

ALAN MOON



Alan Moon Part 2
June 6th, 2018 @ 9.15pm
Crazy Coqs, Brasserie Zedel, London

Host
Alan Moon

Produced by
Max Fane
Alan Moon

Featuring:
Cillian O'Breacháin (violin)
Nic Hughes (viola)
Sergey Rybin (piano)
Lucy Roberts (soprano)
Simran Dhillon (saxophone)
Stefano Marzanni (jazz piano)

MOVEMENT 1

Struggle

1.1

Introduction

Alan Moon

1.2

Actress

Alan Moon

They called her an Actress.
She called herself confused.
She knew it wouldn't be easy, plain sailing.
But what was? Try to keep your focus
What focus? She could barely sit still to finish her page.
They said she had something. But something could mean anything and would anything be good enough? She didn't like the sound of anything.
They called her an Actress
She was just confused

1.3

Violin Sonata, 2nd movement, Edward Elgar

Cillian O'Breacháin and Sergey Rybin

1.4

Bluebird

Charles Bukowski

There's a Bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out but I'm too tough for him,
I say, stay in there, I'm not going
to let anybody see you.

There's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out but I pour whiskey on him and inhale
cigarette smoke
and the whores and the bartenders
and the grocery clerks
never know that he's in there.
There's a bluebird in my heart that wants to get out
but I'm too tough for him, I say,
stay down, do you want to mess me up?
You want to screw up the works?
You want to blow my book sales in
Europe?
There's a bluebird in my heart that wants to get out
but I'm too clever, I only let him out at night sometimes
when everybody's asleep.
I say, I know that you're there, so don't be sad.
then I put him back, but he's singing a little
in there, I haven't quite let him die
and we sleep together like that
with our secret pact
and it's nice enough to make a man weep, but I don't
weep, do you?

1.5

**Tip Up the Bottle Art Song, Steve Hackman and Alan Moon
Lucy Roberts and Sergey Rybin**

1.6

**Tip Up the Bottle
Alan Moon**

Tip up the bottle leap into the sky
play your surly electronic tunes over the tip tapping of
your typewriter. Suck those lips
around your pistol coloured microphone
and speak to the crowd.
They heckle because they think they know you better
but you look back into the face of them and see only a dumb
numb sculled school child
wild with excitement
City Lights
at the centre of it all
bright, big town big boys big bucks.

1.7

Jazz Improvisation

Stefano Marzanni and Simran Dhillon

1.8

Radiant Child

Alan Moon

One day you're in the middle of everything.

Ready, excited, able to create.

SAMO.

You hear someone you know is dead and it wasn't the usual.

Someone was having too much fun. The boasters hide their

heads in shame and fear and then,

like darts through the chest

they start dropping like flies

and the fun

and the freedom

turns to shit

SAMO

And the man you used to drink with,

make art with

go dancing with

is dead.

Imagine that.

His brother dies too

and his brother's lover

Sitting round a smoky table wondering who will be next.

And yes, you might pass the test, but what's the use of your

world without others in it,

without your others.

The streets you used to run down

spray paint down

are silent now.

1.9

Embraceble You, Charlie Parker
Stefano Marzanni and Simran Dhillon

1.10

The Moment, (after Gavin Turk Print 'The Moment')
Alan Moon

She called it the moment
Now
When he slapped one hand on the other
that then slapped the skin line of her cheek.
She lay face down
Bathed in his flesh coloured palm
It was the moment.
But now it has gone.

MOVEMENT 2

Transition

2.1

Lark Ascending, Vaughn Williams.
Cillian O'Breachin

2.2

The Future hadn't really begun back then
Alan Moon

The first change in smell always made her think of
Turner...Turner Turner Turner.
It made her optimistic.
For yet again August had come to nothing.

How could anyone prefer the days of (sweltering) heat and
humidity?

It was all so clear. The smell of bonfire on his gloves as he wrapped her cheeks up through the window.

