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Foreword

This booklet has been made for the children receiving awards from the Ånun Lund Rej Memorial Fund. It contains, among others, a selection of Ånun's writings, drawings and excerpts from the book, <<Ånun - an unfulfilled symphony>>. It is hoped that the children receiving the awards will derive inspiration from it and be stimulated to the values and ideas that Ånun cherished.

Under each drawing, painting and writing, Ånun's age is mentioned. The drawings made out of imagination are traced from the original and reduced in size. The paintings and the colour pencil drawings are the photographs of the original.

Among the photographs of Ånun, a few are photographs of oil paintings made by Ånun's father, Anup Rej. These paintings are reproductions of the photographs. The bust in bronze is also made by his father who is a physicist by profession.

Ånun's writings have been translated into English from the original in Norwegian by his mother, Ragne Birte Lund. She is presently counsellor at the Permanent Mission of Norway to the United Nations and other international organisations in Geneva.

- Ånun Lund Rej Memorial Fund

Geneva
July, 1992



<< I have a thirst for knowledge. I wish to
know all mysteries in their deepest depths.>>

Ånun Lund Rej was born in Trondheim, Norway, on 3 September 1979. He spent the first three years of his life in Berne, Switzerland, to which the family moved shortly after Ånun's birth. Ånun and his parents then went to live for another three years in New York, where his mother served at the Permanent Mission of Norway to the United Nations. During this period Ånun attended the International Pre-school and Caedmon School, a Montessori school in Manhattan. The family returned to Norway in the summer of 1985. For the last four and a half years of his life, Ånun lived at Trollåsen in Oppegård municipality, near Oslo. After attending kindergarten for one year, Ånun became a pupil at Vassbonn Primary School in Oppegård in 1986. He began taking recorder lessons at the Oppegård Municipal Music School in 1988, and played the recorder in the school's Renaissance Ensemble. In 1989 he also he began taking piano lessons.

Ånun was an exceptionally gifted child with an insatiable thirst for knowledge and a keen interest in science and art. He loved classical music, was fond of drawing and painting, and was interested in the architecture of cathedrals and temples. He was bilingual (English and Norwegian) and loved reading books about art, archaeology and ethnography. He was particularly interested in mythology, religion and history in general. Moreover, from early childhood, he showed a keen interest in science and outer space. He had an unbounded curiosity about the universe and the meaning of life. Ånun was a cosmopolitan and a universalist.

During the last two years of his life, Ånun's creative interests unfolded primarily in the field of music. Within the space of one and half years, he wrote four symphonies (the fourth symphony remained unfinished) and many other compositions. From the age of one and half Ånun showed a keen interest in the music of the classical composers and was a devoted admirer of Beethoven and Mozart. Beethoven's Sixth Symphony in particular remained his favourite piece of music from then onward.





Ånun travelled a great deal with his parents and visited India and Mexico, as well as many European countries, where he became acquainted with several different cultural heritages and ways of life.

Ånun was a compassionate child with a strong sense of justice. He loved life and believed in life, and was full of passion for high ideals and humanitarian values such as freedom, equality, justice and tolerance. The most fundamental aspect of his personality was his deep respect for human dignity and human rights, which was reflected in an intense urge to be good to everyone.

The Old Oppegård Church at Svartskog appealed particularly to Ånun's love of nature and simplicity and to his fascination with history and old buildings. This is why he was buried in the churchyard there on 9 March 1990.

A book titled "ÅNUN - AN UNFULFILLED SYMPHONY" is published in Norwegian in 1991 (Norwegian title: "ÅNUN - EN UFULLENDT SYMFONI", published by Dreyer, Oslo).

The beginning of the second movement of Ånun's fourth symphony



A selection
from
ANUN'S OWN WRITINGS



<< Although the shadow truly has an unconquerable power, there always exists a gleam of light under the shadow's black robe...>>

Introduction written for the first symphony,
PERSEPHONE

(named after the goddess of Greek mythology)

" 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.....¹..... 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."

- Anun, nearly 9 years

¹we could not decipher the word here.





Introduction written for the music piece
DANCE OF JOY

"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 !!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Ånun, 8 years

AAR Dance of joy. F dur. op 6 no 2

En historie som handler om musikk stykket
Dance of joy. Det hele åpner med en grå
innledning, men stadig med et lite håp.
Akkurat som om en mann som prøver å
finne utgangen av ^{en} kjempe messig labyrint.
Så at mannen finner en ut vei, og faller i en
dans, ingen dans som leder deg til glede,
men en dans som har en livlig sjel.
Et øyeblikk mister mannen troen på
det som hadde skjedd.

Temaet dør ut, men han faller i gledens
varmende hånd,
temaet blomstrer opp,
dør i durens moll,
tar i en siste gang, gleden er utløst.
Men det er glede i alle toner, grenseløst
med glede !!!!!!!!!!!!!



TRICERETOP
Anun, 7 years

First! First!

"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 !!! "

- Anun, 8 years



Here I wish to live!!!



Here I shall live!

Yes, here... I will (shall) live...

Where?...

Here in this country , where the birds always chirp and the sky is always blue.

Here? .. yes!

But ,anyway, the birds almost never chirp here and there is nearly always grey weather...

.....

But "how come" it can be possible...this is the most rain receiving part of the whole country.

Well...ye-es...you see...in a big desert that lies about 1500 kilometres from here...there...wait a little bit!...there is nothing... indeed it does!!!!...have you been in Severssund ?

"Yes, of course"!

Then you have probably eaten in Steffan's cafeteria. Outside the cafeteria there is an abandoned little white house.

"Yes"! But what sense does it make?!

In that house lived an old woman and she possessed an old treasure-box and it was the treasure-box of King Richard the Seventh.

"Indeed"!!... is it true that it is the treasure-box that can open all the worlds ?...

"Right"!

But I want to open the desert named Sjahridh, the twin brother of Sahara.

And the treasure-box lies hidden in her house!

.....
The plan in getting hold of the treasure-box went alright and now I have got hold of the desert I desired! But people say that in this desert there is a cave and in that cave there is an altar, as soon as one puts the treasure-box in there , one will have the ten most important wishes ,that sustain the life, fulfilled. But if you then touch the treasure-box, the destiny will strike you.

A year later.At last here I will really live !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

- Ånun, 9 years

(He wrote it in February 1989. Died exactly one year later.)



Spring

mus. d. v. 8; 27/10
en Nightingale.

NIGHTINGALE
Ånun, 8 years

A warm gush of wind.....
A few 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.

-Ånun, 8 years

Snow (original in English)

" 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."

-Ånun , November 1987





A song of life

The life was once a play,
But when the seriousness summons,
The earth must be "rescued".

The life can turn into ice,
A sorrowful story.

But there is a hope:
The life is well nothing but time, but still...

I believe in life,
I believe in life.

Think, if the life was ice!
Think , if ice became smoke!
"Ice became smoke"!

The life is not only a song,
The life is not only the sun,
But still there is a hope:
The life is well nothing but time , but still...

