

The Kitchen Presents

Alicia Hall Moran
and
Gordon Voidwell

December 4 and 5, 2009 8pm

Curated by **Rashida Bumbray**

Alicia Hall Moran's
The Motown Project

Alicia Hall Moran vocals, artistic direction

Tarus Mateen, bass guitar

Thomas Flippin, classical guitar

Clare Bathé, vocals

Kaoru Watanabe, Japanese taiko drums

"Mash-up" concept and arrangements by Alicia Hall Moran

- INTERMISSION -

Gordon Voidwell

Will "Gordon Voidwell" Johnson, vocals/keys

Guillermo Brown, zen drum/keys/vocals

Tecla Esposito, synthesizers/vocals

Kassa Overall, drums/electronics/vocals

Friday night dancers: **Shirley Johnson** and **Natalya Davis**

Saturday night dancers: **Emily Doubilet** and **Ashlynn Manning**

Music + Lyrics: **Will "Gordon Voidwell" Johnson**

Concept + Aesthetics: **Will "Gordon Voidwell" Johnson**, **Teddy Bergman** and
the **Woodshed Collective**

Video Imagery + Visuals: **Will "Gordon Voidwell" Johnson** and **Luca Mainini**

Costume Design: **Tecla Esposito**, **Guillermo Brown**, **Kassa Overall**, **Gordon Voidwell**

Music programs at The Kitchen are made possible with generous support from the Amphion Foundation, the Mary Flagler Cary Charitable Trust, the Aaron Copland Fund for Music, and with public funds from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs and the New York State Council on the Arts, a state agency.



About Alicia Hall Moran's *The Motown Project*

I Was Made To Love Him (Stevie Wonder)

Words and Music by Stevie Wonder/Lula Mae Hardaway, Sylvia Moy/Henry Cosby

I Hear a Symphony (The Supremes)

Words and Music by Edward Holland/Lamont Dozier/Brian Holland

Heat Wave (Martha Reeves & The Vandellas) Words and Music by Edward Holland/Lamont Dozier/Brian Holland

Do You Know Where You're Going To? (Diana Ross) from the soundtrack

"Mahogany" Words by Gerry Goffin & Music by Michael Masser

Signed, Sealed Delivered I'm Yours (Stevie Wonder) Words and Music by Stevie Wonder/Syreeta Wright/Lee Garrett/Lula Mae Hardaway

L'Amour est un oiseau rebelle from the opera "Carmen"

Libretto by Henri Meilhac/Ludovic Halévy & Music by Georges Bizet

Cruisin' (Smokey Robinson)

Words and Music by William "Smokey" Robinson/Marvin Tarplin

Flow My Tears

Words and Music by John Dowland

Transcription by David Nadal

Please Mr. Postman (The Marvelettes)

Words and Music by Robert Bateman/Georgia Dobbins/William Garrett/Freddie Gorman/Brian Holland

You Keep Me Holding On (The Supremes)

Words and Music by Edward Holland/Lamont Dozier/Brian Holland

Voi che sapete from the opera "Le Nozze di Figaro"

Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte/Music by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

I Heard it Through the Grapevine (Marvin Gaye)

Words and Music by Norman J. Whitfield/Barrett Strong

Shotgun (Junior Walker & The All Stars)

Words and Music by Autry DeWalt

Alicia Hall Moran is a vocalist and composer known for her adventurous performances in opera, art song, cabaret and jazz. With music degrees from Barnard College/Columbia University and the Manhattan School of Music, she has trained with opera stars and classical greats: Shirley Verrett, Adele Addison, Betty Allen, Hilda Harris and Martina Arroyo. She also draws inspiration from her ancestor Hall Johnson, the legendary choral director, composer and preserver of the Negro Spiritual. Her compositions and improvisation can be heard on

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Jason Moran's albums *Same Mother* and *Milestone*, on Blue Note Records. She has contributed to and performed in commissions for the Philadelphia Art Museum (*Live: Time* by Jason Moran) and the Walker Art Center (The Bandwagon's *Milestone*). Other performances include: *Rough Crossings* at Symphony Space, a collaborative work with historian/filmmaker Simon Schama; *The Revival* for Performa07 with painter Adam Pendleton; and Pendleton's *three scenes* for ArtistSpace. In Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company's *Chapel/Chapter*, which won a Bessie for Musical Collaboration, Hall Moran's singing garnered a New York Times rave.

