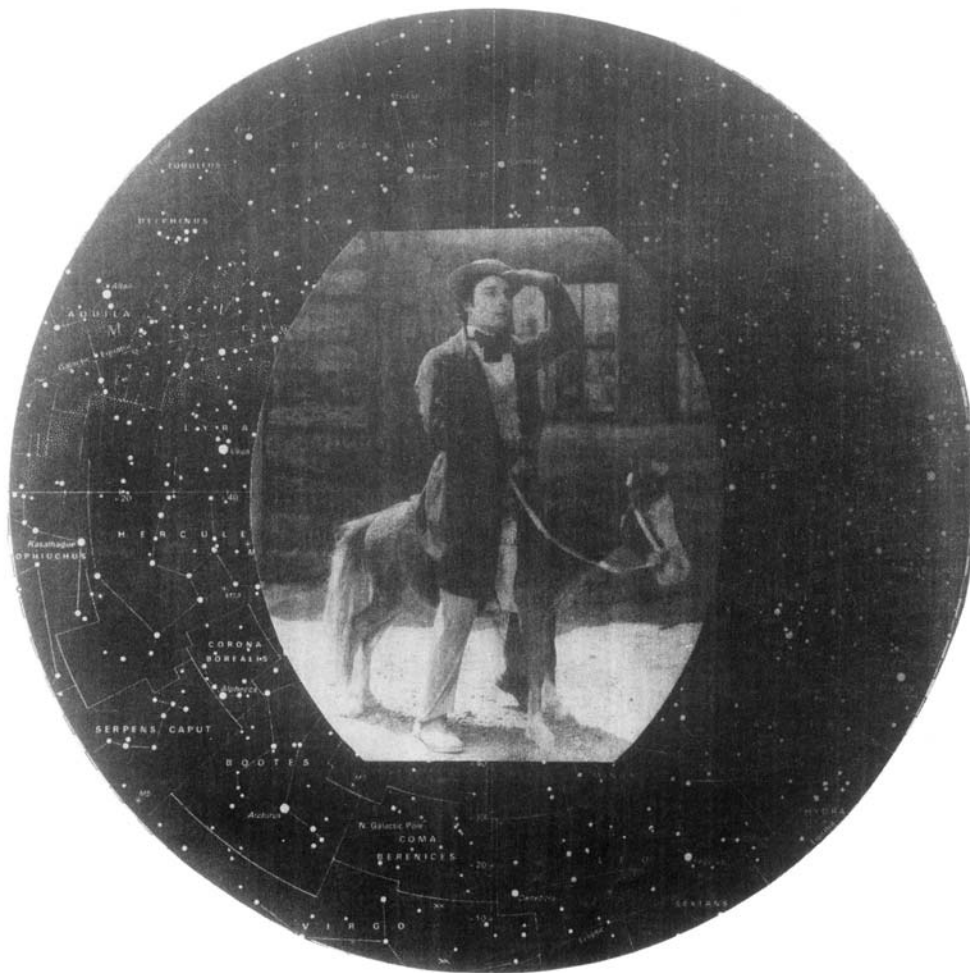


THE ASTROLOGER'S APPRENTICE

THE TRADITION AS IT LIVES

Issue 10.

Price: £3.75



The Apprentice Goes to the Races



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: 0181.365.2553
E-mail: j@apprentice.demon.co.uk



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———— Contents ————

Sepharial and Horses	7
<i>An extract from Kim Farnell's forthcoming biography of the Astral Tramp</i>	
Pegasus Rising	11
<i>Picking winners - a technique we have found to work</i>	
My Kingdom for a Horse!	15
<i>The Apprentice takes a prurient look at the nativity of Catherine the Great</i>	
Diva!	18
<i>Had enough of horses? We find the winner of the Eurovision Song Contest</i>	
Time is Money	20
<i>Vital for Darwin, vital for us: we trace the connection between time, money and thought</i>	
You Must Remember This	27
<i>The plot for Casablanca, written in the stars</i>	
At Last - The Winner	34
<i>The winning entry in our Grand Competition</i>	
After the Lord Mayor's Show	36
<i>Reviewing our forecasts for the World Cup: lessons and conclusions</i>	
Adventures in Santa's Grotto	44
<i>A horary by Anne Sacco</i>	
Neptunia Replies	45
<i>Our sensitive seer answers your problems</i>	

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ASTROLOGICAL LODGE OF LONDON
(Registered Educational Charity)



Fifteenth History of Astrology Seminar

Saturday, 24th October 1998 at 10.00 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. (Doors open for coffee at 9.30 a.m.)
50 Gloucester Place, London W1 (nearest Underground stations: Marble Arch & Baker Street)

- Nick Campion** Nick discusses the 16th century satire on astrology. *Pantagruel's Prognostication* by François Rabelais, the French scholar, physician, and hugely licentious writer.
- Annabella Kitson** Modern writers use astrology in various ways: Beckett (of *Waiting for Godot* fame) thoroughly researched his horoscope theme in his novel *Murphy*; Powell built astrology into the structure of *A Dance to the Music of Time*.
Coffee 11:20
- Silke Ackermann** Dr Ackermann of the British Museum has made a special study of Michael Scot (c.1175 – c.1230), the scholar, astrologer and reputed wizard.
- The Panel** Shorter contributions and questions from the floor.
Lunch 1:00 – 2:00
- Robert Zoller** Robert will discuss the American founder of New Age astrology, Marc Edmund Jones (1888–1980), who combined Theosophy, Idealist Philosophy and New Thought to shape his 'Sabian' astrology. This laid the foundation for psychological astrology.
- Günther Oestmann** Dr Oestmann discusses the astrology of Count Heinrich Rantzau (1526–1598), some of whose horoscopes and interpretations have survived.
Tea 3:20
- Francesca Flores D'Arcais** The Curator of the Sala della Ragione and its magnificent astrological frescoes – one of the glories of Padua – will show us the iconography of constellations, planets and signs in medieval Italy.
- The Panel** Shorter contributions from Bernard Eccles and others.
- The Panel includes **Nick Campion, Bernard Eccles, Mike Edwards, Annabella Kitson and David Porter.**

Select Reading List: History of Astrology — Books by our speakers
History and Astrology: Clio and Urania Confer, Ed. Kitson, **based on talks given at these seminars**; contributors: Derek Appleby, Nick Campion, Prudence Jones, Patrick Curry, Annabella Kitson, Nicholas Kollerstrom. Mnemosyne Press, Midheaven Bookshop, 396 Caledonian Road, London N1 1DN. *The Great Year* Nick Campion, Arkana. *A Confusion of Prophets*, Patrick Curry. *Christian Astrology* Regulus Company.

Name Address

I enclose a cheque/P.O. payable to 'Astrological Lodge of London' (includes teas etc.) for £ _____ (Booking from September onwards). Lodge members £10.00 Non-members £15.00. Post to: A.L.L. History Seminar, 50 Gloucester Place, London W1 3HJ enclosing a stamped addressed envelope (or tickets will be held at the door). Or buy at A.L.L. meetings on term-time Mondays at 7 p.m. at above address. Booking on the day, space permitting. Cheques payable to 'Astrological Lodge of London'.

EDITORIAL

Ohmigod, it's more about Lilly's Cottage! But let us consider what is happening here.

We have, we must make it quite plain, no quarrel whatsoever with those who wish to purchase the house where Lilly was born for the benefit of the astrological community. If it is a choice between doing this or doing nothing, let us do this; if you are not sure if you really need your next Rolls Royce or your next pint of beer, send the money along to the Lilly Cottage Appeal instead.

We may suspect that once the astrological community has got hold of it, the cottage will quickly come to resemble the OK Corral; but with good faith, something beneficial may be achieved.

We may wonder at some of the aims expressed. An astrological library, when every worthwhile book on astrology can be contained on one shelf? An astrological study centre - for the study of what, since astrology is not like an elephant that we must travel to see it? And it would need to be a particularly interesting elephant to attract its viewers to Diseworth.

There is a tendency to the materialising of study, as if somehow encasing it in bricks and mortar can make it more real; this is, we suspect, not unrelated to the feeling that by buying another book or using a new piece of software we can somehow be more in command of our craft. There seems to be a frustration with the simple truth that astrology is intangible; we long to give it concrete form. Hence, even in this workshop, the proud ceremonial when an apprentice is recognized as master of his craft, with pipers blowing hard on the bladders of whole herds of newly slaughtered pigs and the gaudy medallion pinned in honour to his breast. Yet once the last drop of mead has been consumed and the last stable-lad gone to his rest in the hay-loft, the new-made Master is still found running his fingers across his medal ribbon and wondering why nothing seems to have changed.

Astrology is a thing of the mind. We may build our libraries and study-centres and bureaucracies as we like to pretend that we are doing something Real; but astrology will slip out round the edges and whatever it is that we will find in these edifices, and whatever benefits they may bring us, will not - in itself - further our craft. The only astrological study-centre worth visiting is located on top of your shoulders.

We may note the apparent absence in Lilly's writings of any desire to visit the place of Bonatti's birth; or remember that he and his

contemporaries could meet each year for their Feast without feeling the urge to found a study-centre. We stress again, the purchase of this cottage cannot do us harm, so it might as well be done. But we suspect we are chasing a corpse when the spirit has flown. We are reminded of the story of the man in rags, begging in the snow from the rich concert-goers. "We have no time to stop for you," they cry as they rush past, "We are off to hear Mozart's music."

"But *I* am Mozart," the beggar whispers to their retreating backs. In case anyone is in doubt, Lilly is dead. If anyone wishes to purchase Frawley's cottage for the benefit of astrology, let me know.

-----*-----

Our predictions for the World Cup suffered the usual fate of anything British involved in football overseas: a review can be found later in this issue. But we live and learn, and the Apprentice has been invited to provide a telephone tipping service for forthcoming football fixtures. Our first prediction paid at an interesting 7-1, and at the time of writing we are in the smug position of not having got a match forecast wrong, while our rivals with the form-book, in the shape of the experts at The Racing Post, have yet to get one right.

It is early days as yet, and we have no illusions on how long this record will last; but it augurs well. Those of our readers who take a practical interest in the William Hill Awards can find our long-term predictions for league and cup winners, highest scorers and so forth on 0331.100818, while short-term predictions for matches over the next few days are on 0331.100819 (calls from mainland UK only).

Or, rather than paying the premium rate for these calls, take out a subscription to The Astrologer's Apprentice and work it out for yourself - much more fun! (The legal bit: "Calls cost £1 per minute at all times. Service provided by: From the Terrace, PO Box 109, Alton, Hants, GU34 1XL").

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Annabella Kitson's determined efforts to effect a marriage between Astrology and Academia continue with her fifteenth annual History of Astrology Seminar on October 24th, in London.

A selection of star astrologers and respected academics provide a varied menu, including Nick Campion's discussion of Rabelais' satire on astrology; Silke Ackermann of the British Museum on Michael Scot; Robert Zoller on Marc Edmond Jones; and Annabella herself on astrology in the work of Samuel Beckett and Antony Powell. Full details can be found in the advert on page 4.

SEPHARIAL AND HORSES

We are pleased to publish this exclusive extract - snatched from under the very noses of The Sunday Times - from Kim Farnell's forthcoming biography of Sepharial 'The Astral Tramp', to be published by Ascella.

Astrological magazines were not renowned for their success in the latter half of the nineteenth century. There were too few adepts to support a specialist publication. P Powley of Hull hit on a winning formula in June 1887 when he published 'The Astrologer'. It was the first such periodical which included correspondence from readers and was a lot more working-class in its approach than previous publications.

