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Anne Frank: From Shared Experiences to a Posthumous Literary Bond*

Anne Frank is the best known victim of the Nazis, the representative of all the Jewish children murdered by them. She has become an icon, the heroine of a romanticized play and a subsequent film that made her name a household word all over the world and, at least in this country, the object of

Laureen Nussbaum

heated debates about her putative Jewishness or the lack thereof. While she has risen to fame as a symbol, her talent and her aspirations as a writer have generally not been taken seriously. However, the editor of a recent anthology, *Women Writing in Dutch*, published by Garland Press, included Anne Frank among the 17 female Netherlandic authors whose writings deserve the attention of readers of English. He solicited contributions for the volume, and although my field of expertise is 20th century German literature, I was eager to write an essay about Anne Frank, since I had known her as a child in Amsterdam.¹

Anne and Margot Frank were born in Frankfurt/Main and so were my sisters and I. Just like the Frank girls, the three of us grew up as immigrant children in Amsterdam's "river district." The Franks had arrived there shortly after Hitler's take-over in 1933, when Margot was 7 and Anne was 4. My family fled to The Netherlands two and a half years later, just after I had finished third grade. In Frankfurt our parents had belonged to the same liberal Jewish community, and in Amsterdam they were instrumental in building up a similar progressive congregation. We never went to the same school, but Margot, my older sister and I would bike together to religious education classes. Anne and my little sister were too young. We liked the free life in Amsterdam and, before long, we transformed ourselves into Dutch girls although our parents were still struggling to adapt.

In May 1940, the German armies invaded The Netherlands, and after a few days of fighting, the Dutch government surrendered. Soon, conditions for Jews in Holland were no better than they had been in Germany. In the fall of 1941 our lives became more and more proscribed. We were barred from public schools, from theaters, concert halls, movie houses, parks and beaches – in short from any cultural or recreational venues. Trying to make the best of the situation, Jewish families banded together and organized chamber music recitals and play-reading sessions in their homes.

*Some sections of this article have appeared in *Mit den Augen eines Kindes* (1998), Viktoria Hertling, editor, and are used here with permission by Rodopi B. V.

Mr. Frank and my father hired a jobless refugee journalist to read the German classics (such as Goethe, Schiller and Lessing) with the adolescent refugee youngsters, including Margot and my older sister. Anne, my younger sister and I, together with some other eleven-to-fourteen-year-olds, rehearsed a play, which we performed in my parents' apartment to cheer up the older generation during the 1941 holiday season. I remember Anne's vivacity and her keen, quick mind. But the two of us were of similar temperament and, besides, she was two years younger than I. Hence, the idea of modeling myself after Anne never came up. Margot, on the other hand, was older than I by a year and a half. Since she was known to be very studious and since she comported herself in a ladylike manner, I looked up to her and wanted to emulate her example.

Shortly after we youngsters had performed our play, Jews were no longer allowed to avail themselves of public transportation. In May of 1942, we had to sew the invidious yellow star on our outer garments, and on July 5 of that same year, the first 4000 people, all of them refugees, received orders to report for "work camps" in Germany. Margot and my older sister were among these first 4000 Jews; Anne and I were too young. The next day, on July 6, the Frank family went into hiding as can be read in Anne's *Diary*. My sister received a deferment to give us a chance to "prove" by a legal procedure that our family was not fully Jewish. We succeeded by January of 1943, at which point my mother, my sisters and I could remove the yellow star from our clothing, while my father was henceforth more or less protected by the fact that he was married to someone who passed as a non-Jew.

The Frank family was less fortunate. On August 4, 1944, after 25 months of hiding, with the Allied troops already deep in France poised to liberate all of us, the Franks and their four fellow hidiers were arrested and sent to the transit camp Westerbork near the Dutch-German border. From there they were deported on the last train that went to Auschwitz, where four and a half grueling months later, Otto Frank was liberated by the Russians. They nursed the emaciated man back to life and arranged for his return to The Netherlands. When he arrived in Amsterdam in June of 1945, he was still hoping to be reunited with his daughters. Eventually, he found himself the only survivor of the eight hidiers. Of course, nobody could compensate Otto Frank for his terrible loss, but it gave him some comfort to find my family still intact at the same address where he had last seen us in 1942. He discussed with my parents whether or not he should publish Anne's writings. They urged him to do so, as did, indeed, many others, whose advice he sought. Two years later, in 1947, he was my husband's best man at our wedding.

