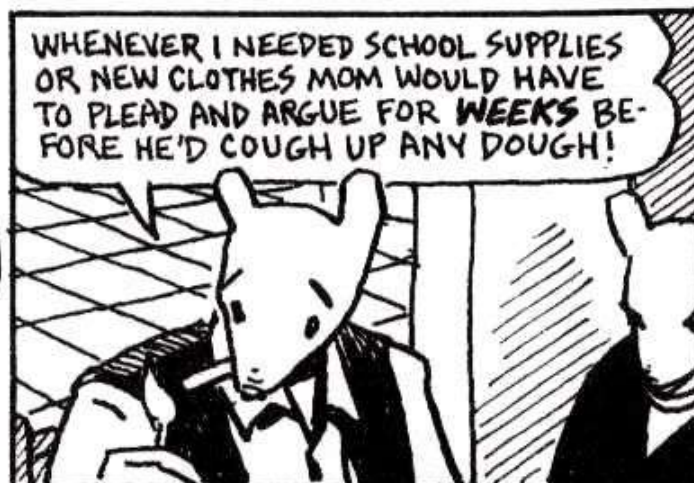
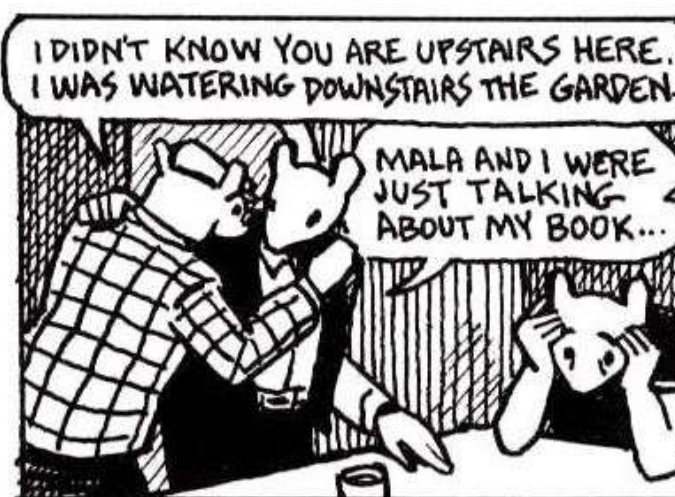


Another visit...

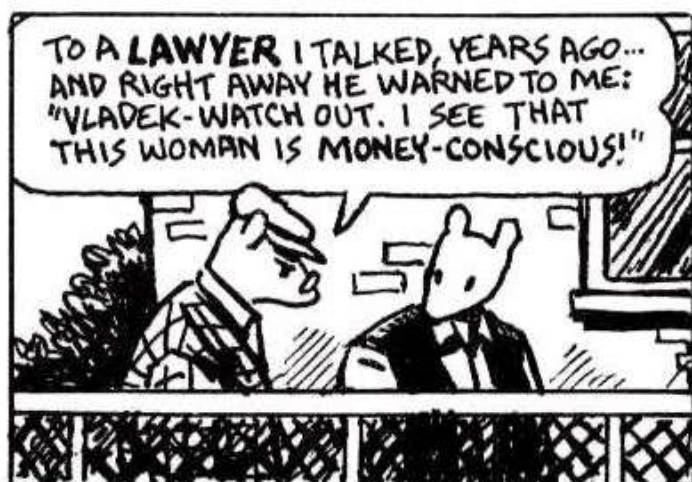














GO THROUGH THE COURTYARD TO THE SHED
IN THE BACK. I'LL BRING YOU SOME FOOD.



THANK GOD THERE ARE
STILL SOME KIND PEOPLE
LEFT. I THOUGHT—



THERE'S A
JEWESS IN
THE COURTYARD!
POLICE!



AN OLD WITCH RECOGNIZED
ANJA FROM HER WINDOW.

HURRY!



WE RAN FAST TO THE SHED AND HID IN THE STRAW.

IT'S OKAY
FOR NOW...



I DON'T THINK ANYONE
HEARD HER...SHE'S A
LITTLE SENILE ANYWAY.



BUT YOU MUST LOOK FOR A
BETTER PLACE TO STAY.
SOMEONE HERE IS BOUND
TO RECOGNIZE YOU!



IT'S ALMOST MORNING. WAIT HERE.
I'M GOING OUT TO SCOUT AROUND.

B-BE CAREFUL.



I WALKED, BUT I DIDN'T
KNOW WHERE TO GO.



AND I HEARD SOON IT WAS SOME-
BODY FOLLOWING BEHIND ME.



HAD I TO ANSWER HIM, OR NO?



SO I LEFT HIM AND WENT RIGHT AWAY TO DEKERTA 6. THERE IT WAS A BIG COURTYARD...







