



## ENTERTAINMENT NOTES

### ENTRIES SOUGHT FOR POETRY CONTEST

BY THE ATLANTIC NEWS

HAMPTON | The Book Stop, located at 699 Lafayette Road in Hampton has announced its first annual Falling for Poetry autumnal poetry competition, open to Seacoast residents. The winning poet will be awarded a \$25 Book Stop gift certificate. Writers are invited to submit poems of not longer than one page, focused on the theme of Seacoast Nature. All poems will be assessed on their merit as well as relevance to stated theme. All contributors must review contest guidelines, available at the Book Stop during shop hours. There will be an entry fee of \$1 per poem, with a maximum of five poems to be submitted by any one writer. Proceeds will benefit the Center for Wildlife, a 501(c)3 wildlife rehabilitation facility located on Cape Neddick in York, Maine.

All submissions must be made in person to a dedicated collection box at the checkout counter of the Book Stop; no mail, fax, e-mail, or other forms of mode of submissions will be qualified, and any materials submitted in a manner other than the delivery method specified may be disposed of without notice or return.

Submission deadline is Friday, December 31, 2004. Winning poems will be posted at the Book Stop and may be published online or in print at a later date. If applicable, poets may be invited to read at a future Book Stop event. For more information, call (603) 926-5445.

## ENTERTAINMENT

# 'Sevenfold: New Works' opening at Lamont Gallery

SPECIAL TO ATLANTIC NEWS

EXETER | From Saturday, January 8, through Wednesday, February 2, the Lamont Gallery at Phillips Exeter Academy will present "Sevenfold: New Works" by Phillips Exeter Academy Art Department Faculty Ron Burke, Sarah Burns, Nick Dawson, Chandra Glick, L. Gene Howard, Steve Lewis and Tara Misenheimer.

"Sevenfold" is the third in a series of Lamont Gallery exhibitions this year, pairing artists, mediums and subjects — in this case, artists who are also educators. A reception

for the artists will take place on Friday, January 7 from 7-8 p.m.

The Lamont Gallery is located in the Frederick R. Mayer Art Center on Tan Lane in Exeter. The exhibition is free and open to the public.

Ron Burke has exhibited his distinctive ceramic works at institutions such as the University of New Hampshire's Art Gallery in Durham, and the Penland School of Crafts in Asheville, North Carolina. He curated the 1999 Lamont Gallery exhibition "Handformed/Transformed" and is the founding director of "Clay Futures" for advanced students in Shapleigh, Maine. Of his process, Burke explains, "I think in terms of the possibilities and limitations inherent in stoneware clay ... I read the material and listen to what it has to say and what I want to convey."

Sarah Burns' ceramic works incorporate handbuilt and wheelthrown elements, and have been featured in the New Hampshire Institute of Art Ceramic Biennial in Manchester and the Prescott Park Arts Festival in Portsmouth, among other venues. She is a member of the League of New Hampshire Craftsmen and the New Hampshire Potters Guild.

"The roles of teacher and artist are tightly woven," says Burns. "Without one, the other would suffer ... each student brings experiences from his or her culture, personal perspective and history. The students' questions and experimentation with their work lead me into new directions with my pieces."

Studio artist and architect Nick Dawson has exhibited his sometimes large and whimsical sculpture and architectural works at galleries such as the Lincoln Levy Gallery and the Moses-Kent House in Portsmouth

and the Barrows Gallery of Dartmouth College in Hanover. Dawson remarks, "Discussions about my work with colleagues usually center around the theme, 'Where are you going to put that thing?'"

Chandra Glick has shown her evocative photographs at Holderness School's Edwards Art Gallery in Plymouth, Brown University in Providence, Rhode

Center for Creative Arts in Exeter, and the Star Island (NH) Conference on the Arts. He works primarily with manipulated Polaroid images, using his SX-70 camera. Of the teacher/photographer relationship, Howard explains, "In many ways teaching is an extension of one's personal work. This dual role forces you to stay on top and stay focused on your work."

Steve Lewis' compelling views of the West are in permanent collections, including the Fogg Art Museum in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the Portland Art Museum in Portland, Oregon. His work has been published in PDN magazine and Fortune magazine, among others.

