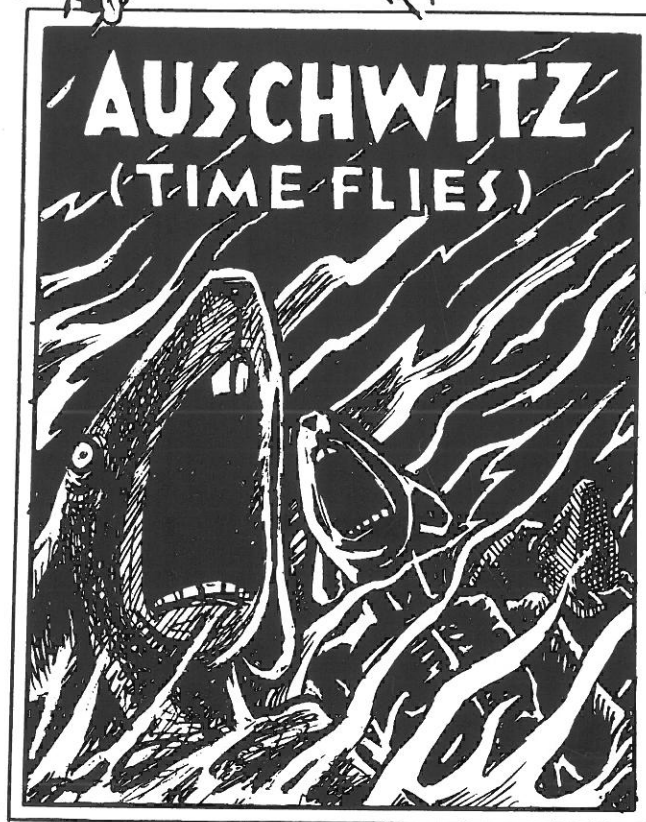
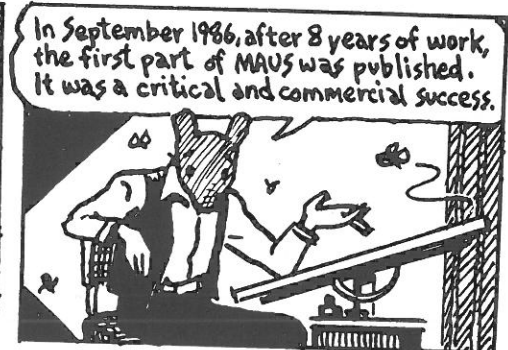


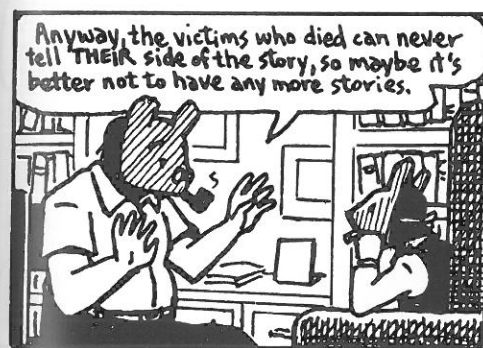
C H A P T E R T W O



Time flies...







My book? Hah! What book?? Some part of me doesn't want to draw or think about Auschwitz. I can't visualize it clearly, and I can't BEGIN to imagine what it felt like.



What Auschwitz felt like? Hmm... How can I explain?... YIII!

BOO!



It felt a little like *that*. But ALWAYS! From the moment you got to the gate until the very end.



So, what part of your book are you trying to visualize?

My father worked in a tin shop near the camp. I have no idea what kind of tools and stuff to draw. There's no documentation.



Let's see. There would be a cutter—like a giant paper cutter—and maybe an electric drill press or two.



How do you KNOW that?

Oh, I worked in a tool and die shop in Czechoslovakia when I was a kid.



But it's getting late now, and I still have to walk my dogs.

Okay. I'll see you in a week...



Gee. I don't understand exactly why...



but these sessions with Pavel somehow make me feel better...



Maybe I could show the tin shop and not draw the drill press. I hate to draw machinery.



And so...

...THEN, WHEN I CAME OUT FROM THE HOSPITAL, RIGHT AWAY SHE STARTED AGAIN THAT I CHANGE MY WILL!



PLEASE POP THE TAPE'S ON. LET'S CONTINUE...

I WAS STILL SO SICK AND TIRED. AND TO HAVE PEACE ONLY, I AGREED. TO MAKE IT LEGAL SHE BROUGHT RIGHT TO MY BED A NOTARY.



