

# THE ASTROLOGER'S APPRENTICE

*THE TRADITION AS IT LIVES*

Issue 19.

Price: £3.75



***SOME LIKE IT COOL!***

*We get hep to  
the Astrology of Jazz*



## 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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## EDITORIAL

To even the isolated fastness in which our workshop nestles, far from the turmoil of Twenty-first century life, travellers do occasionally come; and when they come they bear with increasing frequency tales of something called Project Sophia. We are given to understand that the imminent introduction of something that resembles astrology to something that resembles a university is cause for rejoicing. We disagree.

That the close textual analysis of *Linda Goodman's Sun-signs* will benefit either astrology or those who think they are studying it must be doubted. Some there are here in the workshop who look back fondly across the centuries to their salad days in the Universities of Padua or Paris, where they were privileged to hear scholastic debate of the highest order and where they honed that basic ability to think straight that had been instilled in them by their earlier studies of logic. These can be seen scratching their heads in puzzlement for the reason the term 'university education' seems now to refer only to a rite of passage for bourgeois youth - like a prolonged bar mitzvah. The study of astrology was admirably suited, although by no means exclusively so, to the universities they knew. With its foundation in traditional metaphysics and its demonstrable concrete accuracy is at once a touchstone against which thought can be tested and a spark to drive thought ever higher. Is this to be its use in the modern 'university'?

But whatever its metaphysical foundation and whatever its potential as a tool for thought, astrology remains a craft. Universities are not noted for their teaching of crafts, for their producing people who can do. No matter how many million students have dissected *Hamlet*, the universities have yet to produce the one who can write it. We would be more confident in the virtues of Project Sophia if we were assured that the first degree in astrology would be handed out by the first Doctor of Plumbing.

As long as it is not forgotten that it is a craft, there is, in principle, no reason why astrology should not be taught in a university. The nature of modern academia, however, makes horrifyingly clear why this cannot now be so. Astrology is founded in faith. The ever-increasing number of increasingly bizarre hoops through which those who claim to be 'humanistic astrologers' must jump in order to justify their conception of it is ample evidence of this. Without faith we have no astrology. The tools available to the modern academic are forged out of scepticism. Indeed, scepticism, far from being seen in its true

nature as an unfortunate aberration for which remedial treatment is urgently necessary, is regarded as the *sine qua non* of academic enterprise: park your faith with your bicycle at the college door. Subjecting astrology to the chimerical 'tools of thought' so cherished by the moderns - such as statistical analysis, statistics being, as we have discussed elsewhere, in their very nature contrary to and disproven by astrology - benefits no one.

We would not wish modern academia on astrology or astrology on modern academia; if the one is true the other must necessarily be false: they cannot be combined without the desecration of one or the other - and in this instance it is only too clear which will draw the short straw.

## OLIVIA BARCLAY

Those who had known Olivia since long before I first met her assured me that I should take her repeated promises of a hasty demise with a large pinch of salt, as she had been at Death's door for as long as they could remember. It was with some surprise, then, that I heard that she had finally passed peacefully through it on April 1st this year. I had become accustomed to the idea that she was not of human stock and would probably live for ever.

To see her epitaph - *circumspice*. That traditional astrology has so high a profile today and seems, indeed, to be the one branch of astrology that is thriving, is through her above all others. Wizen veterans of the Astrological Lodge of London tell of how, when she discovered a copy of Lilly's *Christian Astrology*, she pressed photocopies of the whole book - and that is a lot of photocopies! - on anyone who failed to make their escape quickly enough. Her enthusiastic advocacy of Lilly's work led to its republication in facsimile form and effected a quantum leap in what passed for traditional knowledge at that time. Thence Ascella, and the easy availability of the many ancient texts on which we rely.

Her course in horary became the model for many, and most of the larger cheeses in the world of traditional astrology have studied with her, or with those who have studied with her. And, of course, fallen out with her: if there is an Arabian Part of Tact and Diplomacy Olivia had every planet in adverse aspect to it. But I suspect that she would delight in having Billy Wilder's summing-up used as hers: 'Nobody's perfect'.

Anyone who reads this magazine - and, above all, he who writes it - is in her debt.

## THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

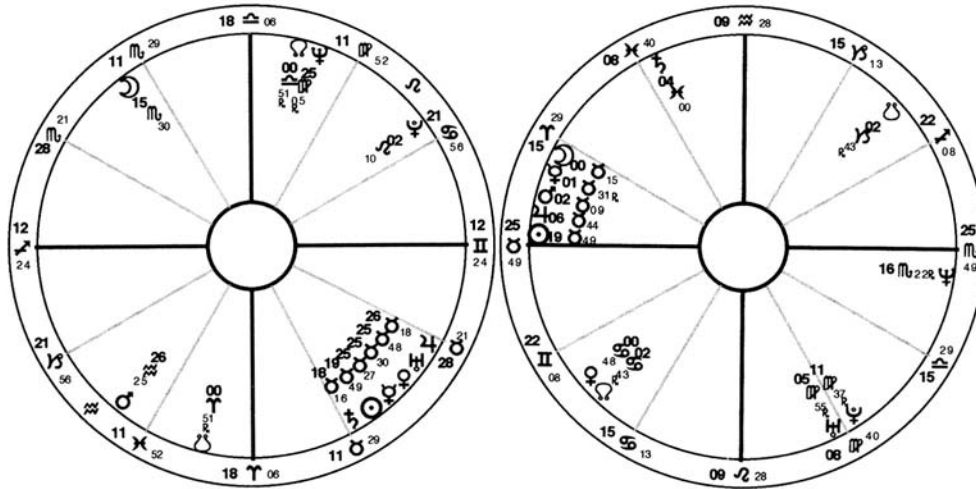
In idle moments in the workshop, when the forge is quiet and the antiscia, stomachs contentedly full, have retired to their nests, young Hodge is ever given to entertaining - if such be the word - his fellows by plucking a few current ditties on his lute. Mindful of the law, enacted so deep in the lost past that even the most assiduous of our legal historians can find no statute enacting it, that all who venture to play such an instrument must perform *Ye House of Ye Rising Sun* on all occasions, Hodge invariably includes a version of this venerable tune in his impromptu recitals, usually more than once. We are relieved to note that the stern threat of a ducking under the yard pump has in recent years caused him to desist from the similar inclusion of *Southern Man* that once seemed equally compulsory.

Talented though our benevolent humour leads us to persuade Hodge that he is, not the most rose-tinted of ear-trumpets can, however, create the illusion that the rendition of this tune by either Hodge or, indeed, anyone else can compare with that of young Master Eric Burdon, who, if legend be correct, sang in the company of various animals - whether larger or smaller than a goat remains unknown. As the examination of his chart makes clear, the reason for Master Burdon's excellence in voicing said lyric with power and conviction is that for him this song was not some rare abstraction, but was drawn from the flesh and blood of his own being.

Being born in Newcastle might seem sufficient justification for singing the blues; with both his lights afflicted by Saturn, Burdon had yet more. More still, as the stellium in Taurus is tightly besieged between Saturn and the square from Mars: we see the urgency with which

*We've gotta get out of this place,  
If it's the last the thing we ever do.  
- Girl, there's a better life for me and you.*

The exact conjunction of Mercury and Venus in a Venus sign in the fifth house is a powerful testimony for musical ability. In Taurus, the sign of the throat, and weighting the Venus side of the conjunction, it would favour singing; a Mercury sign might have given instrumental virtuosity. Taurus is fixed and earthy - as good a description of the lad's voice as any; subtlety is a stranger in this sign. Jupiter also so tightly conjunct lends power, especially in aspect to Mars. That the Mercury/Venus conjunction is combust and on Caput Algol may explain why so remarkable a voice did not achieve more lasting success,



Eric Burdon  
 May 11 1941 12.00 am BDST  
 Newcastle

Eric Burdon  
 Solar Return 1964  
 Relocated to New Orleans

hindered notably by its owner's ability to wreak his own destruction.

Mercury on Algol may also show us the desperation of the cry

*Oh Lord, don't let me be misunderstood.*

If any misunderstanding is around, this is where it will settle! Or, as Burdon sings,

*Sometimes I feel a little mad.*

While the radix tells us about life in Newcastle, however, to explore Burdon's situation in New Orleans we need to relocate the chart. The song was recorded in the early hours of May 18th, 1964. The Solar and Lunar return charts paint the picture well.

The Solar return was just a few days before the recording, so we might expect its theme to have been much on Burdon's mind. Setting the chart for New Orleans, the Sun is indeed rising - and as it rises, of course, it enters the house of ill-fame that is the twelfth<sup>1</sup>. Whoever named this bordello seems to have had a smattering of astrological lore! The weight of planets in that house in both return charts, again in Taurus, echoes the indications of the nativity. The Solar return, with its Ascendant at 25 Taurus, pins New Orleans directly to the natal Mercury/Venus conjunction. Where will this conjunction, with the gifts it brings, be most in evidence during this period? In New Orleans.

<sup>1</sup> We find the same testimony in the Lunar return for this period, again relocated to New Orleans, as is appropriate when a specific location is mentioned. (Asc: 12 Taurus; Sun at 7 Taurus, just far enough off the Ascendant to be entering the twelfth house by primary motion.)

The Ascendant ruler of the Solar return, significator of the singer himself, is poised in the first degree of a new sign, reflecting his situation:

*I've one foot on the platform  
The other foot on the train.*

The more so as the sign which it is entering is that of the third house of journeys. As the ruler of this sign is in the twelfth, the journey is

*... back to New Orleans  
To wear that ball and chain.*

Venus is not about to turn retrograde, so there will be no last-minute change of heart: the die is cast. The Moon disposes the Part of Captivity, so Venus's entry into her sign, underlined by the immediate applying aspect between the two planets, is appropriate for 'the ball and chain'. Turning back the pages to our investigation of that other well-known wearer of a ball and chain, we find that the dispositor of Janis Joplin's Part of Captivity is also in the twelfth house and applies to aspect the Ascendant ruler.

Coming from Newcastle, singing in the persona of a woman was not for our Eric, so the lyric had to be rejigged. The stars seem to have the good taste to ignore such prissiness, showing us the original version:

*Go tell my baby sister  
Not to do what I have done;  
To spend her life in sin and misery  
At the House of the Rising Sun.*

*The moment  
when Eric  
Burdon (left)  
and Alan  
Price thought  
of a song  
they could  
record.*





A messenger (Lord 5: Mercury) is dispatched to keep Lord 3 (my sister; signified by the Moon, which is in an early degree, so a considerably younger sister) safely away from Mars. Mars in Taurus shows 'every kind of lewdness combined with malice' (Al-Khayyat); this Mars is ruler of the twelfth and in the twelfth, so how much the more so here. Mercury could be seen as translating light from Mars to the Moon: there is clearly a risk here - maybe my baby sister has never heard of the House of the Rising Sun, and this message may serve only to intrigue her. But the receptions make it clear that our messenger does not approve of this den of vice (Mercury in the detriment of Mars), while he does think highly of my sister (exalts Moon), and so will do his utmost to keep her away from it. In this case, then, the aspect will work as a prohibition and not a translation.

The receptions between Venus and Mars are eloquent: a strong mutual reception between the two, but Venus is full of mixed feelings. She is in both the triplicity and the fall of Mars. This is a combination we have discussed before in the context of drug use: I like the drugs (triplicity) but they harm me (fall). Here, our heroine has her incentives for returning, although the downside is far stronger than the up. Were there no such mixed reception we should have no song: either she would not be going back, because she had no motive to do so, or she would not be bewailing the fact, as there would be no cause for regret.

