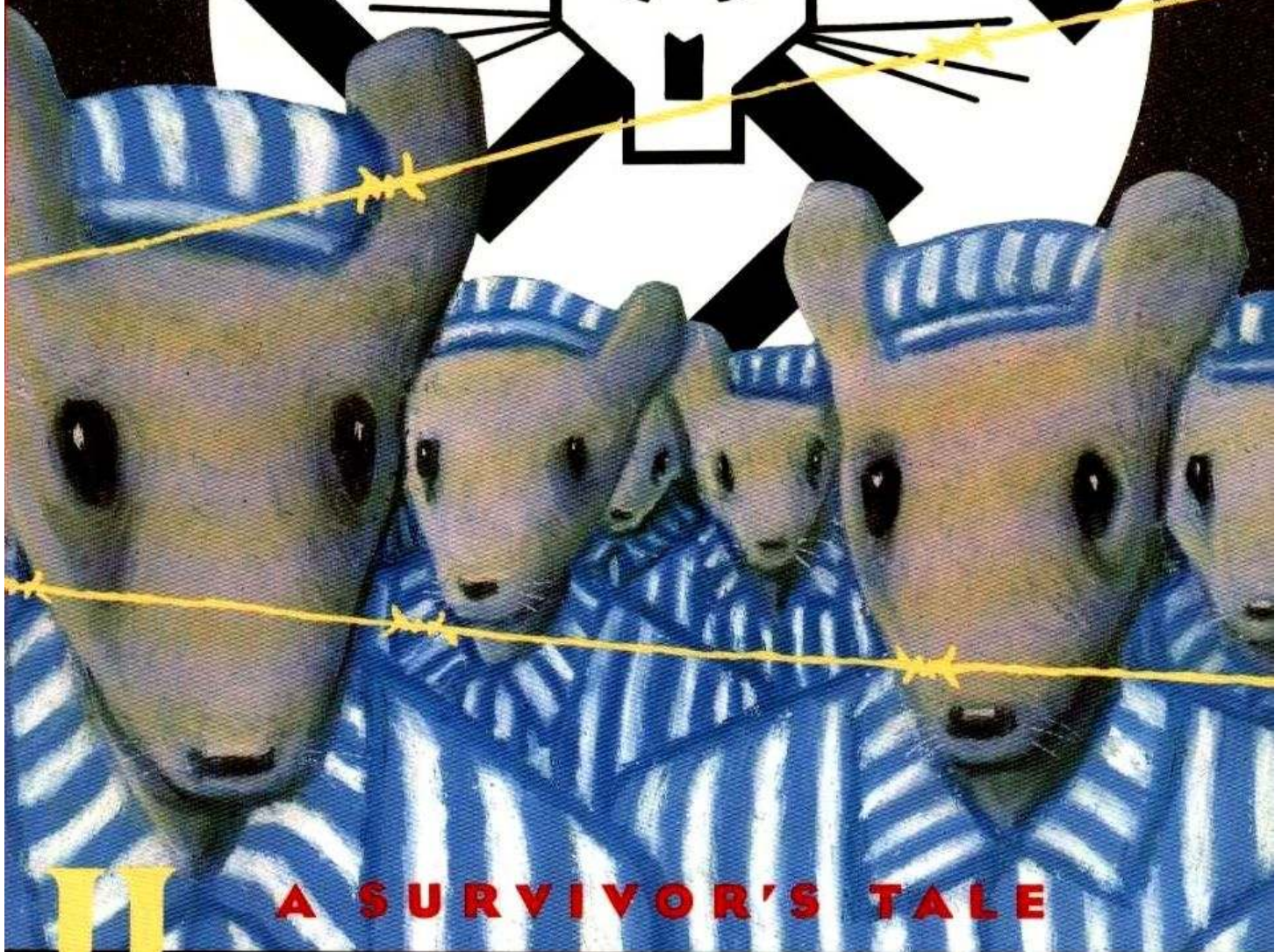


art spiegelman

MAUS



II

A SURVIVOR'S TALE

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.