By 1889 sales were down and in a desperate attempt to recruit more readers Powley began to include material on horse racing and betting systems. It was too late for The Astrologer, which folded in June 1890; but the idea had been planted that astrology could be used for rather less lofty purposes than it had previously espoused. "The Astrologer for June is at length out of press. The number is an interesting one.....Otherwise the journal is running wild on horse racing to judge by the prominence given to the subject." Others soon picked up on the idea and the short run magazine 'The Attractor' also gave coverage to astrology and racing. "We hear that The Attractor, an astrological magazine published at Hull, is defunct. There are millions of miles between 'the turf' and the 'stars'. Verb sap!"



Sepharial and his daughter pioneer the study of cycles

Although astrologers found this sort of work to be beneath them, there was clearly a demand. It took Sepharial some time to realise the mileage to be got out of predicting results of horse races "I have been asked by many correspondents why I do not establish the claims of astrology by the popular exposition of its principles in relation to turf anticipations. My answer has invariably been that the feat is an impossible one."

Impossible it may have been but that doesn't mean that Sepharial wasn't willing to give it a go. In 1903 a book, 'The Mysteries of Sound

and Number', was published by Sheik Habeeb Ahmad, remaining in print until 1930. This book outlined a divinatory system which could be applied to horse racing. (A second volume by the less exotic sounding, Mabel Ahmad, 'Sound and Number', appeared in 1929). The book was actually written by AP Sinnett, who was a prominent theosophist and occultist - although he did claim that the alcoholic Ahmad was a real character who had "some curious fragments of occult knowledge". It was almost inevitable that this book should find its way into Sepharial's hands. Whether or not he was aware of its true author is unknown, although he did refer to him as Mr Ahmad. "Some years ago I had occasion to remark...that 'there are millions of miles between the stars and the turf.' Since then the distance has been considerably reduced."

Some quick thinking was needed to lay the ground. Following the logic that any contest with a definite place and time allowed prediction of its outcome through examining its horoscope, it followed that it should also be possible to predict the winners of horse races through astrology. It was then an easy step to outline Ahmad's system. Those who wish to rush out at this point and place their bets clearly need a quick run through. You begin by reducing the names of the horses to a numerical value, using only letters which give a sound. Then each number is allied with a planetary hour divided into 15 amshas, or parts of four minutes, and the planet which rules the period or four minute interval at the moment of the finish of the race indicates the winning horse, as shown by the unit value of its name corresponding with the number ascribed to the planet.

Even Sepharial could see the inherent silliness in such a system - although he did still suggest that you might want to stand on a race course armed with a table of 4 minute intervals and a list of the unit values of the horses. But how can we discern between two horses with the same numerical value? Mr Ahmad recommended that attention be paid to the age of the horses concerned. So we now have a third list.



Or we could go for method number two. This one, attributed to H Trevor, who is not renowned for having made his fortune in this manner, involves setting the horoscope for the time of the race start. The difference between the Moon and Mid Heaven in absolute longitude is called 'the measure'. This is divided by the number of runners and the remainder indicates the number from the top

or bottom of the list which should win.

According to Sepharial's analysis you should at least be able to predict the time the race will end, which could be useful if you've lost a lot of money.

Surely method number three will come up with the goods? This relies on using planetary hours, where the difference between sunrise and sunset is divided by twelve. The planet ruling the required hour is the first to be considered, and if it is capable of winning by its position and aspects the number of the planet shows the winner by its position on the listing. If not you have to go through a process until you're happy with a planet. Simple for an astrologer maybe, but another of those theories which shows better results after rather than before the event.

No discussion would be complete unless we looked at method number four. This time you take the range of weights carried by the runners. You then divide them into the circle of the zodiac to obtain the 'measure'. The planet which first forms an aspect to the rising degree in the horoscope of the race and that planet which next succeeds to it in an aspect to the same point are taken into account. The distance between them when divided by the measure indicates the winner.

And yes, there is a fifth method. If you can get a bunch of astrologers to agree on the colours associated with a planet you can combine that knowledge with the ruler of the 5th house of speculations and the 10th of dominance, according to what colours the jockey is wearing.

Non-astrologers need not worry if any of the terms above are not within their realm of experience. Even Sepharial said "In every case there is a defect which seems beyond remedy." Coincidentally, however, he at this point announced that he had been experimenting with a system which gave successful results 50% of the time. For this method it wasn't necessary to know the start of the race, any numbers or colours, and weights weren't even mentioned.

Maybe you're not the type of person who would instantly offer Sepharial money for placing bets on the basis of the above information. But many were: "I find people of practically no means at all willing to place their small savings with me for 'safe things' of my own selection. I have had to inform them that I am not open to agency of this sort." But he was more than willing to provide detailed accounts of the systems mentioned.

Of course, his own, more successful, system had yet to be published. By this time he was claiming a 75% chance of success. Some more testing was needed before this system could be given to the world - in exchange for a small remuneration, of course. The interest and correspondence generated by Sepharial's statements led him to claim

above 50% success rate in spotting winners, and additionally to be able to work out the second and third placed horses in a race. Clearly the feat was becoming less impossible. "As to the validity of an astrological racing system opinions may vary, but for my own part I am constrained to bow my head to facts, and I have certainly experienced the most remarkable results in the case of more than one exponent."

His confidence in this area had increased enough for him to publish tables on methods of winning at the roulette table. By this time he was offering specific predictions on race winners. The method he used relied upon a combination of the scheduled start time of the race and the weights carried. "The figures look fabulous. I admit to being staggered when I lighted upon the System and saw its possibilities." Sefharial had hit on another way on increasing his income. "Readers interested in this phase of astrological practice are invited to write to me regarding terms. Copies of the system have been distributed privately, and under certain conditions, in lieu of a large publication. They are strictly limited in number and I have at the time of writing one copy only to dispose of."

Unfortunately, even Sefharial's system was not infallible and those following his predictions were often doomed to disappointment: "Owing to the fogs prevailing at the time of the Manchester November Handicap and the consequent displacement of several events, including the last great Handicap of the season, Sefharial was unable to advise his correspondents in time to prevent loss. The advices sent out last November were from calculations made on the schedule time....."

He continued to perfect his system and to sell predictions and copies of the method privately to those who requested them. 1913 saw the publication of the Silver Key: "It employs the silvery Moon as a prime factor, and...it is comparable to the key contained in my Arcana as silver is to gold."

The systems advocated in the Arcana were never to be published and Sefharial continued to sell them by private subscription until his death. Unfortunately, other astrologers, bemused by his work, seemed to believe that these speculation theories were part of a grand hoax: "In view of Sefharial's deeper writings, we are inclined to think that in this small book we detect him in a playful mood."

Sources: The Forecast, 1906-7; Urania's Children, Ellic Howe, 1967; Autobiography, by AJ Sinnett.

When not rousing the skeletons from Sefharial's closet, Kim Farnell publishes "The Impractical Astrologer". The third issue of this occasional satirical astrology magazine is now on sale, with all profits going to the Lilly cottage appeal. Copies can be obtained from Kim at 54 Sprules Road, London SE4 2NN UK. Price £3.50 UK and Ireland, £4 overseas including postage (sorry - sterling payments only). Cheques to be made out to The Impractical Astrologer.

PEGASUS RISING

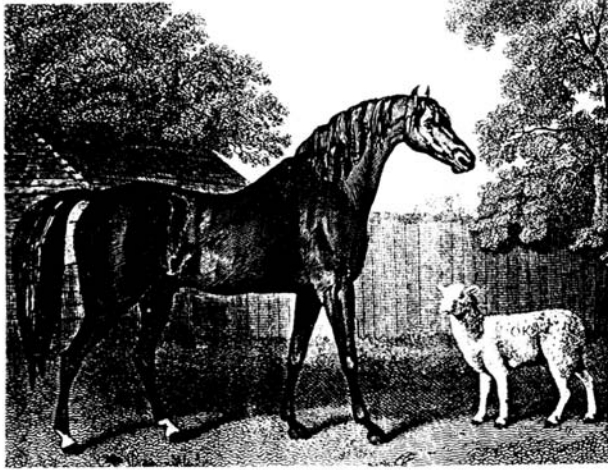
There is a myriad of different systems for picking horses by astrology. Unfortunately, the great majority of these have made the transition from drawing-board to printed page without the slightest contact with reality and are no more reliable than the traditional method of closing ones eyes and sticking a pin into the race-card. We could almost believe that our good friend and benefactor, Mr William Hill, employs a department of staff solely to dream up spurious astrological techniques as a sure way of gulling astrologers of their money.

The authorities are not much help. Coley, for example, quotes Haly's method, which is based on the position of the Lord of the Hour. This is probably all very well if you are the King of A running your prize stallion in the annual race with the Sultan of B; but it is quite useless when applied to picking winners from races starting at half-hour intervals on each of as many as a dozen courses throughout the country.

We have other methods undergoing extensive testing in the workshop, a process which keeps Nathaniel and Isaac, two of the more dispensable stable-lads, out of mischief, which is in itself, some of our craftsmen feel, reward enough. We may, however, yet be surprised, especially as one of these methods is that of RL Sutaria, who is reputed to have died an extremely wealthy man. But testing is hindered by the saturnine nature of the yard nags, Dobbin and Rosalinda, the first of whom is distinctly slow in motion and the second seemingly immovably fixed in station. Readers will be kept informed of any progress.

The only system with which we have so far achieved any success is that used by John Addey. Addey, it is said, had his account closed by various bookies; over a long period using this system we broke even, which - bearing in mind the inclusion of 10% tax on all bets, the book-makers' profit and the extreme naievity of our betting techniques - suggests there is something in it. The system was outlined in *The Astrological Journal*, Vol 2, No 2 (1960).

Set the chart for the start of the race, using Campanus cusps. Regard the planets as standing still and move the fifth cusp. The first planet to which the fifth cusp makes an aspect will give you the winning horse. This sounds simple, until we learn that Addey used the most minor of aspects and anything on which an aspect might reasonably be hung - asteroids, hypotheticals, trans-uranians, UFOs and so forth.



Pick the winner

The planet-horse connection is shown primarily by basic symbolism of name: Soldier Boy for Mars, Pickpocket for Mercury, etc. Blessed are those horses with nice names, like Uranus Collonges; forever accursed those whose names seem a meaningless jumble of letters. The connection of horse to planet by name is

fully in accordance with the Tradition. Name, it must be remembered, is far more important than we are inclined to admit today. It seems to us that a name is a label stuck more-or-less arbitrarily on an object - something purely external, which may be changed at whim. The Tradition stresses its extreme importance, for name is of essence. We see this for instance at baptism, where we are given a Christian name, that name by which God knows us. Our full name is then a combination of our essence (Luke or John) and our material form, as shown by our social function (Baker, Butcher) or some other reference to our material nature (Brown, Long, son of...). The reluctance with which, the anthropologists tell us, members of certain tribes divulge their names is fully in accordance with their traditional importance. From traditional perspective, then, a system based on names is far more likely to work than one based on, for instance, the external accident of handicap weights or saddle number.

Most often there will be a straight planet-horse connection. Sometimes we must look to the houses which the planet rules - Lord of the twelfth, for example, has given us Dungeon Master. Sometimes the condition of the planet is relevant: a planet combust gave us Surfeit of Sun. And, very rarely, the jockey's colours seem relevant: Lady Lloyd-Webber's jockeys sport a tasteful design of red hearts on a bright pink shirt, which has given us winners from Venus. Even the horse's nature has on occasion provided the link: a horse described as 'somewhat eccentric' won under Uranus, while - our favourite of all - Mercury gave us Mutashim, a name which defied our understanding but was borne by a horse described in the racing press as 'a bit of a thinker'. The general principle seems to be: if there is a straight planet-horse connection, take

that; if not, hunt around for one of the other possibilities. That said, if there is no connection with the first planet aspected it is almost as if that would have won had it only been running, but it isn't, so we may pass on to the next planet.