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## SOME LIKE IT COOL

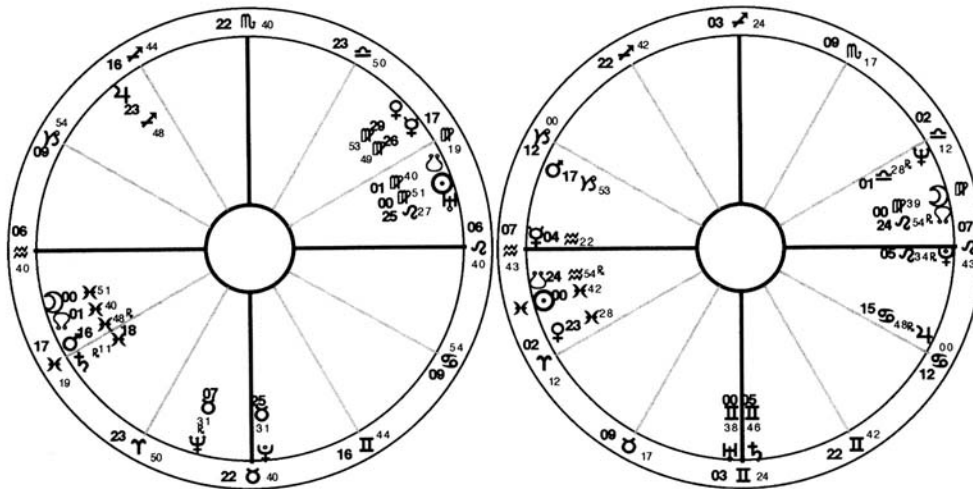
As even with concrete objects - the light bulb, the telephone, the aeroplane, to name but the first that come to mind - there is frequently doubt over the true inventor, so with more abstract things it is yet harder to pin responsibility for their creation onto an individual, these innovations appearing rather to condense out of a passing cloud of possibility than to be torn from the womb of Nothingness by one titanic figure all alone. When, then, the music class was kept behind after school until someone owned up to inventing jazz, two lads put up their hands: Buddy Boulden and Jelly Roll Morton. It is possible that neither of the two should shoulder the blame on his own; but if we are to conduct an astrological investigation into the event we do have to start somewhere, and while young master Morton seems overly keen on impressing his playmates, Boulden does have a persuasively guilty air about him: so off to the Headmaster's study, where we can confront him with the evidence before administering whatever punishment might be deemed appropriate.

Let us begin with the eclipse before his birth, setting the chart for the one thing that is not in doubt, the scene of the crime: New Orleans. Before leaping in, however, we must consider just what it is that we are investigating.

On our tours of Charenton we frequently hear those stricken with modern astrology relate jazz - like most other things, for that matter - to Uranus. Those of us still in possession of our faculties will prefer to look elsewhere. The defining quality of jazz is its sense of freedom, so we shall expect to find our charts vamping on the theme of the Jupiter/Saturn balance: Jupiter, freedom; Saturn, restraint. As most jazz retains a strong sense of structure, however, we shall not expect to find Saturn being thrust aside - more likely are we to find his pretensions being taken down a peg or two. It should be noted that the improvisation that is at the heart of jazz makes sense only within a structure, however loose that structure might be.

The chart for the eclipse before Buddy Boulden's birth does indeed direct us to the Jupiter/Saturn balance. The two planets are in square. So what? This is, by our exacting standards, quite a wide square (5 degrees of separation) and is mutually separating further yet. The Ascendant of an eclipse chart is what pins that eclipse to this place. The focus of the Jupiter/Saturn square - the point midway between the two planets<sup>2</sup> - is exactly on the Ascendant. So the effects of the square come

<sup>2</sup> We would wish to distinguish our use of such central points of major aspects from the general run of midpoint interpretation.



*Buddy Boulden: previous eclipse  
 Aug 23 1877 11.12 pm GMT  
 New Orleans*

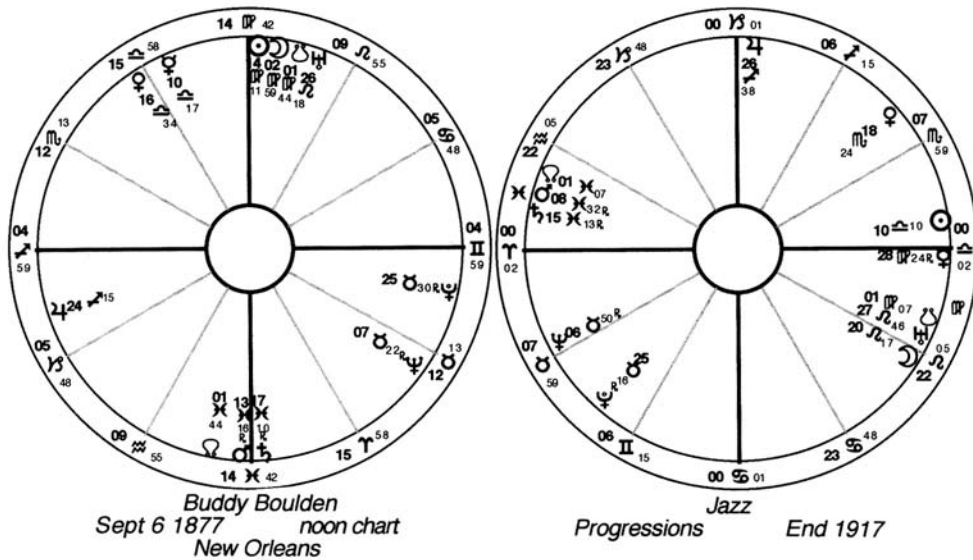
*LSD: previous eclipse  
 Feb 20 1943 5.38 am GMT  
 Basle*

to earth in New Orleans.

Jupiter is far stronger than Saturn, both essentially and accidentally, so has the upper hand here. Pushing the point home, it disposes Saturn. That the square is separating suggests that the die is already cast. Jazz did not exist in 1877, but the conditions of which it can be seen as, in some sense, an aural reflection already did. It can plausibly be argued that the Emancipation Proclamation was its necessary precursor, and that the growing sense of musical self-determination within jazz mirrors the journey from slavery to what nowadays passes for freedom. The chart, then, suggests that rather than being the battle cry of freedom, jazz is the music of rejoicing after the first of its victories.

The Jupiter/Saturn emphasis is repeated by the Lord of the Eclipse, Mercury, which falls on Markeb, a star of Jupiter/Saturn nature. The Perfect Astrologer would have looked at this chart, noted the nature of this star qualifying the Lord of the Eclipse, looked then to the placement of Jupiter and Saturn as manifesting this quality in the world, and been guided by that to discover where and how this would happen, one of several significant indicators of place being that which we have here.





That is, the star qualifying the Lord of the Eclipse tells us something of what is in the letter; the planets of that star's nature show us where this letter will be delivered.

Our attention is drawn to Mercury as Lord of the Eclipse. The Mercury/Venus conjunction is a typical musical indicator, and contrasts with the Mercury/Mars conjunction in our chart for the birth of rock (Issue 7). While rock is strictly linear, concentrating on getting there firstest with the mostest, without much concern for how the effect is achieved (peregrine Mercury conjunct Mars), jazz thrives on elaboration. Mercury is not only in its own sign, but exalts itself, giving a self-regarding virtuosity that can be at the expense of overt musicality (Venus in triplicity but also in fall) as the ability to play complex figures in obscure keys sorts the sheep from the goats. Jazz would be a different creature were both this Jupiter and this Mercury not in place: without the Virgo Mercury we would lose the precise attention to detail that characterises the form; keeping that Mercury but swapping Jupiter for Saturn, we might have a chart for the birth of bluegrass - intricacy in a far tighter structure.

The eclipse itself is at 0 Virgo/0 Pisces, and a strange blue dwarf wanders into the workshop to remind us that we have been here before: this is the axis that was found so significant in the charts for LSD in our first two issues, and to which we have been returned by other subjects since (the birth of rock in issue 7, for instance). The beginnings and endings of signs have a particular importance: when

progressing the hylegal points through the terms, for instance, it is usually when they have just entered and when they are just about to leave the various terms that whatever event that term may indicate happens. The eclipse prior to the discovery of LSD was in the same degrees as this one, but with the positions of the luminaries reversed. The two events show different ways of tossing Jupiter and Mercury together into the cosmic test-tube: in the one the desire for expansion works through the mind by 'blowing' it; in the other, where Mercury is far stronger essentially if less prominent accidentally, the conflicting (square aspect) claims of freedom and virtuosity result in what has been a highly productive creative tension.

This chart's two conjunctions, each quite tight, are loosely opposed to each other. While we would not usually spare much thought for so distant an aspect, they are drawn together by Jupiter, bringing them into a T-square. At the T of this T-square, Jupiter provides the way out; so we have energy and weakened structure (Mars with debilitated Saturn) conflicting with virtuosity and a hit-or-miss aesthetic (strong Mercury with Venus both dignified and debilitated) resolved by greater freedom (strong Jupiter). That Jupiter draws together Mars and Venus brings us back to the chart for the saxophone (issue 17), which has become the jazzier's instrument par excellence.

As it is this powerful, over-stressed Mercury that gives jazz its tendency to

*Lose the beauty of the melody,  
Until it sounds just like a symphony*

it is no surprise to find that Chuck Berry's Moon exactly opposes it, receiving it therefore into both its detriment and its fall. It is his Moon that has the quarrel, not, for instance, his Mercury. No intellectual disagreement this, but, as he said, 'I hate jazz with a passion'.

We have no time of birth for Buddy Boulden. It would be neat to take the time as the moment when the Moon transited the Sun's position in the previous eclipse; but - whatever the rectifiers might like to think - astrology rarely works quite that neatly; so we shall content ourselves with taking the noon chart.

By now the Mercury/Venus conjunction has moved forward into Libra, while the Mars/Saturn has more or less stayed put, so what was a loose opposition between the two conjunctions has now become a tight conjunction by antiscion.<sup>3</sup> Bringing all four planets into so tight an arc is powerful medicine, the more so as the Sun exactly opposes this group, and the Moon is less than a day's march away. This proved a greater burden than Boulden's mind could bear, and he spent much of

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<sup>3</sup> Jelly Roll Morton also has a tight antiscial conjunction of Mars and Venus.

his life in an asylum. The Part of Fame, or of Work to be Done, at 15 Pisces, is tied in with this conjunction; dispoised by Jupiter it returns us to the 'way out' of the eclipse chart.

The involvement of the Sun draws in the Part of Captivity, which it dispoises, repeating the testimony of the importance of issues of freedom. Not a great deal is known about Boulden, but the notable facts of the life all cluster around this point: the fathering of jazz; his part in provoking a mutiny among black troops being shipped off to fight the white man's war; his incarceration; and his famous demand to 'open up that window and let that bad air out.'

Looking back to events before the eclipse of August 1877 shows that the correlation between the music and the growing freedom of American blacks is supported by astrology. Early jazz gives us a brief burst of improvisation within what is still a rigid musical structure: very much still the slave's Sunday afternoon festivities after a week of toting that bale; there follows a growing emphasis on improvisation, as if the performer is increasingly enabled to speak what is on his mind - giving his views, as it were, on a subject stated by a musical theme or set of chord changes; this then leads to the modern forms where the performer is enabled to speak whether he has anything on his mind or not. The three significant dates to which we may relate our jazz chart are September 22nd, 1862, when emancipation was promised; January 1st, 1863, when the Emancipation Proclamation was signed (a gesture rather than an effective act); December 18th, 1865, when slavery was abolished throughout the Union.



*The workshop receives its first introduction to jazz.*

The Jupiter in our jazz chart - the freedom - conjuncts first the North Node of the eclipse before the initial promise of emancipation, as if it is picking up the point of that event, and then the New Moon on the morning of final abolition, so it is there at the realising of this promise too. The Mercury, meanwhile - the virtuosity - is conjunct Saturn, natural ruler of slavery, on the day of the promise, conjunct the Ascendant of the eclipse prior to the signing of the Proclamation, and conjunct the Ascendant at the New Moon on the morning of final abolition. We might see the jazz eclipse, then, as a shout of rejoicing - and an opportunity for the strutting of a considerable quantity of long-suppressed stuff.

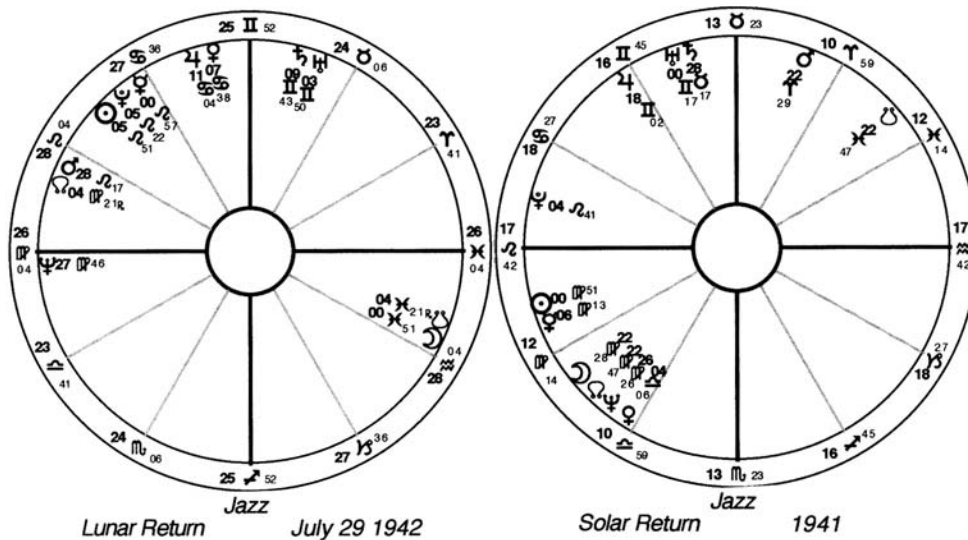
*Cometh the hour, cometh the Bird*

A distinguishing feature of jazz is the extent to which its transmission has relied upon the gramophone, with all the possibilities and limitations that this implies: we might cite Charlie Parker wearing out the grooves on his copy of *Lady Be Good* as he studied Lester Young's solo, Young himself having done much the same to pick up the chops of Frankie Trumbauer. A point of such significance should be indicated in the stars.

There is a fabled cylinder recording of Buddy Boulden, which has long since retreated behind the curtain of manifestation; but the first important recordings were of The Original Dixieland Jazz Band sometime in late 1917 or early 1918. The progressions of our eclipse chart show the event clearly.

Both the Ascendant and Midheaven change sign. This is always an indication of moment. Both aspect the natal Venus, the one by opposition, the other by square, suggesting the aesthetic compromises that recording - indeed, the process of rendering jazz recordable - necessarily entailed. Venus is also dispositor of the natal Part of Fame, the fame of jazz being both cause and consequence of this development. The Ascendant progresses onto first point of Aries, the strongest testimony of a fresh new start that a chart can offer, while the Midheaven leaves the sign of Jupiter to enter that of Saturn. Saturn is the natural ruler of recording, the essential function of which is to preserve the ephemeral. While the Ascendant is 'the thing itself', the Midheaven is its public face - the thing itself going for a walk, or 'the quality of action', in Ptolemy's phrase. So the quality of jazz's action takes on a Saturn nature. Progressed Venus (the aesthetic; the fame) now trines natal Saturn.

More significant yet is the movement of progressed Fortuna. The Part of Fortune is related to the soul; it now progresses over the natal Ascendant, which is the point of incarnation - the point at which the

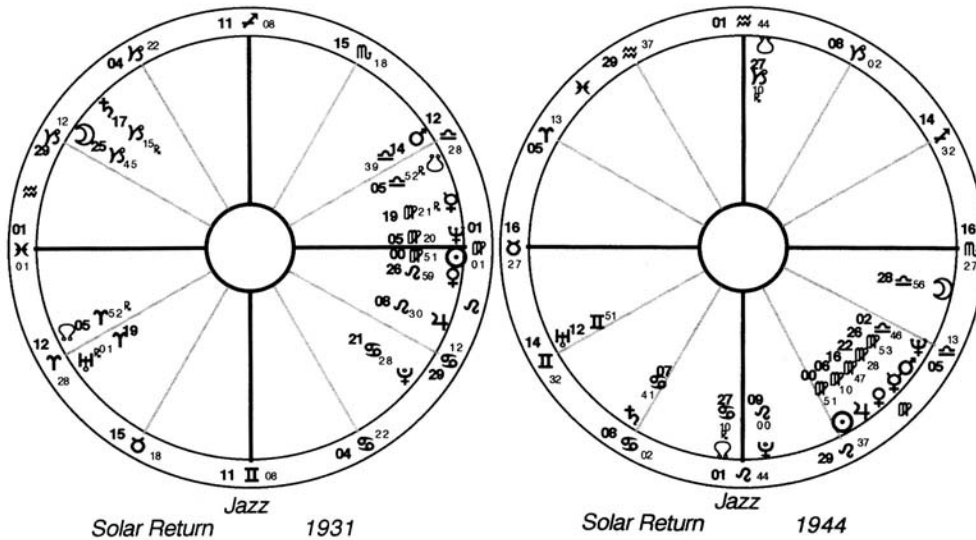


soul enters its material form, which is, perhaps, what we can see jazz doing as it begins to be recorded.

In 1942 there came a sharp reaction: the American Federation of Musicians enforced an effective year-long ban on recording, seeing it as a threat to its members' livelihoods. The square from Jupiter in the preceding Solar return to natal Saturn points a resurgence of the innate tensions between freedom and structure of which this can be seen as one example. The Lunar return covering the start of the ban displays its significance by having its Ascendant, the prime indicator of 'look at me!' in the chart - on the natal Mercury. This takes a deeper significance as, without undue exaggeration, it can be said that jazz fell asleep as swing and awoke as be-bop, with a far greater emphasis on virtuosity for the sake of virtuosity. The ban can be seen as something of a chrysalis; although this impression is illusory, its effect was to highlight the differences between the old and new wave. The Ascendant ruler has just entered the detriment of Saturn: jazz (Asc ruler) in its practical, technically able side (Mercury) dislikes recording (Saturn). With Jupiter and Saturn in each other's detriment, splayed exactly around the Midheaven, the tension between freedom and structure is repeated. As the ban begins (August 1st), Mars transits the natal Sun, bringing a period of strife.

Decca gave way in September 1943, followed by some small labels. The industry giants finally made peace in November 1944. With transiting Jupiter opposing natal Saturn, this marked a new chapter in





Solar Return Jazz 1931

Solar Return Jazz 1944

the unfolding story of jazz's Jupiter/Saturn balance. The Ascendant of this Solar return is exactly midway between the Ascendant and Descendant of the Solar return during which the ban began. This is in itself an indication of resolution - just as in horaries the significator of the querent in a relationship question is so often found on this very point. We must also take this return chart as that for the birth of be-bop. Note that the Moon repeats our initiating Sun/Moon opposition, this time by antiscion. With Mars on the natal Mercury we find the emphasis on speed and pyrotechnics. Venus exactly opposite natal Mars restates one of the key initiating tensions. Progressed Moon and Fortuna pass over their progressed positions at the start of recording, showing that a new cycle has begun, while progressed Jupiter changes sign. It is now in mutual reception with Saturn, opening a new understanding between freedom and restriction, as would be reflected in the higher profile now accorded, both in performance and in the recording studio, to styles of jazz heard previously only in closed jam sessions.

But we run ahead. Let us first rewind to 1932, when swing was born. As with jazz itself, so with its various movements there is no definite starting point. Nor swing nor be-bop leaped fully armed from its inventor's head. Swing took off with the success of Benny Goodman - surely the most unlikely of teen idols - in 1935; for a birth-date, however, we probably do best to take the recording of Duke Ellington's 'It Don't Mean a Thing if it Ain't Got that Swing' on February 2nd, 1932.

This is the view of jazz historian Scott Devaux, who sees the point of significance as the arrival of 'swing' as a noun.

What the infamous Saturn return is by transit, so the Moon's return is by progression. These are the great markers of time in anything of human span, coinciding roughly with each other - only roughly, as ever, because of our fallen state. We have just observed one such Moon return in the history of jazz as a recorded medium; here we have another, as the Moon returns to its position in our natal chart. We would expect this to indicate a significant transformation, a new cycle starting - and so it does, as the swing era is born. If any one testimony can validate our choice of chart as the birth-chart for jazz, this will do nicely. It is confirmed by the Solar return, which has the natal eclipse, hence also the progressed Moon, exactly (to the minute) on its Asc/Desc axis. The return Part of Fame falls on the natal Ascendant; with its dispositor so strong jazz becomes more widely known than ever. The applying trine from an even more powerful Mercury to this dispositor could witness the importance of radio in this resurgence.

With the Sun on the Descendant, Fortuna will oppose the Moon. In this case, the Moon is its dispositor. Fortuna opposing its dispositor is always tricky: on the one hand, with any of the seven key Parts based on Fortuna the dispositor in aspect to the Part is our prime indication that the Part is 'in play'; on the other, the opposition causes problems, the nature of which will be described by the sign. With the Moon in a Saturn sign and received into its detriment by Saturn, we have what came to be seen as a stifling formality. This opposition is eased by the trine from natal Mercury: swing did provide a greater channel for virtuosity, until the soloists so grew in stature that the form split at the seams. Note that Mars, by antiscion, conjuncts its natal position: the swing bands developed a power far beyond what had gone before, as the angel of jazz - with a little help from Gene Krupa - stamped his foot on the throttle.

Transits on the day of recording complete the picture of technical prowess, structure, power and the mellifluous. Venus in its exaltation conjuncts the natal Mars/Saturn conjunction. Mercury conjuncts Saturn, strong in its own sign, trine its natal position. Mars is cazimi.

The eclipse of January 14th 1945 presaged the explosion that was be-bop. A tight opposition between exalted Mars and Saturn in detriment, emphasised by its falling on the MC/IC axis, shows power tearing apart existing structures - the tensions of the natal Mars/Saturn conjunction having become too great to continue without change. The Mars end of this opposition falls by antiscion right on the natal Jupiter, showing the new sense of freedom this brings. The eclipse Jupiter is on natal Mercury: the freedom was found through an increase, rather than

an abandonment, of technique.

The early history of be-bop is a more obscure affair than that of swing, the more so as certain key early tunes gradually transmuted themselves from the old to the new style, rather than being created in the new. Dizzy Gillespie had several cracks at recording 'Salt Peanuts', the most significant of which was on May 11th, 1945. By now the Mars/Saturn opposition of the eclipse had moved to a tight square, with Mars still as strong, being in its own sign of Aries. The chart for the New Moon on that date equates closely with our natal chart, its Ascendant falling on natal Mercury - suitably enough, considering Gillespie's startling technical skills.

