

# Saturn Conjunct Uranus

## Saturnine **Order** collides with Uranian **Chaos**

Stern Saturn: principle of form, structure, tradition, goals, plans

Denies? Projects? Fights with? Learns to integrate with?

Eruptive Uranus: principle of volatility, breakthrough, intuition, individuality

Saturn's 30 year cycle crosses Uranus 84-year cycle for a period of about two years every 45 years. But only once in 540 years do these planets meet in the philosophical sign of Sagittarius, the Centaur, as Archer, who shoots his arrows to the stars.

Hint: The proud, strong, beautiful, often wild Horse is the symbol for Sagittarius.



The last time this conjunction occurred? 1987 - 1988.

I, Ann Kreilkamp, the author, was born in 1942, with these same two planets conjunct, but in the opposite sign, Gemini. However, my natal Sun, Ascendant and Mars were all in Sagittarius.

I offer here, my own philosophical perspectives and lived experience of this startling Saturn/Uranus in Sagittarius conjunction in five parts, calling the entire series

**CONCEPTUAL REPATTERNING.**



## PRELUDE and CONTENTS

This five-part series on the relatively rare conjunction of Saturn/Uranus in late Sagittarius, composed in 1987 and published in successive editions of *Welcome to Planet Earth*, is devoted to exploring what one might call the Archetype of Contradiction. How to embrace paradox? In these essays I hone in on various ways we may experience and integrate the fruits of contradiction into our lives.

The series began with an abstract philosophical essay focusing on this conjunction as a process of crystallizing the paradigm shift in consciousness which promised, by 1989, to begin to seed itself into the collective via the transits of these two planets from philosophical Sagittarius into practical, structural Capricorn.

In the second essay I shifted from objective and philosophical to personal and subjective: the imprint of Saturn/Uranus on *me*, a child born the last time these two planets came together, in Gemini, during 1942-43.

As different as the first two essays were from each other, I have long used both approaches in my written work and find them thoroughly familiar. Then along came the third essay . . .

To my surprise, this one departed radically from either of the others. Both were broad-spectrum: the first in space, the space of society; the second in time, the time of my life. Likewise, the first two essays more or less followed a plan. Both were somewhat Saturnian.

Radical Uranus infused the third essay — and the fourth, and the fifth . . . (And with Uranus came the other two “outer planets,” Neptune and Pluto, and the minor grand trine linking them — for me, for my generation.) In that third essay, I entered an open system, more right brain than left. Attuning to a space larger and more mysterious than that of my own lifetime, I found it impossible to project what the end would be from the beginning. Instead of knowing where I was going I had to go with the flow — and ask the reader to follow along.

The first draft of the fourth essay was written in a sort of Uranian frenzy, while I looked around the mountain valley where I then lived (Jackson Hole, Wyoming) and found myself in judgment (negative Saturn) against it. Reading it out loud to a friend, I could see by his reaction that it didn't feel good. So I softened that essay somewhat, to be more descriptive than critical.

In the fifth, and final, essay, I again struggled with my lifelong Sagittarian tendency to judge; indeed, it becomes a major theme in the essay. I present this fifth culminating essay as a running account of the continuous Saturn/Uranus dialogue as it played itself out in my inner/outer lives while on a six-week road trip to the San Francisco area, where I had been invited to offer myself as a serious teaching/consulting astrologer to "new age" folks for whom astrologers were a dime a dozen. This inaugural journey as a "professional astrologer" required me to both stick to a Saturnine plan, and to break through Uranian obstacles. Beginning at first haltingly and with great worry, the journey culminated with an extraordinary fruitful day-long community seminar and celebration with dozens of new astrology clients of the continuously expanding present moment.

Essay

# SATURN/URANUS IN SAGITTARIUS

## Conceptual Repatterning

### Part 1

*Welcome to Planet Earth, 1987*

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For the past 16 years, the sign Sagittarius has been emphasized in the heavens. This emphasis is about to end. What we still need to absorb from the current situation must be accomplished within the next two years, 1987 and 1988. That which we crystallize during this brief time will serve as the conceptual seed pattern for those material forms to be built during the next emphasized sign, Capricorn.

Uranus, the planet of sudden and revolutionary change, has been in the philosophical sign of Sagittarius since November, 1981. Saturn, the planet of form and discipline, has been there since November, 1985. These two planets were preceded by Neptune, the planet of mystery, of the invisible, of that which lies beyond physical form. Neptune journeyed through Sagittarius between 1970 and 1984. Those were the years when the gurus from the mysterious East came to America, years when the words “spirit” and “spirituality” gradually infiltrated, began to resonate within.

During these Sagittarian years we are being invited to open our minds, wide; to stretch our capacity for understanding way beyond what we were taught in schools. In almost every area of knowledge foundations are being shattered, repatterned; and old

disciplines, long buried, are being unearthed and revalued. Metaphysical bookstores bulge with new materials. A whole new kind of university has taken shape, which has an entirely different core curriculum and whose classrooms are the living rooms and YWCAs of cities and small towns all over America. Local and traveling teachers offer workshops, lectures, intensives, books, pamphlets, studio and video tapes.

And now, especially during the past several years, Jane Roberts famous spirit entity “Seth” has been joined with others with names like “Ramtha” and “Lazarus” and “Bartholemew.” What used to be a special and unique method of transmitting knowledge is becoming commonplace. More and more “channels” are opening up, each claiming to link heaven and earth by taking temporary residence in and speaking through the mouths of otherwise ordinary human beings. In all cases which I know of, these entities claim to be speaking Truth which we should know about. Truth which, since we are earthbound and time bound, we presumably cannot get hold of without being told by these extraterrestrial sources.

I am as entranced as anyone by the information coming in through some of these channels. And like others, I tend to put my faith in a channel more readily than I do in another merely human being. But let us notice here, our usual longing for another quick fix, another hero or guru, some source outside to pin our hopes on. And let us remember that while it tends to be dramatic in presentation, and often extraordinary in the information received, channeling is still subject to the same distortions, the same pretenses, the same outright lies, as any other form of communication. How do we know who is really a channel, who is just faking? How can we prove that what anybody, even a real “channel,” says is true? How, in these airy metaphysical realms, do we evaluate any statement at all?

These questions are not easily answered. The usual ways of assessing truth are scientific. Science is designed to deal with “the facts,” what can be decided through some kind of experimental or experiential test. The kind of truth coming in now is not scientific, but metaphysical, and therefore not decidable through the methods of science.

Scientific truth comes under the aegis of the sign Gemini. The sign opposite to Gemini is Sagittarius, currently emphasized in the heavens. Inside the realm of

Sagittarius, we are all channels, not necessarily by receiving the utterances of some spirit entity, but directly, through intuition.

Intuition, a God-like ability and always surprising when it comes, is a specifically Sagittarian gift, our capacity to suddenly see and grasp an idea whole, and to know, without having to prove it, whether or not that idea is true.

## The Intuitive Mind

The mind we have been trained to use in schools is left-brained. It assumes that the source of all knowledge lies in sensation, so-called bits of data picked up through the five outer senses. Intuitive knowledge, on the other hand, channels ideas which appear to come in from nowhere. Intuition has its source in a mysterious and invisible dimension, beyond the ordinary world of the five outer senses. Working without logic, in non-linear fashion, intuition is holistic, right-brained, unpredictable.

Unlike ordinary methods of knowing, intuition is not something to strive for, not something for which Ph.D.'s are given. Indeed, the more years one spends in school, the less likely one will be able to even remember, much less use and value, his or her intuition. Intuition is a gift — a gift from a dimension beyond this one, in which ideas circle the globe, waiting for us to simply open and receive them. (In this context then, anybody who opens to this larger world can be called a “channel,” with or without the spirit entity as transmitter.)

One and the same idea can be grasped by many individuals, often at the same time. When this occurs in science, and it often does, we call it serendipity. Remember Darwin and Wallace, who simultaneously discovered the current theory of evolution. At the other extreme, when serendipity occurs in fashion design, we call it a fad. In both cases, ideas are gained through the intuitive mode of learning. They are not really ours; they come to us, yes, we are sometimes so gifted. But to assume that because we “have” an idea we therefore own it, is to misunderstand both the creative process and the mysterious and essentially impersonal world from within which it arises.

Since the emphasized sign is Sagittarius, what is emerging through intuition now is philosophical, a new paradigm, or world-view, a changed conceptual framework for interpreting the universe and our place in it. The word “paradigm,” more and more in common use, is vital to our understanding of the changes which are taking place now. It is a word which first entered the vernacular via the philosophy of science through Thomas Kuhn’s 1962 book, *Structure of Scientific Revolutions*. Then, as Uranus entered Sagittarius in 1981, this word was given more popular formulation by Marilyn Ferguson in her book, *The Aquarian Conspiracy*. Six years later, we are beginning to use this word with ease. However, it is still widely misunderstood.

### The Meaning of the Word “Paradigm”

To begin to understand what a paradigm is, think how it is to have a set of glasses on, with a certain prescription. You do not normally notice your glasses themselves, though you could, if you wanted to. Those glasses are a constant, always there, and therefore not worth looking at. You look through them; they function as a set of parameters for interpreting the world around you.

You were not born with these glasses on; rather, they are part and parcel of what our culture teaches you as a child. According to Jean Piaget, preeminent developmental psychologist and genetic epistemologist, by the time the child is 12 years old, s/he has grasped the world as his or her culture sees it. S/he has built a model of that world inside his or her head, and can now operate with the world in absentia, using the abstract model, manipulating ideas according to the rules of formal logic.

By the time we are 12 years old, according to Piaget, we have incorporated the paradigm of our 20<sup>th</sup> century scientific culture. By this time, our minds are split from our bodies; they function independently, no longer interacting directly with reality. Instead, they interact with a mental map of reality, our expectations of what that reality should be, based upon our experience of what it has been in the past. Piaget seems to think this is a good thing. And certainly it is the normal thing. Unfortunately, if we take our maps that seriously, if we insert them between ourselves and the world around us,

then we assume the world doesn't change; worse, we grow frightened and confused when it does.

## From One Paradigm to Another

Our conditioning takes place during the formative years. By the time we are 12 years old our glasses are on us, intact, permanent, and, Piaget assumes, inviolate. Only we don't know it. We consider this left-brain thinking "rational," "objective," because it is logical, and operates according to irrational assumptions we picked up without thinking from the moment we were born.

Those glasses are not on our faces at all, not observable; they exist inside our heads, where we do not see them; they are our paradigm, and since they have the same prescription as everybody else's glasses, we call ourselves normal, sane. On the other hand, according to the radical British psychiatrist R.D. Laing, our scientific culture is insane, and therefore those who go mad are the only sane ones around.

Before Laing, madness was a dirty word, and those who went mad were shunned. (In polite society the term was "nervous breakdown.") Now we are New Age, and with Laing, we advocate change, radical change, and call it "transformation." We are taking off the old set of glasses, the old prescription with which we viewed the world, and seek to create a new paradigm, one which will overcome the limitations of the old.

**The function of the transits of first, Neptune, and now Uranus and Saturn, through the sign of Sagittarius is to create this new paradigm.** And this work, remember, is almost done. Briefly, in early 1988, and then finally, by December of 1988, both Uranus and Saturn will have entered Capricorn: Whatever new conception of the world we have by that time envisioned will stand for hundreds of years. (It will take hundreds of years before Neptune, Uranus and Saturn all transit again through Sagittarius close upon one another's heels.)

## Letting Go

To create this new paradigm we must, first, really let go of the old one. And to do that we must become consciously aware of its deep structural characteristics. This is

difficult to do. We need to focus on the obvious, on what we take for granted, on what is so plain, so evident, that we aren't likely to notice it. The structural features of the old paradigm run along unrecognized. They affect, at deep levels, everything we see and do and say. Until we make a point of noticing them, they seem to be a part of our very nature, or essence. This deep structure interprets the world for us; it functions as a set of blinkers, limiting us to only certain ways of perceiving. If our beliefs could be said to be like drops of water in a river, then, in order for the structure of our beliefs to change, the riverbed itself must shift its course.

To let go of the old paradigm we must "change our minds." Not just our conscious minds, but our unconscious minds as well. Not just particular beliefs must change, one by one, piecemeal; the entire context within which our beliefs are embedded must also be dissolved. As the philosophers Michael Polanyi and Ludwig Wittgenstein first noted more than three decades ago, our beliefs nest together — not so much the way logical systems do, as the way families do.

Like families, our beliefs resonate together, they resemble one another in all sorts of ways, some of them obvious, others uncanny. Again, like families, our beliefs stick together, or they feud, but both agreement and disagreement must be seen as occurring within a larger, more common ground.

The underlying rules that define what is considered agreement and disagreement are the same no matter who wins or loses. We have to inhabit the same world in order to even begin to argue about what exists inside it. For example, only dualists argue about which of two opposing positions is better. Another person might see both positions as positive and negative poles defining the endpoints of a single line. This person lives in a world larger than the one the dualist lives in. The dualist inhabits one paradigm, the other person inhabits another, more spacious paradigm. Likewise, no matter how seemingly opposed our ideologies, we can still argue with Mr. Gorbachev. But we cannot approach the Australian bushman with the same concerns and expect to be understood. The world the bushman inhabits is natural, it has no room for ideology.

Our beliefs co-exist together with other, less conceptual, mental stuff: values, attitudes, criteria of all kinds; priorities, wishes, hunches, ways of going about learning

and remembering — all these must be noticed, called into question, subject to conscious review. This complex and confusing situation functions as the substratum, or web, within which all our beliefs settle into place. As we dig down to find the elements of this deeper context for beliefs, as we start to pull on its edges, to lift it out of its long held place, we discover just how all pervasive it has been, how limiting.

Let me give you an example of what I call an element of the deeper context for beliefs, what I will call “the dogmatic attitude.” I choose this particular example because it is so all-pervasive, so little-noticed, and so pernicious. The dogmatic attitude still dominates the political world of nation-states and their governments. It is an attitude which encourages patriotism, and makes cannon fodder of those willing to die for their country’s beliefs. At last count, I read that there were over 40 nations at war in the fall of 1986. That’s about one-third of all the nations on earth. I don’t remember who said that all were religious wars, but I believe it.

**The dogmatic attitude, once transformed and revisioned by the new paradigm emerging now, will encourage the kind of atmosphere necessary to bring about peaceful co-existence on our small and endangered planet.**

## The Dogmatic Attitude and Its Variations

Within the old paradigm, beliefs are held dogmatically, as if they are absolute, unchanging, totally and unwaveringly True. For anyone still thinking this way, his or her beliefs are thought to be the only ones that are true. I realize that what I say here may seem extreme; after all, most people don’t really seem all that dogmatic in their attitude. Indeed, people think about their ideas in many different ways.

I agree. There are, in principle, as many different ways to hold an idea as there are people to hold them. In practice, however, there are a number of categories into which most people’s attitudes toward truth do fall. And there is a seldom noticed underlying thread which links all these categories together: the dogmatic attitude. In all cases, the underlying feeling is, at the very least: “My beliefs must be true — or as nearly true as I can muster; if they weren’t, if I believed otherwise, then of course I wouldn’t hold these beliefs, I would hold the ones I knew to be true!”

For some people, the dogmatic attitude towards their beliefs is held with extreme rigidity. There is no reasoning with these people, no give and take of ideas, no compromise. Nor is there any wild speculation, any experimental thinking, any imaginative leap! To even entertain the possibility that their beliefs might not be true constitutes a fundamental threat to their core identity.

