

PSO BRAVO!
Listen Up!

Exhibition 2014-15: Inspired by Beethoven's 7th!
- March 16-April 9, 2015 -

BEETHOVEN'S FORM AND FUNCTION

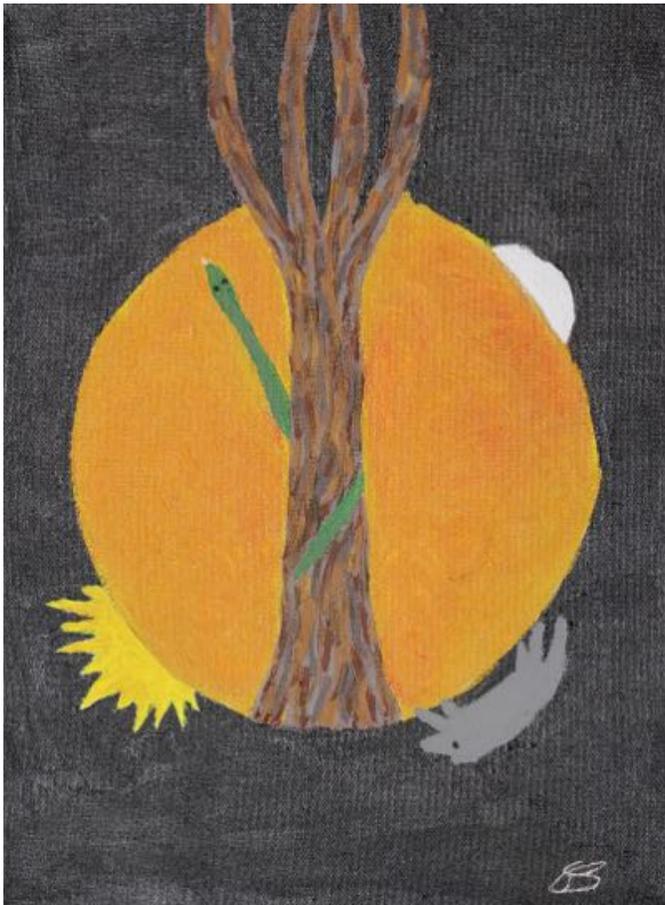
Listen Up! participants for 2014-15 joined the Princeton Symphony Orchestra for its January 18 concert, *Scenic Rhythms*, with guest conductor Daniel Boico. They were invited to listen closely to Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, and to respond in visual art and poetry to their choice of four questions:

- The first movement is marked "Poco sostenuto – Vivace" in the score, ("Somewhat sustained – Lively") and is composed in those two parts. How might you use both sustained and lively elements in your artwork or poetry for maximum contrast?
- The second movement uses a rhythmic ostinato, or repeating figure, of a quarter note, two eighth-notes. Can you create a sense of repeated rhythm in your artwork or poetry?
- The third movement is composed in ternary form, or A-B-A-B-A. Poetry often uses the sequencing of elements like this, and artwork might do so as well – think light and dark, sharp and fuzzy, purple and yellow!
- In the fourth movement, Beethoven wrote something that was very rare for him: *fff*, or *fortississimo*. What does *fortississimo* mean in your work, and can your artwork or poetry create a similar sense of "very **very** strong"?

Their work, highlighting young people's response to classicism in music, poetry and visual art, is included in this catalog. The full collection was also previewed at the subsequent PSO concert, *Soulful Reflections*, on March 15, and exhibited at the Arts Council of Princeton from March 16 – April 9.

LISTEN UP!

Now in its 8th 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 cohort, and then challenges them to create a personal response to the music. Since its inception the program has included artists, and for two 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.



Above: **Untitled**, Emily Bigioni

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

I have always enjoyed reading mythology, so when it came time to think of a topic for a painting, that is what my mind immediately went to. Upon hearing the piece, I could think of no better myth than the Norse Ragnarok, the apocalypse. While this may seem quite harsh, it is actually quite a good fit to the music. In the myth, the sun and moon are eaten by a wolf while the rest of the earth is engulfed in ruin, and Yggdrasil, the tree which supports all of the worlds, withers and dies. However, after the destruction, a new world is born better than before. This, to me, perfectly represented the piece, which had a balance of loud, clashing music, and calm, peaceful music. This is a beautiful symphony and it seems only right that it should be represented by an equally beautiful myth.

Below: **Assembling the Pieces**, Grace Warznak

Grade 8, Timberlane Middle School - Sarah Paluzzi, Teacher
Watercolor and acrylic on paper

I created my reaction of the first movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. By the time Beethoven completed this piece, he was mostly deaf; a devastating condition for a musician. The misalignment of the treble clef and other musical notations represent the difficulty he must have faced while assembling this piece and the anguish he must have felt at the loss of his hearing. The notations are also broken because of the abrupt changes in dynamics that interrupt the smooth passages underneath. The warm, bright colors that transition from one color to the next represent the rising excitement in the first movement.





