

Dranoff International 2 Piano Foundation

Presents



Poetry Competition

Big News! You can be the #1 Poet in MDCPS

PIANO SLAM invites MDCPS Middle & High School students to write poetry about the MUSIC in their lives.

Content for poems can be selected within the areas of general language, STEAM, and social studies. All poetry must be about music and should refer to this year's theme of "Yin and Yang – A Conversation" **Yin and Yang** is a fundamental concept in Chinese philosophy and culture dating from the third century BCE or even earlier. This principle is that all things -especially Music- exist as inseparable and contradictory opposites, for example solo-ensemble, female-male, dark-light and concert-discord. The two opposites attract and complement each other and, as their symbol illustrates, each side has at its core an element of the other (represented by the small dots). A correct balance between the two must be reached in order to achieve harmony.

Students must explain all poetic concepts through their experience with MUSIC, through life, science, community, and/or the pursuit of harmony (music vocabulary provided).

PIANO SLAM invites MDCPS Middle & High School students to write poetry about the MUSIC in their lives.

Winners will receive \$100 & \$500 and will perform their poetry on stage!

Semi-Finalists and Finalist Performance & Prizes

Thursday, February 28th, 2018 at 7:30PM

Adrienne Arsht Center for the Performing Arts

John S. and James L. Knight Concert Hall

1300 Biscayne Blvd

Miami, Florida

Co-Presented by the Adrienne Arsht Center

Questions? Contact Us at: annette@dranoff2piano.org



Dranoff International 2 Piano Foundation

Presents:

PIANO SLAM

Yin and Yang-A conversation



This principle is that all things exist as inseparable and contradictory opposites, for example:

Positive is to Negative
Nature is to Nurture
Purity is to Pollution
Full is to Void
Life is to Death
Awake is to Dormant
Rich is to Poor
Integrated is to Segregated
Happy is to Sad
Passive is to Aggressive
Peace is to War
Health is to sick

Questions? Contact Us at: annette@dranoff2piano.org

A **chord** is the simultaneous sounding of two or more notes. The adjective is chordal. The study of harmony involves the correct placing of chords with relation to each other.

A **chorus** is a group of singers. The word is also used to indicate a refrain in a song.

A **coda** (Italian: tail) is the ending of a piece of music. This may be very short, but in a composition on a large scale may be extended. The diminutive codetta may be used to indicate the closing part of a section of a composition.

Crescendo (Italian: growing, becoming louder) is frequently used as a dynamic instruction to performers.

Cymbals are pairs of round metal plates, generally made of an alloy of tin and copper, which may be struck together. A single cymbal may be suspended and struck with a hard or soft stick.

Decrescendo (Italian: growing less) is used as a direction to performers, meaning becoming softer.

A **duet** is a piece of music written for two performers. On the piano such a piece would involve two players on one instrument.

Dynamics are the levels of sound, loud or soft, in a piece of music.

An **elegy** (French: *élogie*) is a lament, either vocal or instrumental.

The word **ensemble** is used in three senses. It may refer to the togetherness of a group of performers: if ensemble is poor, the players are not together. It may indicate part of an opera that involves a group of singers. It can also mean a group of performers.

A **fanfare** is a flourish of trumpets or other similar instruments, used for military or ceremonial purposes, or music that conveys this impression.

A **fiddle** is a violin, but the word is used either colloquially or to indicate a folk-instrument. The Australian composer Percy Grainger, who objected to the use of words of Latin origin, used the word fiddle for violin, middle-fiddle for viola and bass fiddle for cello, as part of his eccentric vocabulary of 'blue-eyed English'.

Forte (Italian: loud) is used in directions to performers. It appears in the superlative form fortissimo, very loud. The letter *f* is an abbreviation of forte, *ff* an abbreviation of fortissimo, with *fff* or more rarely *ffff* even louder.

