

art spiegelman

MANGA



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.



MAUS



*Barbara
Ok*

M

AUS

A SURVIVOR'S TALE

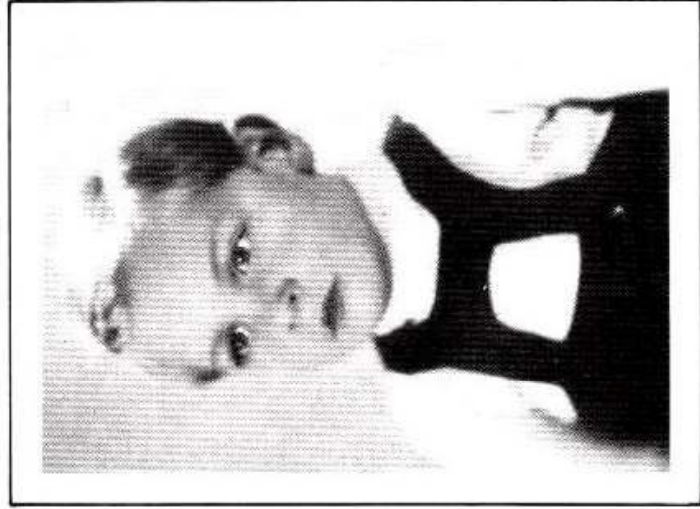
II

**AND HERE
MY TROUBLES
BEGAN**

art spiegelman

PANTHEON BOOKS NEW YORK

FOR RICHIEU

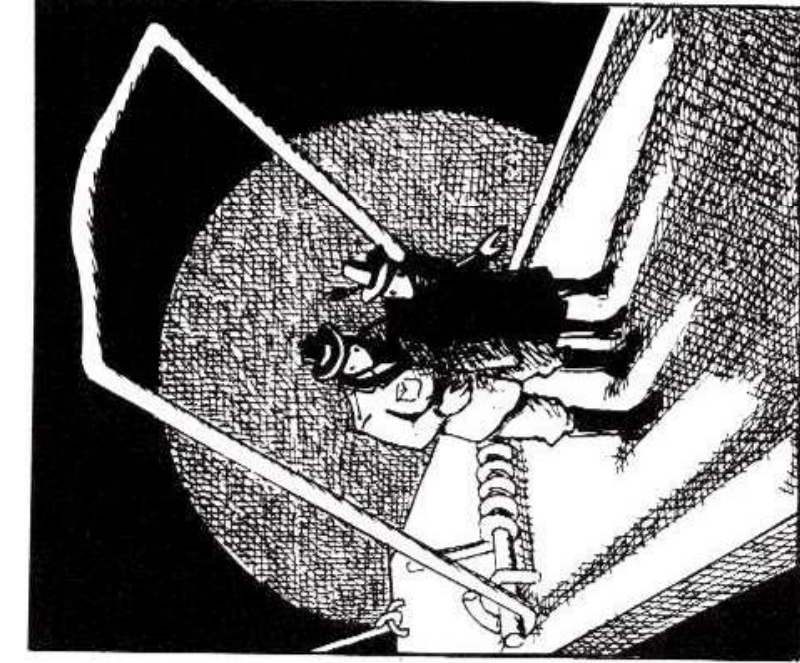
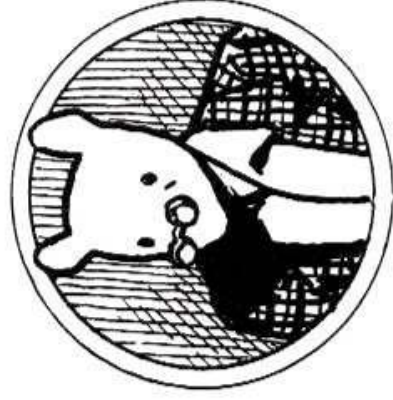


AND FOR NADJA



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, **NY**, 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 Zylberg, 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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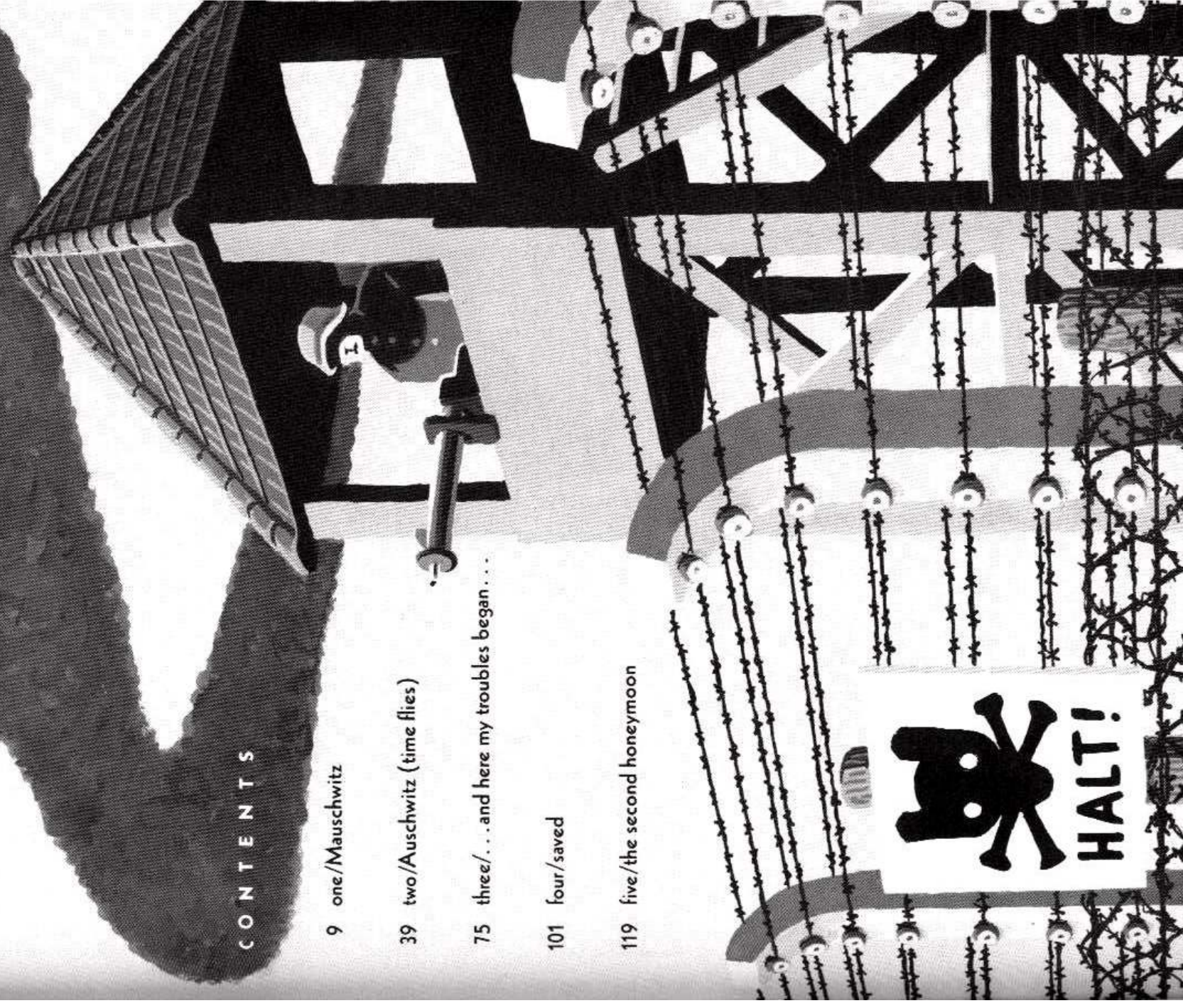
9 one/Mauschwitz

39 two/Auschwitz (time flies)

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

101 four/saved

119 five/the second honeymoon



C H A P T E R O N E



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













And so, the Catskills ...













A few tense hours later...



