

• PRINCETON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
ROSSEN MILANOV, MUSIC DIRECTOR

2019-2020



***PSO BRAVO!***  
**Listen Up!**

Creative Responses to Saad Haddad's Clarinet Concerto  
~ March 24-April 19, 2020 ~

# PSO BRAVO!

## Creative Responses to Saad Haddad's Clarinet Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra

Talented middle school students attended the Princeton Symphony Orchestra's Saturday, January 18, 2020 concert. They listened attentively to the world premiere of Saad Haddad's Clarinet Concerto by clarinetist Kinan Azmeh and the orchestra under the direction of Rossen Milanov, Edward T. Cone Music Director. These PSO BRAVO! *Listen Up!* 2019-20 student writers and visual artists were invited to respond freely or consider prompts relating to the work, 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 performances on March 21 and 22, and at the Arts Council of Princeton's Paul Robeson Center for the Arts from Tuesday, March 24 - Sunday, April 19.

### Thank you to the following teachers who supported and coordinated their students' participation in *Listen Up!* 2019-20:

Melissa Mack, The Cambridge School  
Luisa Martucci, Christina Seix Academy  
Monica Blake, John Witherspoon Middle School  
Claudia Luongo, John Witherspoon Middle School  
Whitney Ehnert, Montgomery Upper Middle School  
Madeleine McCarthy, Ranney School  
Pauline Swiatocha, Ranney School  
Sally Chrisman, St. Paul School of Princeton  
Linda Hochuli, Stuart Country Day School of the Sacred Heart

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The Princeton Symphony Orchestra (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 Arts Council of Princeton staff members.



## *Listen Up!* Workshop

During the 2019-20 season, the PSO hosted its fifth *Listen Up!* workshop. On January 17, *Listen Up!* participants came to the Arts Council of Princeton (ACP), met the PSO's Edward T. Cone Music Director Rossen Milanov and composer Saad Haddad, and discussed and listened to the styles, characters, and emotions in Mr. Haddad's Clarinet Concerto. 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.



*Photos of the Listen Up! Workshop: (Top and Bottom) Students preparing sketches of ideas; (Middle) Composer Saad Haddad talks to students about his piece.*

## *The Snake's Journey*

Tyler Olmstead

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Printed and collaged paper, glue,  
watercolor, oil pastel

*To me, the clarinet in this piece sounds like a snake who is kept by a snake charmer. The snake is bound for the bazaar, in preparation for the coming day. Towards the beginning of the piece, there are two loud “jolts” in the music. It sounds as if something had knocked the basket over, and the lid popped off. The snake, who has only ever known the inside of the snake charmer’s basket, is suddenly freed. The soloist, now released, comes to the front of the stage. The snake’s (and the soloist’s) adventure begins.*

*The snake wanders around the bazaar until it stumbles upon another snake. It remains happy for a bit, but soon things become chaotic; there are more people and animals than it is used to, and the snake is overwhelmed and afraid. It darts away (and the soloist escapes to the side of the stage, away from the audience). At the conclusion of the piece, he once again finds the other snake, and they peacefully slither off together (at the back of the orchestra).*





### ***Shouting***

**Madison Reynolds**

**Grade 6—The Cambridge School**

**Melissa Mack, Teacher**

**Acrylic paint, Sharpie, canvas paper,  
and printouts**

*Imagine your emotions expressed through color. Every single emotion you've ever had put on one piece of paper. How would that make you feel? I did my project based on a song that was chosen for me. It was pretty difficult; the song had many elements going on in one piece. That's what inspired me to make my artwork. My artwork represents emotion, color and every little feeling you've ever experienced bursted out on a piece of paper. The piece of music mixes with my artwork inspiring and identifying features that were both brought out in our pieces.*

## *Shadow*

**Kevin Mortenson**

**Grade 8—Ranney School**

**Madeleine McCarthy, Teacher**

**Pencil and watercolor paint**

*Saad Haddad's Clarinet Concerto carried me through a wide variety of emotions while I listened to it. At times the music was chaotic and at other times it was quite tranquil. Although after the first listen, I did find the piece quite chaotic, after a few more listens I started to hear the piece differently. I saw the more organized and beautiful sounds that I didn't focus on at the time of my first listen. These two opposite sounds I observed were reflected in my piece of art. The tree that sits on the body of water leaves a shadow in the water that hardly represents the tree that sits above. This shows the different sides of the symphony I heard, and it can also reflect the idea that what's on the inside is not always the same on the outside.*





**Wonder**

**Keren Cruz**

**Grade 6—Christina Seix Academy**

**Luisa Martucci, Teacher**

**Acrylic paint on paper**

*My artwork focused on the curiosity of the piece I heard when visiting the performance. I titled my artwork Wonder because as I listened there were many different turning points. It confused me as it went from happy to dark. I drew the night sky with trees on the bottom and the moon up above. I felt excited to get to work and put my thoughts onto the paper. The performance was different than my first thought of it, at first, I thought it'd be very sad like the first music piece we heard. Then once we heard the final piece I noticed that the music changed the mood from time to time. The clarinet solo felt like it was traveling throughout the story, in my opinion, the performance was amazing!*

**Cecelia Embleton**

**Grade 6—Stuart Country Day School**

**Linda Hochuli, Teacher**

**Short story**

## **Silence**

There was no light; it was total darkness. Not a single soul called out in this cold, heartless night. Perhaps it was peaceful, the absence of sight and noise, or it was empty. There is a fine line between tranquility and silence. There were only stones on the ground, and some jagged rocks. Rocks sharp enough to pierce one's flesh. The only thing recognizable, perhaps even familiar, in this landscape of silence and unknown evil, was a tree. No, many trees. So many trees you could not count them all. It was a forest, the landscape, full of trees. It smelled of cedar wood and bark. Almost like that scent of cinnamon, it was so unique and so refreshing. One would not dare to move, for fear of disturbing this eerily creepy, yet beautiful scene. All of a sudden, a voice rang out. Not a voice of a human, but of a wild creature. It did not sound scared, not nervous; it sounded confident. This forest was its territory, and everything belonged to it--it was supreme and important, entitled, even. There was only one creature thought of to be that powerful; it was a wolf. This wolf glided into view, its delicate, soft fur reflected the moonlight that hadn't been there before. Its calls were so smooth, one would think it was a song. Its voice boomed through the graceful and sinister scene, and it was almost as if you could see a gust of wind shaking the trees. After the wolf had finished its calls, it threw its head back. It howled at the moon as loud as possible, and it asserted its dominance, its superiority to all other organisms. Then, as if what had all happened was just a simple illusion, it morphed back into the darkness, the silence; that would be there, before, and forevermore. It was once again, the tranquil, lightless night, that would leave one wondering if it had ever happened at all.