AND SO WE CAME THERE
TO LIVE WITH KAWKA'S COW.

IT'S ALMOST DAWN - WHEN MRS. KAWKA
COMES TO MILK HER COW, SHE'LL
BRING YOU SOME COFFEE.



WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

TO DEKERTA.

DON'T LEAVE ME
ALONE AGAIN.
I'M TERRIFIED
WHILE YOU'RE GONE.



DON'T WORRY, ANJA. I'LL BE SAFE.
IF I DIDN'T GO OUT WE WOULDN'T HAVE
FOOD... WE WOULDN'T HAVE THIS PLACE!...

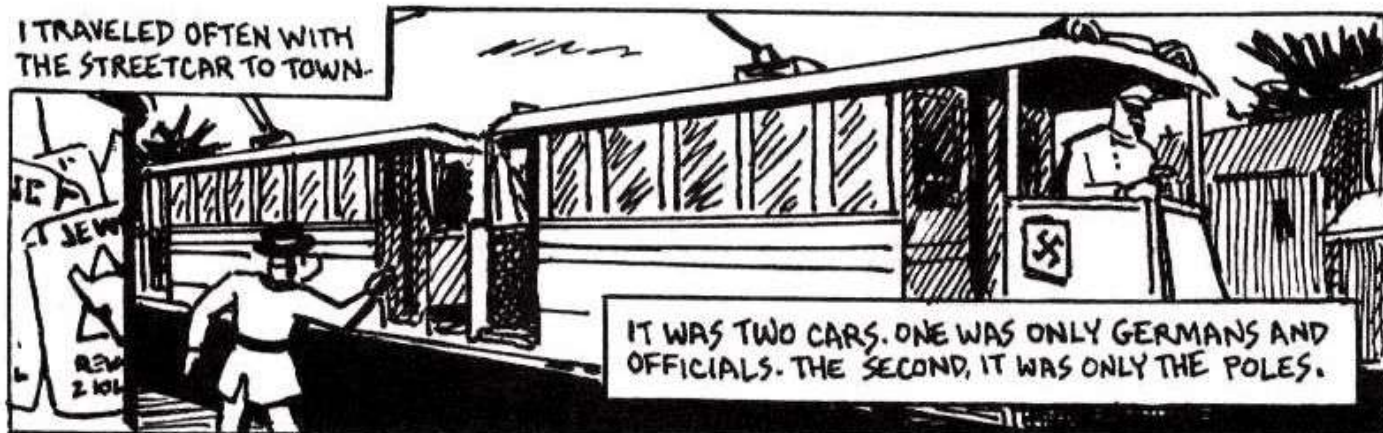


AND WE'VE GOT TO
FIND A WARMER
PLACE FOR THE
WINTER... AWAY
FROM SOSNOWIEC
IF POSSIBLE ...



I-I'LL BE OKAY.
COME BACK QUICK.

I TRAVELED OFTEN WITH
THE STREETCAR TO TOWN.



IT WAS TWO CARS. ONE WAS ONLY GERMANS AND
OFFICIALS. THE SECOND, IT WAS ONLY THE POLES.

ALWAYS I WENT STRAIGHT
IN THE OFFICIAL CAR...

HEIL HITLER.



THE GERMANS PAID NO ATTENTION OF ME... IN THE PO-
LISH CAR THEY COULD SMELL IF A POLISH JEW CAME IN.

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.

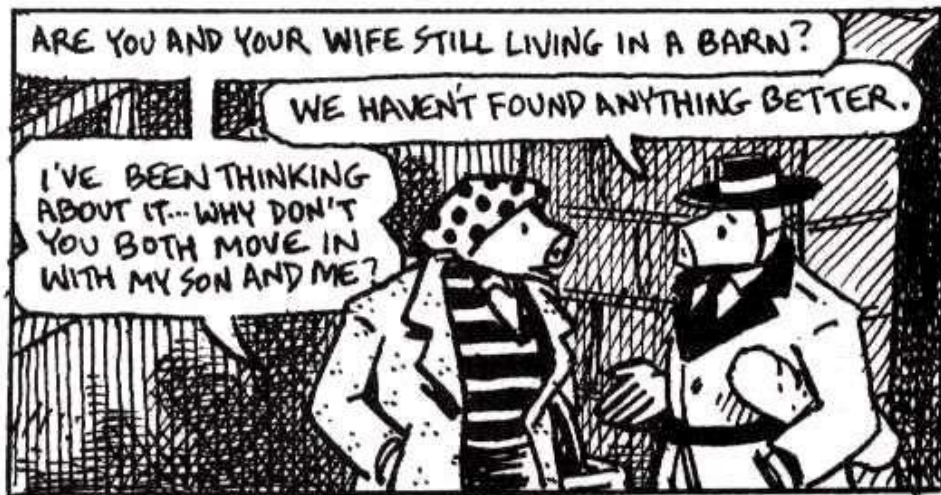
IT'S OKAY... KEEP IT FOR YOUR LITTLE BOY.



