

● PRINCETON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ROSSEN MILANOV, MUSIC DIRECTOR

2018-2019

PSO BRAVO!
Listen Up!

Creative Responses to Missy Mazzoli's Sinfonia (for Orbiting Spheres)
~ May 21-June 2, 2019 ~

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Creative Responses to Missy Mazzoli's Sinfonia (for Orbiting Spheres)

Talented middle school students attended the Princeton Symphony Orchestra's Saturday, March 23, 2019 concert. They listened attentively to Missy Mazzoli's *Sinfonia (for Orbiting Spheres)*, performed by the orchestra under the direction of Rossen Milanov, Edward T. Cone Music Director. These PSO BRAVO! *Listen Up!* 2018-19 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 Sunday, May 19, 2019 concert and at the Arts Council of Princeton's Paul Robeson Center for the Arts from Tuesday, May 21 - Sunday, June 2, 2019.

Thank you to the following teachers who supported and coordinated their students' participation in *Listen Up!* 2018-19:

Melissa Mack, The Cambridge School
Sean Hildreth, The Hun School of Princeton
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

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 2018-19 season, the PSO hosted its fourth *Listen Up!* workshop. On March 22, *Listen Up!* participants came to the Arts Council of Princeton (ACP), met PSO Music Director Rossen Milanov, and discussed and listened to the styles, characters, and emotions in Missy Mazzoli's *Sinfonia (for Orbiting Spheres)*. 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. Students created works of art in response to Missy Mazzoli's piece.



Photos of the Listen Up! Workshop: (Top and Bottom) Students preparing sketches of ideas; (Middle) Rossen Milanov leads participants in an interactive exercise.

Rocking Our World

Aiden Blanos

**Grade 8—Montgomery Upper Middle School
Whitney Ehnert, Teacher
Watercolor and cut paper**

When I listened to the music, in my mind I saw, much as the title suggests, orbiting spheres. These were spheres suspended in space moving around in a flowing nature. This thought then led me to my idea to create a galactic background using watercolor paints. The idea was to give a sense of other worldliness to my painting. Based off of my idea of the spheres, I added asteroids using perspective to portray that flowing, orbiting nature I imagined. Standing amongst these rocks is a conductor, the orbiting spheres obeying his command. Being able to control these spheres, the conductor is also commanding the song itself.





City of Winds

Helena Shore

Grade 7—The Hun School of Princeton

Sean Hildreth, Teacher

Watercolor

*When I closed my eyes, the music took me on a journey.
Something beyond my eyes could see.
I disappeared into a world of my wildest dreams.
Nothing normal was as it seemed.
The swirling, the soaring, and the wind through my hair.
Everything around me was full of color,
Shapes and sounds like no other.
The business of a city, full of color and sound,
Nothing but adventure all around.
New experiences, new things, and sights to make your heart sing.
And yet, when I opened my eyes
to the adventure I said my goodbyes.
For I was back in the room with music and sounds and exhausted
from my journey all around.*

Nana Larbi

**Grade 6—Stuart Country Day School of the Sacred Heart
Linda Hochuli, Teacher**

*The emotion of the music inspired
me to write this poem.*

Music

Music; a soft warm sound
Music; a loud dancing sound
The Music is now fading
The Music is gone.
Where did the Music go?
We ask, "Come back Music! Where did you go?"
The Music starts
The Music is beginning.
We sing, We shake
We leap, We dance
What is life without Music?
The Music fades away
I love Music
The Music is done and gone.
Goodbye Music.



Cosmic Bliss

Angelina Piazza

Grade 7—St. Paul School of Princeton

Sally Chrisman, Teacher

Oil pastels and watercolor pencils

This piece represents that inspiration and emotion can be found all around us. All we need to do is draw influence from the world and be willing to let those emotions in.

The very things that we often take for granted should be the things we strive to see, strive to feel and open our hearts too. Like the brittle stars of the sky, we can easily fade if we lose ourselves.

Cosmic bliss encompasses all of these things.



The Woods

David Samuel

Grade 7—The Cambridge School

Melissa Mack, Teacher

Pastel and pencil

The piece of music made me think that there was darkness then light. I drew a picture of the dark woods then it turns into a vast path full of light.



Spring Snow

Bella Santulli

Grade 8—Ranney School

Madeleine McCarthy, Teacher

Oil pastel

My piece demonstrates the different feelings I experienced while listening to music. Parts of the music felt angry and disappointed and are represented by the blizzard in my composition. The happy and calming tones in the music reminded me of spring and are represented by the flower in my piece. I worked with oil pastel to create the blizzard. The music was a beautiful piece with different combinations.

