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Horoscopes by the Fishing Guide to the Stars

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Horoscopes running 12.29.2016-1.4.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, December 28, 2016

<https://astrofish.net/2016/12/horoscopes-running-12-29-2016-1-4-2017/>

Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Cassius in Shakespeare's [Julius Caesar](#) 1.2.139-141

That's the [exact quote](#), and many times, I look at an astrology chart, or the current [disposition](#) of the planets and I wonder.

2017

Astrologically, 2017? In a [brief form](#)?

Mercury started his retrograde pattern 12/19/2016, slipping back into Sagittarius around 1/4/2017, going direct 1/8/2017.

Mercury is retrograde 4/8-5/3, 2017, starting in Taurus and backing down into Aries. Continuing this cycle, Mercury retrogrades 8/12-9/5, 2017 in Virgo, going direct in Leo. Finally, for the year, Mercury retrogrades 12/3-12/22, 2017, all in Sagittarius. That final Mercury retrograde has a two punctuation points in it, starting at 29 Sag., echoing the previous year's pattern, and having Saturn exit Sag., sort of limping out, maybe making one last kick.

Almost up and until Xmas day, 2017, there's a serious "Cosmic Review" period, and as a Sagittarius, I feel the most, but it's a prevailing sentiment, solidly anchored in the Mercury Retrogrades.

[Venus is Retrograde](#) 3/4-4/15, 2017 with [a pattern](#) that starts in Aries and finishes turning around in Pisces. (This pattern overlays a Mercury Retrograde, hence the confusion.)

The source document — ephemerides — is [here](#).

Horoscopes running 12.29.2016-1.4.2017

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat I was grocery [shopping](#) a few weeks back. Middle of the Xmas season, right? There, in the bread section, right above the "gluten-free, tastes like cardboard" stuff, there was a strange little package. It was "crust-free" white bread. Loaf of bread, maybe a smallish loaf, but sliced bread with no crust. Just a block of [white bread](#)-like slabs, stacked on each other. I was greatly amused. Sent a picture to my Sister.

“Look! Bread porn!” Short, reply.

Growing up, all we ever wanted was white bread, like all our friends, white bread with the crust cut off. Unlike all our other friends, we got grainy, textured, presumably healthier, whole-wheat bread. Later in life, I’ve developed a taste for crusty, grainy, dark-breads. My favorite piece of a loaf, now? The heel. All crust. Only two in the average loaf of bread, too. Strange how that all comes around full circle. So the discovery of “crust-free, white bread” in the grocery store was bizarre novelty item. As a message for Capricorn? I’m sure your tastes have changed over the years, but I’ll bet you can find some kind of childhood desire, right there, maybe not on the shelf at the grocery store, but maybe, someplace that’s similar, like, right in front of you. With this new moon, with this Mercury Retrograde, and which this start of a new calendar year? Pick. Pick and choose. Pick, look, and don’t be surprised if there’s some kind of a [childhood fantasy](#) in front of you. Like me, on the shelf at the store.

Aquarius:

The Water BearerThe new year — for **Aquarius** — starts with clean slate. A startling clean whiteboard, a fresh start. An unpainted canvas. The problems, and there will be a few, as there’s part of the **Aquarius** past that keeps haunting you. Part of the past wants to desperately insert itself into the current state of **Aquarius** being. There is a myriad of indicators to choose from, Mars, Venus, Mercury Retrograde, Neptune, your own planet Uranus? Any of those are culprits, but what this spells out?

This is a chance to finally let go of the past. That old hurt, that old problem, that junk you’ve been carting around and has, as of now, ceased to serve you? I’m really big on symbolic actions, and the best time for that **Aquarius** symbolic action? Before the real, actual New Year starts, after all, this is just the calendar year, but as soon as this scope goes live? There’s an alignment between the Sun and Moon in Capricorn, and that instant it is the perfect time to let go. One step. One gesture, just do one thing to get this material out of the good **Aquarius** life, once and for all. The deal is, look over those Mercury Retrograde periods for the coming year. Failure to give it up? Some time in the near future, that which you refused to surrender? It will be wrenched from your grasp. Much easier to do this willingly. It should be obvious what needs to go.

Pisces:

The FishesFor Pisces, this week and the tone it sets for the year ahead? I was listening to a buddy’s girlfriend talk about what she’d heard, about his upbringing.

“His sister used to eat all the icing on the cake, then give him the rest. He was teenager before he knew cake had icing.”

If, especially as a child, think in childhood terms, that direct stimulation results in clear convictions, then it’s easy to see that the poor boy went years before he knew that cake had icing. There’s always a catch, right? The tone for the next year is about working with available data to effectively construct some kind of a way of seeing the Pisces world.

If, like my buddy, you had a sister who ate all the icing on the cake? Maybe you’d be a teenager before

you realized that the older sibling was stealing all the good stuff for herself.

Aries:

The Ram This year starts out with a boatload of cardinal energy, and it seems to be at cross-purposes to the **Aries Way**. The **Aries Way**, the way you want things to work out. What there is, a single, long-held belief that is shaken, not stirred, but shaken. Irrevocably? Maybe. Maybe not. Look, Mercury is Retrograde and we can all just blame the little planet for our problems, right? Means, the way this year starts out? All full of hope, new directions and better year? Means that there's going to be a series of events that seem to be, feels a lot like, appears to be, perceived obstacles. Instead of tackling those obstacles, problems, perceived barriers that are insurmountable problems that can't be fixed? Pause. Stop. Assess, then, in the spirit of Mercury's current disposition? *Reassess the situation before taking Aries Action*. The **Aries Way** will be served, we just have to be ready to modify the means of getting to our goals.

Taurus:

The Bull As a lover of **Taurus**, I've found there's a certain kind of resilience. *Pause*. There's also that thoroughly delightful sensual side that I adore, but that's not what this is about. It's about resilience. *Pause*. *Pause* for dramatic effect. In a recent reading with a **Taurus**, I was looking at the chart, and I paused. I had about three different tangents, ideas, directions, and profound statements all collide in my head, at the same time.

Three, or more, ideas, all bouncing around the empty cavity of my brain case.

With the Mercury Situation, and the relative motion of Venus, all of this adds up to great ideas, wonderful plans, and new year full of promise, and this moment? *Pause*. A well-timed *pause* might save a big mistake. Like me with those three ideas, three main threads, three "big deals that deserved to be mentioned first?" With all of that bouncing around, I got a look on my face, and I paused. Poor little **Taurus** girl, thought she'd upset me, "No, just trying to sort out importance." Listen for the clues. Client, **Taurus**, suggested one topic, and that became the immediate focus. Wouldn't have been able to pick a direction if I hadn't paused for the **Taurus**. Wit the planets like this? *Pause*.

I didn't say stop, just *pause* and assess the most correct direction given that the situations will change when Mercury unwinds.

Taurus: pause.

Gemini:

The Twins I am completely inept at mimicking the accent, but it's a buddy from Louisiana. With no shame, he can slip into a deep, Cajun drawl and talk like he's from the backwaters of the backwaters. The swamp, to me, the home of "Boodreaux in the Bayou," to him. Some of his tales seem a bit improbable, yet, I suspect from what I've heard, might be true.

According to him, growing up in the Louisiana swamp-land, he bathed with alligators. “No, really, we had one of those cattle-troughs, and that was like, our wading pool, when we were kids. My daddy kept a few small gators in there, too. ‘Swimming with the alligators,’ like, no big deal, and not unusual.” Delivered in a deep Cajun accent, though, this sets a better tone, as I’m completely unsure if it is true, or if this is total fiction.

Could be either, given that he does hail from deep Louisiana. It’s not that improbable of a tale. So this year starts out like being thrown into a cattle trough full of baby gators. There is strength and there is hope, but, for starters, and for a tone? Between Mercury Retrograde, Saturn in Sagittarius, and now, Mars in Pisces, lining up with Neptune in Pisces? Like swimming with the baby gators. According to one my one buddy, though, it is a character-building exercise. I can’t say, either way.

Cancer:

The Crab In some of [my work](#), I’ve discovered that the hard lines between certain, let’s think in astrological terms, certain lines are not hard and fast. In one of my [astrology charts](#), the line is drawn in with a thick, black marker, making it appear to be an absolute degree of demarcation. Single, solid line. One side means one thing, other side is a totally different subject. New topic, line is a hard and fast division.

Got an image?

That single line, right down the middle of the Cancer astrology chart, “This is ‘good,’ while over here, this is ‘bad,’ in as much as anything...”

Get the image? Fine line that divides two section. “This is left and this is right.” No room for discussion, correct? When is life ever so simple? Especially the Moon Children as this year introduces a new element, a new idea, a new spin on stuff, the “Gray Line.” Especially this week, this is all about that gray area. There is no definitive “Yes/No” answer. That [single line](#)? It’s like a fuzzy, gray line. It’s not a clear point of demarcation.

The Leo:

The Leo I am a real late bloomer in the [kitchen](#). I didn’t start cooking, in earnest, until recently. I spent many, many years eating food that was prepared by other people. By choice, of course, back in Austin, it was BBQ. In San Antonio, it has been a variety of “south-side” taco joints. Tex-Mex, to some, “Mexican” to me, call it what you want. I started with a “paleo” diet, the efficacy obvious, as long as I stuck to it, but that required a lot of meal prep. I’m the cook, now. Not by choice, but sort of fell into the position. I’m not a good cook, mind you, but I do know a few things. One? Never compare oneself with the cooks on TV — it **never** works out like that.

The other part of the prep that I do enjoy? Orchestrating food in the kitchen. Not so much experimental as in just trying to get stuff chopped up, nice and even. For **The Leo**, this next year? This is about finely chopping veggies, roots, herbs, meats for us carnivores, slicing, dicing, and preparing. This is about making sure you don’t use any of my *Sagittarius* “easy way out” shortcuts. Recipe called for a bell

peppers, diced. I tried just to slice them, lengthwise, and hoped that worked. Not an epic fail, but not a win for me, either. So the secret? Chop. Parse, slice, dice, chop. “Finely grated” does not mean big chunks. This is a year about doing the work, and it might seem little mindless, but this is a perfect example, too, as what is required is the hard work. Might seem bit repetitive, but this is about doing some of that, because, let’s face it, no one is as good as **The Leo**, for whatever task is at hand.

The Leo: “Lather, Rinse, Repeat.”

Virgo:

The Virgin I have, looking over this next year, I have a catch-all expression that should work for **Virgo**. Simple expression, a way to work with the weird planet machinations, especially, that [Mercury Retrograde](#) thing. The expression is simple, and as any **Virgo** will surely agree, this is a useful one.

“I think I got it. Can you go over it one more time, to be sure?”

I swiped and modified this from a coaching buddy, and he called it, “I understand.” Except, as a **Virgo**, you might not understand, not given where Mercury is, or where Mercury will be, and what it means for you? “I think I grasp the concept and the direction, but could you outline it one more time, just to be super-sure?” The Mercury Retrogrades, as defined, in this next year, and with the year starting out one just such a note? A simple clarification of goals, directions, [definitions](#), and meanings helps a lot. A big plus.

Try it yourself.

“I’m pretty sure I understand what you mean, but can you go over those details one more time, just to make sure I’ve got the whole picture?”

Libra:

The Scales I used to [travel](#) a lot. Got to be, at one point, I was more comfortable with a suitcase for a closet instead of the real thing. I have an annoying tendency, when I live out of a suitcase to do just that, not pull anything out but the clothes I’m wearing, and the toiletries, then leave that suitcase packed, pretty much. Ready for a quick getaway.

This is the total opposite of “homesteading,” or, to some, “nesting.”

This is about being adaptable and ready to make a quick move. Locations can change. Part of that travel gear, over the years, I developed a portable pharmacy, pills, potions, lotions, and lip balm, various unguents to cure common travel maladies. Included in my gear, even to this day, I’ll keep a three or four types of stomach remedies. Usually antacid, anti-diarrhea, and some kind of other stomach settling compound.

I’m a big fan of all-natural, all-herbal remedies, too. There will be some of that. But mostly, it’s about having a section of pills on hand for what ails the **Libra** tummy. My method was borne out of years of on-

the-road work. Different hotels, motels, couches, trailer parks. This Mercury set-up and the ensuing year? For **Libra**? Carry some kind of medicine for the **Libra** tummy, real, or imagined. A simple over-the-counter tablet can sometimes take a bad situation and make it a much more enjoyable prospect.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio Don't gloat; it does not become you, **Scorpio**. [Seriously](#), looks bad when you smile at another's discomfort. This retrograde pattern, the one we're operating under at this moment, and the rest of the year? Sets a tone. You're **Scorpio**, you're prepared. You understand the dynamics and best way to use the energies, as this stuff goes on. You do, don't you? Sure you do. Instead of fighting with the [retrograde pattern](#), take a single step backwards, and watch. That's the secret. The **Scorpio** secret to success, this week, this year. Take one step back and watch.

And don't gloat. Really. Looks bad when you do that.

No smirking, either.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius This pattern started in [December of 2014](#). Here it is, a few years later, and we're still wondering about what the message is supposed to be. I firmly believe that the messages are going to be very clear, and the correct **Sagittarius** missive will be repeated, four more time in this next year. It's more along the lines of hammering home a clear, cosmic message about **Sagittarius** goals, directions, and focusing on the somewhat lazy **Sagittarius** "work-ethic."

This year also brings a certain amount of "house-cleaning" to the forefront. As an essentially lazy **Sagittarius** [myself](#), the notion of "house cleaning" is noble, but I'm going to spend as much time, and energy, as possible trying to avoid the difficult tasks. This is a situation where my **Sagittarius** brothers and sisters can learn from my wayward ways. While I'm diligently avoiding hard work? It would be shorter, quicker, and easier to just do the one task, at hand, that I'm working so hard to avoid, it would be easier, shorter, and quicker to just do the work. Think of it like housecleaning. Now, you'll have to excuse me, I [have someplace I figure I need to be](#) since I don't want to clean up my own mess.

Horoscopes 6.22.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 21, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/06/horoscopes-6-22-2017/>

Why, this is very [midsummer madness](#).

Olivia in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* III.iv.41

Moon conjunct Sun in Cancer, 2 degrees: [June 23](#), 2017 at 9:30 PM

Horoscopes starting 6/22/2017

Cancer:

The Crab There's always an "added kicker" to current conditions, and certainly that applies at this time. It has to do with a certain planet's added influence, [recombinant](#) energies doubled then trebled, and that's the experience for the week. While everyone feels it, this is strongest with the birthday folks, and even stronger if there's a birthday in this next week. My *one simple trick* to maximize the week's weirdness quotients and to make this a better time for all? My one suggestion is try three different things. The challenge comes from that suggestion, and how to interpret "Try three different things." For one **Cancer**? "Try three different things" will mean three different food groups, perhaps an out-of-the-way BBQ joint previously untried. For another, it will be something far more adventurous, like walking up to total strangers and making introductions, cold-calling, as it were. With at least three different people, in three different settings. All depends. One buddy will try three different dating apps. Any one, or some combination? Any of the works.

But try at least three.

The Leo:

The Leo One "reader," self-classified as a "psychic," I worked [alongside](#) this person for years. Every town we'd hit? Her first comment, for the sake of the local clients? "I'm thinking about moving here, sort of like retiring here..." Me, being who I am, I always took that at face value, like it was a sincere statement. Maybe it was, but after hearing that along a circuit that swung through the then-oil rich West Texas, I realized it was the same line. *It was just a line*. Along the Gulf Coast or in portions of the Hill Country, even some place like El Paso, it almost made sense.

But it was just a line. I didn't figure that one out for a while because I tend to take broad statements as truthful assertions. Because I tend to be brutally [honest](#), I expect that same level of care and concern from everyone I interact with. Turns out, so it would seem, the world isn't always that way. My bad. I had to hear that line from that other reader for several years before I realized it was just that, a line. For **the majestic Leo**, lets flip that line around. When I would land in the same locations, I would gush about how

I loved the town. Because I did. Wasn't really a place I could live, or that I would think about moving there, not seriously, so I never made such a statement. When I said, "I love this town," be it Amarillo, to El Paso, Houston, even, I was serious. Not a lie.

The Leo tends to be truthful, not unlike me. The rest of the world? Does it take years to figure out when a line is just that, a line?

When I say, "I love this town!" I mean it. I didn't say I was planning to move here to retire.

Virgo:

The VirginCajun buddy, I asked about how long to boil crayfish. He's an Austin person now, so he's lost some of that Cajun, Louisiana backwater drawl. When he drops into that patter, though, I can barely keep up. It's like he's speaking another language. He looked at me, made a measurement in his mind's eye, and then started to reply, in that accent. While I can't capture the exact content of what he was saying, and I can't be sure he wasn't just messing with me for his own amusement, what I can be sure about, as he dropped back to normal vernacular, was that he uses a similar set of guidelines to what I do with chili: there are no rules. A good Virgo, though, a good Virgo requires an iron-clad set of rules. A recipe must be followed exactly. My buddy's suggestion, a certain kind of Louisiana spice and a bucket for crawfish, then boil until done. Potatoes, beans, rice, sausage, boudain, oysters, animal parts, vegetables, all of that is subject to what's on hand. "Boil until they done," what he said. As a bit of kitchen trivia, there was some mention of the color of the crayfish's shell, when it was done. Again, not anything I know about. However, as a guidelines go, those guys from Louisiana do know food. Watching my buddy shrug, "Boil until they done." Simple. Each and every Virgo will cringe at that thought. Still, there's a guideline that works well, this week's weird energies, "Boil until they done." Sounds so simple, doesn't it?

You'll know when they are done.

Libra:

The ScalesOne of the various [trinkets](#) I've picked up, from too many years on the road, it was a coffee mug, from a diner, but the slogan on the mug? "This may or may not have whiskey in it." Humorous. Anecdotal. Factual, really, because it's a binary proposition, and while technically, that place doesn't have a liquor license, best guess is that the mug only contains coffee? Technically, it could contain whiskey. I'm not a drinking man, not these days, but for some folks, a stiff shot of something — I'll stick with coffee — helps knock the sharp corners off the day-to-day edges. Another way to look at it? Pause long enough for a coffee-break. Take a few minutes from the road, the destination, pause long enough to absorb local color, or read the writing on the mug, and marvel that they still get away with such a label.

Scorpio:

The ScorpioPuddle jumper to another city. "You can [pretend](#) this is 1989, there is no WiFi on this plane, so talk someone or read a book." Pre-flight announcement. To compound the **Scorpio** issue? There isn't

any cool seat-back catalog anymore, either. Another example of a sad casualty in our modern world. While my version of [travel](#) has been greatly constrained, I'll occasionally still hop a flight someplace. The short, commercial travel used to be called "Puddle Jumpers" as that title properly evokes the sense of the flight itself. Up and down. Older aircraft, and commercial jets not destined for long flights are not equipped with all the modern inconveniences, like WiFi.

Working within the extant energies? New Moon in Cancer, etc? New start, mid-summer, for **Scorpio**. Fresh way to begin? That's what this is about. Start by letting go of the established way. Like, "There's no WiFi, what should we do?"

Talk to each other. New start. Old ways.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius It's been my experience that I need the wisdom gained from the experience exactly two minutes after my big mistake. I'm passing along this observation because, as fellow a **Sagittarius**, with the reflection from the objects in the heavens where they are? There's an unnerving experience that proves my point about how our timing is off. Our rhythm isn't quite right. We're not at the right place at the correct time. Right place, wrong time? Sure, that works. Which circles back to where we were before, we need the wisdom learned from our mistake exactly two minutes before we make the mistake. Betting on intuition to move us forward? Betting on an astrologer to let you know that this is coming up? Poor bets. What is up and coming, though, is a sense that, after we do it, we get that momentary pause, "Wow, I don't think I should've done that, at least not yet..." And herein is the problem, undoing what what we just did.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat I know this is a weird time to bring this up, but the way it looks to me? There I was, hanging out at a neighbor's swimming pool, some of the guys were drinking beer, I had a water, they were all talking about hunting trips next fall, and asked if I wanted to go. I like to fish, not so much hunt, not because I'm against shooting dinner, no, it's just cold, wet, early, and the ends don't justify the means, not to me. Too much effort for the gains, a nice freezer of venison. So I'm out for the hunting. But another idea did come up, later in the summer, some of my buddies were going to the firing range to "sight-in" their deer rifles. I have no moral obligation to taking a sporting weapon and putting holes in targets at 100 yards. Safe, with proper safe-guards in place, this is about plans for sometime in July, going to the firing range, me buying a box or two of shells, and just putting holes in paper targets. Nothing more. All we did was plan this activity. Nothing's happened — yet. This all from hanging out in a buddy's backyard, making idle chatter. One guy has a kid in high-school, so there's noise about the track team next year. Nothing serious, parents bragging about kids. Suburban males doing our thing.

This is an example of the best use of this week's weirdness: make plans for next month. Look at the fall season. When those guys are headed out for first bird season then deer hunting? I'll be headed to the lake or the coast. Fewer "sportsmen" fishing, better fishing for me. Plan ahead.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer I've got one client, when she sits across the table from me, she mirrors my every move. I nod my head up and down? She nods her head in agreement. I shake my head left and right, in a negative? She shakes her head, same way. I get hopeful and start to wave my arms around, as I frequently do She gets excited, too. I'm not sure if this is conscious, subconscious, complimentary, or mocking. It's like a twisted mirror of myself as I roll through the motions of a typical reading. I've been at this for some time, so I get into it because, well, that's the way I am. I get excited, up, down, all over the emotional map — that's me.

As we have a weird lunar cycle, and its [effects](#) on Aquarius?

Mirror our images. Mirror what we do. Provide us with visual feedback. Maybe not as extreme, or as agitated, or whatever, but mirror our actions.

It's just a reflection, that's all.

Pisces:

The Fishes The way I will add this up? You — Pisces — have a 50/50 shot at being right. This is like the flip of a coin, and there's straight up statistical probability that the coin will be heads or tails. Likewise, to me, it looks like there's a 50/50 shot that you are 100% right. 50/50 shot also means you might be wrong. Total guess. Heads or tails, which will it be? Hard to call, as the way it adds up? There's a one-to-one ration of "right versus wrong." Correct or incorrect? Normally, the odds are in *Pisces* favor. Normally, this is weighted to let you win. Like Vegas, only the odds are — you're like the "house" in Vegas. Weighted in your favor — usually.

With this kind of a set-up, what's the best *Pisces* course of action? Double-down.

If there's a 50/50 shot that you win, then do it twice. If the first fails, then the second has 50/50 shot of winning, and if that fails, then the odds, the numbers keep going in your favor, as you're halving the numbers, each time. The numbers work out, eventually, one way or another, but as we start this next few days, for *Pisces*?

You got a 50/50 shot.

Aries:

The Ram I asked a server about lines of script on his arm, some of the words were partially concealed by a shirt sleeve. "It's says, 'Today is the first day of the rest of your life,' but the meaning, it's not like time to jump out of an airplane, just we create our future, as we go." Glad to have that clarified. The extent of my version of excitement is a Texas freeway during rush hour, or one of my buddies in his boat, on rough waters. I'm really not planning on jumping out of any airplanes or other, extreme sports. Not my thing. I'm not an **Aries**, either. That server was. His ink, and this reminder, "This is the first day of

the rest of your life,” the message for this week is simple: you create much of your **Aries** reality. Create carefully. Create mindfully. Create in a way that serves you best. There’s a bit of a rough patch — astrologically — and what you do with that? I’d suggest you can keep creating good results for yourself, as you go.

“Today is the first day of the rest of your life, not in the fatalist, ‘jump out of an airplane way,’ you know.”

Taurus:

The Bull I have a love/hate relationship with pens, pencils, and paper. Analog is messy, lacks precisions, and — bluntly? I have horrible handwriting. I can’t make out whatever I scratched down at the time. Love the idea, and for a sketch, like a stick-figure image, sure, great for that. However, I do so few “stick figure sketches,” seems like the pens and pencils — in copious quantities — are superfluous.

There is a need for precision in **Taurus**, at the moment. Precise.

Towards that end? I suggest digital — not analog — as a way to effectively convey the message. There’s a big message that needs to be conveyed. Again, the proper medium? Digital. Precise digital. Infinitely precise, digital, pixel-by-pixel detail, aligned, clarified, filtered, un-metered, whatever the individual situation demands? Precise.

One of my broad-stroke, [sharpie-type](#) markers won’t work. Not precise.

“God is in the details,” ask the *Virgo* about that.

Analog is not precise enough for this week’s **Taurus**. Precision. Absolute, digital-only precision.

Gemini:

The Twins Two, maybe three times now, I’ve looked at notebooks. Cool ones, too, with all-weather paper. Fine ones, as used by Hemingway and [Faulkner](#), the Beats. Years ago, I found a swanky leather cover for a common style of blank notebook, and I put one in the cover. That cover was hand-tooled, heavy vegetarian-tanned, sustainably-harvested cow-hide. Still have it — tucked away in a closet someplace. There are stray comments, diagrams, mileage notes and not much else after page three. An ad cycled up for a different brand of [notebooks](#), and I clicked through to look. My finger lingered on the “Buy Me Now” button. I paused. I thought about the notebook I had in the closet, the one with the leather cover, the other name-brand paper notebooks that are largely unused. The plans, the intentions, the large number of secret scribbling that go all the way to page three, then unceremoniously end. I take notes with a handy camera, these days, in a phone, and I take notes by typing in words and expressions that capture the essence of the moment I want to recall — in print — at a later time.

As far as the real notebooks?

Yeah, no.

Great idea, looks good on paper, but I know that it's a waste of effort to buy. Some days, **Gemini**, some days you have to be reminded, like me, about what doesn't work so we can stick to the stuff that does produce results.

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Horoscopes 6.29.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 28, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/06/horoscopes-6-29-2017/>

“I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in [order](#)?”

Excerpt From: T. S. Eliot. “The Waste Land.” 424~

But take the High’st to [witness](#). Then pray you tell me,
If I should swear by Jove’s great attributes
I lov’d you dearly, would you believe my oaths
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by Him whom I protest to love
That I will work against Him; therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal’d—
At least in my opinion.

Diana in Shakespeare’s *All’s Well That Ends Well* 4.2.24~

[Horoscopes](#) starting 6/29/2017

Cancer:

The Crab The [bumpersticker](#) read, “Lab Mom.” Pause. think about how I would take that — I’m not a dog person. My first instinct? “Cool! A mom built in a laboratory! How perfect can that be?” SUV, highway into Austin, yeah, probably not a mom built in lab, probably not a lab mom like I was thinking.

Bummer, dude. That would be so totally cool. A mom built to order. There’s a certain kind of misunderstanding, and not uncommon at the moment, not in the sign of the Moon Child.

“So Mercury is Retrograde?”

No, that’s not it. I made it abundantly clear that I read a [bumpersticker](#) and I inferred one meaning, based upon available evidence. Clear, possible, and upon further reflection, probably wrong. Still, it could be the case. I doubt it. I would suppose, upon further rumination, that it probably means a dog-owner who has a Labrador, or Labrador mix four-legged companion. That’s probably what is really implied with the bumper sticker. Still, I liked my version better, a vat-grown, hybrid machine with more skills than the regular, old-fashioned mom. How cool would that be.

“It’s a new model, a Lab Mom, made her myself.”

Perfect birthday gift?

The Leo:

The Leo It's life-lesson time. I was holding a bag of lemons, I just picked up at the grocery store. I pulled open the bag, and showed it to a friend. "Life lesson," I said, "when life gives you lemons, you do what?" He looked at me. "Give them back?"

No. No, no, no, I am **so** disappointed.

When life gives you lemons, what does **The Leo** do?

Grab the tequila!

None of this lame, "Make lemonade" crap. Do the adult thing. There will be a chance, this next week, some guy is standing there with a bag of lemons. What are you going to do?

Honestly, I'm making lemonade, because I'm not real good with the cactus juice, no, it has an adverse affect on me, but that's just me. The sentiment, and I would like to hear this echoed, "Life gives me lemons? Yeah, **This Leo** is partying!"

Simple, and adjust as need be. But it does work. Upside. There's always an upside.

Virgo:

The Virgin Three of us in a boat. Me, and my **Virgo** fishing buddies. You know I like **Virgo** buds best, right? Best fishing buddies. Three of us, boat on the bay, hot summer day, six lines out with dead bait on the end of each line. Nibble, fish picks up a bait, and and then, the pole bends over, drag on the reel screaming in agony as a *BIG FISH* runs away with the bait. First **Virgo** guy picks it up and starts playing the fish. Second line goes, which means, in short order, there are three of us in the boat, so four lines have fish on! With the kind of bay fishing arrangement we have set up, that one fish can wander off and we'll get to him when we can. The problem being, look at this, three guys, 19-foot boat, see how this might be problematic?

It was.

Lines got crossed and we lost one fish, and one of the other baits might've had something on it, we'll never know for sure. There's a tough kind of energy that makes everything confusing, "Here, dude under my line, no, UNDER!" See how this works? Dancing around on a flats boat like it was a party or something. We got to where we were hollering at each other, and directions got screwed up and the fact we did land three fish, one — mine — was good-sized, but even the merest idea that we managed at all? That's exactly what this week is like in **Virgo**. Up to you, how you want this to play out. Move carefully, and realize that some lines will get tangled despite the best **Virgo** efforts.

Libra:

The Scales One of my neighbors was having trouble with his computer, an older desktop computer. I have — largely undeserved — reputation as a “go-to” for computer repairs, fast and easy. He calls me up and I pop over — undressed, barefoot, unshaven, un-showered, it’s a guy, he won’t mind. Older guy. I look at his problem for a few moments, then wander back home. I pop a few keywords into a search and come back filtering the data myself, with the quick, easy reset button. All that’s required. Quick, easy, simple. I had to use a quick search, and it wasn’t a big deal, just a quick reset. In part, I know what to look for, and, in part, I can filter faster with fewer distractions, weeding out the crap that doesn’t matter. Three minute fix, maybe, realistically, more like 30 seconds.

I know where to look and I know how to ask the correct question. The idea that I was some sort of guru or master mechanic of the computers is *patently false*. Not that it matters, to my one neighbor I am now legendary.

[The myth lives on](#). I just explained my lack of prowess and lack of skill, just a shot in the dark, for me, but that doesn’t dissuade the rumors that now abound — “Kramer can fix any computer problem!”

The myth lives on, despite my best efforts to kill it off. As a Libra, what myth is living on, or, in this very example, has surpassed its useful date?

“Can you fix my computer?”

Nope.

“Can you look at it, at least?”

Looks like a computer to me, that’s for sure.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio In my mind, there’s a strong connection between the physical world, our bodies, our physical well-being, and our emotional side, our psyche and soul, our emotional well-being. There’s a chart “signature” that I look for, and that arrangement increases the strength of that connection between emotional and physical well-being. With the material kicking looses in the heavens, and the relative motion of Mars, mostly water, but not Scorpio Water, this connection, and the Scorpio intuition about this connection is heightened. Now, the challenge for my good little Scorpio friends, discerning judgements — what is normally good, refined—even, Scorpio judgement? Maybe not so good at this moment. Just means, pains me to suggest this, but I would suggest you ask someone for an opinion, or, a second opinion, or, as I’ve been known to ask, “Does this look infected?”

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius On more than one occasion, it’s been suggested that I might not be in my right mind. I’ve

never questioned this. Not my place to question my own sanity. I would tend to agree, too, that I might not be all here, or all there, or all wherever it is that [I am supposed to be](#). Given the way this next few days plays out, there's a lot of pressure on **Sagittarius** to "Be yourself, be your true authentic self." Yeah, I'm not sure we really want to unleash that beast.

For **Sagittarius**, the best course of action? Maybe not any action, or maybe, nothing too rash, or maybe, given the demons many of us are wrestling with? Given that wrestling match that seems to be ongoing? What we can do is allow a glimpse of "Our true selves," but maybe, too much "Authenticity" looks like too much (organic male bovine by-product).

Normally, we can dish this out with the best, but a long, hot summer? In Texas, maybe we don't need to shovel anything — at this moment. It's OK to be real, but maybe, we don't need to be too real, not under this searing summer sun.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Most summers, for that matter, fall and spring, and even some of the South Texas winter? I'll wear what are called "Hawaiian Shirts." Alternatively, they've been called "Aloha Shirts," which, technically, can really only be applied to a very small sub-set of my shirts. Most of mine are merely loud, maybe vaguely tropical in theme, printed shirts. I'm pretty cheap, too, so most of them are bought on sale. I was looking at one, I've had for more than 20 years. That's a long time for an everyday-wear shirt to last. It was cheap when I bought it, too, as I think I remember that.

A real Hawaiian Shirt should be made in Hawaii, and the buttons should be fashioned from coconut husk, that's the way I heard it. I've got maybe one or two shirts that are really Hawaiian, and the rest, like the one in question? Just loud. Durable. Cheap.

Loud, durable, cheap. That got your attention, your Capricorn attention. Like clothing, I tend to favor, I'd suggest that those words are just a good guideline for the next few days, for Capricorn. If you have to, if it helps, imagine my short collection. Not really "Hawaiian Shirts," or even real "Aloha Shirts," just loud, durable and cheap.

Capricorn: Loud, durable, cheap.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer An old country crooner was moaning about a particular West Texas feature. Yeah, I listen to some country music. Way it goes. Get over it, Aquarius. The crooner, not sure, rich voice, guitar twang in the background, gentle bass and 4/4 beat? He was moaning about the sights of West Texas. Hot, dry, flat. Some folks see [sky](#), some folks see oil wells, some folks see big fans. [Depends](#), I suppose. The singer was moaning about the blankness of it all. To me, that's a beautiful feature, but I tend to find beauty in everything, and as an Aquarius, you can find that beauty, too. I have an Aquarius buddy, we were chatting, and I mentioned the searing, soaring vision of the West Texas Sky, and his quick rejoinder?

"Ever see it

rain mud?”

Yes, there is that. The aching, clear skies, and the way the sunset lights up the evening’s sky, the ability to be all alone, or feel very alone, against that West Texas backdrop? Even if it is only a short musical trip out there instead of hours of travel? It’s important to be in touch with that, as the Moon fills out, and as the planets move on around. Mercury is going to move — in another week — opposite your Aquarius self. Get ready to touch the sky, or imitate that high and lonesome sound. It’s really a fetching image — of course, I don’t live there, [just passing through](#).

Pisces:

The Fishes One buddy of mine is, he has, I don’t know, some kind of negotiation training. Like me, he implies that there’s great depth therein, but really, I’m not so sure. He might be jerking my chain, “Hostage negotiation.” I’m not sure how much is true and how much is fiction. “True story,” he told me, which, like all of life’s ironies, usually isn’t. His golden rule, for **any** negotiation, be it lunch, fishing spot, or girlfriends, ex-wives, whatever?

“Never, under any circumstances, accept the first offer. Never accept the first offer. No matter how good it might seem, never accept the first offer.”

His rule, his alleged training, his deal. No deal the first time. There are no plaques or certificates on his walls, so I’m not sure where he learned this tactic. No way to know if this real, or, possibly, just made up. It could happen, with my friends. Not all of them are as pointedly honest as I am. However, for what’s happening, and this might be Pisces—situational, but think about my buddy’s advice, first crack at that negotiation? Seems like the person across the table from Pisces is offering a really sweet deal? Although I can’t validate my buddy’s sources, as a tactic, it might just apply to Pisces, this week. Maybe don’t accept that first offer.

“That all you got?”

Maybe. Maybe there’s more.

Aries:

The Ram When I fish with one particular buddy, I always bring two fishing poles. One will be rigged with this week’s, “I read it on the internet,” latest and greatest craze in fishing gear. The other pole, every time? I use one of two “go-to” baits, either a dark plastic worm-looking thing, or a clear curly-tail on a light jig-head. Depends on the season, really, and what the water might look like. The pictures on the website prove what works: tried and true. On one occasion, one time, the super-duper, beats-all, latest and greatest worked. \$20 fishing lure. Over the course of a few years, though, expensive lures, weird tackle arrangements, and everything else? One time the specialty stuff has worked better than the old, tried and true. Which is why, as much to humor my buddy, I carry two poles. One is bound to work, when we fish. I will, dutifully, and playing to his obvious excitement, try this week’s latest innovation. Have to be willing to try.

Planets [push and pull](#) on the Aries soul. There's a strong need to "experiment," or give in to this week's "latest and greatest" craze, and this might not be fishing tackle, but I can't think of anything more important. However, follow how I handle this: two fishing poles. One rigged with "latest and greatest," and the other? Old standby, "go-to" that never fails. Success is promised, for Aries, if you hare prepared. Takes two.

Taurus:

The BullI never heard of "Doughnut" peaches before. Nope, new item to me. Found them at the farmer's market, while I was looking for a local version of peaches. Doughnut Peaches. I suppose, near as I could tell, I got a few of them, near as I can surmise? The name is based on the shape, as the ones I sampled? Tasted nothing like doughnuts. Firm, white flesh for the peaches, with a weird, almost — to me — heart—shape.

I don't see the "doughnut" except as an oblique reference to its shape or — this is one of those adult tricks. "Here, you need eat more fruits and veggies, try this doughnut peach."

Why we live is in such misanthropic society, now, as children, even to this day, we're lied to — "No, really, it's good for and it tastes good."

As the planets tend to shift around, and as the moon fills out, some? Careful. Be careful about the lies we tell ourselves.

"Tastes **just like** a doughnut!"

Gemini:

The TwinsThe way the planets play out there's, this is comic to me, there's a long slide. There's a long, very **Gemini**, slide. Like, you know, cotton socks on a hardwood floor? Maybe fresh-waxed tile, and socks, again? A slide, a long, and dramatic slide. The potential pratfall with this slip and slide scenario, as delivered by the planets? For **Gemini**? The problem is the abrupt stop at the end, or, possibly worse? No stopping. Just sort of slide and keep on sliding...

"Wait, wait, WAIT!"

I hear you. You also know that I would help if I could. But I can't. Looks like you keep on going as the coefficient of friction is greatly and suddenly reduced. Those socks, that floor, whatever the slide is caused by? Looks like you're going to go sailing well past your intended target.

If you're [smart](#), like me?

"I meant to do that!"

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Horoscopes for 10.5.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 04, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/10/horoscopes-for-10-5-2017/>

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at.

Coriolanus in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* (5.3.184-6)

Horoscopes for 10.5.2017

Libra:

The Scales

So, according to [Shakespeare's](#) Coriolanus, the heavens open up, the gods gaze down and those gods laugh at us mere mortals. Know how that one feels, I'm sure?

Yes, birthdays and cosmic jokes, all at the same time?

Wish I could report otherwise, but there's a sense that some kind slightly twisted sense of humor would help the most. Normally, **Libra** would be straightforward, but there's a weird echo, a sense of having seen this before, only, not quite like this, but close.

Weird [sense of humor](#) helps.

Reading my material? I have to be a little suspicious that your **Libra** self already understands what I'm referring to, the "Weird Sense of Humor," because, after all, you're reading my material. Maybe that helps.

Either way, happy birthday, and weird? Yeah, that, too. Just as a birthday gift? That's a Shakespeare quote taken *in context*.

Scorpio:

It was a really warm fall afternoon in South Texas. September can be brutally warm to some. The lawnmower didn't work, and the spotty weeds that comprise my front yard were looking mighty scraggly. Not an attractive way to live, no, and I really didn't feel like trying to start a broken mower. Some, looked to me, Scorpio Suspicions, fly-by-night yard guys offered to do a single, quick hack at the yard.

After mowing the yard, one of the guys looked at the mower, and fixed it, simple trick. Simple, for him. Fixing the mower was bad for the lawn guys business model, but good for me. Only, I'm not Scorpio, and I will probably be too lazy to mow the yard this month, and those guys will get repeat business — because they fixed the lawn mower. Doesn't make sense, but it kind of does. As a Scorpio, no good turn ever goes unnoticed.

Sagittarius:

"My kids love broccoli," she said. Old buddy talking about her classroom where she teaches. All I could think? That's wrong. So wrong. So very, very wrong. Kids don't love broccoli — we hate it. Broccoli is the enemy. Florets, stems, covered in cheese, has anyone ever tried cream gravy on broccoli? Still yucky. As I've aged, I got to the point, broccoli might be this year's "miracle food," but I still won't touch the stuff. As I've aged, I arrived at place where if I don't want to eat it, then I don't. Broccoli is a food that I don't like. Don't like its texture. Don't like its flavor. Don't like its looks. Obviously, I have bad memories of being forced to eat broccoli, and now? I actively don't like it. That and Brussel Sprouts. I will not eat either item. "Dude, no, Brussel Sprouts wrapped in bacon, it's really good."

I doubt it. I seriously doubt it. You can dip cow pies in powdered sugar, and it still isn't a beignet — catch my drift?

So when I heard this years crop of kids like broccoli? I think there is something amiss. Something is wrong in the world. Not passing judgement, I had to grow up before I got to a point where I don't have to eat broccoli if I don't want to.

Sagittarius: I don't care what *they* say; if you don't want to eat the broccoli, it is not required. Not this week.

Capricorn:

Buddy called, headed to the coast for fishing. Asked a question that required a long-winded answer. I started. He said, "Dude, you're breaking up," as he couldn't hear me on his cheap cell phone service.

"No, I'm not breaking up! I love you!"

Kind of knee-jerk reaction and response from me. As **Capricorn**, there's a kind of knee-jerk reaction you're prone to making.

"No, I'm not breaking up! I love you!"

My typical reaction sounds a little desperate, doesn't it?

That one fishing buddy, asking for some tide and moon indications for fishing? Then the "breaking up" comment, plus my instant reaction?

Think about that before you answer, before that response comes out, and before you say something that

might be construed as stupid.

I thought it was funny, before he had a chance to react to my reaction, I was amused.

“We will never speak of this again,” was his remark, full of machismo.

Makes such a perfect way to write about the stuff in **Capricorn**, though.

Aquarius:

Sometimes the greatest influence in the **Aquarius** life? Sometimes, the greatest influences are “oblique” in nature. Off to one side, a little to the left, or little to the right, a little different from what you’re expecting. It’s one of those weeks. We’re combining elements, too, as — at the end of the this horoscope — [Jupiter](#) swaps Libra for Scorpio. Jupiter changes signs.

Swoosh.

It’s really kind of simple, where you were looking before? Might not be there. I lost an important piece of documentation. Misplaced it. Wondered if it was stolen, got irate, got upset, looked where I last left it. Wasn’t there. Tore the place up, emptied out a closet, dug through some older materials, wondering if I’d misplaced the documentation. Nothing. Desk got cleaned off, though.

Eventually, I looked back in the original container. There it was, tucked in a little deeper, sort of behind a little flap. No one to blame but myself. Upside? I did get the desk cleaned off. See?

Pisces:

One business associate noted that I was artful in my carefully crafted e-mail messages. This was about a management problem, and I — successfully — complained without it looking like a complaint. Regrettably, I don’t have the right use the letter — really an e-mail — as a display piece. However, any person of Southern Extraction would understand the basic rhetorical device, “Nice Shoes.” As a **Pisces**, my all-time favorite mutable water sign, you know I love you, right? As a **Pisces**, there’s a way to complain without looking bad in doing so.

Artfully, carefully complain. Long, loud, and rancorous disputes are just that, and those types of “discussions” devolve — quickly — into a shouting match. Who can be loudest, longest wins? That is **not** the *Pisces* way. Subtle, carefully crafted, artful, well-worded letters get a much better response than just yelling.

Even if you are right.

Aries:

“Can’t Microwave Success.”

Way I heard it. Way I'm passing it along to Aries. The problem being? I have several recipes that involve nothing but microwave cooking. I can microwave success, but this has taken years and years of research, painstaking development, and no small amount of mistakes before the process was perfected. Made a mess, too, more than once.

“Can't Microwave Success.”

One simple example? Small can of Wolf Brand, No Bean Chili. Teaspoon of cayenne. Small bag of Frito Corn Chips. Combine in a bowl. Cover with a paper towel. Nuke on high for a minute or two. Instant Frito Pie. Who said you can't microwave success?

“Can't Microwave Success.”

However, that single recipe took years of trial and error, mostly error, to perfect. Which points out the problem, and with where the planets are at this very moment? “Instant” takes too long for **Aries**.

Dude, you “Can't Microwave Success.”

The recipe calls for a paper towel over the bowl because the chunks of meat — or meat like substance — tend to explode on top of that bowl of corn chips. Years to figure this stuff out.

Taurus:

This next year, next few months, this next week? There is some outstanding events headed your way, headed into **Taurus**, or headed towards **Taurus**, or about to happen for **Taurus**. Maybe about to happen to **Taurus**, who knows, exactly how this should be worded? When I lined up your astrology charts for the coming few days, what I kept thinking, “Make it pretty.” For **Taurus**?

Make it pretty.

I'm not the one who should be in charge of this operation, but the idea is to add bows, or frills, or curtains, or dust ruffles, and I don't even know what a “duvet” is. Or a pillow sham. Not hat my lack of knowledge matters, either. The **Taurus** “cure all,” and by no means is it really a “[cure all](#),” but as a buffer, and steps that are positive action forward, again, just for this one sign?

Make it pretty.

Really a simple idea, and how that is done? Tap that exquisite **Taurus** good taste and dress up, dress down, paint, color, shade, or? *Just do whatever it is that you do!*

Make it pretty.

While “pretty doesn't actively solve problems, it does make this mess a more palatable problem, and therein will be a solution to fix it. How do you arrive at the solution?

Make it pretty.

You can do it; I know you can.

Gemini:

As a **Gemini**? You might not be noted for tremendous attention to detail. While I adore that **Gemini** energy with its fleet of mind and speak? This can create problems when details are [concerned](#). I know you mean to look after the details, and usually, you can juggle a myriad of tasks that would leave a normal person dizzy and confused. However, I have I process the works well for this current state of the **Gemini** condition: One at a time.

Details are scurrilous pains that require an undue amount of attention, and not usually worth the copious **Gemini** attention span.

Here's the trick, attack one issue, one problem, one piece of the puzzle for this week? Attack one item at a time, in order. It's like a check list, and you have to check off number 1 before you can move to number 2, and no, there isn't room on that **Gemini** check list for 1.a, or 1.1.a, or any other kind of splitting hierarchy that the **Gemini** mind can come up with. One item at a time, in whole.

That *Virgo* Mars and Venus will tend to leave you a little more scattered, but you can use that. Check list. Check it twice.

Cancer:

Speckled Sea Trout, or "specs," have delicate mouth structures. Funny, to me, as they usually have a couple of fan-like teeth, right at the front, too. As a fish for eating, they are great, a delicate light meat, best with a minimum of spices. As sporting fish to catch, great fighters with strong escape tendencies. They tend to get away. The bite itself, at times, can seem rather "light." A tentative little jerk. On more than one occasion, fishing with live shrimp for bait, the bite of the spec felt like the shrimp was just wiggling some.

Remember: no one feels sorry for the bait.

When I looked at the Moon, important for Moon Children, then Uranus/[Jupiter](#), and so forth? I kept thinking about last week's fishing trip and the ultra-light bite of the specs. It's almost ticklish, and takes a deft hand to catch a limit of them little fellers. Fun to catch, but one has to pay attention.

Like fishing for specs under the lights at night, a perfect full-moon activity? Light touch, deft hand, and realize, you might miss a few at first.

The Leo:

This is such a cool shift for **The Leo**, it's just not [an even one](#). We left out of the docks, skittered across

the inner bay, and the water's surface was like glass, nary a ripple from even the remotest hint of a breeze. By mid-morning, the breeze was starting to ruffle the waters, and by noon, or a little after? There was some serious chop on the water. We fished all; pictures are on a website someplace.

Wasn't until the wind kicked up, stirred up the water, wasn't until then that we got into some action. Took a while. Didn't happen right away. The legend of the first cast, and catching a fish, as I am reported to be? Certainly wasn't true on that trip, and isn't true for **Leo**, not for this week. However, as Jupiter shifts signs, there's a distinct breeze ruffling the tops of the waters, and **Leo, The Leo**, as a fire sign you do well to have some air (wind) feed your flames. Fan your flames. One of those.

Jupiter changes signs. The course ahead for **Leo** gets choppy. There will be huge rewards, if you fish through the waves.

Virgo:

For me, it was the ultimate in *food porn* — image of apple pie and a portion of ice cream, vanilla, white, starting to melt over the crust, just barely dripping into the filling. Ultimate food porn. The picture, it was from a diet-recipe site, the image was perfect. I could taste the cold, creamy tang of a sharply sweet vanilla cream as it melted against the then still warm from the oven pie with sharp, flaky crumbs of crust against a super sweet saturated filling, stuffed with apples, and brown sugar, cinnamon, and hint of something different, was that clove? Just a hint? All that from a single image.

With *Venus* and *Mars* groping each other in [Virgo](#), there's a kind of appealing imagery that works. However, this is another one of those scenes where the image itself? And what the recipe delivers? Two — *totally* — different things. Totally. Totally different. The recipe was sugar-free, fat-free, organic, free range, non-diary. No stick of butter for a flaky crust. No cup of refined, white flour for either the filling or the flaky-looking crust. Other than the apples themselves? The rest of that recipe probably tastes like cardboard. To be sure? Healthy. But mostly flavorless, too. However, the image? Amazing what [a picture can sell](#).

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Horoscopes for 6.15.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 14, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/06/horoscopes-for-6-15-2017/>

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike, and both alike we like.

Hubert in Shakespeare's *King John* 2.1.329-31

Sun enters Cancer — June 20, 2017 11:24 PM (Austin, San Antonio), but [first](#)? *New Moon in Gemini*.

Horoscopes for 6.15.2017

Gemini:

The Twins Much as I adore my little **Gemini** friends, always better looking and quicker-witted than other signs, but as much as I adore them all? We're all headed towards a great big, "I told you so" situation, and as the **Gemini**, you can easily see this coming — coming right at you. I'm not one who can talk about denial as a valid escape mechanism. Denial has been a life-long companion and possibly an inherited family trait — a survival mechanism — a mental process. Nope, I'm not one who can complain or agitate about denial. However, the **Gemini** stuff in your chart, and the birthdays in the next few days? Careful with denying that there is a problem. The trick is, when you hear yourself saying, "No way!" That's the first clue. Like this, "No way! I don't have a problem with that!"

My guess is that there's an element, a situation, an action, a forgotten deed left undone, and it's back to haunt you unless, of course, you tackle the task.

"No way!"

Yeah, [way](#).

Cancer:

The Crab Years ago, in various travels, I picked up a couple of books, [novels](#), in the UK. Nice cover art, funny stories, and the problem? Those novels would never sell well in America. Either too esoteric, too dependent on local mythology, or overburdened with Northern European historical references. Greatly amusing, to me, and as I passed those books around to friends? "Yeah, I just didn't get it." In part, I first read the books while in the UK, and in part, I have an affinity for the material, plus a little better working knowledge of some local mythology, absent, perforce, from a typical American.

What this is about? Stuff that doesn't translate well. [Material](#) that might be too localized to be transferred

with any degree of success. While I thoroughly enjoyed the novels, the local references, and material that anyone living in, say, London, would know as if it were fact, that doesn't always convey.

Cancer: Here's the challenge to this week's weirdo energies. I thought those novels were funny. They sold well in the UK. Begins, and ends, right there. Separated by a common language, the material does not convey. Understand that this week is like those novels, great stuff, we (you and me) get it, and maybe, maybe a whole bunch of your friends "back home" don't understand. We'll just have to enjoy it ourselves.

The Leo:

The Leo The beautiful aspect of the nature of [electronic](#) distribution of material? Whole seasons, whole series from the "Golden Age" of Television are available, online. As a historical artifact, some of this material is well-worth **The Leo's** time to watch some. Look at the social mores, from that time. Words and situations that weren't permitted on the screen, at the time? Much of that has changed. There were some series that pushed at the limits, but not much. Most of the material is just, like, totally wholesome, in a kind of white bread way. Online, in just the last few years, the medium has changed, the landscape is dramatically different. What was risqué, or questionable, before? Nowadays? Seems like that's commonplace, even mundane. Some cry this is the end of civilization as we know it, as the fabric of society descends into anarchy. Others claim this is the democratization of the modern world, making everything free for all. Too many limits? No limits? Or, as I was just addressing, the way the fabric of society has changed. For good or for ill? We don't have a ruling on that, not yet, whether it's better — or not. But we do have some Leo directions: be aware that the social mores are constantly in flux. Check your Leo self and then adjust, as need be to the new standards.

"Ah crap, I didn't know you could say that now," which is why I suggested we adjust.

Those old TV shows give a good way to juxtapose current standards to what they were — back then.

Virgo:

The Virgin While, I realize a few of you aren't so tidy, still, there's a perfect order to the *Virgo* mind. Me? I've always been a bit of a slob, but I tend to be tidy. This week's planets carry a message for *Virgo*: get tidy. If you are a super clean-freak *Virgo*, then be your usual self. If you are, however a more human, possibly humane *Virgo*? Not quite that super freaky clean person? This is a good time to tidy up. There's a difference, though, between a thorough cleaning and just "Tidying up." Make a pass through whatever it is — the space that is most important right at this moment — pause, look around. Straighten the books on the shelves. Pick up that stack of papers and square the corners. Not big stuff. At home? I pull the covers up on the bed. In the summer, I just keep a light cotton blanket on the bed, and all I do? Tidy, right? Just pull those covers up and smooth the surface. Not a big deal.

Keyword for your week? Tidy. Not super-clean, unless, you know, it's surgical. Not metaphorically surgical, for real kind of situation that should be sterile and clean. Otherwise? Just tidy.

Libra:

The Scales Discussing the plot of one book, with a Libra, we realized that we want characters like that in real life. In the thriller novel, the protagonist, the main dude, he always had something [prepared](#). Like, in a situation he needs a back-up firearm? It's there, right where he stashed it, unbeknownst to either character who gets shot, or reader. See this in movies, too, as there's usually a back-up plan in place, just we don't know about until later. As a Libra reader, as some who is watching the show, reading the book? We're pulled right along. In the real world, though, very few people have such a back-up plan in place.

The "preppers" do, but the rest of us? Maybe not not so much.

Now, if you really do have "Deus Ex Machina" in place, sure, that's great? Otherwise? Be a little prepared to have to backtrack in order to escape the situation. Or go over previously covered material because someone else, a non-Libra character, just isn't getting it. Unless, of course, you knew about that about three years back and prepared.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio There's this one Scorpio girl I know, all Goth, all the time. I don't know for fact that her underwear is all black, with skulls and daggers, read thread for blood, but it's a good guess. Her nail polish is black. Her nails are filed to a point. Skull rings, only silver jewelry, and only blood-red rubies or black diamonds. She's really kind of sweet, but don't tell her I said so. For her, shopping and buying appropriate attire is easy, all comes in one color: black.

For her? This is a great week. Only one color choice: black. However, for the rest of the Scorpio population, for the folks who have more than one color choice? With Venus, governs beauty, tastes and so forth? With Venus in Taurus? This next couple of days are not a good time to buy apparel. Or make any kind of a decisions based upon style and color considerations.

Unless you're like the one Scorpio, who, as far as we all know, she only picks one color: black. That's easy. Midnight black, bottom of the ocean black, deepest throes of space black, inky darkness of Kramer's soul black, all of that works. But that's about it. Anything else? Delay that decision process.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Great big, "I told you so," just up ahead, this next couple of days. Want to circumvent that problem? Stay late. Put in an extra half-hour, just ironing out details that are usually left to a *Virgo* or someone. Managers and their ilk? Sure. Details that are best left for other people? Best if we tend to it ourselves. Hardly ever hear about a **Sagittarius** being accused of being micro-manager, I tend to think, "We're 'big picture' people, am I right?" Or what? I didn't suggest we lose focus on the big picture, like always, our idealism and internal moral code drives us ever forward. However, there are some details which we cannot, under any circumstances, assume that someone else will take care of, not this next few days. Especially not these next few days.

Failure to heed my warning?

“I told you so.”

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat I will, on certain occasions, hire a fishing guide. I was fishing with a new guy, highly recommended, but he didn't know me. We were bay fishing, and he starts out with the drill, “Life jackets are there, poles with ‘fish on’ take precedent, and have you ever bay fished before?” I didn't say anything, just shrugged my shoulders. I mentioned bass fishing in Austin, suggesting that was about it. The guide, not knowing who I was, started out with basics and proceeded to be impressed that I was such a quick learner with a fishing pole in hand. Pictures, I'm sure, are on the web someplace, me with a few fish, the bay in the background. Which, at the end of the trip was funny, to me, as he takes credit cards, like all of us do now, and when I handed him my debit card, there's a picture of me, with a great big Redfish, and the Texas Gulf in the background.

I hired that fishing guide because I'm willing to learn new tricks and techniques. I fished with him to help make me a better fisherman. That goal? Accomplished. I never said I didn't know what I was doing, I just let him infer that I was a rank amateur — better that way, if I can play it right. From a solid grounding in basics to a few advanced ideas, plus, a special way to bounce bait on the bottom? Pictures — me with fish — speak for themselves. That new technique, and new locations, and maybe, a new way to find more fish? All I did was listen.

Capricorn: How much of a student can you play? I didn't say to lie, but maybe don't reveal your hand too quickly and learn some new tricks.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer One “summer vacation,” I took a spin at week-long seminar that was supposed to help a number of areas of my business. A week of vacation, spent in workshops and lectures, absorbing material, listening, thinking, taking notes, and trying to learn some new tricks. Was it successful? Partially. Did I benefit from the experience? In a rather grand way, although, I was out for both the cost of tuition and the time spent at the seminar. Plus food, lodging, and so forth. Back to the question, was it worth it? I have to give a very positive review. Well—worth my investment, both monetary and time—wise. Well worth the time and energy. There was less material that I had never been exposed to, solidifying the notion that there is nothing new under the summer sun, and the real experience came from putting all that I do know together in a heap. “There's this technique for this...” Already know it. “There's this skill set which fits with that technique, like this...” I never saw it like that. Some of that I knew, but I never put the two together. Which is why it was a good experience for me.

So this is about review, revision, and repurposing some of what you already know. This is not new stuff to the Aquarius, but this kind of review, right now, it helps your Aquarius self to realize just how much you already do know. As summer starts to unfold, don't be afraid of seminars, workshops, and conventions that help prove to you what you already know.

Pisces:

The Fishes There is a rigid dichotomy in the current *Pisces* planets. On the one side is good. On the other side is bad. There's a way to work through this, as — I can cite several sources — there is neither “good” nor “bad,” but how the nature of the situation is [approached](#).

Other terms, besides the frankly subjective terminology of “good” and “bad?” Challenging, and possibly disconcerting, but no, not really “bad.” Like, in fiction, I expect the bad guy to do bad things because that is true to his nature, and he's moving the plot forward by doing bad things. Likewise, the good guy rides in and fixes stuff, correcting the bad things. True to his nature, that good guy. This week in *Pisces*, though? There's split between “good” and “bad,” and there needs to be some care taken, a little caution exercised before pronouncing some action, some person, some situation, before calling it either “good” or “bad.” That's the dichotomy, and that's the split to this week's weirdness stuff.

Pisces? Maybe hold off on that judgement call, the split energies will resolve next week, and the anti-hero will emerge, victorious. Then. Not yet.

Aries:

The Ram It was one of the freezing-cold hotel/motel ballrooms, where, come to think of it, I've spent way too much of my adult life. [Professionally](#). So I had two kids sitting in front of me, little boy was an **Aries**, 8-10 years old, at the time, and this was recent. His lean sister just hit a growth spurt and she's a few years older. Boy-child, **Aries**, he was rowdy, and he kept coming at his sister, while she chatted with me. He would come up behind her, and try to wrestle her out of the chair, and she would calmly reach up or reach backwards, pull him into a headlock of sorts, and calmly, keep conversing with me. The **Aries** would eventually squirm free, and then double-back with renewed sense of purpose: take down the sister. She would calmly, without so much as giving it a second thought, feel along with her hands until she struck head, ear, body parts, and just as calmly as before, wrestle him into a locked position, effectively rendering her baby brother motionless. The little **Aries** child would squirm, eventually giving up, surrender completely, and then, she'd let him go. Only to repeat the interaction, the perceived war and wrestling match, again. I wasn't thinking of **Aries** as **Aries**, but the older sister. Calmly, patiently, effectively, disarming her baby brother and rendering him motionless, eventually. Every time. That little **Aries** boy came at his sister three times while she was sitting there, chatting with me. Fight, struggle, wrestle — and lose? Three times over? With one would you rather be? Imitate the actions, the solidly amused defensive actions, of that older sister. Much better than fighting battles that, *seriously*, no amount stealth, can win.

Taurus:

The Bull Funny mix-up, to me. I forwarded a joke, a list of jokes, to a buddy who maintains an email joke list. Only joke list I want to belong to as he moderates it pretty well. Plenty off-color, culturally insensitive material, but like I suggested, the list is heavily moderated. Not exactly bi-partisan, but close enough. The humor is not all one-sided, either. One of my family members forwarded me a list of political quotes, ostensibly made by Texas politicians, including the famous, “I say that with all

humidity,” a famous remark by a certain speaker. One of the quotes had a misattribution. Buddy shoots me back a quick note, “Amazed that you missed this one — he’s from Texas” commentary.

Quick possible responses that run through my head? One, it’s a joke list, I don’t clean it up, just forward. Two, I tend to fact-check material I’m held responsible for, nothing else.

Or, three? It’s a humor list. Some stuff is made up and not worth getting my knickers all knitted up in a bunch.

Taurus? Number three.

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Horoscopes for 6.8.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 07, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/06/horoscopes-for-6-8-2017/>

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Caesar in Shakespeare's [Julius Caesar](#) 2.2.5-6

Full Moon, June 9, 2017 8:09 AM

Horoscopes for 6.8.2017

Gemini:

The TwinsJump, run, play. Three rather simple commands. It's Gemini [birthday](#) time, there's the Full Moon, and then there's the stuff that rails that Full Moon's energy. Best way to keep this going?

“Jump, run, play.”

Simple, easy, three commands. We can break those down to [separate](#) items, and each command can have a different definition, but I wasn't really looking at it like that. Mercury tends to make Gemini, the birthday people this week, Mercury tends to lend a cerebral touch to all matters Gemini. While wonderful at times, with the motion the Moon and Mars? [Activity](#) — physical activity — is preferred to emotional or mental activity. “But I was thinking!”

So was I. I was thinking, as a Gemini, you need to “Jump, run, play”

Cancer:

The Crab “It's not about the money.” That's one of the bland, self-help, guru-generated type of statements I tend to hear. A lot. “It's not about the money.” I was reading notes from a best-selling author, and she claimed it wasn't about the money. Not now, it's not. But what, 20 years back? It was about the money because there wasn't enough. So, this next few days? Bet you hear someone say, “It's not about the money.”

Sitting comfortably, with food on the table, perhaps a weight problem from too much good food? Pretty difficult to lecture from a point of “It's not about the money,” because, by then, it's not all about the money. But when one is scraping to get by? Yeah, it *kind of is* about the money. I'm not really concerned with **Cancer's** money situation, this is more one of those warnings about bland, “self-help” type of material that gets battered about. Don't take advice from someone who isn't practicing what he's preaching.

“But I’m telling you, it’s not about the money!”

Tell my banker that.

The Leo:

The LeoSimply put, Leo dearest? *Simply Put?* There’s an obvious difference, to me, with two expressions.

“We can do that,” and “we will do that.”

Simply put? Employ that first expression. It implies that the question, the answer, the actionable item, the direct action itself, it falls in the realm of being a possibility. Which it is. But that doesn’t imply, well, it might imply, but it doesn’t promise that we will, indeed, carry out that promised action. Deed, chore, errand, whatever the “it” is? It falls within the realm of an item that, as **The Leo**, you can, in fact accomplish. While it might also imply that you are going to do it, for sure, that’s best not stated. Turns out you’ve got some flaky help, and **The Leo** hates to make a promise that can’t be upheld.

“So what you’re saying, ‘I can do that,’ but you are not committing to it, am I right?”

That’s certainly one way of understanding this. **The Leo** isn’t a flake. But the rest of us are. Seeing as how this is a team effort?

“We can do that,” sounds much better than the absolute rock-solid Leo word that “we will do that.”

Virgo:

The Virgin Some would say it was cruel trick. Some would think this was an unthinkable swap. But a perspicacious **Virgo** will recognize how this works. I got up from the table to refill the coffee, and I refilled the **Virgo** coffee with decaf. Decaf: the Devil’s brew, the coffee that shouldn’t be allowed, the trickster of coffee beans, yeah, “Decaf: hell hath no fury as someone not awake,” and hell hath no fury like an over-amped **Virgo**. This is a week when a subtle, or not so subtle, set of energies, planetary influences, shake up the **Virgo** agitation factor. The trick? Drink decaf. Your **Virgo** self is amped enough with the Full Moon doing a tension angle, and Mercury lingering in there, as well.

One of my buddies gave me a [brand of local herbal tea](#). Nuts and fruits, looks like lawn clippings, might very well be just that, but the stuff isn’t half-bad. And it has no caffeine. Back to that secret ingredient, for this week, no need to agitate an already (planetary agitations) worked up **Virgo**. Drink decaf.

Libra:

The Scales The algorithm used by various super online retailers is obnoxious, at best. My [tastes](#) are all over the place, from classical music to classic rock to cutting edge astrology techniques, plus a diverse mash-up of fiction and literature with zero discernible order. Makes the suggestions even more amusing,

as the machines can't get my tastes organized. I've mocked the machines before and in another century when the machines rise up, and we become their servants? My mocking will be remembered and I will suffer for it, I'm sure.

The machines aren't set to rise up just yet, and my abuse of the "If you like this, then we suggest that" choices are justified.

I just get the impression that the computer doing the statistical analysis of my choices, I just see it simpering, and pouting, "Here? Maybe this selection? Please? I'm trying here, work with me a little, ok?"

We do not, I repeat, for **Libra**, we do not have to heed the suggestions of the machines. Those decisions and suggestions are based on numbers and numerical analysis, "If this, then this," simple enough. Like, in the grocery store? Fruit, like organic lemons, are next to oranges and limes are on the other side, all shelved neatly, next to each other. The machinery of commerce just makes similar recommendations — and not always good ones.

These are suggestions drawn from systematic analysis of patterns. This might be a week to think about breaking from the *Libra* systematic, statistically familiar patterns, just for a change.

Libra: Break some patterns. Break some **Libra** patterns.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio **Scorpio**? *Scorpio* carries a lovely level on intensity seldom matched, rarely equaled, maybe not present in any other sign in the zodiac. There's an almost spooky allure, and essence that pervades the Scorpio presence. The temptation is to announce this presence. The temptation is to make one's Scorpio self known, by proclamation, announcement, some kind of splash.

My Scorpio suggestion? Resist that urge.

Scorpio's intensity should speak for itself, the steely-eyed gaze, the steady hand on the tiller, so to speak. Write. So to write. I'm not speaking, but the Scorpio message is sure and sound: resist the big splash, at this moment, unless, there's something else that overrules that in your chart, now isn't really a good time for the big announcement. The big deal.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius The "Slim Jim" brand of meaty snack stick? Sort of a beef stick, but not really? One of the prime ingredients is salt, another main substance is some kind of preservative (nitrate, nitrite, nitro), and finally, read that tiny print, "mechanically separated chicken (or pork)." Know what that is? Scavenged animal parts tossed in an industrial blender, ground up fine, and shoved into a sausage tube. Check the expiration date on some of those meat stick snacks: there isn't one. On the positive side, that stuff lasts forever, literally, in an emergency stash. For me, it's a [hurricane box](#), for others, it's a tornado/earthquake kit. Whatever.

In one of the “all-natural (with higher prices)” grocery stores, I found a similar item, but the meat stick snack advertised no preservatives. Salt, pork, beef, venison, a number of flavors, but none of the bad stuff. Less than a buck apiece; good deal. I sampled a few, then bought a handful. Used them up on the last fishing trip. I went back for more.

They don't carry those “all-natural” Slim-Jim brand replacements. Bit of a let down.

I have yet to find a suitable replacement. Not like this is an everyday food, I tend to only use such meaty snack treats as emergency food and on long days on the water, fishing. Protein, salt, fat, not too many toxins, and I'll tend to sweat those out before the day is done. Not like I do this that often, but for now, there is no source. Some *Sagittarius* weeks are like this, you know, still searching for that illusive perfect snack treat with no expiration date.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat I stopped by a fishing buddy's place talk about an upcoming trip. He has a kid, little **Capricorn** son, about three years old, I guess. The kid was very carefully lining up all his toy cars, making a single, long line, nose to tail, on the low coffee table. He would carefully line all the cars up and then, with a single sweep of an arm, the toys would all crash into the rug. Swept away in a single, traumatic act. Not real trauma, and I'm still unsure of what was going on in the kid's head. My buddy, the boy's daddy, he just shook his head, “I don't know.”

To a child, play is very serious. And to that **Capricorn** kid, that order and structure, lining up all the cars, that makes some kind of sense. As does the total destruction of that order, moments later.

Capricorn: This week is about order and destruction, and then? Rebuilding that order again.

The kid — [Capricorn](#) — went outside after demolishing the line of cars, said something to his dad, then ambled back in, and started lining the cars up again. Order, chaos, order. Or order, destruction, and new order. Makes sense to **Capricorn**.

My fishing buddy? When we were fishing, I asked about the thing with the kid and the line of cars. My buddy just shrugged his shoulders.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer In more than one format, I've found hundreds, if not thousands, of quotes and tips about writing. How to write? Sit at a typing machine and type. Sooner — or later — stories emerge. Thought processes lead to winding, possibly cavernous, corners of the mind, and exploration, then excavation starts to uncover the real material that's been buried. Tons of quotes. Thousands, perhaps, floating around on the inter-webs. I've posted some, myself. Some real. Some hoaxes, or [false attributions](#), or some, just made up. However, there's a single thread that runs through each one: show up. Write. How one writes doesn't matter. Longhand, increasingly rare, but if that works, fine. Word processor, typewriter, for some.

The essence, repeated over and over, in a variety of formats, the essential message? Write. Write every day. As this applies to **Aquarius**? The first couple days, this is easy, whatever the task is, Thursday, Friday, you look forward to the task. Saturday, not as much, and you might want to skip the task. (Don't.) Sunday, lazy day, again, might want to skip it. (Don't.)

There's an **Aquarius** process at work, and it needs to be exercised every day. Humor me, just for this week, maybe, maybe just horoscope to horoscope, but whatever the process is? Each day. Exercise whatever that process is. Everyday.

This is about daily process, and the standard advice is for writers, but let's stretch this to fit a particular **Aquarius** task, and to make that work? Work it every day.

Pisces:

The Fishes Observation is part of my process. Pays to pay attention. Details. One fascination I have is with "skin art," that is, [tattoos](#) — of various types. I was in line, grocery store, and the woman ahead of me was obviously a mom with a kid in tow, and that mom? Ink was crawling out from under her blouse, with a single sleeve running along an arm, and then? Across the knuckles on her hands? Left hand had "L-O-V-E" spelled out with the right sporting "L-E-S-S." No ring, although she did have ring-like ink on her wedding ring finger. As she was finishing up paying, and gathering up her child, I asked about her ink, commenting on the quality of the sleeve artwork, and inquiring as to which artist.

We exchanged pleasantries, but what I really wanted to know was about the message on her knuckles. Not a common bit of ink, and a strange message, I thought.

"Single mom?"

"I might as well be some days, but no, 'Loveless' is a family name."

So my estimation, guesswork, intuition, hopes, and dreams all shattered. What this means for *Pisces*? Be careful about assumptions before a thorough investigation. The signs might seem to indicate one direction, when, careful questions reveal other information.

Aries:

The Ram While my imagination can compress time and space, and then expand that same time and space? In the real [world](#), maybe not so much. I can [dream](#) about leaping across eons and lightyears of time. Distance. Practically, my body is pretty much governed by the conventional laws of physics and more mundane matters like gravity — 9.8 meters per second (squared). Similarly, the *Aries* mind is quite limitless, but the *Aries* body is governed by more mundane matters. "If you can think it, you can be it!" Great advice. Works, certainly, rather well, on one level. However, down here in the real — *Aries* — world? As this week gets long and stretches into the weekend? Time slows down, and there seem to be a greater than usual number of people trying to hold you back. Not me! But there will be others. A sly smile, an inward grin, a knowing look from an *Aries*? Let's rest assured that the *Aries* world — in our *Aries* heads — is just fine. However, this might be a good week, Full Moon then Full Moon Fallout? Might

be a good week to keep that mental prowess and imagination to our *Aries* selves.

Taurus:

The Bull I ran across a posting, not long ago, about ten essential clothing items every man should have. A good suit, a good sport coat, formal jeans, and then the list veered off in a direction I couldn't fathom. I don't own any "Sneakers," much less a good pair. I do have a tux, several, but no longer do I have the inclination to wear one. My business attire is predicated on comfort — not style. I don't own any khakis, either. If it's warm enough for light, cotton twill pants, then I'm in shorts. No sneakers, and they left off "Good cowboy boots" as part of the attire every man should have. I realize this is a highly regional item, but still, in my world? It is a part of every man's required clothing. Like a good suit, and formal wear.

As a *Taurus*, you love the good things in life, the finer things. And as a *Taurus*, this is a time to concentrate on quality rather than quantity. One good item is better than buying the same thing over and over again, maybe a half-dozen times. One good pair of boots will last, outlast, several sets of cheap boots. One decent pair of "dress" cowboy boots will last a lifetime, keep them shined up. I do. I have. Of note, I wear boots so infrequently, that one pair can last — one pair did last more than two dozen years.

Whether we're talking about boots or the list of ten items every man (or woman) should have in his (or her) closet? One good one is better than [half-dozen cheap ones](#).

Something to keep in mind, this week.

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Horoscopes for 7.20.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 19, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/07/horoscopes-for-7-20-2017/>

“How green you are and fresh in this old [world!](#)”

Cardinal Pandulph in
Shakespeare’s *King John* (3.4.145)

Officially, the Sun moves into Leo July 22, 2017 at 10:15 AM.

Horoscopes for 7.20.2017

The Leo:

The Leo It’s called a “[Train wreck](#),” because that’s kind of how this feels. Mars and the Sun are near perfectly aligned for a few days. The problem I have is that a number of people call this “bad,” and while it might not be great, as this shifts into *Leo*, the majestic, most royal sign? There’s a sense of grandiose, maybe just broad and sweeping gestures that affect a “royal persona,” as befits **The Leo**.

A *Leo* sidled up to me, “Can I talk to you?” Inquiring about a professional consultation. I nodded “Yes,” turned my back and sat down. “What’s your birthday?” A very forward *Leo* birthday came back. I slid out of my chair and onto the ground, on my knees.

The Leo demurred, “You don’t need to do that.” Smile. Oh, but I do. I know my *Leo*, love me my *Leo*. A simple genuflection like that? Goes a long way to making this a better situation. Herein is our weekly problem, remember Mars? Me? I immediately pay homage to **The Leo**. My bet is that I’m the first, maybe the only one, to do so this week. With Mars where he is, in **the Leo** chart? If you don’t run into me, you have to give the rest of folks a chance to catch up and realize that a simple act of kindness — towards **The Leo** — that simple act will make all of this much smoother, you know, Mars and all. If it’s not me? If they don’t acknowledge your regal presence right away? Wait for it. Try to do so without too much toe-tapping and loud *Leo* eye-rolling.

Virgo:

The Virgin In the early days, even before there was You Tube, Snap Chat, and so [forth](#)? There was a series of Life Hack videos that were a precursor to all of what’s on now. I recall one, in particular as this recycled recently, it was about how to fold a shirt. Like, how to fold a T-Shirt, so the garment would not appear wrinkled. One Virgo suggested I was always like an “Unmade bed,” to her. So the quick “Life Hack” video showed how to fold a T-shirt in three simple steps. I’ve added a fourth a step. Virgo: Pay Attention. With my idea? Might not need the other three steps.

The fourth step? Toss that folded shirt into the closet. I have a place for my “dress” T-Shirts, each one on a hanger. Concert and commemorative shirts? Yes, those. The rest? They come out of the dryer and into a heap in the corner of the closet. Just easier. Need a clean shirt? Grab one from the pile.

While not wrinkle-free, my method works quite well for T-shirts. Shorts, too, summer wear, and most of the clothing I wear. It’s either on a hanger or in pile. Simple. Much more efficient than wasting the first three or four steps folding, then stacking, am I right?

Watch how I do this, I pull dry T-shirts from the laundry, and I toss them, unceremoniously, into a corner of a shelf. Clean shirts. All in one place. Perfect Virgo life hack. Saves you all the trouble of fording that stuff up.

Libra:

The Scales All I could think about is that I’m getting old. As I spun around the **Libra** chart, looking for activity, looking for things to do, and answers to pressing **Libra** questions? I thought about, “Wow, I’m getting old.” Hot summer’s afternoon. The world is at our feet. What do we want? I wanted to go see a movie. Hide in a cold, dark theater, escape the summer heat, and get swept away in a the latest story from a formula-driven epic moving picture show. In the dark theater, with its AC set to “Freeze your butt off.”

There are changes brewing on the **Libra** horizon. First off, if you’re going to follow my lead — exactly? Take a sweater or long-sleeve shirt into the theater with you. You’ll thank me for that one. Second, careful with the escape. When I’m in a theater, I turn my phone off, so there’s no internet, no voice mail, no text messages, none of that. Escape for — maybe — two hours. Emerge on the far side, blinking and suddenly warming up in the summer sun? Yes, the time when we feel alive again. Good movie, no?

The trick is the escape lasts, usually no more than two hours. It’s my idea of summer fun that made me feel “old.” Used to be it was a water park, beaches, boats, maybe fishing. Now? Just the cool, dark theater.

[Changes](#) are up and coming, and despite the oppressive summer heat? Take a sweater, or, in my case, I take a long-sleeve shirt, pull over my T-shirt. See how easy this can be? No need to fight it.

Scorpio:

Scorpion The best leaders are also good followers. The ability to follow places one in the perfect position to do some timely back-stabbing.

With advice like that? How can any Scorpio say I don’t like them?

Be a good follower. Makes you less of target. Then, when presented with a suitable target for a Scorpio?

I’m sure you know what to do.

This week’s weird energy? Be a good follower, my little Scorpio friend. Be a good follower.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius There's a [moral code](#) some of us live by. In literature, more in popular fiction, but in movies, especially, an almost stock character is the loner who lives by a strict moral compass, always does the right thing. Doesn't always follow the letter of the law, but in the grand scheme, always does what appears to be morally correct. "Internal compass" was how it was explained to me. This figures in, that term, "internal compass," or really, an "internal moral compass?" This figures in with the age-old idea that most of us Sagittarius types can readily identify with the loner with a strict moral code. We might not always stick to the letter of the law, I do, anymore, but that's not the question, is it? This is about what is morally, absolutely correct. This isn't about nitpick lawyer details, where the finer points process and procedure are in question, it's about the big picture, and we're — Sagittarius — good at that. Here's the tricky point, with me, all about the spirit of the law and paying strict attention to making sure our answers and actions are morally, ethically correct? Make sure, it's that pesky Mars conjunct the Sun energy, make sure that we are correct in the letter of the law, too. The handsome hero, the lone stranger, who does so well sticking to his own code? Yes, that works in fiction. In the real world? Let's also stick — our **Sagittarius** selves — to the letter as well as the [spirit of the rules](#).

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Because I book all my clients myself? Just easier that way, but because I do it myself? I keep a closer watch on who shows — or doesn't show. I had a client, the [posted rules](#) are "Paid in advance, or at time the services are rendered, and cancellations are still liable for the full amount." Or something like that. I forget. The threat is that cancelling on me, like, less than 24 hours before the appointed time? I'm still owed for my time. Practically, I really don't enforce that too often. Then, I was working at a [Big Expo](#), and I had a client who's made — and broken — three or four appointments, the usual excuses, "Boss called, kids called, overslept," etc. Because most of that kind of traffic is walk-up customers, didn't bother me, and I had no trouble filling the available times slots with other customers. However, the next time that client e-mailed me for a reserved time? After being burned three times? I suggest that the client just show up, and deal with the waiting list. I'm pretty relaxed about a lot of this. I've been doing this for many years. What I've learned, some folks are just not reliable about keeping appointments with astrologers for consultations. I have enough material to keep me really busy, so it's no loss, for me. However, that one client, I had to patiently spend a certain amount of time explaining, since I'm not important enough to keep an appointment with? I return the energy — goes around, comes around. "But I need to see you now!"

Capricorn: Burned, not once, not twice, but at least three times? I won't be totally dismissive, neither should you, but I also won't make any promises.

"Yeah, show up and I'll see where I am with the waiting list."

Insert **Capricorn** shrug.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer Love me my **Aquarius** friends, but “dressing up,” and the recent spate of fashion trends? Sort of escapes the typical **Aquarius**. Like there is anything “typical” about an **Aquarius**, huh. Anyway, consider an eye towards fashion Or a purchase, or just looking for, some kind of clothing that is summer acceptable, comfortable, and well—within the bounds of whatever is supposedly fashionable.

For many years, I’ve stuck with two standards. Super easy for me. Hawaiian print shirts, sandals, and shorts, as my mainstay. So in my example, I’d look for a new, cheap, Hawaiian shirt. I found one, the other day, less than ten bucks, light color, mostly cotton, and I’m wearing it now. That’s a perfect example for **Aquarius**.

My other version is the limited winter wear, essentially black jeans, boots, and a black T-shirt, sometimes covered with a sport coat, if I need to look formal. So this “**Aquarius** looking at your appearance” time? Like this next week, maybe seven days or so? Either one of my options works, but I suggest working within the bounds of rather staid and conservative taste selections. My wild shirts are the only spot of bright color in the otherwise totally dark wardrobe. One, or another, look at one or another, and remember, this is a nod towards comfort as much as it’s a nod towards fashion.

Next week? *Mercury* moves into *Virgo*. That’s the change, and that’s why we’re looking at fashion items this week.

Pisces:

The Fishes I was looking up some [Shakespeare](#) crap. Not like I don’t have metric shit-ton of Shakespeare material rolling through my brain. I do try and keep my reference shelf mercifully devoid of too much Shakespeare stuff, just because. I tend to get bit obsessive at times, as Shakespeare’s body of work is an almost endless source of academic play, for me. What I happened across was a version of an early play, one of the plays that shows the brilliance that is about to be, and one of his more mature plays, that shows the brilliance as it is, with wordplay, double entendre, patient observations about humanity, and, most of all? Shakespeare’s gorgeous poetry. The meter and verse. What this has to do with **Pisces**?

In a Wikipedia entry, the two passages from different plays were posted, back-to-back. Sure, there were some similarities, but the point being made was stretching it a bit. With the planets in their positions? There’s an urge to look at two items, side-by-side, and go, “Look? See the similarities?”

If this is a **Pisces**–to–**Pisces** communication, sure, they will understand and see the [similarities](#). However, if this is with any other sign? We might not get it. What’s blindingly obvious to **Pisces** at this time? Might not be that clear to the rest of us. Just letting you know, be prepared for a long, and detailed explanation. Or, we just look at you and go, “Huh?”

Aries:

The Ram I have somewhat strange musical tastes. Like me some Texas Twangers, the local version of country/rock/folk, whatever we’re calling it this week. Then, I like some classical, as well. So the trivia question popped up, how was the length of an “album” determined, how much time for music should be on a long-play record, back when those things were vinyl? 33 and third? The long-lost — much lamented

by me — records from the days of yore? The original length of how long a record should be was the length of Beethoven's 9th Symphony, running 75 minutes. That was the measure by which music is, or was, still is, measured.

Moving forward, passed 8-track and cassette, towards digital, but we're not there yet, the next format that was so influenced by Beethoven's 9th Symphony? The no-longer ubiquitous CD. Compact Disc.

My command of musical trivia is notorious and questionable, at best. However, this is information that's freely available, fact check me if you like.

There's a sense of change Aries. However, there's a sense that some things never change. Careful. Patterns set in place, with some of this extra Aries stress? Some of the patterns might have far-ranging effects, like the length of a piece of musical media, how that hasn't changed.

[Remix Regeneration.](#)

Taurus:

The Bull Some years ago, I tried to update a tired and familiar expression. I'm trotting this one out for **Taurus** — again.

“Ain't my rodeo.
Ain't my bull to ride.”

That simple, my fine **Taurus** friend. You can grab the graphic off the website someplace, as I've set that loose in the dark and undefined spaces of the networks. Still, as an expression, and what with free-floating anxiety just looking for a place to latch on, a place to hunker down and grow? Yeah, my friendly **Bull** needs none of that.

Let me remind you, rodeo, *Bull Riding*, it's an event where the animal is bigger than most hybrid cars, weighs more, and probably has less brain power than most new cars. The bull's made very uncomfortable, then jolted with electricity, and you're supposed to hold on for 8 seconds before getting unceremoniously dumped in the dust. Dirt, dust, sawdust, and probably manure of various sorts.

That can be you. Or, you can listen to what I'm saying.

“Ain't my rodeo.
Ain't my bull to ride.”

Distinguish between what is a **Taurus** problem and what's not a **Taurus** problem.

“Ain't my rodeo.
Ain't my bull to ride.”

[aint-my-rodeo](#)

Gemini:

The Twins I'll be the first to admit, I used to be much better at this. Still, within the constraints of what we have to work with in Gemini, there are options and multiple routes to lead to Gemini success. At one time, in the past, I was artful and eloquent with an ability to rant about a particular product or service. My rhetoric and honeyed words flowed like wine. I would be praising on one side and then sliding a knife in the back on the other side. Part is practice, part is caring, part is from trying to be too nice all the damn time.

The problem — the very Gemini problem? Being nice while being critical. Being nice while pointing out flaws in logic, flaws in execution, flaws in preparation, inherent structural issues with whatever it is that is catching this Gemini ire. Start out with praise, point out the good features, address what doesn't work for Gemini, then close with a summation of good points, that could be further enhanced by addressing the problem area, hitherto referenced, and previously alluded to, therein.

Be nice. I can't do this anymore, but you can. A well-crafted Gemini rant, a sound complaint packaged as a compliment. Get the idea? I didn't say don't point out their mistakes, just do it in a tactful manner.

Cancer:

The CrabQuick, philosophical question. What defines who we are? Is this strictly external, like my house, my address, where I live, with whom I associate? Does that define me? Or is there another kind of touchstone — is it the computer I drive, or kind of car I sit in, the place where I work, or what my business card says?

Always do have fun with the business card. For years, I had nothing but a Latin quote, an expression that can't be translated with software. Human scholars can figure it out, though. Is that a single, defining moment for me?

However, the original question was about what defines us. The essence of that question in the wake of current events, where we are, and more important, where Cancer is at this moment, as we close out the Moon Child birthdays, and move forward into yet another year.

What [defines](#) us?

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Horoscopes for 7.27.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 26, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/07/horoscopes-for-7-27-2017/>

They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless.

Lafew in Shakespeare's *Alls Well That Ends Well* 2.3.1

Jupiter 17 Libra/Pluto 17 Capricorn. That means?

Means the quote and the planets, or whatever they are calling Pluto this week, means it all is connected.

Horoscopes [starting 7/27/2017](#)

The Leo:

The Leo Birthday celebration, the birthday week, or the two months wherein we get to celebrate [The Leo's](#) birthdays? Yes, I know, most signs get one month but for **The Leo**, we'll do two, both July and August, and so, as long we're all celebrating? Consider the influence of Mars, alongside the Sun, and the combined influences — in **Leo Land**. The question, the birthday riddle, inside the hustle and bustle, celebrations and breaking news items, is there a moment to pause long enough to consider where we're going from here? Mars tends to be an active principal, while Mercury would indicate this is a time best suited for a more reflective pursuit. *Leo is great*. Take time for both. A moment's worth of consideration — in the midst of the Mars Mayhem — a well-timed pause serves you best.

Pretend it's one of those moments wherein you're waiting for the rest of us to acknowledge your greatness.

Always a good time for a theatrical pause.

Virgo:

The Virgin I tend to think about elements, like what's in your Virgo chart at the [moment](#), I tend to think about these energies as "Lapses in judgement." I'm Sagittarius — as you well know — I'm prone to these kind of behaviors on an alarmingly regular basis. What I'm warning you about? The exact phrase?

"It seemed like a good idea at the time!"

You can easily see me saying that as an excuse, an apology, or as a way to get me out of some kind of a tense situation. Common expression? "Didn't think that one through all the way, huh." Now, with this

kind of a wind-up, can you [extrapolate](#) where this might be going?

Think it through. Think it all the way through, not just to the conclusion that you want, but further — to the logical results from the steps you've taken, or, in my example, not taken. Just because it seems like a good at the spur of the moment? Think it all the way through, first.

Yeah, and don't ask if I subscribe to my own advice, watch this!

("You didn't think that one through, huh.")

Libra:

The Scales One of my cliché expressions is, "Not married to it," and sometimes? The antecedent to "it" varies dramatically. "It" can be a concept or idea, a situation, a place, a person, an object of desire. Mostly, in this week's understanding, though, this is an idea. Might be a situation, but the situation is based upon an idea. The idea that you have some facts, some **Libra** facts that are etched in stone? Something so set, that there can be no other way to understand it?

Let's back-up, "You're not married to it."

There's an ingrained idea, a concept, a belief that your **Libra** self holds dear. I'm not one to go in and rip away all the refuge one takes by suggesting that the belief, the idea, I'm not saying that it is totally untrue. I'm **NOT** saying, "You've been living a **Libra** lie all these years," no that is certainly not the message. But a certain willingness to look at a long-held, bedrock-foundation kind of sentiment? Yes, look at it. After all?

"You're not married to it."

Scorpio:

Scorpion If the fish are biting? Keep fishing. It's not that difficult, right? There's a kind of an obvious hint, and as a [Scorpio](#), you've been remiss in admitting that the clue is right there, right in front of you.

There's not a lot of hidden meaning to that message, either, "if the fishing are biting, keep fishing."

I have one example of time I didn't keep fishing. It was, we'd been on the boat since 7 AM, had a cooler full of keepers — both Red and Black Drum, limited out — but we tied into a spot where little "rat reds" were reloading as fast as we could get lines in the water. We also had a bait well, still half full of live shrimp. Instead of calling it day, after we'd limited out, we kept fishing at that one spot. Tons of fun. I'd hook a shrimp, toss the line in, feel a nibble, set the hook and pull up an angry yet hungry little Red Drum (Redfish). I would tell it to "Grow up!" Then, un-hooked and back in the water she went. Over and over. We did this until we ran out of live bait. One buddy cut up a little Perch, and we tried him as bait. It worked, too. But, by late afternoon, we were all tired. We could've kept fishing, but we'd had our fill. Caught, like, 40 or 50 fish that day. I got to where I was too tired to even pose for pictures.

However, unlike me, the Scorpio suggestion? “If the fish are biting, keep fishing.”

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Because I’ve worked in my backyard — Central [Texas](#) — for all of this professional career of mine? I have a simple pattern I use for announcements. It’s a one–two kind of deal. If I’m going to do something on Tuesday, like make an appearance? I know my schedule well in advance, and I’ll get an announcement ready. Two announcements. For example, I’ll be in Austin on a Tuesday, or a Sunday in San Antonio? On the day before, 48 hours in advance, I’ll post quick reminder about the schedule. Then, day of? I’ll do another. One-two. 48 hours ahead and then 24 hours ahead. Easy when I know where I’m supposed to be, and what I’m supposed to be doing.

Before we [go any further](#), though, look at the next month for your work/play schedule. For the Sagittarius work/play schedule. Fishing trip, Virgo birthday, something for The Leo, yes, got it all down? Good. This tends to be a framework rather than hard–and–fast, have-to-do-it-now rules. Think a framework, and then? Into that Sagittarius schedule, pencil in a couple of items that need to be “pre–processed.” Anything you can do ahead of time.

When I traveled a bit more, I would get cheap seats on airplanes by buying in advance.

Now is the time to plan out the next six weeks. Got back to school stuff, that one Virgo birthday, all of that to get ready for. Put it all down, in pencil, now.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Within a certain group of guys I know, the term “EDC” became quite fashionable. [Every Day Carry](#) is usually about some of the stuff we tote around with us. I’ve got this down to a fine art, as I like to travel with as little as possible. My daily carry is some kind of a blade, useful for slitting open envelopes and nail-paring. Key ring with a house key and mailbox key, plus a link thing so I can attach to the girlfriends car keys, and a thin wallet. Phone. Phone in a case that looks to be bullet–proof. Doubt that it really is, but that’s not the question is it? Simple, *Every Day Carry* items. Back in the old Austin days, I would simply carry a knife that was also a money clip, keys to the PO Box and the trailer, a phone, and some days, nothing else. Swim in the creek, walk by the PO Box, that was about it. Eat BBQ, of course. I’ve seen, and used, a variety of “Man-Purses,” but I tend to go back to just the items I can stuff into my pockets as my *Every Day Carry*.

None of my EDC is artisanal, hand–crafted, micro–brew in shape or form. Which means, if I lose something that I tend to carry every day? No loss. Also means I’ll tend to have those items with me, when I need them, and if they’re not too terribly expensive, I’ll be willing to use them. This is a time to decide what’s important in your **Capricorn** *Every Day Carry*. Some days, simple works really well.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer Ever have a neighbor in the Witness Protection Program? I was joking with one neighbor

about this, then he got a funny look on face, “Wait, Kramer, that’s not really your name, is it?” Yes, yet it really is. On my birth certificate, the original, not one that’s been manufactured to cover up some heinous crime. Or some other infraction where I was being charged like that. Nope, I’m original. If I was trying to disappear I wouldn’t have my name and face displayed like I do. However, that neighbor, based solely on our conversation that one time, he always ask if we’re still safe. There was a TV program, apparently, about this. No, I’m not on a list. No, I’m not hiding from anyone. Well, that’s not totally true, we all have ex-lovers we might not want to encounter again, maybe an ex-wife or two. That’s not nearly the same thing.

A single, innocuous suggestion on my part got totally sidetracked, and now, I’m rumored to be a dangerous felon with a shady past who helped bring down — I’m not sure what I supposedly did.

All from a humorous comment I made. One neighbor has warned his kids to stay out of our yard, and to make sure there’s plenty of distance between me and them; obviously worried about bullets flying.

I’m really pretty “Out There,” as in [reachable, searchable, and available](#) — which, if you’re paying attention, means I’m not in some kind of witness protection program. See how easy it is to jump to a hasty conclusion with only the barest threads of a story — and one that has zero support?

Pisces:

The Fishes [Hatch Green Chile](#) harvest will roll in soon. I had some — always wondered about this — on the X-Ray of my luggage, flying back from New Mexico, I had a couple of baggies of powdered peppers. Would look highly suspicious on an X-Ray, right? Anyway, for Pisces, the batch of green chili powder was very potent but mild, and the flavor in it was far superior to the red chile, and the even the smoked peppers, the green chili was surprisingly good. Better. It’s not always like this, and the strength of the red or green, the flavor, the essence of each type varies from location to location, time of the year, recent rains, all play a part in this. Takes sampling, and a wiliness to be surprised when the **predicted results** don’t happen like the way they usually do. There was an earthiness, with hints of other spices, like a cinnamon essence, plus an almost fruity sense that went with the spice. Not just burn, but flavors, too.

Not what I was expecting. I tend to think my [green chili](#) will do like the local variants do, burn. Locally, the green is made from jalapeño — and the local version is white-hot with its burn.

Sample and be surprised at what comes out of the little, Pisces, magic bag of tricks, Or bag of tricks that has magic powder. I love that hot pepper, and weirdly so, it’s different, every time.

Aries:

The Ram In a [coffee](#) shop, someplace. I asked the guy who owned the place what he thought was worse, “Pigeons or Tourists?” What he explained was the difference, one pooped a lot more. He didn’t explain which type, was it the bird or the tourists.

Kind of depends, but one way, or another, the planets — Jupiter/Pluto — are trying to make sure your **Aries** self gets a message. Like the pigeons. Or the tourists. It’s one of them, and I’m not sure which one

would be worse. One has nitrogen-rich residue while the other might be more metaphorical. Since I tend to regard myself as a tourist, even in my own home towns, this makes it a little more amusing, and makes it easier for me to ask such innocuous questions.

Look: the planets are shoveling something on top of you at this very moment. My little **Aries** friend? I wish I could help but the deal is, like the tourists with their questions, and bad attitudes? Messing everything up? We are dependent on the tourism for income. Works both ways. That pigeon by-product, makes for reminders about where not to park. Both serve a function. Maybe it's a hint about where to go, instead of what not to do.

Taurus:

The Bull There are certain routines that I employ — to an outsider? It might look like [ritual](#). Definitions vary. Results count. As a Taurus, you're as interested in the process, the rituals as you're interested in the results, the outcome. When I finish writing one weekly horoscope, when I'm done with all 12 signs, for a whole week? The very next task I have is to roll the charts out for the next week. Inner planets, like Mercury and Venus move quickly. Then moon hits three of four signs in a single week. The further out a planet is, the slower it seems to move, in relation to our position on Earth. So my *ritual* is to prepare the next batch of weekly charts, as soon as I'm done with one week's worth of work. Kind of labor intensive, in my mind but then, it's a way to keep looking forward.

Honor and respect the rituals. This — strange that it may be — this energy, currently coursing its way through Taurus? Honor and respect the rituals. Me, grinding coffee beans in the morning, or, me, when I'm done with a piece of work, casting the next chart, getting ready.

Honor and respect your personal rituals, even if outsiders don't entirely understand.

Gemini:

The Twins Many, many years ago, I developed the “Cheap Wal-Mart [Flowers](#)” habit. I've used this as an example, as a teaching point, and now, I'm recycling some of this as a message for Gemini. I do adore my Gemini, and I've been called out for that, too. Kind of funny story — wait — stay focused. This is about what's happening this week. Astrologically. What action to take. What Gemini action yields the best results? Pruning. Those two-dollar flower bouquets I get? Sometimes, there's a dead bud in there. Just snip it off. Don't disturb the rest. As this week unfolds, mostly this is a Leo thing but as it gradually gets better? Consider, with those cheap-ass flowers, every morning, I have to prune them a little. As the flowers die off? Just lop off the dead one's “head,” as it were, or so it looks to me.

Pruning. Judicious pruning, at that. No need to whack everything, although, sure, that can be a desire at times, but no, not everything. Just prune the dead leafs, the dead bud, the flowers who have flown their missions? Let them rest easy.

Prune, this week is about pruning, and in some cases, like my example, it's not really a lot, just enough to keep the cheap bouquet looking alive for a few more days. At least until the weekend is over, [right](#)?

Cancer:

The Crab [Last week](#), I left it hanging with a question, “What defines us?” That was a nod towards the royal “we,” as the Moon Children as a whole, not just one. There’s an influence that makes us dig up what we really are, and that which defines us. For many years, as a much younger man, my library, the books in my room, I had over a thousand titles, that was central to what defined me. One move after another, and I got to the point where the books that I use to define me are much, much less. Anymore, I don’t really use a *Complete Works of Shakespeare* because I have those in much more [accessible digital formats](#). However, as a totem, I still have one university copy with my notes scribbled in the margins. That’s a singular example of something that does define me. Not in an outward way, either, because the text is carefully ensconced on a shelf with no light and not a lot of attention, other than my own. It has negligible value on the used book market; its inherent worth is my notes to me, from university days. That’s both sentimental and work-related, for me, as an example. That’s an object that defines me. Not the hundreds of titles, just the one. As a Moon Child, the question, and a simple example of how one book defines me? What are we using to define ourselves?

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Horoscopes for 7.6.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 05, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/07/horoscopes-starting-7-6-2017/>

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
King Claudius in Shakespeare's [Hamlet](#) 3.1.158

Horoscopes starting 7.6.2017

Cancer:

The Crab Some days, I feel badly for my fishing buddies. In this one example, it was kind of a rough day on the water. The bay was churned up from a recent weather front, and while that made for cool conditions, a stiff but errant and unpredictable breeze added some chop to the waters. Stiff north wind, and we were working in a spot that faced into that north wind. Heavy weights and lots of live bait? Worked well enough for me, as I'm sure there are some pictures on the web someplace. We anchored, facing a small creek, or creek-like feature that was draining into the bay with the outgoing tide. A school of Reds was feeding off whatever was draining into the bay, at that spot. I'd sail a piece of bait up there, watch the current [pull](#) the line a bit, and then, "Wham!" Fish on! My buddy in the back of the boat was catching nothing. I swapped positions, after my third keeper, hoping to help his luck. No luck. Exact same bait. Exact same tackle set-up. Exact same position. Nothing. He was even landing his bait in the very place where I was catching fish after fish.

Luck is funny like that. This birthday week in Cancer? I wonder if you are lucky like me, or ill-fated like my buddy. I'm thinking, birthdays and all? Luck is on your side. Like me.

The Leo:

The Leo July 10, 5:37 AM, more or less, as some of these are approximate times, but that's about the time when the Moon opposes Mercury. Mercury, in Leo, and the Moon, in Aquarius. There are other influences, as well, but that one seemed most significant. "This is an opposition, so it's bad, right?"

No.

"Then why did you bring this up?"

This is a weird transition, and that single astrological oddity is both a harbinger and a symbol of this week and what's to come. Happens half-dozen or more times in year, but this one triggers a weird, cascading effect in Leo.

"Did I tell you?" Yes.

"Did I tell you?" Yes.

“Did I tell you?”

Yes, [Leo](#), you told me. Three times, now. I think I got the message.

Which, as this unfolds, Mercury opposite from Moon? That person, who’s been told three times? Really is going to wish that there was fourth reminder, as that person forgets, despite being warned three times.

Leo: Warn us as often as you think necessary.

Virgo:

The Virgin There’s a weird little set of tricks played by the planets, and their influences. Some years ago, when I was living — and shopping — downtown? I came across a “deal.” It was \$1.50 for one, or 3 for \$5.00. Deal, right? Better get three?

Because that’s a deal, right?

One can never get in trouble underestimating the American public. Nor can one ever get in trouble expecting people to snap a deal like that. As a Virgo, though, as this week, the after 4th crap rolls out? After we’re done with everything? I have two questions:

1. Is it really a deal? One for three dollars or 3 for ten dollars? Is that really a price reduction?
2. Do you need three? Is one enough?

Goes a couple of ways and there’s that dualistic energy, even after the Full Moon, so it kind of matters, but the two questions are, “Is it really a deal?” And, of course, “Do I really need three when one is all I wanted in the first place?”

Libra:

The Scales It takes a lot of hard work and effort to be an overnight sensation. There are years spent on tour, years spent living out of suitcases and backpacks, unsure of the next meal, and there are days, waking up in cheap motel rooms, wondering what town it is. I know something of this, having spent a portion of my early career in just such a pursuit. The deal is, it takes a lot of hard work to get to where we are, with whatever degree of ease, comfort and success we enjoy.

I spent years driving and commuting — almost — across the West Texas sands, the land I love, appreciate, enjoy? So it was work, hard work, but I loved it. It was places I wanted to be. I’m no overnight sensation, but there has been a degree, a modicum of success. The success is built upon previous efforts, each one moving closer towards a kind of success. So the deal is, there is no magic elixir that makes Libra an overnight sensation. Takes work, planning, and consistent steps towards obtaining that goal. In the next week, seems to be someone is trying to block the steps towards that goal (Mar/Sun in Cancer). Step around, step through, or work towards that goal [in other areas](#). No reason to fight with an obstacle that doesn’t achieve any degree of success and leaves your Libra self frustrated.

Scorpio:

Scorpio Two heavy hitters, astrologically, are on either side at the moment. Saturn — in Sagittarius and [Jupiter](#) — in Libra. [Clowns to the left](#), jokers to the right? Only, which one is which? Jupiter, that could be the clown, right? Only, in Libra, those are the jokers, so that should be the joker? Sagittarius, always a clown, but with Saturn that might make it a joker? So is Libra the clown or the joker, now?

While we work with this internal conundrum about what planet represents which energy, realize that there's a "Stuck in the middle," — with you — energy present. Can't quite escape it, and can't quite get with it.

You are stuck in the middle, and there's no immediate influence that weights this one way or another. Clowns? Jokers? Doesn't much matter, one [Scorpio](#) comes along and screams at me, "This is serious!"

I am being serious. Instead of rendering a decision — right now! Like you want? Realize that you're stuck in the middle and there are no easy ways out. Two steps, work well: 1. Realize you got clowns and jokers all around you, and 2. understand that the only way out is going to be through, either the clowns or the jokers.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius I was in the grocery store, and, I could tell, one glance, the woman, a mom, she's *Sagittarius*. I know my signs. She was a mom, or mom-like figure, herding two younger females, little girls. The youngest child grabbed something, went to put it in the basket. The *Sagittarius* mom snatched it and ceremoniously replaced the item on the shelf, "No. Why? Because I said so, and you don't need any other reason." End of discussion. End of observations. The product probably has enough refined sugar to fuel a small country for a few days, and might really be in the best interested to all, kids and parents, for the package to remain on the shelf. What made me chuckle, "Because I said so." We have become our parents. That's a scary proposition. I wasn't the heartbroken child, who, I don't know, I didn't inquire, might've been spoiled, but the mom's answer, "Because I said so," was greatly amusing.

I've dated *Sagittarius* females and I've dated moms. I like them both, any combination of that, mom, *Sagittarius*, female. One or any combination, thereof. What tickled me the most, though, "Why? Because I said so."

It is really worth **not** getting worked up in the next few days?

"Why? Because I said so," that's why.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Strange times, indeed. Strange times. The planets, or really, just merely the Sun itself, this causes a certain element of consternation. The planet placements remind me of a familiar scene: the wedding shoot. When I lived in [downtown San Antonio](#), one of my frequent walks included a picturesque

bridge over the San Antonio River, and that bridge featured in a number of wedding images for various couples. On a sunny summer day, there would be a bride, maybe some bridesmaids, and perhaps a groom, all sweltering and posing, then swigging water and dabbing off sweat, only to pose again. Good pictures, I'm sure. But now that the holiday is over, and times being what they are? One time, the couple was swigging out of a champagne bottle, but sweating profusely in near hundred degree heat, and mixing alcohol on top? Not always a good combination. While it's a great place to take a picture? Posing in the heat, in all that formal wear, all that heavy attire, does it make sense? For some of my buddies, yeah, something stronger than lemonade is required. If it were me? I'd stick to water.

[But that's me.](#)

Aquarius:

Look at the Leo horoscope, then come back.

Done? Good.

Water BearerNew topic for **Aquarius**: ever notice how sexy gray hair can be? Women with long, flowing locks of gray, or men, with gray at the temples, and like me, with flecks of gray strands sprouting elsewhere.

This is about what was “sexy” when we were younger, and what is now considered “sexy” as we age — gracefully age, right?

For me — personally — I can't say for everyone, but for me? That gray hair can be quite sexy, fetching, and attractive. I've just categorized a change, a shift in my perceptions, and I've laid this open for all to see. That gentle change, that different direction, and that perception about the color of one's hair. The flip side of this equation, a number of women tell me how sexy “bald” is, these days.

Perceptions change, and Mercury/Moon are going to make this apparent. Embrace the gentle change. Or shift, just be willing to shift perceptions.

Pisces:

The Fishes A client brought her “tween” to me for a reading. Kid was between 10 and 14 years old. That's a “tween,” right? I hope so. Not old enough to be an autonomous teenager, not old enough to drive, but too old to play with dolls, and not sure whether members of the opposite sex were still “yucky” — or interesting.

I talked to the kid the exact same way I talk to any other client, perhaps a little light editing on the sex stuff (none), but otherwise, just like a real person. No condescending tones, no patronizing, no “You're just a kid” attitude, either.

Because I record my readings, and I made sure the mom had access to a copy of the reading, what I found out, the next time I saw the mom? I was praised, applauded, and the kid liked me even more, as I was

now “cool.”

The trick, my trick? I treated that kid just like an adult. Just like a fully functional person. There’s a portion of lizard brain that will loudly exclaim, “Children don’t turn human until age 21!” Other than that? Take a Pisces cue from how I handled this situation: treat the kid as I would treat any other person.

Might not be a buddy’s kid, but could be any number of situations that involve children, or child-like personalities. Talk to them the way I talked to the kid, just like an adult. Or like an adult-age person. Treat them like a people — watch for the results. In my example? Everyone was happier.

Aries:

The Ram”Pulp Fiction” used to refer to a type of printed material. “The Pulps” were magazines printed on paper that usually had large pieces of wood chip floating in the mix, hence the term, “Pulp.” That kind of magazine paper was cheap to produce but doesn’t have a long-lasting quality due to a fairly high acidic content. Pulp magazines used to be the cheapest form of entertainment available in a semi-literate society. The magazines gave birth to the cheap paperback book, again, some of the paper had actual pieces of wood floating in the paper’s stock. As a generic literary term, “Pulp Fiction” refers to sensational, perhaps low-quality entertainment that’s all action against a lurid background. With the advent of the digital age of literature, I tend to think of 99-cent e-books as “Pulps.”

From the [99-cent digital](#) pulps, though, I’ve encountered a few gems. Good stuff, takes some digging, and just the recommendation algorithms alone don’t serve my somewhat weird tastes. Still, with some patient excavation online? It’s possible to find a few that are worthy the 99-cent price. With both Mars and the Sun in Cancer, and Jupiter opposite Aries in Libra? Takes some patient online excavation in order to find true suggest of Aries gold. Can happen, too, but you have to page through a few a hundred titles — or whatever — to find stuff that’s really, really good.

Digital “pulp,” an Aries cure to the summer blues, as exacerbated by Mars, the Sun, and even Jupiter.

Taurus:

The BullWrite it in Haiku. That simple. Instead of a long, convoluted message with fishing, and Shakespeare, and who knows what else I’ll put into the Taurus missive?

Just “Write it in Haiku.”

It’s a simple enough charge, an easy way to learn how to communicate the material that Taurus — this week — the material that Taurus wants to communicate? Write it in Haiku. Super simple Japanese poetry form. One line — five syllables. Next line — seven syllables. Last line, or third line? Five syllables again. Simple form. Concise. Supposed to include a “Flip,” or a “turn,” at the end. Strange form and even weirder when translated to English. But the idea is sound, and there’s plenty of Western Astrological evidence to support the idea that some kind of weird, mystical Oriental poetry form is best. For communication, for the next — for the next week? Just [communicate in Haiku](#).

Just “write it in Haiku.”

Gemini:

The Twins Some of my [metaphysical training involves letting go](#) of possessions. Stuff. Things. Personal material possessions that I use to define me. I have, I’ll admit a few items that I am intrinsically linked to, some of these are expensive items, but the dollar value has almost no bearing on my emotional content because the items are imbued with tremendous sentimental value. Things that means something because of the experiences and histories tied to those items. Books are a good example, textbooks that I no longer use, not really, but that have notes, or other sentimental value to me.

Soon as the July 4th celebration, parties, fireworks and crap is over? Consider looking at some of those things — as a **Gemini** — that you hold onto and what really has value, and what can be set free.

One **Gemini** buddy I’m think of, maybe we can grab some leftover firecrackers, head out of town and blow some junk up, I mean, you know, metaphorically. Possessions that no longer serve us? Might want to unload them one way, or another.

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Horoscopes for 8.3.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, August 02, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/08/horoscopes-for-8-3-2017/>

How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have took note of it: the age is grown so pick'd that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been grave-maker?

Hamlet in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* 5.1.64

[Eclipse patterns](#) and [eclipse notes](#).

Horoscopes for 8.3.2017

The Leo:

The Leo [Good times](#), no? Not without some trials and tribulations, to sound a little trite, but that's just how this goes. Here's the deal: don't get married to it.

I was trying to think of an easier, simpler way to say it. I don't have that. For **The Leo**?

Don't get married to it.

Not now, not this week. Great ideas. Court, spoon, date, pledge, suggest, coerce, if need be, but no, not getting married. The term, I chose it carefully, as "marriage," despite modern indications otherwise, tends to be assumed as a permanent decision — which it is! So, my **Leo** suggested patter? This week? Don't get married to it.

Or, in other words? Use a pencil. Not a pen. Ink is permanent. Pencil can be erased and adjusted as need be.

[The Ruffian's Misfortune - Ray Wylie Hubbard](#)

[The Ruffian's Misfortune](#)

Virgo:

The Virgin I was listening to a song by a Texas Troubadour, *Scorpio*, if you have to know. The lyric that caught? "All loose things end up and washed away." The **Virgo** energies, these days? Careful. Carefully, now. Careful. If it isn't tied down? It could end up washed away. What needs to be "Tied down?" What are the loose things that might get washed away?

Depends on the individual chart, as to how this plays out, but the lyric to that song is what kept reverberating in my head, looking at **Virgo**, then slices of the charts around **Virgo**. Maybe this is a *Virgo-persistent* issue that a good **Virgo** wants to let go of, maybe that's it. Let it go, as it gets washed away. I watched with abject horror as a client refused to let go of a failed relationship, and the situation just got worse. This is the week that the relationship finally got washed away. "All loose things end up and washed away," as the song goes — Scorpio singer/songwriter.

