

# BLAME IT ON THE STARS



**ARIES (21 Mar-20 April)** Ah, Spring! The fancy turns to falling in love and making a little money. Opportunities for idiot mistakes are, as always, there for the taking. Love in the workplace can be especially suicidal but love in general is likely to be more bruising than lyrical. Just don't imitate a deer in the headlights. Neither should leap for new plans like a hungry trout. Put substance into your work and your work has substance. It's just life.



**LIBRA (23 Sept-22 Oct)** Call this month, the attack of the naughty bits. Expect to fall in love, or some facsimile of it, every half hour or so. If you're with someone, they'll have no complaints of being ignored, or even left alone. If you're not, the streets will barely be safe for the innocent. Vow to play nice and take time to splash cold water on your face. All things creative flow at full spurt. Go with it. You'll be on the mark more often than not.



**TAURUS (21 April-20 May)** The game is afoot. Stirrings of change, portents of promise, whispers of love. The workplace grows fluid, an unsettled state could yield to increase, both in creative elbow room and pesos. Which almost makes the loneliness bearable. Your insatiable lust for closeness is feeling thwarted. Be sure your doors are all open and your emotional crap detector is set on high. The heart has its own blindnesses.



**SCORPIO (23 Oct-22 Nov)** A month that should satisfy your lust for challenge. Chaos and diverging vectors at work. This isn't necessarily bad and, given the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job, a person can bob to the surface still breathing. So too with your emotional life. You and your partner behave like beach balls connected by a rubber band. At least the bumping is fun. In between, try not to be stupid about money.



**GEMINI (21 May-20 June)** The sap is seriously rising now. Oddly enough, the trouble quotient is small. The idiot monkey of the mind, yours, is coloring inside the lines instead of flinging bits of whatnot at the canvas. The bubble of your social life expands and increases, nearly maximizes, the probabilities for romance. Don't discount slow beginnings or faces from the past. Conform the effect you have on people with the one you actually have.



**SAGITTARIUS (23 Nov-21 Dec)** Not a month for naps. Peace of any sort will be a rare commodity, which only means matters need to be brought into balance. Everywhere, it seems, and all at once. Stop snivelling, you're up for it. Just don't fall in love with someone whose motives are those of a vacuum cleaner. Or get hopelessly distracted with power struggles. Or forget the difference between pleasure and excitement. Simple stuff.



**CANCER (21 June-22 July)** Allurements, temptations, and half-flowerings. Practice clear eyed attention to detail, avoid borrowing and lending, keep your wits about you in love. Under no circumstances, deepen a relationship at the office. Or go ahead, if you want to see what ugly looks like when it explodes. All in all, a dandy month to stay aloof, not step on toes, and not stick your fingers into blenders. Think twice before saying anything.



**CAPRICORN (22 Dec-19 Jan)** Spring, you'll soon be reminded, is an unsettled time. Coming to be, preceded and accompanied by chaos. The world is not what it was yesterday, neither are you. Your most stupid act will be to persist in outmoded behaviors, hanging on to what's not yours anymore, and continuing to believe the myth of ownership. The antidote to all of this is gay abandon and you should embrace it at every opportunity.



**LEO (23 July-22 August)** A lovely month filled with tumult, introspection, and the urge to get away. The questions are always, from what and to what? A business trip with pleasurable overtones would be nice. The tumult and introspection arise from your love life. Levels of engagement, paths of least resistance, and not making bonehead mistakes. Separate wants into one pile, needs into another. The winds of creation do the rest.



**AQUARIUS (20 Jan-18 Feb)** It's lucky you don't like to sit around. Even by your standards, a busy month. In your work, you step back and remember what it is you bring to the party. Success follows appropriate action. So also in affairs of the heart. Love, as you know, is a verb. A simple matter of being and doing. In quantum terms, we're verbs looking for an object. Circulate freely and learn all you can. Remembering not to believe all you hear.



**VIRGO (23 August-22 Sept)** People to see, places to go, lessons to learn. Much of your awareness is centered south of the navel. Or, in more poetic terms, in the wild forests of the heart. A love/hate relationship with love may develop as you serenade under wrong balconies and are entertained by the unentertaining. Step back, look at the forest, apply foresight to your work. Loan nothing to people who might mistake it for a gift.



**PISCES (19 Feb-20 March)** Lunacy is madness that works and your magic is strong. Not bulletproof, but close. Memories appear and mysteries unravel, pearls turn out to be pebbles, pebbles turn out to be pearls. Indulge your urge to spend like a drunken sailor but be sure you know what you're buying. There are many things too good to be true. Feel the ripples and practice harmony. And run like the devil from meaninglessness.

