

# DISCOURSE



**Embrace complexity**

**Issue I**

**2025**



# *Discourse Magazine*

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Embrace Complexity

## *Discourse Magazine*

Based in Vilnius University, Faculty of Philology

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## Letter from the Editors

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the inaugural issue of the *Discourse Magazine*!

When last April I was looking for a place to publish my essay, I decided it would be easier to create a magazine. I shared this idea with my friends, and we agreed to work on it together. Well, it turned out creating a magazine is not that easy. I had to write what seemed like a hundred emails (it was probably around 10). And then we had to come up with a name for the magazine. Nothing seemed fitting until Patricija suggested *Discourse*. We instantly loved it.

The first time I really thought about the meaning of the word ‘discourse’ was in my first year during the *Introduction to the Theory of Literature* course. I was failing to grasp the concept and even called my father, asking him what it meant. And then I started seeing and hearing ‘discourse’ everywhere — in the texts assigned by professors, in the interviews I watched in my spare time, and in the discussions, I had with my family and friends. Discourse was everywhere, I just never noticed.

It is probably the main feature of discourse that it eludes recognition while being omnipresent. It is born through communication — be it a dialogue, a heated debate, or a full-on argument — and it fashions communication at the same time. The ways

we think and talk about certain subjects and even the subjects we talk or don't talk about are shaped by discourse. We find ourselves in a double position of constructing discourse and being constructed by it.

With this in mind, we wanted to create a discourse that would be shaped by students' ideas and creativity and, in turn, spark new ideas and artistic expressions among students. That is how and why *Discourse Magazine* was born. In this issue, you will find three sections comprised of students' writings — *Prose*, *Poetry*, and *Translations*. As you read each piece, look for the way it engages with the world around us, explores the language, and take notice of what questions it asks or maybe attempts to answer. That is what the creative discourse of Vilnius University students looks like.

We are incredibly grateful to each of our authors who contributed to the magazine — without you, it wouldn't exist. We are also thankful to our lecturers and professors who contributed to the *Bookshelf* section, in which you will hopefully find an exciting book to read. Special thanks to the Faculty of Philology for supporting this idea and to all those who played a part in bringing it to life. Your help and dedication mean so much. And to our readers — thank you for picking up these pages — we hope you will find here something that truly resonates with you.

*Sofia Kalenska, Editor-in-Chief*

*Prose*

## Furniture

*By Gabija Daniusevičiūtė, a 4<sup>th</sup>-year*

*English and Another Foreign Language (Spanish) student*

The furniture in my house looks dated. Not dated back to the 90s or 80s or 60s, no. It's a caveman's attempt at a chair, at a table, at a sofa. Hipsters would call it antique and situate it somewhere between Charles I and Jesus. My furniture is something a child could draw. My sofa moans in agony as I sit, it has more spots than a Dalmatian. The dark grey pillowcases spit out a ball of dust each time you touch them like a cat spitting out a ball of fur.

I sit down on the sofa, letting the dust dance tango around me. It quickly tires from its splendid show and rests rubbing its bruised ballerina feet on my clothes. I let the dust befriend the dandruff on my shoulders.

The creaking wooden floor is freckled with scratches and footprints. I count how many socks have left their imprint and how many naked feet have marked their place. I see a dead fly and a half-moon-shaped-bit-off nail left behind. The dead grey fly in the corner must have fallen victim to a similar-coloured cat long before I owned this place. I stand up and the sofa lets out a long-held sigh of misery. I walk to the kitchen listening to the creaking wood, leaving my mark on the floor as my sock gets stuck on a nail sticking its head out of the floorboard. A few red strings wrap around the hangman's neck. I know I should fix it but I'm sure that I won't.



I turn on the gas stove and fill the bruised polkadot teakettle with water. Every time I drown it with water, I try to splash some water on its bottom as if the burnt-black part will suddenly shimmer in silver again. I set it on the stove. The kettle, praying for a quick retirement, sizzles and hisses. I turn my back to it.

I cross my arms on my chest and shake my hair away from my face. The countertop should be a table for lunches and dinners with friends. Yet it's a storage space with a bubbled-up and knife-cut thermofoil coat. I take a damp rag and wipe it: a last Hail Mary to the unsalvageable table. I drop the rag into the sink. It lands on unwashed dishes reminding me of one more tedious chore I have not yet got the strength to complete. I trudge to the white-framed window and open it. The after-rain late spring breeze hurries in invigorating the resting dust. This time they go for a polka dance. I rest my elbows on the windowsill taking in the fresh air. Chipped pieces of paint poke into my elbows.

I turn my back towards the outside world. From here the hallway of my home looks abandoned. A lonely lamp swings. Another hangman. At the top of the lamp, there's a crown of small dead bugs that I never bothered to clean up. A pair of worn-out sneakers peaks from a shelf on the shoe rack, a sleeve of a lonely green coat waves hello from an open gap in the closet, and the red-dotted umbrella stands in the corner, near the door, dripping water onto the welcome mat with a black cat on it.

The kettle starts to whistle. I let the singer reach its highest note before walking over and turning off the gas. I take the only clean cup in the cupboard, the one I once stole from my cousin who stole it from our grandma, and I fill it with the cheapest coffee I could find at the store. Once the hot water is poured over the black grains the house starts reeking of rodents' poo. I twirl a teaspoon a few times and clink it at the side of the cup, adding another unwashed dish into the sink. I take the dark

seethrough mug with me and go back to the window. The yard is small but the grandmas of the building are already relentlessly working in their co-garden. A neighbouring grandma stopped me the other morning. She promised to bring me a bucketful of the garden's goods. One side of the garden is already blooming with forget-me-nots, pansies, tulips, love-in-a-mists, bleeding hearts, and azaleas. I already know that the other side will bear carrots, cucumbers, and many more. I smile at a short lady with yellow crocs as she waves my way. The yellow-crocs grandma is my neighbour from the 6th apartment but we've never known each other by name. She sometimes barges in lecturing me on smoking and in return, I give her a cigarette. Then like two runaways, we share a quiet smoke by this window.

I place the mug of coffee on the sill and trudge towards the lonely coat in the closet. I catch a glimpse of its excitement. The silly coat thinks I'll take it on an adventure. My hands struggle to find the green pocket but after enough curse words, I come back with a blue pack of cigarettes and a lighter with a half-naked woman on it. I light up and watch the women at work. I never understood how something so dreary could be so dear to them. Still, I watch them and salute their hard work while hoping that the carrots won't grow.

A car rolls into the yard. The women, like hypnotised kids, all turn their red-cheeked heads towards the sound. I hurriedly put out the cigarette and take the last gulp of coffee. My mother steps out of the car, her new husband opens his door shortly after. I see the smiles on their faces and try to force a smile on my lips. They just quiver.

My mother opens the trunk, and her new husband takes out a three-legged table. I scream hello at them, but they do not hear me. The grandmothers giggle mockingly in their garden. When I hear the outside door shut, I run to take the toilet spray and

spray it all around the flat. The doorbell rings. I open it with flushed cheeks. For the first time in my life, I'm glad for how quickly they turn pink. For once my mother won't ask me if I'm getting enough sun, if I'm eating my vitamins, and if I'm alright.

She kisses me on the cheek like she does with her friends. And without taking her shoes off she comes in, her new husband closely following behind. I smile to no one closing the door, practicing for the dreadful hour I'll have to endure. The husband puts the table in the middle of my flat. My mother tells him off for not knowing how to decorate a room and pushes it under the window. I don't want it there. I say nothing but smile stupidly and just watch them do their family dance.

"This is what your new place was missing."

"Thank you," I say knowing damn well that if it didn't require any energy, I would throw it out the second she left.

I see her shovelling around, looking for where to sit. I catch the untrusting glance she gives the sofa.

"There are chairs under the countertop," I tell her.

She laughs as if I'm talking nonsense but still, she pulls them out. I wash a few cups and make them both coffee because my mother loves it, and her new husband hates it.

"I'm sorry. I have no tea. The coffee will have to do."

"I figured. You never liked tea." My mother whispers half-heartedly.

“So, anything fun planned?”

“No. Just visiting you.” Her husband gives her a look that says she doesn’t have to lie. She never lifts her eyes up from the ground. I think she noticed the hangman with a red scarf.

I tell her that I don’t have any plans either. We don’t say that we should hang out. We know better than that. She sips her coffee and asks for some sugar. I apologize and say I don’t have any. She pleads for milk, but I apologize and say that I just ran out. She smiles and puts the cup on the bar, her husband follows her lead.

“You look better than you did last month.”

“Thanks.”

We don’t talk about me always wearing long sleeves.

“How is the job?”

“As well as it can be.”

We sit in silence. That’s the only way we can stand each other. My mother’s new husband clears his throat.

“Well, your sister is graduating soon. She’s graduating with honours, you know!”

“That’s great.” I nod my head and barely whisper, playing with a loose thread on my blue sleeve.

“Your brother got a new job.” He raises his eyes and meets mine.



“I don’t have a brother.”

He furrows his eyebrows and my mother issues me a warning look. It’s my turn to clear my throat.

“It’s nice to hear that your son is doing good.”

I don’t look at him. I can sense his disappointment. Yet the tension eases up. I don’t say a word.

My mother’s new husband picks up his coffee.

“You should adopt a cat... or a dog. Your mother tells me you’re a dog person.” My mother nudges him in the ribs, my eyes start to water.

“Maybe I should.” I meek out a lie. I promised Teddy I would never replace him.

My mother raises her hand to put it on top of mine but stops midair and puts it back in her lap. I catch her eyes and see all the silenced words behind her black fluttering eyelashes. She blinks fast and then looks at her husband. I can see that she loves him. But my mother loves every man who throws out crumbs of love into her hungry palms. My mother sighs and turns back to me with a pitiful smile smeared across her face.

“Well, you’re doing great”.

I pull on my sleeve and offer her a half smile and a nod as a response. She takes it without any more questions. She stands up brushing the dust off her dress and picks up her purse.

“We must get going. Your sister asked us to come over.” She heads towards the hallway. The green coat shrinks in fear. I brush my fingers along its sleeve to comfort it.

I bid them good day as I close the door blinking fast. Through the blurred hallway and the sitting room, I walk back to the window.

They are already in the car. My mother’s voice is quiet and her smile dim. She lowers her head, and her dark hair covers her face. The car doesn’t pull out immediately. They sit for a minute or two and from the open window I can hear the husband saying that everything’s in place now, that I’m fine, that I’m alright. And then they drive away to my sister’s place.

My mother will sit down on my sister’s sofa. She will ask for a coffee, two sugars, and milk. I know that my sister will give it to her. The husband will play with my sister’s cat, and they won’t mention my name, but my sister will text me after they leave. She will tell me how horrendous he is and how annoying our mother has become. She will ask to facetime, and I’ll tell her that I’m tired and I’ll promise to call tomorrow. I will fall asleep on the dusty couch and wake up to a hundred funny videos she will have sent me during the night. And I won’t watch them, but I will send her a heart emoji.

But for now, I sit back down on the sofa. I count the wooden planks on the ground. I look at the still hot kettle on the stove. I try to avoid looking at the knives in the holder. I don’t let myself move.

My mother’s perfume echoes through the space calling my name. I want to shut it out. I am alright. I am fine. Everything is in place now. But if I became one with the furniture maybe I wouldn’t be such a waste of space and time, and energy, and

pointless hope. I take a deep breath, but it sends my head spinning. I can't get used to the smell of her perfume. The one I once begged her to let me use.

I grieve the connection we once had. I grieve for the girl she wanted me to be. I grieve for the woman I didn't become. I take my mother's grief of all she lost and all she never got and make it my own. After all, I am my mother's extension. Who cares that we kiss each other on the cheek like acquaintances and talk like enemies in a truce? We comfort each other by sharing crumbs of our lives, just enough to keep each other away from starving.

I glance at the knives.

I get up to close the window. The perfume and smell of coffee close me in.

I glance at the knives.

I walk to the bathroom, turn on the tap, and watch as the bathtub fills with boiling water. I get undressed and lay down in the bath. The open bathroom door lets a draft through. I close my eyes and imagine becoming the bath. I weigh all the naked bodies. I hug all the slippery limbs. After they are done using me, the people come out clean and fresh. A bare slate, a newborn-like start.

And when the bath is done, and my home doesn't smell of strangers I walk to the kitchen. I wash the dishes, take my grandmother's cup, take out peppermint tea, put one teaspoon of sugar, and set the kettle on the stove.

I don't consider the knives.

I draw the grey curtains and hide from the all-seeing eyes of the grandmas in the garden. I drop the towel that I had wrapped around myself in the bathroom and stand in the kitchen naked. The kettle screams its highest notes, but I dance to the fridge, take out the milk, and dance while making myself a cup of peppermint tea.



## **Fit for Rage**

*By Arnas Alekna (he/him),  
a 3<sup>rd</sup>-year Philosophy student*

Glass shards reflecting light all over the floor — a mosaic in exacerbated rage. When it comes to art there's no need for tomorrow. Shouting and wailing, broken bottles and flailing — artistry in the making is better left alone. Brand new masterpiece, the name is “Home”.

Fiery red knuckle, not the hand cut with glass. Her pretty left cheek, a shouting purple. A slow yet passionate embrace. Broken cups, broken portraits but never broken hearts. No one can help it, it's just a warm Lovers Quarrel (just leave it be). Gushing sanguine from the hand without sin. "Now you did it!" — he bellows with a filthy grin. A howl that rips the sound to shreds. A pale porcelain doll and here comes the bull. With every part wishing for one thing in unison, the creature contorts. It enters the soul unabashed, unannounced. White nails bite the flesh in a struggle for air. What's mine is yours, here's the pain that pours. Tears so loud and yet those feelings will never pierce the silence. No one heard anything special that Saturday night... other than the TV report about that bar fight. With every battle comes reprieve. Calm Sunday morning. Bells ring. Everyone needs to get ready for church...

