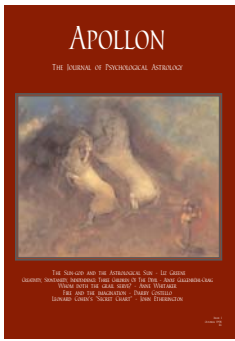


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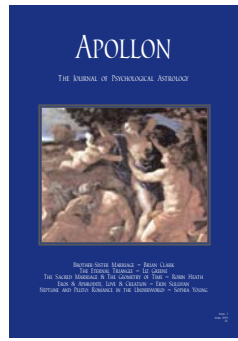
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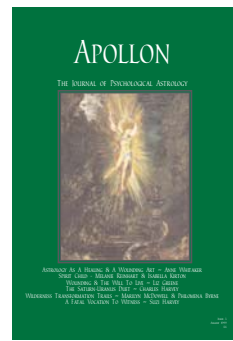
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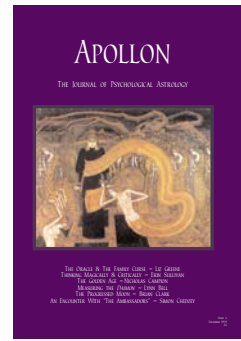
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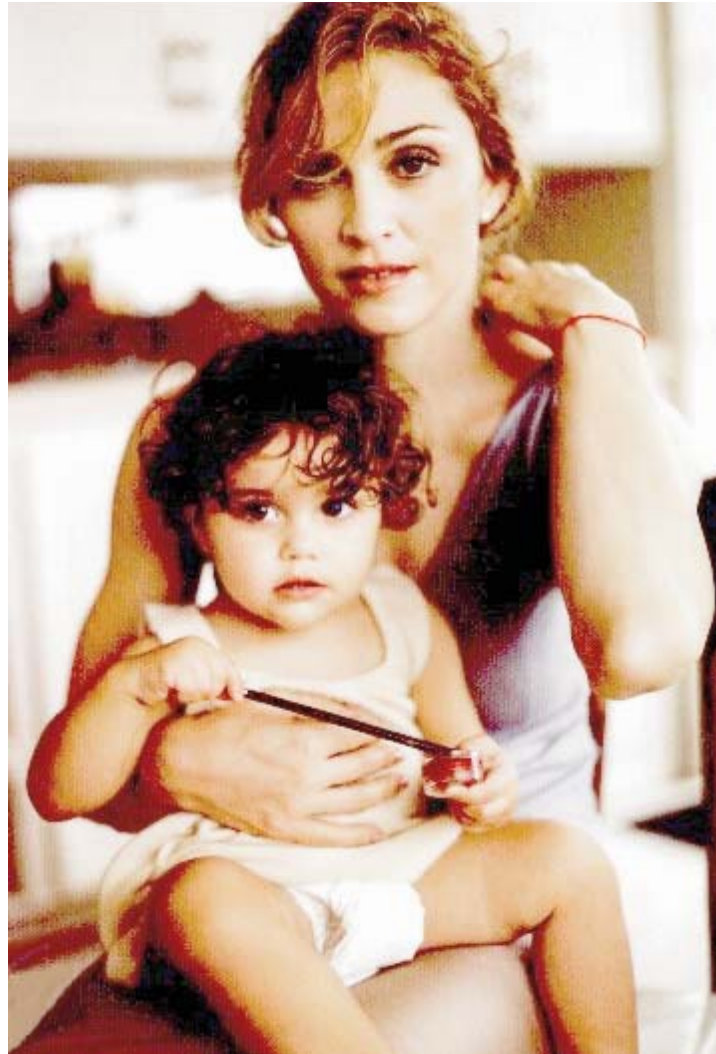


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Madonna and child



The Chosen One

Ferdinand Hodler (1853-1918)
Kunstmuseum Bern, Switzerland - Gottfried Keller Foundation

After an early period of uninspired naturalistic landscapes, Ferdinand Hodler turned to a style of flat, often repetitive forms, precise outlines, and rhythmic patterns that he termed "Parallelism." His works have a monumental effect. In landscapes and large murals, he presented his mystical preoccupation with the power of nature and the plight of humanity. In his famous mural *Night*, the ominous figure of Nightmare hovers over a group of restless, sleeping nude figures. Hodler's alpine landscapes and vivid portraits, such as his intense "Self-Portrait" (left), (1891, Musée d'Art et d'Histoire, Geneva), relate him to the fauvists.

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Cover Picture



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The Centre for Psychological Astrology

BCM Box 1815
London WC1N 3XX
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Tel/Fax: +44-20-8749 2330
cpalondon@aol.com

www.astrologer.com/cpa

Director: Dr Liz Greene

Admin: Juliet Sharman-Burke

Distribution:

John Etherington

Midheaven Bookshop

396 Caledonian Road

London N1 1DN

England

Tel: +44-20-7607 4133

Fax: +44-20-7700 6717

midheaven@compuserve.com

Advertising:

Anne Whitaker

74 Victoria Crescent Road

Glasgow

G12 9JN

Scotland

Tel/Fax: +44-141-337 6144

astrolacad@aol.com

Edited by:

Dermod Moore

4 Midhope House

Midhope Street

London WC1H 8HJ

England

Tel: +44-20-7278 9434

Fax: +44-20-7209 1648

www.astrologer.com/apollon

apollon@astrologer.com

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APOLLON

polon
haploun
iepaieon

he who causes the heavenly bodies to move together in harmony
the simple, a euphemism for the complexity of the oracle, which is also honest
to heal, also to throw or strike (with consciousness)
from Greek and Egyptian Mythologies, compiled by Yves Bonnefoy, transl. Wendy Doniger
University of Chicago Press, 1992

Editorial



Dermod Moore is a Dubliner. A former actor with Ireland's National Theatre, the Abbey, he holds the Diploma in Psychological Astrology from the CPA, where he is a student supervisor. He is a writer and columnist, and is in training as a Psychosynthesis therapist. He practices as a psychological astrologer in London's Neal's Yard Therapy Rooms. He moderates the discussion group on the Internet on psychological astrology, and runs the Metalog Directory of Astrologers at www.astrologer.com.

Thanks to Cathy Casey for the Rose story.

We never stop being children at heart, if we're lucky; without that curiosity and playfulness, that mania and risk-taking, we lose the point of living. Just as we went to press, I was sent a lovely story by email, about an eighty-seven year old woman called Rose, who decided to go to college, because she had never been. She became a campus icon, immensely popular wherever she went, and she revelled in the attention. She was invited to speak to the students at a function, and she told them: "We do not stop playing because we are old; we grow old because we stop playing." She spoke of the secrets to saying young: the need to laugh and find humour every day; the need to have a dream - "Those who are without dreams are dead inside." On the difference between growing older and growing up: "If you are nineteen years old and lie in bed for one full year, you will turn twenty. If you are eighty-seven years old and stay in bed for a year you will turn eighty-eight. Anybody can grow older. That takes no talent or ability. The idea is to grow up by always finding the opportunity in change." And on regrets: "The elderly usually have no regrets for what we did, but for what we didn't do. The only people who fear death are those with regrets."

One week after she graduated, she died, and two thousand students attended her funeral.

"The child" is the seed idea of this issue, and, as ever, the contributors have each responded to the theme in their own unique way, reminding us, if we need reminding, of the diverse richness that is to be found in the seams of common experience.


Both Liz Greene and Darby Costello have drawn their inspiration from the sixties. With her customary incisiveness, Liz looks at the various ways in which successive generations reflect the values and drives of the sign placements and configurations of the outer planets, starting with a look at that turbulent decade, when the generation gap seemed at its widest. Through an examination of successive generations of the Royal Family, she explores how such symbolic shifts manifest in the lives of public figures. Darby focuses on those of us who were born in the sixties - a decade which has a special memories for her. In her piece, she captures the restlessness of the energy at work in the lives of those who were born in a time when "sex was fun, food was good, and water and sunlight were free and healthy" and the paradoxical way in which we, in so many personal ways, contend with the subtle erosion of those truths.

Dealing with the expectations of parents, when asked to comment on the chart of a newborn infant, is no easy task for an astrologer, and both Lynn Bell and Kim Farnell address this issue in two original, contrasting pieces. Lynn draws on the tale of *Sleeping Beauty* to caution us against leaving something out in what we say; Kim comes to (more or less) the same conclusion, but only after spinning her own vivid Chanderlesque tale, in her inimitable comic style.

Sophia Young, in a moving, bravely personal piece, reflects on her own life-threatening experiences of childbirth and mothering. She tackles head-on the guilt that many mothers feel when facing the implications (accusations?) of a stark Moon signature in the chart of their child, and does so with honesty and dignity. Following on, Philomena Byrne makes an eloquent plea for time and space in our culture, to allow room for meaning-making, and reflects on what is happening in our society when children are being medicated against mania and depression, in her thoughtful and challenging *Reflections* piece.

Both Christopher Renstrom and Erin Sullivan explore childhood in two longer, more in-depth articles; Christopher, in his entertaining retelling of sibling myths, brings Mercury and Gemini energy to life for us, while Erin looks at the complex issues at work in the liminal state of adolescence, drawing on the myths of Icarus and Persephone.

Let us not forget, Anne Whitaker is here to remind us of the Joyful Child, the one that is inside all of us. Add to that Juliet Sharman-Burke's continuation of her excellent Tarot series, focusing on the Fool archetype, and, a new addition to *Apollon*, a regular Film column by Kay Stopforth, in which she reviews *Sleepy Hollow*, and examines the charts of both director and lead actor, and I believe we have a full and entertaining issue for you to enjoy.

Our last pages are devoted to an appreciation of the life of Charles Harvey, co-director of the CPA, and regular contributor to these pages, whose passing has seemed difficult to believe for anyone who was lucky enough to know him. We have reproduced, with Suzi's permission, the words spoken at his funeral, as well as tributes from Liz Greene and Anne Whitaker. But we end with a wonderful demonstration of why he will be so sorely missed; a letter which he wrote for the students of the CPA, last November. Thanks, Charles. 

The Generation Gap

Liz Greene

In this article, **Liz Greene** takes an overview of the way different generations interact. With examples ranging from the estranged mother and daughter in the TV series *Absolutely Fabulous* to the “real lives” of the various generations of the Royal Family, she offers us an insight into how the symbolism of the outer planets manifests in the lives of each generation.

Like death and taxes, the misbehaviour of youth, we are told, is always with us. Complaints about adolescent flouting of parental and civic authority may be found in literature from Ovid to Shakespeare, and life amongst the medical students at the University of Montpellier in the 16th century, according to the outraged townspeople, was just as rowdy as it is today at Harvard Medical School. “Youth,” said Oscar Wilde wearily, “is wasted on the young.” The phenomenon of the “generation gap” has never been as vividly demonstrated as in the 1960’s, when the chasm between the conservatism of age and the iconoclasm of youth appeared all but unbridgeable. Bob Dylan’s seminal lyrics describe it concisely, although they hint at something far greater than the younger generation flexing its muscles against the older one:

Come gather 'round people
Wherever you roam
And admit that the waters
Around you have grown
And accept it that soon
You'll be drenched to the bone.
If your time to you
Is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin'
Or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changin'.

...Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land
And don't criticise
What you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is
Rapidly agein'.
Please get out of the new one
If you can't lend a hand
For the times they are a-changin'.

Yet to think in terms of an inevitable age-versus-youth conflict between authority and rebellion, between experience and naivety, between limits and exuberance, between

responsibility and freedom, is too simplistic. There are certain biological determinants which ensure that, when we are young, we have more physical energy; and psychologically we may have less containment and less rigidity when it comes to expressing ourselves, because the ego has not yet become “set” in its habit patterns and defences. Repeated confrontations with worldly limits may also sometimes, although not always, play their part in making us less inclined to take risks when we are older. The archetypal polarity of the *senex* and the *puer aeternus* reflects this inherent life process. But beyond these very general factors, the picture is more complicated than it might seem. Not only individuals may break the mould, but also entire generation groups. The face of the *senex* may reveal itself in the young, the face of the *puer* in the old.

Those who have watched the television series, *Absolutely Fabulous*, may glimpse, in the character called Edina, a florid exaggeration of the “flower power” generation which dominated the social upheavals of the 1960’s. Edina is a mother who is entirely identified with the more rampant form of the *puer aeternus*. She smokes dope, drinks herself into oblivion, pursues promiscuous and often disastrous sexual liaisons, dresses like a bad advertisement for psychedelic drugs, and thinks and speaks in a fashion which many people would normally associate with irresponsible, self-centred adolescence. Astrologers might recognise a mocking portrayal of the revolutionary thinking, incurable romanticism, and ruthless self-expressiveness of the post-war “me” generation, with Uranus in Gemini, Neptune in Libra, and, most importantly, Pluto in Leo. In stark contrast, Edina’s daughter, Saffron, is prudish, stodgy, studious, and deeply ashamed of the antics of her feckless mother. Saffron does not touch drugs, is wary of promiscuous sexual behaviour, dresses “like a Christian” (in the words of Patsy, Edina’s equally appalling crony), and eats sensibly. She is a realist who has no illusions about human nature, and she does not waste her time fantasising about how the world could be. She



Liz Greene holds a Doctorate in Psychology and the Diploma of the Faculty of Astrological Studies, and is a qualified Jungian analyst. She works as a professional astrologer and analyst, and teaches and lectures extensively throughout Europe. She is a Patron of the Faculty of Astrological Studies. She is the author of many books on astrological and psychological themes, including *Saturn, Relating, Astrology for Lovers, The Astrology of Fate, and The Astrological Neptune and the Quest for Redemption*. She lives in Switzerland. *The Mythic Journey*, written with Juliet Sharman-Burke, has been recently published by Gothic Image.

I “The Times They Are A-Changin’”, Bob Dylan, copyright © 1963, renewed 1991, Special Rider Music - www.bobdylan.com

Saffron and Edina
(Julia Sawalha and Jennifer
Saunders) from the BBC
TV series *Absolutely
Fabulous* © BBC



is so well grounded that she is incredibly, irredeemably dull. Astrologers might recognise a mocking portrayal of the pragmatism, cynicism, and brutal honesty of the generation group born with Neptune in Scorpio and Uranus and Pluto in Virgo.

This mother-daughter relationship presents us with a reversal which gives the series its punch and humour; and, although hilariously exaggerated, it is nevertheless a peculiarly truthful portrait of a particular dynamic between two generation groups in the second half of the 20th century. They are divided, not by chronology, but by attitudes. Here it is the old, not the young, who kick against the confines of *senex* codes. If we wish to understand the sometimes irreconcilable conflicts which are so often set in

motion between parents and children, generation groups need to be viewed, not merely from the perspective of age, but from the perspective of values. A generation group is not defined merely by time. It also exhibits inherent perceptions, responses, attitudes, and needs which make it unique. Generation groups reflect the quality, not the quantity, of the time in which they are born.

How long is a generation? A biological generation may be anywhere from fifteen to eighty years apart from its predecessor; we are dealing with the vagaries of procreation when we assess generation groups in these terms. Some people still in their teens have children; others wait until their thirties or forties; some men start second or even third families in their sixties or seventies; with the advent of Viagra, the eighties are entirely feasible; and with the possibility of freezing sperm for an indefinite period, there may be no limit at all, and a posthumous child may be engendered by a father who has been dead for a couple of centuries. Grandparents may be young or old, and it is possible, if one gets moving early enough, to be a great-grandparent at forty-five. But if we think of generation groups in terms of the qualities which they embody, then we need to avail ourselves of the broader insights provided by the astrological model, and consider the outer planets and their cycles.

Uranus, Neptune and Pluto in the birth chart portray three different but overlapping generation groups reflecting fundamental needs



Bob Dylan

and longings inherent in the collective psyche during the period when each of these planets transits through a particular zodiacal sign. We each belong to a Uranus generation, a Neptune generation, and a Pluto generation. We have more in common with the Uranus generation that lived 84 years previous than we do with those born only 7 years earlier. We have more in common with the Neptune generation that lived 178 years previous than we do with those who were born 14 years earlier. And we have more in common with the Pluto generation born 246 years previous than we do with those born with Pluto in the previous or following sign. These planets provide us with a complex mapping of the cyclical qualities of time and the growth pattern of the larger unity to which each of us belongs. They also tell us about how our particular Uranus generation perceives and pursues progress, what our particular Neptune generation idealises as the path to redemption, and how our particular Pluto generation mobilises when survival is threatened. Beyond our individual value systems and character qualities, we each belong to larger groups which envisage evolution, salvation, and transformation in different ways. When we respond, not as individuals but as units in a collective, we respond through the outer planets in the birth chart. These responses may be relatively conscious and in harmony with our individual values, depending on how the outer planets "sit" in the natal chart; but they may also be relatively unconscious or in deep conflict with everything we thought we believed in. We may be surprised, shocked, and even overwhelmed and fragmented when these deeper collective levels of the psyche are activated.

It should be remembered that, although Bob Dylan was catapulted into prominence as one of the major prophets of his generation during the great Uranus-Pluto conjunction of the 1960's, Dylan himself was not born under that conjunction.² Born in 1941, he belonged to the generation group with Neptune in late Virgo trine Uranus in Taurus. Personal planet involvement such as the Moon, Jupiter, and Saturn in late Taurus and the Sun in early Gemini conjunct natal Uranus and trine natal Neptune, and Mercury in late Gemini square natal Neptune, ensured that he was able to translate the vision of his generation into highly personal creative work. The timing of this was not accidental; Dylan entered his period of greatest creativity and popularity while the Uranus-Pluto conjunction of the '60's moved over natal Neptune, trined natal Moon, Saturn, Jupiter, Uranus, and Sun, and brought to flower the potentials inherent in the natal configuration. In other words, the collective needs of the 1960's dovetailed beautifully with the collective values inherent in



Mick Jagger
© Copyright 1999 B.Remer

Dylan's generation group, and his poetry and music thus became the vehicle for both. That remarkable trine between Neptune and Uranus which occurred in the early 1940's, common also to John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and Mick Jagger,³ seems to have reflected a vision of progress which embraced not only political and social change but also spiritual aspiration. That this configuration, moving from earth into air signs, presided over virtually the entire period of the Second World War, may seem strange in light of the promulgation of peace, equality, and spirituality expressed by these generational prophets, especially by Lennon in the song, "Imagine". But Hitler's Reich was also a reflection, albeit a vicious and distorted one, of a vision of political and social change combined with spiritual aspiration. Jagger, with his natal Sun and Pluto conjunct in Leo, is perhaps more in touch with the darker elements inherent in his generation group, as is demonstrated in the song, "Sympathy for the Devil."

Perhaps most fundamentally, these generational icons share the placement of Pluto in Leo. In terms of generation groups, when Pluto moved from Cancer into Leo, a profound change occurred in the survival mechanisms of the collective; and this planetary shift is perhaps the astrological signifier *par excellence* of an inevitable collision between parent-child generation groups. Those born with Pluto in Cancer tend, on the instinctual level, to perceive survival as dependent on family, community, and national bonds, which provide a sense of emotional belonging, continuity, and safety. These were the individuals who were prepared to go to war and die for King and country even if, as individuals, the war itself made no sense to them. Those born with Pluto in Leo tend to instinctively perceive survival as dependent on ferocious individuality and determined self-expression even in the face of opposition. Amongst these are the individuals who, whether through arrogant egocentricity or an intuitive perception

2 See Darby Costello's article on the Uranus-Pluto generation in this issue, p. 14. Bob Dylan was born on 24 May 1941, 9.05 pm, Duluth, Minnesota, USA.

3 John Lennon was born on 9 October 1940, 6.30 pm, Liverpool. Paul McCartney was born on 18 June 1942, 2.30 am, Liverpool. Mick Jagger was born on 26 July 1943, 6.30 am, Dartford. By the time the latter two were born, Uranus had moved out of Taurus into Gemini, but was still trine Neptune. It also now formed a sextile to Pluto in Leo.

King George VI & Queen Elizabeth



of the individual's power to create a different reality, made their own decisions about their personal destiny, and refused to fight in Vietnam.

Outer planet configurations between parents and children

Exploring the patterns of astrological generation groups can take us into many spheres of human interaction and endeavour, and a single article cannot possibly do justice to the depth and complexity of this theme. However, I will touch on one of the most valuable areas of insight which the perspective of astrological generation groups can offer - the interaction portrayed by outer planet involvement across two birth charts in parent-child relationships. Some difficult issues between parents and children may be reflected by conflicting aspects between the personal planets, reflecting deep dichotomies in personal attitudes and values. A boy's Mars opposition his father's Moon may lead to some energetic conflicts of will, and perhaps even to violence in some cases; but such conflicts are unique to those two personalities and do not invoke deeper collective forces. And some resolution is possible if the father can understand that his son is a unique individual with self-assertive needs quite different from his own, and if the boy, when he is more mature, can exercise the same objectivity about his father's emotional outlook and needs.

Other difficult issues between parents and children may be linked with Saturn and Chiron cross-aspects. The former describe dynamics rooted in personal defence mechanisms; the latter, although collective issues are hinted at, also enact themselves through personal defences against feelings of hurt and woundedness. A girl's Moon square her mother's Saturn may suggest a definite chill which dampens their emotional relationship. But some resolution may be possible if the mother can recognise the unconscious envy and anxiety which her child invokes in her, and if the girl, when she is more mature, can see beyond her feelings of rejection to the deeper meaning of her mother's apparently impossible expectations. A boy's Sun conjunct his father's Chiron may describe mutual hurt and misunderstanding; but some resolution

may be possible if the father can face his own feelings of woundedness and inadequacy, and if the boy, when he is more mature, is able to recognise his father as an ordinary flawed human carrying wounds inflicted by a world much larger than the family.

However, some issues are bigger and deeper than individual personality interaction, and any resolution may depend on a much broader perspective. A child may appear to a parent, not as an individual, but as a representative of a vast collective force which can seem profoundly threatening to all that the parent stands for and believes in as an individual. And when it is the parent who embodies the power and vision of a whole generation, the child may feel terrified and overwhelmed. Parents and children may also interact through the medium of outer planet aspects to other outer planets across the charts. In such cases, both stand for the collective might of their generation groups, and may have difficulty in perceiving each other as individuals unless personal planets are also involved in the configuration. Anyone who has perused the charts of successive generations within a family will have noticed the frequency of close contacts - especially the "hard" aspects - between outer planets and personal planets across the birth horoscopes. These contacts are often within 1° of orb. One may be forgiven for getting the feeling that there is method in this cosmic madness, and that when such links appear between parent and child, or parent and grandchild, some deeper evolutionary pattern is at work which involves the group as well as the individual. Individual reductive psychology may fail to penetrate to the meaning of the responses which are activated, and we may have to expand our psychological models to grasp what is at work.

There are, of course, individual dimensions to such contacts. Cross-aspects between the outer planets in one chart and the personal planets in another can be understood partly through the basic principles of synastry. For example, if a girl's Uranus is conjunct her father's Sun in Gemini, his lively, restless, and intellectually curious nature will activate the spirit of progress and inventiveness in her - not always in a comfortable way - while she, in turn, may prove - again, not always comfortably - to be a source of potential creative awakening in him. The disturbing, electrifying energy of this contact would be visible from early childhood, and such a cross-aspect between father and daughter could prove enormously creative and intellectually stimulating, as well as conducive to alienation. Or, if a mother has Mars in Libra and her daughter's Pluto conjuncts her Mars, that mother may find her daughter's obstinacy and

emotional fixity baffling, frustrating, and sometimes infuriating, while the daughter may feel deeply threatened by what she perceives as her mother's aggression. The explosive energy of this contact would likewise be visible from early childhood, and power battles would probably be inevitable between mother and daughter - although each may, with some consciousness, eventually help the other to be more honest about emotional and assertive needs and desires.

But interpreting such aspects in this way, while useful and valuable, may not go far enough. More is happening here than one person interacting with another. One person interacts with a whole generation, represented by the individual with the outer planet involved in the cross-aspect. The daughter whose Uranus in Gemini conjuncts her father's Sun will shake him up and make him think about life differently, not simply because he perceives her as inventive and rebellious, but because, for him, she embodies the enormous power of a generation group whose perception of human evolution depends on breaking down the rigidity of old and outworn intellectual structures. The mother whose Mars in Libra conjuncts her daughter's Pluto may feel overpowered and inclined to fight back, not just because she perceives her daughter as intense and inflexible, but because that child has at her back, like an invisible army, an entire generation whose survival depends on imposing a particular set of ideals of fairness and justice on human relationships. The relentless pressure of Pluto does not reflect the child's personal power-drive, but the bottom-line necessity of a collective which cannot tolerate any deviation from its vision of what is necessary in order to avoid extinction.

We can briefly explore a demonstration of this kind of parent-child generation dynamic through an example. Although their charts have been used *ad nauseam*, the British royal family is always useful in this respect, because the birth times are documented and the continuity goes back for many generations. Naturally, we need to work extensively with our own family charts to get a clearer picture of generational dynamics, because it is from direct personal experience and family "lore" that the deeper patterns of the generation groups become visible.

Generational games in the royal family

Powerful generational aspects may occur, not only between parent and child, but between the parent and the individual whom the child, when grown, chooses to marry. What

the family psyche needs but does not possess amongst its members, it tends to instinctively acquire through marriage, so that its myths and complexes can unfold and be worked through over the generations. It is therefore important, when examining family charts, to include not only the direct blood line, but also the spouses. For the sake of both brevity and clarity, I am listing only the relevant chart placements of a few specific members of the Royal Family, rather than reproducing the entire birth charts.⁴

The Royal Family

King George VI

Pluto 11° 34' Gemini
 Neptune 16° 30' Gemini
 Uranus 22° 07' Scorpio
 Moon 24° 51' Scorpio

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother

Pluto 17° 21' Gemini
 Neptune 28° 20' Gemini
 Uranus 8° 31' Sagittarius
 Moon 20° 24' Scorpio

Queen Elizabeth II

Pluto 12° 42' Cancer
 Neptune 22° 02' Leo
 Uranus 27° 21' Pisces
 Saturn 24° 26' Scorpio
 MC 25° 33' Scorpio

Prince Charles

Pluto 16° 33' Leo
 Neptune 14° 07' Libra
 Uranus 29° 55' Gemini
 Sun 22° 25' Scorpio
 Chiron 28° 13' Scorpio

Princess Diana

Pluto 6° 02' Virgo
 Neptune 8° 38' Scorpio
 Uranus 23° 20' Leo
 Moon 25° 02' Aquarius
 Venus 24° 23' Taurus

Prince William

Pluto 24° 09' Libra
 Neptune 25° 32' Sagittarius
 Uranus 1° 29' Sagittarius
 Chiron 25° 39' Taurus
 Venus 25° 39' Taurus
 Ascendant 27° 30' Sagittarius

There are, inevitably, links involving the outer planets between the Queen's chart and that of her father, King George VI; he had a conjunction of Uranus in 22° 07' Scorpio and the Moon in 24° 51' Scorpio, and this conjunction squares the Queen's Neptune in 22° 02' Leo. The Queen also has Saturn in 24° 26' Scorpio, at the MC in 25° 33' Scorpio, and both conjunct her father's natal Uranus. We may speculate about the personal issues described by the Saturn-MC-Moon contact across the two charts, and surmise that the emotional relationship between the Queen and her father was chilly but indestructible, and that a strong sense of responsibility and powerful but unspoken bonds of duty and social obligation replaced simple affection and spontaneous emotional exchange. But here we also have two outer planets in square across the charts.

⁴ Full birth data for the family members described: Queen Elizabeth II, 21 April 1926, 2.40 am, London. King George VI, 14 December 1895, 3.05 am, Sandringham. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, 4 August 1900, 11.31 am, St Pauls Walden. Prince Charles, 14 November 1948, 9.14 pm, London. Princess Diana, 1 July 1961, 7.45 pm, Sandringham. Prince William, 21 July 1982, 9.03 pm, London.

This is more difficult to understand, let alone summarise in a few words. Uranus in King George's chart exactly squares Neptune in Queen Elizabeth's chart. The spirit of progress, for those born with Uranus in Scorpio, seeks expression through compulsive destruction and rebuilding, through the mobilisation of survival instincts in the face of that which threatens life, and through courage in the throes of battle. Where a battle is not found, one will be created; in the King's case, there was sufficient battle going on in the world outside to satisfy any Uranus in Scorpio vision of evolution through crisis. In stark contrast, the dream of redemption, for those born with Neptune in Leo, is expressed through a fantasy-world where all is bright and beautiful, and where one's own life is both an act of sacrifice and a symbol of divine authority for others, similarly Neptune-bound, who seek release from their own dreary lives. The Queen both shares and embodies perfectly the mythic longings of her own generation group. It is not surprising that she is unwilling to let go of them.



Dodi Al-Fayed and Diana,
Princess of Wales

Here, two generations collide: the older, which lived through two world wars and made an ideology of facing the harsh truth and building on the ashes of what had been destroyed, and the younger, which preferred to turn its back on the bleak hardship of the world and pursued a fairy-tale vision of splendour and the divine right of kings. Such a square between parent and child, unless reinforced by personal planets, might not necessarily erupt in personal conflict. Here there is reinforcement: the King's Moon squares his daughter's Neptune, and his Uranus conjuncts her Saturn. He must have seemed emotionally erratic and compulsively depressed to her. She, in turn, must have seemed incomprehensible to him - and perhaps

to her mother as well, who also has the Moon in Scorpio - because the Queen is the vessel for the grandiose, chivalric dreams of a whole generation. That generation is certain of its special spiritual role, in love with a code of honour and excellence which, while noble and beautiful, may be too disconnected from the trials and tribulations of ordinary life and the egalitarian propensities of the present Uranus and Neptune transits through Aquarius. When Neptune transited through Leo, the world longed for glamour and magnificence, and needed shining models; this was the era of the great Hollywood film stars. King George VI may have found his daughter strangely arrogant and unworldly, not because of a specific failing in her individual character, but because something else, something pervasive and powerful and universal, peeped through the personal realism and tenacity of her Taurus Sun and Capricorn Ascendant.

