

A painting of a woman with a mustache and a blue cap. The woman has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the left. She is wearing a blue beret and a green and yellow plaid shirt. The background is a textured, light blue-grey color. The painting style is expressive with visible brushstrokes.

Alan Moon's
VERSE SONATA
IN
FIVE MOVEMENTS

**TRIAD
THEATER**

April 12 @ 9:30PM

VERSE SONATA IN FIVE MOVEMENTS

A New York Salon for the 21st century

host
Alan Moon

produced by
Alice St. Clair
Max Fane
Piers Playfair
Chandra Knotts

featuring

Caleb Curtis
alto saxophone

Renana Gutman
piano

Steve Hackman
composer/pianist

Jasmina Halimic
soprano

Audrey DuBois Harris
soprano

Anush Hovhannisyan
soprano

Shenel Johns
vocals

Jaram Kim
violin

Chris Pattishall
piano

Kenny Pexton
tenor saxophone

Julius Rodriguez
percussion

Marta Sanchez
piano

Damien Sneed
piano/vocals

MOVEMENT 1

1.1

Introduction
Maximilian Fane

1.2

Violin Sonata in G Minor, Adagio
Jaram Kim

1.3

The Futurist Manifesto:
A Slap in the Face of Public Taste
Alan Moon

To the readers of our New First Unexpected.
We alone was the face of our Time. Through us the horn of
time blows in the art of the world.
The past is too tight. The Academy and Pushkin are less
intelligible than hieroglyphics.
Throw Pushkin, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, etc., etc. overboard
from the Ship of Modernity.
He who does not forget his first love will not recognize his
last.
Who, trustingly, would turn his last love toward Balmont's
perfumed lechery? Is this the reflection of today's virile
soul?

Who, faint-heartedly, would fear tearing from warrior
Bryusov's black tuxedo the paper armor-plate? Or does the
dawn of unknown beauties shine from it?
Wash your hands which have touched the filthy slime of the
books written by the countless Leonid Andreyevs.
All those Maxim Gorkys, Krupins, Bloks, Sologubs, Remizovs,
Averchenkos, Chornys, Kuzmins, Bunins, etc. need only a
dacha on the river. Such is the reward fate gives tailors.
From the heights of skyscrapers we gaze at their
insignificance!...

We order that the poets' rights be revered:
To enlarge the scope of the poet's vocabulary with arbitrary
and derivative words (Word-novelty).
To feel an insurmountable hatred for the language existing
before their time.
To push with horror off their proud brow the Wreath of cheap
fame that You have made from bathhouse switches.
To stand on the rock of the word "we" amidst the sea of boos
and outrage.

And if for the time being the filthy stigmas of your "common
sense" and "good taste" are still present in our lines,
these same lines for the first time already glimmer with
the Summer Lightning of the New Coming Beauty of the Self-
sufficient (self-centered) Word.

1.4

Mayakovsky in 1913, Anna Akhmatova

I didn't know you when you were in your full
glory,
I only saw your fiery ascent,
But, maybe, today I have the right
To remember that day from years ago.
How sounds braced the lines of your poetry
With voices like we'd never heard...
Your young hands didn't rest,
And the scaffold you built was terrifying.
Everything you touched
Seemed transformed,
Whatever you wanted to destroy—collapsed,
A life or death sentence in every word.
Alone and never satisfied,
You tried to rush fate along.
You had already freely and willingly accepted
That soon you'd have to go out and join the

great struggle.
I can still hear the answering roar
When you read to us,
The rain slanted its angry eyes,
You started a wild fight with the city.
And your still-unknown name,
Flew into the stuffy lecture hall like lightning,
So that today, cherished everywhere in this

country,
It could ring out like a battle cry.

1.5

Five Poems by Anna Akhmatova, Op 27, Sergei Prokofiev
Anush Hovhannisyan & Renana Gutman

I. Sunlight fills my room
Sunlight fills my room
With hot dust, lucent, grey.
I wake, and I remember:
Today is your saint's day.
That's why even the snow
Is warm beyond the window,

That's why, sleeplessly,
Like a communicant, I slept

II. True tenderness
True tenderness is silent
and can't be mistaken for anything else.
In vain with earnest desire
you cover my shoulders with fur;
In vain you try to persuade me
of the merits of first love.
But I know too well the meaning
of your persistent burning glances.

III. Memory of sun ebbs from the heart
Memory of sun ebbs from the heart.
Grass fades early.
Wind blows the first snowflakes
Barely, barely.
Freezing water can't flow
Along these narrow channels.
Nothing happens here, oh
Nothing can happen.
A willow against the sky
Spreads its transparent fan.
Better perhaps, if I
Hadn't accepted your hand.
Memory of sunlight ebbs from the heart.
What's this? Darkness?
Perhaps! ...In the night
Winter has overcome us.

IV. Greetings
Do you hear the soft rustle
beside your table?
Don't bother to write
for I'll come to you.

Is it possible you will offend me
like the last time?
You say that you don't see my hands,
my hands or my eyes.

I am with you in your bright, simple room.
Don't chase me away
to where the cold, murky water
flows under the bridge.