Lucy Kreipke

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School
Claudia Luongo, Teacher

When I was at the concert and then later writing this piece, I kept thinking of how some people, like me, were asked to write something for the gallery, and some were commissioned to draw or paint something. I realized that this was definitely for a certain reason, and that they were probably trying to get us to pay close attention to certain parts of the piece while we listened to it. While I was at the concert, and even before in the workshop when we listened to it, it seemed very much like a piece that could be expressed in artwork and beautiful images in one's mind, but not so much in a writing piece, because it was just too beautiful and complex. So, I decided that I was not going to try and tell the reader of my poem what to see and think of in this piece, but more to describe what I had first seen in my mind when I heard the piece. I also tried to include the uniqueness of the piece and its layered complexity by stating in my poem, "...for how long does anyone stay in the lines? / Are people ever really satisfied with life inside a stencil? / A preformed area that we are meant to exist in?" and showing that the piece we listened to was truly spectacular and without boundaries.

It cannot be described in words.

It cannot be described in writing.

It cannot be described in anything,
but perhaps an image in your mind.

You can see the strokes.

Smooth, beautiful, and elegant,
Like the light touch of fingers on a shoulder.

With each breathtaking crescendo,
a bright splatter of color finds its way onto the canvas of your mind.

The beautiful sound echoes around the concert hall.
The color spreads, running from soft blues to vibrant purples and pinks
And finally to luminescent reds that bounce around the room.

A decrescendo pulls them all back.
Sweeping shouts of color are pulled back and confined to their carefully stenciled lines.

But it won't be for long,
for how long does anyone stay in the lines?

Are people ever really satisfied with life inside a stencil?
A preformed area that we are meant to exist in?

Music. This concert. This piece.
This can defy boundaries and carefully drawn lines,
this is something new, and beautiful.

The strong throb of the melody that you can almost feel in your seat begins again.
The colors are jumping and flying and moving all across the page.
As the harmony begins to accompany the melody,
complementary colors begin to drift quickly and quietly next to and through the brighter,
more melodious shades.

The final refrain is coming now,
The colors grow softer in anticipation of a grand finale.
A bright sound that commences the last bars of the song sends colors soaring across and off the page,
into our brains where we can hardly process the bright new canvas this piece produced.

But then again, for how long does anyone stay in the lines?
How can we understand the piece outside of our minds?

Because all that we know is it cannot be described in words.

Only in an image in our minds.