That was the year Anne's *Achterhuis* (Back Quarters) was put to press for the first time. For quite a while, it seemed to me that the book's main merit lay in the fact that it was the spontaneous expression of a young girl, who despite the oppressiveness and the anxieties of living "underground," was trying to develop herself and to cut loose from her parents, in search of her own way through life. For all I knew, there was only one version of Anne's *Diary*, and although there were minor discrepancies between the Dutch and the subsequent English and German editions, I always believed Otto Frank's assertion that he had published "all that was essential." Unfortunately, he never put "as edited by her father, Otto Frank" underneath the title of the book. Had he been more knowledgeable in publishing matters, he would probably have done so, and that would have saved him a great deal of legal trouble after the book came out. Upon his death in 1980, he bequeathed Anne's manuscripts to the Netherlands State Institute for War Documentation.

In 1986, six years after the death of Mr. Frank, when this institute issued the integral, *Critical Edition of Anne Frank's Diary*, my eyes were at last opened.² On March 28, 1944, Minister Bolkestein – then Dutch Secretary of Education, the Arts and Sciences in exile – called via the BBC's Dutch program, *Radio Oranje*, for first-hand source materials. Stimulated by this enjoinder from London, Anne decided to rewrite her spontaneous entries with an eye to publication after the war. On May 20, 1944, the almost fifteen-year-old started her thoroughgoing revision, of which she had written more than 320 pages when she and the seven other hidewers were arrested by the Nazi authorities two and a half months later. Anne's revised text in the integral edition is printed as 'text *b*' under her original writings (the *a*-version). At the bottom of the page, one finds Otto Frank's published *c*-version, an amalgam of the versions *a* and *b*. Those who want to read the revised text Anne had prepared so diligently for publication, will have to consult the voluminous *Critical Edition*, which contains also the copious scientific apparatus of the authenticity studies. They will find it difficult not to be distracted by the parallel versions *a* and *c*.

In a review of the 1986 *Critical Edition of Anne Frank's Diary*, Mr. C. Blom, former director of Contact publishers, who had brought out the first edition of Anne Frank's *Diary* 40 years earlier, calls for "the definitive edition of *Het Achterhuis*, the complete publication of the final text as Anne Frank herself, had she been allowed to live, or her editor would most likely have handed it in."³ Yet, fifty-four years after the end of the Second World War, Anne Frank's final text, the one she intended for publication, still has not been printed as a book in its own right. During the anniversary year of 1995, a number of commemorative events took place designed to highlight Anne Frank – for instance, the première of the striking eyewitness film *Anne Frank Remembered* by the British documentary film maker Jon Blair. In the United States, the fiftieth anniversary of the liberation of the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, where Anne Frank had found her miserable death, was the occasion to put the American translation of the new Otto Frank/Mirjam Pressler-edition of *Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl* on the market. The pretentious subtitle, *The Definitive Edition*, turned out to be a totally unjustified, deceptive marketing device.⁴

There is, in fact, nothing "definitive" about this new edition of Anne's diary-letters. It even leaves out Anne's statement of May 20, 1944, in which she announces to "Kitty" that she has started work on the revision of her spontaneous entries in order to create the manuscript of *Het Achterhuis*. Sadly, the Pressler edition is a hodgepodge of Anne's revised texts, stitched together with bits and pieces of her original entries and offset by larger passages from the *a*-version, many of which Anne had rejected and eliminated in her astute and careful revision. Indeed, this new edition does even less justice to Anne's intentions than the original version edited by her father. Most objectionable, though, is the fact that in her "Foreword" Mirjam Pressler perpetuates the myth that Otto Frank had omitted mostly sexual themes and scathing remarks made by Anne about her mother, and that now, since the times have become more enlightened, we can handle a more complete text in which the teenage girl may at last speak freely for herself.⁵ Thus, Pressler appeals to the foolish curiosity of Anne Frank's large following and satisfies the public need to identify with her. The book is selling well to the benefit of the publishers and the Anne Frank Fund in Basel, Switzerland, sponsor of the new edition. For Anne Frank, who can no longer speak for herself, it certainly does nothing to gain her recognition as a writer in her own right.

