



NEWSLETTER

NOW WEEKLY!

With art by Vera!

from the Astrology Center of America / AstroAmerica.com

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Lessons from The Church of Guaranteed Salvation:—

How to Talk to the Dead

SO how can you talk to the dead? Well, this isn't really about talking to the dead. This is about *you* talking to *your survivors* after you're gone. And it's easy.

I stumbled on it. I got to thinking, I want to have Richard Strauss's **Death and Transfiguration** played at my funeral. Which, whenever it happens (not this year or next), I will attend with bells on. Walk around the funeral home (I presume) slapping the guy in charge awake. Kissing every last female. Including my wife! Do all the naughty things I could never make myself do when I was alive. Hey! An Irish wake has got nothing on me.

Play the music and I will sing it, especially the climax at the end. Big and loud as I can. Richard's is not my absolute favorite piece of music, but it's in the top ten. Absolutely glorious for this kind of affair. Rarely played on the radio or in concert because of that fussy "D" word, but you should hear it sometime. Maybe his best work.

If you're there and you've got an iPhone or a recorder I'll sing straight into it. Point blank range. Top of my lungs. Which means when you play it back, you'll hear my belting. *Hey!* It happens on Ghosthunters every week, only they think it's something strange. It ain't. **Anybody can do it.** And it doesn't have to be the dead of night.

Which got me to thinking. All the dead and the living have to do to communicate is arrange a set of signals while everyone's still alive. And that's dead simple, to pardon the pun.

So, while you're still with us, instruct your future survivors like this:

When they want to contact you, they speak your full name *clearly* and *loudly*. Have them play a pre-arranged piece of music. The piece that got you married, or the song the two of you shared, or a senti-

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Adenoids follow usually from afflictions in or to 25° Taurus-Scorpio, especially from Mars or Uranus. However, while the presence of malefics in these degrees seems to aggravate the complaint, almost all Mars-Uranus combinations in these signs incline to this or cognate trouble. Examples: Girl, born 10:10 pm, November 18, 1919, London, Sun in 25° Scorpio square Uranus sextile Mars. Girl, born 12:55 pm, October 15, 1918, Poole. Saturn 25° Leo opposite Uranus.

Administrative Ability. We generally find a strong Sun-Saturn influence, Uranus also often throwing good aspects. Where military power is to the fore Mars is naturally also strong. Examples: Queen Elizabeth I with Sun sextile Saturn and Uranus; Disraeli the same; Gladstone, Sun in Capricorn sextile Uranus; Gordon, Aries rising, Sun in Aquarius conjunct Uranus; Frederick the Great, Sun on M.C. in Aquarius trine Uranus. See also Caesar Borgia.

— **Encyclopaedia of Psychological Astrology**, \$18.95. **Buy.**

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ALMANACK

for the week (all times GMT)

28	05:05	☾	♄
29	03:30	☾	☉
	08:33	☉	✳ ♃
	16:47	☾	☐ ♂ Void
30	04:33	☾	♁
	21:38	●	10♁55 New Moon
31	09:37	♃	♂ ♀ ♀ Rare
	14:29	♀	♃
	20:50	♀	♄ Love returns
01	04:06	☉	♁ ♃
	16:25	♂	♄ SR Every 2 years
02	11:05	☾	✳ ♀ Void
	15:41	☾	♃
	16:20	♃	♄ SR
	20:04	♀	☐ ♂
03	14:54	☾	♃ ☉
	19:14	☉	✳ ♀

Extracted from **AstroAmerica's Daily Ephemeris, 2000-2020**. **Buy.**

Vivian Robson's STAR OF THE WEEK



BOS rho Capricorni 5♁21

Notes: A small star situated in the Goat's face.

Influence: Of the nature of Saturn and Venus. It gives a clever and piercing intellect if in conjunction with Mercury.

ARMUS eta Capricorni 12♁56

Notes: Situated in the heart of the Goat.

Influence: Of the nature of Mars and Mercury. It gives disagreeableness, contemptibleness, instability, shamelessness, nagging and a troublesome and contentious nature.

DORSUM theta Capricorni 14♁02

Notes: A small star situated on the back of the Goat.

