

Knowledge of any certain thing in the world didn't seem to be in me enough, but the curiosity to know was big. I started with phrases whose constant mood of ending and ductility I enjoyed a lot, that were going to lay down well one after the other. Letting words down, thinking maybe they would reach the source. It was a mistake. Much more joyful most often was not the reaching, nor the finding. The best part always lay somewhere in between.

MY MAIN IDEA

And his heart listened to the bells which his ears, paralyzed by approaching death, could no longer hear.

One instrument after another falls silent. The viola alone remains, but it is not even allowed to expire, to die. It must play forever; except that we can no longer hear it.

One instrumental group after the other steps back, and what remains as the work fades away is the high G of a cello, the final word, the final sound, floating off, slowly vanishing in a pianissimo fermata. Then nothing more. Silence and night. But the tone, which is no more, for which, as it hangs there vibrating in the silence, only the soul still listens, and which was the dying note of sorrow—is no longer that, its meaning changes, it stands as a light in the night.

I was writing for yours, during mine leisure.

Some day I'm gonna wake up dreaming. Why do those who write for songs seem like the beings of another world, surreal, too good, too easily excited to be real. As if no one ever saw a person who lives and writes lyrics at the same time. Can this be possible? The truth is that there's no better climate to write than when listening to wordless music.

There is nothing familiar between music and words, T. Adorno was right. Language and music aren't the same thing. But two matchmakers, when each are alone, act their different game.

There is a certain type of music that tempts you to suddenly sing along.

House music has this quality, and if you happen to be listening to it alone, this longing voice comes to join the music and the melody, the easy flow. Ideas are pleasantly being discovered then. And the creation of words and of hearsay, fills the melodious moments of day.

When such moments happen, and happen to those who don't often sing, they make a day full of splendor and brightness. They contain rarity and discovery. They bring something out of you, different than writing, thinking, walking, typing or dancing. Singing is a great pleasure.

While you are listening to this track, the radio is playing in a café. It is playing whatever it is playing. The songs have no order in my head; they are selected by a Radio DJ. And my knowledge comes only from what I've just heard, and who is playing after that. Most of the songs have a folk element. Very diluted with common taste. Who knows how this term formed—I don't even know exactly what common taste means. Maybe it means something similar to what window displays could mean. Maybe it is possible to learn more about anonymous common influence and musical styles by going deeper into the characteristics of window displays.

In the Vilnius center, where I am writing, there are some shops that sell luxurious brands. Their choice of collections appear as ghostly and timeless presences. Every season you see similar and difficult shoes, indescribable dresses with unexplainable reasons for the choice; you see mannequins in the windows, never getting old. Some of them are flat.

What does it all create? One should start to read images and views. To study the rhythm of seasons, materials, and compositions. To try to understand something other than this. The things in the windows here have no story, they have no discourse and no style, but they are maps: they are the newspaper article of one symbolic writer who likes to present fashion as a monumental event. They are silent details, they are picked and displayed, they are unfinished sentences.

I would like to know more—to see deeper and to learn about every detail in this business. Because otherwise it becomes an abstraction born out of my own ignorance.

But the style itself is hypnosis.
It makes you sleep and it wakes you up again.

This happens with music, with clothes and shoes, with artistic styles. Basically with the style of living.

Style can hang you up, and it can relieve you.

Style should come at last, but not at first if it ever has to come. There is usually a feeling of brotherhood that comes with different ways to live and to think. These ways have often already formed into certain harmonies and dissonances. We often discover what has already been known for years. I like this feeling. It frees you from the duty of invention, but still opens the new pages. Pages of combinations, of never seen, never smelled, never touched combinations.

Today my friend asked me to think of Marcel Proust and Thomas Mann and to rethink them within our times. Today I also added Theodor Adorno. I think of them as a combination, amidst many others. I say—even if it makes me uncertain. What they create is a feeling that is likely to be accommodated in any time. One wide feeling rich of moods, propositions, loves, and annoyments. If you focus on just a few pages from many, one of the traits of their writing that I thought about was this monumental heterogeneity, this constant almost uncomfortable opening onto various states in one man's life. They are too full of morals and of conscience at times. This feeling is never truthful, but it very much accumulates in the mind. I am sure that it's a constant journey, and even a trip sometimes as well. Maybe it's the state of being which T. Mann called 'transitoriness'.

They are the end of hypnosis when you wake up many times, and it lives today as loudness.

I am coming to the things that you were interested in. I don't want to leave at the end having said too little, having left my idea unclear. But what happened here has happened to me so many times: it is exactly this idea. Inspirations through open channels were running into me, like they only knew their own sudden way to share their information and surprises. Without any preview or sign of caution.

A divine fragrance emanated from my mother and from my recovered innocence. Soon I was conscious of another odor in my nostrils, just as fresh and pure. It came from a lilac bush, one of those branches, hidden by my mother's parasol. It was already in flower, and unseen was filing the air with its perfume.

I always dreamt of putting my hands in it. In the pot with purple, bluish, oily liquids made of all these words that were not mine, but I felt like they were becoming part of my language as I read them. Borrowed words, common words, unrepeatable words—they are my main idea.

Something unhealthy and luminous.

It's so dark that I can't see it. But it's so bright and so light, that I start to feel it. There was a sensation in his words. Think of steam as a healthy version of smoke. Steam is closer to faint, and the perfume 'Pleasures 1995' is closer to unnatural electra, but all four of them make chemistry anew. Imagine being close to electricity. The smell of it is the heat, minute in its scale of temperature but huge in its scale of speed. Sense it's protected inside and outside. Protection and its necessity is something you can predict even without any knowledge of its science.

Nose close to the warm source, almost touching it, smelling something and hearing at the same time the sprinkling activity of what is happening inside the wires, thinking at the same time how light or electricity travels all the time through the tunnels.

*Interview with laser engineer
Dr. Viktoras Vaičiškuskas*

ELENA NARBUTAITĖ

Is it true that the very primal source of laser light is still the electricity?

VIKTORAS VAIČIKAIŠKAS

Yeas, electrocution is allowed to pass through the special crystal. There is an optic, and mirrors, etc. It's a special optic inside of the box, and then light is generated inside of the crystal. Then, with the help of mirrors, the light becomes polarized. Laser light is produced in the opposite way to standard electrical light.

EN: Can you feel the temperature of laser light?

VV: Well, Yeas. Lasers' rays can also produce warm temperatures like electrical lights. But light's appearance in the laser is organized differently than in an electrical lamp. There are certain qualities that distinguish it.

Lasers emit polarized light. Electrical light in comparison is like chaos, whereas laser light is more like a formation. Photon particles are being correlated in such a way that they move in one rhythm, like an army on a parade. Foot in foot.

EN: Direct electrical light is of an uncorrelated origin, so there is all the chaos which produces the white light, like the sun, am I right?

VV: Yeas.

EN: Is there any equivalent of the laser's effects in nature?

VV: No. This is an absolutely artificial occurrence. The Ruby Laser was discovered by two Russians and one American, during their collaboration in Moscow University's science department.

EN: If lasers were first discovered in Moscow by two Russians and his American colleague, when was laser science introduced to the United States?

VV: It was officially called the 'discovery' of both countries. When something that hasn't existed before is found, it is called a discovery. The inventions after the discovery that constitute its advance are merely variations on the theme.

EN: How did it happen, that the Russians and the American 'found' lasers together? Did they have some joint purpose?

VV: No, they were both just very strong theoreticians and they had calculated such a possibility together. It was at a time when quantum physics was at the height of its importance. These professors were spending time counting the jumps of light, and they were using crystals. Then they had to test their calculation in reality, and it succeeded.

EN: What was the color of the first laser?

VV: Red, dark red like a winter apple, or a ruby.

EN: Because they used a ruby for the first laser experiment?

VV: Yeas.

EN: Why did they use a ruby?

VV: Ruby crystals have its layers in the right sequence required in order to radiate red light. The density of crystal layers and jumps between levels inside the crystal are important. The color of light you get corresponds to the levels of the steps—if it is green that means the jump distance between the levels is wider, and if the light is more of a red color it means that the jump between the levels is smaller.

EN: And how bright can these lasers be?

VV: We say—a real laser show is good for the eyes only once in a lifetime!

—*Elena Narbutaitė*

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