

## FOREWORD

Experiencing an astrological agony

By way of an introduction to the sensitive subject of this book, why and how I came in the first place to the study of astrology needs to be explained.

Early in 1962, in my twenty-eight year, what can best be described as a dark gloom descended into my psyche. All sorts of the darkest thoughts arose in my inward-consciousness areas. I seemed inexplicably discontent and, well, demoralized, and the intensity of the dark gloom increased until I began thinking I was going psychotic.

When I discussed this with friends and colleagues, some of whom were well-known psychologists at the time, they advised that if one thought one was going psychotic one wasn't because the truly psychotic were not aware of being psychotic.

This bit of encouraging intelligence, however, did nothing to assuage the further and deepening descent of the dark gloom and my psychic nerves became more raw as each week passed.

I began noticing that I had started responding to the outer world in negative ways and almost with a sense of foreboding about everything. And there were nightmares, some really ugly

ones, and in two or three of which I saw myself dead in the street with everyone else just walking by uncaring.

I readily admitted that all this was irrational. And when it went on for weeks then months I began to think I should go into some kind of psychotherapy. What I was going through certainly seemed like a serious and depressing psychological disruption or episode.

I knew that the typical clinical concept in psychology about such episodes was that they arose from some past unresolved bad experiences which had been suppressed. Had I submitted myself to psychoanalysis, the procedure would have been to locate these bad experiences in order to resolve them, and perhaps some anti-depressant drug ("uppers") might have been prescribed.

But I hated the idea of therapy. So instead I took it out in my art work and paintings -- and did my "Black and Blue" series which depicted skeleton-like naked females with pendulous breasts and small vaginas and big and sad eyes. And I gave most of them angel wings, but which were the wings of giant moths that flew in the night. All these paintings were done, of course, in many and various shades of the color black.

Beyond this activity, I began feeling somewhat suicidal, got drunk a lot with the gang of debauched aesthetes I was hanging out with, and generally just tried to make it from one day to the next.

At some point in the year, news was published that the famous crooner and movie star, Robert Goulet, had been entered

three times into hospital for actually attempting suicide, and I noticed that he was almost my same age. I had a few friends who also were my same age, and they too were in the blackest of dumps.

#### The start-up of my astrological studies

Then, in the cold winter of 1962, I met a woman named Annie Fayle (pronounced fay-lee) at a group meeting held by Dr. Karlis Osis at the American Society for Psychical Research in New York City. Dr. Osis was interested in whether artists were more psychic than non-artists, and somehow he had heard about me. So he had gotten together about ten of such artistic specimens to discuss this possibility.

I sat next to Annie and so we got to talking, and when a rest break came we stepped outside to smoke, at which point I began dumping on her all my gloom and doom feelings since this had by now become my perpetual frame of mind.

So Annie listened for a little while and then asked how old I was. When I told her, she then said the most astonishing thing: "Oh, you're just going through your first Saturn return. Nothing to worry about. It happens to everyone, and it will pass."

In this way I found out that Annie was not only a painter but an astrologer, too, and that what I was going through was typical of the Saturn return.

By way of brief explanation, the planet Saturn is at a specific place in the horoscope of the birth, after which it

circumnavigates around the Sun and once more is exactly where it was when one was born. It takes about 28.5 years to complete this circumnavigation, and so at about the twenty-eight to twenty-ninth year of one's life, one experiences the Saturn Return.

Now, I had met several astrologers, but I wasn't very much impressed, and of course had heard of astrology, but hadn't felt any express need to study it. Annie told me a bit more, and the early the next morning I zoomed over to Weiser's occult book department and loaded up on books about Saturn, and some beginning stuff about astrology.

In the books about Saturn I found the blue-print for the gloom and doom feelings I was experiencing. It was a tremendous relief to find that I alone was not experiencing this. Indeed, my whole age-group was probably undergoing the same gloomy phenomena.

Almost overnight I felt relief. For all this meant that I was not experiencing the psychotic-like difficulties of and in myself alone. The more exact meaning was that I was undergoing an astral agony typical of the Saturn return.

