

DANCE OF JOY

In a Labyrinth



Anup Rej

DANCE OF JOY IN A

LABYRINTH

BY

Anup Rej

LIFE AND DEATH OF

ÅNUN LUND REJ

born

in Trondheim, Norway, 3 September 1979

died

in Switzerland on 25 February 1990
in an accident on a mountain top
in the Alps named Berneux
2048 meters high
on a sunny Sunday
at 12 A.M.

Dedicated to

Ragne,

mamma, whom Ånun so dearly loved and was proud of and who, with her immense care and love brought him up as a "Dance of Joy" for all.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I owe deep gratitude to my wife, Ragne Birte Lund, for her help in correcting and guiding me in the process of writing and feel indebted to my father's (Debabrata Rej's) work "Poem in Search of Itself" in composing the poem that follows at the end of the first part. To all who helped me to improve the manuscript I acknowledge my sincere thanks.

The book has been translated into Norwegian by Åse Mare Nesse eminent poet and linguist and was published by Dryer and Grøudahl in 1991 with the Norwegian title "Ånun en Ufullendt Symfoni" means "Ånun an unfulfilled Symphony".

PROLOGUE

In a cycle beginning in a day, passing through a week, and ending in the last twenty-four hours of Ånun's life, time loops in a labyrinth through an absurd and surreal time where in a chiaroscuro of light and darkness I try to reconstruct amidst sorrow and joy a soul who enchanted our minds everyday for ten years with his dance of joy. In this labyrinth life ends in death where it resumes again and life begins with death where it ends. He rises from the past, returns to the present, and then looping around the time-hole evanesces into nothing again. In a paradoxical state he exists without being here and now removing the barrier between reality and dream. There is no way, no out, no exit from the labyrinth. The book ends where it begins and begins where it ends. The story of Ånun's life never ceases. It comes back again and again as a dance of joy in a labyrinth.

A DAY

After the dream a morning returns. Such a morning has come before so many hundreds of millions of times sundering dreams from eyes and awakening the humans to reality scattering spangles of rays from the wheels of the chariot of the sun as it does “now”. I roll in the bed before I get up. My eyes ply across the morning sky through the window pane staring at me like a surreal hole. Behind it is the skull of Yme. Inside the skull is a vacuum. The sky is dazzling in the interior of this vacuum in the touch of the sunlight while plants and trees on the earth are burning in an incandescent radiance of light. Amidst this light I visualize a soul in front of me emerging as a spiraling flame of a spiritual fire gleaming with joy and love. Suddenly a flute emanates from nothing and dances in this light in order to wake up a half-awake snake stealthily rolling inside the mind coiling around the vacuum of the sky. The snake gets enthralled by this captivating light and music and wishes to wake up.

“Hei pappa, you must get up. It is already half past seven”. After taking a pause in order to give me this message, Ånun resumes playing his flute again. His voice buoys me up. Breaking the lethargy of darkness still coiling up inside the body and mind, as I rise up from the bed and stretch my arms to seize the light of joy, he recedes. As I leap out of the bed and chase after him, he flies away as light through the surreal hole and merges with the dazzling skull of the sky. I cry out, “Ånun, Ånun, my dear friend, come back, come back”. In notes of the flute the light replies, “You must wake up.” I wake up. I don’t see him anymore. In the silence of the skull someone replies, “He is dead.” Like an angry serpent I raise my head and hiss at the universe. I want to strike at the light deluding my eyes. I want to strike at God or the Devil or whoever is responsible for his death. I want to slay the one who has killed him. I wish to destroy the world.

“Pappa you seem to be very angry”, I hear him come back. I see him descending from the sky as a patch of light moving down inching along the stem from the crown of a pine tree in the garden . While bathing in the sunlight, he speaks, “Pappa I love nature. I love life. I love this pleasant earth. Please don’t destroy anything of this wonderful life that you see. “His presence soothes my mind and I calm down. I want to know, “Why then have you who loved all, respected all, stood for all virtues we seek in a human being been killed at the age of ten?” The leaves of the tree start fluttering in the wind, the light begins vibrating in the morning breeze as if he is trying to fly away again from the body of the tree. Brimming with emotion he answers, “Don’t mind. I am only one of the billions of human beings. My death does not matter to the world.” Tears run along his cheek as the eyelids flicker to express that he does not mean what he says. It is his way of expressing pain

when something so terrible and unjust has befallen his life. He dreams of being a unique one, one day whose death would matter to the world. This is the way he expresses his deep grief for being deprived of life he loved so dearly. He never likes to complain about anything. Instead of complaining he bears suffering and pain in silence as if to express his deep vanity against the folly of the Creator. After death too he remains the same. He divulges his feelings in a way as if to dismiss all sufferings created by his death pretending that he is nothing but one of those billions of human beings for whose deaths we would not grieve. However he cannot hide from me a bleeding pain oozing out of his mind in silence. After answering me he takes up his flute to relieve this pain and plays it again as he always does in a state of deep sorrow and agony. As he plays the sky becomes brighter, the sun becomes warmer, the earth becomes holier, the trees transform in the joy of light as soul of Ånun dancing in the joy of the music of life all around.

My anger dies down. I notice spring has come in the garden. I hear the chirping of the birds. A gush of wind comes running and falls over me like a loving child. The wind retreats back to the tree from where it came in order to repeat the game time and again. I feel bewildered between pain and joy and pick up a poem lying on my table that Ånun wrote two years ago, and read:

A warm gush of wind.....

Some chirping of the birds....

A spring, a joy, a sun.

A warm gush of wind....

A winter is over....

A peaceful earth, a sun of joy.

A hand of spring....

A hand of summer....

A hand of joy...

A spring.

A hand of love approaches from behind and clasps my hand in order to interrupt:

“Pappa, come. Let us go down.”

“Wait Ånun. I am reading your poem”, I reply.

“Please come”, he persuades me to move.

“Why?”, I ask.

“Please come and listen to the melody of the theme of the third movement of my fourth symphony. I want to know if you like it or not.

“Please come”, he tugs my arm. After setting me in motion he leaves my hand and I follow him downstairs in the living room. To shorten the time Ånun jumps while descending the stairs making me nervous and I yell, “Be careful. You may break your legs.” The last jump is the biggest one that proceeds with a short run to the piano. By the time I come down Ånun is by the side of the piano ready to play the melody.

As soon as I enter the living room, a scream pierces through the space and tears apart the melody of the third movement from the flow of time. I see Ånun bleeding profusely on the mountain top of Berneux in the Alps. The unwritten notes of the “Allegro Vivace” flows out of time as corpuscles of blood to merge with the intense sunshine playing the orchestra of light over the Alps. “Ånun, Ånun”, I jump over his body to

save him. But he flits away as particles of light leaving the melody of “Allegro Vivace” erupting through a stream of blood. His last music becomes a piece of note paper with twelve bars of the violin one and violin two, two silent flutes, two inaudible oboes, two mute faggots, two hushed clarinettes and deathlike frozen viola, violin, cello, contrabass, trumpets and horns.

To discern this last movement of music of his life, I take out this page of the fourth symphony from his music shelf. But I hear nothing. The notes resemble the indecipherable inscriptions on sarcophagi. Ånun hummed the theme of the movements on his way to Berneux only a few minutes before his death. But I did not hear.

In despair and agony my fingers wish to lash against the piano keys with a hope of releasing this music from the eternal deafness. As I strike with fury Ånun reappears and interferes. He comes and sits on my lap in order to remove my hands from the piano keyboard. I insist he must let me play. “Pappa you should learn to play properly. I do not like that you play randomly”, he retorts. He does not like to see that I am trifling with music without knowing the rules. I also know another reason why he does not allow me to touch the piano lately. He has told mamma that he has lost one ten-øre coin inside the piano keyboard which obstructs one of the keys. He does not want me to discover this. I notice that his right palm is lying over the key that does not produce sound. I smile and get up. He takes over the play. Every morning I wake up listening to his piano play. The day when I do not come down listening to this music, he comes with his flute to wake me up.

Therefore he appeared with his flute this morning. But now the

character of time has changed, the meaning of reality has transformed. Now, past appears as present, present loops through the past and future does not exist anymore. What was real before is not real any longer. The windows, the sky, trees, light, all objects around hover above the reality in another dimension where senses can not reach. Ånun exists in that world where there is no motion, no becoming, no end of being.

He appears and disappears. He emerges from the past, becomes present, loops around a time-hole and passes into nothing again. I try to reconstruct him in my mind. He joins with me in the temporal world in order to release me from the bondages of time. I see him. We talk, we live, we try to construct the world together to enliven the past. But as I attempt to grasp this world with my senses, the reality transforms- it becomes empty, a paradoxical nothing that exists without being here and now.

I hear Ånun absorbedly playing the melodies constantly rising and dying out in his mind. He is looking for a particular one before going to school. He will work with it in his mind on the way and make the composition ready before he comes back home.

Watching the time I call out, "Ånun you must get ready. Your friends would soon come. They don't like to wait for you. Please hurry." But Ånun's fingers do not stop until the door-bell rings. As the bell rings he pops up from the chair like a suddenly released spring and gains his balance of equilibrium only in the entrance door after tumbling over obstacles on his way. As he opens the door the friends discover that he is not ready yet. He is always late. Why can't he get ready before they arrive? As usual they threaten to leave. Ånun is used to this reaction

every morning. Therefore he does not reply. Instead, he hurriedly puts on his jacket and boot. The result resembles an absent-minded professor. I try to help him with shoe laces, to fasten his jacket and adjust the collar folds turning inwards. He resists because he is afraid, in case, his friends may discover. They will tease him. I understand his problem and accept the way he is while he does his best in this highly pressed time. The friends break into shrill cries, “We are leaving” and they depart. Ånun still requires a few more seconds to put his school sack on the shoulder. He does not have time to close the sack and therefore throws it in that open state on his shoulder and runs to catch up with his friends saying “good-bye” to me. I get anxious that his books and papers may fall out and chase him in order to close the sack. The words “Have a nice day” have hardly been uttered, the entrance door slams back in front of my eyes.

I go to the kitchen and as I look through the window, I understand that the threat from his friends is not real. They are waiting for him beside the road and Ånun joins the group. Suddenly I get frightened seeing that one of his friends is trying to push him in front of an approaching car. I wish to run out and talk to this boy. But as Ånun has explained so many times, I know he will face even bigger problems if we try to protect him this way. Therefore I stand still and watch.

I move only after they vanish out of sight and go upstairs to my working room. Looking out of the window, I see a lake encircled by forest-clad hills, a road swinging through the forest behind the lake passing by a church and a graveyard as if it is veering through a labyrinth like a venomous serpent. Suddenly a fire erupts inside this labyrinth engulfing my mind. I see the church on fire, the sky on fire, the lake on fire,

the trees rising like flames towards Heaven while Ånun walks through the forest under the celestial vault. I shout, “Ånun, my dear Ånun, come back, come back.” I chase after him. But someone slams the door . Heaven closes in front of my eyes and he vanishes out of sight in the gape of the infinite universe.

Amidst this tragedy the sun dazzles, the notes from a flute flit through the wind trembling as music of flame in the eyes of the sun, in the warmth of the earth in the solitude of the universe. Like drops of tears from the sunlight trickles out of the sky along the cheeks of the horizon on the surface of the lake where love flickers in the wind of time, sorrow unwinds joy, pain untwines happiness, shadows dance with ripples of light in the lake of fire where life is born, life recedes, life completes itself in a circle drawn by the mystery and magic of God.

In this magic trees dance as flames, leaves open like eyes of golden peacocks permitting the rays to pass through the bosom where time transmutes water, air and earth to unfold a tail of beauty lifting human mind to a light unseen by eyes before. In this miracle a human soul that enchanted our minds every moment during the last ten years opens its tail of beauty in order to dance with the winds of the earth, the lights of the sun, the ripples of joy flowing through the hole of time inside a labyrinth covering our home on the earth. In this mystery, the fire erupts to engulf the peacock, a flame rises and vanishes again and again in the universe, I shout , I chase , a door slams on my face, a labyrinth closes like a grave, in a chiaroscuro of life and death a cry surges from my heart.”Ånun, my dear Ånun, come back, come back. Do not recede in that invisible fire in that eternal infinite abyss of darkness.”

Drowning my cry the birds chirp besides the grave, the clouds drift in the sky like white angels scattering the lights of immutable eternal beauties singing the songs of Heaven, the lavas move under the surface of the earth containing the grave, the sun breathes fire from the nostrils of the sky over all lives on the earth and Ånun plays his flute inside the grave joining the birds and the angels in an eternal fete of joy paying tribute to life pervading the earth and the sky. He plays the melody of his music piece “Dance of Joy”. Through the air the sun hurls its rays at the earth paying homage to a soul conducting the orchestra of the universe. “Pappa, how do you like my music?”, I hear the lights bursting forth in words as tears pour forth from his eyes in silence.... Silence!....everywhere the fire engulfs me in silence.

In this silence I see his face floating in the sunlight over a lake surrounded by mountains conjuring up the scenery of Lac Lemman and the Alps around it. I see the waves, the ripples-the constantly changing time glittering as particles of fire as millions and billions of stars bathing in the breeze blowing over the surface of the water. Ånun is so happy! He smiles back to these stars to reflect the beauty and innocence of the human soul. He leans backward in order to lift his face towards the blue sky. The white birds greet him flapping their wings sharing with him the joy of triumph over all sorrows, amidst cascading rays, striking the earth as arrows from the hands of Arjuna, son of Indra winning the war over Karna, the son of the golden and powerful sun. In this war between dharma (wisdom) and chaos, Krishna, the preserver of the universe, drives the chariot in the blue sky while Ånun watches this war without any fear or sense of anxiety. It is a war where the soul triumphs

over the pleasant feelings of the body to lift the human mind higher and higher in the domain of the gods. In this war there is peace everywhere, there is eternal joy.

In this joy he floats in a boat. He is out fishing under the surface of the blue water rising to the sky where the lights swim, the fires swim, the sun swims like fishes of an unknown world. In this calmness he awaits surreptitiously to surprise the fishes of this other world. I see a golden string hangs in his hand touching the bottom of the lake. After pulling the string to check if it has reached the bottom he smirks and asks, "Pappa do you know how deep this universe is?" He wonders if this universe is finite or infinite. I reply, "It is finite." "But how can this universe come to an end?" he wants to know. I try to explain the curvature of space-time. "But pappa there must exist a surface of this curved space-time and it must be embedded somewhere which should lie outside it", he argues. "It does not matter for us who are constrained to live in the four-dimensional world. All events happen in four-dimensions and we cannot have any knowledge outside this four-dimensional world", I try to clarify. As usual Anun becomes indifferent to this vague and unsatisfactory answer and wishes to pursue the question by himself. He pulls the string time and time again before breaking out in joy and excitement, "Pappa, it feels heavy. I think I have got a fish." As he tries to haul in the fish the sun comes closer from the depth of the universe and the day becomes warmer revealing that the perception of the fish is false -it is only an illusion.

Time is an illusion too. Suddenly it ceases. Nothing moves except the boat in which he is fishing. It drifts out of sight along the horizon through the fire in the forest rising to the sky vaulting over

his grave. I get anxious as I watch it moving away in the depth of the universe. I cry out as powerfully as I can, “Ånun, my dear Ånun, come back, come back.” and chase after the boat. But before I reach him someone slams a door and the earth gets enclosed in a labyrinth confining me inside a huge coffin under the sky. In despair I scream with a hope to be able to rock the earth, churn the water and trigger quakes in the sun to free myself from this labyrinth of life.

But it is shut forever. The sky hangs like a blue bright lid. Inside it, pain, beliefs, thoughts, knowledge bite me like worms and languages, words, poems feed on my decaying mind like bacteria of cliches, paradoxes and parochial thoughts. Words juxtapose, tie, untie, move, halt, get bogged and mired as I try to furrow a domain of truth lying fallow in the mind. Solitudes conspire, pain devours, wounds ooze blood. Nothing circumvents nothing: false appears true, truth besieges the false, ignorance triumphs, wisdom suffers from ethical predilection, certitudes battle with doubts, paradigms, nouns, clauses, verbs exist as cocoons of the mind. The butterflies of fire sleep in the dark, the silkworms secrete inside their cocoons and I spew words inside this coffin while nothing, only nothing, only pain, only words without meaning scour through the fingers trying to evade this unsurpassable curse of fate.

Time resuscitates again as the alarm on my table rings to remind me that it is time for Ånun to come home from school. I stop to write and go down in the kitchen. As I look through the window I see his friends returning home. Ånun usually does not return together with them. He prefers to come alone. We have made a rule that he should not take more than half an hour from school. It is nearly the double the

time he should need if he does not while away time on the way. When he does not come back within three-quarters of an hour I get anxious and normally go out to look for him. I am afraid of the boys who may trouble him.

As I get ready to go out, I see the absent-minded Ånun coming home. His head is bowed down as if to avoid the distractions of this world. He is absorbed in his own world. I get anxious to see that he has not zipped his jacket although it is blowing cold, he has nothing on his head to protect it from the wind. As usual he has not closed his sack too. He moves slowly holding in one hand his cap while his other hand moves in the air. I understand he is composing music in his mind. His fingers are dancing, feet are moving following the time measures of the beats playing inside. I feel relieved. The anxieties are over for today. I hurry to take off my jacket and shoes before he enters so that he does not know that I was worrying. I know he must have a reason and he would definitely explain the cause. Only a few meters before he reaches the entrance door he remembers that more than half an hour has passed and pappa would be anxious. He runs these few meters, hurriedly opens the door and immediately after entering the hall exclaims, "Hei pappa, I know, I am late. But I have a reason. I shall explain to you. You know...." He throws his sack on the floor, quickly takes off the jacket and shoes while talking- littering the floor and creating a mess in the entrance hall. I interrupt and want to listen to his explanation a little later. I ask him to put his clothes and school sack in their proper places and tidy the entrance a little bit. He interprets it in his own way and asks, "Pappa, are you angry with me?" I tell him that I am not and become curious to listen to his explanation. The explanation is simple: He forgot his cap at school. After coming half way when he remembered it

he needed to go back alone to fetch the cap.

While tidying up, picking the boots he tries to sneak out of my sight to the bathroom upstairs. He does not want me to discover that his boots are wet. This game is understood from my side and I pretend not to see. After leaving the boots to dry, he comes down and sits beside the piano to play the melody of the composition he worked out in his mind during the hours he was away. However, I do not entertain this music before getting an answer to my usual question. He knows the question and therefore before I ask he answers with hesitation in a way that means mostly yes with a slight touch of no. To exemplify what he means, he brings the food box and opens it to show me that only a small piece of bread is unconsumed. He puts it in the mouth to make the answer a full yes. Meanwhile he gets worried if this slight failure to keep the promise not to forget to eat at school would result in a reduction of the money he receives at the end of the week. As he is trying to build up a cash for a Lego model, I find it hard to say anything but no. Hearing my answer he becomes happy and goes back to the piano and his fingers dance again. I know that if I allow him to enjoy this dance, he will forget everything. I want him to eat something before he starts doing anything else. He asks if he could wait to eat. But as soon as I suggest some of his favourite foods he leaves the piano, comes to the kitchen and tells me that he knows what he is going to have for lunch. He would like to prepare it himself. After a couple of attempts he manages to hoist himself up on the kitchen bench in order to fetch the glass bowl he normally uses for making batter for pancakes. But before reaching the bowl he changes his mind and jumps down taking the packet of spaghetti from the rack. He measures the right amount of water, chews a few of the dry ones before putting the spaghetti in the boiling water, and sets the alarm

clock that will remind him when it is ready. Then he goes back to his piano and I know the rest is my business.

After the food is ready, he comes to eat taking the book “Theory of Contrapunkt in Bach Style” in hand. He wants to read while eating. As I refuse to allow him to enjoy this pleasure, he opens the book to show me what he is reading with a hope to arouse my interest. Failing to stir my curiosity he submits and lets the book rest on the side.

Instead of the music theory I am interested in knowing about his school way, how it had been in the school compound, what he learnt in school etc. He does not entertain the first part of the questions as he is afraid that if he reports about incidents he has experienced we may take it up with the school authority. This normally aggravates his situation. Furthermore he feels that we are too concerned about him. He wants to be objective and therefore he tries to be quite tepid about this parental concern. As an answer first he gives me a lesson: All parents are fond of their own children. We cannot be objective about our own child. He expresses displeasure that only his parents are concerned about the behaviour of other children while other parents to his knowledge seldom bring complaints. Lately it has become usual for him to minimize the seriousness of incidents and thus he answers the first part lukewarmly: “It has been alright except for some small things.” These small things get amplified in my mind and I get curious to know what they may imply. But when he adds, “Pappa it is nothing serious. I do not want to tell you. I am used to it. I must live with it. Please do not ask me anything more”, I comply with his wish and jump to the next part. He expresses satisfaction about the school although he does not learn very much. When I get interested in knowing if at school he ever mentions the advanced topics which he so often discusses at home with us, he confirms

that he does not want more problem than what he has by being so “foolish”- already children at school call him a professor. But in the next moment his face brightens up. He forgets the food and starts his usual movement around the table. Ånun can never sit quietly when he relates something exciting or he feels very happy about. In such situations he moves around in a dancing manner tramping the floor in strides spewing an unstoppable flood of words - smiling, giggling and moving the limbs as if all parts of his body want to talk. The reason for this excitement is that his teacher had asked him if he knew what alcohol was made of. “I told her Dicarbon Pentahydride Hydroxide”, he laughs, lifts his right arm and bangs it on the table like a hammer to express a little moment of happiness. After this wink of joy he swallows the spaghetti in a hurry and runs to the piano.

I ask him to remember his homework. “Yes, pappa, I know it. But I must have my half-hour free time”, he reminds me of the daily routine he has agreed to follow. For Ånun, this free time is always time for music. Before I go upstairs, he takes out the record of Beethoven’s fifth symphony and asks me to help him with it as there has been some trouble with the pick-up lately. While I put on the record player he fetches the book on scores of the fifth symphony from his music shelf and then leaps in the air and lands with measured precision on the chair in front of the record player. The book opens and the eyes fall on the first bar in lightning speed while the theme of the “fate knocking on the door” bursts out of his mouth “na..na..na..nah..” in an attempt to synchronize his own voice with the sounds arriving from the loudspeakers. But this joy does not last for more than a second. He bounces back from the chair with tears in his eyes as the record player starts playing after skipping a few bars. I save this unhappy situation by starting the

record once again from the first bar. From that moment I loose contact with him- he gets completely absorbed in another world and turns into a statue - only the hands move in order to turn the pages of the score-book and the eyeballs change directions to follow the musical bars.

Leaving him in that state when I come upstairs, I see fate awaiting me. The sounds of the triumphant waves of joy approach from downstairs to engulf the fate. But it fails. It recedes. It comes back again with even stronger force to win over the insurmountable power of fate that constantly knocks on the doors of life. Flutes, oboes, clarinetes, trumpets, horns, violins, violas, cellos and contrabasses join in the struggle against fate. But nothing seems to be powerful enough to overwhelm its irresistible conspiracy. The musical phrases decay, dwindle, die in solitude and melancholy, sorrow and grief interperse, fate dances whirling its dark robe in pianissimos. Nevertheless the human soul stands up again for the last time, thunders in crescendos, overwhelms-fate in dynamic movements in fortes, leaving joys at the end. After this uncanny battle the lights break through, the soul of man reaches its height- it leaps to catch the lights of Heaven glowing behind the sun.

I see Ånun leaping out in exaltation lifting his head towards Heaven, graciously throwing his arms towards the stars heaving voluptuous waves of joy in the sky over the mountains in the forms of light stamping the earth in passion and love for the wonder of life and the universe. The lights hum, "na..na..na..nah..." sweeping its arms through the sky to collect all luminescence that exist in the stars twinkling in the glorious Heaven of human soul. As marching sunrays around the shadows constantly trying to stamp on the darkness, I see Ånun moving around and around on the floor of the living room trying to trample

all sorrows of life with forces of light undulating over the waves of joy. “Pappa, I love music. I love Beethoven- he is the greatest master of all”, the words flit through the mind as Ånun raises his arm in a manner of conducting his own symphony. I see in his smiling eyes the dream to dethrone the master he loved so much as he asks, “Pappa do you think it is possible to write greater music than Beethoven’s?” “I don’t know. You may try”, I answer. His head sinks in thought as he moves in the room in a soft jumping manner as if a small bird of paradise is hopping over the clouds searching the golden corns of music in the light of the human soul. Suddenly this movement ceases and the bird flies away in the world of dream singing, “Eureka, eureka.” It hops over the piano, picks the note papers with its beak and then flies away through the window far out over the woods, over the lakes, over the meadows, over the mountains, over the fires to find a place to nest in peace in order to compose a music that will dethrone his beloved master.

After veering round the sky, the bird in the end perches on a grave. Then it picks a feather from its plumage making the white clouds and scribble the notes of music dipping it in the colourful light of the noon. In wonder and joy the day watches this composer spell-bound while it spells out the joy of life over the note papers floating weightlessly over the serene beauty of the sky. Amidst this joy fate re-appears again swinging its dark robe. The blood drips through the notes stacked in the music shelf as light cast its shadow through the living room where Ånun merges with the light.

He scribbles fast. I wonder how he can write so fast, where do all those notes, signs and power of composition spring from in his mind? Like a devout admirer I watch him. He looks intense like the

strong sun falling on the floor. I ask him to take a break. But he does not want to give up. “Pappa, Mozart took less time to compose his pieces than I do”, he replies. “Ånun you should remember Mozart had more time to write music than you have. He did not go to school, he did not have to do homework as you have to do. You should give up your competition”, I wrangle with him. He lifts his face from the note paper flooded with sunlight, throws a glance at me whirling his clenched fist for a second before he is dragged again in the eddy of music passing through his mind. The fist falls on the note paper creating a banging noise to convey that time is passing through the centre of a singularity- this existence, a hole- and I should not disturb him.

I see time is passing through the labyrinth - the clouds are wafting away, the sun is slowly descending towards the horizon, like a few musical bars freed from a note paper a few birds are flapping their wings carrying the signs of joy. Inside this labyrinth Ånun is writing his music piece “Dance of Joy” like a bird freed in the soul of light while I am gasping for breathe inside a coffin closed by the lid of the sky and a dark robe is swinging across my eyes.

I cry out, “Free me from this time, lift the lid and show me an exit out of the labyrinth”. Fate shouts back in my mind, “Humans are destined to live with such sufferings.” I understand fate is not defeated, he walks everywhere. The triumph of human soul over fate is only a dream, a musical composition, a collection of sounds, a turning of a record player, a series of allusion to wishes to escape the drag of a turbulent eddy of a singular darkness in our mind flowing in time under the robe of fate.

There is no redemption. The words try to escape the causal links with my mind while a gush of wind tries to tear open this turbulent eddy with a poem:

*Oh glorious soul!
the tempestous flame of lights of a thunderbolt,
Oh primal light of the world unknown!
raging in force in infinite splendour
over lands and seas
over mountain cliffs
over the paths where the thunders roll,
carry this mortal soul
like a glimmering light
in the tireless pinions that veer and sway
in quenchless thirst over the tranquil bays
in a height where mountains drink
in the celestial fountain of light falling from the Milky way.*

*Oh foaming force!
shuddering the waves churning the dark
flinging the stars in their cosmic courses,
oh sacred bliss of life,
fire branching as the tree of light
burning skeletons, dusts and deaths
over the eternal immortal fold of waves,
release in the prison of life
girdled with chains of silver and gold,
Heaven's dear light
shattering the panes*

*where visions die,
colours conspire, sun rays strangle the joy of day.*

*Oh thou brilliant flame!
the splendid spectre permeating birth and death,
ceaseless sorrows,
boundless griefs,
weave the veils of days in the loom of time;
dreams invade,
meaning and sacred signs hunt in the shadows of knowledge and faith,
reasons rebuff,
imagination bluster,
freedom and will raft over the darkest waves
like vessels freed in the storms of Hell.*

*Oh thou celestial power
invading my senses as I gaze,
help me to surmount this sorrow of life
dexteriously weaved by fate,
strike with thunder,
seize with light,
open the coffin
and free me from the grave.*

“You are free”, the sky starts whispering; “You are free”, the flowers starts humming; “You are free”, the silvery water over the lake starts singing. The breeze starts dancing, the leaves start weaving the embroideries of golden lights in the clothes of time in happiness and joy of freedom of a poem passing through the mind. But inside it I still

hear clattering of time like a loom of melancholy where sorrow only stirs disbeliefs. Freedom exists only outside - in the world separate from mine. For me there exists no freedom. All words seem fallacious, all beliefs seem conspiratory, all that I write seem to convey only the negation of the truth I search. Time is always there wearing the robe of fate closing the doors through which I could exit. I am always in a tumultuous state in the confine of this room where time swings its robe to create torment and disorder. I am always threatened by fate feeling a damnation of being alive. There is no way, no out, no answer. All objects seem to exist in order to surreptitiously wait for their ends. I also await an end. I await an eternal silence.

Time swings its robe once again to disrupt the silence. The telephone downstairs starts ringing. I hear Ånun taking up the telephone. Every day after Ånun returns from school Ragne calls in order to chat with him. Ånun appreciates this loving gesture. Not only does it give him a pause from homework, it also gives him an opportunity to talk about music with mamma. The way he sits on the floor lifting the leg up in the air and balancing the weight of the body on the wall behind while telling mamma about what has happened at school, the excitement with which he informs Ragne about the music composition he plans to write after he has finished homework, leave no doubt that this little moment of the day means a lot for him. After reminding Ragne to buy note papers on her way home, he suddenly drops the telephone on the floor and runs to the piano to play for mamma the melody of the piece that he has in mind to write today. He wants mamma to listen. This is a usual way for Ånun to end telephone conversations with me and Ragne every time we call home to talk to him.

After the telephone conversation silence sinks again. But it does not last as one of Ånun's friends soon call him in order to ask if they could play together. Ånun does not want to play but at the same time he is afraid of refusing the friend. Facing the despair of making a choice between social, mental and physical reprisals of some sort if he does not play with his friend and a failure to compete with Mozart if he does not find time to write music, he releases a groaning sound. However he knows a trick to get out of this dilemma: "Pappa, am I allowed to play with my friends now?" he asks me with a voice clearly conveying that my answer should be "no". Thus Ånun escapes the burden of taking on himself the consequences of a refusal and relays my answer to his friend. After leaving the receiver, he returns to the kitchen murmuring on the way: "I want to be myself...I want to be myself.." Then I hear a little bang of his fist on the table as he sits down to confirm his determination to be himself before continuing the homework.

I see the lights are exuding pain behind the clouds, red blood is oozing behind the horizon as sun declines in order to get ready to set. "Pappa, it is so difficult to be myself. My friends do not understand me. I can stand physical pain much more than the mental pain. They do not know what pain they inflict on me. But I must be myself. I must not give up. I must win". Tears ooze out of my eyes as lights pound on my heart trying to open the lid of the coffin hanging in the vacuum of the sky in a time-hole in this labyrinth.

Inside the labyrinth winds gush murmuring, "We love life", the birds lark about jumping from branches to branches chirping, "We love life", the squirrels swiftly pass by touching the lights descending along the stems squeaking, "We love life". I see a little cat trying to catch an

invisible mouse with its paws as lights and shadows caught in the claws of a thorny bush move in the wind inviting it to play while hands of light pat with love the animal playing with the fickle shadows of the last hours of the day. In this chimerical time, I hear the voice of the composer of light joining the chorus singing, “I love life, I love life, I love life”, before the last bars of the music that are being played by the colours in the evening sky come to an end for the day.

As the colours get brighter and holier, I see Ånun passes on behind the horizon singing his most favourite chorus that he sings so often:”Freude schoner Gotterfunken, Tochter aus Elysium, wir betreten feurtrunken, Himmelsche, dein Heiligthum! Deine Zauber binden wieder, was die Mode streng getheilt; alle Menschen werden Bruder, wo dein sanfter Flugel weilt... Seid umschlungen, Millionen! Diesen Kuss der ganzen welt! Burder! uber’ m Sternenzelt muss ein lieber Vater wohnen. Ihr sturtz nieder, Millionen? Ahnest du den Schopfer, Welt? Such’ ihn uber’ m Sternenzelt! Uber Sternen muss er wohnen... “ It is an “Ode to Joy”, a chorus Beethoven used at the end of the last symphony of his life. I cry out ,”Ånun, Ånun...” as I see him moving behind the “Sternenzelt”.

“Pappa, I am here in the kitchen doing my homework. Why are you shouting?” he responds. I understand it is a delusion - he is downstairs. It is time to go down and see his homework. I clean up my working table for the day and when I come down I see Ånun putting his books and papers in the school sack. In order to save his valuable time, he babbles quickly telling me about the homework he has done and then runs to the piano leaving the exercise book where he has written his Norwegian lesson on the kitchen table - in case I would like to read it.

While he plays the piano I go over what he has written: “This I shall keep for myself, this I shall keep for me. This I shall keep for myself - la la la la la <<lala>>. I shall not be the pointed head of the javelin targeted towards others although it is tempting and you think it is right. We know that you are honest enough but please do not do that. Na na na na na na <<na>>..å æ ø. This I shall keep for me. This I shall keep for me. This I shall keep for myself. Na na na... å æ ø.”

Here the text ends and the door bell clangs. “ It must be one of Ånun’s friends”, I reflect while Ånun hurries to the door as he does not want me to confront his friends. Their conversation ends quickly and Ånun returns to the piano slamming the door forcefully. I become eager to know if there has been any conflict with his friends lately. “Forget it pappa. There is nothing dangerous, I promise”, he tries to pacify my worries by generating a sweet smile in his face. The way he gulps the smile convinces me that he hides a part of the truth he does not want me to know. He never lies. He always uses a balanced precision in expressing in right measure the degree of truth. I know he means it is enough what he has revealed - I should not question him any further. I let him keep it for himself.

As it becomes five o’clock Ånun runs to switch on the television to watch the short newsbroadcast. He is allowed to watch the news during this time of the day - therefore, he does not want to miss this opportunity to follow today’s international political reports. He stores every word of the five minutes news in his brain like a computer diskette before switching the television off.

Now he has time to write music. But as he does not have any

note paper, he waits eagerly for mamma's return and passes these painful moments reading the last issue of the magazine "Illustrated Science". This scientific pursuit only lasts until mamma appears in the entrance door. Throwing the magazine he immediately runs to fetch the note papers from Ragne. He gives her a warm hug for being kind, speedily reports to her the political developments in Eastern Europe and the problems regarding the unification of Germany in verbatim. After showing this intense enthusiasm and concern about the world situation he abruptly sinks in silence.

The whole house sinks in silence while Ånun composes his music sitting in his favourite corner place in the sofa, I read newspaper and Ragne starts preparing dinner. Only the clattering noises of the kitchen cutlery remind us of the passage of time.

Ånun is fast in everything: He thinks fast, imagines fast, grasps complicated concepts fast, understands relations between objects and their various parts and functions fast, talks fast, explains things fast, moves fast, runs fast, jumps fast, leaves irrelevant details of life fast, catches new ideas and knowledge fast, reacts against injustice fast, transmits the brilliance and beauty of his mind fast, communicates joy, sorrow and love fast and wins over everybody's heart fast..fast..fast. But fastest of all is probably his ability to write music. Within the short time it takes Ragne to get the dinner ready, Ånun prepares several pages of his music composition - an amazing ability that impresses us. A few minutes before he should stop to come to the kitchen for dinner he receives a signal from Ragne. He is used to this struggle with time and is able to handle it without feeling frustration.

At the dinner table the discussions run over a wide range of topics - from happenings at school, Ånun' music, politics, to the fear of another world war. However, a large part of our discussion covers the field Ragne is concerned with in her work concerning human rights, humanitarian assistance to refugees, measures to support democracy, Afghanistan, Chile, Ethiopia, El Salvador, Guatemala, Cambodia, Namibia etc. etc. Ånun is highly concerned about human suffering everywhere. He wishes he had power to change this world in order to improve the quality of human lives. Ragne jokes, perhaps, she should apply for the post of Special Adviser for Human Rights in the Ministry since it is vacant. Ånun takes it seriously and insists that mamma must apply. In his usual intense manner he clenches the fist, lifts it up transmitting a radiance of joy in his beaming smile, and waves it in the air to convey the intensity of his wish. "Mamma,mamma, you must apply for the position of Adviser for Human Rights", he tries to assert his will on Ragne with his smiling charm. When he sees Ragne smiling back expressing doubt, he makes a little groaning sound to express his despair in failing to understand her reaction. "Please mamma! why not?" he pleads. I take this opportunity to mention that we might go abroad soon. Ånun's joy immediately turns into sorrow - he does not want to go abroad, he is happy in Trollåsen. With eyes full of tears he charges me, "Pappa, again your Australia plan!" I continue, "How about Vienna or Geneva?". The name Vienna helps to control the tears for a while before he breaks into cry, "I do not want to go anywhere. Please don't talk about it right now." Ragne becomes upset with me for bringing this issue up that makes him so unhappy and reassures Ånun that there is no such immediate possibility. However, the situation does not come under control until the door-bell rings. Ånun understands it must be his friends. He wipes his tears and runs to open the door. The friends have come to ask

if he would play with them. Now I need not answer for him. He has a good excuse - he has not finished dinner yet. The friends suggest that he comes out after the meal. Ånun slams the door as forcefully as before and returns to the kitchen. As we try to find out what could be wrong he does not want to tell it in the dinner table in front of both of us. He tells Ragne, "Mamma, I am going to tell you later privately." I find no problem in accepting this privacy.

After dinner he does not indicate in any way that he is interested in going out. We try to persuade him that it is not good for health to be inside all the time and he should go out. Furthermore we are worried that his friends will be upset if he does not play with them at all during the course of the day. Recently we have sensed this attitude and discussed this with him. Submitting to parental authority and experience, he goes out in stalling manner but soon comes back to fetch the big technical lego car. The friends want to have a car race. This car model is very time consuming and complicated to build and we advise Ånun to take care not to break it.

What we are afraid of happens. He has hardly left before he comes back with tears in his eyes because the car has broken. His friends wanted to test how solid it is and how much jerking the springs under the wheels could stand. They have been running it down the children's slide in the playground to see how far it could fly in the air before landing on the hard rock without going into pieces. We watch him cry unabatedly while repairing the gears, the motors and the fine details of the car. We get anxious that this complicated repair may take many hours. But what would have taken hours for us does not take many minutes in his fast and exceptionally quick fingers trained to build

complicated lego models from very early age. Tears cease only after the last lego brick is placed in proper position - sorrow turns into joy again. He springs up from the floor and a radiance of joy streams through his face. He picks up the car, looks at it from different directions to check if any part is misplaced. Finally he leaves the gadget on the floor and hurries to fetch the composition he has written before dinner.

He sits beside me slinging his arm around my neck and opens up the music pages in front of me. "Pappa what do you think?" he gets curious in knowing my reaction. His music looks sophisticated, his scribbling resembles the handwriting of his beloved master which is not easy for a music illiterate like me to comprehend. I try to ascertain my ignorance in the field of music and tell him that I am not the right person to give him any competent opinion. However, I add, "I am sure it is a nice piece." Ånun is used to this kind of appreciation on my part. He wants me to look at it more carefully as if this may help me to see through the mist of ignorance covering my mind. I pretend to study it seriously and wonder, "How could you get all these things in your head, my dear boy!" He always dazzles us with his brilliance. A deep love and respect for him spring out like a fountain in my heart. I give him a kiss and say, "Ånun, you are great. We are very proud of you."

Receiving this appreciation, he runs to the piano to demonstrate how the theme of his piano concerto sounds and asks me to come and sit beside him while he plays. After the theme is played he muses, "Do you think all my writing will be forgotten when I die? Do you think my symphonies will ever be played?" Tears appear in his eyes again. He feels unhappy about being so emotionally moved, "Pappa, I am sorry, I cannot control my tears. I always hear my music in my head. I wish it

being played by a real orchestra one day.” He looks intense and sad as if he hears fate knocking on the door.

But he always believes that the spirit of light must eventually triumph against the treachery of darkness. In the next moment he leaps out of the chair in a triumphant manner throwing himself up in the air humming aloud the theme of the first movement. Sorrow merges with joy. A conductor takes over the charge of conducting the invisible orchestra playing in his mind. He moves restlessly on the floor as if violin is moving from clarinette, clarinette is moving from trumpet, trumpet is moving from pauke - trying to play all the instruments alone in his brain. The physical body is only reacting in the form of a dancing motion trying to synchronize with the motion of music in his mind. But this concert does not last long. Suddenly he throws himself up in the air in severe pain and falls on the floor as if someone shoots down a bird flying in the wings of joy in the paradise.

Ånun cries out, “They are spying on me.” He refers to his friends. They have assembled in the garden to make grimaces at him through the windows. After being able to catch Ånun’s attention, they start singing a Christmas carol holding their tongues wide out, dancing like gorillas, and manipulating the fingers of both hands to resemble flapping ears of devilish animals. They relish the way Ånun reacts and intensify their dances increasing the noise in the garden to enjoy a childish fun. Ånun cryingly opens the window and shouts, “Stop it”. The response returns as a fountain of giggling sounds. They are only imitating what Ånun is doing- jumping and singing. What’s wrong? In anger Ånun lifts his whole body on his toes trying to be taller than he is and attempts to shout opening fully his jaws. But no sound comes out

of his mouth. Only tears silently convey the intensity of his shrill cry.

We advise him to ignore their presence - the more he takes notice of them, the more they will continue. "But it is so difficult. They always spy on me", Ånun retorts. Moreover, he feels upset that they sing a Christmas carol with ugly distortion in order to tease him - may be, because Ånun does not follow the class on Christianity in school that his other friends do. They hate all that is music or song for Ånun and this Christmas carol becomes the javelin by which they are out praying on him, and they succeed in hitting him the way they want. Ånun is too sensitive, too emotional, too mature for such childish provocations. The drops of tears run like blood. Ragne takes him up on her lap as if to soothe the wounds of this hurt bird. "Mamma, it does not mean much for me that they distort the Christmas carols, but think, they call themselves religious, they attend the lessons on Christianity. They do not know that they are undermining their own beliefs and culture", Ånun wishes he could make his friends understand this point. Ånun does not believe in God. Instead of attending the lessons in Christianity he attends classes on comparative religion and ethics. However, he carries in him a deep love and respect for everybody - the essence of a true religion.

After the essential purpose of singing and dancing is fulfilled the friends leave him in peace for the day. In order not to end the day with such an unhappy incident, Ragne goes to fetch chocolates and cakes while Ånun decorates the sofa table with candles and flowers to make a cosy atmosphere. He loves to participate in decorating and arranging things to create a cosy mood in the house. He turns the candles, rearranges the flower vase, places the cups and dishes on the table, folds the

napkins in artistic way, surveys the whole table from a distance to see if everything is satisfactory, adjusts and readjusts until finally declaring that everything is in order before Ragne comes with her contribution to this cosy moment of the evening. Then Ånun sits beside mamma embraced by her arms and listens with intense interest to her reading of Roald Dahl's book "Boy". It is about a boy collecting memories of fun, sorrow and unpleasant incidents that made a great impact in this boy's mind during his school life. Ånun enjoys these stories immensely. After this brief identification with another boy's school situation, especially with the amusing parts, he becomes full of joy again.

In fact, before he goes to bed the house becomes full of the odour of a beautiful flower filling every corner of our minds with happiness, wonder and joy. The last minutes of the day are spent discussing morals, tolerance and values one should respect in life. He teaches us to be more tolerant to cultures and traditions to which we do not belong and beliefs which are alien to us. We listen to him carefully. He talks with a brilliant clarity of mind and profound respect for all. We tell him, "Ånun, it is you who are bringing us up more than we bring you up."

When Ånun gets an opportunity for discussion, he does not stop before it comes to its impassable logical end. It may take a long time. Often we have to bring an end to such discourses in a heartless way because we are afraid if he stays up too late, he will be tired next morning when going to school. This practice is accepted by Ånun as an obvious consequence of being a child with all the disadvantages this entails.

After such a brutal end of a philosophical conversation, the only

important part of the daily ritual that remains before going to bed is to listen to one of Beethoven's symphonies. As I put on the ninth symphony in the record player, giving a good night kiss he follows mamma to the bathroom upstairs climbing the stairs using all the arts of acrobatics he has mastered - as if, to get rid of the last excess energy still left in the body .

The struggle between life and death begins from the first movement. Beethoven combats against death in a trembling spectre of musical sounds. Death knocks at the door with its trumpets, life answers back with the violin. Death wins at the end as the inevitable fate for all human beings. The human spirit rises to Heaven after death and the greatest musical instrument-the human voice- breaks in chorus singing an ode to joy:” Freude schoner Gotterfunken, Tochter aus Elysium, wir betreten feurtrunken, Himmilische, dein Heiligthum!.....” exalting the spirit of universal brotherhood in a kingdom of divinity. At the end of life there exists only a paradise of joy.

Before Ånun lies down in the bed he fetches the hand he has made with Lego and keeps it beside him. This is the last thing he has made with an idea of motorizing movement with the hope of simulating the function of a hand as a part of his interest in artificial intelligence of the computer world. To sleep with the things he has created lately is a ritual for Ånun. Sometime ago the most favourite sleeping partners were his two motorized robots named “Tvil”(Doubt) and “Ema” that he created with lego. If he had no invention to give him company at night, he needed at least a rose or a piece of crystal or a fossil beside his pillow. Some years ago he slept with Nils Armstrong and Edward Collins every night. Although they were only two small lego figures, this company of

the astronauts meant a lot for him. Now, for the last few days, this hand has occupied that dear place by his bedside.

After Ragne returns downstairs saying good night to him, his mind still remains active and he fails to sleep. He turns in the bed creating noise that Ragne is able to detect and she goes up again. When she comes to his room she finds him crying in his bed: He thinks about the music he writes, wonders what will happen with all that he creates when he dies. Death, all passing into nothing, his music passing into oblivion, makes him unhappy. Ragne tries to console him, “Ånun, you are only ten years old, you have your whole life in front of you, you have so many possibilities and potentials, you should not think about it.” “Mamma...you certainly think it is strange that I think about death, but I cannot help it coming in my mind”, tears run profusely. Ragne believes that he has started thinking in this direction because he has read biographies of composers many of whom led turbulent lives. He seems to be afraid of a similar fate for himself. After confirming that mamma and pappa would do their utmost to support him in whatever he chooses to pursue in life and preserve and protect his creations, Ragne hurries down to ask me to go to Ånun informing his reason of being unhappy.

When I come up, he stops crying. I lie down beside him. He tells me that he cannot cut out his thoughts. Thoughts of death still knock with trumpets in his mind. I hold his hands to help him combat with these thoughts. “Pappa, what happens when one dies? Do we become totally nonexistent after death? Does there exist anything called human soul that remains after the body dies?” he bombards me with questions as usual. Like so many of his other questions, I do not know any answer to these questions too. I advise him to leave these thoughts and try to

sleep. I let my fingers gently move stroking his hairs in order to calm down his active and alert brain. “Pappa, do you think molecules of our bodies only decay and disintegrate in order to join other forms of life while nothing of this being remains after death? Do you think this me is nothing but a thinking robot with highly evolved artificial intelligence programmed by nature through millions of years in the history of life? Do you think, I am just nothing but molecules and atoms? Do I exist beyond matter?” a cascading stream of questions falls through his mind. When I tell him that human beings have philosophised over these questions for milleniums and no one knows the answers , this cataract of metaphysical enquiries ceases and he turns to the side saying, “Pappa, it is enough. We should stop talking now. I want to sleep.” I feel his head is warm. He sweats so much that his hair is wet. I turn the pillow and the quilt to change the wet side and then we both become quiet.

He passes into sleep. I watch the artificial sky under the second level of his bunk bed full of stars. Ånun has made this sky gluing fluorescent paper stars in the form of different constellations nearly five years ago. I see the atlas of the sky wide open, the pages flap through the darkness, the stars fluoresce in the eyes, the vacuum expands, the solitude penetrates the night, luminous eyes of mystery fill the space, seconds, minutes, hours fill the clocks until the normal relations of time change. Life merges with death and Ånun merges with the sky hovering over the earth rolling through the vaccum.

I remain awake inside this dream while Ånun sleeps. The stars displace in the cosmic darkness, the words elongate through the mind, a chain of light rattles through the heart creating noise. As he breathes calmly, the universe sinks in silence. In the radiance of the stars the fear

of death still circulates through the wind convecting air in his breath. I tell Death, "He is asleep, do not disturb him." Like syllables of silence the light touches the toys, the drawings, the books on the shelves, the memories. I warn Death, "I am awake, I am here to defend his life." In silence the clouds descend in chimerical light covering the earth and the perceptive world comes to an end. In this tranquility, a poem flows through my mind in the darkness of death and the glorious radiance of life through time and space, through joy, happiness and sorrow, through Heaven and earth, through worlds near and far beyond us, through meadows, mountains, fjords and falls, in horses and chariots, in air, water and fire, through nights and days, lights and darkneses, hopes and beliefs, cries and laughs, anger and love, collecting memories of life that will remain eternal for us:

It is in this poem

I hear your laughs rolling over the sunbathed grass,

Like children of the sun you are born to play

in my heart's greenest greenery,

*like children of God you are born to carry clear blue banners of victory
strewn with lights in my heart.*

Oh dear friend !

*in the forest where nature denudes all lights in bilberry bushes, where
ants toil, the children fall in strife to pick the last blue lights hanging
hidden as tender love amidst blood red leaves sputtering incognizable
words,*

I see your hands spatter nature's sweet blood

along the horizon sinking in golden light over the hut

that you made in the garden together with other children of the earth.

It is in this poem I hear you ask:

Why things are?

Why things will be ?

Why does time let loose the nature's force ?

Why did the universe begin and how long should it last?

Why do we exist in this temporal flux?

Why do things fall apart ?

Why does destruction rampage in all that we see, feel and touch?

Why does joy never last ?

Why do all dreams break as the rays of light lurk in mind's unfathomable dark?

Why does wind of time contuse all that we love?

Why do questions flap through the heart

in fire of furious commotion

to perch on lands where grains and sand dazzle as inflamed words

breaking down and disintegrating the time passing through the cinerary urns?

It is in this poem I hear you say,

“Come and join in this joy of life,

help to hold the ropes and poles to construct the tents under the stars

where children of the earth will come and play under the starlit dark in

our garden tended by hands of love. Please fetch me a light, illuminate

the dark, find me a place where I can hide the fears of the stars blinking

as blissful lights coming out of the primordial cosmic burst.

Pappa, watch,

do not cross the paths I have marked with threads on the grass,

they are walls you do not see but they exist in my heart,

*please turn following the way I have marked to move in my world where
real is only that you feel in your heart.*

*Please do not stand, watch and laugh, go and fetch me some pieces of
cloth to cover all the splits and holes to make it dark, help me to ob-
struct the wind ravaging the Earth.*

Please go, go, go,

tie the ropes,

hold the poles,

clip the clothes to hold against the wind,

Lo! no,

they fly against my will,

Oh pappa! do not stand and watch,

save my home from these predatory boys rushing like gusts.”

Oh poem!

the soul of agony, dreadful pain!

woe ,woe again!

ressurrect from the grave as fiction of flame,

crush ,blaze , immolate,

like Christ crucified on the cross

flow in blood,

in swift and mortal strokes of words

rejoice these indelible rhymes of rage .

Oh poem!

in eternal feast of Heaven

where souls of light draped in golden fibres of love

dance clasping the hands of rays of Ra jiggling the discs of pearls from

the bluest sea in the ambient dark beneath the beams of light over the

translucent pebbles scattered in the cosmic path,

I see you flap your wings of light,

Oh bird ! I see you take off in this poem of the night with your iridescent wings over the sombre soil drowsing in the sun where seeds burst into tiny flames sweltering in the baffled breaths of the star.

*Leaves fall, the dead return, shoots and buds sing the joy of spring,
life's labium opens to whisper words from the interior of scream,
in the caesura of the poem
feelings rush in light as leaves detached in wind,
under the roots and grasses where soil burns in infernal flames tears
fall free, thoughts wriggle like worms to catch sorrows osculating in the
lips of dream,
under stones, vales, cliffs and dusts,
in meadows, mountains and muds
bones and barks search the deads in temporal flux
while in a language of light
like a poet confined in a starry sphere of night the earth trembles in
trepidation in this ethereal sight.*

*The sea is blue,
the sky is dark,
like Christ on the cross in this poem I gaze at the Earth,
in the columns of Basilicas time falls as dust,
horror of death stalks through the runnels of blood,
fears peer from shores shimmering in chimerical light and dissolving
into darkness in strange holes sunk like eyes
in the fathomless invisible skull,
Oh death! now, tomorrow, day after and without end*

*you straddle on a mythical horse in debris of pains,
in cemeteries you crush all poems in the letters of names,
like innumerable moths swirling in a grave they swirl
around candles bivouacking solitary flames,
you forsake none and nothing,
with your sabre you split apart in space
the moon, the church bell, the stone where my name and a name
I love remain engraved in apocalyptic letters
travelling with Earth in infinite haze,
Oh death! I bid thee hail,
I see the ebbing blood sheds forth in quiet death unwrung by pain
rejoicing the frenzy of rays in a height where
angels sing the hymns of flame.*

*It is in this poem the sun whirls, the butterflies and bees of light rest
in time, a mythical bird moves in an endless celestial path flapping its
wings across the starry murk.*

*It is in this poem the night hauls things spinning senses in a fictitious
time in fibres of words,
like silkworms of a halucinatory world hanging inside the cocoon of the
boundless dark the chrysalises turn and move to be born in the endless
flux of the poem in my heart,
dreams crack open,
innumerable interpenetrating darknesses char and burn in the flames
like insects with wings migrating from the fiction we call life to the
shoreless ocean of surreal light quivering to redeem sufferings of birth.*

It is in this poem I gaze at time,

an alien inexpressible light flutters away through the darkness penetrating the stars where things we call inert buoy up as plumage of birds and migrate to new lands, to new hearts, to enchant human eyes awaiting to cease on the Earth in the cerulean light wriggling between the stars.

In its timeless flux

the petals spread perfumes, pollens waft, butterflies and bees fly, float, flock as blazing delusions ceaselessly flitting across the eyes, the languages grow under carapaces of delusions and slithe through the vertebral path in the flow of the poem moving through the blood, magnitudes and measures, weights and forms, shapes of things known or unknown, perceived or impalpable by human grasp freed from the bondages of sounds of the Earth flow in the silence of the heart in phrases of the poem as letters of words written with blood in the pages of the dark illuminated by the lights of the stars.

It is here in this poem

I hear your motion through the heart

where wind shivers through the spinal blood,

oh soul!

dreams flung open the halls of solitude,

I see no opposites, no reverses or obverses, no order or disorder, no logic or illogism, no truth or falsehood,

no in or about, no beyond or within,

no presence or absence, no living or extinction,

no form or dissolution of forms within things living or inert

churning illusions of memories of all that once had been.

In this eeri night sensations amble like clouds moving through imponderable golden light in the hall of solitude where I hear motion of your

*breath through shuffling of leaves of light branching through the cosmic vast ,
as tree of light I see you occupy the void unceasingly integrating and disintegrating like swarms of butterflies of mind in journey through night in the unfathomable dark.*

*In this spectre of words,
In this hymn of human soul burning on Earth,
terrified by the power of the unseen star
like stragglers lost in pavements and paths
where crowds throng and pass under arches lit by the flamboyant desires and lust,
where sapphires, diamonds, perfumes and pearls
devour delusions like jackals freed in the debris of hearts,
in a ballad of life
memories cry in agony in the centres of citadels I visited together with you on the Earth,*

*Oh dear friend! in the threnody of my heart
open the portals of palaces,
come as a prince of a fairy tale straddling in dream under the stars,
awaken thousands of thoughts in streets, quais, markets and boulevards
sleeping in dead hearts,
hover over the sculptures of heroes, tyrants and martyrs
freeing words from the prisons of stone, bronze and brass.*

*Oh dear friend!
In terrasses, cafes and restaurants people tattle, sing and laugh,
in promenades the lights point to the end where the sea of life merges*

with the sea of the dark,

It is in this poem

*the century passes, thousands of thinkers read the eternal bulletins of
death facing the lights of the stars*

and I walk towards death clasping your hands of rays in my heart.

THE LAST WEEK

When I woke up from that night's poem I saw Death was whirling its robe amidst a busy crowd in the centre of the main shopping street. He appeared in the disguise of a man - bald and well dressed - wearing a mysterious and sinister mask. His body was hidden under a long winter overcoat swirling graciously with the motion of his limbs. He was moving slowly - once up, once down the footpath -throwing a cunning and surreptitious look at me. He seemed to be waiting for someone.

I thought it was me. The sun was intense. The fear of death was dazzling like a clot of blood in this intense sunlight burning my mind. I felt the sunray was choking my breath, the air quivering in the light was flitting away from my chest as if I was going to die soon. In fear I stood up, moved haphazardly around in search of fresh air and then came back and sat down again beside the fountain. There seemed to exist no more open place than where I was.

It was the fountain in Place de Molard on Rue du Marche in the

centre of Geneva. Time was Saturday morning, 17th of February, 1990. Ånun was constantly moving around this fountain like a bird dancing in joy as if dreaming to fly away with the wings of rainbows. He was moving in small rhythmic jumps with his head bent downwards while his left arm and fingers were dancing in harmony with his inner ecstasy. His right hand kept dangling in joy holding the dear possession he had made during this shopping hour - a plastic bag containing a pad of note papers, a pen he had bought for writing music and the score book of Beethoven's overture, *Elonore*. He had bought these things from his most beloved store in this town - the music bookstore in Rue de la Cite in the old town - a few minutes ago. Ragne had gone to look for clothes for Ånun in the nearby shops. We had made an agreement to meet her here in half an hour time.

The reality around appeared to be a fabulous calidoscope turning inside a labyrinth. It was automatically revolving jittering the ephemeral moments of life - every moment, there were new sounds, new colours, new faces, new associations in the mind. The trams and buses were moving and stopping; shoppers were jostling and pouring in and out of the shops; men and women were appearing and disappearing out of sight waving different colours and forms of fashionable clothes and ornaments like automated manikins of the modern world. Here Death was gazing at me moving to-and-fro along another path passing through the labyrinth. He seemed to be waiting for the moment when my mind would fail to remain alert and he would overpower me with all his forces. And right at this time Ånun was composing the last piece of music in his mind. He was unmindful of what was going on in this busy human world. He was appearing and disappearing from the sight like a small bird appearing and disappearing in between the crowded bodies

of the shoppers moving constantly without showing any consideration to the needs of this creature looking for golden corns of music in the sunlight circling around the fountain of light.

We came to Geneva only the night before as Ånun's winter holidays for a week had started. During the last few years, visiting Geneva during Ånun's winter holidays had become a regular yearly practice for us as Ragne had been attending the annual session of the UN Commission on Human Rights during this time. These visits gave Ånun the opportunity to feed the swans in Quai de Mont Blanc from where there was a nice view of the swan-white beauty of the Alps, take a leisurely stroll in Rousseau Island-a charming adobe for birds and deeper reflections about freedom and liberty, and find solace for his deeper spirit in the area around St.Peter's Cathedral in the old town - a highly fascinating area from an historical and archeological point of view. Geneva was also a town where Voltaire, Rousseau and Calvin once lived. Furthermore, here in Geneva one had the biggest particle accelerator of Europe built to explore the questions of the mystery of the universe. The love for liberty, democracy, reason and the mystery of the universe had always been central attractions for Ånun's mind and therefore he loved to visit Geneva when opportunity permitted during the holidays. However, the most interesting attraction of Geneva was, of course, the Alps - Mont Blanc, Aguille du Midi, Jungfrau, Matterhorn etc. Ånun always aspired for the highest, strove for the top and therefore the mountain tops were one of the biggest passions of his life.

This Saturday morning gave us our first opportunity to come to town. To enjoy the leisurely life we walked without purpose basking in the beautiful sun, took tea in Darjeeling tea room in Pl. du Bourge-de-

Four where people were playing chess trying to defy the modern life streaming in Rue du Marche only a few meters away, then passed by the house of Rousseau, strolled around the St.Peter's Cathedral, looked into antique shops, art galleries and modern interior decorating shops until we came to Rue de la Cite. Now Ånun wanted to fulfill the main purpose of his coming to the town - to visit his most favourite music bookstore.

He loved this store. Immediately after entering he ran to the bookshelf containing the score books of Beethoven's and Mozart's music. Like a butterfly in a sunny full bloomed garden he flitted from one book to the other. Finally the butterfly decided to sit on one of them - it was the score book of Beethoven's "Fidelio" opera. It was an opera dealing with a theme of revolution - a peasant uprising against a reign of terror. It was a thick book. Ånun glanced through the book in a lightning speed and expressing an intense joy laughed, "Pappa, I wish I owned the whole bookstore!" His beautiful smiling eyes flashing love for music filled my heart with a sense of joy too and I also laughed, "So, do I", wondering how did he know about the world of opera too! However the lady storekeeper was not happy to see a little boy "playing" with such valuable book. To express her discontent she told me that the book was new meaning that I should ask Ånun to put the book back on the shelf. Ånun was always very anxious of these grown-ups. He often complained, the adults do not respect children. I remembered the day when for the first time we went to a music store in Oslo to buy the scores of Beethoven's Pastoral symphony. I had to buy it for him while he hid behind a bookshelf to avoid being discovered by the adults. He was anxious that the adults would react negatively to his interest and he was not willing to face it. His fear was so intense that after I bought

the score, I had to wait inside the shop till he had run out of the store as if he had been stealing something. I was very happy that the lady spoke French and Ånun did not understand what she said. He had recieved some money from mormor and morfar for buying something from Geneva. For Ånun there was no better way of spending this money than in this bookstore. Ånun wished to buy the opera but looking at mamma's face he could easily gauge that it won't be correct to make such a proposal. It cost more than the money at his disposal. He put back the score grudging, "It is too costly" and as it was within his budgetary means took out the score on Fidelio's overture Leonore, instead. Furthermore, after paying for the overture he would still have some money left to come back to buy something else another day. He needed note papers before leaving the store. He went through all kinds of note papers before finally deciding which one to take. It seemed that before writing a piece everything - even the size, shape and colour of the note papers - were well planned in his mind. Mamma agreed to pay for the note papers in order not to exhaust his limited economic means. And as we left the store, Ånun's purpose of being in the town was fulfilled and he did not wish to enter any other shop. He wanted to go home.

Before returning Ragne wanted to do shopping and therefore Ånun and I agreed to wait for her in Place du Molard. It seemed as if apprehending the presence of the evil, a group of invisible ritual dancers emerged beating drums and filling the air with rythms of African tribal dances. As the beatings of drums approached nearer, the Death-man vanished from sight and the intense fear of death came to an end. Soon Ragne also returned. Hearing the rythm of music Ånun broke his dance and came jumping to find out what was going on. An African group was playing the drums on the other side of the footpath on Rue du Marche

to celebrate the recent release of Nelson Mandela in South Africa. They were celebrating what Ånun had already done some days before we went to Geneva - it was on the same day Mandela was released. He waited with intense excitement for that day. He sat looking at the watch every minute on the 11th of February in order not to miss the historical moment at 2 P.M. As the clock struck 2, he switched on the television and danced in joy shouting, “Nelson Mandela is free, Nelson Mandela is free...” and came to fetch the adults so that they also did not miss this happy news being broadcast in the television (we had several visitors that Sunday). It seemed as if he was the one among us who was most happy for the release.

After enjoying the rythms of the drums and refreshing the happy memory of the release of Mandela, we went to catch the train for “home”, but it had just left and we had to wait an hour for the next train. To cheer him up in this boring situation we bought a few pralines from the famous Mercur shop and went to the waiting room of the TGV trains leaving for Paris to while away that hour. Ragne and I divided the Journal du Geneve between us while Ånun resumed his dance terminated in Place du Molard jumping about the hall of the waiting room chewing a few of the chocolates.

Ånun had a special relation to this station. Between two and four years of age, the biggest attraction for him in this station was the trains. At this age he loved trains and the technologies around it. He could spend hours in the station studying in details how pantographs supplied electricity through the main switch to the transformer, how electricity was supplied through different switches to the traction motors, how the traction motors were coupled to the driving axles and driving wheels,

how drive shaft, gear unit, hydraulic unit functioned etc. Of course, the most interesting part of all was the panel of switches and buttons in the driver's cab. His level of curiosity was so high that we could not answer him even with the help of books or by consulting people who were supposed to know about trains. One could at ease leave him in this station for the whole day. Here he had enough interesting things to occupy himself with. Although when he got older this interest in train was drowned with more sophisticated machines like space shuttles, rockets, satellites, space stations etc. Ånun's attraction for this station remained high. Lately the interest had switched to the TGV trains running from Geneva to Paris. The reason for this interest was two fold: The speed of the train and most important, Notre-Dame!

Before his music interest came in full bloom Ånun was fascinated by the architectures of the cathedrals. He loved to design and draw cathedrals. Goethe described architecture as frozen music and used examples of music to illustrate the logical flow of beautiful buildings. This could be the reason why the musical soul of Ånun was so fascinated by these buildings. Whenever he came to Geneva during the last few years, he wanted to take TGV train to Paris to see Notre-Dame again. Last time Ragne was in Paris, he wanted her to bring a book on Notre-Dame.

Although whenever we came to this station in the later years his mind was always turned towards Paris, this time Ånun neither did notice that we were sitting in the waiting room of the TGV trains leaving for Paris, nor talked about Notre-Dame. Instead he was busy designing the musical building of his fourth symphony in his mind. We could "hear" the music in his movements. Sometimes he moved fast as

in prestissimo, then leaped in the air as in a crescendo and then fell in a calm pace as if the music passed into pianissimo. As the hall was nearly empty, it made an intricate pattern of movement uninterrupted by any adult intervention. Only a security guard came to check what was going on. But he felt convinced that this jumping behaviour of the boy was nothing dangerous and left the music to carry on.

After concluding this ritual dance with a big jump, Ånun came to sit down beside me and took out his note papers and pen from his plastic bag and ushered his plans in with his usual extremely careful way to receive my attention. “Pappa, you are going to be angry with me”, he said. I wondered, “Why?” He revealed that he was going to write his fourth symphony and had already planned to arrange this symphony for piano so that it could be played in the summer concert of his music school. The reason behind this “complicated introduction” was that he was anxious I might not appreciate the fourth symphony because only a few days before leaving for Geneva he had told us that he was writing a piano concerto and working on an opera based on Ibsen’s *Catalina*. Again another symphony! He had already made sketches of so many symphonies! For him to say that he was going to write music was as natural as boys of his age talking about drawing cars. I was only worried if he produced music in such a speed without keeping the papers in order, it would be difficult to sort them out later. Before he started his first movement, I took the opportunity to explain why I thought one needed some discipline and should not jump from one composition to another so fast. He agreed to all I said as quickly as possible in order not to give me any further opportunity to continue my lecture on self-discipline and to be able to continue with his plan of the fourth symphony. He had already gauged my reaction. Now he desired peace and

my silence. Asking him to put the date on the paper before he started writing I stopped and the first movement of his fourth symphony started coming out his mind on note papers in a speed of his favourite TGV trains. After finishing the first page he showed to us the instruments he was using in the first movement: 2 Flutes, 2 Obos, 2 Clarinettes, 2 Fag-gots, 2 Cor-C, 2 Trombones in C, Timpany C-G, Violin one, Violin two, Viola, Violin cello and Contrabass. The movement started with all the string instruments together up to the third bar, then from the fourth bar all other instruments joined the orchestra. He asked my opinion and as usual I gave him my answer, “very good” and dug my nose in the page of advertisement of houses and apartments in Geneva. We intended to buy one if we would come to live there, planning that Geneva would be Ånun’s future home base.

Ånun felt at home in Geneva. In earlier visits we had stayed in an apartment in Champ d’Anier in Petit Saconnex. He loved Cafe du Soleil nearby with a cosy atmosphere. Particularly he loved their famous cheese fondue and the relaxed atmosphere where we could play table games after finishing the meal. This year Synnøve, Ragne’s colleague and friend, and Bjarne -her husband had invited us to stay with them in Genthod, a suburb in the outskirts of Geneva along Lac Lemman. They had a boat that provided opportunity of fishing in the lake and therefore it was a good reason to change our base from Petit Saconnex to Genthod.

Next morning Death appeared again swinging his robe. Now instead of Place du Molard he was moving graciously on the top of Mont Blanc gazing at us once more with his sinister look. He was moving up and down through a chiaroscuro of light and shadow veering round the

wind - as if, trying to hide his face from the sun. His face was camouflaged by clouds, his cruel eyes were hidden under the shadows cast by the mountain valleys, his body was hidden under a white robe studded with millions and billions and trillions and trillions of crystals of snow glittering as jewels in the dazzling sunlight of a beautiful morning.

It was a sunny Sunday morning. We were out fishing on Lac Lemman with Synnøve and Bjarne. There was almost no mist on the lake. All the mountain tops -including Mont Blanc- were clearly visible in the background. On one side there was majestic Alps while on the other side of the lake the mountains of Jura engirdled us. They were like snow-clad beauties bathing in the sky waving their transparent azure veils and greeting the humans welcome in a world where lights were dancing with joy, winds were whispering in the ears of the mountains, blissful moments of happiness were springing out like fountains of endless joy sprinkling rays of the sun in colours of thousands of rainbows curving and rising over the inner skies of the human souls. Everything was as beautiful and charming as possible to excite strong romantic feelings about panoramic Switzerland. Here, while fishing, Ånun was trying to fathom the depth of the lake pulling the string time and again without being able to hold his curiosity and excitement at a momentary rest. The ripples of joys were dancing over the lake reflecting the warmth and pleasure of smile flowing through his bright brown eyes looking through the depth of the lake extended from Heaven to Earth. “Pappa, how many meters deep do you think this lake could be at its deepest point?”

As Ånun finished his question, I became very nervous. I thought Death was waiting for me. I got preoccupied with thoughts: “What

should we do, if the boat sinks ?” In the beginning of the journey Ånun was nervous too. But within a few minutes the excitement of the trip seemed to make Ånun feel as comfortable like a seagull riding on the mast of a boat in search of fish. He was flying around the small boat to find out on which side the luck would favour him at last, creating big waves of fears in my mind. My fear became worst when a fish was foolish enough to sacrifice its peaceful existence in the hands of Bjarne to fulfill the pleasure and meaning of the human pursuit. Ånun got so excited about Bjarne’s success that the boat started to oscillate increasing the probability of a fall. I was trying to make Ånun sit down but he was irresistible when something so exciting fell in his mind’s net. The real excitement was how to keep this poor fish alive in the plastic bucket meant to make room for the day’s booty. The fish was badly hurt in man’s unscrupulous means of cheating the creatures of lower intelligence camouflaging a dead sharp hook with a fly like bait. The rest of the fishing fun became how to nurse and bring this poor creature back to life again. We picked up floating weed from the lake believing that these pieces would be able to simulate a natural surrounding for the survival of the fish. Each attempt of the fish to turn towards a normal swimming posture was hailed with tributes of joy in honour of life. Whatever Ånun did spread joy, whatever life Ånun touched he revered it with great respect, whatever Ånun did for fun he compensated it with utter seriousness. He loved the harmony and melody of the music orchestrated by nature and therefore he wanted to complement this infatuating act of cruelty with his tender love. He was like a seagull that flew and danced wishing to plunge in nature’s mystery in every sea, in every world, in every sky, in every domain of human life with a hope to discover the music of life. Recently Ånun wrote a song “ The time could heal all wounds when the sea was blue...There was once a blue sky...It was

once a dream about a world...It was a hope....It was once a dream about a world.." The blue sky, the blue sea, dreams and hopes healed all wounds in his mind again.

After this success , there was a wish to return home to find a larger pot for the fish where it could find more natural room for manouvering. Bjarne found this idea suitable to bring an end to the trip as it was getting difficult for him to row against the wind. However, the shadow of Death followed as an evil spirit disguised in the form of a dog barking at the entrance door of the house. It was Synnøve and Bjarne's pet dog Enka barking to express pleasure in seeing his master. Within one day Ånun had developed a relation of friendship with this animal although by nature Ånun was normally very scared of big dogs barking so loudly. It appeared in front of my eyes as Mephestopheles appeared in Faust's study in the disguise of a dog. I became afraid of the satanic look of death in its eyes "With fearful fangs and fiery, staring brow... a hybrid brood of hell... Hell's old lynx ...", I shouted in my mind , "You spawn of hell! you thoroughly destroy my peace, pray you cease."

After a while, the dog ceased barking and jumped around Ånun to find out what he was having inside the plastic bucket. There was a huge Chinese earthen pot decorated with a dragon in the garden. Bjarne filled it with water to make a small lake for the fish. Ånun capered around the pot seeing the fish gained strength and started swimming while Enka gamboled around in frolic to catch the fish and bring an end to its existence. Ånun who had healed the fish from its pain, clenched his fist to protest against this treachery of Enka. He tried to stop Enka's desire to annihilate this little creature of the lake and shouted as if Faust

was shouting to Mephestopheles: “Strange, sterile son of Chaos, think anew, and find yourself some better things to do.” To please his friend Enka consented to leave. But Enka seemed not to understand what made Ånun so angry. It was only a way for him to while away the time. Furthermore for him killing was nothing but obeying the laws of nature and why then so much anger and flame? Had not his friend understood that his love and affection for his fish was frivolous and doomed to end in vain?

After this little quarrel between Ånun and Enka, we got ready to go to Nyon, a small town founded by Julius Caesar at Lac Lemman. It was about half an hour’s drive from Geneva. There was a statue of Caesar, a museum of Roman history, Caesar Tower, and a few parts of the ruins of pillars of a Roman forum as the town’s most interesting attractions. There was also a nice castle and a charming road along the lake for a delightful promenade. Ånun loved to visit Nyon because of its Roman history. His interest in Roman history was already a couple of years old and his knowledge of history came mostly from Grimdberg’s volumes that he read now and then.

After guiding Synnøve and Bjarne through this town that we knew well, we found a place nearby the castle where two roman pillars were erected as memory from the past. Together with these pillars the blue lake with a few sailing boats leisurely plying in it and the white snowclad Mont Blanc decorating the background created a majestic scene. For us this scene symbolized the spirit that Ånun possessed. Therefore we asked Ånun to stand between those pillars in order to take a picture of him. He stood with his face looking downwards, eyes fixed to his right foot as if he was trying to feel the movement of the motion

of the continents under his feet. He had correct information about how many centimeters or millimeters these continents moved in every century.

He was fascinated by the history of formation of the Alps. He had told us how Mont Blanc was formed by the collision of the African and European continents in the tertiary geological period about 60 millions of years ago, about the history of glaciation, how the valleys were formed, how rhinoceros and mammoths once roamed around the lake about millions of years ago. Now most of that old glacier had melted, the rhinoceroses and the mammoths had become extinct, the cinammon trees and the subtropical forests and flowers had also vanished from the region. Instead of that there were a few white sailing boats, a few castles with well trimmed parks of the rich homo sapiens. Otherwise there were noises, poisonous smell of exhausts of cars running along busy veins of the town interrupting the millions of years of peace still hanging over Mont Blanc on the other side of the lake. Scintillating in the sunlight of this noon, the shadows of death and annihilation were still roaming over the valleys and the mountains. Here Ånun was standing as the symbol of love and peace amidst the forces of terror and cruelty of time and a poem was flowing over the landscape:

*In nature's secret force
all things cohere
sparkle and shine
in mind's silvery bay
where knowlegde perch in vain
and meanings and secret signs of creation
fall in thirst and pain.*

*In nature's secret wisdom
things tear and break,
life is smothered and oppressed,
the dusts of logic devour the dreams
in tides and storms of time sweeping the bay,
Under sky's invisible veil
thunders and torments invade
in bewildering maze of fire
the bird of light soaring in the height
where clouds whirl to escape nature's rage.*

*Why things form?
Why life grows?
Why feelings are free
in lights of joy flickering as flames
in visions deepest depth ?
Why time tames the light
to rock nature's flowery bed
where beauty, love and faith move without rest?*

*Why in nature's loom time creates
colours to reflect the shining shades?
Why like craft laden with beliefs and codes
mind's boat sail barren and effete
in the harbour of death?
Why in nature's secret hands
universe engirdles the lights
in the depths of the breasts*

*where lies and langours, knowledges and faiths
like mountains and valleys of the dark
close all Heaven's ways ?*

But soon the voice of the evil rose to drown this poem and Death spoke
in my mind :

*I toil to create earthquakes, fire and flood
and myriads of magical spells
to ruin and destroy
the elements of water, earth and air
over skies, lands, seas and bays,
to crush man and beasts,
flowers and stars,
seeds and trees,
in moistures and droughts,
heat and cold,
and pressures that squeeze blood from flesh,
hate from love,
despair from hope,
solitude from the joy of the day.
My hands are spread
where you see ruin, fall and decay,
where all hopes are doomed,
and humans strive in vain
struggling against the power of fate,
where beauties burn in the flames of hell,
where flowers bloom to die
as pawns of an endless game*

*in the hands of fate ,
where all wills must sacrifice
longing for love
in my blood stained net,
where all quests for truth
are cursed with cunning,
where all thirst for knowledge
must slake in the well
where reasons are dry
in the bottom of the soul
like sun cracked clays.*

*The names, births and dates
are like cards stacked in shelves,
what you call joy and love
are sown with threads of blood
with my precarious nails,
leave no doubt about the game
I play with night and day
in soul's rapacious cellar
where humans drink knowledge
as wines of grapes
in love's labyrinth hidden
under soul's blissful lighted lake.*

*Forget not
I hide behind the skins
where light touches your limbs and face,
I hide under*

*all proofs that fail,
I am a child of hell
who prospers and profits from
magical spells that free matter
from the behests of the laws that
turn time in love, joy, suffering and hate.*

Death chanted a magical spell again in the Museum of Natural History two days later.

Ånun did not want to go out of the house in Genthod except for another fishing trip because he wanted to fully utilize the holidays for writing his fourth symphony. As Synnøve and Bjarne's eldest daughter was supposed to arrive in the afternoon with two children, I could convince Ånun that he would not have much opportunity to write music if he stayed at home. Realizing this unfortunate possibility he agreed to go out and as usual decided to visit his favourite Natural History Museum.

We had to take a bus from the station in Geneva to go to the museum. Although we had visited this museum many times before, somehow we made a mistake and took a wrong bus and Death followed us. I thought he came again to fetch my life and became restless like a man on a scaffold going to be hanged soon. Feeling breathless, as I stood up from my seat the sun dazzled outside over the roman pillars in front of the entrance of the big museum buildings in Place Neuve and the golden coloured gate leading to the Promenade des Bastions. This gate opened my memory and I understood that we were travelling in a wrong

direction. A lady instructed us to get down at the end of the Boulevard des Philosophes and walk from there to the Natural History Museum. Ånun and I hurried to get off. Although Death let me breathe after we descended from the bus the shadow of Death held me close to him at every step. Ånun seemed to be outside his grip. He was so happy! He was hurrying to go to the museum. He wanted me to speed up a little more since I was lagging behind him. This walk along Boulevard des Tranchees was for me a walk through the city of Hell where I saw the flame of death burning in front of each building I crossed. Ånun was like an angel who was moving through this Boulevard of flame without being touched by any fear as if he carried a secret spiritual power with which he could wither all forces of evil. He was walking in his usual dancing manner - a plastic bag containing an umbrella and a few pieces of fruits was swinging constantly in his hand to express the absent-minded nature of his character and his separation from the time and space where I belonged. In my space and time I was praying to Death to let me remain alive. I felt I had a great responsibility in taking care of a spiritual treasure and cried to Death, "Leave me free, I must live for Ånun."

As soon as we entered the museum, instead of freeing me, Death gripped me even more severely. As Ånun took my hand and tried to haul me asking me to follow him upstairs, I stood motionless in front of the stairs feeling choked. I told him that I was feeling very sick and we must return home, we should come another day. Ånun felt puzzled with my strange behaviour: I had insisted him to visit the museum, now when he came to study something he wanted very much to study, I insisted that we must return before seeing a single exhibit. Exclaiming, "Pap..pa..", he glanced at me rolling his eyes full of surprise and con-

fusion to express his unhappiness about such irrational and paradoxical behaviour. But I was so severely attacked by the fear of death that I wanted him to understand that I was really feeling ill. However, when hiding his sad feelings under the eyelids from where joy and happiness had streamed so many times to fill my heart he despaired, “Pappa, I looked forward so much to seeing something here. Are you going to spoil this for me?”, I decided to stay in the museum hoping that this anxiety will soon pass.

Ånun knew exactly why he came to the museum. Before following him to see what he wanted to show me, I asked him to allow me some time in the cafeteria first. I felt restless and thirsty like an animal struck by a spear, struggling only with Death with its will to live. This anxiety of death had started appearing only a few days before leaving for Geneva and everytime it came with such intensity that I started carrying the tranquilizer with me in case I might need it. The anxiety was so intense now that I took a tranquilizer with a hope of being able to cope with the situation. But it did not help much. I was afraid that Ånun would be able to discover my nervous condition and get anxious. Therefore leaving Ånun alone in the cafeteria I went inside a hall of exhibits of stuffed bisons and deers on the same floor as if trying to hide from the eyes of Death preying on me. But soon anxiety developed for Ånun. It was like leaving him in a jungle where ferocious Death was roving around in order to fulfill a pleasure of killing. Seeing me Ånun was relieved from his sense of insecurity, “Pappa, I was searching for you. I was so anxious. You did not tell me where you went.” I apologized for my behaviour and tried to smile with a hope to make him feel secure and safe. He interpreted my smile as an indication that I was feeling well and therefore took my hand and asked me to follow him in the

museum. I looked at his eyes burning with curiosity and said to myself, “I must not spoil the day for him” and followed him like a shadow to fulfill a magical rite of Death.

Ånun dragged me through a hall where primitive forms of life from Cambrian era were exhibited. Only a few weeks before we left for Geneva Ånun had read about the forms of life that existed in the sea bottom about 500 millions of years ago. I remembered, he had shown me the monster like appearances of Opabinias and Hallucigenias in his book to express his wonder about the mysterious creatures that once existed in nature. He also wanted to know from me the exact size of the trilobites. Since I could not give him a reply that day, I thought Ånun had entered this hall to find his answer. But only after crossing the hall, I realized why Ånun had come to the museum - to study his beloved Alps again!

He knew exactly where to find the model of the Alps. Here not only one could study the different layers of rocks and how they were folded creating the mountains, but also there was a light-and-sound programme explaining the history of the formation of the Alps. He had seen this programme before and therefore I wondered why he came to study it once again. Ånun never did anything without having a specific reason behind it. Some time ago he read about a new theory of the continental shelf and the mantle. It differed from the old theory that thin continental plates were moving over melted hot mantle. He once explained to me how rocks extended like roots of trees through the molten mantle under the mountain regions according to this new theory. I believed that it was probably the reason why he came to study the Alps once again.

While he was following the programme, I was sipping orange juice from a paper box in order to meet my intense nervous thirst and fate was moving over the Alps in a chariot, the winged horses drawing the chariot were stalking nearby in a labyrinth behind my conscious world of understanding. In “soul’s rapacious cellar where human drinks knowledge as wines of grapes”, I could not guess about the existence of the magical world that existed beyond the causal world of time.

As the programme was over, he once stopped nearby in order to find out the exact depth of Lac Lemman and then stalled for a few minutes in the hall with exhibitions of the skeletons of dinosaurs and mammoths- may be, to reflect once again:

“I have come here wandering from a world far away, from a world far away. But where, where am I? Far away from ice and snow, and far away from home.

I who embarked on this journey see a queer landscape lying in every corner, a landscape totally different from what I am used to: the dinosaurs, the mammoths, the bears all different from my time. Why did I embark on this time journey backward to a distant time while I am the first in my time to experience something that happened many thousands of years before now? I am

first!!!! first !!! “

(A year ago he wrote this in his school exercise book).

After coming out of the museum, now, first he wanted to go to the music bookstore again. Death vanished as suddenly as it had appeared. First he enquired about the scores of Mozart's piano concerto numbers 17 and 19. As they were not available in the bookstore, Ånun mumbled a little and then said it did not matter, he was not interested to buy Mozart's piano concertos, anyway. He preferred Beethoven's piano concertos instead. He explained why but I was not always knowledgeable enough to follow him. However, it was not difficult to understand that he very much wanted to buy the complete scores of all five piano concertos of Beethoven as he asked if he could borrow some money from me. As I knew his money left was not enough to fulfill any of his wishes, as a father full of admiration for the talent of his son, I happily accepted his proposal.

He jumped with joy while Death swished its blood-stained net to entangle this moment of happiness in a singular darkness beyond time inside a labyrinth. At that moment there was no way for me to know that he was buying those scores to take them with him in the grave. The sun dazzled, the clouds hummed the melodies, angels flew through the wind, light grew more and more intense as in a crescendo to engulf the human spirit in ecstasy and sky leapt in joy in the darkness of the universe as if conducting the orchestra of Heaven and the pages of the musical score of Beethoven's fifth concerto was moved on his lap inbetween his fingers like wings of unearthly butterflies intervening the measures, beats, rhythms and cadences passing through his mind. These rectangular white wings decorated with hundreds of dark spots of notes were fluttering a sense of joy of a fulfilled day. Ånun was totally absorbed. He sat in the train to Genthod beside the window listening to the

fifth concerto while these butterflies were fluttering their wings without taking any heed of the external world or human sense of time. I got little anxious seeing that nearby passengers in the train were throwing glances at him. I was afraid that Ånun might feel uncomfortable with the reactions of the grown-ups who surely won't be able to understand that this little boy seriously understood the meaning of all those black spots printed on the pages and that he in fact was hearing the music in his mind. Therefore, I suggested to him that he better read the scores when he came home. But my words could not penetrate the music. The train moved, the time span, lights wove music in vision's deepest depth and Beethoven's fifth concerto wafted through the air in a silence. I understood he had separated himself from the world. Only the lights falling through the window glittered on his eyes to confirm that he was still in my world although his mind was far, far away where he was hearing Beethoven answering with the same virility of human spirit the cruelty of fate in his fifth concerto, too, as in his fifth symphony

After coming home, greeting Synnøve's eldest daughter and her two children, Ånun went straight down to the room in the basement where he had found a record of the fifth concerto in Synnøve's youngest daughter's music collection. Since he came to Genthod he had spent much of his time in this room where he found peace for writing music. He wanted that I should also share his world and therefore asked me to come down to the basement to listen to the fifth concerto. While we listened, he followed the score. After exposing the part of music he was listening in the train, he wanted to unveil his own music to me. In order to do that he spread all the pages of his fourth symphony that he had written so far, side by side in rows and columns on the floor. He loved to exhibit his music this way so that we could appreciate the whole

piece of music in its entirety. As usual these scribblings did not create any sound in my mind. To help me hear what he was hearing in his mind, Ånun started humming the melodies aloud.

Hearing this musical activity in the basement, the spirit of chaos entered wagging its tail as if to ask,

*“Do you mind ,Sirs, if we join your little party ?
Society both elegant and hearty...”*

It was our Mephistopheles in the disguise of Enka again. The dog entered in the basement room as Mephistopheles entered in Auerbach’s cellar hearing someone singing there. Instead of Faust, Enka had the two children with her. To show her interest in musical matters Enka started walking over the note papers spread on the floor. Ånun was highly fastidious as concern music and therefore rushed to save his music from such ugly appreciation manifested through twitching treatment under the paws of the panting dog. The children contributed to the animation with their games and ultimately it ended up in flame as in Auerbach’s cellar demonstrating devil’s interest in hocus-pocus and bestial humour to spoil human’s interest in spiritual affairs.

Ånun was used to such chaos since he came to Norway at the age of six. As children were not allowed to start at school before the age of seven, Ånun attended a kindergarten for a year. Here children were often left alone playing and fighting with each other in the confines of a fenced area. They solved problems themselves with bad words or by using physical violence without paying any heed to who was right

or wrong. This was quite different from what he was used to in the Montesory school he attended in New York or his life in Switzerland before that time. As physical violence and bad words were unknown to Ånun, it became a shocking experience for him. He did not know how to deal with such rough behaviours. Whenever he came in conflict, he presumed the power of reason and logic would win. When it failed, he believed the adults would interfere in support of reason and justice. But when he experinced that adults seldom interfered and he was supposed to solve the problems by himself by using the same methods as the others he felt his surrounding world as chaotic and bestial. Nearly everyday he came home being unhappy bringing different complaints: someone had tried to choke him to death or thrown him on the floor and jumped over him or hit his head on the wall or bite him till he bled etc. Since we were afraid that unless Ånun learnt to adjust with the behaviours of other children it would be very difficult for him when he would start at school, we had to accept this unhappy situation and took contact with the school psychologist for help.

As expected chaos reigned even more when he began school next year. His unusually rich vocabulary was often beyond the grasp of most children. Sometimes it acted as a provocating factor since children did not understand what he was talking about. So Ånun often became an offer to the masculine virility of some of the boys seeking channel of self expression through violent means. Words were the sharpest weapons for Ånun. As he gave other children lessons about justice, reason or tolerance, he recieved brutal retaliation. It was so easy to kick him on the back, entangle his legs and make him fall on the ground, pull his ears, take off his jacket and throw it away in dirt, put his caps and mittens in the dustbins or throw him in the ditches without fearing any physical

retaliation from his side. We were scared and advised him to run away. But Ånun never wanted to accept a defeat to brutalities. He did not want to allow the forces of evil to triumph over him and therefore instead of running away took cascading beatings from others to make them understand that they would not succeed in breaking his mental strength. The others felt small and took revenge against his intellectual and moral elegance by pouring even more violence. Ånun always dreamt that righteous acts would triumph at last and was willing to offer his other cheek than running away because as he said, "Physical pain does not hurt me much. I am able to stand physical pain ,but for me mental pain is much more severe."

One and half year ago, Ånun once decided to write a story dealing with this problem with other children. In this story he personified himself as Tengel and wrote:

" Tengel himself is a pupil of third grade. His friends: Martin, Hans and Oyvind believe that he is very stupid and they are awefully nasty in teasing him - Tengel thinks. He is terribly angry with them but revenge is out of question as Tengel is much weaker than them. But in Tengel's consolation I believe that he is much more stronger than them in his mind.

It is the month of November. There are both snow and ice outside. Tengel thinks it can be a fun during this period of the year. But it is not always so easy when one has some aggressive and quarrelsome friends who like to push and kick him on the snow while the others slide.

Tengel thinks it is a great fun to slide and therefore he becomes envious

of others when something like this happens to him.

Sometimes it feels very shameful to tell it to a teacher - although it is best to do that - because he knows that the others in the class will say that he is a coward. Tengel means that it is likewise cowardice if no one dares to tell it. So Tengel is little proud of himself. "One is allowed to be proud of himself, but one should not brag," Tengel reflects at the same time. He thinks also about what his friends have done to him and desires out of his whole being that he should not be victim of any such unpleasantness of this type anymore. Of course he desires that everything in his life should be better- but first of all these problems. So days passed and nearly a whole week passed without any complications .

We can hardly say nearly a whole week because the day after what I have described last there happened something that Tengel did not like: Tengel, Martin and Hans went together to school and there was ice on the football ground. It was still quite sometime till the school bell rang. Tengel was little afraid that Martin or Hans would try to exploit the chance that the inspection-teacher was not in that part of the school compound. "Only I hope, nothing...." But it was too late! "No, help!"

"Quite typical. He is, in fact, fallen in love with "help-cry". "Agree", shouted Martin.

"Mmm.... am I really a sort of coward!"

Tengel's mind was boiling in anger . He wished only a teacher could come.

It was still ten minutes till it rang. Tengel dreaded these moments and wished he could just reset the school clock to ring now. He uttered

groan in agitation. But anyway it did not help much. Suddenly Martin said, “no...” holding one hand in front of his mouth, “you coward, now you keep your crack close!!!”

Now Tengel was so furious that if he wanted he could have pulled down the Chinese wall! - Of course if he was so strong to do that.

In fact Tengel felt himself so little as if he was something that did not exist. He desired not to live at that moment.

At the end the School bell rang and Tengel became happy for that. He could again live and be himself.

Otherwise it passed smoothly that week. “But how would be the next?” thought Tengel and was worried little bit because no one can know what future would bring and what would happen then?”

Ånun lived with this fear of chaos everyday desiring that everything would be better in his life oneday. Only a few days before leaving for Geneva, Ånun returned from school triumphantly shouting in joy, “Pappa victory for me... Victory for me at last...” as the teacher-in-charge had taken up the matter in the class and punished several of the boys for being nasty with him. After returning from school I had never seen him so happy before. The joy of this victory was more intense because it was achieved without any parental interference.

We were much more worried than Ånun about “what future would bring and what would happen then?” This was one of the main

reasons why we hoped to move to Geneva when opportunity would permit, believing that we would be able to provide him an intellectually more challenging and socially better atmosphere. However, after experiencing traumatic changes when we moved from Bern to New York and from New York to Trollåsen, Ånun was extremely reluctant to accept change of place any more. In spite of that we believed that since he lived in Switzerland for the first three years of his life and visited Geneva regularly in later years he would be able to accept Geneva more easily than any other place. In fact, our trip to Geneva this year had an additional purpose: We wanted to explore where we would live in Geneva and which school Ånun would attend since there was a possibility that Ragne might get a Councillor post in the Norwegian Delegation to the United Nations in Geneva. On Wednesday Ragne had made an appointment with the present Councillor to see his house. As expected Ånun was reluctant to join us. He experienced enough chaos in his life. He did not want anymore and therefore he left us speculating over his future. Instead he wanted to stay at home and write his symphony.

There was a party in the evening. Synnøve and Bjarne had invited some guests together with us. Although it was not just a sort of convivial party as in Auerbach's cellar, sufficient endeavours were made by Bjarne who was a professional cook to please the grace of the guests with vintage wine and good food. This time not only Enka and two boys but Ånun himself was excluded from this distinguished company because of his age -he was given the responsibility of holding his own party with the other children in the cellar. After the dinner was over Ånun came to make his contribution of humour to enliven the party atmosphere. He first came with a written document that he had typed as a part of his own party activity downstairs and read it aloud for the distin-

gushed guests. It was a writ issued by the King of Norway instructing how Norwegian diplomats should behave at the dinner table a wonderful satire against the culture of drinking. It was so humorous that we all broke into laughter. He loved to laugh and make other people laugh. In a party he was like a gushing and sparkling champagne bottle full of effervescence of joy. We always loved to hear his witty and humorous comments. It seemed the right wit was stored in his mind for the right moment all the times. They came out of his mind in lightning speed when it was needed like flashes of a brilliant mind leaving us to wonder how could he be so quick in producing so intelligent witty comments!