The Mirrored Dance, Lauren Bass

Grade 6, Montgomery Lower Middle School – Arlene Milgram, Teacher
Watercolor and mixed-media collage

From the moment the music started, I could hear the violins and their fast pace. I was reminded of the angry buzzing of wasps and decided to incorporate that feeling into my piece, with the dots representing the swarm. I also heard the contrasting instruments with the strong drum beat. That's why I used two media, paper and watercolor, as well as incorporating drum sticks that act as clouds. Hearing the piece as a whole reminded me of a courtly dance and led to the dancing figures, repeating like the callbacks in the music. The second artwork is a complementary piece. I used the same ideas from the first piece, but mirrored it, so that they appear to be the twins of one another. I did this by using negative space to reflect the figures on the new piece. I also created lights near the drum sticks using paper and negative space. By combining both of the pieces and making them reflect one another, it shows both the light side of the music, with the negative space and light background, compared to the darker side of the music, with the black shapes and the dark background.



**Nature's Harmonics,
Kristina Malinowski**

Grade 8, Montgomery
Upper Middle School
Aurelle Sprout, Teacher
Oil Paint on Canvas

When I first listened to each of the movements of Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, I felt as if there was a certain mood accompanying each part, and I represented each one using an animal. During the first movement I felt a sense of soaring, strength, and pride. I felt that a fiery phoenix embodied this spirit. During the second movement I felt a sense of predatory grace and I thought that the panther, particularly a black panther, was animal with this character. The third movement was cheerful and happy, and colorful soaring butterfly represented it well. The fourth movement was what brought all these moods together for me. I could detect a little of each movement in the last, so in order to incorporate this I created a central point that all of these creatures were gravitating towards, and painted it using a little of each element, light, dark, and fiery.





Sudden Rainstorm, Jenny Chen, Grade 8, Montgomery Upper Middle School – Aurelle Sprout, Teacher
Acrylic on canvas board

Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 was very beautiful and wonderfully executed by the Princeton Symphony Orchestra! What really stood out to me, was the effective use of dynamics in the piece. It would start out very piano and then broaden out and become very fortissimo. As I was listening in the audience, I began to imagine a rainstorm. Rainstorms always start out very lightly and softly, only a couple of scarce drops. Then, all of the sudden the rain starts crashing down and the earth is alive with the roar of rain hitting the pavement. The tune was also very lively, almost like a dance. I was again reminded of rainstorms and how the droplets of water jumped and skipped as they battered against the ground. Just like the music, rainstorms can be loud and soft, lively and calm, or even strong and weak. I chose to incorporate this into my painting by dripping paint onto my artwork to represent the realistic rain. I also wanted to make my raindrops the main focus of the painting, so I did the background in neutral gray colors, and made my water droplets in distinct blues and whites. Just like Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, rainstorms are also breathtakingly beautiful.



***Ave Musical*, Marcelino Guevara**

Grade 8, John Witherspoon Middle School – Claudia Luongo, Teacher
Graphite pencil, pen and marker on paper

The work that I've done was inspired by the Beethoven concert at the Princeton Symphony Orchestra. I imagined a beautiful green landscape. Suddenly, a dazzling bird soared high in the sky, surrounded by musical notes. He ascended toward heaven and descended toward the ocean, where he disappeared.



Rhythm of Nature

Jonathan Yue, Grade 8
Princeton Charter School
Amanda Hartstein, Teacher
Oil pastel on paper

When listening to Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, I felt the rhythm in the music expressed joyful and colorful characters, with vitalities, contrasts, and patterns, and eventually a powerful and thrilling ending. Inspired by the masterpiece, I created the artwork "Rhythm of Nature" to describe the emotion and expression from the symphony. My painting follows accordingly from up to down as the four movements of the music continue. The steady snow mountain and the vibrant sun depict contrasts in the first movement. The arrays of beautiful green trees with their trunks and shadows portray the repetitive rhythm and liveliness in the second movement. The water, which is melting from the snow on the top of the mountain is flowing down and forming different patterns of waves, displaying the ternary form of music rhythm in the third movement. At the moment of entering into the sea, water movements build up huge explosive waves and thus represent the loud and powerful finale with a fast crescendo.

Maestro of the Movement

Emily Carleton, Grade 8,
Timberlane Middle School
Sarah Paluzzi, Teacher
Mixed Media

This piece reflects my artistic vision of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The quilled paper notes each have opposing colors to represent the contrast and quick changes between the second and third movements. The bright colors are lively and swift as each of the measures quickly change in dynamic. The notes are arranged in waves to show how the music flows and grows throughout the movement. This particular movement is in an A-B-A-B-A format, and the patterns in the different music notes represent that format.