Hall Moran's composition *The Field* was recently selected and choreographed by Alonzo King's LINES Ballet in San Francisco as part of a suite of work commissioned of Jason Moran. Other recent work includes helping create vocals for artist Joan Jonas' *Reading Dante* for Performa09 and Pendleton's reprisal of *three scenes* for Franklin Furnace. Next, she will perform in the soprano role of Bach Cantata 129 in Connecticut.

Clare Bathé, veteran vocalist, brings decades of experience from Broadway stages to magical solo performances throughout Europe and The Americas. Ms. Bathé has performed with notable legends such as Lena Horne, Lionel Hampton, and Julio Iglesias. "Having known Alicia for most of her life, I am honored to add this performance to my list of most memorable musical moments."

Thomas Flippin is an award-winning American classical guitarist, composer, and recent graduate of the Yale School of Music. His teachers include renowned classical guitarists Denis Azabagic and Benjamin Verdery. He has performed for several of the world's most accomplished guitarists, including Grammy-winners Sharon Isbin and Manuel Barrueco. Flippin is also a member of the guitar ensemble Duo Noire, and his compositions are published by Clear Note Publications.

Tarus Mateen is one of the more sought-after acoustic and electric bassists on the jazz scene. Currently he divides his time between work in the U.S. and Senegal when not touring/recording with the jazz trio Jason Moran and the Bandwagon--of which Mateen was a founding member, along with Nasheet Waits (drums) 10 years ago-- and producing songs for contemporary pop, Hip-Hop and R&B artists. He has also made his mark with a variety of R&B and hip-hop artists, as both a bassist and a producer. A graduate of Atlanta's Morehouse College, Mateen worked for several years down South. Relocating to New York in 1988, he scored the dream gig of many young jazz musicians: a spot in Betty Carter's band. He also worked with trumpeter/film composer Terence Blanchard on the score for the Spike Lee film *Malcolm X*, as well as the *Malcolm X Jazz Suite*.

Mateen's R&B and hip-hop credits include such notable acts as Monica, Outkast, Goodie Mob, the Roots, Fugees, De La Soul, and Fishbone. On the jazz side, he has performed and recorded regularly with pianist Marc Cary. He has also worked with vibraphonist Stefon Harris, as well as the New Directions band, which includes Harris, Greg Osby, Jason Moran, and Mark Shim.
<http://www.tarusmateen.com/>

Although **Kaoru Watanabe** Japanese taiko drummer, is a conservatory trained classical and jazz flute player (Mahattan School of Music BA '98) who has worked with such musicians as Jason Moran and Stefon Harris, his approach to music underwent fundamental change while living in Japan, studying and performing with the acclaimed taiko ensemble KODO with whom he has traveled extensively across Japan, United States, Canada and Europe, and with various master practitioners of traditional and modern Japanese arts including the calligrapher Koji Kakinuma and great Kabuki actor Tamasaburo. Kaoru has also acted as artistic director of Kodo's World music festival, Earth Celebration, working with such luminaries as Zakir Hussain, Giovanni Hildago and Carlos Nunez. Kaoru left Kodo in 2006 and currently resides in NY where he continues to perform and teach Japanese and western flute and the taiko. Among his various activities: he has recently established the Kaoru Watanabe Taiko Center where he teaches fundamental movement, singing, and other techniques instrumental in performing the taiko; he curates a series of music, dance and art inspired by Japanese traditional and contemporary culture entitled NakaNaka; he performs in various ensembles such as Adam Rudolph's Go:Organic Orchestra and in projects such as RESONANCE, KATARU, EV, and the Khoomei-Taiko Ensemble.
www.watanabekaoru.com

About Gordon Voidwell

Step into the Void
WildSide
Foie Gras
Bread
Paradise's Parody
Be A Man
Shadows
Planet Love
White Friends
Ivy League Circus

