

Petcvirvarkis

You need the number 13 trolleybus to the 'Capital Bus Station'. The closest bus station is the one past the forrest. But you can't get a ticket there- there are no kiosks. And the ticket inspectors are very active this time a year. So, go to the stop by the national radio station- less picturesque but at least you'll save yourself a fine.

Once you're on the trolleybus, make sure you punch the ticket. And don't worry about the counting the holes in it- they do not indicate the number of stops you need to take. Enjoy the ride. And listen to that velvet voice of the recording that announces the names of the stations. You need the one called 'Petro Cvirkos stotele'. But you're listening to her voice not only for information- you listen to it because she seems the kindest person on Earth. Even you're own mother gets angry sometimes. But not this trolleybus lady.

It is a cloudy afternoon in July. It's warm, humid but calm. Everyone is either at work or on holiday. The schools are way into their 3 months of summer holiday. And it looks that it's just about to rain.

You don't miss your stop. Bey even if you do- it's not far to walk back. The first thing you see when you get off is those steps surrounding the statue of Petras Cvirka. There are teenagers (and punks) sitting on the benches smoking, cuddling or re-imagining the future with a plastic bottle bigger than a 2L lemonade full of cider.

But you should be looking on your side of the street- there are some random hat shops, some bridal couture, some offices that you have no idea how they make their money as they always seem to be on a lunch break with no more information on what they do and, of course, a hairdresser's salon run by a lady who lives just above. And even though they have pictures of brides on the windows, all they do is perms (don't think they would be trusted with anything more complicated than that).

BUT what you are looking for is the ceramics shop directly across the street from the statue. It's quite broad but doesn't seem to be deep. And it's very bright- the windows reach as far as the pavement and the walls are all in white, covered with paintings. In the windows you have ceramic cups, pots and places alongside very intricate and delicate statues and sculptures. That's where you want to go- I am sure it must have some sort of magic hidden in the stockroom.

If I was to tell the truth, I don't remember ever being inside. I think the closest I got was to wait for my mum outside. It seemed that you needed to be an adult, to know life and what to do with it. It seemed that unless you do, there was an invisible code preventing you from entering.

So, I never did. And I regret it. At the same time, it still feels that I am not ready to pass through the door- I always imagined that the first time I'll do it, was going to be in order to choose a sculpture for my flat in the old town. With high ceiling and windows as tall as me. I don't have that yet, nor I know any more about life and being an adult, than I did before. I simply have had a few more NYEs since then.

But you, if that weird threshold force doesn't bite you, you go ahead- I'd love to hear what's actually inside.

31st May, 2024
Spaniard's Inn,
Londnon