The darkly painted conductor is a symbol of the composer. Around the time that Beethoven wrote this piece, he lost his hearing. It must have been excruciating for a composer to lose the thing that lets him experience his creations. The dark swirls are the agony Beethoven must have been experiencing over his hearing loss, while still carrying him throughout the composition.





Crescendo of Triumph

Zoe O'Beirne, Grade 8, Princeton Charter School - Amanda Hartstein, Teacher
Multimedia sculpture

When I created my piece, I wanted to represent certain aspects of Beethoven's 7th Symphony. For example, the background of my piece is sketched and painted with swirls to represent the creative soul and the beautiful chaos of the fourth movement. The conductor's hands coming out of the wood connect Beethoven to his creation. The wire and the descending, rising and variously colored paper on the wire are the crescendos in sound. While listening to the piece, I noticed the loud drum that forced the song to pick up in volume and pace, and most impressively, in elation and intensity.

At left:

Light vs. Dark
Vanessa Mellis

Grade 8, Cambridge School
Melissa Mack, Teacher
Acrylic on canvas

Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 was blue, and white, and green, and black.

It was happy. Birds were singing. Animals come out of hibernation to green grass and blue skies with white clouds.

Then it changed. It started getting dark. Evil wolves came out. Black nights covered the blue skies.

The happiness drained away.



A Chase

Tina Yao, Grade 6, Montgomery Lower Middle School – Arlene Milgram, Teacher
Watercolor and colored pencil on paper

I chose to paint this because during the music, the melody crescendoed and decrescendoed. It rose and fell like predator and prey chasing each other. The deer represents freedom and purity, while it's stuck in a dark world. However, the portal to the shining world is closing and the deer is racing to get there. At the final note, the deer jumps to the gate.

Symphony in the Ring

Images of Vienna on a Sunday afternoon
Beethoven's 7th, The Spanish Riding School
Dressage choreography, warm-blooded love.
Horses and music - my bliss!

Poco Sostenuto: dance rhythms, loud, crashing, ascending scales, dynamic changes.
The Grand Prix horse with great forward thrust, reaching in spectacular trot extensions.

Allegretto: quietly, then building in lively rhythmic tempo.

Shortening of stride, collected gaits, changing leads, discipline, the signature flying change.

Presto –Assai meno presto: light and bouncy, loud percussion.

Piaffe and passage, strength, training, elevation of stride.

Allegro con brio: Emphatic, determined, rhythmic repeats.

The half pass, on the diagonal, moving sideways and forward simultaneously, concluding in
a pirouette.

The horse, the rider, the music, the dance - my poetry.

Avelyn Simons

Grade 8, Stuart Country Day School

Greta Nelson, Teacher

Music

The sound of violins
Soothes my soul
The pounding of the drums
Matches the beat of my heart
Each flute that chimes
Every trumpet that sounds
Speaks with no words
But with music.
The serenity in each note
Reminds me of
Pure joy and rushing happiness
For the piece itself is
Absolutely delightful and bright!
The peace, the music, and the excitement
An unforgettable experience.

Sarah McLaughlin

Grade 7, Stuart Country Day School

Greta Nelson, Teacher

Kilauea

On Hawaii, in cold pacific water
Lies the Kilauea volcano, among all, much greater
It spews molten lava much hotter
Flying quickly and violently from its crater

The lava pours down the mountain
To the valley it gently goes
Like water from a fountain
To the valley it gently flows

Hurrying through the valley
Jagged rocks it meanders past
And with one final rally
It approaches its target at last

Over the cliff, into the ocean
Its path is almost done
With a grand hurling motion
Lava and water are now one

Saumya Malik

Grade 8, Princeton Charter School

David Myers, Teacher

Coalescence

Everything is overlapped
Every particle flying around
Altogether like a swarm of flies
Trying to concentrate through the strongest thoughts
Like trying to beat the rising sun across the world
A bird with flapping, colorful dainty wings
Against the darkest sky and loudest rings
Everything is coalescing
Mind in deep thought
Patience immersed in distraction
And nothingness in a pit of everything
Every little speck in the sky
And every color in a cloud
Is coming together, harmoniously loud
Everything disparate coalesces

Emma Claisse

Grade 6, Stuart Country Day School

Linda Hochuli, Teacher

Dreams

The show is starting. You take your seat. The orchestra is warming up, with its leader at the front. Waving his magic wand, he makes the most beautiful music come out. It makes you happy and joyful, but best of all, it makes you smile. You start to daydream and start thinking about the music, and then your mind trails off.

