

GROUNDING ENERGY FOR LIFT-OFF

Taurus and Aquarius

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I wish to present some deep background information to contextualize the issue which preoccupies me during these years 1999-2001, namely how to integrate Taurus with Aquarius.

I keep returning to this subject, especially to our need to appreciate the sign of Taurus (which received such a massive influx during the May 3-5 stellium and then initiated a new 20-year Jupiter/Saturn cycle on May 28), for we cannot concentrate enough on this slow-moving earthy energy as the communication and transportation capacities of humanity accelerate with such breathtaking, nerve-wracking velocity. The danger still exists of a collective nervous breakdown (external, internal or both), which many of us anticipated at Y2K. My father-in-law, a retired Bell Labs electrical engineer and winner of the National Medal of Technology, tells me the electrical infrastructure of this country is nearly worn out, and. That nothing is being done about it.

What we call “global” concerns have been on the front pages of major media at least since 1990. I remember vividly that New Year’s image of Earth-bound-in-chains on the cover of *Time* magazine. And, since the December 1999 protests at the Battle of Seattle, a new word, “globalization” (with its attendant dangers and opportunities), has entered the vernacular.

Astrologically, this need to see things in terms of the whole, of the collective human experience on the whole Earth, is mirrored by the three outer planets (Uranus, Neptune and Pluto) which are all moving through the final four more abstract signs of the zodiac. Let me explain.

Astrologers view the twelve signs of the zodiac as a developmental process. The concerns of the first four “elemental” signs (Aries through Cancer) have to do with personal and tribal skills needed for survival. The next four “individual” signs (Leo through Scorpio) are concerned with the development of the ego and its interaction with other egos. The final four signs (Sagittarius through Pisces) are less personal, more universal; they transcend ego, to focus on the connection and understanding of humanity and the world as a whole.

In the past 2500 years, the three outer planets have all occupied the final four signs of the zodiac only seven times. The last time was between 1807 and 1823, for a total of sixteen years. This time the three outer planets are all in these “abstract” signs from 1995 through 2010, for a total of sixteen years. This eighth time in 2500 years for such a grouping is, however, truly exceptional, because this is the first time in recorded history (the history of patriarchy) that we know of the existence of these planets and trace their movements through the heavens with telescopes. Since we now have a conscious awareness, rather than a subliminal unconscious perception, we have the capacity to recognize how these energies operate in us and to open up areas of our minds which have never been collectively used in a conscious manner. These are the areas of the mind which naturally resonate to Oneness; they integrate the individual/family/tribe/nation/global community with all of creation and universes beyond.

The alternative to conscious understanding of these collective planets is to remain in the historical pattern of mass hypnosis, including mass psychosis of all kinds. Though there have always been mavericks, artists, geniuses, freaks, who wake up personally to multidimensional reality, the usual state of the human race for thousands of years has been some kind of trance. During these 16 short years we have the collective opportunity to wake up to our mass conditioning as presented through governmental, military, corporate, mass media, advertising, medical, economic and educational controls.

This collective need to open — to blast into inner/outer space so that we may see, explore and recognize the universe as it flows into creation through us — has been gradually taking hold for the past five years, years which initiated the Web revolution.

Five years ago, 1995, Pluto moved into the fiery philosophical sign of Sagittarius. Pluto was followed in 1996 and 1998 by the movement of unpredictable, revolutionary Uranus and dreamy, utopian Neptune into open- and group-minded Aquarius. In the spring of 2003 the emphasis on these mental and spiritual signs of fire and air will begin to moderate when Uranus leaves Aquarius for its seven-year sojourn through Pisces. We can only hope that this watery placement will help balance the racing mind with the heart's compassion. Meanwhile, Pluto. Will remain in philosophical Sagittarius until November 2008, when it moves into the sign of Capricorn, to remain until 2023. Whatever "New World Order" will be established then (and you *know* it's coming) will depend on whether we have allowed ourselves to surrender to Pluto's relentless probing of our deepest philosophical assumptions during the 18 years between 1995 and 2008.