Something profoundly intelligent appears to be at work in family patterns involving outer planet contacts. Prince Charles was born with the Sun in 22° 25' Scorpio, conjunct Chiron in 28° 13' Scorpio. The close conjunction between his Sun and his grandmother's Moon reflects their emotional closeness. The conjunction between his Sun and his mother's Saturn reflects the great weight of expectation he feels from her, and the degree to which it both limits and shapes his destiny. But Prince Charles also has a powerful outer planet link with the grandfather whom he knew only in childhood; Charles' Sun is exactly conjunct King George's Uranus. Charles, as an individual, embodies that search for the hidden truth which the King's Uranus generation group pursued as a collective vision of progress. He is, in a way, the culmination in personal terms of the strivings of his grandfather's generation. But Charles' Sun-Chiron in Scorpio also squares the Queen's Neptune. It is not in the least surprising that Charles has sought to pursue his own development, intellectually, emotionally, and sexually, in ways which must seem directly threatening to his mother's Neptunian dream.

Charles, in turn, must feel bewildered, let down, and perhaps subtly manipulated by his mother, and profoundly irritated by her insistence on clinging to an ideal which, for him, is no longer valid in the world he perceives around him. The Queen belongs to a generation group wedded to a glorious redemptive vision of grandeur and nobility. Charles also has Pluto in 16° 33' Leo. This is not in close conjunction with the Queen's Neptune, but it is a conjunction nevertheless. There is something in Charles which he shares with his Pluto generation: a survival instinct which depends on an



Queen Elizabeth II
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inner sense of specialness and a profound conviction that the individual's voice matters. In this respect he instinctively feels what his mother feels, not as a romantic ideal, but as a necessity - although the square between his Pluto and his natal Sun suggests that he is in conflict with his own generation group as well as with hers. He has more in common with his grandfather than with those of his own age.

Perhaps, on some deep and inaccessible level, Charles did not feel he had the power to stand up to that Neptune in Leo vision of *noblesse oblige*. His natal Pluto pulls him into collusion with it. So he chose (or had chosen for him, but nevertheless accepted) a partner whose planetary pattern added enough fuel to his own to challenge the generational dream described by his mother's natal Neptune. Princess Diana had natal Uranus in 23° 20' Leo, conjunct the Queen's Neptune. There is a certain inevitability in the way in which these two women polarised as the voices of their respective generations, and in the determination with which they perceived each other as enemies. Neptune in Leo dreams of redemption through a heart-fuelled vision of a higher, nobler world; Uranus in Leo perceives human progress in terms of the individual's capacity to break down existing authority structures to release the potential of creativity for the group. Diana's natal Moon in 25° Aquarius and her natal Venus in 24° 23' Taurus describe her own inner conflict with her Uranus generation group's self-willed ideal. But when one puts together the explosive combination of Charles' Scorpio planets and her natal T-cross, all challenging the Queen's natal Neptune, the *annus horribilis* takes on an altogether different cast. For the Queen, this marriage must have seemed to herald the disintegration of her most cherished fantasies of redemption, and Diana's generation

group must seem like a guerilla army determined to spoil the party and destroy the last vestiges of royal privilege and dignity.

Inevitably, Prince William will carry on this generational pattern, which hints at a long, slow evolutionary process working its way through the centuries. William's outer planets are closely linked with personal planets in both his parents' charts: his Neptune-Ascendant conjunction, in 25° 32' and 27° 30' Sagittarius respectively, is conjunct both his father's Mars-Jupiter conjunction and his mother's Ascendant. It would seem that his parents embody, on a personal level, that longing for spiritual enlightenment and hunger for meaning which is essential to the Neptune in Sagittarius generation's dream of redemption. The "New Age" activities of both Charles and Diana will undoubtedly sit well with their son's generation group. But William also has Venus and Chiron exactly conjunct in 25° Taurus, and his personal values, developing partly through hurt and sorrow, are not in accord with either his grandmother's collective romantic vision, his mother's ferocious collective self-expressiveness, or his father's compulsive collective survival instinct. William's Neptune in Sagittarius is trine the Queen's Neptune in Leo, and both share the fire signs' dream of a better, grander, nobler world. But for William, that world can be found only through a moral and spiritual quest, and not through an affirmation of personal specialness.

Making friends with the outer planets

In the old days, astrologers used to talk about the outer planets as "dumb notes" in a birth chart; they were "unimportant" and not considered especially relevant to the individual's life. Now we know better, and those astrologers who study collective trends know how very powerful is the voice of the collective psyche in

Princes William and Charles



terms of individual destiny. When the outer planets are powerfully linked with personal planets in the birth chart, the individual is, more than others of his or her generation, a mouthpiece for the collective. Such a person needs to be able to create appropriate vehicles for that collective vision, while still maintaining individual integrity and an ego strong enough to process collective energies through personal values, aptitudes, and experience. The child whose ego cannot contain these things may be swept along by the forces which reflect the *zeitgeist* under which he or she was born, sometimes achieving great creative expression and sometimes disintegrating into psychosis - or both. The child who fights against his or her generation group, and attempts to suppress the larger entity to which he or she belongs, may suffer equally. A sense of profound isolation may be one by-product. Another may be powerful internal and external eruptions which leave the individual feeling utterly powerless in the face of the forces of change. Links between parent and child involving the outer planets suggest that each can help the other to recognise and develop the gifts and perceptions of their different generational groups, perhaps contributing more positively to an evolutionary process in which both are required, willingly or unwillingly, to participate.

Sadly, such links often result in a furious battle which may be blamed on personal factors. Perhaps it was highly inappropriate for the Queen to blame Diana personally for her rebellion against the royal *status quo*; Diana was a mouthpiece for her generation, and those born with Uranus in Leo are not lightly predisposed to believe in Neptunian dreams. Leonine creative vision may be common to both, but these two outer planets are opposite in meaning and reflect, respectively, intellectual and emotional perceptions of the same dimension of life.

Neptune seeks fusion with a higher unity through idealisation and self-sacrifice; Uranus seeks progress through the creation of new ideologies. If a parent wishes to be helpful to a child when such contacts exist between the two charts, it may be important to recognise not only the child's individuality, but also what that child stands for as the representative of an entire generation. The wise parent will encourage the child to find appropriate vehicles through which collective needs and dreams may be individually expressed, rather than reacting blindly to what is perceived as a threat, or identifying blindly with what is perceived as the apotheosis of one's own generational dreams. A good example of the latter dynamic is the link between Joseph P. Kennedy's conjunction of Neptune and Pluto in Gemini and his son's natal Sun in Gemini.⁵ John F. Kennedy was perceived by his father as the living incarnation of Papa Joe's generational vision of redemption and continuity through education, social mobility, and political power. The result was, inevitably, that John F. Kennedy never had a chance to become John F. Kennedy, except in the context of his father's ambitions - not personal ambitions, but those of an entire generation.

A great deal of further research is needed to comprehensively map out these great collective *daimones* which flow down through the generations, described by outer planet links between family charts. And the natal picture is not the end of the story. Generation signifiers not only link up across the natal charts of parents and children; they are also mobilised at specific times by individual outer planet transits, and during those periods when the conjoined cycles of two or three outer planets reach a critical juncture. For example, during the period when Prince Charles and Princess Diana experienced the breakdown of their marriage, Pluto was transiting through Scorpio, activating not only their personal planets, but also the Queen's natal Neptune. For the Queen's entire generation group, this was a time of crisis and disillusionment. The "dirt-digging" propensities of Pluto in Scorpio, flushing out all those spheres where emotional dishonesty threatens survival, ensured that those born under the redemptive vision of Neptune in Leo were forced to face, at last, the impossible gap between their vision and the reality of human sexual and emotional nature.

As individuals, we cannot control or dampen such great collective movements. We participate whether we wish to or not. But we can choose to participate creatively or destructively. We can feel ourselves to be

⁵ See *Apollon*, Issue 4, "The Oracle and the Family Curse", for an analysis of the Kennedy family charts.

unwilling victims of malevolent external forces. We can puff ourselves up with collective dreams and convince ourselves that we are the embodiment of divinely inspired change. Or we can engage in the humbler, harder task of refining our own character and talents to act as mediators, contributing as best we can to the positive unfoldment of what is essentially a greater human necessity. We need to have enough consciousness of where our own individual personalities merge into something larger, in order to construct something valid and life-enhancing out of our generational needs and compulsions. We also need to offer our children sufficient wisdom and containment to honour their very different generational dreams. As astrologers, we may relate best to those clients whose outer planets are in harmony with our own; if we have Pluto in

Leo, we may relate better to those young people with Pluto in Libra than to those with Pluto in Virgo, and we may find it very hard to sympathise with the energies of the Pluto in Scorpio group, which we may experience as quite threatening. Neptune in Libra relates better to Neptune in Sagittarius than to Neptune in Scorpio, and Neptune in Scorpio relates better to Neptune in Capricorn than to Neptune in Sagittarius. Whether we are parents or astrologers - or both - the generation gap will continue to exist, not because age and youth are in inevitable discord, but because the great collective cycles require a different vision at a different time. While we may never personally share the visions of other generation groups, we can at least recognise that they are an essential part of a much greater unfoldment of life. 

We need to have enough consciousness of where our own individual personalities merge into something larger, in order to construct something valid and life-enhancing out of our generational needs and compulsions.

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Born in the Sixties - The Uranus-Pluto Generation

Darby Costello

Darby Costello compares her memories of the sixties with her experience of those who were born in that heady decade, and eloquently captures the spirit of the time, as well as describing the subtle complexities of those whose charts carry that unique signature of the Virgo Uranus-Pluto conjunction combined with the Neptunian dream of Scorpionic redemption.



Darby Costello studied psychology, philosophy, and theology at university in the mid-1960's. She then went on to study astrology with Francis Sakoian and Louis Acker, and also with Isobel Hickey in Boston. In 1971 she went to South Africa for a brief visit, and stayed twelve years. During that time she worked with the Museum of Man and Science in Johannesburg, recording the art and practices of the *samgomos*, the priest/priestess healers of Southern Africa. At the same time, she began practising astrology, developing a wide clientele over the years. In 1983, she came to London, developed her practice, and began giving workshops and seminars to various groups. In 1988, she joined the CPA, where she has been teaching and supervising students ever since. She also teaches for the Faculty of Astrological Studies, and teaches and lectures regularly throughout the UK and Europe. In 1996, Dorling Kindersley published *Astrology* in their "Pocket" series, written by Darby and Lindsay Radermacher. The CPA Press has published three books of Darby's: *The Astrological Moon*, *Water and Fire*, and *Earth and Air*.

During the late 1980's, students who had been born in the mid-sixties began arriving at the CPA. I had been looking forward to meeting this group, with their potent Uranus-Pluto conjunction, with Neptune in Scorpio. This configuration had begun to intrigue me, since I was now beginning to come across it in the charts of people who came to consult me. They were either in the middle of their Saturn return, or approaching it, and although over the years I had seen thousands of people through their Saturn returns and remembered my own, with its tensions and crystallisations, this generation was expressing a very different order of tensions and developments. There was another reason this group intrigued me; they were born in the sixties, and those were the years when my generation was young, and having a most extraordinary time.

One Sunday, standing around with some students after a seminar, we began talking about the sixties. I was regaling them with tales of that time, when we suddenly realised that the six people I was talking to had all been born then, and they all had the Uranus-Pluto conjunction in opposition to Chiron. It emerged that they were born over a five-year span, with Saturn in Aquarius, Pisces and Aries. One of the group said that he had the Uranus-Pluto conjunction in the 10th, opposite the Saturn-Chiron conjunction in the 4th, and both squared Sun in Gemini in the 8th house. He thought it ironic that sex had become so dangerous for his generation, as they had been born into a decade of such sexual freedom. He also said, "You had something to rebel against - your generation spoke out continually. There is so much wrong today, but I think we are afraid to speak out for some reason - though we feel the weight of the world's sorrow very much."

We spoke for a long time, and his words gave me a sudden insight into how generations interweave with each other in surprising and mysterious ways. For a moment, it was clear how the outer planets describe images, thoughts and notions which are absorbed in

infancy, and later projected onto the world and made real, while new people are being born taking in these new images and carrying them forward in time. This generation all had Neptune in Scorpio and Pluto in Virgo, and, except for the first and last years, they all had Uranus in Virgo too. The conjunction of Uranus and Pluto was in the middle four years of the decade. I began to note the different shared perceptions expressed by people born in the different time zones of the decade. I felt especially touched by the people born during this ten-year period, as they were born during the time when my generation was young, and awakening to life in a most powerful and unexpected way.

The sixties were a time of great awakening. The generation coming of age during that decade shared a vision and a sexual freedom that was unique and unprecedented. This was, at least partly, because of two little pills that had been designed in Virgoan research laboratories in Switzerland: LSD and the birth control pill. Neptune was in Scorpio, and sex, drugs and rock and roll seemed to offer a path to heaven on earth. It is ironic that the generation born during the sixties was born in a time when youth was freer to find physical, mental and spiritual satisfaction than all of the generations before them.

Pluto had been moving back and forth between Leo and Virgo for the last few years of the fifties, but by mid 1958 it finally settled in Virgo. Uranus joined it properly in 1962, and they worked the same field for the next eight years. Strictly speaking, Uranus and Pluto were not conjunct until 1964. They stayed close together in Virgo for the next four years. Through those four years, Chiron, as yet to be discovered, was opposing from Pisces. By 1968 most of the Western world had been touched by the change in consciousness that had risen, like a wave, through millions of young people, with their psychedelic vision, their sexual freedom, and their experimental way of life.

This psychedelic generation grew up, made careers, had children, and in spite of all that early freedom, became as deeply embedded in the world as any people do with time working through them. Today, they are mostly in their fifties, moving towards their second lunar and Saturn returns. Though Saturn has inevitably done its grinding work, many of them still carry some of the sense of wonder that was awoken in them as a group through their late teens and early twenties. The children born into that decade of radically changing consciousness are now all into their thirties, a few years past their first lunar and Saturn returns. They are now deepening into the world, and taking up their responsibilities, each in their own way; what they share, through the Uranus-Pluto conjunction, is unique in the last 2,500 years. These two planets have only been conjoined thirty times in this span of time, and never before in Virgo.

This generation was born into a time when sex was fun, food was good, and water and sunlight were free and healthy. During their years of sexual awakening, they had to contend with a sexually transmitted killer disease; though food continues to be plentiful in the western world, diseases such as anorexia and bulimia were taking their toll, and food scares were becoming more and more common. Drinking water began to come out of bottles instead of taps, and the heat and light of the sun were becoming suspect, as they filtered through our weakening ozone layer. No matter how much this generation wishes to live private lives out of the social mainstream, they are confronted with collective issues every time they make a private decision. Their Uranus-Pluto conjunction in Virgo, with Neptune in Scorpio, demands that they pay attention to a thousand small details and potential dangers. The trick - and Virgo is Mercury-ruled - is to find where and how to pay attention, so that day-to-day life is not swamped in ridiculous and petty discontents, and there is no time for realising the depths of spiritual satisfaction that any life requires.

In whichever house Uranus and Pluto fall, there is something to be done - something to be discovered, uncovered and perhaps recovered. This is the house where a pattern of order was broken in one's early life. The rituals and habits of ordinary development were disrupted, perhaps destroyed. One is later drawn, even driven, to experiment with new ideas, methods and rituals, to address the sense of fragmentation in the affairs of this house. Yet it is frightening to experiment, because there is a powerful, albeit unconscious, memory associated with experimentation in the affairs of the house concerned.

When Virgo is on the cusp of a particular house, we enter that house with a Virgoan and logical approach. When Uranus and Pluto are there, logic is turned on its head at each fresh approach. Because there was distress and disturbance in the things associated with that house in childhood, it feels threatening (Pluto) to experiment (Uranus) - but it is necessary if one is to feel the excitement of life, and reach the depths in oneself that nourish mind and soul. As Saturn describes the work that must be done to keep your personal life in balance, Pluto speaks of where you must abandon yourself for the sake of your generation's task. There may be some choice around Saturn; there seems to be none around Pluto.

In observing clients and students, and the growing body of friends who were born into this decade, I became increasingly aware of a number of different territories. There is the group born before the stage was set - articulating the transition between the old consciousness and the new. Then there are the people born between 1964 and 1968, when the Uranus-Pluto conjunction was most powerful. And then there are those born at the end of the decade, making a bridge to the next development, with Uranus in Libra and Chiron in Aries.

Though each group is interesting in its own right, for the purposes of this article I will concentrate on the middle group; those with the tight conjunction of Uranus and Pluto in Virgo. We can better understand the interface of their personal and collective lives if we divide them into three groups:

- 1 The first group has Saturn in Aquarius. Many of them have Saturn quincunx the conjunction and square to Neptune in Scorpio. (See figure 1.)
- 2 The second group has Saturn in Pisces. Many of them have Saturn conjunct Chiron and opposing the Uranus-Pluto conjunction. (See figure 2.)
- 3 And the third group has Saturn in Aries; nearly half of them with Saturn in a yod configuration with the Virgo-Scorpio sextile. (See figure 3.)

As they make their way through their years of fashioning the world, each group has a different responsibility, a different area of mastery, a different kind of structural "imperfection" to contend with. Describing and helping to understand this responsibility is the task of each astrologer, whether he or she shares these configurations or not. Working towards understanding one's responsibilities, both personal and collective, is a large part of achieving satisfaction and certainly part of the road to peace.

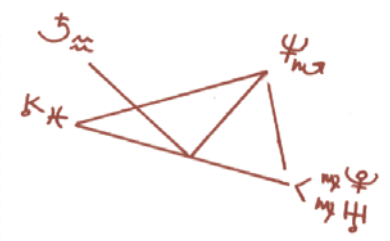


Figure 1

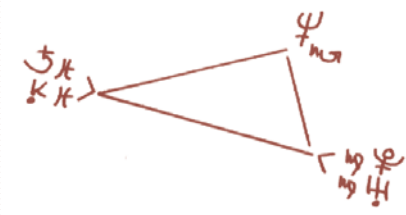


Figure 2

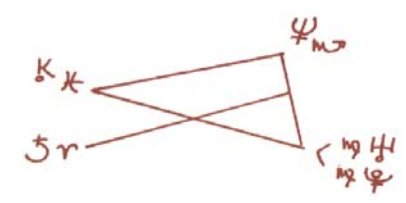
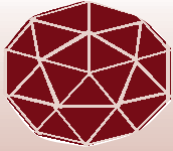


Figure 3



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The first group, with Saturn in Aquarius, is socially idealistic and they have to work, not only to keep their own ideals, but also to facilitate idealism in others. Those with their Saturns square to Neptune in Scorpio often experience, when young, psychological entanglement with the disappointed idealism of their fathers. Children with this aspect are attuned to where father was let down by his own authority figures, and so could not live up to his own ideal of himself. Most of the people I know with this aspect also have a memory of magic around their fathers - whether this is drowned or enhanced by other considerations is dependent on how the aspect is integrated into the rest of the chart.

Saturn square Neptune demands spiritual rigour - you can't leave the world completely, to develop your soul, nor can you give in to the world completely, and forget your soul. Those with the Scorpio-Aquarius square need to live up to their own social idealism while longing for profound emotional experience. In trying to bridge the two realms, they often find themselves dangling at the end of a rope, perilously close to the abyss. But when the bridge holds, they bring soul food right into the world and are deeply nourished in soul and mind. Uranus, as dispositor of Saturn in Aquarius, is in Mercury-ruled Virgo. With this combination of

planets and rulers, mistrust and humour are appropriate companions on life's journey, and cynicism is one's greatest spiritual danger.

This group must regularly work what they must "give to Caesar and to God." Neptune's spiritual longing and Saturn's worldly demands never melt into something comfortable for any length of time, just as one's father never quite lived up to his child's or his own ideal, for any length of time. Thus do our souls struggle with the weaknesses of the personal and collective bodies through which we incarnate.

With Saturn quincunx the Mercury-ruled Uranus-Pluto conjunction, one is continually nagged by the need to fix something. What needs fixing, and who one decides should fix it, depend on house positions and other interweaving aspects. The things that need adjusting and fixing cannot be done automatically, or in a routine way. They require energy and audacity. But they can seem like distractions to finding oneself. These things, seen out of the corner of one's eye, keep one aware that the world is always out of one's control. This can be experienced as a constant torment, or as a call to attention that comes out of nowhere, and demands renewed awareness whenever one gets too lost in ideas and ideals.

The details of how it operates depend on the whole chart, and what sort of soul is inhabiting the chart.

Those born with Saturn in Pisces conjoined to Chiron in Pisces opposite the Virgo conjunction, were born into the years where traditional authority was showing its weaknesses more and more. In the landscape of my memory it is tempting to say that the only people we listened to were the poets and musicians, who spoke and sang to us - and most of them turned out to be less than holy. Saturn was conjoined to Chiron in Pisces - everything was falling apart and no one really knew what was going on. For we who were young, it was exciting. For those born into this atmosphere, it is a spiritual problem that filters into all sorts of small and personal areas of their lives.

To find authentic authority in oneself, one must generally find it in others first, in early childhood. We begin by imitating, and later work out what is appropriate to our own personalities, through the various Saturn stages. If, in those early years, one's authority figures were lost or confused, absent or, indeed, lying and betraying, it is difficult later on to find authority in oneself. Wherever the opposition falls in the chart, these people must confront inaccurate, imprecise, ill-founded, ill-advised words and actions. They do this from a stand that is mutability itself - with their Saturn conjoined to Chiron in Pisces, how can they be sure they are right about what they see? They must act and fail, and act again. Ultimately their guide and authority is Piscean compassion - a compassion grown through the waters of hurt feelings and bouts of helplessness. A difficult client with this configuration said to me, "I'm all about hopeless causes." I asked if he was referring to himself or others. Being a Scorpio he looked enigmatic and said, "What do you think?" I found myself caught right in the middle of the opposition, flung back and forth between irritation and confusion, on several levels at once. In the end I said, rather enigmatically, "Of course", and we slid into another gear. I felt strongly how the Neptune in Scorpio, with its mysterious conclusions, probably often acts as a release for the opposition.

Many of the men and women I know with this configuration are part of that dedicated band of "eco-warriors" that now live everywhere around the world, as guardians of various ecological systems. A client with the opposition across the 3rd/9th houses, and Moon in Sagittarius squaring it from the 6th, (see figure 4) was in this country to raise money for the tribal lands he was trying to keep ecologically balanced. "It is my job", he said, "to willingly

bother everyone around me all the time so that every detail I see of misuse of the environment will become someone's personal task." I asked him if he often felt hopeless, and he said, "Every day, but it hurts more to stop trying than it does to keep failing, and sometimes I actually succeed for a time."

The pain this aspect describes is never wholly personal - it calls for action, without the comfort of a consistent sense of hope. Those who cannot take action themselves, act as catalysts for those around them. Even those who experience themselves as helpless and obsessed, fulfil their generational task. They make others aware of where things just aren't right.

The last group born with Saturn in Aries has a fight on its hands, each according to his or her own Mars position. In childhood they experienced their father's battle for autonomy in the face of his own obstacles, and they generally found him too harsh, or not directive enough, in helping them foster their own self-discipline. Those who have Saturn at the apex of a yod to Neptune in Scorpio and Uranus and Pluto in Virgo, have their own personal struggle for authoritative action at odds with their need for deep emotional and mental satisfaction. Though each of their stories is unique, they generally share a struggle for self-reliance in the face of emotional demands and economic or physical unpredictabilities, according to the houses involved. When personal planets are connected to any of the points of the yod, fate comes through the planets involved. Looking in Lois Rodden's database I noticed an intriguing mix of pop stars, adventurous princes and porno stars.

My clients from this group are, alas, usually more conventional. However, many of them are no less courageous. Saturn in Aries always points to a struggle with developing an energy flow that serves oneself and one's work. With this yod, it can seem as though one should act when one can't, and be passive when one is full of energy. And then fate comes along and offers potential triumph if one throws one's energy into the battle, and simply does the work. Doing the work requires bearing failure, of course, and this seems to be the key for this yod. Those who were part of the protests and revolutions of the late sixties remember both the frustrations and the vibrant energy of the time. Those born during that time carry the need to fight for something and win. Those who risk failure do fail, but they also know triumph. Depending on the personal planets involved, triumph and failure may be intensely personal. But, because of the outer planets

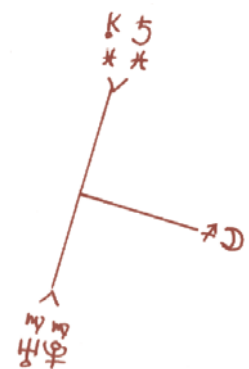


Figure 4

Wham!
 Roy Lichtenstein
 © The Tate Gallery

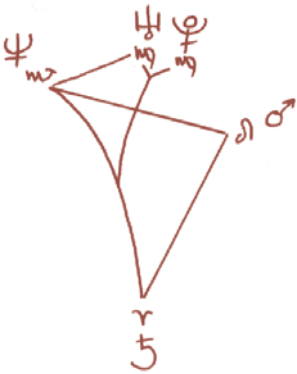
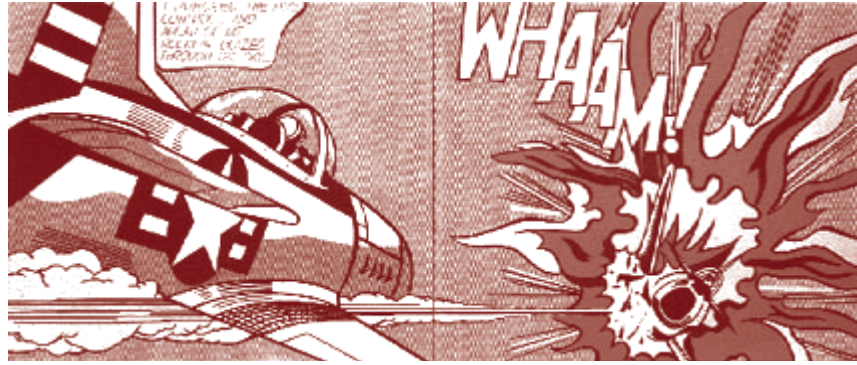


Figure 5

Darby Costello will be exploring the issues raised in this article in a seminar she is giving on the Uranus-Pluto generation on the 11th June 2000, at Regents College, for the CPA. See centre pages for booking information.

involved, even the most private acts of courage have an effect on the world outside ones private sphere.

Years ago, I was close to a couple whose five children were all born in the sixties. One of them had Saturn in Aries in the 4th, quincunx Uranus-Pluto in the 9th and Neptune in Scorpio in the 11th. Mars was in Leo in the 7th, and all his personal planets were connected to the configuration in various ways. (See figure 5.) Though he was a sunny child, with several planets in Leo, I used to look at that Saturn in Aries in the 4th and wonder if he would look back on his childhood as an unhappy time. There were moments when I would find him sitting alone, looking upset, while all the other children were leaping about in the field. His father certainly loved him, but he found this tendency to withdrawal hard to deal with, as he hid his own tender skin even from himself. He would try to tease his son out of these moments, but the teasing often ended in more hurt. When the boy was eight, his parents divorced. He rarely saw his father again, as his mother moved them to a different town, and later a different country. I lost track of them, but heard from him recently. He had not had an easy life up to now. He told me he'd been full of resentment around his father, blaming him for the "loss of my childhood". Then he'd married, and had his own children. When he left his wife, he still blamed his father, for "making me that way". Now he'd begun asking real questions. "I sound like I'm looking for God, but it's more than that - I'm trying to see

what is fate, and where the pattern can be worked with. It must be possible to do something that is my own decision. It so often feels like fate just takes over. I am searching for my own will."

The conjunction of Uranus and Pluto in Virgo, while Neptune was moving through Scorpio, signalled a call to plunge through and past the current rites and rituals of many aspects of daily life. A new approach to the Earth, to our bodies, to work and service, and to the connection between mind and matter was demanded. It sprang out of a hunger for depth, for intimate union that broke through the rituals and rules of social life at that time. We, who were young then, felt the touch of this breakthrough in many aspects of our lives, and, being an articulate generation, we sang and chanted our visions and our demands. The generation born during that time felt the call in the waters of their Earth bodies. As adults, there are those who play it out in quiet and personal ways, and there are those who leap into the fray, working for transformation and regeneration of all sorts of systems on the Earth. It depends on how other planets interweave with these transpersonals as to whether one's participation is public or private, but everyone is part of it. As progressions and transits touch these planets, new clues are given as to what is demanded and what is offered. The trick is to keep paying attention, with this Mercury-ruled field in hidden water worlds. The trick is to keep one's tool box up to date, and be willing to be surprised.

Melanie Reinhart

will be presenting a lecture entitled *Begin Your Future Now* at the **Mind Body Spirit Festival 2000**,
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 Take this opportunity to deepen your participation in the momentum of the new Jupiter-Saturn cycle.

The Thirteenth Fairy

Lynn Bell

At a wish-giving for the new princess in *Sleeping Beauty*, there was a uninvited guest, a fairy who bestowed a curse in a fit of pique for having been left out. As astrologers, dealing with the expectations of parents who ask for a chart to be drawn up for a new arrival, we would do well to remember this tale, says **Lynn Bell**.

