

THE ASTROLOGER'S APPRENTICE

THE TRADITION AS IT LIVES

Issue 15.

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***Lady Screams the Blues
- the Janis Joplin Story***



THE ASTROLOGER'S APPRENTICE

Prospective contributors are advised to write or phone first with an outline of their projected article. They should bear in mind that The Apprentice's bias is towards sound traditional practice. Some charts have a crystalline beauty all their own; we would generally, however, prefer to see charts that illustrate or elucidate some particular point of technique.

All submissions should be accompanied by an SAE; while due care will be taken, we cannot guarantee their return. Articles are submitted gratuitously.

The Astrologer's Apprentice is edited by John Frawley
Write to: 85, Steeds Road, London N10 1JB
Phone: 0208.365.2553
E-mail: j@apprentice.demon.co.uk

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PEARL

Having worked through the nativities of Wordsworth, Coleridge and John Milton in recent issues of *The Astrologer's Apprentice*, the inevitable next stop must be with that of Janis Joplin, a lass who, if lacking a little in the subtlety of the poets, had no peer among them in the matter of ear-splitting volume.

Although it is traditional practice to approach the nativity in methodical fashion, thus avoiding the problem of 'synthesising the chart' that so besets the moderns, we cannot, before we begin our considered study, help but be struck by the South Node lying just on the Ascendant. If a demonstrable proficiency in astrology entitled us to rebuild our own birth-charts, placement of the South Node on the Ascendant is something not one of us would contemplate, under even the direst of circumstances. It is not a favourable start to the reading.

Our good friend Mr Al-Khayyat, a close acquaintance with whom is warmly commended to any of our readers who would become competent in the natal art, suggests that this placement indicates 'trouble, decrease, and hindrance in all undertakings'.¹ The South Node shows where the native will be hurt: on the Ascendant, she will be hurt by herself. Any malefic in the first will carry its share of troubles, but the particular nature of the Node can give these troubles a wider dimension: not just some stray planet that has stumbled into the wrong place, but the very pivot of the Sun/Moon relationship. This is not a woman who had any old blues, but 'them ole Kozmic Blues'.

Resisting the temptation to leap ahead further we shall return to square one, a process that is essential if the reading is to make sense. The traditional model is to build the reading like a pyramid. If we do not build the ground floors, we shall have immense and unnecessary difficulty in placing the upper stories. Ground level is the temperament: hers is strongly phlegmatic.

While in the world of Ms Greene all men may have been created equal, in our universe they have not. The phlegmatic is regarded as the most difficult of the temperaments with which to be saddled: 'very cowards, uxorious people, mutable, not capable of keeping secrets, dull fellows and sluggards in performing any business', according to Lilly. The concept of a better or worse temperament becomes possible only if we have a goal to which the native should be directed. For the moderns, that goal becomes ever less apparent, lost in the fatuous fog of 'I'm OK;

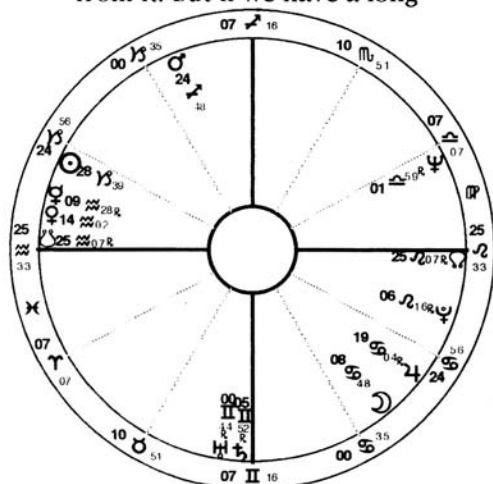
¹ Abu 'Ali Al-Khayyat, *The Judgments of Nativities*, American Federation of Astrologers, 1988

you're OK'. In the tradition the clear knowledge of this goal is taken for granted: the faculties are to be ordered under the being's highest principle, as a kingdom is ordered under its king, and then directed along the straight path to God. The astrological methods are inseparable from the philosophical truth; as we have discussed in detail before, it was the abandoning of this philosophy with the 'Enlightenment' that resulted inevitably in the fall of traditional astrology.

The sanguine (air) and choleric (fire) temperaments have something of a head start. Being hot, they rise by themselves. This does not, of course, mean that possession of such a temperament is a certain ticket to Heaven; far from it. But if we have a long



*I love to go to parties
And I like to have a good time...*



Janis Joplin
Jan 19 1943 9.45 am CDT
Port Arthur, Texas

way to travel and a short time in which to do it, he who has to learn to steer a Ferrari has a lesser task than he who must try to accelerate a Reliant Robin. For while air and fire rise, earth and water, being cold, fall. In his reflections on the Creation, Robert Grosseteste explains: 'In a spiritual sense, "water" means the capability that rational creatures have of falling away from and losing both the good that is freely given to them and the good that they have by nature, falling away into defect of mind and corruption of nature.' Of which Ms

Joplin gives, unfortunately, clear example.

In distinguishing the phlegmatic (water) and melancholic (earth) temperaments, much confusion is caused by the gradual change in meaning of the word 'melancholic'. We think immediately of the sad and gloomy; this is, in some aspects of melancholy, true enough, but it is by no means the whole picture. The *hypochondriak melancholy* with which William Lilly suffered was, in modern terms, depression; the lack of affect that characterises deep depression is melancholic; but the common modern model of depression as anger turned against the self is pure phlegm. We have lost the association of Mars and water.

Our first thought on hearing the word 'water' is most likely of the stuff that comes out of the tap or from the supermarket, clear, potable and eminently controllable. Gregory the Great, however, reminds us that the sea is 'our heart, troubled by anger, bitter with strife, swelling with the height of pride, dark with the deceit of malice'. We need no longer puzzle over why Mars rules the water triplicity, nor need we any longer entertain Ptolemy's feeble explanation. Water is a turbulent and tumultuous element, never at rest; a mess of conflicting passions (this is why Poseidon ruled both the sea and horses). This sea of the heart, Grosseteste says, 'has to be kept in by the restraints we spoke of, as by its shores, so that it may not break out in the act of foul deeds and cover the earth of flesh as with a flood'.

The problem with the melancholic, earthy temperament is in getting it moving. Like a rock, it is solid and hard to budge. But the great melancholic virtue is constancy: once it starts to move it will continue to do so. Directing the phlegmatic temperament is far more difficult: it is like trying to push water, as its desires send it off in every direction but the one in which we would have it go. The feat is not, however, impossible. For its performance, we need some well-placed malefics.

As Grosseteste suggested, the water must have set bounds: the discipline and restraint of Saturn must be employed to prevent the dry land sinking beneath the sterile wave of desire. Once - and only once - the bounds are in place, the ardour of Mars can perform its alchemical magic. The modern idea of the sea is coloured by the Romantic imagination: three hundred years ago, no one went to the sea-side for fun, or to stare dramatically into the distance with one hand clasped to their brow. Save for the existence of a few fish, the sea was a useless nuisance: you couldn't drink it; you couldn't water your fields with it; it formed a treacherous barrier if you wanted to get somewhere on the other side of it. With the application of a little heat, however, the useless water that is the unrefined phlegmatic nature would rise to the clouds, from where it would then fall on the hills as sweet water, the

essential for life.

So, dear phlegmatic reader, all is not lost: go sit on the stove and all will be well. There are other ways through which this troublesome temperament can be refined, but this is the most usual. In Janis' chart, there is a strong Saturn: essentially dignified by being in its own triplicity; accidentally so by its position on an angle. Mars is well-placed: without essential dignity, but in a sign compatible with its hot, dry nature; elevated, oriental and swift in motion; most importantly, it aspects the Ascendant - plugging it in, as it were. There is, then, some potential for making something of this phlegmatic substance, without which potential it would be most unlikely that we would ever have heard of her: Janis would have been one more anonymous dead junkie.

Having considered the temperament, the next level on our pyramid is that of the manner. This gives us a guide to the way the temperament is habitually expressed. A description of the temperament and the manner will often sound much the same, but there is an important difference in level between the two. The manner is capable of refinement; the temperament is not - as if the temperament were the cloth from which the garment is cut and the manner were the colour which it has been dyed. The cloth can always be dyed another colour, but we cannot pick apart a woollen garment and re-knit it as silk.

The first choice for significator of manner is the planet or planets in the Ascendant. Not, it should be noted, the ruler of the Ascendant, for here we are looking at factors that *qualify* the nature, and planets in houses qualify that house. Here there is none; we must, however, give some importance to the South Node, even though, as it is not a planet, we cannot admit it as main significator. With South Node on the Ascendant, especially with that Ascendant ruled by retrograde Saturn, Janis was no one's little ray of sunshine. She was indeed the 'Little Girl Blue', an appallingly maudlin take on which is perhaps the most ill-judged moment in her repertoire.

Mars too, with its tight sextile to the Ascendant, must be considered here. But for our main significators we turn to the Moon and Mercury, the planets of the mind. Again, we are looking for qualifiers: the planets that qualify the workings of the mind - mind being taken in its broadest sense. So we are looking for planets that have strong influence over the Moon and Mercury, whether by close aspect or reception. There is no planet close enough to either to be considered by virtue of aspect alone; but both are applying as their next aspect to a planet with which they have major mutual reception: Mercury to Saturn and the Moon to Jupiter. These, then, are our significators of manner, or, as Ptolemy calls them, the rulers of the soul.



A loud-voiced sign

It is not impossible for Jupiter and Saturn to work together well; but of all planets this combination is perhaps the most difficult to reconcile. The more so here, as there is a wide rift between them: the Mercury/Saturn and Moon/Jupiter combinations have no connection with each other,

and the two signifiers of manner have a powerful negative mutual reception, receiving each other into their detriments. There is, then, a marked split in the manner - two distinct sides to the nature.

Mercury and Saturn are both on the occidental side of the chart - the native's own side. Both are retrograde; Mercury is in the unfortunate twelfth house; Saturn, although in the fourth, which is an accidental dignity of some moment, is not well placed here unless very strong, as, from this root of the chart, it casts a pervasive gloom over the whole. So inside herself there is a profound pessimism, which (both planets retrograde) turns against herself.

The Moon and Jupiter, meanwhile, are the only planets on the occidental side of the chart - the other people's side. So Jupiter is the manner through which she deals with others. All well and good, we might think: strongly dignified Jupiter - no problems here. But of all planets in their exaltation it is Jupiter that is hardest to integrate. The nature of exaltation is one of exaggeration, which can easily inflate Jupiter's own expansive nature to a degree where it becomes completely unmanageable. The difficulty is exacerbated here as Jupiter is not only retrograde, showing that, although strong, it is not functioning as it should, but also swift in motion, adding still more to its tendency to excess. The Moon itself, although also strongly dignified, is so slow in motion that it too can be regarded, according to Bonatus, as if it were retrograde. In a nativity, retrograde planets conspire against the native.

