

• PRINCETON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ROSSEN MILANOV, MUSIC DIRECTOR



PSO BRAVO!
Listen Up!

Creative Responses to Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 3
~ January 30-February 26, 2017 ~



Creative Responses to Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 3 in C Major, Op. 26

Thirty-four talented middle school students attended the Princeton Symphony Orchestra's November 6, 2016 *Impassioned Russia* concert. They listened attentively to Sergei Prokofiev's third piano concerto, performed by Natasha Paremski and the PSO, conducted by Jayce Ogren. These PSO BRAVO! *Listen Up!* 2016-17 student writers and visual artists were invited to respond freely or consider prompts relating to the specific history of the piece and composer, the musical styles exhibited, and the experience of attending and listening to a live musical performance.

The *Listen Up!* exhibition was displayed at the PSO's January 29, 2017 *Un/Restrained* concert and at the Arts Council of Princeton from January 30 - February 26, 2017. The students' work can also be seen in this exhibition catalog.

Thank you to the following teachers who supported and coordinated their students' participation in *Listen Up!* 2016-17:

Roberta DeSantis, Cambridge School
Sean Hildreth, The Hun School of Princeton
Claudia Luongo, John Witherspoon Middle School
Arlene Milgram, Montgomery Lower Middle School
Whitney Ehnert, Montgomery Upper Middle School
Alexandra Huggins, Princeton Charter School
Sally Chrisman, St. Paul School of Princeton
Linda Hochuli, Stuart Country Day School of the Sacred Heart
Anne Schwartzberg, Stuart Country Day School of the Sacred Heart
Coby Sikorsky, Timberlane Middle School.

The Princeton Symphony Orchestra (PSO) thanks Natasha Paremski for performing and discussing her interpretive process with PSO BRAVO! *Listen Up!* participants. The PSO is grateful to teaching artist Susan Hoenig for leading an inspiring and productive workshop. The Arts Council of Princeton's longtime partnership support is greatly valued, and the PSO is especially thankful for *Listen Up!* workshop and exhibition coordination assistance from ACP staff members Melissa Ruopp, O'Sheila Eural, Rich Robinson, and Maria Evans.



Listen Up! Workshop

During the 2016-17 season, the PSO hosted its second *Listen Up!* workshop. On November 3, *Listen Up!* participants came to the Arts Council of Princeton (ACP) and listened to guest artist Natasha Paremski perform compositions for solo piano by Sergei Prokofiev and Frédéric Chopin. Natasha and the students discussed the history of both pieces and her creative and interpretive methods. ACP Instructor Susan Hoenig highlighted well-known visual artists who have created works in response to music, and guided the students in their artistic reflections. In preparation for their attendance at the *Impassioned Russia* concert, students created works of art and writing in response to the musical experience provided by Natasha.



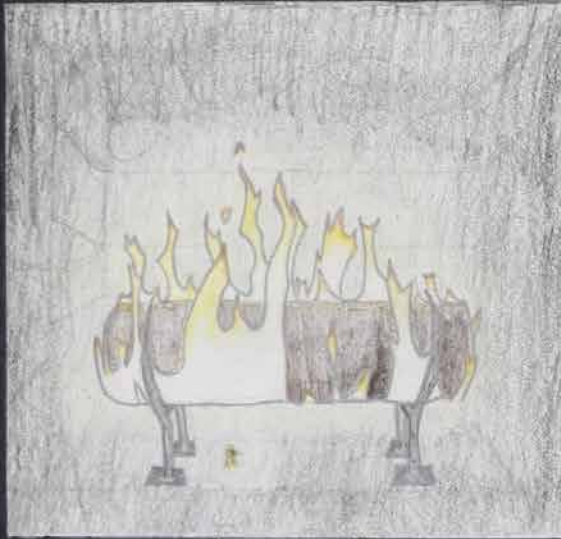
Photos of the Listen Up! workshop: (Top) Students preparing sketches of ideas, (Middle) Participants listening intently to Natasha's performance, (Bottom left) Natasha encourages the students as she admires their work, (Above) Workshop group photo

Per Aspera ad Astra
Sophia Sapienza
Grade 8—Montgomery Upper Middle School
Whitney Ehnert, Teacher
Acrylic paint on canvas



The song had lots of feelings to it—sometimes happy and sometimes sad. In my painting I wanted to balance the bright, energetic, high parts of the music with the rich, romantic and luxurious parts. The shooting star shows how, throughout the song, there is a constant buildup of energy, like a star getting bigger and brighter as it trails across the sky. That energy aside, the song also had a sort of spacey emptiness about it. It gave me the feeling of floating in space, and I knew since the concert, that I wanted to do a painting about outer space. Also, the high trills and staccato notes on the piano reminded me of twinkling stars, further adding to the painting's theme about space. The music was flowing and changing, and seemed light and delicate in a way that could only be captured in a painting. This was my first time using paint on canvas. Overall, the piece was very dramatic, and composed of opposites—and that is what I tried to capture in my painting.

Burn



One log, one life.

One flame, one fight.



Come now, dear,



Your light cannot burn on.

Grace Johnson

Burn

Grace Johnson

Grade 8—Montgomery Upper Middle School

Whitney Ehnert, Teacher

Colored pencil and ink

How one lives their life will affect their perception of death. This song is not skipping towards death. This song struggles, it isn't done, but it will be, whether it likes it or not. I see a man suffering an illness that he knows will bring his end soon, but he looks beyond it. The fluctuations to excitement and liveliness are his spurts of creative expression—when he finds optimism and wishes to pursue his artistic abilities. But the dissonance is reality eating at him, and the melancholy, emotional portions of the song are his constant realizations that time is almost up, and death will come. The faster parts in forte filled with accents portray his agony and frustration at how inevitable death is. In these cold winter months, I've spent many evenings watching the logs burn in my fireplace. Those burning logs inspired the theme of my piece. The fluctuating blue and orange flames are the man's enthusiasm mixing with discouragement. There is only so much time before the log burns out—one life—and the flames burn on to the very end, holding on in those smoldering embers, but eventually, they succumb.

Prokofiev's Concerto

Hearing a thrilling piano concerto was an experience where depending on your mood, you can explore what is hidden in your mind. When you can close your eyes and really get a glimpse of what you're capable of imagining, you can take your creativity to new lengths. You can pair a composer's pieces with your thoughts and visions. So, when I attended the concert, I had my eyes closed almost the whole entire time so I could really see how the music could inspire my creativity. When the piece had a nice calm tempo, I imagined a grassy meadow and a cool breeze blowing through trees on a warm summer day. I could imagine myself laying in the soft grass with the sun glaring through the trees. When I was listening to Natasha play the Prokofiev, each one had one point in the movement where it would be upbeat and cheerful, then sad and sorrowful, and finally it would become more cheerful again. The sorrowful beat in the pieces reminded me of a rainy day with dark grey storm clouds. I could feel Prokofiev's pain and emotion when he wrote this piece, and Natasha's passionate way of playing the piano also made the piece very powerful. Prokofiev wrote this way most likely because there was a point in his life where he could not return home to his family because of the bad conditions in Russia. That incident probably played a big part in his composing. This type of music really challenged me to think beyond what I thought I was capable of and to really take time to think about what scene would fit this music. Being able to close my eyes and feel the music was a captivating experience.