### ***Beyond***

**Seth Tolchin**

**Grade 8—Ranney School**

**Madeleine McCarthy, Teacher**

**Pencils**

*While listening to Saad Haddad's Clarinet Concerto, I thought of a barren wasteland with only a miniscule amount of life. I felt the piece being out worldly so I drew multiple moons to show how I interpreted the music. I drew the dead tree and a small amount of water to depict a scorched landscape. From the beginning, I knew the theme of my work would be an out of worldly desert. At first, there was only one moon, but I wanted a stranger "out of worldly" feeling, so I added two more moons. The terrain shows wrinkles in the sand, little patches of grass and mountains in the background. My piece is meant to display a foreign world.*

## **Fright**

**Serenity Davis**

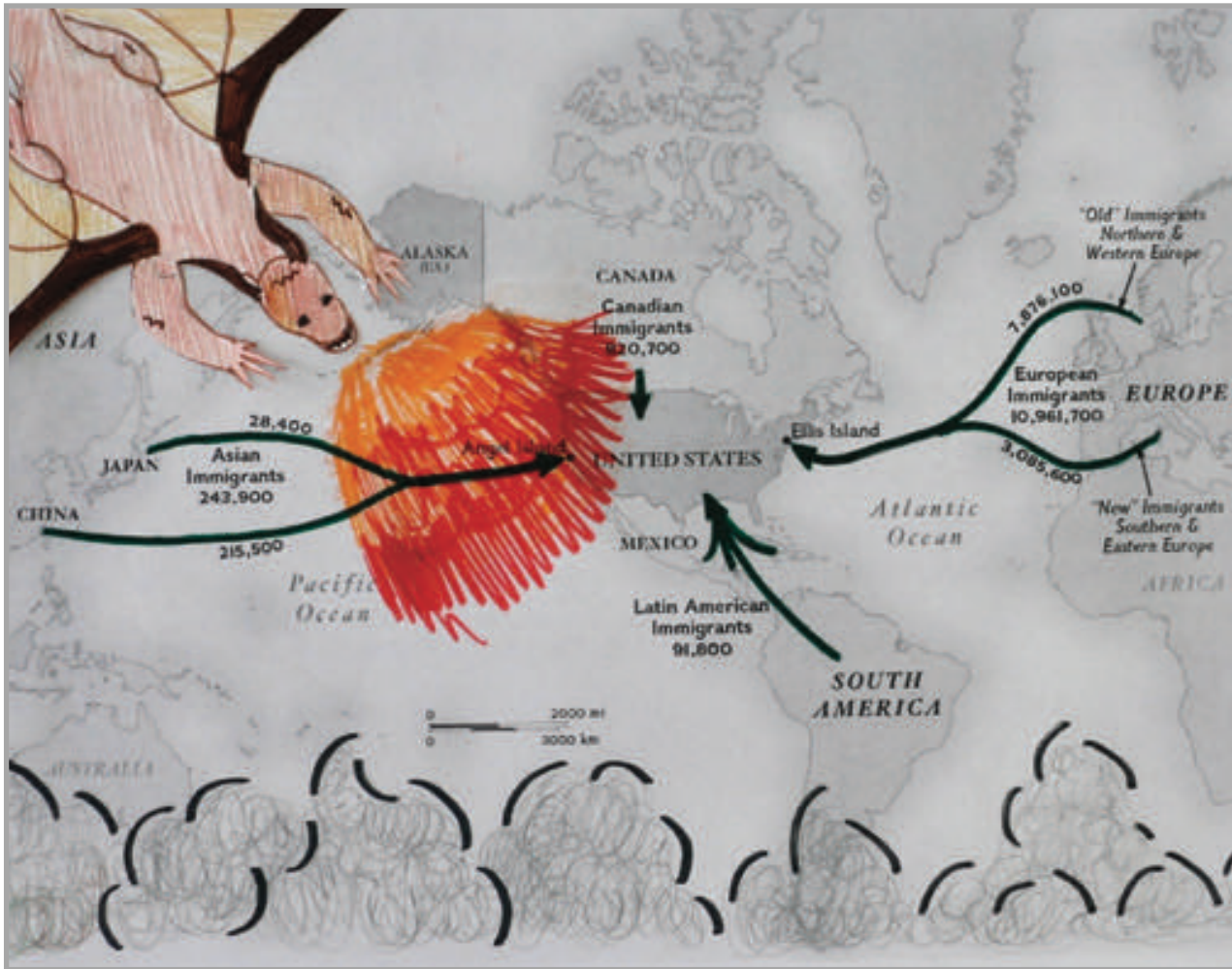
**Grade 7—Christina Seix Academy**

**Luisa Martucci, Teacher**

**Soft chalk pastels on paper**

*The title of my drawing is Fright; everyone has something that scares them, at least a little bit. The drawing is meant to represent some people's phobias. Thanatophobia (fear of death) is represented with the skeleton and dead rose. Hemophobia (fear of blood) shown in the top right. Arachnophobia and Ophidiophobia (fear of spiders and snakes) represented through the spider and yellow snake to the left. The music made me think of this because to me it sounded similar to when someone is being chased by something they were afraid of. Something I am afraid of is drowning because it is a pretty slow death and you are still alive while struggling for air!*





**The Wooden Dragon**

**Brooke Truslow**

Grade 7—St. Paul School of Princeton

Mary Dolan, Teacher

Mixed media; drawing

*My art piece The Wooden Dragon was made to represent the struggles faced when someone goes through something difficult, like not being accepted. When this happens, you face obstacles, and when I was thinking about Saad Haddad's piece of music, one thing I could always remember and I would always think about, was the wooden block that would be hit at certain beats. This block was almost like an obstacle to me. Throughout the flow of the music, my head would always turn back to the wooden block; it seemed important to me that somehow I would include some sort of obstacle that the character in my art would have to get past. When I think of something blocking a path, my mind immediately goes to a dragon, so I decided to draw one, but somehow make it wooden, like the wooden block, so that it would be represented in my art. In the background, there is an immigration map to New York, which represents people all over the world moving to America, where they may face prejudice or struggle to establish new lives. This piece was made to represent people's obstacles and suffering.*

*An Endless, Brightened Night*

Leala Mauzerall

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Poetry and visual art

Black ink pens, markers on white art paper

**An Endless, Brightened Night**

The fire of Her soul  
Melted the frozen world,  
But Her fire could not be quenched;  
It filled the world in blistering light  
In an endless  
Brightened  
Night.  
When the fire in Her soul ran out,  
She was left to freeze.  
All She could do was shout,  
As She watched the burning trees.  
She ran away from Her burning world,  
And left everybody to bask,  
In Her once-glorious light,  
As they burned to ash.