Dear Uncle Mike,

I'm 24, my girlfriend is 22, we moved in together five months ago. She's really great and I love her a lot, we do all sorts of things together and we have a good sex life. I probably don't have a problem but here it is anyway. It's getting a little same-old same-old. We get up, we eat breakfast, we work, we

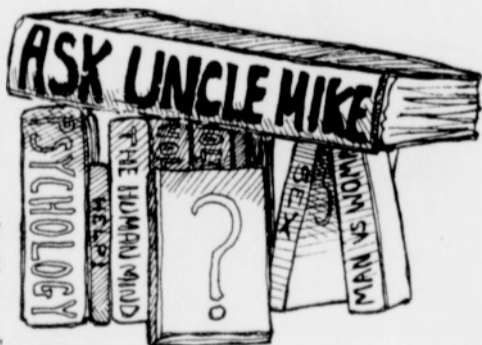
eat dinner, we go out, we stay home, we go to bed. None of it's bad but it's routine, sometimes it's boring. I think she feels the same but she doesn't say anything. Actually, neither do I. I knew living together wouldn't be all skyrockets but I'm beginning to wonder if our chemistry is right. Maybe if we were with other people, it would be different. Maybe we're just in a slump. Who cares? I probably won't mail this anyway.

Don't Use My Name, Reno

Dear Don't,

Uncle Mike sympathizes with you. Not very much, but at least enough to take time from his jigsaw puzzle to slap some sense into you. He'll begin by congratulating you on your recent discovery of real life. Waking up, eating, working, playing, and going to sleep. That's it, cupcake. And it's much more than enough. Given moderation in all things, there's nothing wrong with routine. The daily ritual is a foundation that was old when our ancestors were discovering the use of the stick to open clams. The alternative to order is chaos, more exciting than routine, but most times less fun.

You wonder if the chemistry between you and your friend is right. Interesting word, 'right'. If you haven't begun to hate each other by now, you can assume the chemistry isn't 'wrong'. It's just more familiar and, while familiarity needn't breed contempt, it often breeds complacency. 'Love' and 'life' aren't nouns, they're verbs, and anything not



busy being born is busy dying. The truth couldn't be simpler. Every day is a day the universe has never experienced before. It and everything in it is creating itself as we speak. Uncle Mike wonders which part of this you find boring. Neither you nor your friend are the same people you were yesterday. And even if you were, it would still take you the next half of forever to get to the bottom of each other. In all his years of looking, Uncle Mike hasn't turned up anything more interesting than another human, unless it's poker.

You wonder if your lives would be better if you were with other partners. Uncle Mike hasn't the foggiest notion. You can only count on it being different. As a musician friend once said of a band's breaking up so everyone could look for a better band. "The best band is the band you're in, two years from now." If you love each other, the best relationship is the one you're in, fifty years from now.

Dear Uncle Mike,

What's up with everyone and their dogs? It's like suddenly everybody has something large on a leash they're walking down the sidewalk while I'm trying to do my shopping or have a danish and coffee. I like dogs, I just don't see why people have to walk them in places where the sidewalks are already crowded. I see old people all the time get nervous when a dog sniffs them, little kids get scared, the dogs get into fights, and whatnot. Shouldn't there be a law? Maybe I should just move to quieter neighborhood.

Alec, Portland

Dear Alec,

Uncle Mike is glad you got this off your chest. Should you move to a quieter neighborhood? We all should, pal. But we're where we are and that's that. People walk their dogs on Uncle Mike's sidewalks too. Uncle Mike separates them into two categories: those whose dog is their friend and boon companion and those whose dog is part of their new lifestyle. Unless their family has ancestral lands, Uncle Mike distrusts anyone with a matching

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When your dreams turn to dust, vacuum.



brace of wolfhounds. Those barely restraining pit bulls within twenty yards of another living thing should be mauled and bitten by village elders. Should dogs be allowed on the footpath? Yes. It's their owners Uncle Mike would ban were he king. Contrary to the smug certainty on their faces, narrow concrete paths crowded with strange smelling humans and temptations for misadventure aren't the sort of venues dogs naturally seek out. They're like children brought to the beach so their parents can shop. Uncle Mike would also ban those parents.

Dear Uncle Mike,

My husband and I read your column and we're curious what you think about the recent cult suicides? I think it's not tragedy because they acted according to their beliefs. My husband thinks the leader was a whacko who persuaded a lot of innocent, not very bright people to kill themselves. Maybe you're sick of thinking about the subject, but we'd really be interested in your thoughts.

Joan and Roger S., Portland

Dear Joan and Roger,

Uncle Mike isn't at all sick of thinking about recent bizarre events in, of all places, southern California. Having given it so little thought thus far, he still feels fresh. Strictly speaking, and we really must, tragedy occurs when the great and noble are brought low by a character flaw. You're probably right to rule it out in this case. Uncle Mike has no quarrel with your husband's use of the term 'whacko'. Encouraging spiritual flowering to another plane is one thing, encouraging sexual mutilation as a guarantee of abstinence is another. Since Uncle Mike didn't know a one of them, he has no idea how innocent or bright they were. He'd personally have difficulty getting behind the notion that a flying saucer was coming for he and his friends in the tail of a comet. But then, he has difficulty believing Bill Gates is here to help us.



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