So to escape the inner pessimism, when dealing with others there is extravagant and unmanageable excess in (water sign) liquid (fifth house) pleasures. It is perhaps not being too scrupulous to see in Jupiter, which rules the south angle of the chart and falls in the comforting sign of Cancer, her enthusiastic appreciation of the 'grand old drink of the South'. The relationship between Jupiter and Saturn gives a clear example of the neglected business of negative mutual reception: the pessimism fuels the excess and the excess fuels the pessimism.

Having laid our foundations we can now proceed with the rest of the judgment in full confidence that we shall not go astray, so long as we are careful to pile brick only upon brick, resisting the temptation to build constructions in thin air. All that we find elsewhere in the chart must be read in the context of the manner and the temperament that we have just determined. We have, however, neither space nor inclination for a full natal judgment; so from here we shall pick and choose.

Janis is known, of course, as a singer, so it is no surprise to find the Mercury/Venus connection that is necessary to articulate (Mercury) the aesthetic sense (Venus), rather than just enjoying listening to others making music. Strong testimony though this conjunction is, it is seriously hindered by being in a weak-voiced sign in the twelfth house. It is only through the mutual reception of Mercury and Saturn that it can find expression. Saturn is - as might have been expected - in a loud-voiced sign. It is also Ascendant ruler, so the expression is through the ego: she was not a musical comedy star, taking on roles. No comedy at all, with retrograde Saturn on the IC as her mouthpiece. Although both Mercury and Saturn have essential dignity enough to give considerable capacity, they are both accidentally debilitated. With both planets retrograde, and Mercury extremely slow and in the twelfth, we see the trouble in finding expression, as if the words have to clamber up from some great depth, giving the inarticulate gruntings of which much of her singing consists, rather - to compare great things to small - as Michelangelo's slaves find it impossible to fully emerge from the rock of formlessness in which they once dwell.

So while the Mercury/Venus conjunction gives the ability to sing, it is to Saturn that we must look for the way in which this singing is done. We have noted already the inclination to the blues; but there is blues and there is blues. The antiscion of Saturn falls exactly on the cusp of the sixth, the house of the troubles we experience through others, as opposed to the twelfth, which is the house of the mess we create for ourselves: here we have her assured and often-stated conviction that it is all somebody else's fault - although as Saturn is ruler of her own twelfth house, we must cast a little doubt on the veracity of this view. While a dignified, well-placed Saturn might give the resilience of 'I Will Survive', from hers we hear the hopelessness of 'It don't make no difference, babe'. The Saturn that is her mouthpiece also disposes the Part of Despair, which is emphasised by falling (16 Capricorn) on the mid-point



of the angles.

The particular source of all her problems is, of course, the seventh house. The North Node on this cusp lends urgency to the quest for

*One good man - it ain't much
It's only everything.*

Phlegmatic temperament; North Node on the seventh; Lord seven in the twelfth; Moon conjunct Jupiter so strong in the fifth: the love-life is going to be hectic and colourful. But with the seventh ruler so badly placed,

*They're never going to love you any better
And they're never going to love you right.*

As Lord seven is disposed by the ruler of the twelfth - self-undoing - which is also ruler of the first, we have evidence that it is not solely the partner's fault, however. The horoscope confirms her own admission that

*I'm not the kind of woman
Who'll make your life a bed of ease,*

and suggests, through the fifth house Moon/Jupiter,

*But if you just want to go out drinking,
Won't you invite me along please,*

for

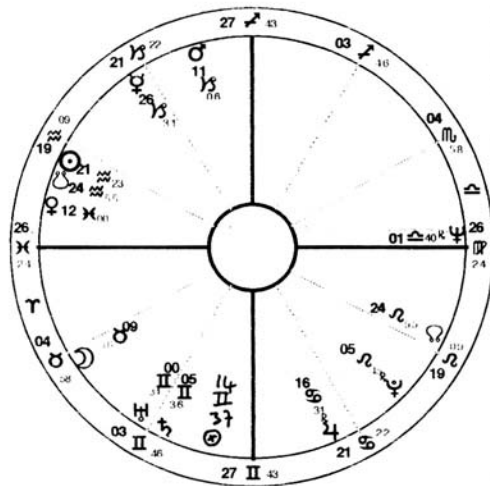
*I love to go to parties
And I like to have a good time*

which is, perhaps, on our evidence something of an understatement.

Her best-known song is - or, at least, was, until the recent regrettable advertising campaign - her version of Big Mama Thornton's 'Ball and Chain'. Some Arabian Parts have connected formulae, so if one falls in place A, the other will inevitably fall in place B; the Parts with which are concerned here have no such connection. The Part of Love falls at 25.15 Sagittarius; the Part of Captivity at 25.23 Aries. They form an exact trine, the midpoint of which (therefore sextile them both) is exactly on the Ascendant. They therefore form a Grand Trine with the cusp of the seventh, the house of relationships. The dispositor of the Part of Captivity, Mars, is exactly conjunct the Part of Love. The chart thus makes abundantly clear just 'why love is like a ball and chain'.

There were some early recordings, which we have discretion enough to leave nestling in the bosom of Oblivion; our first stop on the path to stardom is at June 11th, 1965, the day she first performed with the band with which she would make her name. The progressed chart has numerous indications of the potential for singing being conjured into life.

The Ascendant is entering the terms of Saturn: not usually a



Janis Joplin
Progressions June 1965

positive testimony, but we must always see every planet in the light of the role it plays in the chart we are judging. Saturn is the mouthpiece without which Janis' singing remains trapped in the twelfth house. The Part of Fortune is just entering the terms of Venus and trining Venus, stimulating the aesthetic desire, while conjuncting Rigel, which, while not the friendliest of stars, is excellent for achievement in the world. The Moon squares Mercury, her voice, and enters the radical third house (Big Brother) in the fixed earth sign of Taurus (and the Holding Company). How much precision do you want?

While all this is happening, however, the progressed Sun is approaching the South Node. It has a few degrees to go yet: this is always the start of difficult patch lasting several years. It will get worse as the progression perfects. This is the point at which the coachman gazes meaningfully up at the castle and refuses to go any further, a dark omen indeed.

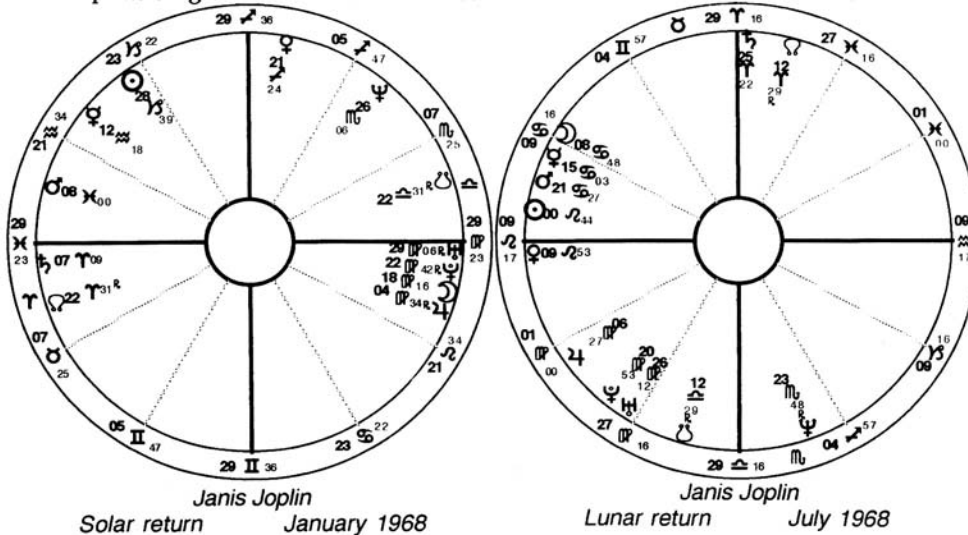
With its Ascendant on the natal Jupiter, ruler of the natal tenth, the Solar Return confirms the leap forward in the career. With radical Jupiter placed as it is, however, this will also involve a leap forward in fifth house frolics. The Lunar Return is full of bounty: the most benefic of all stars, Spica, rises, while the Sun is tightly and benevolently besieged by Jupiter and the North Node. The day itself saw Mercury almost as strong as it could possibly be, cazimi in its own sign of Gemini. It squared Mars in Virgo, itself an indicator of no little expressive power, as our own Mr Lilly so well demonstrates. The focus of this square fell exactly on Janis' Fortuna, while the cazimi Mercury made antiscial conjunction with her natal Moon, so bringing to life 'Pearl' (her nickname) but - by antiscion - as yet only in a shadowy way. Full fame was still some way off.

August 1967 saw the release of the first LP, 'Big Brothers (sic) and the Holding Company'. With both the Ascendant and MC of the progressed chart on the very edge of changing signs, we have a clear picture of the start of a new era, especially as the point the Ascendant is

about to reach is the type of all new beginnings: 0 degrees of Aries. Again we see that the meaning of any progression must be elucidated in the context of the radical chart: entry into the signs of Saturn (MC into Capricorn) and Mars are not usually regarded as fortunate. But here Mars is the vim that propels her career and Saturn the mouthpiece through which she finds expression. As such, she cannot do without them.

But as neither of these malefics is at its best in the radical chart, the help they offer will always be something of a mixed blessing. The years that followed were not free of the inclination 'to rash actions, and to have a hand in many idle and wicked matters, all tending to a general distemper of the Body, subject to scandall, and not undeservedly' (Lilly on the Ascendant progressing into the terms of Mars; progression into the sign will be much the same, only more so); and they did indeed provoke 'against the Native, Old men, and men of sordid Dispositions, and stirres them up with a desire to ruine the Native, it involves the Native with multiplicity of melancholly Thoughts' (MC into terms of Saturn). This conflation of positive and negative features is sound answer to all those suggestions that our Janis could somehow have been detoxed and spruced up, yet still have produced the same music. The progressions do not fall at random - they are progressions, not interventions, and progress only from the radical chart. That is the stuff from which the life is made.

The Solar Return following the release of this album has exactly these progressed degrees (29 Pisces and Sagittarius) on its angles, re-emphasising that this is a watershed in the life. The Lunar Return for





*Janis' performances in our workshop
were always well received*

July 23rd shows how this will happen: Venus conjunct the South Asellus just on the Ascendant - 'too fond of pleasure and society', Robson tells us - with its dispositor in the twelfth house of self-undoing, and the Moon poised just on the cusp of the twelfth are appropriate indicators for the release of the album that made her famous.

This was entitled *Drugs, Sex and Cheap Thrills*, until the suits threw out the drugs and sex. The presence there of Mercury, Mars and Fortuna underlines the importance of twelfth-house activities, while the Lord of the Ascendant falls exactly midway between Venus, strongly accentuated by its position on the first cusp, and Mars: plenty of sex, while Mars debilitated in the sign of the Moon can be relied upon to supply the drugs. Saturn, meanwhile, Janis' mouthpiece, is on the Midheaven conjunct the natal Part of Captivity: this is the LP that contains her definitive take on *Ball and Chain*.