*The music reminded me of a once-happy girl, but as the world leached her joy and power, she became mournful of what was happening in the world. The girl tried to give what she had to the world, but more than she could give was taken, and she was left empty. Everyone once knew her, but as she was seeped of who she was, she was left nameless. The world continued to take from her, the people taking were the ones who started hurting. She could not bear to see the world and those who she had cared so much for hurt, she ran from this world, and the people who she tried to help were left in their own catastrophe of the world that they made. The drawing I made shows the girl running away from the burning world, reaching out for something better. The black rectangle over her eyes indicates her namelessness, how she could truly be anybody who had tried to help. Her blue clothing is a stark contrast to her pink hair, and the red, orange and yellow flames in the background. It indicates how she feels now, as blue is a mournful color. Her dyed-pink hair shows how at one point she was happy and loving, as she chose to dye her hair colors that represent those characteristics, but when her mood shifted, she did not dye her hair back, indicating a longing for things as they once were. The flames in the background show the terrible shape that the world she had once tried to help was now in, and how if people did not try to escape they would burn. However, the world burning could be avoided, if people like the girl shown are listened to as they try to help, when they give advice, on how to keep this fragile world from burning in a man-made fire.*

***Lullaby***

**Sam Lorenz**

**Grade 7—The Cambridge School**

**Melissa Mack, Teacher**

**Acrylic, water color, marker on paper**

*In this painting you can see a noble person playing his heart and soul into the instrument for money. This shows that the busy crowd will listen to his soft lullaby. So the people tip the man for making their day that much better.*





***Under Water Mystery***

**Emeli Hernandez**

**Grade 7—St. Paul School of Princeton**

**Mary Dolan, Teacher**

**Painting**

*For my listening project I did an underwater shipwreck. When listening to the piece of music, I got hints of exotic land and sea worlds, so in my art work I tried making a combination of a jungle and an underwater environment. A big part of my work was the sunken ship, which symbolizes the different stop points and traveling the soloist, Kinan Azmeh, made. The trees with vines hanging off them represent the exotic notes of the clarinet and the coral reefs, seaweed, and fish symbolize the orchestra accompaniment underneath.*

## Joy on the Face, but Blood on the Hands

Death! Destruction! Murder! These are the outcomes of all wars. In a barren land far away in Arabia where the sky is known to always be blue was never to be guessed as a place where a war occurred. Wildlife was scarce there because of the hot, dry environment. The sun beats down on the land causing it to dry up and crack. These cracks were soon to be filled up with blood. In this barren land, there were people. A terrible war had occurred between two rival kingdoms, Mahdia and Basra. It was the year of 1357 B.C.E. when Khalid Mohammad, the king of Mahdia, wanted to attack Basra to seize its wealth and power. Basra was a small, prosperous kingdom of gold and natural resources, which Khalid envied for the Mahadian empire, so he wanted to re-establish the Mahadian power in this kingdom. Khalid had never lost a war in his life, so he had never experienced the pain and loss of defeat. Khalid had fought many bloody battles and had triumphed from all of them by completely destroying his enemies. He thought he could do the same with small, weak Basra.

Alam Kazi, the king of Basra was an admirable ruler, whose people loved and supported. His decisions were always just and brought welfare among his people. Alam considered every life in his kingdom important. What had scared Alam was the Mahadian empire, which was expanding its territory. Basra was the next to be at war.

Basra and Mahadia had been rivals for a long time. Before the battle was declared, Khalid had come to Basra for a truce. The truce stated that Basra would be part of the Mahadian empire, but Alam would still be the ruler. Alam thought he would be called a coward if he accepted the truce, so he declined it and waged war. All the kingdoms Khalid had conquered had accepted the truce except for Basra. Khalid was shocked to see a small kingdom choose warfare over peace. Alam was sure that Basra would lose the battle because they were overpowered by the great Mahadian empire and soon became frustrated and angry at himself after thinking about the consequences of his hasty decision. With the spark of hope to win this battle, Alam requested his people to volunteer to join the army. The people of Basra volunteered for the love of the king and kingdom, but deep down inside they knew that Khalid was mightier and merciless.

Clash! Clang! Boom! The war began with drums and war horns made out of animal bone along with the war cries of soldiers. Cling! Clang! Clash! Metal sharp swords clashed leaving wounds that may never heal. Eek! Aah! Ooh! Innocent people screamed as they died by the hands of Khalid's army. The Mahadian empire vanquished the Basran empire completely. It was what Alam had feared, Basra had lost. The spark of hope that was with the Basrans left them. Stepping over corpses Khalid walked towards dying Alam, who was shocked by the destruction of war and slayed him. Till their last breaths, the Basran army fought with great valor but perished at the hands of Khalid. The unity of the soldiers shook Khalid from the inside. He saw corpses of horses, elephants, and soldiers in the bloodstained battlefield. Streams of blood flowed across the corpse-filled battlefield. The ear-piercing, painful cries of orphaned children filled the air along with the moans of wounded soldiers rolling on the ground in pain. Countless people suffered due to the war. The whole Basra was destroyed in front of Khalid's eyes. He had never witnessed such a melancholic and depressing scene before. What had he done? Ruin the lives of thousands just for his own selfishness? How cruel had he been? Although Khalid had conquered Basra, there was no one to rule over. He could not bear the pain any longer, so he left towards the capital after establishing his rule.

The whole journey back to the capital haunted Khalid. He was immersed in grief seeing the horrifying state of Basra in his head. The scenes of death, pain, and agony haunted him all the time and didn't give him any peace of mind. Khalid realized that there must have been horrible aftermath of the other wars that he fought. He had ruined thousands of lives for his own selfishness. What had he done? When they arrived at the capital, happiness and celebration filled the kingdom. The towns were bustling with people and parties took place in houses along with feasts in the palace, but Khalid wasn't happy. He did not take part in the celebrations nor did he attend the royal court. The memories of the battle haunted him as they kept on repeating again and again in his head. No matter how hard he tried not to think about the war, the more it disturbed him. From then on, Khalid accepted non-violence.

This war changed Khalid completely. He ceased envying others and walked on the track of peace. He also started thinking about the welfare of his people instead of expanding his territory. Khalid looked at Alam as an idol and tried to be the best leader he could be like Alam. The arrogance blindfold that blinded Khalid was removed by the aftermath of the battle, but the innocents' blood on his hands and the misery of war would never be washed from his memory. There was joy on his face, but blood on his hand.



Years later the Mahdian villagers decided to pay respect to their late king Khalid. On his grave, there was an epitaph, a poem that Khalid had written after the war. The poem was:

When I close my eyes  
What do I see?  
In my dreams, they come  
To haunt me

What do I hear?  
What do I see?  
Children crying, screaming  
Bleeding bodies, everywhere

What a man can do,  
I'd never dream of it  
I did it in reality.  
My greed is my brain

Screams and cries,  
I hear them, I ponder.  
guilt runs through my veins,  
Sorrow in my heart

Yes, I know I did wrong.  
Please forgive me for this  
But please don't haunt  
Oh, is this the outcome of my selfishness?

My life will be nothing,  
War has seduced me.  
Everyone calls me a hero,  
But I call myself a monster

Moral: Even a tyrant can have a monumental change of heart.