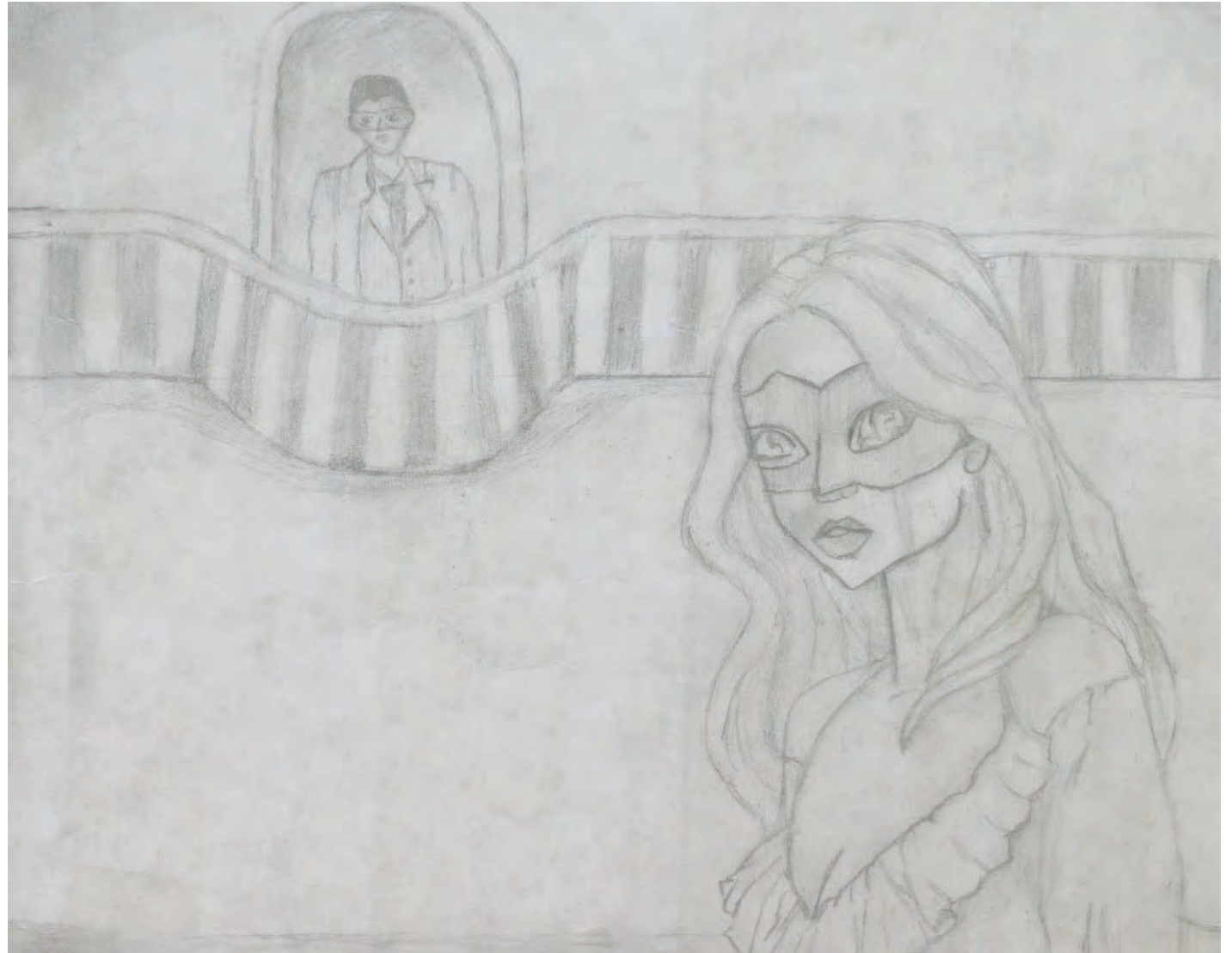
Deadly Masquerade

Christina Aziz

Grade 8—Ranney School

**Madeleine McCarthy, Teacher
Pencil**

My piece describes a woman getting chased by a looming figure who is never too far behind. I drew this because of the quick changes in tempo and rhythm. The background is simple, but the people are dressed to look classy, which represents how the music is simplistic yet sophisticated. The people are wearing masks because the music did not give any clues in which way the symphony was headed. The woman is crying to highlight the lower and chilling tones of the musical piece. This music gave me a strong impression of a never-ending chase.





Dark to Light

Mia Jundef

Grade 7—The Cambridge School

Melissa Mack, Teacher

Acrylic paint

For my artwork I did an array of colors that show how the music went from dark with a cold feeling creeping up on you, to a warm, happy, joyful tune. The purple turning gold is that in between part of the music converting from cold to warm.