Time for peace.

## **The Obelisk is Missing**

*By Kotryna Uznytė,  
a 3<sup>rd</sup>-year English Philology student*

It was the first night of many when they could keep the windows wide open and the curtains unshut; summer seemed to be fulfilling its promise. The crescent moon observing their bedroom offered little light, but that was all she needed at this point — her eyes were devouring it with ease. She could see that the night's face hadn't moved, and neither had he. An apprehensive breeze was trying its best to offer a distraction by gently knocking about the metal wind chimes near the window; how excited she was to put them up today, knowing that later they'd be letting the air in unimpeded.

Even though she believed it had been days since the scene in front of her let go of its handshake with time, she was still incapable of putting it all together. Every emotion she should have had was being mercilessly trampled by the strangeness of it all. She was kneeling on the floor, a few feet away from him. Her knees felt like they were being crushed into place by all of the metal in the earth, and her eyelids would not budge — they were forced open with the tension of hundreds of fishhooks, mounted above and below. But even heavier than all that pain was the weight of the conviction that she had no right to move or look away; it was her duty to maintain that position — as important as the Moon's duty to the Earth. But how unrelenting it all was — his sprawl in the middle of her vision.

He was alive, and that was the least forgiving part. His hand was the closest thing to her; every few seconds, it would tense up like a threatened spider and then fall back down weakly. The faint blue outline of his chest was moving rapidly in its attempts to hold onto air; it reminded her of those helpless puddles on busy streets that had no choice in their making or breaking. Seeing the body hurt her, but not as much as seeing the face. The bulging eyes were fluttering and jumping about, settling on three different points in turn — the window, his body, and her. They stayed on her for the shortest amount of time. The mouth was limp in its gaping — the air wasn't allowed to cooperate anymore. And the spit. There was spit lazily dripping but never hitting the floor; it was so slow that it seemed haughty. But there was something obscenely mesmerizing in the scene rapped onto her vision. She could have sworn that every hollow sound the chimes made was in perfect sync with how the sweat on his forehead glistened. Every mindless gurgle and every empty ragged breath invited the mellow light of the moon into the gems of his sweat-made crown.

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“And the wind continues to tickle the chimes, though it steers clear of us,” she tells me. “And he is alive. And that's... That's all.”

## Aye!

By Sof'ia Kalenska,  
a 3<sup>rd</sup>-year English Philology student

When the regime of the Eye established itself and the first news about ethnic cleansing and labor camps reached the West, the UN replied with economic sanctions. Corpora analysis of politicians' speeches on the topic of Eyeland found the collocation of 'deep concern' to be the most popular one. Eyeland soon closed its borders: neither people nor information could escape. A few years later, the Ministry of Friendship invited all those willing to visit the greatest country to ever exist. The-first-in-seven-years-flight to Eyeland was packed with journalists chasing sensations. When they landed, a man entered the plane. He had one eye and was walking on his knees. Some quick-minded journalists were already imagining a shocking title, *No Wheel-Chairs in Eyeland*, and some even envisioned a subtitle, *Western Sanctions Against Disabled*.

The man started to speak. He explained that he was sent by their wise leader to warn their dear guests about a few things they might find unusual. Now, everyone in Eyeland was walking on their knees. Their wise leader suggested this measure to liberate people from crime. No one could steal or murder because no one could run away from the police anymore! Furthermore, now everyone had only one eye. This ingenious innovation ensured that their minds could not be fooled by the duality of perception. One eye sees the truth better than two. Finally, and most notably, their

minds were now all connected via the Common Communication Network, or as they preferred to call it — Cocon, which allowed them to transmit information telepathically. Speech, in its old sense, disappeared in everyday life; ambassadors and guides could still talk, no need to worry: Eyeland's dear guests and friends will always be accommodated. Since all these innovations their lives had become completely safe and happy.

That was 43 years ago. Her father was on that plane, jotting down this man's every word. A poor but promising student, he won a university grant to visit Eyeland and write a report. The next day, as he was walking through the quiet city, he saw a woman wearing the same T-shirt as him. He approached her, yet she would not answer. He asked her to take a picture together and forced his camera into the hands of another passerby. He got on his knees and put his hand on her shoulder, smiling for the photo. Both Eyelanders looked confused, if not terrified. The passer-by clicked the button, and all three of them parted. In her father's hand was a small string, lost from the tissue of her clothing. Eyeland's border control found nothing suspicious in this picture.

Back in England, fabric analysis confirmed his hypothesis: mass-market fashion companies bought Eyeland's textiles. Corporations claimed the string came from his T-shirt, yet the photo was persuasive enough for many people. Eventually — more deep concern emerged from the UN about the Free World funding the forced labor. What followed was even deeper concern about the Eyeland's regime forcing people to walk on their knees and cut their eyes. More sanctions were approved, more resolutions were made urging Eyeland to stop these 'highly disturbing practices.' Eyeland closed its borders once again to open them 20 years later. Six journalists have visited this country since. None would find any violations of human rights; some even praised the state, but whenever someone inquired about

their newly bought estates, they would dodge the question or claim a rich relative had recently passed away. A journalist from America even obtained citizenship.

Meanwhile, people of the Free World were becoming less and less disturbed by knee-walking or eye-cutting. Some even speculated that since beauty is in the *eye* of the beholder, Eyelanders may be onto something. Northern Mythology scholars pointed out that Odin traded his eye for deeper knowledge. Symbolically speaking, then, Eyelanders could have unlocked new, mysterious ways to a more nuanced understanding of our world. At the same time, reiterating the claim of the Eyeland's Ministry of Friendship that Eyelanders are not people but a distinct, more developed race, the politicians of the Free World began to consider the idea that human rights do not necessarily apply to Eyelanders if they are indeed not humans. We should not talk about the violation of human rights in Eyeland — it would be insensitive of us to impose on them our human way.

But they would never dare impose their way on us. Wouldn't they?

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She woke up at her desk. The first thought breaking into her consciousness was akin to the greedy breath of the man who did not surrender to the drowning waters and fought his way back to the surface, back to safety. Last day here. Her last day here. Soon, she will be home.

Not a second sooner, as she took a shower and got dressed, there was a knock at her door. Did she miss the sound of his steps? Wooden kneecaps on the wooden floor that preceded his knock every morning before? She looked around her room but noticed nothing suspicious. All corners seemed clear, but she will have to look closely upon return. She opened the door.

“Yes?”

“Good morning, Mrs. White! If you are ready to go, we would kindly ask you to follow our lead.”

Lowering her head, she looked down upon a man with a red eyepatch covering the hole where his right eye used to be; standing on his knees, he hardly reached her belly button.

“I would much rather prefer to walk by myself.”

“Why, Mrs. White, you are a guest here. It would be bad manners on our behalf not to accompany you. Besides, you do not know where to go.”

“Why don’t you tell me?”

“We could, Mrs. White, just as you could have agreed to enter our Cocon. But you refused, and so we must insist upon accompanying you. Unless you have changed your mind, of course.”

“I am not changing my mind! Very well, then. Let’s go.”

“After you, Mrs. White.”

After exiting the hotel, the two of them approached a black car with toned windows.

“Where are we heading today?” she asked, puzzled by the car.

“Oh, you must surely like what you will see today, Mrs. White,” replied the man, opening the door for her. “We are going to witness his Eyeness’ speech on the occasion of Children’s Rights Day.”

—

The round stage at the center of the hall overlooked the audience seats like the top of the hill. The hall was empty, yet it consumed the whole of the sound. Every step she took died with no echo as if nailed to the floor by her shoe. Unevenly painted, the walls cried; they seemed like a liquid frozen in time.

“Mrs. White, we kindly ask you to take your seat in the first row.”

She turned her head back to where the man stood.

“I will. But how will I hear the speech?”

“Are you still insisting upon not entering Cocon?”

“I do.”

“We thought so. Is it your pride, Mrs. White?”

“My pride?”

“Pride in your so-called humanity, we mean. Pride that prevents you from getting to know our ways.”



“Oh, yes, I do have pride, don’t doubt it. But it is not pride that guides my decision.”

“May we ask, what is governing your decision then?”

“You may ask, and I choose not to answer.”

“Why, Mrs. White, do not be so protective. It was simply an inquiry,” smiled the man. “Thankfully, his Eyness came up with a solution. This device will allow you to overhear the speech without entering the Cocon.”

The man produced a hat resembling the one used for the EEG. She looked at it with concern.

“The hat will transmit our communication to you. You have nothing to worry about.”

She took the hat and walked towards her place.

Not long after she was seated, she heard the monotonous sound of steps coming closer and closer from the corridor. The door burst open, and in two columns, people entered the room on their knees. Their kneecaps clattered on the floor, producing the rataplan rhythm they followed. They were one mechanism, slowly and steadily marching, flooding the space. As soon as all of them were seated, the sound of even more steps ruptured the door on the other side of the room. Children from the age of three to late adolescence, one-eyed and on their knees. They filled the remaining free seats, and silence fell upon the hall. She took a deep breath and put the hat on, waiting for their leader to show up on the stage. Suddenly, her mind was penetrated from within.

“We greet you, the Young of us, on this joyous occasion!”

She heard thousands upon thousands of voices blending into one. Their hammering went through her skin and muscles, forcing its way deep into her bones. She thought she must be shaking from the vibration. Where is the leader?

“This day is dedicated to celebrating your rights. Fifty-five years ago, you were granted the right, most integral to our nature. Do you know what it is?”

“The right to work, the Elder of us!” — the reply followed with no hesitation.

Children’s voices, higher in their pitch, buzzed in her fingertips.

“You are right, the Younger of us! The Great Eyeland is the only country in the whole world that grants this right to their children.”

“Aye! Aye! Aye!”

The whole building shook as with each exclamation, the Eyelanders clumped with their kneecaps.

“But soon you will grant this right to the rest of the world, the young of us!”

“Aye! Aye! Aye!”

“You have been taught to walk on your feet. Stand up, the young of us!”

Children stood upright, at their full height.

“You have been trained to fight! This is your new right, the young of us, to conquer the world to liberate the world!”

“Aye! Aye! Aye! The elder of us, we thank you for this! We will train more and harder! More! More! More! We will free the rest of the world from the cruel tyranny! Free! Free! Free!”

“Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye!”

Her heart was bitten, pitilessly, by their endless exclamations, pounding with an iambic rhythm. *Aye-aye, aye-aye, aye-aye!* Each scream stung her body with the pleasant sensation of warmth; each sting, like rings on the water, spread an ecstatic feeling. So nice! So sweet! *Aye-aye, aye-aye, aye-aye!* Her head was dizzy with joy! *Aye-aye, aye-aye, aye-aye!*

Suddenly, she found herself fallen on her knees, her arms preventing her from hitting the floor with her face. The hat was on the floor. What happened? She was unsure how much time had passed, and tears filled her eyes as the feeling of her body was returning to her. Where a second before was warmth and ecstasy, she felt burning tension as if something urged to tear her skin from the inside. What did they do to her? She managed to stand up and looked around: the Eyelanders were sitting, paying her no attention. Their clumping no longer matched her heightened heartbeat. She ran away on the street, where she spotted the same black car that took her here earlier today.

“Mrs. White, is everything alright? Please, sit down,” smiled the man as he opened the door for her.

“Take me to the airport!” she demanded before shutting the door herself. The car took off.

“You appeared to have been enjoying yourself, Mrs. White. How did you like the speech?”

“You said there would be the leader.”

“Eyeland is the people’s republic, Mrs. White, as you surely know. We are our leaders.”

“Why did you show me all of that?”

“What do you think, Mrs. White?”

“You wanted me to fall.”

The man’s eye pierced deep into her soul.

“But I will write about everything I heard today.”

“We know, Mrs. White. But nobody will care. Surely, there will be a fuss. But your politicians are so indecisive. There will be a discussion about raising taxes to prepare for the war. To return the draft. But those are such unpopular measures, Mrs. White. Every one of your leaders will want to leave this decision to their successor. Until it is too late.”

“And you, Mrs. White, will live in fear knowing what’s coming and that you can do nothing to stop it.”

“You are your father’s daughter,” replied the man to her silent question, and she could not tell where his words were coming from.

## **The Relationship Between the Abject and Womanhood in Lorna Moon's novel *Dark Star* and Antanas Vienuolis' short story "Paskenduolė"**

*By Patricija Česonytė,  
a 3<sup>rd</sup>-year English Philology student*

In the introduction to *the Collected Works of Lorna Moon*, Glenda Norquay states that although Lorna Moon was resistant to market her 1929 novel *Dark Star* as a text within the Scottish tradition for she saw it as "a modern book with a message that transcends Scotland" (2002: xx), she is forced to acknowledge that the story's conflicts arise because of the clash between the characters' aspirations and the rural Scottish setting. While there may be some truth to Norquay's insight, it cannot be negated that the plot and message of the novel transcend the geographic and cultural borders of Scotland. *Dark Star* tells the story of Nancy Pringle, who, after being abandoned by her mother Bella, seeks to learn who her father is — the local lord Ramsey Gordon Fassefern or the stallion cadger Willie Weams — because her status in the local community is judged on her inherited class and character. Instead of interpreting *Dark Star* as "intrinsically Scottish" (Duncan 2023: 66), I suggest interpreting it as a case study of what happens to women in closed societies, where the strict cultural codes organise class and identities through inheritance. *Dark Star* is not the only text that explores the tragedy of womanhood in closed communities. Across the pond, in 1912, Antanas Vienuolis published the short story "Paskenduolė" which explores how almost the exact conditions of a closed society

affect Lithuanian women. In “Paskenduolė”, Veronika, discovers that she is pregnant after her partner Antanas emigrates to the United States, leaving her alone to bear the consequences of being an unmarried pregnant woman in a Lithuanian village controlled by the clerical moral codes. The similarities between these two texts are unmistakable. Not only do the texts share a rural setting, but they also explore the themes of fate, original sin, and belonging. In addition, both of the main characters commit suicide by drowning to escape their restrictive environments.

In order to examine how these texts (re)produce the conditions of a closed society and their effects on womanhood, I will apply Julia Kristeva's theory of abjection to look at how the town abjects women who are thought inappropriate in order to maintain social order. In her seminal 1980 book *Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection*, Julia Kristeva defines the abject as “neither subject nor object” (2024: 1) as it lies beyond “the scope of the possible, the tolerable, the thinkable” (ibid). It is not an object, because it cannot be “name[d] or imagine[d]” (ibid, 2) although it does contain “one quality of the object — that of being opposed to I” (ibid). It is an intrusion that creates its existence not only through opposition but also through its distressingly malleable form. Kristeva extrapolates the idea of abjection on the individual level as “food loathing” since it is “the most elementary and most archaic form of abjection” (ibid, 3). Through the process of spitting or vomiting, the subject, the individual, showcases that “I do not want to listen, “ I do not assimilate it, I expel it” (ibid). On a larger scale, the societal level, abjection comes in any shape or form that “disturbs identity, system, order” (ibid, 4). Kristeva states that any crime is abject because “it draws attention to the fragility of the law” (ibid). The closed societies of Pitouie and the Lithuanian village have a strict set of codes and norms stemming from Christian thought that establish order and control within them. Individuals who break these codes are abjected from society and are used as cautionary examples to protect the system and its existence.

One of the ways closed societies maintain control is by regulating procreation. The main conflict in “Paskenduolė” is that Veronika is expecting a child out of wedlock in a deeply religious community. Throughout the text, Veronika never refers to the embryo as a child, but rather a “bėda, baisioji bėda” [trouble, terrible trouble] (Vienuolis 1912: 230) that “gyva stov[i] akyse ir, tarytum, nor[i] visu savo baisumu įsiveržti į jos jėgą, pripildyti jos galvą, širdį ir užnuodyti visas jos mintis” [is standing alive in her eyes and seems to want to invade her strength with all its horror, fill her head, heart and poison all her thoughts] (ibid). Because the embryo is characterised as something evil, it functions as an abject within Veronika, which is being assimilated inside of her against her wishes — “bėda” [the trouble] is the reason why she will be abjected from her society. After going to confession to repent her sin, the priest shouts at her “tu nori mano parapijoj benkartų privaisyti” [you want to contaminate my parish with bastard children] (ibid, 237), indicating that Veronika’s sin is not only personal and would affect her entire community. The abject embryo is a threat to the Catholic social fabric of the closed community. In comparison, while the fact that Nancy was born out of wedlock is not troubling to the communities of Pitouie and Rossorty, the fact that her mother “never t[old] them whether the father was Willie Weams, the groom, or Ramsey Gordon, the young lord of Fassefern” (Moon 2002: 86) makes the community anxious since they do not know how to treat the offspring of an unknown father. Furthermore, the fact that Nancy was abandoned by her mother, who fled the town with a black medicine man, is already frowned upon in the community and her promiscuity is seen as a hereditary feature. After coming home late as a child she is called a “dirty little trollope”, a “fauch” and a “brazen hussy” by Mrs Anderson. Even though Nancy at that moment is just a child, her mother’s promiscuity is projected onto her — Mrs Anderson exclaims that “what’s bred in the bone comes out in the flesh... Easy to see the trull of a mother that bore you” (Moon 2002: 121).



Another way closed communities maintain control is through narratives and language which are used as tools of symbolic violence. In “Paskenduolè”, after the villagers find out that Veronika is pregnant they cease to call her by her own name and instead opt to name her “paleistuvé” [harlot], “k...va” [bitch], and after her suicide — “paskenduolè” [drowned girl]. It could be interpreted that Veronika’s abjection from her community starts from this negative labelling — she loses her materiality and the repeated changing of names renders her not an object of bullying, but rather a malleable entity that must be banished. While some scholars argue that the disabled librarian Andrew Morrison is the most important character in *Dark Star* after Nancy because he functions as “a constant reminder of the diminished life opportunities Nancy’s heredity might afford her” (Introna 2022: 106), I would argue that Divot Meg’s role is more important since she is one of the abjected women in the closed community. After being sexually harassed and almost assaulted by Mr Webster, Nancy is consoled by Divot Meg who after losing her “maidenhood” to Willie Weams is ridiculed by the town. She confesses that “at every turn somebody laughed in my face and men were after me like bees” (ibid, 154) and after Willie Weams “told it over the countryside” she “finally fell into the character they gave me” (ibid). The constructed narrative about Divot Meg being promiscuous rendered her an immoral woman who was “never a pure lassie” (ibid, 233) and was abjected from society. Divot Meg understood that these narratives are only constructed and can be changed, because “a lassie has a right to be respected... It makes the world of difference to a lassie” (ibid, 234), which is why she actively attempts to (re)create Nancy’s life and lineage, protecting her from being abjected from society like she was — firstly by lying that Willie Weams could not have been her father and secondly by killing her mother Bella when the latter threatens to reveal the father’s identity.

Even though the female characters strenuously try to escape and protect others from being abjected — Veronika repeatedly attempts to abort the embryo, while Divot

Meg uses lies to protect Nancy — they cannot escape the social order of the closed communities, which are portrayed to be fate and the will of God. Nancy, “born under a dark star” (Moon 2002:123), is not only aware of how “men’s eyes linger upon her as she passes” (ibid, 138), but she also has to “walk a chalk-line all [her] days” (ibid, 123) since men know that she is “Bella Pringle’s bairn” and that makes “something deep in them wink slyly” (ibid, 138). Veronika is threatened even by priests, because “šventame rašte yra pasakyta, kad tokią paleistuvę akmenimis užmušti” [The scriptures say that such a harlot should be stoned to death] (Vienuolis 1912: 18) and is used by the town’s matriarch, Mrs Juozaponienė, as cautionary example for young girls to whom she says “matote, mergiotės, kas nuo Dievo atstoja, prie to velnias pristoja” [you see, girls, whoever turns away from God, is joined by the devil] (ibid, 21). While female characters are subjected to verbal abuse and objectification, the male characters are never criticised. Andrew Morrison is one of the few male characters who can identify that sexuality is controlled in their societies; he observes that “the Church takes a very depressing view of the act of procreation” (Moon 2002: 146). While some male characters are aware of the injustices, it is the female characters who have to bear the consequences since the female body is sanctioned, always feeling the threat of being abjected.

Kristeva describes the space in which the abject resides as a “*land of oblivion* that is constantly remembered” (2024: 9). This space is explored in the Lithuanian village, which is described by the clergy as being penetrated by “*toji prakeikta velnio svodba [kuri] dar ir šiandien tebegyvuoja po tamsesnius Lietuvos užkampius, užlaidydama sebobės papročius, žaislus, dainas ir atnaujindama tuos, katalikybės nugriautus doros ryšius kurie kadaisiai buvo tarp bernelio dobilėlio ir mergaitės lelijėlės*” [that cursed marriage of the devil [which] even today still lives in the darkest corners of Lithuania, burying the customs, toys, songs of the past and renewing those moral bonds destroyed by Catholicism that once existed between a clover boy and a lily

girl] (Vienuolis 1912: 233). Unsanctioned sexual relationships, a sign of modernity, are characterised as a past-and-religion-destroying force, meaning that anyone who participates in such relations is committing not only a transgressive but also a supernatural act. As a result, it is unsurprising that Veronika's landlords say that she cannot continue to live with them since the community may burn down their home. Furthermore, the village has a designated place for the abjected members of the society, which Veronika remembers as "netoli miško neturintį gero vardo ežerėlį ir ant jo kranto, pamiškėj, Pakaruoklių kapus; atsiminė kitados šitame miške ant pušies pasikorusį elgetą" [a small lake with no good name near the forest and on its shore, the graves of the Hanged; she remembered a beggar who hanged himself on a pine in that forest] (Vienuolis 1912: 235). After being kicked out of the village, Veronika goes to the lake and drowns herself, assuming the role of the abject. After finding her body, the villagers decide to cut off her head and place it between her legs so that she does not haunt them, however, they are stopped by the government and instead bury her. Even though her body is buried and forgotten, they still move the foot-bridge away from the lake, so that "eidamos bažnyčion moterėlės nebijotų paskenduolės" [women would not be afraid of the drowned girl when going to church] (ibid, 21). Even though Veronika and the illegitimate offspring are not part of the real world, they are still remembered, because the abject is beyond "the scope of the possible, the tolerable, the thinkable" (Kristeva 2024: 2), it is a looming threat that cannot be easily removed since it is not material.

The closed society of Pitouie also has a couple of designated places for the abject. The first place is the feeing market which hosts a freak show in which Nancy's mother meets a medicine man and abandons her child, becoming one of the abject members of the freak show. The second place is located in the Fassefern's tomb, in "the back-wash from the gulch" (Moon 2002: 209) in which most of the family members drowned and now "the sea washes their bones in here to keep them close to home" (ibid). Although the closed society does not see the tomb as a place of

abjection, Nancy considers it her particular “land of oblivion that is constantly remembered” (Kristeva 2024: 9) since she chose to see it as a possible resting place. Harvey, her childhood lover, with whom she reunites is weary of her fascination with the tomb as he asks her if it is “an intrinsic part of the family tradition” (Moon 2002: 189) to drown yourself in that place. However, although Harvey is weary of Nancy’s fate, from the moment he reunites with her, he perceives her as a supernatural being — “the dryad who makes the primroses bloom” (ibid, 177). To Harvey, who considers himself a modern man, the Fasseferns, including Nancy, are “so Celtic” (ibid, 190), just like “the highlander [who] must always hunt for the kernel of grief that sits at the heart of Happiness” (ibid). Nancy’s distress over her lineage is of no importance to Harvey, thus after the couple see a woman who reminds Nancy of her mother, Harvey decides to leave. Because Harvey was the only one who, through marriage, could have changed Nancy’s status in her closed community, his perception of Nancy’s affiliation with the past and the supernatural makes her appear detached from the moral codes of the community and allows him to disregard the importance of maintaining a certain narrative of Nancy’s lineage. Thus, when he abandons her without proposing and instead sends money so that she can live in the Fassefern household, Nancy commits suicide by drowning, believing that getting money was “a dirty traffic of their love” (Moon 2002: 247), a treatment she identified with her mother’s abject existence.

Kristeva states that the abject “lies there, quite close, but it cannot be assimilated” (2024: 1) by the subject, the community. Even though Veronika is buried in the outskirts of the village, her existence is still remembered; the villagers “mato, kaip iš Pakaruoklių kapinių išeinanti, ūku apsisiautusi, su mažučiu kūdikėliu paskenduolė” [see the drowned girl walking out of cemetery of the Hanged, dressed in fog, with a small baby] (Vienuolis 1912: 21). Her haunting exemplifies the idea of the abject — she is neither dead nor alive — and yet she still is part of the closed community. Although *Dark Star* ends with Nancy’s suicide and we do not see the

closed society's reaction to her death, the fact that she commits suicide continues the narrative that "it is a Fassefern who dies", allowing her to distance herself from her lineage and making herself a part of the community's myths. After being abandoned by her parents and changing identities and statuses based on gossip about her for her entire life, she chooses death to establish her fluctuating abject identity and escape the horrid mistreatment of the living abjects of the closed community. Thus, it is no wonder that "as the sharp black teeth of the sea came up to meet her, she smiled" (Moon 2002: 248). Norquay suggests that in the fiction of Moon, "estrangement becomes the means of achieving the possible; belonging is associated with the impossible" (2016: 159) — this idea can certainly be seen in "Paskenduolè" as well. Only once the severe moral codes and laws of closed communities are shattered can any female character have "a door of her own" (Moon 2002: 95).

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# *Bookshelf*

## Bookshelf

Dear Readers,

In this section, we present to you the answers of our English Philology literature lectures and professors on the question, “What is the text (literary or non-literary) that has recently impressed you and why?” We hope that these answers inspire you to explore new texts or maybe return to the already-known ones.

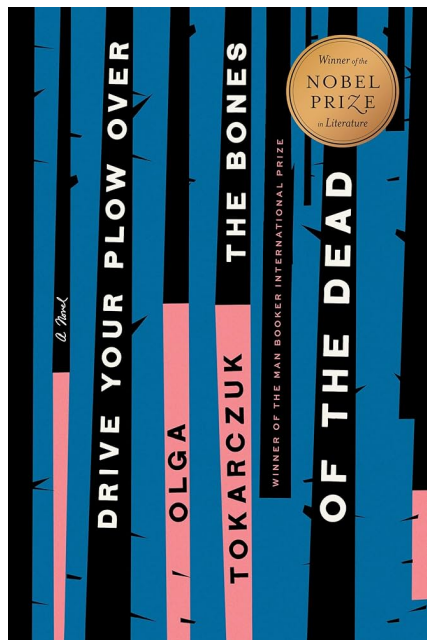
### **Lect. Rūta Burbaitė:**

“This year, I’ve been branching out in my reading, picking books belonging to traditions of literature I’m less familiar with — i.e., not written in English, Lithuanian, Spanish, Greek, or the Scandinavian languages that usually fill my reading menu. One of the standout finds this fall was *Oliva Denaro* by Italian author Viola Ardone. It’s a coming-of-age story set in 1960s Sicily, a world that somehow feels much further away than just 65 years with its deep-rooted misogyny and suffocating expectations for women. Yet, the story felt so alive because of the



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unbreakable (or, rather, ever-recovering) spirit of the main character and the ways relationships can destroy and heal. The heavy, heartbreaking (and, unfortunately, seemingly universal in their essence) themes are delivered to the reader by the smoothly flowing writing (compliments to Rasa Klioštoraitytė for her admirable, rich translation!). Now, I am reading Olga Tokarczuk’s *Drive Your Plow Over the Bones of the Dead* (translated from Polish by Vyturys Jarutis). So far, it feels like a thought-provoking, quirky, and dark fairy tale for grown-ups. In some ways, it reminds me of Neil Gaiman’s stories. I would recommend both books!”