I believe in life,
I believe in life,

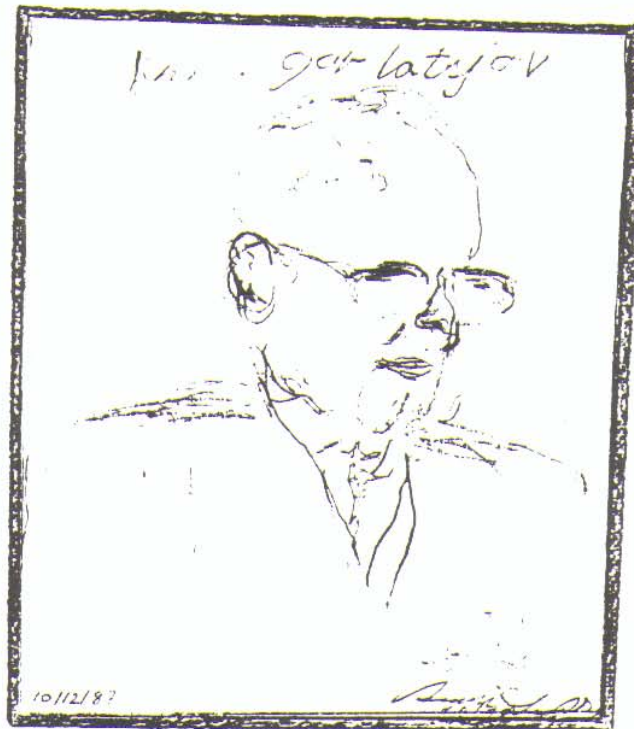
(chorus) It is something fine...

Life!

(chorus) was only ice,
(chorus) life is only time!
(chorus) was only ice.

Life!

- Ånun, 8 years



*as thank for INF treaty
Anun Lund Rej (8 year)*

10/12/87

A song for our future

For our future!
Technology's time is over
wherever we are.

We must fight for our future,
Think, if the earth had no future!

The time of the war and battle is over.

For our future!
Think, if the earth had no future!

-Anun, about 7 years





A letter written to the foreign minister of Norway

Dear Foreign Minister!

On behalf of the pupils of class 4A of Vassbonn school in the Oppegård municipality in the Akershus district, we wish to urge the government of Norway to give full support to the children and youth in Eastern Europe under the process of democratization. For example, in Warsaw, a pupil received a school text book as a gift on his name day (in Poland one celebrates the name day instead of the birth day). There is such a scarcity of writing materials, office articles and, as previously mentioned, educational materials, that many children must get hold of the pedagogical books as gifts or by purchasing them privately. I believe that none of us (in class 4A) will find it whatsoever little interesting if we get a school text book as a birth day gift. Materials such as the educational books, pencils, erasers and similar things we of course take for granted. A child in Eastern Europe will be grateful in receiving a yellow-grey pencil and a standard eraser that we so gluttonously consume. The proper education to every individual is a step towards the right direction for a newborn democracy. Indeed, the children will one day take over. In this connection remember that the democracy should survive for many many generations. A girl dreamt of a day in Eastern Europe where she would be able to buy a cap and a scarf within a year. This does not sound very strange because one dreams, well first and foremost, about the things one does have or one does not get.

- Ånun, 10 years, on behalf of the
pupils of class 4A, Vassbonn School.

The story of a kroner

"Oh holy mackerel... you are the tiniest!"
 "Oh dear, not again!"

Well, this is how I, one one-kroner, face my situation of life.

My story is the following:

It started with the time when I, together with many others, was totally new (newly fabricated). We were transported to a bank a few miles away from there. I was put together with many other coins. They teased me equally then as they do still now. (For example, they asked me what was the similarity between you and the giraffe? While most of them were equally stupid, the giraffe was of course smarter.)

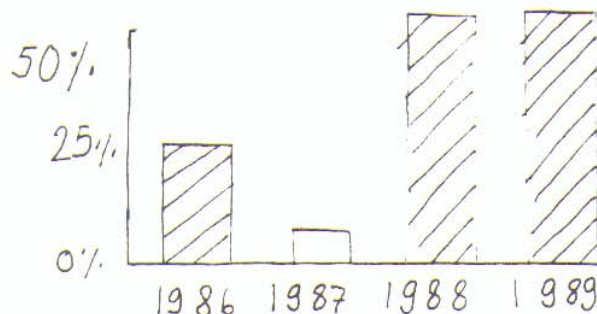
Oh dear...well...such is the situation in the world.

I "had been" ... with many giant-like figures who are called human beings, and among them one particular one, named MR. Pederson. In fact, I had even been on his account. It was really "mucky boring" to be on his account. "Long-drawn"... I mean, who would have liked to just exist when no one cared till one was finally fetched one day.

Well, I have experienced much in my life. I shall continue this story a little later. But right now I wish to see how the duel between the two five kroners, going on nearby me, ends up at last.

After the duel: I have just come in possession of a boy as change. Before that I had been offered the great honour of staying overnight in a gambling automat until the boy with the winner's luck won me. He then bought a chocolate in exchange of me. Well... I have nearly no more time tell you all....

However, in the bank (not "Bank") I have participated in lots of activities as the following diagram shows:



But I do not want to delve in the statistics now because I see another duel. I obviously love duels. A ten kroner and a five kroner are battling on the issue whose value would increase most in the next year. Of course, if the five kroner wants to win then it should stop voting for the Retired Peoples Party. Well, according to his opinion I should vote for the Young-Right Party because I am too small to vote for the "best party".

If you wish to know more about my story, then you should follow what happens with me hence.

"Oh dear...!" some one takes me and..."WHAT?!!?!...."

N-N-N-O O! T-T H I I S...,

honestly speaking, I do not understand at a-lll...

I must have fallen asleep(quite correct) and now I am lying on a tram track.

Oh dear...! now I have fallen asleep and become a pile of 10 10-øres...

- Ånun, 9 years





This I shall keep for myself

"This I shall keep for myself, this I shall keep for me. This I shall keep for myself - la 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."



Ånun, 2 years

At the age of 7 (or 8) Ånun once decided to write a story dealing with his own 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 Øyvind believe that he is very stupid and they are awfully nasty in teasing him - Tengel thinks. He is terribly angry with them but, as Tengel is much weaker than them, revenge is out of question . But in Tengel's consolation I believe that he is much 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 quarrelling 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 a 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 a victim of any unpleasantness of this type any more. Though he desires that everything in his life should be better, first of all these problems. So days passed and nearly a whole week elapsed without any complications.

We can hardly say nearly a whole week because the day after what I just have described something happened 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 would ring. Tengel was a bit 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 holding one hand in front of his mouth said, "no...", "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 someone who 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.