ALWAYS YOU'RE SO LAZY! EVERY JOB WE SHOULD MAKE SO AS TO DO IT THE RIGHT WAY.

LAZY?! DAMN IT, YOU'RE DRIVING ME NUTS!







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



IT'S FREEZING!

JUST THANK
GOD IT'S NOT GAS!

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

IN THE SNOW THEY THREW TO US PRISONERS CLOTHING'S.



SCHELL! SCHELL! SCHELL!

THEY NEVER EVEN LOOKED
ON WHAT SIZE THEY THREW.

ONE GUY TRIED TO EXCHANGE.



E-EXCUSE ME. THESE
SHOES ARE TOO SMALL.



MAYBE NOW
THEY'LL FIT!

CRASH

THE SHOES WERE
WOOD SHOES!

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



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

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



WHEN WE CAME INSIDE THE GATES SOMEONE RAN TO US FROM FAR AWAY.

HERE WAS ABRAHAM— MANDELBAUM'S NEPHEW!



SO, UNCLE... YOU'VE ENDED UP HERE TOO.

YOU TOLD US TO COME!



YOU WROTE US ABOUT HOW HAPPY YOU ARE IN HUNGARY. THAT WE SHOULD JOIN YOU RIGHT AWAY! HAH! HAH!

WELL... HERE WE ARE.

THE POLES WHO ARRANGED OUR "ESCAPE" UNDERSTOOD YIDDISH. SO THEY KNEW YOU WERE WAITING TO HEAR IF I WAS SAFE.



IN BIELSKO THE POLES PICTRATED THAT LETTER WHILE THE GESTAPO HELD A PISTOL UP TO MY HEAD.



WHAT COULD I DO? THEY'D HAVE SHOT ME THEN AND THERE.

WELL... SO HERE'S OUR HUNGARY...

AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF HERE FOR ALL OF US ... THROUGH THOSE CHIMNEYS.



ABRAHAM I DIDN'T SEE AGAIN... I THINK HE CAME OUT THE CHIMNEY.

BUT I SAW AGAIN ONCE THE POLES WHO BETRAYED US.



THE GERMANS DIDN'T NEED THEM. SO THEY FINISHED ALSO IN AUSCHWITZ.

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



I WAS WORND AND SHIVER-ING AND CRYING A LITTLE.



BUT FROM ANOTHER ROOM SOMEONE APPROACHED DVER.



HE WAS A PRIEST...



HMM...YOUR NUMBER STARTS WITH 17, IN HEBREW THAT'S "KMINYAN TOV."



HE WASN'T JEWISH - BUT VERY INTELLIGENT!



IT ENDS WITH 13, THE AGE A JEWISH BOY BECOMES A MAN...



YES... I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN.



I CAN'T KNOW IF I'LL SURVIVE THIS HELL, BUT I'M CERTAIN YOU'LL COME THROUGH ALL THIS ALIVE!



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!

NOW LIE ON YOUR
BELLIES. QUICK!

STAND UP!
LIE DOWN!

STAND UP!
FASTER!



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

LIE DOWN!



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

ONE TIME THIS BLOCK SUPERVISOR STARTED SCREAMING ON US:

**WHO KNOWS ENGLISH?
RAISE YOUR HAND!**

(YOU SHOULD
RAISE YOUR
HAND, VLADEK.)

(NO...)

HE TOOK THEM APART - BUT SENT THEM SOON BACK.

**WHO KNOWS ENGLISH
AND POLISH?**

NOW IT WAS VERY FEW
HANDS, SO I APPROACHED.

VHERE... 1ST... DER PEN?...
DER PEN 1ST... IN ... DER TABLE...

NEXT.

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

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

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

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

?

HE WANTED TO LEARN
HERE ENGLISH!

AND HE KEPT ME
ASIDE THE REST.

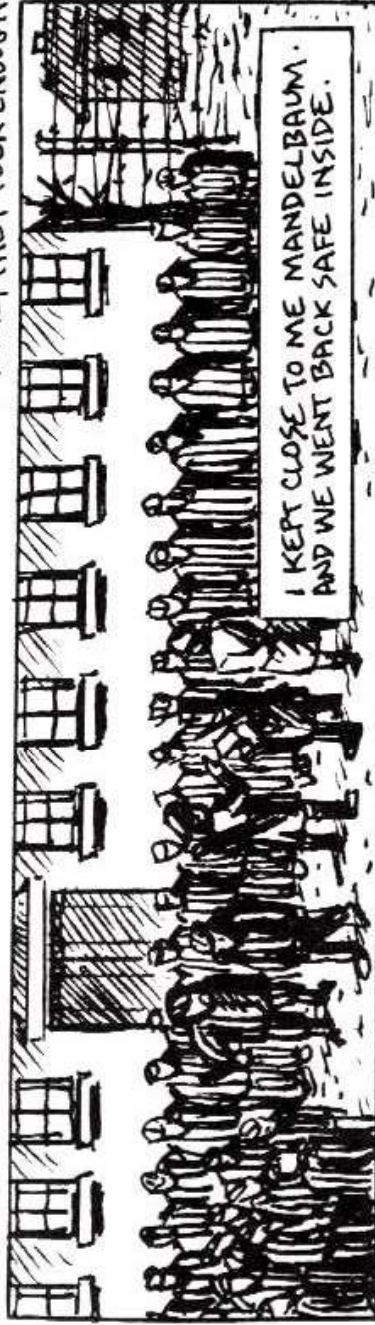
LISTEN - THERE ARE TOO MANY
PRISONERS HERE - THE SS WILL
LINE YOU ALL UP TOMORROW.
... BE SURE TO STAND
ON THE FAR LEFT.



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



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.



I KEPT CLOSE TO ME MANDELBAUM AND WE WENT BACK SAFE INSIDE.

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



WAIT, SPIEGELMAN— YOU COME WITH ME!

EVERYONE THEY CALLED BY NUMBER BUT ME, HE CALLED BY NAME.



SIT HERE... I'LL BE BACK SOON.

HERE I SAW ROLLS! I SAW EGGS! MEAT! COFFEE! ALL THE TABLE FULL! YOU KNOW WHAT IT WAS TO SEE SUCH THINGS?

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!

THIS FOOD, IT WAS FOR ME.

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

BUT WHY ARE YOU STUDYING ENGLISH?

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

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





I EXPLAINED HIM EVERYTHING ABOUT MANDELBAUM.

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

I RAN TO FIND
MANDELBAUM...

VLADEK?!!

YOU LOOK LIKE
A... A GENERAL!



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

LOOK. I GOT YOU
YOUR OWN SPOON.

A SPOON! THANK
YOU, VLADEK, THANK YOU.



AND HERE'S A BELT - NOT
JUST \$TRING - A REAL BELT!

OH
MY MY
MY GOD!



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

gasp



SOB

MY GOD. MY GOD. MY GOD...
IT'S A MIRACLE, VLADEK.
GOD SENT SHOES
THROUGH YOU.



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

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

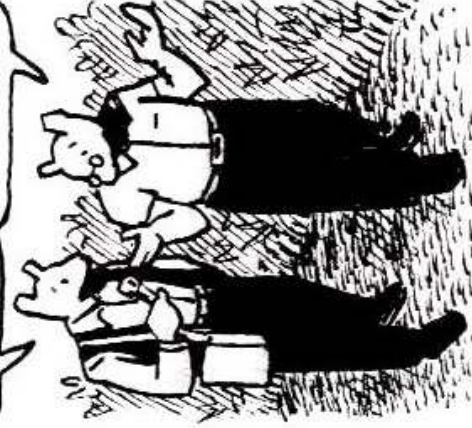
HOW LONG I COULD, I KEPT HIM. BUT A FEW DAYS LATER
THE GERMANS CHOSE HIM TO TAKE AWAY TO WORK...



NOBODY COULD HELP THIS.
SO. IT WAS FINISHED WITH MANDEL-
BAUM. I NEVER SAW HIM MORE AGAIN.

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...