Julianne Russell

Grade 7—St. Paul School

Sally Chrisman, Teacher

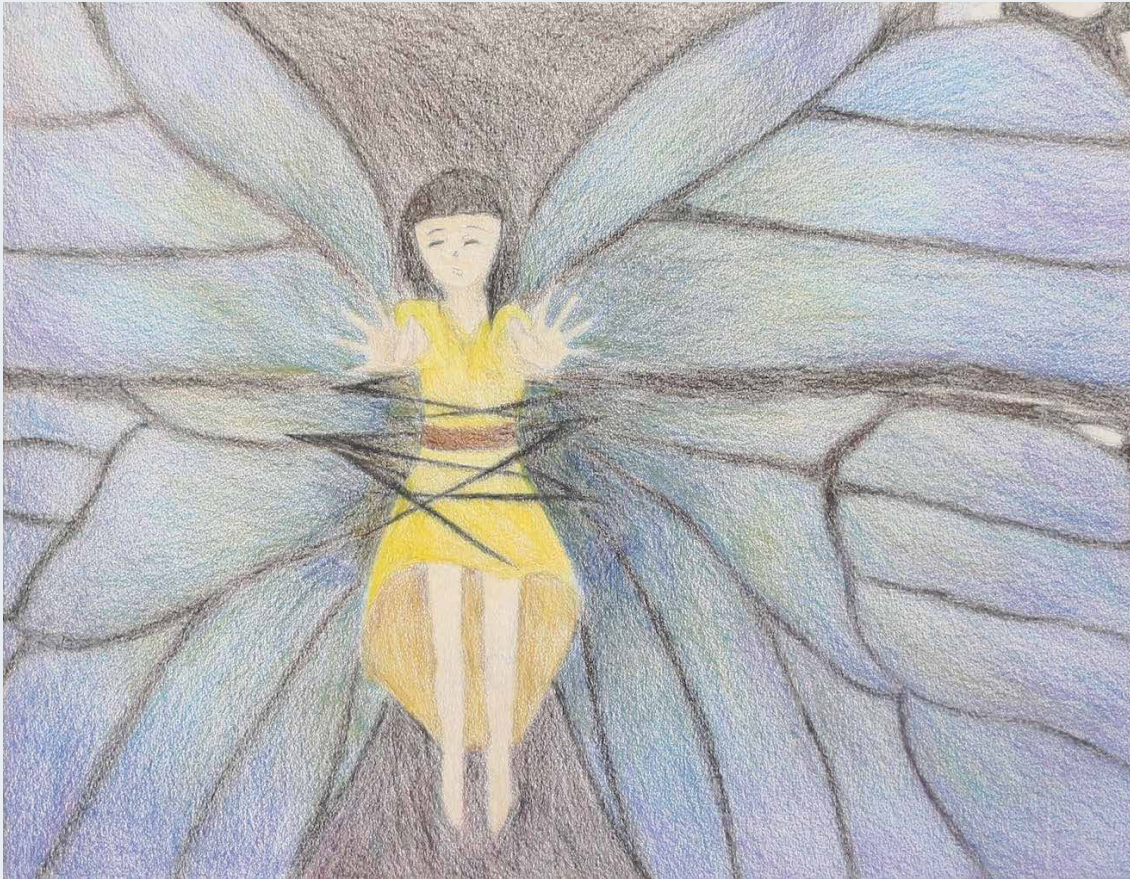
Mystery

It's a beautiful day
You're walking in the forest
All of a sudden
You don't know what's happening
Spinning, commotion
It stops and starts again
Neverending
You're frozen in time
All of a sudden
It ends
You have woken up from a dream

Grace LaNasa

Grade 6—Stuart Country Day School

Linda Hochuli, Teacher



Untitled

Emily Zhou

Grade 8—Montgomery Upper Middle

School Whitney Ehnert, Teacher

Colored pencil on paper

Throughout the various movements of the orchestra piece, the mood was constantly changing. The piece started off with an ominous, cautious tone, then transitioned into an awakening hope, and ended with an unresolved gloom for the final movement. This colored pencil piece is of a little girl wrapped in the “arms” of a butterfly. A butterfly typically symbolizes freedom and hope. However the cooler tones of the butterfly con-tradicts this idea and portrays the creature like a looming, menacing evil. The bright colored girl is the contrasting hope in a sea of darkness. You could look at this piece in one of two main ideas: One, she is being protected from the outside darkness. Two, she is trying to escape con-finement. Furthermore, I wanted to play with the anamorphic concept. Her dress is the color of the cocoon of a butterfly. In addition, the legs extend from her body as her own limbs. Perhaps, the possible problems originated from none other but herself? This could also symbolize how the divisions between light and dark perhaps were initially non existent, and were only created due to the divisions that your mind sets. This en-tire piece is of contradiction. Contradictions between light and dark, safety and destruction, and self and environment. Is the butterfly evil or in-nocent? Is the girl safe after all or in a never ending restriction? The unresolved conflict here is a series of unanswered questions, what hap-pened to her?

Orchestra on Fire
Amanda Sun

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School
Claudia Luongo, Teacher
Acrylic paint on canvas

I created this piece after experiencing the concert of the Princeton Symphony Orchestra. It was a great performance, especially the music with the piano. I thought the music was very exciting; and a scene of the whole orchestra on fire just popped into my mind. However, after listening to the first half of the concert, I felt there was more than just excitement. I felt more emotions as the concert progressed. There were ups and downs, a dark side and a light side. Therefore, I chose to paint the rainbow-ish background with the instruments that seem to be on fire (the warm tone at the bottom). The piano, which was my favorite part of the orchestra was in the middle, with other instruments surrounding it. The music notes on the top represented the music pieces the orchestra was playing. They also represented the stars on a starry night (the dark blue background).





Among the Butterflies

Catherine Howard

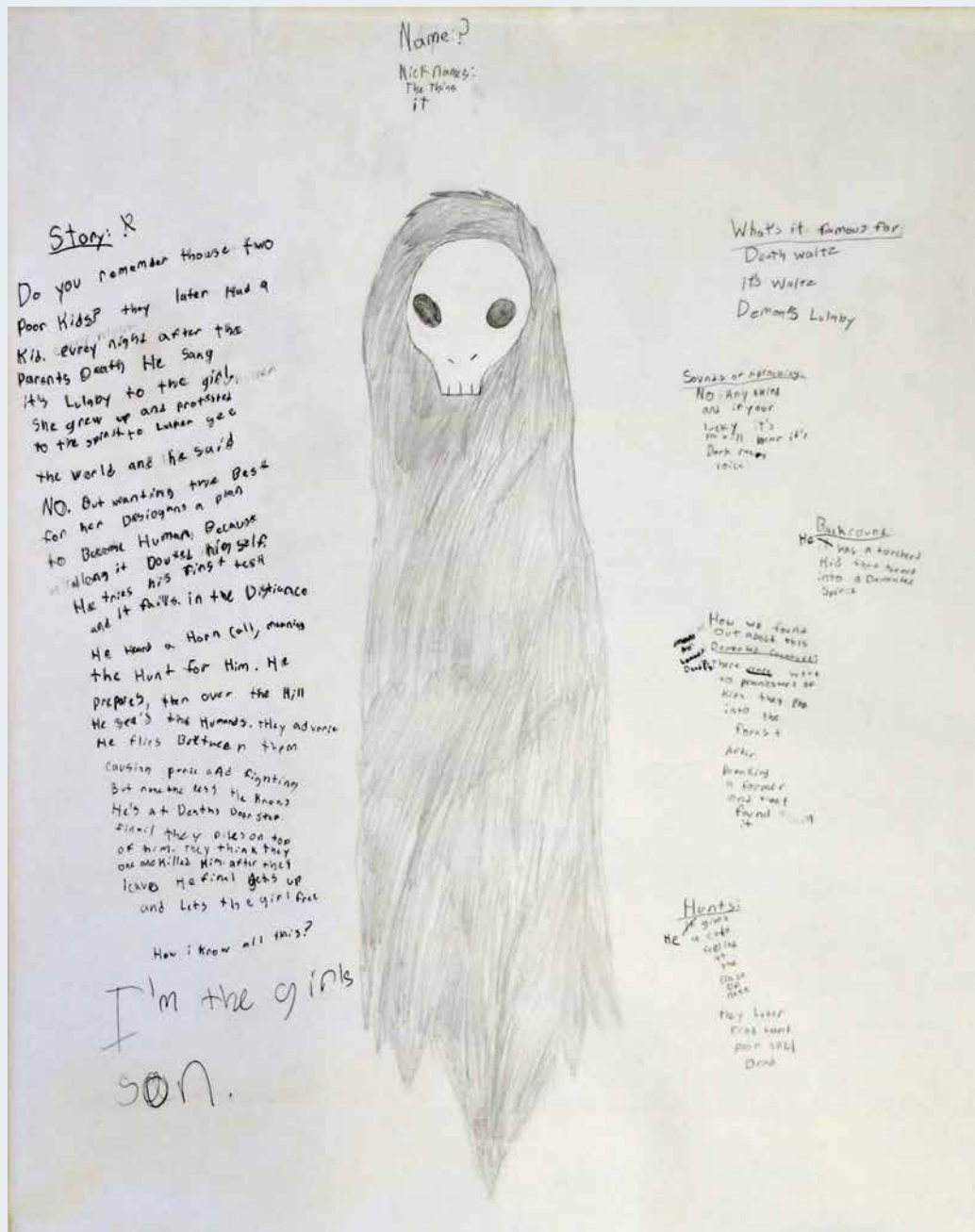
Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Mixed media