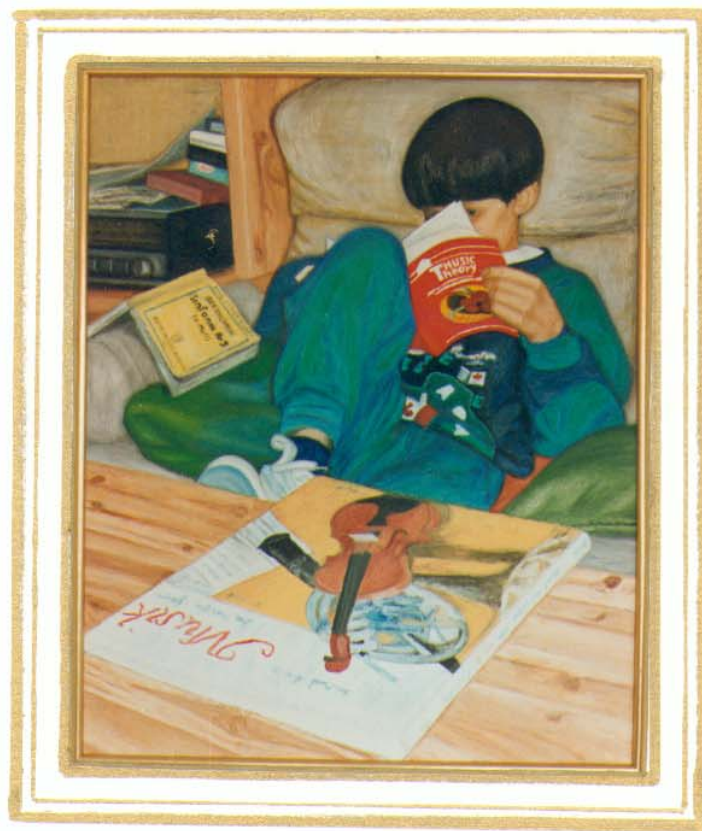
Otherwise it passed smoothly that week. "But how about the next?" thought Tengel and was worried a little bit because no one can know what future would bring and what would happen then?"



Vassbonn School

Excerpts from the book

ÅNUN - AN UNFULFILLED SYMPHONY
(Norwegian titel: Ånun - en ufullendt symfoni)
Dreyer, Oslo, 1991

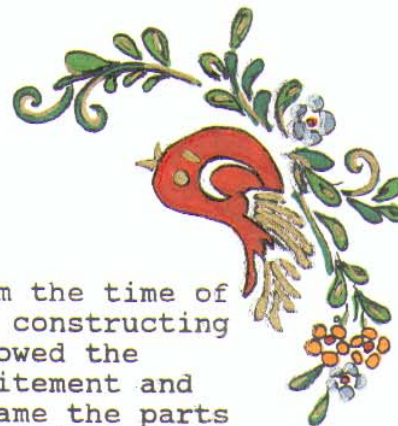


<< Why did I embark on this time journey... ?>>

<< 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 papa 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 can not have any knowledge outside this four-dimensional world", I try to clarify. As usual Ånun becomes indifferent to this vague and unsatisfactory answer.....>>

<< Before Ånun started composing his biggest passion was this 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. Every night he travelled in the universe 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 in Berne. 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. We had to show him this film nearly every night. In Berne, during his painting activities too 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 the 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 intense that he started finding out 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, or a white dwarf, or a pulsar or a globular cluster or a nebula or a galaxy or a quasar. We subscribed to a magazine on astronomy for him and made him a member of the Planetary Society around the age of five. His interest in all kinds of technologies was enormous. Particularly, the different aspects of the rocket technology, ranging 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.....>>



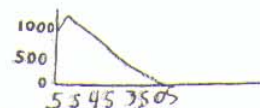
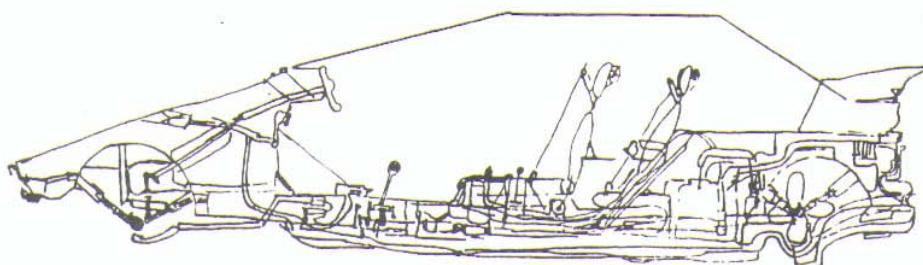


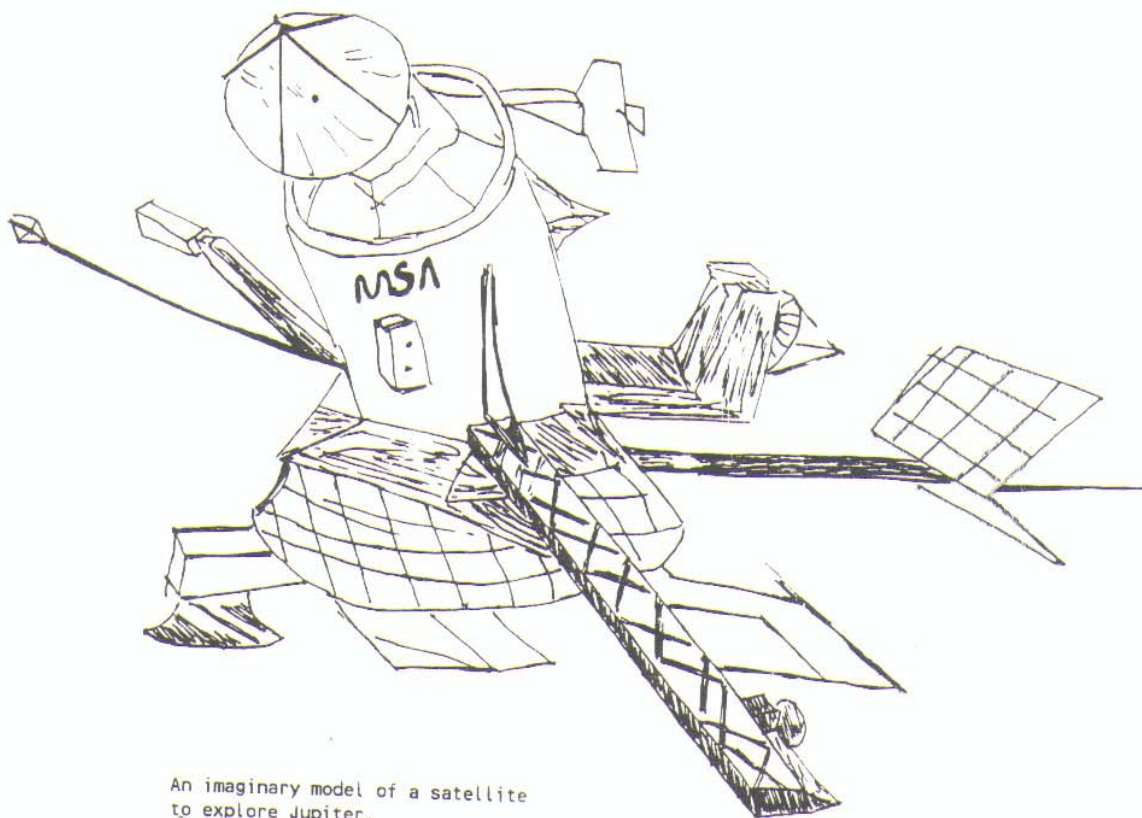
<< This interest in rockets spanned from the time of Robert Goddard to the future project of constructing the Heavy Lift Launch Vehicles. He followed the coming of Halley's comet with great excitement and Giotto, Vega, Solar Max etc. became the parts of his daily normal vocabulary. His curiosity of Mariner, Pioneer, Viking and Voyager missions aroused our interests too to know more about the planets and their satellites . He imagined that building an artificial climate in which life could sustain he would one day live inside an asteroid. And already a few years ago he invited guests to his confirmation ceremony to be held in a space station. Before his interest in the music started consuming 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 exploring Mars. Once he was asked to talk about the universe in his school too. In return for the world he opened to us , he received a telescope as a gift on his sixth birthday, we took him to the space museums and planetariums and bought books and models on space science .

