

The Baton

by Alexandra Lee (dedicated to Pierre Simard)

Audience participation to conduct a 4-beat conducting pattern on "1...2...3...4..."

1..... 2..... 3..... 4.....

tracing sailboats

mast... hull... boom... mainsail...

floating in air

one concert could mean

a whole flotilla setting sail from the port

1..... 2..... 3..... 4.....

air stirring

excitement starts first when the baton rises

and hangs...

un-moving.

50 pairs of eyes, or more, staring at its tip

mouthpieces hovering before lips

bows poised above strings

reeds waiting for a breath

1... 2... 3... 4...

Now the adventure begins!

shining sound emerges from dark silence

the baton leads a dizzying path of loop-de-loops

outlining constellations

charting a course, known but unknown

(for even familiar waters can be a new adventure!)

who knows where the wind will take us this time?

1, 2, 3, 4!

invigorating! (inhale)

1, 2, 3, 4!

exhilarating! (exhale)

the stick carves a winding line.

soft edges, hard jabs,

not the arm's random meanderings, but

sculpting sound

shaping song.

the flight of that tiny point,
each flutter, every swoop,
can bring about more beautiful song
than a whole chorus of birds.
(And sometimes an equal amount of flapping!)

1, 2, 3, –
feel the beat
1, 2, 3, –
stay with me
1, 2, 3, –
stay in time
1, 2, 3, –
sing the line

its smallest flick can spark
one
singular
hushed pizzicato.
a broad sword slash - blast and boom!
in its graceful dance,
coaxing, coaxing song from silence

journeying - exposition to finale
until, that last chord.
how are we already at the end?
stretching time... savouring

1..... 2..... 3.....

hold...

a chord that rings

echos of the singer

let that feeling linger