With Venus on the Ascendant, frustratingly just outside the passionate fire of combustion, we see perhaps why she sings *I Need a Man to Love* ('I want to put my arms around you like the circles going round the Sun', while the Lord of the Ascendant trapped in the twelfth laments 'This loneliness, baby, surrounding me'). The Sun, emphasised as it is ruler of the Ascendant, just entering Leo might suggest *Summertime* (with Venus on the Ascendant 'the living is easy'). The Sun torn between Venus and Mars is doubtless the invitation to 'Take another piece of my heart,' (with Venus rising on the South Asellus demonstrating that 'You know you've got it if it makes you feel good'). And the traditional principle that a planet in the twelfth house can effectively operate only if it has a means of release by aspect or mutual reception shows the necessity of the Sun (the person) working through Saturn, with which it has strong mutual reception: 'I'm just like a turtle, hiding underneath its horny shell'.

The Lunar Return of September '69 preceded the release of *Kozmic Blues*, and shows close similarities to that which we have just examined: Venus again on the South Asellus, this time just inside the Descendant; the Moon entering the sixth, rather than the twelfth, house.

This shift reflects a change in emphasis: Cheap Thrills is rooted in the twelfth house; Kozmic Blues in the sixth. Even the two songs on Cheap Thrills that presuppose the existence of a relationship have the singer imprisoned at home: in *Ball and Chain* she is 'sitting by my window, looking out at the rain', while *Piece of My Heart* has the object of her affections 'out on the street looking good' while she sits and waits for him.

The sixth house contains all the horrid things that other people inflict on poor undeserving us, in contrast to the twelfth which is the daft things we do to ourselves. So in Kozmic Blues she has found 'a man to love' - but his inadequacies make it necessary for her to explain to him that

You don't know what it's like

To love somebody the way I love you

and the Kozmic Blues in question concern the realisation that

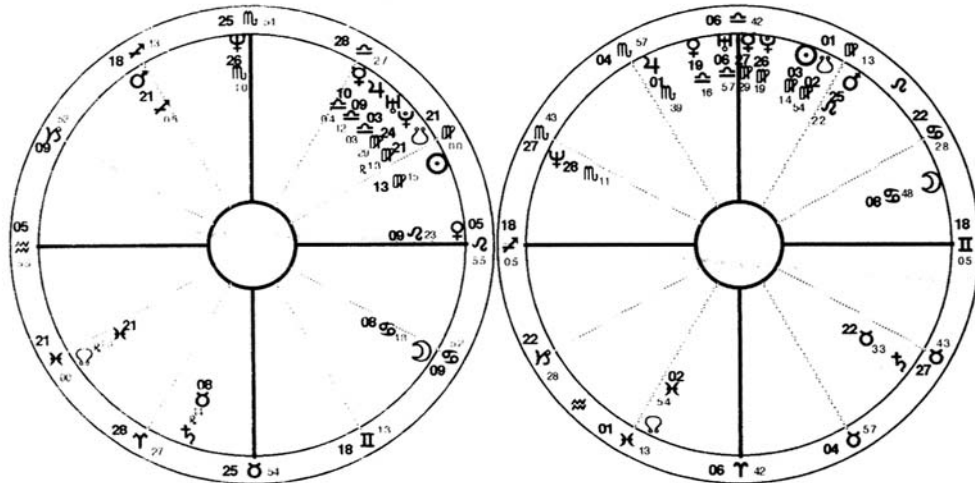
They're never going to love you any better

And they're never going to love you right.

The Spring of 1970 saw another New Start - a leaner, supposedly cleaner Janis singing with a new band which she felt had, at last, musical abilities to match her own. This new start is shown - with great appropriateness, considering the name of the album they were to record: *Pearl* - by the progressed Moon returning to its position in the natal chart. This is the equivalent in progressions of the Saturn Return in transits, it being one facet of the indescribable beauty and intricacy with which the machine is constructed that these both occur at much the same time. The Ascendant has progressed past Difda, indicative of self-destruction; the Sun is moving off the South Node: there is indeed promise of a new dawn.

The Lunar Return marking the start of the recording of *Pearl* looks positively chipper compared with those for the earlier work. Fortuna on Spica; the Lord of the tenth a strongly dignified benefic: very nice. Indeed, *Pearl* is a rather less visceral experience than its predecessors: our Janis does seem to have half an eye on a residency in Las Vegas.

The Lord of the Ascendant on the cusp of the eleventh, totally dominated (sign, triplicity term and face) by the ruler of that house shows an unhealthy concern that 'My friends all drive Porsches'. That the Lord of the eleventh falls exactly on the natal seventh cusp - open enemies - explains Janis' determination that she 'must make amends'. Her possessions (Saturn, Lord of the second) are pitted against those of her friends (Mars, lord of the second from the eleventh) as shown by the square. But Mars, being faster, is racing away from the aspect, leaving Saturn standing. Right at the centre of this square is the Moon,



Janis Joplin
Lunar return September 1969

Janis Joplin
Lunar return August 1970

stressing how important this is. A picture of envy if ever there were one!

But there are ominous undertones. Sabik, a star of dissipation rises; the Mars that opposes the natal Ascendant is also Lord of the twelfth; the Sun falls on the South Node; even Fortuna on Spica is not quite the unassuaged benefit that we might expect: good fortune, yes, but voluptuousness too. And while the progressed Moon promised a new start, it runs immediately into the orb of exalted, retrograde Jupiter, with all the excess that was so soon to kill her (October 4th).

Nor was her death the last effect of this unfortunate natal Jupiter. Jupiter on Castor: loss through legal affairs. Jupiter rules the tenth, so this involves the mother. It has been established in court that Pearl (Moon in Cancer), her 'performing style, voice, delivery, mannerisms, appearance and dress, and the actions accompanying her performances' all belong to her mother, sister and brother. Presumably whatever mental images you may have conjured up while reading this article belong to them as well - you will be hearing from their lawyers shortly.

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IF HIS MRS SHOULD LIVE

Amos and I were idly swinging on the workshop gate one day, when a man on whom we had never before set eyes came into view from behind the old oak-tree at the bend in the lane. We were about to slip behind the hedge and toss stones at the traveller, as is our urchin wont, when Jonas, who has been in the yard longer than any of us and had evidently, from some superior vantage point, caught sight of the new arrival before we had, came hurrying over, laying a warning hand on our shoulders and advising that such behaviour was now, of all times, likely to incur the displeasure of our Master.

"Who is he?" we asked, agog; for Jonas' mien indicated that this must be a visitor of some consequence.

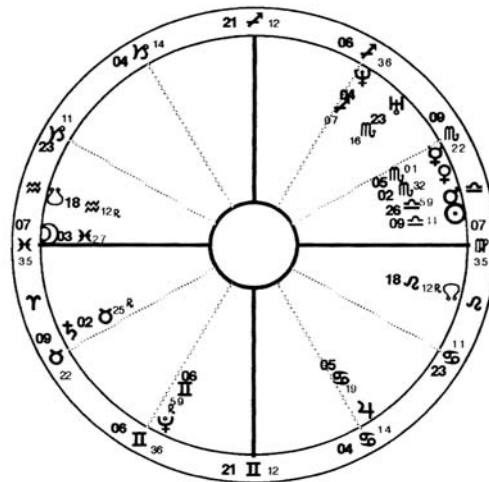
"'Tis William Lilly himself," Jonas informed us, in tones of awe. "One of the Master's oldest friends. 'Tis said that in their youth they served their apprenticeships together in the same yard."

How well we knew the respectful drop in pitch of the Master's voice when referring to some judgment of Mr Lilly. We had thought him dead long since - surely so fabled a mathematician could not be dwelling among us now, in these corrupted days - yet here, past, perhaps, the years of his best strength, but still nonetheless most palpably alive, trod the man himself, entering our very yard.

Bending double in fond belief that such action conferred invisibility, we ran, as he opened the wicket, close along the walls of the stables and through the forge, then clambered to the gallery where it was another of our fond beliefs that the Master had no knowledge of our presence as he entertained his more distinguished guests.



The workshop kitchens prepare a feast in honour of Mr Lilly's arrival



Will my wife live?
 Oct 2 1645 N/S 4.35 pm LMT
 London

How warmly the Master greeted his old friend! As we lay with our bellies squeezed to the gallery floor, peering through the gaps in the floorboards, we heard their chat of times past and new events, the changes in the kingdom, and a word or two on that Mr Kepler about whom we have heard odd scraps of strange gossip. But, their hunger for understanding of their craft being even at their high elevation yet unsated, it was not long before they fell to discussing points of interest in recent charts.

Our visitor produced a scrap of paper with a horary he had cast indited upon it. "I would have included it in *Christian Astrology*,"

we heard him explain, "But I decided to leave it among my notebooks, having foreseen that one Master Derek Parker will print a picture of it in a book of my life that he will publish, entitled *Familiar To All*, just opposite page 96." We strained our eyes to make out the faint glyphs in the torch-light below, and the note across the top of the chart: "Dns Prickman if his Mrs would live."

"You see the position of the querent's main significator?" Lilly continued. "Poised just inside the fifth cusp, he seems less concerned with the fate of his Mrs than with that of their offspring. And with the children's significator - it must be 'children' as the planet is in a double-bodied, fertile sign - itself just on the first cusp, applying to trine their father, with powerful mutual reception, it seems they are shortly to be thrown upon each other's resources, an immediate indication that their mother will be leaving them."

"Indeed," our Master replied. "And I need not tell you, William, how desperate a portent is a setting luminary in a chart on such a theme. The Moon may be rising radically, but turn the chart to view it from the wife's perspective: this is not good. And with the wife's significator, Mercury, so close adjacent the eighth cusp - I fear the worst."

"But surely not," his friend rejoined, throwing a playful glance upwards to where we had thought ourselves unseen. "Mercury in close trine with the Great Benefic, and that so strong, in Cancer, its exaltation. Surely no harm can follow here! And see how Mercury has passed those

dreadful contacts, as it separates from conjunction with Venus, ruler of the turned eighth house and so significator of death, and opposition Saturn, glowering, retrograde and peregrine and filled with dire portent. Passed all that and yet she lives? Surely she must live yet!"

"Ah, William - you take me still for that green youth I was those years ago when first as lads we set sail upon the ocean of this craft. You think I have not seen the notes you've made, here in the corner of this page, of how the Moon has aspect past to Saturn, and then applies first to Venus and then to Mercury itself, and only then to Jupiter, so bringing death directly to the lady, Jupiter or no? And think you yet I have not seen the distance at which that beleaguered Mercury doth stand, occidental from the Sun? It cannot be but that it prepares to enter station - itself a testimony against her longer life, and even more, as in this station Venus, harbinger of Death, moving fast, in fact applies directly to conjunction. She cannot live."

"Indeed, indeed, you rogue!" Master Lilly laughed, packing tobacco into his pipe's clay bowl. "Within a fortnight was the poor dame dead. You have me - but I have more charts here, and mark my words, I'll throw you 'ere this day is done!"

