HOLOCAUST & HUMAN RIGHTS
ART & WRITING CONTEST 2022
HIGH SCHOOL ART
FIRST PLACE

JENNA SHAIKEN
HUR
THE HOUSTON POST
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GERMANY THREATENS TO EXTERMINATE JEWISH
Varns Japs 'Open Door' Reply Unsatisfactory
HELPING HAND SUICIDE PUZZLES POLICE, PLATOON
FRIEND FOUND AT HOME OF WIDOW HELD AS WITNESS

5 Million Jews Reported Slain

Soldier Tells Of Murder Camp

In a letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Backman, Arro, Houseman, an army of occupation, stated that his position was received in this country and was handled by a number of factories in this country.

Citizenship Denied By General

Reichstag Passes Drastic Laws After Hitler Raps Act of N.Y. Magistrate

NAZIS SMASH, LOOT AND BURN JEWISH SHOPS AND TEMPLES

Jewish Children Target Of Nazis

LONDON, Aug. 6, 1941—British Air Force placed a high priority on the destruction of Jewish children's homes and schools, which are known to be the subject of anti-Jewish propaganda.

Nazis Destroy Six Million Jews

Only 500,000 Left Alive in Germany

Jenna Shaiken, 10th Grade, HGHS, 1st Place Winner
Rebirth
This piece depicts the hope and rebirth my family experienced following the immense loss of life and pain from the Holocaust. The image that I drew on top of War Headlines was taken from a photograph of my grandfather, his twin brother, and their father in a Displaced Persons (DP) Camp in Germany. My great-grandparents fled Poland during the war, only returning to discover the rest of their family were murdered. This image portrays the idea that from all of their loss came new life and hope for a better future.

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SECOND PLACE

ICARUS BERRIOS
“My prayers”

Resting uncomfortably in the cell,
I hear others yell,
Others cry, weeping, moaning, and begging.
Oh, how I wish it could end.
I try to find a sense of melancholy, I turn to those who had betrayed me
To the man who was supposed to protect me
And no matter how much I ask
No matter how much I pray
My words fall to a null, a void, a vacant night.
To breathe or not to breathe
It was hard to take every breath.

Madness sets in, as everything fades to black.
Why has he forsaken me? Has he forsaken his people? For what did we do to deserve this act of treason?
Ashes to Ashes
Bashing and cracking
Whipping and hanging
The only escape must be near
Maybe I can see my family, my people
I can see him and he can answer all my questions.

I like a lullaby the wails and pleading intertwine,
Harmony of the forgotten and the less unfortunate ones didn't fall in line.
Oh lord, hear me. Just this once. Send us a way to escape and go to you once again.
I know your plan for me, no longer will I stay on this body.

"THEY ARE HERE! THEY ARE LETTING US GO!" I hear one say.
“My prayers……he heard me,” I say
“Today mustn’t be my day”
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THIRD PLACE

ALYSSA MATHISSON
“The opposite of love is not hate, it’s indifference.
The opposite of art is not ugliness, it’s indifference.
The opposite of faith is not heresy, it’s indifference.
And the opposite of life is not death, IT’S INDIFFERENCE.”

- Elie Wisel
Artist Statement

My art features one of Elie Wiesel’s famous quotes, along with an image of my own. The quote is centered around the power of indifference. Everyday we see injustice happening, but we simply turn our backs to it. If we hold ourselves accountable, we would be able to prevent atrocities like the holocaust. To represent this, I created an eye, with the iris and pupil clouded over. I created the illusion that there is a person trapped there, calling for help. Society sees all of the cruelty in the world, but chooses to ignore it.
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HONORABLE MENTION

LORI ZELIKSON
I wrote this based on a night of generational trauma. My grandfather was a Holocaust survivor, I grew up hearing those stories, watching PTSD, and seeing how it never seems to end, no matter how far he went, he could never forget. I had a panic attack from guilt, I wrote pages, barely lifting my pen out of fear. I wrote this entry to detail how I experience generational trauma from the Holocaust.

I’m Sorry

I’ve spent my life talking to graves
Carrying these souls around like a child does dolls.

Most of the time I am desensitized to this
I understand what it means,
Of course I do,
But I don’t often have to feel the effects.

I can hear nothing but the same story I’ve been told throughout my life.
Tall tales of ruined people.
Hints of equal parts joy and sadness for what could’ve been.

I’ve become like this.
I don’t feel much usually,
that should be simple.

Yet,
once it sits in my own sadness, everything seems to shift.
My mind floats out of my body
All physical sense is lost.

Reality is there,
but unimportant in comparison.

That little spark of what could’ve been,
Bringing you to torture,
Sadness,
Death.
Simultaneously, the guilt begins to set in.

My brain spills over,
Splashing into tears.

But suddenly,

The world goes quiet.

And I am not allowed to feel anything else.

Not now.

Petrified faces appear from the lights once in the room,
Plucked from the earth with no regard.
Our blood was shed
Tears run down my face
They crack my skin,
Each bit sharper than the last,
Until I am nearly shattered and ready to fall.

But I can’t, I must remain with that pain.

Every time a star of david touches my neck
Something is tugging at their fear,
At their terror,
At their guilt.

I carry tortured souls.
They keep me alive as I break.

I’m sorry.

I can feel it again.

I understand.