Although so close in the natal chart, the retrograde motion of Mars meant that the Mars/Saturn connection did not progress to perfection until 1959. As we might expect, bumping into Saturn tempered Mars' ferocity: Cool was born. Regrettably, the astrologer's dream that is *The Birth of the Cool* was not released until 1957: oh that we could take its launch as a birth-date! The tracks that make up the album were cut in 1949-50, being released as singles. At the time of the first recording (January 21st 1949) progressed Moon conjuncts natal Mars by antiscion, giving another testimony of reassessment of the Mars impulse. Venus is passing natal Jupiter, sweetening the improvisations. The preceding eclipse (November 1st 1948, 5.58 am GMT) has Venus on its natal position, marking the start of a new aesthetic cycle. With Mercury now in Libra, and so in mutual reception with this Venus rather than disposing it as in the natal chart, technique now goes hand in hand with the aesthetic, rather than dragging it along in its wake. Miles Davis himself had made a virtue of his technical limitations by going for feeling above speed. As at the start of the recording ban Mars transiting the natal Sun kicked off a period of strife, manifesting in the frenetic energy of be-bop, so now Saturn transits the natal Sun, cooling the temperature. The three recording dates that produced *The Birth of the Cool* were spread over fourteen months, being rounded off as the Sun transited natal Saturn. But if the Cool School was born with these recordings in '49 and '50, why

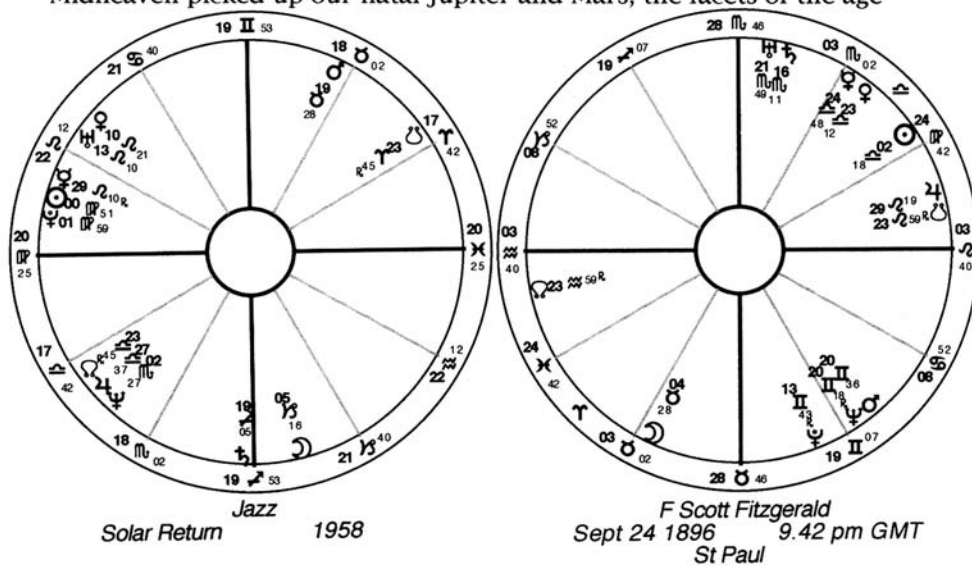


did its official birth have to wait until 1957? Presumably to catch the moment when progressed Moon crossed the natal Ascendant, a perfect indicator of birth.

When the progressed Moon returned to its natal position in 1932 we saw the birth of swing. On its second passage over this point, which came in 1959, Ornette Coleman gave us Free Jazz. There are no doubt those who will see significance in the natal Ascendant progressing onto Caput Algol at this time.

The Solar return has Saturn in a Jupiter sign right on the 4th cusp: structure being subdued. But the exact placement of Saturn shows that structure was very much the issue: it is a point of contention, not something that can be ignored. Saturn is not only in both mundane and celestial square to the return Ascendant, but also squares its natal position. The complement of this is that the return Ascendant opposes natal Saturn - itself a testimony of an attack on structure. There is a mutual reception with Jupiter, repeating the point that structure is a live issue, while Jupiter conjuncts the natal eclipse by antiscion, a point we have seen before at moments of significance. Here, there is a reevaluation of the sense of freedom in jazz.

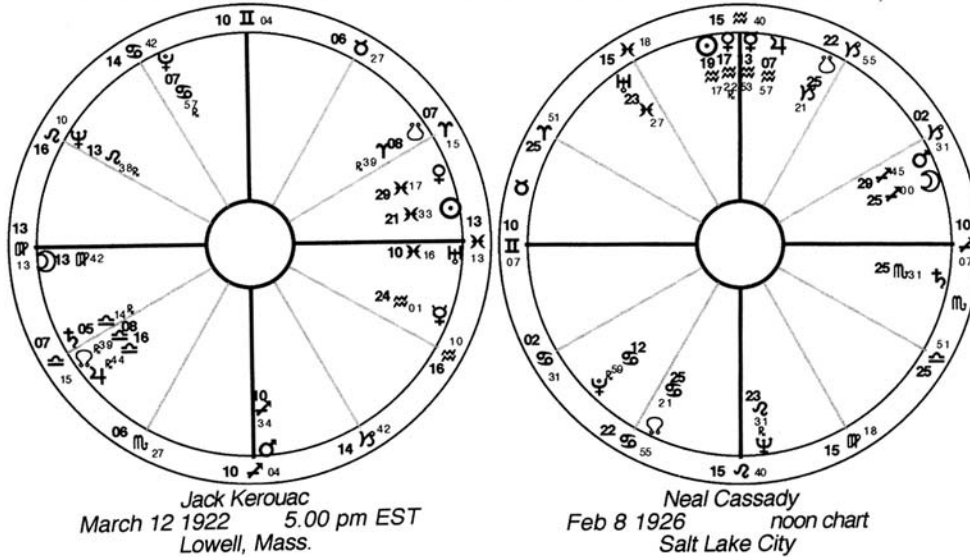
The Jazz Age took its name from Scott Fitzgerald's collection of short stories, published in 1922. His Solar return has both its Ascendant and Part of Fame conjunct our natal eclipse; his progressed Sun was conjunct this point by antiscion; the progressed Ascendant and Midheaven picked up our natal Jupiter and Mars, the facets of the age



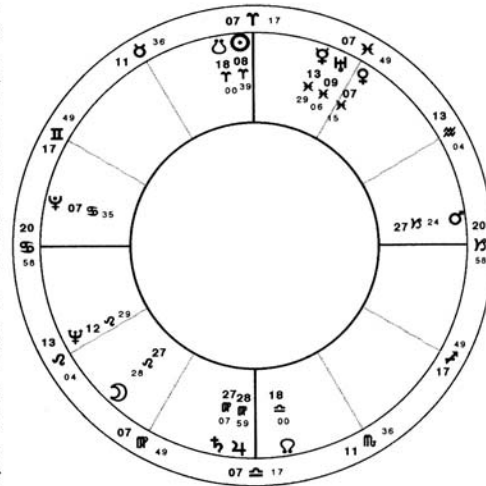
on which he concentrated in his writing. (As an aside, we may note that as he wrote *Tender is the Night* his progressed Sun was on the natal Sun of Keats.)

It was later writers than Fitzgerald who attempted to write jazz - not a fortunate experiment, as the combination of dexedrine and saxophone produces an altogether more satisfactory result than that of dexedrine and typewriter. For all that he was the arch-conservative who stumbled into the beat movement by mistake, it is Jack Kerouac who is the key figure here. His Venus (aesthetics) exactly opposite the jazz Venus gives the creative tension (had they been conjunct he would probably not have bothered to write about it). Right at the midpoint of this exact opposition stands the Mars of Neal Cassady (aka Dean Moriarty), through whom, and specifically through which planet, Kerouac connected with the ethos of jazz, seeing Cassady's dynamism as a burning sax solo lived in the flesh. The opposition between the two Venuses is also significant in that the jazz writers were not writing from within the milieu, but as the audience of that milieu - nowadays they might have contented themselves with editing a fanzine and playing air sax.

Central figures in Kerouac's attempts to emulate jazz on the printed page were Charlie Parker and Dexter Gordon. That these are the chosen representatives of what jazz is cannot, of course, be coincidental. We lack a truly satisfactory way of conflating two charts into one, the best method we have being the creation of a composite of the two natiivities. Shoving Parker and Gordon thus into one skin, we find the Sun - the heart of the two of them - on Kerouac's Part of Fame,



or of Work to Be Done: this, then, the challenge. The composite Jupiter and Saturn (the particular balance of freedom and form, of improvisation and structure embodied by this composite being) are closely conjunct, right on our natal Mercury/Venus conjunction, making this composite creature indeed a worthy representative for jazz. This conjunction is, then, just opposite Kerouac's Venus, bringing us back to his aesthetic engagement. We must assume that this Jupiter/Saturn - freedom and form - as expressed through the technique and aesthetic values of jazz (on the natal Mercury/Venus) presented a challenge to Kerouac,



Composite chart  
Dexter Gordon Charlie Parker

stimulating him to write as a means of making sense of it. After all, no one has felt compelled to emulate Andy Williams in prose.

Kerouac's main focus, through the prism that is Cassady, is Charlie Parker. Push Parker and Cassady into one composite skin and the Sun - the heart, or essence - is exactly on Kerouac's Venus. The composite between Cassady and Dexter Gordon, however, suggests that this was the musical relationship that truly struck sparks within the soul of Kerouac's hero: the partile conjunction of Sun and Mars, itself in partile sextile to Jupiter in Sagittarius, shows the verve and wild enlargement that so captivated so many.

#### *Bird thou never wert...*

Within the genre, we can identify the differences in style and expression from the chart. We shall, as ever, leave it to someone else to flog this to death doing exhaustive statistical studies of the average notes per minute against the speed of progressed Mercury, contenting ourselves with a couple of representative examples.

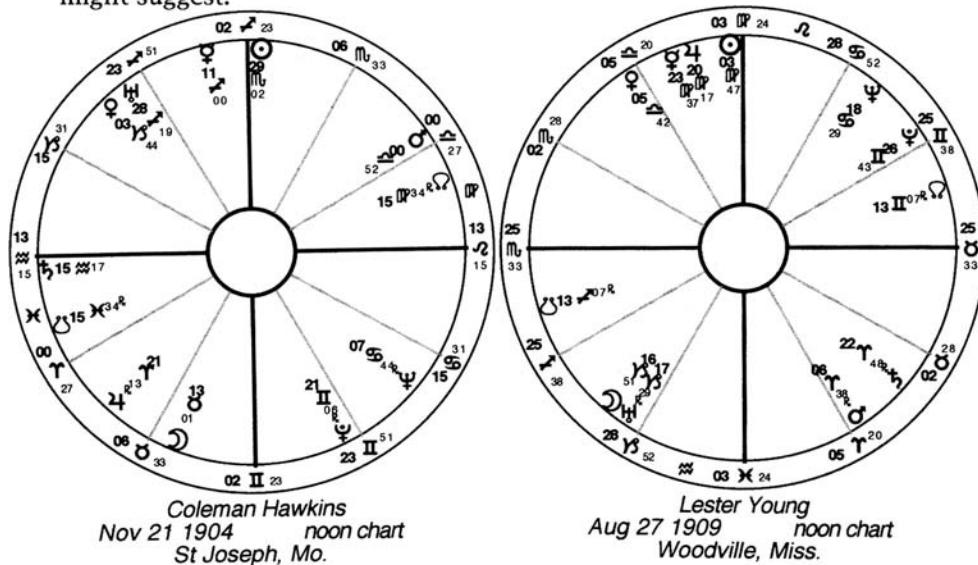
The dynamic duo in whose batcave be-bop was born was Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. While they shared speed and facility, their approach to music was quite different. Parker was known for an ability - remarkable even among jazzmen at the top of their trade - to play any tune by ear, pouring out his profuse strains of unpremeditated art in exact harmony during even a first hearing of the tune. Gillespie insisted on having the chord changes written down. In the charts we see the

contrast between the two Mercuries. Both are in cardinal signs and swift in motion. Parker's is in Aries (not a sign renowned for its reflective capacities! Don't think once, it's alright.) with its dispositor itself in a cardinal sign. Gillespie's has the strong Saturn influence of Libra, while its dispositor is in a double-bodied sign and in trine to Saturn.