LET'S GET BACK TO AUSCHWITZ...

FIFTEEN DOLLARS HE CHARGED TO COME! IF SHE WAITED ONLY A WEEK UNTIL I WAS STRONGER, I'D GO TO THE BANK AND TAKE A NOTARY FOR ONLY A QUARTER!



ENOUGH! TELL ME ABOUT AUSCHWITZ!

Sigh YOU WERE TELLING ME HOW YOUR KAPO TRIED TO GET YOU WORK AS A TINSMITH...



YAH. EVERY DAY I WORKED THERE RIGHT OUTSIDE FROM THE CAMP...

THE CHIEF OF THE TINMEN IT WAS A RUSSIAN JEW NAMED YIDL.



BAM! YOU'RE NO TINSMITH. YOU CAN'T EVEN CUT IT RIGHT.

BUT THIS IS HOW I'VE ALWAYS DONE IT!...

I'VE ONLY BEEN A TINSMITH FOR A FEW YEARS. IF YOU SHOW ME HOW YOU WANT IT CUT I CAN LEARN QUICKLY.



HAH! YOU NEVER DID AN HONEST DAY'S WORK IN YOUR WHOLE LIFE, SPIEGELMAN! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU...



I DON'T KNOW WHERE FROM HE HEARD STORIES ABOUT ME.

YOU OWNED BIG FACTORIES AND EXPLOITED YOUR WORKERS, YOU DIRTY CAPITALIST!



HE WAS A COMMUNIST, THIS YIDL.

PFUI! THEY SEND DREK LIKE YOU HERE WHILE THEY SEND REAL TINMEN UP THE CHIMNEY. WATCH OUT. I'VE GOT MY EYE ON YOU!



I WAS AFRAID. HE COULD REALLY DO ME SOMETHING.

WITH THE OTHER BOYS THERE, I GOT ALONG FINE.



BRING HIM A FEW EGGS, SOME BUTTER OR CHEESE...



HA! AND WHERE DO I GET ALL THIS FOOD?



POLES FROM NEARBY THEY HIRED TO WORK ALSO HERE - NOT PRISONERS, BUT SPECIALIST BUILDING WORKERS...



THEY HAD NOTHING, ONLY FOOD FROM THEIR FARMS. THEY WERE HAPPY TO MAKE EXCHANGES.

THE HEAD GUY FROM THE AUSCHWITZ LAUN- DRY WAS A FINE FELLOW WHAT KNEW WELL MY FAMILY BEFORE THE WAR...



FROM HIM I GOT CIVILIAN CLOTHINGS TO SMUGGLE OUT BELOW MY UNIFORM. I WAS SO THIN THE GUARDS DIDNT SEE IF I WORE EXTRA.



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!

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

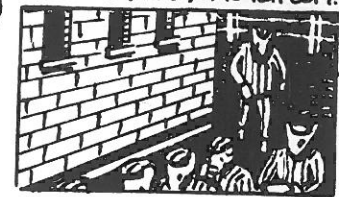


EVERYBODY WAS SO HUNGRY ALWAYS, WE DIDN'T KNOW EVEN WHAT WE ARE DOING...



IN THE MORNING FOR BREAK- FAST 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.



NEAR THE END WAS BETTER - SOLID THINGS TO THE BOTTOM FLOATED.

BUT TOO FARTO THE END IT WAS ALSO NO GOOD



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.

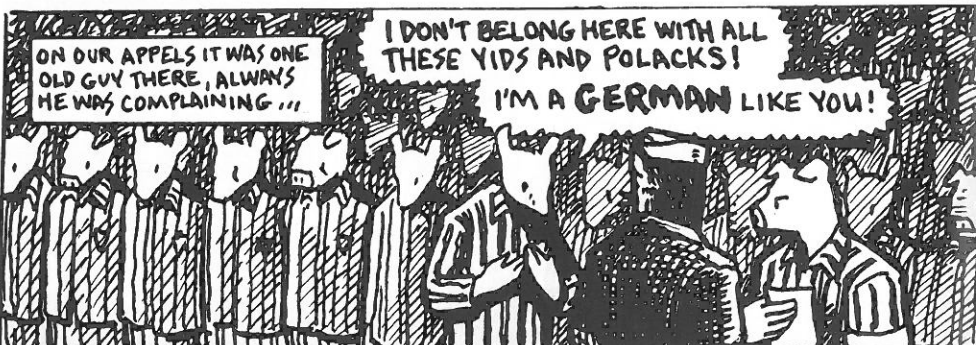
AND ONE TIME EACH DAY THEY GAVE TO US A SMALL BREAD, CRUNCHY LIKE GLASS.