Who among us has forgotten the christening of the King and Queen's long awaited baby daughter? Twelve golden plates were laid, with the best crystal and silver cutlery, and all the fairies were invited to drink fine wine and give their blessings to the baby princess. One had been left off the list, though - the one who was not so nice, whose eyes were a bit too narrow, whose nose was a bit too pointy, and whose tongue could be sharper than one would like at such an occasion. Besides, thirteen is such an untidy number, and twelve really seemed just right. Perfect, in fact, until a cold wind chilled the room and the door blew open with an outraged fairy in a very bad temper standing on the threshold. And if she hadn't seemed especially lovely before, she was positively awful now, all furrowed brow and twisted mouth and dark portents for eyes. She knew how to choose her moment, too, because all the others had gifted the child with beauty and sweetness and thick golden hair and the like, and they'd almost used up their wishes, and could only stand by helplessly as the outcast predicted that the child would prick her finger on a spindle and die.

That neglected fairy is like the thirteenth Moon: she pulls things off centre, she disrupts what is well ordered and comfortable. Her presence reminds us to pay attention to the irregular and unwanted, the frightening and the left-over. A new baby evokes fierce feelings of protection from adults, who naturally wish the best for their child. But the tale tells us that it can be dangerous to insist on perfection. In some versions of the tale, this fairy has been living far-away in an old ruined tower, not much seen of late, and simply forgotten. It is easy to forget all kinds of things, when faced with the magic of a new life. But forgetting, like excluding, brings with it certain dangers.

As astrologers, we are often in an odd position when a new child comes into the world, not so far removed from the fairies in *Sleeping Beauty*. Parents look to us with hope and trepidation, and our words carry great weight. In the Grimm Brothers' German version, they were not fairies but *Weise Frau*, wise

women. As Marie-Louise Von Franz¹ points out in her inspired commentary on the tale, these wise women were the midwives who attended births and knew healing herbs, but also carried a whiff of the witch. Primitive cultures honour but also fear those who straddle the gateway between birth and death. Midwives and shamans are tainted by the supernatural, even the most benevolent among them.

Most "serious" twentieth century astrologers have worked hard to streamline their image, and are, often enough, eager technicians, rational magicians with fast computers and reassuring explanations. All of us are seduced at some point by the golden numbers, the perfect cycles, the hidden harmonies of the universe. And yet, over and over again, we come up against the raw mysteries of birth and death, the feelings and fears of our clients, and the twists of their destinies. So looking into the birthchart of a newly arrived soul is a very delicate enterprise. We wish for the best, especially for the children of our closest friends, and yet we can't help seeing that Saturn square Mars, or a prominent Chiron and a loaded 8th house. Like the fairies at the christening, we speak of the good things, the talents and gifts promised by the birthchart. But then there is that thirteenth fairy. And perhaps it is because of her that many astrologers are unwilling to read the chart of a newborn child.

Whether "forgotten" or intentionally left out, the thirteenth fairy also speaks to our unacknowledged envy, the possibility that our thwarted desires for love or success, happiness or belonging, might erupt at the moment of a reading, and amplify the more difficult aspects in a chart. All of us have heard stories of words that lodged in a client's psyche, frightening words never put aside, sometimes blooming into self-fulfilling prophecies. And yet some difficult things need to be said. One mother has often reminded me of this. Her daughter was born with Mars on the Ascendant opposing the Moon, and I remember speaking (in what I hoped was a most useful way) of the highly charged relationship that can come with this



Lynn Bell has been an astrologer for 25 years, for much of that time in Paris, where she has an active consulting practice. She began teaching at the CPA in London in 1995. An international lecturer and teacher, she gives seminars in Paris and throughout France. Her first book, *Planetary Threads: Patterns of Relating among Family and Friends*, has been published by the CPA Press.

I The Feminine in Fairy Tales
Marie-Louise von Franz
1992, Spring Publications

aspect, and what to be aware of when it is present. I had no idea at the time, no more than the mother, that the chart I was looking at belonged to a little girl with a serious and rare genetic disorder. She became strong and vital, but was never able to speak and developed into a powerful, emotionally demanding child that required constant, often extremely physical attention from her mother for the first five years of her life.

It can be argued that the thirteenth fairy is no more than the messenger of the Fates, for the spindle is an attribute of the Moirae who twist the thread into being, measure it and finally cut through. Her envy can then be seen as something more than personal, as an insistence that the irrational and uneven be given its place at the table. Even in the best of families, where kind-hearted and generous parents watch carefully over a child, even in palaces, fate slips in. The King and Queen took precautions, of course; all the spindles in the kingdom were burned, but somehow one old woman was there in a tower spinning when the appointed day came round. The princess did not die, however, because the last wish, the thirteenth wish, made by a fairy who had not had time to bestow her gift, was one of reparation, of deep sleep that lasts a hundred years.

What to make of the thirteenth fairy's pronouncement, that the princess would die when she reaches the age of fifteen? Fifteen is the age of the first Saturn opposition, and it quite clearly marks the death of childhood. Some separation from the parents becomes necessary at this time - in our days it is mostly psychological and emotional, while not so very-long ago maidens were married and young men sent off to seek their fortune. Both parents and children can feel regret or resistance when this passage comes round, and if a child has taken a long time in coming, if she has been sighed for and hoped for during many long years, then her parents, like the King and Queen in our story, may be reluctant to end the idyll.

The plates at the christening were gold, and gold does not change or tarnish. But a spindle is always in motion; it keeps dancing, transforming raw matter into thread, into the stuff that weaves a life. This latter part of the story concerns our ability to step over the threshold into the next phase of life. Our princess goes exploring on the day of her fifteenth birthday, she turns the rusty key in the rusty lock, she reaches out for the unknown, and by touching the spindle falls into sleep instead. The whole castle falls with her into a suspended life. She was willing to touch the future, but fate had something other in store for her. The impene-

trable briar forest that springs up, trapping would-be suitors among its thorns, hints at fear of sexuality, regression, resistance. Sleep is both a metaphor for unconsciousness, and an attempt at healing - such a process can last a long, long time.

How to avoid such a state of stasis? We astrologers may help by giving small doses of difficulty early on, by showing, when asked, what work may be done. Who has not wished perfect happiness on a tiny new being? Yet no family environment is without its un-lived energies or forgotten aspirations. The willingness to include the uncomfortable from the very beginning, to acknowledge what is more easily left out, may keep things from getting wildly disjointed when a child reaches adolescence. In this way, we admire the golden, the promise of wholeness, but we also invite the thirteenth fairy to sup at our table.

In India, an uninvited guest brings great good fortune to the marriage banquet, I learned this as a backpacking traveller eagerly waved in off the street in Agra, of all places, after following the music of a wedding procession. Four of us were welcomed warmly, invited to eat exquisite food, honoured with smiles and encouraging nods. It is quite extraordinary to be treated with such gracious and unmerited openness. Why is it that at some times and places we are full of faith in the unknown, while at others we hide behind locks, hedges, and security guards?

Hospitality was sacred to Zeus, and many European traditions set a place at the table for the uninvited guest. Openness, above all, honours Jupiter, for it shows faith in what life can bring. Richard Idemon used to say that each transit was like a stranger knocking at the door. If ignored, the knocking got louder on the second passage, for the stranger was often a god in disguise. If, on the third passage of a transit, the god is still denied entry, he may knock the door down, or even reduce the house to ashes. Neglecting the thirteenth fairy is also sinning against Jupiter, for it honours fear rather than trust, and holds back growth in some way. What we include and what we exclude may very well define our fate, on both an individual and collective level.

A child arrives in a family as a stranger, a new soul with his own destiny to fulfill, and yet miraculously familiar, his eyes or ears or nose or smile just like mother's or father's. We know that children are more or less desired, and timing is not always innocent. Each new baby becomes a permanent transit to his parents' chart, embodying Saturn-Sun or Jupiter-Moon, and this tiny being can set off all

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kinds of previously buried landmines, or open up a whole new realm of growth for a parent. A child who comes under a Pluto transit to a parent's Sun may take up residence as an emissary from that underworld realm, at least for the parent concerned.

An astrologer friend correctly predicted the birth of his first son within a couple of hours - based on connections to the mother's chart around the due date. He knew ahead of time that there would be powerful Saturn contacts between his own chart and the child's, and this is not unusual when men become fathers for the first time. There was just one thing - the time he imagined gave a powerful 1st house, but the child came instead with four planets in the 12th and a Pisces Ascendant. That difference between expectation and reality brought quite a jolt of awareness. Once the child was there, however, he was helpless to do other than respond to the sensitivity and love his son awoke in him.

Each key passage in life demands a stretching of self. Parenthood may require new strength, adolescence pushes us out into the unknown, marriage demands the courage to commit, bereavement the courage to let go. We are more vulnerable than usual at these times and can be tempted to push our fears outside on some kind of external object. However, the more we include, the more we acknowledge the difficulties we bring with us, the greater the possibility of pulling ourselves together, and bringing different worlds together in the process.

The story of *Sleeping Beauty* is resolved, not so much by the right prince, as the right timing. He rides up to the forest, all those years later, the very day the spell is ending. Instead of thorns, he finds flowers blooming abundantly, and the briars part in front of him, revealing a path straight through to the staircase and the sleeping princess in her tower.

The counsel of patience or action is a fundamental part of any astrologer's work, one of the gifts we offer our clients. During this waning Jupiter-Saturn cycle, many of us have felt things ending, and it is not unusual for clients to leap over their anxiety by rushing into new projects, only to be caught in all kinds of complications. The waning cycle often holds things back, leaks energy away from new projects, asks us to wait till the time is right. It helps to become aware of the inner battle between old and new, to see what we are asked to let go of, or to put in place more carefully. In May 2000, all seven visible planets come together in Taurus, a time when new growth may more easily take root. The conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn brings the beginning of a new era. Our princess needed five conjunctions before she could wake up. Let's hope the same won't be true for us!

One last word about the thirteenth fairy - as frightening and destructive as she may seem, she too has a sense of timing. She burst in, not at the end of the wish giving, but shortly before. Her curse was terrifying, but by pronouncing the curse when she did, she left the possibility for transformation, for one last healing wish. 

A Celebration of the Joyful Child

Anne Whitaker

Those of us who are involved with healing work may often get immersed in how hurt children can be, and how those hurts last long into adult life. Here, **Anne Whitaker** rightly reminds us of the fundamental joy of a child's energy, and celebrates the "resilient, Joyful Child within all of us."



Anne Whitaker is an astrologer, astrology teacher, and writer based in Glasgow in Scotland. Her work has appeared in a wide range of publications, including the UK's *Astrological Journal*, *Astrology Quarterly*, *Self & Society*, *Apollon*, the USA's *Considerations* and *The Mountain Astrologer*. Her study of the February 1997 Jupiter-Uranus conjunction, "From erotic bathing to star gazing" is being published over three issues of *Considerations* November 1999 - May 2000. She is a tutor at the Centre for Psychological Astrology. Contact Anne at astrolacad@aol.com

I William Blake MS Notebook, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*, 1999 Edition, p 120, par 8

"...he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sunrise."

Introduction

Twice in the year, in February and July, I go on retreat for a week to the Orkneys, a storm-tossed scattering of green, fertile islands between the far North of Scotland and Scandinavia. It is an eagerly anticipated treat: hotel living and no domestic responsibility, surrounded by the sea and an ever-changing panorama of skies, which are an artist's dream.

An enjoyable evening during this February week was spent visiting old friends: one a distinguished pillar of the local community, still vital in his eighties, the other an extremely witty, erudite Sheriff in his sixties.

We had a splendid time - talking politics, learning about local history, indulging in that favourite island pastime of storytelling; having a good laugh.

Stepping outside revealed a magical night - thick snow floating down in the still, cold air, trees blanketed, ground covered. I couldn't resist it. Making a few snowballs, I threw them at a tree at the far end of the garden. Pretty good aim still! The Sheriff and my husband joined in - three middle-aged folk, happily hurling snowballs around like a bunch of six-year-olds. We strolled back to the hotel, feeling very cheerful. "That kid in you is still alive and well, isn't she?" my husband remarked. I realise that she is, and feel so grateful for it.

Defining the Child

A great deal has been written in recent years about the Inner Child, so much so that a whole branch of the therapy industry has grown out of it, along with Inner Child workbooks, weekend workshops, etc. The emphasis tends to be on the wounded, vulnerable Inner Child, carried to a greater or lesser extent by all adults; the focus, on attempting to heal that injured aspect.

Having been asked to write about The Child, and having reflected on the topic for some weeks, I want to celebrate the spontaneous, resilient, Joyful Child within all of us, explore how it fares as we mature. If we are lucky, this part manages to survive the batterings, brutalities and tragedies of existence, continuing to provide inspiration and faith that life is worth living.

Who, exactly, is this Child? The basic stuff of which s/he is made is the element of fire, that which the gods prized so much they wanted to keep to themselves. But Prometheus stole some, hidden in a fennel stalk, and gave it to us. He was savagely punished for his misdemeanor - but ever since, we humans have had at least one chip of that magical, divine substance lodged in us. Everyone has some; some people have too little, others have too much.

What is it? It's the spark of divine light, that which tells us we are special and immortal, that we're here for a reason, that our lives have a purpose, that we have a future worth seeking out. It fuels wonder, injects the passion of inquiry into mere curiosity, causes learning and exploration to be a joyful end in themselves. It gives the capacity to look out at the world with a fresh set of eyes, take pleasure at what's there, because it's new, exciting. It brings spontaneity and the gift of laughter. It fuels play, which is at the core of a response to life which is fundamentally creative and imaginative.

It is highly protective and supportive of life, especially when the going is rough, giving the hope that things will get better. It enables tough times to be survived, through the unquenchable belief that suffering may be awful, and protracted - but it means something, it is not just the random brutality of quixotic gods, or fate. It brings the capacity *in extremis* to laugh at the sheer absurdity of life, and oneself - a capacity which can drag one out from under the worst of times for just long enough to reaffirm that life, despite everything, is worth living.

The precious creature formed from such magical substance never grows up, in the sense of assuming worldly responsibilities, and never gives up on life's possibilities and delights. It cannot be ordered forth - just appears, then disappears: will o' the wisp.

Leaving the Otherworld

The advance through adulthood alters one's perception of what it is to be young. Having been scarred by life as we all are, watching a pre-school child absorbed in play is delightful, but also poignant. Delightful because it demonstrates clearly that there is another world than the one we usually inhabit, full of deadlines, duties and demands.

This Otherworld is full of goblins and fire engines, magic bubbles and imaginary friends, bright green tigers who speak, and amenable adults happy to give you the keys to the scary castle, where you can spend days of adventure without anyone telling you that it's impossible for giants to keep a special pocket full of ice cream that never melts, just waiting for you to come and eat it. Poignant because we wonder, looking at this absorbed child, how s/he will cope with an adult world, whose entry tariff is extracted from the struggle between the fantasy world of childhood, where anything is possible, and the reality testing which takes place as we grow and confront the limits which life sets for us.

The Saturn cycle offers a helpful containing context within which to explore how the Joyful Child within us fares as life's journey unfolds. There is a case to be made for not starting children at school until the first square of the cycle. Five or six, the common age, seems too early to remove children from the Otherworld of play and unbounded imagination. Shakespeare vividly expressed the average child's response to being dragged from the Otherworld:

"And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school."²

If we did start children at the later age of seven or eight, socially disruptive though that would be in many ways, perhaps it would give more time for the Joyful Child's domain to become established. Thus it might be easier for the growing person to retain contact with the Otherworld, as a source of inspiration throughout life.

Essentially, what happens from the time of starting school through the first Saturn

square, as we step across the boundary of family, is that the Joyful Child begins to hide, its energy becoming redirected, as we become more aware of ourselves in relation to what the outer world expects. By and large, that outer world is more interested in us being able to tie our shoelaces, read, tell the time, and be truthful, than it is in knowing what a wonderful chat we had in Chinese last night with the bright green tiger who sleeps under our bed.

Early adulthood

The first Saturn opposition, at 14/15, is the point where we take bigger steps out of family, begin to challenge parental authority, and move towards greater identification with the peer group. The need to play and day-dream, which is fundamental to the Joyful Child's world, and the creative energy fuelling these activities, gets sublimated further at this point. It channels into the pursuit of achievement of an academic or vocational nature, and exploration of the exciting, troubling world of relationship and emerging sexuality as bodily changes propel the young person towards physical adulthood. The Joyful Child's impetus towards discovery and exploration of the new, engages in a complex dance with the tough realities that are also emerging. Too much time spent playing, not enough on taking responsibility, can have a high emotional cost, e.g. exam failure or unwanted pregnancy.

The waning square, at 21/22, brings with it the world's expectation that we should begin to assume adult responsibility, get a job if we've been studying for years, get serious. Many people marry or enter into long-term partnerships at this stage, perhaps out of unconscious fear of facing the adult world and its responsibilities alone. I have gained the impression from my varied professional work with people of differing ages over a long period of time, that part of the vulnerability of this life stage comes from a realisation that childhood is, indeed, over.

Recently I came across a scrapbook of newspaper cuttings from a column I wrote in my early twenties. In it was a piece called "Thoughts on Childhood" which supports the view just expressed:

"I am close enough to childhood for my memories still to be clear and reasonably untainted by the rosy hues of nostalgia, although I realise now that as soon as we have ceased to be children, the world of childhood becomes a closed world to us, one which we can never recapture, except through flashes of memory and watching our own children grow up. As adults, no matter how hard we wish to

² *As You Like It* (1599) Act 2, sc 7, l 139, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*, 1999 Edition, p 658, par 26

recapture the feeling of childhood, we must always remain 'watchers by the threshold.'"³

This is a critical age, in terms of the emerging individual's capacity to retain that spark of vital creative energy which ensures that engaging with the world as it is does not mean stifling the Joyful Child, who has been curbed by now, and knows that much of the time it's not safe to be too overt. But it is important that the rechannelled energy continues to flow. It can express itself in passionate commitment to a career, as opposed to working purely to provide life's necessities. It can manifest through joy in good friends, or absorbing hobbies and interests outside work. For some people, early parenthood brings, along with responsibility, the opportunity to view the world again through the eyes of their growing children.

There is also a direct route for expression through the sheer animal vitality of youth, which all by itself can make life feel worth living. I recall a middle-aged male friend of mine's recent comment on seeing a young man running effortlessly up several flights of stairs recently, not because he had to, just because he could. "I can't do that any more - my back's too bad!" remarked my friend. "It made me feel wistful, reminded me of the youthful grace and energy which I once had."

Point of entry

From the Saturn return at 29-30 onwards, the major underlying task changes: from discovering the overall shape of who you are in relation to your own life, to beginning to use the platform you have built as support in offering your unique contribution to the wider world. By this stage, the balance achieved between necessary realism and the joyous, inspirational, creative aspects of life, is crucial to how the next fifteen years unfold. The poet Dylan Thomas senses and honours the presence of the child he was, in his marvellous *Poem in October*, written on his thirtieth birthday:

"And I saw in the turning so clearly a child's forgotten mornings.....where a boy.....whispered the truth of his joy
To the trees and the stones and the fish in the tide."

In the poem's last verse, he writes:

"And the true
Joy of the long dead child sang burning
In the sun."⁴

For Dylan Thomas, as for many poets and even more for us ordinary citizens, being in nature can powerfully evoke that within us

which never ages, which rejoices in being alive, and is powerfully connected to the endless cycle of birth, maturation, decline, death and return.

The thirties and forties are decades where a major challenge lies in the grinding process of reality testing our hopes, wishes, dreams and ambitions against the world as it is. Most of us eventually get to the Saturn opposition of the mid-forties: we are still here, we may still be functioning tolerably well, but we're not young any more.

Midlife

From the mid-forties on, we only have to look in the mirror, or realise that our idea of a good Friday night is increasingly of going to bed early, not with a hot lover, but with a good book, to be aware of the relentless advance of mortality. It becomes harder at this stage for most people to keep in touch with the Joyful Child, keep its energies flowing. For many people, brutalities of an environmental, political, social or personal nature have borne down so hard that the vital spark of life borne by the Joyful Child can now fuel only the dogged survival instinct.

I have found that one of the compensations of middle age is deeply paradoxical, and was first alerted to it a few years ago by a comment made by my late mother-in-law, then approaching eighty. The way she dealt with an old age full of physical infirmity was inspiring. She had a lively sense of fun and humour, maintained great interest in the wider world, as well as that of her own family and friends, and kept up a prodigious correspondence right up to the end of her life. The Joyful Child in her was alive right to the end, sustained in her case by a strong, ecumenical religious faith. "You know," she said, "occasionally when I'm not thinking about anything in particular, I catch sight of my face in the mirror and get an awful shock. I see an old woman's face looking out at me - but inside I don't feel old at all - I feel just the same as I did when I was young."

The paradox is this. The body ages to the point where you are faced with increasing physical evidence of the passage of time; but an opportunity can also slowly arise to perceive, with a clarity not possible in youth, that this ageing body has been carrying something else through life which is different, ageless, separate from the physical - that spark of immortality which comes in some time before birth, flying free at physical death. Thus, as mortality's approach becomes more and more difficult to ignore, a major compensation can be offered by that which is clearly immortal becoming more and more evident by contrast.

3 *Thoughts on Childhood* from *Personally Speaking* column, *Stornoway Gazette*, September 1970
4 *Poem in October* from *Dylan Thomas Collected Poems 1934-52*, Aldine Press, 1972 Edition, pp 96-7

Midlife can be a depressing time. Vitality declines, children have either flown the nest and you miss them, or have their own problems which can bring yet more responsibility to you at a stage in life where you are tired of being responsible. Careers can pall. Dear friends die. You realise how fleeting life is, and how little of it you have left. But as always, there are choices. The paradox noted above brings a great opportunity for reorientation and renewal. Increasing trust in the immortal spark within, that Joyful Child which has survived the batterings of life, and still retains a sense of the importance of making a creative response, can strengthen existing belief that life continues in some form when the body dies - or help that belief to grow.


Conclusion

I would like to conclude by returning to what I have called the Otherworld, that magical domain which is the natural habitat of the Joyful Child. Its importance was highlighted in the 18 March copy of the magazine *The Week*, where Jolyon Connell was writing

about a current "golden age for children's fiction" with reference to an article by S.F. Said.⁵ The success of current children's authors, led by Roald Dahl and J.K. Rowling, "owe as much to the way they appeal to grown-ups as well as children - and not just for nostalgic reasons." Connell observed that in those writers one finds good old-fashioned storytelling, strong plots, and that quality which is present in all the best children's books, but often missing in adult ones, i.e. a sense of wonder, of "being alive to the world." He concluded by putting forward Said's view that many adult readers to their own children are discovering afresh, through the works of Dahl and Rowling, what great writers have always known: children's stories can touch "those parts of us that haven't yet become bored, damaged or embarrassed by existence - and can help those parts that have."

A prescription for helping to keep the Joyful Child alive? Go and read the Harry Potter books...!

5 *The Daily Telegraph*, week beginning 13 March 2000. Quoted in *The Week*, 18 March 2000, p 3

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The Romance of Sibling Rivalry:

Mercury, Gemini, and the *Enfant Terrible*

Christopher Renstrom

In his exploration of various sibling relationships in myth, such as Cain and Abel, and Jacob and Esau, **Christopher Renstrom** looks at the many facets of Mercury and Gemini. "Like any Mercury story, what's important is what happens along the way."

"The world owes its enchantment to these curious creatures and their fancies,

but its multiple complicity rejects them.

Thistledown spirits, heart-rending in their evanescence, they must go blowing headlong to perdition. And yet, all started harmlessly, in childish games and laughter..."

Jean Cocteau'

Jean Cocteau's novel, *Les Enfants Terribles*, is the story of two precocious siblings who refuse to grow up. An *enfant terrible* is a child who is more sophisticated than he or she ought to be - a free spirit, an unholy terror who wreaks havoc on the lives of those seeking a more orderly existence.

The Cocteau novel is a bittersweet ode to the first and most complex of relationships (if one can call it a relationship in a societal sense) - the sibling. Paul and Elizabeth live in a world of their own making, replete with rituals, symbols, and sly gestures. They are so perfectly in sync with each other that neither one is capable of joining, much less recognizing, the outside world. Like the two parts of a bicameral mind, they constantly bicker and fight for dominance in their see-saw existence. Yet neither one can jump off without dooming the other. They are like psychic Siamese twins.

In astrology, the air signs are given jurisdiction over relationships. Indeed, the three stages of relating can be seen as one progresses from Gemini to Aquarius. Gemini rules over siblings. Libra rules partnerships. Aquarius is about one's place in the larger group or community. It's tempting to read this in terms of an evolutionary ladder that one scales in order to achieve social happiness and fulfillment. But does that somehow indicate there's something backward about sibling ties? Do Geminis (or people whose Sun falls in the 3rd house, or who have a strong Mercury signature in their charts) need to develop a more Libran or Aquarian sensibility in order to become socially acceptable? Might there not be something built into Gemini - or for that matter, Gemini's ruling planet

Mercury - that urges this person to develop along his own unique path? A path that perhaps we don't understand, because it doesn't fit our model of what an "adult" relationship should be?

Mercury is all about doubling. In fact the Greeks named the planet twice. It was called "Apollo" when it appeared as the morning star and "Hermes" when it was the evening star.² In Virgo, we see it as the Mother/Daughter pairing (or the Demeteres)³, but in Gemini, Mercury rules the Twins. The planet of thought and communication, Mercury has a reputation for being the *enfant terrible* of astrology. Rarely depicted as a mature figure, he is often described as the trickster/thief, who bestows a love of words and precociousness on those born under his influence.

For the most part, Mercury is overshadowed by the Sun, Moon, and/or Venus in a chart reading. Relegated to the marginal heading of "this is how you think", Mercury is skipped over, almost as quickly as he skips about. There are attempts to dress him up in his *psychopompos* mantle - to make him appear somehow more "hermetic" - but he seems as comfortable with that as a child forced to put on Sunday clothes. Mercury's particular genius comes from his love of play. Everything is a game to this planet. Yet playing games doesn't sit well with many people. Games are for kids, not adults. If someone is playing with you then that means you're being deceived, led astray, made to look like a fool. What if you play and you lose? You could forfeit everything you have. Games are mischievous. Yet the rules of a game are the first set of rules we learn. Game playing is more than just recreation for Mercury. Game playing is how this mythological god made a place for himself at a dinner table where all the best seats had been taken. Mercury dealt himself in.

Mercury is also known as Hermes - the trickster thief. Fathered by Zeus and born of a single mother, Maia (one of the seven virgin sisters or the Pleiades) Hermes is up on his feet minutes



Christopher Renstrom is based in New York, has been a full time astrologer since 1985. He originated the monthly horoscope column for *Allure* magazine (Condé Nast) in 1991, and has been writing it since. In 1997, Christopher was approached by *The San Francisco Chronicle* to write the daily horoscopes for the paper, replacing the late Jean Dixon. His column appears every weekday and on *SFGate.com*, which is the web-site for the *Chronicle*, the *Examiner*, and KRON-TV. Last year, he signed with the *Chicago Tribune* Syndicate to write an astrology Q&A column titled *Ask the Stars*, a sample of which can be viewed at <http://emuse.tms.tribune.com/> His first astrology book will be published by Harper Collins next year. He has appeared a number of times on *Good Morning New York* and MSNBC. Also a playwright, four of Christopher's five plays have been produced Off Off Broadway.

1 *Les Enfants Terribles* Jean Cocteau, trans. Rosamond Lehman. New Directions. 1957

2 "Mercury has been known since at least the time of the Sumerians (3rd millennium BCE). It was given two names by the Greeks: Apollo for its apparition as a morning star and Hermes as an evening star. Greek astronomers knew, however, that the two names referred to the same body. *The Nine Planets: A Multimedia Tour of the Solar System*. Bill Arnett. www.seds.org/nineplanets/ 3 "Kore, the Girl, is so intimately associated with her mother Demeter that they are often referred to simply as the two goddesses or even as the Demeteres."

Greek Religion. Walter Burkert trans. John Raffan. Harvard University Press 1985

4 The story of Hermes' birth, cattle theft, and subsequent confrontations with Apollo and Zeus can be found in *Hermes: Guide of Souls* Karl Kerényi, trans. Murray Stein, Spring Publications Inc. 1987; *The Gods of the Greeks* Karl Kerényi trans. Norman Cameron, Thames and Hudson 1994; *Early Greek Myth: A Guide to Literary and Artistic Sources* (Vol 1) Timothy Gantz, The Johns Hopkins University Press 1993

after he enters the world, taking in everything around him. One of the first things he spies at the mouth of his mother's cave is a tortoise, whom he praises, and says will sing beautifully after it's dead and gone. This makes no sense to the tortoise, who never lives to understand Hermes' words, because Hermes kills it, scoops the meat out of its shell, ties seven strings of sheep gut across the rim and invents the lyre. This ability to size up a situation, and conceive of possibilities that aren't apparent, is characteristic of those who have Mercury strong in their charts. Their swift discovery, spontaneous analysis, and immediate understanding of what to do next can leave everybody else feeling baffled like the slow-moving tortoise.

Hermes then hatches a plan to steal his half-brother Apollo's cattle. This was during Apollo's pastoral phase, when the Sun god thought he might try his hand at animal husbandry. By leading the cattle out of their stalls backwards, Hermes was able to make it look as if Apollo's herd had come home at the end of the day and then vanished mysteriously into thin air. Which was exactly what Apollo thought. However, he did smell a culprit and hastened to Maia's cave, where he found Hermes napping sweetly like a baby.

When confronted, Hermes feigns innocence. He doesn't know anything about any cattle. He's obviously still a baby - barely more than a day old. How could Apollo be so cynical as to suspect such a thing? But Apollo will have none of it, and drags the child-god off to Mount Olympus. There, Apollo accuses Hermes in front of all the pantheon and pleads with Zeus to discipline his newborn son. Zeus disavows any knowledge of Hermes's parentage and that's when Hermes protests his innocence most dramatically. "If I am indeed guilty", Hermes cries out, "then may my own father strike me dead for lying." Knowing the truth and impressed with the little brat's audacity, Zeus bursts out laughing, and insists that the brothers be reconciled. He admits Hermes is his son and gives him the job of messenger - because Zeus in his divine wisdom knows it's much better to have someone as wily and crafty as Hermes working for him rather than against him.

At first glance, the myth is the story of a childish prank. But it also says something more about the nature of intelligence. The mind is often attracted to answers that are easy to grasp, especially when it's feeling overwhelmed and confused. When Apollo comes home to discover that his cattle are missing, why doesn't he just simply follow the cows' tracks back the way they came? Because the direction of the hoof prints points home. It never occurs to Apollo to backtrack. It's incon-

ceivable that the cows would be anywhere other than where they're supposed to be. Apollo is more absorbed in retrieving his cattle, so he doesn't realize that it's Hermes who's leading him around by the nose. This is what makes Mercury both a guide and a deceiver. Hermes knows the truth because he's the one who hatched the plan in the first place.

The truth is revealed incrementally. And this trail of breadcrumbs leads to the realization that Apollo and Zeus are dealing with someone who's smarter than they are. For every lie they catch Hermes in, their own shortcomings are revealed. Apollo, the god of prophecy, has had his property stolen right out from under his nose. That's not exactly the sort of thing one wants to get out. And Zeus, the god who enforces lawful oaths, is manipulated into acknowledging that Hermes is his illegitimate son when Hermes swears in Zeus's presence that he is innocent. Within a day, Hermes has transformed himself from juvenile delinquent into the sacred herald of the gods themselves. Not bad for someone who started out with nothing.⁴

For anyone born under the astrological sign of Gemini (or Virgo), ruling planet Mercury can only be in the same sign or one of the two adjacent signs. Mercury can never be in the opposite sign nor can Mercury occupy the element of its opposite sign. In other words, if one is a Gemini, Mercury cannot be in Sagittarius - nor can Mercury be in any of the other two fire signs. I find it intriguing that a Gemini Mercury cannot reside in fire, the element of Apollo (the Sun) and Zeus (Jupiter). Perhaps this is in exchange for Hermes having tricked them in the first place? Or maybe it's a comment that despite all the chicanery, the truth - which is ruled by fire - will (or at least *should*) triumph in the end. Yet what strikes me as even more fascinating is that the notion of opposition, or "other", is completely absent from this archetypal scheme. The native who has Mercury as a ruling planet is predisposed to relate in an adjacent sense - *i.e.* to learn about relating through those who are close at hand - like a sibling. I think this provides a key to working with Mercury in the astrological chart.

Mercury is the planet of thought. The mind is bicameral. There's the left side of the brain and the right side of the brain. We often speak of being in "two minds" about a matter. I feel there is a natural tendency for Mercury to "twin" itself. For the person with Mercury strong in the chart, there's this feeling, deep down, that the Other Half is out there somewhere. The fantasy might be to meet one day, discover you have everything in common, finish

each other's sentences, and successfully reunite two halves that always belonged together as a whole. Mercury types are driven to find the person who really gets them. They might refer to this person as the Soul Mate, Better Half, or even Partner in Crime. Yet, underneath that dream of reunification lies a lot of baggage. Twins are not just one person times two. Twins are siblings. And sibling relationships are not always harmonious. Remember Cain and Abel?

While a sibling's bond is very strong, a sibling's loyalty is uncertain. Indeed, sibling relationships are our first experience of how the world *doesn't* work according to plan. Our need to win parental approval spurs us on to accomplish the things we do. The shame of discipline teaches us to mend our ways. But a sibling isn't so predictable. You both spring from the same parents. You have the same background and history. Yet you don't necessarily share the same views, much less wants and desires. If you remember things one way, your sibling might remember things happening another - thus conflicting, and perhaps even invalidating, your version of events. A sibling competes with you for Mom's attention. Threatens to tattle on you to Dad if you do something wrong. Dumps peas in your milk when you're not looking. And, as you begin to develop a peer group outside the family, your sibling follows you places where Mom and Dad can't go. Parents pay attention to abstract things like your studies and grades. Your sibling reminds you of more pressing concerns like what do the other kids think of you. Are you popular or a nerd? Always switching camps, it isn't easy to tell when your sibling will play confidante or worst enemy. What helps is a dividing line. If one sibling has the looks, then the other has the brains. If one is ambitious and driven, then the other one's the life of the party. As long as there's a fair exchange, things are okay. This invisible boundary allows the two siblings to coexist peacefully. But as soon as that line is crossed, or a sibling starts trolling around on the other one's turf, all bets are off.

This anxiety comes from a very real place. After all, the first murder is motivated by sibling rivalry. Cain kills Abel because he's God's favorite. As Mary Midgely points out in her book *Beast and Man*: "A common cause is that of animals (often birds) that produce two offspring, the larger of which promptly and regularly kills the smaller. This 'strategy' is usually explained as *insurance* against the possible death of the larger twin... Spotted hyenas usually have twins, the elder of which (especially if both are female) regularly attacks the younger savagely as soon as they are born, sometimes killing it and often doing it grave permanent

injury. Over half of the mothers are thus left bringing up a single cub which (not surprisingly) grows faster and does better than the remaining twins."⁵

History and literature are full of twins and doubles. Gilgamesh and Enkidu. Ormazd and Ahriman. Castor and Pollux. Helen of Troy and Clytemnestra. Even Adam and Eve. These twins symbolize pairs of opposites. Civilization and wilderness. Light and dark. Spirituality and materialism. Beauty and ugliness. Male and female. It could be said that with Gemini, one twin represents fraternity and neighborliness while the other twin symbolizes rivalry and one-upmanship. Like flip sides of the same coin, each is attached to the other, but oblivious to its existence, until it encounters another coin. We all have this duality in our nature, but perhaps those who have a strong Mercury polarize their opposite - projecting an entire side of their personality on to another person? Casting an outer twin according to its inner one? One might almost think of it as "twinning."

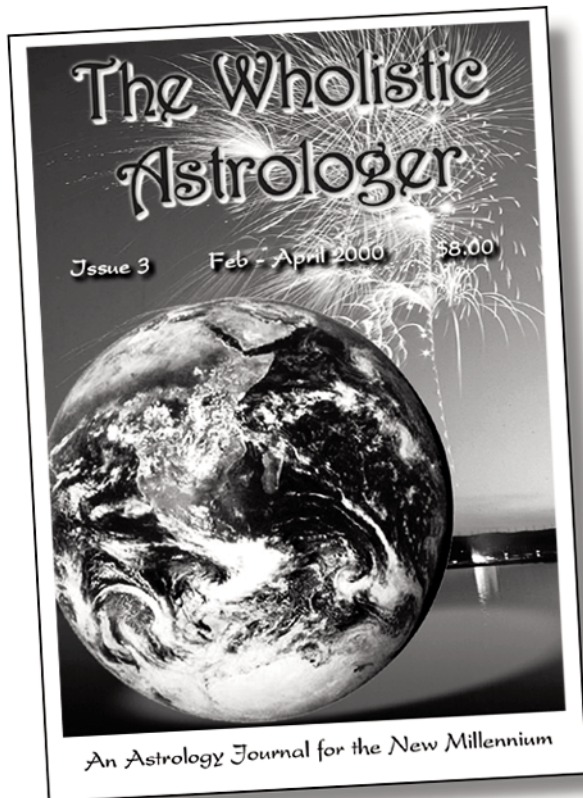
One of the most famous pairs of twins are Jacob and Esau, from the book of Genesis. This story is so Mercury to me. Jacob is not a heroic character. He isn't a lawgiver, a prophet, or even an especially wise man. Jacob spends more time tripping over himself than he does actually accomplishing anything. But the story of Jacob is what would be called, in the States, a "road picture". Jacob's fortunes rise and fall with every bend or twist in the road. Jacob is quick to seize an opportunity when he spots it. And, by going from opportunity to opportunity, he manages to rewrite the rules along the way. Mercury is the god of games and crossroads, both of which play a very large part in Jacob's travels. Like in the myth of Hermes, Jacob is a no-good nick who starts out with nothing, and ends up becoming the Founder of Israel. The beauty of the story isn't in how he started out, or where he winds up. Like any Mercury story, what's important is what happens along the way.

Sleight of Hand

Even in the womb, Jacob and Esau fought with each other. It got so bad that their mother, Rebekah, prayed to God for guidance and was told that she was about to give birth to two nations who would always be at odds. But in the end, the older would serve the younger. Esau was the first-born. Red and hairy, he was athletic and loved to hunt. He was his father's favorite. Jacob, born gripping Esau's heel, grew up to become the more reflective, brainy type. He hung out by the tents and was constantly scheming to win his brother's birthright and blessing.

...sibling relationships are our first experience of how the world *doesn't* work according to plan.

**5 *Beast and Man: The Roots of Human Nature*
Mary Midgely
Routledge, 1995**



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Anyone who's travelled in the Middle East knows how important haggling is to just about any exchange. Merchants will even make a point of inflating prices, just to get a customer to start bargaining. Entering a shop and plunking down money for merchandise is practically an insult. Where's the fun in that? You need to inspect the wares. Look at this and that. Throw out a price you know the other party won't accept. Argue. Banter. Throw out another price. Act like you're leaving. Let yourself be lured back. It's all a game.

It may seem like the object of the game is to get the best deal, but the reality is you're playing with each other. Checking each other out. Matching wits, and having some fun while you're at it. This is very different from an athletic competition, or a contest where one must beat out an opponent for a seat or position. However the game's only fun if you're playing with (and against) someone who's on your level.

Jacob deceives his brother twice. First, by tricking his brother into exchanging his birthright for some bread and lentil stew. And then, by disguising himself as his brother and deceiving his nearly blind father, who blesses him instead of Esau. Perhaps Jacob coveted his brother's

position. Perhaps Jacob just wanted to see if he could get away with it. In any case, Esau can't keep up, and this creates a problem.

As in the story of Hermes and the cattle theft, Jacob reveals that the people in charge can be easily bamboozled. However instead of being embraced, Jacob is packed off to his Uncle Laban's. He may have won the battle of the wits, but he ends up exiled from his people. He holds a title and a birthright, yet these have no practical use or value. Caught up in the game, Jacob focused more on the prize, while giving no thought to its consequences.

This is the sort of shortsightedness that bedevils those with a strong Mercury. The inability to leave anything alone, combined with the need to discover things for themselves, can lead to foolish decisions - like placing one's hand on the heated stove when mother said not to - but, if it weren't for that lively Mercurial curiosity, then there wouldn't be such things as improvisation, and invention. Many of our civilization's greatest finds are a result of accidents and happenstance.

Change lies at the very heart of Mercury. It's not cyclical change, like with the

Moon, disruptive change, like with Uranus, or even the transformative change of Pluto. Mercury change is on-the-spot-make-it-up-as-you-go-along change. It's hit or miss. A cardinal sin, as far as Mercury is concerned, is to come up empty-handed. Mercury will find an answer - even if it has to fabricate one. Mercury has no problem with quick fixes, because there will always be time afterwards to find a more permanent solution. That's why people with strong Mercury have little patience for people who flip out if something isn't exactly perfect. Mercury knows that the illusion of perfection can be achieved much more quickly and for about half the cost.

Mercury wants practical knowledge. Something that can be put to use right away. But there's also a love of tangents - an intuitive sense for invisible connections and hidden meanings, that prompts Mercury types to keep looking and asking and fiddling with all the things they find. But few people who exhibit a strong Mercury have a game plan. They rarely follow a process straight through from beginning to end. That's because Mercury is a natural pathfinder. It follows the twists and turns in the road.

One evening, while *en route* to his Uncle's house, Jacob makes camp beside the road. He falls asleep and has a dream. In his dream Jacob sees a stairway that reaches all the way to the sky; and, climbing up and down this stairway, are angels. God talks to Jacob in his dream and promises him that He will always protect him, and will one day bring him back to this place. It will become his land. Jacob awakes from the dream, and realizes he has a greater role to play. He still isn't altogether clear on what it will be, but he takes the stone that he used as a pillow and sets it up as a pillar. He then pours oil over the top of it. This is Jacob's version of "X" marks the spot. Curiously though, this is not unlike the Greek tradition of the *herme* - which is where Mercury (or Hermes) gets his name.⁶ A *herme* was a pile of stones stacked beside the road intended to act as a signpost or guide. Later on, they included offerings left behind for hungry travelers - windfalls for those in need, like the little jar of pennies that sits beside the cash register at the supermarket for those who find themselves short of change.

So what does Jacob make of this divine revelation? Nothing, for the moment. Where others might have sat by the road contemplating their navels, or even stood beside the stone waiting for something miraculous to happen, Jacob - in true Mercury fashion - is back on the road again the following morning.

Mind Games

If you look at yourself in the mirror, you'll see a reflection that looks exactly like you. But on closer scrutiny, you'll find that your right hand is touching the mirror's left. Moving one way and then the other produces the reverse motion in your image. It looks like you. It acts like you. But only in exact opposition to you. It's funny to think that even the simple act of looking at yourself is a trick of the mind.

What Jacob finds waiting for him at the end of the road is the mirror opposite of what he left behind. Uncle Laban, his mother's brother, is as cunning as Jacob's father Isaac is trusting. Instead of two brothers fighting over their father's blessing, it's two sisters competing for Jacob's hand in marriage.

Jacob falls in love with the younger sister, Rachel, but Laban won't let Jacob marry her because he is penniless. Jacob volunteers seven years of servitude in exchange for Rachel. Laban agrees, but seven years later tricks Jacob on his wedding night by disguising the elder daughter, Leah, as Rachel. When Jacob discovers that he has been deceived, he confronts his Uncle, who tells Jacob that he couldn't very well marry off his younger daughter without doing something about the oldest one first. If Jacob still wants Rachel, then he must continue his servitude for another seven years. Jacob agrees, and is once more under his Uncle's thumb. This is when Jacob begins to appreciate the full ramifications of what he has done in his life. Jacob can't accuse his uncle of being a cheat. Was Jacob penitent after he played the same trick on his brother and father? Jacob didn't exactly make headway in the world by playing fair and square. Jacob learns to his own chagrin that a game is only fun until you lose. It's not pleasant, but for someone with a strong Mercury this is the first step towards self-awareness. That is, after you get even.

Every game needs an opponent. And in this situation, it's Jacob's Uncle Laban. One can even think of him as the Evil Twin. Now, we're all used to thinking of an Evil Twin as an exact moral opposite, like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The Evil Twin is supposed to be that side of ourselves that expresses our repressed urges and desires. If only it was that cut and dry. An Evil Twin is both a "sibling" and a "rival" who will truly give us a run for our money. Have you ever known someone whom you were convinced would always be better than you, but you were friends anyway? Perhaps you had (or even have) a friend whom you're convinced brings out the worst in you, but this is also the very same person you'll call in a crisis? An Evil

6 "Herma is a heap of stones, a monument set up as an elementary form of demarcation. Everyone who passes by adds a stone to the pile and so announces his presence." *Greek Religion*, Walter Burkert; "[Hermes] is the god of roads, and it is from one of the heaps of stones (*hermaion*) found on the edges of travelled ways, that he received his name; every passerby threw a stone on the pile." *A History of Religious Ideas (Vol I)* Mircea Eliade, trans. Willard Trask, The University of Chicago Press 1978

Twin acts as both your conscience and devil's advocate. If you don't want something, yet this person does, then you'll ask yourself what you overlooked. If you believe you're making the right decision and then this person starts poking holes in it, you'll question your judgment. This person you fight with is the very same person you'll fight for. In the end you and your "Evil Twin" always come back to each other. You're bound by rivalry. You're bound by the game.

The reason rivals have this unique ability to get under our skin is because they're natural psychic hooks for our flip side. We insist we're being neighbourly and it's the rival who's driven by one-upmanship. Somehow this person got to somewhere you wanted to be, but you just can't accept that this person did it honestly. Rivalries stoke ambitions and jealousies. Oh, you might say: "I would never do such-and-such a thing." But as soon as you beat that rival or the rival quits the game, guess what happens? You end up adopting many of the same tactics your rival used. Like Jacob. Laban has everything Jacob wants - wealth, family, property, even goats. Laban knows this, and continually throws it in Jacob's face. He's the only person in Jacob's life that's been able to beat Jacob at his own game. Jacob ends up respecting him - not because he's good or wise, but because he betters him. This is the sort of begrudging respect that we all have for someone who is clever and gets away with "it". But is this good or bad? Who knows? Certainly our Mercury side would recognize the benefits of this kind of symbiotic relationship. Over the years, Jacob siphons away some of Laban's wealth for himself, while Laban grows richer than he ever was before because of Jacob. Yet a commonplace pitfall for someone with a strong Mercury is to believe that the ends justify the means. As long as the Evil Twin is around, one can say: "This is the way of the world. I didn't make up the rules. I just play by them."

The Evil Twin represents a side of you that you're uncomfortable with, but might long to be. An Evil Twin may symbolize someone you want to be like. But that's not the same as someone you want to be *with*. That person is the Other Half.

Mercury is always playing out one half of the equation. Like the bicameral mind, it's either going to be left side or right side. If you're nonverbal and emotional, you may be drawn to someone who is rational and articulate. If you're the brainy intellectual type, you may be drawn to more tempestuous, passionate personalities. Opposites may attract, but that doesn't mean they relate - a lesson that Mercury types learn over and over again. One can't go and find a

mirror opposite and then expect it to stay on its side of the looking glass.

A problem that people with strong Mercury often encounter in relationships is that friends, colleagues, and loved ones might not like having one side of their personality played up so that it "mirrors" Mercury. For a planet famous for its curiosity and open-mindedness, Mercury can be very quick to pigeonhole people - sizing up their complex natures with easy-to-read captions. It's a seductive way of looking at life. Especially when Mercury is so good at caricatures. Yet what can happen is that in their efforts to find the Other Half, Mercury types can overlook the person they're really dealing with.

Admittedly, cues can get confusing. A partner might say, "But I thought you liked me like that," and the Mercury type might respond: "Like what?" And then a partner might say, "I thought you wanted me to tell you about what I was feeling." And the Mercury person might ask: "Why do you *feel* like you have to do that with me? Why don't you just be yourself?" Mercury is very subtle at deflecting attention away from itself, and on to the other person. It comes from all those years of dumping peas and carrots on to a sibling's plate when they weren't looking. But Mercury doesn't get off scot free. That's because Mercury *needs* a counterpart. Someone to play Yin to its Yang.

Turnabout is Fair Play

After twenty years of service to Laban, God tells Jacob to return to his homeland. Jacob has worked hard. He has servants, cattle, sheep, and camels. Both of Laban's daughters are his wives, although Rachel is really his "Other Half". Now, under the law, Jacob is entitled to a share of Laban's estate, but that has been consistently denied him, because Laban isn't interested in breaking up their symbiotic relationship. To affirm Jacob's status as Laban's heir and to protect her own interests, Rachel takes the law into her own hands by packing her father's household idols up with her own things. After all, Jacob has earned them, but Rachel knows that her father would never voluntarily acknowledge that. These idols in Jacob's possession would serve as indisputable proof that Laban actually did transfer property to him.⁷

Laban pursues Jacob on his homeward journey, and accuses him of theft. The disappearance of the idols is news to Jacob and he invites Laban to search all his belongings. Everyone is searched but Rachel, who remains on her camel. When Laban asks her to step down, Rachel declines, claiming that she's hav-

(continued on page 37)

7 "According to Nuzi documents, which have been found to reflect time and again the social customs of Haran, possession of the house gods could signify legal title to a given estate, particularly in cases out of the ordinary, involving daughters, sons-in-law, or adopted sons. Under Hurrian law, Jacob's status in Laban's household would normally be tantamount to self-enslavement. That position, however, would be altered if Jacob was recognized as an adopted son who married the master's daughter. Possession of the house gods might well have made the difference." *The Anchor Bible: Genesis*. Translation and commentary by E.A. Speiser, Doubleday & Co, Inc. 1981



The Centre for Psychological Astrology

Seminar Schedule - Summer 2000

7th May **Synastry Techniques**

There are several methods to compare charts to understand relationships. In this workshop we will learn how to work with them in a systematic way. How to delineate what the 7th house means, and how your "wishes" are answered in the chart of the partner; how to work with aspects towards each other, and how to delineate your planets in the houses of your partner and *vice-versa*. What is the role of rulerships of the houses? We will work in depth in a very systematic way: this workshop will give you a clear tool to delineate relationships.

14th May **The Many Faces of Venus**

The current multiple conjunction of Taurus planets, including the forthcoming conjunction with Jupiter and Saturn, is ruled by Venus. This seminar will take the opportunity to honour the planet Venus, and deepen our understanding of her themes in the horoscope. We will be exploring the astronomical cycle, linking it with the Sumerian myth of the goddess Inanna, Queen of Heaven and Earth, and connecting this with the astrological Venus.

21st May **How Do Quincunxes Really Work?**

Planets in quincunx have a very tense, misfit relationship, often experienced as locked up energy or frustration. How can this uncomfortable energy be released? Sometimes the aspect deadens one of the planets involved, and adjustments must be made to bring it back to life. Quincunxes have been described as "more opposite than oppositions," but full of humour and erotic energy as well. No two quincunxes are alike, and each of the twelve sign combinations points to very different issues. We will explore them in depth in order to understand how to break through the initial limitations, to clarify the dilemmas they pose, and hopefully learn how to harness the tremendous transformative power of the Yod.

4th June **Advanced Tarot Day**

This day is for revision, practical work, exercises and a chance to deepen, broaden and put into practise techniques learned in the Beginners Workshop. Although it is primarily designed for those who have attended the Beginners, it is suitable for anyone who has a good working knowledge of the Tarot and wishes to expand and deepen their work.

11th June **Born in the Sixties - The Uranus-Pluto Generation**

During the 1960's there was a revolution in thinking which swept through humanity in its physical, emotional, mental and spiritual body. Those who were part of it felt as though the world would be changed forever if we sang our songs deep enough into the heart of the world. While the generation with Neptune in Libra and Pluto in Leo was proclaiming its vision, the children with Neptune in Scorpio and Uranus and Pluto in Virgo were being born. Now this generation is beyond its Saturn return and deepening into its responsibility in the world. We shall look closely at this generation with its struggle to find personal satisfaction - in a world which has yet to be transformed.

Karen Hamaker-Zondag

Melanie Reinhart

Lynn Bell

Juliet Sharman-Burke

Darby Costello

18th June **The Jupiter-Uranus Conjunctions – Exploration and Innovation**

What do the moon landing, the CPA, and Dolly the Sheep have in common? They all manifested under Jupiter-Uranus conjunctions in 1969, 1983 and 1997 respectively. Uranus represents the breaking down of existing modes of perceiving life, and the bringing in of radical new approaches and perspectives. When combined with Jupiter's core association with the never-ending quest for meaning, we have 14-year peaks in the process of "restless exploration" which has always driven humanity. This seminar will present some historical perspectives on the conjunction, and explore some exceptional developments, both collectively and in 17 individual lives, which manifested in February 1997 when Jupiter and Uranus at 5-6° Aquarius combined with Mars, Saturn and Pluto to create a unique bowl pattern in the heavens. Jupiter Uranus people, and anyone with planets/angles/Nodes at 5-6° Aquarius, are especially welcome to this seminar!

25th June **Sanity and Madness**

"Normality", like beauty, is usually in the eyes of the beholder, and conventional criteria about whether an individual is psychologically sane or mad, balanced or unbalanced, neurotic or healthy, are often of no help whatsoever to that individual. Social definitions of normal behaviour and perception may violate the individual's inner values and needs, while psychiatric diagnoses may tell us nothing at all about what is at work beneath the exterior manifestations of psychological disturbance. The astrological chart can offer us many important guidelines as to the optimum norm of a particular individual psyche, and it can also give us profound insights into underlying causes and possible avenues of help when an individual's distress is so great that he or she can no longer connect with the external world or cope with the demands of everyday life. This seminar will explore the theme of psychological "normality" as it is presented by the individual chart, in contrast with sociological, psychiatric and psychological models of human behaviour and perception.

2nd July **Jupiter: The Con-artist and the Giver of Gifts**

Jupiter is often interpreted as a "benefic", and the astrological student may often be seen eagerly awaiting - although not necessarily receiving - heaven's bounty as an important Jupiter transit or progressed aspect approaches. Yet Jupiter may be seen in the birth chart allied with serious inner and outer difficulties and conflicts, as often as it coincides with "luck" and talent, and the planet may equally be spotted in transit and progressed aspect accompanying many of life's most difficult and painful experiences. Likewise, transiting Jupiter is often powerful at the time of physical death. In this seminar we will approach the charismatic and chameleon-like nature of this largest of the planets, the "gas giant" whose expressions may range from kingly rewards to nothing but a sack of hot air. We will examine the meaning of Jupiter from mythological, psychological, and mundane perspectives, in the birth chart and in transits and progressions, attempting to link together the multicoloured spectrum of experiences, perceptions, and behaviour associated with this most theatrical and volatile image in the planetary pantheon.

Anne Whitaker

Liz Greene

Liz Greene

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About the Centre for Psychological Astrology

The **Centre for Psychological Astrology** provides a unique workshop and professional training programme, designed to foster the cross-fertilisation of the fields of astrology and depth, humanistic, and transpersonal psychology. The main aims and objectives of the CPA professional training course are:

- a) To provide students with a solid and broad base of knowledge, within the realms of both traditional astrological symbolism and psychological theory and technique, so that the astrological chart can be sensitively understood and interpreted in the light of modern psychological thought.
- b) To make available to students psychologically qualified case supervision, along with background seminars in counselling skills and techniques which would raise the standard and effectiveness of astrological consultation. It should be noted that no formal training as a counsellor or therapist is provided by the course.
- c) To encourage investigation and research into the links between astrology, psychological models, and therapeutic techniques, thereby contributing to and advancing the existing body of astrological and psychological knowledge.

History

The Centre for Psychological Astrology began unofficially in 1980 as a sporadic series of classes and seminars offered by Liz Greene and Howard Sasportas, covering all aspects of astrology from beginners' courses to more advanced one-day seminars. In 1981 additional evening courses and seminars by other tutors were interspersed with those of Liz and Howard to increase the variety of material offered to students, and Juliet Sharman-Burke and Warren Kenton began contributing their expertise in Tarot and Kabbalah. In 1982 the "prototype" of the CPA - the Centre for Transpersonal Astrology - was born, with the administrative work handled by Richard Aisbitt, himself a practising astrologer.

In 1983 the name was changed to the Centre for Psychological Astrology, because a wide variety of psychological approaches was incorporated into the seminars, ranging from transpersonal psychology to the work of Jung, Freud and Klein. The Diploma Course was eventually created, with additional tutors joining the staff. The Centre continued to develop and consolidate its programme despite the tragic death of Howard in 1992, when Charles Harvey became co-director with Liz Greene. Richard Aisbitt continued to manage the administration until 1994, when the burden of increasing ill health forced him to restrict his contribution to beginners' and intermediate classes. At this time Juliet Sharman-Burke took over the administration for the Centre. Richard himself sadly died in 1996.

In February 2000, tragedy struck again with the untimely demise of Charles Harvey, after a long struggle with cancer. Liz Greene now continues to run the Centre as sole director, and with the help of the wonderful team of tutors and staff, looks forward to develop the CPA in both familiar and new directions as these make themselves apparent, with the constant reminder of the excellence of Charles' work and personality.

For further information, including our full prospectus, visit our website at www.astrologer.com/cpa. You can receive email bulletins from the CPA by sending a message to listserv@astrologer.com with the words *subscribe cpalist* in the body of the message. For those without access to the Internet, please send a SAE to the administrator.

The CPA Press

Since the Centre's inception, many people, including astrology students living abroad as well as those attending CPA seminars, have repeatedly requested transcriptions of the seminars. In the autumn of 1995, Liz Greene, Charles Harvey and Juliet Sharman-Burke decided to launch the **Centre for Psychological Astrology Press**, in order to make available to the astrological community material which would otherwise be limited solely to seminar participants, and might never be included by the individual tutors in their own future written works. Because of the Centre's module-type programme, many seminars are "one-off" presentations which are not likely to be repeated, and much careful research and important astrological investigation would otherwise be lost. The volumes in the CPA Seminar Series are meant for serious astrological students who wish to develop a greater knowledge of the links between astrology and psychology, in order to understand both the horoscope and the human being at a deeper and more insightful level. **Apollon**, launched on October 1st 1998, is the latest publishing venture of the CPA Press.

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ing her period. Laban moves on, never realizing that Rachel is sitting on top of his idols. Laban realizes that Jacob has finally beaten him at his own game, and officially recognizes him as an equal. The ultimate irony, however, is that Jacob never realizes that he owes his freedom and prosperity to his wife's quick thinking. Laban would still be in a position of power over Jacob if it were not for his Other Half, Rachel.

Recognizing one's Other Half is a lot more difficult than it looks. We think we know what we want in a person, but it's often made up of what we know about ourselves. We might say that our ideal mate is someone who's rich or funny or beautiful. Maybe you want to hook up with someone who will be able to keep up with you. Or someone who will help you become everything you were meant to be. But life doesn't work like that. You can't decide where the blanks are, and how someone else is going to fill them. The reason why the Evil Twin is so immediately recognizable is because the Evil Twin reflects those aspects you don't like, but secretly aspire to be. Your Other Half, on the other hand, fills in the blanks you don't know about, and will remain invisible as long as your expectations remain in place. Remember Lois Lane and Superman? Lois Lane was so enamoured of the man of steel who came swooping to her rescue, that it never dawned on her that her mild-mannered colleague, Clark Kent, was the same fellow in disguise. She kept looking to the skies when he was right there at her side - hiding in plain view. And Lois was supposed to be a crackerjack newspaper reporter!

Those with strong Mercury can have a hard time shaking their initial projections. Firstly, because they don't see themselves as projecting (remember there's no predisposition to recognizing "other") and secondly, because the sibling dynamic colors all subsequent interactions. This is why those with Mercury strong in their charts must make a point of separating from that inner twin if they want to see someone as who he or she really is, rather than as a mirror projection. But if you think that inner twin will go easily into that good night, then you've got another thing coming.

