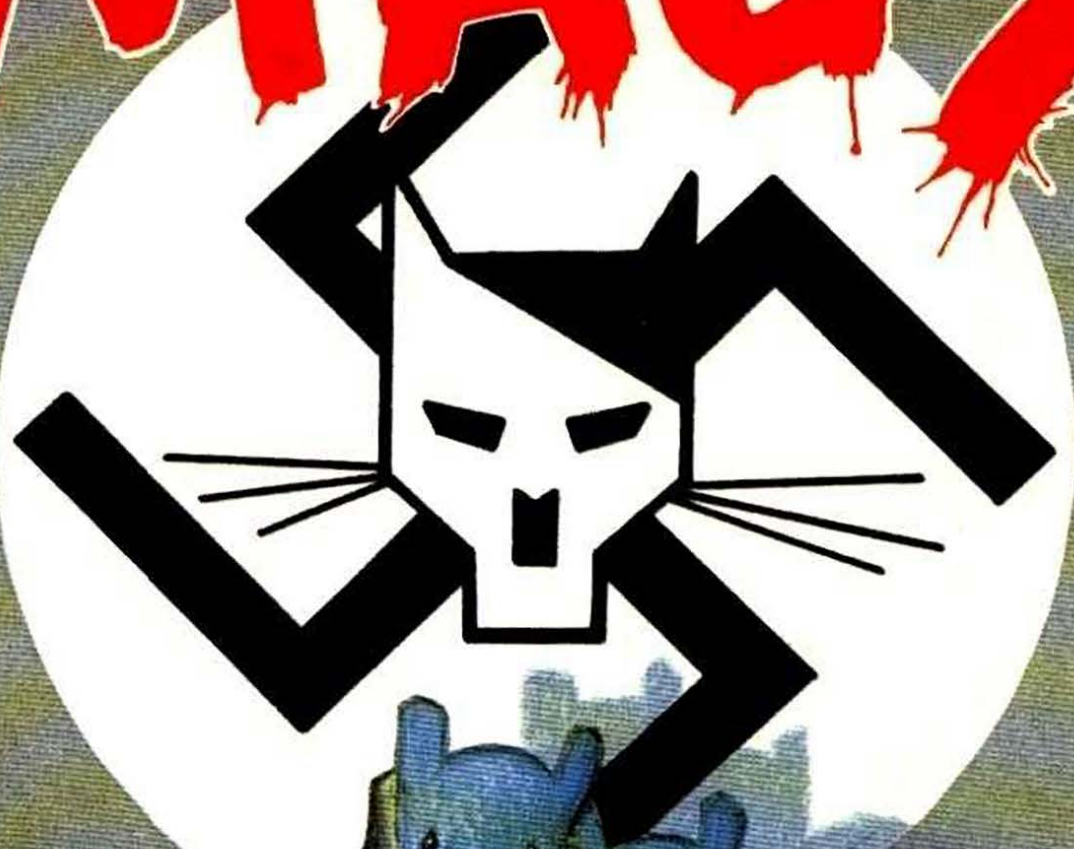


# MAUS



A SURVIVOR'S TALE

art spiegelman





**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*



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





ARTIE! COME TO HOLD THIS A MINUTE WHILE I SAW.



WHY DO YOU CRY, ARTIE? HOLD BETTER ON THE WOOD.

I-I FELL, AND MY FRIENDS SKATED AWAY W-WITHOUT ME.



He stopped sawing.