Worries

Tatiana Laks

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

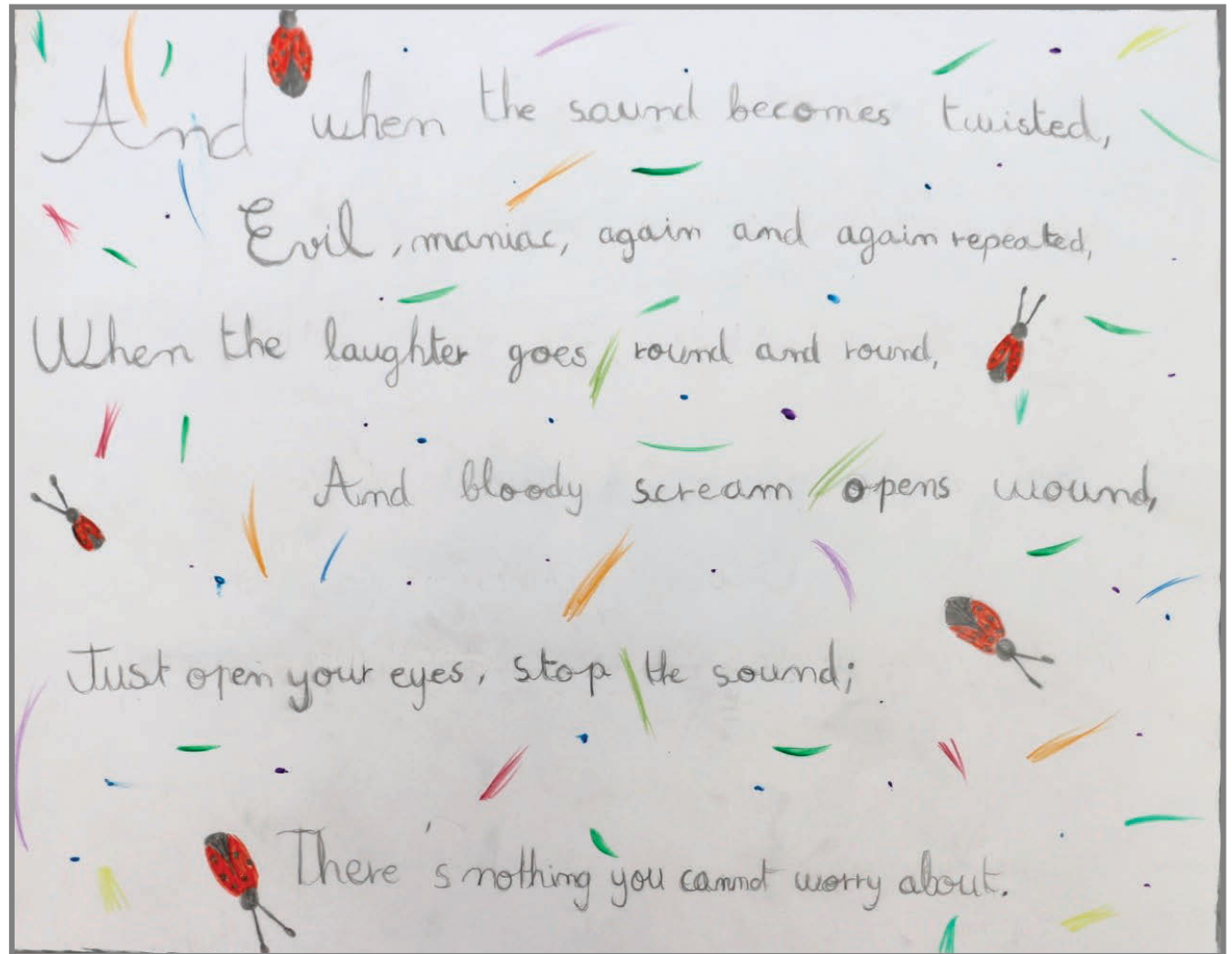
Graphite, color pencils, and watercolors on posterboard

My artwork is composed of three things: a short poem, ladybugs, and decorations, whether they're from color pencils or watercolors. Each of them has a specific meaning.

My poem is, in fact, the 1st song in the concert. It is not an explanation nor an interpretation, it IS the piece itself.

The ladybugs are a representation of human feelings. They're the fear that is stimulated in us when expecting to hear something, may it be a piece or a shattering vase. We're scared that we will interpret the sound in the wrong way, when really, there's no wrong way to interpret it. That's why the ladybugs are escaping from the poem, running from it.

Finally, the decorations. They are the "right" way to interpret the poem, the piece. But wait, I just said there was no right way, right? Well, something that's beautiful about colors is that they have no meaning.





Abyss and Flame

Keitaku Iwata

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Oil paint on canvas

I was inspired by the contrast of the external sounds and the loud aggressive sounds. I tried to show that with different colors and patterns. For example, the center is mysterious.

Jacob Trupin

Grade 7—St. Paul School of Princeton

Sally Chrisman, Teacher

The Attack of the Lion

Roar! The lion roared loudly as all the animals ran away. The deer, giraffes, elephants, rhinos, and all the other animals knew not to mess with the lion. “I’m scared!” yelled a baby zebra.

“No, don’t yell. The lion will eat you!” said that zebra’s mom.

“I’m sorry……” Before the baby zebra could finish, the lion lunged at him.

The lion bit down hard on its neck, attempting to kill him. The baby zebra wriggled as he tried to escape. All the animals watching this unfold knew one thing: once the lion got you, you would die. Nevertheless, the baby zebra kept on fighting the mighty lion’s wrath. After a minute of fighting back the lion’s jaws, the baby zebra’s vision clouded and then it fell to the ground, lying motionless.

The lion walked in circles around the now-dead baby zebra, admiring his doing. Then he started to eat the zebra. All the animals stood still, frozen in horror. The zebra’s mom cried out, “No! He was only a baby!”

“Guess what, you’re next!” shouted the lion. The animals quickly ran away. They all knew they had to team up to finally beat the lion. The elephants led the huge pack of animals to their cave. This is where they would make the plan. All the animals took their seats, circling around a huge stone pillar. It was their sacred spot. “I have a plan,” stated the elephant as all the animals’ ears perked up.

“The elephants will lead the attack and attempt to circle the lion. Then the birds will drop seeds on the lion’s head. The rhinos will then come in on all sides and poke the lion. The zebras will then follow and kick with their back legs. The giraffes will then make sure no other lions come.”