In the opposite camp are those who have no idea what to believe. These people are often so confused by the welter of conflicting beliefs which other people hold that they are liable to be pushed around by anyone who feels more strongly than they do. Since confused people usually long for certainty, they make easy prey for the first Eastern guru or TV evangelist who comes along. Or, they hop from one to another, “into” this ism or that, alternating confusion and discipleship in yawningly predictable fashion. The line between the certainty of the true believer and the chaos he or she fears is often very fine.

Another, probably larger, category includes those people who are neither rigid nor confused. They don't think. They don't know what they believe. Or, maybe, they believe what their parents believed. And theirs before them. Actually, they've never stopped to consider it. They go along day by day just like they always have, each day just like the next, no thought, no thought. Scratch an unthinking person however, put him or her into a situation of crisis and uncertainty, where s/he is forced to act upon what s/he believes, and you will find the dogmatic attitude at work. Even normally unthinking people do not feel comfortable until they have “made up their minds” one way or another.

But the vast majority of people fit into none of the above categories. Instead, they have beliefs which they qualify as “just my opinion, of course” and they will remind you that what you say is just your opinion, too. Even so, I'd wager that these people hold to their particular opinions quite strongly, even dogmatically. In their view, they certainly are better than the ones they had when they were younger, and better than those of their mother-in-law, or the neighbor down the street, or those of the opposing political party. Unlike true believers, these people are by no means willing to die for their current beliefs; even so, they still assume some beliefs are really and certainly true, whether or not they are fortunate enough to have already discovered them.

The sophisticated version of this latter category is known as “skepticism.” Usually highly educated skeptics pride themselves in considering all views with an open mind, while remaining detached from any of them in particular. They are, they say, “objective,” “impartial” — but, I notice, decidedly partial to their own contempt for “true believers” who think they have found the truth and go around so passionately preaching it. Skepticism is the official dogma of the press, the rest of the media, and most professionals of all kinds. In practice, however, their so-called “objectivity” is impossible: We always have some set of glasses on.

Surprisingly, the word “skeptic” means “one who searches” — presumably, for the truth. Given this definition, many so-called “skeptics” are more likely cynics, in that they confine themselves to sniffing out beliefs to destroy with their superior logic. My own teacher, an academic philosopher and true skeptic, pointed out the meaning of the word to me. He said that, as a skeptic, he is looking for the truth, though he knows he may never find it. For him, the search itself is the goal, spurred on by the idea of one big truth at the top of all the smaller ones. My teacher seeks what I call The Big Daddy Truth, the one which, if it could only be grasped, would make all the rest of them make sense. And even if not attainable, he says, it is at the very least an honored, heuristic ideal.

Skepticism is the official dogma of scientists, and Sir Karl Popper, a contemporary philosopher of science, has taken it as far as it can go — so far, in fact, that very few of his colleagues want to follow him. As Bertrand Russell himself once remarked: “Skepticism is logically consistent but psychologically impossible.”

Popper argues that, in principle, we cannot ever recognize truth, even if, in practice, we were some day lucky enough to bump into it. Scientific theories cannot be proved true, he says. In order to prove truth, each test of a theory must have positive results; and since we can never be certain that the next test of any particular theory will be positive, we are always in doubt as to whether or not the theory is true. However, he adds, we only need one negative test result to prove a theory false. Science then, according to Popper, proceeds literally by trial and error. This is the meaning of the title of his book, *Conjectures and Refutations*.

If true believers limit themselves through the tunnel vision caused by their fanatical adherence to their particular beliefs, then skeptics limit themselves in the opposite way. They so value objectivity that they refuse to get their feet wet; they are so busy looking and analyzing that they don't really experience anything with their whole beings. One way or another, both true believers and skeptics exaggerate the value of left-brain thinking and do not acknowledge the legitimate function of the other side — the side which feels — of the brain.

Whether beliefs are held with rigidity or skepticism; whether people are confused or just plain blank; whether they would call a belief “just my opinion” or bet their very life on it, or hold it at arm's length — all of these, no matter how they seem to differ, they are all in unconscious agreement as to the nature of Truth. Truth, for all of them, is dogmatic, i.e., one, absolute. Their differences lie in whether or not they think they have found it — or even, whether or not they think they **can** find it.

## The Mind-Body Split

This assumption is part and parcel of a kind of Cartesian schizophrenia, where “I think, therefore I am,” therefore only my thinking is me. Where mind is separated from body, real felt experience is defined in favor of abstract maps and models. Here, the mind floats free, ungrounded, lost. It misses the sureness which comes from being able to really feel one's own actual lived experience. The more it misses its own lost half, the more it latches onto its beliefs — fanatically, dogmatically, as an anchor, as if they can substitute for life. Without the security that comes from grounding ourselves in the ever-changing present moment of our own body's vitality, we end up with the goal of certainty in knowledge as a substitute. And the less secure we feel, the more uncertain we are.

The dogmatic attitude co-exists with the mind-body split. Both are deep structural characteristics of the scientific paradigm. They are rooted in the same deep and usually unconscious feelings; they lean on each other; they stand — and they fall — together.

What is most important: Not only does this deep structure of the old paradigm blind us to aspects of reality which lie outside its purview, it also functions more perniciously

to provide the breeding ground for war. Governments which are run according to the “true beliefs” of a particular ideology justify death and suffering for any number of their citizens. Generals who pore over maps in war command rooms and refer to murder through body counts may be thinking creatures, but they have left their feelings behind.

## “Truth” in Old and New Paradigms

I examined in detail one element of the context for beliefs within the old paradigm because I think it important that we who so glibly call ourselves New Age realize just how many traces of the old paradigm still remain within us. To the extent that we still think dogmatically, we have not yet turned the searchlight on the complex and intricate mass of mostly unconscious attitudes which serve as the underpinnings for the old paradigm within us. In our search for peace on earth we need to realize to a much fuller extent than is usually recognized that peace does begin with us, and that this **peace is hard-won and involves a dynamic and continual investigation and uprooting of our own deepest assumptions.**

The new paradigm is one in which thinking and holding of ideas will occur non-dogmatically. If dogmatism divides the world into us and them, and meanwhile attempts to force conformity, then the new paradigm must integrate us and them into one whole and yet allow and encourage our natural diversity. If the old paradigm considers maps, dissection, analysis and objectivity to be the only hallmarks of right thinking, then the new paradigm must seek to balance these with vision, imagery, metaphor, holistic understanding, and participatory compassion.

The old paradigm version of truth is linear: “Truth” is ideally viewed as a statement, or set of statements, which can be formulated in language. Before, we carved it on clay tablets; now, we run it out as lines on a page. The new paradigm, on the other hand, views truth as various and multidimensional. Here, the image of the crystal is coming into use as the clearest metaphor we have for talking about his new way of viewing truth.

As the crystal has many facets, each of which reflects reality brilliantly, and in its own way, so does the new paradigm recognize many different kinds of truth, all of them valid from their own perspective.

As crystals are single, and yet composed of a diversity of angles of view, so does the new paradigm admit each of us as an utterly unique individual, a species unto ourselves, and yet harmonized with this whole.

An even better metaphor, of course, to express the same new paradigm understanding of unity-in-diversity, is the symbol system of the language of astrology. It is for this reason that many of us study astrology: We know of no better instrument to help heal the planet. **Astrology, as a universal language, can be spoken everywhere on earth. We all live and die under the same sky. We all share the same archetypal patterns, and the orderly processes by which they transform slowly, round and round, bathing us all in glory.**

### Saturn/Uranus in Sagittarius: A Balance of Forces

During these seven years of Uranus in Sagittarius, we are opening, wide, stretching to receive Ideas from the greater beyond. Hungry for more, more, we go to workshops and lectures and intensives, we read books and articles and newsletters, and the rest of the time we are “heavy into” New Age conversation. Inundated by the brilliant reflections from the manifold reflections of the crystal, we make ourselves drunk with new knowledge. This opening is centrifugal force: it expands out from the center indefinitely, and like all strong forces, it requires a balance.

This balance is found in Saturn, now, during the two and a half years that it also travels through Sagittarius. As Uranus pushes the frontiers of understanding out beyond the previously known world, so at the same time does Saturn now function as centripetal energy, pulling us towards the center. We are being asked to see the various facets of the crystal in relation to one another, to find their coherence, their structure, their commonality. Rather than simply being “into” this or that Idea, we are now looking to bring Ideas together, to integrate and formalize their relations. We are beginning to refine the way we speak of Ideas, creating a common language within which the whole can be viewed. We are being asked, moreover, to decide which among the profusion of new Ideas are really valuable, really what they claim to be; which of them are worth further pursuing; which really are facets of the crystal and not just lumps of coal. And

yet, those lumps of coal must be integrated too, they reflect our shadow-side, and must be transformed into allies.

The intuitive spontaneity of Uranus is now seeking balance through the intuitive discipline of Saturn. Throughout 1987, and then briefly again, from June through October of 1988, these two planets will be operating in tandem, conjunct, in the late degrees of Sagittarius. This is the time when the new paradigm can crystallize out into conscious awareness, the time when we can learn to see it whole. Just in time. Just before these two planets enter Capricorn, again conjunct, and along with Neptune begin to alter existing structures throughout the material world.

**From late 1988 onwards through 1995, as Capricorn takes hold, all organizations, corporations, established human groupings and institutions of all kinds — including the warring nation-states of the so-called “civilized” world — will be altered, fundamentally.** And the possibilities for this alteration will be found within the new paradigm as we learn to integrate it into our consciousness now, during these next two years. Our task is awesome, and we are responsible — we who chose to be alive on the planet during this brief and shining moment of glorious opportunity.

## The Generations Responsible

Lest some readers feel left out, I want to begin this section on generations with a reminder: Not only particular generations respond to Saturn/Uranus in Sagittarius. So does any individual who has personal planets (Sun, Moon, Venus, Mercury, Mars) and/or social planets (Jupiter/Saturn) in mutable signs (Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius, Pisces). This means that almost all of us have some touchstone into this opportunity time.

Uranus was in Gemini during the founding of the United States of America — opposite to Sagittarius, where Uranus is today. It has often been said that those who came of age during the ‘60s as “hippies” are souls who reincarnated from that earlier revolutionary time, when a whole new type of government institution was introduced to the European tradition. This link between the hippies and the founding mothers and

fathers is borne out astrologically: Uranus was once again in Gemini between 1942 and 1949, the years when the original hippies were born. Therefore, I would say that the current Uranus in Gemini generation — now between 38 and 45 years old — will be those who are most responsive to the current placement of Uranus in Sagittarius, since it is directly opposite to the placement of Uranus during the years of their birth.

With the opposition comes perspective, fulfillment. This is the one and only opportunity the Uranus in Gemini generation will have to objectively see and begin to fulfill the meaning of the revolutionary seed planted in them at birth. As Wavy Gravy (of Electric Kool Aid Acid Test fame) put it a few years ago: “The ‘60s were but a prelude to the ‘80s.” Yes. Our childish rebellion then was prelude to the more mature revolution in consciousness being enacted now.

How appropriate, how synchronous, that we should be reaching this perspective now, in the years of our prime, with enough experience under our belts to provide the wisdom necessary to complete our historic task.

**The current Uranus in Gemini generation is charged with the task of radicalizing (the word “radical” means “to the root”), of returning to the original democratic principles upon which this country was founded.** And this time with a different set of assumptions about the status of beliefs in the mind. This time with the image of the crystal as central. This time the extraordinary diversity of beliefs which characterize melting pot America can meet with real acceptance, not just tolerance. This time we will glory in our diversity, and realize that, like any ecosystem, it is the diversity of its members which create the richness necessary for real stability.

Focusing in on a more narrow segment of this same population, those born during the two years between May of 1942 and May of 1944 have the primary responsibility for the emergence of the new paradigm. These people, now 44 to 45 years old, were born during the last conjunction between Saturn and Uranus, when it was in Gemini, the sign directly opposite to and therefore complementary to Sagittarius, where that conjunction sits now. These are the souls charged with the mission of both channeling the new Ideas (Uranus) and then anchoring them into established reality (Saturn). As a particular sub-grouping of the entire generation of those born between 1942 and 1949 who all have

Uranus in Gemini, those born during the first two years of that signature are the ones who must create the bridge between the old (Saturn) and the new (Uranus).

Two other generations are especially responsive to the energies discussed here. 1) Those born between November 1948 and April 1949, who have Saturn in Virgo square Uranus in Gemini. These, like those born between 1942 and 1944, are a subgroup of the hippies, those born with the seven-year Uranus in Gemini signature. 2) Those born between October 1956 and January 1959, who have Saturn in Sagittarius in their natal charts, who are 27 to 30 years old now, just undergoing their Saturn returns.

These generations and subgenerations all constitute a pool of people, each of whom, if s/he tunes in to the full potential of his or her generational signature, has the capacity to function as a seed person helping to germinate and bring to fruition the new paradigm for consciousness. A paradigm of unity-in-diversity, where the structure is clear, crystalline, brilliant, many-faceted. A paradigm which creates the inner conditions necessary for our evolution into a truly peace-full planet.

Essay

# SATURN/URANUS IN SAGITTARIUS

## Conceptual Repatterning

Part 2

*Welcome to Planet Earth, 1987*

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*Note: In the first article of this series, I talked about the process of articulating the crystal of knowledge. I noted the years 1987 and 1988 when Saturn and Uranus are conjunct in the final degrees of Sagittarius as crucial for that defining process. In this second article I attempt to bring this discussion down to earth, showing how Saturn/Uranus works in daily life.*

### Introduction

One fine November day I was lunching with a friend at one of our favorite restaurants. Munching on Greek spanakopita, Sandy and I talked of self-discipline, and of our schedules and plans and the filing cabinets I was finally getting for my office. I told her that for the first time in my life I was directly facing my priorities: what they have been inadvertently in the past; what I consciously would like them to be in the future. I also mentioned that I was encountering an enormous internal resistance to this project, which surprised me. Why get emotional over such a dry subject? As we talked, I

began to realize how much I feared taking charge of my life, how afraid I was of success — and failure: of real responsibility.

During the week of that luncheon date, transiting Saturn was making a final opposition to its placement in my natal chart, 12<sup>th</sup> to 6<sup>th</sup> house, in the signs of Sagittarius and Gemini. Perfect time for the kind of discussion we were having, as well as for facing, embracing, and finally erasing that long-held unconscious resistance.

As we left the restaurant, I suddenly remembered our young friend Jewel, a crystal saleswoman, born with six planets in Aquarius! — ruled by Uranus. I had heard that Jewel had just arrived back in town with a new load of crystals and when I told Sandy she grabbed my arm eagerly, and said, “Let’s go!” Thus it came about that within one hour of talking sternly about things Saturnine, we were sitting in Uranian Jewel’s kitchen, excitedly holding to the light one marvelous crystal after another. Thus did Uranian spontaneity unexpectedly overcome my Saturnine plans for that entire afternoon.

I tell this story to illustrate the juxtaposition of Saturn and Uranus, now current in the heavens and due to remain together for two full years.

Yesterday, I was lunching with another friend, Clare, in that same restaurant. This time it was our conversation which reminded me of Saturn/Uranus. Clare is 42 years old, a member of the Saturn/Uranus in Gemini generation (see the first article on Saturn/Uranus in the Capricorn edition of WTPE). This generational signature is a major feature in Clare’s chart — and in her life. Saturn and Uranus straddle either side of her Descendant, conjunct. We would expect her to manifest Saturn/Uranus in terms of relationships with others.