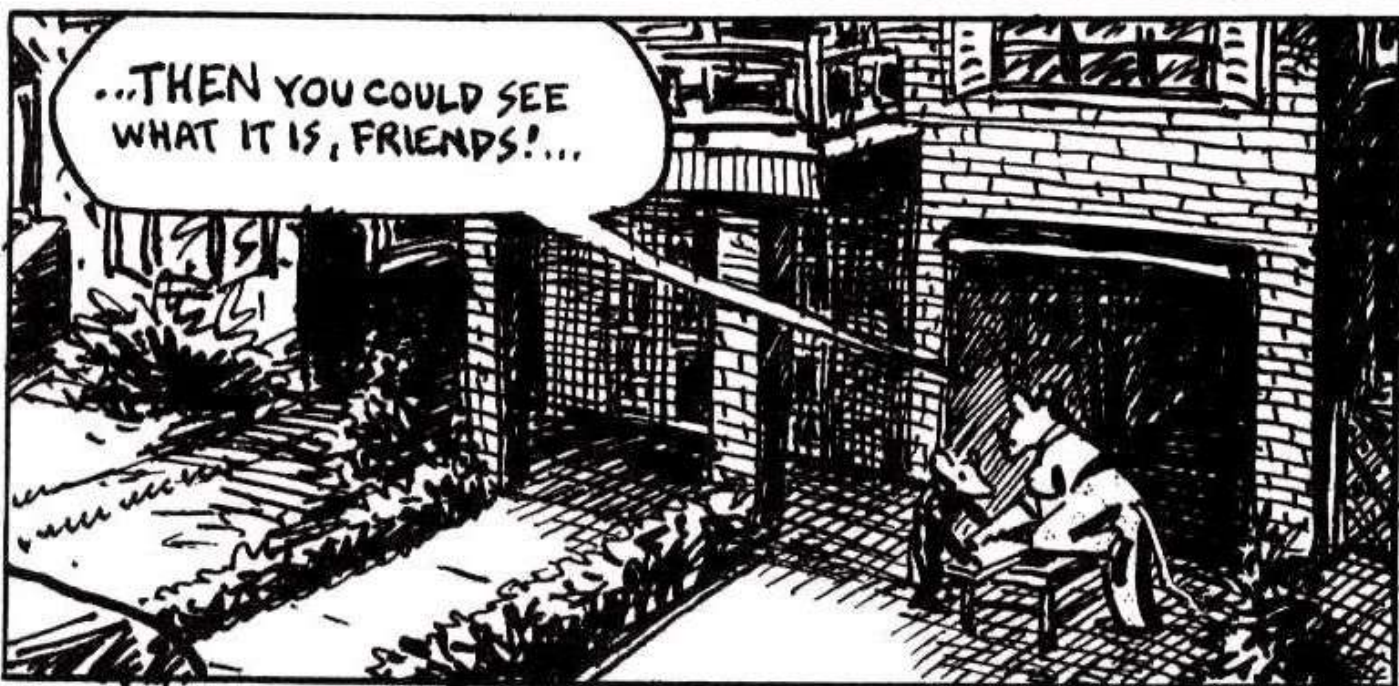
FRIENDS?  
YOUR FRIENDS?...



IF YOU LOCK THEM TOGETHER IN A ROOM WITH NO FOOD FOR A WEEK ...



...THEN YOU COULD SEE WHAT IT IS, FRIENDS!...





# MY FATHER BLEEDS HISTORY

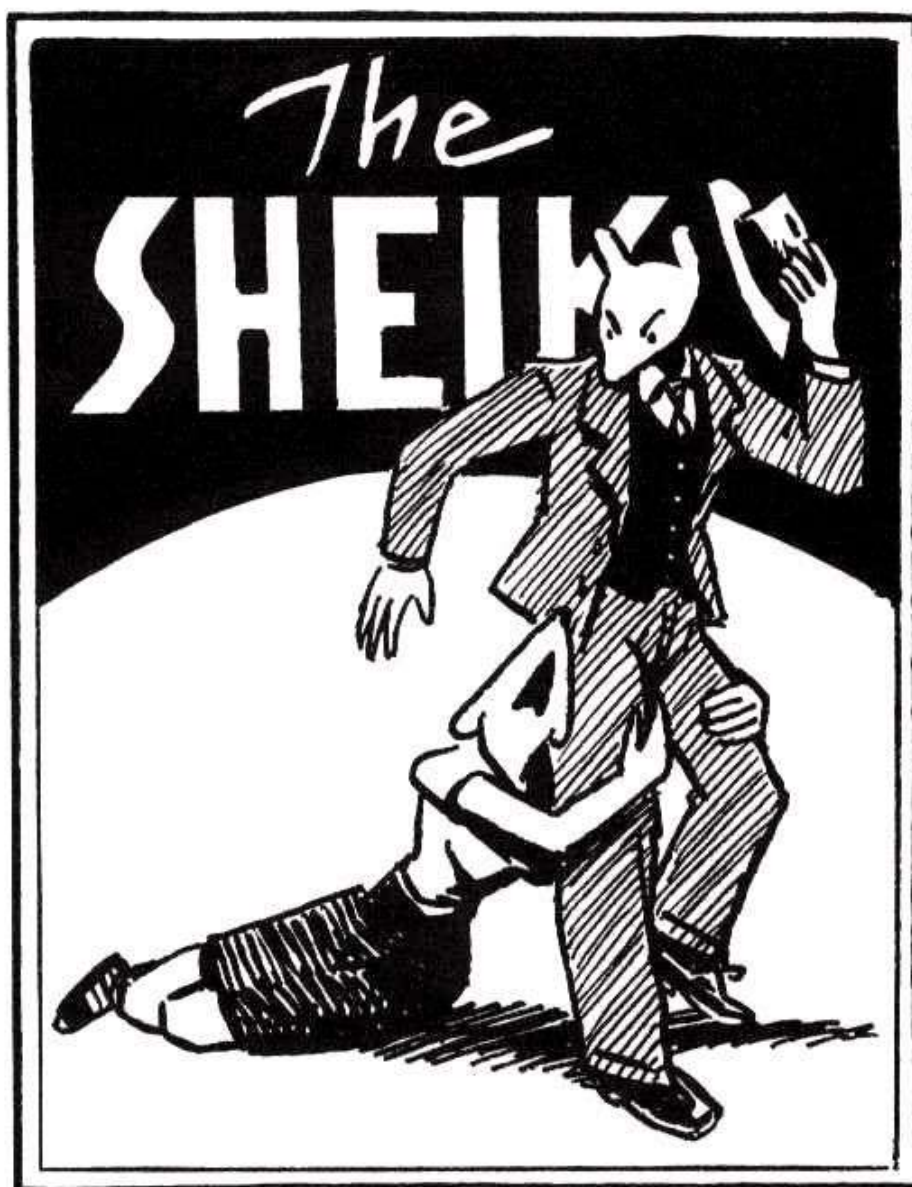
( M I D - 1 9 3 0 s T O W I N T E R 1 9 4 4 )