Ruth Klüger, a well known Professor of German Literature from the University of California-Irvine, tells in her recent autobiography, *weiter leben*, how she had suffered in her youth from the patronizing highhandedness of editors. Born in Vienna in 1931, Klüger had survived the horrors of various concentration camps. In her book she recalls how, in 1945, a newspaper had published parts of her two Auschwitz poems, embedded in tearfully sentimental journalistic prose. Fourteen-year-old Klüger had been indignant that she wasn't taken seriously as a young poet, who had something to say about surviving Auschwitz. She was deeply hurt that, conversely, she was viewed only as a compassion-evoking child from the concentration camps, who had written some verses.⁶

Knowing Anne's personality and being aware of her intense ambition to become a writer, I am sure that she would have been equally indignant had she learned how she is being used as a symbol onto which millions of people can project their feelings of guilt and of compassion. After revising her original text with so much insight, skill and hard work, she, too, would feel deeply hurt by the fact that fifty-four years after her death, her literary intentions have still not been taken seriously, despite her dedicated efforts.

A reader poring over the *b*-version in *The Critical Edition of The Diary of Anne Frank* in order to see whether or not this fragment can stand on its own merits, will find it hard not to look at the parallel-printed *a*-version for the sake of comparison. In doing so, I could not help but be impressed with the astounding self-criticism and literary insight the barely fifteen-year-old Anne brought to bear upon her revision, omitting whole sections, reshuffling others, and adding supplementary information so as to create a most interesting and readable text. In the process, she must have utilized all of her writing talent and the know-how she gleaned from her extensive reading. Though growing up in The Netherlands and reading mostly in Dutch, Anne was thoroughly imbued with what

George Mosse calls the *Bildungsideal*, the enlightenment ideals of culture and education, to which most liberal and assimilated Jews in Germany had subscribed.⁷ In her diary entries Anne frequently includes critical remarks about her reading. From these comments the literary scholar Sylvia Patterson Iskander of the University of Southwestern Louisiana has compiled a list of the books Anne read during her two years in hiding. In addition to Cissy van Marxveldt's fiction for teenage girls, especially the first volume of the *Joop ter Heul* series that inspired Anne to write her entries in the form of letters, several first-class biographies of historical figures stand out on this reading list. Anne must have schooled her style on those books.⁸



Anne Frank, 1941, at age 12

While Anne's original diary sets in with trivia surrounding her thirteenth birthday, her revised manuscript starts eight days later, on June 20, 1942, with a very effective introduction in which she evokes the interest of the reader by belittling her aspirations as a diary writer. She explains that despite her popularity, she feels quite often lonely, and for this reason she wants to write her diary in letter form, as if addressing an imaginary girlfriend, Kitty, to

whom she can open her heart. After a short autobiographical sketch, her first "dear Kitty" epistle follows under the same date.

Anne only needs four entries in the revised text to make clear that, during the spring of 1942, her life as a Jewish 7th grader, forced to attend a segregated Jewish school in occupied Amsterdam, is still livable despite all of the unreasonable restrictions. This mode of existence comes to a close with the observance of the end of the school year early July, in the Joodse Schouwburg (Jewish Theatre), a place that at this juncture was not yet connected with the subsequent horrors of deportation. In an especially well written and compact entry, Anne tells us how, during a brief walk with her father, she learns for the first time about the family's hiding plans, and she touches upon the fears this prospect invokes in her (204).

A few days later, the Franks' hiding plans are implemented. Anne's very gripping account of the consternation is well known: on Sunday, July 5, her sixteen-year-old sister, Margot, receives an order to report for work in Germany which is followed by the very quick decision for the whole family to go into hiding the next day. Father Frank included Anne's *b*-version of those fateful days almost unchanged in his early edition of *Het Achterhuis*. The same holds true for Anne's detailed description of the location and of all the rooms of the annex, a section that exists only in her revision. With that depiction, Anne very consciously laid the groundwork for her

later diary letters, so the reader can form a clear image of the place where she was hiding and doing her chores; where she was studying, arguing, agonizing and hoping; and where under the pressures of the time she developed rapidly into an autonomous person and into a young writer.

When, shortly afterwards, the family Van Pels moves into the annex, Anne skillfully sketches each of its members with a brief and telling comment. She uses this occasion to have Mr. Van Pels report how he helped spread the rumor that the Frank family had probably escaped to Switzerland (219-221), a tale of wishful thinking, which, incidentally, my family heard and believed, too.