May the Best Man Win

Jacob has a destiny to fulfill. And his destiny is to become the founder of Israel. But he's not going to be able to do that if he stays away, right? Which means that, at some point, Jacob has to go back home and atone for what he did to his brother, Esau. On his return journey, Jacob receives news that Esau is heading his way, leading a huge army. Terrified, Jacob



Detail from
Jacob Wrestling with the Angel
Rembrandt van Rijn

camps that night beside a river. Jacob knows that once he crosses that river, there's no return. Besieged by guilt and fear, Jacob is on the verge of going back the way he came, when he is suddenly confronted by an Angel. And the two wrestle throughout the night until morning, when the angel strikes Jacob in the socket of his hip. In a symbolic way, the struggle with the Angel shows that Jacob and Esau are no longer joined at the hip. Each is his own person. Jacob finally realizes that it's his fear that bedevils him, and if he's going to truly become the great person he's meant to be, then he must face his brother, and take responsibility for his actions. By wrestling with his conscience, Jacob embraces his fear - his inner demon - and as a result finds the courage, not only to face his brother, but to ask his forgiveness. Jacob emerges from his night-time encounter with a new name: "Israel". He is, quite literally, a new man. When Jacob is reunited with his brother, Esau embraces him. In fact, the whole thing was a misunderstanding. Esau wasn't coming with his armies to punish his brother, but to greet him, after having been away for so long. This is how the encounter with the inner demon works. It's only by wrestling with his own dark angel that a Mercury personality proves himself worthy of crossing over the threshold, and becoming everything he was meant to be. Reabsorbing the "other half" allows the Mercury personality to erase the dividing line and become a whole person. And when one becomes whole one is able to *recognize* the wholeness in others.

Given the story of Jacob and Esau, one might think that this is a life-long journey. Actually, it's an ongoing process. Like a game. Every time you play, the outcome is different. These encounters, splits, contests, and reunions

repeat themselves over and over again. They might last for moments or go on for decades. This is how Mercury types get to know people. The Sibling. The Evil Twin. The Other Half. And the Inner Demon. These are all projections. These are all players. Like characters in a dream, they are charged with carrying parts of ourselves until we're ready to incorporate them into our lives.

Les Enfants Terribles is the nightmare version of Mercury. It's the story of children who create an exclusive world, and are done in by their game. Yet this poses the question, "Does one need to leave childish games behind to become 'whole', or can one use childish games and laughter to grow and learn?" Jacob is the positive incarnation of the *enfant terrible*. It's his very precociousness that sends him on his way, and

allows him to navigate all the twists and turns. Like the Prince who trades places with the Pauper in the story by Mark Twain, what starts off as a lark takes on the depth and profundity of a morality tale. Only by experiencing for himself how the other half lives does the Prince truly understand the kingdom that exists outside his throne room. It's this role reversal, this interaction with one's alter ego, that teaches a Mercury personality to truly appreciate another person's point of view. But then again, what else would one expect from the planet of the mind, wherein the right side of the brain rules the left side of the body and *vice-versa*? Is it any wonder that things might get a bit mixed-up? However, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" is based on the idea of imagining yourself in someone else's shoes. Like twinning. After all - it's child's play. ☉

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Icarus and Persephone

Adolescence: a psyche in progress

Erin Sullivan

Passing from childhood to adulthood is never easy; in this article, **Erin Sullivan** examines the various neurological, mythic, and astrological pressures bearing down on the hapless adolescent.

Adolescence marks the first step toward conscious individuation. Out of the tantrums of the two-and-a-half-year old, and the cleverness of the seven-year-old, into the assertiveness and confidence of the ten-year-old, there emerges suddenly a mysterious thing. At the first opposition of Saturn to itself, a new being materialises through the psyche.

As always, astrology recapitulates ontology, and now we find that biological, neurological, psychological, phenomenological and all the 'logicals' cadence into perfect synchrony.

Recently, several significant neurological research reports have validated that the adolescent brain functions in ways different from the child, and vastly different from the twenty-something young adult. We all knew that, but with the advent of technologies such as magnetic resonance imaging, neuroscientists have discovered that the adolescent brain is far from mature. Sandra Witelson, a neuroscientist at McMaster University in Ontario, Canada, says, "The teenage brain is a work in progress".¹ This is a work that develops in fits and starts.

Thank god for magnetic resonance imaging! Would we ever have suspected otherwise? Seriously, this quantified announcement gives parents and teenagers alike a lot more credibility in this mechanistic world. They now can prove that they are not in their right minds - parents and teens alike!

But, of course, they are in their right minds; but the implications of "right" changes and fluctuates, and at times in the teen brain, right simply is not a concept - nor is wrong. Their brains are testing responses to social patterning. Until recently, it has been assumed that a child is all grown up, and ready for proper decision making, by puberty. This is as erroneous as assuming that at age twenty-one one is "all grown up".

Working with psychological astrology, we know that the astrological cycles and

measurement show these conventional statements not only to be misleading, but also to lie at the root of adult neurosis. In itself, the expectation to be "all grown up" is terribly illusory, because I know personally, as do my elderly clients, that one is never done with growing. Individuation is a transitive verb; it is never finite. We are always growing, we are never grown - psychically, that is.

Saturn in opposition to its natal position causes the delicate balance between the inner Self and the rapidly changing ego - the sense of "I am-ness" - to be severely threatened. The homeostatic principle is compromised, and thus, there is no sense of sameness in the teenager: It is always "different". There is no real sense of order, or centre, hence so much chaos. Every symbol of authority has some quality about it that fairly begs for challenge. Both parent and child have been unconsciously participating in a symbiotic relationship that must separate, in order to mature into a good parent/child relationship.

The difficulty is that the child of fourteen knows its limits, but resents them. The deep Self is becoming urgent in its demands for expression. The unbearable yearning that the young man and woman feel is the *prima materia* for the *opus* of life - literally the raw material out of which character is moulded.

The ages from fourteen to about sixteen-and-a-half recall the "terrible two's" on a more sophisticated level. The Saturn opposition provokes an acute sensitivity to ambivalence and hypocrisy; the more a young person experiences hidden messages, fluctuating or uncertain values and double standards in the home, the more defensive and uncertain will be his response to authority, and the more vulnerable he will be in society - where there are nothing but those questionable standards in evidence.

Temenos for the sacred traveller

It appears we are never more brain-active than in this critical juncture in the maturation



Erin Sullivan is Canadian born and has been a consultant astrologer and teacher since the late 1960s. She has lectured worldwide and led workshops and symposia on many aspects of human development using mythology, psychology and the rich language of astrology. Her work took her to London, England in 1989, since when she has been a tutor for the CPA, and the Series Editor for Penguin's *Arkana Contemporary Astrology* Series. She is an adjunct faculty member for the Central American Institute of Prehistoric and Traditional Cultures at Belize. Erin is the author of: *Saturn in Transit*, *Retrograde Planets*, and *Dynasty: The Astrology of Family Dynamics*. *Venus and Jupiter* and *Where in the World?* has been published by the CPA Press. Erin may be contacted for consultations, information on books, studies etc. by email: erins@azstarnet.com or visit her website: www.ErinSullivan.com.

...adolescence is life's first great crossing-over, and thus, a state of sacredness; one in which there is much wisdom, and much madness, and which is often filled with loneliness and isolation.

I Quoted from an article in U.S. News and World Report magazine. August 9, 1999 issue.

process. New technology validates the suspicion that teenagers do not have all their circuits wired, that they are not fully connected. They are, indeed, transitional, liminal creatures. In ancient myth, any individual in transition was considered to be protected by the gods, because they were not safe, they were without walls - between a known point of departure, and a yet-to-be achieved destination - and thus, were sacred.

Liminality is a term I use to describe the status of being "in the threshold" of change; it is a state of provisional and transitional being. The word itself is derived from the Latin *limen*, threshold, and the earlier Greek, *limne* - sea, pond, basin, lake. Psychologically, it is a place where one is not who one used to be, but not yet who one is about to become. Sea journeys (Odyssey) are associated with liminality (mid-life), crossings of great waters (I Ching), and so on. And adolescence is life's first great crossing-over, and thus, a state of sacredness; one in which there is much wisdom, and much madness, and which is often filled with loneliness and isolation.

One very important thing for a teenager is her own space - a *temenos*, if you will, a place wherein no stranger can penetrate, no enemy of the soul might pass. This is a "room of one's own", a place where health standards may need to be enforced, but where values, tidiness and habit cannot be infringed upon. If a kid's old cocoa cup has become a green and purple furry science project, mother may retrieve it, but only upon invitation. The *temenos* of the teen room is for his or her own sanity, and thus, the sanity of the household.

As we shall see, there is a work in progress here, and the hermetically sealed *alembic* of the Room is necessary for this first step on the path of individuation, and a place to feel, be, and think as one is, not as one should be. This room could be thought of as the Hermes place, wherein the *opus* of life is being mysteriously processed, privately, secretly and safely. Similarly, they need privacy in the mind, a place that is sacred and sacrosanct - where they are not pried at endlessly. A kind of "inner" room of one's own.

The astrological Mercury is the planet of youth, and of childhood, but is also the planet which governs our perceptions, all five of the senses, and all our intake and process of data and information. Mercury runs the messages from parts of the brain to each other, and from the brain to the body, and *vice versa*. Thus, Mercury represents one of the first stages of growing up, discriminating and understanding.

Mercury is the five senses as a group, as well as the extrasensory perceptions as states of awareness - hence the mercurial temperament.

The apparent instability of the teenager's behaviour is directly linked to his or her "work in progress", i.e. his or her literally fluctuating neuronal discharges, linkages and chemical flows. One minute, the kid is loving, the next, slamming the door. Still being forged are the connections between neurons that affect not only emotional skills, but also physical and intellectual/mental abilities. That means it is unreasonable to expect teens to organize multiple tasks, or to grasp abstract ideas that have not originated within themselves. These undeveloped links lead to many of the so-called symptoms of teenagerhood: aggression, depression, moodiness, self-absorption and its attendant isolation. That there are neurological and biological effects that are associated with these behaviours is helpful - it means that more understanding can be offered the young journeyer, and his or her carers.

Wild at heart

In the limbic system, where raw emotions such as anger, passion and extreme joy are generated, there is a hyper-developmental period in adolescence which creates the wild mood swings that the child goes through. Yes, child, because the teen brain is more akin to his or her child brain than to the eventual adult brain he or she will have.

The limbic system, located deep in the brain's interior, is associated with gut reactions, or the *primal urge*. This is the function that gives us "goose-bumps" when suddenly we see a large snake, or come upon something scary; or when our "hair raises", which is a literal experience of our vestigial pelts rippling at the implication of danger, fear, or, at the other end of the spectrum, surprise, pleasure, excitement and foreknowledge.

In adults, the primal urge, or the limbic emotional responses, are modulated in the prefrontal cortex, the part of the brain that lies just behind the forehead, and acts as a kind of mental guard, keeping watch on many parts of the brain, including this wild limbic system. The prefrontal cortex is the seat of civilization, and we know that civilized behaviour is not yet set in the child or the adolescent (and not in aberrant adults).

Executive functions are not part of the teen brain. Making wise decisions is simply not routinely possible and thus cannot be expected. As their brains mature, so does their capacity for considered decision and appropriate emo-

tional response. One well-documented test on the function of the limbic systems and the prefrontal cortices in adults and teens showed something rather remarkable. Magnetic resonance imaging machines take pictures of brain activity every three seconds or so, in order to see what parts of the brain are being used during various types of processing.

Adult brains, the scientist discovered, light up in both the limbic areas and the prefrontal cortex, when looking at pictures of facial expressions of fright, and when startled suddenly. Their alarm system is connected to their capacity to comprehend the degree of danger within nano-seconds. In teenagers, however, the prefrontal cortex was almost dark, while the limbic system lit up! Hence, their alarm system is not yet wired to their intellectual rationalization function.

Thus, early teenagers are not yet developed to read social signals, like facial expressions, body language or other implicate messages that we send unconsciously. So, a teen might say to her mother, seeing a frown on her face, "What did I do, why are you mad at me?", when the mother is angry with someone on the phone with whom she's had a disagreement. The fifteen-year-old daughter may not know, prefrontally, that is, to discriminate in a sensible manner - the teen daughter will limbically rush off to her room, slam the door, and feel put upon by her mother who frowned at the wrong time. Mother, meanwhile, is exasperated, thinking or even saying, "Do you think you are the only person in the world?" Quite.

So, in the course of this rather lengthy growth period of about three to four years, the parent is even more important, in some ways, than they were in other stages of development. Received wisdom says early childhood experiences create the primary trauma zones, but this is clearly not true. Primary trauma zones are in accord with personal transits coupled with a numinous event. Both factors need to be present for trauma to occur. And when there are major generic transits and personal natal transits and events, then we have the material for both trauma and growth.

Trauma associated with abandonment, abuse and unfair judgements from parents and adults is *more* traumatic and *more* damaging in many, many socially developmental ways than at any other age. Because the advent of adolescence is marked by the first opposition of Saturn to itself, it initiates a time of serious reorganization of the physiological and psychological homeostatic principle (the stay-the-same principle).²

The dangers of authoritarian abuse, hypocrisy and ambivalence are more destructive at this age, because it is Saturn itself that is the keynote planet. When the adolescent runs up against authority that isn't *authentic*, then he or she rightfully resents and ignores warnings and admonitions, and turns inward to seek self-authorization for actions.

The problem with that response lies in the absolute fact that the teen brain is not prepared for such a magnitude of problem-solving, and hence finds him- or herself lonely, fearful, angry and possibly endangered. Positive reinforcement of the teen's need for boundaries and focus helps that person become more capable of eventually making "good" decisions and "safe" behaviours part of his or her life.

Use your brain!

Good judgment is learned, true, but one cannot learn it if one does not have the necessary hardware. This hardware is installed in the time period in which the pre-frontal cortex is in development. For instance, teens seem unable at times to decide the order in which tasks need to be accomplished, and find that they are overwhelmed when faced with "simple" decisions, like in which order to wash the dishes, talk to a friend about homework, and read the book for a report due that afternoon at class. They can collapse at this inundation of task function. What am I saying? I can collapse at that, and apparently my prefrontal cortical civilizing is done!

That teenagers leap before looking is also normal; that they enter dangerous situations is assumed. Their modes of reckoning appear to be illogical. A teenager will drive without a seat-belt, get into a car in which his companion is drunk and driving; she might go with an unknown man without thinking, they might smoke cigarettes in the face of universally known danger, and so on. They get yelled at: "Are you stupid?" And no, they are not stupid, but they are "coming" from a different place. Parents and adults need to be aware of this - ideally, they must listen first, then guide them accordingly.

There is an attraction to novelty. Novelty is attractive to all intellectually stimulated people, but this kind of novelty has a *frisson* of danger to it. "Sex, drugs and rock'n'roll" was the media's theme of my own adolescence (post WWII), but that was only a small part of the archetype. In fact, it was a collective statement of political, spiritual, consciousness and philosophical revolution that fed into religion, politics, world-awareness, economics and freedom of speech and action!

2 *Saturn in Transit: Boundaries of Mind, Body and Soul* pp.57 - 67. The Saturn Opposition through Saturn Square (ages 14 - 21) Erin Sullivan. Arkana, CAS. 1990. London. (nb. This book is in transition, out of print in Arkana, but to be republished by Samuel Weiser in summer 2000, along with *Dynasty and Retrograde Planets*).

The Uranus sextile to itself, at fourteen, brings in the revolutionary touch and quickens individuation. The Promethean foresight that the teenager has is remarkable, and must be heard - listeners, however, will be required to edit the emotional affect and the strident tones, in order to really hear the message of the future. They "know" who they are about to become, and thus are the megaphone of the future. It behooves the over forty person to hear this, because it will hint to them of conditions in their own latter years.

Also, Uranus has to do with witnessing. The wise person witnesses his own behaviour and moderates or augments it; a teenager witnesses and generally finds fault. The sky god, Ouranos, from whom comes the astrological Uranus, was a critical, masculine god who loathed imperfection. So does the teenager - especially his or her own apparent flaws. From this critique can come great compassion. Also, it can bring depression and rage.

The quest for the parents

In the 6th century BCE poem by Homer, the *Odyssey*, Odysseus' son, Telemachus, sets out to find his father. The *Telemachia* is the interior story cast within the tale of the mid-life quest of his father. This is an archetypal situation where the son must find his father. In doing so, he must then overcome his father's weaknesses and flaws as well as his own. The father-quest is an inner quest often enacted as a genuine search for meaning and contact with the actual father. For boys who do *not* have good father contacts - either their dad or significant men around them - their journey to father is long, hard and sometimes never fully achieved.

In part, this male journey involves a separation from mother, and as much as this might sound harsh, it is as necessary as cutting the umbilicus at birth. A mother knows in her heart that this must happen, and if she is skilled in doing this for her son, then she will always have a champion. If she doesn't withdraw her own projections on her son, then she will always have a baby. To paraphrase Robert Bly, the poet, "He might have to steal the key to the 'wild man's cage' (*his own masculinity*) from under the sleeping mother's pillow." - A man tied to his mother after eighteen will have a hard time with women in his adult life.

Women seek out the father too, but often to appease him, not to overthrow him. Agamemnon and his brother Menelaos, along with their troops and a thousand ships, were waiting to set sail to Troy. In the course of the assembly of the ships and troops, a stag, sacred to the independent goddess Artemis, is killed in

a moment of boredom by one of the waiting men. In retribution, Artemis becalms the sea, and orders that Agamemnon must sacrifice his most valuable possession, that being his lovely young daughter, Iphigenia.

Iphigenia is sent for, under pretext of marriage to Achilles. After comprehending what her true fate is meant to be, she pleads with her father to save her, then runs wildly through the woods like a young stag herself, and finally, worn out, she returns and offers herself for sacrifice.

We are led to believe that she does heroically go to the altar willingly. Is this the altar of marriage or of sacrifice? This is often unclear in the lives of some adolescent girls. And fathers, though not always as culpable as Agamemnon, often have sacrificed their teenage daughters for less than the reputation of the Greek army.

It is essential that a teenaged daughter is allowed to individuate away from her mother - especially if she is very much like the mother. From womb to womb a woman's fate is woven, and the daughter's fate must not be to carry the mother's pain, which she often willingly does. And, in being able to define herself as "not mother", she generally arrives back at a comfortable conclusion about her own role, and so does mother. A teenage girl needs to feel she is her own woman, rather like Persephone, who does eat the pomegranate, but also returns to the Earth - hence, to her mother - to fulfil her destiny as a whole and self-identified woman.

There are many female archetypes that are more prevalent in these times - the return of the various goddesses other than Hera, the obedient wife, means that new modes are more available to women. As with men, women have had their focus sharply adjusted in the latter part of the 20th century, and since now we are only months into the 21st century, it is too early to predict what will emerge collectively.

Icarus and Persephone: archetypal teenagers on the loose Immortal being

The most astounding aspect of adolescence is the preoccupation with mortality, while not yet taking it on board. This is the time in life when indulgence in existentialism - not as a degree course - is at its most intense. Teens are obsessed with death. This is the first time in life when the biggest questions are asked and answers sought. Teenagers are fascinated by

the dark domain of Hades. They are fearful of death, yet often seek it out consciously or unconsciously.

When we stumble across our mortality - and some teenagers have experienced the loss of a grandparent, even a parent, or family member - we are suddenly sobered. Yet it is this very fear of death that catapults the experimental adult into positions of extreme danger! The paradox! Eros and Thanatos are ensnared in a passionate grip. The life force (Eros) and the death-wish (Thanatos) are intertwined always, but the teenager has only just come upon this dialectic.

And he or she works it overtime. Death-defying acts, the teenage wasteland, the dark night of the soul - all are the romance of the young. Give teenagers danger, give them thrills, challenges and mind-altering experiences if you can - ones which will hardwire them to perception, discrimination, emotional survival and the thrill of success. They need to find ways of aligning their wildness with their civilization - and discovering how to do that is a huge challenge to both adults and adolescents.

The neurons that link emotional centres to many other parts of the brain, that produce feelings of intense pleasure, are the same set of neurons that are affected by certain drugs - cocaine and methedrine and all associated compounds that are "speedy" and stimulating. Thrill-seeking is part of growing up. I call it the Stage of Immortality; when one is either walking in existential despair or leaping off tall buildings. This phenomenon is also present in the *puer/puella* psyche, in the psyche of adults who simply cannot get enough of the thrill of death-defying acts - either racing, hang-gliding, bungee-jumping, getting drunk or diving into myriad relationships. Dionysian acts of ecstasy are part of the religious fervour of the adolescent, and, indeed, were rituals in the ancient world geared to internalizing the gods and "standing outside oneself" - the literal meaning of *ec-stacy*.

The phase of immortality goes along with this "thrill-seeking" aspect of young adulthood. Pluto, the "unseen one", suddenly becomes exotic, erotic and desirable.

The release of dopamine, one of the brain chemicals, or neurotransmitters, is what is responsible for these action-stimulating experiences. That shaman of all cultures employ this ecstatic method for healing and divination says much - the teenager is seeking godliness or near-godliness. This desire, when over-reaching, is called *hubris*. And sadly, teenagers are not

exempt from *hubris*, and, as we'll see, there are mythological predecessors.

Not much has changed since Icarus flew too close to the sun and Persephone was seduced by the exotic Hades.

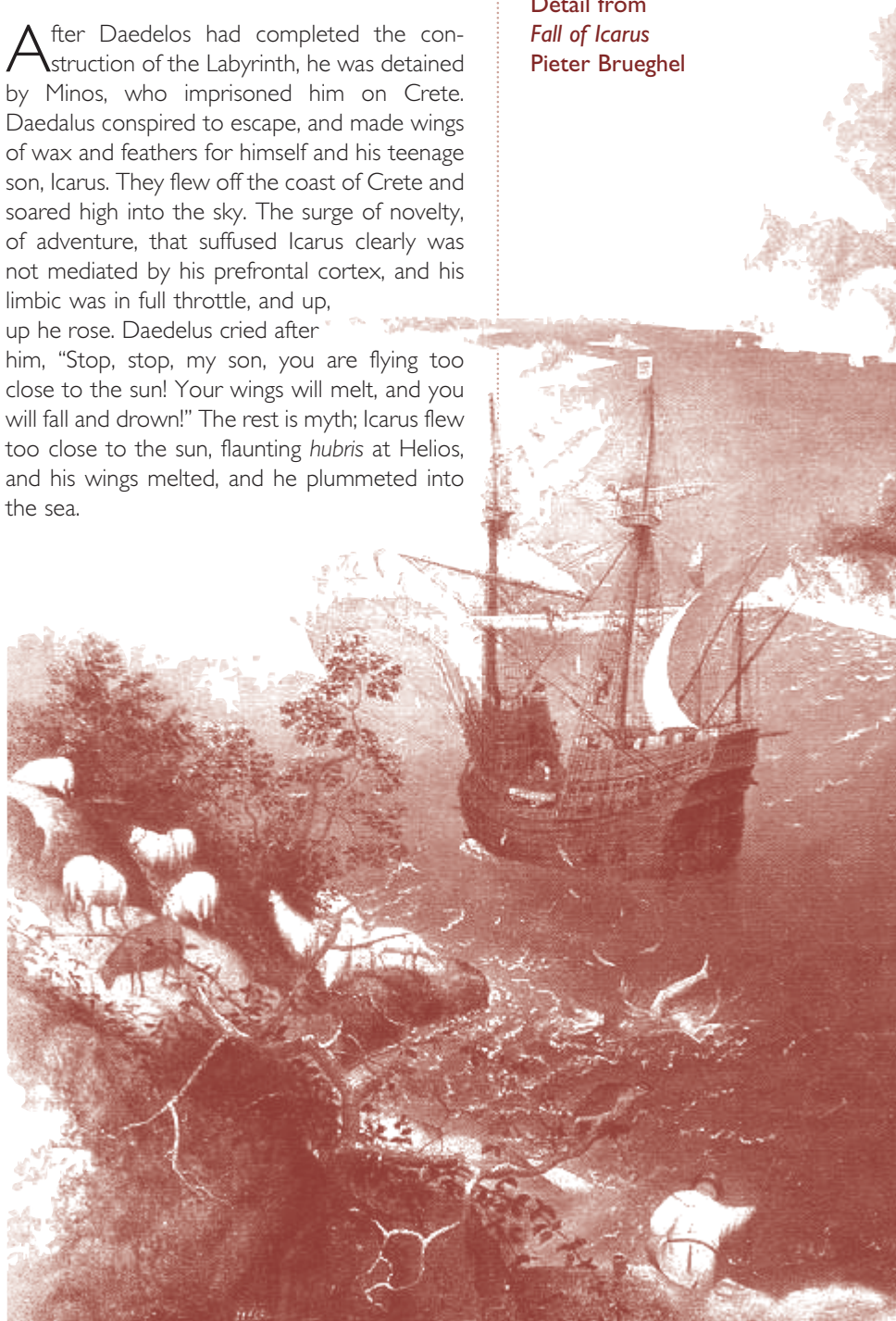
Icarus and Phaethon at the reins

Icarus was the son of a prominent architect in ancient Greece.³ Daedelos was a legendary craftsman, who was said to have migrated or was exiled from Athens to Crete, where he was implored to construct a hollow cow for King Minos of Crete's wife, Pasiphaë. Pasiphaë had developed an obsessive compulsion to make love to a sacred white bull, a gift to Minos from Poseidon. From this strange union, the Minotaur was born, and Daedelos was then contracted by Minos to build a labyrinth to house and hide the Minotaur. Already there are implications of adult miscreance in the background of Icarus' origins!

After Daedelos had completed the construction of the Labyrinth, he was detained by Minos, who imprisoned him on Crete. Daedalus conspired to escape, and made wings of wax and feathers for himself and his teenage son, Icarus. They flew off the coast of Crete and soared high into the sky. The surge of novelty, of adventure, that suffused Icarus clearly was not mediated by his prefrontal cortex, and his limbic was in full throttle, and up, up he rose. Daedelos cried after him, "Stop, stop, my son, you are flying too close to the sun! Your wings will melt, and you will fall and drown!" The rest is myth; Icarus flew too close to the sun, flaunting *hubris* at Helios, and his wings melted, and he plummeted into the sea.

3 *Metamorphoses* Ovid. Trans. Rolfe Humphries. Book 8, lines 184 - 272. Indiana University Press. 1955. The story of Icarus and Daedelos is best known from this rendition.

Detail from
Fall of Icarus
Pieter Brueghel



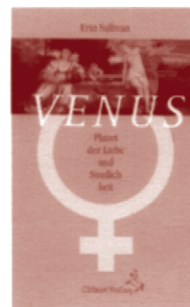
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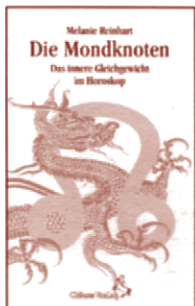
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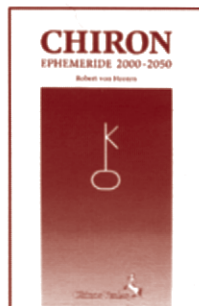
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Could Icarus help himself? Was Daedalus an irresponsible father?

Similarly, in *Saturn in Transit*, I relate the story of Phaethon, son of Helios himself.⁴ Briefly, Phaethon's mother, Clymene, sends him off on his adolescent father-quest, after his peers taunt him that Helios is not really his father at all. Helios receives Phaeton joyfully, thankful he has such a beautiful demi-god son, and asks him what he most wants from him. Phaethon eyes his father's chariot, longing to drive it, and asks to propel the chariot of the Sun across the sky for the day. Helios realizes his error instantly, and tries to offer less daunting gifts. To no avail.

Phaethon hops on, even though Helios tries to dissuade him, because he loves him very much, crying:

Beware my son! I do not want to give you
The gift of death; there is time to change your
prayer.

Of course you want the most convincing proof
I am your father. That I give you, surely,
By fearing as I do. I am proved a father
By a father's fear. Look at me! You see my face;
Would you could see my heart and all the cares
Held there for you, my son.⁵

Phaethon can no more see the love in his father's face than any other impassioned teenager might on the brink of adventure. Phaethon holds his ground, and Helios, fearing for the universe, hands him the reins of the chariot. Phaethon careens out of control across the heavens, creating havoc and leaving destruction in his wake. The Earth cringes, rivers evaporate and dolphins hide as Phaethon "does not know in which direction/To turn the reins, does not know where the road is,/ And, even if he knew, he could do nothing".⁶ Phaeton, too late, rues his headlong urge; he crashes the chariot, and is destroyed.

The testosterone rush of the adolescent boy overpowers his intellect, and these tales of ancient sons are not much different than of our own.

Persephone's phantom lover

The woman's journey is also hormonally assisted. Her needs are exactly the same as the son's - to challenge the authority of her parent, to be the one to "do it differently" and to follow her heart to wherever it leads. But rather than "up" to the heavens, as in the case of the boy's journey, it is "down" into the Earth, as is woman's place.

⁴ *Saturn in Transit*. *op. cit.*

⁵ *Metamorphoses*. *op. cit.*
lines 89 - 96

⁶ *Ibid.* lines 171-3

Persephone, the daughter of Earth goddess Demeter and sky god Zeus, was with her girlfriends, wandering in the fields of asphodel during a break in their school lessons. All the girls were cautioned not to separate, but to stay in a clique together, for who knows what lurks outside the safety of the female pride?

Persephone, a goddess herself, perhaps felt exempt from such admonitions - but then, too, clever mortal teenagers feel exempt from warnings from boring schoolmistresses and overzealous mothers.

