



THE WORLD THROUGH THE
EYES OF AN ARTIST
MAP Music, Art, Poetry and Dance
CAVANI STRING QUARTET

MAP PROGRAM

Children interpreting music through poetry ,art and dance.

Ruffing Montessori School in collaboration with the

Cavani String Quartet

Annie Fullard, violin

Mari Sato, violin

Kirsten Docter, viola

Merry Peckham, cello

MUSIC

Joseph Haydn

Quartet in D Major, Opus 20 No. 4

IV. Presto e scherzando

Beethoven

Quartet No. 4

IV. Allegretto pizzicato

V. Allegro Molto

Chopin

Quartet in F Major, Opus 96 "American"

II. Lento

IV. Finale: Vivace ma non troppo

Maurice Ravel

Quartet in F

II. Assez vif-Tres Rhythme

Beach Boys

Surfin' USA

Arr. Peckham

DAVE and LISA'S CLASS
HAYDN

Happily hiding under an
Apple tree doing abstract art while listening to
peaceful music that the flying birds make
Yapping and eating sweet, citrus fruit then
Dreaming of dancing cheetahs
Near a napping tree at the end of a sunny day.



DIXIE and JYUNGMIN'S CLASS

Maurice Ravel—Quartet in F Major

Lost in a storm

The ocean waves hopping

Going back and forth

Swampy darkness awakens in light

Puffy white clouds drifting by

Speeding blue cats

Plucking fast and slow

Pink mouse listening to swan lake

Running, pouncing, hopping

Going down the stairs

Tiptoeing there

Creeping through a hallway

Picking your way carefully across a muddy stretch of land

Run through the field and meadows

Playing a game in the night

Running, jumping -- under, over

Far away, then getting closer

Spring and summer, fall approaching, winter passed

A sad moment, then mysterious

It is like butterflies

Playing tag with dragonflies
Tired of dancing
Sneaking, sunset comes

Trumpeter swans float sleeping
The moon shines, making the swans glow
Blue black stars glimmer
A windy forest at night
It blows you away
A heavy storm is coming
Loud and sharp



Susan and Betsey's Class

F xq^a mis Quartet in F Major, finale

On a sunny summer day three rabbits were bounding through their forest. Their names were Fluffy, Funny, and Fuzzy.

Their favorite dinner was carrot stew with carrot cake for dessert. They were playing hide-and-seek. Suddenly, they came upon a stone with unusual writing.

They deciphered the writing and found that it was really a map to a secret garden. So they headed toward the secret garden. When they reached the secret garden, they discovered giant tomatoes, and carrots, and lettuce, and everything they needed to cook since they were now starving.

Fluffy, Funny, and Fuzzy gathered up the giant vegetables. They made their favorite stew – and also their special carrot cake. They ate all of the cake, and then they took a long nap.

During the nap they had dreams about bats eating the insects off of their lettuce. Suddenly, they were awakened and startled by a big bear standing right in front of them.

Then Fluffy jumped on the bear. The bear got scared and started to run with Fluffy attached to him. At once, Fluffy puffed up to the size of a t-rex, frightened the bear away, de-puffed to normal size, and ran to see how Funny and Fuzzy were doing. Funny and Fluffy were both OK, but that was a close call!!!

They celebrated by drinking tall glasses of tomato juice squeezed from those giant tomatoes – and finished off their evening in the secret garden with super scrumptious chocolate covered carrots. All of that chocolate put them into a chocolate coma, and they all fell asleep in the giant lettuce leaves.

The next day the rabbits decided to pick more giant tomatoes. They picked five of the reddest, juiciest tomatoes and planned to push them back to their burrow.

While still in the garden, they stumbled on a second stone. This stone had a hatch that opened. Inside the hatch there was a code written on a scroll. Again, those clever rabbits deciphered the code. This code led them to a secret

passageway. Guess what? That secret passageway led them back





MIDDLE SCHOOL POETRY

Will Hagan

Woe. F xq^a mll
The young man lies
On a battlefield of woe
Alone, in the dark
Deprived not of light
But of companionship
His weak legs cannot bear to stand
He knows he must persevere
Lest it be all for naught.
His thin body surges upwards,
Knowing that salvation
Is mere steps away
Many times his bony legs falter
Continue on he must
Towards the light
And towards the future
Lest it be all for naught.
What may become of this sorry soul?
Perhaps inspiration
For himself
For others
Especially for those lost
No salvation can help him
The brave man hopes it will help others
Lest it be all for naught.
The man is scared
But not in the least unhappy

For he knows
That the fate he beheld
That the fate that befell his companions
Will not come again
He will make sure of it
Lest it be all for naught.
Finally, he reaches towards the light
And at that moment
He becomes free
He feels a deep melancholy
It is overshadowed
By the feeling of joy
That it was definitely not
All for naught.

Ellie Martin

F xq ^a mll

Conflict

Watercolors

dance across

a page.

Shadows remain

from their captivating paintbrush.