Anne shows a remarkable gift for observation, and what she observes, she renders succinctly, often in the form of a short dialogue. A good example is her description of an argument between mother Frank and mother Van Pels about unselfishness. It ends like a vignette:

Mrs. Van Pels returned and started to wrangle loudly, in German, in a mean and uncivilized

manner, just like a fat, red fishwife; it was a joy to behold. If I could draw, I would have loved to draw her in that pose; she was so funny, that little, crazy, stupid woman. I, certainly, learned one thing and that is – you only get to know people for real if you've had a good brawl with them. Then and only then can you judge their character! (255-256)

The reader is not likely to forget scenes like this one, nor Anne's humorous description of herself as "an island between the waves of beans" after a bag of brown beans had burst open on the attic staircase right above her head (301). In addition, she agonizes over the increasing number of deportations of Jewish people she knew and about the horrible conditions in the camps. After the BBC newscast mentions gassing, a deeply perturbed Anne writes on October 9, 1942: "Maybe this is the quickest way to die."

The increasing danger for Jews causes the seven hiders to take in an eighth person. In the middle of November, 1942, dentist Pfeffer joins them. He has heart-rending stories to tell about the deportations. Compared to that, Anne deems her own feelings of forlornness, of "a great void" around her, trivial. Yet, she is bothered by the fact that she is often being misinterpreted and that people get upset with her for no good reason (Nov. 20, 1942).

While revising her text, Anne eliminated most of the



Lauren Klein, 1942, at age 15

bursts of anger formerly directed against her mother. In the light of the prevailing myth, it is interesting that Otto Frank reinstated in the *c*-version, for example, in the entry of October 3, 1942, some nasty comments Anne herself had omitted in her revision. The same holds true for Anne's remark about her longing for her first menstruation, which she elided in her rewrite. Father Frank included it in the *c*-version of the October 29, 1942, entry.

Anne's *a*-version from Mr. Pfeffer's arrival to December 22, 1943, has been lost, except for a few, dispersed passages. Hence, for these thirteen months, editors Otto Frank and later Mirjam Pressler had to rely almost exclusively on Anne's revised *b*-text, much to the benefit of the composition and literary quality of this part, I believe. The revised text covering this period comprises most of those illustrative vignettes which tend to stay with the readers of Anne's *Diary*.

On the one hand, there is the systematic description of the daily routine of the eight people in hiding, written in August 1943 (for example, the evening and morning activities, the lunch break and the main meal with witty thumbnail sketches of each of the eaters around the table), and on the other hand, there are the special episodes that interrupt this routine. Anne, the keen observer, reports with insight and flair, be it on a dentist's treatment (325-326) or on an air raid (360). Her "Ode to My Fountain Pen" is a true jewel of autobiographical story telling (413-414).

In addition, Anne writes lovingly about the rescuers, the family's faithful helpers:

Miep is just a little pack horse, carrying ever so much. Almost daily she tracks down vegetables somewhere, and she brings everything in big shopping bags on her bike. She also is the one who supplies us with library books. We always look forward eagerly to Saturday because that is when the books come, just like little children who get presents. Normal people don't know what books mean to folks like us, who live locked up. Reading, studying and the radio are our only diversions. (366)

There are other, recurrent themes: the shortage of food; the news from outside, mostly focusing on the progress of the war; and the heated arguments between Anne and her mother, between Mr. and Mrs. Van Pels, between the Frank family and the Van Pels family, and between the latter and Mr. Pfeffer. On March 27, 1943, reporting about a German decree ordering that within a few weeks the Germanic countries "had to be cleansed of Jews," Anne comments acidly, "as if they were cockroaches."

On November 8 of the same year, she reflects in a most poetic way about her fear that the family hide-out will no longer be a safe oasis. A few weeks later, she describes a nightmare about her schoolfriend Hanneli Goslar, imagining her far away in a concentration camp, begging for Anne's help. She expresses her deep regret about the fact that she had once deserted this very good friend, and she ponders about Hanneli's faith in God and about the difference between her friend's terrible fate and her own good luck (422-423).⁹ This last entry demon-

strates an increase in Anne's critical introspection in the fall of 1943.

In revising her text covering most of that calendar year, the young writer had concentrated on vivid descriptions of life in the *Achterhuis*. Towards the end of the year, however, her focus shifts to her transition from adolescence to adulthood: to her growing inner independence from her parents, her increasing sense of autonomy. Anne's mood fluctuates between gratitude for her relatively safe existence in the hide-out and resentment for having her carefree youth and her freedom taken away by the Nazis.

