

● PRINCETON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ROSSEN MILANOV, MUSIC DIRECTOR

2017-2018

PSO BRAVO!
Listen Up!

Creative Responses to Schulhoff's Concerto for String Quartet and Winds
~ January 30-February 26, 2018 ~

PSO BRAVO!

Creative Responses to Erwin Schulhoff's Concerto for String Quartet and Winds

Thirty-four talented middle school students attended the Princeton Symphony Orchestra's October 29, 2017 concert. They listened attentively to Erwin Schulhoff's Concerto for String Quartet and Winds, performed by the LARK Quartet and the PSO, conducted by Rossen Milanov. These PSO BRAVO! *Listen Up!* 2017-18 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 28, 2018 concert and at the Arts Council of Princeton from January 30 - February 26, 2018. The students' works can also be seen in this exhibition catalog.

Thank you to the following teachers who supported and coordinated their students' participation in *Listen Up!* 2017-18:

Melissa Mack, Cambridge School
Claudia Luongo, John Witherspoon Middle School
Pauline Swiatocha, Ranney School
Arlene Milgram, Montgomery Lower Middle School
Whitney Ehnert and Dara Zimmer, Montgomery Upper Middle School
Glynnis Reed, Princeton Charter School
Sally Chrisman and Mary Dolan, St. Paul School of Princeton
Linda Hochuli, Stuart Country Day School of the Sacred Heart
Sarah Paluzzi, Timberlane Middle School.

The Princeton Symphony Orchestra (PSO) thanks the LARK Quartet for performing and discussing their 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 Erin Armington, Melissa Kuscin, and Maria Evans.



Listen Up! Workshop

During the 2017-18 season, the PSO hosted its third *Listen Up!* workshop. On October 27, *Listen Up!* participants came to the Arts Council of Princeton (ACP), met PSO Music Director Rossen Milanov, and listened to the LARK Quartet perform. The quartet and the students discussed the history of the pieces and their creative and interpretive methods, and Mr. Milanov talked about conducting and collaborating with musicians. 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 the musical experience provided by the LARK Quartet in preparation for their attendance at the full orchestra concert.



Photos of the Listen Up! Workshop: (Top) The LARK Quartet performing for the Workshop Students; (Middle) Participants listening intently to Rossen Milanov as he shares his creative process; (Bottom) Students preparing sketches of ideas.



Untitled
Emily Harrison
Grade 6—Cambridge School
Melissa Mack, Teacher
Acrylic and watercolor on paper

In my art piece I painted it raining because the music sounded rough and choppy. The music also sounded busy and it made me think of a city like Paris. I tried to paint a more calming setting which is why I chose the Eiffel Tower and a park. In the background I made it a sunset with blues and purple rain dripping down everything.



A Day's End
Izzy Almeida

Grade 7—The Cambridge School
Melissa Mack, Teacher

Pastel, glue, glitter, marker on paper

My sketch was inspired by many things. To start with, the piece sounded playful but slow, so I thought of a snowy landscape. Next, the piece started to speed up so I visualized a snowball fight. Then the music began to slow down with low notes and I imagined a sunset. Surprisingly, the ending sounded like everyone went home.

After I drew my sketch I started with my final copy. I thought it would look better with something 3D, so I used a hot glue gun and made the bottom floor glue. I chose chalk pastels because the colors blend so well and made the sunset pop. The problem I encountered was the clouds. To fix this, I covered the clouds and used glitter as snowflakes. Some issues I could not solve were the lines in the glue, so I kept them there. I thought the sunset and hot glue worked well together because they complimented each other. I learned lots of creative art tricks during this project and I really like how it came out.

Noah Trupin

Grade 7—St. Paul School of Princeton

Sally Chrisman, Teacher

(Excerpt)

The following writing is what I imagined based on the music at the Princeton Symphony Orchestra’s Mendelssohn “Reformation” performance conducted by Rossen Milanov on October 29th, 2017. As I listened it made me picture an Italian/French countryside, peaceful, but having the occasional problem to solve. As a writer, I took that image and turned it into the best piece I could create.

Part 1: Departure

On this day, the 17th of June, in the year 1498

We had gotten the book.

The news came to me through a servant, whom I thanked most gratefully. Unusual, to say the least; it was likely the most praise a common servant would ever get.

I sat down at my old wooden desk and gently flipped through the pages, wafting the sent of victory, taking in the knowledge that would end this war. The book was dreadfully old; it had likely been around for a couple hundred years. Very important to France. Yes, very important.

It was the Book of Codes, a set of old bound papers that contained all of France’s government codes and secrets. If I had heard correctly, certain high-up French figures had been trying to split up the information, so it would be harder to obtain, but other heads prevailed, leading to my team’s extracting the information with no issues. My team had just popped through the stained-glass windows with our expert glass-cutter, Ralph Macro, snatched the book from behind one guard, and got out.

I tucked the book, which was a paper-covered copy, not very well suited for holding secrets, into a pocket on the inside of my formal navy-colored coat. Taking one last look out the window at the now-peaceful sea, I turned on my heels and marched out of my room, and down the stairs to the sitting-room, where the rest of my team was. I strode out to the middle of the room, so everyone was in a circle around me.

“Is it authentic?” Ralph asked in his deep voice, stroking his handlebar mustache.

“Looks it to me,” I replied.

“Then shall we be off?”

“Yes.” Turning around to face our driver, Dr. Frank Alfa, I said, “Prepare the carriage, please.”

Frank took a polite nod, and, gripping his bad right knee, stood up slowly, reaching for his long wooden cane. He grasped it and leaned on it heavily, massaging his knee.

“I’ve been meaning to have it looked at for some time now,” Frank grumbled in his old voice, “But I’ve had no time.”

“I’ll look at it when we get to Venice,” offered Steve Schragger, a former Bavarian special skills officer who was acting as a backup medic for the League because of his experience.

“Thank you, Steve,” Frank said with a nod.

Frank limped out of the room, favoring his left leg greatly. Poor old man; He could have been home with his grandkids, but he wanted to help in the war efforts.

The war efforts. It was always hard for me to think about, with all the family and friends who had been killed by the French. We, the League of Venice, had allied with the Holy Roman Empire and Spain to fight the French’s invasions. For four years now we had fought, and the progress of either side had been none. Yesterday, our tacticians had predicted that the war had seven years left. Tomorrow, that prediction will be none.

All because of the book nestled in the pocket of my coat. With the codes inside, we could bypass guards into French governmental castles and buildings and obtain access onto the French military routes. The war would end, and we would be in power. Peace would return across the land.

“The carriage is ready for departure, sir!” Frank called from the front steps.

“Acknowledged!” I yelled back. I turned around to face my team. “Let us be off.”

Steve, Ralph, and Oliver promptly stood up, smoothing the ruffles in their overcoats and readjusted their three-pointed hats. We had stolen them from a band of pirates we had intercepted on a supply run to Barcelona, and we all wore them now. It was becoming quite fashionable around Italy as well.

