

Written a few years back:

It was a bit over two years ago... My Grandma died. She was in her 90s...

The funeral was next morning. I learned about Grandma in the beginning of the day but a lot of little pathetic errands did not allow me to leave for Philadelphia right the way, not to mention that there was already no reasons to hurry... I got free from all my routine obligations at 11PM and decided to drive from Boston to Philadelphia over night. I left at 2AM and there were 340 miles ahead of me. I did not take any music with me in my car, I am truly would like to be alone, to think about Grandma...

It was a hot and damped New England summer, middle of the week and the roads were empty. I was driving a convertible with top down, it was night, it was dark and it was in a way free for anything superficial - the only wind was heard... I was thinking about my Grandma... I am not exactly what might be called family-oriented person, but the memories about my Grandma were the most colorful my feelings about relatives who are able to be unconditionally-devoted. I kind of remember from my childhood my Grandma more then I even remember my parents...

I was driving fast, much faster then might be considered sane. The BMW 330Ci is a dead car performance-wise but when it run over 100 miles per hour than it cares road very nicely. If you were insane enough to drive a convertible Beemer with top down over 130 miles per hour then you know how wind sounds... I was looking for some loud sound that would make prevent hearing myself crying... There were practically no cars on road and if I saw any I passed them with 40m/h gap. I was gloriously-alone on that Connecticut highway, only wind and the patches of fog....

Somewhere approaching NY I recognized that I need gas; I exited the Route 95 and was searching a gas station. While I was pumping the gas I went to the store to get something to drink. The first thing that I saw in the store was a large shallow cardboard box with mount of used, broken and very anti-hygienic CDs and a big sign "\$1.99 each". On the very top of it, right in my face there was a box with Bruckner 7 Symphony. When I was very little and my Grandma cooked cookies I was always asked her which cookie shell I take. "Take whatever cookie is looking at you..." my Grandma always told me... I left the store with the Bruckner...

I had no idea who it was. The conductor was Franz Welser-Möst. I never hear about the guy but he conducted at this performance the Proms and the play was quite good. Still the Seventh was hardly audible as NY was closing, I drove 135m/h and the surface noise, wind as and the car noise were much louder then Bimmer's stock radio might play (that car had sport package that comes with very low-profile but noise at some surfaces tires). I recognized the Seventh only by the fractions of notes, what was kind of enough for me....

It was 4.30AM, it was a dozen miles before the Hudson, it was insanely fast and insanely loud. Here and there the clouds of fog cover the RT95... I was not suicidal. I did know the road very well, the car was handling very good, and there were practically no cars on the highway. I need to admit that self-destructiveness is a part of my personality but the very cognitive self-destructiveness. I was not suicidal but I was subconsciously testing the boundaries of Reality. The Reality as I knew it – with my Grandma living somewhere – was gone and the new World Order was coming: I was "testing" how much I might go away in this New Word....

The few last miles before the George Washington Bridge were particularly "dramatic". There were some road workers with caps here and there and I each second was expected that I will be arrested. The

Route 95 right before the Bridge turned to be a semi-tunnel, the noise from the road and from the zillion puddles sounds like a cannonade. I floored the Bimmer pedal as I saw the ramp for the Bridge's upper level. The car jumped at the last puddle like an agonizing animal, the CD skipped and from wherever it was it defaulted to the first track. I broke to the George Washington Bridge's upper level and suddenly the surround noise stopped. The highway surface was different, the reflections from the road are gone, I felt that it was almost a silence. The Bridge looks stunning: the upper side was covered with dirty fog with the Bridge's lights trying to break through. The road was leading up and the end of the road was losing into the fog and darkness. The caring towers of the Bridge, the roads between them and the total darkness ahead were like the mouth and jaws of a mythical beast. I was 110m/h and the car was climbing up to the Bridge's top.

Suddenly it happened. The opening cellos of the Bruckner Seventh got loud enough and then what the whole orchestra kicked in heard that roaring harmony of fate and destiny with witch Bruckner opens his symphony. The Seventh, the mythical jaws of the Bridge behind which use to "be" my Grandma were functioning as a great counterpoints acting very harmoniously and very sensually . The new life, the life with Grandma, was beginning and I understood that I will be a different in the New Jersey....

Romy the Cat