

PSO BRAVO!
Listen Up!

Creative Responses to Jing Jing Luo's *Tsao Shu*
~ March 22-April 17, 2016 ~

Creative Responses to Tsao Shu

Thirty talented middle school students were invited to attend the Princeton Symphony Orchestra's January 31 *Three Songs* concert, where they listened attentively to *Tsao Shu* by Jing Jing Luo. These PSO BRAVO! *Listen Up!* 2015-16 student writers and visual artists were invited to either respond freely or to consider one of the following prompts:

- Jing Jing Luo, a native of Beijing, China, draws upon her cultural heritage, in part, by depicting the brushstrokes of Chinese calligraphy and by incorporating *xiao luo* (a Chinese Beijing Opera gong) in *Tsao Shu*. Create a piece of visual art or creative writing that has ties to your own cultural identity.
- Listen closely to the music at the very beginning of *Tsao Shu*. You will hear similar music – but with slight variations – at the end of the piece. Why do you think Jing Jing chose to return to this material? Why did Jing Jing decide to create differences between the two similar excerpts? Can you employ varied repetition within your creative response?
- While at the concert, watch and listen for several instrumental techniques that you would not normally see or hear in a piece of classical music. Try incorporating media, techniques, or forms that you usually do not use into your writing or artwork.

The *Listen Up!* exhibition was displayed at the PSO's *Beholding Brahms* concert on March 13 and at the Arts Council of Princeton from March 22 – April 17. The students' work can also be seen in this exhibition catalog.

Thank you to the following teachers who supported and coordinated their students' participation in *Listen Up!* 2015-16:

Melissa Mack, Cambridge School
Allan Arp, The Hun School of Princeton
Claudia Luongo, John Witherspoon Middle School
Arlene Milgram, Montgomery Lower Middle School
Whitney Stanek and Cassandra Stedina, Montgomery Upper Middle School
Alexandra Huggins, Princeton Charter School
Sally Chrisman, St. Paul School of Princeton
Linda Hochuli and Aneesa Sen, Stuart Country Day School of the Sacred Heart
Sarah Paluzzi, Timberlane Middle School.

The PSO thanks Jing Jing Luo* for sharing her composition *Tsao Shu* and descriptions of her creative process with PSO BRAVO! *Listen Up!* participants. The PSO is grateful to artist Susan Hoenig for her leadership of an inspiring workshop session. 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 Elizabeth Murray, O'Sheila Eural, and Mark Germond.

*Jing Jing Luo's residency with the PSO was made possible through Music Alive: New Partnerships, a residency program of New Music USA and the League of American Orchestras. This national program is designed to establish new relationships between composers and orchestras, and to help orchestras present new music to the public and build support for new music within their institutions. Leadership funding for Music Alive is provided by The Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, with additional support from The Aaron Copland Fund for Music and The ASCAP Foundation Bart Howard Fund.

Listen Up!

Now in its 9th year as one of the Princeton Symphony Orchestra's PSO BRAVO! education programs, *Listen Up!* invites students in grades 6-8, identified by their teachers, to attend a PSO concert as a group, and then challenges them to create a personal response to the music. Since its inception, the program has included artists, and for three years now, it has also welcomed student writers. *Listen Up!* collections have been displayed every year at the Arts Council of Princeton; other exhibition partners have included the New Jersey Principals and Supervisors Association and The Jewish Center of Princeton.

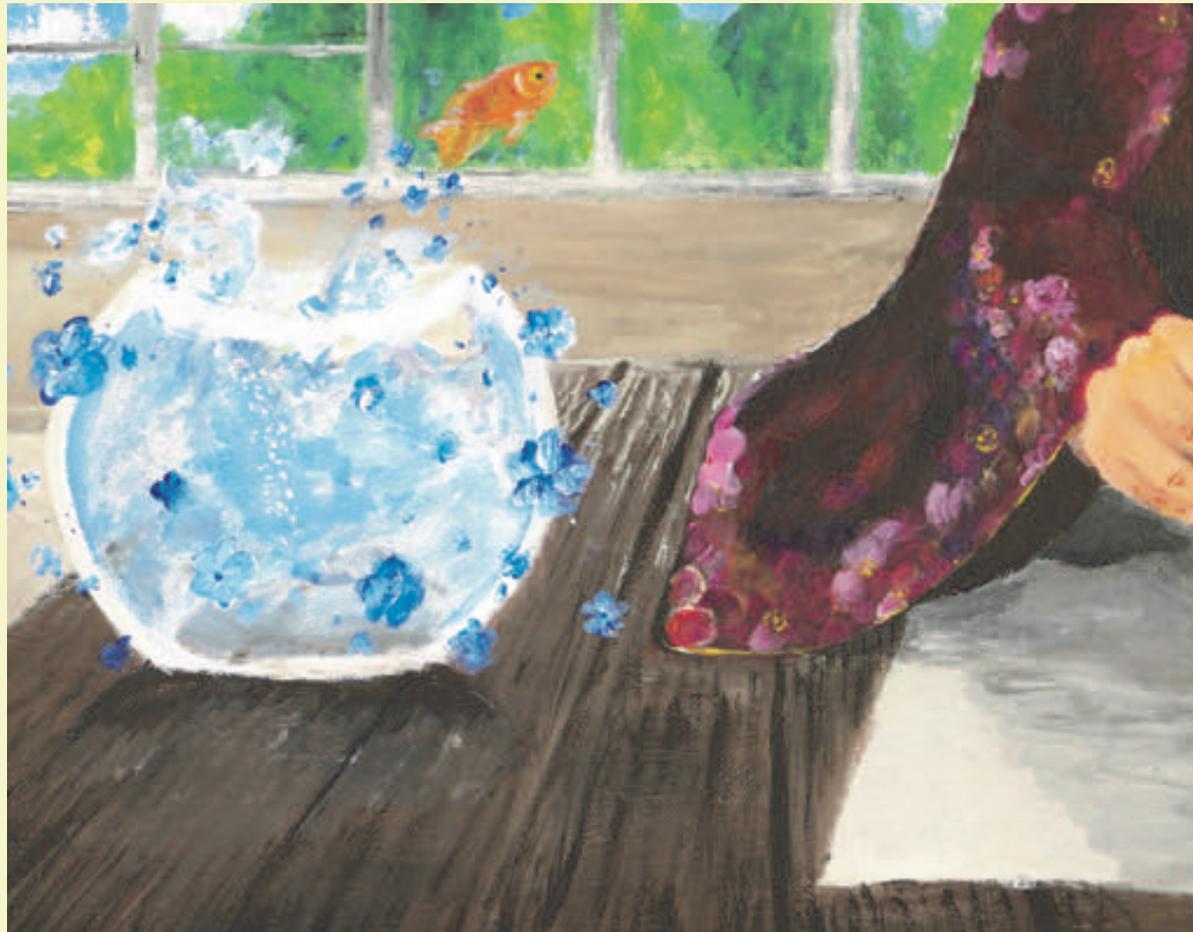
During the 2015-16 season, the PSO hosted its first-ever *Listen Up!* workshop. On January 28, *Listen Up!* participants came to the Arts Council of Princeton (ACP), where they learned about the relationship between different artistic forms. ACP instructor Susan Hoenig highlighted well-known visual artists who have created works in response to music. In preparation for their attendance at the *Three Songs* concert, students created original work in response to live music performed by PSO Executive Director Marc Uys. Participants also interacted with composer/visual artist Jing Jing Luo, who described her own creative process.

Inspired by the creative work produced at the workshop, the PSO gave student writers the option of submitting pieces that incorporated visual elements. You will see several examples of these visual/text hybrid works interspersed throughout this catalog.

Photos of the Listen Up! workshop: (Top) Student artwork created during the event; (Middle) Susan Hoenig and Jing Jing Luo speaking with participants; (Bottom) students hard at work creating their original responses



What If
Fiona Pan
Grade 8, Montgomery Upper Middle School
Cassandra Stedina, Teacher
Acrylic



Calligraphy is calm and peaceful, but it is so in a loud way. It might sound quiet, but whatever is happening in the artist's head, and the swift movements of the brushstrokes, are loud. I chose to represent this quiet loudness with a calm background and then something bold and messy – a fish jumping out of its fishbowl. I feel that this really resembles the piece Tsao Shu because it's so quiet, but so loud. A fish jumping out of its bowl isn't an action that causes a lot of sound – just a splash of water – but the ideas that the fish might've had are just screaming! "I want freedom! I want liberation! I want... to fly!" And it has all these things, for a few seconds, before it dies, quietly.



Ku Bi

Yihong (Nina) Li

Grade 8, John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Ink on paper

Art is a way to tell my feelings; it is another language that people would understand. As an eighth grader who has dealt with and done art for years, I have developed my own art style. Most of my art is done with pencils; however, Ku Bi is different.

Ku Bi is inspired by a piece of music called Tsao Shu by Jing Jing Luo. Tsao shu is a Chinese word for a type of Chinese calligraphy, and my artwork Ku Bi was done using the type of ink that is used to write Chinese calligraphy. In Chinese, ku bi is the name of a calligraphy and ink wash painting technique, used in this piece.

Music Paints a Scene

Mikayla Salib

Grade 6, Montgomery Lower Middle School

Arlene Milgram, Teacher

Watercolor resist

The music paints a scene in my mind that I poured onto watercolor paper. The sounds made me feel an emotion of something small and full of light, trying to reach where it came from. I represented this through a metaphor of bright life. This was done in strokes of warm colors. But, the louder outbursts of sound in the music created a feeling of some creature stopping the light of life from reaching where it came from. It sounded dark, gloomy and wicked in a way. I represented this as dark strokes painted in cold colors. I used watercolors in brushstrokes that were loose and free to show movement in my piece; just as I heard in the music. I illustrated a bright creature, yearning to belong where it wants to be, but trapped and prevented from reaching life. The music is shown with expression through colors; a story being told with each stroke.



Silent Noise

A poem for three voices

Part 1	Part 2	Part 3
tip tip	tip toe	tip toeing
tip tip	tip toe	tip toeing
BOOM	--	--
--	BOOM	--
--	--	BOOM
creep creeping	creeper creeping	creepy creeper
---	---	silent
BOOM	--	--
rain pounding the ground	splash, splash	splash, splash
--	--	creep, creep
tip --	tip toe	tip toeing
softly	carefully	--
<i>pound, pound, pound, pound</i>	rain, rain	----
slowly, carefully	quickly carefully	careful, careful
breathe in, breathe out	inhale exhale	hush, silent
--	--	--
The call of an animal	caw, caw, caw	caw, caw, caw
quickly picking up the pace	pitter, pitter	swish, swish

Part 1 (continued)	Part 2 (continued)	Part 3 (continued)
BOOM	--	--
--	BOOM	--
--	--	BOOM
run running	running run	runner run
stop	halt	wait
breathe	--	silence
--	--	--
--	go	--
creep creeping	creepy creeper	closer, closer
a clock ticking	tic tic tic	toc toc toc
run runner running	runner run running	running run runner
--	--	stop silent
screaming, screaming	--	--
until	--	--
--	everything	--
--	--	goes
Dark	Dark	Dark

Gabriella Shapcott
Grade 6, Stuart Country Day School
Linda Hochuli, Teacher



Tsao Shu

Anna Mae Stout

Grade 7, St. Paul School

Sally Chrisman, Teacher

Translucent paper, canvas fabric, Chinese fabric, a marble, black ink, and hot glue

Artist's text:

The fluid movement of a marble, as it winds around a run, varies in its acceleration, position, speed and direction. If set to music, the notes would need to vary in pitch, volume, vibration and duration. Jing Jing Luo's piece, *Tsao Shu*, fits this description precisely in all of these fields. She has a very interesting view on things and can find inspiration in common objects, such as a turtle's shell, or in whimsical notions, such as an exasperating dream. The physical movement of the calligraphy pen in her hand inspired her to write this very contrasting piece entitled and celebrated as *Tsao Shu*.

When I first heard *Tsao Shu*, it reminded me of an obstacle course, or run, that a marble was going through. It came to me as this because, like the marble, the piece maintained its flow, even though there were various obstacles to pass through. The piece starts with a loud sound, which I imagined as the marble being dropped onto the course. Then it slows down quietly and contently, and here I pictured the marble just approaching the first obstacle. Next it rolls back and forth between simple and difficult obstacles. Upon hearing the strings and violins, I pictured the marble quickening around bends, and down the tubes of the course. When the woodwind instruments and xylophone came in to play, I envisioned the marble circling rapidly in the funnel fixture. Toward the end, in contrast to all the differing obstacles, the music and the marble slow to a quiet stop. The marble at its rested position does not look tattered, but strong even after its difficult journey. The louder bursts of sound symbolized the harder times the marble had to go through, as well as the hard destructive force of the rainstorms that we encounter in life. The softer more delicate sounds symbolized the portions of the run that the marble completed with ease, or, the rainbows that follow the rainstorms of our lives.

Tsao Shu's different notes can be interpreted as showing how many contrasting events take place in a lifetime. They show how there is always another chapter or something coming next. Just as a person places a marble in the maze, God places us on our path of life. The person watches and helps the marble go through its run, while God watches and helps us as we venture through the journey of our life. In our lives, like the marble, we have to be steadfast through the changes in speed and direction as we roll along, always aware that people will be there to help us from becoming tattered.

Icicle

Tracy (ChuiYuan) Meng

Grade 8, John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Watercolor



When I first heard Tsao Shu by Jing Jing Luo, I felt an ethereal sense of fantasy. You can feel many things when you hear that music. I saw a beautiful place with water in it. In my picture I painted an ice cave, with lots of different blue colors in it. There are also some elves flying around in the dark ice cave, like little lights, which I made out of paper.

Doom and Gloom

Maya Sikora

Grade 6, Stuart Country Day School

Linda Hochuli, Teacher

Metallic acrylic paints on canvas

Companion poem:

The door is open
Music beckoning from inside
A grandfather clock bongs
Once, twice,twelve times

Footsteps down the hall
The darkness is an envelope
Crushing me inside

I enter a room
A single swinging light
With a grandfather clock
Hands frozen at twelve o'clock

A floating violin
And a grand piano
Start to play
Without a musician

I turn and run
I am not alone

The maze of corridors
Is never-ending
As unseen forces
Chase me deeper into the house

It's caught up to me
I round the corner
Dead end!

I back up against a wall
Wishing I could shrink inside myself
It's found me.





Shattered Alleyway
Lily L'Oiseau
Grade 6, The Hun School
Allan Arp, Teacher
Acrylic on canvas

When listening to the orchestra, I heard textures and feelings. I heard a dark alley. I heard a garbage can lurking in the darkness. If I closed my eyes while listening, I saw a sky filled with stars shining brightly. When I listened, I heard the calm dark night. All of a sudden I heard a shriek. Then I heard another, it was followed by others. Was it a ghost? Or the wind? Could it be both? I closed my eyes again. I saw a perfectly normal window. One second later the window was broken. I felt scared and alone. I opened my eyes and thought, only a ghost could do that.

Stormy Skies

Piper Epstein

Grade 7, Montgomery Upper Middle School

Whitney Stanek, Teacher

Oil pastel

Tsao Shu was very quiet at first, with a few eerie squeaks and taps of the instruments. Suddenly, there would be a loud crash or bang that stood out among the stillness. These reminded me of lightning strikes and thunder in a storm. The moments in between strikes, like in Tsao Shu, are quiet with the pitter patter of rain and the squeak of wind. For these reasons, I created an oil-pastel piece that depicts a thunderstorm in action. The blue and purple color scheme shows the lighter and less intimidating side of a thunderstorm – those in between moments, while the flashes of lightning show parts that are loud and bold.





Spilt

Grace Yan

Grade 8, Montgomery Upper Middle School

Cassandra Stedina, Teacher

Ink

To me, the music could only represent ink – permanent in its work, and beautiful if done correctly. It was wonderfully simple, and drove home the point that less is more. There was much silence in the piece, and I created an image with a lot of white and little color to represent that. The foreground rocks, faraway shrine and mountains could be said to be the softer, smoother parts of the music – they have orderly rhythm, and much silence. But into the silence there bleeds the ghostly forest and the sudden spill into the river, as if ink was spilled into the water. It was relaxing and enjoyable to paint and ink this – I believe that was the point. I am glad that I have been able to share my view on the music in a way I like.