VLADEK, WHAT WAS YOUR PROFESSION BEFORE YOU WERE BROUGHT HERE?

I WORKED IN A LOT OF DIFFERENT BUSINESSES. WHY?



I CAN DO ANYTHING ONCE I'M SHOWN HOW. IN THE GHETTO I WORKED IN A WOOD SHOP... IN SOŚNOWIEC I WAS A TINSMITH.

A TINSMITH! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



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

UH-HUH. YOU TOLD ME. WHAT I WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT THOUGH, IS WHAT HAPPENED TO MOM WHILE YOU

STOP!...



IN THIS WAY THE HOTEL GUARD CAN'T SEE US, AND WE CAN SIT ON THEIR PATIO.

IT'S PRETTY THERE TO SIT. I COME ALMOST EVERY DAY IN THIS WAY.



I'VE KEPT YOU HERE IN THE "QUARANTINE BLOCK" AS LONG AS I CAN. YOU'LL HAVE TO BE ASSIGNED OUT TO A WORK CREW... SKILLED WORKERS GET BETTER TREATMENT.



I WAS NOT REALLY A TINMAN. BUT I KNEW A LITTLE. IN SOŚNOWIEC I WAS IN A TIN SHOP REGISTERED TO GET A SAFE WORK PASSPORT, AND I WATCHED HOW THEY WORKED.



WE MUST TURN QUICK AND GO BY THIS ROAD TO COME TO THE PINES!

HUH?



SOMETIMES I GET HERE FREE DANCING LESSONS, OR THEY HAVE FOR THE GUESTS FREE BINGO GAMES AND PRIZES.



DOWNSTAIRS IS A GYM WITH
A STEAM ROOM AND A WHIRL-
POOL... MAYBE I CAN TAKE YOU
IN THERE TOMORROW.

NO THANKS. AREN'T YOU
AFRAID YOU'LL GET
CAUGHT TRESPASSING?

FEH. FROM OUR BUNGALOWS
EVERYBODY COMES HERE
ALWAYS, OR TO BRICKMAN'S
HOTEL UP THE ROAD.

...I LIKE BETTER THE PINES ONLY ITS
THAT IN THE GYM HERE YOU CAN'T HAVE
A LOCKER WITHOUT GIVING A ROOM KEY.

LOOK. THEY'RE GIVING NOW CARDS FOR BINGO.
YOU WANT WE'LL PLAY?

UH-UH. I'LL PUT IN
A NEW TAPE AND
WE CAN CONTINUE.

I WON HERE A BINGO GAME
ONE TIME. THE WINNER GOT
A PRIZE OVER TO HIS ROOM.
... ONLY IT WAS,
I HAD NO ROOM.

BEHIND ME SAT A YOUNG LADY
WHAT GOT SO DISAPPOINTED
THAT SHE LOST— SHE HAD
JUST ONE NUMBER AWAY...

"...SO I GAVE TO HER MY CARD
AND SAID: "I DON'T CARE FOR
SUCH PRIZES—YOU GO UP TO BE
THE WINNER..." WAS SHE HAPPY.

DID YOU TELL HER YOU
WEREN'T A GUEST HERE?

WHY TO TELL?? THIS
WASN'T HER BUSINESS.

YOU KNOW, IN TOWN IS A BINGO PLACE— 50¢ A CARD. MALA
LIKED SOMETIMES TO GO... AND I SAID TO HER, "FOR WHAT?
FOR THE COFFEE THEY GIVE AFTER? BINGO WE CAN PLAY
AT THE PINES, AND BETTER COFFEE WE HAVE AT HOME!"

BINGO!

...B-5...
G-22...

C H A P T E R T W O



Time flies...

Vladek died of congestive heart failure on August 18, 1982 ...
Françoise and I stayed with him in the Catskills back in August 1979.



Vladek started working as a tinman in Auschwitz in the spring of 1944 ...
I started working on this page at the very end of February 1987.



In May 1987 Françoise and I are expecting a baby ...
Between May 16, 1944, and May 24, 1944 over 100,000 Hungarian Jews were gassed in Auschwitz ...



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



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

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

Lately I've been feeling depressed.

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







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



It sounds like you're feeling remorse—maybe you believe you exposed your father to ridicule.

Maybe. But I tried to be fair and still show how angry I felt.



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

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



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

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



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

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



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

maybe.



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

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



No... just sadness.



So, do you
ADMIRE your
father for
surviving?

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

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

whoosh.

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

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

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

Maybe they need
a newer, bigger
Holocaust.

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

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

Yes.

On the other
hand, he
SAID it.

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



And so...



WITH THE OTHER BOYS THERE, I GOT ALONG FINE.



DON'T WORRY... YOU JUST HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO HANDLE YIDL ...

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- \$AGE 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...



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!

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



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

HMPH.

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 WASNT ANY MISSING...



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

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

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

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 GERMAN'S 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..."



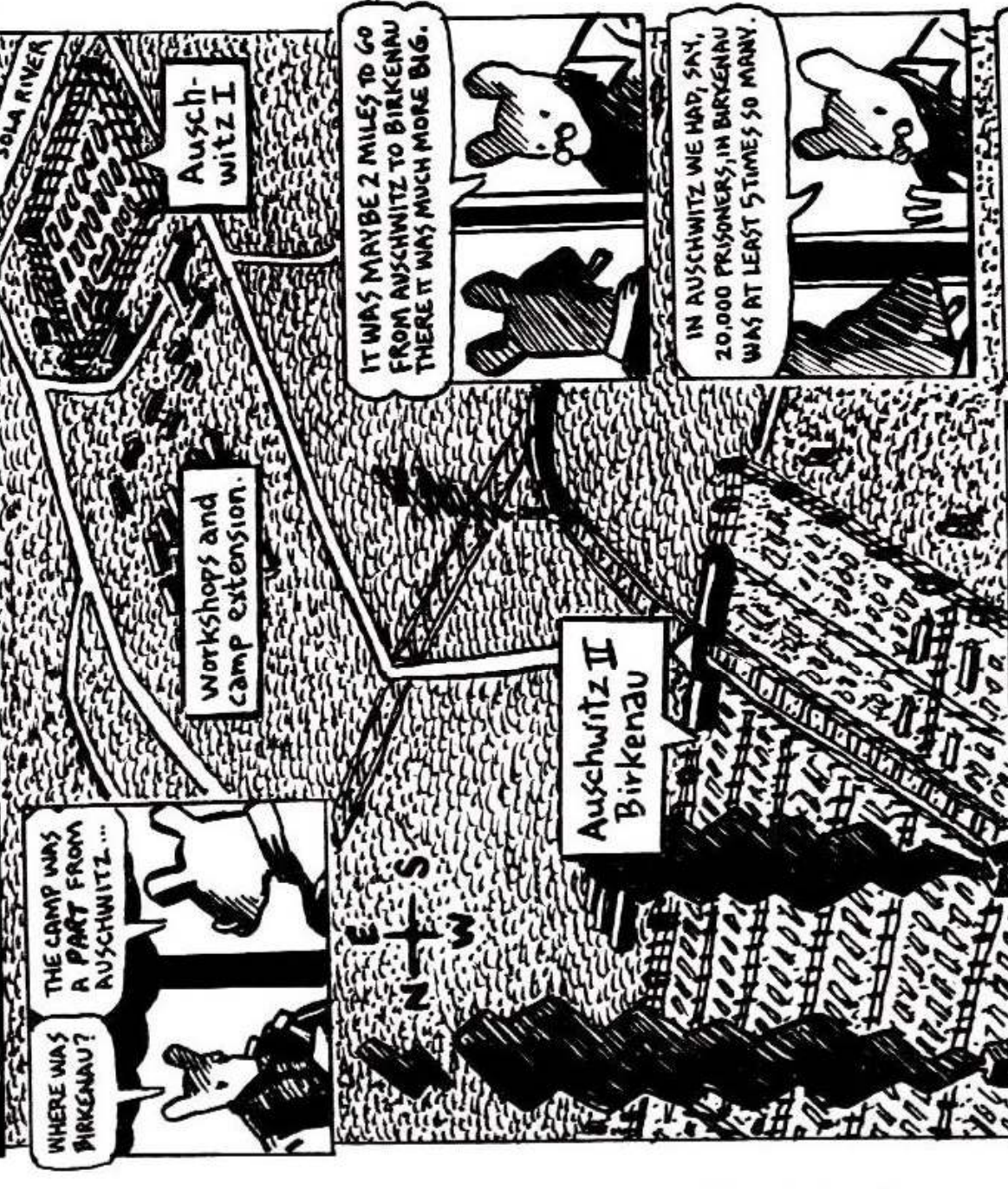
OR THEY SENT HIM TO THE GAS, I DON'T REMEMBER, BUT THEY FINISHED HIM AND HE NEVER ANYMORE COMPLAINED.