Influence: Is of the nature of Saturn and Jupiter and is of unfortunate influence. **With Sun or Mars:** Danger of venomous bites. —from **Fixed Stars**, by Vivian Robson. **Buy.**

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Ivy M. Goldstein-Jacobson
1893-1990

IVY'S GEM OF THE WEEK

The House of the Immediate Future (*the oblique ascendant*)

WHERE the 1st House rules the immediate present, as at birth, and the 12th House rules the immediate past preceding birth, the 2nd house rules the immediate future: the first intimation of the approaching personal trend in life that discloses one's inherent fitness for a particular interest to be followed as a career or vocation in the future. This is the special office of the Oblique Ascendant, and where is the person who would not like to have this information long in advance? We need to know when the Oblique Ascendant will conjunct the 2nd cusp so as to know the age when it happens & thus the year; and we want to know, too, what matters are ruled by the house where we find the planet ruling that 2nd. That is the house in which the native's main talent is to register, and if the ruler of the 2nd is well aspected to the natal Ascendant, the native's goals will be more easily attained. But if in bad aspect (square, sesquare, quincunx, opposition) there will be obstacles, delays, setbacks or denials to expect.

On the opposite page we present former-President Harry S Truman's natal chart set for 4:14 pm LMT May 8th, 1884, Lamar, MO. The list of parallels shows by its arrangement that he had a ladder to climb in life but his Ascendant-ruler Venus is at the top, disclosing that he would reach the top of the ladder in time & probably by his own efforts, Venus standing alone in the house. Planets in the 1st House describe one personally active in furthering the matters of the houses they rule. (12.15.09)

— **The Way of Astrology**, 1967. **Buy**

Looking through Galileo's telescope

Gravity versus Astrology

The new science

I HAVE been hostile to science, which some of you have cheered and many others silently thought strange, if not condemned outright. Please let me give a personal explanation.

As a child I was very "scientific" and admired the discipline greatly. I presumed it would explain things but as I got older I learned there were many things it could not.

My mother, for example, had the odd talent of finding me alone in my room after school and accusing me of all the misdeeds of which I had been guilty during the day, even though she had no way of knowing what those were. No note from the teacher with mum's name on it, no phone calls from the school. This was the 1960's in western Kansas, decades before teachers became intrusive, as I understand they are now.

I quickly associated mother's ability with an odd sensation at the back of my throat and realized I was "broadcasting" and that she was "receiving." Often word-for-word. For many years, until well into my 20's or 30's I was plagued by an uncontrollable buzz in the back of my throat, invariably when I most wanted to keep a secret a secret. And knew, instead, that I was broadcasting to the whole world. Which only made it worse.

By my late teens I had the solution. Whenever the fit came over me, I would grab on to some piece of music, some commercial jingle, and play that, over and over again, in the "front" of my mind, to mask the guilt hiding in the "back" of my mind. The jingle "scrambled" the signal. Just like radio jamming. And at last I had peace.

Over the years this embarrassing ability faded, though my reflexes in combating it never have. The last significant outbreak was thirty some years ago, in New York. I briefly had a girlfriend, who, to my horror, would verbalize every thought in my head, word-for-word, as fast as I could think them. I suspect this started after we first had sex, and was because we had had sex. Which, if I am right, is the best argument for doing the deed before marriage, not after it.

Which left me trapped. I did not have the "mental space" to think anything through, because every thought in my head became an instant dialogue between the two of us. Especially thoughts about the two of

us. I was just marginally able to hold my real thoughts in the back of my head while I put something innocuous in the front of my head, but it was wearying.

Finally I let myself *think*, not speak or say, that we were finished and she should leave. She was gone within two minutes. The relationship had lasted maybe a week. In hindsight we might say the two of us were not that well suited and that she was looking for an excuse to leave, but we might also say that she was equally in search of an excuse to stay. In any case, I never saw her again.

As for my dear departed mother, many years later I learned our Moons were dead conjunct. Her accidental intrusiveness (and very real motherly love) was the primary reason that when I finally left home, I had no intention of ever returning.

In years since I have seen the same sort of thought-transference with ascendant-to-Moon, and ascendant-to-Mercury synastric interchanges, in other words, my ascendant to her Moon/Mercury. But am I implying this doesn't seem to happen with guys?

Yes I am. The sexual charge is real. A lot of things piggyback on the male/female interchange that never quite come to pass between two of the same sex. Which I think is why so many enjoy the company of their own sex. They have greater privacy. And why they find the opposite sex so trying, as they are invariably naked in ways that are difficult to conceal. I will add only that when a man makes love to a woman, he is naked to her in ways he cannot even imagine. In that act she discovers things about him he dares not dream. The riddle of the sexes.

