
AUTHORS OF PLAY

The Diary of Anne Frank was an immediate critical and popular success, with reviewers particularly enthusiastic about Anne's spirit, optimism, and nobility. The play represented the pinnacle of Goodrich and Hackett's career. However, over the years, criticism mounted against the play for inaccurately representing Anne's own words as well as the Jewish experience of the Holocaust. Wendy Kesselman revised the script and mounted a production in 1997, but the commentary brought about by this new version of Anne's life in hiding contributes to the reader's understanding of the monumental task that faced Goodrich and Hackett in the 1950s, as they attempted to bring together the contradictory aspects of Anne Frank.

Goodrich and Hackett had become interested in a different sort of project: an adaptation of The Diary of Anne Frank. They worked on this script for two years, even meeting with Otto Frank and visiting the attic where the Franks and four other Jews hid from the Nazis. The play opened on Broadway in 1955, and it was the high point of their careers, earning a Tony Award and the Pulitzer Prize.



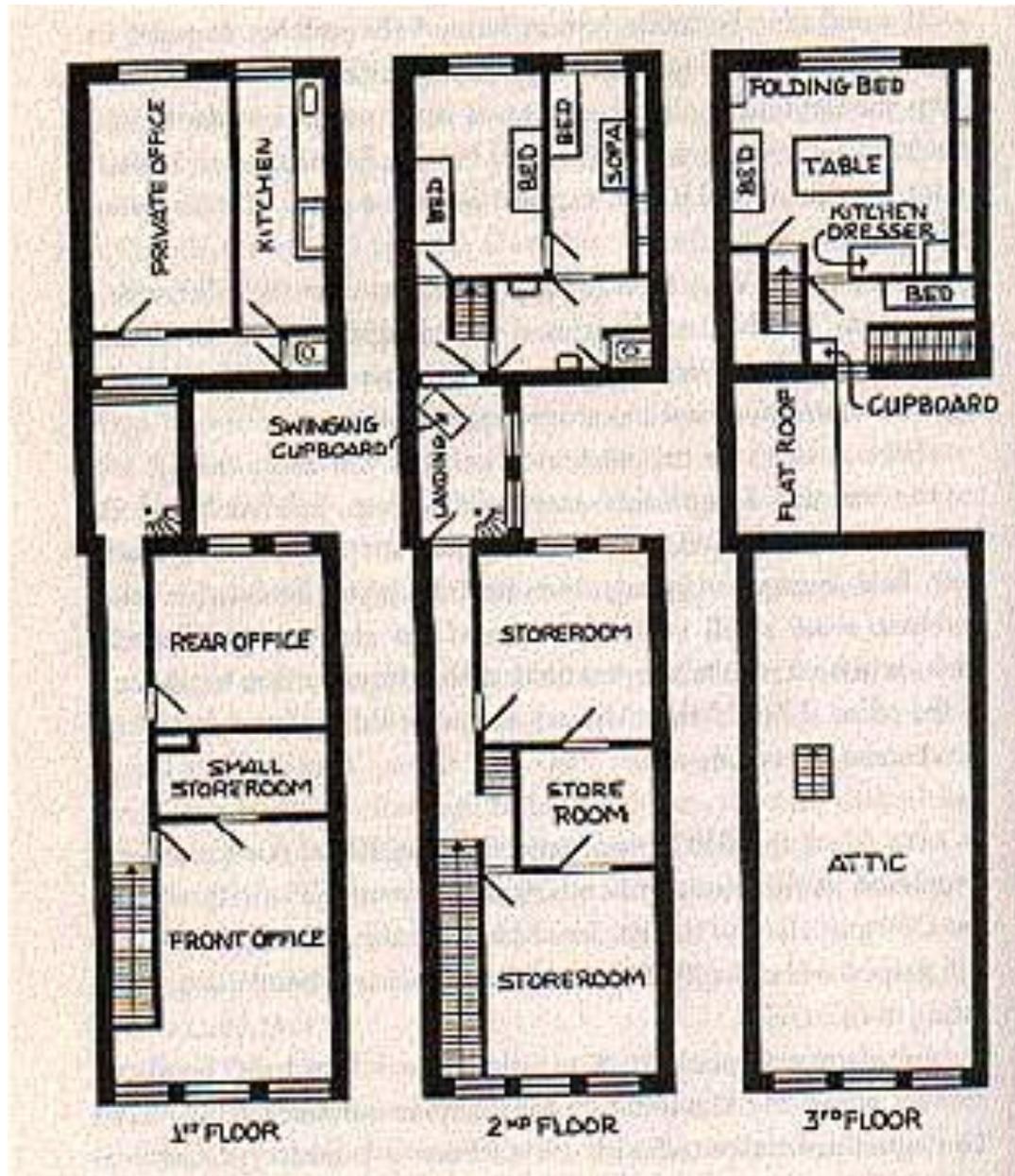
PEOPLE IN HIDING & HELPERS



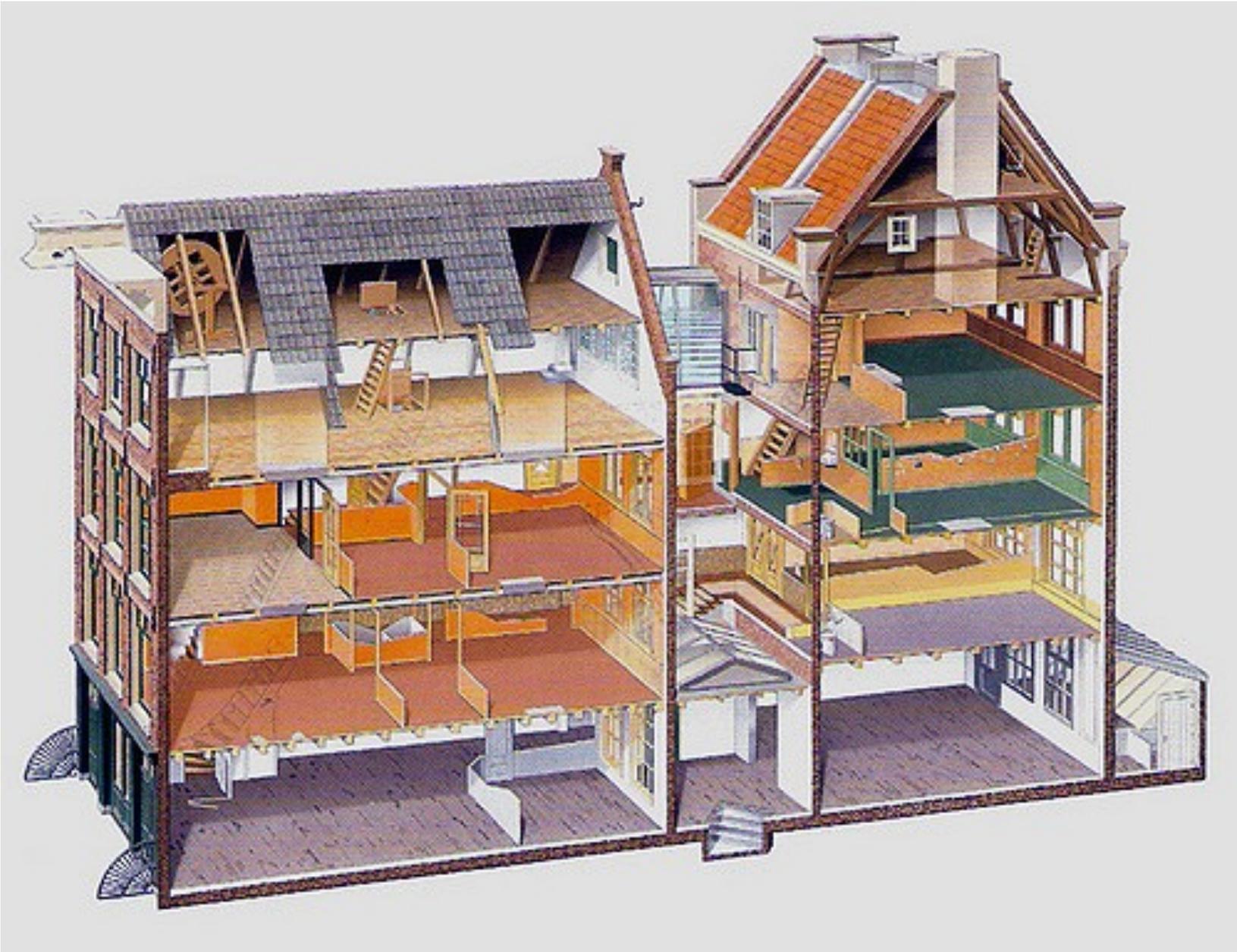
