

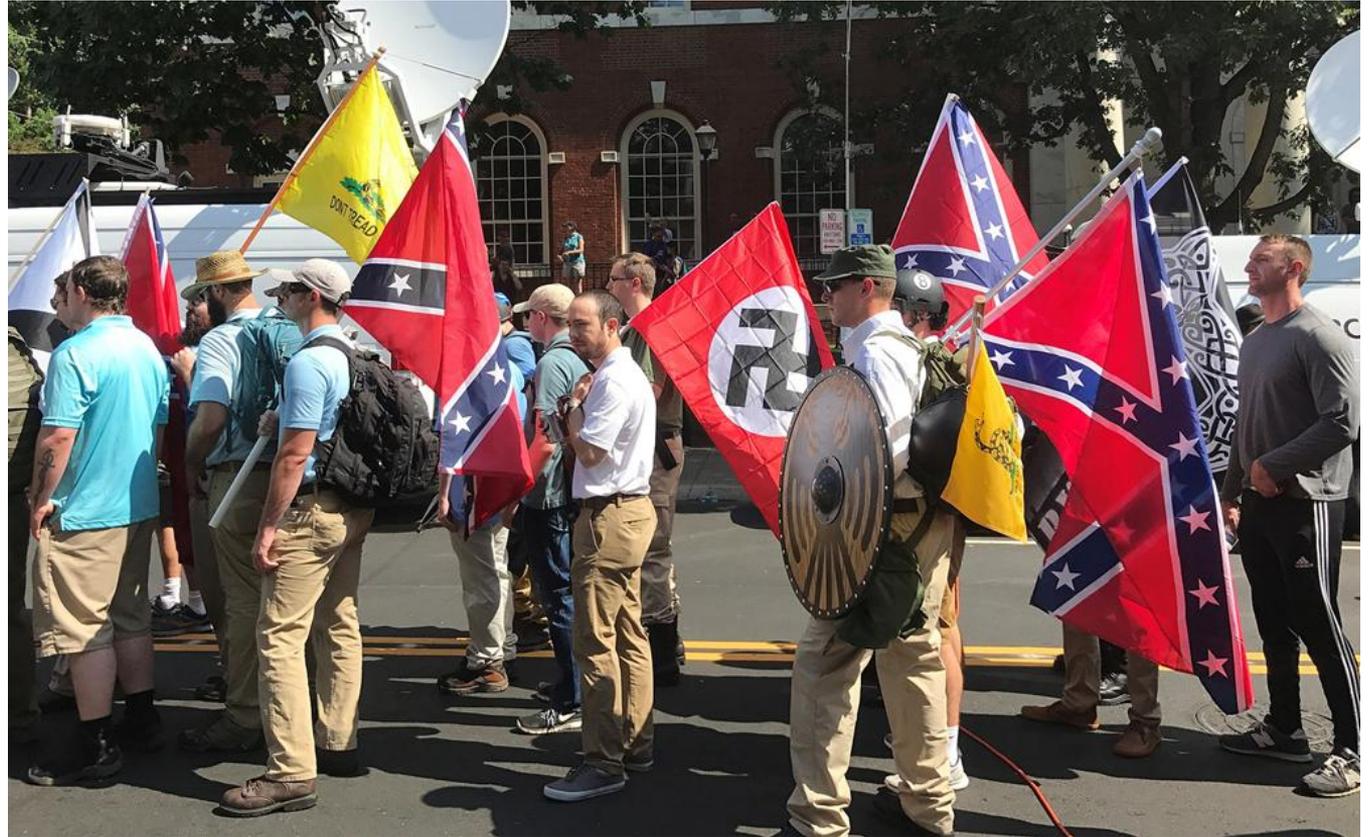
ISACS Conference, 2019

*Interdisciplinary Connections
and Bearing Witness to History*

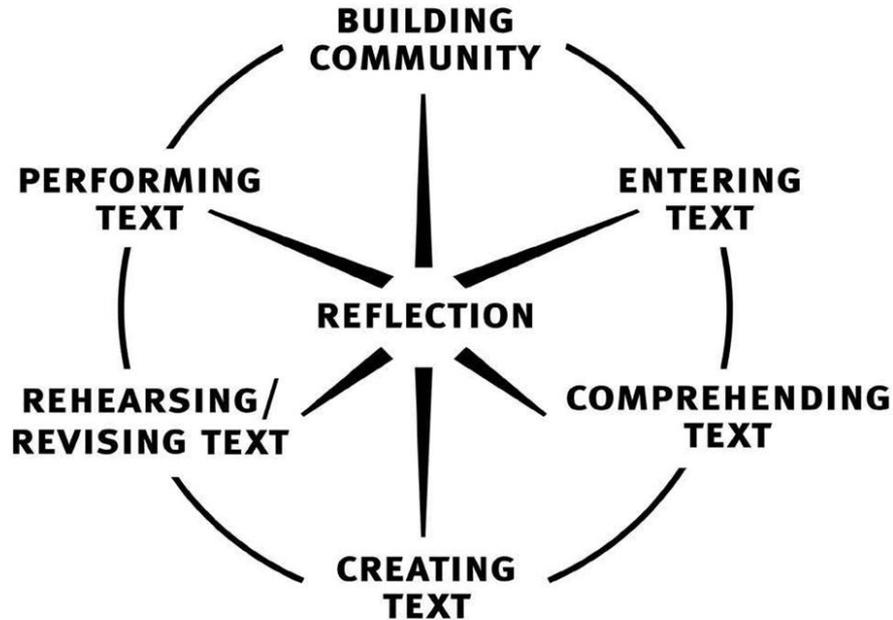
Maris Elder, Walden School Teacher, and
Jeff Jamner, Senior Director of School Programs
Kentucky Performing Arts

First Week of School, 2017

I don't feel safe.