After this usual success in occupying the central stage of the party, he read aloud the following invitation from T.Rimdal to the guests:

IMPORTANT!

To all at the table
Jogging Committee for jogging during partytime
invites all to jogg around the table -
perhaps this sounds little unusual,
but this is a natural phenomena with the Secretaries of Embassies.
The most usual form for tablejogging is:
Couple of rounds around the table and then to fall outside the table.
One will soon notice a big improvement, indeed VERTIGO!

Greetings
T.Rimdal.

Then the actual demonstration of table jogging by the children added animation to the party atmosphere.

The same sparkling humorous Ånun was often a serious person. The next morning he had waked up much earlier to compensate for the loss of time due to last day's party activities as he wanted to finish his fourth symphony as quickly as possible. Before I came for breakfast he was writing music while Enka was loitering under the writing table like Mephistopheles delegated by the Lord of Heaven to go and serve His purpose on the earth, trying to win attention of the human soul that hankered after Heaven's loveliest orbs and demanded from the earth the choicest joy.

Our original plan was that Ånun and I would go to Bern this morning. I intended to visit the university in Bern where I had been attached for some time some years ago. Ragne was supposed to meet us in Bern next day. On Saturday we planned to visit some friends living between Bern and Zurich. In fact, we had called them before leaving Norway to inform that we were coming to see them that weekend. We had also telpehoned to some other friends in Zurich with a hope to be able to see them as well.

But as anxiety of death lurked in my mind I became afraid of going to Bern alone with Ånun. As I thought this anxiety must be psychological I did not dare to tell anybody the problem I was struggling with. I had suffered from pneumonia before we came to Geneva and therefore I found an excuse to change our previous plans saying that I was not feeling physically well. Ånun was not still able to finish the second movement and therefore any suggestion of going out was not welcomed at all. Ragne was unhappy to see that Ånun and I both

had a tendency of not going outside the house. She wondered what was the point of our coming to Geneva if we were only sitting at home and insisted that we must at least visit museums.

I knew Ånun studied the history of the development of computer technology from the time of Pascal only a few weeks ago. He wished he could once see Pascal's machine or Leibniz's calculator or Babbage's analytical engine in some museum. I thought a proposal to go to the Museum of History of Science would excite his interest to pull him out of his music world. I suggested the possibility that we might find one of those old computers in the museum. But since I could not confirm that any of those machines were in the museum Ånun did not want to go there on such vague assumption. Instead he decided to go to the Museum for Old Musical Instruments as mamma had suggested.

The museum was in an old building. When we came, it was closed. However, we met the curator who asked us to come back after four hours when the museum would open again and a guide would demonstrate the different instruments then. Before departing the museum we took a little chat with the old lady (the curator), reserved our tickets for a concert in the museum for Friday evening and I made a "mistake" in telling her that Ånun composed music.

Ånun never liked that we told anyone that he composed music. As I made this "mistake" he wore a strict tone like a kind teacher who loved his student but did not know how to discipline his student's failure to obey the rules they had agreed upon long time ago. "Pappa I have told you so many times before that you must not say that to anybody. They won't understand. Why do you do that again?" he failed to under-

stand why I did not keep my promise. I felt small and had to beg excuse for the “mistake” as I had done so many times before. He told me that the principal, the inspector and several teachers at school and several parents of his classmates often asked him about his compositions. He was satisfied with this appreciation he received in his local milieu and it was enough. He did not want that we spread it to others because he was afraid that most adults would laugh if they heard that a ten years old boy was composing symphonies.

After this uncontrolled exuberance of a father’s pride in his son’s talent that resulted in a “mistake”, this state of love and disappointment ended when we came to the Museum of History and Art lying close by. Anun came here to see the mummies and the sarcophagi in the hall of the Egyptian civilization. He pointed out to one mummy and said, “Pappa this guy is about six thousand years old. It is much more than what I am going to live.” He finished this statement adding a short laugh at the end conveying his usual humour. I laughed with him sharing the sense of mystery about life and death that his laugh tried to convey. I wished that Anun should come and see the Sungod Re, the god of life in another corner of the room. But he got more fascinated by the small figures of the underworld and pulled me into that direction. And Death sat there spreading the shadows of his hands around us. He was sitting in front of a balance measuring the activities of human life against the truth, in the throne of Osiris, the god of death and I was attacked by the anxiety of death again.

I felt thirsty and went to buy something to drink before following him further. Anun had a great fascination for the Egyptian hieroglyphs. A couple of years ago he bought a book on hieroglyphs from

this museum. Leaving Osiris and the underworld, he went to study how the hieroglyphs had evolved during different phases of the Egyptian culture and then carefully looked through the funeral inscriptions - those magical formulas from the Book of the Dead - written on the tablets. Only Osiris sitting on his throne knew their meanings.

Leaving this world of death and magic, the rest of Anun's interest in the museum became concentrated in the Hall of the Greeks and the Romans. His interests in Greece spanned from Greek mythology, archeology, architecture, history - from Minnoan palaces, Ionic and Doric architecture to the legends of Minnotaur devouring Greek youth during the period of conflict between Greece and Crete. Nearly two years ago he had even given a lecture on Greek mythology in his school from the birth of Uranus to all the gods and goddesses of the Olympus. He also visited Greece more than one and half years ago. In the museum this time he got interested in studying Greek coins. A few of the coins were so tiny that one needed to use magnifying glass to study them properly. As he was not tall enough to reach the magnifying glasses I had to lift him up so that he could study the coins. "Pappa, you must also have a look" he asked me to study the coins as he found out that I was not particularly concentrating on them. He was like our extra eyes, extra ears, extra mind that helped us to explore in the deeper depth of history, culture, and different fields of knowledge constantly enriching our lives. He showed us things we did not see before, he told us about things we did not know about, he made us interested in things that escaped our mind. It was always so stimulating to visit any place with him.

We ended our visit in the hall of the Roman civilization, another culture he was acquainted with. Anun loved to talk and when he talked

one could feel the zeal and intensity of his interests. He talked till he could empty his jar of knowledge - which often took a long time. The amount of knowledge he scattered in a short time and the luminosity with which they glittered around could hardly escape notice of anyone present nearby him. The usual reaction of the adults was to laugh or smile hearing this little boy talking about things above their own knowledge. The security guard (a lady) attending the hall did the same while Ånun was telling me the story of treachery of Brutus against Caesar .

And a laugh of death echoed from the Mont Blanc when after finishing our lunch in an Italian restaurant in Pl. Bourg-de-Four we came to Jardin Anglais, a park facing Quai du Mont Blanc. Sitting on a bench I was studying the map of the area around the museum and thinking if this area could be a suitable place to live in Geneva since the International School in the town where Ånun could go was nearby. Suddenly like Calphurnia's dream before Caesar's death " Graves yawned and yielded up their dead; Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds which drizzled blood upon the Capitol...Like a fountain with a hundred sprouts did run pure blood...And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets". In this dream Caesar was standing in front of the Roman forum and was speaking moments before the conspirators stabbed him to death "The skies are painted with hundred sparks, they are all fire, and everyone doth shine; But there's but one in all doth hold his place;... Unshaked of motion: and that I am he". As Nyon was within the area my vision could reach, I remembered Ånun standing beside the Caesar statue in Nyon and gazing at Mont Blanc. He loved to visit this statue everytime he went to Nyon. To Ragne and me Ånun was the one who held the unassailable rank among all whom we knew in flesh and blood

. He was the special star in our mind the “one in all doth hold his place.” He was unshaken of motion in front of me: He was silent; his head was hanging downwards; the weight of his body was balanced under his arms on the railing protecting the visitors from falling in the water; his hands were dangling in relaxed mood above the surface of the water; he was watching the movement of the water in Lac leman in a meditative manner. It seemed he was trying to catch the tones of light dancing and passing away with the motion of water. The omen of death frightened me and I wanted to leave the park immediately. I broke Ånun’s silence and suggested him that we must choose a different location to wait. He suggested his favourite place the Rousseau island.

His love for Rousseau had become more pronounced after following the television programmes on the French revolution. Only two months ago the two hundredth centenary year had passed leaving a vivid impression of the history of the French revolution in his mind. Ånun discussed with us all aspects of this revolution - from the life of the queen Marie Antoinette with whom once Mozart played as a child in Austria to the life of the revolutionary heroes like Danton and Robespierre and from the failure of the French revolution to the rise of Napoleon. Napoleon always brought in his mind a particular association Beethoven’s Eroica symphony. First Beethoven dedicated this symphony to Napoleon. But when Napoleon crowned himself as emperor, Beethoven tore that dedication page in protest. Last summer when Ragne went to attend the CSSE Conference while the French were celebrating the French revolution, Ånun asked her to buy this symphony from Paris for him. Getting this record from Paris probably gave him stronger association of Beethoven’s feelings of protest against Napoleon for his trampling of the rule of democracy.

In the Rousseau island he walked leisurley around the statute of Rousseau, watched the birds and the lights moving over the lake while silently composing music in his mind. Death was still haunting, the sun was dazzling, time was moving as silvery dazzle over the ripples on the surface of the lake, the sky was reflecting blue and green shades while the swans were swimming lifting their white feathers as symbols of joy over the silvery ripples greeting the wonderful day. And amidst this the laugh of death was still echoing from the surrounding mountains of the Alps and ghosts were shreiking and squealing in the shadows caste by the buildings around the lake. I shouted in my mind in fear, "Help ho! he comes for me!" Now breaking his silence Ånun came jumping in order to discuss with me the civil engineering problem of how the artificial island was constructed. As he held my hand the fear of death vanished and a will to live and fight against Death rose like a fountain gushing out of love.

The same fountain spouted from my heart when I heard Ånun playing Bach's minuette in G minor in the Museum of Old Musical Instruments in virginal only a few minutes later. We arrived to the museum on time -the demonstration of the instruments had just started. The intruments varied from a several thousand years old Mexican flute to a virginal, a predecessor of the modern piano. As the guide was speaking French I wanted to translate for Ånun. But Ånun did not like the extra noise pappa was creating. He felt embarassed in being a source of this extra attention and asked me to stop. He said he could guess everything. However, when the guide asked if anyone would like to play the virginal instrument Ånun failed to guess what the guide was proposing. When I told him that he was allowed to play the virginal he first could

not believe. But soon he realized that what I said was true and walked graciously to the instrument and surprised everybody by playing a Bach's minuet like a little master. In this unexpected surprise the adults started smiling and the guide hailed him "Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!..." One of the greatest strengths of Ånun's personality was his modesty. He knew the art of handling such situations of pride with a beautiful countenance full of smile and shyness. There was no one else we knew who could teach us this art better than him. I felt proud of his beautiful manner. Soon the old lady (the curator) appeared and the guide conveyed to her the talent Ånun showed. She asked Ånun to play for her once again. Getting another opportunity was the best Ånun could dream about. His long fingers moved with equal mastery as before to impress the curator too. She wanted that Ånun must write back to her and opened a drawer and asked him to choose a picture post-card from the museum. Ånun searched in the drawer for a while as if looking for a particular one. Then chose a card with pictures of two contrabasses from the sixteenth century that were hanging on the wall above the virginal. When I got curious to know, "Why did you choose those contrabasses?" he answered, "Pappa you won't understand." And I agreed. As the curator spoke English Ånun felt at ease with her and started explaining Bach's music to her in his usual charming manner. The adults could not control their laughs hearing his unusual vocabulary of music and we found it wise to hurry out of the museum before the pleasant experience fulfilling the main purpose of staying in the town for so many hours could be stained by unhappiness again.

As we came out Ånun remembered that before he left the house he did not find the pen with which he was writing music. As he could not accept to write the music piece with any other kind of pen, before

returning home he wanted to buy another pen of exactly the same type in case he did not find the old one. He bought the same pen with the same colour from the same shop. However it was still not the same pen. The old one had a scratch on it. He made the same scratch on the new one to make it look identical to the previous one. Ånun's world had many more dimensions than ours. In that world all objects he used seemed to carry feelings and emotions and he handled them with affections and care as if they possessed life and soul.

As we got down in the station in Genthod my mind got entangled in a strange world with different dimensions. Death reappeared once again. The sun was trying to illuminate his face with its golden soft and mysterious light before sinking in the horizon as if to expose his sinister intention before it became dark. In this light an intense fear of death overwhelmed my thoughts and took control of my mind. I felt giddy, my legs trembled, throat dried up, and a choking feeling moved through the chest. I started walking hurriedly in order to escape from Death moving as a shadow over the Alps under the robe of the evening light in another dimension than the dimension of space and time. It was about fifteen minutes walk from the station to the house. The road passed close to the shore of the lake providing a nice view to the Alps. Death was moving graciously in front of my eyes over the Alps hiding behind the shadows covering the vale surrounding my mind. Ånun was tired after being in the town for so many hours. He was walking slowly in a meditative manner, possibly thinking of the bars of music he was going to write after coming home. I felt anxious about leaving him behind in that lonely road and decided to stop in order to win over my psychosomatic symptoms shouting inside, "I must live for him". I was caught between him and Death. Ånun was happy to see that I was

waiting for him. He wanted to walk together with me holding my hand. As he took my hand a vivacious music of life rose in my mind and shattered all fears of death and a joy of life glittered as particles of light dancing as foams over a voluptuous wave drowning the mountains and the sky under the golden light of the evening sun.

As we entered the house Enka came wagging her tail to welcome back his friend and the children came running to tell him that they had caught as many as eighty small fishes. This great success in fishing particularly when Ånun was not with them destroyed his peace of mind. All the musical bars of his symphony that were ready for making their appearances on note paper had to wait till the excitement around the fishes swimming in the big pot in the garden was fully digested. Although Bjarne's promise that he would take him out fishing the next day helped to restore some peace, Enka's success in getting hold of some fishes created a hue and cry shattering the existing peace of mind. In this state of spiritual anarchy Ånun gave up his endeavour in writing music and joined the adult's world full of mundane interests eating raclette and watching lotto drawing in TV. After finishing the meal he joined the adults gathered in the cellar room to watch the result of day's lotto drawing because Bjarne had bought a few lotto tickets for him too. The balls of the roulette rolled and then fell one after another through a hole announcing numbers that shattered all his hopes of winning. After this failure in the world of gambling, the evening ended in the kitchen discussing hypothetical question: What one would do if one own 33 million francs in lotto? When it came to Ragne's turn to answer, before she answered, Ånun sweetly japed mamma with his elbow as if to make her fall to catch his suggestion "What about to the democracy fund, mamma?" This became more enjoyable when he added a witty laugh

with it which possibly was meant to be a satire to the hypocritical world of the adults. He knew Ragne was working on the questions of support to democracy that Norway was about to establish in order to strengthen the basis of democratic rule in the world and she had an intense interest in the issues of human rights. When it came to his turn, he refused to answer saying that he would not answer such a hypothetical question. When we all pressed him to answer, as usual he gave his characteristic Ånun like answer: He would first travel in the world to find out the best cause for which that money could be used. No one else made us think more about higher values and morals to live for and higher dimensions to aspire after than him.

After Ånun and the other children had gone to bed, the adult's session of discussion continued. Seeing that Ragne was feeling tired after working hard in the session of the Commission, Synnøve suggested that we should drop our plan of going to Bern and Zurich during the weekend and rather relax by going to the mountains. The weather was also just ideal for enjoying this kind of mundane pleasure. This ignited our passion for the mountains and the evening ended with a total change of our weekend programme.

The next morning too when I got up I saw Enka loitering under the table to win attention of her friend absorbed in spiritual matter. Ånun had got up much earlier together with mamma in order to write the symphony as Bjarne had promised to take him out for fishing before lunch. The way Ånun's fingers were putting notes on the papers without hesitation could give one an impression that he was guided by some higher spirit. I often saw a higher spirit enthroned in the bosom of this child who stired the spirit of creation in him from some deep depth ly-

ing in another dimension than we knew. From this depth joys sprang, music rose, and reasons spoke. However, Enka seemed to be around him to accomplish the will of the Devil to prove nothing was worth, all spiritual deeds were doomed to vain and all struggles of the human will to aspire after the orbs of the Heaven were bound to end in loneliness, melancholy, pain and tragic disaster.

The task of booking a hotel room for the weekend appeared to be a demonic complot. The day Ånun and I went to the Museum of Natural History we collected brochures of Les Diablerets and Leysin from the tourist office in the station with the possibility in mind that Ånun and I could make an excursion to the Alps during the weekdays. Due to Ånun's symphony writing and my fear of death this was not materialized. I got the idea of going to Les Diablerets during the weekend. Les Diablerets was a popular place. There was a glacier and it was within two hours journey from Geneva. I asked Ånun for his opinion. He thought, too, that Les Diablerets would be a fine place. Making this decision I went to book a hotel room .

Since the weather was good and there were holidays for many school children, no room was available in Les Diablerets. Instead the lady helping me in the tourist office suggested to try Les Mosses, a village close by Les Diablerets. The tourist office in Les Mosses was close at that time and I was asked to come back after lunch time. When I returned without succeeding to get in touch with the tourist office in Les Mosses the lady proposed to try Leysin. Les Diablerets was only a short distance from Leysin and therefore I had nothing against that she tried Leysin. It was difficult to get a room there too. But, anyway, a room was finally available for us in Hotel Orchide and I was asked to

pay for it immediately. Unfortunately I had not taken any money with me. The whole thing appeared to be like a roulette luck or misfortunate on which one had absolutely no control. All plans were being shattered in this random movement of events and I had to accept the situations as they developed. In this uncertain world, the lady understood my situation and asked me to come back to pay before the tourist office closed at six o'clock otherwise, she warned, we could not get the room .

Things appeared messy. Ragne had the money. She said she would be busy at lunch and meetings, but there was a possibility that she would call me around 4 o'clock. I hurried to come back to Genthod in case she called. This hurry resulted in my forgetting to get down from the train in Genthod. I had to walk back from the next station in Versoix. This caused irritation. Everything seemed to be a roulette a kind of gambling.

As I came in the house, Ånun was sparkling with joy. He was eagerly waiting for my return. He had exciting news to convey: They altogether had caught sixty five fishes and he alone had succeeded in catching ten of them and most important of all, the biggest among the lot went to his honour. After showing me this particular fish which was probably a couple of centimeters bigger than the average size, he came to show me the progress he had made with his fourth symphony in the morning before he went out fishing. He was on the last page of the second movement. He spread all the pages on the floor in rows and columns to show me how far he had come with this music piece. He said the second movement was a short one. It would be followed by a long third movement "Allegro Vivace" which was going to be the most vivacious and important movement of the whole symphony.

He also told me in which form the symphony was going to end in the fourth movement. My mind was struggling with time and those Rondo or Scherzo or whatever form he talked about whirled in my mind and came out of my mind without being able to leave any imprint on the memory. After presenting the first two movements of his symphony in written form and the last two movements in oral form he was curious to know how I liked his fourth symphony as a whole. Inside me I was feeling a state of chaos. I was irritated that I did not have money with me, Ragne did not call and the whole situation seemed to be complicatedly entangled with a series of uncertainties! While everything seemed like a devil's complot, Ånun started humming the melodies of the movements to help me appreciate his symphony and asked again "Pappa, what do you think?". My mind was trying to find a way out of this hell. More time passed, more the uncertainties increased, more intense became my will to fight against this state of uncertainty. I wanted to win . Ånun was waiting in front of me expecting an answer. I said "It is nice" without remembering what I heard or saw. The music seemed to have got lost in the devil's net. Ånun could read my mind more easily than anybody else . He immediately understood the emptiness of this word "nice". He felt hurt that I did not care to listen. He knew how to take revenge. He wanted to take this revenge by tearing off in front of my eyes the pages of the fourth symphony he had written. As he tore the first page half way, I felt a whip swishing through my mind and shouted in shock to stop him, " Ånun you must not do that. I really find it nice." I managed to stop him. This punishment by tearing off the music was equally painful to him as to me. Ånun managed to hurt us by hurting himself. He did things that we knew hurt him. He did it with a presumption that others would feel the same pain by understanding how much they hurt him by what they did or said to him. One needed to know him very well to un-

derstand what he really meant when he took this sort of negative action against himself. Ragne and I knew his subtle emotional way of reacting to others. We tried to tell Ånun that his subtle language would not be understood by others and he must learn to tell in simple and straight language when he felt hurt to escape more trouble. Many times his friends said that they hit him because Ånun asked them to do so. They did not sense his delicate way of protesting against violence and trying to win over it by his mental strength. We were often anxious thinking how this delicate human soul would be able to adjust with the world!

After succeeding to make me take his music seriously, he went back to the cellar room repeating with intensity “I must work, I must work, I must work..”. While he was struggling with time I was struggling with uncertainty. As Ragne had not called I accompanied Bjarne when he drove to the delegation to fetch Synnøve. It was already more than half past five and Ragne was not there. It seemed hopeless and I decided to give up my struggle. But Synnøve wanted to help me with the monetary problem and the office secretary came with the money I needed just at the moment I was leaving. After that the desire to take up the struggle with time became aflame again. I threw myself in a taxi and anxiously watched every minute that passed. Ho! I won at last. The taxi dropped me in front of the tourist office one minute before six. As I entered the door of the office closed.

After this success I returned to the delegation to inform Ragne about our weekend plan. She soon came back from the UN. She had bought Beethoven’s fifth concerto LP record from the UN store as Ånun desired it very much. It took some more time before she could leave and the concert which Ånun and I had planned to hear had to be dropped

from the evening programme.

After returning to Genthod, I called our friends to inform them that our plans had changed and we were not coming to visit them. Ånun and Bjarne were in the cellar anxiously waiting for the result of day's roulette while Ragne was packing. Ånun had just started writing the third movement "Allegro Vivace". She packed this unfinished fourth symphony in the suitcase since we were leaving for the mountains next morning.

Bjarne had bought gambling tickets for all of us to see to whom luck favoured. Ånun took the task of checking my and Ragne's tickets together with his own. A round glass sphere started turning and the roulette began. It reminded me the globe with which monkeys were playing rolling the sphere in the witch's kitchen when Faust came there from Auerbach's cellar while the male monkey was singing:

*"The world, behold,
Is thus for ever rolled,
With ceaseless up and down,
And lo, its hollow crown
Resounds like glass,
Most apt to break, alas,
And here it gleams,
Here brighter seems.
True, that I live;
But see you give
Heed, my good son,
Or your days are done.*

*This sphere of clay
Will splinter on a day.”*

The Lord of the witches, Mephistopheles i.e. our Enka was also present there as if listening an invisible witch declaiming from the book of magic:

*“Make one into ten
Drop two out of hand,
Three balance again,
Then you are rich,
On the word of the witch.
From five and six
The four transfix,
Make seven and eight
Fulfilling the fate.”*

This “Stupidity’s Gargantuan choir” in my mind ended seeing a little bloodshed. Synnøve cut her finger as she wanted to demonstrate to Ånun the art of using the swiss knife that they had given him as a gift. I was happy that it did not happen to Ånun because when he handed over the knife to Synnøve he said he was a “stupid” since he could not handle the knife properly and Synnøve had to teach him. It would have made him feel even more “stupid” if he cut himself.

After this little bloodshed it was Ånun’s turn to teach one of so many arts that he mastered. Synnøve’s youngest daughter wanted to learn from him the art of origami the Japanese paper folding art. Ånun mastered this art from the age of five. He loved to teach people things he knew and he possessed all pedagogic talents one could expect from

a good teacher good knowledge, clarity of explanation, patience, adjustment to the level of the student etc. According to mormor Ånun was one of the best teachers she (herself a teacher) had seen. I agreed with her except in one circumstance when he tried to teach me music theory (Ånun often tried to teach me music theory with less success). He presumed that I knew more than I really knew and what was easy for him was not at all that easy to grasp so quickly. In his origami lessons swans and cranes were always included. He folded a swan family and a crane for her and made one crane for himself. After this creation of the birds he retired to bed singing the melodies of his fourth symphony before the night drew its curtain and the witch shouted her magic spell: “Make seven fulfilling the fate.”

THE LAST TWENTYFOUR HOURS

The next morning this witch came to hand over to us a key with number seven. It was the key of our room in the hotel in Ley-sin, Orchide -seven letters! She was the manager of the hotel. As soon as I looked at her face I got frightened. She had two teeth protruding out of her upper jaw. Her mind seemed to be crammed with thoughts. She talked fast in a harsh voice and her eyes seemed to be rolling distantly in a world of the evil. I never had such a fearful feeling looking at a human face before.

The room was poorly furnished. It was on the shadowy side of the building and therefore although it was a bright sunny day we had no

sunlight in the room. While the rooms on the other side provided panoramic view of the Alps, only the shadows cast by other hotel buildings around were peeping through the window. From this side we only saw a curving road and cars plying across the shadows.

Before coming in the room Anun was satisfied with the trip to Leysin. The train journey from Geneva to Aigle was exciting as there was a wonderful view of the Alp and the Jura all along the way. The sun outside was so bright that Ragne had to pull the curtain on the window when the train passed Montreux and approached Chateau de Chillon. With this, a thought of death descended in her mind. She started talking about Dadu (my father) and a similar sunny day when my parents visited Chateau de Chillon about nine years ago. The panorama of the Alps was as beautiful as that day. In Chateau de Chillon a poet was once imprisoned. Byron wrote “Prisoner of Chillon” based on that story. After Byron many poets and writers had visited Chillon and it was no wonder that Dadu who was also a poet visited the place. “How strange!” , she reflected, “Dadu does not live any longer!” He only existed as a poet imprisoned in the castle of our memories in the sunlight flooding the Alpine landscape decorated with the silvery glitter of the lake.

The poem was moving like Dadu’s “Poem in Search of Itself” over the grayish violet vineyards awaiting for the spring and the white carpet of the wild flowers decorating the ground around the feet of the pine trees carrying the first clusters of words as hymns of life on the earth before coming of the spring. A castle, a church and a few mountain chalets were gliding away underneath in the warmth of the sunlight floating in the passions and delights of the human mind as a trolley train carrying us from Aigle ascended higher and higher on its way to Leysin.

In this poetic world, Ånun's mind was busy with technical problems: How did people manage to construct the terraces to grow grapevines along such a steep mountain landscape, how did one water the plants in this sloopy terrain and how could the grapevines grow in such an arid soil ? Thus as long as the journey to Leysin lasted Ånun had forgotten his music.

But entering the room his mood changed as he remembered that mamma had packed his fourth symphony in the suitcase which we had left in the luggage box in the train station in Geneva. As he wished to write music he felt frustrated and grided: Why did we plan this trip to the mountains? He did not want to go anywhere. We tried to convince him that this beautiful nature around would help him to get inspiration for his music. " I do not need any inspiration from the mountains. I do not intend to write any Tyrol music, anyway", he retorted and tried to make us understand that his fourth symphony was already composed. He only needed time to write it down on note papers. He loved intellectual challenges and was bright enough to accept an argument if it carried weight and therefore we thought the best way of helping him out of this frustration was to make him appreciate our point. We had to agree with him that visiting mountains was not any absolute necessity for getting inspiration for creative acts. However, he could not reject our point that one could not know exactly how an experience of a beautiful nature might affect one's creative spirit and broke in despair, "Yes..y..e..s,pa..ppa..." He seemed to agree without willing to agree. Anyway, he did not need any inspiration right then. We failed to understand why could not he finish the music when he came home and what made him so intense. Showing irritation we went out and he had to follow.

The lady (the “witch”) advised us to go to Profondaz for a walk. She said there was a nice restaurant there providing a beautiful panoramic view of the Alps from its terrace. We could also take our lunch there. Before going to Profondaz we went through the tourist office for general information and to ask for advice where to eat in the evening. Since the moment we arrived in Leysin, I was obsessed with the thoughts of possessing/or renting a chalet there speculating that when we would come to Geneva to live, this place would be our weekend resort. Therefore I took this opportunity of enquiring about renting chalets in Leysin. Now Ånun felt irritated, “Again you are speculating pappa! Please stop it. Enough of it.”

After this flip-flop of irritation and counter irritation we left for Profondaz. While Ånun was dragging himself behind us grudging : “I must work, I must work. I do not need inspiration. I am not going to write Tyrol music”, Death appeared on the way. Again I felt the same psychological state- numbness, breathlessness and intense fear. I saw his dark robe moving as shadow over the Alps extended all around in my view. I got nervous and did not want to go to Profondaz anymore. But realizing that any negative suggestion on my side will spoil the trip for Ragne who badly needed a holiday to enjoy, like Ånun I also felt forced to follow her against my will.

There was a lot of animation in the terrace of the restaurant as people were taking lunch outside. It seemed Death wanted to follow me only up to this point. Then he vanished in the thin mist covering Aigle lying underneath as suddenly as he had appeared. I found this surroundings to be a beautiful setting to take pictures of Ånun. I brought with

me the camera and lenses needed for better photography with a view of taking shots of Alpine motives I planned to paint when we returned home. Strangely, this idea of taking photographs of motives had come to my mind for the first time only just before going to Geneva. I had never done it before. Ånun became curious to know why I was taking so many pictures of him? When I told him that I wished to make a painting from Profondaz he requested, “Pappa , please do not superimpose different pictures when you paint.”(He could read my thoughts as easily as I could read his.) Ånun disliked superimpositions of persons in different places and times distorting the reality for the sake of art. He did not want me to alter the time, the place and the surroundings. He seemed to have a deep attachment for each moment as it was. What we saw and felt only belonged to a particular moment of life in a particular place and he wanted that I respected this reality .

Ånun always tried to inject in me his love for the nature and reality and asked me to appreciate the aesthetic beauty in nature rather than the distorted world of the modern art. His most favourite artist was Renoir although he often watched the programmes on the lives and techniques of Titian, Turner, Van Gaugh, Gaugin, and Degas that we had in our video collection. He developed this love for art at very early age. His skill in drawing projective pictures often suprised us. We often wondered how he could do that without seeing the objects in front of him! He painted with my colours and brushes already before he became two years old. In Bern he often went up to the room in the attic to paint. His vocabulary at this age exceeded any normal vocabulary of a child: He painted with oxide red, prussian blue,olive green, cadmium yellow instead of red, blue, green or yellow. In fact, the results of some of his paintings were so interesting that we exhibited a few of them at the art

exhibition of the Diplomatic Corps in Bern when he was around two.

His love for the Alps was often reflected in his drawings. The last drawing he made before going to Geneva was from Villar - an Alpine village only about five kilometers away from where I was taking his pictures in Profondaz.

During the last year or so his talent for drawing and painting suffered in order to make time for his music composition. In Profandaz too, no talk of art could manage to distract his mind from music. After enjoying his favourite meal “Spaghetti Bolonaise”, Ånun went for a walk on the little snow scattered around the restaurant in order to listen to his symphony in his mind. In the sunrays reflected from the snow crystals he seemed to be totally merged with “Allegro Vivace” playing inside . His face was glittering in lights of joy as a living snow crystal.

I remembered the carnaval in the Trollåsen kindergarten four years ago. Ånun wished to be a snow crystal in the carnaval. Not only he had beautiful imaginations but also for every idea he had ingenuity to find a practical solution to realize the idea. As he knew how to cut the shapes of snow crystals from papers he had no problem of realizing this wish. I only had to find a white pyjama and a shirt for him. He glued large number of white paper crystals to fully cover these clothes he was going to wear. The problem of covering the face of “Ånun snow crystal” was also solved with equal ingenuity by making a snow crystal mask with cardboards.

Like a snow crystal Ånun always wanted to be one with all the mysteries and beauties of nature. He was fascinated by everything.

His curiosity knew no bound. It spanned from birds, flowers, insects to shells, fossils, stones, pebbles and crystals. His knowledge of nature spanned from causes of lightening, storm and earthquakes to sensory perception and intelligence of animals, language of communication of the insects and the human endeavours in bio-engineering. To meet his unsatiable thirst for knowledge we had built a small library of video tapes that covered wide aspects of life on Earth, from DNAs and bacterias to dinosaurs and history of this living planet from the formation of the Earth to the formation of the mountains and valleys of the Alps. With unbelievable fastness he stored all knowledge in his ever expanding memory without forgetting anything once heard or seen.