## C O N T E N T S

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



C H A P T E R   O N E





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





After dinner he took me into my old room...

COME-WE'LL TALK WHILE I PEDAL...



IT'S GOOD FOR MY HEART, THE PEDALING. BUT, TELL ME, HOW IS IT BY YOU? HOW IS GOING THE COMICS BUSINESS?

I STILL WANT TO DRAW THAT BOOK ABOUT YOU...



THE ONE I USED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT..



ABOUT YOUR LIFE IN POLAND, AND THE WAR.



IT WOULD TAKE MANY BOOKS, MY LIFE, AND NO ONE WANTS ANYWAY TO HEAR SUCH STORIES.



I WANT TO HEAR IT. START WITH MOM... TELL ME HOW YOU MET.



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



I WAS IN TEXTILES-BUYING AND SELLING-I DIDN'T MAKE MUCH, BUT ALWAYS I COULD MAKE A LIVING.





I WAS, AT THAT TIME, YOUNG, AND  
REALLY A NICE, HANDSOME BOY.



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



HELLO, VLADEK?  
THIS IS YULEK...



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



THE  
SHEIK

PEOPLE ALWAYS TOLD  
ME I LOOKED JUST  
LIKE RUDDOLPH VALENTINO.



EVENTUALLY, I TOOK LUCIA TO DANCE...

DO YOU LIVE ALONE?

YES.



I HAVE A SMALL APARTMENT.  
MY PARENTS MOVED TO SOSNOWIEC

I'D LIKE  
TO SEE IT  
SOMETIME.

MAYBE  
SOMETIME





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

VLADSK! - WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

JUST TO THE MARKET.

ME TOO - LET'S WALK TOGETHER.

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

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

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

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

- SO FINALLY, I INVITED HER ...

EVERYTHING'S SO NEAT AND CLEAN!

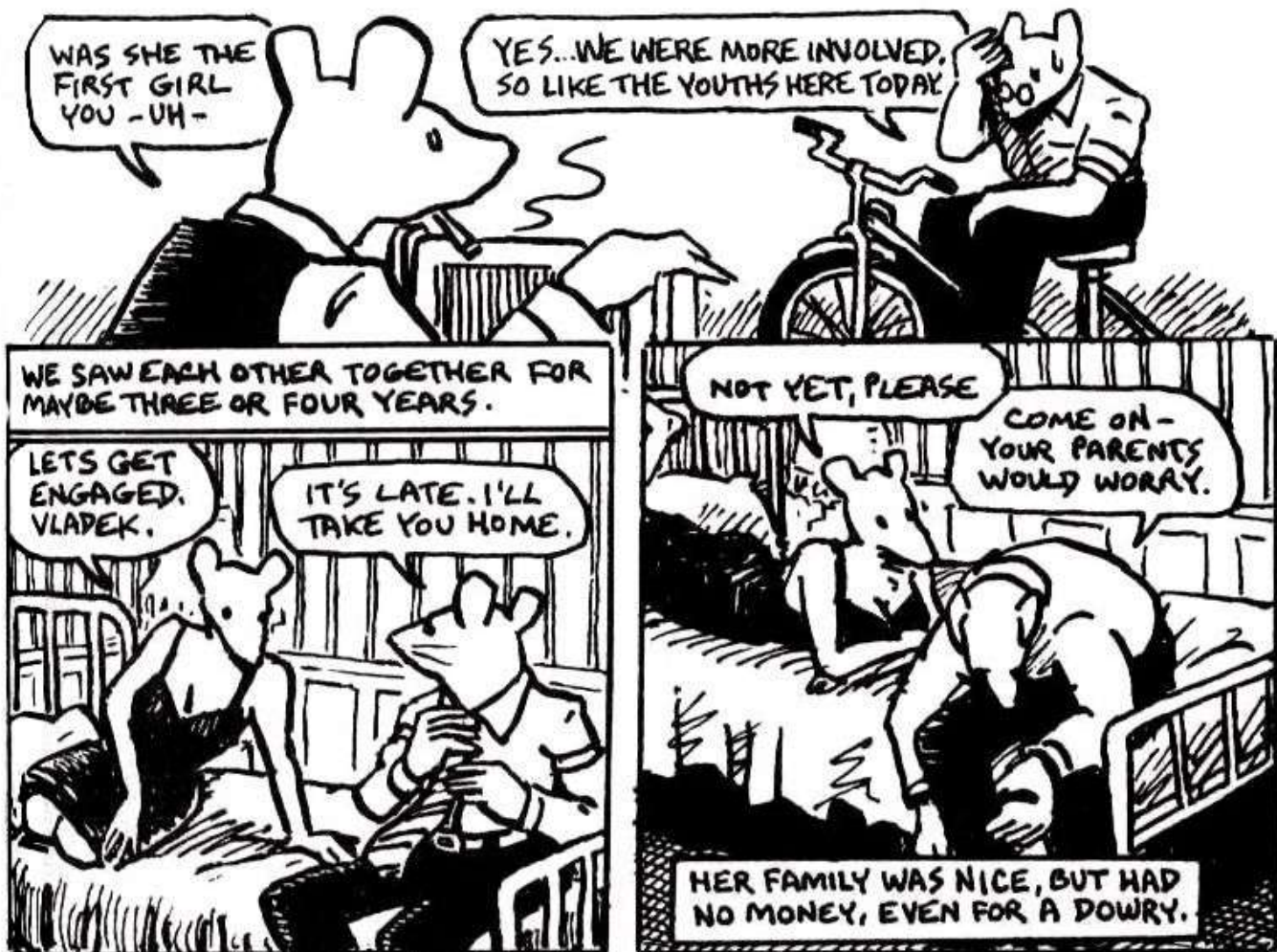
I LIKE TO KEEP THINGS IN ORDER.