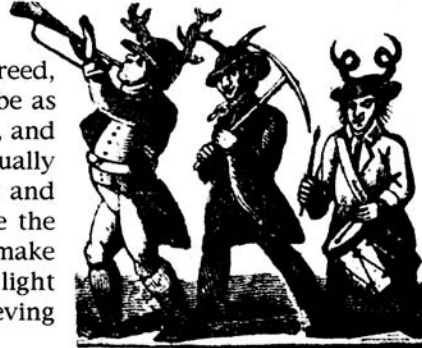
We see the impetuosity of Parker's Mercury in his first public performance, where he strutted onto the stage to jam without having realised that music is written in more than one key. After being duly humiliated by those who were in on the secret, he practised until he could play in even the most obscure of keys without problem. The Saturn influence is there, but at one remove: while his Mercury is in far too much of a hurry, being in Saturn's fall, its dispositor exalts the stern taskmaster.

The connection between Mercury and Venus in the two charts is also of significance. While Parker has an applying conjunction, Gillespie has an antiscial square: the connection between aesthetic and fingers is there, but not so smoothly. For Bird, the two are indeed one.

A different contrast is that between two giants of the tenor sax, Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins. Hawkins' recording of 'Body and Soul' on October 11th 1939 had amazed the world of jazz. Rather than a tune with a few improvised choruses, this was nothing but an extended improvisation, and one of extreme fluidity - as the exact conjunction of Mercury and Venus in Libra in Hawkins' Lunar return might suggest.



Playing with a massive No. 5 reed, which for most saxophonists would be as easy as blowing through a tree trunk, and custom-made mouthpieces of unusually wide bore, Hawkins achieved a huge and authoritative sound. Young was quite the opposite: nagged by bandleaders to make a bit more noise he persisted with light reeds and narrow mouthpieces, achieving a sound noted for its subtlety and



elliptical approach. For all Hawkins' popularity, it was Young who was to become the model for the be-boppers. Hawkins' Mercury is in Sagittarius, with its dispositor in Aries; Young's in Virgo, with its dispositor (itself) in that Virgo.

This Mercury is the key point in Young's chart: dispositor of not only itself, but also the Sun and Jupiter; conjunct Mars and opposed Venus by antiscion; more or less closely trine the Moon, depending on the time of birth. Exalting itself, we see Mercury for Mercury's sake: while Hawkins states, simply and to the point, Young hints, his expression more preoccupied with the delight of chasing its own tail than with any urgent need to communicate.<sup>4</sup> The same fascination of Mercury with itself was apparent in his speech: he seems to have been unable to say a straight word, communicating (or maybe not) in a private slang.<sup>5</sup> Many of the nicknames by which his contemporaries are known are of his bestowing - again, a refusal to state the obvious when a roundabout path was available. Even the eccentric angle at which he held his horn is evidence of the same astrological testimony. It may have developed in response to the difficulties of playing on crowded bandstands, as he claimed; but we know that there are no accidents, and other sax-men solved the problem in other ways.

Young's Mercury is so close to that in our natal chart that this cannot but pick up on qualities inherent in jazz itself, a vital part of which is the practice - sport, perhaps - of 'signifying': a kind of elaborate saying of nothing for the beauty and delight of saying it, yet with the knowledge that more is communicated in this saying of nothing than in the orderly saying of weight and moment. (We might suspect that Mercurio would have made a fine jazzier.) The strength of this testimony does much to show why it was Young who became so central an influence, as he embodied something so central in jazz itself - the talking without talking that is at its very heart.

<sup>4</sup> 'Full of ironic understatement and witty, unpredictable manipulation of phrase lengths and rhythmic motives,' as one historian has it. With Hawkins, what you see is what you get.

<sup>5</sup> 'Bread' for money may be traceable to him.



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## QUESTIONS ARISING

On the principle that what puzzles one is probably puzzling others, let us address some issues raised by apprentices.

*Why does Mercury rule tennis courts? Since we are studying Real Astrology, I know that only Real Tennis is permitted at the workshop and you must, therefore, have a court which Mercury rules.*

We do indeed; but not much playing goes on there: it is more a place where those who have nothing better to do hang out<sup>6</sup> and exchange gossip - hence Mercury. We find much the same goes on in our bowling alley and our ordinary (our local diner).

*Are all dreams ninth house?*

It depends what sort of dreams. In the strict sense, as what we experience whilst sleeping, they belong in the ninth. Loosely, as in old Amos's oft-voiced ambition to box the ears of the stable-lad who persistently filches the refectory cheese, they belong in the eleventh. The quality of the ninth house will tell us whether the dream is true or false - that is, whether it emerges



*Preparing aspects in the workshop*

from the gate of horn or that of ivory. True dreams come from the gate of horn because, as Macrobius explains, if horn is worked thin enough it becomes transparent; no matter how thin ivory might become, it remains opaque.

*Do I understand this correctly, that frustration concerns only conjunctions? Lilly says, 'When a swift planet would corporeally join a more ponderous', which indicates conjunction to me.*

Any aspect will do. Lilly uses 'corporeal' as a synonym for 'perfect', i.e. an aspect that has perfected, not just within orb. That is, the body of the planet makes the aspect, not its 'aura' or orb.

*Most horary texts indicate that if you ask a trivial question you'll get a trivial answer, or unless you have a burning question the answer you get may be inappropriate or unhelpful somehow.*

<sup>6</sup> Followers of linguistic fashion might be surprised to know that Mr Keats writes of evenings spent 'hanging out' at his favourite tavern.

In this way horaries are like dreams - in the way that it is immediately sensible how some dreams are of great significance. There are horary charts like that, and they tend to be the ones where the querent has a pressing and serious need that has almost crystallised their life around itself. But this certainly does not mean that only 'important' issues can be dealt with.

Lilly himself says that when he was at a loose end he would ask someone to hide something and then 'in merriment' set a chart to find it. It is important to put this in perspective: in one way, viewed from the level of the celestial spheres even our most significant concerns are of the utmost triviality. But seen in that way, there is so little distinction between the rise and fall of empires and what time the plumber will come, they both being quite insignificant, that we can as well answer one as the other. On the other hand, we are told that every raindrop has an angel assigned to guide it to its destined place of rest, so even our most trivial concerns are of absolute importance.

And who is to say what is trivial? When one of the workshop cats goes missing this is pretty important! Far more so than many an event which arrives with its Certificate of Importance duly stamped, and yet which is far lower in any reasonable scale of priorities.

*What are we to make of the fact that Lilly's judgments are sometimes based on aspects that more accurate calculations show are separating when he says they are applying?*

In several of Lilly's example charts judgement rests on an aspect which he took as applying, but which modern computer calculations show as being already separating. The first, more minor, point is that our absolute faith in the accuracy of computer calculation must be questioned. We see an extreme example of this in the dismissal of certain observations in the most ancient records which do not fit the current view of where certain planets ought to have been at certain times. When - as most of the time they do - the observations recorded fit the modern model the ancient astronomers are clever little chaps, doughtily making accurate scientific records despite living in an age of darkness and superstition. When the observations do not fit the modern model, however, our predecessors are relegated from 'doughty little chaps' to 'purblind amateurs, who can't tell one side of the sky from the other'. If ancient perception differs from modern theory, it is not necessarily ancient perception that is wrong.

Lilly did, however, show an admirable disregard for the niceties of calculation. Consider his practice: this was not the world of the modern astrologer, where the phone rings once a week and each client gets a brand new chart at the flick of a switch. Lilly would enter his consulting-room, where there would be a queue of people waiting to

speak to him. If he was feeling especially virtuous - which, with the amount of practical Taurean influence in his chart was probably not that often - he would set a chart before he began work. More often, he would look at the chart he had used the day before and quickly make a few adjustments. These adjustments would more usually be off the top of his head than through careful calculation: 'Mercury was at 7.20 Virgo yesterday morning - let's knock it forward about a degree and a half. 8.50 Virgo: that's close enough.' Having set his chart for the day he would then push this round by whatever he considered a suitable amount for each new client. He did not have a 'Now' button wired through the internet to an atomic clock. We do not know what form of time-keeping he did use, but it is most unlikely that his choice of minute was anything other than an approximation: 'It was 11 o'clock a little while before the last querent came in. She rabbited on a bit. I'm getting hungry. It must be about 11.35.'



*One-to-one tuition from  
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This does not, it must be stressed, mean that his charts were any less valid than either the charts we cast today or our attempts to reconstruct the charts that Lilly cast. We must always remember that the astrology and the astrologer are not outside the life. Tempting though this illusion might be, it is still an illusion. For a horary question the querent, whether through his own will or not, selects a time for the question to be asked. He also selects an astrologer, and he selects that astrologer at that time (e.g. if the astrologer is having a bad day, as the astrologer is fully entitled to do, the querent has chosen that astrologer when he is below his best.). Querent, astrologer, question and chart are all part of the same reality, so the chart - even the 'wrong' chart - is intrinsic to that moment, and hence to the question asked at that moment. So Lilly was perfectly correct with his 'inaccurate' chart, just as, if it were somehow possible for a modern with a computer to be asked a question now at the same time as one of Lilly's charts, his, different, chart for the same moment would also be perfectly correct.

*Lilly says tenants belong in the sixth house.*

Not any more they don't. We see a difference in the idea of tenancy from Lilly's day. Today, my tenant is someone on equal terms to me, to whom I happen to let a flat, in exactly the same way as I might

sell him a flat. As my equal, he belongs in the seventh house. When I was a few hundred years younger, I would expect a considerable deference from my tenants - they would, for example, vote as I instructed them, or they would swiftly find themselves homeless. They would help on my land at harvest time, and Mrs Apprentice would visit their homes with apples and candies at Christmas or to soothe them when they were sick. Such days are no more.

Note that it is not astrology that has changed, but the meaning of the word tenant.

*I understand the condition of cazimi (to sit with the king) but why are other conjunctions and oppositions to the Sun harmful?*

Getting too close to the king is a risky business: you are safe if you are in his very bosom, but live on the edge otherwise. Being opposed to the king - or to the 'Lord of Life' that is the Sun - is bad news. Note, for instance, that Mars, Jupiter and Saturn are retrograde when opposed to the Sun, i.e. opposition to the Sun automatically puts them into a bad state, without it even being remotely close.

That fine but neglected teacher of astrology, Mr Shakespeare, explains the distinction between combustion and cazimi most admirably through the mouth of Portia:

*His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself..*

So what we get in combustion is the fearful sceptre; when cazimi, in the heart of the king, we find mercy.