Inevitably, she wandered off, indulging in a reverie of her own, drawn perhaps by the sweet pungent scent of the narcissus flowers that clustered on a certain hill leading to a small gully. She found herself lingering there, in the hollow depression full of narcissi, when all of a sudden the ground cracked open, and up rushed a golden chariot driven by an unseen master. She was taken.

Most of Persephone's story takes place in the glamorous realm of Hades - the underworld of the shades. And, like the fathers in the stories above, Demeter was demented with fear and grief. Her story is the story of all mothers who "lose" their daughters to the mysteries of womanhood. Demeter spent a whole year in violent mourning, seeking her vanished daughter and fighting for her return, when she was told by a sheep-herder, Triptolemos, that Persephone had been abducted by Hades, her own brother!

Demeter knew exactly what had happened then, and in her prefrontal cortical maturity, understood the implications. She summoned Zeus, Persephone's father - also a brother of Hades - and demanded her return. Zeus didn't seem to think much wrong with the deflowering of his daughter, it all being in the family. And there was a catch.

If Persephone was to succumb to the seduction - symbolized by eating three seeds from the fruit of the underworld, the pomegranate - she then would be bound to the god Hades for eternity. Persephone was easily manoeuvred, as many young girls are by exciting, exotic, dark bad-boys on motorcycles or golden chariots. Enchanted, she bound herself to Hades, and became Queen of the Underworld.

Now, Demeter was persistent, as mothers are. She employed Hermes to act as go-between, and a bargain was struck: Persephone would be allowed to return to the Earth's surface for part of the year, and then return to her lover-husband for another part of the year. This

story is the origin of the mystery school of Demeter, as well as the charter myth for the seasons of the earth. But more importantly to us now, is the mythic parallel to the romance and seduction of the adolescent girl on the limb of womanhood, longing for love in dark and mysterious places.

Coming of age

So, as we see, all this neuronal development and chemical discrimination, along with the emergence of sex hormones, challenge the stability of the teenager for about four or five years. Surges of testosterone at puberty swell the amygdala, an almond-shaped part of the limbic system that generates feelings of fear and anger. This accounts for the rise in easy irritation and aggression in both boys and girls. Increased levels of oestrogen at puberty are responsible for the sudden growth of the hippocampus, the part of the brain that processes memory. The larger the hippocampus, the better the memory.

The hippocampus in girls grows proportionally larger than it does in boys. This helps explain why women are better than men are at remembering complex social relationships, and organizing and managing multiple tasks, all the while monitoring the emotional affect of a situation.

It is thought that one of the last steps to maturation of the brain is the coating of nerves with white matter, myelin, which is akin to the insulation around an electrical wire. This coating allows electrical impulses to travel down a nerve faster and more efficiently. Hence, a toddler is less coordinated than a ten-year old. It now appears that this final stage of neurological/physiological maturation is not complete until the early twenties, around and after the waning Saturn square to itself at twenty-one, and closer to the second Jupiter return at twenty-four.

The nerves that become sheathed in myelin during adolescence, connecting areas of the brain that regulate emotion, judgement and impulse control (that old limbic!), are formed earlier in girls than boys. This may help explain why teenage girls, still wild at heart, are often more emotionally mature than boys. There are obviously cross-overs and myriad combinations, but girls who are primarily fire and air sign types are more impulsive than boys who are primarily earth and water sign types.

All this implies that we are hard-wiring our brains in adolescence, and thus do have some choices. Many teenagers instinctively are aware of this development within themselves,



Detail from
Persephone
Gabrielle Dante Rosetti

and seek out ways of developing certain aspects of themselves about which they are coming to awareness. For instance, does the young man want to “hard-wire” himself toward sports? Physics? Helping profession? Literary aspirations? Music, dance, art? Or, is he being grafted to crime? Drugs? Violence? Mayhem? Couch-potato? All are there!

This hard work of wiring means that kids are more susceptible than adults to the effects of drugs, alcohol, tobacco and marijuana. It is not a cool thing, because it is possible to permanently alter the balance of chemicals in the brain; thus the psyche is prevented from unfolding as it was seeded to, and the “folds” of the psyche are rerouted to accommodate synthetic stimulation. It is a good idea to allow that balance to achieve *itself* if at all possible. That is why teens must be encouraged to avoid these things, not because they are illegal. (Even in the east, in Morocco and parts of

India, where hashish is a way of elderly life, that privilege is granted only to the elderly. Similarly in Asia and the Orient, where once opium was the approved drug of the elderly, it was *not* condoned in young men).

The teen brain knows only natural law, not mandated law. Threats of imprisonment, deprivation of goodies, flogging or public humiliation, will not work - remember the limbic thrill of the dangerous adventure? Did Icarus listen to Daedalus? Did Persephone think, “If I eat the pomegranate seeds, I will be bound to Hades for eternity, and that would really upset Mother”? No. Neither of them did.

Aphrodite Urania was midwived by Kronos, and she has a role in the emotional and social development that is so turbulent in adolescence. An opposition aspect is a Libran type of aspect, with a 1st house to 7th house implication. The dual goddess comes in with her attendant, Eros, with all her wiles in full bore. The adolescent is lifted to the highest place of Platonic love of truth, beauty, and wisdom, and is plunged fully into lust, sexuality and the sensual world of his or her own type.

Too, this is the first time a young person experiences love on a peer level - often falling in love with an older mentor, or a heroic figure, or a famous performer as a safe place to practice love and romance. As the need for relationship becomes keener, toward fifteen and sixteen, the capacity for self-examination deepens. Adolescents become poets, philosophers, artists, all ardently exploring the vastness of the universe for the first time. Then they begin to notice peers, and fall in love with more accessible beloveds - someone in their own peer group.

Aphrodite’s domain over this era continues as the adolescent develops more deeply into the transitional stage. She not only rules love and desire, she also symbolizes values, justice and ethics. All these aspects of the human psyche are first truly tested in groups of teens, and within each young person him- or herself. Saturn opposition at childhood’s end is the time when all externally imposed values are challenged, found wanting (naturally), and moderated according to the individual and, more significantly, according to the current times that the teen is in, thus foreshadowing the future *aegis* of that generation. There is a lot of crying, “It’s not fair!” And, a sympathetic parent will agree to this; there is a lot going on that isn’t fair. And they need to find the fairness in the world as it is seeded in themselves.

The gathering of the tribes

Jupiter is the god-planet of organized beliefs, tribal affiliation, ideological mind-sets, transitional individuals and consensus dogma. Tribal affiliation is so very important in the process of adolescence. Because teenagers are transitional beings, they are sacred to Zeus and to Hermes, guides of the liminal soul and the travelling person; and, by the by, to Hekate, the goddess of the underworld. Adolescence is when we identify not only our philosophical affiliations, but our individuality in relation to the collective.

Tribes are identified in indigenous cultures by their markings: jewellery/adornment; hair style; clothing or lack thereof; marking - tattoos, piercing, scarification; mobility - cars/bikes/skateboards; social hierarchies - techie, goth, hippie, nerd, jock, druggie, punk; ideologies: orthodox; heterodox; atheistic; pantheistic; naturalist; intellectual.

At the time in life when individualism is so important, kids seem to be most attached to labelling themselves in accord with an uncanny implicit "call to adventure" - even those who stand outside the status quo of their ranking peers, have an aura of their own - the outsider, the misfit, the geek, the fat boy, the retard. All the things we don't like to admit to when we are liminally sophisticated. All these rituals of ordering should help us realize that the adolescent

is expressing his or her most core Self, not the refined, semi-civilized "self" of the post-Saturn return person, who will emerge at around twenty-nine.

Crossing the threshold: making sense of it all

In the eighteenth year, Saturn forms a trine to itself, and, being a closing trine, it has the qualities of Jupiter and the 9th house, and Sagittarius. The experiments of the fourteen through eighteen period are now applied to a working philosophy. This age also coincides with the Saros cycle, the advent of the return of the Moon's Nodes to their natal axis. The nodes are associated with incarnation and the purpose of the incarnate life. A life-path often emerges out of this phase; a working pattern begins to develop, and the final stages of the liminal phase of adolescence are technically over. This is the time of creative manifestation of the trials and tribulations, successes and achieved wisdom of the adolescent transition.

Very often, a vocational calling is heard at around eighteen or nineteen, which will be reviewed and shifted to a new level at the next nodal return, age thirty-eight, and the advent of mid-life. And thus begins the working model of the adult to be.

Referring back to the Jupiterian ethos of this phase, it heralds freedom of thought, action and deed. The world of justice and ethics rises to meet the mind of the youthful philosopher. As with the Saturn

opposition, where a sense of justice is developing on an interpersonal level (the Venus influence), this period too sees a growing sense of justice. However, a larger collective is involved, and there is a powerful sense of social justice. Maturity has brought to the mind an awareness of politics, in the sense of the intricate mechanisms and behaviour patterns that underlie the interaction of people in society. Matters political and judicial, world conditions, and the ideals that will create new societies, are of unending concern to the new citizen.

Although the wiring in the brain is still completing its circuitry, the last thrust of the limbic and the fast-encroaching establishment of prefrontal cortical sensibilities(!) are creating the future - yours and mine.

So, when you say to your apparently silly teenager, "Use your brain," be assured that they are - and more actively, interestingly, challengingly and radically than you are!



Odyssey

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"I like children. If they're properly cooked."¹

Kim Farnell

A rainy Wednesday in the office, and you get an offer from a dame that you can't refuse. Hell, you got to make a living. When she asks you to give it to her straight, warts and all, and you get that sinking feeling, **Kim Farnell** has words for the wise...



A London-based astrologer, **Kim Farnell** writes columns for a number of magazines and has been widely published in astrological periodicals. Her first book, *The Astral Tramp: A Biography of Sepharia*, was published in 1999. She regularly lectures on astrological subjects and is presently researching the role of women in nineteenth century astrology for a future book. She has three cats and one hamster.

I should have known that this one would lead to trouble. Too many rules were being broken, right at the start. I've always made it clear I don't want people along for the ride. What else could I have done? Maybe it's easier if I start at the beginning.

It was a cold and wet Wednesday. I was sitting in my office, rearranging a few pencils, when the call came. Her voice was soft, offered plenty of promise. And it wouldn't be long before I'd find out how well she could live up to it. What she was asking wasn't ethical, it wasn't moral, but hell, I need to make a living, just like everybody else.

So, when she said she wanted to come and listen in, I only hesitated for as long as it took her to name the fee. And she wanted the works. No cover-ups. I was to give it to her straight, warts and all.

But I needed to prepare myself first. Get my head together. Work out just how I was going to put this sort of information over. Before I told her anything, I had a few questions of my own.

"I was caesarean born. You can't really tell, although whenever I leave a house, I go out through a window"²

I needed a time. One special time. She was there, shouldn't be a problem. At first she claimed she couldn't remember - had no idea. I told her it wasn't good enough. Made to hang up. Then she started her story. A story which could make grown men scream in their sleep. A story so full of blood and gore that it deserved the triple XXX I was scribbling on my notes. In that dark world of knives and drugs it all started. And she wanted to pull me into her world. Wanted me to know every last little thing. Then she said, "Does it make any difference?" It did to my lunch, which was now in the trash. Some things you don't have to share. Finally, I got what I needed. I told her I'd get on the case right away. If she wanted to stop by my office in the morning, I should have something to tell her. Tomorrow was still a long way off to my mind.

"The trouble with children is that they are not returnable."³

It was going to be a long haul. A couple of shots would make all the difference. I could clear my head and get a few ideas by chatting to the boys at Liz's place. They knew it all. I threw on my coat and headed on downtown.

Even at that time of day, you could smell the atmosphere. I took a stool at the bar, gave Liz the wink and waited till she could come over. Didn't take long. I knew, as soon as I started to explain, that it was her sort of problem. Something she'd like to get her teeth into. She took a look at the scrap of paper I passed over the bar. Then she went quiet. She scribbled something on the back of the paper, and passed it back, pointing to a guy sitting in the corner. He looked about as inconspicuous as a tarantula on a slice of angel food.⁴ I picked up the drinks she'd put in front of me, and took them over.

As I sat, he looked me up and down. He didn't seem to like what he saw. I told him the story, and said Liz had sent me over. Maybe he knew something - something that could save me a whole lot of heartache. He lit the cigar he was holding and started talking.

"Every child is born a genius."⁵

"First thing ya gotta remember is, as far as she's concerned, we're talking 'bout perfect. We're talking 'bout a kid who ain't gonna do no wrong. She ain't paying ya ter tell her he'll enjoy playing the pianner. She wants ya ter tell her he'll be pulling 'em in at Carnegie Hall. She wants to know if it's gonna be Harvard or Yale. Tell her he'll make a number cruncher in Milton Keynes and ya've blown it."

I was getting the picture. Loud and clear. This guy knew his kids. Is that what it was all about?

"Nah, ya ain't doin' it fer the kid. Ya doin' it fer her. Ya don't need ter know kids. Ya didn't have ter invade Czechoslovakia ter do Hilters' chart, did ya?"

He had a point. But I wasn't convinced. There must be more. Then he started to get into his stride.

"Most convicted felons are just people who were not taken to museums or Broadway musicals as children."⁶

"See, whatever ya say, whatever ya think this kid's gonna be like, she'll blame herself if he goes to the bad. And far as she's concerned, goin' to the bad is when he don't turn out to be what she wants. Ain't no good sayin' cuz he got seven planets in fire he ain't gonna need much sleep. Ain't no good sayin' he'll be a mechanic, if she wants him to be a ballet dancer. She ain't gonna listen."

But she wanted it straight. She was paying for the full picture.

"Ain't no-one pays for the full picture. She wants the good bits. She wants ya ter tell her he's the best kid ya've ever seen."

"When I was born, I was so surprised I couldn't talk for a year and a half."⁷

I was getting worried. What I had in mind was telling how she could understand him on every level. Getting to grips with the emotional, the physical, the mental. How she could guide him into having insights into his own needs. How she could use her power over him responsibly, with respect for his feelings. How she could help him to develop in his own way. How she could listen to him, identify his talents, work with...? I had to stop when his laughter brought on a fit of coughing.

"Ya got no idea. She ain't wanting insights. She's wanting ya ter tell her he's gonna be first on the block ter say 'Mamma'. She's wanting ya ter tell her he'll be walking at three months. And she's wanting ya ter tell her it's ok ter lay the pressure on. Cuz he's big enough ter take it."

"Even very young children need to be informed about dying. Explain the concept of death very carefully to your child. This will make threatening him with it much more effective."⁸

I might not know much, but I know that you need to have a bit of respect for kids. You need to give them some structure, to provide gentle, but firm, discipline. Laying on the pressure is guaranteed to cause trouble.

"She ain't wanting ter know how yer gonna bring up yer own kids. She's got her own ideas."

"Adolescence is a period of rapid changes. Between the ages of 12 and 17, for example, a parent ages as much as 20 years."⁹

But what about when he's older? Those teenage years?

"He's gonna have a good time. She ain't. Simple as that."

"The best way to keep children at home is to make the home atmosphere pleasant - and let the air out of their tyres."¹⁰

There comes a time when he's going to leave home. That'll worry her. Who's he going to be with? Can he cope? How can she make sure he gets enough freedom, while showing that she'll be there for him?

"He's gonna go when he's gonna go. Ain't nuffink she can do 'bout it. Ya tell her who he wants ter hang his hat with - all ya can be sure 'bout is she ain't gonna like 'em."

He wasn't looking like he wanted to say much more. And he'd given me plenty to think about. I got Liz to fill his glass. Shook his hand and made for home. I was going to need plenty of sleep for this dame.

"From thirty feet away she looked like a lot of class. From ten feet away she looked like something made up to be seen from thirty feet away."¹¹

I'm no good at mornings. But it was morning when I heard that tentative tap on my door. She wafted in. Took the seat opposite, and was ready for the full agenda. He was right, she wanted the good bits. But those beady eyes he threw my way, got me wriggling in my seat. Some day, he'd understand all this. Some day he'd be knocking on my door, asking for explanations. Asking me to tell him why. I tried to involve him. I tried to ask him what he thought, what he wanted. He gave me a quizzical, almost plaintive look. Then the smell made me show her the bathroom.

"I don't know why I did it, I don't know why I enjoyed it, and I don't know why I'll do it again."¹²

I knew this kid. I knew what he thought of her. And it wasn't all good. But he'd do what he was going to do. Nothing would change that. I'd given her enough clues. Just hoped she'd have the sense to do something with them.

"If you don't leave, I'll get somebody who will."¹³

I'd had enough. She wasn't listening. Payback time. She threw a roll of bills on my desk. Thanked me in a way that made me feel like I'd just offered her son a job, and it wasn't the sort of job a decent boy should even know about. I knew I wouldn't be seeing her again. But maybe, someday, he'd listen to that tape, he'd take a look for himself. And then I knew he'd be back.



1. WC Fields
2. Steven Wright
3. Quentin Crisp
4. Raymond Chandler
Farewell, My Lovely (Ch. 1)
5. R. Buckminster Fuller
6. Libby Gelman-Waxner
7. Gracie Allen
8. P. J. O'Rourke
9. Anonymous
10. Dorothy Parker
11. Raymond Chandler
The High Window (Ch. 5)
12. Bart Simpson,
The Simpsons
13. Raymond Chandler
Notebooks

Film: Pluto Rides Again: *Sleepy Hollow*

Kay Stopforth

In the start of a new regular column, **Kay Stopforth** looks at the creative partnership of Tim Burton and Johnny Depp in the film *Sleepy Hollow*, which “offers a witty and satisfying mythic solution to the ‘problem’ of Pluto”.

Kay Stopforth is a film studies graduate and an astrologer. She has observed the correlation between the movements of Neptune and the development of cinematic art over many years. Kay is the author of the *Universe Cards* (Thorsons, 1999), a unique divination tool using dramatic pictures of the universe in a Tarot-type pack.

Highly recommended for those who like their fairy tales Grimm!

Based (very loosely) on Washington Irving's short story, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, this slice of American Gothic manages to be both beautiful and visceral. A kind of demented fairy tale, with a dash of Hammer Horror, *Sleepy Hollow* is an invigorating mixture of gore and humour.

A supernatural headless horseman is terrorising a remote village in the New York of 1799. Constable Ichabod Crane (Johnny Depp) is sent from the big city to investigate the strange goings on in Sleepy Hollow, where several of the unfortunate inhabitants have been decapitated by the horseman. Crane is a new breed of police officer, using reasoning and deduction to solve a crime, and he is immediately sceptical of the villagers' wild tales of the ghostly horseman. However, logic and reason prove to be inadequate to the task when confronted with the horseman's terrifying power, and Crane must use more magical means to defeat his quarry.

This Plutonian little tale of a dark, violent figure emerging from the underworld to wreak death and destruction follows an archetypal pattern which will be familiar to

astrologers. The headless horseman is a potent embodiment of the Pluto principle. In life, a mercenary warrior of repute, in death an agent of (seemingly) mindless destruction, the horseman is a most unghostly figure. He is a powerful and terrifyingly real presence, and his violent activities are portrayed in gut-wrenching detail. The horseman emerges from the roots of a tree (“the tree of the dead”, no less) and this is described as his “gateway” to the real world. His eruption into the world perfectly embodies the experience of Pluto's often violent, disruptive emergence into consciousness. The decapitations are shown in bizarre, macabre and convincing fashion - the violence both ultra-real and cartoon-like. One reacts with both repulsion and laughter - there is a macabre humour in the lopped-off heads spinning from the force of their violent removal.

The lack of a head indicates that the horseman is not amenable to logic or reason; but he can be controlled, we discover, through magic. The theme of headlessness and decapitation points to one of the film's central themes - the limits of reason when faced with a powerful, irrational force. Ichabod Crane is determined that reason will reveal to him the identity of the killer, but he is troubled by violent dreams of his mother's torture. These dreams actually reveal more to him about the nature of the mystery than his deductive process, and they act to renew his determination to solve the mystery. His logical deductions, by contrast, are always laughably wrong. This is an interesting break with the conventions of the “detective” genre. In the tradition perfected by Conan Doyle, and copied by countless others, we are accustomed to see the processes of logical deduction triumphing over superstition and fear. Here, these processes are revealed to be woefully inadequate, when faced with a Plutonian quarry. *Sleepy Hollow* is a kind of reply to *The Hound of the*



Baskervilles, where the terrifying supernatural beast is unmasked as a fraud by the peerless deductions of Sherlock Holmes. Here, our detective is vulnerable, human, cowardly and deeply flawed in his reasoning process. His deductions are ridiculous, but we sympathise with his determination to confront the horse-

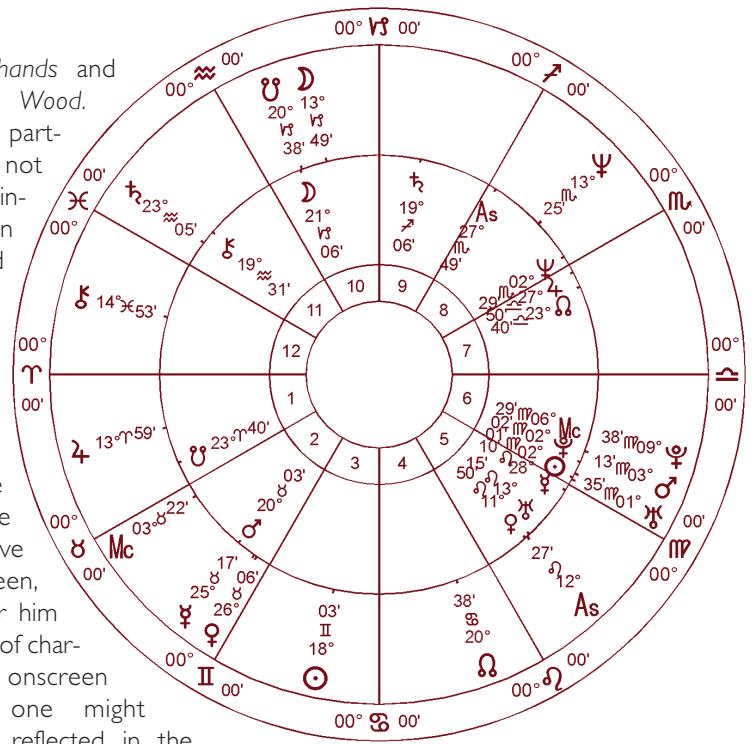
The story of *Sleepy Hollow* is a considerable departure from Washington Irving's original, where the rider is unmasked as a hoax perpetrated by Crane's romantic rival. This film is psychologically more complex - a discourse on the theme of mythic horror, darkness and fear. Its screenwriter, Andrew Kevin Walker, is credited with the screenplay for *Seven*, amongst others, and the film's director, Tim Burton, is well known for such gothic extravaganzas as *Edward Scissorhands* and *Batman*. Burton is a great fan of Hammer Horror films, and his distinctive style is a blend of gothic darkness and macabre comedy. Predictably enough, Burton has an extremely close Sun-Pluto conjunction in Virgo (3' of arc), and Pluto also conjuncts his Leo Mercury. His Sun-Pluto conjunction closely sextiles Neptune in Scorpio, underlining the Plutonian theme of his chart, as well as linking this theme creatively to the Neptunian medium of cinema. It is hardly surprising that the heroes of his films always represent the Pluto principle in some form. After serving an apprenticeship as an animator for Disney (a suitably Virgoan entry into the film world!), Burton had his breakthrough in filmmaking with the mega-success of *Batman* in 1989. This film rehabilitated Batman as a Plutonian hero, rescuing him from the "zap, pow" figure of fun he had become, thanks to the 1960's TV series. The character of Batman is highly Plutonian; his true identity is a secret, he disguises himself with a mask, he emerges from an underground cave - and always at night - and his mission as an avenging hero has its origins in childhood pain and loss. *Sleepy Hollow's* horseman is a darker echo of Tim Burton's *Batman*, the difference being that Batman has a mission to fight crime and evil, whereas the horseman is called upon to kill mindlessly by outside agencies determined upon doing evil. The horseman is pure instinct, whereas Batman is a highly principled figure, more like the "eagle" side of Scorpio. Heroes in Burton films are often outsiders; Edward Scissorhands is ostracised because of his outlandish appearance, Batman distances himself from others to keep his identity secret, and Ichabod Crane in *Sleepy Hollow* is literally an outsider, arriving from the big city with his newfangled ideas about detection.

Johnny Depp, who plays Crane, has starred in two other Burton films as the outsider-hero,

Edward Scissorhands and *Ed Wood*.

Director/actor partnerships are not uncommon in cinema - Martin Scorsese and Robert De Niro are a famous example of such a pairing - and often the actor carries some aspect of the director's creative identity onscreen, representing for him or her a cluster of characteristics, an onscreen *persona*. As one might expect, this is reflected in the synastry between the two charts. Depp and Burton share a striking amount of chart synastry, the most notable aspect for our purposes being Depp's Mars/Pluto/Uranus conjunction in Virgo, which falls on Burton's Sun/Pluto conjunction. Depp's Mars "acts out" the essence of Burton's identity (Sun). Depp's Mars also conjuncts Uranus, and this rather incendiary combination probably accounts for a lot of his quirky onscreen appeal, as well as his offscreen "bad boy" reputation. He also has a wide Sun-Pluto square, which echoes Burton's Sun-Pluto contact. Depp is ideally suited to playing a Plutonian hero, but the inclusion of Uranus adds an element of the offbeat and unusual, which is evident in his engaging, twitchy performance as Crane. He plays the character as a very human, fallible kind of hero. He is both courageous and cowardly, determined and stupid, in his pursuit of the horseman.

Sleepy Hollow is ultimately a positive Plutonian film. It offers a possible synthesis of Plutonian energy into life and a resolution of the violent intrusions represented by the horseman. Ichabod Crane, in his determination to confront the mystery, and his eventual acceptance of the limits of reason, is a positive Plutonian who acts as a balance to the "headless" instincts of the horseman. Finally, reason, instinct and spirit are integrated in Crane's confrontation with the horseman and the forces that control him. Without giving away the ending, *Sleepy Hollow* offers a witty and satisfying mythic solution to the "problem" of Pluto - a wonderful example of mythmaking at work in the language of the cinema.



Inner Wheel:
Tim Burton
 25 August 1958
 Burbank, California
 Birth time unknown.
Geocentric
Tropical
 0° Aries at Noon

Outer Wheel:
Johnny Depp
 9 June 1963
 Owensboro, Kentucky
 8.44am CST
Geocentric
Tropical
Placidus

Moon-Pluto - Fault or Fate?

Sophia Young

In a moving personal account of her experience of being a mother, **Sophia Young** finds herself challenging her own preconceptions about the kind of mothering that a child receives when a stark Moon-Pluto signature is present in a birth chart.

Sophia Young is a CPA graduate, Oxford graduate, committed Gemini (if that is not a contradiction in terms), mother, counsellor; believes that it is important to be able to discriminate between things; and will not eat a Yorkie bar if it is not a purple one.

In the part of prehistory that is my life before children, I would counsel clients with Moon-Pluto connections. The archetypal Medea-Mother-Murderer would often put in an appearance to the consulting room. These clients often had a powerful subjective experience of mother as the dark face of Pluto, which was not necessarily the objective reality. However, every projection needs a peg on which to hang. The Moon-Pluto child must have a parent who needs to do Pluto, I reasoned. I, for instance, a gentle Gemini/Aquarius, years of therapy, decent relationship with my own mother, had no need to experience Pluto through my relationship with my children...

Pluto in the labour ward: Pluto on my MC, opposing my Sun.

Ignoring this, I had planned to have my first child in a birthing pool, candles, whale music, massage, low lights and whispering midwives. I was expecting the birth of my first baby to be a life-changing event. Transiting Pluto was opposing my natal Sun, conjunct my MC. Uranus was on my Ascendant. Slowly, my blood pressure crept up, and signs that I was not well became harder and harder to wave away with an airy hand. A month before he was due, my waters broke, just like they do on ER, and never in reality. I knew I wasn't well. Bleary-eyed, we tried looking up "What to do" in the *Pregnancy & Birth* book. Then I phoned the midwives and they told me to go to hospital, with my hospital bag. I asked what went into a hospital bag. They told me. I cast about for any of the items they had mentioned and we left, empty-handed.

In hospital, at first no one really noticed me, the blood pressure machines were broken, Uranus was asleep. When the shift changed, and a nurse did eventually take my blood pressure, I was instantly surrounded by a sea of white coats. A Greek Chorus of doctors seemed to be echoing the consultant's mantra of "very unwell - possible caesarian". I was given a set amount of time to have the baby, and after that it was to theatre with me. Uranus woke up and attached himself to me. It was like being entangled in the hair of Medusa. We counted thirteen different monitors and lines snaking in and out. Despite being pinned down, drugged up and very unwell, I

mustered my fixed energy, determined not to have a caesarian, and heaved my son into the world.

One of the first words Leo may have heard was, "Look at the clock!" as I wanted to know his birth time. Followed by my excited cry, "That's my baby, that's my baby!" Or, he may not have heard anything for the sound of snipping, as the cord was tightly wrapped round his neck, and had to be cut while he was still emerging. The accurate Greenwich timepiece my husband had bought had been left behind in our early-hours dash to the hospital. (Sadly, an accurate clock isn't listed in "what to pack for labour" notes.) Leo needed a bit of air to breathe. He had Pluto right on his Ascendant. However, I knew he was going to be fine. I felt it. On the other hand, I was not so convinced about my own health. After his birth, I failed to respond to medication. Drugs and I just don't get along. A doctor standing at the bottom of my bed told me that with my kind of blood pressure people have strokes and die. I had become a mother, but was as helpless as my child, unable to even raise my head, and needing others to look after all my bodily needs.