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.

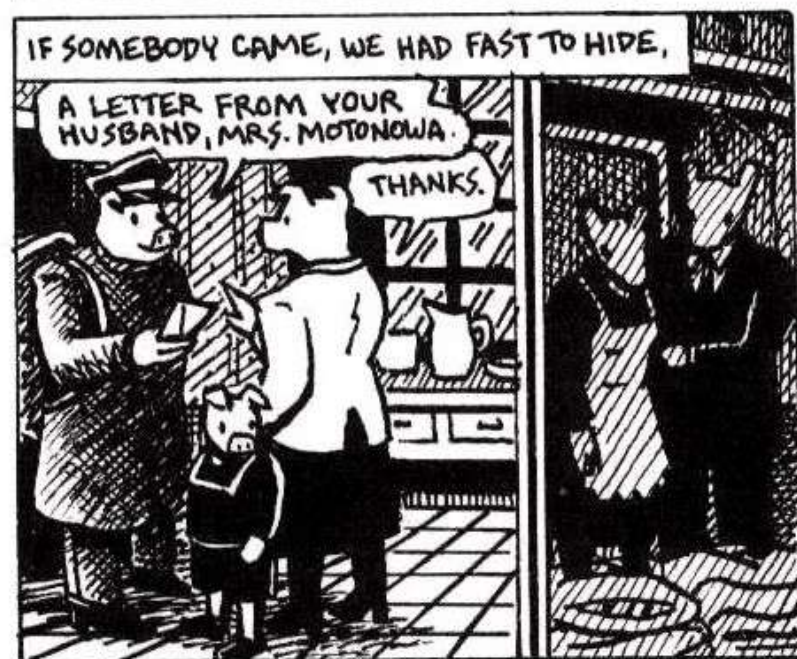
WE HAD HERE A LITTLE COMFORTABLE...WE HAD WHERE TO SIT.



IN HIS SCHOOL THE BOY WAS VERY BAD IN GERMAN. SO ANJA TUTORED TO HIM.



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...





IT STARTED TO BE LIGHT...



LATER, KAWKA CAME IN...



SHE TOOK ANJA INSIDE AND BROUGHT TO ME SOME FOOD...IN THOSE DAYS I WAS SO STRONG I COULD SIT EVEN IN THE SNOW ALL NIGHT...



SHE TOLD ME THESE TWO ACQUAINTANCES VISITED OFTEN TO HER ON THURS- DAY EVENINGS... TODAY WAS MAYBE A MONDAY...

I DON'T GET IT... WASN'T HUNGARY AS DANGEROUS AS POLAND?

NO. FOR A LONGER TIME IT WAS BETTER THERE IN HUNGARY FOR THE JEWS... BUT THEN, NEAR THE VERY FINISH OF THE WAR, THEY ALL GOT PUT ALSO TO AUSCHWITZ.

I WAS THERE, AND I SAW IT. THOUSANDS - HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF JEWS FROM HUNGARY...

SO MANY, IT WASN'T EVEN ROOM ENOUGH TO BURY THEM ALL IN THE OVENS.

BUT AT THAT TIME, WHEN I WAS THERE WITH KAWKA, WE COULDN'T KNOW THEN.

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

OH GOD! OH GOD! MR. SPIEGELMAN. YOU'RE ALIVE! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

MRS. MOTO- NOWA!

I WANTED TO FIND A NEW CONNECTION TO HIDE US. BUT REALLY I DIDN'T THINK TO FIND AGAIN HER.

PRAISE MARY. YOU'RE SAFE! I COULDN'T SLEEP, I FELT SO GUILTY ABOUT CHASING YOU AND YOUR WIFE OUT.

THE GESTAPO NEVER EVEN CAME TO MY HOUSE. I JUST PANICKED FOR NOTHING. PLEASE COME BACK AGAIN.

ANJA WAS GLAD OF GOING BACK. AND MOTONOWA ALSO... ALWAYS I PAID HER NICELY.

AND THAT SAME NIGHT WE SAID GOODBYE TO KAWKA AND WENT AGAIN TO SZOPIENICE.

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 SOMEBODY 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...



SO I CAME OUT WELL FROM THIS...



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

PLEASE WAIT IN THE OTHER ROOM. THEY'LL SEE YOU SOON.

MR. MANDELBAUM!

VLADEK SPIEGELMAN!

MANDELBAUM, BEFORE THE WAR OWNED A SWEETS SHOP.

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.

THIS IS MY WIFE...AND YOU KNOW MY NEPHEW.