HIDING LOCATION



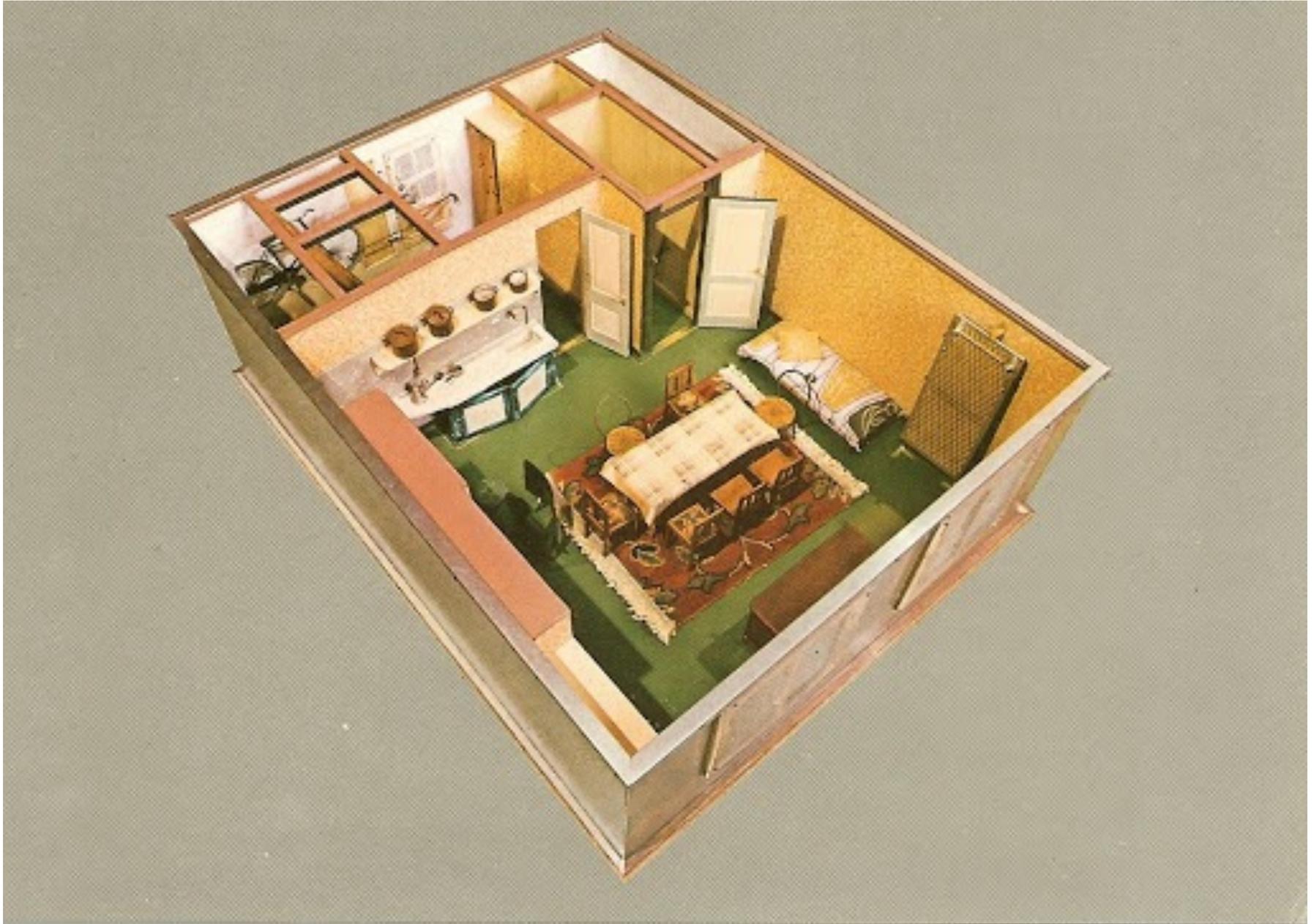
LAYOUT & HOUSE



THE ANNEX



THE ANNEX



BOOKCASE

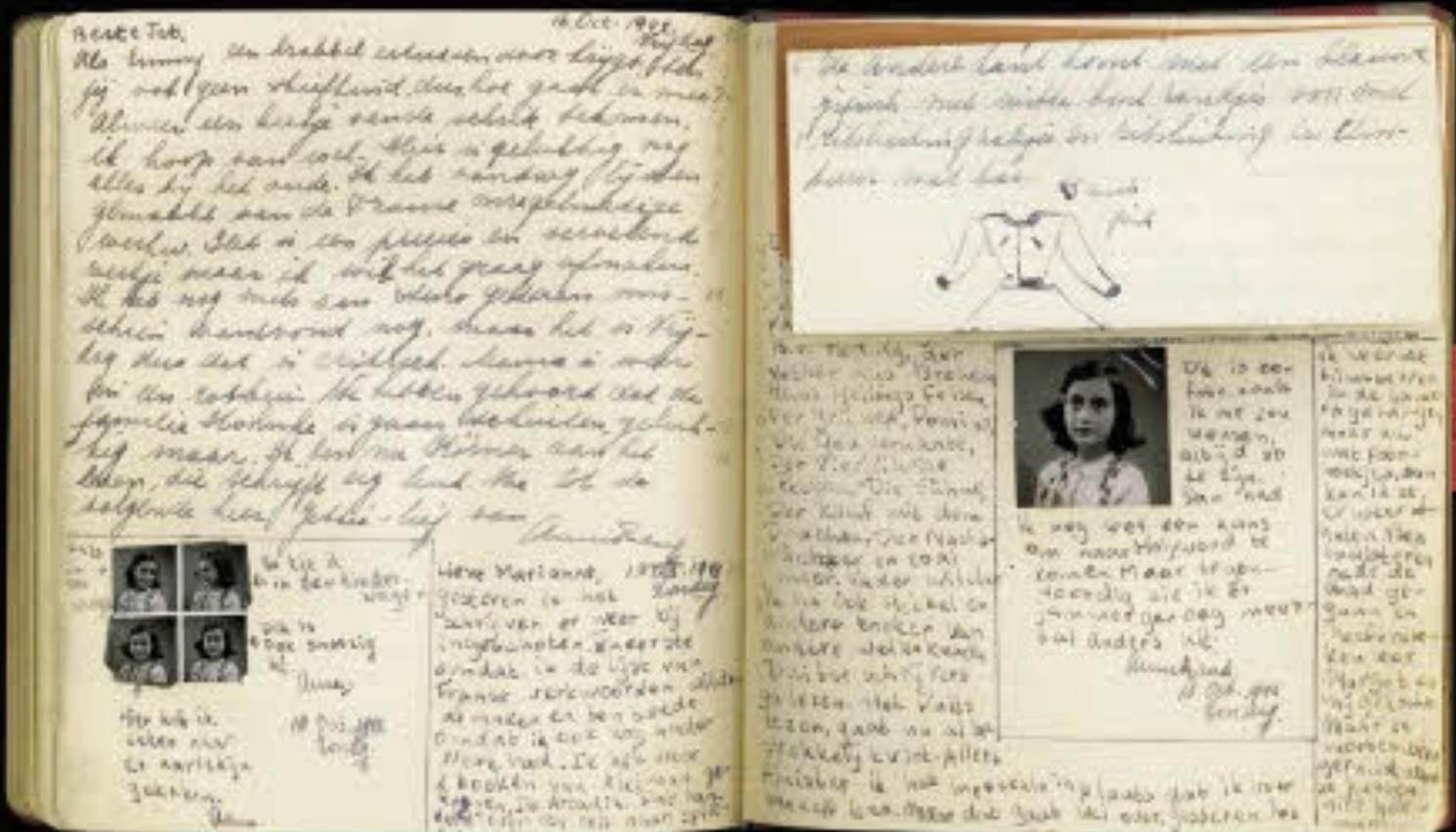
Ghetto Fighters' House



THE DIARY



THE DIARY



AMSTERDAM HOUSES

Expressionist architecture was individualistic and in many ways eschewed aesthetic dogma,^[7] but it is still useful to develop some criteria which defines it. Though containing a great variety and differentiation, many points can be found as recurring in works of Expressionist architecture, and are evident in some degree in each of its works.

1. Distortion of form for an emotional effect.^[8]
2. Subordination of realism to symbolic or stylistic expression of inner experience.
3. An underlying effort at achieving the new, original, and visionary.
4. Profusion of works on paper, and models, with discovery and representations of concepts more important than pragmatic finished products.
5. Often hybrid solutions, irreducible to a single concept.^[9]
6. Themes of natural romantic phenomena, such as caves, mountains, lightning, crystal and rock formations.^[10] As such it is more mineral and elemental than florid and organic which characterized its close contemporary art nouveau.