On our way back from Profandaz, this living encyclopedia collected a pine cone since it was unusually big and bought a little heart shaped pencil sharpner from a shop to take back home. He loved this pencil sharpner because it had black and white piano keys printed on it. After making these collections he seemed happy and found a shorter route to return to the hotel. He came dancing down the slope gracefully balancing the problems of equilibrium on the bumpy ground. He seemed to be dancing in an inner ecstasy of joy of being alive amidst the mystery of life around. The mountains were watching this dance like the young beautiful witches in Faust's Walpurgis night while the evening light was writing a poem in my mind:

Behold the spirit

Dancing in the stream of light

Endowed with the splendour of love and joy

Where wonders of nature meet to testify

The power of light gleaming from the heart.

*Behold the giant pines
Wearing the crowns of shadows as queens of passions and lusts
Mating with the lights floating in the endless vacuum
Gazing with the eyes of the stars,
Behold the silent glade where the sky
Leads the steps of gods and witches coming to the Earth
from worlds far apart,
Behold the dance of joy
Where gods watch the joy of human life
Hiding their faces behind the golden masks
Curved and bent by the power of the lights
Joining Heaven and Earth.*

*Behold the witches
Flying in the shadows of the Alps
Flirting with the phantoms
Mocking the humans
Souring and stifling nature's blissful love.
Behold the wretched night
Descending on the Alpine paddocks and the cottage roofs
From the citadel of the stars
Scouring the rocks and the woods
For pain and sufferings
As fate's unredeemable curse.*

*Behold the dance of the spirit
In the sweet innocence of a child
Holding the hands of light and joy*

*In nature's loving heart,
Behold, mind, behold
The star dancing in the stream of light
Revealing the power of music
Binding sky and Earth.*

*Trees and rocks,
Air and sounds,
Winds and waves,
Hopes and dreams,
Echoes and murmurs,
Here on Earth
Bespeak soul's yearning for caresses of love.*

*Here on Earth
Behold the golden lights
Where the valleys run,
Hills converge,
Streams gush,
Precipices lie lurid,
Chasms glimmer,
And the human mind burns under the stars.*

*Here on Earth
Witches ride
Devils preside
The nights howl and scourge,
The souls of Evil
Chatter, brew, dance and drink*

*In witches' fete
Littering human mind
With ignorance and villain's anger, power and lust.*

*Behold
Beneath the sun
Joy and love
Songs and music
Composed by the soul of light
Where wonder seen or unseen
Chills the blood in the sacred shore of life
Like quivering flames
In firs, shoots and buds.*

*Behold the virile dark,
The tresses of the flowers
Moving to attract the lights that pass,
Behold the young beautiful witches
Hiding behind the lights over the Alps.
Behold, mind, behold
The beauty and mystery,
This dance of joy
This thousand sparks of light
Flitting before escaping the Earth.*

Again this dance of joy turned into sorrow when we returned to the hotel room. Anun started weeping as he did not have opportunity to write music. Anun was intense by nature. Everything he did, he did it with ardent passion and zeal. He often cried in exhaustion but seldom

gave up before he mastered a thing he wanted to master or finished a project he wanted to finish. We were often afraid that he carried unrealistic high ambitions and anxious that he would be physically and mentally overworked. However, we had never seen him as intense as this before. He was weeping clenching the fingers of his hands and teeth . He was struggling with himself to control the intense outbreak of frustration. As no argument seemed to bring peace in his mind Ragne threatened that if he could not relax we would have to think whether it would be right to buy note paper for him in the future, believing that this threat would work to calm him down. But, instead of calming down he broke into more intense cry, saying: “Ma..mma, Ma..mma, you seem not to understand that I am struggling with time.” We became worried to see him so desperate and tried to make him understand that such intensity was not good for one’s mental health and he must be able to relax. We wondered why couldn’t he finish the symphony when he came home? “When I come home I have to go to school, I have to do my homework, my friends would want to play with me. I never get time. The only time I get is during the weekends, but that is not enough for me”, he tried to make us understand his situation. He felt that the holidays like this provided him the best opportunity to compose. We very well understood his frustration about the lack of time which had newly caused conflicts with his friends. We felt unhappy realizing that what he was saying was quite right and therefore without finding a solution to the problem we decided to leave the matter to Ånun himself. We only told him to be realistic about his ambition and he should be able to relax. I advised Ragne to let him cry believing that cry would work as a therapy. After this emotional exchange fear of death started lingering in my mind. I felt I had to have a nap and soon I fell asleep.

When I woke up I found Ånun in a state of joy enjoying the company of his mother sitting beside him in the bed. He was so dear a child! They were enjoying a wonderful time together full of love on both sides. Ragne was measuring his palm against her own . Finding that he had nearly as long fingers as hers she was surprised and asked “Why do you have so long fingers?” “Because it would be easy for me to play the chords on the piano”, he laughed so that we did not misunderstand that he tried to crack a big joke.

It seemed the struggle was over. He wanted to go to the restaurant “Le Leysin” as suggested by the tourist office to eat his favourite Swiss dish, cheese fondue. The restaurant was down in the village just adjacent to the church about fifteen minutes walk from our hotel. Already by then a thick darkness had descended on this Alpine village. The streets were dimly lighted by the rays streaming out of the window panes of the nearby houses and the showcases of the small shops. Occasionally cars were wending their ways like stray cats with shadowy shapes and glowing eyes as if chasing rats in the streets at night. We seemed to be those rats. We clung to each other to save ourselves from these mechanical creatures without hearts and feelings. All the time we had to protect Ånun as he was again absorbed in his world of music, talking about his symphony and was highly absent-minded. In this darkness Ånun was like a lamp with wavering flame trying to show us through his spiritual light a world of joy while instead of listening to his music, in a clinging darkness I was obsessed with the thoughts of renting a challet in Leysin .

As we passed by the church, I felt we were walking in a sacristy

under the vault of the Heaven where rats were running around, evil was pervading all directions, witches were breeding everywhere. Rats!.. rats!...rats! the earth seemed to be full of rats. There were thousands of rats, millions of rats, billions of rats multiplying in each corner shoving, bustling, crowding and clattering like a menace. Amidst this the stars were quivering like millions and billions of candles on an altar. Ånun once wrote:” In the desert there is a hole and in this hole there is an altar. As soon as you put the jewel box there, ten of the most important wishes of your life will be fulfilled. But if you then touch the jewel box, the curse of fate will fall on you. In the end I desire to live really here.” This was the last part of a story he wrote about where he wanted to live. I did not understand what he really meant. But now when I saw the sky, I saw the jewels on the altar. I saw the hole the black blue hole in an unending desert where the human soul wandered in thirst of meaning. There seemed to exist no meaning anywhere. Only fate was guarding the jewels. Once one touched the jewels, fate was ready to strike. And here, in this mysterious world he wanted to live. He wanted to open the desert he named “Shjarid”, the twin brother of Sahara by means of this jewel box. But fate was guarding the box placed on the altar.

Like in Walpurgis night a higher spirit was flying around the altar through space under this starlit night over “giant valley’s maze” , over the majestic heights from where “torrent falls in ceaseless silvery flight”. Through the vast space, the trees were scattered as pillars of an ancient dark city in ruins , mountains and rocks were mourning under frost and snow in the moonlight as in a huge ancient graveyard and Mephistopheles was flying over this landscape in a height

*“Where the mountain brings to view
Fires of Mammon shining through.”*

and the witches were dancing and singing :

*“The winds are hushed, the stars are pale
The mournful moon puts her veil.
In wild career the witches’ choir
Scatters a thousand sparks of fire.”*

and the voices were echoing from the sky above and the dark crevasses below:

*“Could we but join your lofty sphere!
Though we may wash us free from stain,
Blighted and bareen we remain.”*
*“Three hundred years we clime this way,
And never gain the magic peak.”*

while a huckster witch was sitting and singing in front of a shop:

*“ No dagger here that has not dripped with
blood,
No chalice but has held a lethal juice
To blight a life of promise in the bud,
No sword but served a traitor’s foul attack
Or stabbed a strong opponent in the back.”*

Ånun refused to enter the restaurant “ Le Leysin” when he saw

a poster hanging in front of the entrance door announcing “dancing tonight”. It seemed as if someone spoke in his mind,”The soul of evil dominates the folk.” Ragne went inside to reserve a table while I waited outside with Ånun. He wanted to return to the hotel. We insisted that he should first come in and see for himself. Ragne tried to convince him that there was no sign of dancing - furthermore, it was very cosy inside and he was definitely going to like it.

After a long harrangue when Ragne succeeded in bringing him inside, his ears immediately detected the music floating in the air .”Mamma, listen to the first movement of Mozart’s minuet in G major”, he became excited. As the visit to the restaurant started with such a happy experience he felt vivified. The interior was decorated with antique Swiss tools and utencils used in the mountain farms in the old days- some even from the time before Mozart including a clock from 1750 i.e. six years before Mozart’s birth. Ånun had a very special fascination for history and the past culture. His interest covered studies from Olmec, Zapotec, Mixtec, Mayan and Aztec cultures in Mexico, Minnoan culture in Crete, the archeological ruins under St. Peter’s cathedral tracing the history back to the Romans, or the medieval Viking towns in Trondheim to folk museums and churches wherever he went. This cultural interests was also extended from the Mohenzodaro and Harrapa and Mesopotomian cultures to cultures in Easter Island or in Peru. He particularly loved to watch time and again the programmes of Heyerdhal’s expeditions to these remote cultures in his video collection. We had a friend who was an archeologist. Whenever she visited us she knew how demanding it was to be with Ånun. He seldom talked about anything but archeology with her. Whenever we went with him to visit places of

archeological interests, our biggest problem was how to get him out. He could spend hours and, may be days in such places. Particularly, visiting with him the archeological site under the floor of St. Peters cathedral in Geneva was a source of headache for us. There they made a series of excavations discovering the history of Geneva lying layer after layer underneath. Each time we went there, Ånun wanted to study in details the maps, the diagrams and models to reconstruct the past in his mind while we felt headaches and tried to get him out from this world of the ruins.

Before leaving this interesting restaurant Ånun discovered the dancing room where a man was playing Mozart's minuet in a synthesizer programmed to simulate the musical instruments. Fortunately, except the musician from Mauritius there was no one there. Ånun carried a charm that attracted people easily. The musician waved to Ånun inviting him to come. Ånun was very happy in receiving this opportunity to talk to the man. He seldom had any inhibition in talking to strangers. He talked to them as if they were his good friends or whom he knew well making people feel comfortable with his friendly manner and talkative gestures. No one needed more than a few minutes to discover that there was something special with this boy. As expected this musician also became his friend equally quickly and gave him a sweet. The man was not able to express himself well in English. But it did not matter for Ånun. He seemed to understand everything and also made the musician understand what he was saying. He wished very much that the man played the second movement of the minuet instead of playing the first movement again and again. The musician told him, "It is a dancing place and therefore I can not play any music I want." Ånun pretended to understand this rather odd logic and left the dancing place as if hurrying

before the witches arrived there to dance.

The music of Mozart worked like a healing medicine to cheer him up. From the time Ånun was in the cradle, music had a healing effect on him. If he cried or was unhappy we used to play the records of Beethoven's music and it always gave a good result. He fanatically loved classical music from the age of one and half. Particularly Beethoven's Sixth Symphony (The Pastoral Symphony) seemed to possess the most magical power to calm him down in any situation of pain or grief. During the last few years he at times experienced life as a labyrinth where a sphinx was guarding the door of exit. About two years ago, one night in his bed he cryingly had explained to us about this labyrinth and sphinx. He talked about two opposite forces in him trying to decide over his life. He was torn between his inner voice asking him to follow one path and the demand of the other force asking him to do the contrary. The outside world was like a sphinx threatening to devour him unless he followed its order. He felt caught between these two figures as a spectator not knowing what to do. He often cried at night in the bed but we did not know that it was the reason. At this time he even talked about committing suicide scaring us to wonder if he really meant it. But he seemed to have found an exit from this labyrinth when he started composing. One of the first pieces he wrote was a suite (Allemagne) "Dance of Joy". In the explanation of this dance music he wrote:

"The music opens with a gray introduction that constantly keeps a little hope alive. It is just like a human being who tries to find the exit of a colossal labyrinth. The man ultimately finds an exit and falls into a dance although, it is not a dance that leads you to joy, it has a

lively soul. In one moment the human being loses his belief in what has happened. The theme dies out while he falls in the warm hands of joy. The theme blossoms up and dies again following the tones of the minor scale. Again the joy takes its root for the last time. And joy is released. At last, there is joy in all tones a boundless joy !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

From this time onwards, his life had been a dance of joy like his music piece. He was out of the labyrinth, but sometimes he lost belief that he was out of it he became unhappy, he cried but the next moment joy came with its warm hands to release him in a boundless joy in the end. After the episode at school just before we came to Geneva when Ånun won his victory against the boys, the teacher in charge had warned them that what they were doing could lead a person to commit suicide. We were so happy to hear when Ånun reported to us, “ I told Lise, I have not thought of doing that. I am too fond of life.”

He loved and respected life deeply. There was joy in every corner of his mind. As we came out of the restaurant this joy was released again. A lively soul was dancing seeing the exit of the labyrinth. The street through which we were walking was narrow and dark. There was a chiaroscuro of light and darkness where the street had ceased merging with the exit outside the darkness. The lights seemed to be awaiting to receive us in front of this exit outside a labyrinth in the centre of the village glowing in the dim lights of the stars.

Ånun was excited. He was talking scattering feelings of happiness. It made us feel happy to see that in the end he loved this trip to Leysin. As we were at the end of the holidays Ånun started planning the story he was going to write. He was sure that everyone in his

class would be asked to write about their holidays when they returned to school. He had already divided the story in three parts: the first part would deal with what he did in Geneva including the fishing trips, the second part would be about his music and the third section would be the trip to the Alps. He was a big entertainer in the class with his stories. To amuse his friends he wanted to add a little bit of spice something that did not actually happen in the first part. Enka was to fall in the lake and we had to rescue the dog. He jumped and giggled in excitement seeing in his mind how his friends would laugh hearing about this drama.

Like his friends, we too loved his stories that conveyed a strong power of imagination and mastery of using words. As his teacher said, “He had the power of words”. We always wished that his stories were longer because they were so interesting to read. But time was the problem. He could not afford to write more than two or three pages since he had so many other things to do. His stories often dealt with themes that added new dimensions to ordinary events, imagined life to inert objects and depicted interesting situations of daily life or the political and social reality around. From ski and shoes to trees and books, all were personified in his stories. He often embarked on journeys backward in time full of drama combined with a mystery of the unknown and the unseen. In the story “Ole and His Dream” written about three years ago, a mysterious figure named Lygål the Fifth suddenly appeared in the workshop of a mechanist and offered Ole to show the way to happiness. After a short drama when Lygål had to camouflage himself as a screw in order to escape the eyes of the mechanist, Lygål and Ole flew forward in time and saw many phantastic things on their way. But during this journey forward in time, Lygål suddenly lost his magical power causing them to fall backwards in time. The fall was so catastrophal that it ended

in the time of the Vikings. There they met a jester of King Sverre. As “Baglers” and “Birkbeins” were warring with each other in the Viking world, the jester proposed to send Ole and Lygål back to their own time in order to save them from being killed. The story came to a crisis here. Ole did not want to be killed but at the same time he did not want to leave the world of the Vikings either. This unresolvable psychological conflict was resolved by stopping the story at this point and waking up Ole from his dream.

Suddenly I also woke up in fear as I looked up towards the sky. I saw myself being surrounded by the stellar constellations -Ursa Major, Ursa Minor, Aquarius, Gemini, Cancer, Sagittarius, Cygnus, Cassiopeia, Perseus, Taurus, Orion, Cancer, Hydra , Virgo The dark sky was hanging like a dagger decorated with the most precious jewels of the universe over my head. Before Ånun started composing his biggest passion was the universe. The constellations that I saw in the sky, he saw every night when he went to bed under the upper deck of his bunk bed. He slept on the lower deck and these constellations glowed above his eyes. He travelled in the universe every night before he fell asleep. This interest in the universe started before he was two years old. Ånun lying on the floor opening my books on cosmology and gravitation was a common scene in our study room in Bern. If someone asked what he was doing the answer was, “Ånun is reading cosmology, theory of gravitation and mathematics.” If someone asked what he was going to be when he grew up the answer was prompt, “I shall study cosmology and explore the universe.” We had a film on the Saturn five rocket and NASA’s shuttle programme and we had to show him this film nearly every night around this age. During his painting hours too in the attic in Bern he did not forget the universe. The solar system with the sun and

the planets around was a theme he liked to paint. After coming to New York, this interest in cosmos and space science increased in an accelerating rate. Now his room was full of models of shuttles, rockets, satellites, lunar modules, command modules etc. and the book shelf was full of books on astronomy and space science from “Space, Time and Infinity” to “America’s Voyage to the Stars”. His thirst for knowledge was so deep that he started studying about each star in the constellations he created in his bunk bed. He wanted to know how many light years away they were, which one of them was in fact a star and which one was a white dwarf, a pulsar or a globular cluster or a nebula or a galaxy or a quasar. We subscribed to a astronomical magazine for him and made him a member of the Planetary Society around the age of five. His interest in all kinds of technology was enormous as well. Particularly, the rocket technology from the principles of propulsion, construction of the ignition chambers and fuel tanks to robot arms and retrieval of satellites from space- ignited his passion most. This interest in rockets spanned from the time of Robert Goddard to the future project of constructing the Heavy Lift Launch Vehicles. His vocabulary far exceeded ours. He followed the coming of Halley’s comet with great excitement making Giotto, Vega, Solar Max a part of his daily normal vocabulary. His knowledge of Mariner, Pioneer, Viking and Voyager missions brought the planets and their satellites closer to us. He imagined one day he will live inside an asteroid building an artificial climate in which life could sustain. And already a few years ago he invited guests to his confirmation ceremony to be held in a space station. Before his interest in music started stealing his time, he wanted to join in an international contest for young people called “Together to Mars” announced by the Planetary Society. This contest offered challenges to develop proposals on topics relating to life support for humans for flights to, from, and while explor-

ing Mars. Once he was asked to talk about the universe in his school too. In return for the world of knowledge he opened to us, he received a telescope as a gift on his sixth birthday, we took him to space museums and planetariums and bought books and models on space science .

His interest in space and cosmos, however, was not concentrated on scientific and technological aspects only. He was highly philosophical by nature. He often discussed metaphysical questions with me varying from the irreversibility of time to how matter could transform into energy or energy could transform into matter and how three quarks in a proton could form a structure and what constituted the surface of the particles. Including the basic ideas of the theory of Relativity he discussed such philosophical questions as the necessity of existence of something in the universe. “Why not everything is not nothing pappa?” he wondered. Around this age of six this philosophical discussion with me for about half an hour lying in the bed was the last ritual of the day before he fell asleep every night. Mormor suggested that I must tape some of the discussions that would be interesting to hear in the future. I, in fact, did tape a few of them without knowing that Ånun himself would soon become non existent leaving behind the memory of a brilliant mind on these tapes.

I was shuddering standing under the starlit night. I had rarely experienced such an unusual intense fear that rose out of metaphysical thoughts about the meaning of human existence in this cosmos. In the centre of the village the place where I thought the labyrinth ended, I saw a bigger labyrinth. The constellations were guarding the exits of the labyrinth. Galaxies, quasars were flying in that dark night together with

the higher spirit over a maze of the valleys of the dark, where torrents of lights were gushing through the cores of the spirals igniting the universe in a dim light. I was in another time many millions of years back from now. The lights that reached my eyes started their journeys hundreds of millions of years ago and, maybe, even more. By some magical power I found myself existing in the earlier age of the universe. Lygål who wanted to show Ole the way to happiness was camouflaged in an all pervading vacuum around me. Ragne and Ånun were staring through this vacuum. Ragne urged me, "Look at the beautiful sky". When I refused to look at the sky she found my behaviour peculiar. I gave her my excuse, "I cannot see well. I am not wearing the right glasses." Instead in my mind I saw that the houses, the shops, the hotel buildings around were standing under the starlit sky like jesters of a strange world where constellations were awaiting the end of their existences like warriors in the cosmic vastness.

Seeing me trembling in a fear of death, these jesters sent me back to my own time the 24th of February, 1990, 9 o'clock at night. Just then Ånun was looking at a watch in the window of a shop. He wished to get one with Roman numerals one day. But he added his anxiety how his friends would probably react, "Mamma, my friends will call me an old eccentric, if I wear such a watch." Ragne laughed and joked with him: "They will not call you an old eccentric, but a young one."

I had seen Ånun noting down the chordal progression of a music in Roman numerals before writing a composition. I guessed this must be the reason for his affection for a watch with Roman numerals. Not long ago his mind was full of these numerals as he studied contrapuntal expansions, progressions, and chord functions in his book on the theory of contrapunt. He was particularly interested in contrapunt in the Bach

style. He had this book on contrapunt with him to read in Geneva too. He reached this sophisticated level of knowledge in music theory within a rather short time. Although he was fanatically interested in classical music from the age of one and half, it had died down with the rise of his interests in cosmology and space science for a period when we were in New York. He seemed to have already chosen his future as a scientist and space explorer. During that time his music interest lingered through a number of jolly songs and rhymes and playing through an electric synthesizer (he got it at the age of four) before bursting out like a volcanic eruption nearly two years ago. Although mormor and mamma taught him to play the notes in the synthesizer in New York and he played several melodies on this instrument, the eruption did not come till he started taking lessons in flute in the music school and discovered two books in the house one on the fundamentals of music theory and the other on the history of classical music.

It was like Apollo getting the lyre. The great lover of music secured the right instrument in his hands. Within a few months all aspects of music theory melody, rythms, tonality, harmony became his spiritual possession. Soon his vocabulary left the level of dissonance and consonance or circle of fifth to chordal progressions and jargons related to voice leading. Then a composer came to take charge of his soul. He started writing "Dance of Joy" in F major after we returned from our summer holidays in Greece and Crete the summer of 1988. In Crete he was fascinated by the ruin of the Minnoan palace in Knossos. The architecture of this palace was like a labyrinth. According to the legend a bull headed monster called Minnotaur devoured Athenian youths. I remembered Anun ran around in Knossos as if trying to find a way out of the labyrinth. He took my hands and ran around in joy in a place where

according to the legend Minnotaur once existed. He wanted to triumph over the monsters all around him. He danced feeling the joy that time has devoured that frightening monster. The labyrinth was open - it was only a ruin. Now only the sun and joy were flooding the place.

Through music Ånun in the end had found his exit from the labyrinth. There was only endless joy in his mind!!! And music everywhere: on letter pads, birthday invitation cards, Mozart chocolates etc. etc. When we talked with him on the telephone we heard him playing flute or piano for us, when he wrote letters he added a few lines of music, when he signed his name he added a few notes beside it. Finding the exit of the labyrinth through his music “Dance of Joy”, he immediately leaped to compose symphonies. And within a year he wrote four symphonies. In February 1989 Ånun started writing his first symphony in A minor. He chose the name of his symphony from Greek mythology and named it “Persiphone”. Persiphone was the daughter of Mother Earth, Dimitris. One sunny day while Persiphone was plucking flowers, Hades, the god of the underworld abducted her and brought her to the world of darkness. As the sun had seen the abduction, Dimitris could find Persiphone at last and she was released from the underworld for a period of the year by Hades. When she went in the underworld the earth fell in winter and when she came out the Mother Earth became fertile again. After finishing the symphony “Persiphone” Ånun explained its content as follows:

“ For the first time in my life I am willing to tell a story about a war. It is not any war like the Gulf war, but it is a war that has existed as long as the Earth has existed and that is never going to come to an end. “The war between the dominating forces the light and the shadow.”

In the first movement, the shadow opens with a deep..... that are answered by the light at the same moment with a little lighter tones. Although the shadow truly has an unconquerable power, there always exists a gleam of light under the shadow's black robe that later leads to the second movement that is transparently only the soul of light.

Yes, as said a little before, this movement just belongs to the light.

When we are in the third movement, I can add that the light with all its goodness triumphs over all. In this context of the theme "all" tells about warmth and happiness although the theme is a mixture of the dominant and sub dominant, although I await a tonal harmony in my final movement "Poco Presto ma Vivace".

This is only a captivating proof of a constant urge of the darkness to triumph over all powers, although it will never manage to win over the power of joy."

The power of the shadow seemed to have taken control of my mind. On our way from the centre of the village to the hotel I was still struggling with the intense fear of death. The witches seemed to be flying all around in the darkness. They were singing and dancing under the stars in my mind as if rejoicing the success in reaching a magical height over the Alps in the Walpurgis night:

*"And he who can not rise today
Is damned and doomed in his dismay."
"Here is ointment if your courage fails,*

*And clouts and rags will serve for sails.
A trough's the vessel for your flight:
She's damned who cannot fly to night."
" And when we sail around the top
First skim the ground, and then fill it up,
That all the Brocken height may be
Smothered in swarms of witchery."*

while Ånun's mind was flying over the heights of music. He was telling us about the music of the second Viennese school led by Schönberg, Anton Webern and Alban Berg the avant-garde composers who broke out of the traditional music dominating the cultural life of Vienna. He did not particularly like the music of Webern who was shot to death by a soldier during the war. Like modern painting, this new school was also a product of the world war. It grew between the first two world wars giving birth to atonal and serial music. Although Ånun was fond of tonal music, he also listened to twelve tone music with serious interest. He particularly liked to listen to Stravinsky and Shostakovich among the modern composers. As my knowledge of the modern music was poor, Ånun was explaining to me the rules of the serial composition trying to correct my misconception that atonal music was just random music. But anyway, we agreed that tonal music was best and he should stick to it. In spite of his open attitude to serial music, he seemed not to appreciate music of many modern composers. I remembered the last words of this discussion ended in front of the entrance door of the hotel, "Pappa can you understand why Olav Berg and Nordheim are so famous in Norway!" The death and witches left reaching the door and now I could smile to give him my response. The door flung open and he entered the hotel with us to spend the last night of his life.

After the evening's shock of fear, my brain activities gradually passed from alpha waves to delta waves bringing me down to sleep. All my knowledge about the brain came from my encounter with Ånun. His education about human anatomy started with a plastic model of a human body where all organs could be taken apart for reassembling around the age of four. Soon he got interested in the human brain and we had to buy him a model of the brain and the books explaining its functioning. As we had to read these books for him we learnt together with him about the cerebral cortex, the functions of the neurons and axons, the ways memories were stored, processed and accessed, the brain waves, the different phases of sleep, REM state, dream etc. From cerebrum, cerebellum, thalamus to even names of different nerve cells found place in the living encyclopedia i.e. his brain. A human brain contains about a hundred billion cells with a capacity to hold information equivalent to about a hundred thousand copies of Encyclopedia Britannica. No wonder, Ånun had enough space left in his brain. In later years this interest in brain led him to be curious about artificial intelligence simulating the functions of the human brain by a computer. In fact one of the reading materials he took with him to Geneva was a popular article on the artificial neural network.

This article was only one of so many other reading materials - from Bhagvat Gita (the core of Hindu philosophic thoughts), "Ninety Degree South"(book on expedition to the South Pole), Contrapunt in Bach style, score book for Beethoven's Eroica symphony, two last issues of "Planetary Reports from Planetary Society", last issue of "Regnbuen"(a magazine of Save the Children Organization) to "Cesar's Laurel Leaf"(Astrix) and "The Forgotten Coffin"(Donald) - for

this one week holiday trip. He planned to do all these readings while his main project was to arrange “Drummer Boy” for his music school during the holidays in Geneva. The music school had planned to stage this musical piece together with the local children’s choir in the spring and he had got this task from his music teacher. His brain seemed to work much faster than ours.

Around three o’clock in the state of deep sleep, messages arrived to our brains something unusual was happening. Ragne woke up detecting that Ånun was moving in his bed and making a groaning sound as if he was having a discomfort. It wake me up too. Could it be that he was listening to Beethoven’s ninth symphony in sleep when Beethoven was struggling with death before rising to the Heaven singing “Ode to Joy”? Ragne woke him up and noticing that he was warm she took his temperature and found slight fever (around 38 degrees). This made us a little anxious as we were going to return to Norway within twelve hours from that time.

Ånun had a long history of sickness. Between the age of two and three he had high fever every three or four weeks and once he had to be hospitalized to undergo a thorough check-up. Although in New York the fever was less frequent, it became bad again six months after returning to Norway. In the first school year he was absent from school every month due to repeated attacks of bacteria, creatures which also did not escape the scrutiny of his mind. He read all: from their structures and how they penetrated the cell surfaces to how the cells fought with them with their immune apparatuses. This long history of sickness changed after tonsillitis operation two and half years ago. However it gave birth to an allergic astma and he suffered badly every spring due to pollen in

the air. Ragne believed the fever could be due to the pollen or maybe the sunlight had been too strong at Profondaz. Since he was feeling so uncomfortable Ånun slept the rest few hours of the night next to mamma in our bed.

In the morning, the witch reappeared. She was roaming around in the dinning room of the hotel in front of an Alpine landscape bathing in dazzling sunlight while we were enjoying a marvelous view of the Alps from our breakfast table adjacent to a big glass window pane. She was talking to the guests of the hotel. In turn, she came to talk to us too and smiled. The date was 25th - two plus five made seven! I felt scared looking at her face. Ragne told her that Ånun had fever at night but he seemed to have no fever right now. The lady said it must be due to change of air and suggested that since it was such a nice weather we should go to Berneux. After this conversation we took a few pictures of Ånun at the breakfast table with the gorgous Alpine view in the background. In the very last picture the sunlight entering through the window came to symmetrically divide his face into two parts the right side was brightly illuminated while the left side was completely sunk in the shadow. It was so symbolic! His face appeared to be absorbed in a music of light and darkness in a air of melancholy lingering in the mind. We had never seen his face so sad before.

He was thinking about the life of Mozart. The sunlight falling on the right lobe of the brain where the talents of music were stored probably stimulated these thoughts. While taking breakfast Ånun started telling the story of the life of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. He first told us about Mozart's childhood when he played with one year older Marie Antoinette, the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, who later became

the Queen of France and ended her life in the guillotine during the French revolution. Ånun's love for Mozart dates back from the age of three/four. He loved to listen to someone reading the book on life of child Amadeus to him. It was often difficult to make him sit and listen - he giggled and jumped in excitements hearing about Mozart's "Kingdom of Rucken". It was so similar to his own kingdom! It was funny to know that Mozart also loved to create and play with long strange words like himself and had a dog like his own Snoopy. For Ånun Snoopy was as living a creature as Mozart's Pimperle - he ran around with Snoopy, played and talked with him, told stories to him. At the breakfast table Ånun particularly enjoyed telling the story how child Amadeus could say a lot of things to the Emperor and Empress of Austria without feeling afraid. He himself felt proud for the power that Mozart possessed as a child musician. With excitement in his voice and a pleasant smile in his face he wanted to convey the spiritual power of music which was higher than the power of emperors and empresses. I understood that was the reason why he told us this part of the story. Ånun had a good knowledge about the lives of many composers as he had read biographies of Hayden, Mozart, Beethoven and Grieg and followed several programmes in the television about the lives of Mahler, Schubert, Tchaikovsky, Sibelius etc. Therefore I wanted to know from him when Mozart had been so famous in the royal courts all over Europe, why he had had to lead such hardships at the end of his thirty-five years of life. Ånun told us about the conflict between Mozart and the Archbishop of Salzburg which made Mozart's life so difficult. And he continued to tell us about the death requiem that a count assigned Mozart to write. He recieved this assignment through a mysterious person wearing a dark robe and whose face was disguised under a scarf. He carried an unsigned letter from a count who wanted to buy Mozart's requiem and

publish it in his own name. The letter brought in Mozart's mind the thoughts about his own death. Mozart could not finish the requiem and it became his own death requiem as he had thought a few months ago. When Ånun told the story we did not know that at the same time he was telling us that his unfinished fourth symphony was going to be his own death requiem, I could not recognize in my mind that the man I had seen in Place du Molard turned up from the same world as the man who came to deliver the letter to Mozart. Ånun finished the story with a deep tone of melancholy - he was unhappy that no one knew where Mozart was buried. Ragne was writing a card (which Ånun had selected) telling mormor and morfar that we were just going to one of the mountain tops by telecabin before returning home. As soon as she finished this line a fear of accident flashed through her mind. Being impressed by his knowldge I told Ånun, "Ånun you seem to know everything". Without answering me he signed the card mamma had just finished and we left for the telecabin.