**Dr. Kotryna Garanašvili:**

“I’m very taken with graphic novels lately. I think their multisensory impact challenges traditional storytelling and makes us grow as readers. I was recently impressed with *Swimming in Darkness* by Lucas Harrari (translated by David Homel). It’s a beautifully illustrated suspense thriller which follows Pierre, an architecture school dropout, who travels to the Swiss Alps to see Therme Vals, a building which was the subject of his thesis. It soon turns out that it holds many mysteries. This building, designed by Peter

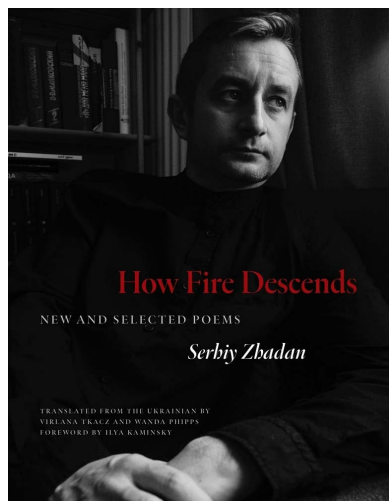


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Zumthor, actually exists — in this book, it becomes the backdrop of the story. I’ve been teaching a class on architecture and literature, so this book has been particularly interesting because of that. The visual art introduces architecture in

ways that might not always be possible in words, and makes the connection between these two arts even more emphatic.”

**Dr. Rimas Užgiris:**



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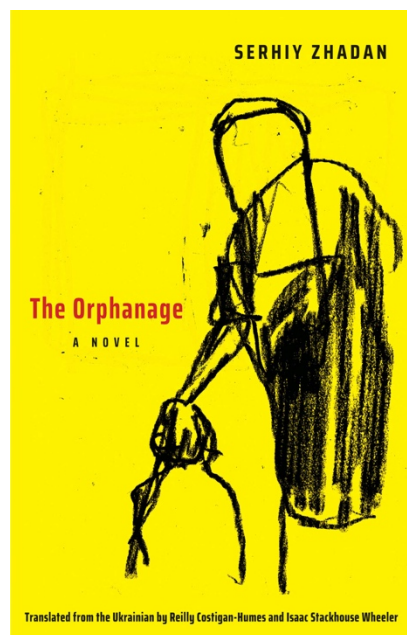
“I recently finished two books by Serhiy Zhadan in English translation that left a deep impression on me: *How Fire Descends: New and Selected Poems* (translated by Virlana Tkacz and Wanda Phipps) and *The Orphanage* (translated by Reilly Costigan-Humes and Isaac Stackhouse Wheeler). Zhadan was already familiar to me in both English and Lithuanian translations, but these might be the best ones yet. His latest poetry is pared down, even minimalistic compared to his earlier work which was saturated with post-Soviet cultural

realia. The war has simplified his aesthetic, yet his penchant for striking metaphors shines forth all the more because of it.

The world looks at you with its green eyes.  
Looks at you like the stamp of God on a battle flag.  
There is nothing in you but light.  
There is nothing in you but sound.

(“Your Attention Is Great”)

Similarly, his novel is rather straightforward on the surface: a teacher goes to get his nephew out of an orphanage in Donetsk as the city is being overrun by the separatists. The action draws you in, and the characters — human, all too human — make you care. Yet Zhadan never preaches — his fiction convinces you with subtle and sensitive characterization and an

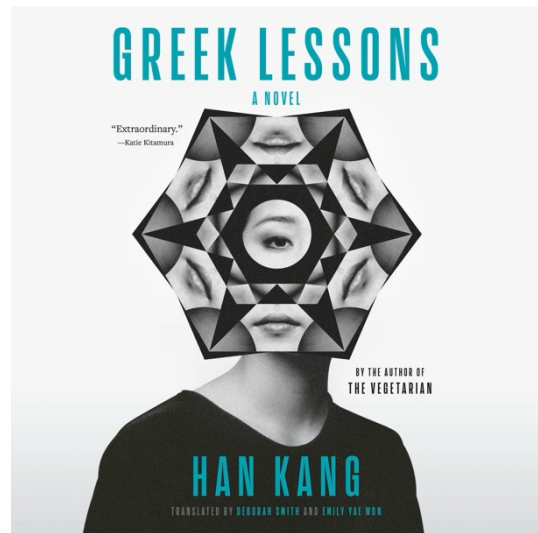


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acute sense of how to describe environments with which he is deeply familiar. There is a fundamental humanity here that resists barbarism without falling into self-indulgence, bathos, or virtue-signaling.”

**Dr. Tomas Riklius:**

“I recently happened upon a short novel, *Greek Lessons*, by the 2024 Nobel Laureate in Literature, Han Kang. I could only describe it as a dense and profound literary expression, as it reminded me of ancient Greek and Roman texts that could be reread to discover new depths each time. It is an interesting piece of literature because *Greek Lessons* is not really a character or plot-driven novel, but rather focuses on

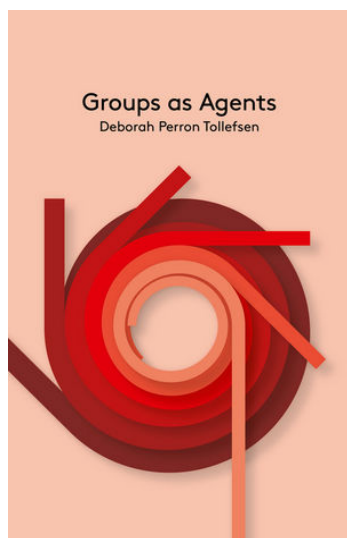


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the poetry of language. There are two unnamed characters who take turns narrating scenes from their lives. We see a bereaved woman who is losing her ability to speak and a restless man who is losing his eyesight. They intertwine when the woman begins to attend lessons in ancient Greek. Through the medium of discovering the meaning behind ancient Greek letters, articles, verbs, and nouns, they find a deeper pain that binds them. It is a poetic portrayal of how language affects and connects people.”

**Assoc. Prof. Dr Vilius Bartninkas:**

“It is a casual thing for us to refer to various groups as agents. Just think of a social media platform that intends to change its privacy terms or a business organisation, which tricked its customers. And yet this is highly problematic. How can a group have cognitive states, such as intention or belief, when psychology shows us that the proper subject of them are persons? How can a group be responsible for this or



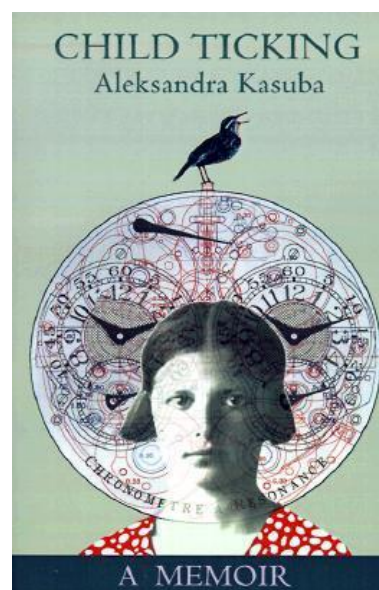
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that crime when the implementing agent is always a specific person? These are the questions investigated by Deborah Perron Tollefsen in her book *Groups as Agents* (2015). Reading it felt like attending an immersive class, which teaches you about a wide array of potential solutions as well as new problems emerging from them. Once it's over, you are ready to apply different models of agency to real-life groups and find out for yourself what is your own theoretical allegiance.”

**Assoc. Prof. Dr Jūratė Levina:**

“Aleksandra Kasuba wrote her childhood memoir *Child Ticking* in English, so it had to be translated into Lithuanian, her mother tongue spoken along with other five languages in her family. I knew of the book from Aleksandra’s correspondence with Algirdas J. Greimas in 1988-1992, for she was writing it at the time and discussed her creative strategies with him. Their conversation failed: Greimas, *the* semiotician, misunderstood what Aleksandra was trying to do, and she stood her ground without wavering. I took a note of the book to see some time what precisely it was that she defended, but it reached me just recently, in the Lithuanian translation I got as a gift.

Aleksandra’s prose mesmerised me from the first sentence. This certainly has to do with an awareness that this is a memoir: that the world it revives has been there for real, soon to be destroyed. But even this awareness is in the discourse itself, for it moves forward as if paving two paths simultaneously, rooted in the real it recreates



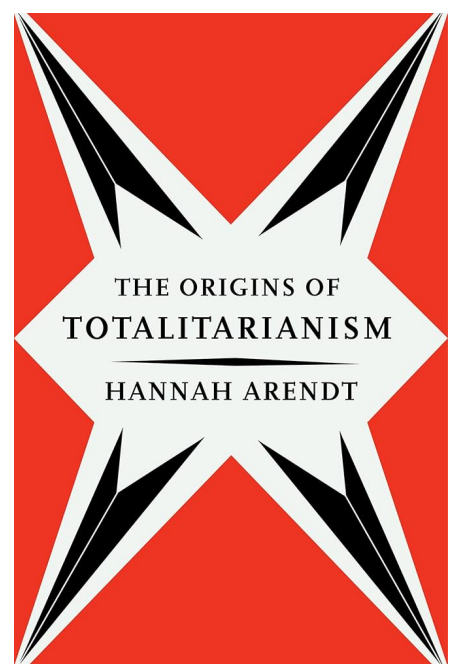
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and elevated from it just enough to see and relive the experience most intensely, in all the stereoscopy of the synaesthetic immersion in the world, greedily soaking in every detail of it, with all the beauty and love emanating from every living being. The fragility of it all is almost unbearable, and the strength it fosters feels unbreakable. I envy everyone who is yet to read it.”

**Assoc. Prof. Dr Davide Castiglione:**

“With the turmoil and multiple crises currently fracturing our world, I have been more and more drawn into works addressing conflicts, colonialism, oppression. Within this context, the book that has made a strong, lasting impression on me is fittingly described, in the back cover, as ‘a non-fictional bookend to *Nineteen Eighty-Four*’. I am referring to Hannah Arendt’s *The Origins of Totalitarianism* (1951). This work is an expansive 600+ page study on the origins of antisemitism, imperialism, and totalitarianism. It is hard to convey just how disturbing and chilling Arendt’s historical and philosophical analysis of Nazism

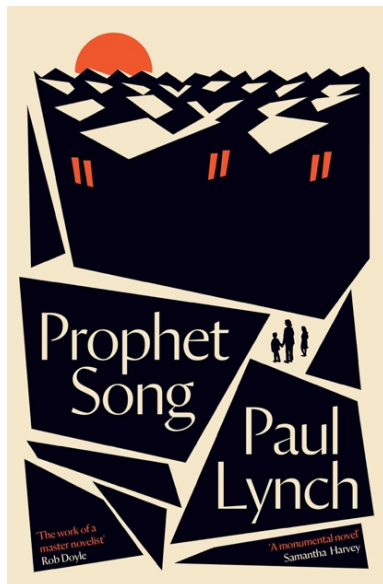


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and Stalinism is; she elucidates the inner logic and structure of both regimes, as well as the social and historical preconditions that made them possible. While the book is now outdated and perhaps flawed from a contemporary historian’s perspective (after all, it came out decades before Arendt could access the archives in the Soviet Union), Arendt’s stern, urgent, and lucid gaze on the catastrophe makes the reading as intense, arresting and fulfilling as any literary masterpiece. Alongside Simone De Beauvoir’s *The Second Sex*, *The Origins of Totalitarianism* is now my secular Bible. The intelligence, passion, rigour, and humanity that shine through on every page are inspiring, and a strong antidote against dehumanisation

and the loss of hope. To quote from the book's last page: 'Beginning, before it becomes a historical event, is the supreme capacity of man; politically, it is identical with man's freedom' (p. 629)."

**Dr. Linara Bartkuvienė:**



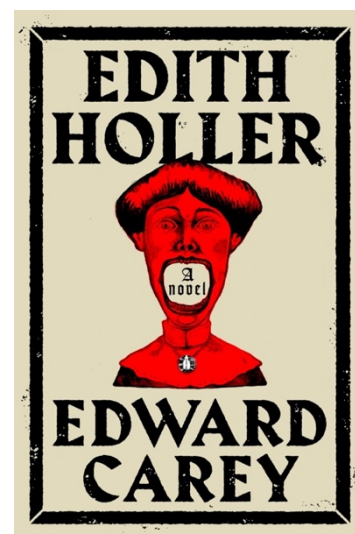
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Paul Lynch's *Prophet Song* (2023) is the book I would choose to discuss because of how it makes fear feel tangible and viscerally pervasive. While it's thematically familiar as a dystopian novel, what sets it apart is its poetic narrative and unbroken structure, which perfectly mirrors the consuming nature of fear. In my view, it is a book that leaves no room for light or redemption, only the suffocating weight of survival.

It's not a story about escaping darkness but about living through it, making the novel both unsettling and powerful.

**Lect. Eimantė Liubertaitė:**

I was deeply struck by Edward Carey's *Edith Holler* — a haunting, beautifully crafted Gothic fairytale set in the city of Norwich, UK (a place very dear to me). The novel follows Edith, a young girl trapped in a crumbling Victorian theatre she is forbidden to leave. Through her sharp, quirky observations, we see Edith's internal struggle as she tries to reconcile her yearning for freedom with the oppressive expectations of her surroundings. Her journey leads her through surreal encounters with



© Riverhead Books

highly eccentric characters (there's even a smoke monster!) and moments of painful self-discovery, revealing her desperate longing for connection and escape.