7. Uses creative potential of artisan craftsmanship.
8. Tendency more towards the gothic than the classical. Expressionist architecture also tends more towards the romanesque and the rococo than the classical.
9. Though a movement in Europe, expressionism is as eastern as western. It draws as much from Moorish, Islamic, Egyptian, and Indian art and architecture as from Roman or Greek.^[11]
10. Conception of architecture as a work of art.^[9]



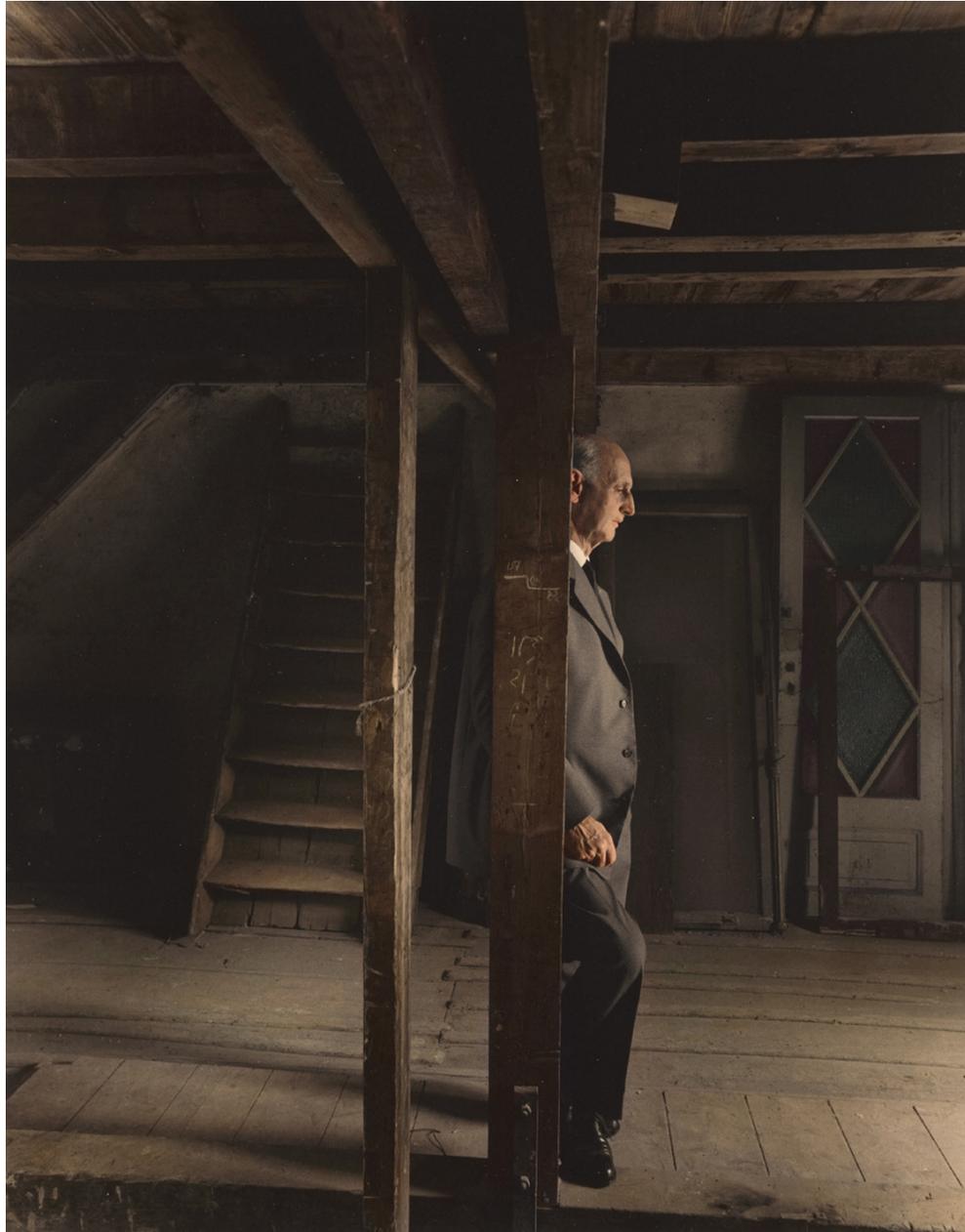
AMSTERDAM HOUSES



AMSTERDAM HOUSES



OTTO INSIDE ANNEX



ATTICS - A-FRAME



ATTICS - A-FRAME



WESTERTON CLOCK



CHESTNUT TREE

The tree is mentioned three times^[7] in Anne Frank's diary *The Diary of a Young Girl*. On 23 February 1944, she writes about the tree:

Ik ga haast elke ochtend naar de zolder waar Peter werkt om de bedompte kamerlucht uit mijn longen te laten waaien. Vanuit mijn lievelingsplekje op de grond kijk ik naar de blauwe hemel, naar de kale kastanjeboom aan wiens takken kleine druppeltjes schitteren, naar de meeuwen en de andere vogels, die in hun scheervlucht wel van zilver lijken. [...] 'Zolang dit nog bestaat', dacht ik 'en ik het mag beleven, deze zonneschijn, die hemel waaraan geen wolk is, zolang kan ik niet treurig zijn'.

