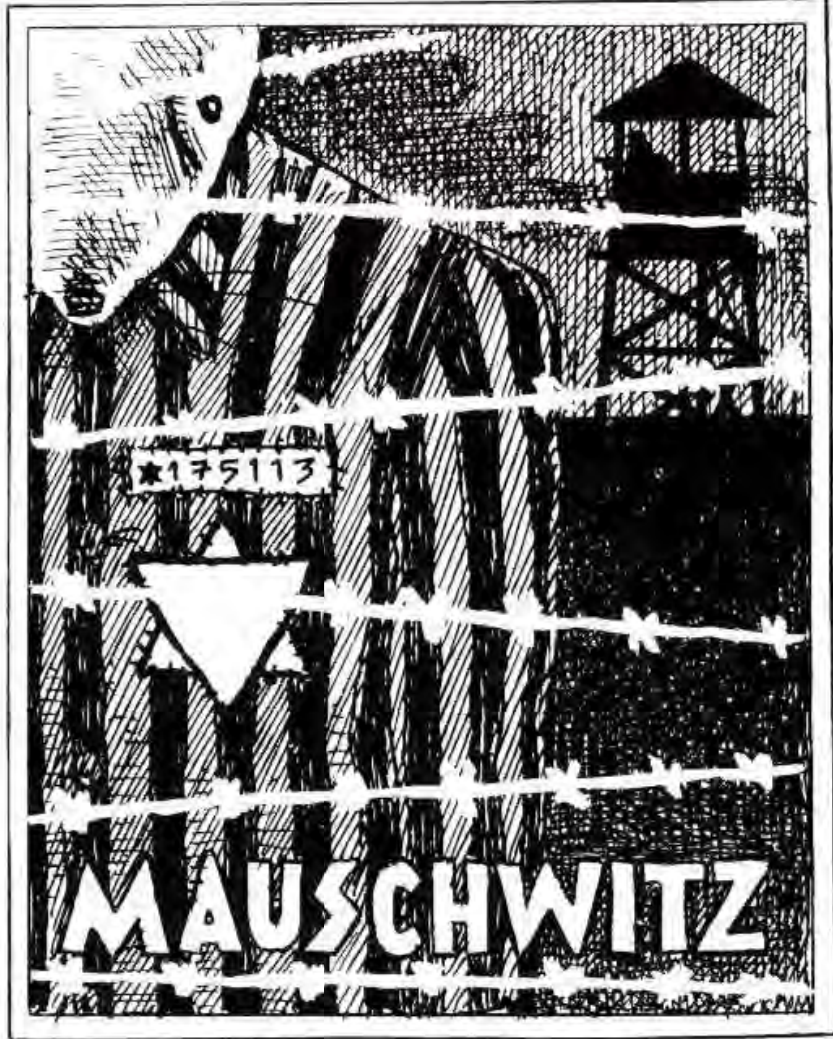
(FROM MAUSCHWITZ TO THE CATSKILLS AND BEYOND)

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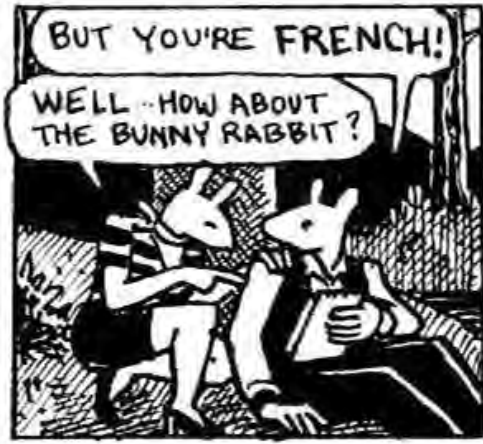
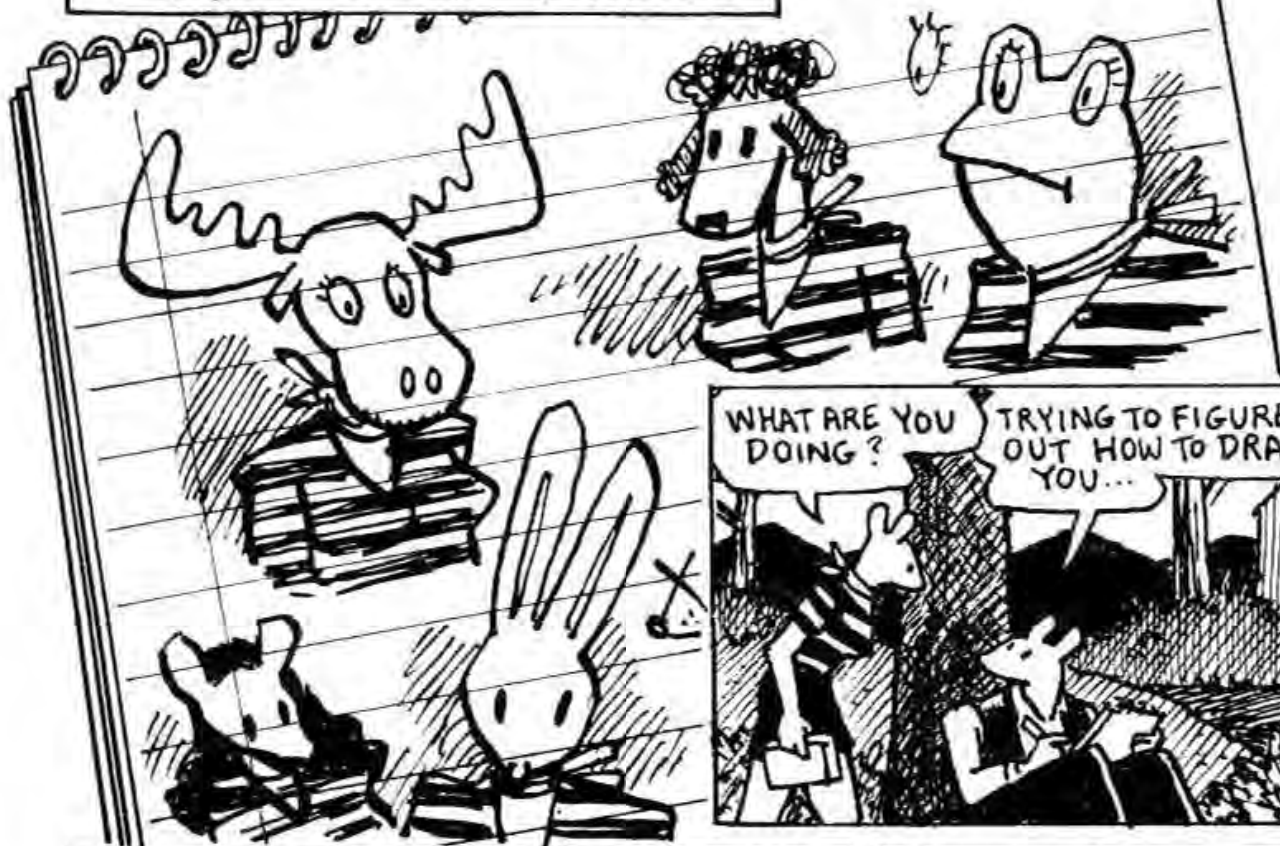
- 9 one/Mauschwitz
- 39 two/Auschwitz (time flies)
- 75 three/. . .and here my troubles began . . .
- 101 four/saved
- 119 five/the second honeymoon