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

WHERE WAS
BIRKENAU?
THE CAMP WAS
A PART FROM
AUSCHWITZ...

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.



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 ANNA.



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

SO YOU WERE ACTUAL-
LY IN TOUCH WITH
ANJA IN BIRKENAU?



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



(PSS, 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.

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

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

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

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

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

BUT ALWAYS SHE TOOK.

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

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

"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."

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

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

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



SHE COULD HAVE MORE NEWS OF ANJA.

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

AN ORCHESTRA?...

YES
S ONLY
SPEAKING

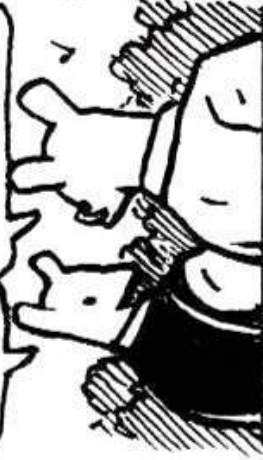
I DUNNO, BUT
IT'S VERY WELL
DOCUMENTED...

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 NURENBERG...

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...

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 TIMMEN, AND YOU I SAVE.

WHY?!

SO I MARCHED WITH A FEW TIN-MEN 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 LODZI!

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...

VLADEK! VLADEK! VLADEK!

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

A GUARD SCREAMED TO ME:

HALT!

WHO WERE YOU
TALKING TO?

N-NOBODY...

GET
INSIDE!

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

YES.
YOU ALWAYS
ARRANGE
MIRACLES.

I THINK
ABOUT YOU
...ALWAYS.

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

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



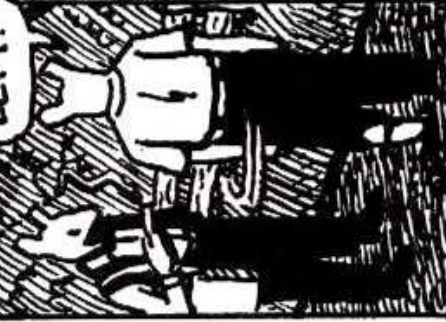
IN THE WHOLE CAMP WAS SELECTIONS. I WENT TWO TIMES IN FRONT OF DR. MENGELE.



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 SS 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.



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



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



508

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.

AWOOOWAAD



WHAT COULD I DO? I COULDN'T TELL TO THE GERMANSTHEY 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 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.



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



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



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



NEXT DAY I HAD THE BOOT READY FOR THIS GESTAPO.



HE LEFT THE BOOT AND WENT WITHOUT ONE WORD.



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 UNIONWERKE MUNITION'S FACTORY...



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



M - MY WIFE IS IN BIRKENAU. MAMBE 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!

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

I FOUND AND SAVED. FOR THE TOP 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 ANA THAT NOW I AM A SHOE MAKER... I HEARD HERE BOYS HEARD HERE BOYS... THESE NEW BARBARRUCKS...

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-

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

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

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.

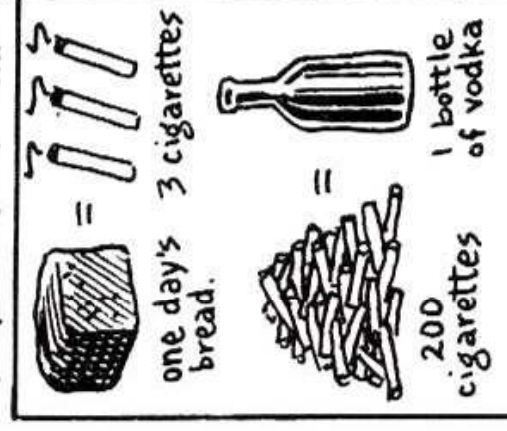
SO, SHE ARRANGED THE BOOTS OVER TO ME.

...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?



THEY ISSUED A LUXURY LIKE THAT?



I STARVED A LITTLE TO PAY TO BRING ANJA OVER.



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

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



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?



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



YES... ABOUT AUSCHWITZ, NOBODY CAN UNDERSTAND.

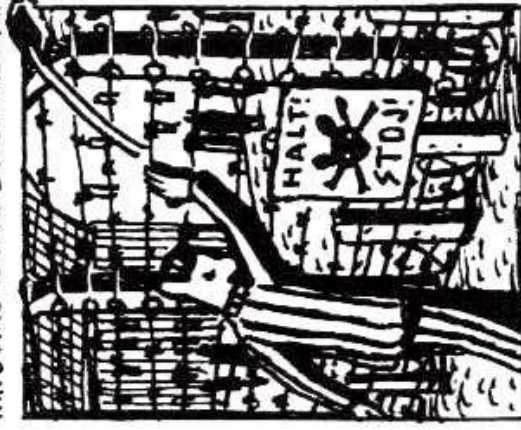


SO... I SAVED A SECOND TIME A FORTUNE, AND GAVE OVER BRIBES TO BRING ANJA CLOSE TO ME. AND IN THE START OF OCTOBER, 1944, I SAW A FEW THOUSAND WOMEN IN THESE NEW BARRACKS...

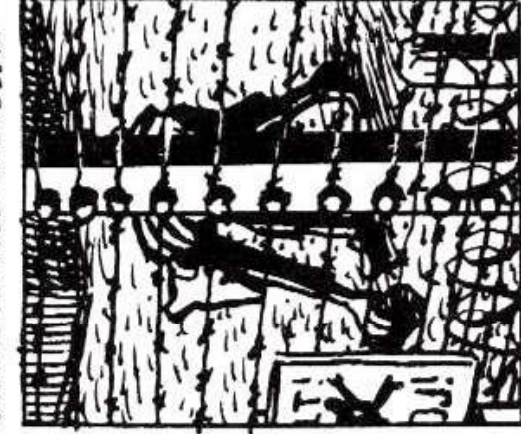


AND WITH THEM WAS ANJA. THIS I ARRANGED. IT WAS THE ONLY TIME I WAS HAPPY IN AUSCHWITZ.

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

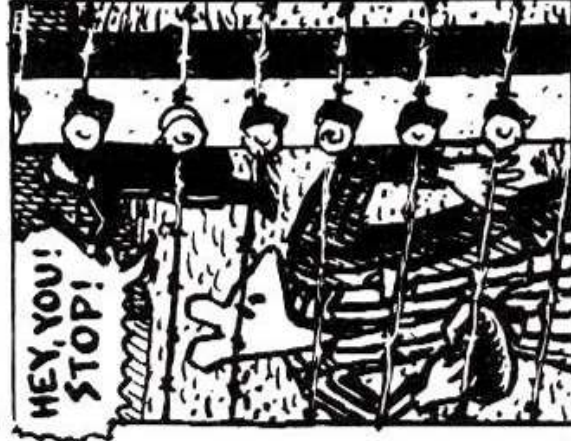


SHE WENT ALSO BACK AND FORTH UNTIL IT WAS SAFE TO APPROACH OVER TO MY FOOD PACKAGES...



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.



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.



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

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

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

BLACK WORK?

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

YOU GOT A HIT TO THE HEAD, OR WORSE.