Nearly every morning I go to the attic to blow the stuffy air out of my lungs, from my favorite spot on the floor I look up at the blue sky and the bare chestnut tree, on whose branches little raindrops shine, appearing like silver, and at the seagulls and other birds as they glide on the wind. [...] As long as this exists, I thought, and I may live to see it, this sunshine, the cloudless skies, while this lasts I cannot be unhappy.^[8]

Otto Frank, Anne's father, described his thoughts upon reading the diary for the first time in a 1968 speech. He described his surprise at learning of the tree's importance to Anne as follows:

How could I have suspected that it meant so much to Anne to see a patch of blue sky, to observe the gulls during their flight and how important the chestnut tree was to her, as I recall that she never took an interest in nature. But she longed for it during that time when she felt like a caged bird. She only found consolation in thinking about nature. But she had kept such feelings completely to herself.^[9]



PAINTINGS DURING WW2: BOMBERG



PAINTINGS DURING WW2: LOWRY & BLITZ



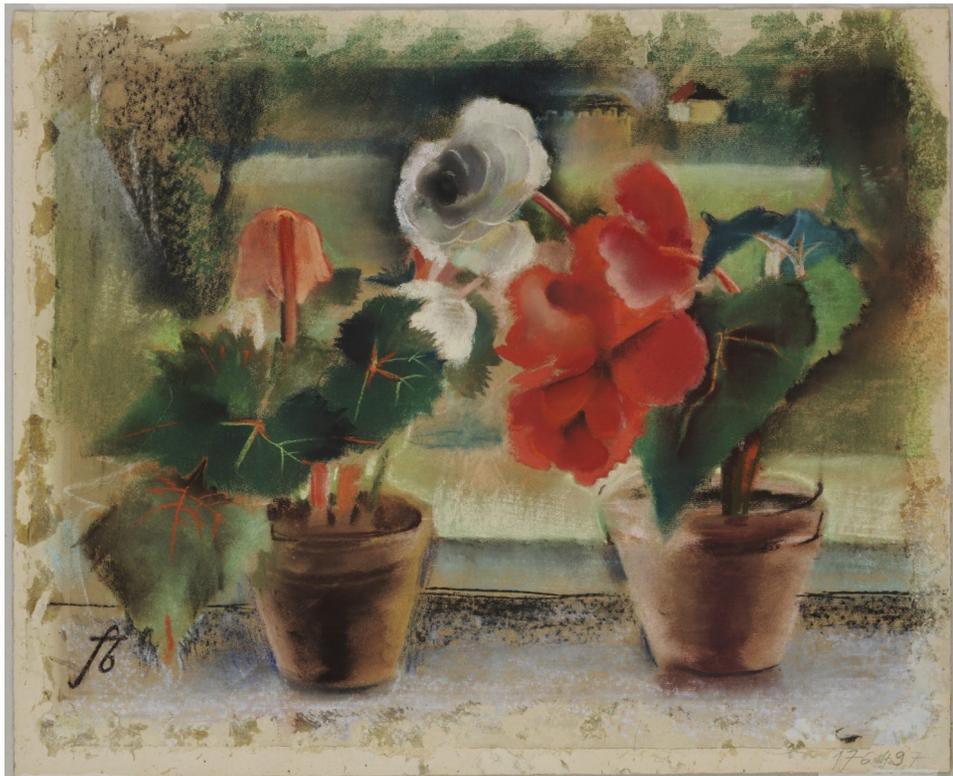
PAINTINGS DURING WW2: MOORE



PAINTINGS BY FRIEDL

Frederika "Friedl" Dicker-Brandeis (30 July 1898 Vienna – 9 October 1944 Auschwitz-Birkenau), was an Austrian artist and educator murdered by the Nazis in the Auschwitz-Birkenau extermination camp .

Frederika Dicker was born in Vienna on 30 July 1898. She married Pavel Brandeis in 1936 and used the double-barrelled surname after that. Dicker-Brandeis was a student of Johannes Itten at his private school in Vienna, and later followed Itten to study and teach at the Weimar Bauhaus. She was involved in the textile design, printmaking, bookbinding, and typography workshops there from 1919-1923. After leaving the Bauhaus, she worked as an artist and textile designer in Berlin, Prague, and Hronov.



PAINTINGS BY FRIEDL

Dicker-Brandeis and her husband were deported to the Terezín "model ghetto" in December 1942. During her time at Terezín, she gave art lessons and lectures. She helped to organize secret education classes for the children of Terezín. She saw drawing and art as a way for the children to understand their emotions and their environment. In this capacity she was giving art therapy.

At Terezin she persisted in pursuing her goal — *"to rouse the desire towards creative work."*¹

In September 1944, Brandeis was transported to Auschwitz; Dicker-Brandeis volunteered for the next transport to join him. But before she was taken away, she gave to Raja Engländerova, the chief tutor of Girls' Home L 410, two suitcases with 4,500 drawings to whom she also taught Hana Brady.

F. Dicker-Brandeis died in Birkenau on 9 October 1944.^[3] Her husband Pavel, survived.



CHILDREN'S ART SECRET CLASSES

Ruth Gutmannova "Underwater Fantasy"



CHILDREN'S ART SECRET CLASSES

Pavel Friedman "I Never Saw Another Butterfly"