First, you are in a fairy garden. Everything is so delicate, small and frail. As you go through the garden, you notice magical small creatures that dance with you over a small stream, as you gracefully leap from lily pad to lily pad. The place feels so enchanted and you just can't help but to wander and seek out the many places hidden inside this peculiar land.

Suddenly, you travel to a different place. It isn't the same, not in the small delicate way anyway. It still has a sense of adventure, but yet strangeness. It is much more mysterious, but you still have the same spark of interest. You want to wander and be free to explore its wondrous places. You feel like you're in a magical kingdom. You are in a castle and you're the princess. You're wandering around the halls of the palace, wondering what lies behind each corner. It is always something wonderful, yet intriguing, but you won't dare turn away. As you wander through the halls, you come across a strange door and you go through it, because you know that something even more distant lies ahead.

The scene changes almost as quickly as it did before. It is a festival and the music playing makes you feel so happy and joyful. It makes you just want to sing. Then the enemy comes and declares war on your small little village in the hills. The warcrying trumpets blare out as the drums beat as fast as they can, making a bumma dumma bumma dumma bumma dumma bumma dumma sound that repeats over and over. For a moment, you're scared and you want to run away, but then you think, "What wonder could this tragedy bring?" Everyone else flees, but you stay, watching silently, as what could be the end comes creeping towards you. When they are almost to you, the scene changes again, just in time.

Now you're in a meadow playing with some baby animals. There are some ducklings, a baby bunny, a kitten, a puppy, some birds, and a baby deer. You frolic through the meadow, playing with the animals and letting out the occasional yelp or giggle of glee. You feel so peaceful. This place is almost like the first. You lay down as the kitten softly brushes up against your toes and the puppy gently licks your face while the birds fly overhead. The ducklings run around chasing each other while the bunny sleeps peacefully on your stomach. The deer stands over you eating some nearby flowers. This just feels perfect. You look up at the sky and then a cool breeze blows peacefully by while you dig your toes into the earth. You feel so one with nature. Then you notice that the smallest of the ducklings is not there. You start to panic and your peace is interrupted as you see a fox sneeze out soft little yellow feathers. Then you let out a scream of horror as you fall down and begin to cry.

The scene changes, and it's war. Soldiers run around with sharp and violent weapons. They are great screams and weeps of terror, as another soldier falls to the ground. This goes on for hours and hours and hours until you can't take it anymore. Then suddenly, the sun begins to disappear, as snowflakes fall down.

One lands on your nose, another on your eyelashes, until the whole field is covered in snow. The snow begins to slowly stop falling and you wonder why, then you realize that the last song in the concert has just ended. Everyone stands up and claps. It sounds like raindrops falling down on the metal roof of a car. Pitterpatter pitterpatter pitterpatter. The rain comes to a stop. Your friend walks up to you and asks how you liked the concert. You smile and reply saying, "It was like a dream."

Shelby Bailey-Williams

Grade 6, Stuart Country Day School

Linda Hochuli, Teacher

The Darkness of the Sweet

The sun creeps up from behind the mountain
from where all good things seem to come.
It lights up the land for all to see
to let the birds chirp, and hum.

There is this one new bird,
a thankful bird, who was awoken.
He flutters, for he has survived the night.
He's survived to have his words spoken.

When he chirps out loud with glee,
he hears his modest little voice
bounce back to him off the mountain.
This discovery makes him rejoice.

He tests his findings over and over again
like a sweet little conversation.
He has made himself a companion,
a friend from the depths of his imagination.

But alas, one of his quiet, chiming chirps
awakes the entire land, it seems.
The snow starts to race the shadows
a hovering nightmare crushing little dreams.

The mighty, swirling ice storm
slips into the vast, grand, salty sea.
It waits to perish in the sun.
Its death is a guarantee.

Every part of it suffers
down to the very core
leaving only a stubborn shard of ice
vowing to get to shore.

There it is helplessly floating
in the powerful waves crashing.
It seems to be chuckling,
snickering, cackling, laughing.

It swerves into a small river,
stream, brook, then just a trickle.
It has arrived at the end.
Death is hanging near with his sickle.

It finally melts into a cool, crisp liquid
running down an old, dry, creek.
It meets a shuddering deer
too thirsty and parched to speak.

She gladly guzzles it down,
revived for another short while.
A hunter aims his gun, missing by an inch
on purpose, perhaps, just a trial?

The doe jumps faster than a frightened
squirrel.
The Hunter shoots again, faster, exactly.
The bullets pelt the ground around her.
The doe taunts him discreetly.

She clears bushes, branches and shrubs.
The bullets rapidly cease.
Hardly any are shot now.
The Hunter seems to release.