*I based my story on a change between light and dark or you could say between good and bad. My goal is to represent the changes and contrasts in the piece and to convey the moral in the story. The beginning of the piece starts off very dark and melancholic. In my story, depression shows war, destruction, and murder. The piece ends off with a happy and light melody, but suddenly gets sad and leaves a person confused in his thoughts. This was a challenge for me to add to my story. How can I turn war into happiness and keep my reader hanging at the same time? These were my thoughts while writing my story. When listening to the piece, I felt that Saad Haddad had a deeper meaning than you think when composing this piece. During the concert, the clarinet soloist walked around the stage. I conveyed this when the destruction takes place on the battlefield. This piece was challenging to write about, but overall I enjoyed the wonderful experience.*

**Midnight**

**Minhee Lee**

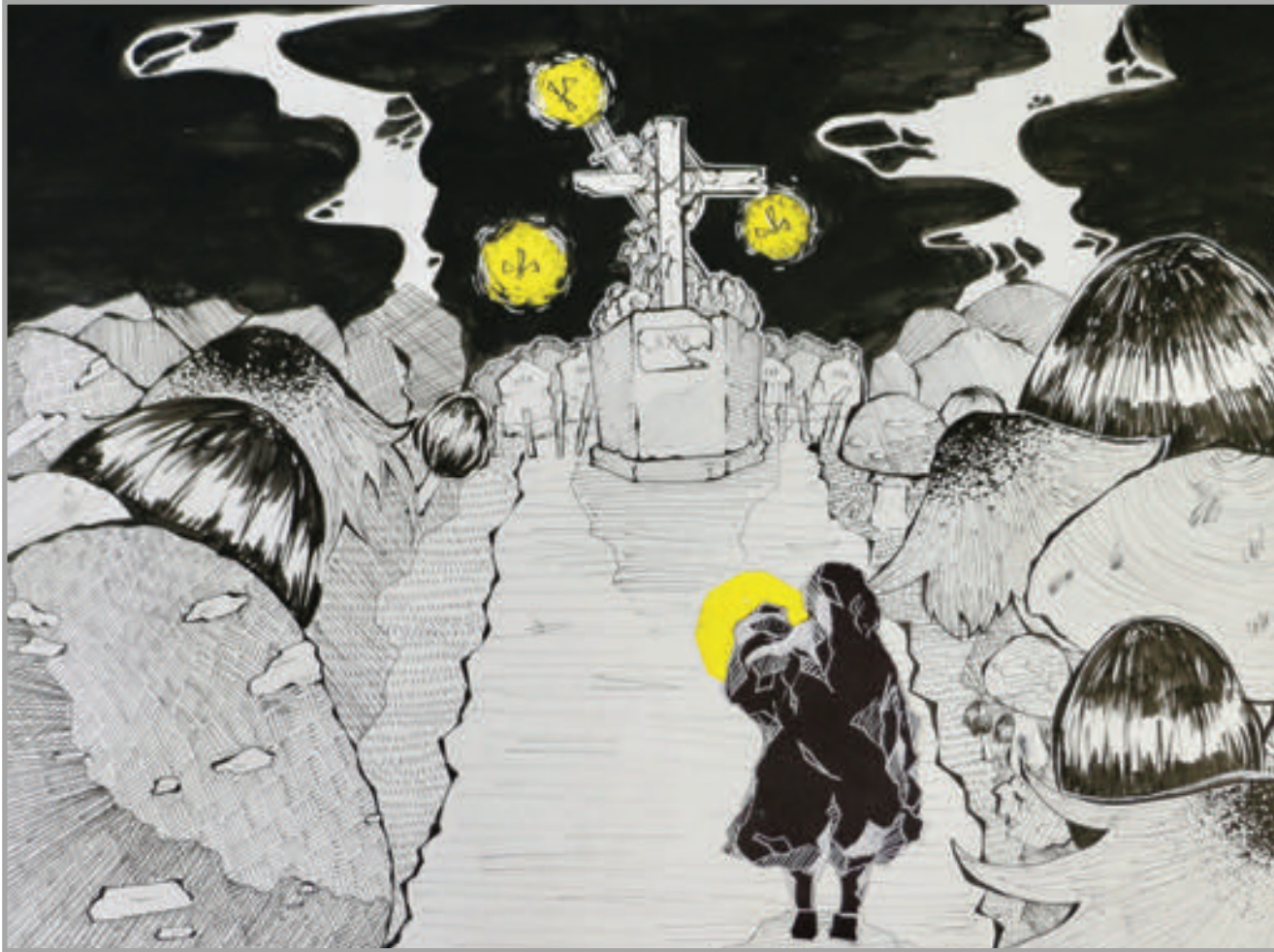
**Grade 8—Montgomery Upper Middle School**

**Whitney Ehnert, Teacher**

**Acrylic**

*In my art piece you can see that there is someone blowing bubbles into a space-like area. It's like space but it has bubbles and makes everything mysterious and unexplainable so then I painted bubbles in space and some people in it. The fire on the bubbles represents the feelings of the area or people in the bubble. In the music I found that they had parts that were mysterious and dark but also where the piece was light and almost where the "main characters" were confused.*





***Unexpected Discovery***

**Katelyn Wang**

**Grade 8—Montgomery Upper Middle School**

**Whitney Ehnert, Teacher**

**Ink, paint pens, gouache**

*A man starts to wander around an unexplored area. After treading the mysterious mushroom forest, he feels an uneasy wash of atmosphere come over, but the man continues on his path. He encounters several firefly-like creatures hovering above the mushroom canopy. Eventually, a path is discovered, leaving him to follow it. After some time, the man has reached the end of this passageway.*

*There lies a tombstone. Several tombstones.*

*They all seem to crumble, but then he notices how one is greater than the other. With a sword too. Perhaps these men died in a battle. The man wanders around, lantern in hand, conjuring up theories of what happened to this unfortunate and forgotten bunch.*

**Derek Harrison**

**Grade 7—St. Paul School of Princeton**

**Sally Chrisman, Teacher**

**Short story**

*When I heard Saad Haddad's Clarinet Concerto performed by the clarinetist, Kinan Azmeh, I did not know how to feel. It was difficult for me to follow the song at first but I feel that it all tied together at the end. As I listened to the piece it felt like to me that some character the music was portraying had a plan but could not complete it because of all the setbacks he or she was facing. But everything always works itself out at the end and that's how I felt when The Princeton Symphony Orchestra was nearing the end of the piece, and that is exactly the storyline of my story "The Plan."*

## **The Plan**

Zeus had everything he would ever want in life: fame, riches, and control over all mortals, but he was missing something, something that everyone around him had but he didn't. He was missing love. This "love" was non-existent on Mount Olympus and was supposed to make you happy. So he came up with a plan: he was going to strip himself of his powers and go down to the mortals on Earth and find this so-called "love," but there was one issue: Zeus had never been around mortals, and being the genius he was, he figured that no woman would want to love a weird human. So, before he journeyed to Earth, he spent years studying how humans interacted with each other and was finally ready to find love. It was his first night on Earth, and he was terrified. People were killing, robbing, and tormenting one another, and worst of all he had not found love, but Zeus persevered, and after 12 years on mortal Earth, that would all change tonight. At last, he found the most beautiful lady in all of Earth, but he had no clues that she was a temptress from Hades (Zeus's brother) to lead Zeus to his death. Zeus loved the woman with all his mortal heart and she was starting to truly love him back. 16 years had passed and Hades was furious, so he took the woman and threatened to kill her if Zeus did not give up his throne. Zeus was faced with a difficult decision: control everything and be lonely or be in love. So he gave up everything to be in love, but as Hades went to Mount Olympus to take his throne he died, because someone who has been around darkness forever can not be around happiness. Zeus and the temptress went back to Mount Olympus and soon had a child named Hercules, and had all found love with each other.