“That sounds like a good plan!” said the head elephant. “Let’s vote on it.”

Each group of animals cast one vote, either a yes or a no. The animals waited patiently, chattering among themselves. After an hour, the decision had been made. The animals would use the plan.

In the middle of the night, the elephants made their way out to find the lion. They found him sleeping in the tall grass. As they circled around the lion, the lead elephant called for the birds to come. The birds then flew across the night sky dropping heavy seeds on the lion’s head. The lion woke up and shouted in pain. He got a minor concussion and started to walk around woozily. The rhinos came in and poked the lion until he fell. The lion couldn’t even put up a fight. Then the zebras came in and kicked him. Right before the lion’s last breath, the baby zebra’s mom came and kicked the lion so hard that all his bones cracked. He then breathed his last and died. “Yay!” yelled all the animals in unison.

“Let’s have a party!” said the baby zebra’s mom.

Everyone agreed and they had the biggest party ever. Now the animals could sleep safe in the night. It was truly an event worth celebrating.

Space and Time

Braeden McConkey

Grade 6—The Hun School of Princeton

Sean Hildreth, Teacher

Watercolor, graphite, colored pencil and ink on paper

This imagery came to my mind while I was listening to the performance. These were instruments that I thought about incorporating into my finished drawing. As I was sitting and listening to the orchestra, I began thinking about the swirling effect in editing software. I was curious about how these instruments would look if they were put through the swirl effects. This is my finished drawing of how this surreal scenario could be imagined.





Where are We?

Julie Liu

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Oil on canvas

I chose to name my piece this way because the music involved such a strong sense of belonging, yet not at the same time within me, and I decided to name it after the thought spirals the piece sent me in. I chose to paint this image because of how otherworldly the melodies were, and the subtle warbling of creatures unknown, hidden in the humanities. I tried to include several earthly components, the human girl and solid ground she stands on, but the rest of the painting is meant to be a mystery. It centers around a theme of explanation, and wandering into a place only found in fantasy.

Madeleine Carpenter
Grade 7—Ranney School
Pauline Swiatocha, Teacher

Spirits Haunting a Forgotten Graveyard

Spirits haunting a forgotten graveyard
Haunting no one at all,
For the cemetery is abandoned
Moss growing high and tall

They wallow in their misery
Their shallow graves decayed
Their relatives forgot them
The hollow souls alone

They find themselves bored
Hovering through the gray
Their translucent skin exists only above their bones' decay

The last to die was an 8 year old girl
Despite an untimely death, she was cheerful and bubbly
She quickly befriended the ghosts
Telling stories of the her world

She brought the ghouls amusement,
With her stories of the woods and the creatures that lived there
From the biggest monster to the smallest field mouse
It broke the ghouls' hearts as she fell into despair

As was the case for every spirit
Losing the concept of time with every rising sun
Praying for a heaven
Our kingdom come, thy will be done

After years of solemn silence,
A flower soon grew
Bringing joy to the spirits
For once in what seemed like a lifetime

They watched it bloom
Taking joy and pleasure in its growth
The beautiful pink petals bursting out of the bud

Until the dry season.
Blistering sun.
No rain.
They watched in agony as the flower wilted into nothing.

The cycle repeated indefinitely
The ghouls never satisfied
Floating around their graves
Waiting patiently.
Waiting.

*The wind blows
The clouds move
The mountains rise
And the mountains fall
It reaches its peak
And makes its fall
Just beyond the mountains
The galaxy awaits*



galaxy beyond the mountains
Pujita Kalinadhabhotla
Grade 8—Montgomery Upper Middle School
Whitney Ehnert, Teacher
Watercolor, acrylic on paper



A World Beyond Earth

Sophia Song

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Soft pastels, colored pencil, pen on paper

As I listened to this song, I heard a variety of different colors. I noticed two main sides to this piece: chaotic and peaceful. For the chaotic side, I imagined two colors: black and red, which are two intense colors (red especially). For the peaceful side, I imagined a pink sky, green grass, some flowers, and two carefree birds.

I decided to use musical symbols as the main theme in my art, reminding the viewer that this entire world is based off of Missy Mazzoli's wonderful music. Every single thing in the picture is made of various musical symbols put together. I split my paper horizontally for the two sides: chaotic on the bottom and peaceful on the top. There is absolutely no order in the chaotic side: various musical symbols are jumbled up in a mess. In the peaceful side, however, everything is neat and orderly, so you can see that the musical symbols are forming images like birds, grass, and flowers. However, keeping in mind that it's a strange world based off of a unique song, I gave the birds blue heads, purple bodies, yellow beaks, and translucent maroon wings. The grass is colored with different shades of green and the sky is pink. All of this reflects upon how strange and unique Sinfonia (for Orbiting Spheres) is.