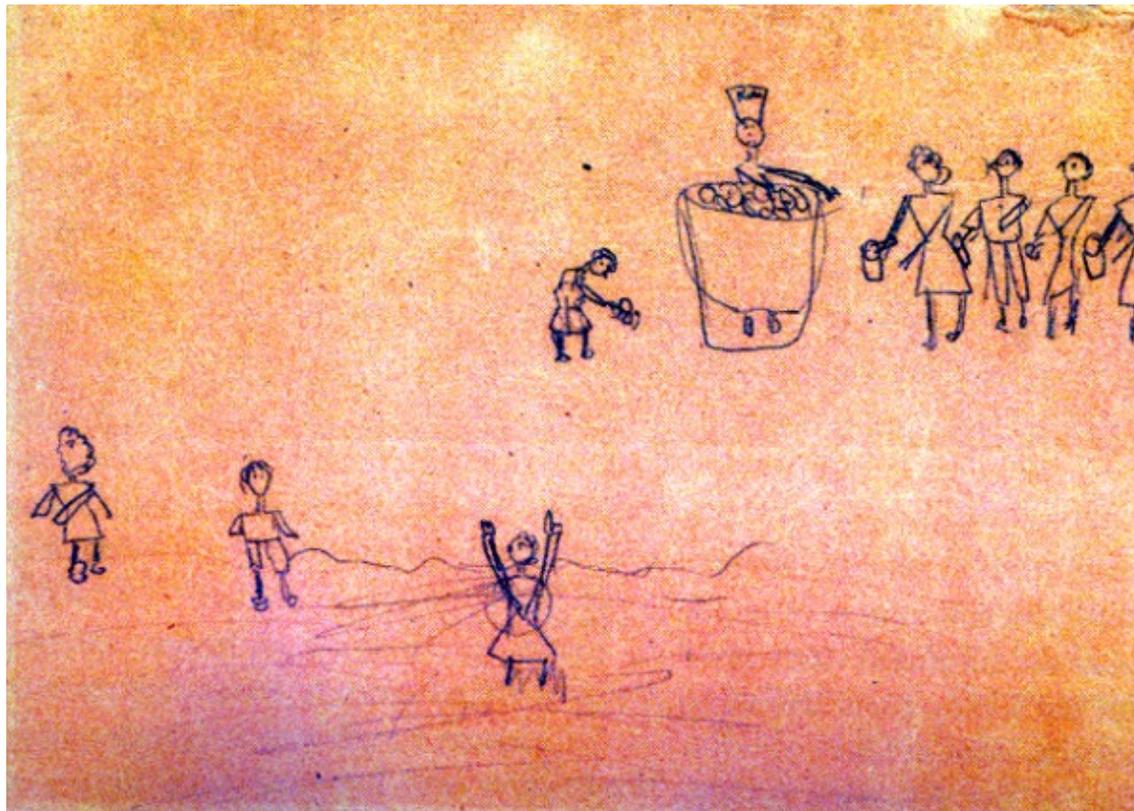
I Never Saw Another Butterfly
- Pavel Friedman, June 1942

The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing
against a stone ...
Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high
It went away, I'm sure, because it
wished to kiss the world good-bye.
For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Pinned up inside this Ghetto.
But I have found what I love here.
The dandelions call to me
And the white chestnut branches in the
court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.
The butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here.
In the Ghetto.

CHILDREN'S ART HOLOCAUST

Terezín was the Nazi concentration camp located at Prague's outskirts. The "Lobby of the hell" was the last stop for 150,000 Jews and 15,000 kids and pre-teenagers. A woman – Friedl Dicker Brandeis – dedicated her time during the internment teaching stealthily art and painting as evasive therapy for many of those kids. Before leaving Terezín for going to her final destiny, she rescued 4,500 drawings. These drawings were used as clues during Nuremberg's Trial, and they're an indelible sample of the horror.

Liana Franklova, 10 "Everyone was Hungry"



CHILDREN'S ART: HELGA WEISSOVA

Helga Hořková-Weissová, also **Helga Weiss**, (born november 1929) is a Czech artist, and a Holocaust survivor. Her mother Irena Fuchsova was a seamstress and her father Otto Weiss worked at the state bank in Prague. She was raised in Prague, and shortly after her tenth birthday on December 10, 1941^[1] she and her parents were interned in the Terezin ghetto.^{[2][3]} Although they were separated in the camp, it was eventually possible to see one another sometimes, and exchange clandestine notes.^{[2][3]} It is estimated that 15,000 children (younger than 16) went into Terezin.^[3] Less than 100 of the Terezin children deported to Auschwitz survived.^[2]



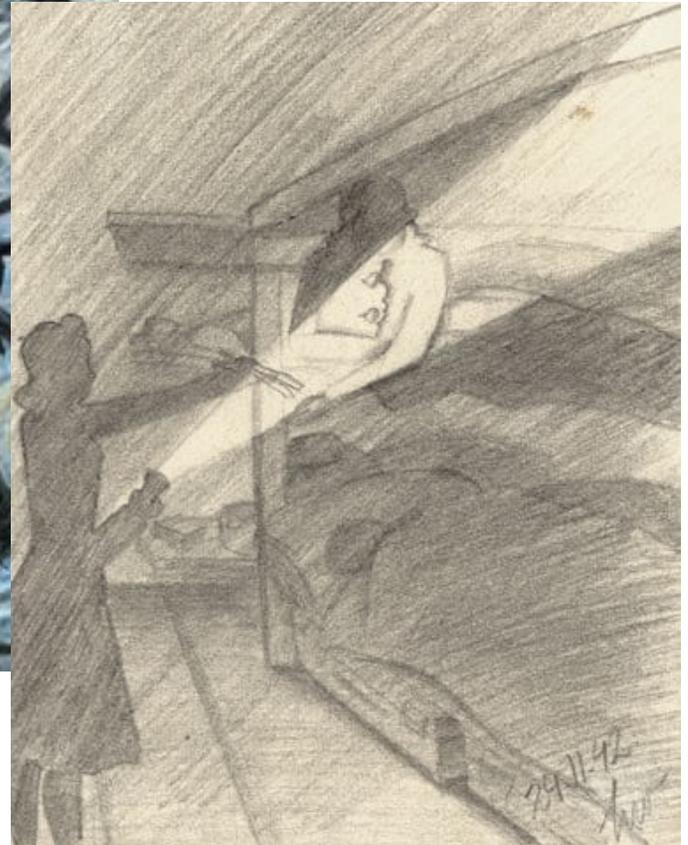
CHILDREN'S ART: HELGA WEISSOVA

Using her gift for painting and drawing, while at Terezin Helga wrote a diary, including images from her life in the camps^{[4][6][1]} which survived the war.^{[2][3]} Her father said to her in december 1941, after she showed him one of her drawings, "draw what you see". She was held captive in what was called the girl's home in room 24. After ten days^[2] she was transferred from Auschwitz to Freiberg near Dresden, an auxiliary camp of Flossenbürg labor camp^[2] where she escaped death again when she was forced to join a 16-day "death march" to the camp at Mauthausen.^[6] She remained there through the camp's liberation on 5 May 1945 by the US Army.

Her drawings are a testimony of the everyday life of jews in the camp.



CHILDREN'S ART: HELGA WEISSOVA



UNDERGROUND MEDIA

Het Parool (Dutch pronunciation: [ˈhɛt paːˈroːl]) is an Amsterdam-based daily newspaper. It was first published on 10 February 1941 as a resistance paper during the German occupation of the Netherlands (1940–1945).^[1] In English, its name means *The Password* or *The Motto*.



INGEZONDEN:

Achtien Nederlanders doodgeschoten

Een onzer lezers schrijft ons
Achtien Nederlanders zijn door den vijand doodgeschoten, veldten de kranten ons.
Dat wij een dergelijk bericht te lezen zouden krijgen, danrop waren wij voorbereid, ook reeds door onkale gedeeltes uit de rede van Soyas, die hij 12 Maart te Amsterdam heeft gehouden.

Uw reactie op het courantenbericht zal wel dezelfde zijn geweest als de mijne. eerst voortvaardiging, tot machtlooze woede uitbarstende, daarna gevoelens van bewondering en dankbaarheid voor een jegens deze, voor ons tot nu toe nog "onbekende Soldaten" en ten slotte een gevoel van diepe schamte over eigen goddrag.