"I roam with my camera in search of the compelling. I love the surprise of seeing a revealing scene," says Lewis. "I look for views that speak of both the myths and the realities that have existed and affected those of us who have existed over the past 50 years or so."

Tara Misenheimer has exhibited her contemporary realist paintings at the 100 Market Street Gallery in Portsmouth and Grossman Gallery in Boston, among other locations. In early 2004, she was featured in a two-person exhibition, "Double Feature" at the Lamont Gallery. Misenheimer was a 2003 finalist for the Artist Advancement Grant from the Greater Piscataqua Community Foundation. She describes the series on view in this exhibition as "freeze-frame paintings that depict particular scenes and moods of a school dance, including energy, movement, tension and pleasure ... like a documentary."

Gallery hours are Monday through Saturday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; the gallery is closed on Sunday. For further information, contact the Lamont Gallery at (603) 777-3461 or visit [www.exeter.edu](http://www.exeter.edu).



School's Edwards Art Gallery in Plymouth, Brown University in Providence, Rhode

### 'SEVENFOLD: NEW WORKS'

**What**  
Art Exhibit

**When**  
Jan. 8 to Feb. 2  
Artist Reception  
Fri., Jan. 7, 7-8 p.m.

**Where**  
Lamont Gallery  
Phillips Exeter Academy

**Who**  
PEA Art Department Faculty

**Phone**  
(603) 777-3461

**Web**  
[www.exeter.edu](http://www.exeter.edu)

Island, and other venues. She has taught at the Maine Photographic Workshop and will be an artist-in-residence at the Vermont Studio Center in January 2005. In describing her work, Glick says, "The colors begin to vibrate and bleed into one another, hovering on the surface of the photograph. I am most satisfied when the photograph has a luminous quality that evokes a faded dream, a memory, or an impression."

In addition to his work at Phillips Exeter Academy, L. Gene Howard has taught in a variety of educational settings, including Masconomet Regional School in Beverly, Massachusetts; the Exeter



Open  
7 Nights  
a Week

Open  
Year  
Round

## Lighter Fare Menu

### Sunday-Thursday 4:00-9:00

(Dining Room & Lounge)

<p><i>Bistro Burger</i> .....\$7.95</p> <p><i>Chicken Parmesan</i> .....\$9.95</p> <p><i>Fried Haddock Sandwich</i> .....\$9.95</p> <p><i>Marinated Swordfish Kabobs</i> .....\$11.95</p> <p><i>Chicken Club Wrap</i> .....\$7.95</p> <p><i>Chicken Cobb Salad</i> .....\$9.95</p> <p><i>Chicken or Salmon Caesar Salad</i> .....\$9.95</p> <p><i>London Broil Sandwich</i> .....\$8.95</p> <p><i>Steak, Tuna, or Swordfish Sicilian Salad</i> .....\$11.95</p>	<p><i>Native Fried Clams</i> .....\$14.95</p> <p><i>Shepherd's Pie</i> .....\$9.95</p> <p><i>Swordfish Reuben</i> .....\$11.95</p> <p><i>Petite Filet Mignon</i> .....\$17.95</p> <p><i>Mediterranean Chicken</i> .....\$11.95</p> <p><i>Seafood Florentine Pie</i> .....\$14.95</p> <p><i>Fried Fisherman's Combo</i> .....\$14.95</p> <p><i>Toasted Almond Salmon</i> .....\$13.95</p> <p><i>Seafood Romesco</i> .....\$14.95</p> <p><i>Bermudian Swordfish</i> .....\$15.95</p> <p><i>Veal Pistachio</i> .....\$14.95</p> <p><i>Seafood Fettuccine Porto Fino</i> ...\$14.95</p>
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### December Bar Specials!

Sunday: .....Chicken Cordon Bleu .....\$6.95

Monday: .....Blackened Chicken Quesadillos .....\$5.95

Tuesday: .....Meatloaf & Mashed Potatoes .....\$6.95

Wednesday: .....Stuffed Shells W/ Italian Sausage .....\$6.95

Thursday: .....Haddock Cakes & Homemade Baked Beans ...\$6.95

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Cyan Magenta Yellow Black

## The Sound of a Silent Violin

By CAMERON KELLEY

It happened so fast it was like it didn't even happen at all. I still can't believe that they are all broken; all four of my special strings. It just wasn't fair how they treated me, too. When I was born, I thought that violins were supposed to be treated with kindness and care. Only one man did, and his name was Antonio Vivaldi.