Movement in nature was the first thing that came to my mind when I heard the Prokofiev Piano Concerto No. 3 in C Major. The music originally was very quiet, then gradually became very loud in a sweeping movement. I wondered what in nature moved that way and then I realized—Butterflies!! The quietness of the music reminded me of a butterfly forming in its chrysalis, it takes a while...but then it forms, and ultimately becomes a beautiful butterfly. Images of bursts of color resulted in "Among the Butterflies."

It was challenging drawing music, I think it's easier to write what you feel then draw what you feel, but doing this project made my drawing so much more creative then it would have been. Two arts coming together is amazing! I'm so glad I got to contribute. Thanks for the opportunity!



It's Story

Jack Jacobbe

Grade 7—Cambridge School
Roberta DeSantis, Teacher
Graphite on paper

When I first listened to this piece I started to think of two pranksters running in a field. But, as I listened more, my image started to get darker and a whole new beast came out of my mind. I call "the thing" or "it"; a dark creature with a twisted back story. The music started to speak to me...coming out with words and a story. At times, I felt almost trapped in the music; like I couldn't get myself out and couldn't breathe. After the concert, I had a full idea that was all mapped out on my sheets of paper.

In this picture, it explains this creature's back story, how it hunts and what happens to it during this song. This actual picture is supposed to be a sketch, an explanation of the beast, which was originally done by someone who didn't know much about the creature's story. Later the sketch and writing were found by someone who knew the beast's whole story, so they edited the original work and added to the story...that's the writing you can read in pen and at the bottom is the person's connection to the beast.



The Burning Fire

Patrick Murtland

Grade 7—Cambridge School

Roberta DeSantis, Teacher

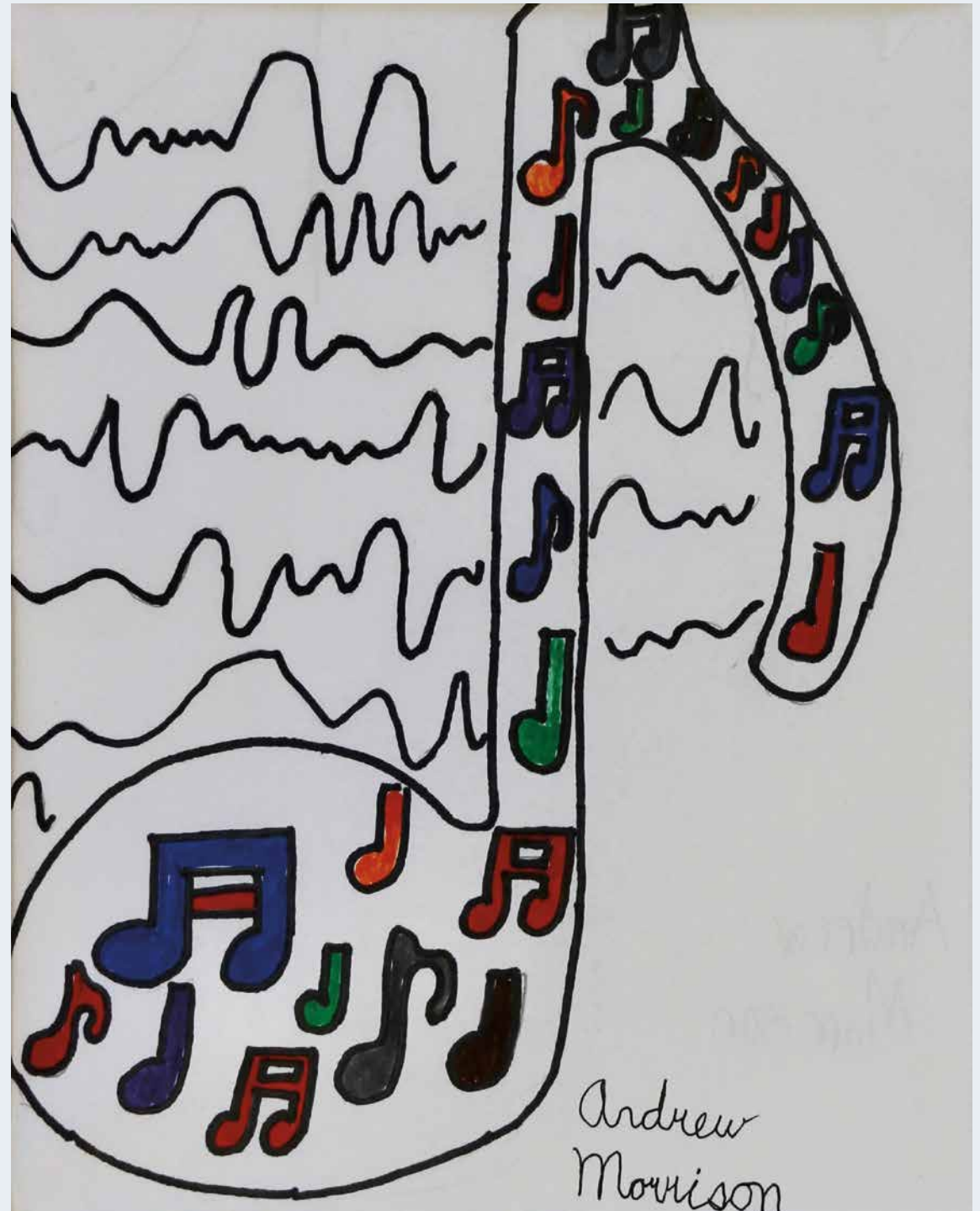
Colored pencils on paper

When I listened to the Symphony Orchestra I felt the music continuously build up and dance and that made me picture fire dancing in a fire place. The music continues to grow, build, and fall. When the music falls, I imagined a log falling from the fireplace. The fire then spreads and the smoke swirls and dances up to the ceiling. The fire continues to spread to the chair and the curtains destroying everything in its path and the smoke continues to increase, filling up the room.

Rhythm Flow
Andrew Morrison
Grade 8—Cambridge School
Roberta DeSantis, Teacher
Markers on paper

My artwork is a big note filled with little notes. The reasoning for this is that the music made me think about all the little notes that create the music that is represented by the big note. In addition, the lines behind the big note is how the music flowed and how it can change abruptly then transfer into a more mellow sound. The colors in the small notes are to show what the music sounded like.

