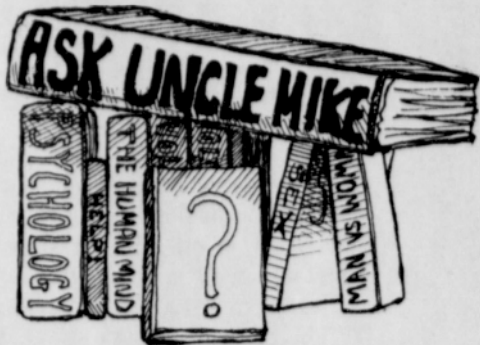


Dear Uncle Mike,

I read in the papers they're looking at cell phones and driving. I work in sales and couldn't do without one and seriously question that using one makes me as great a risk as a drunk driver. Isn't this like a freedom of speech issue? Should the state be able to tell me I can't talk on the phone?
Jerry



Dear Jerry,

No, my little numbskull, this is not a freedom of speech issue. The state isn't telling you can't talk on a clever device that beams narrowly focused microwave radiation into your brain (that portion of the body used for thought). That's up to you. A good deal of evidence suggest that doing it while operating high velocity heavy equipment makes you an oblivious nitwit.

Dear Uncle Mike,

This girl I know and like a lot is having trouble with her boyfriend. We're both twenty and have known each other for over a year. We get together for a beer sometimes and she tells me how unhappy she is, how he doesn't show her any respect, and yells at her. I've been listening to this for a month now and still haven't got up the nerve to tell her how I feel about her, that she should leave this jerk and be with me. My friends tell me she's just using me. What do you think?
B.L.

Dear B.L.,

About what? The young woman is moaning and groaning to you about her relationship. Does this mean she wants out of it? No. It means she likes to moan and groan. If she wanted out of the relationship, you've probably made it more than obvious who she could call to help cart boxes to her car. Read nothing into this person's behavior beyond her willingness to share her half empty cup with you. As long as your stomach and patience hold up, your most appropriate action is to sip your beer slowly and listen. While listening, imagine yourself as the guy she's dissecting behind his back.

Dear Uncle Mike,

I couldn't disagree more with what you recently wrote about guilt. If you do something that hurts someone you should feel guilty. Feeling ashamed is perhaps acceptable if the damage was small. Shame if for getting falling down drunk at the company picnic. Guilt is for sleeping with someone else's wife. If you can't do the time, don't do the crime. Wise up and quit handing out bad advice. Cindy

Dear Cindy,

Not a day goes by without something happening to make Uncle Mike glad to be alive. Today, it's the fact he doesn't know you. For every poor shmuck wallowing in guilt, there's someone standing right behind them pouring more slop in the wallow. Guilt depends on constant reinforcement, on not letting the fish off the hook. Aside from sadism, which Uncle Mike isn't in to, there doesn't seem much point to the ritual; especially since its logic flies, or flops, in the face of a simple physical truth: in all the universe, nothing's dead but the past. To feel guilty is to evoke remembered pain. Uncle Mike prefers to strike his forehead with a small mallet and get on with matters. To encourage guilt in others is a hostile act. Depression is a physical state: a chemical imbalance in the brain that signals the body to, among other things, poison the immune system. People actually can worry themselves to death. Uncle Mike thinks people who mess with his brain chemistry deserve the fat lip he'd never allow himself to give them. The ends of things are in their beginnings and Uncle Mike has yet to see anything positive come from guilt. Shame is personal and redemptive, guilt is a debilitating social disease. And you, dear lady, are a vector. My condolences to everyone you infect.

Dear Uncle Mike,

You seem to specialize in odd problems so here's one for you. My girlfriend and I are at an impasse. The issue? Pajamas. She doesn't want me to wear mine. She's always slept in the nude and thinks it's odd that I don't. I have no problem with nudity, especially not hers, but I've always worn pajamas. She says I'll be more comfortable once I get used to it. I say I'm comfortable now and it should not be an issue. Any thoughts? She says it won't matter whatever you say since you sound like a pajama person to her.
"P.J"

Dear Pajamas,

For the record, Uncle Mike doesn't specialize in odd problems. Uncle Mike gets letters from odd people. So, the little lady wants you out of your jammies. Uncle Mike assumes the reason isn't that they have either bunnies or cowboys on them. You're right about one thing: this is an impasse. Next to naps, sleep is one of the most important activities of the day and what we wear while doing it is a matter of immense personal import. Uncle Mike assumes you've given naked sleeping a fair shot. If not, you're a stick in the mud prig and you and your sleep wear deserve each other. If you've tried it and the experience turned out badly, you have an inalienable right to sleep in specially designed clothing, regardless how silly you look, and your girlfriend has the inalienable obligation to put a cork in it and go to sleep. So, Uncle Mike sounds like a pajama person to her. Uncle Mike worries she might be obsessing.