In Profondaz when we were resting after the lunch ,Ånun had studied the map thoroughly including all the surrounding mountain tops and their heights the day before. He remembered everything in detail. He did not make a mistake of a meter when telling us how high Berneux was. From the same telecabin station we had a choice of going to Berneux or Mayen, another mountain area where there was a lake. Mayen was better for those who were interested in walking while Berneux was higher up and was meant for the ski enthusiasts. Ragne and I prefered Mayen while Ånun wished to go to Berneux.

We left this choice open till we came to the telecabin station believing that by then Ånun might change his mind. We packed our

luggage and left it ready for picking up from the reception room after we returned from the trip. We planned to take a train leaving Leysin around 2 P.M. and then fetch our suitcases from the station in Geneva and take the plane back to Oslo. Just as we opened the exit door to go out, the “witch” reappeared again. She uttered her magic spell:” Go to Berneux.” B e r n e u x!!! Seven fulfilling the fate!!!

Since we were going to a mountain top, Ånun was in a good mood. To go high up was the best Ånun loved in any place we visited from climbing up the stairs of the sun and moon pyramids in Teotihuacan in Mexico or the Kukulcan pyramid in Chichen-Itza to the stairs of the Acropolis in Athen or steep road leading upto the Apollo temple in Delphi, for example. If in a place there was no such monuments or mountains or buildings, he found at least a big stone on which he could stand and satisfy his urge for height. One of his biggest dreams was to stand one day on the highest top of Himalaya without oxygen like Peter Havler and Reinhold Messner. He had only flown over Himalaya couple of times while visiting my family in Calcutta. Apart from an intense attraction to mountain expeditions (he watched the video programme on Havler and Messner’s Everest expedition innumerable times) this love for Himalaya was also compounded with his deep interests in mythology. Goddess Ganges was born here from the head of Siva like Athena was born from the head of Zeus(Jupiter) in mount Olympus. He had once talked about the Indian gods and goddess living in Himalaya to the children in his school too. He failed to understand the fuss we were making because Berneux was only 2048 meters high while his mind was fixed much higher in the Himalaya upto a height of 8849.12 meters (Ånun always liked exact number).

Along the same way we had returned last night from the centre of the village, now we walked back towards the telecabin station. It was about a fifteen minutes' walk. This morning Ånun's mind moved back to the tonal music from the atonal world we discussed last evening. He was humming melodies of his last symphony as he was hearing the last piece of music he had composed in his mind. We often wondered: how could he write music without hearing it? He had an answer, "You can read, but do you have to read aloud to understand it?" He heard his music in a similar way and often joked with us, "If you want to hear my music, call the Oslo Philharmonic." To make it simpler, last year when he started writing his first symphony we had made an agreement with Ånun that after he finished his third symphony we would buy a computer software that would simulate his orchestral music. Of course, we made the agreement believing that it would be some years before he finished his third symphony. But who knew he could produce them even before one year amidst such immense scarcity of time! However as agreed, we planned to buy the necessary hardware and software as a Christmas gift for him. But fate did not want that to happen. The things we ordered from abroad had not yet arrived. Now, only a few minutes before he departed from the world Ånun hummed the melodies of the four movements of his last symphony for us all along the way to the telecabin station to help us share the joy of his life.

He said he especially liked the third movement "Allegro Vivace", it was the most beautiful movement of his fourth symphony. He asked me how many points I would give for this music in a scale ranging from one to ten. Right at that moment I was thinking about practical matters - like how long we should stay in the mountain, when and where we would take our lunch, the coins we had put in the left-

luggage-box in Geneva station was not enough for so many hours, and why we did not take this opportunity to enquire more about renting a chalet in Leysin etc. Ånun was wearing his white collared red shirt with blue and turquoise strips looking like a beautiful bird decorated with a bright plumage. He seemed to be flying in the wings of music on his way. Although I was not concentrating to listen to what he was singing I needed to give an answer. I did not want to give him high points because I was afraid he would think pappa was not objective. I did not want to give low points either - then I knew I could hurt him. To strike a balance I gave him seven. Ånun was highly critical about himself and hardly whatever he did seemed to be good enough to fulfill his expectations. But when he himself liked the third movement he felt displeased with my judgement. To deal with the unhappy situation I added, I was using a logarithmic scale in which even Beethoven would not get more than eight and half. He found my logarithmic scale strange and turned to mamma for her reaction instead. Mamma gave him eight and half making him happy again .

The music stopped as we entered a shop near the telecabin station to buy picture post cards that he wanted to write to his friends in Trollåsen from the mountain top. The sun was very strong. Ånun chose a red cap with a heart-shaped Swiss flag with a cow in front in order to protect his head from the sun. This Swiss flag was one of the very first interesting objects in the world that fascinated Ånun most when he was only a few months old. Before he started speaking properly, we heard “fag”, “fag”, “fag” wherever he saw a flag in Switzerland. This interest in the Swiss flag turned out to be his first step to the knowledge about the bigger world. Soon he became interested in flags of other nations too. By one and half years’ age he could identify flags of many coun-

tries and loved to look into the Atlas to find these nations in the map. Seeing his interests mormor gave him a big UN poster with flags of all member nations of the UN when he was around two. His interest in the different countries of the world increased after coming to New York where mamma worked in the Permanent Mission of Norway to the UN. She bought flags from the UN for him so that Ånun could build his private General Assembly in his room. Except the imaginary Snoopyland all other nations were the real ones that had seats in the General Assembly where mamma worked. Snoopy was the representative of Snoopyland. The existence of this imaginary representative in his General Assembly was necessary because only Snoopy was able to deliver bold and free statements against all injustices in order to establish liberty, freedom and justice in the world. Later this interest developed into learning about different people and culture. There was hardly any country in the world -from Papua New Guinea to New Zeland (360 degrees around) that was not included in his collection of video programmes about the land and people of the world. In the last minutes of his life he chose a cap with the Swiss flag - a flag of the country from where he took his first steps in his journeys in the world of human culture. From here he had visited many cities and cultures -from Florence to Paris, from Dante, Da Vinci to Renoir.

In that shop we found nice cards with art photographs of nature. I showed them to Ånun to help me chose a few that he would like me to paint. His likings were of value to us and I gladly accepted the suggestions he made.

Not only we loved him so much, he was loved by everyone because he himself loved everybody. His talkative gentle manner,

humourous wit, curiosity and deep respect for all and, the smiling eyes, the movements of arms always trying to sling joys around, easily won everyone's heart. When he was born, the nurses in the hospital joked that he was so good looking that he would win every girl's heart . As Ånun won the heart of these girls in the first day of his life, so he won the heart of the lady in the counter of the shop in the last moments of his life too. She gave him a lollipop free of charge as a token of her liking.

There was a bustling and jostling crowd in the telecabin station waiting to go up in the mountains. Ragne and Ånun went to buy tickets valid for both Berneux and Mayen. As we were climbing the stairs towards the hall from where telecabins for both the places were leaving, I found it the right moment to make an attempt to change Ånun's mind from Berneux to Mayen. Till the last step I tried to convince him that we would possibly enjoy more going to Mayen instead of Berneux. But he seemed inflexible, "No, no, pappa it is much better up in Berneux. It is higher up. We would have much better view of the Alps from there. Please, let us go to Berneux." On the way from Athen to Delphi I had once shown Ånun the mountain pass where Oedipus killed his father. After hearing the oracle in Delphi, Oedipus walked in the opposite direction for not returning home in order to defy the power of the oracle that declaimed that he would kill his father. And exactly it was the path he needed to follow to meet on the way his father whom he did not know from before. No human will could surpass the fate.

Before we had made any final decision, Ånun queued up in the line for Berneux and we followed. However, there seemed to exist another power that was struggling against fate. Standing in the queue

Ånun became hesitant to go to Berneux because he discovered that we were the only ones who did not carry skis with us. He did not want to do something which was very different from others because of his fear of being considered as an “eccentric”. But as another “eccentric” like him going to Berneux without skis appeared nearby in his sight, Ånun found no problem any longer.

Each telecabin carried four persons. We three went inside one. The rise was quite steep making all of us a little nervous. As we rose higher and higher, while Ragne and I were trying our best to hide our nervousness, Ånun was relishing the lollipop and the panorama of the Alps that was being unfolded. With an intense excitement in his voice he urged us to look outside, “Mamma, pappa, look at d’Ai, Mayen, Famelon, le Fer...”. He had studied by heart the names of these mountain tops and their heights in Profondaz. In the climax of this excitement as he started talking about the history of the formation of the Alps, the thoughts of death struck his mind. Looking at the crevasses underneath he became afraid that the telecabin might fall. Only adding, “I hope I would survive this trip”, he became silent a minute before we arrived in Berneux. I tried to give him courage saying that such cabin never falls. Rightly, we arrived in Berneux safely without a fall and heaved sighs of relief. After this adventure was over, Ånun came out of the cabin jumping in joy. Lifting his left arm in the air he cheered in his usual dancing manner, “Pappa,pappa, we are 2048 meters high up. I am going to write to my friends”. He seemed to have fallen into the dance of joy again. Like the chariot of Oedipus the chariot of fate stopped in the mountain pass wending its way through the blue sky and stalked nearby hiding behind the blazing sun. Ånun’s face was glowing in a smile of victory

as if after a strenuous struggle against the forces of the dark he had at last reached the summit he wished to explore in this light flooding over the Alps. As if, like Messner who went to explore the Everest without oxygen in order to discover himself, Ånun came here to explore his own being, “Who was he?”. Here on the Alps he felt nearer his heavenly home in “ice and snow” from where he had embarked on his journey in time.

He wanted to run out immediately in the world of snow and ice lying outside the hall where we disembarked. We called him back and asked him to put on his snow boots before he went out while Ragne and I stood close to him as two body guards on both sides. As soon as we were on our toes to go out and Ånun was set to run, the next cabin started moving to stop his journey in this world. Only two out of four persons in the cabin had managed to get out while the “roulette” started turning confusing everybody. Third person fell as she attempted to get out of the moving cabin. The fourth one - the “eccentric” man without ski - remained imprisoned inside. Hearing a violent noise when I turned my head to the left I saw that the roulette that rolled through the rail carrying the telecabin had derailed in a state of motion at the 180 degree turning point and it was tumbling down towards us. In panic I threw my hand to save Ånun from the accident. But the calculation of fate seemed to be precise within a thousandth of a second. Our own movements, the speed of the telecabin, the time of derailment, our positions and the position of the telecabin so precisely coincided in space and time that although I was standing just beside Ånun only the tip of the mid finger of my right hand could reach near him before the roulette struck him on the right lobe of the brain. It was exactly 11.05 A.M. (1+1+0+5 made seven). I broke my finger tip, Ragne fell down and Ånun sank in a pool

of blood. Without giving any one any chance to react against his cruel power fate came in the speed of light to slay a vivacious spirit full of joy. Within a fraction of a second Ragne stood up like an alert body guard to fight against the power trying to steal Ånun's life. But by then the cruelest force of death had already left completing the worst terror any Devil or God could possibly inflict on any human being.

ABSURD TIME

Death came through the brightest sunlight filtering through an azure sky where the constellations stood and watched turning the purity and joy of the wonderful day dancing over the glittering crystals of snow into a terror flooding a heavenly home of “ice and snow” with blood. It instantaneously blew off the candle that had incessantly burnt in the altar of our hearts for the last ten years. After slitting open our hearts creating crevasses through which blood streamed, winds ached, silence echoed without conveying sound or meaning the dagger of the sky was put back in its sheath in the infinite vacuum. The light turned into darkness, joy turned into darkest sorrow, the blue sky turned into a dark black hole blind, meaningless and without hope. The vivacious melody of the third movement- the “Allegro Vivace” that was bursting forth in Ånun’s mind a few moments ago froze for ever in that bright sunlight. It froze in the eternal darkness after the first few bars of the first and second violins. All that he hummed for us a few minutes ago got lost in the darkness of death at the speed of

light. The fourth symphony ended in a mad cry and bloodshed leaving behind the first page of the third movement he said would be the most beautiful part of all.

No God, no force of any world uttered a single word to protest against this incomprehensible crime against a human soul who aspired for the orbs of Heaven and endless joy, who only wanted to do good to all on this Earth. Like two mad persons running around at the top of Berneux we were shrieking and screaming: “Ånun, Ånun, Ånun, our dear friend! do not leave us.” We were confused. We could not understand what happened with him. Where did he come from, where did he go? Did he fly away to sing in the paradise where he belonged, did he run to his home far away from this ice and snow or did any Devil or God kill him hiding behind the vacuum enveloping the stars ? There was no answer . Only in a valey of silence in front of us we saw the depth of darkness underneath, the crevasses open like mouths of the Devil awaiting to gulp all joys and lights that made Ånun’s soul. I was not afraid of death any longer. I prayed to God to exchange my life with Ånun. But God seemed not to exist. I shouted to the mountains praying to Death to take mine instead of his life. But no one listened. There was a deadly silence all throughout the universe. Only the mountains echoed our cries sounding between the chasm and precipice in an abyss created by the maze of the valleys while torrents of lights were gushing through the universe under the dagger scintilating in the radiance filling the sky. I begged to the doctor present there, “Please save this boy. If he dies, it would not only be a loss for us, it would be a loss for mankind.” Several doctors soon came by helicopter from the hospital in Lausanne with the most modern equipments available in Switzerland. They said they tried their best but there was no chance. His brain was so severely damaged

that if this accident had happened even in the operating theatre of the world's biggest hospital attended by the world's best surgeons, no one could have saved his life. It was such a cruel strike.

But why did death commit this crime, why such unfathomably brutal act of fate against a soul of such beauty, why no one on Heaven and Earth could save him from this terror of time? Why he who healed all wounds in our minds between the blue sky and the pleasant Earth with tender love and care, songs and dreams was murdered so cruelly? Why the bird who plunged into nature's mystery in every seas, in every skies, in every domains to collect the pearls of music of life itself was so treacherously deprived of life? I cried, "Why dost thou here lie dead?" Cassiopeia, Gemini, Sagittarius, Persus, Taurus, Virgo stood silent. I wanted to know, "Why dost thy blood stream forth like divine weeps? Who shall benefit from this murder and this silent bloodful cry?" No one answered. Only the song of the huckster witch resonated to fill my mind in a meaningless sense of disgust. The whole world seemed to be a desolate ruin where only witches lived and rats breed, and whatever enchants human mind perished in the labyrinth of death. Like Faust shouting to the Devil, in despair I was shouting to the evil surrounding me all around: Oh treacherous, ignoble, abominable monster! you who have caused misery and woe deeper than any human soul can fathom, you who have overwhelmed our lives with wretchedness that will even ignite the Eternal Forgiver in anguish, I do beseech ye, why did you shed this blood of one who shed tears like an angel feeling the pains of all that lived around? What wrong, what crime did he do?

While in a helicopter we were flown down in the hospital in Aigle I shrieked as deeply as I could to drown the shrieking of the

ghosts who screamed in my mind through the open crevasses underneath. I wanted to split the mountains and the Earth - I wanted to move them apart again as they were billions of years from now. From here we could see Profandaz again. The pictures I took there flashed through my mind. How strange! Time seemed have ceased! Nothing moved - everything was absorbed in an eternal silence. The one for whom I had wanted to live was lying dead in the place where I wished to live. What a cruel satire of life !!! In this silence the whole Earth seemed to have fallen apart like a sphere of glass being struck by death. The globe which the monkeys were rolling in the witch's kitchen had exploded scattering splinters of cries all over in that mountain landscape where dinosaurs and mammoths had once walked, where Ånun lived only a few minutes ago and danced in joy during his journey on this Earth in our time "now" where he was first!!!!!! first!!!!

The roulettes were still rolling. The telecabins were still going up and down. The human beings were still gambling. Monkeys were still sitting around the hearth and singing:

*"Just throw the dice
That shall suffice
To make us wealthy.
Life is not healthy,
But, given gold,
We would be consoled."*

and Ånun was lying dead amidst this "Stupidity's gargantuan choir" alone in a room in the hospital in Aigle. As Ånun wrote, the power of the dark seemed overwhelming. It followed us after his death too. In

the hospital we had to talk to the police and the director of the telecabin company. A man from a funeral company also appeared. They wanted to take care of Ånun's body. They came with a coffin and his identity passed into bureaucratic files in legal, medical and police offices . Oh alas! what a misery! Ånun had never lived even a single day in his life in the absence of both mamma and pappa. One of us had always been with him. He would have got scared if he had been able to hear that he would have to stay alone without mamma and pappa. But now he was dead. Now they came to separate him from us forever. Now they came to make us realize that Ånun had already turned into a corpse, a non living, something of no value to the world ,only an object to be transported to Norway like a luggage. Our dear Ånun, our dance of joy Ånun , our intellectual and philosophical Ånun, our loving and humourous Ånun , our spiritual Ånun thundering and lightning in joys of music did not exist anymore. Time with its infinite power was pushing him to the mouth of the monster awaiting to devour him in the labyrinth. Ånun could not strike back with his music. He had lost all his power and fallen in the depth of the darkness, backward in time where the galaxies and quasars were flying away in the sky in search of the end of the universe. There was no exit, no escape, no way, no out.

A terrible fear shuddered through my mind. However, this time I could not wake up because the reality was a dream and the dream was a reality where shadow had triumphed against the power of light in the end. I cried , “Why then Ånun, did you write that the power of darkness would never manage to win over the power of light? Till the last moment I believed that you knew everything. I thought what you wrote was true. But why did the shadow win at last?” Ånun could not reply.

I wished God existed. I wished he could come and wipe the tears and blood that stained our clothes, body and mind. I wished he could come and embrace us with tender love like the hands of Ånun. I wished he could say, "Do not cry, I am alive. Everything was just a bad dream." I wished he could pull our hands again asking us to come and listen to his music. I wished he could show us an exit from the labyrinth where we were entrapped.

But no hand of love took our hands to show us the path of joy, no voice inside or outside gave us any indication that our dear Ånun existed somewhere. Instead everyone surrounding us echoed the same message: He was dead, he was dead, he was dead. Doctors gave us messages, the nurses came and gave us water to drink, the police noted down the details of the identities of the victim and his parents. Everything seemed to be programmed - functioning as it should. Were these human beings all robots with artificial intelligence? Was I a robot? Was Ånun a robot too?- Ånun himself had wondered many times. Were our brains only highly complex neural networks evolved during millions of years evolutionary history of life? Do we all live on accidental chances? Were we all born out of chances and die in a fatally meaningless way determined by chances again? Was life only a roulette, a gambling , a meaningless chaos? Was this Earth only a big rolling casino in the vacuum that can vanish from our sights any moment? Did love, hate, songs, laughs, cries, pain ,winning or losing in life all hanged precariously in the hands of random accident? Were our homes only filthy cellars under the sky where humans drink ,witches dance, rats breed and demons play dices and a few wanderers like Ånun magically enter now and then from a distant world to watch the meaningless game of life? Do they enter like Faust and leave Auerbach's cellar like Faust saying

“I’ve had enough of this” while siblings of the Earth like Frosch and Altmayer still drink and wonder if the whole thing is a miracle or not ?

I asked and asked and asked but there was no one to answer. If Ånun could speak he would have loved to answer me with a giggling laugh enjoying the challenges of such philosophical thoughts and I would have loved listening to his witty humorous answers and Ragne would have smiled listening to our discussions. But he “had enough of this”. He had left the Earth leaving it to roll without him.

The Earth rolled as usual. The casino of life turned as usual. The sun rolled towards the horizon as it had done everyday before for billions of years. The dinosaurs and mammoths had vanquished here millions of years ago and “now” Ånun too. Nothing in this reality was comprehensible anymore. Trees, plants, humans, houses, shops, cats, dogs, cars, buses, trains whatever crossed our eyes appeared like indecipherable scripts on a huge sarcophagus billions of years old. Ånun lay dead inside here. How strange!!! How incomprehensible was this life!!!

Synnøve and Bjarne had come to the hospital. They drove us to the station nearby where there was a flower store as we wished to bring flowers with us when visiting him inside the sarcophagus in the tomb where he lay under the vault of the Heaven in a cathedral of the universe. The nurses in the hospital helped us to find two candles. Like two devout pilgrims Ragne and I held these lighted candles in our hands and walked inside the tomb to see him before departing Aigle. His eyes were closed. He seemed to be deeply absorbed listening to the music of the universe from the first bar. The candles in our hands quivered like candles in front of the altar of the Heaven where his jewel box was kept for eternity while the flames burning in the altar of our hearts fluttered

expressing love, the air from our breaths wavered to wake him up from this eternal silence flowing through the universe. He seemed to have turned into a statue. In the deepest silence he was listening to the music he loved. Before leaving we embraced him for the last time with all the love we had in our hearts to thank him for the richness of life he had given us, the path of joy he had shown us, the spiritual light of love that he had brought to our lives. We wanted to tell him once more for the last time,” “Dear Ånun, do not forget your task.” We wished once more to hear from him, “Yes, pappa, I know.” We kissed him. His chins were cold. This touch lifted my soul to another sphere that did not turn like Earth, where there was no time, no life, no becoming or end of being.

As we drove from Aigle to Geneva, the typhon “Vivian” started moving through Europe towards the Alps ravaging whatever it found on its way. It turned the beautiful sunny day over the Alps into a gray evening as if preparing to take revenge of this cruel murder. When we arrived in Geneva, the fate seemed to be waving its dark robe in the sky expressing the joy of victory over light. He seemed not to know that the war had not yet ceased. Like the first bars of Ånun’s fifth symphony, dark clouds started rising in the sky preparing for a fight against fate with thunder and lightning. I heard flutes, oboes, clarinettes, trumpets, horns, violins, violas, cellos and contrabasses preparing to join the typhon that would soon unleash a “storm of the century” over the Alps.

From Monday morning the wind started blowing more and more strongly. As Faust and Mephistopheles described while flying over the Harz mountain in the Walpurgis night: Greenwood took tempest’s lash, the trees started reeling, “cliffs that curtsy in their wheeling” and roaring rocks in the gulches started snarling and snoring with the storm,

brooks and rivers started streaming through rocks and meadows singing and murmuring the songs of marches before the battle of the light and shadow took place. The typhon echoed the magical chanting of the mythological gods and the witches started swerving and shrieking in fear. The giant pines crashed “where the storms their wreckage wreak”. The roots and boles started groaning experiencing severe strain. Riots rended the tree tops, roofs of houses, cathedral towers, construction cranes, window panes. They cracked or fell madly mingling with each other causing damage of properties costing millions and millions of francs. All throughout Monday and Tuesday “Wind’s un pitying scourges” howled through this havoc.

In the evening the distant gods came nearer and nearer. The Aztec god Ehecatl blew off the sun, Thor brandished his hammer lightening the sky in all directions, Jupiter heralded his presence with “sulphurous and thought executing fire, vaunt couriers of oak cleaving thunderbolts” and Indra the great Indian god of a hundred powers splitted the sky with his dreadful pother released from his hands.

In Bhagvat Gita that Anun took with him to read in Geneva he left a page mark on page 275 in the eleventh chapter where Krishna showed Arjuna his universal form. Here seeing Krishna in his infinite form -without beginning, middle or end- where all beings resided in the rays of the divine power irradiant everywhere Arjuna fell on his knees. Then when Krishna exposed himself as the flaming fires floating in the dazzling rays illuminating the universe pervading all spaces between Heaven and earth, Arjuna chanted in fear:

Dyavaprthivyor idam antaram hi

*vyaptam tvayai 'kena disas ca sarvah
drstva 'dbhutam rupam ugram tave 'dam
lokatrayam pravyathitam mahatman.*

and all three worlds started trembling seeing this wonderous and terrible form of the Exalted being.

The sky cracked again and again rumbling, raging and spitting fires in all directions as if crying for revenge :

*“And thou, all shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o’the world!
Crack nature’s mould, all germens spill at once”
That make this ingrateful world!
“Tremble thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipp’d of justice : hide thee, thou bloody hand;”*

The sheets of fire and horrid thunder bursted out as groans of the universe and the sky chanted “diptanalarkadytim” through words of light flying away from the tips of the thunderbolts.

All words, thoughts and feelings caught fire in this agony of my mind . The words whirled like flames, thoughts whizzed like arrows of rays, and feelings sparked like flames streaming out of a primal fire joining the past, the present and the future. Anun stood motionless in this time while the flames of a curse fell execrating the earth and I cried :

Fall, oh curse, fall mercilessly,

*Light upon the limbs of the couriers of evil
Destroy with pitiless heart
The creatures of hell.*

*Flash with my agonies
Crash with the tides of time;
Oh thou preserver of the noblest souls
let woe plague like pest,
crows crow on the carrions,
foul smells fill the pendulous air;
let the evil creatures feel the blood and smell
of the curse as lightning in hell.*

*O, pardon me
You noblest soul!
That my mind veers like ghosts
To revenge your death,
I wish to prophesy over thy blood:
Soon a tempest will shudder this Earth,
Fires will be hurled,
Thunders will shine,
A contentious storm will invade human hearts,
A horrible tide of hatred will pelt
senses and feelings,
hurricanes of fears will feed the flux
of fires raging like lawless beasts
along all shores over all continents
to fill this Earth with blood.*

*Blood and destruction will rampage,
Dreadful objects will explode like stars,
The elements of Earth, air and water will melt
with the air filled with atomic dusts,
Mouths will be fed by hunger,
Maladies will multiply like a menace,
Even steeples and spires won't be spared
from the rage of this curse.*

However, no curse and prophecy could redeem my suffering. It was like an eternal damnation where someone had thrown me in a fire that seemed to last for eternity. There seemed to exist no end, no hope, no exit. It was like being trapped in a labyrinth. Once Ånun had asked me, "What will you do if I die, pappa?" I had told him that his death was unthinkable for me, I would definitely die long before that. But now although I was living and he was dead, I felt I was neither dead nor alive. I died long before but still I was living. I did not exist but still I was existing. Life was a paradox, an absurdity. It was like living in a state that was neither real nor unreal. It was neither magic nor science. Life was just a pandemonium of peculiar feelings a state between being and not being. In that state, whatever I was thinking was like insects who came flying seeing lights of fire burning in the darkness of the labyrinthine. After sacrificing their existences in the flames of emotions they all turned meaningless like death itself. I found no meaning anywhere in what I thought, felt or said. I had no answer to any question. Who killed him? God, fate, devil, witches? But who told me that these creatures did exist in reality? Were they not just products of my imagination? Were they not spin-offs of my thinking neural networks? What existed in reality were a motor that did not function as it should, the

roulettes that should turn did not turn and a telecabin that should never fall fell due to technical problems. As the motor malfunctioned the next cabin started moving; it derailed because the entrapped man and the telecabin employee who was helping to take down the skis made it oscillate while it was in a state of motion; it fell on Ånun because he happened to be present just at that time right in that space. There was no reason ‘why?’ while only a margin of a fraction of a second could have saved his life or could have killed all of us at once. Accidents are accidents a gambling, a blind chance fabulously improbable but true. Wasn’t that existence of the Earth in an orbit right for sustaining human life equally improbable? But still we existed and it was true. Ånun loved this kind of scientific attitude and I believed he would have argued this way if he was in our situation. He would have certainly agitated more against the telecabin company, the profit-oriented society and against technical failures rather than against fate as I was doing.

Before I realized whom to charge for Ånun’s death, the people in the Norwegian delegation had contacted the Norwegian Consul General in Geneva (who represented a law firm) to provide us with legal helps in dealing with the indemnation question with the company. Ragne’s brother and sister in law had come on Monday. Since they were both doctors they took care of the aspects of the legal medicine as well as our psychological well being and a colleague of Ragne took care of all practical matters making things run as smoothly as possible. Car, hotel, doctor, lawyer, funeral company and a host of other things all appeared and disappeared when they were necessary in the right time and the right place satisfying our needs. I understood the crisis of the civilized life. Institutions, rules, laws and “practical questions” played their roles as robotic demons in an absurd act in an absurd world where

I existed. Only in the end of the day Ragne and I were left in peace so that we could cry during the whole night.

There was a torrential rain outside. It was pouring like a cataract inside us too. Cries were spouting through all veins, despair was streaming through all gulches in the dark valleys of the mind. Like brooks and rivers there were only spouting blood gushing through the mind ravaging all hopes and dreams. Eachtime we closed our eyes we saw nightmares. All beautiful dreams that we had dreamt about Ånun had now transformed into horrors where a demon was squeezing the future turning it into bloodful lump where there was no distinction between now, tomorrow, day after tomorrow,... between existing and non existing, between the torrents inside and outside. We felt ourselves as lumps of fleshes without eyes or limbs, without hope and future only were there existing without existing whirling in the turbulence of time without knowing why.

We were unable to accept the present. There was only a past. Love, joy, happiness, hopes, dreams all were past. And in that past there was only murmur of emories, only whine of pain and mussion of soundless cries in a desolate landscape where winds of time gushed with force and the sky swerving like ghosts poured blood. Rains splashed blood, winds groaned through the skin, the nightmares howled, and chains of memories flogged and scourged our souls battered by bitterness we had never experienced before.

I cried and spoke to God, "If you are the mischiever, let these tears stain all sacraments with blood and sorrows. " I shouted and cursed the evil, "If you are the mischiever, let these tears bring a devastation on the Earth. "I was shouting because I did not know who? why?

what for? These uncontrolled feelings were pattering words carrying the sentiments of revenge swerving like ghosts while the rain drops were spluttering on the window panes to prove their existences in the outside world in a time hole inside an absurd hollow sphere that was meaninglessly rolling through a nothingness.

Although I knew, in front of death I was infirm, weak and helpless like a worm, I was trying to prove that I was not a weak, infirm and helpless creature who existed like a worm “Who bores the soil, feeds on dust until the wanderer’s heel gives sepulture to all his care and toil”. I was shouting because I had no power, because I was completely helpless. The tempest in my mind was nothing but a little worm’s desire to revenge against the wanderer whose heel spattered and squeezed its blood.

Was man’s life no more than this nothingness and meaninglessness? Why love that was so rich, so full, so intense and meaningful did end in such incomprehensible absurdity? “Why? Why? Why?” the rain poured.” Why? Why? Why?” the tears oozed. I wanted them to drench us from outside to inside. I wanted them to wet our minds, the soils, the roots, the plants, the boles, the seeds, the whole interior of the sphere where life is born, where life sprouts, where love, joy, happiness come back with colour and light after being annihilated by the force of time. I wanted Anun to grow like plants, open like flowers, undulate like waves of light and enchant our souls with the intensity of love and light that he was. I wanted Earth to soak in his tears as well as ours. I wanted the sky to soak in the moistures of the clouds that carried heavenly rains in his eyes full of love and joy. I wanted them to fall everywhere, in every space and every time washing the soul, purifying the mind and

freeing feelings in the wings of words carrying the dews of love and the weights of the lights as rain and cries of the Earth in the tempest released inside our minds.