Everyone once saw me as unique. But when guitars were invented, I was treated as one. Even after my strings broke, Vivaldi respected me.

Once I tried to be friends with a guitar, but he put me out of tune just for saying hello to him. I guess my father was right. Now that the Baroque period is over, some people don't care for old fashioned instruments like we are. They prefer newer, fancier instruments like the guitars. They have six strings.

Before Vivaldi left, he wrote a song called Siciliano, a song that reminded us about the finer things in the Baroque time period. Before he left, he played the song on me. It was the most wonderful feeling I ever experienced, like the wind blowing across my strings on a cool, summer day.

Something tells me that we will meet again, but until then, there is no one else who will care for me as Vivaldi did because of the incident. As long as I live, I will never forget him and the song he wrote, Siciliano.

## The Sound of Sadness

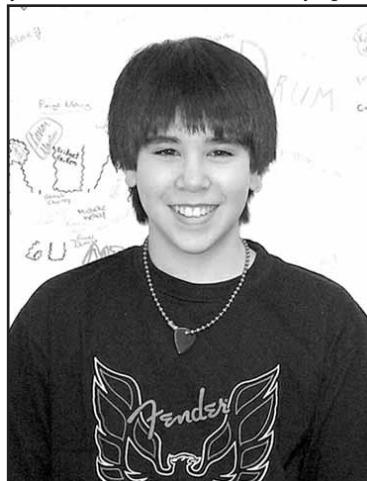
By SIERRA PARKER

My music flows through my strings like a person swiftly swimming in tiring waters. I almost want to cry because my music is so depressing. It's like my violinist is very disturbed and upset about something deep within his heart.

My violinist's fingers hold the bow with such softness, yet his arm moves violently back and forth as his chin firmly rests against my wood. My music seeps deep within my violinist, bringing contempt, which moments before seemed impossible. The

smell of oatmeal cookies drift through the air from the old stove consoling my soul and warming the inside of me with sorrow. A wet, silky tear drops onto my polished wood, slowly running off the edge. Tears and emotions soar out of my hollow insides, like a boat sailing through a storm on the Red Sea.

The wooden door from the parlor slams with a mighty bang. Then everything stops. I can feel my violinist's sorrow and sadness drift away leaving anger. Then suddenly he starts playing again, as if nothing happened. The sound of the other instruments fills the room with a roar of bitterness, the ring of music continues feverishly.



## Writing... in Music?

By ELIZABETH M. PETERSON  
SPECIAL TO 21 VOICES

Some people may think that music class is just a place to sing, listen, and play, but it's not.

Not only is music — and other arts courses — a place to learn about the evolution of culture and the appreciation of beauty, but it is a place where students can refine some of their skills while tapping into their creativity.

This year, seventh grade Language Arts teachers Judith Clark and Jenna Nadeau and music teacher Elizabeth Peterson have been collaborating to integrate each other's curriculum in order to show students how these different subject areas are linked together.

In seventh grade music class, students learn about music history starting from prehistoric times through the present while visiting music by some of the masters like Mozart, Beethoven and Chopin.

In seventh grade language arts, students develop and refine their writing skills as they write such works as realistic short stories, five paragraph essays and do historical research for an oral presentation as part of their "Understanding Differences" unit.

One concept many students tend to have difficulty with is abstract thinking, a way of thinking about something that is not tangible or easily represented. In language arts, seventh graders do a mini-unit on abstract nouns. Students pick an abstract noun, such as compassion or guilt, and try to describe it with their senses.

This assignment is then taken to another level where students write similes that further describe their abstract noun. For example, "Shyness is like quarantine, it won't let you get close to people" and "Stress is like a fly, it never goes away."

It is around this same time frame where many students are studying Vivaldi, a Baroque composer in music class. Students listen to "Winter," one of Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" and discuss the imagery that Vivaldi puts forth with his music.