Gordon Voidwell is a fictional character created by Will Johnson to personify his embrace of the void between seemingly disparate concepts: past and future, popular and independent. Born in the Bronx, Johnson started out as a choral singer and grew to be a serious rap music aficionado. A multi-instrumentalist, trained vocalist and a published fashion writer, his music is subversive pop and funk, following the influence of legendary artists like Tom Tom Club, Madonna, Prince, David Bowie and George Clinton. He uses analog synthesizers and chunky drum machines as the backdrop for silky, reverb-drenched vocals – reminiscent of Cameo, New Edition and other championed R&B crooners from the 1980s. Blending old sounds with an updated lexicon, Johnson creates a sonic collage that is strikingly familiar but at the same time strange and unusual. Recent releases include *Ivy League Circus EP* in May 2009 and a free, 26-track, original mixtape called *The Voided Checks* in October 2009. A piece of Johnson's visual art, a stencil/collage, was featured in the New Museum's *Younger than Jesus* book of young, up-and-coming artists, which was released Summer 2009. In April 2010, Johnson will perform in Apollo Theater's Salon Series. There are also plans to release a 7-inch record of *Ivy League Circus EP* in early 2010.

The summer house and first class miles
Your silver knife and sharp denial (ow)

But-
I must admit my pick of bones
The skulls and skeletons we've owned
for worse or better

We're in the same society
Our secrets need not fly or leak
Differences aside-
Let's lose ourselves and chide as one:

Now we're altogether (repeat)

In Ivory Towers
With Golden Gates
Big sized endowments
With no mistakes
Us Ivy League types
Us Ivy League Types
Us Ivy League Types
With no mistakes

I slipped up on a name I knew
Absent-minded, playing cool
You heard of me, I heard of you
But still it's safer played aloof
I grew up poor in the gutter
But what is your excuse?
Now we dine at the same tables..
Playing name games, who'd you screw?
Oh, you too?

You must forgive my grinded axe
The backseat corpses and the elephants in corners
Ain't they warned ya?
We're in the same society
Our secrets need not fly or leak
Differences asides
Let's lose ourselves and chide as one...

Now we're altogether (repeat)

In Ivory Towers
With Golden Gates
Big sized endowments
With no mistakes
Us Ivy League types
Us Ivy League Types
Us Ivy League types
with no mistakes

Now them same things make my throne

We build a nest, swallowed empty threats
Fair skin girl in an unfair world
Less fair man, dealt an unfair hand
The jokes on them, all my cards is wild
We're running marathons around them
So what the fucks an extra mile
I keep telling them like

Ooooh-ooo-oooh

I've got some white friends who claim they're color blind
The don't see redlights, their blues ain't like mine
I'm green with envy, I wish that I could write
Such purple words, without a hurtful urge and see no black or white
But...

I've got some white friends, they've got a black friend
In fact, we're tight and
They're good on that end

Bed Stuy think I'm weird, Park ave. think you're weird
Now we're holding hands flying high,
That's what they all feared...

You call me up
Let's make a plan
Free drink all night until we realize we can't stand
The world we live in and its conditions
In Vogue and on a mission
Fighting hip kids and their schisms

You've been scorned,
No fear it won't be long
Neither one of us belong
The drugs that one of us is on
Will keep us frontin' on these songs and
Prove that someone once was wrong
And that beliefs are made of plastic
Watch how they sing along...

Ooooh-ooo-oooh

I've got some white friends who claim they're color blind
The don't see redlights, their blues ain't like mine
I'm green with envy, I wish that I could write
Such purple words, without a hurtful urge and see no black or white
But...

I've got some white friends, they've got a black friend
In fact, we're tight and
They're good on that end

Bed Stuy think I'm weird, Park ave. think you're weird

Ivy League Circus
We missed each other by a mile
Back then it seemed you were a child
At least to me, I'd act so grown
So high upon my blunted thrown

I envied you for your smile
Your family tree, it's rank and file

For more information:

www.myspace.com/gordonvoidwell

Download the mixtape FREE at:

<http://www.okayplayer.com/news/Gordon-Voidwell-The-Voided-Checks-Mixtape.html>

Guillermo E. Brown is a musician/composer (drums, electronics, voice), and producer. He was awarded a Charles T. Griffes Award in 1994, 2001 Artist-in-Residence and 2003 Van Lier Fellowship from Harvestworks Digital Media Arts Center, New York City. Featured on over 30 recordings, he has performed with David S. Ware, William Parker, Matthew Shipp, Marlies Yearby, Rob Reddy, Roy Campbell Quartet, Spring Heel Jack, Anti-Pop Consortium, Anthony Braxton, DJ Spooky, El P, Carl Hancock Rux, Vernon Reid, DJ Logic, Mike Ladd, George Lewis, Vijay Iyer, Arto Lindsay, Melvin Gibbs, Brandon Ross, duo48Nord among others.

