

"*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.

Marius Ungureanu (trans.: Monique Popescu)

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)