

Lady Oracle: Your Major Advisor



Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,
 What do you think is better, a menage a trois, or a foursome? And just out of curiosity, what is your box number? You know, just in case I found you irresistible based on your response.
 Orgy-Porgie

Dear Fourgy-Porgie,
 That is the question that plagues us all, isn't it. Generations of people, gay AND straight, have sat around the drawing board and tried to draw and enact the combinations that would work the best and please everyone involved. But we should discuss them individually. 1) The menage a trois is fewer people, obviously, there are only five here. Now, the key to having a successful menage is being the more attractive person because that person tends to get most of the action. The least attractive person just ends up looking on and rolling around and kissing someone's shoulder because that's the only spot easily accessible. Wow...hot. If you're not the obvious sexpot, you will probably do secondary work in the form of giving instead of getting. That can be tiresome, and frankly, I've been told its unfulfilling. Sure, it's a great story to tell, but good luck telling it with an aching jaw. 2) I should insert here that I know a menage a trois is three people. I should know, I kissed two people good morning today. Now, a foursome is good work if you can get it. Of course, people eventually end up pairing up after bumping elbows and poking each other in the eye. After that all gets uncomfortable, catch the eye of the woman you're most interested in and take over your corner of the bed. And then in the morning, you can gaily visit the U-Haul dealership together and get her on her way to being settled into your room.

Oh, and my mailbox number is 1074.
 Death to the Patriarchy,
 Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,
 What sort of restaurant do you recommend to someone who has to come out to her parents? Maybe ethnic, loud, quiet, reservations needed, expensive, not-so-expensive...? Please help me. This isn't going to be fun, but I think I should still get some good food out of it, right?
 Out of the closet and into the frying pan

With pre-registration right around the corner, it's time to start thinking about changing your major again. Everyone knows that there's a lot of switching that happens between *sorta sure* and *really sure*, and — wait a sec — have you considered a minor? Lady Oracle is just the anonymous psychic to help change your mind one more time before you decide.

Aries (March 21 – April 19): Romance Languages: Man, chicks will think you are so cool when they hear that this is your major. You will learn the recipe for a perfect date, how to shop at The Mood, and what kind of flowers say I Love You. Maybe you'll even pick up a sexy language like French or Italian or Spanish along the way. Maybe you'll pick up all three.

Taurus (April 20 – May 20): Chemistry: Another one that is great for relationships. Any time you start thinking a relationship has gone down the tubes, ask yourself if you should have been a chemistry major instead of a biology major like all the other science geeks you chill with. If you can create new radioactive elements, Lady O's pretty confident you catch patch up a shaky friendship.

Gemini (May 21 – June 21): Computer Science: Have you seen the projects these kids do? Who knew you could make a

pixelated picture smile AND frown with only the click of a button? It's the magic of coffee — and not just any coffee. Java. Yum. For a major that looks great, smells great, and will keep you up all night, try this one on for size.

Cancer (June 22 – July 22): Growth and Structure of Cities: Sure, it may seem like it's a fancy name for "Urban Studies," but it's not. Really, it's not. Plus, about half the courses offered at BMC are cross-listed with Cities, so you're probably a Cities major already! Isn't that convenient?

Leo (July 23 – August 22): Geology: Don't even think this is rocks for jocks, because it's more like paleontology for the very knowledge-y. But don't let that deter you. If words like sedimentology, mineralogy, tectonics, and geomorphology get your goat, then it might be time to join the other nine students who feel the same way.

Virgo (August 23 – September 22): Comparative Literature: If majoring in a foreign language or in English just seems too easy-peasy for your hyper-motivated self, then consider this major, which essentially lets you do both at once. Learn why translations are like women: either beautiful or faithful, but rarely both.

Libra (September 23 – October 22):

Linguistics: Allow Lady O to introduce you to this thing called the TriCo. No, not the Bi-Co, the TRI-Co (you're not listening!). The linguistics major is at Swarthmore, which has funny little fraternities full of pasty PhDs-to-be masquerading as frat boys. And it would be nice to know what people mean when they say "Oh, it's just semantics" all the freaking time, no?

Scorpio (October 23— November 21): Greek, Latin, and Classical Studies: Dead language? Hardly. We've got no culture or science whatsoever compared to these guys, and the kids in this department sure know how to keep a good thing alive. But, FYI, English is not based on Latin, so don't believe what Mom tells you because Lady Oracle can see the past as well as the future, and it just ain't so.

Sagittarius (November 22— December 21): Film Studies: Hell-o? Who doesn't like watching movies? And you get credit for this? Don't let it bother you that you can't exactly "major" in Film Studies, because that's what flexible English and History of Art major plans are for. Don't say you heard it here, but it's been done before.

Capricorn (December 22 – January 19): Astronomy: Ever wonder about that funny-
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Dear Unfortunate Soul,
 You present a pretty problem. Ms. Hank is thrilled that there is a sparky new addition to the community, but you certainly seem like you're going to have quite the coming-out party. Now, you want to plan this just right, right down to the exact moment that you tell them. Ideally, you would sit facing the counter where the waiter picks up the food or the swinging door he would be coming through. That way, just as the waiter approaches with the food, you can grasp each of their hands and soulfully say to them: "Mom, Dad, I'm queer...Let's eat." And then they have to sit in shock for a moment while the waiter places the food down and asks if there is anything else you all need (your parents will unquestionably ask for another daughter, the waiter will laugh uncomfortably, say they don't serve those after seven, and will leave after refilling the bread basket). Then there will be the how, what, where, when, and why, God, why. You sound like you will probably be ready for that. But now, for the restaurant. Alcohol should be readily available and overflowing. The place should be nice, but not too expensive. That way, if they wring their hands, scream, and rush out to the parking lot, you won't have to pay too much for the tab. Unless you know they have eaten it

before and loved it, couldn't live without it, I wouldn't recommend going ethnic. Otherwise they will just be in a bad mood, apprehensive about the food, and suspicious of everything. Imagine the horror of finding out that your daughter likes other people's daughters and then not being able to eat your food. That would be a nightmare. Call ahead to the place of your choosing and ask for a nice central table. That way, they will be less likely to shriek loudly about how they were the perfect parents and how could this HAPPEN to them. Of course, this might

make them more willing to whip out those pictures of you with your arm awkwardly slung around your now-gay prom date that have been prominently displayed in their wallets and show them to the other dining patrons, all while sobbing into their sleeves. I bet you looked great, though, in taffeta and the baby mullet. Well, good luck with all that.

Oh, and you've got a little homosexual in your teeth.
 Death to the Patriarchy,
 Ms. Hank

the woman



antonya
nelson

(see page 3)

Dykes To Watch Out For by Alison Bechdel