Not wishing to confirm the gloomy doctor's opinion, I made my husband stay up and talk to me, Leo in a cot by my side. I thought if I could hold on to my consciousness, I would be okay, and not slip into the darkness that I could feel close by. He talked to me about great breakfasts of our time. He tells me that I was staring in a most disconcerting way. After a long time, I told him to get some sleep. The lights were dimmed. As I lay on my hospital bed in the dark, my husband and baby asleep at my side, watching my monitors telling me I was ill, trying to pretend to myself I wasn't, I had a strange visitor.

A nurse came into the darkened room, wearing full Florence Nightingale uniform. I knew she was not a living person, and thought I was going to die. The doctors had told me I was at risk of a stroke and death, the drugs weren't bringing my blood pressure down. My time was up. She was surely coming to get me. I didn't want to go. I thought of

my new baby, and how I would miss his growing up. My mind was spinning; I started freaking out inside. The "nurse" approached my bed and "told" me not to worry, to stop trying to think it all out. She wasn't there to take me away, and I would be fine. I just had to follow her simple instruction. "Accept the fact that you are very loved". She told me that receiving love and giving love are ultimately one. I had to stop being a carer, and allow myself to be cared for. I calmed down, and listened to her. She vanished, and I knew that I would be alright.

Later on that night, my drugs ran out, all the staff were on caesarians, and no-one could be found to refill the intravenous medicine. I had what the hospital call a fit, but which felt just like fainting to me. I remember, while not conscious, having to chose between a real crying baby and a spirit baby, and being confused, but not scared. I came back to yet another sea of faces. The consultant asked me if I knew where I was. I replied, "Yes, hospital, but I've been somewhere else." For the rest of my nights in intensive care a (real) agency nurse was hired by the hospital to watch over me. By weird fate, her grandmother and mother had worked at my grandmother's family home in Ireland. Her words were, "100 years ago I would have been doing this anyway."

So although Pluto had made an appearance in the labour room, he hadn't hurt the relationship I had with my child. If anything, it was a positive experience. While still convalescing in hospital after the birth, my astrologer friend Phil Byrne bought in Leo's chart. I was thrilled to see a well-aspected 10th house Moon Libra, trine Uranus and Neptune. I said, "That's me! Intuitive, sensitive, clever, attractive, but eccentric and dippy, but lovely." If objective reality is two subjective realities concurring, then I had two sets of factual evidence - our birth charts - proving that I was going to be a fine mother. Pluto on the Ascendant may mean he starts his ventures in a dramatic way. His chart seemed to fit with my expectations of myself as a mother. This was surely meant to be. Leo was such a blessing, so loved and so easy to love, that we decided to have another baby when he had just turned one.

Four days before Alexander, my second son, was actually born, he considered arriving with a beautiful Moon Libra like his elder brother. I had several painful contractions, and then it felt as if someone/something had a change of heart. An April Fool. I had noted in my diary that on Monday 5 April there was a Chiron-Moon-Pluto conjunction...

**Pluto is hard to swallow:
Chiron-Moon-Pluto arrives: Monday 5 April**

- 5:40 pm** Hmmm. Was that a contraction?
- 6:00 pm** Need to go to the loo quite a lot. Can't feed Leo his tea.
- 6:30 pm** Bath with Leo. Leo has to get out as I am trying to thrash like a fish, eight-and-a-half months pregnant, so more like a whale, really.
- 7:00 pm** Listen to the *Archers*, or fail to, as I crawl about.
- 7:15 pm** Phone midwife who says to leave for the Birth Centre immediately.
- 7:30 pm** Load bucket and towel into car and set off.
- 8:30 pm** Car races past the Robin Hood roundabout. I throw up into the bucket, have a huge contraction, my waters break onto the towel. I realise that my second baby is not going to be born in any birthing pool. I shout, "Pull over. Baby coming!" internally remarking on my lack of grammatical ability. Alexander Sterling makes his entrance to this world in the back of a Rover Sterling on the edge of Putney Heath.
- 8:45 pm** Desperately try to find out from the ambulance HQ, who were talking us through it on the carphone, what time they thought he was born. 8:37 seems a good guess. Yet another contribution I have made to the inaccuracy of astrology.
- 9:00 pm** Ambulance finally finds us (we had got lost, and so couldn't tell them where we were). Everyone immediately asks for the bucket to be taken out. Alexander's birth place is marked by an abandoned bucket of sick. We go off to hospital to be checked over, and by 11 pm we are all in bed together.

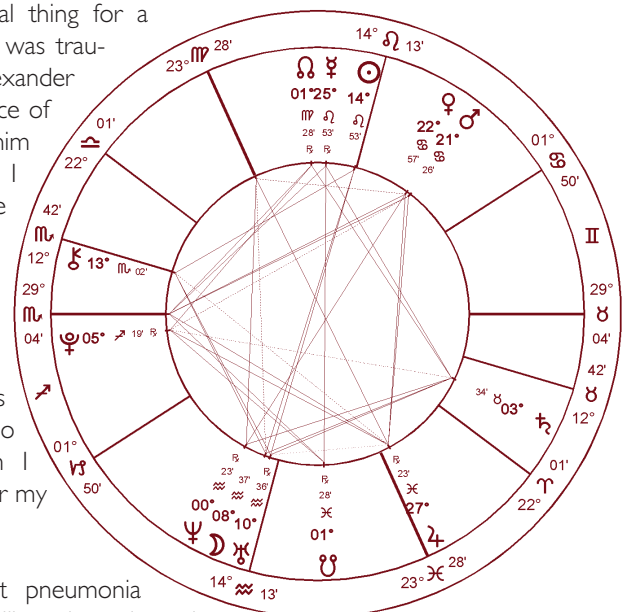
Within a few hours of his birth, it became obvious that he could not breastfeed well. He would scream in agony and choke as I tried to nourish him. He hated feeding, but desperately wanted to at the same time. I loathed being the cause of such distress. He threw up much of what I did get in him. What should have been the most natural thing for a mother to do for her child was traumatic for both of us. Alexander experienced me as the source of his distress and pain. I loved him as Cordelia loved Lear. I longed to love him because he was lovely, yet his pain was anything but. I doubted my maternal instinct - was it maternal duty? It was so hard to love this baby, who rejected my milk, who was rigid, who was unhappy, who was struggling, and whom I couldn't comfort. I longed for my "real", healthy baby.

Eventually, Alexander got pneumonia from inhaling his own milk and vomit, and



Leo

Leo
7th August 1998
3:33 pm
London
Tropical
Geocentric
Placidus





Alexander

ended up in intensive care. Hospital procedures were simply ghastly. He was too young for their local anaesthetic, so everything was done without. I had to hold my screaming child while the doctors inserted IV tubes into his fragile body, feeding tubes up his nose into his stomach, testing needles into his skin, testing tubes. Again and again. Even though I quietly whispered explanations to him, his pain was unbearable to me. He must have been wondering why I, his mother, was party to this nightmare. Why wasn't I stopping it all for him, protecting him? Then his thin veins would collapse, and the whole thing had to start again. Or another test would be ordered. Or more blood would be needed. Or someone else wanted to examine him.

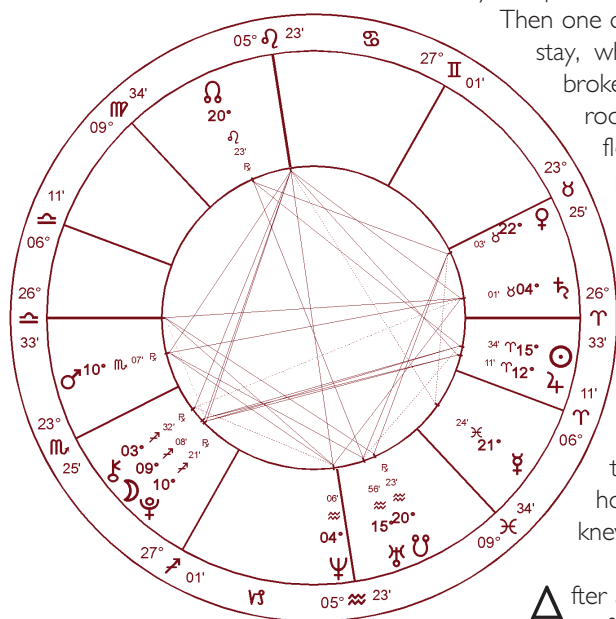
them, things began to change. As he grew older, and spent more time on the wards, I felt more confident in refusing painful procedures which were not wholly necessary. I discovered I could stand up to authority, and protect my child. There were still many horrible tests which were inconclusive, provoking much headscratching amongst the doctors, until a diagnosis was reached when he was ten months old: Congenital Pharyngeal Dysfunction. It is a very rare disorder for a baby to have, in complete isolation from any other dysfunction. What goes into his mouth gets into his lungs. Liquid is banned from his mouth. About 25% of babies born with his difficulty die from the pneumonia caused by inhaling milk. Chiron-Moon-Pluto.

I didn't let him see me upset. I didn't let me see myself upset, I remained calm and comforting.

Then one day, about a week into our first stay, when he was out of danger, I broke down in the nurses' coffee room. I had walked across a wet floor, and the cleaner complained she would have to wipe it down again. I apologised, and said I would clean it for her, and started to cry. I had been caught out - I had unconsciously trashed something clean and fresh. All the bad feelings I had about myself rushed forward. With transiting Pluto now in my 10th house, opposing my Venus, I knew I was a bad mother.

Alexander's short life story has not all been pain. He is only an outpatient now, and without liquid in his diet, rarely in distress. He has a great, pixie-like sense of mischief, and his Sun-Jupiter has started to shine. He thinks his older brother is tremendously amusing. I love Alexander very dearly, in an affectionate way, as well as in the lioness-protecting way. Although he is still struggling with feeding, and he will always have Moon-Pluto in his chart, neither he nor I are as frightened any more. As transiting Chiron and his progressed Moon clear his Pluto, there is no longer the daily battle to survive.

Our charts do not take away choice. Leo's chart, sadly, does not prove I am an enormous Good Breast, nor does Alexander's prove I am a Big Bad one either. I have learnt many lessons about love, pain and acceptance, since becoming a mother. I now also know from experience not to prejudge the intentions of a Moon-Pluto's mother!



Alexander
5th April 1999
8:37pm
London
Tropical
Geocentric
Placidus

After accepting that very other-than-perfect mother, talking about the dark feelings, and allowing rather than hiding



© Ken Cox 1999

Reflections: Pathos, Children and The Yearning for Slowness

Philomena Byrne

In this thoughtful piece, **Philomena Byrne** reflects on what she perceives as a malaise in our society, our Western “time-starved” culture, in which “our yearning for slowness, with its attendant depth and holding, has become our Pathos.”

I don't know exactly what a prayer is
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall
down
Into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass
How to be idle and blessed, how to stroll
through the fields
Which is what I have been doing all day
Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do with your
one wild and precious life?

Mary Oliver, excerpt from *The Summer Day*¹

The astrological context for this article is the close conjunction throughout May of Jupiter and Saturn in Taurus - the planetary representatives of the psyche's capacity for mania and depression, meeting in the sign that most signifies our capacity for slowness and depth.

In his book *Healing Fiction*², James Hillman asks a pivotal question: “What does Soul want?” In the same work, he elaborates his understanding of Symptom - Hillman holds that Soul speaks through symptoms. Through our symptoms, our pathology or Pathos, Soul enters.

Last week, in preparation for an upcoming journey to South Africa, I spoke to someone who lives and works there. My friend told me about something that had recently taken place in a community I would visit, a township outside of Johannesburg. In a schoolyard in the township, a group of seven-year-old boys had raped a little girl, also aged seven. The teachers and community leaders are in shock. I was also horrified. Two days later, one of my own clients from my practice, here in London, a young woman, told me about an incident from her childhood. When she was in primary school, aged about six or so, two boys had taken her into the boy's toilet and done “something terrible” to her. She hadn't told anyone.

I don't want to go into any great detail about the incidents I've referred to, and I am not addressing the context in which either took place. However, at the risk of oversimplifying, I do want to emphasise one of the differences between them. My client, as a child, was left alone with an event that she couldn't possibly digest in any way - and the story of her life since then reflects this awful abandonment. In hearing the other story from the township, the only consolation possible for me was in knowing that there are a group of adults in the community who know what has happened. These adults are suffering the impact, the bewilderment and turmoil of the event. They are grief-stricken, absorbing the horror, and trying to come to terms with the disbelief, rage and shame involved in taking in what has happened.

The point I want to make is not only that children are dependent on adults to digest experiences for them, and to attempt to make meaning from them, but also that some events are so challenging or horrific that they are beyond the individual's capacity for meaning-making. Only a community or collective response will suffice to carry, and eventually come to terms with, the more deeply tragic or deplorable aspects of life. Making sense of the terrible so that it becomes tolerable, liveable with, and eventually with its own meaning; this is the process of Soul-making. Making Soul involves the transformation of events into experience, so that we can live with how things are, rather than how we would like them to be. Usually, this involves mourning, grieving, feeling, remembering, imagining. It always involves time.

Here in the West, particularly in urban settings, we are increasingly aware of being “time-starved”, or, maybe, we are over-stimulated, with too many happenings to try to bring meaning to. But perhaps, following Hillman, we might be able to attend to the Soul-fullness of our current pathos, the ills we currently suffer in our society, in ways which, rather than pathologising us further as a culture, allow Soul



Philomena Byrne is a psychotherapist and astrological consultant based in London.

1. *The Summer Day*, Mary Oliver, *New and Selected Poems*, Beacon Press 1992
2. *Healing Fiction*, James Hillman, Spring Publications Inc. 1983

and meaning to enter through these same vulnerabilities.

An example of one of the most tender collective or archetypal hurts in the Western world concerns the decline - real or perceived - in our potency and generative capacity. We live longer than many other cultures on the planet, but we are having fewer children. We imagine ourselves to be less vulnerable to natural disasters, but we are also less fertile. We are part of an ageing demographic that worries about falling sperm counts, where degenerative diseases such as cancer and heart disease are among our biggest killers. Though we can wield some of the most fearsome technology in the world, and artificially extend our child-bearing capacity into old age if we choose, the truth is, more so than any other culture, on an imaginal level, we are closer to dying.

A community with falling natural birth rates is a community terrified of its own extinction. We are in deep denial of death, and allowing less and less time for honouring and giving a place to mourning and grieving. There was a poignant reminder of our dilemma carried in a number of national newspapers recently - London is running out of burial space. What is happening in the psyche of a community that can't find a place for its dead?

As part of our denial of death, we have become accustomed to thinking of change, growth and development - whether in market economy, technology, psychotherapy or astrology - as inherently good, of the acquisition of new information, experience and achievement as inherently desirable. These things *can* be intrinsically good and desirable, but only when they are inclusive of other processes. There needs also to be space for divergent, slower movements - reflecting, tolerating frustration, valuing the deepening yielded through loss and painful encounter, and of course, the slow and tortuous acceptance of mortality. We know this, but we are finding it almost impossible to live it, to give it a place within our cultural life. It's as though these processes have been displaced, out of our society, into "otherness" - other cultures, other places, different times.

Our "illness", that which ails us, seems to be that we have constructed a manic defence against our collective ageing, pitting our memory of, and longing for, youthfulness against the depression involved in acknowledging the Autumnal cycle of our culture. We are living in dread of being overtaken by this descent. We are fortifying ourselves against the fear of the encounter with death, literal or

symbolic, that this inevitably entails. Our yearning for slowness, with its attendant depth and holding, has become our Pathos.

The place of the child in the collective is set against this backdrop.

A report produced in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association was quoted in *The Guardian* newspaper recently.³ The article describes a "threefold rise in prescriptions of medical drugs for children under five, with toddlers being fed anti-depressants and other substances... for perceived psychiatric problems", and "between 1991 and 1995, doctors' prescriptions for... Ritalin (for supposed Attention Deficit Disorder, previously known as hyperactivity) shot up, from 4.1 per 1,000 pre-school children, to 12.3 (per 1,000)... Researchers expect this trend to continue."

What can be happening in the psyche of a community which finds itself unable to cope with the (hyper) activity of its children, and which needs to medicate even its youngest members against depression?

Children embody life and possibility, and stir our longings for immortality. Where the biological expression of such an essential energy is perceived to be in jeopardy, Psyche's call draws our attention to the need to make meaning from this. It isn't surprising, then, that we should find ourselves as a society in the grip of the archetype of the Child. The deepest paradox for us is that the more we fear the loss of the Child, and all that this represents for us, the more we envy and emulate our children, the more we are in danger of becoming a culture of children unable to adequately tend to our children.

Children are the world's natural manics. To constantly seek newness and stimulation, to be excited and impatient, this is the province of the child. It is a child's "right", because his or her fundamental need is to keep growing, developing and changing.

In order to live with, and love, the mania of our children, we need to know how to be "idle and blessed", to fathom that "everything dies at last, and too soon". Paradoxically, in order to enjoy their constant motion, their capacity to keep going until they drop with sudden, compelling exhaustion, we need to be able to set aside our own mania and enter, tolerate and eventually value our depression, our death. In this way, in due time, children too learn to trust and value slowing down, they learn the art of waiting, and, as they grow up, of living with tragedy and longing, of turning event into experience.

3 *The Guardian* 26 March 2000 "Pester Power"

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If Soul enters through our pathology, our Pathos, these encounters with our failures lead us to where we engage ourselves with making meaning. Through our struggle with the illnesses of our lives, we enter the realm of Soul. This descent inevitably takes us further into feeling and imagining, and, in so doing, begins to create a space for the illness within the collective, shifting the weight of a burden which is often simply too great for the individual or family group to bear. There is a qualitative shift to Soul-making when those who bear the illness, or Pathos, are honoured as suffering the symptom on behalf of the community.

The re-frame of the tragic events recounted at the beginning of this piece involves the recognition of our deepest tragedy - we can't stop terrible things happening. We need to try our best, and yet we will fail. We will fail because we can't legislate against failure, no matter how much we might like to. And so, we need to mourn. Mourning brings meaning, and meaning transforms the unbearable into the tolerable, to what is Soul-full. In this paradoxical way, through contradiction and reversal, Psyche brings us back to what ails us, and, inevitably, as we instinctively search for healing, back to the question "What does Soul want?"



Many thanks to Chris Robertson of Re-Vision and my partner Marie O'Kelly for their contributions.

The Tarot Fool and the Archetype of the Child

Juliet Sharman-Burke

Continuing her enlightening series on archetypal images in the Tarot, **Juliet Sharman-Burke** here introduces us to the Fool, and the hopeful Aries energy that is symbolised by the Child of the pack.

Juliet Sharman-Burke has been practising astrology and Tarot for the past twenty years. She has been teaching and supervising for the Centre for Psychological Astrology since its inception in June 1983, and also runs the Centre's administration. She is also a qualified analytic psychotherapist with a private practice in London. Juliet is the author of *The Complete Book of Tarot*, *The Mythic Tarot Workbook*, and *Understanding Tarot*, and is co-author of *The Mythic Tarot* and *The Mythic Journey* with Liz Greene. She has also written *The Barefoot Book of Stories from the Stars*, a book for children. *The Astrologer, the Counsellor and the Priest*, with Liz Greene, and *The Family Inheritance: Parental Images in the Horoscope*, have both been published by the CPA Press.

The Tarot Fool, and the archetype of the Divine Child who brings new hope, have much in common. The archetype of the Child is an image of optimism and potential, which presents an opportunity to write a new script. When we hear news of the birth of a child, we generally feel joyful at the idea of a new life beginning, wide open for adventure.

Prospective parents, and parents of tiny babies, are able to fantasise freely about the future happiness, success and fulfilment that their child may experience because, in early childhood, no reality has yet impinged, and no restrictions or limits have been imposed.

Similarly, in the Tarot, the Fool, the unnumbered card, who stands between the Magician as Number One and after the World as Number Twenty-One, begins and ends the cycle of the Major Arcana. The Fool can be visualised as the start of the zodiacal cycle, as Aries, the start of spring. Every spring we feel a sense of new hope; green growth pokes through dead winter wood, sweet spring flowers emerge from the dull brown earth, and birds are nesting. There is a feeling of potency and rejuvenation in the air. The energy of Aries, the Fool and the Child have many similarities. They are all concerned with new beginnings and carry the prospect of a positive future. "Tomorrow is a new day, with no mistakes in it," says Anne of Green Gables, and this reflects the energy of the Fool. He appears at the start of a new cycle, the birth of a new year, and, as with all beginnings, anything and everything is possible, and nothing has yet come in to spoil the overwhelming sense of opportunity which lies ahead. All this is true of the Tarot Fool in a divinatory sense when he appears in a spread. There is a sense of excitement, anticipation and enthusiasm which accompanies this image.

Paradoxically, the Fool also ends the cycle. In the card of the World, the image is of a dancing figure contained in a wreath, or, in the case of the Mythic Tarot, the snake eating its own tail. The World signifies a completion, the end of a cycle, and once something is completed, the next step, inevitably, is a new beginning. The figure enclosed in the oval can thus be interpreted as the foetus in the womb waiting to be born again, as the Child or the Fool.



The Child and the Fool are deep and highly significant archetypes because they both represent human experience at every stage of life's journey. No matter how old or experienced we are, life always manages to produce new situations for us to encounter. Anything new inevitably evokes not only the positive sense of looking forward to something, but also brings feelings of vulnerability, uncertainty, and a sense of being at risk, all of which reflect another aspect of the divinatory meaning of this card.

The image of the Fool, poised at the edge of a precipice, conjures up that moment of fear, excitement, dread and thrill which accompanies any new venture.

The Mythic Tarot shows the Fool emerging from a cave, which suggests the womb, an image of new life. He is standing on one foot at the edge of a precipice, yet he is not afraid. He is ready to meet life head on; his eyes are raised toward the rising sun, the start of a new day. Most Tarot decks portray the Fool with his face upturned, about to step off the edge of a cliff. Some decks show an animal snapping at his heels, which represents the instinctual fear that we all feel when faced with the

unknown. Nevertheless, more often than not, the urge to grow, to learn and to experience the unknown, overwhelms the fear, and over the edge we go!


The *Mythic Tarot* portrays the Fool as being connected with the Greek god Dionysus. Dionysus is a good image for humankind, as his semidivine parents connect him to the mortal as well as to the divine world. The cave symbolises his earthly mother, Semele, and the eagle watching from the branch above represents Zeus, his divine father. Dionysus' birth to a mortal mother from the seed of a divine father, his violent death and triumphant rebirth, have obvious parallels with the Christian story. Both Dionysus and Jesus had to be hidden at birth, Dionysus from jealous Hera and Jesus from jealous Herod. Both figures radically changed the relationship between men and gods, and both were put to death and resurrected. Dionysus gave wine to mankind, his sacred grapevine being pruned in the autumn in order to be renewed in spring. Grape and grain were used by Jesus at the Last Supper and in the Eleusian celebrations of Dionysus and Demeter.

In some Tarot images, the Fool is portrayed as being held back from the edge by a wild animal, sometimes a lion, symbolising the powerful desire nature of man, while a crocodile, which may reflect the beast within humankind, lurks in the abyss. This imagery may refer to the Egyptian myth of Isis and her son Horus, who were forced to hide in the swamps of the Nile in fear of Horus' wicked uncle, Seth, who planned to murder his nephew. One of the forms Seth took was the crocodile. According to this myth, Horus finally overpowered his evil relative, and succeeded to the throne of his murdered father, Osiris. Thus the pharaoh of Egypt was seen as Horus, the lord of sky and sun, in his lifetime, and Osiris after his death. The Fool is therefore linked with Horus, as the child who is heir to the throne, but who must

first conquer the dark forces and succeed the dead king to become ruler and father himself. The birth of Horus was celebrated by the Egyptians on 21st December, the winter solstice, when the sun reaches its lowest point, after which it gains in strength and force, a cosmic representation of the death of the old king and birth of the new.

The birth of Christ is celebrated on 25th December at midnight as a symbol of new life emerging from the darkest hour on the darkest day of the year, suggesting that light can conquer darkness; life conquers death.

In some decks, the Fool is dressed in ragged or multicoloured clothes, which signify the different impulses which pull him in opposite directions. In other decks, he wears a jester's costume, which suggests his unique position as the king's Fool. In medieval courts, only the Fool could get away with telling unpalatable truths to the king, which no one else would dare mention. This, too, is often the role of children, who innocently ask questions or say things as they see them, rather than feeling inhibited by a wish to look good or curry favour. In the fairy tale, *The Emperor's New Clothes*, the adults were so afraid of looking foolish that they all agreed they could see a fine coat, which did not exist. It was a child who innocently asked, out of sheer curiosity and interest, why the Emperor was parading the streets stark naked!

The image of the Tarot Fool calls up the idea of the Divine Child who is born again to give us hope. Throughout life, we will always find ourselves in situations which make us feel ignorant or ill-prepared. Yet, like the Fool, we have no choice but to throw ourselves into the unknown, because to hold back is to stagnate, and even to perish. As we look at the image of the Fool, balanced on the edge of the precipice, we know he must leap, because his desire to explore what lies ahead is greater than his fear and apprehension. 

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Charles Harvey

An Appreciation

Charles Harvey, co-director of the Centre for Psychological Astrology, died on 22nd February 2000. Here follows an appreciation of his life and work, in words by **Lindsay Clarke, Richard Tarnas, Anne Whitaker, and Liz Greene**. Lindsay Clarke delivered both his and Richard Tarnas' eulogies at Charles' funeral.

Of all the people I've known, Charles Harvey is one of whom I'd say without a moment's hesitation that here is a man of true spiritual dignity. Yet it was an essential part of his diffident charm that such dignity was lightly worn, and enlivened more often than not by a wry self-deprecatory humour. So I believe it's true to say that Charles understands, and is bearing with, our need to grieve, but he wouldn't want us to be gloomy. In an attempt to honour something of his lightness, then, together with his deep seriousness of purpose and commitment, let me give you a couple of my own recent tender memories of him.

The first is of the care and tact and delight with which, just before Christmas, and in the midst of his bodily struggle with pain, he set about secretly making arrangements for the celebration of Suzi's birthday. Consider the irresistible smile beaming out from the photograph of Charles you are holding. Now imagine that smile broadened into an exuberant grin of impish glee and you have some idea of the shine on his face in the lovely moment when his wife realized with what loving cunning he had out-trumped all her expectations. For though in many ways he was a deeply private man, Charles was also, and always, a man of heart. He took his greatest pleasure in giving pleasure to his loved ones and his friends. He was, as I know to my own gain, quite brilliant at it. But he was also a profoundly serious scholar to whom precision of thought was both a virtue and a necessity. So my second memory is of Millennium Eve when - carried away by the desire for a new time, or just eager to watch the fireworks spread their light against the night's black screen - someone in our number started the countdown at a point which was, by Charles' reckoning, three or four seconds early. I heard his voice beside me, firmly resisting the pressure of the group as he looked down at his watch - which was, I am quite sure, atomically accurate - keeping count of the passing seconds. I remember thinking that, if anyone understands the instruments of time, it's Charles, so I'm with him. Then, last Tuesday morning, came the phone

call telling me of his death. Winded by shock and grief, I felt for a time as though it wasn't true any more - that Charles was gone and he and I could never be together again. I knew that I had always loved him but, until that moment, I didn't know quite how much. And with that knowledge, a sense of Charles' own essential truth returned. He hasn't been far from my thoughts since then, and in those thoughts I've found myself humbled again and again by the scale and quality of the man.

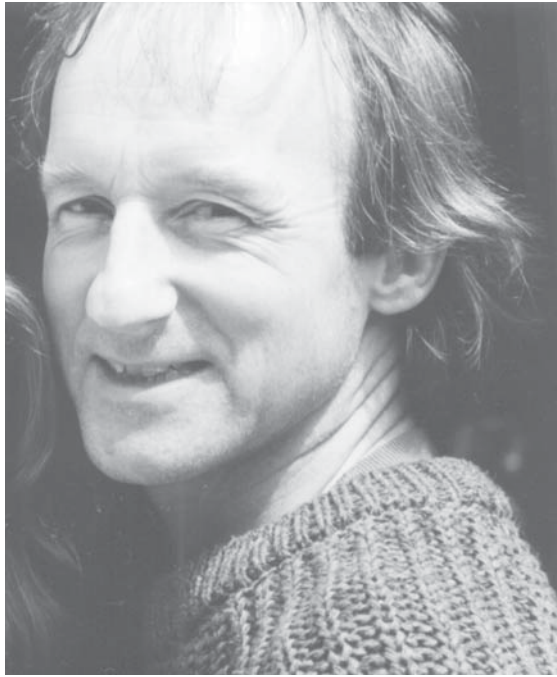
I've realized that, in part, I loved Charles because he so often, and so easily, called out the best in me. I loved the way that, with a shrewd eye on the vanities and foibles that attend my clutch of stars in Leo, he quietly required the best of my intellect, the best of my wit and humour, the best efforts of the imagination to understand inflections of consciousness very different from my own.

I think of Charles as possessing a jovial imagination - and I don't just mean that he had a merry, benevolent and good-humoured heart - though of course he did. But in the symbolic realm of the classical deities, Jove was lord because his comprehensive imagination understood, and knew the need for, all the other archetypal modes of being. In the broad embrace of that imagination, Jove held the world together as a whole, with all its variety, its shadow and its light.

In its own humane way, Charles' imagination was of that jovial order, and it was a measure of his spiritual generosity that, in knowing him, each of us came more completely to know ourselves. For he delighted in our differences - in what, across the whole chromatic spectrum of the zodiac, makes each of us unique and irreplaceable.

Yet he was deeply in touch, too, with that sacred ground of our being where we are all members of one another. And I know that I value Charles so highly because it was just impossible to spend long in his company without being reminded that we are more, much

more than our narrow fears and ambitions - that, as even the physicists tell us now, we are made of starfire; that in the words of a great Christian theologian, there is a Sun and a Moon inside us, and also the stars; that we are all children of Earth and the starry heavens.