What makes *Edith Holler* even more compelling are Carey's illustrations. His striking, whimsical drawings (in the creepy-cute vein of Edward Gorey and Tim Burton) breathe life into the novel's world. They also perfectly capture Edith's inner turmoil and the grotesque beauty of her experiences, becoming a visual extension of the story's dreamlike, unsettling atmosphere.

I highly recommend this novel to anyone in search of an imaginative, thought-provoking read.

**Dr. Grant Matthew Rosson:**

I recently came across a poem by Catherine Pierce called "High Dangerous," which struck me quite deeply for its blending of quiet, quotidian humor with terrifying truth. It's a blend I favor, it turns out.

The speaker tells us that her children mispronounce the name of the flower "hydrangeas," referring to them instead as "high dangerous." Cute.



But, out of the mouths of babes, she suggests.

© Saturnalia

To what degree and in what forms, the poet wonders, does "high danger" hover around our innocent goings to and from, whether unseen or only unacknowledged, just waiting to be properly pronounced?

She is cognizant, as her young children seem not to be, of issues like gun violence and the climate crisis, and she considers the prospect of verifying the reality they have unwittingly identified. They see beauty in the world and call it death, but only she hears the pinprick of truth in what they utter.

Does she not owe it to them to reveal, perhaps by echoing back in clearer terms, what they have revealed to her? “I want their fear-box full of bees,” she tells us. But who will be the one to perform such a vicious filling, and on what timeline?

It’s a nicer poem than perhaps I’ve made it sound. It gives us the verb “pom-pomming,” for example. That seems delightful enough. Unless maybe there’s something more sinister going on beneath the petals. Wait, are flowers gross? What a world.



*Poetry*

## One Answer/Our Question

*By Kotryna Uznytė,  
a 3<sup>rd</sup>-year English Philology student*

Out in the sea

suspended

above its peace

the question is dragged

up her leg

with the weight of

an army

the answer

is rooting

in her mouth

and moving

it is moving it

primevally

primevally

for eternity

for eternity.

## **La Belle Époque**

*By Greta Gatmainté,  
A 4<sup>th</sup>-year Pedagogy student*

Yearning for days I enveloped in my heart  
Under a thick layer of profound thought  
Painted each one as the highest art  
Never to confound with some senseless lark

Those days are sultry and fervently pure  
Each fed me vined grapes, me donning guipure  
They picked me up, spun me round so foot-sure  
Held my hand and kissed it goodbye so assured

A sigh and the warmth fills my tempest-like heart  
Those days are not nothing, they gave me my art  
My life has been etched by consequent thoughts  
As I wait for new thrills, I'll lose to old larks

## **Chimera**

*By Greta Gatmainté,  
A 4<sup>th</sup>-year Pedagogy student*

Stolen stars float in your eyes  
With inspection, each one dies

Say you've led a spellbound life  
As you sigh you clasp a knife

Sell yourself as the grand prize  
Under which you hide your ties

Perfect at first taste and gaze  
Patience has you lost, a maze

Fickle front for ages built  
Deepest winter for a quilt

Sacred blaze I added to  
Futile measures dropped in scoops

Shooting star, I watch afar

Faultless hearts you touch now char

Burn out quicker every moon

Each imprint dries up like prunes

## **The End of the World Next-Door**

*By Milda Kuliešaitė,  
a 2<sup>nd</sup>-year English Philology student*

It would be nice if I could use  
This peacetime privilege of mine,  
And remain blissfully ignorant.  
I've seen what happens if you pay attention.  
Follow the events too closely and,  
The ceaseless cruelty will break you.  
And so, more often than not,  
I prefer to turn off the news.

And yet,  
My father is thinking of moving westward,  
I might never see my baby siblings again.  
Christmas or birthday, it doesn't matter,  
My mother and uncle discuss evacuation over tea,  
As my aunt tells us how her resistance training went.  
I joke, desperately: she'll be a field nurse,  
And I'll write them bad exile poetry.  
A joke poisoned by a guilty kernel of truth.  
Scrolling through my feed to relax,

I see my brother arguing with vatniks online.  
He seems frustrated, who wouldn't be?  
Always having to prove our right to exist.

As the Americans post, defending their right  
To be racist without consequence,  
Not so far from my country,  
Another school is destroyed.  
Our future safety and Ukrainian lives — only a bullet  
point on a list of US election campaign talking points.

## Teenage Angst

*By Milda Kuliešaitė,  
a 2<sup>nd</sup>-year English Philology student*

it's 22:04 september 22nd and I'm remembering  
the 21st night of september because  
the americans have woken up and  
begun reposting links to the  
earth wind and fire song. I'm sitting in bed,  
now repositioned for 'optimal feng-shui' but  
the truth is I just needed to change  
something about this room for once  
or I would drown.  
I adjust my pillows and wonder  
if there's a point to my life or  
I'm just dragging it out,  
like one of my long-winded stories my  
friends probably hate me a little bit for.  
I open microsoft word and with every letter I type  
the sense of déjà vu grows stronger

It's 2 am on a school night,  
my bed is sideways and I'm busy crying



and writing emotional text wall #98 to this one loser.

I tell him I'm sorry and how his actions affected me as though he gives one single  
shit

and send it out and shaking.

I take a potentially ill-advised dose of melatonin to sleep,  
but my bed feels too heavy and smells like dead nerves.

## **Fairy Stories**

*By Milda Kuliešaitė,  
a 2<sup>nd</sup>-year English Philology student*

The trees wear moss like chunky knit sweaters.  
Oaks and yews, islands among the thick sea of clovers,  
Hold up the ceiling with their mittened hands,  
As the last rays of light  
Retreat.

Down the stone stairs leading uphill into adventure,  
Up the road from the parking lot hidden in shade,  
The sound of a waterfall beckons,  
A siren calling tourists to see.

The water is cool and refreshing as it swipes at my feet  
And glistening stones guard the vision,  
Of the milk white capillaries that nourish the forest  
Weaving through an ancient staircase of stones,  
Framed by leaves so vibrant a green,  
No darkness can dull them.

## **“...and the dandelions will bloom again”**

*By Agn  Sem nait ,*

*A 3<sup>rd</sup>-year English Philology student*

...and the dandelions will bloom again:  
in concrete pavements,  
in fields, in gardens,  
and it will rain again:  
water engraving roads,  
pooling in ruts of highways,  
flowing past the yellow house,  
with paint cracks showing its old wood.  
and storks will come back home again,  
nesting on electric poles,  
on roofs of empty barnyards,  
hunting between the currant shrubs,  
and the world will sing again,  
bringing you back home

## **What is Better than Perfection?**

*By Iryna Neschotna,  
a 2<sup>nd</sup>-year English Philology student*

Maybe things which are mundane.  
Things we keep, retain, and store,  
Those with small and bigger scratches.  
Vases broken, clocks all rusty,  
Paintings faded by the time.  
Jewels worn by decent people —  
Kings, and queens in their pride.  
Each of them has their story,  
Not just objects of regression,  
But the things we find imperfect  
Which remind us what is precious.

## **The Listener**

*By Iryna Neschotna,  
a 2<sup>nd</sup>-year English Philology student*

Have you ever listened to nature?  
To the nature that lives inside us.  
To the sources of thoughts and intentions.  
To the senses of truthfulness, love.

Have you ever wondered why is it in you?  
You — the ideal creation of God.  
Within your body are all elements —  
The sparking diamonds, the earthy mud.

## **What Mattered**

*By Iryna Neschotna,  
a 2<sup>nd</sup>-year English Philology student*

There are things I am still not sure about.  
Those of the past I can no longer change.  
Were they right or wrong, I yet feel doubt —  
People I kept turning page by page.  
Being unable to dwell on one chapter,  
I read the whole book too fast.  
The preface lied I will soon get it better,  
But delving further, I had more questions to ask  
With no one to explain the essence,  
Hidden deeply within the smaller letters.  
I lost the plot in my adolescence.  
The book did not teach me to matter.

## **“Oh, this intellect”**

*By Benas Dirmontas,  
a 1<sup>st</sup>-year Cultural History and Anthropology student*

Oh, this intellect, so restless at times,  
It craves answers, never truly satisfied.  
Constantly seeks knowledge, that powerful tool,  
Wanting to destroy the system, establish its rule.

There is this heart, it beats with compassionate love,  
Craving nothing, it finds existence magical enough.  
In complete silence, inside rose and lotus wisdom hides,  
The force that twists galaxies and makes clouds in the sky.

A monk, a king — which one shall it be?  
For I spoke to infinity, sitting under a tree,  
To peer through that duality, meditation was the key,  
A soul with a sword in a garden guarding bees.

The search for meaning, spiritual slaves to the wicked spirit,  
Desiring titles and gold, human sacrifice for lifeless material.  
Manufactured nightmare, sold as the only reality that can be,  
Try to believe, you can create paradise in this common dream.

This world reduced to the grain of sand,  
Simple machines trapped inside an hourglass.  
Deified intellects regard any magic as mad,  
They run, when shadows enter a ritualistic dance.

Those distant photons reach me, when I decide to look,  
Shift my perception, am part of quantum soup.  
It takes but a smile, to end any painful loop,  
Universe is a symphony, let's dance to its tune,  
For it is lovely to share this spacetime with you.



## **“We virtue signal”**

*By Benas Dirmontas,*

*a 1<sup>st</sup>-year Cultural History and Anthropology student*

We virtue signal to virtual communities, we are righteous empty shells.

In confusion, we shout and yell, salivating at the next product they sell.

Wanting approval, we step over homeless, bleeding from their hearts.

Lost in our phones, browsing for clothes, filling virtual shopping carts.

# *Translations*

**To Maria**  
**by Volodymyr Sosiura**

*Translated from Ukrainian by Anna Chumak,  
a 3<sup>rd</sup>-year German Philology student*

If we would multiply the love of all people,  
the one that was, that is and that will be,  
the night will come. My love — as day,  
no one can get the feeling yet.

If we could even get all stars from heaven  
and all the suns from all imaginable universes, —  
my love will still burn brighter  
than all the suns, for thousands of centuries.

If we could pick all flowers from the world,  
those blown by winds beneath the starry sky, —  
my love will still smell stronger  
than all the flowers, through eternal years.

If we could get the beauties from all ages,  
and let them pass me by without end, —  
I wouldn't trade for them Maria in,

Before no one my song will bow.

If eyes of them would merge into one vision,  
and let that vision shine right into my heart  
it could still not enchant me ever —  
for it is nothing like your eyes.

From which of stars did you come here,  
so clear that songs of you are sung?  
Shine for me, shine for me always,  
above all the stars, you truly are my one!

## Early November By Sergiy Zhadan

*Translated from Ukrainian by Olga Donskaia,*

*A 3<sup>rd</sup>-year English Philology student*

Early November.

She's sleeping in an empty room, in a stranger's bed.

And he thinks: the city's foreign, the room's unfamiliar —

How can I leave her here?

Three in the afternoon.

Dry fall.

While she's sleeping I'll be here addressing her constantly.

The light is so weightless.

She's been on the road for four days now.

I'll make her feel safe, at least, in this place.

If needed —

I'll be tucking her blanket.

If it gets cold —

I'll be shutting the windows.

I'll try to outsmart her chronic cold.

All of these are my own speculations,

None of these are her fault.

How will I leave her?

The night will fall before long.

It'll get dark soon, the air'll be freezing.

I'd better safeguard her belongings.

I'd better warm her stigmata.

What if I go and the room gets flooded by rivers,  
what if birds start banging on the walls,  
what if trees surround and convoy her to execution,  
what if neighbors start tearing her body into pieces,

what if she forgets me the very moment I go,  
what if she forgets everything she told me before,  
what if her heart, golden and erratic,  
beats for someone foreign.

Let her sleep. Let her figure her dreams out.  
Let her current dreams overflow into the past ones.  
Even if, in her dream, she does not recognize me.  
Even if she dreams about the other.

And now he's sitting counting minutes.  
He's sitting, shaking for no good reason.  
And she won't wake up and her only motive is  
that she's scared of waking and not finding him near.

Above them is the fall of ice and steel.  
Cold rivers, strangers.

Above all, they fear this will continue.

Above all, they fear there'll be nothing left.

## **The Serving Devil A Lithuanian Fairy Tail**

*Translated from Lithuanian by Benas Dirmontas,  
a 1<sup>st</sup>-year Cultural History and Anthropology student*

A cruel baron tormented his serfs mercilessly. After collecting everything the serfs had harvested, the baron would send them to do hard labor in the forest. This way, he tormented his serfs to death, not giving them a chance to live.

One day, after robbing a man of his harvest, he ordered him, “Go dig out tree stumps, plow the land, and you will live well again, trust me. You will thank me later.”

What could the man do? He took his axe, grabbed some bread, and went to work. He put down his bread on a tree stump and began working. Nearby, a devil was creeping around. The devil stole the bread and sprinted back to hell, squatting in a corner, waiting for the serf to curse at him in anger. But after seeing that his bread was gone, the man just sighed and returned to the task at hand.

The devil, surprised, said to Lucifer, “Great Lord, today I stole bread from this serf, hoping he would curse at me in anger. But he didn’t say a single word and just continued to work.”



“That was wrong of you to do that,” Lucifer said angrily. “You can’t harm humans like that. Go and labor for the bread you stole.”

So, the devil turned himself into a human and approached the serf.

“Hi there, friend! You are working hard; would you like to hire me as a helper?”

“How can I hire you when I have nothing? Even today, I am working on an empty stomach because someone stole my bread.”