A Flower of Ink **Grace Hoedemaker**

Grade 8, Timberlane Middle School

Sarah Paluzzi, Teacher

Watercolor

The first thing that came to my mind when listening to Jing Jing Luo's Tsao Shu was a regal flower in the midst of a serene lake. The original burst of sound was like the burst of purple petals that stood out, drawing your eye. The softer and smaller portions were like each individual petal opening up. When Jing Jing Luo composed the piece, she was thinking of Chinese calligraphy and a spill of ink. In an ink spill, the ink will finger out and spread in a different pattern each and every time. A flower will also spread from its center as it blooms, and each petal or flower is not the same every time although it may be labeled by the same name as is an ink spill.





Percussion
Lauren Pryor
Grade 6, Montgomery Lower Middle School
Arlene Milgram, Teacher
Collage of ink and mono-print experiments

When I heard the song, I immediately thought of two words: percussion, and abstract. As I was working in the art room, and was listening to the song, I started to think of colors. At first the only colors were gray, silver, and black, but then as the song went on, I could think of more colors coming from the song; purple, red, and blue. I wanted to incorporate all the colors, so that is why my piece has so many different sections to it. One of the parts has ink brush strokes that I experimented with- colored gray, silver, and black. I used many tools other than brushes. Another part of the piece is red, purple, and blue ink that I printed with different designs. Some of these parts used water, some completely dry. This shows and represents the various percussion sounds coming from the many different instruments, coming together to form a song of many different sections.

Sitting on the Edge

She sits upon the tracks
wondering what she is doing here
This railroad was abandoned
years ago
but yet here she is
her legs swinging over the edge

The tracks trail off the cliff
Each one twisted and bent
in its own way
The wind pushes them together
to make sudden noises
she does not mind -
she has faced much worse.

The fog swirls around her
lifting her hair
waterdrops collect on her skin
washing away her dried tears
The sounds echo around her
chilling, yet comforting

The railroad is like her
abandoned, forgotten
long ago
but she is ready to make her way back
following the footsteps of no one
not alone
not anymore

A while back, a boy had sneered at her.
"You are worth nothing," He had hissed.
She had been about to run
Instead, she tipped her head back and laughed.
Why?
Well, what else was there to do?

She remembers this now
and wonders what that boy would think of her now
sitting on the edge of the most dangerous cliff
bordering town
but in the end
it really does not matter, does it?
For the first time in months,
she smiles.

She can almost hear the noise of the train
that used to come by here
its shape is barely outlined in the shifting fog
a wooden track snaps off
she catches it before it plummets
if it can be saved, then there is hope still for her.

She is battered and bruised
though she cannot remember from what
but that does not mean anything
for she is alive.

Sometimes, that is enough.
She stands tall, ready to find home.

Meghna Pithani
Grade 8, John Witherspoon Middle School
Claudia Luongo, Teacher



Are you There?

Emily Zhou

Grade 7, Montgomery Upper Middle School

Whitney Stanek, Teacher

Ink and colored pencils

In the orchestra piece we listened to, there was a very gloomy, dark, and spooky feel to it. Compared to the other pieces, this one was also surprisingly short. This piece was inspired by Chinese calligraphy which led me to use ink as a medium to create black tendrils for a very dark feel. In my artwork, you can see how the black tendrils are wrapping around a beam of light showing how the darkness is consuming the light. In addition, silver hands coming from seemingly nowhere cover the edges of the moon. Up in the upper left corner you see bare winter trees giving a sense of loneliness and being abandoned. Throughout my artwork you see various details that represent darkness consuming light, or darkness being dominant. The title "Are you There?" represents someone searching for the light that never came. This is just like how I was waiting for the climax of the orchestra piece. I was expecting a contrast of a major key, but it never came.



Reflection

Alanda Zong

Grade 8, Timberlane Middle School

Sarah Paluzzi, Teacher

Colored pencil, pencil, marker

In my work, I am showing the differences of a Chinese girl born in America. Everything reflects to the opposite side, but in that country's equivalent version. For example, the flags. The symbol of the dragon is very important in Chinese cultures while the eagle symbolizes freedom. Notice that the music stayed the same for both sides. This means that music may sound different, but in the end it is still music. Music can be interpreted in different ways, but it can also bring people together.

The Magician's Army

You don't know what it is,
Yet you know it's there
A deeper meaning, which
As you try to unravel, only clouds itself more

So strange it is,
Grand sometimes, mellow at others
It can be quick and flighty
Or powerful on an immense magnitude

You feel jealous
Insecure, simple-minded
There's something that the others
Can understand, something you cannot

Yet you are not angry,
For alongside the jealousy
you feel... a strange amazement
Hypnotized by the spell

The Magician's Army
They have cast their spell,
And you are now
completely, utterly entranced

The master flicks his wand
and the army follows his every command
They whistle, they scream,
They bellow, they roar,

His wand, his tool
his instrument, an extension of him
It is through the master magician
that the magical spells draw their power from

He commands everything
Voices of brass and reed
Strings of enchantment
The rhythm of a heartbeat

Yet despite how different
each of these sounds are
on their own
When combined, they cast the most powerful of spells

They are higher beings than you
There is a deeper meaning,
Something they want you to hear,
Yet you are deaf

It is like the magicians
are telling their story
but in a language you cannot understand
a concept you cannot possibly grasp

Amazing how they can
manipulate you, like some sort...
of emotional puppet
the masters, pulling at your heartstrings

You find that you can only
feel whatever they make you feel
you will be in awe, in fear
you will feel sadness, or feel ecstasy

Tears come to your eyes
Your fists clench
The darkest thoughts come out,
concepts too sinful for humanity to envision

They are destroying you through emotion
Breaking you down, crippling you
Pain, suffering, sadness, anger
And then all you see is black

But then there is a light
Your wounds heal, your tears dry
The heat of your hate dissipates
They are healing you, rebuilding you

Perhaps... maybe there isn't
any definitive true meaning
behind the magician's spells
at all

Maybe the spells are open-ended
Inflicting, evoking different emotions
Responses and meanings to each person
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, is it not?

