

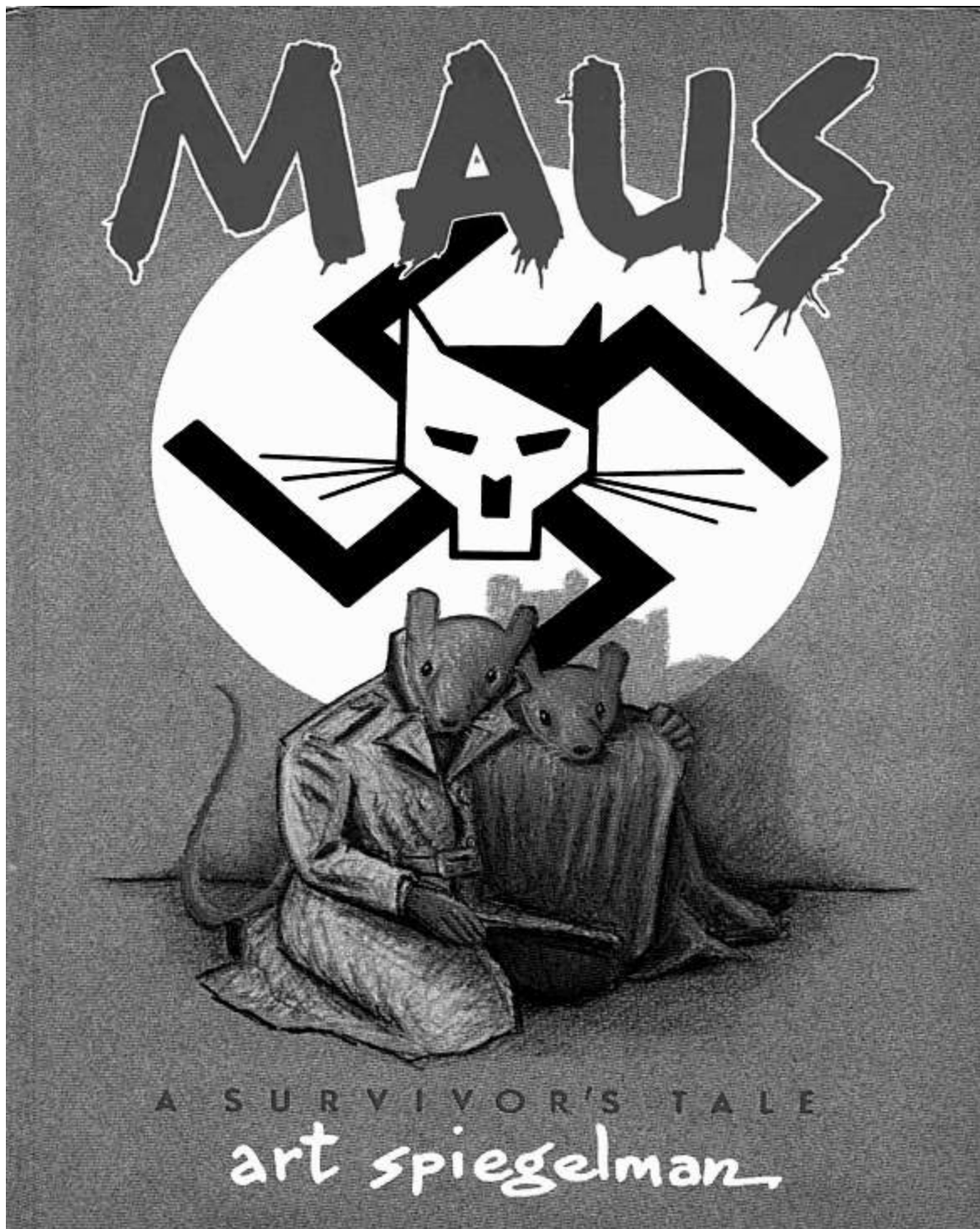
art spiegelman

# MAUS



A SURVIVOR'S TALE

I MY FATHER BLEEDS HISTORY



[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)



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

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

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

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

—David Levine



# MAUS

A SURVIVOR'S TALE



art spiegelman



PENGUIN BOOKS

*Barbara*  
*Spiegelman*

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

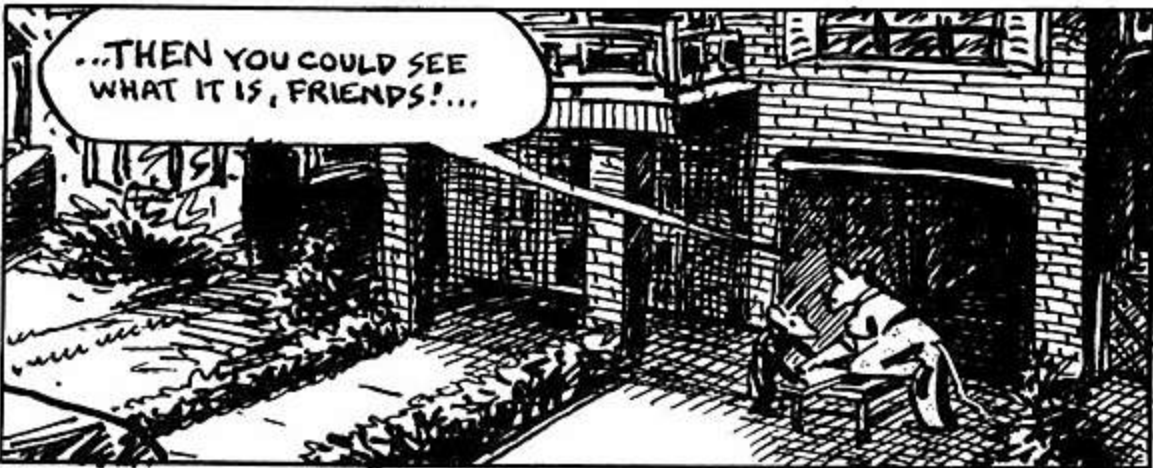


**"The Jews are undoubtedly a race,  
but they are not human."  
Adolf Hitler**

Rego Park, N.Y. c.1958









# MY FATHER BLEEDS HISTORY

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

## C O N T E N T S

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



# C H A P T E R O N E





I went out to see my Father in Rego Park. I hadn't seen him in a long time- we weren't that close.























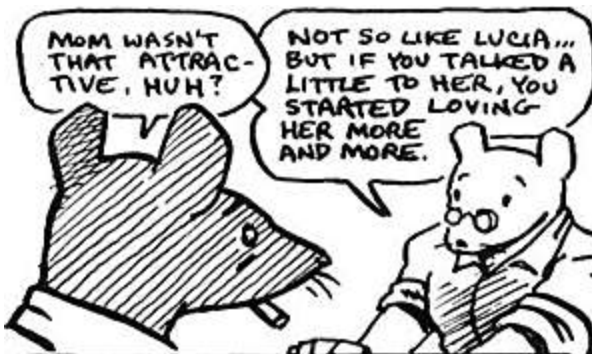


IT PASSED MAYBE A WEEK UNTIL LUCIA AGAIN CAME AND SAW THE PHOTO...



IT WAS NOT SO EASY TO GET FREE FROM LUCIA.





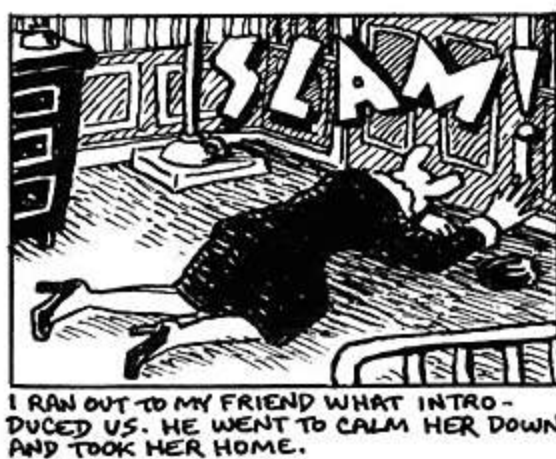


THE ZYLBERBERGS HAD A HOSIERY FACTORY—ONE OF THE BIGGEST IN POLAND... BUT WHEN I CAME IN TO THEIR HOUSE IT WAS SO LIKE A KING-CAME...