IN AN UNJUST WORLD...JUSTICE.

Personal Injury Lawyer

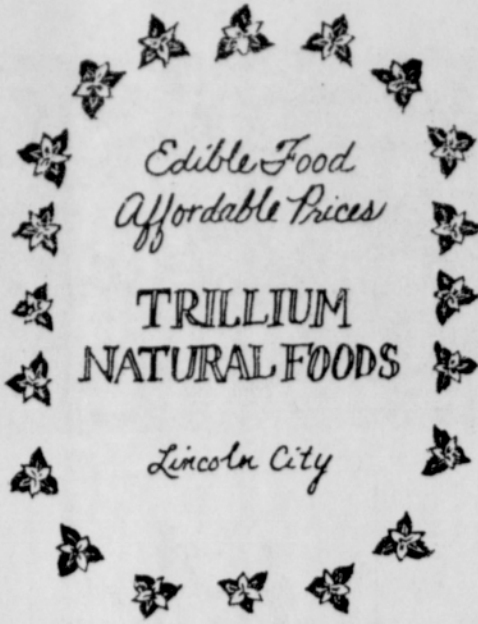
GREGORY KAFOURY

202 Oregon Pioneer Building
320 S.W. Stark Street
Portland, OR 97204

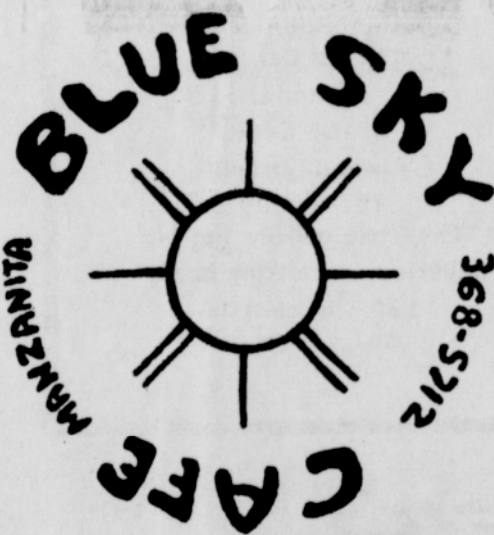
Phone:
(503) 224-2647

Freedom comes from human beings, rather than from laws and institutions. Clarence Darrow

4 UPPER LEFT EDGE AUGUST 2001



Wine makes a man more pleased with himself; I do not say it makes him more pleasing to others.
-Samuel Johnson, English author and lexicographer (1709-1784)



M.Sellin

finely selected women's clothing

Portland
3556 SE Hawthorne
(503) 239-4605

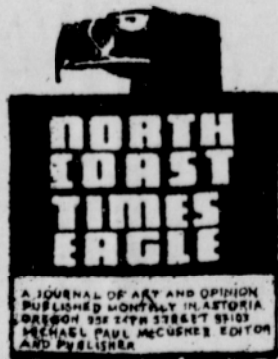
Cannon Beach
215 N. Hemlock
(503) 436-1572

www.msellin.com

Cannon Beach Massage
Swedish • Deep Tissue • Prenatal
Hot Stone Massage

Valoree Gift, L.M.T.

503 436-2425



A JOURNAL OF ART AND OPINION
PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN ASTORIA
DARROW 322 1/2 SW STREET 97103
MICHAEL PAUL MCCORMICK EDITOR
AND PUBLISHER

MASSAGE by

Integrative Massage
CranioSacral Therapy
Reiki Master • Yoga
Aromatherapy • Reflexology
Certified Herbalist
Nutritional Consultation
Harmonizing Body-Mind-Spirit
PATRICE TILKA, LMT
12 Years of Service
Gift Certificates Available
(503) 436-9004 Cannon Beach

THERAPY PAGE



When it comes to Stacey Earle, my favorite new voice in contemporary music, I'm an unabashed groupie, hopeless and ineluctable. The whole thing sort of happened this way:

Our old friend Gary Doon blew in from Nashville several years ago. Gary's done sound system work in the biz for decades and knows the ropes. He glued together the amp wires for Doctor Hook and The Medicine Show back when they were on the cover of The Rolling Stone.