We walked in a casual yet uniform way, scanning the area around our temporary French residence for snipers. Steve gave us the all clear. We trusted Steve; after doing two special operation tours in Britain, he knew how to spot a sniper.

Frank was rubbing his hands on a rag with one foot up on the carriage step as he always was when we asked him to get ready to go. As I approached him, as I was in the lead, he stepped to the side and gave a polite nod. I nodded back to him out of pure respect and boarded the carriage, Steve, Ralph, and Oliver close behind. We sat down on the two wall-backed pillows-laden wooden benches, facing each other. Frank slid the cutting-edge sliding wood door shut and climbed, very slowly, up to the driver’s bench.

Our carriage was not the nicest in the world, as it came out of the League’s limited funds, but it had some top-of-the-line technology added in, like a door from the main cabin to the driver’s bench, a small roof over the driver, under-the-floor storage, and a wall-mounted clock. The outside of the carriage was not pretty, a cubed chunk of hollowed out wood with a ledge jutting out for the driver. What it lacked in looks it made up for in durability; if one were to look closely, the body and wheels were peppered with bullet holes where enemies had fired at previous users of the carriage. Thankfully, we had not been shot at. I found guns a very cheap way of fighting, and cannon too. Good old swords were the way to go.

The carriage lurched forward over the cobblestone street, and I held on to the tied-down pillows for dear life. Frank had been in war all his life, and had been an excellent driver for Italy in the past, but even he could not even figure out how to reduce the shock of riding over cobblestones.

As we waited, Oliver began explaining how we’d get back to the league.

“Venice is a far distance from here,” he told us. “I recommend we (reconnoiter) gather with a Genoa faction and have them get us a messenger-boy with a fast horse to get cross-country.”

“I agree,” I replied. “After all, we need to get the codes back as soon as possible.”

“Wait,” Steve said. We all turned the little bit we could in the carriage to face him. “What if we have one of us go cross-country, alone, at regular travel speed, in our carriage? The French would never expect it; they’d think it was a decoy for another carriage.”

I thought for a long time, then noted, “That may work. I mean, one lone messenger on a horse, no matter how fast, has a high chance of getting intercepted.”

“So, we have a deal, then?” asked Ralph.

“I believe we do,” I said.

“But who will go?”

“Maybe we could hire a mercenary from Genoa...”

“No, that is too risky.”

“I’ll be the decoy.”

It was Steve who spoke. “I’ve done two tours in Britain, I think I can watch a book for a few days.”

I nodded. “You’re a brave man, Steve. I’m proud that you’ll do this.”

Steve gave me a nod, and we continued the trip to Genoa.

To view the complete story, visit the PSO website: princetonsymphony.org/education/listen-up



Voyages Series

“Pursuit”

“Flight”

“Zenith”

Isabella Weigand

Grade 8—Montgomery Upper Middle School

Whitney Ehnert, Teacher

Acrylic

***Pursuit** depicts a gazelle just barely escaping the clutches of a lioness as it leaps into the arms of the sun. This piece is based on the first movement, and the music immediately gave me the impression of a wild chase. The music also seemed very warm in color with lots of reds and oranges. This piece symbolized a “leap of faith” that I felt was at the climax of the first movement.*

***Flight** shows a bird taking flight in an eerie forest filled with shifting colors. It is based on the second movement. This piece of music immediately presented me with the image of a forest. The whole movement was filled with an eerie suspense, as if something terrifying was about to take place. I tried to reflect this in the piece with the unmoving gray trees filled with owls that seem to be watching the dove as it flew into the air. The colors in the trees reminded me of the aurora borealis, which gave the piece an unearthly aura that I felt reflected my interpretation of the piece.*

***Zenith** is the highest and most powerful point of something. I felt that the third movement was a gathering and a climax, hence the name of my third piece. I felt that elements of the first and second movements were included in the third, so I incorporated that into my piece. Something that struck me during the concert was when the quartet raised their bows in the air at the end so I also included elements of that moment. I feel that the swirls of color coming from each hand in the third piece symbolizes the way that the music flowed out of the quartet as they played. It also reflected the overall wonder I felt at witnessing the incredible talent and performance during the concert.*

The series is called “Voyages” because the music seemed like it was taking me on a journey as I listened.

Angelina Chen

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School
Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Untitled

Flurry of snow and ice
Wind howling through the skeletal trees
Freezing tears before they can fall
And turning sobs to frost on her lips
Shivering bundle in her arms
Yearning for the comfort of home
For the warmth of a crackling fireplace
But there's no place
For them to go.
Chaos
Hail, ice sheets
Glass bursting into crystalline shards of glittering menace
Trees, old as the hills, splinter and topple, crashing and
destroying
Sorrow
No place to go.
No home to find comfort and solace in.
Old village clock bongs out its hourly solemn cry
As the blizzard rages around her
She wants to cry out
But her voice is drowned out by the screaming gales
She huddles the bundle to her,

Nestling them in a doorway, trying to find some protection
From the blizzard tearing all her warmth away
Only to have an old maid swat at her with a broom
No place for her here
No place for them anywhere
The wind slows, stilling the tree branches
She trudges through the streets
Holding the bundle close
Giving it all her warmth
Please, she begs to an unhearing godless world, let it survive
She is exhausted, toes and fingers frozen,
But she exhales her warm breath into the bundle
The last thing she can give
The wind picks up again
She can't go on any longer
Stumbling to a nearby doorstep
Faint music playing beyond the walls, laughter and conversations
Such a different reality
She smiles a sad smile
And places the baby down.
Stumbling away, she disappears
Almost as if blown up and away by the wind.

Wrath of the Leviathan

Thomas Banfe

Grade 7—St. Paul School of Princeton

Mrs. Dolan, Teacher

Acrylic paint

Inspired by Erwin Schulhoff's piece, "Concerto for String Quartet and Winds", WV97, I had a conversation with my mom about a part of the Bible regarding the leviathan, an ancient creature described in scripture as a reptilian, serpentine sea monster. When I heard the music, I imagined a massive and daunting beast like a leviathan. I have always been interested in dinosaurs and sea monsters, and have drawn and painted them many times before, but this time I wanted to challenge myself, so I decided I wanted a massive leviathan, a fishing boat with a sailor, and realistic waves, to correspond to the power of the music. I searched reference photos and the result is my painting, "Wrath of the Leviathan".





Outburst
Raelynn Cui
Grade 7—Timberlane Middle
School
Sarah Paluzzi, Teacher
Acrylic and pen

There were many different emotions that played through me when I was listening to the music, and this is why there are both color and black and white aspects to the painting. The saxophone is in black and white, which is dull and colorless, but the birds that are soaring out of it are in fiery color, and they represent the music.

