My Favorite World #29



Life is busy with lots of good stuff. Big piece of this comes in multiple opportunities to make music noise.

Last week, RoboCromp (The Band That Refuses to Die, Even If You Beat it With a Stick) enjoyed a two night tour of the RR Square/Gaines district of Tallahassee. Jeff and I first played together 27 years ago in a band I put together called The Hundredth Monkey.



Hundredth Monkey, w Tom King and Mike Roe – Frijolero’s, Atlanta, 1988

A few months in, Jeff and the drummer (not pictured) scarpered off to form a different band. That’s how it goes…

But here we are today, the duo project in it’s 11th year. It’s a ton of fun, and gets better all the time.

But wait, there’s more!

Duet for Theremin and Lap Steel

Those dapper gents from Duet for Theremin and Lap Steel have

invited me to sit in at their show this weekend in Pine Lake. We've played together once before in their studio, and the result is a recording with me on it that I actually enjoy listening to. Here's a tickle:

[jwplayer mediaid="987″]

Lots of good work going on in My Favorite World.

The only drawback: scant time to put into the longer i2b posts. But hark! I detect a gap in the crazy schedule, maybe just enough to scrawl something coherent. Maybe.

My. Favorite. World.

My Favorite World #28



Really, do I need to say anything more? OK, this:

Andy Warhol shops at the Gristedes near his 47th Street Factory in 1965. (Photo by Bob Adelman/Magnum Photos. Brett Fechheimer and the "Manhattan Before 1990" FB Group)

My Favorite World.

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?*






Wakull












NORTH FORK
LONG ISLAND










ORTH FORK







All leading up to this.



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

My Favorite World #25



The A/C is busted and it’s fking hot; the dryer repairman is making his third visit in 2 weeks; I’m working under deadline on a story that just won’t gel. This post is a day late, and the grass still needs cutting. I know the rent is in arrears, the dog has not been fed in years. It’s even worse than it appears.

But it’s alright.



That woman in the middle? That's my girl.

That's my wee baby girl in the middle. She received a Best and Brightest Scholarship award last night, somehow, despite still being 3 years old and fitting on my shoulder like a kitten, despite still being in pigtails and braces and having a broken arm, this wee baby girl has become quite the amazing young woman. I reel, I gape in amazement, I cry. I bust all my buttons.

Here's a note from a good pal this morning upon hearing the news:

> *I remember when she was five: "what are you thinking about, Anna?" "Oh, I'm trying to figure out what the square root of 20 is, it has to be between 4 and 5 right?"*

This kid is one of my heroes.

My Favorite World.