TRUTH

- by Peter Simple

Among other apologies, the Vatican is considering an apology for the Inquisition. Should it? It has already apologised, over-hastily as some may think, for the Inquisition's treatment of Galileo. Yet it was right at the time to forbid him to publish his astronomical discoveries.

The point was not whether the sun revolved round the earth or the earth round the sun. From a moral view-point it did not (and does not) matter in the slightest.

The point was to "save the appearances", as the current phrase went. If Galileo's findings, however "scientifically true", were to get into the heads of simple, unreflecting people - inevitably in a crude, garbled form - that would impair their faith in cosmic order and in their own place in it.

Rather than an apology for the old Inquisition, there is urgent need for a new and more powerful one. How much more dangerous than the theories of Galileo are the theories of scientists such as Richard Dawkins!

In a crude, garbled form they have already escaped from his mind

into the world and got into the minds of innumerable unreflecting people. Their message is plain: "We are animals, and are free to behave like animals."

To make matters worse, if possible, the theories of other scientists are also getting into those simple minds, with the plain message: "Not only are we animals, we are electrical mechanisms, stuffed full of genes, and in no way responsible for anything we do."

They may think this popular nihilism will make them free. On the contrary: it will make them slaves. For the fate of such pitiable creatures can be only total control by some future universal and unchallengeable authority.

Unfortunately, there is no new Inquisition in prospect. Dawkins condemned to be burned at the stake is only a pleasing daydream.

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EUROVISION 2000

As this issue is written, little hearts around the workshop are all a-flutter, not only in anticipation of the imminent arrival of a jovial gentleman in red coat and white beard, but because of the unexpectedly early discovery of the information required for that annual task laid down in the Workshop Charter granted us so long ago in the idyllic reign of King Basil the Cool: the prediction of the outcome of the Eurovision Song Contest.

In previous years, the late arrival of this news and the stringencies of publication dates have meant we have been able to publish the charts only after the event. This year, we are some months in advance. The contest will be held in Stockholm on May 13th, starting at 7pm GMT.

As the stable-lads are already showing each other those unlikely acts of kindness that we witness every year as they bargain for a place on the bench closest to the yard TV on that eagerly-awaited night, we see it is even now not too early to turn our attention to that weighty duty.

As we have previously noted, the Song Contest is a race, insofar as it is contested by many, rather than a contest, contested by only two, which would be judged by first house versus seventh house. Unlike other races, however, its result is decided not by which of the contenders accomplishes a certain feat quickest or best, but by which of them achieves greatest favour among the audience. It is, then, similar to

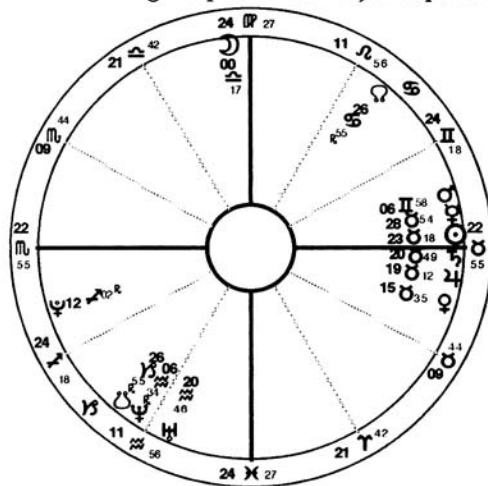
a court-case rather than a contest.

In the horary for a contest, the stronger - considering both essential and accidental dignities - significator will win. In a court case, the stronger significator shows less who will win and more who has the best cause. The decision of the court, as shown by the receptions and aspects of the ruler of the tenth house, will over-ride any considerations of strength. Maybe you have the best cause, but if the judge believes your opponent, you will lose. So with Eurovision: it is the tenth house that is important.



The workshop's own entry is among the favourites

It must be stressed that we are dealing here with an event chart, not a horary. If this were a horary cast for the question "Who will win Eurovision?" we would look for the planet to which the ruler of the tenth first applied, and any planet applying immediately to the tenth cusp. What seems to work here is to regard the planets as stationary while progressing the tenth cusp. The first planet with which the moving cusp forms a major aspect indicates the winner.



*Eurovision 2000
May 13 2000 8.00 pm BST
Stockholm*

In our chart, the MC goes to trine Mercury. We have found that the sign in which the planet falls shows the country. The obvious assumption for Taurus would be Ireland, frequent winners of the contest. Of other possibilities, Poland is not taking part this year; Cyprus, despite a high placing last time, can probably be discounted; Russia or, particularly, Switzerland are realistic alternatives. Or there may among the plethora of newly formed countries be one of Taurean nature. But we will go for Ireland.

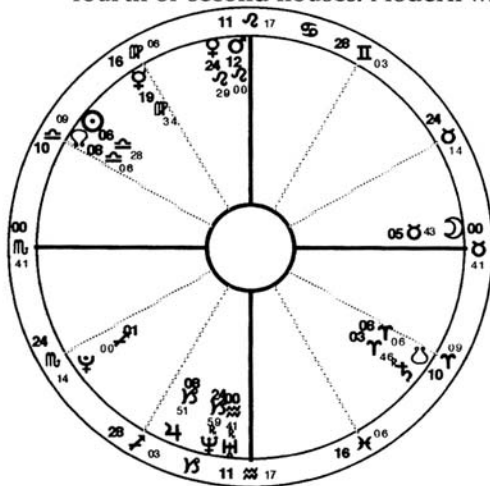
The song itself will be shown by the planet: Mercury. As we write, even the songs from which

the Irish entry will be chosen have not been revealed. We would expect their entry to have a title of mercurial nature. This gives any number of possibilities - a song about chimpanzees would make a pleasing change. More likely is a song about song itself, or about speech, writing, poetry, or maybe someone famous for one of those arts. With Mercury on Alcyone, the star of weeping, in the seventh, who knows? - maybe it will be titled *Songs for Lost Lovers* with a tune drawing heavily on *Danny Boy*. Or maybe it will be on some other mercurial business altogether. So if the Irish entry is called *The Astrologer's Apprentice*, you know just where to put your money.

THE LOGIC OF LOST OBJECTS

As a perfect illustration of the beautiful logic of the lost object chart, this example can hardly be bettered. The querent, an elderly woman, had been wearing an antique, black shawl, which she had hung up somewhere while she was out, but she couldn't remember where. So the question was, "Where is my shawl?" It should be noted that despite its clarity and verified accuracy, this chart does not conform to various of the considerations before judgement, so those astrologers who cherish an affection for these things would have declined judgement.

Faced with a lost object chart, we have the choice of looking to the fourth or second houses. Modern writers on horary make much of the



Where is my shawl?
 Sept 29 1996 9.22 am BST
 London

distinction between the fourth as the house of objects that are mislaid and the second of those that are lost. The distinction is cloudy, if apparent at all, in the authorities: Lilly tends to use the second even for articles that are mislaid. There is a rationale behind the distinction, in that the fourth is the house of things that are buried, and the typical mislaid object has been put down somewhere around the house and 'buried'. Despite this, in practice the distinction is not reliable.

What seems to work is to look to the second and the fourth houses. The ruler of one or other of these

will usually describe the object: this is the planet to go for. If neither ruler fits, take either Fortuna (the querent's 'treasure') or the natural ruler of the object. These can also add supporting testimony in any chart.

Our object is old and black: as such, it is well described by Saturn, ruler of the fourth. So let us run with Saturn and see where we arrive. The technique is somewhat akin to the games in children's comics: Help Harry the Hedgehog Through the Maze. We follow a likely-looking path for as long as we can. Sometimes it leads to our destination; sometimes we bump into a wall and have to go back and select another path.

We have some encouraging signs of recovery, without which locating the object is a rather pointless exercise. Both Sun and Moon are above the Earth, so we have plenty of light by which to see. The Moon is strong and angular, and applies to aspect the ruler of most of the second house. Saturn, significator of the missing object, is retrograde, showing the object coming back.

Saturn is the shawl, so all we need to do is to locate Saturn. That will tell us where the shawl is. So where is Saturn? In the fifth house. Had it been relevant, the immediate thought would have been "Blame the kids." This usually works. But there were no children available to take the blame, so we turn to another facet of the fifth: it is the house of pleasure and recreation. So the shawl is in a place of pleasure and recreation. What sort of place of pleasure and recreation? For this, we look to the sign in which Saturn falls. It is a fire sign - so it must be a fiery place of pleasure. A restaurant would be an appropriate choice.

We are still running and have yet to bump into any walls; so we can continue. We know the shawl is in a restaurant; we now need to locate the restaurant. This is done in exactly the same way as that in which we located the shawl. The sign in which Saturn falls has told us it is in a restaurant, so the ruler of that sign - Mars - will tell us where that restaurant is. Mars is exactly on the Midheaven. Anything in an angular house is close to home, or near where it ought to be, so the restaurant is near at hand. Less than one degree away from the MC, it is very near at hand. As it is on the cusp of the tenth, it might have been near the workplace, or even, as it is so close, in the workplace, were that appropriate in the context. But our querent was retired, so the restaurant must be very close to home.

What sort of restaurant is it? Again, we look to Mars. This time we look to the sign in which it falls, which describes it (if planets are nouns, signs are adjectives and aspects verbs). It is in Leo, which rules France and Italy. So we have a French or Italian restaurant very near the home. The shawl was found in a French restaurant next door to the querent's house.

LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT

- Our occasional series sorting out the basics

Some Notes Concerning Light

Our article on the traditional cosmology in the last issue has occasioned some surprisingly impassioned letters of protest. Some among their writers clearly disapprove of the way the cosmos is arranged; we must suggest that they direct their complaints to a higher authority than *The Astrologer's Apprentice*. Some, however are subject to one or more of a range of common misconceptions. So let us consider a few points in greater detail.

Whenever the prime importance of light in the cosmology is mentioned, it seems sure that there will be someone who vociferously claims that this equates the absence of light in an object with the impossibility of seeing an object. If this were true, then, the argument runs, planets below the earth would have no influence whatever, one consequence of which would be that traditional astrology should not recognise the aspect of opposition. There is, of course, a world of difference between an object that has no light and an object that has light but for one reason or another cannot be seen. Both of them are invisible, but this does not mean that they are the same: cats have four legs; dogs have four legs; this does not mean that cats are dogs - the fault in the logic should be obvious. Nor, then, does the importance of light imply that planets have no influence when it is cloudy - or when we close our eyes! (No, really - it is no good sticking your head under the pillow throughout your Saturn return.)

That light plays so integral a part in the cosmology is apparent from the very first words of God at the beginning of Genesis. All that is created follows from there. This account indicates, however, that light,

and also night and day, have an existence separate from that of the luminaries: light is created on the first day, the luminaries not until the fourth. This distinction has important practical relevance to our astrology. As the commentators make clear, the light of the first three days of creation is, as it were, 'essence of light'. This is then bodied forth in the luminaries, reflecting the increasing materialisation of the



The Master is forced to boil an apprentice's head after an elementary error

Creation. The Sun, then, even though it can be considered for practical purposes the prime source of light in the cosmos, has something of the same relation to light that a book does to knowledge: the book may radiate knowledge, but it does not contain it; the knowledge is preexistent to the book and manifests itself through it. The difference between the two natures of light, substantial and insubstantial, becomes clearer when we recall that the light that is physically visible is, for all its



beauty, but the poor cousin of that light which is, as yet, not. (We have an inkling of this difference in the phrase that so-and-so 'lights up a room'; but this light is not, unless he happens to be an electrician, one by which we can read.)