— \* —

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## TORY BOY

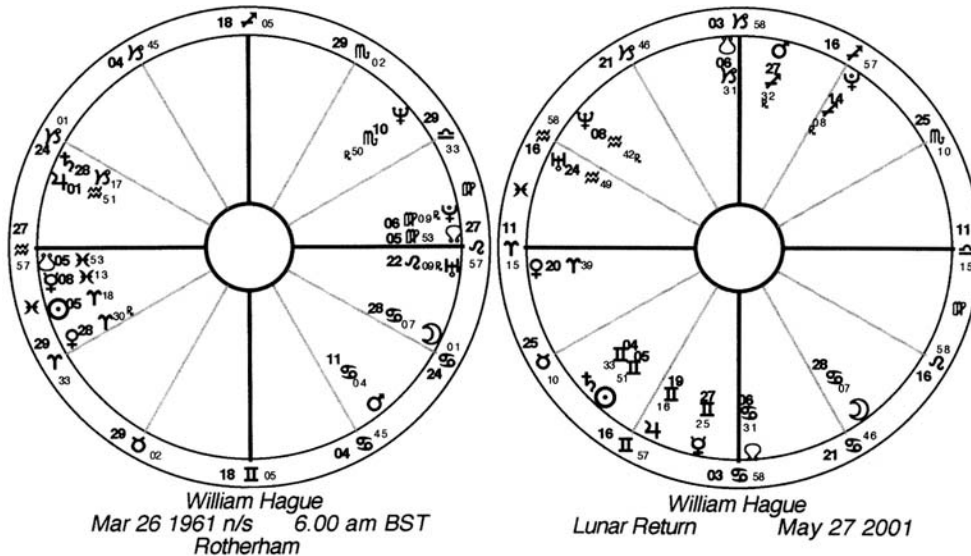
Dwelling as we do in peace and prosperity under the benevolent rule of King Ringo the Fab, our workshop has no immediate concern with the changes of government that go on in neighbouring lands. Recently, however, the turmoil floating in the breeze across our borders has become so loud as to reach at times a disturbing volume, as sharply-suited men and women with strange preoccupations vociferously offer an array of beads and mirrors to induce the unfortunate inhabitants of that country to vote for them.

Whenever the exigencies of mortality demand a change of ruler in our happy land, things are done far more discreetly, relying on the time-honoured admixture of birth and wisdom. Those sufficiently wise to understand such matters - among whom our Master is, of course, numbered - meet in deep conclave to determine the least insane and ill-starred among those with royal claim. That the choice is made differently elsewhere does, by contrast, have the fortunate effect of making our people more gladly bear whatever inevitable shortcomings time might reveal in our own rulers. This seems to be its only virtue.

Over the past year or so, travellers from that benighted land, passing through the workshop, have frequently felt moved to discourse on the forthcoming election over a jug of mead and some cheese, the general tenor of their astrological thinking (quite at variance with opinion in the media) being that Labour were sure to lose any election called this summer. Traditional principles, however, instantly quell such thoughts. We need glance only at the lunar return of the Conservative leader, William Hague: with the South Node on the MC he cannot possibly win. This single testimony proves - if proof were ever needed - that the Tory party do not employ an astrologer. Note also Lord 10 closely combust. The testimony is so clear that various of the apprentices were able to predict that he would not only lose, but immediately resign - the 'expert' view being that he would delay resignation until the dust had settled.

The chart is so clear that we need look no further; if we do, other testimonies are there in support. The return Ascendant falling on the natal Part of Vocation points the significance for his career. We know why we are looking at the chart; if we did not, this testimony would guide us to concentrate on the malefic South Node in the tenth rather than the benefic, expansive North Node in the fourth - a testimony that might have had him building an extension on his house.

Jupiter, ruler of the natal Midheaven, transits the natal IC - a



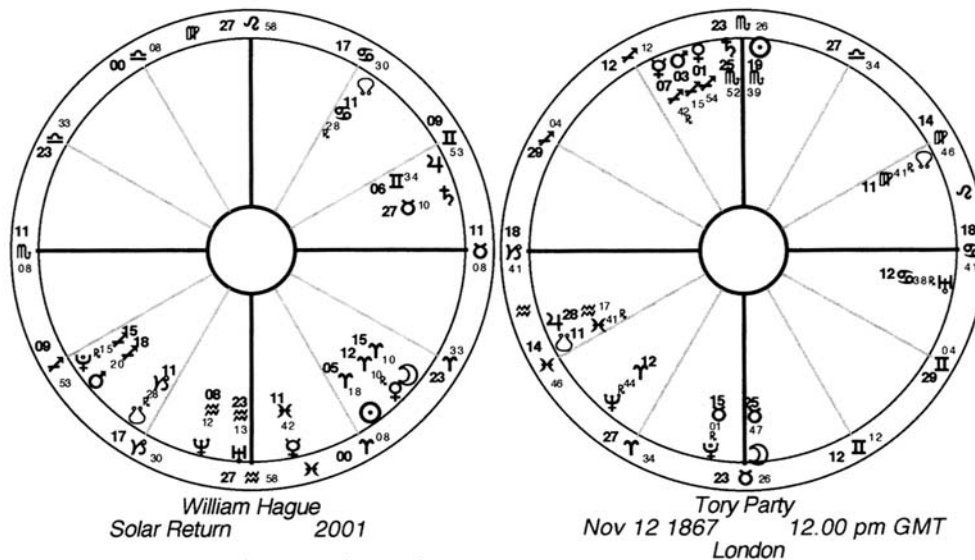
dreadful testimony for career - and conjuncts the debilitated natal Mars by antiscion. The return Part of Resignation and Dismissal is just on the natal IC. Its dispositor, Mercury, opposes the return Ascendant ruler: resignation comes immediately to the native. This opposition falls by antiscion on the return MC/IC: his job is at stake - he is not going to resign from the local golf club. The Saturn combustion that does for his job also turns us back to the radix: this is Saturn (himself) destroyed by natal Lord 7, his open enemies (i.e. he was not pushed out of the way by internal party machinations). As Lord 7 is the Sun, this destructive influence happens every year, and so will often be 'fixed' by the lunar return<sup>7</sup> - but when this happens is not a good time to fight a battle.

We chanced upon the Lunar return; the Solar return gives as swift and accurate a judgment. While the return MC has Regulus on it, which in most circumstances is a strong testimony of success, it is the natal seventh cusp: if he fights, he will lose. End of judgment. Had he been able to hasten the Sun sufficiently to arrange his return to fall with the natal Ascendant on the MC, the prediction would have been quite the opposite.

Saturn, the natal Lord Asc, is in exact square to the natal Asc/Desc axis, from below the earth. That is, it is at the theoretical nadir. If he fights, he will lose. To look at our previous testimony from a different angle, the natal ascending degree is on the return IC: two

<sup>7</sup> It should be remembered that the return chart is just a set of transits, but a set of transits at a particularly significant moment.





testimonies put him on the nadir.

The return Part of Resignation and Dismissal is exactly opposite the natal Ascendant ruler - a very similar testimony to that of the lunar return chart.

Fortuna (21 Scorpio) conjuncts the Sun and MC of the chart for the Conservative party. Its dispositor, however, which is also the Ascendant ruler of the return chart, is on the South Node by antiscion: his position is his undoing (had he been one of the foot soldiers his rank would have remained unchanged).

His progressed Fortuna, meanwhile, has reached the Saturn end of the natal T-square. As Saturn is Ascendant ruler, this is bound to be something of a milestone in the life. Opposing the Moon, this direction brings 'much disgust with the laity and common people', hardly an auspicious indication under which to fight an election. This natal opposition of Ascendant ruler Saturn with the Moon, goes a long way to explaining Hague's place in the Tory party, and how he grew up as the prematurely aged 'Tory boy',<sup>8</sup> for it repeats, with similar exactitude, the same opposition in the Tory party chart. One manifestation of these oppositions is a 'can't live with them, can't live without them' attitude to 'the laity and common people' (as signified by the Moon, which is so strong in both charts). Hague's unfortunate vocal mannerisms (Mercury on South Node in the first house) seem to have left most of the laity feeling that he could live without them very easily indeed. The

<sup>8</sup> His family nickname since early youth.

progressed Sun conjuncts Menkar, indicative of loss of fortune, while the Moon hits Vega, bringing public disgrace.

Hague clearly cannot win. Indeed, the testimonies of defeat in his chart are so much stronger than the testimonies of victory in his opponent's, Tony Blair's, that the astrology does to some extent support the view that Labour did not so much win the election as the Conservatives lost it. We must be cautious here, however: as Blair was currently in power we should not expect to see testimonies of victory in his chart as much as the absence of testimonies of defeat. Always discretion with art.

It would be easy to think that the Tories could therefore have disposed of their leader on the eve of the poll, giving themselves a better chance of winning. But their fates are entangled one with the other: were the party able to do that, it would not have found itself in so dire a position in the first place. And, of course, if Hague were not to be leader at the time of the election, his chart might not show the signs of defeat. We cannot change one thing without changing everything. This points the apparent paradox of astrological intervention, in that we can make great changes and yet we can change absolutely nothing. As we would expect, the Conservative party's natal chart also shows the defeat. Progressed Fortuna is, by antiscion, just on the natal IC, the nadir, and opposes the Ascendant ruler, Saturn. The South Node (where the party shall be hurt) has moved onto the Part of Resignation and Dismissal.



The Solar return has its Ascendant close to the natal sixth cusp, and the Sun in the sixth: repeated testimony of ill fortune. The applying Full Moon from twelfth to sixth houses brings no good. Fortuna sits on the Descendant: this can be an expensive testimony for the amorous; a dreadful one for those who do battle. A Lunar return with the MC on the extremely malevolent Little Dog (it is remarkable how often this savage little beast pops up at times of crisis) and the Lord of the tenth in the eighth house on Caput Algol is no time to contest an election. Following in the sterling tradition of political impartiality we have inherited from William Lilly, we shall refrain from asking if the influences of Caput Algol and the rabid Little Dog have any connection

with the Conservative's (even more) despicable policies, turning our attention instead with all due relief from the squabbles in that land of darkness to the good fortune we enjoy as inhabitants of a land of peace and sanity under King Ringo's enlightened sway.

— \* —

## REVIEWS

### *William Lilly: Christian Astrology, Volume 3*

At last! Kim Farnell having taken up the gauntlet of retyping Christian Astrology in a clear, modern font, Volume 3, which is Lilly's text-book of natal astrology, is now available from Ascella - and from the Apprentice.

To review is almost superfluous. If you want a text-book of natal astrology, this is it. With Lilly and Al-Khayyat (*The Judgement of Nativities*) for theory and Worsdale's *Celestial Philosophy* for a strenuous practical work-out, the astrologer is already as well equipped as he would be after reading no matter how many others.

Lilly's natal volume is not an achievement on the scale of his horary text-book: that this remains the best text in English says more about the short-comings of others than the merits of this; but there is no better - nor even a peer. So recently has this new edition arrived that we have not had time to examine it closely. Study will no doubt reveal misprints; but those who grumble about the misprints in the Ascella reprint of Vols 1&2 forget that the original has sufficient misprints of its own. We are pleased to note that the annotation of this volume has been kept to a bare minimum: notes must be accurate or they are better left undone.

What more is there to say? Anyone with any pretensions toward being an astrologer should have this book.

*Christian Astrology Vol 3: £26.50. Available from Apprentice Towers at £28.50 including postage to UK or Europe; £31.50 elsewhere. Address on back cover.*

### *Lilly Sings Elvis*

Released to coincide with the launch of the retyped *Christian Astrology 3*, this CD/DVD shows that our Bill is still kicking with the best. Recorded on the first leg of his 'Where's My Fish?' tour, live at the Walton Lillydome, this collection shows that time has diminished nothing of the Master's talents. From the moment the set opens, with Lilly launching into a blistering rendition of 'You Ain't Nothing but an

Animal Smaller than a Goat' we see that he has turned his back on the Fat Elvis years that have so coloured his latest work, returning instead to what he does best: full tilt belting rock & roll. Rumour among those in the know suggests that this reflects a shift in the balance of power between the Man himself and his manager, Colonel Tom Ashmole. If that is so, we can only hope that the balance continues to shift.