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

NO.

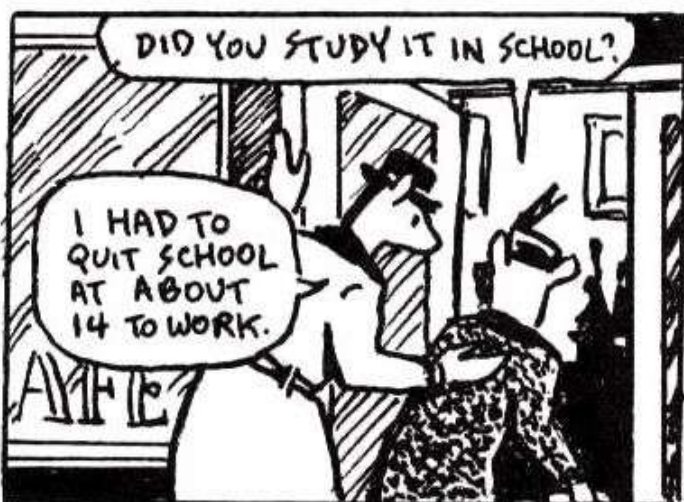
... I DIDN'T WANT TO BE MORE CLOSER WITH HER, BUT SHE REALLY WOULDN'T LET ME GO.







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





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

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

I BOUGHT A VERY NICE FRAME...

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

I'M GOING TO GET EN-  
GAGED TO HER, LUCIA.

PSSH! AND LOOK  
AT WHAT A  
BEAUTY YOU  
PICKED.

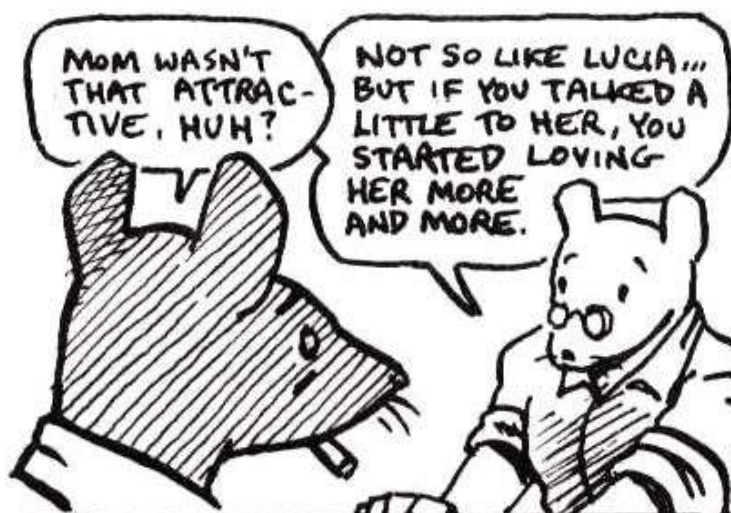
LOOKS AREN'T EVERYTHING,  
LUCIA. IT ISN'T GOOD  
FOR EITHER OF US THAT  
YOU KEEP  
COMING  
UP HERE...

"WE HAVE TO PLAN FOR OUR  
FUTURES, AND

FORGET HER!  
LET ME MAKE  
YOU HAPPY!

IT WAS NOT SO EASY TO GET FREE FROM LUCIA.





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



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



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





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



ONE EVENING THE BELL RANG ...



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



I-I'LL COME WITH YOU.