Barbara
H. Kander

MAUS



ALVIN

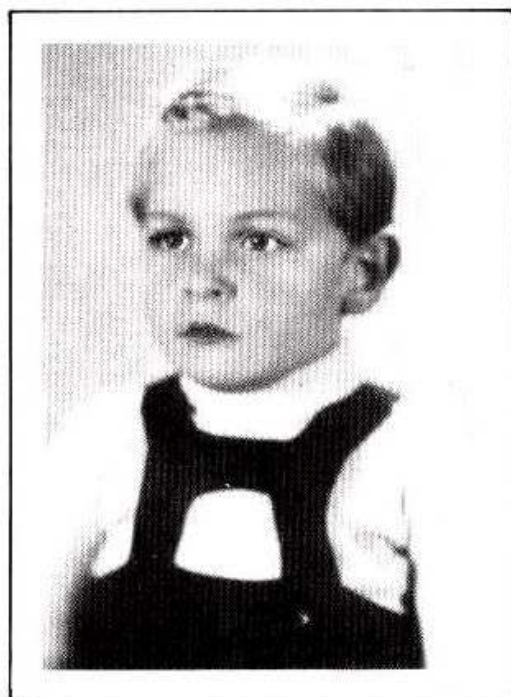
A SURVIVOR'S TALE

AND HERE
MY TROUBLES
BEGAN

art spiegelman

PANTHEON BOOKS NEW YORK

FOR RICHIEU

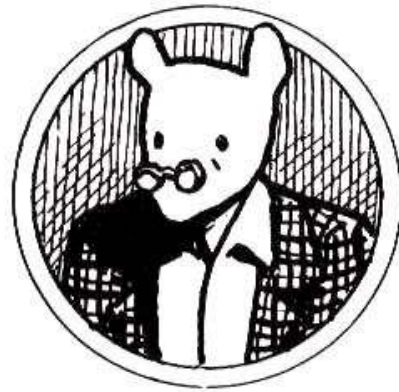


AND FOR NADJA



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, N.Y., to record his father's memories. Art's mother,

Anja, committed suicide in 1968. Art becomes furious when he learns that his father, **VLADEK**, has burned Anja's wartime memoirs. Vladek is remarried to Mala, another survivor. She complains often of his stinginess and lack of concern for her. Vladek, a diabetic who has suffered two heart attacks, is in poor health.



In Poland, Vladek had been a small-time textile salesman. In 1937 he married Anja Zylberberg, the youngest daughter of a wealthy Sosnowiec hosiery family. They had a son, Richieu, who died during the war.

Forced first into ghettos, then into hiding, Vladek and Anja tried to escape to Hungary with their prewar acquaint-

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

AND HERE MY TROUBLES BEGAN

(FROM MAUSCHWITZ TO THE CATSKILLS AND BEYOND)

