

Drinking Thoughts:

"Friendship ... (you fucks)"

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by Daniel J. Sullivan



I'm sitting here at the Elbow room ...

Just sitting here, drinking my favorite – Lagunitas IPA.

I know, I know, IPAs ain't like they used to be – I've heard this debate at the Elbow Room, "... these new IPAs ... they're more like 'pale ales' ... yeah ... they're not 'real' IPAs ... so they should be labeled differently ..."; I've heard this debate, and I am not impressed.

It's not the @NIB (Nine Irish Brothers), down there off of Mass Ave. – none of that bullshit. I'm thinking that my Irish infatuation is played out; I'm not saying I wouldn't want to visit Ireland, but there are feelings about it I cannot express ... even now. I digress.

So no – I'm not @NIB ...

(and that's ok too)

Any who ...

I was thinking today about friendship ...

What is a "friend"?

(really)

For me, one component, is time; there are no true friendships that are "microwave ready" – friendship, like any other living thing, must be tended to, nurtured, and accepted, for what it is, at every single fucking stage. Friendship has layers of commitment – similar to "romantic love", if not a lot less intense. Or, in those rare cases, more intense – and hence more weird.

I just don't get the "instant friendship" mentality of the x-gen and millenials. I'm x-gen, and that's "cool", but

I've always seen friendship as a ritual, of trust, between predatory mammals. It's dangerous with us "humans", we're built dangerous – we like to think of ourselves in this pastoral fashion, grabbing our steaks at Marsh and not considering how the steak got there ...

(it was messy)

We're messy, dangerous, creatures ...

We leave great destruction in our wake ...

In this sense, we're not unlike the "busy beaver", thinking "we're doing no harm" – while flooding their neighbors into oblivion. Our eyes are properly placed on the front of our heads, for optimal stereoscopic vision – and you don't need those kinds of peepers for "carrots".

(sorry Walt Disney never explained that)

(that's all I'll say)

I recently did "some things", that I can't talk about ...

I can't talk about 6 weeks of my life ...

(not even in the guise of fiction)

And, from one perspective, it might be a reflection of the WORST DECISION OF MY ENTIRE LIFE ...

(but from another perspective)

(a less caustic one)

(a less jaded glance)

One can, with distance, recognize that life for most of us

is a series of near-random collisions. There might be a pattern in it – but it might be so advanced as to be beyond any relevant interpretation.

I believe in God – but I also believe he/she/it is INFINITE in every sense that the word properly means, and that includes the CANTORIAN SETS. So – YeAh – there's a plan ... but how the FUCK does a finite human understand that plan? Really?

That's where I'm at ...

Meditating on friendship ...

And the chaos of existence ...

With my Lagunitas IPA ...

Here, at the Elbow Room, in Indianapolis.

Your trusted beer drinker,

Daniel John Sullivan
President of DENDRITICA.COM
(whatever the fuck that means)