The red represents aggression, loud, fast, and intense. The orange shows the mellowness and calmness of the music. So, that is how the music made me feel and think.





City Rise for Power

Anika Chakraborti

Grade 8—Montgomery Upper Middle School

Whitney Ehnert, Teacher

Ink/Gouache on watercolor paper

After viewing the workshop and being able to learn more about the composer, it helped me to better formulate an idea for a submission in accordance with the music. The composer was said to have come to New York to escape his life. I view New York as a bustling and loud city with big companies and people constantly moving through their jobs. There is always a rise for power and different shifts in power as well. In the music piece there is a repeated section which is played differently each time with different style and dynamic. I view each repetition as a different group stating their rise to power, especially when the pianist played the very loud dramatic sections, it put off the same vibe of a city.

It may start slow.
But do not be deceived.
It's force, only increasing.
It's drive, pushing you onward.
Slowing, only to get faster.
The End, it's only goal.

Do not be fooled by the way it sneaks.
It will, become more clear.
Do not doubt it.
For it will, drive on.

It may, seem sweet at times.
But do not be deceived.
It will, drive on.

It may, be the only thing you hear.
It may, seem simple.
But do not be deceived.
It will, drive on.

It will, pick back up,
No matter how many times it stops.
It will, drive on.

It will, pick back up
Louder than before,
Or softer than before.
It will, drive on.

It may, make you feel things,
It may, make you think.
But it doesn't matter,
Because it will, drive on.
It will, drive on.
It will, pick back up.
On and on until the end

THE END

Stephane Morel
Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School
Claudia Luongo, Teacher
Untitled

The summer is bright and exciting,
While animals bask in the warm lighting.
They grow, prosper, and just have fun,
But as soon as the season begins it is done.

When Fall comes around,
The leaves all turn brown.
Many animals fly out,
And almost all checkout.
Squirrels run fast,
And collect acorns for the winter repast.
Soon the leaves are all gone,
And the curtain of Fall has drawn.

Winter quickly rolls on in,
The growth of icicles will now begin.
Animals now all asleep in their den,
As snow covers the nearby glen.
The quiet noise of snowfall matches,
The small mint green grass patches.
And the grace of winter can never compare,
To the summer coat of a hare.
After months winter it is finally done,
And the piles of snow will melt one by one.

Spring will quickly melt away the snow,
New plants and flowers will now begin to grow.
The forest creatures will now awaken,
Probably a little bit shaken.
They all start new lives,
And some leave five by five.
We all enjoy what Spring can give,
But sorry dear Spring please learn to forgive
Because we must go see an old friend,
But, good wishes we send,
Until we meet again!

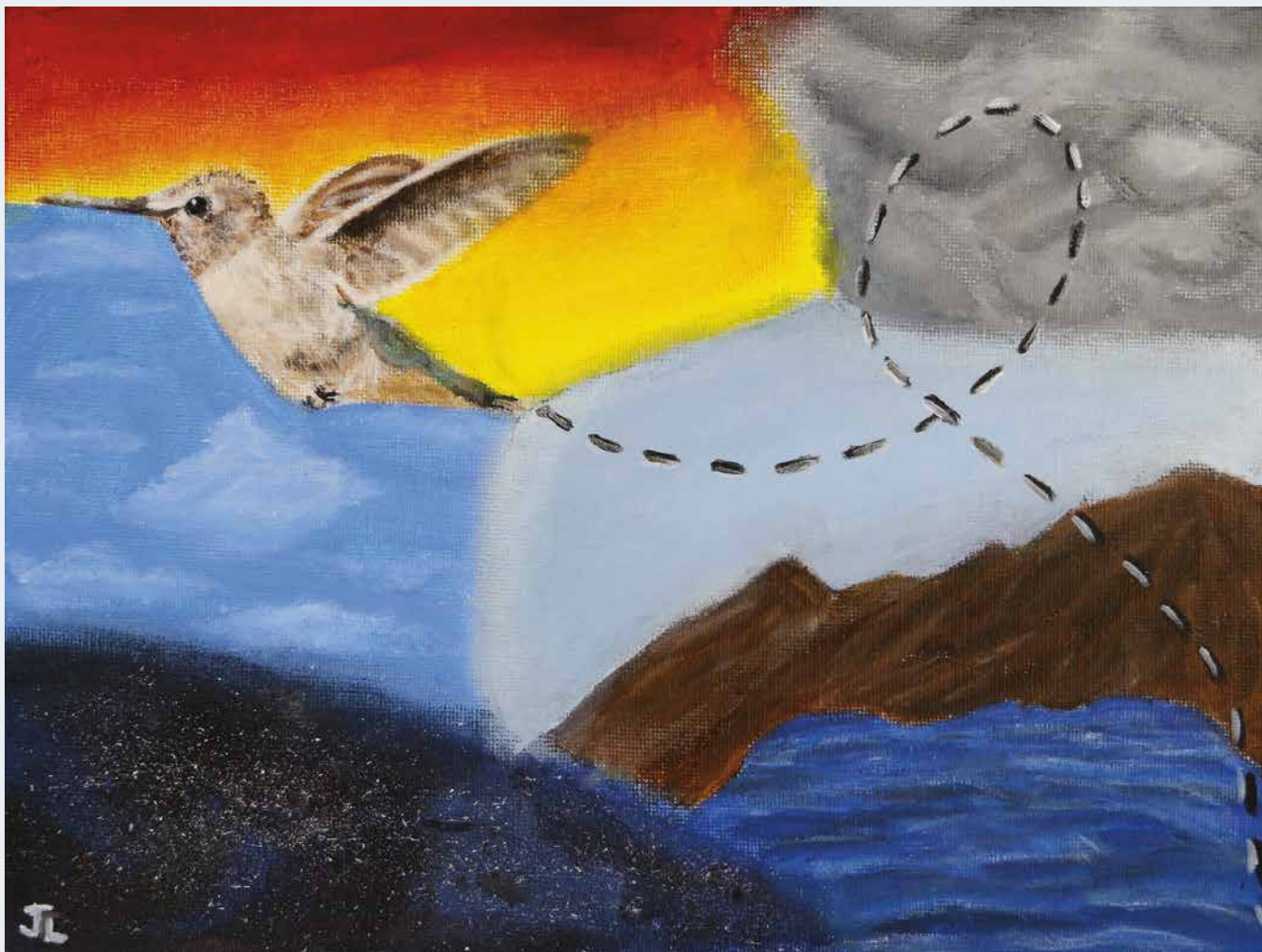
Now Summer runs home on it's way,
And brings back the sun's beautiful warm rays.
So the fun resumes from just where we left it,
We wish everyone may enjoy the fun and benefit.
The animals live and thrive,
Some take honey from the local beehive.
Yet again Summer ends,
And the seasons cycle begins again.