The human race is about to blast off into (inner/outer) space. We may think we have already done this, especially us "New Age" types, who so pride ourselves on "holistic" understanding. But have we really? And is there any end to this process?

So that's the deep background. Now let's return to the present, to the years 1999-2001.

The gestation period which I have been talking about in every issue of this newsletter, spanning the nine-month period between August 1999's fixed cross eclipse (linking energies in Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius) and May 2000's extreme emphasis on Taurus (square Aquarius), has imprinted itself in the Zeitgeist. The baby has now been born, and the task ahead is clear: to remember who we really are as individuals and as a species and to follow our souls' paths as they unfold from within our natures.

The intensified Taurus vibration is still going on, and will not dissipate until Jupiter rolls over into Gemini on June 29 and Saturn follows on August 10. Between those dates we will sense a subtle but noticeable shift. The slow-moving, concentrated, foundational energies of Taurus, which since last summer have served as a break on the rapidly escalating, universalizing energies of the collective planets Uranus and Neptune in airy mental Aquarius, will, in two distinct pulses, disperse into airy mental Gemini. Double air. Double trouble. *Spaced out*. Whoa, dude!

The quickening of our awareness, of our experience of the rate of time's passage, which grabbed our attention in 1995 as Pluto moved from watery Scorpio to fiery Sagittarius, and then intensified in 1996 and 1998 with the entrances of Uranus and Neptune into airy Aquarius, will accelerate to warp speed. *Lift-off*.

And then, on or near October 16, we will crash. For six months, the universe will offer us one more chance to solidify the infrastructure we are building to withstand high velocity intuitive forces. The planet responsible for the crash will be Saturn which, having flirted with 0° Gemini for three months, and having turned to go backwards over the same ground, will rework the final degrees of Taurus for our final lesson in grounding. This precious opportunity, to commit to fully inhabiting our bodies and our beloved Earth for the newly initiated 20-year Jupiter/Saturn cycle, will be completed on April 20, 2001.

Let us hope that by then we will have learned our Taurus lessons. For the key to being able to process the coming acceleration mentally and spiritually — the capacity to stay in tune with (not “on top of”) events — will depend on our capacity and willingness to embody the Aquarian changes. This means that we will need to recognize and feel natural laws as they operate within our own personal bodies. For our bodies are Earth's antennae. Our personal health and the health of Earth are linked. There is no such thing as healing ourselves alone. Whatever we do or say or think or feel or experience in any way bleeds into the large collective human and creaturely context, perturbing the Earth's atmosphere.

Each of us is the canary in the coal mine. No one is exempt from the stresses of continuous acceleration. Nor is anyone exempt from the responsibility we have to each other and this planet. In order to balance the stomach-thudding Aquarian acceleration it is essential to honor and accept periodic Taurean retreats during which we re-member ourselves, and what our bodies value: nutrition, exercise, sensitivity, sensuality, sexuality: Nature, the Wild. All are aspects of creaturely experiences on Earth as she spins seemingly suspended in her heavenly home amongst the whirling planets, stars and galaxies.

One might say that the human project on Earth is to reconnect the various parts of ourselves so that we can make real, i.e., intimate connections to other humans, to animals, to Earth, to sky. The heart of the human project is this capacity to become vulnerable, to open wide to receive all that is within and around us. Without intimacy, we deaden ourselves, contract into mere cold thinking machines, our minds fragmented into bits and pieces of endlessly proliferating data fissioning into the void.

This is the meaning, the necessity, the urgency behind the words I have been meditating upon for the past two issues of this newsletter: “Taurus integrating with Aquarius.”

We must blast off into inner/outer space, and we must build a launching pad strong enough to withstand the explosive reaction of lift-off, as well as offer safe harbor on our return to the nest.

But it's simpler to focus on one or the other, on either Taurus or Aquarius, and not recognize their needed integration. Some, dedicating their lives to saving Earth's ecosystem, do not recognize the ecosystem of the larger space in which Earth lives. Some are filled with such

passionate. Deal to save the environment that they ignore their own bodies' needs, thus betraying the earthy substance of which they are made! We would call this attitude hypocritical were it not so unconscious.

Some scientists and science fiction buffs long to blast off into the heavens and leave Earth behind. (In this they have surprising bedfellows, "New Age" types who consider themselves Pleiadeians, and bemoan the ill fortune that they were born here.) A few even claim the only way we will survive as a species is to leave Earth, that this planet's rapidly depleting resources are mere fodder for humanity's evolutionary thrust.

The continuous conflict between the mind's goals and the body's needs experienced by most 21st century "civilized" people is the legacy of the 17th century philosopher, Rene Descartes, his *cogito, ergo sum*, "I think, therefore I am." If so, then only my thinking is me. Therefore, my body and earth and animals and women-who-run-with-the-wolves are at best, of secondary value.

The rise of industry over the past three centuries has littered Earth with contraptions which sit and move over asphalt and concrete and belch visible and invisible fumes. Thus industry manifests Descartes' prophetic view of our bodies as machines.

In the 20th century Descartes' division between mind and body split into a yawning chasm. The omnicide of two world wars buttressed by hundreds of smaller wars dulled our natural sensitivities and created more and more monstrous weapons of war which every minute of every day threaten us with instant annihilation. 30,000 nuclear weapons are still on high alert, pointed at Us, but we no longer seem to notice— or care.

Why? Because we can't and still live. If we remained sensitive to danger we would be on chronic high alert. Like an animal hunted by a predator, we could never sleep, never let down. But the longer the stress goes on, the more the adrenals pump themselves to be ready for flight or fight. Eventually they give up and shut down. The body's natural defense is to shut out the onslaught of unimaginable horrors we see every day on television. Our natural openness to life, that capacity for intimacy, has been insidiously dulled, slowly and subtly stomped on. By what? "Who is responsible?" we ask. "Whom can we blame?"

There is no one to blame. No scapegoat will. Do. No amount of sacrifice will propitiate the gods. The situation is systemic and metastasizing daily. It has been created over many centuries. The whole culture is infected. But, each of us is an individual. All we need do is wake up to that fact, center ourselves in our own bodies, recognize ourselves as standing in the center of a continuously expanding universe which has no boundaries. In so doing we. Open the door to our long dormant capacity for conscious choice and unlimited creation.

Meanwhile, however, we have been conditioned to become slaves — to the Newtonian clock, to grasping for our ten minutes of fame, to the dollar as substitute . . . but for what? Something is missing. Everyone knows it. But, we say, we are "too busy" (to think about it), we "don't have enough time" (to do anything more). As if time is a commodity, a resource that is scarce in an economic engine which relies on the perception of scarcity to continue to expand—

when actually, all we have to do is stop — and listen, and wait in silence, for the inner voice. For the soft call of our name. To hear our name being called from inside is to experience time open into eternity, is to erupt into the present moment, all our senses exquisitely attuned to the center of ourselves, the center of the universe. In our intimacy with our own sovereign nature, we reconnect with all of nature and remember, truly re-member who we really are — one cell in the vaster sounding body, one drop in the ocean of consciousness, one note in the mysterious harmony of the spheres.

As we enter this new millennium we find ourselves in a most unnatural situation. The very foundations of life are rarely appreciated, especially our own unique bodies and their connection, through our senses, sensuality and sexuality, to the biology of all Earthly creatures.

Unfortunately, the second wave of feminism, so admirable in many ways, has tended to intensify the problem, since it puts women in suits and re-emphasizes the traditionally male value of hardness, the left-brained (hare-brained) logic of grasping for power over others. This means that fewer and fewer children are appropriately nurtured. With mothers at work, child care is treated as simply one more “problem” to be “solved” — Babysitter? Day care? Latch key? Naanny? Au pair? Neighbor? — rather than as an innate biological right of all young animals. As young of a warm-blooded species, human children require a steady long-term mothering presence to develop physical, emotional, mental and spiritual health. As humans who have lost our capacity for intimacy, we no longer offer unconditional safety to our children as the secure and loving ground from which they naturally bloom into full aliveness.