The relation of astrological signification to horse is sometimes so perfect as to be breath-taking: a notable memory is of the Moon in Leo in the terms of Mercury giving 'Sunday News and Echo'. We cannot leave a discussion of horses' names without mention of Cat's Bottom, a horse whose wonderful name was not, unfortunately, matched with an ability to run fast. Many an idle hour in the workshop has been passed in speculation on the genesis of this name, the favourite theory explaining it as the result of a heated difference of opinion: "Let's name it Ethel after my mother."

"I'll name it after the cat's bottom before...." Who knows?

This system is extremely time-sensitive, the more so because of the number of objects and the triviality of the aspects we are considering. Any race going off more than a couple of minutes late is probably a lost cause. This gives a built-in failure rate of about 25%. What we will often see in such instances is our selected horse managing to lose a substantial lead in the final furlong; in one race our jockey just fell off, for no apparent reason. A small but significant number of races, however, are won on a separating aspect. Why this should be and how one decides whether a separating aspect should be considered are problems we cannot yet answer.

When the workshop was testing this system, we used the four main asteroids as a matter of course and the half-dozen others for which ephemerides are given in Lee Lehman's book on asteroids whenever a likely name caught our attention. We did have winners with, for instance, Vesta, goddess of the hearth, giving Hobbs and Lancelot Sir Tasker; but overall we found them much less reliable than the planets. We suspect the same would be true of hypotheticals and trans-uranians. The number of horses with appropriate names makes Lancelot the one asteroid that definitely merits attention.



After a bad day at the bookie's...

Similarly, we found the reliability of aspects declined as they became more minor. Divisions of 20 degrees seem to be the final boundary of triviality: 10 degrees and its multiples don't work. A ptolemaic aspect, particularly an opposition, or a conjunction seems capable of over-riding closer minor aspects. But not always.

A final problem is the frequency with which we would determine our winning planet, say Mars, only to find the race contested by Butcher's Boy, The Surgeon, Scarlet Blade and Red Riot, with no clue to help us decide between them. Perhaps this is where a study of handicap weight or saddle number would be appropriate. A final mystery is the frequency with which this system identifies 'steamers' - that is, horses that attract a great deal of betting interest and fall rapidly in price. We often found we had selected a horse that closed from outsider to favourite, or near to it, but then did nothing in the race. If we discount the possibility that the nation's betting-shops are filled with astrologers working from Campanus fifth cusp, we must wonder whether the system is actually identifying something other than the winner - a something that happens to coincide with the winner on a significant number of occasions.

Overall, we concluded that this system as we have it - and we suspect that John Addey had probably refined it considerably beyond this - does, for all its faults, provide a sound basis on which those who do not share our distaste for the Sport of Kings may wish to build. Above all, like so much in our horary work, like our other sporting predictions and our astrological examination of soap opera, it forces us to contemplate the wonder of a cosmos where such utter trivialities are blazed forth in the stars. As Robert Hand says in the introduction to Olivia Barclay's *Horary Astrology Rediscovered*, "Even the lost pet cat precedes in a universe where the symbolism declares the nature of the cat's essence, a universe where at some level the cat matters." We are told in the Tradition within which we work, "Not the tiniest leaf on the topmost twig of the tallest tree moves but it is touched by the breath of God," and that we may read in the stars that Blue Bonnet rather than White Socks will win the 2.15 at Newmarket makes this most abundantly clear.

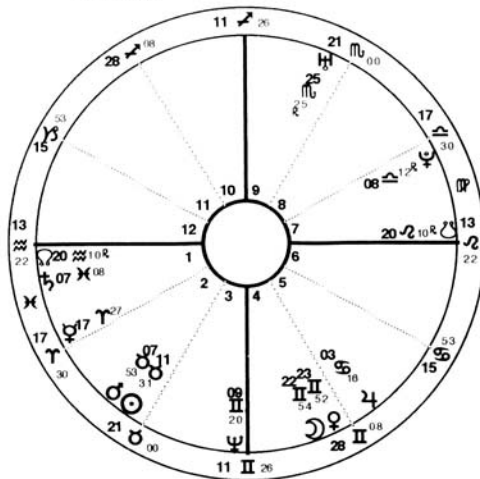
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75, Tewkesbury Terrace, London N11 2LU
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MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!

No discussion of the Sport of Kings would be complete without reference to that enthusiastic love of horse-flesh that is the Sport of Tsarinas. So let us peer into the murky waters of the nativity of Catherine the Great.

Mars and Venus, Lilly tells us, are the signifiers of 'impudency and lust'. The lights in conjunction with these two planets lends them immediate emphasis; as all four of these bodies are peregrine and Mars in detriment as well, there is going to be a certain amount of difficulty here. Mars and Venus are in sextile by antiscion.

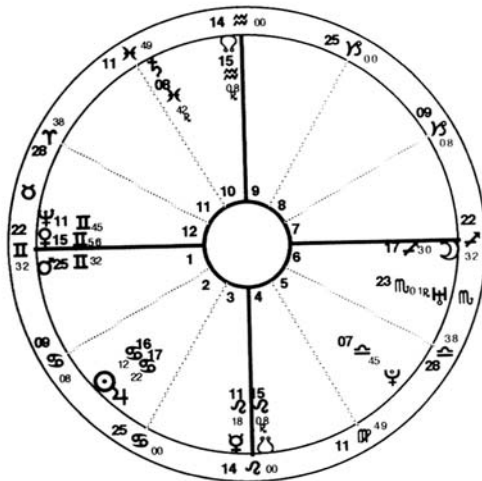
This might not have been so problematic had this debilitated Mars not been in exact aspect with the Lord of the Ascendant, Saturn. Saturn's dignities - in the sign of Jupiter, exalted in the fifth house of pleasure; in the exaltation and terms of Venus; and in the triplicity of Mars - show where Catherine's interests lie. Jupiter is Lord of the tenth, so the chart also shows a strong concern with her career; but the career is not good for her. Exalted Jupiter is ever a tricky beast; in applying trine to Saturn (ie Catherine), which it dispoits, from the fifth house, luring Saturn into the sign of its detriment, we see the job giving her the position to undermine herself by indulging her pleasures. By antiscion, Jupiter falls on the fifth cusp, which is conjunct the star Tejat, indicative of shamelessness. Jupiter is conjunct the Part of Death at 2 Cancer.



Catherine the Great
May 2 1729 N/S 2.00 AM LMT
Szczecin

The fifth cusp is on the midpoint of Moon/Venus and Jupiter, stressing the idea of over-indulgence and, as Venus is ruler of the eighth, repeating the connection with death. The nature and strength of the connection between exalted Jupiter and Saturn doubtless show her obsession with size, while the involvement of the Moon, ruler of the sixth, invites her slaves and servants to the party.

There are many further pointers to the importance, with unfortunate consequence, of 'impudency and lust' in the life. The South Node indicates where the



Progressions for death
Nov 17 1796 N/S

native will be hurt; the Sun and Mars, the two indicators of male sexuality in a woman's chart, conjunct in a bestial sign, fall by antiscion on the South Node. The midpoint of Sun/Mars and South Node falls on the Part of Death and Jupiter. Venus falls on the midpoint of Saturn (Catherine) and Pluto - remembering that Venus is also Lord of Death. Mercury, ruler of the fifth, on the violent star Baten Kaitos, is on the midpoint of Moon/Venus and the Ascendant.

Neptune falls on the midpoint of Pluto and the Ascendant: according to Ebertin, this gives 'repulsive behaviour' and 'the experiencing of a most awkward

and unfortunate situation'. As the god Neptune was traditionally associated with horses, this might, perhaps, have occasioned something of a social gaffe while trying to introduce ones horse into society, were it not that the Asc+8th-Moon Part of Death is at 8 Gemini. This is conjunct Neptune, bringing rather more grievous results.

Returning, finally, to the exact aspect between lustful Mars and Saturn, Lord of the Ascendant and hence signifier of Catherine herself: the midpoint of this is on Pluto, an unpromising combination. It also falls on the fixed star Alpheratz. This is known as "The Horse's Navel", which is quite as exact as a family magazine wishes to get.

Catherine's misunderstanding of the concept of stable government brought her demise on November 17th, 1796 (N/S). We examined the astrology of death in quite enough detail in a previous issue, and shall not do so again here¹. But let us glance briefly at some of the progressions for the time of death.

The progressed Ascendant has reached natal Venus, ruler of the eighth house, while Mercury, Lord of the natal fifth, is caught with a smoking gun: progressed Mercury now squares the Sun, and progressed Sun and Jupiter - who, as we have seen, also has blood on his hands - apply to square natal Mercury.

But the real interest lies with the fixed stars, which, as we have pointed out before, are of extreme importance in natal astrology in

¹: Our Death & the Devil Special is still available.

general and the astrology of death in particular. So perfectly does this fit that we are keen to avoid the suspicion that we might be making it all up; so the following meanings are quoted from Robson.

Progressed Fortuna falls on Bungula. The nature of Parts can be read as their determining planet; Fortuna is determined by the Moon; Moon on Bungula gives 'secret bad habits'. The Moon itself has progressed onto Rasalhague: 'perverted tastes and mental depravity'.

Mars is now on Menkalinen: 'ruin, disgrace and violent death'. Venus (Lord of Death), meanwhile, has reached Bellatrix. Lilly says this 'stirs up to lechery and luxury', while Robson has 'danger of sudden dishonour... liability to accidents causing ruin... much suffering through love affairs owing to unrestrained feelings.'

The progressed Sun/Jupiter conjunction now falls on the heavenly twins, Castor and Pollux: 'violent death... rape committed or suffered... high position but danger of disgrace.' If we remember the meaning of Jupiter in the nativity, drawing Catherine into the fifth house to her detriment, and that it is still in its exaltation, taking all things to excess, squaring the Lord of the natal fifth, we will now also see the darker significance of one of these stars' more innocuous indications: 'fondness for horses'.



*Catherine, in male garb,
takes a turn on top*

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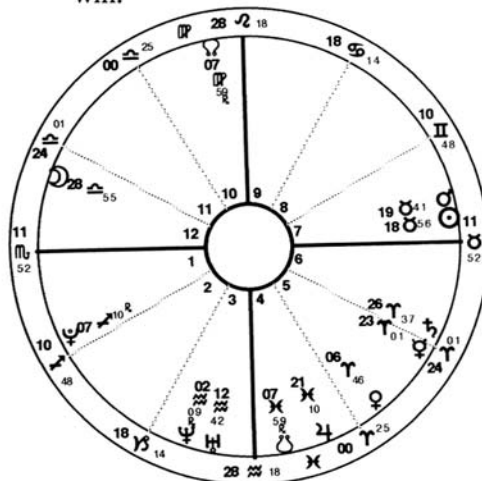
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DIVA!

We have found that to judge the winner of the Eurovision Song Contest, using a chart for the start of the contest and taking the first planet to which the MC casts a major aspect seems to work. The planet will give the song-title; the sign in which it falls, the country in question.

So in 1996, we had Mercury in Taurus, giving Ireland victory with "The Voice" (see Issue 1 of *The Apprentice*). The previous year saw Pluto ("Nocturne") in Scorpio (Norway) signify the winner. We shall draw a discreet veil over last year's competition, the chart for which seems devoid of any reference to "Love Shine a Light" from the British entry.

This method does explain one of the mysteries of Eurovision history. The proverbial alien visitor, if he could learn anything about Eurovision without rushing into his spacecraft and heading for safer planets, would probably expect the advantage of language to give Britain and Ireland more than their fair share of victories. He would then probably expect France and Italy to do rather well, as these countries have traditionally dominated middle-of-the-road European pop. But both have done badly, Italy even to the extent of going off in a sulk and refusing any longer to take part, because we don't let them win.