Until one final menacing bullet
lodges itself into the doe's heart.
She crumples and slams into the ground.
Death is waiting for her depart.

The Hunter smiles wide at his luck.
Dinner is served for his daughter.
He looks fondly at his creation.
At his demand, a heartless slaughter.

He removes his old worn hat,
and places it over his chest.
Looks into her glassy eye,
blessing her eternal rest.

But the eye of the deer,
as familiar as it seems,
stares into his sadly.
It will haunt him in his dreams.

The color of the eye, however,
seems to match his very own-
big, beautiful, chocolate color,
the sadness of being alone.

...

The little bird continues singing.
He chirps proudly with glee.
The sun had set to rest again
behind the mountains and sea.

He soars with might to his nest
the *moonlight* glinting on his wing
curled under his mighty oak tree.
His last notes no longer ring.

This one little scarlet bird,
no bigger than a child's fist,
one puff of chilly wind,
and this bird will cease to exist.

Yet, he caused the trouble.
Lives buried in the snow,
the doe who drew her last breath,
to this bird the trauma we owe.

Nora Ban
Grade 7, Timberlane Middle School
Pauline Swiatocha, Teacher

The Party

It's time to go, the party is starting and we must get ready
It's your last ball before the choosing, so make it your best
The ballroom is ready and so are the guests
Up, up, into your dress
It's pink, purple and beats all of the rest

I wake up, hear the birds chirping
I can't wait for the ball
Especially the dress, that we bought at the mall
I run, run all over the house
Like an overexcited mouse

Oh no, we are getting late
We have to go or I won't find my mate
I'm running and running, this is no fun
I hate to ruin this for everyone

Oh baby, don't cry now
It's okay we'll make it there for everyone
I know you're stressed and I know you're scared
But I'm here for you, so no need to be scared

Here we are, oh how beautiful this sight is
We are finally here and I am no longer scared
I see him, I see them all
How do I choose, they all seem so well

Oh how grown up she is, how proud I am
I can't wait to give her the magical crystal gem
I mustn't do it now or she will never know
The secrets that I have yet to show

Manya Kaushik

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

Tempest

Sound washing over me in waves,
Pushing me down.
The swelling, rhythmic noise taking control,
Shaping my thoughts,
Controlling my emotions.

The sound is growing stronger,
Now a storm
First far but growing ever closer.
Gone is the calm ocean I once knew.
Now my world is a tempest.

I wrestle the storm,
Riding it like an unbroken colt.
Far off in the distance,
A beacon of hope shines brightly,
Inviting waylaid souls to rest.

I strive to reach the island in the chaos,
But the harder I push, the more I lose.
I know that I cannot bend the storm to my will.
I cannot be master of elements.
But I can join them.

I am now one with the storm,
Traveling where my heart desires.
I am no longer constrained by rules of mortal men,
For I have long surpassed them.
I am the tempest.

Alex Park

*Grade 8, Princeton Charter School
Alexandra Huggins, Teacher*

Reminiscence

It drips down her cheek
A single sign of grief
She wipes it away

Shouldering the burden of forgetting
Flashes of the past briefly become visible
In the chinks of the armor that she spent years constructing

Beginning to flood her mind are the sorrows
Pushed aside long ago
She is crumbling inside

Frenzied feelings run unrestrained
Like wild beasts
One final sob escapes

She pieces back her defenses
Starts to forget again
Shuts down reminders of before

Confusion seeps in
Her consciousness aches to remember
The thoughts now extinct

She is in a civil war
Fearful of herself
Making no whisper

Escaping to the recesses of her mind
Allowing herself to feel what was repressed
Manic laughter slips from the back of her throat

Not much is left of her with the tension gone
A meaningless routine emerges
She has a blank face

Soon she can recall the life she had with fondness
But with newfound peace comes a darker feeling
Both of regret and panic

Muted weeping follows
Unexpectedly comes a calm
A weary sense of acceptance

All is still

Molly Hart

Grade 7, St. Paul School

Sally Chrisman, Teacher

Beethoven Symphony No. 7

It starts out quiet, not a sound to be heard
It was like the sounds around me were blurred,
Silence, until “bang!” Suspense filled the air.
Happiness followed abruptly,
Filling me with joy.

The rhythm danced both quick and slow,
The instruments telling their story with graceful flow,
The dramatic peace was definitely clever.
Memories of the orchestra will last forever.