This past year, as transiting Uranus was crossing her Ascendant and opposing her natal Saturn/Uranus, this normally shy and reclusive woman suddenly (Uranus) found herself in relationship with a man 14 years younger. (Their Saturns are opposed to each other, an aspect often found in student/teacher relationships of widely separated ages. Each of them feels responsible for the other; each offers the other perspective on his/her way of learning from experience.) This man was Uranus to her Saturn. Unpredictable,

irresponsible, exciting, he jarred her out of long held habits and opened her to an entirely new world. His surprises thrilled her, stimulated her (Uranus); made her want to pin him down, commit himself to her (Saturn). Instead, he insisted on his freedom to come and go (Uranus), and taught her to live in the moment, spontaneously (Uranus).

The relationship is over now, and Clare is changed. Before, she had been fearful of the Uranian elements in her own character, and used Saturn to keep them at bay. Now, she welcomes her intuitive impulses, and expresses herself more freely.

Over lunch Clare told me about an incident which happened to her recently as transiting Uranus opposed her natal Saturn/Uranus/Descendant conjunction for the final time. At the end of a long frustrating day at work, she almost bumped into a man coming in the door at the same time as she was going out. This man, she said, “always pushes my buttons, and this time he had a sort of smirk on his face. It just made me wild! Stepping outside, I immediately slipped on the ice and fell to my knees (knees: Saturn). Being down on the ground for a couple of minutes, I suddenly and clearly realized (Uranus) why I had fallen. I had allowed my distaste (i.e., judgment: Saturn) for this man to put me off balance (Uranus). I had returned his nonverbal dislike of me with equal intensity. I didn’t stay in my center, so I fell. It is interesting,” she concluded, “that when an event like this happens to me now I look at it almost immediately from a metaphysical perspective. I see (Uranus) the lessons (Saturn) it teaches in life.”

I cite these two examples, my lunch dates with Sandy and Clare, to give an initial impression of the manifold ways Saturn/Uranus can work in daily life. Such correlations between inner and outer events are easy for me to see now. There was a time, however, when I had trouble seeing them. My mind was not playful enough (Uranus); I was too focused (Saturn) on looking for the “right” way to look at things (Saturn). My dogmatic attitude was deeply ingrained (see first article in this Saturn/Uranus series); I tended to think there were only a specified number of ways in which any particular correlation could be viewed.

Twelve years ago, I was beginning my study of astrology, devouring books and staring into charts. My learning was full of frustration. I thought I was supposed to pin

down (Saturn) astrological configurations to one or several ways of functioning. Or I thought I should. Or I was afraid of the alternative: infinity.

Gradually, over a period of years, the deep meaning of astrology began to seep into my psyche. Almost without noticing it, the dogmatic attitude began to release its grip. Instead of looking for precise definition, for rigid bounded meaning, I learned to play with astrology, the way I play with my dreams, circling round and round the object of contemplation, penetrating it here and there, trying out one interpretation to see how it fits, how well it resonates with other ways of looking. In place of definition and clear-cut linear logic, I began to utilize metaphor, image, analogy.

As time went on I would sometimes find myself deep in spontaneous meditation, feeling the reality of a planetary energy, its pulsing presence in my life. Little by little the mysterious axiom was sinking into me: Every part is equivalent to any whole and every whole is part of another, larger, more inclusive unity.

I was switching from left to right brain in my effort to embrace the mystery of astrology. And I was discovering that there is no one right way, there are as many ways as imagination and intuition can bring to bear upon a situation. Each way offers its own kind of truth, when viewed from its own perspective. Yet there is room for discernment here, too. For some ways are more fruitful, riper than others. These ways are keys, they open doors I never knew existed, and provide vistas of breathtaking sweep and sensibility.

The world of astrology seeped into me slowly, first changing the way my mind worked, then deeper, allowing me to center my entire being within the whirl of ever-widening and deepening circles and spirals, and their relations, the patterns of change. This enabled me to read my life symbolically, through the lens of astrology. Its symbols became signposts, markers, clues to the meaning in things. They resonated with meaning. Infinite meaning. There is no end to it.

Heraclitus was right. We don't ever step into the same river twice. The only constant is change. Perhaps it's a good thing I didn't know this when I began to study astrology. The magnitude of the task would have seemed not only impossible, but terrifying.

## Understanding Astrology

There are many ways to go about comprehending the meaning of an astrological configuration. The most obvious way is inductive. We talk to and observe others with this configuration in their charts, we observe world and local events during the time such a configuration is in place. In this approach we generalize from facts to theory, moving from concrete examples to the more abstract form which they embody.

Alternatively, we can work deductively. In the case of Saturn/Uranus, we meditate on the meaning of both planets singly, and then attempt to synthesize those meanings, how they would work together. Using this apriori method, it would seem these planets are so diametrically opposed in meaning that there is no way they could blend. Saturn is conservative. Uranus is spontaneous, unpredictable. Saturn builds forms. Uranus shatters them.

Yet a third way to understand the meaning of an astrological configuration is to observe our experience of it within ourselves. This approach is both clinical and personal; indeed, it cultivates a kind of deliberate schizophrenia, whereby we are both fully engaged in our experience and, at the very same time, acting as fair witness to that experience. This approach has advantages over the other two.

First, we presumably know ourselves better than we know anyone else. This can be argued, of course. Some would say that our knowledge of our own selves is too subjective, too colored by personal experience and taste and prejudice. So let me qualify that, to say we are more familiar with ourselves than with others. Moreover, we presumably have immediate access to the memories of an entire lifetime as well. Personal memory and old diaries are prime matter for research projects involving transits and progressions and their effects upon the configuration in question.

Secondly, most of us are self-centered. We can concentrate longer and more deeply on something if it touches our own lives. Indeed, when considering the personal experience of an aspect as contradictory and paradoxical as is Saturn/Uranus, focus and concentration may go on for years, may even be lifelong, as we struggle to harness the tremendous forces such a dynamic involves. Then, what may be experienced in early

childhood as temper tantrums, and in adolescence as the pain of a blocked explosive tendency, may evolve in full maturity into the joyful expression of disciplined creativity.

For those born between May of 1942 and May of 1944 Saturn and Uranus were conjunct in early Gemini. Of this group of people, a smaller subgroup also has personal (i.e., short-cycled) planets (Sun, Moon, Venus, Mercury, Mars) in geometrical aspect to the Saturn/Uranus conjunction. It is this subgroup which has very likely focused in a sustained manner for many years on Saturn/Uranus. For us, our generational signature assumes a very intimate meaning, and the lives we choose to lead are — for better or for worse — exemplary.

Take myself for example.

## A Case History

I was born December 19, 1942, at sunrise. The double Sagittarian (Sun and Ascendant) influence was further magnified by an opposition of Mars in Sagittarius to the conjunction of Saturn and Uranus in Gemini. The opposition between Mars and Uranus was near exact and the entire three-planet configuration was situated in the 6<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> houses.

When I was nine months old, two temporary aspects converged to correlate, precisely with the primal trauma in this life: 1) Transiting Uranus crossed natal Saturn; 2) the progressed Moon, originally in Taurus, and widely conjunct Mars/Uranus, crossed the Mars/Uranus axis at 1-2° Gemini/Sagittarius. This double-crossing (note pun!) was experienced as total rupture. My father was sent overseas, to the Phillipines and World War II.

Keep in mind that this Saturn/Uranus generation cut its eye teeth on that devastating war. Indeed, Saturn and Uranus conjunct is one of the signatures of that war (the other being the entrance of Pluto into Leo). If this generation is to combine Saturn and Uranus in a healthy way, it will be in part to confront and heal the forces of alienation which cause war.

The combination of Saturn and Uranus could be said to signify the American ideal of individualism, where everybody strives to be free and independent of everybody else — thus alienated. This symbolism is appropriate for a nation founded during a Saturn/Uranus trine (Libra to Gemini in 1776) and which made liberty and freedom its founding words. However, the way we have used the meanings of these two planets betrays our yet unevolved status as a nation. We use these planets to glorify the continually expanding boundary system (Saturn) of the individual (Uranus) ego (Saturn). We have yet to recognize the right relations of these two planets to one another. Saturn needs to serve Uranus, not the other way around. Unless we align our separate egos within the larger context of the group, we fail to consider others' needs. In the absence of this context, we feel alienated from one another. It is but one short step from this feeling to active fighting. War is but a perverted attempt to close the distance between us.

In the 17<sup>th</sup> century the philosopher Hobbes said the natural state of humankind was to be at war. This remark is symptomatic of Hobbes' role as a reflection of the then emerging industrialization of the European world. Three hundred years later, industrialization has been perfected to the point where it now tends to prevent us from experiencing the natural world.

Our all-too-human race has unthinkingly ruptured original bonds — with each other, with our planetary home. Because we no longer feel safe in nature, we feel the need to defend ourselves — from both nature and each other.

Many of the Saturn/Uranus in Gemini generation were ruptured from their fathers in infancy. As college students, we called ourselves existentialists, and were “alienated” (in Erik Erickson's then emerging use of the term). How synchronous! That we, who were born during the years of fiercest fighting during World War II are now coming into our prime as transiting Saturn/Uranus in Sagittarius opposes our original natal Saturn/Uranus conjunction and coincides with the world-wide awakening to nuclear omnicide. [*This was written a few years after the Nuclear Freeze Movement began.*]

We Saturn/Uranus people are wounded; our wounds go deep and they have bred a compassion for all living things: that original Saturn/Uranus closely trined at our birth the planet Neptune as it entered the sign of Libra for the first time in 165 years. This entry in turn coincided with the birth of the United Nations. We aim at undoing (Uranus) what was done to us (Saturn) by returning the world to its original unity in the spirit (Neptune); we seek to balance (Libra) freedom (Uranus) with fairness (Libra). We are here to bridge the old Saturnian closed, hierarchical, materialistic institutions with the new Uranian open, democratic, networking electronics.

Back when we were small children, many of our fathers were shipped overseas. The original rupture in loving, sustained family relations was the primary fact of our young lives. Our mothers lived in constant gnawing fear that their young husbands would never return. In my case, her fear also infected me. (I have Neptune in Libra conjunct the MC. She has her Sun in Libra exactly conjunct my Neptune.) Fear (Saturn) of change (Uranus) was imprinted on my psyche from a very early age.

Like many women whose men were overseas, Mom lived for those three years with her parents — trying not to make too much trouble for them. Unfortunately for her — and therefore, for me — I was an extremely energetic child (Sagittarian Sun in the first house conjunct Sagittarian Ascendant, Sun conjunct the Galactic Center at 27°, Mars in Sagittarius opposite Uranus). In order to spare them of my overwhelming presence, she confined me to my crib alone for long periods of time (the attempt of Saturn to dominate Mars/Uranus). This did not have the effect intended. I rocked the crib, rhythmically banging my head (Mars) against it with such fury that the crib scooted around the room. Desperate, mute, my mother stood by while my grandfather nailed the crib to the floor (Saturn wins).

So, the first two obvious effects of the original Saturn/Uranus signature and, in my case, its opposition to Mars, were the following: 1) the abrupt departure (Mars/Uranus) of my father (Saturn) and its devastating effect on my mother — and me (Moon in Taurus, the Moon in this sign especially dependent and needy of emotional stability; 2) the suppression (Saturn) of my unusually fiery energy (Sun/Ascendant/Mars/Uranus).

Three years later, when my father returned, progressed Mars was just beginning a three year crossing in opposition to natal Saturn: It took those years for my German father to establish dominance over my fiery nature. I still remember the fury and frustration (Mars/Uranus, blocked by Saturn) of that early time, and until very recently have actively hated (Saturn/Mars/Uranus) my father (Saturn).

Note: Reader, please be aware. I do not blame my father or my mother, or the war, or any other early circumstance for its effect on me. Like many astrologers, I assume that my soul chose my birth time and place, and therefore the original Saturn/Uranus/Mars configuration under which to be born this time around. I assume that this configuration both endowed me with much mental and nervous energy (Mars/Uranus) and at least in my early years, attracted experiences which would tend to prevent its expression (Saturn).

Ultimately, the habit of discipline (Saturn) I received as a child would prove beneficial. But first I would have to undergo the inevitable rebellion (Uranus) against the claustrophobic structure (Saturn) of my childhood. This rebellion did not take place until I was 26 years old. I was a late bloomer; so the change, when it came, was catastrophic.

When I was a child, the net result of Saturn's early conditioning was a fearful, compliant, and sickly little girl who simultaneously attempted to please her father and stay out of his way. The original Saturn/Uranus/Mars configuration pushed itself down into the unconscious. This meant, inevitably, that sooner or later it would be projected out. Projection took three forms: interpersonal, religious, and global.

My tall, imposing, serious, stern German father — a physician — was the ultimate Saturn projection. Memories of him during those years are of a hard taskmaster, an exacting, remote, rule-bound taskmaster liable to sudden explosions of temper (Uranus) when his rules were broken.

I tried hard to please (Neptune in Libra conjunct MC, square first house Venus and Mercury in Capricorn, trine/sextile Saturn/Uranus/Mars), and identified with Saturn at

the expense of Mars/Uranus. I was a shy, stern and dutiful child, taking on much responsibility as the eldest of eight children.

But not even my father could contain all the fiery energy I had in me to project. The strict morality of Roman Catholicism received some more of the energy, Big Daddy in the sky being the perfect Saturnine judge.

A final projection was global. Mars/Uranus was projected out, not just onto my father's temper, and not just onto what I had been taught was "God." That fiery energy connected with fearful and apocalyptic fantasies of the end of the world, an end which, I thought, could and would come at any time. I was Chicken Little, and the sky was bound to fall in.

The Bomb is inside me . . .

Touch me, and I explode.

This way of speaking may sound poetic, a bit dramatic; actually, it describes a literal truth. My mother says that from the time I was three years old I refused to be touched (Natal Sun at 27° Sagittarius, progressed into Capricorn, Saturn's sign, at the age of three.)

When Saturn opposed itself for the first time at 14 I fell in love with a boy whose Moon was also in Taurus, conjunct mine. Early sensual needs for touching suddenly resurfaced, and were over and over again denied (Saturn pushed down Moon/Mars/Uranus). Needless to say, the sensual and sexual frustration was excruciating. Equally trying were Dick's eccentric and iconoclastic beliefs. Thoroughly Saturnine myself, I thought his Uranian irreverence shocking, and opposed it utterly.

On the other hand, there were signs, even then, of a more evolved use of Saturn/Uranus. During high school my friends and I (all the same age, with the same Saturn/Uranus configuration) went around as a group of equals (Uranus), rather than two by two like many of our peers. And though I was more conservative (Saturn) than the rest of my friends (Uranus), I did include myself in our far-reaching discussions. We

prided ourselves in both our openness to new ideas (Uranus in Gemini) and the logic and clarity with which we presented them to each other (Saturn in Gemini).

According to astrologer Liz Greene, wherever Saturn is placed in the chart, there is a source of anxiety or fear. This fear, she notes, ultimately drives the individual to not only develop but to overcompensate for whatever qualities the individual fears s/he does not or cannot have. My life bears witness to the truth of this idea. Saturn in Gemini: the fear of being stupid, or unable to learn, or not being able to figure out what is real, what is not.