CHAPTER ONE



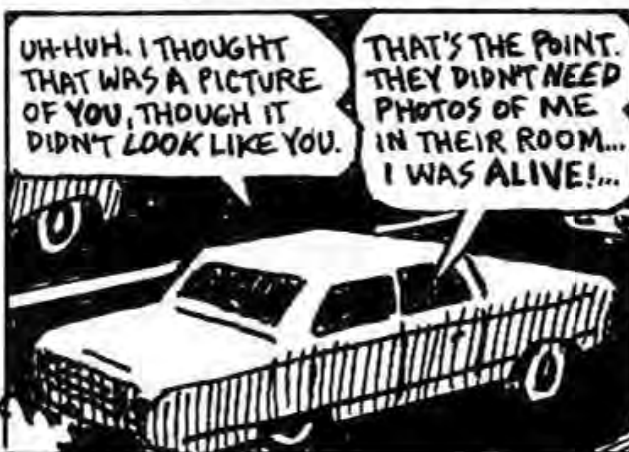
Summer vacation. Françoise and I were staying with friends in Vermont...











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.

JUST KEEP IT HONEST, HONEY.



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

HMMPH. LIGHT ME A CIGARETTE.



And so, the Catskills...







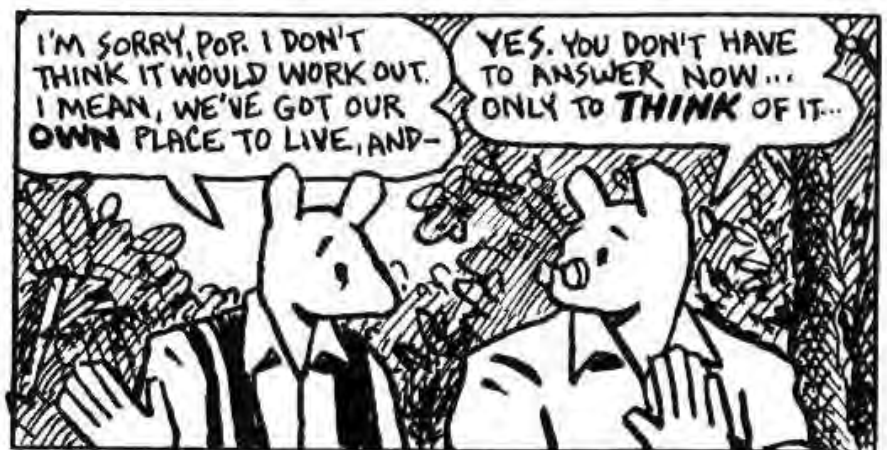






A few tense hours later...







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...



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



HERE WAS ABRAHAM -
MANDELBAUM'S NEPHEW!



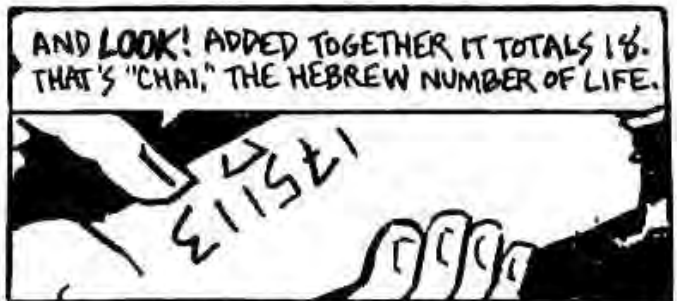
WE NEWCOMERS WERE PUT INSIDE A ROOM.
OLD-TIMERS PASSED AND SAID ALL THE SAME.



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 SHIP-
MENT 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!

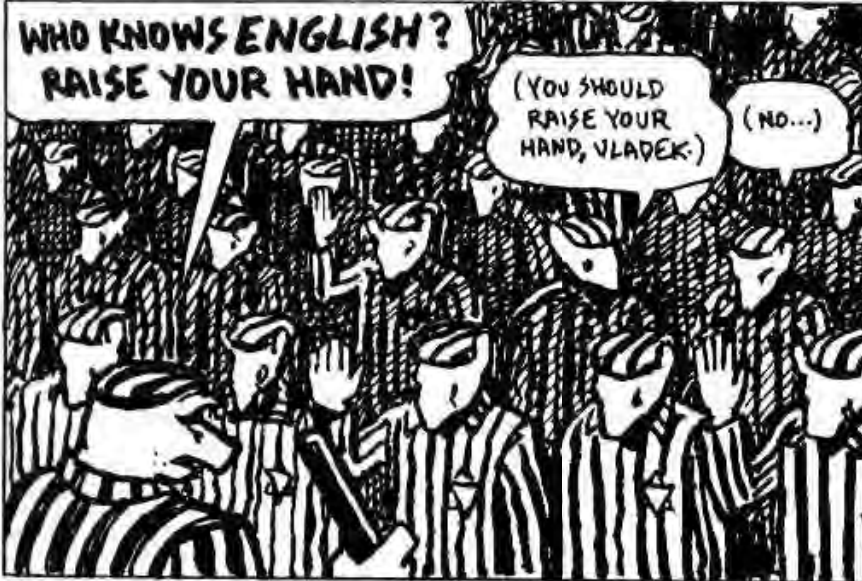


LIE DOWN!