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









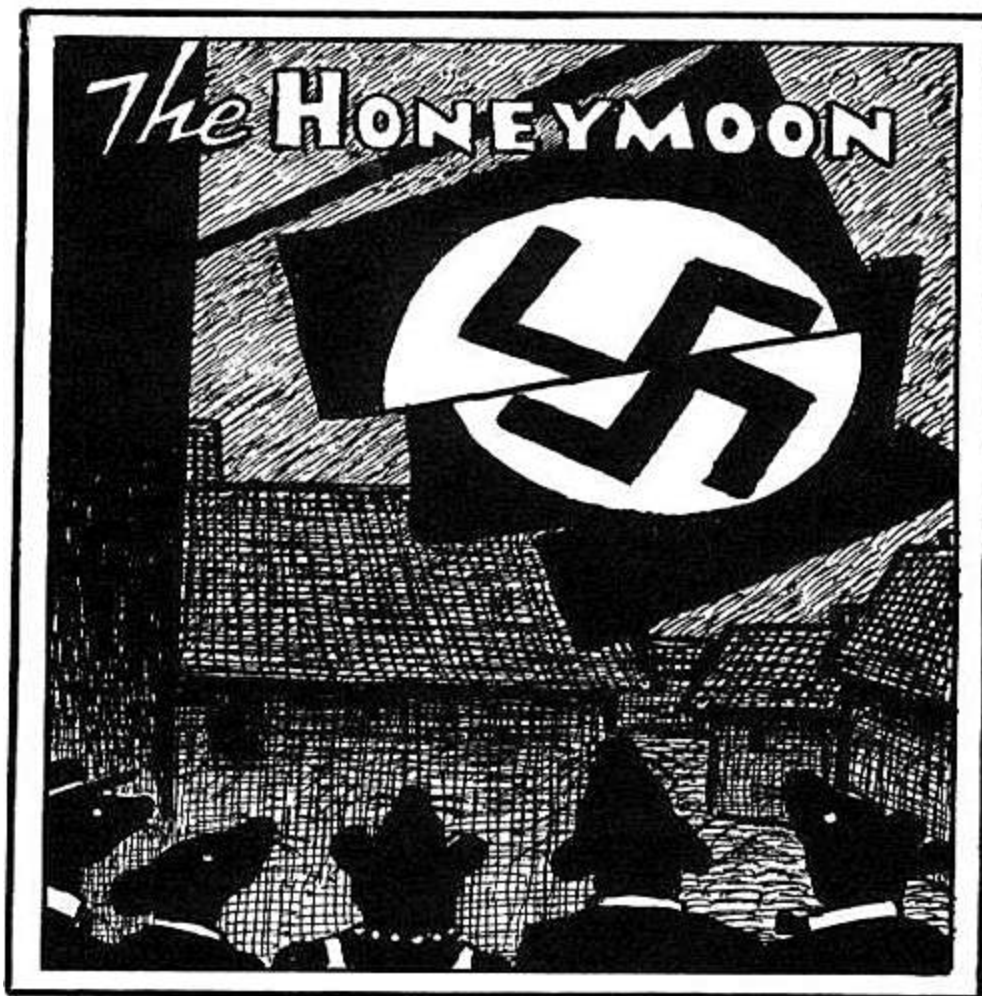








# C H A P T E R   T W O



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







ANJA WAS INVOLVED IN CONSPIRACIES!



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







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



HE'S A BIG BABY-  
OVER 3 KILOS.

MY GOD-ANJA  
ONLY WEIGHS 39!



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



YES, I KNOW...

BUT WAIT- IF YOU WERE MARRIED IN  
FEBRUARY, AND RICHIEU WAS BORN  
IN OCTOBER, WAS HE PREMATURE?



YES, A LITTLE...

BUT YOU-AFTER THE  
WAR, WHEN YOU WERE  
BORN- IT WAS VERY  
PREMATURE.  
THE DOCTORS  
THOUGHT YOU  
WOULDN'T  
LIVE.



I FOUND A SPECIALIST  
WHAT SAVED YOU...  
HE HAD TO BREAK YOUR  
ARM TO TAKE YOU  
OUT FROM  
ANJA'S BELLY!



AND WHEN YOU WERE A  
TINY BABY YOUR ARM  
ALWAYS JUMPED UP, LIKE SO!



WE JOKED AND  
CALLED YOU  
"HEIL HITLER!"

ALWAYS WE PUSHED  
YOUR ARM DOWN, AND  
YOU WOULD



OOPS!

LOOK NOW WHAT YOU  
MADE ME DO!



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

NO! YOU DON'T KNOW  
COUNTING PILLS.



I'LL DO IT  
AFTER...  
I'M AN  
EXPERT  
FOR THIS.



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

BUT SOON IT CAME FROM SOSNOWIEC A TELEPHONE ...

VLADYK! COME HOME RIGHT AWAY - ANJA IS SICK!

SHE WAS CRYING AS SOON I CAME IN ...

WHAT'S WRONG, DARLING?

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

BUT WHY ARE YOU CRYING?

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

BUT I DON'T CARE. I JUST DON'T WANT TO LIVE.

HERE, BABY. DRINK THIS AND REST.

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

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

PLEASE

THE DOCTOR TOLD US ABOUT A SANITARIUM.

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

EVERYTHING'S ARRANGED - THE CHILD CAN STAY HERE WITH A GOVERNESS.

AND I'LL WATCH YOUR FACTORY.

SOB





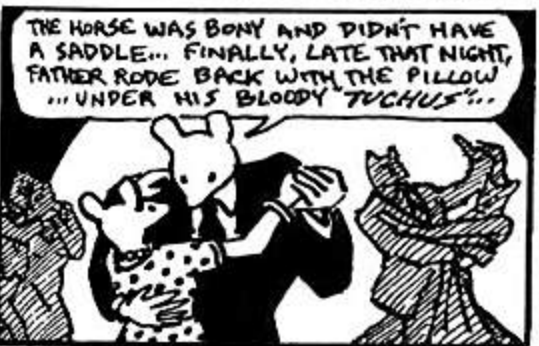




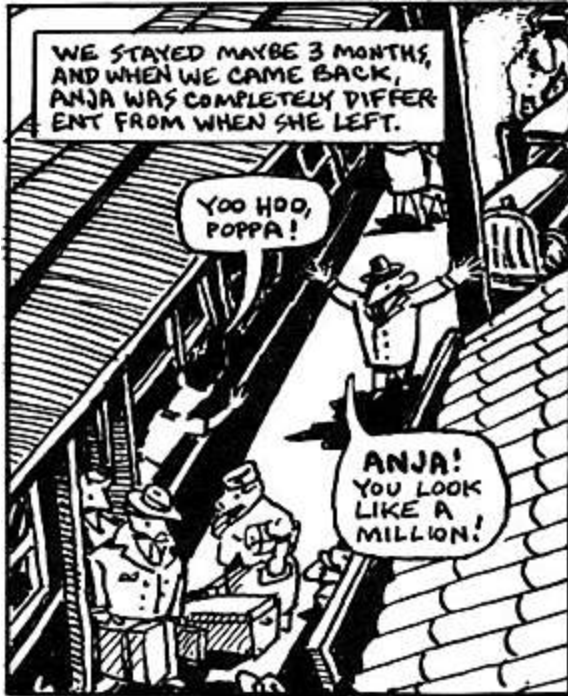














IN A COUPLE MONTHS  
WE WERE WELL-OFF—  
QUITE WELL-OFF...  
A WORKING FACTORY,  
A 2 BEDROOM APART-  
MENT, A POLISH GOVERN-  
ESS, AND EVEN A MAID.

















# C H A P T E R       T H R E E





I visited my father more often in order to get more information about his past..





















THEN BULLETS CAME  
IN MY DIRECTION.



I DUG DEEPER MY TRENCH  
BUT I STOPPED TO SHOOT.



BUT WHEN I LOOKED IN  
MY GUN, I SAW... A TREE!...



AND THE TREE WAS ACTUALLY MOVING!



WELL, IF IT MOVED, I HAD TO SHOOT!



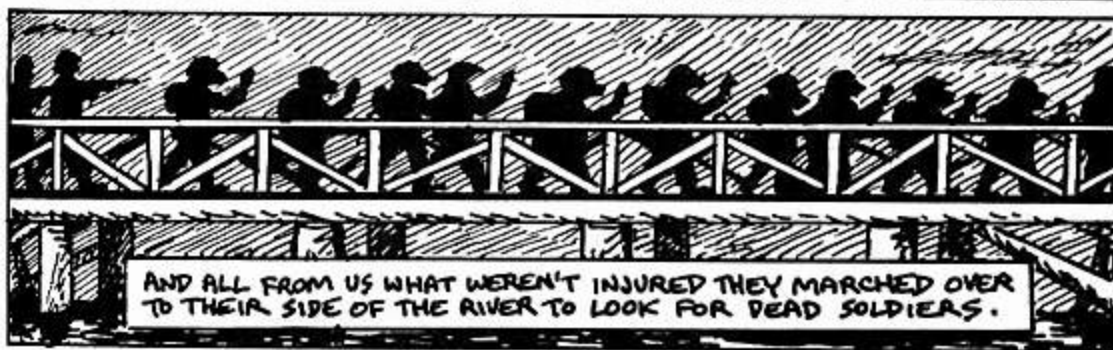
IT HELD UP A HAND TO SHOW  
IT WAS HURT. TO SURRENDER.