The words grew wings, tears caught fires, the emotions turned into flames flying in the wind, in the rain, in the tempestuous solitude thundering inside. As I cried, “Ånun, my dear friend...”, the fire streamed. As I shouted, “Come back, come back...”, the sky raged and the colossal heaven spoke flooding the words in the fires of agony. The question, “Pappa what will happen with my music when I die?” plunged in my soul as lightning trying to split the future with a horrendous cry. “Pappa I am sorry, I can not hold my tears”... his tears fell in my heart wetting it to the deepest depth where no sorrow could sink any further. “Why?” “Why?” “Why?” The tears rushed like streams of light cascading along the cheeks of the mother Earth. The question, “Pappa what happens after death?” whirled like a hurricane rampaging through the mind trying to fling open millions of doors closing the secrets of life and death. It only succeeded in devastating a worm’s home shattering its hopes and drowning it in a flood of blood and returned in the desolate landscape as a hurricane of howling cry. “Pappa it is so difficult to be myself. But I must be myself”, like a helpless bird wet in cry in that torrential rain he shuddered and waited in front of the arrow of a hunter targeted to kill the most beautiful bird we knew. “Ånun, my dear Ånun”, I jumped over his body, his mind, his soul to protect him with my body, mind and soul. But before I fell he was dead. His body was floating in a pool of blood. The lightnings in the sky was only piercing through me like javelins and hunting with fire the words and memories entrapped in the darkest jungle of the heart. In here I was alive; I was awake; I was dreaming; I was experiencing nightmares; I was caught in

an impassable absurdity of death searching words in lightning and thunder. But only raindrops, only tears, only splashing, swishing, gushing sounds without meaning filled a meaningless void spinning in the time hole.

It seemed, the words after flying for a while had already died sacrificing their existences in the flames of the emotions. The paper in front of me was dead. The pen with which I was trying to write was dead. The pillow supporting my neck was dead. The quilt warming my feet was dead. Everything seemed dead except me. I was living only to testify the absurdity of life .

The next day the man from the funeral company was going to seal Ånun's coffin in order to get it ready for transport to Norway. We wanted to see him once more and give him our last letters of life before the coffin closed for ever. I was struggling to hold the pen burning like a flame in my fractured finger still oozing blood in order to express our respect and love and we wrote:

The stars shine in Heaven

But you shall shine over the stars over us.

Your righteous creative soul will lead us through life

Like a candle in the darkest universe.

The love that you have given us

will live as splendid delight and joy of the spring,

as indescribable light of the summer,

purity of winter's glittering snowflakes

and autumn's dance of colours in our daily life.

The memory of your magnificent soul will give us

*power to strengthen all that is good in human kind
that you lived through your life.*

*Ānun, you will be with us in our deepest depth
and the most inner core of our life
where only human beings of your spirit
can deserve a place.*

*You have been a spiritual ray for us all,
You have shown us the light we have not seen,
You have led us out of our restricted senses
to see and experience the joy of knowledge and human life.
Like an angel from Heaven
You have been a great delight in our life
with your music and inexhaustible rich imagination.*

*You are the greatest and the best human being
we have experienced in our life.
We hope human beings with your spirit
will come again to the Earth
to spread joy in other's life.*

*We pray that human beings will be born in your image
to bring peace and delight on this Earth
as you always desired to do in your short life.*

*Ānun your brilliance made all that we did look fade.
Your thirst for knowledge and will to know the deepest depth
of all mysteries have generated thirst in our souls.*

You will not die, our dear friend.

*We will take care of all that you have created
and we shall live to bring forward your message to the world
as you wished we should do.*

*Ånun there are no words for the spiritual beauty
that you represented.*

*Mamma and pappa have been proud of you every moment
and we enjoyed having you as our child.*

You are everything for us.

*Like sun we will search your face in all places ,in all times
whereever we live and carry your spirit with us
as we have carried you as a child in our arms.*

Take our hands

*Teach us to play the deepest music of the human spirit.
From now we promise to do our best
to fulfill your dream.*

Give us your hands,

*Lead us to the world of music that you
loved from the deepest depth of your heart.
Let us see again and again the light that you are.*

Adieu our dearest friend, teacher and spiritual inspiration.

*We await you
like human beings await God.
Let us meet again.*

Due to my fractured finger and devastated mind neither I could write fast nor find the right words. As we had little time I had to stop here. We wanted to write more. There were so many things to thank him for. There were so much in him that deserved respect and love from us. Ragne too managed to write down something thanking him for all what he had been for us:

The rain continued profusely the next day, too. We took with us the letters Ragne and I managed to write during the night, a copy of his unfinished fourth symphony, the block of note papers and the pen he had used in writing the symphony, the score book of Beethoven's piano concertos that he bought from the music book store, his beloved flute and a letter from Karina and Fredrik (Ånun's cousins). It was so nice to see him again. He was dressed up in his nicest clothes that we had with us to Geneva. There was no bandage anywhere around his head. His hair was as silky and light as it used to be. Although there were black marks around the right eye, the nose and the right side of the forehead, there was no sign of pain anywhere in his face. He was sleeping like a little emperor. Standing in front of his body my legs automatically sank in the weight of the deep respect I had for him. For the first time in my life I fell on my knees before anyone on Heaven and Earth. Kneeling beside his coffin I prayed to him to give me his power and told him, "Ånun I do not believe in God. You are my God." I took his hands in my hands asking him to lead me through the world of knowledge and music and guide me through reason, tolerance, respect and justice. For me he was an ideal human being, a rare human being, a unique human being whom the world lost without knowing why?

Everybody said the same thing: “He was too good for this world”. But what was the logic behind that? Why those who are so unique, so good must die so early? Why one whose mind was so full of light was thrown in the unfathomable darkness of death? Why one who wrote a song and dreamt, “Time of technology is over wherever we are... the time of war and struggle is over” was silenced by an accident caused by the technological faults of machines? Why a child who sang in joy, “I believe in life, I believe in the future” was cut off from life and future in such a brutal way? Many people said he already lived a full life, a richer life than most people live through much longer lives. Therefore he was called back by death as if he had no more to give or take in this life. But there seemed to exist no logic anywhere. He had just started unfolding the first petals of his mind like an unearthly flower. He had just started rising like a crescendo in the first movement of life. Why were all instruments, the whole orchestra that he carried in his brain so brutally shattered into pieces by such a cruel attack of death only at the beginning of a unique symphony of life? Why did that composer who started his first symphony of life with power of light fighting against shadows lose so fatally against the power of darkness?

We could ask these questions a thousand million times but no one could give an answer. Life and death were mysteriously shrouded inside a coffin covered by the lid of the sky. Inside this coffin I was confined in a cosmic labyrinth and shouting, “Ånun, my dear Ånun, come back, come back.” But the coffin was shut for ever. In Bhagvat Gita Krishna said to Arjuna that everything was predetermined. If that is true in the case of Ånun’s death, what a silly game this life is! What a meaningless absurd foolishness of the creator! What a ridiculous

humour in creating such a wonderful being and then destroying him without giving him a chance to bloom! Predetermined? What purpose did it serve? Which meaning did it contain? What glory of Heaven could shine through such a ridiculous act? For me everything appeared as a tragic game of time where accidents and chances determined what I am, what he was, what the future will be. No one could hold against the power of time. It was there threatening everything. It destroyed like blind fate. It consumed like fire everything in its way. It enjoyed love or hate, angel or villain with equal appetite, indifference and disrespect for life. There was no escape from the labyrinth where time was devouring all without purpose or meaning. Like frightened worms we human beings try to hide ourselves from time building walls of beliefs around us. I was no exception. I was also trying to build my own walls. I was trying to understand the puzzle of all accidental happenings during the last few days. I found it peculiar that even the bottle of white wines we bought from Geneva happened to be from the district of Aigle. When I bought the wines we had no plan of going to the mountains. Furthermore I had picked these wines more or less blindly without even noticing from which district they came from. How did they happen to be from the same vineyards around Aigle as we saw and discussed with Ånun on our way to Leysin? Accident? Why did Ragne's mother dream about Ånun dying up in a high building followed by a violent noise only a few days before his death? Accident? How did he happen to take Bhagvat Gita and Monica Christensen's "Ninety Degree South" together to read in Geneva? I remembered I once discussed Bhagvat Gita with Monica Christensen nearly eighteen years ago as she was very fond of Gita. How did these two books coincide together among Ånun's reading materials? Accident? Why did even the Donald book that Ånun took with him have such a peculiar title as "The forgotten Coffin"

dealing with a story in the Egyptian underworld where Osiris reigned? Accident? Why was the last picture he drew in his life a picture from Villars only five kilometers from the place where he died? Accident? Why did Death haunt me for so many days as it did? Accident? Why did Ånun talk about Mozart's death requiem only an hour before his death and why did his own fourth symphony become his own death requiem? Accident? Why had the thought that something might happen passed through Ragne's mind an hour before he died when she wrote the post card to her parents? Accident? Why did he talk about the origin of the Alps and the possibility of death only a few minutes before he died? Accident?

Was his death an accident or was it predetermined? My mind refused to accept predeterminism and I wanted to understand his death as an accident. But a large number of bits of a puzzle flew around my mind disturbing the logical and rational relations of thoughts. I was like a baffled worm once trying to get out of the house with a hope to overcome a tragic state of existence and the next moment entering it again being frightened by the wind of time blowing outside.

After the rain had stopped I saw thousands of worms like me next morning. Fat worms, thin worms, rich worms, black worms, white worms, brown worms, VIP worms, ordinary worms all sorts of worms crowded the airport in Geneva. Among them I was existing like a baffled and ignorant worm waiting to be flown to Norway together with Ånun. Bottles of cognac, whisky, gin, wine etc in tax free shops were rolling in the eyes of the worms. Indeed, life must continue! Indeed, human beings must drink and be cheerful irrespective of who dies or lives on the Earth! Indeed the roulette must turn, gambling must continue and

Frosch and Altmayer must adjust with the mystery and magic of life in Auerbach's cellar! Indeed the monkey must turn the glass sphere, the witch must declaim and Faust must accept the witch's quackery with disgust! Indeed I must be there to experience this Kafka's world where Ånun was lying dead as a luggage in the plane and we were waiting to be flown with him in the passenger cabin. Like an insect I was unable to change anything. All was fixed and determined. I had overgrown in a sense of absurdity. Only death and solitude kicked my heart. Like a worm lying on the back I was only fighting hopelessly against death kicking the sky with a body devoid of legs as an absurd act shouting "Ånun, Ånun, my dear friend, come back, come back."

We flew over Geneva, over the accelerators the super proton synchrotrons, proton antiproton collider, LEP electron positron collider where the mystery of creation of the universe was being unravelled by scientists from all over the world. Although Ånun had been to CERN to see some of these machines, as children of his age were not allowed in the guided tours for LEP, his dream to see the twenty seven kilometers long accelerator remained unfulfilled. He was intensely eager to follow what was going on in the world of the physicists. I had to explain to him whatever subject I was interested in - from the theory of the strings in higher-dimensional space-time to the problems of the vacuum. He had a deep anxiety, in case, all problems of the universe would be solved by others before his own turn would come to pursue them. He was worried about a situation when no hard intellectual challenge would be left for him. It was so absurd to realize that he was flying over those machines as a corpse leaving behind to others the problem of solving the mystery of the universe.

Soon we flew over Bern where Ånun lived the first three years of his life. In the sky where we were flying Ånun had flown every day between the age of two and three with his animal dolls and mamma and pappa in hundreds of different space vehicles. Every vehicle had its name. The names were generated in the same lightning speed as the vehicles were invented out of his phantasy. He had often flown faster than the speed of light in “I Yast Ting 4” or “A Sware Ri 2” or “Naiveno 4” or “Asaftent 2” or “Z’Verma 4” or “Venerian 2” or “Aiv Vingin 2” or “Sectrif Im 2” or “Trus Kemfindent Surface Lander” or “Vai Lai Z’dem 4” etc. in order to be able to see all that existed in the sky. Returning from years of imaginary journeys in the universe he loved to crash land on the earth. His vehicle was his imagination and he had ideas with unbelievable propulsion power that could lift him off in distance regions of space within seconds. His command module was the space under our dining table. Once the passengers fastened their seat belts they found themselves passing galaxies, quasars, blue, red, dwarf or giant stars sometimes even some of those scary black holes! He himself was the space commander in the disguise of a yellow bear named “Bussi” and I was Bussi’s closest friend and assistant, a blue dog named “Bello”. Ragne was a fish named “Heronymus”. She had her place in a glass jar in the Bussi and Bello world. Soon Snoopy also entered “Ånun Bussi bear Snoopy pappa’s” (by this name he presented himself to others) imaginary world. These imaginary journeys took another dimension after we moved to New York. Snoopy emerged as the “super being” who was 61190000000000000057 years old and had a telephone number 799218834348902. Snoopy never died. Even in the most horrid circumstance he survived to remain as the closest friend always beside Ånun as a voice of righteousness and justice. In the sky of New York Ånun and Snoopy often came down from the far distant corners of the universe

to hover and watch the life on Earth. They saw “Towers of Life” and “Eternal Towers” in the silhouette of New York (Ånun gave the skyscrapers these kinds of names). They flew over the “parks of time” too. When Snoopy and Ånun were on Earth they had many projects together especially something to do with the United Nations where they wanted to make their contributions in order to improve the wretched conditions of millions of human beings who suffered from hunger, lack of freedom, injustice, war or torture. Snoopy and Ånun visited UN regularly with mamma. Once Snoopy even made a statement in the real General Assembly hall when the session was being held addressing all countries of the world to respect human rights and abide by the principle of equality, freedom and brotherhood of all. As Ånun wanted an opportunity for Snoopy to make a statement on behalf of the Snoopyland in the real General Assembly hall of the adults mamma once managed to get him inside the hall when session was going on. Ånun put on the head phone and delivered his speech in the microphone with same seriousness as others were doing. Snoopy delivered the speech in the Snoopyland language that was already very familiar to us. As the microphone was not on, he escaped the reprimand of the security guards to whom this child’s behaviour was nothing but a nuisance to the adult world. Ånun had always Snoopy beside him whether it was in the UN or in space journeys. In space journeys Snoopy was often the unfortunate passenger who fell out of the spaceship in order to be dragged inside black holes. But Ånun loved magic and Snoopy always survived and came back with his usual smiling face after being torn into pieces in the strong gravitational field of the black holes as Ånun called him back in his language, ” Pytro laktha thorius (I lost you and did not find you). Itri Snoopy (come here again Snoopy).” Snoopy always reappeared hearing the call from his dear friend wherever he was on the deepest bottom of the sea or in

the interior of the black holes. Snoopy was always happy when returning home, “Vyin flisthro vyin (It is good to come home. I love you too much.)”. The usual reply of his friend was, “Flini nai nai trkta thorius (I found you at last. Nice that you were not lost in the ocean.). Ali zitri zitri (I really love you).” At home, Snoopy often did not know what to do, “I ichyna i (Well, let us do something now. But I really do not know what to do.)”. This was the primary reason why Snoopy liked to vanish from the spaceships. It was much more fun there in space than being at home on Earth. There were thousands of adventures and new things one could experience in space although they were very dangerous. But Anun never lacked ideas about what to do, “Snoopy i trina (Snoopy let us do something when you don’t know what to do.)” In the Bussi Bello and Snoopy world there existed only love, affection and care for all. However, accidents were necessary to provide “Bussi Bear Snoopy pappa” with opportunities to make use of all love and care he had in store. It was so absurd that a vehicle was flying through the same sky carrying Bussi, Bello and Heronymus again.

But now the commander was dead and Bello and Heronymus could not steer the space ship alone. They were moving through a black hole. It was no more an imaginary flight. Now it was real. The torn pieces of our minds were flying as cries over the landscape where cuckoos, quails and nightingales sang, villagers danced in the taverns, the sky played the scurries of wind, drops of rains and growling of thunder in the strings and flutes lying over the meadows and mountains in a pastoral.

The sky played pastoral! The Earth played pastoral! From beginning to end Anun heard pastoral in his life. In Bern from our house

Ånun had only seen the Alps and the meadows, heard only the singing of birds and the ringing of the cowbells. We lived in a house near a farm. Behind the farm there were meadows where the cows grazed and the river Aare murmured and Ånun went for walks every day to enjoy the beauty of the pastoral surrounded by the majestic Alps. Here he discovered the music of the classical masters and listened for hours to Beethoven's Pastoral. Here each time he heard the call of the cuckoos and songs of the quails and nightingales he jumped in ecstasy and joy shouting, "Mamma, mamma, Beethoven plays so intensely and beautifully!" and cried in fear listening to any sharp noise generated by machines in the farm house. Here he talked to the plants and flowers as a bird jumping around from plant to plant. Here a two years old boy ran around the house with a clarinette in one hand and a trumpet in the other trying to create music that could express the boundless joy that filled his heart to the brim. Often he himself was the voice of a record player made of a pillow, a lid of a saucepan and a tooth brush. The pillow was the record player, the lid was the record and the tooth brush was the pick up. The motor was inside him. He circled around this record player again and again in jumping and dancing motion filling the house with songs of joy. Everybody who knew him wondered what awaited this boy in the future!

Who could believe that death awaited him only at the age of ten? Who would have believed that the same pastoral symphony that he loved so intensely would sound in a church in his funeral ceremony only about eight and half years later while all others present would listen and he would be the only one whose ears would remain deaf for ever? Who could believe that we would hear his music for the first time sitting beside his coffin and he would not hear a single sound of the mu-

sic that he created with immense intensity of love and joy? Who could believe that only minutes before he would be carried to a graveyard to take his final rest under the Earth he would let others know through heart breaking sounds of violin and klavier that he belonged to another world although he played with them, talked with them or shared sorrows and joy of life with them? Who would have guessed that he himself one day would tell others that he was a composer who loved light, who loved life, who loved the dance of joy in such a delicate and subtle language of music entralling everybody with his violin sonata in Ciss-minor, his kalvier concert in F major and the second movement “Molto Andante” of his fourth symphony? Who could ever imagine that this was the way he would tell others without being here on Earth to take the burden of pride or anxiety for the grown ups?

He took farewell with us from the labyrinth crying through violin and dancing in joy over the klavier in the Sofiemyr church in the afternoon of the 9th of March leaving behind moments of unforgettable memory of a soul that was full of joy and light. While his coffin was being carried out of the church we heard the thunder and lightning of the fourth movement of Beethoven’s pastoral symphony as postludium music. Then his coffin was carried to the graveyard in Svartskog in a calm and quiet pastoral. We on the Earth bade him farewell with a poem that the Rev. Johan Arnt Wenaas read beside his grave by the Oppegaard Church before his body was sunk under the Earth:

*Once more you hover before us with form and face
seen for so many years with loving gaze
while our souls are troubled with sorrows
but charged with joys of your enchanted rays.*

*At this time of grief you come closer than ever,
enjoy your power and place
and summon us to the righteous path of life
rising from eternal murk and haze.*

*Stir our hearts,
Awaken our minds,
Touch us with your lights,
Spell with flashes the songs of life
and gather from our hearts the tunes of farewell.*

*Dear memories
beloved shades of love and joy
come again, come again like friends,
echo from the mountain tops of the Alps
the glorious shining shades of life
joining Heaven and Earth.*

*Sorrows stir,
Wounds smart,
Life's labyrinth lies open
where you dear one have been cheated by fate,
where love and life have been defeated
in the lights and shadows of nights and days.*

*See what we now bring,
Listen what tunes we make,
Rise, rise among this throng to animate love*

from your grave.

*Although tragic themes ring around,
Fate walks like a stranger,
Oh dear friend!
Who cherished music sweet in our hearts
stray through the world,
dissolve and disperse all sorrows,
let not all that enchant human minds
perish in the labyrinthine chiaroscuro of death.*

*Come again among us,
Keep a sweet solemn tryst with our spirits
in trembling words as harp-strings chirp
before you bid us farewell.*

*Oh guiding star!
Shudder passes through us
and we weep,*

*Come again,
Come again
you smiling heart.*

*Oh light of our souls!
Come again,
Come again,
Come again from the world above the stars.*

As Wenaas read the farewell poem that I had written (inspired by the dedication poem in Goethe's Faust), snow started to fall as tears of the sky, as tears of the mystery that created him, as tears of the messenger of time. Two and half years ago, a November afternoon Ånun wrote:

*“ The snow....it comes as time's fixed messenger
passing your eyes for giving you thought that before was sorrow....
You see it enough to understand
it is the time's fixed messenger.”*

We saw this snow falling on the white lillies decorating his coffin enough to understand that time's fixed messenger had come in the end to shed his tears over the death of the most beautiful snow crystal who had lived among us wearing the mask of a human being in this carnival of life. We stood there beside the church where he played his first concert a year ago with the Renaissance Group of the Oppegård Music School. I heard sounds of flute still vibrating in the air while time's fixed messenger passed by a pyre in my heart. As the church bell rang to announce the time of his departure a fire erupted in my mind engulfing the sky and the Earth:

*Winds caught fire,
fire caught darkness,
the words caught light in the interior of the stars.*

Wind moved through the leaves,

*fire moved through the sun,
my soul moved through the light burning in a ritual urn.*

*Lips of leaves spoke to the wind,
the flames of the sun flickered on the crust,
in terror;
in torment,
lights vibrated in the brim of the urn.*

*The fire gnarled as wondrous snakes
rising from rocks, sand and soil
seizing the heart with swift twisting tails,
leaves changed colours,
stems turned gold,
sun sank in the heart
where wind from the stars
carried words of flame
in a soul of light crying
in tempestous thunder, lightning and rain.*

*Pain and suffering
whirled in the wind in the fire like snakes
flying to catch the Earth with
coiling filaments of flames,
the eddies of light in the golden sand
scattered along the bay of life
carried the last drops of tears
and moved through the transparent haze
in the wind of the eyes,*

*in the storm of the heart,
in the solitude of the fire leaping out of the grave.
Carcasses of reason infuriated the fire,
sentimental journey through the whole universe
brought no end,
whatever I asked
transformed words into meaningless sputtering of flames twisting and
turning around the abyss of a poem.*

*Here the poem had no end,
words had no meaning.
It was wind,
it was fire,
it was a turmoil of light in a burning stem
where leaves trembled in fear of flames.*

*Lights splitted in spectrum,
concupiscent dark licked night,
there was no tranquility in ethical predilection,
sentiments staggered,
words fell to concoct poem,
whatever I did or thought ended in the fire of reason,
like an endless fallow I existed outside eternity
in peril,
cut and dug
in the sky
aglow in the light of the Hell.*

No act came to end in meaning,

*no cycle could turn the time,
no motion could impart power to undo the endless suffering sizzling in
the mind.*

*Like an insignificant creature of the Earth
swimming in the drops of tears
I searched light,
where errors of being alive formed rainbows of night
on the surface of the swells
in a spiritual hearth burning in the flux of blood.*

*Indivisible pain
bore no inconsistency with life,
everything was as it should be
without reason,
without halt,
without purpose,
without any why, what and how
amidst howling cries of love.*

*The petals of the flowers decorating the grave
bend like enlarged surface of the sentimental mind
contained no ordour,
the syllables of light
falling on the stems,
halted poems
trying to pass through the words of flame.*

Sentiments contradicted words,

*whatever I asked turned foolish,
wherever I turned brought pain,
whatever path I chose gushed through the blood in the veins.*

*Life was a paradox,
complete without completion,
a drama without an end.
Feelings ruptured through confused floundering words.
There was no hope,
there was no consolation,
everything was eternity apart.*

*The Earth span,
thoughts wound senses in a torque of time,
like a toy spinning in the open hearth of fire
the sun carried the flames,
time carried motions
in the turmoil of light brimming over a mind
crying like a man insane.*

*In words of fire
the sun circumgyrated
the flames to crush and cause pain,
the lights fell and curved over the shadows,
the flowers carried instantaneous ability to communicate the moments
of love and joy
concealing the terror of time
spewing fire over the vale
under the cliffs where torrents of light gushed*

through a world aflame.

*The words like feeble creatures of blood
had insufficient power to grasp the solitude
of life simmering in the hearth of the heart.
All words decayed like bodies buried in the grave
in rain and wind,
creatures of flame struggled to incarnate
in the interior of the hearth
where words grappled with the light
to rise on the surface of the mind
to catch the fire of love.*

| Ånun was dancing outside a labyrinth in fire. His left arm was raised above the sky. His fingers were moving over the trees, plants, grass, meadows through invisible fire twisting and turning to free the mind from the bondages of senses in a music flowing through the universe. He was stamping the Earth with the feet of the wind to hold the rythm of flow of ethereal music in that pastoral. A year ago Ånun had run around this graveyard reading the names of all those who were buried or cremated. Now he was one of them. The infinite blue sky was placed over his grave. I was reading his name in the lights of the sky. Dates of his birth and death were engraved in the sky with the stars. “Ånun, my dear Ånun, come back,come back”, I cried. I wanted to split the sky, open the coffin and come out of this labyrinth where fires were dancing everywhere I turned. But there seemed to exist no exit, no way, no out.

Inside this labyrinth there was a stave church from the Mid-

dle Ages dated 1150. Later it was restored several times and it is now a small white wooden church. Ānun's coffin was placed on the side of the sacristy where the window panes formed in the shape of the Gothic vaults, were staring through the interior of a vacuum. Inside here there was an altar. Above that altar there was a cathedral. Inside that cathedral there were flying buttresses, gothic vaults. And under the vaults of the sky there were innumerable plants, trees, mountains and meadows. And inside here the universe was expanding. The music frozen in the grass, plants, trees, rocks, soil, sand, clouds, lights all were moving as flames of fire.

Ānun was dancing with his flute in hand. He was surrounded by an infinite emptiness where the thoughts were gazing like cattle in the unending pasture where grass was blue, real was myth, forms were allusions of the formless. Here Krishna was holding his herd in the trance of music in the notes of light flying as cascading streams of joy through all pervading vacuum. I knelt down before his grave as golden light wafted along the brim of an urn. The sun was burning inside this urn turning into ashes beliefs, knowledge and thoughts. The branches of the trees were crawling upwards to sacrifice their existence in the fire burning in that urn, forces of life were curling and coiling along the branches where new shoots were about to sprout before turning into flickers of flames. They were like the plumage of the tail of a bird of paradise lifted towards the sky to set fire to the colours in the sky. I was in front of a sarcophagus where everything was written in the language of fire. I could not recognize the symbols and forms carved and designed all around me. All I had known before seemed undecipherable now. It had all transformed. Everything was mysterious. Everything was magic. Everything was dream. Everything was fabulously improbable but still

existing as truth.

The light vibrated in the horizon before the sun sank in the pool of blood as Ånun sank under the grave. A javeline of light pierced through the clouds to bring an end to the dance of joy. “Ånun, my dear Ånun, why doth thy blood ooz in this beautiful sky?” I tried to speak to the light. I tried to stop the Earth from spinning as blood dripped and the sun sank watching the sacrilege.

The labyrinth went down in the darkness of the night. Cassiopeia, Gemini, Sagittarius, Ursa major, Ursa Minor, Cancer, Taurus, Aquariusstood around guarding the jewels of the sky. The labyrinth merged with the cosmic darkness where time here and time there were millions of years apart, where present and past was convoluted together in my reality. Present was camouflaged in the past, past was camouflaged in the present. In this temporal abyss, there was vacuum of the empty space in all directions. “Nothing” extended all around curving and closing the universe. “Why is not everything nothing? Why do things exist?” Ånun’s questions came back to my mind. I wished everything was nothing that no “thing” existed at all. No time, no force, no motion, no being, no becoming!!! I wished an absolute end, a total nothing in the universe.

“ Pappa, at the beginning there was an abyss of this nothing in the all pervading gape called Ginnungapet. Everything in the universe came into being from this nothing. In the north the eternally frozen Nivlheim lay covered under darkness and in the south lay Muspellsheimen where there was eternal light, warmth and flames. In the fire of the Muspellsheimen, the ice melted and torrential floods gushed through

the Gennungapet giving birth to creation. Yme came into being first. Odin, Vilje and Ve followed. Out of Yme's body Odin, Vilje and Ve created all. The Earth was made of his flesh, mountains were formed out of his bones and stones came from his teeth. The hairs were used to make the grass, plants and trees. The blood gave rise to water in the seas and oceans, and the skull created the sky. Out of the brain materials they made the clouds. After the creation of the world they found two trees on the beach and from them they made the first human beings Ask and Embla. Odin gave life and spirit, Vilje gave mind and reason, Ve gave warmth and colour when creating the original parents from whom mankind has descended. The gods took the sparks of light from Muspellsheim and placed them in the sky to create the stars and the orbs of the Heaven. Sun and Moon got their chariots and drove eternally around the sky".

Ånun tells us the story of creation that he has read in the book on Norren mythology that mormor and morfar gave him last Christmas. He continues "The creation hanged together as a tree of the universe called the Yggdrasil Ask whose roots penetrated through all the three worlds the world of the gods, human beings and the creatures of hell. Odin had his place at the centre while two eagles kept watch over the creation with their sharp eyes. At the feet of the tree lay the serpent Midgardsorm threatening life and creation. This serpent existed in the depth of the seas coiling around the place called Midgard where human beings lived closing all their ways out. Tor, the lightning God constantly fought with this serpent to free mankind from this entrapped fate. In Ragnarok Tor managed to slay the serpent but at the same time he also died, burnt in the poisonous venom spewn from the mouth of the serpent. After that the flames errupted everywhere and the Earth sank in

darkness.”

Ånun stops. He leaves the story of creation at this point as Kristian comes from the behind and putting his arms around Ånun’s neck asks in a friendly manner, ”Shall we play together, Ånun?” Ånun likes this friendly gesture and being full of excitement wants to return the warmth of friendship back to Kristian. Leaving the cosy moments he has been enjoying with us, he jumps out of the chair and grasps Kristian around his waist and tries to lift him up in the air. Then both fall on the grass and begin to wrestle and laugh.

It is a sunny Sunday morning in our garden. From here we see a lake, a few hill tops clad with forests, a road swinging between the trees like a serpent. Behind the forest is the church with a huge oak tree beside it, several hundred years old, like a tree of life. Through all I see, a tree of light branches in all directions in the space curving and coiling like a serpent in an infinite labyrinth that has no beginning or end. Like Ananta (meaning infinite), the world serpent swallows itself, emerges from itself, ends and begins in itself so that nothing could escape its labyrinthine gape. In this labyrinth , someone shouts, “Ånun is dead, Ånun is dead...” hurling fire through my mind. I see the green grass in the garden turning red as blood starts oozing out of Ånun’s nose and mouth. At once Tor lifts his hammer and the blue sky lightens up and becomes intense in colour in my mind. The battle of light and shadow starts. In the end Tor strikes the serpent, the serpent spews venom and both die.

SURREAL TIME

Fire erupts. Earth sinks in darkness. As after Ragnarok, life renews again. Grass becomes green, the sky becomes blue, life springs everywhere. The gods return to play with golden bricks of light in the grass as in Idavollen. The serpent regenerates itself. The labyrinth closes and Ånun comes back to life .

Hearing Kristian laughing and shouting, “Ånun is dead, Ånun is dead”, Torbjørn comes running with the wheelbarrow lying in one corner of the garden. Kristian and Torbjørn pick Ånun up from the grass and throw him on the wheelbarrow. Torbjørn starts his turbo motor and gives him a ride resembling a racing car. Ånun enjoys the fun and shouts, ”Stop... stop...”. He was only pretending to be dead.