"Oh. I was suppose to let go of that. So that's what you meant?"

Libra:

The Scales It's all about the pitch. For **Libra**? All about the pitch. Not so much what you're asking for, but how you are asking for it. All about the pitch.

Libra success is dependent upon how we suggest changes. Changes are coming, and the question is, are these dictated, mandated, or are these optional. While the changes may be iron-clad, irrevocable, non-negotiable? How we pitch these changes is what's so important, and frequently, it's what gets forgotten.

"I'm glad you had this idea to change this — it should work a lot better now."

I'll be it was really the **Libra** idea, but we're not going to let that interfere with progress, right?

Scorpio:

Scorpion Take the earphones out. My super-simple solution for this week's Scorpio weirdness, between the Moon, Mars, the Sun, and yeah, I know.

I was watching a guy as he poked at his phone, listening to a song for about three seconds, then poked at the phone again. He was skiing through a playlist, seeking solace. I imagined he was a Scorpio, but I don't know, not in this example, as he seemed a tad bit irritated and probably didn't want anyone talking to him. Trying to find that perfect song? Poke. He kept stabbing at the phone, in irritation, looking for something that should soothe, motivate or otherwise assuage that Scorpio energy. The planets, technically the Sun is a star and the Moon is a satellite of Earth, but let's just call them all planets, as Mars plays a heavy part of this, okay? So the planets are unsettling, in the least, and highly irritating, in the extreme, to Scorpio. Poke.

No song seemed to make him happy. I thought about that image, and I realized, as a Scorpio, best course of action? Take the earphones out. Removes the source of irritation. Otherwise? Keeping poking and keep not finding the song.

Poke.

"Take the earphones out."

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius I was looking at an older truck, more as a toy than a serious, daily driver. Late 1960s Ford F-100, with that super-durable six (cylinder) motor, and “Three on the tree” transmission. I’m not even sure that the term “Three on the tree” will translate to a more modern audience. The gear shift, manual transmission, is three forward speeds, and reverse, selected by a cantankerous lever on the right-hand side of the steering column — which might’ve been solid steel. I don’t recall. I was toying with the idea of it as a project car, be fun, useful for occasionally hauling groceries, I was guessing. The problem, with the one I was looking at? When I test-drove the truck, it was that non-synchro gearbox. In other words? The truck had to be at a full and complete stop in order to get into first gear. Not a problem for me, but anyone else not used to it, any other drivers, except Bubba, the other drivers would endlessly grind that first gear, trying to force something that doesn’t want to be forced. Old trucks are fun. Cool, even, to me, but there’s a problematic idiosyncrasy that I can’t do anything about. And while it wouldn’t bother me too much, I doubt I could go very far, just because. Besides, the motor would have to be refitted to run on unleaded gas, and see the problems? The image, though, for this week, as we all wait for Saturn to grind to a stop? It’s like that transmission. Have to be at a full, complete [Sagittarius](#) stop before slipping it into first gear.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Buddy of mine is a super salesman. When he shows up, doesn’t matter what he’s selling, I’ll just ask, “How much,” as sooner, or later, I’ll feel compelled to buy. Super salesman. Looking at the stars, then looking at individual Capricorn charts? I kept thinking of my buddy, explaining how this works, the selling game, as to him it’s a game. “When I hear, ‘no,’ that just means I have to work harder.” Or, in his situation, he has to start talking, making the situation into a position where the target turns into a buyer. I know how this works, I surrender with relative aplomb.

The weekly stars, for Capricorn, suggest that there’s a situation wherein, this was easy before, and now? We all just have to work a little bit harder. Or, like my buddy, “When I hear, ‘no,’ it just means I have actually sell the idea (product), now.”

I’m not sure of the individual implication, or what needs “selling,” not directly as that will vary chart-to-chart. But the idea is that this is a week to consider rolling up the Capricorn shirtsleeves and getting after whatever toil is in front of us. Some task, needs doing, and now? Now is the time to get after it.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer I got a client who is of an age that his peers are all showing pictures of grandchildren. Having made different choices in his life, perhaps for the better, when someone whips out grand-baby pictures, he pulls up a set-list of puppy photos. Perfect.

If we have to sit through images of grandchildren, who, realistically, all look the same, like little people who aren’t fully formed, right? So if we have to sit through “Look at my cute grand baby” pictures, my buddy has the perfect answer, “Here, let me show you my puppy!”

As an **Aquarius**, this is a good week to be prepared. Be prepared to answer questions with similar, if not identical, ripostes — not a repost.

“You want to see some really cute grand children?”

“Want to see my old cat, she was sweet.”

[Kitty Cam.](#)

Pisces:

The Fishes Ever noticed that you have as knack for picking up strays and then holding onto the ones who really aren't any good for your **Pisces** self?

Me? I'm grateful that there are people who pick up strays, take us in, feed us, pet us, cuddle us, then don't abandon us as soon as we start caterwauling about. I'm eternally grateful for the **Pisces** in the world, with your open hearts, and kind ways.

However, that being duly noted, I'll never date another **Pisces**. Think, though, that speaks more to my own internal conflicts rather than the kind-hearted **Pisces** we know and love.

Strays: **Pisces** loves us. Yet, as a **Pisces**, this is a week to consider, maybe think twice, maybe think once instead of just picking up that stray. Could be a stray dog, a stray horse, or a stray *Sagittarius*. Best you think about long-term care and feeding, before you open your heart.

Aries:

The Ram We got in from a long morning and short afternoon on the water, weekend coastal fishing trip. I'm sure pictures are on the web someplace, me and some buddies, all smiles with pictures of fish. We got back to the motel, and the one fishing buddy, his wife and kids are there, in the pool, so we jump in, wash off the fish stink in the motel's resort-like pool. Eventually, my buddy's son swims up and asks about some kind of pool-toy ball. My buddy looks at me, crawls out of the pool, fishes around in a beach bag, and he comes back with pool-toy ball of some sort. Him and his kid start playing a complicated game of catch. My buddy explains to me, “I always keep my balls in her purse. Safer that way.” He chuckles. This is situational, verbal irony. He's very much the man of his house, and he's very much in charge of his life, his own destiny, and his kids. Emotionally present, good father. Probably one of the closest, most perfect relationships I know about. Very close to 50/50, so the comment about who's in charge of his balls? Joke, or, as I referred to it, *situational irony*.

There's a kind of off-color, gracious ease with this week's planets, and how they treat **Aries**. Like my buddy and his situational irony.

Taurus:

The Bull Recently, while poking around on the web, I happened across a fetching ad for “Work at home” moms. It was an image of a slim desk, a little wire office chair, a single modern art print over the desk, and simple flat-screen monitor. Might’ve had a simple flower stem in a rose vase, off to one side. “Free book, find out how!”

The problem with that image? How many stay-home-moms have a desk that neat? How many real workspaces are that clean?

My desk, I am a minimalist, but my desk space tends to have an accretion of work-related material that accumulates. Then, too, when I was asked for a picture of my workspace, I thought about sweeping everything off the desk’s surface, and doing the super-clean look, but that’s just not realistic. I think there’s still an image of my old workspace available, online. Amusing to me, as I’ve changed some since then, but the idea that there would be a bottle of coke, maybe a half-cold mug of coffee, and some lip balm, all of that, plus earrings, fishing lures, you get the idea, right?

This is a week when the idealized image? That super clean, neat, urban work space they advertise? Is that even realistic? And then, follow that logic, is what is being advertised even realistic?

A naked 2-year old runs from one room to the next, squealing in joy. Right, and how are you going to have a serene workplace with just single flower and no clutter on the desk itself? Is what is being advertised even [realistic](#) for **Taurus**?

Gemini:

The Twins Me? I’m not a **Gemini**, but I do adore them so. All of them, usually, sometimes, multiple **Gemini** people in one person. Again, one of many traits I adore. Admire, even. As a guideline, this week, for **Gemini**? Be willing to be wrong. Be willing to be corrected. Be willing to be teachable. Be willing, oftentimes like me, to be wrong in the worst way possible.

I’ve made a habit of learning that my mistakes are useful for teaching me what doesn’t work. There’s a cosmic reminder, on its way, and we can play this two ways: easy? Or hard?

Simple choice, simple solution, simple cosmic set of directions.

As a **Gemini**, you like to collect information, sort of like a library, a library of the **Gemini** mind, and in that collection, in those collections of data points? There’s incomplete information. Not dealing with all the facts, so, when faced with a mistake, a problem, an apparent error you’ve made, this week? Be willing to learn that more data is now available.

“Wow, I did not know that.”

Simple as that.

Cancer:

The CrabHot summer's day in South Texas. Mid-afternoon, I wondered into a coffee shop to get me some ice-cold [beverage](#). Just ahead of me, a woman in "No imagination required" Yoga pants and top scoots in, snakes the line ahead of me. The torpid Texas heat, high humidity — good hair day for me — but otherwise? Very warm. Some of those clothes, she was covered, in the sense that there was cloth covering her body from knees to neck, out as far as the elbows, but that stretchy stuff? Skin tight doesn't do it justice, however, that's not the question. Painted on? There's a [yoga](#) studio around the corner, so I suspect she's a yoga-person, yoga chicks. She could be a gym-rat, for all I know, with the tawny, sinewy braids of muscles rippling underneath her "clothing," if one really wants to consider it clothing.

When is it okay to stare? When is that an acceptable action? I couldn't help myself, a lot of work, plus some good genetics, went into her form.

Lot of work, based on the ripples as she gracefully moved.

I wasn't undressing her with my eyes, as the fabric and what it contained left **nothing** to the imagination. The question, looking at Cancer's chart, the question? When is openly gawking a good behavior, invited, as I thought — at the time.

When is it OK to stare?

"Is that painted on?"

Horoscopes for 9.28.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, September 27, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/09/horoscopes-for-9-28-2017/>

“The nature of bad news infects the teller.”

First Messenger in [Shakespeare's](#) *Antony & Cleopatra* (1.2.65)

“October. This is one month of the peculiarly dangerous months to speculate in stocks. The others are July, January, September, April, November, May, March, June, December, August, and February.”

Pudd'nhead Wilson (Mark Twain)

[Libra:](#)

The Scales

Go with the one that fits, two opening quotes, one from America's great man of letters, and fellow Sagittarius, Mark Twain, and of, course, a typical Shakespeare bit.

It's birthday time, and still supposed to be wonderful, so I don't really have any bad news. However, there is a bit of loose material that's kicked free, and sort of floating, in the back of the Libra mind, and as such, that can annoy you.

Look: **Libra** — [birthday](#) month and all? Get your party on, however you do that, and don't let that free-wheeling addled-pate material latch on. Bad news will infect the messenger, but you don't have to listen, not now, it's party time.

Scorpio:

Scorpion

It's kind of scary because this feels like, “The end is near!” And what good Scorpio wouldn't just jump at a chance to take an anomaly of a situation and turn it into a catastrophe? I got one buddy, and he's a master of “Catastrophizing,” which, as it might imply, is taking a slightly out-of-sync situation and turning it into a monumental problem of — typical **Scorpio** — proportions. Here's the hint.

That was the hint. Don't take a small problem and turn it into a larger, far more complex problem. I know, it's one of the rules of life, but not one we have to adhere to, no this week, not for **Scorpio**: Inside every small problem is a much larger problem, trying to get out.

The hint? In case I'm not clear enough? Don't take a small problem and let it escalate into a huge thing.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius

There's always — with me it's obvious — a kind of dithering, buffering behavior. It's as if I was operating under duress, and this is pretty clearly a way to avoid the central problem. "I'm not avoiding anything, I just need to do this before I can leave." Or the old line, "There's one more thing..." To some, the expression, "The elephant in the room," but I tend to go with the "The Pink Elephant," as a cliched expression, and to add some color. Still, there's a simple plan of **Sagittarius** avoidance at work. When a direct, simple, direct, and easy, but direct answer is the simplest solution.

I'm not one who can talk about this. I think I need to go and clean some fishing gear. Need to sweep out the garage. Need to do anything else but sit down and address that one **thing**, that all of us, as **Sagittarius**, have been avoiding.

It's either [dithering](#) or buffering, but you're well aware of the behavior. Kind of means we're avoiding something. Might want to pause and address that single problem before going back to — wait! Boots. I've got to polish my boots because, I might have to wear them soon.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat

I've long maintained that the line between brilliance and madness is quite thin. Gray, fuzzy, indistinct at times. There's a mad, mad energy floating free. I tend to use that as a term of "temporary insanity," but at least one Capricorn buddy will think, "He's angry!"

No, this is more like a kind of crazy behavior, around your Capricorn self. Near you, but not you. Around you, but not you. Madness. Madness, as in insanity, or apparently insane behavior as some of it doesn't seem to make sense at the time.

That indistinct line [between](#) madness and brilliance gets tested — on Capricorn — as this week unfolds. Is it sheer insanity? Or is it really a long-term plan that we can't see the brilliance of its possible outcome?

I'm not sure. Brilliance? Just "Crazy-making?" Not sure, but that's the Capricorn challenge this next few days, what's madness and what's brilliance?

before answering the question, might want to wait until the actions speak for themselves.

"Brilliance? Madness? What is it?"

Aquarius:

Water Bearer

There was an online editor that wrote about the process of editing and how editing was more important than writing itself. Let's add some **Aquarius** perceptive to that equation, and it's about the editing. When

I set up the [side project](#), the deal was, I made this deal with myself, not too much editing. “Spit and post.” Set of as “blog style,” which is what that side deal is, but also, as training — as an exercise — in limited editing.

The one guy was writing about editing writing, and I’m suggesting not editing images. Either way works, but given where the planets are all falling at this moment in **Aquarius** time and space? I’d suggest the editing version of this idea.

Look it over. Look it over a second time. Maybe read it aloud. Maybe sound out the phrases and parse the structure.

“As the adjective, when in doubt, strike it out.” Think that’s in my collection, someplace, but I’m too tired to source the quote. Still, as the editorial nature of this week flows by? What we’re looking at for **Aquarius** is “Less” rather than “more.”

While I have a tendency to run long in my weekly horoscope, for **Aquarius**, shorter, tighter, a little more focused, a little better editing is the best course of action. Maybe some of that material isn’t required.

Pisces:

The Fishes

“You tell me to be patient, and I am. You tell me powerful forces are opposing yet I hold off. Just exactly how much longer do I need to wait? I feel like I’m going to explode!”

Yes, **Pisces** dear, I’ve heard this before, and I’ve [heard](#) this from you. Bless your little **Pisces** head. The Autumnal Equinox helps perpetuate a shift, and this is less a shift in events, and more to do with how your **Pisces** self interacts with this ongoing opposition. Mostly Mars, but there’s other stuff in the mix, and that Mars, and Mars-like energy pushes you. There’s a possibly cold-hearted “killer” lurking inside each and every **Pisces** heart.

Steely gaze. Unnerving lack of movement. Hardened reflexes. Try that style, if not that attitude, and see if that doesn’t scare a few of the malcontents away. Won’t solve every trouble, but it’s a good start to your week. You and I know this is just make-believe, but that’s our little secret, this week.

Aries:

The Ram

I haven’t been a matriculated, college student in two-dozen years or more. I’ve taken classes, both taught and attended workshops, seminars, and other learning events for that matter, sometimes, hopefully referred to a “classes,” but as a serious student enrolled in a traditional classroom setting? Yes, let’s be honest: been several dozen years now. The doesn’t stop the expectant glee I get when the “Back to School” specials start to show up, backpacks, notebooks, pencils, pencil holders, and everything else that is associated with those sales deals. Retail in its finest form. Sales are over. We’re back at school or work, whatever. Still there was an item stashed. An **Aries** item that you stashed away and forgot about and it surfaces. For me, in this example, it was a stash of *Sharpie* pens, markers — really — I had a package

of those I got on sale, and I forgot about. In and of themselves, not a remarkable deal, it's just that the fresh "art supplies" triggers ideas, and from those ideas come solutions. It's an item, like a stash of school supplies, from just a few weeks back, and that's what **Aries** should look for, as a way to see this week [through](#).

Taurus:

The Bull

Buzzword, keyword? **Taurus** word for the week? The trick to make this week sing for your **Taurus** self? "Activation." Pretty simple concept, really, just take some of the present energy and use it. I'd suggest to use it wisely, but you know me. Would I use it wisely? Probably not. Therefore, when I say, "Use it," that leaves you wide open for a number of choices, and not all of them are proper.

Fun? Oh sure, will be fun. Proper? Maybe not.

Still, the word we're chasing this week is "activation," so that requires, demands, motion. Forward motion, backwards motions, sideways motions, looks like dancing. To some, it might be, it just might be. However, to me, astrologically, what this looks like is motion. One way, or another, top activate the keyword, "Activation?"

Take steps, **Taurus**, take steps. Motion, motions, yield activation. What we're looking for.

Gemini:

The Twins

There was a kind of music that I never got along with. Well, there is "Rap," but we all know that I can't hang with it. Not dissing it, just not "My thang." There's another kind of music a subset of a subset, "Dub," or maybe it's "Dup-Step." I'm not sure which. Seems to be a grouping under another heading, or called, "Similar to, but not quite," and my musical understanding gets murky, at best, from this point forward. However, in my untutored and unlettered mind, the "dub-step" I've got on hand? There seems to be a break in the beat. A pause. A mismatched beat that doesn't belong.

As the planets make their way through *Virgo*? That disjointed beat shows up. Artistically, it is supposed to jar the brain into thinking in other patterns, a way to break free from existing ties that bind your **Gemini** self down.

Practically? It's a tough beat rhythm to maintain — and tougher for someone like me to dance to. Your **Gemini** [mileage may vary](#).

Cancer:

The Crab

"It's **Go Time!**" Yes, really, it's a kind of "go time" for the *Moon Children*. In your chart, with this horoscope ending in a full moon in Aries? The Sun and Mercury in Libra? There are emotional buttons

being accessed and possibly pushed. Instead of sitting around and waiting? Load up and go. I have a travel bag, just a small shoulder bag, I keep “packed.” I can drop a laptop or tablet into it, grab my phone, and I’m good to go.

Think about that with what’s unfolding around yourself. Wouldn’t a quick get-away be nice? Wouldn’t a short jaunt, day trip, weekend, week-long mini-vacation be a welcome relief? Do you have a “go bag” ready? If not, then reading this horoscope serves as a reminder to get something packed, get something ready. Not sure which way you’ll have to jump, but it’s almost **Go Time** in Cancer.

Actually, I think it is, now.

The Leo:

The Leo

I don’t have much that is made of leather. Over the years, I’ve gradually moved to nylon webbing and other synthetics for the durable, flexible goods. The single standout is an old book-bag, and, of course, cowboy boots. I won’t have to wear shoes (boots) for another month or two, at the least, so I’m good. But I was thinking about that, and that old, leather briefcase I’ve got, and what it takes to refurbish leather. Over the years, I’ve tried most brands of saddle soap, mink oil, shoe grease, polish, and other waxes. At the grocery store, I recently picked up an off-brand of “Leather Refinishing” product. Spray on, wipe off, how much easier can it be? From the label, it looks like it is intended for leather furniture, leather upholstery — not boots and briefcases. Or saddlebags. That briefcase was made by saddle maker. Spray on, wipe off, and the surface of the leather looked better.

The product — no idea what it was — simple, cheap, effective. Besides, why spend a lot of time — and money — when a simple, cheap, and effective solution is right there? This is a time for **The Leo** to refurbish, reuse, and just recondition a situation. Or an item. “Spray on, wipe off.” Works just like the label said it would.

Virgo:

The Virgin

One of the scariest sights is when an older person, like, even older than me, tries to dress like a 20-something person. Make-up, shoes, skinny jeans, baggy jeans, crop-top, tank-top, get an image? I don’t dress conservative, but I do dress comfortably. Some have suggested I’m a bit slovenly, but again, I focus on my comfort. As a **Virgo**, and with the twin love planets doing what they’re doing, where they’re doing it? Trying to dress in manner that is not fitting for your **Virgo** self doesn’t work well. An old girlfriend let her daughter dress the old girlfriend, and while that the outfit was “kicking and cute,” no, it really didn’t look appropriate. I liked that one girlfriend when dressed sensible for our ages, with the hint of quick-release clothing.

I’m all for stepping outside your **Virgo** comfort zone with this Mars and Venus influence. Only, I’m not for stepping into clothing that is too tight, too loose, too high, or too low.

I’m all about comfort. I suggest you follow my [suggestions](#), too.

astrofish.net sig file

Horoscopes 6.22.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 21, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/06/horoscopes-6-22-2017/>

Why, this is very [midsummer madness](#).

Olivia in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* III.iv.41

Moon conjunct Sun in Cancer, 2 degrees: [June 23](#), 2017 at 9:30 PM

Horoscopes starting 6/22/2017

Cancer:

The Crab There's always an "added kicker" to current conditions, and certainly that applies at this time. It has to do with a certain planet's added influence, [recombinant](#) energies doubled then trebled, and that's the experience for the week. While everyone feels it, this is strongest with the birthday folks, and even stronger if there's a birthday in this next week. My *one simple trick* to maximize the week's weirdness quotients and to make this a better time for all? My one suggestion is try three different things. The challenge comes from that suggestion, and how to interpret "Try three different things." For one **Cancer**? "Try three different things" will mean three different food groups, perhaps an out-of-the-way BBQ joint previously untried. For another, it will be something far more adventurous, like walking up to total strangers and making introductions, cold-calling, as it were. With at least three different people, in three different settings. All depends. One buddy will try three different dating apps. Any one, or some combination? Any of the works.

But try at least three.

The Leo:

The Leo One "reader," self-classified as a "psychic," I worked [alongside](#) this person for years. Every town we'd hit? Her first comment, for the sake of the local clients? "I'm thinking about moving here, sort of like retiring here..." Me, being who I am, I always took that at face value, like it was a sincere statement. Maybe it was, but after hearing that along a circuit that swung through the then-oil rich West Texas, I realized it was the same line. *It was just a line*. Along the Gulf Coast or in portions of the Hill Country, even some place like El Paso, it almost made sense.

But it was just a line. I didn't figure that one out for a while because I tend to take broad statements as truthful assertions. Because I tend to be brutally [honest](#), I expect that same level of care and concern from everyone I interact with. Turns out, so it would seem, the world isn't always that way. My bad. I had to hear that line from that other reader for several years before I realized it was just that, a line. For **the majestic Leo**, lets flip that line around. When I would land in the same locations, I would gush about how

I loved the town. Because I did. Wasn't really a place I could live, or that I would think about moving there, not seriously, so I never made such a statement. When I said, "I love this town," be it Amarillo, to El Paso, Houston, even, I was serious. Not a lie.

The Leo tends to be truthful, not unlike me. The rest of the world? Does it take years to figure out when a line is just that, a line?

When I say, "I love this town!" I mean it. I didn't say I was planning to move here to retire.

Virgo:

The VirginCajun buddy, I asked about how long to boil crayfish. He's an Austin person now, so he's lost some of that Cajun, Louisiana backwater drawl. When he drops into that patter, though, I can barely keep up. It's like he's speaking another language. He looked at me, made a measurement in his mind's eye, and then started to reply, in that accent. While I can't capture the exact content of what he was saying, and I can't be sure he wasn't just messing with me for his own amusement, what I can be sure about, as he dropped back to normal vernacular, was that he uses a similar set of guidelines to what I do with chili: there are no rules. A good Virgo, though, a good Virgo requires an iron-clad set of rules. A recipe must be followed exactly. My buddy's suggestion, a certain kind of Louisiana spice and a bucket for crawfish, then boil until done. Potatoes, beans, rice, sausage, boudain, oysters, animal parts, vegetables, all of that is subject to what's on hand. "Boil until they done," what he said. As a bit of kitchen trivia, there was some mention of the color of the crayfish's shell, when it was done. Again, not anything I know about. However, as a guidelines go, those guys from Louisiana do know food. Watching my buddy shrug, "Boil until they done." Simple. Each and every Virgo will cringe at that thought. Still, there's a guideline that works well, this week's weird energies, "Boil until they done." Sounds so simple, doesn't it?

You'll know when they are done.

Libra:

The ScalesOne of the various [trinkets](#) I've picked up, from too many years on the road, it was a coffee mug, from a diner, but the slogan on the mug? "This may or may not have whiskey in it." Humorous. Anecdotal. Factual, really, because it's a binary proposition, and while technically, that place doesn't have a liquor license, best guess is that the mug only contains coffee? Technically, it could contain whiskey. I'm not a drinking man, not these days, but for some folks, a stiff shot of something — I'll stick with coffee — helps knock the sharp corners off the day-to-day edges. Another way to look at it? Pause long enough for a coffee-break. Take a few minutes from the road, the destination, pause long enough to absorb local color, or read the writing on the mug, and marvel that they still get away with such a label.

Scorpio:

The ScorpioPuddle jumper to another city. "You can [pretend](#) this is 1989, there is no WiFi on this plane, so talk someone or read a book." Pre-flight announcement. To compound the **Scorpio** issue? There isn't

any cool seat-back catalog anymore, either. Another example of a sad casualty in our modern world. While my version of [travel](#) has been greatly constrained, I'll occasionally still hop a flight someplace. The short, commercial travel used to be called "Puddle Jumpers" as that title properly evokes the sense of the flight itself. Up and down. Older aircraft, and commercial jets not destined for long flights are not equipped with all the modern inconveniences, like WiFi.

Working within the extant energies? New Moon in Cancer, etc? New start, mid-summer, for **Scorpio**. Fresh way to begin? That's what this is about. Start by letting go of the established way. Like, "There's no WiFi, what should we do?"

Talk to each other. New start. Old ways.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius It's been my experience that I need the wisdom gained from the experience exactly two minutes after my big mistake. I'm passing along this observation because, as fellow a **Sagittarius**, with the reflection from the objects in the heavens where they are? There's an unnerving experience that proves my point about how our timing is off. Our rhythm isn't quite right. We're not at the right place at the correct time. Right place, wrong time? Sure, that works. Which circles back to where we were before, we need the wisdom learned from our mistake exactly two minutes before we make the mistake. Betting on intuition to move us forward? Betting on an astrologer to let you know that this is coming up? Poor bets. What is up and coming, though, is a sense that, after we do it, we get that momentary pause, "Wow, I don't think I should've done that, at least not yet..." And herein is the problem, undoing what what we just did.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat I know this is a weird time to bring this up, but the way it looks to me? There I was, hanging out at a neighbor's swimming pool, some of the guys were drinking beer, I had a water, they were all talking about hunting trips next fall, and asked if I wanted to go. I like to fish, not so much hunt, not because I'm against shooting dinner, no, it's just cold, wet, early, and the ends don't justify the means, not to me. Too much effort for the gains, a nice freezer of venison. So I'm out for the hunting. But another idea did come up, later in the summer, some of my buddies were going to the firing range to "sight-in" their deer rifles. I have no moral obligation to taking a sporting weapon and putting holes in targets at 100 yards. Safe, with proper safe-guards in place, this is about plans for sometime in July, going to the firing range, me buying a box or two of shells, and just putting holes in paper targets. Nothing more. All we did was plan this activity. Nothing's happened — yet. This all from hanging out in a buddy's backyard, making idle chatter. One guy has a kid in high-school, so there's noise about the track team next year. Nothing serious, parents bragging about kids. Suburban males doing our thing.

This is an example of the best use of this week's weirdness: make plans for next month. Look at the fall season. When those guys are headed out for first bird season then deer hunting? I'll be headed to the lake or the coast. Fewer "sportsmen" fishing, better fishing for me. Plan ahead.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer I've got one client, when she sits across the table from me, she mirrors my every move. I nod my head up and down? She nods her head in agreement. I shake my head left and right, in a negative? She shakes her head, same way. I get hopeful and start to wave my arms around, as I frequently do She gets excited, too. I'm not sure if this is conscious, subconscious, complimentary, or mocking. It's like a twisted mirror of myself as I roll through the motions of a typical reading. I've been at this for some time, so I get into it because, well, that's the way I am. I get excited, up, down, all over the emotional map — that's me.

As we have a weird lunar cycle, and its [effects](#) on Aquarius?

Mirror our images. Mirror what we do. Provide us with visual feedback. Maybe not as extreme, or as agitated, or whatever, but mirror our actions.

It's just a reflection, that's all.

Pisces:

The Fishes The way I will add this up? You — Pisces — have a 50/50 shot at being right. This is like the flip of a coin, and there's straight up statistical probability that the coin will be heads or tails. Likewise, to me, it looks like there's a 50/50 shot that you are 100% right. 50/50 shot also means you might be wrong. Total guess. Heads or tails, which will it be? Hard to call, as the way it adds up? There's a one-to-one ration of "right versus wrong." Correct or incorrect? Normally, the odds are in *Pisces* favor. Normally, this is weighted to let you win. Like Vegas, only the odds are — you're like the "house" in Vegas. Weighted in your favor — usually.

With this kind of a set-up, what's the best *Pisces* course of action? Double-down.

If there's a 50/50 shot that you win, then do it twice. If the first fails, then the second has 50/50 shot of winning, and if that fails, then the odds, the numbers keep going in your favor, as you're halving the numbers, each time. The numbers work out, eventually, one way or another, but as we start this next few days, for *Pisces*?

You got a 50/50 shot.

Aries:

The Ram I asked a server about lines of script on his arm, some of the words were partially concealed by a shirt sleeve. "It's says, 'Today is the first day of the rest of your life,' but the meaning, it's not like time to jump out of an airplane, just we create our future, as we go." Glad to have that clarified. The extent of my version of excitement is a Texas freeway during rush hour, or one of my buddies in his boat, on rough waters. I'm really not planning on jumping out of any airplanes or other, extreme sports. Not my thing. I'm not an **Aries**, either. That server was. His ink, and this reminder, "This is the first day of

the rest of your life,” the message for this week is simple: you create much of your **Aries** reality. Create carefully. Create mindfully. Create in a way that serves you best. There’s a bit of a rough patch — astrologically — and what you do with that? I’d suggest you can keep creating good results for yourself, as you go.

“Today is the first day of the rest of your life, not in the fatalist, ‘jump out of an airplane way,’ you know.”

Taurus:

The Bull I have a love/hate relationship with pens, pencils, and paper. Analog is messy, lacks precisions, and — bluntly? I have horrible handwriting. I can’t make out whatever I scratched down at the time. Love the idea, and for a sketch, like a stick-figure image, sure, great for that. However, I do so few “stick figure sketches,” seems like the pens and pencils — in copious quantities — are superfluous.

There is a need for precision in **Taurus**, at the moment. Precise.

Towards that end? I suggest digital — not analog — as a way to effectively convey the message. There’s a big message that needs to be conveyed. Again, the proper medium? Digital. Precise digital. Infinitely precise, digital, pixel-by-pixel detail, aligned, clarified, filtered, un-metered, whatever the individual situation demands? Precise.

One of my broad-stroke, [sharpie-type](#) markers won’t work. Not precise.

“God is in the details,” ask the *Virgo* about that.

Analog is not precise enough for this week’s **Taurus**. Precision. Absolute, digital-only precision.

Gemini:

The Twins Two, maybe three times now, I’ve looked at notebooks. Cool ones, too, with all-weather paper. Fine ones, as used by Hemingway and [Faulkner](#), the Beats. Years ago, I found a swanky leather cover for a common style of blank notebook, and I put one in the cover. That cover was hand-tooled, heavy vegetarian-tanned, sustainably-harvested cow-hide. Still have it — tucked away in a closet someplace. There are stray comments, diagrams, mileage notes and not much else after page three. An ad cycled up for a different brand of [notebooks](#), and I clicked through to look. My finger lingered on the “Buy Me Now” button. I paused. I thought about the notebook I had in the closet, the one with the leather cover, the other name-brand paper notebooks that are largely unused. The plans, the intentions, the large number of secret scribbling that go all the way to page three, then unceremoniously end. I take notes with a handy camera, these days, in a phone, and I take notes by typing in words and expressions that capture the essence of the moment I want to recall — in print — at a later time.

As far as the real notebooks?

Yeah, no.

Great idea, looks good on paper, but I know that it's a waste of effort to buy. Some days, **Gemini**, some days you have to be reminded, like me, about what doesn't work so we can stick to the stuff that does produce results.

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Horoscopes 6.29.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 28, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/06/horoscopes-6-29-2017/>

“I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in [order](#)?”

Excerpt From: T. S. Eliot. “The Waste Land.” 424~

But take the High’st to [witness](#). Then pray you tell me,
If I should swear by Jove’s great attributes
I lov’d you dearly, would you believe my oaths
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by Him whom I protest to love
That I will work against Him; therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal’d—
At least in my opinion.

Diana in Shakespeare’s *All’s Well That Ends Well* 4.2.24~

[Horoscopes](#) starting 6/29/2017

Cancer:

The Crab The [bumpersticker](#) read, “Lab Mom.” Pause. think about how I would take that — I’m not a dog person. My first instinct? “Cool! A mom built in a laboratory! How perfect can that be?” SUV, highway into Austin, yeah, probably not a mom built in lab, probably not a lab mom like I was thinking.

Bummer, dude. That would be so totally cool. A mom built to order. There’s a certain kind of misunderstanding, and not uncommon at the moment, not in the sign of the Moon Child.

“So Mercury is Retrograde?”

No, that’s not it. I made it abundantly clear that I read a [bumpersticker](#) and I inferred one meaning, based upon available evidence. Clear, possible, and upon further reflection, probably wrong. Still, it could be the case. I doubt it. I would suppose, upon further rumination, that it probably means a dog-owner who has a Labrador, or Labrador mix four-legged companion. That’s probably what is really implied with the bumper sticker. Still, I liked my version better, a vat-grown, hybrid machine with more skills than the regular, old-fashioned mom. How cool would that be.

“It’s a new model, a Lab Mom, made her myself.”

Perfect birthday gift?

The Leo:

The Leo It's life-lesson time. I was holding a bag of lemons, I just picked up at the grocery store. I pulled open the bag, and showed it to a friend. "Life lesson," I said, "when life gives you lemons, you do what?" He looked at me. "Give them back?"

No. No, no, no, I am **so** disappointed.

When life gives you lemons, what does **The Leo** do?

Grab the tequila!

None of this lame, "Make lemonade" crap. Do the adult thing. There will be a chance, this next week, some guy is standing there with a bag of lemons. What are you going to do?

Honestly, I'm making lemonade, because I'm not real good with the cactus juice, no, it has an adverse affect on me, but that's just me. The sentiment, and I would like to hear this echoed, "Life gives me lemons? Yeah, **This Leo** is partying!"

Simple, and adjust as need be. But it does work. Upside. There's always an upside.

Virgo:

The Virgin Three of us in a boat. Me, and my **Virgo** fishing buddies. You know I like **Virgo** buds best, right? Best fishing buddies. Three of us, boat on the bay, hot summer day, six lines out with dead bait on the end of each line. Nibble, fish picks up a bait, and and then, the pole bends over, drag on the reel screaming in agony as a *BIG FISH* runs away with the bait. First **Virgo** guy picks it up and starts playing the fish. Second line goes, which means, in short order, there are three of us in the boat, so four lines have fish on! With the kind of bay fishing arrangement we have set up, that one fish can wander off and we'll get to him when we can. The problem being, look at this, three guys, 19-foot boat, see how this might be problematic?

It was.

Lines got crossed and we lost one fish, and one of the other baits might've had something on it, we'll never know for sure. There's a tough kind of energy that makes everything confusing, "Here, dude under my line, no, UNDER!" See how this works? Dancing around on a flats boat like it was a party or something. We got to where we were hollering at each other, and directions got screwed up and the fact we did land three fish, one — mine — was good-sized, but even the merest idea that we managed at all? That's exactly what this week is like in **Virgo**. Up to you, how you want this to play out. Move carefully, and realize that some lines will get tangled despite the best **Virgo** efforts.

Libra:

The Scales One of my neighbors was having trouble with his computer, an older desktop computer. I have — largely undeserved — reputation as a “go-to” for computer repairs, fast and easy. He calls me up and I pop over — undressed, barefoot, unshaven, un-showered, it’s a guy, he won’t mind. Older guy. I look at his problem for a few moments, then wander back home. I pop a few keywords into a search and come back filtering the data myself, with the quick, easy reset button. All that’s required. Quick, easy, simple. I had to use a quick search, and it wasn’t a big deal, just a quick reset. In part, I know what to look for, and, in part, I can filter faster with fewer distractions, weeding out the crap that doesn’t matter. Three minute fix, maybe, realistically, more like 30 seconds.

I know where to look and I know how to ask the correct question. The idea that I was some sort of guru or master mechanic of the computers is *patently false*. Not that it matters, to my one neighbor I am now legendary.

[The myth lives on](#). I just explained my lack of prowess and lack of skill, just a shot in the dark, for me, but that doesn’t dissuade the rumors that now abound — “Kramer can fix any computer problem!”

The myth lives on, despite my best efforts to kill it off. As a Libra, what myth is living on, or, in this very example, has surpassed its useful date?

“Can you fix my computer?”

Nope.

“Can you look at it, at least?”

Looks like a computer to me, that’s for sure.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio In my mind, there’s a strong connection between the physical world, our bodies, our physical well-being, and our emotional side, our psyche and soul, our emotional well-being. There’s a chart “signature” that I look for, and that arrangement increases the strength of that connection between emotional and physical well-being. With the material kicking looses in the heavens, and the relative motion of Mars, mostly water, but not Scorpio Water, this connection, and the Scorpio intuition about this connection is heightened. Now, the challenge for my good little Scorpio friends, discerning judgements — what is normally good, refined—even, Scorpio judgement? Maybe not so good at this moment. Just means, pains me to suggest this, but I would suggest you ask someone for an opinion, or, a second opinion, or, as I’ve been known to ask, “Does this look infected?”

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius On more than one occasion, it’s been suggested that I might not be in my right mind. I’ve

never questioned this. Not my place to question my own sanity. I would tend to agree, too, that I might not be all here, or all there, or all wherever it is that [I am supposed to be](#). Given the way this next few days plays out, there's a lot of pressure on **Sagittarius** to "Be yourself, be your true authentic self." Yeah, I'm not sure we really want to unleash that beast.

For **Sagittarius**, the best course of action? Maybe not any action, or maybe, nothing too rash, or maybe, given the demons many of us are wrestling with? Given that wrestling match that seems to be ongoing? What we can do is allow a glimpse of "Our true selves," but maybe, too much "Authenticity" looks like too much (organic male bovine by-product).

Normally, we can dish this out with the best, but a long, hot summer? In Texas, maybe we don't need to shovel anything — at this moment. It's OK to be real, but maybe, we don't need to be too real, not under this searing summer sun.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Most summers, for that matter, fall and spring, and even some of the South Texas winter? I'll wear what are called "Hawaiian Shirts." Alternatively, they've been called "Aloha Shirts," which, technically, can really only be applied to a very small sub-set of my shirts. Most of mine are merely loud, maybe vaguely tropical in theme, printed shirts. I'm pretty cheap, too, so most of them are bought on sale. I was looking at one, I've had for more than 20 years. That's a long time for an everyday-wear shirt to last. It was cheap when I bought it, too, as I think I remember that.

A real Hawaiian Shirt should be made in Hawaii, and the buttons should be fashioned from coconut husk, that's the way I heard it. I've got maybe one or two shirts that are really Hawaiian, and the rest, like the one in question? Just loud. Durable. Cheap.

Loud, durable, cheap. That got your attention, your Capricorn attention. Like clothing, I tend to favor, I'd suggest that those words are just a good guideline for the next few days, for Capricorn. If you have to, if it helps, imagine my short collection. Not really "Hawaiian Shirts," or even real "Aloha Shirts," just loud, durable and cheap.

Capricorn: Loud, durable, cheap.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer An old country crooner was moaning about a particular West Texas feature. Yeah, I listen to some country music. Way it goes. Get over it, Aquarius. The crooner, not sure, rich voice, guitar twang in the background, gentle bass and 4/4 beat? He was moaning about the sights of West Texas. Hot, dry, flat. Some folks see [sky](#), some folks see oil wells, some folks see big fans. [Depends](#), I suppose. The singer was moaning about the blankness of it all. To me, that's a beautiful feature, but I tend to find beauty in everything, and as an Aquarius, you can find that beauty, too. I have an Aquarius buddy, we were chatting, and I mentioned the searing, soaring vision of the West Texas Sky, and his quick rejoinder?

"Ever see it

rain mud?”

Yes, there is that. The aching, clear skies, and the way the sunset lights up the evening’s sky, the ability to be all alone, or feel very alone, against that West Texas backdrop? Even if it is only a short musical trip out there instead of hours of travel? It’s important to be in touch with that, as the Moon fills out, and as the planets move on around. Mercury is going to move — in another week — opposite your Aquarius self. Get ready to touch the sky, or imitate that high and lonesome sound. It’s really a fetching image — of course, I don’t live there, [just passing through](#).

Pisces:

The Fishes One buddy of mine is, he has, I don’t know, some kind of negotiation training. Like me, he implies that there’s great depth therein, but really, I’m not so sure. He might be jerking my chain, “Hostage negotiation.” I’m not sure how much is true and how much is fiction. “True story,” he told me, which, like all of life’s ironies, usually isn’t. His golden rule, for **any** negotiation, be it lunch, fishing spot, or girlfriends, ex-wives, whatever?

“Never, under any circumstances, accept the first offer. Never accept the first offer. No matter how good it might seem, never accept the first offer.”

His rule, his alleged training, his deal. No deal the first time. There are no plaques or certificates on his walls, so I’m not sure where he learned this tactic. No way to know if this real, or, possibly, just made up. It could happen, with my friends. Not all of them are as pointedly honest as I am. However, for what’s happening, and this might be Pisces—situational, but think about my buddy’s advice, first crack at that negotiation? Seems like the person across the table from Pisces is offering a really sweet deal? Although I can’t validate my buddy’s sources, as a tactic, it might just apply to Pisces, this week. Maybe don’t accept that first offer.

“That all you got?”

Maybe. Maybe there’s more.

Aries:

The Ram When I fish with one particular buddy, I always bring two fishing poles. One will be rigged with this week’s, “I read it on the internet,” latest and greatest craze in fishing gear. The other pole, every time? I use one of two “go-to” baits, either a dark plastic worm-looking thing, or a clear curly-tail on a light jig-head. Depends on the season, really, and what the water might look like. The pictures on the website prove what works: tried and true. On one occasion, one time, the super-duper, beats-all, latest and greatest worked. \$20 fishing lure. Over the course of a few years, though, expensive lures, weird tackle arrangements, and everything else? One time the specialty stuff has worked better than the old, tried and true. Which is why, as much to humor my buddy, I carry two poles. One is bound to work, when we fish. I will, dutifully, and playing to his obvious excitement, try this week’s latest innovation. Have to be willing to try.

Planets [push and pull](#) on the Aries soul. There's a strong need to "experiment," or give in to this week's "latest and greatest" craze, and this might not be fishing tackle, but I can't think of anything more important. However, follow how I handle this: two fishing poles. One rigged with "latest and greatest," and the other? Old standby, "go-to" that never fails. Success is promised, for Aries, if you hare prepared. Takes two.

Taurus:

The BullI never heard of "Doughnut" peaches before. Nope, new item to me. Found them at the farmer's market, while I was looking for a local version of peaches. Doughnut Peaches. I suppose, near as I could tell, I got a few of them, near as I can surmise? The name is based on the shape, as the ones I sampled? Tasted nothing like doughnuts. Firm, white flesh for the peaches, with a weird, almost — to me — heart—shape.

I don't see the "doughnut" except as an oblique reference to its shape or — this is one of those adult tricks. "Here, you need eat more fruits and veggies, try this doughnut peach."

Why we live is in such misanthropic society, now, as children, even to this day, we're lied to — "No, really, it's good for and it tastes good."

As the planets tend to shift around, and as the moon fills out, some? Careful. Be careful about the lies we tell ourselves.

"Tastes **just like** a doughnut!"

Gemini:

The TwinsThe way the planets play out there's, this is comic to me, there's a long slide. There's a long, very **Gemini**, slide. Like, you know, cotton socks on a hardwood floor? Maybe fresh-waxed tile, and socks, again? A slide, a long, and dramatic slide. The potential pratfall with this slip and slide scenario, as delivered by the planets? For **Gemini**? The problem is the abrupt stop at the end, or, possibly worse? No stopping. Just sort of slide and keep on sliding...

"Wait, wait, WAIT!"

I hear you. You also know that I would help if I could. But I can't. Looks like you keep on going as the coefficient of friction is greatly and suddenly reduced. Those socks, that floor, whatever the slide is caused by? Looks like you're going to go sailing well past your intended target.

If you're [smart](#), like me?

"I meant to do that!"

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Horoscopes for 10.5.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 04, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/10/horoscopes-for-10-5-2017/>

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at.

Coriolanus in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* (5.3.184-6)

Horoscopes for 10.5.2017

Libra:

The Scales

So, according to [Shakespeare's](#) Coriolanus, the heavens open up, the gods gaze down and those gods laugh at us mere mortals. Know how that one feels, I'm sure?

Yes, birthdays and cosmic jokes, all at the same time?

Wish I could report otherwise, but there's a sense that some kind slightly twisted sense of humor would help the most. Normally, **Libra** would be straightforward, but there's a weird echo, a sense of having seen this before, only, not quite like this, but close.

Weird [sense of humor](#) helps.

Reading my material? I have to be a little suspicious that your **Libra** self already understands what I'm referring to, the "Weird Sense of Humor," because, after all, you're reading my material. Maybe that helps.

Either way, happy birthday, and weird? Yeah, that, too. Just as a birthday gift? That's a Shakespeare quote taken *in context*.

Scorpio:

It was a really warm fall afternoon in South Texas. September can be brutally warm to some. The lawnmower didn't work, and the spotty weeds that comprise my front yard were looking mighty scraggly. Not an attractive way to live, no, and I really didn't feel like trying to start a broken mower. Some, looked to me, Scorpio Suspicions, fly-by-night yard guys offered to do a single, quick hack at the yard.

After mowing the yard, one of the guys looked at the mower, and fixed it, simple trick. Simple, for him. Fixing the mower was bad for the lawn guys business model, but good for me. Only, I'm not Scorpio, and I will probably be too lazy to mow the yard this month, and those guys will get repeat business — because they fixed the lawn mower. Doesn't make sense, but it kind of does. As a Scorpio, no good turn ever goes unnoticed.

Sagittarius:

"My kids love broccoli," she said. Old buddy talking about her classroom where she teaches. All I could think? That's wrong. So wrong. So very, very wrong. Kids don't love broccoli — we hate it. Broccoli is the enemy. Florets, stems, covered in cheese, has anyone ever tried cream gravy on broccoli? Still yucky. As I've aged, I got to the point, broccoli might be this year's "miracle food," but I still won't touch the stuff. As I've aged, I arrived at place where if I don't want to eat it, then I don't. Broccoli is a food that I don't like. Don't like its texture. Don't like its flavor. Don't like its looks. Obviously, I have bad memories of being forced to eat broccoli, and now? I actively don't like it. That and Brussel Sprouts. I will not eat either item. "Dude, no, Brussel Sprouts wrapped in bacon, it's really good."

I doubt it. I seriously doubt it. You can dip cow pies in powdered sugar, and it still isn't a beignet — catch my drift?

So when I heard this years crop of kids like broccoli? I think there is something amiss. Something is wrong in the world. Not passing judgement, I had to grow up before I got to a point where I don't have to eat broccoli if I don't want to.

Sagittarius: I don't care what *they* say; if you don't want to eat the broccoli, it is not required. Not this week.

Capricorn:

Buddy called, headed to the coast for fishing. Asked a question that required a long-winded answer. I started. He said, "Dude, you're breaking up," as he couldn't hear me on his cheap cell phone service.

"No, I'm not breaking up! I love you!"

Kind of knee-jerk reaction and response from me. As **Capricorn**, there's a kind of knee-jerk reaction you're prone to making.

"No, I'm not breaking up! I love you!"

My typical reaction sounds a little desperate, doesn't it?

That one fishing buddy, asking for some tide and moon indications for fishing? Then the "breaking up" comment, plus my instant reaction?

Think about that before you answer, before that response comes out, and before you say something that

might be construed as stupid.

I thought it was funny, before he had a chance to react to my reaction, I was amused.

“We will never speak of this again,” was his remark, full of machismo.

Makes such a perfect way to write about the stuff in **Capricorn**, though.

Aquarius:

Sometimes the greatest influence in the **Aquarius** life? Sometimes, the greatest influences are “oblique” in nature. Off to one side, a little to the left, or little to the right, a little different from what you’re expecting. It’s one of those weeks. We’re combining elements, too, as — at the end of the this horoscope — [Jupiter](#) swaps Libra for Scorpio. Jupiter changes signs.

Swoosh.

It’s really kind of simple, where you were looking before? Might not be there. I lost an important piece of documentation. Misplaced it. Wondered if it was stolen, got irate, got upset, looked where I last left it. Wasn’t there. Tore the place up, emptied out a closet, dug through some older materials, wondering if I’d misplaced the documentation. Nothing. Desk got cleaned off, though.

Eventually, I looked back in the original container. There it was, tucked in a little deeper, sort of behind a little flap. No one to blame but myself. Upside? I did get the desk cleaned off. See?

Pisces:

One business associate noted that I was artful in my carefully crafted e-mail messages. This was about a management problem, and I — successfully — complained without it looking like a complaint. Regrettably, I don’t have the right use the letter — really an e-mail — as a display piece. However, any person of Southern Extraction would understand the basic rhetorical device, “Nice Shoes.” As a **Pisces**, my all-time favorite mutable water sign, you know I love you, right? As a **Pisces**, there’s a way to complain without looking bad in doing so.

Artfully, carefully complain. Long, loud, and rancorous disputes are just that, and those types of “discussions” devolve — quickly — into a shouting match. Who can be loudest, longest wins? That is **not** the *Pisces* way. Subtle, carefully crafted, artful, well-worded letters get a much better response than just yelling.

Even if you are right.

Aries:

“Can’t Microwave Success.”

Way I heard it. Way I'm passing it along to Aries. The problem being? I have several recipes that involve nothing but microwave cooking. I can microwave success, but this has taken years and years of research, painstaking development, and no small amount of mistakes before the process was perfected. Made a mess, too, more than once.

“Can't Microwave Success.”

One simple example? Small can of Wolf Brand, No Bean Chili. Teaspoon of cayenne. Small bag of Frito Corn Chips. Combine in a bowl. Cover with a paper towel. Nuke on high for a minute or two. Instant Frito Pie. Who said you can't microwave success?

“Can't Microwave Success.”

However, that single recipe took years of trial and error, mostly error, to perfect. Which points out the problem, and with where the planets are at this very moment? “Instant” takes too long for **Aries**.

Dude, you “Can't Microwave Success.”

The recipe calls for a paper towel over the bowl because the chunks of meat — or meat like substance — tend to explode on top of that bowl of corn chips. Years to figure this stuff out.

Taurus:

This next year, next few months, this next week? There is some outstanding events headed your way, headed into **Taurus**, or headed towards **Taurus**, or about to happen for **Taurus**. Maybe about to happen to **Taurus**, who knows, exactly how this should be worded? When I lined up your astrology charts for the coming few days, what I kept thinking, “Make it pretty.” For **Taurus**?

Make it pretty.

I'm not the one who should be in charge of this operation, but the idea is to add bows, or frills, or curtains, or dust ruffles, and I don't even know what a “duvet” is. Or a pillow sham. Not hat my lack of knowledge matters, either. The **Taurus** “cure all,” and by no means is it really a “[cure all](#),” but as a buffer, and steps that are positive action forward, again, just for this one sign?

Make it pretty.

Really a simple idea, and how that is done? Tap that exquisite **Taurus** good taste and dress up, dress down, paint, color, shade, or? *Just do whatever it is that you do!*

Make it pretty.

While “pretty doesn't actively solve problems, it does make this mess a more palatable problem, and therein will be a solution to fix it. How do you arrive at the solution?

Make it pretty.

You can do it; I know you can.

Gemini:

As a **Gemini**? You might not be noted for tremendous attention to detail. While I adore that **Gemini** energy with its fleet of mind and speak? This can create problems when details are [concerned](#). I know you mean to look after the details, and usually, you can juggle a myriad of tasks that would leave a normal person dizzy and confused. However, I have I process the works well for this current state of the **Gemini** condition: One at a time.

Details are scurrilous pains that require an undue amount of attention, and not usually worth the copious **Gemini** attention span.

Here's the trick, attack one issue, one problem, one piece of the puzzle for this week? Attack one item at a time, in order. It's like a check list, and you have to check off number 1 before you can move to number 2, and no, there isn't room on that **Gemini** check list for 1.a, or 1.1.a, or any other kind of splitting hierarchy that the **Gemini** mind can come up with. One item at a time, in whole.

That *Virgo* Mars and Venus will tend to leave you a little more scattered, but you can use that. Check list. Check it twice.

Cancer:

Speckled Sea Trout, or "specs," have delicate mouth structures. Funny, to me, as they usually have a couple of fan-like teeth, right at the front, too. As a fish for eating, they are great, a delicate light meat, best with a minimum of spices. As sporting fish to catch, great fighters with strong escape tendencies. They tend to get away. The bite itself, at times, can seem rather "light." A tentative little jerk. On more than one occasion, fishing with live shrimp for bait, the bite of the spec felt like the shrimp was just wiggling some.

Remember: no one feels sorry for the bait.

When I looked at the Moon, important for Moon Children, then Uranus/[Jupiter](#), and so forth? I kept thinking about last week's fishing trip and the ultra-light bite of the specs. It's almost ticklish, and takes a deft hand to catch a limit of them little fellers. Fun to catch, but one has to pay attention.

Like fishing for specs under the lights at night, a perfect full-moon activity? Light touch, deft hand, and realize, you might miss a few at first.

The Leo:

This is such a cool shift for **The Leo**, it's just not [an even one](#). We left out of the docks, skittered across

the inner bay, and the water's surface was like glass, nary a ripple from even the remotest hint of a breeze. By mid-morning, the breeze was starting to ruffle the waters, and by noon, or a little after? There was some serious chop on the water. We fished all; pictures are on a website someplace.

Wasn't until the wind kicked up, stirred up the water, wasn't until then that we got into some action. Took a while. Didn't happen right away. The legend of the first cast, and catching a fish, as I am reported to be? Certainly wasn't true on that trip, and isn't true for **Leo**, not for this week. However, as Jupiter shifts signs, there's a distinct breeze ruffling the tops of the waters, and **Leo, The Leo**, as a fire sign you do well to have some air (wind) feed your flames. Fan your flames. One of those.

Jupiter changes signs. The course ahead for **Leo** gets choppy. There will be huge rewards, if you fish through the waves.

Virgo:

For me, it was the ultimate in *food porn* — image of apple pie and a portion of ice cream, vanilla, white, starting to melt over the crust, just barely dripping into the filling. Ultimate food porn. The picture, it was from a diet-recipe site, the image was perfect. I could taste the cold, creamy tang of a sharply sweet vanilla cream as it melted against the then still warm from the oven pie with sharp, flaky crumbs of crust against a super sweet saturated filling, stuffed with apples, and brown sugar, cinnamon, and hint of something different, was that clove? Just a hint? All that from a single image.

With *Venus* and *Mars* groping each other in [Virgo](#), there's a kind of appealing imagery that works. However, this is another one of those scenes where the image itself? And what the recipe delivers? Two — *totally* — different things. Totally. Totally different. The recipe was sugar-free, fat-free, organic, free range, non-diary. No stick of butter for a flaky crust. No cup of refined, white flour for either the filling or the flaky-looking crust. Other than the apples themselves? The rest of that recipe probably tastes like cardboard. To be sure? Healthy. But mostly flavorless, too. However, the image? Amazing what [a picture can sell](#).

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Horoscopes for 6.15.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 14, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/06/horoscopes-for-6-15-2017/>

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike, and both alike we like.

Hubert in Shakespeare's *King John* 2.1.329-31

Sun enters Cancer — June 20, 2017 11:24 PM (Austin, San Antonio), but [first](#)? *New Moon in Gemini*.

Horoscopes for 6.15.2017

Gemini:

The Twins Much as I adore my little **Gemini** friends, always better looking and quicker-witted than other signs, but as much as I adore them all? We're all headed towards a great big, "I told you so" situation, and as the **Gemini**, you can easily see this coming — coming right at you. I'm not one who can talk about denial as a valid escape mechanism. Denial has been a life-long companion and possibly an inherited family trait — a survival mechanism — a mental process. Nope, I'm not one who can complain or agitate about denial. However, the **Gemini** stuff in your chart, and the birthdays in the next few days? Careful with denying that there is a problem. The trick is, when you hear yourself saying, "No way!" That's the first clue. Like this, "No way! I don't have a problem with that!"

My guess is that there's an element, a situation, an action, a forgotten deed left undone, and it's back to haunt you unless, of course, you tackle the task.

"No way!"

Yeah, [way](#).

Cancer:

The Crab Years ago, in various travels, I picked up a couple of books, [novels](#), in the UK. Nice cover art, funny stories, and the problem? Those novels would never sell well in America. Either too esoteric, too dependent on local mythology, or overburdened with Northern European historical references. Greatly amusing, to me, and as I passed those books around to friends? "Yeah, I just didn't get it." In part, I first read the books while in the UK, and in part, I have an affinity for the material, plus a little better working knowledge of some local mythology, absent, perforce, from a typical American.

What this is about? Stuff that doesn't translate well. [Material](#) that might be too localized to be transferred

with any degree of success. While I thoroughly enjoyed the novels, the local references, and material that anyone living in, say, London, would know as if it were fact, that doesn't always convey.

Cancer: Here's the challenge to this week's weirdo energies. I thought those novels were funny. They sold well in the UK. Begins, and ends, right there. Separated by a common language, the material does not convey. Understand that this week is like those novels, great stuff, we (you and me) get it, and maybe, maybe a whole bunch of your friends "back home" don't understand. We'll just have to enjoy it ourselves.

The Leo:

The Leo The beautiful aspect of the nature of [electronic](#) distribution of material? Whole seasons, whole series from the "Golden Age" of Television are available, online. As a historical artifact, some of this material is well-worth **The Leo's** time to watch some. Look at the social mores, from that time. Words and situations that weren't permitted on the screen, at the time? Much of that has changed. There were some series that pushed at the limits, but not much. Most of the material is just, like, totally wholesome, in a kind of white bread way. Online, in just the last few years, the medium has changed, the landscape is dramatically different. What was risqué, or questionable, before? Nowadays? Seems like that's commonplace, even mundane. Some cry this is the end of civilization as we know it, as the fabric of society descends into anarchy. Others claim this is the democratization of the modern world, making everything free for all. Too many limits? No limits? Or, as I was just addressing, the way the fabric of society has changed. For good or for ill? We don't have a ruling on that, not yet, whether it's better — or not. But we do have some Leo directions: be aware that the social mores are constantly in flux. Check your Leo self and then adjust, as need be to the new standards.

"Ah crap, I didn't know you could say that now," which is why I suggested we adjust.

Those old TV shows give a good way to juxtapose current standards to what they were — back then.

Virgo:

The Virgin While, I realize a few of you aren't so tidy, still, there's a perfect order to the *Virgo* mind. Me? I've always been a bit of a slob, but I tend to be tidy. This week's planets carry a message for *Virgo*: get tidy. If you are a super clean-freak *Virgo*, then be your usual self. If you are, however a more human, possibly humane *Virgo*? Not quite that super freaky clean person? This is a good time to tidy up. There's a difference, though, between a thorough cleaning and just "Tidying up." Make a pass through whatever it is — the space that is most important right at this moment — pause, look around. Straighten the books on the shelves. Pick up that stack of papers and square the corners. Not big stuff. At home? I pull the covers up on the bed. In the summer, I just keep a light cotton blanket on the bed, and all I do? Tidy, right? Just pull those covers up and smooth the surface. Not a big deal.

Keyword for your week? Tidy. Not super-clean, unless, you know, it's surgical. Not metaphorically surgical, for real kind of situation that should be sterile and clean. Otherwise? Just tidy.

Libra:

The Scales Discussing the plot of one book, with a Libra, we realized that we want characters like that in real life. In the thriller novel, the protagonist, the main dude, he always had something [prepared](#). Like, in a situation he needs a back-up firearm? It's there, right where he stashed it, unbeknownst to either character who gets shot, or reader. See this in movies, too, as there's usually a back-up plan in place, just we don't know about until later. As a Libra reader, as some who is watching the show, reading the book? We're pulled right along. In the real world, though, very few people have such a back-up plan in place.

The "preppers" do, but the rest of us? Maybe not not so much.

Now, if you really do have "Deus Ex Machina" in place, sure, that's great? Otherwise? Be a little prepared to have to backtrack in order to escape the situation. Or go over previously covered material because someone else, a non-Libra character, just isn't getting it. Unless, of course, you knew about that about three years back and prepared.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio There's this one Scorpio girl I know, all Goth, all the time. I don't know for fact that her underwear is all black, with skulls and daggers, read thread for blood, but it's a good guess. Her nail polish is black. Her nails are filed to a point. Skull rings, only silver jewelry, and only blood-red rubies or black diamonds. She's really kind of sweet, but don't tell her I said so. For her, shopping and buying appropriate attire is easy, all comes in one color: black.

For her? This is a great week. Only one color choice: black. However, for the rest of the Scorpio population, for the folks who have more than one color choice? With Venus, governs beauty, tastes and so forth? With Venus in Taurus? This next couple of days are not a good time to buy apparel. Or make any kind of a decisions based upon style and color considerations.

Unless you're like the one Scorpio, who, as far as we all know, she only picks one color: black. That's easy. Midnight black, bottom of the ocean black, deepest throes of space black, inky darkness of Kramer's soul black, all of that works. But that's about it. Anything else? Delay that decision process.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Great big, "I told you so," just up ahead, this next couple of days. Want to circumvent that problem? Stay late. Put in an extra half-hour, just ironing out details that are usually left to a *Virgo* or someone. Managers and their ilk? Sure. Details that are best left for other people? Best if we tend to it ourselves. Hardly ever hear about a **Sagittarius** being accused of being micro-manager, I tend to think, "We're 'big picture' people, am I right?" Or what? I didn't suggest we lose focus on the big picture, like always, our idealism and internal moral code drives us ever forward. However, there are some details which we cannot, under any circumstances, assume that someone else will take care of, not this next few days. Especially not these next few days.

Failure to heed my warning?

“I told you so.”

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat I will, on certain occasions, hire a fishing guide. I was fishing with a new guy, highly recommended, but he didn't know me. We were bay fishing, and he starts out with the drill, “Life jackets are there, poles with ‘fish on’ take precedent, and have you ever bay fished before?” I didn't say anything, just shrugged my shoulders. I mentioned bass fishing in Austin, suggesting that was about it. The guide, not knowing who I was, started out with basics and proceeded to be impressed that I was such a quick learner with a fishing pole in hand. Pictures, I'm sure, are on the web someplace, me with a few fish, the bay in the background. Which, at the end of the trip was funny, to me, as he takes credit cards, like all of us do now, and when I handed him my debit card, there's a picture of me, with a great big Redfish, and the Texas Gulf in the background.

I hired that fishing guide because I'm willing to learn new tricks and techniques. I fished with him to help make me a better fisherman. That goal? Accomplished. I never said I didn't know what I was doing, I just let him infer that I was a rank amateur — better that way, if I can play it right. From a solid grounding in basics to a few advanced ideas, plus, a special way to bounce bait on the bottom? Pictures — me with fish — speak for themselves. That new technique, and new locations, and maybe, a new way to find more fish? All I did was listen.

Capricorn: How much of a student can you play? I didn't say to lie, but maybe don't reveal your hand too quickly and learn some new tricks.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer One “summer vacation,” I took a spin at week-long seminar that was supposed to help a number of areas of my business. A week of vacation, spent in workshops and lectures, absorbing material, listening, thinking, taking notes, and trying to learn some new tricks. Was it successful? Partially. Did I benefit from the experience? In a rather grand way, although, I was out for both the cost of tuition and the time spent at the seminar. Plus food, lodging, and so forth. Back to the question, was it worth it? I have to give a very positive review. Well—worth my investment, both monetary and time—wise. Well worth the time and energy. There was less material that I had never been exposed to, solidifying the notion that there is nothing new under the summer sun, and the real experience came from putting all that I do know together in a heap. “There's this technique for this...” Already know it. “There's this skill set which fits with that technique, like this...” I never saw it like that. Some of that I knew, but I never put the two together. Which is why it was a good experience for me.

So this is about review, revision, and repurposing some of what you already know. This is not new stuff to the Aquarius, but this kind of review, right now, it helps your Aquarius self to realize just how much you already do know. As summer starts to unfold, don't be afraid of seminars, workshops, and conventions that help prove to you what you already know.

Pisces:

The Fishes There is a rigid dichotomy in the current *Pisces* planets. On the one side is good. On the other side is bad. There's a way to work through this, as — I can cite several sources — there is neither “good” nor “bad,” but how the nature of the situation is [approached](#).

Other terms, besides the frankly subjective terminology of “good” and “bad?” Challenging, and possibly disconcerting, but no, not really “bad.” Like, in fiction, I expect the bad guy to do bad things because that is true to his nature, and he's moving the plot forward by doing bad things. Likewise, the good guy rides in and fixes stuff, correcting the bad things. True to his nature, that good guy. This week in *Pisces*, though? There's split between “good” and “bad,” and there needs to be some care taken, a little caution exercised before pronouncing some action, some person, some situation, before calling it either “good” or “bad.” That's the dichotomy, and that's the split to this week's weirdness stuff.

Pisces? Maybe hold off on that judgement call, the split energies will resolve next week, and the anti-hero will emerge, victorious. Then. Not yet.

Aries:

The Ram It was one of the freezing-cold hotel/motel ballrooms, where, come to think of it, I've spent way too much of my adult life. [Professionally](#). So I had two kids sitting in front of me, little boy was an **Aries**, 8-10 years old, at the time, and this was recent. His lean sister just hit a growth spurt and she's a few years older. Boy-child, **Aries**, he was rowdy, and he kept coming at his sister, while she chatted with me. He would come up behind her, and try to wrestle her out of the chair, and she would calmly reach up or reach backwards, pull him into a headlock of sorts, and calmly, keep conversing with me. The **Aries** would eventually squirm free, and then double-back with renewed sense of purpose: take down the sister. She would calmly, without so much as giving it a second thought, feel along with her hands until she struck head, ear, body parts, and just as calmly as before, wrestle him into a locked position, effectively rendering her baby brother motionless. The little **Aries** child would squirm, eventually giving up, surrender completely, and then, she'd let him go. Only to repeat the interaction, the perceived war and wrestling match, again. I wasn't thinking of **Aries** as **Aries**, but the older sister. Calmly, patiently, effectively, disarming her baby brother and rendering him motionless, eventually. Every time. That little **Aries** boy came at his sister three times while she was sitting there, chatting with me. Fight, struggle, wrestle — and lose? Three times over? With one would you rather be? Imitate the actions, the solidly amused defensive actions, of that older sister. Much better than fighting battles that, *seriously*, no amount stealth, can win.

Taurus:

The Bull Funny mix-up, to me. I forwarded a joke, a list of jokes, to a buddy who maintains an email joke list. Only joke list I want to belong to as he moderates it pretty well. Plenty off-color, culturally insensitive material, but like I suggested, the list is heavily moderated. Not exactly bi-partisan, but close enough. The humor is not all one-sided, either. One of my family members forwarded me a list of political quotes, ostensibly made by Texas politicians, including the famous, “I say that with all

humidity,” a famous remark by a certain speaker. One of the quotes had a misattribution. Buddy shoots me back a quick note, “Amazed that you missed this one — he’s from Texas” commentary.

Quick possible responses that run through my head? One, it’s a joke list, I don’t clean it up, just forward. Two, I tend to fact-check material I’m held responsible for, nothing else.

Or, three? It’s a humor list. Some stuff is made up and not worth getting my knickers all knitted up in a bunch.

Taurus? Number three.

astrofish.net

Horoscopes for 6.8.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 07, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/06/horoscopes-for-6-8-2017/>

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Caesar in Shakespeare's [Julius Caesar](#) 2.2.5-6

Full Moon, June 9, 2017 8:09 AM

Horoscopes for 6.8.2017

Gemini:

The TwinsJump, run, play. Three rather simple commands. It's Gemini [birthday](#) time, there's the Full Moon, and then there's the stuff that rails that Full Moon's energy. Best way to keep this going?

“Jump, run, play.”

Simple, easy, three commands. We can break those down to [separate](#) items, and each command can have a different definition, but I wasn't really looking at it like that. Mercury tends to make Gemini, the birthday people this week, Mercury tends to lend a cerebral touch to all matters Gemini. While wonderful at times, with the motion the Moon and Mars? [Activity](#) — physical activity — is preferred to emotional or mental activity. “But I was thinking!”

So was I. I was thinking, as a Gemini, you need to “Jump, run, play”

Cancer:

The Crab “It's not about the money.” That's one of the bland, self-help, guru-generated type of statements I tend to hear. A lot. “It's not about the money.” I was reading notes from a best-selling author, and she claimed it wasn't about the money. Not now, it's not. But what, 20 years back? It was about the money because there wasn't enough. So, this next few days? Bet you hear someone say, “It's not about the money.”

Sitting comfortably, with food on the table, perhaps a weight problem from too much good food? Pretty difficult to lecture from a point of “It's not about the money,” because, by then, it's not all about the money. But when one is scraping to get by? Yeah, it *kind of is* about the money. I'm not really concerned with **Cancer's** money situation, this is more one of those warnings about bland, “self-help” type of material that gets battered about. Don't take advice from someone who isn't practicing what he's preaching.

“But I’m telling you, it’s not about the money!”

Tell my banker that.

The Leo:

The LeoSimply put, Leo dearest? *Simply Put?* There’s an obvious difference, to me, with two expressions.

“We can do that,” and “we will do that.”

Simply put? Employ that first expression. It implies that the question, the answer, the actionable item, the direct action itself, it falls in the realm of being a possibility. Which it is. But that doesn’t imply, well, it might imply, but it doesn’t promise that we will, indeed, carry out that promised action. Deed, chore, errand, whatever the “it” is? It falls within the realm of an item that, as **The Leo**, you can, in fact accomplish. While it might also imply that you are going to do it, for sure, that’s best not stated. Turns out you’ve got some flaky help, and **The Leo** hates to make a promise that can’t be upheld.

“So what you’re saying, ‘I can do that,’ but you are not committing to it, am I right?”

That’s certainly one way of understanding this. **The Leo** isn’t a flake. But the rest of us are. Seeing as how this is a team effort?

“We can do that,” sounds much better than the absolute rock-solid Leo word that “we will do that.”

Virgo:

The Virgin Some would say it was cruel trick. Some would think this was an unthinkable swap. But a perspicacious **Virgo** will recognize how this works. I got up from the table to refill the coffee, and I refilled the **Virgo** coffee with decaf. Decaf: the Devil’s brew, the coffee that shouldn’t be allowed, the trickster of coffee beans, yeah, “Decaf: hell hath no fury as someone not awake,” and hell hath no fury like an over-amped **Virgo**. This is a week when a subtle, or not so subtle, set of energies, planetary influences, shake up the **Virgo** agitation factor. The trick? Drink decaf. Your **Virgo** self is amped enough with the Full Moon doing a tension angle, and Mercury lingering in there, as well.

One of my buddies gave me a [brand of local herbal tea](#). Nuts and fruits, looks like lawn clippings, might very well be just that, but the stuff isn’t half-bad. And it has no caffeine. Back to that secret ingredient, for this week, no need to agitate an already (planetary agitations) worked up **Virgo**. Drink decaf.

Libra:

The Scales The algorithm used by various super online retailers is obnoxious, at best. My [tastes](#) are all over the place, from classical music to classic rock to cutting edge astrology techniques, plus a diverse mash-up of fiction and literature with zero discernible order. Makes the suggestions even more amusing,

as the machines can't get my tastes organized. I've mocked the machines before and in another century when the machines rise up, and we become their servants? My mocking will be remembered and I will suffer for it, I'm sure.

The machines aren't set to rise up just yet, and my abuse of the "If you like this, then we suggest that" choices are justified.

I just get the impression that the computer doing the statistical analysis of my choices, I just see it simpering, and pouting, "Here? Maybe this selection? Please? I'm trying here, work with me a little, ok?"

We do not, I repeat, for **Libra**, we do not have to heed the suggestions of the machines. Those decisions and suggestions are based on numbers and numerical analysis, "If this, then this," simple enough. Like, in the grocery store? Fruit, like organic lemons, are next to oranges and limes are on the other side, all shelved neatly, next to each other. The machinery of commerce just makes similar recommendations — and not always good ones.

These are suggestions drawn from systematic analysis of patterns. This might be a week to think about breaking from the *Libra* systematic, statistically familiar patterns, just for a change.

Libra: Break some patterns. Break some **Libra** patterns.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio **Scorpio**? *Scorpio* carries a lovely level on intensity seldom matched, rarely equaled, maybe not present in any other sign in the zodiac. There's an almost spooky allure, and essence that pervades the Scorpio presence. The temptation is to announce this presence. The temptation is to make one's Scorpio self known, by proclamation, announcement, some kind of splash.

My Scorpio suggestion? Resist that urge.

Scorpio's intensity should speak for itself, the steely-eyed gaze, the steady hand on the tiller, so to speak. Write. So to write. I'm not speaking, but the Scorpio message is sure and sound: resist the big splash, at this moment, unless, there's something else that overrules that in your chart, now isn't really a good time for the big announcement. The big deal.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius The "Slim Jim" brand of meaty snack stick? Sort of a beef stick, but not really? One of the prime ingredients is salt, another main substance is some kind of preservative (nitrate, nitrite, nitro), and finally, read that tiny print, "mechanically separated chicken (or pork)." Know what that is? Scavenged animal parts tossed in an industrial blender, ground up fine, and shoved into a sausage tube. Check the expiration date on some of those meat stick snacks: there isn't one. On the positive side, that stuff lasts forever, literally, in an emergency stash. For me, it's a [hurricane box](#), for others, it's a tornado/earthquake kit. Whatever.

In one of the “all-natural (with higher prices)” grocery stores, I found a similar item, but the meat stick snack advertised no preservatives. Salt, pork, beef, venison, a number of flavors, but none of the bad stuff. Less than a buck apiece; good deal. I sampled a few, then bought a handful. Used them up on the last fishing trip. I went back for more.

They don't carry those “all-natural” Slim-Jim brand replacements. Bit of a let down.

I have yet to find a suitable replacement. Not like this is an everyday food, I tend to only use such meaty snack treats as emergency food and on long days on the water, fishing. Protein, salt, fat, not too many toxins, and I'll tend to sweat those out before the day is done. Not like I do this that often, but for now, there is no source. Some *Sagittarius* weeks are like this, you know, still searching for that illusive perfect snack treat with no expiration date.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat I stopped by a fishing buddy's place talk about an upcoming trip. He has a kid, little **Capricorn** son, about three years old, I guess. The kid was very carefully lining up all his toy cars, making a single, long line, nose to tail, on the low coffee table. He would carefully line all the cars up and then, with a single sweep of an arm, the toys would all crash into the rug. Swept away in a single, traumatic act. Not real trauma, and I'm still unsure of what was going on in the kid's head. My buddy, the boy's daddy, he just shook his head, “I don't know.”

To a child, play is very serious. And to that **Capricorn** kid, that order and structure, lining up all the cars, that makes some kind of sense. As does the total destruction of that order, moments later.

Capricorn: This week is about order and destruction, and then? Rebuilding that order again.

The kid — [Capricorn](#) — went outside after demolishing the line of cars, said something to his dad, then ambled back in, and started lining the cars up again. Order, chaos, order. Or order, destruction, and new order. Makes sense to **Capricorn**.

My fishing buddy? When we were fishing, I asked about the thing with the kid and the line of cars. My buddy just shrugged his shoulders.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer In more than one format, I've found hundreds, if not thousands, of quotes and tips about writing. How to write? Sit at a typing machine and type. Sooner — or later — stories emerge. Thought processes lead to winding, possibly cavernous, corners of the mind, and exploration, then excavation starts to uncover the real material that's been buried. Tons of quotes. Thousands, perhaps, floating around on the inter-webs. I've posted some, myself. Some real. Some hoaxes, or [false attributions](#), or some, just made up. However, there's a single thread that runs through each one: show up. Write. How one writes doesn't matter. Longhand, increasingly rare, but if that works, fine. Word processor, typewriter, for some.

The essence, repeated over and over, in a variety of formats, the essential message? Write. Write every day. As this applies to **Aquarius**? The first couple days, this is easy, whatever the task is, Thursday, Friday, you look forward to the task. Saturday, not as much, and you might want to skip the task. (Don't.) Sunday, lazy day, again, might want to skip it. (Don't.)

There's an **Aquarius** process at work, and it needs to be exercised every day. Humor me, just for this week, maybe, maybe just horoscope to horoscope, but whatever the process is? Each day. Exercise whatever that process is. Everyday.

This is about daily process, and the standard advice is for writers, but let's stretch this to fit a particular **Aquarius** task, and to make that work? Work it every day.

Pisces:

The Fishes Observation is part of my process. Pays to pay attention. Details. One fascination I have is with "skin art," that is, [tattoos](#) — of various types. I was in line, grocery store, and the woman ahead of me was obviously a mom with a kid in tow, and that mom? Ink was crawling out from under her blouse, with a single sleeve running along an arm, and then? Across the knuckles on her hands? Left hand had "L-O-V-E" spelled out with the right sporting "L-E-S-S." No ring, although she did have ring-like ink on her wedding ring finger. As she was finishing up paying, and gathering up her child, I asked about her ink, commenting on the quality of the sleeve artwork, and inquiring as to which artist.

We exchanged pleasantries, but what I really wanted to know was about the message on her knuckles. Not a common bit of ink, and a strange message, I thought.

"Single mom?"

"I might as well be some days, but no, 'Loveless' is a family name."

So my estimation, guesswork, intuition, hopes, and dreams all shattered. What this means for *Pisces*? Be careful about assumptions before a thorough investigation. The signs might seem to indicate one direction, when, careful questions reveal other information.

Aries:

The Ram While my imagination can compress time and space, and then expand that same time and space? In the real [world](#), maybe not so much. I can [dream](#) about leaping across eons and lightyears of time. Distance. Practically, my body is pretty much governed by the conventional laws of physics and more mundane matters like gravity — 9.8 meters per second (squared). Similarly, the *Aries* mind is quite limitless, but the *Aries* body is governed by more mundane matters. "If you can think it, you can be it!" Great advice. Works, certainly, rather well, on one level. However, down here in the real — *Aries* — world? As this week gets long and stretches into the weekend? Time slows down, and there seem to be a greater than usual number of people trying to hold you back. Not me! But there will be others. A sly smile, an inward grin, a knowing look from an *Aries*? Let's rest assured that the *Aries* world — in our *Aries* heads — is just fine. However, this might be a good week, Full Moon then Full Moon Fallout? Might

be a good week to keep that mental prowess and imagination to our *Aries* selves.

Taurus:

The Bull I ran across a posting, not long ago, about ten essential clothing items every man should have. A good suit, a good sport coat, formal jeans, and then the list veered off in a direction I couldn't fathom. I don't own any "Sneakers," much less a good pair. I do have a tux, several, but no longer do I have the inclination to wear one. My business attire is predicated on comfort — not style. I don't own any khakis, either. If it's warm enough for light, cotton twill pants, then I'm in shorts. No sneakers, and they left off "Good cowboy boots" as part of the attire every man should have. I realize this is a highly regional item, but still, in my world? It is a part of every man's required clothing. Like a good suit, and formal wear.

As a *Taurus*, you love the good things in life, the finer things. And as a *Taurus*, this is a time to concentrate on quality rather than quantity. One good item is better than buying the same thing over and over again, maybe a half-dozen times. One good pair of boots will last, outlast, several sets of cheap boots. One decent pair of "dress" cowboy boots will last a lifetime, keep them shined up. I do. I have. Of note, I wear boots so infrequently, that one pair can last — one pair did last more than two dozen years.

Whether we're talking about boots or the list of ten items every man (or woman) should have in his (or her) closet? One good one is better than [half-dozen cheap ones](#).

Something to keep in mind, this week.

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Horoscopes for 7.20.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 19, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/07/horoscopes-for-7-20-2017/>

“How green you are and fresh in this old [world!](#)”

Cardinal Pandulph in
Shakespeare’s *King John* (3.4.145)

Officially, the Sun moves into Leo July 22, 2017 at 10:15 AM.

Horoscopes for 7.20.2017

The Leo:

The Leo It’s called a “[Train wreck](#),” because that’s kind of how this feels. Mars and the Sun are near perfectly aligned for a few days. The problem I have is that a number of people call this “bad,” and while it might not be great, as this shifts into *Leo*, the majestic, most royal sign? There’s a sense of grandiose, maybe just broad and sweeping gestures that affect a “royal persona,” as befits **The Leo**.

A *Leo* sidled up to me, “Can I talk to you?” Inquiring about a professional consultation. I nodded “Yes,” turned my back and sat down. “What’s your birthday?” A very forward *Leo* birthday came back. I slid out of my chair and onto the ground, on my knees.

The Leo demurred, “You don’t need to do that.” Smile. Oh, but I do. I know my *Leo*, love me my *Leo*. A simple genuflection like that? Goes a long way to making this a better situation. Herein is our weekly problem, remember Mars? Me? I immediately pay homage to **The Leo**. My bet is that I’m the first, maybe the only one, to do so this week. With Mars where he is, in **the Leo** chart? If you don’t run into me, you have to give the rest of folks a chance to catch up and realize that a simple act of kindness — towards **The Leo** — that simple act will make all of this much smoother, you know, Mars and all. If it’s not me? If they don’t acknowledge your regal presence right away? Wait for it. Try to do so without too much toe-tapping and loud *Leo* eye-rolling.

Virgo:

The Virgin In the early days, even before there was You Tube, Snap Chat, and so [forth](#)? There was a series of Life Hack videos that were a precursor to all of what’s on now. I recall one, in particular as this recycled recently, it was about how to fold a shirt. Like, how to fold a T-Shirt, so the garment would not appear wrinkled. One Virgo suggested I was always like an “Unmade bed,” to her. So the quick “Life Hack” video showed how to fold a T-shirt in three simple steps. I’ve added a fourth a step. Virgo: Pay Attention. With my idea? Might not need the other three steps.

The fourth step? Toss that folded shirt into the closet. I have a place for my “dress” T-Shirts, each one on a hanger. Concert and commemorative shirts? Yes, those. The rest? They come out of the dryer and into a heap in the corner of the closet. Just easier. Need a clean shirt? Grab one from the pile.

While not wrinkle-free, my method works quite well for T-shirts. Shorts, too, summer wear, and most of the clothing I wear. It’s either on a hanger or in pile. Simple. Much more efficient than wasting the first three or four steps folding, then stacking, am I right?

Watch how I do this, I pull dry T-shirts from the laundry, and I toss them, unceremoniously, into a corner of a shelf. Clean shirts. All in one place. Perfect Virgo life hack. Saves you all the trouble of fording that stuff up.

Libra:

The Scales All I could think about is that I’m getting old. As I spun around the **Libra** chart, looking for activity, looking for things to do, and answers to pressing **Libra** questions? I thought about, “Wow, I’m getting old.” Hot summer’s afternoon. The world is at our feet. What do we want? I wanted to go see a movie. Hide in a cold, dark theater, escape the summer heat, and get swept away in a the latest story from a formula-driven epic moving picture show. In the dark theater, with its AC set to “Freeze your butt off.”

There are changes brewing on the **Libra** horizon. First off, if you’re going to follow my lead — exactly? Take a sweater or long-sleeve shirt into the theater with you. You’ll thank me for that one. Second, careful with the escape. When I’m in a theater, I turn my phone off, so there’s no internet, no voice mail, no text messages, none of that. Escape for — maybe — two hours. Emerge on the far side, blinking and suddenly warming up in the summer sun? Yes, the time when we feel alive again. Good movie, no?

The trick is the escape lasts, usually no more than two hours. It’s my idea of summer fun that made me feel “old.” Used to be it was a water park, beaches, boats, maybe fishing. Now? Just the cool, dark theater.

[Changes](#) are up and coming, and despite the oppressive summer heat? Take a sweater, or, in my case, I take a long-sleeve shirt, pull over my T-shirt. See how easy this can be? No need to fight it.

Scorpio:

Scorpion The best leaders are also good followers. The ability to follow places one in the perfect position to do some timely back-stabbing.

With advice like that? How can any Scorpio say I don’t like them?

Be a good follower. Makes you less of target. Then, when presented with a suitable target for a Scorpio?

I’m sure you know what to do.

This week’s weird energy? Be a good follower, my little Scorpio friend. Be a good follower.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius There's a [moral code](#) some of us live by. In literature, more in popular fiction, but in movies, especially, an almost stock character is the loner who lives by a strict moral compass, always does the right thing. Doesn't always follow the letter of the law, but in the grand scheme, always does what appears to be morally correct. "Internal compass" was how it was explained to me. This figures in, that term, "internal compass," or really, an "internal moral compass?" This figures in with the age-old idea that most of us Sagittarius types can readily identify with the loner with a strict moral code. We might not always stick to the letter of the law, I do, anymore, but that's not the question, is it? This is about what is morally, absolutely correct. This isn't about nitpick lawyer details, where the finer points process and procedure are in question, it's about the big picture, and we're — Sagittarius — good at that. Here's the tricky point, with me, all about the spirit of the law and paying strict attention to making sure our answers and actions are morally, ethically correct? Make sure, it's that pesky Mars conjunct the Sun energy, make sure that we are correct in the letter of the law, too. The handsome hero, the lone stranger, who does so well sticking to his own code? Yes, that works in fiction. In the real world? Let's also stick — our **Sagittarius** selves — to the letter as well as the [spirit of the rules](#).

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Because I book all my clients myself? Just easier that way, but because I do it myself? I keep a closer watch on who shows — or doesn't show. I had a client, the [posted rules](#) are "Paid in advance, or at time the services are rendered, and cancellations are still liable for the full amount." Or something like that. I forget. The threat is that cancelling on me, like, less than 24 hours before the appointed time? I'm still owed for my time. Practically, I really don't enforce that too often. Then, I was working at a [Big Expo](#), and I had a client who's made — and broken — three or four appointments, the usual excuses, "Boss called, kids called, overslept," etc. Because most of that kind of traffic is walk-up customers, didn't bother me, and I had no trouble filling the available times slots with other customers. However, the next time that client e-mailed me for a reserved time? After being burned three times? I suggest that the client just show up, and deal with the waiting list. I'm pretty relaxed about a lot of this. I've been doing this for many years. What I've learned, some folks are just not reliable about keeping appointments with astrologers for consultations. I have enough material to keep me really busy, so it's no loss, for me. However, that one client, I had to patiently spend a certain amount of time explaining, since I'm not important enough to keep an appointment with? I return the energy — goes around, comes around. "But I need to see you now!"

Capricorn: Burned, not once, not twice, but at least three times? I won't be totally dismissive, neither should you, but I also won't make any promises.

"Yeah, show up and I'll see where I am with the waiting list."

Insert **Capricorn** shrug.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer Love me my **Aquarius** friends, but “dressing up,” and the recent spate of fashion trends? Sort of escapes the typical **Aquarius**. Like there is anything “typical” about an **Aquarius**, huh. Anyway, consider an eye towards fashion Or a purchase, or just looking for, some kind of clothing that is summer acceptable, comfortable, and well—within the bounds of whatever is supposedly fashionable.

For many years, I’ve stuck with two standards. Super easy for me. Hawaiian print shirts, sandals, and shorts, as my mainstay. So in my example, I’d look for a new, cheap, Hawaiian shirt. I found one, the other day, less than ten bucks, light color, mostly cotton, and I’m wearing it now. That’s a perfect example for **Aquarius**.

My other version is the limited winter wear, essentially black jeans, boots, and a black T-shirt, sometimes covered with a sport coat, if I need to look formal. So this “**Aquarius** looking at your appearance” time? Like this next week, maybe seven days or so? Either one of my options works, but I suggest working within the bounds of rather staid and conservative taste selections. My wild shirts are the only spot of bright color in the otherwise totally dark wardrobe. One, or another, look at one or another, and remember, this is a nod towards comfort as much as it’s a nod towards fashion.

Next week? *Mercury* moves into *Virgo*. That’s the change, and that’s why we’re looking at fashion items this week.

Pisces:

The Fishes I was looking up some [Shakespeare](#) crap. Not like I don’t have metric shit-ton of Shakespeare material rolling through my brain. I do try and keep my reference shelf mercifully devoid of too much Shakespeare stuff, just because. I tend to get bit obsessive at times, as Shakespeare’s body of work is an almost endless source of academic play, for me. What I happened across was a version of an early play, one of the plays that shows the brilliance that is about to be, and one of his more mature plays, that shows the brilliance as it is, with wordplay, double entendre, patient observations about humanity, and, most of all? Shakespeare’s gorgeous poetry. The meter and verse. What this has to do with **Pisces**?

In a Wikipedia entry, the two passages from different plays were posted, back-to-back. Sure, there were some similarities, but the point being made was stretching it a bit. With the planets in their positions? There’s an urge to look at two items, side-by-side, and go, “Look? See the similarities?”

If this is a **Pisces**–to–**Pisces** communication, sure, they will understand and see the [similarities](#). However, if this is with any other sign? We might not get it. What’s blindingly obvious to **Pisces** at this time? Might not be that clear to the rest of us. Just letting you know, be prepared for a long, and detailed explanation. Or, we just look at you and go, “Huh?”

Aries:

The Ram I have somewhat strange musical tastes. Like me some Texas Twangers, the local version of country/rock/folk, whatever we’re calling it this week. Then, I like some classical, as well. So the trivia question popped up, how was the length of an “album” determined, how much time for music should be on a long-play record, back when those things were vinyl? 33 and third? The long-lost — much lamented

by me — records from the days of yore? The original length of how long a record should be was the length of Beethoven's 9th Symphony, running 75 minutes. That was the measure by which music is, or was, still is, measured.

Moving forward, passed 8-track and cassette, towards digital, but we're not there yet, the next format that was so influenced by Beethoven's 9th Symphony? The no-longer ubiquitous CD. Compact Disc.

My command of musical trivia is notorious and questionable, at best. However, this is information that's freely available, fact check me if you like.

There's a sense of change Aries. However, there's a sense that some things never change. Careful. Patterns set in place, with some of this extra Aries stress? Some of the patterns might have far-ranging effects, like the length of a piece of musical media, how that hasn't changed.

[Remix Regeneration.](#)

Taurus:

The Bull Some years ago, I tried to update a tired and familiar expression. I'm trotting this one out for **Taurus** — again.

“Ain't my rodeo.
Ain't my bull to ride.”

That simple, my fine **Taurus** friend. You can grab the graphic off the website someplace, as I've set that loose in the dark and undefined spaces of the networks. Still, as an expression, and what with free-floating anxiety just looking for a place to latch on, a place to hunker down and grow? Yeah, my friendly **Bull** needs none of that.

Let me remind you, rodeo, *Bull Riding*, it's an event where the animal is bigger than most hybrid cars, weighs more, and probably has less brain power than most new cars. The bull's made very uncomfortable, then jolted with electricity, and you're supposed to hold on for 8 seconds before getting unceremoniously dumped in the dust. Dirt, dust, sawdust, and probably manure of various sorts.

That can be you. Or, you can listen to what I'm saying.

“Ain't my rodeo.
Ain't my bull to ride.”

Distinguish between what is a **Taurus** problem and what's not a **Taurus** problem.

“Ain't my rodeo.
Ain't my bull to ride.”

[aint-my-rodeo](#)

Gemini:

The Twins I'll be the first to admit, I used to be much better at this. Still, within the constraints of what we have to work with in Gemini, there are options and multiple routes to lead to Gemini success. At one time, in the past, I was artful and eloquent with an ability to rant about a particular product or service. My rhetoric and honeyed words flowed like wine. I would be praising on one side and then sliding a knife in the back on the other side. Part is practice, part is caring, part is from trying to be too nice all the damn time.

The problem — the very Gemini problem? Being nice while being critical. Being nice while pointing out flaws in logic, flaws in execution, flaws in preparation, inherent structural issues with whatever it is that is catching this Gemini ire. Start out with praise, point out the good features, address what doesn't work for Gemini, then close with a summation of good points, that could be further enhanced by addressing the problem area, hitherto referenced, and previously alluded to, therein.

Be nice. I can't do this anymore, but you can. A well-crafted Gemini rant, a sound complaint packaged as a compliment. Get the idea? I didn't say don't point out their mistakes, just do it in a tactful manner.

Cancer:

The CrabQuick, philosophical question. What defines who we are? Is this strictly external, like my house, my address, where I live, with whom I associate? Does that define me? Or is there another kind of touchstone — is it the computer I drive, or kind of car I sit in, the place where I work, or what my business card says?

Always do have fun with the business card. For years, I had nothing but a Latin quote, an expression that can't be translated with software. Human scholars can figure it out, though. Is that a single, defining moment for me?

However, the original question was about what defines us. The essence of that question in the wake of current events, where we are, and more important, where Cancer is at this moment, as we close out the Moon Child birthdays, and move forward into yet another year.

What [defines](#) us?

astrofish.net

Horoscopes for 7.27.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 26, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/07/horoscopes-for-7-27-2017/>

They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless.

Lafew in Shakespeare's *Alls Well That Ends Well* 2.3.1

Jupiter 17 Libra/Pluto 17 Capricorn. That means?

Means the quote and the planets, or whatever they are calling Pluto this week, means it all is connected.

Horoscopes [starting 7/27/2017](#)

The Leo:

The Leo Birthday celebration, the birthday week, or the two months wherein we get to celebrate [The Leo's](#) birthdays? Yes, I know, most signs get one month but for **The Leo**, we'll do two, both July and August, and so, as long we're all celebrating? Consider the influence of Mars, alongside the Sun, and the combined influences — in **Leo Land**. The question, the birthday riddle, inside the hustle and bustle, celebrations and breaking news items, is there a moment to pause long enough to consider where we're going from here? Mars tends to be an active principal, while Mercury would indicate this is a time best suited for a more reflective pursuit. *Leo is great*. Take time for both. A moment's worth of consideration — in the midst of the Mars Mayhem — a well-timed pause serves you best.

Pretend it's one of those moments wherein you're waiting for the rest of us to acknowledge your greatness.

Always a good time for a theatrical pause.

Virgo:

The Virgin I tend to think about elements, like what's in your Virgo chart at the [moment](#), I tend to think about these energies as “Lapses in judgement.” I'm Sagittarius — as you well know — I'm prone to these kind of behaviors on an alarmingly regular basis. What I'm warning you about? The exact phrase?

“It seemed like a good idea at the time!”

You can easily see me saying that as an excuse, an apology, or as a way to get me out of some kind of a tense situation. Common expression? “Didn't think that one through all the way, huh.” Now, with this

kind of a wind-up, can you [extrapolate](#) where this might be going?

Think it through. Think it all the way through, not just to the conclusion that you want, but further — to the logical results from the steps you've taken, or, in my example, not taken. Just because it seems like a good at the spur of the moment? Think it all the way through, first.

Yeah, and don't ask if I subscribe to my own advice, watch this!

("You didn't think that one through, huh.")

Libra:

The Scales One of my cliché expressions is, "Not married to it," and sometimes? The antecedent to "it" varies dramatically. "It" can be a concept or idea, a situation, a place, a person, an object of desire. Mostly, in this week's understanding, though, this is an idea. Might be a situation, but the situation is based upon an idea. The idea that you have some facts, some **Libra** facts that are etched in stone? Something so set, that there can be no other way to understand it?

Let's back-up, "You're not married to it."

There's an ingrained idea, a concept, a belief that your **Libra** self holds dear. I'm not one to go in and rip away all the refuge one takes by suggesting that the belief, the idea, I'm not saying that it is totally untrue. I'm **NOT** saying, "You've been living a **Libra** lie all these years," no that is certainly not the message. But a certain willingness to look at a long-held, bedrock-foundation kind of sentiment? Yes, look at it. After all?

"You're not married to it."

Scorpio:

Scorpion If the fish are biting? Keep fishing. It's not that difficult, right? There's a kind of an obvious hint, and as a [Scorpio](#), you've been remiss in admitting that the clue is right there, right in front of you.

There's not a lot of hidden meaning to that message, either, "if the fishing are biting, keep fishing."

I have one example of time I didn't keep fishing. It was, we'd been on the boat since 7 AM, had a cooler full of keepers — both Red and Black Drum, limited out — but we tied into a spot where little "rat reds" were reloading as fast as we could get lines in the water. We also had a bait well, still half full of live shrimp. Instead of calling it day, after we'd limited out, we kept fishing at that one spot. Tons of fun. I'd hook a shrimp, toss the line in, feel a nibble, set the hook and pull up an angry yet hungry little Red Drum (Redfish). I would tell it to "Grow up!" Then, un-hooked and back in the water she went. Over and over. We did this until we ran out of live bait. One buddy cut up a little Perch, and we tried him as bait. It worked, too. But, by late afternoon, we were all tired. We could've kept fishing, but we'd had our fill. Caught, like, 40 or 50 fish that day. I got to where I was too tired to even pose for pictures.

However, unlike me, the Scorpio suggestion? “If the fish are biting, keep fishing.”

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Because I’ve worked in my backyard — Central [Texas](#) — for all of this professional career of mine? I have a simple pattern I use for announcements. It’s a one–two kind of deal. If I’m going to do something on Tuesday, like make an appearance? I know my schedule well in advance, and I’ll get an announcement ready. Two announcements. For example, I’ll be in Austin on a Tuesday, or a Sunday in San Antonio? On the day before, 48 hours in advance, I’ll post quick reminder about the schedule. Then, day of? I’ll do another. One-two. 48 hours ahead and then 24 hours ahead. Easy when I know where I’m supposed to be, and what I’m supposed to be doing.

Before we [go any further](#), though, look at the next month for your work/play schedule. For the Sagittarius work/play schedule. Fishing trip, Virgo birthday, something for The Leo, yes, got it all down? Good. This tends to be a framework rather than hard–and–fast, have-to-do-it-now rules. Think a framework, and then? Into that Sagittarius schedule, pencil in a couple of items that need to be “pre–processed.” Anything you can do ahead of time.

When I traveled a bit more, I would get cheap seats on airplanes by buying in advance.

Now is the time to plan out the next six weeks. Got back to school stuff, that one Virgo birthday, all of that to get ready for. Put it all down, in pencil, now.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Within a certain group of guys I know, the term “EDC” became quite fashionable. [Every Day Carry](#) is usually about some of the stuff we tote around with us. I’ve got this down to a fine art, as I like to travel with as little as possible. My daily carry is some kind of a blade, useful for slitting open envelopes and nail-paring. Key ring with a house key and mailbox key, plus a link thing so I can attach to the girlfriends car keys, and a thin wallet. Phone. Phone in a case that looks to be bullet–proof. Doubt that it really is, but that’s not the question is it? Simple, *Every Day Carry* items. Back in the old Austin days, I would simply carry a knife that was also a money clip, keys to the PO Box and the trailer, a phone, and some days, nothing else. Swim in the creek, walk by the PO Box, that was about it. Eat BBQ, of course. I’ve seen, and used, a variety of “Man-Purses,” but I tend to go back to just the items I can stuff into my pockets as my *Every Day Carry*.

None of my EDC is artisanal, hand–crafted, micro–brew in shape or form. Which means, if I lose something that I tend to carry every day? No loss. Also means I’ll tend to have those items with me, when I need them, and if they’re not too terribly expensive, I’ll be willing to use them. This is a time to decide what’s important in your **Capricorn** *Every Day Carry*. Some days, simple works really well.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer Ever have a neighbor in the Witness Protection Program? I was joking with one neighbor

about this, then he got a funny look on face, “Wait, Kramer, that’s not really your name, is it?” Yes, yet it really is. On my birth certificate, the original, not one that’s been manufactured to cover up some heinous crime. Or some other infraction where I was being charged like that. Nope, I’m original. If I was trying to disappear I wouldn’t have my name and face displayed like I do. However, that neighbor, based solely on our conversation that one time, he always ask if we’re still safe. There was a TV program, apparently, about this. No, I’m not on a list. No, I’m not hiding from anyone. Well, that’s not totally true, we all have ex-lovers we might not want to encounter again, maybe an ex-wife or two. That’s not nearly the same thing.

A single, innocuous suggestion on my part got totally sidetracked, and now, I’m rumored to be a dangerous felon with a shady past who helped bring down — I’m not sure what I supposedly did.

All from a humorous comment I made. One neighbor has warned his kids to stay out of our yard, and to make sure there’s plenty of distance between me and them; obviously worried about bullets flying.

I’m really pretty “Out There,” as in [reachable, searchable, and available](#) — which, if you’re paying attention, means I’m not in some kind of witness protection program. See how easy it is to jump to a hasty conclusion with only the barest threads of a story — and one that has zero support?

Pisces:

The Fishes [Hatch Green Chile](#) harvest will roll in soon. I had some — always wondered about this — on the X-Ray of my luggage, flying back from New Mexico, I had a couple of baggies of powdered peppers. Would look highly suspicious on an X-Ray, right? Anyway, for Pisces, the batch of green chili powder was very potent but mild, and the flavor in it was far superior to the red chile, and the even the smoked peppers, the green chili was surprisingly good. Better. It’s not always like this, and the strength of the red or green, the flavor, the essence of each type varies from location to location, time of the year, recent rains, all play a part in this. Takes sampling, and a wiliness to be surprised when the **predicted results** don’t happen like the way they usually do. There was an earthiness, with hints of other spices, like a cinnamon essence, plus an almost fruity sense that went with the spice. Not just burn, but flavors, too.

Not what I was expecting. I tend to think my [green chili](#) will do like the local variants do, burn. Locally, the green is made from jalapeño — and the local version is white-hot with its burn.

Sample and be surprised at what comes out of the little, Pisces, magic bag of tricks, Or bag of tricks that has magic powder. I love that hot pepper, and weirdly so, it’s different, every time.

Aries:

The Ram In a [coffee](#) shop, someplace. I asked the guy who owned the place what he thought was worse, “Pigeons or Tourists?” What he explained was the difference, one pooped a lot more. He didn’t explain which type, was it the bird or the tourists.

Kind of depends, but one way, or another, the planets — Jupiter/Pluto — are trying to make sure your **Aries** self gets a message. Like the pigeons. Or the tourists. It’s one of them, and I’m not sure which one

would be worse. One has nitrogen-rich residue while the other might be more metaphorical. Since I tend to regard myself as a tourist, even in my own home towns, this makes it a little more amusing, and makes it easier for me to ask such innocuous questions.

Look: the planets are shoveling something on top of you at this very moment. My little **Aries** friend? I wish I could help but the deal is, like the tourists with their questions, and bad attitudes? Messing everything up? We are dependent on the tourism for income. Works both ways. That pigeon by-product, makes for reminders about where not to park. Both serve a function. Maybe it's a hint about where to go, instead of what not to do.

Taurus:

The Bull There are certain routines that I employ — to an outsider? It might look like [ritual](#). Definitions vary. Results count. As a Taurus, you're as interested in the process, the rituals as you're interested in the results, the outcome. When I finish writing one weekly horoscope, when I'm done with all 12 signs, for a whole week? The very next task I have is to roll the charts out for the next week. Inner planets, like Mercury and Venus move quickly. Then moon hits three of four signs in a single week. The further out a planet is, the slower it seems to move, in relation to our position on Earth. So my *ritual* is to prepare the next batch of weekly charts, as soon as I'm done with one week's worth of work. Kind of labor intensive, in my mind but then, it's a way to keep looking forward.

Honor and respect the rituals. This — strange that it may be — this energy, currently coursing its way through Taurus? Honor and respect the rituals. Me, grinding coffee beans in the morning, or, me, when I'm done with a piece of work, casting the next chart, getting ready.

Honor and respect your personal rituals, even if outsiders don't entirely understand.

Gemini:

The Twins Many, many years ago, I developed the “Cheap Wal-Mart [Flowers](#)” habit. I've used this as an example, as a teaching point, and now, I'm recycling some of this as a message for Gemini. I do adore my Gemini, and I've been called out for that, too. Kind of funny story — wait — stay focused. This is about what's happening this week. Astrologically. What action to take. What Gemini action yields the best results? Pruning. Those two-dollar flower bouquets I get? Sometimes, there's a dead bud in there. Just snip it off. Don't disturb the rest. As this week unfolds, mostly this is a Leo thing but as it gradually gets better? Consider, with those cheap-ass flowers, every morning, I have to prune them a little. As the flowers die off? Just lop off the dead one's “head,” as it were, or so it looks to me.

Pruning. Judicious pruning, at that. No need to whack everything, although, sure, that can be a desire at times, but no, not everything. Just prune the dead leafs, the dead bud, the flowers who have flown their missions? Let them rest easy.

Prune, this week is about pruning, and in some cases, like my example, it's not really a lot, just enough to keep the cheap bouquet looking alive for a few more days. At least until the weekend is over, [right](#)?

Cancer:

The Crab [Last week](#), I left it hanging with a question, “What defines us?” That was a nod towards the royal “we,” as the Moon Children as a whole, not just one. There’s an influence that makes us dig up what we really are, and that which defines us. For many years, as a much younger man, my library, the books in my room, I had over a thousand titles, that was central to what defined me. One move after another, and I got to the point where the books that I use to define me are much, much less. Anymore, I don’t really use a *Complete Works of Shakespeare* because I have those in much more [accessible digital formats](#). However, as a totem, I still have one university copy with my notes scribbled in the margins. That’s a singular example of something that does define me. Not in an outward way, either, because the text is carefully ensconced on a shelf with no light and not a lot of attention, other than my own. It has negligible value on the used book market; its inherent worth is my notes to me, from university days. That’s both sentimental and work-related, for me, as an example. That’s an object that defines me. Not the hundreds of titles, just the one. As a Moon Child, the question, and a simple example of how one book defines me? What are we using to define ourselves?

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Horoscopes for 7.6.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 05, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/07/horoscopes-starting-7-6-2017/>

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
King Claudius in Shakespeare's [Hamlet](#) 3.1.158

Horoscopes starting 7.6.2017

Cancer:

The Crab Some days, I feel badly for my fishing buddies. In this one example, it was kind of a rough day on the water. The bay was churned up from a recent weather front, and while that made for cool conditions, a stiff but errant and unpredictable breeze added some chop to the waters. Stiff north wind, and we were working in a spot that faced into that north wind. Heavy weights and lots of live bait? Worked well enough for me, as I'm sure there are some pictures on the web someplace. We anchored, facing a small creek, or creek-like feature that was draining into the bay with the outgoing tide. A school of Reds was feeding off whatever was draining into the bay, at that spot. I'd sail a piece of bait up there, watch the current [pull](#) the line a bit, and then, "Wham!" Fish on! My buddy in the back of the boat was catching nothing. I swapped positions, after my third keeper, hoping to help his luck. No luck. Exact same bait. Exact same tackle set-up. Exact same position. Nothing. He was even landing his bait in the very place where I was catching fish after fish.

Luck is funny like that. This birthday week in Cancer? I wonder if you are lucky like me, or ill-fated like my buddy. I'm thinking, birthdays and all? Luck is on your side. Like me.

The Leo:

The Leo July 10, 5:37 AM, more or less, as some of these are approximate times, but that's about the time when the Moon opposes Mercury. Mercury, in Leo, and the Moon, in Aquarius. There are other influences, as well, but that one seemed most significant. "This is an opposition, so it's bad, right?"

No.

"Then why did you bring this up?"

This is a weird transition, and that single astrological oddity is both a harbinger and a symbol of this week and what's to come. Happens half-dozen or more times in year, but this one triggers a weird, cascading effect in Leo.

"Did I tell you?" Yes.

"Did I tell you?" Yes.

“Did I tell you?”

Yes, [Leo](#), you told me. Three times, now. I think I got the message.

Which, as this unfolds, Mercury opposite from Moon? That person, who’s been told three times? Really is going to wish that there was fourth reminder, as that person forgets, despite being warned three times.

Leo: Warn us as often as you think necessary.

Virgo:

The Virgin There’s a weird little set of tricks played by the planets, and their influences. Some years ago, when I was living — and shopping — downtown? I came across a “deal.” It was \$1.50 for one, or 3 for \$5.00. Deal, right? Better get three?

Because that’s a deal, right?

One can never get in trouble underestimating the American public. Nor can one ever get in trouble expecting people to snap a deal like that. As a Virgo, though, as this week, the after 4th crap rolls out? After we’re done with everything? I have two questions:

1. Is it really a deal? One for three dollars or 3 for ten dollars? Is that really a price reduction?
2. Do you need three? Is one enough?

Goes a couple of ways and there’s that dualistic energy, even after the Full Moon, so it kind of matters, but the two questions are, “Is it really a deal?” And, of course, “Do I really need three when one is all I wanted in the first place?”

Libra:

The Scales It takes a lot of hard work and effort to be an overnight sensation. There are years spent on tour, years spent living out of suitcases and backpacks, unsure of the next meal, and there are days, waking up in cheap motel rooms, wondering what town it is. I know something of this, having spent a portion of my early career in just such a pursuit. The deal is, it takes a lot of hard work to get to where we are, with whatever degree of ease, comfort and success we enjoy.

I spent years driving and commuting — almost — across the West Texas sands, the land I love, appreciate, enjoy? So it was work, hard work, but I loved it. It was places I wanted to be. I’m no overnight sensation, but there has been a degree, a modicum of success. The success is built upon previous efforts, each one moving closer towards a kind of success. So the deal is, there is no magic elixir that makes Libra an overnight sensation. Takes work, planning, and consistent steps towards obtaining that goal. In the next week, seems to be someone is trying to block the steps towards that goal (Mar/Sun in Cancer). Step around, step through, or work towards that goal [in other areas](#). No reason to fight with an obstacle that doesn’t achieve any degree of success and leaves your Libra self frustrated.

Scorpio:

Scorpio Two heavy hitters, astrologically, are on either side at the moment. Saturn — in Sagittarius and [Jupiter](#) — in Libra. [Clowns to the left](#), jokers to the right? Only, which one is which? Jupiter, that could be the clown, right? Only, in Libra, those are the jokers, so that should be the joker? Sagittarius, always a clown, but with Saturn that might make it a joker? So is Libra the clown or the joker, now?

While we work with this internal conundrum about what planet represents which energy, realize that there's a "Stuck in the middle," — with you — energy present. Can't quite escape it, and can't quite get with it.

You are stuck in the middle, and there's no immediate influence that weights this one way or another. Clowns? Jokers? Doesn't much matter, one [Scorpio](#) comes along and screams at me, "This is serious!"

I am being serious. Instead of rendering a decision — right now! Like you want? Realize that you're stuck in the middle and there are no easy ways out. Two steps, work well: 1. Realize you got clowns and jokers all around you, and 2. understand that the only way out is going to be through, either the clowns or the jokers.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius I was in the grocery store, and, I could tell, one glance, the woman, a mom, she's *Sagittarius*. I know my signs. She was a mom, or mom-like figure, herding two younger females, little girls. The youngest child grabbed something, went to put it in the basket. The *Sagittarius* mom snatched it and ceremoniously replaced the item on the shelf, "No. Why? Because I said so, and you don't need any other reason." End of discussion. End of observations. The product probably has enough refined sugar to fuel a small country for a few days, and might really be in the best interested to all, kids and parents, for the package to remain on the shelf. What made me chuckle, "Because I said so." We have become our parents. That's a scary proposition. I wasn't the heartbroken child, who, I don't know, I didn't inquire, might've been spoiled, but the mom's answer, "Because I said so," was greatly amusing.

I've dated *Sagittarius* females and I've dated moms. I like them both, any combination of that, mom, *Sagittarius*, female. One or any combination, thereof. What tickled me the most, though, "Why? Because I said so."

It is really worth **not** getting worked up in the next few days?

"Why? Because I said so," that's why.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Strange times, indeed. Strange times. The planets, or really, just merely the Sun itself, this causes a certain element of consternation. The planet placements remind me of a familiar scene: the wedding shoot. When I lived in [downtown San Antonio](#), one of my frequent walks included a picturesque

bridge over the San Antonio River, and that bridge featured in a number of wedding images for various couples. On a sunny summer day, there would be a bride, maybe some bridesmaids, and perhaps a groom, all sweltering and posing, then swigging water and dabbing off sweat, only to pose again. Good pictures, I'm sure. But now that the holiday is over, and times being what they are? One time, the couple was swigging out of a champagne bottle, but sweating profusely in near hundred degree heat, and mixing alcohol on top? Not always a good combination. While it's a great place to take a picture? Posing in the heat, in all that formal wear, all that heavy attire, does it make sense? For some of my buddies, yeah, something stronger than lemonade is required. If it were me? I'd stick to water.

[But that's me.](#)

Aquarius:

Look at the Leo horoscope, then come back.

Done? Good.