Starlight Notes

Kyle Daly

Grade 6—Cambridge School

Melissa Mack, Teacher

Colored pencils

In the Schulhoff Concerto for String Quartet and Winds, half of the piece was twisted and half of it was nice and beautiful. The music just flowed. Some points of it were quick and fast and scary, and at other points it was calm and peaceful.

The two mountains in my picture are parts of two beautiful worlds, one dark world and one light world. The stars in the sky are like the notes in the music. In the twisted music, there were lots of notes. The horse is a majestic, beautiful sign of hope. The trees in the valley represent the LARK Quartet because they were playing in the middle of everything. They played both pieces, so they are multicolored.





Escape
Paige Haaf

Grade 7—Timberlane Middle School
Sarah Paluzzi, Teacher
Watercolor

The music made me have complex feelings about certain personal topics going on in my life. Some parts reminded me of being chased down long dark and narrow hallways.



The Hat

Dylan Kalina

Grade 7—Timberlane Middle School

Sarah Paluzzi, Teacher

**Watercolor, cut paper, melted wax,
and string**

The emotions I gathered from the music were both a mixture of gloom and happiness. To represent these feelings, I created a rainbow of colors, traveling from darker tones to lighter ones. The hat symbolizes the music transitioning through each phase of Schulhoff's music. When the hat finally reaches it's destination on the more vibrant side of the scene, both the art and the music have resolved on a good note.

Death of Us

Gaudy neon lights,
A crowded humid room.
The same tasteless music repeats over and over again.
The bass so loud it thumps like a second heartbeat.
A broken man sits by the bar.
He swirls the golden liquid around and around in his glass with a rough and calloused finger.
One more drink won't hurt.
He says for the third time.
She'll still be there anyway.

Two chairs,
One cold unfinished steak with some lukewarm potatoes,
One empty plate.
A lonely girl sits with mascara-stained eyes.
He'll come,
she thinks.
I'll wait for him anyway.

The smell of spilled liquor is repugnant.
Stumbling, crashing
Words are slurred, mistakes are made.
Thud.
The world fades to black.

The clock chimes midnight.
Where did you go?,
she wonders.

Just give her some new shiny jewelry and the usual sappy apology,
he thinks.
It works every time, doesn't it?

Light streams in through the window.
It's a new day.
A note.
I'm sorry. It will never happen again.
Next to it
a bouquet of red roses.
The tag is still attached to them.
They're from Valentine's Day.
It's February 22.
How romantic.

She opens the bedside drawer.
There lies countless paper notes all saying the same phrase.
It will never happen again.
She throws the newest note atop the pile.
Make that number *twenty-six*.

He slams the door.
The entire house trembles in fear.
Drinking was his only solace:
the open arms he would run into after a bad day.
If he only realized the sweet girl waiting for him at home would comfort him any day.
Alcohol changed him.
Maybe it brought out the monster he truly is.
He was a good man once
but even the purest of souls can be tainted.

Words weren't the only thing thrown back and forth this time.
Black, blue, purple, red
they decorate her body
a little reminder of the man who never loved her.
He probably forgot what that word meant.
Chairs are broken; tables flipped over.
Glass shatters, and so does both of their hearts.

She stayed up all night waiting for you.
She did.
She forgives you every time this happens.
She does.
You're destroying her, you know that?
Yes.

He'll change.
He won't.
It's just a rough phase.
It's not.
He promised.
Did he?

Dear girl, your love has blinded you.
Can't you see?
He is a parasite
sucking the life out of you.

Those band-aids can't hold your heart together forever.
Crunch.
She opens her eyes.
A burnt flower petal under her foot
She lifts her throbbing head.
The water in the vase is brown and murky.
The flowers that are left are decaying and wilting
turning brown and ashy at the ends.
Her roses are no longer alive.

You can't hurt me anymore,
she whispers.
I've cried enough tears over you to fill the seven seas.
It will never happen again.
She walks out the door.
She doesn't look back.

He wakes up.
No more bacon sizzling on the stove or coffee brewing in the pot.
No more good morning kisses.
He watches her go.
The fallen angel whose wings were clipped for far too long.
She didn't even say goodbye.

I thought you liked seeing her suffer.
I thought you didn't love her,
his inner monster mused.
If I didn't love her,
he asks.
Then why do I feel like there's a gaping hole in my heart?

She has to come back.

She always comes back.

Did she know how much I loved her?

I'm not coming back.

I'm never going back.

Did he know how much I loved him?

Maybe during some other time,
in some other universe,
in some other life,
They could have been.

Grace Nivera
Grade 7—Ranney School
Pauline Swiatocha, Teacher

I wrote this poem to capture all that I thought and visualized while listening to Schulhoff's Concerto for String Quartet and Winds. While listening to the concerto, I felt that its mood was overwhelmingly dark and dismal. This is the reason why the poem I wrote to represent its character was not about the more positive aspects of life. I also wanted to symbolize the contrasting tones of the music in my poem as well, hence the stanzas on either side of the page. This was truly an eye-opening process for me. I found that it was very interesting to try and interpret what I hear and later express the music's essence on something tangible like paper. I have never experienced something like this before, and I am truly honored to have taken part in this program.



*Now You See Me,
Now You Hear Me*
Skyler Galatro

Grade 8—Montgomery Upper Middle School
Whitney Ehnert, Teacher
Watercolor

*I have a very special eye
A third eye that helps me see
I take the original and put it in my mind
The picture I see with my eyes
I crumble it up into a seed
A seed that begins to rise
Rise, and rise into an Aura
That takes the form of its origin
The sounds, that my eye sees
Now you see me, now you hear me*



Marvelous Light

Janey Ryu

Grade 8—Montgomery Upper Middle School

Whitney Ehnert, Teacher

Acrylic

Erwin Schulhoff's Concerto for String Quartet and Winds made me think of a story about valiant heroes on a quest. I made the hands holding the bows the color of the dresses that the members of the quartet were wearing, because each instrument and musician had its own unique sound and personality. The mood of the music sounded like a dark forest that the heroes were being chased through. After they finished the piece, the members of the LARK quartet all lifted their bows in unison like heroes who had completed their quest and were raising their swords toward the sunrise of a new day. I included the staff of music because it shows how music can fly off the page and give you inspiration and show you new worlds.



Peace and Party
Abby Zhou

Grade 6—Stuart Country Day School
Linda Hochuli, Teacher
Markers

While listening to Schulhoff Concerto for String Quartet and Winds as it was being performed by the LARK Quartet with Princeton Symphony Orchestra, I felt like I was traveling between two worlds. One world was filled with peace and serenity and the other was full of sounds and actions. While in the peaceful world, I was calmly floating in space; when in the loud world, I was in a happy party. To express these emotions, I drew outer space for the calm, soft music and for the loud and happy music I drew a party with a disco ball. They are connected by half the earth and half the disco ball. These two are opposites, but together, they make up music. I really enjoyed the Listen Up! program.