BUT I KEPT SHOOTING AND SHOOTING. UNTIL FINALLY THE TREE STOPPED MOVING.  
WHO KNOWS; OTHERWISE HE COULD HAVE SHOT ME!



AFTER TWO HOURS OF FIGHTING, THE NAZIS OVERCAME OUR SIDE OF THE RIVER.









THEY TOOK US TO A PLACE NEAR NUREMBERG WHERE IT WAS **MANY** WAR PRISONERS. THE JEWS THEY MADE TO STAND SEPARATE.



WE SHOULD HANG YOU RIGHT HERE ON THIS SPOT!



OF COURSE, NOBODY OF US SAID A WORD.



HE CAME UP TO ME... I HAD MAYBE 300 ZLOTYS.



DO YOU EXPECT TO DO SOME BUSINESS HERE? SHOW ME YOUR HANDS!



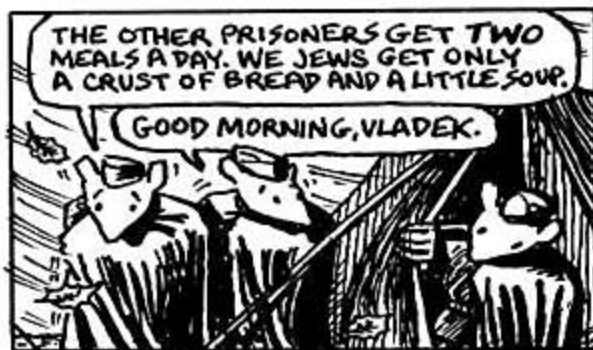








TO KEEP WARM WE HAD ONLY OUR SUMMER UNIFORMS AND A THIN BLANKET.



MANY OTHERS GOT FROSTBITE WOUNDS. IN THE WOUNDS WAS PUS, AND IN THE PUS WAS LICE.



EVERY DAY I BATHED AND DID GYMNASTICS TO KEEP STRONG. ...AND EVERY DAY WE PRAYED.



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



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



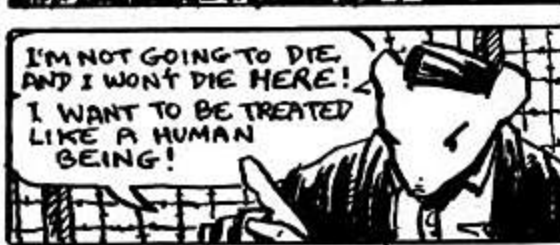
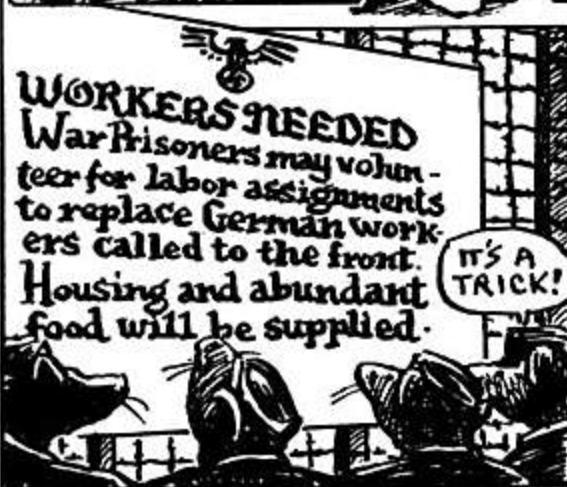
AND THROUGH THIS IT CAME A PACKAGE...



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



AND SO THINGS WENT FOR MAYBE SIX WEEKS, THEN...









AND THE WORK WAS REALLY VERY HARD-  
WE HAD TO MOVE MOUNTAINS.



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



BUT WHAT HAP-  
PENED TO THEM,  
I DON'T KNOW.

STILL, EIGHTY PER CENT STAYED. THERE WAS ENOUGH  
TO EAT, AND A WARM BED. IT WAS BETTER TO STAY...





...ALWAYS I WENT TO SLEEP EXHAUSTED.  
AND ONE NIGHT I HAD A DREAM...



A VOICE WAS TALKING TO ME. IT WAS,  
I THINK, MY DEAD GRANDFATHER...



IT WAS SO REAL, THIS VOICE...



I WOKE UP RIGHT AWAY. AND WHEN  
I WENT TO SLEEP, AGAIN IT WAS:  
"PARSHAS TRUMA! PARSHAS TRUMA!"

SO WHAT'S  
PARSHAS TRUMA?

EACH WEEK, ON SAT-  
URDAY, WE READ A SEC-  
TION FROM THE TORAH.

THIS IS SO CALLED - A PARSHA...  
AND ONE WEEK EACH YEAR IT IS  
PARSHAS TRUMA.



BEFORE WORK A FEW  
FROM US PRAYED. IT WAS  
A RABBI THERE WITH US.

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



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



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

I TOLD HIM MY DREAM...

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







UNTIL, ONE TIME...



IT CAME VERY MANY GESTAPO AND WEHRMACHT.



I STOOD ALWAYS IN THE SECOND LINE.



SOMEONE SNEAKED NEXT TO ME...



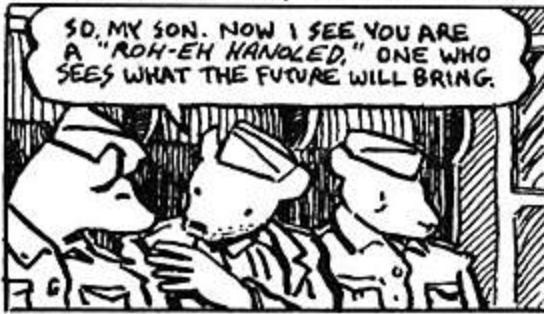
SATURDAY, OF COURSE.







DURING THE JOURNEY I SAT WITH THE RABBI.



YOU SEE, THE NAZIS DIVIDED POLAND INTO PIECES: PROTECTORATE AND REICH, WITH A GUARDED BORDER BETWEEN.



THE TRAIN WENT COMPLETELY PAST MY PART OF POLAND—THE REICH—AND STOPPED ONLY IN THE PROTECTORATE.



AND, WHEN IT STOPPED IN WARSAW, THE RABBI GOT OUT.





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



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











ORBACH WAS A FRIEND FROM MY UNCLE - HE HAD TWO BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS NEAR TO MY AGE.



EVENTUALLY, WHEN I CAME AGAIN TO SOSNO-  
WIEC, WE SENT THEM  
FOOD PACKAGES...

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

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





TRAINS WERE STILL GOING FROM PROTECTORATE TO REICH. ONLY, ONE NEEDED LEGAL PAPERS. OF COURSE, THIS I DIDN'T HAVE ...



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



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

MAY I TALK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT?

SURE, SOLDIER.