Water BearerNew topic for **Aquarius**: ever notice how sexy gray hair can be? Women with long, flowing locks of gray, or men, with gray at the temples, and like me, with flecks of gray strands sprouting elsewhere.

This is about what was “sexy” when we were younger, and what is now considered “sexy” as we age — gracefully age, right?

For me — personally — I can't say for everyone, but for me? That gray hair can be quite sexy, fetching, and attractive. I've just categorized a change, a shift in my perceptions, and I've laid this open for all to see. That gentle change, that different direction, and that perception about the color of one's hair. The flip side of this equation, a number of women tell me how sexy “bald” is, these days.

Perceptions change, and Mercury/Moon are going to make this apparent. Embrace the gentle change. Or shift, just be willing to shift perceptions.

Pisces:

The Fishes A client brought her “tween” to me for a reading. Kid was between 10 and 14 years old. That's a “tween,” right? I hope so. Not old enough to be an autonomous teenager, not old enough to drive, but too old to play with dolls, and not sure whether members of the opposite sex were still “yucky” — or interesting.

I talked to the kid the exact same way I talk to any other client, perhaps a little light editing on the sex stuff (none), but otherwise, just like a real person. No condescending tones, no patronizing, no “You're just a kid” attitude, either.

Because I record my readings, and I made sure the mom had access to a copy of the reading, what I found out, the next time I saw the mom? I was praised, applauded, and the kid liked me even more, as I was

now “cool.”

The trick, my trick? I treated that kid just like an adult. Just like a fully functional person. There’s a portion of lizard brain that will loudly exclaim, “Children don’t turn human until age 21!” Other than that? Take a Pisces cue from how I handled this situation: treat the kid as I would treat any other person.

Might not be a buddy’s kid, but could be any number of situations that involve children, or child-like personalities. Talk to them the way I talked to the kid, just like an adult. Or like an adult-age person. Treat them like a people — watch for the results. In my example? Everyone was happier.

Aries:

The Ram”Pulp Fiction” used to refer to a type of printed material. “The Pulps” were magazines printed on paper that usually had large pieces of wood chip floating in the mix, hence the term, “Pulp.” That kind of magazine paper was cheap to produce but doesn’t have a long-lasting quality due to a fairly high acidic content. Pulp magazines used to be the cheapest form entertainment available in a semi-literate society. The magazines gave birth to the cheap paperback book, again, some of the paper had actual pieces of wood floating in the paper’s stock. As a generic literary term, “Pulp Fiction” refers to sensational, perhaps low-quality entertainment that’s all action against a lurid background. With the advent of the digital age of literature, I tend to think of 99-cent e-books as “Pulps.”

From the [99-cent digital](#) pulps, though, I’ve encountered a few gems. Good stuff, takes some digging, and just the recommendation algorithms alone don’t serve my somewhat weird tastes. Still, with some patient excavation online? It’s possible to find a few that are worthy the 99-cent price. With both Mars and the Sun in Cancer, and Jupiter opposite Aries in Libra? Takes some patient online excavation in order to find true suggest of Aries gold. Can happen, too, but you have to page through a few a hundred titles — or whatever — to find stuff that’s really, really good.

Digital “pulp,” an Aries cure to the summer blues, as exacerbated by Mars, the Sun, and even Jupiter.

Taurus:

The BullWrite it in Haiku. That simple. Instead of a long, convoluted message with fishing, and Shakespeare, and who knows what else I’ll put into the Taurus missive?

Just “Write it in Haiku.”

It’s a simple enough charge, an easy way to learn how to communicate the material that Taurus — this week — the material that Taurus wants to communicate? Write it in Haiku. Super simple Japanese poetry form. One line — five syllables. Next line — seven syllables. Last line, or third line? Five syllables again. Simple form. Concise. Supposed to include a “Flip,” or a “turn,” at the end. Strange form and even weirder when translated to English. But the idea is sound, and there’s plenty of Western Astrological evidence to support the idea that some kind of weird, mystical Oriental poetry form is best. For communication, for the next — for the next week? Just [communicate in Haiku](#).

Just “write it in Haiku.”

Gemini:

The Twins Some of my [metaphysical training involves letting go](#) of possessions. Stuff. Things. Personal material possessions that I use to define me. I have, I’ll admit a few items that I am intrinsically linked to, some of these are expensive items, but the dollar value has almost no bearing on my emotional content because the items are imbued with tremendous sentimental value. Things that means something because of the experiences and histories tied to those items. Books are a good example, textbooks that I no longer use, not really, but that have notes, or other sentimental value to me.

Soon as the July 4th celebration, parties, fireworks and crap is over? Consider looking at some of those things — as a **Gemini** — that you hold onto and what really has value, and what can be set free.

One **Gemini** buddy I’m think of, maybe we can grab some leftover firecrackers, head out of town and blow some junk up, I mean, you know, metaphorically. Possessions that no longer serve us? Might want to unload them one way, or another.

astrofish.net

Horoscopes for 8.3.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, August 02, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/08/horoscopes-for-8-3-2017/>

How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have took note of it: the age is grown so pick'd that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been grave-maker?

Hamlet in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* 5.1.64

[Eclipse patterns](#) and [eclipse notes](#).

Horoscopes for 8.3.2017

The Leo:

The Leo [Good times](#), no? Not without some trials and tribulations, to sound a little trite, but that's just how this goes. Here's the deal: don't get married to it.

I was trying to think of an easier, simpler way to say it. I don't have that. For **The Leo**?

Don't get married to it.

Not now, not this week. Great ideas. Court, spoon, date, pledge, suggest, coerce, if need be, but no, not getting married. The term, I chose it carefully, as "marriage," despite modern indications otherwise, tends to be assumed as a permanent decision — which it is! So, my **Leo** suggested patter? This week? Don't get married to it.

Or, in other words? Use a pencil. Not a pen. Ink is permanent. Pencil can be erased and adjusted as need be.

[The Ruffian's Misfortune - Ray Wylie Hubbard](#)

[The Ruffian's Misfortune](#)

Virgo:

The Virgin I was listening to a song by a Texas Troubadour, *Scorpio*, if you have to know. The lyric that caught? "All loose things end up and washed away." The **Virgo** energies, these days? Careful. Carefully, now. Careful. If it isn't tied down? It could end up washed away. What needs to be "Tied down?" What are the loose things that might get washed away?

Depends on the individual chart, as to how this plays out, but the lyric to that song is what kept reverberating in my head, looking at **Virgo**, then slices of the charts around **Virgo**. Maybe this is a *Virgo-persistent* issue that a good **Virgo** wants to let go of, maybe that's it. Let it go, as it gets washed away. I watched with abject horror as a client refused to let go of a failed relationship, and the situation just got worse. This is the week that the relationship finally got washed away. "All loose things end up and washed away," as the song goes — Scorpio singer/songwriter.

"Oh. I was suppose to let go of that. So that's what you meant?"

Libra:

The Scales It's all about the pitch. For **Libra**? All about the pitch. Not so much what you're asking for, but how you are asking for it. All about the pitch.

Libra success is dependent upon how we suggest changes. Changes are coming, and the question is, are these dictated, mandated, or are these optional. While the changes may be iron-clad, irrevocable, non-negotiable? How we pitch these changes is what's so important, and frequently, it's what gets forgotten.

"I'm glad you had this idea to change this — it should work a lot better now."

I'll be it was really the **Libra** idea, but we're not going to let that interfere with progress, right?

Scorpio:

Scorpion Take the earphones out. My super-simple solution for this week's Scorpio weirdness, between the Moon, Mars, the Sun, and yeah, I know.

I was watching a guy as he poked at his phone, listening to a song for about three seconds, then poked at the phone again. He was skiing through a playlist, seeking solace. I imagined he was a Scorpio, but I don't know, not in this example, as he seemed a tad bit irritated and probably didn't want anyone talking to him. Trying to find that perfect song? Poke. He kept stabbing at the phone, in irritation, looking for something that should soothe, motivate or otherwise assuage that Scorpio energy. The planets, technically the Sun is a star and the Moon is a satellite of Earth, but let's just call them all planets, as Mars plays a heavy part of this, okay? So the planets are unsettling, in the least, and highly irritating, in the extreme, to Scorpio. Poke.

No song seemed to make him happy. I thought about that image, and I realized, as a Scorpio, best course of action? Take the earphones out. Removes the source of irritation. Otherwise? Keeping poking and keep not finding the song.

Poke.

"Take the earphones out."

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius I was looking at an older truck, more as a toy than a serious, daily driver. Late 1960s Ford F-100, with that super-durable six (cylinder) motor, and “Three on the tree” transmission. I’m not even sure that the term “Three on the tree” will translate to a more modern audience. The gear shift, manual transmission, is three forward speeds, and reverse, selected by a cantankerous lever on the right-hand side of the steering column — which might’ve been solid steel. I don’t recall. I was toying with the idea of it as a project car, be fun, useful for occasionally hauling groceries, I was guessing. The problem, with the one I was looking at? When I test-drove the truck, it was that non-synchro gearbox. In other words? The truck had to be at a full and complete stop in order to get into first gear. Not a problem for me, but anyone else not used to it, any other drivers, except Bubba, the other drivers would endlessly grind that first gear, trying to force something that doesn’t want to be forced. Old trucks are fun. Cool, even, to me, but there’s a problematic idiosyncrasy that I can’t do anything about. And while it wouldn’t bother me too much, I doubt I could go very far, just because. Besides, the motor would have to be refitted to run on unleaded gas, and see the problems? The image, though, for this week, as we all wait for Saturn to grind to a stop? It’s like that transmission. Have to be at a full, complete [Sagittarius](#) stop before slipping it into first gear.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Buddy of mine is a super salesman. When he shows up, doesn’t matter what he’s selling, I’ll just ask, “How much,” as sooner, or later, I’ll feel compelled to buy. Super salesman. Looking at the stars, then looking at individual Capricorn charts? I kept thinking of my buddy, explaining how this works, the selling game, as to him it’s a game. “When I hear, ‘no,’ that just means I have to work harder.” Or, in his situation, he has to start talking, making the situation into a position where the target turns into a buyer. I know how this works, I surrender with relative aplomb.

The weekly stars, for Capricorn, suggest that there’s a situation wherein, this was easy before, and now? We all just have to work a little bit harder. Or, like my buddy, “When I hear, ‘no,’ it just means I have actually sell the idea (product), now.”

I’m not sure of the individual implication, or what needs “selling,” not directly as that will vary chart-to-chart. But the idea is that this is a week to consider rolling up the Capricorn shirtsleeves and getting after whatever toil is in front of us. Some task, needs doing, and now? Now is the time to get after it.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer I got a client who is of an age that his peers are all showing pictures of grandchildren. Having made different choices in his life, perhaps for the better, when someone whips out grand-baby pictures, he pulls up a set-list of puppy photos. Perfect.

If we have to sit through images of grandchildren, who, realistically, all look the same, like little people who aren’t fully formed, right? So if we have to sit through “Look at my cute grand baby” pictures, my buddy has the perfect answer, “Here, let me show you my puppy!”

As an **Aquarius**, this is a good week to be prepared. Be prepared to answer questions with similar, if not identical, ripostes — not a repost.

“You want to see some really cute grand children?”

“Want to see my old cat, she was sweet.”

[Kitty Cam.](#)

Pisces:

The Fishes Ever noticed that you have as knack for picking up strays and then holding onto the ones who really aren't any good for your **Pisces** self?

Me? I'm grateful that there are people who pick up strays, take us in, feed us, pet us, cuddle us, then don't abandon us as soon as we start caterwauling about. I'm eternally grateful for the **Pisces** in the world, with your open hearts, and kind ways.

However, that being duly noted, I'll never date another **Pisces**. Think, though, that speaks more to my own internal conflicts rather than the kind-hearted **Pisces** we know and love.

Strays: **Pisces** loves us. Yet, as a **Pisces**, this is a week to consider, maybe think twice, maybe think once instead of just picking up that stray. Could be a stray dog, a stray horse, or a stray *Sagittarius*. Best you think about long-term care and feeding, before you open your heart.

Aries:

The Ram We got in from a long morning and short afternoon on the water, weekend coastal fishing trip. I'm sure pictures are on the web someplace, me and some buddies, all smiles with pictures of fish. We got back to the motel, and the one fishing buddy, his wife and kids are there, in the pool, so we jump in, wash off the fish stink in the motel's resort-like pool. Eventually, my buddy's son swims up and asks about some kind of pool-toy ball. My buddy looks at me, crawls out of the pool, fishes around in a beach bag, and he comes back with pool-toy ball of some sort. Him and his kid start playing a complicated game of catch. My buddy explains to me, “I always keep my balls in her purse. Safer that way.” He chuckles. This is situational, verbal irony. He's very much the man of his house, and he's very much in charge of his life, his own destiny, and his kids. Emotionally present, good father. Probably one of the closest, most perfect relationships I know about. Very close to 50/50, so the comment about who's in charge of his balls? Joke, or, as I referred to it, *situational irony*.

There's a kind of off-color, gracious ease with this week's planets, and how they treat **Aries**. Like my buddy and his situational irony.

Taurus:

The Bull Recently, while poking around on the web, I happened across a fetching ad for “Work at home” moms. It was an image of a slim desk, a little wire office chair, a single modern art print over the desk, and simple flat-screen monitor. Might’ve had a simple flower stem in a rose vase, off to one side. “Free book, find out how!”

The problem with that image? How many stay-home-moms have a desk that neat? How many real workspaces are that clean?

My desk, I am a minimalist, but my desk space tends to have an accretion of work-related material that accumulates. Then, too, when I was asked for a picture of my workspace, I thought about sweeping everything off the desk’s surface, and doing the super-clean look, but that’s just not realistic. I think there’s still an image of my old workspace available, online. Amusing to me, as I’ve changed some since then, but the idea that there would be a bottle of coke, maybe a half-cold mug of coffee, and some lip balm, all of that, plus earrings, fishing lures, you get the idea, right?

This is a week when the idealized image? That super clean, neat, urban work space they advertise? Is that even realistic? And then, follow that logic, is what is being advertised even realistic?

A naked 2-year old runs from one room to the next, squealing in joy. Right, and how are you going to have a serene workplace with just single flower and no clutter on the desk itself? Is what is being advertised even [realistic](#) for **Taurus**?

Gemini:

The Twins Me? I’m not a **Gemini**, but I do adore them so. All of them, usually, sometimes, multiple **Gemini** people in one person. Again, one of many traits I adore. Admire, even. As a guideline, this week, for **Gemini**? Be willing to be wrong. Be willing to be corrected. Be willing to be teachable. Be willing, oftentimes like me, to be wrong in the worst way possible.

I’ve made a habit of learning that my mistakes are useful for teaching me what doesn’t work. There’s a cosmic reminder, on its way, and we can play this two ways: easy? Or hard?

Simple choice, simple solution, simple cosmic set of directions.

As a **Gemini**, you like to collect information, sort of like a library, a library of the **Gemini** mind, and in that collection, in those collections of data points? There’s incomplete information. Not dealing with all the facts, so, when faced with a mistake, a problem, an apparent error you’ve made, this week? Be willing to learn that more data is now available.

“Wow, I did not know that.”

Simple as that.

Cancer:

The CrabHot summer's day in South Texas. Mid-afternoon, I wondered into a coffee shop to get me some ice-cold [beverage](#). Just ahead of me, a woman in "No imagination required" Yoga pants and top scoots in, snakes the line ahead of me. The torpid Texas heat, high humidity — good hair day for me — but otherwise? Very warm. Some of those clothes, she was covered, in the sense that there was cloth covering her body from knees to neck, out as far as the elbows, but that stretchy stuff? Skin tight doesn't do it justice, however, that's not the question. Painted on? There's a [yoga](#) studio around the corner, so I suspect she's a yoga-person, yoga chicks. She could be a gym-rat, for all I know, with the tawny, sinewy braids of muscles rippling underneath her "clothing," if one really wants to consider it clothing.

When is it okay to stare? When is that an acceptable action? I couldn't help myself, a lot of work, plus some good genetics, went into her form.

Lot of work, based on the ripples as she gracefully moved.

I wasn't undressing her with my eyes, as the fabric and what it contained left **nothing** to the imagination. The question, looking at Cancer's chart, the question? When is openly gawking a good behavior, invited, as I thought — at the time.

When is it OK to stare?

"Is that painted on?"

Horoscopes for 9.28.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, September 27, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/09/horoscopes-for-9-28-2017/>

“The nature of bad news infects the teller.”

First Messenger in [Shakespeare's](#) *Antony & Cleopatra* (1.2.65)

“October. This is one month of the peculiarly dangerous months to speculate in stocks. The others are July, January, September, April, November, May, March, June, December, August, and February.”

Pudd'nhead Wilson (Mark Twain)

[Libra:](#)

The Scales

Go with the one that fits, two opening quotes, one from America's great man of letters, and fellow Sagittarius, Mark Twain, and of, course, a typical Shakespeare bit.

It's birthday time, and still supposed to be wonderful, so I don't really have any bad news. However, there is a bit of loose material that's kicked free, and sort of floating, in the back of the Libra mind, and as such, that can annoy you.

Look: **Libra** — [birthday](#) month and all? Get your party on, however you do that, and don't let that free-wheeling addled-pate material latch on. Bad news will infect the messenger, but you don't have to listen, not now, it's party time.

Scorpio:

Scorpion

It's kind of scary because this feels like, “The end is near!” And what good Scorpio wouldn't just jump at a chance to take an anomaly of a situation and turn it into a catastrophe? I got one buddy, and he's a master of “Catastrophizing,” which, as it might imply, is taking a slightly out-of-sync situation and turning it into a monumental problem of — typical **Scorpio** — proportions. Here's the hint.

That was the hint. Don't take a small problem and turn it into a larger, far more complex problem. I know, it's one of the rules of life, but not one we have to adhere to, no this week, not for **Scorpio**: Inside every small problem is a much larger problem, trying to get out.

The hint? In case I'm not clear enough? Don't take a small problem and let it escalate into a huge thing.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius

There's always — with me it's obvious — a kind of dithering, buffering behavior. It's as if I was operating under duress, and this is pretty clearly a way to avoid the central problem. "I'm not avoiding anything, I just need to do this before I can leave." Or the old line, "There's one more thing..." To some, the expression, "The elephant in the room," but I tend to go with the "The Pink Elephant," as a cliched expression, and to add some color. Still, there's a simple plan of **Sagittarius** avoidance at work. When a direct, simple, direct, and easy, but direct answer is the simplest solution.

I'm not one who can talk about this. I think I need to go and clean some fishing gear. Need to sweep out the garage. Need to do anything else but sit down and address that one **thing**, that all of us, as **Sagittarius**, have been avoiding.

It's either [dithering](#) or buffering, but you're well aware of the behavior. Kind of means we're avoiding something. Might want to pause and address that single problem before going back to — wait! Boots. I've got to polish my boots because, I might have to wear them soon.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat

I've long maintained that the line between brilliance and madness is quite thin. Gray, fuzzy, indistinct at times. There's a mad, mad energy floating free. I tend to use that as a term of "temporary insanity," but at least one Capricorn buddy will think, "He's angry!"

No, this is more like a kind of crazy behavior, around your Capricorn self. Near you, but not you. Around you, but not you. Madness. Madness, as in insanity, or apparently insane behavior as some of it doesn't seem to make sense at the time.

That indistinct line [between](#) madness and brilliance gets tested — on Capricorn — as this week unfolds. Is it sheer insanity? Or is it really a long-term plan that we can't see the brilliance of its possible outcome?

I'm not sure. Brilliance? Just "Crazy-making?" Not sure, but that's the Capricorn challenge this next few days, what's madness and what's brilliance?

before answering the question, might want to wait until the actions speak for themselves.

"Brilliance? Madness? What is it?"

Aquarius:

Water Bearer

There was an online editor that wrote about the process of editing and how editing was more important than writing itself. Let's add some **Aquarius** perceptive to that equation, and it's about the editing. When

I set up the [side project](#), the deal was, I made this deal with myself, not too much editing. “Spit and post.” Set of as “blog style,” which is what that side deal is, but also, as training — as an exercise — in limited editing.

The one guy was writing about editing writing, and I’m suggesting not editing images. Either way works, but given where the planets are all falling at this moment in **Aquarius** time and space? I’d suggest the editing version of this idea.

Look it over. Look it over a second time. Maybe read it aloud. Maybe sound out the phrases and parse the structure.

“As the adjective, when in doubt, strike it out.” Think that’s in my collection, someplace, but I’m too tired to source the quote. Still, as the editorial nature of this week flows by? What we’re looking at for **Aquarius** is “Less” rather than “more.”

While I have a tendency to run long in my weekly horoscope, for **Aquarius**, shorter, tighter, a little more focused, a little better editing is the best course of action. Maybe some of that material isn’t required.

Pisces:

The Fishes

“You tell me to be patient, and I am. You tell me powerful forces are opposing yet I hold off. Just exactly how much longer do I need to wait? I feel like I’m going to explode!”

Yes, **Pisces** dear, I’ve heard this before, and I’ve [heard](#) this from you. Bless your little **Pisces** head. The Autumnal Equinox helps perpetuate a shift, and this is less a shift in events, and more to do with how your **Pisces** self interacts with this ongoing opposition. Mostly Mars, but there’s other stuff in the mix, and that Mars, and Mars-like energy pushes you. There’s a possibly cold-hearted “killer” lurking inside each and every **Pisces** heart.

Steely gaze. Unnerving lack of movement. Hardened reflexes. Try that style, if not that attitude, and see if that doesn’t scare a few of the malcontents away. Won’t solve every trouble, but it’s a good start to your week. You and I know this is just make-believe, but that’s our little secret, this week.

Aries:

The Ram

I haven’t been a matriculated, college student in two-dozen years or more. I’ve taken classes, both taught and attended workshops, seminars, and other learning events for that matter, sometimes, hopefully referred to a “classes,” but as a serious student enrolled in a traditional classroom setting? Yes, let’s be honest: been several dozen years now. The doesn’t stop the expectant glee I get when the “Back to School” specials start to show up, backpacks, notebooks, pencils, pencil holders, and everything else that is associated with those sales deals. Retail in its finest form. Sales are over. We’re back at school or work, whatever. Still there was an item stashed. An **Aries** item that you stashed away and forgot about and it surfaces. For me, in this example, it was a stash of *Sharpie* pens, markers — really — I had a package

of those I got on sale, and I forgot about. In and of themselves, not a remarkable deal, it's just that the fresh "art supplies" triggers ideas, and from those ideas come solutions. It's an item, like a stash of school supplies, from just a few weeks back, and that's what **Aries** should look for, as a way to see this week [through](#).

Taurus:

The Bull

Buzzword, keyword? **Taurus** word for the week? The trick to make this week sing for your **Taurus** self? "Activation." Pretty simple concept, really, just take some of the present energy and use it. I'd suggest to use it wisely, but you know me. Would I use it wisely? Probably not. Therefore, when I say, "Use it," that leaves you wide open for a number of choices, and not all of them are proper.

Fun? Oh sure, will be fun. Proper? Maybe not.

Still, the word we're chasing this week is "activation," so that requires, demands, motion. Forward motion, backwards motions, sideways motions, looks like dancing. To some, it might be, it just might be. However, to me, astrologically, what this looks like is motion. One way, or another, top activate the keyword, "Activation?"

Take steps, **Taurus**, take steps. Motion, motions, yield activation. What we're looking for.

Gemini:

The Twins

There was a kind of music that I never got along with. Well, there is "Rap," but we all know that I can't hang with it. Not dissing it, just not "My thang." There's another kind of music a subset of a subset, "Dub," or maybe it's "Dup-Step." I'm not sure which. Seems to be a grouping under another heading, or called, "Similar to, but not quite," and my musical understanding gets murky, at best, from this point forward. However, in my untutored and unlettered mind, the "dub-step" I've got on hand? There seems to be a break in the beat. A pause. A mismatched beat that doesn't belong.

As the planets make their way through *Virgo*? That disjointed beat shows up. Artistically, it is supposed to jar the brain into thinking in other patterns, a way to break free from existing ties that bind your **Gemini** self down.

Practically? It's a tough beat rhythm to maintain — and tougher for someone like me to dance to. Your **Gemini** [mileage may vary](#).

Cancer:

The Crab

"It's **Go Time!**" Yes, really, it's a kind of "go time" for the *Moon Children*. In your chart, with this horoscope ending in a full moon in Aries? The Sun and Mercury in Libra? There are emotional buttons

being accessed and possibly pushed. Instead of sitting around and waiting? Load up and go. I have a travel bag, just a small shoulder bag, I keep “packed.” I can drop a laptop or tablet into it, grab my phone, and I’m good to go.

Think about that with what’s unfolding around yourself. Wouldn’t a quick get-away be nice? Wouldn’t a short jaunt, day trip, weekend, week-long mini-vacation be a welcome relief? Do you have a “go bag” ready? If not, then reading this horoscope serves as a reminder to get something packed, get something ready. Not sure which way you’ll have to jump, but it’s almost **Go Time** in Cancer.

Actually, I think it is, now.

The Leo:

The Leo

I don’t have much that is made of leather. Over the years, I’ve gradually moved to nylon webbing and other synthetics for the durable, flexible goods. The single standout is an old book-bag, and, of course, cowboy boots. I won’t have to wear shoes (boots) for another month or two, at the least, so I’m good. But I was thinking about that, and that old, leather briefcase I’ve got, and what it takes to refurbish leather. Over the years, I’ve tried most brands of saddle soap, mink oil, shoe grease, polish, and other waxes. At the grocery store, I recently picked up an off-brand of “Leather Refinishing” product. Spray on, wipe off, how much easier can it be? From the label, it looks like it is intended for leather furniture, leather upholstery — not boots and briefcases. Or saddlebags. That briefcase was made by saddle maker. Spray on, wipe off, and the surface of the leather looked better.

The product — no idea what it was — simple, cheap, effective. Besides, why spend a lot of time — and money — when a simple, cheap, and effective solution is right there? This is a time for **The Leo** to refurbish, reuse, and just recondition a situation. Or an item. “Spray on, wipe off.” Works just like the label said it would.

Virgo:

The Virgin

One of the scariest sights is when an older person, like, even older than me, tries to dress like a 20-something person. Make-up, shoes, skinny jeans, baggy jeans, crop-top, tank-top, get an image? I don’t dress conservative, but I do dress comfortably. Some have suggested I’m a bit slovenly, but again, I focus on my comfort. As a **Virgo**, and with the twin love planets doing what they’re doing, where they’re doing it? Trying to dress in manner that is not fitting for your **Virgo** self doesn’t work well. An old girlfriend let her daughter dress the old girlfriend, and while that the outfit was “kicking and cute,” no, it really didn’t look appropriate. I liked that one girlfriend when dressed sensible for our ages, with the hint of quick-release clothing.

I’m all for stepping outside your **Virgo** comfort zone with this Mars and Venus influence. Only, I’m not for stepping into clothing that is too tight, too loose, too high, or too low.

I’m all about comfort. I suggest you follow my [suggestions](#), too.

astrofish.net sig file

Horoscopes for 9.7.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, September 06, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/09/horoscopes-for-9-7-2017/>

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and [speak](#) to it.

Marcellus in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* 1.1.23-9

For help with the devastating hurricane and flooding? Please give to the [Houston Food Bank](#).

Horoscopes for 9.7.2017

Virgo:

The Virgin

[Happy birthday](#), honey! Yeah, yeah, know all about that **Virgo** thing. Mercury — and Mars — are setting up a wild ride, for all. Going to be a fun one. Going to get weird. Going to need all the help you can muster from the likes of me to help you make it through. Why I'm here for you, **Virgo** baby. The Hamlet quote is from the opening scene, ghost, walls of the castle, all of that. I've seen this staged a number of ways, but it's usually dark, and the ghost is ghostly. Occurs before the sunrise, and that's when a good **Virgo**, and you're a good **Virgo**, that's when the good **Virgo** should be up.

Midnight thoughts, midnight madness, or maybe, just midnight movies. Part, some or all of that. Consider that Mars is agitating and aggravating, and pushing you higher, further, faster — better — and Mercury is just adding a little extra editorial advice. Make it good.

Make it **Virgo** goodness.

Libra:

The Scales

Ever listen to any "Ambient?" I'm not even sure I have the right category for that kind of material, and I would call it music, because it is sold — packaged — like typical albums. But I'm not sure what the stuff really is, and while I've heard the term, "Industrial," I'm not sure that's it, either. For now, I'm sticking with the term, "Ambient."

The reason I was think about a musical genre that defies any kind of typical classification? There's this weird echo in **Libra**. One of those ambient pieces cycled up, and I was thinking, there was a low rumble, and not exactly music, but as the sounds got layered in, one on top of another, there seemed to be a coherent pattern I was seeking. I wasn't getting it, but even the simple background noises started to assemble into a — not quite a beat — but a general description started to emerge. Rather interesting stuff. This week is about conducting an ambient orchestra in **Libra**.

Scorpio:

Scorpion

This is a time that's all about what we chose to show. What we decide is OK to let other see? As a **Scorpio**-compliant person I understand this, and I get how this works. It's about what to reveal. For more than a decade, [I toyed with digital photography](#), more as a lightweight hobby rather than a profession, just as a way to sharpen some of my skills. One of the most powerful tools was merely cropping images. What to focus the attention on, where the eyes are drawn, how this goes. Originally, I was going to use an example of some graffiti, old, downtown graffiti, and what I chose to display in the image? It was more tightly focused than the sprawling scene of the whole image. Thus, tightly focused, it was art.

With the planets where they are? This week is like looking at one of those images, where to crop, what to reveal, and what can be left out. Careful selection of what we choose to show, that's the secret to **Scorpio** success. In my example, the editing takes almost no time — I know, it shows — but that kind of cropping, that picking what to display? Most important. Editing the image, just so that **Scorpio** only reveals as much as necessary.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius

While I've "toured" nationwide, I cut way back to just markets that I found sustainable. East Coast to West Coast, in the last few decades, I've made it all. However, the parts I like are local. Not far, not extreme, mostly my backyard. I get invitations to scurry further afield from time to time, and as a **Sagittarius**, we must consider the options. We're getting business-related invitations to expand our horizons, but pause, with me, for a second. Let's examine some of the new, improved, wonderful incoming data that suggests we — our **Sagittarius** selves — consider branching out, and expanding passed our current limits. As the planets unravel a bit, or get wrapped tighter, it's that *Virgo* thing, you know, as the planets get wrapped a little tighter, consider, look at the emotional questions facing **Sagittarius** and think about them in business terms. Profit and loss, or loss and gain, or potential long-term investments, all like that. Life can't be reduced to a ledger sheet, but as a way to think about it? It's not a bad way to approach this — kind of clinical — but that works for this week's **Sagittarius** [stuff](#).

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat

For many years, I had a fascination with dictionaries. Books filled with words about words. [Definitions](#). I liked a particular British dictionary, not so much for its British spelling, but because the definitions

sounded just a touch different, not always more elegant, just different. This falls as a part of a serendipitous and meandering route I use to help improve my diction. I'll never be a better writer, but I can improve my craft, so, yeah, dictionaries are my friend. Just one of the tools, and nowadays? It's all online. Even easier, right? There's a certain precision, and then, there's a certain adjunct, associated with, or standing just a little to one side, kind of energy, present in **Capricorn**. Once this full moon is over, as it is now, then there's this need to be more precise than before, and the easiest way to insure you're doing this correctly? Look it up in the dictionary. Or online. But the dictionary, like my British dictionary? It provides a valuable resource, as it's the words, just, you know, with a British accent and all.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer

Before there was "blogging," there were "web journals" that's were organized along a chronological nature, usually with the most recent at the top. That's where I started. Over the years, the processes and software tools greatly improved. The theory is, I can log in from anywhere, and update — or correct — any entry that is posted, or that will post. Pretty cool. Practically, I rarely proofread, after I've posted it. I tend to glance through what I've spit up and sailed out there, and let it go at that. I do tend, on some occasions, to cycle back and check. My informal blogging style, "Spit and post," though, has problems with grammar, cohesion, and spelling. There's not a lot wrong with my spelling, more my typing that's to blame. As I toyed with the **Aquarius** material, I thought about a post I'd put up a day or two prior to this horoscope. At the very end, there was a typo, pretty typical of me, and I corrected it. While, as I've stated, I tend to not go back and correct? I did that time. Nothing wrong with one, last polish to make sure everything is perfect. *Virgo Perfect*. Groan. Sun's in *Virgo* at the moment. As an **Aquarius**, one last *Virgo*-like polish is helpful. Look for that last mistake, you know, it's a typo, not your spelling, that's the problem. Make one last, uncharacteristic pass through the stuff, even if you've posted it already.

Pisces:

The Fishes

"No, just hear me out, I've got a good story...." Usually, yes, yes you do. Usually, there's extenuating circumstances, evidence that clearly exonerates you, and a funny tale. Usually. Not so much, not this week. Probably not next week, either. Usually, you can worm, inch, connive, or otherwise wiggle out of this. See? Full Moon, then the tiny planets, Mars and Mercury, in *Virgo*?

That funny story, the anecdote, the little song and verbal dance that usually works? Not so good, not this week.

So instead of concocting an improbable tale that might not conform to all the facts? Instead of the excuses, normally have valid? As a lover of Pisces? Let me suggest you show up and take it like a person. Don't try and duck out, and don't try one of those takes that might, or might not be, aligned with reality as the rest of us know it. The tall tales and entertaining circumstances, the anecdotes? Might not be the best way to avoid those unpleasant outcomes, not this week. Show up and take your lumps?

Aries:

The Ram

I love it when this happens, as you're on the other side of this one. I had one **Aries**, and she argued with me about every prediction I made for her. Which was funny, to me, as watching her on Social Media, I discovered that most of the predictions came through, after a fashion, or after my style, anyway. So this week, it's not my predictions, but an **Aries** drive in one direction and no one seems to be following you, arguing at each step and turn. Questioning, pointing out flaws in the usually unmistakable **Aries** logic. Usually, you're unassailable — usually.

“No, that's [not how this is going to go!](#)”

My frequent comment? I'm willing to be wrong, but secretly, in this situation, this week? You got a *Virgo*, or *Virgo*-like energy questioning your every move. If you wait this out, you'll find that you are correct. But you're going to have to wait this one out.

Taurus:

The Bull

Made famous by a movie, I still am vastly amused by the difference between “rules,” and “guidelines.” To me, rules are etched in stone, like laws, while guidelines are amorphous and subject to broader interpretations.

Rules are big this week. Listen to the rules. There's one legal aide who will argue that all man made rules, like man made laws, those are all subject to interpretation, ask any lawyer.

Pay attention to the rules as this week holds a few surprises, and trying to creatively interpret the rules, that doesn't work. These aren't guidelines. Rules. Follow the rules.

Gemini:

The Twins

A fishing buddy's kid is — I don't know — 2? [3 years old?](#) The kid's response to everything at this juncture in its wee life?

“No.”

Doesn't matter the question, the request, or the command, the response, the first response is, “No.”

I can access the kid's chart, and looks and see what the source is, but I usually just write it off as “Kid testing limits.” As a Gemini, though, I kept thinking of that little kid telling me “No” at every turn. Reminds me of the Gemini experience at this moment.

“No.”

Yes, is rather a better answer, but that, as soon as the Full Moon is over, which is now, then there's a sense that everything is "No."

My trick, and I'm suggesting that Gemini think about this one, what would be a question that the kid can't say, "No," to?

Hint: want some candy? Or some similar, impossible to resist enticement.

Cancer:

The Crab

Looking out the window, it looked nice enough outside. I figure, a quick spin to fetch up some coffee would be a great idea. Not a lot, just a little iced afternoon [beverage](#). Looked like it was partly cloudy, not much breeze, and the closest place is what, a mile a way or so? Easy, afternoon chance to stretch my legs between appointments.

No sooner do I set than the clouds scoot off one direction, and that old Texas sun, it's still rather warm out, that Sun just fries me. What I fell for? The looking out the window part of the equation, looked cool enough. What didn't work? The real part of stepping out and hiking off for a break.

Perception: it's "Fall," so it will be cool, looked cool outside, when I checked. School's started so, it has to be cooler outside, right?

I live in South Texas. It is cooler by only by a few degrees. Not so much that I would notice, and that's the lesson — again — for the Moon Children. Looks cooler outside, but until you've walked out there, there is no way to know. Looks can be deceiving, especially now the full moon is over.

The Leo:

The Leo

All [good relationships](#) have certain elements at their foundations. For some, it's shared memories, or shared obligations. Gifts, mementos, or experiences — sometimes, usually, it's some combination of all of that. There are foundation elements. This week emphasizes those foundation elements. One buddy tried my trick of a card. Didn't work because it was plainly a contrived element. He does flowers, at regular intervals. Not really good with the concept, though, he does have it worked out. I used to text him, every February 13. I used also drop him an email before his wife's birthday, reminding him. These are pieces of foundations that make good relationships last. I have a vendor who sends me an e-mail with notes and ideas, each week. Just filler material, really, but a welcome break, and the weekly e-mail extends our relationship.

So the idea tends towards romantic relationships, but it can be any type of relationship, and those foundation elements. As Venus makes a *slight* but foundation-type angle to some other stuff? Think about those little things that speak volumes. Take some action. Take some gentle, probably noticed at the moment, action.

Me? I'll buy flowers.

astrofish.net sig file

Horoscopes starting 1.12.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, January 11, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/01/horoscopes-starting-1-12-2017/>

I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell!
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good.

Edmund of Langley, in [Shakespeare's](#) *King Richard II*, (2.1.211-4)

Up next? El Paso then San Antonio, then back to Austin. Details at astrofish.net/travel.

Horoscopes starting 1.12.2017

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat

Acting like a seven-year old. It was me, I was working at an event, one of the [last of the last year](#), and a client's daughter was circulating around the tables. Kid was just seven years old. Every time she'd make a pass by me, she'd stick her tongue out and make a face. By her second or third lap, I was trying to beat her to the tongue out.

A business associate, sitting next to me, was greatly amused. "I'm trying to figure out, which one of you two is most mature." My take? Girl-child. She's probably way more mature than I am. I know this. The child's mother was getting a little exasperated with the child, and then, when the mom figured out I was partaking, possibly aggravating the situation? We were both told to stop, "Both of you! Right now!" Mom turned her back to look at something bright and shiny, and I grinned then stuck my tongue back out at the kid, who, with a furtive glance over a slender shoulder, repeated the process. Mercury, [no longer retrograde](#), and the Sun, still in Capricorn, happy belated birthday by the way, there's a chance to act like a child.

"Oh please, you're just making this worse!"

Capricorn: shrug?

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer Love me my Aquarius friends, and they are nothing if not [inconstant](#). Usually. Therein, my dear, is the Aquarius problem. There's a certain requirement for "inconstant behavior" these days.

My old “Mercury is Retrograde” trick was to take three passes at at least three different ideas, see which one was still standing when Mercury was no longer retrograde. With the cardinal energy loose upon the land?

A similar idea is still quite valid this week. Take three — or more — attempts. Realize that one to three of those attempts might lack substantial backing and support. Realize that there might be, to some, epic failure, and, the Aquarius Way? “Not failure, just experiments that didn’t bare fruit; although, failure is a positive result, in that, you know, it shows that it didn’t work, so we now know that one doesn’t work. Doesn’t work in that configuration, anyway. Right?”

That’s the way to see this week. False starts, dead-ends, left-over mishmash from Mercury Madness, and yet, it’s not all bad. I suspect this is all tangential to the basic Aquarius, but be aware, might be some false starts.

“Left, no, right, no left, no, I think you go straight here...”

Pisces:

The FishesRomance is, at best, a very fickle beast.

With Both Venus and Mars in Pisces, you would think this could be a bit easier. It’s not. Venus sows more confusion and deliberate misdirection at this time, rather than a making everything better — thank your main planet, Neptune, for that.

Although not clearly visible with a naked eye, the sense of what Neptune does is there. Now it’s a matter of using that energy correctly. Love me some Mars juice, too, but this isn’t the time to embrace it too fully.

Aries:

The RamNo, no-no, no no. No. There’s a rolling influence, comes in waves, washes over you, whispers in the Aries ear, “Change. Change for the better. Change something, now.” My first answer? No. It’s perfectly fine to listen to the voices. It’s perfectly fine to have a committee in your Aries head, making suggestions about possible courses of action. Every Aries loves action. The challenge with this week’s weirdo energies? Maybe not take action. There’s a push as Pluto (Capricorn) “squares” Uranus (Aries) and opposes Jupiter (Libra). Technical name? Cardinal T-Cross. Or, as I suggest, a time to stop, pause, listen to the voices and take their various advisements under consideration as a possible future course of action. But right now? Nothing. A well-timed pause serves you best, as that prevents a certain comment, one I’ve made many times myself, “It seemed like a good idea at the time.”

Aries: Yeah, no.

Taurus:

The Bull“Mix earth ([Taurus](#)) and water ([Pisces](#))? You get mud.” Old, familiar refrain, and while it isn’t one that I strictly adhere to, it is considered common sense among astrological-inclined circles. The predominate Taurus influence is mostly water, with Mars leading the way and Venus just getting more confused by the minute, and this tends to muddy the water for Taurus. So the analogy I started with, while it might be flawed, in both symbology and execution, yes, one of mine that didn’t work, what a surprise, while the analogy might be broken, the sense of this week’s message should be clear.

Clear?

There’s a certain level of confusion and rather than trying to see clearly when it seems well-nigh impossible to see clearly? Consider that this is a murky, muddy situation. When fishing in water that is “stained,” which is a fancy fishing term for “muddy,” consider that movement and motion, not bright color, is what attracts the fish. No bright colors to help see clearly, consider movement and motion.

Gemini:

The TwinsSo, my fine Gemini friend, now that Mercury is no longer retrograde, what shall we do? The problem being, there’s still some left-over detritus, washed downstream, and now, unceremoniously dumped on the Gemini psyche. There’s still some clearing, cleaning, and picking up the pieces of what was shattered by Mercury in Retrograde. It’s not all bad, but we must pick our collective Gemini way along this route with utmost caution.

Can’t just go blindly forward. Pick our way, cautiously and carefully.

Gently.

There’s a chance to get moving forward, but to make that happen, we must proceed at a slower than usual Gemini pace. Which, as it turns out, will probably annoy more, but let’s just think about this, it’s Gemini/Mercury infused issue, and being hasty? That usual Gemini haste will just make this worse. Slow down, we’re moving forward, just not as fast as you think we should.

Cancer:

The CrabNot long ago, I switched out monitors, the single screen I look at when I’m work, at home. It’s not a brand I’m familiar with, and there’s a bewildering array of buttons to set pitch and yaw, high-def color spots, and many other choices I have no clue about. I was digging around to plug another thing into the thing, USB adaptor to phone cable, if you must know, and I hit one switch on the bottom of the monitor. Which, in turn, activated the picture-in-picture feature. Which, I suppose, is cool, but I don’t use it. At all.

Not my thing.

Accidentally bumped the button, and then, I was sent into a 15-minute distraction as I fumbled through menu item after menu item, trying to get the right control and just set it back to what I had it set in the first place. Took a little longer than 15 minutes, but I took a break to keep from getting frustrated, break for coffee, just to make life easier, and to relieve the angst of wrongful button pushing. While experimenting, I learned a few things. I had the pitch and yaw set for the wrong weave for the screen's maximum performance, and I didn't have a clue. While I deal with precious little animation, the stuff scrolls faster with better response. It was a painful mistake that paid big dividends, once I calmed down a little bit and started tweaking the controls. Still not intuitive, but better service, now. Mistakes occur. Accidents happen. As a Cancer Moon child, there's a door, window, or even just a small control panel that pops open. After you calm down? Fiddle with it, make that thing work better.

The Leo:

The LeoThis last Mercury in Retrograde kind of did a number on me, and there was a trigger point. That trigger point kind of did a number on a certain Leo I know.

Did you listen to my advice about Mercury in Retrograde?

Did you pay attention?

Apparently you forgot some of the [guidelines](#).

We're done with the fall-out from the previous Mercury thing, now, but we've got to keep an eye ahead, what's just up, in this next week. There's a certain kind of frailty, a kind of gentle hand that is required. Pretend Mercury is Retrograde. Pretend that you have to try extra-Leo-hard to be extra-Leo-nice, in order to move forward in these next few days. That trigger point is still feeling pressure from various locations.

Mostly, all that watery stuff in Pisces? Mars/Venus and then, Venus/Neptune, and then, just stuff. Emotional waves that dredge back and forth. Pause long enough to recognize the trigger point and what it means. Some days, I know it's justified, but some days? Just not worth getting all Leo-centric pissed off about this stuff. Pause.

Virgo:

The VirginI got interested in baking a few years back. No, not that kind of "baked," although, sure, some insist I am half-baked. No, what I was striving for was a cookie recipe that was healthy, maybe gluten-free, maybe sugar free? I tried various combinations and an old girlfriend had this recipe for peanut butter cookies that returned amazing results. No, not what I was looking for, but as a starting point? Sure, what I began with. I substituted gluten-free, all natural, organic flour-like stuff. Then, free-range, sugar-free sweetener. Organic, all-natural soy-free almond butter instead of peanut butter.

The results were spectacularly bad. Or good, depends.

The cookies were soft, pliable, chewy, rich in texture, and totally devoid of any kind of flavor. Tasted like

cardboard. Not a winner, by any stretch of my imagination, other than, all healthy and stuff.

Pretty epic fail.

Weeks later, I still had some left over. Still chewy, and still the right texture, just, no flavor, or, a flavor that was eerily reminiscent of most cardboard boxes. Brown, moist cardboard boxes as the white boxes tend to have a bit more definition to the palate. Probably the bleach and chemicals in the cardboard's coloring. This week is like my attempt at baking. I was thinking about that miss, heart was in the right place, it was heart-smart, but the flavor? Not so much. Not even. This week, reminds me that I stumbled across some of those cookies the other afternoon. Still not good, but serviceable — as need be. It's a

Virgo thing.

Libra:

The Scales There's an amusing, to me, study of where famous authors quit reading other famous authors' books. The one I recalled, the most influential novel of the last 100 year, [James Joyce's *Ulysses*](#), there were a handful of contemporaries, some even wrote glowing critical praise for the book, but few of them made it past the first hundred pages.

In my own library, I have a decades-old version of that text, and I made it to about page 120, over the years.

“Book, novel, etc., you're supposed to read, most important novel of the last 100 years,” and so on. As a goal, one winter's eve, I sat down with a digital copy and read the whole thing, all the way through. Goal accomplished, but the digital version was much easier for me to read since I could tap and search for the strange terms, the insider jokes, the allusions and references buried in that epic tome. Didn't take long, once I set about tackling the job of reading the whole thing, three or four days.

Like me, there's a longstanding **Libra** goal, and like me, you've put this off for many years, almost 15 years, for me and that novel. Unlike me, you have renewed interest in getting the door shut, getting the job done, finishing that thing, whatever it is, that goal. That thing. You get a chance to make great headways, if you bow your **Libra** head and plow on through it, whatever that thing is. Goal. Onerous task. Something you need accomplish. You can do, it this week.

Scorpio:

The Scorpion

The character Lucy, in the original comic strip “Peanuts,” offered psychiatric help for \$0.05. That's a nickel. With my [background](#) and years of experience, I'd like to think I'm worth a big more than five cents. Adjusted for inflation, even? I'd like think of myself as Dollar Store self-help.

The Dollar Store self-help for **Scorpio**? Lots of craziness right now. Don't partake. Eventually, this year, even, you'll have some rather positive Jupiter action, which, in turn, means **Scorpio** relief. The deal is,

there's still a lot of insanity and to some **Scorpio** folks, inanity loose upon the world. Don't buy into other folks' troubles. [Not your mess](#), don't clean it up. If you're not getting in engaged in other peoples' troubles? I've been worth that dollar.

“Nope, not my mess.”

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius

A certain woman I knew, she was, is, left handed. When she writes with her left hand, I get all — her actions leave me speechless. In part, this is because, she's got all the right girl parts in all the correct places, thin, willowy, etc., etc. She's also much younger than me, so there's not really a physical affection there, until she starts to take notes when I'm talking. For several years, I attempted to train myself to be left-handed. Never worked, as I am hopelessly mired in my rut. However, I still, to this day, use a “mouse” with my left hand. It forces me to think in a way I'm not accustomed to thinking. It makes me adapt.

It forces me out of a [comfort zone](#), but this is all, plain enough, a deliberate action to get me to act and react in a new way. Break the patterns. Now, with Mars/Venus/Neptune in Pisces, break some patterns. There's certain pressure, mostly Lunar-inspired, but a certain pressure to change for change's sake, and that's not what this is about. When I see that woman taking notes with her left hand, I figure how gifted she is, in seeing the world, and expressing what she sees, from a slightly different perspective. As a Sagittarius, we can adopt a different way of seeing matters, be a big help. Break a pattern that no longer serves us.

Horoscopes starting 1.19.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, January 18, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/01/horoscopes-starting-1-19-2017/>

“I see it feelingly.”

Gloucester in [Shakespeare's King Lear](#) (4.vi.128)

The Sun Enters the Tropical Zodiac Sign of Aquarius at 3:23 PM, CST (plus or minus, your mileage may vary, see local dealer for [details](#).)

Horoscopes starting 1.19.2017

Aquarius:

The Water BearerAll I did was leave my socks on. No big deal, right? Maybe not a big deal to some, but it is kind of a [big deal](#) to me. Cold, winter morning, me, in a robe, not much else, shivering, and I was thinking I had to go someplace, so I started to get dressed.

I pulled on socks.

I take great pride in mis-matched tube socks as what I wear underneath my boots. Only, after I pulled on the socks, I got distracted, and I padded around the house with my feet in socks. Only, now, after socks, my toes weren't cold.

It's such a simple solution, obvious to some, and yet, I missed it for a long time. I've gotten striated in my patterns, I'll wear boots, cowboy boots, and I have the mismatched socks for that, handmade, cowboy boots, made in Texas, or I'll wear sandals. There isn't a lot of ground between the two. One, or the other, one requires socks and the other requires no socks. This addition, wearing socks but no shoes? It goes against every fiber in my being, screaming, “No! Noooooooo....” However, pause, think about it, warm toes, looks silly, but I'm at home, no one sees, right? It's OK. It's going to be OK. Super simple solution to a complex problem, sort of a mediated half-way [point](#).

Aquarius: Simple [adjustment](#). Try leaving your socks on. Keeps the toes warm. simple adjustment, although, it did, at first, go against the very fiber of my being, to wear socks with no boots.

Pisces:

The FishesOne website I stumbled across was a very zen-like series of [desktops](#), work surfaces and office-like environments. For those of us who, perhaps we office at home, or free-lance, part of the “hired gun” set-up? For those of us, the workspace is both important, and for a little while, it was neat to see what others were [doing](#).

However, I started to suspect that there was an element of the surreal that was part of the images. The desks, they were always too clean. My wallet, a hair tie, possibly an every-day-carry pocketknife, lip balm, watch, phone, blank sticky-notes, maybe a few notes stuck to the monitor's edge, reminders to get milk and eggs at the store, today? I've graduated from one cup with pens, pencils, screwdrivers in it, I've moved to more than one cup with that crap, now with pliers, markers, nail file, and a tiny pen light. Just work materials that accumulate along the edges of the real, working desks.

One of the merchants I work alongside, he decided he didn't want to pack up boxes of a certain mineral, so he handed them out as pairs of cubes, selenite, I think, said it was best right beside a computer, to help prevent negative ions. More crap I've accumulated.

A clean desk is a sure sign of insanity.

Pisces: When we look at the pictures, of clean desks, or work spaces, or whatever? Is it real? Or is that staged?

Aries:

The Ram Putatively, the "Winter" months, for me, I tend to move towards a "grey scale" type of arrangement; I'd suggest that for Aries, as well. Think "Gray Scale," not bright colors. My jeans, for example, they were once labeled, "Black," but over the years, the jeans have faded some, more along the lines of grey. At least one Aries will make a "Shades of Grey" joke, and that isn't what this is about.

This is about grey scales, grey, fuzzy lines, and how those grey, fuzzy lines don't give a decent Aries a good indication, one way or another. "But I have to know, right now!"

The stars, planets, really,
incline but do not dictate.

The message, the messages, are that there are grey lines, fuzzy and indistinct markers between areas. The best way to move yourself forward? Consider following the grey, fuzzy lines as indistinct markers, more like a setting on a compass, vaguely facing north, or south, or east, or west, to whatever way you think you should be going. General direction, fuzzy lines, and we'll all get a better sense direction the near future, but until then? Yeah, sure blindly charge forward, Aries. Just remember that the direction "Forward," it's described by those fuzzy lines. It's more general direction and less a distinct destination.

Blame me. Blame the planets. But move "forward-ish," as described by the indistinct lines.

Taurus:

The Bull I had on a hoodie, from a surfing place in Cal. Jeans, boots, and t-shirt on, underneath the hoodie, kind of my relaxed, normal way of dressing on a typical winter afternoon in January. I met with some friends about a thing, you know, more casual and less formal, just a meet-and-greet, but then, it

being January, I was pressed into service for talking about the up and coming [astrology](#).

Ever heard of an “Elevator Pitch?”

The 30-second intro, who I am, what I do, and then, a longer version, about what’s coming up in the next year. I had the stage, wasn’t really a stage, more like a semi-circle of interested parties, and so I droned on. I wasn’t expecting to be front and center, if I was, I’d wear nicer jeans, a clean t-shirt, and maybe a sports jacket instead of a hoodie. I was casual and relaxed, and it turned into a casual — and relaxed — discussion. However, the selling point, from what I gathered later, was the hoodie, from a real surf shop on the surfer’s coast, Northern Cal. Added verisimilitude to my relaxed look. I didn’t plan it, but the way it worked? Came off perfect. Came out perfect. As a Taurus, be prepared with the elevator pitch, the 10-minute overview of what the next year looks like, [something](#).

Taurus: “I wasn’t expecting to talk, but on that subject....”

Gemini:

The TwinsCorresponding with some tech support, tangential tech support, I was in a conversation with some folks in [Northern Cal](#). North California, south of Oregon, but not by much. I finally figured out what the problem was. Too many surfers and not enough sharks. Given that the surfers tend to consume certain mildly psychotropic substances (get stoned), maybe the sharks are high, or something, from eating too many surfers. Still, more sharks. Be much better. The folks in Northern Cal need something to give them a little more edge. Get up to speed with the way things are in the real world.

“But, like, this is the real world, like, you know?”

My problem was resolved but I wasn’t too happy about it. question was answered. As a Gemini, you feel my angst and frustration. It feels like you’re dealing with a very similar energy this week. Not enough sharks. Just a few more predators would help add some zest to the games. Just up the drive, just to crank it up a notch. I’ve fished in shark-infested waters, so I know, and it’s not really an issue. Just means we’re all more circumspect. Like I suggested, the answer to this week’s Gemini problem? More sharks; fewer surfer dudes.

Gemini: The problem? It’s probably not going to happen, just letting your Gemini self know that. Not enough sharks.

Cancer:

The CrabI flipped the Cancer charts backwards and forwards, trying to get a decent image, more an image in my head, rather than an [image on the page](#), about what was happening. I understand that there will be a degree of clarity, where a previously occluded image or scenario can be seen for its true nature.

Perhaps this is a person about whom you were either concerned or irritated. Perhaps this is a situation where that irritation or concern was. Maybe, it’s just the planets. The more I teased the charts, the more I poked and prodded, the more I tried to boil this all down to a simple phrase? All I kept hearing, in my

mind, was to “See feelingly.” The biggest problem with that term, “See feelingly?” Source, attribution, and madmen. With Cancer, this week, it’s possible, even beneficial to “See feelingly,” sure, but like the original source? Careful that we don’t take it one step too far into madness.

Caution, yet, “see feelingly.”

The Leo:

The LeoThe most perfect way to start your New Year? Get a tattoo. Doesn’t have to be a lot of ink, although, I know one Leo with a sleeves on both sides, literally awash in ink, but no, this advice varies individual to individual. This could be a tramp stamp, a tiny bunny on one ankle, or lord knows what else. The deal is, as a writer, the way I’d like to see this Leo tattoo appear? As ink, in script, you choose the lettering style, maybe archaic, maybe gothic, maybe “olde englishe,” which really isn’t, but that doesn’t matter, does it?

Leo: That tattoo? What it should say?

Leo: “Nothing is permanent.”

It’s perfect; it’s **The Perfect Leo [statement](#)**.

Virgo:

The VirginThe perfect image for Virgo? It’s the “Fat Buddha,” which, if you pause long enough to learn anything about buddhist traditions, he’s really a buddhist monk, not “The [Buddha](#).” The fat monk is our common, western, misconception. It’s an image that get perpetrated throughout the inter-webs, and it is patently false. So it’s usually a copy of the fat monk, and underneath him, or over him, integral in the image’s meme quality, there’s those block letters, “You got to let that chit go, homie.”

Between the dated urban slang, the incorrect Buddhist attribution, and the general maligning several major belief systems, there’s still a message. There’s an opportunity, in this next part of the lunar cycle to let some of the Virgo burden go. A chance to let some past grievance and the harm you’ve carried forward from that point, some injury, some pain, time to surrender that to whatever you believe in, at this moment.

Buddha, Bubba, some
days, not much difference.

However, the humorous image? That’s the secret, as it’s not factually even close to being real, and as an ancillary note, I always love the similar image, a real image of Buddha, “80% of the quotes on the internet attributed to me are not mine.”

“You got to let that chit go, homie.”

Libra:

The Scales Many years ago, the “paleo” cooking fad caught up with me, and it was a natural extension from “low carb.” BBQ, with a green salad? Naturally low-carb. Worked for years, for me. I toyed with “paleo,” never fully committing to it because, well, I live in a place where [TexMex](#) is [king](#). Can’t escape that. However, over the years, I’ve discovered that bacon grease is one of nature’s best lubes for cooking. It appears to have better staying power and certainly better cooking qualities especially when compared to coconut oil, the other, really popular “paleo” grease.

Maybe it’s because I was raised with Southern Sensibilities, part of my family lineage is old deep south. Maybe, over the years, I’ve discovered that, in my kitchen, a little bacon grease works wonders for food prep. Flavor, won’t stick the frying pan, lasts for days at a time unused, higher or lower flash point, I have no idea, and it’s readily available, just drain it off the bacon. Perfect. Useful ingredient. It’s a lubricant, and it’s useful for flavoring, cooking. This week? In Libra? There’s a need for dash of “Cosmic Bacon Grease” in the frying pan of the stars. It’s not bad, it’s just the preferable, and allegedly more healthy version is coconut oil? It’s too fickle, like it doesn’t fry well at the higher heats. The coconut flour is okay, I mean I use it for many cooking chores, but this week’s Libra? Bacon grease.

Libra: Bacon grease, real or cosmic.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio This is a dangerous week for **Scorpio**. The danger is from the monster within. The danger is unrepentant drives and desires, wishes, hopes, and dreams. Some dreams are best left unfulfilled. There’s a key piece of technology, probably from a company with either an “i” in front of the device’s name or some space-age name, invoking stellar bodies far away. Either way, it’s techno-lust. The back of the **Scorpio lizard**-brain screams, “I need this, now!”

The Scorpio available cash resources suggest that it’s a ticklish, at best, situation.

Maybe. Maybe not.

The ancestral **Scorpio** brain screams again, “Need!” The rational — and modern — **Scorpio** brain thinks, “Want? Yes. Need? Maybe not.” The dilemma, and the answer? Not yet. I’ll agree you deserve a break. I’ll agree that you might, indeed need that object of techno-lust, and I’ll even suggest you should scout out places to acquire that object of **Scorpio** lust and desire. However, I’d also suggest, this week? Yeah, don’t give in, not yet.

Scorpio: There’s promise of better deal, next week.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius There are some days, and we have no choice. Some days, the avenue is clear. Other days, it is

a murky, indistinct route. Laughter is our best ally, at times like this. The planets are doing two things, to Sagittarius, basically. One is quite humorous, as there's the Sag's ability to laugh at anything.

“This will work out, somehow!”

Such a comment is usually followed by gales of laughter, and Sag's, like myself, we tend to have a goofy-sounding laugh. The other planet action is asking for a judgement call about a relationship issue.

There's an old comedy routine I used to use, imagine a woman asking me, “Does this dress make me look fat?” There are no right answers, not according to the classic terms of comedy. It's an old routine, I've used this as an example, and I'm bringing it back up because, for Sagittarius, translate this to your own situation, but there are — appear to be — no right answers. We can cry and bemoan our collective Sagittarius fates, or we can laugh about this.

Sagittarius: Your choice, Sag., laugh or cry. With that duality? Laughter can be the best medicine, for this week.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat

This week's set of horoscopes open with a quote from Shakespeare's play, *King Lear*. Brilliant tragedy, but also, for some us, a play that's really hard to watch when it's well-done because the pain is too real. One staged version, I was doubled-over in emotional pain, it felt that real.

So, to make it through this next few days? “See feelingly.”

So, I was crossing a busy street, me and my pedestrian ways, and I paused. Light turned yellow. I stopped on the curb. Light changed to red. Big truck, loud side-pipes, went blowing through the intersection, I never saw the truck coming, but if I'd stepped out, I would've been tragically flattened.

Capricorn: Pause to “see feelingly,” like me, and we can prevent a tragic **Capricorn** mishap.

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Horoscopes starting 1.26.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, January 25, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/01/horoscopes-starting-1-26-2017/>

What boded this, but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say, “Seek not a scorpion’s nest,
Nor set no footing on this [unkind shore](#)”?

Queen Margaret in Shakespeare's *Henry 6 pt. 2* (3.2.85-7)

There’s an [opening shot](#) from a marginally famous film, shows a huge, gnarly looking Scorpion crawling along the desert sands. Nasty, ugly looking brute, with a giant tail, implied, loaded with venom. Black shell with blood-red markings. The real insect used? Not deadly. Not even painful. Looks means and nasty, but isn’t. A scorpion is one of those creatures that’s managed to make it into the subconscious everywhere.

Horoscopes starting 1/26/2017

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer Every real story is truly a never-ending [tale](#). Happy Aquarius birthday, yes, it’s that time again. There will be a certain amount of “falderal” about the Chinese New Year — still — for Aquarius? There’s a new start about to occur. As I mentioned, every story, really good stories, are never-ending tales. What is about to [unfold](#), in Aquarius, for Aquarius, the next chapter. This isn’t an ending. It’s a new verse. New chapter, new section, new material to be added to the Aquarius story of, Aquarius story of, the tale of, well, something. New verse, new chapter, new act. If you read this before it starts, get ready. If you read this after it starts, the wheels are in motion, get ready to ride this one all the way through. Just remember, it’s really more like a continuation rather than a new tale. Just adding a sequel. Yes, new sequel.

Pisces:

The Fishes Cool looking leather cover for a brand of field notes, to carry a pencil, the notes, maybe some other scraps? I’ve longed for those items, I think of them as hand-toys or hand-tools, a slim leather binder with notes and notebook, blank pages begging to be filled with sketches, ideas, notes for the future, perhaps arcane clues to the way the universe works?

Practically? I bought one of those notebooks, different brand, beautiful, had-tooled leather, carved in a symbolic image, bound with a leather tie, soft and supple to the touch. I even went so far as to treat the leather binder’s surface with preservative waxes, special leather care.

I used that leather-bound notebook exactly once. One trip, one summer, I used it for about three days. Then, not unusual, I went back to using a [phone and digital camera](#) to record and recall events from that “expedition.”

This is about what’s necessary and what’s not. I love looking, shopping for those cool notebooks, or better yet, the special binders that hold the blank books. It’s very attractive. Makes a great package.

However, I’m reminded, I used one.

Once.

Even at that, it didn’t make the whole trip, as I reverted to my current style of almost-cryptic notes on the phone, and then digital images. Spurs much more. For me, it’s way less laborious, too. As we look forward to VD and then Pisces birthdays, in another few weeks? Shopping is OK. Buying? Maybe not so much. Like those notebooks and notebook covers? Never got used, not really.

Aries:

The Ram One of my former neighbors has an impressive piece of Old “American Street Iron.” It’s an early 1970s [American-made car](#), two-door model, lots of metal in the hood, no air bags, no shoulder straps, just a big motor with some advanced timing, maybe a slightly hotter cam, big tires, alloy wheels. That car used to make the most satisfying burble when it idled passing the house. A slightly syncopated thump, a throaty growl when he would put his foot on the gas. It was a classic American hot rod. My blood would quicken and I got excited at the mere audio presence of large V-8, mildly hot-rodded, and churning up dirt.

Mars is entering **Aries** this week. Mars is like that big V-8, with its throaty growl, the slow, syncopated idle, the hint of the roar of the pipes should one put one’s “foot into it.”

As a suggestion, with this Mars and timing for **Aries**? Better to keep that **Aries** motor at low grumble, hinting at speed, hinting at horsepower, hinting that you can move really fast with out noise, and yet? Not doing it. Now isn’t the time to loudly accelerate away. Menace all you want, like driving low and slow through the neighborhood, rumbling along, perhaps blipping the throttle once or twice, racing the motor. With Mars, though? Now’s not the time to “put your foot into it,” and stomp down on the **Aries** [gas pedal](#).

Taurus:

The Bull Some days, it’s the most *minute minutiae* that matters. Littlest of details matter the most. Annoying, to some, details about this and that, or the other thing and then that one thing, you know? Seriously, it’s the tiniest of little bits and pieces that make the biggest impact. Some of this appears rather insignificant.

“God is in the details,” just ask any *Virgo* I ever dated. She’ll explain for sure. However, as a **Taurus**,

details are not always a strong suit. This is a time to pay attention to the details. Some of this is merely window dressing, or appearances, or whatever. Like making sure the cuff and the collars match. Or the accessories match. Color coordinate the outfit. It all kind of depends, but before the next day or two arrives, there will one — or more — of those situations where an attention to details, attention to **Taurus** detail, is most important.

Gemini:

The TwinsThe “Get Stuff Done” and “To Do List” is a minor industry unto itself. I’d credit 3M with starting it, with their “Post It” notes that are now generic and ubiquitous. Quotidian, even. From one of my buddies, a self-styled “Efficiency Expert,” the way I understood it? If the “To Do List” in whatever format? If that list has six or more items on it? None will happen efficiently or in an expedient fashion.

Further back, when I helped with a print shop, the sign on the wall read,
“1. Quick 2. Correct 3. Cheap: pick 2.”

A **Gemini** wants fast, efficient, and correct. Cheap, too. This is about managing the available time, and making a rather *un-Gemini* effort to do it correctly. The quickest way to get this accomplished?

If that daily list has more than 6 items on it?

Cut back.

There’s only one of you. Excuse me, there’s only one of you inside that shell that contains three or four, but as far as getting it done? If the list has more than 6 items?

Cut back.

I’d suggest no more than five items, but that’s me. I’m certainly no efficiency expert. The planets, it’s mostly Mercury — in *Capricorn* — Sun in *Aquarius* — and Mars heading into *Aries*. It’s about how you pick and choose what’s going to get the **Gemini** attention. More than six things on the list? None of it will happen well. Good enough sometimes isn’t good enough. So, again, my clue? Cut that list down to no more than five, max.

Cancer:

The CrabAt least two towns I’ve frequented for much of my professional career claim to be “The Most Haunted.” I can’t vouch for either place being more haunted, but of all the towns in Texas, I think [San Antonio](#), with the Alamo downtown, I would think it is probably the most haunted.

There was a sign, downtown San Antonio, again, “If you don’t bother the ghosts, they won’t bother you.” Best advice I’ve seen in a long time.

While the history and mythology tend to conflate, there’s always the question. The way I see it, there’s a famous tourist hotel situated on the killing fields of the Alamo, and the legendary 183 were probably

burned there. Got to be some lingering spirits.

The trick is, with this week's energy, I'm looking in *Capricorn* — opposite from **Cancer** — for the clue, the trick is to **leave the ghosts alone, and they will leave you alone**. It's really simple, in one way of seeing it. There are some stirrings, this can be historical, this can be comical, this can be spooky, this can be a throwback to Halloween — but the “spirits” are restless. If you don't disturb them, they won't bother you. Pretty simple.

The Leo:

The Leo I know very little about music, much less the various categories, sub-groups, and derivative forms. However, I'm pretty sure, not completely, but pretty sure, it was a familiar song-introduction that had been run through a mixer-thing. That turned the opening credits into “dub-step,” near as I can tell. It's not bad, there's just an unexpected rhythm to that more syncopated beat. There's an extra pause, then shuffle, then pause that is — to me — slightly askew.

That I could recognize it, I'm happy. That I understand it, and see a pattern, albeit a different pattern than one I'm used to? That's good, too.

As **The Majestic Leo**, there's a change-up occurring. Is this bad? Not so much. However, the best trick is to be willing to adjust to the new. I think you'll grow to like it, and less time spent complaining means more time to learn the new steps. There are occasions when an updated process really does result in improvements, even though your Leo self liked the old way better.

That was then,
this is now.

Get with the new step. New rhythm, new way to get this done. Once you learn it? It will be easier.

The Leo: I'm all about making life easier for **The Leo**. (You know that, right?)

Virgo:

The Virgin I've got a couple of [books](#) about grammar and punctuation. One or two copies are quite aged, but there have been some more recent books, slim little novella-length tracts about the sad state of grammar these days. Funny, to me, I was being paid, as a writer, for more than a decade before I embarked upon learning and re-learning grammar. Part of this is a reaction to “Microsoft English,” as dictated by the guidelines in a rather ubiquitous word processing software package. Then, too, some of this is more recent, for me. I don't think I'll ever get any better as a writer, but I can hone my craft. Towards that end, I've endeavored to review and renew my understanding of the rules.

I'm trying, everyday,
to be a better person.

Warms the **Virgo**, don't it?

Like me, there are rules, guidelines, structures, commandments, and similar dictates that any good Virgo can delve back into, and then, this makes life better. Don't hesitate to dig back into the rules to see how we can make this better; although, I still really like my dangling modifiers.

Virgo: Another way to see this week's message? In order to break the rules, you must know the rules, first.

Libra:

The Scales There's a weird echo and strange dynamic, like there's something wrong, but nothing's wrong. Nagging feeling something's "about to happen," and yet nothing bad materializes. I got one Libra, perfect example, a real 8-to-5 person. 5 PM sharp, hits the door and is gone in a swish. No hanging around, no waiting late, no last minute details that must be addressed.

It's tricky but the idea is that bailing out, right now, right on time, that might not be best. The idea is, instead of leaving at 5 sharp, be willing to stay a few minutes late, answer one last call, respond to one e-mail, that final query, one last items that requires the gentlest of Libra touches. This isn't something that other signs are good at, so this requires that diplomatic Libra thing, and yes, the Libra will probably go a little too far with trying to be nice. Why we like them. What's required is one last tablespoon of sugar to coat a situation that, as a good Libra, you might find distasteful.

Libra: "Just a spoonful of sugar...."

Scorpio:

The Scorpio Two choices my fine scorpio friends, two choices. Take the easy way out in the next two days and suffer for the next month? Or go ahead and do the diligent, arduous task required of you, in the next two days, and then, the next month, at work, that starts to go smoother. But you know what you have to do, next couple of days, to make this happen? It's up to you. Taking the easy way out doesn't bode well, I'm just saying.

Scorpio: eschew the easy way. Take the direct, hard route.

It's the hard road.

It's the tough way, it's the more difficult action. But try it, next two days, and see if that doesn't make life easier in the coming month.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Old trick, works wonders. I've got a [daily carry bag](#), just the stuff I need for a day at work, or overnight fishing trip, whatever. In order to function at the highest **Sagittarius** efficiency, we have to be minimally loaded down. The old trick is to empty out the complete contents of the daily carry bag. Purse, man-purse, backpack for some, one of several shoulder bags for me, doesn't much matters, empty out the carry-all.

That's the old trick.

Dump it all out on the ground, on the floor, someplace safe, like the carpet in the bedroom, doesn't much matter. Everything out of the daily carry baggage, whatever shape that is. I tend towards shoulder bags as I don't have a long hike anymore, from the parking lot to the gate or the parking lot to the front door, and sometimes, all the way back to the ballroom. Never more than 50 meters or so, not with everything in tow. So a shoulder bag works well for me. I do have a suitcase on wheels, two suitcase wheelie things, but I rarely use them. No, the trick is to empty out the day carry bag, whatever that is. Sort through the crap. A few days ago, I tossed out a pen because it didn't have a cap, and I didn't want ink leaking all over the inside of the briefcase. When I undertook this exercise, I found the cap, tucked away, in a side pocket. Better to toss instead of risking leaking pens. That's just a small example but it bears up well, empty out the daily carry bag. Lose what's no longer needed.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Pause. Just pause for a moment. There's much that's kicking in Pisces, Sun's in Aquarius, and in **Capricorn**, Mercury and Pluto play tag this week. To make the most of this? Don't forget, Mars is going to start to agitate as he moves into Aries, so to make the most of this? Understand that Mercury makes you move faster, and with that plutonic influence, move faster, dig deeper, find out more, and at a quicker pace, than any pother sign. So the deal is to pause. You have to let us catch up with you. Your mind leaps across wide chasms, **Capricorn**, nimble of thought while the rest of us are merely trying to catch up.

Pause. Just freakin' pause for a moment. Let the rest of us catch up with you. You're racing ahead, already adds surged of a positive outcome, so why not let the rest of us catch up? It's only polite.

So? So just pause.

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Horoscopes starting 1.5.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, January 04, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/01/horoscopes-starting-1-5-2017/>

I cannot by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to day.

Marcus Brutus in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* 2.1.2~

Mercury isn't "retrograde" much longer, but we're not completely in the clear from the ensuing [confusion](#), so keep that in mind.

Horoscopes starting 1.5.2017

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Handy travel tip — if you have expandable luggage? Never leave home with the luggage expanded. You'll thank me later, like later this year. It's the beginning of the year, and there's a big push to reduce, reuse, and recycle in the Capricorn's life.

Before this inauspicious start gets done, like, in the next day or three?

There's a packing tip.

I had this one, old girlfriend, and when we would travel, I'd always throw in a tiny, folded-up duffel. Sooner or later, there would be that "one thing" she would want. Had to pack it in a suitcase and the clothes had to go someplace else; hence, my portable, expandable duffel. However, the trick to use this energy correctly, in the next week? Pretend that the duffel isn't there. Or, if it's that expendable luggage, so common these days? Make sure it's all compressed, to start with, I mean, just for now. Leave room for expansion.

Capricorn: Leave room for expansion.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer How about, just as an idea, instead of getting all up and in your own, **Aquarius** face, how about we [pause](#) long enough to check the "Do not do" list. It's like a — ubiquitous — "to do" list, only this is a list of items, chores, goals, tasks, or similar travails that your **Aquarius** self fervently does not want to do. Or shouldn't do. The placement of the verbs there, "shouldn't do," or "don't want to do," both of those are important qualifiers. Either one, because this is a kind of generalization? Either one

works as an excuse.

The Mercury thing, hit me a lot worse than it got you, but the Mercury-infused madness over the last few days, even as this is supposed to wind down? There's a hint, there's more at play than just Mercury, but let's just blame that feller for now, the little, inside planet is playing havoc with certain issues. Best thing to do, your best **Aquarius** course of action? Nothing. Not a damn thing. Pause. If some other person gets in an all-fired-up hurry?

“Wait, just wait. I have to check my ‘Do not do’ list, first.”

Pisces:

The FishesMercury is still kind of retrograde, and he's stopping at a place that makes **Pisces** uncomfortable. Bad discomfort? Sort of depends. But the problems are tripled with the mess that's currently occurring. I stopped for coffee, other afternoon.

Affable guy behind the counter, he knows me, smiled, we joked, then I suggested I wanted something different. “You want something sweet yet full of disappointment? We got sugar. Try a gingerbread flavored one.” So sweet, so full of promise, and yet, so full of disappointment? I looked at the guy, “Did you date her, too?”

Sugary-sweet, full of promise, and a cupful of heartache, too.

If your **Pisces** expectations are too high, too hopeful, and plainly unrealistic? You can wind up with a cupful of heartache, too. Mercury is intent on confusing an issue and this tiny bit of leftover tension needs no assistance.

Aries:

The RamOld girlfriend used to love going to “Open Houses,” homes that were for sale. I got dragged around to a few of these, or, we'd be out some afternoon, and there would be an “Open House/Home for Sale” sign. Stop, look, listen to the real estate agent, and then leave. Most sales agents are cagey, wanting that [contact point](#), “Can you sign in here?” With a spot for e-mail and phone. I'll sign my name, no phone or e-mail. This one, however, insisted, so I put down a throw-away e-mail address. For the last several years, I'll get a periodic e-mail, “New Listing!” Or, the usual, “Just on the market!” The problem is, I've tried, unsuccessfully, to get my name dropped from that list. I've hit the “Safe Un-subscribe” button. Many times, every time one of those e-mails comes around. It's at a point, now, where that just gets marked as “spam,” and it gets filtered and deleted before I see it. Which is too bad, as I might've been a customer at one time, but the complete lack of ethic ruined it for me.

Etiquette, common sense?

Practical and pragmatic suggestion, if a person doesn't want to receive the message, then don't force it on them. (Me: “Take me off your stupid list!”) This is personal example of a person who doesn't

“listen,” and what happens. I’m sure that the absolute refusal to remove me from her list is borne out of years of selling houses, and making an impact, just like that. But it doesn’t work, and all it’s done? Served to irritate me. So, **Aries**, with that irritation that the planets serve up? Mostly Mercury, but you can pick and choose, that irritation? [Follow me](#) on this, filter and toss, don’t call them up and yell. That just creates more problems. “Filter and toss.”

Taurus:

The Bull “Looks like I was counting my money when I should’ve been counting my sheep...” Misquoted lyric from a rare oldie, seldom on anyone’s playlist but mine. Still, the sentiment — for Taurus — holds up well under the nearly un-retrograde Mercury.

Get rested.

There is an impeding situation looming large, a left-over project or task, goal, destination, something left from, my guess? Previous year’s worth of crap that needs attention at the moment. But that might not be it, still, there’s a cosmic hangover, and that means, like the lyric suggested, you should be getting some rest instead of working.

As a Sagittarius, I’m used to getting by on “Not enough sleep,” like something between 4 and six hours at night. I can function, days on end, just keep the coffee warm, and I’m good. This isn’t about me; this is about Taurus. The planets describe a situation wherein adequate rest is imperative for Taurus. It’s that simple. Instead of counting your money, or hoarding cash, or whatever it is that is of that vein? Sleep. Rest. “R & R,” to some. A nap to me. Or, as I sometimes do, a “Brief (horizontal) Meditation.” Rest. More than anything else, this next few days, adequate rest.

Gemini:

The Twins “Instant coffee.” Which, to be honest, the best [instant coffee](#), for years, wasn’t “instant,” but freeze-dried coffee crystals.

But that’s the answer to the **Gemini** question.

“Instant coffee? What **are** you smoking?”

Maybe it is “Instant coffee.” The deal was there’s a certain amount of **Gemini** attention to detail and focus required. Easiest way to insure that you’re on it? “Instant coffee.”

I tend to favor an afternoon break of some kind, while I prefer to walk over to a real coffee shop, as it feels like an outing for me. However, **Gemini**? This is less about getting out, and more about concentrating on that one item that still needs to get done. The quickest, easier way?

Instant coffee.

A quick cup of nasty, instant brew, sugared and watered, creamed to your tastes, just enough to sweetener to hide the acrid flavor? Sure, that's the idea. It's the simplest of notions, but with Mercury halting at a critical point in *Sagittarius* — opposite from **Gemini**? All that stuff in *Pisces*? Yes, try to focus, never a **Gemini** strong suite, but to help that? Maybe some instant coffee, one way or another.

Cancer:

The Crab Close to 11 PM, local time, one New Year's Eve, I took a quick, panicked call from a client. "Really? Working on the one night you should be partying?" Yes. Call lasted less than three minutes. From angst-ridden to happy, the message was clear and concise, and, at that moment, I was the "Go-to" person to call. Last one on the list, so it would seem. Two messages, here, one: don't ever bother calling me after 6 PM, local time. I will not answer. I'm "off the clock," and two? For the Moon Children (**Cancer**), this week? Take that call. No, don't call me, I can't really work late evenings anymore, rather, I really prefer not to work late evenings, but [drop me an email](#), and I might answer. No, wait, what I was suggesting, for **Cancer**? Take that business call. Might be late. Might not be a real emergency on the other end, but it might also appear like it is.

I always liked the message on one doctor's machine, "If this is an actual emergency, hang up and dial 9-1-1." So here's the deal, with where things are, Mars/Venus in *Pisces*? Mercury coming un-retrograde at very end of the *Sagittarius* slice of sky? All of that spells out a chance, an opportunity to work after hours, work late, extra work, and all of it adds up to extra income. If you take that call, stay late, or do the extra work. Whatever it is, do it.

The Leo:

The Leo I've long maintained that every **Leo** needs to be equipped with an "entourage," a following of loyal camp movers, the people who do the back-breaking work of maintaining "**The Leo**" and **The Leo's** lifestyle. Fans, lay patrons, minions to do thy bidding, etc. Got an image of what I'm talking about, now?

The camp-followers who look after the details for **The Leo**? Just much easier this way, you know? As the most royal of all the signs, yes, you need, deserve and should have, a loyal and royal retinue. This week, the Full Moon, and onward? This is about listening to the camp-followers, the entourage, the loyal fans, and finding out what they want from you. This is the time for the care and feeding of the minions. The people in your **Leo Life**, the folks who do some of the dirty work for you? This is the time recognize, applaud, and reward those who do the work. Those who do the work for you. Smile and feed the underlings, the groundlings that make this possible. All about reaching out to help us. We're your fans, you know. Acknowledge us.

Virgo:

The Virgin I spent the better portion of my career, hopping off and on local commercial air. Not exactly a frequent flyer, but at one point, the sky cap at the [Austin](#) airport knew me by name. Another example, a flight attendant greeted me on the plane with, "Oh no! Not you again!" It was humorous, not mean-spirited.

Anymore, though, I travel less and less. I've had to make adjustments to lifestyle choices. I'm no longer looking for gear and accessories that travel well, as an example. I watched a video of a guy trying to stuff an Xmas-sized box into the overhead bin on a commercial flight. Made me think of **Virgo**, as this is a scene I hope to never see repeated, not in my own life. The foibles and problems with modern life, as we know it? With Mars and Venus, Neptune and onward, all stacked up in *Pisces*, opposite from **Virgo**? There's a sense that you've been holding onto the old style, the old ways of thinking, the previous approach that used to work so well? The way we used to do it, and is that still the most effective way to do this? You have to ask yourself, "Virgo, dear one, is this the best way to accomplish the stated goal?"

Oddly enough, some times it is.

Libra:

The Scales By the end of [this horoscope](#), there's a tight, brief, tension angle in the heavens. Sun, accentuated by the Moon, "squares" Jupiter. Stepping back from that, for just a second, there's more to it, but this single event illuminates what this week is about, Jupiter's good fortune is at odds with the rest of the planets, or so it would seem. Unwinding from a Mercury Retrograde, first thing I do? Nothing. I tend to let something like this week's series of events serve as touchstones, reminders, place holders, and bookmarks, just as a way of being able to refer back to this week, thinking, observing, but not taking any direct action.

"But we need to fix this **RIGHT NOW!**"

No, **no** we don't need to fix this right now. What we can do is start searching for an optimal route to take to get this fixed. But fixing it ourselves? Right now? Might not be our best course of action.

Trigger events like this lunar phase and the Jupiter thing? These serve as touchstones, reminders, and bookmarks, maybe not something that we have to attack, not at this moment.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio *When was the moment?* I was thinking about this in terms of a Shakespeare play I'd seen on stage, but let's get away from me and my [afflictions](#), let's turn this on over to **Scorpio**. When was the moment? That play, there was one scene, a snippet of a scene, just a few lines, but the emotion carried by the actors was perfect, and it nailed it, sealed it, and shut the door on that play, for me, once and for all. With [Jupiter in Libra](#), and Mars/Venus/Neptune playing tag in *Pisces*, and then, Mercury (unmoving, unwilling, unwitting, unfiltered) unwinding in *Sagittarius*, you'll find this is a moment to think about the moment.

In another way to look at this? When was the moment that you subscribed to astrology because you had a tangible result that proved, in your **Scorpio** mind, a result that just proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, that this worked?

To build forward, with what's up ahead for **Scorpio**? We have to have a foundation moment. When was

your moment? Start there. We're building forward from that.

Sagittarius:

SagittariusThe approach of the Full Moon, then its subsequent fallout? All about trying to make nice in a situation where our **Sagittarius** selves would prefer to be brash. I prefer blunt, direct communication, not a lot of of words qualifying and surrounding the stated purpose. Fewer words, more direct, but I can't say that I always follow that advice. However, with the unfolding and ensuing Mars/Venus crap in Pisces? Maybe being nice is what this is all about. Or maybe, we need to employ more flowery language to better wrap our normally blunt missives.

“Dude, you can roll that in powdered sugar, and it's still [not](#) a jelly donut.”

But it looks like a leftover Xmas decoration, after the powdered sugar trick. Doesn't make it any more palatable in the long run, but in the short term, like this week? Makes it seem more palatable. That's the secret to **Sagittarius** success for the next few days. Less blunt, more powdered sugar.

Horoscopes starting 10.12.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 11, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/10/horoscopes-starting-10-12-2017/>

The [dragon wing of night](#) o'erspreads the earth,
And stickler-like the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.

Achilles in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* V.viii.17-20

Having seen this one play several times, on stage, in London, it's a strange one. I read it as a "Black comedy" first time I encountered it. Subject to interpretation, and [your mileage may vary](#). "The [dragon wing of night](#)" inspired me, for this week's scope. Bit of a mixed metaphor.

Sun's in **Libra**, we can all see both sides?

Horoscopes starting 10.12.2017

Libra

The Scales

There's a really old computer-to-printer trick, used to work with the old ink-jet when the technology was new and cheap. Take an image, for example, and have it run out at twice the size desired, so, let's say it's a 4 X 6 image, right? Make that 8 X 12 on the computer with corresponding resolution. In my example, I would use double size image at 300 DPI, then have the printer print it at half size. This "tricked" the computer and printer combination into an effective resolution of 600 DPI. It was a way to use existing technology and get a little better performance out of it. Somewhere along the line, and at least one techie will point out my trick doesn't work, and that's true, it no longer works — except as an illustration of a point. Point and process. With **Libra** birthdays, and with Venus in her new position, in **Libra**? We need to be a little sly, a little tricky and yet, straightforward about the process. That trick really doesn't produce a photo image that carries a higher resolution — up against the limits of the hardware: the printer. But it does produce an image that looks a little sharper than the original. Weird how that works. Tricky, but really, straightforward. Happy [Birthday](#), baby!

Scorpio

As much as I adore my little **Scorpio** friends, there's always that totally *fixed* nature about them. Stubborn, to some, while I do prefer the term, "Tenacious," seriously, that's just a nice way to say "stubborn as all get out." That being duly [noted](#)?

There's a tendency for **Scorpio** to get stuck on an idea, sometimes with only the barest shreds of

evidence. Sometimes, there's only the hint of evidence, no real supporting facts. "I know a guy who read this thing that proves that I was right!" If a non-**Scorpio** person offered that up as evidence, who would believe them? No one. So, let's spin this around, is this a fact that's been independently verified? Can you provide supporting evidence from a variety of sources?

"I know it's true! I read it on a web page!"

Seriously, **Scorpio**? Seriously?

Sagittarius

In older science [fiction](#), there's usually a mention of some device that connects to a super-computer someplace, and that little device, wrist-watch-like, or *i-tablet*-like, or even, like a laptop. Portable and yet, the device has access to the worlds' literatures. Knowledge, originally in book form, then, now, even, available as digital text and portable. Given the current state of tech? Not nearly as far-fetched as the original authors would have us believe. While I was perusing some ancient Greek philosophy texts, I realized that the web, in its various incantations, exposes me to several belief systems I would't otherwise be exposed to. I was looking at a Roman author, [in translation](#), wrapping some thought processes around Stoic ideology.

Good stuff for **Sagittarius**. This doesn't require delving deep into arcane philosophies or learning to read a dead language like Latin, no, this is about more than one belief system that helps spell relief for **Sagittarius**. If the current beliefs don't offer enough solace, try branching further afield, like looking at older texts for new stuff.

Capricorn

There are many ways to "clear" a space. For years, a little bit of sage, [burnt offering](#), was the way to go. Sea salt was also a good move. On more than one occasion, I've been in big halls, and I'll just grab a salt packet from the concession stands. Works well enough. There's chanting, burning, gonging, Tibetan Bells, signing bowls, any number of methods to clear a space. In the spring, this is Texas, like February or so, I like to open the windows and let the breeze wash out the stale winter air, leftover from six weeks of being cooped up. Pick one. Pick several. Combine a variety of ideologies and see what fits the **Capricorn** mood. Any one of variety of ways will make the sense of foreboding and unresolved issues drift way. Banish the thoughts with a simple, **Capricorn**-compliant ritual that works for you. Prayer, medication, meditation, chanting, gonging, bells, burning sage, I don't care. Something symbolic to clear the **Capricorn** space as we get ready for new starts.

New stuff ain't here yet. Clear some space for it.

Aquarius

One simple idea. This is spun out of another simple idea, on more than one occasion, a client has suggested that I do a "Wine pairing, and reading," as in, pair a wine with an [astrology chart](#). "Looking at

your chart, a decent California Pink Zinfandel works best...” Fun idea — probably not going to happen, but it has been observed, depending on the client’s level of intoxication? My readings — and my jokes are greatly improved. Me not being much of a drinking man these days, I can’t say either way. As an **Aquarius**, with that lovely **Aquarius** mind at work? Think about the original idea of “Wine pairing,” then stretch a bit further, but along the same lines, and remove the single word “wine.” There’s a primordial **Aquarius** need for a pairing — of some kind. A California Merlot? A slightly piquant Lubbock Cabernet? There is, or was, such a thing, a winery near Lubbock, TX. For my West Texas buddies, ask them, they’ll know about the local vintages. Doesn’t have to be wine, but local is a strong possibility. Local, or localized pairing, and possibly, like the notion of an astrology reading and a wine? Perhaps it would be two items that most people wouldn’t normally pair. Although, yeah, wine always improves my content. Ask the *Pisces*.

Pisces

Over the years, after working a [West Texas Tour](#) circuit for an extended period of time, I was conversant with landmarks that are no longer there. Working in Austin and San Antonio, predominately in the last few years, I get to see the change in Austin’s skyline, each week. I was attempting to prove my chops — my “West Texas street cred” — by citing a little known restaurant in a small town. Been three or four years since I’ve been that way, and my attempt, while valiant, well-placed, and accurate? Place closed, subsumed by that ever-present march of progress. Too bad, place was there for more than 40 years, if memory serves — and it might not. It was a gentle let-down. While my heart was in the right place, all I did was show I had [dated](#) references.

Aries

There is a certain amount of the **Aries** “bandwidth” that must pay attention to finite details. Painstaking as this might appear to be, the details are crucial to running a smooth operation.

We all want a smooth **Aries** operation, right?

Right.

“Right” was rhetorical.

Nitpicking [details](#), finite spaces and making, sure, here’s one that bugs me, making sure there is but a single space after each complete word. That’s just a recent example. With one piece of highly valued software, stuff I use frequently? If I tap the space bar twice, the program puts in a period, full-stop, and then capitalizes the next word. Very. Annoying.

Smooth operations in **Aries**-land? It’s in the details, this week. I have sift through thousands of words and make sure I. Didn’t. Double. Space.

Details, it’s all in your details, and attention to even the smallest of tasks pays off with results. Good results. Pretend you’ve got more *Virgo* than you really have. Helps, you know?

Taurus

A favorite image, oft repeated in variations, is the Taoist “Yin-Yang.” A circle with two figures, swimming after each other, a vaguely stretched teardrop shape, supposedly with two little dots, one in each figure, and the perfect balance of light and dark, positive and negative, equal parts of everything, in balance. In harmony. Two of each, perfectly balancing each other. Good and bad. Left and right. Up and down.

It’s not just Jupiter moving into Scorpio — opposite from you — but also Mercury tickling Jupiter. What this does is upset the careful balance you’ve arrived at. The detente, the peace, the equilibrium. The **Taurus** calm is about to be shaken up. Good or bad? Again, that’s back to the Taoist symbol, often coopted by too many other groups. It’s a little of both, but the shake up represents material that might’ve needed a slight re-alignment, anyway. Not bad, equal parts. Steady? No. Bad? Not so much.

You recall my [Hamlet quote](#), really just a citation?

Gemini

“Ease and Grace, repeat, ‘ease and grace,’ bywords for Gemini?” I usually get a couple of ill-formed, half-formed, or non-formed thoughts after that little **Gemini** *mantra*, but seriously, it does work. There’s a single, remaining “thing” that really, I mean, **really** pisses you off. My poor little **Gemini** friend, all bent out of shape over a perceived slight.

“Ease and Grace,” repeat that twice. “Ease and Grace.”

Not helping? Then the long form of the question and the astrological answer is that this is an issue that will go away — on its own — in about seven to ten days. Fade away. Ride off into the sunset. Disappear. No longer be a big deal. However until you realize that this issue, problem, obstacle stubborn fool in front of you, until your good **Gemini** self gets this under control, mentally?

“Ease and Grace,” repeat that twice. “Ease and Grace.”

“I don’t want your stupid mantra, I want this [fixed](#). **Now!**”

Would that I could, but the more you worry about this? The less that gets done, elsewhere. Turn your attention to the things you can fix? Then repeat, “Ease and Grace.”

It will be easier, and smoother, more graceful, soon. Very soon. Repeat as need be.

“Ease and Grace,” repeat that twice. “Ease and Grace.”

Cancer

Working backwards is sometimes the easier way to work ourselves forwards. I was looking at my

[schedule](#) for November, and wondering about some of the time before then, what days were available for fishing, consultations, and so forth. Can easily see how I prioritize, fishing comes first, and then everything else. Working backwards — in this respect — working backwards is how we work forwards. Start at the destination, then see what steps are needed to get our **Cancer** selves from where we're currently at to where we need — want — whatever — to be. Start out at the end of the cycle and see what processes, what steps, what questions, what tools, what kind of scheduling commitments have to be fulfilled in order to arrive at that destination, that goal, that finished product.

Work backwards to arrive at our best forward motion. Might not work for everyone, but with the pressure on the **Moon Children** at this moment? Start at the end point and work backwards. Gives a perfectly serviceable plan, and having stepped it backwards, going forward is much easier.

The Leo

Having read several novels “in translation,” as it were, I tend to favor either the original language or just a [book that was written in English](#). I will tend to joke about me being Texan, and as such? English is a second language to me. Helps when that is properly enunciated with a *Southern Drawl*. Punctuates the point.

Any **Leo**, but especially *The Leo* appreciated punctuation like that. Something that hammers home the point so there is no disambiguation. That's the problem with reading a work “in [translation](#)” because there will be the translator's personal bias, no matter what they say. Coloration, emotional tone, idiosyncratic shading from one source or another, and the very idea that ideas don't always convey from one language's idiom to the next.

This week is a week “in translation“ for *The Leo*. It is about second-hand information, and the various levels of extraneous material that such accompany such distractions. A goal is to understand that this is a week that is being translated, and understand that it might be a source of unwelcome editorial direction to **The Leo's** material.

None of this is bad, just recall, it is a week that is being served, “In translation.”

Virgo

Zippering over here, then zooming over there, and then, back again. There's a frantic pace that unfolds, been going on for a spell now, hasn't it?

Pause. No, stop. Just stop.

There's the ever-present Virgo whine, “I can't stop now!”

Week before, Mars — in Virgo — “squared” Saturn — in Sagittarius — which brought up an issue. Now that Venus has left, and the Mars pressure has lessened? Now is the time to go back, wait for it....

“Pause. No, stop. [Just stop.](#)”

I realize there's too much to do, but instead of a headlong rush into a fray, pause long enough to realize stopping, if only for a moment, gives you a chance to halt forward motion long enough to figure out the best way to constructively move your Virgo self forward with minimal damage.

Pause. No, stop. Just stop.

astrofish.net

Horoscopes starting 10.19.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 18, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/10/horoscopes-starting-10-19-2017/>

Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house.
The plebeians have got your fellow tribune,
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Third Messenger in [Shakespeare's](#) *Coriolanus* 5.4.12-6

Sun enters Scorpio October 22, 2017 11:26 PM.

(Death by inches usually implies a painful ending.)

Horoscopes starting 10.19.2017

Libra

The Scales

This is about [roots](#). Libra roots. The starting point. The beginning, back to where we all became who we are, now. Yes, last of the birthdays, then, following on heels of Jupiter and Mercury, the Sun heads into Scorpio. Love us some Scorpio, nice folks. But as a Libra, with both Mars and Venus still in Libra? This is about roots. Pause long enough to examine where our Libra selves are from before we go blasting forward into this next week. Just about the same time the Sun shifts into Scorpio is the time for Libra to pause long enough to assess where we've all been.

Examining the roots, the Libra roots, that helps in a big way to move forward. There's a simple adjustment to make, and it doesn't take long, and it's not a big deal, but a simple adjustment. Happy belated birthday and enjoy the good parts. Roots, all about roots.

Scorpio

Scorpion

Restraint of **Scorpio** *tongue* is best observed, just yet. One way I heard it? "Restraint of tongue and pen." Seriously, who uses a pen? However, in that light, restraint of keyboard or keypad might be a good update to the cliché expression. Birthdays start soon, yes, I know. Going to be good, yes, I know. I'm in favor of this for you, yes, I know. however, with [Jupiter](#)?

With [Jupiter](#) where he is, just at the entrance to **Scorpio**, and between Jupiter, Mercury, finally, the Sun in

Scorpio? The temptation is to have one those — typical — *Scorpio Sarcasm* statements loaded up and unleashed. I'm just asking for a little time. A pause, a second-guess yourself, a restraint of hasty comment. Now, the way I see it? With Mars and Venus in *Libra*, the sign before you? There's a sense that this is good timing but bad timing. It's good, but it's also a better time to bide your time. Keep that snappy retort to yourself. Or mail it to me; I don't care. I'll think it's funny and snarky, like you intended.

Sagittarius

Sagittarius

There's a [famous quote](#) from a certain Texas politician, "I say that with all humility." Between the accent and the antics of local politics, I can never tell if that was a mistake, an intentional gaff, or a deliberate comment. Local weather being what it is, yeah, it could very easily have been intentional. Never underestimate Texas politicians for their ability to twist words to serve different political ends.

As a **Sagittarius**, and I say this with all humility, we should be extra careful, even now. We have a year-long pattern getting firmly established that will, eventually, lead to greatness, and I say that with all humility. The trouble is, we tend to get a little confused, excited, or anxious, or, better yet? Some combination of excited, [anxious](#), and then confused, all at once.

So the **Sagittarius** trick is to respond with great humility. I'd prefer a little humility from us, but I can only — rationally — expect so much. Great humility would be great, though.

Capricorn

The Sea Goat

Perfect example? I had, what to some people, a person who was considered a, think of a single word for "Not nice person." Yeah, not a nice person at all, universally disliked by everyone on board at that time. I'm a shade different than most, and I refuse to not see the good in person, no matter how hard that person makes it for me to find the gold. I'll dig until I can get some nugget of nice. Takes work, with this one person as an example, and a number of other folks were amazed.

I was born — and raised — in Texas. I've been exposed to a rather broad cross-section of populations, from indigenous to indigent, from comfortable to nouveau riche, to old money and comfortably poor. I've been around a variety of sexual orientations, various skin colors, all of that. While I'm basically a middle-class white male, yeah, I've been around.

So it took me some digging to work with this one person, but did I did. Was it worth it? Sure, I think so. However, I had to shed some pre-conceived notions, and I was confronted with my own failings as a human.

Capricorn: be willing. Simple as that. You're going to be confronted by an existing prejudice? An existing belief that might not be grounded in reality? Perhaps it's like me, a person no one else was willing to work with, but, after scraping off the defensive layer, there was some "nice" under the (psychological) grime.

Capricorn: be [willing](#), this week. That's all.

Aquarius

The Water Bearer

This week, I got hung up on binary [propositions](#), as in, “Yes or no.” “Black or white.” Or, “On or off.” In computer terms? “1 or 0.” No in between is allowed in any of those binary terms, As an **Aquarius**, a good *Aquarius*, at that, you're reading this, you're more special to me, then. Anyway, as one of the few enlightened ones? We both know there is no situation that can be so evenly divided into a simple, binary proposition. I'd like to do so for an *Aquarius* week, but that's not going to happen. While that does occur with some other signs, I can't do the same for my favorite water bearer: **Aquarius**. Here's how this works out, though, some, several someones, maybe a whole host of people will try and convince you that this is a binary situation. It's not.

It's not binary; there is **no** simple “yes” or “no” answer.

There are contingencies, fallout, lean-in, obstacles, possible meandering, and some other stuff, as well, all needs to be factored into this deal.

It's not binary. You get that, right? A simple “Yes” or “No” would suffice.

Pisces

The Fishes

The way to make life easier for **Pisces**? Find — or embrace — that **Pisces Passion**. Perhaps it's less of **Pisces passion**, and more like a hobby, a pursuit that fulfills a spiritual yearning. Maybe it's as simple as that. One **Pisces** I know, she simply loves cozy mystery books. All that it takes is a comfy spot to read, and shelf full of books, anymore, it's just a number of texts on a tablet, but the idea is the same.

I have another **Pisces** example, at the other extreme, training for triathlon — I won't even pretend to understand, but the endorphin rush, the results speak for themselves.

Hopefully, the real **Pisces passion** is someplace in between those two extremes. There's subtle sense that embracing the favored **Pisces passion** has long-term, beneficial aspects, over the next week. Embrace that desire.

Aries

The Ram

Weird week, huh? Weirder weekend, huh? Here's the way I see this: it ain't pretty. It's possible, and there are great avenues to make your way forward, but, in the simplest terms? It ain't pretty.

One **Aries** girl in the back, I can hear her now, “But I have to look my best for this!” You will. You'll astonish some of the guys. However, the steps to get there from here?

“It ain’t pretty.”

I can make up a lot of words, and explain the trajectory of the planets as they all seem to careen around in the universe — at will — and all seemed determined to make **Aries** uncomfortable. I can’t fix that. I can say there’s a solution and I can suggest that pushing forward works, after fashion, it’s just the results?

“It ain’t pretty.”

Pretty effective, but no, not always attractive on some level. Doesn’t mean it isn’t any good.

Taurus

The Bull

Binary option, right? Where I’m from, either you’re a Ford guy or a Chevy guy. There is no “in-between.” It’s decisive and divisive. Either one owns a Ford Pick-Up or one owns a Chevy truck. Each brand has adherents and enemies. Each brand has strengths and weaknesses. There is no middle ground in this kind of a discussion. As a **Taurus**, you’ve got a situation that is equally divided. One or the other. Can’t be both, can’t have both and one side can’t see the other side’s point-of-view.

Tough spot to be in.

I’m a Ford guy and one of my Taurus fishing buddies is a sworn Chevy person. The solution? We don’t discuss trucks when we fish, as that strays from new models to old models to him suggesting my mother dresses me funny, which is why I must be so stupid as to prefer a Ford over an obviously superior Chevy, and that’s when I realize he’s strayed from reality into “You mother dresses you funny.”

No, I dress I myself.

Much to my mother’s chagrin and alarm. Which has nothing to do with the [binary](#) debate about which brand is better.

With the motion in the planets, opposing **Taurus**, mostly, there’s a debate that might rage on. Maybe, like me, in that fishing boat? Even though I’m clearly right? Maybe being right isn’t as important as keeping the peace.

Gemini

The Twins

“Ease and Grace,” as [last week’s mantra](#), how did that work out?

For some, it was the first part of the mantra, “Ease.” For other Gemini’s? “Grace” was the answer. However, takes two tries, perfect for Gemini, to get the answer you’re looking for. As you will.

Ease and grace, baby.

Cancer

The Crab

While I'm not ambiguous about coffee, I have clear preferences and tastes, I am a bit weird about coffee beans. The beans are one of the key elements in making coffee, and yet, I'm rather ambivalent about the source, on many occasions. I had a cup of coffee this morning that was buttery smooth, like a fine — I don't know — not wine, better than that. To some, it might be evocative of the smoky essence of sipping whiskey, I'm not sure. For me, it was smooth, creamy, buttery with a slight tang for a finish, no citrus overtones. It was just an exceptional cup of morning coffee. One cup. The next cup wasn't so good. I've been attempting to duplicate the process for that cup of coffee, several times. Unsuccessfully, I might add. Just a perfect combination of water, beans, filter, and [process](#), I suppose.

I can't nail it that often. For over a decade I used a single French Press, and while serviceable, it was never the perfect answer. Along with that, I tended to use Peet's *Italian Roast* as my default coffee. These days? I'm much more experimental. Still, I'm trying to emulate that single cup of coffee that was so good.

Don't be afraid to try something a little different. I found some coffee beans at the grocery store that looked good, a different roast, a different source. Not bad, not bad at all. Didn't quite make it up to that first cup, but it was close.

The Leo

The Leo

As the Sun moves into Scorpio, out of opposition to Uranus, and as the week unfolds in Leo land, there's an abrupt stopping point. A pause, to some, a final ending to others. Sort of depends, and yet, what there is, a kind of finality that looms ahead. Welcome to *Scorpio*. To move **The Leo** ahead, what I'd like to see? Some sort of gesture, be it symbolic, real, or imagined? Some sort of gesture that paves the way for an increase in **The Leo's** income. While monetary wealth won't solve all problems, there's a very real gesture that launches **The Leo** closer towards some kind of freedom — potentially *financial freedom* for **The Leo**. that's good news, right?

Make that gesture. Take a step. Make a move. Something. Anything. Just trust me, even the smallest token gesture yields **Leo**-sized results. Soon.

Virgo

The Virgin

Wear scrubs.

No, I'm not kidding, try wearing scrubs. I think I've mentioned this before, but it really does work. I have several clients who are nurses, medical office technicians, and so forth. Scrubs. Magic clothing. Here's how it works, far as I can see, wearing scrubs makes one look "official." Then there's the ease of maintenance, simplicity in picking out "What to wear today," and the added bonus, if you're lucky or

smart? Get a name stenciled over the pocket. The aquamarine, navy blue version of scrubs is what I see most often, but could be any color. Cheap, relatively disposable, and best of all? Makes us look important. One of my nurse buddies, he works for the big hospital chain, we discovered that scrubs are also *perfect* for certain fishing conditions. More the pants, as a way to ward off painful but non-fatal jellyfish tendrils. Sometimes a problem, wade fishing.

What I noticed though, was scrubs tended to make the person wearing them seem official in a doctor-ly way, without the *gravitas* of a stethoscope.

The trick to appearing official when there is no real official **Virgo** dictum required?

Wear scrubs.

Horoscopes starting 10.26.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 25, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/10/horoscopes-starting-10-26-2017/>

Third Roman Citizen

Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wadg'd up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure southward.

Second Roman Citizen

Why that way?

Third Roman Citizen

To lose itself in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake to help to get thee a wife.

Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* 2.3.9-

On sale now: [Chart Reports](#).

Horoscopes starting 10/26/2017

Scorpio

Scorpion

There's an oblique reference to a sexual innuendo in the brief passage quoted. My **Scorpio friends** tend to thrive on that, the implied, and less stated but, you know, in an *oblique* manor. In an *oblique* manner. I should think this material through before launching into the **Scorpio** horoscope but herein is the problem, with birthdays, the beneficial light of Jupiter, and even Mercury making merry in **Scorpio**? The Mars and Venus situation — still in *Libra* — makes for a kind of merry prankster and short-sighted approach. Two options?

Scorpio: "Wow, I didn't think that one through. Oops! My bad!"

There's always a second one, though, might help.

Scorpio: "Oops, my bad. Wait, I meant to do that."

The two expressions are not unrelated, as there's a way they can fit together. However, I'd be a better person if I suggest you think it through, first. But given where the planets are?

Scorpio: (With confidence) “Yeah, I [meant](#) to do that.”

Sagittarius

Sagittarius

Pregnant pause. I’ve never really fully grasped the meaning of the term, “Pregnant pause,” until now. This week, in **Sagittarius** — that’s what we have, a *pregnant pause*. My highbrow literature friends would have one term, and then, one buddy from a trailer park in South Austin, him and his girlfriend, they have a totally different version of the term. Sliced either way, though?

The term applies. The pause is caused by either Mars and Venus in *Libra*, or Mercury, [Jupiter](#), and the Sun in *Scorpio*, or any number of other influences. There is one **Sagittarius** reader who will freak out with the term, too, as she thinks it means she’s pregnant. Not the case, but the pause — in that example — could easily prevent a pregnancy. (Hashtag) just sayin.’

Sagittarius: there is a time for pause, a pause fraught with meaning, implication, possibilities, and a moment to let something slip passed us. Some days, like this next week? Maybe it's OK to let [something](#) slip [past](#).

Capricorn

The Sea Goat

In the preceding two entries, see *Sagittarius* above, there is a possible grammatical mistake. There could be a double meaning, too.

Subject to interpretation and debate. Part of the **Capricorn** process.

The energy, I’m mostly addressing Mars and Venus, but the energies leave a dual pathway, a *double-entendre* sense to the current display of what is available. Have to consider from both sides, and then, see if that doesn’t light up a third portion that makes more sense.

So did you see the mistake? Am I right, or what?

Aquarius

The Water Bearer

Ever date a *Virgo*? While I’ve catalogued my experiences [elsewhere](#), the ideas and ideal hold up well and are worth mentioning in the light of current events — as felt by **Aquarius** — even now.

It’s the details. The nitpicking, finite, infinitesimally small, tiniest shards of grains of sand, the motes of dust, just material that doesn’t normally bother us?

If our **Aquarius** selves pause too long and let this tiny material, the useless details, let that stuff stack up?

It will be bothersome. The details will hamper the bigger picture.

Yes, yes, I know, Halloween and all that. However, the trick is to stick the big picture, the grand overview, the part where you step back and look at all the pieces, not just the tiniest of details — those details do matter — only, those details don't matter at this moment.

“But there's this one detail I have to look after right now...”

See how that works? You missed it.

Pisces

The Fishes

Simplest solution? “Boat shoes.” At least one **Pisces** will give me a quizzical look with that idea, not grasping the concept, at least, not at first. To me, “Boat shoes” are specific set of sport sandals with extra webbing, anchoring my heel and thin soles that have a sticky consistency. Something to keep me on the boat's decking. Most of the boats I ride in are fiberglass shells. Some have sparse carpet, but most of the bay boats don't bother with such amenities. While the decking is textured, in October, we get these frenzied fishing trips where the deck is covered with mud, blood, and fish. Makes for a slippery slime. Easiest way to navigate such [conditions](#)?

“Boat shoes.”

So there's a way navigate the apparently murky depth of what's happening in **Pisces** by slipping into a pair of appropriate attire. Like “Boat shoes.” One of my fishing buddies has a nasty pair of tennis shoes. This shoes are used **only** on fall fishing trips. Fish scales, fish blood, fish slime from getting a fish in the boat and then having the big feller fly around? It's messy. Lack of cohesive friction. Good for certain situations, but struggling with a monster “drum” (fish), not good for the fight.

Simple solution? “Boat shoes.”

Pisces: adjust as need be. You get the idea, “Boat shoes.”

Aries

The Ram

I was at a friend's house, and I was left alone — babysitting — really — but essentially alone, for an afternoon. Buddy tossed me the TV remote. I looked down at my phone to answer an email and missed what my buddy was telling me about how to operate his home TV and surround sound, cable/digital movie system. Systems, as there was a myriad of wires and cables, blinking devices and I don't know what. Looked like about six, maybe eight long, black, multi-buttoned remotes on the couch.

Day time TV came up. I poked at one remote, and the satellite shifted? I don't know what I did, but I was getting Spanish TV with English subtitles. Not the weirdest thing I've seen, but interesting. I changed the channel and the volume went up. I poked another button and the volume stayed to loud. I gave up and

started trying to figure out how to turn the TV off. Took three remotes to shut off most of the systems.

I have a book on my phone, I carry for just such problems, times like this. I can quietly read a book because — who can figure out those “Entertainment systems?”

Faced with burgeoning technology that makes no sense to your **Aries** self? Turn it off. Read a book.

Taurus

The Bull

“Talk it over, **Taurus**, talk it over.”

Simple solution to a complex series of events that have no apparent easy resolution — so?

“Talk it over.”

I’m on your side, but there’s a problem with **Taurus** listening skills. Now that I’ve kindly pointed that out? You know what to do, listen carefully. Find that common ground. Reach a point where you understand the opposition’s point-of-view, even if they — the opposition — are wrong, in your **Taurus** eyes. The spirit of compromise is what works to make this weird stuff feel a little less weird. Not all bad, just a tad off? Easiest solution to these challenges?

“Talk it over.”