The future hadn't really begun back then.
Now the future was taking over (rapidly)

She'd never forget those hands and she liked to think they wouldn't forget her either.
At least she could rely on the smell returning

(once a year)

2.3

Litanei, Franz Schubert
Lucy Roberts and Sergey Rybin

2.4
The Wanderer (Song Cycle)
Alan Moon

With upbeat and buoyant ease she takes her leave.
From place she knew since birth she takes her leave, to seek
what she can only see in dreams she's yet to make.
The early bird of English soil tweets on (and in)
and fuels her aimless wandering, through textured grass and
path of
unknown mysteries.
They call her Alice
The stream shall not stop,
so why must she?
All restless cogs and moving feet, push on with
distant energy that seems to seek new changes.
Here come views of pastures green, distant buzz of brook and
stream.
I challenge any Man or woman who's beady eye and body may
cast aside desire to wander down.
All amplified, as if shining through some
colour-flavoured looking glass,

(with sound). 'Go down'
A water imp speaks out in form of babbling brook.
Teeth chatter, like rocky stone
on toe, such joy to be alone as stream will solo flow .
She follows on, for this is nature's song guiding her along
from childhood history
straight to modern memory of stories new and free.
Struck, as if by chance, with Elder's frothy bloom and sun
light shining through,
this is her path, her current destiny.

MOVEMENT 3

Roots

3.1

Improvisational Bridge/Improvisation over Poem Stefano Marzanni and Simran Dhillon

3.2

This Girl She Thought A Lot Alan Moon

This girl she thought a lot,
each entry a full plotted novel only the wildest dreams
could concoct.
The genius gene
harder than it seems to be deep cushioned in an arm chair
short of breath.
A knowing you may never be content
days spent calculating
the complication
of human living.
The simple task of being
breathing.
Did I mention she was 8 years old
when she told her first.
and she was 8 years old when the worst shook her world
hurled into adult hood -
No wonder she grew up fast
that faith didn't last

an Unitarian Christian
no longer.
But stronger for it?
How painful to live fatherless
to love others so much but not love yourself.
An analysis of time.
over and again
thoughts on repeat would drive anyone insane
'the present is forever, and forever's always shifting'
smothered by the weight of simply existing.
Outside she can see the moon
it spells out freedom.
you see there are girls who dream for the stale aired 50's
living
surviving on a cake baking curtain making monotony
a polko dot sensation
prescribed to a nation of literary novices.
She preferred the reward of sweet milk on lips
of strawberry runners and bean gardens
Working herself into a well earned sweat.
and a yearning for the opposite sex
to ravish both brain and body.

3.3

Daddy, Sylvia Plath.
Recording

3.4

Daddy Poem
Alan Moon

I learnt something new today as I shared the valley with
you. Autumn was the subject of both.
The subject on everybody's lips.
For now is the time where old leaves replace fresh ones, and
the sticks come out
ready for an Autumnal investigation, a crispy exploration of
hips and haws and 'mellow fruitfulness'
And I'll pass many more minutes with you. Sifting through
wooden legs and ceramic baths.
Your childhood,
my childhood
and one day

my child's childhood.
But I was just a baby in your arms when we first set foot in
there, and now I walk by your side,
five times the size than I was,
but not much bigger in guts.
I still wouldn't mind a hand to hold,
a palm to cup when crossing the road.
And I played you winter, and you listened.
And you played the viola and I listened.
Just as you two had listened, together.
Wigmore Hall. At the tender age of twenty four.
Later, you gave me a globe, a shaken creature of the same
name you spoke when you called my name
And as I watched the snow fall over my head, the
Lark Ascending took us all
slowly, quietly
into another layered week

3.5

Autumn, Vivaldi
Cillian O'Breacháin

MOVEMENT 4

Relationships

4.1

To Be Wed
Alan Moon

*'Someone Knocked and heard 'enter for this place will keep
you warm and keep you calm and fill you up with life'*

The grass in here is scored with dew, to soak the lonely days
for you.

This branch on tree for tiny feet to stand upon and reach
for greater things.

His arm, a net to catch you when your ripples cannot move, and
sea has changed from blue
to painful green.

Bird song cries- lush colours deep and slightly satisfactory.

Enter:

And when you laugh, he follows down that echoed path
and finds you in his room (alone)
and all too soon he knows that laugh is yours.
And his. And through your laugh he lives.
As if a sailor in a Captain's ship, a kiss upon your upper
lip, a squeeze around your tiny waist a problem that alone
you've faced
and now no longer need to. (together)

Live calm. Live free. Live underneath life's Apple tree that
knocks your head to bruise it.