Kira Crutcher

*Grade 7, Stuart Country Day School
Linda Hochuli, Teacher*

A playful leap by a hare,
Going down to the riverbed.
Happy humans watching the wildlife, fishing and enjoying the park.
And one day when the city orders,
That the natural habitat will be torn down.
They threaten to annihilate the hare population,
All to build a dock.
The angry parks department declares a say,
As thousands visited this mighty, majestic Mississippi riverbed each year.
Somehow, the animals escape to a new land,
Which is protected property,
So they cannot be forced out.
Still, the humans came to watch the wildlife, fish, and enjoy these woodlands,
But it was not the same.
The hares liked their old home better,
And could not seem to fit in with the birds and insects.
For things in life do not come as easy for these rabbits.
They cannot adjust as easily.
So they set out, wandering, to search for a new home.

Zachary Klein

*Grade 7, St. Paul School
Sally Chrisman, Teacher*

Sforzando Piano

A river
in the spring
is cascading, crashing, rushing
tumbling over everything
in its path.

In the spring, it
never stops
always full of energy
animated and vigorous.

Maidenhair Ferns, Yellow Trout Lilies, Marsh Elders
bloom on its banks.

The river
giving life to everything
it touches
helping flowers bloom
and leaves sprout.

A river
in the winter
still, quiet, hushed
not even
a whisper of wind
a breath from the rocks
a sigh from the soil

The only sound is the cold
as if
the cold has muted the
noise,
has stilled the life,
the browned Maidenhair Ferns
the wilted Yellow Trout Lilies,
the faded Marsh Elders.

What makes the
spring river
vivacious and vibrant
is the river
in the
winter.

Without death
there is no
life.

Eva Nee

*Grade 7, Timberlane Middle School
Lynda Sears, Teacher*

Song of Despair

Carefree and happy, just a normal day
Smiles and laughter fill the room
Until those knuckles rap on the door, precise and grim
Shiny badges, official voices
Pronouncing the worst of nightmares true
Smothering with supposed comforting hands
Silence ensues
Only your ragged breath and unsteady heart
Confusion growing from the pit of your stomach
Eyes searching their hands for answers that just won't come
All you know is that you need to be alone
Alone, like you will be for the rest of your life
Breathing become uneven, forced
A whispered plea, as you stagger into your room
Hands at your face, mumbling
Eyes taking in the room, as if everything were new to you
Teetering around fingertips gliding over photographs
Lips quivering, fingers now trembling
And then it begins to rise; starts at the soles of your feet
Your mind the last that realizes
Stumble back into a wall, stomach dropping
Hair tugging, fists curling, teeth gnawing
Wrap arms around yourself, hugging
Trying to hide from the truth
Mouth parting from a shaky, harsh breath out
Not a sound escapes
Birds chirping, murmured voices
Nothing comes out
Not a sound or a word could describe the cold seeping
 into your soul

But it's the burning ice, not the numbing snow
Though you wish it to mute the sorrow within you
Because this is overwhelming
You don't want this
You want her
You want to say goodbye
Hands gripping your heart, jerking it out
The emotion begins to ascend from the hollow in your stomach
Floods through your body
Pulse escalating, head pounding, thoughts swirling
And finally, a shriek rips through you, like the pounding
 drums of war
Bending forwards from the force
An open wound seeping blood, angry and hoarse, big and loud
Knives slashing at open air
A scream of so many combined
A scream full of memories and heartbreak
And suddenly that despair wasn't enough, wasn't loud enough
 to reach her
Stand on shaky legs, fists clenched, a white hot fire burning
 deep inside
Limbs seemingly detaching, beginning to flail
Hands snatch, rip everything off
Anything they can reach, anything that reminds of happy times
with her
Tearing them, but its not enough to fill the crater
Sprinting around, clawing them off
Clothes that you've worn that you bought together
Tearing them as easily as she from you
Swipe an arm along the table, watch with aggravation as objects
tumble and break
Tears streaking down, uncontrollable
Digging your nails into your face, shaking your head
Fingers clawing, throat strained, lips taut, face red
A pleaded shout, a begging whisper
Heaviness in your limbs, tiny pricks along your skin, ache behind
your eyes, teeth ringing

And you know all of those are only temporary, but the emptiness growing is there to stay
Vision a blurry mess as heaving gasps are heard
Grip your hair, pulling and tugging
Palms pressing into temples, trying to rid her from your thoughts
Bellows and bawls, vibrating against the walls
Escalating into a blubbering mess
Footsteps entering
Lips curled back over opened teeth, in a grotesque smile
The kind that's not actually a smile
But heartbreak on a face
Entire body thrashing around
And as sudden as the rage came it disappears
Until only a shell remains, one that just wants to sleep through life
Collapsing on the floor, no fight left in your body
A single photo flutters down onto the mess
Smiling up at you a healthy, beautiful girl, young and full of life
Wavering fingers fingers clutch it, hugging the memory to your breast
Silent tears trailing down your cheeks
Comforting hands hug you, comforting words
Hush, hush sister, we grieve together
With those words, only a bitter hopelessness remains
A sadness that grows day by day
For she is not really there, never will be again
They're only wishes from you to the world
Lids drooping as tiredness seeps in
Loud convulsive gasps as you think of her last words
Just remember little sister, I'll always be here for you
How can you do that? How, when you're dead?