From December 22, 1943, onwards, we have again an *a*- and a *b*-version to compare. There is Anne's telling description of a much-appreciated Christmas visit by the wife of one of the rescuers: "If somebody just comes in from the outside, with the wind in his clothes and the cold on his face, then I would like to put my head under the blankets, so as not to think: 'When will we again be allowed to smell outside air?'" Anne craves to feel young and free, but she also notes that she has to control her feelings. The *b*-version of her text of December 24, 1943, closes with the following words: "Just imagine if all eight of us were to start complaining or putting on unhappy faces, where would we end up?"

Otto Frank apparently deemed it necessary here, as well as in subsequent entries, to supplement Anne's revised version with more lachrymose passages she had eliminated and sometimes also with passages from other entries. Consequently, the tidy composition of Anne's *b*-version goes lost.

The long entry of January 5-6, 1944, omitted by Anne, was also reinstated by Otto Frank. It tells about a psychological wound inflicted on Anne by her mother years ago. Similarly, in the process of rewriting her text of March 2, 1944, Anne had left out criticism of her elders in the house, especially of her mother. Otto Frank reinserted most of those observations in his *c*-version. In the light of the prevailing myth, it is even more curious that father Frank reinstated Anne's spontaneous remarks about her developing body, her menstruation, and her "terrible urge" to touch her breasts in bed at night, while Anne had elided those passages in her revision (442-443).

It is difficult to reconstruct what principles or ideas might have guided father Frank in the editing of the *c*-version. I remember him as an especially endearing father, much more involved in his daughters' lives and upbringing than was usual among the refugee-fathers of my parents' circle of friends and acquaintances. Apparently, Otto Frank felt a need to preserve, both for himself and for the reader, the image of his tempestuous little Anne and did not know how to deal with the more objective, spiritually more autonomous young writer. Most notably from the available texts of the first months of 1944, he selected time and again the more emotional passages of Anne's *a*-version, some of which Anne had dispensed with, while she had reworked others into fictional stories. Already in 1943, parallel with her diary entries, she had written some short prose fiction, meant for a separate book of stories. At the end of February 1944, she sublimated her vision about her beloved maternal grandmother (see *a*-version December 29, 1943) into the consolatory story "The Guardian Angel" and

shortly after that, she turned her crush on Peter Van Pels into the teenage love story "Happiness." Both pieces can be found in Anne Frank's *Tales from the Secret Annex*.¹⁰

By the time she was rewriting her entries of the beginning of 1944, Anne had gone through a great deal of inner development, and she had distanced herself from her impassioned infatuation with Peter. On June 14, she notes that he is letting her down in numerous ways, and on July 6, she writes that she finds Peter weak, that he tends to look for the easy way out, and that, sadly, he has not set himself a concrete goal in life. Finally, on July 15, she mentions that she is pondering a great deal about him: "I know very well that I conquered him instead of Peter conquering me. I designed a dream image of him, choosing to see him as a quiet, sensitive, dear boy. [...] Now he clings to me and, for the time being, I can't find a way to shake him off and stand him on his own two feet." This insight informed Anne's approach to her revision. Major passages gushing with enthusiasm about Peter, written less than half a year earlier, she excluded in her rewrite. A few

other Peter-texts she changed.

The same holds true for her retrospective of March 7, 1944, in which she disengages herself spiritually from her parents. In this very courageous affirmation of life, she eliminates Peter altogether.

Father Frank ignored all of that evidence of growth, and he did not notice that Anne writes on May 19, 1944, the day before she starts on the manuscript for her intended book, *Het Achterhuis*, that she had withdrawn her inner self from Peter and locked it away from him.



Laureen & Rudi Nussbaum's wedding.
Otto Frank seen in the window.

I believe that being in love had made her feel vulnerable. Once she had decided to write in earnest, she needed to concentrate her energies on the task she had set herself. How else could she have produced the hundreds of pages of her rewrite within the span of only ten weeks, even while keeping up her spontaneous diary as well as her reading and her studies?

In recent months, the emergence of five hitherto unknown pages in Anne's handwriting has again focused attention on her diaries. During the last year of his life, Otto Frank had entrusted these five pages to his friend Cor Suijk, then a staff member of the Anne Frank Foundation. Mr. Frank did not want to have their contents known as long as either he or his second wife could be questioned about it. This condition now being fulfilled, Mr. Suijk understandably decided it was time to add the five pages to the Institute of War Documentation's collection of Anne's manuscripts, and he asked me to translate them into English.