HELLO, ABRAHAM. WHAT ARE YOU ALL DOING HERE?

WE'RE TRYING TO GET OUT OF POLAND -

- TO HUNGARY?! YES. ANJA AND I ARE TRYING TO ARRANGE THAT TOO!

THE SMUGGLERS PROPOSED US HOW THEY WOULD DO.

WE SPOKE YIDDISH SO THE POLES DON'T UNDERSTAND.

...AND AT THE BORDER OUR PARTNERS WILL TAKE YOU THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

WHEW- IT'S RISKY AND VERY EXPENSIVE!

NIE, VAS DENKST DIE?

YECH KENN DIE FRAU KAWKA, UBER YECH BIN NISH ZICHER VEGEN DIE ZWEI.

So, what do you think?

I know Mrs. Kawka, but I'm not sure about these two.

HERR MECH TSE! YECH GEI KOIDEM MIT ZEI. AZ ALLES VET ZEIN BESEDER, YECH VIL SCHREIBEN TSE DEYER.

Listen! I'll go first. If everything is okay, I'll write back to you.

THE OTHERS WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT A LITTLE LONGER, BUT I'M READY TO GO NOW.

FINE, FINE.

I AGREED WITH MANDELBAUM TO MEET AGAIN HERE. IF IT CAME A GOOD LETTER, WE'LL GO.

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



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

THE JANITOR IN THE HOUSE MILOCH OWNED, SHE HID NOW HIM AND HIS FAMILY; BUT -OH BOY- HE WAS IN A SITUATION WORSE AS I COULD IMAGINE!



I WENT TO THE JANITOR BY TROLLEY

HELLO- I'M MILOCH'S COUSIN, VLADEK.

YES. HE TOLD ME YOU MIGHT COME.



I HAVE SOME COMPANY UPSTAIRS. I CAN'T TAKE YOU TO MILOCH UNTIL THEY LEAVE.



GENTLEMEN. THIS IS MY COUSIN, VLADEK.

HI "CUZ," HAVE A DRINK.



SO WE TALKED, AND THEY BELIEVED I AM HER COUSIN.

WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF VODKA. BRING SOME MORE, MEINKA.

THERE ISN'T ANY.



BAH! SHE'S HIDING HER VODKA!

JUST LIKE SHE'S HIDING JEWS IN HER YARD!



THE JANITOR AND I FROZE OUR BLOOD FROM FEAR...

IF YOU DON'T PUT ANOTHER BOTTLE ON THE TABLE RIGHT AWAY, WE'LL TELL THE GESTA-PO ABOUT THE JEWS YOU'RE KEEPING!!

R-RELAX FELLOWS.



HERE'S A FEW MARKS, MEINKA. RUN DOWNSTAIRS AND GET ANOTHER BOTTLE FOR OUR FRIENDS.

'APPA BOY. HIC.



IN 15 MINUTES SHE CAME WITH A BOTTLE AND THEY WERE HAPPY.

YOU SEE? YOUR COUSIN KNOWS HOW TO ENTERTAIN GUESTS! TO YOUR HEALTH.



WE DRANK AND WE DRANK- ONLY NEAR MIDNIGHT FINALLY THEY WENT HOME.



I THINK IT'S SAFE TO GO DOWN.

ARE YOU -SNE. CARRY-
ING FOOD FOR MILOCH?

I FED THEM
EARLIER. THIS
IS JUST TRASH.

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

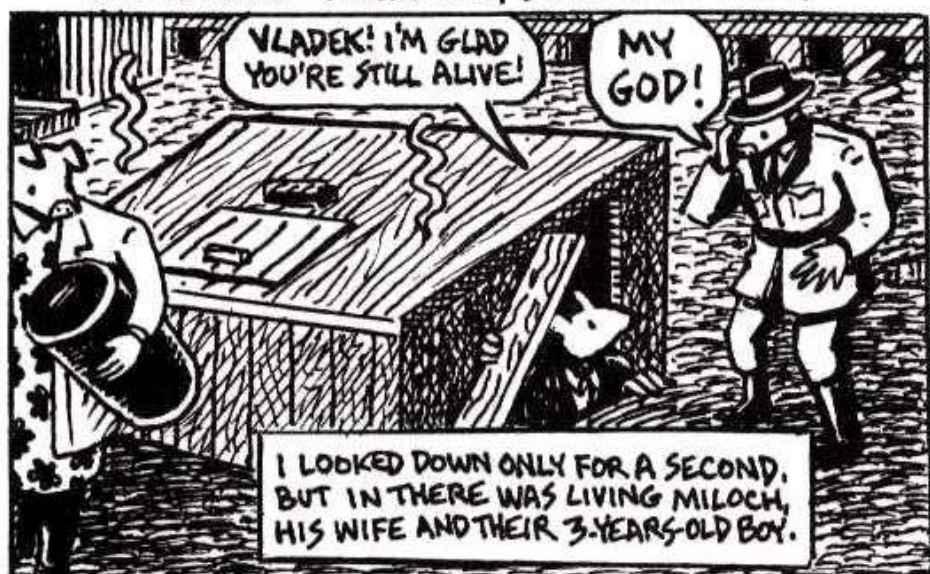


...I ALWAYS BRING GARBAGE SO THE
NEIGHBORS DON'T GET SUSPICIOUS.

