

"The Monk" is not music. It is the attempt to embody a state of mind with sounds. The monk does not judge because everything is sheltered inside himself. He does not lead, he is. One can learn from him though he is not teaching. "One does not talk about the things that have been achieved with great hardship, neither of the things one has not experienced", the monk stated, when asked to tell about his life. Wisdom lies within love, in unconditional devotion, not in the admonishing forefinger.

This piece is not a piece, it is an attempt at self-abandonment, to give oneself away for something that could possibly become true if one does not expect it anymore. Being the last part of a musical triptych (after: "Solitudes in a Room Full of Dreams" - 2008, "Walkabout-Silence" - 2009, "The Monk" is my third piece as composer for the Jamboree), it is as well my regretful farewell as a resident of Kirsten Kajer's Museum, which is such a strong and wondrous place where joy and pain are closely entangled.

Extinguish thou my eyes, I still can see thee, Deprive my ears of sound, I still can hear thee, And without feet I still can come to thee, And without voice I still can call to thee.

Sever my arms from me, I still will hold thee with all my heart as with a single hand.

Arrest my heart, my brain will keep on beating,

And should thy fire at last my brain consume,
the flowing of my blood will carry thee.

## Rainer Maria Rilke

From: "The Book of Monastic Life" (1899). Translated by: Albert Ernest Flemming

## do not leave

do not leave
friend or stranger
neighbour widely-travelled
do not leave
without a word
stay for another trice
and you as well unknown visitor
take an instant to look
through the spire lights
and there above the roofs
muse over the skies
the spaces and your dreams
in your mind
learn to dance
over the pediments

do not leave
without a word
you might
never come back
and without you a whole
world would be missing

Hans Gysi (trans: Monique Popescu)