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.



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

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

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 GERMANS 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...

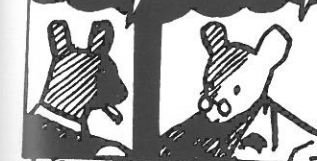
OR THEY SENT HIM TO THE GAS, I DON'T REMEMBER, BUT THEY FINISHED HIM AND HE NEVER ANYMORE COMPLAINED.

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

YA-

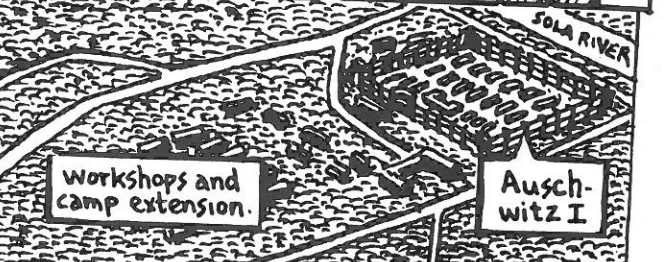
IN THE BEGINNING I KNEW ONLY HER NUMBER, AND THAT SHE WAS THERE. IN BIRKENAU.

THIS I FOUND OUT BY WORKERS FROM BIRKENAU WHAT PASSED WHERE I WAS TEACHING ENGLISH.



WHERE WAS BIRKENAU?

THE CAMP WAS A PART FROM AUSCHWITZ...



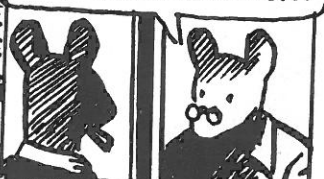
workshops and camp extension.

Auschwitz I



Auschwitz II Birkenau

IT WAS MAYBE 2 MILES TO GO FROM AUSCHWITZ TO BIRKENAU THERE IT WAS MUCH MORE BIG.



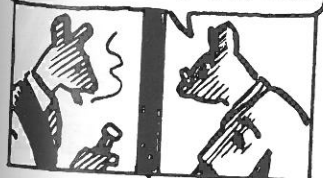
IN AUSCHWITZ WE HAD, SAY, 20,000 PRISONERS, IN BIRKENAU WAS AT LEAST 5 TIMES SO MANY.



AUSCHWITZ, IT WAS A CAMP WHERE THEY GAVE YOU TO WORK SO THEY DIDN'T 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 ANJA.





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

SO YOU WERE ACTU-
ALLY IN TOUCH WITH
ANJA IN BIRKENAU?



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

WAIT!
WHO'S
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.

SHE HAD A LOVER, I HEARD LATER. AN S.S.
MAN. HE GOT FOR HER A GOOD POSITION
OVER 10 OR 12 OTHER GIRLS FROM BIRKENAU.



(PSST, 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.



"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..."

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



LIKE TO RUN FROM THE KITCH-
EN WITH THE BIG CANS OF SOUP.

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.



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

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



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.

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

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



SHE COULD HAVE MORE NEWS OF ANJA.

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

AN ORCHESTRA?...



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

NO. AT THE GATE I HEARD ONLY GUARDS SHOUTING.



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?

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 NUREMBERG...

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...

YOU SAW ANJA?



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 I'D 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 TINMEN, AND YOU I SAVE.



WHY?!

SO I MARCHED WITH A FEW TINMEN 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.



MY GOD. THAT'S
VLADEK! I'LL
GO FIND ANJA!

I WAS SO HAPPY. SOMEONE
BROUGHT SOMEHOW ANJA OVER



SHE LOOKED
SO LIKE A
SKELETON.



YES. AND WHEN
SHE CAN, SHE
GETS ME JOBS
IN THE KITCHEN!



NO! SAVE YOUR
SCRAPS! WHAT
IF YOU LOSE THAT
JOB? WHAT IF
SOMETHING HAP-
PENS TO MANCIE?



I BEG YOU,
ANJA-KEEP
YOURSELF
STRONG. FOR
MY SAKE.



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...



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

A GUARD SCREAMED TO ME:

