

A Day in the Life of a Musician  
by Eric Satie

An artist must regulate his life.

Here is a time-table of my daily acts.

I rise at 7.18;

am inspired from 10.23 to 11.47.

I lunch at 12.11 and leave the table at 12.14.

A healthy ride on horse-back round my domain follows from 1.19 pm to 2.53 pm.

Another bout of inspiration from 3.12 to 4.7 pm.

From 5 to 6.47 pm various occupations

(fencing, reflection, immobility, visits, contemplation, dexterity, notation, etc.)

Dinner is served at 7.16 and finished at 7.20 pm.

From 8.9 to 9.59 pm symphonic readings (out loud).

I go to bed regularly at 10.37 pm.

Once a week (on Tuesdays) I awake with a start at 3.14 am.

My only nourishment consists of food that is white:

eggs, sugar, shredded bones,

the fat of dead animals,

veal, salt, coco-nuts,

chicken cooked in white water,

moldy fruit, rice, turnips,

sausages in camphor,

pastry, cheese (white varieties),

cotton salad, and certain kinds of fish (without their skin).

I boil my wine and drink it cold mixed with the juice of the Fuschia.

I have a good appetite but never talk when eating for fear of strangling myself.

I breathe carefully (a little at a time) and dance very rarely.

When walking I hold my ribs and look steadily behind me.

My expression is very serious;

when I laugh it is unintentional,

and I always apologize very politely.

I sleep with only one eye closed, very profoundly.

My bed is round with a hole in it for my head to go through.

Every hour a servant takes my temperature and gives me another.