Julie Liu

**Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School
Monica Blake, Teacher**

While listening to the music piece, I felt like I was drifting into a fantastical world, and so I decided to capture that feeling in my piece.

Dreams

And on she will drift,
Into an ethereal rift
Beyond gaps and shadows impeding exploration,
Where senses become emotion,
And gentle breezes carry melodies,
Faint, delicate and heavenly.

Her eyes open over the scene,
Reveling in a paradise so serene,
Feeling the thoughts she may not find elsewhere,
Flying, drifting, floating, all to nowhere,
Before she must fall back down,
Stripped of her self-given crown.

A shelter from judgment,
Isolation with loneliness absent,
Simply one of many interconnected fantasies,
Areas to which souls flee,
To which there is no map,
And to which there will always be a gap.



The Conductor

Ellie Lamond

Grade 8—The Cambridge School

Melissa Mack, Teacher

Acrylic paint

My painting, The Conductor, is about the second piece I listened to and how the conductor led the piece. I made this by doing an acrylic pour. I did this because it showed all of the music and instruments coming together to make a song or a piece of art. The conductor can be shown as the blue color, because all of the other colors are being brought together by this one color.

William Phillips

**Grade 8—John Witherspoon
Middle School**

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

When I listen to music, I see stories happening. In this particular piece of music, we could hear different kinds of sounds that were dark or happy. A lot of the sounds in the piece sounded to me like a beautiful morning in nature. Other parts sounded like something dark was going on. This poem is meant to represent almost a sort of battle that was going on within the music. In my piece of writing, I mention a beast. In different parts of the music we can hear the beast in the background fighting against the calmer sounds. In the end of the music, the sounds mainly turn back to calm sounds, and there are no more signs of anything dark.

A Battle Against Music

As the sun rises, the forest does awake

There are ripples on a lake.

Flowers bloom, animals come out

Exotic new plants sprout.

Different birds sing,

No bugs try to sting.

The sky is clear, the sun is warm.

Whilst the forest rests, there they see a storm.

The storm stays back, no forest goes black.

All life without problem, everything calms down.

The plants, they cannot find a single frown.

This doesn't last forever,

To last forever would be never.

All clouds dim the wild,

And scare every child

This beast will not win

For its power is very thin.

All the life is a blessing,

All the beast does is cause stressing.

Together, we fight back,

And see no more black.

A beast defeated quickly,

As the life is no longer acting sickly.

The forest can stay awake

Ripples can form on a lake.

Flowers can bloom, animals can resume.



Fly Through the Universe

Shelly Zhang

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Pencil, ink, color pencil, colored paper

When I went into the concert I had a number of things in my mind: to finish my homework, to plan for my spring break activities, to improve my English skills.... But when the Sinfonia (for Orbiting Spheres) started, it immediately drew my full attention. At the beginning I felt that I was far far away from the earth, flying through the deep blue universe, passing by the stars. Then I was getting closer to earth. I can see the beautiful landscape of earth. I can see the blue ocean. I can smell the spring on earth. I can also feel something unpleasant happening.... Then I felt that I was flying away from earth again. Far far away...until the music ended.

Vivian Teeley

**Grade 7—St. Paul School of Princeton
Sally Chrisman, Teacher**

In this poem I tried to convey the motion of the notes in Missy Mazzoli's Sinfonia for Orbiting Spheres. To me, the song sounded very otherworldly and bright, so I tried to portray that in my work. In other parts the Sinfonia for Orbiting Spheres seemed eerie and dark, the combination of all these feelings was confusing, yet made sense, this seemed like a very human thing that we would never think to explain through music. The definition of a poem is "a composition in verse... to express an intensely imaginative interpretation of a subject". Missy Mazzoli's Sinfonia created the perfect basis for a poem. However, I did not need a lot of imagination to see an alternate universe where everything seemed brighter and more in focus, it made me aware of how small we were compared to the vastness of the universe. I tried to capture the notes as stars and translate them into words. I hope I have done them justice.

Everyday Stars

*The lights dim,
I briefly glimpse the silhouettes of the people beside me,
There is silence as the first note sounds
And suddenly,
I am transported to another world*

*Eerie silence
Blinding brightness
Captivating majesty
Terrifying make-believe
But this is real
A real spinning, swirling mass of light
A real darkness
A real furious shadow
Creeping closer
But
After the shadow passes,
The light seems brighter,
More beautiful*

And louder

THUNDERING DRUMS

Twinkling stars

Notes floating through space

Swirling,

Dancing,

Spinning,

Fading...