“Don’t worry about it,” reassured the devil. “You don’t have to pay me. How you live, I will live. Just hire me. You won’t regret it.”

So, the man agreed, and the devil began to serve. After showing the devil what to do, the serf went home to get food for himself and his new helper. While the devil was alone, he quickly pulled out all the tree stumps and plowed the fields with his horns. When the man returned all of the work was done. It was a beautiful sight.

“See? I worked the whole land. Now you can plant your wheat,” said the devil.

The serf stared at the soil, unable to understand what kind of worker he had hired. Soon after, he began to sow the fields. The wheat grew splendidly and abundantly.

The baron saw this and felt jealousy in his heart. “Bring all of your wheat to my manor. From there, you can take as much of the grain as you can carry.” He knew that one man couldn’t carry much. The serf couldn’t argue with the baron. He and the devil delivered the harvest to the manor.

“You can take as much as you can carry,” said the baron. “See how generous I am? I don’t hurt anybody.”

“Maybe my helper can carry it? He is younger and stronger.”

“That is fine,” agreed the baron.

The devil jumped toward the wheat and began to make a rope out of it. He rolled half of the harvest into a thick, sturdy rope. Then he took the remaining wheat and placed it on his back, using the rope to hold it in place. He began moving towards the serf’s home. It looked like a huge mountain slowly gliding through the fields all on its own.

“Oh, there is still some space under the rope!” yelled the devil, grabbing the baron and drowning him in the mountain of wheat. While he carried the wheat, the baron suffocated.

After the devil returned the wheat, he clapped his hands, and it piled up into a huge mountain of grain. “Now I repaid you for the stolen bread,” said the devil and walked away.

The serf sold the grain, earned pounds of gold, and lived his remaining days eating white cake and praising his extraordinary servant.

## Mažiausias koldūnas Sheila Heti

*Iš anglų kalbos vertė Dominyka Slišajevaitė,*

*Anglų filologijos 4 kurso studentė*

Vieno mažo liūdno koldūno, taip niekada ir nesužinojusio savo vardo, diena prasidėjo jam nukritus ant grindų ir likus ten gulėti. Atsiradus mėlynei jis pradėjo verkti, bet kažkaip pabandė susitvardyti supdamasis ant nugaros.

„Ak, mano mažas skaudantis kūnelis“, — sudejavo jis, pažvelgė į puodą, kur plūduriavo jo broliai ir sesės, ir pasijautė liūdnas ir vienišas.

„Aš daugiau niekada jų nepamatysiu“, — išsigandęs nusirideno tiesiai po stalu ir gulėjo ten su nykščiu burnoje verdamas tol, kol užmigo kaip niekad ramiai.

Buvo tik šešios ryto, bet visas pasaulis jau skleidėsi pastelinėmis spalvomis saulei kylant iš už debesų ir viską aplink nudažant rožine, žydra ir šviesiai šviesiai geltona spalva. Prieangyje šleptelėjo laikraštis, viršuje sušniokštė nuleidžiamas tualetu vanduo, laiptais žemyn nusileido tėvas ir pravėrė duris, įleisdamas šviežio, šalto oro gūšį. Jis pakėlė į ritinėlį susuktą laikraštį, nutraukė nuo jo gumelę ir prisėdo ant sofos paskaityti.

Laikraštis buvo pilnas siaubingų istorijų, kuriose žmonės žudė ir žalojo vieni kitus, klausėsi nei šiokios, nei tokios muzikos ir kalbėjo nei šiokius, nei tokius dalykus. Buvo net kažkas apie mirtis. Taip pat keli anekdotai ir paspėliojimai apie ateitį. Bet nieko apie koldūną. Vyras net neįsivaizdavo, kad ant jo virtuvės grindų,

iš jo paties puodo iškrito pats mažiausias koldūnas ir dabar ten gulėjo su ašaromis akyse.

Kai žemyn nusileido sūnus, jis nuėjo į virtuvę pasiimti apelsinų sulčių, pieno ir sausų pusryčių, ir šūktelėjo tėvui, gal jis norįs to paties, bet tėvas atsakė, kad ne, tik banano, o apie koldūną nebuvo net užsiminta. Tikriausiai jie neplanavo valgyti koldūnų iki vakaro.

Tėvas atsisėdo prie stalo, sūnus atsisėdo priešais jį ir pirmas šviesos spindulys įsiskverbė pro langą, spįstelėdamas koldūnui tiesiai į akis, taip iššyk jį pažadindamas. Koldūnas bandė nejudėti, kad nepasirodytų pavojingas ir nieko neišgąsdintų.

Tėvas pasakojo sūnui didingus dalykus, sūnus taip pat papasakojo didingų dalykų, ir tų garsų bei žodžių aidėjimas mažiausiojo koldūno galvoje vertė jį jaustis vis mažesniu ir mažesniu, kol nei iš šio, nei iš to pasijuto pakankamai didelis.

Tačiau tuo metu tėvas ir sūnus jau buvo pakilę nuo stalo, tad koldūnas tik nužvelgė save su pasibjaurėjimu.

„Ko aš čia išsigandau? Velniai rautų! Ko gi aš taip išsigandau?!“ Jis atsitiesė visu ūgiu ir pasiražė keikdamasis. „Reikėjo man tiesiog užsikabaroti ant jo bato, palipti koja aukštyn iki kelio ir pastovėti už save!“

Po kelių akimirkų užsitrenkė laukujės durys ir stojo tylą. Koldūnas liko vienut vienutėlis. Gulėdamas po tuo stalu jis jautėsi išsekęs. Jau ir taip praėjo kryžiaus kelius, o dar reikėjo kažkokiu būdu grįžti į puodą. Visgi toks žygdarbis buvo praktiškai neįmanomas, nes per tas kelias valandas, praleistas iškritus, jis prarado savo lipnumą, tad net ir labai norėdamas nebūtų galėjęs įveikti nė pusės atstumo iki viryklės. Koldūnas tiesiog džiuvo.

Kai jis tai suprato — kad *džiūna!* — pašiurpęs sudrebėjo ir sustingo. Išdžiūvimas yra visų blogiausia mirtis, nes ji ilga ir skausminga. Nebuvo jokios išėities; tėvas ir sūnus namo neturėjo grįžti dar kelias valandas. Jis buvo pasmerkta mirti ir po kokios savaitės būti sušluotas.

Nesąžininga. Taip visuomet yra sakoma apie gyvenimą. Bet kas sakė, kad jis bus sąžiningas? Kas sakė, kad galėsi daryti ką panorėjęs? Visaip galima gyventi, visaip ir mirti. Koldūnas yra tiesiog koldūnas, o šeima yra tiesiog šeima.

*Šis vertimas yra anglų filologijos programos dalyko „Vertimas, redagavimas ir postredagavimas“ (lekt. Rūta Burbaitė) projektinis darbas.*

## Aviečių krūmas Sheila Heti

*Iš anglų kalbos vertė Dominyka Slišajevaitė,*

*Anglų filologijos 4 kurso studentė*

Senyva moterytė, kuri niekada nenustodavo šypsotis, iš sodo įėjo į savo virtuvę. Prieš tai kokią dvidešimt minučių stovėjo prieš saulę, su ašaromis akyse žvelgdama į savo gražųjį, pernakt nudžiūvusį aviečių krūmą. Iš skaisčiai raudonų aviečių buvo likę tik juodi ir trapūs gumulėliai, krentantys žemėn nuo mažiausio prisilietimo.

Saulės spinduliai veržėsi pro virtuvės langą, viską aplink nutvieksdami auksu, kai sena moterytė, kuri niekada nenustodavo šypsotis, giliai sielvartaudama paskambino sesei. Jos sesei buvo aštuoniasdešimt aštuoneri ir ji gyveno Kalifornijoje. Moterytė atsiduso į ragelį: „Aviečių nebėra.“

Jos sesė atsakė: „Na, anūkus išmetė iš mokyklos, Marta nėsčia, o Semas skiriasi su žmona, nes ana susimetė su čigone. Mažoji serga gripu ir nenustoja kosėti. Buvau pas juos vakar ir viskas, apie ką jie kalba nuo tada, kai Tomą atleido iš gamyklos, tai pinigai. Nekalbant jau apie tai, kad Timotis ištisai duodasi vis su kažkuo kitu, tad visi manome, kad jis jau turi AIDS, gonorėją, ar dar kokį velnią. Šiandien per žinias pranešė apie uraganą Anduose, kur, kaip žinai, praeitą savaitę slidinėti išvažiavo Polas su Mere. Visi mes čia jaudinamės, gedim ir apskritai — jaučiamės apgailėtinais.“

Senoji moterytė išklausė savo sesę ir jai baigus, ši sena moterytė, kuri niekada nenustodavo šypsotis, padėjo ragelį ir prisėdo auksu ištaškuotoje virtuvėje.

Kažkas pasibeldė.

„Kas čia?“, — paklausė moteris ir atsistojusi nutipeno prie durų, kur pro jų akutę pamatė jauną vaikiną su kurjerio kepurėle, laikantį gėlių puokštę. Ji atidarė duris.

„O!“, — jos lūpų kampučiuose išimetė šypsenėlė. — „Negi jos man?“

„Ar jūs panelė Maršija — “

„Ne, jaunuoli. Ji gyvena šalimais.“ Senoji moterytė, kuri niekada nenustodavo šypsotis, uždarė duris ir nuėjusi atsisėdo virtuvėje prie stalo. Diena buvo ilga; joje dar buvo likusios aštuonios valandos. Moterytė planavo valgyti avietes, vieną po kitos, visas alei vienos. Bet per naktį krūmas nudžiūvo, tad aviečių niekada jau nebebus.

Senoji moterytė susiėmė už galvos ir pravirko. Taip sėdėdama prie stalo ji verkė kiekvieną dieną, tačiau niekas to nežinojo.

*Šis vertimas yra anglų filologijos programos dalyko „Vertimas, redagavimas ir postredagavimas“ (lekt. Rūta Burbaitė) projektinis darbas.*

## Vidurvasario beprotybė

### A. A. Milne

*Iš anglų kalbos vertė Marija Stalaučinskaitė,*

*Anglų filologijos 4 kurso studentė*

Mergina, su kuria Herbertas vakarieniaudamas dalinosi morengu (tuo trapiuoju — kaip nuo patrankos sviedinio išlakstė į šalis vos Herbertas pradėjo jį valgyti), buvo maloni ir taktiška.

— Visiškai nieko tokio, — pasakė ji, nuo kelių šluodama sprogimo skeveldras, ir kad jis pasijustų geriau, tęsė pokalbį. — Ar tave apskritai domina uždaviniai?

Herbertas, kuriam tuo metu ir nuotraukų albumą vartyti būtų buvę įdomu, nustojo atsiprašinėti ir prisiekė, kad taip.

— Mums visiems ramybės neduoda vienas toks uždavinys, tėčio aptiktas laikraštyje. Labai norėčiau, kad tau pavyktų jį išspręsti. Skamba taip. — Ir ji paaiškino. Herbertas nusprendė, kad neverta minėti to gabalėlio morengo, vis dar kadaruojančio merginos plaukuose, ir klausėsi susidomėjęs.

Taip jau nutiko, kad kitą rytą užsukau į Herberto biurą... Ir taip, trumpai tariant, buvau įpainiotas į reikalą.

— Pažvelk — pasakė Herbertas. — Tau anksčiau patikdavo matematika. Kai ką tau turiu.

— Palik mirusiai praeičiai laidoti savo numirėlius, — rimtai paprašiau aš. — Dabar aš gerbiamas žmogus.



— Sąlyga tokia, — tęsė jis, nekreipdamas dėmesio į mano skundą.

Tada jis parodė uždavinį, kurį persakau jums.

„Kareivių kolonos gale jojęs leitenantas priėjo prie priekyje jojusio kapitono ir pakvietė jį sužaisti biliardą iš pusės kronos — pralaimėjusysis turės sumokėti už visą stalą. Kadangi pats pralaimėjo, pastatė dar šimtą kronų ir žaidė „dvigubai arba nieko“, o tada parėjo į savo vietą. Tuo tarpu kolona pajudėjo dukart tiek, kiek pati buvo ilga, o šis atstumas lygus tam, kurį kolona būtų nukeliavusi, jei būtų judėjusi priešinga kryptimi. Koks kapitono vardas?“

Galbūt aš dabar ne viską teisingai prisimenu, mat savaitė buvo pasiutusiai darbinga. O gal ne viską teisingai persakė Herbertas, o gal ta mergina su morengu plaukuose. Kaip ten bebūtų, tokia buvo uždavinio mintis.

— O atsakymas, — sakė Herbertas, — turėtų būti „keturios karvės“, bet man vis išeina „aštuoni ir dvipensis“. Tiesiog pamėgink, būk geras. Pažadėjau merginai, supranti?

Prisėdau, skubiai išsprendžiau uždavinį ant kitos voko pusės ir išėjo jardas su puse.

— Ne, — pasakė Herbertas. — Atsakymas tikrai yra „keturios karvės“, bet niekaip neišeina.

— Atleisk, — pasakiau. — Koks aš kvailas. Pampiršau priskaičiuoti kišenpinigius.

Vėl skubiai paskaičiavau ir išėjo trys minutės ir dvidešimt penkios sekundės.

— *Keblu*, ar ne? — pasakė Herbertas. — Pamaniau, kadangi tau patikdavo matematika ir kadangi aš pažadėjau merginai...

— Sekundėlę, — pasakiau vis dar palinkęs prie savo voko. — Pampiršau leitenantą. Na va, prašau. Atsakymas yra šimtas ir dvidešimt penki vyrai... Ne, neteisingai — nepadvigubinau puschronio. Ee... žiūrėk, Herbertai, šįryt aš gana užsiėmęs. Sprendimą aš tau atsiūsiu.

