

As I have already said, my Ballet Mecanique has under no circumstances, and at no point a single motion or movement that does not come out of *time*.

For the first time on earth *time* have been *used* under its fundamental principles in the single art in which it is fundamentally conceived... or better, in the single art which is fundamentally conceived out of *time*.

*Time* is inflexible, rigid, beautiful!

*Time* is the very stuff out of which life is made.

My Ballet Mecanique has a closer connection to life than any of the tonal music that preceded it. But it is a musical and not a literary connection.

In my Ballet Mecanique, I offer you, for the first time, music hard and beautiful as a diamond.

The Ballet Mecanique differs from the work of every living composer in that it tries to attain a single and gigantic form. All others simply write pieces that last only a few moments one after the other. They write suites, and call them sonatas, operas, symphonies... all these parades are of no consequence to me.

Some time in the future we will have forms which will not last a half hour, nor an hour, but eight hours, sixteen hours, or two days. This is not romancing. The reason lies in the fact that we have discovered *the new and true dimension of music and its basic principles which insure larger and almost endless forms*.

The Ballet Mecanique is the first piece *in the world* to be conceived in one piece without interruption, like a solid shaft of steel.

I am now writing a work which is four hours long and without interruption or the break of a second's time.

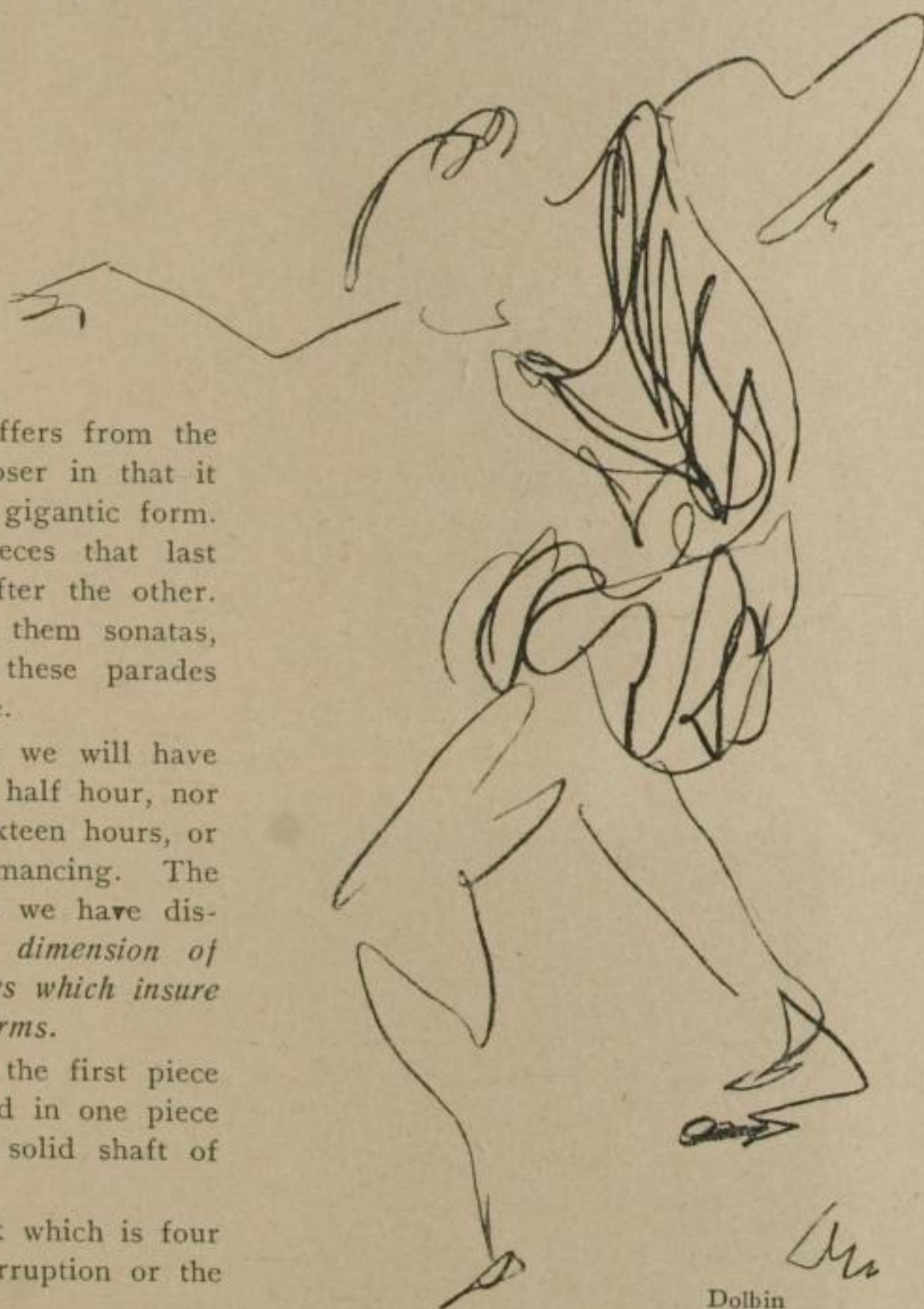
After that I shall write one which is ten hours long. I started with mechanism and pieces that were only a minute long.

Even these produced hysteria and riots. The time was too short, and the nuclei too explosive. A few concerts throughout Europe and I retired to my laboratory. Now I hope to present you not with an explosion, but the *fourth dimension... the first physical realization of the fourth dimension*.

I am not presenting you with an abstraction. I am presenting you with a *physicality like sexual intercourse*.

Paris, May 1925.

George Antheil.



Dolbin