CONTENTS

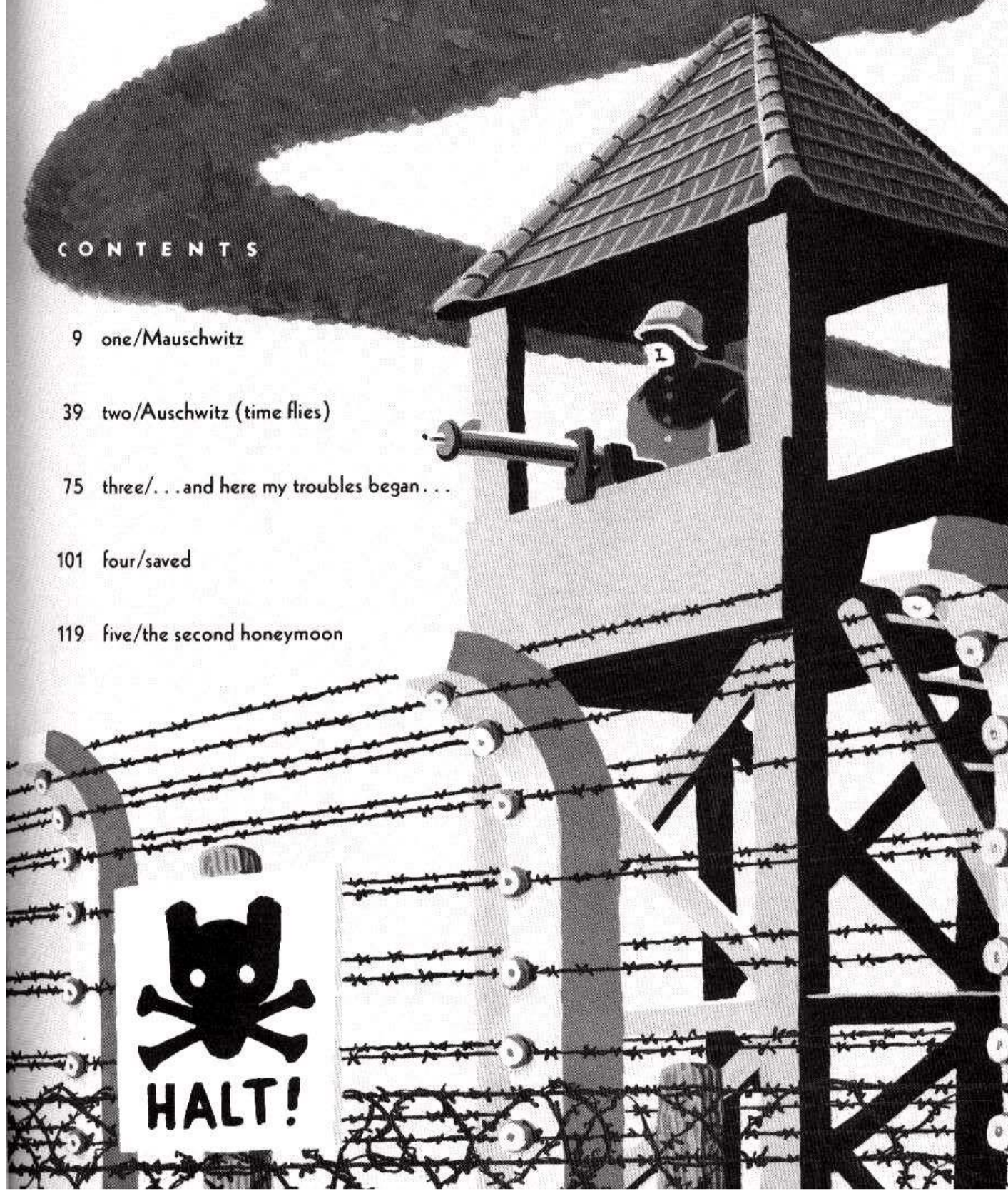
9 one/Mauschwitz

39 two/Auschwitz (time flies)

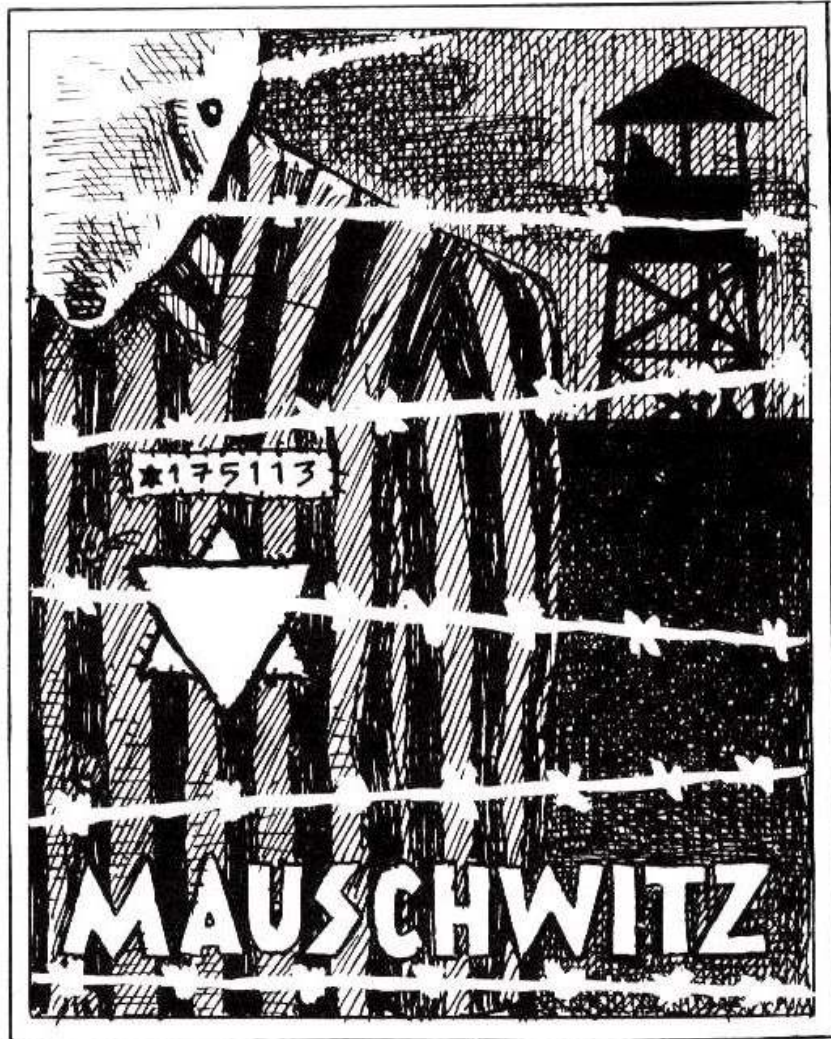
75 three/...and here my troubles began...