Untitled

Joey (Chloe) Wright

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Charcoals on canvas

The music inspired me to make a dark piece to properly reflect it. The first two parts of the song had a more ominous feeling, so I used monotone colors and represented the seven deadly sins. However, towards the end the music became light-hearted. This led me to include a sense of hope in the drawing by creating a small glow around the person. The piece includes lots of symbolism and uses charcoal to really express the musical piece.

Untitled

Sophie Lin

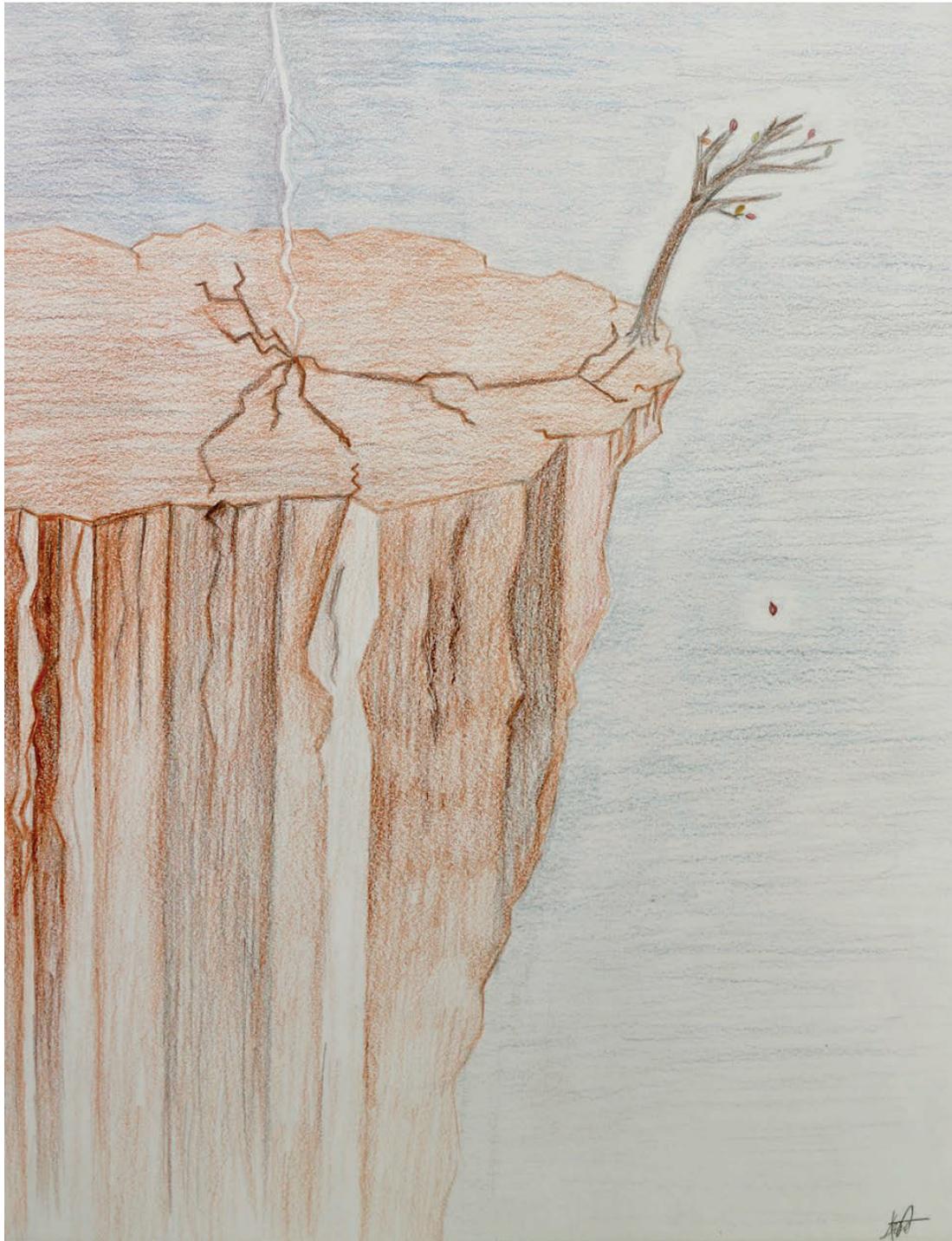
Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Water color and black ink on paper

My work is based on the music of Schulhoff's Concerto for String Quartet and Winds, and is painted with watercolors. I used mostly dark or grayed colors because the emotions that the music made me feel were grief, tension, anger, and fear. The train in the artwork represents the sounds of the wind instruments; sounds like the whistle of the train, and the sounds made when the train passes. I created a wilderness and a forest, with a fair-skinned boy, to symbolize the sad and rushed pace of the music. The boy is trying to get away from something terrible behind him. The music is the sound of him passing through the bushes, and his emotions. The reason his eyes do not have any light reflecting in them is because I wanted to show that he is full of abhorrence, without hope for life in the future.





The Will
Anne Xu

**Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School
Claudia Luongo, Teacher
Coloring pencils on paper**

In the midst of a violent thunderstorm is a single, struggling tree, swaying in the wind, but still standing. Still standing, with a will to survive.

Erwin Schulhoff's Concerto for String Quartet and Winds resembled something that had managed to keep going, despite everything that was surrounding it, giving the idea of a tree fighting against all odds.

Untitled
Greta Yuan
Grade 6—Princeton Charter School
Glynnis Reed, Teacher
Colored pencils



Can There be Dancing after War?

Can there be dancing after war? When destruction and chaos have taken place?

Can there be dancing after war, when there is no music and rhythm to dance to?

Can there be dancing after war, when there is no one left to dance with?

Can there be dancing after war, when there is no happiness to feel?

Can the trotting of the marching boots be changed in to the foxtrotting of dancers on the dance floor?

Can humans go back to their normal lives when there are too many distractions from the war that was left behind to go on any further?

Can humans go on without resignation after so many horrors reality has unleashed?

Can humans go on without being solemn and sad while continuing their lives?

Can humans accept the present circumstances and do what they have to do?

Yes, humans are resilient.