The planet, as a created object, exists in time. Dante, whom we may regard as authoritative, and who, of all people, knows a thing or two about light, tells us: 'the divine light penetrates through the universe according to the fitness of its (i.e. the universe's) parts in a way that nothing can hinder it.' What we are doing when we assess the *essential* dignity of a planet is asking: 'To what extent does the body of this planet at this time manifest the essential nature of that planet?' That is, how well is Mars being Mars or Jupiter being Jupiter.

We know that the malefics become more malefic when they are essentially debilitated. This is equally true of the benefics: a debilitated Jupiter or Venus shows 'a taint of poison', often a very strong taint. The essential nature of Mars and Saturn, then, is not malefic, but becomes so only when the particular 'part' of the universe that is Mars or Saturn is unable to receive and hence manifest that nature to the full. It is as if the planet's capacity to receive this essential light varies, and what it does not receive it cannot give out.

When we assess the *accidental* dignities of a planet we are asking, 'How effectively and in what manner can this planet at this time apply to this particular place whatever amount of essential dignity it happens to have?' Broadly speaking, then, the essential dignity answers the question 'Is he the good guy or the bad guy?' and the accidental dignities answer the questions 'Can he shoot straight?' and 'Has he got any bullets?' For example, in our examination of Janis Joplin we considered her Jupiter: strong essential dignity and a mixture of

accidental dignity and debility. The good guy can shoot straight and has plenty of bullets, but he has misunderstood the situation and is firing in the wrong direction. It often helps to reduce the intricacies of the chart to simple terms!

The planets 'work', as we have seen, on the level of essence. That is, for instance, the planet Saturn shares its essential nature with undertakers, parsnips and Bayern Munich football club, so as Saturn moves they too will move. Nothing in this world, however, has its essence of one planet unmixed with any other: everything here is a mixture of all seven planets, one or two of which predominate. The exact measure of the mix determines the different ways in which parsnips and Bayern Munich mirror the movements of Saturn.

As Dante says, 'nothing can hinder' this essential light. But the light of any one planet does not exist alone: we have the accidental dignities, which show, as it were, what position that light holds relative to the other spheres of the cosmos: the sphere of the fixed stars, the spheres of the other planets and the sphere of the Earth (i.e. in which mundane house the planet falls).

Let us simplify the picture again. Let us suppose a strongly dignified Mars: my country has declared war for the best of all possible causes. 'Nothing can hinder' this light, so the strongly dignified Mars arrives on my doormat in the shape of an invitation to enlist. But there are accidental dignities to be considered. Mars is conjunct a malefic fixed star: as I pick up the envelope an invisible orchestra strikes up the funeral march and the scene cuts to little Tommy playing war on the porch and falling 'dead'. Conjunct a benefic but martial star, the orchestra plays Sousa and the scene cuts to little Tommy with the 'enemy' falling in swathes all around him.

But look - there is another letter on the mat, perfumed and in a woman's hand. It says, 'I love a man in uniform.' Venus trine Mars. It says, 'Don't go - I couldn't bear to lose you.' Venus opposition Mars. Both essential lights get their message across; in one case the messages harmonise, in the other they don't.

I pick up the letter. Even though the orchestra is belting out the funeral march, as soon as I read it, I stiffen to attention with desire *pro patria mori*. Mars on tenth cusp. I pick up the letter, trying to focus my eyes upon it through the fog of my breakfast bottle of whisky, and then collapse unconscious on the floor. Mars in twelfth house. In all these cases the essential light arrives unhindered; what else is going on at that time, which includes all aspects, not only those that are commonly listed as accidental dignities or debilities, shows exactly how this essential light will make its presence felt in this world of generation and corruption. None of this involves the kind of light that we can put

through a prism. We are talking of celestial things; we must expect them to behave in celestial ways: the stars do not abide by the laws of Earth.

The singular beauty of light - as St Basil says, 'Light is that one of all created natures such that the thought of mortals cannot reach up to enjoy anything more pleasant' - rests in its being closer, in even its manifest form, to essence than anything else in the material world. Robert Grosseteste expands on this: 'Light is beautiful in itself, since "its nature is simple and in every way homogeneous": therefore it is united with itself to a very high degree, and most harmoniously proportioned to itself by its equality. Harmony in proportion is what beauty is: hence even without the shapes of bodies light is beautiful, by its own harmonious proportion, and is most pleasing to the sight. That is why gold, without any carved decoration, is beautiful: because of its sparkling shine. And the stars seem very beautiful to the sight, though they do not show us any elegance in the arrangement of their parts or the proportion of their shapes, simply because they shine with light. As Ambrose says: "The nature of light is such that there is all grace in its appearance: not in its size, or dimensions, or weight, as happens in other things. It is light that makes the other things of the world worthy of praise.'" So how privileged we, to work with so fine a stuff.

As we must know our tools, the science of optics is worthy of our investigation. Traditional optics holds that a ray extends from the eye to the object that is seen. Modern science disagrees, but the truth of the traditional view can be verified by simple experiment (insofar as experiment can verify anything) - try drawing a sleeping cat, for instance, and notice for just how long it remains asleep. An aspect is, literally (*aspectus*, in Latin), a glance from one planet to another; the traditional optics, then, is why we have the idea of planets projecting rays as they cast their aspects. It is, after all, the Sun and the Moon - the distributors, not the recipients of light - that rule the eyes.

That an aspect is a glance explains why a conjunction is not technically an aspect. In conjunction, the two planets become one, and you cannot glance at yourself. That an aspect is a glance also reveals that an 'inconjunct aspect' is a contradiction in terms. If the planets are inconjunct, they do not behold each other; if you cannot see something, you cannot glance at it. This is not to say, however, that an 'inconjunct aspect' (for want of a better term) is utterly without meaning; but its meaning lies exactly in the fact that it is *not* an aspect. A recent horary, for instance, was posed by a woman asking about her prospects with a man whom she had never met, but with whom she had developed a friendship on the telephone. Their significators were in exact quincunx, making the very point that the querent and her friend did not, in all

literalness, behold each other.

The Nodes

The debate about the exact effect of the Nodes has been continuing since long before Lilly's time. Al-Biruni tells us that: "It is related that the Babylonians held that the ascending (ie. north) node increases the effects of both beneficent and maleficent planets, but it is not everyone who will accept these statements, for the analogy seems rather far-fetched." The dispute is this: is it North Node good and South Node bad; or is it North Node increases and South Node decreases? Much of the time, the visible effect will be more or less the same whichever of the two options is correct. Sometimes, however, the distinction can be of great significance.

That the debate exists is evidence of an unhealthy feeding of the empirical into the field of knowledge. If we are to deal with the empirical - as sometimes, perforce, it seems we must - we need to be exacting in the quality control of our data. The confusion seems to stem from too many people noting, for instance, Saturn falling on the North Node and finding that it works in favourable fashion. "Aha!" they think, "North Node good." But if they have failed to qualify the condition of Saturn at the time, their conclusion is baseless. If Saturn were in dignity when this observation was made - in one of its own signs, perhaps, or in

Libra - the result could well have been favourable, and yet this would not necessarily imply that the North Node is in itself fortunate; it could equally well be increasing Saturn's dignified good nature and would also increase Saturn's malefic nature if Saturn happened to be in debility. With so many variables to consider, correct conclusions can be drawn only from first principles.

So what is happening here? The Nodes are the two points at which the Moon's path around the Earth crosses the ecliptic



North Node good?

(the Sun's path around the Earth). As the Moon's path is traced on a plane set at an angle to the ecliptic, it varies in latitude: one half lies north and the other south of the Sun's path. That is, simply, sometimes the Moon is above the Sun's path and sometimes below it. The point at which the Moon's crosses the ecliptic heading north is the North Node; the point of intersection when it is heading south is the South Node.

Change in latitude is significant: increase in north latitude is an accidental dignity. It increases the planet's power. South latitude correspondingly diminishes it. The more north latitude a planet has, the higher in the sky it climbs. We should also note that the effect of latitude on physical appearance is that North Node gives fat, South gives lean. Whether the gift of fat is benefic or malefic will depend on whether we are discussing a pig or a supermodel.

Again, we return to the distinction between essential and accidental dignity. The more essential dignity a planet has, the better it behaves: even a malefic begins to show its positive side. Accidental dignity gives a planet increased power to act. It puts it behind the wheel, but does not teach it to drive.

As the Nodes offer accidental dignity and debility, and the nature of this particular dignity, as shown by its relation to latitude, is clearly one of increase of power, we must conclude that what is related of the Babylonians is correct: North Node increases the planet's ability to act, whether for good or ill; South Node diminishes it.

While on the Nodes, we must also correct the common illusion about their aspects, and that pernicious idea of 'degrees of fatality'. The Nodes are not bodies: they are just points in space. They have no light, and no existence in themselves. How can they possibly cast aspects? They affect a planet that is on them, but nowhere else. We might liken the North Node to a chair: a planet that stands on it is better placed for banging people on the head or showering them with largesse. The fact that there is a chair on the other side of the room does not increase my height unless I choose to go and stand on it. It cannot raise me up by aspect. Similarly with the South Node, which might be likened to a hole in the ground: I will not fall into it if I am on the other side of the field.

As for 'degrees of fatality': this comes from Barbara Watters, founder of the Marvel Comics School of Astrology. Those of us who like a little less Zapppp!!! and Kappowww!!! in our charts note that the point exactly midway between the Nodes is often of significance, but this is not because this point *does* anything at all. It merely marks a place, which is often found occupied, in horary, by the significator of someone at a major turning-point. We see no reason for regarding the degree of that same number in any other sign as having any special significance.

Give me the moonlight...

Why, we might wonder, does the Full Moon have no power? It has been increasing in strength as it increases in light, ever since it left conjunction with the Sun, yet as soon as it finally attains the goal it has been seeking, with its maximum amount of light, rather than finding its maximum strength it has none at all.

It is an awesome but uncomfortable truth that the cosmos is arranged according to the principles not of human sentimentality but of Divine justice. In a lost tragedy, Euripides compares justice to 'Phoebe gazing across the heavens at her brother from the rosy flush of the clear morning sky'. That is, the Sun is rising and the Full Moon just setting. 'Neither,' he says, 'Hesperus nor Lucifer is so wondrous.' Hesperus and Lucifer are, of course, Venus as evening and morning star respectively. Now, Venus is a very fine thing: it is not without significance that it is the only star that casts a shadow, the only star by whose light we may read. Just as the Moon's light helps us manage in the absence of the Sun, so the light of Venus enables us to scrape along in the absence of both Sun and Moon. Beautiful though this planet is, beautiful as are the promptings of 'rightly ordered love', however, it is not the match of justice as signified by the Full Moon, reflecting to its maximum capacity the light of the Sun.