The Performance Cycle



Brown University's ArtsLiteracy Project

A Reason to Read: Linking Literacy and the Arts
Eileen Landay and Kurt Wootton

<http://artslit.org/>



Kentucky Center Partner Schools Program

How can I find inspiration in the stories of others who have responded to darkness with light, to despair with hope, and to inhumanity with resilience?

I.

Who was helpless back in Prague,
And who was rich before,
He's a poor soul here in Terezin,
His body's bruised and sore.

II.

Who was toughened up before,
He'll survive these days.
But who was used to servants
Will sink into his grave.

*Koleba (Miroslav Košek, Hanuš Löwy,
Bachner)*

26. II. 1944



THE BUTTERFLY

The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing
against a white 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,
Penned 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.

That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here,
in the ghetto.

4. 6. 1942 Pavel Friedmann

MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES

I.

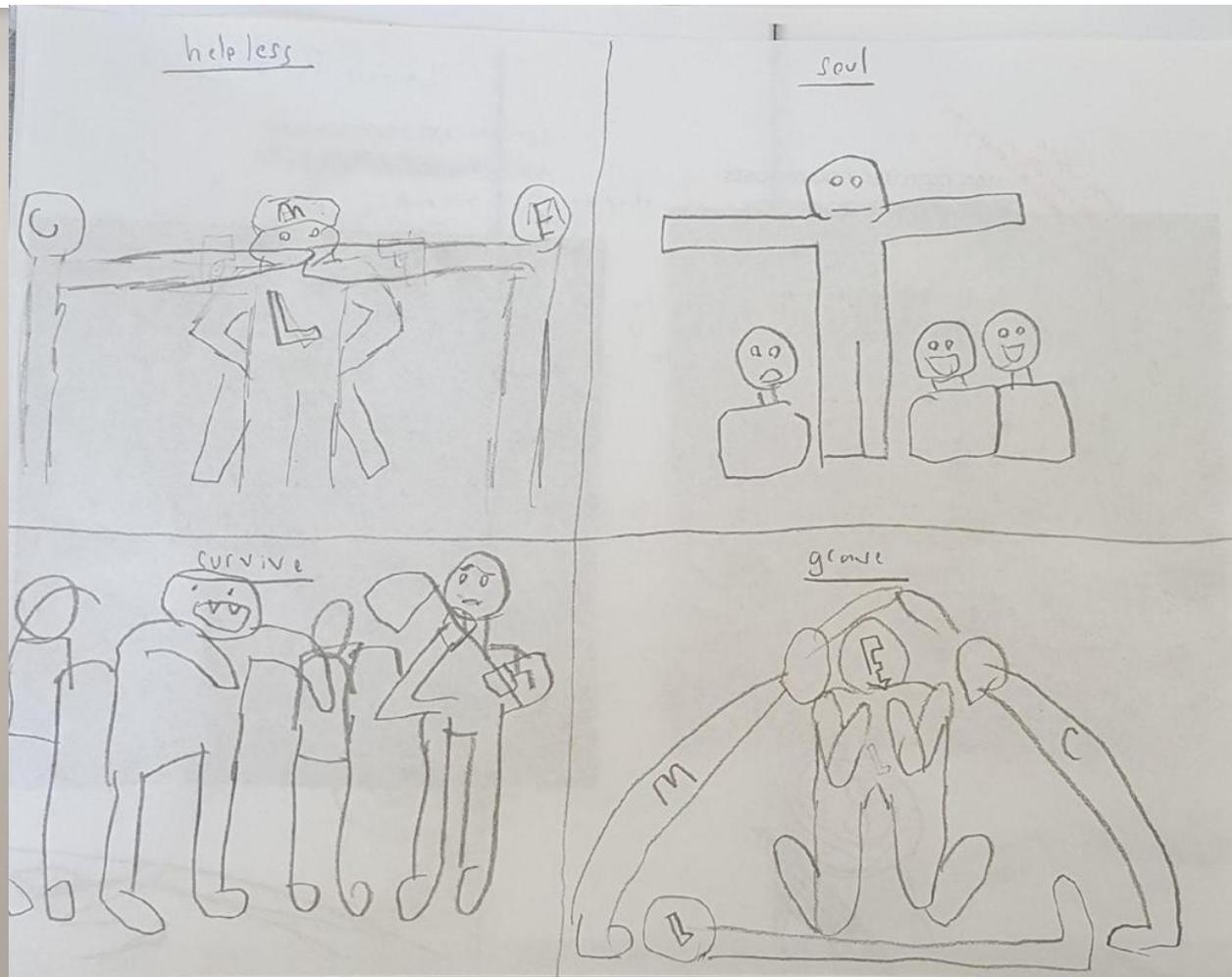
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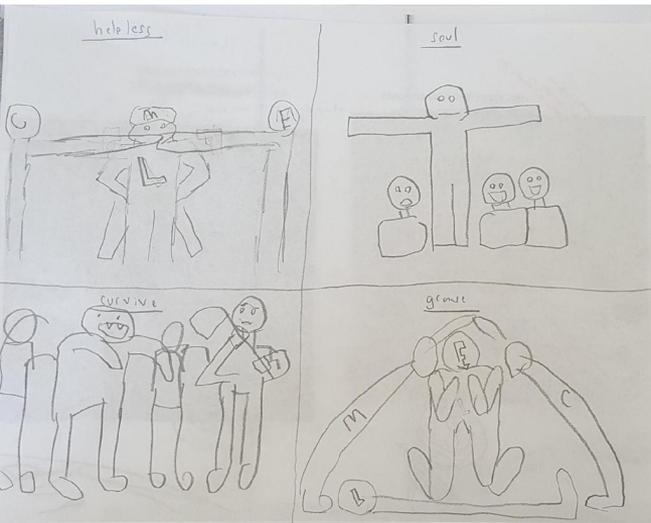
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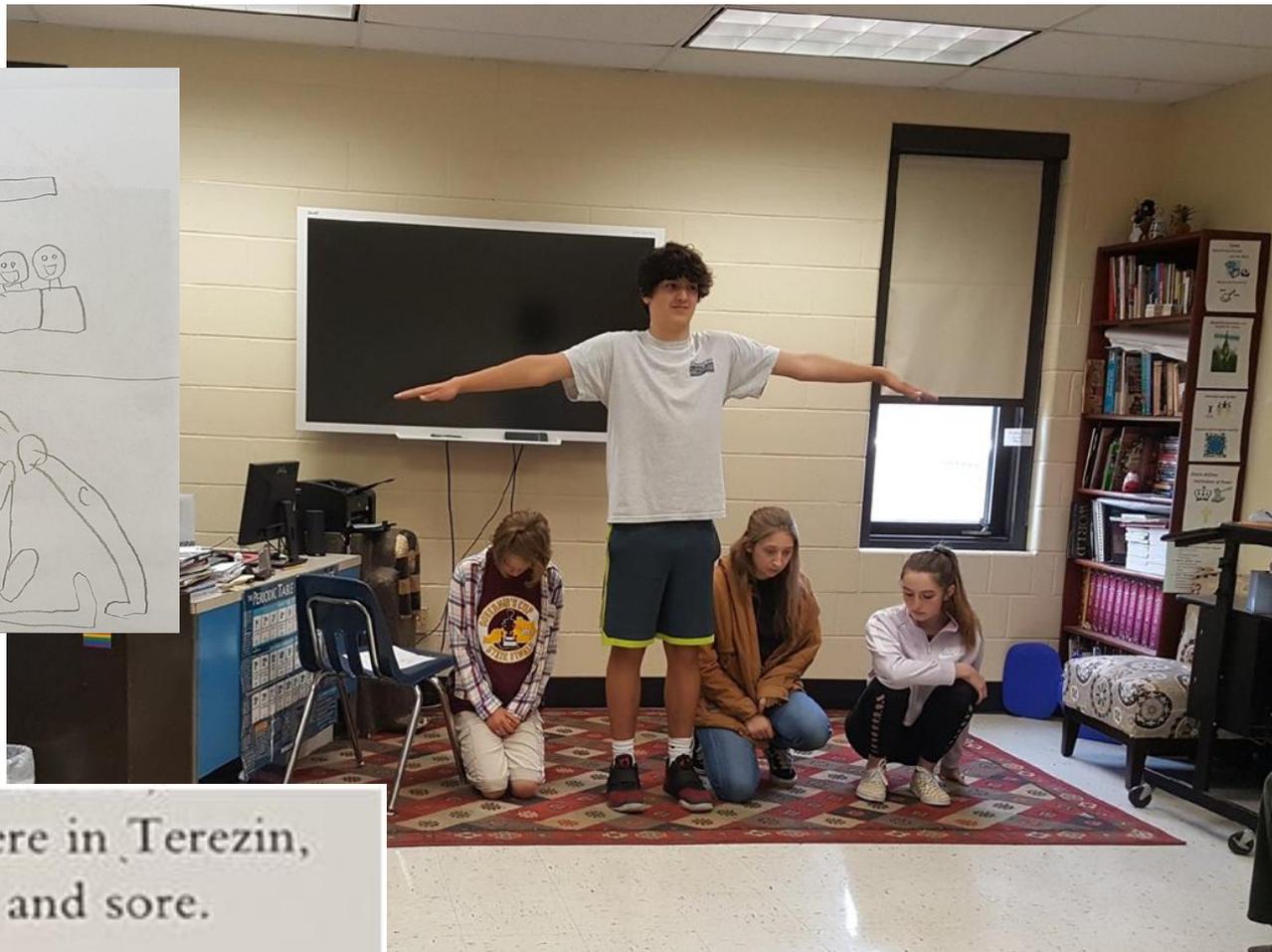
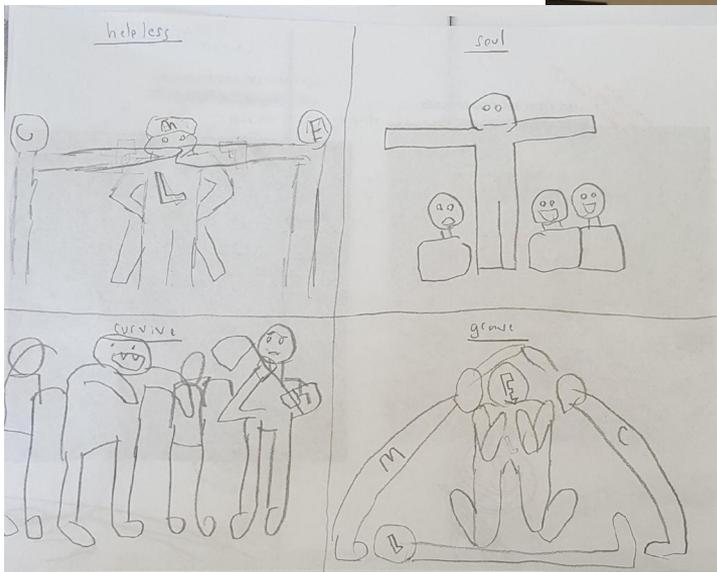
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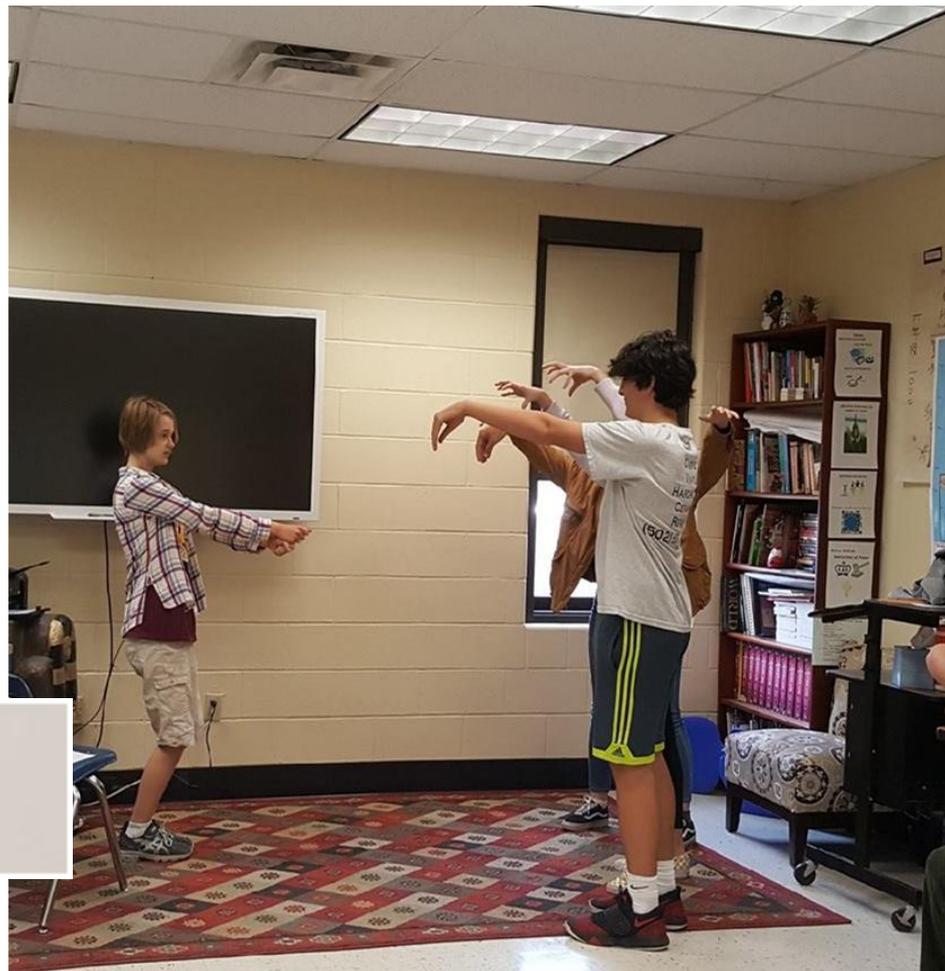
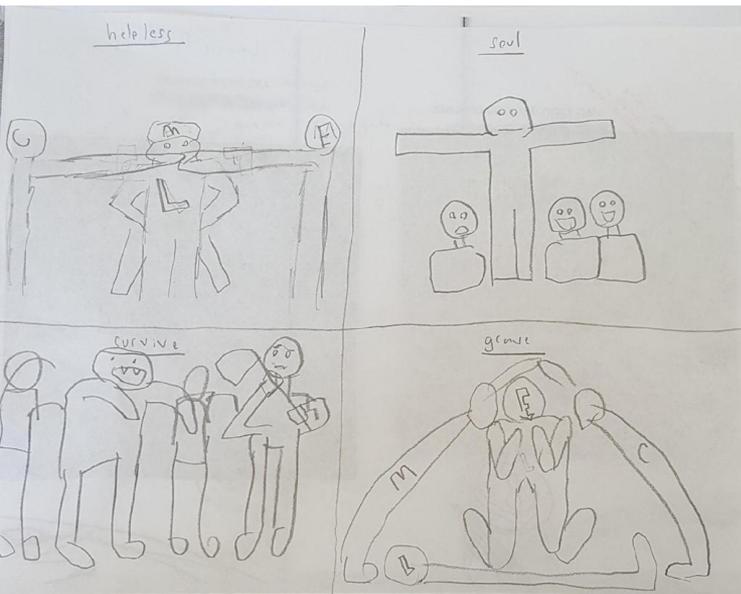