Sofia Ortiguera

Grade 8—St. Paul School

Sally Chrisman, Teacher

Untitled



Soar

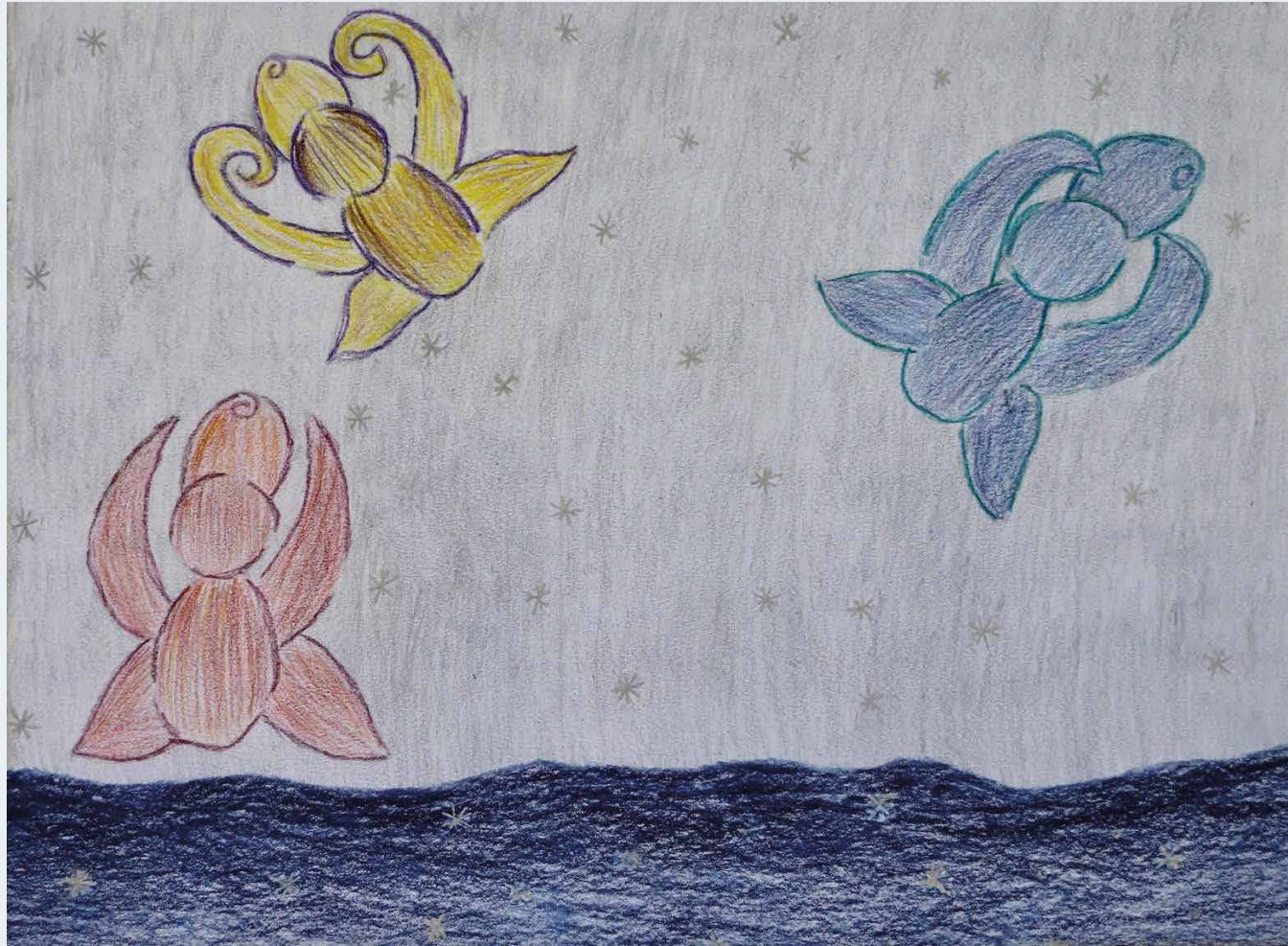
Jane Lillard

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Acrylic paint on board

During the concert, I noticed a lot of fast notes that were ascending. This reminded me of a bird flying, so that's one of the main parts of the painting. I used dashes to show movement and energy from the bird. The different landscapes were inspired by the sounds of the instruments. The clouds represented gloom and darkness, the blue sky for happiness, the sunset for peace, etc. I made the edges where the sections meet sort of fuzzy, because all the sounds blended together. I really enjoyed attending this performance, and I'm very glad I got to have this experience!



Pixies on Water
Julia Bigioni

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School
Claudia Luongo, Teacher
Colored pencil, silver pen on art paper

When I listened to Prokofiev's Third Piano Concerto, a number of ideas flew through my head, the most prominent idea being pixies on water. The different pixies show different emotions provoked in the concerto. All factors, such as the wing shape, color, and placement of the pixies, reflected the emotions reflected in the concert piece. For instance, the red pixie represents anger and rage; this is shown by the pixie having pointed wings which shows a harsh attitude, along with the colors, representing energy, anger and strength. The placement of the pixie on the paper also shows its personality; it is at the bottom of the page, showing that it needs to push hard in order to reach the top, causing it to need a lot of energy to do so. This kind of thought went into all of the pixies; the blue represents sadness and depression, while the yellow represents joy and optimism. The placement and shape of these pixies also contributed to the sought after emotion.

Untitled
Michelle Girouard

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School
Claudia Luongo, Teacher
Newspaper, sheet music, watercolor,
acrylic paint, marker, on canvas



My art work incorporates the use of symbolism to convey the mood of the music we listened to. The piece performed by the Princeton Symphony Orchestra conveyed the story of a man confronting the end of his life, featuring several relatively joyous melodies before concluding with darker, more depressing tones. After just embarking on my school's Washington, DC trip, I was greatly inspired by the mood of patriotism, and therefore intended this to be a small tribute to those who have lost their lives serving. As a result, the central focus of my work features a soldier crawling through the grass, desperately trying to reach out. The slightly animalistic appearance of the soldier conveys how war can transform someone into an animal, metaphorically speaking. As one can see, the materials used for this work mainly consist of newspaper and sheet music coated over with watercolor and acrylic paint. The two portions of my art featuring newspaper pieces represent the future. Within the soldier is an obituary from the Princeton Packet, a literal representation for what he knows currently lies ahead for him. Meanwhile, the sky is composed of numerous articles and calendars from local newspapers, symbolizing how society will continue to move forward despite his death, though he will be remembered. The frigid mountain range also represents the unforgiving circumstances that war provides. I added details to the mountain range using acrylic paint, though underneath lies sheet music for several famous darker, more intense symphonies, suitable for the message I was trying to depict by incorporating the mountain range. I used a similar technique for the fields of grass, although underneath lies sheet music for calmer, more peaceful pieces. It is important to note that despite the soldier's struggles, the field of grass is where his life comes to an end.



Untitled
Dafina Fassu
Grade 6—The Hun School
Sean Hildreth, Teacher
Acrylic on canvas

My painting brought me into a land of peace and I felt like I was the music. The microphone was the most attracting part of my piece. It was just a sign for everyone to know that during that beautiful performance I wanted to just stand up and sing opera in a nice retro room. That is also why I wrote the word “sing” in the bottom of the painting. The flowers represented the peace and flow in the air. My first thought was to paint a galaxy with one star that shined brighter than all of them. When I thought about it, I thought many have mixed emotions about the piece and wanted to make sure it was shown in my painting. At one part of this symphony, I felt like I could just go on a cloud and sleep. The fire on the microphone represented my desire to scream! I was so jumpy when the piano made sharp notes. As a girl that plays an instrument, it is very exciting when you hit those notes that you never knew you could. I was just really ecstatic when this performance was going on. I really think my painting represented my love for the performance and I really hope it showed my passion and desire to bring out my feelings.

The Russian Dream Under the Fingertips
Flossie Zhang

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School
Claudia Luongo, Teacher
Coloring pencil, black pen on paper

Art is my favorite thing to do when I am free. It is a way of expressing how I feel and what I want to do. My art work is The Russian Dream Under the Fingertips. The reason I gave this name to my artwork is because I heard Russian style music in the first movement of the Prokofiev Piano Concerto No. 3 in C Major. And my research also shows that the composer, Prokofiev, was born and grew up in Russia. Also because the orchestra played it, I added "Under the Fingertips" to the name. In my artwork, I express my feeling of this music. The pigeon means freedom; and the building is the symbol of Moscow and is famous throughout the world. The piano keys and the other instruments are the main instruments in the music piece. The reflection of the building in the water symbolizes how "music in the reflection of the soul."