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



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

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



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

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



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



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

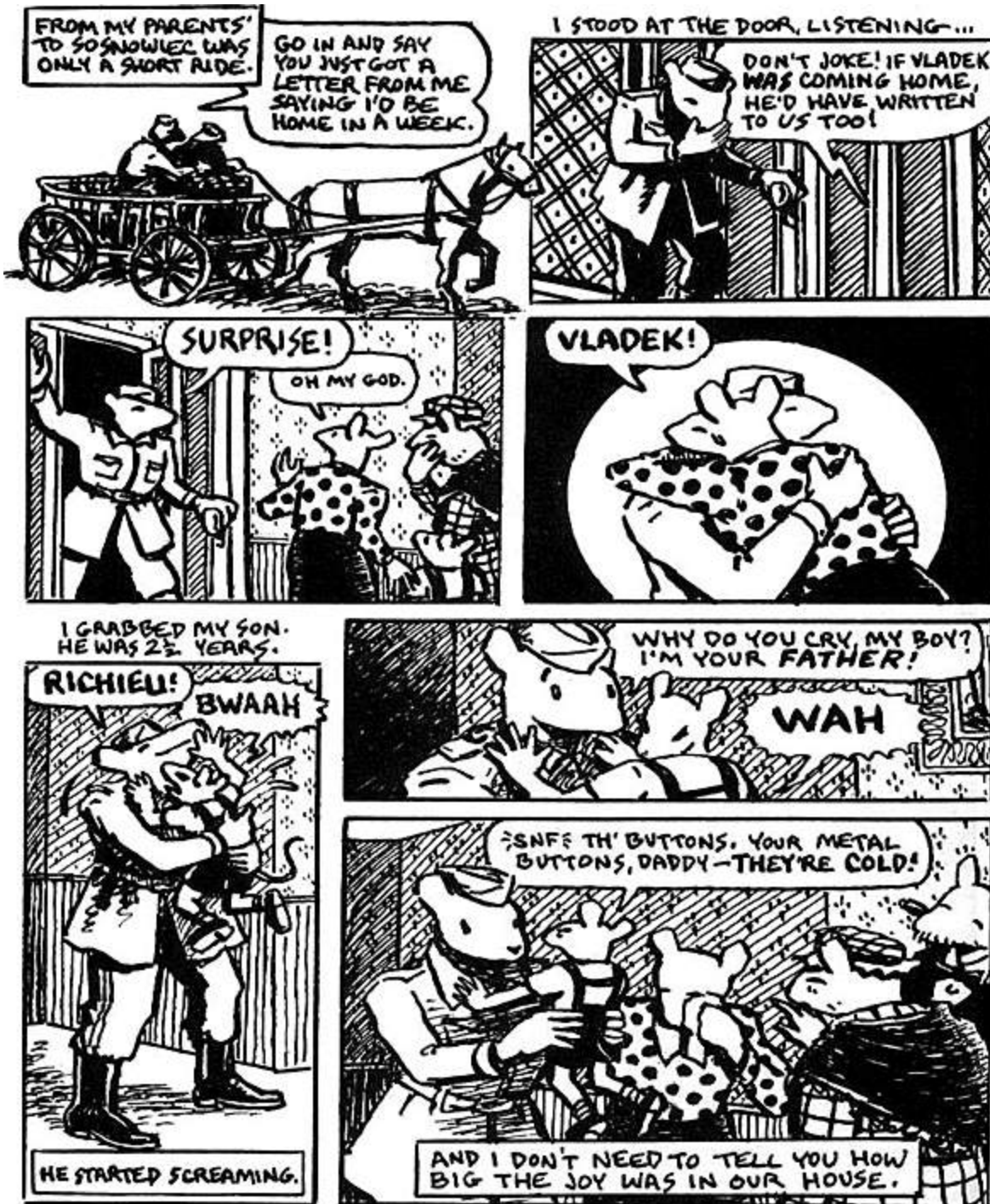
...WHAT I THOUGHT I MIGHT NEVER SEE AGAIN.



OY GEVALT!  
IT'S VLADEK!













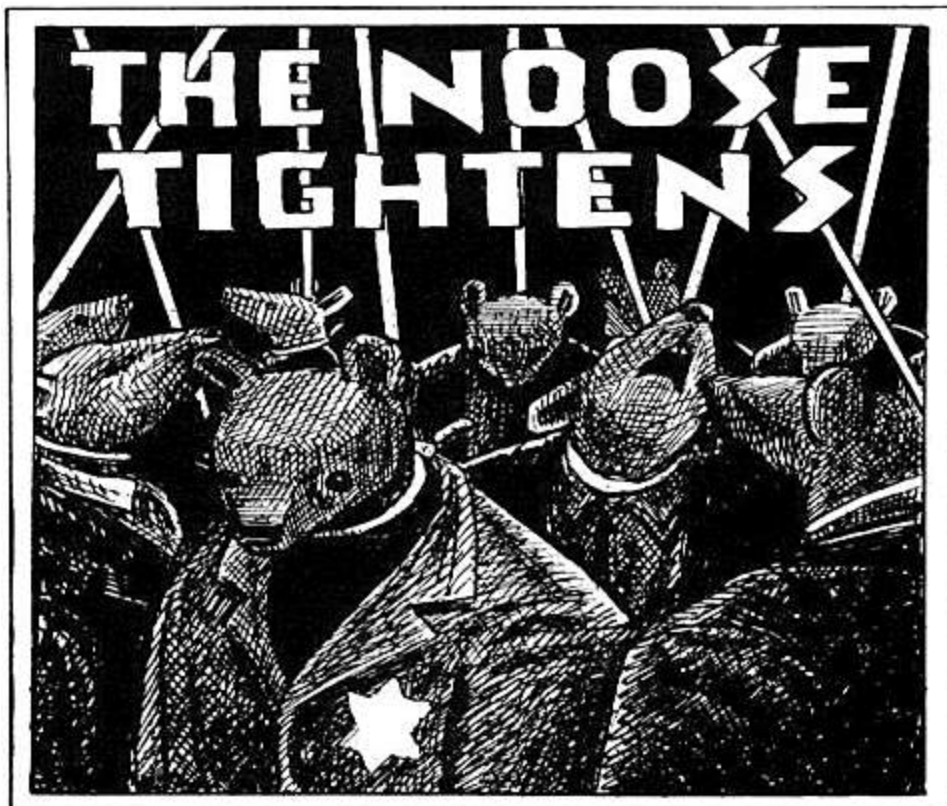








## C H A P T E R   F O U R









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













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



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



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











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

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



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



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



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



HE WAS SO UNHAPPY AFTER. SO UNHAPPY!







ILZECKI HAD A SON THE SAME AGE LIKE RICHIEU. IF YOU ONLY COULD SEE HOW THOSE CHILDREN PLAYED TOGETHER.



LISTEN, VLADK..

WE CAN'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US - BUT WE MUST KEEP OUR CHILDREN SAFE.



...I THINK HE'D TAKE YOUR BOY TOO.

YES, YOU MAY BE RIGHT. LET ME SPEAK WITH MY FAMILY.



I HAVE A GOOD FRIEND, A POLE, WHO'S WILLING TO HIDE MY SON UNTIL THE SITUATION GETS BETTER.

BUT, I'M TELLING YOU, IT WAS SOMETHING TERRIBLE GOING ON IN OUR HOUSE WHEN I EVEN MENTIONED IT.



WHAT? HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?

HOW CAN YOU EVEN THINK OF GIVING RICHIEU UP TO COMPLETE STRANGERS?!



I'LL NEVER GIVE UP MY BABY. NEVER!

ILZECKI AND HIS WIFE DIDN'T COME OUT FROM THE WAR.



... BUT HIS SON REMAINED ALIVE; OURS DID NOT.



... AND ANYWAY WE HAD TO GIVE RICHIEU TO HIDE A YEAR LATER.







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



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



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

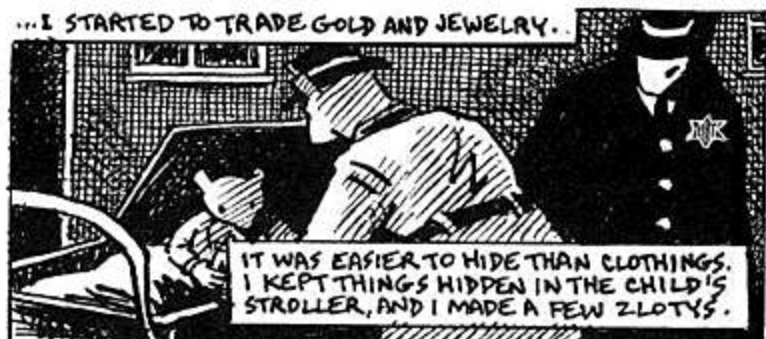




FOR A COUPLE MONTHS I DID HERE STILL MY BLACK MARKET BUSINESS. THEN CAME MORE BAD NEWS, VERY BAD...









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



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



YOU'RE ZYLBERBERG'S SON-IN-LAW, RIGHT? COME INSIDE AND WAIT FOR THE RAIN TO STOP.

SO, TOGETHER WE SAT AND SPOKE, AND HE HELPED, FROM TIME TO TIME, A CUSTOMER...

THEN A LITTLE MORE WE SPOKE AND HE MADE TO ME A PROPOSITION...

SORRY - YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH COUPONS TO BUY 1/2 KILO OF SUGAR.



STILL... SHE WENT OUT WITH 1/2 KILO. I SMELLED I COULD ARRANGE SOMETHING.

MAYBE YOU COULD SELL MY "EXTRA" ITEMS TO SMALL SHOPS IN THE AREA ... UNDER THE COUNTER.



IT WAS DANGEROUS TO CARRY THESE THINGS - BUT MAYBE I COULD BE LUCKY.

WHEN SOMEBODY IS HUNGRY HE LOOKS FOR BUSINESS...



ONE TIME I HAD 10 OR 15 KILOS SUGAR TO DELIVER...



HALT, JEW! WHAT ARE YOU CARRYING?

WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO SAY? FOR THIS I COULD REALLY HANG!