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!



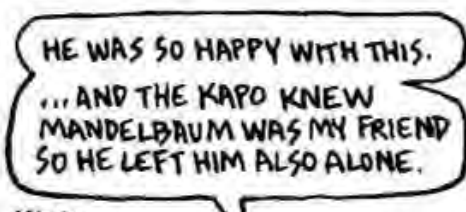
I ATE, ATE, ATE AS HE WATCHED. THEN I TAUGHT HIM A COUPLE HOURS AND WE SPOKE A LITTLE.





I EXPLAINED HIM EVERYTHING ABOUT MANDELBAUM.

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



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



SO YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO
MANDELBAUM?

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

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

GO GET YOUR
CAP-QUICK!

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

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

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

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

...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...

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

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

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...

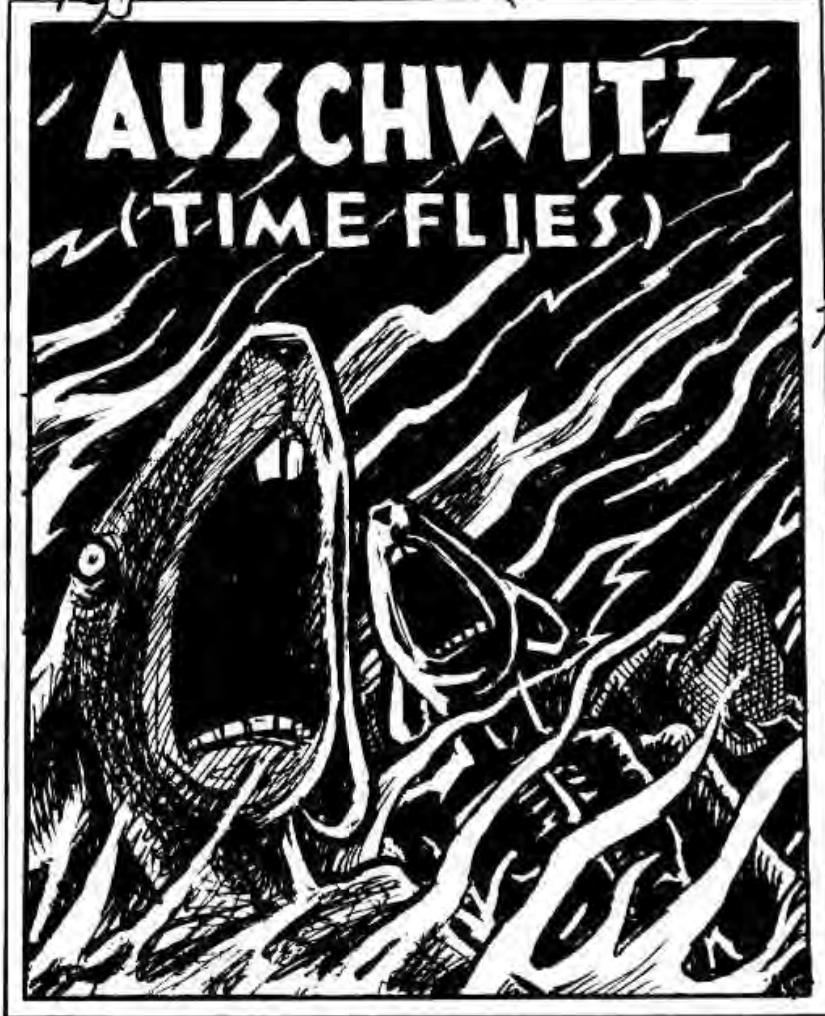


ALWAYS AROUND AUSCHWITZ THEY WERE BUILDING. TO THE ROOFS THEY NEEDED GOOD TINMEN.





C H A P T E R T W O



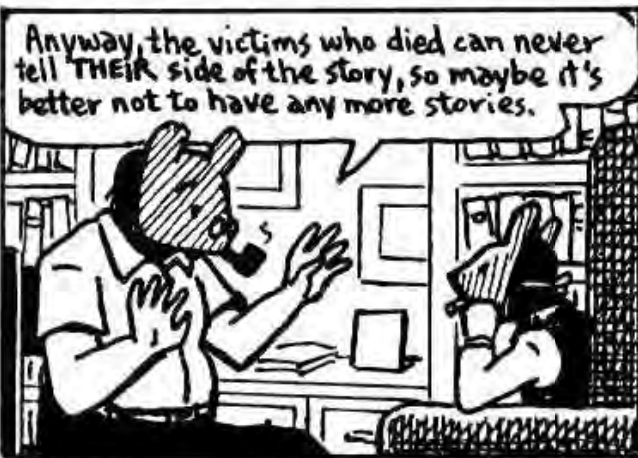
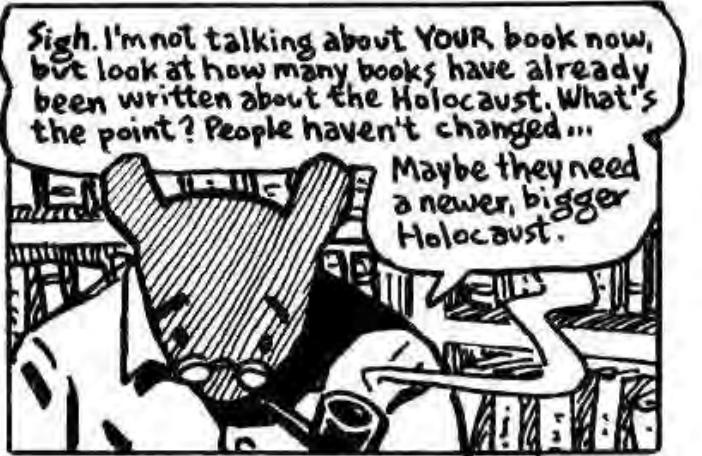
Time flies...











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!

Y!!!