Tyler Fu
Grade 8, Princeton Charter School
Alexandra Huggins, Teacher

The sound of struggle

Kings and queens
we ruled our lands,
Zimbabwe was our own

Generations of black royalty,
their gold garments glittered against their dark skin,
they proudly sat on the throne

But one day strangers claimed the land was theirs
they tried to make us silent,
still kings and queens we remained
but we sang our joyful songs in private

But one day our songs turned to anger,
we wanted our home back
voices rose against each other,
for a while we all clashed

We were oppressed, killed and beaten,
it didn't matter,
we persevered,
yearning for true freedom

Resolutions were reached
and there were times of peace
but it won't be long before we cry out again with a frustrated scream.

Emily Shapcott
Grade 8, Stuart Country Day School
Aneesa Sen, Teacher

Falling into Pieces
Amy Brumlik
Grade 6, Cambridge School
Melissa Mack, Teacher
Acrylic on canvas



This painting is zoomed in on a cracked ink bottle. The ink bottle is black. This you must understand to see the painting in its full potential. There is blue ink oozing out of the gashes in the bottle. Also, the ink is smearing all over the bottle and would get on your hands if you were to touch it.

Tsao Shu

Erin Ford

Grade 6, Montgomery Lower Middle School

Arlene Milgram, Teacher

Mixed-media collage with ink, music paper and book text

I am sitting in the woods, in the shade of the tall oak trees. When I hear the noises of the woods I can feel the tranquility of the sounds blending in with my tiny silver flute. I am the only one, all alone. But the sounds of the forest take me away to a place where I am not. Suddenly, it spills all over me, like a paint pail spilling all over a beautiful painting. I can feel the sounds, orchestrating the entire woods, but nobody can hear me. Here I am, with my tiny silver flute, filling the dark woods with my flawless notes, as black ink slowly drips down my cheek.



Searching

Author's Note: After listening to Tsao Shu by Jing Jing Luo, I saw this tale {or tail} in the music. The reason I did was the frantic-sounding, mysterious sounds. This story is called Searching, and it's about a boy looking for his dog.

Devon checked his list. He only had one more place to go and check, but he had to be quick so as not to run out of time. He could keep searching through the town's buildings until his search warrant from Mayor Horatio Blackwell expired, which was in T minus 43 minutes 34 seconds, and counting. The final and only place that Devon hadn't gone to was the old Gratherman house: the 56th house on 56th Street that had been abandoned for fifty-six years. It was a dark, dreary, black-on-black house which matched the weather (Devon hadn't seen one ray of sun for a fortnight) and his hopes. This was the last building in town which he hadn't searched, and his last chance to find his friend. As he approached the house, he had started second-guessing himself: "why would my little Shetland sheepdog, Apollo, run off into a spooky house like this?" he thought. "Then again," his brain told him, "it was the tallest building in town, for you could see all the way over to the next town from its roof." Devon decided to go with his gut, so he pushed the door open.

The first thing Devon noticed was the spider webs. There were hundreds, maybe even thousands of them, all draped or hung on something, covering the old historic beauty that the house held, yet no spiders themselves. Devon got to work quickly, he took his whistle out of his pocket, and blew a tune for the fiftieth time in the past seven hours: *tweet, tweet-twee-tweet, too, tweet-twee-tweet, too, tweeeeeeeet*. This was the call that the police had taught Apollo when he was a puppy. Whenever he heard it, Apollo was supposed to call back by barking twice, then howling once. The only reason Devon was allowed to do this was because Apollo was the town hero: he had once caught a gang of kidnappers in the pitch black darkness with a broken front left leg. Sadly for Devon, there was no reply from Apollo to his desperate call.

Devon continued his search, finishing the ground floor and calling one more time, then scouring the first and second floors as well, each time calling twice at different parts of the floor, to no avail. As he stepped onto the third floor, the final floor not counting the balcony on the roof, he began to take out his whistle when something caught his eye. He had seen movement coming from underneath a door to his left. Devon crept slowly over to the door, and looked through the peephole, also noticing that the door had the number 56 on it. Since the building had been built before there was electricity, and it was a rainy day, all Devon could see were shadows. He could tell by the height of the shadows, that the creature creating the shadows had to be about the size of a Shetland sheepdog, about 16 inches tall. Devon decided the only way he could find out what really was making these shadows was by opening the door no matter how scared he was. Devon easily broke off the lock on the door for it had been moderately weakened by rust. What Devon should've considered, though, was an explanation as to how his dog could've gotten into a locked room!