This fear manifested first as an early block against mathematics. In first grade I asked my teacher what a number was. She stared at me for a long time, so long my ears burned. Finally, she replied, condescendingly, "That is not a question, dear." My burning need to ask basic questions (12<sup>th</sup> house Mars in Sagittarius opposed to Uranus in Gemini) was squelched (Saturn). From that point on, I tried to please (Neptune in Libra, conjunct MC, square Capricorn Venus and Mercury, sextile/trine Mars/Saturn/Uranus), not only my father (Saturn) but my teachers (Saturn), too.

As a ten-year-old, feeling panicky about my lack of knowledge, I decided to read the entire encyclopedia, getting to the "p"s before other neuroses intervened.

In high school, co-valedictorian with my best friend.

In college, B.A. phi beta kappa, magna cum laude.

The early fixation on pleasing went on and on, continuing into graduate school. I wrote down what the teachers said, spit their words back to them on exams. Of course I got A's.

## Transformation

In early 1966 the transits of Uranus and Pluto came together in my 9<sup>th</sup> house and began to square my Sagittarian Ascendant and Sun. At this point, I attracted the man who was to become my mentor. Joseph Agassi was a professor, the gadfly of the philosophy department at Boston University.

He terrified me. I didn't like him one bit. Tried to stay away. Couldn't. Was pushed from within into his presence.

Within one year my mentor's irreverence and iconoclasm had become my own. And his prophecy, that I would not just become his equal, but stand on his shoulders, was well on its way towards fulfillment. Uranus, empowered by Pluto, eclipsed the strictures of Saturn and the effect was both electric and far-reaching.

Before I had been learning how to think logically and clearly (Saturn in Gemini), while absorbing an intellectual tradition (Saturn in Gemini). Now, instead of memorizing teachers and books, I began to question them, deeper and deeper, probing into the root assumptions of the entire history of Western philosophy (Mars in Sagittarius opposite Uranus in Gemini; Mars in 12<sup>th</sup> house — probe into collective unconscious mind).

Nor was my probing confined to philosophy. The whole of my life began to transform.

I shattered one paradigm, the one I was born into, and entered a much larger one. The so-called definite and bounded reality of Saturn gave way to a space that seemed to travel outwards and inwards forever (Uranus). It was as if I had been looking at lines, and now I was seeing/feeling the reality of the spaces between them. I was diving underneath the lines, seeing them from the other side. What had been obvious began to look absurd. What I had called simple-minded was now the simple truth. And the constant boring routine of the clock's tick-tock, every moment the same, point by point an endless line of linear time, dropped away. I lived inside the moment, and it swelled and contracted like a living thing.

Before this time, Neptune in Libra at the Midheaven square 1st house Venus and Mercury had been experienced as the desire to please fueled by the self-abnegation of Catholicism. Before this time, Pluto in Leo in the 8<sup>th</sup> house had manifested only as a morbid fascination with death. Now these two mysterious planetary energies came forth in their fullness from the vastness, resonating with each other, linking by sextile aspect — as they do for all of us born during these transfiguring times.

At this time also, natal Midheaven, Neptune and Pluto began to resonate with Saturn/Uranus/Mars, by sextile and trine, to reveal what had been there all along, a large double wedge formation. I was being reborn, beginning to manifest in a highly individual way (natal Mars opposite Uranus, natal Neptune conjunct Midheaven), the full unconscious signature of my specific generation, those born between 1942 and 1949, a minor grand trine linking Uranus with Neptune and Pluto.

Those of us born between May of 1942 and May of 1944 are a subgeneration within this larger one. We have Saturn conjunct Uranus, so not just Uranus, but Saturn also both trines Neptune and sextiles Pluto. We live at the cutting edge of the larger minor grand trine generation. We are the ones who must, through our Saturnine sense of responsibility, manifest the meaning of the minor grand trine in its fullness here on earth.

Our signature lies in fire and air (Gemini, Libra, Leo). We are a generation of inspired idealists; we ignite the fires of vision, the reach of human possibility — and spread it round the world. Our coming into public eye for the first time during the late '60s and early '70s coincided with the transits of Pluto and Uranus, first through the sign of Virgo, encouraging our radical critique of society, then through early Libra and the original placements of our Neptune. Meanwhile, transiting Neptune began to oppose our original Uranus position (and, for those born between May 1942 and May 1944, its conjunction with Saturn). We came alive during those heady times, we propelled the human race to another point in its continuing evolution.

Initiating ourselves unknowingly at first, we were drawn to the sacrament of psychedelics. And we discovered: Reality is not singular, it is manifold. Our experience of alternate realities gave us unusual perspectives on the dominant culture. As we explored the beauty and the richness of our own psyches, we began to recognize how limiting, how impoverished was the “reality” we had been conditioned into accepting as children.

In our early experiments with drugs we were fortunate. Our unconscious energies are linked together in a stable system, the minor grand trine. We could explore other dimensions with little fear and little reason to fear “losing our minds.” Other

generations have not been so lucky. Within seven years, Uranus moved out of Gemini and its trine to Neptune. (This aspect in particular signifies the phenomenon of “alternate realities.”) Uranus then began to square Neptune from the sign of Cancer; thus was a generation born whose unconscious signature is not so stable.

Since, for me, Mars and the Midheaven were also part of this energy system, my own transformation was archetypal, it prefigured the miracle which would, during the late ‘70s and early ‘80s, achieve the momentum of critical mass, heralding the use of the now common, everyday words “transformation” and “empowerment.”

Transformation crystallized in September 1969, with three temporary aspects: progressed Mars energizing my 21° Sagittarian Ascendant; transiting Pluto squaring my 27° Sagittarian Sun; and transiting Uranus crossing 2° Neptune and 4° Midheaven in Libra. The change struck suddenly (Uranus) as a serious illness in which I almost died (Saturn in 6<sup>th</sup> house opposite Mars in 12<sup>th</sup>, sextile/trine Pluto in 8<sup>th</sup>) and during which I altered, entirely, the meaning I had assigned to my life (Sagittarian Sun and Ascendant, Mars in Sagittarius opposite Saturn/Uranus). Instead of dying myself, I let Big Daddy in the sky (Saturn) die. Therefore, I was free (Uranus). And because I was free of that old Daddy God, I was also responsible (Saturn). Responsible for my life. I encountered the entire spectrum of the heavens as revealed in the patterns of my natal birthchart that fateful day, and my response enabled me to move one complete revolution on the spiral of my own unfolding.

Up to this point I had progressed from good and dutiful child and student, to perfectionistic and obedient graduate student, wife, mother. (Naturally, since I was not truly a conscious being, I had married a man as critical of me as my father.) My meeting with Agassi began the process of change, and my experience of sudden illness with death staring me in the face accelerated it. For the next 14 years (one half a Saturn cycle), I was to go deeper and deeper into total rebellion against everything represented by my past.

I had moved into my natural fiery self, and the first casualties of this transformation were not only marriage but motherhood. Something had switched in me; I could no longer care for my children as I had previously. I had become so nervous and high strung (activated Mars opposite Uranus in Gemini) that I would end up screaming at

them for the least infraction (Uranus) of my rules (Saturn). I had come full circle: My father's explosions were now my own. And as my father left me, so did I re-enact that early trauma 29 years later (one full Saturn cycle) when I left my children with their father in Boston for a teaching job in California. A most unnatural act. And a most unusual thing to do, at that time. No mother I had ever known or ever heard of had ever done such a thing. Yet I had to do it. It was both totally impossible and yet absolutely necessary. Saturn, in the form of society's and my own superego's judgments, conflicted totally with this new and utterly incorrigible Uranian necessity for freedom. Had I been psychologically able to, I would have stayed. But I was not. I left my own children. I became a stranger in a strange land.

The feeling of this journey is, no doubt, familiar to anyone who has ever broken through Saturn's boundaries to the wilder realm of Uranus and beyond. No matter how strongly our culture, our personal expectations, and our rational minds counsel against it, the impulse to break free, to step into the unknown, if it persists long enough, cannot be denied. We don't want to do it, but we have to do it. We have no choice. Once a certain point has been reached, the breakthrough comes — no matter what the consequences. Through this suffering, this aching wrenching from what we have always known, through this acting in a manner strange to both ourselves and everyone around us, true individuality is born.

And let me emphasize this fact: Transformation is not really a goal like other goals. Few of us who engage in this process ever really want to — at least not in the beginning. **We aren't trying to get somewhere. It's not as if we are reaching for something. Rather, we are pushed from behind, as if on a wave. Or better: we are like blossoms, pushed from within, unfolding from the bud.**

And when we first encounter a new energy within ourselves, there is a period of trial and error, in which we learn how to use the newly discovered energy in constructive ways. In my case, there were a number of years in which I identified as a militant feminist, hating (Saturn, in the sense of a wall or judgment against) men and all authorities (Saturn), and insisting on my total freedom (Uranus) from all constraints (Saturn).

But before I went all the way out there, I was prudent enough (Saturn does not give up easily) to complete my doctorate with a dissertation that called for a revolution in philosophy (Uranus) and yet did so by speaking the language of academia (Saturn), with an unusual clarity and distinction (Saturn). This work was the first example of what would become a definite direction in my life: to speak about the new (Uranus) in a language even the old (Saturn) can understand. Saturn and Uranus were beginning, even then, to integrate, to fuse.

When I was 39 years old, transit Uranus reached the opposition to, first itself, and then Saturn. This crossing was a two-year process in which the following events occurred.

- In 1982 I established (Saturn) an alternative (Uranus) newspaper (Gemini) to link peace (Neptune in Libra) activists (Uranus) to one another in the deep west region of the United States.

- In late 1983, as Uranus made its final opposition to Saturn, and transiting Neptune began to cross natal Venus, it dawned on me that for a peace activist, I was awfully violent. (Saturn/Mars/Uranus as a signature of violence, in this case, mental violence — dogmatic, fanatic, preaching to others: negative Sagittarius.) With this realization, I stopped (Saturn) being a radical (Uranus) organizer (Saturn) and turned within, seeking peace of mind (Neptune in Libra, conjunct MC, square natal Venus).

At this point in my life the emotional trauma stemming from the original rupture with my father finally began to heal. As the war had taken my father from me, so had this trauma triggered an internal war inside me — a war which had raged for 40 years. Transiting Uranus had activated that Saturn/Mars/Uranus configuration for the first time when he left. Four decades later, as transiting Uranus again activated that same configuration by opposition, I began to get perspective on the original traumatic conditions of my early life. Only then did I begin to withdraw my early projections of world-wide apocalypse and recognize its source, the continuing war within.

The following two years were devoted to the process of healing. I had to heal both the child within and the father within. I had to allow both the child and the father to

become fully present within me again — and feel them both — and mourn for them both. I had to forgive them, for they know not what they do.

During those two years I concentrated on healing myself, for once in my life not expecting any kind of change from my father. As usual, nature provided the miracle when least expected. My father changed too. We had been going through the same process at the same time. Forgiveness was mutual. We now enjoy an easy loving relationship with each other for the first time in our lives.

This past year Saturn has traveled over the same points as Uranus did, several years ago, and the result has been articles like this one, a growing ability to articulate and give form to my process, and to the way that process both participates in and symbolizes the history of my generation.

Though the circumstances of my life are peculiar to me, the meaning of the times during which I was born is common to all of us born then. In this sense, we can say that my process is ours. My rupture is ours. My healing is ours. Saturn and Uranus will fuse, in one way or another, within these coming two years, for all of us whose charts show these two planets in aspect in mutable signs. The Neptunian peace on earth that we long for does begin here, at home, in our hearts.

Essay

## SATURN/URANUS IN SAGITTARIUS: Conceptual Repatterning

Part 3

*Welcome to Planet Earth, 1987*

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Driving back to Jackson through the Snake River Canyon in my brand new little red Subaru. First time steering a front wheel drive car in a snowstorm on slick roads. On the road five hours now, hours of uninterrupted thinking. Beginning to relax, to let go of all the projects I've been planning, mile by mile, for this new year. Only 30 miles to go, almost all of them on this narrow, twisting mountain road paralleling the ice clogged river 50 feet below.

A large chartered bus rounds the corner ahead. I clutch with fear — thank God we will pass each other on the straightaway! At this precise moment I notice my right front wheel is plowing through soft snow on the shoulder of the road. Not familiar with how front wheel drive works in this kind of emergency, I do what I would do in my old car, jerk the wheel to the left, which points me directly in the path of the oncoming bus — and sliding, out of control.

At this point the bus takes evasive action. Too late. There is little either of us can do to avoid collision. Unthinking, I jerk the wheel to the right.

And that is the last rational thing I can say about my encounter with the bus last Sunday afternoon. All the rest are impressions. Of being enveloped in blinding white light. Of my soul dropping down, piercing through the fabric of ordinary life, taking over. Of entering a state of unearthly calm, a peacefulness unclogged by emotion — where there is no fear, there is nothing. I am suspended, outside time; I surrender to the flow. Meanwhile, questions, questions — and they are in the background, like noise, static: “Is this it?” “When do I fall through the air to the river?”

The sensation of being enveloped in blinding white light was not just poetic. When the car finally stopped and the air cleared it was in a snowbank off the side of the road, just three feet from the cliff’s edge — and facing the opposite direction from which I had been traveling. I presume the snow cushioned my spin, slowing it down, and enveloping the entire car for a few seconds in suddenly disturbed white fluff.

The car was undamaged. I had not a scratch on me. I still don’t know how close I came to the bus, but sense it was within a fraction of an inch. I assume, by the laws of physics, that the actual movements of these two bodies relative to each other, given the forces acting upon them, were perhaps not only improbable, but impossible. Not only was I lucky, I was saved. As happens in miraculous situations, a higher set of laws intervened to decide how the physical laws would operate. This was not my time to die.

For a couple of days afterwards I was in shock. Going about my daily life in a daze, my mind continually circling back around those few moments, I replayed them over and over, trying to make sense of them, to feel their reality, to embed this particular incident within the rest of my life. No use. The memory seemed flat, remote, it had no charge. As if I were going back over a certain scene in a movie, somebody else’s movie, not mine.

Over and over again I described the incident to others, looking for reflections. Each time I concluded by saying that this event was a major turning point in my life. Indeed, I would add, it cut my life in two. There are now two lives, the one before the event, and this new life, innocent, untried. I knew this way of understanding what happened to me was true, but I didn’t feel it. I still needed to know. Why did this happen to me now? What does it mean?

In the past, whenever I have attracted such an event — and the last one was over ten years ago — it has always been to wake me up from undue preoccupation with the affairs of daily life. This time was different. I wasn't asleep, not really. Or was I?

Finally, one evening I impulsively call up my gentle friend Clare. Clare understands the quest for meaning, and she and I have spent many long evenings investigating the significance of important events in our lives. Agreeing to drop what she is doing, Clare drives the 15 wintry miles from Jackson out to Kelly . . . what a friend!

As I relate the story to Clare, I find myself telling it in a new way, and the event begins to take on color, weight, significance. Two important themes loom into focus: 1) I brought the trouble on myself — through my fear at the sight of the bus; 2) at a crucial moment the matter slipped out of my control. I jerked the wheel to the right, and at that point slipped into an open space, a blinding white light, where anything goes. Not that I thought about it that way. Indeed, while it was happening, I didn't think at all.

Whether I lived or died was truly the question . . . and yet the question didn't matter! I was beyond life and death. I was other than either of them. Life and death were two endpoints of a polarity I set up in the old life. In this new life I feel them as merely different motions within the same current. And "I"? Why "I" am the pulse, the wave that travels through the current.

I was catapulted into this other, more inclusive dimension. I forgot myself, releasing the need for control, and entered, for those few endless microseconds, the paradise of peace.