*Eurovision '98
May 9 1998 8pm BST
Birmingham*

France and Italy are both traditionally ruled by the Sun, and a contest starting anywhere in Europe at that time of day and that time of year will almost always have Leo either on the MC or so close to it that a major aspect from the MC to a planet in Leo is impossible. One year when Italy did manage to win - in Zagreb - the relevant aspect was to the Sun itself.

I would not recommend this method for selecting the winner in a horse-race. In a race, the winner chooses itself by doing something faster than any of its competitors; in a contest like this, the winner is chosen by others, for whatever

bizarre reasons. Intriguing though the possibility may be of awarding the prize to whichever singer manages to get through their song first, it has not yet been adopted as the criterion for success.

In the chart for this year's contest, the MC makes immediate aspect to the Moon, which is in Libra. Libra,

then, should give us the country: Austria, Savoy, Alsatia or Livonia, according to Lilly. Austria, unfortunately, was not taking part, and our frantic pleas to the Austrian Embassy to get someone - anyone - on stage with a song about moonbeams fell on deaf ears. Lilly also gives a selection of cities, of which only Lisbon and 'the Territory in Greece where sometimes the City Thebes stood' seemed at all plausible. The Greek band was called The Sea and were singing about a secret sorrow - Moon in Via Combusta in the twelfth house. The Portuguese group was called Alma Luca.

Each year's contest welcomes more countries undreamed of in the days when astrological significations were being recorded. But none of the newcomers seemed to have a song with any lunar connections. Greece will win Eurovision the day after The Apprentice includes a chart with Chiron. So, without much conviction, we plumped for the almost equally unlikely Portugal and Alma Luca.

But the contest was won by Israel, and the chart describes this perfectly. The clue, of course, is in the title of the song: Diva. What could be more lunar?

"Bright wanderer, fair coquette of Heaven,
To whom alone it has been given
To change and be adored for ever..."

What more diva-ish than that?

Libra might do as ruler of Israel, the country where the Jews (Saturn) are exalted. But the confirming testimony is with the singer. Dana International was heavily hyped as 'the first transsexual to take part in Eurovision', indeed a giant leap for mankind. The Moon, which gives us the winner, is opposed to Saturn, which is on the midpoint of Mars and Venus. Ebertin's comment on Saturn on Mars/Venus is "an abnormal and pathological sex-expression". Dana wins.



TIME IS MONEY

Fundamental to astrology is the idea that things happen at specific times. Not random times, at which these events chance to have fallen; but definite moments for which alone they are fit. Modern science has a similar idea; although, in common with all the ideas which it has taken from the Tradition, it has it only in debased condition (let us dismiss once and for all the strange notion that the scientists are somehow rediscovering the truths of which the great faiths have spoken: the man on the down elevator does not reach the top, no matter how far he travels).

The most refined manifestation of this idea in modern science is as part of the Whiggish concept of progress, by which all Good Things in the past have been stepping stones to the peak of excellence at which we have now arrived. In more basic form, we have the common-sense statement that one thing must happen before another which depends upon it becomes possible: you don't invent the remote-control until you have invented the TV. So it is with Mr Darwin, whose ideas are such a milestone on the road to the Dark Age in which we dwell. Both the traditional and the scientific point of view agree that his ideas could have been distilled only at a certain time. He of traditional bent will hold that only when the prevailing state of reason reached sufficient stage of

corruption could ideas like his be taken seriously. His scientific antagonist will hold that certain base-camps had to be established before even Darwin's towering intellect could scale the Everest of evolution. This is something of a circular argument, but we shall let that pass.

One of these vital base-camps concerned money. A certain stage in the progress/corruption of monetary thought had to be attained in order that Darwin might stand upon it to take his great leap forward. This stage was the introduction of paper credit.² This happened during the early part of the nineteenth century. Simply, this enabled



Whatever happened to time?

² : See Martin JS Rudwick, *Poulet Scrope on the Volcanoes of the Auvergne*. Brit. Journal for the History of Science (1974) Vol VII, for more detail than space here permits (as traditionalists, of course, we are not able to increase the size of the magazine by adding a few more noughts).

economists to produce as much money as they wanted just by writing a few noughts on a piece of paper. Darwin's particular problem was time. For his theory to have even that degree of plausibility that it does, he had to vastly extend the amount of time Nature had available for the transformation of microbes into men. Instead of the mere few thousand years that was the prevailing estimate of the age of the Earth, Darwin needed millions. The advent of paper credit showed him how this could be done: just write a few extra noughts and, hey presto, you have it.

This points a connection between time and money which is not without importance for astrologers.

The connection between the two things is easily seen: we spend, waste or save them both. But let us go back to the beginning. As our immediate measures of time are given by the Sun and the Moon, so were they once the mainstay of the monetary system. There was the odd jewel in circulation, which would equate with a planet, but the pound in your pocket was of either silver or gold.

There was a qualitative difference between the two. If you wished to buy my goat, we could agree a sum in either gold or silver; but these piles of metal which could purchase the same things were most surely not the same. This becomes clearer if we draw in the third strand of our argument: intellectual history. The Sun and the Moon are intellectual and rational knowledge respectively. Just as the Moon will help you keep to your path when the Sun has set, rational knowledge can keep you focussed when your powers of intellection are on the wane. But no amount of rational thought is equal to one moment of intellection. Think as much as you like, it remains thought and will never become knowledge. We are reminded of Thomas Aquinas, realising that the matchless achievements of his reason were worth so much straw. It is indeed symbolic of the dereliction of modern thought that an intellectual is now taken to mean not someone who practises intellection, but someone who thinks a lot - although even this appears to be stretching a point.

The Sun is divine and the Moon mortal; it is the immediate symbol of creation and, with its blemished face, the immediate reminder of our frailty - and of the frailty of our reason. It is not insignificant that the fee of traitors is traditionally paid in silver - "For a handful of silver he left us," - the appropriate wage for their human fallibility. And as silver is the Moon and gold the Sun, we may follow this logic: if twelve disciples equal one year, at a piece per day, one disciple must cost thirty pieces of silver.

At first, the objects of exchange had innate value of their own. You would present me with a finely wrought golden shield; I would



Sol et Luna

reciprocate with a tripod for sacrifice. Here it is obvious that there is qualitative difference: no number of tripods equals one shield. The first stage of corruption was the introduction of coinage. Now, in some way or another, ten silver coins is held to have the same value as one of gold. Coinage has turned the Sun and Moon from things of value into money, which is a system of measurement. Everything, we are told, fits somewhere onto this scale of measurement by money: that Hollywood may arouse our sentiments by claiming otherwise shows only how ingrained this idea has become. This may be all very well in quantitative terms - if my pig is worth two pieces of silver, both my pigs are worth four - but has been a recurrent source of contention when applied to the qualitative: we soon come against the old anarchist

conundrum of the number of bricks a bricklayer must lay to deserve the surgeon's wage.

In the early days of coinage, when the material from which the coin was made was still of more import than the number stamped upon its face, debasement of the coinage was a sin equatable with heresy, and punished with similar severity. As the introduction of base thought into the creed threatened the church, so the introduction of base metal into the coin struck at the heart of the state. The effect was like an eclipse: the Sun obscured by silver, or silver obscured by the shadow of the Earth.

The significance of the introduction of coinage is clearer if compared with the equivalent change in our perception of time. Coinage equates with ratiocination (in period as well as meaning). Time, too, like our shield or tripod had once a value in itself. This is the perception of time on which astrology is based: the knowledge that each moment has its individual nature, that to every thing there is a season. Hand in hand with the introduction of coinage comes the spreading and now ubiquitous belief that moments have no qualitative difference, that time is a constant. This belief is very handy if time becomes something to be bought and sold - ones eight hours in the factory or the field.

But we soon discovered a practical problem with gold and silver: there isn't a lot of it. And when people want it, it becomes pressing to

find more. This is a very different situation from that with which too many of our readers will be familiar: you may be short of cash, but there is plenty of it about - do some work, rob a bank, marry wisely and some of it will be yours. One of the greatest formative influences on the history of pre-modern Europe was the sheer shortage of specie.

Braudel claims that "If medieval Islam towered above the Old Continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific for centuries on end, it was because no state (Byzantium apart) could compete with its gold and silver money, dinars and dirhems. They were the instruments of its power." Modern historians, viewing that age through glasses coloured by the fumes of this, see medieval Europe as a pond in drought, filled with fish struggling for the few remaining drops of water. And then it rained.

Seen from our viewpoint, a viewpoint which would be quite incomprehensible to a native of that time, it was an age of restriction. Limited specie. Limited knowledge, as exemplified by books in small number copied laboriously by hand, while monks debated angels and pins. Limited time, with life so short.

Water precipitates in many forms: as snow, dew, rain or hail. So this rainstorm fell in its different forms. There was a shower of gold as the treasure-ships began to arrive from the New World. Within a very few years, Europe was transformed. A flood of words as the printing-presses sprang to life, diluting the intellectual in the rational - reflecting the effect of the mass of new coinage. Echoing from level to level of meaning, this new wealth financed the swing from spiritual to secular in the political sphere, a swing legitimised by the works rolling off the presses. With this flood of gold so strong, it is hardly surprising that the scientists decided the world must revolve around it. We have already considered what was happening to time at this time, as mirrored in the nice trick of linear perspective (issue 5).

And thence the invention of paper credit: the true product of the Age of Reason, as truth is pushed aside and replaced by fancy. The obvious contemporary comparison in the intellectual world is with the death of the solar art of poetry - the art of telling the truth - and its replacement by the lunar art of the novel - the art of telling tales. The main impetus behind the creation of the novel being to fill time, of which, with these brave new developments, there was now suddenly too much. As time was now a kind of coinage, it could be accumulated until people had far more of it than they knew how to spend.

The idea of monetary gold and silver has itself long been abandoned: no more Gold Standard; no more of the promise 'to pay the bearer on demand'; not much now of even paper money. Intellection is no longer a respected guest in the world of thought, and thought itself

has been replaced by artificial currencies of no inherent value. As we might expect, the same has happened in astrology: the Sun and Moon are no longer the vivifying force in the chart. While they were once the planets' parents they have now been reduced to the status of slightly older brother and sister. And we have our paper credit: when the astrologer finds himself unduly cramped by working with just seven planets, he can now have as many as he wants. "New planet, sir? Certainly. Any particular colour in mind?" He no longer needs even to have his planets of base metal: they need not have any real existence at all. But with no gold and silver, no Sun and Moon, we have no truth.

The Sun's Not Yellow, It's a Chicken

When currency has been debased it becomes harder to distinguish the real thing when we see it, because no one has seen it before; no one knows how it should behave or how to test it. You might try presenting a gold coin at Woolworth's, but you will need a pocket full of cupronickel if you wish to be served. The fairy-tales are familiar: the pretend princes all behave as we think princes should; the real prince is rejected for behaving as princes do.

This is true in the big world of faith; it is true too in our little world of astrological study. We don't know how to handle the Tradition when we find it. So unaccustomed are we to truth, we assume it is just a collection of opinions like everything else that we hear.

So much that claims to be drawn from the Tradition reminds us of Gurdjieff's recipe for commercial chicken soup: put some parsley in a vat of water, then chase a chicken through the kitchen. A book on traditional astrology? Switch on your word-processor and use a volume of Lilly to prop up your desk.

Antony Louis' recent book, *Horary Astrology, Plain and Simple* is an example. Louis does claim to be drawing from, rather than working within the Tradition, and in many ways his is by no means a bad book. He gives an extensive review of the rules of horary that is as sound as that of any of his rivals, quoting a good proportion of them correctly. We were rather startled to learn that our close friend Mr Al-Biruni is a 'bleeding-heart humanist' - we really must take this up with him when next we meet - but overall, we are far too aware of human fallibility to criticise Louis on point of fact.

