

Introduction to 5-part Series

PERSONALLY PROCESSING PLUTO

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I wrote the following series of articles in an attempt to document, blow by stunning blow, the nitty gritty of my deeply instinctive internal process as transit Pluto, then in its ruling sign, Scorpio, opposed my natal Moon at 23° Taurus, for the first and only time in my life. The process took several years, 1991-1993, since Pluto only moves a few degrees per year in its long long cycle — 248 years — by far the longest of any known planet in our solar system.

If, as I assume, the actual meaning of a “planet” IS its cycle/circle, its space/time field, i.e., the space that it carves out through time, then, since we humans on Earth cannot live through an entire cycle of Pluto, there’s no way that we can fully understand what Pluto means, how it operates. Rather than control or predict Pluto, we can only surrender to its process, attune to its dark, golden heart. Pluto dismembers us before putting us back together again in a transformed manner.

Note: These essays detail the intricacy of my capacity back then (lost now; or maybe just no longer needed?) to “process” difficult emotional gunk from the past. I never called on a therapist. My dreams were my teachers, and astrology, and my body, and my journal, and my husband Jeff (since deceased), and at times, dear friends.

From my journal, as I headed into the Plutonian maelstrom: “Use this time well. Scour your own underworld for what remains of the gunk that you’d prefer not to know about. That shadow, unrecognized, sits like a cesspool, belching methane. Once acknowledged and integrated, the shadow will power your path.”