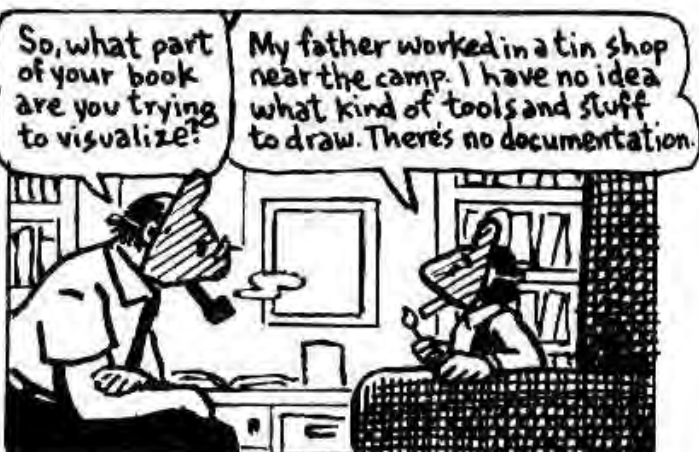


It felt a little like *that*. But ALWAYS! From the moment you got to the gate until the very end.



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...



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...

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

(AGREED.)



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!



HE WAS SO GREEDY, YIDL, HE WANTED I 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...

workshops and
camp extension.

Ausch-
witz I

Auschwitz II
Birkenau

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

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-
LY 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 KITCHEN 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...



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

AN ORCHESTRA?...



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



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

NO. AT THE GATE I HEARD ONLY GUARDS SHOUTING.



DID YOU EVER TALK WITH ANY OF THE GUARDS?

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

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

AAH. GUTEN MORGEN. THIS SPRING AIR REMINDS ME OF HOME... OF NUREMBURG...

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



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 B16 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.

EVA - EVA GOLD-
BERG FROM LODZ!

ANJA ZYLBERBERG!
FROM SOŚNOWIEC!

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

I WAS SO HAPPY. SOMEONE
BROUGHT SOMEHOW ANJA OVER.

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

SHE LOOKED
SO LIKE A
SKELETON.

DID MAN-
CIE BRING
YOU MY
LETTERS?

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

MY FRIENDS
WAIT OUTSIDE
AND I BRING
THEM SCRAPS.

NO! SAVE YOUR
SCRAPS! WHAT
IF YOU LOSE THAT
JOB? WHAT IF
SOMETHING HAP-
PENS TO MANCIE?

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

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

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

JUST SEEING
YOU AGAIN
GIVES ME
STRENGTH.

I HAVE TO GO
BEFORE ANY-
ONE NOTICES
I'M MISSING.

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

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



A GUARD SCREAMED TO ME:



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 SELECTIONS. THE DOCTORS CHOSE OUT THE WEAKER ONES TO GO AND DIE.



IN THE WHOLE CAMP WAS SELECTIONS. 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 SELECTION...



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!

A "BLOCKSPERRE," THIS MEANT YOU MUST NOT STEP OUT FROM THE ROOM.

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.



SOB

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



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



BUT LATER HE AGAIN STARTED..



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

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

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

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SHOEMAKER WHO WORKED IN THERE?



A LOT OF THE POLISH 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 COUS- IN 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 SMUGGLING WITH POLISH WORKERS FROM HERE AS A SHOEMAKER, BUT STILL I WAS WELL-OFF...



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



I SHARED SOMETIMES TO THE KAPO IN CHARGE.

I JUST ORGANIZED SOME EGGS - WANT ONE?

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



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

AND HERE'S A LITTLE BREAD FOR OUR MEAL.

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



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



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



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

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



HE UNWRAPPED SOME CHEESE AND ATE HIMSELF A PIECE.

PLEASE. COULD I HAVE THAT PIECE OF PAPER?

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



I NEEDED TO WRITE OVER TO ANJA!

EVEN PAPER WAS HARD TO HAVE THERE. MY FRIENDS CAME AL-
WAYS TO ME WHEN THEY NEEDED

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

WHY DIDN'T
OTHER PEOPLE
SAVE PAPER?

ACH! YOU KNOW
HOW MOST
PEOPLE ARE!



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



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

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

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

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

NO.1-

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

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

SO? WHAT
DO YOU
CARE?

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

OH,
REALLY

SO, SHE ARRANGED THE BOOTS OVER TO ME.

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

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

...VERY DIFFERENT.

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



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



HOW COULD YOU GET CIGARETTES?

EACH WEEK TO THE WORKERS, THEY GAVE US THREE.



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...



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...



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.



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

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



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



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



BUT THIS WASN'T YET OVER.

ON THE EVENING APPEL SHE CAME AGAIN THIS KAPO.



BUT MOTHER DIDN'T STEP OUT.



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



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



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



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

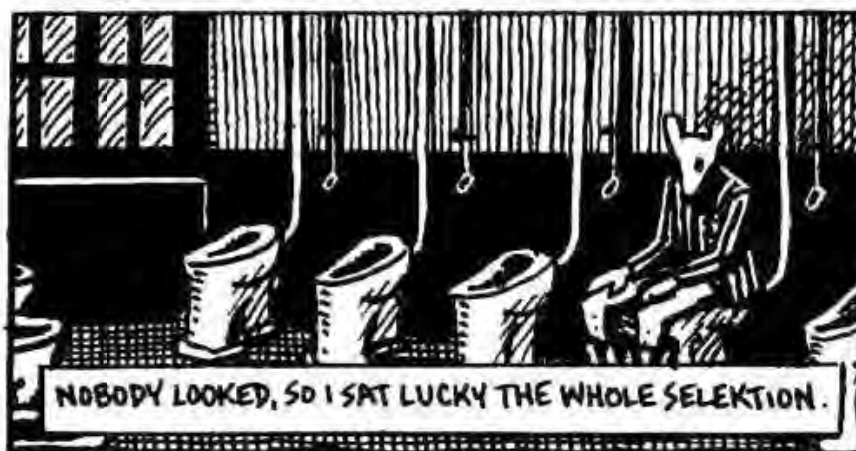


TO ME THEY NEVER HIT, BECAUSE I WORKED ALL MY MUSCLES AWAY.