Readers who already have the studio album *From Lilly in Memphis* might think that one more version of many of the same tracks is not required. How wrong they would be: this is Lilly with the fire back in his belly, and a new rhythm section that cooks like the very devil. Once they hit a groove they don't let go - just check the extended work-out on 'Twelfth-house Rock'! Those of us who have long dreamed of a link-up between Our Bill and boss bass maestro Henry Coley have the audible proof that our dream was from the gate of ivory. If at times the lyrics are obscured by ecstatic screams from his fans, the feeling of being there while the Man kicks ass makes this compelling listening. Play it long and play it LOUD!!!

The first hundred readers to order *Lilly Sings Elvis* from Apprentice Towers will receive a free copy of Lucy B's *Lilly on the Run*.

In a sensational kiss-and-tell tale that, frankly, stretches credibility, Lucy B, who claims to be the daughter of Mr B (and who tells us more than we needed to know about what went on in the dealings with those houses!) writes of a double life with the loveable mop-top of the astro world as he commuted from Walton to their luxury love-nest in London's steamy Strand Bridge. While most of what she says may be dismissed as the desperate fancies of one whose cash has gone the way of her looks, readers will sit up and take notice as she spins a tale that poses the question, 'Did Lilly really die - or was his death an elaborate deception cooked up by a man tired of fame and the pressures of life in the spotlight?'

Conspiracy theorists will have a field day here. Why was there no post-mortem? What was Col. Tom Ashmole doing with a coach and horses in London on the day of the 'death'? In a persuasive case, with plenty of woodcuts to support it, Lucy claims to have spent many happy years with Lilly, running a waterfront bar in Marbella - and not a horary in sight! Review the evidence, and make up your own mind.

### *Janus 3*

Janus, the astrology software for Windows, has reached version 3. Like all the major programs, its feature list is long enough to fill this magazine, with astrogeography maps, a Cosmobiology module, report writers exporting directly to the word-processor of your choice, an

impressive 'Sky Map', all the options for defining aspects, planets, and directions which you might hope for... If it's astrological and can be displayed on a screen, it's probably in here somewhere.

How good is it? Very good. Is it the best? I'm not so sure; but it's certainly good enough to merit serious consideration. Fortunately, you can make up your own mind by downloading a demo version from the website ([www.astrologyware.com](http://www.astrologyware.com)). While you're about it, you can download demos of Solar Fire, Win\*Star and Astrocalc (<http://alabe.com>, <http://thenewage.com>, [www.astrocalc.com](http://www.astrocalc.com)) and make a weekend of it!

The things I didn't like about the program are relatively superficial, being mainly to do with ease of use. As examples: the option to create a new chart isn't found where years of Windows conditioning suggests it should be; when casting a new chart, the atlas function is rather clumsy.

The 'Things I Liked' list contains points much more substantial. A lot of work, with the collaboration of Robert Zoller, has been put into equipping the program for traditional astrology. Pull up a horary chart and you can choose between triplicity rulers according to Lilly, Ptolemy or Dorotheus; Egyptian or Chaldean term rulers; true or apparent sunrise... (and here we are again, trembling on the brink of a well-nigh endless list). Charts can be created



*Caught on camera in Marbella,  
Lilly walketh ye dogge*

in either natal, horary, or electional modes. Features I particularly liked here are the 'Dignity Graph' for elections, which shows at a glance the times when each planet is strong or weak, and the 'Turn the Chart' option in horary, which puts the cusp of any house on the Ascendant. I could, though, wish for the option to customise the points awarded for dignities.

The chart wheels are among the best I've seen, scoring over some rival programs in two important respects: Janus will display a large stellium in its correct house and sign - clearly better than Solar Fire, where planets at the edge of a cluster can look as if they were in the adjacent house or sign; Janus's wheels behave as windows are supposed

to behave – you can size them to look at several at once, or to have a wheel in one corner of the screen while using another program altogether (writing a report in Word, for instance, with a chart in the corner of the screen for reference). Mr Solar Fire, please catch up.

In summary, the program is undoubtedly very good. Its only major problem is that it is not the only excellent program on the market. Some reviewers (see reviews on the Astrologyware website) have remarked on how intuitive and easy to use it is; to my mind, this is the program's weakest suit. How much weight you assign to this is, however, a moot point: when you use a program daily you adapt to its little ways and forget that they were ever annoying. As the new kid on the astro-software block, Janus has come a long way in a short time. If this trajectory continues, it could emerge as the undisputed best.

Janus 3 can be bought directly from the Astrologyware website ([www.astrologyware.com](http://www.astrologyware.com)) for US\$335.00 inc p&p, or US\$130 to upgrade from version 2.

- reviewed by Garry Phillipson, author of *Astrology in the Year Zero*.

#### *Ye Special Offer*

As certain negatives have come into our hands, we have been able to make ye suppliers of Janus an offer they cannot refuse. In consequence of which, subscribers to *The Astrologers Apprentice* and students on the Apprenticeships in Horary and Natal & Electional Astrology may claim a 20% discount on Janus 3, so saving £47.

To take advantage of ye offer, e-mail [janus@astrologyware.com](mailto:janus@astrologyware.com) stating that you are a student or subscriber and suggesting that if they do not wish to sleep with ye pisces they remember their promise to Don Lilly. Offer remains open to subscribers until October 20th 2001; it runs indefinitely for students.

———— \* —————

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## THE SURGERY

For all that horary allows us to peep behind the curtain that obscures the future from our curious gaze, it cannot be denied that in most cases this is a pointless operation. It does allow the astrologer to hone his technique; but for the astrologee what happens will happen, and the value of knowing about it in advance is - whatever dubious benefits the texts may rehearse in its favour - usually none.

The greatest qualifier of whatever utility prediction might have is, of course, the fallibility of the artist and the client's awareness of this. *Ars is ever longa, vita brevis, and application more brevis still*; so even those predictions which might, the apologists claim, find a value in dispelling unwonted fears of disaster have this power taken from them by the client's knowledge that no artist is infallible. Fear is dispelled only insofar as the client maintains the illusion that he is.

So while horary is seen primarily as a tool for prediction, its greater value lies not in its ability to forecast the outcome of any situation, but in its ability to provide a clear and succinct analysis of that situation. We suspect that this consideration may, among other pressing causes, have had much to do with William Lilly's increasing concentration on medical astrology, for the medical chart is where this analytic ability is seen at its clearest. And the limitations on prediction - for if, suppose, we read from the chart that the patient will die, are we not then to treat him in the hope that he may not?

The recent passage of Saturn through the latter part of Taurus brought the sick and decrepit of the kingdom to the workshop gate, thrusting aside even the broken-hearted maidens who make up the bulk of our clientele. As is usual, it was the final of the planet's three passes over this section of the zodiac that brought its strongest manifestations: the first direct and the retrograde passage soften us up; if we haven't taken heed by then, the second direct passage hits us. Thus also with transits.

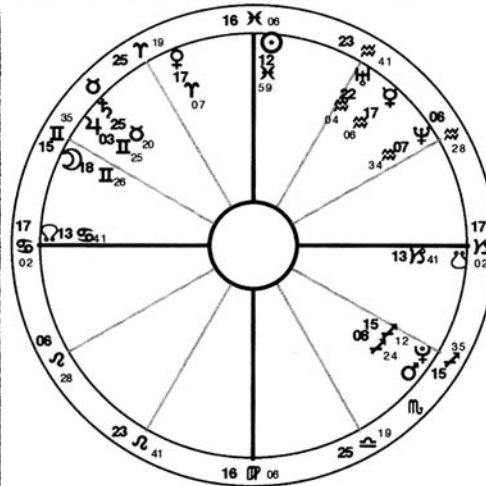
As we might expect, the stars inspire questions that match their current pattern. Once Saturn had moved into Gemini, the legions of the ill faded like the dew, to be replaced by Baron Hardup and his crew posing questions on financial and property matters: the knot of conjunctions and oppositions between Mars, Mercury, Jupiter and the Sun presumably being so tangled and troublesome that these questions alone would fit it. Saturn however, brought us the sick.

'Why?' we might wonder. For Saturn is quite at home in the latter

part of Taurus. It has dignity by face through all the final ten degrees, and by term through half of them. It is in a sign of its own nature: a cold, dry planet in a cold, dry sign. Our first question to any medical chart is 'Is the main significator in a sign of its own nature?'; if it is not, we have a clear picture of the patient out of sorts. We should, then, in principle have a fairly trouble-free Saturn when it is placed here.

Far from it. Things must ever be judged in accordance with their nature. Take the matter of speed: being swift in motion is an accidental dignity, making a planet stronger. We must be cautious with this when it comes to Saturn: moving fast is against its nature. For Saturn, being swift in motion is likely to render it unstable. So here: for all that there is much to be said for Saturn in this position, it is excessive. After all that time plodding through the fixed, earthy sign of Taurus, the stuckness that is Saturn became far too stuck for anybody's benefit.

In medical terms, Saturn embodies the retentive principle. This is necessary for our well-being. 'Retention in digestion,' Saunders tells us, for instance, 'Is to detain the meat in the proper place of digestion, till it be thoroughly digested to the conserving and strengthening of nature.' After digestion, retention is performed by all the various bodily members, who retain the nourishment so that they can make use of it. What enables them to do this is the action of natural melancholy in the body. The obvious manifestation of an excess of the retentive faculty is constipation; that of an excess of the expulsive faculty is diarrhoea. The same causes have similar manifestations throughout the being, and on various levels, however. What it is now common to describe in Freudian terms as an 'anal retentive', for instance, has, in



Sister's boyfriend's side effects?  
 March 3 2001 12.24 pm GMT  
 London



traditional terms, an excess of the retentive faculty manifesting on an mental/emotional level (and, given half a chance, on the physical as well). In the traditional model, it is the excess or weakness of this faculty that is at the root of most mental and psychic disorder.

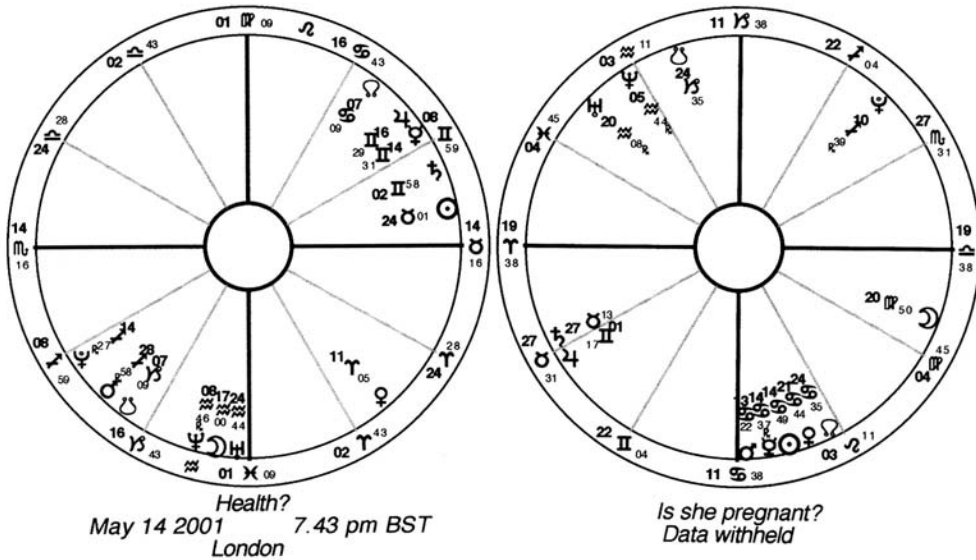
Saunders tells us that Saturn in the last twelve degrees of Taurus brings 'visions and fantasies, melancholic passions, solitariness, heaviness and sadness', along with various physical manifestations. In this third passage across these degrees, especially when passing Caput Algol, the mental side of this seemed most commonly in evidence. This question is an example. The querent's sister's boy-friend was suffering from a mental condition of some duration. The question did not relate directly to the underlying condition, but to the drugs he was taking to treat it. These were controlling the condition satisfactorily, but were having disorienting side effects.