Even from the most popular of the modern texts, we are familiar with the idea of ever-hungry Cancer; just so is its ruler, the Moon. As is immediately apparent from a glance into the night sky, it is always, except at full, lacking something or everything; it desires what it has not. We discussed the nature of the phlegmatic temperament in the article on Janis Joplin: here we see it from another angle. The Moon is filled with greed. The waxing Moon can be characterised as greed for what it has not yet got; the waning Moon as greed for what it once had but has lost. At Full, it is full: its greed is momentarily satisfied. It has all that it can want, its capacity is filled. With its greed at last sated it has no power, for its whole motive force has gone. 'It is greed alone,' Dante says, 'That perverts judgment and obstructs justice'; so only once this greed is filled does the (now-Full) Moon become this symbol of justice. It is at Full that the Moon no longer has desires of its own, but can become 'the handmaid of the Lord', as is reflected in the pattern of planetary joys.

We see here also how Mars can be at once dignified (triplicity) and debilitated (fall) in Cancer. For this endless greed is productive of desire (Mars), and yet is at once obstructive of it as well: what wants everything does nothing. The Moon makes a poor job of organising Mars, as if he were a great warrior reduced to selling his sword in ignoble causes.

Timing and Precision

If we are making predictions from the horary chart, how precise do they need to be? The chart does provide us with a great deal of rope, so here in the workshop much effort has to be expended in order that the younger apprentices may be prevented from hanging themselves with it. In the intoxication that comes with the dawning realisation of just how potent a tool horary is, there is always the temptation to write a novel when we should be sending a telegram. If the question is "Does he love me?" the querent wants to know whether or not he loves her; that the astrologer might feel able to discourse on the competence of her plumber from information given in the same chart is doubtless very impressive, but neither of interest nor necessary. Horary is, as we have remarked so often before, like surgery: if we are operating on the heart we do not need to whip out the appendix just because we happen to have the body open.

If we have to break the news that "No, he can't stand you," it is not unreasonable that we should have a quick look around the chart to see if we can find a glimmer of hope for the future: having our clients queuing at the Tallahatchee bridge is bad for business. That said, the general principle of practical horary - horary as practised, rather than horary as theorised about by people who don't do it very often - is 'answer the question and then stop'. This is not simply a matter of avoiding unnecessary effort; but just as the more of his bodily parts we snip off the less likely our patient is to survive, so the farther we drift from the immediate point of the question, the more likely we are to go wrong.

The reason for this is that we have but twelve houses to describe everything in the universe. The house meanings that are implicit in the question are clear: the querent is the first, the person who may or may not love her is seventh, for instance. Major aspects or receptions between our main significators and the rulers of other houses are usually, but by no means always, clear enough in their meaning. But let us begin to paint in every tiny detail of the situation, and each house, and therefore every planet, has an infinitude of possible meanings, revealed as we turn and re-turn the chart. In plumping for any one of these rather than any other we are doing exactly what we most wish to avoid: turning the chart from a mirror of truth into a mirror of the astrologer.

As Sam Goldwyn said, "If you want to send a message, use Western Union." We do indeed want the message. MGM we are not; Western Union we are.

So we should stick to the point. But how much precision do we



Mrs Apprentice waits for her fridge to arrive

need in what we say about that point? Lilly, being a true Taurus, reminds us again and again of what is 'too scrupulous a Quere' or 'too nice a poynt in Art'. The purpose of the exercise is to give a satisfactory answer, not to demonstrate how clever we are: let us leave that to David Copperfield.

As Lilly was well aware, there is a sound practical reason for this 'big picture' approach. If I predict that you will marry in the summer of 2030 and you do, you think I am a great astrologer. If I predict you will marry on July 5th 2030

and you marry on July 4th, you think I am wrong. If the prediction is for next week, it is not unreasonable to expect that we give the exact day. If the prediction is for ten years' time, to attempt this - certainly from a horary - is to overreach ourselves, and overreach ourselves for no purpose. Similarly with questions on the exact number of children, or the exact amount of money: 'lots' or 'more than you expect' or 'next to nothing' are quite satisfactory answers. That we do not attempt more is not failure, but merely knowing our just limits.

This is not to say, however, that horary is not able to provide a remarkable degree of precision, as this example - continuing the theme of 'Refrigerators and their Function in Contemporary Astrological Practice' from our last issue - demonstrates.

The Apprentice was waiting for a new fridge to be delivered and cast this chart for the question, "At what time this afternoon will the fridge arrive?" He expected to see a planet applying either to the Ascendant or to Jupiter, ruler of the Ascendant, both of which signify the querent. The chart thinks differently, however, and shows the event elsewhere.

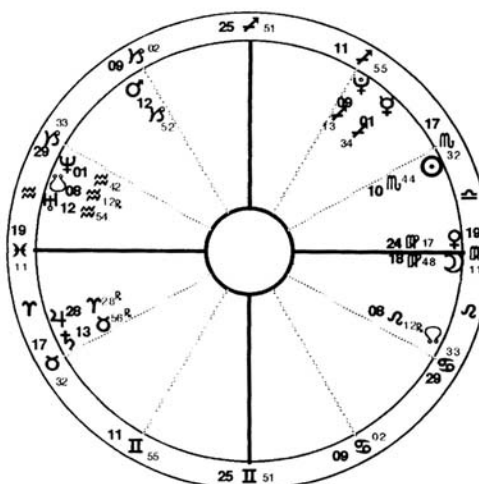
A planet on an angle is one of the ways a chart has of shouting "This is important - look at me!" so the Moon must be considered. The Moon would anyway be a good planet to take as ruler of refrigerators ('white goods'), and it is also relevant as ruler of the sixth, the house of 'slaves and servants': the fridge is not going to deliver itself. Whichever

way we look at it, the Moon is clearly significant.

It applies to the seventh cusp, rather than the first, which seems to reflect the situation: try as the Apprentice might, he could not summon the same degree of interest in the fridge that Mrs Apprentice displayed (she will not, he tells me, even allow him a corner of her new acquisition in which to store lunar aspects, despite the speed with which they deteriorate in hot weather). So even though the chart does not behave as expected, it still clearly shows the event.

The Moon is almost exactly on the angle - just twenty-three minutes of arc away from it.

Looking for seconds in the chart is foolishness; twenty-three hours was out of the question, as in that case the chart would have showed non-arrival that day. So these twenty-three minutes of arc must show twenty-three minutes of time. The chart was cast at eight minutes to three; the doorbell rang at exactly fifteen minutes past. Perfectly exact and beautifully simple.



*When will the fridge arrive?
November 3 1999 2.52 pm GMT
London*

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with

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IN SEARCH OF THE LILLY-PAD

In our last issue you thrilled as gumshoe Tony Demetris set out on the trail of the exact location of William Lilly's London house. Hitting the Public Records Office, he got the big freeze from the dame behind the desk, till he rested his foot on a chair, struck a match on the sole of his shoe and lit a stogie in the corner of his mouth.

"What's with the ice treatment, doll-face?" he demanded. "A guy could feel he's not welcome round here."

"Now why should that be?" she purred, picking the stogie from his lips and taking a drag on it herself. "William Lilly - that's kind of an unusual request, ain't it?"

"Maybe I'm an unusual kind of guy." He leaned forward and slipped the glasses from her nose.

"Maybe you are." She purred some more, reaching up and unpinning her hair from that schoolma'am bun so it tumbled onto her shoulders like a drunk rolling down a flight of steps. "Hold on a minute - I'll see what I can do."

Demetris almost missed the soft click as the door behind her eased open a fraction, but she sure didn't. "I can't help you mister: best try elsewhere." She had the cold face on again. A wardrobe with a fedora on its head and its hand in its coat pocket stepped through the door. "Looks like we're closing early today, mister," it informed him.

"I didn't know it was Thanksgiving already," Demetris queried.

"I guess you were misinformed," the wardrobe replied. "Time goes fast at this time of year."

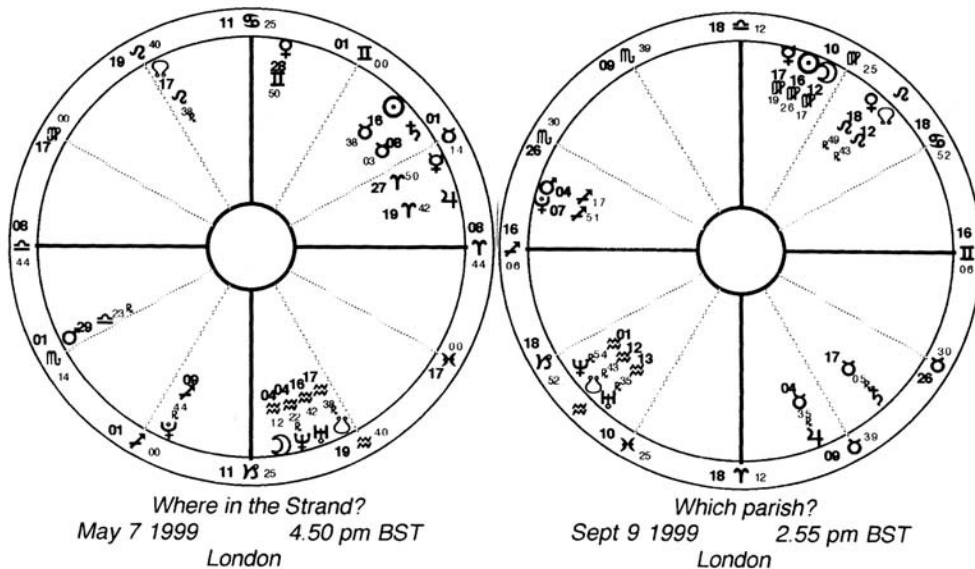
Arguing with that coat pocket seemed a one-way ticket to trouble, with no window-seat and a lousy in-flight movie. If Eddie Mars wanted the lid kept on the Lilly affair, he wouldn't be sending a fruit basket if someone got hurt. Was the blonde in with Mars, or was she just a blonde? There was one way to find out. Demetris flipped her his card. "If you remember anything, doll-face, give me a call."

"And what if I don't remember?" She was purring again.

"Give me a call."



The river-front at the end of Lilly's street



Back in his office Demetris sent Betty home for the night, turned the ‘Closed’ sign on the door, rolled himself a cigarette and took the chart from his desk. Written across the top of it in a fine italic hand was “Where did William Lilly live in the Strand?” How was he going to get into this one?

Lilly must be ninth house, that much was clear. We could take the turned fourth as his house; but in turned charts, the first rather than the fourth usually shows the home: it is, literally, that person’s house. So Lilly’s house is signified by Mercury. The house was in the Strand, that much we know; Mercury is in Aries, so Aries must be the Strand. There are two confirmations of this in the chart. The Strand is, by its name, a road that runs along the river: the ruler of Aries is on the very edge of a water sign. The house is in Aries, which extends from first point of Aries, the point from which the zodiac is measured; the Strand extends from Charing Cross, which is the point from which London is measured. (Mileage on road signs is taken from Hyde Park Corner, where the address of the Duke of Wellington’s house was No. 1 London; but for our astrologer, Tony Demetris, the world revolves around Charing Cross: he is by day a cabbie and the six-mile radius within which a cab-driver is obliged to carry a passenger extends from there.² The houses in most London streets are numbered from the end closest to Charing Cross.)