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

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 Black Work
SEPT	
OCT	
NOV	

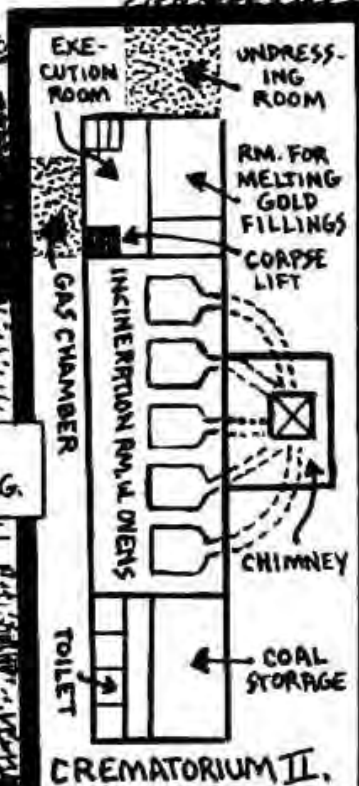




I CAME TO ONE OF THE FOUR CREMD BUILDINGS. IT LOOKED SO LIKE A BIG BAKERY...



FROM BELOW GROUND, IN THE GAS ROOM, WE TINMEN HAD TO TAKE OUT THE PIPES AND FANS FOR VENTILATING.



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

underground undressing room

underground gas chamber

ovens

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



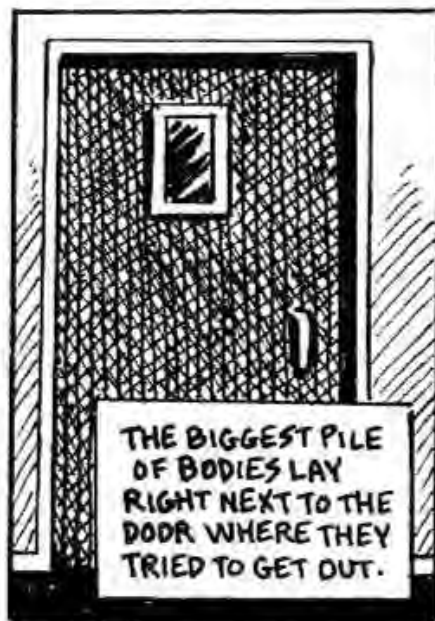
PEOPLE BELIEVED REALLY IT WAS HERE A PLACE FOR SHOWERS. SO THEY WERE TOLD.

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



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

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



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



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.

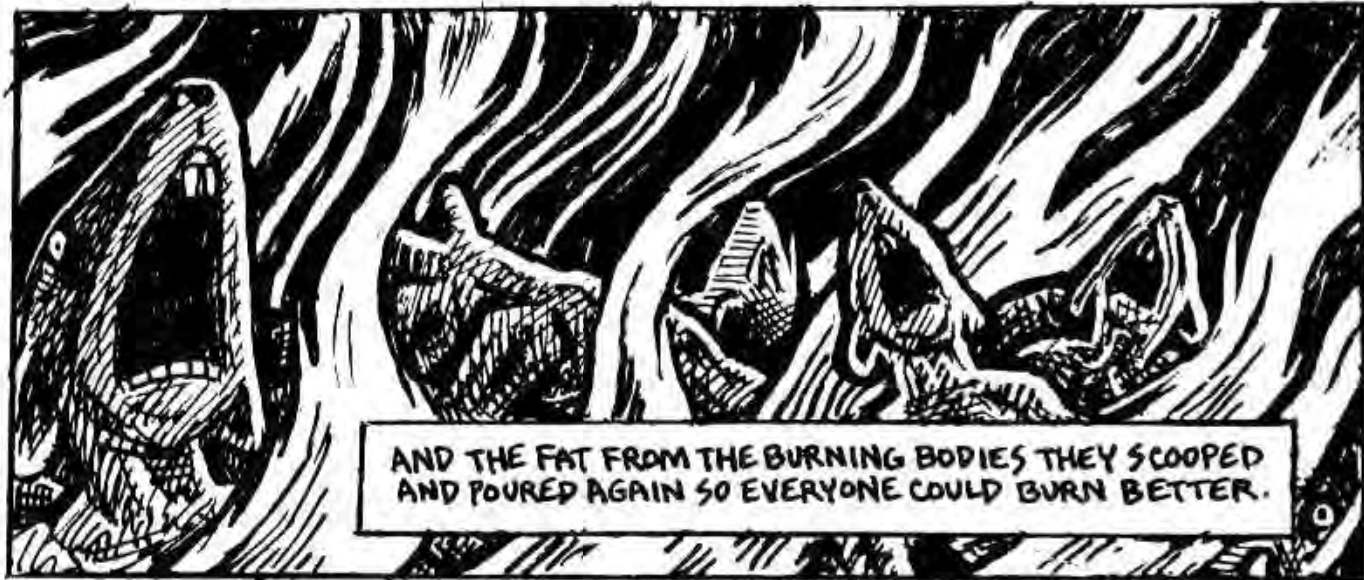


AND THOSE WHAT FINISHED IN THE GAS CHAMBERS BEFORE
THEY GOT PUSHED IN THESE GRAVES, IT WAS THE LUCKY ONES.

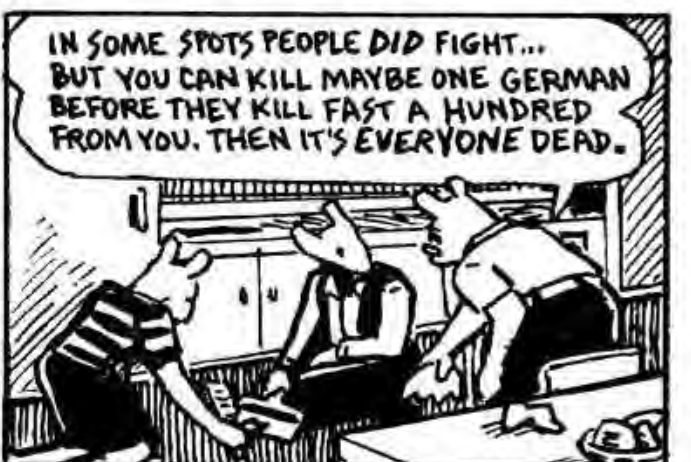


THE OTHERS HAD TO JUMP IN THE GRAVES
WHILE STILL THEY WERE ALIVE...