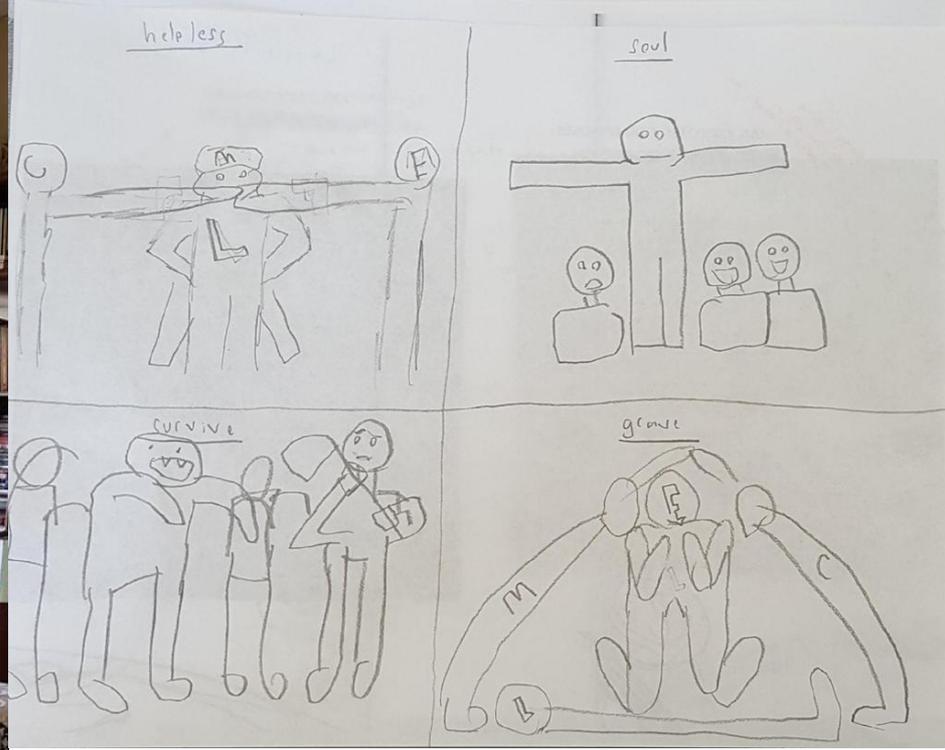
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He's a poor soul here in Terezin,
His body's bruised and sore.