His interest in the space and cosmos, however, was not concentrated on the scientific and technological aspects only. He was highly philosophical by nature and often discussed metaphysical questions with me. These discussions varied from the questions of the irreversibility of time to how matter could transform into energy or energy could transform into matter , or how quarks could form a structure and what constituted the surfaces of the particles . Including the basic ideas of the theory of Relativity he even wished to know what was the necessity of existence of something in the universe. "Why not everything is not nothing papa?" he wondered. Around this age (six) this discussion in the bed for about half an hour was the last ritual of the day before he fell asleep every night.....>>

CITROEN RESER MED EN TOP FART
PÅ CA 1000 KM.

A sectional view showing the technical parts inside a racing car.
Anun, 8 years





An imaginary model of a satellite
to explore Jupiter.
Anun, 8 years



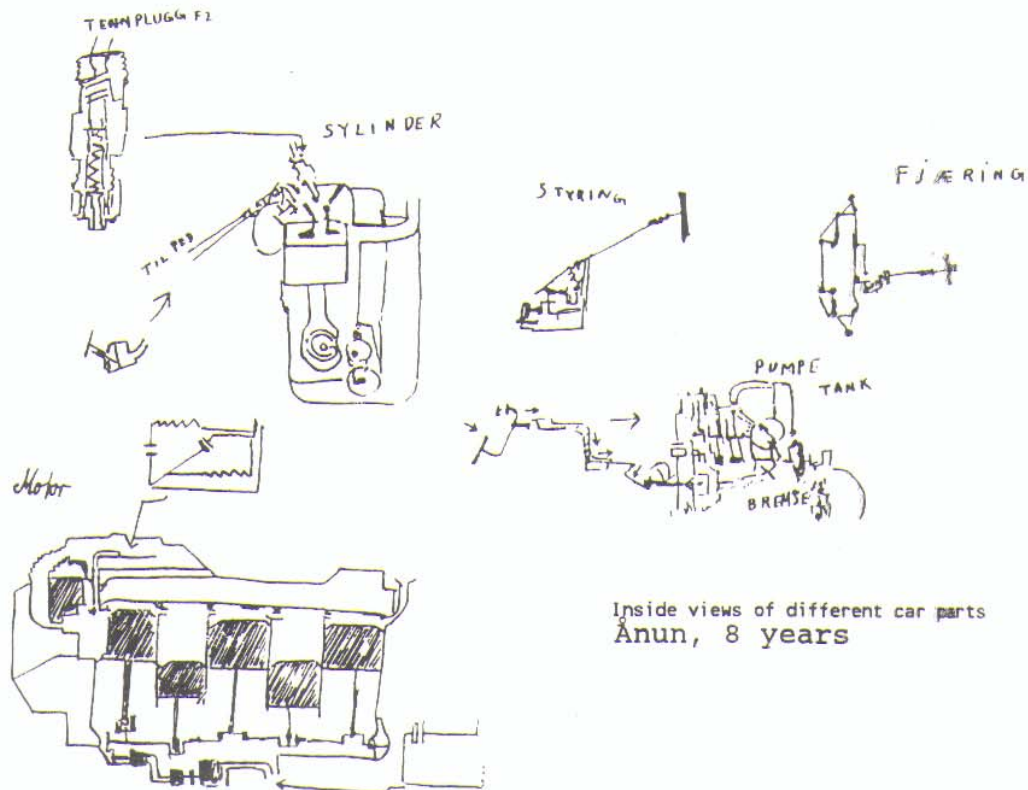
Anun, 5 years





<< Although from the age of one and half he was extremely interested in classical music with the rise of his interests in cosmology and space science this interest had died down when we were in New York. During that time his music interest lingered only through singing a number of jolly songs and rhymes and playing through an electric synthesizer before erupting again at the age of eight. Although mormor and mamma taught him to play the musical notes in the synthesizer and he played several melodies on this instrument, the eruption did not come till he started taking the recorder lessons in the music school and discovered two books on the fundamentals of music theory and the history of classical music in the house.

It was like Apollo getting his lyre in the hands. Within a few months the knowledge about the melody, rhythms, tonality, harmony etc. became his spiritual possession. Soon his vocabulary left the level of dissonance and consonance or the circle of fifth to the chordal progression and jargons related to voice leading. Then a composer came to take charge of his soul. He started composing "Dance of Joy" in F-major after we returned from the summer holidays in Greece and Crete in the summer of 1988...>>



Inside views of different car parts
Anun, 8 years

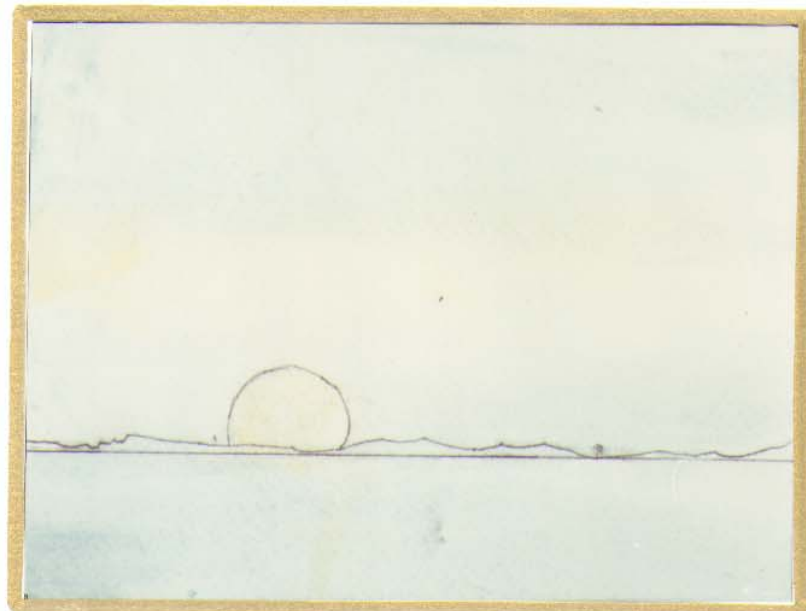


<< I see Anun in the form of light heaving voluptuous waves of joy in the sky over the mountain, graciously throwing his arms towards the stars, stamping the earth with the passion and love for the wonder of life and the universe is leaping out in exaltation lifting his head towards the heaven. And the light is sweeping its arms through the sky to collect all luminescence that exist in the stars twinkling in the heaven and humming "na..na..na..nah...". "Papa, I love music. I love Beethoven- he is the greatest master of all"... the words flit through the mind as I see Anun raising his arms in a manner of conducting his own symphony. As he asks, "Papa do you think it is possible to write a greater music than Beethoven's?", I see in his smiling eyes the dream to dethrone the master he loved so much. "I don't know. You may try", I answer. His head sinks in thought. 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 the movement ceases and the bird singing, "Eureka, eureka", flies away in the world of dream. It hops over the piano, picks the music 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...>>