NO, YOU CAN'T COME WI-

PLEASE, VLADEK!



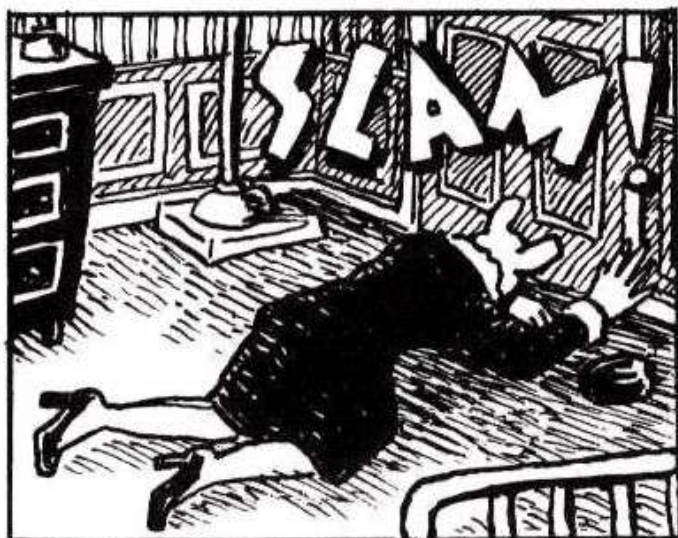
SHE FELL ON THE FLOOR AND HELD STRONG MY LEGS.



(DON'T RUN AWAY!)



I SAW NOW THAT I WENT TOO FAR WITH HER.



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



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



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

HELLO, MRS. ZYLBERBERG.  
COULD I SPEAK  
TO ANJA?



SHE SAYS SHE WON'T  
SPEAK TO YOU!

BUT  
WHY?



SHE GOT A LETTER FROM SOME-  
ONE IN CZESTOCHOWA. MY GOD!  
IT SAYS THE WORST THINGS IN  
THE WORLD ABOUT YOU!

WELL, I CAN'T CONVINCE HER  
ON THE PHONE. I'LL COME  
DOWN BY TRAIN ON FRIDAY  
AFTER WORK.



IT WASN'T EVEN A  
HOLIDAY, BUT I WENT  
ANYWAY TO SOSNOWIEC.

SO, TELL ME, ANJA - WHAT HAVE  
I DONE THAT'S SO HORRIBLE?

YOU SHOULD KNOW -  
JUST READ  
THIS!







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

AND NOW SOME VODKA TO TOAST THE YOUNG COUPLE.