SUGAR.

...I'M TAKING IT OVER TO MY GROCERY STORE.



I MADE SO THEY WOULD THINK IT WAS LEGAL.

I WENT TO THE BACK DOOR WHERE I HAD TO DELIVER...



OPEN UP, POLDEK!

...I'VE GOT OUR SUGAR.



AND THEY LEFT ME GO WITHOUT EVEN CHECKING MY PAPERS!



BUT WHEN WE CAME TO STARA SOSNOWIEC, ALL MY BUSINESSES BECAME HARDER... IT WAS NOT SO EASY TO MOVE AROUND.



THE TIN SHOP FINISHED - THE OWNER WAS THE ONLY JEW THEY LET WORK THERE. I GOT THEN A JOB IN A GERMAN CARPENTRY SHOP.



FATHER-IN-LAW AND LOLEK WORKED ALREADY THERE, FOR REALLY NO MONEY. I DIDN'T NEED THIS BEFORE, BUT NOW I HAD TO HAVE THE WORK PAPER.



WOLFE COULD HAVE ARRANGED ME A JOB AT THE GEMEINDE... BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO PUT MY HANDS THERE WHERE JEWS WERE BEING TAKEN.



AND THEN IT CAME AGAIN SOMETHING NEW FROM THE GERMANS. WE GOT A NOTICE...

"ALL JEWS OVER 70 YEARS OLD WILL BE TRANSFERRED TO THERESIENSTADT IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA ON MAY 10, 1942..."



"...A COMMUNITY BETTER PREPARED TO TAKE CARE OF THE ELDERLY THAN OURS IN SOSNOWIEC..."



IT DOESN'T LOOK TOO BAD!

LIKE A CONVALESCENT HOME.



ANJA'S GRANDPARENTS HAD ABOUT 90 YEARS.

WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER - A FAMILY - FOR 70 YEARS. WE DON'T WANT TO BREAK APART NOW!

DON'T WORRY. WE WON'T LET THEM TAKE YOU.



WE DIDN'T YET KNOW OF AUSCHWITZ - OF THE OVENS - BUT WE WERE ANYWAY AFRAID.



...SO, IN THE YARD, WE MADE A HIDING PLACE, A BUNKER...

CUT-AWAY VIEW:



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





SEVERAL TIMES CAME THE JEWISH POLICE TO OUR HOUSE...

OUR RECORDS SHOW THAT MR. AND MRS. KARMIO LIVE HERE. THEY HAVEN'T REGISTERED FOR TRANSFER.

YES - MY WIFE'S PARENTS - THEY LEFT WITHOUT A WORD A MONTH AGO.

JEWISH POLICE?

YES - WITH BIG STICKS.

SOME JEWS THOUGHT IN THIS WAY: IF THEY GAVE TO THE GERMANS A FEW JEWS, THEY COULD SAVE THE REST.

AND AT LEAST THEY COULD SAVE THEMSELVES.

AND A MONTH AFTER, THEY AGAIN CAME TO FATHER-IN-LAW.

MR. ZYLBERBERG, YOU AND YOUR WIFE MUST COME WITH US.

IF THE KARMIOS DON'T TURN UP IN 3 DAYS YOU TWO WILL BE SENT IN THEIR PLACE!

HE HAD STILL A LITTLE "PROTECTION" FROM THE GEMEINDE, SO THEY TOOK ONLY HIM AWAY - NOT HIS WIFE.

HE WROTE THAT WE HAD TO GIVE OVER THE GRANDPARENTS. EVEN IF THEY TOOK ONLY HIM AWAY NOW, NEXT THEY WOULD GRAB HIS WIFE, AND THEN THE REST OF THE FAMILY.

HE SAT A FEW DAYS THERE, THEN HE SENT TO US A NOTE

SO, WHAT HAPPENED?

WHAT HAPPENED? WE HAD TO DELIVER THEM!

THEY THOUGHT IT WAS TO THERESIENSTADT THEY WERE GOING.

LET US KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING!

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





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

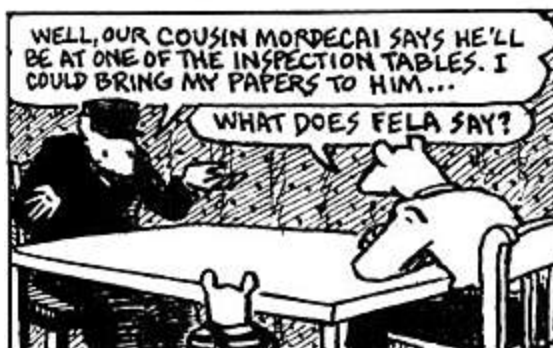




MY FATHER-HE HAD 62 YEARS-CAME BY STREETCAR TO ME FROM DĄBROWA, THE VILLAGE NEXT DOOR FROM SOSNOWIEC.



AFTER MY MOTHER DIED WITH CANCER, HE LIVED THERE IN THE HOUSE OF MY SISTER FELA, AND HER FOUR SMALL CHILDREN.



REALLY, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO ADVISE HIM.







WHEN WE WERE EVERYBODY INSIDE, GESTAPO WITH MACHINE GUNS SURROUNDED THE STADIUM.

THEN WAS A SELECTION, WITH PEOPLE SENT EITHER TO THE LEFT, EITHER TO THE RIGHT.



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





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



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



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



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



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



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





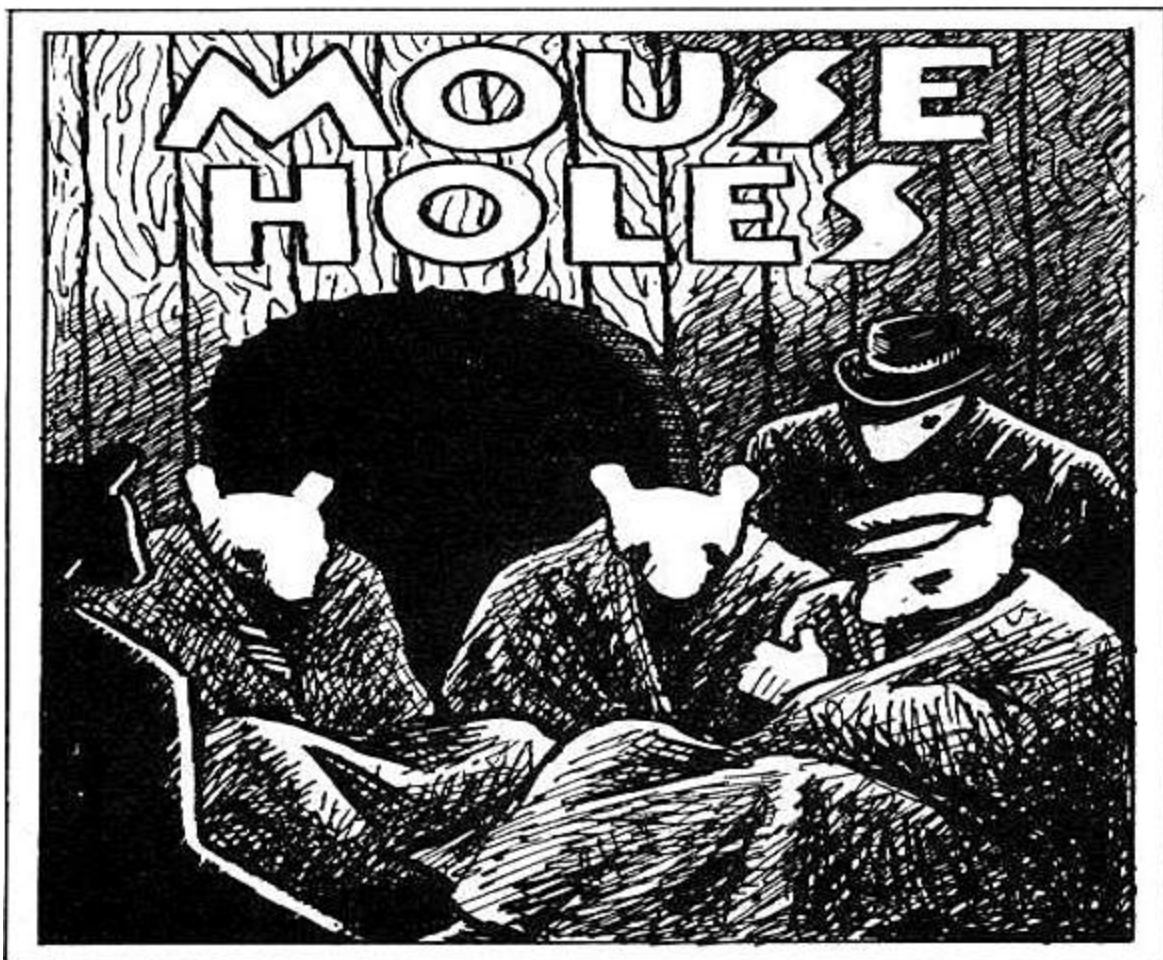








# C H A P T E R F I V E











About a week later, early afternoon...