The lights flicker on

We sit there stunned

Then,

A roar of applause

And we are back to reality,

Back to black and white and gray,

Back to the silence of everyday noise

I step on the street

Surrounded by people,

Yet alone in my own world

After the glimpse of magic,

Everything seems dull

Crosby Collins

Grade 7—Ranney School

Pauline Swiatocha, Teacher

For me, Missy Mazzoli's Sinfonia evoked a feeling of sadness and solitude but at the same time, a feeling of hope. It reminded me of something new being created or a beginning. The dissonant chords in contrast to the consonant harmony and drastic changes in dynamics also reminded me of a yin-yang kind of relationship. I tried my best to paint a picture of these ideas in my poem. I liked Mazzoli's piece very much because its harmonies were very rich and interesting. This aspect was the most captivating part of the piece for me. To conclude, I am honored to have taken part in this program, and I have learned a lot by participating. I am excited to see how other people interpreted the same audial information and how my ideas compare to theirs.

Red and Yellow

And from the darkness came a brilliance,

Colors of red and yellow.

Fire with the heat of a million

suns rages long but then it mellows.

The stars appear as lanterns against the night's canvas.

The heat is steady, but darkness be its bellows.

And light gives meaning to the blackness.

Night and day work in harmony:

All is balanced without bliss or malice.

A deafening silence trumpets eternally.

The universe is vast and serene.

Its beauty emerging so vividly.

The calm is disrupted by forces unseen.

Light returns to darkness then

red and yellow once again.



Exploration Within and Without

Eliana Vair

Grade 7—Montgomery Upper Middle School

Whitney Ehnert, Teacher

Pastels, graphite on board

Discovery of who you are as a person, and what the world contains, is a journey for all to experience. The work to the left is of a girl who no one, not even her, knows who she is. Mysterious and bright, she tries to figure out what she is meant to be and become. To the right is that same girl as she progresses in life a “next level”. Now a woman, she finds her other half or love, with her hair, and his cape symbolizing the yin and yang sign. Harmony and peace following and growing along with them, as they continue to unravel life’s hidden secrets (along with their own).

Emma Tian

Grade 6—Stuart Country Day School of the Sacred Heart

Linda Hochuli, Teacher

I was inspired by the piece's looping, atonal rhythms and repetitive but slowly descending ostinatos that reminded me of time passing, and gave the music a sense of continuity.

Time

The fisherman stood on the deck of his boat, wrinkled beyond his years and with a posture that sagged. Both had seen better days—the thin layer of paint on the little dinghy had started chipping away, flaking apart to show underneath the faded colors of yesteryear, and the wrinkles in the old man's face hardened as he picked at the wood. Now, they both drifted alone in their own vast, unconquerable expanses, all companionship lost. Of course there once used to be a fleet of sorts—a family too. A lot, there used to be. And now, all gone—nothing more than fading ripples on his blank sea of memory.

For time is a thief, leaving nothing but a shadow behind.

In those days, to him the ocean was a gentle creature, with waves softly crashing against the rocky beach, their curling fingers brushing each stone on the shore with a gentle caress, wind ushering them gently towards the shore. But now, as he gazed out at the still, vast expanse, it seemed dark and unfeeling, a slumbering giant—only serving as a reminder of what it had taken from him.

As an old man he found himself much in demand to tell his grandchildren about life on the ocean. He was tempted to describe it as a wall of endless blue in every direction, where blue sea would merge into blue sky on the horizon. But instead he found himself describing the most violent storms they had encountered. He would describe his ship turning a figure of eight on gigantic waves, tossed about like a toy. He would describe how the wind roared like a jet engine and howled like a wolf in the night, blowing the foamy white spray right up onto the deck, encrusting his eyelashes and eyebrows with salt. He told them how the ocean was really a slumbering giant waiting to flex his muscles if awakened, ready to smash even the largest ocean liners to smithereens. But he would never be able to take it upon himself to tell them what the giant had taken from him.

Involuntarily, he stiffened as a peal of laughter rang out in the distance, where schoolboys played on the shore, reveling in their fantasies, the golden sunlight painting a soft shimmer over their skin. The man smiled for a moment, but eventually his mouth fell back into a scowl. The cry of the gulls cut at him, layering invisible wounds over his skin, and soon briny tears welled in the cracks of his lips.

Time is a thief, leaving nothing but a shadow behind.