His albums include *Soul at the Hands of the Machine*, *The Beat Kids' Open Rhythm System*, *Black Dreams 1.0*, *...Is Arturo Klauff*, and *Handeheld*. His one-man theater piece, *Robeson In Space*, premiered at Luna Stage in Montclair, NJ 2005. His music performance work, *Shuffle Mode*, premiered at The Apollo in '08 and played in Seattle with Central District Forum for Arts & Ideas in January '09. Current work includes his sound/music installation *Crack Unicorns @ The Studio Museum in Harlem* (April '09). The Beat Kids' *Sound Magazine*, performance piece *SYRUP* at The Kitchen (Oct. 2006) and BiLLLL\$. A graduate of Wesleyan University (BA, Music) and Bard College (MFA, Music/Sound), he is affiliated as an Adjunct Professor at NYU's Clive Davis Department of Recorded Music and Gallatin School of Independent Study.

Tecla Esposito has been described as "the best parts of every genre of music somehow successfully all rolled up into one". After being classically trained on piano by Margaret Pine alongside Alicia Kays from age 5-18, this New York City native went on to become a music major at Wesleyan University where she studied with musical guru's such as Jay Hoggard, Anthony Braxton, Pheeroan Aklaff, Phil Woods, and Ron Kuiviva. Throughout and since college, Tecla has been in various bands in which she explores the art of synth keyboard and electronic influence. Tecla manages to bring all of her experience as a child piano virtuoso, jazz aficionado, and rock/electronic experimentalist into her current music. Tecla began singing in her ensembles in college, and currently brings a raw emotional vocal quality to every performance. She undoubtedly has that special natural musical inclination that has only been present in few world-changing female musicians throughout history. In her latest solo projects Tecla has managed to perfect all areas of songwriting by making audiences automatically sing along with her, always leaving them wanting more, while still interweaving beautifully complicated chord progressions and instrumental solo's throughout. In her lyrical content, Tecla bares all, revealing the depths of her soul through poetry, metaphor and imagery, while still seeming to create pop, danceable, chant-like hooks. She has had the privilege to work as the creator of bands SwEEtie, co-producer and songwriter of album "The Ten Worlds", and current post-punk rock band Children Of Technicolor, as well as performing with Gordon Voidwell. Understanding that music comes from a completely honest place, Tecla has never given anything but her all when performing on stage. She brings herself to every show with no inhibitions while

managing to master various instruments and vocal performance all at once. Tecla has coined the mantra “live by your own rules”, and is memorable to all audiences because she has style, grace, personality, and passion for music in its truest form.

Kassa Overall, jazz drummer and composer, recently received his Bachelor’s of Music from the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. At Oberlin, Overall had the opportunity to study under jazz drum legend Billy Hart. He also studied with Marcus Belgrave, Robin Eubanks, Gary Bartz, Michael Rosen and composer and director of the jazz program Wendell Logan. His mentors have also included the late Elvin Jones, Billy Higgins, Tutti Heath and Larry V. Jones. Being Billy Hart’s primary jazz drum student, Overall was the secondary drum instructor under the direction of Hart. Overall has shared the stage with an array of jazz masters including Donald Byrd, Slide Hampton, Billy Hart, Wallace Roney, Geri Allen, Christian McBride, Gary Bartz, Marcus Belgrave, Bill Lee, Lesa Terry, Jullian Priester, Russell Malone, Benny Green, Ezra Wiess, Andy Hunter and many more. With these artists and others, Overall has toured the world playing at various clubs and Jazz festivals. His performances include the Montreux Jazz Festival (Switzerland), North Sea Jazz Festival (Netherlands), the Detroit International Jazz Festival, and the Elmhurst College Jazz Festival (Chicago). He is the recipient of the Solo & Rhythm Section Award at the Collegiate Jazz Festival (2002), 1st Place Percussionist Award at the Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival, The Count Basie Swing Award, and has been recognized for his outstanding musicianship by the International Association on Jazz Educators. Overall has recently moved to New York City to begin playing and touring with some of the worlds most proclaimed jazz masters. For more info, visit www.myspace.com/KassaOverall

