

Dear Uncle Mike,

I got together with some friends the other night and the subject of X-rated movies came up. I was surprised to learn I was the only person there who hadn't, at least occasionally, watched them. As a woman, I thought they were a guy thing. Judging from the women that night, I'm wrong. I watched the Playboy channel once and thought it was pretty boring. Are X-rated movies better? I don't think of myself as a prude and I enjoy good eroticism in film, but I'm not sure that sex without a plot is something that would light my fire. I'm also concerned, as any woman is, that pornography is degrading to women. My women friends say this isn't necessarily so. Is our society's obsession with sex a sign of moral decay or human liberation? Even though you're a man, I'd be interested in your thoughts. Curious Not Yellow in Manzanita

Dear Curious,

Uncle Mike is pleased as punch that, even though he's a man, you think him a suitable sounding

board for your moral self examinations. He'll try to measure up.

Uncle Mike doesn't get the Playboy channel and so has no idea how boring it is. He has, however, seen more than a few X-rated films. Some of them were pretty hot stuff and, disgusting pervert that he is, he enjoyed them immensely. Others reminded him of bad horror movies, even the worst of which aren't without their moments. Given a choice, he prefers Woody Allen.

Someone, a man, once described the X-rated experience as watching a beautiful woman you'll never meet do things they'll never do with you. In terms of sexual mythology, skin cinema lowers contemporary fertility rites to the level of basement band videos. Which, some nights, may be just what your therapist ordered. The trick is to not expect Debby Does Most of Cleveland to be War and Peace.

The criticism most fairly leveled at the literature of X-rated film is that, because the genre's mandate is to explore the startling diversity of human sexual antics through the talents of contract players who've never met, its producers seem overly fascinated with genitalia at the expense of motivation. In a kinder, gentler America, there would be real directors directing people who care about their work. Everybody's a

Uncle Mike once labored under the illusion that X-rated movies were a guy thing. Either the product's changed, the demographic has broadened, or somebody's been lying. Industry figures now indicate something like forty percent of adult movies (in many cases a cruel oxymoron) are rented by card carrying women. It's ludicrous to assume they're all renting them for their husbands and boyfriends.

Is the rise of the X-rated movie evidence that America's morals are going to hell in a handbasket? Uncle Mike sees it as a symptom rather than a cause. Like chimpanzees in a zoo, our sexual obsessions are more a gauge of boredom than desire.

Dear Uncle Mike,

I moved in with my boyfriend a month ago and a problem's come up. I sleep cold and love to cuddle up. He's warm blooded and can't stand it. When we weren't sleeping together every night, it was something we joked about. Nobody's laughing now. I say he's being selfish, he says I am. Not that we expect you to solve our problems but maybe you have some suggestions?

Sleepless in Seaside

Dear Sleepless,

Uncle Mike always has suggestions, many of them unpleasant. In your case, he suggests you stop

treating your friend as a heat object. Your little slice of the human comedy strikes a raw nerve in Uncle Mike. Uncle Mike is also "warm blooded". So much so that sleeping alone is frequently too much for him. Although he prides himself on being a sensitive and caring person, he refuses to believe his mission in life is to be a hot water bottle for the metabolically challenged. It makes him feel used and cheap.

In simplest terms, your boyfriend's body is his own. Uncle Mike suggest you get some thermal underwear and a stout pair of socks.

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Dear Uncle Mike, I've been dating this very nice young woman for several months. In most ways, she's perfect. Good looking, intelligent, discriminating, and assertive. Unfortunately, she has one habit that drives me crazy. When we have dinner, she insists on sniffing the wine cork first. It's not that I feel threatened, I regard all women as my equals. But the waiters look a little askance and it makes for awkward situations. Am I being ridiculous in asking her to yield to convention?

Gerald R., Portland

Dear Biff,

Uncle Mike has the sinking feeling that yielding to convention is only one of many ridiculous behaviors you manifest. Ask yourself this: if today was your last day on the planet, how important would who sniffed what first be? In the broad scheme of things, sniffing wine corks at all ranks right up there with describing noodles in terms usually reserved for great literature.

Of your lady friend's many stellar attributes, you fail to mention a keen sense of humor, a lack that puts her at a distinct disavantage in dining with pretentious twits like yourself. Uncle Mike can only hope the two of you get married. It would, if nothing else, save two other people.

## THERAPY PAGE



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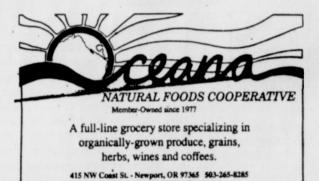
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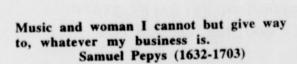
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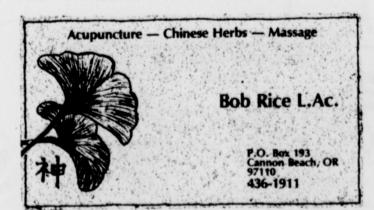


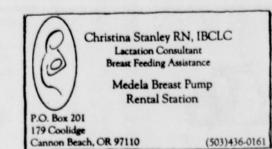


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