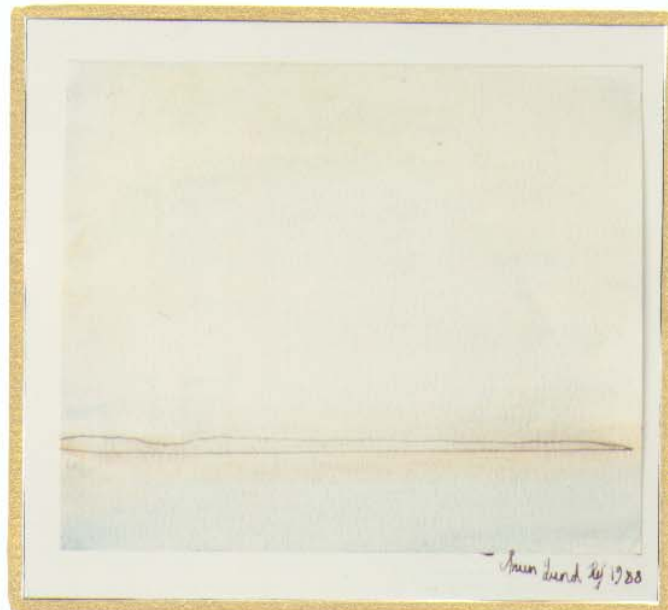




<< In this dazzling sun like the wings of unearthly butterflies the pages of the musical score of Beethoven's fifth concerto were moving on his lap in between his fingers. Intervening the measures, beats, rhythms and cadences passing through his mind, these rectangular white wings decorated with hundreds of dark spots of notes were fluttering in a sense of joy of a fulfilled day. Anun was totally absorbed. He was hearing the music in his mind. 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 the human sense of time. I got somewhat anxious seeing that nearby passengers in the train were throwing glances at him. I was afraid that Anun might feel uncomfortable if he noticed the reactions of the grown-ups. They surely won't be able to understand what those black spots printed on the pages really meant for this little boy. 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 this 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, as in his fifth symphony...>>



<< Ånun came and sat down beside me. He then took out his music papers and the pen from his plastic bag and ushered his plans in with his extremely careful way of calling my attention. "Papa, 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!...and the first movement of his fourth symphony started coming out his mind on music papers in the speed of his favourite TGV train. After finishing the first page he showed to me the instruments he was using in the first movement: 2 Flutes, 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets, 2 Faggots, 2 Cor-C, 2 Trombones in C, Timpani C-G, Violin one, Violin two, Viola, Violin cello and Contrabass...>>





<< 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 symphonies 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) possessed 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 weepingly 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 and felt like a spectator watching the conflict without knowing what side to choose. He often cried at night 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...>>



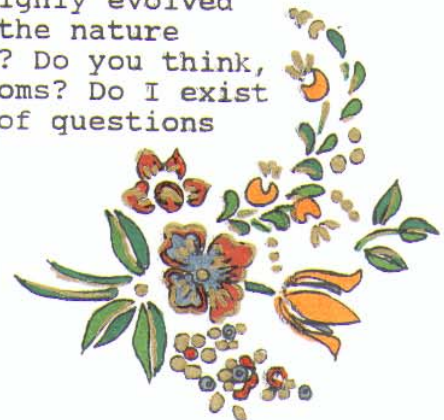
Ånun, 8 years

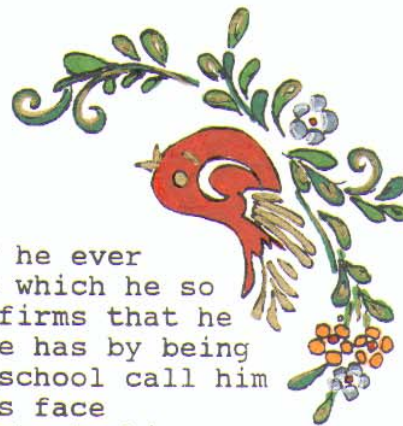


Ånun, 8 years

<< 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 about such things because he has read biographies of the composers who had led turbulent lives. He seems to be afraid of a similar fate>>

<< 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 and in order to calm down his active brain let my fingers gently move stroking his hairs. "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 the nature through millions of years of evolution? 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 get interested in knowing if he ever mentions at school 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 the 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 tells something exciting or feels very happy about any occasion. In such situations he moves around in 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 right now 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...>>



Ånun, 2 years





MUSHROOM
Ånun, 8 years

Ånun 8

<< Ånun 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 the 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 endeavour 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 DNA and bacteria to dinosaurs, and the 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 in his ever expanding memory without forgetting anything once heard or seen...>>

<< 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...>>





<< All of my knowledge about the brain was a result of the interests Ånun showed about it. His education about the human anatomy started around the age of four with a plastic model where all organs of the body could be taken apart for reassembling . Soon he got interested in the brain and we bought for him a model and the books explaining its functioning. As we read these books together with him we also learnt about the cerebral cortex, the functions of the neurons and axons, the ways memories are 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 Britannicas. No wonder , Ånun had enough space left in his brain. In later years this interest in brain led him to be curious about the artificial intelligence simulating the functions of the human brain by a computer. In fact a part of the reading materials he took to Geneva was a popular article on the artificial neural network.

This article was only one of so many other reading materials. For the one week holiday he brought Bhagvat Gita , "Ninety Degree South"(book on expedition to the South Pole),Counterpoint in Bach-style, score book for Beethoven's Eroica symphony, two last issues of" Planetary Reports" from Planetary Society, the last issue of "Regnbuen"(a magazine of Save the Children Organization) to "Caesar's Laurel Leaf"(Astrix) and "The Forgotten Coffin"(Donald). He planned to read all these while his main project was to rehearse "Drummer Boy" for his music school during the holidays. The music school had planned to stage this musical piece together with the local children's choir in the spring. His brain seemed to work much faster than ours...>>

CATHEDRAL
Ånun, 8 years



<< Ånun had a very special fascination for history and the past culture. It covered from the Olmec, Zapotec, Mixtec, Mayan and Aztec cultures in Mexico, Minoan culture in Crete, the archaeological 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. From the Mohenzodaro and Harrapa and Mesopotamian cultures to cultures in the Easter Island or in Peru nothing escaped his interest. He particularly loved to watch time and again the video-programmes of Heyerdahl's expeditions to these remote cultures. We had a friend who was an archaeologist. Whenever she visited us, she knew how demanding it was to be with Ånun. Whenever we went with him to visit places of archaeological interests, our biggest problem was how to get him out. He could spend hours in such places. Particularly, visiting with him the archaeological site under St. Peter's cathedral in Geneva was very demanding. There a series of excavations were made discovering the history of Geneva lying layer after layer underneath. Each time we went there, Ånun studied the maps, the diagrams and models to reconstruct the past in his mind while we tried to get him out from this world of the ruins...>>

Can L. Rg

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<< Ånun had interest in the Egyptian hieroglyph too. A couple of years ago we bought a book on hieroglyph from this museum. Leaving Osiris and the underworld, he went to study how the hieroglyph 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.