The three most striking pages are dated February 8, 1944. Under that date, the *Critical Edition* only features a text from Anne's *a*-version. This published text ends with an elision, the only one in this edition. A footnote says that 47 lines were omitted here at the request of the Frank family, since supposedly Anne had given "an extremely unkind and partly unfair picture of her parents' marriage." I am not familiar with these 47 lines. However, the three aforementioned pages saved by Mr. Suijk contain the *b*-version of the eliminated passage.

In previous entries, Anne had repeatedly pondered about her strained relationship with her mother. Under the date of January 2, 1944, she had acknowledged that she herself was partly to blame for the tensions. In the hitherto withheld *b*-version of her entry of February 8, Anne tries to explain her mother's harshness as a result of a deep sadness. During a previous conversation with her father, Anne had learned that as a young man, he had not been able to marry his great love. She now thinks that mother Frank senses that her husband does not love her as passionately as she loves him, which cannot help but embitter her. Anne would like to extend herself more to her mother, but the latter's coldness makes an approach impossible. Nonetheless, she is trying sincerely to do justice to her mother. In this revised version, Anne's reflections on her parents' marriage are anything but "extremely unkind," nor are they totally unfair and unfounded according to chapter 8 of Melissa Müller's recent biography of Anne Frank.¹¹

Her parents' marriage kept occupying Anne's mind. In a most important entry of May 11, 1944, Anne expresses her wish to become a writer. She intends to publish a book after the war. The title will be "*Het Achterhuis*" and it will be based on her diary entries. As a second major project she mentions the completion of the fragment "*Cady's Life*," in which the title figure will not marry her great love. Anne closes her outline with the sentence: "This is not sentimental nonsense for it is modeled on the story of Daddy's life."

In his *c*-version, Otto Frank left out the whole "*Cady*" section, including the last sentence. The passage is not derived from Anne's revised text, since she was unable to complete her rewrite before the arrest on August 4. The *b*-version does not extend beyond March 29, 1944, and, yet, in many of the spontaneous *a*-texts of the subsequent four months, it is evident that the young writer was thinking of publication.

That makes it hard to comprehend why Otto Frank gave Cor Suijk two additional pages, which he wanted to withhold from the keepers of the bulk of Anne's manuscripts. They contain an alternative introduction to Anne's *b*-version, which is equally literary as the well known one, printed under June 20, 1942. In both texts she plays down her aspirations as a diarist in order to whet the reader's curiosity. In the published version she states that "nobody will be interested in the outpourings of a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl." On the so-far unknown loose pages, she asserts that she will see to it that nobody will ever lay hands on her diary entries. Father Frank, underestimating his daughter's literary prowess, took the latter remark much too literally and, therefore, was afraid he might be accused of having published Anne's writings against her wish. Nothing

could be farther from the truth. With her intensive revision, Anne purposefully prepared for the publication of her diary letters.

After an emotional crisis on April 4-5, 1944, when she was still mulling over the notion of converting her diary notes into a publishable book, Anne pulls herself together and writes:

I have to work in order not to remain stupid and to get ahead, to become a journalist, because that's what I want to be. I know that I have writing ability, a number of my stories are good, my *Achterhuis* descriptions show a sense of humor, much of my diary is expressive, but [...] whether I have real talent remains to be seen. [...] Around here, I am my own best and sharpest critic. I am quite aware of what is well written and what is not.

A week later, on April 11, 1944, Anne gives a most fascinating account of the scare caused by a burglary in the premises at the Prinsengracht and of its effect on the people hiding there. Even unrevised, this long entry is a small masterpiece which Anne finishes again with a courageous affirmation of life and of her own inner resources.

With the Allies' invasion of Normandy on June 6, 1944, hope and impatience as well as fear of military violence enter into Anne's existence. In addition, her inner development toward the person she wants to become quite naturally has its ups and downs. Hence, her spontaneous entries often lack balance. Therefore, it would not be an easy task to distill a final version out of Anne's texts of her last four months in hiding, as called for by Mr. Blom. Yet, it is high time that interested people will be able to read the major fragment of Anne's book exactly the way she prepared it for publication.