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

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

I LIKED BETTER INDOORS WORK. I SOMETIMES WAS A "BETNACH-ZIEHER" ... A BED-AFTER-FULLER...

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

WHAT A NO. THEY WANTED EVERYTHING NEAT AND IN GOOD ORDER.

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

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

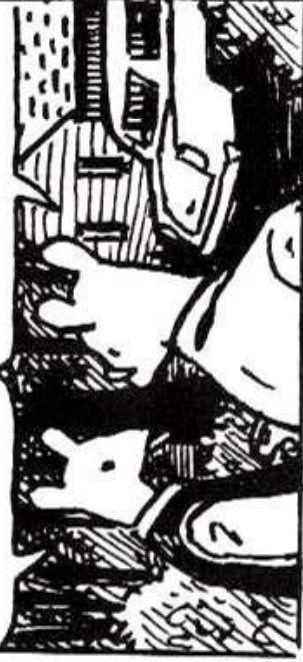
BLOCKSPERRE!

NOW IT COULD BE MY TURN.

NBODY LOOKED, SO I SAT LUCKY THE WHOLE SELEKTION.

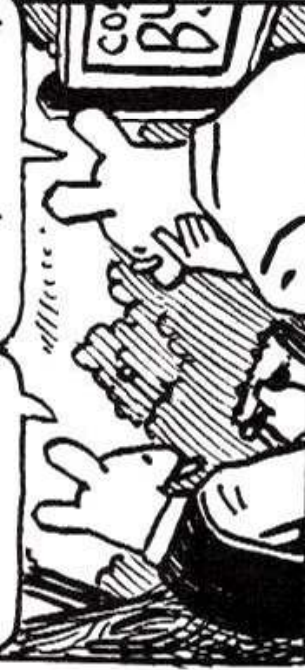
SO DID YOU DO
BLACK WORK THE
REST OF THE TIME
YOU WERE THERE?

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



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

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



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

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



I WAS WORRIED.
YOU WERE GONE
A LONG TIME.

YOU FINISHED THEN
MY BANK PAPERS?



HOW LONG WERE
YOU IN QUARAN-
TINE TEACHING
ENGLISH?

MAYBE 2 MONTHS...



SO, BLACK
WORK
LASTED
3 MONTHS.

YAH.. NO!
I REMIND
MYSELF..



SO! TAKE LESS TIME
TO THE BLACK WORK.
IN AUSCHWITZ WE
DIDNT WEAR WATCHES.

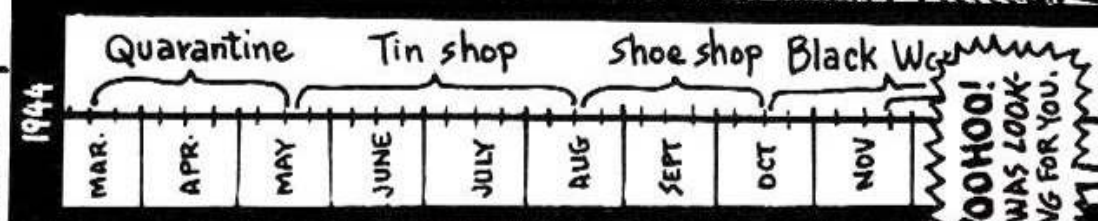
YOOHOO!
I WAS LOOK-
ING FOR YOU.



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

GREAT!
I'M
STARVING!

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





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

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.

DISINFECTIUN
DEZYNFEKCIJE
DISINFECTION

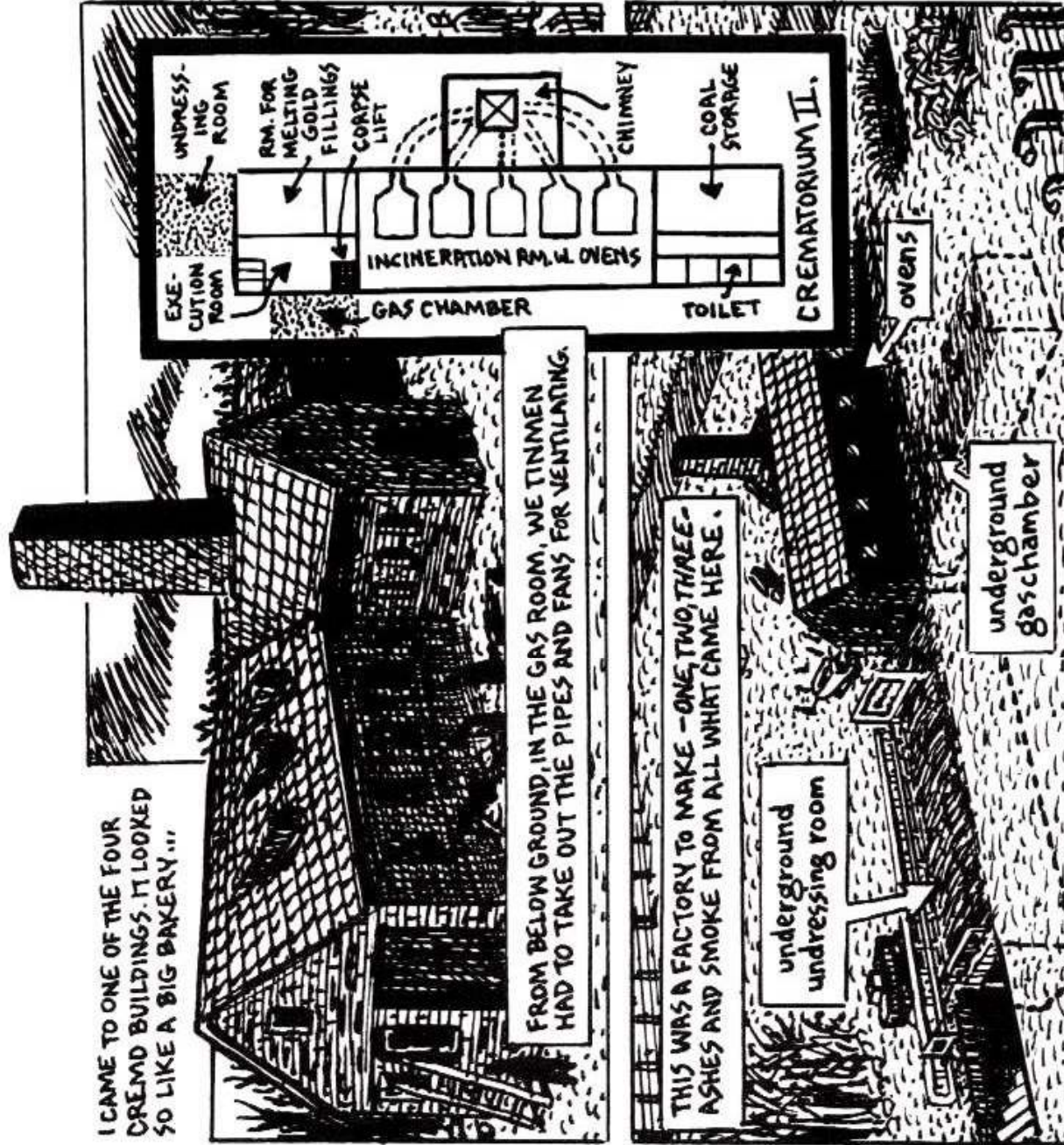
PEOPLE BELIEVED REALLY IT WAS HERE A PLACE FOR SHOWERS, SO THEY WERE TOLD.