***The Warm Winter***

**Selina Zhang**

**Grade 7—Stuart Country Day School**

**Linda Hochuli, Teacher**

**Alcohol based markers, color pencils,  
white gel pen**

*When I heard this musical piece, it reminded me of Disney. So, I drew a Disney inspired character that has opposite colors. That represents the parts where it changes very harshly from soft, to hard. Then there is the flower hand, which represents the soft changes in the music, where the soft melody sprouts from the harsh musical notes.*



***Far Away***

**Finn Neuneier**

**Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School**

**Claudia Luongo, Teacher**

**Color pencil, pastel, marker on paper**

*While listening to Saad Haddad's Clarinet Concerto, I was overwhelmed with the countless sounds and melodies of the different instruments of the orchestra. All the notes were overlaid into a mesmerizing mix. The concerto made me feel immersed into a world that overpowered thoughts and actions. In my piece, I try to express the many aspects of the piece, including the pressure of the utopian landscape that can impress anyone who is there. I used bright colors to represent the very diverse melody in the concerto. I included stationary elements for the areas of the piece where the melody was slow. The two suns and the waterfall are very active to represent the very fast paced parts of the piece.*



### ***Divergent Perceptions***

**John Welch**

**Grade 8—Ranney School**

**Madeleine McCarthy, Teacher**

**Colored pencil**

*When I listened to Saad Haddad's Clarinet Concerto, it reminded me of many different things I like to do. For example, I love going to the beach with my boogie board during the summertime. It inspired me to put a person riding the waves on its boogie board. Also, the face in the middle of the piece shows a person and all the memories it had. In the upper-right part of the piece, the phone pops out differently than all of the other parts. In the top left corner of the piece, the tree by the sun makes the part of the piece unique because of how the sun shines down to the tree. In the bedroom, the moon reflecting on the person explains how the music changed throughout the song because of the light and dark moments. Each part of the piece is different in different ways. I made my piece the way I made it because it reminded me of many different things I like to do.*

**Alexander Holt**

**Grade 7—Ranney School**

**Pauline Swiatocha, Teacher**

**Short story**

*While listening to Saad Haddad's Concerto, I felt very lighthearted. My story is based in a futuristic world in one aspect. I thought the piece was very good, but very sad at the same time. That is why my ending is very deep. The violins really stood out with a couple of melodies and some solos from each section. Some sections of the pieces were very dark but represented harmony and were very sweet. Overall, it was a great experience, and I had a good time.*

## **The Robot World**

It was very barren here, just a forest. Phoenix heard red birds chirping and black crows cawing. It was 6:00 AM in Northern California. Nature was the only valued item here. Phoenix was going on his daily run through the redwood forest and then heard a noise. It sounded like an electric pulse wave. It was coming from the bushes deep in the forest. Pushing aside thorn bushes and ivy, Phoenix found a portal. Phoenix squeezed through the portal and saw a **future world**. On his way, he saw memories of the past, present, and future in a short amount of time. He saw many things! He then sees a black hole and flies through it.

He arrived in the new world and saw flying cars, robots, and metal trees. Phoenix sees a person with a weird robot face. Phoenix goes up and asks “Dude, why do you have a robot face?” The tall machine answers “This is everyone’s face” in a deep computerized robot voice. He sounded like a whistle of a flute magnified. The robot’s eyes were very shiny in a big red face, and you could see he didn’t really have a mouth. Phoenix then looked around and noticed everyone has a robot face. At first, Phoenix thought is this Halloween or some other unusual day, but then notices it’s a robot army. They walked in formations and started flying down the street in flying cars. They started to shoot in the air and shout, “Find the Traitor!” Phoenix turned and looked for the portal, but it was gone. Phoenix then starts to worry and went to hide in an alley just a couple feet away. He is now trapped in a world full of Robo enemies and needed to think of an escape plan.

Phoenix was wondering to himself how he got here? Phoenix thought there is a multiverse combining different worlds. He needs to find a way to go in disguise, so he didn’t get spotted by



anyone else. Phoenix saw a robot store across the alley and saw masks through the glass. Phoenix went into the store crouching and stole a mask. All of a sudden, an alarm went off. The robot in the store said, “SECURITY, SECURITY.” Phoenix then ran and put the mask on. He saw a flying car outside and dashed over there. He hopped in the flying car and started to take off.

Phoenix, holding the wheel in the car, saw a sign in the distance, that reads **Robot Control Center**. It looked like a big tower with a Control Deck on the top. Phoenix knows what he is going to do. He will try to get into the Control Deck and override the robot system. He looks behind him and sees robots chasing him. They **know** he’s not a robot. He flies up to the Control Deck and smashes through the glass with his car. Phoenix gets out and tries to find the right computer, but he hears the alarm go off and realizes the timer says 60 seconds before security comes.

Phoenix reaches for the computer and starts to type. For authorization, he needs a Face ID. He found a robot’s face on the floor and picked it up. He used it and he is now logged in. Phoenix, looking for the override system, finds it and clicks on it. He sees there are 30 seconds before security comes. He has activated the override system, but it will take 35 seconds for it to work. Phoenix starts to worry and hides. All he needs to do is hide for 20 seconds. He hid behind the desk. Ten seconds now. The robots are about to capture him. But then, BEEP, BEEP, the robots power off around the city and Phoenix is safe. “YES,” Phoenix cries. He looks outside and realizes there is nothing, absolutely nothing around him. No buildings, no robots, no cars, just a black hole.