The integral edition with its parallel *a*-, *b*-, and *c*-versions remains an indispensable tool for critical research. In it, one can trace Anne's socialization process, as Berteke Waaldijk and Denise de Costa from the Women's Studies Department at the University of Utrecht have done.¹² In fact, the latter's fine study, *Anne Frank and Etty Hillesum: Inscripting Spirituality and Sexuality* has recently been translated into English.¹³ One can also delve into the development of Anne's writing style as I did in a Dutch periodical for language teachers.¹⁴ These kinds of feminist, developmental or comparative studies are of scholarly interest, just as it is relevant for experts to juxtapose the sketches by Van Gogh with his subsequent paintings of the same motifs. Similarly, the examination of Goethe's *Urfaust* in parallel print with his much later *Faust I* has surely led to worthwhile insights. In both cases, however, the scholarly interest in the genesis of a work was sparked by the recognition of the final product as a piece of art.

Only when I started concentrating on Anne Frank's writing for the American anthology mentioned at the beginning of this essay, did it become clear to me that the history of the publication of Anne Frank's *Diary* is an anomaly. For the last few years, I have been trying to explain to readers and audiences in this country, in The Netherlands and in Germany that it is high time we take Anne Frank seriously as a writer and demand the publication of her *Achterhuis* in the form she

envisaged. I have had some input at the Netherlands State Institute for War Documentation. At this point, I am not sure, though, whether its editors will heed all of my advice when publishing the new *Critical Edition of The Diary of Anne Frank* that will include the recently emerged five pages (and hopefully also the previously elided 47 lines of the *a*-version entry of February 8, 1944). While I was not a intimate friend of Anne when we were children, my recent preoccupation with her *Achterhuis* has brought me quite close to her. Since she has been silenced, I feel I have to stand up for Anne Frank, the writer. Her literary work merits it.

Endnotes

¹Laureen Nussbaum, "Anne Frank." In *Women Writing in Dutch*. Ed. by Kristiaan Aercke. New York/London: Garland Publishing House, 1994, pp. 523-575.

²*The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition*. Ed. by David Barnouw and Gerrold van der Stroom. Trans. Arnold J. Pomerans and B.M. Mooyaart. New York/London: Doubleday, 1989.

Quotations from Ann Frank's Diaries in the text will be from this edition; page numbers are cited in parentheses.

³Opinion Piece in *NRC-Handelsblad*, May 14, 1988.

⁴Anne Frank, *The Diary of a Young Girl: The Definitive Edition*. Trans. Susan Massotty. New York/London, etc.: Doubleday, 1995.

⁵*Ibid.*, p. VI.

⁶Ruth Klüger, *weiter leben - Eine Jugend*. Göttingen: Wallstein, 1992, p. 198

⁷George Mosse, *German Jews beyond Judaism*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1985.

⁸Sylvia Patterson Iskander, "Anne Frank's Reading." In *Children's Literature Association Quarterly* 13, No. 3 (Fall 1988), pp. 137-141; see also Iskander, "Anne Frank's Autobiographical Style." In *Children's Literature Association Quarterly* 16, No. 2 (Summer 1991), pp. 78-81.

⁹Ironically, in the end, Hanneli Goslar survived the war. In Willy Lindwer's moving book *The Last Seven Months of Anne Frank* (Trans. Alison Meerschaert, New York: Pantheon Press, 1991) – based on interviews with six women who were in concentration camps with the Frank girls – Hannah Pick-Goslar tells how she tried to help Anne in Bergen-Belsen shortly before Anne succumbed.

¹⁰Translated by Michael Mok and Ralph Manheim. New York: Washington Square Press, 1983.

¹¹Melissa Müller, *Anne Frank: The Biography*, trans. by Rita and Robert Kimber. New York: Henry Holt, 1998.

¹²Berteke Waaldijk, "Reading Anne Frank as a Woman." In *Women's Studies International Forum* 16, No. 4. (1993), pp. 327-335. See also Denise de Costa, " 'We zitten hier als uitgestotenen': Ballingschap en (zelf)censuur in de dagboeken van Anne Frank." In *Lover* No. 2 (1994), pp. 4-7.

¹³Denise de Costa, *Anne Frank and Etty Hillesum....* Trans. from Dutch by Mischa F.C. Hoyink and Robert E. Chesal. Camden, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1997.

¹⁴Laureen Nussbaum, "Schrijven met Anne Frank." In *Levende Talen* 486 (Jan. 1994), pp. 4-8.

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