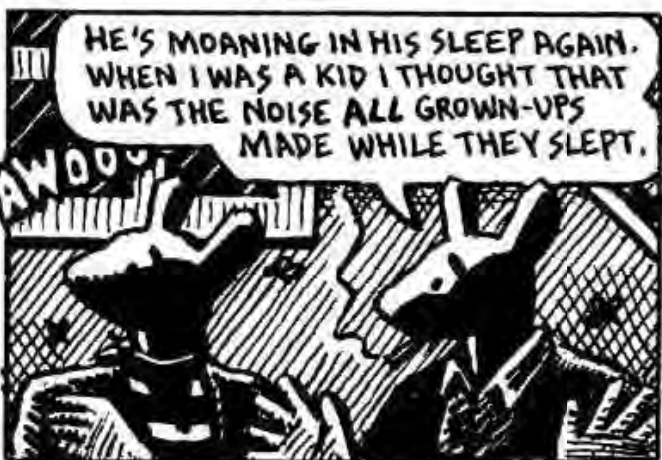
PRISONERS WHAT WORKED THERE POURED GASOLINE OVER THE LIVE ONES AND THE DEAD ONES.



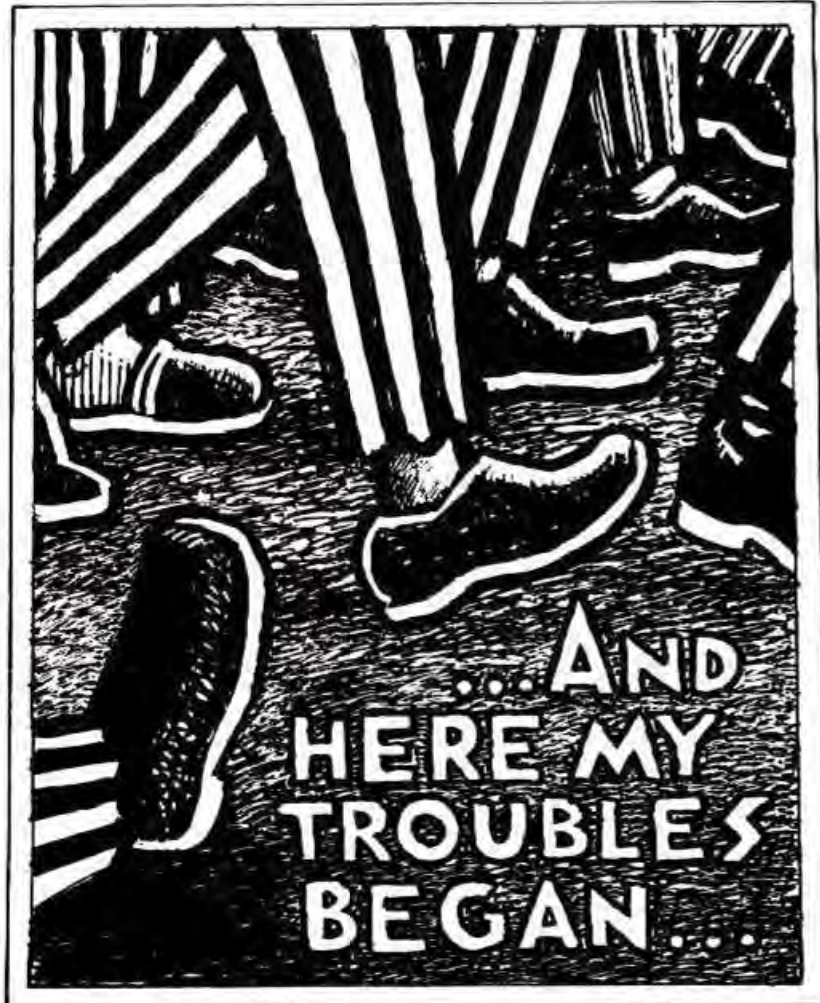
AND THE FAT FROM THE BURNING BODIES THEY SCOOPED
AND POURED AGAIN SO EVERYONE COULD BURN BETTER.



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 TOGETHER
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.

THE GERMANS ARE
GETTING WORRIED.
THE BIG SHOTS HERE
ARE ALREADY RUNNING
BACK INTO THE REICH.



THEY'RE PLANNING TO
TAKE EVERYBODY HERE
BACK TO CAMPS INSIDE
GERMANY. EVERYBODY!



BUT A FEW OF US
HAVE A PLAN...
WE'RE NOT GOING!



YOU HAVE A FRIEND
IN THE CAMP LAUNDRY.
HELP US GET CIVILIAN
CLOTHES AND JOIN US.



HE TOOK ME QUICK TO AN ATTIC IN ONE OF THE BLOCKS.



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

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



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

THEN THIS GUY FROM THE OFFICE RAN IN...

TERRIBLE NEWS!
WE HAVE TO LEAVE!



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

HURRY!



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



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

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



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

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



KRAK

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.



KPOW

THE NEIGHBOR CAME OUT WITH A RIFLE AND SHOT.

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



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...



ALL DAY LONG THEY WERE ARRANGING...



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



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



IT WAS THOUSANDS OF PRISONERS FROM ALL AROUND BEING PULLED BACK INTO GERMANY.

EVERYWHERE WAS CONFUSION AND HITTING. TERRIBLE!



YOU SHITS OVER THERE! GO HAUL THE SOUP FROM THE KITCHEN-TWO TO EACH PAIL.

THEY CAUGHT 20 OF US TO CARRY.



YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE. STAY WITH ME!

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

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



QUICK! QUICK!

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



LAZY BASTARDS! LOOK AT HOW THOSE TWO RUN!

WE GOT AN EXTRA PORTION SOUP FOR THIS. MOST WERE NOT LUCKY TO BE STILL STRONG.



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.



INSIDE!
MOVE!
MOVE!



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 SOME-
BODY'S SHOULDER AND
HOOKED IT STRONG.



IN THIS WAY I CAN REST
AND BREATHE A LITTLE.

THIS SAVED ME. MAY-
BE 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...



AI! MY LEGS! I'M
BEING STABBED!

AII!

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

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

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



IF HE HAD STILL
FOOD, HE ATE IT.

I ATE MOSTLY SNOW FROM UP ON THE ROOF.



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!

WHOOSH



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

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



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



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

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



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

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



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

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



AND NOW VLADEK
IS TRAILING
AFTER HIM...

HOW
EMBAR-
RASSING.