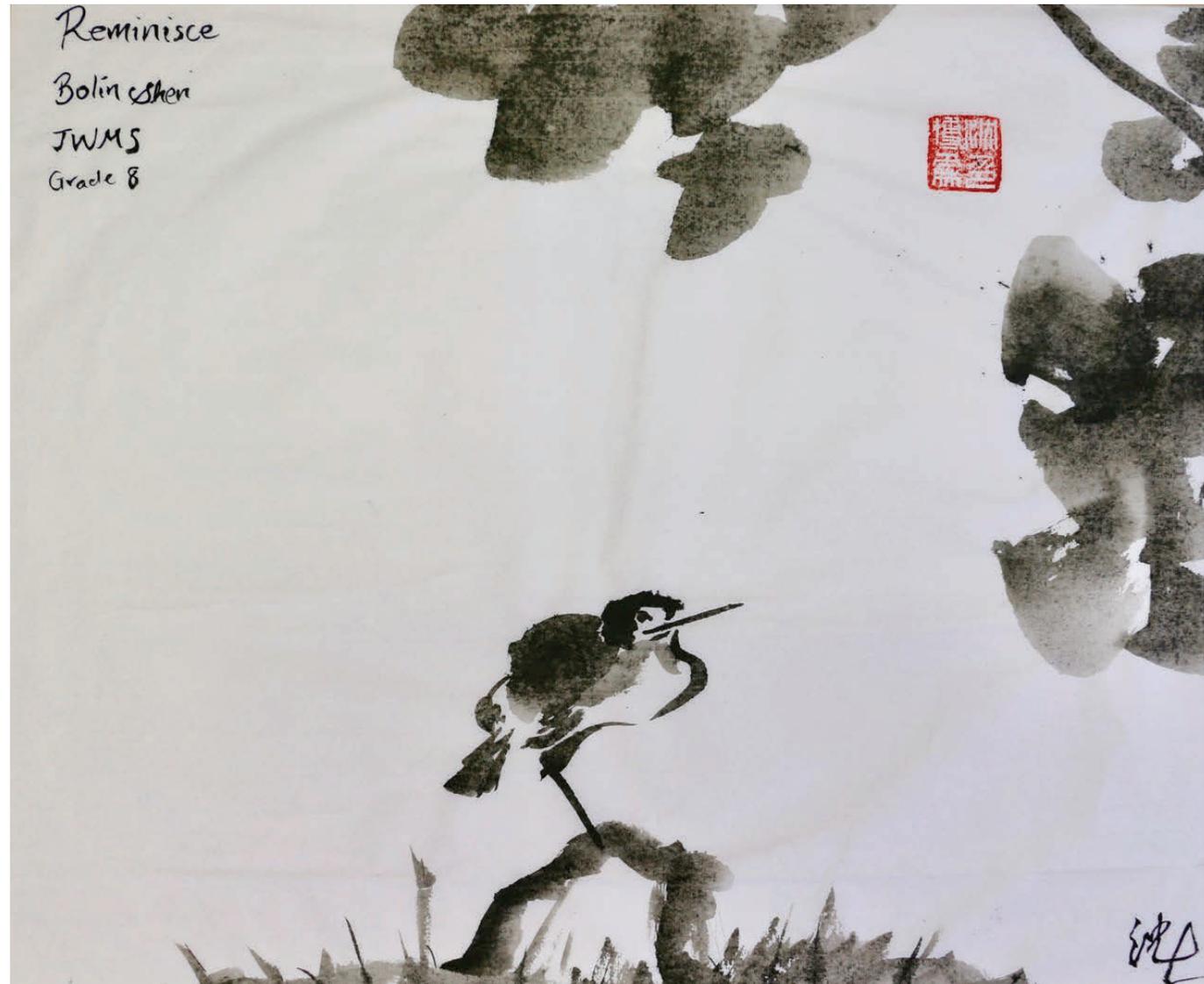
Yes, we don't forget but forgive.

Yes, there will be more seasons to give new life.

Yes, we can try our best and forget the rest.

Yes, music will sound again and people will dance to it.

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



Reminisce
Bolin Shen

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School
Claudia Luongo, Teacher
Black ink

This is a typical piece of Chinese painting. There is no paint or color used. It was all done by using black ink, with water added for lighter shades. It is a very simple piece. In fact, it only took a few brushstrokes to create, but it can represent a lot of ideas. I used all black ink because in the first two quartet movements the theme was very dark, and gave people an oppressive feeling, but there is also a sense of hope and light in the last sections. This painting is of a lonely bird in a swamp, surrounded by lotus leaves, a seemingly dark place; but the bird looks as if it is looking up and even reminiscing about the past.



Above the Clouds (1920)

Jimmy Weinstein

Grade 8—John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Pencil on paper

The music, to me, is like a score to a very dramatic silent film. A film with twists and turns, dark and light. It sounded as if someone set a very harrowing plane ride to music. I tried to put the elements of what I felt into my drawing. I only used a graphite pencil, no colored pencils, to give the feel of a black and white silent film. I added a plane going downwards into the mist-filled mountains to show the dark ride. My homage to silent films doesn't end there. The sun and the moon laughing is inspired by the man-in-the-moon face from the 1920 silent film A Trip to the Moon. And just to represent the lighter elements in the music, I added birds flying through the sky. I feel like there was no main focal point to the piece, neither mine nor the music. I tried to go in a different direction than abstract and vibrant. I tried to tell a dark, yet not so complex story.



Seasons
Isabella Sagarese
Grade 7—St. Paul School of Princeton
Sally Chrisman, Teacher
Acrylic on canvas

The tree symbolizes the four seasons of Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter. It also symbolizes the life of Erwin Schulhoff. I use the seasons to demonstrate the composer's life. The Nazis wanted to silence him. They tried to stop his music from being played. Schulhoff outsmarted them many times by moving, changing his name, even changing his citizenship. He continued to defy their cruelty and inhumanity for as long as he could. He changed like the seasons to preserve his life and art. He was able to give the gift of his amazing music for generations to come.

Through every year there are the seasons
 Because God decided there are many reasons
 Spring, winter, summer and fall
 The seasons shine and arrive to all
 In spring, it's rainy, and flowers are blooming
 The sweet fragrance is freshly looming
 Trees are green, animals are born
 The sun is rising in early morn
 Spring is wonderful, soft and sweet
 Birds are chirping saying tweet tweet
 In summer, it's humid, alive and blazing
 So green and lush and truly amazing
 Children run and laugh and play
 Following their mother as she leads the way
 Visit the beach or sit outside under a tree
 Summer is excellent as you can see
 Fall is a time when things are golden
 The leaves fall and then are rolled in
 A colorful palette all the leaves are
 Each one very different and sometimes bizarre
 Fall is amber, vibrant and brisk
 And all the animals are cheeky and frisk
 Winter is snowy, cozy, frosty and white
 Seeing the snow is such a delight
 Playing outside in the snow
 Is so much fun don't you know
 Winter is beautiful, crisp, and frozen
 Completely snowcapped and always snowin'
 All the seasons are vastly unique
 Each one different but all with mystique
 Look closely and you will find
 That mother nature is quite kind
 The seasons carry on
 Yet I am silenced
 War, blood, and hatred surround me