Connections

I noticed many different relations between the three movements! Each one had different intertwining and beautifully overlapping parts. For each movement, I wrote a story told in the form of a poem and connected themes between them to create one! In each one, I heard dancing, jumpy and excited moments, swift and precise. But also within each movement there was a section that had a slower smoother part to it, smooth and rich all at the same time. Throughout the entire piece, in my head, I had a vision of a small snake, but made out of diamonds. With emerald eyes and a shiny topaz stripe down its back, and a ruby rattle at the end of its tail. The piece gave me a feeling of life, and striking and slithering all at once. When reading the poems, look for common settings and characters, which all relate to the style of music and the sections that I divided the song + movements into my brain!

Movement 1:

Beginning, spicy, sweet, and smells like hot cinnamon, then faster and faster and faster

Prance, fly, flying fast, quickly, soar, then quickly turns haunted and eerie

Jazzy, swirly, feelings build up and spill over, emotions feelings movement. Move.

Medium blue flashes in my mind. Swirls throughout my thoughts. Light blue water pounds against my head.

Sparks. Yellow. Red. Orange. Sparks fly. Black.

Fire, vicious, cymbals crashing, thrashing pound. Pound. Pound. Pound. Pound.

Then smooth, like tinkling silver bluebells, silver and crystal water running silently over a blue waterfall.

Little crystal rain drops run together and make the tiniest little sound... *ping...ping...ping...*

A lonely rain drop drizzles eerily down a lonesome window, a gray sky. A pause. A steady heartbeat.

pound. pound. pound. pound.

Then faster than ever before, flying fast, quickly, swiftly, through the clouds and a drizzling burst of water droplets explodes like a huge firework in July!

Running up and down a grassy hill, up and down stairs, a take off feeling into nothing but pure light.

Sharp quick spots of empty nothingness and dark flash, the snake.

Movement 2:

Crisp

Cool

A waltz, red and thin threaded strands of shining gold, dancing in the low light.

Smells like rich spiced chocolate

Change. A change comes. A warm fuzzy feeling. You are no longer in the ballroom, but a longsome deserted night club, a nice quiet evening. The lights have a pinkish tint as they illuminate the now empty dance floor. A warm blue, soft around the edges, an azure glow, then you are back.

QUICK! FAST! A getaway, a little bluebird, lonely, flying across the violently flashing lightning filled sky, off in search of something.

As the thunder crashes, the scene changes. The soft, cool gentle rise and fall of the waters, a gentle rippling swirl, underneath which something gleams silver within the luminous depths of the shining magical pond. That spectacular light shimmers and dances gently on the water, reflecting all of the wonder and mystery.

The snake is back again. Only this time, we see its emerald eyes shining eerily, the topaz stripe on its diamond skin, and hear the deathly, pulsing hisssssssss. The little snake moves slowly, slowly, slowly back into the pool without another sound.

Then suddenly, pearl dusted leaves sprout, trees grow towards the sky, and frogs jump from lily pad to lily pad, and the new bright sun shines through a tiny peephole in the newly sprouted trees. But all of the leaves spiral down, leaving a thin pearl dust on the surface of the swirling pond. Back to the snake, with emeralds for eyes, swaying gently, back and forth, back and forth. But the little creature begins to slowly come to a stop. It slowly smiles at you, before crumpling under the weight of its own head... without another sound, you cry, the snake was special. But before you can grieve long for your friend, the pond begins to shine and a new light shines through this forest. You are safe... you are at home.

Movement 3:

A chase, anger, trickery, fun! Confusion, betrayal, happiness... endless emotions twist through your mind like a silvery mist zipping throughout the little golden passageways, as thin as a single hair through your mind, surrounded by a blue haze. One thought is indistinguishable from the other, confused again!

then it's over in a flash.

A single rainbow eye, mostly gray and blue, speckled with gold and black, peering out at you. The image zooms out and we see it belongs to a dark skinned face, sleek shiny flowing hair raised above her head in anger, she radiates power, then her locks fall and we see the soft side of this girl, barely older than 16, consumed in emotions and feelings she can't conceal or control. On her finger is a single, blue butterfly. She releases it, it flies into a clear blue sky, reunited with its home at last.

The girl begins to cry. Silent gold tears fall, shimmering, off of her face. A silky pearl haze, a strange being embraces the girl and the haze turns to rain.

The drops turn from black, to blue to gray to crystal clear. Someone standing out in the rain, heart-broken.

A warm cup of hot chocolate in your lap. You close your eyes. Feel the wind in your long hair.

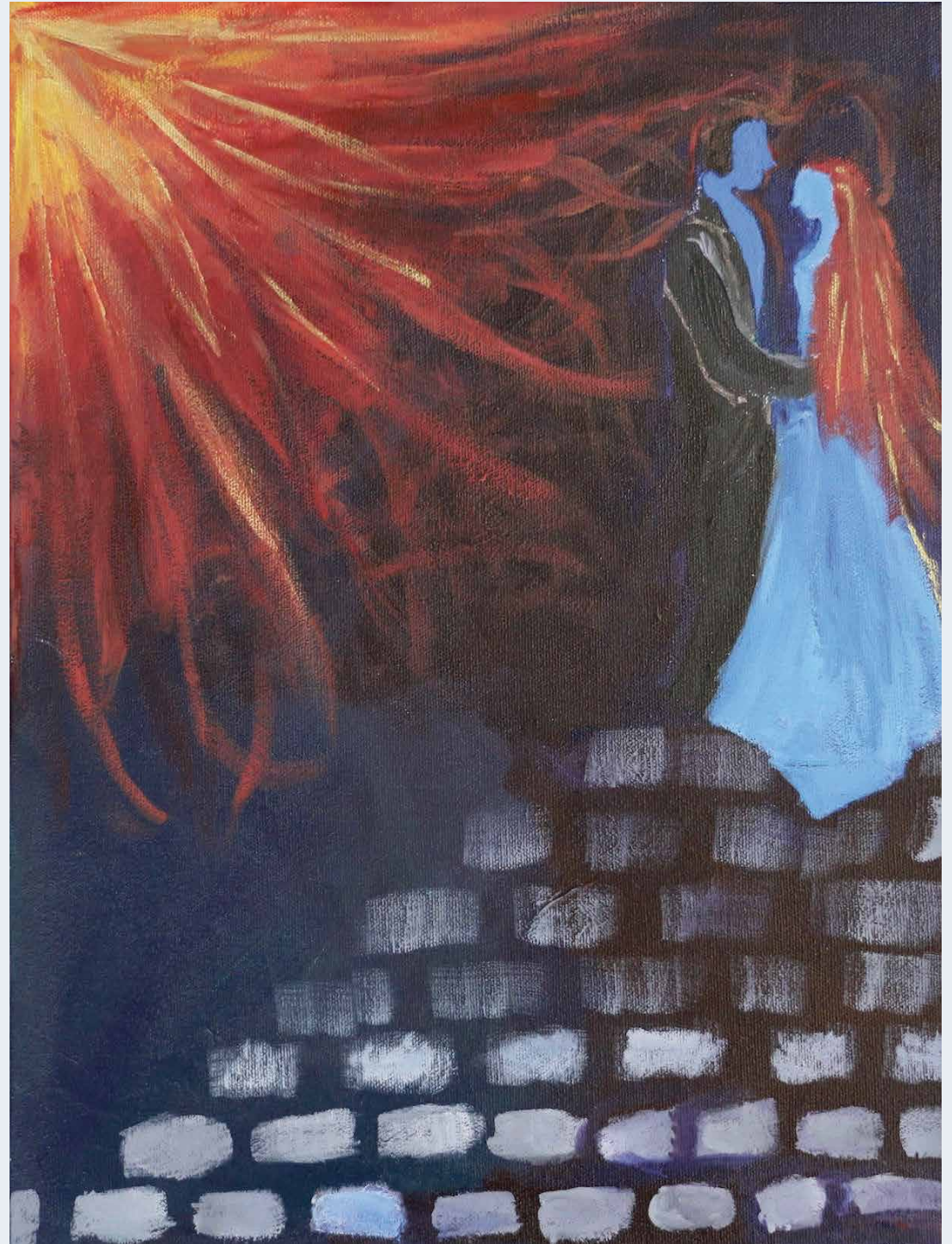
A breeze full of spices, cinnamon and nutmeg swirl around you, warm and cool at the same time

And here we are... back at the beginning.