Devon was instantaneously blinded by a sea of black. He also had the sensation of many little twigs moving across his body. He suddenly realized that the sea of black was actually spiders, the smallest 'only' being about 10 inches wide, while the large ones were about two feet wide. Devon's instincts kicked in, and he bolted from the doorway, heading up the staircase and onto the balcony. Devon suddenly noticed that he wasn't on the balcony at all; he was in the attic, meaning that he was trapped in a pitch-black room with spiders that were a third of his height. Devon needed to find a way to get rid of these spiders, and quick. Who knew if they were venomous and had just found their dinner? Unlucky for him, Devon hadn't read up on spiders, so he didn't know their weakness, but he *did* know one thing: that these weren't any ordinary spiders. Normal ones don't bite you, or dig their legs into your thighs. Suddenly, he stumbled over something: an old department store mannequin. Devon quickly ran over to the nearest window {the only one he had seen so far in this building}. He threw open the window, and tossed the mannequin out of it. The spiders, thinking the mannequin was Devon, jumped out the window after it, hungry for flesh. As soon as the flow of spiders pouring out the window had stopped, Devon slammed it shut, then locked it, and pushed a piece of furniture in front to block any spiders from coming back in.

Next, Devon went back down to the third floor, and headed to the north side, where the stairwell to the roof balcony was. Just then, a warning came up on his phone. It read: you have T minus five minutes until your search warrant expires. Devon started to panic, he needed to be out of the building in five minutes and he still hadn't found one clue to where Apollo was and..... "*Whoa, whoa, whoa,*" Devon thought, "*no need to flip out, just stay calm and keep looking.*" So, Devon bolted up the stairs two steps at a time. He opened the door to the balcony, and stopped in his tracks. The view *was* amazing: to the north, Devon could see Eder Mountain, its top dusted in snow; to the south, Devon could see the neighboring city, Alcester; to the west was the rest of Green Valley, Devon's hometown, and to the east laid the magnificent Atlantic Ocean. After a few moments of awe, Devon pulled out his whistle for the fifty-sixth time, and blew the now-familiar tune: *tweet, tweet-twee-tweet, too, tweet-twee-tweet, too, tweeeeeeeet.* Devon put down his whistle, and listened, straining his ears to hear his companion. For a few seconds, it seemed as if time itself had frozen in its tracks. Then, suddenly, Devon thought he heard something. He listened again: sure enough, it **was** Apollo. Devon listened until Apollo had finished his call before heading down off the balcony.

Devon could have been thinking of any one of the following things effecting him right then, like how he only had 90 seconds to get down 4 flights of stairs, and get off the old Gratherman house's property, or that there was an 18 inch spider secretly clinging onto Devon's spine, but he wasn't. The only thing on his mind was one phrase: *I'm coming for you, Apollo, don't you worry.*

Matthew Cooper
Grade 7, St. Paul School
Sally Chrisman, Teacher

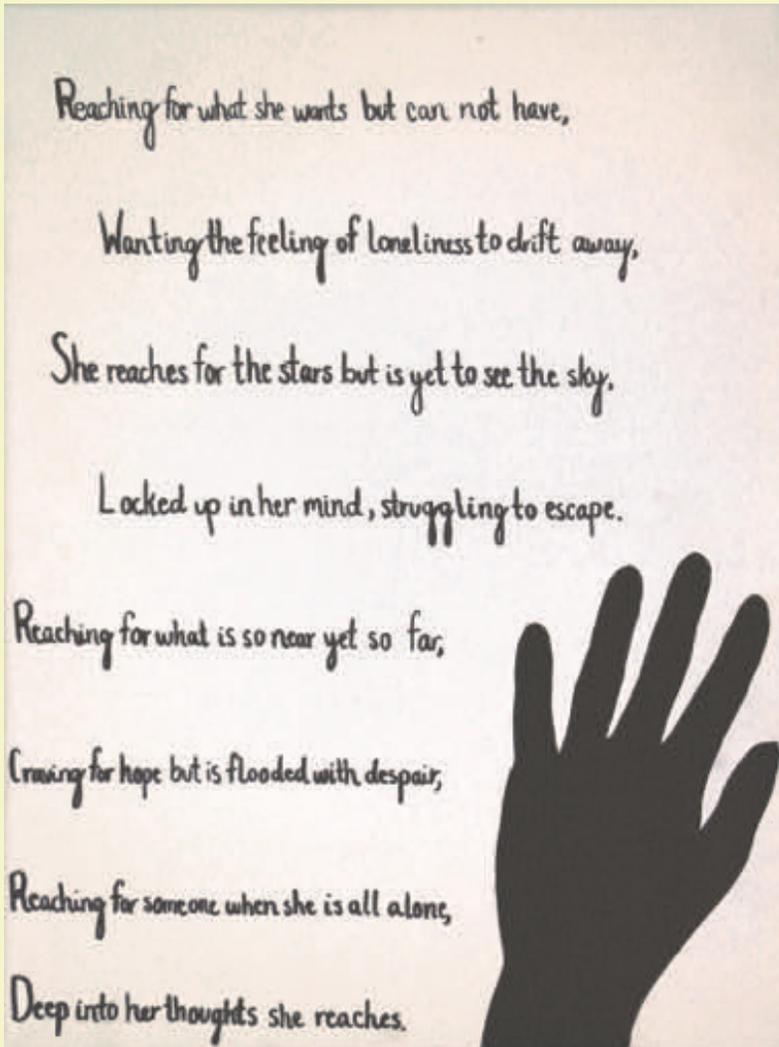
Reach

Nandita Ammanamanchi

Grade 8, John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Acrylic paint on canvas



Forgotten
Bella Gomez
Grade 6, The Hun School
Allan Arp, Teacher
Crayons, cardboard on canvas



I believe that my artwork demonstrates blending together. The music I heard, Jing Jing Luo's Tsao Shu, reminded me of how scary music sounds like multiple pieces mixed together to create one beautiful piece. I used crayons that were dark colors to demonstrate the pigments I saw and felt while listening to the music and blended them together by melting them. Tsao Shu was a piece that made me feel mixed emotions. It reminded me of how when we are lost we are sometimes forgotten. Forgotten is a very strong word to me because it means something very important. How feeling lost is difficult. How it is feeling like everyone forgot about you. It takes a while until one can realize that they have found their inner self and that they are not alone anymore.