Clare and I look at one another. We have just spent the better part of an evening intensely probing the meaning of a single incident, my encounter with the bus. We grow silent, still, sitting there in the little cabin flickering in lamplight. Clare's face grows luminous, translucent. "Ann," she murmurs, leaning forward, summing up the evening in one remark, "It was saying, trust me, trust me."

And, I might add here, it was saying you can trust me even when your fear causes you to get into situations where you have no choice but to trust me!

At this point in my life, five major planetary engagements are operating — and all but one in the 1<sup>st</sup> house, where I meet the outer world. Both progressed Mars and transiting Neptune are crossing natal Venus/Mercury in early Capricorn, both progressed Moon and transit Uranus are moving from conjunctions with my 21° Sagittarian Ascendant to conjunctions with my 27° Sagittarian Sun, and transit Saturn, at 16° Sagittarius, is closing in on the 21° Ascendant. Naturally, on that fateful day, transit Mars triggered the situation through an exact 90° square to natal Sun/transit Uranus.

Saturn correlates with my fear, fear of the bus, of expecting disaster. I used Saturn energy in an attempt to control the situation, despite a lack (Saturn) of technical knowledge (Saturn) of the way my new car works in emergencies. Uranus correlates at one level with the sudden, unpredictable nature of the event itself; at another level, Uranus signifies the breakthrough of my soul into this mundane world — and the supersedence of higher laws over physical ones (Uranus transcends Saturn). Uranus also transcended the progressed Moon — there was no fear, no emotion at all. First house progressed Moon correlates with the feeling of a new beginning (especially as applying to a conjunction with natal Sun). And finally, Neptune conjunct Venus/Mercury signifies that state of exalted peacefulness so difficult to put into words.

Of special concern in this series of articles is the relationship of Saturn to Uranus — in my life, in the life of anyone whose charts contains emphasized planets in the final degrees of the mutable signs (Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius, and Pisces); in the life of our species as a whole, its evolutionary thrust. During these two years, 1987 and 1988, Saturn and Uranus are moving in and out of exact conjunction in the final degrees of Sagittarius. This double placement emphasizes the higher mind, its capacity to endow both inner and outer worlds with meaning.

In the first article of this series I talked about the Saturn/Uranus conjunction as signifying our collective need to articulate the new crystal of knowledge, and focused on

our leftover habit of dogmatism as that which blinds us to the crystal. In the second article I attempted to embody theory by talking about how Saturn/Uranus has manifested in my own life.

I had promised in this third article, to talk about certain New Age ideas which have yet to be integrated within the crystal of knowledge. However, when I sat down at the keyboard an entirely different kind of article came pouring out . . . Uranus ruptures Saturn, foiling my plans. So, please expect that other article next month, and view this one as a sort of preface to it.

In this third article, I begin by talking about the process I went through in an effort to give meaning to a recent incident in my own life. In telling the story, I emphasize certain mysterious, nonrational aspects — both within the event itself (the blinding white light, the effort to describe it on an inner plane) and my nearly obsessive drive afterwards to put the event in perspective. In the remainder of this article, I attempt to generalize from this event in an effort to discover what new criteria for assessing the value of any New Age idea might look like.

## **New Criteria Needed**

During these two years when Saturn and Uranus move through Sagittarius, we are crystallizing a new world vision. And in order to really transform the old vision, our manner of assessing the value of new ideas needs to be new, too — that is, not dogmatic. But how does one even discuss anything without becoming dogmatic? Do we know how? At this point in history can any of us claim to have ever done it? Dogmatism seems to be buried at the core of the way we look at meaning. Even when we don't want to be dogmatic we find ourselves thinking that way.

We seek to set what we think upon firm foundations. We long for certainty, security, safety. We believe — in this religion or that, this guru or that, this “channel” or that. Worse, we tend to dismiss any alternative to the possible certainty we are currently counting on as mere fantasy or conjecture, or just plain wrong. Only young children, creative artists, and theoretical scientists escape that stricture, and are allowed free play of imagination as a valuable part of what they do. Among these, only the artist is

expected to continue in the same manner. Young children are expected to grow up, and theoretical scientists, sooner or later, must put their theories to laboratory test.

One night, lying in bed thinking about this question of how to discuss and assess the value of ideas in a new way, I fell asleep and had a dream. Allow me to share it with you here.

## My Dream

As recorded in my journal on 11/11/1986: “A full page story and picture in Life magazine of Ralph Nader. Headline says, “How to Tell the Difference between Real and Fake Views.” The picture shows him holding a (his?) baby. Baby is sitting on his knees backwards to the camera but nearly obscuring Ralph. Baby has a huge round bald head. Down below and in a separate picture sort of tacked to the other one — a picture of a round faced, very yang looking kind of mean woman — looks like someone who’d been a radical political feminist for years — his wife, the mother of his child?”

The story says Ralph is now teaching at the Radcliffe Institute, a course on how to tell the difference between real and fake views. He says that his wife had been a student of his whose views were so fake he had asked her to investigate them! In the dream I was wondering, how do you tell the difference? — and I heard a voice say: “Are the meanings at the core or the periphery?”

This dream struck me the way the bus incident did. Especially the statement at the end. What did it mean? I chewed on this bone for weeks — and got nowhere. Yet, as with the bus incident, I intuitively knew the dream contained a key, that this key would unlock doors for me which I never even knew existed — if only I could find it.

I suggest that in thinking about the multitude of sometimes conflicting New Age ideas pummeling us during these years of Saturn/Uranus in Sagittarius, we pay particular attention to those ideas — and those dreams — which intuitively feel meaningful — even if, and sometimes especially if, we don’t understand them.

I suggest that sometimes when we are confused, it is not simply because we are wooly-headed or lazy. Sometimes our confusion is symptomatic of a sea-change in

consciousness, even though while it is occurring we cannot put words to it. Such confusion is important, it is fertile, it is full — and much preferred to any sterile, empty clarity.

We are in transition during these years, we are passing from an old to a new way of knowing and of assessing knowledge, and we don't yet know the outcome. In this process of clarification, let us not fear our confusion and jump to conclusions — especially by using old dogmatic criteria! Let's not miss something important, no matter how confused it may seem in the beginning.

I had the Ralph Nader dream two months ago. All this time it has been festering inside me. What did it mean? Then a few days ago, I applied the final statement in that dream to my encounter with the bus, with results.

The bus incident is easily analyzed by dividing it into “core” and “peripheral” meaning. As long as I focused only on the peripheral meaning, my understanding of the incident felt flat, unreal, “fake.” Peripheral meaning is equivalent to the facts: a literal description of what happened on a mechanical level. The core meaning is secret, interior. It radiates out from the blinding white light at the center and, as Clare noted, bears the message of *trust*.

I entered an infinite space during those endless moments, floating free. I had no idea what would happen; there was no certainty, no security. And it didn't matter. I didn't care. The other side of insecurity is surrender, absolute surrender. This is the peace that does pass beyond understanding, and ironically, does the job the so-called “security” of “certain” knowledge was designed to satisfy.

The ability to surrender to an infinite space is not peculiar to me. We all share this ability, though it usually lies dormant, secret. Often, extreme circumstances are required to put us in touch with this state of expanded awareness. When our blinders are temporarily removed, we are literally forced to perceive reality in new ways.

This ability is especially prominent in those born in my generation, 1942 to 1947, who have Uranus trine Neptune in our birthcharts. We are a generation which slips easily into alternate realities. We are naturally attuned to both extremes of thinking (Uranus in Gemini) and to the mystery of infinite space (Neptune trine Uranus, both in air signs). A subgroup of this larger generation, those born between 1942 and 1943 who also have Saturn conjunct Uranus, are meant to anchor this ability into the world of everyday life. We are adept at both generalizing from concrete to universal meaning (Saturn to Uranus/Neptune), and at applying (Saturn) the universal (Uranus/Neptune) to the context of ordinary affairs.

In that moment of being centered in the blinding white light, I was a point twirling through infinite space. There was no direction, no goal, there was only the now, expanding from me, the center, outwards forever. As is this small globe we live upon a point twirling through infinite space, with no direction, no goal, only the flow of itself turning round on itself, and round about the sun, over and over, there is no end to it, and no beginning. It simply is. Where is certainty in infinity? Where is the need for certainty in a world with no boundaries?

When we identify solely with the ground under our feet, we tend to think of knowledge the same way, as that which we understand — which “stands under” us. When we identify with Planet Earth and its larger, infinite setting, then our manner of discussing and assessing any idea must undergo a radical reevaluation.

There is no place to stand within infinity. Nor is there any “logical” point of view. All points are relative, no one is preferable to any other. Everything counts — and nothing does. We oscillate, rocking back and forth between polarities, contrasting day and night, dark to light, each flowing into the other, there is no end to it, this mystery, this ambivalence. **“The opposite of one great truth is another great truth”** — Niels Bohr.

Each point, each person, each idea, occupies the center of its own universe. And its meaning is a rushing wind opening out of the fathomless hole which, only seconds ago, was merely a point. “Meaning it,” as the philosopher Wittgenstein put it so poignantly,

“is like going up to someone.” All of a sudden it looms into view. All of a sudden, we are there, inside it, as one.

“Real” as opposed to “fake” views somehow share this feeling of coming from/being a source, a core, a seed, **one which radiates outwards in every direction forever and which, in order to gain meaning, becomes as one with the one who seeks it.**

Take this idea of intuitive/intensive appreciation as a way of feeling into the core meaning of ideas and contrast it with the dogmatic manner of assessment. First of all, in the dogmatist’s world, there is no core meaning; there is only peripheral meaning, called “objectivity,” where only the outside counts. Where we locate and analyze “just the facts, ma’am, just the facts.” (The fact that this saying is specifically oriented towards a woman, a “ma’am,” intrigues me. Could this be because women are more naturally — or is it culturally? — disposed to subjectively identify with what concerns them?) The facts are what *count* — what is countable, quantifiable, measurable, definite, certain, secure, safe.

I prefer to call facts “factoids,” as they change so quickly, and have such short half-lives. Like the addict with his fix, those who need facts — who obsessively listen to the “news” (sic) on radio or TV, who read newspapers daily, newsmagazines weekly — these are embarked upon an endless, and inherently unsatisfactory quest. There are never enough facts, or there are way too many. One can never pin a fact down, make it last, never be certain that the next fact one encounters won’t upset one’s carefully constructed argument, or scientific experiment.

Secondly, notice how easily the concern for peripheral meaning translates into a concern for appearances, at the expense of reality. For example, beginning with Nixon and Watergate, the U.S. Government has been more concerned with its “credibility” than with being worthy of our trust. What counts here is not truth, but whether or not a particular claim to truth is believed. The election of a movie actor to convey a “presidential image” is the apotheosis of this government’s focus on credibility. Government here is simply an extension of Madison Avenue. Both use certain hidden techniques to convince us that the mask is real. For both, truth is replaced by illusion.

Thirdly, the obsessive dogmatic need to be right, to have the one truth which eclipses the other pretenders, is symptomatic of a misguided search for core meaning. Core meaning cannot be discovered by “objective” methods. Only a radical subjectivity will put one in touch with the interior of one’s concern. In scientific culture, subjectivity is not only frowned upon, it is considered “biased,” “merely personal” — even “mushy,” “sentimental.” Core meaning is thus ignored; indeed, it is denied.

The drive for core meaning is inherent in human nature. It cannot be denied without rising up again in new form. Until it becomes recognized for what it really is, the drive for core meaning is deflected into the search for “proof,” for certainty, for that one particular version within the flux of appearance which will, somehow, fix it in place. This project is, by definition, impossible. Core meaning is not arrived at by proof, or by any other rational means. Core meaning must be felt deeply, in one’s bones.

What I am saying is, in order to assess the value of ideas for inclusion within the New Age paradigm, we need to overcome our deeply-rooted cultural tendency towards dogmatism by tuning into our natural empathic abilities. Our feelings, when integrated with our entire beings — and that includes the rational mind — are an infallible index to the way we need, not so much to “see,” as to “be at one with” all living things.

In this way, we can assess what is of value, what is not. We can attend a hundred new age lectures and workshops, and know which of the presenters speak from their core, which do not. We can read a paragraph or two of any new age book and know, in our guts, whether the ideas in that book are authentic or merely credible, whether that author is speaking in his or her own original core voice, or whether s/he is just imitating others. We are the ones who set the standards for what is valuable and what is not. And to do so, we must penetrate to what is of value in ourselves.

The gateway to the universal is the particular. As we tune into our precise, original and utterly individual natures, we attune to the universal harmony of the spheres. The point becomes the hole — and the hole a mere point in a larger infinity.

## Return to the Dream

The generation born between 1942 and 1949 with Uranus in Gemini — and especially those born between 1942 and 1943 with Saturn and Uranus conjunct in Gemini — have both the talent and the opportunity during this time to help crystalize the new paradigm for knowledge. And to do so, this generation needs to overcome its natural tendency to see only the facts, the peripheral meaning (the emphasis on Gemini, its focus on concrete factual knowledge), and tune into the opposite sign Sagittarius, where Saturn and Uranus are now conjunct. Sagittarius represents the higher mind, that which is concerned with *holistic* understanding — understanding wholes. Wholes operate by different principles than do the parts of which they are composed. One cannot predict the whole from the part; the laws that govern wholes operate at the core, they are incommensurable, new. And new understanding cannot be arrived at through logical or any other kind of “reasoning.” What is to come must be felt, intensely, deep inside.

**“Proceed from the dream onwards.”** — Anais Nin. Proceed from our vision of a new life and a new world onwards to create that new order in the outer world. Our vision is the baby with the huge bald head sitting with its back to us in my dream. Our vision is huge, and its features still hidden, unknown. In the background sits Ralph Nader; below him his wife, the mean-looking lady. Both Dad and Mom have been critics of society, the best of their kind. Both are warriors, dogged, alert, indefatigable. And though in these latter days of the industrialized world, even the best men and women do not see eye to eye, these two, somehow, came together in love.

Their child was conceived in love. At the basis of love lies trust — and thus, meaning. We must love one another, trust one another — and mean it.

Dad and Mom did their job, and now they fade into the background, eclipsed by their creation. The crystal of knowledge has taken on flesh.

Their talents were necessary to create the new child of our vision, yet these parents are of the old world. Their modes of understanding are analytic, logical, objective. The child’s mode is new — inclusive, wholistic, compassionate.

The baby's features are forming, forming, and over the next two years that baby shall gradually turn around and look us in the eye.

Essay

## SATURN/URANUS IN SAGITTARIUS

### Conceptual Repatterning

#### Part 4

*Welcome to Planet Earth, 1987*

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#### Introduction

Two letters came in the mail today, both commenting on Part 3 of this series. One was from a woman, the other from a man. Hers said the article was “a great one . . . the best yet . . . eye to eye . . . wheels in and of ourselves . . .!” He, on the other hand, hoped I would “merge this article with the next so it is comprehensible to the reader. Without a follow-up, it loses [sic] any meaning to me.”

In a single day I receive two extreme and contradictory responses to what I wrote. Each one affects me; I oscillate back and forth — flush with pride, flush with embarrassment . . . the woman inside me glows with appreciation; the inner man criticizes, castigates . . . which do I believe? Who to trust?

Here I go again, caught up in yet another duality, wondering which side do I come down on? The question is moot, of course. I’m “new age,” I know that, somehow, I must embrace both. But this abstract knowing does not erase my personal dilemma. Male and

female are at war within me. And these letters — such exact projections of my inner life! So now what? How to harness the dynamics of this living contradiction?