They speak

in colorful dialect

of a tale unheard
yet visible to the eye.
The image shifts
as the scene of a play
rolling waves
infringe upon the page
it disappears
until only the sea
and a small boat
remain.

A man stands
at the prow of the boat.
His face is creased
with wrinkles
of worry.

The image shifts
to reveal
a girl.

She is forlorn,
untouchable.

She sits
upon the ground

resting her forearms and dainty hands
against the windowpane,
peering into
the obscure dawn.

Tears stain
her white dress.

Conflict whispers into the ears
of both the man and woman
ensnaring in its talons
pulling close
throwing apart
plucking heart strings
like a harp.

The earth deals
its shifting plates.

The image alters
a final time
two pale hands
touch, afraid—
and interlock.

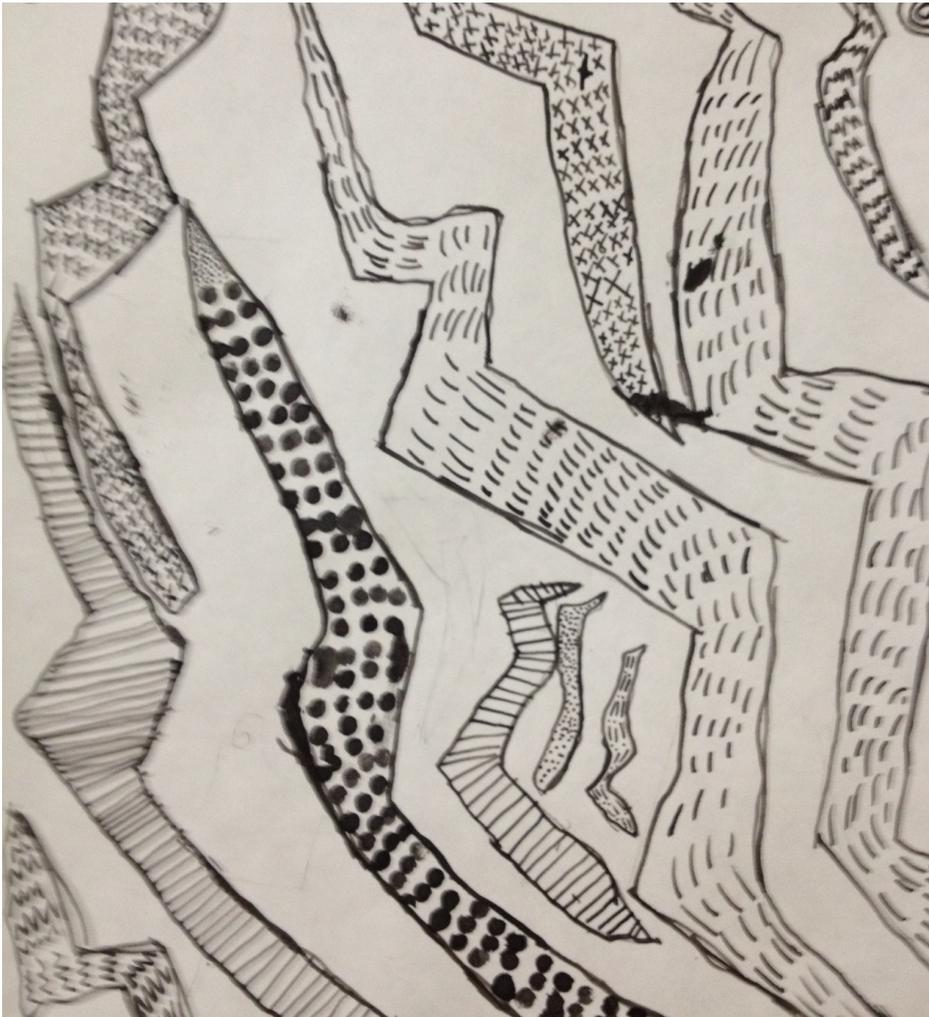
One slips away...
all crumbles to dust.

Deepak Ramesh

Dvořák II

There is an old man
Living in poverty
He wants to reconstruct
His life
Live for
Another day.
He decides to take the long, twisting road
To make a change
He tries and tries to get help
And nearly achieves
His attempts have fallen short
He ponders himself if
He will continue
Hope is lost.
Then he sees light at
The very end of the road,
Bathing the road and making it glow.
He decides to try one more
Time.
After some time, he has discovered
The necessities of life:
Food, water, shelter
All within his grasp.

He is so joyous that he
Howls with tears of joy
Rolling down his face
Very slowly
His lifeline is cut short
By the happiness and shock of
His discovery.
He knows that he can escape to
A place where he can be
In peace.



Garrett Haffke

Bartók Quartet No. 4

A young man hikes through the lonely jungle.

Each step he is more cautious than the last.

He suddenly falls into quick sand.

A large group of people rush into a circle around him.

Chanting.

Yelling.

Screaming.