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



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



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

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



LIKE WILD ANIMALS THEY WOULD FIGHT UNTIL THERE WAS BLOOD.



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

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

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

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

GO WITH THEM...

I WANTED THEY TAKE
ME TO THE INFIRMARY.

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

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

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

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

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

ALL!

THERE! I
OPENED IT
UP AGAIN!

I GOT AFRAID FOR MY
HAND AND LET IT HEAL.

...I HAVE STILL TODAY
A SCAR ON THIS PLACE.

I IRRITATED EACH DAY
MY HAND, TO STAY LONGER.

THIS HURT ME REALLY
VERY VERY MUCH...

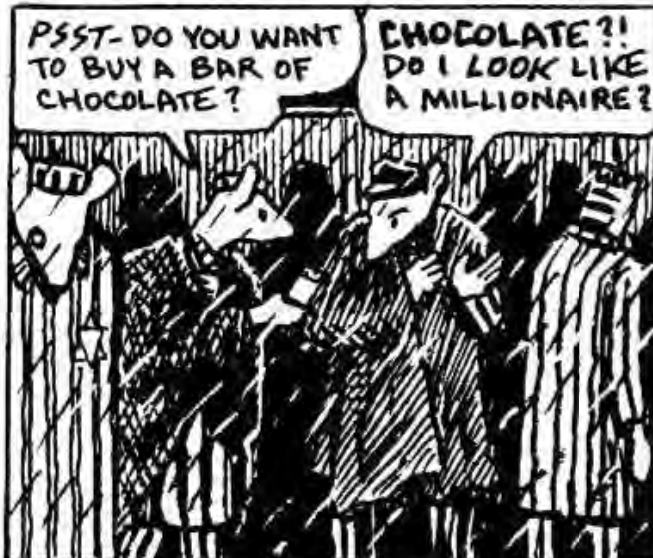
FROM THE INFIRMARY I HAD TO GO BACK TO A BAD BARRACK, WHERE WE WERE ALL DAY STANDING OUTSIDE.



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



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



I CLEANED THE SHIRT VERY, VERY CAREFUL.



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



I UNWRAPPED ONLY WHEN THEY CALLED TO SOUP...



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



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...



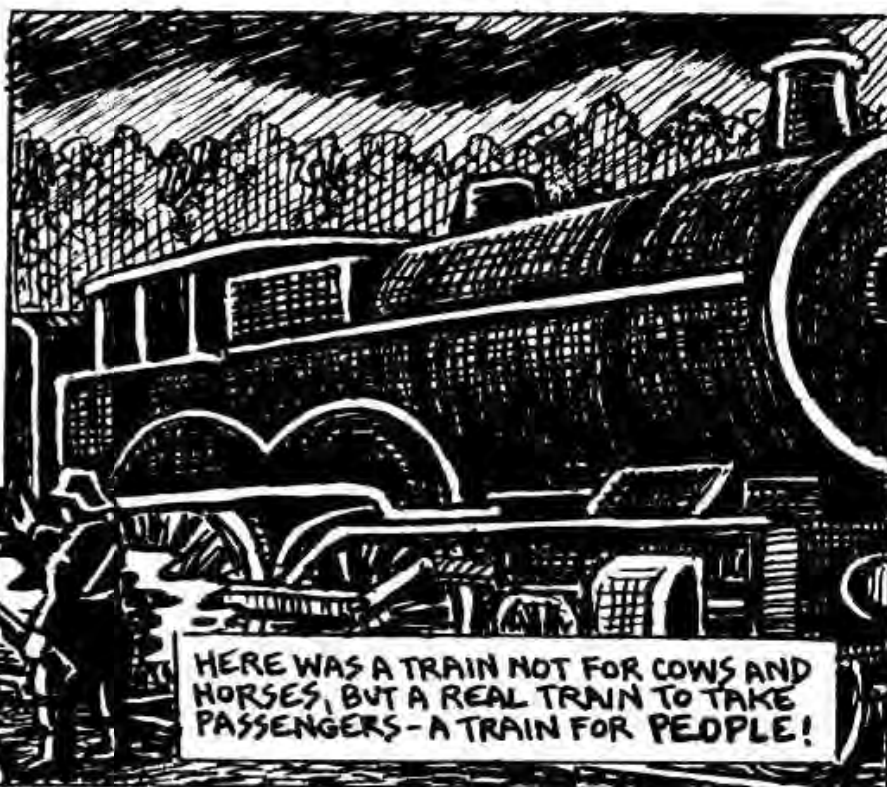
YOU WILL BE EXCHANGED
AS WAR PRISONERS AT
THE SWISS BORDER.



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



BUT I CAME SOMEHOW
OUTSIDE THE GATE...



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!





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

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

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

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

BUT,
YOU--

FORGET IT,
HONEY... HE'S
HOPELESS!

YAH!...

BETTER WE'LL
JUST FORGET IT.

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

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

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

COSMO
BUNG
COLO

CHAPTER FOUR



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

HEY! THE AMERICANS AREN'T HERE!

WHY WAIT? LET'S GO!



SOME WENT ONE WAY, SOME ANOTHER...

WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE WE WENT.



HALT OR WE'LL SHOOT!

ALL OF A SUDDEN, IT WAS A WEHRMACHT PATROL!



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



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

THEY GUARDED SO WE COULDN'T GO AWAY.

THERE ARE MACHINE GUNS SET UP ALL AROUND US!



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



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

VLADK SPİEGEL-
MAN! IS THAT YOU?!

SHİVEK?!
YOU'RE ALİVE?

SHİVEK 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
LİTTLE 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 İT!
DO YOU HAVE THE
STRENGTH TO TRY?

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

SO İT CAME NİGHT. WE
WERE TERRİBLE FRİGHT-
ENED, WE SAT AND WAITED.

İT WAS CRYİNG AND PRAYİNG. SO LONG WE
SURVİVED, 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.