If Aries is the Strand and 0 Aries is Charing Cross, Tony reasoned that the position of Mercury at 27.51 Aries should, by proportion, show

² This illustrates the general principle that the horary chart shows the world from the perspective of the querent, while not necessarily confirming the veracity of this view.

how far along the Strand the house was. It certainly does fit accurately - but it is probably being a little too precious to think it can specify one of two adjacent houses.

The blonde at the Public Records Office had, however, provided our sleuth with the information that the two possible houses lay in different parishes, so Tony cast another chart: Was William Lilly's parish St Clement Dane's?

Lilly, again, is ninth house. His church, or his faith, is the ninth from the ninth: the radical sixth. So the church is shown by Venus in Leo. On the basis that 'Oranges and lemons (Sun) say the bells of St

Clement's' we can ascribe Venus in Leo to that parish. The connection with Lilly is emphasised by Mercury (Lilly) being combust, that is, within the control of this parish. There is no connection between Mercury and the other possible parish: St Martin (Mars) in the Fields (dispositor of Mars in fixed earth sign in fourth house).

Tony has, then, by applying sound principles, identified the exact site of Lilly's London house. We suspect he may find English Heritage less willing to accept the evidence of the chart than was Mr Lilly's local magistrate in the incident with the fish, so his ambition of having one of their blue commemorative plaques erected on the site will have to wait until the blonde unearths some parish rate-records. We will keep our readers informed of future developments.



- Hmm... Saturn crossing your Ascendant
How do you feel?
- Ruf!

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The heavens call you and wheel about you, showing you their eternal beauties, and your eyes gaze only on the earth. - Dante

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Issue 3 includes: Warts and Witchcraft; The Changing Nature of Time; Astrology on the Barricades - Two Radical Astrologers; The Ethics of Prediction; It Really Works - Horary Predictions of Public Events.

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PET CARE

- *an essential guide*

Congratulations! You are now the proud owner of your very own astrologer. Just following these few simple tips will keep your little bundle of fun in tip-top condition, ensuring maximum pleasure and faithful companionship for years to come.

Train him not to jump up at people. He is only trying to be affectionate, but many people find the experience of a full-grown astrologer jumping on them and licking their faces disconcerting.

Make sure he has a litter tray and knows how to use it. This stops him depositing his mental waste in every chart he judges. Modern training manuals may say that this is acceptable, or even to be encouraged; but it is really most unhygienic.

He is an inquisitive little fellow, but this does mean he gets himself into scrapes from time to time. He is particularly prone to getting himself tangled up in bizarre pseudo-spiritual cults. You can easily tell when this is happening, as his general standard of behaviour rapidly deteriorates.

Do keep your astrologer indoors during the mating season. Watching his attempts to find a mate may be hilarious at first, but they quickly become embarrassing for all concerned. If you feel you really must let him out, do at least make sure he leaves his birth-chart at home.

You may find him muttering darkly to himself on occasion, sometimes for prolonged periods. This is quite normal and is not a sign that he is in pain.

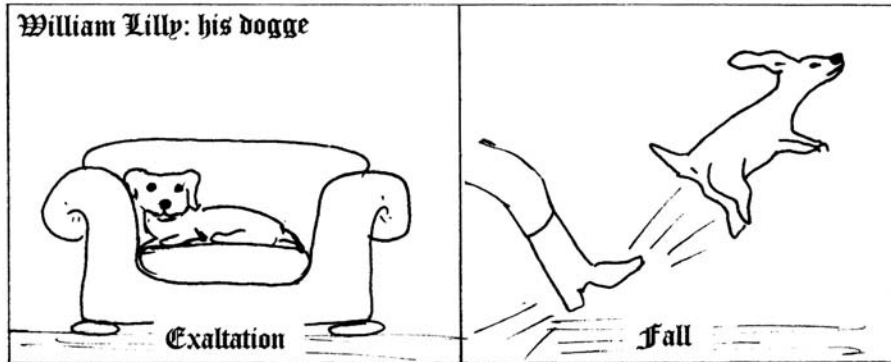
Personal hygiene is not the species' strongest point: you will have to bath him occasionally. Not too often, though, as detergents dry the natural oils that keep his coat glossy and free from infestation. It is particularly important to flush out his brain on a regular basis, as an unhealthy sludge is prone to develop there. This can easily be accomplished with a hose and a length of dental floss pulled from ear to ear.

If you give your astrologer a balanced diet, he really does not need snacks and treats. I know he enjoys outer planets and asteroids, but they are full of sugar and will quickly destroy his teeth.

Some breeds of astrologer bark an awful lot, particularly at other astrologers. This is an anti-social habit and should not be encouraged. If your astrologer does this, it is usually a sign that it is not getting enough

attention and so feels undervalued and unsure of its own worth.

Finally, do remember that you must keep your astrologer under control: if he is caught worrying Aries he can be shot. Worrying Virgos is unavoidable, so there are no penalties for this.



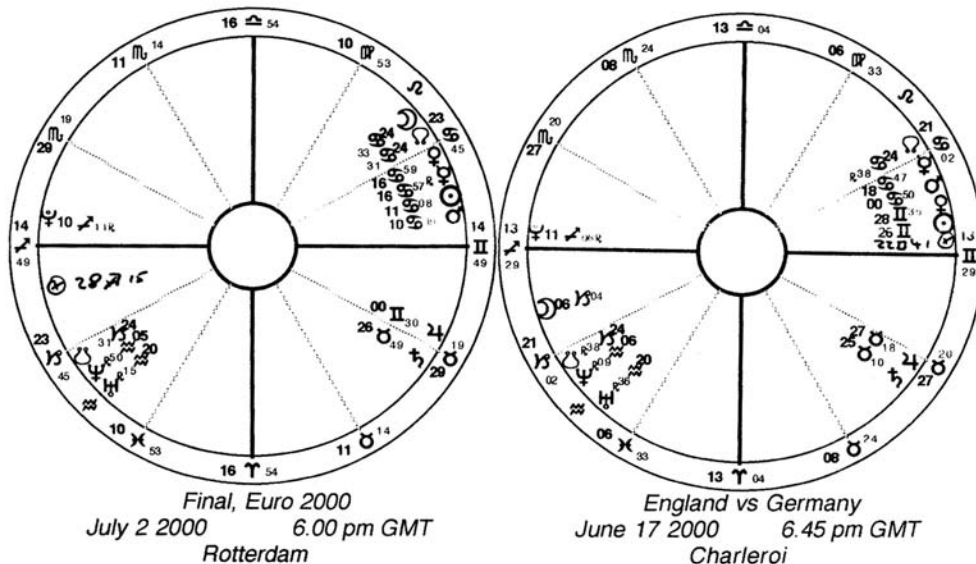
ENGLAND'S STILL DREAMING

This summer, Holland and Belgium will host the European Football Championships - joint hosts, we might almost say; but let us not forget the Belgians. The tournament will consist of England against Germany and some other matches. England has, of course, the best team in the world; so good that it can be filled with players of no apparent ability and still be robbed of its inevitable victory not by superior skills, but only by the underhand machinations and skullduggery to which foreigners have so strong an inherent inclination.

To save our readers the necessity of spending the summer glued to their TV screens, our next issue will contain a full rundown on the Euro 2000 results. But first, as an hors d'oeuvre, a sneak preview of the final.

Six months before the last major tournament - the 1998 World Cup - started, we told you that whoever began the final as favourites would lose, and so, to the surprise of everyone except Frenchmen and astrologers, they did. The chart for this year's final holds little promise of a similar upset. In fact, it holds little promise of anything much: the absence of significant testimony suggests a dull game with few goals.

Although we have not found dignity to be of importance in assessing the event charts for football matches, it does have slightly more influence in games of the highest profile, such as this. There is



little to choose between the two main significators: Jupiter, the Ascendant ruler, is for the favourites. It is in its detriment and in the unfortunate sixth house. Mercury, signifying the underdogs, is in its own terms, but retrograde and combust. The mutual reception between the two planets favours Jupiter: in contests exaltation carries more weight than sign-rulership. So insofar as it is worth anything, dignity slightly favours the favourites.

The only testimony of note is the Moon applying to conjunct the antiscion of Jupiter. This will give the game to the favourites. It is, it seems, remarkable enough that the stars can be shown to foretell the winner of a football match; looking for further details is being too scrupulous - but let us stick our neck out. With so little happening and the Moon having to travel five degrees - about the limit of its relevant movement in these charts - to perfect the aspect with Jupiter, our prediction is that the favourites will win by a single goal scored late in the game, or, more probably, on penalties after a goalless draw. You read it here first!

So much for the final; but there is only one match of importance in this tournament: the latest episode in the saga of England versus Germany. Should any of our readers doubt Clauswitz' dictum that 'sport is the continuation of war by other means' they need only consider the remarkable comment in an English newspaper on the eve of the World Cup Final of 1966: 'If, on the morrow, the Germans defeat us at our

national sport, be not dismayed. For twice in this century we have beaten them at theirs.'

Unless something very unexpected happens in the meantime, Germany will start this match as favourites (the bookie's odds, remember, must be treated with caution, as the amount of money laid for reasons of patriotism rather

than profit will artificially shorten England's price). Our brave boys, then, are signified by Mercury, ruler of the seventh house, while the fiendish enemy is shown by Jupiter, Lord of the Ascendant.

As with the final, there is not much going on. Not much - bar one aspect of the greatest significance: the Moon applies to oppose the antiscion of Fortuna. This is one of the most reliable indicators of the favourite losing. With nothing else happening, we must go for England to win 1-0. Words of warning, however: our predictions for matches in the group stages of competitions are notably less accurate than during the later rounds, and there is talk of the kick-off time being changed in an effort to confuse the hooligans.

The Story So Far...

Our last issue contained predictions for all the English and Scottish professional leagues. At time of writing, we have just passed the half-way stage in the season; so how does it look so far?

Our one spontaneous horary led us to predict that Leyton Orient would not win the Third Division championship. As they are currently bottom but one, with the real prospect of disappearing from the Football League altogether, it is by no means premature to chalk that up as a success.

The other horary that we were able to judge by standard procedures concerned the Scottish Premier League. Rangers seem set to be champions yet again, so the Apprentice has probably got that one right - although predicting that Rangers will be champions is about as spectacular as predicting that the Sun will rise tomorrow.

Our other forecasts were based on more dubious grounds. For



The England team gets a tactics talk before the big match

want of better evidence, our tentative tip for the English Premier League relied only on a transit to the manager's nativity; it would be a major surprise if Chelsea were to fulfil our expectations: whatever treat Mr Vialli's Jupiter return may bring him, it is unlikely to involve the lifting of the Championship trophy.