But this new (to me) information was shocking of and in itself -- because it was old and familiar information to astrologers. Although the dark and unsettling psycho-drama effects of the Saturn return were unambiguously described, documented, and predicted in astrology, society in general (and modern psychology in particular) completely ignored all of it.

But there was more immediately to come. Annie Fayle "did" my horoscope over the night I had met her. Later the next day she arrived at my apartment in an excited state.

She first "read" my life as if she had consulted a complete and entirely intimate and secret biography. I was absolutely flabbergasted and unnerved, especially since she didn't mince words and definitely did not speak with the cliches and sweet simplistic stereotypes I'd heard dropping from the mouths of other "astrologers" I'd occasionally encountered.

But after Annie had "read" my horoscope, leaving me somewhat psychically bloodied, she then went on and made a most shocking demand and even pounded her fist on the coffee table in doing so -- that I was a natural-born astrologer and that I should forthwith abandon everything else, even my art and job!, and respond full-time and over-time to this career-change calling.

This was the most shocking "suggestion" anyone has ever said to me before or since and I naturally wondered if Annie was also a steaming lunatic in addition to being an artist and an astrologer. So I meekly pointed to the astrology books I'd bought at Weiser's earlier in the day and said I'd start learning.

It was in this way that I came to study astrology, largely not only because of Annie's estimation of my horoscope, but because of the perceived significance of the Saturn return. And I'm not the first, or will be the last, to come to the wonders of the ancient art and craft because of this one phenomenon -- the

dark psychic effect of which, as Annie had confidently predicted, soon cycled itself out and disappeared leaving me whole and unglomy again.

The direction of my astrological interests

It's now some thirty-three years later and during these decades have wended my way as assiduously as possible through the staggeringly complex monolith called "Astrology." Quite early in all this, I determined that I would research astrology, but that I'd not become a practicing astrologer who gave "readings" to clients. The basis for this decision needs to be frankly presented since it has something to do with various attitudes I'll not be able to hide very well in what follows, and in fact don't want to hide.

There is a saying among many practicing astrologers that they should tell their clients only what their clients are prepared to take. Clients don't want to hear really negative stuff, of course, and so to keep the "trade" coming in many practicing astrologers have to deal only in what amounts to "soft," sometimes very soft, soothing, and hopeful astrology.

Yet, in astrology are found references to ugly as well as hopeful factors, to misfortune and fortune, to life and death, and so forth and so on. Astrology in its greater sense is in fact a "map" of the entire gamut of human nature from the most vile to the most sublime, from the most demonic to the most angelic.

In this sense, astrology has sometimes been called the Queen of Heaven and of Hell, and it was this "hard" astrology that I determined to research and hopefully comprehend. But it's this astrology from which many recoil -- and so it's not unusual to find astrology described as the Queen of Heaven only.

What then what passes for modern astrology is quite often astrology sanitized of its fearsome and dower components, sometimes so softened to the point where everyone's horoscope is "wonderful" and "great" since this is mostly what clients want to hear. Sardonicly speaking, though, the astrology that clients want to hear is not actually astrology itself, but only what clients want to hear.

None of this soft astrology was for me, and in fact I couldn't be bothered with giving consultations about when someone's sex life would get better, or when fortune would send down millions of dollars on someone's head. And I'll go so far as to say that stupid people, when they consult astrologers, really do want stupid answers, or at least answers they like.

But this leaves the great astral Queen in a vacuum of soft, sanitized astrology. And it is this that passes for what most people believe and hope astrology is -- if they think about astrology at all, and which most don't much beyond their Sun Signs.

#### The joy of astrology

In any event, by long-term and deep and continuing interest in astrology has in many ways made my life better for and because

of it. These long efforts have not only dealt with the art and craft of astrology itself, but with its own complicated history, its social place in history, cultural antagonism to it, and also with the changing social aspects of astrologer's themselves.

