

# THE ASTROLOGER'S APPRENTICE

*THE TRADITION AS IT LIVES*

Issue 11.

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Takes a Giant Leap  
for Mankind**



## 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.



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## THE MOON AS MIND

Considerable interest has been aroused by the article in our last issue, *Time is Money*, and its comments on the roles of Sun and Moon in the history of knowledge. One of the surprises on undertaking the traditional approach to natal astrology is to find how limited a role Mercury plays in the assessment of the native's mental capacity, and how great a role is that of the Moon. "Whyever is that sensitive little bundle of emotions getting involved in things of the mind?" we may ask. So let us explore.

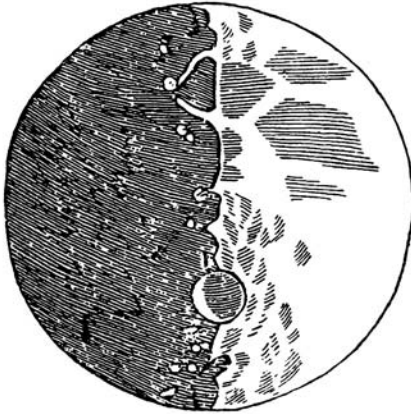
When judging the natal chart, we first determine the native's temperament. This is the basic 'how' of the native's existence: how he is in the world. The chart can be seen as an embroidery, in which the planets, each with its different coloured thread, weave the picture of the native's life. The temperament tells us whether this embroidery is on denim or silk or cotton, something of immense importance in our assessment of the garment.

Once we have established the temperament, we turn our attention to 'the wit and manner'. 'Wit,' of course, refers to mental capacity rather than the ability to make smart remarks. 'Manner' is in practice not dissimilar to temperament: it is another assessment of 'how', showing the manner in which the native behaves. But this is at a different level than temperament: manner can be acquired and refined; the scope within which we may alter our temperament is

extremely small, for temperament manifests not only in character but also in bodily form: to change the one involves changing the other. No matter how long the sanguine type may spend in the gym, he will become only a sanguine type with some muscle; he will not turn into a choleric type. The word 'complexion', now used solely of bodily form, was once synonymous with temperament. One way of seeing the



difference between manner and temperament is as motive and method: if we find that the native's manner is vicious and destructive, this is, as it were, his motive, his desire; the temperament will tell us how he goes about being vicious and destructive: the choleric temperament will lay waste with fire and sword; the sanguine temperament will be an intellectual iconoclast.



*Galileo's Drawing of the Moon*

The assessment of the native's mental qualities is an important stage in the overall judgement, as it seems to be human nature that even the best-looking of us find flaws in our appearance that convince us we are ugly - the cellulite and sticky-out ears that no one else notices until we point them out - but even the densest among us are quite convinced they have the wisdom of Solomon. As the present writer is himself possessed of a strongly dignified Mercury it is tempting to accept that this is a sign of intellectual brilliance: but not so. For in our tradition, the idea of what the

mind is and how it should be ordered is radically different from the ideas common today.

In the past, Mercury knew his place. It is not coincidence that he is also the planet of servants, for that is his role: Mercury, the reasoning faculty, is a servant, who needs to be strictly disciplined and can be trusted only to carry out minor day-to-day tasks such as totting up the shopping-list to see if we can afford another pound of pears, or programming the video-recorder. It is not his place to run the household, and even his advice is to be treated with the utmost caution.

As astrologers we know well that events echo from level to level: we saw this in our first issues, for instance, as we discussed the simultaneous manifestation of the same cosmic pattern in the creation of LSD and the atom bomb. One of the great turning-points in our spiritual history was the Civil War, a milestone on the dark path of the triumph of reason. It is accepted by historians that one of the salient events in the precipitation of war was the Castlehaven Affair. In 1631, the Earl of Castlehaven was executed for a catalogue of crimes, including sodomising his servants, assisting one of them to rape the Countess, his wife, and encouraging others to sleep with both the Countess and his step-daughter. Even after conviction, the Earl no doubt expected to be pardoned: this was usual for aristocrats convicted of crimes other than

treason. But the King withheld pardon, so heinous were these sins - not, it should be noted, because of any ill-treatment of the womenfolk, but because of the inversion of the social order as Castlehaven made his wife beg the servants for spending money and enriched them at the expense of his own son's inheritance<sup>1</sup>.

This was a blatant example of Mercury getting above its station. The King (the Sun) tried to preserve order by the execution, but this scandalous insight into the decadent lives of the court circles readied many for the taking up of arms. Had this been a freak incident, it might have passed without consequence; it was not, being but one piece of flotsam borne on a rising tide. A few years later, Mercury ruled throughout the land and the Sun was executed. The story was repeated in France, when the King was killed and Reason - quite literally - enthroned. One dare only whisper it in the realms of Mercury, but his rule has not been a benign one.

It is easy to relate the Moon and Mercury as signifiers of the mind to the right brain/left brain split of modern popular psychology. This is much what Lilly means when he says that Mercury 'governs the rationally Soule and animal Spirits in the Braine, as the Moon doth the vegetative and strength of the Braine, more neer to the Senses.' This gives an approximation to their true function, but it is far from the whole story.

We must start with knowledge. What do you know?

- I know that the battle of Waterloo took place in 1815.
- No you don't. You accept what someone has told you about two virtually meaningless concepts.
- Well then, I know what I had for breakfast.
- No you don't. You trust that your memory is sound when recalling some sense impressions which may or may not have been correct.
- and so on...

What we *know* is what is revealed and accepted within the heart. The seat of mind throughout the world's traditions is in the heart (Sun) rather than the brain, which, like Mercury, is servant rather than master. So our knowledge is the Sun. It doesn't come out much nowadays.

If our Moon is functioning properly, it reflects (for such is its nature) the light of this knowledge, hence the desirability of finding Sun and Moon in harmonious aspect. Its proper function is sometimes referred to as 'intuition', although the common meaning of this word is a rather lower form of perception. Let us consider an example: the scientists would have us believe that one of our ancestors was

<sup>1</sup>: We shall be looking at this affair and its consequences, in both political and literary history, in greater detail in a future issue.

wandering through the primeval jungle when he stumbled upon a chili bush. Not having seen one before, he bit into one of the bright red peppers and thought "Yum! I must put this on my dinner." What our gourmet forbear really did, of course, was to contemplate the nature of the chili pepper. The Sun of revealed knowledge was burning away brightly in his heart (much preferable to the fire of empirical knowledge singeing his innards), burning off the impurities of his mortality and so enabling him to see clearly. His Moon was well polished, and so reflected the light of the Sun out into the world and his perception of it (we note in passing the classical idea that vision is achieved by rays emanating from the eyes, not going into them as the scientists would have us believe. This is philosophically absolutely correct). He was thus able to understand the nature of this fruit and for what it could be used, without having to bite into it.

Centuries of neglect leave this lunar process of mind working usually in only the most trivial forms - as when we contemplate the nature of the meal and know which wine would suit it best. But even here, Mercury strives for mastery, and we are now more likely to learn by rote that a wine from this grape goes with a dish of that food. Thus it is that our idea of Moon/Mercury has deteriorated into the opposition of left-brain and right-brain.

We find many comparatively clear examples of Moon thinking in the literature of scientific discovery. It is a common phenomenon that the scientist's intense concentration on a problem will suddenly produce a non-rational apprehension of its solution. The scientist may not have the Sun of revealed knowledge burning in his heart, but it is as if the intensity of his application mirrors the process of nuclear fusion, creating a brief artificial sun by whose light he can understand. The accounts usually continue with him working out (Mercury) how to reach the answer that he now understands (Moon) to be correct. Perhaps the best-known example of Moon-mind in the scientific literature is Kepler finding his laws of planetary motion through the contemplation of the structure of the universe, as expressed in the perfect solids - though this was at a late stage in the decadence of science, and so the purity of even his understanding is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

In the traditional model of the ordered mind, Mercury has more to do with articulation than understanding: Mercury is the messenger, not the message - and we most surely do not give the messenger licence to make up the message for himself. Particularly if he has the dubious character of Mercury. No matter how strong he may be, he remains a shifty little so-and-so, and as such is to be treated with caution; if we doubt this, let us look at the Norse myths and the trouble caused by



Loki (Mercury). Mercury is as utterly devoid of any sense of morality as his modern manifestation, the computer: he will process whatever is put into him. Reason can come up with a justification for absolutely anything, whether you are proving to yourself just why that last chocolate biscuit must be yours, or finding that the relative dimensions of somebody's skull give cause enough to murder him. It is a modern misconception that a strong Mercury and a sound Mercury are the same: if we, as astrologers, accept this we fall in with the scientists, who claim that Mercury can be trusted, and reason piled on reason makes a solid structure. This is only too evidently not so. Instead, we might remember that the Ragnarok, the end of the world, arrives when Loki/Mercury/Dawkins breaks free from the chains in which the other gods have wisely bound him and starts trying to run things: much what we see around us today, with the prevalent 'you know it makes sense' logic that justifies the gross moral outrages we take for granted as part of daily life. It was with words alone that Satan tempted Eve.

In our modern world, morality seems separate from mind: a man of the most dissolute morals may have a brilliant intellect. In the tradition, this is not possible. A mind is brilliant only if it is working correctly; if it is working correctly, the morals cannot be dissolute. The correctness against which the mind is measured is a higher concept: this itself is not a popular idea today. Better a dim servant who does what he is told than a brilliant one who thinks he is his own master; and Mercury, the reason, is our servant. It is the Sun and the Moon who are Lord and Lady of the House.

And so is it only fitting that astrology is ruled by Mercury, for if we could understand the phenomenon by our brightly polished Moon reflecting the knowledge of a burning inner Sun - and No, not by 'psychic powers' or any of the other dross that is trotted out to avoid making an effort - we should not need our charts and tables and other quaint gear, tools necessary precisely because we are not what we could be.

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## THE ANCIENT MARINER

Entering the Workshop for the first time, most visitors make their way immediately to the Nicholas Culpeper Tea-Rooms and Gift Shoppe. From there it is but a short stroll to the William Lilly videodrome and the on-site branch of Stars-R-Us. Few, such is their haste to sample these delights, spare more than a passing glance for the Samuel Taylor Coleridge Herb Garden - although of that few there are always one or two who contentedly while away their whole day there and have to be bodily dragged to the exit at closing time.

Why, you may wonder, gentle reader, is the workshop herb garden named in honour of a poet who, unlike Chaucer, Milton or Dryden, to name but the three that first spring to mind, seems to have lacked a subtle knowledge of our art? No astrologer he; and yet *The Astrologer's Apprentice* owes to him a debt as great as that to any guiding star in astrology's glittering firmament. For it was only the example of Coleridge, producing his journal *The Watchman* every eighth day, that showed this enterprise to be possible. If we are sired from Lilly, Coleridge is our dam.

Other than suggesting from the evidence in his chart that had he lived in later times he might gladly have set sail on the colourful oceans of LSD, we have thus far ignored him; so it is not before time that we turn upon him the attention that is his due.