Wij roepen het onszelven en ook U toe: Ziet hier de toepassing van het beginsel, dat wij vaderlanders honderden malen hebben verkondigd: "Den Vaderland getrouwe, Blijf ik tot in den Dood!"

Tolke een nobel voorbeeld geven deze helden ons. Zij, die hun leven wagen zonder eenige zucht naar eer, roem of voordeel, doch met groote kans hun einde te zullen vinden door de hand onzer beulen, van de verwoesters van ons land, onze beschaving en onze volksoorlogen. Deze mannen handelen en doelen den vijand afbreuk, waar zij maar konden en dat met inzet van eigen leven. Welk een voorbeeld voor ons, ouderen en jongeren, die genadigd zijn om altijd nog eenige reserves te maken, terwijl het Vaderland al l e s van ons oischt.

Als hun voorbeeld ons niet aanvuurt en tot leidster is, als niet elke burger persoonlijk doortrild wordt door de heilige vlam van het geloof in ons recht en onze goede zaak, dan zouden deze heldhaftige mannen tevergeefs zijn gestorven.

Maar dat geloof ik niet, vrienden. Wij blijven gelooven in de toekomst van ons volk, dat door alle perioden van struikeling, zwakheid en insinking heen, steeds weer zich is bewist geworden van de eeuwige betekenis van menschenwaard en gerechtigheid.

Hitler zal niet overwinnen! Het nazi-don is niet de bestemming onzer Christelijke beschaving. De leugen, het verraad, het brute geweld, de gelijksoortige der leugens, de dictatuur, het zijn de machten van het kwaad, die sterker tegenstand ontmoeten, naarmate zij nonstrucuser vormen aannemen.

De achtien mannen, die in den strijd vielen, zijn hiervoor het bewijs. Voor ons allen zullen zij zijn een lichtend voorbeeld. Het beste deel der natie zal er door hun voorbeeld van doordrongen worden, dat geen offer te groot is voor den strijd om de vrijheid.

BELANDEL DE DIEREN MET ZACHTHEID.

Wij hebben eenigen tijd geleden den volledigen tekst afgedrukt met de Duitse instructies voor onze politie in verband met het politie-optreden tegen W.A. en U.S. van Mussert. De Haagsche hoofdcommissaris vond deze dolzinnige instructies blijkbaar nog niet voldoende. Hij heeft 14 Februari jl. den volgenden dienstorder uitgegeven.

Bij het personeel blijkt twiifel te bestaan omtrent de houding van de werkkorpsen der N.S.B. tegenover de politie.

Waar ik de verzekering heb gekregen, dat men het optreden van deze werkkorpsen in den vervolge niet de minste agressieve houding ten aanzien van de politie tot grondslag zal leggen, verbied ik het personeel ten oemen male tegenover de leden dezer werkkorpsen (W.A. en U.S.) van de wapens gebruik te maken.

Ten overvloede vestig ik nog de aandacht op de gegeven Richtlijnen en in het bijzonder op punt 7 onder II.

De veldwachters van de N.S.B. hebben dus weer de vrije hand in Den Haag. De agenten moeten zich d' snoeds laten afranselen, zonder dat zij van de wapens gebruik mogen maken.

BOOK BURNING

“Synchronizing” Culture with Nazi Ideology

In 1933, Nazi German authorities aimed to synchronize professional and cultural organizations with Nazi ideology and policy (*Gleichschaltung*). Joseph Goebbels, Nazi Minister for Popular Enlightenment and Propaganda, began an effort to bring German arts and culture in line with Nazi goals. The government purged cultural organizations of Jewish and other officials alleged to be politically suspect or who performed or created art works which Nazi ideologues labeled “degenerate.”

On April 6, 1933, the Nazi German Student Association’s Main Office for Press and Propaganda proclaimed a nationwide “Action against the Un-German Spirit,” to climax in a literary purge or “cleansing” (*Säuberung*) by fire. Local chapters were to supply the press with releases and commissioned articles, offer blacklists of “un-German” authors, sponsor well-known Nazi figures to speak at public gatherings, and negotiate for radio broadcast time.



Among the authors whose books student leaders burned that night were well-known socialists such as Bertolt Brecht and August Bebel; the founder of the concept of communism, Karl Marx; critical “bourgeois” writers like the Austrian playwright Arthur Schnitzler; and “corrupting foreign influences,” among them American author Ernest Hemingway.

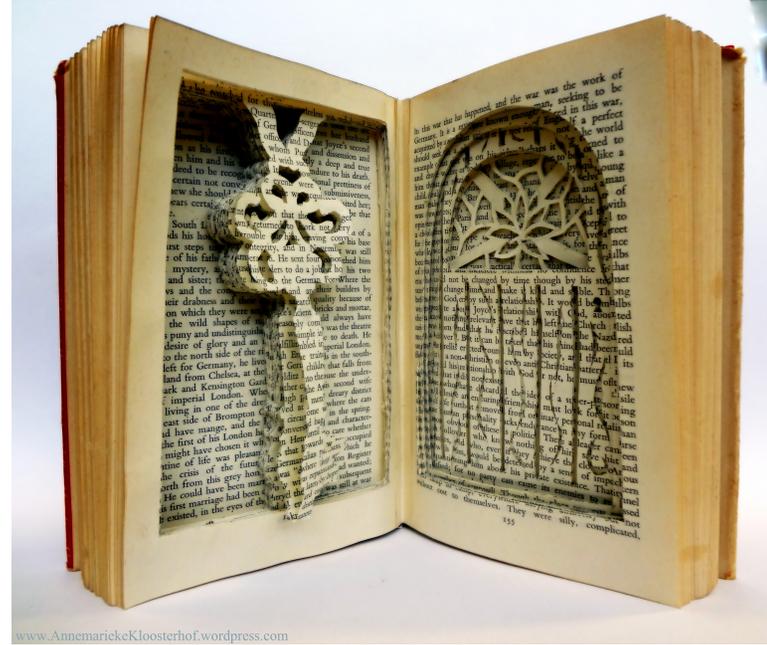
Other writers included on the blacklists were American authors Jack London, Theodore Dreiser, and Helen Keller, whose belief in social justice encouraged her to champion the disabled, pacifism, improved conditions for industrial workers, and women’s voting rights.