SO I was excited in high school to take my first real science class, in physics. Only to find that it was about forces and gravities and math and not at all about what I wanted to know, what I *needed* to know in order to function as a human being.

I was then disappointed to learn that "science" disputed the very facts of my being. I eventually decided that science was a very nice, if rather superficial, way of describing the world, set it aside, and then got on with a 30 year study of metaphysics. Which, I found, at least had workable premises.

Then, feeling I was finally smart, I tried to use this wonderful theosophy, but found

(continued, page 4)

instead that I was still a fool. So, steadily through the 1990's, I started making my own way. But I had found metaphysics a better study than science.

However it is that you grew up, with whatever hardships or benefits you may have experienced, those eventually became your core. You can no more deny them than you can deny your two hands. By chance I grew up in a world beyond science. A world that science not only could not describe, but was, amazingly to me, in a hurry to deny. It was as if strangers had decided I had no right to live. How could I possibly agree to that? My very existence was a contradiction, my life itself at stake.

So if science wishes to apologize for its materialistic focus, I can accept that. Any further claim by scientists makes me their enemy.

TO understand the limitations of science, we can use analogies. Music, for example. Music is universally appealing and has thousands of different facets.

As a result, virtually everyone is an expert in his own narrow focus area. Growing up, I had a personal interest in dear Ludwig, which I only slowly outgrew. Along the way I met many who could cite every note from every scrap of manuscript that ever chanced through that man's hands.

But who had no idea who Hector Berlioz was. Or Irving Berlin. Or Frankie Carle. Or the Everly Brothers. Hugo Winterhalter. Oh? You've not heard of Mr. Carle? He was once famous. He lived to be nearly 98. He passed away in 2001. Fabulous pianist/composer.

SCIENCE knows gravity as a be-all and end-all. Newton based his famous laws on the absolute nature of gravity. Einstein conceived a very clever revision of Newton's work. We know gravity to be a universal force, equally potent in all directions simultaneously.

Except gravity isn't. Never was. Gravity only appears to be universal to our limited framework. It is universal on the Earth, it is universal so far as our best gravimeters can tell. The Earth's gravity is unidirectional so far as our space probes and orbiting satellites, with their limited mass and short-lives, can tell us.

But when we consider large objects, great spaces and long periods of time, gravity is clearly *directional*. It works in a *two-dimensional plane*. It is subordinate to *some other force*. Presently unknown. We have the moons of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, the planets in orbit around our Sun, the streak of

stars in the night sky known as the Milky Way and now, with telescopes and cameras, photographs of many thousands of galaxies.

Each galaxy, every single one, can be classed into one of only three groups:

1. Blobs, which are exactly what they sound like.
2. Ellipticals, which are any that are wider than they are tall.
3. Spirals, like Andromeda. Many dramatically so.

Given that gravity is the ultimate yardstick, we have ascribed the development of all three sorts to gravity alone and are now puzzled as to why some form this way and some that.

Which is because science, ever a slave to crude observation, does not have the tools to make a clear analysis. To return to the music analogy, there are a great many academics who believe 19th century romantic music to have been in slavish imitation of the style of Beethoven. When in reality 19th century music was in reaction *against* his style (clear in the music of Felix Mendelssohn) and that Beethoven's own style was, in fact, too complex to actually be imitated. In reality many 19th century composers copied the stylistic innovations of several of Louie's contemporaries, as those were comprehensible.

Just as with Beethoven's awesome presence, it is a trait of untrained acolytes to scoop up casual artifacts and then misapply them. In science, one such group is The Astronomical School of Gravity. Everything is gravitational. Gravity explains all.

Remember that astronomers are unable to experience planets and stars directly and so must observe remotely. As a result, astronomy is highly theoretical. This becomes apparent with interplanetary space probes.

For example, to date, **51 probes** have been launched towards Mars. Of those, 21, or 42%, have arrived successfully. Nearly all have had, as their primary mission, the determination of life on the planet. All of those had simple, YES or NO life experiments. To date, **all have failed**, though I think it fairly summarized that some sort of life on Mars looks increasingly possible.

So, if after 50 years and many direct attempts, astronomers cannot determine basic conditions on a nearby planet, we might safely set aside their wilder galactic theories as being improbable and unsupported guesswork.

