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Still Glowing Strong: Review 2 (Australia)

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Abstract

Still Glowing Strong is an elegant and poetic documentary about a dreamer. Harald Brobakkan has an obsessive desire to create an everlasting battery. From the outset, the minimalist music and Leganger's beautifully written narration set up the tone of the documentary – gentle, respectful, restrained, occasionally melancholic yet never maudlin. Program maker Sindre Leganger very successfully conveys Harald's story together with rich observations about the universe, science and its treatment of 'outsiders', life - and the nature of a very long relationship.

Keywords

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STILL GLOWING STRONG

Review by Maree Delofski

A radio feature by Sindre Leganger

Technical direction: Erki Halvorsen

Consultant: Kari Hesthamar

First broadcast: NRK April 26th, 2014

Duration: 24'42

Still Glowing Strong is an elegant and poetic documentary about a dreamer. Harald Brobakkan has an obsessive desire to create an everlasting battery, a light that might glow forever and perhaps provide an energy source for people who have no access to electrical power. Harald believes that the light he has constructed draws on 'dark energy' from the cosmos. Program maker Sindre Leganger very successfully conveys Harald's story together with rich observations about the universe, science and its treatment of 'outsiders', life - and the nature of a very long relationship.

Harald Brobakkan is 86 years old. He was a postman for half his life but we learn that his fixation on science is not new. When he was a postman, Sindre Leganger tells us, he always carried a book on physics in his back pocket. Harald says, "I took off the hard cover to make it easier to carry in my pocket". For the last few years he has been working on his big science project at home in the flat where he lives with his 87-year-old wife Borghild. Yet *Still Glowing Strong* is not a science program. Rather it's an elegy. For time passing. And always more swiftly than we desire.

From the outset, the minimalist music and Leganger's beautifully written narration set up the tone of the documentary – gentle, respectful, restrained, occasionally melancholic yet never maudlin. Harald is dying from cancer. Creating an everlasting light that will continue to glow

beyond him is an old man's final life project. For Leganger light and time also offer the potential for metaphor. The opening narration signals this. It also suggests to an audience that there is poetry and storytelling afoot if we care to listen.

NARRATOR: Twilight in Tveita. The stars are vaguely seen as dots in the night sky. The blocks of flats are quiet and dark. In one window though, there is light. Faint, barely visible, but still a constant light. Night and Day.

The program interweaves interviews with Harald, Borghild and others – their grandson Kjetil, as well as a journalist and a scientist - together with actuality recorded in their flat, music, and Leganger's narration. The narration operates in both a classical and poetic fashion. On an empirical level we can say it is expository as it provides us with contextual information about Harald and Borghild's history together, and the light project. More pleasingly to this listener however, the writing also infers something of the texture of Leganger's feeling for Harald and Borghild and the experiment. For Leganger doesn't so much 'speak about' Harald and Borghild. His narration mostly refuses to objectify the old man and woman to whom he is introducing us. Rather, he seems to 'speak alongside'. And he writes into his narration the kind of visual detail that makes listening to the program almost irresistible. Harald is "a skinny man"; he "sits stooped". Describing how Harald and Borghild met, there's a clever allusion to time and the cosmos as Leganger provides seemingly unrelated incidental and visual detail about the day the couple met: Borghild is "exactly five months older than Harald. They met the fourth of July 1952, half past four in the afternoon. The stars were hidden behind a cloudy summer sky...". Elsewhere, in the documentary where Harald describes his early interest in physics, Leganger reflects on the elderly man's years of work as a postman with the marvellously rhythmic phrasing, "A letter going here, a package going there. Harald had other things on his mind." This kind of writing is wonderful really. It has a very particular energy.

If Harald is a dreamer, Borghild is the pragmatist. From Borghild's interview material it's evident that she would like the project to end.