I see the sun moving across the sky driving the chariot along the star strewn path of the Heaven gradually sweeping the day across

the sky. The bees and butterflies swarm in flock around the flowers and light dancing an endless waltz with the wind. I see seeds have grown into stalks, stalks have grown to their tips, all shoots have sprouted shooting through the darkness where the Earth once sank. A bird flaps its wings. I feel everything will cease to be once again. But “Why... why...why..?” The questions flap through the heart and fly away to perch in a forest of furious commotion lashed by the ceaseless storm of transmutations. It is ordained. Ordained by whom no one knows or understands. I see Ånun running around the garden laughing and shouting while Torbjørn and Kristian chase him with the wheelbarrow. They want to give him another ride. But Ånun does not want another ride and he runs moving his hands in the flapping motions of wings of a young bird trying to fly away from its predator. As his friends do not stop, he picks up the water hose in the garden and defends himself by sprinkling water on them. The fun intensifies. His friends enjoy the shower. They abandon the wheelbarrow and wrestle with him in order to get hold of the mouth of the hose from his hand. They succeed. Ånun runs again trying to fly away from his predator shouting and laughing. They stop after all three of them have been soaked. Ånun fetches a better sprinkler that can swing in two directions and cover a larger area to enjoy more this shower with his friends.

I gaze through every changing, every transmuting, every dazzling spangles inflamed by the sun in the drops of water swinging across my eyes. The disc of the sun whirls as a ball of fire while a chariot moves. In the myth of the creation of the universe the clouds carry the wriggling motion of the flamelets of mind trembling in trepidation, eeriness and throe. Like thousands of raindrops emotions of joy

fall through the silence of the sky trembling in the touch of light. Words die and dissolve. Signs, symbols, birds, butterflies, bees fly through the hollow skull of Yme. Blood of Yme drips. Water drops to nourish the Earth. Placenta coils. Phrases, notes, bits, translucent words scatter an eeriness. A surreal poem passes through my mind. It alters and allures, migrates through memories in metaphors.

Kristian and Torbjørn go home to change their clothes while Hallvard appears riding his skate board. Ånun and Hallvard possess the same sense of humour and love to make full use of it whenever they are together. They seem to know what is going on in each other's mind - so they may laugh before uttering even a single word. At the very sight of Hallvard Ånun gets excited and starts giggling in his usual intense manner and Hallvard bursts into laughter watching Ånun's reaction. Although they seemed to have a lot of things in their minds to communicate with each other, the best they love to do is not to do anything - just laugh enjoying a fun they find in each other's company. Ånun leaves the sprinkler, quickly dries himself with whatever he finds nearby and runs with Hallvard into the house to show him his new technological invention - a new rocket model with two boosters on the side. On the way they exchange nonsensical words and compete to find the most funny ones. However Hallvard's interest in the technology does not last long. Soon they start running around the house chasing each other screeching and yelling like two joyful animals. One runs from the other as if to escape the funny words the other is spewing. They seem to love to play this silly game. From a very early age Ånun has shown an unusual fascination for creating his own funny long words. As Hallvard seems to appreciate this ability and enjoys participating in the game reciprocating Ånun with his own ingenuous contribution this apparently meaningless

verbal interplay becomes highly meaningful for both. For them it is a way of sharing the happiness of a deep friendship. But soon this game becomes unbearable for us and we ask them to go into the garden to save the house from this pandemonium of noise. They obey and run out of the house singing “Intercomplex”, a song Ånun composed sometime ago:

*Technology, technology is over
wherever we are.*

*We cannot say. We cannot lose.
Technology, technology is over
wherever we are.*

Hallvard has always been Ånun’s most favorite singing partner. They have made several songs like this as an alternative to the Rock music popular among his other friends. They both dance, rock, jump, roll on the grass singing and behaving like two wild animals trying to free themselves in a world of joy.

This wild behaviour in the garden continues unabated until Jarl Magnar appears with a test tube in his hand. He manages to triumph over Hallvard in winning Ånun’s attention as he shows to Ånun the chemical he has brought with him. He presents it as gunpowder. “Alternative rock” music and wild behaviour vanish immediately. Ånun jumps in the air in great agitation giggling and quivering in his usual intense way. This is exactly what he has been wanting for a long time. He knows how to make gunpowder with charcoal, salpeter and sulphur.

He had tried to get hold of these chemicals for a long time but since salpeter is not available without a special permission, he has not been able to make much progress in launching his new rocket model from the ground. For Ånun nothing would be more exciting than to succeed in launching his new rocket. Believing in the prospect of a success now, Ånun leaves the “Rock” world and starts building a launch pad with Jarl Magnar in the garden. Seeing Ånun back to technology Hallvard leaves him and returns home. Before filling the rocket with Jarl Magnar’s “gunpowder” and taking any unnecessary risky chance, Ånun first wants to make a test launch of a mini rocket to find out if the chemical is really gunpowder or not. Although he has made a protective heat shield at the bottom of his rocket to save it from an accidental fire that may occur during the ignition process, before believing Jarl Magnar fully, Ånun takes this further precaution against any risk. As Ånun does not feel comfortable with match-boxes and fire Jarl Magnar takes charge of the ignition process. The test result turns into a fire sizzling through burning paper without generating any power of thrust necessary for a rocketary launch. With it all hopes and excitement that Jarl Magnar’s “gunpowder” generated some minutes ago, also burn down.

Seeing smoke in the garden Kristian, Torbjørn and other children in the neighbourhood get interested in finding out what Ånun and Jarl Magnar are doing. They come running like a small curious herd to share the fun. As Jarl Magnar’s “solid rocket fuel” fails, Ånun goes to fetch ice cream for all the children present in the garden to find some solace amidst another failure in his rocketery endeavour. The children enjoy this treatment and then run down the slope to play where our garden has merged with the forest. Here Ånun once built a hut together with a number of other children in the neighbourhood.

As they vanish out of the sight I see the roses in the garden rocking in nature's flowery bed. Above it the sky confuses my eyes with its profound beauty with a halo of light illuminating the horizon exiting out of an infinite darkness. I see destiny in this halo where the ephemeral moments are juggling with colourful lights. The air caresses my mind, the perfumes of the flowers waft through my senses carrying messages of a hidden world behind this halo. Like a bird over a sea the light veers in all directions in an infinite, never ending world moving through the halo. Whatever I see undulates inside a blue body, a blue sea reflecting the lights loitering on the Earth like in a dream. In a couple of eyes full with water and blood to the brim gazing at this bottomless sea flowers float spreading perfumes in an evening that is cruel, obscure and tenebrous, and seconds, minutes and hours pass evoking the spectre and splendour of the irreversible time surging out of a clear and mystic light. Each flower respire in the moments of melancholy and joy in a sordid, miraculous, and virulent air blowing through a dream. Here ecstasies recoil from words, grass placidly touches the waves of light and children run around making noise that breaks the silence of the light while destiny moves in front of my eyes.

In anxiety I shout, "Ånun, Ånun, my dear friend...come back, come back" and rush down the stairs leading to the forest. I see none. Only the wooden planks that the children used in building the hut lie scattered around where the hut once stood. Although the hut was demolished a couple of years ago, the children still play with the wooden planks. After being used in many different construction projects the planks resemble cactus leaves studded with nails dangerously protruding out here and there. Some are bent, crooked, coupled and entan-

gled as they have tried to penetrate through a series of other nails criss crossing each other. They reflect the struggle to force human will against matter, to subject nails to follow paths not in conformity with the properties of objects as if to overcome the dichotomy between will and matter. Receiving intense hammering, the metal heads have bent, moved in different directions and then at the end retrieved their rests as no more use of force could subject them to move any further. Around these twisting and turning nails protruding out of a fearful jaw gaping through a wreckage I see the bilberry bushes struggling to catch the lights mingling with the shadows cast by the coniferous trees covering the surrounding forest. A thick layer of needle-shaped dry leaves has covered the ground. Amidst this lies a big stone. It has often served as a table for food and drink for the hut builders. Here they have consumed potato chips, waffles, cookies, goodies and drinks that Ragne supplied in order to satisfy Ånun's deep urge of being hospitable to his friends every time he had his cottage building project .

As I stand here, the memories twist and turn through the clouds, exiting out of the gape of the vacuum in the evening halo of light. Nails! Unsurpassable nails drive through my mind criss- crossing the vision. Trees like tapered body of pain point towards the sky driving through an unseen body of flesh and blood. Some nails are already bent to resist the suffering- maybe, trying to resist a higher will! Who knows? I remember the day Ånun fell here. A wooden plank got fixed to his palm. A nail drove through his soft flesh. Hearing the cry of pain I came running down here to help him. He was bleeding. Now I am bleeding in my mind and an awful cry is piercing through me, "Å..n..u..n, my dear Å..n..u..n..." as if hundreds and thousands of nails are passing through a body unable to resist the powerful drive of a higher will hammering

the nails through a body bleeding in agony and despair. I wanted Ånun to come and help me relieve this pain...dripping as blood...in the silence occupying the mind... in the expanding halo of quiescent light falling on the wreckage, the stone and the bilberry bushes where suffering has become surreal....with twisting, and turning memories while no power can drive them through my inner world anymore. They are nails without head or elongation. They exist without relation to properties of things and therefore do not follow the will that tries to submit them to its power. They penetrate space and time, move through the blood, ooz all around, bend and halt to find a recess in this surreal silence of the world.

Nearly four years ago when the hut was inaugurated the children had invited their parents to join a party here. It was a summer evening like this. The most animated part was the children's dance. Now in this halo of light I see a dance in a labyrinth where a serpent coils at the foot of a big urn and fate moves in the disguise of light in front of my eyes while the sun remains ablaze in the ashes of time flying like the Bennu bird, the magical bird of the Egyptian underworld. The magical letters of the Book of Dead float in the sunlight as birds in journey through the inner world where things are unreal, and unreal carries the essence of things.

In this light Ånun dances, the sky twists through the clouds, wriggles through the halo and coils inside the labyrinth carrying magical signs spread over the body of the serpent God, Qutezalcoatl decorated with feathers of light. The Earth appears to be the precinct in front of the temple of Quetzalcoatl where like Chac-mool the hills around gaze at the sky holding the pots where human sacrifices are made under

the fiery eyes of the sun and things exist in the gape of the vacuum like sculpted serpents flying along the stairs of the temple running down from Heaven. Behind the hill a path twists like a serpent passing by a graveyard where Ånun dances with the flute in his hand and moves away following the footsteps of a dancer decorated with colourful plumages of birds over his head playing flute in front of a sacrificial altar surrounded by walls of skulls in the labyrinth. I cry out, “Ånun, my dear Ånun, ... come back, come back”. I run. I halt. I get bewildered as I see him gradually merging with the light floating inside the skull of Yme.

Then the evening lights descend down the stairs leading to the forest from the garden bringing the messages of a mysterious world and Ånun comes running in ecstasy down the steps leading from the altar of sacrifice to the temple precinct hurrying to tell me what he has seen in that strange world. In his usual way he is full of joy again. Like restless branches of the pine trees moving in the wind, he moves restlessly in the light. I feel baffled. He moves to express hurry. Time is passing. Life seems to be a series of interpenetrating dreams- one merging with another in a surreal sequence. Here I can not distinguish dream from reality or reality from dream, or here and now from there and then.

The day is too short for him. He has some urgent project in his mind. For that project he needs my help. “Pappa can you give me a few pieces of big paper?” he asks. He wants to write posters to help a neighbour boy who has opened a store to sell old toys in the neighbourhood. Each time the boy needs help to boost up sale he wants Ånun to take care of the advertisement and public relations for him. Ånun enjoys this appreciation of his oratory talent and ability to attract others with

his advertisement gimmicks and friendly gestures and does not mind helping him. We have often joked with him that he would make a great politician with his oratory talent and charisma but Ånun is at least sure of one thing in his life - he will not be a politician. Although he follows the news of local and global politics with great interest, he maintains an equally great abhorrence for politics as a profession of life.

He does not like my idle reflections . “Pappa, please, hurry”, he pulls me with his hands of soft evening light through the garden up to the entrance door. Entering the house I find it full of children: Jarl Magnar is in the kitchen making “chemicals” mixing different spices in a test tube, Kristian and Torbjørn are in Ånun’s room building lego, Martin has just entered, Vidar is leaving seeing so many other children in the house. Before he leaves Ånun gives him the portrait he has drawn of him. The “store keeper” boy waits in the corridor as he has not been here so often as the others. While I go upstairs to find the papers, Ånun welcomes Martin to a short piano lesson while waiting for the papers to appear. Torbjørn comes to show Martin the last car model “Eureca” of “TVAA” company. “TVAA” is a company established by Torbjørn and Ånun. “Eureca” is a car for the future replacing ordinary motors with cylinders with rocket engines. Ånun is the designer and engineer while Torbjørn seems to take care of the marketing and promotion side of the company. But everything does not move smoothly as Torbjørn and Kristian hear Ånun playing the piano with Martin. They seal their ears and shout “s..t..o..p”. They do not want to listen to that “stupid” music again. Ånun makes grimaces to express frustration and annoyance. Before irritation and counter irritation turn into a bigger noise, I manage to find the wanted papers and all run out at once to promote the sale of the shop, leaving behind Ånun’s room and the kitchen table in a

mess. I go out to ask them to tidy the rooms but before that all of them have already left. In the garden I discover a shocking scene - all roses including the buds are torn off. It takes only a few minutes to find out what has happened when I find two of the girls in the neighbourhood are making perfumes filling a big bucket of water with rose petals. The girls, however, do not confess guilt as they have got Anun's permission. So I have to talk to him about that too and go to find him.

The scents waft in the air. The roses bleed. The Bennu bird moves like ashes after burning itself on the Earth over a garden where I watch the receding light in the horizon. The Bennu bird is Osiris himself. It reincarnates again and again and comes back to Earth. The moving clouds in the sky bring imagaries in the mind resembling the figures of the Egyptian underworld. I see them moving over a desert in my heart, over a pyramid of solitude through the mouth of a sphinx who devours all. "Pappa, see, how nice they are!" Anun speaks in my memory. But I do not want to see. I turn my face and search the rays still visible in the horizon in the hands of Re. Life seems to be a sacrophagus where memories are inscribed in letters and symbols decipherable through the magic of the Book of the Dead. Here hate, love, anger and tranquility all seem to exist as mummies in the human heart, all seem to be ordained by the magic and mystery of God. In this desert the Bennu bird flaps its wings carrying ashes through the light under the sun, the breeze blows through a labyrinthine, in centuries after centuries pain moves in the touch of the breeze blowing over the sands of sorrows, and memories tremble in trepidation in a surreal haze.

I see the stork or crane, the symbol of death flapping its wings across the sky on his journey through the world of the dead. No anger

can reach it, no love can destroy its power, no tears can sink it in the desert of sorrow. When I reach the neighbouring compound, I see no one. Instead of the shop I find a car in the garage taking its rest for the day like a peculiar animal of the modern time. It has cleared this resting place by devouring the once existing children's shop. It is lying in a strange sea bottom where instead of corals there are houses, instead of fishes there are humans, instead of opabinias there are cars, instead of hallucinias there are cycles, and instead of water there is all pervading vacuum where particles of light are undulating under the sky. It is a strange underworld where the living are shadows of the dead, material world is a shadow of the world where dead live and the living rest in the shadows of the dead. In this underworld I am entangled in a web span by time. Here causes and effects regulate the thoughts confining the human mind in a labyrinth in the bottom of an unending sea. When I have been out searching for Ånun on his way back from school I have sometimes discovered him anxiously waiting here behind a house seeing a barking dog at a distance. Like the barking black dog that has bothered Ånun most on his school way I see the darkness stralls in this underworld in an easy pace sniffing over the Earth, threatening the soul of light searching its exit from the labyrinthine world. It now barks in memories like a hounding dog wounded by a spear of light. Blood! Blood! Blood everywhere! Like the blood of Yme, tears drop everywhere I turn my eyes.

It is along this path I have walked so often looking for Ånun when he was very late from school. The children call the part of this path leading through the forest "Trolldal". I see children pass by Trolldal. Most of them know Ånun. They like to talk to him because he is always interesting to talk to, he has always something exciting to tell

- from automatic sausage making machine or potato peelers he has constructed to electron microscope or cyclotrons - and always conveys a sense of joy in his social encounters. Furthermore, he loves to cut jokes and enjoys listening to jokes and never falls short of making interesting remarks that make them laugh. His eyes are always alert. He sees things more closely than most of others do. On the school way he looks for fossils and crystals, picks flowers and stones, collects junk to bring back home in order to clean nature from pollution, and brings snails home to take care of them as his pet animals.

In the “Trolldal” children are out of sight of the adults. Here all uncontrolled impetuosity grows in full bloom in children’s mind. Here I have met Ånun in cold winter days being completely drenched - water soaking from the winter jacket to the underwear- and crying. Here I have seen other children play with his school bag making it slide down the “Trolldal” again and again while he was shouting in infuriation “ Don’t do that, don’t do that”. Here I have felt enraged seeing that the children discovering my presence at a distance run away breaking a ring around Ånun leaving tears, exasperation and despair in Ånun’s eyes.

In Trolldal lies the “Bilberry path” - a steep slippery path that children have made to shorten their school way. This path where bilberries grow provides some challenge and adventure as well because one has to climb the slippery path grasping the rootlets where soils have collapsed and slid from the crag where the pine trees stand. We have advised Ånun not to take this path with a fear that this adventure may one day result in an accident. To respect this advice Ånun has found his own detour that joins the steep path at the top of the hill so that he does not have to isolate himself from the group except for the little extra curve.

He has once shown me the exact route he follows, even the particular stones on which he steps. When one comes to the top, the path passes over rugged rocks. More than a year ago on his way home from the school here he had lost the map of Acropolis in Athens amidst mosses and ferns. He took the map on that day with him to school in connection with the talk he gave about Greek mythology. Only after coming home he had discovered that the map had fallen out of his school bag and I had to go out with him to help him search it. We had found the map here along the “Bilberry path”.

As I gaze at the sky the map opens in front of my eyes in this “Bilberry path” and I discover Ånun here at last. He moves in a different time and space remaining close to me but still being infinitely apart. He moves through the hollow skull of Yme as light through the senses undulating over the ocean of darkness filling my senses on this Earth. I see him. Next moment, I loose him in the clouds and run behind him over the ocean flooding through the vacuum penetrating each point of space and time. Like an invisible beast the serpent coils through the vacuum to enclose the lights flooding through my hearts. I see him as part of my own self, as an illusion, a dream where the serpent coils to strangulate all passages to the world where things are without being there, motions exist without any motion of things, beings become without becoming. Senses, love, joy, hate are only shadows of the mind in this temporal abyss. Perceptions, conceptions, doubts, imaginations are only snakes of illusions that wriggle to create verses and poems in the mind. In the chimerical light patches of clouds scattered like remnants of an edifice in ruin once built to enclose the power of lightning and thunder, dissolve and disperse, move through the interior of themselves, sink in themselves and emerge from themselves, create and destroy

motions diffusing and scattering lights flying as the Bennu bird carrying senses of being alive in the weightless feathers of thoughts. The clouds move, the lights recede, the matters strangulate the passage of the feelings through the void in the sky. Ånun moves over the clouds, over the ruins of temples in my heart. He dissolves and disperses, sinks and emerges from the vacuum, scatters lights to form the formless as a soul of light dancing in front of my eyes. He moves with drifting light from the top of the mountain to the blue sea over the world where I stand and watch this surreal act.

I see Parthenon, the temple of Athena, the temple of Athena Nike, Erechtheion, the burial place of Erechtheus with the sacred snake where Athena and Poesidon once fought a battle for the dominance of the world and where Ånun once turned into stone seeing a blazing light. I see the same light move from the sky to the Earth like the trident of Poseidon moving to open the sea of life on the Earth. I see Kekrop, the half man and half snake under the trees and Ånun running around Erechtheion to find the tree under which it is sleeping beneath the stones of the ruins. Once Hefaistos tried to rape virgin Athena. His sperms fell on the Earth and Earth was fertilized by this sperm giving birth to Erechthonios who was both serpent and man. After turning from an infant to a serpent he swiftly glided to a hiding place behind the shield of Athena. I see the lights in the sky wriggle and try to hide swiftly under the shadows of the rocks as serpents seeking sanctuary under the shield of the mother Earth. In this light the children laugh listening to the story of the birth of the goddess Athena that Ånun tells in his humourous way -"Da Zevs (Jupiter) skulle ha barn med Thetis var selvfølgelig ikke Hera glad for det. Med vanlig taktikk og abortforsøk fikk hun denne planen: hun sa til Zevs at en gang skal du få en sønn som skal ta fra deg makten.

Zevs fikk fem på og trodde det. Han trodde det faktisk så mye at han svelget hele Thetis, men med visse fordøyelsesproblemer. Det hele endte med en forferdelig hodepine, så forferdelig at han ba Hefaistos om å kløyve hodet hans. Ut kom barnet, som ikke akkurat var noe barn. Faktisk var hun en fullvoksne dame kjent som Athena. Hun ble senere en av de viktigste gudinnen. Hun ble gudinnen for visdom.” - and the sentiments wriggle swiftly in my heart seeking sanctuary in the trembling drops of tears in the eyes.

At the foot of the hill of Acropolis is Dionysus amphitheatre. Here Parnassos prophesises as bird in flight over the Mount Parnassos, a voice from a sacred fire speaks, and the characters of the surreal world stage a drama of life. The King of Thebes come riding his chariot. Odiepus tries to escape the fate of killing his father as prophesied by the oracle. In the labyrinth of life this path leads him to meet the King of Thebes to fulfill the prophecy. As he tries to enter Thebes a sphinx interferes. Without knowing he marries his mother, and in the end he blinds himself.

In a loop of darkness, I see fate in the halo of light moving over all lives on the Earth. The objects induce causes, causes induce effects, effects induce chances and chances induce chaos, and bees and butterflies hum the poems of the light in this chaos of the world. In this chaos reasons fight the belligerent forces of the darkness flying through emotions to catch words, to free mind from the snarling fire rising through the chasm in the labyrinth of the world. From the chariot of the sun God spews fire, from the wheels of time the fumes of gases burning in the universe rise to occupy this labyrinth where serpents crawl, the dead move, melancholy permeates the pages of the manuscript of a

poem surging out of light as a hymn of a spirit confined in an abyss on the Earth. Here I search an exit from this baffling fire, from this fearful fumes, from this motion of the dead among the living, from this melancholy sniffing around the words of a poem in the serene silence of the world.

I see fate wearing a crown studded with thousands of jewels is moving whipping the winged horses carrying the chariot over mountains, meadows, gulfs and seas through all matters and life cohered to form the world. Spangles of rays illuminate the whirling wheel of the chariot moving through the labyrinth. Under these wheels the springs murmur, fires move in commotion, forests whisper the mysteries of life, seas release forces to rise to the light above the surface of the Earth, emotions undulate like a blue sea struggling to free the mind from the bondages of time.

The chariot decorated with the beautiful soft light of the summer night carrying fate with infinite might passes crushing time, uprooting thoughts, and devastating all that I try to construct in my mind. It moves splashing blood running over the carcasses lying over rocks , hills and meadows in the surreal light drifting along the foothills where the vacuum coils and seizes all meanings of being on this Earth.

The winged horses breathe vehemently causing waves to rise and fall in the labyrinth. Blood drips. Earth spins. Mind twists and turns. The sun circumgyrates. Over the bilberry bushes the light spins the net of illusion and dream. The pebbles and stones lie scattered around like dead animals of the sea rising out of the depth of the infinite. They are there without reason, without meaning, without my understanding of the

state of their beings. Things change colours. In the cocoon of the mind the senses sleep like butterflies. Inside things the words fly in the surreal wind of time in wings of light. The leaves of the trees sink in blood, feelings sink in sorrows and words sink in mind's unfathomable dark. There is no rest, no end, no exit. There is no word, no phrase, no image to carry through my mind the passages of the poem passing through this heart hovering over this surreal night.

In this labyrinth of life without exit paths meet, paths bifurcate, paths ring around, dissolve and disperse, end and begin where I try to start or end my journey amidst sorrow and joy of life. They coil, tangle with each other and then exit through the clouds in the desert of the heart over the sea of light undulating in the waves of the dark.

It is an absurd and surreal drama in the lights hovering over the Earth. It is a drama without plot, without beginning or end or any relation to time. Things happen without happening, things move without moving, thoughts transgress all boundaries without crossing any boundary of mind. What is now has happened long time ago and what has happened long since is happening now.

In this drama I am an actor in a journey through a labyrinth searching in the lights words, phrases and images that can free this soul from the bondages of time. In this journey thousands of words wriggle in the mind like serpents searching a way out of the labyrinth. Here what I call absurd is absolute and true, what I call surreal is impassable and deeply entrenched in the depth of the heart. I am ensnared in the fugacity of words. They wriggle, find no way of exit, fall apart and then magically rise to join again like venomous creatures of silence running

to catch the soul bleeding on Earth .

All poems turn absurd, all words become surreal, all that I think rest as fossils of mind. Like microcosms of the dark they are only imprints of eternal damnation existing in the silence of the heart. In this labyrinth I exist as a manuscript without words where I have nothing to say to myself, nothing to communicate to the world. I am without being what I am, I exist without existing in the world where I want to be. I write about things that surpass my being in words that have no meaning in the flux of words moving through the vacuum of the heart. The vacuum scintillates melancholy as if searching a higher world, a higher being, a higher love in the light that recedes from the Earth. All that I see in my mind appear to be shadows of the dark. Words carry senses bound to the eternal damnation on Earth. Thoughts carry a cascade of words flooding the senses. Nowhere in this universe there is meaning. The waves of light, the corpuscles of fires, the words of sorrows filling the Earth move through the skull of Yme. It is damnation, an eternal damnation where I search the end of the universe.

Amidst this damnation I hear Ånun laugh standing in the centre of the universe. In Greek belief, this centre existed in the Apollo temple marked by a stone called omphalos. The voice of the oracle rose from this centre. I see Ånun stand on a stone amidst the ruins around me and laugh enjoying the fun of finding the centre. Under this centre a python lies dead in a chasm after being slain by Apollo. His blood flows like a sacred spring through the chasm and the oracles of Pythia rise out of the mouth of the chasm as voice of fate. Only sorrow, pain and darkness move in this light like an eddy of time released from the bottom of the chasm where like the blood of the panther blood flows through the

chasm of the heart and springs murmur in the gorges passing through the eyes.

Beside the Apollo temple there is another Dionysus amphitheatre. Here I see Ånun moves around the stage in joy riding the chariot of the sun. Fate follows in his invisible chariot behind him. Ånun searches a path out of the labyrinth while the clouds twist and turn twisting and turning the paths of exit. The wind of time carries the chariot Ånun pretends to ride. The clouds move. The chariot draws nearer the sea where the sky merges with the halo of light.

Ånun loves sea. Even before he learnt to speak he could convey to us the great sense of joy in seeing waves and sea by his intense giggling laughter. He crawled fast on the sandbeach to reach the waves while we ran behind to stop him. In the light of this night I see an unending sea and the chariot of the sun moving through a seabeach. In this surreal world Ånun twists, turns and struggles like Hercules struggling with the serpents. He is only playing. He is only pretending to fight the fearful monsters closing the exit of the labyrinth. The waves rise like the dilated distensible necks of hooded snakes crawling over the water -the blood of Yme. In excitement they open their hoods seeing the blue light of the sky and approach the beach. Ånun wants to stop their motions by turning and spinning in joy. He stops to watch how close the waves have come. As he cannot swim well, he twists his torso when seeing the waves very near and flings his arms in the air to protest against their movements towards him. The snakes move fast, wriggle quickly to reach the shore and in the end jump through the air to catch and coil him in their snarling motions. But before reaching his feet they dissolve in the air shedding their white skins. They seem to turn into foam in the magical motion of his arms and legs and retreat back to the

sea creeping along the white sands carrying beautiful patterns of light exciting unearthly delight in human mind. Ånun seems to enjoy this fear of the monsters that dissolves as foam of laughs in a sea moving through the labyrinth of life on the Earth.

Like him I also try to find an exit. But words seem to have no power. The sentiments, feelings, images, believes are dialectical creatures that are born to contradict themselves inside the hollow skull where brains and nerves fabricate words without meanings. They only crawl in the light like worms and receive sepulture in the desert of the mind.

Ånun runs around in joy in this desert that starts where the blue sea reaches its end in the sandy beach. This desert is surrounded by cliffs like jaws of time protruded towards the sky engulfing the memories of life. This resembles the sandy beach near the North Ice Sea where Ånun once ran in search of freedom in this labyrinthine Earth. Three years ago we went to Lofoten where we found this beach. Ånun had a great fun on the huge sandy beach surrounded by mountain cliffs and sea. He called it a mini Sahara. In this mini Sahara we are now alone to enjoy the beauty of the sea and the silence of the volcanos frozen in stones in the serenity and beauty of the summer light of the night hovering over the Earth. He runs, splashes the water of the blue sea, climbs the rocks and then jumps to express the joy of being free in the nature he loves. As he jumps blood splashes in me, the sky fissures the skull, the veins and nerves fabricate words, the will transmits pressures to generate a storm. In the frivolity of words feelings whirl like hurricanes in a meaningless world while nothing moves, nothing reels in the emotional wind or blast .

In this labyrinth of sorrow, the memories dance in the light , and the hydra, the winged serpent, the python, the midgardsorm, and Ananta all coil and twist around me as one monster in all pervading vacuum closing the exits of the universe. In this vacuum I hear the music of light coming from a far distance in the universe through the clouds and stars. Ånun moves, his feet dance in the rythms of the music, his fingers guide in the air the melodies of murmur of the spring flowing through the chasm in nature's heart. He listens to every note, every sound that drips in the blood, follows every turn of sound through the swamps and mosses trying to hide the spring of joy streaming under the surface of the Earth. He wants to know from where they come, where they go and how he will be able to catch these sounds of joy in his heart.

The blood of the python flows under crags and rocks, the winged horses draw the chariot of the fate through the light of the night and Apollo plays his lyre standing in the centre of the universe. In this mythical drama Ånun finds his way of exit in the end. The path passes through seas, deserts and forests, through the serene silence around "Gamlebua", an old mountain cottage where Ånun found his soul's paradise in writing music as well as through the noise and crowd of Place du Molard. Around this path light undulates, surreal creatures crawl, serpents of anger open their hoods in fury, and the words dazzle as clots of blood in sunlight.

Through Aigle and Leysin the path ends in Berneux where the winged horses drawing the chariot of fate stalk, the blue sky emanates from the skull covering the exits of the labyrinth, the crevasses open their jaws, like glow worms celestial bodies assemble, and the constel-

lations agglomerate in the chimerical light in the horizon receding in a mystic world outside time beyond the vacuum where the serpent coils and twists to imprison the human mind. In this mystic world a flame whirls carrying a prophesy: Behold ye yonder, horrible shadow, that hand hath been marked with murder! The horror and terror stalking through the runnels of blood between stones and over pebbles, changing and rolling with the silently flowing blood and moving with it to rivers in strange light different from the daylight of the sun will hold up now this civilization.....

After the dream another morning returns.....

EPILOGUE

About nine months after Ånun's death we moved to Switzerland. The apartment we found in Geneva accidentally coincided with the building in front of which we happened to have taken a picture of Ånun. We became surprised discovering this picture where he was photographed in front of the Rousseau statue with the house visible in the background. Moreover, when we moved in the apartment, we got perplexed in seeing a picture from Berneux hanging in front of our house. The apartment was in a huge building complex with many entrances and it was a remarkable accident that the poster from Berneux was hanging right in front of our entrance just when we came! After Ånun's death a rotating panorama restaurant, was built on Berneux and the picture was an advertisement of that restaurant. However, after a few weeks the poster was no more there. The apartment was also situated in a place from where we had an eye contact with Ånun's most favourite places in the town - the Rousseau island, St. Peter's Cathedral, the quay, Mont Blanc and several other mountain tops of the Alps and a view towards Leysin.

