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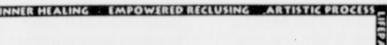


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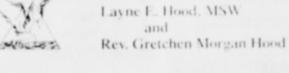
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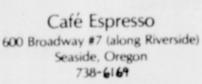
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Dear Uncle Mike, What do you think about a 45 year old woman who's seeing a 26 year old

George in Eugene

Dear George,

That the two of them have much to learn. And if no one interrupts them, it shouldn't take long.

Dear Uncle Mike,

I just tested HIV positive and, to put it mildly, I'm a little down. I know it's not a death sentence -- I might never develop AIDS, they might find a cure, God could ride over the hill in a white Buick -- but I'm thinking a lot about morality. Any cheery thoughts on death and dying? Mark in Portland

Dear Mark.

Owing to his loose tether to popular reality, Uncle Mike has cheery thoughts on most everything. He is, for instance, wildly upbeat about your growing interest in mortality. We should all spend our time so well.

First off, Uncle Mike regards the new age mantra 'Today is the first day of the rest of your life' as naked twaddle. Uncle Mike wakes each morning with a chirp on his lips and the statistical certainty that this could be his last day on the planet. No, Uncle Mike is not morbid. He just finds he plans his activities more wisely that way. As someone pointed out, no one's last words have yet been. "I wish I'd spent more time at the office."

As for death per se (see: Orim Reaper, Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God, and the Big. Casino), having seen no evidence of it in nature. Uncle Mike finds it a tricky motion to embrace and suspects it's promoted by those with an emotional or professional investment in fear.

No, Uncle Mike is not lapsing into hot tub pataphysics. It is, or seems to be, a fact of life that all systems decay (see: Entropy, Thermodynamics, and Wrinkles). Uncle Mike has no quarrel with this. In fact, after a small tumbler of sour mash whiskey, he finds it charming that large systems, our bodies among them, will ultimately (and at just the right moment) fling off their pattern integrities and dissolve into smaller (and possibly cuter) systems.

In terms of the physical universe, our awareness of it included, this macro/micro transition is the only 'passing on' that 'death' can refer to. Breathtaking as this mass/energy imperative might be. Uncle Mike sees little resemblance between the transmutation of vibrating nothingness (see: Wave Interpretation of Quantum Mechanics) and being a) cast into a fiery furnace, or b) lofted to a cloud-draped Oz where one can eat bonbons without gaining weight.

Moving along to the metaphysical, death seems, to Uncle Mike, a term without meaningful referents. Uncle Mike is just a country boy but, being a born again Pythagorean, he regards himself as more concept than symbol. To be honest, Uncle Mike sees himself as a spiritual entity at play in the fields of Someone who knows how to have fun. Of course, Uncle Mike also

collects bits of brightly colored yarn. When he's not in his Teardrap from the Eye of God posture (more fun than it sounds), Uncle Mike pretends he is a point conscious perspective (see: General Relativity) of the Great Sea of Being (see: von Neumann's Proof, Deep Reality, and Siddhartha) whose glance evokes form from the still waters (see: Bell's Theorem and the Collapse of Probabilities). Non-empirical heretic that he is, Uncle Mike thoroughly believes he is a frequency of that light they talk about in Genesis.

Worries about his prostate aside, Uncle Mike's universe is a movable feast at which he is both host and guest. Time being a joke played on the Specific by the General (see: Velocity of Light and Principle of Locality), Uncle Mike sees no reason to believe he has not always been here. In a closed and unbounded universe, he has nowhere else to go and would probably stay home anyway.

Dear Uncle Mike.

The neighbor's ten year old boy sits in his upstairs window sneaking peeks at my twelve year old daughter. My husband says it's normal behavior and he'll outgrow it. I'm thinking to bounce the little jerk off the sidewalk. What do you say?

Jenny in Lincoln City

Dear Jenny,

While Uncle Mike understands how satisfying it would be to, um, impress upon the lad the principle of consequences, he advises you to think long and hard before drop-kicking the little wretch. Ten year olds come with lawyers these days.

And your husband, Wimpo, might be right. The poor kid could be a victim of his hormones. Testosterone poisoning and all that

Then again, who cares?

Personally, Uncle Mike believes in seeing things as they are. The kid's a peeping Tom. If it were Uncle Mike's twelve year old daughter whose privacy was being violated, he would rent her a powerful portable floodlight so she could blind the little pervert.

If you pick this course of action, do so without using the word 'empowerment' which, to Uncle Mike's ear, rhymes with 'testosterone poisoning'.

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