Who was toughened up before,
He'll survive these days.



But who was used to servants
Will sink into his grave.

For my days vanish
like smoke; my bones
burn like glowing embers.
-Psalm 102:3



The opposite of life
is not death, but indifference
between life and death.
-Elie Wiesel

UNIFORMS OF THE
THIRD REICH



READING CHALLENGING TEXTS

Layering Literacies Through the Arts



James S. Chisholm and Kathryn F. Whitmore



A Co-publication of Routledge and the National Council of Teachers of English





THE BUTTERFLY

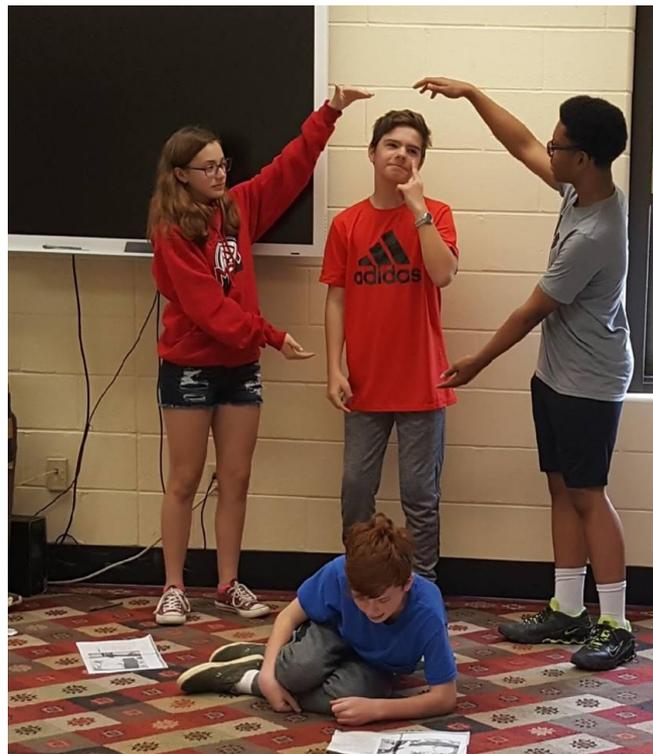
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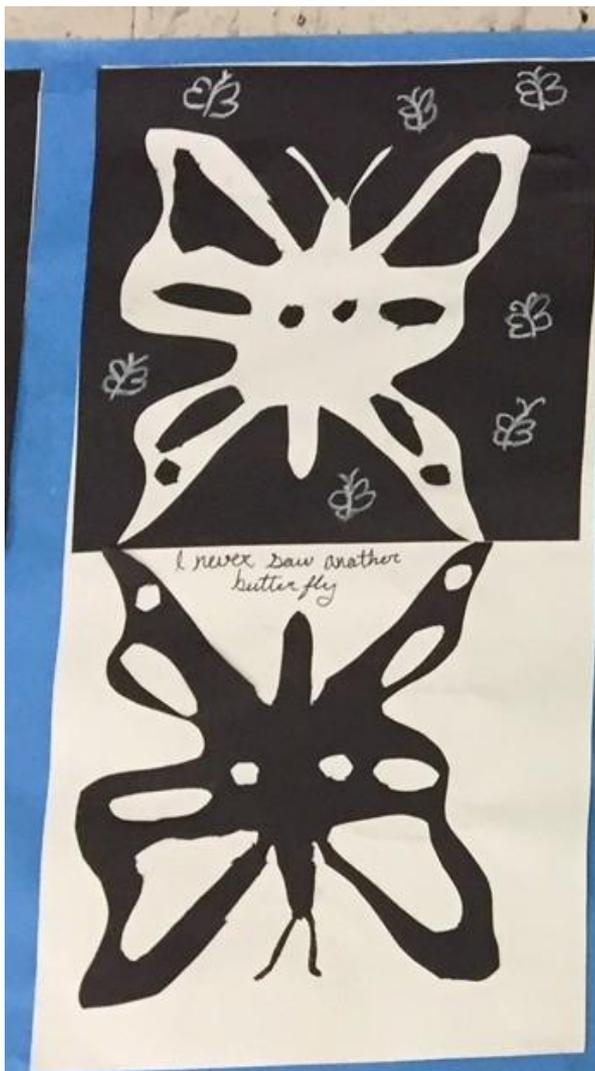
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Kentucky Center Partner Schools Program