Lateral Abyss

Ethan Blaser

Grade 8, John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher

Acrylic on canvas

As soon as I heard this piece, my heart opened up and was filled with darkness. Not the everyday demonic darkness that brings fear to people, but that sweet darkness that overcomes all fears and heals your soul. The darkness that brings peace and hope, yet is mysterious in its own ways of existence. I added the train tracks because the piece opened up a memory of me in Alaska, wind blowing through my hair like I was in the center of the universe, and life pours over me as I stand there absorbing the beauty of life off the back of a train. This represents that even though it's dark, there is always hope.

Rain

Drizzle Drip Drop
Gone in a pop
Swirl Swoosh Splash
Gone in a flash
Drab Dreary Depressing
Gloomy Grim Glum
Sad Saddening Sorry
Why small like a crumb
Cloudy Comfortless Cold
Falls from the sky
You can't hold
Rain

Keya Patel

**Grade 6, Stuart Country Day School
Linda Hochuli, Teacher**



***The Haunted Bus Stop*
Betsy Williams**

**Grade 8, John Witherspoon Middle School
Claudia Luongo, Teacher
Pencil**

This drawing is of a girl sitting at a bus stop waiting in the rain. While listening to the song I pictured rain and something with mystery. I drew her as if she were a ghost and you can tell because of her somewhat outdated clothing. It is mysterious because she is not facing us in the drawing so it is like we do not know what she is thinking. You can tell it rained because she is holding an umbrella and there are rain puddles on the ground below her.

Facing the Tiger

The killers' roar echoes in the sun drenched arena.

You shiver, even in the heat of the day. It's time, you know, that you'll have to face it. Them. Your demons.

You can't see it, but you know that it's there, by the flash of orange and black across the dusty ground, the brief glimpse of an eye, the sound of its growl. It's ominous, foreboding, despite the beautiful sunlight and the warm, almost uncomfortably hot day. Even the exotic bird calls remind you how out of place you are in this unforgiving place.

You feel the sweat drip down the back of your neck. You don't know where you are, only that it's dangerous. You hear its claws scratching down the floor. It's from your head, you tell yourself. But it seems so real, so sharp. An arena, and you're locked into it. Just you and your fears, condensed into the one thing you are most terrified of. It's a beautiful predator, it is true. Beautiful, yet deadly. And you have a bad, prickly feeling that it's biding its time and waiting until you won't be able to stand its attack.

The only thing you can do is circle around, trying desperately to find a place you can hide from your fears. You know you have to confront it eventually, but it's just so much easier to hide from the monster chasing you.

And now your suspense is over and it's hurtling at you, sensing that you're weak. Hurtling at you at light speed, an orange and black blur. A tiger, beautifully deadly. And its claws are an inch from you, an inch from tearing out everything good and filling you with fear, and you can't move from the terror flooding you, paralyzing you. Its mouth is open in a silent roar, showing its teeth, and just as it hits you-

You jolt awake, and the terror that flooded you is still there, but fading. Your heart is still racing, but less so as you swing your legs out of bed and rub the sleep from your eyes. It was a dream, you know now. But still, that day will come, when you do have to face your worst fears, your most horrible demons. And next time, they will be invisible and much, much worse. But that day is hopefully far into the future. The day you have to face the tiger.

Labeena Hanif
Grade 7, Stuart Country Day School
Aneesa Sen, Teacher

An Interpretation of Jing Jing Luo's Tsao Shu
Eshe Lovely

Grade 6, Stuart Country Day School

Linda Hochuli, Teacher

Paint, paper, envelope, stamp, marker, and pen attached to string

Artist's text:

A single pen
Harshly touching blank paper
Waiting to be written on.

Silence.
The pen gently strokes the paper
The words on the paper form into a puddle.
The pen slowly rolls off the paper,
Onto the floor
Then onto the stairs,
Falling...Falling...Falling...
Falling into a hole of nothingness.
Surrounded by the words it should have created.