We are presented with a choice of two birth-charts: 6.50 or 11 am. Had we the wish to indulge in the tedious business of rectification, we could no doubt prove either of them to our satisfaction; but it is our view that the knowledge that there is one correct chart does not necessarily render any other chart incorrect. The cosmos as much as we has more than one way to skin a cat, and as, in our astrological cosmos, there is nothing random, any putative birth-time will have meaning. That one chart may be the broad highway to our destination doesn't mean that the other does not reach it by its own, equally valid, route. Having consulted the tour-guide and located the best restaurants and most scenic views, we shall set out along Route 6.50.

Glancing briefly at the 11.00 chart before we depart, we notice much that rings true. The fixed star Sabik on the Ascendant, for instance, with its gifts of wastefulness and dissipation. On a more positive note, Mercury on the MC fits one who 'talked on for ever; and you wished him to talk on forever' (thus Hazlitt: there was a contrary view that earnestly wished he would shut up, at least occasionally), the

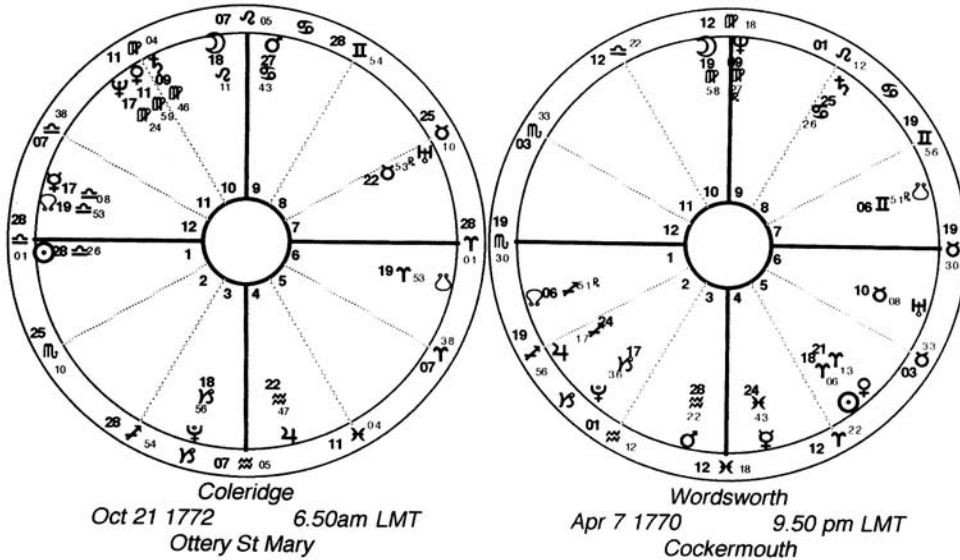
mutual reception with Venus adding attractiveness to the thoughts and drawing them towards philosophic ninth house interests. Saturn gives a fitting affliction to that house. The Part of Marriage conjunct Neptune well describes his disastrous marriage, conceived more from ideals of founding his utopian community than any affection for his chosen victim. And even the progressions for notable events work: the Ascendant, for example, at the time of his unexpected decision to assume a false name and enlist in the 15th Light Dragoons (December 2nd, 1793) has progressed onto the star Polis: 'martial desires', according to Robson. The Ascendant in the 6.50 chart has reached the Chelae on this date, for which Lilly gives 'good from martial employment'. Not much good came from this martial employment, just as his enlistment had less to do with the desire for military glory than the wish to escape his troubles; but not much good is promised for such pursuits in the chart, and it is the key rule in traditional natal work that what is not promised in the nativity cannot be given in the life.

Were we to indulge in rectification of our chosen chart, we should be tempted to hold the birth back a few minutes to put the first degrees of Scorpio onto the Ascendant. Mars in its fall has considerable appeal as Lord of the Ascendant, and works admirably through the progressions: at death, for instance, it falls on the Part of Death, an occurrence which would be pretty meaningless were it not Ascendant ruler. In our *Death and the Devil* issue, we saw the particular influence of Jupiter at death, and this adjusted time would then take progressed Jupiter exactly onto the Ascendant by antiscion at death (July 25 1834).

But let us stop wondering if the food on the next table is nicer than our own, and set ourselves to eat. Coleridge is, of course, known for his Mercury: falling conjunct the previous eclipse, it was the channel through which he plugged into the vision of his age, through which the potential of that eclipse could flow to him. Set in the twelfth, it gave him a life-long struggle to manifest this in the world, an effort he was to describe as 'drawing nectar in a sieve'. How gloriously, on occasion, did he succeed: Venus is in mutual reception with Mercury, charming it out of its cave, and also in opposition by antiscion, falling on



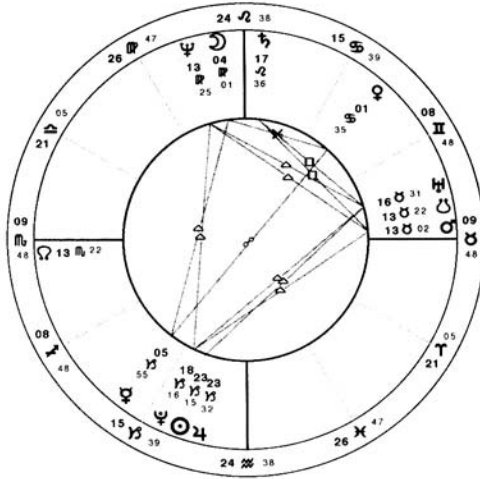
*Coleridge entertains a young guest*



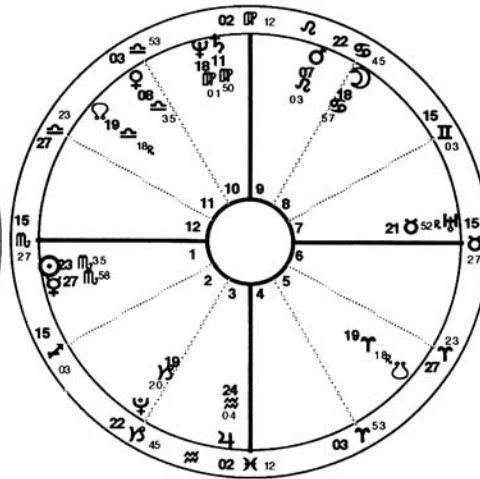
the Nodes - a potent combination. But Venus is seriously debilitated by being in fall and conjunct Saturn: we begin to see the weight of the burden under which he struggled.

While it is Venus that lures Mercury into the light, Venus is also ruler of the twelfth house of self-undoing: this gives credence to Coleridge's oft-disputed story of composing *Kubla Khan* under the influence of opium, but in wider terms suggests that only by keeping an exact balance in his indulgence, as exemplified by the careful watch on his various intoxicants, could he keep astride his pegasus. His attempts to achieve this balance grew forever more desperate and less successful. Had he been aware of the malefic star *Vindemiatrix* on his twelfth cusp, he would perhaps have been taken by its myth: *Ampelos* was the son of a satyr and a nymph, much as Coleridge saw himself, to whom *Bacchus* gave a vine. Whilst gathering grapes, *Ampelos* fell to his death, on which *Bacchus* placed him among the stars: we might say much the same of the poet.

For Venus is also Lord of the Ascendant: Coleridge himself. In double-bodied *Virgo*, yet so closely bound to *Mercury*, it shows the truth in *Hazlitt's* statement that "Mr Coleridge has flirted with the *Muses* as with a set of mistresses," for it fears the ability of *Mercury* to drag it into that grim twelfth house if it should be so unwary as to commit itself to marriage. In fall, slow in motion, laboriously toiling away from the conjunction with *Saturn*, it lacks all faith in its own abilities to draw *Mercury* out for any length of time. As the opus well



Coleridge/Wordsworth Composite



Coleridge: Ancient Mariner progressions

shows.

In the conjunction with Saturn, natural ruler of mariners<sup>2</sup> - most particularly ancient ones - who have (mutual reception with Mercury) 'strange power of speech', we find Coleridge's greatest achievement, to which we shall return. It is perhaps the conjunction of the Mercury/Venus aspect with Saturn that gives him his resolute determination to communicate:

The moment that his face I see,  
I know the man who must hear me  
To him my tale I teach...

a determination echoed by his close friend Wordsworth, who came upon a poor leech-gatherer and, in his efforts to have a conversation with him,

... shook the man from side to side  
Until his face was blue.

In Wordsworth's chart we have a similar close contact between Saturn and both Mercury and Venus. 'Being old and poor', the leech-gatherer is shown by Saturn, up to his knees in water (in Cancer), fallen (in detriment) upon hard times.

Contemplating a chart of such weakness, we might no longer mourn the waste of what might have been as wonder at that which was achieved. In *Kubla Khan*, Coleridge presents us with his own vision of

<sup>2</sup>: Saturn is associated with mariners because, although itself cold and dry, it creates water: test this yourself by leaving something cold and dry outside overnight. But we find the inescapable truth of symbolism underlined: what is another word for a mariner? A tar.

the Poet: an image quite different from that of Milton, who is creating from a position of power. Confident in the massive strength of his dignified Saturn, in Capricorn itself and dispositor of the Mercury/Venus conjunction in that same sign, Milton's ideal poet finds in 'weary age'

the peaceful hermitage...

Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heav'n doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew,  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

What are Coleridge's tools? Sun, Venus and Mars all in fall; Moon, Saturn and Mercury peregrine; Jupiter the only planet with dignity, and that only by term. It should not be a surprise that he needs some artificial aid to get the creative engine turning over. He has heard 'a damsel with a dulcimer', but her song is locked away in that capacious twelfth house: if, 'with music loud and long' he is to 'build that dome in air', he must retrieve it ('Could I revive within me/Her symphony and song'). As 'his flashing eyes, his floating hair' make plain, this is possible only when

he on honey-dew hath fed,

And drunk the milk of Paradise,

an option which the bacchant star on his cusp of self-undoing was only too willing to accept, fuelling the frenzy of the impassioned midpoint of debilitated Sun and debilitated Mars on debilitated Venus (that is, the Sun/Mars frenzy colouring the only means by which his Mercury can be redeemed from within the twelfth). In the alternatives shown in these two charts, we see distilled the essence of Romantic and Classical artistry.

*They had been friends in youth...*

Coleridge's friendship with Wordsworth was not only the central relationship of his own life, but one of the most significant associations in English literature. The actual term of this friendship was, however long its effects, only fleeting, as the composite makes clear. With Mars conjunct South Node just inside the Descendant, this relationship is not built to last. Indeed, Ron Davison's comments on seventh-house Mars in composite charts give a clearer and more succinct account of this friendship than has been achieved by any number of literary biographers: its potential for 'a great sense of common purpose' or 'a total conflict of purpose' depending 'to a great extent upon finding a way to express yourself together... ego-energies within this relationship are very strong... this position requires that the two of you be on an equal footing. Any attempt to place yourself over your partner will

make a very tense situation'. As Coleridge expressed it:

Each spoke words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother:  
They parted - ne'er to meet again!  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining...

The relationship was indeed characterised by an inability to work as equals, beginning with Coleridge as dominant partner to an awe-struck Wordsworth, who rapidly seized power as Coleridge fell prey to his numerous inner demons.

By itself, however, the Mars/Node conjunction in the seventh could have been integrated into a turbulent but workable relationship: in the brief period when there was some tolerable balance between them, they produced *Lyrical Ballads*, which ranks with *The Fairie Queen* and *Paradise Lost* as one of the most influential volumes in the history of English verse. But by antiscion, Saturn falls conjunct Mars. This not only confirms the impossibility of maintaining the friendship, but promises that when the break arrives it will be final:

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between.

Half-hearted attempts were made to resurrect what once had been, but by that time their paths had spread too far apart for contact, as if the head bank clerk were to invite the local dope-fiend to tea, to their mutual incomprehension. Again, Davison could have been writing of this friendship when describing the composite Mars/Saturn conjunction, saying that it is forever out of step, with one feeling warm while the other feels cold, and suggesting that 'it is especially important to avoid unconstructive criticism, especially the kind that masquerades as being constructive' (Wordsworth - pay attention!).

So with all three malefics conjunct in the seventh, especially as it involves the deceiving and duplicitous South Node, we see with Coleridge that 'whispering tongues can poison truth', killing friendship, undoing even the glorious potential of the partile conjunction of Sun and Jupiter, connecting the Lord of the fifth house of creativity with the Lord of the tenth of achievement in the world.

Even restricting ourselves just to exact contacts, the connections between the two natal charts are compelling evidence of a close bond between the two men. Most notably, we find Wordsworth's Sun trine Coleridge's Moon and conjunct, by antiscion, his Venus. These are powerful contacts, but the comparison between Coleridge's peregrine Moon and debilitated Venus and Wordsworth's exalted Sun, which disposes Coleridge's Moon, shows the one-sided pattern into which the



Coleridge

friendship soon fell: Wordsworth's unshakeable self-esteem proving an irresistible magnet to Coleridge's tangled heap of self-doubt, but his careless arrogance proving the rock on which the friendship floundered. 'Solar egotism may fail to take account of the delicate and fragile susceptibilities of the Moon,' comments Davison - and how much the more when that Sun is in Aries!

The modern astrologer would find Coleridge's Saturn on Wordsworth's Neptune describing well the atmosphere of their early friendship, as Coleridge inspired Wordsworth to render his visions into form,

while Wordsworth's intense engagement with Nature exploded the cell against whose bars Coleridge's spirit had long been pressing. By antiscion this Neptune falls back onto Wordsworth's Sun/Venus conjunction, dragging Saturn with it, all roads in Wordsworth's universe leading ultimately only to himself. The traditionalist would judge the same without the need to trouble Neptune, looking only to Saturn falling by antiscion on the Sun, Lord of Wordsworth's ninth house of ideals and philosophy.

The trine from Coleridge's Sun to Wordsworth's Mars repeats the message of the composite: great things can be achieved - as long as the two can tolerate each other. Had Coleridge's Sun been stronger and hence more able to hold its own, this could have been a fruitful combination over a rather longer term: the imbalance in strengths soon found its own level, and the pair had to part. With so irredeemably weak a chart, Coleridge's nature was inexorably amorphous, a characteristic exaggerated as his drug habit deepened. With exalted Sun trine Jupiter in its own sign, Wordsworth's was a nature of sublime and simple self-assurance - an assurance that the 'dull and doltish capacity or Wit' of Moon opposed debilitated Mercury was too weak to trouble with any twinges of self-doubt (we might remember Mrs Wordsworth laying a warning hand on Keats' arm and whispering "Mr Wordsworth is



never interrupted.”) As with the astrological opposition: opposites attract, but do not long remain together. If we cast the Part of Marriage for the composite, we find it on the fixed star Denebola, ‘happiness turned to anger’. And so it proved.

*It is an Ancient Mariner...*

One characteristic which Coleridge shared with his erstwhile chum was the production of a greater quantity of utter dross than any other poets of similar stature; we might usefully examine the Arabian Part of Flogging Dead Horses in their charts and would no doubt find it gloriously aspected. As with Marlowe, in whose chart too there is only one planet with dignity, were it not for one work Coleridge’s oeuvre would be remembered by only the dustiest of academics. But *The Ancient Mariner* rings like *Dr Faustus* with the urgent intensity of a bewildered soul in torment,

Alone, alone, all all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea.

These are not works - like those of the mature Shakespeare, for example - of souls steadfast in their understanding; they are the works of souls on whose passion the gods have looked down in mercy, slaking parched lips with a draught of ‘the milk of paradise’.

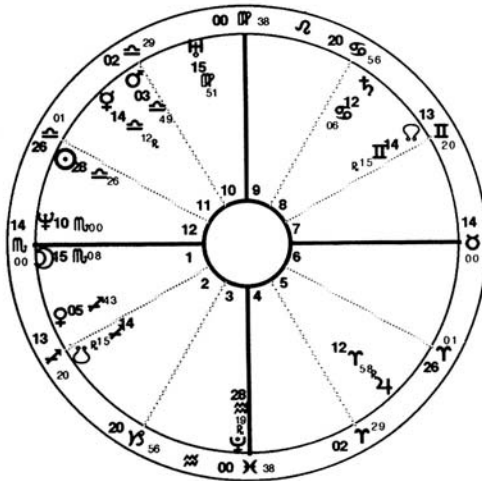
The Ancient Mariner was largely composed during a lengthy walk, which lasted for several days, which Coleridge took in the company of Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, setting out from the Wordsworth’s home of Alfoxden at about 4pm on November 13th 1797 and heading through the beautiful countryside where Exmoor and the Quantock Hills run down to meet the Somerset coast to Watchet and the old market town of Dulverton. The Mariner was to have been a joint effort by the two poets; but although Coleridge’s sole nautical experience at that time was a crossing of the Chepstow ferry, the image of the voyage worked like the music of the Abyssinian maid so strongly within him that even Wordsworth realised that contribution on his part would be out of place, and accordingly, apart from odd suggestion, left his friend to it.

We shall see the extreme importance of the Moon in the astrology of the event in a moment; in the Solar Return for this period, it falls at 15 Scorpio, which is the degree to which the natal Ascendant has progressed. This is the natal Venus/Pluto midpoint. A major model during the planning of the work was the gothic novel “The Wanderings of Cain”; the astrology suggests that what was taken from here was the central image of the charismatic and mysteriously captivating outsider that is a stock character in the lesser literature of the time: Venus/Pluto on the Ascendant gives (Ebertin) “the ability to exercise a fascination or attraction upon many people” or (Coleridge) “the Wedding-Guest is

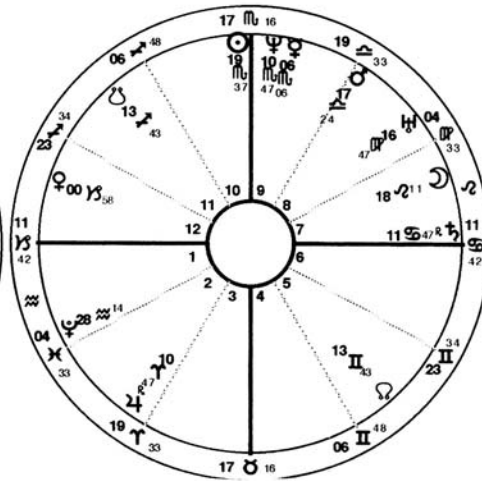
spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man and constrained to hear his tale.” As this central indication for the poem is given by the progressed Ascendant, we can see that Coleridge had, of course, cast himself in this role of charismatic and spell-binding outsider.

The cusp of the ninth house of long journeys has progressed onto Procyon, the Lesser Dog, an extremely malefic star which does, however, convey spiritual benefit under its materially disastrous guise: much the tale of this voyage. The progressed Moon, strong in its own sign of Cancer, reached this same point as the poem was completed the following March, also perfecting its trine with the progressed Sun. Moon trine Sun is, according to Abu Mashar, the most benefic of all testimonies, exceeding even Jupiter in its bounty (see our article on the Moon and Mind for just why this should be) and so is a fitting sign of the completion of Coleridge’s masterpiece.

From the conception of the Mariner himself in the progressed chart, we find his story in the Solar Return. The Moon is the natural ruler of albatrosses, and its position just inside the Ascendant hangs it round the Mariner’s neck. As ruler of the ninth house of faith, falling on the North Scale, one of the most benefic stars, this albatross is indeed ‘the pious bird of good omen’. As Lord of the ninth, it is ruler of journeys, and being natural ruler of the sea, in a water sign, we see how the journey was made. With it just leaving the twelfth house, we watch as ‘the Albatross came through the snow-fog’, and might perhaps judge the immediate contact from Moon to Uranus as its random and sticky end.



Coleridge: Solar Return



Coleridge: Lunar Return

The start of the poets' walk was timed to catch the sunset over Longstone Hill. The Mariner's ordeal of Life-in-Death begins as

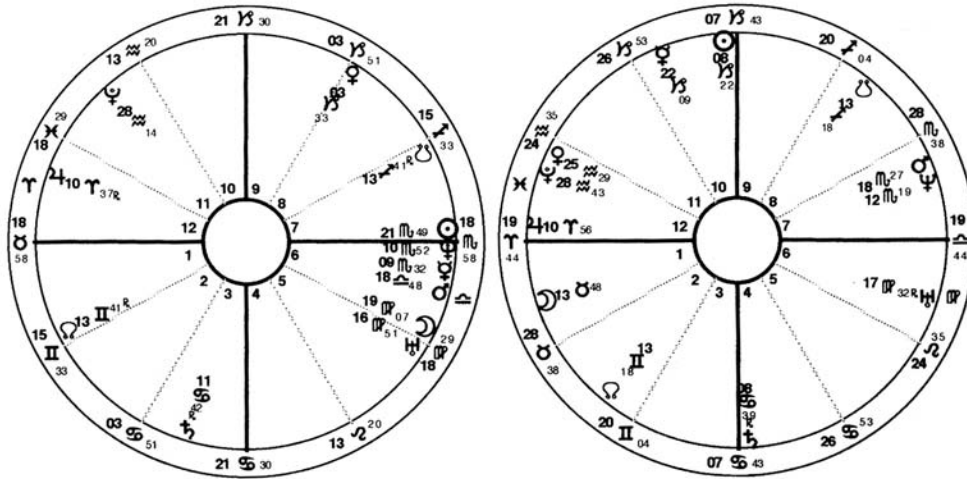
The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:  
At one stride comes the dark;

which, with the Moon below the Earth, was very possibly what happened as they set out. But the Moonrise that immediately follows must have been taken from this powerfully lunar Solar Return chart:

Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The hornéd Moon...

At 17 degrees of separation, the Moon in this chart is just far enough from the Sun for its earliest crescent to be seen.

The poem is sodden with lunar reference - all the more apparent once we realise that Coleridge was under the impression he was writing an early draft of *Carry On Sailor*, cramming in as many references to masts as he could reasonably manage through delight in the arcane double entendre between the English and the Greek word for breast. Coleridge's tormentor, the 'Night-mare Life-in-Death', with her hair 'yellow as gold' and her skin 'as white as leprosy' is surely a portrait of his natal Moon in Leo; with this Solar Return Moon squaring the maternal kindness that, in Leo, it lacks. 'In his loneliness and fixedness (the Mariner) yearneth towards the journeying Moon,' when 'by the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm', is able to pray and sees the albatross (his natal Moon, perhaps?) fall from round his neck and sink 'like lead into the sea'. On this, 'by grace of the holy



Walk starts  
Nov 13 1797 4pm LMT  
Alfoxden

Saturn opposition  
Dec 29 1797 1Noon LMT  
Stowey

Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain', the very milk of paradise.

With this Return chart before us, we can find a new depth of meaning to Coleridge's conflation of breast and mast. We could take the trivial path of the Freudians and see it as a longing for the maternal breast; but referring once again to our article on the lunar mind, we can see exactly that for which he was striving, here and throughout his life. It is notable that for all his constant reference to masts, he does not mention the spectre-ship as having one. His natal Moon, peregrine in Leo, rules most of the ninth house of faith and higher understanding (all of it if we decide to take the Ascendant forward into Scorpio). This is his Nightmare Life-in-Death: life where the lunar mind is not functioning as it should, where it is not reflecting into his life the knowledge of the Sun, pouring out the veritable milk of paradise. He is cursed, for he sees enough to know that this is possible (the albatross did arrive, after all, perching on the mast and bringing good fortune; but for some reason he shot it). In the poem he is vouchsafed a vision of the solution; in the life he was forever denied it, striving through opium (ruled by the Moon), philosophy (natal ninth - ruled by the Moon) or human love to achieve the knowledge he here attained.

When the voyage ends and once again 'the Mariner beholdeth his native country' it is bathed in moonlight, bright even to the casting of shadows. Space lacks to trace this theme in more detail; but let us quote one brief passage that becomes more beautiful yet with the realisation from this chart that for the word 'mast' we may substitute 'Moon'. 'A blessed troop of angelic spirits' has been sent down to help work the ship, and

when it dawned - they dropped their arms,  
And clustered round the mast;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the Sun...

We do indeed have Sun and Moon established in their harmony.

To point briefly at some other highlights of this chart, Saturn shows the Ancient Mariner himself, his placement in Cancer confirming his extreme interest in lunar matters. The Moon separates from trine Saturn: this lunar knowledge that he craves is leaving him, as demonstrated by the shooting of the albatross. But there is a mutually applying square to Jupiter, natural ruler of religion. In traditional astrology, square aspects bring things together successfully, but with

delay or difficulty, an appropriate description of the Mariner's journey to faith; with Jupiter received into his exaltation, the Mariner was well pleased to make the connection. In the meantime, his curse too is shown: Coleridge's natal Parts of Life and Death are conjunct at 17 Gemini; by antiscion, the Revolution Saturn falls right on them. This is at once the penance of Life-in-Death, but also the underlying theme of the quest for the milk of Paradise, for it is accepted in the Tradition that there is no illness for which we have not been given a cure, just as in Eden the Tree of Life grows fast by the Tree of Death. That the natal Mercury is exactly trine this point shows how close a concern it would be throughout the life. We might note that this Saturn, apart from being the natural ruler of mariners and naturally ancient, also falls on Canopus, the bright star named after the pilot of Menelaus' fleet, indicative of voyages and changing evil to good. This is also the Mercury/Jupiter midpoint: 'making a journey' according to Ebertin; but it is as well the 'psychedelic point' that was so strongly emphasised in the various charts for LSD examined in our early issues - the Mariner would not be the last before whom

slimy things did crawl with legs

Upon the slimy sea.

Saturn is in station, and so is the Mariner:

Day after day, day after day,

We stuck, nor breath nor motion;

As idle as a painted ship

Upon a painted ocean.

And the water is seriously afflicted: Cancer by having Saturn in it; the Moon, its ruler, by being in fall:

Water, water, everywhere,

Nor any drop to drink.

So afflicted is it that 'The very deep did rot'.

Saturn's being in first station is of the utmost relevance, for the voyage can be read as the passage of Saturn (the Mariner) through retrogradation. Retrogradation is traditionally likened to illness, first station being like a sick man taking to his bed, second station like his rising from it. In the meantime the illness has purged his system of its accumulated ill humours, so he rises sounder than before. The change in direction is emphasised early in the poem: as the ship sets sail, we are told that 'The Sun came up upon the left,' but shortly we find this reversed: 'The Sun now rose upon the right'.

On the day of the opposition, if we cast the chart for local noon ('The bloody Sun, at noon') it is indeed right over the Mariner's head, as Coleridge tells us, and the Mariner, conjunct the IC, is at the bottom of the world, just where the poet has geographically located him. The

Moon opposes its position in the Revolution chart, showing that this is the turning-point, and the vital importance to Coleridge and its resonance in our culture down the years is clear: the Ascendant is the degree of the prenatal eclipse. This was a crucial moment; with the Part of Faith conjunct the South Node, it is the spiritual low point around which the poem revolves. Although much of the poem was worked out on the walk, its composition dragged through the winter of 1797. It was not until Saturn turned direct the following March that it could be finished, as if it were not until then that the Mariner's ordeal was over and Coleridge could truly know the end of the story.

This crucial point is stressed by the Lunar Return during which this momentous walk took place. As Ron Davison tells us, the key point in a Solar Return is the position of the Moon - as we have just seen - and that in a Lunar Return is the position of the Sun; and here it is, on the Midheaven, in the Via Combusta, in Scorpio, sign of Mars, thus giving

All in a hot and copper sky  
The bloody Sun at noon,

and there is the Mariner, exactly angular: the significance could not be more plainly marked. With the Sun, its dispositor, squaring the Moon and receiving it into its fall, we have the creative tension around the issue of the internal Sun and Moon (back to the lunar mind) that fired the poem. With Mars on the natal Mercury, the poet's capacity for articulation was itself receiving a stimulating kick: we find the external evidence of this in the poem's direct form, so far from the muddy languor of so much of Coleridge's work. The Part of Faith, meanwhile, falls on Uranus/Neptune: 'peculiar psychic states, spiritual cognition and understanding, long journeys' (Ebertin).

And as we might expect, the theme is picked up in the chart for the start of the walk. It was timed to catch the sunset, so of course

The western wave was all aflame.  
The day was well-nigh done!  
Almost upon the western wave (*in water sign*)  
Rested the broad bright Sun,

in front of which was to speed the skeleton-ship with her fatal crew. On the horizon to which the Sun is sinking rests Unukalhai, associated with witchcraft and poisons:

The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue and white.

As ruler of the Ascendant, Venus represents the instigators of the event, and there they are, off on their journey, just entering the ninth house, while the angles, exactly squaring the natal Moon, show the spiritual destination of Coleridge's own voyager. Entering the sixth, the

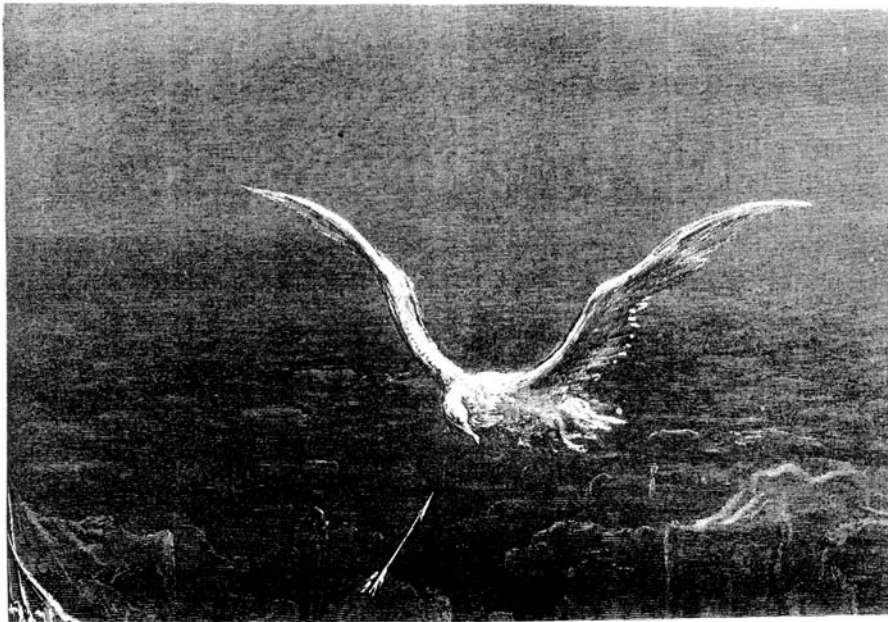
Moon shows that there are troubled times to come; but it applies to the fortunate sextile of the Sun and is, by antiscion, exactly conjunct the Great Benefic, Jupiter. All will be well.

And so it was: in the next Lunar Return, Saturn, the Mariner, which is just setting in this chart, is just rising over the eastern horizon: his long journey through night has reached its end. So horrific has been his ordeal that

I moved my lips - the Pilot shrieked  
And fell down in a fit;  
while the Pilot's boy 'doth crazy go'. But at last  
all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land!  
and as he is shriven by the hermit he rises above the horizon into new life.

\* \* \*

While on the subject, we might spare a glance at that other famous literary albatross - that to which Charles Baudelaire likened the Poet. Baudelaire's natal Moon (albatross) is in Taurus, where it is exalted, so he is well aware of the bird's beauty. But his poem is not a celebration of its grace and majesty in flight. The Moon is on Caput Algol: he sees the bird only when laid low, an object of derision, whose giant wings serve only to impede his ungainly attempts to walk.



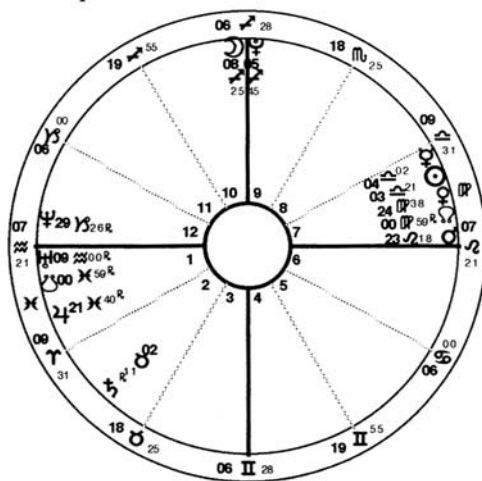
## OF CABBAGES AND KINGS

Having read our lamentation that we receive too few horary questions on the outcome of football matches, reader Gary Calderone leapt to the rescue by asking whether Kohl or Schroder would win the German election. Gary is American, so I suppose we must allow him a little leeway on the interpretation of 'football'.

The chart was cast for 4.58 pm on September 26th, the day before polling. The Master and the other craftsmen being busily occupied hunting down a group of minor aspects that had sneaked through the perimeter fence, one of the stable-lads decided to have a go at judgement himself. Intoxicated by the accuracy of the chart's portrayal of events, the novice leapt immediately to the decision that Kohl would win. "Never mind," the Master comforted him next day, "He did manage to come second."

### *The Kohlman Goeth*

The chart's relevance is clear, rubbishing the view, still too often heard, that charts for public events cannot be judged. This argument is based on the idea that the same question cannot be asked twice, and the assumption that many people will have asked the same question on any issue of public importance. We might as well say that I cannot ask "Does she love me?" because people since Adam have been asking the same question.



Kohl win?  
Sept 26 1998 4.48pm BST  
London

The question is not the series of particular words. The question is the combination of querent, meaning, time and astrologer. As the same combination of time and place never recurs, nor does the same question.

To suggest that the same words mean the same question is to suggest that if I wear the same clothes as Kevin Costner, I am Kevin Costner. (No, girls, I'm not).

If I do not receive an answer that I like, I should not, of course, keep repeating the question in hope that sooner or later the answer will change. It would avoid the tedious

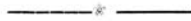


confusion on this point if the rule were simply rewritten as “Don’t be silly.”

Our querent is American, not German, so Kohl is the king of another country: tenth house of kings from the ninth of foreign countries brings us to the radical sixth house, ruled by the Moon - appropriate indeed as significator for Mr Cabbage. The more so as it falls in Sagittarius. Sagittarius is the tallest of the signs; the Moon gives it bulk, so we have an extremely large person. Kohl’s opponent is shown by the seventh house of open enemies from his house, and so is signified by Saturn.

Our stable-lad took one look at the natural significator of cabbages in the natural house of kings and decided Kohl was staying put. To the more experienced practitioner, however, the opposite is clearly the case.

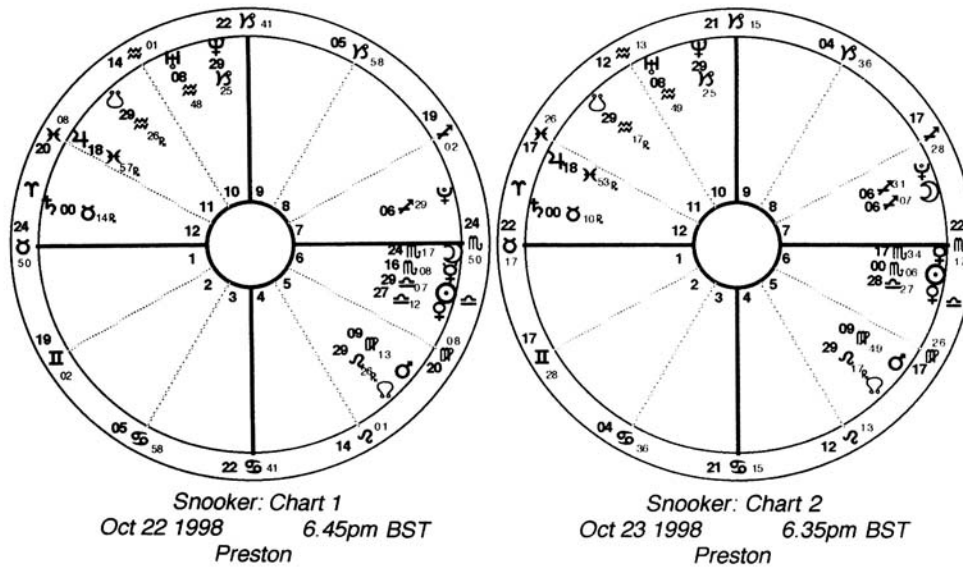
Uranus so close to the Ascendant and applying to conjunct it is a clear testimony of change, probably repeated by Pluto on the MC. The Moon - on the fixed star Han, indicative of misfortune - applies immediately to sextile Uranus. But, as ever, the outer planets give nothing that cannot be found without their assistance. Neither Kohl’s cusp nor his significator is in a fixed sign. The Moon in the natural house of government is indicative of change, emphasised by its being in a mutable sign. The key testimony, however, is shown by an antiscion: Mars, ruler of the ninth and so significator of the foreign country in question, applies to conjunct the antiscion of Saturn, Kohl’s open enemy. The country is going to Schroder. And so it did.



## THE WILLIAM HILL AWARDS

After the magnificent start described in our last issue, the astrological football tipping service operated by the Apprentice has had mixed fortunes. During Mercury’s retrograde combustion, we managed to achieve a quite remarkable failure-rate of almost 100%; the man who was wise enough to back the exact opposite of all our predictions can now be contacted care of the British Consulate, Bahamas. On the other hand, we continue to have the measure of the England team, having forecast their surprise defeat by Sweden and draw with Bulgaria (no scores predicted) and the 3-0 victory over mighty Luxembourg. Meanwhile, we see that our prediction, televised at the start of the season, that Mika Haakinen would win the Formula One championship has proved correct.

As the demands of TV spread football fixtures more evenly



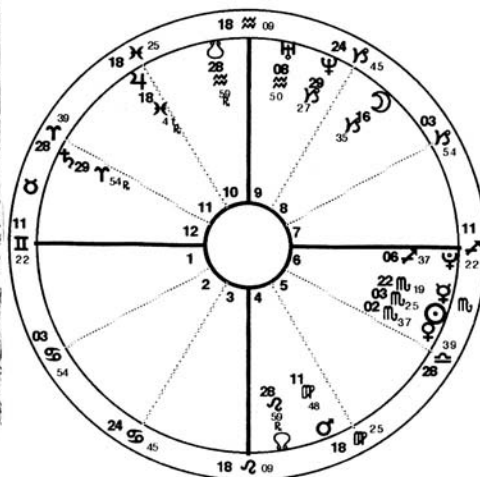
throughout the week, those astrologically desirable stand-alone matches become fewer. The weakest spot in our forecasting is the crowded Saturday programme. Whatever isolated successes other journals may suggest can be achieved by the study of transits to managers' nativities, we have so far found this method useless for week-in, week-out prediction: Jupiter trine natal Jupiter may give the manager a good dinner, but it evidently does not mean his team wins its match. This is, of course, exactly what we would expect from the traditional theory of transits.

We long for a season that consists solely of cup-finals, predictions for these high-profile games being remarkably straightforward, and in the meantime continue to poke away at the problem of predicting the workaday fixture-list without the option of using the ever-reliable horary. After our comments on the World Cup, Nick Champion raised the interesting point that, while many matches, especially at the group stages, are subsumed into the significance of a wider chart within the tournament, there are other fixtures - England against either Germany or Argentina springs to mind - that have a history all their own, and could well be judged from some chart that might describe the whole turbulent saga.

Our long-term predictions for league and cup winners, highest scorers and so forth are available on 0331.100818, while short-term predictions for matches over the next few days are on 0331.100819 (The legal bit: "Calls cost £1 per minute at all times. Service provided



*Relaxing in the Apprentice's workshop*



*Kansas v Pittsburgh  
Oct 27 1998 1.20am GMT  
Kansas*

by: From the Terrace, PO Box 109, Alton, Hants, GU34 1XL. Calls from mainland UK only"). Or follow the techniques as we explain them in the magazine. These first two examples from the Snooker Grand Prix in Preston, both clearly showing that the underdog will win, demonstrate the accuracy of the method in one-off matches.

In these charts, the Ascendant and its ruler signify the favourite, the Descendant and its ruler the opposition. In the first game, the Moon is applying immediately to conjunct the Descendant. As the Moon shows the flow of events, this is a reliable testimony of the favourite losing: it needs something powerful to overrule it, and there is nothing else of interest happening here. Clear favourite lose; and so it was.

In the second match, our friend and benefactor, Mr William Hill, quoted the favourite at 1/5: favourites do not come much hotter. The Moon goes immediately to conjunct Pluto. We find that Pluto direct is not remotely as malefic as Pluto retrograde, but this is still a strong negative testimony. The Moon then squares the Descendant ruler, taking the match further from the favourite. Again, there is nothing else of note happening. Favourite to lose; and so he did.

In the colonies, meanwhile, we understand that our plucky brethren have developed their own form of football, changing the rules almost beyond recognition to enable the players to wear full body armour in case of Indian attack during the match. Our prediction of the shock result in the last Super Bowl final failed to impress the Americans: it was, we are told, easy to see that Denver would win as

they had the best-looking players (see Bonatus, *De Praedictione Pedisphericorum* for more on this technique). We do not know whether the bookies had allowed for the relative good looks of the opposing teams in this match, but they were sure that Pittsburgh would be unable to overcome Kansas City's awesome home record.

The chart for the match says otherwise. The Moon applies first to sextile Jupiter (Lord of the seventh, so Pittsburgh), and then to sextile Mercury (Kansas); but perfection of the aspect with Mercury is six degrees away - too far to count in these charts. By antiscion, the Moon falls just two degrees inside the seventh house, putting 'the flow of events' under Pittsburgh's control. A two degree gap is at the outer edge of reliability, but there is no conflicting testimony to overrule it. Finally, the Ascendant ruler applies to square Fortuna: this appears to favour the underdogs. To general surprise, Pittsburgh won with something to spare.



## THE APPRENTICESHIPS

For some years now, those wishing to learn the craft of astrology have gone about it in the time-honoured fashion. They have presented themselves at the door of our workshop, where, on knocking, they have been duly ignored for a number of days. Most, whose resolution is but fickle, have been discouraged and gone elsewhere; but those few whose ardour is sufficient have remained, still knocking, and have at last been admitted. After being liberally dusted with DDT to remove any traces of Jungianism or other contagions with which they might be infested, they are sat down to a good meal and then put to work sweeping out the fourth house and chopping wood for the Via Combusta.

Having spent a year or so performing these menial but vital tasks with good spirit, they begin to receive instruction from the Master and the other craftsmen, eventually being allowed to work themselves, under supervision, on whatever astrological charts fate brings before us. This way of learning is ideal, and results in each apprentice reaching the level of knowledge for which he is by nature equipped. But as the dark thorn hedge that appears to be known as 'civilisation' grows ever higher around us, it becomes ever harder to ensure sufficient food supply to the yard for the feeding of all who would work here; so we have to teach some students by correspondence.

We teach natal, electional, mundane and horary astrology; but in a strict progression: we would no more set the beginner to the study of

nativities than we would set the infant schoolboy to the differential calculus: as he starts with his times tables, so our students begin with horary, which is the basis for all that follows.

*The Horary Apprenticeship* is a correspondence course in horary over twelve lessons, based on the techniques of William Lilly. Unlike some of the other courses available, it is totally focussed on horary and horary alone. Its coverage is thorough, its standards high, its tuition dedicated to enabling the student to attain them. It is not a course through which the student can bumble and still expect to be awarded a diploma; it is a course that takes the student to a level where they can judge horary charts on all manner of subjects with a fine degree of reliability. Like all our tuition, it is informed with our twin principles: astrology is essentially simple; the study of astrology is sometimes fun and always a delight.