The texts are confusing over our way in to such a chart. In some places we are advised always to give the first house to the patient; in others, to give the first to the querent and to assign the patient to whichever house he would have in any other horary. This is correct practice: if the chart is for a horary question, there is no reason to give the patient the first house unless he is asking the question himself. The confusion comes from the texts habitually treating decumbiture charts and horaries in the same breath: in a decumbiture, the time of which is taken from the event of the patient becoming 'so ill, or so extremely oppressed that he was enforced to take his bed', the patient does always have the Ascendant. Event charts are event charts and horaries are horaries.

Here, then, the patient is the querent's sister's boy-friend: the seventh from the third from the first, bring us to the ninth. His significator is Saturn. Outer planet fans will delightedly descend upon Uranus, placed just on his cusp, and find therein all the judgment; we have not found Uranus to be significantly involved in such matters.

The position of our main significator, with the manifestations of the excess of retention, as above, exacerbated by the placement on Algol, describes the patient well enough. It is *not* sound in medical charts to rush to the ruler of the sixth as significator of the illness. We are better to head for the planet that is causing our significator problems. What is causing Saturn's problems here? His position in Taurus. This is confirmed by the position of its dispositor: Venus is in Aries, receiving Saturn into its fall.

It is always worth looking at the Moon's last aspect. Lilly gives a detailed and generally reliable table for squares and oppositions from Saturn, Mars and Mercury. In fact, we need not confine ourselves to



squares and oppositions: any aspect will produce much the same results. It is to be regretted that Lilly limited himself to these three planets, as the others, especially - but not only - when debilitated are just as capable of causing ills. For the Moon in Gemini separating from Mercury, the disease is 'occasioned by weariness of the mind, and overburdening it with the multiplicity of affairs'. Combining this with the indications of excessive retention we see that the patient has a kind of psychic constipation: experience is not being flushed through the mental system as it should.

But the illness itself is not our concern here: it is the side effects of the treatment. To treat this illness, occasioned of an excess of cold and dry, we would apply heat and moisture, working, Saunders suggests, with the energies of Jupiter (hot and moist) in any of the air signs (hot and moist). The treatment is shown by the tenth house. Turning the chart, this brings us to the radical sixth. The treatment that he is receiving, then, is signified by Jupiter in Gemini. Most interesting, as it suggests that the modern doctors are applying, in different form, exactly the sort of balancing treatment that the traditional model would suggest.

Jupiter is in its detriment in Gemini, however, so the efficacy of this treatment must be limited. The side effects of which he complained were stiffness and other difficulties with walking. These are entirely congruent with the basic problem of excessive melancholy: 'cankers, gouts, and stiffness of the limbs and sinews'. This shows that the side

effects are not generated by the drugs. The drugs are channelling the symptoms of the illness, suppressing some while allowing others - apparently, to the modern eye, unconnected - to remain. As the overplus of melancholy must out somehow, the symptoms that remain become exaggerated.

From the traditional standpoint, we see that while the principle of the modern treatment is correct, it is not being applied at the correct level. That is, it is meeting cold and dry symptoms with hot and moist remedy; but symptoms will ever multiply as the underlying cause seeks a route by which to escape. The traditional physician would have treated the cold and dry *cause* with hot and moist remedy.

A different excess is shown in the second chart. It is notable that this question, although again relating to a long-standing condition, had to wait until Saturn had finally moved out of Taurus before it could be asked.

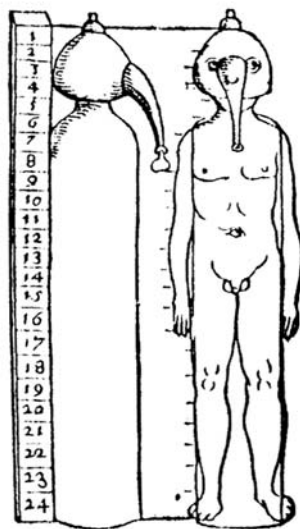
The querent is signified by Mars. Is the patient ill? Hot dry planet in hot dry sign: in theory, this is OK. But the planet is retrograde, suggesting that something is amiss. Mars has only just turned retrograde, and so is almost motionless against the sky. This provides, in another way, a similar picture of stuckness to that which we have just considered. The bodily principles should flow smoothly; stagnation is never good for them. Mars, then, in a hot/dry sign gives us a picture of lots of choler with no channel for release - much like a crowd of people trying to squeeze through a narrow gap: the natural flow is interrupted as none of them is able to pass.

Our first suspect for significator of the illness is the dispositor of the main significator, in this case Jupiter. Jupiter is confirmed as the culprit by the Moon, which is just separating from aspect to it. This is an illustration of the need, mentioned above, to consider all the planets, not only Mars, Saturn and Mercury, from which the Moon separates.

Jupiter is a hot moist planet in a hot moist sign: again we have an image of excess. 'Hot and moist' leads us to the blood: there is, as it were, too much blood. Jupiter signifies the expulsive faculty, and with such an indication we would expect symptoms such as nose-bleeds as the body attempts to rectify the situation by expelling some of this excess blood (and so there were). That the fifth house is afflicted by the presence of debilitated Venus, while the ruler of that house is that stagnant Mars, suggests that the seat of the problem is in the liver.

While the immediate issue is the excess of blood, there is an underlying situation where there is too much heat in general. Or, rather, too much heat that is unable to pass through the system as it

should. This is a common disorder, as an excess of fire is a particularly difficult matter to treat in modern society. In the workshop we take care to remain on difficult terms with certain of the neighbouring tribes, so that whenever a few of the stable-lads show signs of such an excess of heat we can provide a release for this energy by packing them off to attack the barbarians with slings and arrows. Our informants in the modern world suggest that such behaviour is no longer socially acceptable.



De fornace anatomica.

This is indeed a problem, as it leaves little scope for burning off such excess fire, which consequently stagnates with the most unfortunate consequences. Sport does offer something of an outlet, particularly those sports that allow the possibility of metaphorically killing one's opponent; but for all that football is famously more important than life and death, sport is rarely, if ever, played as if this were truly so - even at the most competitive levels. Without such intensity, the furnace that is the human being fails to reach sufficient temperature to successfully work the alchemy of transforming this surplus energy. (That the alchemist's furnace is shown in human form makes an important point.) Competitive sport is a useful tool, and is far better than doing nothing at all; but it has its limitations.

As does attacking the barbarians, of course: the warrior chases his ideal of Battle as assiduously, but with just the same frustration, as the philanderer searches for the face that launched a thousand ships. Certain military codes - chivalry, the samurai - have striven to bring conflict as close to the ideal as possible by excluding as much as possible of the worldly dross; but, constrained by Saturn, the warrior must always fight this battle here and now, not the ideal of battle then, and this battle here and now has always its spots and blemishes. From time to time, however, the sportsman, the berserker, or even the lover may be vouchsafed the experience of being 'in the zone'. When such happiness falls is when the furnace does, like a firestorm, generate its own power; this is when the surplus energy is transformed - the solution which we seek.

### *Is She Pregnant?*

An apprentice sent an interesting chart for a horary asked by a panic-stricken lothario: 'My girl-friend thinks she is pregnant. Is she?'

We have found that in similar questions the odd fad of saying that 'we' are pregnant can cause confusion; despite the best efforts of Richard Dawkins and his chums, while it may take two to tango it is still only one of them who ends up carrying the baby. So we look to the seventh house (the girl-friend) and the fifth from the seventh (her baby). Neptune is close enough to the cusp to be significant. On a house-cusp it seems to be a reliable indicator of illusion or deceit in or from that area. So this is one testimony that she is not pregnant. As ever, the contribution of the outer planets is unnecessary: judgment is clear without them. The lord of the fifth (the prospective baby) is on the turned eighth cusp: the girl is about to menstruate. And so it proved. On occasion we can indeed do as Mr Lilly tells us we may - set the chart and draw judgment instantly. We might also note here that both the querent and his girl-friend are combust: they can't see; so whatever they think is likely to be wrong.

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## FOOTBALL ROUND-UP

Lack of space means that our football column must be held over to the next issue. Eagle-eyed readers will have noted a misprint in issue 17, where we correctly forecast that Arsenal would not win anything last season, but suggested that they might the next. As the chart makes clear, 'the next' is the season just starting, 2001/2, not 2000/01 as printed. The horary prediction that Manchester United would retain the Premier League title last season may have been less than astonishing; the important point is that it was based on - and only on - sound astrological principles.

Looking ahead to the end of the coming season, the final of the European Cup - what Mr Orwell refers to as 'the Champions' League' - will be held in Glasgow. The time given is 7.45 BST on May 15th, but UEFA are avid readers of *The Astrologers Apprentice*, and are not above thwarting our predictions by last-minute changes in schedule. We will print the chart in the next issue; our forecast is that the favourites will win 2-1 in normal time, having conceded the first goal. We have not considered the path to the final astrologically, but Real Madrid are so clearly the strongest team in Europe that recipients of the William Hill Awards may find it worth their while backing them to win the final 2-1.

## NEPTUNIA REPLIES...

*Dear Neptunia*, I am so confused; I know only you can help me. My boyfriend tells me that we live on an insignificant planet circling a mediocre star, and that space is so huge that we cannot possibly be important enough to warrant the receipt of any planetary influence. What should I do? *Yours despairingly, Tracey*

*Dear Tracey*, I assume that you have tried the obvious, and thrown a bucket of water over him. This can work in the early stages of this condition, although you will soon find that his views are expressed with so much choler that any water thrown turns merely into steam.

It sounds to me as if he has been getting into bad company, talking to that Gary Galileo and other members of his motorcycle gang. Now, Gary is plainly a clever chap, but turned to juvenile delinquency when he discovered he could acquire a reputation in certain quarters by flicking ink-pellets when the teacher's back was turned. Since then, he has been prepared to say almost anything on a dare, or to gain the applause that impressionable heads - like your boyfriend's, it seems - are only too ready to give. Perhaps when he has a few more grey hairs he will realise that giving vent to heterodox ideas before those too callow to know better is not big and not clever.

Gary may egg them on, but it is mainly the other members of his gang - that Dicky Dawkins, for one - who peep over his shoulders and giggle the kind of nonsense that your boyfriend has picked up.

Yes, Tracey, the universe is very big; and even Alfonso, whom as I write I watch through my study window, emerging from beneath the bonnet of my Ferrari where he has been beefing the acceleration, is for all his impressive musculature, very small. But dimension alone means nothing. What is of significance is the infinite fecundity that fills this cold space. Our universe is not the vast emptiness of Saturnian dimension, but the endlessly rich intricacy of Jupiterian abundance. While looking outward, we may see it is very big; if we gaze instead downwards we cannot but marvel at the sheer much-ness with which this space is filled. As I see the sunlight sparkling through the tiny beads of sweat on Alfonso's biceps, that this *is* is sufficient proof of our centrality in a meaningful cosmos.

So I suggest you use something solid to block your boyfriend's ears until he has learned to use them with more discrimination, and encourage him instead to use his eyes. As for Dicky, Gary, and their leather-clad chums - I suspect they'll change their tune fast enough when the Policeman comes! *Your caring, Neptunia*

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