PSST-MILOCH. YOUR
COUSIN IS HERE.

IN EACH COURTYARD WAS A
VERY DEEP HOLE TO THROW
IN ALL THE GARBAGE.

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



VLADSK! I'M GLAD
YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

MY
GOD!

I LOOKED DOWN ONLY FOR A SECOND.
BUT IN THERE WAS LIVING MILOCH,
HIS WIFE AND THEIR 3-YEARS-OLD BOY.



HOW CAN YOU LIVE THERE?
YOU MUST BE FREEZING!

WE HAVE NO CHOICE.
AT LEAST OUR BUNK-
KER IS UNDERGROUND..



AND THE DECOM-
POSING GARBAGE
GIVES SOME HEAT.

BUT PEO-
PLE KNOW
YOU'RE IN
THERE...

I TOLD HIM MY STORY WITH
THESE POLES UPSTAIRS.



WHAT
CAN WE DO?

LISTEN-ANJA AND
I MAY BE GOING
TO HUNGARY!..

I EXPLAINED OUR HIDING
PLACE WAS NOT PERFECT,
BUT BETTER THAN HIS.



I'LL COME AGAIN WHEN
I HAVE MORE NEWS, BUT
IT'S VERY LATE NOW - I
MUST GET BACK HOME.

AND I WAS LUCKY. NOBODY
MADE ME ANY QUESTIONS
GOING BACK TO SZOPIENICE.

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



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.

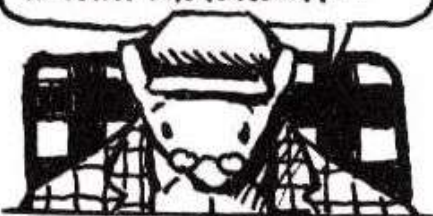


AND FINALLY I
CONVINCED HER.

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...