— Gerai, — pasakė Herbertas. — Žinau, kad tavimi galima kliautis, juk tau patinka matematika. — Ir atidarė man duris.

Tądien turėjau atlikti vieną labai svarbų darbą, bet tas nelaimingas Herberto uždavinys vis nėjo iš galvos. Per arbatogėrį atsitiktinai sutikau Kerį, tad perpasakojau uždavinį jam.

— O, — pasakė Keris žinovo tonu. — Hmm. Ar bandei su „x“?

— Žinoma.

— Taip, matyti, kad uždavinys kažkur prašosi „x“. Spręsk su „x“ ir turėtų pavykti. „X“ tegul būna leitenantas — štai taip. Nežinojau, kad tave domina uždaviniai.

— Na...

— Nes turiu gana keblų šachmatų uždavinį, kurio pats neišsprendžiu. — Jis išsitraukė kišeninę šachmatų lentą. — Baltieji skelbia matą po keturių ėjimų. Nerūpestingai žvilgtelėjau. Juodiesiems buvo likęs tik pėstininkas ir karalius, o baltieji dar turėjo karalienę ir porą žirgų. Apie šachmatų daug neišmanau, bet šachmatinių uždavinių teoriją suprantu.

— Ar bandei leisti juodųjų pėstininkui nukirsti karalienę, tada paaukoti abu žirgus ir galiausiai paskelbti matą tik su karaliumi?

— Taip, — tarė Keris.

Tada suglumau. Jei neįmanoma išspręsti šachmatų uždavinio pradedant pačiu netikėčiausiu ėjimu, tai jo išvis neįmanoma išspręsti. Bet persibraižiau figūrų išsidėstymą ir pažadėjau pabandyti... Tą patį vakarą, vienuoliką valandą, nutraukiau savo bandymą nusprendęs, kad Herberto uždavinys yra skubesnis, tad nusinešiau jį spręsti į lovą.

Kitą dieną pietavau su Viljamu ir papasakojau jam apie leitenantą. Jis atsainiai žvilgtelėjo į uždavinį ir gavo septyniolika.

— Septyniolika ko? — pasakiau.

— Na, priklauso nuo to, apie ką kalbi. Manau, ir tau išeis septyniolika. Bet pažiūrėk, sūnau, turiu tau golfo uždavinį. A žaidžia su B. Prie penktos duobutės A kamuoliukas nuo smeigtuko nukrenta į tvenkinį...

Jau pamiršau, kaip ten toliau.

Kai po sunkios dienos su leitenantu grįžau namo vakarienės, radau manęs laukiantį Noros laišką.

„Ponas Keris sakė, — rašė ji, — kad susidomėjai uždaviniais. Štai vienas, kurį iškirpau iš mūsų vietinio laikraščio. Pamėgink išspręsti. Atsakymas turėtų būti aštuonios mylios per valandą.“

Laimei, pamiršo pridėti patį uždavinį. Jau ir tada turėjau daugiau nei reikia pramogų su Herberto leitenantu, Kerio pėstininku ir cisterna, apie kurią man papasakojo dėdė, valgęs su mumis tą vakarą.

Ir taip reikalas tęsėsi. Žinia, kad aš neva renku įdomius ir keblius uždavinius naujai „Enciklopedijai“, pasklido tarp mano draugų. Visi, kas tik man rašydavo, papasakodavo ir apie kokį nors savo pažįstamą, kuris kerpa avis, irkluoja prieš srovę ar dalydamas kortas sau pasideda keturis tūzus.

Tuo tarpu Herbertas pamiršo ir tą uždavinį, ir tą merginą. Po trijų vakarų jis jau valgė olandišką padažą su panele, apsirengusia geltonai (kokia laimė), o ji, norėdama pakeisti temą, paklausė, ar Herbertas skaitęs Dikensą. Šiuo metu jis vyriškai skaito „Šaltus namus“ — kas vakarą po skyrių — o šiandien atėjęs manęs aplankyti, paklausė, ar aš kada nors girdėjęs apie šį rašytoją.

Bet aš ant jo nepykstu, nes ką tik prasibroviau iki atsakymo — „trys karvės“. Vienos karvės trūksta, bet arčiau tiesos nei dabar dar nesu buvęs, tad manau, kad verčiau taip ir paliksiu. Iš tiesų, tiek gydytojas, tiek seselė pataria, kad verčiau taip ir palikčiau.

*Šis vertimas yra anglų filologijos programos dalyko „Vertimas, redagavimas ir postredagavimas“ (lekt. Rūta Burbaitė) projektinis darbas.*

## Nakties medis Truman Capote

*Iš anglų kalbos vertė Antanas Gražulis,*

*Klasikinė (lotynų ir senovės graikų) filologija 3 kurso studentas*

Buvo žiema, eilute suvertos apnuogintos lemputės, iš kurių, rodos, buvo išsiurbta visa šiluma, apšvietė šaltą, vėjuotą pusstotės platformą. Iš vakaro nulijo ir dabar varvekliai kabo nuo stoties karnizo it šurprios ledinės pabaisos iltys. Perone nebuvo nė gyvos dvasios, išskyrus jauną, gana aukštą merginą. Ji vilkėjo pilką švarką, lietpaltį ir vilnonį šaliką. Jos plaukai, perskirti per vidurį ir tvarkingai susukti šonuose, buvo ryškios šviesiai rusvos spalvos, o veidas, nors kiek ištišęs ir siaurokas, tegu ir ne ypač, bet buvo patrauklus. Kartu su pluoštu žurnalų ir pilka zomšos rankine su puošniomis žalvarinėmis raidėmis *Kei*, ji nešėsi įtartina žalia šešiastygę gitarą.

Kai traukinys, spjaudydamas garu ir žėruodamas šviesomis, išniro iš tamsos ir atidundėjęs sustojo, Kei susirinko savo mantą ir įlipo į paskutinį vagoną.

Tai buvo per stebuklą išlikęs vagonas, kurio nutriušusį interjerą sudarė vietomis praplikę, senoviniai raudono pliušo suolai ir apsilaupiusios rausvo medžio plokštės. Senoviška vario lempa, pritvirtinta palubėje, atrodė kaip romantiškas svetimkūnis. Niūrūs, negyvi dūmai pripildė orą, o prišildyto vagono uždarumas pabrėžė priplėkusį išmestų sumušinių, obuolių graužtukų ir apelsino žievelių kvapą. Šios šiukšlės, kartu su vienkartiniais puodeliais, gaiviųjų gėrimų buteliais ir

suglamžytais laikraščiais voliojosi ilgame praėjime. Iš vandens aušintuvo, įtaisyto sienoje, ant žemės sunkėsi nenutrūkstanti srovelė vandens. Keleiviai, iš papildų pažvelgę į ką tik įžengusią Kei, rodos, jautėsi visai patogiai.

Kei atsispyrė pagundai užsidengti nosį ir atsargiai prasiskynė sau kelią tarp suolų, tik vieną sykį (be didesnių pasekmių) užkliuvusi už kyšančios snūduriuojančio storulio kojos. Du neaiškūs tipai nulydėjo ją susidomėjusiu žvilgsniu, o kažkoks vaikigalis, pasilipęs ant savo sėdynės, suspigo:

— Ei, mama, žėk į bandžą! Ei, teta, duok pagrot bandža!

Galiausiai, jį užtildė „māmos“ antausis.

Buvo likusi tik viena laisva vieta. Mergina rado ją vagono gale, kampe už pertvaros, kur jau sėdėjo vyras ir moteris, tingiai susikėlę kojas ant tuščios priešakinės sėdynės. Akimirką Kei sudvejojo, tada paklausė:

— Ar jūs neprieštarautumėte, jei čia atsisėsčiau?

Moters galva šoktelėjo, lyg Kei būtų ne tik paklaususi paprasčiausio klausimo, bet ir bakstelėjusi jai su adata. Vis dėlto, ji sugebėjo nusišypsoti.

— Nematau, kas čia tave stabdo, širdel, — tarė ji, nuleisdama savo kojas ir su neįprastu abejingumu nukeldama vyriškio kojas, kol anas stebeilijosi į langą, nekreipdamas į tai nė menkiausio dėmesio.

Padėkojusi moteriai, Kei nusivilko palta, atsisėdo ir susidėjo šone rankinę su gitara, žurnalus palikusi ant kelių: pakankamai patogų, nors jai būtų pravertusi pagalvėlė už nugaros.

Traukinys truktelėjo, vaiduokliškas garas šnypštė už lango; pamažėl varėjanos apleistos pusstotės šviesos liko už nugaros.

— Vaikyt, kokia šiukšlina skylė, — pasakė moteris, — nei miesto, nei nieko.

— Miestas už kelių mylių, — pasakė Kei.

— Sakai? Gyveni čia?

Ne. Kei paaiškino, kad buvo dėdės laidotuvėse. Dėdės, kuris (nors šito ir nepaminėjo) savo testamentu nepaliko jai nieko, išskyrus žaliąją gitarą. Kur ji keliaujanti? Ak, atgal į koledžą.

Apsvarsčiusi tai, moteris pareiškė:

— Ką tu išmoksi ten, a? Jau atleisk, širdel, bet aš esu žiauriai išsilavinus ir niekad nebuvo peržengus jokio koledžo slenksčio.

— Išties, nebuvote? — mandagiai sumurmėjo Kei ir užbaigė šį reikalą, atsiversdama vieną iš savo žurnalų. Šviesa buvo per silpna skaitymui ir nė vienas iš apsakymų neatrodė vertas dėmesio. Ji nenorėjo išitraukti į ilgą ir nuobodų pokalbį, todėl buvai žiūrėjo į žurnalą tol, kol kažkas atsargiai nepalietė jos kelio.

— Neskaityk, — pasakė moteris, — man reik su kuo nors pasikalbėt. Aišku, nėra jokio malonumo kalbėtis su *juo*.

Ji bedė nykščiu į tyliojo vyriškio pusę.

— Jis trenktas — glušas ir nebylys. Supranti, ką sakau, a?

Kei užvertė žurnalą ir daugmaž pirmą kartą apžiūrėjo moterį. Ji buvo žema, pėdos vos siekė grindis. Kaip ir daugelio žemaūgių žmonių, jos stotas turėjo kažką keisto, šiuo atveju — didžiulę, netgi milžinišką galvą. Apdribęš, mėsingas veidas buvo tiek išdažytas skaistalais, kad vargiai galėjai įspėti amžių: ko gero, penkiasdešimt ar penkiasdešimt penkeri. Didelės avies akys buvo prisimerkusios, tarsi nepasitikėtų tuo, ką mato. Plaukai — raudoni, akivaizdžiai dažyti, susukti į sausas, storas garbanas. Seniai išėjusi iš mados, milžiniška levandų spalvos skrybėlė kreivai kadaravo iš vieno galvos šono, ir ji vis nubraukdavo ranka celiulioidinių vyšnių kekes, svyrančias nuo bryliaus. Vilkėjo paprastą, gerokai apskurusią, mėlyną suknelę. Jai kvėpuojant buvo aiškiai justi salstelėjęs džino kvapas.

— Tu nori pasikalbėt su manim, širdel, ane?

— Žinoma, — pasakė Kei, šiek tiek susidomėjusi.

— Aišku, nori. Lažinuos — nori. Todėl man patinka traukiniai. Autobuse susirenka visokie durneliai, tyli kaip vandens į burną prisėmę. Bet traukinys turi parodyt visas kortas, bent aš taip visad sakau, — jos balsas buvo džiugus ir griausmingas, ir kimus kaip vyro, — bet kas liečia *ji*, aš visad bandau gauti mums vietą čia, čia mes kaip ir vienudu, tartum tikroje pirmaklasėje kupė, ane?

— Čia tikrai malonu, — sutiko Kei, — dėkui, kad leidote prisijungti.

— Velnioniškai malonu. Retai kas nori prie mūsų dėtis, žmoneliai nervinasi būdami prie jo.

Tartum norėdamas tai paneigti, vyriškis išleido keistą, prislopintą garsą iš gerklės gilumos ir sugriebė moters rankovę.

— Palik mane ramybėj, brangusai, — pasakė ji, tarsi šnekėtų su neklaužada vaiku, — viskas man gerai. Mes tik maloniai šnekučiuojamės. Gražiai elkis, arba ši graži panelė išeis. Ji labai turtinga, mokosi koledže, — mirktelėjusi viena akimi, tęsė, — jis mano, kad aš girta.

Vyriškis susmuko savo vietoje, jo galva pakrypo į šoną, bet jis šnairomis atidžiai apžiūrinėjo Kei. Jo akys buvo nelaukta gražios — du padūmavę, žydrai balsvi marmuro rutuliukai, apsupti tankių blakstienų. Išskyrus akivaizdų atitrūkimą nuo visko, jo platus, beplaukis veidas neturėjo jokios išraiškos. Atrodė, kad jis nepajėgtų išreikšti ar atkartoti jokio, net menkiausio, jausmo. Žili plaukai buvo trumpai apkirpti ir sušukuoti link kaktos nelygiais kuokštais. Jis buvo kaip vaikas, staigiai pasendintas kažkokiu nedoru būdu. Dėvėjo pradilusį mėlynos saržos švarką, buvo pasikvėpinęs pigiais, kokčiais kvėpalais. Ant riešo buvo užsegta peliuko Mikio laikrodis.

— Jis mano, kad aš girta, — pakartojo moteris, — ir smagiausia tai, kad ir esu. Nu, vienžo — reikia ką nors daryti, ane? — ji pasilenkė arčiau, — gerai sakau, ką?

Kei vis dar spoksojo į vyriškį; jo žvilgsnis žeidė ją, bet ji negalėjo atitraukti nuo jo akių.

— Ko gero, — tarstelėjo ji.