She tells us that she's asked Harald, " 'Can't you just terminate it', I say, 'and like, just disconnect?' " The couple's differing world views resonate throughout the documentary. Where Harald says that on meeting Borghild, "I immediately knew: 'her or no one'," Borghild reflects, "I didn't notice him." There's a moment early in *Still Glowing Strong* where the couple's relationship is set up in a way that illustrates how narration, interview and actuality combine so well in this work. After Harald and Borghild describe their contradictory feelings on first meeting in interview material, we hear actuality of them leaving a room and moving out onto a balcony. There they engage in the affectionate, mundane, seemingly inconsequential banter of a couple who've been together for more than half a century: they discuss the view, Harald's smoking on the balcony, and the problem of his cigarette smoke blowing back into the flat (which Harald claims doesn't happen as it is against the law of physics). Weaving in and out of their domestic conversation is Leganger's voice. The balcony, as it turns out, is a kind of neutral territory.

BORGHILD: There's a good view from here but now the windows are so awful one nearly can't see out.

NARRATOR: They both have their own territory in the small flat.

BORGHILD: That is Teisen

NARRATOR: Harald in front of his workbench. Borghild in front of the tv in the living room. They meet on a glass-enclosed balcony with a view over the city.

BORGHILD: And then, here is ...

HARALD: Alnabru

NARRATOR: He smokes, she tidies

The program is partly driven by this weave of Leganger's voice and audio drawn from his interviews with Harald, Borghild and their grandson Kjetil, and from interactions between the three. With other audio material - a journalist who discusses the battery with Harald, a scientist's

visit – Leganger is more minimalist in his interventions. For example, while visiting Harald’s apartment the journalist makes phone calls to three scientists and invites them to visit Harald and pronounce on his invention. These telephone calls are allowed to play without narration. No comment is required. The first two researchers fob the journalist off. What we hear is hard cold fact: they’re not going to come and visit some old codger who’s not even a scientist.

The documentary’s deft narrative structure offers several dramatic questions: will Harald succeed in creating the battery, will he manage to persuade a scientific expert to examine his invention, and most poignantly of all, will Harald live to complete the project? The invention itself, and whether or not Harald has actually created something rather wonderful that we might all benefit from, is another core dramatic focus: everlasting energy from a sustainable source? It’s an intriguing possibility, one in which we can invest. We want it to work. So the question of whether or not it actually does, propels us towards the penultimate scene of the documentary when finally a scientist agrees to visit. This scene where the scientist, Ola Nilson, comes to the apartment and examines the battery is riveting listening. Is Nilson’s conclusion correct? Or is Harald’s experiment, as grandson Kjetil ponders, more like a ‘nature science project’? Has all his effort been for nothing? Leganger builds the tension in this scene, at one point relaying to us what we cannot see of the scientist’s examination:

NARRATOR: The chemist measures the battery’s voltage. Then he stands still for a while thinking. Harald and Kjetil glance at each other. Outside the stars have appeared. [...]

The narrator’s information that, “The chemist measures the battery’s voltage. Then he stands still for a while thinking” is sufficient to explain what is *literally* happening in the room, yet Leganger gives us something more, something unexpected. It’s his visual noting of the grandfather and grandson’s ‘glance’ that works so well here - Harald and Kjetil’s complicity in their desire that the scientist will applaud the experiment – a glance we assume the scientist doesn’t notice. Similarly, the

observation that follows, “Outside the stars have appeared”. This reference to the starry night sky counterpoints the group of people in the small domestic world of the apartment with the vastness of the universe beyond, and links us back to the program’s themes of light, time passing and Harald’s conception of the cosmos and dark energy.

Each individual recorded in this documentary performs a version of themselves. Ethnographic filmmaker and theorist Jean Rouch has referred to the dynamic between camera and documentary subject in terms of the *camera provocateur* - the idea that film recording technologies must necessarily affect the reality they are ‘capturing’. So too with audio recording technologies. Everyone involved in *Still Glowing Strong* is aware that they are being recorded – either as interviewee or observational participant. There is a degree of agency, but only a degree. The greatest agency any subject has is to refuse to participate.