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

IMPORTANT
REMEMBER
YOUR HOOK
NUMBER

PLEASE
TIE YOUR
SHOES
TO-
GETH-
ER

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

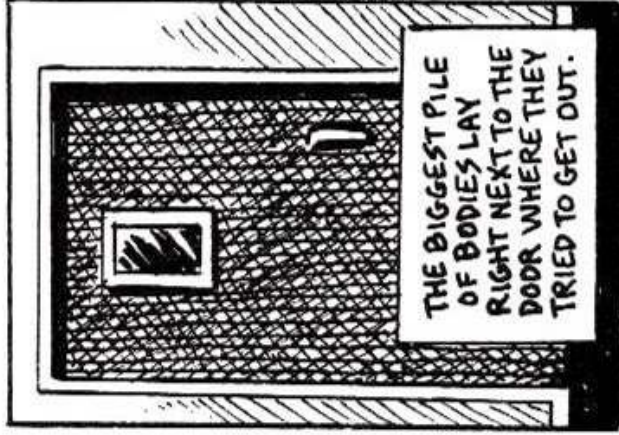


AND EVERYBODY CROWDED INSIDE INTO THE SHOWER ROOM, THE DOOR CLOSED HERMETIC, AND THE LIGHTS TURNED DARK.



Zyklon B, a pesticide, dropped into hollow columns.

IT WAS BETWEEN 3 AND 30 MINUTES— IT DEPENDED HOW MUCH GAS THEY PUT— BUT SOON WAS NOBODY ANYMORE ALIVE.



THE BIGGEST PILE OF BODIES LAY RIGHT NEXT TO THE DOOR WHERE THEY TRIED TO GET OUT.

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

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



THEIR FINGERS WERE BROKEN FROM TRYING TO CLIMB UP THE WALLS... AND SOMETIMES THEIR ARMS WERE AS LONG AS THEIR BODIES, PULLED FROM THE SOCKETS,

ENOUGH!



I DIDN'T WANT MORE TO HEAR, BUT ANYWAY 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.



TO SUCH A PLACE FINISHED MY FATHER, MY SISTERS, MY BROTHERS, SO MANY

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

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



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, FRANCOISE 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 AMMUNITIONS 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.



THIS BOY WORKED IN THE OFFICE AND KNEW RUMORS.



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



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



WE DIDN'T STAND ON THE LAST APPEL'S, BUT I 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 EVERYTHING, WE WERE SO AFRAID, EVEN THE CIVILIAN CLOTHES WE ORGANIZED. AND RAN OUT!



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

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



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

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



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



"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 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...



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



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



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



ALL DAY LONG THEY WERE ARRANGING...

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



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

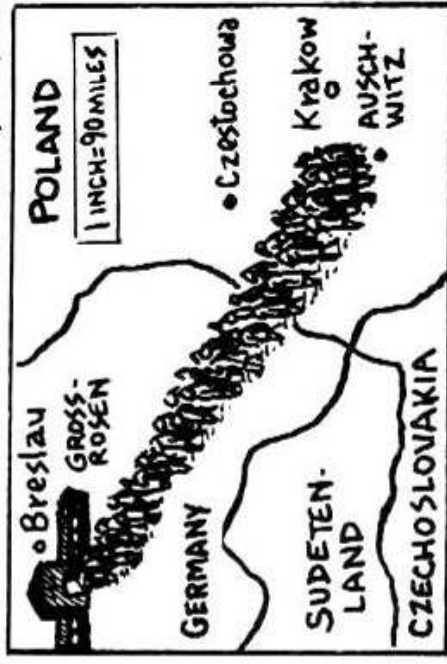
BANG!

AND OF COURSE YOU COULDN'T TRUST...



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

AND SO WE CAME OVER TO GROSS-ROSEN.



HERE WAS A SMALL CAMP, WITH NO GAS.



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.



INSIDE!
MOVE!
MOVE!

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 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.



AND THEN IT STOPPED.

FOR DAYS AND NIGHTS, NOTHING



NO FOOD AND NO WATER,
ONLY SCREAMS INSIDE.

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

OH MY LEGS! I'M
BEING STABBED!

AH!



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.

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!



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.



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 ..

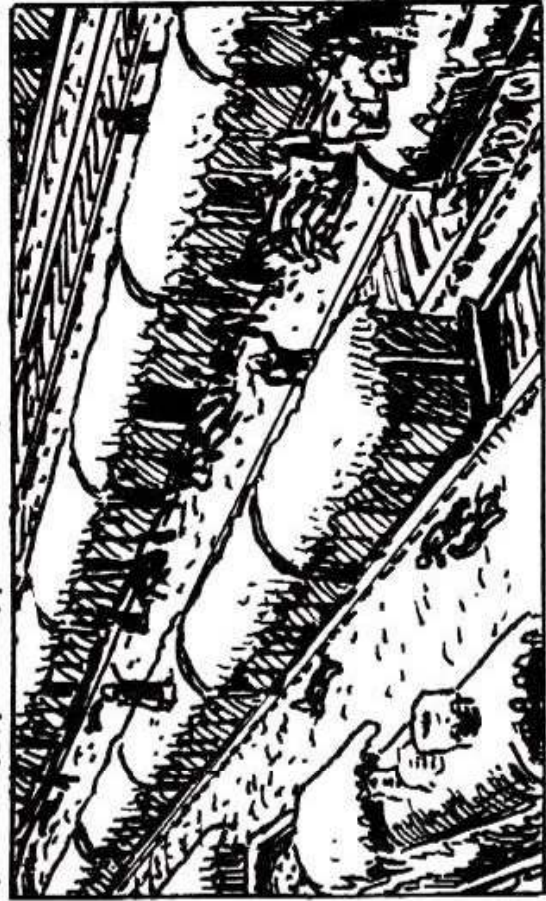
THROW OUT
THE DEAD,
AND CLEAN UP
YOUR FILTH!

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



...THEY DIDN'T
NEED ANYMORE.

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



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.



ALL OF
YOU-GET
DOWN!

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



WE COULD NOT
BELIEVE WHAT
WE ARE SEEING!

THERE IS THE
RED CROSS!"

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



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

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



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

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!



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.

ALL!
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.



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

EACH DAY HE FOUND ME, THE FRENCH MAN...
BRR. GOOD MORN-
ING. IT IS AGAIN
VERY COLD TODAY.



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 EXPENSIVE, BUT HERE NO GOODS CAME IN.

I CLEANED THE SHIRT VERY, VERY CAREFUL.



AND OUTSIDE, I DRIED IT.

I WAS LUCKY TO FIND A PIECE OF PAPER..



SO, CAREFUL I WRAPPED IT.

I UNWRAPPED ONLY WHEN THEY CALLED TO SOUP!!!



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.

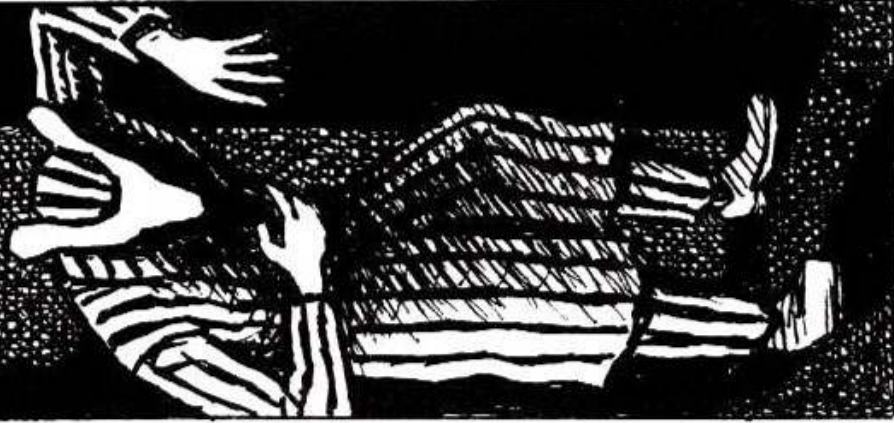
YOU ARE A GENIUS, VLADEK. A GENIUS!



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 ONE'S AND SOMEBODY WILL STEP ON ME!"

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



MANY DIDN'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GO TO DIE IN THE INFIRMARY.

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



I ASKED HELP FROM THE FELLOWS NEXT TO ME, BUT IN A FEW HOURS THEY WERE DEAD AND OTHERS CAME.

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



SO I PUT MY PORTION BELOW MY PILLOW.