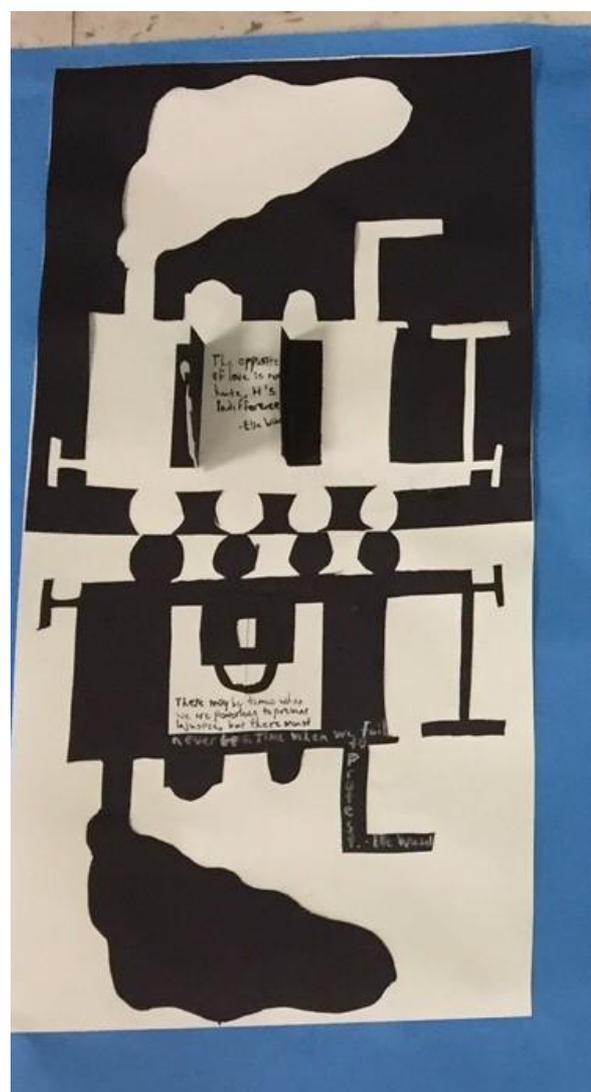
How can I find inspiration in the stories of others who have responded to darkness with light, to despair with hope, and to inhumanity with resilience?

