

QUESTIONS WE'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH EVENTUALLY, #64

Dear Zouki:

I'm a male carnivorous bodhrán player who loves watching wrestling, drooling over "Playboy", and who believes sincerely that a Bacon Double-Cheeseburger may be Nature's Perfect Food (Biggie Fries included). I also own bowling shoes and am not ashamed of having two or three six-packs in my refrigerator at any given time.

For me a perfect session consist of nothing but reels, the faster the better. My session buddies are Louie, Kinch the Unclean, Spike, Mick, and Foosh. I am convinced that the invention of the piano accordion is proof of divine inter-vention in human affairs. Passing gas at our session table is not en-couraged, but will under normal circumstances not result in anything more than tasteless banter of less than a minute's duration.

My girl friend is a vegetarian whistle/dulcimer player who normally wears long non-wool dresses of no particular color and birkenstocks, and who spendsinordinate amounts of time in the nearby woods playing tunes for the skunks,squirrels, and other critters. Once while playing "The Butterfly" (one of her favorites), she was severely bitten by a demented chipmunk and had to get rabies shots (after being heavily sedated to put an end to her protests about "animalism", whatever the hell that means).

Her idea of a session is to gather in some poor innocent oak grove with the other Artichoke Lovers, tootle or strum away on a couple of slip jigs, jump into the O'Carolan repertoire for an hour or two, and top the whole confection off with a blaze of strathspeys. If I dare to say anything about this, she stares at my bodhrán, hums "The Kid on the Mountain" while choking back sobs, and eventually allows tears to come into her eyes. (I think the skin on my bodhrán is actually plastic, but that's a whole other story.) Her session soulmates are Fawn, Laughing Water, StarPriestess, Ariel, and Lilith (who I think is actually a guy but I can't prove it).

Their session table - at the Sentient Being Coffeehouse - always has a vague aroma of incense and/or vanilla candles. Their standard session snack is a plate of green things grown on a farm that promotes Vegetable Euthanasia.

In my heart of hearts I think she's a little wacky, but I love her anyway, even if she does pray to her salad occasionally (for "forgiveness", she says). I'm convinced that with a certain amount of guidance and luck, she'd make a great wife and mother.

Is there any hope for this relationship?

- Confused in Grand Rapids