CONCEPTUAL RESEARCH: BOOK

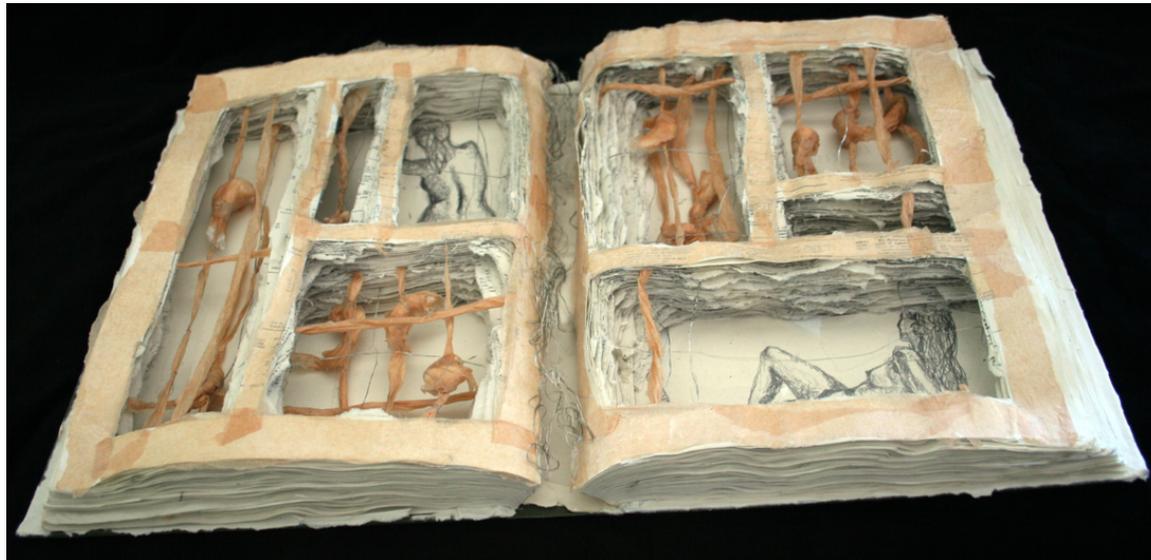
Anne Frank: Shorthand in French, English, German and Dutch, Geometry, Algebra, History, Geography, Art History, Mythology, Biology, Bible History, Dutch Literature; likes to read biographies, dull or exciting, and history books (sometimes novels and light reading).



CONCEPTUAL RESEARCH: BOOK



www.AnnemarijkeKloosterhof.wordpress.com



CONCEPTUAL RESEARCH: WALL



CONCEPTUAL RESEARCH: SHADOW



CONCEPTUAL RESEARCH: HOUSE



ANNE FRANK REMEMBERED

By MIEP GIES

“In the afternoon when no one was around and all was quiet, I went upstairs to that door myself and disappeared into the hiding place, closing the door tight behind me.

Entering the rooms for the first time, I was surprised by what I saw. In total disorder were sacks and boxes and furnishings, piles of things. I could not imagine how all these things had been brought up to the hiding place. I had not once noticed anything being brought in. Perhaps it had been brought at night, or on Sundays when the office was closed.

On this floor there were two quite small rooms. One was rectangular with a window, and the other long and thin, also with a window. The rooms were wood-paneled, the wood painted a dark green, the wallpaper old and yellowish and peeling in places. The windows were covered by thick, white, makeshift curtains. There was a toilet in a large room, with a dressing area off to the side”

“Up a steep flight of old wooden steps was a large room with sink and stove and cabinets. Here too the windows were covered with curtains. Off this large room was another rickety stairway to an attic and storage area. The steps to the attic cut through a tiny garret-type room, again filled with piles and sacks of things.”

“Jo Koophuis came often, always bringing a little something. He had a special warm way about him. Mr. Kraler came too, sometimes with questions for Mr. Frank about the business, sometimes with Cinema and Theater magazine for Anne, who liked news and photos of film stars.”

“A feeling of home was beginning to emerge—the old, trusty coffeepot; children’s schoolbooks or a hairbrush lying about.

Anne had glued her movie-star pictures onto her bedroom wall—Ray Milland; Greta Garbo; Norma Shearer; Ginger Rogers; Lily Bouwmeester, the Dutch actress; Heinz Rühmann, the German actor. Other pictures she liked: a big advertisement for our company’s jam-making process; Michelangelo’s Pietà a big pink rose; chimpanzees having a tea party; Princess Elizabeth of York; many, many cutouts of cuddly little babies. Anne liked cutouts of cute babies as much as she liked movie stars.”

“Anne and Margot were sharing the long, narrow room on the first floor of the hiding place. Next door, in the bigger room, Mr. and Mrs. Frank had made their bedroom. Upstairs was the living and cooking area, the place to spend the day, as it was one more floor above the office kitchen and any noise made would be less easily heard. But no noise was made during the day while the workers came and went below. No toilet flushed; no shoes on the creaky wooden stairs.”

“Each day I brought a few of the things that Henk and I had taken from the Merwedeplein the night before they’d gone into hiding. Quickly, I brought everything I had to the hiding place.”

“Each morning, first thing, when there was a lull at the office, I’d tiptoe upstairs and get a shopping list from Mrs. Frank. She would give me money or I would take money from the cashbox downstairs, to be replaced later. Then, before she could start her barrage of questions, I’d promise Anne that I’d be back later with the shopping, and at that time I’d sit and we could have a real talk.”

“Our friends were always thirsty for them. Each day was interminable for those shut into the four small rooms. The only breath of fresh air could be had in the attic, where there was a skylight that opened and showed a patch of sky and the tower of the Westerkerk. Up in the attic the laundry was hung to dry; sacks of food stood out of the way, along with old file boxes from the office. Peter liked to tinker with his tools in the attic, and had made a little workshop. Anne and Margot liked to go upstairs to the attic to read.”

“Mr. Vossen was a thin man, almost as tall as Henk, about forty-five or fifty years old. One day, soon after he had started working with us, I came to work and found that Mr. Frank had had him taken into the secret of the hiding plan. To improve its security, Mr. Kraler asked Mr. Vossen to hinge a bookcase to the wall in front of the door to the hiding place. This bookcase, in which we kept empty account books in black-and-white bindings, concealed the door completely. Mr. Vossen had placed a hook on the back of the bookcase, which could be fastened by our friends. When opened by them, it would permit the whole bookcase to swing out and away, so that one could enter the hiding place. Every time I pulled the bookcase aside, I had to set a smile on my face, and disguise the bitter feeling that burned in my heart. I would take a breath, pull the bookcase closed, and put on an air of calm and good cheer that it was otherwise impossible to feel anywhere in Amsterdam anymore. My friends upstairs were not to be upset, not to be privy to any of my anguish.”

“For Anne, although she didn’t concentrate as hard as Margot, it was easy too. Anne was often writing in a little red-orange checkered cloth-bound diary that her father had given her for her thirteenth birthday on June 12, several weeks before the Franks had come into hiding. She wrote in her diary in two places, her own room or her parents’ room.”

“As I heard from Mr. Frank, the diary was a constant companion for Anne, and also a source of teasing by the others. How was she finding so much to write about? Anne’s cheeks went pink when she was teased. She would tease right back, always quick with a reply, but to be safe, she kept her diary in her father’s old leather briefcase.”

“Right away, there were voices, footsteps, the toilet flushing, a cabinet shutting. Already, it was noisy upstairs; the place had come alive.”