Taking away the life I knew
 Leaving anger, despair, and darkness
 Surrounded by suffering, murder, and evil
 I am witness to horrific events
 Spring brings rain
 But no flowers bloom in Wulzburg
 The fragrance is that of burning flesh
 New life does not begin, it is terminated
 With the sunrise comes starvation and pain
 Even the birds fly away from this terrible place
 Summer gives rise to disease
 Anger and sadness are all around
 Friends are taken away
 Families torn apart, never to see each other again
 Children ripped from the arms of anguished mothers
 There is no escape to freedom
 Behind the walls and barbed wire is torture and death
 Fall has become gray
 Colorful clothes are removed
 Replaced with black and white stripes
 Innocent lives fall like leaves inside gas chambers
 Dumped into mass graves
 Those who live continue to suffer
 They know only hatred and brutality
 Winter is cold and terrifying
 Cruelty and despair are abundant
 Life is short in inhumane conditions
 Forced labor, sickness, and hunger kill
 Hopelessness steals the will to live
 I am surrounded by evil
 Six million are gone forever
 Each person unique, talented, loved
 It is hard to comprehend
 How human nature allowed such atrocities

—Isabella Sagarese

Rowan Johnson
Grade 7—Ranney School
Pauline Swiatocha, Teacher

I based my poem on what I felt were two entirely different aspects of the piece working in harmony to create beauty. One aspect is very dark and menacing, while one is lighthearted and sweet. My goal was to represent the beauty in both the darkness and the sweet, and then to build a connection between them saying that one cannot be without the other. I emphasized how that without one, the other is meaningless because of its bleak uniformity. I do not want to give away the full meaning of my piece (in my mind) to the reader, because I want them to figure it out for themselves. I enjoyed Schulhoff's piece very much because it was intricate and with many accidentals, and it's constantly changing melody really made me think hard about what the big picture was. Overall, I believe my interpretation involved all aspects of the piece, from the underlying baritone in the cellos to the ever-changing melody of the violins. It is a beautiful piece, and I am very excited to hear others' interpretations of it and compare and contrast them to my own.

Anguish in Heaven

Light is lost without darkness.
Day cannot be without night.
Halcyon thrives on iniquity
as one relies on another.
Without one, the world languishes from imbalance:
a yin without a yang.
Equipoise falls, taking emotions and disparity with it.
Without joy, without warmth, without change,
all falls to bleak conformity.
Beauty lies in the grasp of the wilderness.
Filled with life and feelings,
nature is a sculpted masterpiece, delightful, nonpareil:
a clear, crystalline lake, surrounded by pines, reflecting the luminous,
shimmering bronze of daybreak,
a towering mountain hidden in the violet clouds of twilight.
The loveliness of the wilderness envelops us in mystical beauty.
Falling through the waves of nature are we
where the tides are clear, where the stars illuminate the cool,
night sky and the warm, tropical sea.
Nature's gifts surround us the moment we step into the sunlight.
There lies darkness in the sweet.
The forest of bright-green foliage is filled with menaces.
Night and day lurking.
Rain and shine lurking.
Shadows lurking.
The darkness pervades throughout
like falling, falling, into a lake of pitch black nothingness.
No air to breathe, no room to move,
suffocated and cramped
while in a broad, airy woods.
Panic creeps through the land like a parasite
leaving its victims in trembling fear.
Twigs cracking.
Shadows lurking.
Or is it only a trick of the eye?
We must pass through the dangers of the forest to see sunlight again.
The cold, vile darkness of the forest creates beauty in the warm, welcoming light.
When life is only light, light means nothing.
When life is only darkness, a tiny beam of light means everything.
What is reward without risk?
Light is meaningless without darkness.

Lights! Camera! Action!
Jennifer Tian

Grade 6—Montgomery Lower Middle School
Arlene Milgram, Teacher
Collage

After listening to the string quartet, LARK, I had many emotions and ideas based on the Concerto for Winds and String Quartet by Erwin Schulhoff. The music swirled into my head. In general, the music reminded me of a great big stage, with everything big and broad. While the instruments struck hard and got softer at times, it made me think of a lot of contrast, which is why I did a paper collage, with a lot of different shapes and colors; to show the diversity in the music.





In my piece, "The Waves Within Us," I was reminded of the oceans and the waves. This is the main reason I chose the color blue. I made a variety of swirls to show some motion in my piece. The clouds at the bottom of the painting are symbolizing light and hope. I was inspired by the parts of the music that get louder and softer are like waves getting higher and lower. This shows me that danger and darkness were coming and that is why I made the swirls a much darker shade than the rest of the painting.

