

We live in a new Renaissance.

Man is born again as a cosmic being

**After so long a time of writing and talking and talking
and writing, he begins to listen.**

**With fantastically sharp microphones and macrophones, he listens
to all oscillations, tuning himself EVERY INSTANT newly to
swing synchronous with the universal vibrations.**

**Man is discovering his destiny: to be a musician, a bright bird
carried by the waves of sounds.**

Conservatories of Music?

Let us change the name.

**"Exploratories of Music" we shall call the places where the young
birds absorb the rhythms, notes, melodies and harmonies,
dynamics and volumes, timbres and space-movements
of musical flying.**

No limits between INNER- and OUTER-SPACE.

We need to close the eyes for a while and LISTEN.

There is always something UNHEARD-OF in the air.

Kerching Stockhaman