My dilemma is appropriate. This series is devoted to exploring what one could call the very Archetype of Contradiction, Saturn conjunct Uranus, now current in the heavens for two full years. In these articles I hone in on various ways we may experience and incorporate the fruits of contradiction into our lives.

Rereading the two letters, I think of the man with Saturn, his need for directness, definition, form; the seeming inability to “loosen” (see above) the membranes which separate one concept from another, and thereby enlarge the sense of what something *can* mean. And I see Uranus, yes, as a woman, her capacity to break through to inhabit vast open spaces, a willingness to accept — yea, even to celebrate — indefiniteness, dreams, the way we sometimes circle round and round an event endlessly, each return to the same point a deepening into those secret interior spaces where everything merges and fertilizes everything else.

[My view of Uranus is somewhat Neptunian. This is not surprising, since I was born during December 1942, when an exact trine aspect (120°) was operating between these two planets in air signs. Uranus and Neptune harmonize fully within me; I live them as a single quality — endowing ideas with feeling, feeling my way into the deeper meaning of ideas.]

In this 4<sup>th</sup> article on Saturn/Uranus, I take a sociological point of view, noting certain dualities or contradictions, both within myself and among my closest neighbors, those who live in the shadow of the Tetons in Western Wyoming. In following this approach, I attempt to better understand — and eventually, to help heal — divergences I notice within new age attitudes toward spirituality.

## The Grandmothers' Dance

A woman kneels at the center of a room on a dark cloth spread out on a polished, hardwood floor. Silent, utterly absorbed, she removes tiny objects — stones, feathers, crystals, flowers — from leather and velvet pouches and arranges them on the cloth in a

semi-circle around her. Directly in front of her lies an enormous phallic crystal, facing North, lined up with the Tetons.

I am sitting on the floor with 30 other women in a circle around her. Our backs lean against blue walls. We are talking quietly among ourselves and watching Brooke Medicine Eagle, a Lakota medicine woman, beautiful, with high cheekbones and a hooked nose and long black braided hair. I notice her hands. Big, strong, expressive, intimate, these hands bond her energy to the energy of anything they reach for. With utmost concentration, she is slowly and carefully placing each object in relation to others on the cloth according to some hidden inner order.

The altar is completed. Brooke looks up, smiles widely, begins to speak. There is much she has to tell us this evening, she says, her energy uncoiling to a standing position, those hands punctuating each word.

“Can you remember old pictures of signing ceremonies between white soldiers and Indians?” she asks. “On one side stands the general surrounded by his officers, lined up in a row. On the other side stands the row of braves, flanking their chief. And behind the row of Indian men,” she continues, her voice growing stronger, “stands a row of white-haired women. The grandmothers. Female elders of the tribe. They were not there to negotiate. Rather, their continuous silent presence was to remind Indian men: Any treaty you make with the white man must be such as to not harm any living thing.”

The grandmothers, Brooke tells us, carried the wisdom of the tribe. They no longer menstruated; they “held their blood” — and because they did, their power was great.

The younger women, during their menstrual flow, would retire to the “moon lodge,” to rest and to dream. This time coincided with the new moon, a time of new beginning and of cleansing, when the veil between the visible and invisible thins to the point where the women could easily pass beyond. During these few days each month, they would enter the spirit world through the center of their beings, their wombs. Through their wombs they attuned to the great mother, Earth, and learned her ways.

According to Lakota tradition, the female principle precedes the male. It is first, what must happen before anything else can. The female principle is the number before

all numbers start. It is the womb, the starry night sky; it is the great void, the source of all possibility. Actual creation begins, she tells us, when lightning pierces the night sky. From this union, does all that manifests flow.

If, she continues, I were to spear you and twirl your body in the air, the exact point in which I would thrust my spear would be your womb; this is the center of your being. This is the point where you balance heaven and earth — whether you are biologically a woman or a man. She gets up and starts walking around the room, long soft leather moccasins treading the hardwood floor as surely as if it were a forest trail. Placing her hands to that center of herself, she outlines a triangle. We need to walk with that part of us leading, she tells us. Our wombs link us to our mother, and receive what she wants us to know. Instead, we tend to walk like the absent-minded professor! Brooke laughs, bends over, and walks head first, tottering from side to side. We all laugh too, seeing ourselves in this reflection.

Brooke stands up straight. Alert, balanced, again she walks steadily around the inside of our circle. Her eyes seek each of ours in turn. “We have moved from the center of our beings to the head, the forebrain,” she says, slowly, quietly: “We have severed our bonds with all living things.”

Brooke asks us to stand and form a circle with our arms around each other. She starts drumming, softly, to the four-beat rhythm of a human heart beat. “Press your left foot into the floor with each dominant beat,” she says. “Your left foot links to your left side, the female side. As you press that foot to the floor you are making contact with mother earth, and she is pressing back. Now start moving in a circle, an inch at a time, still emphasizing that beat with the left foot.”

We begin to dance, slowly round and round, hearts and feet entraining to the drumming, 30 women in a circle, arms around each other, no beginning, no ending, left foot, left foot, left foot, entering our left sides, thinning that veil between the visible and the invisible, entranced.

“Now look at each woman in the circle, how beautiful she is, how individual . . . And now soften your eyes, let them lose focus, concentration, and see this woman circle as a

circle of women everywhere, women anywhere, anytime. Become your mother dancing this heartbeat, become her mother, and hers. Go back through your foremothers, back to the first two-legged mother, beyond her to the four-leggeds, the winged creatures, beyond them to the tree people, the plant people, the rocks, the waters. Become the great mother, feel her wisdom, feel her pain.”

## Next Day, Out Walking

It is Saturday morning, the day after the grandmothers’ dance. I sit curled in my easy chair, tensed, head down, concentrating. Frowning. I turn page after page of a thick blue paperback book, Alice Bailey’s *Esoteric Astrology*.

No use. Can’t seem to read today. My eyes keep losing focus, bouncing off the page. My head feels tight, constricted. And my body is growing increasingly restless, wants to move! I subdue it, forcefully, no! You must sit here, stay still, and read this! You still haven’t mastered Alice Bailey. What’s wrong with you? Are you lazy? Stupid?

Suddenly, without thinking, I close the book, get up, bundle up, start out on my daily walk. Today I walk even faster than usual, head first, body striving to keep pace with the debate raging inside. Once again I feel that war between the two ways I’m learning, the two roads I travel . . . the metaphysical and the aboriginal . . . so different, so opposed! Going up and down at once . . . up with my head, down with my body . . . Will I break in two? (Oh my God, is this the meaning of the dream I had last night? When my car broke into two separate pieces, front and back? And I knew it was due to my carelessness . . . Oh wow, there’s Saturn and Uranus operating again, in my dream. The car breaks — negative Uranus; my inattention — negative Saturn.) Hey! Stop thinking! You are walking now. Walk on. Pound those ideas from the brain through the body into the ground. Release that brain, let go, let go, breathe . . . in . . . out . . . in . . . out . . . Be the walking, be the breathing, left, right, in, out. Forget! Forget yourself. Become empty, become the air flowing through you, allow each in-breath to replenish you, each out-breath to clear out old ideas, cares, worry . . .

I have followed this same routine for 27 years, walking long distances, balancing, getting head to join with body for that one hour each day. “It keeps me out of the

psychiatrist's office," I joke to those who ask — and laugh, ruefully, knowing just how true that is. My training has been left-brained, male, rational. I am the perfect example of Descartes' mind/body split: *I think, therefore I am*. Therefore, only my thinking is me! For Descartes, the body and mind, though separate, worked in unison; they "paralleled" each other, he said. For me, they seem utterly opposed, body wanting to continually move and express, mind wanting to capture each movement, to fix it in place.

As usual, within one mile, hip and pelvic tension relax and my stride lengthens to the usual fast rhythmic Sagittarian pace so few of my friends can keep up with. I'm glad. I need this aloneness. Need this discipline. Feel very Saturnine today. Uptight. Can't let my mind go. How to integrate Alice Bailey with Brooke Medicine Eagle? How to reconcile such an esoteric scholastic hierarchy with the simple Lakota way of being in the world.

It seems to me Alice Bailey deals from on high with what is here below. In order to read her, I must forget my body, deny its restless existence, and become pure thought, unadulterated by emotion, by concern, by anything but the processing of rarified ideas.

Much of what I read in astrology has that same character, if less extreme. I include here even the revered mentor of us humanistic and transpersonal astrologers, Dane Rudhyar. While there is a certain spare celestial beauty in his ever-enlarging and looping rhythms — with no concrete examples, nothing to bond it with what really happens here below. Pure thought. No passion. No life! And there's the other extreme, too, an astrology which focuses too narrowly on mundane events, where the result is either gossipy or full of staccato facts. Here, in the intellectual polarity between the bloodless abstract and the trivialized concrete, is that same mind/body duality reflected. First, mind splits off from body; next, mind itself splits into two kinds of thinking, and neither one is alive.

As I walk, I look across four miles of snow-covered sage to the west, and am, as ever, awed by the sight of the snowy Tetons rising precipitously from the valley floor. Boiling silver clouds pay peek-a-boo with the frozen north face of the Grand Teton. So high, so remote, cold stone and ice . . . and so indifferent to the play of human passion rippling

out from each of us, linking us together, no matter how alone some of us may feel, here below.

Mountains have always been metaphors for both aloneness and lofty thought. Eastern monks leave householding behind to sit on them and commune with the gods — sometimes forever. Tourists stop their cars and try to capture the scene with cameras or video. At their next restaurant meal they may discuss what they saw out there for a few moments, fumbling for words, eyes taking on that misty faraway look humans are prey to. This longing, a yearning — but for what? what? — is what separates us from our wild animal friends.

Painters try to represent what mountains evoke in them. The Tetons have been painted and postcarded so many millions of times that their actual presence sometimes seems clichéd. Grandiose, two-dimensional Valhalian mountain scenes in ornate carved wooden frames dominate public walls in banks and law offices; they hang over living room mantelpieces and king-size beds . . . As we go about our daily business such paintings sometimes catch our busy eyes. They remind us of our more exalted possibilities . . . they numb us by the very familiarity of what is or should be so rare.

Some of us choose to place ourselves where such glory will be the constant vibrant background to our every heartbeat. It is precisely the extraordinary beauty of this still pristine land that draws us here in the first place. But how many of us acknowledge this place in the manner of Brooke Medicine Eagle — as a tiny but sacred spot on the skin of mother earth? And how many of us feel her, in our wombs?

But wait, wait . . . remember that day when I walked down out of Death Canyon, tired and alone. So tired that my mind slipped into my body, and gave my feet the lead. Remember the cool breeze, tunneling through the canyon, picking up the creek's tumbling rush, rising and falling, caressing my ears with its music? And remember the one extraordinary moment when, for some unknown reason, I suddenly stopped walking, turned around, and looked up to the exact point where an eagle was soaring high over a spired ridge?

Yes. And remember another time, that soft spring afternoon, sitting on a rounded hillside of Shadow Mountain, looking out across three miles of valley to the Grand Teton? Remember lying back in that field of yellow, watching the clouds scud by? And remember turning over, my hands clutching plants, sticks, seeds, stones, body caressing full length the soil in its yearly awakening? Remember bursting into tears? And feeling so full, so alive, so sensual . . . yielding to earth as my beloved.

Times such as these are the exception. They are so intimate, so strange, so haunting . . . Like certain dreams at night, which pass into other dimensions altogether, these experiences in nature are so foreign to my usual waking dream that I have trouble even remembering them, much less putting them into words for others. And even if I could, I would be too embarrassed . . . until last night, that is, when Brooke reminded me of their value.

I speak of nature as my lover. Not poetically, not lyrically, but in reality. Encountering her in this manner is not something to be viewed, classified, evaluated, and, in some way, used. Rather, she is someone to be cherished, held, surrendered to. In opening to her we drink her in, and are charged by her presence, she is overwhelmingly real and alive.

Speaking of nature in this manner throws me outside the society I grew up in. Certainly, it is alien to my usual ways of walking on this planet, even now, now that I'm "new age." And I'd bet that very few of even the more sensitive ones who live in this extraordinary mountain valley — who say they "love" the land, they "love it" here — really, in any full sense of that word, do. How often do we interact with nature as our lover? Aren't we usually relating to her more with an eye as to how she can fulfill our individual desires?

Take the intense loner athlete, for example, who scales these mountains. He climbs straight up sheer rock — or ice — walls, mind over matter, to the top, where he overlooks everything, having conquered both gravity and his own body's natural fear and pain. Most athletes here are equipment freaks as well; they blend a single-minded desire to get to the top with an exacting hi-tech attention to precisely which climbing shoes will

offer the most frictional advantage, which materials in their clothing will “wick” sweat away.

Mind over matter. Brain over body. Tune that machine. Tune it up, make sure it's hard — to go the distance, to scale the heights, to ski straight down steep powder slopes. Even athletes, seemingly most in tune with their bodies, obey the cultural command. Rather than flowing with nature and her ways, their bodies are designed and continually retooled to meet their owners' rigid specifications. Nature's extremes are viewed as challenges, to be conquered, dominated, controlled. Not just eggheads move with their heads first.

I think of the legends surrounding these jagged peaks, how they are likened to giant crystals, magnifying everything that goes on here. Of the great crystal caves rumored to lie somewhere inside the Grand Teton. Of the Great White Brotherhood which, it is whispered, meets here each year in spirit form, on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. I think of all the high spiritual books, including Alice Bailey's, which this brotherhood is said to have inspired.

I think of one man in particular, he is here precisely because of these legends. Richard is so abstracted, so wrapped up in his mind, that he ignores his body altogether, noticing neither what it is wearing or the ground upon which it walks. His body, reflecting that lack of concern, is puffy, shapeless. (Like so many tourists' bodies. During August especially. I notice that fully one out of every ten people walking the streets of Jackson is seriously obese.)

Athletes only seem to be body-oriented. Actually, most of them are mental, wanting total control over their bodies, treating them like machines. Some metaphysical people ignore their bodies; they are more obviously mental in orientation. The point is, neither of them FEEL nature, in their wombs. They would laugh at Brooke's aboriginal point of view.

Then there are those who came here to use nature in blatant ways — to use her up. They carve up hills and river bottom land into “real” estate, and sell it, for profit. They build huge houses on five-acre tracts, or cluster condomaximums at river's edge, and think of eco-nomics as if it is restricted to money.

This valley is crawling with real estate agents and others who obey the dictates of “progress.” What keeps them in check are the efforts of the Jackson Hole Alliance, whose members do seem to genuinely care about preserving wild lands. Unfortunately, they must spend an inordinate amount of time fighting the legalities of state, federal, and corporate claims for oil, mineral, grazing and deforestation “rights.” One cannot do battle with bureaucrats without, in some sense, becoming one. I watch this happen now, as the environmental movement comes of age, and pulls up its backpacking grassroots for the move to Washington, D.C.

Of related concern is the fate of the Great Bear, which during the past several years has come to national attention. As once vast tracts of true wilderness shrink to nearly nothing, as what is left gets carved into tiny bureaucratic fiefdoms with no common agenda, the grizzly’s normally wide-ranging habitat is so seriously disturbed that, as of 1986, there were only about 34 breeding sows remaining in Yellowstone Park. Yellowstone and Glacier Park are the only areas left in the contiguous 48 states still viable for the grizzly. If many had their way, these wildernesses would be gentled, too, made user-friendly to man by destroying what few bears remain.