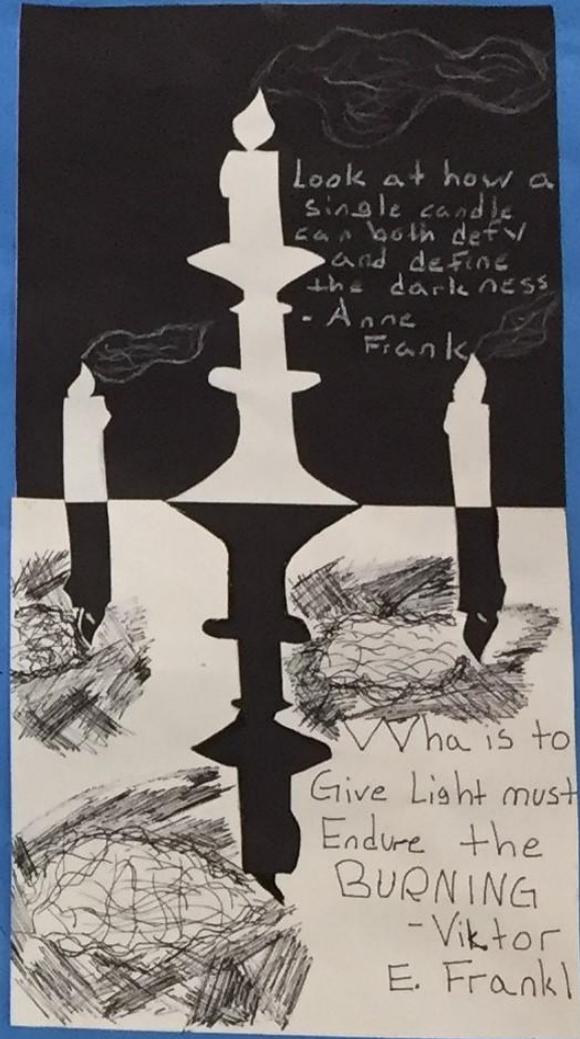
Artistic Response to Essential Question



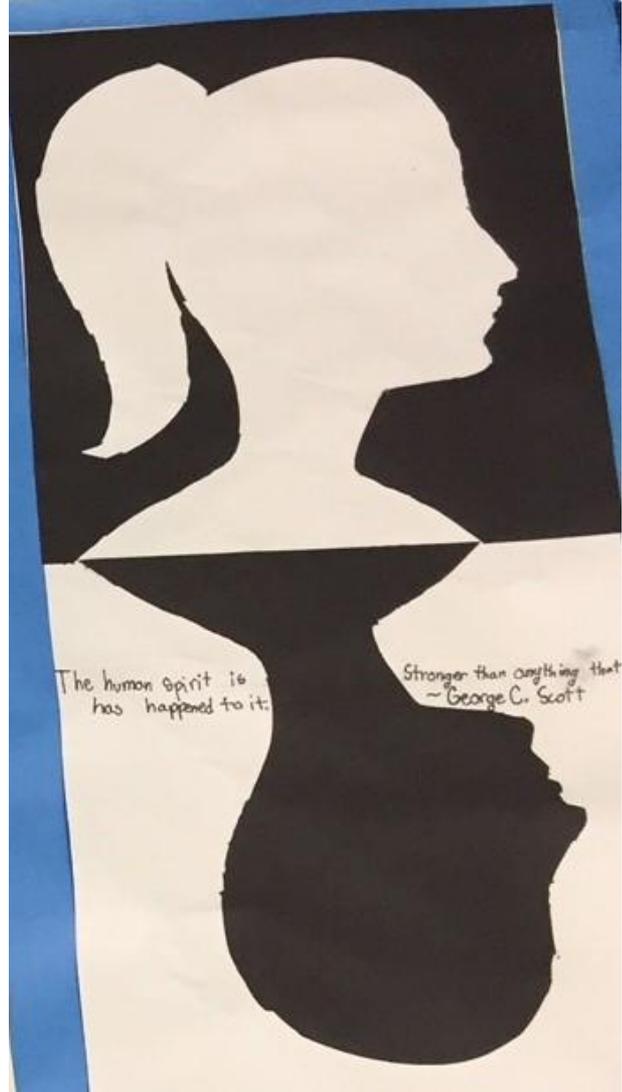
*The art that I did for the holocaust project was a silhouette of a butterfly. **The butterfly represented the poem that we read in the poetry book written by children in camps during the Holocaust.** The project represented light out of darkness and I thought that the butterfly did a good job of expressing the project.*

My part on designing the mural was working with the train. Trains were of importance during WWII: Jews used trains to escape Nazi oppression, but in some cases, this was reversed and Nazis used trains to transport Jews. . . The darkness surrounding the train was a symbol of oppression . . . Working on the mural was a great honor.





My image for the mural was a candle. . . I knew I wanted my image to have to do with a source of light. That's when I thought about a candle, it just gave me the right feeling (I knew it was the one). The candle represents hope and light to me. *On the light side of my piece the candles are lit, it represents that there can still be light and hope even during a dark time. And on the dark side of my piece, the candles are blown out, it represents that light can sometimes be smothered by the dark, and it can be like a shield of darkness. The two sides represent the true horrors that the Jews, Gypsies, and all those that were not considered part of Hitler's "perfect" race of people, had to endure. I feel that the candle represents that there are two different sides to the light and darkness, and I felt that the candle was the right way for me to represent the different sides of the Holocaust, and just an ounce of what people went through (in my vision).*



In art this year my class made a mural representing the Holocaust and the fact of seeing the light in the darkness. For my piece in the mural I made one side there is a girl with a beautiful ponytail but in the other side the same girl has had her head shaved of all her hair. When I did this piece I thought a lot about how a girl my age would feel while having to have their head shaved. If I was the girl I would have been so very devastated. This mural represents the journey of the people in the Holocaust. It shows that even in darkness there will always be light.

My part of the mural was a tree. It represents when the Jewish people hid, and one side having tons of leaves and the other being barren. It represented hope leaving like the leaves off the tree – people leaving their homes and being forced to go to the camps.