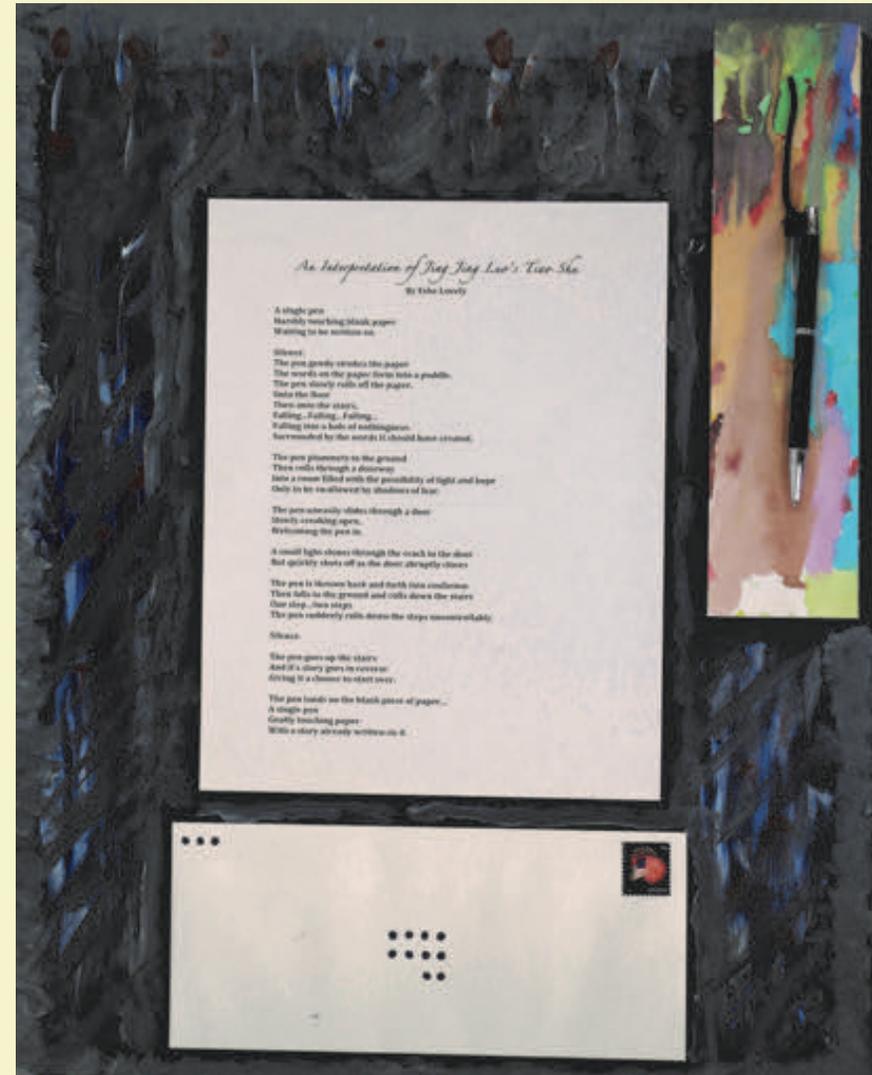
The pen plummets to the ground
Then rolls through a doorway
Into a room filled with the possibility of light and hope
Only to be swallowed by shadows of fear.

The pen uneasily slides through a door
Slowly creaking open,
Welcoming the pen in.

A small light shines through the crack in the door
But quickly shuts off as the door abruptly closes

The pen is thrown back and forth into confusion
Then falls to the ground and rolls down the stairs
One step...two steps
The pen suddenly rolls down the steps uncontrollably.

Silence.



The pen goes up the stairs
And it's story goes in reverse
Giving it a chance to start over.

The pen lands on the blank piece of paper...
A single pen
Gently touching paper
With a story already written on it.



Ignorance – Blissful Yet Dangerous

Catherine Li

Grade 7, Montgomery Upper Middle School

Whitney Stanek, Teacher

Watercolor

What I heard from this piece was something dangerous and suspenseful. So I thought, “You don’t know what the dangers are behind you.” I wanted the scene to look watery, like a dream, so I used watercolors. The girl in the piece is a simple tourist, going around and through a tropical rainforest. While she looks happy, she doesn’t know of the dangers behind, such as the tiger lurking or the snake going around her leg. There is a light side which is what she sees and a dark side, where she doesn’t know what is behind her.



Swimming Koi

Laura Zhou

Grade 8, Montgomery Upper Middle School

Cassandra Stedina, Teacher

Watercolor

The smooth and abrupt short notes reminded me of the swift movements of a fish. This inspired me to paint koi fish in an empty pond. I did this to contrast the quick, bold notes with the long measures of silence.

The Musical Night

Aima Bhatti

Grade 8, Timberlane Middle School

Sarah Paluzzi, Teacher

Chalk pastel and paint

The piece of art I decided to create is very simple, but it took up a lot of my time. The drawing is of a cello, and the dark blue color around it represents the night sky. Originally, I was going to leave the cello white, but decided against that when I found that the brown color of the cello contrasted nicely with the dark background. If you look closely, you can see that the blue to the left of the cello is much darker compared to the blue to the right of the cello. I did that just to show the different blues in the night sky. Also in the background are paint splatters I created by splatter painting. The white and yellow dots represent stars sprinkled randomly in the sky. This piece of art is not very complicated, but the making of it was very enjoyable.





PSO BRAVO! *Listen Up!* 2015-16

- Front row:** Ethan Blaser, Bella Gomez, Lily L'Oiseau, Keya Patel, Gabriella Shapcott, Eshe Lovely, Maya Sikora
Second row: Meghna Pithani, Tracy (ChuiYuan) Meng, Yihong (Nina) Li, Mikayla Salib, PSO Composer in Residence Jing Jing Luo, Erin Ford, Alanda Zong, Grace Hoedemaker, Aima Bhatti, Matthew Cooper
Third row: Nandita Ammanamanchi, Tyler Fu, Emily Shapcott, Betsy Williams, PSO Music Director Rossen Milanov, Lauren Pryor, Laura Zhou, Grace Yan, Amy Brumlik
Fourth row: Catherine Li, Piper Epstein, Emily Zhou, Fiona Pan
Not Pictured: Labeena Hanif, Anna Mae Stout

PSO BRAVO!

Rossen Milanov, Music Director — Marc Uys, Executive Director
Bryan McNamara, Manager of Operations and PSO BRAVO!
Emma Rhine, Manager of Special Events and Community Relations, *Listen Up!* Project Coordinator

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