

Review – Album

Instruments of Forgetting and the Singing Bone by Gintè Preisaitè



This is an exercise that, truth be told, almost never happens to me—or at least rarely enough that I tend to distrust it whenever it does. I'm talking about writing a long review of an artist about whom I know, quite literally, nothing. Nothing except that strange thing which sometimes precedes every biography, every attempt at contextualization, every impulse to find out who plays what or which label released the record: that strange thing is the music itself.

The kind of music you stumble upon after wandering through Bandcamp for hours, clicking on an album because its artwork seems to promise something, then another, then another still, until, without warning, one record suddenly stops you in your tracks. Not because it's "better"

than the others, but because it produces that exceedingly rare suspension in which listening ceases to be a conscious choice and becomes something closer to a physiological necessity. You keep listening because, quite simply, you can no longer do otherwise.

That is exactly what happened with this album by Gintè Preisaitè.

By the time the final track had faded away, the experience was no longer simply about listening to the record. I needed to understand it. Or rather, I surrendered to that almost embarrassing impulse to learn everything about the person behind this music: reading the few interviews I could find, tracing the discography backwards, listening to earlier projects, trying to reconstruct—from scattered fragments—the constellation that had made an album like this possible. As though emotion, once it reaches a certain intensity, demands its own investigation.

Ever since I began listening to records with what I can only call—lacking a better term—a critical ear, around the age of sixteen or seventeen, when I first started writing for the French website 90BPM, I have rarely encountered an experience that goes beyond emotion or aesthetic judgment into something far more disorienting: the activation of memory.

Of course, countless records evoke images, sensations, nostalgia, or ideas. That is perhaps one of music's most ordinary functions. But what happened here belongs to an entirely different category. It wasn't a sequence of recognizable memories, nor even a past that I could assign to a particular place or time. It felt instead as though some hidden interior chamber—where we unknowingly store things that have never needed names precisely because they have never required remembering—had suddenly become accessible.

And I honestly don't know how to write about that.

So, lacking a more appropriate form, I'll resort to one that is probably far less adequate: the traditional album review. Moving track by track. Observing recurring motifs, textures, silences, trying to understand what unfolds inside each composition—not with the naïve hope of finding answers, but because perhaps asking the right questions is already a way of extending the act of listening.

This method may fail completely. In fact, it will probably fail, because it attempts to impose order upon an experience that, by its very nature, resists every form of organization. Yet for now it remains the only way I've found to respond to this singular beauty: by approaching it slowly, piece by piece, until reaching that almost imperceptible place where music ceases to exist as an external object and instead touches whatever we unknowingly preserve within the deepest part of our memory.

Review - Album *Instruments of Forgetting and the Singing Bone* by Gintè Preisaitè

The albums I listen to often move me emotionally, but Gintè Preisaitè's has managed something else entirely. It has accomplished something rarer: it projected an entire world of memories into my imagination.

Instruments of Forgetting and the Singing Bone, Gintè Preisaitè's first solo album released under her own name, constructs what feels like a mechanism of memory—a fragile machine in which remembrance and erasure become impossible to distinguish. The idea is already embedded in its title, one of the most beautiful and enigmatic of recent years. "Instruments of Forgetting" stand alongside "the Singing Bone," as though archive and erosion, testimony and disappearance, were merely two sides of the same phenomenon.

From what I've read, most reviews have emphasized the album's atmospheric qualities: its blend of ambient, electroacoustic composition, abstract folk, and deconstructed pop. That's certainly true. But it barely scratches the surface of what the record is actually doing.

What fascinates me far more is that Gintè Preisaitè composes music that behaves like human memory itself—not a romanticized representation of memory, but memory as it truly operates: incomplete, inaccurate, contaminated by dreams, involuntary associations, stray noises, and imagined reconstructions.

This perspective is essential because it explains why the album feels simultaneously intimate and strangely anonymous.

We hear a voice, a piano, fragments of language, acoustic instruments, field recordings, drones, electronic manipulations. Yet none of these elements is ever presented as a stable center. Every sound appears only to dissolve again, much like a memory whose origins can no longer be separated from invention.

In that respect, Gintè Preisaitè belongs less to the lineage of traditional ambient than to certain intuitions within European electroacoustic music. One inevitably thinks of Luc Ferrari and his notion of sound as a vessel for preserving the memory of reality. One also hears echoes of *musique concrète*, where recording ceases to function as documentation and instead becomes malleable material.

But where Luc Ferrari treated recorded sound as a trace, Gintè Preisaitè seems to record sound as mental landscape. Found sounds, distant conversations, crackles, reverberations—they are not there to document places. They document states of consciousness.