For Leganger, there are more choices. We can see this in his writing, the kinds of questions that elicited the range of responses from those participating, the ways in which he has structured the documentary, the use of music etcetera. We can also observe this in the ways participants are recorded. Harald and Borghild’s audio presence varies according to each situation: in observational recording moments, for example when they are talking to each other on the balcony, they are sometimes a little off mic; in interviews their voices are more directionally recorded, thus their presence is fuller; similarly with the other participants, the journalist and the scientist. This does not work against the program’s potential meanings at all – these are actual voices recorded in actual spaces. However, the one consistent recording presence is the narrator Leganger. And the choices here are evident - close micing, soft steady voice – a voice that is performing intimacy, a voice that is ‘speaking alongside’. Of course Leganger’s is a privileged voice; it is authorial in that he has selected the scenes we listen to that he reflects on. But it seems that he is aware of this for although his narration begins the program, it is Harald and Borghild who have the final word. In the final section of the documentary Leganger tells us that two days after the scientist’s visit to the apartment he received an email from Harald and he begins to read Harald’s message. As he begins the email, Harald’s voice almost immediately takes over. Harald ‘performs’ himself for Leganger. This moment reveals the extent of the cooperation between

Legander and Harald. It also seems to point to Legander's desire to represent the mutuality of interest that exists between himself and the documentary participants. It is this mutuality that lies at the heart of this work.

AUDIO of Still Glowing Strong is [HERE](#).

<https://soundcloud.com/radiodocreview/still-glowing-strong>

English transcript is posted as a pdf with review abstract and below.

MAREE DELOFSKI is a multi-award winning documentary film/audio maker and is Honorary Senior Research Associate at Macquarie University, Sydney, Australia. Her work spans screen and audio and has screened locally and globally at film festivals, in cinemas, on television, and in exhibition spaces. She has a BA Communications (UTS) and PhD Media (Macquarie), her doctoral thesis focusing on the role of the script in documentary filmmaking. Maree's audio documentaries include NSW Premier's History Award-shortlisted *Isle of Denial - William Cuffay in Van Diemen's Land* (2011) (broadcast ABC RN) and *Frank the Poet - A Convict's Tour to Hell* (2012) broadcast ABC RN and RTÉ Radio 1 (Ireland). Maree has been Head of Documentary (AFTRS), Program Director for the Australian International Documentary Conference (AIDC), Program Manager/Senior Project Officer with Australian Film Commission (now Screen Australia) and a member of the Fulbright Scholarship NSW Selection Committee. Maree began filmmaking in the UK with the groundbreaking film collective Cinema Action. In Australia she has made the award-winning feature documentary *Tanaka-san Will Not Do Callisthenics* (2008). See www.tanakafilm.com; *The Trouble with Merle* (2002) (winner NSW Premier's History Award & shortlisted NSW Premier's Literary Award); multi-award winning AFI-nominated *A Calcutta Christmas* (1999) screened SBSTV and Sundance Channel; award-winning AFI nominated documentary feature *Philippines My Philippines*; and ATOM Award-nominated short comedy *Every Little Breeze*.



STILL GLOWING STRONG

By: Sindre Leganger

Technical direction: Erki Halvorsen

Consultant: Kari Hesthamar

Duration: 24'42"

Music

NARRATOR: Twilight in Tveita. The stars are vaguely seen as tiny dots in the night sky. The blocks of flats are quiet and dark. In one window though, there is light. Faint, barely

visible, but still a constant light.
Night and day.

HARALD: The starry sky is really beautiful. When it's completely dark and there are no other lights - it's quite inconceivably beautiful.

NARRATOR: A skinny man sits stooped over a workbench in his room. In front of him there are tools, wires, small plastic boxes with a grey soup consisting of miscellaneous elements. All of them coupled to a light that never goes out.

HARALD: These here, these are plastic. And this I cut here. Like that. And then I pour this mass in there. Right. And then I have this power plant.

NARRATOR: He is 86 years. Half of them he spent in the postal system. Always with a book on physics in his back pocket.

HARALD: I took off the hard cover to make it easier to carry in my pocket.

NARRATOR: A letter going here, a package going there. Harald had other things on his mind. First as an old-age pensioner he could realise his dream. The invention that may save the world.

HARALD: To me, this is an everlasting battery. There are billions of people who don't have access to electrical power, but now can get it. If this is confirmed I will claim this is the greatest invention ever made in the history of humankind – if I'm right. That's why a physicist has to look into it.

NARRATOR: But Harald doesn't have much time. Perhaps only one year left to live.

HARALD: I don't reckon I have more than one year left. So I hope it will happen before that. Because now I have mulled over... Since I was five years old I have pondered. Now I don't have the strength anymore. Now someone has to take over.

