

Blame It On the Stars

Captain Zodiac



ARIES: It is said of Aries people that they are fiery and brilliant, possessed of a spirit of adventure and daring. What this boils down to is a long series of near fatal mishaps and epic hangovers. This month is no exception. If you must dance on tables, wear clothes. The special person you meet on the 16th is an undercover cop.



TAURUS: Others may call you plodding and dull, but we know that's only half true. You're also obstinate and surly. If you weren't so cute and dependable, your loved ones would have stuffed you in a burlap bag and pitched you off a bridge long ago. Sometime around the 10th, a mime will deliver a message. You'll ignore it and take a nap.



GEMINI: The several people you are play nice together this month. If variety is the spice of life, this month is cajun gumbo. Laugh at adversity and flirt with paradox. If this doesn't work, sleep with mystery as long as neither you nor it have anything contagious. Sometime after the 10th, you'll be asked to run away with an accountant. Unless you're looking for a tax shelter, it will end badly.



CANCER: The work you've been involved with is about to pay off. Contrary to what your friends say, you're not a nitwit sinking into dangerous fantasies. They'll see. And when they do, they'll feel really bad. And you can rub it in the way you always do.



LEO: When the tough get going, Leos hang out. Why try pushing a rope, right? Matters continue their uphill climb and a very old dream is about to come true. So is a black eye if you don't lash yourself to the mast. Yes, the world is winking lasciviously at you. No, you don't have the time. What you smell on the wind is success.



VRGO: As usual, you're worrying and fussing too much. The 314 projects in progress will wait while you get drunk and howl at the moon. No one wishes on their death bed that they'd spent more time at the office. Turn off the belt sander, put away the needlepoint. Ask someone to roll in the hay.



LIBRA: Those born under the sign of the unbalanced are especially harmonious this month. A rare conjunction of art and life turns bad intentions to great work. On the down side, your cat will have an unfortunate experience with a pole lamp. The surgery will be successful but your savings account dies. No fair holding a grudge.



SCORPIO: Hopefully, last month taught you a thing or two about honesty, compassion, and how fast you can take a turn on your Harley. Someone close to you needs love and understanding. There's a difference between giving and selling. Your mantra this month is, Work Without Lust for Result.



SAGITTARIUS: When tilting with windmills, it's important to wear a helmet and knee pads. And a big band-aid for your ego. Pick yourself up and have at it again. When your heart is pure, the winds of the universe are at your back. So, unfortunately, are critics.



CAPRICORN: When all else fails, and this month it might, trust your instincts. There's nothing going on you can't control and manipulate. If the cards aren't coming your way, there's been some mistake and, if you wait, the world will self-correct. If you must act out, sit in the bathtub and punch the bubbles. Silly, isn't it?



AQUARIUS: No, life's not always fair in the short run. It'd be a lot less so without you. The constraints you feel aren't real. Neither is the guilt. Your work is not just what you do for money. If it's not your life, it'll eventually kill you. Ask yourself this: "If this were the last day of my life, how would I spend it?" Do this every morning.



PISCES: Fish people usually feel out of sorts during the dry season. The rest of the time, they're just delirious. If it weren't for myth, romance, and fullblown fantasy, there'd be no reality at all. Why sweat details? Continue to bewitch strangers and dance with moonbeams. Somebody has to do it and you've got the touch. And the neuroses.

ASK UNCLE MIKE

Dear Uncle Mike,

While out for dinner the other night, my friend and I were approached by a panhandler. My friend gave him a quarter. I say she's a chump who just became a codependent, and the guy probably spent it on booze or dope. What do you think?

Shirley in Portland

Dear Shirley,

About what? Do I think the human you feel superior to raced off with your friend's quarter for a night of debauchery? Who knows? Maybe he was putting together his Porsche payment. Mostly, Uncle Mike thinks it's not your business. He suggests you look up the words 'charity' and 'gift' in your Funk & Wagnall's. If Uncle Mike ever found himself standing on a corner asking people like you for money to eat, he might need a drink too. If you can't spare a quarter to make someone's load a little lighter, at least spare the rest of us your Calvinist moralizing. Uncle Mike sincerely hopes your job is secure.

Dear Uncle Mike,

Our daughter Jennifer is five. Several months ago, my wife read her a book about fairies. Ever since, Jennifer insists she sees and hears them all around her. Her mother is beside herself and wants Jennifer to see a therapist. I say she'll outgrow it. Do other kids go through this?

Art in Netarts

Dear Howard,

Not nearly enough. There is, in Uncle Mike's hilariously unqualified opinion, nothing wrong with little Jennifer. She just sees things you don't. Cats do this all the time and we think it's neat. When humans do it, they need professional help. Go figure. For what it's worth, Art, people have believed in faeries for thousands of years. Uncle Mike seriously doubts they're all deranged or stupid. The faery faith, or animism, rests on a belief that all of nature is alive. Science now regards this as a fair assessment of the truth. Are there faeries? There are if your daughter sees them. Before you shuffle the poor kid off to the dream-killers, you might remind yourself that no one has ever seen an electron.

Dear Uncle Mike,

If, as Neils Bohr said, atoms aren't 'things', and the universe is made of atoms, then it can't be a 'thing' either, right? If all there is is 'no thing', how come there's anything?

Marv in Newport

Dear Marv,

Tricky question, babe. If you ask me, von Neumann was right. The unmanifest chain of quantum potential (undifferentiated probability) is collapsed into the observable world by consciousness, which is to say, the awareness of difference. Heisenberg said, "There is no quantum world. There is only an abstract description of it." Since von Neumann's Proof (1932) it has not been possible to frame the rules of observed reality without reference to consciousness. Without it, the universe becomes Oakland, about which Gertrude Stein said, "There is no there there."

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