Gordon Voidwell lyrics

Wild Side

Walking on the Wild Side
Clutching closer to your holster
The freaks come out at night, they say
But it’s just midday and the freaks are out to play
The freaks come out at night they say
But it’s rush hour and the freaks are on the train

You’re spooked you feel your mind is playing games
And the freaks in business suits, they think that you’re insane

I wish it were the drugs
I’d blame it on the drugs
The cocaine and the heroine...
What’s the reason why I’m feeling this?
I wish it were the drugs
I’d love to blame it on the drugs
But the truth is this, just to exist
Within this world
You’ll lose your shit

It’s a Freaky, freaky, freaky, freaky, freaky
World
That we live in today
What a freaky, freaky, freaky, freaky, freaky, freaky
World

Shadow

In my sick, twisted mind
I’ll tell myself I’m find
But when I press rewind
These voices come alive

If you could see behind, these walls I keep inside
I know you’d try to pry
To bleach my darkest shadows
To keep me from my shadows
That creep, extend and hang low
That go where only I know
So deep that only I know

To a place oh so dark, a place oh so cold,
where midnight is fixed, unlike body and soul
A place oh so dark, place oh so cold
Where midnight is fixed and we’re chased by shadows

How can I tell her
The things that haunt my mind?
How can I tell her
That I think I’ve lost my mind?
And it’s not the first of times...

Shadows, shadows, shadows of my mind (repeat)

My pessimistic mind,
My lost and drifted mind
Each time I think I’m high
Somehow my wings won’t fly

My sick and twisted mind
A most sadistic mind
Each time I think I’m fine
My shadows creep behind
And it reminds me of a

Place oh so dark, a place oh so cold,
where midnight is fixed, unlike body and soul
A place oh so dark, place oh so cold
Where midnight is fixed and we’re chased by shadows

How can I tell her
The things that haunt my mind?
How can I tell her
That I think I’ve lost my mind?
And it’s not the first of times...

Shadows, shadows, shadows of my mind (repeat)

Planet Love

Me and you can fly
On a spaceship ride
To a planet we call love...

White Friends

You line em up
We’ll knock em down
These pins and needles
We’ll stick it to them now

You’ve been buked, well welcome to my world
Sticks and stones done broke my bones

Soon enough the time will come, it's not so far
The final seconds for a 15 minute superstar
Soon enough the time will come it won't be long,
Fame for 15 minutes, here's the final song

The grills are ice, Airbrushed so nice
15 minute paradise,
Look so mean, but the air is nice

Snake eyes the risk, when you roll the dice
Flying high through paradise

Up, Up, Up, Up, Up

I'm just like you, a sinner with no prayer
Troubled by my deeds, I need a place where there's no care
We're both the same, tryna find a fairer life,
Bad karma from my past but I'll make it right in Paradise

Living off borrowed time,
The clock moves fast
Your heartbeat, racing with the hourglass
Fuck getting by our fancy cars are speeding past

Eulogies for young stars who couldn't last

Soon enough the light will shine, it won't be far
The darkest nights, sky without a single star
Soon enough, the light will shine it won't be long
Paradise, lost – it's final song

The grills are ice, Airbrushed so nice
15 minute paradise,
Look so mean, but the air is nice

Snake eyes the risk, when you roll the dice
Flying high through paradise

Up, Up, Up, Up, Up

I'm just like you, a sinner with no prayer
Troubled by my deeds, I need a place where there's no care
We're both the same, tryna find a fairer life,
Bad karma from my past but I'll make it right in Paradise

Be A Man

More of a Man
Than my daddy was
If that he knew I'd sing the blues
The best He'd do-
With better shoes
I'd walk for you
One thousand miles into the sky