But where the book does fall down is his attitude as twentieth-century man, the monarch of all the intellectual realms that he surveys, picking a piece here and a piece there as if he had before him so many boxes of chocolates: a coffee cream from Lilly, a caramel crunch from Barbara Watters. We cannot come to the Tradition as conquerors, selecting which pieces may live and which shall die; we can come only

as supplicants. The only correct attitude to the Tradition is that if we do not agree with it, we are probably wrong; if we do not understand, we should keep quiet until we do. Traditional knowledge is an absolute monarchy: it is not an elected government. And in this monarchy the knowledge of Bonatus is not comparable with the thoughts of Ms Watters: they are two different currencies, between which there is no rate of exchange.

These are ideas that fall strangely on contemporary ears, betraying the nostalgic longing of their writer for his happy childhood at the court of Ghenghis Khan. But there are no two ways about it: if there is validity in the Tradition, our modern process of thought is wrong; our currency is invalid. We were discussing some modern astrological theories with a respected astrological writer recently, when we had cause to mention one of the fundamental philosophical ideas behind the Tradition; an idea on which every one of the great faiths agrees. His casual response of "I don't accept that," would be no doubt unremarkable in most circles; but in the workshop it caused sudden consternation, and the stable-lads and even a couple of the more impressionable journeymen were quickly put about their duties, safely out of earshot. From the point of view of the Tradition, what a very odd thing to say. We do occasionally find the newer apprentices coming out with similar views; they are sent off on their own for a period of reflection until they realise exactly where their thinking is wrong. We do, of course, acknowledge the possibility that they may have climbed an intellectual peak that Aquinas, Ghazzali, Ibn Arabi and their peers not only did not climb but quite failed to notice, but we know that the possibility of this is a small one. In our astrology, we may be dealing with craft knowledge rather than intellectual perception, but the principle is the same.

Implicit in the idea of Tradition is that the tradition can be meaningfully criticised only from within; if we wish to see whether the fan-vaulting is up to the mark, we must first enter the Cathedral. It matters not what our personal opinion of the cathedral might be: we still cannot see the vaulting without going inside. To believe otherwise is to fall for what John Morrill, the leading contemporary historian of the seventeenth century, whose work is to be recommended to anyone wishing to understand the world in which Lilly lived, has called "the greatest lie of all in the sciences and metaphysics: that we are the product of a process of maturation, in which all our knowledge is superior to that of all other cultures; and that we have refined ourselves out of and beyond most of the nonsense that held back previous cultures." If we are going to write about the Tradition, we really must get off our immobile twentieth-century behinds and step inside it first.

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YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS

We are given neither date nor hour for that unforgettable moment when Ilsa leans forward and says, "You know that I want to hear. Play it, Sam. Play 'As Time Goes By'." So if, as we may suspect, something that has caused more than a few hearts to skip a beat over the years is written in the stars, we must take another approach to find it.

We could, of course, look to the process of making the film. But would our gentle reader really expect a magazine devoted to the Tradition in astrology to value the accidents of material incarnation above the truths of essence? We trust not.

So we turn back to the script for clues, and are rewarded with Rick's question, "If it's December 1941 in Casablanca, what time is it in New York?"

"I don't know, boss," he is told. "My watch has stopped."

Time, in astrological theory, unfolds much as a pocket telescope. The potential within any particular chart is contained within some previous chart; all that the chart for Now does is activate certain possibilities within the chart for Then. To an extent, this is merely an obscure way of stating the obvious point that we are limited by the time in which we are born: no matter what the athletic potential of my chart, if I were born in 1960, it would not be for me to achieve the first four-minute mile. But it also reminds us that any action Now is the flowering of a seed sown Then, and the seed that has not been sown will not flower.

Of the many different charts at which we may look, each has its different level of focus. We will choose which one to study according to where our interest lies. If we want the Big Picture, charting the rise and fall of empires and the growth of religious faiths, we will study charts for the Great Conjunctions. If we want to know the trivial idiosyncrasies that distinguish Sara from Jane, we will look at their birth-charts. Yes, everything that they are is contained within the chart for the previous Great Conjunction, but it is not usually a helpful place in which to look. On that level, Sara and Jane are distinguishable scarcely if at all from the great mass of their fellow creatures.

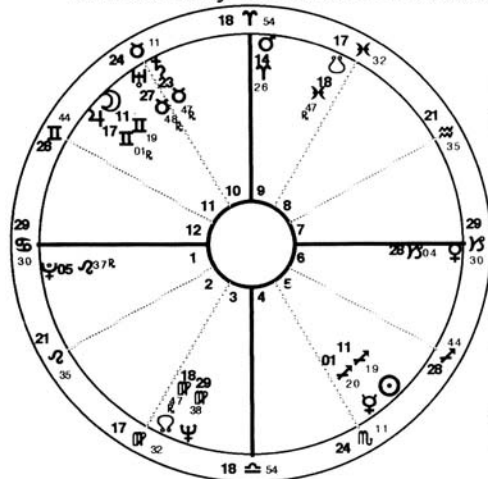
Again, if we consider this in non-astrological terms it becomes perfectly obvious. There are occasions on which "In Britain" is a helpful answer to the question "Where's Jane?" This is the Great Conjunction level of answer. But if I am in the kitchen and wish to tell Jane that her dinner is ready, the person who tells me that she is in Britain will

receive a swift and unpleasant Mars transit. Similarly, if I am asked to describe Jane, the fact that she is a warm-blooded biped is of the utmost significance, but I will not usually deem it worthy of mention. So with astrology: it is largely a question of looking at the chart for the right level - looking on the right shelf, one might say, for what we wish to find.

Our time of December 1941 gives us a selection of different charts with which to work. The ones lowest in the scale of significance, and therefore those likely to be of help here, are the charts for the previous lunation and eclipse. That for the eclipse, cast, of course, for Casablanca, doesn't seem to have much to say on this subject. As, we are informed, these events don't matter a hill of beans, the eclipse is probably at too high a level of consequence.

We have three possible lunation charts. That for November 19th is concerned with only the first couple of days of December; we have not one mention of Christmas during the film, which is perhaps a hint that the New Moon of December 18th is not the one we want. One look at the chart for the Full Moon on December 3rd shows that we have struck gold.

If this romance were between the man and woman on the Clapham omnibus, a lunation chart, standing alone, would be of little use to us: no matter how significant their relationship might be to themselves, its external significance is trivial, and so the lunation chart will have relevance only when judged in conjunction with whatever chart we may use for their relationship (eg the chart for first meeting,



Previous lunation
Dec 3 1941 8.51 PM GMT
Casablanca

marriage, etc) or for the individuals themselves. While seemingly not important enough to catch the attention of the preceding eclipse, the emotional troubles of Rick, Ilsa and Viktor Lazlo have transcended the usual level of insignificance on which these dramas are played. It is not unreasonable, then, that the chart for the preceding lunation should, by itself, show something of what passed.

And so it does. Venus, most angular planet, just on the Descendant, strikes the romantic theme. It is in mutual reception with Saturn, and in aspect by trine.

There is clearly a close bond between Venus - which must surely be Ilsa - and Saturn. With both planets well into the signs which give this mutual reception, this bond is not new. But with Saturn retrograde, both Venus and Saturn are separating from aspect, with Uranus, planet of divorce and separation, between them. Saturn is surely Rick, especially as he appears to be the oldest of the three.



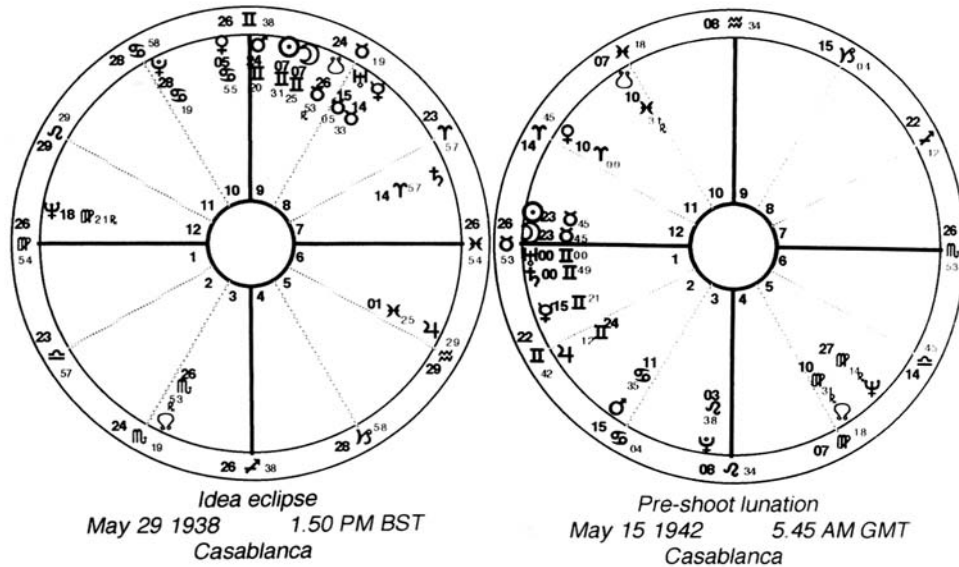
Here's looking at you, kid.

So Ilsa and Rick have separated. But Venus is just entering the house ruled by Saturn. Of all the gin-joints, of all the towns of all the world... and here she is, walking into Rick's. The separating aspect might have meant she found but the ashes of love, the intervention of Uranus

quelling the flames of mutual reception. The conjunction of Saturn and Uranus, however, never perfected; the divorce, as it were, was not absolute: "We'll always have Paris."

Ilsa did not come alone. Nor is she in the chart. Venus is on the antiscion of Mercury, Mercury in Sagittarius well describing the tall, slightly built Lazlo. Antiscion works much as a conjunction, though there does seem to be something of its literal shadowiness about it, as we saw in our examination of death charts. Here, conjunction by antiscion well fits a couple keeping their marriage secret. According to Ebertin, Mercury/Venus contacts show 'an inclination to squandering and light-hearted living'; we might suspect that champagne cocktails were not on the menu for many fugitive resistance leaders, whether travelling with or without their wives.

Saturn too has its conjunction by antiscion, in this case with Pluto. Saturn in fixed, earthy Taurus is the most melancholic (in its technical sense) of placements, repining and unforgiving. Its retrogradation adds to its set concern with past wrongs. Pluto's intensity just spices the brew, making Rick the bundle of fun we know and love. Ebertin's description of Pluto/Saturn describes him well: 'the pursuit of purely egoistic aims' ("I stick my neck out for no one"), 'a hard and unfeeling disposition'. Which how Rick chooses to portray himself. In contact with Venus, Ebertin suggests 'estrangement and alienation, the desire to renounce love' which is not only Rick's state of mind at the start, but also, in a rather different way, that at the end. Saturn is indeed



separating from the Pluto conjunction: the wound was dealt before the film started; we see it heal as the action unfolds.

Louis is, of course, the ruler of the tenth, the house of authority. Mars in its own sign is the most powerful planet in the chart - and also reflects Louis' recreational interests. In Aries, Mars exalts the Sun. That is, it treats the Sun like an honoured guest in its house. A common example of exaltation is the Queen in England: treated with honour, but doesn't actually own the place. This is much the position of Major Strasser, the German officer. Louis exalts him; Mars is also in the face of the Sun, a very minor and fickle reception: as Louis explains, he blows with the wind, and the wind at that time is coming from Vichy. But it is a night chart, so Mars is not in the triplicity of the Sun. Had the lunation occurred by day, we might have expected Louis to show a little more determination in support of his honoured guest. The Sun - Strasser - falls on Rastaban, for which Robson gives 'loss of property ("I told my men to be especially destructive. You know how that impresses the Germans"), violence, criminal inclinations and accidents'

With the Sun applying to trine Mars, Strasser and Louis act more and more in concert. The prospects for Lazlo, with Mercury under the sunbeams and heading into combustion, look grim. Had he looked at this chart, however, he would have stopped worrying: Mercury moves towards the Sun, showing him falling more under Strasser's power. It enters combustion (Lazlo is arrested). But just as it does so, The Sun perfects the aspect with Mars, which frustrates the application of

Mercury. So things will not get any worse for him.