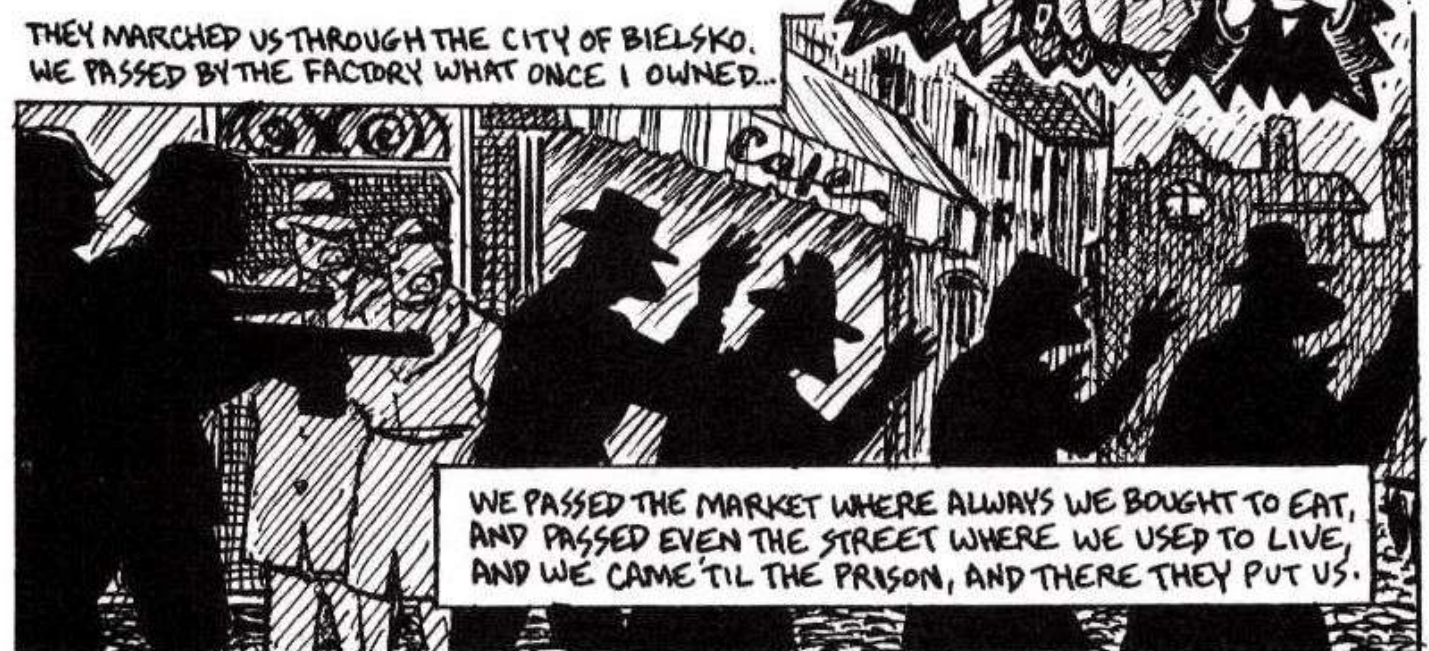


AND, YOU KNOW, MILOCH AND
HIS WIFE AND BOY, THEY ALL
SURVIVED THEMSELVES THE
WHOLE WAR... SITTING THERE
... WITH MOTONOWA...



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





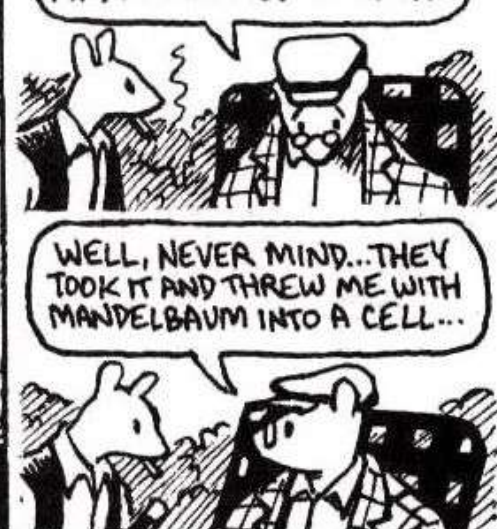
I HAD A SMALL BAG TO TRAVEL. WHEN THEY REGISTERED ME IN, THEY LOOKED OVER EVERYTHING.



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?

WHO?

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

-BUT

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.

WHY DON'T THEY PUT US TO WORK LIKE THE REST OF YOU?

IT MEANS YOU WON'T BE HERE VERY LONG...



...EVERY WEEK OR SO A TRUCK TAKES SOME OF THE PRISONERS AWAY.

EXCUSE ME... DO ANY OF YOU KNOW GERMAN?



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

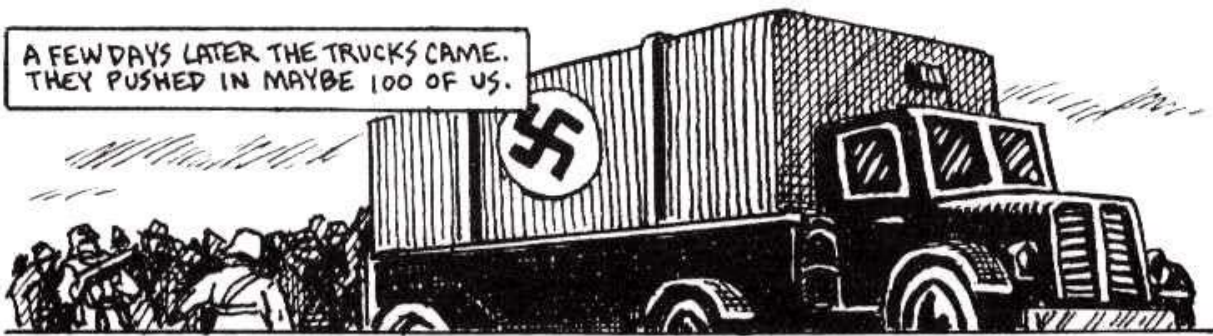


IN A SHORT TIME HE GOT AGAIN A PACKAGE...

YOU DID A GREAT JOB! TAKE ANYTHING YOU WANT FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIEND!



A FEW DAYS LATER THE TRUCKS CAME.
THEY PUSHED IN MAYBE 100 OF US.



ONE MORE TIME I WAS TOGETHER WITH ANJA.

HERE, DARLING. I HAVE
A PRESENT FOR YOU...

EGGS?! CAKE ???
WHAT? HOW?...



I HAD STILL THINGS I GOT
BY WRITING THIS LETTER.