***The Waterspout***

**Jeffrey Merendino**

**Grade 7—St. Paul School of Princeton**

**Mary Dolan, Teacher**

**Drawing**

*The reason why I decided to make a waterspout drawing is because while I was listening to the piece, I got the feeling of a lot of ups and downs and scary thoughts. When the clarinetist, Kinan Azmeh, was moving around the stage, he was moving alone, while the orchestra was seated. I got the idea of a waterspout because when the waterspout is first created, it is the only thing moving over the ocean. As the waterspout grows more powerful, it churns up the water beneath, so the conductor, Maestro Milanov, and the orchestra were like the raging waters under the waterspout.*



*abstract purples*

**Rebecca Streeter**

**Grade 6—Stuart Country Day School**

**Linda Hochuli, Teacher**

**Pastels on canvas**

*The piece brought out purples for me. The dark purple and the horse represent loud drumbeats and the girl's hand represents the clarinets and some violins. The background is a mixture of gray, pink, purple, and blue. They represent the background instruments. The picture is slightly oddly proportioned, because the piece was significantly different from what I usually listen to, so I drew it differently.*

*Two Sides*  
Peyton Minor  
Grade 6—Christina Seix Academy  
Luisa Martucci, Teacher  
Acrylic paint on canvas



*There are two sides to every story, and while listening to the symphony I  
got feelings of both happiness and sadness. I could tell a specific character  
was leaning toward two sides trying to  
Decide where he/she belonged  
I thought that the person was in between two sides  
So I drew two landscapes on dark to resemble  
Sadness and light to resemble  
Happiness. My character is in the middle just juggling between dark and  
light.*



***Flowering Action***

**Vanessa Samayoa**

**Grade 7—Christina Seix Academy**

**Luisa Martucci, Teacher**

**Acrylic paint on canvas**

*The Clarinet Concerto performance was peaceful and very inspirational. The music felt like it was telling an adventurous story that could take you away to another world where there is always a path to guide you. An example of this narration would be a journey of identifying who you are because finding your individuality is not always easy. There could be many outcomes, it could be a short or a long journey with both hardships and good things in your path. In my painting, the black and white checkered pattern shows a path through the journey that you can use to guide you along the way. The love of music could be that checkered pattern, music can be a big part of people's lives. People may interpret music in many different ways. Music is a way to embrace one's individual self. A journey through music offers many possibilities and not just one outcome waiting for you.*

**Lucas Yanney**

**Grade 7—Ranney School**

**Pauline Swiatocha, Teacher**

**Poetry**

*While listening to Saad Haddad's Clarinet Concerto, I felt a genuine connection. I felt this connection partially because I am a 1st generation American in my family, and all my relatives are from Egypt. In the beginning, I felt that the piece was quick, joyful, and happy. The piece was also full of contrast from light and dark, happy and sad. To me, the clarinet solo represented a man all alone traveling in unknown places. The ending was not very full and portrayed a cliffhanger.*

**Organized Chaos**

Bright gold lights shine throughout the sapphire city  
A parade  
People cheer for the day has come!  
Marching and dancing  
Drinking beer and singing songs of joy,  
it seems that there could be nothing better  
as the day sank.

The sun set as nightfall came.  
The people knew to go home,  
but one elderly man stumbled down.  
The alley was as dark as coal;  
He was lost;  
He shut his hazel eyes.

He awoke,  
surrounded by the scent of stale air and bleach  
engulfed in the sound of constant beeping.  
The doctor greeted him.

At attempt of gaining knowledge of his location,  
He rose, and walked around the bright blue room.  
He sees other people in the building,  
but none of them seem to be awake.  
He is alone.

As he is walking,  
He is stopped by a man dressed in oceanic bright blue.  
He sits down.  
Falling asleep,  
his eyes rotate, as he becomes dizzy.

Waking up again,  
he walks out of the hospital angrily.  
A mysterious wooden boat appears.  
Time for escape.

While leaving,  
The man is stranded in the center of the river.  
The river is frozen with the boat inside it.  
Trying to break the ice with his oars,  
A man grabs his right arm.



***Super Nova***

***Moli Semel***

**Grade 8—The Cambridge School**

**Melissa Mack, Teacher**

**Water color, masking fluid on paper**

*While listening to the Clarinet Concerto by Saad Haddad, I felt that it was very chaotic in the beginning. Still, it was very beautiful, and bouncy at times. I felt that my piece should have bright colors yet still show the chaoticness by using different textures with watercolor. I envisioned my piece to look like a supernova because they can be very beautiful but still show destruction.*

***Race to Conformity***

**Kiyana Kamikura**

**Grade 8—Montgomery Upper Middle School**

**Whitney Ehnert, Teacher**

**Acrylic**

*The piece sounded dangerous and dissonant. It was the type of song that would play just before the protagonist is attacked. When I was given the chance to go home and think about it a little bit longer, I applied the fantasy to reality and began to realize people start as impressionable babies, but they grow into an image. Most people, in middle school especially, seek their clique and beg to be like everyone else. However, people also tell each other to be unique. It is actually quite contradictory. The idea behind this painting was the observation that people paint themselves into a society where similarity is of a higher value than difference.*







### **Contrast**

**Grace Li**

**Grade 8—Montgomery Upper Middle School**

**Whitney Ehnert, Teacher**

**Acrylic**

*My art piece was inspired by Saad Haddad's Clarinet Concerto. The clarinet concerto had a lot of contrast, some parts being soft and mellow and others harsh and assertive. This made me want to have contrasting parts in my piece so I made one side of the girl's face soft and gentle like the flowers surrounding her and the other looking like she's in pain and despair. The colors I chose made both sides stand out from one another, the normal side I used bright colors such as pink, yellow, light blue and purple. Surrounded by a white background it stood out from the black on the other side, making two very different sides of the same art piece like the two contrasting tones of the clarinet concerto.*

**Isabella Guerrero**

**Grade 8—The Cambridge School**

**Melissa Mack, Teacher**

**Poetry**

## **Artificial**

I wake up and go out to the cold and into the snow, in the unknown where the market is full and everyone is acting very dull.

Strangers I've never seen acting like set up machines.

I am surrounded with artificialness, nothing more, nothing less.

The real light is gone as I cannot feel, I stand frozen like a piece of steel.

I try to get out of the unnatural cycle and set myself free.

I run until I cannot breathe.