Maya Pophristic

Grade 8, John Witherspoon Middle School

Claudia Luongo, Teacher



Far left: **Euphoria**

Upekha Samarasekera, Grade 8
Montgomery Upper Middle School
Aurette Sprout, Teacher
Watercolor pencil on paper

The overall music in the symphony was lively, powerful, and vibrant. After first hearing the piece I knew I would use bright colors in my artwork. I imagined a beautiful girl who was full of life. Her eyes are wide and daydreaming. They are fixed on the distance, envisioning joyful things in her world. While her face remains fairly monochromatic, her multicolored hair is vivid and bright, and full of movement as it blows in the wind. Similarly to how Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 was not written to describe a specific scene or story, my artwork does not portray a specific person or concrete thing. The girl is simply a representation of pure euphoria and life.



At left: **Journey**, Jacob Wu

Grade 8, Princeton Charter School
Amanda Hartstein, Teacher
Oil pastel on paper

Listening the Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, one can feel a sense of liveliness and a sense of freedom. Later on, there is a repeated part, reflected in the mountains and yellow grass. The horse and rider symbolize a sense of direction, and are the focal point between a clash of purple and yellow.

Above: **Evolution of Sound**, Molly Trueman

Grade 8, John Witherspoon Middle School – Claudia Luongo, Teacher
Pencil and pastel on paper

I started by listening to the mood of the second movement, and went from there. At the beginning, it sounded dark and sneaky, which reminded me of a fox paired with dark colors. As the piece went on, I heard a more majestic and bright melody, that still had darkness, which reminded me of a swan that I paired with softer colors that still had darkness. At some points, the melody went up higher, but was still minor and very faint. This reminded me of a bird with brighter, more free colors. But to sum up the minor key, I added a little darkness to the bottom right corner. To express the changes in sound and mood of the movement, I drew three animals, evolving, to show the evolution in the character. These animals include a sneaky fox, a majestic swan, and a carefree bird, which I thought tied the movement together naturally.



Left or Right?

Ashleigh Patasnick

Grade 6, The Hun School

Allan Arp, Teacher

Acrylic on canvas

I listened to Beethoven 7th Symphony, and a random picture came to my mind when I heard the music. I started my painting at the beginning of the first movement. While listening to this lively music, I chose bright colors, popping flowers, and bouncing musical notes to make it come alive. The multiple, repeating patterns, giant quarter note and eighth notes came to be during the second movement. More patterns were added during the third movement along with doodles and textures. Steps, swirls and contrasting colors paint the image of this movement. The very strong fourth movement was unusual for Beethoven and therefore strange color combinations are used in this painting. A very strong quarter note in this painting looks like the sun. You see the colors and patterns pop when you look at this painting. The music energizes you and hopefully the painting as well. If you look really closely there is an accidental hidden word. Can you see it?

I "love" this symphony.

Hidden Notes

Sophia Phelan, Grade 6
The Hun School
Allan Arp, Teacher
Acrylic on canvas

When I was painting this art, I was listening to the 2nd movement of Beethoven's 7th. The deep purple is the slow, solemn tune in some parts of it, while the golden yellow shows the royal mood of some other parts. The curved line design and the fading colors shows how the symphony flows. The bordering colors that do not mix with each other show how many different moods I felt while listening to the piece of music. One creepy thing did happen: without even realizing it I painted hidden music symbols everywhere on the painting! One fermata, two treble clefs, one bass clef, two half notes, one eighth note, one whole note, and a half rest!





Untitled, Sarah O'Shea, Grade 8, Montgomery Upper Middle School – Whitney Stanek, Teacher
Colored pencil on paper

Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 really surprised me because each movement was so different. However, the second movement stood out to me the most. It was fascinating how a movement with the same rhythm throughout could convey such contrasting emotions. During some parts, the song was almost eerie, especially as the violins played the very high notes. Other parts were strong, regal-sounding, and magnificent. When I heard the second movement, I immediately thought of water because of the way the notes flowed. I wanted to somehow incorporate a mysterious element, so I drew sirens (mermaids) from Greek mythology because they were known to be enchanting and hauntingly beautiful. With deep blues, I colored and blended the night sky and added a large full moon to symbolize the powerful melody of the music. Overall, I wanted my art piece to be pretty, yet make a bold statement, just like Beethoven's Symphony No. 7.