"Don't miss Steve Earle," he advised us. We didn't.

Two years ago our local concert clique visited the Aladdin Theatre for a Greg Brown concert. We savour him big time. The lead-off artist was Steve Earle's sister, a miss Stacey Earle.

"Oh, yeah," we figured. "We know that one. A Wilson-Phillips thing, Dylan's son, a nephew of Eric Clapton."

We were pole-axed, stunned in our seats, by the petite person who filled the stage. Cuter than a speckled pup, this ginghamed lady's smile would melt stainless steel plates off a Russian icebreaker. Winsome, and then some. And sing, well, her voice was a clear spring morning over the Texas prairie. I was snuffling and blubbering in my seat, all heart choked in a mazy drift of emotion.

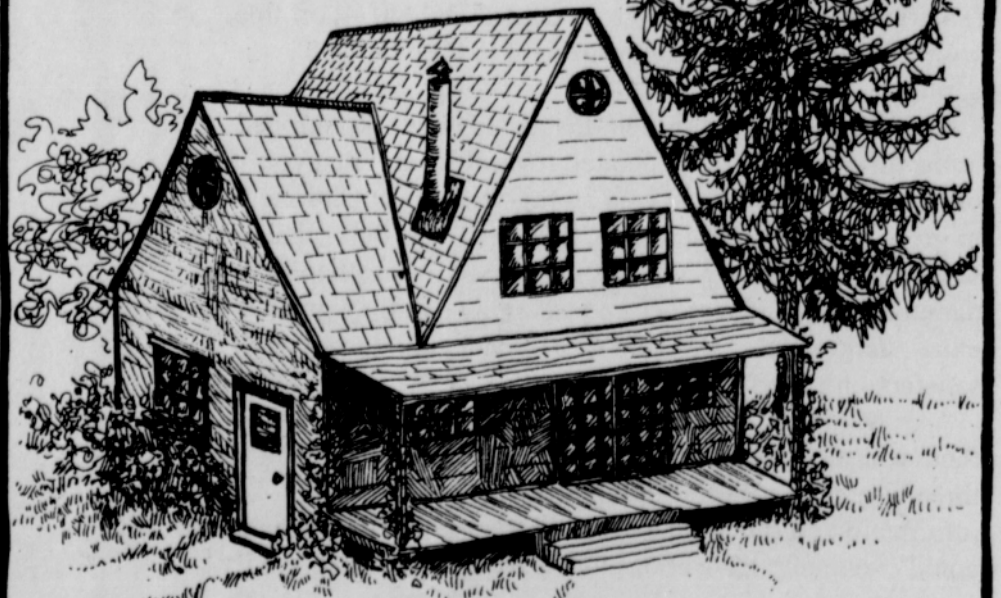
Last summer The Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Society secured Stacey Earle, her husband Mark Stuart, and son Kyle for a private concert in Cannon Beach. We were all shaky and a-twitter in expectation: would it rain? (of course it did), would they show up? (darn tootin!), could we pull it off? (yep).

Those fortunates who attended shared a world-class, platinum, musical evening, the like of which we shan't soon experience. And nice? You would wish they were members of your family.

On June 22nd of this year, I saw Stacey at McMenemy's St. John's Pub. She sang a song composed on a lonely, hotel room night in New York City. Staring wistfully out the window, she watched a full moon over the Hudson River and wrote a song about making love to the Man-in-the-Moon. You could have heard a gosling's down feather drop on the pub floor when she finished. I was knee buckled and throat choked.

Her first CD is titled Simple Gearle. Girl she emphatically is. Simple she ain't. The songs on her CDs float around in your head like those little motes skating around in the human eye. On the CD I acquired that evening, she wrote "I'm your Gearle. Please have us back." She told me the evening spent in Cannon Beach was a real pleasure. She'd love a return engagement. Subtle suasion or lobbying might do the trick. Clark's seems the logical setting. A word in the right ear might turn the trick.

DUANE JOHNSON
REAL ESTATE



436-0451

• FOR ALL YOUR REAL ESTATE NEEDS •