The latter group is probably the most unique social collective on the face of the Earth -- if "collective" can be used to describe them. For they are by any description a somewhat cantankerous and combative lot whose communalizing link with each other is often only their absolute joy and dedication to astrology -- whether soft or hard.

Since the joyous aspect of astrology is seldom emphasized, I feel it should be stated here. By far and large the contours of human living are a mystery to most people, and anything that brings some kind of illumination to these contours is always responded to with some kind of exhilaration and which may as well be called joy.

Furthermore, the contours of human living are always changing, and there is "something" deep-seated in the human psyche which "knows" that much of these changing contours correspond with invisible "astral influences." The study and observation of these changing contours and their correspondences to the "influences" has always been called Astrology.

In a certain sense, the study of astrology is also the study of the changing contours of human nature entire which collectively responds to the astral influences. So, as such the study exposes the "rules" of the human-nature game and the

increased comprehension of which permits more proficient responses in living itself.

Clearly, when people go to astrologers for consultation, what they are after is more proficient "windows" into their lives and what's going on around them. In this sense, astrology is not unlike typical video games which people play to increase their proficiency in participating in them -- and the experiencing of any achieved proficiency is always a joyous one.

The nature of what's happening can to some smaller or larger degree be guesstimated by any proficient astrologer -- and which brings about a larger comprehension of what's happening and which in turn arouses a vitality that is completely lacking when one doesn't comprehend what's happening. Experiencing vitality is almost synonymous with joy -- or with ecstasy -- and which gives us the reserves to get through and beyond our experienced agonies.

#### Astrology and interconnectedness

It is somewhat increasingly accepted today that everything is somehow interconnected, and many tend to think of this as a new realization. But in fact this concept is the fundamental basis for astrology, and always has been, and astrology is therefore the "map" of interconnectedness.

The only thing that has been objectionable (in the modern scientific era) about astrology is that among this interconnectedness is included interconnective correspondences with the "activities" of the planets and stars. I refer to the

modernist rejection throughout the text, and discuss it more pointedly in the concluding chapter.

It is a joy to study this map-game of interconnectedness. Some play this map-game better than others of course. But as many before me have indicated, playing it even a little bit is better than being disabled about playing it all. Those who have no knowledge of astrology at all are quite likely to be unknowing "victims" of the interconnectedness in which they live and die but of which they've no understanding.

#### My thanks

Even though this present book focusses principally on the signs of the zodiac, it could not have been written without a long and deep swim in the vast cosmos of astrology and in whose eternal spaces many before me have also immersed themselves. I am therefore indebted beyond expression to all astrologers throughout time who've left a printed legacy and patrimony.

Astrological texts, though, only provide a scholarship foundation for astrology. Although some astrologers rely exclusively on this foundation, the more virtual furnace of astrology lies within human beings, their behavior, their quality of life conditions and orientations, their fate and destiny.

Modern astrology, and even the astrology of antiquity, is seriously deficient in studying the astrology of various groups and subgroups of which humanity and human nature is composed.

And this is especially true regarding going from the luminous top of social orders down to their murky bottoms where

are found the unfortunate, the unwanted, the pitiful, the outcast, what used to be called the flotsam and jetsam of society, and the taboo.

I've tried to fill in some of this deficiency by going into the field of living life and collecting thousands of sample horoscopes representative of various subgroups -- but types of which are hardly, if ever, introduced into published astrological study and literature except in occasional token ways. Much of what is included in this book is drawn from that long-term field effort, and which I take as somewhat original study.

And, gosh! These thousands of contributors have taught me a great deal about astrology itself, and I'm preciously grateful for all those who told me about themselves and given me their birth dates.

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Finally, Annie Fayle (the greatest astrologer I've personally known) warned me that astrologers are very fond of their own convictions and of the tutorial backgrounds upon which they've based their subsequent expertise. It's therefore entirely easy to step on astrological toes.

And so I suppose I should just throw down the gauntlet and say that this is one reason that modern astrology has reached the sanitized, egalitarian version it has, designed never to step on anyone's toes -- and which is the first important point I'll undertake to make in chapter 1.

New York, January 1995