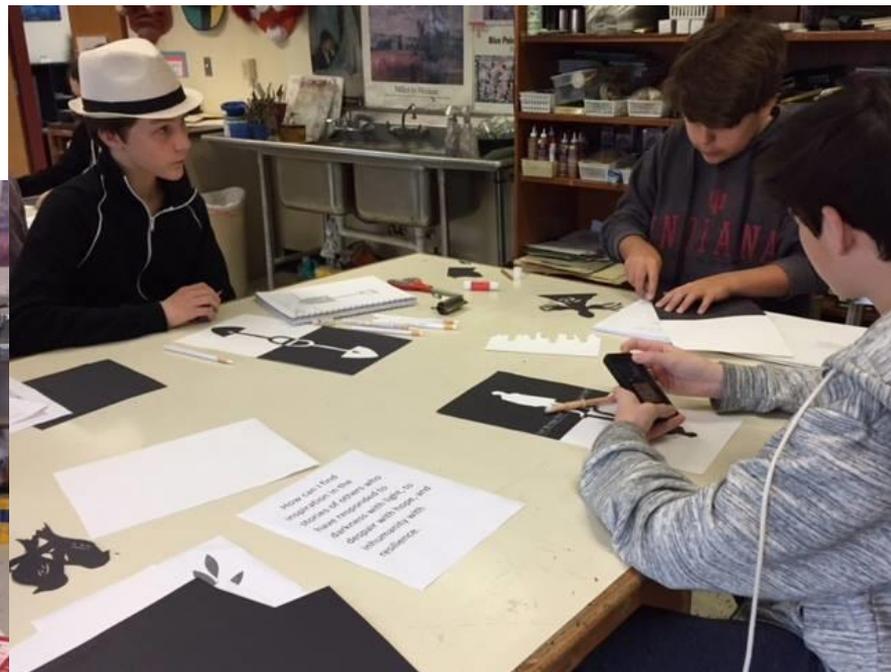
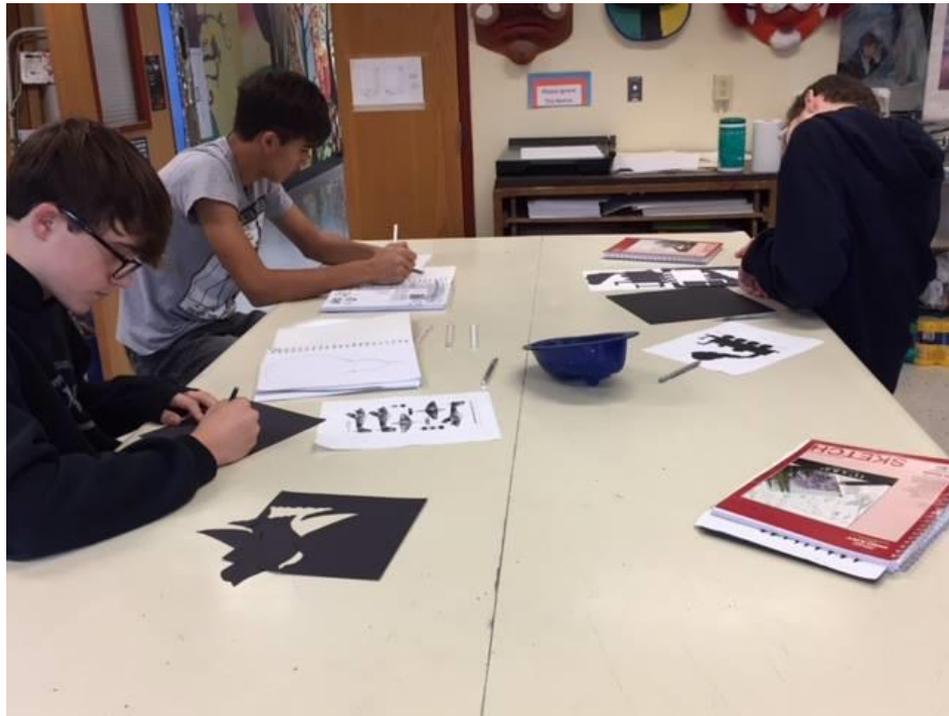
My piece of the Holocaust mural depicts a fence with barbed wire coiled around it. On the other side of the paper, however, lays a normal residential-style fence. You could be completely barricaded into a state of suffering, with perseverance and faith it will be possible to achieve freedom. As a whole though, the mural symbolizes people who have practiced perseverance and faith to achieve freedom – heroes who should be remembered.



HOLOCAUST

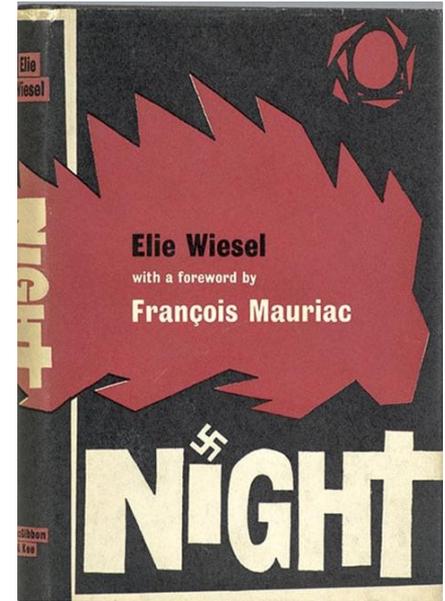


Working on mural.





Juliek's Violin



“The darkness enveloped us. All I could hear was the violin. And it was as if Juliek’s soul had become his bow. He was playing his life. His whole being was gliding over the strings. His unfulfilled hopes, his charred past, his extinguished future. He played that which he would never play again.”

Homage to Upstanders







Focus



My mural piece shows the ghosts of deceased Jews in the camps that are chained to a fire of the past, and they can't die. On the light side of my piece, the ghosts' chains have finally broken off the fire and the spirits can finally die. The reason my mind went to this is because I think that this is how the Jews actually felt when on the verge of dying and living. They were chained to the fire because the Nazis won't let them die or live, they are just stuck in the middle. When finally unchained to the fire of their past, the spirits were no longer stuck in the middle of it and the spirits could finally die the rightful way and find peace. These spirits no longer had to hold on to the horrifying past. This is how I now truly see my mural piece and I'm very proud of it as well.

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