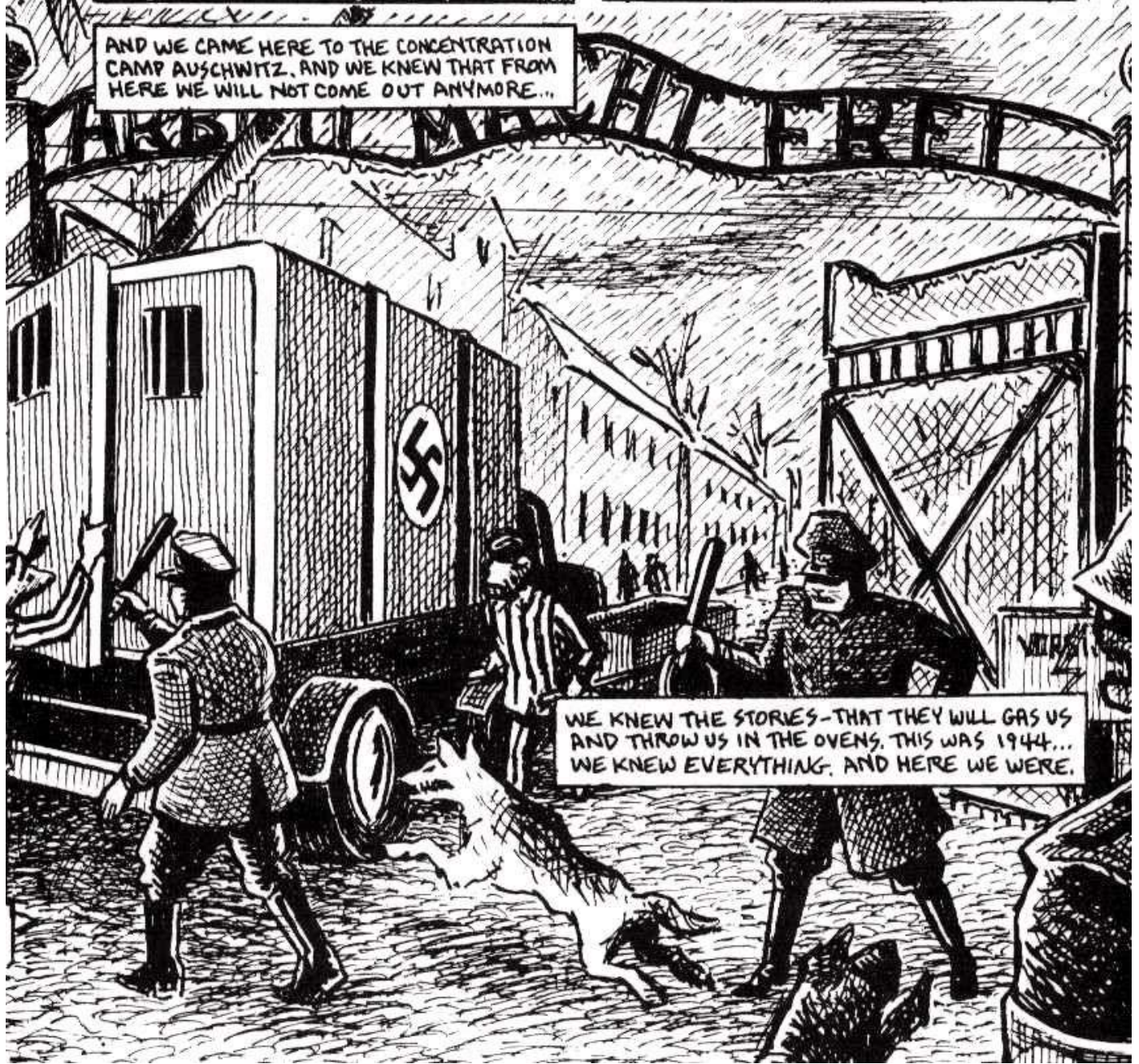
NO... YOU KEEP IT... I'M NOT HUNGRY.

HERE...
AT LEAST
TAKE HALF
FOR LATER.



WE CAME TO THE TOWN OF OSWIECIM...
BEFORE THE WAR I SOLD TEXTILES HERE.

AND WE CAME HERE TO THE CONCENTRATION
CAMP AUSCHWITZ. AND WE KNEW THAT FROM
HERE WE WILL NOT COME OUT ANYMORE...



WE KNEW THE STORIES - THAT THEY WILL GAS US
AND THROW US IN THE OVENS. THIS WAS 1944...
WE KNEW EVERYTHING. AND HERE WE WERE.



MY GOD.

YES. SO IT WAS...



...AND WHEN THEY OPENED THE TRUCK, THEY PUSHED MEN ONE WAY, WOMEN TO THE OTHER WAY...



ANJA AND I WENT EACH IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION, AND WE COULDN'T KNOW IF EVER WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER ALIVE AGAIN.



THIS IS WHERE MOM'S DIARIES WILL BE ESPECIALLY USEFUL. THEY'LL GIVE ME SOME IDEA OF WHAT SHE WENT THROUGH WHILE YOU WERE APART.

I CAN TELL YOU ... SHE WENT THROUGH THE SAME WHAT ME: TERRIBLE!