Ascent
Virankha A. Peter

Grade 6—Montgomery Lower Middle School
Arlene Milgram, Teacher
Acrylic paint on canvas

After listening to Prokofiev's Third Concerto, I conceived a piece of art based on the sound of the music, and the feeling of the music. In my painting, you will notice the recurrence of the color blue. All of the landscape, so to speak, was based on the color blue. This represents the recurring theme that can be heard in most of the movements. The overlaying pattern, including the people in the painting, represents the other parts of the piece. The burst of light represents the liveliness in the beginning of the piece. The tendrils represent the clarinets in the beginning of the piece.. They fade into the background just as the clarinets transition to the main theme. The stones, resembling stairs, represent the ascending feel of the piece. The coloration of the stones, however, relates more to the second section of the piece, which had a more foreboding, mysterious mood. The rest of my painting is based on the mood and feeling of the Concerto. The people represent the range of emotions in the piece. The man appears shrouded in shadow, while the woman is brightly colored, and stands out. This represents the mysterious mood to the second and third movements of the piece.





Life Journey

Jessica (Tianyi) Jia

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Coloring pencil, black pen on paper

My artwork is the lifelong journey of a girl. My inspiration came from the melody of Piano Concerto No. 3 in C Major, Op. 26. The piece was alternately soft and vivid, sorrowful and delightful, and it reminded me of the journey of life. I used a landscape as the background and I divided it into four parts. Each part is a filter, and they can show different colors of the same landscape. The first filter is spring. It represents the joyful part of the music and it's full of vitality. There's a little girl sitting on the grass with her arms up, she wants to hug the world. The second filter is summer. The little girl has grown up to be a young lady, she's sprinting. Half of her body is in the third filter. It shows the enthusiasm and the eagerness of growing up faster as a teenager. It is full of power and it represents the allegro part of the music. The third filter is fall. The young lady becomes a woman; she is standing and she doesn't move. It represents the sorrowful part of the music. The last filter is winter. The old woman is looking back to the past; she's waving her hand to herself in the past and her memory. It's the end of her life and the end of the music; a little sad but powerful.

Footsteps

The church bell chimed its familiar tune as Miss Harlow stepped out into the biting coldness that was the night. She was shivering having just traded in her cozy, snug living room for an unpleasant, wintry battle between the freezing wind and cannonball sleet. She turned up her collar and pulled down her hat, not knowing whether to commence the tedious walk or wait on the corner in the vain hope a taxi would pass by. Realizing she had little money left in her wallet, Miss Harlow shrugged and trudged down the deserted Main Street through the hoary snow that, like a blanket, had covered the entire town since November.

After several minutes of brisk walking, Miss Harlow could feel her blood surging through her body. The faraway roar of a car evaporated into the distance just as the light from the lamppost began to flicker. She trod past front doors bedecked with wreaths tied by scarlet ribbons and came to a halt when the pedestrian crossing light turned a neon red. “As if anyone would be driving at one in the morning,” she complained to herself.

Suddenly, Miss Harlow’s stomach lurched, and a dark chill swept through her body. Without looking round, she knew she was being watched and could feel the firm gaze burning into her back. The heat from the walk had turned to a cold sweat, like a wet compress used to treat a child with a lingering fever. The crossing light turned to white, and Miss Harlow started to walk forward.

She was being followed. The thud of his boots was like the roar of a lion the moment before he would pounce onto his prey.

Miss Harlow knew it was a he by the way the icy snow crunched with the weight of each footstep. She walked to the other side of the road and paused. Left or right? Right or wrong? Did it matter which way she went? The crunching of the snow stopped.

Seconds passed. Nothing happened. Miss Harlow closed her eyes and waited. Still nothing. She opened her eyes slowly and glanced all around looking for clues. She sensed that she was now alone. As she turned and faced into the road, she saw there were footprints immediately behind her own that came to a standstill just before the sidewalk. A fog had begun to descend, and the wind whistled around her. The wind whipped up the snow, and all the footsteps were covered.

Orin Bolitho

Grade 8—Princeton Charter School
Alexandra Huggins, Teacher

WHAT PARIS MEANS TO ME

An undeniable fragrance of fresh breads and croissants every morning
Scattered in the air, delighting all of the mysterious passers by
The pungent smell of coffee being served to salivating customers who are quite adoring
Accompanied by their young Parisian children sipping hot chocolate

I silently follow their lead
I order a coffee and a warm croissant to eat
Then I sit next to the window, staring at a busy street
Silently, I observe strangers, or rather, friends I haven't met yet, while they eat from the back-view

The faint chatter of the Parisian people sounds so beautiful and melodious
How I wish I knew what they were saying
If I tried to speak in that beautiful accent, it would sound absolutely atrocious
But still, I long to know what they are saying; Au revoir, Bonjour, Merci, Oui...

And it is at that moment, that I realize Paris is painted with love and generosity, a most beautiful hue
So, to all who know Paris as just the Eiffel Tower,
It is also filled with beauty, love and delicious food

Aria Tameze

Grade 7—St. Paul School

Sally Chrisman, Teacher

The Mystical Universe

Scarlet Bailey

Grade 6—Montgomery Lower Middle School

Arlene Milgram, Teacher

Acrylic paint on canvas

Throughout the time period of painting “The Mystical Universe,” I realized that I could hold my artwork anyway I wanted. This affected my piece a lot. I ended up exchanging brown, wooden doors for more mysterious swirls. At one part of the song, the piano sounds like something is banging down a staircase. This determined what shapes to paint. At some parts of the song, the music sounded gloomy, so in response, I added and mixed dark colors with other dark colors. The music style determined my choices of shapes and colors.





Tip Toeing
Isabella Verge

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School
Claudia Luongo, Teacher
Graphite pencil on paper

My drawing is the visual translation of the concert I experienced. During the second half of the musical piece, the music slows down and the melody made me think of a little kid tip-toeing.

Nadia Chasalow

Grade 7—Timberlane Middle School

Coby Sikorsky, Teacher

Untitled

I listened, yet I saw
I looked into the eyes of the music
And saw the life
Of a little girl

I saw her first few years
Quiet, happy
Her song beautiful and carefree

But she soon found the world to be
Much more exciting than she could have imagined
Racing on foot, then rushing by on a new bike
I caught a glimpse of the adrenaline in her eyes

That too, had to end
And she soon found herself plodding
Through school and work
Where was the glimmer in those eyes?

Yet still she found a new beginning
Her beautiful voice filling the streets of France
Letting her contentment return, going full circle

But there will always be a new generation
And when I looked into the eyes of their music
I saw the echoes
Echoes
Of their pain, their joy
And I knew that the music was giving me a glimpse of their life.

Wow

You see the doors open,
You climb up the stairs.
You find your seat, and close your eyes as
the show starts.
You hear the first strike.
It comes suddenly, but you expected it,
Then your mind starts to wander,
Leaving just you to listen for yourself.
You hear the piano,
Playing at a fast pace,
As fast as it would be to blink.
Then all of a sudden it stops,
An applause comes from all over,
You didn't want it to end,
You wanted to applaud,
But you were too stunned to move.
The music took you away.
But now it was time to leave,
Leave your seat and the building,
And leave everything behind.
When your parents find you and ask you
how it went,
All you can say is, "Wow!"