His life is slowly being sucked away as he struggles.

Violently he shakes and twists.

The chanting gets louder.

His nose is barely above the surface.

You can hear him screaming underneath the sand.

At the last minute a small child throws a vine into the dark abyss.

A dirty beautiful hand shoots out from the darkness.

His muscles burned as he pulled himself away from death.

He survived, but a part of him was still lost.

Bartók No 4 Movement V

Building up

Can't hold back

Choices

Fists firmly clutched

Face intensely red

Anger hot as the sun

Storming rage

Up the hard stairs

Stopping feet bitterly

You can't stand your life

Decisions

Slam the door

It's too much

Head is throbbing

Fists white are pounding

Foot kicking in confusion

don't know what to do

Then

It's over...

You saw the light

You felt the warmth

You are no more...

The you that was you

Is not the you

You knew

You...are...new.

Naomi Trotta

The Little Blue Bird-

A hawk swoops to a branch

Inspecting the little blue bird

Dancing across the skies

The blue bird flutters in

And out of tree branches
On its way to catch a few
Slimy worms for the day
The hawk flies up for
A better view
The blue bird, not noticing
Hurries to the ground
And starts tapping
Its beak on the warm Earth
Eventually not finding anything
Flies up, almost into the hawk
But dashes out of the way before
The large bird can chase him.
And the little bird goes on its way
Tapping and toddling as it goes on
Oblivious to the predator peering down on him.
Two worms later, the hawk dives.
The blue bird abruptly stops his searching
As the tips of his tail feathers are tugged on
By the curled beak of the hawk.
The blue bird leaps up and flies to the trees
Dropping, dodging, and just barely

Escaping the hawks reach
The blue bird makes his way home safely
To his young siblings with open mouths
Ready for their dinner.

Thomas Weil and Sam Rosenthal

Set of Haikus Dvořák II

The baby bunny,
Runs through the wild grasses,
Its lifeless mother.

The swooping birds,
Swing down to capture their prey,
Soon dead.

Buildings, everywhere,
Destroying Mother Nature,

She is almost gone.

Sharks eat in the cold sea,
Their innocent meals are gone.
Only bones are left.

In the time of rebirth,
New souls erupt into life,
Others sink.

The bear exhales its last breath,
Before slumber,
For a very long time.

The cold flying squirrel,
Evades its enemy's grasp,

Exhaustion.



Lia Coyle

Dvořák IV

The Excitement

Of a Christmas party

Dancing

Girls

With big skirts

Tug O' War

From rambunctious

Boys

To Relaxation

And beauty
From the girls
Cradling
Their dolls.
Sadness.
A loss.
The nutcracker
Is broken.
A chase.
A war.
It has broken out.
The girls
To the boys.
A final ending.
Goodnight, goodbye.
But wait!
One last dance.
A curtsy
A bow.
Will you?
I will.
The faded

Music

Starts back up

Again.

Dancing Figures.

A slow gavotte

Turns into

A quick dance.

Then back.

And it's over.

Sarah Kousa

Ravel F Major

A boy dashes through the woods.

A horse is in his sights.

The most magnificent horse.

The fastest horse.

They both burst out of the forest.

A cliff is ahead.

The boy, not looking runs off, with the horse in sight.

And the horse sprouts wings and disappears.

Falling.

The ground is nowhere near sight.

Thump.

The boy lands on something soft and furry.

He soars though the clouds on the horse's back.

Cruising through the sky, they spot a forest.

They land in.

The trees are shriveled and leafless, branches jagged like broken arms.

They walk through the forest, untouched by the dark.

The horse's wings shedding light as the boy and the horse go.

Two little glowing eyes pop up from behind the tainted bushes.

The creature emerges and dashes away, afraid of the light.

A growl can be heard in the distance.

The growl comes closer, and closer.

They see light at the end of the path.

Footsteps can be heard behind the boy and horse.

No looking back, just keep running.

They burst out of the forest and into the light.

They soar into the clouds, with the beast in pursuit behind.

The beast almost has a grab of the boy.

The horse jerks the boy off his back, to save him.

The boy falls.

Falling, falling.

Out of a dream.

Mia Freer

Dvořák II

Untitled

My legs tear through the open meadow

The long blades of grass

Hover over me forebodingly

Their swaying shadows stain my arms

Sun pierces my face

Blinding me from what I have already seen

Your words

Though written on paper

Echo in my head

You left me alone, with no promise of your return

Lungs stinging

Heart aching

Lips quivering

My tears fall

As do I

The soil touches the tender tips of my fingers

The ones that used to be intertwined with yours

Ripped away from me

By the cold, metal weapon

That protects and takes away life

It defines you

Like I used to

Now I lay here

In the cradling hands of the wind

Shielding me

Your words lie crumpled in my hand

All I shall do

Is wait

If waiting means forever

Then forever it shall be

WILLIAM and LYNN ' S CLASS
Dvořák F Major Quartet -Finale
Peace Poem



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