The word **glissando** is used to describe sliding in music from one note to another. On the harp or the piano this is achieved by sliding the finger or fingers over the strings or keys, and can be achieved similarly on bowed string instruments, and by other means on the trombone, clarinet, French horn and pedal timpani among others.

Harmony describes the simultaneous sounding of two or more notes and the technique governing the construction of such chords and their arrangement in a succession of chords. Following the convention of writing music from left to right on a horizontal set of lines (staff or stave), harmony may be regarded

as vertical, as opposed to counterpoint, which is horizontal. In other words harmony deals with chords, simultaneous sounds, and counterpoint with melody set against melody.

A **hymn** is a song of praise, whether to a god, saint or hero. The plainchant hymn has a place in the Divine Office. In Protestant Christian worship, where the hymn assumed considerable importance, after the chorales of Martin Luther and his followers, the metrical homophonic form dominated.

The word **impromptu** was first used as a title for a musical composition in 1822 by the Bohemian composer Vorisek for six piano pieces, to be imitated by Schubert's publisher in naming a set of four piano Impromptus, to be followed by four more, perhaps so named by the composer. Chopin used the title for four compositions in this seemingly improvised form, and there are further impromptus by other composers from that period onwards, generally, but not always, for a single instrument.

In the theatre an **interlude** performs the same function as an entr'acte, music between acts or scenes, designed to bridge a gap. It may also be used to indicate music played or sung between two other works or two sections of a work.

In music an **interval** is the distance in pitch between two notes, counted from the lower note upwards, with the lower note as the first of the interval. The violin, for example, is tuned in intervals of a fifth, G to D, D to A and A to E, the double bass in fourths, from E to A, A to D and D to G. Harmonic intervals occur simultaneously, as when a violinist tunes the instrument, listening carefully to the sound of two adjacent strings played together. Melodic intervals occur between two notes played one after the other.

Intonation is the exactness of pitch or lack of it in playing or singing. Collective intonation is that of a group of instruments, where slight individual variations in pitch can be lost in a generally more favourable effect.

The **jig**, a lively dance in compound time, became the usual final dance of the baroque dance suite.

The **lyre**, the symbol of a musician in Western cultural tradition, is an ancient instrument, found in characteristic form in ancient Greece, where it was the instrument of Apollo. Similar instruments, with strings stretched from a cross-bar to a lower sound-box, to be held in the left arm and plucked with the right hand, are found in other cultures.

The **metronome** is a device, formerly based on the principle of the pendulum, but now controlled more often by electronic means, which measures the equal beats of a piece of music, as a guide to players. The metronome mark of 60 indicates one beat a second, 120 is twice as fast and 240 twice as fast again. The principle was based on the work of Galileo, but the most frequently found clockwork metronome was devised in Vienna by Beethoven's contemporary and briefly his collaborator Count Maelzel.

The word **minstrel** has been used loosely to indicate a musical entertainer, providing his own accompaniment to his singing.

A **movement** is a section of a more extended work that is more or less complete in itself, although occasionally movements are linked together, either through the choice of a final inconclusive chord or by a linking note, as in the first and second movement of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto.

Notation is the method of writing music down, practices of which have varied during the course of

PIANO SLAM

GUIDELINES FOR PIANO SLAM 10 POETRY COMPETITION

1. All poetry & creative writing must conform to the rules of Miami Dade County Public Schools.
2. All poems' writing must be legible and easy to read.
3. Participating students should listen to and reference Dranoff's "*Yin and Yang*" by *Fred Kaufman* or music in their poetry.
4. **All poems must have a reaction or reference to "Yin and Yang" or opposites that work together or personal relation to STEAM and/or your feelings/experience about music in Miami including words regarding the components of music. For example: songs, beat, tunes, rhythm, percussion, sounds, minor, major, acoustic, harmony, rap, rock, soul, Jazz, hip-hop, playlist, lyric, melody, hymn, vocal, anthem, etc.**
5. All poems **must** have a completed Dranoff application form attached.
6. You may enter a maximum of 2 poems.
7. If you're a winner, you **must** attend the coaching workshops, rehearsals, and concert on February 16th, 2017 at the Adrienne Arsht Center for the Performing Arts to receive your prize.

