

Throughout the research and devising process for White Lament, we asked the cast of senior pupils to conclude each art-specific section of our Holocaust investigation with controlled creative writing exercises. Each writing exercise was purposefully sprung upon the cast after intense study and lively physical activity. They were given four minutes to find a personal space and use their most recent findings about artists within the Holocaust to write creatively, instinctively and as fully as possible.

After the bulk of visual art work had been researched, shared and explored we asked the cast to imagine they were writing from the perspective of a banned or 'degenerate' artist and that they were under threat from the Nazi authorities. See examples 1 and 2.

After researching musical propaganda, banned composers, and songs from the ghettos and camps, we asked the cast to write about the importance of music from the perspective of people living through the war. See examples 3 and 4.

After researching young diarists, poets and Holocaust literature we asked the cast to write a diary entry. See examples 5 and 6.

Throughout our rehearsals together, we asked the cast to write about different notions of Citizenship and life under Nazi rule. See examples 7 and 8.

We created a pamphlet of the cast's creative writing to distribute after the Holocaust Memorial performance formatting it in a way that the White Rose Society leaflets might have been seen in 1942.

CREATIVE WRITING from the cast of White Lament

Example 1 by Sarah Crosbie

For me this picture means everything. It shows the way I feel in such a simple way. No words, or voice, just paint. The paint symbolises all my fears, my every thought captured on paper. I will stand before my painting and let them take my life before I watch my work being destroyed. I have to do this, to show myself and the world, the suffering that exists. I have to put my point across to the people. Whether they agree or not is their choice, but I will let nothing stand in my way.

Example 2 by Roisin Loughran

*Brush meets canvas, but all in vain
I know they will scorn and laugh
Still no money lines my pocket
Still I struggle.*

*The pressure increases.
Will it ever stop?
Everyday my work is attacked
Everyday I grow weaker
Everyday, still, I struggle.*

*Today. Labelled as 'Degenerate'
Today. Another blow strikes.
Today. My future is bleak.
Today. Still, I struggle.
War is over.
The sun begins to shine.
As I lie here dying
I leave the struggle behind.*

Example 3 by Tom Rutherford

Music is me. It's what I live for. It's the gleam in my eye. It's the spark in me which drives me to my goals. Life without music would be like sea without the surf, a bride without a groom. I don't know how people could live without it. It makes life and it takes it away. I like to make music, love to listen to music. Music makes the world for me.

Example 4 by Jenny Brown

*Music is the heart and soul
It expresses the inner turmoil of my pain
I can show how sad these faces look
You can feel their pain and suffering.
Music shows us, helps us,
As I walk I can see more faces
Look at them how they walk and talk.
I would like to make a difference
But I am afraid
Seeing how they look
Hearing the notes flow through the air
Round and round the words go
In and out of pain, up and down
The sadness is beginning to show.*

Example 5 by Seonaidh McCombe

*Dear Diary,
Today was the first day in what seems like years that I saw the sun. The warmth on my face made me hope a little. As the light shone I didn't feel so alone. I laugh but on the inside I am dying. Dying of hunger, dying of pain, dying of fear.*

The sun is so bright and happy but it makes me feel worse. I can see the camp and what is happening in it. I can see the guns. Now I long for the darkness and dread the next time I see the sun.

*This is my only chance to say what I feel.
Why are they doing this to me..?*

Example 6 by Gillian Milne

*Dear Diary,
I had a dream last night that the war was over. For a moment I imagined how it would feel to be free. I was happy until darkness overcame me again. I saw blood and death all around me. I saw people, people I knew, people I loved. I saw four people lying before me, crouching, scared, fear all over their faces. I was hit with coldness all over my body. The four people were me and my family. My only comfort was that we died together, in each others arms.
It will soon be over.*

Example 7 by Alison Murphy

*Human shells without a soul,
Without a mind,
Or a right to speak,
Watch them march along the street
I feel sorry for them as I watch them go.*

*Imagine not having the right to choose
Imagine being the background and never the focus
Imagine being told what to do
Imagine putting up with that*

*Would you like to live a lie?
Always be an echo of the person in front
Never a person in your own right
A uniform, a badge, a number,
But not a name.*

Example 8 by Kimberley Sinclair

*I am afraid that I might end up like one of these people.
I am afraid that I might lose hope.*