HEY! THERE'S STALE BREAD ALL OVER THIS ONE'S BED!

WELL, TAKE IT AWAY." HE'LL NEVER NEED IT.



I SCREAMED, BUT I COULDN'T SCREAM.

MMUH MMNH.



I WAS TOO WEAK TO SCREAM...

SO I TOOK MY SHOE AND KNOCKED LOUD.



STOP THAT RACKET!

BAHI KEEP YOUR DAMN BREAD!

I COULDN'T EAT, BUT I CUT PIECES TO PAY FOR HELP TO GO DOWN TO THE TOILET.



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

ATTENTION!...



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



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

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.

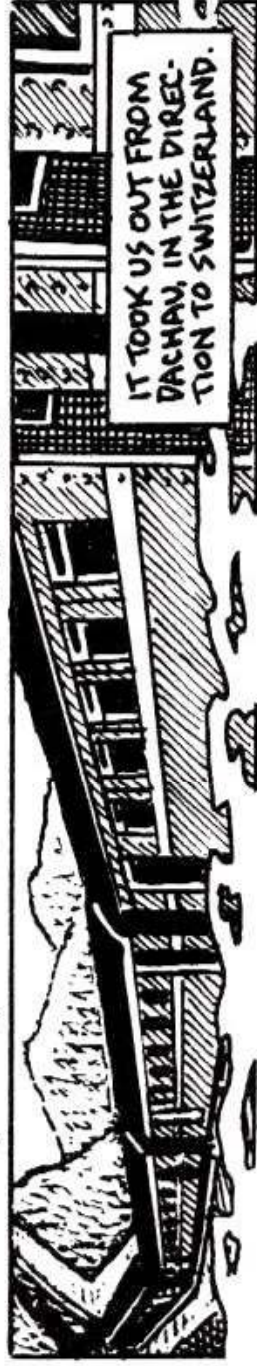
BUT I CAME SOMEHOW
OUTSIDE THE GATE...

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!



IT TOOK US OUT FROM
DACHAU, IN THE DIREC-
TION TO SWITZERLAND.

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 COLORED'S!!!

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!...

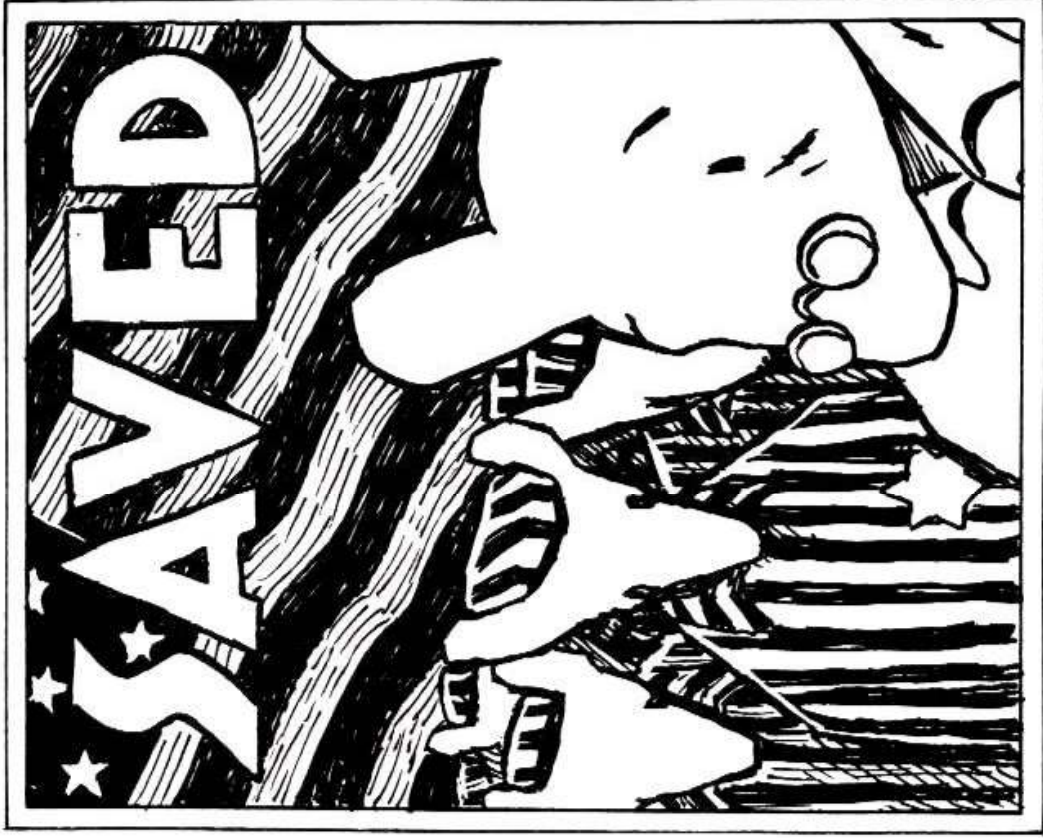
BETTER WE'LL
JUST FORGET IT.

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.

C H A P T E R F O U R



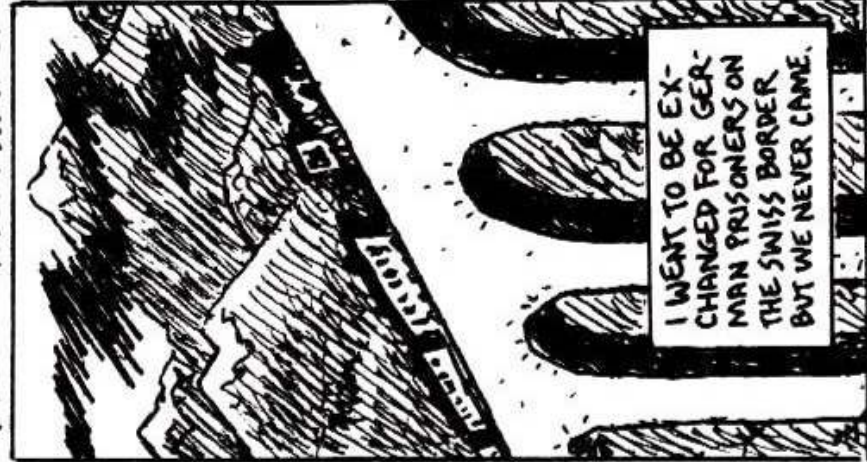
Back in Rego Park. Late Autumn ...







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:

THE WAR IS OVER!



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 SPIEGEL:
MAN! IS THAT YOU?!

SHIVEK?!
YOU'RE ALIVE?!



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

LOOK!
GET HIM!

SPLASH



ONE OLDER GUY, HE WAS
MAYBE 50, JUMPED TO THE
LAKE. IT WAS A FAR SWIM.

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.



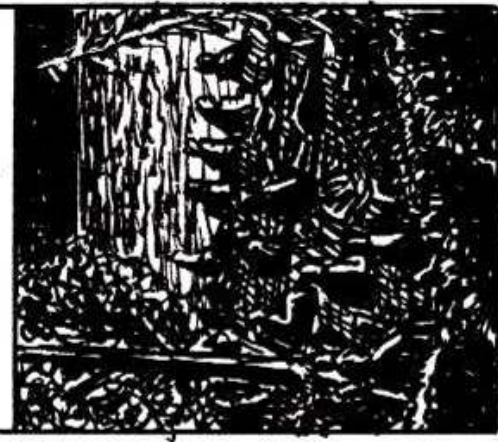
KBANG!
KBANG!

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 HEARD ALL NIGHT SHOOTING
IN THE MOUNTAINS AROUND!!!

KPOK
KPOK
KPOK

OUR GUARDS-
THEY ALL
RAN AWAY!

SO THIS NEXT MORNING WE
WERE STILL AGAIN ALIVE!

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

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

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

GO AWAY!
I DON'T
WANT TO
GET IN-
VOLVED!

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

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

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

HEY! WHICH WAY
IS INNSBRUCK?