Finalists \$100

Best Poem | \$500 + Notebook Computer

All finalists will perform their work on February 28th at the Adrienne Arsht Center for the Performing Arts

Online submissions must be through www.PIANOSLAM.org starting November 1st

**Deadline for submission:
Wednesday, December 21st, 2017**

The Weary Blues
by Langston Hughes

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune,
Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,
I heard a Negro play.
Down on Lenox Avenue the other night
By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light
He did a lazy sway. . . .
He did a lazy sway. . . .
To the tune o' those Weary Blues.
With his ebony hands on each ivory key
He made that poor piano moan with melody.
O Blues!
Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool
He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool.
Sweet Blues!
Coming from a black man's soul.
O Blues!
In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone
I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan—
"Ain't got nobody in all this world,
Ain't got nobody but ma self.
I's gwine to quit ma frownin'
And put ma troubles on the shelf."

Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor.
He played a few chords then he sang some more—
"I got the Weary Blues
And I can't be satisfied.

Got the Weary Blues

And can't be satisfied—

I ain't happy no mo'

And I wish that I had died.”

And far into the night he crooned that tune.

The stars went out and so did the moon.

The singer stopped playing and went to bed

While the Weary Blues echoed through his head.

He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

Ocean of Forms
by Rabindranath Tagore

I dive down into the depth of the ocean of forms,
hoping to gain the perfect pearl of the formless.

No more sailing from harbor to harbor with this my weather-beaten boat.
The days are long passed when my sport was to be tossed on waves.

And now I am eager to die into the deathless.

Into the audience hall by the fathomless abyss
where swells up the music of toneless strings
I shall take this harp of my life.

I shall tune it to the notes of forever,
and when it has sobbed out its last utterance,
lay down my silent harp at the feet of the silent.

From City Elegies
by Robert Pinsky

I V. Street Music

Sweet Babylon, headphones. Song bones.
At a slate stairway's base, alone and unready,
Not far from the taxis and bars
Around the old stone station,
In the bronze, ordinary afternoon light—
To find yourself back behind that real
City and inside this other city
Where you slept in the street.
Your bare feet, gray tunic of a child,
Coarse sugar of memory.

Salt Nineveh of barrows and stalls,
The barber with his copper bowl,
Beggars and grain-sellers,
The alley of writers of letters
In different dialects, stands
Of the ear-cleaner, tailor,
Spicer. Reign of Asur-Banipal.
Hemp woman, whore merchant,
Hand porter, errand boy,
Child sold from a doorway.

Candy Memphis of exile and hungers.
Honey kalends and drays,

Syrup-sellers and sicknesses,
Runes, donkeys, yams, tunes
On the mouth-harp, shuffles
And rags. Healer, dealer, drunkard.
Fresh water, sewage—wherever
You died in the market sometimes
Your soul flows a-hunting buried
Cakes here in the city.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat
by Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried,
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

O sweet spontaneous
by E.E. Cummings

sweet spontaneous
earth how often have
the
doting

fingers of
prurient philosophers pinched
and
poked

thee
, has the naughty thumb
of science prodded
thy

beauty, how
often have religions taken
thee upon their scraggy knees
squeezing and

buffeting thee that thou mightest conceive
gods
(but
true

to the incomparable

couch of death thy

rhythmic

lover

thou answerest

them only with

spring)

Untitled
by Valerie Dohren

I look upon the skies to see
A myriad fluttering wings
And hear above a symphony
A choir of feathered kings

Their music echoes through my mind
To fill my heart with joy
Such freedom do I seek to find
And earthly cares destroy

Lit by the moon`s soft glowing light
Their journey lingers on
Towards the dark expanse of night
Towards the distance sun

I know not where their journey wends
What verdant land their prize
Perhaps `tis where the rainbow ends
Perchance `tis Paradise