Music out

BORGHILD: "End it already" I say to him. *(laughs)* I do that, actually. I think it's nonsense, the whole ting. Maybe it's mean but I think

there's so much mess with it. Nothing comes out of it. "Can't you just terminate it" I say "and like, just disconnect?" But no; it's no use. He thinks he's made a great invention, you know. Me, I don't think so.

NARRATOR: Borghild is 87 years old, quite exactly five months older than Harald. They met the fourth of July 1952, half past four in the afternoon. The stars were hidden behind a cloudy summer sky when the young nurse went to check Harald's ulcer. He made up his mind the moment he saw her.

HARALD: I immediately knew: "her or no one". After that I didn't even look at other girls. I wouldn't find anyone as good as her.

BORGHILD: I didn't notice him; it wasn't that kind of situation. There were a lot of lads laying there. I didn't think about Harald at all. But we have been doing fine. Can't say otherwise. Now he's ill, you know, so he's not very agile. And he's so skinny - 40 kilograms, you know; that's nothing. He used to read a great deal and played the guitar and sang - and was very alert and bright. But in later years he got tired and that's when he started with this thing. And it has sort of filled his whole life. But it glows, and it has glowed all the time. It's kept going for a long time now.

Balcony door opens

BORGHILD: There's a good view from here but now the windows are so awful one nearly can't see out.

NARRATOR: They both have their own territory in the small flat.

BORGHILD: *(points from the balcony)* That is Teisen.

NARRATOR: Harald in front of his workbench. Borghild in front of the tv in the living room. They meet on a glass-enclosed balcony with a view over the city.

BORGHILD: And then, here is...

HARALD: Alnabru.

BORGHILD: Yes, Alna is over there, of course.

NARRATOR: He smokes, she tidies.

A match is lit

HARALD: Right. This is a hearty smoke.

BORGHILD: That's quite a lot of smoke, you know.

HARALD: I only smoke on the veranda. Not in the living room. That way I think I show consideration towards those who are in the living room.

BORGHILD: Yes, but the smoke comes in.

HARALD: Well, that's what it doesn't.

BORGHILD: That's what I think, anyway. I notice it.

HARALD: Well, that's against the laws of physics.

BORGHILD: *(laughs)* You and your laws.

HARALD: Heat always migrates to colder places.

BORGHILD: You never give in, pa.

HARALD: No, I don't give in.

Borghild laughs

HARALD: I'm so curious, you see. I've always been curious. Curious since I was five. Over-curious about everything that happened. I had to examine: Why? What? And how? Then I started gazing at the stars.
And that settled it.

Rummaging with matches

HARALD: When a battery can endure for several months, years, actually, people have to see that this is on a track that could lead to something very important for humankind.

JOURNALIST: But the energy has to come from somewhere?

HARALD: Yes, there you're getting at something. I am convinced that this comes from cosmos.

JOURNALIST: Cosmos?

HARALD: Cosmos, right. Call it "dark energy". It's out there, force fields we don't see, that are not being made use of. That's why I think this is a great invention. That's why I haven't given up. I'm really quite sure it comes from space. Who would think that it's this cheap to make a power plant? No one imagines the possibility. But I have the proof here.

JOURNALIST: What do people say when you tell them about this?

HARALD: They laugh at me. Laugh at me. Not a single one has supported me. And that's why I want a physicist to disprove – or confirm.

Music

Doorbell

Door opens

HARALD: Hello Kjetil! Welcome!

Door closes

KJETIL: How are you doing?

HARALD: Now it's going to be really nice to talk with you. Shall we look

at the project?

KJETIL: Yes, we must.

NARRATOR: Every week Kjetil comes by. 20 years young, the youngest of four grandchildren. The only one who supports Harald in his belief in his invention.

KJETIL: Well, we have to clean your laboratory one of these days.

HARALD: Yes, you've promised to do that.

KJETIL: Mm. What are you doing here, then?

BORGHILD: Kjetil takes his time with him and chats and helps him and seems interested. He listens. He comes here, you know, and sits and talks with Harald. They can sit for hours on the veranda and talk. I think that has meant a lot to him.

HARALD: Now it has shone – well, from the beginning of March.

KJETIL: Mm.

HARALD: And when it's dark and no other light is on, it's actually so bright you can read in it.