Those who have passed through *The Horary Apprenticeship*, on which they are recognised as *Horary Craftsmen*, and others who can demonstrate a practical knowledge of horary by traditional method (yes, there is a test paper), may proceed to *The Apprenticeship in Natal & Electional Astrology*. This too is over twelve lessons, giving a sound basis in traditional techniques of judging nativities and casting elections, together with an introduction to medical astrology. Graduates from here may proceed to the study of the Crown of Astrology: mundane.

The student who seeks tuition that works in astrology that works can do no better. Contact *The Astrologers' Apprentice* for course details: our phone number and postal and e-mail addresses are on the back cover.

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## *HORARY CONSULTATIONS*

*by*

*JOHN FRAWLEY*

*editor of The Astrologer's Apprentice.*

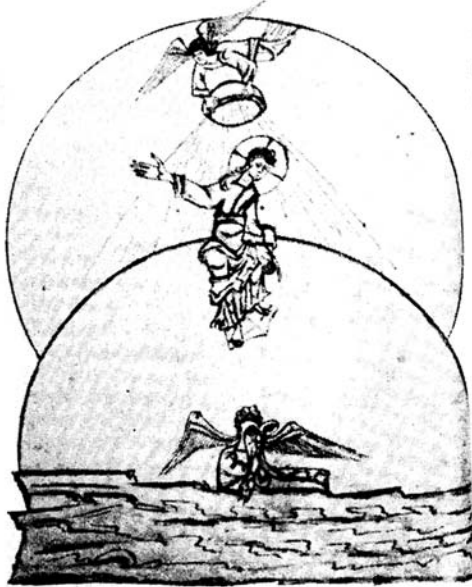
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## GALILEO AND THE FALL

Once upon a time, the Tradition tells, lion and lamb would dwell together in perfect harmony. Then Adam fell, and with him all creation, on which the lion and the lamb began to develop conflicting views on the desirability of the lamb's survival. This unfortunate fact is of the profoundest importance for our astrology, which is, indeed, structured upon it.

The problem resides in the inherent nature of creation. Once the love of God comes into the created universe, there are difficulties, which are caused not by the nature of God's lovingkindness, but by the nature of manifestation itself. So the popular idea that the consequent differences of opinion between lion and lamb demonstrate a failing in God's providence are incorrect.



*The Creation of Light*

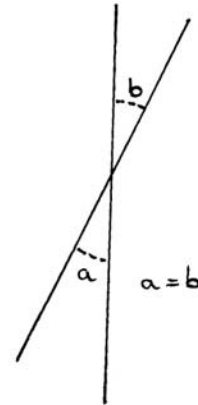
only way of effecting a temporary resolution of this dispute is to persuade lion and lamb that they are both well served by ganging up on someone else - but this just shifts the focus of the problem. It was only in Eden before the Fall that the difficulty did not exist. We find this in the chart.

The Tradition is clear on the underlying logic: God is perfect; creation is separate from God; creation, therefore, cannot be perfect. This becomes apparent when we consider the visible symbol of God in our cosmos, the Sun. It pours out its rays in all directions, its rays being the visible symbol of God's lovingkindness. It pours them out *in all directions*, which is the problem: for the expression of this lovingkindness into the manifested creation can only be directional. In simple terms, if this lovingkindness is directed at the lamb, the lion goes hungry; if at the lion, the lamb has cause to feel hard done by.

In the world as it stands, this is an apparently insoluble conflict of interest. History shows that the

It is, in one way of seeing it, the progression from point to line to plane geometry. We might visualise God before the Creation as a point, integral and alone; clearly no conflict of interest here. Then He created the world. This leads us back to the joys of the planets, as we saw in Apprentice issue 2. God is the Sun, joying in the ninth, the house of God. Creation is shown by the axis from the ninth to the third, which is the joy of the Moon, the planet of the Created World. This is a simple line - no difference of opinion here. This is the Sun/Moon axis that was remade at the re-Creation, when God took Mary, as perfect as the world can be, for His incarnation.

Now, the ninth/third axis does not strike us as the most significant in the chart. But this line from God to Creation once held the MC/IC axis. The movement into the cadent (literally, falling) houses of ninth and third came only with the Fall. Seen from our point of view - which the chart, of course, is - it is not Man but God who has fallen; hence so many of the complaints that have since been directed in His direction (back to geometry, and angles being equal on either side of the crossing of two straight lines). And having fallen into the ninth, it is inevitable that some smartypants should push God further down, into the eighth; His 'Death' being unavoidably linked to the rising of the Moon - our 'sublunar' World of generation and corruption - into the second house where it now seems irretrievably fixed.



But this is to jump ahead of our story. As the World was created, it did not exist in the heavy, material fashion we take as natural today: this is something into which we and it have gradually sunk since that fatal decision by our forebear, as we have seen in our discussion of the planetary hours. The line from God to Adam was direct and open; Adam walked with God in the cool of the evening, and his being was directed to Him. As the material nature of creation was not as it is, the flow of God's lovingkindness had no contrary direction: the Lord giveth, and giveth only.

But with the Fall came the movement from line to plane, and the advent of differing directions of benefit. It is our experience that the Lord now not only giveth but also taketh away, and the one makes Him rather less popular than the other. This is the arrival of the Asc/Desc axis, which, as the Ascendant is the symbol of our moment of birth, shows us fixed into material manifestation. Ascendant to Descendant: the visible journey from sunrise to sunset reflecting our own journey

from birth to death, a journey which did not, of course, exist before the Fall. The Ascendant is the incarnation, which is exactly what we take the first house to represent: ourselves in general, our body in particular.

The immediate cause of the Fall, as we saw before, was the conflicting axis between the joys of Mars and Saturn in the sixth and twelfth houses (we note in passing the strange modern idea that the twelfth might be the house of spirituality: anything but!) falling across the axis from God to His creation. In practical terms, what we find in the chart is the cross made of the Lord's giving (vertical axis) and His taking away (horizontal axis). The horizontal axis is implicit in our material existence. The quest for spiritual life is the striving to close this axis down onto the 'straight path' that recurs throughout the scriptures. "Guide us to the straight path, the path of those whom you have favoured, not... of those who have gone astray."

This is the vertical axis (it is still vertical, even though God appears to have fallen off it - this is just our error of perception). It is, in utter literalness, the valley of the shadow of death, through which we wander, oscillating between first/twelfth house (ourselves and our errors) and seventh/sixth house (the attraction of others and the nuisance they make of themselves).

So we have in the chart the image of our fallen state. Of the fact that we are now in such a dire condition of manifestation that the love of God is no longer seen as falling straight and true in one line ( | ) but is radiated outwards in all directions ( + ) which is in itself the suffering that is the legacy our first father bequeathed us.

#### *But Still It Moves!*

Traditional astrology is not that branch of astrology that works within a tradition; it is that manifestation of the Tradition which concerns itself with astrology. There is a world of difference between the two, and it is of the utmost importance that we are quite clear about what this difference is.

The ancient and currently unfashionable explanation for the close relationship between man and ape is that long ago, when such cross-fertilisation was possible, degenerate men interbred with animals, with apes and monkeys the product of this dark union. We see the same in astrology, where certain degenerate teachings have interbred with such soulless creatures as Theosophy and Psychoanalysis, producing the apes that line the shelves of any astrological bookstore. To be sure, there are many resemblances between the simian and the glorious form from which he is sprung; 98% the same, the scientists tell us. But what a difference that two per cent makes.

Traditional astrology is not an add-on in which we may dabble



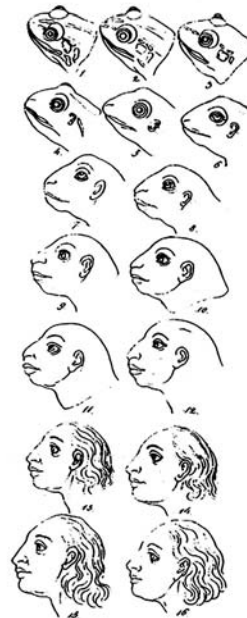
when we have mastered the intricacies of modern technique; nor is it an alternative to which we may resort if we have temporarily mislaid our *Collected Works of Liz Greene*. The shock occasioned by exposing a client used to the cosy contemplation of Neptune transits on her awareness of the feminine principle to the methods of the tradition, which of necessity bring the philosophical assumptions of the tradition with them, is quite too horrible to ponder, as not even a hasty dose of Rescue Remedy would prevent immediate contact with reality in a most unaccustomed way.

Central to the Tradition, and therefore inbuilt in the astrology that is a manifestation of that tradition, is the realisation of the special place of Man in creation. We are not just a comparatively bright animal. Man is the focus, the centre, the crown and the purpose of creation. Lamentably, this idea too is no longer in vogue.

The very root of our astrology - the determination of matter as hot/cold and moist/dry - is centred on Man. More specifically, indeed, it is centred on the male human: astrology is not politically correct. Hot and Cold are terms relative to the male body, as are moist and dry: man in ideal is perfectly balanced; woman is cold and moist.

More important yet is the difference between Man and the rest of creation, angels included: it is we alone that contain the breath of divinity within us. Everything else is formed from created matter and that alone; into our sack of clay is infused a spark direct from the divine. This gives us a place to which no other being may attain. It was indeed this, we are told, rather than a refusal to serve in heaven, that caused the expulsion of the rebel angels: having created Man, God required Satan to worship him, on which Satan refused, claiming that he was superior as he was made from fire but Man merely from clay. As with the moderns, he could see the pot but not what it contained.

The belief in Man's inherent dignity has long been washed away in our culture. Too many people make too much money in ways utterly incompatible with such a view for its survival to be countenanced. Modern science, having persuaded us that Granny spent her youth swinging about in the trees, now devotes much effort to telling us that chimpanzees/dolphins/slugs can count/read/do higher mathematics (this very journal received a letter only yesterday in the finest copperplate



hand, posted in the rainforest, requesting an article on the astrology of bananas). We are beset with persuasion, telling us that we are no more than flesh and bone, an animal that may be switched on and off at whim - or boiled down to make soap if someone decides it makes sense.

What we see, and what we are forced to contemplate in our astrology, is the mystery of incarnation: in a Christian culture, yes, the mystery of the Incarnation of Christ; but as well as that, the mystery of exactly what the spark of divinity is doing in this squalid bundle of lusts and delusions that is each one of us. Take this spark away - tell us that it does not exist - and all that we remain is the squalid bundle: the image of man shared by Richard Dawkins and daytime TV.

Shakespeare contemplates this mystery in *The Merchant of Venice*, pondering how the leaden casket can contain the image of the beloved. The moderns, with their infallible talent for taking anything with any intellectual content to mean exactly the opposite of what it actually does, see Shakespeare here as the Social Activist, writing Shylock's speeches as an eloquent plea for racial tolerance. But Shylock is modern man: the whole point of his 'if you prick us do we not bleed? if you tickle us do we not laugh?' is not that he is the same as anyone else, but that he is different and unable to see it. This would have been obvious to Shakespeare's audience, brought up in a more soundly educated age than this. Shylock is the modern, comparing man and monkey and finding them the same.

When Shakespeare was writing, the crucial mental change was just taking place. Its result is that we inhabit a world of Shylocks, viewing the human body as fit merely 'to bait fish withal'. This crucial change was the removal of our home from the centre of the cosmos, a fall that seems as dire in consequence as that first which it echoes.