V. The Grey-Eyed King
Hail! Hail to thee, o, immovable pain!
The young grey-eyed king had been yesterday slain.

This autumnal evening was stuffy and red.
My husband, returning, had quietly said,
"He'd left for his hunting; they carried him home;
They'd found him under the old oak's dome.
I pity the queen. He, so young, past away!...
During one night her black hair turned to grey."
He found his pipe on a warm fire-place,
And quietly left for his usual race.
Now my daughter will wake up and rise --
Mother will look in her dear grey eyes...
And poplars by windows rustle as sing,
"Never again will you see your young king..."

1. Bridge
Caleb Curtis, Kenny Pexton

MOVEMENT 2

2.1
To George Sand: A Desire, Emily Barrett Browning
Alan Moon

Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man,
Self-called George Sand! whose soul, amid the lions
Of thy tumultuous senses, moans defiance
And answers roar for roar, as spirits can:
I would some mild miraculous thunder ran
Above the applauded circus, in appliance
Of thine own nobler nature's strength and science,
Drawing two pinions, white as wings of swan,
From thy strong shoulders, to amaze the place
With holier light! that thou to woman's claim
And man's, mightst join beside the angel's grace
Of a pure genius sanctified from blame
Till child and maiden pressed to thine embrace
To kiss upon thy lips a stainless fame.

2.2
Etude Op. 10 No. 12, Frédéric Chopin
Renana Gutman

2.3
To George Sand: A Recognition, Emily Barrett Browning
Alan Moon

True genius, but true woman! dost deny
Thy woman's nature with a manly scorn
And break away the gauds and armlets worn

By weaker women in captivity?
Ah, vain denial! that revolted cry
Is sobbed in by a woman's voice forlorn—
Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn
Floats back dishevelled strength in agony
Disproving thy man's name: and while before
The world thou burnest in a poet-fire,
We see thy woman-heart beat evermore
Through the large flame. Beat purer, heart, and higher,
Till God unsex thee on the heavenly shore,
Where unincarnate spirits purely aspire!

2.4
Etude Op. 25 No. 1, Frédéric Chopin
Renana Gutman

2.5
Neutral Tones, Thomas Hardy
Maximilian Fane

We stood by a pond that winter day,
And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;
— They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove
Over tedious riddles of years ago;
And some words played between us to and fro
On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing
Alive enough to have strength to die;
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
Like an ominous bird a-wing...

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,
And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
Your face, and the God curst sun, and a tree,
And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

2.6
Troubled Water, Margaret Bonds
Damien Sneed

2.Bridge
Caleb Curtis, Kenny Pexton

MOVEMENT 3

3.1
Bluebird, Charles Bukowski
Alan Moon

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?

3.2
Tip Up the Bottle
Steve Hackman & Anush Hovhannisyan

3.3
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. crack open another
because you were born into this

3.4
Medley: St Louis Blues, Willow Weep for Me, Nature Boy
Damien Sneed, Shenel Johns & Julius Rodriguez

3.5
Genius Child, Langston Hughes
Damien Sneed

This is a song for the genius child.
Sing it softly, for the song is wild.
Sing it softly as ever you can -
Lest the song get out of hand.

Nobody loves a genius child.

Can you love an eagle,
Tame or wild?
Can you love an eagle,
Wild or tame?
Can you love a monster
Of frightening name?

Nobody loves a genius child.
Kill him - and let his soul run wild.

3.6
I Don't Feel No Ways Tired, James Cleveland
Damien Sneed, Shenel Johns,
Audrey DuBois Harris, Julius Rodriguez

I don't feel no ways tired
I've come too far from where I started from
Nobody told me that the road would be easy
I don't believe He brought me this far to leave me
I don't believe He brought me this far

3.Bridge
Alan Moon, Marta Sanchez, Caleb Curtis, Kenny Pexton

MOVEMENT 4

4.1
This Be The Verse, Philip Larkin
A Father

They fuck you up, your mum and dad.
They may not mean to, but they do.
They fill you with the faults they had
And add some extra, just for you.

But they were fucked up in their turn
By fools in old-style hats and coats,
Who half the time were soppo-stern
And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man.
It deepens like a coastal shelf.
Get out as early as you can,
And don't have any kids yourself.

Were you fucked up by your parents? And is it possible to
predict what you'll do that'll fuck up your own children?

4.2
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.

4.3

Daddy, Sylvia Plath

You do not do, you do not do
Any more, black shoe
In which I have lived like a foot
For thirty years, poor and white,
Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.

Daddy, I have had to kill you.
You died before I had time—
Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,
Ghastly statue with one gray toe
Big as a Frisco seal

And a head in the freakish Atlantic
Where it pours bean green over blue
In the waters off beautiful Nauset.
I used to pray to recover you.
Ach, du.

In the German tongue, in the Polish town
Scraped flat by the roller
Of wars, wars, wars.
But the name of the town is common.
My Polack friend

Says there are a dozen or two.
So I never could tell where you
Put your foot, your root,
I never could talk to you.
The tongue stuck in my jaw.