KJETIL: It's easy to view this as just a heap of junk. "Okay, there's a lightbulb that's shining but that doesn't prove anything."

Therefore I think it's very important he gets a little support from *someone*. This might be some sort of trickery, in a way. But I believe he should get a chance, though. Everyone deserves a chance and be listened to. This has been the main reason for my positive attitude to his work; I can see he enjoys himself. I see he's having a damned good time when he's doing this. And that's worth a lot to me.

KJETIL: We'd better work a bit more with that. And then I have to shop those ingredients.

HARALD: Well, now I think I have to sit down.

KJETIL: Yes. Right. Have you been standing too long?

HARALD: Oao, that was nice.

KJETIL: Do you need anything? Coffee or...?

HARALD: Well, no.

KJETIL: I know very well he doesn't have much time left. He's had cancer in his tongue and I have actually waited for it to happen. The reason he's managed to keep alive I think is his tenaciousness and this project.

BORGHILD: I didn't believe him when he said "I have a lump on my tongue, it's probably cancer". We often put things that way, you know. I didn't believe it. First, test samples were sent to

the central hospital, where they said it was nothing. Then, he went to his dentist the week after and *he* said "Here there is danger afoot".

HARALD: Fourteen days later I was operated. That was May 20th last year.

BORGHILD: He has dealt with it quite well. He has some difficulties talking. He had started with this stuff before that, you know, but afterwards, this has kind of been the only thing on his mind.

KJETIL: I feel that the whole last part of his life, from he was 82 until now... I don't think he's going to die before he's had his wish fulfilled. I believe that's what keeps him alive. Tobacco and science. That's what it's all about.

Music

HARALD: My dad had a job in the Postal services. He had a motorbike which he delivered the mail with.

NARRATOR: Harald grew up in Vestre Toten (Western Toten). His job in the Postal services was kind of a family tradition.

HARALD: But for some reason or other he got fired.

NARRATOR: They were eight brothers and sisters. The family started cultivating a patch above their house.

HARALD: We grew potatoes and we had five, six cows.

NARRATOR: Money was scarce. But in school Harald showed a talent for arithmetic.

HARALD: I didn't want to finish school because I enjoyed myself so much. I went an extra year in primary school just because I wanted to go to school. My parents didn't have the money to send me to lower secondary school, though. So that was the only education I got.

NARRATOR: He came to Oslo a year after the war, with his rucksack full of worn books on scientific subject and without enough money to get along.

HARALD: So I just went to the post office and asked if they had a job vacant. "Yes, you can start tomorrow" they said. So I did. And I got a hat with a brim. You know, those shiny, black brims. And I thought that was really grand. I walked around looking at myself in shop windows everywhere; I thought I looked great with that hat. I walked around with the mail, you know; a mailman.

NARRATOR: Today he sends his own letters.

HARALD: I have written to the dailies Dagbladet and VG, to TV2. But I get no replies.

NARRATOR: One night he watches a physicist on tv. Andreas Wahl talks about stars, about the energy that is out there in space.

HARALD: He looked very likeable. So I got the idea to enquire whether he would come and have a look at this stuff.

NARRATOR: Harald invites him to the flat in Tveita.

HARALD: That's what I wanted, that he should check my theory. You know, do the same as I had and get the same result. That's what I wanted him to do. But he didn't have time to spare.

JOURNALIST: He'd very much like a scientist to come and look into his invention and test it.

BORGHILD: Do you think there's any point in that? I don't know...

JOURNALIST: What if a scientist looks at it and finds it useless...?

BORGHILD: Yes, do you think he'll be sad if they find out it's useless? Perhaps that will be a blow, I don't know? He believes so much in that stuff, you know. I don't understand it; there's no one else, just him.

Telephone call up

JOURNALIST: *(on the phone)* Am I speaking with physicist Andreas Wahl?

ANDREAS WAHL: *(on the phone)* That's right.

JOURNALIST: I'm calling about a Mr. Harald Brobakken who is an inventor.

ANDREAS WAHL: Right. I think he has sent me some e-mails. I remember he described some battery gizmos he's made.

JOURNALIST: Do you think you might have an inclination and opportunity to join me and visit him some day, next week, perhaps?