THAT WAY,
OFFICER.

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

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



A PART OF THIS HOUSE, IT WAS A BARN.



FROM THE WALLS WE HEARD SHOUTING.



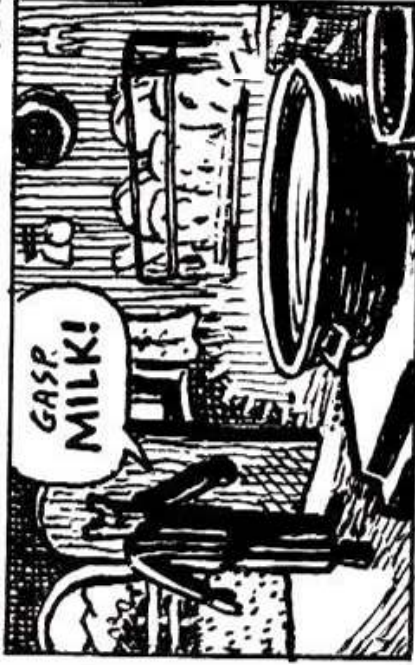
THE VILLAGERS ARE RUNNING AWAY!



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



I WENT MYSELF TO THE EMPTY HOUSE.



HE WAS A FARM BOY, SHIVAK. HE KILLED EACH DAY A CHICKEN, AND MILKED US A COW.

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



LOOK! I FOUND CLOTHES UPSTAIRS. WE CAN THROW AWAY OUR STRIPES.



ME TOO. EXCEPT I'M -VLP GETTING N-NAUSEOUS...



OUR STOMACH GOT A SHOCK TO EAT MILK AND CHICKENS. WE GOT VERY SICK OF DIARRHEA.



WE LAY A FEW DAYS IN BAD SHAPE UNTIL THE AMERICANS CAME...

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

ARREST THOSE TWO
JEWISH THIEVES!



THEY STOLE
MY HUSBAND'S
CLOTHES!

WE NEVER LOOKED ON
WHAT CLOTHES WE TOOK!



ROB-
BERS!

YOU'LL HAVE TO
GIVE 'EM BACK,
WILLIE.

"SO, LET HER
TAKE," I TOLD.
"WE HAVE STILL
3 FULL VALISES!"



ACH! LOOK ON THE TIME!
WE HAVE TO HURRY
NOW WITH MY WINDOWS.



BUT, BEFORE I FORGET-
I PUT HERE A BOX WHAT
YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO SEE.



I THOUGHT I LOST
IT, BUT YOU SEE
HOW I SAVED!



MOM'S
DIA-
RIES?!

NO, NO! ON THOSE IT'S NO
MORE TO SPEAK. THOSE
IT'S GONE, FINISHED!



BUT, BELOW MY CLOSET I
FIND THESE SNAPSHOTS,
SOME STILL FROM POLAND.



COME, YOU'LL
LOOK AFTER
THE WINDOWS!



IS THIS
UNCLE
HERMAN?

YAH. HE WAS ANJA'S OLDEST BROTHER. HE RAN, IN LODZ, THE FAM-ILY HOSIERY FACTORY.



Herman Lodz. 1924

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 AGRIN 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.



Herman, Norristown, Pa. 1957

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 AUSCH- WITZ, SO NOW HE'S AN ENGINEER AND A BIG-SHOT COLLEGE PROFESSOR.



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



Lolek & Hela 1946

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



Josef, Lodz. 1934

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



BUT AFTERWARD SHE SAID, "ALL THESE VALUABLES, THE NAZIS GRABBED AWAY." WE DIDN'T BELIEVE, BUT THE PICTURES AT LEAST, SHE GAVE BACK.



CAN I TAKE THESE HOME?



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

THE CIGAR BOX I CAN NEED FOR-



AKKH!

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



UM...WHAT ABOUT THE STORM WINDOWS?



ALONE YOU CAN'T KNOW HOW TO DO, AND I'M NOW TOO TIRED FOR THIS. 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 ALMOST PACKED, MALA! THE MAIN REASON I FLEW DOWN WAS TO HELP!

GROAN



HI, POP. HOW ARE YOU?

TERRIBLE... SO WEAK... SO WEAK... YOU?

DID YOU ARRANGE EMERGENCY OXYGEN 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 HOSPITAL 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 CALLING 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 CONFUSED AND DEPENDENT... WHAT CAN I DO? HE TRAPPED ME.

Next morning...







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

THESE IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND IN SWEDEN.



YOU WANT MY NYLONS TO BUY?

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

HOW MUCH?

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



AND I SOLD OUT THE WHOLE INVENTORY.

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



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



YOU CAN STILL RIP UP YOUR BOAT TICKETS AND STAY!

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

REALLY I WAS SORRY TO GO.



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



SIGH. COME, WE'LL GO NOW INSIDE.

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



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

Late that night...

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

GROAN

JFK

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

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

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

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

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

YOU SEE? I
LEARNED
FROM
VLADEK!

A half hour later...

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

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

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

REGULATIONS
BUDDY.

SO, WHERE IS LAGUARDIA HOSPITAL?

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

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



A month or so later...





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 VLADK
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."



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



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 SÓSNOWIEC."

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...

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

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

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

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 PHOTO
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 SOŚNOWIEC,
I HAVE SEEN VERY LITTLE JEWS AROUND.



THERE IT WAS PEOPLE WHAT KNEW ME.



AND SOMEBODY FOUND HER...



SPIEGELMAN

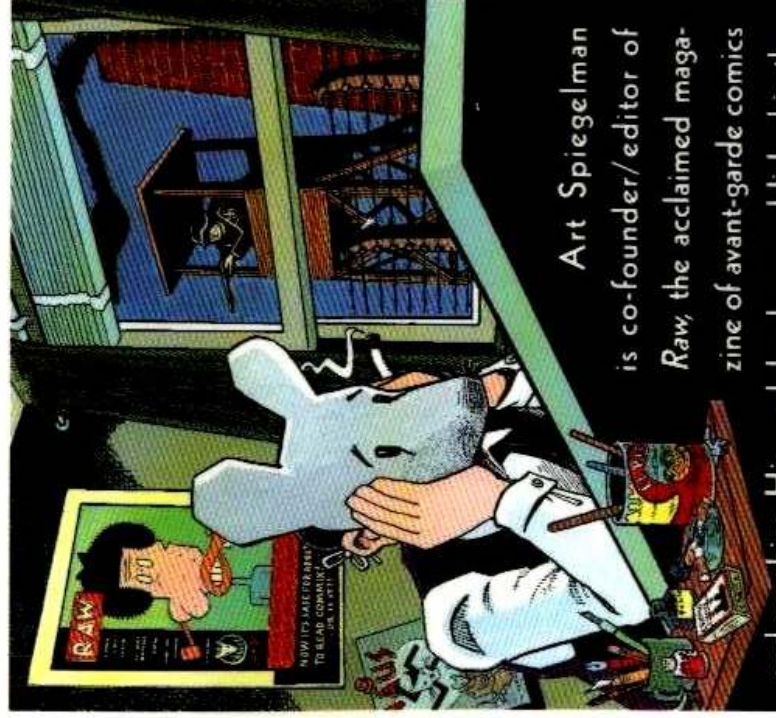
VLADEK
OCT. 11, 1906
AUG. 18, 1982

ANJA
MAY 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.

Book Illustration by Art Spiegelman

Pantheon Books, New York

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

S.S. HEAD-
QUARTERS

CAMP EX-
TENSION

WORK-
SHOPS

AUSCH-
WITZ

POLOLAND 1944

AUSCHWITZ II
(BIRKENAU)

600-1000 prison-
ers per barrack

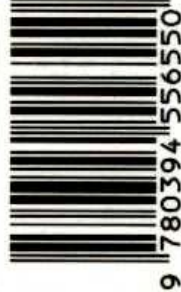
WOMEN'S
BARRACKS

GAS CHAMBER
AND CREMATORIUM II

N E W Y O R K



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

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