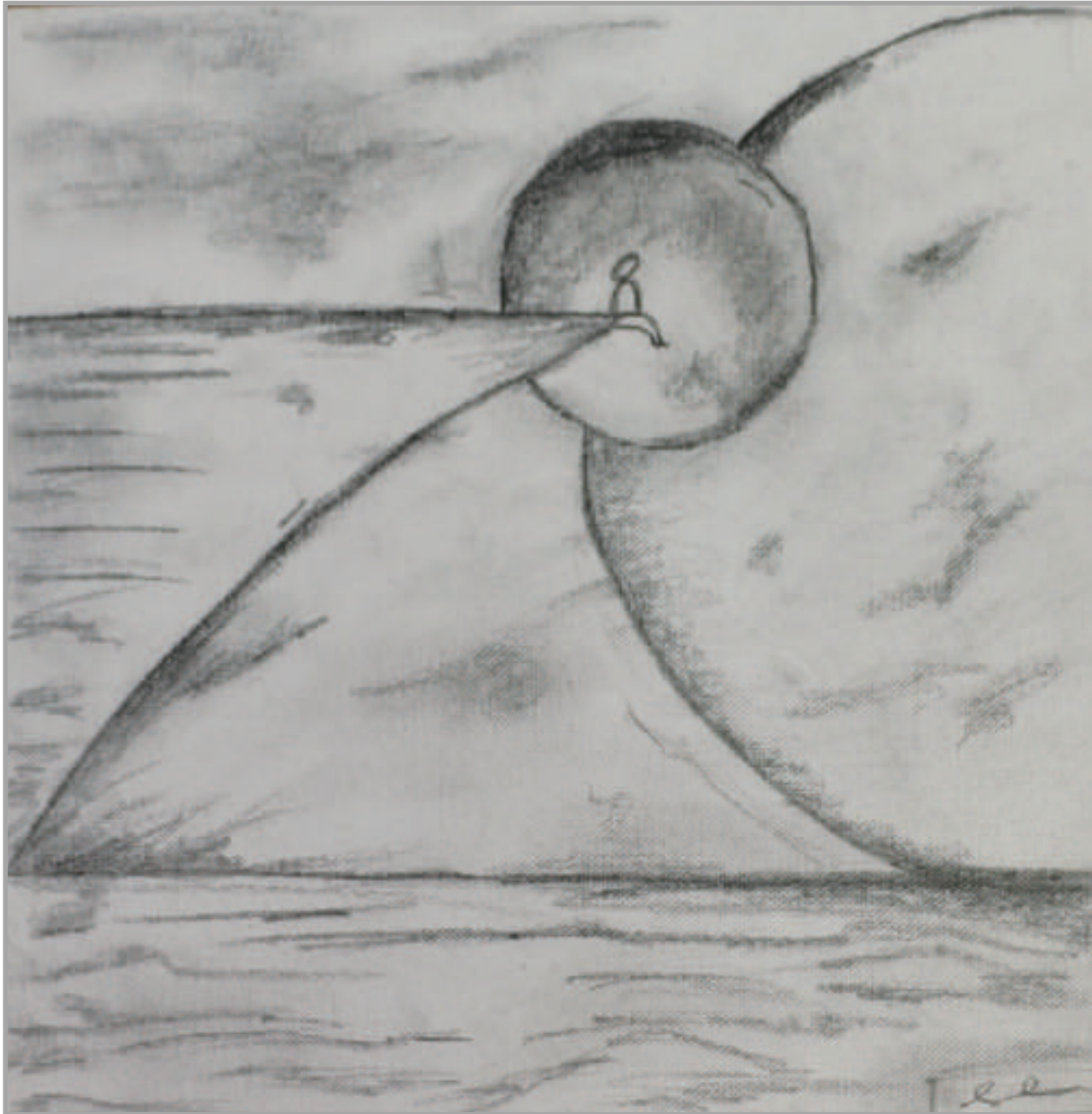
I am no longer trapped nor afraid.

I am not inside of a kooky parade.

I hear the birds chirp, and the water trickle.

I am in the wild, in the free, exactly where I want to be.

I find a breath of relief and a sigh of relaxation as I enjoy an actual vacation.



### **Stuck**

**Shawn Bullock**

**Grade 7—Christina Seix Academy**

**Luisa Martucci, Teacher**

**Drawing pencil on canvas**

*The music made me feel like it has a deeper meaning to it, just like the portrait I have drawn. The portrait that I drew represents looking at the bigger picture of the world around me and realizing that you are stuck in only one thing. The small circle represents the repeated melodies I heard in the concert, as well as the difficult situations where I find myself stuck “going in circles” and not being able to look for more solutions. The bigger circle is supposed to represent a different, more complete view of the world. For example, a lot of people are stuck in social media and they don’t look at the world around them. This relates to my drawing because while the bigger circle represents a complete view of the world, the smaller circle represents the social media and the person represents those stuck in that smaller world.*



***Flower Garden***

**Loukya Pakalapati**

**Grade 6—Stuart Country Day School**

**Linda Hochuli, Teacher**

**Acrylic paint**

*I painted a garden because the clarinet piece of the song was calm and soothing. And to me, calm and soothing reminds me of botanical gardens, and flowers. So I decided to portray that in my art work. The dark sky represents the other accompanying instruments. Because to me they sounded very dark and eerie.*



*A Mysterious Night*

Parsvi Shah

Grade 8—Ranney School

Madeleine McCarthy, Teacher

Acrylic paint

*Saad Haddad's Clarinet Concerto was a unique piece. It was very pleasing to be able to listen to the piece live. Listening to this piece reminded me of mysteries and the dark. It brought the image of a shipwreck on a stormy night to my mind. As the music was playing, I imagined a lighthouse spotting something in the ocean as well. My idea soon developed into a dark night with rough waters incorporating a lighthouse. As I further developed my idea the rough waters turned into a single wave. My main piece of inspiration for the wave was the painting The Great Wave of Kanagawa by Katsushika Hokusai. My piece resembles the mystery that I felt while listening to Saad Haddad's music. As I continued to listen I incorporated mountains and a moon to lead me to my final vision altogether.*

***The Mystical Lights of Expression***

**Sophie Yang**

**Grade 6—Stuart Country Day School**

**Linda Hochuli, Teacher**

**Watercolor and glitter pen**

*When I heard this piece, I thought of a dark wood with a lot of trees on a quiet, misty morning. Everything is quiet and peaceful. But suddenly, a whole bang of instruments fall down from the sky and clatter on the ground, creating a whole mess of music. The music, of course, disturbs the natural order of the quiet morning. Now everything tumbles out of order. The quiet misty morning today is different from all the others. But somehow, the music that dropped out of the sky is also tranquil and awkward at the same time. Slowly, the ones who were annoyed by the noise get used to it, and slowly, they fall asleep again. The music becomes a tranquil buzz to their ears.*





### ***Midnight Magic and Other Misdemeanors***

**Sophia Lennon**

**Grade 8—Ranney School**

**Madeleine McCarthy, Teacher**

**Acrylics**

*Music can be very powerful, and hearing this piece for the first time reminded me of something mysterious, with its sharp turns and soft curves. It seemed almost like magic itself had influenced the piece. I thought at first that the symphony was a little confusing because of all the emotion that it made me feel; I didn't really know how I was going to represent all those feelings on one page. This piece was incredible to listen to because it had the ability to make me feel happy and sad, scared and even curious all at the same time. Towards the end of the piece, I got an eerie feeling, almost like someone was watching me. Although it spooked me, it actually inspired me to paint something very elusive with just a touch of magic. My artwork shows a tranquil swamp scene at midnight under a full moon. You can just make out the bow of a boat through the trees, but you can't see who, or what, is steering. My goal was to leave the viewer wondering what mysteries could have occurred at midnight, deep in a swamp secluded by tall willows and the crickets chirping and the full moon reflecting off the dark water.*

**Saanvi Bhaskar**

**Grade 7—St. Paul School of Princeton**

**Sally Chrisman, Teacher**

**Short story**

*I was inspired by the music to make this somber and adventurous, yet uplifting short story. The music was furious at first, but grew eerie. I imagined a boy getting lost in the woods. He had a sister and a mother, and a father who had recently passed away. The music and the sounds of the trumpets and clarinet grew softer and was on a more positive and hopeful note, so I wrote about how the boy found his way back by just a few special things he found along his way. The boy was adventurous throughout the story, but he was certainly braver and courageous toward the end. Overall, the music inspired me to write about this journey.*

## **Beyond the Darkness Towards Hope**

Once upon a time there lived a young boy named Genesis. He was an adventurous little one and a bit too curious at times. This worried his poor mother, Eleanor, and his protective older sister, Cove. His mother and sister knew he loved playing outdoors, exploring the wilderness, fishing near a lake, and walking the dog, Piper. He was always so distant from his mother and sister which sometimes would anger his mother, but Genesis only knew that in the middle of the eerie frosty winter nights he couldn't sleep, so he would bring Piper with him to go in the forest. It's clear that it is quite dangerous and terrifying to go all by yourself in a dark forest at night, but when Genesis looked up at the white moon his big brown eyes would light up and twinkle like the brightest stars in the universe. It was not before long that Genesis got lost in the woods that very night...