ANDREAS WAHL: I think you have to find someone who works with electricity and magnetism. For example a clever chap called Bjørn Samset.

Telephone call up

BJØRN SAMSET: *(on the phone)* Yes, it's Bjørn Samset. The term "fetch energy from cosmos" sounds somewhat vague. I'd rather have something more specific than that. Svein Stølen is a person who wouldn't mind talking to you, I believe.

SVEIN STØLEN: *(laughs on the phone)* Sorry I'm laughing; I don't mean to be negative. But... There are many overworked people here - luckily - that's how it is in a university.

JOURNALIST: Many thanks for your help.

SVEIN STØLEN: You're welcome. Bye bye.

Journalist sighs

Balcony door opens

Guitar music

NARRATOR: They sit on the balcony all three of them. Harald has produced his guitar.

Guitar music and humming

HARALD: *(sings:)* "And that was all he did!"
Thanks for having me.

Laughter

HARALD: It's 20 years since I used to play, you know.

KJETIL: Yes.

Balcony door closes

BORGHILD: Now you've chatted a lot, pa.

HARALD: Yes, I feel it in my mouth. I'm not quite like I'm supposed to be in my mouth, you know.

KJETIL: No.

HARALD: Oh yes, there are lots of interesting things in the Universe. Oy oy oy – oyoy!

KJETIL: That's why I really hope that if a chemist shows up he will

find there is something in this. I really hope, with all my heart, that he can sit there with a smile on his lips and really believe "now I have achieved something". I feel this is the chance he needs. If anything should come out of this, it has to happen now.

Telephone call up

OLA NILSEN: *(on the phone)* Ola Nilsen.

JOURNALIST: *(on the phone)* I'm calling about a Mr. Harald Brobakken who is an 86 years old man living in Tveita.

OLA NILSEN: In Tveita? That's quite close to where I'm situated. Well, I do know a few things about batteries, I would say.

JOURNALIST: If you are close to Tveita, would you mind dropping by one day and take a look at it?

OLA NILSEN: Yes, I might well do that.

JOURNALIST: Yes yes yes!

OLA NILSEN: When? How pressed are you for time?

Music

Voices

NARRATOR: The low afternoon sun fills the balcony. Soon the stars will be

visible. The chemist is on his way. In the study the lightbulb glows as usual. One wire goes to some small plastic cups filled with a "soup" of zinc, copper and iron. Another to a metal plate the cups are sitting on. In a second circuit Harald has connected an ordinary battery which is not being drained of power. The question is where the energy that powers the lightbulbs comes from. And how it moves around.

HARALD: That's all I want an answer to.

KJETIL: Yes.

HARALD: And if it doesn't come from the battery, where does it come from? Then we get that to wonder about.

KJETIL: Mm. I'm looking forward to finally getting an answer. We have waited an incredibly long time for this. Right, grandma?

BORGHILD: *(laughs)* I just hope we get an end to this, sort of. That we get to know a little bit.

HARALD: If this gets recognised it would surely be sufficient to get the physics prize. And then we'd have to go to Stockholm.

BORGHILD: Pa! Don't talk like that. I think that' so... ooh.

HARALD: Well, it might be stupid to say it, but...

BORGHILD: Yes, I think it's so stupid I can't stand hearing

it.

HARALD: Well, but it's true.

BORGHILD: Please.

KJETIL: Do you think you will give in if it...?

HARALD: Yes, I'll give in.

BORGHILD: That's good.

KJETIL: This will be the end of it?

HARALD: This will be the final.

KJETIL: Then this is extra exciting, then. We'd better cross our fingers.

Doorbell

BORGHILD: There he is. Will you open, Kjetil?

KJETIL: Yes.

BORGHILD: Pa, you'd better...

HARALD: Yes, I'm on my way.

KJETIL: You take this and I'll open. (*in the entry phone:*) Hello? Hi!

Rummaging

Door opens

KJETIL: Hi. Kjetil.

OLA NILSEN: Ola. Sorry I'm late.

KJETIL: That's alright.

HARALD: Hello. Harald Brobakken.

OLA NILSEN: Ola. Good to meet you. I'll just get rid of my bag and baggage.

Rummaging

OLA NILSEN: Look here. Brilliant. I must say this is a really nice home lab.