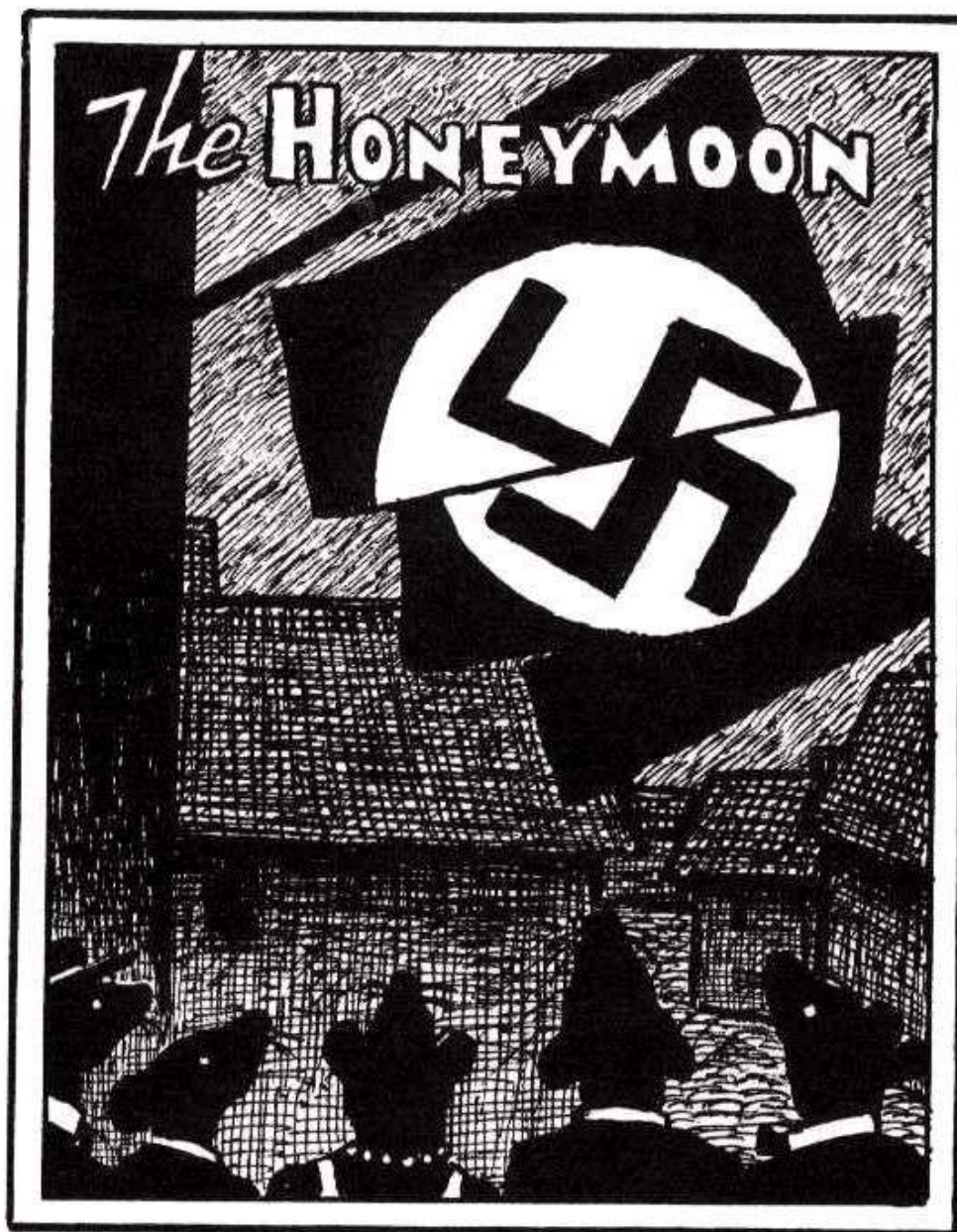






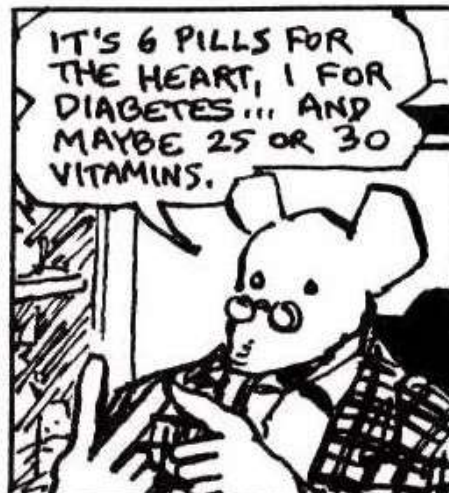


C H A P T E R      T W O





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







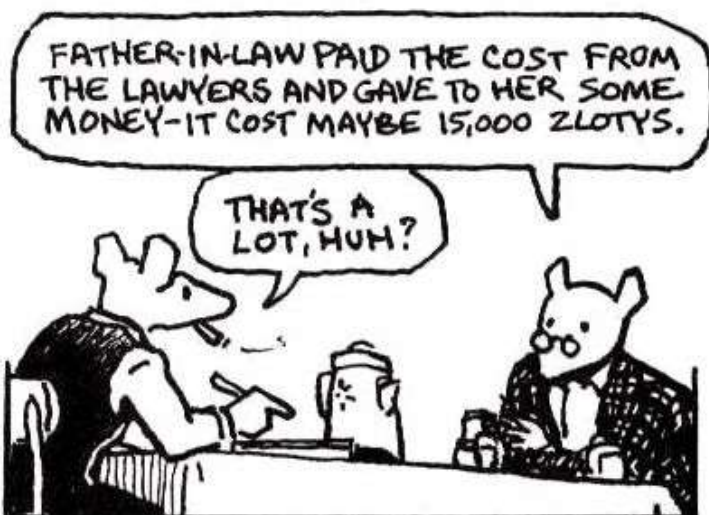
ANJA WAS INVOLVED IN CONSPIRACIONS!



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







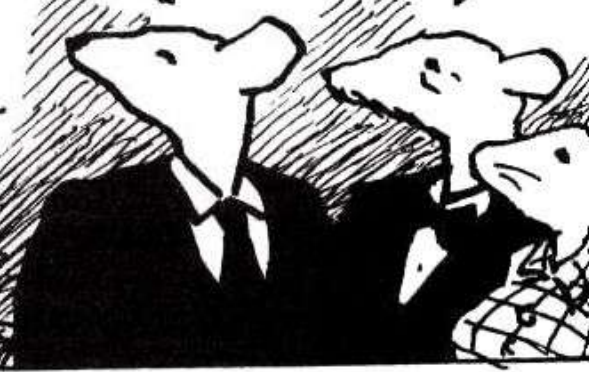


BY OCTOBER 1937, THE  
FACTORY WAS GOING,  
AND IT WAS BORN  
MY FIRST SON, RICHIEU.



HE'S A BIG BABY-  
OVER 3 KILOS.

MY GOD, ANJA  
ONLY WEIGHS 39!



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

YES, I KNOW...