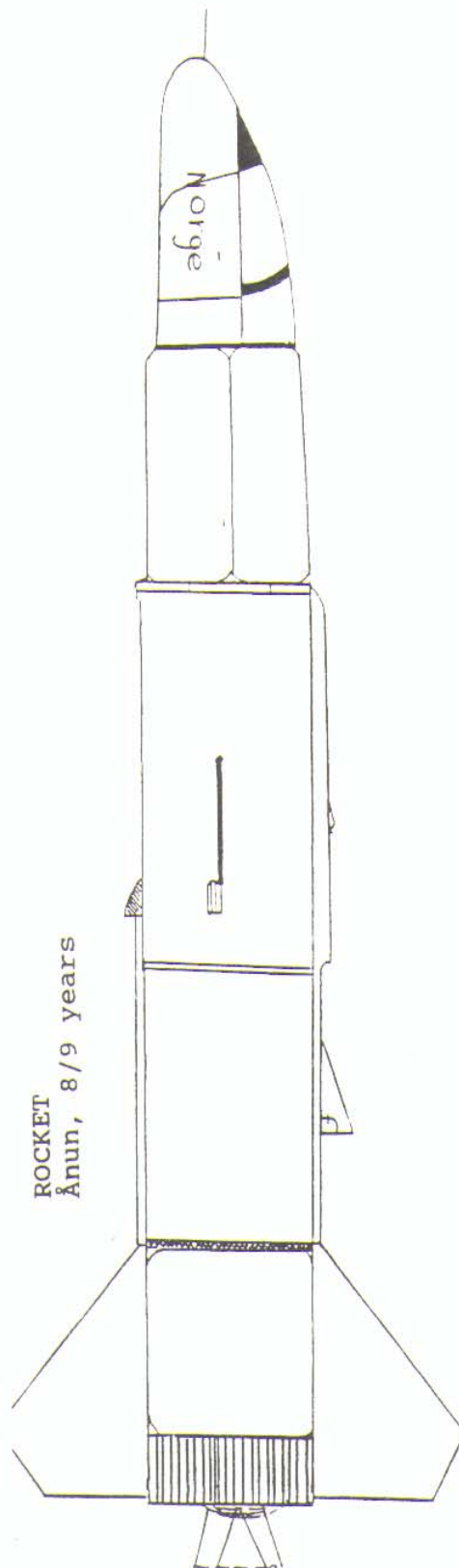
Leaving this world of death and magic, the rest of the visit in the museum remained concentrated in the Hall of the Greeks and Romans. His interests in the Greek culture spanned from Greek mythology, archaeology, history, the Minoan palaces, Ionic and Doric architectures to the legends of Minotaur devouring the Athenian youth. He read all. Nearly two years ago he had even given a talk in his class on Greek mythology that encompassed the story from the birth of Uranus to all the gods and goddesses of the Olympus. This time he got interested in studying the Greek coins in the museum. A few of the coins were so tiny that one needed to see them through magnifying glass . As he was not big enough to reach to the magnifying glasses I had to lift him up. As he noticed my lack of interest... "Pappa, you must also have a look", he held around my neck and asked me to see the coins. He was like extra eyes, extra ears, extra mind that helped us to explore the history, culture, and different fields of knowledge enriching constantly 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 attention ...>>



Ånun in the UN, 4 years

<< 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 Zealand (360 degrees around)- that was not included in his collection of video programmes about the land and people of the world...>>



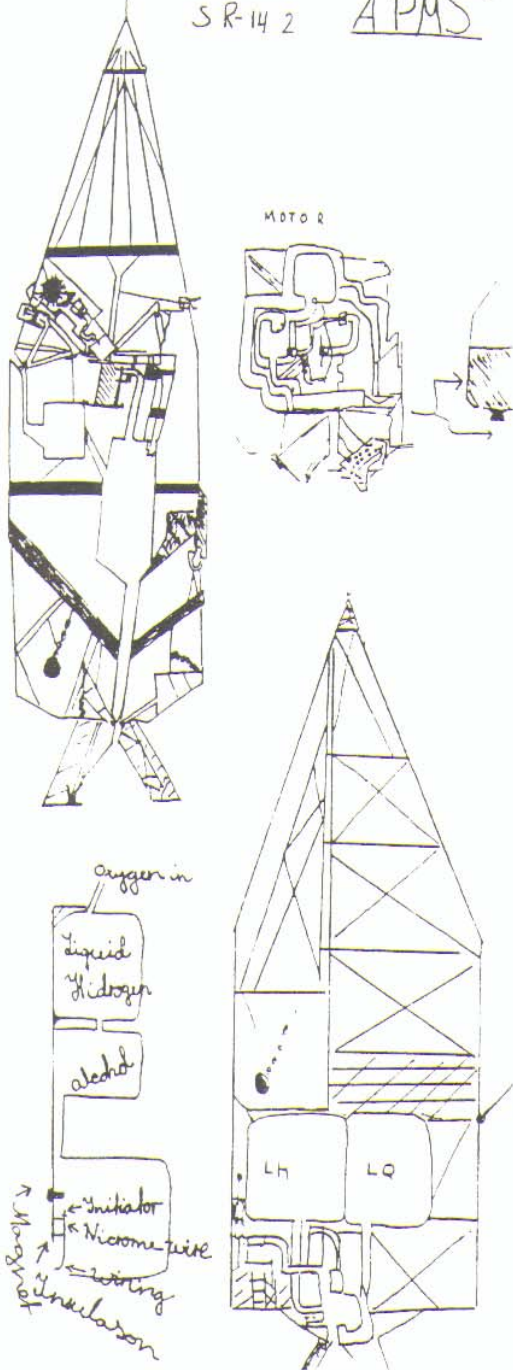


<< In the sky of New York Ånun and Snoopy often came from far distant corners of the universe to hover and watch the life on Earth. They saw "Towers of Life" and "Eternal Towers" in the silhouette of New York (Ånun gave the skyscrapers these names). They also flew over the "parks of time". When Snoopy and Ånun were on the Earth they had many projects together -especially something dealing with the United Nations. In order to mitigate the wretched conditions of the millions of human beings who suffered from hunger, war or torture they wanted to make their contributions and therefore they visited the UN regularly with mamma...>>

<< 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 fantasy. In order to see all that existed in the sky he had often flown faster than the speed of light in "I Yast Ting-4" or "A Sware Ri-2" or or "Trus Kemfindent Surface Lander" or "Vai Lai Z'dem-4" etcetra. On his return from years of imaginary journeys in the universe he loved to crash

Acceleration Propulsion Motor Sys.