Rather than nurturing genuine personal, family, tribal and community interconnections, we have bowed to hierarchies everywhere, those on top dictating to those below, those below feeling victimized. In such co-dependent structures, blame for dysfunctional interaction tends to be projected onto the “Other,” assigned to whoever stands “above” (as in institutions) or “below” (as in racism) in the hierarchy.

I speak here from a decidedly Taurus point of view. If my concentration on this subject seems extreme, it reflects the fact that May’s Jupiter/Saturn conjunction took place exactly on my natal, 23° Taurus Moon. Nevertheless, given the current triumphant spreading of malignant narcissistic and short-sighted values, I feel that a continued emphasis on the original natural earthy values of Taurus is needed to heal a culture that is so heady, so preoccupied with communication and transportation technologies, so bent on bloating the individual ego through money, status, things, and gambling of all kinds, including the stock market.

And I am Sagittarian, one who has for most of my life pretty much ignored my Taurus Moon. As I tried and failed not to ignore my young sons, and then, in 1972, when they were five and seven, abandoned them to the care of their narcissistic father. This most unnatural and wrenching decision shut my emotional body down. I talk about our problems as a culture because they have been my problems too. And, being Sagittarian, I both speak my truth and generalize.

In this essay, I speak from the perspective of one who has only recently — during the period spanning the two rare Taurus meetings of May 2000 — moved down into my body and pretty much stayed there. At the end of that month, during the week surrounding the Jupiter/Saturn

conjunction, I experienced the peculiar paradoxical expansion/contraction evoked by those two planets, operating together. One day I would be Saturn, feeling low, depressed, leaden, worried and frustrated about time and my goals and needing to figure everything out right now! The next day, inexplicably, I would wake up as Jupiter — expansive, optimistic, full of faith and gratitude — for all my blessings, knowing that everything will work out perfectly in a benevolent universe which holds me in her hand like a precious child. As the days went on, these polarized moods alternated in more rapid succession, until finally they came to rest within me as an integrated circuit.

The end result, the final conclusion that I reached during this period was a recognition that I have no roots into the Earth, and that whereas I didn't need them before, I do now. Moreover, I sense that I cannot put real roots down here, in dramatic, spectacular, rocky and extreme Jackson Hole, Wyoming I entered this valley 18 years ago, and I thank the gorgeous wild land for confronting me to heal my addictions, and plunging me into my work. Now I long for what I thought I would never need: a closeness to children and grandchildren, a soft and gentle, more forgiving land, one which can support a more "ordinary" life.

Kneeling there in my garden during May 2000, my bare knees feeling the damp prickly ground, morning sun warming my back like a lover, I worked the mulched soil with bare hands, ears attuned to the trickle of the tiny creek, skin sensing the breeze lift individual hairs.

Ever since last August's fixed cross solar eclipse I have been descending deeper into my own body, settling into the natural world as never before. I thank my teacher for this, who arrived in late September, at our doorstep. He was a tiny kitten then, born during that fixed cross eclipse. Now Lukas is an alert, sleek, graceful hunter and explorer of his wild territory. Through his eyes and ears and nose and skin I have been initiated into the wonders of this tiny plot of land around our yurt. He has led me to appreciate weeds as they brush against bare legs; to marvel at water skippers as they scamper across the current, each delicate leg's placement subtly disturbing water's surface tension. Lukas has guided me to see which trees have branches close to the ground, which do not; which one's are close enough to leap from one to the other. I too now quiver to the choirs of birds, the slight rustle of mice, the dark spot of spider, of buzzing bee or fly. Everything that moves is his delight and mine, the subject of intense concentration. His body and mind are one, centered deeply into the moment, moving according to internal rhythms rather than external controls. He teaches me to expand and contract in the present, and to still myself into the dreamtime where I hear my name being called. Above all, he teaches me to center into my own body as a sovereign being, beholden to no one, sensitive to my entire environment, expressive of all that is my nature as it pulses into creation.