The Waves Within Us

Joey Vala

Grade 6—Montgomery Lower Middle School

Arlene Milgram, Teacher

Acrylic

Explosion of Happiness

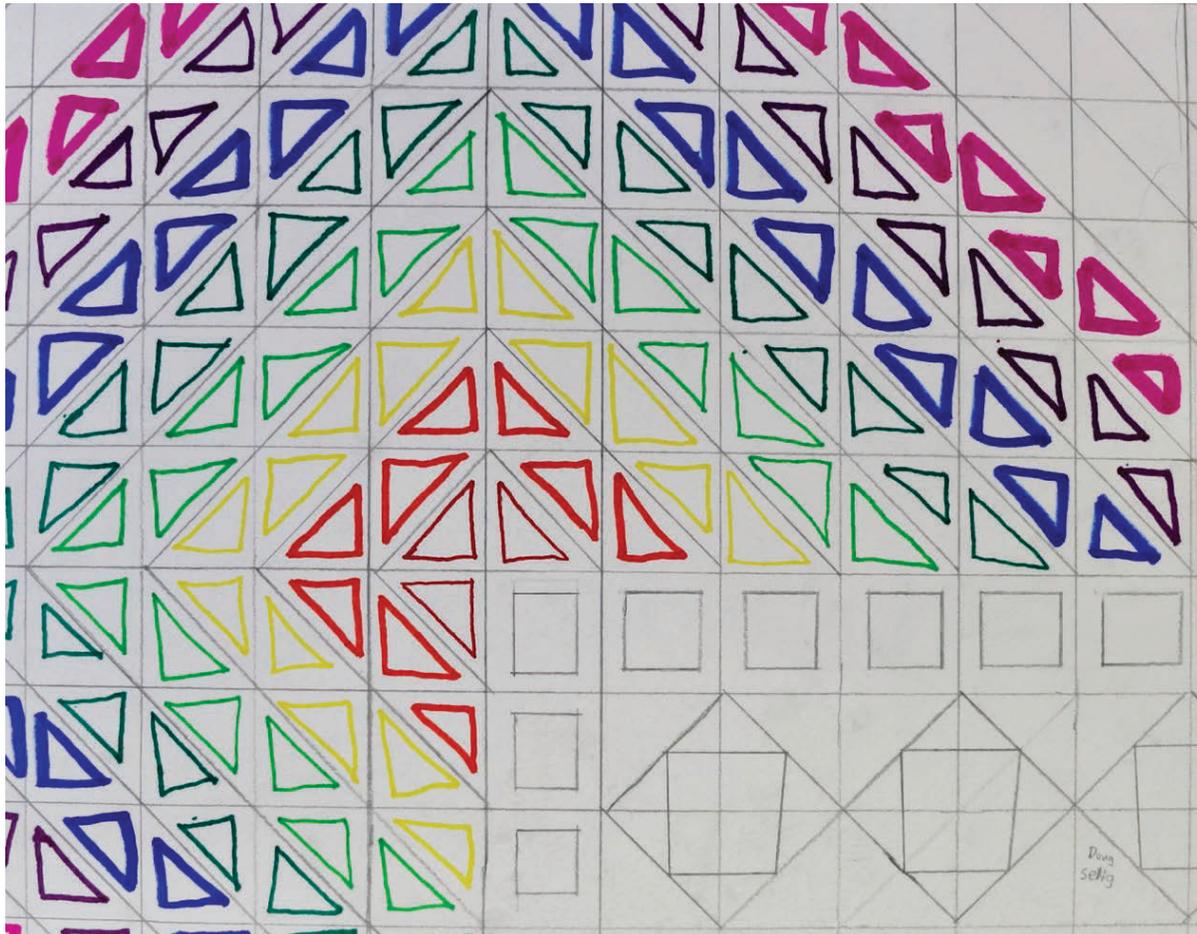
Douglas Selig

Grade 7—Princeton Charter School

Glynnis Reed, Teacher

Markers and pencil on Bristol board

Listening to Schulhoff's composition inspired happiness. This artwork demonstrates this feeling in its ripple effect of cheerful colors. The pencil and marker on bristol board supplies an interesting feel of sketch and finished product, much like the happiness an artist feels in creating work. The concentric rows of triangles point the viewer's eye outward, similar to how enjoying Schulhoff's work expresses a view of the world beyond.



The Artist's Dilemma

I see so many colors

All of them are others'

They are all in front of my brain

But they never give up on the pain

They dart away from me

When I grasp an idea, they flee

And when I go to bed

They dance inside my head

Once I had had enough

I thought that I was up to snuff

I picked up my paintbrush

And I felt an unholy rush

I felt power!

It grew by the hour

And then my paintbrush died

And I cried

—Douglas Selig



Fading
Maya Meehan-Ritter
Grade 6—Princeton Charter School
Glynnis Reed, Teacher
Watercolor

Fading is a creation in response to Erwin Schulhoff's Concerto for String Quartet and Winds as part of the Listen Up! Program. The fading of the melody of the concerto reminds me of the fading colors of the sunset as it turns from light to darkness. I painted this work starting with light colors and as the painting progresses, it becomes darker. The music reminds me of an elegant, beautiful rose. When some parts of the music grew, they conjured an image of growing vines surrounding the rose.



Nature's Home

Haoran Xu

Grade 6—Montgomery Lower Middle School

Arlene Milgram, Teacher

Mixed media

In my drawing, "Nature's Home", I drew most of nature like mountains, oceans, and the sky. Schulhoff's Concerto for String Quartet and Winds reminds me of a peaceful environment just like nature. I drew extraordinary and peaceful places of nature just like mountains, oceans, and the sky. Then I made a few silhouettes of a few people with music coming from the center. These people are calmed with beautiful nature and they relax.



The Night Sea

Chloe Sun

Grade 6—Montgomery Lower Middle School

Arlene Milgram, Teacher

Acrylic paint

I chose to use acrylic because the colors are stronger and I wanted to get dark values. I chose dark colors because the music reminded me of a stormy night. The wave shows the tension in the music. I used smooth brushes for the waves to make it more realistic. I also dabbed the brush for the bubbles and the foamy parts of the wave. "The Night Sea" is like the music because they share the same climax.



Untitled
Dina Dank
Grade 7—Montgomery Upper Middle School
Dara Zimmer, Teacher
Charcoal



Untitled
Kaushik Rathuryan
Grade 7—Princeton Charter School
Glynnis Reed, Teacher
Acrylic

Being an artist I work hard to develop paintings that speak both to me and others in the society about the lost beauty in ancient ruins. I do not paint dry paintings but instead create a painting with careful, vivid strokes. The pieces played at the concert by the quartet were very inspiring, allowing me to create this vivid piece, with a lot of thought into it.

The painting that I have presented has exquisite detail and quality of painting. The irregular shapes are painted in different colors, mixed sequences, and represent the diversity of ancient ruins mapped all over the world. The concert gave me an amazing new thought, which was a feeling created by the different pieces played at the concert. The piece had a melodious tone, and I felt that the music spoke to me about ancient history and ruins. This provoked me to create the small vein-like details, to represent that even though different ancient ruins are from different predominant cultures, they all have remarkable features and architecture, in one way or the another. The concert was the main idea for me creating this piece. This work of art represents that all ancient ruins must be protected by the government of each country in order to preserve their heritage and give the world an opportunity to be reminded of forgotten architecture and culture, but also give the people from different parts of the world the opportunity to view the ancient ruins. The concert performed by the quartet was not only the best experience, but an inspirational one too.

Olivia Troiano

Grade 7—St. Paul School of Princeton

Sally Chrisman, Teacher

(Excerpt)

This is my short story based on the piece Concerto for String Quartet and Winds by Erwin Schulhoff. I found myself thinking about water multiple times during the piece, which is why my story involves water and sailing.

PART ONE

“Secure all loose gear and batten down the hatches!” Will screamed at the crew over the roar of wind as everyone scrambled to follow his orders.

“Ethan! I thought I told you to keep an eye on that loose board!” Ethan whipped around at the sound of Will barking orders and started dragging a heavy crate to position in front of the leak. He was a skinny thing, with no muscle in his body and in an instant I was beside him shoving my shoulder into the side of the crate. It scratched across the deck of the ship, leaving small grooves in the wood but soon the crate was blocking the stream of water that was now gushing from the empty space around the loose board. Ethan put his hands on his knees, panting even though I thought he barely contributed to the job at all.

“Thanks,” he gasped as he looked up at me. His blond hair was plastered to his head from the down pour of rain, making him look even smaller than normal. I patted him on the back and turned back to Will for instructions.

“Well don’t just stand there Winston, go look for trouble up ahead.” Will shot me a glare from where he was standing behind the wheel.

“I pause for one second,” I grumbled under my breath and grabbed for the first rung of the ladder leading up to the crow’s nest. My hand nearly slipped on the rain slicked wood, and the rough sea wasn’t helping, but I was able to start making my way up the ladder. Even though Will would never admit it, I was the only crew member who wasn’t afraid of heights, so naturally the lookout job was mine. With every step, the spray of salty water grew more merciful and I was able to open my eyes more as the stinging ceased. As I reached for the final rung of the ladder, the boat suddenly lurched to the left, and my stomach flipped inside out. Instinctively, I grabbed the pole that the ladder was leaning on and tried to steady myself. From my height, I would be shark meat if I fell, or if I was lucky enough to miss the water, I would end up flat on my back on the hard deck floor. When I looked down to see if anything had fallen out of place, Nate was standing directly below me, grinning like a maniac. His hands were still on the ladder, and I knew that the boat had not been swaying, but only the ladder had, and not by some accident. My face burned and I knew I must have looked like an idiot; flailing around when the ladder was shifted under me.