IT'S GETTING COLD. WHY DON'T WE GO UPSTAIRS AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND HER NOTEBOOKS...

NO... I LOOKED ALREADY...



...IT'S JUST NOT TO FIND ANYMORE!

WELL... LET'S CHECK OUT THE GARAGE. YOU'VE GOT LOADS OF STUFF IN THERE.



NO. YOU'LL NOT FIND IT. BECAUSE I REMIND TO MYSELF WHAT HAPPENED...



THESE NOTEBOOKS, AND OTHER REALLY NICE THINGS OF MOTHER... ONE TIME I HAD A VERY BAD DAY... AND ALL OF THESE THINGS I DESTROYED.

YOU WHAT?





"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*



"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

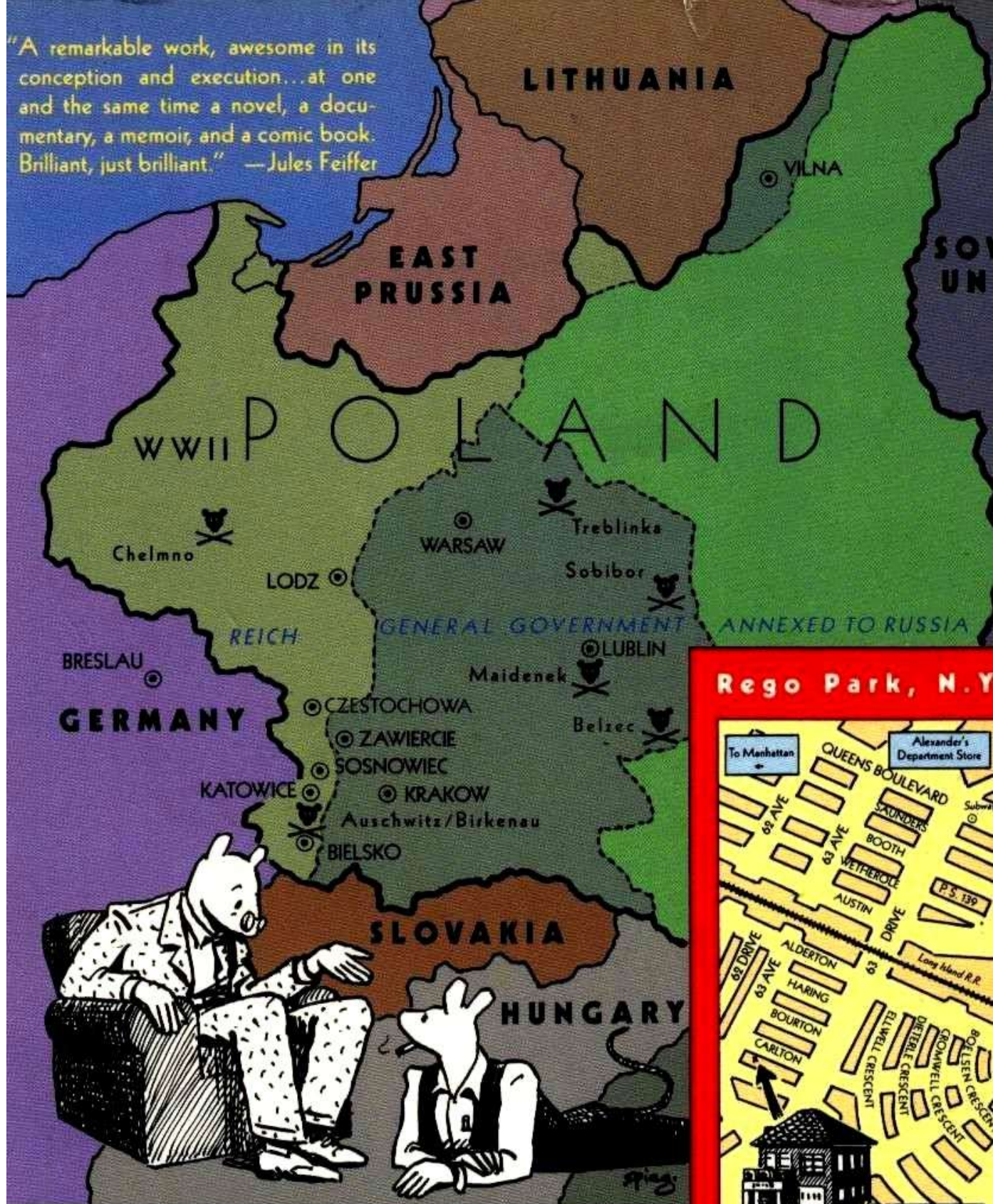
"A very moving book about a subject so terrible it is almost impossible to comprehend. *Maus* proves that the strip cartoon is a medium just as good as the novel or film. A great achievement" – Raymond Briggs



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

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