The poet Robert Bly spoke of what he termed the hidden “hairy man” within each man in a seminal article called “On Being A Man” (1982). Bly’s hairy man is a wild man, he has more in common with the grizzly than with either macho men or the gentle, “liberated” males escorting either feminists or each other today. We fear this hairy man, his genuine natural potency, as we fear the grizzly and his dream partner, the legendary yeti. We fear the wildness in ourselves. We fear our feelings — the joy, the passion, the rage, the surrender to our mother and the terrible pain inflicted upon her by our unnatural forebrained habits.

These feelings arise as we plug into our centers, our wombs. These feelings move us to change our ways and preserve life on earth. No amount of reading high spiritual — and astrological — material, no number of hours spent meditating in quiet contemplation will do it. Our minds and spirits may expand our awareness, but they do not originate anything.

Men and women alike, we are all male and female, creative and receptive. Each of us is mind and body, and within each of these, there are creative and receptive aspects. Receptive, we open to the ground, what our mother wants to give us; creative, we reach for the stars.

Midway between our head and our toes is our womb, our center. We are each the center of the universe, the still point of a turning world. Through our centers we link heaven to earth and balance ourselves. Saturn represents centripetal force, gravity, drawing us down. Uranus is centrifugal; spinning out like electrons, we fill the heavens with our wonder.

Finally, I am reminded of a good friend of mine, I will call him Coyote, as this most adaptive of wild creatures is his totem. Coyote is a dreamer and story-teller and music maker. His source is the waters of Boiling River at Mammoth, Montana in Yellowstone. His roots are aboriginal. Coyote feels more in common with the monkey than with the straight man role his civilized conscience still sometimes forces him to play.

Coyote's "environmentalism" is primal, pure; he doesn't give a hoot about how to trace his way through a bureaucratic maze. Yet even he, who could teach us so much, seems confused. Coyote man! He who drums in tune with the pulsing geysers, he whose words and music soar like the thousands of pelicans that whirl in vortex formation over Yellowstone River — yet even Coyote said to me once, why worry about the planet, when we're about to lift off the earth?

Coyote would forgo his aboriginal roots for a hi-tech future. He would solve the planetary crisis in the same way Tim Leary would (not to mention military industrial contractors); they look to technology to save us, and advocate peeling out of here in rockets. Born again Christians and fundamentalist Muslims can't wait to leave either — for their various heavens elsewhere. What care have they for preserving our planetary nest?

Here I am, walking along head first, preoccupied; I wrestle with Alice Bailey and Brooke Medicine Eagle and wonder how the two shall join. Surrounding me are athletes and metaphysicians, artists and tourists, greedy ones and preservers, Coyote and the

bureaucrats. Here we all are, living mostly in our minds, ignoring the mysterious life in our bodies, and the way they resonate with the larger body, our mother, Earth — the substance of which she is composed, the wild creatures upon her. We are in association — whether or not we know it — not just with each other, but with the trees and rocks and water and plants and soil and all the bear and deer and geese and swans and eagles and hawks and moose and elk and bison and other, more delicate and unnoticed beings inhabiting this magical land. Intense, individual, extreme, and full of contradiction, our energies are magnified by the giant crystalline Teton range. Blindly, but with hope, we grope haltingly towards a shared life in this small mountain valley, sixty miles long, twenty wide, population 10,000, on the western edge of Wyoming.

## Return to the Grandmothers' Dance

Uranus is the sky god, wild, electrifying, innovative — lightning piercing the night sky. Saturn is “reality,” social reality, civilized — form, in its actual manifestation. Uranus is the Grand Teton, a gigantic lightning rod. Saturn is the social roles we play down here below, who we think we are — the infamous forebrain.

Uranus above, Saturn below. Mountain above, valley below. Sky above, earth below. Mind above, body below. Alice Bailey above, Brooke Medicine Eagle below. Forebrain and womb. Male and female. Light and shadow. Nature and technology. Each of these a duality, polarized.

Without duality, there is nothing to balance. Polarity is a fact of consciousness, which is always, an awareness of something, a relation between the self and non-self. It is only when the teeter totter crashes to the ground lopsided that the balanced priority is disturbed, and are we, as a people, disturbed.

The mind/body teeter totter has crashed to the ground, leaving the mind high and dry. We need to balance metaphysics with aboriginal wisdom, our minds with our bodies. And we need to re-member our bodies for what they truly are — formed from the soil, continuous with mother nature and her laws.

I think back to the grandmothers' circular dance, and remember the woman opposite me. She is the only one I see full on, rather than obliquely. She offers me the other side of the world, a direct frontal mirror. Our "opposition" constitutes one of infinitely many that could people any circle. Each of us as the other endpoint of one diameter. Together with arms outstretched, we indicate a circumference, to measure how large this particular circle happens to be. There are no dualities, nothing is really polarized, once we place it within a larger circular space — valley wide, global, and beyond.

I stand in the center, in my womb, the still point of my turning world. Circular orbits surround me, concentric. Each a cycling planetary energy, each one including, enclosing the next. There is no end to it. Space reaches out — and in — forever.

Lighting pierces the night sky. My hands reach out and up into space — forever. My feet press down, to the mother, firmly — and she presses back. Through my womb I direct the light from sky to earth and refract it, in rainbow colors, to spread in each of the four directions and all points in between.

Essay

# SATURN/URANUS IN SAGITTARIUS

## Conceptual Repatterning

Part 5

*Welcome to Planet Earth, 1987*

© Ann Kreilkamp

### Introduction

This series on Saturn/Uranus in Sagittarius began with a philosophical essay focusing on this conjunction as a process of crystallizing the paradigm shift in consciousness to be completed in early 1989, when these two planets move into Capricorn. At the end of that essay I speculated that the series would continue in a philosophical vein by focusing on certain abstract themes within the emerging paradigm.

Instead, in the second essay I found myself focusing on Saturn/Uranus as it imprinted on me, a child born the last time these two planets were together, in Gemini, during 1942-43. I worried about reader response to that article. It was so very personal and subjective — a far cry from the detached objectivity of the first article. I needn't have worried. The feedback was wonderful.

As different as those essays were from each other, I have long used both approaches in my work and find them thoroughly familiar. Then along came the third essay . . . to my surprise, this one departed radically from either of the others! They were both broad-spectrum: the first in space, the space of society; the second in time, the time of my life. Likewise, the first two articles more or less followed a plan. Both were somewhat Saturnian.

Uranus took over the third article — and the fourth — and this one, the fifth . . . (And with Uranus came the other two “outer planets,” Neptune and Pluto, and the minor grand trine linking them — for me, for my generation.) In that third article, I entered an open system, more right brained than left. Attuning to a space larger and more mysterious than that of my own lifetime, I found it impossible to project what the end would be from the beginning. Instead of knowing where I was going I had to go with the flow — and hope the reader could follow with me.

The third article was written as a process, spiraling round and round two recent events in my life, one external — the near accident with my car, the other internal — the Ralph Nader dream. I received many interesting comments on that article, the most astute being that in the end my analysis of the dream should have been personal, not philosophical. I agree. I was still trying to be Saturn — and keep a thread of continuity throughout this series by tying that third article into the first philosophical one.

The first draft of the fourth article was written in a sort of Uranian frenzy, while I looked around at the mountain valley where I live and found myself in judgment (negative Saturn) against it. Reading it to a friend, I could see by his reaction that it didn't feel good. So I softened it somewhat, to be more descriptive than critical.

In what follows, I again struggle with my tendency to judge; indeed, it becomes a major theme. This fifth article may be the final one in the series — at least for the time being. I offer it as a running account of the continuing Saturn/Uranus dialogue as it played itself out in my inner/outer lives while on a recent journey to California.

## Naming the Journey

It is March 2, 1987. I am flying through the desert in my little red Subaru just as Jupiter begins its passage through the sign of Aries. I planned it this way. Wanted that extra fiery push to overcome transit Saturn squashing my 21° Sagittarian Ascendant.

Plans are to be gone from my mountain home for six weeks. Longer than ever before. About time I got on the road! Positively embarrassing for this double Sagittarian not to have been around the world several times already! Maybe this is the beginning . . . maybe I can overcome my Taurus Moon . . . so much inertia . . . reeling me in . . . grounding me in place . . . Thank God for fiery transits! For Jupiter in Aries trining my Sagittarian Sun! Now! Right now! Saturn and Taurus Moon be damned.

Oh oh, what's that noise, that rattling sound? Is that the same sound I noticed going from Pocatello to Twin Falls yesterday? Is it just "bad gas" like the Subaru mechanic told me? Oh no, it seems to be getting worse . . . or is it? Oh no, what if it is? How will I ever make the hundred miles between here and Winnemucca if something goes wrong?

Fears worm their way in, nudge the glorious morning aside. I tense, stiffen, speed up even faster, got to get there, got to get there on time. Fear mutates to judgment — against myself. What's wrong with me that I'm so afraid? I glance in the rear view mirror. My face glares back at me, the vertical line between my brows furrowing the way it has since I was two years old. I have recently learned that this type of line reflects the condition of the liver; that, from an emotional point of view, negative liver reflects judgments, criticism, dogmatic thinking . . . There's no denying it, my face mirrors a chronic inner state exactly as Nietzsche put it: "Even when a man lies, the way his mouth looks tells the truth."

My menstrual period started yesterday. I feel fragile, inward, vulnerable. Particularly so this month. My body feels brittle, as if one slight nudge would shatter it into a thousand fragments. And so heavy this time, so much blood. . . . God what if I hemorrhage? What? Hemorrhage? How ridiculous! I've never hemorrhaged in my life! My God what is going on? Why should I be afraid of that now?

Oh yes, yes! Suddenly I have to laugh out loud, thank God my sense of humor is intact — that old bugaboo Saturn, sitting right on my Ascendant, exaggerating any fear I can dream up. My car breaking down . . . my body breaking down . . . Saturn as my shell, my ego, the vehicle I use to get through life . . . somehow it doesn't seem large enough or strong enough to contain the energy surging through my blood now as Uranus swells to the bursting point. I am so happy, so happy to be moving through space on this glorious day. A day I can see forever. A day with the entire world opening up before me. A brand new beginning, this is, I know it, I can feel it, as along with the transits of Saturn and Uranus, the Progressed Moon has also ignited my fiery Sun.

I think back to the first time Saturn crossed over my Ascendant, in 1958, 29 years ago. That was a classic study in Saturn isolation. There was no contradiction then like there is now. I wasn't one moment gloriously happy and the next terrified and afraid. That year transiting Uranus was nowhere near Saturn. Instead, it was locked away with natal Pluto and Jupiter in the intensely sexual 8<sup>th</sup> house, festering, a secret internal battle ground . . . I was a junior in high school; as Saturn closed in on the Ascendant, I closeted myself in my bedroom and devoured Thomas Hardy novels. Brooding Victorian morality concealing/revealing/exploding sexuality . . . I hated everybody that year. Hated my boyfriend especially, couldn't stand the way he walked, the way he blew his nose, the way he stoops down to tie his shoes . . . Isolating myself from the entire world, I shoved it away by harshly judging against it.

Now, 29 years later, Saturn has been around the wheel one full round more. I no longer hate the world, or judge against it. Now Saturn works inside me, and during this transit, brings an increased need for silence, solitude, inner discipline.

Despite this, I planned a journey to California to coincide with Saturn's crossing of the Ascendant. This decision was made, not to defy the energy of Saturn, but to acknowledge the energy of Uranus, also activated within. I viewed the journey as an experiment (Uranus). I wanted to discover the rhythms (Saturn/Uranus plus Neptune) I would need during this time of working (Saturn) for an extended period as an astrologer (Uranus) on the road.

This spring Saturn and Uranus are together in the sky for the first time in 44 years. I am 44 years old, born under the last conjunction, when Saturn and Uranus were in Gemini, opposite Sagittarius, where they are now. I imprinted on that heavenly signature. The struggle between these two energies is a paradoxical quality of my original nature.

As a child I identified with Saturn, rigidly holding to my father's Roman Catholic views. Rejecting Uranus, I refused to question those views and hated people who did. Later, I switched allegiance, identifying with Uranus at the expense of Saturn. The rebel in me surfaced. I saw the world entirely differently from before. Caught in my own arrogance, I judged those still caught within Saturn's rings for their inability to see beyond.

For most of my life I have been unable to embody both of these energies at once. Identifying with one of them, I have projected the other out; first one, then the other. One was inside, the other outside. One was right, the other wrong. The result was tension — and that line between my brows: I had to keep on defending myself against whichever energy I refused to recognize as mine.

In recent years I have been realizing the need to embrace the paradox that is Saturn/Uranus. Now, as they put pressure on my Ascendant and Sun respectively, the necessity of that embrace is moving from a detached mental understanding to a felt bodily requirement. They are crossing the first house where my body meets the world; I have no choice but to integrate them now — a process for which I am allowed two years, 1987-1988, the years of this conjunction in the late degrees of Sagittarius.

Driving along, I am reminded of the mandala given to me yesterday by my friend Katy in Twin Falls, Idaho. "All of a sudden one day I started to draw something . . ." she said, "and when I finished it, Annie, I knew it was for you. It is your mandala for this year." I was astonished. The drawing incorporates lightning-like zigzags on angles leading out from a center point, the whole encompassing a circle. Her image had captured the contradictory feeling I was needing to learn how to embody. Turning it over, I read the inscription: STILLNESS IN THE STORM.

My journey to California was planned to initiate this process of embodiment. I set it up to include an introductory lecture, several workshops and many chart consultations. Lots of work over an unusually long period of time. What would be the rhythm I would need to sustain my energy? What kind of internal structures would I need to create to allow for the spontaneity and flexibility such a journey would require? How could I become that stillness in the storm?

Timing the start of the journey for the beginning of March, to coincide with Jupiter's entry into Aries, I had decided that part of the journey would complete itself at the end of that month, as Saturn and Uranus reach their stations and began retrograde motion for the next six months.

True to the contrary pulls of these planets, even the planning of this trip had been a struggle. I had been so inward, so wonderfully alone in my tiny cabin all winter that I almost had to force myself to set this trip into motion. Yet I knew I must do something, that if I didn't, the energy of Uranus — that bud of restlessness swelling each day — would ripen and burst in some inappropriate way. If I didn't give it room for expression it would take that room, causing an "accident," or burn my cabin down, or some other drastic, unplanned action to wake me up to greater possibilities than my usual Saturnine routines.

Already the combination of Saturn and Uranus had been expressing through my physical body. Over the past several months various rashes (heat = Mars/Uranus) had been appearing and disappearing on my skin (Saturn). Most dramatically, a huge boil (Pluto) had come to the surface (Saturn) and exploded (Uranus) during the Taurus/Scorpio Full Moon of November, exactly upon the degree of my natal Taurus Moon.

## **Saturn over Uranus**

Berkeley, the night of my arrival. My friends Ella and Walter have invited me to a meeting of the "Institute for Consciousness Studies," where a friend of theirs will be speaking on the chakras. I am dressed in black, trying to be invisible, and noting how pallid these city folk look. The atmosphere here reminds me of my years in Cambridge:

the same chinos and tweed jackets, wire rim glasses, the same intense, intellectual, introverted demeanor. And I cannot help but notice how I too am the same as I was back then, still introverted, and intellectually separating myself from them all through my judgments. Despite this, the chakra meditation goes well; I manage to get in touch with energy vortices within.