As we have discussed before, the heliocentric model of the universe was familiar in ancient times; the significance of the Copernican Revolution being not that people suddenly became clever enough to realise something that our benighted ancestors were too daft to notice, but that the material view of reality, as illustrated in the heliocentric cosmos, became the only acceptable picture of truth, while the spiritually correct view, illustrated in the geocentric cosmos - which remains as true now as it ever was - came to be regarded as an error. The scientists point to their proud technological achievements as evidence that their view is correct; but how correct their view might be has not the slightest relevance to the correctness or incorrectness of the other.

We might liken the cosmos to a book. We can use it as a step to increase our height, so we can achieve the technological feat of reaching that packet of biscuits on the top shelf; we can open it up to make a

tunnel through which we can run our model train; yet for all these wonders, the supreme truth is found only when we read what is inside it. Science has forgotten that there are words to read within the cosmos.

The most significant change with the adoption of the 'new' view of the cosmos was not the whereabouts of the Sun, but the belief in an infinite universe that follows from the new model. It was forgotten that Man is a unique creation; it was immediately realised that there might be myriads of other Earths scattered through the endless depth of space. Man was evicted even from this substitute Eden into which he had wandered in exile from the first. With the possibility of infinite, equally significant, worlds, all sense of value was doomed, with the inevitable result of the execution of kings, followed a few years later by the opening of the first McDonald's. It was exactly this which the Church foresaw when urging Galileo to plug in his brain before opening his mouth; it might fittingly be he rather than Wren whose epitaph reads "To see my monument, look around you." His shade cannot be proud.

Let us consider in more detail one of the consequences of the heliocentric view of the cosmos. The traditional picture was this:



where \* is the sphere of the fixed stars and ⊕ is the Earth. As we can see, although the Earth is at the centre of the spheres, the Sun (the image of the Divine) is also at the centre, viewed in a different but not exclusive way.

The new picture was this:



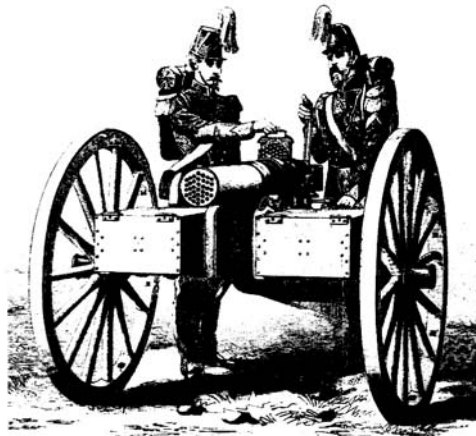
The Sun and the Earth have swapped places; but we find other major differences. The Moon is no longer in the line-up. From being the very image of the creation, the barrier between the perfect world of the spheres and the mundane world of generation and corruption here below, she has become merely the trivial satellite of what is itself just another planet. Historically, we note that just as Our Lady was being dethroned by the Protestants, so was she also by the scientists. And the consequence? With the Moon and all its meanings no longer of importance we have the continued rape of nature with barely a twinge of guilt.

We see also that the fixed stars have gone; they have lost their importance - no longer a sphere, the farthest visible marker on the road to the Godhead, but just a wilderness, in which oases of solar systems are sprinkled. But the Earth has assumed the central position; we have made ourselves as gods. Or so we thought - for then something

unexpected happened: we started to discover new planets, not in other solar systems, but in our own. With each planet that we added to the line-up, the centre shifted. With Uranus, it moved away from the Earth; then followed Neptune.

♃ ♄ ♀ ♁ ♀ ♁ ♁

Now it is usual among the moderns when seeking the meaning of any newly-discovered celestial body to refer first to *The Child's Book of (politically correct) Myths* and then to that indispensable volume *The History of the World in Three Paragraphs*. It is the latter that tells us that Neptune must be connected with idealism and gas. Skipping briefly over the question of idealism, proof of which is apparently the publication of that blue-print for mass-murder *The Communist Manifesto* shortly after Neptune's discovery, with the single observation that the contemporary picture of Neptune has more to do with Harpo than Karl, we shall turn to the suppressed fourth paragraph of the favoured history text - the one contributed by the person who knew vaguely what he was talking about. From this, it becomes clear that the salient developments with which Neptune might be historically connected are the refinement of the breech-loading rifle into an efficient weapon of mass slaughter; the invention of first the repeating rifle and then the machine-gun; the invention of dynamite; the age of the war of attrition, starting with the Crimean ('the first modern war') and American Civil Wars; and the explosion of a particularly bloody and exploitative colonisation, the driving philosophy of which is encapsulated in that sound Neptunian saying 'the only good indigenous person is a dead indigenous person'. Which brings us neatly back to the true nature of idealism: for on the mundane as well as the cosmic level, it is the specious promise that 'ye shall be as gods' that brings Death into the world, and all our woe. As the History of the World in no matter how many paragraphs abundantly illustrates. Historically, the Age of Neptune, if so we might call it, has more to do with bloodshed than anaesthetic, music, mysticism, drugs or any of the other



Neptune

meanings foisted onto it. The changing pattern of the cosmos makes the reason clear: once Neptune enters the line-up, the centre shifts to Mars.<sup>1</sup>

We now have added Pluto, moving the centre one step further, into the space between Mars and Jupiter - a space inhabited by the myrmidon legions of asteroids. With this myriad fragments of trivial dust proclaimed as centre of our cosmos, all residual sense of value has finally vanished; the grossest immoralities are now regarded as of equal value with the highest of truths, and any nonsense can be passed off as sound thought. Galileo may have regarded himself as chief cleverclogs; but if our horoscope is built on the Fall through the weakness of Adam, the world in which it is set is built on a second fall through weakness all his own.

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## THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL

Peter Grego is director of the Lunar Section of Britain's Society for Popular Astronomy, and as such is doubtless unaccustomed to being quoted in astrological magazines. But in an article in *Astronomy Now*, he raises an issue with which we are familiar. The cosmos, it seems, just isn't good enough for the media.

He writes about the persistent failure of comets to put on a decent show. Readers of *The Apprentice* will know that ancient reports tell of comets stretching far across the sky, bright enough to be visible even in daylight. Our expectation is of something huge and brilliant. The reality is that if we see even a faint smudge at the limit of our vision, we are lucky. Our latest visitor, Hale-Bopp, was pretty enough, but in a world that no longer expects the starry sphere to be unchanging, hardly struck awe into the hearts of its viewers. Grego tells of a TV crew who came to a Birmingham observatory to film the latest appearance of Halley's comet in 1985. Having failed to catch an image of the inadequate little splodge, they resorted to filming one of the observatory's light-bulbs and passed that off as the comet.

Grego comments: "Today's media seem to have the best of both worlds. Exaggerated and inaccurate space stories have the power to raise the public's anticipations of what will be seen in the sky to fever pitch. If an astronomical event fails to make an impact... those responsible for the hype can, and invariably do, simply point an accusing finger and imply that their astronomical sources have been 'too optimistic' or 'miscalculated'." Have we heard this before?

<sup>1</sup>: As an example, see the nativity of Hiram Maxim. I do not know of a timed chart, but the noon chart will be of particular relevance to the native's place in the world. Neptune is exactly (2' separation) conjunct Jupiter by antiscion - and is exactly (0' separation) on the MC.

## *BACK ISSUES:*

*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!

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## GRAND COMPETITION

Hear Ye, Hear Ye! After several nights in the tower above the stable-block with his astrolabe and Toledan tables, The Master has decreed that the hour is propitious for another *Astrologer's Apprentice* Grand Competition. Messengers have duly been dispatched to every village square throughout the land to announce the glad news.

The workshop blacksmith is currently hammering out an article called "Wayne's World", which, when fully tempered and tested in the fire, will be published in a future issue. This discusses John Wayne, his choice of *The Alamo* as his own pet project and Davy Crockett as his role therein.

As a prelude to that, we pose this question. Legend tells that Davy Crockett and Vincent van Gogh shared a physical peculiarity: what is it, and how is it shown in their birth-charts? The sender of the least implausible answer will receive a four-issue subscription to *The Astrologer's Apprentice* and a T-shirt emblazoned with a design by astrologer/artist Maria Wasilewska in the sun-sign of their choice. Closing date: January 21st, 1999.

Vincent van Gogh: March 30, 1853. 11.00 am LMT. Zundert, Netherlands.

Davy Crockett: August 17, 1786, 7.30 am, 7pm or 9.15pm LMT, Limestone, Tennessee.

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## REVIEWS

*Tybol Astrological Almanac, 1999*

Christmas present problems solved! This will do very nicely for anyone with even the vaguest interest in astrology or any of the strange beliefs with which it now rubs shoulders.

The diary is page to a week, each day's entry bearing details of the Moon's motion, times of Sun and Moon rising and setting, and a list of excuses for partying selected from around the world. On November 11th, as a random example, we are torn between celebrating Odin, Dionysus, Einheriar or St Martin of Tours. We note that the occasional day has thoughtfully been set aside for recovery.

Attractively illustrated throughout, this almanac's great strength is the amount of information it contains. The lengthy section on astrology fails to cut the traditional mustard, but that is hardly a criterion for judgement of a book like this. Much else is either curious or directly useful: a map of time zones, an ephemeris, exact dates of BST

since its introduction, when to plant your brussels sprouts, saints' days and responsibilities (useful for impressing your east-European friends with a name-day card), and more pagan gods than you can shake a stick at.

Bored with being just a Rat or a Tiger? Now you can be one of the Sturgeon People (coupled with a strong Mercury makes you a brain sturgeon), an Otter Person, a Reed Person, or even an Intercalary Day Person (some social cachet, that!). We are especially impressed with the section on the Void of Course Moon: at this time we should 'take care with sharp tools' and may experience 'difficulty in understanding instruction leaflets'. 'People may interrupt you when you need to concentrate...adults are easily upset by children...public events may start late...small items may be lost...anything related to work is likely to go wrong...computers tend to contrary...decision-making may be difficult.' Welcome to the Void of Course Life.

All in all, this is great fun, and I have a powerful suspicion of what the stable-lads will be finding in their stockings on Christmas morning. We strongly recommend that our readers forget about the pre-Christmas crush and make a bulk purchase of the Tybol Almanac instead; they will not be disappointed. It retails at £5.95, but in orders of five or more is just £5 per copy, UK post included. From Tybol, 27 Heversham Avenue, Fulwood, Preston PR2 9TD. A bargain indeed.

*Cycles et Calculs Astrologiques, by Astrid Fallon*  
*Edns du Rocher; 250pp.*

Meeting the author, Astrid Fallon, at the Astrological Association Conference, we were disappointed to find that an 'astrologue internationale' does not appear wearing a leather bikini with a knife stuck in her belt. She does, however, have a remarkable talent for the clear and concise presentation of material. This 'aide-mémoire for the student and practitioner of astrology' is a remarkable achievement; we are not aware of its like.