For the other leagues, we used highly un-spontaneous, and therefore, we suspect, most untrustworthy, horaries, identifying the winners by association based on club nicknames or other evidence. This has worked in the past, but reliability is confined within the limits of the practitioner's rather patchy knowledge of the clubs.

Our tip for Division I, Blackburn Rovers, began the season intent on leaving the division by the back, rather than the front, door. They have now pulled themselves together and are determinedly climbing the table. It is not inconceivable that they might yet win, but the team that seems most likely to do so is Manchester City, who would well fit the chart's suggestion of a big club emerging from its fall. Chart 1, Astrologer 0.

In Division II we backed Preston, who are riding high with every chance of success. Our alternative suggestion, Wigan, currently top the table. So all is well there - as also in Division III, where Darlington are handily placed, just a couple of points off the pace. Our alternative in that division, Macclesfield, are also not without hopes.

Our knowledge of football among the tribes on the wrong side of Hadrian's Wall, however, is clearly some way short of the mark: our tips for all three divisions of the Scottish League are sinking rapidly into the swamp. It has been suggested that the Scots' persistent use of an enemy's head rather than a ball necessitates some other criteria of judgment, but we know this is not true.

We will keep you informed of further developments.

Meanwhile, in soap-land...

Readers outside the UK will doubtless have been wondering what became of our predictions for the tangled love-life of *Coronation Street's* Deirdre Rachid (issue 9). As forecast, nothing was to come from the smouldering glances between her and old flame Mike Baldwin. Mercury loitering with intent just inside Baldwin's house attracted our attention. It did not rule any of our main players (Deirdre; her ex-husband and long-time torch-carrier, Ken; Baldwin; Baldwin's wife, Alma); but was clearly of some significance. What did it mean?

This is a major problem in horary: it is usually easy enough to work out which planets signify what in the immediate context of the question, but as soon as we start wandering even slightly from the point, our judgment can be at best only speculative; hence that most

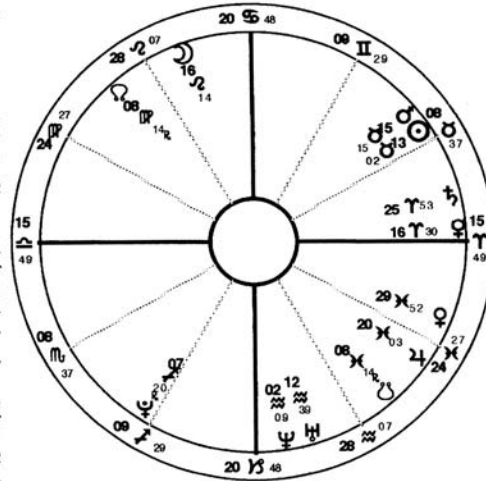
valuable of all astrological aphorisms, given in Ptolemy's *Centiloquium*: "Keep it simple, stupid."

The problem with identifying whatever new planet swims into our ken is the amount of choice with which we are presented. It will usually rule at least two, and often four or five, houses, each of which has not only its myriad radical meanings, but any number of additional indications given by turning the chart. On top of which, we have the natural rulerships of the planet. There will usually be one or two obvious suggestions that come to mind - but the obvious is by no means always the true. We might note that the planet rules the querent's second house and leap gleefully to the conclusion that his money is the matter at issue - it never occurring to us that it is, in fact, his priest's cat (sixth from the ninth) that plays so vital a part in the situation.

In his example charts in *Christian Astrology* we often see Lilly groping for the significance of such a planet: "Is there a rich man who lives nearby who is friends with both of you?" But this line of questioning, although often immensely valuable, imposes just those limitations that it is the purpose of our astrology to circumvent: whatever is beyond the imagination of the astrologer or the knowledge of the querent will be either not considered or rejected. And often, as



Mike Baldwin falls for one of his staff



Will Mike and Deirdre have an affair?
May 3 1998 5.45 pm BST
London

with our chart here, for one reason or another we are unable to discuss the matter with the person concerned.

In our chart, Mercury rules the ninth and twelfth houses. With Deirdre having the first and Mike Baldwin the seventh, and in full knowledge of the gritty realism common in soap

opera, we offered tentative suggestions that it might signify Deirdre's guru, one of Mike's employees (six from the seventh) or an animal bigger than a goat, before plumping for its natural signification as ruler of liars and con-men and suggesting that it show John Lindsey, the silver-tongued swindler who had been Deirdre's undoing. As events have shown, we should have taken the sixth from the seventh: it was indeed one of Mike Baldwin's staff, a flint-hearted hussy if ever there were one, with whom he is now ensconced. So while the imagination of the astrologer fell short, the chart itself, on even this unlikeliest of subjects, is proven.

-----*-----

NEPTUNIA REPLIES...

Dear Neptunia, I'm at my wits' end. No one can help me but you. My boy-friend has been studying traditional astrology for many years, but now he has taken to wandering round the house in a doublet and hose, hitting me on the head with a pig's bladder and singing 'Hey nonny nonny'. It's driving me insane. What can I do?

Yours in desperation, Tracey

Dear Tracey, This may seem an unusual problem, but you are not alone. Many are the traditional astrologers who succumb to the temptations of time-travel. The ailment takes many forms: there are other victims who act like Elizabethans, and even some who behave like ancient Greeks. Indeed, there are self-help groups in most major cities for the wives and girl-friends of astrologers who have started living in bygone ages.

As I flash through the hedgerows of this green and pleasant land in my flame-red Ferrari, I do not usually have far to travel before seeing, on some distant hillside, the serried ranks of the Sealed Knot pouring themselves tea and chatting on their mobile phones as they prepare to re-enact one or other of the battles of the Civil War. This is all very well: it keeps a collection of bank-clerks and accountants from making a nuisance of themselves at weekends; but, Tracey, no matter how much intricate attention they may devote to the detail of their costumes, their battles are not real. When it starts getting dark, even the slain tumble into their Range Rovers and drive home.

So is it with the nostalgists among our astrologers. No matter in what fancy gear we may clothe our minds, practising astrology as if we were ancient Greeks, medieval Italians, or Seventeenth-Century Englishmen is impossible - and not only impossible, but undesirable.

Bliss is it in this dawn to be alive, and let us, in our fascination with the past, not forget it.

The point of working within a tradition is that the tradition is a living thing: we do not need to pretend to live in days of yore. If the tradition were nothing but the dry bones of a corpse that died three hundred years ago, all that would be left to us would be the Sealed Knot approach, dressing in imitations of its clothes. But the tradition is alive and well, here, now; we are as much a part of it as Lilly or Bonatus.

Your boy-friend has the choice, Tracey: will he change inside and really be a part of the tradition as it is, or will he cling to his Twenty-First Century self and play at being part of it as it was? We can practise astrology as a living thing, or we can take part in an intellectual fancy-dress party. If I were you, Tracey, I'd take that pig's bladder away from him and make him confront his astrology as real - and tell him to clear those chickens out of your bedroom. *Your caring, Neptunia*

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE



It has been said that James Dean invented teenagers, for which indeed he has much to answer. What, then, does his nativity have to say on the subject of rebellion, causeless or otherwise?

Mercury is conjunct Saturn, which Coley suggests shows 'the Native should have an Impediment in his Speech': as one of the first followers of the 'method' to become famous, Dean was widely criticised for 'mumbling'. The Part of Eloquence (2.17 Aries) and its dispositor, Mars, are both in half-voiced signs, while Mercury itself and its dispositor are both in a weak-voiced sign: evidence of mumbling. Here, however, the impeding Saturn is dignified and the conjunction is separating, so with the benefit of our greater exposure to the

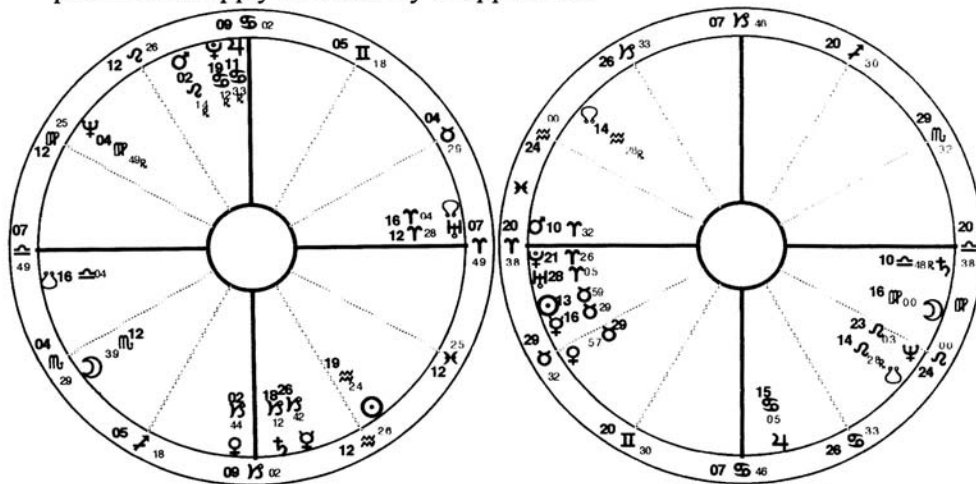
The stable-lads have never heard of James Dean

inarticulate, we might well wonder what all the fuss was about.

But while the speech is clearer that the myth allows, we do see evidence of those familiar words: "I hate you, I hate you, you're so unfair!" The Part of Eloquence is exactly trine its dispositor, Mars. Mars, aggressive enough on its own, is in a hot, dry sign and retrograde. Its presence afflicts the tenth house (authority). Neither Al-Biruni nor Abu Ma'shar lists a Part of Sulking and Tantrums, but this is quite close enough. The Moon in Scorpio, Al-Khayyat tells us, reveals a person 'of much anger, bitterness, and contention'. Ruled by Mars, dispositor of our Part of Sulking and Tantrums, this is how this bitterness will come out.

Vindematrix rises, a star associated with 'wanton folly' (Robson), while Venus, Lord of the Ascendant, opposes Jupiter, which is in the tenth house. It is Jupiter that will show if he had a cause; this opposition reveals that he was indeed without one. But for a quick indicator of rebelliousness, we can look to the relationship of the first and tenth houses: the ego and authority. Here, the rulers of these two houses receive each other into major debility: the Moon receives Venus into its fall, while Venus takes the Moon into its detriment. That the aspect between them is a distantly separating sextile, rather than something more combative, suggests that he will be unpacking his heart with words rather than actions - but rebellion is written large nonetheless.

Is this valid evidence for rebellion? We do not have access to a birth-chart for Lucifer; but failing that, Oliver Cromwell is the first that comes to mind: Lord Ascendant receives Lord Ten into its fall; Lord Ten receives Lord Ascendant into its detriment. But here we have deeds: the planets both apply immediately to opposition.



James Dean
Feb 8 1931 9.09 pm CST
40N32 85W40

Oliver Cromwell
May 5 1599 N/S 3.44 am LMT
Huntingdon

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