“Don’t you have anything else better to do than ruin our attempts to survive?” Even though I yelled as loud as possible, there was no way Nate could have heard me.

“Get to work! Go help Tommy with the sails!” Will finally snapped for a good reason, but Nate seemed unfazed, as he took nothing seriously and ran over to where Tommy was adjusting the sails to keep them from ripping. Finally, I hauled myself into the crow’s nest and peered through the rain to see what we would be facing. I couldn’t see anything through the rain, not even the water was visible ahead of us. The rain and fog made it look like the water completely cut off.... Oh no. Water doesn’t just end like that, and I have taken plenty of physics classes to know that water doesn’t just stop by some invisible barrier. It always keeps moving and flowing; being pulled by gravity which pulls things...down.

“WILL! WILL!” I ripped a loose board from the side of the crow’s nest (yes, there are a lot of loose boards on this boat) and hurled it at Will as hard as I could. It hit him square in the shoulder, and his head shot up with his mouth forming what I suspected were some very unkind words. I pointed forward, towards what lay ahead of us and mouthed the word ‘waterfall’. Will shook his head at me, puzzled, but he followed my arm towards the front of the boat. His eyes widened and started screaming orders to his crew but it was too late. I thought I wasn’t afraid of heights, but let me tell you something, when you’re hurtling hundreds of feet to your death, it doesn’t matter how much you love being up in the sky. I screamed at the top of my lungs but all I could hear was the sound of blood pounding in my ears. I tumbled from the crow’s nest, and all I could remember after that was smashing my head on something hard and the world went black.

PART TWO

I slowly lifted my head up from the ground and spat out a mouthful of sand. My head was buzzing so loud that I could barely hear the sound of waves lapping at my feet, but as my vision started to clear, I pushed myself up onto my knees and looked around at my surroundings, or at least what was left of it. The whole place was a wreck, dozens of buildings were torn apart and every tree that I could see was on the ground. I slowly managed to stand up with my legs shaking so hard I almost fell down so I leaned on a piece of wreckage for support. When I came to my senses, I remembered everything that had just happened, starting with the flood and ending with the ship falling down the huge waterfall. The ship! What had happened to it, and to the rest of the crew? Where was I, and would I ever see my friends again? It was all too much to think about at once and my head started spinning again. My knees gave out from under me, and I crumbled back into the sand, where I went out cold once again.

. . .

“Winston! Get up, we’ve been babying you for too long!” Huge hands were shaking me back and forth and the silhouette of Will came into view as I opened my eyes. The light from the bright sun poured into my eyes, but slowly I could make out the rest of my friends; Will, Ethan, Tommy, and Nate. I groaned as I sat up and Will finally stopped shaking me. I was in the same spot as I was the second time I passed out, and when I turned around I realized that the piece of wreckage I had been leaning was our ship, completely torn apart and ruined; just like everything else on this island.

“You’ve been out for two hours, twenty minutes, and fifty-three seconds.” Said Tommy, leaning over Will’s shoulder.

“You counted?” Nate shook his head and snorted. “I’ll never understand you Tommy.” Tommy is the brains of our crew and is the one who brought our group together. He’s Ethan’s big brother, and he told Ethan to bring me to his house after school one day. When I got there, I met Will and Nate for the first time, and then Tommy told us all about his plan to start this sailing “club”. He wanted it to be a club, but we convinced him that no one else would want to go out sailing after school because they would all be sitting at home with their noses stuck in their school books. We all went to a school where the kids only cared about getting into the best collage out there so there was barely anyone on the sports teams. So, Tommy rounded up the most athletic kids he could find; Will played football, Nate was the fastest kid I’d ever seen, Ethan was Tommy’s little brother, so he was automatically in, and I did rowing. Now, rowing may not be a sport technically, but you do get some pretty great upper body strength from it, and it’s on a boat which means I have some, very little, but some sailing experience. Basically, it just all took off from there and we met every day after school, unless we had some crazy amount of homework or a huge test to study for. Anyway, Will lifted me off the ground and I was surprised to find myself able to stand on my legs completely balanced.

“How’d you do that Tommy?” I asked. “Before I passed out when I started to think, and now I can stand.”

“I just let you rest when Will suggested we roll you on the ground until we find some help.” Tommy raised his eyebrows at Will.

“Well if we hadn’t all been sitting here staring at Winston for two hours, then we might just have found out where we landed.” Will rolled his eyes. “Now, let’s get moving.” Will turned to Nate. “Go run ahead, if you find anything worrying, come back and tell us; we’ll be following you.” Nate gave Will a solute and ran off into the destroyed town. Will turned back the rest of us.

“Ok everyone, stay close and don’t die.”

To view the complete story, visit the PSO website: princetonsymphony.org/education/listen-up

Jasmine Ma
Grade 7—Stuart Country Day School
Linda Hochuli, Teacher

The Things You Least Anticipate

Stars twinkle and the moon shines,
Another day passes by.
The darkness stresses overhead,
As the village gets covered in stillness.

The peaceful night sky darkens,
With every passing minute.
The sleeping ones drift into dreams,
But not all dreams are so soothing.

The four beasts strike,
Which breaks the tranquility.
The living ones panic,
Which turns into a chaotic struggle.

Wandering among the frightened,
They make no attempt to withdraw.
The four beasts stomp along,
Knocking out all obstacles shielding their path.

I hide in the shadows,
Observing until all in sight are debris.
The once thriving village now rests in silence,
Knowing this is what I called home.

The place of memories fades away,
As a stream of light pierces my thoughts.
Realization tells me it was just a dream,
But now I should know better than to forget.



PSO BRAVO! *Listen Up!* 2017-18

- First Row:** Members of LARK Quartet, Deborah Buck, violin, Caroline Stinson, cello, Basia Danilow, violin, Kathryn Lockwood, viola
- Second Row:** Abby Zhou, Evelyn Lansing, Thomas Banfe, Noah Trupin, Isabella Sagarese, Maya Meehan-Ritter, Izzy Almeida, Emily Harrison, Kyle Daly, Raelynn Cui
- Third Row:** Chloe Sun, Joey Vala, Jennifer Tian, Janey Ryu, Jasmine Ma, Dylan Kalina, Bolin Shen, Patrick Powichrowski, PSO Music Director Rossen Milanov, Angelina Chen, Grace Nivera, Rowan Johnson, Kaushik Rathuryan, Douglas Selig, Olivia Troiano
- Fourth Row:** Haoran Xu, Jimmy Weinstein, Paige Haaf, Dina Dank, Anne Xu, Sophie Lin, Joey (Chloe) Wright, Greta Yuan, Isabella Weigand

Not Pictured: Skylar Galatro

PSO BRAVO!

Rossen Milanov, Music Director — Marc Uys, Executive Director
Katherine Curatolo, Manager of Artistic Operations
Betsy Loughran, *Listen Up!* Project Coordinator
Rosetta Isnardi, Intern

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