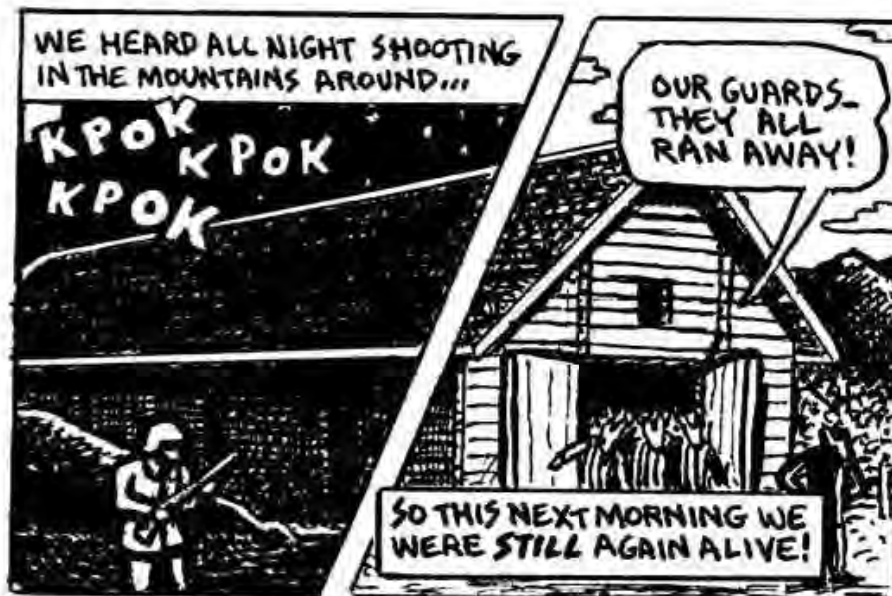


HALT!

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.





A PART OF THIS HOUSE, IT WAS A BARN.



FROM THE WALLS WE HEARD SHOUTING.



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



I WENT MYSELF TO THE EMPTY HOUSE.



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-

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.



THIS HOUSE WILL
BE PART OF OUR
BASE CAMP...



BUT I GUESS YOU BOYS
CAN STAY IF YOU KEEP
THE JOINT CLEAN AND
MAKE OUR BEDS.



WANT
SOME
CHOCO-
LATE?

M-MAYBE
FOR LATER.
THANK YOU.



SO WE WORKED FOR
THE AMERICANS AND
THEY LIKED ME THAT
I CAN SPEAK ENGLISH.



THANKS FOR THE
SHINE, WILLIE.

IT'S O.KAY, SERGEANT.
DON'T EVEN MENTION.



THEY GAVE TO US FOOD CANS AND
GIFTS AND CALLED TO ME "WILLIE."

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





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.



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.





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 HEART 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 VLADSK.
WILD HORSES CAN'T HOLD
HIM STILL... SO NOW HE'S
EXHAUSTED, AND ME TOO.



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 SWARE 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...



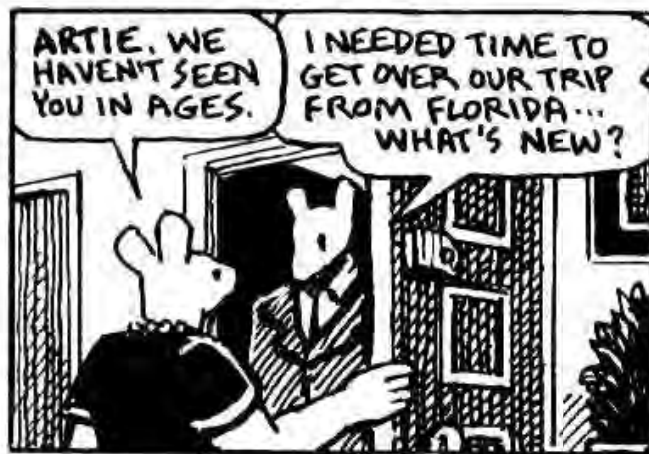
A half hour later...



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.



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



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



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



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



WE CAME AWAY HAPPY.



WE ARRIVED FINALLY TO HANNOVER...

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



DO YOU KNOW
WHERE ANY
OF YOUR
FAMILY IS?

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



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



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

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



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



WE JUST
CAME FROM
POLAND...

WE WERE
LUCKY TO
GET OUT!...



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





"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.



ANJA WAS ALL ALONE THERE IN SOSNOWIEC...

SORRY ANJA.
NO NEWS
FOR YOU...



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



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 HAN-
NOVER 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...

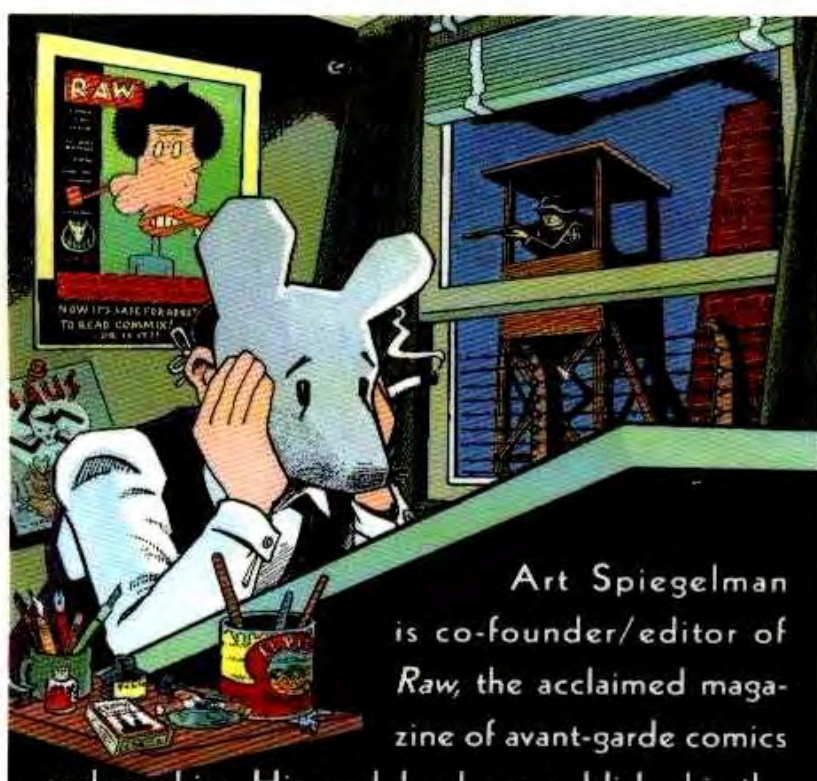


- art spiegelman - 1978-1991



"**M**aus 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 composed 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*

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