101 four/saved

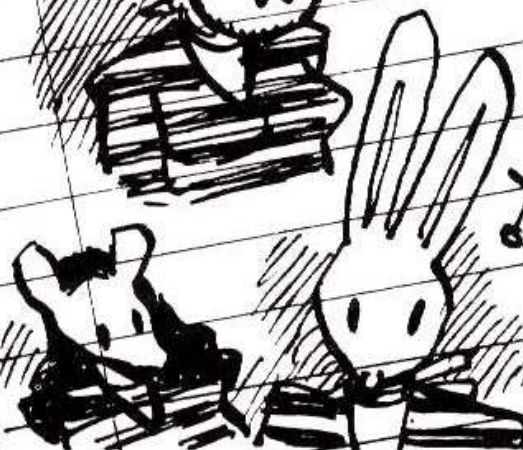
119 five/the second honeymoon



C H A P T E R O N E



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



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO DRAW YOU...



WANT ME TO POSE?

I MEAN IN MY BOOK. WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL SHOULD I MAKE YOU?

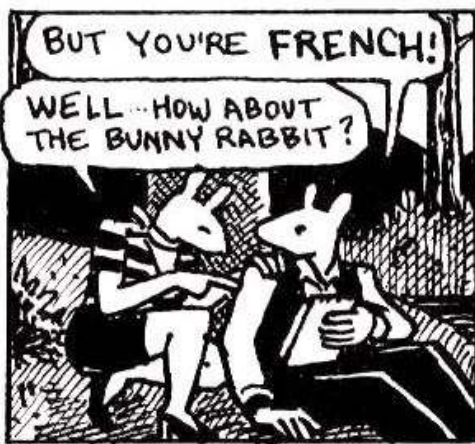


HUH? A MOUSE, OF COURSE!



BUT YOU'RE FRENCH!

WELL...HOW ABOUT THE BUNNY RABBIT?



NAH, TOO SWEET AND GENTLE.

HMMMPH.

I MEAN THE FRENCH IN GENERAL. LET'S NOT FORGET THE CENTURIES OF ANTI-SEMITISM...



I MEAN, HOW ABOUT THE DREYFUS AFFAIR? THE NAZI COLLABORATORS! THE —

OKAY! BUT IF YOU'RE A MOUSE, I OUGHT TO BE A MOUSE TOO.