He questioned himself throughout the journey. *"Where was I and where has the dangerous night led me?" "Why, dear God, me?!" "I should have listened to Mama and Cove!"* These questions befuddled that daunted little mind of his. He spotted a road which gave him a little bit of hope, but it was too far off. Piper whimpered sometimes so Genesis stroked Piper's soft auburn-coloured fur and coaxed her with dog treats. He ran as fast as his little legs could take him and saw a street. The street looked quite abandoned and isolated. It was a cobbled road,



which must have once been full of life and bustling with merry families, but was now dilapidated, with potholes dotting the entire path and pieces of debris cluttered all over the road. Evergreen trees dusted with thick white snow lined up across the street, and black branches reached towards the misty black sky like the fingernails of a witch. The tree trunks lay juxtaposed and were hunched like old men. The wind whistled creepily and the street was as quiet as a mouse.

Genesis ran in fear and panted many times. He soon came to a grave, and looked down upon it in a weird way. It was his dear father's grave, when he looked closely at the letters! His dad had died when Genesis was quite young but Genesis remembered his father as mysterious, curious, and a risk-taker. Mama had admired her husband's courage but sometimes feared Genesis would be a bit too adventurous like his father. Ever since Genesis's dad died, his mother and Cove had been very protective of him. Genesis's father's name was Elijah Rosie Parker. Genesis looked at the grave and tears flooded his eyes as he remembered how loving and caring he was to Cove and him. He stopped crying and looked at the emotional but hopeful words written on the grave. It said, "My son, my daughter, be adventurous, do what you love, because you are young children only for some time." Those words clung to Genesis's head and gave him the strength to head back home the right way, without panting, without crying, and without being fearful. He soon found his way back home, sneaked in his window, whispered his father's words, and smiled.



### ***Where the Elephants Roam***

**Lydia Keenan**

**Grade 8—The Cambridge School**

**Melissa Mack, Teacher**

**Watercolor paint, acrylic paint,  
enamel paint, and watercolor  
pencils**

*I visualized this image for this piece, because the sound of the clarinet really stood out to me, and reminded me of elephants living in the jungle. When the clarinet played, I felt calm and thought the elephants were safe. But when the rest of the instruments started joining in, I thought the elephants were under attack, being chased, or the elephants were in a stampede because it sounded like chaos. In the painting, I focused on the parts when the clarinet played solo. I used watercolor for the background and watercolor pencils for the leaves so they would blend in. I used acrylic paint on the elephant, outline for the clarinet, and vine to make them stand out. I used enamel paint on the black in the clarinet and the eyes of the elephant to make them shine and pop. This painting is supposed to give people a calm feeling because that's how the clarinet made me feel when the clarinetist played solo. The orchestra piece was very unique and beautiful, as I hope I showed with my painting.*



**In Front:** Composer Saad Haddad, Edward T. Cone Music Director Rossen Milanov, Clarinetist Kinan Azmeh **Bottom Row:** Sophie Yang, Cecelia Embleton, Keren Cruz, Isabella Guerrero, Lydia Keenan, Madison Reynolds, Lucas Yanney, Krishna Khetani, Alexander Holt, Leala Mauzerall **Middle Row:** Loukya Paklapati, Brooke Truslow, Jeffrey Merendino, Molli Semel, Parsvi Shah, Kevin Mortenson, Seth Tolchin, Sam Lorenz, Minhee Lee, Katelyn Wang, Grace Li, Kiyana Kamikura, Finn Neuneier **Top Row:** Vanessa Samayoa, Peyton Minor, Shawn Bullock, Derek Harrison, Selina Zhang, Emeli Hernandez **Not Pictured:** Saanvi Bhaskar, Serenity Davis, Sophia Lennon, Tyler Olmstead, Rebecca Streeter, John Welch

# PSO BRAVO!

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Katherine Curatolo, Manager of Artistic Operations  
Betsy Loughran, *Listen Up!* Project Coordinator

**The PSO gratefully acknowledges the following individuals and organizations for their support of PSO BRAVO! this season:**

Betty Wold Johnson  
The Robert Wood Johnson 1962 Charitable Trust

Elizabeth and David Beers  
James H. Bryson Fund of the  
Philadelphia Foundation

Melanie and John Clarke  
B. Sue Howard  
Janssen Pharmaceuticals, Inc.

Pheasant Hill Foundation/Robert N. Wilson  
and Michele A. Plante  
Anne VanLent Fund of the PACF

Thomas and Lois Abene  
Deborah Prentice and Jeremy Adelman  
Georg Albers-Schonberg  
Wendy Golden and Steven Back  
Karen and Paul Baer  
Len and Laura Berlik  
Mark and Sally Branon  
Elaine Calcote Britt  
Deborah and Rick Bruce  
Adam and Piper Burrows  
Randall and Caroline Clouser  
Darek Hahn and Ann Dandurand  
Nora and Keil Decker  
Mira DeMartino  
Nancy and Paul Dilliplane  
Gregory and Diane Eshleman  
Jean Wiegner and Tom Fasanella  
Shire L. Feingold  
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Mr. and Mrs. Ira Fuchs  
Lor and Michael Gehret

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Cheryl and Elliot Gursky  
Mr. and Mrs. T. Randolph Harris  
Wendy Wolff Herbert  
Joseph and Dorothy Highland  
Cynthia and Robert Hillas  
Anna and Jonathan P.\* Horner  
Yongkeun and Sun Joh  
Cynthia and Mark Larsen  
Lighte-Grant Family Fund of the PACF  
Lauri Campbell Loaiza  
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Yvonne Marcuse  
Cecilia and Michael Mathews  
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Rossen Milanov  
Rita and Robert Murray  
Dr. John Shaw and Mary Carr Patton  
Elizabeth and Joseph Pepek  
Paul and Terri Pessutti  
Jacqueline O. and E.W. Phares

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Pickens  
PNC Wealth Management  
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Ernest and Patty Soffronoff  
Rachel and Joel Studebaker  
Enea and Dave\* Tierno  
Jacqueline Kerrod and Marc Uys  
Robert and Stephanie Wedeking  
Suzanne and Steve Wray  
Anonymous (3)

\* Deceased

Many thanks to Mastergraphx for the printing and courtesy binding of this exhibition catalog.

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