Mercury is Lord of this luration, as it disposes the luminary above the horizon. The plot revolves around the letters (Mercury, in a double-bodied sign, so more than one of them) of transit (mutual reception with Jupiter, Lord of the ninth). And also, of course, around Lazlo. Mercury's extreme weakness - in detriment, under the Sunbeams and, appropriately enough for Viktor Lazlo, under the ground - shows that despite being the focus of the plot, neither Lazlo nor the letters actually do anything: the letters are ultimately unnecessary, as Ilsa and Lazlo are put on the plane at the point of a gun. The weakness of Mercury is also why, perhaps, the two points we prefer not to ponder while watching the film are the exact chronology of Lazlo's rather busy past and the reason why letters signed by General de Gaulle should be of any authority in Vichy Morocco. Being sub radiis, these are things we are doubtless not meant to know.

The only characters that are able to act are Louis and Rick: the two elevated planets. For all his exaltation on the MC, Strasser, below the earth, is ultimately powerless. Venus (Ilsa) changes signs into Aquarius: still ruled by Saturn, but now in an air sign, seeing him in a more 'airy' way. This is doubtless when she tells Rick that "you'll have to do all the thinking for both of us," the change of sign being accompanied by the loss - more or less literally - of most of her dignity.

It seems that Rick and Ilsa will fly off to Lisbon together; but this is not to be. The trine between Venus and Saturn is separating, with both planets going their separate ways. The antiscial conjunction between Ilsa and Lazlo is applying. The process has been a healing one for Rick, however: the midpoint of Venus and Saturn (Rick and Ilsa) falls on the star Labrum which, as Robson, in the language of 1970s film criticism says, 'purifies to salvation'.

Although it is Rick who seems to be pulling the strings, it is with Louis - Mars in its own sign on the MC - that the real power lies. He is, he says, "master of my own destiny"; and not of his alone. Rick's fate hinges on Louis' statement, "Major Strasser has been shot. Round up the usual suspects."



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The Astrologer's Apprentice..."

Now that we have identified the salient points of the plot, we are better able to return to the relevant eclipses - taking our view up a level - to search for the genesis of the idea, the potential, the raw material from which the story was hewn. We could follow this path in many directions: through the writers, the actors, the director, the distributor: all who contributed to the film and the role it has played in our lives. We shall stick to the film itself.

The idea is said to have been born when playwright Murray Burnett dropped into a cafe while holidaying in the South of France (some cafe!). This was in the summer of 1938, so the idea arose presumably in fairly skeletal form. While the plot of the film may revolve around the letters of transit, its emotional key is the relationship between Ilsa and Rick. As we have seen, the midpoint of Venus and Saturn on the star Labrum described this and Rick's redemption through it. Casting the chart for the eclipse preceding that summer visit, set for Casablanca, we find this degree exactly on the Ascendant. Hence the transfer of the action from France to Casablanca.

The antiscial conjunction of Mars and Venus, circling the MC, is only to be expected: "woman needs a man, man must have his mate, that no one can deny." The midpoint of this conjunction falling on the cardinal degree of 0 Cancer shows why this longing is here expressed in such primal terms, a point remade and emphasised by the Part of Marriage falling exactly on the eclipse (in a chart set for Casablanca, that is), a solar eclipse itself being the heavenly marriage. And Rick himself is here - perhaps drawn from life, the inspiration for the drama - for the eclipse falls on the midpoint of Saturn and Pluto, the combination that described him in the lunation chart. So we have, from the first twinkle in its creator's eye, embittered Rick and his redemption, set in a tale of love. It will be this love that redeems him, for Venus falls on the midpoint of Saturn and the Ascendant (Labrum). So how will this love work its saving spell? Will he and Miss Right live happily ever after? No, for the renunciation is there too, as Ebertin says for Venus on Saturn/Ascendant: "an inhibited and depressed expression of feeling and of love caused by influences within the environment. Voluntary separation."

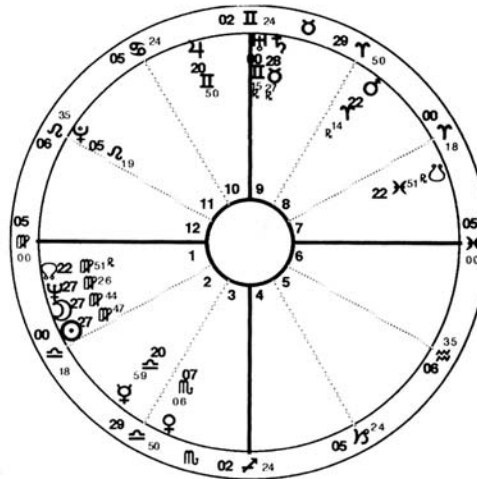
This chart for the original idea also enables us to solve one of the problems of the lunation chart: the lack of evidence for the relationship between Rick and Louis, which, although only at the beginnings of a beautiful friendship at the end of the film, seems reasonably amicable throughout. In the chart for the idea, Saturn (Rick) is conjunct Mars (Louis) in the lunation chart. We have also in potential the tension between Strasser and Lazlo, or Strasser and the missing letters: the midpoint of the lunation Sun/Mercury conjunction falls exactly opposite

this eclipse. It is reasonable to suspect that this part of the story had not yet come to mind, however: this point (7 Sagittarius) is under the Earth.

But maybe one immortal line had come to mind, even at this early stage, for Ilsa in the lunation chart - the plot chart - at 28 Capricorn is just on the fifth cusp of the chart for the idea eclipse, set for Casablanca: she is, as it were, entering an ale-house or tavern in Casablanca. Of all the gin-joints...

While Ilsa enters Ricks, however (the original play was titled *Everybody Comes to Rick's*) Rick at 23 Taurus and retrograde in the plot chart is refusing to enter

the ninth house in the chart for the idea. Legend may claim that even as the final scenes were shot, no one knew who would be on that plane; the stars show otherwise - even in 1938 it was clear that it would not be Rick.



Previous eclipse
Sept 21 1941 4.33 AM GMT
Casablanca

Shooting began on May 25 1942 - without, we must be thankful, the original choice of actor for Rick: Ronald Reagan. The previous lunation, unsurprisingly enough, is at 23.45 Taurus, exactly on the position of Saturn - Rick - in the plot chart. The New Moon is just rising in Casablanca, but it is not that which pinpoints the location: in this story where a kiss is still a kiss, we find Mars and Venus in tight applying aspect, with their midpoint conjunct the Ascendant. This midpoint falls just on the midpoint of Venus and Saturn (Ilsa and Rick) in the idea chart, so we have this particular man and this particular maid, pinned to this particular location.

With the Part of Marriage exactly opposed by Pluto, we see why she gasps "I wish I didn't love you so much." An Arabian Part can be judged by the nature of its defining planet, which for the Part of Marriage is Venus (Asc+Desc-Venus). Venus-Pluto gives, according to Ebertin, 'extraordinary stresses and strains in the love-life'. By antiscion, this opposition falls right on the Ascendant/Descendant axis.

And so back to the eclipse before the action, which seemed at first glance to offer us little. We would not expect it to show the intricacies of the plot; but, like the eclipse before Murray Burnett's French holiday, it

contains the germ of what would follow. Here too, we have Mars and Venus in close aspect (sextile by antiscion). Their midpoint falls on the Descendant of the plot chart - on Venus (Ilsa). Indeed, the eclipse, in close aspect with Saturn (Rick), forms a tight Grand Trine with this point. And the eclipse itself brings us back to that same point, conjunct the Ascendant of the idea chart, conjunct Labrum, the star of Rick's redemption, on the midpoint of Rick and Ilsa, which is the heart of the film. And conjunct Neptune - for some would say that it is just fantasy; but as the stars show, that is the illusion.



AT LAST - THE WINNER

In Issue 8, we announced our Grand Competition: find the unusual claim to fame shared by Anna Pavlova, Nellie Melba and Jerry Garcia, and explain how this is shown in their charts. The connection, of course, is at the table (or with your head in the fridge, if you happen to be a Taurus): all three have had desserts named after them.

The competition left our workshop awash with hopeful entries. So many have there been, indeed, that the regular 12.15 stage has had to be given over entirely to the carriage of our mail, and those who would have travelled upon it forced to walk. This has not increased our popularity in the neighbouring villages, although a promise by the Master to invite the local children to sample for themselves the connections between the three charts has gone some way towards making amends.

After careful consideration by a panel of distinguished judges, necessitating a great deal of activity in the yard kitchen (thank you, Abigail, Bessie and Nell, our tireless cooks), the winner was announced as Elizabeth Rooke of Oxenforde. She has duly been awarded the Grand Prize of a subscription to *The Astrologer's Apprentice* and an astrological T-shirt. Our thanks to all the others who entered.

The standard was a high one, and the choice not easy. We were, as the first entries began to arrive, alarmed on hearing a strange noise coming from one package addressed to The Competition Editor. The Master advised that we exercise caution, so Jeremiah, the journeyman with responsibility for shepherding planets through the *Via Combusta*, was summoned. There was a tense delay, as he was occupied in the delicate job (that time of the month again!) of persuading the Moon that

yes she really did have to go through it and no she couldn't possibly turn retrograde, as that would mess up a particularly promising prediction for young Master Bartholomew up at the Manor. But eventually he was able to calm her sufficiently to leave her in the care of one of the stable-lads and come to our aid.

On his arrival, he took one look at the package, sniffed it thoroughly and hurried it over to the yard forge, where he dumped it in the smith's water-trough. Clearly he had erred rather too much on the side of caution, for moments later we were greeted with the sight of a soggy and irate asteroid clambering out of the trough and cursing violently, picking pieces of brown paper and string off his breeches. It was, I suppose, a default of hospitality, but I cannot help but feel it was just the treatment that any asteroid deserves. He was given a mug of ale and a towel and would have



*The Grateful Dead invite
Anna Pavlova to tea.*

been fed before being escorted off the premises, but the lascivious glances he was casting at any number of inner planets meant his leaving had to be expedited beyond the bounds of politeness.

One entry, we regret to say, was accompanied by a large cheese of fine quality. This was greatly enjoyed by all in the workshop; but, as the identity of our winner makes plain, it was not allowed to influence the decision of the judges. Rubbish is rubbish, and cheese cannot disguise it.

Our winner explained her judgement thus:

“In Jerry Garcia’s chart, Venus, ruler of sweet things, is in exact conjunction with Jupiter, ruler of cherry trees. The conjunction is in the sign of Cancer, which rules dairy products. According to that great traditional source, *Sainsbury’s Astrological Cookbook* by Lucy Ash, the Venus-ruled signs of Taurus and Libra rule cherries and chocolate respectively, and these are both ingredients in this ice cream.

“Nellie Melba also has Venus conjunct Jupiter in Cancer. As well as ruling sweet things, Venus also rules peaches. Her Moon, exalted in Venus’s sign, Taurus, applies to sextile Venus.

“Anna Pavlova has Venus rising, applying to combustion with the Sun. The Sun rules eggs, according to Lucy Ash. Ms Ash also has the Sun

ruling raspberries, which are often used in Pavlovas, as are strawberries, yet another Venus fruit, according to Culpeper. Lilly has strawberries ruled by Jupiter, and Jupiter and the Moon are in mutual reception by exaltation. The Moon is in its own sign of Cancer, in the sixth house. The main component of a meringue is eggs, produced by chickens, which are small sixth house animals. Venus is in mutual reception with Saturn, the chart ruler and ruler of cold things.