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ROCKET MOTORS
Anun, 8/9 years

land on the earth. His vehicle was his imagination and he had ideas with propulsion power that could lift him off in the distant regions of the space within seconds. His command module was the space under our dinning 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". Soon Snoopy also entered in the "Anun-Bussi bear-Snoopy pappa's" (by this name he used to introduce himself at that age) imaginary world. These imaginary journeys took another dimension after we came 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 and remained as the closest friend beside Anun as a voice of righteousness and justice...>>

<< In the Bussi-Bello and Snoopy world there existed only love, affection and care for all...>>





<<.....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 the nature... He was like a seagull that flew, danced and plunged 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 and harmony of life . 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...>>



Ånun fishing in Lake of Geneva
18th February ,1990



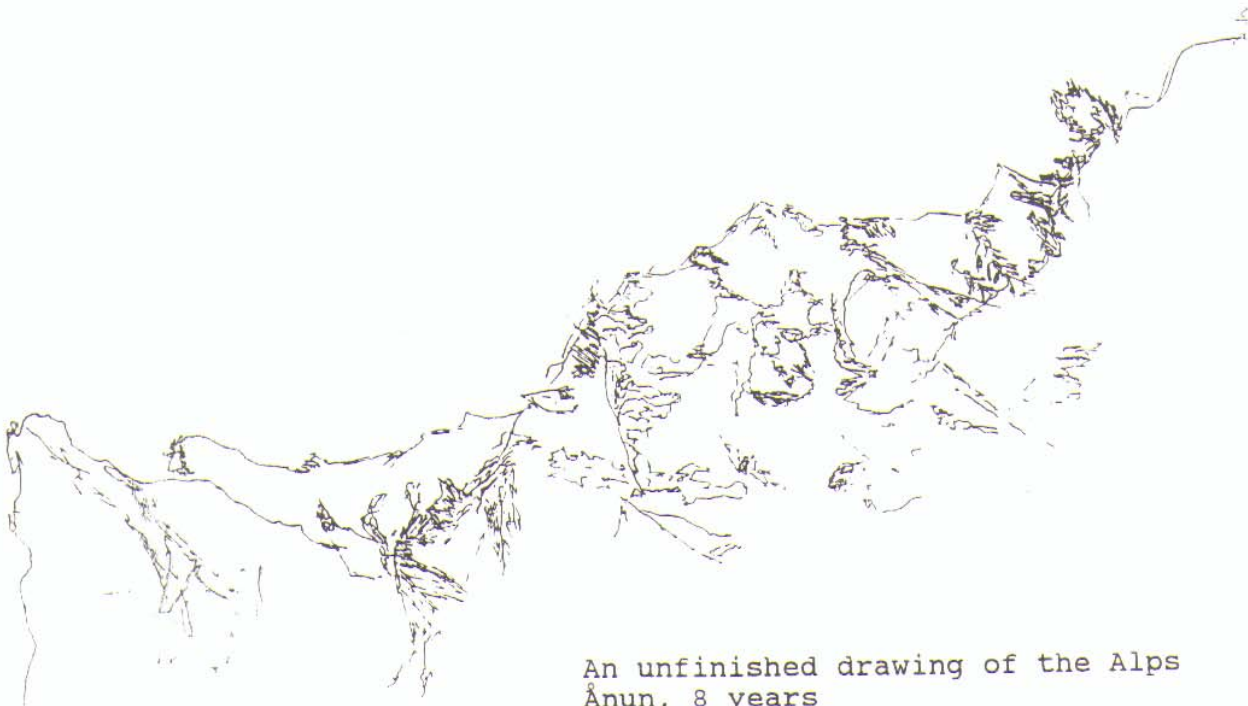
UN peacekeeping soldier
Anun, 8 years

Anna Lind Rej
29.4/88

ABOUT ANUN'S DEATH
(excerpts from the book)



The last picture of Anun
Leysin, 25th of February 1990



An unfinished drawing of the Alps
Ånun, 8 years

<< As Ånun's winter holidays for a week had started, we came to Geneva only the night before. Since Ragne had been attending the annual session of the UN Commission on Human Rights during this time, visiting Geneva during Ånun's winter holidays had become a regular yearly practice for us for the last few years. 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 the Rousseau Island, a charming adobe for birds and around St. Peter's Cathedral in the old town, a fascinating area from an historical and archaeological point of view. Geneva is also a town where Voltaire, Rousseau and Calvin once lived. Furthermore, in Geneva one has the biggest particle accelerator of Europe with which the scientists explore the questions of the mystery of the universe. The love for liberty, democracy, and the mystery of the universe provided strong reasons for visiting this town when opportunity permitted. However, the most interesting attraction of all 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...>>





<< Since we were going to a mountain top, Anun was in a good mood. To go high up was the best Anun loved in any place we visited. Anything 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 Athens or steep road leading to the Apollo temple in Delphi, for example, added a dimension of adventure. 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 the height. One of his dreams was to stand one day on the highest top of the Himalayas without oxygen like Peter Havler and Reinhold Messner did. He had only flown over the Himalayas a couple of times while visiting my family in Calcutta. Apart from an intense attraction to mountain expeditions this love for the Himalayas was also compounded with his deep interests in mythology. Like Athena born from the head of Zeus (Jupiter) in the Olympus, goddess Ganges was born here from the head of Shiva. He failed to understand the fuss we were making because Berneuse was only 2048 meters high. His mind was gazing at a height of 8849.12 meters¹. It was about a fifteen minutes' walk. This morning Anun's mind moved back to the tonal music from the atonal world we discussed last evening. He was humming the melodies of his last symphony as he was hearing it in his mind...>>

<<... Now, only a few minutes before he departed from the world Anun hummed the melodies of the four movements of his last symphony all along the way to the gondola station so that we could share with him the greatest joy of his life - his music...>>

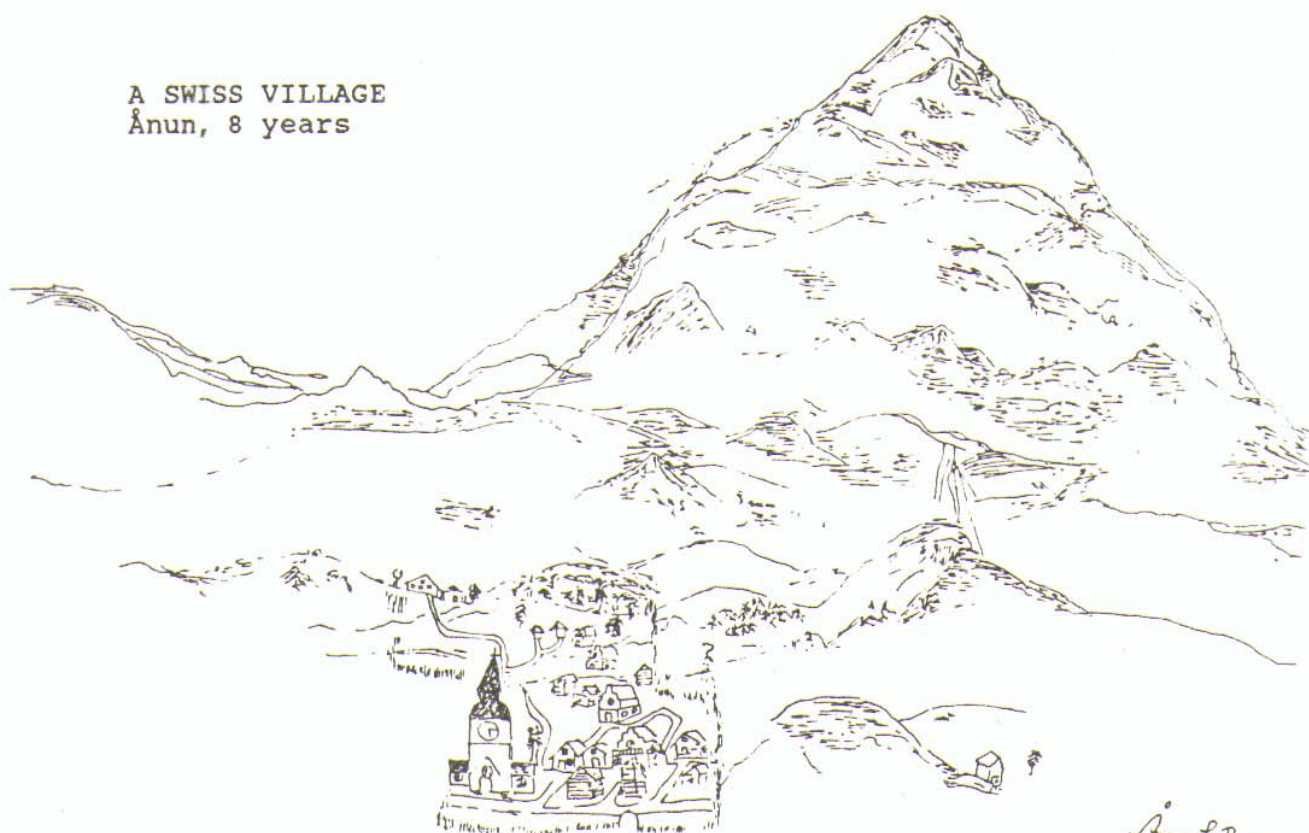
<<... Each gondola carried four persons. We three went inside one. The rise was quite steep that made all of us a little nervous. As we rose higher and higher, while Ragne and I were trying our best to hide our nervousness, Anun was relishing the panorama of the Alps that was being unfolded. With an 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