A COUSIN HERDED ME AWAY FROM THE SCENE.



DOCTOR ORENS LIVED NEARBY...



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



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



WE WENT HOME...MY FATHER HAD COM-  
PLETELY FALLEN APART! ....



I WAS EXPECTED TO  
COMFORT **HIM**!



SOMEHOW THE FUNERAL ARRANGE-  
MENTS WERE MADE...









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



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



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



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



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



I REMEMBERED THE LAST TIME I SAW HER...



© J.C. Spaggloway, 1992













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







NINETY! THIS WAS 1943! IT WASN'T LEFT ANY OTHER JEWS WHAT HAD NINETY YEARS!



YES. THEY'D BE BETTER OFF.



MATKA! BE REALISTIC!

ANJA'S MOTHER DIDN'T LIKE TO LOOK AT THE FACTS. BUT FINALLY EVEN SHE AGREED.









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

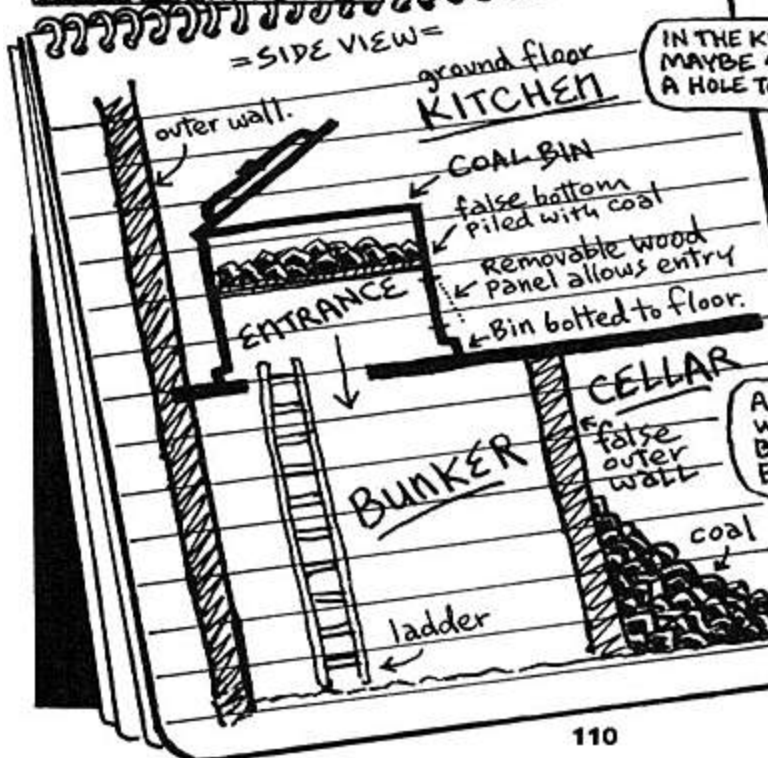


ALL THE GESTAPO IN THE GHETTO HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY OTHERS FROM OPOLE. THEY JUST SHOT PERSIS AND THE REST OF THE JEWISH COUNCIL!...



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





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



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













ONE NIGHT WE WENT TO SNEAK FOR FOOD...



WE DRAGGED HIM UP TO OUR BUNKER.



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



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



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









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

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

PLEASE! WE'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE.



THE TWO GIRLS HE SENT BACK TO THE KITCHEN.

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



FROM THE WINDOW WE SAW LOLEK GO.



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

OF COURSE I-I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN.



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



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











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









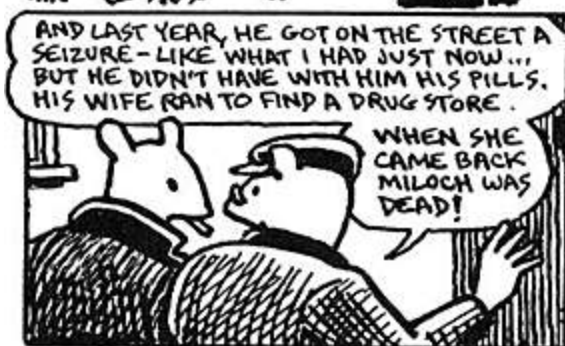
I TOLD HASKEL AND MILOCH LATER ABOUT THIS.



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









BY THE END OF 1943 THE VANS WENT EVERY WEDNESDAY WITH MORE AND MORE AND MORE PEOPLE FROM SRODULA TO AUSCHWITZ UNTIL IT WAS VERY FEW LEFT.



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



IT WAS EARLY AND NOBODY WAS THERE...

HASKEL MADE PLANS TO SMUGGLE HIMSELF OUT OF THE GHETTO. PESACH AND I HAVE A PLAN ALSO...



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

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



WE CAME OUT TO A BUNKER...

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

INCREDIBLE!

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

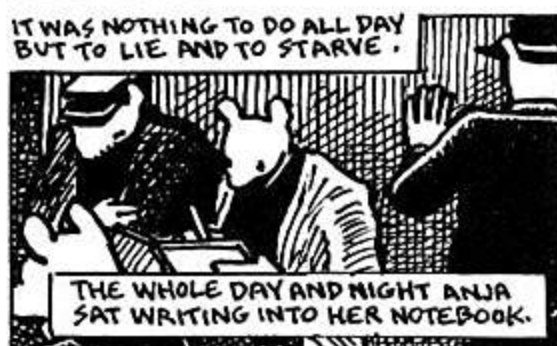








THE GHETTO FINISHED OUT SO LIKE MILOCH SAID. ABOUT TWELVE FROM US RAN INTO HIS BUNKER WITH HIM, HIS WIFE AND HIS THREE-YEARS-OLD BABY BOY.









ONLY A FEW OF US REMAINED.

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



A LITTLE BEFORE DAWN WE WENT OUT FROM SRODULR...

THEY'RE ALL GONE!

THE GHETTO IS EMPTY!

WHEW

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



WE MIXED WITH THE POLES GOING TO WORK.

WE'LL BE HIDING AT THIS ADDRESS. WHEN YOU FIND A SAFE PLACE, TRY TO CONTACT US, VLADEK.

GOOD LUCK, MILOCH.



WE WENT ALL IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.

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



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

ANJA AND I DIDN'T HAVE WHERE TO GO.



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

IT WAS NOWHERE WE HAD TO HIDE.

CAN I HELP YOU, MR. SPIEGELMAN?