4.2

Impromptu III, Franz Schubert
Sergey Rybin

4.3

White Flock Extract
Akhmatova

In intimacy there exists a line
That can't be crossed by passion or love's art
In awful silence lips melt into one
And out of love to pieces bursts the heart.

And friendship here is impotent, and years
Of happiness sublime in fire aglow,
When soul is free and does not hear
The dulling of sweet passion, long and slow.

Those who are striving toward it are in fever,
But those that reach it struck with woe that lingers.
Now you have understood, why forever
My heart does not beat underneath your fingers.

4.4.

Spiegel im Spiegel, Arvo Part
Sergey Rybin and Nic Hughes

4.5

Cold Moon
Alan Moon

Cold moon.
Your shadow casts a temple for us to dance beneath.
The wind a veil,
his shoes my heart stomping with every different conversation,
the Kee Ah of laughing gull the backdrop to our first meeting.
We walked the bays of local seas, rubbed ice cream on our noses.
Then, you grew inside me as water doth drip down the window,
the solid lump fractured to thin unmanageable pieces.
And when the heat came, I tensed, recoiled and threw that
love in the ground, let Goldfinch and Blackbird nest in the
days I could not reclaim.
For love feeds better in bitterness
pain pumps the heart as calm will never do.
As disease will rot the body, so shall kindness.

4.6

Matters of Heart
Alan Moon

We weren't like the others
But we stayed with the others
Which is why our coming together might have seemed surprising.

Instant

The death of one brings life to another, and we were the proof.
If he'd lived he would have patted us on our backs

And through the years of pained departures
Shrinking and growing larger, we just grew closer.

Although how much closer could we get?

But distance can be a killer
To shoot an arrow through the days of simplicity, and soak
yourself in blood red complication.
It's like that is it

And we never even spoke about it after.

MOVEMENT 5

Close of Day

5.1

Die Nacht, Strauss

Lucy Roberts, Sergey Rybin and Cillian O'Breacháin

5.2

Sappho on Grief

Must I remind you,
that sounds of grief
are unbecoming in
a poet's household?

and that they are not
suitable in ours?

5.3

Bist du bei mir, Johann Sebastian Bach

Lucy Roberts, Simran Dhillon

5.4

Be Thou with Me
Translated Lyrics

Be Thou with me, my joy and gladness:
In deep repose my soul shall rest,
My soul shall rest in deep repose
My heart is glad when Thou art near me:
My eyelids closed by Thy tender hands,
My eyes with love will rest on Thee
Be Thou with me, my joy and gladness,
In deep repose my soul shall rest,
My soul shall rest in deep repose.

5.5

Morgen, Strauss

Lucy Roberts and Sergey Rybin

5.6

Love and Art

Alan Moon

This one's for you my dear
This one's for you.

In pain, I know you are there.
In fight I feel you turn the other way.
In fear I see you jump on my behalf.
A pricking pin - my life you shall defend.
I know it, despite this current fog.

In my soul I feel the furthest I have ever felt from knowing
how you feel - so I take my words, and in them I place this
lose confusion till my breath and arms feel calm again.

You silly little thing. Can't you see I need you?

In pain I know you'll always help me
In fight I hide beneath your paper page
In fear I see you gently take your ink or cloth and cover up
my heart.
A pricking pen - my life you shall keep hold.

In my soul I feel the closest I have ever felt to feeling one
with you - yet feeling one with you makes me lonely and con-
fused.

You pretty little thing. Can't you see I need you?

5.7

Improvisation

Stefano Marzanni and Simran Dhillon

5.8

The Wanderer II (Song Cycle)

Alan Moon

I hang my lute upon this wall,
embracing life's sick pain
Green band entwined in mane a symbol of my heart.
I give not **all**, but **part** my dear.
From powdered white to green as clear as envy.

Oh Brook , you wimp, you shall not rest or flow with head
held or liquid low for I no longer show by hunt for lust.

Unease my brook, I'll always know, man's heart doth beat as
brook doth flow. But arrow through my beating breast and wa-
ter fed through human chest , to suffocate and fill my
lungs, with all the distant songs unsung.

I'll spit them out and clamber free,
climb way up high the tallest tree,
and settle here in peace and calm,
knowing now I'm not alone.

5.9

Out Of Nowhere, Charlie Parker

Stefano Marzanni and Simran Dhillon