The opening piece, "Vigilance," demonstrates this beautifully.

Suspended drones, birdsong, electronic interference, and a voice emerging like a memory rising to the surface. The lyrics speak of sinking into the ocean, yet musically the piece enacts the opposite: an ascent. Every sonic layer seems to emerge from mnemonic fog. One is not listening to a composition so much as witnessing the gradual formation of a memory.



That logic continues throughout "Summary Saint Mary," where words seem less interested in communicating than in wandering. Detection, trust, delirious love—the lyrics refuse narrative coherence. And that refusal is precisely where their power resides.

They evoke the theory of reconstructive memory: we never retrieve memories intact; we continuously rebuild them from fragments. Gintè Preisaitè transforms this cognitive principle into compositional method.

The emotional peak of the record is probably "Deepen."

Several critics have noted its comparatively melodic character. Indeed, something resembling a song finally appears. An emotional foundation settles into place. Guitars drift through the mix like familiar ghosts. For a brief moment, the voice ceases to function as sonic material and becomes recognizably human once again.

Yet even here, the song is never fully given.

It remains surrounded by strangeness, as though Gintè Preisaitè refuses to let the listener settle into the comfort of recognition.

That refusal permeates the entire album.

Where much ambient unfolds through continuity, this record operates through interruption. Even its most immediately accessible moments seem threatened by internal fractures. In this sense, it recalls artists from the contemporary Danish scene—ML Buch, Astrid Sonne, or Smerz—more than canonical ambient traditions. Yet Ginté Preisaité pushes collage and instability even further.

Then comes "Aéroport," a brief but pivotal piece.

Its title says everything.

Perhaps the airport has become the contemporary site of suspended memory: a place nobody truly inhabits, a space defined entirely by transition. The lyrics evoke erased memories and promises left behind. One could almost read the piece as a miniature manifesto for the entire album.

"I Constantly" pushes this logic toward a distinctly contemporary anxiety. "I constantly search," the voice repeats. Searching. Merging. Observing. Being observed. The piece resembles the soundtrack of a consciousness permanently connected to itself. Once again, Ginté Preisaité describes less an emotion than a cognitive condition. The repetition behaves like an algorithm caught in an endless loop.

The album's most fascinating moment, however, remains "Nippon Dreams."

Reviewers have pointed out the presence of recordings captured in Japan: muffled conversations, running water, accidental percussion, billiard balls colliding. Yet what proves most striking is the refusal to exoticize these sounds.

Japan never appears as a location.

It appears as the memory of a place—a landscape already transformed by time, distance, and imagination.

This is where the image of "the Singing Bone" becomes especially illuminating.

The title inevitably recalls the Brothers Grimm tale *The Singing Bone* (*Der singende Knochen*), in which a murdered man's bone is fashioned into a flute that reveals a forgotten crime. There too, a dead object becomes the bearer of memory. Ginté Preisaité offers a contemporary version of the same idea. It is no longer bones that sing. It is recordings. Every sample, every captured sound becomes a fossilized fragment of reality.

The exquisite miniature "Day" distills this concept into its purest form. Barely two minutes long. A nearly motionless piano. A suspended sense of time. It feels as though the piece exists in the interval between two memories, between two fossilized fragments of consciousness.

Finally, "Loop the Pause" closes the album by offering what feels like its philosophical proposition. To loop the pause. To set stillness itself into motion. Perhaps this has been Gintè Preisaitè's ambition from the very beginning: to create music that inhabits the precise moment when time itself hesitates—a music that refuses both narrative progression and the static timelessness traditionally associated with ambient.

What ultimately makes this album remarkable is not merely its synthesis of drone, folk, hypnagogic pop, electroacoustic composition, or musique concrète. Many artists today are capable of combining those vocabularies.

What distinguishes Gintè Preisaitè is her intuitive understanding of something music rarely explores with such subtlety: Memory is not an archive. It is an improvisation. Every memory is already a rewriting. Every trace is already a fiction.

At a moment when ambient music is so often reduced to a decorative function—music for working, meditating, or falling asleep—*Instruments of Forgetting and the Singing Bone* reminds us that listening can still be a philosophical experience.

The album does not ask us to relax. It asks something far more demanding. It asks us to observe the way our own memory composes the world. And when its final resonances finally disappear, one realizes that the album's true instrument is neither the piano, nor the voice, nor the magnetic tape.

It is the listener.

Their memory.

Their absences.

The empty spaces they fill without ever noticing.

Because the very best records never teach us what they are. They teach us how we listen.

Bandcamp : <https://gintepreisaite.bandcamp.com>

Soundcloud : <https://soundcloud.com/gintepreisaiteprjcts>

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