Burning in the sun,
My turn would never come
I'd wait and wait and wait
To see his wretched face
No pity felt, still like a child, a little boy who never learned to be a man

What it means to be a man (repeat)

Foie Gras

Hey mama, look at me
Your little superstar
I'm eating caviar
Maybe it's Foie Gras
Can't taste the difference
It's all so tasteless
My eating shit grin

Since my new facelift

It's funny though, I feel the same
(As what?)
As when I was broke
(No Way)
Cause this world is fucked and it won't change
So I still feel broke

Hey Mama, check your boy
I'm driving shiny toys
I'm at the gallery
Just bought a Delacroix
Nouveau and tasteless, I'm drinking champagne
My breakfast caviar
Is this the Foie Gras?

Funny though, it feels the same
How I still feel broke
(No way, Hahaha)
'Cause this world is fucked and it won't change
So I still feel broke...

I used to dream of this
Of being rich
It looked so nice on the TVs and movies
I'd dream of this
Of getting paid
Like in the rap videos, but this can't be the same...
It's

Foie Gras and Caviar
Caviar and Foie Gras
Confit, Tartare Ta-ta
Foie Gras and Caviar

Sour grapes and Beaujolais
This life looks so sweet,
But it's exactly the same
Oh lookout...

My life's a movie
I'm wearing makeup
Models in D cups,
Models in A cups
Can't taste the difference
Brainwashed since very young
Misogynistic, Violent
What? We're just having fun...

Welcome to privilege, welcome to fame
I mean, my money look so good
But this world is still the same...
Welcome to wealth
No responsibility

I'm living fat with all this cheese,
But man my heart is killing me

Foie Gras and Caviar
Caviar and Foie Gras
Confit, Tartare Ta-ta
Foie Gras and Caviar

Sour grapes and Beaujolais
This life looks so sweet,
But it's exactly the same
It's exactly the same,
This world will never change
Money in the bank, but come on
Let's say it plain...

Lobster rolls and escargot
The shit that smells so sweet
But sometimes just isn't so
Oh lookout...

Bread

Rich and poor get hungry for
Bread, we're fed but all want more
One taste is not enough
We're willing to get rough
These times they are so tough
For rich and poor alike
We'll see who lasts the fight

B-R-E-A-D

And in that fight, who's wrong or right
No love is lost, so what's the cost a hunger strike
Struck out, swept the plate
Shit to eat, so shit we ate
Bread alone can't save the day,
but a little slice goes a long way

We need it, to eat it, I'm fiendin, Can you see this?

More Bread, No Wonder Bread Can't tolerate
The poor's fed
Our hunger for them dollars
Keeps the floor red
With the same blood running through our veins
Goddamn those hunger pains
We need bread...

To just maintain, just to sustain

This bread, no wonder bread
Can't tolerate
The rich is fed
Our hunger for them dollars keeps the
Street stomach filled up with hunger,
Keep one-ups, guns filled with anger,
Crime stick-ups raised by the numbers
Just for the Bread

B-R-E-A-D

The meek shall thus inherit what
You leave us, but we shall take

What we wish to take
Even if we break all your codes
To feed our famished woes
Your laws seem so old, how bout we upgrade those
Too

Bread winners win,
Bread losers lose
We steal and loot, no one makes sense
We're just confused
Pan handle, fix the broke
Glam vandals, now in vogue
Childhood stars, African babies
Skin and bones, royalties pay me
Bread

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B-R-E-A-D

Poor man just come home from war
Back to the same
What was it for?
He still don't taste the bread,
Got thoughts inside his head
He's caught inside a web
And he can't move his legs

When he's put on a diet
Of cook-up and eyedrips
He'll never ever see a piece of the pie

Rich man walk that same old path
Through the blood red streets and back
Can't apologize for that
He earned it stack for stack
He's addicted to the stacks
He's addicted to the stacks
He's addicted to the stacks
He wants Bread

Paradise

Living off of borrowed time, this dreams not ours
The hourglass moves faster than your beating heart
Fuck getting by, we're speeding past in fancy cars
Eulogies in tabloids for young superstars