That night I awaken from a terrible nightmare. Quoting from my journal: *“I am in Twin Falls (my hometown). I am being tried(?), accused(?) in a public way for crime(s?) relating to astrology. All eyes are on me — am being scapegoated — as a witch . . . feeling is of panic, a desperate fear, a need to get out of there but where could I run to, the world is too small, I would be found. Very real, palpable, the sense that the mob acting as a large impersonal force has targeted its fear on me.”*

In this dream I relate to Saturn as fear of established authority, and act as if its reality is larger, more powerful than Uranus.

Fears, both day and night. Fears of not getting the work I need to justify this trip. Of not having the energy to do the work if I do get it. Of not being able to sleep at night. Insomnia during times of intense activity is an ancient problem for me.

Some nights I succeed, some I don't. Each full night's sleep feels like a victory.

San Francisco. I am staying with a friend in the heart of this intense city and she has been planning my arrival for weeks — arranging for a public room for me to speak in, sending out flyers, coordinating her efforts with those of four other women who are also helping to publicize my work to their friends. Claudia is excited; she is terrified. She's done all this work and hardly anybody has RSVP'd. What if nobody comes?

Nobody comes. Well, not nobody. Maybe 15 people? And the room is big. Thank god we didn't set out too many chairs, or our embarrassment would have been even greater.

Our disappointed expectations have cast a pall over the room. It echoes my appearance, as again I am dressed in black. I rise to speak, and spend the next hour and a half pretending to be my public commanding, fiery self. It works okay. I am a good actor. A few people sign up for chart readings.

On the way back to Claudia's, she asks, "Well, what do you think of the evening?" Tentatively, hesitantly — not wanting to hurt her feelings, knowing how much time she put into organizing this event — I say, well, I'm disappointed more people didn't show up.

"Me too," she says, her voice strained.

We sit down at her kitchen table and spend the next two hours analyzing the events which led up to tonight's fiasco. How come so much organization produced such paltry results? Well, Claudia had never organized such an event before, the entire thing was planned during Mercury retrograde, the other four women weren't really into it, and invites didn't get out until a week ago; it was raining tonight and people here don't go out in the rain at night, etc. By the time we were finished it really did seem like we had figured it out. No longer did the lack of people feel like a personal affront.

Both of us were born during 1942-43, with Saturn/Uranus in Gemini. We need to know. We had to figure it out. Claudia had overplanned (Saturn) something that should have been more spontaneous (Uranus). And from my point of view, this event was an outpicturing of what had been going on inside me.

Even so, rather than covering it up and going on, pretending everything was fine, we had dared to look at the event in the face and acknowledge our disappointment. And we worked it through, right then and there. Those two hours became the turning point for my astrological work on this journey.

(To "work it through" is to understand the meaning of events as a process. A process is structured as a smaller cycle within a larger one, consisting of a beginning, a midpoint, and an end. To "process" something is to understand, to recognize its overall structure, to point out its background assumptions and future implications, and to place it within a larger, more holistic context. This word "process" and the current use of it is a positive, healing function of Saturn/Uranus in Gemini which our generation has pioneered over approximately the last 20 years.)

And these two hours were inwardly linked to a series of events which began the morning of the day before. These events changed me, irrevocably, though the change

didn't manifest in the outer world until that late night kitchen table conversation of the next day.

That morning I had been preparing to meet my first client when I noticed a letter addressed to me on the hall table. By the handwriting and the return address I recognized it as from the man whom I had been seeing the past year, and to whom I had not spoken for three months, so explosive had been our final parting. (He is 20 years older than I, and otherwise Saturnine too; I had been projecting that part of myself onto him, and using Uranus to try to shake him loose.) Quickly, I tore open the letter and read it, my hands shaking, so much energy did this reminder of him trigger in me. Just then the door bell rang. Damn, what timing! I went to the door and asked the client if he would please come back in 20 minutes; that I had just received a letter which contacted some emotion in me which I had to clear.

That done, I went back into the living room and read the letter through again, beginning to feel fluttery in my chest. Encouraging the feeling, I began to breathe deeply and allow the feeling to surface. Within a minute or so I was crying, quietly — too quietly, as if embarrassed. I wasn't able to crack the dam; the most I could do was let a little water go down the spillway. Well, that would have to do. I spent the remaining minutes composing myself, making ready for the client's return.

The day before, a body worker had called, wanting to trade astrology for her work on me. I had reluctantly agreed (not thinking I really needed such work), and arranged to meet her late this afternoon. Now, walking up the hill to her office, I realize that given the emotions called up by that letter, and given the cramped, fearful state I am in, body work is exactly what I need.

As she works on me, I tell her about my relationship with this man, a double Scorpio. She recounts her experiences with Scorpios, saying something that strikes me still: **“It's as if their sting goes deeper than most, so we have to go into ourselves deeper than usual in order to heal.”**

Afterwards, she asks me if I want her to help me clear out old emotion. Feeling still blocked emotionally, I say okay, more to be polite than to acknowledge a real need.

She tells me to lie on my back, knees up, and breathe slowly, deeply, into my stomach. After I have done this about 20 times she tells me to switch and begin breathing into my chest. “Now drop your consciousness down, down into your chest” — and I do, immediately, whoosh, just like that! She begins to lightly rub a diffuse area in the middle of my chest . . . I tell her a particular point really hurts, so she starts rubbing on that. “Now, if it feels like it’s a good thing to do, start kicking out your legs, one at a time, hard, kick at whoever you need to . . .” The chest breathing and rubbing have moved me into the same kind of crying I did that morning; the kicking now moves me into a totally animal space, out of control.

I feel as if I have jumped off a cliff and smashed down into my self. Filled with a deep, wracking sobbing, I am expressing it fully, loudly, in a strong, low, mournful wailing coming from somewhere deep within the recesses of my body. It seems as if my very genes are activated. Each sob lasts what seems like a minute. I am drowning in deep water; with each breath I have to struggle mightily to get back to the surface.

Later, writing in my journal: “It feels as if I had contacted an old buried feeling, the feeling of being in my crib crying, crying, no matter how hard I cried nobody came to pick me up, I was totally, utterly abandoned.”

“I hardly slept for two nights. Then, last night, after the body work, I slept like a baby. THAT SOBBING OPENED UP A TOTALLY NEW SPACE WITHIN ME: IT FELT LIKE I WAS CREATING OR EXCAVATING A DEEP TROUGH LINKING POWER CENTER TO HEART.”

Over the next few days the phone begins to ring with clients. I go into the routine I’ve been expecting/dreading, and the transition is smooth, easy. But I am still feeling somewhat Saturnine, deadened. An opening has occurred deep inside, but it isn’t translating easily into daily life. Working mornings and evenings, each afternoon I explore a new city neighborhood on foot. I do this without enthusiasm, feeling like a little Saturn robot, lost and alone, jerked this way and that by the constant Uranian excitement of a big city.

Spring Equinox. I have taken a few days off, and am now sitting on a point on the beach at Monterey, observing a private ceremony to mark the balance of day and night, allowing the ocean to wash over my mind. Later, walking slowly back, I spontaneously reach down and pick up a rock. I hold it all the way to the car and set it on the dash. From my journal that night: “. . . a black and white rock, but pointillistic, tiny black and white bits everywhere interspersed with each other. Saturn judgments, black and white, now transformed into tiny exacting differentiated perceptions.” (My natal Saturn in Gemini is  $150^{\circ}$  to and in mutual reception with Mercury in Capricorn. My Pluto is  $150^{\circ}$  to Mercury, sextile Saturn. Mercury is conjunct Venus. The whole pattern — a tightly aspected Finger of God.) “That rock fit my hand perfectly and was soon warmed by it.”

That night, in a friend’s house alone, another dream. From my journal: *“I’m out on the ocean alone in a silver metal rowboat, spending the entire day. It is hazy, dreamy, sky meeting water with no differentiation. I spend the first part of the day sitting here, dreaming, in a trance state . . . finally, I shake myself loose, and get my fishing pole out. I look down and notice the bottom of the ocean is visible. There are lots of fish, some of them big — my God, what if I catch one? It might be too big! I want to move to where I don’t see the bottom — being able to see the fish is scary. Just then I notice water is pouring in the front end of the boat. Boat has been slowly leaking. Now the top is level with the water and boat is sinking. I notice the distance to land and think, well, I can swim and drag the boat too (it’s not my boat, I don’t want to lose it) when I notice a shark fin, a shark is circling in for the kill! It comes at me; I whap it on the head with the oar. Comes in again, I do the same thing. Next scene: I made it to shore and am talking to others about the experience. Mood in the dream was not really fearful, except when I saw the bottom which allowed all the fish to be seen . . . would rather not know the danger on a conscious level . . . otherwise, when possibility of drowning or being eaten by a shark came up it was more a mood of objectively sensing the danger and doing something about it.”*

Saturn as boat. Uranus as unexpected dangers. Saturn as ability to handle them. A healing dream.

Again from the journal, same day: “Last 24 hours, as I spiral into myself, I am seeing Saturn on Ascendant as the fact of my judgments against others and the fact of my fear of others’ judgments against me — their abandonment of me — and how they somehow spring from the same source. Let go. Let go. Mind has been my defense system.”

## Uranus Takes the Lead

Two days later, another dream: “*Driving north on road next to the Tetons. I’m in back seat with a female friend, my age. Two old women are in the front seat, one of them clear, strong, wise, the other fearful, weak, nervous. We get out to change seats. I wonder whether I will sit with the wise old woman in back, but no, both old ones sit in back, with us young ones up front, my friend driving.*

“*Suddenly, way in front of us, what appears to be a localized storm. Like a giant column of fog and ice. We turn off, get out. As we are standing there we are hailed by tiny metallic bits thrown by the storm. They stick in my white sweater and hair. The wise old woman looks concerned. I ask her if she thinks we should go back. Yes, she answers; we both wonder if this is a new Yellowstone boiling hole blowing out and if there is even going to be molten lava pouring (i.e., a volcano), URANUS NOW CONJUNCT MY SUN!!*”

And I am afraid, want to turn back . . .

March 26. Saturn and Uranus both nearing their stations . . . From journal: “Spent yesterday walking with Claudia in North Beach. We analyze the dream. The two older women are negative and positive Saturn figures. Claudia notes that we changed seats. ‘You are Uranus. You are in the front seat now. Uranus doesn’t take advice from Saturn. This is the changing of the guard.’ The “storm” (from above) which turns out to be really the opening from below is Uranus — sudden, surprising, scary . . . The silver metallic bits — Saturn — the boat, ego boundaries, but now blown to smithereens: Uranus. Reminds me of the rock I picked up on the beach with tiny black and white bits . . . And reminds me of all the explosions in my life recently: the exploding boil, the explosion with my Saturn friend . . .

“On my way back I get a sudden urge to buy a ring, look at hundreds of rings, can’t find it . . .”

That entry was made the evening of the same day. The next morning, again in my journal: “Last night after going to bed, the column of whirling stormy energy was again in front of me, very strong, numinous, magnetic. Problem with buildup in power chakra again.” (Three years ago, for a few months, I went through a period where I experienced a huge energy build up in power chakra (solar plexus). It felt like an infinite space full of negativity . . . and would render me sleepless, sometimes for weeks. Over time I learned to visualize leaking the energy up into the heart chakra to let the pressure drain off. This technique had proved only moderately successful.)

“This time, instead of trying to move it directly to the heart, I began with the root chakra, allowing it to fill with energy; then, still sustaining that, roto-rooting it up to the second chakra, then third, feeling the differential in vibration in each — then the fourth . . . (Now the heart was easy to access, as energy moved up and incredibly expansive) — fifth — felt constriction here, in the throat — wanted it to expand, soften — to allow easy and mellifluous passage — then sixth, and crown, topmost point. I had become an electrified column of energy. I WAS THAT ELECTRICAL STORM COLUMN. That symbol in my dream was kundalini energy, linking heaven and earth — and it rained on me, showering me with Saturn, giving me a mantle of earthly responsibility.

“This morning I tell Claudia about the dream. She goes and gets a ring, it is silver, and shaped like a serpent or snake — kundalini — and tells me she had thought of it yesterday, but kept dismissing it.”

There it is. The ring. And it fits only the second finger, Saturn’s finger.

## **Saturn and Uranus Integrating**

During the first few weeks of my visit, I had given my Uranus energy to the city, and felt lost and alone inside it. Working hard as an astrologer, I kept a strict Saturn discipline in all daily routines. Instinctively, I felt all I could do was pay attention to each moment as it came, and fulfill its demands exactly. I knew I had to live right here, right

now, and not let feelings of futility overcome me. Two things seemed intuitively clear: if I did not do this, the strict order would break into chaos; if I did do this, I would eventually work my way out of Saturn into Uranus.

Meanwhile, Saturn and Uranus were slowly, imperceptibly, integrating. At first this was experienced on inner planes, only gradually moving out into physical manifestation. The prophetic mandala — “Stillness in the Storm” — underwent a sea change through the medium of my dreams. The struggle between Saturn and Uranus played out as a blocked desire to move energy from power center to the heart. (Saturn as power over the Ascendant, my need to rigidly keep everything in check; Uranus on the Sun as the heart, dramatically opening, expanding.) The dream of the storm column, my initial fear of it, and subsequent becoming one with it led, the very next day, to being given the serpent’s ring for my Saturn finger.

Now my forays into the city were joyous. My heart was open, I felt at one with each surprising moment and its opening into the next.

Sometime during those wondrous days an image welled up inside me: of Saturn as it had been, a thick cement wall hugging my skin. Now that wall was expanding outwards. As it expands it thins — to the point of transparency, becoming a membrane, capable of osmosis, admitting light.

The boundary system had thinned to a large circular membrane, and the membrane, as the days went on, was seen/experienced in three dimensions, as a tube, or channel, for Uranus energy to course through.

By the time of my final workshop on March 29, the day of a Solar Eclipse in Aries (and Saturn and Uranus very near their stations), it seemed as if everything that had happened on this journey had been leading up to this glorious Sunday morning. The setting was a beautiful, serene, handmade house in the hills of Northern Marin. The subject was “Transformation” — done through clinical case histories. And the people coming were 15 of the 60 or so I had consulted with on this journey. From the time they walked in the door, each one happy, open, joyous, bringing wonderful food for our lunchtime feast, it seemed, as one of the participants put it, “as though this were an AA

meeting of people who had known each other for years.” In reality, very few did know each other beforehand, and the variety within the group was astonishing, from a 65-year-old man to a child of only 11 years. What they had in common was their Pluto processes, and the capacity this brings for us to strip away normal pretenses and deal with what is real.

The day flew by. I hardly remember it, except to say that it was brilliant, and sunny, with a fresh wind blowing in through the open deck doors. I stood up (not dressed in black, but lime green) and talked for eight hours, my throat allowing easy, mellifluous passage. Drawing each person’s chart on butcher paper, we plummeted into his or her reality, and surrounded that with love. The group operated in a magical way, united in supporting each other’s process, meanwhile asking tough questions and attentively and sensitively receiving what they had to say.

For each of us Saturn seemed to have thinned to a membrane on that miraculous day. Rather than feeling like isolated individuals locked into separate cocoons, we were all expanded and resonating together. We had transformed into butterflies, and our Saturn membranes were the wings. Fluttering, diaphanous, rainbow-hued, they fused into one dancing, glowing radiant being. Swelling and contracting in waves, this light being pulsed in response to Uranian energy and insight coursing through the room.

The workshop officially ended at 5:30. Not until nine that night were people persuaded to go home.

The long wait is over. The separation is done. We humans are glimpsing our glory, and we hunger for more.