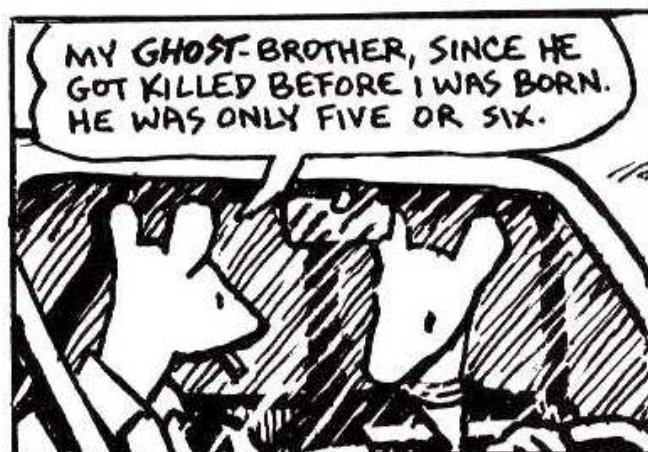
I CONVERTED DIDN'T I?



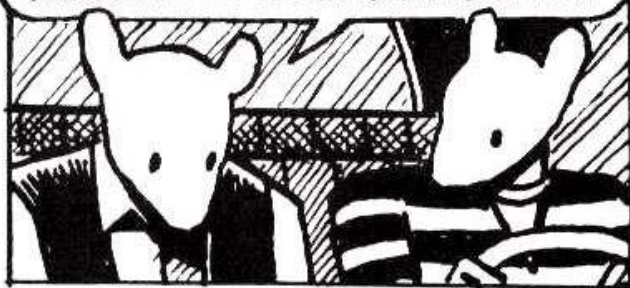








I NEVER FELT GUILTY ABOUT RICHIEU. BUT I DID HAVE NIGHTMARES ABOUT S.S. MEN COMING INTO MY CLASS AND DRAGGING ALL US JEWISH KIDS AWAY.



DON'T GET ME WRONG. I WASN'T OBSESSED WITH THIS STUFF... IT'S JUST THAT SOMETIMES I'D FANTASIZE ZYKLON B COMING OUT OF OUR SHOWER INSTEAD OF WATER.



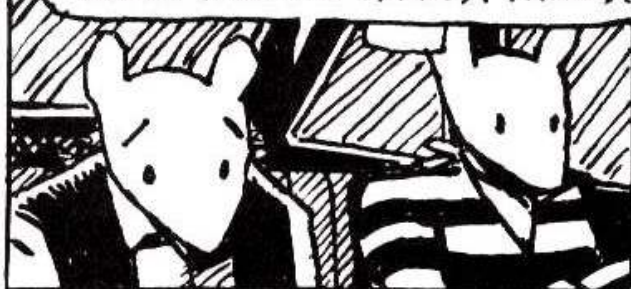
I KNOW THIS IS INSANE, BUT I SOMEHOW WISH I HAD BEEN IN AUSCHWITZ WITH MY PARENTS SO I COULD REALLY KNOW WHAT THEY LIVED THROUGH!

...I GUESS IT'S SOME KIND OF GUILT ABOUT HAVING HAD AN EASIER LIFE THAN THEY DID.



SIGH.

I FEEL SO INADEQUATE TRYING TO RECONSTRUCT A REALITY THAT WAS WORSE THAN MY DARKEST DREAMS.



AND TRYING TO DO IT AS A COMIC STRIP! I GUESS I BIT OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW. MAYBE I OUGHT TO FORGET THE WHOLE THING.



THERE'S SO MUCH I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND OR VISUALIZE. I MEAN, REALITY IS TOO COMPLEX FOR COMICS... SO MUCH HAS TO BE LEFT OUT OR DISTORTED.

JUST KEEP IT HONEST, HONEY.



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

HMMPH. LIGHT ME A CIGARETTE.



And so, the Catskills...













A few tense hours later...







NO! THE WAR PUT US
APART, BUT ALWAYS,
BEFORE AND AFTER,
WE WERE TOGETHER.

