

Librans are the most charming, articulate, witty, and delightful people to be with!  
*You are dessert!*

Not only do you charm but you're also attractive, handsome, and beautiful. (It's the Venus thang.) Right from the cradle, you learned how to please others with your appearance, personality, and lifestyle. Everyone wants to be in your company!

"Waaaait a minute! This makes me sound like a piece of dressed-up bait!" (You're right. My apologies, because you are so much more.)

Remember the scales? You strive to find balance. You don't want tension, conflict, and people yelling and swearing. "Who does?" you ask. Actually, many love adventure and passionate intensity. Whereas, you want a good table at a nice restaurant. You prefer stylish comfort. (To you, outdoors is where the car is.)

Therefore, you need people in your life because you like to feel *connected*. It's comforting.

## Fence-Sitting

*Actually, "Fence-Sitting" technically comes under the Teeter-Totter category, but, after a lot of indecision and waffling back and forth, I finally decided to give it its own section so as to explore it more fully. I hope this is the right approach. I mean, it definitely is an aspect of the Teeter-Totter section, so there's no question that, in many respects, it should remain in the Teeter-Totter category. But there is also no denying that the particular emphasis it deserves might be swallowed up by the sweeping notion of partnerships, which is so intrinsic to the Teeter-Totter part. And, hey — you're definitely not a fence-sitter when it comes to partnerships! Well, except sometimes you can be. You do want a partner in your life, we know this. Of course, we know this. The key of course is, which one? And, hey, what about when you are with someone and then later you're not so sure about them any more — aaagghh, I hate that part, don't you? But then it's such a drag to bring all this up (as if anyone wants to hear this!).*

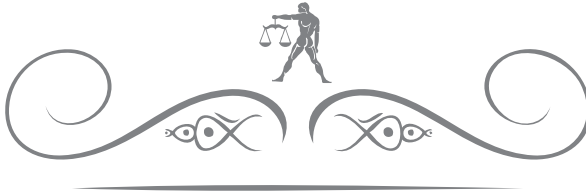
Others call this indecisiveness. I prefer "fence-sitting." "Indecisiveness" sounds almost handicapped or something. Hello? Would you apply the word "handicapped" to this group of Librans?

Lech Walesa	September 29, 1943
Jimmy Carter	October 1, 1924
Mahatma Gandhi	October 2, 1869–January 30, 1948
Niels Bohr	October 7, 1885–November 18, 1962
Eleanor Roosevelt	October 11, 1884–November 7, 1962
Margaret Thatcher	October 13, 1925
Dwight D. Eisenhower	October 14, 1890–March 28, 1969
Friedrich Nietzsche	October 15, 1844–August 25, 1900
John Kenneth Galbraith	October 15, 1908–April 29, 2006

Arthur Schlesinger	October 15, 1917–February 28, 2007
Pierre Elliot Trudeau	October 18, 1919–September 28, 2000
Nellie McClung	October 20, 1873–September 1, 1951
Tommy Douglas	October 20, 1904–February 24, 1986

Confess: you do delay your decision-making process. And here are four reasons why:

1. You hate to upset others.
2. Because you're intelligent, you see more parameters to any situation. What looks simple to some looks complex to you.
3. You don't want to make a wrong decision! (Drum roll. Stage left — Enter, limping: "The Mistake.")
4. What appears as indecisiveness is really your need to talk things out. You ask everyone for advice, because when you verbalize your thoughts out loud you clarify things in your own mind.<sup>6</sup> You also want to sift their responses. Will you take their advice? No! You just want more input to digest.



*I have a friend named Sonam who had a lovely shop in Kitsilano, the hippie neighbourhood in Vancouver. She sold books, baskets, clothing, cards, jewellery, and a fascinating array of lovely little bibelots. A Libran shop!*

*She had a trick to help indecisive customers.*

*"What I would do," she said, "is take the ring and the bracelet and put one in each hand, and put them behind my back, and say, 'Left hand or right hand?'"*

*The customer would choose one hand, and I would bring that hand out and open it. If they were happy — great! If they were disappointed, then I would open the other hand and say, "So this is your choice!"*



---

6. You know how your worries are sort of like vague grumbings and rumblings in some deep recess of your brain? Sometimes when I finally voice what my concerns are, I don't even agree with me!