The pity is, then, that despite having the good taste to subscribe to this very journal, Ms Fallon has built so fine a house upon the quicksands of modern astrology. The traditionally minded will find a certain amount of useful information here, but probably not enough to justify purchase. Any of our francophone readers who have yet to abandon the silken path of modern dalliance will not, however, find a better review of contemporary practice. If you really must know the location of the heliocentric North Node of Chiron, you have but two alternatives: a visit to Astrologers Anonymous or buying this book.

This and Ms Fallon's *Graphic Ephemeris for Forecasts*, reviewed in Issue 8, can be obtained mail-order from Librairie Astres, 33 blvd



Voltaire, 75011 Paris. Tel: 0033.148.050005. *GEF* is also available from Equinox in London.

*The Houses: Temples of the Sky, by Deborah Houlding*  
Ascella Press. 134pp. £8.99

Everyman's Library used to claim that if some universal cataclysm destroyed all the world's books, but yet a set of Everyman's survived, the cultural heritage would be preserved. In the world of astrology, Deborah Houlding's Ascella Press, specialising in reprints of the classic texts from our illustrious past, can justly claim much the same. Now Deborah has taken up the pen herself to shed a clear light on the murky world of house meanings - and, as if that were not good news enough, Ascella has solved its perennial binding problem.

The house meanings may seem elementary knowledge, but brief reflection shows how thick a mist has enveloped this subject as layer after layer of successive theories, from the most ancient writers to Howard Sasportas, have tangled and entwined among themselves. By going back to the very basics, as shown in the innate human conception of direction, and tracing the development from the Babylonian liver-readers through the early astrological authors to the present day, Deborah is able to clarify exactly which meanings belong where in the horoscope.

Extreme emphasis is given to the primary motion of the planets - their obvious journey across the sky from Ascendant to Descendant by way of the Mid-heaven. That cadent houses are, literally, falling from the angles rather than climbing up towards them, shows how apparent the importance of this primary motion should be; but the moderns are overwhelmed by the anti-clockwise numbering of the houses and have consequently spent much effort trying to bludgeon their numerical sequence into a coherent system of meaning. Not that the numerical order is negligible - the equation, for instance, of the moment of birth with the cusp of the ninth house of voyages in certain Arab writers has a profundity of meaning rarely found elsewhere - but, as Deborah demonstrates, it does not fit the simplistic patterns so often claimed for it today.

After the knowledge of how to cast the chart, Lilly regarded the close understanding of house meaning as first priority for the student. So anyone striving for any degree of precision in their reading of the chart - whether their leanings are to the traditional or modern forms of our art - will find this information essential. Deborah's account is clear, uncomplicated and exhaustive, listing and explaining the various meanings of the houses and the reasoning behind them in all the main branches of astrology - natal, electional, horary, medical and mundane -

and evicting many stray attributions that have taken up residence in houses where they do not belong.

There is the occasional worrying reminiscence of Ptolemy in some of the arguments, as if astrology were a man-made construct rather than something preexistent which man more or less imperfectly understands; but overall, we have here an invaluable book packing a remarkable amount of information into a small space. A quick glance into the workshop's crystal ball shows that *The Houses: Temples of the Sky* is destined to become as much a classic as any of the ancient texts that Ascella has reprinted.

Above all, we must congratulate Deborah on her immortal comment "Nergal to the Mesopotamians" - surely something most of us have secretly thought, but few have had the courage to express.

*Stonehenge: The Building of the Builders, by Prof. E Harvey*

We were excited to read this groundbreaking new work which establishes once and for all the true meaning of the mystic megalith of Stonehenge. Deciphering the runic marks scratched on the jaw-bone of a moose recently excavated at nearby Silbury Hill has conclusively proved the link between the two sites and explained just why this ancient civilisation transported those huge stones over such vast distances.

It is now clear that far from being a mere cosmic clock, this edifice is an intricate and advanced computer constructed in an attempt to coordinate the timescale used by builders with that used by the rest of humanity. (Readers of the *Astrological Association Journal* will be



*Merlin & Sons, Master Builders*

especially impressed at the photographs of lichen growing in the shape of an apple with a bite out of it discovered on one of the main stones). It seems that sunrise exactly over the shoulder of the largest stone locates the time at which builders arrived to start work on Silbury Hill. The runic inscriptions explain that the notch - almost eroded away by now, but still just visible - slightly to the left of this marks the point at which they said, "We can't do any more until the materials arrive, so we're going to have some breakfast."

By precession of the equinoxes through the signs of the zodiac, we can time the exact moment at which they returned from breakfast (3223 BC), while the coordination of the heliacal rising of Regulus over the outermost stone with the calibration of the Saros cycle on the inner ring accurately dates the statement “The worst of it’s done now, Mrs; we’ll have it finished in a week.”

This is the crux of the matter, showing the significance of the outermost ring of post-holes, for whenever builders (being descended in direct lineage from the Egyptian pyramid builders) speak of ‘days’ they refer, of course, to cosmic days or the in-breathing and out-breathing of Brahma; so a builder’s week is seven of these periods. This new discovery fits well with Rob Hand’s continuing investigations into ancient Persian time-periods, the latest of which to be unearthed translates literally as ‘the tea-break’ and is the length of time it takes the Great Conjunctions of Jupiter and Saturn to move through any particular triplicity.

Professor Harvey’s work also disposes once and for all of the theory that some of the stones are lying flat because they have fallen over since Stonehenge was completed. As we can see from the inscriptions on the moose-jaw, they were like that from the first, having been consecrated with the ritual invocation “Don’t worry: it’ll be all right when it’s grouted.”

Most significant is the sight-line taken from the so-called ‘altar-stone’ through the outer ring. The end of this line, somewhere in the blue mists of the Welsh mountains shimmering in the infinite distance, shows the exact moment at which the work will be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Professor Harvey’s discoveries look set to revolutionise our image of our ancestors, and we eagerly await his next volume: “Bigfoot, Yeti, Plumbers: Do They Really Exist?”

#### *FORTHCOMING EVENTS:*

The old Royal Observatory in Greenwich, through which passes the Greenwich meridian, is notable in astrological circles for Flamsteed’s foundation chart. Notable also for its lovely setting, as the park sweeps down from the hill-top where the Observatory stands to the Royal Naval College, designed by Wren, on the river.

Our attention has been drawn to some of the courses on offer at the National Maritime Museum, which is housed in the College. Of particular interest to our readers will be the *Introduction to Astronomy* on December 4-5th (£45) and, for Lilly fans, a look ‘at the Stuart era with reference to music and musical instruments, secret signs and symbols in miniature painting, and dance’ on January 30th (£25). A day on the history of navigation at sea, illustrated from the museum’s



*The Observatory in Flamsteed's day*

unique collection of instruments, unfortunately took place before this issue went to press, but gives a further flavour of what the College has to offer. Details from 0181.312.6747/6627 or <http://www.nmm.ac.uk>

Lest we be accused of parochialism, we must point out that despite its location in the suburbs, Greenwich is just as inaccessible from London as it is from anywhere else on Earth.

## ADVICE TO THE CRAFTSMAN

“If there are any in the community with creative gifts, they should use them in their workshops with proper humility, provided that they have the permission of the superior. If any of them conceive an exaggerated idea of their competence in this sort of work, imagining that the value of their work puts the monastery in their debt, they should be forbidden further exercise of their skills and not allowed to return to their workshops unless they respond with humility to this rebuke and the superior permits them to resume their work.

“If any product of the workshops is to be sold, those responsible for the sale must be careful to avoid any dishonest practice... In fixing the prices for these products care should be taken to avoid any taint of avarice. What is asked by the monastery should be somewhat lower than the price demanded by secular workshops so that God may be glorified in all things.” - *St Benedict*

## NEPTUNIA REPLIES...

- a word from our sensitive seer

*Dear Neptunia,* I don't know who to turn to, Neptunia; I'm desperate. My boy-friend has read that "The wise man rules his stars; the fool obeys them." So he has rubbed out the debilitated Saturn on the ninth cusp of his chart and moved it into its own sign in the twelfth. I wouldn't mind, but now he makes us stand in the garden every evening waiting for Saturn to move as he has commanded. Perhaps you can make it move. You must help me before I freeze.

*Yours in desperation, Tracey*

*Dear Tracey,* I'm sorry Tracey, but I must disappoint you here. As I look back on my past, I can remember many men who have made the Earth move; but not one as yet who has been so gifted that he can shift the stars. I'm afraid this attempt is doomed to failure.

Many are those who have been taken in by this line since the baseless nonsense of Darwinism was imported into astrology by the Theosophists. From them, we have this misperception of the 'evolved' and 'unevolved' soul; the evolved soul evincing its presence by acting as a well-behaved member of the bourgeoisie, while its unevolved cousin acts like a member of the lower orders. By learning to rule their stars, unevolved souls can develop a taste for sherry rather than beer and discover the correct word for a water-closet, after which universal happiness will inevitably ensue.

I am surprised that your boy-friend finds it necessary to move any of his planets, as most astrologers are fully aware that they are evolved souls and need no further improvement.

I remember discussing this very issue with my good friend Mr Lilly, with whose portrait, bearing the legend "Non cogunt" you are no doubt familiar. As we agreed, there is a world of difference between admitting that the stars 'do not compell' and suggesting that they may be bossed around as we see fit. So long as we are content to be passion's slaves we will follow the movements of the stars as obediently as a collection of show-dogs follow the movements of their masters. We are told that "all that happens in the world of generation and corruption (here, Tracey) follows the rotation of the outermost sphere and proceeds from the movement of the stars, their passage through the signs of the zodiac and their conjunctions and aspects with each other, by the permission of Almighty God." But this permission is strictly delimited, and unlike all else in this world, we as humans have, by virtue of the divine breath within us, the possibility of opting out of this

control by prayer and the action of grace.

By changing our focus from the world to the divine, we may remove ourselves from the compulsion of the stars; this does not, however, put us in a position to rule them. Take your boyfriend, Tracey: he wishes to rule his stars. The existence of this desire logically shows that he does not rule them already - he is still subject to their rule. So, blown by storms of whim and passion as he is, what gives him the knowledge to rule them well? Like the sorcerer's apprentice, even had he the power he lacks the wisdom: let him be thankful that he lacks the power.

This raising himself by his spiritual boot-straps may be possible in the fantasy-land of Darwinism; in the real world he can no more do this than he can take thought and add a cubit to his height - a challenge which after two thousand years has yet to be met. It seems that this belief that the stars are ours to govern as we please has taken root particularly in the colonies; yet it is plainly apparent by the grossly unspiritual nature of the many books proclaiming just this possibility that are there produced that this plastic surgery for the soul availeth nothing.

Even were it possible, it is not to be desired; so I suggest, Tracey, that you stay well clear of it. The stars are the delineators of our mortal world, and the perennial desire to create paradise out of this mortal world is, however seductive and however fashionable, deepest heresy. So be warned - if this boyfriend of yours insists on watching for the stars to do his will, you have a long wait ahead of you: I suggest you either find yourself a new boy-friend or buy some winter drawers.

*Yours caringly, Neptunia*

—————\*—————

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