

# Stay Cool. Everything is Jake.



With little time to spare, what with high school graduation and gobs of family visiting and the graduate having her tonsils removed this morning; and now a welcome flurry of people paying me to write werdz (unlike the Management around this little bloggy vineyard!); plus a couple of gigs later this week with new music to learn. Add in a dose of recalcitrance and innate indolence, and well, this is what you get this week.

Some time back, the Narrator created a little web site as a historical survey of his musical alter ego. There are some tall tales, some reasonably verifiable facts, and a smattering of music files round the place, along with embarrassing photographs, like this.



RoboCrompt: We Were Actually Young Once

Hope this provides satisfactory diversion fodder until the Narrator can rub two words together again.

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## My Favorite World #27



It's graduation week for Röbsdöttir, which means Memory Lane has been a road far more traveled by.

Who is this kid? I'll let a slightly altered quote from *My Dinner with Andre* suffice:

*I mean, you know, people hold on to these images: father, mother, husband, wife, again for the same reason: 'cause they seem to provide some firm ground. But there's no wife there. What does that mean, a wife? A husband? A daughter? A baby holds your hands, and then suddenly, there's this beautiful young woman waving goodbye, and then she's gone. Where's that daughter?*























All leading up to this.



My Favorite World. Watch out. She's on her way.

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## Happy Anniversary, Tick



This week's scheduled post – which is truly a zenith of the form, a paragon of wit and insight, a trenchant gaze at the meaning of words and their inevitable degradation – remains incomplete.

But there's no need to fear! Nostalgia man is here.

One year ago today, Your Narrator was lying in bed, bemoaning the little flu virus gathered on a recent trip to NY. Things took a different course. Rather than taking time to re-relate this amusing tale, the Narrator refers you to the post [Now You Know What I Did Last Summer](#).

Here's a hint...



Rat bastard tick.

The accounting department tells me this post recycling is good practice, maximizing ROI, enhancing amortization, and ameliorating depletion of depreciated assets. Whatever the fk all that means.

Back soon with some nominally original witterings.

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## My Favorite World #26



Thirty-one years ago today, that marvelous woman took a big leap of faith and said "I do". As did I. And we still do.

My Favorite World.