Gemini

The Twins

Texas — [my Texas](#) — enjoys an embarrassing surfeit of singer/songwriters of superior skills. Even the record companies in Nashville recognized the talent here, and that’s one reason Austin was the “Live Music Capital,” and etc. Kind of boring stuff, and when I lived in Austin, on any given night, there was a credible, talented singer/songwriter plying his or her craft at some local place. For me, back then? Walking distance. Not figuratively, literally. “Them’s my chops; I know of what I speak.”

For **mercurial Gemini**, I have to establish some *bonafides*, prove I got credit here. There’s a surfeit of **Gemini** skills that need to be showcased a little. Got to show off that you are clever. More clever. More talented. Better at various forms of expression. Do something with this, now.

Part of the surfeit of talent in Texas, part of that makes it more accessible. As a **Gemini**, with the motion of the planets, work to make your material more accessible. Maybe, you know, open-mic, or something.

The idea is to showcase some of the **Gemini** talent. We can’t do something for you unless you show us that you can do it.

Cancer

The Crab

It is possible to complicate this to no end. It's possible to make this a highly ornate and intricate structure. It's possible to take a simple task and layer on conditions, emendations, and conditional terms that make this into a highly complex situation.

The simpler the problem? The more complexity that your *Moon Child* self is going to try and introduce as possible solutions.

Stop.

Simple situation? Leave it alone. Simple problem, and just needs a tap from hammer? Then tap it with a hammer. There's no need to make this an intricate and inelegant issue.

Cancer complications have merit, but this is one of those days — weeks — when complications really, and I mean **really**, aren't needed.

Cancer: don't obfuscate and complicate.

The Leo

The Leo

Some years ago, I bought a house that — when I bought the place — it had a bad porch addition. It was a hillbilly, cedar-chopper looking addition. Plywood, and more, just chip board, fragmentally painted, while appealing to a certain *redneck aesthetic*, not really an attractive addition. The term “ugly architecture” comes to mind. It was obviously a homemade addition, and not a good one, at that. I moved in, tore it down and the value of the house went up.

Take away one item. One addition, one “thing,” remove just one part, and watch the value soar.

It's a simple message for the majestic **Leo**, it's about taking something away, not adding something to the mix, removing one thing. Some folks have suggested that I [remove](#) some words, and that would make me better.

Probably not going to happen, but it's a nice gesture. I'm not **The Leo** so it probably wouldn't work for me. However, as [Jupiter](#) makes his way through *Scorpio*, less is more. Think about what can be removed to make this a better experience for **The Leo**.

Virgo

The Virgin

The best editors I've ever had? All **Virgo** or some kind of **Virgo** component in their charts. Every last one of them. **Virgo Moon**, **Virgo Sun**, some **Virgo** component as part of the internal — and external — make-up of the better editors I've enjoyed. The **Virgo** planet is commonly considered to be *Mercury*, currently with a brief residence in *Scorpio*. Like my former editors, not that I wouldn't *love* to have another good one like that, but much like them, there's an element that has to do with correcting grammar, punctuation,

essentially, [copy-editing](#) the next few days.

This is best done with a red grease pencil. The shade of red attracts the eye, but as a grease pencil, it can be wiped off, as need be. Not all the **Virgo** edits are going to be well-liked. Those un-liked edits? We, the non-*Virgo* people who are getting edited? We don't have to accept all the emendations.

[I'm Sagittarius](#). Don't follow me on this, and use an indelible red marker to make suggestions. I tend to always have a red sharpie these days, and that's not the correct **Virgo** tool.

Libra

The Scales

Sitting in a [real diner](#), early one fall morning, I was casually listening to the background music. This was a traditional diner, and it had — at the time — traditional C&W music quietly playing. David Allen Coe was signing the perfect country and western song. He's a bit of an outlaw that the outlaws don't really always tolerate. The song blended into *A Coal Miner's Daughter* then something else came on and I couldn't make out the lyrics exactly, but the sound? To me? Old Grateful Dead.

Could be me.

I doubt, in that [diner](#), before a cool winter sunrise, that it was vintage Dead from “The vaults,” as they refer to it. The song was soft and lyrical with harmonies and minor key, kind of a signature — in my mind. Bacon and eggs, and I was off — think I was on my way to [Austin](#).

Just ahead the wan orange glow on the eastern horizon, Mars and Venus were winking out — in **Libra**. Halloween is upon us, and the love planets are cozy yet again in **Libra**.

Like sitting in a [diner](#) listening to old-school music piped in, a reflection and remembrance, consider too, that this is a solace and comfort. Part of what this week's planets indicate, solace and comfort, although, not everyone will find old C&W, and a diner breakfast, as the source of comfort. Works for me.

Horoscopes starting 11.16.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 15, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/11/horoscopes-starting-11-16-2017/>

How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!

Pericles in [Shakespeare's](#) *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* (1.1.121-3)

Sun moves into Sagittarius Nov. 21, 2017 — 9:03 PM (Plus or minus for time zones).

On sale now: [Chart Reports](#).

Horoscopes starting 11/16/2017

Scorpio

Scorpion

Dark Moon, Nov. 18. Happy Birthday, **Scorpio**, dear. There's a most curious echo in the **Scorpio** chart. It's a recurrent event, a series of events, or maybe, it's just a reminder. A message, and those tend to be electric messages. Phone, computer, tablet, regular mail, I'm not sure how that works for you, but there's a missive that wends its way to your **Scorpio** in-box, incoming data feed, something. It's reminder to look up that last piece of the puzzle. It's reminder that there is still one bit of — something — that has been left for later, and now? It is later. Plan on getting it done on, or before, that Dark Moon, Nov. 18.

Doing so promises a wonderful set of [conditions ahead](#). Paves the way for a bright **Scorpio** year, and after what we've all been through? Wouldn't that be better?

Sagittarius

The late, great singer/songwriter, [Townes Van Zandt](#) once noted from the stage that, "Folk singing is about 20 percent writing and signing, and about 80 percent driving." He was alluding to the years on the road. For many long years, looking at vast expanses of Texas highway, I preferred inexpensive commuter air rather than driving. However, I'd agree that I spent more time traveling and less time doing real work. Part and parcel of the gig, whether I'm an astrologer, he was a folk singer. It's a variation on the 90/10 Rule, or the 99/1, where the job is 10% inspiration and 90% perspiration. Personally?

As a lazy **Sagittarius** myself, I prefer Townes Van Zandt's version of the rule, as it's more in my experience but realistically, the numbers tend to skew towards the extreme end, 1% inspiration and 99% work. Hard work. We're not done yet. Almost, but not quite.

Following on the heels of the singer/songwriter (he was a Pisces), though, following on his commentary about this is less about the job and more about the work of the work? The requirement to put one foot in front of the other to get to the end? There's a bit of material that's been left undone, and we really should attend to this now. After all, this task in front of our **Sagittarius** selves is more about the hard part of the job, the driving, the perspiration, we're not at [inspiration](#), not quite yet.

Capricorn

I glanced at a sign in local coffee shop and thought I read, "Almond Chicken Mocha." Wasn't what I saw, not really, but it was what my brain intreated at the time, and I was going to run with that.

How about an [almond](#) chicken latte?

Not sure any of this is real, but then, the nature of reality is one of the oldest philosophical debates, is this all a dream, or is it real? Or, if you're of a certain age, "Is it Memorex?"

Where I live, with its close proximity to Louisiana, chicory is a common coffee element. Not unusual, not around here. So the mistake, "Almond Chicken Latte" was really about some other kind of connection, but the problem being, I jumped to hasty conclusion, and made a connection that was — frankly — not present. I can save **Capricorn** the embarrassment of making a hasty assumption and arriving at an erroneous conclusion by reminding you about my faulty memory and "Almond Chicken Mocha."

Aquarius

Life is not a binary equation. It — life **Aquarius** — doesn't resolve to a simple "Yes" or "no" equation. I like it when the equations are simple. However, this week's **Aquarius** energies require a complex algorithm to answer the questions, and to most effectively set the destinations?

The arrangement for arriving at the **Aquarius** answers, or the answers the **Aquarius** wants and needs? There's a set of conditional statements. "If the answer is yes, then we proceed in this direction, and if the answer is no, then we proceed forward in this direction," with an understanding that each of those possible directions have further questions that qualify, suggest, organize, and set possible limits on directions.

Each situation this next few days is fraught with possible outcomes. Instead of simple, "Black and White," none of this binary. Me? I can reduce it to binary question, but just as soon as that's done, then there's the the question about the conditional answer, and this is why the answer to this week's set of questions is not really as a simple as it seems, "If this, then this, which implies this, but might really mean this, so we need to proceed in this direction, conditionally, for now," but be aware that the **Aquarius** algorithm can kick in and subtly shape the outcomes.

"If this, then maybe, this, and maybe that, and we will [refine our answers](#) as more **Aquarius** data is available."

Pisces

Ever meet a person who — it [feels](#) like — just swallows your own soul? Someone comes swimming into your life and there's a connection, a real, palpable connection, you can feel it in your heart of hearts.

I'm [Sagittarius](#), so the terms “soulmate” and “cellmate” are uncomfortably close in sound.

This is also less of a connection that ends in a soulmate, and more of connection that ends with solid friendship. Perhaps more than just friends, but a little less than the **Pisces** standard lover.

This is about connections between people, and there's one — probably a new one — entering the *Life of Pisces* this next few days. I would tend to see this as a casual connection that holds earmarks, and symbolic meaning, but might not be a lover, not in the conventional sense.

Aries

A single idea, a simple image can give birth to strange new worlds and hitherto unrealized directions. Starts with a single image, [Car Crushing Bump](#) was the one for me. An idea, in that case it was a simple image, that spawned a website that still rolls along, although, some of the conditions have changed, still, it's operative even now. The reason I was thinking about that idea, a single image? A single image that created a whole collection, even spun off a real, printed book? Started with a simple image coming out of TexMex place for lunch.

That singular image, a sign that said, “Car Crushing Bump?” That's what is probably ahead for Aries. “A ‘car crushing bump’?” Yes, in a word. Now, this can play out two ways, and they seem pretty far apart, when in fact, they are far apart. Either you drive right over the car crushing bump and feel the underpinnings of the drivetrain ripped asunder, or you use that idea to launch something new.

It's your choice, Aries. You did see the [sign](#), though — no excuses.

Taurus

“I always dreamed of having a little business on the side where I...”

It's the “dot dot dot” part that I can't fill in for **Taurus**.

But you can. I've tinkered with a number of collectible items, mostly hardware, and I wanted an Apple Computer museum, at one time, again, this is just my partial list of ideas. I've long held a fascination with older, American cars, the original iron from Detroit. Same for British Roadsters or variations on the [VW Bug](#). All held fascination at one time or another. However, I don't want to get greasy anymore, so cars are out. I'm not interested of trolling eBay for deals and steals and learning about any new collectible material, so that's out, too. The idea remains, but none of it really holds enough of a grip on my psyche to make it appealing to me. However, as **Taurus**, there's a side business you're interested in. Start taking steps toward that goal. Look up prices, look up sources, look up sellers, look up buyers,

estimate what it could earn you, then adjust that estimate with real-world — **Taurus** — knowledge. You can make this work, but it will take some planning, and I'd suggest you sort with a simple spreadsheet. Hobbies that make money? That's a tiny business.

"I always dreamed I would have a little business where I..."

Fill in the blank.

Gemini

My business tended to be largely cyclical, depending on the variations and [vagaries](#) of the seasons. Over the year, though, my business has tended to even out some, as I learned to fill in the blanks with [longer-term goals and tasks](#). I don't tend to have a "slow season," not so much, not anymore. However, there is a dip in earned income incoming. That is seasonal. As an astrologer, I prepare for this. As an astrologer, I've tracked this over the years, and I'm aware that this is going on, or that it is coming up. And as a **Gemini**-compliant astrologer, I'm warning you that this is a dip, either here now, or in the next few weeks. Just a seasonal slow spot, *not* the end of the world. For those of us who are freelance? Task, or project-specific earned income? Probably a slow spot. Not the end, and the holidays will kick it all back up into high gear, but, yeah, a little slow spot now. [Worried? Don't be](#). The **Gemini** mind can easily find all manner of things to keep it occupied for the time being. No, seriously. You can clean this place a little, right?

Cancer

I got an idea. A pop-up Xmas setting. I'm a firm believer that no Xmas decorations or *anything* Xmas should be put on display, or even thought about until after Thanksgiving (US). Period. No decorations in October, that's just wrong, on so many levels. Just wrong. However, think about a single way to make it all work, and work well, in hurry.

Last year, right after the big Xmas crap was over, I picked up a sweet deal on sale item: a genuine fake Xmas tree, with lights and boxed up. All I have to do is pull it out of the box, and the branches fold down, and I have an instant Xmas tree display. Super easy. Simple. No mess, no fuss. This took planning, preparation, and little scheming ads I had to hit the store when all that crap was on sale, between Xmas and New Year.

I'm prepared for Xmas. Just whip that sucker out of its box, and I got a tree. Lights, just plug it in. Nothing else is required. Domestic bliss, such as it is.

Cancer: for the Moon Children, I was envisioning something a little more elaborate but still, in the box. Like a suitcase Xmas display for the office, just whip that crap out, and it's an explosion of Santa Claus, elf, and related foppery. This is the time to get it ready. Not unfold it all, just set the stage. Staging. This week is all about staging for the near future.

However, please, respect the holiday, no Xmas decorations until **after** Thanksgiving. (At least, none that you can see yet.)

The Leo

There's usually a cold snap in November, but then it will warm back up to typical, balmy, south Texas weather. I finally got used to the idea of having to wear long pants for a few days and then I'm back in shorts. The short burst of arctic air, obviously a Canadian export, burns off and I'm back to normal.

Like south Texas weather in November, there's the astrological weather for **The Leo**: cold, warm, cool, hot again. One buddy called this "psychotic ex" weather, and if we are to be believed, we all have a crazy ex someplace in our distant past. But this is about weather, not failed romance.

I got to thinking about it, for perspective, there are probably a few ex-girlfriends who rate me as a psychotic ex. Hey, at the time? It probably fit. I didn't see it that way, but [I'm not an unbiased observer](#).

The Leo: be aware that the emotional timbre of the times shifts, rapidly, easily, and — apparently — with little or no notice. Warm, cold, hot. Freezing rain that paralyzes this town. Shorts, two days later. All the pile up in *Scorpio* does this to you. Hot and cold, sometimes the same day. Here? I've seen this. Had to run the AC and the heater, same day.

The Leo: you have now been formally apprised of the situation. Dress accordingly.

Virgo

Many, many years ago, I sat on the floor of the *New Age Bookstore* in [South Austin](#), and I paged through several copies of the *I-Ching*. I would look up specific passages in at least three different versions, translated by various scholars, to see how each interpreted a single symbol. I don't recall, there are a ton of variations, but each interpretation that I read that sweaty summer afternoon in South Austin? I was originally intent on purchasing a single copy of the *I-Ching* to use as a reference, but the lack of any kind of cohesive meaning left me disturbed and confused.

After that experience, I've never really investigated the *I-ching* again. I do use Taoist and other Zen writings as a source of spiritual material, and I've noted the problems between [translations](#) with some of the more recent Roman authors I cite.

The problems facing **Virgo** is a tendency to fall into a trap like a single translation of the *I-ching*, and believe that it is the single source for data. Just comparing through "authoritative" versions should indicate the problems with trusting a single source, **Virgo** dear.

Libra

My [habit](#) has [roots](#) deep in old East Austin, back when it was a dicey neighborhood, before the *Urban Gentrification* crowd moved in and took over. I lived close to a cheap storefront and a big, ethnically oriented grocery chain. I would tend to buy the "Seven Day Candle" with some unknown saint's name and icon on the front, then a brief prayer on the back of the label, usually printed in Spanish then English.

The neighborhood had been student ghettos turned barrio, and was in the process of being “rediscovered.” I fancied myself an urban adventurer when I was just post-gradual school, starting out as a full-time astrologer.

The source of that habit might be deeper, I’m unsure, but I know I was in the habit of leaving a candle lit, at all times. The reason I mentioned the old roots, deep in old Austin, was to show some source material. Those candles cost a dollar — or less — and they were a symbol of keeping the home fires burning. I got to where I would only leave the candle lit on the stove itself, under a metal hood, about as safe as any place.

There’s a way, as a gentle **Libra**, there’s a way to pay homage to old traditions, older flames, older ideal, and perhaps, older beliefs. The converse side of this idea, as a gesture for this week’s **Libra news**? Keep that price at a buck, or less.

Horoscopes starting 11.2.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 01, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/11/horoscopes-starting-11-2-2017/>

“I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.”

— King Richard, [King Richard II](#) Act 5, Scene 5

On sale now: [Chart Reports](#).

Horoscopes starting 11.2.2017

Scorpion

Scorpio

Many happy Solar Returns to my extra-fine **Scorpio** friends, fans and flames. To the regular **Scorpio** buddies, then? Meh. But to the ones who notice that the sun is brighter, the [sky](#) seems a little more crisp and the weather makes the atmosphere feel sharper, more alive? Yes, you're the ones, “Extra-Fine.” It's a gradation and applies, even now. Between the machinations of a few planets, most notably, the Sun and Jupiter, with a slight boost as Mercury is at the tail-end of **Scorpio**, but all of that adds up to motion.

The *Secret to Scorpio Success* in the next few days is action. Motion, action, keep putting one foot in front of the other, figuratively, or literally, one foot in front of another. Action. Motion. Direction.

Sagittarius

As the weekend arrives, so does *Mercury*. Mercury tends to infuse a sense of needing to communicate, and while that's all well and good, not everyone wants to listen to what we've got say. Bless our **Sagittarius** souls. Kind of problem, we're full of good information, and no one wants to listen. See how this works?

I use little [squares](#) of paper that have sticky stuff at one end, the ubiquitous “Post It” notes. I use old business cards, with a blank back side, I use a fine-point Sharpie. I use a pencil, sometimes. Or just a regular Sharpie, and quad-ruled piece of notebook paper. All of this is analog, just spurious notes that I'm sure someone will want to hear about. I keep thinking it's now, but it's not.

The *Secret to Sagittarius Success* in the following days? Until the rest of the planets can catch up with *Mercury*, realize his influence and jot down that idea. We can broadcast it at a later date. This week, right now, next few days? No matter what the intent, maybe not the [best time](#) to do this, not yet.

Capricorn

A while back, a neighborhood list noted the presence of a nesting pair of [“Crested Caracara”](#) in the area. A few weeks later, I dropping off some fishing gear with a buddy, I don't recall how his wade boots and bait bucket wound up at my place, and turning into his tidy little subdivision, I noticed there was a large pair of raptors, on the ground. Turkey Buzzards, Black Vultures, Red-Tail Hawks, all of those are quite common in my little slice of South Texas. See them all the time. Used to even see them downtown, even, back in the day, downtown Austin.

I wasn't sure of the birds' designation, I just knew that they weren't typical. I made notes, dropped off the fishing gear, and when I left, the big birds had moved on. Still, it was a matter of being aware of what was happening, in my little world.

Capricorn: Pause. Pause long enough to note that there was crest to the bird's coloration, and what I would think of as light-colored feathers, sort of a cream color, without the big, furry raptor leggings. Pause long enough to realize what it is that you're looking at, so you can accurately portray that data at a later time. Pause long enough, maybe a [cell phone image](#)? Yeah, maybe not that long.

Aquarius

“You **don't** understand!”

Yes I do.

“No, you **really** don't get it!”

Yes I do.

“No, you really have **no grasp** of the situation and the urgency!”

Yes I do.

Plus, I have a [suggestion](#) or two. As an **Aquarius**-friendly astrologer, I understand the level frustration as planets cruise through *Scorpio* and how that can set up an irritating energy. Here's the trick, and it is a [cosmic](#) trick, foisted some mean-spirited planets, but the trick is to understand the enemies. Not bad, not good, just pressure. Find a correct outlet for that pressure.

The challenge for **Aquarius** is to hit that balance point between letting off steam and making a statement.

See? I do get it. Shoot for that middle point, the balance between statement and steam.

Pisces

Ad I saw recently?

“Girls skinny boyfriend jeans! On sale now!”

What it was, near as I could surmise, as I was piecing this together from peripheral sources, looked like jeans that were in “girls” sizes, but designed to look like a boyfriend’s skinny jeans. I never got close enough to see which side the button was on, or the tab, whatever, the zipper and so forth, to see if they were really “male” jeans as compared to “female” jeans. There is a difference, right? This is targeted to a fairly narrow population, and the [bigger](#) problem? That segment of the population isn’t really fond of clever marketing — especially when it is an item that is supposed to fool people. Advertising that fools people.

Some people try to hard to be cute, to be appealing, to make “this” — and we’re not sure what “this” is — it all work. Two guidelines, this next few days, if you’re selling, quit trying so hard to be cute. If you’re being sold to? Looking at the ad for “Girls skinny boyfriend jeans?” Maybe skip it.

Aries

When I spun your planets around, I kept thinking about an [experience](#) that I had. I was dating this one woman, and I had a chance to either spend a weekend with her, or spend my weekend working at an event. I needed the money. I worked. Didn’t go ever well with her, and there’s a reason we’re no longer dating, but there’s always a time when “work” — however that might appear — tends to *over-rule* the romantic.

The way I justified this, to myself, at that time? I had to [work](#) to be able to afford to take her to nice places. Simple enough, no?

There’s a weird way to see this week’s **Aries** energies, but it seems to be about whether or not you should work. For me, with the ubiquity of the inter-webs now, I have no problem checking for those mission-critical notices at 1:00 AM. More than one client has commented I don’t seem to sleep. I do. I just have a dedicated practice, and that I work at, a little almost every day.

If, like me, you’re doing what you really enjoy, does that seriously qualify as work? Either way, be willing to sacrifice short-term “fun” for longer-term financial gain for **Aries**.

Taurus

For those of us who have [lived in trailer parks](#), we understand how this works, all too well. There’s something just terminally alluring about watching the drama unfold, across the way. The antics and shenanigans of the neighbors are far more interesting than anything happening in our own world. Why have daytime TV when there’s the neighbors to watch? This one guy kept trying to make it with this other girl, and then she was busy with that drunken fool of a boyfriend, plus there’s always the cranky old man and his latest car he’s going to fix up and sell for big dollars to some collector. Rusting, right next to his other three project cars. Drama, trauma, and a real, live soap opera, right there, just off the front stoop of the trailer.

Like I asked, rhetorically, have you ever lived in a trailer park?

The **Taurus** challenge in the next few days is to not get involved. We can watch, all we want, but there's a guy in Austin still mad at me because I didn't finish helping him "renovate" his British sports car thing. I'll bet, even now, it's still up on blocks. I said I'd help, I didn't say I would do all the work. See what happens when we get involved? Still mad at me, more than a decade later.

Gemini

My interpretation of **Gemini** energy — energies — is one where there's a bunch of lightening bolts that represent ideas, just shooting out, all over the place. "Let me say this about that, and then, that about this, and then, more about both of these as well as that other topic..." I tend to rely on **Gemini** as a fount for information, real, imagined, or perceived. All good, all the time. And? All over the place, all the time. So far, good enough? Right?

I tend to see that typical **Gemini** as "omnidirectional" at all times. This is not "all times," though. This is a weird week to be a **Gemini** and as such, the quickest way to get this week harnessed?

One direction. Pick one. Harness the energy of Mars — still in *Libra* — to the best and fullest **Gemini** strength. Pick one direction. This isn't for, like, ever, Just for a few days. One direction. Focus. You can do it. I know you can.

Cancer

It's been some years since I've been exposed to this, but back as a much younger man, I saw it more frequently than my mechanical self would like: dieseling. It's when a car's motor is shut off, and then the motor turns over a few times, shudders once, then finally expires. The culprits are varied, but it is usually a function of carbon build-up in the heads and bad gas. Turn the motor off and the motor doesn't die right away, makes a few more turns then shudders, usually shaking the frame of the car itself, then everything stops.

The planets reminded me of that, for **Cancer**, as the *Moon Children* get a lingering shudder from the planet motor of life. There's a dying shudder, not really a death rattle, but — certainly to some of us — very much like that. When a car's motor does the *dieseling thing*, I know it's time for a tune-up, better gas, and maybe pop the heads off the motor to look around. Timing, carburetor, all of that. Major overhaul. **Cancer** is looking at something that requires some attention. The little shudder, after the device is shut off? That's the clue.

The Leo

The longer I toyed with **The Leo** charts for this next few days, the more a single image started to emerge. It's about "Turning over rocks." While I don't think you'll be out in the backyard really turning over [rocks](#), it's an idea that carries some weight. As a methodology for **The Leo** for this next couple of

days, excavating, real or imagined, and seeking, figuratively or realistically, and then, seeking a little further, perhaps deeper, than usual. There's a message that is easy for me to see, but I'm not **The Leo** and the message is about willingness to dig a little deeper to get the point. A little more evidence, perhaps more data is needed to effectively draw a conclusion. Dig deeper. Or, like I suggested, just turn over a few more rocks.

I get this image of **The Leo** just poking at a rock with a boot toe, then casually lifting up the rock. Big night crawler (worm). "Oh look, useful bait for fishing!"

See how easy that was? Turn over a few rocks, see what that turns up for **The Leo**.

Virgo

I have always maintained that **Virgo** has a secretive side; a private life of **Virgo**, if you will. I will. There's a highly circumspect, slightly askew, daintily off-center, provocative, and yet, somewhat reluctant to let certain issues see the light of day facet to **Virgo**.

The question — this week — for **Virgo**? How do you reveal your innermost self without revealing too much? There are some who live [their whole lives online](#), full-frontal, where everyone can see. There are no secrets. There are some who live their whole lives in total obscurity, wrapped in fear that someone will discover the deepest secret, and that puts every thing at risk.

There's a marked tendency in **Virgo**, with the Sun in *Scorpio*, to reveal too much. Maybe think about it before you say it. Not like I got any room to talk about this myself, no, I'm prone to the big mistakes, loudly, publicly, and in the most embarrassing way possible. Don't be like me, no, not this week, **Virgo** dear, *do not* follow my example.

Libra

Because I deal with a variety of belief systems, I can use a variety of systems to affect change. Some folks are entrenched in the Judeo-Christian Mythos, others, hardcore Zen. I've got a sprinkling of Taoist training, myself, which I adore, and it seems to work fairly effectively. Still it's a matter of tuning a modality to what works best. I speak "Redneck." I can also talk thematic elements present in Shakespeare's later works, as a reflection of the milieu into which he was born. My own beliefs are rather fluid, depends on the time of the day, setting, or current events.

The opening quote is from a [Shakespeare play](#) with a weird history. I've seen it interpreted a number of ways. There's a reminder, via *Mars*, still lingering in **Libra**, that serves to make one afraid that time spent contemplating alternative beliefs is a waste of time. It's not. Simple message. Time spent searching is not a waste. Never know what the *Mars* influence will turn up, too.

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Horoscopes starting 11.23.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 22, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/11/horoscopes-starting-11-23-2017/>

(Aside.)

“Now by the gods, I do applaud his courage.”

Simonides in Shakespeare’s *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* (2.5.58)

Horoscopes starting 11/23/2017

Sagittarius

Sagittarius

Backing up my astrological statements with both observations and [empirical evidence](#) is part of my trade. When I make broad, sweeping statements about signs and conditions, I tend to use material I have observed before. Seen it, felt it, been *there* myself. I have first hand experience, and that makes my observations more real — to me — anyway. All that matters is me pleasing me.

So the November **Sagittarius** tend to be a little wilder than the [rest of the crew](#). The December ones are much more mellow, easier, more tame. Calmer. Relatively speaking.

With that in mind, as even my own birthday approaches, there’s a quiet calm we should all embrace. For those of with birthdays this week? Pretend our birthday is in December. Pretend we’re a little more calm, a perhaps more reserved, and somewhat less hasty to jump to conclusions.

Capricorn

The Sea Goat

A particular drive-thru place screwed up a very simple order I placed. Complicated the order beyond reason, then, overcharged me. Because this was a drive-thru service, I had no recourse. No way to go back and say, “You screwed this up AND overcharged me! Really?” I mean, sure, I could’ve wheeled the tiny hybrid back around, but be realistic, not a good idea.

Because that particular drive-thru is so convenient for me? I went back another time, and I had another transaction that was less than satisfactory. This time, the transaction was tied to a credit card with an email address, so I was sent a customer survey. Recalling that I had two, not one but two transactions that were, in my mind, **epic fail** from the point of the customer service and customer dissatisfaction, I wrote a scathing review, giving the store a big, fat zero for satisfaction.

Before you follow me and do the same thing? On my way to work the other morning, I had to go through

that drive-thru again. It was fastest and most convenient. Not a choice I liked, but convenience counts in this game. I thought about ordering food. Then I thought about my recent experiences, and my reactions to their failures, and I know that the reviews get posted in the [back room](#). Bet someone knew it was me. Yeah, I double-checked the drink, and instead of food, I just went hungry. Next time, I'll drive through some other place.

It's about recalling what seeds we've sown, and then, not trampling on the little fledgling plants. Or, if we've sown seeds of discord? Maybe avoiding the place altogether.

Aquarius

The Water Bearer

Most of my fine Aquarius friends suggest that they are all like, "an open book," implying, that they are all easy to read and understand. No secrets. No hidden flaws or occult superpowers. Like, "Dude, if I could fly through the air, I'd a-told you. You know?"

There comes a time when we should all play our hands a little closer to our chests. There comes a time when a modicum of privacy and demure redirection is fine. Not exactly subterfuge or outright lies, but less hyperbole, and more circumspect of an **Aquarius** answer. Qualify, deflect, and less revealing. Just because you know the right answer, immediately, doesn't mean you should offer that up, not right away.

"Err on the side of caution" would be the buzz words for this next few days. Happy holidays, give my best your family.

Pisces

The Fishes

Tomatoes, garlic, and avocado. Plus dark chocolate. Go.

Go, **Pisces**, go. The foods were listed as "super foods" to help you lose weight, maintain a healthy weight, or bulk up, depends on the way one wants to go. As a super foods, though, these are the ones a person should eat a lot of. The first three, that's easy, a guacamole salads of sorts. That would work. I'm not sure how to work in the dark chocolate with the guacamole, though. Just not sure it fits. But that dark chocolate is usually part of a good mole sauce, a delicacy in my neck of the woods. One buddy suggested that certain dishes define various TexMex and "Mexican" restaurants. One important way to test a place is the mole, pronounced "mole-AY."

So, perhaps a diet that is largely TexMex, to use my vernacular, would be beneficial to **Pisces**? Is that the hint? No. Well, maybe. Yes, for some. For others, this breaks down the way you want it to, but it's about what's healthy and good for, while making it enjoyable, too.

This week is about food, and let's think about food that is good, but let's think, healthy, too. Like that original grocery list, Tomatoes, garlic, avocado, and dark chocolate.

Aries

The Ram

Let's try this in a very non-traditional **Aries** way. Let's try non-confrontational. As Mars rakes his way through *Libra*, opposite from you, Mars is inching closer to being in opposition to Uranus. So, in anticipation of that celestial event, let's try something different: be non-confrontational. The usual **Aries** methodology is to charge ahead with the *status quo*, and that's not going to work. The first **Aries** comment?

"Your *status* isn't very *quo*!"

Which is why a direct confrontation, or even an attempt to prove that your **Aries** self is right and the rest of us are wrong? Again, back to the idea that you might be 100% correct, but the next few days are not the time to start the battle. Can't win.

"But I can win! I'm right!"

I know that. You know that. It's just the odds are against you, and the safest course of action is to bid your time and wait.

You'll be much better served if you're non-confrontational just now.

Taurus

The Bull

Buddy calls me up, "Hey, let me ax you a question..." That's his lead in, every time, and that is also a hint, he already has an answer to the question, all figured out. He's not digging for data, he's trying to validate his own stance or position. The last time?

It was funny situation with his girlfriend, and my buddy was clearly wrong, but the way he framed the interrogatory, he did his best to make it look like he was right, even though, if he had actually pursued his position that girlfriend would be an ex-girlfriend. Not like he's getting any younger, or better looking, so, when he tried to "Ax me a question," I suggested the girlfriend was probably right. Didn't go over well with my buddy, but as a **Taurus**, what with holiday madness, and general insanity, got to be careful about trying to push an agenda where, in your heart, you know you're not in the correct way.

Yeah, I know, "But I'm different, let me just ax you a question..."

Compromise, take your licks, and have a happy holiday season.

Gemini

The Twins

As an occasionally sensitive **Gemini**, you feel it when there are these shifts. There's a palpable change in

the air. Locally? I mean, for me? It seems like it is suddenly a lot cooler. As the Sun shifts to *Sagittarius*, there's a discernible change in the air. Feels cooler — or warmer — or different.

One **Gemini**, in Austin, was always funny, "It's finally sweater weather!" She looks great in such attire. Her cashmere collection tended to accentuate her form best.

As a **Gemini**, there's that palpable change. You can feel it in the air tonight. Use that change to accentuate some of the finer **Gemini** traits. Could be a simple shift in the weather. Or a similar kind of change. Use it, my little **Gemini**, work it.

Cancer

The Crab

The holidays are upon us, once again. Driven by conscious and subconscious urges, desires, and unseen forces, our poor, beleaguered **Cancer** psyche, the very soul of the *Moon Children* is being cajoled, and cudged, with holiday crap. Forces seemingly beyond our kin are suggesting that we are less than a whole person unless we buy this one item, or make that one purchase, or drink this one kind of beverage.

The madness will take its toll. The holiday crazy will extract a revenge on your poor, much put out **Cancer Moon Child** soul.

You get one "cheat," one "out." One "give me."

For me, I'll have one, exactly one, Starbucks Egg Nog Latte — but just one. It has like, a well over a thousand empty calories and useless milk fats, caffeine, and very little redeeming social value, other than I might sprinkle nutmeg across the top. Nutmeg has some metaphysical properties. I get one of these, and then I'm back to my usual dark, bitter roasts, served with no adulterants.

Give into one holiday splurge, then back to work. Big rewards if you limit your indulgences at the moment. Promise, big pay off.

The Leo

The Leo

Sometimes, it is the simplest of expressions. I was in a store, and the impossibly young lady wore a simple shift. Dress. I'm not sure what they are called. It was simple, in that it draped at her shoulders, leaving them bare, and from there, it was essentially shapeless, all the way down. Nothing revealing at all. Not a single tight, hugging curve to hint at her legs, or shape underneath the dress. Think: plain, brown wrapper. However, the way she moved, the captivating smile, the way her eyelids seemed to flutter as she demurely glanced downward, then looked back up? Merry, and hints of fun, alluded to in an easy smile. But, the shift itself revealed nothing at all. Not even a hint. No slit up the side to show off impossibly long legs, toned and rippling, no hint at cleavage, no, none of that. It was the most non-description attire I've seen in awhile.

Plain, brown wrapper. That's basically what the dress was, a plain, brown wrapper. With all the crap in

Scorpio, and the Sun moving into noisome *Sagittarius*? **The Leo** should think about the appeal of the plain, brown wrapper.

Virgo

The Virgin

Should read, “Thanks for donating to our pet food drive.” Typo, as I read it? “Thanks for donating your pet to our food drive.”

That’s a funny one. Not entirely out of the realm of possible [scenarios](#), either, as I know one gentleman rancher, and his wife names all the livestock.

To quote, “You really shouldn’t be giving them a name, not if they are going to be food one day.”

It’s kind of amusing, to me, in a weird way, that guy’s wife is vegetarian. He’s pure Texas rancher. So, according to him, one shouldn’t name animals that are destined to be a part of the *food chain*. There’s a chance for a mix-up, and in my case, it was simple riff from a typo about donating pet food to donating a pet as food. The idea is to watch out. Or catch them and laugh about it, “thanks for donating your pet to our food drive.”

Libra

The Scales

I can’t believe I saw this one — again. A number of my buddies all now sport insulated “Thermos” (like) tumblers for heated beverages. Usually for coffee in the morning. I bought one, as a gift, not long ago, and it was well-received. I paid, let’s say, \$5. I’m a good shopper. Thermos-like, really, a well-known brand, and it was a sale item. \$5. Got a clear image?

Big, famous sale website, known for supposedly steep discount items, ran a special, cycled through here the other day, two tumblers, for \$20. So that’s ten bucks apiece, or, roughly, twice what I paid for one. [Plus shipping and handling](#), I’m sure.

Libra shopping is important. Compare. Contrast. Compare and contrast before making a deal.

“Look, 2 for \$20, then I would have a spare!”

Or 1 for \$5, no spare required and about half the cost.

Libra: Compare. Contrast. At the very least? Shop around before you commit.

Scorpio

Scorpion

Confusion. Simply put: confusion. I passed close to a certain **Scorpio**, and she sniffed.

“Lavender, delicate essences, and then, something floral, I’m not sure what.”

I maintain [I’m strange combination](#) of profound and profane. The essence, the purple stuff, was from an artisanal soap, local, handmade, ergonomically correct, vegan, not tested on animals, and free-range. Free-range soap. It has a delicate aroma because the ingredients are fresh, and very local, less than 50 miles, I think.

That was the lavender.

The floral essence? I have a receding hairline. Been like this for years, no big deal. I use whatever inexpensive products I can find in the discount bin at the warehouse store. The expiration date might be in the previous millennia, at a buck a pop, I don’t look too close. The conditioner, super-cheap, and to be honest, I just let that stuff soak on my ponytail, not much else.

Back to the question from a certain **Scorpio** as to what the essence was? And my suggestion that this week holds some confusion for **Scorpio**? The aromatic blend is part health and wellness in one extreme, and the other part of it is cheap chemicals. Profound and profane, all in one sniff. This is the source of the confusion. The Scorpio take-away? A bot of both, combine both elements, like I do some days.
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Horoscopes starting 11.30.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 29, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/11/horoscopes-starting-11-30-2017/>

It's fit it should be so, for princes are
A model which [heaven](#) makes like to itself.
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honor, daughter, to entertain
The labor of each knight in his device.

Simonides in [Shakespeare](#)'s *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* (2.2.10-5)

Mercury commences a [retrograde pattern](#), almost on top of Saturn, both still in Sagittarius, which is going to add a certain flair for the dramatic to the holiday events. While not bad, it might not be an auspicious time to start anew. See the horoscopes for further details.

On sale now: [Chart Reports](#).

Horoscopes starting 11.30.2017

[Sagittarius](#)

SagittariusThe [catalog](#) was sealed, expensive mailer, and it was addressed to a previous occupant — or current resident — which made the catalog mine. I opened it up. It was that material that borders between professional and DIY home-based operators. Heavy-duty construction gear. I don't need a drill that will puncture hardened concrete, repeatedly. Only time I ever needed that? I called up a neighbor. Used it for less than minute of run time. Hardly suggest a warranted purchase of an expensive piece of equipment, like that catalog advertised. As I lazily flipped through the pages, the heavy-duty outerwear caught my attention.

Sagittarius: This is what the guys working at the side of the road wear, the guys building the high rises and pouring concrete, hanging sheetrock, serious labor. People who are out-of-doors, in sub-freezing temperatures, for 8 or more hours at a time.

Happy birthday, **Sagittarius:** That catalog, and the images, then thinking about the material, as Mercury and Saturn spin us one, last time? It's like that catalog, [I live in a place](#) where the days I see freezing weather? I know better than to go outside. Heavy-duty equipment? Not much of a chance I'll ever really require that. OK to look, just don't spend too much time dreaming about unrealistic needs.

Capricorn

The Sea GoatThe question, way I heard it, “Is 32 enough for a brown bear?” Hunting buddies. No, I don’t hunt, but I’m not morally opposed to it — this is Texas. However, overhearing just the snippet of conversation, a third buddy joined in, wondering if this was about the age of girlfriend, and if that was OK for a brown bear. He was a younger man, so 32 would’ve been “age appropriate” for him.

The question quickly developed into mirth, as each party recognized the problem with translation, misappropriation, and misguided good nature. The question, kind of moot for around here, was if a 32 caliber firearm was sufficient to halt, bring down a brown bear. I have no way of answering that, and it’s not even a question I’m interested in pursuing. I would suppose it had to do with the size of the bear.

Capricorn: While I was greatly amused, as that conversation spun so far out of control, in less than 30 seconds, as I spun around your planets to gather up an influence, that conversation was stuck in my head. In part, due to the obscurity of the references, and in part, due to the way no one caught what the other was talking about. **Capricorn?** Careful about building up a story from a completely incorrect understanding of the original intent of the conversation.

Aquarius

The Water BearerOver the years, over the course of a lifetime, I’ve had a number of teachers. One trick to always be willing to learn, when a teacher shows up. However, the nature of the way I take in information, process it, and the act of learning, for me, is a more and more convoluted. I pick up a topic, a thread of thought. I pick at it, pull on the thread to unravel the thought, and then I find a point where I might like to dig.

For **Aquarius** at this time? Conventional horoscope wisdom leans one way. I see a different trend and that follows your discursive, meandering **Aquarius** thought process as we embark on a new field of study. Maybe that’s not the correct term, “new field of study,” but other options, like “new course of study” are too heavy-handed.

Instead of trying to control the impulses? When that curiosity gets piqued? You have my permission, even encouragement, to follow that down whatever rabbit hole you like.

Pisces

The FishesIn [South Texas](#), where I’m generally located, late December, January, and part of February brings a plague called “Cedar Season.” The hills are alive with an imported brand of mountain cedar and those trees pollinate to populate, and that is like scourge upon the land. Flying into the airport, one year, the pollen was so dense it looked like a brown cloud. Some years, vehicles left outside wind up — over night — with a dusty coating of what turns out to be cedar pollen.

Depends on the years, the rain fall, weather patterns, tree growth patterns, cattle, any number of factors, but it can be quite debilitating. Some OTC antihistamines are useful, and can prove to be very effective. Left over from the old Austin days, I would just start to pop a 3rd Gen. antihistamine tablet with my morning vitamins. Proved to be as an effective measure as any against the pollen problem.

I've added a homeopathic element to my *Cedar Season* medicine cabinet, but I'm still taking those generic 3rd Gen. antihistamines. Time to start the seasonal preparations for that onslaught of cedar season. Or the Xmas holiday crap. One of those, whatever medical measures you take? **Pisces**, dear? Time to start now, getting ready.

Aries

The Ram If you go back and look over material I've [written](#) in the past, you'll find that I was warning you about this. Last couple of weeks, I've dropped subtle — and not subtle — hints about what to do. Get prepared. Be ready. Get the house in order. Holidays are madness and this one is compounded by two events, at least. One is the obvious *Mercury in Retrograde* while the other is less obvious to some, *Mars in Libra* — with Mars rapidly approaching a point where it opposes Uranus, currently in residence in **Aries**. I keep a case of bottled water on hand, at least a spare pound of ground coffee, and I have small fire pit in the backyard so I could, if need be, have a fire out there. It's mostly ceremonial, but still, it could be used, in a pinch, for a real emergency need of fire. I hardly think this is going to be the case, but the idea that I've got enough supplies to last few extra days? Very important and, and why I've been leading **Aries** down a particular path — never hurts to be prepared.

Rather than dramatic event, it could be something really simple like an ice storm. “Snowed in” to some signs, and around here, we have bad drivers on a good day so mix in the tiniest fraction of frozen precipitation? Just sucks. Mention ice and cars fishtail into the ditch. So?

So I'm prepared to hole up for two or three days while the ice melts. I'll be in shorts in no time, again, but that's why I was just suggesting you stock up on a few essential items.

Taurus

The BullEver had “State Fair” (brand) corn dogs? I'm not sure that they are really a “state fair” brand of corn dog, but the idea, they can't sell that without some kind of official affiliation, right?

The last box I had of those sat in the freezer for a good month or two before, cold winter's night, I realized I was super hungry and just wanted a little something to munch on. Peel out of its packaging, and pop it in the microwave for a minute. Yummy corndog. No mess, no fuss, nothing to clean up later because it has its own stick for serving. Makes it super easy. Convenient.

As we start up with this *Mercury in Retrograde* week again? Convenient, simple, easy, microwave-safe, and delicious comfort food is required. That brand of corn dog was cheap, and seemed to survive the freezer with equanimity so it's not a problem. Dig around, see what's left over that works to help assuage those Taurus (Mercury Retrograde inspired) trama.

“State Fair” corny dogs worked for me. Look at that, “Best used by Dec 2016,” wonder what that means.

Gemini

The Twins There was, at one time, a street in Austin that was famous for its Xmas lights. 38 and Half street. “We would start planning in July,” one guy was explaining. I am unsure if it is still a big deal, there, but it was at one time. In San Antonio, there’s one neighborhood that has similar tradition, with carloads of natives visiting from other places just to tour the huge collection of semi-amateur displays that can be quite festive, or just plain, over the top.

All that planning. All that preparation. All that work. Too much for me. If I can’t leave a string of Xmas lights up year-round? I’m not interested.

Gemini: the idea of Xmas lights is too much. Too much work, too much trouble, too much planning, and too much on the electric bill.

Doesn’t mean you can’t — *Mercury is in Retrograde opposite from you* — doesn’t mean you can’t enjoy the fruits of other peoples’ labors.

Cancer

The Crab I have a method for “wires management” that I’d like to pass along. Because chargers, jumpers, cables, speaker wires, headphones, adaptors, and every other conceivable wire is part of modern life? An effective way to manage those cables, wires, and spare parts to plug this into that? This is important. I have an old, looks like a small laundry basket. Just two-dollar laundry basket. Into it goes all my wires. Need a power cord for a generations old laptop? I’ve probably got something that will work. Might not be for that brand or model but the prongs line up. Male and female, work together, correctly. Looking for a way to bridge the gap between this accessory and that accessory, or plug a DVD player into a TV? Yes, I’ve got one of those things. A cable signal splitter? Think I’ve got one.

The more complicated the issue, the wiring challenge? The chance is I’ve got a something that will work. Instead of getting all wiggled out about this, though, what I do is just toss all the spare cables back in the laundry basket.

To make it through this holiday-flavored *Mercury in Retrograde*? Consider my method of wire management. Always got something on hand, as need be.

The Leo

The Leo There’s a saying about “No one ever went broke underestimating the American public,” or something like that. I can’t be bothered to find the source of the quote, or the exact wording, but as **The Leo**, I’m sure you’ll agree, there is no problem with those sentiments. It is a matter of taste. Most **Leo** taste better than any other sign. I’d say all, but there are always a few exception. However, most **Leo** are more exceptional than other signs.

There’s a question of style and tastes, and except for one very special **Leo** who has *Mercury Retrograde* in her natal chart, the rest of you? Yes, you have better tastes than everyone else. Yes, you taste better than everyone else. No, with the disruptive planetary forces right now? Not a good time to be making a call about taste. I’m not saying it’s always this way, but right now? Get them get cards. Just much easier.

Safer, too, as, despite your good tastes? The planets conspire to lead you into an investment that looks good, but only right now. In a few weeks? Not so much.

Typically, I can depends on my **Leo** friends as taste makers. Maybe not this week, not given the displacement of the planets.

Virgo

The VirginIn part, this is because I never understood why there was a “fiscal” year the was different from the commonly accepted 12-month calendar year. As far as my business, and [my personal life](#), the business year and the calendar, my company’s fiscal year, it all ends at the same time. Just makes record keeping a little easier. As I was toying with the **Virgo** charts, I noticed, with the Mars and Uranus opposition, there this was going to have an oblique impact on the **Virgo** chart. Take a quick look at where we are, **Virgo**-wise and where we stand with finances. Trial run before the end of the year. My sales are a little slow at the moment. I know, I’m not really **Virgo**, but you get the idea, right? A quick, 11-month summation of where you stand in the real works. There’s a few weeks left in the year, and before this Mercury Retrograde, oh crap, it’s already here, but before it sets in? A trial run of what the **Virgo** year-end might look like. Not a complete summary, or an actual financial document for tax — or business — purposes, but a quick glance, see what we see.

Most likely thing that will pop out of your mouth, and perfect for this time?

“Oh man, I’ve been meaning to fix that!”

Good timing, huh.

Libra

The ScalesI keep warning and advising, cajoling and gently correcting, you know. Then this is finally upon us and did you listen? Pay attention? Follow my soft susurrations, and suggestions — this is not the end of the world. Not the end of the Libra world, and not nearly as cataclysmic as it might seem at the time being.

As Mars lines up opposite from Uranus, there’s a sudden whoosh, a giant noise, a sucking sound, or a gust of air, something.

“Nature abhors a vacuum,” and the stars don’t like an apparently empty spot. As a **Libra**, there’s a lack of balance due to the planets, especially Mars and his not-so-cute buddy, Uranus.

The empty spot, the hole, the spot vacated, and that — as a **Libra** — you’re trying to fill?

It’s not really empty yet, so you can’t patch it, fill it, or otherwise deal with the stupid issue, just yet. [Pause](#).

Scorpio

ScorpionBlack Friday has come and gone. *Christmas Crush* is upon us. As a **Scorpio**, how does this play, next few days? Slow it down. Pause. Stop, think. “This looks like one heckuva deal, think I should get it, now?” Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe wait for a little while, and as we get closer to Xmas, that deal gets slashed in price. Much better deal, then. “But it’s a closeout sale, never this low, ever again!”

Until next week, week after.

Jupiter, in **Scorpio**, even now, lends an urgency, an expediency, and sense of need. I am *Sagittarius*, the sign associated with Jupiter, so I know thing or two about the planet’s influences.

Scorpio: Give it a Jupiter-pause. You can thank me, like, maybe in a few days, or a few weeks, even though, you know, you missed my birthday, you rat-bastard. You did that on purpose, right?

Seriously, I was joking. Just pause before you rush headlong into something that might be better advised to wait on. Yes, I know, holidays and insanity and all. Not worth the fight.

astrofish.net

Horoscopes starting 11.9.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 08, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/11/horoscopes-starting-11-9-2017/>

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove [stray](#), who dares say Jove doth ill?

Pericles in Shakespeare's
Pericles, [Prince of Tyre](#) (1.1.103-4)

Horoscopes starting 11.9.2017

Scorpio

Scorpion

One author I liked, one of his first novels was so tightly plotted, he described what it was like. He had a giant flow chart, pieces of paper taped together, stretching around his office, where he would write, and those lines had intricate details where "this" tied to "that," which then echoed back to a sub-plot in the first chapter, "there." Extremely complex and tightly woven. In subsequent novels, although there is evidence of such work, it's not nearly as difficult. The author himself has suggested he doesn't outline like that, not anymore. Too much work for too little reward.

As a **Scorpio**, this week unfolds with a myriad of allusions to previous events, then, there's some foreshadowing for next week, and then, too, there's that resolution to a small problem in the **Scorpio** sub-plot, leftover from the second chapter. Got all that?

You can endlessly complicate this, or you can just plow ahead. Personally looking at motion and relative motion? I'd suggest you just plow ahead. For the parts that you did outline? Yes, stick to the outlined plans. But for most of this? Ah, heck, just wing it like I do.

Follow plans that are in place, but you can make up stuff to fill in the parts you didn't plan.

Sagittarius

Sagittarius

Madness. As a **Sagittarius**, I don't flirt with madness. I take out, buy it dinner, take it home with me. See where this is going? *Madness* is our friend. What it says to me, light whispers in the night. As long as the Sun is in *Scorpio*, there's a weirdness quotient in **Sagittarius**. Don't avoid that weirdness. Take it out. Buy it dinner. See if that weirdness wants to come over to our place for a little nightcap — with all the implications thereof.

Sagittarius: We don't flirt with madness. We are going to clearly step over that line and make insinuations. There will be no doubt that we're more than just flirting with the insanity.

Every morning, when I wake, I get to make a choice, even before my feet hit the floor. I get to decide what kind of a day I will have. Good one? Bad one? Flirt with madness? Or embrace the unstable insanity and enjoy it?

Sagittarius: every morning. It's a choice.

Capricorn

The Sea Goat

I am not graceful. Never claimed to be. I take that back, as a much younger man, I might have suffered under the illusion that I was graceful, but we all now know this to be totally untrue. *I'm good with that!* Got it? None of this, "Oh but you are graceful in your own way" new age, self-help (male bovine excrement). I'm using me as the perfect example for **Capricorn**, as this week unfolds, there's a delicate dance required. I can describe the dance, I can show you pictures and videos of other people who can dance this dance, but I can't do it myself. We know that. It's an established fact. I tend to prefer not to even attempt this except when I'm here in my office with the door closed and no one can see. See? No witnesses.

The graceful dance requires, suggests, the planets suggest, and the idea behind the dance steps suggest a way to clear some space around your **Capricorn** self. Just get folks to step back for a few paces, give us some room, as we're about to try an elaborate move. Just want a little bit of space.

"If I can get you to step back about three paces...."

Or, in my case? Might want to move out of the splash [zone](#). But I'm not **Capricorn**.

Aquarius

The Water Bearer

Think about some kind of a [Xmas promotion](#). Think about some kind of special [Xmas thing you can do](#). As an **Aquarius**, yeah, a lot of you are not into the whole holiday thing, I get that. I understand. I have a firm belief that Xmas should not be addressed until after my birthday, or, at least not until after Thanksgiving (US holiday).

Until we get to that point of demarcation? No Xmas crap. However, as a forward-thinking **Aquarius**? Let's put some thought into an Xmas promotion of some sort. Maybe it's the Xmas email, perhaps a folksy chat with friends and family, perhaps it's that one gift you would like to get for — a favorite astrologer — or other special person? Doesn't mean that this is a big Xmas push, but one item, one promotion, one step, maybe just sort it out in the **Aquarius** head — maybe that's all that's required. While this energy varies from individual to individual, the outcome can be universally good. The trick? Think about some of Xmas promotion. Target. Think about an [Xmas target](#).

Pisces

The Fishes

One of the little realizations I finally got? When a particular situation, a person, an event, when some kind of action — or inaction on my part — makes me uncomfortable? There's a message buried in my discomfort. Traffic delay causes me to be late. Two possible interpretations, one, I — stupidly — didn't allow for [Austin's legendary traffic](#), or two, maybe my lack of hurry is part of the process?

I can blame the traffic for being late, but I can also blame myself for not thinking it all the way through, at first. Which points to the original source of the discomfort. I didn't allow for (obvious) exigent circumstances. My fault, and I'm the one who is uncomfortable.

So, this doesn't mean you're gong to get stuck in traffic, but it does mean that there will a single — or a series — of **Pisces** discomforts. Look at the underlying cause for consternation before you pound on the steering wheel.

Aries

The Ram

There are a couple of ways I have of measuring what's going on in the world. In particular, I have what I consider the "Spam Index." Depends on how much material I get as unsolicited commercial email, usually filtered and tossed before I ever see it? If a particular company is hitting me with tons of SPAM, I tend to see that as a desperate attempt to sell — *i.e.*, times are tough. Competition, the ever-changing face of the marketplace, the way material wends its lazy way to my doorstep, all of that.

Aries: the almost arbitrary "spam index" is as useful of a measure as anything else. The way it works, the "spam index" as I use it? It reeks of "desperate." Think about that. You're not desperate. Don't act desperate by bombarding us with messages.

Aries: the "spam index" smacks of desperation. You're far from desperate.

Taurus

The Bull

There is more than one way to approach this material. As a firm and gentle **Taurus**, you tend think that there is but one way to approach this situation. One way, no other options. I would suggest, even where Mr. Mars is at the moment? There is more than one way to approach this issue. See it from a different perspective. Ask someone you don't really like for some assistance. Ask a "friend-enemy" if your own perception about the obstacle and how to surmount that obstacle, ask that totally outside source for a possible solution.

Looking at this from a different perspective yields clues. Better yet, I know when I ask a "friend-enemy" for assistance, I tend to consider the other person's input as possibly tainted. Doesn't mean that this won't lead to a viable solution to that very **Taurus** problem, now does it?

Gemini

The Twins

Third time might be a charm. That's what they tell me, and as I was looking at the **Gemini** charts for the next few days, third time, I know, that's, like, about six times too many for a good **Gemini** like yourself. But give it a third try.

I had a **Gemini** tech buddy helping me sort out problems with some wiring here. Turns out there was a coax cable that had a kink in it. Previous contraction is the culprit, nothing to do with me, but trying to find out why there was an intermittent, non-recurring anomaly that paused internet delivery every few hours?

"Kink in the hose," so to address the [issue](#) It was a cable with a tight turn, and when too much data was shoved through the cable, the little electrons slowed down for the tight turn. Not exactly a technical answer, but close enough for **Gemini** terms, right?

Took three tries for my **Gemini** buddy to state the problem.

"I know, right?" he said, "that's like two too many, huh?"

Cancer

The Crab

Paper booties. Ever seen those? Buddy of mine is an *honored Moon Child*, and he's also a decent plumber. Prefers fresh water plumbing, but he can fix many things. When he first showed up here, heavy work footwear, he deftly slipped paper booties over his big boots. Just like that. No mess, no fuss. No mud. No crap from running out to look at the drain plug, the septic tank cover, or whatever. All good.

This week requires some consumable product that works as a prophylactic to protect some aspect of the week. In my case? My example? There was nothing on the concrete floors that my buddy could hurt, but the gesture was nice. I want a house that I can hose out. Just rinse it all out, maybe once a year. No need for any other floor cleaning. Super-easy. Still, his gesture to pull on the booties was nice. Not needed, but for him, it's second nature.

Simple actions with good results. Simple, easy gesture.

The Leo

The Leo

One of my little **Leo** buddies works construction. He owns his own business, and as an owner/operator, he's quite good. Shows a tidy profit by rolling in more work and finishing the job, ahead of schedule and under budget. He also looks like a crew member, not the boss. He looks like that because, for this one **Leo** buddy, doing the work itself is part of the fun. Swinging a hammer, buzzing wood through saws, hollering, painting, lifting and so forth is part of what he likes. He enjoys the manual labor. He likes

making things with his own hands. Helps that he is quite accomplished.

My buddy hates the paperwork. The preparing of bills, the accounting, the bookkeeping, all of that? *Hates it*. He has enough to hire a person to look after this, but as a self-built success, he's not sure he trusts anyone but himself. Consequently, his billing process suffers.

There are two options: hire out the crap that **The Leo** doesn't enjoy, or do it yourself. My buddy, at the end of each work day, he's been working six and seven days a week, he's that in-demand, and he sits down, before he washes off the grit and sweat from the fray, and enters some of the receipts and billable hours, materials, in his ledger. It's how **The Leo** gets ahead.

Virgo

The Virgin

I have a long — and tortured — relationship with “Internet Access.” Started with dial-up. Modem. Musical modem that made a certain noise, then, I would have a dedicated phone line, then, eventually there was DSL. One client showed me how fast a cable modem was, back many years ago, and when a salesman caught up with me in my trailer, well, yes, I liked faster internet. Jump ahead many years, and for a brief, maybe a year, I had the best of the worst. I had a basic DSL because the cable TV monopoly (Time Warner RR, etc.) had thoroughly irritated me with their billing process. Feel my pain? As a **Virgo**, I repeat, “Feel my pain?”

Thanks. So I had to deal with my current service provider, and it was one of those tortured phone calls I was dreading. However, due to the nature of my professional work, I am quite used to recording calls.

All I did was repeat back that little automated disclaimer, “This call may be recorded for quality control purposes.” There is a happy ending to this story, but the way I got to that happy ending was being polite, tactful, and merely offering to repeat back what they said. I also pause, and when the operator asks my name, I say it, then spell it out. “K-R-A-M-E-R, Kramer, no relation to the guy on TV.”

Gets a better response. For **Virgo**? Any tool towards getting a better response works with this week's weirdness.

“Works with this week's weirdness?”

Libra

The Scales

One of the most serious challenges I face, on a continuing basis, is the deal I have with [Shakespeare](#) quotes.

Bit of back story? The original idea was to introduce each week with a quote or passage that properly captured a moment. I was not above using pop culture references, but after a while, my stash of Shakespeare quotes seemed to serve best. Then, for a while it was fed by little quote collections. However, for more than two decades now, it's been essentially a single quote each week. A couple of the

quotes have been reused, time and again. Then, too, as my scholarship has sharpened, I've found more depth to passages.

This comes back to this week's issue in **Libra**, the problem with, "What was I thinking?" I will hear or read a passage, in a moment of furtive scholarship, and pop that up as a weekly quote. Then, as I revise the material, I'll wonder just what it was that I saw in that quote — as reflected in the planets' motions — for that week's missive.

My latent lack of focus is a perfect example of what's happening in **Libra** at the moment.

"I know that this made sense at the time, but where was I going with it?"

Sound familiar?

astrofish.net

Horoscopes starting 12.14.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, December 13, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/12/horoscopes-starting-12-14-2017/>

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

Hamlet in Shakespeare's [Hamlet](#) V.i.166

[Saturn enters Capricorn](#), Dec. 19, 2017 at 10:48 PM — Central (+/-).

On sale now: [Chart Reports](#).

Horoscopes starting 12.14.2017

Sagittarius

Sagittarius

Flying back to Texas from New Mexico, I had to wonder. It was after a summer excursion to the land of hot peppers, and I'd picked up a couple of baggies of ground chili pepper, more as a seasoning than anything else. Some red, some green, hot, flavorful New Mexico peppers ground fine, like dust. I had them in baggies, maybe an ounce of red and an ounce of green, From that one batch, the red was hotter — but it doesn't always work out that way. I was pulling some of the spices out for winter-time, "road kill" chili, the other day. Perfect Mercury in Retrograde action, right? What I was wondering, nothing to do with my [famous chili recipes](#), what I was wondering, why didn't I get searched at the border, or the airport, when I had clearly suspicious baggies of powder. I know going into Cali or AZ, there's thing about live produce, live plants, and illegal drugs. While the powder is far from illegal, maybe this says more about my mind, I would think it looks suspicious — very suspicious.

My recollection from last summer was that the green held more heat than the red, but before I mixed it into the chili, I taste tested the two batches. It was the green that was hotter. No, the red. Taste test, then taste test a second time. While I love a flaming hot chili, with Mercury in Retrograde and that one, delicate girlfriend with sensitive taste buds, if I want her around, I've got to be extra careful not to overpower the burn sensation. Taste test, two, maybe three times — can't be too careful now.

Capricorn

An [article](#) was linked by one of my online buddies, probably from a [blog post](#), about "How cats got domesticated." That's funny, to me. Anyone who has ever been in possession of a feline knows that cats aren't so much as *domesticated*, rather, they — cats — pretty much just have handlers or keepers. Or large, hairless apes who feed the cats, pet the cats, and empty the litter box as needed. I might be biased, though.

Most of my buddies don't get that I'm just not a dog person. Nothing against dogs, I've known a few smart dogs in my lifetime. And dogs are usually unconditional with their love. It's amazing. But no, I'm not much of a dog guy. I like cats for their aloof, detached, non-committal attitudes. There's a strong sense of independence that runs through the kittens I've known.

It's funny that **Capricorn** would be [interested](#) in just how cats became domesticated. Like, there's an urge to domesticate some, someone, something, a pet or a person, and that's not really in the best interest of the **Capricorn**. Sometimes, trying to force an issue doesn't work well. This is one of those times.

Aquarius

I use myth and metaphor to describe certain [energies](#). So this is the original "Scrooge" kind of time. It's about being sicken unto no end with the amount commercialized, cloying, clinging, tug-at-the-heartstrings (through the wallet) kind of energy. A perfectly normal holiday season just ruined by crass commerce, over and over. I had one image, a palm tree with a Santa Claus underneath it, and I thought that about captured my sentiments for this season. The idea of snow and sleds, reindeer, and the "White Xmas?" All good, in northern climes, like Dallas or Amarillo, but this far south? It's a little ridiculous. To be honest, I've seen [snow](#), just a light dusting, freeze this town solid. Gridlock, deadlock. But there's something rather amusing — I spent some time in the desert, too, like Arizona? The old thorny cactus with a single Xmas ornament on it, hoping for snow? Yeah, not going to happen.

So after discussing the warm weather places and the lack of locally sensitive decorations? This is a time to focus on what is most important. Getting all kinds of riled up over inappropriate holiday decorations has no place, and no time, in the **Aquarius** world. Not now. Got things we got to get done while everyone else is being culturally inappropriate.

Pisces

Pause. I pulled together what I thought was the best of my collections from various sources about what to do when [Mercury was Retrograde](#), my *Portable Mercury Retrograde* collection. Pause.

As Saturn shifts into *Capricorn*, there is a gradual sense of relief. Pause.

The **Pisces** challenges are nothing more than cleverly disguised mercurial issues, and none of those are *that* big of a deal. Why I pulled together that book, some years ago. What to worry about. What not to worry about. What to address. What to put off until a later date. Pause.

This whole shift with Saturn is going to spill out a flood of good stuff. That's good. Pause.

Pause, **Pisces**: pause. Despite the gentle and uplifting shift? *Mercury is still retrograde*, and that means you're best served with a simple pause.

Aries

Love me my **Aries** friends, as they are blunt, to the point, honest, [direct](#), and quite incapable of stretching their truth. Some are vivid raconteurs, but that's not the way I mean "Telling stories." So I like my little **Aries** friends, got it? As we get the very first of the *Saturn in Capricorn* material, the very first taste? Combined with that [Retrograde Mercury](#) in *Sagittarius*, thank-you-very-much, there's a series of mistakes, bound to happen, next few days.

"My tux didn't come back from the cleaners, an old friend came into town, I had a flat tire, there was a rain, a terrible flood..."

A whole litany of excuses, right?

None of this is too troubling, but there combination of big forces and little events should leave your **Aries** self wondering, "Is it me?"

Yes and no. It might be you, but the planets are — indeed — conspiring to cause some discomfort. You paid attention, this can't have caught you by surprise, so now's the time to rest on those **Aries** laurels, and sit back, enjoy the holiday season. Rushing to and fro just results in *harried Aries* — no need for that.

Taurus

Take a step back from the holiday madness. The way Saturn shifts into a compatible earth sign, as [Saturn slips into Capricorn](#)? That's going to set up a dynamic that is absolutely wonderful for **Taurus** — eventually. The promise of reward and success, fiscal and emotional? All there. That's the good news. We're not "there" yet. Yes, this is the start — yes, a beginning of sorts. Yes, a good point to look back on in six, eight weeks, or months, even, and say, "That was when it shifted."

However, a stable — some would say "Staid" (not me) — but potentially a somewhat reserved **Taurus**?

Doesn't feel so wonderful as there's a push-and-pull on some **Taurus** parts of the psyche, soul to some. While patience is a normal **Taurus** attribute, this particular *Mercury in Retrograde* renders that almost null and void. Which is the problem because, now, more than ever, a little patience goes a long way to seeing you through this mess of a week.

Me? I can easily blame the holidays and the Christmas Crush of marketing.

Gemini

In the span of about two hours, I had three different **Gemini** hollering at me because of silly *Mercury in Retrograde* events. Three **Gemini** — *Sign of the Twins*, right? Three **Gemini** is like six people yelling at me. Whining, complaining, then hollering, and all at the same time, with two in tears, as well as angry.

Three become six, and six become eighteen, so I dealt with — maybe — two dozen **Gemini** problems in a two-hour window. I turned my phone off after that.

Because this is a business phone, I don't really turn it off. But I do set it to silent. With that, this reminded me of the "old days" in Austin, when, in one trailer park, I had a phone on a flasher instead of a ringer. If I saw it flash, I could answer it, but if I didn't see it flash? I could keep working on whatever it was I was toiling away with, like paying closer attention to a terse **Gemini** message.

To avoid some more problems this next few days? Less on the phone and more face-to-face for communication. Makes it easier for **Gemini**, and we all get along better. Besides, as Saturn shifts? There will be relief.

Cancer

When I lived on the lake, for certain areas, I knew exactly where the underwater obstacles were. I'm pretty sure it was a stump, and I'm pretty sure the bass liked to lurk around it. I even caught a catfish one time, Mr. Whiskers. Anyway, that stump never changed, but I was working some bait around it, and I let the hook and plastic-lie worm sink to the bottom, felt the line go slack, and I waited. Then I jiggled it just a little, and something nibbled at the bait, probably put it in its mouth to taste it. I pulled back sharply to set the hook, and promptly buried the hook in that stump.

The obstacle was always there. It was not a new feature. My reaction, my hasty hook-set, the sharp pull? Too fast, too quick, too powerful, and the obstacle? Rooted in the river's bed? That stump wasn't going anywhere, anytime too soon.

There's an obstacle, a fixed piece that's always been there. Getting a **Cancer Moon Child** in too big of a hurry? Next few days?

You'll be stuck, just like me, pulling on a hook that is buried in an old stump, under the water.

Someplace, too, there might be a fish laughing at us.

The Leo

Don't fix anything. Simply put, there's an urge to correct, adjust, or just plain "fix" something at this moment. Might be a situation, a person, or even the neighbor's Xmas lights. Whatever it is that your Majestic Leo Self thinks needs fixing?

Don't fix a thing.

It's not yours, it's not your issue, it's not going to go well if you try to fix it, not at this moment.

Old adage, always served me well, and really applies at this moment in *The Leo's* space-time continuum.

"No good turn goes unpunished."

I've warned you. Let the non-majestic, non-**Leo** people work it out.

The Leo: “No good turn goes unpunished.”

Virgo

There’s always one who can get away with *High Crimes* at a time like this, but the rest of us? No. Don’t even try. That one? Sure, but the rest of us? Not a good idea. Stick to the letter and spirit of the law, in that order. There are, of course, extenuating circumstances, and there has been, on more than one occasion, a situation where I was well within the spirit of the law, but the contractual obligations were different. Letter of the law. As the rules are spelled out, don’t try and deviate. “But I’m right in the spirit of the way this was intended!”

I agree, in spirit, but if you pick the fight? I am not going to stand by you. I wind up being collateral damage, and we both go up in flames. Not much fun, not for me. Much as I love my **Virgo** friends, no, I’m not following you on this one.

There’s a planetary influence that heightens, lengthens, and shortens the synodic mercurial issues. The keys to successfully negotiating this next few days? Stay within the proscribed guidelines. Don’t deviate. Yes, this cramps my style, as I’m not prone to “Coloring within the lines,” but this isn’t about me. This is **Virgo-time** and the message is clear: Letter of the law. Stick with it.

Maybe I shouldn’t be doling out this advice, though, as I’ve often gone with, “This might be wrong, but it sure is fun!”

Libra

A careful perusal of my body of astrological work would reveal that I go against tradition in some ways. I’m not adverse to [Mercury in Retrograde](#), and rather than fight with it, I suggest all manner of ways a body can move in concert with a planet in apparent retrograde motion. Blamed for much more chaos than it can really cause, Mr. Mercury is playing with the **Libra** communication skills, at this moment. There is a marked trend to loud, wrong, and that results in loudly wrong. Not that it has ever bothered me to wrong in a public manner, no, I’m known to play the fool. However, this isn’t about just me, this is about **Libra**, and those steps we can take to move in concert with the planets.

Realize, after reading this admonition, realize that your voice might carry a little louder than intended, and a typical **Libra** *stage whisper* might come across as more like a strong verbal command, and if you understand this? It might make it easier to realize that verbal commands — or other communications — might be getting garbled. What to do?

Turn the volume down, for starters.

Scorpio

This never happened, not to me, but this is what it would be like. I’d be working someplace, sitting at my table, perusing astrology charts and making pointed comments. Like out of a staged haze of smoke,

female figure start undulating and rolling my way. Smoky allure, accentuated by the stage smoke. The slow roll of the hips, the bounce and jiggle, all the right parts in the correct places, and yes, this is strongly wrapped in innuendo, but it's a **Scorpio** thing. Right? Right.

The eyeliners, the long, black lashes, bright red lips, nails in a fashionable but dark color, and maybe? Filed to a point. Depends on the scenario. We sit, I'm momentarily speechless, it happens with some **Scorpio**, and then? There's littlest sound of flatulence. "Pffft." Kind of ruins the moment. Takes **Scorpio** sexy situation and elevates to more *Sagittarius* or even *Capricorn* level of bawdy revels. Maybe not elevates, lowers, might be the better direction —

Scorpio: It's part of [Mercury Retrograde](#) pattern, but even with all the *Scorpio Seriousness*, there's still some action that is out of your *Scorpio* grasp, and it escapes, and that can ruin it. Or make it funnier. Depends. Fart jokes are really old.

Don't get so serious. It's that time of the year.
astrofish.net

Horoscopes starting 12.21.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, December 20, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/12/horoscopes-starting-12-21-2017/>

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

Simonides in Shakespeare's
[Pericles](#), *Prince of Tyre* (2.2.56-7)

The Sun enters the Tropical Zodiac Sign of Capricorn Dec. 21, 2017 at 10:27 AM.

Mercury goes un-retrograde
Dec. 22, 2017 at 7:50 PM.

Merry Xmas or [whatever](#).

Horoscopes starting 12.21.2017

Capricorn

The Sea Goat

Being a [writer](#) is, at best, a rather lonely existence. There's the concept of gathering data to build whatever the writer chooses to build, novel, story, narrative of some sort, but the craft itself is a word processor and imagination. What creeps into the work is the writer's own psychological demons, fears, trauma, hurt, pain, joys, and some success. The line between what's real and what's sheer imagination is hard to decipher. Fate or fiction? Mostly pain, tears, fears, and troubles — real or imagined. As the Sun illuminates the soul of Saturn, and by extension, the soul of [Capricorn](#), we're faced with some questions. What part is real, and what part is sheer imagination? What part is fiction, and what part of this experience is based on previous experiences, perhaps thinly veiled, perhaps layered in myth and metaphor, and maybe, out there for all to see? Saturn — in the coming years — will lend a degree of discernment to some of the **Capricorn** sky, but also, tinged with this last [Mercury Retrograde](#) period? We might not be able to tell what is fate and what is fiction.

And for that one **mighty Capricorn** buddy? What is fate and what is *friction*?

Aquarius

The Water Bearer

Funny, to me, meme image surfaced. It was from an ad that ran before my time, but someplace, in advertising's history, it is immortalized as an example of some aspect of communication. The picture

itself is a goldfish, a harmless little goldfish, with a shark fin strapped to its back, so it looks like a shark fin above the water, and from the side, clearly visible, it is just a tiny goldfish. I don't even recall what it was advertising.

The image resurfaced, reused, repurposed, and retitled. The joys of the networked worlds we live in. Someone obviously lifted the original image, or maybe scanned an older print version, and I'm unsure of where the trail takes that idea. However, as I was looking over the coming Xmas week for **Aquarius**? Think about that image. A goldfish, with a shark's fin. The question, as Mars and Jupiter course their ways through Scorpio, not exactly the most comfortable, but not all bad, no, just a position not always happy for **Aquarius**, are you the goldfish with the shark's fin? Or are you seeing the image in totality, understanding that it is merely a goldfish with a fin strapped on for appearance's sake?

Pisces

The Fishes

Wal-Mart, I think it was, had a Black Friday sale, freezers. I thought it would be great, but as I looked, less than hundred bucks? Still, not quite big enough to store a dead body. Of course, I'm joking. Well, not about the size or the sale, but intended use. Who needs to really store a dead body? More than one of my hunting friends do store partial animals, collected for meat, not for trophies, but I would surmise that this is different from my original, intended observations about a nice, cheap freezer, with its problem being, it just isn't big enough to store a body.

Which brings me around to the **Pisces** point, when, at what point, did the idea of storing a dead body become funny? Yes, I know it's rather ghoulish humor, perhaps a bit off the current track, but still, when did we, as a society, get to the point that I was amused by the idea that I might want, or need, to store a dead body.

When did this become a joke? Here it is, eve of one of the most important holidays of the year, and I'm trying to make lame, bad jokes that are distinctly uncharacteristic. I should be all unicorns and angels, little cherubs with gifts, and instead, I'm thinking about ways to get rid of dead bodies — purely as a fictional device.

As a **Pisces**, the jokes, the humor we use to defuse a situation, does it carry some macabre meaning? Hidden agenda? Or have we sunk so low? It's about what we're thinking, as this holiday hits full stride.

Yes, that last Mercury in Retrograde really did a number on me. Oh, yes, **Pisces**, still feeling it, too?

Aries

Aries The Ram

Phone rang. I looked down, fishing buddy. With modern technology where it is, I make a serious effort not to have to remember phone numbers — too much work. Remembering phone numbers over-taxes my already too-full memory. I'll recite the positions of the Sun and the Moon, and the exact hour Mercury goes un-retrograde, but phone numbers? Probably not.

You call me, I save the number for later. Attach a name, and sometimes, an image. So when my buddy called, “Dude, what’s up!”

“Kramer? Crap, I’m sorry, guy who’s fixing my truck, he called, and I know it’s one of these numbers...”

I just laughed it off, poor guy, just running down his list of recent numbers, hoping he’ll get the right one.

I’ve got two fishing buddies, my Sister, that last girlfriend, and the conference lines all on speed dial. I could not, if coerced, recite any of these numbers. I just have them stored in the phone, backed up on a computer, and possibly printed out someplace. Maybe not. No need to think.

As an **Aries**, like my buddy, you’re looking for a number. As an **Aries**, like my buddy, you might just try calling the last few numbers, figure out which one is the correct one.

Taurus

The Bull

Austin, once my home, still a home-away-from-home, at one time, it was a capital for musicians.

Aspiring musicians — the entire gamut from wannabe to super-stars. Got to be a joke, for me, with my hair and general appearance, “You play guitar?” Or, most commonly, “You’re that guitar player, aren’t you? I’ve seen you before...”

I gave up on weak denials, and finally caved, the last few years, I would say, “Yeah, *Black Cat Lounge*, 11 PM, Wednesday nights....” Leave an opening. At that time, the location was an empty shell, having been gutted by growth the year before. And fire.

So when I was listening to some of the older — real — musicians talk about Austin, “back in the day,” I was thinking, know how to get a guitar player off your front porch?

Pay for the pizza.

Taurus: there’s a simple solution to this week’s holiday madness. Just pay for it. It’s not that much, won’t break you, and it gets rid of an annoying problem.

Gemini

The Twins

You would think, being a **Gemini**-friendly person, you would think that I would have [nothing](#) but excellent news now that Mercury is non-Retrograde position. Or will be — officially — [un-retrograde](#) in the next day or so. There were compounding elements that play into this week’s noise from me to you, my fine **Gemini** folks. Part of this is merely North America’s silly obsession that conflates the two events, the Winter Solstice and the birth of Our Lord and Savior. It’s really the day that we celebrate, has very little to do with the real birth of that dude, what, a little more than two-thousand years ago, no, check the historical texts.

That's the problem, too, as the elements get combined in ways that might — or might not — be beneficial to my little **Gemini** friends. As soon as I suggest you consult some historical text, the Bible comes to mind, that one passage from, I think it's *John*, hear it most near every year, some variation, the sheep in the fields, and never mind.

See what happens? Not out of the Mercury is Retrograde induced stupidity just yet, and then, as a **Gemini**? We get stuck looking around at supplemental resources, like, I wonder, it was originally told in *Aramaic*, can I study up on that, maybe an online crash-course in old languages?

It's way more difficult than usual for **Gemini** to focus. Be aware of that. Not bad, just —

Cancer

The Crab

I think in terms of cosmic events and cosmological influences. The grand scheme, so to speak, the overall images, not just finite details. For finite details? I've got an accountant and more than my fair share of [Virgo ex-girlfriends](#). No Virgo ex-wives, though, as no Virgo is ever that stupid. This isn't about my ex-wives, ex-girlfriends, and former lovers, no, this is about **Cancer** the *Moon Children*. The cosmic events demand attention to the trivial like never before. The *Cancer's Cosmos* demands one, last finite detail before we can wrap it all up, call it a holiday time, and get on with the usual festivities.

One finite detail requires, absolutely requires the *Moon Child's* attention. Worse yet, this is a grand scheme, big overview that requires, almost mandates a finite amount of attention be spent looking after one, stupid, silly details that — might explain all those Virgo girls, once upon a time.

This does not require a Virgo. It requires a [Virgo-like energy](#) to make sure ever, last, simpering, details is looked after. It's a grand message, and like some folks will say, "God is in the details."

This week? For **Cancer**? Yes.

The Leo

The Leo

Last July, I left I cryptic note to **The Leo** about *Xmas in July*, which, if you must know, is really a reminder to get an Xmas Special in place in time for reap the rewards of such a deal. Each year, I try to have some kind of *Xmas Special*, as I tend to be much-sought after in January, and I can do plenty in December, only, everyone is concentrating on Xmas, and I don't get any traction. Here's the big deal for the majestic and wonderful **Leo** — we need an Xmas special, an Xmas Special for **The Leo**.

This is business. This is work. This is career. This does not involve gift-giving, retail therapies, or any other associated holiday activities. This is work. For me, I like my work so it's not like it's really "work work" but it is. For **The Leo**? It is what you make of it; however, a money's pause, a little more work at the office, a little overtime, or a little bit of whatever it is? Goes a long way to make next year a big winner for your mighty **Leo** self. I'm always in favor of that.

If you must, look back, I mentioned this earlier, like last July: [Xmas in July](#)? Yes, in there.

Virgo

The Virgin

My *Shakespeare Scholarship* really, it less scholarly and more like an occasional interest. I am, by no means, any kind of an expert. Early in my most recent academic career, I discovered that [Shakespeare](#) quoted material about astrology, over and over, and over. There was, in the time, a working knowledge of astrology because, basically, astrology and astronomy were the same thing, and the skies at night suffered much less light pollution. The stars were clearly visible. Made it much more apparent as to the intimate nature of the population's interaction with matters astrological. Material from that era is just shot through with the allusions. However, I am, by no means or measure, whatsoever, a scholar of matters of Shakespeare. More like rabid fan-boy.

I can recall [quotes](#), sometimes with alarming alacrity, as to location, act, scene, and other referral points. Other times, someone will pop up with a question and I'll get that blank look.

Virgo: Like me, you're an expert in a certain area. Like me, you have a working understanding of the mechanics, the timing, the structure, the cohesive nature of the material, whatever it is. Like me, you're going to get challenged, and you suffer from "Kramer's Syndrome," where you get that blank look on your face. Just as a tip, as advice I can give, but don't ask if I follow? Just as a tip? When confronted thusly, with something you know a great deal about but can't recall the facts at the moment? Shut up. Shrug. Blank stare.

Unlike me, don't blindly pound forward when an ounce of quiet will make you look really intelligent.

Libra

The Scales

There's a weird kind of tension that creeps into life during the holiday season. This holiday season, with its uncertain planets, especially? Strange energies, for sure. The source of the tension can be easily traced to two main culprits. One of them is holiday marketing. Advertising. Miasmatic advertising that insists I'll be better off if I buy this, and give that, perhaps make a donation to a certain charity, and take care family. It's really an artificial push, not part of the real world. The other influence — this is hemispherically-centric — the short days, long nights, and general darkness. Winter-time. A fun time, but a cold time, and the lack of light isn't always welcome. Problematic at best. Combined?

The *Libra Life* is filled with small tensions. Not big ones, just that whisper-quiet suggestions that you're forgetting something. You are.

I would be remiss if I didn't remind you — you are forgetting something. However, as I do adore **Libra** so very much? You're going to be forgiven for forgetting. Means you can quit worrying — [for now](#).

Scorpio

Scorpion

On a mailing list I was attached to, there was a series of images for the staging of a modern log cabin, for sale. Staged for sale. The hall closet featured beautifully hewn shelving, a rustic, civilized touch. For the staging? Each shelf had a folded up towel and a pair of candles, on either side of the folded towel, ranged up and down on the half-dozen shelves. Candles. Wooden house. Very wooden shelves, obviously. With towels, so, yeah, I don't figure *any* of that was flame retardant. My guess? Highly combustible. For a [photographic essay](#), sure, it was cool. As an image that portrayed and helped sell a residence? Sure. Practically? I laughed. I mean, *seriously*, open flame on a wooden shelf with bare wood, right above it? That would go up in flames in matter of minutes. Doesn't take long, not at all, then the whole house is toasted. Crisp. Reduced to cinders.

Merry Xmas, etc.

This **Scorpio** *Xmas Holiday*, use extra caution or, when common sense seems to take leave? That's when it is required. Like candles. Sure, looks good, but that kind of deception can turn a festive event into a giant weeny roast.

Scorpio: Merry Xmas, etc., but [be careful](#) with open flame — and similar *Scorpio* properties.

Sagittarius

Sagittarius

Sagittarius: Don't turn back. The highways in Texas are scattered with the carcasses of valiant armadillos who turned around. Indecision, or worse going backwards?

You'd think, after eons of natural selection, the valiant armadillo would not jump when excited, but that's not how they work apparently. So a big truck rolls over an armadillo, crossing the road, and the armadillo's natural reaction is to jump, which plants it in the undercarriage, which results in flat armadillo.

The other problem is indecision. Take a lesson from the armadillo, don't look back, **Sagittarius**, don't go back. That Saturn unpleasantness is behind us. Take a lesson from the armadillos littering the highways.

Sagittarius: Don't turn back.

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Horoscopes 6.22.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 21, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/06/horoscopes-6-22-2017/>

Why, this is very [midsummer madness](#).

Olivia in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* III.iv.41

Moon conjunct Sun in Cancer, 2 degrees: [June 23](#), 2017 at 9:30 PM

Horoscopes starting 6/22/2017

Cancer:

The Crab There's always an "added kicker" to current conditions, and certainly that applies at this time. It has to do with a certain planet's added influence, [recombinant](#) energies doubled then trebled, and that's the experience for the week. While everyone feels it, this is strongest with the birthday folks, and even stronger if there's a birthday in this next week. My *one simple trick* to maximize the week's weirdness quotients and to make this a better time for all? My one suggestion is try three different things. The challenge comes from that suggestion, and how to interpret "Try three different things." For one **Cancer**? "Try three different things" will mean three different food groups, perhaps an out-of-the-way BBQ joint previously untried. For another, it will be something far more adventurous, like walking up to total strangers and making introductions, cold-calling, as it were. With at least three different people, in three different settings. All depends. One buddy will try three different dating apps. Any one, or some combination? Any of the works.

But try at least three.

The Leo:

The Leo One "reader," self-classified as a "psychic," I worked [alongside](#) this person for years. Every town we'd hit? Her first comment, for the sake of the local clients? "I'm thinking about moving here, sort of like retiring here..." Me, being who I am, I always took that at face value, like it was a sincere statement. Maybe it was, but after hearing that along a circuit that swung through the then-oil rich West Texas, I realized it was the same line. *It was just a line*. Along the Gulf Coast or in portions of the Hill Country, even some place like El Paso, it almost made sense.

But it was just a line. I didn't figure that one out for a while because I tend to take broad statements as truthful assertions. Because I tend to be brutally [honest](#), I expect that same level of care and concern from everyone I interact with. Turns out, so it would seem, the world isn't always that way. My bad. I had to hear that line from that other reader for several years before I realized it was just that, a line. For **the majestic Leo**, lets flip that line around. When I would land in the same locations, I would gush about how

I loved the town. Because I did. Wasn't really a place I could live, or that I would think about moving there, not seriously, so I never made such a statement. When I said, "I love this town," be it Amarillo, to El Paso, Houston, even, I was serious. Not a lie.

The Leo tends to be truthful, not unlike me. The rest of the world? Does it take years to figure out when a line is just that, a line?

When I say, "I love this town!" I mean it. I didn't say I was planning to move here to retire.

Virgo:

The VirginCajun buddy, I asked about how long to boil crayfish. He's an Austin person now, so he's lost some of that Cajun, Louisiana backwater drawl. When he drops into that patter, though, I can barely keep up. It's like he's speaking another language. He looked at me, made a measurement in his mind's eye, and then started to reply, in that accent. While I can't capture the exact content of what he was saying, and I can't be sure he wasn't just messing with me for his own amusement, what I can be sure about, as he dropped back to normal vernacular, was that he uses a similar set of guidelines to what I do with chili: there are no rules. A good Virgo, though, a good Virgo requires an iron-clad set of rules. A recipe must be followed exactly. My buddy's suggestion, a certain kind of Louisiana spice and a bucket for crawfish, then boil until done. Potatoes, beans, rice, sausage, boudain, oysters, animal parts, vegetables, all of that is subject to what's on hand. "Boil until they done," what he said. As a bit of kitchen trivia, there was some mention of the color of the crayfish's shell, when it was done. Again, not anything I know about. However, as a guidelines go, those guys from Louisiana do know food. Watching my buddy shrug, "Boil until they done." Simple. Each and every Virgo will cringe at that thought. Still, there's a guideline that works well, this week's weird energies, "Boil until they done." Sounds so simple, doesn't it?

You'll know when they are done.

Libra:

The ScalesOne of the various [trinkets](#) I've picked up, from too many years on the road, it was a coffee mug, from a diner, but the slogan on the mug? "This may or may not have whiskey in it." Humorous. Anecdotal. Factual, really, because it's a binary proposition, and while technically, that place doesn't have a liquor license, best guess is that the mug only contains coffee? Technically, it could contain whiskey. I'm not a drinking man, not these days, but for some folks, a stiff shot of something — I'll stick with coffee — helps knock the sharp corners off the day-to-day edges. Another way to look at it? Pause long enough for a coffee-break. Take a few minutes from the road, the destination, pause long enough to absorb local color, or read the writing on the mug, and marvel that they still get away with such a label.

Scorpio:

The ScorpioPuddle jumper to another city. "You can [pretend](#) this is 1989, there is no WiFi on this plane, so talk someone or read a book." Pre-flight announcement. To compound the **Scorpio** issue? There isn't

any cool seat-back catalog anymore, either. Another example of a sad casualty in our modern world. While my version of [travel](#) has been greatly constrained, I'll occasionally still hop a flight someplace. The short, commercial travel used to be called "Puddle Jumpers" as that title properly evokes the sense of the flight itself. Up and down. Older aircraft, and commercial jets not destined for long flights are not equipped with all the modern inconveniences, like WiFi.

Working within the extant energies? New Moon in Cancer, etc? New start, mid-summer, for **Scorpio**. Fresh way to begin? That's what this is about. Start by letting go of the established way. Like, "There's no WiFi, what should we do?"

Talk to each other. New start. Old ways.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius It's been my experience that I need the wisdom gained from the experience exactly two minutes after my big mistake. I'm passing along this observation because, as fellow a **Sagittarius**, with the reflection from the objects in the heavens where they are? There's an unnerving experience that proves my point about how our timing is off. Our rhythm isn't quite right. We're not at the right place at the correct time. Right place, wrong time? Sure, that works. Which circles back to where we were before, we need the wisdom learned from our mistake exactly two minutes before we make the mistake. Betting on intuition to move us forward? Betting on an astrologer to let you know that this is coming up? Poor bets. What is up and coming, though, is a sense that, after we do it, we get that momentary pause, "Wow, I don't think I should've done that, at least not yet..." And herein is the problem, undoing what what we just did.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat I know this is a weird time to bring this up, but the way it looks to me? There I was, hanging out at a neighbor's swimming pool, some of the guys were drinking beer, I had a water, they were all talking about hunting trips next fall, and asked if I wanted to go. I like to fish, not so much hunt, not because I'm against shooting dinner, no, it's just cold, wet, early, and the ends don't justify the means, not to me. Too much effort for the gains, a nice freezer of venison. So I'm out for the hunting. But another idea did come up, later in the summer, some of my buddies were going to the firing range to "sight-in" their deer rifles. I have no moral obligation to taking a sporting weapon and putting holes in targets at 100 yards. Safe, with proper safe-guards in place, this is about plans for sometime in July, going to the firing range, me buying a box or two of shells, and just putting holes in paper targets. Nothing more. All we did was plan this activity. Nothing's happened — yet. This all from hanging out in a buddy's backyard, making idle chatter. One guy has a kid in high-school, so there's noise about the track team next year. Nothing serious, parents bragging about kids. Suburban males doing our thing.

This is an example of the best use of this week's weirdness: make plans for next month. Look at the fall season. When those guys are headed out for first bird season then deer hunting? I'll be headed to the lake or the coast. Fewer "sportsmen" fishing, better fishing for me. Plan ahead.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer I've got one client, when she sits across the table from me, she mirrors my every move. I nod my head up and down? She nods her head in agreement. I shake my head left and right, in a negative? She shakes her head, same way. I get hopeful and start to wave my arms around, as I frequently do She gets excited, too. I'm not sure if this is conscious, subconscious, complimentary, or mocking. It's like a twisted mirror of myself as I roll through the motions of a typical reading. I've been at this for some time, so I get into it because, well, that's the way I am. I get excited, up, down, all over the emotional map — that's me.

As we have a weird lunar cycle, and its [effects](#) on Aquarius?

Mirror our images. Mirror what we do. Provide us with visual feedback. Maybe not as extreme, or as agitated, or whatever, but mirror our actions.

It's just a reflection, that's all.

Pisces:

The Fishes The way I will add this up? You — Pisces — have a 50/50 shot at being right. This is like the flip of a coin, and there's straight up statistical probability that the coin will be heads or tails. Likewise, to me, it looks like there's a 50/50 shot that you are 100% right. 50/50 shot also means you might be wrong. Total guess. Heads or tails, which will it be? Hard to call, as the way it adds up? There's a one-to-one ration of "right versus wrong." Correct or incorrect? Normally, the odds are in *Pisces* favor. Normally, this is weighted to let you win. Like Vegas, only the odds are — you're like the "house" in Vegas. Weighted in your favor — usually.

With this kind of a set-up, what's the best *Pisces* course of action? Double-down.

If there's a 50/50 shot that you win, then do it twice. If the first fails, then the second has 50/50 shot of winning, and if that fails, then the odds, the numbers keep going in your favor, as you're halving the numbers, each time. The numbers work out, eventually, one way or another, but as we start this next few days, for *Pisces*?

You got a 50/50 shot.

Aries:

The Ram I asked a server about lines of script on his arm, some of the words were partially concealed by a shirt sleeve. "It's says, 'Today is the first day of the rest of your life,' but the meaning, it's not like time to jump out of an airplane, just we create our future, as we go." Glad to have that clarified. The extent of my version of excitement is a Texas freeway during rush hour, or one of my buddies in his boat, on rough waters. I'm really not planning on jumping out of any airplanes or other, extreme sports. Not my thing. I'm not an **Aries**, either. That server was. His ink, and this reminder, "This is the first day of

the rest of your life,” the message for this week is simple: you create much of your **Aries** reality. Create carefully. Create mindfully. Create in a way that serves you best. There’s a bit of a rough patch — astrologically — and what you do with that? I’d suggest you can keep creating good results for yourself, as you go.

“Today is the first day of the rest of your life, not in the fatalist, ‘jump out of an airplane way,’ you know.”

Taurus:

The Bull I have a love/hate relationship with pens, pencils, and paper. Analog is messy, lacks precisions, and — bluntly? I have horrible handwriting. I can’t make out whatever I scratched down at the time. Love the idea, and for a sketch, like a stick-figure image, sure, great for that. However, I do so few “stick figure sketches,” seems like the pens and pencils — in copious quantities — are superfluous.

There is a need for precision in **Taurus**, at the moment. Precise.

Towards that end? I suggest digital — not analog — as a way to effectively convey the message. There’s a big message that needs to be conveyed. Again, the proper medium? Digital. Precise digital. Infinitely precise, digital, pixel-by-pixel detail, aligned, clarified, filtered, un-metered, whatever the individual situation demands? Precise.

One of my broad-stroke, [sharpie-type](#) markers won’t work. Not precise.

“God is in the details,” ask the *Virgo* about that.

Analog is not precise enough for this week’s **Taurus**. Precision. Absolute, digital-only precision.

Gemini:

The Twins Two, maybe three times now, I’ve looked at notebooks. Cool ones, too, with all-weather paper. Fine ones, as used by Hemingway and [Faulkner](#), the Beats. Years ago, I found a swanky leather cover for a common style of blank notebook, and I put one in the cover. That cover was hand-tooled, heavy vegetarian-tanned, sustainably-harvested cow-hide. Still have it — tucked away in a closet someplace. There are stray comments, diagrams, mileage notes and not much else after page three. An ad cycled up for a different brand of [notebooks](#), and I clicked through to look. My finger lingered on the “Buy Me Now” button. I paused. I thought about the notebook I had in the closet, the one with the leather cover, the other name-brand paper notebooks that are largely unused. The plans, the intentions, the large number of secret scribbling that go all the way to page three, then unceremoniously end. I take notes with a handy camera, these days, in a phone, and I take notes by typing in words and expressions that capture the essence of the moment I want to recall — in print — at a later time.

As far as the real notebooks?

Yeah, no.

Great idea, looks good on paper, but I know that it's a waste of effort to buy. Some days, **Gemini**, some days you have to be reminded, like me, about what doesn't work so we can stick to the stuff that does produce results.

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Horoscopes 6.29.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 28, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/06/horoscopes-6-29-2017/>

“I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in [order](#)?”

Excerpt From: T. S. Eliot. “The Waste Land.” 424~

But take the High’st to [witness](#). Then pray you tell me,
If I should swear by Jove’s great attributes
I lov’d you dearly, would you believe my oaths
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by Him whom I protest to love
That I will work against Him; therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal’d—
At least in my opinion.

Diana in Shakespeare’s *All’s Well That Ends Well* 4.2.24~

[Horoscopes](#) starting 6/29/2017

Cancer:

The Crab The [bumpersticker](#) read, “Lab Mom.” Pause. think about how I would take that — I’m not a dog person. My first instinct? “Cool! A mom built in a laboratory! How perfect can that be?” SUV, highway into Austin, yeah, probably not a mom built in lab, probably not a lab mom like I was thinking.

Bummer, dude. That would be so totally cool. A mom built to order. There’s a certain kind of misunderstanding, and not uncommon at the moment, not in the sign of the Moon Child.

“So Mercury is Retrograde?”

No, that’s not it. I made it abundantly clear that I read a [bumpersticker](#) and I inferred one meaning, based upon available evidence. Clear, possible, and upon further reflection, probably wrong. Still, it could be the case. I doubt it. I would suppose, upon further rumination, that it probably means a dog-owner who has a Labrador, or Labrador mix four-legged companion. That’s probably what is really implied with the bumper sticker. Still, I liked my version better, a vat-grown, hybrid machine with more skills than the regular, old-fashioned mom. How cool would that be.

“It’s a new model, a Lab Mom, made her myself.”

Perfect birthday gift?

The Leo:

The Leo It's life-lesson time. I was holding a bag of lemons, I just picked up at the grocery store. I pulled open the bag, and showed it to a friend. "Life lesson," I said, "when life gives you lemons, you do what?" He looked at me. "Give them back?"

No. No, no, no, I am **so** disappointed.

When life gives you lemons, what does **The Leo** do?

Grab the tequila!

None of this lame, "Make lemonade" crap. Do the adult thing. There will be a chance, this next week, some guy is standing there with a bag of lemons. What are you going to do?

Honestly, I'm making lemonade, because I'm not real good with the cactus juice, no, it has an adverse affect on me, but that's just me. The sentiment, and I would like to hear this echoed, "Life gives me lemons? Yeah, **This Leo** is partying!"

Simple, and adjust as need be. But it does work. Upside. There's always an upside.

Virgo:

The Virgin Three of us in a boat. Me, and my **Virgo** fishing buddies. You know I like **Virgo** buds best, right? Best fishing buddies. Three of us, boat on the bay, hot summer day, six lines out with dead bait on the end of each line. Nibble, fish picks up a bait, and and then, the pole bends over, drag on the reel screaming in agony as a *BIG FISH* runs away with the bait. First **Virgo** guy picks it up and starts playing the fish. Second line goes, which means, in short order, there are three of us in the boat, so four lines have fish on! With the kind of bay fishing arrangement we have set up, that one fish can wander off and we'll get to him when we can. The problem being, look at this, three guys, 19-foot boat, see how this might be problematic?

It was.

Lines got crossed and we lost one fish, and one of the other baits might've had something on it, we'll never know for sure. There's a tough kind of energy that makes everything confusing, "Here, dude under my line, no, UNDER!" See how this works? Dancing around on a flats boat like it was a party or something. We got to where we were hollering at each other, and directions got screwed up and the fact we did land three fish, one — mine — was good-sized, but even the merest idea that we managed at all? That's exactly what this week is like in **Virgo**. Up to you, how you want this to play out. Move carefully, and realize that some lines will get tangled despite the best **Virgo** efforts.

Libra:

The Scales One of my neighbors was having trouble with his computer, an older desktop computer. I have — largely undeserved — reputation as a “go-to” for computer repairs, fast and easy. He calls me up and I pop over — undressed, barefoot, unshaven, un-showered, it’s a guy, he won’t mind. Older guy. I look at his problem for a few moments, then wander back home. I pop a few keywords into a search and come back filtering the data myself, with the quick, easy reset button. All that’s required. Quick, easy, simple. I had to use a quick search, and it wasn’t a big deal, just a quick reset. In part, I know what to look for, and, in part, I can filter faster with fewer distractions, weeding out the crap that doesn’t matter. Three minute fix, maybe, realistically, more like 30 seconds.

I know where to look and I know how to ask the correct question. The idea that I was some sort of guru or master mechanic of the computers is *patently false*. Not that it matters, to my one neighbor I am now legendary.

[The myth lives on](#). I just explained my lack of prowess and lack of skill, just a shot in the dark, for me, but that doesn’t dissuade the rumors that now abound — “Kramer can fix any computer problem!”

The myth lives on, despite my best efforts to kill it off. As a Libra, what myth is living on, or, in this very example, has surpassed its useful date?

“Can you fix my computer?”

Nope.

“Can you look at it, at least?”

Looks like a computer to me, that’s for sure.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio In my mind, there’s a strong connection between the physical world, our bodies, our physical well-being, and our emotional side, our psyche and soul, our emotional well-being. There’s a chart “signature” that I look for, and that arrangement increases the strength of that connection between emotional and physical well-being. With the material kicking looses in the heavens, and the relative motion of Mars, mostly water, but not Scorpio Water, this connection, and the Scorpio intuition about this connection is heightened. Now, the challenge for my good little Scorpio friends, discerning judgements — what is normally good, refined—even, Scorpio judgement? Maybe not so good at this moment. Just means, pains me to suggest this, but I would suggest you ask someone for an opinion, or, a second opinion, or, as I’ve been known to ask, “Does this look infected?”

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius On more than one occasion, it’s been suggested that I might not be in my right mind. I’ve

never questioned this. Not my place to question my own sanity. I would tend to agree, too, that I might not be all here, or all there, or all wherever it is that [I am supposed to be](#). Given the way this next few days plays out, there's a lot of pressure on **Sagittarius** to "Be yourself, be your true authentic self." Yeah, I'm not sure we really want to unleash that beast.

For **Sagittarius**, the best course of action? Maybe not any action, or maybe, nothing too rash, or maybe, given the demons many of us are wrestling with? Given that wrestling match that seems to be ongoing? What we can do is allow a glimpse of "Our true selves," but maybe, too much "Authenticity" looks like too much (organic male bovine by-product).

Normally, we can dish this out with the best, but a long, hot summer? In Texas, maybe we don't need to shovel anything — at this moment. It's OK to be real, but maybe, we don't need to be too real, not under this searing summer sun.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Most summers, for that matter, fall and spring, and even some of the South Texas winter? I'll wear what are called "Hawaiian Shirts." Alternatively, they've been called "Aloha Shirts," which, technically, can really only be applied to a very small sub-set of my shirts. Most of mine are merely loud, maybe vaguely tropical in theme, printed shirts. I'm pretty cheap, too, so most of them are bought on sale. I was looking at one, I've had for more than 20 years. That's a long time for an everyday-wear shirt to last. It was cheap when I bought it, too, as I think I remember that.

A real Hawaiian Shirt should be made in Hawaii, and the buttons should be fashioned from coconut husk, that's the way I heard it. I've got maybe one or two shirts that are really Hawaiian, and the rest, like the one in question? Just loud. Durable. Cheap.

Loud, durable, cheap. That got your attention, your Capricorn attention. Like clothing, I tend to favor, I'd suggest that those words are just a good guideline for the next few days, for Capricorn. If you have to, if it helps, imagine my short collection. Not really "Hawaiian Shirts," or even real "Aloha Shirts," just loud, durable and cheap.

Capricorn: Loud, durable, cheap.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer An old country crooner was moaning about a particular West Texas feature. Yeah, I listen to some country music. Way it goes. Get over it, Aquarius. The crooner, not sure, rich voice, guitar twang in the background, gentle bass and 4/4 beat? He was moaning about the sights of West Texas. Hot, dry, flat. Some folks see [sky](#), some folks see oil wells, some folks see big fans. [Depends](#), I suppose. The singer was moaning about the blankness of it all. To me, that's a beautiful feature, but I tend to find beauty in everything, and as an Aquarius, you can find that beauty, too. I have an Aquarius buddy, we were chatting, and I mentioned the searing, soaring vision of the West Texas Sky, and his quick rejoinder?

"Ever see it

rain mud?”

Yes, there is that. The aching, clear skies, and the way the sunset lights up the evening’s sky, the ability to be all alone, or feel very alone, against that West Texas backdrop? Even if it is only a short musical trip out there instead of hours of travel? It’s important to be in touch with that, as the Moon fills out, and as the planets move on around. Mercury is going to move — in another week — opposite your Aquarius self. Get ready to touch the sky, or imitate that high and lonesome sound. It’s really a fetching image — of course, I don’t live there, [just passing through](#).

Pisces:

The Fishes One buddy of mine is, he has, I don’t know, some kind of negotiation training. Like me, he implies that there’s great depth therein, but really, I’m not so sure. He might be jerking my chain, “Hostage negotiation.” I’m not sure how much is true and how much is fiction. “True story,” he told me, which, like all of life’s ironies, usually isn’t. His golden rule, for **any** negotiation, be it lunch, fishing spot, or girlfriends, ex-wives, whatever?

“Never, under any circumstances, accept the first offer. Never accept the first offer. No matter how good it might seem, never accept the first offer.”

His rule, his alleged training, his deal. No deal the first time. There are no plaques or certificates on his walls, so I’m not sure where he learned this tactic. No way to know if this real, or, possibly, just made up. It could happen, with my friends. Not all of them are as pointedly honest as I am. However, for what’s happening, and this might be Pisces—situational, but think about my buddy’s advice, first crack at that negotiation? Seems like the person across the table from Pisces is offering a really sweet deal? Although I can’t validate my buddy’s sources, as a tactic, it might just apply to Pisces, this week. Maybe don’t accept that first offer.

“That all you got?”

Maybe. Maybe there’s more.

Aries:

The Ram When I fish with one particular buddy, I always bring two fishing poles. One will be rigged with this week’s, “I read it on the internet,” latest and greatest craze in fishing gear. The other pole, every time? I use one of two “go-to” baits, either a dark plastic worm-looking thing, or a clear curly-tail on a light jig-head. Depends on the season, really, and what the water might look like. The pictures on the website prove what works: tried and true. On one occasion, one time, the super-duper, beats-all, latest and greatest worked. \$20 fishing lure. Over the course of a few years, though, expensive lures, weird tackle arrangements, and everything else? One time the specialty stuff has worked better than the old, tried and true. Which is why, as much to humor my buddy, I carry two poles. One is bound to work, when we fish. I will, dutifully, and playing to his obvious excitement, try this week’s latest innovation. Have to be willing to try.

Planets [push and pull](#) on the Aries soul. There's a strong need to "experiment," or give in to this week's "latest and greatest" craze, and this might not be fishing tackle, but I can't think of anything more important. However, follow how I handle this: two fishing poles. One rigged with "latest and greatest," and the other? Old standby, "go-to" that never fails. Success is promised, for Aries, if you hare prepared. Takes two.

Taurus:

The BullI never heard of "Doughnut" peaches before. Nope, new item to me. Found them at the farmer's market, while I was looking for a local version of peaches. Doughnut Peaches. I suppose, near as I could tell, I got a few of them, near as I can surmise? The name is based on the shape, as the ones I sampled? Tasted nothing like doughnuts. Firm, white flesh for the peaches, with a weird, almost — to me — heart—shape.

I don't see the "doughnut" except as an oblique reference to its shape or — this is one of those adult tricks. "Here, you need eat more fruits and veggies, try this doughnut peach."

Why we live is in such misanthropic society, now, as children, even to this day, we're lied to — "No, really, it's good for and it tastes good."

As the planets tend to shift around, and as the moon fills out, some? Careful. Be careful about the lies we tell ourselves.

"Tastes **just like** a doughnut!"

Gemini:

The TwinsThe way the planets play out there's, this is comic to me, there's a long slide. There's a long, very **Gemini**, slide. Like, you know, cotton socks on a hardwood floor? Maybe fresh-waxed tile, and socks, again? A slide, a long, and dramatic slide. The potential pratfall with this slip and slide scenario, as delivered by the planets? For **Gemini**? The problem is the abrupt stop at the end, or, possibly worse? No stopping. Just sort of slide and keep on sliding...

"Wait, wait, WAIT!"

I hear you. You also know that I would help if I could. But I can't. Looks like you keep on going as the coefficient of friction is greatly and suddenly reduced. Those socks, that floor, whatever the slide is caused by? Looks like you're going to go sailing well past your intended target.

If you're [smart](#), like me?

"I meant to do that!"

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Horoscopes for 10.5.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 04, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/10/horoscopes-for-10-5-2017/>

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at.

Coriolanus in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* (5.3.184-6)

Horoscopes for 10.5.2017

Libra:

The Scales

So, according to [Shakespeare's](#) Coriolanus, the heavens open up, the gods gaze down and those gods laugh at us mere mortals. Know how that one feels, I'm sure?

Yes, birthdays and cosmic jokes, all at the same time?

Wish I could report otherwise, but there's a sense that some kind slightly twisted sense of humor would help the most. Normally, **Libra** would be straightforward, but there's a weird echo, a sense of having seen this before, only, not quite like this, but close.

Weird [sense of humor](#) helps.

Reading my material? I have to be a little suspicious that your **Libra** self already understands what I'm referring to, the "Weird Sense of Humor," because, after all, you're reading my material. Maybe that helps.

Either way, happy birthday, and weird? Yeah, that, too. Just as a birthday gift? That's a Shakespeare quote taken *in context*.

Scorpio:

It was a really warm fall afternoon in South Texas. September can be brutally warm to some. The lawnmower didn't work, and the spotty weeds that comprise my front yard were looking mighty scraggly. Not an attractive way to live, no, and I really didn't feel like trying to start a broken mower. Some, looked to me, Scorpio Suspicions, fly-by-night yard guys offered to do a single, quick hack at the yard.

After mowing the yard, one of the guys looked at the mower, and fixed it, simple trick. Simple, for him. Fixing the mower was bad for the lawn guys business model, but good for me. Only, I'm not Scorpio, and I will probably be too lazy to mow the yard this month, and those guys will get repeat business — because they fixed the lawn mower. Doesn't make sense, but it kind of does. As a Scorpio, no good turn ever goes unnoticed.

Sagittarius:

"My kids love broccoli," she said. Old buddy talking about her classroom where she teaches. All I could think? That's wrong. So wrong. So very, very wrong. Kids don't love broccoli — we hate it. Broccoli is the enemy. Florets, stems, covered in cheese, has anyone ever tried cream gravy on broccoli? Still yucky. As I've aged, I got to the point, broccoli might be this year's "miracle food," but I still won't touch the stuff. As I've aged, I arrived at place where if I don't want to eat it, then I don't. Broccoli is a food that I don't like. Don't like its texture. Don't like its flavor. Don't like its looks. Obviously, I have bad memories of being forced to eat broccoli, and now? I actively don't like it. That and Brussel Sprouts. I will not eat either item. "Dude, no, Brussel Sprouts wrapped in bacon, it's really good."

I doubt it. I seriously doubt it. You can dip cow pies in powdered sugar, and it still isn't a beignet — catch my drift?

So when I heard this years crop of kids like broccoli? I think there is something amiss. Something is wrong in the world. Not passing judgement, I had to grow up before I got to a point where I don't have to eat broccoli if I don't want to.

Sagittarius: I don't care what *they* say; if you don't want to eat the broccoli, it is not required. Not this week.

Capricorn:

Buddy called, headed to the coast for fishing. Asked a question that required a long-winded answer. I started. He said, "Dude, you're breaking up," as he couldn't hear me on his cheap cell phone service.

"No, I'm not breaking up! I love you!"

Kind of knee-jerk reaction and response from me. As **Capricorn**, there's a kind of knee-jerk reaction you're prone to making.

"No, I'm not breaking up! I love you!"

My typical reaction sounds a little desperate, doesn't it?

That one fishing buddy, asking for some tide and moon indications for fishing? Then the "breaking up" comment, plus my instant reaction?

Think about that before you answer, before that response comes out, and before you say something that

might be construed as stupid.

I thought it was funny, before he had a chance to react to my reaction, I was amused.

“We will never speak of this again,” was his remark, full of machismo.

Makes such a perfect way to write about the stuff in **Capricorn**, though.

Aquarius:

Sometimes the greatest influence in the **Aquarius** life? Sometimes, the greatest influences are “oblique” in nature. Off to one side, a little to the left, or little to the right, a little different from what you’re expecting. It’s one of those weeks. We’re combining elements, too, as — at the end of the this horoscope — [Jupiter](#) swaps Libra for Scorpio. Jupiter changes signs.

Swoosh.

It’s really kind of simple, where you were looking before? Might not be there. I lost an important piece of documentation. Misplaced it. Wondered if it was stolen, got irate, got upset, looked where I last left it. Wasn’t there. Tore the place up, emptied out a closet, dug through some older materials, wondering if I’d misplaced the documentation. Nothing. Desk got cleaned off, though.

Eventually, I looked back in the original container. There it was, tucked in a little deeper, sort of behind a little flap. No one to blame but myself. Upside? I did get the desk cleaned off. See?

Pisces:

One business associate noted that I was artful in my carefully crafted e-mail messages. This was about a management problem, and I — successfully — complained without it looking like a complaint. Regrettably, I don’t have the right use the letter — really an e-mail — as a display piece. However, any person of Southern Extraction would understand the basic rhetorical device, “Nice Shoes.” As a **Pisces**, my all-time favorite mutable water sign, you know I love you, right? As a **Pisces**, there’s a way to complain without looking bad in doing so.

Artfully, carefully complain. Long, loud, and rancorous disputes are just that, and those types of “discussions” devolve — quickly — into a shouting match. Who can be loudest, longest wins? That is **not** the *Pisces* way. Subtle, carefully crafted, artful, well-worded letters get a much better response than just yelling.

Even if you are right.

Aries:

“Can’t Microwave Success.”

Way I heard it. Way I'm passing it along to Aries. The problem being? I have several recipes that involve nothing but microwave cooking. I can microwave success, but this has taken years and years of research, painstaking development, and no small amount of mistakes before the process was perfected. Made a mess, too, more than once.

“Can't Microwave Success.”

One simple example? Small can of Wolf Brand, No Bean Chili. Teaspoon of cayenne. Small bag of Frito Corn Chips. Combine in a bowl. Cover with a paper towel. Nuke on high for a minute or two. Instant Frito Pie. Who said you can't microwave success?

“Can't Microwave Success.”

However, that single recipe took years of trial and error, mostly error, to perfect. Which points out the problem, and with where the planets are at this very moment? “Instant” takes too long for **Aries**.

Dude, you “Can't Microwave Success.”

The recipe calls for a paper towel over the bowl because the chunks of meat — or meat like substance — tend to explode on top of that bowl of corn chips. Years to figure this stuff out.

Taurus:

This next year, next few months, this next week? There is some outstanding events headed your way, headed into **Taurus**, or headed towards **Taurus**, or about to happen for **Taurus**. Maybe about to happen to **Taurus**, who knows, exactly how this should be worded? When I lined up your astrology charts for the coming few days, what I kept thinking, “Make it pretty.” For **Taurus**?

Make it pretty.

I'm not the one who should be in charge of this operation, but the idea is to add bows, or frills, or curtains, or dust ruffles, and I don't even know what a “duvet” is. Or a pillow sham. Not hat my lack of knowledge matters, either. The **Taurus** “cure all,” and by no means is it really a “[cure all](#),” but as a buffer, and steps that are positive action forward, again, just for this one sign?

Make it pretty.

Really a simple idea, and how that is done? Tap that exquisite **Taurus** good taste and dress up, dress down, paint, color, shade, or? *Just do whatever it is that you do!*

Make it pretty.

While “pretty doesn't actively solve problems, it does make this mess a more palatable problem, and therein will be a solution to fix it. How do you arrive at the solution?

Make it pretty.

You can do it; I know you can.

Gemini:

As a **Gemini**? You might not be noted for tremendous attention to detail. While I adore that **Gemini** energy with its fleet of mind and speak? This can create problems when details are [concerned](#). I know you mean to look after the details, and usually, you can juggle a myriad of tasks that would leave a normal person dizzy and confused. However, I have I process the works well for this current state of the **Gemini** condition: One at a time.

Details are scurrilous pains that require an undue amount of attention, and not usually worth the copious **Gemini** attention span.

Here's the trick, attack one issue, one problem, one piece of the puzzle for this week? Attack one item at a time, in order. It's like a check list, and you have to check off number 1 before you can move to number 2, and no, there isn't room on that **Gemini** check list for 1.a, or 1.1.a, or any other kind of splitting hierarchy that the **Gemini** mind can come up with. One item at a time, in whole.

That *Virgo* Mars and Venus will tend to leave you a little more scattered, but you can use that. Check list. Check it twice.

Cancer:

Speckled Sea Trout, or "specs," have delicate mouth structures. Funny, to me, as they usually have a couple of fan-like teeth, right at the front, too. As a fish for eating, they are great, a delicate light meat, best with a minimum of spices. As sporting fish to catch, great fighters with strong escape tendencies. They tend to get away. The bite itself, at times, can seem rather "light." A tentative little jerk. On more than one occasion, fishing with live shrimp for bait, the bite of the spec felt like the shrimp was just wiggling some.

Remember: no one feels sorry for the bait.

When I looked at the Moon, important for Moon Children, then Uranus/[Jupiter](#), and so forth? I kept thinking about last week's fishing trip and the ultra-light bite of the specs. It's almost ticklish, and takes a deft hand to catch a limit of them little fellers. Fun to catch, but one has to pay attention.

Like fishing for specs under the lights at night, a perfect full-moon activity? Light touch, deft hand, and realize, you might miss a few at first.

The Leo:

This is such a cool shift for **The Leo**, it's just not [an even one](#). We left out of the docks, skittered across

the inner bay, and the water's surface was like glass, nary a ripple from even the remotest hint of a breeze. By mid-morning, the breeze was starting to ruffle the waters, and by noon, or a little after? There was some serious chop on the water. We fished all; pictures are on a website someplace.

Wasn't until the wind kicked up, stirred up the water, wasn't until then that we got into some action. Took a while. Didn't happen right away. The legend of the first cast, and catching a fish, as I am reported to be? Certainly wasn't true on that trip, and isn't true for **Leo**, not for this week. However, as Jupiter shifts signs, there's a distinct breeze ruffling the tops of the waters, and **Leo, The Leo**, as a fire sign you do well to have some air (wind) feed your flames. Fan your flames. One of those.

Jupiter changes signs. The course ahead for **Leo** gets choppy. There will be huge rewards, if you fish through the waves.

Virgo:

For me, it was the ultimate in *food porn* — image of apple pie and a portion of ice cream, vanilla, white, starting to melt over the crust, just barely dripping into the filling. Ultimate food porn. The picture, it was from a diet-recipe site, the image was perfect. I could taste the cold, creamy tang of a sharply sweet vanilla cream as it melted against the then still warm from the oven pie with sharp, flaky crumbs of crust against a super sweet saturated filling, stuffed with apples, and brown sugar, cinnamon, and hint of something different, was that clove? Just a hint? All that from a single image.

With *Venus* and *Mars* groping each other in [Virgo](#), there's a kind of appealing imagery that works. However, this is another one of those scenes where the image itself? And what the recipe delivers? Two — *totally* — different things. Totally. Totally different. The recipe was sugar-free, fat-free, organic, free range, non-diary. No stick of butter for a flaky crust. No cup of refined, white flour for either the filling or the flaky-looking crust. Other than the apples themselves? The rest of that recipe probably tastes like cardboard. To be sure? Healthy. But mostly flavorless, too. However, the image? Amazing what [a picture can sell](#).

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Horoscopes for 6.15.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 14, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/06/horoscopes-for-6-15-2017/>

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike, and both alike we like.

Hubert in Shakespeare's *King John* 2.1.329-31

Sun enters Cancer — June 20, 2017 11:24 PM (Austin, San Antonio), but [first](#)? *New Moon in Gemini*.

Horoscopes for 6.15.2017

Gemini:

The Twins Much as I adore my little **Gemini** friends, always better looking and quicker-witted than other signs, but as much as I adore them all? We're all headed towards a great big, "I told you so" situation, and as the **Gemini**, you can easily see this coming — coming right at you. I'm not one who can talk about denial as a valid escape mechanism. Denial has been a life-long companion and possibly an inherited family trait — a survival mechanism — a mental process. Nope, I'm not one who can complain or agitate about denial. However, the **Gemini** stuff in your chart, and the birthdays in the next few days? Careful with denying that there is a problem. The trick is, when you hear yourself saying, "No way!" That's the first clue. Like this, "No way! I don't have a problem with that!"

My guess is that there's an element, a situation, an action, a forgotten deed left undone, and it's back to haunt you unless, of course, you tackle the task.

"No way!"

Yeah, [way](#).

Cancer:

The Crab Years ago, in various travels, I picked up a couple of books, [novels](#), in the UK. Nice cover art, funny stories, and the problem? Those novels would never sell well in America. Either too esoteric, too dependent on local mythology, or overburdened with Northern European historical references. Greatly amusing, to me, and as I passed those books around to friends? "Yeah, I just didn't get it." In part, I first read the books while in the UK, and in part, I have an affinity for the material, plus a little better working knowledge of some local mythology, absent, perforce, from a typical American.

What this is about? Stuff that doesn't translate well. [Material](#) that might be too localized to be transferred

with any degree of success. While I thoroughly enjoyed the novels, the local references, and material that anyone living in, say, London, would know as if it were fact, that doesn't always convey.

Cancer: Here's the challenge to this week's weirdo energies. I thought those novels were funny. They sold well in the UK. Begins, and ends, right there. Separated by a common language, the material does not convey. Understand that this week is like those novels, great stuff, we (you and me) get it, and maybe, maybe a whole bunch of your friends "back home" don't understand. We'll just have to enjoy it ourselves.

The Leo:

The Leo The beautiful aspect of the nature of [electronic](#) distribution of material? Whole seasons, whole series from the "Golden Age" of Television are available, online. As a historical artifact, some of this material is well-worth **The Leo's** time to watch some. Look at the social mores, from that time. Words and situations that weren't permitted on the screen, at the time? Much of that has changed. There were some series that pushed at the limits, but not much. Most of the material is just, like, totally wholesome, in a kind of white bread way. Online, in just the last few years, the medium has changed, the landscape is dramatically different. What was risqué, or questionable, before? Nowadays? Seems like that's commonplace, even mundane. Some cry this is the end of civilization as we know it, as the fabric of society descends into anarchy. Others claim this is the democratization of the modern world, making everything free for all. Too many limits? No limits? Or, as I was just addressing, the way the fabric of society has changed. For good or for ill? We don't have a ruling on that, not yet, whether it's better — or not. But we do have some Leo directions: be aware that the social mores are constantly in flux. Check your Leo self and then adjust, as need be to the new standards.

"Ah crap, I didn't know you could say that now," which is why I suggested we adjust.

Those old TV shows give a good way to juxtapose current standards to what they were — back then.

Virgo:

The Virgin While, I realize a few of you aren't so tidy, still, there's a perfect order to the *Virgo* mind. Me? I've always been a bit of a slob, but I tend to be tidy. This week's planets carry a message for *Virgo*: get tidy. If you are a super clean-freak *Virgo*, then be your usual self. If you are, however a more human, possibly humane *Virgo*? Not quite that super freaky clean person? This is a good time to tidy up. There's a difference, though, between a thorough cleaning and just "Tidying up." Make a pass through whatever it is — the space that is most important right at this moment — pause, look around. Straighten the books on the shelves. Pick up that stack of papers and square the corners. Not big stuff. At home? I pull the covers up on the bed. In the summer, I just keep a light cotton blanket on the bed, and all I do? Tidy, right? Just pull those covers up and smooth the surface. Not a big deal.

Keyword for your week? Tidy. Not super-clean, unless, you know, it's surgical. Not metaphorically surgical, for real kind of situation that should be sterile and clean. Otherwise? Just tidy.

Libra:

The Scales Discussing the plot of one book, with a Libra, we realized that we want characters like that in real life. In the thriller novel, the protagonist, the main dude, he always had something [prepared](#). Like, in a situation he needs a back-up firearm? It's there, right where he stashed it, unbeknownst to either character who gets shot, or reader. See this in movies, too, as there's usually a back-up plan in place, just we don't know about until later. As a Libra reader, as some who is watching the show, reading the book? We're pulled right along. In the real world, though, very few people have such a back-up plan in place.

The "preppers" do, but the rest of us? Maybe not not so much.

Now, if you really do have "Deus Ex Machina" in place, sure, that's great? Otherwise? Be a little prepared to have to backtrack in order to escape the situation. Or go over previously covered material because someone else, a non-Libra character, just isn't getting it. Unless, of course, you knew about that about three years back and prepared.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio There's this one Scorpio girl I know, all Goth, all the time. I don't know for fact that her underwear is all black, with skulls and daggers, read thread for blood, but it's a good guess. Her nail polish is black. Her nails are filed to a point. Skull rings, only silver jewelry, and only blood-red rubies or black diamonds. She's really kind of sweet, but don't tell her I said so. For her, shopping and buying appropriate attire is easy, all comes in one color: black.

For her? This is a great week. Only one color choice: black. However, for the rest of the Scorpio population, for the folks who have more than one color choice? With Venus, governs beauty, tastes and so forth? With Venus in Taurus? This next couple of days are not a good time to buy apparel. Or make any kind of a decisions based upon style and color considerations.

Unless you're like the one Scorpio, who, as far as we all know, she only picks one color: black. That's easy. Midnight black, bottom of the ocean black, deepest throes of space black, inky darkness of Kramer's soul black, all of that works. But that's about it. Anything else? Delay that decision process.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Great big, "I told you so," just up ahead, this next couple of days. Want to circumvent that problem? Stay late. Put in an extra half-hour, just ironing out details that are usually left to a *Virgo* or someone. Managers and their ilk? Sure. Details that are best left for other people? Best if we tend to it ourselves. Hardly ever hear about a **Sagittarius** being accused of being micro-manager, I tend to think, "We're 'big picture' people, am I right?" Or what? I didn't suggest we lose focus on the big picture, like always, our idealism and internal moral code drives us ever forward. However, there are some details which we cannot, under any circumstances, assume that someone else will take care of, not this next few days. Especially not these next few days.

Failure to heed my warning?

“I told you so.”

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat I will, on certain occasions, hire a fishing guide. I was fishing with a new guy, highly recommended, but he didn't know me. We were bay fishing, and he starts out with the drill, “Life jackets are there, poles with ‘fish on’ take precedent, and have you ever bay fished before?” I didn't say anything, just shrugged my shoulders. I mentioned bass fishing in Austin, suggesting that was about it. The guide, not knowing who I was, started out with basics and proceeded to be impressed that I was such a quick learner with a fishing pole in hand. Pictures, I'm sure, are on the web someplace, me with a few fish, the bay in the background. Which, at the end of the trip was funny, to me, as he takes credit cards, like all of us do now, and when I handed him my debit card, there's a picture of me, with a great big Redfish, and the Texas Gulf in the background.

I hired that fishing guide because I'm willing to learn new tricks and techniques. I fished with him to help make me a better fisherman. That goal? Accomplished. I never said I didn't know what I was doing, I just let him infer that I was a rank amateur — better that way, if I can play it right. From a solid grounding in basics to a few advanced ideas, plus, a special way to bounce bait on the bottom? Pictures — me with fish — speak for themselves. That new technique, and new locations, and maybe, a new way to find more fish? All I did was listen.

Capricorn: How much of a student can you play? I didn't say to lie, but maybe don't reveal your hand too quickly and learn some new tricks.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer One “summer vacation,” I took a spin at week-long seminar that was supposed to help a number of areas of my business. A week of vacation, spent in workshops and lectures, absorbing material, listening, thinking, taking notes, and trying to learn some new tricks. Was it successful? Partially. Did I benefit from the experience? In a rather grand way, although, I was out for both the cost of tuition and the time spent at the seminar. Plus food, lodging, and so forth. Back to the question, was it worth it? I have to give a very positive review. Well—worth my investment, both monetary and time—wise. Well worth the time and energy. There was less material that I had never been exposed to, solidifying the notion that there is nothing new under the summer sun, and the real experience came from putting all that I do know together in a heap. “There's this technique for this...” Already know it. “There's this skill set which fits with that technique, like this...” I never saw it like that. Some of that I knew, but I never put the two together. Which is why it was a good experience for me.

So this is about review, revision, and repurposing some of what you already know. This is not new stuff to the Aquarius, but this kind of review, right now, it helps your Aquarius self to realize just how much you already do know. As summer starts to unfold, don't be afraid of seminars, workshops, and conventions that help prove to you what you already know.

Pisces:

The Fishes There is a rigid dichotomy in the current *Pisces* planets. On the one side is good. On the other side is bad. There's a way to work through this, as — I can cite several sources — there is neither “good” nor “bad,” but how the nature of the situation is [approached](#).

Other terms, besides the frankly subjective terminology of “good” and “bad?” Challenging, and possibly disconcerting, but no, not really “bad.” Like, in fiction, I expect the bad guy to do bad things because that is true to his nature, and he's moving the plot forward by doing bad things. Likewise, the good guy rides in and fixes stuff, correcting the bad things. True to his nature, that good guy. This week in *Pisces*, though? There's split between “good” and “bad,” and there needs to be some care taken, a little caution exercised before pronouncing some action, some person, some situation, before calling it either “good” or “bad.” That's the dichotomy, and that's the split to this week's weirdness stuff.

Pisces? Maybe hold off on that judgement call, the split energies will resolve next week, and the anti-hero will emerge, victorious. Then. Not yet.

Aries:

The Ram It was one of the freezing-cold hotel/motel ballrooms, where, come to think of it, I've spent way too much of my adult life. [Professionally](#). So I had two kids sitting in front of me, little boy was an **Aries**, 8-10 years old, at the time, and this was recent. His lean sister just hit a growth spurt and she's a few years older. Boy-child, **Aries**, he was rowdy, and he kept coming at his sister, while she chatted with me. He would come up behind her, and try to wrestle her out of the chair, and she would calmly reach up or reach backwards, pull him into a headlock of sorts, and calmly, keep conversing with me. The **Aries** would eventually squirm free, and then double-back with renewed sense of purpose: take down the sister. She would calmly, without so much as giving it a second thought, feel along with her hands until she struck head, ear, body parts, and just as calmly as before, wrestle him into a locked position, effectively rendering her baby brother motionless. The little **Aries** child would squirm, eventually giving up, surrender completely, and then, she'd let him go. Only to repeat the interaction, the perceived war and wrestling match, again. I wasn't thinking of **Aries** as **Aries**, but the older sister. Calmly, patiently, effectively, disarming her baby brother and rendering him motionless, eventually. Every time. That little **Aries** boy came at his sister three times while she was sitting there, chatting with me. Fight, struggle, wrestle — and lose? Three times over? With one would you rather be? Imitate the actions, the solidly amused defensive actions, of that older sister. Much better than fighting battles that, *seriously*, no amount stealth, can win.

Taurus:

The Bull Funny mix-up, to me. I forwarded a joke, a list of jokes, to a buddy who maintains an email joke list. Only joke list I want to belong to as he moderates it pretty well. Plenty off-color, culturally insensitive material, but like I suggested, the list is heavily moderated. Not exactly bi-partisan, but close enough. The humor is not all one-sided, either. One of my family members forwarded me a list of political quotes, ostensibly made by Texas politicians, including the famous, “I say that with all

humidity,” a famous remark by a certain speaker. One of the quotes had a misattribution. Buddy shoots me back a quick note, “Amazed that you missed this one — he’s from Texas” commentary.

Quick possible responses that run through my head? One, it’s a joke list, I don’t clean it up, just forward. Two, I tend to fact-check material I’m held responsible for, nothing else.

Or, three? It’s a humor list. Some stuff is made up and not worth getting my knickers all knitted up in a bunch.

Taurus? Number three.

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Horoscopes for 6.8.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 07, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/06/horoscopes-for-6-8-2017/>

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Caesar in Shakespeare's [Julius Caesar](#) 2.2.5-6

Full Moon, June 9, 2017 8:09 AM

Horoscopes for 6.8.2017

Gemini:

The TwinsJump, run, play. Three rather simple commands. It's Gemini [birthday](#) time, there's the Full Moon, and then there's the stuff that rails that Full Moon's energy. Best way to keep this going?

“Jump, run, play.”

Simple, easy, three commands. We can break those down to [separate](#) items, and each command can have a different definition, but I wasn't really looking at it like that. Mercury tends to make Gemini, the birthday people this week, Mercury tends to lend a cerebral touch to all matters Gemini. While wonderful at times, with the motion the Moon and Mars? [Activity](#) — physical activity — is preferred to emotional or mental activity. “But I was thinking!”

So was I. I was thinking, as a Gemini, you need to “Jump, run, play”

Cancer:

The Crab “It's not about the money.” That's one of the bland, self-help, guru-generated type of statements I tend to hear. A lot. “It's not about the money.” I was reading notes from a best-selling author, and she claimed it wasn't about the money. Not now, it's not. But what, 20 years back? It was about the money because there wasn't enough. So, this next few days? Bet you hear someone say, “It's not about the money.”

Sitting comfortably, with food on the table, perhaps a weight problem from too much good food? Pretty difficult to lecture from a point of “It's not about the money,” because, by then, it's not all about the money. But when one is scraping to get by? Yeah, it *kind of is* about the money. I'm not really concerned with **Cancer's** money situation, this is more one of those warnings about bland, “self-help” type of material that gets battered about. Don't take advice from someone who isn't practicing what he's preaching.

“But I’m telling you, it’s not about the money!”

Tell my banker that.

The Leo:

The LeoSimply put, Leo dearest? *Simply Put?* There’s an obvious difference, to me, with two expressions.

“We can do that,” and “we will do that.”

Simply put? Employ that first expression. It implies that the question, the answer, the actionable item, the direct action itself, it falls in the realm of being a possibility. Which it is. But that doesn’t imply, well, it might imply, but it doesn’t promise that we will, indeed, carry out that promised action. Deed, chore, errand, whatever the “it” is? It falls within the realm of an item that, as **The Leo**, you can, in fact accomplish. While it might also imply that you are going to do it, for sure, that’s best not stated. Turns out you’ve got some flaky help, and **The Leo** hates to make a promise that can’t be upheld.

“So what you’re saying, ‘I can do that,’ but you are not committing to it, am I right?”

That’s certainly one way of understanding this. **The Leo** isn’t a flake. But the rest of us are. Seeing as how this is a team effort?

“We can do that,” sounds much better than the absolute rock-solid Leo word that “we will do that.”

Virgo:

The Virgin Some would say it was cruel trick. Some would think this was an unthinkable swap. But a perspicacious **Virgo** will recognize how this works. I got up from the table to refill the coffee, and I refilled the **Virgo** coffee with decaf. Decaf: the Devil’s brew, the coffee that shouldn’t be allowed, the trickster of coffee beans, yeah, “Decaf: hell hath no fury as someone not awake,” and hell hath no fury like an over-amped **Virgo**. This is a week when a subtle, or not so subtle, set of energies, planetary influences, shake up the **Virgo** agitation factor. The trick? Drink decaf. Your **Virgo** self is amped enough with the Full Moon doing a tension angle, and Mercury lingering in there, as well.

One of my buddies gave me a [brand of local herbal tea](#). Nuts and fruits, looks like lawn clippings, might very well be just that, but the stuff isn’t half-bad. And it has no caffeine. Back to that secret ingredient, for this week, no need to agitate an already (planetary agitations) worked up **Virgo**. Drink decaf.

Libra:

The Scales The algorithm used by various super online retailers is obnoxious, at best. My [tastes](#) are all over the place, from classical music to classic rock to cutting edge astrology techniques, plus a diverse mash-up of fiction and literature with zero discernible order. Makes the suggestions even more amusing,

as the machines can't get my tastes organized. I've mocked the machines before and in another century when the machines rise up, and we become their servants? My mocking will be remembered and I will suffer for it, I'm sure.

The machines aren't set to rise up just yet, and my abuse of the "If you like this, then we suggest that" choices are justified.

I just get the impression that the computer doing the statistical analysis of my choices, I just see it simpering, and pouting, "Here? Maybe this selection? Please? I'm trying here, work with me a little, ok?"

We do not, I repeat, for **Libra**, we do not have to heed the suggestions of the machines. Those decisions and suggestions are based on numbers and numerical analysis, "If this, then this," simple enough. Like, in the grocery store? Fruit, like organic lemons, are next to oranges and limes are on the other side, all shelved neatly, next to each other. The machinery of commerce just makes similar recommendations — and not always good ones.

These are suggestions drawn from systematic analysis of patterns. This might be a week to think about breaking from the *Libra* systematic, statistically familiar patterns, just for a change.

Libra: Break some patterns. Break some **Libra** patterns.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio **Scorpio**? *Scorpio* carries a lovely level on intensity seldom matched, rarely equaled, maybe not present in any other sign in the zodiac. There's an almost spooky allure, and essence that pervades the Scorpio presence. The temptation is to announce this presence. The temptation is to make one's Scorpio self known, by proclamation, announcement, some kind of splash.

My Scorpio suggestion? Resist that urge.

Scorpio's intensity should speak for itself, the steely-eyed gaze, the steady hand on the tiller, so to speak. Write. So to write. I'm not speaking, but the Scorpio message is sure and sound: resist the big splash, at this moment, unless, there's something else that overrules that in your chart, now isn't really a good time for the big announcement. The big deal.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius The "Slim Jim" brand of meaty snack stick? Sort of a beef stick, but not really? One of the prime ingredients is salt, another main substance is some kind of preservative (nitrate, nitrite, nitro), and finally, read that tiny print, "mechanically separated chicken (or pork)." Know what that is? Scavenged animal parts tossed in an industrial blender, ground up fine, and shoved into a sausage tube. Check the expiration date on some of those meat stick snacks: there isn't one. On the positive side, that stuff lasts forever, literally, in an emergency stash. For me, it's a [hurricane box](#), for others, it's a tornado/earthquake kit. Whatever.

In one of the “all–natural (with higher prices)” grocery stores, I found a similar item, but the meat stick snack advertised no preservatives. Salt, pork, beef, venison, a number of flavors, but none of the bad stuff. Less than a buck apiece; good deal. I sampled a few, then bought a handful. Used them up on the last fishing trip. I went back for more.

They don’t carry those “all-natural” Slim-Jim brand replacements. Bit of a let down.

I have yet to find a suitable replacement. Not like this is an everyday food, I tend to only use such meaty snack treats as emergency food and on long days on the water, fishing. Protein, salt, fat, not too many toxins, and I’ll tend to sweat those out before the day is done. Not like I do this that often, but for now, there is no source. Some *Sagittarius* weeks are like this, you know, still searching for that illusive perfect snack treat with no expiration date.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat I stopped by a fishing buddy’s place talk about an upcoming trip. He has a kid, little **Capricorn** son, about three years old, I guess. The kid was very carefully lining up all his toy cars, making a single, long line, nose to tail, on the low coffee table. He would carefully line all the cars up and then, with a single sweep of an arm, the toys would all crash into the rug. Swept away in a single, traumatic act. Not real trauma, and I’m still unsure of what was going on in the kid’s head. My buddy, the boy’s daddy, he just shook his head, “I don’t know.”

To a child, play is very serious. And to that **Capricorn** kid, that order and structure, lining up all the cars, that makes some kind of sense. As does the total destruction of that order, moments later.

Capricorn: This week is about order and destruction, and then? Rebuilding that order again.

The kid — [Capricorn](#) — went outside after demolishing the line of cars, said something to his dad, then ambled back in, and started lining the cars up again. Order, chaos, order. Or order, destruction, and new order. Makes sense to **Capricorn**.

My fishing buddy? When we were fishing, I asked about the thing with the kid and the line of cars. My buddy just shrugged his shoulders.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer In more than one format, I’ve found hundreds, if not thousands, of quotes and tips about writing. How to write? Sit at a typing machine and type. Sooner — or later — stories emerge. Thought processes lead to winding, possibly cavernous, corners of the mind, and exploration, then excavation starts to uncover the real material that’s been buried. Tons of quotes. Thousands, perhaps, floating around on the inter-webs. I’ve posted some, myself. Some real. Some hoaxes, or [false attributions](#), or some, just made up. However, there’s a single thread that runs through each one: show up. Write. How one writes doesn’t matter. Longhand, increasingly rare, but if that works, fine. Word processor, typewriter, for some.

The essence, repeated over and over, in a variety of formats, the essential message? Write. Write every day. As this applies to **Aquarius**? The first couple days, this is easy, whatever the task is, Thursday, Friday, you look forward to the task. Saturday, not as much, and you might want to skip the task. (Don't.) Sunday, lazy day, again, might want to skip it. (Don't.)

There's an **Aquarius** process at work, and it needs to be exercised every day. Humor me, just for this week, maybe, maybe just horoscope to horoscope, but whatever the process is? Each day. Exercise whatever that process is. Everyday.

This is about daily process, and the standard advice is for writers, but let's stretch this to fit a particular **Aquarius** task, and to make that work? Work it every day.

Pisces:

The Fishes Observation is part of my process. Pays to pay attention. Details. One fascination I have is with "skin art," that is, [tattoos](#) — of various types. I was in line, grocery store, and the woman ahead of me was obviously a mom with a kid in tow, and that mom? Ink was crawling out from under her blouse, with a single sleeve running along an arm, and then? Across the knuckles on her hands? Left hand had "L-O-V-E" spelled out with the right sporting "L-E-S-S." No ring, although she did have ring-like ink on her wedding ring finger. As she was finishing up paying, and gathering up her child, I asked about her ink, commenting on the quality of the sleeve artwork, and inquiring as to which artist.

We exchanged pleasantries, but what I really wanted to know was about the message on her knuckles. Not a common bit of ink, and a strange message, I thought.

"Single mom?"

"I might as well be some days, but no, 'Loveless' is a family name."

So my estimation, guesswork, intuition, hopes, and dreams all shattered. What this means for *Pisces*? Be careful about assumptions before a thorough investigation. The signs might seem to indicate one direction, when, careful questions reveal other information.

Aries:

The Ram While my imagination can compress time and space, and then expand that same time and space? In the real [world](#), maybe not so much. I can [dream](#) about leaping across eons and lightyears of time. Distance. Practically, my body is pretty much governed by the conventional laws of physics and more mundane matters like gravity — 9.8 meters per second (squared). Similarly, the *Aries* mind is quite limitless, but the *Aries* body is governed by more mundane matters. "If you can think it, you can be it!" Great advice. Works, certainly, rather well, on one level. However, down here in the real — *Aries* — world? As this week gets long and stretches into the weekend? Time slows down, and there seem to be a greater than usual number of people trying to hold you back. Not me! But there will be others. A sly smile, an inward grin, a knowing look from an *Aries*? Let's rest assured that the *Aries* world — in our *Aries* heads — is just fine. However, this might be a good week, Full Moon then Full Moon Fallout? Might

be a good week to keep that mental prowess and imagination to our *Aries* selves.

Taurus:

The Bull I ran across a posting, not long ago, about ten essential clothing items every man should have. A good suit, a good sport coat, formal jeans, and then the list veered off in a direction I couldn't fathom. I don't own any "Sneakers," much less a good pair. I do have a tux, several, but no longer do I have the inclination to wear one. My business attire is predicated on comfort — not style. I don't own any khakis, either. If it's warm enough for light, cotton twill pants, then I'm in shorts. No sneakers, and they left off "Good cowboy boots" as part of the attire every man should have. I realize this is a highly regional item, but still, in my world? It is a part of every man's required clothing. Like a good suit, and formal wear.

As a *Taurus*, you love the good things in life, the finer things. And as a *Taurus*, this is a time to concentrate on quality rather than quantity. One good item is better than buying the same thing over and over again, maybe a half-dozen times. One good pair of boots will last, outlast, several sets of cheap boots. One decent pair of "dress" cowboy boots will last a lifetime, keep them shined up. I do. I have. Of note, I wear boots so infrequently, that one pair can last — one pair did last more than two dozen years.

Whether we're talking about boots or the list of ten items every man (or woman) should have in his (or her) closet? One good one is better than [half-dozen cheap ones](#).

Something to keep in mind, this week.

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Horoscopes for 7.20.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 19, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/07/horoscopes-for-7-20-2017/>

“How green you are and fresh in this old [world!](#)”

Cardinal Pandulph in
Shakespeare’s *King John* (3.4.145)

Officially, the Sun moves into Leo July 22, 2017 at 10:15 AM.

Horoscopes for 7.20.2017

The Leo:

The Leo It’s called a “[Train wreck](#),” because that’s kind of how this feels. Mars and the Sun are near perfectly aligned for a few days. The problem I have is that a number of people call this “bad,” and while it might not be great, as this shifts into *Leo*, the majestic, most royal sign? There’s a sense of grandiose, maybe just broad and sweeping gestures that affect a “royal persona,” as befits **The Leo**.

A *Leo* sidled up to me, “Can I talk to you?” Inquiring about a professional consultation. I nodded “Yes,” turned my back and sat down. “What’s your birthday?” A very forward *Leo* birthday came back. I slid out of my chair and onto the ground, on my knees.

The Leo demurred, “You don’t need to do that.” Smile. Oh, but I do. I know my *Leo*, love me my *Leo*. A simple genuflection like that? Goes a long way to making this a better situation. Herein is our weekly problem, remember Mars? Me? I immediately pay homage to **The Leo**. My bet is that I’m the first, maybe the only one, to do so this week. With Mars where he is, in **the Leo** chart? If you don’t run into me, you have to give the rest of folks a chance to catch up and realize that a simple act of kindness — towards **The Leo** — that simple act will make all of this much smoother, you know, Mars and all. If it’s not me? If they don’t acknowledge your regal presence right away? Wait for it. Try to do so without too much toe-tapping and loud *Leo* eye-rolling.

Virgo:

The Virgin In the early days, even before there was You Tube, Snap Chat, and so [forth](#)? There was a series of Life Hack videos that were a precursor to all of what’s on now. I recall one, in particular as this recycled recently, it was about how to fold a shirt. Like, how to fold a T-Shirt, so the garment would not appear wrinkled. One Virgo suggested I was always like an “Unmade bed,” to her. So the quick “Life Hack” video showed how to fold a T-shirt in three simple steps. I’ve added a fourth a step. Virgo: Pay Attention. With my idea? Might not need the other three steps.

The fourth step? Toss that folded shirt into the closet. I have a place for my “dress” T-Shirts, each one on a hanger. Concert and commemorative shirts? Yes, those. The rest? They come out of the dryer and into a heap in the corner of the closet. Just easier. Need a clean shirt? Grab one from the pile.

While not wrinkle-free, my method works quite well for T-shirts. Shorts, too, summer wear, and most of the clothing I wear. It’s either on a hanger or in pile. Simple. Much more efficient than wasting the first three or four steps folding, then stacking, am I right?

Watch how I do this, I pull dry T-shirts from the laundry, and I toss them, unceremoniously, into a corner of a shelf. Clean shirts. All in one place. Perfect Virgo life hack. Saves you all the trouble of fording that stuff up.

Libra:

The Scales All I could think about is that I’m getting old. As I spun around the **Libra** chart, looking for activity, looking for things to do, and answers to pressing **Libra** questions? I thought about, “Wow, I’m getting old.” Hot summer’s afternoon. The world is at our feet. What do we want? I wanted to go see a movie. Hide in a cold, dark theater, escape the summer heat, and get swept away in a the latest story from a formula-driven epic moving picture show. In the dark theater, with its AC set to “Freeze your butt off.”

There are changes brewing on the **Libra** horizon. First off, if you’re going to follow my lead — exactly? Take a sweater or long-sleeve shirt into the theater with you. You’ll thank me for that one. Second, careful with the escape. When I’m in a theater, I turn my phone off, so there’s no internet, no voice mail, no text messages, none of that. Escape for — maybe — two hours. Emerge on the far side, blinking and suddenly warming up in the summer sun? Yes, the time when we feel alive again. Good movie, no?

The trick is the escape lasts, usually no more than two hours. It’s my idea of summer fun that made me feel “old.” Used to be it was a water park, beaches, boats, maybe fishing. Now? Just the cool, dark theater.

[Changes](#) are up and coming, and despite the oppressive summer heat? Take a sweater, or, in my case, I take a long-sleeve shirt, pull over my T-shirt. See how easy this can be? No need to fight it.

Scorpio:

Scorpion The best leaders are also good followers. The ability to follow places one in the perfect position to do some timely back-stabbing.

With advice like that? How can any Scorpio say I don’t like them?

Be a good follower. Makes you less of target. Then, when presented with a suitable target for a Scorpio?

I’m sure you know what to do.

This week’s weird energy? Be a good follower, my little Scorpio friend. Be a good follower.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius There's a [moral code](#) some of us live by. In literature, more in popular fiction, but in movies, especially, an almost stock character is the loner who lives by a strict moral compass, always does the right thing. Doesn't always follow the letter of the law, but in the grand scheme, always does what appears to be morally correct. "Internal compass" was how it was explained to me. This figures in, that term, "internal compass," or really, an "internal moral compass?" This figures in with the age-old idea that most of us Sagittarius types can readily identify with the loner with a strict moral code. We might not always stick to the letter of the law, I do, anymore, but that's not the question, is it? This is about what is morally, absolutely correct. This isn't about nitpick lawyer details, where the finer points process and procedure are in question, it's about the big picture, and we're — Sagittarius — good at that. Here's the tricky point, with me, all about the spirit of the law and paying strict attention to making sure our answers and actions are morally, ethically correct? Make sure, it's that pesky Mars conjunct the Sun energy, make sure that we are correct in the letter of the law, too. The handsome hero, the lone stranger, who does so well sticking to his own code? Yes, that works in fiction. In the real world? Let's also stick — our **Sagittarius** selves — to the letter as well as the [spirit of the rules](#).

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Because I book all my clients myself? Just easier that way, but because I do it myself? I keep a closer watch on who shows — or doesn't show. I had a client, the [posted rules](#) are "Paid in advance, or at time the services are rendered, and cancellations are still liable for the full amount." Or something like that. I forget. The threat is that cancelling on me, like, less than 24 hours before the appointed time? I'm still owed for my time. Practically, I really don't enforce that too often. Then, I was working at a [Big Expo](#), and I had a client who's made — and broken — three or four appointments, the usual excuses, "Boss called, kids called, overslept," etc. Because most of that kind of traffic is walk-up customers, didn't bother me, and I had no trouble filling the available times slots with other customers. However, the next time that client e-mailed me for a reserved time? After being burned three times? I suggest that the client just show up, and deal with the waiting list. I'm pretty relaxed about a lot of this. I've been doing this for many years. What I've learned, some folks are just not reliable about keeping appointments with astrologers for consultations. I have enough material to keep me really busy, so it's no loss, for me. However, that one client, I had to patiently spend a certain amount of time explaining, since I'm not important enough to keep an appointment with? I return the energy — goes around, comes around. "But I need to see you now!"

Capricorn: Burned, not once, not twice, but at least three times? I won't be totally dismissive, neither should you, but I also won't make any promises.

"Yeah, show up and I'll see where I am with the waiting list."

Insert **Capricorn** shrug.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer Love me my **Aquarius** friends, but “dressing up,” and the recent spate of fashion trends? Sort of escapes the typical **Aquarius**. Like there is anything “typical” about an **Aquarius**, huh. Anyway, consider an eye towards fashion Or a purchase, or just looking for, some kind of clothing that is summer acceptable, comfortable, and well—within the bounds of whatever is supposedly fashionable.

For many years, I’ve stuck with two standards. Super easy for me. Hawaiian print shirts, sandals, and shorts, as my mainstay. So in my example, I’d look for a new, cheap, Hawaiian shirt. I found one, the other day, less than ten bucks, light color, mostly cotton, and I’m wearing it now. That’s a perfect example for **Aquarius**.

My other version is the limited winter wear, essentially black jeans, boots, and a black T-shirt, sometimes covered with a sport coat, if I need to look formal. So this “**Aquarius** looking at your appearance” time? Like this next week, maybe seven days or so? Either one of my options works, but I suggest working within the bounds of rather staid and conservative taste selections. My wild shirts are the only spot of bright color in the otherwise totally dark wardrobe. One, or another, look at one or another, and remember, this is a nod towards comfort as much as it’s a nod towards fashion.

Next week? *Mercury* moves into *Virgo*. That’s the change, and that’s why we’re looking at fashion items this week.

Pisces:

The Fishes I was looking up some [Shakespeare](#) crap. Not like I don’t have metric shit-ton of Shakespeare material rolling through my brain. I do try and keep my reference shelf mercifully devoid of too much Shakespeare stuff, just because. I tend to get bit obsessive at times, as Shakespeare’s body of work is an almost endless source of academic play, for me. What I happened across was a version of an early play, one of the plays that shows the brilliance that is about to be, and one of his more mature plays, that shows the brilliance as it is, with wordplay, double entendre, patient observations about humanity, and, most of all? Shakespeare’s gorgeous poetry. The meter and verse. What this has to do with **Pisces**?

In a Wikipedia entry, the two passages from different plays were posted, back-to-back. Sure, there were some similarities, but the point being made was stretching it a bit. With the planets in their positions? There’s an urge to look at two items, side-by-side, and go, “Look? See the similarities?”

If this is a **Pisces**–to–**Pisces** communication, sure, they will understand and see the [similarities](#). However, if this is with any other sign? We might not get it. What’s blindingly obvious to **Pisces** at this time? Might not be that clear to the rest of us. Just letting you know, be prepared for a long, and detailed explanation. Or, we just look at you and go, “Huh?”

Aries:

The Ram I have somewhat strange musical tastes. Like me some Texas Twangers, the local version of country/rock/folk, whatever we’re calling it this week. Then, I like some classical, as well. So the trivia question popped up, how was the length of an “album” determined, how much time for music should be on a long-play record, back when those things were vinyl? 33 and third? The long-lost — much lamented

by me — records from the days of yore? The original length of how long a record should be was the length of Beethoven's 9th Symphony, running 75 minutes. That was the measure by which music is, or was, still is, measured.

Moving forward, passed 8-track and cassette, towards digital, but we're not there yet, the next format that was so influenced by Beethoven's 9th Symphony? The no-longer ubiquitous CD. Compact Disc.

My command of musical trivia is notorious and questionable, at best. However, this is information that's freely available, fact check me if you like.

There's a sense of change Aries. However, there's a sense that some things never change. Careful. Patterns set in place, with some of this extra Aries stress? Some of the patterns might have far-ranging effects, like the length of a piece of musical media, how that hasn't changed.

[Remix Regeneration](#).

Taurus:

The Bull Some years ago, I tried to update a tired and familiar expression. I'm trotting this one out for **Taurus** — again.

“Ain't my rodeo.
Ain't my bull to ride.”

That simple, my fine **Taurus** friend. You can grab the graphic off the website someplace, as I've set that loose in the dark and undefined spaces of the networks. Still, as an expression, and what with free-floating anxiety just looking for a place to latch on, a place to hunker down and grow? Yeah, my friendly **Bull** needs none of that.

Let me remind you, rodeo, *Bull Riding*, it's an event where the animal is bigger than most hybrid cars, weighs more, and probably has less brain power than most new cars. The bull's made very uncomfortable, then jolted with electricity, and you're supposed to hold on for 8 seconds before getting unceremoniously dumped in the dust. Dirt, dust, sawdust, and probably manure of various sorts.

That can be you. Or, you can listen to what I'm saying.

“Ain't my rodeo.
Ain't my bull to ride.”

Distinguish between what is a **Taurus** problem and what's not a **Taurus** problem.

“Ain't my rodeo.
Ain't my bull to ride.”

[aint-my-rodeo](#)

Gemini:

The Twins I'll be the first to admit, I used to be much better at this. Still, within the constraints of what we have to work with in Gemini, there are options and multiple routes to lead to Gemini success. At one time, in the past, I was artful and eloquent with an ability to rant about a particular product or service. My rhetoric and honeyed words flowed like wine. I would be praising on one side and then sliding a knife in the back on the other side. Part is practice, part is caring, part is from trying to be too nice all the damn time.

The problem — the very Gemini problem? Being nice while being critical. Being nice while pointing out flaws in logic, flaws in execution, flaws in preparation, inherent structural issues with whatever it is that is catching this Gemini ire. Start out with praise, point out the good features, address what doesn't work for Gemini, then close with a summation of good points, that could be further enhanced by addressing the problem area, hitherto referenced, and previously alluded to, therein.

Be nice. I can't do this anymore, but you can. A well-crafted Gemini rant, a sound complaint packaged as a compliment. Get the idea? I didn't say don't point out their mistakes, just do it in a tactful manner.

Cancer:

The CrabQuick, philosophical question. What defines who we are? Is this strictly external, like my house, my address, where I live, with whom I associate? Does that define me? Or is there another kind of touchstone — is it the computer I drive, or kind of car I sit in, the place where I work, or what my business card says?

Always do have fun with the business card. For years, I had nothing but a Latin quote, an expression that can't be translated with software. Human scholars can figure it out, though. Is that a single, defining moment for me?

However, the original question was about what defines us. The essence of that question in the wake of current events, where we are, and more important, where Cancer is at this moment, as we close out the Moon Child birthdays, and move forward into yet another year.

What [defines](#) us?

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Horoscopes for 7.27.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 26, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/07/horoscopes-for-7-27-2017/>

They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless.

Lafew in Shakespeare's *Alls Well That Ends Well* 2.3.1

Jupiter 17 Libra/Pluto 17 Capricorn. That means?

Means the quote and the planets, or whatever they are calling Pluto this week, means it all is connected.

Horoscopes [starting 7/27/2017](#)

The Leo:

The Leo Birthday celebration, the birthday week, or the two months wherein we get to celebrate [The Leo's](#) birthdays? Yes, I know, most signs get one month but for **The Leo**, we'll do two, both July and August, and so, as long we're all celebrating? Consider the influence of Mars, alongside the Sun, and the combined influences — in **Leo Land**. The question, the birthday riddle, inside the hustle and bustle, celebrations and breaking news items, is there a moment to pause long enough to consider where we're going from here? Mars tends to be an active principal, while Mercury would indicate this is a time best suited for a more reflective pursuit. *Leo is great*. Take time for both. A moment's worth of consideration — in the midst of the Mars Mayhem — a well-timed pause serves you best.

Pretend it's one of those moments wherein you're waiting for the rest of us to acknowledge your greatness.

Always a good time for a theatrical pause.

Virgo:

The Virgin I tend to think about elements, like what's in your Virgo chart at the [moment](#), I tend to think about these energies as "Lapses in judgement." I'm Sagittarius — as you well know — I'm prone to these kind of behaviors on an alarmingly regular basis. What I'm warning you about? The exact phrase?

"It seemed like a good idea at the time!"

You can easily see me saying that as an excuse, an apology, or as a way to get me out of some kind of a tense situation. Common expression? "Didn't think that one through all the way, huh." Now, with this

kind of a wind-up, can you [extrapolate](#) where this might be going?

Think it through. Think it all the way through, not just to the conclusion that you want, but further — to the logical results from the steps you've taken, or, in my example, not taken. Just because it seems like a good at the spur of the moment? Think it all the way through, first.

Yeah, and don't ask if I subscribe to my own advice, watch this!

("You didn't think that one through, huh.")

Libra:

The Scales One of my cliché expressions is, "Not married to it," and sometimes? The antecedent to "it" varies dramatically. "It" can be a concept or idea, a situation, a place, a person, an object of desire. Mostly, in this week's understanding, though, this is an idea. Might be a situation, but the situation is based upon an idea. The idea that you have some facts, some **Libra** facts that are etched in stone? Something so set, that there can be no other way to understand it?

Let's back-up, "You're not married to it."

There's an ingrained idea, a concept, a belief that your **Libra** self holds dear. I'm not one to go in and rip away all the refuge one takes by suggesting that the belief, the idea, I'm not saying that it is totally untrue. I'm **NOT** saying, "You've been living a **Libra** lie all these years," no that is certainly not the message. But a certain willingness to look at a long-held, bedrock-foundation kind of sentiment? Yes, look at it. After all?

"You're not married to it."

Scorpio:

Scorpion If the fish are biting? Keep fishing. It's not that difficult, right? There's a kind of an obvious hint, and as a [Scorpio](#), you've been remiss in admitting that the clue is right there, right in front of you.

There's not a lot of hidden meaning to that message, either, "if the fishing are biting, keep fishing."

I have one example of time I didn't keep fishing. It was, we'd been on the boat since 7 AM, had a cooler full of keepers — both Red and Black Drum, limited out — but we tied into a spot where little "rat reds" were reloading as fast as we could get lines in the water. We also had a bait well, still half full of live shrimp. Instead of calling it day, after we'd limited out, we kept fishing at that one spot. Tons of fun. I'd hook a shrimp, toss the line in, feel a nibble, set the hook and pull up an angry yet hungry little Red Drum (Redfish). I would tell it to "Grow up!" Then, un-hooked and back in the water she went. Over and over. We did this until we ran out of live bait. One buddy cut up a little Perch, and we tried him as bait. It worked, too. But, by late afternoon, we were all tired. We could've kept fishing, but we'd had our fill. Caught, like, 40 or 50 fish that day. I got to where I was too tired to even pose for pictures.

However, unlike me, the Scorpio suggestion? “If the fish are biting, keep fishing.”

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Because I’ve worked in my backyard — Central [Texas](#) — for all of this professional career of mine? I have a simple pattern I use for announcements. It’s a one–two kind of deal. If I’m going to do something on Tuesday, like make an appearance? I know my schedule well in advance, and I’ll get an announcement ready. Two announcements. For example, I’ll be in Austin on a Tuesday, or a Sunday in San Antonio? On the day before, 48 hours in advance, I’ll post quick reminder about the schedule. Then, day of? I’ll do another. One-two. 48 hours ahead and then 24 hours ahead. Easy when I know where I’m supposed to be, and what I’m supposed to be doing.

Before we [go any further](#), though, look at the next month for your work/play schedule. For the Sagittarius work/play schedule. Fishing trip, Virgo birthday, something for The Leo, yes, got it all down? Good. This tends to be a framework rather than hard–and–fast, have-to-do-it-now rules. Think a framework, and then? Into that Sagittarius schedule, pencil in a couple of items that need to be “pre–processed.” Anything you can do ahead of time.

When I traveled a bit more, I would get cheap seats on airplanes by buying in advance.

Now is the time to plan out the next six weeks. Got back to school stuff, that one Virgo birthday, all of that to get ready for. Put it all down, in pencil, now.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Within a certain group of guys I know, the term “EDC” became quite fashionable. [Every Day Carry](#) is usually about some of the stuff we tote around with us. I’ve got this down to a fine art, as I like to travel with as little as possible. My daily carry is some kind of a blade, useful for slitting open envelopes and nail-paring. Key ring with a house key and mailbox key, plus a link thing so I can attach to the girlfriends car keys, and a thin wallet. Phone. Phone in a case that looks to be bullet–proof. Doubt that it really is, but that’s not the question is it? Simple, *Every Day Carry* items. Back in the old Austin days, I would simply carry a knife that was also a money clip, keys to the PO Box and the trailer, a phone, and some days, nothing else. Swim in the creek, walk by the PO Box, that was about it. Eat BBQ, of course. I’ve seen, and used, a variety of “Man-Purses,” but I tend to go back to just the items I can stuff into my pockets as my *Every Day Carry*.

None of my EDC is artisanal, hand–crafted, micro–brew in shape or form. Which means, if I lose something that I tend to carry every day? No loss. Also means I’ll tend to have those items with me, when I need them, and if they’re not too terribly expensive, I’ll be willing to use them. This is a time to decide what’s important in your **Capricorn** *Every Day Carry*. Some days, simple works really well.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer Ever have a neighbor in the Witness Protection Program? I was joking with one neighbor

about this, then he got a funny look on face, “Wait, Kramer, that’s not really your name, is it?” Yes, yet it really is. On my birth certificate, the original, not one that’s been manufactured to cover up some heinous crime. Or some other infraction where I was being charged like that. Nope, I’m original. If I was trying to disappear I wouldn’t have my name and face displayed like I do. However, that neighbor, based solely on our conversation that one time, he always ask if we’re still safe. There was a TV program, apparently, about this. No, I’m not on a list. No, I’m not hiding from anyone. Well, that’s not totally true, we all have ex-lovers we might not want to encounter again, maybe an ex-wife or two. That’s not nearly the same thing.

A single, innocuous suggestion on my part got totally sidetracked, and now, I’m rumored to be a dangerous felon with a shady past who helped bring down — I’m not sure what I supposedly did.

All from a humorous comment I made. One neighbor has warned his kids to stay out of our yard, and to make sure there’s plenty of distance between me and them; obviously worried about bullets flying.

I’m really pretty “Out There,” as in [reachable, searchable, and available](#) — which, if you’re paying attention, means I’m not in some kind of witness protection program. See how easy it is to jump to a hasty conclusion with only the barest threads of a story — and one that has zero support?

Pisces:

The Fishes [Hatch Green Chile](#) harvest will roll in soon. I had some — always wondered about this — on the X-Ray of my luggage, flying back from New Mexico, I had a couple of baggies of powdered peppers. Would look highly suspicious on an X-Ray, right? Anyway, for Pisces, the batch of green chili powder was very potent but mild, and the flavor in it was far superior to the red chile, and the even the smoked peppers, the green chili was surprisingly good. Better. It’s not always like this, and the strength of the red or green, the flavor, the essence of each type varies from location to location, time of the year, recent rains, all play a part in this. Takes sampling, and a wiliness to be surprised when the **predicted results** don’t happen like the way they usually do. There was an earthiness, with hints of other spices, like a cinnamon essence, plus an almost fruity sense that went with the spice. Not just burn, but flavors, too.

Not what I was expecting. I tend to think my [green chili](#) will do like the local variants do, burn. Locally, the green is made from jalapeño — and the local version is white-hot with its burn.

Sample and be surprised at what comes out of the little, Pisces, magic bag of tricks, Or bag of tricks that has magic powder. I love that hot pepper, and weirdly so, it’s different, every time.

Aries:

The Ram In a [coffee](#) shop, someplace. I asked the guy who owned the place what he thought was worse, “Pigeons or Tourists?” What he explained was the difference, one pooped a lot more. He didn’t explain which type, was it the bird or the tourists.

Kind of depends, but one way, or another, the planets — Jupiter/Pluto — are trying to make sure your **Aries** self gets a message. Like the pigeons. Or the tourists. It’s one of them, and I’m not sure which one

would be worse. One has nitrogen-rich residue while the other might be more metaphorical. Since I tend to regard myself as a tourist, even in my own home towns, this makes it a little more amusing, and makes it easier for me to ask such innocuous questions.

Look: the planets are shoveling something on top of you at this very moment. My little **Aries** friend? I wish I could help but the deal is, like the tourists with their questions, and bad attitudes? Messing everything up? We are dependent on the tourism for income. Works both ways. That pigeon by-product, makes for reminders about where not to park. Both serve a function. Maybe it's a hint about where to go, instead of what not to do.

Taurus:

The Bull There are certain routines that I employ — to an outsider? It might look like [ritual](#). Definitions vary. Results count. As a Taurus, you're as interested in the process, the rituals as you're interested in the results, the outcome. When I finish writing one weekly horoscope, when I'm done with all 12 signs, for a whole week? The very next task I have is to roll the charts out for the next week. Inner planets, like Mercury and Venus move quickly. Then moon hits three of four signs in a single week. The further out a planet is, the slower it seems to move, in relation to our position on Earth. So my *ritual* is to prepare the next batch of weekly charts, as soon as I'm done with one week's worth of work. Kind of labor intensive, in my mind but then, it's a way to keep looking forward.

Honor and respect the rituals. This — strange that it may be — this energy, currently coursing its way through Taurus? Honor and respect the rituals. Me, grinding coffee beans in the morning, or, me, when I'm done with a piece of work, casting the next chart, getting ready.

Honor and respect your personal rituals, even if outsiders don't entirely understand.

Gemini:

The Twins Many, many years ago, I developed the “Cheap Wal-Mart [Flowers](#)” habit. I've used this as an example, as a teaching point, and now, I'm recycling some of this as a message for Gemini. I do adore my Gemini, and I've been called out for that, too. Kind of funny story — wait — stay focused. This is about what's happening this week. Astrologically. What action to take. What Gemini action yields the best results? Pruning. Those two-dollar flower bouquets I get? Sometimes, there's a dead bud in there. Just snip it off. Don't disturb the rest. As this week unfolds, mostly this is a Leo thing but as it gradually gets better? Consider, with those cheap-ass flowers, every morning, I have to prune them a little. As the flowers die off? Just lop off the dead one's “head,” as it were, or so it looks to me.

Pruning. Judicious pruning, at that. No need to whack everything, although, sure, that can be a desire at times, but no, not everything. Just prune the dead leafs, the dead bud, the flowers who have flown their missions? Let them rest easy.

Prune, this week is about pruning, and in some cases, like my example, it's not really a lot, just enough to keep the cheap bouquet looking alive for a few more days. At least until the weekend is over, [right](#)?

Cancer:

The Crab [Last week](#), I left it hanging with a question, “What defines us?” That was a nod towards the royal “we,” as the Moon Children as a whole, not just one. There’s an influence that makes us dig up what we really are, and that which defines us. For many years, as a much younger man, my library, the books in my room, I had over a thousand titles, that was central to what defined me. One move after another, and I got to the point where the books that I use to define me are much, much less. Anymore, I don’t really use a *Complete Works of Shakespeare* because I have those in much more [accessible digital formats](#). However, as a totem, I still have one university copy with my notes scribbled in the margins. That’s a singular example of something that does define me. Not in an outward way, either, because the text is carefully ensconced on a shelf with no light and not a lot of attention, other than my own. It has negligible value on the used book market; its inherent worth is my notes to me, from university days. That’s both sentimental and work-related, for me, as an example. That’s an object that defines me. Not the hundreds of titles, just the one. As a Moon Child, the question, and a simple example of how one book defines me? What are we using to define ourselves?

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Horoscopes for 7.6.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 05, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/07/horoscopes-starting-7-6-2017/>

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
King Claudius in Shakespeare's [Hamlet](#) 3.1.158

Horoscopes starting 7.6.2017

Cancer:

The Crab Some days, I feel badly for my fishing buddies. In this one example, it was kind of a rough day on the water. The bay was churned up from a recent weather front, and while that made for cool conditions, a stiff but errant and unpredictable breeze added some chop to the waters. Stiff north wind, and we were working in a spot that faced into that north wind. Heavy weights and lots of live bait? Worked well enough for me, as I'm sure there are some pictures on the web someplace. We anchored, facing a small creek, or creek-like feature that was draining into the bay with the outgoing tide. A school of Reds was feeding off whatever was draining into the bay, at that spot. I'd sail a piece of bait up there, watch the current [pull](#) the line a bit, and then, "Wham!" Fish on! My buddy in the back of the boat was catching nothing. I swapped positions, after my third keeper, hoping to help his luck. No luck. Exact same bait. Exact same tackle set-up. Exact same position. Nothing. He was even landing his bait in the very place where I was catching fish after fish.

Luck is funny like that. This birthday week in Cancer? I wonder if you are lucky like me, or ill-fated like my buddy. I'm thinking, birthdays and all? Luck is on your side. Like me.

The Leo:

The Leo July 10, 5:37 AM, more or less, as some of these are approximate times, but that's about the time when the Moon opposes Mercury. Mercury, in Leo, and the Moon, in Aquarius. There are other influences, as well, but that one seemed most significant. "This is an opposition, so it's bad, right?"

No.

"Then why did you bring this up?"

This is a weird transition, and that single astrological oddity is both a harbinger and a symbol of this week and what's to come. Happens half-dozen or more times in year, but this one triggers a weird, cascading effect in Leo.

"Did I tell you?" Yes.

"Did I tell you?" Yes.

“Did I tell you?”

Yes, [Leo](#), you told me. Three times, now. I think I got the message.

Which, as this unfolds, Mercury opposite from Moon? That person, who’s been told three times? Really is going to wish that there was fourth reminder, as that person forgets, despite being warned three times.

Leo: Warn us as often as you think necessary.

Virgo:

The Virgin There’s a weird little set of tricks played by the planets, and their influences. Some years ago, when I was living — and shopping — downtown? I came across a “deal.” It was \$1.50 for one, or 3 for \$5.00. Deal, right? Better get three?

Because that’s a deal, right?

One can never get in trouble underestimating the American public. Nor can one ever get in trouble expecting people to snap a deal like that. As a Virgo, though, as this week, the after 4th crap rolls out? After we’re done with everything? I have two questions:

1. Is it really a deal? One for three dollars or 3 for ten dollars? Is that really a price reduction?
2. Do you need three? Is one enough?

Goes a couple of ways and there’s that dualistic energy, even after the Full Moon, so it kind of matters, but the two questions are, “Is it really a deal?” And, of course, “Do I really need three when one is all I wanted in the first place?”

Libra:

The Scales It takes a lot of hard work and effort to be an overnight sensation. There are years spent on tour, years spent living out of suitcases and backpacks, unsure of the next meal, and there are days, waking up in cheap motel rooms, wondering what town it is. I know something of this, having spent a portion of my early career in just such a pursuit. The deal is, it takes a lot of hard work to get to where we are, with whatever degree of ease, comfort and success we enjoy.

I spent years driving and commuting — almost — across the West Texas sands, the land I love, appreciate, enjoy? So it was work, hard work, but I loved it. It was places I wanted to be. I’m no overnight sensation, but there has been a degree, a modicum of success. The success is built upon previous efforts, each one moving closer towards a kind of success. So the deal is, there is no magic elixir that makes Libra an overnight sensation. Takes work, planning, and consistent steps towards obtaining that goal. In the next week, seems to be someone is trying to block the steps towards that goal (Mar/Sun in Cancer). Step around, step through, or work towards that goal [in other areas](#). No reason to fight with an obstacle that doesn’t achieve any degree of success and leaves your Libra self frustrated.

Scorpio:

Scorpio Two heavy hitters, astrologically, are on either side at the moment. Saturn — in Sagittarius and [Jupiter](#) — in Libra. [Clowns to the left](#), jokers to the right? Only, which one is which? Jupiter, that could be the clown, right? Only, in Libra, those are the jokers, so that should be the joker? Sagittarius, always a clown, but with Saturn that might make it a joker? So is Libra the clown or the joker, now?

While we work with this internal conundrum about what planet represents which energy, realize that there's a "Stuck in the middle," — with you — energy present. Can't quite escape it, and can't quite get with it.

You are stuck in the middle, and there's no immediate influence that weights this one way or another. Clowns? Jokers? Doesn't much matter, one [Scorpio](#) comes along and screams at me, "This is serious!"

I am being serious. Instead of rendering a decision — right now! Like you want? Realize that you're stuck in the middle and there are no easy ways out. Two steps, work well: 1. Realize you got clowns and jokers all around you, and 2. understand that the only way out is going to be through, either the clowns or the jokers.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius I was in the grocery store, and, I could tell, one glance, the woman, a mom, she's *Sagittarius*. I know my signs. She was a mom, or mom-like figure, herding two younger females, little girls. The youngest child grabbed something, went to put it in the basket. The *Sagittarius* mom snatched it and ceremoniously replaced the item on the shelf, "No. Why? Because I said so, and you don't need any other reason." End of discussion. End of observations. The product probably has enough refined sugar to fuel a small country for a few days, and might really be in the best interested to all, kids and parents, for the package to remain on the shelf. What made me chuckle, "Because I said so." We have become our parents. That's a scary proposition. I wasn't the heartbroken child, who, I don't know, I didn't inquire, might've been spoiled, but the mom's answer, "Because I said so," was greatly amusing.

I've dated *Sagittarius* females and I've dated moms. I like them both, any combination of that, mom, *Sagittarius*, female. One or any combination, thereof. What tickled me the most, though, "Why? Because I said so."

It is really worth **not** getting worked up in the next few days?

"Why? Because I said so," that's why.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Strange times, indeed. Strange times. The planets, or really, just merely the Sun itself, this causes a certain element of consternation. The planet placements remind me of a familiar scene: the wedding shoot. When I lived in [downtown San Antonio](#), one of my frequent walks included a picturesque

bridge over the San Antonio River, and that bridge featured in a number of wedding images for various couples. On a sunny summer day, there would be a bride, maybe some bridesmaids, and perhaps a groom, all sweltering and posing, then swigging water and dabbing off sweat, only to pose again. Good pictures, I'm sure. But now that the holiday is over, and times being what they are? One time, the couple was swigging out of a champagne bottle, but sweating profusely in near hundred degree heat, and mixing alcohol on top? Not always a good combination. While it's a great place to take a picture? Posing in the heat, in all that formal wear, all that heavy attire, does it make sense? For some of my buddies, yeah, something stronger than lemonade is required. If it were me? I'd stick to water.

[But that's me.](#)

Aquarius:

Look at the Leo horoscope, then come back.

Done? Good.

Water BearerNew topic for **Aquarius**: ever notice how sexy gray hair can be? Women with long, flowing locks of gray, or men, with gray at the temples, and like me, with flecks of gray strands sprouting elsewhere.

This is about what was “sexy” when we were younger, and what is now considered “sexy” as we age — gracefully age, right?

For me — personally — I can't say for everyone, but for me? That gray hair can be quite sexy, fetching, and attractive. I've just categorized a change, a shift in my perceptions, and I've laid this open for all to see. That gentle change, that different direction, and that perception about the color of one's hair. The flip side of this equation, a number of women tell me how sexy “bald” is, these days.

Perceptions change, and Mercury/Moon are going to make this apparent. Embrace the gentle change. Or shift, just be willing to shift perceptions.

Pisces:

The Fishes A client brought her “tween” to me for a reading. Kid was between 10 and 14 years old. That's a “tween,” right? I hope so. Not old enough to be an autonomous teenager, not old enough to drive, but too old to play with dolls, and not sure whether members of the opposite sex were still “yucky” — or interesting.

I talked to the kid the exact same way I talk to any other client, perhaps a little light editing on the sex stuff (none), but otherwise, just like a real person. No condescending tones, no patronizing, no “You're just a kid” attitude, either.

Because I record my readings, and I made sure the mom had access to a copy of the reading, what I found out, the next time I saw the mom? I was praised, applauded, and the kid liked me even more, as I was

now “cool.”

The trick, my trick? I treated that kid just like an adult. Just like a fully functional person. There’s a portion of lizard brain that will loudly exclaim, “Children don’t turn human until age 21!” Other than that? Take a Pisces cue from how I handled this situation: treat the kid as I would treat any other person.

Might not be a buddy’s kid, but could be any number of situations that involve children, or child-like personalities. Talk to them the way I talked to the kid, just like an adult. Or like an adult-age person. Treat them like a people — watch for the results. In my example? Everyone was happier.

Aries:

The Ram”Pulp Fiction” used to refer to a type of printed material. “The Pulps” where magazines printed on paper that usually had large pieces of wood chip floating in the mix, hence the term, “Pulp.” That kind of magazine paper was cheap to produce but doesn’t have a long-lasting quality due to a fairly high acidic content. Pulp magazines used to be the cheapest form entertainment available in a semi-literate society. The magazines gave birth to the cheap paperback book, again, some of the paper had actual pieces of wood floating in the paper’s stock. As a generic literary term, “Pulp Fiction” refers to sensational, perhaps low-quality entertainment that’s all action against a lurid background. With the advent of the digital age of literature, I tend to think of 99-cent e-books as “Pulps.”

From the [99-cent digital](#) pulps, though, I’ve encountered a few gems. Good stuff, takes some digging, and just the recommendation algorithms alone don’t serve my somewhat weird tastes. Still, with some patient excavation online? It’s possible to find a few that are worthy the 99-cent price. With both Mars and the Sun in Cancer, and Jupiter opposite Aries in Libra? Takes some patient online excavation in order to find true suggest of Aries gold. Can happen, too, but you have to page through a few a hundred titles — or whatever — to find stuff that’s really, really good.

Digital “pulp,” an Aries cure to the summer blues, as exacerbated by Mars, the Sun, and even Jupiter.

Taurus:

The BullWrite it in Haiku. That simple. Instead of a long, convoluted message with fishing, and Shakespeare, and who knows what else I’ll put into the Taurus missive?

Just “Write it in Haiku.”

It’s a simple enough charge, an easy way to learn how to communicate the material that Taurus — this week — the material that Taurus wants to communicate? Write it in Haiku. Super simple Japanese poetry form. One line — five syllables. Next line — seven syllables. Last line, or third line? Five syllables again. Simple form. Concise. Supposed to include a “Flip,” or a “turn,” at the end. Strange form and even weirder when translated to English. But the idea is sound, and there’s plenty of Western Astrological evidence to support the idea that some kind of weird, mystical Oriental poetry form is best. For communication, for the next — for the next week? Just [communicate in Haiku](#).

Just “write it in Haiku.”

Gemini:

The Twins Some of my [metaphysical training involves letting go](#) of possessions. Stuff. Things. Personal material possessions that I use to define me. I have, I’ll admit a few items that I am intrinsically linked to, some of these are expensive items, but the dollar value has almost no bearing on my emotional content because the items are imbued with tremendous sentimental value. Things that means something because of the experiences and histories tied to those items. Books are a good example, textbooks that I no longer use, not really, but that have notes, or other sentimental value to me.

Soon as the July 4th celebration, parties, fireworks and crap is over? Consider looking at some of those things — as a **Gemini** — that you hold onto and what really has value, and what can be set free.

One **Gemini** buddy I’m think of, maybe we can grab some leftover firecrackers, head out of town and blow some junk up, I mean, you know, metaphorically. Possessions that no longer serve us? Might want to unload them one way, or another.

astrofish.net

Horoscopes for 8.3.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, August 02, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/08/horoscopes-for-8-3-2017/>

How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have took note of it: the age is grown so pick'd that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been grave-maker?

Hamlet in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* 5.1.64

[Eclipse patterns](#) and [eclipse notes](#).

Horoscopes for 8.3.2017

The Leo:

The Leo [Good times](#), no? Not without some trials and tribulations, to sound a little trite, but that's just how this goes. Here's the deal: don't get married to it.

I was trying to think of an easier, simpler way to say it. I don't have that. For **The Leo**?

Don't get married to it.

Not now, not this week. Great ideas. Court, spoon, date, pledge, suggest, coerce, if need be, but no, not getting married. The term, I chose it carefully, as "marriage," despite modern indications otherwise, tends to be assumed as a permanent decision — which it is! So, my **Leo** suggested patter? This week? Don't get married to it.

Or, in other words? Use a pencil. Not a pen. Ink is permanent. Pencil can be erased and adjusted as need be.

[The Ruffian's Misfortune - Ray Wylie Hubbard](#)

[The Ruffian's Misfortune](#)

Virgo:

The Virgin I was listening to a song by a Texas Troubadour, *Scorpio*, if you have to know. The lyric that caught? "All loose things end up and washed away." The **Virgo** energies, these days? Careful. Carefully, now. Careful. If it isn't tied down? It could end up washed away. What needs to be "Tied down?" What are the loose things that might get washed away?

Depends on the individual chart, as to how this plays out, but the lyric to that song is what kept reverberating in my head, looking at **Virgo**, then slices of the charts around **Virgo**. Maybe this is a *Virgo-persistent* issue that a good **Virgo** wants to let go of, maybe that's it. Let it go, as it gets washed away. I watched with abject horror as a client refused to let go of a failed relationship, and the situation just got worse. This is the week that the relationship finally got washed away. "All loose things end up and washed away," as the song goes — Scorpio singer/songwriter.

"Oh. I was suppose to let go of that. So that's what you meant?"

Libra:

The Scales It's all about the pitch. For **Libra**? All about the pitch. Not so much what you're asking for, but how you are asking for it. All about the pitch.

Libra success is dependent upon how we suggest changes. Changes are coming, and the question is, are these dictated, mandated, or are these optional. While the changes may be iron-clad, irrevocable, non-negotiable? How we pitch these changes is what's so important, and frequently, it's what gets forgotten.

"I'm glad you had this idea to change this — it should work a lot better now."

I'll be it was really the **Libra** idea, but we're not going to let that interfere with progress, right?

Scorpio:

Scorpion Take the earphones out. My super-simple solution for this week's Scorpio weirdness, between the Moon, Mars, the Sun, and yeah, I know.

I was watching a guy as he poked at his phone, listening to a song for about three seconds, then poked at the phone again. He was skiing through a playlist, seeking solace. I imagined he was a Scorpio, but I don't know, not in this example, as he seemed a tad bit irritated and probably didn't want anyone talking to him. Trying to find that perfect song? Poke. He kept stabbing at the phone, in irritation, looking for something that should soothe, motivate or otherwise assuage that Scorpio energy. The planets, technically the Sun is a star and the Moon is a satellite of Earth, but let's just call them all planets, as Mars plays a heavy part of this, okay? So the planets are unsettling, in the least, and highly irritating, in the extreme, to Scorpio. Poke.

No song seemed to make him happy. I thought about that image, and I realized, as a Scorpio, best course of action? Take the earphones out. Removes the source of irritation. Otherwise? Keeping poking and keep not finding the song.

Poke.

"Take the earphones out."

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius I was looking at an older truck, more as a toy than a serious, daily driver. Late 1960s Ford F-100, with that super-durable six (cylinder) motor, and “Three on the tree” transmission. I’m not even sure that the term “Three on the tree” will translate to a more modern audience. The gear shift, manual transmission, is three forward speeds, and reverse, selected by a cantankerous lever on the right-hand side of the steering column — which might’ve been solid steel. I don’t recall. I was toying with the idea of it as a project car, be fun, useful for occasionally hauling groceries, I was guessing. The problem, with the one I was looking at? When I test-drove the truck, it was that non-synchro gearbox. In other words? The truck had to be at a full and complete stop in order to get into first gear. Not a problem for me, but anyone else not used to it, any other drivers, except Bubba, the other drivers would endlessly grind that first gear, trying to force something that doesn’t want to be forced. Old trucks are fun. Cool, even, to me, but there’s a problematic idiosyncrasy that I can’t do anything about. And while it wouldn’t bother me too much, I doubt I could go very far, just because. Besides, the motor would have to be refitted to run on unleaded gas, and see the problems? The image, though, for this week, as we all wait for Saturn to grind to a stop? It’s like that transmission. Have to be at a full, complete [Sagittarius](#) stop before slipping it into first gear.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Buddy of mine is a super salesman. When he shows up, doesn’t matter what he’s selling, I’ll just ask, “How much,” as sooner, or later, I’ll feel compelled to buy. Super salesman. Looking at the stars, then looking at individual Capricorn charts? I kept thinking of my buddy, explaining how this works, the selling game, as to him it’s a game. “When I hear, ‘no,’ that just means I have to work harder.” Or, in his situation, he has to start talking, making the situation into a position where the target turns into a buyer. I know how this works, I surrender with relative aplomb.

The weekly stars, for Capricorn, suggest that there’s a situation wherein, this was easy before, and now? We all just have to work a little bit harder. Or, like my buddy, “When I hear, ‘no,’ it just means I have actually sell the idea (product), now.”

I’m not sure of the individual implication, or what needs “selling,” not directly as that will vary chart-to-chart. But the idea is that this is a week to consider rolling up the Capricorn shirtsleeves and getting after whatever toil is in front of us. Some task, needs doing, and now? Now is the time to get after it.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer I got a client who is of an age that his peers are all showing pictures of grandchildren. Having made different choices in his life, perhaps for the better, when someone whips out grand-baby pictures, he pulls up a set-list of puppy photos. Perfect.

If we have to sit through images of grandchildren, who, realistically, all look the same, like little people who aren’t fully formed, right? So if we have to sit through “Look at my cute grand baby” pictures, my buddy has the perfect answer, “Here, let me show you my puppy!”

As an **Aquarius**, this is a good week to be prepared. Be prepared to answer questions with similar, if not identical, ripostes — not a repost.

“You want to see some really cute grand children?”

“Want to see my old cat, she was sweet.”

[Kitty Cam.](#)

Pisces:

The Fishes Ever noticed that you have as knack for picking up strays and then holding onto the ones who really aren't any good for your **Pisces** self?

Me? I'm grateful that there are people who pick up strays, take us in, feed us, pet us, cuddle us, then don't abandon us as soon as we start caterwauling about. I'm eternally grateful for the **Pisces** in the world, with your open hearts, and kind ways.

However, that being duly noted, I'll never date another **Pisces**. Think, though, that speaks more to my own internal conflicts rather than the kind-hearted **Pisces** we know and love.

Strays: **Pisces** loves us. Yet, as a **Pisces**, this is a week to consider, maybe think twice, maybe think once instead of just picking up that stray. Could be a stray dog, a stray horse, or a stray *Sagittarius*. Best you think about long-term care and feeding, before you open your heart.

Aries:

The Ram We got in from a long morning and short afternoon on the water, weekend coastal fishing trip. I'm sure pictures are on the web someplace, me and some buddies, all smiles with pictures of fish. We got back to the motel, and the one fishing buddy, his wife and kids are there, in the pool, so we jump in, wash off the fish stink in the motel's resort-like pool. Eventually, my buddy's son swims up and asks about some kind of pool-toy ball. My buddy looks at me, crawls out of the pool, fishes around in a beach bag, and he comes back with pool-toy ball of some sort. Him and his kid start playing a complicated game of catch. My buddy explains to me, “I always keep my balls in her purse. Safer that way.” He chuckles. This is situational, verbal irony. He's very much the man of his house, and he's very much in charge of his life, his own destiny, and his kids. Emotionally present, good father. Probably one of the closest, most perfect relationships I know about. Very close to 50/50, so the comment about who's in charge of his balls? Joke, or, as I referred to it, *situational irony*.

There's a kind of off-color, gracious ease with this week's planets, and how they treat **Aries**. Like my buddy and his situational irony.

Taurus:

The Bull Recently, while poking around on the web, I happened across a fetching ad for “Work at home” moms. It was an image of a slim desk, a little wire office chair, a single modern art print over the desk, and simple flat-screen monitor. Might’ve had a simple flower stem in a rose vase, off to one side. “Free book, find out how!”

The problem with that image? How many stay-home-moms have a desk that neat? How many real workspaces are that clean?

My desk, I am a minimalist, but my desk space tends to have an accretion of work–related material that accumulates. Then, too, when I was asked for a picture of my workspace, I thought about sweeping everything off the desk’s surface, and doing the super–clean look, but that’s just not realistic. I think there’s still an image of my old workspace available, online. Amusing to me, as I’ve changed some since then, but the idea that there would be a bottle of coke, maybe a half-cold mug of coffee, and some lip balm, all of that, plus earrings, fishing lures, you get the idea, right?

This is a week when the idealized image? That super clean, neat, urban work space they advertise? Is that even realistic? And then, follow that logic, is what is being advertised even realistic?

A naked 2-year old runs from one room to the next, squealing in joy. Right, and how are you going to have a serene workplace with just single flower and no clutter on the desk itself? Is what is being advertised even [realistic](#) for **Taurus**?

Gemini:

The Twins Me? I’m not a **Gemini**, but I do adore them so. All of them, usually, sometimes, multiple **Gemini** people in one person. Again, one of many traits I adore. Admire, even. As a guideline, this week, for **Gemini**? Be willing to be wrong. Be willing to be corrected. Be willing to be teachable. Be willing, oftentimes like me, to be wrong in the worst way possible.

I’ve made a habit of learning that my mistakes are useful for teaching me what doesn’t work. There’s a cosmic reminder, on its way, and we can play this two ways: easy? Or hard?

Simple choice, simple solution, simple cosmic set of directions.

As a **Gemini**, you like to collect information, sort of like a library, a library of the **Gemini** mind, and in that collection, in those collections of data points? There’s incomplete information. Not dealing with all the facts, so, when faced with a mistake, a problem, an apparent error you’ve made, this week? Be willing to learn that more data is now available.

“Wow, I did not know that.”

Simple as that.

Cancer:

The CrabHot summer's day in South Texas. Mid-afternoon, I wondered into a coffee shop to get me some ice-cold [beverage](#). Just ahead of me, a woman in "No imagination required" Yoga pants and top scoots in, snakes the line ahead of me. The torpid Texas heat, high humidity — good hair day for me — but otherwise? Very warm. Some of those clothes, she was covered, in the sense that there was cloth covering her body from knees to neck, out as far as the elbows, but that stretchy stuff? Skin tight doesn't do it justice, however, that's not the question. Painted on? There's a [yoga](#) studio around the corner, so I suspect she's a yoga-person, yoga chicks. She could be a gym-rat, for all I know, with the tawny, sinewy braids of muscles rippling underneath her "clothing," if one really wants to consider it clothing.

When is it okay to stare? When is that an acceptable action? I couldn't help myself, a lot of work, plus some good genetics, went into her form.

Lot of work, based on the ripples as she gracefully moved.

I wasn't undressing her with my eyes, as the fabric and what it contained left **nothing** to the imagination. The question, looking at Cancer's chart, the question? When is openly gawking a good behavior, invited, as I thought — at the time.

When is it OK to stare?

"Is that painted on?"

Horoscopes for 9.28.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, September 27, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/09/horoscopes-for-9-28-2017/>

“The nature of bad news infects the teller.”

First Messenger in [Shakespeare's](#) *Antony & Cleopatra* (1.2.65)

“October. This is one month of the peculiarly dangerous months to speculate in stocks. The others are July, January, September, April, November, May, March, June, December, August, and February.”

Pudd'nhead Wilson (Mark Twain)

[Libra:](#)

The Scales

Go with the one that fits, two opening quotes, one from America's great man of letters, and fellow Sagittarius, Mark Twain, and of, course, a typical Shakespeare bit.

It's birthday time, and still supposed to be wonderful, so I don't really have any bad news. However, there is a bit of loose material that's kicked free, and sort of floating, in the back of the Libra mind, and as such, that can annoy you.

Look: **Libra** — [birthday](#) month and all? Get your party on, however you do that, and don't let that free-wheeling addled-pate material latch on. Bad news will infect the messenger, but you don't have to listen, not now, it's party time.

Scorpio:

Scorpion

It's kind of scary because this feels like, “The end is near!” And what good Scorpio wouldn't just jump at a chance to take an anomaly of a situation and turn it into a catastrophe? I got one buddy, and he's a master of “Catastrophizing,” which, as it might imply, is taking a slightly out-of-sync situation and turning it into a monumental problem of — typical **Scorpio** — proportions. Here's the hint.

That was the hint. Don't take a small problem and turn it into a larger, far more complex problem. I know, it's one of the rules of life, but not one we have to adhere to, no this week, not for **Scorpio**: Inside every small problem is a much larger problem, trying to get out.

The hint? In case I'm not clear enough? Don't take a small problem and let it escalate into a huge thing.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius

There's always — with me it's obvious — a kind of dithering, buffering behavior. It's as if I was operating under duress, and this is pretty clearly a way to avoid the central problem. "I'm not avoiding anything, I just need to do this before I can leave." Or the old line, "There's one more thing..." To some, the expression, "The elephant in the room," but I tend to go with the "The Pink Elephant," as a cliched expression, and to add some color. Still, there's a simple plan of **Sagittarius** avoidance at work. When a direct, simple, direct, and easy, but direct answer is the simplest solution.

I'm not one who can talk about this. I think I need to go and clean some fishing gear. Need to sweep out the garage. Need to do anything else but sit down and address that one **thing**, that all of us, as **Sagittarius**, have been avoiding.

It's either [dithering](#) or buffering, but you're well aware of the behavior. Kind of means we're avoiding something. Might want to pause and address that single problem before going back to — wait! Boots. I've got to polish my boots because, I might have to wear them soon.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat

I've long maintained that the line between brilliance and madness is quite thin. Gray, fuzzy, indistinct at times. There's a mad, mad energy floating free. I tend to use that as a term of "temporary insanity," but at least one Capricorn buddy will think, "He's angry!"

No, this is more like a kind of crazy behavior, around your Capricorn self. Near you, but not you. Around you, but not you. Madness. Madness, as in insanity, or apparently insane behavior as some of it doesn't seem to make sense at the time.

That indistinct line [between](#) madness and brilliance gets tested — on Capricorn — as this week unfolds. Is it sheer insanity? Or is it really a long-term plan that we can't see the brilliance of its possible outcome?

I'm not sure. Brilliance? Just "Crazy-making?" Not sure, but that's the Capricorn challenge this next few days, what's madness and what's brilliance?

before answering the question, might want to wait until the actions speak for themselves.

"Brilliance? Madness? What is it?"

Aquarius:

Water Bearer

There was an online editor that wrote about the process of editing and how editing was more important than writing itself. Let's add some **Aquarius** perceptive to that equation, and it's about the editing. When

I set up the [side project](#), the deal was, I made this deal with myself, not too much editing. “Spit and post.” Set of as “blog style,” which is what that side deal is, but also, as training — as an exercise — in limited editing.

The one guy was writing about editing writing, and I’m suggesting not editing images. Either way works, but given where the planets are all falling at this moment in **Aquarius** time and space? I’d suggest the editing version of this idea.

Look it over. Look it over a second time. Maybe read it aloud. Maybe sound out the phrases and parse the structure.

“As the adjective, when in doubt, strike it out.” Think that’s in my collection, someplace, but I’m too tired to source the quote. Still, as the editorial nature of this week flows by? What we’re looking at for **Aquarius** is “Less” rather than “more.”

While I have a tendency to run long in my weekly horoscope, for **Aquarius**, shorter, tighter, a little more focused, a little better editing is the best course of action. Maybe some of that material isn’t required.

Pisces:

The Fishes

“You tell me to be patient, and I am. You tell me powerful forces are opposing yet I hold off. Just exactly how much longer do I need to wait? I feel like I’m going to explode!”

Yes, **Pisces** dear, I’ve heard this before, and I’ve [heard](#) this from you. Bless your little **Pisces** head. The Autumnal Equinox helps perpetuate a shift, and this is less a shift in events, and more to do with how your **Pisces** self interacts with this ongoing opposition. Mostly Mars, but there’s other stuff in the mix, and that Mars, and Mars-like energy pushes you. There’s a possibly cold-hearted “killer” lurking inside each and every **Pisces** heart.

Steely gaze. Unnerving lack of movement. Hardened reflexes. Try that style, if not that attitude, and see if that doesn’t scare a few of the malcontents away. Won’t solve every trouble, but it’s a good start to your week. You and I know this is just make-believe, but that’s our little secret, this week.

Aries:

The Ram

I haven’t been a matriculated, college student in two-dozen years or more. I’ve taken classes, both taught and attended workshops, seminars, and other learning events for that matter, sometimes, hopefully referred to a “classes,” but as a serious student enrolled in a traditional classroom setting? Yes, let’s be honest: been several dozen years now. The doesn’t stop the expectant glee I get when the “Back to School” specials start to show up, backpacks, notebooks, pencils, pencil holders, and everything else that is associated with those sales deals. Retail in its finest form. Sales are over. We’re back at school or work, whatever. Still there was an item stashed. An **Aries** item that you stashed away and forgot about and it surfaces. For me, in this example, it was a stash of *Sharpie* pens, markers — really — I had a package

of those I got on sale, and I forgot about. In and of themselves, not a remarkable deal, it's just that the fresh "art supplies" triggers ideas, and from those ideas come solutions. It's an item, like a stash of school supplies, from just a few weeks back, and that's what **Aries** should look for, as a way to see this week [through](#).

Taurus:

The Bull

Buzzword, keyword? **Taurus** word for the week? The trick to make this week sing for your **Taurus** self? "Activation." Pretty simple concept, really, just take some of the present energy and use it. I'd suggest to use it wisely, but you know me. Would I use it wisely? Probably not. Therefore, when I say, "Use it," that leaves you wide open for a number of choices, and not all of them are proper.

Fun? Oh sure, will be fun. Proper? Maybe not.

Still, the word we're chasing this week is "activation," so that requires, demands, motion. Forward motion, backwards motions, sideways motions, looks like dancing. To some, it might be, it just might be. However, to me, astrologically, what this looks like is motion. One way, or another, top activate the keyword, "Activation?"

Take steps, **Taurus**, take steps. Motion, motions, yield activation. What we're looking for.

Gemini:

The Twins

There was a kind of music that I never got along with. Well, there is "Rap," but we all know that I can't hang with it. Not dissing it, just not "My thang." There's another kind of music a subset of a subset, "Dub," or maybe it's "Dup-Step." I'm not sure which. Seems to be a grouping under another heading, or called, "Similar to, but not quite," and my musical understanding gets murky, at best, from this point forward. However, in my untutored and unlettered mind, the "dub-step" I've got on hand? There seems to be a break in the beat. A pause. A mismatched beat that doesn't belong.

As the planets make their way through *Virgo*? That disjointed beat shows up. Artistically, it is supposed to jar the brain into thinking in other patterns, a way to break free from existing ties that bind your **Gemini** self down.

Practically? It's a tough beat rhythm to maintain — and tougher for someone like me to dance to. Your **Gemini** [mileage may vary](#).

Cancer:

The Crab

"It's **Go Time!**" Yes, really, it's a kind of "go time" for the *Moon Children*. In your chart, with this horoscope ending in a full moon in Aries? The Sun and Mercury in Libra? There are emotional buttons

being accessed and possibly pushed. Instead of sitting around and waiting? Load up and go. I have a travel bag, just a small shoulder bag, I keep “packed.” I can drop a laptop or tablet into it, grab my phone, and I’m good to go.

Think about that with what’s unfolding around yourself. Wouldn’t a quick get-away be nice? Wouldn’t a short jaunt, day trip, weekend, week-long mini-vacation be a welcome relief? Do you have a “go bag” ready? If not, then reading this horoscope serves as a reminder to get something packed, get something ready. Not sure which way you’ll have to jump, but it’s almost **Go Time** in Cancer.

Actually, I think it is, now.

The Leo:

The Leo

I don’t have much that is made of leather. Over the years, I’ve gradually moved to nylon webbing and other synthetics for the durable, flexible goods. The single standout is an old book-bag, and, of course, cowboy boots. I won’t have to wear shoes (boots) for another month or two, at the least, so I’m good. But I was thinking about that, and that old, leather briefcase I’ve got, and what it takes to refurbish leather. Over the years, I’ve tried most brands of saddle soap, mink oil, shoe grease, polish, and other waxes. At the grocery store, I recently picked up an off-brand of “Leather Refinishing” product. Spray on, wipe off, how much easier can it be? From the label, it looks like it is intended for leather furniture, leather upholstery — not boots and briefcases. Or saddlebags. That briefcase was made by saddle maker. Spray on, wipe off, and the surface of the leather looked better.

The product — no idea what it was — simple, cheap, effective. Besides, why spend a lot of time — and money — when a simple, cheap, and effective solution is right there? This is a time for **The Leo** to refurbish, reuse, and just recondition a situation. Or an item. “Spray on, wipe off.” Works just like the label said it would.

Virgo:

The Virgin

One of the scariest sights is when an older person, like, even older than me, tries to dress like a 20-something person. Make-up, shoes, skinny jeans, baggy jeans, crop-top, tank-top, get an image? I don’t dress conservative, but I do dress comfortably. Some have suggested I’m a bit slovenly, but again, I focus on my comfort. As a **Virgo**, and with the twin love planets doing what they’re doing, where they’re doing it? Trying to dress in manner that is not fitting for your **Virgo** self doesn’t work well. An old girlfriend let her daughter dress the old girlfriend, and while that the outfit was “kicking and cute,” no, it really didn’t look appropriate. I liked that one girlfriend when dressed sensible for our ages, with the hint of quick-release clothing.

I’m all for stepping outside your **Virgo** comfort zone with this Mars and Venus influence. Only, I’m not for stepping into clothing that is too tight, too loose, too high, or too low.

I’m all about comfort. I suggest you follow my [suggestions](#), too.

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Horoscopes for 9.7.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, September 06, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/09/horoscopes-for-9-7-2017/>

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and [speak](#) to it.

Marcellus in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* 1.1.23-9

For help with the devastating hurricane and flooding? Please give to the [Houston Food Bank](#).

Horoscopes for 9.7.2017

Virgo:

The Virgin

[Happy birthday](#), honey! Yeah, yeah, know all about that **Virgo** thing. Mercury — and Mars — are setting up a wild ride, for all. Going to be a fun one. Going to get weird. Going to need all the help you can muster from the likes of me to help you make it through. Why I'm here for you, **Virgo** baby. The Hamlet quote is from the opening scene, ghost, walls of the castle, all of that. I've seen this staged a number of ways, but it's usually dark, and the ghost is ghostly. Occurs before the sunrise, and that's when a good **Virgo**, and you're a good **Virgo**, that's when the good **Virgo** should be up.

Midnight thoughts, midnight madness, or maybe, just midnight movies. Part, some or all of that. Consider that Mars is agitating and aggravating, and pushing you higher, further, faster — better — and Mercury is just adding a little extra editorial advice. Make it good.

Make it **Virgo** goodness.

Libra:

The Scales

Ever listen to any "Ambient?" I'm not even sure I have the right category for that kind of material, and I would call it music, because it is sold — packaged — like typical albums. But I'm not sure what the stuff really is, and while I've heard the term, "Industrial," I'm not sure that's it, either. For now, I'm sticking with the term, "Ambient."

The reason I was think about a musical genre that defies any kind of typical classification? There's this weird echo in **Libra**. One of those ambient pieces cycled up, and I was thinking, there was a low rumble, and not exactly music, but as the sounds got layered in, one on top of another, there seemed to be a coherent pattern I was seeking. I wasn't getting it, but even the simple background noises started to assemble into a — not quite a beat — but a general description started to emerge. Rather interesting stuff. This week is about conducting an ambient orchestra in **Libra**.

Scorpio:

Scorpion

This is a time that's all about what we chose to show. What we decide is OK to let other see? As a **Scorpio**-compliant person I understand this, and I get how this works. It's about what to reveal. For more than a decade, [I toyed with digital photography](#), more as a lightweight hobby rather than a profession, just as a way to sharpen some of my skills. One of the most powerful tools was merely cropping images. What to focus the attention on, where the eyes are drawn, how this goes. Originally, I was going to use an example of some graffiti, old, downtown graffiti, and what I chose to display in the image? It was more tightly focused than the sprawling scene of the whole image. Thus, tightly focused, it was art.

With the planets where they are? This week is like looking at one of those images, where to crop, what to reveal, and what can be left out. Careful selection of what we choose to show, that's the secret to **Scorpio** success. In my example, the editing takes almost no time — I know, it shows — but that kind of cropping, that picking what to display? Most important. Editing the image, just so that **Scorpio** only reveals as much as necessary.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius

While I've "toured" nationwide, I cut way back to just markets that I found sustainable. East Coast to West Coast, in the last few decades, I've made it all. However, the parts I like are local. Not far, not extreme, mostly my backyard. I get invitations to scurry further afield from time to time, and as a **Sagittarius**, we must consider the options. We're getting business-related invitations to expand our horizons, but pause, with me, for a second. Let's examine some of the new, improved, wonderful incoming data that suggests we — our **Sagittarius** selves — consider branching out, and expanding passed our current limits. As the planets unravel a bit, or get wrapped tighter, it's that *Virgo* thing, you know, as the planets get wrapped a little tighter, consider, look at the emotional questions facing **Sagittarius** and think about them in business terms. Profit and loss, or loss and gain, or potential long-term investments, all like that. Life can't be reduced to a ledger sheet, but as a way to think about it? It's not a bad way to approach this — kind of clinical — but that works for this week's **Sagittarius** [stuff](#).

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat

For many years, I had a fascination with dictionaries. Books filled with words about words. [Definitions](#). I liked a particular British dictionary, not so much for its British spelling, but because the definitions

sounded just a touch different, not always more elegant, just different. This falls as a part of a serendipitous and meandering route I use to help improve my diction. I'll never be a better writer, but I can improve my craft, so, yeah, dictionaries are my friend. Just one of the tools, and nowadays? It's all online. Even easier, right? There's a certain precision, and then, there's a certain adjunct, associated with, or standing just a little to one side, kind of energy, present in **Capricorn**. Once this full moon is over, as it is now, then there's this need to be more precise than before, and the easiest way to insure you're doing this correctly? Look it up in the dictionary. Or online. But the dictionary, like my British dictionary? It provides a valuable resource, as it's the words, just, you know, with a British accent and all.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer

Before there was "blogging," there were "web journals" that's were organized along a chronological nature, usually with the most recent at the top. That's where I started. Over the years, the processes and software tools greatly improved. The theory is, I can log in from anywhere, and update — or correct — any entry that is posted, or that will post. Pretty cool. Practically, I rarely proofread, after I've posted it. I tend to glance through what I've spit up and sailed out there, and let it go at that. I do tend, on some occasions, to cycle back and check. My informal blogging style, "Spit and post," though, has problems with grammar, cohesion, and spelling. There's not a lot wrong with my spelling, more my typing that's to blame. As I toyed with the **Aquarius** material, I thought about a post I'd put up a day or two prior to this horoscope. At the very end, there was a typo, pretty typical of me, and I corrected it. While, as I've stated, I tend to not go back and correct? I did that time. Nothing wrong with one, last polish to make sure everything is perfect. *Virgo Perfect*. Groan. Sun's in *Virgo* at the moment. As an **Aquarius**, one last *Virgo*-like polish is helpful. Look for that last mistake, you know, it's a typo, not your spelling, that's the problem. Make one last, uncharacteristic pass through the stuff, even if you've posted it already.

Pisces:

The Fishes

"No, just hear me out, I've got a good story...." Usually, yes, yes you do. Usually, there's extenuating circumstances, evidence that clearly exonerates you, and a funny tale. Usually. Not so much, not this week. Probably not next week, either. Usually, you can worm, inch, connive, or otherwise wiggle out of this. See? Full Moon, then the tiny planets, Mars and Mercury, in *Virgo*?

That funny story, the anecdote, the little song and verbal dance that usually works? Not so good, not this week.

So instead of concocting an improbable tale that might not conform to all the facts? Instead of the excuses, normally have valid? As a lover of Pisces? Let me suggest you show up and take it like a person. Don't try and duck out, and don't try one of those takes that might, or might not be, aligned with reality as the rest of us know it. The tall tales and entertaining circumstances, the anecdotes? Might not be the best way to avoid those unpleasant outcomes, not this week. Show up and take your lumps?

Aries:

The Ram

I love it when this happens, as you're on the other side of this one. I had one **Aries**, and she argued with me about every prediction I made for her. Which was funny, to me, as watching her on Social Media, I discovered that most of the predictions came through, after a fashion, or after my style, anyway. So this week, it's not my predictions, but an **Aries** drive in one direction and no one seems to be following you, arguing at each step and turn. Questioning, pointing out flaws in the usually unmistakable **Aries** logic. Usually, you're unassailable — usually.

“No, that's [not how this is going to go!](#)”

My frequent comment? I'm willing to be wrong, but secretly, in this situation, this week? You got a *Virgo*, or *Virgo*-like energy questioning your every move. If you wait this out, you'll find that you are correct. But you're going to have to wait this one out.

Taurus:

The Bull

Made famous by a movie, I still am vastly amused by the difference between “rules,” and “guidelines.” To me, rules are etched in stone, like laws, while guidelines are amorphous and subject to broader interpretations.

Rules are big this week. Listen to the rules. There's one legal aide who will argue that all man made rules, like man made laws, those are all subject to interpretation, ask any lawyer.

Pay attention to the rules as this week holds a few surprises, and trying to creatively interpret the rules, that doesn't work. These aren't guidelines. Rules. Follow the rules.

Gemini:

The Twins

A fishing buddy's kid is — I don't know — 2? [3 years old?](#) The kid's response to everything at this juncture in its wee life?

“No.”

Doesn't matter the question, the request, or the command, the response, the first response is, “No.”

I can access the kid's chart, and looks and see what the source is, but I usually just write it off as “Kid testing limits.” As a Gemini, though, I kept thinking of that little kid telling me “No” at every turn. Reminds me of the Gemini experience at this moment.

“No.”

Yes, is rather a better answer, but that, as soon as the Full Moon is over, which is now, then there's a sense that everything is "No."

My trick, and I'm suggesting that Gemini think about this one, what would be a question that the kid can't say, "No," to?

Hint: want some candy? Or some similar, impossible to resist enticement.

Cancer:

The Crab

Looking out the window, it looked nice enough outside. I figure, a quick spin to fetch up some coffee would be a great idea. Not a lot, just a little iced afternoon [beverage](#). Looked like it was partly cloudy, not much breeze, and the closest place is what, a mile a way or so? Easy, afternoon chance to stretch my legs between appointments.

No sooner do I set than the clouds scoot off one direction, and that old Texas sun, it's still rather warm out, that Sun just fries me. What I fell for? The looking out the window part of the equation, looked cool enough. What didn't work? The real part of stepping out and hiking off for a break.

Perception: it's "Fall," so it will be cool, looked cool outside, when I checked. School's started so, it has to be cooler outside, right?

I live in South Texas. It is cooler by only by a few degrees. Not so much that I would notice, and that's the lesson — again — for the Moon Children. Looks cooler outside, but until you've walked out there, there is no way to know. Looks can be deceiving, especially now the full moon is over.

The Leo:

The Leo

All [good relationships](#) have certain elements at their foundations. For some, it's shared memories, or shared obligations. Gifts, mementos, or experiences — sometimes, usually, it's some combination of all of that. There are foundation elements. This week emphasizes those foundation elements. One buddy tried my trick of a card. Didn't work because it was plainly a contrived element. He does flowers, at regular intervals. Not really good with the concept, though, he does have it worked out. I used to text him, every February 13. I used also drop him an email before his wife's birthday, reminding him. These are pieces of foundations that make good relationships last. I have a vendor who sends me an e-mail with notes and ideas, each week. Just filler material, really, but a welcome break, and the weekly e-mail extends our relationship.

So the idea tends towards romantic relationships, but it can be any type of relationship, and those foundation elements. As Venus makes a *slight* but foundation-type angle to some other stuff? Think about those little things that speak volumes. Take some action. Take some gentle, probably noticed at the moment, action.

Me? I'll buy flowers.

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Horoscopes starting 1.12.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, January 11, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/01/horoscopes-starting-1-12-2017/>

I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell!
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good.

Edmund of Langley, in [Shakespeare's](#) *King Richard II*, (2.1.211-4)

Up next? El Paso then San Antonio, then back to Austin. Details at astrofish.net/travel.

Horoscopes starting 1.12.2017

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat

Acting like a seven-year old. It was me, I was working at an event, one of the [last of the last year](#), and a client's daughter was circulating around the tables. Kid was just seven years old. Every time she'd make a pass by me, she'd stick her tongue out and make a face. By her second or third lap, I was trying to beat her to the tongue out.

A business associate, sitting next to me, was greatly amused. "I'm trying to figure out, which one of you two is most mature." My take? Girl-child. She's probably way more mature than I am. I know this. The child's mother was getting a little exasperated with the child, and then, when the mom figured out I was partaking, possibly aggravating the situation? We were both told to stop, "Both of you! Right now!" Mom turned her back to look at something bright and shiny, and I grinned then stuck my tongue back out at the kid, who, with a furtive glance over a slender shoulder, repeated the process. Mercury, [no longer retrograde](#), and the Sun, still in Capricorn, happy belated birthday by the way, there's a chance to act like a child.

"Oh please, you're just making this worse!"

Capricorn: shrug?

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer Love me my Aquarius friends, and they are nothing if not [inconstant](#). Usually. Therein, my dear, is the Aquarius problem. There's a certain requirement for "inconstant behavior" these days.

My old “Mercury is Retrograde” trick was to take three passes at at least three different ideas, see which one was still standing when Mercury was no longer retrograde. With the cardinal energy loose upon the land?

A similar idea is still quite valid this week. Take three — or more — attempts. Realize that one to three of those attempts might lack substantial backing and support. Realize that there might be, to some, epic failure, and, the Aquarius Way? “Not failure, just experiments that didn’t bare fruit; although, failure is a positive result, in that, you know, it shows that it didn’t work, so we now know that one doesn’t work. Doesn’t work in that configuration, anyway. Right?”

That’s the way to see this week. False starts, dead-ends, left-over mishmash from Mercury Madness, and yet, it’s not all bad. I suspect this is all tangential to the basic Aquarius, but be aware, might be some false starts.

“Left, no, right, no left, no, I think you go straight here...”

Pisces:

The FishesRomance is, at best, a very fickle beast.

With Both Venus and Mars in Pisces, you would think this could be a bit easier. It’s not. Venus sows more confusion and deliberate misdirection at this time, rather than a making everything better — thank your main planet, Neptune, for that.

Although not clearly visible with a naked eye, the sense of what Neptune does is there. Now it’s a matter of using that energy correctly. Love me some Mars juice, too, but this isn’t the time to embrace it too fully.

Aries:

The RamNo, no-no, no no. No. There’s a rolling influence, comes in waves, washes over you, whispers in the Aries ear, “Change. Change for the better. Change something, now.” My first answer? No. It’s perfectly fine to listen to the voices. It’s perfectly fine to have a committee in your Aries head, making suggestions about possible courses of action. Every Aries loves action. The challenge with this week’s weirdo energies? Maybe not take action. There’s a push as Pluto (Capricorn) “squares” Uranus (Aries) and opposes Jupiter (Libra). Technical name? Cardinal T-Cross. Or, as I suggest, a time to stop, pause, listen to the voices and take their various advisements under consideration as a possible future course of action. But right now? Nothing. A well-timed pause serves you best, as that prevents a certain comment, one I’ve made many times myself, “It seemed like a good idea at the time.”

Aries: Yeah, no.

Taurus:

The Bull“Mix earth ([Taurus](#)) and water ([Pisces](#))? You get mud.” Old, familiar refrain, and while it isn’t one that I strictly adhere to, it is considered common sense among astrological-inclined circles. The predominate Taurus influence is mostly water, with Mars leading the way and Venus just getting more confused by the minute, and this tends to muddy the water for Taurus. So the analogy I started with, while it might be flawed, in both symbology and execution, yes, one of mine that didn’t work, what a surprise, while the analogy might be broken, the sense of this week’s message should be clear.

Clear?

There’s a certain level of confusion and rather than trying to see clearly when it seems well-nigh impossible to see clearly? Consider that this is a murky, muddy situation. When fishing in water that is “stained,” which is a fancy fishing term for “muddy,” consider that movement and motion, not bright color, is what attracts the fish. No bright colors to help see clearly, consider movement and motion.

Gemini:

The TwinsSo, my fine Gemini friend, now that Mercury is no longer retrograde, what shall we do? The problem being, there’s still some left-over detritus, washed downstream, and now, unceremoniously dumped on the Gemini psyche. There’s still some clearing, cleaning, and picking up the pieces of what was shattered by Mercury in Retrograde. It’s not all bad, but we must pick our collective Gemini way along this route with utmost caution.

Can’t just go blindly forward. Pick our way, cautiously and carefully.

Gently.

There’s a chance to get moving forward, but to make that happen, we must proceed at a slower than usual Gemini pace. Which, as it turns out, will probably annoy more, but let’s just think about this, it’s Gemini/Mercury infused issue, and being hasty? That usual Gemini haste will just make this worse. Slow down, we’re moving forward, just not as fast as you think we should.

Cancer:

The CrabNot long ago, I switched out monitors, the single screen I look at when I’m work, at home. It’s not a brand I’m familiar with, and there’s a bewildering array of buttons to set pitch and yaw, high-def color spots, and many other choices I have no clue about. I was digging around to plug another thing into the thing, USB adaptor to phone cable, if you must know, and I hit one switch on the bottom of the monitor. Which, in turn, activated the picture-in-picture feature. Which, I suppose, is cool, but I don’t use it. At all.

Not my thing.

Accidentally bumped the button, and then, I was sent into a 15-minute distraction as I fumbled through menu item after menu item, trying to get the right control and just set it back to what I had it set in the first place. Took a little longer than 15 minutes, but I took a break to keep from getting frustrated, break for coffee, just to make life easier, and to relieve the angst of wrongful button pushing. While experimenting, I learned a few things. I had the pitch and yaw set for the wrong weave for the screen's maximum performance, and I didn't have a clue. While I deal with precious little animation, the stuff scrolls faster with better response. It was a painful mistake that paid big dividends, once I calmed down a little bit and started tweaking the controls. Still not intuitive, but better service, now. Mistakes occur. Accidents happen. As a Cancer Moon child, there's a door, window, or even just a small control panel that pops open. After you calm down? Fiddle with it, make that thing work better.

The Leo:

The LeoThis last Mercury in Retrograde kind of did a number on me, and there was a trigger point. That trigger point kind of did a number on a certain Leo I know.

Did you listen to my advice about Mercury in Retrograde?

Did you pay attention?

Apparently you forgot some of the [guidelines](#).

We're done with the fall-out from the previous Mercury thing, now, but we've got to keep an eye ahead, what's just up, in this next week. There's a certain kind of frailty, a kind of gentle hand that is required. Pretend Mercury is Retrograde. Pretend that you have to try extra-Leo-hard to be extra-Leo-nice, in order to move forward in these next few days. That trigger point is still feeling pressure from various locations.

Mostly, all that watery stuff in Pisces? Mars/Venus and then, Venus/Neptune, and then, just stuff. Emotional waves that dredge back and forth. Pause long enough to recognize the trigger point and what it means. Some days, I know it's justified, but some days? Just not worth getting all Leo-centric pissed off about this stuff. Pause.

Virgo:

The VirginI got interested in baking a few years back. No, not that kind of "baked," although, sure, some insist I am half-baked. No, what I was striving for was a cookie recipe that was healthy, maybe gluten-free, maybe sugar free? I tried various combinations and an old girlfriend had this recipe for peanut butter cookies that returned amazing results. No, not what I was looking for, but as a starting point? Sure, what I began with. I substituted gluten-free, all natural, organic flour-like stuff. Then, free-range, sugar-free sweetener. Organic, all-natural soy-free almond butter instead of peanut butter.

The results were spectacularly bad. Or good, depends.

The cookies were soft, pliable, chewy, rich in texture, and totally devoid of any kind of flavor. Tasted like

cardboard. Not a winner, by any stretch of my imagination, other than, all healthy and stuff.

Pretty epic fail.

Weeks later, I still had some left over. Still chewy, and still the right texture, just, no flavor, or, a flavor that was eerily reminiscent of most cardboard boxes. Brown, moist cardboard boxes as the white boxes tend to have a bit more definition to the palate. Probably the bleach and chemicals in the cardboard's coloring. This week is like my attempt at baking. I was thinking about that miss, heart was in the right place, it was heart-smart, but the flavor? Not so much. Not even. This week, reminds me that I stumbled across some of those cookies the other afternoon. Still not good, but serviceable — as need be. It's a

Virgo thing.

Libra:

The Scales There's an amusing, to me, study of where famous authors quit reading other famous authors' books. The one I recalled, the most influential novel of the last 100 year, [James Joyce's *Ulysses*](#), there were a handful of contemporaries, some even wrote glowing critical praise for the book, but few of them made it past the first hundred pages.

In my own library, I have a decades-old version of that text, and I made it to about page 120, over the years.

“Book, novel, etc., you're supposed to read, most important novel of the last 100 years,” and so on. As a goal, one winter's eve, I sat down with a digital copy and read the whole thing, all the way through. Goal accomplished, but the digital version was much easier for me to read since I could tap and search for the strange terms, the insider jokes, the allusions and references buried in that epic tome. Didn't take long, once I set about tackling the job of reading the whole thing, three or four days.

Like me, there's a longstanding **Libra** goal, and like me, you've put this off for many years, almost 15 years, for me and that novel. Unlike me, you have renewed interest in getting the door shut, getting the job done, finishing that thing, whatever it is, that goal. That thing. You get a chance to make great headways, if you bow your **Libra** head and plow on through it, whatever that thing is. Goal. Onerous task. Something you need accomplish. You can do, it this week.

Scorpio:

The Scorpion

The character Lucy, in the original comic strip “Peanuts,” offered psychiatric help for \$0.05. That's a nickel. With my [background](#) and years of experience, I'd like to think I'm worth a big more than five cents. Adjusted for inflation, even? I'd like think of myself as Dollar Store self-help.

The Dollar Store self-help for **Scorpio**? Lots of craziness right now. Don't partake. Eventually, this year, even, you'll have some rather positive Jupiter action, which, in turn, means **Scorpio** relief. The deal is,

there's still a lot of insanity and to some **Scorpio** folks, inanity loose upon the world. Don't buy into other folks' troubles. [Not your mess](#), don't clean it up. If you're not getting in engaged in other peoples' troubles? I've been worth that dollar.

“Nope, not my mess.”

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius

A certain woman I knew, she was, is, left handed. When she writes with her left hand, I get all — her actions leave me speechless. In part, this is because, she's got all the right girl parts in all the correct places, thin, willowy, etc., etc. She's also much younger than me, so there's not really a physical affection there, until she starts to take notes when I'm talking. For several years, I attempted to train myself to be left-handed. Never worked, as I am hopelessly mired in my rut. However, I still, to this day, use a “mouse” with my left hand. It forces me to think in a way I'm not accustomed to thinking. It makes me adapt.

It forces me out of a [comfort zone](#), but this is all, plain enough, a deliberate action to get me to act and react in a new way. Break the patterns. Now, with Mars/Venus/Neptune in Pisces, break some patterns. There's certain pressure, mostly Lunar-inspired, but a certain pressure to change for change's sake, and that's not what this is about. When I see that woman taking notes with her left hand, I figure how gifted she is, in seeing the world, and expressing what she sees, from a slightly different perspective. As a Sagittarius, we can adopt a different way of seeing matters, be a big help. Break a pattern that no longer serves us.

Horoscopes starting 1.19.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, January 18, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/01/horoscopes-starting-1-19-2017/>

“I see it feelingly.”

Gloucester in [Shakespeare's King Lear](#) (4.vi.128)

The Sun Enters the Tropical Zodiac Sign of Aquarius at 3:23 PM, CST (plus or minus, your mileage may vary, see local dealer for [details](#).)

Horoscopes starting 1.19.2017

Aquarius:

The Water BearerAll I did was leave my socks on. No big deal, right? Maybe not a big deal to some, but it is kind of a [big deal](#) to me. Cold, winter morning, me, in a robe, not much else, shivering, and I was thinking I had to go someplace, so I started to get dressed.

I pulled on socks.

I take great pride in mis-matched tube socks as what I wear underneath my boots. Only, after I pulled on the socks, I got distracted, and I padded around the house with my feet in socks. Only, now, after socks, my toes weren't cold.

It's such a simple solution, obvious to some, and yet, I missed it for a long time. I've gotten striated in my patterns, I'll wear boots, cowboy boots, and I have the mismatched socks for that, handmade, cowboy boots, made in Texas, or I'll wear sandals. There isn't a lot of ground between the two. One, or the other, one requires socks and the other requires no socks. This addition, wearing socks but no shoes? It goes against every fiber in my being, screaming, “No! Noooooooo....” However, pause, think about it, warm toes, looks silly, but I'm at home, no one sees, right? It's OK. It's going to be OK. Super simple solution to a complex problem, sort of a mediated half-way [point](#).

Aquarius: Simple [adjustment](#). Try leaving your socks on. Keeps the toes warm. simple adjustment, although, it did, at first, go against the very fiber of my being, to wear socks with no boots.

Pisces:

The FishesOne website I stumbled across was a very zen-like series of [desktops](#), work surfaces and office-like environments. For those of us who, perhaps we office at home, or free-lance, part of the “hired gun” set-up? For those of us, the workspace is both important, and for a little while, it was neat to see what others were [doing](#).

However, I started to suspect that there was an element of the surreal that was part of the images. The desks, they were always too clean. My wallet, a hair tie, possibly an every-day-carry pocketknife, lip balm, watch, phone, blank sticky-notes, maybe a few notes stuck to the monitor's edge, reminders to get milk and eggs at the store, today? I've graduated from one cup with pens, pencils, screwdrivers in it, I've moved to more than one cup with that crap, now with pliers, markers, nail file, and a tiny pen light. Just work materials that accumulate along the edges of the real, working desks.

One of the merchants I work alongside, he decided he didn't want to pack up boxes of a certain mineral, so he handed them out as pairs of cubes, selenite, I think, said it was best right beside a computer, to help prevent negative ions. More crap I've accumulated.

A clean desk is a sure sign of insanity.

Pisces: When we look at the pictures, of clean desks, or work spaces, or whatever? Is it real? Or is that staged?

Aries:

The RamPutatively, the "Winter" months, for me, I tend to move towards a "grey scale" type of arrangement; I'd suggest that for Aries, as well. Think "Gray Scale," not bright colors. My jeans, for example, they were once labeled, "Black," but over the years, the jeans have faded some, more along the lines of grey. At least one Aries will make a "Shades of Grey" joke, and that isn't what this is about.

This is about grey scales, grey, fuzzy lines, and how those grey, fuzzy lines don't give a decent Aries a good indication, one way or another. "But I have to know, right now!"

The stars, planets, really,
incline but do not dictate.

The message, the messages, are that there are grey lines, fuzzy and indistinct markers between areas. The best way to move yourself forward? Consider following the grey, fuzzy lines as indistinct markers, more like a setting on a compass, vaguely facing north, or south, or east, or west, to whatever way you think you should be going. General direction, fuzzy lines, and we'll all get a better sense direction the near future, but until then? Yeah, sure blindly charge forward, Aries. Just remember that the direction "Forward," it's described by those fuzzy lines. It's more general direction and less a distinct destination.

Blame me. Blame the planets. But move "forward-ish," as described by the indistinct lines.

Taurus:

The BullI had on a hoodie, from a surfing place in Cal. Jeans, boots, and t-shirt on, underneath the hoodie, kind of my relaxed, normal way of dressing on a typical winter afternoon in January. I met with some friends about a thing, you know, more casual and less formal, just a meet-and-greet, but then, it

being January, I was pressed into service for talking about the up and coming [astrology](#).

Ever heard of an “Elevator Pitch?”

The 30-second intro, who I am, what I do, and then, a longer version, about what’s coming up in the next year. I had the stage, wasn’t really a stage, more like a semi-circle of interested parties, and so I droned on. I wasn’t expecting to be front and center, if I was, I’d wear nicer jeans, a clean t-shirt, and maybe a sports jacket instead of a hoodie. I was casual and relaxed, and it turned into a casual — and relaxed — discussion. However, the selling point, from what I gathered later, was the hoodie, from a real surf shop on the surfer’s coast, Northern Cal. Added verisimilitude to my relaxed look. I didn’t plan it, but the way it worked? Came off perfect. Came out perfect. As a Taurus, be prepared with the elevator pitch, the 10-minute overview of what the next year looks like, [something](#).

Taurus: “I wasn’t expecting to talk, but on that subject....”

Gemini:

The TwinsCorresponding with some tech support, tangential tech support, I was in a conversation with some folks in [Northern Cal](#). North California, south of Oregon, but not by much. I finally figured out what the problem was. Too many surfers and not enough sharks. Given that the surfers tend to consume certain mildly psychotropic substances (get stoned), maybe the sharks are high, or something, from eating too many surfers. Still, more sharks. Be much better. The folks in Northern Cal need something to give them a little more edge. Get up to speed with the way things are in the real world.

“But, like, this is the real world, like, you know?”

My problem was resolved but I wasn’t too happy about it. question was answered. As a Gemini, you feel my angst and frustration. It feels like you’re dealing with a very similar energy this week. Not enough sharks. Just a few more predators would help add some zest to the games. Just up the drive, just to crank it up a notch. I’ve fished in shark-infested waters, so I know, and it’s not really an issue. Just means we’re all more circumspect. Like I suggested, the answer to this week’s Gemini problem? More sharks; fewer surfer dudes.

Gemini: The problem? It’s probably not going to happen, just letting your Gemini self know that. Not enough sharks.

Cancer:

The CrabI flipped the Cancer charts backwards and forwards, trying to get a decent image, more an image in my head, rather than an [image on the page](#), about what was happening. I understand that there will be a degree of clarity, where a previously occluded image or scenario can be seen for its true nature.

Perhaps this is a person about whom you were either concerned or irritated. Perhaps this is a situation where that irritation or concern was. Maybe, it’s just the planets. The more I teased the charts, the more I poked and prodded, the more I tried to boil this all down to a simple phrase? All I kept hearing, in my

mind, was to “See feelingly.” The biggest problem with that term, “See feelingly?” Source, attribution, and madmen. With Cancer, this week, it’s possible, even beneficial to “See feelingly,” sure, but like the original source? Careful that we don’t take it one step too far into madness.

Caution, yet, “see feelingly.”

The Leo:

The LeoThe most perfect way to start your New Year? Get a tattoo. Doesn’t have to be a lot of ink, although, I know one Leo with a sleeves on both sides, literally awash in ink, but no, this advice varies individual to individual. This could be a tramp stamp, a tiny bunny on one ankle, or lord knows what else. The deal is, as a writer, the way I’d like to see this Leo tattoo appear? As ink, in script, you choose the lettering style, maybe archaic, maybe gothic, maybe “olde englishe,” which really isn’t, but that doesn’t matter, does it?

Leo: That tattoo? What it should say?

Leo: “Nothing is permanent.”

It’s perfect; it’s **The Perfect Leo** [statement](#).

Virgo:

The VirginThe perfect image for Virgo? It’s the “Fat Buddha,” which, if you pause long enough to learn anything about buddhist traditions, he’s really a buddhist monk, not “The [Buddha](#).” The fat monk is our common, western, misconception. It’s an image that get perpetrated throughout the inter-webs, and it is patently false. So it’s usually a copy of the fat monk, and underneath him, or over him, integral in the image’s meme quality, there’s those block letters, “You got to let that chit go, homie.”

Between the dated urban slang, the incorrect Buddhist attribution, and the general maligning several major belief systems, there’s still a message. There’s an opportunity, in this next part of the lunar cycle to let some of the Virgo burden go. A chance to let some past grievance and the harm you’ve carried forward from that point, some injury, some pain, time to surrender that to whatever you believe in, at this moment.

Buddha, Bubba, some
days, not much difference.

However, the humorous image? That’s the secret, as it’s not factually even close to being real, and as an ancillary note, I always love the similar image, a real image of Buddha, “80% of the quotes on the internet attributed to me are not mine.”

“You got to let that chit go, homie.”

Libra:

The Scales Many years ago, the “paleo” cooking fad caught up with me, and it was a natural extension from “low carb.” BBQ, with a green salad? Naturally low-carb. Worked for years, for me. I toyed with “paleo,” never fully committing to it because, well, I live in a place where [TexMex](#) is [king](#). Can’t escape that. However, over the years, I’ve discovered that bacon grease is one of nature’s best lubes for cooking. It appears to have better staying power and certainly better cooking qualities especially when compared to coconut oil, the other, really popular “paleo” grease.

Maybe it’s because I was raised with Southern Sensibilities, part of my family lineage is old deep south. Maybe, over the years, I’ve discovered that, in my kitchen, a little bacon grease works wonders for food prep. Flavor, won’t stick the frying pan, lasts for days at a time unused, higher or lower flash point, I have no idea, and it’s readily available, just drain it off the bacon. Perfect. Useful ingredient. It’s a lubricant, and it’s useful for flavoring, cooking. This week? In Libra? There’s a need for dash of “Cosmic Bacon Grease” in the frying pan of the stars. It’s not bad, it’s just the preferable, and allegedly more healthy version is coconut oil? It’s too fickle, like it doesn’t fry well at the higher heats. The coconut flour is okay, I mean I use it for many cooking chores, but this week’s Libra? Bacon grease.

Libra: Bacon grease, real or cosmic.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio This is a dangerous week for **Scorpio**. The danger is from the monster within. The danger is unrepentant drives and desires, wishes, hopes, and dreams. Some dreams are best left unfulfilled. There’s a key piece of technology, probably from a company with either an “i” in front of the device’s name or some space-age name, invoking stellar bodies far away. Either way, it’s techno-lust. The back of the **Scorpio lizard**-brain screams, “I need this, now!”

The Scorpio available cash resources suggest that it’s a ticklish, at best, situation.

Maybe. Maybe not.

The ancestral **Scorpio** brain screams again, “Need!” The rational — and modern — **Scorpio** brain thinks, “Want? Yes. Need? Maybe not.” The dilemma, and the answer? Not yet. I’ll agree you deserve a break. I’ll agree that you might, indeed need that object of techno-lust, and I’ll even suggest you should scout out places to acquire that object of **Scorpio** lust and desire. However, I’d also suggest, this week? Yeah, don’t give in, not yet.

Scorpio: There’s promise of better deal, next week.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius There are some days, and we have no choice. Some days, the avenue is clear. Other days, it is

a murky, indistinct route. Laughter is our best ally, at times like this. The planets are doing two things, to Sagittarius, basically. One is quite humorous, as there's the Sag's ability to laugh at anything.

“This will work out, somehow!”

Such a comment is usually followed by gales of laughter, and Sag's, like myself, we tend to have a goofy-sounding laugh. The other planet action is asking for a judgement call about a relationship issue.

There's an old comedy routine I used to use, imagine a woman asking me, “Does this dress make me look fat?” There are no right answers, not according to the classic terms of comedy. It's an old routine, I've used this as an example, and I'm bringing it back up because, for Sagittarius, translate this to your own situation, but there are — appear to be — no right answers. We can cry and bemoan our collective Sagittarius fates, or we can laugh about this.

Sagittarius: Your choice, Sag., laugh or cry. With that duality? Laughter can be the best medicine, for this week.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat

This week's set of horoscopes open with a quote from Shakespeare's play, *King Lear*. Brilliant tragedy, but also, for some us, a play that's really hard to watch when it's well-done because the pain is too real. One staged version, I was doubled-over in emotional pain, it felt that real.

So, to make it through this next few days? “See feelingly.”

So, I was crossing a busy street, me and my pedestrian ways, and I paused. Light turned yellow. I stopped on the curb. Light changed to red. Big truck, loud side-pipes, went blowing through the intersection, I never saw the truck coming, but if I'd stepped out, I would've been tragically flattened.

Capricorn: Pause to “see feelingly,” like me, and we can prevent a tragic **Capricorn** mishap.

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Horoscopes starting 1.26.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, January 25, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/01/horoscopes-starting-1-26-2017/>

What boded this, but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say, “Seek not a scorpion’s nest,
Nor set no footing on this [unkind shore](#)”?

Queen Margaret in Shakespeare's *Henry 6 pt. 2* (3.2.85-7)

There’s an [opening shot](#) from a marginally famous film, shows a huge, gnarly looking Scorpion crawling along the desert sands. Nasty, ugly looking brute, with a giant tail, implied, loaded with venom. Black shell with blood-red markings. The real insect used? Not deadly. Not even painful. Looks means and nasty, but isn’t. A scorpion is one of those creatures that’s managed to make it into the subconscious everywhere.

Horoscopes starting 1/26/2017

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer Every real story is truly a never-ending [tale](#). Happy Aquarius birthday, yes, it’s that time again. There will be a certain amount of “falderal” about the Chinese New Year — still — for Aquarius? There’s a new start about to occur. As I mentioned, every story, really good stories, are never-ending tales. What is about to [unfold](#), in Aquarius, for Aquarius, the next chapter. This isn’t an ending. It’s a new verse. New chapter, new section, new material to be added to the Aquarius story of, Aquarius story of, the tale of, well, something. New verse, new chapter, new act. If you read this before it starts, get ready. If you read this after it starts, the wheels are in motion, get ready to ride this one all the way through. Just remember, it’s really more like a continuation rather than a new tale. Just adding a sequel. Yes, new sequel.

Pisces:

The Fishes Cool looking leather cover for a brand of field notes, to carry a pencil, the notes, maybe some other scraps? I’ve longed for those items, I think of them as hand-toys or hand-tools, a slim leather binder with notes and notebook, blank pages begging to be filled with sketches, ideas, notes for the future, perhaps arcane clues to the way the universe works?

Practically? I bought one of those notebooks, different brand, beautiful, had-tooled leather, carved in a symbolic image, bound with a leather tie, soft and supple to the touch. I even went so far as to treat the leather binder’s surface with preservative waxes, special leather care.

I used that leather-bound notebook exactly once. One trip, one summer, I used it for about three days. Then, not unusual, I went back to using a [phone and digital camera](#) to record and recall events from that “expedition.”

This is about what’s necessary and what’s not. I love looking, shopping for those cool notebooks, or better yet, the special binders that hold the blank books. It’s very attractive. Makes a great package.

However, I’m reminded, I used one.

Once.

Even at that, it didn’t make the whole trip, as I reverted to my current style of almost-cryptic notes on the phone, and then digital images. Spurs much more. For me, it’s way less laborious, too. As we look forward to VD and then Pisces birthdays, in another few weeks? Shopping is OK. Buying? Maybe not so much. Like those notebooks and notebook covers? Never got used, not really.

Aries:

The Ram One of my former neighbors has an impressive piece of Old “American Street Iron.” It’s an early 1970s [American-made car](#), two-door model, lots of metal in the hood, no air bags, no shoulder straps, just a big motor with some advanced timing, maybe a slightly hotter cam, big tires, alloy wheels. That car used to make the most satisfying burble when it idled passing the house. A slightly syncopated thump, a throaty growl when he would put his foot on the gas. It was a classic American hot rod. My blood would quicken and I got excited at the mere audio presence of large V-8, mildly hot-rodded, and churning up dirt.

Mars is entering **Aries** this week. Mars is like that big V-8, with its throaty growl, the slow, syncopated idle, the hint of the roar of the pipes should one put one’s “foot into it.”

As a suggestion, with this Mars and timing for **Aries**? Better to keep that **Aries** motor at low grumble, hinting at speed, hinting at horsepower, hinting that you can move really fast with out noise, and yet? Not doing it. Now isn’t the time to loudly accelerate away. Menace all you want, like driving low and slow through the neighborhood, rumbling along, perhaps blipping the throttle once or twice, racing the motor. With Mars, though? Now’s not the time to “put your foot into it,” and stomp down on the **Aries** [gas pedal](#).

Taurus:

The Bull Some days, it’s the most *minute minutiae* that matters. Littlest of details matter the most. Annoying, to some, details about this and that, or the other thing and then that one thing, you know? Seriously, it’s the tiniest of little bits and pieces that make the biggest impact. Some of this appears rather insignificant.

“God is in the details,” just ask any *Virgo* I ever dated. She’ll explain for sure. However, as a **Taurus**,

details are not always a strong suit. This is a time to pay attention to the details. Some of this is merely window dressing, or appearances, or whatever. Like making sure the cuff and the collars match. Or the accessories match. Color coordinate the outfit. It all kind of depends, but before the next day or two arrives, there will one — or more — of those situations where an attention to details, attention to **Taurus** detail, is most important.

Gemini:

The TwinsThe “Get Stuff Done” and “To Do List” is a minor industry unto itself. I’d credit 3M with starting it, with their “Post It” notes that are now generic and ubiquitous. Quotidian, even. From one of my buddies, a self-styled “Efficiency Expert,” the way I understood it? If the “To Do List” in whatever format? If that list has six or more items on it? None will happen efficiently or in an expedient fashion.

Further back, when I helped with a print shop, the sign on the wall read,
“1. Quick 2. Correct 3. Cheap: pick 2.”

A **Gemini** wants fast, efficient, and correct. Cheap, too. This is about managing the available time, and making a rather *un-Gemini* effort to do it correctly. The quickest way to get this accomplished?

If that daily list has more than 6 items on it?

Cut back.

There’s only one of you. Excuse me, there’s only one of you inside that shell that contains three or four, but as far as getting it done? If the list has more than 6 items?

Cut back.

I’d suggest no more than five items, but that’s me. I’m certainly no efficiency expert. The planets, it’s mostly Mercury — in *Capricorn* — Sun in *Aquarius* — and Mars heading into *Aries*. It’s about how you pick and choose what’s going to get the **Gemini** attention. More than six things on the list? None of it will happen well. Good enough sometimes isn’t good enough. So, again, my clue? Cut that list down to no more than five, max.

Cancer:

The CrabAt least two towns I’ve frequented for much of my professional career claim to be “The Most Haunted.” I can’t vouch for either place being more haunted, but of all the towns in Texas, I think [San Antonio](#), with the Alamo downtown, I would think it is probably the most haunted.

There was a sign, downtown San Antonio, again, “If you don’t bother the ghosts, they won’t bother you.” Best advice I’ve seen in a long time.

While the history and mythology tend to conflate, there’s always the question. The way I see it, there’s a famous tourist hotel situated on the killing fields of the Alamo, and the legendary 183 were probably

burned there. Got to be some lingering spirits.

The trick is, with this week's energy, I'm looking in *Capricorn* — opposite from **Cancer** — for the clue, the trick is to **leave the ghosts alone, and they will leave you alone**. It's really simple, in one way of seeing it. There are some stirrings, this can be historical, this can be comical, this can be spooky, this can be a throwback to Halloween — but the “spirits” are restless. If you don't disturb them, they won't bother you. Pretty simple.

The Leo:

The Leo I know very little about music, much less the various categories, sub-groups, and derivative forms. However, I'm pretty sure, not completely, but pretty sure, it was a familiar song-introduction that had been run through a mixer-thing. That turned the opening credits into “dub-step,” near as I can tell. It's not bad, there's just an unexpected rhythm to that more syncopated beat. There's an extra pause, then shuffle, then pause that is — to me — slightly askew.

That I could recognize it, I'm happy. That I understand it, and see a pattern, albeit a different pattern than one I'm used to? That's good, too.

As **The Majestic Leo**, there's a change-up occurring. Is this bad? Not so much. However, the best trick is to be willing to adjust to the new. I think you'll grow to like it, and less time spent complaining means more time to learn the new steps. There are occasions when an updated process really does result in improvements, even though your Leo self liked the old way better.

That was then,
this is now.

Get with the new step. New rhythm, new way to get this done. Once you learn it? It will be easier.

The Leo: I'm all about making life easier for **The Leo**. (You know that, right?)

Virgo:

The Virgin I've got a couple of [books](#) about grammar and punctuation. One or two copies are quite aged, but there have been some more recent books, slim little novella-length tracts about the sad state of grammar these days. Funny, to me, I was being paid, as a writer, for more than a decade before I embarked upon learning and re-learning grammar. Part of this is a reaction to “Microsoft English,” as dictated by the guidelines in a rather ubiquitous word processing software package. Then, too, some of this is more recent, for me. I don't think I'll ever get any better as a writer, but I can hone my craft. Towards that end, I've endeavored to review and renew my understanding of the rules.

I'm trying, everyday,
to be a better person.

Warms the **Virgo**, don't it?

Like me, there are rules, guidelines, structures, commandments, and similar dictates that any good Virgo can delve back into, and then, this makes life better. Don't hesitate to dig back into the rules to see how we can make this better; although, I still really like my dangling modifiers.

Virgo: Another way to see this week's message? In order to break the rules, you must know the rules, first.

Libra:

The Scales There's a weird echo and strange dynamic, like there's something wrong, but nothing's wrong. Nagging feeling something's "about to happen," and yet nothing bad materializes. I got one Libra, perfect example, a real 8-to-5 person. 5 PM sharp, hits the door and is gone in a swish. No hanging around, no waiting late, no last minute details that must be addressed.

It's tricky but the idea is that bailing out, right now, right on time, that might not be best. The idea is, instead of leaving at 5 sharp, be willing to stay a few minutes late, answer one last call, respond to one e-mail, that final query, one last items that requires the gentlest of Libra touches. This isn't something that other signs are good at, so this requires that diplomatic Libra thing, and yes, the Libra will probably go a little too far with trying to be nice. Why we like them. What's required is one last tablespoon of sugar to coat a situation that, as a good Libra, you might find distasteful.

Libra: "Just a spoonful of sugar...."

Scorpio:

The Scorpio Two choices my fine scorpio friends, two choices. Take the easy way out in the next two days and suffer for the next month? Or go ahead and do the diligent, arduous task required of you, in the next two days, and then, the next month, at work, that starts to go smoother. But you know what you have to do, next couple of days, to make this happen? It's up to you. Taking the easy way out doesn't bode well, I'm just saying.

Scorpio: eschew the easy way. Take the direct, hard route.

It's the hard road.

It's the tough way, it's the more difficult action. But try it, next two days, and see if that doesn't make life easier in the coming month.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Old trick, works wonders. I've got a [daily carry bag](#), just the stuff I need for a day at work, or overnight fishing trip, whatever. In order to function at the highest **Sagittarius** efficiency, we have to be minimally loaded down. The old trick is to empty out the complete contents of the daily carry bag. Purse, man-purse, backpack for some, one of several shoulder bags for me, doesn't much matters, empty out the carry-all.

That's the old trick.

Dump it all out on the ground, on the floor, someplace safe, like the carpet in the bedroom, doesn't much matter. Everything out of the daily carry baggage, whatever shape that is. I tend towards shoulder bags as I don't have a long hike anymore, from the parking lot to the gate or the parking lot to the front door, and sometimes, all the way back to the ballroom. Never more than 50 meters or so, not with everything in tow. So a shoulder bag works well for me. I do have a suitcase on wheels, two suitcase wheelie things, but I rarely use them. No, the trick is to empty out the day carry bag, whatever that is. Sort through the crap. A few days ago, I tossed out a pen because it didn't have a cap, and I didn't want ink leaking all over the inside of the briefcase. When I undertook this exercise, I found the cap, tucked away, in a side pocket. Better to toss instead of risking leaking pens. That's just a small example but it bears up well, empty out the daily carry bag. Lose what's no longer needed.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Pause. Just pause for a moment. There's much that's kicking in Pisces, Sun's in Aquarius, and in **Capricorn**, Mercury and Pluto play tag this week. To make the most of this? Don't forget, Mars is going to start to agitate as he moves into Aries, so to make the most of this? Understand that Mercury makes you move faster, and with that plutonic influence, move faster, dig deeper, find out more, and at a quicker pace, than any pother sign. So the deal is to pause. You have to let us catch up with you. Your mind leaps across wide chasms, **Capricorn**, nimble of thought while the rest of us are merely trying to catch up.

Pause. Just freakin' pause for a moment. Let the rest of us catch up with you. You're racing ahead, already adds surged of a positive outcome, so why not let the rest of us catch up? It's only polite.

So? So just pause.

astrofish.net

Horoscopes starting 1.5.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, January 04, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/01/horoscopes-starting-1-5-2017/>

I cannot by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to day.

Marcus Brutus in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* 2.1.2~

Mercury isn't "retrograde" much longer, but we're not completely in the clear from the ensuing [confusion](#), so keep that in mind.

Horoscopes starting 1.5.2017

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Handy travel tip — if you have expandable luggage? Never leave home with the luggage expanded. You'll thank me later, like later this year. It's the beginning of the year, and there's a big push to reduce, reuse, and recycle in the Capricorn's life.

Before this inauspicious start gets done, like, in the next day or three?

There's a packing tip.

I had this one, old girlfriend, and when we would travel, I'd always throw in a tiny, folded-up duffel. Sooner or later, there would be that "one thing" she would want. Had to pack it in a suitcase and the clothes had to go someplace else; hence, my portable, expandable duffel. However, the trick to use this energy correctly, in the next week? Pretend that the duffel isn't there. Or, if it's that expendable luggage, so common these days? Make sure it's all compressed, to start with, I mean, just for now. Leave room for expansion.

Capricorn: Leave room for expansion.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer How about, just as an idea, instead of getting all up and in your own, **Aquarius** face, how about we [pause](#) long enough to check the "Do not do" list. It's like a — ubiquitous — "to do" list, only this is a list of items, chores, goals, tasks, or similar travails that your **Aquarius** self fervently does not want to do. Or shouldn't do. The placement of the verbs there, "shouldn't do," or "don't want to do," both of those are important qualifiers. Either one, because this is a kind of generalization? Either one

works as an excuse.

The Mercury thing, hit me a lot worse than it got you, but the Mercury-infused madness over the last few days, even as this is supposed to wind down? There's a hint, there's more at play than just Mercury, but let's just blame that feller for now, the little, inside planet is playing havoc with certain issues. Best thing to do, your best **Aquarius** course of action? Nothing. Not a damn thing. Pause. If some other person gets in an all-fired-up hurry?

“Wait, just wait. I have to check my ‘Do not do’ list, first.”

Pisces:

The FishesMercury is still kind of retrograde, and he's stopping at a place that makes **Pisces** uncomfortable. Bad discomfort? Sort of depends. But the problems are tripled with the mess that's currently occurring. I stopped for coffee, other afternoon.

Affable guy behind the counter, he knows me, smiled, we joked, then I suggested I wanted something different. “You want something sweet yet full of disappointment? We got sugar. Try a gingerbread flavored one.” So sweet, so full of promise, and yet, so full of disappointment? I looked at the guy, “Did you date her, too?”

Sugary-sweet, full of promise, and a cupful of heartache, too.

If your **Pisces** expectations are too high, too hopeful, and plainly unrealistic? You can wind up with a cupful of heartache, too. Mercury is intent on confusing an issue and this tiny bit of leftover tension needs no assistance.

Aries:

The RamOld girlfriend used to love going to “Open Houses,” homes that were for sale. I got dragged around to a few of these, or, we'd be out some afternoon, and there would be an “Open House/Home for Sale” sign. Stop, look, listen to the real estate agent, and then leave. Most sales agents are cagey, wanting that [contact point](#), “Can you sign in here?” With a spot for e-mail and phone. I'll sign my name, no phone or e-mail. This one, however, insisted, so I put down a throw-away e-mail address. For the last several years, I'll get a periodic e-mail, “New Listing!” Or, the usual, “Just on the market!” The problem is, I've tried, unsuccessfully, to get my name dropped from that list. I've hit the “Safe Un-subscribe” button. Many times, every time one of those e-mails comes around. It's at a point, now, where that just gets marked as “spam,” and it gets filtered and deleted before I see it. Which is too bad, as I might've been a customer at one time, but the complete lack of ethic ruined it for me.

Etiquette, common sense?

Practical and pragmatic suggestion, if a person doesn't want to receive the message, then don't force it on them. (Me: “Take me off your stupid list!”) This is personal example of a person who doesn't

“listen,” and what happens. I’m sure that the absolute refusal to remove me from her list is borne out of years of selling houses, and making an impact, just like that. But it doesn’t work, and all it’s done? Served to irritate me. So, **Aries**, with that irritation that the planets serve up? Mostly Mercury, but you can pick and choose, that irritation? [Follow me](#) on this, filter and toss, don’t call them up and yell. That just creates more problems. “Filter and toss.”

Taurus:

The Bull “Looks like I was counting my money when I should’ve been counting my sheep...” Misquoted lyric from a rare oldie, seldom on anyone’s playlist but mine. Still, the sentiment — for Taurus — holds up well under the nearly un-retrograde Mercury.

Get rested.

There is an impeding situation looming large, a left-over project or task, goal, destination, something left from, my guess? Previous year’s worth of crap that needs attention at the moment. But that might not be it, still, there’s a cosmic hangover, and that means, like the lyric suggested, you should be getting some rest instead of working.

As a Sagittarius, I’m used to getting by on “Not enough sleep,” like something between 4 and six hours at night. I can function, days on end, just keep the coffee warm, and I’m good. This isn’t about me; this is about Taurus. The planets describe a situation wherein adequate rest is imperative for Taurus. It’s that simple. Instead of counting your money, or hoarding cash, or whatever it is that is of that vein? Sleep. Rest. “R & R,” to some. A nap to me. Or, as I sometimes do, a “Brief (horizontal) Meditation.” Rest. More than anything else, this next few days, adequate rest.

Gemini:

The Twins “Instant coffee.” Which, to be honest, the best [instant coffee](#), for years, wasn’t “instant,” but freeze-dried coffee crystals.

But that’s the answer to the **Gemini** question.

“Instant coffee? What **are** you smoking?”

Maybe it is “Instant coffee.” The deal was there’s a certain amount of **Gemini** attention to detail and focus required. Easiest way to insure that you’re on it? “Instant coffee.”

I tend to favor an afternoon break of some kind, while I prefer to walk over to a real coffee shop, as it feels like an outing for me. However, **Gemini**? This is less about getting out, and more about concentrating on that one item that still needs to get done. The quickest, easier way?

Instant coffee.

A quick cup of nasty, instant brew, sugared and watered, creamed to your tastes, just enough to sweetener to hide the acrid flavor? Sure, that's the idea. It's the simplest of notions, but with Mercury halting at a critical point in *Sagittarius* — opposite from **Gemini**? All that stuff in *Pisces*? Yes, try to focus, never a **Gemini** strong suite, but to help that? Maybe some instant coffee, one way or another.

Cancer:

The Crab Close to 11 PM, local time, one New Year's Eve, I took a quick, panicked call from a client. "Really? Working on the one night you should be partying?" Yes. Call lasted less than three minutes. From angst-ridden to happy, the message was clear and concise, and, at that moment, I was the "Go-to" person to call. Last one on the list, so it would seem. Two messages, here, one: don't ever bother calling me after 6 PM, local time. I will not answer. I'm "off the clock," and two? For the Moon Children (**Cancer**), this week? Take that call. No, don't call me, I can't really work late evenings anymore, rather, I really prefer not to work late evenings, but [drop me an email](#), and I might answer. No, wait, what I was suggesting, for **Cancer**? Take that business call. Might be late. Might not be a real emergency on the other end, but it might also appear like it is.

I always liked the message on one doctor's machine, "If this is an actual emergency, hang up and dial 9-1-1." So here's the deal, with where things are, Mars/Venus in *Pisces*? Mercury coming un-retrograde at very end of the *Sagittarius* slice of sky? All of that spells out a chance, an opportunity to work after hours, work late, extra work, and all of it adds up to extra income. If you take that call, stay late, or do the extra work. Whatever it is, do it.

The Leo:

The Leo I've long maintained that every **Leo** needs to be equipped with an "entourage," a following of loyal camp movers, the people who do the back-breaking work of maintaining "**The Leo**" and **The Leo's** lifestyle. Fans, lay patrons, minions to do thy bidding, etc. Got an image of what I'm talking about, now?

The camp-followers who look after the details for **The Leo**? Just much easier this way, you know? As the most royal of all the signs, yes, you need, deserve and should have, a loyal and royal retinue. This week, the Full Moon, and onward? This is about listening to the camp-followers, the entourage, the loyal fans, and finding out what they want from you. This is the time for the care and feeding of the minions. The people in your **Leo Life**, the folks who do some of the dirty work for you? This is the time recognize, applaud, and reward those who do the work. Those who do the work for you. Smile and feed the underlings, the groundlings that make this possible. All about reaching out to help us. We're your fans, you know. Acknowledge us.

Virgo:

The Virgin I spent the better portion of my career, hopping off and on local commercial air. Not exactly a frequent flyer, but at one point, the sky cap at the [Austin](#) airport knew me by name. Another example, a flight attendant greeted me on the plane with, "Oh no! Not you again!" It was humorous, not mean-spirited.

Anymore, though, I travel less and less. I've had to make adjustments to lifestyle choices. I'm no longer looking for gear and accessories that travel well, as an example. I watched a video of a guy trying to stuff an Xmas-sized box into the overhead bin on a commercial flight. Made me think of **Virgo**, as this is a scene I hope to never see repeated, not in my own life. The foibles and problems with modern life, as we know it? With Mars and Venus, Neptune and onward, all stacked up in *Pisces*, opposite from **Virgo**? There's a sense that you've been holding onto the old style, the old ways of thinking, the previous approach that used to work so well? The way we used to do it, and is that still the most effective way to do this? You have to ask yourself, "Virgo, dear one, is this the best way to accomplish the stated goal?"

Oddly enough, some times it is.

Libra:

The Scales By the end of [this horoscope](#), there's a tight, brief, tension angle in the heavens. Sun, accentuated by the Moon, "squares" Jupiter. Stepping back from that, for just a second, there's more to it, but this single event illuminates what this week is about, Jupiter's good fortune is at odds with the rest of the planets, or so it would seem. Unwinding from a Mercury Retrograde, first thing I do? Nothing. I tend to let something like this week's series of events serve as touchstones, reminders, place holders, and bookmarks, just as a way of being able to refer back to this week, thinking, observing, but not taking any direct action.

"But we need to fix this **RIGHT NOW!**"

No, **no** we don't need to fix this right now. What we can do is start searching for an optimal route to take to get this fixed. But fixing it ourselves? Right now? Might not be our best course of action.

Trigger events like this lunar phase and the Jupiter thing? These serve as touchstones, reminders, and bookmarks, maybe not something that we have to attack, not at this moment.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio *When was the moment?* I was thinking about this in terms of a Shakespeare play I'd seen on stage, but let's get away from me and my [afflictions](#), let's turn this on over to **Scorpio**. When was the moment? That play, there was one scene, a snippet of a scene, just a few lines, but the emotion carried by the actors was perfect, and it nailed it, sealed it, and shut the door on that play, for me, once and for all. With [Jupiter in Libra](#), and Mars/Venus/Neptune playing tag in *Pisces*, and then, Mercury (unmoving, unwilling, unwitting, unfiltered) unwinding in *Sagittarius*, you'll find this is a moment to think about the moment.

In another way to look at this? When was the moment that you subscribed to astrology because you had a tangible result that proved, in your **Scorpio** mind, a result that just proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, that this worked?

To build forward, with what's up ahead for **Scorpio**? We have to have a foundation moment. When was

your moment? Start there. We're building forward from that.

Sagittarius:

SagittariusThe approach of the Full Moon, then its subsequent fallout? All about trying to make nice in a situation where our **Sagittarius** selves would prefer to be brash. I prefer blunt, direct communication, not a lot of of words qualifying and surrounding the stated purpose. Fewer words, more direct, but I can't say that I always follow that advice. However, with the unfolding and ensuing Mars/Venus crap in Pisces? Maybe being nice is what this is all about. Or maybe, we need to employ more flowery language to better wrap our normally blunt missives.

“Dude, you can roll that in powdered sugar, and it's still [not](#) a jelly donut.”

But it looks like a leftover Xmas decoration, after the powdered sugar trick. Doesn't make it any more palatable in the long run, but in the short term, like this week? Makes it seem more palatable. That's the secret to **Sagittarius** success for the next few days. Less blunt, more powdered sugar.

Horoscopes starting 10.12.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 11, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/10/horoscopes-starting-10-12-2017/>

The [dragon wing of night](#) o'erspreads the earth,
And stickler-like the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.

Achilles in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* V.viii.17-20

Having seen this one play several times, on stage, in London, it's a strange one. I read it as a "Black comedy" first time I encountered it. Subject to interpretation, and [your mileage may vary](#). "The [dragon wing of night](#)" inspired me, for this week's scope. Bit of a mixed metaphor.

Sun's in **Libra**, we can all see both sides?

Horoscopes starting 10.12.2017

Libra

The Scales

There's a really old computer-to-printer trick, used to work with the old ink-jet when the technology was new and cheap. Take an image, for example, and have it run out at twice the size desired, so, let's say it's a 4 X 6 image, right? Make that 8 X 12 on the computer with corresponding resolution. In my example, I would use double size image at 300 DPI, then have the printer print it at half size. This "tricked" the computer and printer combination into an effective resolution of 600 DPI. It was a way to use existing technology and get a little better performance out of it. Somewhere along the line, and at least one techie will point out my trick doesn't work, and that's true, it no longer works — except as an illustration of a point. Point and process. With **Libra** birthdays, and with Venus in her new position, in **Libra**? We need to be a little sly, a little tricky and yet, straightforward about the process. That trick really doesn't produce a photo image that carries a higher resolution — up against the limits of the hardware: the printer. But it does produce an image that looks a little sharper than the original. Weird how that works. Tricky, but really, straightforward. Happy [Birthday](#), baby!

Scorpio

As much as I adore my little **Scorpio** friends, there's always that totally *fixed* nature about them. Stubborn, to some, while I do prefer the term, "Tenacious," seriously, that's just a nice way to say "stubborn as all get out." That being duly [noted](#)?

There's a tendency for **Scorpio** to get stuck on an idea, sometimes with only the barest shreds of

evidence. Sometimes, there's only the hint of evidence, no real supporting facts. "I know a guy who read this thing that proves that I was right!" If a non-**Scorpio** person offered that up as evidence, who would believe them? No one. So, let's spin this around, is this a fact that's been independently verified? Can you provide supporting evidence from a variety of sources?

"I know it's true! I read it on a web page!"

Seriously, **Scorpio**? Seriously?

Sagittarius

In older science [fiction](#), there's usually a mention of some device that connects to a super-computer someplace, and that little device, wrist-watch-like, or *i-tablet*-like, or even, like a laptop. Portable and yet, the device has access to the worlds' literatures. Knowledge, originally in book form, then, now, even, available as digital text and portable. Given the current state of tech? Not nearly as far-fetched as the original authors would have us believe. While I was perusing some ancient Greek philosophy texts, I realized that the web, in its various incantations, exposes me to several belief systems I would't otherwise be exposed to. I was looking at a Roman author, [in translation](#), wrapping some thought processes around Stoic ideology.

Good stuff for **Sagittarius**. This doesn't require delving deep into arcane philosophies or learning to read a dead language like Latin, no, this is about more than one belief system that helps spell relief for **Sagittarius**. If the current beliefs don't offer enough solace, try branching further afield, like looking at older texts for new stuff.

Capricorn

There are many ways to "clear" a space. For years, a little bit of sage, [burnt offering](#), was the way to go. Sea salt was also a good move. On more than one occasion, I've been in big halls, and I'll just grab a salt packet from the concession stands. Works well enough. There's chanting, burning, gonging, Tibetan Bells, signing bowls, any number of methods to clear a space. In the spring, this is Texas, like February or so, I like to open the windows and let the breeze wash out the stale winter air, leftover from six weeks of being cooped up. Pick one. Pick several. Combine a variety of ideologies and see what fits the **Capricorn** mood. Any one of variety of ways will make the sense of foreboding and unresolved issues drift way. Banish the thoughts with a simple, **Capricorn**-compliant ritual that works for you. Prayer, medication, meditation, chanting, gonging, bells, burning sage, I don't care. Something symbolic to clear the **Capricorn** space as we get ready for new starts.

New stuff ain't here yet. Clear some space for it.

Aquarius

One simple idea. This is spun out of another simple idea, on more than one occasion, a client has suggested that I do a "Wine pairing, and reading," as in, pair a wine with an [astrology chart](#). "Looking at

your chart, a decent California Pink Zinfandel works best...” Fun idea — probably not going to happen, but it has been observed, depending on the client’s level of intoxication? My readings — and my jokes are greatly improved. Me not being much of a drinking man these days, I can’t say either way. As an **Aquarius**, with that lovely **Aquarius** mind at work? Think about the original idea of “Wine pairing,” then stretch a bit further, but along the same lines, and remove the single word “wine.” There’s a primordial **Aquarius** need for a pairing — of some kind. A California Merlot? A slightly piquant Lubbock Cabernet? There is, or was, such a thing, a winery near Lubbock, TX. For my West Texas buddies, ask them, they’ll know about the local vintages. Doesn’t have to be wine, but local is a strong possibility. Local, or localized pairing, and possibly, like the notion of an astrology reading and a wine? Perhaps it would be two items that most people wouldn’t normally pair. Although, yeah, wine always improves my content. Ask the *Pisces*.

Pisces

Over the years, after working a [West Texas Tour](#) circuit for an extended period of time, I was conversant with landmarks that are no longer there. Working in Austin and San Antonio, predominately in the last few years, I get to see the change in Austin’s skyline, each week. I was attempting to prove my chops — my “West Texas street cred” — by citing a little known restaurant in a small town. Been three or four years since I’ve been that way, and my attempt, while valiant, well-placed, and accurate? Place closed, subsumed by that ever-present march of progress. Too bad, place was there for more than 40 years, if memory serves — and it might not. It was a gentle let-down. While my heart was in the right place, all I did was show I had [dated](#) references.

Aries

There is a certain amount of the **Aries** “bandwidth” that must pay attention to finite details. Painstaking as this might appear to be, the details are crucial to running a smooth operation.

We all want a smooth **Aries** operation, right?

Right.

“Right” was rhetorical.

Nitpicking [details](#), finite spaces and making, sure, here’s one that bugs me, making sure there is but a single space after each complete word. That’s just a recent example. With one piece of highly valued software, stuff I use frequently? If I tap the space bar twice, the program puts in a period, full-stop, and then capitalizes the next word. Very. Annoying.

Smooth operations in **Aries**-land? It’s in the details, this week. I have sift through thousands of words and make sure I. Didn’t. Double. Space.

Details, it’s all in your details, and attention to even the smallest of tasks pays off with results. Good results. Pretend you’ve got more *Virgo* than you really have. Helps, you know?

Taurus

A favorite image, oft repeated in variations, is the Taoist “Yin-Yang.” A circle with two figures, swimming after each other, a vaguely stretched teardrop shape, supposedly with two little dots, one in each figure, and the perfect balance of light and dark, positive and negative, equal parts of everything, in balance. In harmony. Two of each, perfectly balancing each other. Good and bad. Left and right. Up and down.

It’s not just Jupiter moving into Scorpio — opposite from you — but also Mercury tickling Jupiter. What this does is upset the careful balance you’e arrived at. The detente, the peace, the equilibrium. The **Taurus** calm is about to be shaken up. Good or bad? Again, that’s back to the Taoist symbol, often coopted by too many other groups. It’s a little of both, but the shake up represents material that might’ve needed a slight re-alignment, anyway. Not bad, equal parts. Steady? No. Bad? Not so much.

You recall my [Hamlet quote](#), really just a citation?

Gemini

“Ease and Grace, repeat, ‘ease and grace,’ bywords for Gemini?” I usually get a couple of ill-formed, half-formed, or non-formed thoughts after that little **Gemini** *mantra*, but seriously, it does work. There’s a single, remaining “thing” that really, I mean, **really** pisses you off. My poor little **Gemini** friend, all bent out of shape over a perceived slight.

“Ease and Grace,” repeat that twice. “Ease and Grace.”

Not helping? Then the long form of the question and the astrological answer is that this is an issue that will go away — on its own — in about seven to ten days. Fade away. Ride off into the sunset. Disappear. No longer be a big deal. However until you realize that this issue, problem, obstacle stubborn fool in front of you, until your good **Gemini** self gets this under control, mentally?

“Ease and Grace,” repeat that twice. “Ease and Grace.”

“I don’t want your stupid mantra, I want this [fixed](#). **Now!**”

Would that I could, but the more you worry about this? The less that gets done, elsewhere. Turn your attention to the things you can fix? Then repeat, “Ease and Grace.”

It will be easier, and smoother, more graceful, soon. Very soon. Repeat as need be.

“Ease and Grace,” repeat that twice. “Ease and Grace.”

Cancer

Working backwards is sometimes the easier way to work ourselves forwards. I was looking at my

[schedule](#) for November, and wondering about some of the time before then, what days were available for fishing, consultations, and so forth. Can easily see how I prioritize, fishing comes first, and then everything else. Working backwards — in this respect — working backwards is how we work forwards. Start at the destination, then see what steps are needed to get our **Cancer** selves from where we're currently at to where we need — want — whatever — to be. Start out at the end of the cycle and see what processes, what steps, what questions, what tools, what kind of scheduling commitments have to be fulfilled in order to arrive at that destination, that goal, that finished product.

Work backwards to arrive at our best forward motion. Might not work for everyone, but with the pressure on the **Moon Children** at this moment? Start at the end point and work backwards. Gives a perfectly serviceable plan, and having stepped it backwards, going forward is much easier.

The Leo

Having read several novels “in translation,” as it were, I tend to favor either the original language or just a [book that was written in English](#). I will tend to joke about me being Texan, and as such? English is a second language to me. Helps when that is properly enunciated with a *Southern Drawl*. Punctuates the point.

Any **Leo**, but especially *The Leo* appreciated punctuation like that. Something that hammers home the point so there is no disambiguation. That's the problem with reading a work “in [translation](#)” because there will be the translator's personal bias, no matter what they say. Coloration, emotional tone, idiosyncratic shading from one source or another, and the very idea that ideas don't always convey from one language's idiom to the next.

This week is a week “in translation“ for *The Leo*. It is about second-hand information, and the various levels of extraneous material that such accompany such distractions. A goal is to understand that this is a week that is being translated, and understand that it might be a source of unwelcome editorial direction to **The Leo's** material.

None of this is bad, just recall, it is a week that is being served, “In translation.”

Virgo

Zippering over here, then zooming over there, and then, back again. There's a frantic pace that unfolds, been going on for a spell now, hasn't it?

Pause. No, stop. Just stop.

There's the ever-present Virgo whine, “I can't stop now!”

Week before, Mars — in Virgo — “squared” Saturn — in Sagittarius — which brought up an issue. Now that Venus has left, and the Mars pressure has lessened? Now is the time to go back, wait for it....

“Pause. No, stop. [Just stop.](#)”

I realize there's too much to do, but instead of a headlong rush into a fray, pause long enough to realize stopping, if only for a moment, gives you a chance to halt forward motion long enough to figure out the best way to constructively move your Virgo self forward with minimal damage.

Pause. No, stop. Just stop.

astrofish.net

Horoscopes starting 10.19.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 18, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/10/horoscopes-starting-10-19-2017/>

Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house.
The plebeians have got your fellow tribune,
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Third Messenger in [Shakespeare's](#) *Coriolanus* 5.4.12-6

Sun enters Scorpio October 22, 2017 11:26 PM.

(Death by inches usually implies a painful ending.)

Horoscopes starting 10.19.2017

Libra

The Scales

This is about [roots](#). Libra roots. The starting point. The beginning, back to where we all became who we are, now. Yes, last of the birthdays, then, following on heels of Jupiter and Mercury, the Sun heads into Scorpio. Love us some Scorpio, nice folks. But as a Libra, with both Mars and Venus still in Libra? This is about roots. Pause long enough to examine where our Libra selves are from before we go blasting forward into this next week. Just about the same time the Sun shifts into Scorpio is the time for Libra to pause long enough to assess where we've all been.

Examining the roots, the Libra roots, that helps in a big way to move forward. There's a simple adjustment to make, and it doesn't take long, and it's not a big deal, but a simple adjustment. Happy belated birthday and enjoy the good parts. Roots, all about roots.

Scorpio

Scorpion

Restraint of **Scorpio** *tongue* is best observed, just yet. One way I heard it? "Restraint of tongue and pen." Seriously, who uses a pen? However, in that light, restraint of keyboard or keypad might be a good update to the cliché expression. Birthdays start soon, yes, I know. Going to be good, yes, I know. I'm in favor of this for you, yes, I know. however, with [Jupiter](#)?

With [Jupiter](#) where he is, just at the entrance to **Scorpio**, and between Jupiter, Mercury, finally, the Sun in

Scorpio? The temptation is to have one those — typical — *Scorpio Sarcasm* statements loaded up and unleashed. I'm just asking for a little time. A pause, a second-guess yourself, a restraint of hasty comment. Now, the way I see it? With Mars and Venus in *Libra*, the sign before you? There's a sense that this is good timing but bad timing. It's good, but it's also a better time to bide your time. Keep that snappy retort to yourself. Or mail it to me; I don't care. I'll think it's funny and snarky, like you intended.

Sagittarius

Sagittarius

There's a [famous quote](#) from a certain Texas politician, "I say that with all humility." Between the accent and the antics of local politics, I can never tell if that was a mistake, an intentional gaff, or a deliberate comment. Local weather being what it is, yeah, it could very easily have been intentional. Never underestimate Texas politicians for their ability to twist words to serve different political ends.

As a **Sagittarius**, and I say this with all humility, we should be extra careful, even now. We have a year-long pattern getting firmly established that will, eventually, lead to greatness, and I say that with all humility. The trouble is, we tend to get a little confused, excited, or anxious, or, better yet? Some combination of excited, [anxious](#), and then confused, all at once.

So the **Sagittarius** trick is to respond with great humility. I'd prefer a little humility from us, but I can only — rationally — expect so much. Great humility would be great, though.

Capricorn

The Sea Goat

Perfect example? I had, what to some people, a person who was considered a, think of a single word for "Not nice person." Yeah, not a nice person at all, universally disliked by everyone on board at that time. I'm a shade different than most, and I refuse to not see the good in person, no matter how hard that person makes it for me to find the gold. I'll dig until I can get some nugget of nice. Takes work, with this one person as an example, and a number of other folks were amazed.

I was born — and raised — in Texas. I've been exposed to a rather broad cross-section of populations, from indigenous to indigent, from comfortable to nouveau riche, to old money and comfortably poor. I've been around a variety of sexual orientations, various skin colors, all of that. While I'm basically a middle-class white male, yeah, I've been around.

So it took me some digging to work with this one person, but did I did. Was it worth it? Sure, I think so. However, I had to shed some pre-conceived notions, and I was confronted with my own failings as a human.

Capricorn: be willing. Simple as that. You're going to be confronted by an existing prejudice? An existing belief that might not be grounded in reality? Perhaps it's like me, a person no one else was willing to work with, but, after scraping off the defensive layer, there was some "nice" under the (psychological) grime.

Capricorn: be [willing](#), this week. That's all.

Aquarius

The Water Bearer

This week, I got hung up on binary [propositions](#), as in, “Yes or no.” “Black or white.” Or, “On or off.” In computer terms? “1 or 0.” No in between is allowed in any of those binary terms, As an **Aquarius**, a good *Aquarius*, at that, you're reading this, you're more special to me, then. Anyway, as one of the few enlightened ones? We both know there is no situation that can be so evenly divided into a simple, binary proposition. I'd like to do so for an *Aquarius* week, but that's not going to happen. While that does occur with some other signs, I can't do the same for my favorite water bearer: **Aquarius**. Here's how this works out, though, some, several someones, maybe a whole host of people will try and convince you that this is a binary situation. It's not.

It's not binary; there is **no** simple “yes” or “no” answer.

There are contingencies, fallout, lean-in, obstacles, possible meandering, and some other stuff, as well, all needs to be factored into this deal.

It's not binary. You get that, right? A simple “Yes” or “No” would suffice.

Pisces

The Fishes

The way to make life easier for **Pisces**? Find — or embrace — that **Pisces Passion**. Perhaps it's less of **Pisces passion**, and more like a hobby, a pursuit that fulfills a spiritual yearning. Maybe it's as simple as that. One **Pisces** I know, she simply loves cozy mystery books. All that it takes is a comfy spot to read, and shelf full of books, anymore, it's just a number of texts on a tablet, but the idea is the same.

I have another **Pisces** example, at the other extreme, training for triathlon — I won't even pretend to understand, but the endorphin rush, the results speak for themselves.

Hopefully, the real **Pisces passion** is someplace in between those two extremes. There's subtle sense that embracing the favored **Pisces passion** has long-term, beneficial aspects, over the next week. Embrace that desire.

Aries

The Ram

Weird week, huh? Weirder weekend, huh? Here's the way I see this: it ain't pretty. It's possible, and there are great avenues to make your way forward, but, in the simplest terms? It ain't pretty.

One **Aries** girl in the back, I can hear her now, “But I have to look my best for this!” You will. You'll astonish some of the guys. However, the steps to get there from here?

“It ain’t pretty.”

I can make up a lot of words, and explain the trajectory of the planets as they all seem to careen around in the universe — at will — and all seemed determined to make **Aries** uncomfortable. I can’t fix that. I can say there’s a solution and I can suggest that pushing forward works, after fashion, it’s just the results?

“It ain’t pretty.”

Pretty effective, but no, not always attractive on some level. Doesn’t mean it isn’t any good.

Taurus

The Bull

Binary option, right? Where I’m from, either you’re a Ford guy or a Chevy guy. There is no “in-between.” It’s decisive and divisive. Either one owns a Ford Pick-Up or one owns a Chevy truck. Each brand has adherents and enemies. Each brand has strengths and weaknesses. There is no middle ground in this kind of a discussion. As a **Taurus**, you’ve got a situation that is equally divided. One or the other. Can’t be both, can’t have both and one side can’t see the other side’s point-of-view.

Tough spot to be in.

I’m a Ford guy and one of my Taurus fishing buddies is a sworn Chevy person. The solution? We don’t discuss trucks when we fish, as that strays from new models to old models to him suggesting my mother dresses me funny, which is why I must be so stupid as to prefer a Ford over an obviously superior Chevy, and that’s when I realize he’s strayed from reality into “You mother dresses you funny.”

No, I dress I myself.

Much to my mother’s chagrin and alarm. Which has nothing to do with the [binary](#) debate about which brand is better.

With the motion in the planets, opposing **Taurus**, mostly, there’s a debate that might rage on. Maybe, like me, in that fishing boat? Even though I’m clearly right? Maybe being right isn’t as important as keeping the peace.

Gemini

The Twins

“Ease and Grace,” as [last week’s mantra](#), how did that work out?

For some, it was the first part of the mantra, “Ease.” For other Gemini’s? “Grace” was the answer. However, takes two tries, perfect for Gemini, to get the answer you’re looking for. As you will.

Ease and grace, baby.

Cancer

The Crab

While I'm not ambiguous about coffee, I have clear preferences and tastes, I am a bit weird about coffee beans. The beans are one of the key elements in making coffee, and yet, I'm rather ambivalent about the source, on many occasions. I had a cup of coffee this morning that was buttery smooth, like a fine — I don't know — not wine, better than that. To some, it might be evocative of the smoky essence of sipping whiskey, I'm not sure. For me, it was smooth, creamy, buttery with a slight tang for a finish, no citrus overtones. It was just an exceptional cup of morning coffee. One cup. The next cup wasn't so good. I've been attempting to duplicate the process for that cup of coffee, several times. Unsuccessfully, I might add. Just a perfect combination of water, beans, filter, and [process](#), I suppose.

I can't nail it that often. For over a decade I used a single French Press, and while serviceable, it was never the perfect answer. Along with that, I tended to use Peet's *Italian Roast* as my default coffee. These days? I'm much more experimental. Still, I'm trying to emulate that single cup of coffee that was so good.

Don't be afraid to try something a little different. I found some coffee beans at the grocery store that looked good, a different roast, a different source. Not bad, not bad at all. Didn't quite make it up to that first cup, but it was close.

The Leo

The Leo

As the Sun moves into Scorpio, out of opposition to Uranus, and as the week unfolds in Leo land, there's an abrupt stopping point. A pause, to some, a final ending to others. Sort of depends, and yet, what there is, a kind of finality that looms ahead. Welcome to *Scorpio*. To move **The Leo** ahead, what I'd like to see? Some sort of gesture, be it symbolic, real, or imagined? Some sort of gesture that paves the way for an increase in **The Leo's** income. While monetary wealth won't solve all problems, there's a very real gesture that launches **The Leo** closer towards some kind of freedom — potentially *financial freedom* for **The Leo**. that's good news, right?

Make that gesture. Take a step. Make a move. Something. Anything. Just trust me, even the smallest token gesture yields **Leo**-sized results. Soon.

Virgo

The Virgin

Wear scrubs.

No, I'm not kidding, try wearing scrubs. I think I've mentioned this before, but it really does work. I have several clients who are nurses, medical office technicians, and so forth. Scrubs. Magic clothing. Here's how it works, far as I can see, wearing scrubs makes one look "official." Then there's the ease of maintenance, simplicity in picking out "What to wear today," and the added bonus, if you're lucky or

smart? Get a name stenciled over the pocket. The aquamarine, navy blue version of scrubs is what I see most often, but could be any color. Cheap, relatively disposable, and best of all? Makes us look important. One of my nurse buddies, he works for the big hospital chain, we discovered that scrubs are also *perfect* for certain fishing conditions. More the pants, as a way to ward off painful but non-fatal jellyfish tendrils. Sometimes a problem, wade fishing.

What I noticed though, was scrubs tended to make the person wearing them seem official in a doctor-ly way, without the *gravitas* of a stethoscope.

The trick to appearing official when there is no real official **Virgo** dictum required?

Wear scrubs.

Horoscopes starting 10.26.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 25, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/10/horoscopes-starting-10-26-2017/>

Third Roman Citizen

Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wadg'd up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure southward.

Second Roman Citizen

Why that way?

Third Roman Citizen

To lose itself in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake to help to get thee a wife.

Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* 2.3.9-

On sale now: [Chart Reports](#).

Horoscopes starting 10/26/2017

Scorpio

Scorpion

There's an oblique reference to a sexual innuendo in the brief passage quoted. My **Scorpio friends** tend to thrive on that, the implied, and less stated but, you know, in an *oblique* manor. In an *oblique* manner. I should think this material through before launching into the **Scorpio** horoscope but herein is the problem, with birthdays, the beneficial light of Jupiter, and even Mercury making merry in **Scorpio**? The Mars and Venus situation — still in *Libra* — makes for a kind of merry prankster and short-sighted approach. Two options?

Scorpio: “Wow, I didn't think that one through. Oops! My bad!”

There's always a second one, though, might help.

Scorpio: “Oops, my bad. Wait, I meant to do that.”

The two expressions are not unrelated, as there's a way they can fit together. However, I'd be a better person if I suggest you think it through, first. But given where the planets are?

Scorpio: (With confidence) “Yeah, I [meant](#) to do that.”

Sagittarius

Sagittarius

Pregnant pause. I’ve never really fully grasped the meaning of the term, “Pregnant pause,” until now. This week, in **Sagittarius** — that’s what we have, a *pregnant pause*. My highbrow literature friends would have one term, and then, one buddy from a trailer park in South Austin, him and his girlfriend, they have a totally different version of the term. Sliced either way, though?

The term applies. The pause is caused by either Mars and Venus in *Libra*, or Mercury, [Jupiter](#), and the Sun in *Scorpio*, or any number of other influences. There is one **Sagittarius** reader who will freak out with the term, too, as she thinks it means she’s pregnant. Not the case, but the pause — in that example — could easily prevent a pregnancy. (Hashtag) just sayin.’

Sagittarius: there is a time for pause, a pause fraught with meaning, implication, possibilities, and a moment to let something slip passed us. Some days, like this next week? Maybe it's OK to let [something](#) slip [past](#).

Capricorn

The Sea Goat

In the preceding two entries, see *Sagittarius* above, there is a possible grammatical mistake. There could be a double meaning, too.

Subject to interpretation and debate. Part of the **Capricorn** process.

The energy, I’m mostly addressing Mars and Venus, but the energies leave a dual pathway, a *double-entendre* sense to the current display of what is available. Have to consider from both sides, and then, see if that doesn’t light up a third portion that makes more sense.

So did you see the mistake? Am I right, or what?

Aquarius

The Water Bearer

Ever date a *Virgo*? While I’ve catalogued my experiences [elsewhere](#), the ideas and ideal hold up well and are worth mentioning in the light of current events — as felt by **Aquarius** — even now.

It’s the details. The nitpicking, finite, infinitesimally small, tiniest shards of grains of sand, the motes of dust, just material that doesn’t normally bother us?

If our **Aquarius** selves pause too long and let this tiny material, the useless details, let that stuff stack up?

It will be bothersome. The details will hamper the bigger picture.

Yes, yes, I know, Halloween and all that. However, the trick is to stick the big picture, the grand overview, the part where you step back and look at all the pieces, not just the tiniest of details — those details do matter — only, those details don't matter at this moment.

“But there's this one detail I have to look after right now...”

See how that works? You missed it.

Pisces

The Fishes

Simplest solution? “Boat shoes.” At least one **Pisces** will give me a quizzical look with that idea, not grasping the concept, at least, not at first. To me, “Boat shoes” are specific set of sport sandals with extra webbing, anchoring my heel and thin soles that have a sticky consistency. Something to keep me on the boat's decking. Most of the boats I ride in are fiberglass shells. Some have sparse carpet, but most of the bay boats don't bother with such amenities. While the decking is textured, in October, we get these frenzied fishing trips where the deck is covered with mud, blood, and fish. Makes for a slippery slime. Easiest way to navigate such [conditions](#)?

“Boat shoes.”

So there's a way navigate the apparently murky depth of what's happening in **Pisces** by slipping into a pair of appropriate attire. Like “Boat shoes.” One of my fishing buddies has a nasty pair of tennis shoes. This shoes are used **only** on fall fishing trips. Fish scales, fish blood, fish slime from getting a fish in the boat and then having the big feller fly around? It's messy. Lack of cohesive friction. Good for certain situations, but struggling with a monster “drum” (fish), not good for the fight.

Simple solution? “Boat shoes.”

Pisces: adjust as need be. You get the idea, “Boat shoes.”

Aries

The Ram

I was at a friend's house, and I was left alone — babysitting — really — but essentially alone, for an afternoon. Buddy tossed me the TV remote. I looked down at my phone to answer an email and missed what my buddy was telling me about how to operate his home TV and surround sound, cable/digital movie system. Systems, as there was a myriad of wires and cables, blinking devices and I don't know what. Looked like about six, maybe eight long, black, multi-buttoned remotes on the couch.

Day time TV came up. I poked at one remote, and the satellite shifted? I don't know what I did, but I was getting Spanish TV with English subtitles. Not the weirdest thing I've seen, but interesting. I changed the channel and the volume went up. I poked another button and the volume stayed to loud. I gave up and

started trying to figure out how to turn the TV off. Took three remotes to shut off most of the systems.

I have a book on my phone, I carry for just such problems, times like this. I can quietly read a book because — who can figure out those “Entertainment systems?”

Faced with burgeoning technology that makes no sense to your **Aries** self? Turn it off. Read a book.

Taurus

The Bull

“Talk it over, **Taurus**, talk it over.”

Simple solution to a complex series of events that have no apparent easy resolution — so?

“Talk it over.”

I’m on your side, but there’s a problem with **Taurus** listening skills. Now that I’ve kindly pointed that out? You know what to do, listen carefully. Find that common ground. Reach a point where you understand the opposition’s point-of-view, even if they — the opposition — are wrong, in your **Taurus** eyes. The spirit of compromise is what works to make this weird stuff feel a little less weird. Not all bad, just a tad off? Easiest solution to these challenges?

“Talk it over.”

Gemini

The Twins

Texas — [my Texas](#) — enjoys an embarrassing surfeit of singer/songwriters of superior skills. Even the record companies in Nashville recognized the talent here, and that’s one reason Austin was the “Live Music Capital,” and etc. Kind of boring stuff, and when I lived in Austin, on any given night, there was a credible, talented singer/songwriter plying his or her craft at some local place. For me, back then? Walking distance. Not figuratively, literally. “Them’s my chops; I know of what I speak.”

For **mercurial Gemini**, I have to establish some *bonafides*, prove I got credit here. There’s a surfeit of **Gemini** skills that need to be showcased a little. Got to show off that you are clever. More clever. More talented. Better at various forms of expression. Do something with this, now.

Part of the surfeit of talent in Texas, part of that makes it more accessible. As a **Gemini**, with the motion of the planets, work to make your material more accessible. Maybe, you know, open-mic, or something.

The idea is to showcase some of the **Gemini** talent. We can’t do something for you unless you show us that you can do it.

Cancer

The Crab

It is possible to complicate this to no end. It's possible to make this a highly ornate and intricate structure. It's possible to take a simple task and layer on conditions, emendations, and conditional terms that make this into a highly complex situation.

The simpler the problem? The more complexity that your *Moon Child* self is going to try and introduce as possible solutions.

Stop.

Simple situation? Leave it alone. Simple problem, and just needs a tap from hammer? Then tap it with a hammer. There's no need to make this an intricate and inelegant issue.

Cancer complications have merit, but this is one of those days — weeks — when complications really, and I mean **really**, aren't needed.

Cancer: don't obfuscate and complicate.

The Leo

The Leo

Some years ago, I bought a house that — when I bought the place — it had a bad porch addition. It was a hillbilly, cedar-chopper looking addition. Plywood, and more, just chip board, fragmentally painted, while appealing to a certain *redneck aesthetic*, not really an attractive addition. The term “ugly architecture” comes to mind. It was obviously a homemade addition, and not a good one, at that. I moved in, tore it down and the value of the house went up.

Take away one item. One addition, one “thing,” remove just one part, and watch the value soar.

It's a simple message for the majestic **Leo**, it's about taking something away, not adding something to the mix, removing one thing. Some folks have suggested that I [remove](#) some words, and that would make me better.

Probably not going to happen, but it's a nice gesture. I'm not **The Leo** so it probably wouldn't work for me. However, as [Jupiter](#) makes his way through *Scorpio*, less is more. Think about what can be removed to make this a better experience for **The Leo**.

Virgo

The Virgin

The best editors I've ever had? All **Virgo** or some kind of **Virgo** component in their charts. Every last one of them. **Virgo Moon**, **Virgo Sun**, some **Virgo** component as part of the internal — and external — make-up of the better editors I've enjoyed. The **Virgo** planet is commonly considered to be *Mercury*, currently with a brief residence in *Scorpio*. Like my former editors, not that I wouldn't *love* to have another good one like that, but much like them, there's an element that has to do with correcting grammar, punctuation,

essentially, [copy-editing](#) the next few days.

This is best done with a red grease pencil. The shade of red attracts the eye, but as a grease pencil, it can be wiped off, as need be. Not all the **Virgo** edits are going to be well-liked. Those un-liked edits? We, the non-*Virgo* people who are getting edited? We don't have to accept all the emendations.

[I'm Sagittarius](#). Don't follow me on this, and use an indelible red marker to make suggestions. I tend to always have a red sharpie these days, and that's not the correct **Virgo** tool.

Libra

The Scales

Sitting in a [real diner](#), early one fall morning, I was casually listening to the background music. This was a traditional diner, and it had — at the time — traditional C&W music quietly playing. David Allen Coe was signing the perfect country and western song. He's a bit of an outlaw that the outlaws don't really always tolerate. The song blended into *A Coal Miner's Daughter* then something else came on and I couldn't make out the lyrics exactly, but the sound? To me? Old Grateful Dead.

Could be me.

I doubt, in that [diner](#), before a cool winter sunrise, that it was vintage Dead from “The vaults,” as they refer to it. The song was soft and lyrical with harmonies and minor key, kind of a signature — in my mind. Bacon and eggs, and I was off — think I was on my way to [Austin](#).

Just ahead the wan orange glow on the eastern horizon, Mars and Venus were winking out — in **Libra**. Halloween is upon us, and the love planets are cozy yet again in **Libra**.

Like sitting in a [diner](#) listening to old-school music piped in, a reflection and remembrance, consider too, that this is a solace and comfort. Part of what this week's planets indicate, solace and comfort, although, not everyone will find old C&W, and a diner breakfast, as the source of comfort. Works for me.

Horoscopes starting 11.16.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 15, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/11/horoscopes-starting-11-16-2017/>

How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!

Pericles in [Shakespeare's](#) *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* (1.1.121-3)

Sun moves into Sagittarius Nov. 21, 2017 — 9:03 PM (Plus or minus for time zones).

On sale now: [Chart Reports](#).

Horoscopes starting 11/16/2017

Scorpio

Scorpion

Dark Moon, Nov. 18. Happy Birthday, **Scorpio**, dear. There's a most curious echo in the **Scorpio** chart. It's a recurrent event, a series of events, or maybe, it's just a reminder. A message, and those tend to be electric messages. Phone, computer, tablet, regular mail, I'm not sure how that works for you, but there's a missive that wends its way to your **Scorpio** in-box, incoming data feed, something. It's reminder to look up that last piece of the puzzle. It's reminder that there is still one bit of — something — that has been left for later, and now? It is later. Plan on getting it done on, or before, that Dark Moon, Nov. 18.

Doing so promises a wonderful set of [conditions ahead](#). Paves the way for a bright **Scorpio** year, and after what we've all been through? Wouldn't that be better?

Sagittarius

The late, great singer/songwriter, [Townes Van Zandt](#) once noted from the stage that, "Folk singing is about 20 percent writing and signing, and about 80 percent driving." He was alluding to the years on the road. For many long years, looking at vast expanses of Texas highway, I preferred inexpensive commuter air rather than driving. However, I'd agree that I spent more time traveling and less time doing real work. Part and parcel of the gig, whether I'm an astrologer, he was a folk singer. It's a variation on the 90/10 Rule, or the 99/1, where the job is 10% inspiration and 90% perspiration. Personally?

As a lazy **Sagittarius** myself, I prefer Townes Van Zandt's version of the rule, as it's more in my experience but realistically, the numbers tend to skew towards the extreme end, 1% inspiration and 99% work. Hard work. We're not done yet. Almost, but not quite.

Following on the heels of the singer/songwriter (he was a Pisces), though, following on his commentary about this is less about the job and more about the work of the work? The requirement to put one foot in front of the other to get to the end? There's a bit of material that's been left undone, and we really should attend to this now. After all, this task in front of our **Sagittarius** selves is more about the hard part of the job, the driving, the perspiration, we're not at [inspiration](#), not quite yet.

Capricorn

I glanced at a sign in local coffee shop and thought I read, "Almond Chicken Mocha." Wasn't what I saw, not really, but it was what my brain intreated at the time, and I was going to run with that.

How about an [almond](#) chicken latte?

Not sure any of this is real, but then, the nature of reality is one of the oldest philosophical debates, is this all a dream, or is it real? Or, if you're of a certain age, "Is it Memorex?"

Where I live, with its close proximity to Louisiana, chicory is a common coffee element. Not unusual, not around here. So the mistake, "Almond Chicken Latte" was really about some other kind of connection, but the problem being, I jumped to hasty conclusion, and made a connection that was — frankly — not present. I can save **Capricorn** the embarrassment of making a hasty assumption and arriving at an erroneous conclusion by reminding you about my faulty memory and "Almond Chicken Mocha."

Aquarius

Life is not a binary equation. It — life **Aquarius** — doesn't resolve to a simple "Yes" or "no" equation. I like it when the equations are simple. However, this week's **Aquarius** energies require a complex algorithm to answer the questions, and to most effectively set the destinations?

The arrangement for arriving at the **Aquarius** answers, or the answers the **Aquarius** wants and needs? There's a set of conditional statements. "If the answer is yes, then we proceed in this direction, and if the answer is no, then we proceed forward in this direction," with an understanding that each of those possible directions have further questions that qualify, suggest, organize, and set possible limits on directions.

Each situation this next few days is fraught with possible outcomes. Instead of simple, "Black and White," none of this binary. Me? I can reduce it to binary question, but just as soon as that's done, then there's the the question about the conditional answer, and this is why the answer to this week's set of questions is not really as a simple as it seems, "If this, then this, which implies this, but might really mean this, so we need to proceed in this direction, conditionally, for now," but be aware that the **Aquarius** algorithm can kick in and subtly shape the outcomes.

"If this, then maybe, this, and maybe that, and we will [refine our answers](#) as more **Aquarius** data is available."

Pisces

Ever meet a person who — it [feels](#) like — just swallows your own soul? Someone comes swimming into your life and there's a connection, a real, palpable connection, you can feel it in your heart of hearts.

I'm [Sagittarius](#), so the terms “soulmate” and “cellmate” are uncomfortably close in sound.

This is also less of a connection that ends in a soulmate, and more of connection that ends with solid friendship. Perhaps more than just friends, but a little less than the **Pisces** standard lover.

This is about connections between people, and there's one — probably a new one — entering the *Life of Pisces* this next few days. I would tend to see this as a casual connection that holds earmarks, and symbolic meaning, but might not be a lover, not in the conventional sense.

Aries

A single idea, a simple image can give birth to strange new worlds and hitherto unrealized directions. Starts with a single image, [Car Crushing Bump](#) was the one for me. An idea, in that case it was a simple image, that spawned a website that still rolls along, although, some of the conditions have changed, still, it's operative even now. The reason I was thinking about that idea, a single image? A single image that created a whole collection, even spun off a real, printed book? Started with a simple image coming out of TexMex place for lunch.

That singular image, a sign that said, “Car Crushing Bump?” That's what is probably ahead for Aries. “A ‘car crushing bump’?” Yes, in a word. Now, this can play out two ways, and they seem pretty far apart, when in fact, they are far apart. Either you drive right over the car crushing bump and feel the underpinnings of the drivetrain ripped asunder, or you use that idea to launch something new.

It's your choice, Aries. You did see the [sign](#), though — no excuses.

Taurus

“I always dreamed of having a little business on the side where I...”

It's the “dot dot dot” part that I can't fill in for **Taurus**.

But you can. I've tinkered with a number of collectible items, mostly hardware, and I wanted an Apple Computer museum, at one time, again, this is just my partial list of ideas. I've long held a fascination with older, American cars, the original iron from Detroit. Same for British Roadsters or variations on the [VW Bug](#). All held fascination at one time or another. However, I don't want to get greasy anymore, so cars are out. I'm not interested of trolling eBay for deals and steals and learning about any new collectible material, so that's out, too. The idea remains, but none of it really holds enough of a grip on my psyche to make it appealing to me. However, as **Taurus**, there's a side business you're interested in. Start taking steps toward that goal. Look up prices, look up sources, look up sellers, look up buyers,

estimate what it could earn you, then adjust that estimate with real-world — **Taurus** — knowledge. You can make this work, but it will take some planning, and I'd suggest you sort with a simple spreadsheet. Hobbies that make money? That's a tiny business.

"I always dreamed I would have a little business where I..."

Fill in the blank.

Gemini

My business tended to be largely cyclical, depending on the variations and [vagaries](#) of the seasons. Over the year, though, my business has tended to even out some, as I learned to fill in the blanks with [longer-term goals and tasks](#). I don't tend to have a "slow season," not so much, not anymore. However, there is a dip in earned income incoming. That is seasonal. As an astrologer, I prepare for this. As an astrologer, I've tracked this over the years, and I'm aware that this is going on, or that it is coming up. And as a **Gemini**-compliant astrologer, I'm warning you that this is a dip, either here now, or in the next few weeks. Just a seasonal slow spot, *not* the end of the world. For those of us who are freelance? Task, or project-specific earned income? Probably a slow spot. Not the end, and the holidays will kick it all back up into high gear, but, yeah, a little slow spot now. [Worried? Don't be](#). The **Gemini** mind can easily find all manner of things to keep it occupied for the time being. No, seriously. You can clean this place a little, right?

Cancer

I got an idea. A pop-up Xmas setting. I'm a firm believer that no Xmas decorations or *anything* Xmas should be put on display, or even thought about until after Thanksgiving (US). Period. No decorations in October, that's just wrong, on so many levels. Just wrong. However, think about a single way to make it all work, and work well, in hurry.

Last year, right after the big Xmas crap was over, I picked up a sweet deal on sale item: a genuine fake Xmas tree, with lights and boxed up. All I have to do is pull it out of the box, and the branches fold down, and I have an instant Xmas tree display. Super easy. Simple. No mess, no fuss. This took planning, preparation, and little scheming ads I had to hit the store when all that crap was on sale, between Xmas and New Year.

I'm prepared for Xmas. Just whip that sucker out of its box, and I got a tree. Lights, just plug it in. Nothing else is required. Domestic bliss, such as it is.

Cancer: for the Moon Children, I was envisioning something a little more elaborate but still, in the box. Like a suitcase Xmas display for the office, just whip that crap out, and it's an explosion of Santa Claus, elf, and related foppery. This is the time to get it ready. Not unfold it all, just set the stage. Staging. This week is all about staging for the near future.

However, please, respect the holiday, no Xmas decorations until **after** Thanksgiving. (At least, none that you can see yet.)

The Leo

There's usually a cold snap in November, but then it will warm back up to typical, balmy, south Texas weather. I finally got used to the idea of having to wear long pants for a few days and then I'm back in shorts. The short burst of arctic air, obviously a Canadian export, burns off and I'm back to normal.

Like south Texas weather in November, there's the astrological weather for **The Leo**: cold, warm, cool, hot again. One buddy called this "psychotic ex" weather, and if we are to be believed, we all have a crazy ex someplace in our distant past. But this is about weather, not failed romance.

I got to thinking about it, for perspective, there are probably a few ex-girlfriends who rate me as a psychotic ex. Hey, at the time? It probably fit. I didn't see it that way, but [I'm not an unbiased observer](#).

The Leo: be aware that the emotional timbre of the times shifts, rapidly, easily, and — apparently — with little or no notice. Warm, cold, hot. Freezing rain that paralyzes this town. Shorts, two days later. All the pile up in *Scorpio* does this to you. Hot and cold, sometimes the same day. Here? I've seen this. Had to run the AC and the heater, same day.

The Leo: you have now been formally apprised of the situation. Dress accordingly.

Virgo

Many, many years ago, I sat on the floor of the *New Age Bookstore* in [South Austin](#), and I paged through several copies of the *I-Ching*. I would look up specific passages in at least three different versions, translated by various scholars, to see how each interpreted a single symbol. I don't recall, there are a ton of variations, but each interpretation that I read that sweaty summer afternoon in South Austin? I was originally intent on purchasing a single copy of the *I-Ching* to use as a reference, but the lack of any kind of cohesive meaning left me disturbed and confused.

After that experience, I've never really investigated the *I-ching* again. I do use Taoist and other Zen writings as a source of spiritual material, and I've noted the problems between [translations](#) with some of the more recent Roman authors I cite.

The problems facing **Virgo** is a tendency to fall into a trap like a single translation of the *I-ching*, and believe that it is the single source for data. Just comparing through "authoritative" versions should indicate the problems with trusting a single source, **Virgo** dear.

Libra

My [habit](#) has [roots](#) deep in old East Austin, back when it was a dicey neighborhood, before the *Urban Gentrification* crowd moved in and took over. I lived close to a cheap storefront and a big, ethnically oriented grocery chain. I would tend to buy the "Seven Day Candle" with some unknown saint's name and icon on the front, then a brief prayer on the back of the label, usually printed in Spanish then English.

The neighborhood had been student ghettos turned barrio, and was in the process of being “rediscovered.” I fancied myself an urban adventurer when I was just post-gradual school, starting out as a full-time astrologer.

The source of that habit might be deeper, I’m unsure, but I know I was in the habit of leaving a candle lit, at all times. The reason I mentioned the old roots, deep in old Austin, was to show some source material. Those candles cost a dollar — or less — and they were a symbol of keeping the home fires burning. I got to where I would only leave the candle lit on the stove itself, under a metal hood, about as safe as any place.

There’s a way, as a gentle **Libra**, there’s a way to pay homage to old traditions, older flames, older ideal, and perhaps, older beliefs. The converse side of this idea, as a gesture for this week’s **Libra news**? Keep that price at a buck, or less.

Horoscopes starting 11.2.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 01, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/11/horoscopes-starting-11-2-2017/>

“I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.”

— King Richard, [King Richard II](#) Act 5, Scene 5

On sale now: [Chart Reports](#).

Horoscopes starting 11.2.2017

Scorpion

Scorpio

Many happy Solar Returns to my extra-fine **Scorpio** friends, fans and flames. To the regular **Scorpio** buddies, then? Meh. But to the ones who notice that the sun is brighter, the [sky](#) seems a little more crisp and the weather makes the atmosphere feel sharper, more alive? Yes, you're the ones, “Extra-Fine.” It's a gradation and applies, even now. Between the machinations of a few planets, most notably, the Sun and Jupiter, with a slight boost as Mercury is at the tail-end of **Scorpio**, but all of that adds up to motion.

The *Secret to Scorpio Success* in the next few days is action. Motion, action, keep putting one foot in front of the other, figuratively, or literally, one foot in front of another. Action. Motion. Direction.

Sagittarius

As the weekend arrives, so does *Mercury*. Mercury tends to infuse a sense of needing to communicate, and while that's all well and good, not everyone wants to listen to what we've got say. Bless our **Sagittarius** souls. Kind of problem, we're full of good information, and no one wants to listen. See how this works?

I use little [squares](#) of paper that have sticky stuff at one end, the ubiquitous “Post It” notes. I use old business cards, with a blank back side, I use a fine-point Sharpie. I use a pencil, sometimes. Or just a regular Sharpie, and quad-ruled piece of notebook paper. All of this is analog, just spurious notes that I'm sure someone will want to hear about. I keep thinking it's now, but it's not.

The *Secret to Sagittarius Success* in the following days? Until the rest of the planets can catch up with *Mercury*, realize his influence and jot down that idea. We can broadcast it at a later date. This week, right now, next few days? No matter what the intent, maybe not the [best time](#) to do this, not yet.

Capricorn

A while back, a neighborhood list noted the presence of a nesting pair of [“Crested Caracara”](#) in the area. A few weeks later, I dropping off some fishing gear with a buddy, I don't recall how his wade boots and bait bucket wound up at my place, and turning into his tidy little subdivision, I noticed there was a large pair of raptors, on the ground. Turkey Buzzards, Black Vultures, Red-Tail Hawks, all of those are quite common in my little slice of South Texas. See them all the time. Used to even see them downtown, even, back in the day, downtown Austin.

I wasn't sure of the birds' designation, I just knew that they weren't typical. I made notes, dropped off the fishing gear, and when I left, the big birds had moved on. Still, it was a matter of being aware of what was happening, in my little world.

Capricorn: Pause. Pause long enough to note that there was crest to the bird's coloration, and what I would think of as light-colored feathers, sort of a cream color, without the big, furry raptor leggings. Pause long enough to realize what it is that you're looking at, so you can accurately portray that data at a later time. Pause long enough, maybe a [cell phone image](#)? Yeah, maybe not that long.

Aquarius

“You **don't** understand!”

Yes I do.

“No, you **really** don't get it!”

Yes I do.

“No, you really have **no grasp** of the situation and the urgency!”

Yes I do.

Plus, I have a [suggestion](#) or two. As an **Aquarius**-friendly astrologer, I understand the level frustration as planets cruise through *Scorpio* and how that can set up an irritating energy. Here's the trick, and it is a [cosmic](#) trick, foisted some mean-spirited planets, but the trick is to understand the enemies. Not bad, not good, just pressure. Find a correct outlet for that pressure.

The challenge for **Aquarius** is to hit that balance point between letting off steam and making a statement.

See? I do get it. Shoot for that middle point, the balance between statement and steam.

Pisces

Ad I saw recently?

“Girls skinny boyfriend jeans! On sale now!”

What it was, near as I could surmise, as I was piecing this together from peripheral sources, looked like jeans that were in “girls” sizes, but designed to look like a boyfriend’s skinny jeans. I never got close enough to see which side the button was on, or the tab, whatever, the zipper and so forth, to see if they were really “male” jeans as compared to “female” jeans. There is a difference, right? This is targeted to a fairly narrow population, and the [bigger](#) problem? That segment of the population isn’t really fond of clever marketing — especially when it is an item that is supposed to fool people. Advertising that fools people.

Some people try to hard to be cute, to be appealing, to make “this” — and we’re not sure what “this” is — it all work. Two guidelines, this next few days, if you’re selling, quit trying so hard to be cute. If you’re being sold to? Looking at the ad for “Girls skinny boyfriend jeans?” Maybe skip it.

Aries

When I spun your planets around, I kept thinking about an [experience](#) that I had. I was dating this one woman, and I had a chance to either spend a weekend with her, or spend my weekend working at an event. I needed the money. I worked. Didn’t go ever well with her, and there’s a reason we’re no longer dating, but there’s always a time when “work” — however that might appear — tends to *over-rule* the romantic.

The way I justified this, to myself, at that time? I had to [work](#) to be able to afford to take her to nice places. Simple enough, no?

There’s a weird way to see this week’s **Aries** energies, but it seems to be about whether or not you should work. For me, with the ubiquity of the inter-webs now, I have no problem checking for those mission-critical notices at 1:00 AM. More than one client has commented I don’t seem to sleep. I do. I just have a dedicated practice, and that I work at, a little almost every day.

If, like me, you’re doing what you really enjoy, does that seriously qualify as work? Either way, be willing to sacrifice short-term “fun” for longer-term financial gain for **Aries**.

Taurus

For those of us who have [lived in trailer parks](#), we understand how this works, all too well. There’s something just terminally alluring about watching the drama unfold, across the way. The antics and shenanigans of the neighbors are far more interesting than anything happening in our own world. Why have daytime TV when there’s the neighbors to watch? This one guy kept trying to make it with this other girl, and then she was busy with that drunken fool of a boyfriend, plus there’s always the cranky old man and his latest car he’s going to fix up and sell for big dollars to some collector. Rusting, right next to his other three project cars. Drama, trauma, and a real, live soap opera, right there, just off the front stoop of the trailer.

Like I asked, rhetorically, have you ever lived in a trailer park?

The **Taurus** challenge in the next few days is to not get involved. We can watch, all we want, but there's a guy in Austin still mad at me because I didn't finish helping him "renovate" his British sports car thing. I'll bet, even now, it's still up on blocks. I said I'd help, I didn't say I would do all the work. See what happens when we get involved? Still mad at me, more than a decade later.

Gemini

My interpretation of **Gemini** energy — energies — is one where there's a bunch of lightening bolts that represent ideas, just shooting out, all over the place. "Let me say this about that, and then, that about this, and then, more about both of these as well as that other topic..." I tend to rely on **Gemini** as a fount for information, real, imagined, or perceived. All good, all the time. And? All over the place, all the time. So far, good enough? Right?

I tend to see that typical **Gemini** as "omnidirectional" at all times. This is not "all times," though. This is a weird week to be a **Gemini** and as such, the quickest way to get this week harnessed?

One direction. Pick one. Harness the energy of Mars — still in *Libra* — to the best and fullest **Gemini** strength. Pick one direction. This isn't for, like, ever, Just for a few days. One direction. Focus. You can do it. I know you can.

Cancer

It's been some years since I've been exposed to this, but back as a much younger man, I saw it more frequently than my mechanical self would like: dieseling. It's when a car's motor is shut off, and then the motor turns over a few times, shudders once, then finally expires. The culprits are varied, but it is usually a function of carbon build-up in the heads and bad gas. Turn the motor off and the motor doesn't die right away, makes a few more turns then shudders, usually shaking the frame of the car itself, then everything stops.

The planets reminded me of that, for **Cancer**, as the *Moon Children* get a lingering shudder from the planet motor of life. There's a dying shudder, not really a death rattle, but — certainly to some of us — very much like that. When a car's motor does the *dieseling thing*, I know it's time for a tune-up, better gas, and maybe pop the heads off the motor to look around. Timing, carburetor, all of that. Major overhaul. **Cancer** is looking at something that requires some attention. The little shudder, after the device is shut off? That's the clue.

The Leo

The longer I toyed with **The Leo** charts for this next few days, the more a single image started to emerge. It's about "Turning over rocks." While I don't think you'll be out in the backyard really turning over [rocks](#), it's an idea that carries some weight. As a methodology for **The Leo** for this next couple of

days, excavating, real or imagined, and seeking, figuratively or realistically, and then, seeking a little further, perhaps deeper, than usual. There's a message that is easy for me to see, but I'm not **The Leo** and the message is about willingness to dig a little deeper to get the point. A little more evidence, perhaps more data is needed to effectively draw a conclusion. Dig deeper. Or, like I suggested, just turn over a few more rocks.

I get this image of **The Leo** just poking at a rock with a boot toe, then casually lifting up the rock. Big night crawler (worm). "Oh look, useful bait for fishing!"

See how easy that was? Turn over a few rocks, see what that turns up for **The Leo**.

Virgo

I have always maintained that **Virgo** has a secretive side; a private life of **Virgo**, if you will. I will. There's a highly circumspect, slightly askew, daintily off-center, provocative, and yet, somewhat reluctant to let certain issues see the light of day facet to **Virgo**.

The question — this week — for **Virgo**? How do you reveal your innermost self without revealing too much? There are some who live [their whole lives online](#), full-frontal, where everyone can see. There are no secrets. There are some who live their whole lives in total obscurity, wrapped in fear that someone will discover the deepest secret, and that puts every thing at risk.

There's a marked tendency in **Virgo**, with the Sun in *Scorpio*, to reveal too much. Maybe think about it before you say it. Not like I got any room to talk about this myself, no, I'm prone to the big mistakes, loudly, publicly, and in the most embarrassing way possible. Don't be like me, no, not this week, **Virgo** dear, *do not* follow my example.

Libra

Because I deal with a variety of belief systems, I can use a variety of systems to affect change. Some folks are entrenched in the Judeo-Christian Mythos, others, hardcore Zen. I've got a sprinkling of Taoist training, myself, which I adore, and it seems to work fairly effectively. Still it's a matter of tuning a modality to what works best. I speak "Redneck." I can also talk thematic elements present in Shakespeare's later works, as a reflection of the milieu into which he was born. My own beliefs are rather fluid, depends on the time of the day, setting, or current events.

The opening quote is from a [Shakespeare play](#) with a weird history. I've seen it interpreted a number of ways. There's a reminder, via *Mars*, still lingering in **Libra**, that serves to make one afraid that time spent contemplating alternative beliefs is a waste of time. It's not. Simple message. Time spent searching is not a waste. Never know what the *Mars* influence will turn up, too.

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Horoscopes starting 11.23.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 22, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/11/horoscopes-starting-11-23-2017/>

(Aside.)

“Now by the gods, I do applaud his courage.”

Simonides in Shakespeare’s *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* (2.5.58)

Horoscopes starting 11/23/2017

Sagittarius

Sagittarius

Backing up my astrological statements with both observations and [empirical evidence](#) is part of my trade. When I make broad, sweeping statements about signs and conditions, I tend to use material I have observed before. Seen it, felt it, been *there* myself. I have first hand experience, and that makes my observations more real — to me — anyway. All that matters is me pleasing me.

So the November **Sagittarius** tend to be a little wilder than the [rest of the crew](#). The December ones are much more mellow, easier, more tame. Calmer. Relatively speaking.

With that in mind, as even my own birthday approaches, there’s a quiet calm we should all embrace. For those of with birthdays this week? Pretend our birthday is in December. Pretend we’re a little more calm, a perhaps more reserved, and somewhat less hasty to jump to conclusions.

Capricorn

The Sea Goat

A particular drive-thru place screwed up a very simple order I placed. Complicated the order beyond reason, then, overcharged me. Because this was a drive-thru service, I had no recourse. No way to go back and say, “You screwed this up AND overcharged me! Really?” I mean, sure, I could’ve wheeled the tiny hybrid back around, but be realistic, not a good idea.

Because that particular drive-thru is so convenient for me? I went back another time, and I had another transaction that was less than satisfactory. This time, the transaction was tied to a credit card with an email address, so I was sent a customer survey. Recalling that I had two, not one but two transactions that were, in my mind, **epic fail** from the point of the customer service and customer dissatisfaction, I wrote a scathing review, giving the store a big, fat zero for satisfaction.

Before you follow me and do the same thing? On my way to work the other morning, I had to go through

that drive-thru again. It was fastest and most convenient. Not a choice I liked, but convenience counts in this game. I thought about ordering food. Then I thought about my recent experiences, and my reactions to their failures, and I know that the reviews get posted in the [back room](#). Bet someone knew it was me. Yeah, I double-checked the drink, and instead of food, I just went hungry. Next time, I'll drive through some other place.

It's about recalling what seeds we've sown, and then, not trampling on the little fledgling plants. Or, if we've sown seeds of discord? Maybe avoiding the place altogether.

Aquarius

The Water Bearer

Most of my fine Aquarius friends suggest that they are all like, "an open book," implying, that they are all easy to read and understand. No secrets. No hidden flaws or occult superpowers. Like, "Dude, if I could fly through the air, I'd a-told you. You know?"

There comes a time when we should all play our hands a little closer to our chests. There comes a time when a modicum of privacy and demure redirection is fine. Not exactly subterfuge or outright lies, but less hyperbole, and more circumspect of an **Aquarius** answer. Qualify, deflect, and less revealing. Just because you know the right answer, immediately, doesn't mean you should offer that up, not right away.

"Err on the side of caution" would be the buzz words for this next few days. Happy holidays, give my best your family.

Pisces

The Fishes

Tomatoes, garlic, and avocado. Plus dark chocolate. Go.

Go, **Pisces**, go. The foods were listed as "super foods" to help you lose weight, maintain a healthy weight, or bulk up, depends on the way one wants to go. As a super foods, though, these are the ones a person should eat a lot of. The first three, that's easy, a guacamole salads of sorts. That would work. I'm not sure how to work in the dark chocolate with the guacamole, though. Just not sure it fits. But that dark chocolate is usually part of a good mole sauce, a delicacy in my neck of the woods. One buddy suggested that certain dishes define various TexMex and "Mexican" restaurants. One important way to test a place is the mole, pronounced "mole-AY."

So, perhaps a diet that is largely TexMex, to use my vernacular, would be beneficial to **Pisces**? Is that the hint? No. Well, maybe. Yes, for some. For others, this breaks down the way you want it to, but it's about what's healthy and good for, while making it enjoyable, too.

This week is about food, and let's think about food that is good, but let's think, healthy, too. Like that original grocery list, Tomatoes, garlic, avocado, and dark chocolate.

Aries

The Ram

Let's try this in a very non-traditional **Aries** way. Let's try non-confrontational. As Mars rakes his way through *Libra*, opposite from you, Mars is inching closer to being in opposition to Uranus. So, in anticipation of that celestial event, let's try something different: be non-confrontational. The usual **Aries** methodology is to charge ahead with the *status quo*, and that's not going to work. The first **Aries** comment?

"Your *status* isn't very *quo*!"

Which is why a direct confrontation, or even an attempt to prove that your **Aries** self is right and the rest of us are wrong? Again, back to the idea that you might be 100% correct, but the next few days are not the time to start the battle. Can't win.

"But I can win! I'm right!"

I know that. You know that. It's just the odds are against you, and the safest course of action is to bid your time and wait.

You'll be much better served if you're non-confrontational just now.

Taurus

The Bull

Buddy calls me up, "Hey, let me ax you a question..." That's his lead in, every time, and that is also a hint, he already has an answer to the question, all figured out. He's not digging for data, he's trying to validate his own stance or position. The last time?

It was funny situation with his girlfriend, and my buddy was clearly wrong, but the way he framed the interrogatory, he did his best to make it look like he was right, even though, if he had actually pursued his position that girlfriend would be an ex-girlfriend. Not like he's getting any younger, or better looking, so, when he tried to "Ax me a question," I suggested the girlfriend was probably right. Didn't go over well with my buddy, but as a **Taurus**, what with holiday madness, and general insanity, got to be careful about trying to push an agenda where, in your heart, you know you're not in the correct way.

Yeah, I know, "But I'm different, let me just ax you a question..."

Compromise, take your licks, and have a happy holiday season.

Gemini

The Twins

As an occasionally sensitive **Gemini**, you feel it when there are these shifts. There's a palpable change in

the air. Locally? I mean, for me? It seems like it is suddenly a lot cooler. As the Sun shifts to *Sagittarius*, there's a discernible change in the air. Feels cooler — or warmer — or different.

One **Gemini**, in Austin, was always funny, "It's finally sweater weather!" She looks great in such attire. Her cashmere collection tended to accentuate her form best.

As a **Gemini**, there's that palpable change. You can feel it in the air tonight. Use that change to accentuate some of the finer **Gemini** traits. Could be a simple shift in the weather. Or a similar kind of change. Use it, my little **Gemini**, work it.

Cancer

The Crab

The holidays are upon us, once again. Driven by conscious and subconscious urges, desires, and unseen forces, our poor, beleaguered **Cancer** psyche, the very soul of the *Moon Children* is being cajoled, and cudged, with holiday crap. Forces seemingly beyond our kin are suggesting that we are less than a whole person unless we buy this one item, or make that one purchase, or drink this one kind of beverage.

The madness will take its toll. The holiday crazy will extract a revenge on your poor, much put out **Cancer Moon Child** soul.

You get one "cheat," one "out." One "give me."

For me, I'll have one, exactly one, Starbucks Egg Nog Latte — but just one. It has like, a well over a thousand empty calories and useless milk fats, caffeine, and very little redeeming social value, other than I might sprinkle nutmeg across the top. Nutmeg has some metaphysical properties. I get one of these, and then I'm back to my usual dark, bitter roasts, served with no adulterants.

Give into one holiday splurge, then back to work. Big rewards if you limit your indulgences at the moment. Promise, big pay off.

The Leo

The Leo

Sometimes, it is the simplest of expressions. I was in a store, and the impossibly young lady wore a simple shift. Dress. I'm not sure what they are called. It was simple, in that it draped at her shoulders, leaving them bare, and from there, it was essentially shapeless, all the way down. Nothing revealing at all. Not a single tight, hugging curve to hint at her legs, or shape underneath the dress. Think: plain, brown wrapper. However, the way she moved, the captivating smile, the way her eyelids seemed to flutter as she demurely glanced downward, then looked back up? Merry, and hints of fun, alluded to in an easy smile. But, the shift itself revealed nothing at all. Not even a hint. No slit up the side to show off impossibly long legs, toned and rippling, no hint at cleavage, no, none of that. It was the most non-description attire I've seen in awhile.

Plain, brown wrapper. That's basically what the dress was, a plain, brown wrapper. With all the crap in

Scorpio, and the Sun moving into noisome *Sagittarius*? **The Leo** should think about the appeal of the plain, brown wrapper.

Virgo

The Virgin

Should read, “Thanks for donating to our pet food drive.” Typo, as I read it? “Thanks for donating your pet to our food drive.”

That’s a funny one. Not entirely out of the realm of possible [scenarios](#), either, as I know one gentleman rancher, and his wife names all the livestock.

To quote, “You really shouldn’t be giving them a name, not if they are going to be food one day.”

It’s kind of amusing, to me, in a weird way, that guy’s wife is vegetarian. He’s pure Texas rancher. So, according to him, one shouldn’t name animals that are destined to be a part of the *food chain*. There’s a chance for a mix-up, and in my case, it was simple riff from a typo about donating pet food to donating a pet as food. The idea is to watch out. Or catch them and laugh about it, “thanks for donating your pet to our food drive.”

Libra

The Scales

I can’t believe I saw this one — again. A number of my buddies all now sport insulated “Thermos” (like) tumblers for heated beverages. Usually for coffee in the morning. I bought one, as a gift, not long ago, and it was well-received. I paid, let’s say, \$5. I’m a good shopper. Thermos-like, really, a well-known brand, and it was a sale item. \$5. Got a clear image?

Big, famous sale website, known for supposedly steep discount items, ran a special, cycled through here the other day, two tumblers, for \$20. So that’s ten bucks apiece, or, roughly, twice what I paid for one. [Plus shipping and handling](#), I’m sure.

Libra shopping is important. Compare. Contrast. Compare and contrast before making a deal.

“Look, 2 for \$20, then I would have a spare!”

Or 1 for \$5, no spare required and about half the cost.

Libra: Compare. Contrast. At the very least? Shop around before you commit.

Scorpio

Scorpion

Confusion. Simply put: confusion. I passed close to a certain **Scorpio**, and she sniffed.

“Lavender, delicate essences, and then, something floral, I’m not sure what.”

I maintain [I’m strange combination](#) of profound and profane. The essence, the purple stuff, was from an artisanal soap, local, handmade, ergonomically correct, vegan, not tested on animals, and free-range. Free-range soap. It has a delicate aroma because the ingredients are fresh, and very local, less than 50 miles, I think.

That was the lavender.

The floral essence? I have a receding hairline. Been like this for years, no big deal. I use whatever inexpensive products I can find in the discount bin at the warehouse store. The expiration date might be in the previous millennia, at a buck a pop, I don’t look too close. The conditioner, super-cheap, and to be honest, I just let that stuff soak on my ponytail, not much else.

Back to the question from a certain **Scorpio** as to what the essence was? And my suggestion that this week holds some confusion for **Scorpio**? The aromatic blend is part health and wellness in one extreme, and the other part of it is cheap chemicals. Profound and profane, all in one sniff. This is the source of the confusion. The Scorpio take-away? A bot of both, combine both elements, like I do some days.
astrofish.net

Horoscopes starting 11.30.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 29, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/11/horoscopes-starting-11-30-2017/>

It's fit it should be so, for princes are
A model which [heaven](#) makes like to itself.
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honor, daughter, to entertain
The labor of each knight in his device.

Simonides in [Shakespeare](#)'s *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* (2.2.10-5)

Mercury commences a [retrograde pattern](#), almost on top of Saturn, both still in Sagittarius, which is going to add a certain flair for the dramatic to the holiday events. While not bad, it might not be an auspicious time to start anew. See the horoscopes for further details.

On sale now: [Chart Reports](#).

Horoscopes starting 11.30.2017

[Sagittarius](#)

SagittariusThe [catalog](#) was sealed, expensive mailer, and it was addressed to a previous occupant — or current resident — which made the catalog mine. I opened it up. It was that material that borders between professional and DIY home-based operators. Heavy-duty construction gear. I don't need a drill that will puncture hardened concrete, repeatedly. Only time I ever needed that? I called up a neighbor. Used it for less than minute of run time. Hardly suggest a warranted purchase of an expensive piece of equipment, like that catalog advertised. As I lazily flipped through the pages, the heavy-duty outerwear caught my attention.

Sagittarius: This is what the guys working at the side of the road wear, the guys building the high rises and pouring concrete, hanging sheetrock, serious labor. People who are out-of-doors, in sub-freezing temperatures, for 8 or more hours at a time.

Happy birthday, **Sagittarius:** That catalog, and the images, then thinking about the material, as Mercury and Saturn spin us one, last time? It's like that catalog, [I live in a place](#) where the days I see freezing weather? I know better than to go outside. Heavy-duty equipment? Not much of a chance I'll ever really require that. OK to look, just don't spend too much time dreaming about unrealistic needs.

Capricorn

The Sea GoatThe question, way I heard it, “Is 32 enough for a brown bear?” Hunting buddies. No, I don’t hunt, but I’m not morally opposed to it — this is Texas. However, overhearing just the snippet of conversation, a third buddy joined in, wondering if this was about the age of girlfriend, and if that was OK for a brown bear. He was a younger man, so 32 would’ve been “age appropriate” for him.

The question quickly developed into mirth, as each party recognized the problem with translation, misappropriation, and misguided good nature. The question, kind of moot for around here, was if a 32 caliber firearm was sufficient to halt, bring down a brown bear. I have no way of answering that, and it’s not even a question I’m interested in pursuing. I would suppose it had to do with the size of the bear.

Capricorn: While I was greatly amused, as that conversation spun so far out of control, in less than 30 seconds, as I spun around your planets to gather up an influence, that conversation was stuck in my head. In part, due to the obscurity of the references, and in part, due to the way no one caught what the other was talking about. **Capricorn?** Careful about building up a story from a completely incorrect understanding of the original intent of the conversation.

Aquarius

The Water BearerOver the years, over the course of a lifetime, I’ve had a number of teachers. One trick to always be willing to learn, when a teacher shows up. However, the nature of the way I take in information, process it, and the act of learning, for me, is a more and more convoluted. I pick up a topic, a thread of thought. I pick at it, pull on the thread to unravel the thought, and then I find a point where I might like to dig.

For **Aquarius** at this time? Conventional horoscope wisdom leans one way. I see a different trend and that follows your discursive, meandering **Aquarius** thought process as we embark on a new field of study. Maybe that’s not the correct term, “new field of study,” but other options, like “new course of study” are too heavy-handed.

Instead of trying to control the impulses? When that curiosity gets piqued? You have my permission, even encouragement, to follow that down whatever rabbit hole you like.

Pisces

The FishesIn [South Texas](#), where I’m generally located, late December, January, and part of February brings a plague called “Cedar Season.” The hills are alive with an imported brand of mountain cedar and those trees pollinate to populate, and that is like scourge upon the land. Flying into the airport, one year, the pollen was so dense it looked like a brown cloud. Some years, vehicles left outside wind up — over night — with a dusty coating of what turns out to be cedar pollen.

Depends on the years, the rain fall, weather patterns, tree growth patterns, cattle, any number of factors, but it can be quite debilitating. Some OTC antihistamines are useful, and can prove to be very effective. Left over from the old Austin days, I would just start to pop a 3rd Gen. antihistamine tablet with my morning vitamins. Proved to be as an effective measure as any against the pollen problem.

I've added a homeopathic element to my *Cedar Season* medicine cabinet, but I'm still taking those generic 3rd Gen. antihistamines. Time to start the seasonal preparations for that onslaught of cedar season. Or the Xmas holiday crap. One of those, whatever medical measures you take? **Pisces**, dear? Time to start now, getting ready.

Aries

The Ram If you go back and look over material I've [written](#) in the past, you'll find that I was warning you about this. Last couple of weeks, I've dropped subtle — and not subtle — hints about what to do. Get prepared. Be ready. Get the house in order. Holidays are madness and this one is compounded by two events, at least. One is the obvious *Mercury in Retrograde* while the other is less obvious to some, *Mars in Libra* — with Mars rapidly approaching a point where it opposes Uranus, currently in residence in **Aries**. I keep a case of bottled water on hand, at least a spare pound of ground coffee, and I have small fire pit in the backyard so I could, if need be, have a fire out there. It's mostly ceremonial, but still, it could be used, in a pinch, for a real emergency need of fire. I hardly think this is going to be the case, but the idea that I've got enough supplies to last few extra days? Very important and, and why I've been leading **Aries** down a particular path — never hurts to be prepared.

Rather than dramatic event, it could be something really simple like an ice storm. “Snowed in” to some signs, and around here, we have bad drivers on a good day so mix in the tiniest fraction of frozen precipitation? Just sucks. Mention ice and cars fishtail into the ditch. So?

So I'm prepared to hole up for two or three days while the ice melts. I'll be in shorts in no time, again, but that's why I was just suggesting you stock up on a few essential items.

Taurus

The BullEver had “State Fair” (brand) corn dogs? I'm not sure that they are really a “state fair” brand of corn dog, but the idea, they can't sell that without some kind of official affiliation, right?

The last box I had of those sat in the freezer for a good month or two before, cold winter's night, I realized I was super hungry and just wanted a little something to munch on. Peel out of its packaging, and pop it in the microwave for a minute. Yummy corndog. No mess, no fuss, nothing to clean up later because it has its own stick for serving. Makes it super easy. Convenient.

As we start up with this *Mercury in Retrograde* week again? Convenient, simple, easy, microwave-safe, and delicious comfort food is required. That brand of corn dog was cheap, and seemed to survive the freezer with equanimity so it's not a problem. Dig around, see what's left over that works to help assuage those Taurus (Mercury Retrograde inspired) trama.

“State Fair” corny dogs worked for me. Look at that, “Best used by Dec 2016,” wonder what that means.

Gemini

The Twins There was, at one time, a street in Austin that was famous for its Xmas lights. 38 and Half street. “We would start planning in July,” one guy was explaining. I am unsure if it is still a big deal, there, but it was at one time. In San Antonio, there’s one neighborhood that has similar tradition, with carloads of natives visiting from other places just to tour the huge collection of semi-amateur displays that can be quite festive, or just plain, over the top.

All that planning. All that preparation. All that work. Too much for me. If I can’t leave a string of Xmas lights up year-round? I’m not interested.

Gemini: the idea of Xmas lights is too much. Too much work, too much trouble, too much planning, and too much on the electric bill.

Doesn’t mean you can’t — *Mercury is in Retrograde opposite from you* — doesn’t mean you can’t enjoy the fruits of other peoples’ labors.

Cancer

The Crab I have a method for “wires management” that I’d like to pass along. Because chargers, jumpers, cables, speaker wires, headphones, adaptors, and every other conceivable wire is part of modern life? An effective way to manage those cables, wires, and spare parts to plug this into that? This is important. I have an old, looks like a small laundry basket. Just two-dollar laundry basket. Into it goes all my wires. Need a power cord for a generations old laptop? I’ve probably got something that will work. Might not be for that brand or model but the prongs line up. Male and female, work together, correctly. Looking for a way to bridge the gap between this accessory and that accessory, or plug a DVD player into a TV? Yes, I’ve got one of those things. A cable signal splitter? Think I’ve got one.

The more complicated the issue, the wiring challenge? The chance is I’ve got a something that will work. Instead of getting all wiggled out about this, though, what I do is just toss all the spare cables back in the laundry basket.

To make it through this holiday-flavored *Mercury in Retrograde*? Consider my method of wire management. Always got something on hand, as need be.

The Leo

The Leo There’s a saying about “No one ever went broke underestimating the American public,” or something like that. I can’t be bothered to find the source of the quote, or the exact wording, but as **The Leo**, I’m sure you’ll agree, there is no problem with those sentiments. It is a matter of taste. Most **Leo** taste better than any other sign. I’d say all, but there are always a few exception. However, most **Leo** are more exceptional than other signs.

There’s a question of style and tastes, and except for one very special **Leo** who has *Mercury Retrograde* in her natal chart, the rest of you? Yes, you have better tastes than everyone else. Yes, you taste better than everyone else. No, with the disruptive planetary forces right now? Not a good time to be making a call about taste. I’m not saying it’s always this way, but right now? Get them get cards. Just much easier.

Safer, too, as, despite your good tastes? The planets conspire to lead you into an investment that looks good, but only right now. In a few weeks? Not so much.

Typically, I can depends on my **Leo** friends as taste makers. Maybe not this week, not given the displacement of the planets.

Virgo

The VirginIn part, this is because I never understood why there was a “fiscal” year the was different from the commonly accepted 12-month calendar year. As far as my business, and [my personal life](#), the business year and the calendar, my company’s fiscal year, it all ends at the same time. Just makes record keeping a little easier. As I was toying with the **Virgo** charts, I noticed, with the Mars and Uranus opposition, there this was going to have an oblique impact on the **Virgo** chart. Take a quick look at where we are, **Virgo**-wise and where we stand with finances. Trial run before the end of the year. My sales are a little slow at the moment. I know, I’m not really **Virgo**, but you get the idea, right? A quick, 11-month summation of where you stand in the real works. There’s a few weeks left in the year, and before this Mercury Retrograde, oh crap, it’s already here, but before it sets in? A trial run of what the **Virgo** year-end might look like. Not a complete summary, or an actual financial document for tax — or business — purposes, but a quick glance, see what we see.

Most likely thing that will pop out of your mouth, and perfect for this time?

“Oh man, I’ve been meaning to fix that!”

Good timing, huh.

Libra

The ScalesI keep warning and advising, cajoling and gently correcting, you know. Then this is finally upon us and did you listen? Pay attention? Follow my soft susurrations, and suggestions — this is not the end of the world. Not the end of the Libra world, and not nearly as cataclysmic as it might seem at the time being.

As Mars lines up opposite from Uranus, there’s a sudden whoosh, a giant noise, a sucking sound, or a gust of air, something.

“Nature abhors a vacuum,” and the stars don’t like an apparently empty spot. As a **Libra**, there’s a lack of balance due to the planets, especially Mars and his not-so-cute buddy, Uranus.

The empty spot, the hole, the spot vacated, and that — as a **Libra** — you’re trying to fill?

It’s not really empty yet, so you can’t patch it, fill it, or otherwise deal with the stupid issue, just yet. [Pause](#).

Scorpio

ScorpionBlack Friday has come and gone. *Christmas Crush* is upon us. As a **Scorpio**, how does this play, next few days? Slow it down. Pause. Stop, think. “This looks like one heckuva deal, think I should get it, now?” Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe wait for a little while, and as we get closer to Xmas, that deal gets slashed in price. Much better deal, then. “But it’s a closeout sale, never this low, ever again!”

Until next week, week after.

Jupiter, in **Scorpio**, even now, lends an urgency, an expediency, and sense of need. I am *Sagittarius*, the sign associated with Jupiter, so I know thing or two about the planet’s influences.

Scorpio: Give it a Jupiter-pause. You can thank me, like, maybe in a few days, or a few weeks, even though, you know, you missed my birthday, you rat-bastard. You did that on purpose, right?

Seriously, I was joking. Just pause before you rush headlong into something that might be better advised to wait on. Yes, I know, holidays and insanity and all. Not worth the fight.

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Horoscopes starting 11.9.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 08, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/11/horoscopes-starting-11-9-2017/>

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove [stray](#), who dares say Jove doth ill?

Pericles in Shakespeare's
Pericles, [Prince of Tyre](#) (1.1.103-4)

Horoscopes starting 11.9.2017

Scorpio

Scorpion

One author I liked, one of his first novels was so tightly plotted, he described what it was like. He had a giant flow chart, pieces of paper taped together, stretching around his office, where he would write, and those lines had intricate details where "this" tied to "that," which then echoed back to a sub-plot in the first chapter, "there." Extremely complex and tightly woven. In subsequent novels, although there is evidence of such work, it's not nearly as difficult. The author himself has suggested he doesn't outline like that, not anymore. Too much work for too little reward.

As a **Scorpio**, this week unfolds with a myriad of allusions to previous events, then, there's some foreshadowing for next week, and then, too, there's that resolution to a small problem in the **Scorpio** sub-plot, leftover from the second chapter. Got all that?

You can endlessly complicate this, or you can just plow ahead. Personally looking at motion and relative motion? I'd suggest you just plow ahead. For the parts that you did outline? Yes, stick to the outlined plans. But for most of this? Ah, heck, just wing it like I do.

Follow plans that are in place, but you can make up stuff to fill in the parts you didn't plan.

Sagittarius

Sagittarius

Madness. As a **Sagittarius**, I don't flirt with madness. I take out, buy it dinner, take it home with me. See where this is going? *Madness* is our friend. What it says to me, light whispers in the night. As long as the Sun is in *Scorpio*, there's a weirdness quotient in **Sagittarius**. Don't avoid that weirdness. Take it out. Buy it dinner. See if that weirdness wants to come over to our place for a little nightcap — with all the implications thereof.

Sagittarius: We don't flirt with madness. We are going to clearly step over that line and make insinuations. There will be no doubt that we're more than just flirting with the insanity.

Every morning, when I wake, I get to make a choice, even before my feet hit the floor. I get to decide what kind of a day I will have. Good one? Bad one? Flirt with madness? Or embrace the unstable insanity and enjoy it?

Sagittarius: every morning. It's a choice.

Capricorn

The Sea Goat

I am not graceful. Never claimed to be. I take that back, as a much younger man, I might have suffered under the illusion that I was graceful, but we all now know this to be totally untrue. *I'm good with that!* Got it? None of this, "Oh but you are graceful in your own way" new age, self-help (male bovine excrement). I'm using me as the perfect example for **Capricorn**, as this week unfolds, there's a delicate dance required. I can describe the dance, I can show you pictures and videos of other people who can dance this dance, but I can't do it myself. We know that. It's an established fact. I tend to prefer not to even attempt this except when I'm here in my office with the door closed and no one can see. See? No witnesses.

The graceful dance requires, suggests, the planets suggest, and the idea behind the dance steps suggest a way to clear some space around your **Capricorn** self. Just get folks to step back for a few paces, give us some room, as we're about to try an elaborate move. Just want a little bit of space.

"If I can get you to step back about three paces...."

Or, in my case? Might want to move out of the splash [zone](#). But I'm not **Capricorn**.

Aquarius

The Water Bearer

Think about some kind of a [Xmas promotion](#). Think about some kind of special [Xmas thing you can do](#). As an **Aquarius**, yeah, a lot of you are not into the whole holiday thing, I get that. I understand. I have a firm belief that Xmas should not be addressed until after my birthday, or, at least not until after Thanksgiving (US holiday).

Until we get to that point of demarcation? No Xmas crap. However, as a forward-thinking **Aquarius**? Let's put some thought into an Xmas promotion of some sort. Maybe it's the Xmas email, perhaps a folksy chat with friends and family, perhaps it's that one gift you would like to get for — a favorite astrologer — or other special person? Doesn't mean that this is a big Xmas push, but one item, one promotion, one step, maybe just sort it out in the **Aquarius** head — maybe that's all that's required. While this energy varies from individual to individual, the outcome can be universally good. The trick? Think about some of Xmas promotion. Target. Think about an [Xmas target](#).

Pisces

The Fishes

One of the little realizations I finally got? When a particular situation, a person, an event, when some kind of action — or inaction on my part — makes me uncomfortable? There's a message buried in my discomfort. Traffic delay causes me to be late. Two possible interpretations, one, I — stupidly — didn't allow for [Austin's legendary traffic](#), or two, maybe my lack of hurry is part of the process?

I can blame the traffic for being late, but I can also blame myself for not thinking it all the way through, at first. Which points to the original source of the discomfort. I didn't allow for (obvious) exigent circumstances. My fault, and I'm the one who is uncomfortable.

So, this doesn't mean you're gong to get stuck in traffic, but it does mean that there will a single — or a series — of **Pisces** discomforts. Look at the underlying cause for consternation before you pound on the steering wheel.

Aries

The Ram

There are a couple of ways I have of measuring what's going on in the world. In particular, I have what I consider the "Spam Index." Depends on how much material I get as unsolicited commercial email, usually filtered and tossed before I ever see it? If a particular company is hitting me with tons of SPAM, I tend to see that as a desperate attempt to sell — *i.e.*, times are tough. Competition, the ever-changing face of the marketplace, the way material wends its lazy way to my doorstep, all of that.

Aries: the almost arbitrary "spam index" is as useful of a measure as anything else. The way it works, the "spam index" as I use it? It reeks of "desperate." Think about that. You're not desperate. Don't act desperate by bombarding us with messages.

Aries: the "spam index" smacks of desperation. You're far from desperate.

Taurus

The Bull

There is more than one way to approach this material. As a firm and gentle **Taurus**, you tend think that there is but one way to approach this situation. One way, no other options. I would suggest, even where Mr. Mars is at the moment? There is more than one way to approach this issue. See it from a different perspective. Ask someone you don't really like for some assistance. Ask a "friend-enemy" if your own perception about the obstacle and how to surmount that obstacle, ask that totally outside source for a possible solution.

Looking at this from a different perspective yields clues. Better yet, I know when I ask a "friend-enemy" for assistance, I tend to consider the other person's input as possibly tainted. Doesn't mean that this won't lead to a viable solution to that very **Taurus** problem, now does it?

Gemini

The Twins

Third time might be a charm. That's what they tell me, and as I was looking at the **Gemini** charts for the next few days, third time, I know, that's, like, about six times too many for a good **Gemini** like yourself. But give it a third try.

I had a **Gemini** tech buddy helping me sort out problems with some wiring here. Turns out there was a coax cable that had a kink in it. Previous contraction is the culprit, nothing to do with me, but trying to find out why there was an intermittent, non-recurring anomaly that paused internet delivery every few hours?

“Kink in the hose,” so to address the [issue](#) It was a cable with a tight turn, and when too much data was shoved through the cable, the little electrons slowed down for the tight turn. Not exactly a technical answer, but close enough for **Gemini** terms, right?

Took three tries for my **Gemini** buddy to state the problem.

“I know, right?” he said, “that's like two too many, huh?”

Cancer

The Crab

Paper booties. Ever seen those? Buddy of mine is an *honored Moon Child*, and he's also a decent plumber. Prefers fresh water plumbing, but he can fix many things. When he first showed up here, heavy work footwear, he deftly slipped paper booties over his big boots. Just like that. No mess, no fuss. No mud. No crap from running out to look at the drain plug, the septic tank cover, or whatever. All good.

This week requires some consumable product that works as a prophylactic to protect some aspect of the week. In my case? My example? There was nothing on the concrete floors that my buddy could hurt, but the gesture was nice. I want a house that I can hose out. Just rinse it all out, maybe once a year. No need for any other floor cleaning. Super-easy. Still, his gesture to pull on the booties was nice. Not needed, but for him, it's second nature.

Simple actions with good results. Simple, easy gesture.

The Leo

The Leo

One of my little **Leo** buddies works construction. He owns his own business, and as an owner/operator, he's quite good. Shows a tidy profit by rolling in more work and finishing the job, ahead of schedule and under budget. He also looks like a crew member, not the boss. He looks like that because, for this one **Leo** buddy, doing the work itself is part of the fun. Swinging a hammer, buzzing wood through saws, hollering, painting, lifting and so forth is part of what he likes. He enjoys the manual labor. He likes

making things with his own hands. Helps that he is quite accomplished.

My buddy hates the paperwork. The preparing of bills, the accounting, the bookkeeping, all of that? *Hates it*. He has enough to hire a person to look after this, but as a self-built success, he's not sure he trusts anyone but himself. Consequently, his billing process suffers.

There are two options: hire out the crap that **The Leo** doesn't enjoy, or do it yourself. My buddy, at the end of each work day, he's been working six and seven days a week, he's that in-demand, and he sits down, before he washes off the grit and sweat from the fray, and enters some of the receipts and billable hours, materials, in his ledger. It's how **The Leo** gets ahead.

Virgo

The Virgin

I have a long — and tortured — relationship with “Internet Access.” Started with dial-up. Modem. Musical modem that made a certain noise, then, I would have a dedicated phone line, then, eventually there was DSL. One client showed me how fast a cable modem was, back many years ago, and when a salesman caught up with me in my trailer, well, yes, I liked faster internet. Jump ahead many years, and for a brief, maybe a year, I had the best of the worst. I had a basic DSL because the cable TV monopoly (Time Warner RR, etc.) had thoroughly irritated me with their billing process. Feel my pain? As a **Virgo**, I repeat, “Feel my pain?”

Thanks. So I had to deal with my current service provider, and it was one of those tortured phone calls I was dreading. However, due to the nature of my professional work, I am quite used to recording calls.

All I did was repeat back that little automated disclaimer, “This call may be recorded for quality control purposes.” There is a happy ending to this story, but the way I got to that happy ending was being polite, tactful, and merely offering to repeat back what they said. I also pause, and when the operator asks my name, I say it, then spell it out. “K-R-A-M-E-R, Kramer, no relation to the guy on TV.”

Gets a better response. For **Virgo**? Any tool towards getting a better response works with this week's weirdness.

“Works with this week's weirdness?”

Libra

The Scales

One of the most serious challenges I face, on a continuing basis, is the deal I have with [Shakespeare](#) quotes.

Bit of back story? The original idea was to introduce each week with a quote or passage that properly captured a moment. I was not above using pop culture references, but after a while, my stash of Shakespeare quotes seemed to serve best. Then, for a while it was fed by little quote collections. However, for more than two decades now, it's been essentially a single quote each week. A couple of the

quotes have been reused, time and again. Then, too, as my scholarship has sharpened, I've found more depth to passages.

This comes back to this week's issue in **Libra**, the problem with, "What was I thinking?" I will hear or read a passage, in a moment of furtive scholarship, and pop that up as a weekly quote. Then, as I revise the material, I'll wonder just what it was that I saw in that quote — as reflected in the planets' motions — for that week's missive.

My latent lack of focus is a perfect example of what's happening in **Libra** at the moment.

"I know that this made sense at the time, but where was I going with it?"

Sound familiar?

astrofish.net

Horoscopes starting 12.14.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, December 13, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/12/horoscopes-starting-12-14-2017/>

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

Hamlet in Shakespeare's [Hamlet](#) V.i.166

[Saturn enters Capricorn](#), Dec. 19, 2017 at 10:48 PM — Central (+/-).

On sale now: [Chart Reports](#).

Horoscopes starting 12.14.2017

Sagittarius

Sagittarius

Flying back to Texas from New Mexico, I had to wonder. It was after a summer excursion to the land of hot peppers, and I'd picked up a couple of baggies of ground chili pepper, more as a seasoning than anything else. Some red, some green, hot, flavorful New Mexico peppers ground fine, like dust. I had them in baggies, maybe an ounce of red and an ounce of green, From that one batch, the red was hotter — but it doesn't always work out that way. I was pulling some of the spices out for winter-time, "road kill" chili, the other day. Perfect Mercury in Retrograde action, right? What I was wondering, nothing to do with my [famous chili recipes](#), what I was wondering, why didn't I get searched at the border, or the airport, when I had clearly suspicious baggies of powder. I know going into Cali or AZ, there's thing about live produce, live plants, and illegal drugs. While the powder is far from illegal, maybe this says more about my mind, I would think it looks suspicious — very suspicious.

My recollection from last summer was that the green held more heat than the red, but before I mixed it into the chili, I taste tested the two batches. It was the green that was hotter. No, the red. Taste test, then taste test a second time. While I love a flaming hot chili, with Mercury in Retrograde and that one, delicate girlfriend with sensitive taste buds, if I want her around, I've got to be extra careful not to overpower the burn sensation. Taste test, two, maybe three times — can't be too careful now.

Capricorn

An [article](#) was linked by one of my online buddies, probably from a [blog post](#), about "How cats got domesticated." That's funny, to me. Anyone who has ever been in possession of a feline knows that cats aren't so much as *domesticated*, rather, they — cats — pretty much just have handlers or keepers. Or large, hairless apes who feed the cats, pet the cats, and empty the litter box as needed. I might be biased, though.

Most of my buddies don't get that I'm just not a dog person. Nothing against dogs, I've known a few smart dogs in my lifetime. And dogs are usually unconditional with their love. It's amazing. But no, I'm not much of a dog guy. I like cats for their aloof, detached, non-committal attitudes. There's a strong sense of independence that runs through the kittens I've known.

It's funny that **Capricorn** would be [interested](#) in just how cats became domesticated. Like, there's an urge to domesticate some, someone, something, a pet or a person, and that's not really in the best interest of the **Capricorn**. Sometimes, trying to force an issue doesn't work well. This is one of those times.

Aquarius

I use myth and metaphor to describe certain [energies](#). So this is the original "Scrooge" kind of time. It's about being sicken unto no end with the amount commercialized, cloying, clinging, tug-at-the-heartstrings (through the wallet) kind of energy. A perfectly normal holiday season just ruined by crass commerce, over and over. I had one image, a palm tree with a Santa Claus underneath it, and I thought that about captured my sentiments for this season. The idea of snow and sleds, reindeer, and the "White Xmas?" All good, in northern climes, like Dallas or Amarillo, but this far south? It's a little ridiculous. To be honest, I've seen [snow](#), just a light dusting, freeze this town solid. Gridlock, deadlock. But there's something rather amusing — I spent some time in the desert, too, like Arizona? The old thorny cactus with a single Xmas ornament on it, hoping for snow? Yeah, not going to happen.

So after discussing the warm weather places and the lack of locally sensitive decorations? This is a time to focus on what is most important. Getting all kinds of riled up over inappropriate holiday decorations has no place, and no time, in the **Aquarius** world. Not now. Got things we got to get done while everyone else is being culturally inappropriate.

Pisces

Pause. I pulled together what I thought was the best of my collections from various sources about what to do when [Mercury was Retrograde](#), my *Portable Mercury Retrograde* collection. Pause.

As Saturn shifts into *Capricorn*, there is a gradual sense of relief. Pause.

The **Pisces** challenges are nothing more than cleverly disguised mercurial issues, and none of those are *that* big of a deal. Why I pulled together that book, some years ago. What to worry about. What not to worry about. What to address. What to put off until a later date. Pause.

This whole shift with Saturn is going to spill out a flood of good stuff. That's good. Pause.

Pause, **Pisces**: pause. Despite the gentle and uplifting shift? *Mercury is still retrograde*, and that means you're best served with a simple pause.

Aries

Love me my **Aries** friends, as they are blunt, to the point, honest, [direct](#), and quite incapable of stretching their truth. Some are vivid raconteurs, but that's not the way I mean "Telling stories." So I like my little **Aries** friends, got it? As we get the very first of the *Saturn in Capricorn* material, the very first taste? Combined with that [Retrograde Mercury](#) in *Sagittarius*, thank-you-very-much, there's a series of mistakes, bound to happen, next few days.

"My tux didn't come back from the cleaners, an old friend came into town, I had a flat tire, there was a rain, a terrible flood..."

A whole litany of excuses, right?

None of this is too troubling, but there combination of big forces and little events should leave your **Aries** self wondering, "Is it me?"

Yes and no. It might be you, but the planets are — indeed — conspiring to cause some discomfort. You paid attention, this can't have caught you by surprise, so now's the time to rest on those **Aries** laurels, and sit back, enjoy the holiday season. Rushing to and fro just results in *harried Aries* — no need for that.

Taurus

Take a step back from the holiday madness. The way Saturn shifts into a compatible earth sign, as [Saturn slips into Capricorn](#)? That's going to set up a dynamic that is absolutely wonderful for **Taurus** — eventually. The promise of reward and success, fiscal and emotional? All there. That's the good news. We're not "there" yet. Yes, this is the start — yes, a beginning of sorts. Yes, a good point to look back on in six, eight weeks, or months, even, and say, "That was when it shifted."

However, a stable — some would say "Staid" (not me) — but potentially a somewhat reserved **Taurus**?

Doesn't feel so wonderful as there's a push-and-pull on some **Taurus** parts of the psyche, soul to some. While patience is a normal **Taurus** attribute, this particular *Mercury in Retrograde* renders that almost null and void. Which is the problem because, now, more than ever, a little patience goes a long way to seeing you through this mess of a week.

Me? I can easily blame the holidays and the Christmas Crush of marketing.

Gemini

In the span of about two hours, I had three different **Gemini** hollering at me because of silly *Mercury in Retrograde* events. Three **Gemini** — *Sign of the Twins*, right? Three **Gemini** is like six people yelling at me. Whining, complaining, then hollering, and all at the same time, with two in tears, as well as angry.

Three become six, and six become eighteen, so I dealt with — maybe — two dozen **Gemini** problems in a two-hour window. I turned my phone off after that.

Because this is a business phone, I don't really turn it off. But I do set it to silent. With that, this reminded me of the "old days" in Austin, when, in one trailer park, I had a phone on a flasher instead of a ringer. If I saw it flash, I could answer it, but if I didn't see it flash? I could keep working on whatever it was I was toiling away with, like paying closer attention to a terse **Gemini** message.

To avoid some more problems this next few days? Less on the phone and more face-to-face for communication. Makes it easier for **Gemini**, and we all get along better. Besides, as Saturn shifts? There will be relief.

Cancer

When I lived on the lake, for certain areas, I knew exactly where the underwater obstacles were. I'm pretty sure it was a stump, and I'm pretty sure the bass liked to lurk around it. I even caught a catfish one time, Mr. Whiskers. Anyway, that stump never changed, but I was working some bait around it, and I let the hook and plastic-lie worm sink to the bottom, felt the line go slack, and I waited. Then I jiggled it just a little, and something nibbled at the bait, probably put it in its mouth to taste it. I pulled back sharply to set the hook, and promptly buried the hook in that stump.

The obstacle was always there. It was not a new feature. My reaction, my hasty hook-set, the sharp pull? Too fast, too quick, too powerful, and the obstacle? Rooted in the river's bed? That stump wasn't going anywhere, anytime too soon.

There's an obstacle, a fixed piece that's always been there. Getting a **Cancer Moon Child** in too big of a hurry? Next few days?

You'll be stuck, just like me, pulling on a hook that is buried in an old stump, under the water.

Someplace, too, there might be a fish laughing at us.

The Leo

Don't fix anything. Simply put, there's an urge to correct, adjust, or just plain "fix" something at this moment. Might be a situation, a person, or even the neighbor's Xmas lights. Whatever it is that your Majestic Leo Self thinks needs fixing?

Don't fix a thing.

It's not yours, it's not your issue, it's not going to go well if you try to fix it, not at this moment.

Old adage, always served me well, and really applies at this moment in *The Leo's* space-time continuum.

"No good turn goes unpunished."

I've warned you. Let the non-majestic, non-**Leo** people work it out.

The Leo: “No good turn goes unpunished.”

Virgo

There’s always one who can get away with *High Crimes* at a time like this, but the rest of us? No. Don’t even try. That one? Sure, but the rest of us? Not a good idea. Stick to the letter and spirit of the law, in that order. There are, of course, extenuating circumstances, and there has been, on more than one occasion, a situation where I was well within the spirit of the law, but the contractual obligations were different. Letter of the law. As the rules are spelled out, don’t try and deviate. “But I’m right in the spirit of the way this was intended!”

I agree, in spirit, but if you pick the fight? I am not going to stand by you. I wind up being collateral damage, and we both go up in flames. Not much fun, not for me. Much as I love my **Virgo** friends, no, I’m not following you on this one.

There’s a planetary influence that heightens, lengthens, and shortens the synodic mercurial issues. The keys to successfully negotiating this next few days? Stay within the proscribed guidelines. Don’t deviate. Yes, this cramps my style, as I’m not prone to “Coloring within the lines,” but this isn’t about me. This is **Virgo-time** and the message is clear: Letter of the law. Stick with it.

Maybe I shouldn’t be doling out this advice, though, as I’ve often gone with, “This might be wrong, but it sure is fun!”

Libra

A careful perusal of my body of astrological work would reveal that I go against tradition in some ways. I’m not adverse to [Mercury in Retrograde](#), and rather than fight with it, I suggest all manner of ways a body can move in concert with a planet in apparent retrograde motion. Blamed for much more chaos than it can really cause, Mr. Mercury is playing with the **Libra** communication skills, at this moment. There is a marked trend to loud, wrong, and that results in loudly wrong. Not that it has ever bothered me to wrong in a public manner, no, I’m known to play the fool. However, this isn’t about just me, this is about **Libra**, and those steps we can take to move in concert with the planets.

Realize, after reading this admonition, realize that your voice might carry a little louder than intended, and a typical **Libra** *stage whisper* might come across as more like a strong verbal command, and if you understand this? It might make it easier to realize that verbal commands — or other communications — might be getting garbled. What to do?

Turn the volume down, for starters.

Scorpio

This never happened, not to me, but this is what it would be like. I’d be working someplace, sitting at my table, perusing astrology charts and making pointed comments. Like out of a staged haze of smoke,

female figure start undulating and rolling my way. Smoky allure, accentuated by the stage smoke. The slow roll of the hips, the bounce and jiggle, all the right parts in the correct places, and yes, this is strongly wrapped in innuendo, but it's a **Scorpio** thing. Right? Right.

The eyeliners, the long, black lashes, bright red lips, nails in a fashionable but dark color, and maybe? Filed to a point. Depends on the scenario. We sit, I'm momentarily speechless, it happens with some **Scorpio**, and then? There's littlest sound of flatulence. "Pffft." Kind of ruins the moment. Takes **Scorpio** sexy situation and elevates to more *Sagittarius* or even *Capricorn* level of bawdy revels. Maybe not elevates, lowers, might be the better direction —

Scorpio: It's part of [Mercury Retrograde](#) pattern, but even with all the *Scorpio Seriousness*, there's still some action that is out of your *Scorpio* grasp, and it escapes, and that can ruin it. Or make it funnier. Depends. Fart jokes are really old.

Don't get so serious. It's that time of the year.
astrofish.net

Horoscopes starting 12.21.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, December 20, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/12/horoscopes-starting-12-21-2017/>

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

Simonides in Shakespeare's
[Pericles](#), *Prince of Tyre* (2.2.56-7)

The Sun enters the Tropical Zodiac Sign of Capricorn Dec. 21, 2017 at 10:27 AM.

Mercury goes un-retrograde
Dec. 22, 2017 at 7:50 PM.

Merry Xmas or [whatever](#).

Horoscopes starting 12.21.2017

Capricorn

The Sea Goat

Being a [writer](#) is, at best, a rather lonely existence. There's the concept of gathering data to build whatever the writer chooses to build, novel, story, narrative of some sort, but the craft itself is a word processor and imagination. What creeps into the work is the writer's own psychological demons, fears, trauma, hurt, pain, joys, and some success. The line between what's real and what's sheer imagination is hard to decipher. Fate or fiction? Mostly pain, tears, fears, and troubles — real or imagined. As the Sun illuminates the soul of Saturn, and by extension, the soul of [Capricorn](#), we're faced with some questions. What part is real, and what part is sheer imagination? What part is fiction, and what part of this experience is based on previous experiences, perhaps thinly veiled, perhaps layered in myth and metaphor, and maybe, out there for all to see? Saturn — in the coming years — will lend a degree of discernment to some of the **Capricorn** sky, but also, tinged with this last [Mercury Retrograde](#) period? We might not be able to tell what is fate and what is fiction.

And for that one **mighty Capricorn** buddy? What is fate and what is *friction*?

Aquarius

The Water Bearer

Funny, to me, meme image surfaced. It was from an ad that ran before my time, but someplace, in advertising's history, it is immortalized as an example of some aspect of communication. The picture

itself is a goldfish, a harmless little goldfish, with a shark fin strapped to its back, so it looks like a shark fin above the water, and from the side, clearly visible, it is just a tiny goldfish. I don't even recall what it was advertising.

The image resurfaced, reused, repurposed, and retitled. The joys of the networked worlds we live in. Someone obviously lifted the original image, or maybe scanned an older print version, and I'm unsure of where the trail takes that idea. However, as I was looking over the coming Xmas week for **Aquarius**? Think about that image. A goldfish, with a shark's fin. The question, as Mars and Jupiter course their ways through Scorpio, not exactly the most comfortable, but not all bad, no, just a position not always happy for **Aquarius**, are you the goldfish with the shark's fin? Or are you seeing the image in totality, understanding that it is merely a goldfish with a fin strapped on for appearance's sake?

Pisces

The Fishes

Wal-Mart, I think it was, had a Black Friday sale, freezers. I thought it would be great, but as I looked, less than hundred bucks? Still, not quite big enough to store a dead body. Of course, I'm joking. Well, not about the size or the sale, but intended use. Who needs to really store a dead body? More than one of my hunting friends do store partial animals, collected for meat, not for trophies, but I would surmise that this is different from my original, intended observations about a nice, cheap freezer, with its problem being, it just isn't big enough to store a body.

Which brings me around to the **Pisces** point, when, at what point, did the idea of storing a dead body become funny? Yes, I know it's rather ghoulish humor, perhaps a bit off the current track, but still, when did we, as a society, get to the point that I was amused by the idea that I might want, or need, to store a dead body.

When did this become a joke? Here it is, eve of one of the most important holidays of the year, and I'm trying to make lame, bad jokes that are distinctly uncharacteristic. I should be all unicorns and angels, little cherubs with gifts, and instead, I'm thinking about ways to get rid of dead bodies — purely as a fictional device.

As a **Pisces**, the jokes, the humor we use to defuse a situation, does it carry some macabre meaning? Hidden agenda? Or have we sunk so low? It's about what we're thinking, as this holiday hits full stride.

Yes, that last Mercury in Retrograde really did a number on me. Oh, yes, **Pisces**, still feeling it, too?

Aries

Aries The Ram

Phone rang. I looked down, fishing buddy. With modern technology where it is, I make a serious effort not to have to remember phone numbers — too much work. Remembering phone numbers over-taxes my already too-full memory. I'll recite the positions of the Sun and the Moon, and the exact hour Mercury goes un-retrograde, but phone numbers? Probably not.

You call me, I save the number for later. Attach a name, and sometimes, an image. So when my buddy called, “Dude, what’s up!”

“Kramer? Crap, I’m sorry, guy who’s fixing my truck, he called, and I know it’s one of these numbers...”

I just laughed it off, poor guy, just running down his list of recent numbers, hoping he’ll get the right one.

I’ve got two fishing buddies, my Sister, that last girlfriend, and the conference lines all on speed dial. I could not, if coerced, recite any of these numbers. I just have them stored in the phone, backed up on a computer, and possibly printed out someplace. Maybe not. No need to think.

As an **Aries**, like my buddy, you’re looking for a number. As an **Aries**, like my buddy, you might just try calling the last few numbers, figure out which one is the correct one.

Taurus

The Bull

Austin, once my home, still a home-away-from-home, at one time, it was a capital for musicians.

Aspiring musicians — the entire gamut from wannabe to super-stars. Got to be a joke, for me, with my hair and general appearance, “You play guitar?” Or, most commonly, “You’re that guitar player, aren’t you? I’ve seen you before...”

I gave up on weak denials, and finally caved, the last few years, I would say, “Yeah, *Black Cat Lounge*, 11 PM, Wednesday nights....” Leave an opening. At that time, the location was an empty shell, having been gutted by growth the year before. And fire.

So when I was listening to some of the older — real — musicians talk about Austin, “back in the day,” I was thinking, know how to get a guitar player off your front porch?

Pay for the pizza.

Taurus: there’s a simple solution to this week’s holiday madness. Just pay for it. It’s not that much, won’t break you, and it gets rid of an annoying problem.

Gemini

The Twins

You would think, being a **Gemini**-friendly person, you would think that I would have [nothing](#) but excellent news now that Mercury is non-Retrograde position. Or will be — officially — [un-retrograde](#) in the next day or so. There were compounding elements that play into this week’s noise from me to you, my fine **Gemini** folks. Part of this is merely North America’s silly obsession that conflates the two events, the Winter Solstice and the birth of Our Lord and Savior. It’s really the day that we celebrate, has very little to do with the real birth of that dude, what, a little more than two-thousand years ago, no, check the historical texts.

That's the problem, too, as the elements get combined in ways that might — or might not — be beneficial to my little **Gemini** friends. As soon as I suggest you consult some historical text, the Bible comes to mind, that one passage from, I think it's *John*, hear it most near every year, some variation, the sheep in the fields, and never mind.

See what happens? Not out of the Mercury is Retrograde induced stupidity just yet, and then, as a **Gemini**? We get stuck looking around at supplemental resources, like, I wonder, it was originally told in *Aramaic*, can I study up on that, maybe an online crash-course in old languages?

It's way more difficult than usual for **Gemini** to focus. Be aware of that. Not bad, just —

Cancer

The Crab

I think in terms of cosmic events and cosmological influences. The grand scheme, so to speak, the overall images, not just finite details. For finite details? I've got an accountant and more than my fair share of [Virgo ex-girlfriends](#). No Virgo ex-wives, though, as no Virgo is ever that stupid. This isn't about my ex-wives, ex-girlfriends, and former lovers, no, this is about **Cancer** the *Moon Children*. The cosmic events demand attention to the trivial like never before. The *Cancer's Cosmos* demands one, last finite detail before we can wrap it all up, call it a holiday time, and get on with the usual festivities.

One finite detail requires, absolutely requires the *Moon Child's* attention. Worse yet, this is a grand scheme, big overview that requires, almost mandates a finite amount of attention be spent looking after one, stupid, silly details that — might explain all those Virgo girls, once upon a time.

This does not require a Virgo. It requires a [Virgo-like energy](#) to make sure ever, last, simpering, details is looked after. It's a grand message, and like some folks will say, "God is in the details."

This week? For **Cancer**? Yes.

The Leo

The Leo

Last July, I left I cryptic note to **The Leo** about *Xmas in July*, which, if you must know, is really a reminder to get an Xmas Special in place in time for reap the rewards of such a deal. Each year, I try to have some kind of *Xmas Special*, as I tend to be much-sought after in January, and I can do plenty in December, only, everyone is concentrating on Xmas, and I don't get any traction. Here's the big deal for the majestic and wonderful **Leo** — we need an Xmas special, an Xmas Special for **The Leo**.

This is business. This is work. This is career. This does not involve gift-giving, retail therapies, or any other associated holiday activities. This is work. For me, I like my work so it's not like it's really "work work" but it is. For **The Leo**? It is what you make of it; however, a money's pause, a little more work at the office, a little overtime, or a little bit of whatever it is? Goes a long way to make next year a big winner for your mighty **Leo** self. I'm always in favor of that.

If you must, look back, I mentioned this earlier, like last July: [Xmas in July](#)? Yes, in there.

Virgo

The Virgin

My *Shakespeare Scholarship* really, it less scholarly and more like an occasional interest. I am, by no means, any kind of an expert. Early in my most recent academic career, I discovered that [Shakespeare](#) quoted material about astrology, over and over, and over. There was, in the time, a working knowledge of astrology because, basically, astrology and astronomy were the same thing, and the skies at night suffered much less light pollution. The stars were clearly visible. Made it much more apparent as to the intimate nature of the population's interaction with matters astrological. Material from that era is just shot through with the allusions. However, I am, by no means or measure, whatsoever, a scholar of matters of Shakespeare. More like rabid fan-boy.

I can recall [quotes](#), sometimes with alarming alacrity, as to location, act, scene, and other referral points. Other times, someone will pop up with a question and I'll get that blank look.

Virgo: Like me, you're an expert in a certain area. Like me, you have a working understanding of the mechanics, the timing, the structure, the cohesive nature of the material, whatever it is. Like me, you're going to get challenged, and you suffer from "Kramer's Syndrome," where you get that blank look on your face. Just as a tip, as advice I can give, but don't ask if I follow? Just as a tip? When confronted thusly, with something you know a great deal about but can't recall the facts at the moment? Shut up. Shrug. Blank stare.

Unlike me, don't blindly pound forward when an ounce of quiet will make you look really intelligent.

Libra

The Scales

There's a weird kind of tension that creeps into life during the holiday season. This holiday season, with its uncertain planets, especially? Strange energies, for sure. The source of the tension can be easily traced to two main culprits. One of them is holiday marketing. Advertising. Miasmatic advertising that insists I'll be better off if I buy this, and give that, perhaps make a donation to a certain charity, and take care family. It's really an artificial push, not part of the real world. The other influence — this is hemispherically-centric — the short days, long nights, and general darkness. Winter-time. A fun time, but a cold time, and the lack of light isn't always welcome. Problematic at best. Combined?

The *Libra Life* is filled with small tensions. Not big ones, just that whisper-quiet suggestions that you're forgetting something. You are.

I would be remiss if I didn't remind you — you are forgetting something. However, as I do adore **Libra** so very much? You're going to be forgiven for forgetting. Means you can quit worrying — [for now](#).

Scorpio

Scorpion

On a mailing list I was attached to, there was a series of images for the staging of a modern log cabin, for sale. Staged for sale. The hall closet featured beautifully hewn shelving, a rustic, civilized touch. For the staging? Each shelf had a folded up towel and a pair of candles, on either side of the folded towel, ranged up and down on the half-dozen shelves. Candles. Wooden house. Very wooden shelves, obviously. With towels, so, yeah, I don't figure *any* of that was flame retardant. My guess? Highly combustible. For a [photographic essay](#), sure, it was cool. As an image that portrayed and helped sell a residence? Sure. Practically? I laughed. I mean, *seriously*, open flame on a wooden shelf with bare wood, right above it? That would go up in flames in matter of minutes. Doesn't take long, not at all, then the whole house is toasted. Crisp. Reduced to cinders.

Merry Xmas, etc.

This **Scorpio Xmas Holiday**, use extra caution or, when common sense seems to take leave? That's when it is required. Like candles. Sure, looks good, but that kind of deception can turn a festive event into a giant weeny roast.

Scorpio: Merry Xmas, etc., but [be careful](#) with open flame — and similar *Scorpio* properties.

Sagittarius

Sagittarius

Sagittarius: Don't turn back. The highways in Texas are scattered with the carcasses of valiant armadillos who turned around. Indecision, or worse going backwards?

You'd think, after eons of natural selection, the valiant armadillo would not jump when excited, but that's not how they work apparently. So a big truck rolls over an armadillo, crossing the road, and the armadillo's natural reaction is to jump, which plants it in the undercarriage, which results in flat armadillo.

The other problem is indecision. Take a lesson from the armadillo, don't look back, **Sagittarius**, don't go back. That Saturn unpleasantness is behind us. Take a lesson from the armadillos littering the highways.

Sagittarius: Don't turn back.

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Horoscopes starting 12.28.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, December 27, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/12/horoscopes-starting-12-28-2017/>

“This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs.”

Launcelot Gobbo in Shakespeare's
[The Merchant of Venice](#) III.v.7

The Year ahead: 2018

Astrological Highlights for 2018

Mercury Retrograde: March 22 to April 15, 2018 (Aries) | July 25 to August 18, 2018 (Leo) | November 16 to December 6, 2018 (Sag./Scorpio).

Mars Retrogrades June 26 to August 27, 2018 (Aquarius/[Capricorn](#)).

Venus Retrogrades from October 5 to November 16, 2018 (Scorpio/Libra).

Jupiter enters the Tropical Zodiac sign of Sagittarius (Yes! Fist Pump!) November 8, 2018.

Uranus enters Taurus May 18, retrograding August 7, sliding back into Aries November 6, 2018.

Details [here](#).

Thematic elements for 2018

2017 ended with Cap/Sag [Mercury in Retrograde flavor](#), thankfully over, and none too soon, so the rest of this coming year is about directions and choices, and sticking with goals. Or modifying directions that no longer serve.

The *fixed signs*, Taurus, The Leo, Scorpio, and Aquarius carry the full weight of this year's patterns as a couple of events, most notably the Mercury Retrograde opposite the Mars Retrograde in August.

Uranus, just entering Taurus, then tapping out after no more than two degrees? Again, suggestions that the bedrock [foundation](#) might have some cracks in it. Or might not, won't know until we've examined it all.

Which is what this year's dramatic Mercury Retrogrades and then other planets' jostling are about.

Horoscopes starting 12.28.2017

Capricorn

The Sea Goat In poetic terms, it's called "Synesthesia." It means there are senses attached to an art's form that might not really be present in the original format. Most recently, this was an orchestra doing Dvorak's 8th symphony, with some subtitle — I don't know — classical isn't always my thing — but part way through, I could smell the springtime aroma of fresh-turned earth, the warm and moist dirt being broken for the first time, after a winter's rest and recent rains. The fecund flavor of rich, nascent spring promise of growth. While the orchestra playing one passage, it was clear that there was the very tangible sense of smell attached to the piece of music.

In part, it was the composition of the music, the arrangement, the symphony itself. In part, it was the orchestra performing the music, adding passion and possibly subtle interpretations flourish and fluff out the music itself. In part, it was the conductor who evoked such a response from his orchestra.

In this next year, **Capricorn** is an earth sign, and in this next year, as Saturn gets cozy in Cappy? Think about that *synesthesia* that Saturn brings. As Saturn is the nominal ruler of Cap? Look for the *synesthesia* that no other sign gets.

Aquarius

The Water Bearer Part of my misspent youth included stints slinging whiskey as a [bartender](#). When I worked my way through the various locations, I have a vaguely troubling memory of a few shifts at a hole-in-the-wall, dive-like place where *Irish Coffee* was the late night drink of choice. The recipe was simple.

It was wineglass-like stemware, and it got a teaspoon of white sugar in the bottom, then a shot of Irish Whiskey, then splashed with coffee, so maybe 1-2 ounces of whiskey, 6 ounces of coffee, then it was topped with a heaping tablespoon of fresh whipped heavy cream. Looked like a layered drink, was super simple to put together in a busy, late-night rush, and it was the staple of the place. [Texas and Irish](#) go way back, so it's not that far-fetched. Looking at your Aquarius week ahead, then the year ahead? Four ingredients, layered, and presented well. Super simple to make. I've watched characters have a more extensive Starbucks order, obviously much more difficult to constructed.

Aquarius: in the week ahead then in the year ahead? Four ingredients. Layered. Super simple.

Pisces

The Fishes One of my buddies made the leap. He went from employee to self-employed. He's his own boss, now.

"Now I get it," he was explaining to me, "you work **all the time**. It never stops."

No, it never stops. There is no official "down time," and the concept of a holiday is an amusing notion, at

best. In my line of work, I enjoy what I do, so it's not really a problem, not for me, and good for you, my **Pisces** friends, as I keep watch on what is happening, planet-wise, on a constant basis. This week requires some extra Pisces attention. One way — or another — but one way requires constant attention. No break, be prepared to answer the call after 5 PM on a weekend night, and be prepared to work. This can be career stuff, or this can be the **Pisces Passion**, I'm lucky enough to have both work so closely in my life. Not everyone gets so lucky, and in that case, when the phone rings, the email dings, the buzzer goes off, whatever it is that drives the **Pisces Passions**? Be ready, this week, this year?

“Now I get it,” he was explaining to me, “you work **all the time**. It never stops.”

Aries

Aries The Ram “The pause that refreshes.” What I was searching for? A single word, maybe a phrase, that will encapsulate all of the next year — and maybe beyond — for **Aries** and that *Aries Energy* in everyone's chart. But mostly just for **Aries**.

“The pause that refreshes,” is an old advertising jingle from before my time. However, it's a substantial spin on the original idea of a single word, and that word would've been, “Pause.” However, as an **Aries**, you need a little more explanation so how about a phrase?

“The pause that refreshes.”

It speaks an era, and time, but it also captures a few elements that I'm interested in as a way to express this week's **Aries** planet placements.

The first is a simple pause, and then, as a way too move forward?

“The pause that refreshes.”

Little bit at a time, a simple pause, maybe just a fishing three-count, or five-count, depends on technique and gear set-up, but a simple pause, if only for a moment's instance. Instant. Just pause. You should find, as an **Aries**, it will be, “The pause that refreshes.”

Taurus

The Bull Slow down.

[Simply put.](#)

Slow down, as there is nothing that has to be answered right now. There is nothing that has to be done, right this minute. There is no pending deadline that has to be fulfilled by January 1. Or January 31, or even beyond. In the next year, we're going to get a taste of Uranus in **Taurus**, yes, that will be unsettling, and you're getting the first glimpse of that energy, even now. But this is only a quick look-see. A reconnoiter trip, not a wholesale invasion. Just a quick glance around, shake it up a bit, see what needs to be changed, then, it backs off for a spell.

As a **Taurus**, this next week is the set up for this energy. See what you think you want to change. See what might need to be addressed in the coming year, or, better yet, in the coming years.

This isn't, or doesn't have to be, global, earthquake-type change. It can be simple course corrections, gentle adjustments to answering the **Taurus** life's questions and challenges, and then, picking new directions. This week, then this year, first glimpse of what needs to change — make it your **Taurus** own change. Don't be coerced by outside forces.

Taurus: Make it your own.

Gemini

The Twins Looking at an ad for for the big box home repair store, I kept noticing ladders, and then, power tools. Power packs for power tools. A pneumatic hammer, but that would require an air compressor to run, and then, I suppose, probably a project that justified such hardware, manly tools, to be sure, but that's not me, not any more.

I have a hammer, an older Leatherman multi-tool, a couple of pocket knives, tiny screw drivers for working on sundry electronics, and that's it. While I might think that an air-driven pneumatic hammer would be great to have — especially if it's on sale — I plan on building no real fences or re-roofing anyone's house. Great tools, but I have zero — none — no use whatsoever for those tools.

As the new year unfolds, be realistic about what the **Gemini** wants and needs.

There was a ladder-like tool bench that folded up, and I was sure, if I had one of those, I would be building stuff in no time. Pause for a second. How many projects have I done, in the last year, that would require that? None. Last two years? None. Last decade? None.

Cancer

The Crab “Numquam ponenda est pluralitas sine necessitate” — Plurality must never be posited without necessity. (Occam's Razor, via Wikipedia.) There's another version of the same way of looking at a situation: Simpler is better. Simplest is best. The original Occam's Razor, he didn't even have a razor, he was bearded fellow, but the original idea was that the more complex the hypothesis, the greater chance of arriving at an incorrect answer.

This is a year, after what we've all just been through, this is a coming week, the highlights what the rest of the new year might hold. Then we echo back to that razor thing, the quote, and using that as the way to move our Cancer selves forward? Simpler is better. The more complex the situation, the more complex the answer, the outcome that depends on too many variables? The greater the chance of an avoidable mistake.

I've found it handy to trot out some arcane quote in Latin, a very dead language, to make a point. But I'm also doing the very thing I suggest we not do: making it more complicated. The more complexity that gets introduced? The worse it gets.

“Numquam ponenda est pluralitas sine necessitate” — Plurality must never be posited without necessity. (Occam’s Razor, via Wikipedia.)

The Leo

The LeoLove me my Leo friends, and especially, **The Leo**, but we’re up against some weirdness this next few days, and then? Forward into the new year, am I right? Or what?

“I’ll go with ‘or what’ for now.”

Suit yourself. What I was looking at, came through a few days ago, there’s a local school that built a couple of the “Tiny Houses,” as projects. Pictures on the web someplace showed the flagship model, all painted, sealed, and then? Staged. Like a realtor had popped around with some knickknacks and crap, to make the place look lived in. There’s a whole science to staging like that. An important feature to the *Tiny Houses* is the foundation is usually built on a trailer bed. Wheels. So in the school’s house that was professionally staged? Fine glass figurines adorned a mantel. Those delicate, hand-blown (looking) figurines would be smashed to bits before the trailer was even properly hitched.

The Leo: Pause. Stop. Think. Delicate, pretty, and fragile? Maybe doesn’t belong in a mobile dwelling unit. Just suggesting, this week, and this next year, moving forward? Consider the location.

Virgo

The VirginWhat happens when the commercial has an actor, and it becomes the best-known role for that actor?

“She was the spokesperson, well, in all the ads, for (brand name), and whatever happened?”

One guy had a spinoff show, but his ads were better than the show itself. Ads, really good ads, play to the time limit, so there’s a narrative thread inside that 30 second or one minute spot. I admire quality work, whether it’s a novel, a book, a short story, or just 30 second spot that convey as an image and message. Set-up, problem, resolution, catharsis, and hook, with advertising, it’s usually something to buy. So what happens to that actor who was in those ads?

This is a distraction of sorts, and there’s a real **Virgo** need to stay on track and focused. So what is the technical name for that, when the actor becomes most famous for an ad, and that’s it?

Considering that a single career can be built out of a successful campaign like that? As a **Virgo**, this week, this next year, does it matter where you find the success, as long as the success is there? Does the medium matter that much to you?

Libra

The ScalesIs there a single step that can simplify one’s life? A singular action that results in definite steps

towards a goal, tangible progress, and that action, is it easy? Fun? Manageable? Quick to get an answer? According to the advertising, yes, there is a such a step. I'm sure, though, a few details are left out.

Should always [read the fine print](#), first.

With Saturn, where it is, compared to the delicate Libra sense of balance, and the realtime motions of Uranus, in the coming year, it's the details, and the details can be the very bedevilment of us all.

As the new year gets underway, and as the fallout from the last Mercury in Retrograde begins to fade? One step. There was one clear step, a single motion in particular direction that, if you take this now, or soon? Before the next horoscope? If your **Libra** self takes that single step towards making it better? Balance might really be restored.

Scorpio

ScorpionAdventures in babysitting. When Saturn first entered *Sagittarius*, I had a short piece about the required attention span, as I was babysitting for a fishing buddy, he had 1.5 year old son, at the time. That was several years ago. So that kid would be three, no, wait, do the math, four now. Five. Kid is five now. [Saturn in Capricorn](#), right? What does that hold for the next week, and as a theme, for the next year?

The lesson learned from that kid, when he was all of a year old? I would recycle that message, again. As the nominal babysitter, at the time, all I had to do was watch the kid. He was doing something cute, I snapped a shot, and I was trying to text it to the parents, my fishing buddy, etc. I looked away for all of about twenty seconds, and I looked up, the kid, he had a metal fork and he was prying the child-proof guard out of a kitchen wall socket. My attention had wavered for all of about 20 seconds. 20 seconds and he was doing something that would have serious consequences — immediate, dire, possibly fatal, and if something happened to the kid on my watch? Fatal for me, too.

With Saturn in Capricorn, this week, this next to year? It's just like watching that kid when he was all of a year old. 20 seconds, can't take our eyes off even 20 seconds. Attention cannot waiver.

Not usually a problem for Scorpio but with Saturn in Capricorn?

If you even glance down to look at your phone or something? It's just like that kid, metal fork, prying the "child-proof" cover off the outlet.

Sagittarius

SagittariusNot every **Sagittarius** chart that I look at has this, but many, more than a few, most, almost all of the **Sagittarius** charts have several planet energies in **Sagittarius**. The stuff that's near the middle? Going to be heavily influenced — flavored — this next year. Two ways to describe this energy, as deception and illusion, or enlightenment and transcendence. Those are twin ideas that live on opposite sides of the same fence, and that is our **Sagittarius** riddle for this week, and then, on into the new year.

What is real, what is not real, but feels real? What matters most? What seems to matter the most, but

might not be that important, next week? Better yet, who can help our **Sagittarius** selves figure this out, as to what's best? And what might not be in our best, long-term interest?

You can seek my assistance, but I'm notoriously busy at the first of the year. [Contact](#) me, if there is a question. However, some of this, as a **Solitary Sagittarius**, what we need is small committee, a coterie of accomplices who are willing to help us see what's — seems to be — whatever is touched by the “Middle Sag. Stuff?” Whatever is kind of blurry, maybe get some outside help. Just a few trusted friends, all it takes.

Sagittarius: ask. Ask for help.

“Does this look infected?”

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Horoscopes starting 12.7.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, December 06, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/12/horoscopes-starting-12-7-2017/>

That were a kind of bastard hope indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Jessica in Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* 3.5.4 (III.v.4)

Mercury in Retrograde? [Mercury Save Us!](#)

On sale now: [Chart Reports](#).

Horoscopes starting 12.7.2017

Sagittarius

Sagittarius

Like my own concoction and collection of legal terms — the [fine print](#) — I am continually amused that people have to be reminded of certain aspects of modern life. “If the safety seal is broken, do not use this product.” Sounds obvious, right? Sounds blindingly obvious, right? Here it is, middling degree of Sagittarius, most of the way through the second decade of the new millennium, and still, we have to be reminded about obvious items. Makes me wonder what happened and did all our technological advances really make us smarter? The world is at our fingertips via the web, and yet, we're just as stupid as ever, seems to be the case.

Earlier, today, I was joking with a [buddy](#), “Yeah, you're raised in Texas, when someone says, ‘Watch me do this,’ first thing you do is duck.” My buddy had an addendum, “I watch out when I hear, ‘Here, hold my beer,’ because...”

These are warning signs, but this week's **Sagittarius success** depends more on fleeting common sense rather than a warning label. Now?

“Watch me do [this!](#)”

Capricorn

The Sea Goat

A *Leo* buddy, his daughter, another *Leo*, that kid, when she was ten, maybe 12 years old? She had sign in her room, “Always pretend that there is an invisible tiara on your head.” That sign, that message? For what's happening, even now?

Capricorn: Always pretend there's an invisible [tiara](#) on your head.

It's a simple statement, and the way it was arranged, the there was the lettering, then a crown, and it was hung up over a mirror, so it looked like a princess type crown, a tiara, maybe, was about to be fitted to one's head. Cute, huh.

The deal with **Capricorn** and why this *Leo* moment is important? There's much shifting, planets — and players — in motion. Instead of watching this all pass your **Capricorn** self by? Acknowledge its presence with a “parade wave,” and to carry the symbolism just step further, and to make it more useful?

Capricorn: Always pretend there's an invisible tiara on your head, even if the rest fail to notice. You know it's there, and that's all that matters.

Aquarius

The Water Bearer

There are some secrets that are just not very [secret](#). There are some of us — **Aquarius** — who are not any good at keeping secrets. Want a person to keep a secret? Look at a *Scorpio*, them suckers, if they say they will take it to the grave? They mean it. But **Aquarius**, this week especially? Not very good at secrets. Not good at all. What did you get me for Xmas? It's secret? I'll bet I can figure it out faster than you can hide it.

Now that you understand what this week's energy is about, makes it a lot easier to work through what's going on. No secrets this week. You're not any good at secrets and especially not this week. Means — I would suggest — bluffing at poker wouldn't be any good.

Aquarius: No secrets, not this next few days.

Pisces

The Fishes

I opt for a pretty serendipitous way of working. I'll make notes about an upcoming event, an upcoming astrological event, and I'll have ideas about how to explain the week's weirdness quotient. Then, I'll look something up on the web, out of either my long list of blog sources, which are nothing more than opinions about opinions, or news sources, or even the ubiquitous Wikipedia. Any — or all — of those are valid sources for [inspiration](#). Those are all valid sources for ideas to explain this mess. The problem comes from getting sidetracked, and that's a high probability in the next few days.

Some of my missions on the side have been spectacular. One comes to mind, easily, the [side project](#).

But diversions are not always good. Therein is the problem, and the challenge and getting through this week's weirdness quotient. What's a diversion, what's a valid serendipitous route, and what is merely messing around, avoiding work?

Questions only your **Pisces** self can answer, but I'd watch out for the diversions that are merely messing around.

Aries

Aries The Ram

I got one **Aries** fishing buddy, can't seem to think more than about 20 minutes ahead. Can't make plans. Can't do anything that is out of his routine. What happens when his routine is summarily interrupted? Happens. Happen this week. I can easily blame [Mercury in Retrograde](#), but I'm the professional here. There's a secondary (summarily summary) kicker with Mars and Uranus, opposing each other. That takes the typical **Aries** energy and ratchets it up a notch. Or two. Maybe three. While I tend to see this as not a bad scenario, it is unsettling, uncomfortable, and most important, out of the **Aries** world of "normal," which, in my world, carries a distinctly subjective interpretation. So therein is our **Aries** problem for the week, and here's the solution: fluid, dynamic plans.

Like this, "If it's not too cold, let's fish like we planned, but if that doesn't work out, if that cold front arrives and it's too cold to fish, then let's head over to the big Bass Pro shop in Houston, see what Xmas sales there are, get ready for the spring."

Aries: Contingency planning, not unlike algorithm, "If/then, if not/then." A way to plan ahead for the [weirdness](#).

Taurus

The Bull

Fried Okra. Simple enough? Fried Okra is a favorite food. Not exactly the healthiest of the veggie group, but it was a dietary staple for me, for years and years. Goes good with some BBQ, as an appropriate side dish.

There's a matter of finding something that goes good with this week's stars. Mostly, Mercury in Retrograde, in *Sagittarius*, thank-you-very-much, but there's extraneous bits still lingering in *Scorpio*, which, if you were paying attention, is opposite from **Taurus**, hence the obfuscation.

Fried Okra. Personally, I'm not a big fan of Okra, in its other forms. Always struck me as a slightly slimy veggie, but that might be the way I've seen it prepared, *Southern-style*, for so many years. However, as a tiny, nugget-sized bit that's battered and deep-fried? It can be oh-so-good. Last time I had it, it was a fine, corn meal batter, and the okra was cold when I finally got to it. However, the fried part was crispy enough, greasy enough, and good enough to overcome the cold part. With *Mercury in Retrograde*, where it is? That delicacy that soothes the **Taurus** soul? That might be cold, but that doesn't stop it from being the right choice.

Fried Okra.

Gemini

The Twins

Part way through my career as a reader and writer of horoscopes, I came up with what I thought was the

perfect analogy. I think about these horoscopes as an experiment. I can test hypothesis about trends, make course [corrections](#), admit defeat, and I can be right. Or wrong, all depends. Someone else has already capitalized on the terms, “Growing up online,” but in part, that’s what my experiment in prose has been about. Couched in the horoscopes, there will be “Less than thinly veiled references” to aspects of my own life. Far from perfect, I make mistakes, and unlike a typical **Gemini**, I have to make the mistake three or more times before I get it figured out.

In my defense, I do figure it out, eventually. However, I’m not razor-sharp like **Gemini**, and that creates a problem. Problem for me, anyway.

[Mercury is Retrograde](#) — opposite from **Gemini**. This next week is an experiment. This next week is hypothetical. This next week is **Gemini petri dish of life** wherein we’re trying a few ideas, getting some stuff accomplished, but we’re unsure of what will be wildly — **Gemini style** — successful. So follow me, and experiment a little.

Cancer

The Crab

Holidays, and the *Holiday Cancer Christmas Crush* is upon us. One trick to help make this a better Xmas season? Double down on the “immunity” herbs. For me, that means two caps of cayenne, and a local (raw, unfiltered) honey tea, every afternoon. Just about a tablespoon of the local honey helps immensely, and for me, this is my version. Your *Moon Child* version might vary from what I would do. However, the idea is sound. The holidays create unnatural stress, and stress causes a breakdown in the body’s immune system. As the body’s natural immunities are compromised, it helps immensely to bolster that with chemical, biological, natural, or even unnatural assistance. From an extra dose of Vitamin C, to various herbal teas, to, I know one client, she does a prophylactic round of antibiotics, so this answer depends on whatever lotions, potions, and [magic](#) one tends to employ. Think about a preemptive herbal strike to assist the body’s ability to fight infection. I prefer the herbal, holistic approach, but that’s me. Herbal, chemical, biological, holistic health, natural, or unnatural, the **Cancer’s** week is best if one takes steps to fortify it.

My serious recommendations include, tea sweetened with local, raw, unfiltered honey, cayenne caps, cinnamon caps, turmeric caps, coconut oil caps, vitamin C, and garlic caps. Less sure if this is for health or salad dressing.

The Leo

The Leo

There are some [times](#) when it’s really quite all right to take a spin down memory lane. I was looking up astrological timing for another event, then I decided to pop my own chart next to a few of the big planets. See what was happening when. Pretty interesting, as it forced me to review my personal diary to see what was up. Which is why, as a writer, I keep notes. I can always go back and refer to what I wrote down, [about whatever](#) it was that going on. Sometimes business, and in this one example, it was a Venus event I was looking at, what with Venus currently in *Sagittarius*, it just made sense.

This was astrological research, so I could recall what was happening, who I was dating, and how all of that turned out. Quick glance, a few elements in play and now, for **The Leo**?

My spin into a moment's reverie uncovered some useful information, but I spent all of about three minutes, looking up a table in a book, then clicking through on a blog-like diary entry for the time frame. Three minutes, a world of useful information. Here's the hint, for **The Leo**: Three minutes stuck in the past. Then, let's move forward, it's holiday time, and the littlest planet is retrograde, in *Sagittarius*, thank-you-very-much.

"I'm so confused!"

Virgo

The Virgin

This one is tough and it is made tougher by [Mercury in Retrograde](#) — in *Sagittarius*, thank-you-very-much. There's a sense that there is a punctuation point here, like a period, or a semi-colon, and I think that's the best way to address the week's "stuff."

In the rules of grammar, a semicolon is used when a full-stop period is too final, and the situation requires a break in thought, but not as full as a period. Period.

This week is a semicolon.

There was a movement, where my buddy who does tattoos started to see a lot of folks getting a semicolon on the inside the right or left wrist, with the avowed purpose of being a reminder, that it wasn't over, just a breath (pause).

With Mercury — *Retrograde in Sagittarius* — a pause serves well. The story isn't finished, but a good **Virgo** needs to pause before proceeding.

Libra

The Scales

As Mars exits, and as we get ready for another celestial event, like Saturn about to exit *Sagittarius*? There's punctuation in the heavens. There's punctuation in the local events of the **Libra**, and there's a hesitancy that is not well-served. Yes, [Mercury is Retrograde](#), and yes, it is usually a good time to pause, but due to the astrological underpinnings at the moment? For **Libra**? A pause does you no good. Act. Fold 'em. Take some steps in one direction or another. Sitting around, bemoaning one's fate does no good. Sitting around, bemoaning the condition of Mercury does one no good, either. It's a lot worse for me, as a *Sagittarius* than it is for your **Libra** self.

Still, there is a spike in activity, and if there isn't a jump in activity for **Libra**? Then make it happen.

There's a single, last task that needs to be finished before too long. Preferably sooner rather than later.

I'm just suggesting that you take command and get it done, now. Sooner, rather than later.

Scorpio

Scorpion

Opening a package of coffee beans, as soon as I unsealed the vacuum-packed goodness, the aromatic blend filled the air. It was the rich heady scent of coffee beans. Called a "Blond" roast for some unknown, but I suspect market-driven reason, the particular roast was an especially rich fragrance.

Brewing those beans, though, just tasted like sad, normal coffee. I have perfected several methods for "[coffee extraction](#)," so the methodology, in keeping with the scientific process, that holds up. Just wonderful smelling beans and not really that great of a cup of coffee. All the promise and little less on delivery.

With the current state of [Mercury in Retrograde](#)? The promise and expectations, like opening that bag of coffee beans? As the aroma fills the kitchen, the promise is there. Turns out, that promise might've been the best part. Delivery was slightly acidic, with bit of an aftertaste that wasn't all that pleasant. Just typical black coffee in the morning.

Scorpio: the promise is there. Delivery might be a little short. Well, the coffee does have active ingredients like caffeine — so that's good.

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Horoscopes starting 2.16.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, February 15, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/02/horoscopes-starting-2-16-2017/>

Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

Cassius in [Shakespeare's](#) *Julius Caesar* I.iii.91-7

Horoscopes starting 2/16/2017

Pisces:

The Fishes There's a special aroma, a smell, a kitchen [smell](#), and for me, it signals the start of something new.

It's an aroma fraught with promise, appeal, akin to that sense of Christmas Morning when all wishes will be fulfilled. There's an excitement, too, that comes with this. It's the smell of freshly ground coffee beans. I caught heady whiff of this, [the other morning](#), cold morning, near freezing, too cold for me to be out. I grabbed a batch of beans from a local roaster, small batch of coffee beans, still oily and ripe with that smell. French Roast, beans from Mexico, politically correct, small-batch roasted, just delightful arrangement for my morning brew. As the grinder did its thing, then as I tipped the beans into the press-pot to make the first cup, that fragrant scent washed over me, quickening my blood, heart racing in anticipation.

It's just coffee.

That pungent, almost cloying whiff of the freshly-ground beans, though, that's what hope this week holds. There's an opening, and the trick is to not fall for just the promise, like that aromatic blend of fresh ground, ark roast beans.

How does that coffee taste?

Aries:

The Ram Having never had children myself, stepping into a "[Grandfather](#)" roll is fun for me. All the amusement of children with none of the associated cost or containment issues. I was feeding, or rather,

there when the child was eating, and more important, interacting with food. It was “queso,” a local dish that is mostly a melted cheese-like substance with some kind of seasoning tossed in for good measure.

The kid addressed its finger, coated with with yellow-orange queso, “I love you. I want to marry you, but now I have to eat you.” Slurp. Cheese dip gone. This action was carried forward until the slightly exasperated grandmother suggested to stop playing with the food. I was mesmerized. The idea of love, food, and now, on the far side of both a full moon and that stupid Valentine’s Day, we’re looking at that kid and its reaction, or actions. “I love you. I want to marry you, but now i have to eat you.”

What this means, translated into **Aries**? Venus and Mars are in **Aries**, and the influence gets stronger. Watching that child’s brain work through the definitions of love, the hierarchy in its wee, child’s brain? Which need must be answered first? Love or food?

I hope, by now, the good **Aries** will know that I’d suggest food is more important — but that’s just me. Mars and Venus, especially [next week](#), week after? Mars is going to make this really interesting. (Mars conjoins Uranus in the heavens.)

Taurus:

The Bull Rarely, if ever, do I categorize a **Taurus** as being “hasty,” or worse, “too hasty.” Not a typical generalization about the Bull, the **Taurus Bull**. Strong as an ox, associated with Venus and therefore, quite sensual, a veritable garden of earthly delights, yes, **Taurus** has many admirable qualities. But “Too quick” is not a standard term for **Typical Taurus**. There was one, and when her babies were in the slightest hint of harm? That one **Taurus** moved really, really quickly. But no, not a standard characteristic assigned to this sign.

Hashtag, “Just Sayin’.”

The first few days of this horoscope, there’s an angry, irritable, sentiment plaguing **Taurus**, which, in turn, can evoke a hasty reaction, a knee-jerk response that might not be the best. That feeling is carried forward into the second half of this horoscopes, but the irritation is going down, the swelling is subsiding. Still, there’s a situation that might provoke a *too hasty* reaction from **Taurus**. Not saying for sure, but reacting too quickly might not be the best way to reply and/or respond.

Taurus: One step back before you jump on it.

Hashtag, “Just Sayin’.”

Gemini:

The Twins Two words that begin with the letter “C” are part of this week’s **Gemini** missive. “Clarity” and “Cleanliness” are the words that come to mind. There’s a strong planetary suggestion that clarity is now available to **Gemini**. Been waiting on this, and as the Sun heads towards Pisces, you gain clarity around a certain issue that’s been bugging you. Most common reply? “I can see clearly now.” So “Clarity” is part of **Gemini**’s message. There were two words, though, and the second part of the clarity

image is “Cleanliness.”

The biggest obstacle with the clarity that arrives, for **Gemini**, the biggest problem? There’s some clean-up left-over, and now’s the time to attend to this. The last few days of *Aquarius* promises clarity about a certain issue, but the first few days of *Pisces* means — you’ve got some stuff to clean up. Now you know. Or you will know. Clarity then cleanliness. Goes in that order, and the problem being the cleanliness is up to **Gemini** to fix. Doesn’t fall on anyone else.

“I see what I need to do.”

So do it.

Simple, right?

Cancer:

The Crab “Wow, Kramer, you look so, so, nice? I’m not used to seeing you...” The ellipsis are always loaded in a conversation like this. “You’re not used to seeing me with clothes on?”

Smirk.

A sly, **Cancer** smirk.

I had on boots, dark jeans, a long-sleeve black t-shirt, and sports jacket. Sports coat. Whatever those are called, dressy kind of jacket-thing. Lots of pockets and stuff, know what I mean? The first time I got that reaction it was funny. The second time, kind of amusing, but along about the third or fourth time? Not nearly as meaningful, but it did start me thinking, maybe I should dress more carefully. Maybe appearance really does matter. Maybe I should try for more flash and less trash. Maybe I should spend less time worrying about this, too. With Mars and Venus where they are, it’s going to create tension and potential problems for how **Cancer** thinks about outward appearances. [Me](#)? I spend very little time worrying about my outward appearance, other than that brief interaction, the other day.

Your **Cancer** appearance, or so it will feel, is going to draw criticism. Maybe not criticism, but ire, adoration, notice, comment, something. You can go down that rabbit-hole, more like a worm-hole, of worrying about it. Or, like me, next day it was nice? I’m back to shorts and sandals, T-shirts and Hawaiian prints. Just easier to not worry.

The Leo:

The LeoCar Culture [fascinates](#) me, as I’m no longer part of it in any way, shape, or form. Just not there, not for me, so the culture is even more [interesting](#) and appealing, to me. The bumpersticker read, “Never give up,” with a second line, “Cowgirl Tough.” From what I know of ranchers and their ilk, yeah, the work is hard, and the women tend to be tougher than most. The cowgirls are usually a lot tougher than the cowboys, as a casual observation from my vantage point, sitting on the rail of a fence. That the sticker

was on the back of a working truck with over-sized tires, the kind of vehicle it wouldn't be unusual to see a bale of hay in the bed. As **The Leo**, this is the week to be, "Cowgirl Tough." Even better, as **The Leo**? that letting? On the truck, a working truck, probably a ranch or farm vehicle? "Cowgirl tough," that's my **Leo message**. Mars and Venus make this easier, but think along those lines, "Cowgirl Tough." In pink, no less.

Virgo:

The VirginYawn. I'm so tired of this one. Yet, here it comes again, the oldest trope in my business, and one that I'm afraid to use, but here it comes. "Coming at you, baby." Mars and Venus, and especially as Mars draws closer to Uranus in the early evening? Just after sunset, there they are, and that's all about weird relationships in **Virgo-land**. How weird?

Oldest line I've got, and yet, I'll trot it out again, "Tall dark handsome stranger from a foreign land."

I get tired of it, recycled material and one that I'm loathe to use, but there's method in my madness, to thoroughly confuse some of the metaphors, method yet, you'll see, **Virgo**, you'll see.

There is the nebulous beginning of a new relationship, partnership of sorts, with a person, or entity, from a varied and substantially different background than your **Virgo** self.

Libra:

The ScalesInsidious interruptions lead to a certain "dithering" effect in **Libra**. For **Libra**. Around **Libra**. It's, like, there's an issue, and we really need to get on this, like, you know, right now, but, you know, I wanted to make sure this was the correct way to approach this, and then, there's that other thing I wanted, might ought to do, first.

You know?

Understand that expediency is what really matters, and the time spent making a list, then checking the list, then looking to make sure there are adequate supplies, and the petty cash is OK, and then, see how this works?

There's a whole industry built around lists and getting everything checked off the list, a virtual "To Do" industry. Software, paper lists, paper for making lists, the perfect pen for writing that list with, a piece of software that reminds the phone to remind your **Libra** self that it's time to look at the list? Gets complicated. The problem being, you're spending time avoiding — dithering — when just tackling the task would result in being finished by now.

"Let me check my list, first."

Scorpio:

The Scorpio Do the research.

It's really simple.

Do the research.

I got cold-called by a person wishing to sell me something. Person was selling a product that involved making/scraping content for web pages. "You look like you could use some fresh content on your blog!" Seriously, no. For good or for ill, I write all my own material. Not that I couldn't use a decent copy editor, but that wasn't any part of the pitch. It was to sell me something that I already have, and it indicated that I was interacting with a person who had totally failed at the "homework" — or even a modicum of research — anything.

Total fail on that getting my attention.

So, how does this apply to **Scorpio**? Learn, sideways, from that lesson. Do the homework. Before you pitch an idea, before you cold-call, before you say "Yes" to that pitch? Or before you pitch?

Do the research.

In this example, a simple clicking around on my site, less than three minutes of exploration, that would reveal I don't use scrapers, and I don't post content that I don't write myself. For good or for ill, all me, baby.

[All natural.](#)

Scorpio: Do the research, first.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius I can write, like, take notes, faster with a keyboard, even faster with a software keyboard than I can [if I write by hand](#). Not complaining, this is the result of three decades' work. Devices, like phones and tablets? Sure, those are handy. However, I transitioned into the digital as an early adopter, and I never looked back. I did look back, but not for long. The digital version is what works best for me. I keep copious notes and files stuffed with arcane and anecdotal evidence, observations that might, or might not, make it into a piece of my work. The idea is there, though, the idea is there. So this was less about taking notes and more about how I might, or might not, take notes. As a **Sagittarius**, the old ways, sometimes, the old way die hard. We are reluctant to let go of our old methodology and the comfortable, well-worn routes we use to get from here to there.

"We always [done it this way](#)?"

That doesn't apply. There's a new way to work, or, perhaps, it's an old method, which has just recently

resurfaced. Towards that end, I got out a [notepad](#), one I liked, and a favorite type of pen, purple ink, it's a **Sagittarius** thing, and then, I started to sketch the ideas. Once the ideas started to flow again? I switched back to digital ink because analog is too slow for my **Sagittarius** brain.

To get this week's energy kick-started? Start out with a new/old process, and switch back to the usual method, once the juices get flowing. Seriously, I can type faster than I can write.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat With the advent of modern medicine, such as it is, there's new strains of [super bugs](#) that crop up, as we go along. What is happening in **Capricorn**? "Bullshit Resistant Bullshit." While, I hope, not a medical issue, there is the problem with the BS — organic male bovine by-product — that is getting stronger and stronger.

Usually, I can deflect a little bit of this. Usually. Usually, I can counter a little dollop of BS with a bit of my own, to counteract the effects. Reduces the efficacy of the spewer's BS, and it turns into a contest to see who is more full of it. As a *Sagittarius*, I'm not warning you, I have the advantage when it comes to tall tales, yarns and [improbable fictions](#). Just [suggesting](#).

Capricorn is going to be infected with "BRB," which is short for BS Resistant BS," which, as we know, is short for the rude term, "Bullshit Resistant Bullshit." Which is the problem you're up against.

Solution? Back away from the infected site. When you detect BS? Stop. Go no further. Treat it like an infectious disease and don't provide a live host on which it can grow.

Most important? **Don't try my trick of just shoveling it back.** I'm a *Sagittarius*; I can get away with that. **Capricorn**? Might fly back in your face.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer When I suggest this week's energy for **Aquarius**? I make this suggestion with all humility. I'd grovel some, but that might not work. There's a certain type of energy required to advance yourself, your good, **Aquarius** self. You would be best served by being a sycophant.

There are other, less salubrious terms, but yeah, the nice one works best. Pretend that you have to be nice. Pretend that you're doing this because you want to appear nice. You might be quite nice, I would tend to think so, but this is a time that's best served by the seemingly redundant social niceties.

Me: "Suck it up, butter cup."

Aquarius: Tight, forced smile. No comment. Or?

"Nice shoes."



Horoscopes starting 2.2.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, February 01, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/02/horoscopes-starting-2-2-2017/>

But wherefore did you so much tempt the [heavens](#)?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Casca in [Shakespeare's Julius Caesar](#) I.iii.53-6

Casca infers that the heavens, the stars and planets, portend dire circumstances, mixed in with superstition and politics.

[Jupiter](#) starts its annual retrograde pattern this week. What it means?

Horoscopes starting 2.2.2017

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer What we have now is a [new look](#) at an old problem. The planets have just [dealt a new hand](#), and in this game, this new hand for Aquarius? There's a chance to address, or redress, an old problem. Fix that thing, once and for all. For good. Done deal. Over and out. Thirty. Got that, my fine Aquarius friend? Fixed, once and for all.

To get this done, though, I [need](#) all seven days. In the next [couple of days](#), there's a sense of completion, like, "Spike the ball! We did it!" Or, more likely, "Me? Aquarius! I did it!" It looks finished. Slow down. It might not be quite done yet. However, by the end of this **Aquarius Horoscope**, by the tail end of it? There will be one, last seemingly insignificant detail you've overlooked. Then you can say, "It's done!" Finally.

Pisces:

The Fishes When I enter the [Zen Center](#), I fold my hands and bow. When I enter the local catholic [cathedrals](#), I cross myself, albeit backwards, but that's me. If I were to meet royalty, I would genuflect. Or, if I'm working with a *Leo*, first thing I do is get on my knees. These are all common signs of respect.

[I'm nothing if not adaptable](#). When I make any one of those gestures, that does not mean that I embrace the whole code, the entire canon, all of the laws and binding dogma of each institution. No, what I'm doing is showing a little respect. Odd duck that I am, my particular faith, or lack of faith, doesn't fit in any one container. Instead of trying to force it to fit, what I do — very **Pisces**-like — I'll adapt. Which means, when I cross that catholic church's threshold, I'll cross myself. Maybe dab myself with some

holy water, or whatever. Doesn't mean that I absolutely believe it all, no, just being respectful.

This week's **Pisces** energy, the run-up to *real Pisces time*, this week requires some respect. Show respect. Bow, cross yourself, genuflect, whatever is required. It's about of respect for a system, not necessarily a wholesale embracing that belief. Show a little respect. Works for me, and this week? It will really work well for **Pisces**.

Aries:

The Ram Because I spent so many years answering questions like, "I'm an [Aries](#), do I get along with a [Sagittarius](#)?" I put my own findings down in a book. Look for it wherever books are sold. Before you email me and ask, before you show up and ask, before you spend any time trying to figure out whether or not it will work? Look it up in my [book](#). Might be online, someplace free, for all I know. Still, Mars and then Venus, both in Aries? Mars is here, Venus soon enough, with the two love planets in Aries? I can guess the questions. "I'm an Aries, do I get along with (insert sign here)?"

Aries: You can [get along](#) with almost anyone. I adore me some Aries. That book, though, it's more like some guidelines for navigating some energies, and rather than get too specific in a general way, it all depends. However, with such guidelines in place, and the love planets warming your Aries self. Before you ask me about romance, consider looking up what I've already said. As a matter of course, before asking too many questions, look up what's already been said about that topic before you start asking redundant questions, or questions where there's an easy — Aries easy — answer at hand.

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Taurus:

The Bull Over the years, the [many years](#) in my field, I've been exposed to a number of divination techniques. With many examples, the purpose of the technique is to give clear, symbolic answers to questions. Playing cards, derived from Tarot cards, Runes, I-Ching coins, crystal ball gazing, water scrying, the list goes on. And on.

Personally, I trust my charts as time and again, that process proves most effective. However, as an adjunct, over the years, I've learned to carry a pendulum. Used primarily for dowsing, the pendulum can be an effective way to get a simple "Yes/No" answer. While I do have a scared pendulum with celtic top knot finished in a semi-precious stone, just about anything will work. Earbuds, an old (computer) mouse hanging from a wire, just about anything suspended underneath something else, and then establish a baseline, "Yes" is one way, "No" is the other other way. Simple enough to calibrate in a moment's notice.

As a **Taurus**, there's a need, especially now, to tap that *Taurus Subconscious* to find the answers. You have all the answers you need, but due to planets and their orbits? You're not trusting of the answers your subconscious delivers. That's why, following my suggestion, this is a time to find a way to ask your subconscious the questions. My *Taurus Oracle* predicts that you have the answers, you've just got to develop a quick and easy way to affirm your own suggestions. Mars. Venus. Uranus, all mired in the sign

before you. See which way your pendulum swings.

Gemini:

The Twins “Is [Mercury Retrograde](#)?” No, actually, in answer to the **Gemini** question, no, Mercury is not in retrograde. Mr. Mercury is moving along smartly, finishing up in *Capricorn* and easing on into *Aquarius*. All good.

The problem of cloudy thinking stems from Saturn, so this can't be blamed on Mercury. I'd rather think that Mercury will eventually sharpen that **Gemini** wit that feels like it has been dulled by recent events. The problems, foibles and troubles facing **Gemini** at this moment are easily remedied. Talk. Talk a lot. The talking cure. Listen to what you're saying, which, for at least one **Gemini** I know, that will be a difficult proposal, but listen as you're talking. The answers are there, in that steady stream of complaints, litany of misdirections, the problems with the stars, and the silly *Sagittarius* astrologers who won't give you an answer. The point is, no, Mercury isn't retrograde, and the answer to the pressing **Gemini** questions comes from the **Gemini** mouth.

Cancer:

The Crab My first guess, as the **Moon Child**, you have already figured out that the little love planets in *Aries* bode no well, for the forthcoming romantic holiday. Loathe as I might be to suggest otherwise, there is teaser herein. The operative word is transformation, and the trick is the change begins on the inside.

Our outward appearances carry clues, sometimes, about what's happening on the inside. Use the pressure from Mars and Venus, both in *Aries*, together for a short spell, use that pressure to create an internal image of what you want your outward **Cancer** (the Crab) carapace (shell) to show. How will we decorate for the up and coming holiday? What can we do to show off our lovely new shell? I'm thinking rhinestones and glitter, but that could be me, and that could be based on my location. Local populations tend to favor sequins, glitter, and glamorous accessories that are flashy. The trick? Design for the new love life, starts on the inside. Mars/Venus pressure for this. Use it wisely. Too cryptic?

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The Leo:

The Leo Just about every computer “accessory” I acquire comes with a cable. Phones, iPods, iPads, mp3 player, drives, [cameras](#), just about every electronic item that hangs off the side of a computer, or whatever, comes with a new cable. Mini, Micro, Super-mini-micro, 8-pin, 30-pin, USB, Thunderbolt, SCSI, HD, Mini-HD, DV-to-Mini-HD, and I lose track.

Currently, I'm on my third or fourth Bluetooth headset, earpiece for the phone. Each one came with a small cord for charging. Borrowing from my background as a [fisherman](#), I carefully store all of those cords, cables, and adaptors in a large plastic tub. Sealed up, but, in theory, readily available. I got a new

thing that needed to be plugged into the computer to make the thing work. Since, rare exception, there was no cable in the packaging, I just hauled out my “cable box,” and I started searching for the right connector. I know I have one. Maybe more than one. Eventually, I just dumped out that plastic bin that has all the cords and cables in it. Just spread it all out across the office floor, digging, sorting, untangling, and, eventually, I found the right thing so I could connect the new thing to the old thing.

Two take-away points for **The Leo**: 1) You’re going to need a catch-all container for various, seemingly disparate items; you’ll want all of that collected in one place. 2) You’re going to want to dump it all out to find that one, tiny, seemingly insignificant piece that makes this week work. Toss it all in a box, then dump out the box to find the right parts? Yes, then sweep everything back into the box, again.

Virgo:

The Virgin The run-up, the marketing push, the hearts and flowers, and the tiny little, fat cherubs? With their deadly bows and arrows, arrows tipped with hearts? Then, the color of passion, red? Everywhere? The grocery store, sure, and the greeting card store, again, makes sense, but the sporting goods place? Seriously? The pet store? Book store, I can understand, romance sells well. Couple of Virgo influences, and this might be the best time to reel that desire in, pull it back, put the romance ideas on “hold,” if just for a moment.

I would be the first to suggest that there are real, emotional feelings involved with the Virgo world. I’ll agree with Virgo about that. The problem being, with the relative static, lack-of-motion from Jupiter? While those feelings are very substantial? Now might [not be the time](#) to act on those feelings. Might want to sit on it for a spell. How long is a spell, in this case? Depends. All depends. I’ve been known to spend all day waiting on one fish to bite. And that’s not even a long spell.

Libra:

The Scales It’s all about fine-tuning and adjustments. Some days, there are big deals that require attention. Other times, it’s the little things. Buddy of mine, he’s a little short feller, drives a big truck, big pick-up truck. Useful for hauling a boat to the lake. Too much vehicle for my tastes, but I don’t have to make the payments, so it’s not an issue. When I have to drive, like, last fall, coming back from the coast, he’d been consuming beer all day, and it just better if I drove. That time, I just hit the seat control and cranked it all the way back to make room for my six-foot frame. Wasn’t totally comfortable, but wasn’t bad. Late model truck, pulls his boat with ease.

What I discovered, the other afternoon? The seat doesn’t just slide back, it also goes up and down. Next time I have to drive his truck, I can push the seat back, and then have the little servo motors crank the seat down, lowering my butt, which, in turn gives me more headroom.

It’s not a big adjustment but one I was unaware of last fall, so I had to scrunch down in the driver’s seat, four, long, hours.

I can save **Libra** four hours of discomfort, this is Jupiter I’m addressing, look for the [simple adjustments](#) that make your situation more commodious.

Libra: Your comfort is my concern. Look for the simple adjustment to make things easier.

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Scorpio:

The Scorpio There are times that require action. There are times that don't require action. Then? There are times that feel like they require action, but my extra-special **Scorpio** buddies? You are best served by not taking action. Function of Mars and Venus, but more so, a function of being stuck between Saturn (in Sagittarius) and Jupiter (in Libra). Sort of one on either side, or, one **Scorpio**, in a fit of cinematic pique, starts to think about the song, "[Clowns to the left](#), jokers to the right, stuck in the middle with you...."

This is a time that is best served by conserving your **Scorpio** resources. Pause. Stop. Think. Cogitate. Mull over possible scenarios in that **Scorpio** brain of yours. Plot a little revenge, if you must. Consider an artful way to take care of an astrologer who bugs you by suggesting you take it slow. However, you're best served, your **Scorpio** self does best if you just hold off on direct action.

Scorpio: "Let me think about this for a moment."

See how well that works? I'm all about saving you pain and frustrations. Seriously. No, really.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius How difficult is to change ingrained habits? As a **Sagittarius** myself, it would seem easy enough, just start, stop, do this instead of that, or any number of other possible routes to change. The challenge this week is ingrained habits. Not just casual stuff, like the little ritual when I leave the house, grab keys, phone, and so forth, no, more like the longer, more involved superstitions, like, for example, around posting online. I tend to work a rough draft of post, I tend to work that out in a word processor then post, then proofread, and make the post "live."

Changing up the ingrained habit? I've got to start proof-reading the material a little more closely, checking the structure, grammar and stray punctuation, first, before even getting as far as posting, two steps before "live."

Ingrained habits are hard to change, but this is a good time to consider what ingrained habits can be changed.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat As a general rule, I'm really big on reducing interruptions. This applies, in no uncertain terms, to electronic interruptions. Used to be e-mail was like that, and then instant messages, and then, texting, and, even now, rolled into some of my software, I have various alerts, "heads up" displays, and other ways of letting me know that there is some particular item that demands my attention. My answer to that? I shut it all off.

What I do requires concentration. Any number of clients that I see, in person, have noticed, the phone will ring, and I'll look down then push the button that sends the call to voice mail. I'll turn my phone off, when I meditate. Again, a process that requires no distractions.

Follow my lead here. Turn off one device, turn off one alert, maybe turn off the calendar warning thing. Doesn't much matter what it is. Try reducing the **Capricorn** sense of electronic notification overload by turning off the reminders.

Downside you might forget something. Upside? You'll be happier.

Capricorn: it's your call, you're in charge. But I recommend reducing the number of electronic alerts, if not just shutting it all down.

Horoscopes starting 2.23.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, February 22, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/02/horoscopes-starting-2-23-2017/>

The time is out of joint—O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together.

Hamlet in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* 1.v.187-9

Jupiter (retrograde) oppose Uranus conjunct Mars; New Moon in Pisces. But what does that mean?

Horoscopes starting 2.23.2017

Pisces:

The Fishes Digging way back into my personal [history](#), there was study method I used to employ. For college and university classes, I would start, at the beginning of the semester, a pile, a single pile of hand-written notes, typed notes, research for papers, and books that had to be read for that semester. So at the start of each academic period, I would have a single pile for each class. Three to five piles, sort of depended, and in later years, I've used this as an organizational method that is partially effective. For any given project, I'll pile all the required parts in one place. Liked doing this a semester at a time, as that was easier and it gave a limited time-frame for each project/class. I'd start out with the books and required texts, then I'd get the syllabus, as a bottom sheet, and the material would accumulate, over the next few months. At the end of the semester, I would toss paper notes, notebooks, and printed material, and for many years, I would assiduously keep the books, but even the ones I never, ever referenced [again](#), those have all gradually been discarded — or recycled.

This new moon in **Pisces** is the start. Gather up the parts and pieces of the up and coming **Pisces** project, looks like it will take a few months, get that stuff in one place. I prefer the “pile it” method, but whatever works? Gather the resources to plot your **Pisces** way forward.

Pisces: Pile it to push Pisces?

Aries:

The Ram My dear **Aries**, you do realize I've been coaching and coaxing you how to deal with this, right? And, my dear **Aries**, you do realize that jumping into the fray, at this very moment, will probably not go well? To say the least, “Not go well. At all.” The current displacement of the planets foretells — according to some — trouble. Big trouble. Issues, problems, and worst of all, hasty decisions by **Aries** that result in making matters worse. Which is why I'm here to help.

The facts, this is so simple, look at the players, Uranus, Mars, Jupiter, and to a lesser extent, Venus and Pluto, maybe toss in little Mercury commentary, to be safe. Usually, my **Aries** friends are best with “Shoot now, ask questions later,” as — usually — an **Aries** shooting from the hip is way better than a reasoned and plausible account from any other sign. Still, the problem being, the challenge with this week’s energies? Being too hasty. Usually, I can count on an **Aries** to be the best at the correct action, at the correct time.

Usually. These are not typical times, and these times require more time than you feel like you’re willing to give, or more time to see the most correct solution, again, not an **Aries** trait. More time. Less haste.

Aries: Simply put? Pause. I didn’t say stop; I just said, “Pause.”

Taurus:

The Bull Working for close to three decades in a professional capacity as a “reader,” the term that applies, at least in internal documents? We’re “Spooks.” With the advent of secret-agent adventure literature, in popular culture and other media? The term also applies to the nefarious (and largely fictional) worlds of espionage and counterespionage, as well. As a “spook,” though, I’m conversant with a number of belief systems, with ghosts, and real-live ghost-busters as part of my world. Part of the derivation for the term, I’d suppose.

As a “spook,” I’m used to the world of dreams and fantasies, where the two worlds collide with the real world. For **Taurus**, this next week is about paying attention to the subtle, maybe haunting, clues. Symbols that are not obvious, but clear, nonetheless. Intuitions, memories, dreams, events that seems keep occurring. One old girlfriend, I kept running into her, everywhere. Like she was stalking me. At work, at the store, walking along the sidewalk, spooky-like. Coincidence? Maybe.

Or maybe there is more. As a **Taurus**, you don’t usually read too much into the signs. This one will be obvious, though.

If it’s not obvious, you can always [hire me](#) to read the [signals](#).

Gemini:

The Twins This week, let’s borrow a “page” from Bubba, the archetype for **Gemini**.

“Man, I get these great ideas when I’m going in to work, so what I do now? I use that ‘voice record’ thing on my phone. Works well!”

So this involves generating **Gemini** ideas, this involve [remembering](#) those **Gemini** ideas, and this involves talking. All good stuff. All of this works. I’m not sure how much he goes back to reference his notes, as I’m not clear on that aspect of this arrangement, not for that one **Gemini**.

From **Gemini** to **Gemini**, the part about “I do my best thinking when” varies. However, the concept of

making a note, maybe just a short, spoken note, perhaps that's way more effective than the way I stop and write stuff down. Or, these days, I tend to thumb it into my phone but the idea is the same. For me, though, I have to pause while I jot down a reference point or idea. Means I pause on the sidewalk. Not in the car, not on a busy street, just off to one side. But that's me. Since **Gemini** is usually such an active sign? Voice Record [notes](#). You'll have the idea, but no need to stop — like me — and write down those **Gemini** pearls of wisdom. Voice Record.

Cancer:

The Crab I was in local grocery store when I saw this. Could be anywhere, but this was just around the corner from me. Young lady, presumably a young mom, she had a kid in tow, young kid, and then there was one in the basket. The kid in the basket was bawling its eyes out. Just mewling and crying like there was bloody murder. End of the world, life was over for that child. The mom was ignoring the outcry and calmly pushing the cart, second kid in tow, just down the aisle. The crying creature was reaching behind the mom, outreached hands grasping at air.

Looked like some fresh foods, milk, maybe eggs, I don't know, but the cereal aisle was what caused the problem. I'm an adult, or adult-aged, and if I want "sugar-coated, sugar-frosted, sugar-bombs" for breakfast, or any meal of the day, I can certainly have it. I'll also have to pay a price for that, but this isn't about me, this is about the mom and the kid. She was patiently avoiding the desire of the child because, a bright package and promise of a prize inside does not always equate with the best food for the child.

Cancer: Adult [decisions](#), this week. Adult decisions.

The Leo:

The Leo There's a chain of [used bookstores](#) I love to haunt. More than new book bookstores, the books themselves in the used sections tell stories. What's being read, what's not being read, what was supposed to be a best-seller, only to flame-out. Then, too, there's arcane books, some good, some bad, some interesting. Some not so much. I picked up a used text about a fairly arcane topic in astrology, a subset of what I do, and the book was published by one of the leading sources for astrological information. So it was supposed to be good. My copy still has the used price on it. Slim little text, filled with, what to me, is obvious technical analysis of astrology problems, and the way astrology — the placement of the planets — is used to influence the outcome. The book cites case studies, historical events, and while both detailed and technical in its terminology, accessible enough.

Standing in the bookstore, scanning the book, I figured it was useful. However, after I got home, settled down on the couch and started to really read the text? Author is dry, lacks style and wit, plus the material itself? While presented as highly technical, this is stuff I do naturally, on the fly. No big, deep analysis needed. Just occurs naturally, with me.

I've been doing this a long time. Buying that used text proved that I know what I know. It helped. I probably won't get rid of the text any time too soon.

The Leo: You already know this stuff, but, if like me, you need to buy that book to affirm it, then, by all means, buy the book.

Virgo:

The Virgin The main planet for **Virgo** is Mr. Mercury. Mercury moves into *Pisces* and moves into opposition to **Virgo**. Not bad, not good, not anything. However, there's a time to be "creative," especially with excuses, ideas, and weird plans with no hope for serious implementation — and this isn't one of those times.

"But I've got a great idea!"

I'm sure you do. Write it down. Make note of it. Turn it over in your lovely **Virgo** mind. Maybe keep it to yourself, too. There's a weird amount of energy floating free, see the heading, and you'll understand that no matter how wonderful your **Virgo** self is? No matter how wonderful your **Virgo** idea might be? That creative solution that is so obvious to you and not to anyone else? There might be a reason why your **Virgo** self loves it, and no one else sees it. Sit on it. Sit on that idea, quietly. Think about my favorite **Virgo** archetype, the straight-laced librarian with her tresses in a bun, primly attired in Victorian-collared, button-up dresses. Didn't say it wasn't a good idea, just, not now. Not yet.

Libra:

The Scales I had one, antique, desk that I lovingly treated with a compound that was supposedly "Pure Bees Wax." Since this is a dated reference, it no longer matters whether that was pure bees' wax, or just some kind of a chemical alternative. As my work habits mutated and changed, I had another desk that I would only use a soft cloth and gentle wax-compound to give the desk itself a lustrous shine. Protected from water spots, too. My current working space, yes, I still use a desk, but this one is different. When asked? I use the cheap, knock-off version of "Lemon Pledge," which is probably full of noxious chemicals, and the aerosol is bad for the environment, and frankly, for the convenience? I can't be bothered. It doesn't take much more than a spritz and quick swap with a rag.

For Libra, it's about fining that easier, quicker, more sustainable way to get that task done. I also — carefully — chose a cleaning example. There's something that needs some attention, like a simple swipe with a cleaning cloth. You can, if so motivated, go and find the "pure bees wax" type of compound, then spend hours lovingly working the wax into the finish.

Or, take my example, after years and years? A quick swipe with a knock, imitation, even generic brand. See if that doesn't work, just as well.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio Couple of options on this one. Take a break from the day job. Take a "mental health day." Call in sick. Run away for a day. Tell the boss you're working from home. Or, wait until you have some time off then pretend you're running away for the day. There's a strong need to break free from the usual

constraints, and me? I would never, ever try and contain a Scorpio in any way, shape or form. I know better. But that's me. I'm a sole voice in a sea of people trying exert, looks like work, looks like stuff at the Scorpio day job, looks like someone, or multiple someones are trying to hold you down, tie you up, suppress, repress, something that's not fun.

Couple of options on this one. Take a break. Run away for a day. Excuse yourself from the presence of the folks who are actively trying to hold you down. You're Scorpio! You can pretty effectively evade the grasp of someone who you don't want gripping your neck.

Me? I'd never grip a Scorpio by the neck. Up comes that tail, with its stinger, and, while not deadly, it does hurt. A lot. I know.

So, I didn't say, "Don't do the work," but plan on a break from those who would suppress the Scorpio will.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Break it up. Simple as that. Break up the monotonous routine. For years, I used tiny espresso cups, properly a *demitasse*, for drinking my morning [coffee](#), while I wrote. Perfect example of how to "Break it up." Those tiny cups hold about three swigs of coffee before it gets down to the grounds (French Press coffee). Then I'd have to wander off to the kitchen area to get more coffee, a quick refill. A two-cup coffee maker felt like 8 or 10 cups of coffee, and over a whole morning of working, it was lots of coming and going, *to-ing* and *fro-ing*, which, if you pause, is my example of "Breaking it up."

There's good and there's bad, and the [Pisces New Moon](#) is — not exactly — comfortable for **Sagittarius**. The trick? "Break it up." Break the task, the goals, the desires, the job at the **Sagittarius** hands? Take that and break it into more manageable pieces. Or, like me, since the job didn't change, I just made it seem like a bunch of smaller parts, instead of doing the **Sagittarius** thing, and merely looking at the big picture.

Sagittarius: Break it up.

Capricorn:

The Sea GoatIt's change, and sometimes, this feels like change that is not of your own, **Capricorn** making. The challenge, and the good stuff, all wrapped up in one? The key is the term, "Feels like," while, in the bigger way of seeing this situation, this enforced change? It's something your secret Capricorn self has wanted, all along. Traditionally, many astrology writers tend to characterize **Capricorn** as "Stubborn as an old goat." Not me. I do use the example of the mountain goats in impossibles places, but that's not the same old goat. So this change, what's coming along and almost being forced, a certain amount of coercion, as this week's energies unfold?

Change. And "change" that feels like it is not of your own, **Capricorn** making. However, with that stubborn energy present — not **Capricorn stubborn** — but persistent anyway? With that energy, employ that to effectively make the change, the transition, the motion towards the changes that seem to be, feel

like, the required new changes. Grow, change, and adapt? Forget stuck in the same place, like that old goat.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer Back in the day? Old buddy, not an **Aquarius**, but he had an **Aquarius** Moon? So he was “sort of” **Aquarius**, right? Anyway, he was noted as being a bit of “clothes horse,” which, at that time, back in the day, meant he was always fashionably attired. Snappy dresser. Think, along the lines of, Zoot Suits and similar, if somewhat dated, attire. Oh good lord, he has grandbabies, now, from the social media feeds I was scrolling through. Still appears to be a snappy dresser.

His special [touch](#)? It wasn't what he was wearing, but how he wore it. Still applies, even in this day and age. My old buddy was one of the first “thrift store stylists,” as in, he bought old stuff for pennies then made it look like a million dollars, to confuse the issues. My fine, **Aquarius** friends?

It's not what you wear, but how you wear it.

It's old wisdom, drawn on a [distant past](#), but the idea is sound, and with what's going on, especially with your planets?

“It's not what you wear, but how you wear it.”

Horoscopes starting 2.9.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, February 08, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/02/horoscopes-starting-2-9-2017/>

By [Jupiter](#), an angel! Or if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Belarius in [Shakespeare's](#) *Cymbeline* 3.6.42-4

Horoscopes starting 2.9.2017

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer Happy birthday or happy Valentine's Day or happy [whatever](#) it is you might be celebrating. There's a sense that a number of events, in the Life Aquarius, a number of events are starting to line up in a much more hospitable way. The biggest obstacle, and it's not really much of a problem, but the largest impediment towards moving forward with the Aquarius hopes and plans for the future? Phase of the Moon. Once that moon slides out its "full" position, there's a number of people who won't be as ebullient and forward thinking as Aquarius. It's not a bad time, so much as folks are less willing to share in your Aquarius-tinged excitement.

The trick is to internalize the excitement. The way it looks, there's a ton of potential Aquarius happiness to share, but maybe, this isn't the most correct time to share it — publicly. As Mars and Venus course their way through Aries, and as Jupiter sets up opposite from Uranus? Good stuff for Aquarius, but a more subdued approach might be best.

Pisces:

The Fishes Shortly after sunset, Venus and Mars are visible, setting in a few hours, chasing the Sun, so to speak.

"Them's the [love planets](#),' you know..."

Yes, and they are cooking *Aries*. Aries comes after **Pisces** — this week's about the affect of those planets on the **Pisces** psyche.

There's a superstitious gesture, a symbolic move, some type of action required to help move the energy this planetary pair invokes, there's a requirement of **Pisces**. Do something.

For me, when I'm riding with fishing buddy, he has a tendency, no condemnation, just observation, to

blow through “really yellow lights,” or to some, this would be a traffic light that’s “pink.” “It wasn’t really red, it was just sort of pink, right?”

Whatever works. When he does that? I kiss my fingertips and touch the front of the truck’s cab. From me to whatever belief systems seems to work, I’m paying homage to the gods of traffic to protect us through the intersection and hope there isn’t a traffic camera or cop. It’s about a ritual to engage the present energy. The love planets are curling **Pisces**, what are you doing to engage that energy?

Aries:

The Ram I had one girlfriend, “A hand-lettered card is way more important than jewelry,” she said. Turns out, that might not have been exactly true. It’s not that I’m cheap, I just don’t know much about jewelry, and precious stones are too dear. However, I’m not very good at hand-written love notes, either. Partially, because, after so many years with keyboards, I just have piss-poor penmanship. Partly, too, because it’s a lost art, and one I don’t intend to rescue. However, a simple, thoughtful gift, wherein it’s not an expensive gift, the works wonders. Different girlfriend, one Valentine’s Day, she got a CD. Artist I adore, and the CD was something I probably wouldn’t have bought until I’d found it in the “used” or “remaindered” areas. So that was super-nice, for me.

These are pecuniary examples of how to celebrate the event one of [my buddies calls](#), “National Extortion Day.”

The [issue](#) is to make sure the thought is conveyed. With the unsettling approach of Jupiter and Uranus in opposition? Look for the correct, inexpensive if possible, way to express that sentiment. Mars and Venus are gearing up, best be ready.

Taurus:

The Bull There’s exactly one Taurus I know who is just fine, just-fine-thank-you-very-much, at this moment. One. Out of the plethora of Taurus that I adore. One. The rest? It’s an unsettling combination of two, no three, maybe more, astrological elements, notably Mars and Venus in Aries, and Uranus oppose Jupiter, and the Sun in Aquarius. See how this works out? Individually, there’s an effective way to deal with these energies, but for poor Taurus, except for that one? For poor, poor Taurus, there’s a lot of astrological juice that’s uncomfortable. No Taurus likes the discomfort. That one Taurus? The secret? Understand there are forces pushing, pulling, demanding, and otherwise, trying to force a situation. Best Taurus skill to employ? Patience. That trademark Taurus patience and ability to sit longer, and thereby, outlast, any other sources of this — temporary — consternation. There’s still this one Taurus, and for that one? Everything is OK, no patience required.

Gemini:

The Twins The trick is to understand and embrace the [distractions](#). I was wandering around the grocery store the other afternoon, getting some swiss chard for supper. That, along with half an onion I got left over, be a good enough meal. As I meandered, watching the people shop, I had distinct flash of myself.

There was a guy, maybe ten years older than me, shuffling along, pushing a cart with some greens and, he had a jacket that covered a brightly patterned shirt, and then, at his neck a rather colorful — and clashing colors at that — bandana was loosely knotted. He had a scared and haunted look. It was like, I was looking at myself, ten years from now. That afternoon, I was just going from meeting a client, I was more formally attired, jeans, boots, dress shirt, untucked, but also not wrinkled, and my [bandana](#) was tight across my forehead, keeping my hair in check.

Embrace the distractions. Like having a future self check in with your current self, like, that haunted look? What can we do to prevent that?

One of the **Gemin** challenges? Not get distracted. This next few days? Distractions are good. Embrace the distractions.

Cancer:

The Crab There's a scent, I'm unsure if it is still popular, but it was called "Freshly Laundered Linen." Had blue candles. Now, if you've ever lived in a trailer in South Austin, or on the south side of San Antonio, in a less than salubrious neighborhood, you'll understand. Laundry from the [laundromat](#) doesn't smell like the previously articulated "Freshly Laundered Linen." I did, in Austin, use a fabric softener, and that masked the "burnt cotton" scent of the dryers there. I've used variation on themes, from exotic oils to organic satchels, but the idea is that "freshly laundered linen," to me, never smells like that scent bearing the same name.

[Ironic, isn't it?](#)

The idea of a scent known as "Fresh Laundered Linen" made me think about the little frustrations, as in, without chemical or natural assistance, in trailer park laundromats, that was never the scent. Mostly clean, but not heavenly scented. No, what's advertised isn't like that in the real world. As we approach the big holiday, when one pretends what one's not? Otherwise known as *Valentine's Day*? Remember how those scents are never a real reflection of the so-called Real World.

The Leo:

The Leo I would never, "Never, ever, [never-ever](#)" accuse **The Leo** of exhibiting a lack of judgement. We've got a full moon in **Leo**, or rather, on the Leo/Aquarius axis. Before and after that event? We still have the sun in Aquarius and Mercury is in Aquarius. Let's examine that last one, Mercury in Aquarius, which, as your majestic **Leo** self knows, Aquarius is a semi-compatible air sign. Air feeds fire, or, if you're not careful, "Air feeds ire." One of the ways I serve **The Leo** is to help not feed that ire. Would that I could make it that the rest of the world would not feed **The Leo's** ire.

I can't change how other folks, obviously non-**Leo** types, I can't change how they are going to show up, come along, or otherwise pull in front of your **Leo** self, and try to piss you off. The goal is magnanimously sweep a hand in front of you, and think, "Here, please, go ahead of me. Step in front of me. I can wait." Then think, "I'm willing to put your needs ahead of my own, because, after all, that's a

beneficent ruler does.”

It's how you choose to react to a situation where it feels like, it sure looks like, where someone is trying to get in your way, cut in line ahead of you, or otherwise try your patience. Good thing you're **The Leo** as you know, that kind of irritation can really get under the skin of some people. Typically, not you. Not that you know, right?

The Leo: Sweep of the hand, all it takes, think, “Dismissed.”

Virgo:

The Virgin “Unrequited love,” that should be the theme. Perhaps, one step further? “Unrequited love of [Virgo](#)?” Wait, that's my theme, that's not what this is about. The unrequited love, the object of the Virgo's affection, the clear target that might, or may never, be? That's the target. Unavailable, unobtainable, or, just out of cosmic sync?

I prefer, as an excuse, I much prefer, “Out of cosmic sync.” An older image, long since past prime, cycled up. Really old non-girlfriend. Rather, a non-girlfriend, Virgo, lots of Virgo, she would be about the same age as me, now, but anyway, it was never consummated. We were on different wave-lengths at the same times. She would dodge left, and I would veer right. A comic version of dodge ball, where we never connected properly. Not going to happen in this lifetime, either. Not without merit, no, not without merit, we just can't seem to be in the same space, mentally, the same space, physically, and the same space, emotionally, not at the same time.

Some unrequited love is best left unrequited. Yeah, I know, big romance push, holiday and so forth, but think about it. The [unrequited Virgo love](#) can be carried forward.

Libra:

The Scales There are two schools of thought here. Rather divisive — only two ways to see this, but that's how it works out. Either cooking is a science, marked with exact measurements, and carefully regulated temperatures, or, in my thinking? Cooking is an art, and it's matter of inexact quantities, pinch, dash, shovel, and adjust as taste indicates. My various [recipes for chili](#) bear out my style, it's a matter of what is handy at the time. My cooking is by guidelines, not following a recipe to the letter. My cooking is good, and enjoyed by some, but no one expects it my cooking to be great all the time. It's about managing expectations, this week in **Libra**.

The [other side](#) of this equation, the exact measurement, the recipe that calls for tablespoons, and cups, and similar, exact quantities? That's what this week requires. My method of sort of taking a gander at a recipe and then, just filling in with some improvisational cooking idea, that doesn't work. My style of cooking by “feel” works well enough in many situations. This week's energy in **Libra**? Precision. Precision is required. Exact measurements. My hopeful, often incorrect, “gut feeling?” While that's very effective in many situations, this week? My style has terrible results. Don't want to upset the **Libra** digestions with something that might not taste right.

Two schools. My “guidelines,” and a real recipe. Follow the recipe.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio Don't [engage](#), but then don't avoid, either. This Full Moon, and the subsequent fallout from the lunar cycle? This full moon upsets the gentle nature of the Scorpio psyche. One year, been more than a decade now, but one year, I was living on the river in Austin, and one year, in February, I caught the same fish, time and again, over and over, maybe seven times in the two weeks culminating at Valentine's Day. That would make it the first two weeks of February, ending VD. Same fish.

Honestly? She was bedding, a spawning pattern, early that year, and her nest was right by the dock in the old trailer park. Still, it was a record for me, and as soon as she dropped her eggs, I'm sure she was glad to be rid of me.

That fish always reminds me about not engaging. Here's the **Scorpio** reminder: Don't engage, but then, don't avoid, either.

Engaging, in this example, is when the fish would stray from the bounds of the nest to strike at my bait. Don't engage. However, when my bait looked like a critter that was about to eat the eggs or disturb the nest, then the fish would strike at that, too. That's the second part, the “Don't avoid, either.” Inside the territorial turf? Strike back. Outside Scorpio's grounds and bounds? Don't strike.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius I think one of my cousins works for *The Container Store*, a corporate empire, now. One woman I dated did freelance for many years with *The Container Store*, and some of my bookshelves are sort of leftover from that. Not really, but a slim connection. Anyway, looking at the planets and our positions, what we really need is a way to get organized. The problem being, the challenge, just going *The Container Store* and buying the shelves, the organizers, the plastic dividers, and other items? Just purchasing the [containers](#) themselves don't get our **Sagittarius** selves organized.

Before going out to buy the stuff to get organized? Before acquiring the “thing” that all make our life better? Get organized, first. Get the stuff you want to put into those plastic storage bins, get that stuff out and size, how many bins do you really need? Bigger, smaller, wait, can we just jettison this one item? No longer in use and no longer holds sentimental value?

Process. All about process, and that's what's happening here.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat From [memory](#), and you can check my book of quotes, to get the exact line correct, but as I'm *Sagittarius*, I'm way too lazy to look this one up at the moment, but the quote?

“Habit is habit and not to be flung out the window, but eased down the stairs, a step at a time.”

—Mark Twain

Again, from my unreliable memory, it's a quote from one of Twain's characters. While the book I had in mind wasn't required for the course, I enjoyed it as it's a short fiction done in Mark Twain's character with bizarre backstory to it. However, none of this matters as what I was concentrating on, for **Capricorn**? It's about starting to change a habit, probably a bad habit you want to break, but the sweet allure of the habit's effects is more interesting than the deleterious side effects.

Until now.

This is the week to start thinking about breaking the habit's old ways. I didn't say we were stopping. Just quite stalling.

“Habit is habit and not to be flung out the window, but eased down the stairs, a step at a time.”

—Mark Twain

Horoscopes starting 3.16.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, March 15, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/03/horoscopes-starting-3-16-2017/>

If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me: I'll be horn-mad.

Francis Ford in [Shakespeare's](#)
Merry Wives of Windsor 3.5.45

Horoscopes starting 3.16.2017

Pisces:

The Fishes Shakespeare's *Merry Wives* is a bit of an odd play. It either resurrected, or served as "prequel" to Sir John Falstaff's *Henry IV*, part 1 character. Falstaff was one of the most popular characters from Shakespeare's canon, and the story told? The Queen of England wanted Sir John Falstaff's character to get his comeuppance. So Shakespeare wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and there we have it.

The best part of about this being an alleged request from the Queen herself? There is [no real evidence](#) to support that proposition. It's been bantered about for hundreds of years, and it seems to fit, as this seems to be a very different Falstaff from the King Henry plays.

However, there is no strict — admissible in a court of law — evidence to support that Queen Elizabeth commanded Shakespeare to write the play. As **Pisces** draws to a close? Happy birthday, and be aware is Venus is backwards, right? Evidence. Hearsay, anecdotal, and "it would seem so" are not valid forms of evidence. As a **Pisces**? Get real facts.

"Fake news," no matter the source, is still not valid.

Aries:

The Ram Happy birthday! It just got, like, "Real!" Sure, let's go with that. Much as I do adore me some Aries, there's frantic kind of silliness that is loose in your sign. I can't contain it. There's this one *Aries chick*, and she'll look at me, glare, glowing red eyes, "This is **serious**, you addle-pated (long string of insults)...."

Yes, I know it's serious, but the silliness, or more properly, a [sense of the absurd](#), is what is required next few days. Can't change that. Yes, I know this is serious, but if you looked at it from [my point of view](#)? You'd see how silly it can appear.

Back to that one *Aries chick*, eyes on fire, glowering at me. The trick is, I get it. The potential **Aries** problem? You don't see the whole thing, the big picture, the way this is just part of a bigger puzzle, and

we're not there yet. Or you're not here yet, or you don't understand, that, while it is "serious," *yes, I'll agree*, it's not that big of a deal to the other people you encounter. In a few days, maybe a week or two, other folks will see that it is serious, or your **Aries** self was justified in being worried, concerned, whatever, at this time. You are best served by conserving your copious amounts of Mars-inspired energies, and looking for the funny, the amusing, the bemused, or just plain silly in the situation. Just for now.

Taurus:

The Bull One author, old girlfriend turned me on to this one author, and I got hooked. It's a kind of guilty pleasure for me, as it's not material that I would tend to read, otherwise. Not my stuff, not generally. Once I read a couple of the novels, though, I was hooked. What I've always admired is the total lack of style.

No. Style. At. All.

No tricks with weird punctuation, no long, runoff sentences, no misplaced modifiers or dangling gerunds. Sensible, straightforward prose. Ripping yarns that keep me engaged for the duration of the novel. I'll check it out of the library and read the latest one, possibly read it in just an evening. Not really deep material but engaging enough, with that novelist's eye for detail that paints pictures with words.

It's a guilty pleasure. That's all. As *Mars* warms **Taurus** up? It's about guilty [pleasures](#). As we look at where the rest of the planets are? Maybe this is about guilty pleasures that we don't tell anyone about, but curl up with a cozy mystery book and read all night long. Binge watch the latest guilty pleasure online, something. I think the books are better forms of guilty pleasures because they involve the mind, and there's always that little part of Mars that wants action. Guilty pleasures with some action.

Gemini:

The Twins You know what the problem is, my Gemini friend? It's the that the "problem" has taken up residence in your brain. The problem, which wasn't a big deal last week? Or yesterday, it has had time to fester and grow. Like a cancer, only, worse. What occupied one corner of your brain last week? One, tiny itty-bitty stretch of Gemini bandwidth and brainwaves, last time? It's grown. There's the dog, gnawing on a bone, and that dog just won't let go of the bone, although, by this time, the bone is mere shards of its former self.

Just won't let go of that problem, and now? It's grown and grown. What used to occupy a mere fraction of its former space? Now takes up waking days and nights. What was tucked away in corner, almost forgotten? It's taking up more and more space.

