

## **Billy Pilgrim, Lawrence of Arabia, Bach, and Space**

When I was little I read that book about the guy who became unstuck in time. I understood this concept so well that I visualized it, a calendar as a map of time, each moment catalogued on a Cartesian coordinate system – I was young, so I only tried 2 dimensions. You could see a river of time where you could jump in and relive your youth, feel that punch in the stomach where the wind was knocked out of you the first time. You could spend that first night at college again, away from home for the first time. But could you branch? That would be the second dimension, right? When we decided not to go watch that last Slint show on our way to Chicago, where we forked off I-57 and went to the right instead of the left, home to the suburbs, missing one of the great moments in anti-rock history. 15 years later, Slint reunited anyway. This proves that time really is like a river and you really can jump in and out whenever you like.

### **September 1995 – Diary on tour with Better Than Ezra (who we hated and were really mean to us) – driving to NYCity.**

[Before we left] Rick bought a TV Set so we could watch Lawrence of Arabia – my new favorite movie. It is even better than Apocalypse Now. It's a story of a man's struggle to be extraordinary, and then his downfall. I think Lawrence really was the "extraordinary man" that he wished to be, and that his downfall was that he could only be as extraordinary as the men surrounding him. One of his greatest moments in the film is when he rescues a man from the desert, and then days later, terribly, that the man kills another man and Lawrence has to execute the man he saved. [Men] just didn't even have the capacity to understand or enjoy L's (man's) greatness that could be achieved. Whatever.

### **September 1996 – on tour, after the show in Athens Ohio**

Afterwards we drive to the Golden Inn, 5-10 minutes off campus in the middle of some woods and wake up the poor desk woman, at this teeny little flea-baggish motel, get our room (charming, by the way) and then hear these huge redneck guys screaming outside the door, something about "wanting to kill someone." There's a pickup-truck doing circles in the tiny parking lot, at 3am. We are terrified. Rick says, "We're going to die here tonight. These guys are going to kill us." We all stood behind the door until it sounded like the voices went into the next motel room, and then we made a quick dash for the van and drove back to the campus, to "Safety."

Now we go to a gyro stand, the only place that is still open, and it is filled with drunken, loud freshmen. What is with this town? ... The kid behind the counter at the gyro stand was swearing and looked like he was getting ready to blow someone's head off. The people cooking the gyros were so upset that they made too many gyros and we took a bagful back to our motel. Rick realized that the pungent smell in the room was insecticide, and there I noticed long black hairs on wall in the bathroom. And it wasn't mine, my hair is purple right now.

### **September 1, 2005 - not on tour.**

When I google 'Slint lyrics hand of a child,' grasping for a connection about the fact that my life is so changed because I have a small child now, the first link is a New Yorker article about Slint playing with a band named Slaughterhouse. I reread the lyrics to "Good Morning, Captain" and think of a terrible storm.

### **September 1997 - on tour in Boston with Silver Apples.**

It really feels like we've been on tour for about 4 months now. And this is only day 3??!! That is odd. Today as we drove we listened to the deaths of Princess Di and Mother Theresa on the radio. Jim watched a TV show about linguistics with George Carlin and Noam Chomsky. Howie slept, Rick drove, and I complained.

I'm attempting to read Godel Escher Bach (which is about math, art, and music) again; for some reason this book makes me really violent. I can usually read about 10 pages and then I put it down and want to punch someone. Rick is plowing through the new Pynchon book, Mason & Dixon, which I have decided not to read, and Jim is reading a sci-fi book called Solaris, by Stanislaw Lem. I asked him what it was about and he said, "Space."