“To summarise the common themes in their charts: Venus, ruler of sweet things, is prominent in all three; Cancer, ruler of dairy products, also features strongly; and finally, all three charts are ruled by Saturn, the coldest of planets, and ice cream is the main constituent of Cherry Garcia, a predominant one in Peach Melba, and is often served together with Pavlovas.”

She states that she has used the ancient technique of *rectification by dessert* to choose the earlier of the two possible charts for Nellie Melba, “as the later one does not say Peach Melba to me.”

We were especially impressed at our winner’s use of The Sainsbury’s Astrological Cookbook. We have been eagerly awaiting the publication of the Project Hindsight edition of this work, translated by Robert Zoller, with copious notes from Robert Hand. We understand this has been delayed owing to an editorial dispute over the exact translation of the word ‘aubergine’, which Zoller believes is a hermetic term relating to the final stages of the Mysterium, but Hand claims is a Persian measurement of time. Ms Rooke has an original manuscript, which was apparently given to one of her ancestors by Albertus Magnus in exchange for a goat.

Our warmest thanks go out to all entrants. Another competition will follow in the near future.

—————*—————

AFTER THE LORD MAYOR’S SHOW

So the World Cup has come and gone. In the interests of astrology, we forced ourselves to watch it from beginning to end: Urania is a hard task-master. Now is the time to look back over our predictions and weigh the verdict.

We scored some impressive successes, forecasting not just the result but the nature of several games (see Apprentice issues 8 and 9). Many of the teams, however, failed lamentably to perform according to our script, highlighting the problem with astrology: no matter how good

our predictions, real life often gets it totally wrong. The erring teams have been interrogated by a squad of experts, enabling us to highlight those particular points of judgement which teams found it especially hard to live up to. We hope that by eliminating these from our predictions, teams may be induced to behave themselves rather better in the future.

Overall, our results were disappointing, with a success-rate far below what we are accustomed to achieve using these techniques. But as the object of the exercise is to refine our astrology, any result is a good one.

Results from the knock-out stages were much better than those from the group round. We found this in the last major championship, Euro '96, but had hoped that our additional experience had ironed out the problems. Evidently not. The sceptic would point out that in the knock-out rounds we have a choice of only win or lose, while the group stage gives options of win, lose or draw; we are, therefore, more likely to be successful. But it is not the result which is of most interest to us: we had rather be wrong and understand why than get the correct result by chance. Our success in the knock-out stages is that even when we made the wrong decision, we can see where we went wrong. Many of the matches in Round 1 remain a puzzle.

We forecast results for almost every match; in the event, we found one other match - Round 2, Match 8 - impossible to judge, as the bookies disagreed on whether Romania or Croatia were favourites, taking away the basis of our judgement. We would usually have left a good proportion of these well alone, as judgement was tangled; the disappointment, however, was the failure of some clear judgements, mainly of favourites failing to lose when we had instructed them otherwise.

Correct scores can make a lucrative side-bet, but we do not claim to give more than an informed guess - it seems, in Lilly's phrase, 'too scrupulous to enquire such particulars' from a chart. Perhaps when we have achieved mastery of the basic point of who is going to win, we can devote some attention to the number of goals by which they do it. And the name of the goal-scorer's cat.

Our notable successes? Spotting some of the upsets: favourites lost in the final; Norway beat Brazil; Romania beat England. Spain/Nigeria was indeed one of the most exciting games; Belgium/Holland indeed one of the worst. Some of our match descriptions in the knock-out rounds were spot-on. Our great disappointments were the shocks that failed: Morocco outplayed Norway, only to draw the match, justifying our prediction by style if not result. Norway, as we have seen, beat Brazil. So far, so good; but our other two unlikely 'sure-things' fell at the first:

Saudi Arabia to France and Iran to Yugoslavia.

So what can we learn? There is one important lesson, which unfortunately promises to become ever more significant in the future. So far, we have treated matches as straight fights, Ascendant versus Descendant. But Fifa, football's ruling body, commanded that referees take a much more prominent role than ever before. The tournament was littered with incomprehensible refereeing decisions, and many games hinged on players being sent off. We even saw play held up as referees instructed players to tuck their shirts in and pull their socks up. It seems that in future, we may have to pay more attention to the tenth house, the house of the judge, and be prepared to treat the match more as a court-case.

Saudi Arabia/France is an example. This was developing as an intriguing contest between a well-ordered defence and a team whose forwards had apparently been recruited from a lost tribe that had never seen a football before. Then a Saudi player was dismissed for the new offence of Looking Fierce and the match was effectively over. Lord of the tenth is the strongest planet in the chart and applies immediately to aspect the Lord of the Ascendant: in a court-case chart, this would show the judge giving the verdict to the plaintiff or the querent.



World Cup highlights
- from our photographer

It has become clear that separating aspects, while they may have some minor importance as supporting testimony of the match running away from whichever team's significator is being left behind, are not in themselves a safe foundation for judgement. They have now been down-graded and had their pay reduced accordingly.

We have a serious problem with the weighting of conflicting testimonies. Unfortunately, football matches are such trivial events that most of the usual grounds for deciding the respective importance of testimonies do not apply. When we are dealing with testimony of similar kind, it is usually fairly obvious; but when we have different types of testimony - Moon applying to favourite's significator

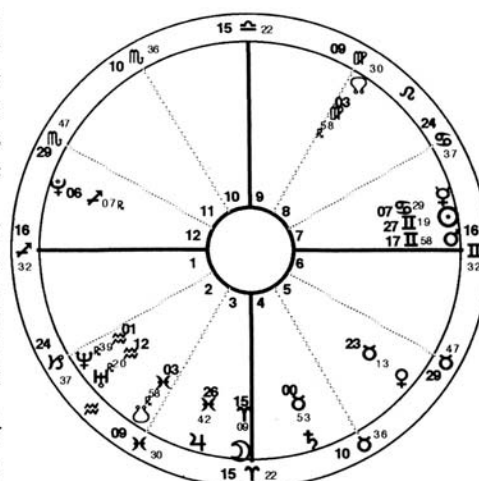
balanced against retrograde Pluto applying to conjunct Fortuna, for example - we have precious few guidelines. We could, of course, take Lilly's advice and keep our mouths shut on such occasions; but where would be the fun in that?

In several of these charts, the main signifiers themselves applied to aspect with each other. Again, we have the problem that the usual rules for deciding which of the two will come out on top just don't work in these circumstances. Planetary strength seems to be of no importance in these charts, as even the Moon retains its essential dignity for two days, the other planets for weeks, months or even

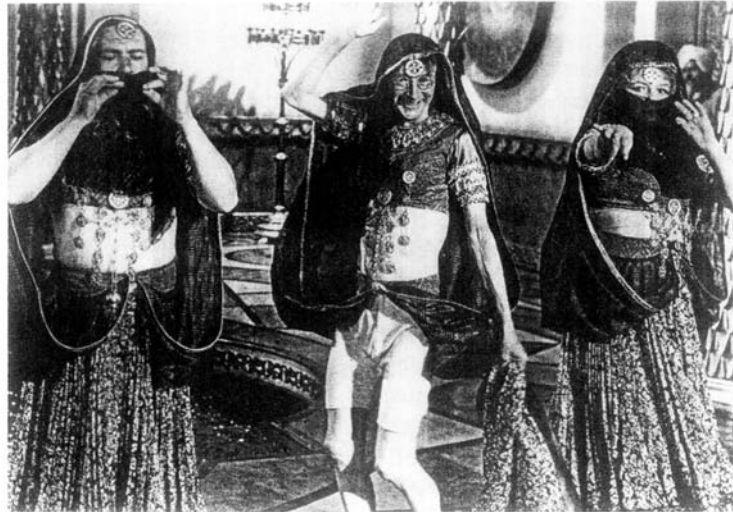
years. On this scale, the result of a 90-minute sporting contest does not register; yet result there will still be. In our forecasts, we resorted to the traditional dictum that, given roughly equal dignity, the heavier planet will prevail over the lighter. As we might have expected, this does not work.

A third difficulty that we experience regularly but on which the World Cup shone an unforgiving light is that of the Moon as main signifier. We often find in horaries that the Moon is both 'the flow of events' and signifier of one of the players in our drama. Keeping this balance - indeed, the whole art of regarding one planet as signifier of two or three different things - is one of the trickier areas of horary judgement; but adhering doggedly to the time-honoured principle of 'line and length' brings correct result. In these sporting event charts, it is rather harder: the application of the Moon to one or other main signifier is such a crucial part of judgment that the Moon itself being one of those signifiers becomes a serious complication. Rather than messing about banning the tackle from behind, we suggest that Fifa would be far better occupied forbidding kick-off when Cancer is rising or descending.

None of this, however, gets us much further with the group matches. Despite some notable successes, we again found far too many charts at this stage failing to perform as we have come to expect similar charts to do with a good degree of reliability. We may have a particular blind-spot here; but we have begun to suspect that there is some other



France v Saudi Arabia
June 18 8pm BST
St Denis



David Beckham and the England squad in training

explanation - perhaps that the charts for these games are subsumed into one, larger chart. We shall investigate and report back with our findings.

I'll Thcream and I'll Thcream and I'll Make Myself Thick!

England's adventure was brought to an end by a display of petulance by David Beckham, more suited to one of Violet Elizabeth's birthday parties than a football pitch. He had been, we were informed, 'trying to get in touch with his feminine side', by wearing his girlfriend's underwear and parading in a sarong, though we may wonder whether a football tournament was the most appropriate place for this. The determination to contact his feminine came to a head on the day of the crucial match with Argentina, as transiting Sun conjuncted his natal Venus by antiscion.

With Mars hitting his Mars/Pluto midpoint and Jupiter his Saturn/Neptune, we have a picture of misdirected energy from one with a distorted estimate of his own worth, the consequence of which is shown by the Sun falling on Jupiter/Pluto: according to Ebertin, "conflict with authority, arrest" or, in his case, being sent off.

We noted also Denis Bergkamp, Holland's star player, having the misfortune to experience the perfection of his Saturn return on the day of the semi-final. Not surprisingly, he was anonymous throughout the match. This was put down to exhaustion, as his refusal to fly meant he had spent the previous month driving backwards and forwards across France. Saturn is in Taurus, an earth sign noted for stubbornness.

It is to our regret that we are asked so few horaries about football matches, as their judgement is so remarkably straightforward, and more reliable than what we have managed to achieve with event charts. A Norwegian astrologer passed this chart to us for our judgement: Who will win, Norway or Brazil?

The question was asked by a Norwegian, so we can give his team the Ascendant. Brazil, then, are shown by the seventh house of open enemies. The first stop is to see which of the planets is stronger. Here, it is clearly the Sun.

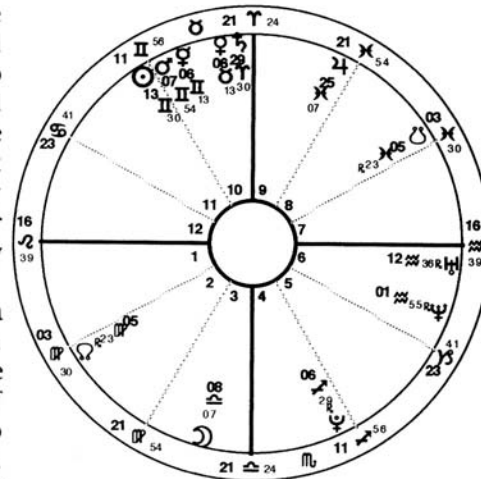
Rigid adherence to Lilly's rule-of-thumb points table would give Saturn the slight edge; but rigid adherence is not for what it is intended. There is mutual reception between the two planets; but while Saturn disposes the Sun only by triplicity, the Sun disposes Saturn both by triplicity and exaltation: the Sun is much the stronger. If there were no other testimony, this would be sufficient for judgement.