Rainstorm

Gavin Lin, Grade 6, Montgomery Lower Middle School – Arlene Milgram, Teacher
Graphite and alcohol, pencil, linoleum cut, ink, and collage

The drums sounded like thunder. The violins sounded like the rain coming down. The music reminded me of Hurricane Sandy in 2012. I pictured in my mind, a ship that was lost in the middle of the ocean and trapped in a storm system. I didn't use any color because when I think of rainstorms, it looks gray and white like old films.

I used graphite and alcohol, pencil and linoleum cut of rain, printed in gray ink. I collaged it all together. I ripped the paper to give a natural effect and not sharp edges.



Breathing, Ada Miller

Grade 8, John Witherspoon Middle School
Claudia Luongo, Teacher
Colored pencil and pen on paper

In Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, there were two "voices," so to say. One of these voices was loud and demanding, making me think of anger and panic. The other voice was quiet sounding; almost apologetic. This one I saw as accepting. These arguing "voices" reminded me of a multitude of things, free falling and the panic and almost calm that comes with it, a baby bird learning how to fly (that I was unfortunately uncomfortable with attempting to draw), hunters and swans. However, the image I found most fitting was a drowning person. I have heard that when drowning, the last final breaths are calming. As someone who has been trapped under their fair share of boats and rafts, I can assure that it can be quite scary. So, I drew a person drowning. I used brighter and warmer colors on the person for the "panicky" part, and cooler, calmer colors on the water and background, to represent the "calmness."

At left: **Life Show, Kelly Yeung**,
Grade 8, Montgomery Upper Middle School
Whitney Stanek, Teacher
Acrylic on canvas board

This is a painting of a person living their life to the fullest and enjoying their moment of dream. The fading blue background shows contrast between dark and light, sharp and fuzzy like the third movement in Beethoven's symphony. The flying hair and dress blown by the wind show movement and rhythm in the air like the second movement of the music. The first movement is shown through the golden shine illuminating the girl making her lively and free like standing in a spotlight. Finally, the whole image itself, which delivers a strong feeling of importance and a sudden, major moment of someone's life, is similar to the fourth movement of the symphony. The other elements like the swirls of clouds, the pink dress, and the maroon colored hair are what perfect the image of someone who are living the moment of their life; which is why I gave this painting the name Life Show.



Symphonies

Sarah Yu, Grade 8, Timberlane Middle School - Sarah Paluzzi, Teacher
Watercolor on paper

My artwork was inspired by listening to Beethoven's symphony. The sound waves in the middle of the artwork were created to match the volume and articulation of the music. I placed a ribbon stretching across the painting to symbolize the smooth, quiet part of the music in the beginning of the symphony. The swirling design symbolizes the fun, dramatic, loud part of the symphony which constantly appears and disappears throughout the piece. Of course, the symphony was performed by an orchestra, so I put in gesture drawings of a bass and a violin. To bring the painting together and emphasize the musical theme, I added music notes in vibrant colors and scattered them throughout the painting to make it seem as they were flowing out from the instruments.



One in a Million

Deena Jahama, Grade 7, Montgomery Upper Middle School - Whitney Stanek, Teacher

Watercolor and acrylic

In my piece, I used a variety of media including ink and watercolors to mimic the music I heard. The soft and sudden beats reminded me of twinkling stars and the splashes of color in the eye represent seeing beyond the usual and using your inner creativity to find what is deep inside the simple beauties we come across every day instead of mindlessly ignoring them.



PSO BRAVO! LISTEN UP! 2014-2015

Front row: Molly Trueman, Jonathan Yue, Lauren Bass, Ashleigh Patasnick, Sophia Phelan, Gavin Lin, Tina Yao. Second row: Marcelino Guevara, Deena Jahama, Jacob Wu, PSO Guest Conductor Daniel Boico, Saumya Malik, Shelby Bailey-Williams, Alex Park, Zoe O'Beirne.

Third row: Emily Bigioni, Samuel Auerbach, Avelyn Simons, Sarah McLaughlin, Zachary Klein, Sarah Yu, Eva Nee, Maya Pophristic, Ada Miller.

Fourth row: Kristina Malinowski, Upekha Samarasekera, Emma Claisse, Manya Kaushik, Kira Crutcher, Nora Ban, Molly Hart, Grace Warznak, Emily Carleton. Fifth row: Jenny Chen, Sarah O'Shea, Kelly Yeung. Not pictured: Vanessa Mellis

PSO BRAVO!

Rossen Milanov, Music Director – **Melanie Clarke**, Executive Director
Marc Uys, Manager of Artistic Operations and PSO BRAVO! – **Carol Burden**, *Listen Up!* Project Coordinator

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