¹exact height of Mount Everest.



The last drawing made by Anun before going to Geneva. The place he drew was a village adjacent to Leysin where he died in front of the mountain peak he drew in the picture.

A SWISS VILLAGE
Anun, 8 years



these mountain tops and their heights already the day before in Profondaz. In the climax of the 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 gondola might fall. Nervously uttering, "I hope I would survive this trip", he became silent a minute before we arrived at Berneuse.

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 on both sides. As soon as we were on our toes to go out and Anun was set to run, the next gondola 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. The third person fell as she attempted to get out of the moving gondola. The fourth one - the "eccentric" man without ski - remained imprisoned inside. Hearing a violent noise as I turned my head to the left I saw that the roulette, that rolled through the rail carrying the gondola, had derailed in a state of motion at the 180 degree turning point and it was coming tumbling down towards us. In panic I threw my hands to save Anun from the accident. But the calculation of fate was precise within a thousandth of a second. Our own movements, the speed of the gondola, the time of derailment, our positions and the position of the gondola so precisely coincided in space and time that although I was standing just beside Anun 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 Anun 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 this 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 Anun's life. But by then the cruellest force of death had already left completing the worst terror any Devil or God could possibly inflict on any human being...>>





<< He took farewell with us from the labyrinth crying through violin and dancing in joy over the clavier 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 churchyard of Oppegård Church in Svartskog. We on Earth bade him farewell with a poem that the Rev. Johan Arnt Wenaas read beside his grave before his body was sunk under the Earth in a calm and quiet pastoral:

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 the 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 the 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 the 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.



A scene in the winter.
The churchyard of Oppegård Church where Anun is buried.

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.>>

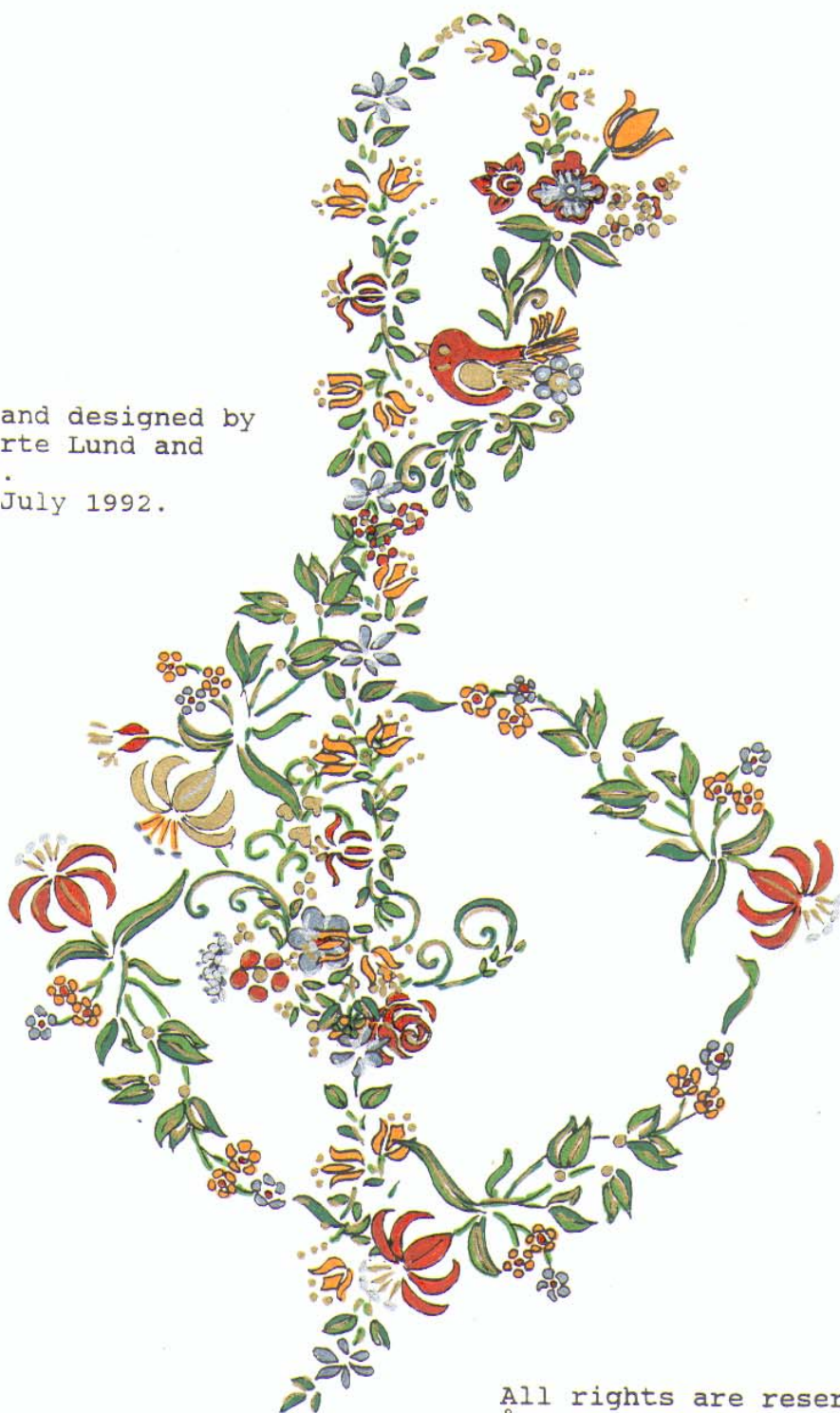




ÅNUN'S GRAVE



Written and designed by
Ragne Birte Lund and
Anup Rej.
Geneva, July 1992.



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