“With the blackout frames up and the electric light on, along with the heat from the cooking, the room became toasty-warm, cozy. We sat long over coffee and dessert, talking, our friends devouring the novelty of our presence. They seemed to be insatiable for our company. As I sat, I became aware of what it meant to be imprisoned in these small rooms. As this feeling registered, I felt a taste of the helpless fear that these people were filled with, day and night. Yes, for all of us it was wartime, but Henk and I had the freedom to come and go as we pleased, to stay in or go out. These people were in a prison, a prison with locks inside the doors. I climbed into Anne’s hard little bed, which was very toasty with blanket upon blanket, so many blankets that I couldn’t imagine how Anne could ever be taken with a chill. The room was cool otherwise, and as I settled in as cozily as I could, I could hear every sound being made in the other rooms: Mr. van Daan coughing, the squeak of springs, the sound of a slipper dropping beside a bed, the toilet flushing, Mouschi landing on his padded feet somewhere above me. The Westertoren clock struck at fifteen-minute intervals. I’d never heard it so loud; it echoed and reverberated through the rooms. The church was right across the back gardens from the Annex. In the office, the building blocked the sound. During the day, by the time I heard the ringing in my front office, the sound had been muted and cushioned by the entire building. It was soothing and distant. All through the night I heard each ringing of the Westertoren clock. I never slept; I couldn’t close my eyes. I heard the sound of a rainstorm begin, the wind come up. The quietness of the place was overwhelming. The fright of these people who were locked up here was so thick I could feel it pressing down on me. It was like a thread of terror pulled taut. It was so terrible it never let me close my eyes.”

“The stove was usually flaming in the Van Daans’ big room. Coal came up from the workplace below. There were drafty, damp areas throughout the hiding place, so often the occupants wore several layers of clothes, perhaps a shawl in addition. Despite the drafts and damp, it was cozy with the help of cooking heat and the coal fire. Unless the electricity ration was short, the lights brought cheer into the rooms. For the first time I knew what it was like to be a Jew in hiding.”

“There was particular concern that the radio in Mr. Frank’s old office had been carelessly left dialed to the BBC station—a criminal offense. The chairs in the office were pulled up to the radio as well, creating a picture of a group that had been intently listening to the news. They were terrified that the thief would

go and report the situation to the police, and the police would put two and two together and make a raid on the hiding place.”

THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL

By ANNE FRANK

“Margot and I started packing our most important belongings into a schoolbag. The first thing I stuck in was this diary, and then curlers, handkerchiefs, schoolbooks, a comb and some old letters. Preoccupied by the thought of going into hiding, I stuck the craziest things in the bag, but I’m not sorry. Memories mean more to me than dresses.”

“For months we’d been moving as much of our furniture and apparel out of the apartment as we could. It was agreed that we’d go into hiding on July 16. Because of Margot’s call-up notice, the plan had to be moved up ten days, which meant we’d have to make do with less orderly rooms.”

“The hiding place was located in Father’s office building. That’s a little hard for outsiders to understand, so I’ll explain. Father didn’t have a lot of people working in his office, just Mr. Kugler, Mr. Kleiman, Miep and a twenty-three-year-old typist named Bep Voskuijl, all of whom were informed of our coming. Mr. Voskuijl, Bep’s father, works in the warehouse, along with two assistants, none of whom were told anything.”

“Here’s a description of the building. The large warehouse on the ground floor is used as a workroom and storeroom and is divided into several different sections, such as the stockroom and the milling room, where cinnamon, cloves and a pepper substitute are ground.

Next to the warehouse doors is another outside door, a separate entrance to the office. Just inside the office door is a second door, and beyond that a stairway. At the top of the stairs is another door, with a frosted window on which the word “Office” is written in black letters. This is the big front office—very large, very light and very full. Bep, Miep and Mr. Kleiman work there during the day. After passing through an alcove containing a safe, a wardrobe and a big supply cupboard, you come to the small, dark, stuffy back office. This used to be shared by Mr. Kugler and Mr. van Daan, but now Mr. Kugler is its only occupant. Mr. Kugler’s office can also be reached from the hallway, but only through a glass door that can be opened from the inside but not easily from the outside. If you leave Mr. Kugler’s office and proceed through the long, narrow hallway past the coal bin and go up four steps, you find yourself in the private office, the showpiece of the entire building. Elegant mahogany furniture, a linoleum floor

covered with throw rugs, a radio, a fancy lamp, everything first class. Next door is a spacious kitchen with a hot-water heater and two gas burners, and beside that a bathroom. That's the second floor.

A wooden staircase leads from the downstairs hallway to the third floor. At the top of the stairs is a landing, with doors on either side. The door on the left takes you up to the spice storage area, attic and loft in the front part of the house. A typically Dutch, very steep, ankle-twisting flight of stairs also runs from the front part of the house to another door opening onto the street.

The door to the right of the landing leads to the "Secret Annex" at the back of the house. No one would ever suspect there were so many rooms behind that plain gray door. There's just one small step in front of the door, and then you're inside. Straight ahead of you is a steep flight of stairs. To the left is a narrow hallway opening onto a room that serves as the Frank family's living room and bedroom. Next door is a smaller room, the bedroom and study of the two young ladies of the family. To the right of the stairs is a windowless washroom with a sink. The door in the corner leads to the toilet and another one to Margot's and my room. If you go up the stairs and open the door at the top, you're surprised to see such a large, light and spacious room in an old canal-side house like this. It contains a stove (thanks to the fact that it used to be Mr. Kugler's laboratory) and a sink. This will be the kitchen and bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. van Daan, as well as the general living room, dining room and study for us all. A tiny side room is to be Peter van Daan's bedroom. Then, just as in the front part of the building, there's an attic and a loft. So there you are. Now I've introduced you to the whole of our lovely Annex!"

"263 Prinsengracht, Miep quickly led us through the long hallway and up the wooden staircase to the next floor and into the Annex. She shut the door behind us, leaving us alone. Margot had arrived much earlier on her bike and was waiting for us. Our living room and all the other rooms were so full of stuff that I can't find the words to describe it. All the cardboard boxes that had been sent to the office in the last few months were piled on the floors and beds. The small room was filled from floor to ceiling with linens. If we wanted to sleep in properly made beds that night, we had to get going and straighten up the mess. Mother and Margot were unable to move a muscle. They lay down on their bare mattresses, tired, miserable and I don't know what else. But Father and I, the two cleaner-uppers in the family, started in right away. All day long we unpacked boxes, filled cupboards, hammered nails and straightened up the mess, until we fell exhausted into our clean beds at night. We hadn't eaten a hot meal all day, but we didn't care; Mother and Margot were too tired and keyed up to eat, and Father and I were too busy."

"Tuesday morning we started where we left off the night before. Bep and Miep went grocery shopping with our ration coupons, Father worked on our blackout screens, we scrubbed the kitchen floor, and were once again busy from sunup to sundown. Until Wednesday, I didn't have a chance to think about

the enormous change in my life. Then for the first time since our arrival in the Secret Annex, I found a moment to tell you all about it and to realize what had happened to me and what was yet to happen.”

“Father, Mother and Margot still can’t get used to the chiming of the Westertoren clock, which tells us the time every quarter of an hour.”

“Up to now our bedroom, with its blank walls, was very bare. Thanks to Father—who brought my entire postcard and movie-star collection here beforehand—and to a brush and a pot of glue, I was able to plaster the walls with pictures. It looks much more cheerful. When the van Daans arrive, we’ll be able to build cupboards and other odds and ends out of the wood piled in the attic.”

“We started off immediately the first day sewing curtains. Actually, you can hardly call them that, since they’re nothing but scraps of fabric, varying greatly in shape, quality and pattern, which Father and I stitched crookedly together with unskilled fingers. These works of art were tacked to the windows, where they’ll stay until we come out of hiding.”
