

times, has nothing to do with all this. Musical emotion can have no connection with the literary. It must come out of the finest things within itself.

My Ballet Mekanique comes out of the first and principle stuff of music... *time-space*.

The whole problem of music today, as the whole world knows, is *form*.

I believe that all the forms today are merely parades and arrangements, derived from a tonal nuclei: Section A against Section B, with Section C added thereto... all with slight overlappings. Parades. Various formations. Inter-minglings.

In my eyes it is impossible to give further consideration to the tonal forms.

Likewise the atonal, which to me seems quite as tonal as the first tonal laws. I am certain that the people who have decided that they can evolve new forms out of the atonal, just as Beethoven evolved new forms out of the tonal, will find that Beethoven has finished their work for them long ago. The innocents believe that in the difference between tonality and atonality lies the phenomena out of which the new form will be created.

For it is only out of new phenomena in art, that the nuclei of the new forms lie.

I am, perhaps, too sophisticated to try to finish that which has been absolutely finished by greater and kinder talents before me.

And with this one stroke is all of the modern Central European music eliminated for me.

And because the music of modern France, America, and Italy relies mainly upon its charm (as Strawinsky tells me he always and fundamentally searches) and its intelligence in clearing away the mass of music rubbish that accumulated after Wagner... it is even less interesting to me. I can only recommend it as an antidote to Central Europe... or Central Europe as an antidote to it. Kill one another by the most poisonous methods, if you please....

My forms are the first complete forms that have come out of the only forms out of which musical forms can be made... *Time*. Is not *time*, and *time alone* the *sole* canvas of music? Notes, vibrations, and sound are merely our drawing pencils... our paint-box. Can you dare to deny that *time* is the sole canvas of music? Can you dare to deny that the forms come out of the canvas, and not the crayon? Can you dare to deny that the crayon is merely the human instrument for indicating the spaces *existing only upon the canvas*?

Can you any longer dare to say that music is made of *tone* and not of *time*.

Will you any longer write music in which *time* is merely a byproduct of *tonality*, or *tone*.

Again I ask you.... do you dare to deny that the canvas of music is *time* and not *tonality*.... do you mean to say that the very spaces in which you are working, and the finished space which is your goal.... does not interest you *fundamentally*, above all other things.

Does not its plan, and its musical phenomena in which it differs from ordinary *time*.... in a word, the root of its miracle, the secret of its existence, the germ of its life, the cool beauty of its plan and mathematics, the tension of its spaces, the beating of our hearts (for our hearts do not *feel*... they *beat*), in a word the very *reason* of music, the ultimate *form*.... does not this interest you, *except as a by-product*.

Improvisors!