"Siciliano," another piece by Vivaldi, is also studied. This piece of music features the beautiful song-like playing of the violin. The students are challenged to listen to the violin play, find the emotion in the playing and then further define it by writing a monologue as if they are the violin speaking.

This year, to help students with this process, students were asked to integrate their knowledge of the language arts with this musical assignment. It was brought to the students' attention how the language arts and music are linked in the way literary and musical works are constructed.

In the case of "Siciliano," the solo violin acts as the main character and the orchestra is its backdrop of supporting characters who help set up the story that leads to the scene in the monologue.

As the seventh graders sat back and listened to the piece of music, they were asked to let their minds go and find an overall emotion in the piece and with this emotion, a story. The students were asked to write down the emotion that came to mind and then describe that abstract emotion using their senses within the context of the song.

This task was familiar to the students, since they had just done something similar the week before in language arts. This provided the students with a way to plan their writing before making their first draft.

After two or more drafts, peer and adult editing, and teacher feedback, students saw their hard work, creativity and the writing process pay off!

It is one of the many goals of education to integrate writing into all the curriculums. Writing is one of those skills that is necessary for students' success. It is done in lab reports, research projects and journal writing, to name a few applications.

Allowing them many opportunities in various subjects to write is key to showing students the excitement and possibilities of writing ... even in music!

## My Night Alone

By EMILY SIEGART

I swiftly pull the protecting blanket over my head as I shake with horror. I can hear the roaring thunder from outside and see the flashes of lightning that appear to be fire blazing in the sky as they come through my blanket. As I began to fall asleep, I feel something wet drip down my face. It is a tear. I sob, wondering if my parents will ever come back. They have gone out for the night and now, I feel very alone and scared; like a rabbit with no fur, cold and alone. There is nothing I can do except wait. I can smell the burning fireplace from downstairs. The branches banging on my bedroom window make a startling sound, as if someone is trying to break into the house. I'm scared and I can not bear to be alone. I can still taste the rich hot chocolate I had left downstairs. It was a good as Thanksgiving dinner. Scared, alone, these feeling are running through my head. When will this dreadful storm stop?

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## Death of a Violin

By MORIAH C. BLACK

I had not seen the light of day for months. I had tried to hope that the musician would finally come to me, pick me up, and tune my now fouled strings. I had not been played for many, many months and despair had set in on my heart. I wished to see the familiar face of the Musician staring into space as his fingers whirled across me, twitching the bow back and forth, teaching me how to produce the music he so loved to play.

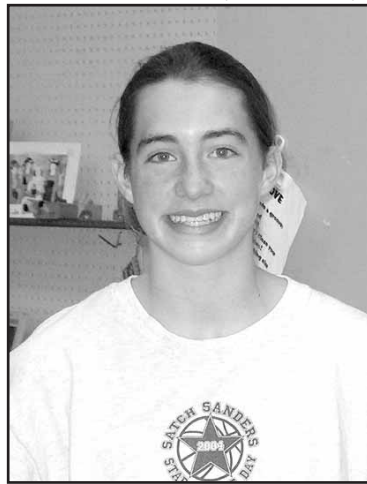
I had watched him sit at his writing desk, deep in thought, and then his sudden bursts of inspirations when he would give a great cry, run to me, and play a song that had come to his mind. I had always loved this time, when his affection was unplanned and he just wanted to play me to hear the wonderful music I would always make. I would play anything for the Musician.

And as I lay here in my dusty, moldy, dark and damp cupboard, I had a strange feeling, one that told me that the Musician would not come back for me. I would be trapped here for many years, as my beautiful wood rots away to nothing and my strings deteriorate, until I am nothing more than a skeleton of what was once a beautiful violin that had traveled the country with the Musician and had played in the greatest symphonies ever created.

I knew my life had come to an end, though it would take many months for my body to finally wither away. Life without the Musician was like life without a heart, and my heart was made of the music he would play. The music was now gone, and I was left with nothing but a few mice scampering about the cupboard. I

I felt a longing, a deep, deep longing to be played just one last time, before I left this lonely place of heart break. But I knew the Musician must be somewhere very far away, to not feel my heart crying, breaking, bleeding, and now quickly fading...

So in the lonely cupboard I am waiting for my death...and oh, it is a sad, sad day when a Violin dies...



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