

Satie's Journey

Part 1 ("The Voyage")

Instrumental 6 to 8 minutes

Part 2 ("Satie's Beirut")

Chorus:

When Satie visited
Beirut!
When Satie visited
We began this...
To keep umbrellas underneath our raincoats.
When it rains,
we keep our umbrellas
Under our raincoats
To keep them
dry.

To keep them dry.

Soloist:

When Satie visited Beirut,
he stayed in a hotel room
where one piano was
atop another.
Stacked like bunks
He played the bottom one
and kept his clothes in the top.

When Satie visited Beirut,
he met one lady
whom he loved passionately.
When she left him,
he was devastated.
Satie only loved one lady
in Beirut
and her name was Aulone.
Aulone left Satie alone.

Woman's Voice:

Aulone. Alone.
Aulone. Alone.

Soloist:

In Beirut,
Satie wrote a symphony.
And when the national orchestra
played it,
it lasted two days
and was repeated 840 times.

Chorus
Eight hundred
Eight hundred
And forty times.
840 times.

Soloist:

In the Beirut that Satie visited,
there were no wars, no divisions,
no divisions, no wars.
Satie could sleep, then stare,
At the mathematical counts of the beautiful waves:
the length of the waves,
the width of the waves,
the depth of the waves...

Soloist with Chorus:

The length of the waves,
the width of the waves,
the depth of the waves.

Soloist:

Again and again.
The numbers swam in his head.
Flowing onto the blank page
The notes were liquid swells
waves
and they were not meant,
not meant to be played.
But to be watched.
The score was to be watched.

Not heard.

In the Beirut that Satie visited,
everyone spoke Satie's language.
It was not English.
It was not Arabic.
Everyone was a citizen
of Satie's mind. And he of theirs.

Chorus:

Who are we?

Soloist:

...they cried. They sang:

Chorus:

We have our own language.
We are our own thing.

Soloist:

Some went on to sing.

Chorus:

We are different
but in Satie's Beirut,
we are the same.
We don't know the word "different."

Soloist:

Some were sad to hear
that Satie was to leave.

Chorus:

We mourn for his departure. Our brother!

Soloist:

Many exclaimed...

Chorus:

We can go with him!

Soloist:

Then another voice sang...

Woman's Voice:

Where shall we go?

Soloist:

Three others harmonized...

Singers C, D, and E:

To America.
But they do not
know our language.

Chorus:

They do not know
our language
of double pianos
and hidden umbrellas.
We have many umbrellas.
We have many umbrellas.

Soloist:

Satie wrote a piece
that said goodbye,
goodbye to
all his friends in Beirut.
They mourned him for years
as his music played on.
In Satie's Beirut,
you cannot visit
unless you have a special gift:
The gift of a thousand
Umbrellas
How does it go?

Keep your umbrella
underneath your coat
so it doesn't get wet.
It doesn't get wet.
It can't get wet.
That's where umbrellas are kept
when it rains.
How does it go?

Chorus:

We keep umbrellas underneath our raincoats.
When it rains,
we keep our umbrellas dry.

We keep umbrellas underneath our raincoats.
When it rains,
That's where umbrellas are kept
When it
Rains.

Part 3 ("The Voyage Continues")

Instrumental 4 to 5 minutes

Part 4 ("The Waves of Gibraltar")

Soloist:

Satie arrived on the isle of Gibraltar
three days after leaving Beirut.
He believed he could not
remain in Paradise forever.
He knew for certain:
Happiness never lasts

Chorus
Happiness never lasts

Soloist
The Gibraltarians were unlike
any others on Satie's voyage.
Here everyone was fixed,
transfixed,
brains locked on one thought
from which they could not escape.

And each had their own troubled thought,
a troubled thought caught in the webs in their brains.

Chorus:

Please let me out.

Soloist:

Satie stayed at a hotel called "Please Let Me Out."

Chorus:

Please let me out.

Soloist:

Satie had nightmares each night,
nightmares about even and odd numbers.
Satie refused to leave
his room,
telling himself
that he needed to count the numbers
of the waves that reached his shore
until that number ended on an odd count
and not an even one.

Chorus

An odd count
Not an even one

Soloist:

If the waves ended on an even count,
he would be locked, mentally squeezed
in forever, forever in the Hotel "Please Let Me Out."

Chorus:

Please let me out.

Soloist:

In a fever-pitch. he counted all day, all night.
Never leaving his room,
he ordered room service

leaving his door unlocked.
This way, he could keep his eye on the count,
the count of the water waves.
The waiters' brains were looped as well.

Chorus:

Please let me out. Please let me out.

Soloist:

They would not step into his room
for fear of contagion.
The cooks were frozen-headed.

Chorus

Please let me out. Please let me out.
Please let me out. Please let me out.

Soloist:

The cooks feared raw chicken.
The hotel's menu served
no poultry.

Chorus

No poultry shall be served

Soloist:

In Satie's room,
the waiters pushed the carts inside
with a shove.
Thirty carts piled high over thirty days
the bathroom view was of the shore
Satie only needed one meal a day,
one meal a day to count the waves.

Aside from sleep,
Satie had all he needed.
Yet the stench of the room
was unbearable.

Chorus:

Please let me out.

Soloist:

The food had soured.
The food was molding.
Yet Satie suffered.
Satie continued on.

Not unlike the Gibraltarians,
Satie was aware of his mental chains.
And like them he had no key to unlock
To unlock the head chains
that trapped
trapped their minds and his.
And thus he kept counting...
1031, 1032,

Chorus:

Odd, even, even odd.

Soloist:

1033, 1034,

Chorus:

Odd, even, even odd.

Soloist:

Only after the 39th day
did his rational mind
come to take a peek.
Satie let uncertainty relax.
There, his clear mind saw,
saw that the waves
would not stop on
even or odd.

Chorus:

Odd, even.

Soloist:

Because the waves do not stop.
Waves do not stop.
The earth's endless rotation has no pause
and the moon will not loosen
its grip on the sea.
A fraction of a fraction of a fraction.
Did Satie's clear eye see the Koan as unsolvable
A riddle that never unravels
In that instant, Satie
gathered his money and his robe
then hopped the next vessel
back to Beirut,
beautiful Beirut.

When he stepped on the city's beach,
feeling like it was decades since he'd departed,
he prostrated himself and kissed the sand.
As a wave caressed his sprawling body,
he clenched the wet sand
and let his muscles melt into the shore.
Turned onto his back,
he now set free a series
of high-pitched tones to heaven.

Chorus:

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Soloist:

Each note was the scream of freedom,
his release from the mind grip of the waves,
the length of the waves,
the width of the waves,
the depth of the waves,
the even ones and the odd ones,
the waves
the waves

Each note was the scream of freedom
Releasing him from the mind grip of
The waves

Of the waves
Free from the
The waves of Gibraltar.

Part 5 (“Serenity, Instrumental Epilogue”)

1 to 2 minutes

End