The tenth here is the house of victory or success. Saturn is in it, which is a good start for Brazil; but the Moon translates light from Mars, Lord of the tenth, to the Sun, carrying victory to the Norwegians. Judgement is clear: Norway to win. And so it proved.

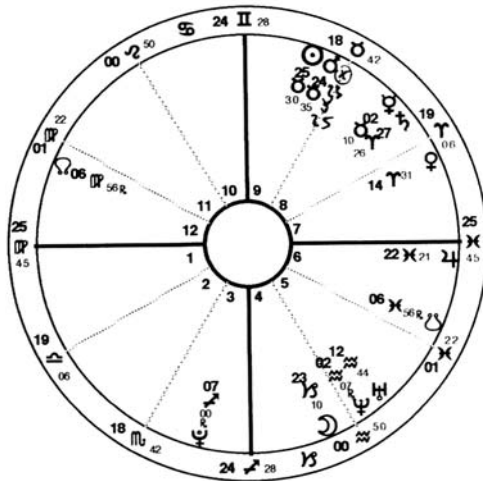
Up For T' Cup

To show the kind of precision of which our system for judging event charts is capable when it is behaving itself, we can compare the charts for the English and Scottish Cup Finals. These kicked off at the same time on the same day, with the only difference between the two charts that caused by the distance between London and Glasgow. So we have two very similar charts.

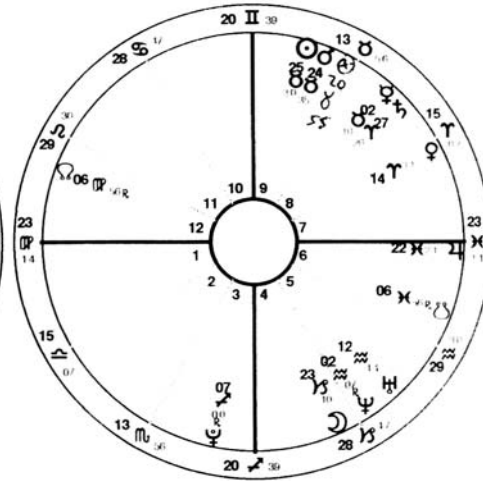
In London, Arsenal were strong favourites to beat Newcastle. As favourites, Arsenal will be represented by the Ascendant ruler, Mercury, while Newcastle are shown by the Lord of the seventh, Jupiter. Jupiter applies to conjunct the Descendant, which would be a powerful testimony for Newcastle; but three degrees is too great a separation for this to count. The Moon applies immediately to trine Fortuna, a strong testimony for the favourites. There is nothing else of



Norway beat Brazil?
Data withheld



English Cup Final
May 16 1998 3pm BST
London



Scottish Cup Final
May 16 1998 3pm BST
Glasgow

note, so Arsenal should win - which they did.

Meanwhile in Glasgow, Rangers were playing Hearts. Although mounting a respectable challenge for the league championship, Hearts had failed to manage even a draw in any of their matches with the 'Old Firm' - the Glasgow rivals Rangers and Celtic who dominate Scottish football. So Rangers were very hot favourites for the Cup - Hearts were considered to have not a chance. The chart shows otherwise. Here, there is less than a degree of separation between Jupiter and the Descendant, while the Moon is now leaving its trine to Fortuna: the pro-favourite testimony has gone and the pro-underdog one has come into play. Hearts won. (Our prediction of Arsenal and Hearts was televised before the matches).

You Only Sing When You're Winning

We are informed - as a moment's respite from things astrological - that the first football chant was composed by Edward Elgar. Apparently he was a regular spectator at Wolverhampton Wanderers. His favourite player scored a memorable goal, which was reported in the paper as "So-and-so bagged the leather" or something similar. The composer was so taken by this phrase that he set it to music, on which it became a terrace favourite.

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BACK ISSUES: EAT THEM WHILE THEY'RE HOT!

Issue 1 includes: The Astrology of LSD, part 1; The Battle to Own Truth - Swift, Partridge & John Keats; She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not - analysis of relationships; predicting sporting contests; The Malefic Sun.

Issue 2 includes: The Astrology of LSD, part 2; Christianity, Astrology and the Joys of the Planets; Medical Horaries: the Operation; the Considerations Before Judgement; Fortuna in Contest Charts.

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.

Issue 4 includes: Lilly's rival George Wharton on Comets; 'High Noon', McCarthy and the Salem Witch-trials; Astrology and Magic; Medical Astrology: an Aortic Aneurism; Do Astrologers Need Professional Registration?

Issue 5 includes: The William Hill Astrology Awards - and how to claim them; How the Zulus destroyed a British army; The Most Beautiful Music: how cultural changes have formed our astrology; Neptune - The Short Version.

Issue 6 includes: In Search of Shakespeare - rectifying the chart from the works; Onmyoji: the Ancient Japanese Astrologers; The St Lilly's Day Massacre - debating the foundations of our art; Predicting the Soaps; Theda Bara, femme fatale.

Issue 7 includes: Stars & Drugs & Rock & Roll; Richard Dawkins Proves Astrology; Epiphany - the Feast of the Astrologers; Exaltations - the Ancient Teaching behind this Powerful Dignity.

Issue 8: 'Death and the Devil' Issue, including: Selling Ones Soul, with Faustus and Robert Johnson; Predicting Death from the Nativity; Death and the Dead - Jerry Garcia; The Nostradamus Tapes - at last, the truth!

Issue 9 includes: Sorting out Receptions, once and for all; The Warsaw Uprising, in day-to-a-week progressions; Pluto Problems - quick and simple prediction from the nativity; Venus in Japanese Astrology; Antiscia and Arabian Parts in action.
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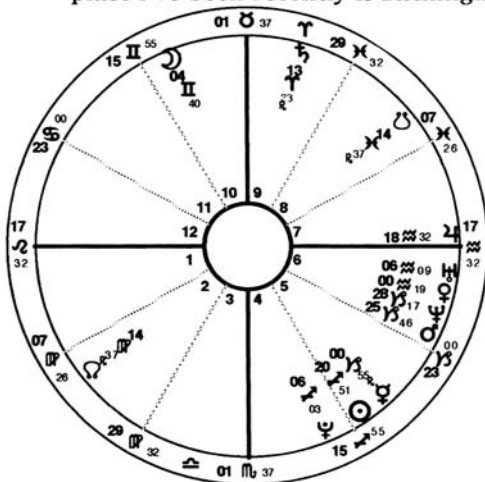
ADVENTURES IN SANTA'S GROTTO

- a horary by Anne Sacco

The querent had settled down to write her Christmas cards, but despite a thorough search, was unable to find her address-book. So she asked where it was.

She is shown by the Sun, Lord of the Ascendant, and the Moon. The elusive address-book is her possession, so shown by the Lord of the second house, Mercury, which describes it well. Mercury is in the fifth, showing that it is in a place of pleasure or entertainment, and in an earth sign - so an earthy place of entertainment.

Saturn, ruler of the sign in which Mercury falls, will indicate where this ruler of earthy entertainment might be. In the cadent ninth, it shows that the book is a long way off. In Aries: I phoned and asked her if she had been to Germany recently. "No," she replied, "The only place I've been recently is Birmingham, to visit my family."



Address-book, where?
Dec 12 1997 8.32pm GMT
51N31 0W07

With ten degrees between the Sun and Mercury, I thought it would be ten days before she recovered it. In fact, with Mercury increasing in speed and the Sun swift in motion, it happened just five days later, as the conjunction perfected in real time.

Perfect! Aries rules Birmingham as well, so I suggested that the book was in some kind of earthy place of entertainment in Birmingham. Where had she been? What had she done? She thought for a long time, and then remembered that she and her husband had taken their grandchildren to see Father Christmas in the grotto at the local garden-centre - garden-centres being ruled, of course, by Saturn and perfectly earthy places. I advised her to ring the garden-centre, and yes, they did have the book.

The chart shows Mercury retrograde, a positive indication that the book will come back to her.

NEPTUNIA REPLIES...

- a word from our sensitive seer

Dear Neptunia, My boyfriend and I have claimed several William Hill Awards after reading that fab mag, *The Astrologer's Apprentice* (do you know, by the way, where I can get a life-size poster of the editor - I hear he's a real dreamboat. Swoon!!) A short while ago, we went along to a football match to watch our application for an award in progress.

While we were there, the team we had backed were given a penalty. To our disappointment, the lad who took it sent the ball flying over the crossbar. "What a wanker!" my boyfriend muttered - and was amazed to see the player in question leap into the stand and present him with a writ for defaming his professional reputation.

The case still hasn't come to court, but it has already cost my boyfriend several thousand pounds in legal bills. I understand the player is also suing the Association of Football Spectators for allowing this defamation to take place on one of its terraces, and it has cost them a lot of money too. I know you can help, Neptunia. Wayne and I are at our wits' end. *Yours in desperation, Tracey*

Dear Tracey, Oh my dear girl, I do sympathise. How lucky we are that this sort of behaviour is confined to football and that no reputable astrologer would ever do such a thing!

It seems to be quite en vogue for footballers to behave like this. What puzzles me is that the ones who are so quick to issue writs are the ones who spend most of their time in the reserve team, hardly ever meriting a run in the first XI. Maybe the real stars are too busy honing their skills to bother with litigation. Or maybe they think that putting the odd shot over the crossbar or scoring the occasional own goal doesn't diminish their stature as players.

I remember from the days of my youth - excuse me, Tracey, if I wax a little nostalgic - one Billy Lilly, a dynamic left-half with thighs like tree-trunks. Tackling him was like, as we used to say on the terraces at Rochdale, tackling a brick privy. And once he had got the ball! 'The wizard of the dribble,' we called him. But every now and then the tousle-haired little chap would do summat daft. I recall a game against Master B's team, where he tied himself in all kinds of knots; one with Prince Rupert's XI, where he did a brilliant mazy run, leaving defenders trailing in his wake, only to find he was going in the wrong direction and had just shot through his own net. But even though he heard more than the odd cry of "Verily thou art a strutting coxcomb!" he was man enough to laugh it off, and even published accounts of these

mistakes in the sticker-book of his career.

But such days are gone, and football is the poorer for it. I wonder why football supporters, who want nothing more than to watch a game in peace, continue to turn up at matches where these notorious litigants are playing. Surely football would be better off without them, and if we all turn our backs whenever they touch the ball, they might take the hint and go, so we can enjoy our sport in peace.

It's not much consolation for you Tracey, but to stop this happening in the future we do need some concerted action by true fans everywhere to show that this kind of behaviour, which serves only to bring the game into disrepute with the whole of society, is no longer to be tolerated. Let us just be grateful that this problem has nothing to do with astrology! *Yours caringly, Neptunia*

Editor's note: contributors to this magazine are, of course, free to express their own opinions. The Astrologer's Apprentice holds the contrary view to Neptunia, and being always in the van of astrological progress, is in favour of the law being introduced into astrology on all possible occasions. So we have now added to our tuitional portfolio by offering a correspondence course in Litigation for Astrologers. This covers all the main topics: Writs and How to Serve Them; Vexatious Letters, their Timing and Construction; Making Mountains out of Molehills; and Soliciting for Pleasure and Profit.

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It is essential, however, that students abandon all other astrological courses they may be studying before embarking on this one, as the conscientious practice of Litigation for Astrologers will leave no time for other studies - either for our student or for anyone else! - and they will soon find that they are able to build a Professional Reputation with absolutely no knowledge of any other branch of astrology.

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