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



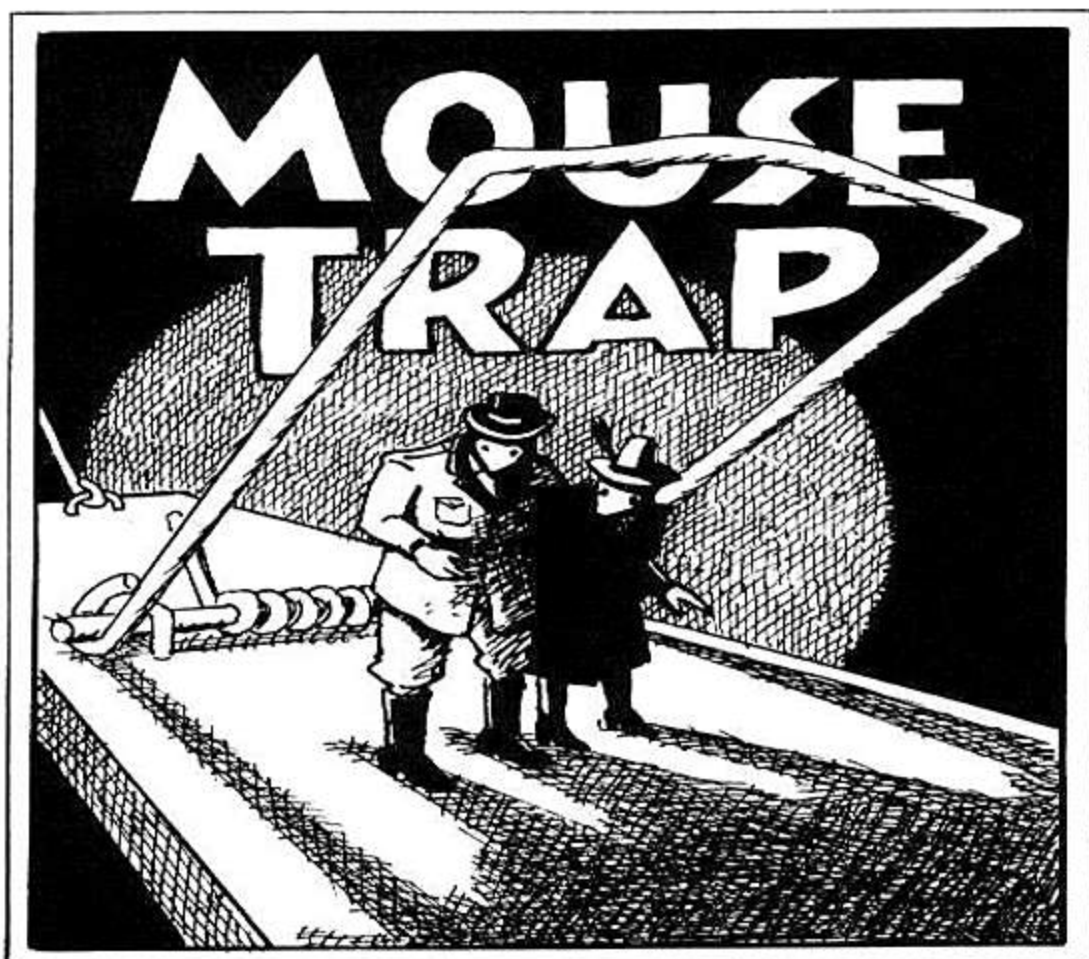






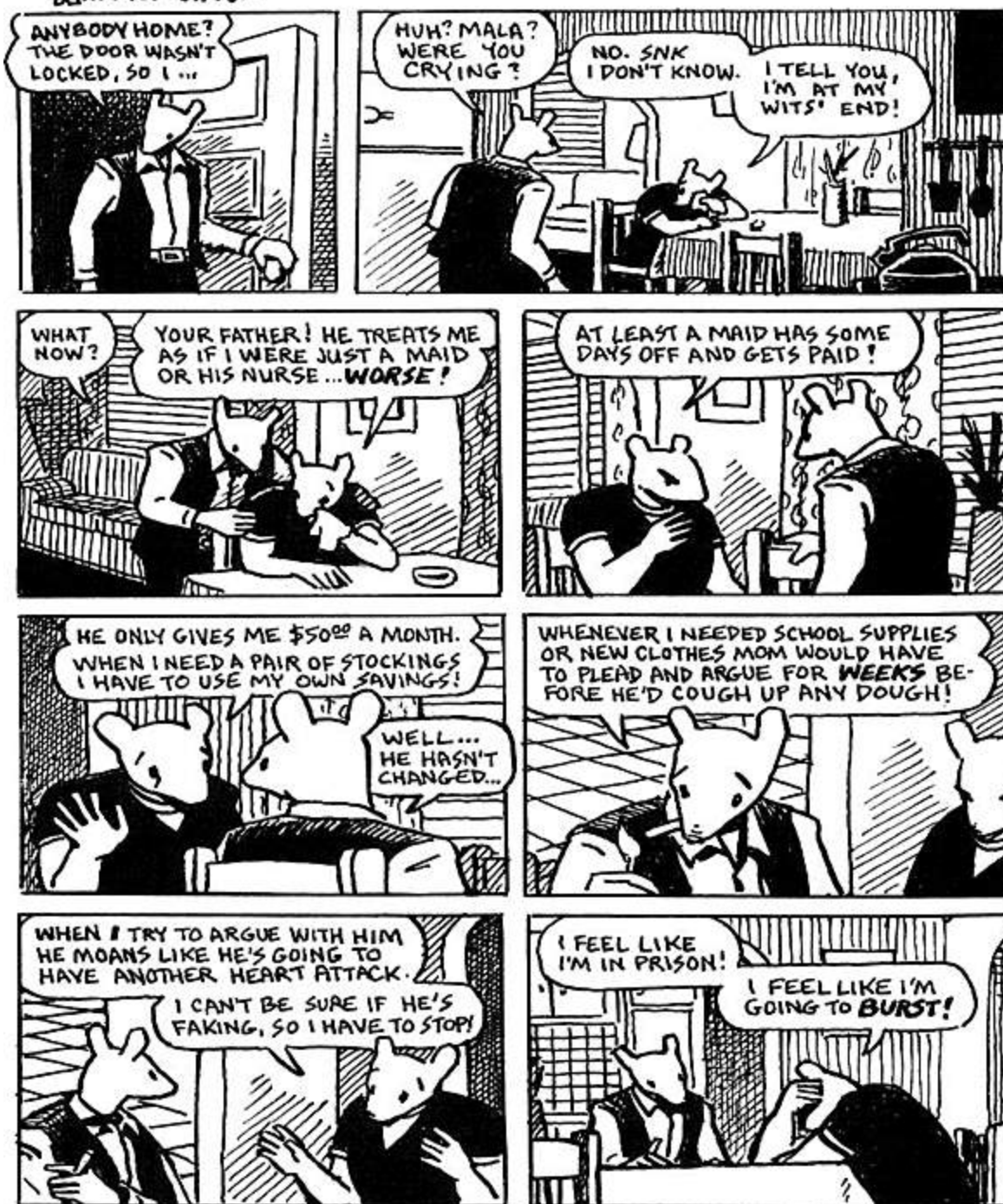


# C H A P T E R   S I X





Another visit...



























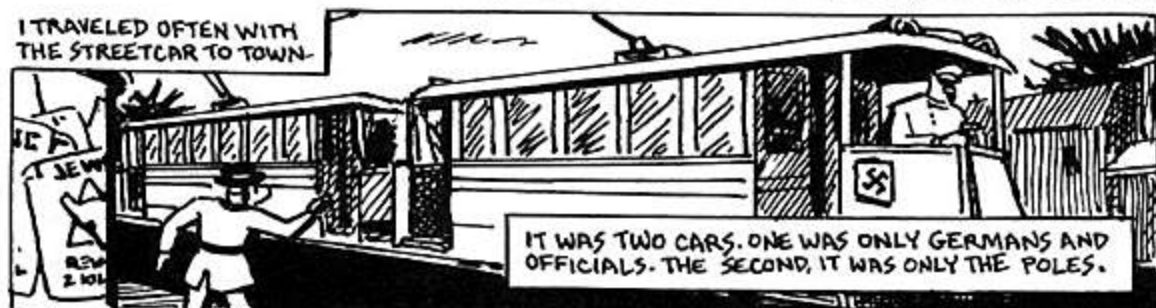














AT THE BLACK MARKET I SAW SEVERAL TIMES A NICE WOMAN, WHAT I MADE A LITTLE FRIENDS WITH HER...

GOOD MORNING, MR. SPIEGELMAN.



HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. MOTONOWA! WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN YOUR BASKET TODAY?

HOW ABOUT A LOAF OF FRESH BREAD?

FINE, FINE.



OH, I'M SORRY. I DON'T HAVE ANY CHANGE.

IT'S OKAY... KEEP IT FOR YOUR LITTLE BOY.



ARE YOU AND YOUR WIFE STILL LIVING IN A BARN?

WE HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING BETTER.

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT... WHY DON'T YOU BOTH MOVE IN WITH MY SON AND ME?



WHAT ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND?

HE WORKS IN GERMANY, AND ONLY COMES HOME FOR 10 DAYS EVERY 3 MONTHS... I'LL KEEP YOU HIDDEN IN THE CELLAR WHEN HE'S AROUND.



IT SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, BUT IT'S OVER 20 KILOMETERS TO YOUR HOUSE IN SZOPIENICE. MY WIFE WILL BE AFRAID TO GO.

DON'T WORRY. I'LL ESCORT YOU!



THE NEXT EVENING SHE CAME WITH HER 7-YEARS-OLD BOY TO KAWKA'S FARMHOUSE...



I WALKED WITH MOTONOWA AS IF SHE WAS MY WIFE.

AND ANJA, LIKE A GOVERNESS, WENT WITH THE LITTLE BOY BEHIND. AND NOBODY EVEN LOOKED ON US.







BUT IT WAS A FEW THINGS HERE NOT SO GOOD... HER HOME WAS VERY SMALL AND IT WAS ON THE GROUND FLOOR...



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















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





AFTER WE WERE BACK ONLY A SHORT TIME...



AT NIGHT WE COULD MOVE AROUND A LITTLE, BUT IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE DOWN THERE...



THOSE AREN'T RATS. THEY'RE VERY SMALL. ONE RAN OVER MY HAND BEFORE. THEY'RE JUST MICE!