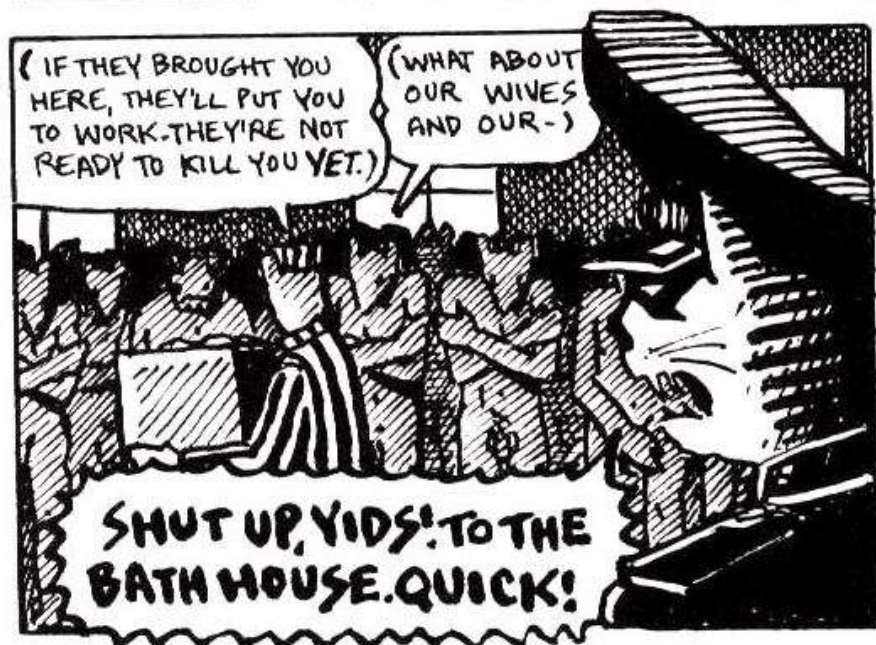


AUSCHWITZ WAS IN A TOWN
CALLED OSWIECIM. BEFORE
THE WAR I CAME OFTEN
HERE TO SELL MY TEXTILES.



WE CAME TO A BIG HALL
AND THEY SHOUTED ON US.

**GET UNDRRESSED!
LEAVE YOUR VALUABLES!
LINE UP! SCHNELL!**



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



IN THE SNOW THEY THREW TO US PRISONERS CLOTHINGS.

ONE GUY TRIED TO EXCHANGE.



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



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

HERE WAS ABRAHAM — MANDELBAUM'S NEPHEW!



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



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



BUT FROM ANOTHER ROOM
SOMEONE APPROACHED DVER



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 SHIPMENT OF MAYBE 400 MORE JEWS THERE.



IT WAS ROOM HARDLY TO MOVE. ONLY TO GO DOWN TO THE TOILET WAS 15 MINUTES WALKING ON THE UNLUCKY ONES SLEEPING ON THE FLOOR.



AND COMING BACK I COULDN'T FIND AGAIN WHERE IS MY BED.

IN THE BARRACK WAS A KAPO-A SUPERVISOR-HE WAS SCREAMING AND KICKING, WHATEVER HE COULD.



LINE UP IN ROWS OF FIVE, YOU SHITS! STAND STRAIGHT!

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



NOW LIE ON YOUR BELLIES. QUICK!



STAND UP! LIE DOWN!

STAND UP! FASTER!



LIE DOWN!

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

ONE TIME THIS BLOCK SUPERVISOR STARTED SCREAMING ON US:



HE TOOK THEM APART - BUT SENT THEM SOON BACK.

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



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



IN THE MORNING, THE S.S. CHOSE WHO TO TAKE FOR THE DAY TO WORK. WEAK ONES THEY PUT ON THE SIDE TO TAKE AWAY FOREVER. BEFORE THEY CAME TO ME, THEY TOOK ENOUGH.



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



IT MUST BE IT'S HIS BREAKFAST. SEE HOW HAPPY HE HAS IT HERE!

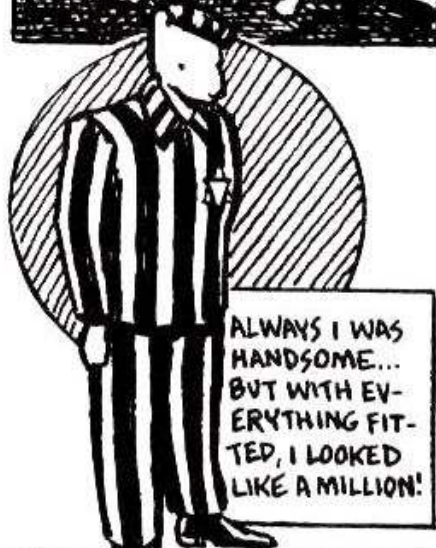


I WAS AFRAID TO LOOK. I WAS SO HUNGRY, I COULD GRAB ALL OF IT!