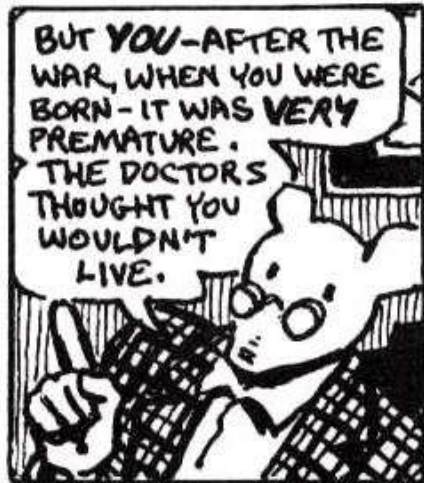


BUT WAIT- IF YOU WERE MARRIED IN  
FEBRVARY, AND RICHIEU WAS BORN  
IN OCTOBER, WAS HE PREMATURE?

YES, A LITTLE...



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



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



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

WE JOKED AND  
CALLED YOU  
"HEIL HITLER."



ALWAYS WE PUSHED  
YOUR ARM DOWN, AND  
YOU WOULD

OOPS!



LOOK NOW WHAT YOU  
MADE ME DO!

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



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



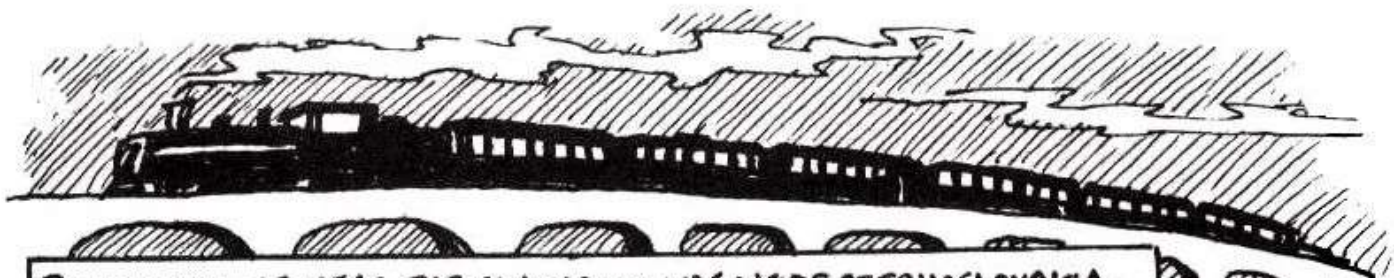


SO... ANJA STAYED WITH THE FAMILY AND I WENT TO LIVE IN BIELSKO FOR MY FACTORY BUSINESS AND TO FIND FOR US AN APARTMENT...

BUT SOON IT CAME FROM SOSNOWIEC A TELEPHONE ...





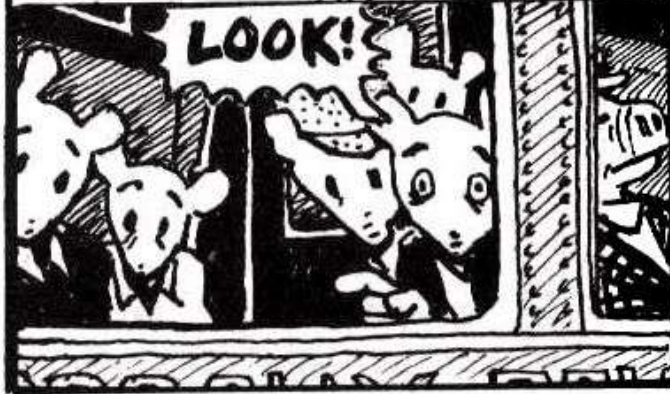


RIGHT AWAY, WE WENT. THE SANITARIUM WAS INSIDE CZECHOSLOVAKIA, ONE OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE AND BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD.

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



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



IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF 1938 - BEFORE THE WAR - HANGING HIGH IN THE CENTER OF TOWN, IT WAS A NAZI FLAG..









THE SANITARIUM WAS FAR AWAY FROM EVERYTHING—SO PEACEFUL, SO QUIET.

LOOK AT HOW BEAUTIFUL THESE GARDENS ARE, ANJA.

UH HUH

PEOPLE CAME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD WITH DIFFERENT SICKNESSES. IT WAS EVEN SHOPS HERE... A THEATER... REALLY BEAUTIFUL...

OUR ROOM IS LIKE A LUXURY HOTEL—LOOK AT THIS VIEW.

UH HUH

EACH MORNING NURSES WOULD VISIT TO ANJA.

AND EACH FEW DAYS I TALKED TO THE BIG SPECIALIST AT THE CLINIC.

WELL, WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY??

HE TOLD ME YOU'RE DOING FINE... FINE...

JUST RELAX.

I UNDERSTOOD MUCH OF SUCH SICKNESSES, SO I HELPED ALWAYS TO CALM HER DOWN.

LOOK—WE GOT A LETTER FROM HOME TODAY.

WITH A PHOTO OF RICHIEU—LET ME SEE.

HE'S A HANDSOME BOY... JUST LIKE HIS FATHER, YES?

YES.