I remember Charles joking, not so long ago, about some ingenious endeavour of materialist science that seemed

to be encouraging the belief that death is now optional. Well, Charles was under no such illusion. He knew that, sooner or later, death comes and is needful. But throughout his adult life he had studied with Plato and Plotinus and all their golden school, and in his fidelity to what they had taught him, and to the deep truth of his own experience, he also knew that death is not final, that there are realities beyond these shadowlands where we grieve his loss. Secure in that knowledge, he made a brave and beautiful death as he had made a brave and beautiful life. And even those who find it hard to share Charles' belief in the continuity of the soul, can see for themselves how his life goes on in the love and strength and creativity of his wife and children, and in the countless ways he enlarged and enriched the many lives he touched.

So, yes, I miss my friend and deeply mourn him; but I feel just as passionately that his life was, is, and will continue to be a rich cause for celebration. And I feel sure that I'm simply representative of hundreds of other people when I say that this wise, courageous and loving man, whose life we are honouring, and whom I am privileged to call my friend, is permanent in my heart and my imagination.

Lindsay Clarke

28th February 2000

Let me speak first, as a friend. Charles was so dear to me, his friendship was one of the most important in my life, though we were separated by an ocean and a continent. It was an honor to be his friend. He had such a profoundly warm heart, loving and generous; his being in its very essence was magnanimous,

great-souled. For one person to have at once such a large mind and a large heart is so rare and precious. For all of us his death is a blow, tangible and sharp, hitting our hearts hard. I share with Suzi, and with his children and family and friends, a deep sorrow at his passing. His death is a great loss; and yet, in the mysterious way these things work, we know that he has entered into the interior of our

lives, perhaps to bring his irreplaceable gifts to and through us in ways we cannot foresee.

But Charles was not only a friend and husband and father. He was, in his quiet but highly effective way, an important and even essential figure in our culture and in the spiritual awakening of our time. Certainly he was one of the most brilliant, technically masterful, encyclopaedically knowledgeable astrologers of our age, and his great synthesis of the British and German astrological traditions at their best is one of his most important contributions. And he accomplished that synthesis within a profound Platonic and Neoplatonic philosophical framework that greatly expanded and deepened the meaning of the astrological perspective and discipline.


But that is only a part of his legacy. If I can speak as an American looking from afar at the world of British astrology, it seemed to me that Charles was the most recent representative of a certain great lineage within the British astrological tradition, which began with Alan Leo, was passed on to Charles E. O. Carter, thence to John Addey, and finally to Charles, who oversaw the Astrological Association for most of his adult life. And from that position, in his extraordinary care for the whole, Charles served more than perhaps any other single person to unify the international astrological community. For all his intellectual brilliance and technical competence he was a visionary: he deeply recognized not only astrology's potential influence but its rightful place in our civilization's future world view. He believed that astrology would someday move into the very center of the life of our culture - and I believe he was right. And, like all great visionaries, he not only saw, he gave himself to the task of incarnating that vision.

Finally, if I can speak very personally for a moment, I always felt as if Charles and I were united across the Atlantic by our common goal to help open up our civilization's eyes to the sacred intelligence of the cosmos and to the human being's special role within that cosmos.

Our friendship was rooted in this shared aspiration: I hope to spend the rest of my life - and Charles' death poignantly brings home to us all how unknown and mysterious is the allotted span of our years - I hope to spend the rest of whatever years are given to me working to fulfill what Charles saw and felt so fully. More than anything, I will remember how much Charles cared - for astrology, for the divine cosmos, for the human community - and his caring had the tenderness of the Mother for a precious newborn, or, perhaps I should say, reborn.

Goodbye noble Charles, we have been beautifully blessed by your living amongst us.

Richard Tamas

February 27, 2000 

"Touch my life with the magic of thy fire"

Two framed certificates hang on my office wall: the Certificate from the Faculty of Astrological Studies dated May 1983, and the Diploma from the Centre for Psychological Astrology dated November 1998. The signature common to them both is that of Charles Harvey. I met Charles not long after obtaining the first, and last saw him on my graduation day from the CPA. It is appropriate to have those two signatures on those two educational documents bracketing the period of our relationship. Although there was a great deal of warmth and friendship between us, Charles Harvey was primarily my teacher and my mentor. It is in that special context that I am now writing about our relationship, whose untimely end has left me feeling more bereft than I could have imagined.

There will be many, many tributes to Charles in the coming months as our astrological community slowly comes to terms with its great loss. A great deal will be said about his generosity of spirit, his enthusiasm and optimism, his broad-ranging, bright mind, his capacity to inspire, his kindness, his willingness to give. In this memoir I would like to add some personal shading to the broad brush strokes of our community's picture of him.

I attended my first astrological conference in 1984, very much a novice. Someone point-

ed to a tall, thin, fair man standing beside a slender blonde woman holding a very new baby - his wife Suzi and their first son, I later discovered. "That's Charles Harvey!" said my fellow novice beside me. We had found out very quickly what an important figure he was, and felt rather awestruck. I remember hearing him speak, and being struck by his charisma, and his eloquence. I can't now recall exactly what the subject was, but loved the way he set our individual lives in the context of the Big Picture.

The quest for a larger and more meaningful context within which to set my own small existence had drawn me toward astrology. Here was someone who was articulating, with great conviction, something for which my own soul craved. I remember thinking "I'd like that man to teach me what he knows."

Not long after this, Charles came up to Scotland to teach, staying overnight with my husband Ian and myself. We had met because I was involved in setting up what was to be a short-lived astrological organisation in Scotland, and had consulted him for advice. Although I didn't consciously realise it then, what was required was for me to learn my craft through the long, painstaking apprenticeship we all have to go through; not to try to run before I could walk, a novice setting up an organisation for which there was no real demand. I fell out with everyone else involved, and retreated into the Plutonian underworld, only really emerging about ten years later with my astrological apprenticeship served.

I'm pretty sure Charles could see all this very clearly as an outsider - but he was enthusiastic and encouraging when the organisation was set up, supportive and constructive when I wrote to him telling him about my retreat.

From that time on, we never lost touch. I studied with him at Hawkwood College in 1986, then in 1987 went down to study Harmonics with him and Mike Harding in Oxford. My growing interest in mundane astrology was fostered by the sheer scope and accessibility of his knowledge - I read his books and articles, and we would correspond or speak on the phone from time to time.

In 1990, with his encouragement, I started travelling down to London to study at the CPA, purely as a member of the public then. I set up and ran my first astrology summer school in Glasgow in 1991. On the morning of the first day I had a wonderfully supportive card from Charles. As well as developing my

own teaching, I carried on studying as often as I could at the CPA, and was pleased to hear in 1992 that Charles had become co-director with Liz Greene.

By 1994, I realised how much I wanted to become a *bona fide* student on the CPA course, but couldn't see a way, because of geography and family and work commitments in Scotland, of meeting all the supervision hours through group supervision. I discussed it all with Charles, and he said he would take the matter up with Liz Greene. I wasn't very hopeful, and didn't hear from Charles for a while. Then, on Christmas Day 1994, he called me to say that I could apply for a place and would be considered. I was accepted in 1995 as a CPA student, Charles Harvey having agreed to do one to one private telephone supervision with me to make up my full quota of hours.

When I started the CPA Diploma course in September 1995 we met face to face again, for the first time since 1987, although we had spoken and corresponded. I was apprehensive - how would it be? I needn't have worried. Charles saw me, and immediately came over and hugged me. "Anne, how lovely to see you!" he said. "You haven't changed a bit."

Charles was an excellent supervisor. Always encouraging and positive, he would nevertheless be forensic in his criticism when that was required. It felt like a great privilege, after all these years, to have him working with me on an individual basis. During the period of my study, he then started to encourage me to spread my wings, begin to teach out of Scotland. He also encouraged me to start writing again, and send out my work for publication.

In March 1998, I travelled to Bath to contribute a seminar to his BASS series, terribly nervous at the prospect of presenting a seminar in front of him. He dealt with my nerves by giving me a big hug, and telling me I'd be fine once I got started.

When I graduated in November 1998, it gave me the greatest of pleasure to tell everyone at the meeting that I would not have my CPA Diploma without the many years of support, help and encouragement that Charles Harvey had provided. I know he was very pleased and touched by this, since he thanked me on more than one occasion for my affirmation of him. I recall feeling very concerned on that last occasion. He looked worn, thinner, and not quite his usual self.

I was devastated to hear of Charles' illness, and wrote to him throughout the year that he was struggling with cancer and chemo, although there was only the occasional, always appreciative response. My last ever card from him, at Christmas of 1999, was entirely typical of the great man that Charles was. Sketchy in the details of his own brave battle for life, he was full of enthusiasm and pleasure for me in my new role as a member of the CPA staff.

It is natural and normal to respond to the undeserved suffering and untimely death of someone you love, with initial anger and perhaps bitterness at life's unfairness. But I know that to go on being bitter would be to diminish his contribution to my life, and my memories of him. I will take the example he set me, and the major contribution he made to my development, in being as constructive and creative as possible for whatever time remains to me. Charles and I shared a love of good quotes, and this memoir is titled with a fitting one from Rabindranath Tagore, the Bengali poet and philosopher. Charles Harvey certainly touched my life with the magic of his fire. I will always miss him, and will never forget him.

Anne Whitaker

10th March 2000 

Charles Harvey was my friend for twenty-seven years, and my co-director at the CPA for eight years. The sense of terrible loss that I feel at his death is balanced only by the sense of privilege and gratitude which I feel at having known such an extraordinary man, and having the chance to work closely with him in the sphere at which I believed he excelled: education. Whether he was encouraging different astrological groups to communicate with each other, or building bridges through which intelligent lay people could recognise the importance of astrology, or addressing astrological conferences, or writing articles for journals such as *Apollon*, or offering seminars and supervision to astrological students, his capacity to inspire and expand others' thinking and vision was enormous. Teaching information is easy and requires little of the soul. Teaching as a form of awakening the soul is a rare talent, most often found amongst poets, playwrights and philosophers. Being clever is also easy, perhaps too easy for astrologers. Being clever and also kind is more exceptional. The combination of being a true educator, intelligent and inspired but also deeply generous and wholeheartedly interested in others, is all but unique.

It was not possible to listen to Charles teach without feeling profoundly connected to the larger cosmos and the order and beauty which he perceived and so eloquently communicated. This was one of his best contributions to the CPA, a perfect counterpoint to the more individually centred approach of psychological astrology. His capacity to invoke this sense of connection made him a true priest, in a deeper and more authentic sense than many who practise under that name in collectively sanctioned religious institutions. Like a good *pontifex*, he built bridges over which others could cross to glimpse those eternal realities which we have always known but have somehow forgotten in our blind submergence in material existence. Those who focus only on the more technical aspects of his work on midpoints and harmonics miss the greater cosmic unity which he unfailingly understood, and which underpins all such perspectives. The gentleness and decency of his personality reflected not only a heartfelt consideration for other human beings, but also the very high ethical code which made him determined to act at all times as a gentleman, with fairness and courtesy. In all the years I knew him, I never heard him disparage another astrologer in order to make himself look important, or denigrate a student in order to make himself look wise. He had the unusual gift of genuinely listening, and the even more unusual gift of focusing on and calling out the best in any individual he taught or worked with. Charles was no cardboard saint, and it is not necessary to idealise him. But he stands as an example to all of us, not only as an astrologer, but also as the best of what humans are able to become. He did not use unhappy childhood issues to justify unpleasant behaviour, or unleash unfulfilled personal needs under the guise of helping others. He was always no more nor less than the fine and beautiful man he seemed to be; and all of us who worked with him and felt his warmth, support, and unfailing good humour are recognising with pain how much that matters in a world sadly lacking in such fundamental values.

When we lose someone we love, it is easy and natural to be angry and feel that somehow this life was cut short and left unfinished. Along with personal grief and sadness, this was certainly one of my initial reactions. The mind rushes in to seek "reasons" when confronting that which seems so unfair and unreasonable. At fifty-nine, Charles was still in his prime, and his appearance, energy, and exuberance were those of a much younger man. We had every reason to look forward to many years of his delightful company and thoughtful and provocative contribu-

tions to astrology. From an ordinary human perspective, Charles' life was indeed incomplete. He should have had many more fruitful years in which to develop his own considerable creative writing talents. He should have had more freedom from material pressures. He also should have had a gentler end, as would have befitted such a gentle and gentlemanly personality. But from a deeper perspective, this was a perfectly complete life, shining and full of meaning and purpose, polished like a work of fine sculpture chiselled out of the raw stone.

Charles was always very willing to offer his own birth chart information, to help illustrate important astrological points. This was never done from vanity or self-justification, but always as objectively as possible, for the furthering of astrological knowledge. It would not be appropriate here to discuss the issues in his chart, although many astrologers will no doubt be doing exactly that in order to make some sense of his death. However, it is fitting to mention that one of the great planetary dyads which began a new cycle at Charles' birth was beginning another new cycle when he died: the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, in the same sign in which they were placed at his birth. There is a hint here that something had completed itself on a deeper collective level, and his life and work were set within the context of this cycle. There is also the hint that the work he did for the astrological community is now ready to blossom and take new forms within the framework of the new cycle. Seeing this extraordinary pattern at work, I cannot help but view it as Charles himself would have viewed it – as the reflection of a profound cosmic order and intelligence. I, and many others who loved and respected Charles deeply, will not only miss him terribly, but will, for a time, feel angry both on his behalf and on our own. But I also share his Platonic world-view, and believe not only in the continuity of the soul but also in the permanent and indestructible contribution of a life committed to the enhancement of life. Everything that Charles did in the world of astrology reflected his deep love and devotion to astrology itself, to all that is Good and True and Beautiful, and to the greater unified cosmos of which he understood astrology to be a symbol. Such devotion will leave its mark on us for the rest of our own lives, and on the astrology of future generations, who will be his truest beneficiaries.

Liz Greene

16th March 2000 

A Letter to Students of Astrology

Charles Harvey

At the beginning of each academic year of the Centre for Psychological Astrology, there is an orientation day for new students, and a general meeting of the staff and all students, past and present. Charles wrote this letter for the day last November, and Liz Greene read it out, leaving not a dry eye in the house. It seems appropriate to finish this appreciation by reproducing this letter, leaving us with a wonderful sense of this extraordinary man.

Dear Friends, Colleagues, Fellow Students,

I am most deeply sorry to be unable to be here with you all today. I had been looking forward very much to reconnecting at this point, and joining in the orientations and disorientations and discussions of the day.

Alas, my non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, which had seemed to go well in the summer, suddenly re-emerged in a new form early last month, and I am now back on a fresh cycle of chemotherapy treatment, and have to stay close to the clinic for the time being.

Whatever else I have not been able to do, at least the past year of critical illness has enabled and compelled me to think about life priorities and review my almost forty years of serious involvement with astrology.

I am happy to be able to say that, whilst there are probably many things I would change about the way I have used my time in astrology, I can still see few areas of study that are as worthy of a lifetime's attention. I see no other study that enables one to engage with the human condition at so many levels, from environmental to physical, psychological and spiritual, and see the way in which these different levels interpenetrate and reflect one another.

Indeed, I would go so far as to say (and I alert you that I have Jupiter with the MC exactly 135° Neptune!) that the astrological dimension of reality, when adequately articulated, still seems to me to offer the only real basis for a true Renaissance of the kind that the Uranus-Neptune conjunction sextile Pluto of the past years would seem to indicate. Such a Renaissance can only occur when the "Facts and Figures" of life, with which we have been so totally preoccupied these past few centuries, are once again consciously reconnected with some awareness of life's deeper meaning, purpose and ultimate mystery.

This is, of course, not a new view. Many astrologers have said as much for many years. Back in the 1950's, Prof. Dr. L. Cunibert Mohlburg of the Vatican Institute of Archaeology forecast in his book, *Candi's Letter to Tschu*, that

"...If we look ahead, it is already possible to say that Astrology seems destined to lead all other branches of knowledge out of the blind alley of unspiritual rationalism and materialism... and effect the reconciliation that Science so ardently desires with Belief."

And "reconciliation" is the key word here. For all its crimes against humanity, material science has its well-deserved place in the scheme of things. Indeed, I have had many reasons to be grateful to reductionist science in the past year, as miraculous machines and processes have diagnosed the problems of my body, and doctors have been able to prescribe tested drugs known to help in such conditions.

But when one hears those same scientists, as on the radio last week, saying that, "...Of course we all know now that we don't have souls!", I am obliged to remind myself, and anyone listening, that, consuming though it may be, my body and its physical illness are not the sum total of my present life. Indeed, they are but outward and visible signs of an inward and invisible series of psychological and spiritual processes.

Whilst science sees only the physical facts of my condition, astrology sees these facts in terms of another dimension. In my chart, the Moon is in the first degree of Aquarius in the 6th house, opposite Pluto at $1^\circ 35'$ Leo in the 12th house, in square to the MC-Jupiter, and more widely square Saturn in Taurus. The Moon is a handle to my chart and the ruler of a stellium in Cancer, including the Sun, in the 11th and 12th and is the ruler of the 12th house cusp.

Can it come as a surprise that, with Neptune's long transit to my 6th/12th house Moon-Pluto axis last year and again this year (occurring along with my second Saturn return with Saturn in $11^\circ 16'$ Taurus), my psyche might start questioning my regular 18-hour working days and self-tyranny, and demand that I find some new solution to this old self-punishing pathology?

To add to the picture of transiting Neptune opposite natal Pluto, my progressed Sun has been all this year conjunct my Neptune/Pluto midpoint. On 5th October, when the specialist

Charles Harvey
 22nd June 1940
 9:16 am
 Little Bookham, Surrey
 (51°N29', 00°W13')
 Geocentric
 Tropical
 Placidus

Charles died on 22nd February 2000, at 2:50 am, in Bath (51°N25', 2°W25')

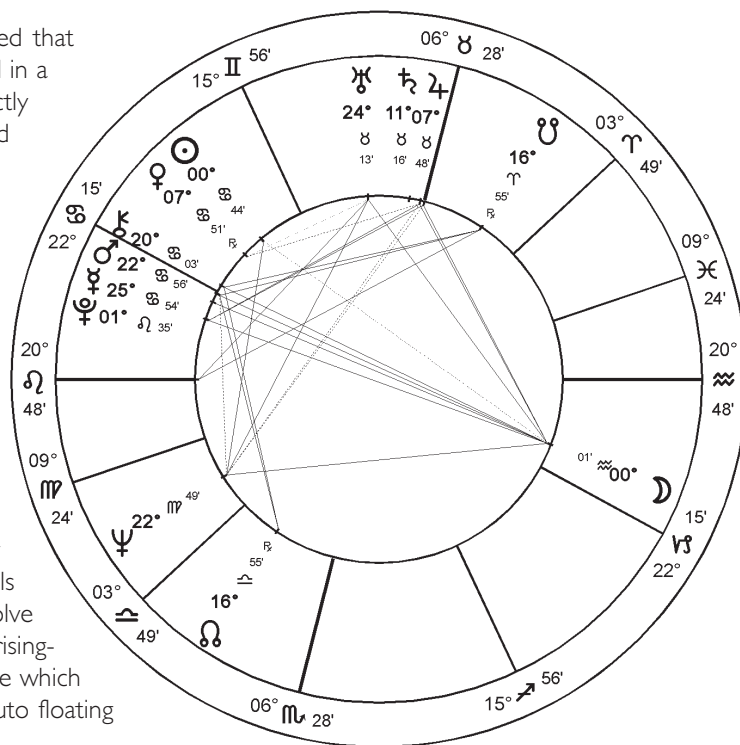
announced that tests showed that the lymphoma had returned in a new form, the Sun was exactly setting with the Sun and Ascendant aligned exactly 45° to my Neptune/Pluto, while of course transiting Neptune was coming to station conjunct my 6th house Moon exactly to the minute opposite Pluto.

Neptune/Pluto has vividly described this phase of my life at all levels. At the physical, it has been the constant subjecting of my body to fine-tuned cocktails of deadly poisons to dissolve deadly tumours - a not surprisingly fairly exhausting procedure which leaves one in a Neptune/Pluto floating limbo much of the time.

Psychologically, Neptune/Pluto has been about being forced by life-threatening conditions to approach, through dreams, imagery, and my psychotherapy, the unconfronted tyranny of my internalised Fascist father (Pluto in the 12th is, of course, the ruler of my 4th house). This process of "escape from the father" was underscored in August when, two days after the eclipse, we arrived back from France to the news that my elderly Jungian therapist, with whom I had been working weekly for seven years, had suddenly died earlier in the week. (With suitable synchronicity, that very morning a friend, who drove us to Avignon to catch the early morning TGV to connect with the Eurostar to London, had been telling me that she had, until recently, driven to Avignon every week to see her elderly therapist. But, alas, he had suddenly died earlier in the year. That was the first time I had heard of anyone's therapist dying, and it was, as it were, an eerie dress rehearsal for what I was to experience just ten hours later.)

In the day-to-day world, Neptune/Pluto has been the relinquishing of some of the final vestiges of "power" by standing down from the Chair of the Urania Trust, with which I had been involved for twenty-nine years since its inception, not to mention a general standing back from my involvement in helping to direct a powerful company.

I have given you some of my current personal case history at some length for several reasons - first, as an object lesson. I have been doing astrology professionally for nearly forty years. In January and February of this year, I gave a two-part seminar on "Navigating the Tides of Time", even as I was succumbing to my lymphoma, of which I was not yet formally aware. Evidently my astrology has not helped me sail past Hell, although



it has been of immense help and comfort en route. Perhaps, if I had been in astro-therapy these past years, rather than simple Jungian analysis, I might have been obliged to confront my Moon-Pluto issues more specifically and vigorously. And that might have made my need for physical illness redundant. Who knows? That is the kind of question those of us striving to create a working astro-therapy have to ask ourselves. What we do know from observation is that, no matter how good our defences and denials, the psyche will always find a way of getting its message across. Equally, we can know with some certainty that, had I circumvented physical illness, these progressions would have provided me with something equivalent to chew upon in some other way!

Secondly, I think my case illustrates that astrology is about forecastable processes which express themselves on many levels, and not only about "predictable events". This challenges us to think about how we can communicate this effectively to our clients. Not everyone with a life-threatening illness who comes to you will necessarily appreciate the suggestion that "there is a larger dimension and meaning to all this". On the other hand, if you are aware of the likely wider ramifications of progressions and transits, you are in a better position to probe and pose the kinds of questions which may help the client discover what is already there somewhere within their psyche, waiting to be recognised.

Thirdly, I believe that it is vital that you all make yourselves the primary testing ground for your own astrological understanding. For you will find that most of your deepest insights will come from the observation of the crucible of your own experience.

To study astrology is to converse daily with the interplay of the archetypal living realities, the “gods” that unfold life and consciousness in individual and collective through the anima mundi, the “soul of the world”. The job of the CPA is to help you become more clearly attuned to this language of the heavens so that you can better hear the stories it is telling you and your clients.

Apart from listening to yourself, how are you to become a “really good” astrologer? The answer is much like in any other area of study. If, for example, you want to become a concert pianist, then you have to study and listen until you have got to the fine grain of the music, and then you have to keep practising and practising until all the subtlety and nuances that you experience in your soul can flow out through your fingertips. There really is no other way but practice.

With astrology, the chart is your musical score, but to hear how it can sound you must listen to the case history. And here we have the enormous advantage nowadays of some superb chart collections, such as those of Lois Rodden and Hans-Hinrich Taeger. These will provide you with charts for a wide range of the great, good, horrendous and hilarious for your delectation and education.

I cannot recommend strongly enough the value of regularly studying the charts of famous individuals, alongside their detailed biographies and life work, for really understanding how the paradoxes of a chart work out. If you are short on time, potted biographies can be a useful start. For example, the catchily titled *Sex Lives of the Famous*, which is usually readily available at bargain book shops, is an enormously well-written mine of information on the field of relationships. The charts of many of those included are readily available.

Reading more than one biography of the same individual can also be highly instructive, as often one biographer may well emphasise different aspects of the life. Cut price bookshops usually have an excellent and constantly changing selection of biographies for a few pounds. Go through them with the chart, annotating the margins. For example, study the charts of actors and their lives and film roles. But before you start, try noting down in advance what you might expect to find, for example, in the chart of Jack Nicholson. What is the archetypal basis of that mixed bundle of messages that he is giving off? Or what archetypal patterns might you expect to find prominent in the chart of Francis Ford Coppola, director of the *Godfather* films and of *Apocalypse Now*? Or in the chart of John Cleese? Or Madonna?

By immersing yourself in the case histories and charts of people whose characters through the media have been made somewhat larger than life, you will begin to build up vivid empirical experience of the way in which specific plane-

tary aspects and combinations of aspects can express themselves. And this is not just theoretical knowledge. Later, such well-known case histories can, in turn, prove useful as a point of reference in expressing to a client a dilemma that you see in their chart.

But just as in music you must practise and practise, but also never miss the opportunity to do a gig, so likewise in astrology. Whilst book case histories can be an invaluable source of learning and deep insight, in the end it is work with living individuals that brings your knowledge alive and demands that you articulate what you are beginning to understand. So never miss an opportunity to do someone's chart, even if it is only as a five-finger exercise.

And when you do a chart, do try to get into the habit of keeping some notes about any salient issues that come up. If you do the chart for someone who has Saturn rising opposite the Moon, and they have a very bright, chirpy approach to life, note the fact and don't assume that the time of birth must be wrong. But do look to see what part of their chart they have brought to the fore, and obviously explore that very well-defended Moon!

There is so much that might be said, but I leave you with two favourite quotes. First, by the great French surrealist poet and philosopher, André Breton, who said of astrology:

“I see astrology as a very great lady, most beautiful and coming from such a great distance that she cannot fail to hold me under her spell. In the purely physical world, I see nothing which has assets to emulate hers. She seems to me, besides, to hold one of the noblest secrets of the world. What a shame, then, that nowadays - at least for the common masses - a prostitute reigns in her place.”

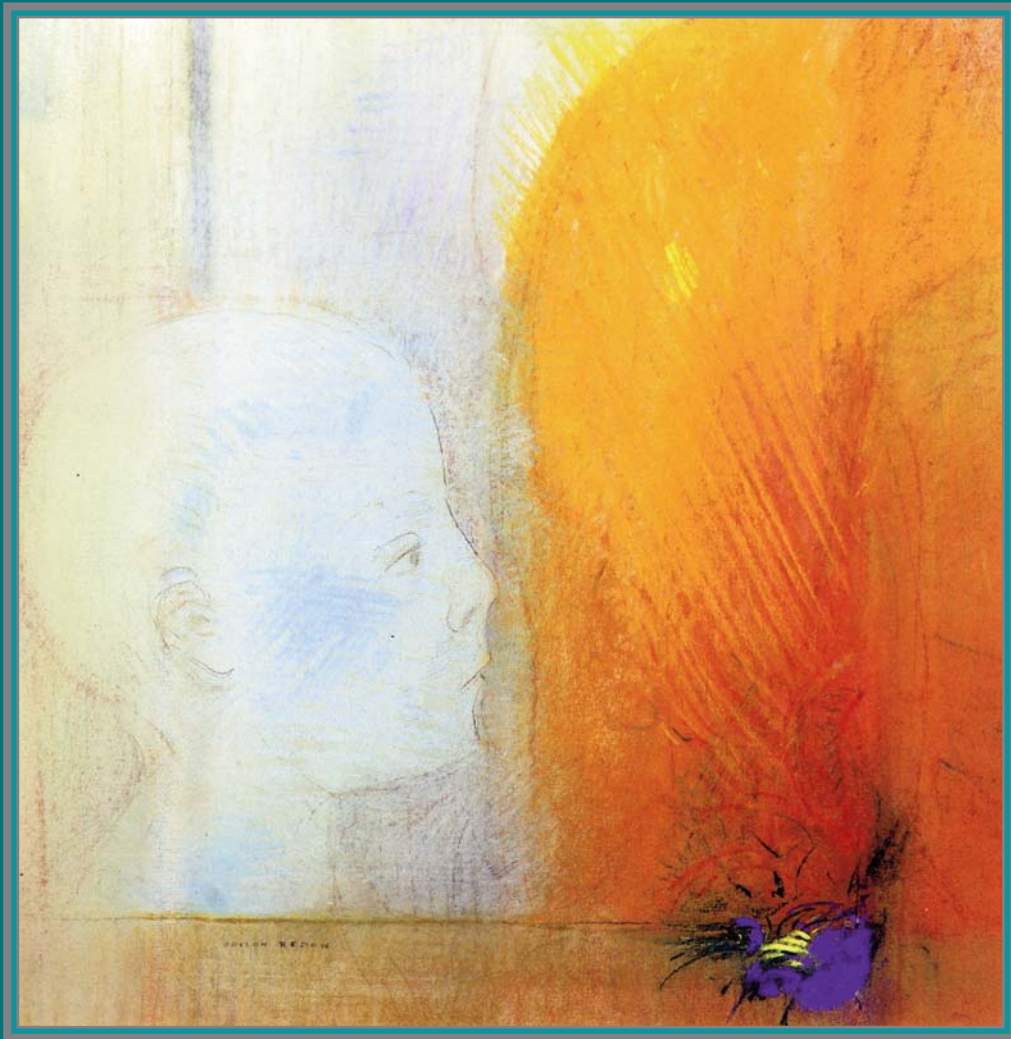
I would like to hope that André Breton would approve of the CPA's work in rehabilitating Our Lady of the Streets to lure new generations on to the deepest secrets of the universe. On a personal note (and the CPA, you will discover, is as much about you becoming yourself as it is about astrology), I would like to end with the words of the great mystic writer and poet Thomas Traherne (c. 1638-1674), who in many ways sums up the astrologer's creed.

“You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens: and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are sole heirs as well as you.. Till your spirit fills the whole world, and the stars are your jewels.”

All love,

Charles

19 November 1999 



The Child
Odilon Redon 1894
Musée des Beaux-Arts, Dijon