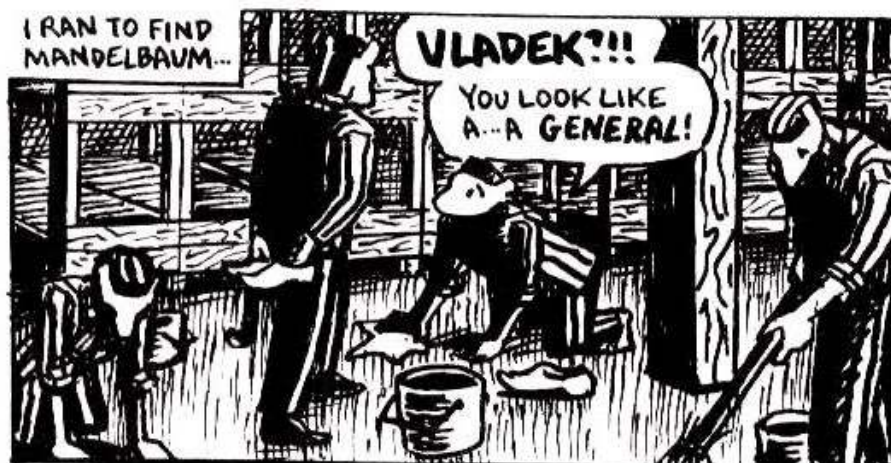
I ATE, ATE, ATE AS HE WATCHED. THEN I TAUGHT HIM A COUPLE HOURS AND WE SPOKE A LITTLE.





I EXPLAINED HIM EVERYTHING ABOUT MANDELBAUM.

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



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



SO YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO MANDELBAUM?

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



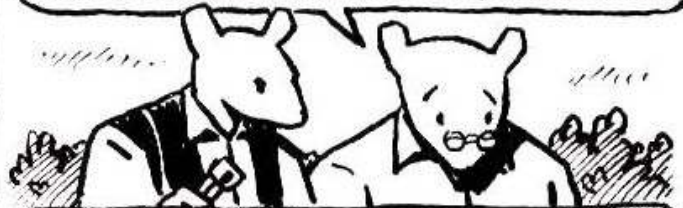
MAYBE ON THE WALK TO WORK, A GUARD GRABBED HIS CAP AWAY.



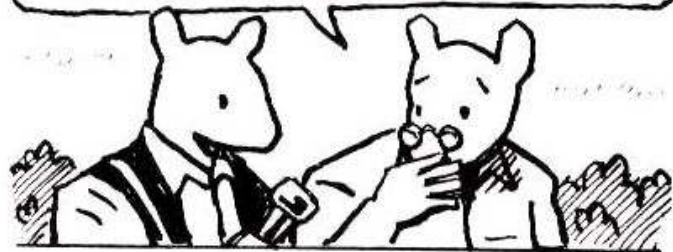
THE GUARD GOT A CONGRATULATIONS AND A FEW DAYS VACATION FOR STOPPING THE ESCAPE.



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



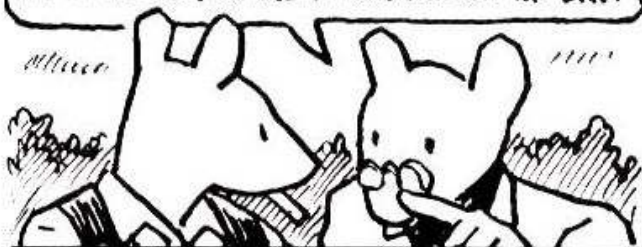
...MAYBE THEY KICKED AND HIT HIM IN HIS HEAD BECAUSE HE COULDN'T WORK FAST ENOUGH.



...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...



OF THE GROUP WHEN I ARRIVED, ONLY I REMAINED...



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