The solution to the riddle of the galaxies, in this case, are the very large crystals at the center of each planetary and stellar object. It is evidently a property of crystals to *use gravity to align themselves* in this fashion.

We might therefore say,

1. Blob galaxies have few crystal stars.
2. Elliptical galaxies have a mix of crystal and non-crystal stars.
3. Spirals are mostly, or entirely crystal.

We might further speculate that as crystals are known to grow over time, that blob galaxies are generally young, while spiral galaxies are generally old, but to make that assumption we must set aside the established assumption that stars are nuclear-powered.

SO WHY did I title this "Gravity vs: Astrology," rather than "Gravity vs: Crystals" - ?

Because crystals, considered in isolation, would simply be another panacea, another scapegoat, another universal solution, another fad. Something, like nuclear energy, to be applied to everything everywhere until we replace it with some other fad.

Astrology, by contrast, is not a fad but a *framework*, a *structure*, a *language*. Learn the language and structure of astrology, apply it, and it then becomes a tool, a lever, a calculator, which *magnifies* one's knowledge. Like a computer, for example. Is astrology the ultimate tool? The one that will last forever? I have no idea. I only know that it is as superior to the science we have today as rockets are superior to horses.

A year or two ago I thought astrologers would inadvertently resurrect Aristotelian science, which would replace faulty Enlightenment science, but I have thought further and now realize that Aristotle was limited in that he had only hash marks for a number system. If he, and the astrologers of his day, had modern numbers, the Greeks would have proceeded at once to base their system around astrology itself.

Which we can now do. **Astrology will replace science.** It may not happen because of me, I may not live to see it, I may be only an observer, but the train is in motion and gaining speed. I would never have dared to think this, back 20 years ago when three Bobs started the original Hindsight. But now, from the developments I see in astrology, in academics and elsewhere, **astrology will happen, it can no longer be stopped.** It is long overdue.

mental favorite, whatever. Then they speak your name aloud *again*. Note: **This cannot be done by merely thinking the name. The living must speak it aloud.**

By this time you, the deceased, should have heard and be present. This will be a slam-dunk if you have not yet “gone through the light,” and are technically in an “undead” state (and if you are, that’s not good, but that’s a lesson for another day from The Church of Guarantees), but even if you have gone through the light, if a blood relative calls, you should still be able to hear them.

Make your presence known by hugging them with as much affection as you can manage. They should visualize your being present and being hugged, if they can.

They start their recorder / iPhone / videocam / whatever (the gizmo seems to change with every passing year). The question they ask should be as clear and have as simple an answer as possible.

Upon hearing it, go to the recording device and, speaking **LOUDLY, slooowly**, and **dis-tinctly**, give the answer. Remember the existing recording technology is about as good as Graham Bell’s original telephone, or Tommy’s original phonograph, in other words, not very. So be really clear.

Give the living party another hug, or stomp on his foot, or just hope he knows to turn the machine off, and let him play the result. He may have another question, or he may need for you to repeat yourself. Funny but I like the foot stomp myself. Remember to die with your boots on.

(Or instead of the answer, tell them that you’re shocked, *shocked*, to find that gambling has been going on – that you’ve been *spying*, in other words, but I digress.)

THERE is no reason whatever why this would not work. It is known that ordinary recording devices can “hear” in the trans-life range (to coin a phrase), where human ears cannot. If the dead made a better effort, the results would be better than the murky recordings the TV shows feature. My wife says that one set of ghosthunters in fact got good results after someone’s daughter passed, who knew how to use the machines to make contact. This ain’t rocket science.

An inventor/recording engineer could arrange with a dying friend, after he/she had passed, to come round and visit every afternoon at 1 pm to try out various experimental devices, as there is absolutely no reason why greater sensitivity and fidelity cannot be had.

And you thought this was hard! *Ha!*

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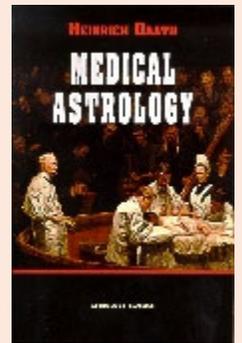
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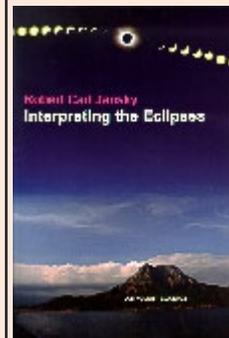
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