Molly Missonis

Grade 6—Stuart Country Day School

Linda Hochuli, Teacher



A Flight of Soft Feet

Julia Zhang

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Watercolor and coloring pencil on paper

This artwork was done based off of my interpretations of the first movement. To me, this movement tells of something fleeting; it is fast-paced and full of tension. It's similar to (what I imagine) a chase between a rabbit and a fox would be. The suspense builds up and up, and all of a sudden the danger is gone. Perhaps the fox gave up, or perhaps the rabbit found a safe place to hide. Originally, I didn't know how to draw what I pictured in my head, as I had an entire scene all played out. I do believe that I managed to recreate the most important piece of this movement: the chase. The entire scene has an extreme amount of red, from the background to the eyes To me it screams "Alarm!" the white of the rabbit's fur represents innocence, a freedom it runs towards, away from the fox.



Mystery

Miranda Qing

Grade 6—Montgomery Lower Middle School

Arlene Milgram, Teacher

Acrylic paint on canvas

As I was listening to Prokofiev's Piano concerto No. 3 in C Major, Op. 26, the three main things that I heard were mystery, celebration/ceremony, and rushing/dashing motions, so I tried representing these ideas in my artwork. For mystery, I chose to make the overall theme of the piece very dark, yet having many layers of color: I put together shades of blue, green, and brown for the setting, like a forest. For the celebration/ceremony, I painted little blurs of light to show happiness and excitement. Finally, to represent the rushing/dashing motions, I made many of the little orbs of light seem to have a trail behind them to show fast flight/movement through the air: My painting represents the image that the music showed me.



Storm

Brianna Kylie Le

Grade 6—The Hun School

Sean Hildreth, Teacher

Acrylic paint on canvas

My piece of art reaction has to do with a storyline. The music to me felt peaceful only a couple of times but then raging sensations representing some sort of storm. So what I thought was two people that were friends, on a journey. They started getting chased by a horrendous storm, which conquered everything it touched. The two people ran for their lives. It turned out one person was stronger than the other, or faster, and ran as fast as he/she could. That person leaves his/her friend behind trying to save his/her own life. The weaker one got caught by the storm and was sucked into the hurricane and then disappeared. The stronger person went on with his/her life, filled with guilt when he/she realized they left the other friend behind.

Walking down a path
Alone I trip and fall
Endlessly through the ground
I am lost and scared
A bottle in the distance
That I cannot trust
White and red roses
“Off with her head!”
I can't hold on anymore
Eyes blinking open
Leaves are all around me
Was it all a dream?

Hanako Moulton

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Untitled

When I was at the concert, the story I imagined there was very similar to Alice in Wonderland. A young girl in a forest ends up in a strange, magical world. She is lost and scared and can't tell who or what she can trust, and she gets in trouble for trying to do the right thing. Just as she's about to get in trouble she wakes up from the dream and is puzzled and dumbfounded. I decided to write four poems—one for each movement. They are written like Japanese haikus since they are short and simple. Haiku is a form of poetry where the first line has 5 syllables, the second line has 7, and the third line has 5. Like a concerto, each poem tells a story by itself, but when combined, it tells a tale full of ups and downs, twists and turns, and adventure.



Untitled
Anita Liu

Grade 6—Stuart Country Day School
Linda Hochuli, Teacher
Oil on canvas

My Mother is a violinist born on the 2nd of August. My Grandfather chose this instrument because he was once also a violinist and teacher of music. It was very hard to play the violin and my mother had an unforgettable childhood. Focus on the background, and realize that it is not very colorful; well, it represents my mother's childhood better than anything. The colors are representing the changes that had happened. Coming down towards the violin, you would soon notice that there are no strings that connect towards the end of the violin. This strange choice of mine is very important. Why? This represents the way that my grandfather had whipped her with his belt. The strings obviously came off after that moment, meaning it hurt a lot indeed, but what hurt most of all, was my mother's confidence. On the bottom of the canvas is the reflection and shadow of the violin. My mother thanked my grandfather for teaching her this, even though once in her life time, she hated him more than ever. My mother was soon invited into one of the most famous orchestras in China, but gave up her career to take care of me. This painting is important to me, not only that it reminds me of my mother, but also it could teach people that you won't succeed unless someone pushes you towards your final goal.

A frog on a rock
Always staring at the lake
The sound of water

—Anita Liu

The Struggle of the Artist

One hollow, passionate roar, soon joined by others. A battle cry, not to scare but to claim. Sounding like a far off land in the North many decades ago. But now is now and it is time. The war has begun.

A war against perfection, a battle we know they will never win. But, as the battle cry resonates in their bones, they let it go. Letting loose the primitive, wild, savage spirit, growling and growing in them from the start. Almost like a deadly dance, they are a whirl, dodging and shielding with grace and ease. Keeping the time, doing all the correct moves, but then...

Pain searing, almost blinding, as the enemy strikes and hits, with precise ease. With immense effort, pain rebounding in head and body they get back up and continue. The dance a little slower, their enemy prowling, taking his time, savoring every moment of their pain. The dance still a blur for all bystanders. Then again the enemy finds its dent in them. They know they won't win, but they get back up, pride not letting them stand down. While they take their stance the enemy circles them trying to find the perfect spot.

Finally after many little scratches, the enemy getting bored of this light play delivers the final blow. They fall to the ground, panting, all gasps of air not enough to fill their lungs, and then they take their final breath and the light in their eyes dies. The inner war the musicians have not won, once again.

Penelope's Sweet Melody

Hellen Jin

Grade 6—Stuart Country Day School

Linda Hochuli, Teacher

Acrylic, molded tissue on canvas, and accompanying poetry



The fairy opened the door
Then, she suddenly fell onto the floor.
She saw a light
That was in her sight.
Then, she wanted to find out more.

She saw some music notes.
She tried to put them in her tote
What she heard
Was a curse
Something that shouldn't go in her purse.
Then she tried to avoid the notes.

The curse was chasing her down the hill
There was not time for her to stand still.
She tripped and fell.
She smelled a lovely smell.
She saw a flower that looked sadly ill.
Should she write the flower a poem with a fancy quill?

She was kind enough to pick it up
Her hands like a gentle cup.
It started to move
And she did prove
That love creates a healthy groove.
Then, the notes started to line up
As if they were a playful pup.

The notes were dance in the air
The fairy sat on a comfy chair eating a fragrant pear.
She listened to a song
For all day long.
It was a sweet melody
For dear Penelope.



PSO BRAVO! *Listen Up!* 2016-17

- Front row:** Grace LaNasa, Hellen Jin, Virankha A. Peter, Scarlet Bailey, Miranda Qing, Anita Liu, conductor Jayce Ogren, Sofia Ortiguera, Julianne Russell, Brianna Kylie Le, Dafina Fassu
- Second row:** Julia Zhang, Jane Lillard, Catherine Howard, Sophia Sapienza, pianist Natasha Paremski, Emily Zhou, Nadia Chasalow, Orin Bolitho, Lucrezia DiVincenzo
- Third row:** Patrick Murtland, Andrew Morrison, Jack Giacobbe, Hanako Moulton, Michelle Girouard, Grace Johnson, Anika Chakraborti
- Fourth row:** Stephane Morel, Jessica (Tianyi) Jia, Flossie Zhang, Amanda Sun, Isabella Verge

Not Pictured: Aria Tameze, Molly Missonis, Emilyanne Shelley, Julia Bigioni



Rossen Milanov, Music Director — Marc Uys, Executive Director
Bryan McNamara, Manager of Operations and PSO BRAVO!
Betsy Loughran, *Listen Up!* Project Coordinator

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