HARALD: Yes, it is home-made.

OLA NILSEN: Well, home lab too, as I call it.

KJETIL: Home laboratory.

HARALD: The power that makes the lamps shine, does it come from the battery or not? That's my only question.

OLA NILSEN: For that, we have to check the wires.

HARALD: Yes. Do you find a way the current could take from the battery to the lamps?

NARRATOR: The chemist stoops over the invention on the workbench. Harald and Kjetil pay attention from both sides.

OLA NILSEN: I just need some time to get these wires...

HARALD: Well, it doesn't matter if you destroy it because this is the end.

OLA NILSEN: The end? That sounds very dramatic.

NARRATOR: The chemist studies the small plastic cups on the metal plate.

OLA NILSEN: Okay.

NARRATOR: Some of the mixture of elements has run over the edge and down the outside of a cup.

OLA NILSEN: Okay. So there is connection at least at the underside of... No. Where is there a connection underneath?

KJETIL: On that side...

HARALD: There's no connection there. That's exactly the point, that there is no connection. They just sit on the plate.

OLA NILSEN: Then why do I have a light?

NARRATOR: The chemist measures the battery's voltage. Then he stands

still for a while, thinking. Harald and Kjetil glance at each other. Outside the stars have appeared. The chemist leans forward again and lifts the plastic cups from the metal plate.

OLA NILSEN: Hm.

NARRATOR: For the first time in several months the light goes out.

OLA NILSEN: If the battery is necessary the power comes from the battery. But what I...

HARALD: But where does it go?

OLA NILSEN: Yes, where does it go? At least it happens through the plate, through your system. So one place or another you have a conductor that runs through this. It means that the humidity around these containers of yours is so high it conducts the ampere necessary. Because this is a cell. You have created a cell. I think your answer lies there.

HARALD: Yes.

NARRATOR: The chemist thinks that instead of an everlasting battery Harald has made an ordinary battery.

OLA NILSEN: Take some copper pipes you have left over, some nails and connect them and suddenly you have something running.

KJETIL: This is like a nature science project.

OLA NILSEN: Yep. That's it. That's exactly what it is.

NARRATOR: Harald sinks into his armchair. Through the window he dimly sees the stars.

OLA NILSEN: So it may take a while before you get an international breakthrough. But personal breakthroughs are not to despise either.

HARALD: Yes, yes. Well, thank you very much. I sort of got my eyes opened, you might say. I guess we can conclude this is the end of my career as an amateur physicist.

OLA NILSEN: No, why would you quit now? Now you have learned a bit so you can continue your work.

HARALD: Well-well-well, we'll see.

OLA NILSEN: Well, thank you for showing me.

HARALD: I want to thank you for taking time to visit; very kind of you.

OLA NILSEN: Oh, you're welcome. And good luck further on.

HARALD: Well, thanks.

Door opens

KJETIL: Bye bye.

OLA NILSEN: Bye bye.

Door closes

KJETIL: Well, then we got an answer.

HARALD: Yes, I must say we got a straightforward answer.

BORGHILD: *(from another room:)* How did it go?

HARALD: I don't quite agree with him, though, but so be it. Still, I think I'll give in now.

KJETIL: If he doesn't pack this stuff away before he dies it will become a very, very strong memento of him. Because this is... these are his last days, I almost said. For instance, if the lights still are on when he dies I'll let them stay on for as long as possible. And it will be really exciting to see how long they'll keep. Suddenly I'm 50 years old and they're still glowing. So they won't be chucked.

Music

NARRATOR: Two days after the visit an e-mail from Harald arrives.

HARALD: *(e-mail:)* Hello Sindre. I just want to tell you I didn't agree with the explanation the chemist presented. Among other things, he said it was humidity that transferred electricity from the battery to the lamps. I have known about the humidity for a long time and I believe I have solved that problem. I'd like to hear an expert give an explanation of how this can take place

and I welcome the chemist back again.

BORGHILD: You never give in, Harald.

HARALD: I just want an explanation, that's all.

BORGHILD: Do you need an explanation for everything?

HARALD: I would really like to find an explanation of why the lamps still are glowing, you know. When I can prove there is no connection between plus and minus the power must come from elsewhere. And the only place that could be, is cosmos.

Music out