

STEELY DAN
PRETZEL LOGIC

Anthem for Dad

Chloë Moloney

It was the summer of serving steaks and stiff drinks. The summer of balmy nights and oddly frosted mornings; the summer of track 4.

When you came to pick me up from work, you would already be tapping away to *Pretzel Logic* in your posh car and I would sniff my shirt to see if I smelt like chips. You laughed because I always did. I'd always skip back quickly to track 4 in case it slipped to track 5 on the short stretch from the pub to our front door.

At nineteen I stuck it in my back pocket, took it to the Isle of Wight, sipped a mojito with it, then dropped it somewhere between the fringe of autumn and university. Eventually, I picked "Barrytown" up and carefully carried it home. I put its oak trees on the A4, its post office next to Boots and Bard College by the church. Its streams flowed in the gutters near the dirty patches of our town.

I wished it was 1974, so I could hear it for the first time *just* like you did. But it would have been weird to see you in those flower power tops you said you once wore, let alone with your shoulder length hair longer than mine will ever be. You would have only been a few years younger than me when those chords first hit your eardrums. I wonder if it was as loud as when they hit mine.

I thought you might like to know that I never listen to it in bad weather. I never will. A rope which tied us together, from Sunday nights on the sofa to a cup from the French press on a bitter Monday morning. A rope I don't ever want to fray in the rain.

Steely Dan
"Barrytown"
Pretzel Logic
02/1974
ABC/Probe