Eventually he pulled his boat into the harbor, his salt-caked hands deftly tying it to the battered pier. That day the sea had not been kind to him, and he felt the repercussions on his aching, knotted joints. The jagged stones on the shore dug into his bare feet as he made his way across the sand, heading home.

A fleeting glimpse of a quicksilver light flashed in the corner of his eye—from across the sand dunes it resembled a mirror, perhaps a looking-glass left by a fairy in a hurry. But upon closer inspection he could see that it was a tide pool inside a small cluster of glimmering pebbles, wet with sea-spray and caught in the last rays of the setting sun. The water was so still the clear blue could have been mistaken for a mirror, and the fisherman could see his reflection and that of the clouds above him as he bent over it. And by its side, two words scrawled by a stick into the grainy sand in a childish hand—wishing well.

The fisherman offered nothing more in response than a strained “Hmm.” There were memories—memories of days spent playing on the shore in wait for his father, his mother calling him in for supper. Memories of sandy hair, sandy clothes, sandy carpets, sandy hugs. Memories of salt-kissed faces, waiting for the breeze to turn south as a sign Papa would be coming soon. How little all the time that had passed seemed, and with it how much it had taken.

Wishing well. He contemplated this for quite a while. A laugh, from somewhere inside of him. “A wishing well.”

He searched around and found a peculiar pebble, greenish and winking in the sunlight, the color of murky shallow waters.

I wish...

He flicked it into the pool and opened his eyes. It was a surreal disturbance of a perfect mirror—he was transfixed by the ripples rolling like liquid glass until they smoothed into nothing again.

I wish...for time.

The future was always something he had worried about. He had never given thought to all the time that enclosed his life into only a small speck in a timeline. It seemed, back then, that he had so much time. So much time to live a good life, so much time to spend with his family and friends. So much time that he let it slide through my fingers like worthless pennies. So much time that he watched it drain away like water.

So much time that he let it vanish like a magician in an act. So much time I watched it dissolve like a mirage across a desert. So much time I stood as it flew across the empty horizon. And now I realize that I had so much time, and I wasted it. Now I realize that for some of us, today might be our last tomorrow.

But time is a thief, leaving nothing but shadows behind.

The little girl stood on the cliff, letting the whispers of a deserted and decimated town wash over her. Once there was a beach somewhere down there, she had been told. But whatever it once was, the ocean had overtaken it. The water below was almost still, lapping silently against what was left of the beach. Yesterday’s high tide had washed the sand smooth and brought all sorts of rocks and shells and seaweed up to the tops of the cliff. The small, wet pebbles that lined the beach sparkled in the lingering light of sunset. She reached down to pick one up, running her thumb over its smooth surface. It was perfectly round, with no sharp edges or jagged curves, and the greenish color of murky shallow waters. Deep in thought, she swung her arm back and flicked her wrist, watching the small pebble skip across the surface of the sea. It bounced then pivoted into the water, sending out faint ripples. The people of the town had taken their time, but time had eventually taken them. A few decades more, the cliff itself would probably be gone.

For time is a thief, leaving nothing but a shadow behind.



A Slow Ride Into Space

Pippi White

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Digital media

When I listened to Missy Mazzoli's (for Orbital Spheres) I imagined a slow ride into space. My digital drawing depicts a three-eyed sloth riding a rocket ship into space.



Bottom Row Mia Jundef, Shelly Zhang, Sophia Song, Edward T. Cone Music Director Rossen Milanov, Ellie Lamond, William Phillips, Jacob Trupin, Keitaku Iwata, Braeden McConkey **Middle Row** Pippi White, Christina Aziz, Tatiana Laks, Helena Shore, Emma Tian, Angelina Piazza, Vivian Teeley **Top Row** Bella Santulli, Julie Liu, Lucy Kreipke, Madeleine Carpenter, Crosby Collins, Eliana Vair, Aiden Blanos, Pujita Kalinadhabhotla **Not Pictured:** Nana Larbi, David Samuel

PSO BRAVO!

Rossen Milanov, Edward T. Cone Music Director — Marc Uys, Executive Director
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:

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Enea and Dave* Tierno
Jacqueline Kerrod and Marc Uys
Anne VanLent Fund of the PACF
Suzanne and Steve Wray
Robert and Stephanie Wedeking
Tom Fasanella and Jean Wiegner
Michele Plante and Robert N. Wilson

Bloomberg Philanthropies
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The James H. Bryson Fund of the
Philadelphia Foundation
Janssen Pharmaceuticals, Inc.
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Many thanks to Mastergraphx for the printing and courtesy binding of this exhibition catalog.

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