It stuck in a barb wire snare.
Ich, ich, ich, ich,
I could hardly speak.
I thought every German was you.
And the language obscene

An engine, an engine
Chuffing me off like a Jew.
A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.
I began to talk like a Jew.
I think I may well be a Jew.

The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna
Are not very pure or true.
With my gipsy ancestress and my weird luck
And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack
I may be a bit of a Jew.

I have always been scared of you,
With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.
And your neat mustache
And your Aryan eye, bright blue.
Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You—

Not God but a swastika
So black no sky could squeak through.
Every woman adores a Fascist,
The boot in the face, the brute
Brute heart of a brute like you.

You stand at the blackboard, daddy,

In the picture I have of you,
A cleft in your chin instead of your foot
But no less a devil for that, no not
Any less the black man who

Bit my pretty red heart in two.
I was ten when they buried you.
At twenty I tried to die
And get back, back, back to you.
I thought even the bones would do.

But they pulled me out of the sack,
And they stuck me together with glue.
And then I knew what to do.
I made a model of you,
A man in black with a Meinkampf look

And a love of the rack and the screw.
And I said I do, I do.
So daddy, I'm finally through.
The black telephone's off at the root,
The voices just can't worm through.

If I've killed one man, I've killed two—
The vampire who said he was you
And drank my blood for a year,
Seven years, if you want to know.
Daddy, you can lie back now.

There's a stake in your fat black heart
And the villagers never liked you.
They are dancing and stamping on you.
They always knew it was you.
Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.

4.Bridge
Marta Sanchez, Chris Pattishall, Damien Sneed

MOVEMENT 5

5.1
Till I Wake, Harry T. Burleigh
Damien Sneed & Audrey DuBois Harris

When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly...
Stoop, as the yellow roses droop
In the wind from the south;
So I may when I wake - if there be an awakening -

Keep what lulled me to sleep -
The touch of your lips on my mouth.

5.2
An Die Musik, Franz Schubert
Alan Moon

You, noble Art, in how many grey hours,
When life's mad tumult wraps around me,

Have you kindled my heart to warm love,
Have you transported me into a better world,
Transported into a better world!

Often has a sigh flowing out from your harp,
A sweet, divine harmony from you

Unlocked to me the heaven of better times,
You, noble Art, I thank you for it,
You, noble Art, I thank you!

5.3
An Die Musik, Franz Schubert
Anush Hovhannisyan, Max Fane, Jasmina Halimic, Renana Gutman

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,

Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb' entzunden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt,
In eine beßre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf' entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir,

Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir!

5.4
Violin Sonata No. 1 in G Minor
BWV 1001-Presto, J.S. Bach
Jaram Kim

Alan Moon is the writing pseudonym for actress Alice St Clair. St Clair's work includes playing the lead role of flora Marshall in BBC1's First World War drama The Crimson Field, playing Kate Middleton in Hallmark's William and Katherine: A Royal Romance, and producing and acting credits in three George Bernard Shaw comedies at The Old Red Lion, among other film, television and theatre work.

As a poet, she has performed her work around London and co-produced various Alan Moon soirees with Max Fane. She has a regular role on BBC Radio 4's Homefront and on BBC Radio 3's Words and Music . Her voice is also used in various adverts and commercials including AirBnB's world-wide campaign.

This summer, St Clair will be performing as Catherine in William Shakespeare's Henry V at the New Generation Festival In Florence as well as performing Edith Sitwell's 'Facade.'

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Alan Moon's Verse Sonata in Five Movements is intended to educate, illuminate, inspire and facilitate dialogue among artists and audiences alike. The creative minds behind this project claim no ownership or copyright of the contents of tonight's program, excluding all original works from participating artists, wherein those works are the sole property of the artist. Alan Moon is supported by the Catskill Jazz Factory, a 501c3 non-profit organization with a mission to support today's best young jazz artists.

Conductor Maximilian Fane is founder and Musical Director of The New Generation Festival, and Artistic Director of the touring opera company Raucous Rossini. In 2017 summer Max conducted a tour of L'occasione fa il ladro across the UK and Italy as well as founding a new international opera festival in Florence. This festival saw performances of Donizetti's L'elisir d'amore, Beethoven's 5th Symphony and Bruch's Violin Concerto at the Palazzo Corsini al Prato Gardens.

The past two years have seen Raucous Rossini perform Rossini's La cambiale di matrimonio, L'inganno felice, and Il Signor Bruschino, as well as various orchestral concerts, in the UK and Italy. Max recently also conducted L'elisir d'amore for Lyric Opera Berlin, and La Cenerentola for Kennet Opera.

Max participated in the Winter International Conducting Masterclass January 2018 with Moravian Philharmonic and Maestro Alim Shakh and studies conducting with Jonathan Brett.

Max is also Artistic Director of Westbourne Music in Glasgow, a graduate of the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland where he studied voice and piano, and holds a Distinction MSc in Business and Management from the University of Strathclyde where he was the European Visionary Scholar and achieved a prize for his dissertation on strategy in the

classical music industry.