— Nu tai išgerkime tada, — pasiūlė moteris. Ji įkišo ranką į brezentinį krepšį ir ištraukė gerokai nugertą džino butelį. Jau buvo beatsukanti kamštelį, tačiau, matyt, sugalvojo kažką geresnio ir perdavė butelį Kei.

— Èèè, aš pamiršau, kad tu irgi su mumis, — pasakė ji, — tuoj parausiu mums kelis gražučius stikliukus.

Kei nespėjus paprieštarauti, kad ji nenorinti gerti, moteris pakilo ir ne itin tvirtai nužingsniavo praėjimu link vandens aušintuvo.

Kei nusižiovavo ir įrėmė kaktą į lango stiklą, pirštais netvarkingai brazdindama gitaros stygas. Šios skambėjo aidžiai, liūliuojančiai, tolydžiai ramindamos, kaip ir Pietų kraštovaizdis, paskendęs tamsoje, lekiantis už lango. Mėnulis, ledinis ir žiemiškas, riedėjo naktiniu dangumi virš traukinio, kaip plonas baltas ratas.

Tuomet, be jokio perspėjimo, įvyko keistas dalykas: vyriškis ištiesė ranką ir švelniai paglostė Kei skruostą. Nepaisant kvapą gniaužiančio šio judesio švelnumo, tai buvo toks įžūlus poelgis, jog Kei iš pradžių buvo per daug priblokšta, kad sugalvotų, kaip pasielgti. Jos mintys pasileido trimis ar keturiomis fantastinėmis kryptimis. O anas pasilenkė prie jos taip, kad jo akys atsidūrė visai prie pat jos akių. Jo kvėpalų smarsas buvo nepakeliamas. Gitara nutilo, jie apsikeitė tiriančiais žvilgsniais. Staiga, it iš kokio atjautos šaltinio, ji pajuto jam stiprų gailėstį, bet tuo pat metu neužgniauziamą ir vis didėjantį pasišlykštėjimą bei neapykantą. Kažkas buvo jo povyzoje, kažkokia sunkiai nusakoma savybė, kurios ji negalėjo įspėti, kuri priminė jai... ką?

Neilgai trukus, jis iškilmingai nuleido savo ranką ir vėl susigūžė savo vietoje. Jo veidą iškreipė asilo šypsnyš, tartum jis būtų atlikęs įspūdingą triuką ir dabar lauktų aplodismentų.

— Pam param! Pam pam! Mažasis piemenu-uk... — šūktelėjo moteris, po to atsisėdo ir garsiai pareiškė, — girta kaip ragana! Nusivariau kaip šuo! Och...



Ji atskyrė iš bendro pluošto kelis popierinius puodelius ir it niekur nieko susikišo likusius sau į palaidinę:

— Laikom juos sausai ir saugiai, che che che...

Čia moterį suėmė smarkus kosulys, kuriam pasibaigus ji atrodė ramesnė:

— Nebuvo nuobodu su mano vaikinų? — paklausė ji, pagarbiai glostinėdama sau krūtinę, — ak, koks jis mielas.

Atrodė, kad ji tuoj nualps. Kei nuoširdžiai to troško.

— Aš nenoriu gerti, — pasakė Kei, gražindama butelį, — aš niekada negeriu, nemėgstu skonio.

— Nu kam reikia gadinti vakarėlį, — pasakė moteris tvirtai, — nagi, laikyk tik man puodelį kaip gera mergytė.

— Ne, prašau...

— Nu dėl Dievo, laikyk tvirtai. Tu pagalvok, nervai tavo amžiuje! Čia aš drebu kaip lapas, aš turiu dėl ko... Jergau, aš tai turiu dėl ko...

— Bet...

Pavojingas šypsnyš šurpiai išryškėjo moters veide.

— Kas yra? Tu manai, aš nepakankamai gera gert su tavim?

— Prašau, supraskite mane teisingai, — pasakė Kei, jos balsas drebėjo, — aš tiesiog nemėgstu, kai mane verčia daryti ką nors, ko aš nenoriu. Žiūrėkite, gal mes galime atiduoti jį jūsų kompanionui?

— Jam? Ne, meilute, jam kol kas reikia to menko protelio, kurį dar turi. Nu, smagiau, širdel, gurkt — ir viskas.

Matydama, kad priešintis beprasmiška, Kei nusprendė pasiduoti, kad išvengtų galimo skandalo. Ji gurkštelėjo ir sudrebėjo. Džinas buvo siaubingas. Jis taip nudegino jos gerklę, kad net akys apsiašarojo. Paslapčia nuo moters, Kei išpylė stiklinės turinį į tuščią gitaros skylę. Deja, viską matė vyriškis. Tai supratusi, Kei metė beviltišką žvilgsnį, maldaudama, kad jos neišduotų. Jo veido išraiška nepasikeitė, tad Kei negalėjo nuspręsti, ar jis ką nors suprato. Tuo tarpu, moteris atnaujino pokalbį:

— Iš kur tu, vaikel?

Akimirkai Kei pasimetė ir negalėjo nieko atsakyti. Keli miestai šovė jai į galvą vienu metu. Galiausiai, iš šio jovalo ji ištraukė:

— Iš Naujojo Orleano. Mano namai yra Naujajame Orleane.

Moteris nušvito.

— Naujasis O! Štai kur aš noriu gyventi, kai prasimušiu. Kažkada, berods apie dvidešimt trečiuosius, turėjau ten mažutį gražutį būrėjos salonėlį. Nu kurgi anas buvo — rodos, Švento Petro gatvėje, — nutilusi, ji pasilenkė ir padėjo tuščią džino butelį ant grindų. Šis nuriedėjo į praėjimą ir pradėjo ritinėtis šen ir ten, skleisdamas migdantį garsą, — aš išaugau Teksase, dideliame ūkyje, mano tėtis buvo turtingas. Mes vaikai visada turėjome kas geriausia, net iš Paryžiaus, Prancūzijos, visokius rūbus. Lažinuos, jūs ir turit didelį namą. Jūs turit sodą? Auginat gėles?

— Tik alyvas.

Į vagoną įėjo konduktorius, įleisdamas šalto vėjo gūsi, kuris sučežino šiukšles ir trumpam atšviežino priplėkusį orą. Konduktorius lėtai slinko, čia sustodamas pažymėti bilieta, čia pašnekinti kokį keleivį. Buvo jau po vidurnakčio. Kažkas visai neblogai grojo armonika. Kažkas kitas ginčijosi dėl vieno politiko pasiekimų. Vaikas šūktelėjo per miegus.

— Gal tu taip neriestum nosytės, jei žinotum, kas mes esame, — pasakė moteris, — o mes toli gražu nesame niekas, taip ir žinok.

Sutrikusi, Kei nervingai atidarė cigarečių pakelį ir prisidegė vieną. Ji pasvarstė, ar neatsirastų vieta tolimesniame vagone. Ji daugiau nė minutės nebegalėjo išverti šalia šios moters, o dėl ano incidento — ir šalia šio vyro. Bet ji niekada gyvenime nė iš tolo nebuvo atsidūrusi panašioje situacijoje.

— Jūs man atleiskite, — pasakė ji, — aš turiu jus palikti. Buvo labai malonu, bet aš pažadėjau susitikti traukinyje su draugu...

Žaibiškai vikriai moteris sugriebė merginos riešą.

— Ar tavo mamytė tau niekada nesakė, kad meluoti yra nuodėmė? —  
teatrališkai sušnabždėjo ji.

Levandinė kepurė visiškai nusmuko jai nuo galvos, bet ji nė nebandė jos pasitaisyti. Ji kyštelėjo liežuvį ir susivilgė lūpas. Kai Kei pabandė stotis, ji tik dar stipriau suveržė gniaužtus.

— Sėskis, mieloji... nėr čia jokio draugo... Ne, mes esam tavo vieninteliai draugai ir niekur tavęs neišleisim, už jokus pasaulio pinigus.

— Aš iš tiesų nemeluojau, prisiekiu.

— Sėsk, mieloji.

Kei numetė savo cigaretę, bet vyriškis ją pakėlė. Jis susirangė kampe ir įniko pūsti vieną po kito prašmatnius dūmų žiedus, kurie kilo aukštyn kaip tuščios akiduobės ir tol plėtėsi, kol pavirsdavo į nieką.

— Tu ką, tu gi nenori išeidama amžiams mūsų įžeist, ypač dabar, ane, širdel? — švelniai burkavo moteris, — sėsk tik, nagi, va, dabar esi gera mergytė. Vaje, kokia daili gitara. Kokia daili, daili gitara...

Jos balsas nuslopo, užgožtas šaižaus, vienodo kito traukinio triukšmo. Akimirką vagone išsijungė šviesos, tamsoje auksaspalviai pralekiančio traukinio langai mirgėjo juoda-gelsva-juoda-gelsva-juoda-gelsva. Vyriškio cigaretė tvinkčiojo, it jonvabalio žiburėlis, o dūmų žiedai ir toliau ramiai kilo. Lauke pašėlusiai skambėjo varpelis.

Kai šviesos vėl užsidegė, Kei trynė savo riešą, ant kurio stiprūs moters pirštai buvo palikę skausmingą žymę, it apyrankę. Ji buvo veikiau pasimetusi, nei supykusi. Ji nusprendė paprašyti konduktoriaus, kad rastų jai kitą vietą, bet kai jis priėjo patikrinti bilieta, padrikas prašymas sustingo lūpose.

— Taip, panele?

— Nieko, — pasakė ji.

Ir jis nuėjo.



## **Until Next Time...**

Dear Readers,

We hope you found the journey through these pages worthwhile and inspiring. I have a few closing thoughts to share with you.

Firstly, thank you once more to all those who have contributed to this issue. Your input is invaluable. We would love to see your work in our journal again, along with contributions from new writers and translators among Vilnius University students. Look for the posters across the Faculty of Philology or follow our Instagram account for the upcoming deadline.

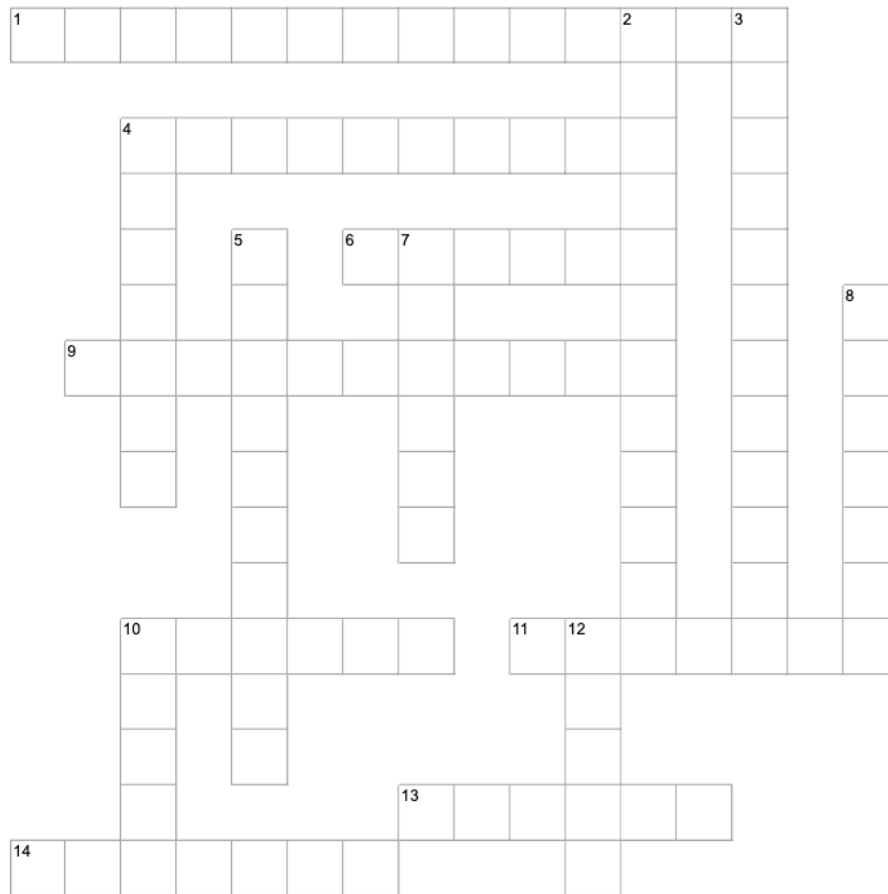
Secondly, this was a big issue. We're celebrating the creativity of our fellow students. Without a set theme, this issue became a mix of different voices, ideas, and emotions — each piece unique, each piece shaping the creative discourse of our student community.

Finally, we would love to hear your feedback on the issue and the editorial process if you were among the contributors. If you have any suggestions for improvements or future events, we would gladly hear them. Please, contact us via email at [discourse.magazine@outlook.com](mailto:discourse.magazine@outlook.com), Instagram @discourse.vu, or in person if you know us.

As you reach the final pages, don't miss the crossword waiting for you at the end — just a little extra challenge to wrap things up.

Thank you for being part of this journey with us. Until next time, keep reading, keep writing, and as always — embrace complexity.

*Sofia Kalenska, Editor-in-Chief*



**ACROSS**

- 1. Derrida's method of analysis
- 4. Octavia E. Butler's first published series
- 6. Prince of Denmark
- 9. Cultural rebirth in Harlem
- 10. Famous Belgian detective
- 11. London's theatre district
- 13. Dante's guide through Hell
- 14. Philosopher of hermeneutics

**DOWN**

- 2. Fairy tale musical
- 3. Sally Rooney's 2018 bestseller
- 4. Smallest sound unit
- 5. Brooding hero of 'Wuthering Heights'
- 7. 'Pride and Prejudice' writer
- 8. Bernard Shaw's country of birth
- 10. Poet who edited 'The Waste Land'
- 12. Poetic form of lament