BUT, THEN, MOTONOWA STOPPED TO COME DOWN.  
IT'S BEEN 3 DAYS SINCE SHE BROUGHT ANY FOOD.  
HERE...HAVE ANOTHER CANDY...



I HAD STILL CANDIES I ORGANIZED ON DEKERTA. ONLY THIS WE HAD TO EAT.

ALSO, HERE WE HAD NO PLACE WHERE TO WASH, SO ANJA GOT ON ALL HER SKIN A TERRIBLE RASH.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WORSE- THE HUNGER OR THE ITCHING.  
DON'T SCRATCH! IT ONLY- SHH!



CLIK  
THE DOOR.



I'M SORRY I COULDN'T GET DOWN BEFORE...MY HUSBAND IS GETTING SUSPICIOUS.



HE ASKED WHY I GO TO THE CELLAR SO OFTEN. HE EVEN ASKED IF I WAS HIDING JEWS HERE! ...HE WAS JOKING, BUT STILL...



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT HERE?

THERE ARE RATS, GIANT RATS! THEY'RE HORRIBLE!



WELL- YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITH THE RATS THAN WITH THE GESTAPO... AT LEAST THE RATS WON'T KILL YOU!

MMM...

AND SHE WAS RIGHT. WE WERE HAPPY EVEN TO HAVE THESE CONDITIONS.



AFTER THE TEN DAYS HER HUSBAND LEFT, AND SHE TOOK US BACK.



IT'S GOOD TO BE "HOME," EH, VLADEK?

IT'S A LOT NICER THAN THAT CELLAR.

BUT I DIDN'T FEEL SAFE HERE. IT WAS TOO MANY WAYS SOME- BODY COULD FIND US OUT. I WANTED TO GO BETTER TO HUNGARY.



SO, WHEN IT CAME THURSDAY, I WENT IN THE DIRECTION TO TAKE A STREETCAR TO SEE KAWKA IN SOSNOWIEC.



THEY RAN SCREAMING HOME.



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



I APPROACHED OVER TO THEM...



DON'T BE AFRAID, LITTLE ONES. I'M NOT A JEW. I WON'T HURT YOU.



SORRY, MISTER. YOU KNOW HOW KIDS ARE ... HEIL HITLER.



SO I CAME OUT WELL FROM THIS...





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



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



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



THE SMUGGLERS PROPOSED US HOW THEY WOULD DO.



WE SPOKE YIDDISH SO THE POLES DON'T UNDERSTAND.





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



BUT IF WE HEAR FROM ABRAHAM—



BUT WHAT DO WE DO IF THE GESTAPO  
COMES TO SEARCH FOR ILLEGAL GOODS?  
... WHAT IF A NEIGHBOR NOTICES US  
THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW? ...



WHAT IF HER HUSBAND FINDS OUT ABOUT US?  
EVEN THE BOY COULD LET SOMETHING SLIP!  
...THIS WAR COULD LAST ANOTHER 4 OR 5  
YEARS. WHAT DO WE DO WHEN OUR MONEY  
RUNS OUT?



IN HUNGARY WE COULD BE FREE TO  
WALK THE STREETS AGAIN, LIKE  
HUMAN BEINGS... I'VE ALWAYS  
TAKEN CARE OF YOU—TRUST ME.



DON'T DO IT, MR. SPIEGELMAN— IT'S  
JUST NOT SAFE! YOU DON'T KNOW  
ANYTHING ABOUT THESE SMUGGLERS.



WE WON'T GO UNLESS  
WE HEAR THAT OUR  
FRIEND GOT THROUGH.



WAIT— NOW  
WHERE  
ARE YOU  
GOING?



MILCH HELPED ME IN SRODULA. MAYBE  
NOW, IF HE NEEDED, I COULD HELP HIM.









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



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





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



LOOK, VLADEK-MY NEPHEW IS SAFE!  
THEY BROUGHT ME  
A LETTER FROM HIM.

IT WAS IN YIDDISH  
AND IT WAS SIGNED  
REALLY BY ABRAHAM.  
SO WE AGREED RIGHT  
AWAY TO GO AHEAD.

BUT ANJA JUST DIDN'T WANT WE WOULD GO...



PLEASE, VLADEK,  
CALL IT OFF!

BUT IT'S ALL AR-  
RANGED. I'VE EVEN  
GIVEN THEM HALF  
THEIR MONEY!



NO! NO! NO!  
IT'S SOME KIND  
OF TRICK!

BE REASONABLE.  
I SAW ABRAHAM'S  
LETTER WITH MY  
OWN EYES!



WH-WHAT  
DID IT  
SAY?

"DEAR AUNT AND UNCLE,  
EVERYTHING IS WON-  
DERFUL HERE. I AR-  
RIVED SAFELY. I'M FREE  
AND HAPPY. DON'T LOSE  
A MINUTE. JOIN ME AS  
SOON AS YOU CAN.  
YOUR LOVING NEPHEW,  
ABRAHAM."



I-I DON'T  
KNOW...

WE LEAVE THE DAY AFTER  
TOMORROW FROM THE KA-  
TOWICE TRAIN STATION.

AND FINALLY I  
CONVINCED HER.

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



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

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



WE CAME WITH NO PROBLEM  
BY TROLLEY CAR TO OUR MEET-  
ING POINT WITH THE MANDEL-  
BAUMS AND THE SMUGGLERS.

EVERYTHING IS  
ARRANGED. HERE  
ARE YOUR TICKETS.







I HAD A SMALL BAG TO TRAVEL. WHEN THEY REGISTERED ME IN, THEY LOOKED OVER EVERYTHING.



WITH A SPOON HE TOOK OUT, LITTLE BY LITTLE, ALL THE POLISH.



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



WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO ABRAHAM?



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



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



HERE WE GOT VERY LITTLE TO EAT-MAYBE SOUP ONE TIME A DAY-AND WE SAT WITH NOTHING TO DO.



MY FAMILY JUST SENT ME A FOOD PARCEL. IF I WRITE BACK THEY'LL SEND ANOTHER, BUT WE'RE ONLY ALLOWED TO WRITE GERMAN.



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



















"Spiegelman portrays the Nazis as cats, the Jews as mice, the Poles as pigs and the Americans as dogs. They are all terrifyingly human. This is comic strip art which has nothing to do with Tom and Jerry. Anyone moved by Briggs's *When the Wind Blows* ... will appreciate Spiegelman's genius for dealing with a subject many would say cannot be dealt with at all"

– *The Times*

"You need be neither a Jew nor a death-camp ghoul to be moved. Anyone who has ever tried to understand the mystery of their parents, and how the 20th century has treated them, will find in *Maus* a key that turns the lock"

– Ian Jack in the *Observer*

"This intensely personal account of a family's survival, of hair-breadth escapes and incarceration, deals artfully with experiences and emotions that many might fervently wish to forget. Of how, when life is stripped to subsistence level, trust and betrayal take on unprecedented dimensions ... In the tradition of Aesop and Orwell, it serves to shock and impart powerful resonance to what, after all, is a well documented subject. And the artwork is so accomplished, forceful and moving, without resorting to sentimentality, that it works" – *Time Out*

"*Maus* memorialises Spiegelman's father's experience of the Holocaust – it follows his story, frame by frame, from youth and marriage in pre-war Poland to imprisonment in Auschwitz ... The 'survivor's tale' that results is stark and unembellished ... One of the clichés about the Holocaust is that you can't imagine it – like nuclear war, its horror outfaces the artistic imagination. Spiegelman disproves that theory"

– *Independent*

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)





**"The best cartoon book I have ever read. There is not a wasted word or a wasted line in it. Very direct, very powerful, very moving"** — Steve Bell

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



Art Spiegelman, born in Stockholm in 1948, is co-editor of *Raw*, the internationally acclaimed magazine of avant-garde comics and graphics. His work has been published in the *New York Times*, *Playboy*, the *Village Voice*, and many other periodicals in the U.S. and abroad. He has received Europe's highly respected Yellow Kid Award for his work on *Maus*, and also *Playboy's* 1982 Editorial Award. A teacher at New York's School of Visual Arts, he lives in New York, where he is currently at work on *Maus*, Part II: "From Mauschwitz to the Catskills."

Cover illustration and design by Art Spiegelman



"A remarkable work, awesome in its conception and execution...at one and the same time a novel, a documentary, a memoir, and a comic book. Brilliant, just brilliant." —Jules Feiffer



**A PENGUIN BOOK**  
Biography/Autobiography

U.K. £6.95  
AUST. \$16.95  
(recommended)  
N.Z. \$19.99  
(incl. GST)

ISBN 0-14-010414-3



9 780140 104141

900



[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)