IN THE EVENINGS  
WE WENT EITHER TO  
THE THEATER OR TO  
DANCE IN THE CAFE.

DID I TELL YOU THE TRAGEDY ABOUT THE PILLOW  
MY FAMILY LOST AT THE START OF THE 1914 WAR?

I WAS SEVEN... WE  
LIVED TOO CLOSE  
TO THE BORDER...  
IT WASN'T SAFE...

I TOLD HER MANY JOKES AND STORIES TO  
KEEP HER BUSY...

...SO WE TOOK WHAT  
WE COULD ON A WAGON PULLED BY FOUR  
HORSES AND WENT TO MY GRANDFATHER'S  
HOME IN RADOMSKO.

SOMEONE RODE PAST US AND TOLD  
US THAT WE'D DROPPED A PILLOW A  
FEW MILES BACK.  
A GUY TRAVELING TO  
AMSTOW PICKED IT UP.

IMAGINE - MY FATHER NEVER  
RODE A HORSE BEFORE... BUT  
HE UNHITCHED ONE FROM THE  
WAGON AND RODE TOWARD AMSTOW.

WE WAITED AND WAITED... MOTHER  
STARTED CRYING: "SURELY HE FELL  
AND GOT KILLED!" SHE HAD BEGGED  
HIM TO "LET THE PILLOW GO AND  
TAKE ALL OUR TROUBLES WITH IT!"

THE HORSE WAS BONY AND DIDN'T HAVE  
A SADDLE... FINALLY, LATE THAT NIGHT,  
FATHER RODE BACK WITH THE PILLOW  
...UNDER HIS BLOODY TUCHUS...

SO, FATHER GOT HIS PILLOW BACK  
...BUT HE COULDN'T SIT  
DOWN FOR THE REST OF  
THE WAR!

I LOVE  
YOU, VLADEK.

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







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



LOOK, RICHIEU,  
POPPA'S HOME!



YOU LOOK  
UPSET, VLADEK.

THERE WAS ANOTHER  
RIOT DOWNTOWN TODAY.



...EVERYONE YELLING, "JEWS OUT!  
JEWS OUT!"...EVEN TWO PEOPLE  
KILLED. THE POLICE JUST WATCHED!



IT'S THOSE  
NAZIS STIRRING  
EVERYBODY UP!

WHEN IT COMES  
TO JEWS, THE POLES  
DON'T NEED MUCH  
STIRRING UP!



MRS. SPIEGELMAN—HOW CAN YOU  
SAY SUCH A THING. I THINK OF  
YOU AS PART OF MY OWN FAMILY!

I'M SORRY, JANINA.  
I DIDN'T MEAN  
YOU! I'M JUST  
WORRIED!



MAYBE WE SHOULD  
MOVE AWAY, LIKE  
SOME OTHERS HAVE.

IF THINGS GET  
REALLY BAD  
WE'LL RUN BACK  
TO SOSNOWIEC.



WHY WOULD  
SOSNOWIEC BE  
ANY SAFER  
THAN BIELSKO?

WE THOUGHT THEN, THAT  
HITLER WANTED ONLY  
THE PARTS FROM POLAND,  
LIKE BIELSKO, WHAT USED  
TO BE PARTS FROM GER-  
MANY BEFORE THE  
FIRST WORLD WAR.



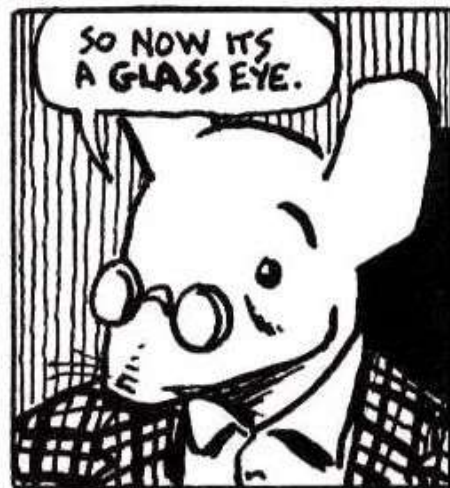
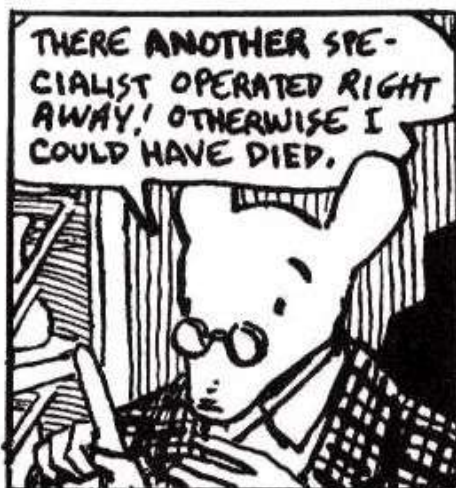












WELL, IT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY, YES? I'M TIRED AND I MUST COUNT STILL MY PILLS.

