Dear Uncle Mike,

I'm a 32 year old professional woman, married, with no children. Both my husband and I own our own businesses. Last year, mine did quite well and, to celebrate, I want to trade in my Camry on a Miata. Brad says if I get a new car, he gets one too. His mother, the old harpy, calls at least twice a week to say I'm being selfish and unfair. I say it's my money and I can spend it however I want. If Brad wants a new car, let him earn it. There's not a thing wrong with his BMW. I say he's being childish, what do you think?

----Celeste in Newport

Dear Celeste,

Uncle Mike thinks you and Brad should get a used VW bus and try to get a life.

Life in turmoil? Don't know which way to turn? So desperate you're willing to have your problems solved by an absolute stranger? Like it or not, Uncle Mike is there for you. Isn't he some kind of guy?

Dear Uncle Mike,

My old girlfriend told me I was a sexist macho slime. So, I went to counseling, squared myself away and became a sensative, supportive human. My new girlfriend says I'm a wuss. Is there some part of this I'm not getting?

---Celebate in Seaside

Dear Celebate,

Uncle Mike suggests you wise up. First, stop listening to women for whom your sociosexual identity is an agenda item. Trust me, there's a better than even chance you know as much about being a man as they do. Uncle Mike also recommends you find a new companion. The one you're seeing obviously needs a little time alone. Uncle Mike also recommends that you open the door for her.

Dear Uncle Mike,

I recently won the lottery. Not the big one, but enough so I don't have to work for a few years if I don't want to. And I don't. Here's the problem. I'm a 28 year old woman, single, and reasonably attractive. Suddenly, my boyfriend thinks we should move in together. He's even talking marriage. Guys are coming out of the woodwork. It's getting so stupid, I've thought of leaving town. Who can you trust

----Wary in Astoria

Dear Wary,

Listen very carefully. You can't trust anyone. Your boyfriend sounds as sincere as an alligator. As for the men swarming outside your window---they are, at best, piranha. They will only use you, spend your money, and then toss you aside like a corn cob. Leaving town is, however, a bad idea. Running away never solved anything. Above all, you must not lose faith. There are many sincere, incredibly caring men out there who would love you just because you're you. Uncle mike suggests we get together for drinks.