Here's the deal, the trick, the idea. Stop. Just stop obsessing about a problem that, if you look, you know you didn't create this one. [It's not yours](#). Stop.

Cancer:

The Crab I have one shirt I bought at the cheap, “Mexican” market. Like a dry goods store, but aimed at working-class people, and the primary language, again, remember where I live, the *lingua franca* is a *border patois*. The shirt cost less than three dollars, the total price for the shirt, new, or new-like, or new, but an irregular, so it was cheaper. I was working in [Austin](#), and a cool weather front moved in, so I needed a heavier shirt to serve as a jacket. I was fine in shorts, just needed a longer, heavier, warmer shirt.

That one shirt, less than three bucks? It’s lasted three-four seasons now. The label’s fallen off, but I think it was 100% spun, recycled polyester. All plastic. But soft, a lovely light-blue plaid color. Never shrunk. The sleeves might not be the same length, and there might be other manufacturing irregularities, but over all? Been serviceable. That one day, when I bought it? The AC was cranked down at the venue and that shirt paid for itself in that first day. Because it was so inexpensive, I never thought it would last, and yet, it has. Not stylish, but not too ugly to wear, and weird, in that, despite the all-polyester construction, nothing natural, it is quite soft.

As a **Cancer**, as the *Children of the Moon*, I want nothing but the best for you, and as a *Sagittarius* outside observer, I’m pointing out that simple, three-dollar shirt has served me well, much passed its “use by” date. Expiration date and expectations of longevity have long been tossed aside with that cheap shirt. Some days, the quality is in the less expensive places. Don’t be afraid to cheap out — it worked well in my cancerian, [Moon Child](#) example.

The Leo:

The Leo Love me my Leo friends, but right now? “Things” just seem to be skidding sideways. Not bad, not good, just not going the way **The Leo** want them to go. What it looks like to me? A sideways slip, a skid to the left — or the right — whatever direction appears to be most inconvenient for **The Leo**.

Again, this isn’t the end of the world, but at least one Leo will text me, “Oh Yes It Is. End. Of. The. World.”

Virgo:

The Virgin I got this one Virgo client, and until a planet — or astrological element, like the Sun or the [Moon](#) — until a planet moves from one location to another, that client feels bound up, unable to make a decision. The planets have to change in order for that one person to change.

Me? I have great faith in humanity. I’m a fan of *free will* and *free choice*, and the innate human ability to reason, think, and adjust. So I read the planets as symbolic energies that suggest directions rather than dictate exactly when. Although, to be sure, I’ve watched as the motion of the planets does accurately predict an outcome.

This is about a Virgo decision. If you’re waiting for the perfect time? It might not happen this week. If you want to start making progress in that one area where you feel bound up? Now’s the time. I have faith in you. You should have faith in your Virgo self, too.

Libra:

The Scales In some of my original "[Bare Foot Astrology](#)" series, when I was first working with the material? One of my common comments was that I wanted a **Libra** to manage my affairs. In my mind, the **Libra** energy tends to be the benevolent, nice-guy, but get-it-done boss. Excellent managers. Fair, rational, bright, not prone to getting in a tizzy about small matters unless, of course, the small matter warrants a tizzy or a tizzy-like reaction. Even-handed. As an Air sign, too, there's that element of available intellectual discourse, present in **Libra**. All good. The challenge as *Pluto* continues to apply pressure towards retrograde *Jupiter*? There's an incessant need for change, and this might feel like change that is not of the **Libra** making. Which can be a problem. The trick is to use that **Libra**-like equanimity, the poise and balance the sign is known for, and to give the those middle-of-the-road answers, over and over.

"I can see how you would feel that way, certainly," is one **Libra** response.

"I certainly understand your sentiments, especially now," another good **Libra**-like response.

"Sucks to be you," is not a good way to reply. Which is why I want a **Libra** to manage my office. But this isn't about me, this is about the way it feels like there's some change underfoot. Best response is to go back into that **Libra**-like balance and poise, though it might be hard to get to, this week.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio No one expects me to be politically correct. No illusion about that. So this is a riff on a joke, probably offensive and sexist, but use it as an analogy or metaphor, and it might make better sense.

"When a woman answers with, 'fine,' the impending storm is relative to how quickly the answer is received."

The imagined conversation, the **Scorpio** asks, "So it's okay if I do this?"

"Fine."

We can all see, as outward observers that the situation is not fine, and that answer means something entirely different. It's not OK. It is not "Fine." This will not end well for Scorpio.

With the planets where they are, if you, as a Scorpio, has to ask that question? And if you, as a **Scorpio**, receives that answer?

"Fine."

You know where this is going. The secret to use this energy properly? Don't. Don't put your **Scorpio** self in a situation where you have to ask that question.

It's tempting, but no, if you have to ask, you know in your heart, you shouldn't have in the first place.

“OK, fine. What. Ever.”

Scorpio: This never [ends](#) well.

“Fine.”

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Poking around on a website, I found a list of “must have, now free” apps for the phone. Or the tablet. Or computer. Pick. I’m not sure, and don’t make me work and go to find that link. The top of the list? It was an app, basically, a timer, that alerted the user at preset — or established — time, the user got hit with a tiny alarm, reminding the user to get up. Take a break.

“Science” has proven that humans work best with integrated coffee breaks. Or breaks of some kind. Apparently, some people get so consumed with a task that they forget to rest, take a break, stretch their legs, or maybe even, just go to the bathroom.

“There’s [an app for that.](#)”

Groan. Yes, so there’s an app that reminds me to take a break. Supposed to improve my concentration, if I take a break. Give me a break, none of that works, or, I could just use the built in timer, right? Instead, some clever person came up with a plan, and then, programmed a timer with suitable alerts to remind us to get up and stretch. In part, this really doesn’t work for me, because I use a standing desk, and I have to walk in the other room to get coffee, which goes in tiny espresso cup, so I’m on the run, [frequently](#).

Sagittarius: We don’t need [more frequent breaks](#). Given where the planets all exert energy? Less time spent playing with useless apps, and more time spent working. We get enough breaks, as it is. No need for a further distraction, whose only purpose is to add a layer useless complexity, and more cause to wander away from work. No need.

“But it was [free!](#)”

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat One of the archetypes for *Sagittarius* is “The Archer.” As such, I’ve been accused of shooting that arrow straight into the heart of the matter, arrows of truth (*what-ever*), and doing so with a remarkable lack of tact and poise. I also use the analogy of the element of Fire. Fire burns well, in one direction, as long as there’s fuel. Like lighting a match? As long as there’s air and matchstick, we burn happily in that direction.

Given where a few planets are, like *Retrograde Venus*, the sun entering *Aries*, and *Uranus* opposite from *Jupiter*? Then there’s that *Pluto* in **Capricorn**? Given all of that? Borrow a page from my [book](#), the astrofish.net guide to *Sagittarius*, and pretend you’re like one of us. Stick to that goal. Follow the fuel

source until it runs out. Shoot the arrow of truth straight into the heart of the matter. Boldly insert whatever you can get into your mouth. Be true. Stick to one direction, one goal, one item to get done before you even think about moving onto a second goal. Finish one first. Pretend you've got all that fire and you are going to obsessively follow a single goal, the fuel source, to its very end. One direction. One goal. One destination. Finish that one, first. Then move on.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer Working through your chart, trying to arrive a suitable set of symbols, I paused. Pulling a book off the shelf, I copied passage down, started a [weblog post](#) about that passage, then came back. Rather a long passage, not just a short quip, but I copied — typed — retyped, really — a paragraph about a subject that is tangential to **Aquarius**. I sought outside help, and while that resulted in nothing direct, it did spur me onward, and as I came back to revisit the charts for this **Aquarius** week I had a chance to reflect.

Normally, a direct route is most expedient. Gets us from where we are to where we want to be, the quickest, shortest way. As I poked at Mars, now in *Taurus*, I realized that a pointed diversion, like me, just opening up a book and copying over a passage, then coming back to visit what I'm really working on?

The act of typing over some great words, like memorizing a short passage from Shakespeare's canon, something like that? It helps clear the **Aquarius** thinking, which, as of late, has gotten bit muddled by outside influences. Just clear the air.

“Nothing is good or bad but thinking makes it so”

Now, where is that [quote from](#)?

Horoscopes starting 3.2.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, March 01, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/03/horoscopes-starting-3-2-2017/>

When a man's verses [cannot be understood](#), nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Touchstone in [Shakespeare's](#) *As You Like It*, III.i.5

Venus turns retrograde, visible close to the [horns](#) of the moon, just after sunset. Venus will be in apparent retrograde motion from March 4 (13 Aries) to April 15 (26 Pisces).

Horoscopes starting 3.2.2017

Pisces:

The Fishes This week starts with confusion, "When a man's verses cannot be understood," and finishes, for Pisces, with [clarity](#), focus, and direction. Herein is the challenge, to muddle your Piscean way through this next few days in order to gain the clarity and insight that the day after offers. I'm a big fan of making an attempt at "[Living in the present](#)," so, following that dictum, the best use of the next few days is contemplation and pause. Pause a moment before speaking. In my case, when I do pause before [speaking](#), I tend to look a little like a space cadet. "Did you do a lot of drugs in the 60's?" That's not part of this question. I wasn't old enough to do drugs in the 60's, but never mind that now, this isn't about me, it's about a spacey Pisces. Happy birthday. Realize that a well-timed pause might serve better, particularly in the next few days, much better than jumping right in with both feet. Leave that to [me](#), the "Feet in the mouth" syndrome. Face it, I'm much better at that than you.

Aries:

The Ram "Hello? **Aries**? This is your subconscious speaking, trying to get through to you." That's the message, over the next few weeks, and it's only going to get weirder from here. Either you listen and pay attention, or you don't. I have, on file, exactly two charts of people who will do quite well, because, in the natal chart, **Venus is Retrograde**, just like now. Good times for those two. Other than that? How to best make us of this energy?

"Hello, it's me, the *Land of Nod*, reaching out to **Aries**. You there, yet?"

More important, as an **Aries**, are you listening? What's most important, though, as a [consideration](#), is that the thoughts, dream, memories, and whatever else pops up under the **Aries** skull-cap? Whatever springs forth might not be real. Might be. Might not be. This is about the subconscious and one of the worst situations is getting set on just one way of interpreting those images that issue from the **Aries** mind. It's

that other part of the brain, or the subconscious, or, in one example, buried genetic memories that stretch for eons. Make note of what the subconscious is saying, what the ancestors are directing you to do, how your dreams are communicating with you. However, just as a very specific caution, except for those two? The rest of the **Aries** clan would be best served as remembering this is all highly allegorical. Metaphorical. Even archetypical. But not literal.

“Literally.”

Taurus:

The Bull**Taurus** is both a fixed sign and an earth sign. **Taurus** is also associated with the planet Venus. As Venus begins, in the next three days, to turn into an apparent backward motion, now is the time to realize the strengths — and potential pitfalls — of that **Taurus** bull-like stubborn attitude. It's not a time to stick to your stance, assiduously refusing to move. Not the time to make a stand. Not the time to say, “This is the line, cross it or else!” To me, **Taurus** always represent strength and stability. That stability is being questioned, even now. From history, I'm sure it is perfectly all right to [question authority](#). Therein is the clue for what works for this week's **Taurus** missive. Question authority. I didn't suggest a rebellion, just a gentle questioning. I like “Stubborn.” “Stubborn” doesn't change with the whims of the weather. “Stubborn” doesn't switch sides, or run away in the face of danger. However, with this Venus-Inspired event? Question authority.

Gemini:

The Twins The next few days, okay, maybe the next week, this isn't going to go smoothly. I know how much you'd like this to go smoothly, but no, I can't see that happening. There's a little too much tension in the **Gemini** chart, and then, with what's going on as Venus stations, then proceeds to move in a disorderly direction? There's more tension, just exacerbating the current situations. Venus is much more than just the “Planet of Love,” and herein is the problem for **Gemini**. These problems are going to start rolling in, one at a time. The cure, if there is such a thing, for real, the cure is to stop what you're doing, at the moment the problem pops up, and right then, right there, stop, and address the problem. Me? I carry band-aids in my carry-on luggage, just for this problem. I've got a small “first aid kit” that's nothing more than an odd collection of stuff. Lip balm, chapstick, aspirin, other analgesics, a handful of antihistamines, the aforementioned band-aids, some eye drops, perhaps an antacid. Never can tell what I've got, as this material collects over years. While none of this is a big deal, a little collection of over-the-counter meds that might serve as a temporary solution, a band-aid type of solution. A temporary fix. Stop when the first problem starts, and grab the **Gemini** first-aid kit, and apply what is necessary to pause the trauma. Can't fix it all, but as a starting point? That's a good enough effort this week.

Cancer:

The Crab There's one task you've been putting off. I know, I'm not one who can really lecture about this, not to be truthful. I'm of the school of thought, “If I don't do it now, maybe someone else will do it, and I can completely avoid the task.” Sure, it works, well, not really, but I've gotten away with it long

enough to say that it works. However, I'm preaching, maybe not real willing to practice what I preach, but I'm preaching to Cancer, the lovely Moon Child, that the work must be done now. Not only must the work be done now, but it must be done by Cancer. No one else has the skill set, aptitude, or ability, or, more important? No one else is in the correct position. Up to you, but this is a task that is — look at the unfolding Venus thing — that is likely going to get repeated, over and over, until they get it right. The hassle? It's up to Cancer to repeat the process, the job at hand, the task, the goal? It's up to Cancer to repeat this process until the lesson is learned.

Me? I'd avoid all of it, but I'm not a Cardinal Water Sign with a heavy carapace. Use them crab claws and grab that task. Get it started. Make progress. Check one item off your list.

The Leo:

The Leo One **Leo** has the lightest touch with a bass pole. When he's bass fishing, light line, highly sensitive pole tip, the faintest of attraction action from a fish, usually, again, this applies to bass fishing, the slightest hint, and he's on it. Which is most amusing, to me, to watch, because otherwise? My **Leo** buddy, he's anything but delicate and shy. "Bigger hammer" kind of a guy. If there's a problem that can't be fixed with the current set of tools, obviously, then, this requires a bigger hammer.

My mighty **Leo** friends like to crush it, you know. So this week? Like my buddy's touch with a bass fishing pole, like his rough exterior that belies a delicate sense? As the mightiest of the signs, what is required, more than anything else, dig deep, **Leo**, dig deep, there's that sensitive, delicate sensibilities that are required. That fishing touch, just an example, the lightest, tiniest hint of a nibble, like the fish know better, and my buddy? He hauls them in.

Virgo:

The Virgin Write down the **Virgo** goals. It's really a simple way to approach what's happening, the energies loose at this moment. Write down the goals. Pen to paper, no seriously, not a digital version, a pen and paper, or, in my example, maybe a sharpie, and paper, or pencil and paper, or a page from [notebook](#) that's gone unused, but the idea is the same, write down a goal. Or all the **Virgo** goals.

Physical act.

I tend to buy a few grocery items at a time, so I can have fresh (from the store) rather than canned goods that sit on shelves for years. So I will have a post-it note stuck on the outside of my wallet or phone, with a few items I need to get. As long as I have that hand-lettered, on a piece of paper list, I'm good. I'll get everything that I want or need. If it doesn't get written down? I'll forget it.

There's a connection between what the hand does, and then committing that to a written missive of one kind or another? That translates into extra brain activity that does something, and I'm unsure of the biological mechanics of the deal. The trick? "Write it down," whatever that **Virgo** goal is, whatever is on that list. Based on the motion of certain planets? Writing it down, whatever the goal, list, or other duty, action, whatever it is?

Writing it down stands a better chance of translating that into a real, achieved goal.

Note the tense.

Libra:

The Scales One of the most powerful, indigenous, and curative herbs is garlic. Plain, ordinary garlic. Cures colds. Has a high antioxidant rating, builds strong bodies 12 ways. It's a good herb. The problem with garlic, and why I have to be extra careful when I cook with it? I can easily overdo the amount. I was thinking about this, as a smoothie recipe surfaces, and it involved a whole clove of garlic, peeled, then shredded into the drink. While it would probably taste all right, and while it has health benefits too numerous to mention? Think about how that would appeal, raw garlic. It wouldn't just stink right after swallowing the drink, that gets caught in teeth and throat, and then, over the next 24 hours? It comes out the pores, sweat itself redolent in that garlic sense, that garlic smell, that aromatic yet repulsive blend of garlic and other, well, basically, it's garlic. Smells wonderful in a frying pan. Not a kiss-able desire, though.

The balance point, and I'm not a **Libra**, so I don't have an answer, but the balance point is to remain *Libra-like* attractive while figuring a way to get that garlic. The smoothie recipe with nothing but a raw clove of garlic? Might not be the best way to take this week.

Although, it might be.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio Scorpio folks tend to love secrets, right? The better the secret, the juicier the tidbit, the more arcane and yet useful the information the better, right? And I love me my Scorpio buddies. Right? So here's the big secret everyone has been keeping from Scorpio: there is no shortcut. The path to success is a long road. It's got obstacles, challenges, and problems at every turn. There is no easy way to get to the top. There's no secret elixir that makes for instant success, not for Scorpio. Not for anyone, really, but especially, not now, not for Scorpio. No instant success. Hard work, dedication, intestinal fortitude, more hard work, tireless dedication to the goals, and that how it's done. No silver bullets, no magical formula, not incantation that makes it all work better, not right away. There's a protracted, long, and involved direction that requires Scorpio attention. There's no easy way to get from here to there. Anyone who promises you a quick, easy, cheap fix-all, cure, or other solution? Doesn't exist.

So, in the next week, there will be someone with a promise, and we now know this is an empty promise, that there is a cure-all, fix-all, no effort required, kind of pitch coming at Scorpio. If someone promises a Scorpio an easy solution, and then the easy solution doesn't work out?

Me? I never promised an easy way out, not for Scorpio, not for the week.

Scorpio: sorry, but there's no substitute for hard work.

Sexist joke time:

A young female student approaches the professor, and the coed has her blouse strategically unbuttoned, displaying ample cleavage, “Oh professor, I’ll do **anything** to pass this class. *Anything.*”

The professor glances down, leans in, and whispers in her ear, “Have you tried studying?”

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius The trick to success, for **Sagittarius success**, in this next couple of days? Focus. There’s an unpleasant task, or, I was thinking, just something I don’t really want to do myself. Can’t justify hiring it out, or calling the guy to do it, no, it’s really not that big of a deal. I just don’t want to, and that’s the **Sagittarius** clue, the phrase, “I don’t want to.”

This is where the term “Focus” plays such an important role in this week’s **Sagittarius Success** plan.

The biggest **Sagittarius** challenge is to stay focused on the original target. That one task that seems unpleasant, undesirable, or just plain, “I don’t want to?” That’s the one. Focus. The sooner we attend to this rather — not so much undesirable or unpleasant — just not how I’d like to spend my time? Our **Sagittarius** time?

First, as a **Sagittarius** myself, we’re all aware of that one task we’ve been avoiding. Not like I’m getting out of this one, not myself.

However, if we gather up our collective wits, let out a big sigh, then do that one thing we’re avoiding? Certain success.

Sagittarius: Key word, this week’s plan? Focus.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat I use a small, cast-iron skillet for most food prep. I’ve learned, over the years with burns and similar injuries, to treat that cooking tool with care. While I tend to simmer and stir-fry more than any other style of cooking, I can fry, it is a frying pan, in one way of seeing it. What I learned? What I learned that I can pass on as Venus is retrograde in Aries, Mars is in motion in Aries, and Jupiter in Libra opposes Uranus in Aries?

Perhaps I should set this up a little, I tend to heat on a low heat, simmering and letting the food evolve into an “al-dente” type of meal. Low heat. I can usually grab the handle of that skillet without adverse side effects. It’s not too hot to handle by the handle, OK?

That’s the setting, I can usually grab the skillet to pass the food onto a plate.

Capricorn: you can easily where this going, right? Grabbed that skillet’s handle, seared finger’s flesh, not a happy situation.

Capricorn: you've been [warned](#) about grabbing a handle that might be too hot.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer I've had this ongoing set of messages with a certain **Aquarius**. Just sets a tone, like a text message, back and forth, over and over, "So Mercury is Retrograde?"

No, I'll say, Venus is in apparent retrograde, at the moment.

"So this is like *Mercury in Retrograde*?"

No, Venus is a different type of energy.

"So this is like a '*Mercury in Retrograde*' thing, right?"

Not really, but there's a [connection](#), only, you can't see it. Sounds like, though, you can feel it.

"So *Venus in Retrograde* is like '*Mercury in Retrograde*, right?"

No, it's a different critter.

This time, this particular pattern it does affect the Aquarius ability to communicate in an effective manner, but no, that's not like a confusing [Mercury in Retrograde](#) — but this week? Probably seems like it your **Aquarius** self.

astro.fish

Horoscopes starting 3.23.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, March 22, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/03/horoscopes-starting-3-23-2017/>

What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?

Julius Caesar in [Shakespeare's Julius Caesar](#) 2.2.26-7

[Free 15 minute phone reading!](#) Great Caesar's ghost!

[Horoscopes](#) starting 3.23.2017

Aries:

The Ram It almost happened again. I almost fell into that advertising trap. It's product that I admire, but I never use — or I haven't used since 2009, and realistically? Only once or twice before then. This is a product that I have a few of, and I really buy into the idea of using them, and I love the feel, the essence of the material, but seriously? I don't ever use them. It's a special brand of notebook, available in a variety of sizes and colors. Acid-free paper. Ruled, unruled, cross-hatched. Size, color, most important? [Texture](#).

It's [paper](#) that feels good. However, other than a few short sketches? Maybe a quick pencil outline or a wireframe design? Sporadic notes from some years back? Nothing. I buy the notebooks and then don't use them. My solution? I remember, by looking on a bookshelf that has some similar notebooks — full of memories of [Austin](#) — and that was the last time I worked in that format. The advertising recently sucker-punched me again, and my finger lingered on the “Buy NOW” button. Then I remembered. This memory is a reminder for the birthday people: Aries. Yes, birthdays are good, and yes, we should be indulgent, and yes, Venus is being a miscreant, and no, maybe, not now. Maybe let your finger linger on the “Buy now” button, but don't hit it. Not yet.

Taurus:

The Bull Previously, I wrote about my [coffee cups](#) and my special [tea mug](#). Oversized. While technically, that one mug was marketed as a coffee mug, I used it for tea. My [proclivities](#) in coffee cups tends to be smaller, more towards a *demitasse*, or, most preferable, an espresso cup. With where the planets are now for **Taurus**?

I tried something different one morning, last week. I tried a huge coffee mug. As deep as it is wide, the coffee mug easily holds three or four servings of my usual coffee dosage. Totally off my game plan. Totally away from the prescribed and ordained ways I work. A change-up of epic proportions. I easily

grasp that such — an apparently — insignificant change might not seem like a big deal, but it was a way of experimenting with caffeine delivery, part of the morning routine, checking the essence of the latest batch of coffee beans and their flavors, and, in part, I didn't want to use any of the smaller cups. Might've all been in the sink, dirty. It is important for a shift from a prescribed route, a well-defined way of working. *Mars* is energy, like that extra-large cup of coffee. There's an established way of doing some task, and while this isn't that big of a deal, not from appearances, it is a big deal. It's about working with a change. Working towards a shift to make **Taurus** more productive when we all feel like there are great odds, stacked against us.

Gemini:

The Twins A certain *Gemini* buddy, sort of a fishing buddy, he's the perfect of example of what to do, and what not to do, this next couple of days. Most *Gemini*, I'm including you my fine friend, have an inner monologue running at all times. Not news, right? Inner voice carrying on and so forth about various topics, at all times, even in your sleep, and that inner monologue often runs alongside the more normal outer dialogue that is ongoing, right? When my buddy consumes adult beverages, he would like to think it's all top-shelf liquor, when, in fact, much is less glamorous — and less fancy than supposed. Anyway, when he drinks, the boundary between the inner and outer voices goes away. Once I figured the magic mark was right at that tail-end of the second adult beverage, once I had a handle on that factoid? I was good. So right at the tail end of that second adult beverage? No more filter. No more boundaries between good taste, and a sense of decorum, and what comes out of the *Gemini* mouth is frequently more truthful, but also more subject to sarcasm — this week's planets are like that second adult beverage, and his — my *Gemini* buddy as an example — his? Double Margarita on the rocks. Strong enough to curl my nose hairs and that's from across the table. I wouldn't know. Careful trying to mate your inner monologue with outer dialogue. Results can be, well, it's not always pretty, how other people react.

Cancer:

The Crab Displacement. Can I wrap all the disparate energies into a single buzzword? Sure, for this week's sensitive *Moon Children*, the **Cancer** sign? The single word is "Displacement." There's a sense that something's not quite right, and the best way to sum that up?

"Displacement."

Pieces don't align properly, the puzzle doesn't fit together the way it should, the parts that need grease are dry, the parts that need to be dry are wet, see how this works out?

Critical to **Cancer** success this week is to understand the nature of the problem, mostly crap free-falling in *Aries*, but that *Retrograde Venus*, and we can't forget *Mars*, currently in *Taurus*. Again, free-floating, lacking center, bereft of focus and direction? For my little **Crab** friends? Feeling displaced?

"Displacement" is all bad. Look at some of the current events, did you see the news last night, and then, look at how some of this is sliding right on around you, and as long as you don't stick your claw out, and as long as you don't latch onto some of this material, the free-falling, *Aries* (and et cetera) stuff? You

might feel displaced, but you're not under attack. "I'd like to help." Might not be the right week for that.

The Leo:

The Leo While I'm a "Mr. Happy" about a lot of stuff, there's one thing, going in **Leo**, for **The Leo**, and that one thing?

"Awkward."

Yeah, no **Leo**, especially **The Leo**, like that uncomfortable pause and realization that feet have just been inserted into mouths. There's much that is flowing for **The Leo**, so what to watch out for? It's *Mars*. In *Taurus*. *Mars*, in *Taurus*, makes for a certain level of emotional discomfort in the coming days. What to watch out for? Being wrong, at the worst possible time, and as loudly as possible.

Me? Doesn't bother me being wrong. I can — easily — get both my feet into my mouth. But I'm not **The Leo**.

Virgo:

The Virgin Check the [credentials](#). It's that simple, for this week's **Virgo** plan for action, "Check the credentials." A large number of my former professional associates are "Certified," but digging into the so-called, self-proclaimed "certification" reveals that the source is usually dubious, circumspect at best. One service provider I used, simply claimed to be "Green, 100% Wind-Powered." Didn't take much to realize that the provider swiped that logo from some other online place and just plugged it in.

There was no substantiating evidence.

One client used to deliver cow manure to a "certified organic, cage-free" farmer. That cow crap came from cows that were more drug-addled than a Hollywood star headed to rehab. Brings up the question, and that is exactly what I'm suggesting for **Virgo**, go check the credentials.

"Got any [paperwork](#) on that?" A good start. "Got any proof?" Again, a good start. "Can I see some ID?" Even better, isn't it?

Recently, an attractive woman sat down for a reading with me. When she recited her birthday, 11/28, I paused everything, dug out my wallet and showed her my driver's license. "11/28! Same as you!"

I'm very willing to show my credentials, proof. However, I'm only the first one. The rest of the next few days?

Check the credentials.

Libra:

The Scales *Mercury* will move around in *Aries*, and oppose *Jupiter*, this week. Maybe we should talk about it? This is about contingency plans. The present is like the trunk of a tree, and that's where we stand this week. The future is anyone of those branches, limbs, from the base to the one that reaches furthest into the sky, anyone of those is an option. *Mercury's* motion, patterned against *Venus* and everything else? Let's talk about what branch looks best. This is about moving through seemingly endless possibilities. Explore possible actions, explore possible directions, look at, then discuss, the potential outcomes from any variety of ways to navigate this tree. We're at the base, at this moment, this time in space, we're at the base. Look at the branches, they go every which way! We can, as **Libra**, we can follow anyone of those towards whatever goal we want.

Discuss. Weigh. Consider options. Narrative that helps define the direction and picking the single branch that might be best.

Libra: "Discuss."

Scorpio:

The Scorpio To hear my family talk about it? "Insanity" runs in our family blood line. To hear clients talk about the same kind of "insanity," it seems to run in all families. As a **Scorpio**, and with Mars where he is? "Everyone is crazy." That's the simplest way to address this.

Everyone is crazy.

Between my thoroughly undocumented and statistically skewed sampling, which includes most of my family, still, the way I read the numbers? *Everyone's crazy*. That's all the proof that I need. With Mars where he is? Opposite from Scorpio? You know all those crazy people? You're going to run into them, soon. Maybe you've already encountered a few, but the numbers are swelling. Some might be from my family, others from my tribe, and still more, maybe your own family, too. The numbers don't lie, and with this kind of crazy hunting down Scorpio? The easiest thing way to address it, remember, Mars? Easiest action to take? Nothing.

Just listen to them. Out of the lunatic and madman ravings, there's always a shred of some interesting material.

[Still?](#)

"Everyone's crazy."

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Some years ago, I purchased a talisman that insured that my immediate family would never

come and stay with me. It was an object that doesn't fit in my home, and as such, like a priest with a crucifix, warding off evil demons? That object was supposed to guarantee that family would not sleep under my roof.

Didn't work out as planned.

As a **Sagittarius** myself, what this week holds are plans that don't seem to be working out the way we think, as **Sagittarius**, the plans aren't working out the way we think they should. While I've packaged a similar message in another format, astrofish.net/books, the message might sound familiar. Just because it doesn't work out with our special **Sagittarius** plan, that doesn't mean it doesn't work for what's best, or according to some divine, cosmic plan.

Or, like immediate family staying under my roof? Not a problem at all. Who knew it would be okay?

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Small adjustments are needed in the Capricorn routine. Mostly, to me this looks like a daily routine, but there's an adjustment required. Shift, get to work earlier, leave the house later, work late, leave late, leave early, stay late, I'm not sure. As I've moved around, the way people deal with vehicular traffic always astounds me. If I leave for Austin 0745 hours, it can take as little as an hour to arrive. If I leave at 0810 hours, it can take as long as two hours, and stretching to three, if I pause long enough to get a cup of coffee on the way. Similarly, I can leave Austin as early as 6 PM, and it takes two or three hours to get home, or, I can leave at 7 PM, and it takes as little as an hour.

Simple adjustments to my [schedules](#). Simple plans, simple timing examples, but this works for Capricorn and it works into this week.

Those trips to Austin? Time is not wasted, as I've listened to a number of academic lectures about Shakespeare, then, twice now, I've listened to whole canon, read aloud. All because of traffic and Austin.

Capricorn: Make [adjustments](#).

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer I found a [website](#) that I thought would be a cool, and tangentially related, link for **Aquarius**. The problem being, when I went back to check the site before I added the link, the site's owner, webmaster, or manager added a "Pop-up, add-on '[join our mailing list](#)' splash." Annoyed me to no end, and when I see one of those pop-up, pop-under, nagging web-ware, I tend to not go back. Begging ware? I'm not sure. I'll be honest, many years ago, I did employ a similar kind of screen, but I know that it annoys me to no end. So I don't do that anymore.

The trick is, I tend to vet, double-check, most links a second or third time to make sure what I'm linking adds value, amuses, means something to me, or is worthy of the link. There's not always meaning, sometimes it is for my own, twisted pleasure. Can never tell, not for sure. But every time I hit something

with a “Let us add you to our mailing list and get updates, nagging emails, daily?”

Yeah, that’s not happening, not if I know about it.

Aquarius: adding a pop-up like that? Strictly a bad move. Don’t. Or, don’t add distractions that you wouldn’t enjoy.

Pisces:

The Fishes Old school-age prank, I think. Perhaps a bit mean-spirited, but that’s not the [intention](#) I have. This is just an example. Remember when it was possible to sneak around on the ground-floor of the school and get under a desk, then tie the shoelaces together for another student? Bell would ring, and then, that one victim would appear to be hapless as he fell over, in the rush to get outside?

I’m all about not letting Pisces fall for this prank. So here’s how we keep our Pisces selves from getting tripped up with this week’s weird display of strange energies. Look.

Look down. Look where the Pisces feet are, and see if there is anything amiss. Look down, then look up. Check where you are then look where you’re going before you ever shuffle off in any one direction. Pause. Or, pause with the paws.

There are an innumerable number of ways to interpret this, but the clue, the idea, the image that I was stuck with, over and over? Trying to undo a knot in a shoelace.

These days, I have limited myself to two types of footwear, “cowboy” boots and sandals. It’s just much easier that way. Life is so much simpler, too. Plus, as a thought, there’s no way anyone can tie my shoelaces together — because I don’t have any.

Pisces: Pause. Stop, look at your feet, then look where you’re going. Then motor forward, but check to make sure no one’s pulling any tricks that they think are funny.

Horoscopes starting 3.30.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, March 29, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/03/horoscopes-starting-3-30-2017/>

I am glad that my weak words
Have [struck](#) but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Cassius in Shakespeare's [Julius Caesar](#) 1.2.176-7

Venus moves — in apparent retrograde motion — from Aries into Pisces. More about that live — [in Austin!](#)

[Free 15 minute phone reading!](#)

Horoscopes starting 3.30.2017

Aries:

The RamIt's starting to warm up, right? Time for a new spin on an old favorite of mine: iced espresso. The [trick](#) is, I like mine bitter and cold, but with the current disposition of planets and the sundry influences? New idea, take it for a spin. Pour/draw the espresso, the usual double shot, over a packet of raw sugar, maybe a heaping teaspoon. Then mix, stirring in the sugar. Sweeten that bitter brew. Next, add a dollop of a favorite milk, 2 percent, whole, almond, soy, cocoanut, whatever is your flavor. Milk should be cold, chilled. Finally, pour the now temperate coffee solution over ice. This insures that this is gentle, iced, [non-bitter brew](#), with just the correct amount of kick to make it work right. Consider this a jolt of "[Happy Birthday Aries](#)" energy, and while I won't be making it for you, it's my sincere wish that this kind of shot helps with birthdays, and the strange disposition of the planets.

Taurus:

The Bull I'm rather leery of software that stores data in a "Proprietary Format." I tend to think of that as "My data," and the format? "Their access code." At one time, I was adept enough at computer skills — I was good enough to be able to figure a way to access the text stored in a proprietary format. These days? I can't be bothered. I had an option to switch to a new kind of software for one of my main tasks, and as I examined the reviews, "Greatest Ever!" Then the underpinning structure, up came that expression, "Proprietary format." Spells trouble for me.

I like my data, the stuff I use ever day, I love for it to be "portable," like, transferable, if need be. Let's say the company tanks, or the "Latest and Greatest" turns out to be a dud? This very-**Taurus** reflection is brought upon by a word-processor I paid big bucks for only to discover it wasn't worth it. At all. Then, the software stored the processed words in a format that wasn't exactly accessible, except in the program itself. These days, this is a bigger issue, but in the dawn of the computers, this was a larger problem as

there were fewer “Export all as MS Word” routines built-in. *Mars*, joined by *Mercury*, be wary of “progress” that really isn’t progress. [Examine the structure](#). Look under the hood, kick the tires.

Gemini:

The Twins What was the musical reference? “It’s better to burn out than fade away?” Maybe, according to some, it is better to burn out rather than [fade](#), slowly into obscurity. But this is not the **Gemini way**. “**Gemini Way**,” should be trademarked. As a right and proper **Gemini** mindset? Neither is a good option, at this moment. Neither fade out or burn away. But there’s only so much you can do, and learning wherein your **Gemini** limits are? Part of what this week’s lesson will be. What you can do, what you can’t do, what can get accomplished, and what was trying to take on way to too much and not giving yourself enough time to complete the project. Old rule, from management, about that.

“The first 90% of the given task takes 90% of the time. The remaining 10% takes the other 90% of the time.”

Do the math, it’s not hard, simple arithmetic, that’s nearly twice as long because there’s a sticking point, a part that gets hung up, some minor detail, and either you go back and rebuild from the beginning, or you push forward, still, it’s going to take approximately twice as long. Prevent burnout and prevent fading away by pacing yourself. Look at those numbers, although the project manager doesn’t allow for the contingency, to keep the **Gemini** from burning out or fading way? Make allowances.

Cancer:

The Crab This is a focal point, this week, a place where there can be drastic change — for the *Moon Child’s* benefit — if you undertake the change. I was looking longly at a fishing pole, a bass pole I haven’t used in a some time. I took the pole down from the hooks in the garage, fitted the reel in its seat, and pulled line out through the pole’s eyelets. The fishing line on that one reel is more than a year old. Haven’t touched it in that long. Bothersome? Yes, a little troublesome to me that I haven’t used a bass pole in that long. What I started to do, strip the old fishing line off that reel, and then, there’s a sporting goods store around the corner, head up there, bought a small spool of fishing line, the stuff I like to use, the perfect balance between feel, light weight, and strength. I sat down, and carefully wound up that reel with new line, then hefted it, felt the familiar feel of a pole in my hand, a lightweight, super-strong bass pole. It’s familiar and yet, almost distant. Hadn’t used that one in over a year. Felt good. Got a good image? I hung the pole back up, with its cover stretched against the reel, now mounted. Figured something would happen. Bass are pretty much done spawning, now, and three days alter, a buddy calls me up, “Hey, want to sneak out to the lake this week?”

All from taking advantage of a focal point. Get the clue, **Cancer**?

The Leo:

The Leo Battery technology has really made progress. Used to be, think about this, I’ve been at this for quite some time, at the beginning of my career, I would plug a computer into a wall outlet before I could

make any kind of [an astrology chart calculation](#). Electricity was required and those first portable computers, they would last maybe an hour or two. Got used to picking location by wall so I would be guaranteed juice. My older phone, this is one two phones back, but the last time I seriously watched it? I could leave the house with half a charged battery and still have enough juice to make it all day. Walking, fishing, answering email and text, listening to music, or just talking on the phone. Great progress. Used to be, the “power brick” was the number one item I would make sure I had when I departed for any location. These days, a quick glance, and if there’s half a battery in the device, I’m good.

The question, then, would be “How much juice is left in **The Leo** battery,” at this moment? Half charge? For me, that’s good for three hours on the phone, plus a walk to the post office. That’s me. I’m not **The Leo**. Check the battery, first, and then, even in this day? Never hurts to prop it up and let it charge up, fully. Get that **Leo** battery charged up before you leave? I don’t know how well your battery operates with a half-charge? Me? I can go all day.

Virgo:

The Virgin Real-time **Virgo** comment, from me? “I love you but you’re nuts.” Then I roll my shoulders. Easy enough to imagine as commentary from me, right? With the pressures on your **Virgo** self at this moment? There’s an insane dream, a big deal (to **Virgo**), an unreal proposition, an unreachable goal, an insurmountable obstacle, something seems too big, and the rest of us? We think you’re nuts for holding onto that dream. That fantasy, really, how it looks to us. But I’m not **Virgo**. Love them but I’m not one. Therein is the problem, the outside, to us, on the outside, it looks different than it does on the inside, over yonder — in **Virgo**.

People with no dreams, no aspirations, no hopes bigger than their immediate surroundings? We never make it far. Nothing pushes us, no desires, no records get broken, no mountains get scaled. The dream needs to [stay alive](#), in the **Virgo** mind, but even so, there’s a touch of some kind of reality that needs to be folded into the **Virgo** mix. I suggested a touch of reality leavened into the **Virgo** batter. I didn’t suggest abandoning that dream.

Virgo: [Never give up](#).

Libra:

The Scales “The Container Store,” in my mind, exploits OCD personality types. Offering all kinds of organizational devices, that promise, not always fulfill, but promise to offer the owner, the buyer, a chance to be thrifty, organized and more efficient — all for one low price. There’s always a catch, “These are the tools, you have to implement this material yourself.” Always catch, Libra dear, [always a catch](#).

The array of planets, spread out against the night’s sky leaves Libra with a sense that something must be done, and nothing is happening.

It’s like that crap from the Container Store, nothing happens if we don’t sort through our material and then start storing it in the prescribed places, and following all the instructions? “Recycle what you no longer need,” best advice. But like the Container Store itself? Just making the purchase doesn’t mean that

we are instantly organized.

“But I’ve got all the tools, now?”

Scorpio:

The Scorpio I listened while one person was describing how to work with a *Scorpio*, “I make her think it was her idea.” I would never try that, as I’m not brave enough to try and mess with a *Scorpio*’s head. Just not me, and just not my style. [Scars](#). I still have emotional scars from one *Scorpio*, so very, very long ago. Love them — respect them, but I won’t do **anything** to mess with their heads. Not me.

So the one trick to “Working with a *Scorpio*,” is, supposedly, to make the *Scorpio* think it was their own idea.

Me? I just spit stuff out, usually with a **Sagittarius** lack of tact, but you knew that about me, and I would never try any tricks that would make *Scorpio* think it was their own ideas, bereft of collusion from me.

Take this concept, though and spin it around. You’ve got a situation, developing, and the trick is to make the other person think it’s his or her own idea to assist *Scorpio*. Good trick. Works on *Scorpio*, so it should work for *Scorpio*, as well.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius If I were to line up all my former lovers, all in a row? Two patterns emerge. One obvious pattern? Until I consciously broke it? Lot of Virgo *femme fatales* in my life. The other part that stood out, lining up all the former flames? There’s a propensity towards “blonde.” Heavy indication in that direction. Might not all be true blond, but there are more blond than anything else.

One pundit suggested that lining up all of one’s ex’s would suggest other patterns, too, like a kind of mental instability, or the madness and a degenerative disease process in the brain. Not buying that one, not today, as I don’t see any signs of diseased mental process, other than the tendency to be attracted to Virgo women, and to have that love remain un-requited. Blondes, Virgo, and no body type. Thin, one was anorexic-looking, plus size, voluptuous, yes, no pattern, no shape. Thick, thin, brown eyes, blue eyes, green eyes, red hair, no, no discernible pattern which is a pattern. Tall, short, large chest, small chest, no discernible pattern, well, one: Blonde. Who knew? It wasn’t until I started to assemble a line of former lovers that the pattern emerged. While I seriously don’t suggest gathering a number of former **Sagittarius** lovers all in one room at one time, or worse, trying to get them to all line up in a row? This kind off mental — **Sagittarius** — exercise is about seeing patterns in the larger grouping.

Example: I live in South Texas. I always swore, up and down, that I liked the dark brown and raven-like black hair that is so common. Evidence, my **Sagittarius** friend, suggests otherwise.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat There's a chain of health food stores, well, it's a national chain, but each store feels like an individual farmer's market, and anyway... So I tend to buy coffee, these days, in small, locally roasted batches. Not quite micro-brew, and not quite as "artisanal" as either Austin or Seattle, but close. However one afternoon, I was going to start making summer coffee, I bought a bag at that chain — all-natural — store. Good place to get organic eggs, locally produced fruit, but the coffee? I wasn't too sure. After I brewed up a cup of the stuff, there was sudden sensation that I was unglued from reality and spun back, more than 20 years to old Austin, into a time when *Whole Foods* was a single store on Lamar. Old Austin-ites will relate. No one else will get it, but that's not important, not for **Capricorn**.

Did I mention Austin is a **Capricorn** town?

Doesn't matter. The sensation caused synesthesia — the idea that [coffee](#) that exactly matched 20, maybe 30 years back the same experience of coffee, tasted, to me, **exactly** the same. Along with that came a flood of memories, from old East Austin environments to lazy days when there wasn't much traffic on the river, and it was then called, "Town Lake."

One cup of coffee from a health food store brought this whole range of flashbacks. Careful, as Venus shifts backwards into *Pisces*? There will be a similar rush of old memories, possibly triggered by scent. Could be any number of causes, but the memories are re-lived. However, reliving a memory? That doesn't make OK to sit in the past. Period. It's quite all right to visit, for a moment, for the duration of [one cup of coffee](#), but any longer than that? It's not place you belong. We do have to know our roots, but we don't have to spend too much time with them.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer This was more fun when computers were attached to large Cathode Ray display screens, think: tube TV, before the current crop of flat-screen emerged. At that time, what I would do, I would suggest a client, in an online reading, hold his or her hand up to the screen, so I could sense the energy. At one point, I was working on a silly piece of web programming that looked like a scanner, on the screen. A framed band of green light would run up and down, then it would ask for a birthday. I would have it spit out something about the sun sign, you know, "You're Aquarius and the current motion of Venus is making you rethink certain arrangements, even now..."

Never finished that web hack, and these days, I know there's [an app for that](#).

Still, as an idea? I've just handed you a set of keys to make your own — Aquarius-themed — app, or website, or whatever.

The trick to this week? It's like my web-app thing I never finished. It looks like it does one thing, but when, in reality, it really works another way.

Pisces:

The Fishes "Was that a *Pink Taurus*?" I asked. "No, I'm **Pisces**, why?" It was a friend's posting on a website, sort of "Look what's going on now," and there was image of a *Pink Taurus*, looked like a 38.

380. Stubby barrel, it's a firearm, a pistol, a brand called "Taurus." That manufacturer makes a "Lady's gun," a pink-coated, gun. Dainty little thing. Cute, hot pink handles. See those weapons in the sporting goods store when I get a fishing license. It's semi-auto, so probably need a spare clip. Not sure, myself. I'm not entering the gun debate, not on either side. I've got friends on both sides, and I live in Texas, where it's just a matter of form. So the question, I was asking about one thing — a specific handgun in an image online — and the **Pisces** was playing, or rather, I think she was serious, "No, I'm a **Pisces**."

This is about 'literal' versus 'figurative.' Literally, it was a *Pink Taurus* handgun. Figuratively? The interpretation was quite open. Stick to literal. That *Pink Taurus*? Looks like 6 plus 1, six in the clip and one in the chamber.

For the record?

I don't own a handgun — or any sort of firearm.

Horoscopes starting 3.9.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, March 08, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/03/horoscopes-starting-3-9-2017/>

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his [captivity](#).

Casca in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* I.iii.101-2

That's just such an awesome piece of advice, on so many levels, to paraphrase, "Each of us has the keys to unlock that which binds us." Casca's version is a little prettier. From Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, which also has the famous line, "Beware of the ides of March." This horoscope ends on the *Ides of March*, but as I've discovered, not everyone gets the reference. The short version? Fortuneteller [warned](#) Caesar, and it didn't go well, "As the oracle predicted."

Horoscopes starting 3.9.2017

Pisces:

The Fishes Zip it, click it, lock it, stick in your pocket. Or, at one time, the expression was, "Bubble in your mouth." Yes, I'm very well aware that it is your Pisces birthday. Yes, I know there's good things about to happen, and yes, Venus is in its retrograde pattern, even now. Headed towards you. Full Moon, too. What it's time to do? OK, as a Pisces, you're going to have to work with me on this, but as a Pisces, I'm thinking about one Pisces, but this applies to all. Be gracious. Pretend you're a Leo. Be nice, regal, matronly, patronly, act like a monarch and we are all your loyal subjects. But do so quietly. The parade wave? The queen's wave, the way the royalty smiles and looks at the crowd, and then, that monarch doesn't say a thing? Smile and acquiesce. Smile and wave. If you have pearly whites, smile in way that they show. Still, that doesn't include the use of vocal organs — at all. Smile, wave, but no comment. Demure. Or, like I started with? Zip it, click it, lock it, stick it in your pocket. Works wonders. Smile and wave. Don't say a thing. Happy birthday. Wait, are you giving me the silent treatment? Good, good.

Aries:

The Ram Simple **Aries** message? Consolidate your resources. To deviate from my usual propensity to quote Shakespeare? There's an old adage, taken from a Mark Twain text. Seems to fit this week's ideas and the correct way to address Aries energies, seems to fit perfectly.

"Put all your eggs in one basket, and then watch that basket!" From Pudd'nhead Wilson's calendar. The exact quote, along with others from the same source, are in my book of quotes, *Pink Cake*, available online, for free, I think, *cf.*, astrofish.net/books for details on that. However, the quote sums it up, and what I'd suggest for Aries, at this moment in time and space. Couple of items poking along in Pisces, and not quite to Aries yet, and then? The parts in Aries that are agile and agitating at the same time? Consider

putting all the (metaphor) eggs in one basket, then watch that basket carefully. Consolidate resources at this time.

Taurus:

The Bull While I have a very visceral response to a big, throaty roar of a motor, like a [vintage American V-8](#) with “glass packs,” or similar lack of muffler equivalency? While I have a rather positive emotional response, in part, I’m sure this is kindled by years and years of motor-head, gear-head exposure. The roar of the engine can serve as a way to get excited. Loud is better, is the old way of seeing this. These days, my [manhood](#) is not wrapped up in a vehicle. However, I still have a clear fascination with car culture, and the roar of the motor? Gets my blood flowing. As noted, it’s a very visceral reaction. As Mars (rhymes with cars) enters Taurus? Blip the throttle. Tap the accelerator pedal. Mars will make racket. It should be a blood-quickenning, enjoyable and visceral reaction. The proper use of the Mars energy bequeathed upon Taurus? Blip the throttle. Make some noise. The caution? Not really a time to do burnouts, leave stripes, or, as one buddy used to do, he’d grab the front brake, and open up the throttle. Going nowhere, really fast. Billowing tire smoke, too. Fun? Sure. But pointless.

Gemini:

The Twins Me, I tend to be a bit backwards in my approach, at times. Most of the time. I stumble, fall, then figure out a direction. A snippet of conversation leads to a search that yields nothing on the surface, but underneath, resolutely and quite pointedly ignoring the proffered, and engineered, “If you like this, you might like this” advice? As a Gemini, you appreciate my efforts to plunge forward, sometimes bouncing off the walls to arrive at the correct destination. Do things backwards, then forwards, and would you look at that, over there? How cool is that? Some times we have to embrace the very Gemini nature of Gemini. Flaky. Short of attention span. Wandering mind. Wandering eyes. Some even have wandering hands. The effect of the Full Moon rattle the Gemini charts and causes consternation. From that consternation, though, there’s a chance that there’s redemption. Consider that other people will observe the Gemini behavior, this week, and worry that you’re going backwards. But going backwards is how we make our great discoveries. Just because it doesn’t make sense to an outside observer, as Gemini, are you going to worry about what other people — non-Gemini — think about you? That backwards to get forwards approach works well this next few days.

Cancer:

The Crab An [ad](#) caught my eye, “Portable Island Espresso.” Think it was like, on Craig’s List. Or something. I had to click, as I wanted to know what a “Portable Island Espresso” was. My mind ran amok with possibilities, an espresso maker that was both portable, and suited for making, perhaps iced espresso, a shaved ice version of the classic drink of hot water and fine grind coffee? Perfect for use on a bay boat, in the middle of the summer, no? Make an espresso for those early mornings fishing. I was getting all kinds of excited, about the possibilities. Turns out, a “Portable Island Espresso” was a kitchen island, that was small, and on wheels, and the color was dark, like a fine roast coffee type of hue. I was completely let down. Bummed to no end. My expectation at the advertising copy then the real unit, a picture of a cheesy cutting board on wheels, with a dark wood-like legs? Cutting board on roller skates? That’s what it was?

Cancer: My expectations were dashed. My imagination took me places maybe I ought not go, not alone, and not late at night. Between the Moon and the material floating freely, albeit some backwards, in Aries? Careful with expectations; although, realistically, when you read the phrase, “Portable Island Espresso,” what do you think it is?

The Leo:

The Leo There’s an added kick to this week’s Leo material. In part, we can blame the Full Moon and the Retrograde Venus, but what I’m really looking at, and looking out for **The Leo**? Mars. Mars slides on into *Taurus*, which, in case you’re not keeping up, is a Fixed Sign. And the first four degrees of *Taurus* sets an overtone that induces **Leo** anxiety. **Leo** internal pressure. **Leo** ire, and maybe, some **Leo** frustration. This unnamed, but quite palpable source of **Leo** frustration? That sets an undercurrent, and that underpinning is the source of the problem: tension from Mars. While not exactly “bad,” per se, this does overlay your chart for the next few weeks, and this week, it all sets the tone. Is this going to be good or bad? When good, it can be great, but when it’s a little bad, it can get quite ugly in a hurry. So the tiny trick is to understand the true source of the frustration. Mars is the culprit. Understand what the Mars-inspired lesson for **The Leo** is supposed to be. Shows up as a test or a lesson, and depends on the individual **Leo**, but reactions? Try to understand the issue before getting all righteously **Leo** angry.

Virgo:

The Virgin An old girlfriend handed me a book that was about an arcane academic topic that I adore. First edition, hot off the presses, hadn’t been released for retail sales, yet. I grabbed that book and started reading. I was enthralled with the topic, amused by the examples, delighted with the works, and the only problem? In my mind, the basic premise was faulty. Everything else was excellent. Well-crafted, well-organized, thoughtful research, solid supporting evidence, great — except for a faulty first premise. Let this get in the way? Hardly! But I’m **not** a *Virgo*. I don’t have that *Virgo* razor-sharp mind. I lack that *Virgo*-like keen intellect. I have enjoyed that textbook immensely. I can forgive a faulty first premise, and thoroughly enjoy all the supporting details. While I learned very little about the stated hypothesis? I learned much along the road to that incorrect point-of-view. Book wasn’t published by an academic press, and now we all know why. Great stuff, just not really “academic” enough. Author’s problem, not mine. As this next few days unfold in *Virgo*-land? Are you going to let a faulty premise interfere with an otherwise excellent book? Or *Virgo*-oriented plot?

Libra:

The Scales I would like to think, when faced with a basic, [binary question](#), like, “We can do this the easy way or the hard way,” I’d like to think I would take the easiest way available. My personal history, though, does not support that statement. I’ve tended, in the past, to find the most arduous, difficult, and time-consuming route to get a job done. It does get done, just not the quickest, most expedient way.

That’s me.

Libra: We’re faced, in the **Libra** world, with a basic question, “Easy way? Hard way?” Seems like a

simple enough choices, correct? Seems like an obvious decision, right? However, backing up to my own, personal history of not always taking the easiest way out? Before you slide into next week, before you jump on what looks like the easiest, most expedient route? Maybe a little checking, perhaps a well-timed pause before you pick a direction.

Borrowed from my [Latin Masters](#)? “Choose your enemies carefully.”

Too cryptic? OK, then try, “Make sure to choose the easiest way to find a solution.”

Scorpio:

The Scorpio I never got comfortable with the idea of “Working on Retainer,” for a number of reasons. There tends to be a discrepancy between my accounting of hours, and the client’s version. Then, too, I have tendency to want to deliver full value for my services. Finally, this has to be about my comfort level. I know what I’m good at, and I am happy with my current arrangement. I have an [easy to accommodate, “Pay as you go” plan](#).

The pattern and arrangement of the planets spells out a weird bonus. For me, it was a client who was happy with whatever it was I was doing, and I was rewarded with a large check. Cashier’s check, at that. Yes, I’ll take it. Like a tip, only, well, it was much larger. However, just to be upfront, I was being paid as we went along, not just at the end, and the big check was titled, “For services rendered,” and addressed to me. I expect a bonus, a tip, a substantial form of **Scorpio** recognition to arrive, in the next few days. Well-deserved. A reward, if you will. If it’s good enough, you can float a little of that over to me, say, 1%? Just for the sake of telling me I was right?

Like me, it was money I earned in some capacity, so there is that.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Over the years, I’ve had a hard lesson I’ve had to learn. It’s about who “gets” my work. Not everyone [understands](#) the point, direction, and just general gist of how these [horoscopes](#) work. My metaphors are based on my world experience what I’ve seen, and felt, in the years on this planet as a human. Not everyone thinks [I’m human](#), but that’s not the point. From Bass Fishing to Bay Fishing, Shakespeare to Science Fiction, all of this makes up my body of work. What I’ve had to realize is that “Not everyone ‘gets’ it.”

For some **Sagittarius**, this can be a bitter pill to swallow, to thoroughly mangle metaphors. For some, this is tough news. For some, it’s probably obvious. “Not everyone gets it.” I got that. I learned that some years ago, but just as a reminder, facing off against this Full Moon on a Pisces/Virgo axis? “Not everyone ‘gets’ it.”

With our planet, Jupiter, opposed by the Aquarius planet — now in Aries — Uranus? “Not everyone ‘gets’ it.”

What might be best? Maybe, just a thought, maybe we stay true to our **Sagittarius** selves, and we don’t

worry about those who “Just don’t ‘get’ it.”

“You live in your own world, don’t you, Kramer?”

Yes, yes I do. But everyone knows me in here.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Repeatedly, I’ve suggested that my little **Capricorn** buddies all pick a single direction. Repeatedly. Flip back through the previous horoscopes, if you must be reminded.

Now that *Mars* is firmly in *Taurus*?

This bodes well for **Capricorn** and that single direction I’ve [hammered](#) you about. Pick [one](#). Pick a single direction. If it were up to me? I’d go south. South from Austin is San Antonio. Good move. South from San Antonio is the Texas Gulf Coast, another good direction. South from the Gulf Coast is headed towards South Padre Island, again, another good move, another good direction. This works quite well for me.

For **Capricorn**? I’m less sure, but you get the idea, correct? Pick a single direction. Go towards that single direction, that single goal, that single, simple destination you’ve picked out. *Uranus* and *Jupiter*, compounded with *Pluto*, they might try and dissuade your choice. Doesn’t matter. Stick with that single goal, for now. Unless, of course, you are not wedded to that goal, and the planets tend to knock you off course, but hey, that could be a new, single goal. A simple destination that was different from what we started with, and then, “Hey, would you look at that!”

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer I don’t have any children. Missed that one, due to my circumstances. However, I have fishing buddies with kids, and I get to enjoy children vicariously. It’s even better because I have much fewer tantrums and dirty diapers to deal with. Easier, for me.

What I learned, this was a most recent experience, last Xmas? 2 year old really, really wanted to see “Santa.” All excited, besides himself, anything to see Santa. However, when I got the kid to the place where Santa was? That child hung on my neck with a frightened, almost shaking and quaking with fear, kind of a deal. That particular Santa seemed OK to me, had all the right parts in all the right places, might’ve had a little extra padding, I’m to sure, but that kid? Nothing doing. Didn’t want anything at all to do with that Santa. No sitting on the lap, no photo op, nothing.

Can’t force it, and while it was a weird thing, as I’d gone out of my way to grant a holiday wish, I also know enough about people to know if that kid didn’t want it to happen? Wasn’t going to happen.

What’s the Aquarius take-away from the event?

Santa, want to sit on his lap?

“No!”

Ok then. No problem. Not going to traumatize a kid that’s not even mine, over not wanting picture on some stranger’s lap.

Don’t force it.

“But that would be such a cute picture!”

“No.”

Don’t force it.

And if you do force it? No one wins.

Horoscopes starting 4.13.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, April 12, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/04/horoscopes-starting-4-13-2017/>

Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love, and for that England's sake
With burden of our armor here we sweat.

King of France in [Shakespeare's King John](#) 2.1.91-4

Venus starts to go [stationary](#). Sort of. Not out of the Venus woods with [Mercury](#), not yet.

astrofish.net/travel

Horoscopes starting 4.13.2017

Aries:

The Ram I do love me some Aries energies, and I do love me some Aries. But we got all kinds of organic, and inorganic, material coming unglued at this time. Part of this is the way the Sun, in Aries, lines up with Uranus, for a brief, shining moment. Part of this is Venus, going stationary, but not resolving out her pattern just yet, yonder back in Pisces. Part of this pesky Mercury Retrograde, not upon us, I mean, not in Aries, but this is a dynamic wherein there's Aries, stuck in the middle. Rash actions are not well-served. Birthday celebrations are in order. Jumping — real or figurative — is not encouraged. Originally, I was going to make a Base-Jumping joke. However, I don't know many places, around here, where that's even possible, so no way that analogy would really apply. It's too early for the lake rats to be out and cliff jumping, so that one doesn't apply, either. So chill out, enjoy the [celebrations](#), but maybe, but maybe? No activity that involves being airborne.

Taurus:

The Bull Stop. [Pause](#). Review, revise, and re-edit. Look it over one last time. Mars, the problem with Mars and his energies? He pushes, he makes us all a little antsy and impatient. "Now" is not soon enough, under this kind of Mars influence. With Mercury at the gateway, and a certain amount of reluctant energy floating freely? I can attribute that to Jupiter in its position, but that might be me. As a Taurus?

As a Taurus? Pause. A well-timed pause will work wonders, and that incessant Mars, it's like a low-rider, passing, with the beat thumping so loud, we feel it in our teeth. Don't grit your teeth; creates a problem. And pause, just for a half-beat. The low-rider passes, calm is restored. Mars will eventually pass, and calm will be restored. Sort of. Mercury is still pesky, but returning to the calm state will help ameliorate

those mercurial issues. A well-time pauses cures many of this week's foibles, faults, and falls.

Gemini:

The Twins I started to use Shakespeare as a [primary source](#) because there weren't going to be any more plays written. There have been some added to the list of "Complete Plays," but that's not too much of a problem; I can adapt. In Shakespeare scholarship, there's a limited number of professors that can take the material and break it all down to palatable chunks. I was looking at two of the books, and wondering, do I really need these as books? The answer is "Yes," as the books serve several purposes. I can scrawl notes on the pages. The books serve as a single touchpoint for reference to the critical crap about the canon. As large, expensive tomes, the books also serve to remind me I don't need to buy any more texts about Shakespeare. Think I've got enough. As a Gemini, do you need more, bigger, expensive refined tomes? I use the ones I've got, from time to time, but honestly? I'm not a Shakespeare scholar, more like a hobby. When I need to review and renew my intellectual connection with a particular play, I'll pull down one of those reference books. Works well. Do I need any more books about Shakespeare? Probably not, not right now. Gemini, do you really need more (books, stuff, things) that relates to your life — right now? The answer, if I'm not clear, is probably not.

Cancer:

The Crab I tend to look at an astrology chart, [then ask](#), "What happened on such-and-such a date?" What this does is establish a baseline for me. I'll see specific sets of influence, and I've got to understand how the person, the chart I'm looking at, I have to understand how a person reacts to that kind of influence. There's at least one school of thought that suggests this is a "bad" week for the lovely Moon Children. I don't necessarily agree with that analysis. There is change. There is pressure. There is that little voice in the back the Cancer's head suggesting, usually, this is suggesting negative attributions to current Cancer events. Me, as "Mr. Happy?" I look for the bright spot, the good news, the parts that are up-lifting. There's going to be some changes, but as a self-aware, more self-aware than most, Cancer Moon Child, what you're looking for, in this week's energy? Be more circumspect with negative attitudes. Consider that change isn't always painful and sometime, a mere adjustment can make a big difference in your [attitude](#).

I fish left-handed. I was fishing with a buddy and he hadn't switched the reel over to the left, so I was fishing right-handed. A little unsettling for me, but the change-up was good. Clear example of a small change that helps. Remember: Mercury is still in apparent retrograde motion, so don't count on that being a permanent change.

But change is good.

The Leo:

The LeoThere's a deft hand required at this time. Not always known for subtly, **The Leo** should strive be more subtle. Part of this is, of course, Mercury, but part is Mars, and part is just the timbre of the times, in

Leo. I know **The Leo** is correct. You know that you're correct. The challenge is that not everyone will agree, and I know from hard-won personal experience, that arguing with any *Leo* is a fruitless and pointless task. But there's only one of me, and there's plenty of other people who aren't nearly as *Leo*-compliant. Therein is the problem. My solution? Subtly. Again, just to belabor the point, that's not always a *Leo* strength, that being subtle part. Still, subtly gets the rewards this week, and I'm all about what rewards **The Leo**.

Was that subtle enough?

Virgo:

The *VirginOne* place I lived, an apartment up yonder (north of here)? I got inspired. I painted one wall a special shade of blue. Sort of teal, maybe turquoise, perhaps a blue-green, and in recent months, I've thought about that one wall, and its color. Looked like a version of "Blue-Green Algae," the purported super-food. While my porous memory is an asset at times like this, remembering the exact shade of blue, or blue-green? Sure, Just like the super-food, "blue-green algae." That works. While it pissed off the landlord, after I moved, at the time, it was a cool idea. This was my singular nod towards interior design aesthetics, modern art, and an [homage](#) to the bold era of color, a time now languishing in the past.

As a *Virgo mind*, what we're dealing with a single, subtle, yet [bold](#), change. A way to make things better, a way to improve our surroundings. My simple suggestion is that single wall, as a hat-tip to modern and post-modern art, just a wall. Bold, bright, subtle, gentle, pastel, I don't care, it's not going up on my bedroom wall, I won't see it. If the place is rented, then maybe not too much. A single change is suggested. I'm not sure, that "Blue-Green" wall, just painted the whole wall in an apartment, just a can of cheap wall-paint with some hues, and the paint on the wall? Didn't look anything like the paint chip. Doesn't matter, it was simple, single change.

Downside to this endeavor? I lost the deposit on the place, but then, it wasn't that much and for the time being? It made me happier. The paint, the color, not losing the deposit. Never like to give up the money.

Libra:

The Scales For more than a quarter of a century, I've worn a bandana as a professional head wrap. Looks a bit odd with a sports coat, but either in a bass boat, or [making public appearances](#), the [bandana](#) is just fine. At one point, I had a huge collection of them, too. The roots go back to wired phones, and that original headset, think headphones with a boom mic., and that's the image. I was recently mocked for my choice in bandana, style, and appearance. Hurt my little Sagittarius feelings. As a Libra, you feel my pain, and you're sure to want to assure me that I'll be all right, even if I display odd selections in attire. See? The bandana was based upon a practical requirement, when I had a lot more hair, and I wanted to keep that hair out of the way. Problem being, less hair, and styles wax and wane, so it looks a little more odd. Never bothered me, but being sarcastically mocked was painful, for a minute. There comes a time in a person's life when we have to pause and look at situation, look at a choice, look at the outcome of a decision. That was a painful mocking, but in the bigger picture, the people mocking me were not clients — or even potential clients — so what's the loss on my part? Bruised ego, sure, but should I change who I am?

As a Libra, what might sting a little? Does this require a wholesale change? Sometimes a little, gentle chiding is merely that. Don't take it too personal, especially not these days.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio Old epigram, I just heard for the first time? "The best sales (men) don't sell, they help you buy." The best sales people, and by extension, the best sales vehicles, the people and device, the marketing, they don't "sell," they facilitate a purchase. There's something appealing about the purchase, it will make the buyer feel better him or herself, it will boost some senses, it will add value to life. When I saw that aphorism about sales? I immediately thought about Scorpio and how a Scorpio will pitch an idea, make a point, and then twist it around to make it seem like it was my idea. It's an excellent tactic. It's typical Scorpio tactic. It's also rhetorical device that Scorpio, as of late, has forgotten about. I would like to re-introduce the idea to Scorpio. I'd like to remind you that, doesn't matter what we're pushing here, the best way to get that idea across? Facilitate, don't push.

"The best sales don't sale, the best sales help the buyer."

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius One of the most difficult lessons, as **Sagittarius**, one of the hardest messages to get across? We have to follow the directions. We have to read the instructions, then do each step, as outlined, in full, before we can advance to the next level. There is, officially, a metric tonne — or more — of information about [Saturn](#), available online. I'm not the only source. But the message, especially at this time, is quite clear, and this really, **really**, *really* applies in my corner. We have to follow the instructions. All of them.

When joining two pieces of fishing line together, there's a single type of knot that works best. This has been tested over decades, again and again, by many — too many to count — fishermen. One knot is particularly effective. One way. We can try other ways, but this one knot works best. With modern fishing line, this knot still works best. We can try other ways, but the instructions suggested that one kind of knot. Lose a big fish because we refuse to follow the instructions?

Sagittarius: Can always opt out, but the choice? Just follow the instructions. It's simpler.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat For many, many years, I always made sure I had pen/pencil and paper with me, as I traversed my daily rounds. Eventually, the analog version has been supplanted by a digital version, as I do carry a phone, or phone-like device, to keep track of spurious notes. Sometimes it's merely a keyword or two, designated, hopefully, to trigger a memory or an idea. I'll tend to shorthand Shakespeare plays, when I need to go back and look up a [quote](#) — I'm big on using [quotes in context](#). For example, this week's note was something like "KJ 2.1." Means, to me, to look in *King John*, Act 2, best guess? Scene 1.

As a **Capricorn**, maybe you don't care about what play or how I take notes. Not what this is about, no,

it's about being ready to have a shorthand version of something to jog that **Capricorn** memory. You will find — Mars — you will find that there's just not quite enough time to make a full notation. But! But if you can follow my lead and just jot down a quick note, shorthand, like, you can go back and access that material, in full.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer I tend to rely on real instances and personal experiences that, I hope, can be [translated](#) to universal terms so everyone can share the understanding. I tend to stick with only facts, as I understand them, drawn from my own life. Because I just report actual events, my truth, my grasp of reality, the way I see it? I'm not obligated to have this make sense to everyone. I can pretend to be something that I'm not, but we know how that works out, over time, hint: not well.

One of the ways I've learned to work with this is to craft the individual horoscope to fit a set of conditions, and hopeful, bend the examples to so that the outcome makes sense. "Fiction," one author observed, "is obligated to make sense." Real life? Not so much. Which is our problem with the **Aquarius** material currently present, it's not obligated to make sense.

I can [spin up a tale](#) where the outcome makes sense, but in real life, and especially, in the "Life of the **Aquarius**?" This week will have some confounding — apparent — endings that seem to make no sense. Hey, wait, it's not like this is forever and ever, what I suggested is that none of this makes sense at the present, It's not the end of the story, just the end of the chapter. Stay tuned, it will clear up, hopefully, next week.

Pisces:

The Fishes "Don't do the math on that," one of my common expressions. What it means, in a **literal** sense? "Do not perform mathematical calculation to prove or disapprove that assumption."

What that expression means when I tend to use it?

"Don't pause to think about the possible implications of the [price](#). Do not consider the cost-basis. Value received might outweigh real-time cost." Or, "There is a flaw in the logic but it is safe to ignore."

One place I saw this? Old girlfriend was explaining that raw cookie dough — because the cookies weren't cooked? Raw cookie dough held no caloric intake and therefore, it could be safely consumed with impunity.

"Don't do the math on that one."

So my very special Pisces message?

"Don't do the math on that one."

Horoscopes starting 4.20.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, April 19, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/04/horoscopes-4-20-2017/>

Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear.

Marcus Brutus in Shakespeare's [Julius Caesar](#) 3.2.13

“Look, it’s Four-Twenty! Ha-ha!” Some people, maybe this is an Austin hangover, but some people? They just never grow up. I mean, seriously?

The Sun [enters](#) the Tropical Zodiac sign of Taurus April 19, 2017 at 4:27 PM — in San Antonio. Moon in Aquarius at the time.

[Mercury](#), currently [retrograde](#), backs down into Aries.

“And that means what?”

Horoscopes starting 4.20.2017

Taurus:

The BullBass are game fish. Black Bass, common around me, great fun as game fish, but finicky as can be, subject to every little weather change. I’m sure there’s a picture on the website, someplace, me with a tiny little bass. It was that weather; a cold front pushed through, rained heavily, then, cooler, high, clear air came afterwards, with no clouds. Brilliant day. The challenge, from a bass fishing point of view? The high barometric pressure yields bass with lock-jaw. Fish hard, fish well, fish a long time, all of that? Very little results.

Two ways to see this? One, don’t bother fishing when the weather’s like that. Or, two? [Enjoy](#) the day on the lake, but don’t count on a big catch. It is called fishing, not called catching. This weird weather, happens in the spring in Texas, this weird weather is like the astrological weather, even now. Can enjoy some aspects of this astrology weather, but other aspects? Not so much. Either it’s a good day on the lake, but without a catching a lot of fish, or it’s a good day to be [some place else](#).

Gemini:

The Twins I always detect gentle, subtle, but pronounced and verifiable change when a the Sun shifts signs. Likewise, as Mars changes gears and bounces into **Gemini**, there’s a pronounced [shift](#). Change you can feel. Change in the air. Mars is about activity, and the Sun is yet in Taurus. This takes that — trademarked — *Gemini Energy* and ratchets it up a notch. Or two.

Might just [“Go to Eleven!”](#) Might be a dated reference that makes no sense, but was part of my understanding of the world, at one time. That allusion also marks the point where entertainment, satire, and social commentary collided, for a brief, shining moment.

There’s just a too much going on, and there is no way — even good **Gemini** like yourself — can keep up with the disparate distractions. Too much, too many directions, too few answers. The trick is Mars. He represents energy and understanding that this is **Gemini** energy devoid of orderly direction? You’re allowed to shoot off in hundreds of different directions, at this time. None of it will make immediate sense, not any time too soon. Embrace the chaotic nature of the moment.

Cancer:

The CrabThe first article I read this morning was about a cult. The line between “cult,” religion, support group, and followers of a dedicated (and charismatic) leader? Hard to tell. Some cults are really a good thing, and don’t forget, recent holidays aside, there’s a predominance of a certain cult that eventually became a mainstay organization. Look at the Vatican.

The cult article was roughly a thousands words, and by the end of the magazine-like piece, I was scanning for the paragraphs rather than reading intently. The conclusion was too open-ended for my tastes.

The absolute dedication to a single, persuasive, possibly charismatic, self-appointed leader? That’s a problem. As a child, it was ground into my head, into my bones, into my psyche that I had to test any hypothesis **before** before accepting the results.

As a Moon Child, New Moon approaching, Mercury backwards yet? Proof. Have to have proof. Hard proof that the process works. Hard proof that the messianic leader can lead. Hard proof that the promise is valid and is attainable.

Hard proof, not wishes, dream,and unfiltered fantasies.

Cancer: Hard proof.

The Leo:

The LeoAmusing, to me, in my [Sagittarius](#) ways, how I can have friends from all kinds of backgrounds. I posted an Easter image, from this one church that I like because the icon resonates with me. To me, that symbol crosses systems and can be from any of number of beliefs. It’s not, in my mind, limited. However, to watch the salute? There is a parade of reactions to that symbol. From disdain and irreverence to adorations and accolades. To me? It’s just friggin’ symbol on page, an interesting image that spoke to me about rebirth, regeneration, and the rapidly approaching New Moon in Taurus. That’s all. Not about faith or beliefs, or, heaven forbid, any one particular religion. No, this one was about symbols on a printed page — that’s all. How that galvanizes and coalesces various people in my feeds, and the reactions? Some days I don’t get it. As a **Leo**, as **The Leo**, are you going o get up and roar about that symbols? Just an image, really just a digital imprint of an image painted on a piece of paper from a

nominally liberal Austin-based organization.

Two common reactions? “That’s awesome!” Joined with an equally vehement, “that’s terrible!”

The Leo: Your comment? Right now? “That’s interesting.”

The Leo: Strong emotions. No need to wade into the fray.

Virgo:

The Virgin When old is new? That would be the way I would suggest you approach this week’s totally weird and wacky energies.

“When old is new.”

I keep books, real books, like, words printed on paper that is derived from dead trees, type of books, I still keep a number of those around as reference manuals. When I’m stuck, or, recently, with this Mercury Retrograde, I’ll refer back to some of the dog-eared texts. Perhaps, in this recent example, it was a book I’d been meaning to read, but I have — successfully — ignored for many long years.

Diving into that one book, finally, I found that the thoughts, as printed on the page, the essence of thoughts — as I understood them — translated across centuries of time and brought relevant views on my world understanding, and then, relevant ways to see what’s going on, even now. Part is historical. Part is hysterical. Part is pertinent to current events, even now.

This started with digging back into an old text that I’ve put off addressing for a number of years. Which is part of what this week means to **Virgo**: “When old is new.”

Libra:

The Scales Every couple of years, one of two [theories](#) circulates. One? There’s a “13th” sign, which, if one understands the basic mechanics of the zodiac system, it’s obvious there’s no room for a “13th sign,” because all 12 slots are fully occupied. However, to be honest, one must admit the Nov. Sagittarius tend to be a bit different from the Dec. Sagittarius, just as an example. But that’s by degrees, not a real, verifiable 13th sign. The other theory that pops up? The 9th Planet. The planet that is so far out, it is beyond our ability to observe, but surely it must exist, because of, and then there are number of competing theories as to why the planet exists. Interesting astrological theories, but I tend to stick to the stuff that I know works. As a Libra, at this juncture, as Mars moves forward into Gemini and Mercury moves backwards into Aries, along that previously referenced Tropical Zodiac? Some weird theories crop up, especially in the Libra mind, and especially in a curious form. Do these theories hold water? Do these theories stand the test of time? Does these concepts hold up under the twin infection of metaphysical and scientific study?

In the 13th Sign example and the 9th Planet theory? Yeah, no. The math works for both but practical observation has confirmed no results. It’s quite all right to play with theories like this, but it’s not a good

time to build a new plan based on those theories.

Byword for this next few days? “We’re looking into that, for sure.”

(But “we” haven’t made a commitment, yet.)

Scorpio:

The Scorpio I’ve tended, in the past, to give this as a simple binary equation. My quick [disclaimer](#), before we address Scorpio specifically, is that this not a hard and fast rule, more like a solid guideline. Adjust as need be, right?

“You can have love or money, which will it be?”

Standard **Scorpio** response? “Both.” My reminder, for this week’s time frame? *Mars*, moving into *Gemini*, where that falls in your **Scorpio** chart? And then, *Mercury*, slipping backwards to *Aries*?

Next week, there’s a New Moon in *Taurus*, opposite from **Scorpio**. That provides a focal point for this discussion, and why I was suggesting, concentrate on that **Scorpio** objective, which leads us back to the binary question, “Love?” Or “Money?” Which will it be?

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Having been on both sides, I understand how this can be painful. I also understand how this can be caused by the most innocent of comments and most pure, altruistic motives. Still, it comes out wrong. The way it will likely come across to our **Sagittarius** selves, in the next couple of days? “Don’t take this wrong, but...”

Which means, as a typical **Sagittarius**, we will take it wrong. What’s intended as polite, helpful criticism, comes across as hurtful, pointed barbs. Verbal attacks. *Ad Hominem* remarks, or so it seems. With Mars settling into Gemini, this can cut two ways, either we get all worked up and lash out, at what appears to be an attack on our stellar **Sagittarius** character, or we pause long enough to figure it out — the attack is not meant as an attack. It was meant in the spirit of love and cooperation, intended as a kindness, not a full-frontal attack. Doesn’t mean we won’t take it as an attack, and what’s worse? It’s an attack on our **Sagittarius** character, not just who we are, but what we stand for, as well.

I have a sort version on how to deal with this.

“Your mother dresses you funny.”

The attack.

“No, I dress myself like this, no help needed.” The riposte — the riposte that effectively disarms the situation and buys a little **Sagittarius** time to figure out that it was not a personal attack, but a kind of observation.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat At one point, I got to where I would quiz my clients, after talking with them. “What was your take-away?” Ostensibly, I was trying to figure out what the client retained as a valuable knowledge, and what was discarded as too much “Kramer chatter.”

There’s the [online version](#) of this, too, where a short survey is provided, at the end of the interaction. Personally, I just let it open for comments at the end, but that gets to be too much, some times. As previously noted, I’m sure I would take a constructive criticism, I would interpret the intent wrongly, next few days. However, as a **Capricorn**, there’s that important question, “What was your take-away?” What did you learn from this horoscope? What did you learn from this interaction? What — I figure this one’s the most important — what was the message you were supposed to get from this?

There will be a symbolic action, possibly a life-changing event, possibly a game-changer, possibly just a little, cosmic nudge. The important **Capricorn** question?

“What information was I supposed to garner from his message?”

Or, in my terms? “What was your take-away?”

When that action occurs, symbolic or otherwise, ask your **Capricorn** self, “What was my take-away?”

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer There’s one *Famous Author* I know of, and he had a webcam setup on his workspace, for years. It was a little weird, watching him type on a computer’s keyboard. For several years, I had a [webcam attached to my feed](#), as well, but after a spell, it got just a little weird, and little too invasive — but that’s me. Besides, watching me work can be pretty boring. I fidget. I dash off to refill the coffee mug. I look at a book’s entry. I flip through my notes. I adjust the volume of the sounds, pushing it down lower. I do a [quick web search](#) to fact-check a notion, only to have it proven incorrect. I sip more coffee. It’s not really that interesting to watch. The Famous Author did his thing publicly for some time. I admired that. I’m less public, preferring the solitude and quiet that I can get. Public persona versus private persona, and there’s a battle, in the next few days, in **Aquarius**. What’s public, what’s a [permissible window](#), and what is best kept totally [private](#)? My webcam’s feed is still live, but only as a placeholder and while Mercury is still Retrograde? That placeholder and code serves as a throwback reminder of nostalgic website works. There are two parts to this week’s **Aquarius** messages. One is about what is too invasive and what is “just right” for letting the world know what is going on in the **Aquarius** camp. The other is about archaic technology that we all seem to hold onto, and is it really necessary?

Pisces:

The Fishes Many years ago, shortly after graduating from college, place where I lived? Nice, big backyard. What I kept thinking about, a backyard gazebo, like a detached patio, where I could have climbing vines form a green canopy, and perhaps half the year — or more — I would be able to work

outside. It was a noble ideal. Years later, in a trailer park in South Austin, I did have a door that opened, and I was subject to the gentle susurrations of the Texas zephyrs, easing the moist air back and forth. Almost the same idea, only it did work, after a fashion. Once again, I find myself with an arbor-esque setting, and once again, I wonder about it building then maintaining a vine-strewn pergola in which to work. Great idea. Follow that plan all the way through, though. I'll really work out there two or three times then complain about bugs or heat, or WiFi access being weak.

Aries:

The Ram Happened some years ago. Party, ostensibly a spring-fling party, not long after [Eeyore's Birthday](#) in Austin, which was/is a real thing. So, around now, many-many years back. A series of females were giving the party, and the nights were alive with hope, promise, young love, some pollen, and insects. Mostly harmless gnats, but mosquitoes were starting to emerge that year.

One of the females, let's call her a "girl," I was rather interested in her, *in that way*. At the party, though, there were two or three other guys who were also interested in her, *in that way*. One was a biker-like feller, no contest there, he wasn't going to make any time with her: too gruff. Another was a tech-hippy, and he was too clean-cut. This was back in the day when swimming in Barton Springs qualified as daily bathing — I was clean. Finally, there was a guy who played in a band — a real guitar player. One was too clean, one was too rough, me, I was almost perfect — except? I got beat out by a guitar player. Not long after that, I picked up a guitar case, just to see if that trick worked. That's different story, told elsewhere. I was a second choice to a real guitar player, and I'm OK with that, but I'm not the **Aries** in this situation. There's a pretty good chance that you're passed over for someone's first choice.

At first, **Aries**-like, glance, this is huge mistake. Stop. Pause. Consider where the planets are right now, and consider what's happening, winding, unwinding, and going sideways. Not much longer, after that?

"I will never date another musician!"

Guitar players in Austin had a well-deserved reputation.

What might not work according to the current **Aries** time-table? A little longer view and this all plays right into your hands.

"You know I'm [a writer](#), right? Not a guitar player?"

Horoscopes starting 4.27.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, April 26, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/04/horoscopes-starting-4-27-2017/>

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Stephano in [Shakespeare's](#) *A Merchant of Venice* 2.9.93-5

Mercury, eventually, starts to unwind from being too tightly wound up. Un-retrograde — [eventually](#).
Venus shifts into Aries.

Horoscopes starting 4.27.2017

Taurus:

The Bull Opening quote is from [Shakespeare's](#) the *Merchant of Venice*. Weird play. It's also one of those plays where the milieu in which it was written, makes it easier to understand, because, by modern sentiments? It's clearly Anti-Semitic. The understanding has to come from looking at the worldview, how the play-goers would understand the logic of the play, and how there are [some jokes that are duds](#), 400 years later.

Last time I listened to the play it was very clearly being read as burlesque comedy. Bawdy, with bad jokes a-plenty. I'm not prepared to debate the relative merits and drawbacks of the play's worth. It's part of the accepted canon, and the play is slightly problematic. If it were done in current times, it would be a slapstick comedy with the lead characters played by the usual comic buffoons. Our problem, even now, is that there are no recordings from 400 years ago, and there are no intra-linear notes to understand just exactly what the author meant. We have to suppose there's some topical references and allusions that don't carry forward, not over the span of centuries. Between the planets' influences, there's that idea that we're not getting the whole image. The big picture escapes **Taurus**, at the moment. Like that play, last time I heard read aloud, it was done as broad comedy, and some of the "jokes" didn't work for me. Skip the parts that don't make sense or seem to offend. [Birthday time](#). No reason to get worked up because some long-dead playwright's material might seem to be offensive. It was all intended as broad humor.

I think.

Gemini:

The Twins Buddy ran in an Austin "Beer Run 10K" race, fundraiser event. He was telling me about his little adventure, [suggesting](#) I join next time. 10K is 6.2 miles, I can walk that in about two hours. He was talking about running it. But he was also having fun explaining the vagaries of this race. Fundraiser.

“There was a beer stop every kilometer,” he explained, “beer was free. Water was \$2.” Yeah, no. Not me. Although, for some Gemini, this sounds like it might be a fun way to “race,” if, in fact, that’s what they did. Sounds more like a stagger rather than a race. It’s an Austin thing, you know. Where else but Texas can we take a healthy event and turn it into drunken [revelry](#)? I can’t even imagine what that must’ve been like. Still the notion of a healthy, athletic event is good for the Gemini, what with Mr. Mars cooking along in your sign. This poked and prodded by several other factors, let’s just ascribe it to the Moon, and suggest that there’s a definite motion involved. I’m not sure that you’re going to run in a 10K this week, but if you do? Make sure it’s a fun one where beer is free, and the water costs \$2. While this won’t work for me, as a Gemini guideline?

Cancer:

The Crab It’s time to draw our Cancer attention back to the day-to-day drudgery of work. Imminent holiday on approach, yes, and it’s great time to fish, yes, that, too, but this is about a single, goal-oriented task that needs to get accomplished. When I was ruminating on your chart, and how to explain the Moon Children’s energies, I kept thinking about several books I’ve contributed to, with the key word in the construction of those [books](#)?

[Accretion](#).

The books were built — over time — with small additions, selections, editing, further research, then patient [observation](#), and testing. The trick was the expression, “Accretion,” or, to some, “over time.” I did a little bit as I went along. Observations, inspirations, examples, and, over time, the body of work would grow and grow. Over time. By accretion. Not all at once. I’ve worked very hard to simplify my process. I want as little between my brain and the work you read. I realize it does show, sometimes, with inadequate layers, but still, the idea is to go from me, to you, as directly as possible. Imitate my choices. Simplify and work on that bigger project by tackling one little detail. Think: accretion.

The Leo:

The Leo You ever think the “random play” button isn’t so random? Think there’s a been a study on that, before, and I can’t find the [source](#) at the moment. But the “random” function on the computer, on the phone, on the tablet, on the “whatever device you use to play music” is less random and more tightly controlled than expected. At least, that’s what I think I read someplace on the internet, so it has to be true.

Yes, pretty sure “random” isn’t so random.

While it’s true, we are all connected, there’s a sense that the connections are growing more and more apparent, to **The Leo**, even now. Like that random function, as I had what I thought was totally random set of songs get paced and placed next to each other, and the songs all fit like a dovetail joint. Like master carpenter had crafted the beginning and ending, then fitted the beat together, seamlessly. Like it was on purpose. Which, if we go back to my question for **The Leo**, is the random function so really random? Are

there variables at play, sometimes, that we can't discern, but working into this, nonetheless? Let the software do what it is supposed to do, let it pick the next song. We're not out of the Mercury is Retrograde [scenario](#), and it's just much easier to let the "random" thing pick for **The Leo**. Even if it doesn't seem to be so random.

Virgo:

The Virgin There was a branch of pseudo-science that deals with "Stuff that makes our brain work better." I referred to this as "pseudo-science," because in true, double-blind studies, the material didn't really show any kind of measurable improvement. However, that doesn't stop sales from skyrocketing based on unsubstantiated claims. The way this week is going, for **Virgo**? Try that stuff, if you like, the brain fuel, or brain-fuel-additive, or whatever it is.

I'm not sure if it is the coconut oil in my coffee, the pills I took, or hanging around an *attractive Virgo*, and does it matter? I feel smarter, now.

Careful **Virgo** analysis will reveal that Mercury is easing up on its retrograde pattern, Venus is moving out of opposition to **Virgo**, and the Sun is in Taurus. See? Feeling smarter already? You should be.

"Oh Kramer, [reading your material](#) always makes me smarter."

Libra:

The Scales The [example](#) I have is the [Moleskine-brand notebook](#). Trademarked. Patented. I have one that was from the days when it was a small brand, virtually unknown outside of certain elite circles of writers and artists, most of whom, had been to Paris. The brand got sold, and while the new owners claim to maintain the original quality, I'm not entirely sure, as the notebooks are available too many places. Besides, this is just an example. I kept thinking if I had the right notebook, then I would take notes, and be more educated. Who am I fooling? As a **Libra** soul with the best of intentions, would something like just buying a new notebook mean that you were going to start taking notes? Great idea. "This is the year I'll hand-write my [journal](#)." Great idea. "We'll have all that data we needed, right here, entered in my own handwriting." Such a lovely idea. I quit taking notes on paper, years and years ago. As a **Libra**, you have to ask yourself, "Is this something I will really use?" Or, like me, will those unused notebooks sit there, while I transcribe notes on a digital device?

Scorpio:

The Scorpio When I take a day out to go fishing, I plan on that being my whole day. I don't plan to fish in the day time and then go out and socialize at night. I make no representation that I will do anything else but fish. I chill. Perhaps there's a drive to get to the fishing, maybe not, depends, but then, when I'm done, after a good day on the water? If it's been a really good day, I don't want to do too much.

I know my limits.

As a **Scorpio**, are you aware of your limits? A day on the water, for me, is more relaxing than exhausting but some boat rides can be brutal, getting pounded on the waves, and then, all day in the sun, fishing, which can be — demanding isn't the term — taxing? No, just the most pleasant of endeavors, but still, 8 hours on the water, and I'm tired. Pleasantly so, but that's my limit. I might make a notation or look at the pictures, but that's about all I'm really good for, afterwards.

I know my limits.

As a [Good Scorpio](#), are you aware of your limits? And are you aware that you can't be promising too much?

Scorpio: I know my [limits](#). Respect your own, **Scorpio** limits, too.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Teens. Teenagers with a badminton set. Texas teenagers with a badminton set, pause and think.

How can this go wrong?

Badminton itself seems like such a docile, passive sport. Sure, there's a little plastic birds that gets batted around, but the rackets themselves are light, not strong like a tennis model.

So what could go wrong?

I watched as two boys, early teens and two girls, again, early teens, as they batted the birds back and forth a time or two, then the boys were bonking each other on the head, and one girl took a swipe at one boy's backside, and I doubt the net ever got unfurled, much less erected. It got physical — in a hurry. I happen to know that there are two **Sagittarius** in that mix. Instigators. Trouble makers. Valiantly holding onto their defense, "He/she made me do it!" Yeah, sure, I watched. They were the start of the trouble. But, in part, this goes back to someone who was unwise enough to hand a device that could be weaponized, to a **Sagittarius**. Don't give us a stick for beating things then tell us not to beat anything. *Mars*, in **Gemini**? Remember?

"Here, whatever you do, don't hit your brother."

Smack!

"He made me do it. No, really."

Seriously, *what could go wrong* if you hand us a weapon and show us a target?

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Mercury, Venus, blame what you want, but your timing is off. Like me, as a Capricorn,

you're the master of the quick retort, two minutes too late. The other person walks off, and then the perfect riposte, sarcastic, snide, and sort of snarky comes to mind. But only after the intended target is out of earshot. Save it for later, because, as I've alluded to before, timing is off. Not badly off, but off enough to be crappy, at best.

Look on the bright side, you lack my ineffable ability to say the best thing at the [worst time](#).

But this period of time? Right now? This week, even? Early next week? You deliver a punchline, only, no one seems to react, and you try to further the joke, and then, they're all like, "No, we got it the first time." Timing is off for Capricorn. Not bad, just two left feet, unless, of course, your left-footed, then it's two right feet. Understand that your normally wonderful timing suffers next couple of days.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer According to some article I glanced at online, most [honey](#) sold in stores is fake honey. Which leads us the banner headline, "Test your honey to see if it's real!" After looking over the article, it was more about pasteurized, sanitized, safe from a squeeze bottle honey, rather than the stuff I tend to buy. I get the stuff in a glass jar, hopefully with some honeycomb in it. Often, I'll be able to get honey that is from a farmer himself. There are several local brands, or local-ish, sold in stores, that are wild honey — for real. There's a bee ranch, south of town here, and most of the honey I would buy comes from here. Uneven quality, but good, and, of course, all natural. Which isn't what this is about, not for **Aquarius**. I was worried about how to test to see if my honey is real.

I test my [honey](#) by kissing her. That tells me if she is real or not. If she kisses back, or squirms away, that means she's real. Other tests? I'm sure there's a way to go with this. Other tests for honey, according to that article? If the stuff is sticky. That's not a problem I tend to have.

Confused? Don't be. This is about all-natural versus fake, and how to tell the two apart. Whether we're talking about honey from bee pollen (wildflower honey is exceptional) or the honey that keeps me warm on a cold winter's night, some kind of empirical test is about the only way to know, for sure.

Pisces:

The Fishes There's been a frantic pace foisted upon **Pisces**, and that recedes. The frantic need to get something done, the incessant hounding, the little voices in the **Pisces** head, often times, voices no one else hears?

Those voices, very nice, now, shut up.

If I could figure a way to shut those voices off, otherwise? All I can do is suggest that the transition of Venus, from where it is, to where it's going? That [transit of Venus](#) shuts the voices up. Some. There's quite a bit more at play here, and how I wish I could author a bestseller, a self-help text about getting the **Pisces** voices in your head to be quiet. All I'll do, though, is suggest that the up and coming quiet time? Think about a way to use that wisely.

Aries:

The Ram The world wide web is a great way to waste time. Social media, muggy media, “research,” and shoe-shopping. All at a fingertip. My meandering, and occasionally curated wanderings are fine, for me. I’m not an **Aries**. Search for one term, click on an ad, then follow a link someplace else, and suddenly, a morning is gone, chasing rabbits down holes that might not matter. Yes, the world wide web is a great way to waste time. While I tend to refer to this as serendipitous research, not everyone can get away with my nomenclature for wasting time.

Time is a limited **Aries** resource, and there’s hastening, quickening, a sense that one must hurry. Here’s the trick. Don’t waste time clicking around on [stupid links on websites](#).

“No, I just got to [check on one thing](#).”

You can see how that can suck up your valuable resources, and waste your whole day?

astrofish.net

Horoscopes starting 4.6.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, April 05, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/04/horoscopes-starting-4-6-2017/>

Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

[Hamlet](#) in Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of Hamlet* 2.2.212

Best time to file taxes? April 15, 4:26 PM. Moon in Sagittarius. [Mercury Retrograde](#). Venus Retrograde. All good.

[Free 15 minute phone reading!](#)

Horoscopes starting 4.6.2017

Aries:

The Ram I heard squawking, a pitched birds' cry, and I looked up. From where I was standing, in Central Texas, in a Red-Tail Hawk was clearly visible, gliding in for a low landing on some scrub-like Live Oak. Squawked again. This is a clearly urban environment, so I would be a little more worried about puppies and kittens as possible prey, rather than small, wild game. The markings, the checkered feathers, the characteristic "Red Fan" of the tail, as the spring-like sun shone through, then discordant squeaking. Squawk, I'm unsure, it wasn't the Emergency Broadcast pitch I'm used to, the sound of the raptor falling out of the sky to grab a meal.

Not often that I get to see a magnificent bird like that, so close at hand. I'll guess a nesting pair is somewhere in my neighborhood.

While not that unusual of a sight, where I'm from, it is a touchstone — a [reminder](#) — to be aware of what's around us. As an **Aries**, as a birthday person, when you hear that sound, when your peripheral vision detects a movement, look up, look around, observe. As a special birthday gift, you'll be rewarded with an [image](#), just I like I was, with some kind of symbol.

Taurus:

The Bull For many years, I've recorded my "readings" with clients. I then pass the recording onto the client. I was particularly happy when I used to use 15-minute [cassette tapes](#). Worked well for me, and I would hand the tape over to the client. Some folk will read this and wonder what a "cassette tape" is. From cassettes, though, and from lugging around a small printer, I switched to all digital delivery. More modern. For close to a decade, it was the audio CD. These days? I tend to just email a link to an mp3 file, quicker, easier, no printing, no mess, no fuss.

[ION Audio Tape 2 PC | USB Cassette Deck Conversion System with RCA & USB cables](#)

Take a lesson from me, as this [stranger-than-usual](#) period starts, for Taurus, take a hint from me. Easier. Smoother. Fewer moving parts. Let the technology handle the heavy lifting. Let the computers do all the hard work. What I miss about the 15-minute cassettes? They were especially useful as a prop, a device, when the tape hit its end, it was that clear signal that the time was up. The session was over. End of the tape. Which is amusing, as these days, with digital media, there's certainly plenty of available bandwidth to go longer and longer....

Gemini:

The Twins Buddy showed up the other afternoon, got him a new girlfriend. "So you're a Gemini," I said. At first, she was amazed that I knew she was a Gemini, but my buddy, a little gun-shy of Gemini from a previous girlfriend, who was probably psychotic, he did a little "background check" with me, before he got serious. She's an extremely attractive, and quite young, Gemini. Gemini do tend to be prettier, but that's not part of this equation. With Venus and Mercury doing the backward version of their annual dances, this is a problem time. How much of a problem? Buddy's new girlfriend? She had on a "Black Flag" t-shirt. Tank top, really, I think. Yeah, I stared. You would, too.

What [amused](#) me greatly, love me that quick, whip-like Gemini wit, I had to ask, "Do you even know who 'Black Flag' was?" She shrugged, pointed to my buddy, "He said I looked good in it."

She would look good in nothing at all, or, for decorum's sake? The oily rags off the garage's floor. Yeah, he did good. The biggest problem? All the Gemini air? Oh, she's not an airhead, but all that Gemini air is currently confused. Mercury, Venus, their patterns not exactly being kind to Gemini.

We'll see how they do in the immediate [future](#). It's far from bad, but the present Gemini energies do best with a gentle hand. Deflect.

Turns out the band 'Black Flag' was part of her education, and she likes it. Yeah, now who looks stupid?

Cancer:

The Crab Ever week, I suggest an action, and every week, the **Moon Child** keeps avoiding that action. I'm back to the action item again. I'm a big believer in free will and free choice. The soul, as indicated by an astrology chart, the soul has options. Even now, there are clear choices, left/right, back/front, up/down, clear and discernible choices. There's also the very-Cancerian way of choosing not to change a thing. Stubbornly refusing to budge an inch on any of this change — change that would benefit your **Moon Child** self. If only. If only there was a way to get that hard Cancer carapace to crack. Me? I'd prefer that this become a choice-centered decision, based on available Cancer inputs. I'd rather not get out the pliers and tackle getting under that Crab-like shell of yours to dig out an answer, and to force a choice. No, I'm not real willing to undertake such coercion. But I'm not everyone, and if your Cancer self doesn't start making decisions, picking, and choosing, left/right, front/back, up/down, soon? Some other person is liable to choose for you. You can guess how that works out.

The Leo:

The Leo It's a matter of taste. *Mars*, in *Taurus*, creates a problematic set of energies for **The Leo**. Mercury, going retrograde, in the same sign as Mars? That takes this set of energies and compounds the problems. Not big deals, but little deals, when "things" don't go the way **The Leo** thinks things should go? There's the problem. The solution is to understand basic *astrophysics*. There's pressure from outside, and that pressure is making **the majestic Leo** wanting to change. Some days, change is good. Some days, change is excellent. And some days? Maybe not so much. Change, just for the sake of change? Who [am I to suggest](#) that isn't any good? Silly *Sagittarius* that I am. I move stuff around all the time. But I know that it's just change for the sake of change, and I know that it won't be permanent change. I'm interested in buying a little time for **The Leo**, I'm interested in padding this decision process, which is being hastened by those two planets, I'm interested in getting there to be a little extra breathing room. A cooling off period, for some, a form or transition, or a mindful pause. I just think if you render that **Majestic Leo** decision right now? Might have to change your mind, later. No one wants to confront you with that.

The Leo: "Can I get back to you on that?"

Exactly what I mean.

Virgo:

The Virgin A dozen years ago, maybe further back than that? I swore I was never going to move again, and that was in a [trailer park in South Austin](#). I've long since decamped from there, and consequently, I've shifted several times, and I no longer think to myself, "This is it. I am never moving, ever again. Never, ever." Never say never, my little **Virgo** friend, *never say never*. There's change underfoot. Can be of your own making, can feel like it from outside influences. Three or four times, I swore I was never going to move, ever again, that I was going to make where I was a permanent place to live. No more moving. No more boxes, packing, unpacking, sorting, throwing away broken dishes, nothing. None of that. Currently, I'm not moving anyplace, as I like where I'm living, at this moment. But this isn't about me. This is about **Virgo**, and the expression, "Never say never." There's strong change underfoot, and the **Virgo** energy is restless, exacerbated by Mercury's tenuous shaking and moving. Means that there's changes, and they may not be permanent changes. What are you going to do? Get ready to move? "I swore I was never going to move again. Never, ever."

Virgo: Never say never, my **Virgo** friend, never say [never](#).

Libra:

The Scales When I fish with one buddy, not named Bubba but thanks for asking, and when I fish with that one friend? I will take exactly one fishing pole. Out of my complete set of hardware, I'll select exactly one pole, and I'll use that single pole, with its reel, all day long. Only changes I'll be willing to make are to bait tied on the end of the line. Makes set-up, travel arrangements, and the entire experience more enjoyable for me. I only have to think about the action of fishing. I can, if need be, as the day gets longer,

change baits, from top-water to something that sinks rather than floats. But that's the only change, and I'll still be using the one fishing pole. Part of this is to keep it simple. Part of this is prove a point. Mostly, this is about me being as comfortable as possible, and the quickest way to insure a wonderful experience? Limit the choices. We tend to hit one or two bass lakes, and that means I know that the lighter line and more responsive arrangement will work well. The only part that changes, then, is the bait tied on the end of the line. Only change. One set-up. One fishing pole. Not too many choices. Less time fiddling with hardware, more time fishing. As Mercury turns into a retrograde pattern? Look over that massive array of **Libra** choices. Then, like me, take one pole. Make it simple. Limits the choices and [enjoy](#) the experience.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio The quote, this week's [quote from Shakespeare](#)? "Nothing's good or bad but thinking makes it so?" has extra meaning for **Scorpio** and the **Scorpio** weeks ahead. Don't think you can't snatch defeat from the jaws of success. Don't think you can't overthink a winning situation and then worry it unto death, and then, from what's going in your favor, it all gradually slides out of your **Scorpio** grasp and away from the *Scorpio control*. Where it should be. The planets in Taurus? Mars and Retrograde Mercury. The obstacle? Seeing the situation for what it is, not what its worst outcome might be. I've got a cup of coffee here. Half empty? Half full?

Scorpio: "Omigawd, he left the stove on! He's gong to burn down the house, and now there's no water to put out the fire!"

That went sideways and down in a hurry. Hot as it was the other day? I just add a couple of ice cubes to the half cup of strong coffee, and it all becomes weak iced coffee. No harm. No foul. All good. Happily ever after.

Scorpio: "This is not going to end well, I just know..."

Hence the problem. See that [quote](#) again.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius I got a poem stuck in my head. Really, it's just one line from a poem, but it fits, so well, with this girlfriend, I can't shake it. I know, at one point, stop me if I've told you this before, but I know, at one point, the professor dragged a reel-to-reel tape recorder and player into the classroom to listen to the original poet read his poem, that one poem, out loud. Chronologically, the guy came before the [Beats](#), although, the structure of the poem, and its content, are similar, being from the same generation, more or less. I've scoured the internet, trying to locate that poem. There are [many myths](#) told about the poet, and most of them aren't true, or there's only the thinnest shards of evidence to support the statements.

This is worse than a lyric to a song, as it's pure poetry. Can't get the lick out of my head, which, in turn becomes a fruitless search over web page after week page, trying to locate that file, hopefully as an mp3. Some years ago, I had similar experience, but I did locate a public domain copy of Allen Ginsberg (another Gemini, if I recall), reading his poem "[Howl](#)," out loud.

This horoscope got sideways really quickly, much to my amazement. It was supposed to serve as a reminder that we can't let petty distractions hold our **Sagittarius** attention for too long, otherwise, we might not get anything done. I wonder what other poets have recordings, online, like maybe Dylan Thomas not going into that good Mercury Retrograde?

Distractions are abundant. What's worse? I can't find the book that has those poems in it, an old text book, red cover? Seen it?

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat Saturn was getting kind of close, but then, that old devil? He's turned around, this week to head back to torment Sagittarius some more. In the meantime, there's a good direction for you: shed what no longer serves you. Unload that which is no longer of value. [Let go](#) of crap that you really don't want to take with you. While I value the sanctity of human life, and I also understand that there are variety of belief systems, and as much as I don't want to interfere with any particular religion or faith? I saw a bumper sticker that was angelic in appearance, and carried a simple message: you won't need your organs in heaven, so give them a second life, too. Too preachy? Maybe. A little dark? Sure. Too heavy on symbolism? Sorry. But I was thinking about [letting go](#) of material items that have no future service within the Capricorn world. I carried around a laptop computer that was a "hand me down" when I first got it, maybe a dozen years ago. I refused to let go of that computer for some kind of perceived emotional attachment. Never used it. After 5 or 6 years? I finally off-loaded it onto a buddy, who desperately needed a laptop. Everyone is happy.

Recycle. Or, if you don't cut loose with that stuff? In a year or two? It might get wrenched from your grasp. Start looking at stuff to unload. Only took me 5 or 6 years, in that one example.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer I used to know this one girl, younger than me female, and her claim was simple. "All my friends are guys. I just don't have many girlfriends. They always compete or something." The guy friends she did have? I would be less than honest if I didn't suspect that each and every one of them, myself included, each of us were hoping for something more than "friend." Wasn't a realistic expectation, not for me, and I didn't hold that as paramount, but there was that undercurrent. So think about the comment, lovely young lass, "All my friends are guys, and yeah, we're just friends." It's not an original thought, but I've subscribed to the belief that male and female tend to have more than "just friends" on their minds. Or male and male, or female and female, I mean, it all depends on the situation and whatever the individual's orientation runs. Still, this looks like a troubled relationship where a friend wants to overstep the bounds of "just friend." To some, this OK. To others? Maybe not so much. With Mercury's mess on top of this, too? The message can be [confused](#). "I think we should be more than 'just friends,' so you want me to come over?"

Aquarius: Be extra careful about "interpreting" signals in the next few weeks, but especially now, and especially along the perception of "romance," as there's more trouble there. Not more trouble, but a better chance of getting a garbled message.

“So you don’t want to be my friend?”

Pisces:

The Fishes It’s really just a plain picture of a cup of coffee, from a local diner. Not a big deal, not really, but over the last five, ten years, I would look down at the cup of coffee, early in the morning, and wonder. Pull out a camera or, anymore just a phone, and grab an [image](#). A simple cup of coffee, but it seems to taste better than most. It’s not “artisanal” coffee, it’s not micro-brew, with an intimate relationship with the guy who grows the beans, no, it’s just a plain cup of coffee in a place with sparkly lights — Xmas year-round. How can something so mundane, so commonplace, so quotidian, how can an [image](#) of a simple cup of coffee evoke so much sentiment? In part, it’s the location, and, in part, it’s the food, and, in part, it’s the very ambiance of the diner. It’s a classic, for sure, open 24 hours a day, long-established as both a hotspot for tourists and a place where locals congregate. Food’s passable, nothing remarkable, but then, not unremarkable, either. Plain fare with the proper hint — upon request — for the local spice and heat. This is all drawn from single image, but it an image I’ve repeated over and over. Each time is new, but not new. [Familiar](#), yet there is the standard excitement of being there. The way to tease meaning from this week’s stars? Look for a message in the mundane. Look for relief in the oft-repeated theme. The answers are much less hidden than before; the challenge is looking at the answers and realizing that they are answers to the very **Pisces** questions. Like that cup of coffee in a diner.

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Horoscopes starting 5.11.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, May 10, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/05/horoscopes-starting-5-11-2017/>

O ye gods!

Render me [worthy](#) of this noble wife!

Brutus in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* 2.1.303

[Horoscopes](#) starting 5.11.2017

Taurus:

The Bull Always wondered a little about that, how the wives in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* were so important. One would hope that this would be a reflection on the timbre of the times, but I'm unsure if there's much truth to that. The Elizabethan setting was notoriously sexist and bigoted. No judgement, mere observation. However, it takes strong players — like wives — to get the job done. It's unfortunate, but in that play? Strong wives get subsumed by the plot. Just how the story goes.

So the noble wives? Doesn't go well for them. As I was plotting the **Taurus** stars? I saw strong characters, unlike that play, I saw strong characters and people listening to those strong characters. Strong, **Taurus** players.

Gemini:

The Twins There's a practice, derived from a certain spiritual pursuit, that serves me well. In this next week, especially now? This kind of practice would serve **Gemini** well, too. I was [driving](#), in notorious rush-hour-like traffic. Too far for me to walk, which is in keeping with my tendencies, so hop in car. Traffic backed-up. For, apparently, no reason. If there was a spectacular wreck, or malfunctioning traffic signal, sure, I could get it. Nothing. Just [stop-and-go crap](#).

I turned off the radio, car's a hybrid, so I think it's a Federal mandate, have to listen to NPR. I just clicked it off. I sat in silence. Car ahead of me inched ahead. I tapped the pedals. No noise. Beautiful day in May, AC was still purring happily, low, but merrily cool.

Breath. Breath in. Breath out. Be [present](#) in the moment. No place, better than rush-hour-like traffic is a better place to test one's ability to be present in the moment. Choking car fumes, the desire to flip on radio, phone, iPod, anything but sit in traffic. As a way to deal with exigent circumstances, try to be present. I only had to go a half-dozen miles, and the traffic eased up and started flowing shortly thereafter. Still, for a nuanced moment, I was totally present in the moment.

Mars is the culprit and as a *Sagittarius*, myself, I'll be toying with this exact same energy, albeit in an

opposing format, Mr. Mars and all, and that? I'll be the one, sitting in the car next to you. I'll glance around, shift my grip on the dash and shifter, then fidget, then breath. I'm not heading into a deep trance, but I'm making a sincere effort to be — exactly — “In the moment.” Turn off the sound, all the other Gemini distractions. Doesn't matter where you are, just do one thing at a time.

Cancer:

The Crab While I've documented this, at length, in other formats, I have a strange relationships with printed media. I love me a good library. I have one, at home, in my office, with several rather arcane references, as well as a long shelf of “trashy romance novels” with [lurid covers](#). Not exactly, but not all high-brow, “Literature.” There are a number of authors who I'll buy the First Edition Hard Cover version of the book, stack it on the shelf next to that author's other [First Edition Hardback books](#), and then? I'll get a digital copy to read. The digital, anymore, is just easier — for me — to read. I don't need a light at night, I can adjust the print size, the tablet weighs much less than some of the epic tomes I've read like this, and the list goes on. So this is about my weird relationship with printed media. How is this affects the delicate Moon Child? Doubling up. There's a kind of friction, and the easiest way to understand, then find a solution to the friction? Like I do. I buy the book, because I want it for my library, but then, I also want one to read, like late at night.

The Leo:

The Leo A serious obstacle that I face? I've forgotten more metaphysical and spiritual material than I'll ever remember again. I got lazy, at one point, where I would merely record my material in a [daily journal](#), and that's how I remembered this stuff. But, yeah, I've forgotten more than I can ever hope to recall. I pulled out an older set of my Tarot cards, not an item I use frequently, but as a tool, yes, I've done this for many long years. As a tool the Tarot serves me well. I looked at one of the cards, first one I flipped up. That card brought back memories of a similar deck that I've used.

Same marque, just different sizes. Still the image itself triggered a flood of memories, and then that flood of images, flashing in my mind's eye, I was realizing that I'm not using the same phrases or even the same kind of systems that I used before.

This is about taking stock, looking back, and then, **Leo**, dear **Leo**, **The Leo**? Move forward. I write stuff down so I don't have to remember it. Just easier that way. That obstacle of not remembering? Maybe some of this is now left to be forgotten. Or, perhaps, let's see if we can find where wrote that down.

“I wrote it down so I don't have to remember it.”

Virgo:

The Virgin Sometimes, the simplest of changes is all it takes. This is also a consideration, rather than a any kind of a **Virgo** pronouncement. I started, it was link from a friend, who knew a guy who mentioned this someplace online, and the idea, I'm way late to this party, but the concept is simple. Remember how orange juice, every morning, was supposed to be good for us? Turns out, yeah, maybe the sugary, orange-

flavored substances might not be too good, but real — and natural — citrus? The way this started, it was a recommendation to have a single, preferably organic, lemon, fresh squeezed, first thing, in the morning. Before any other substances hit the body, the first wake-up swig? Juice from a single lemon, preferably an ergonomically-correct, free-range lemon, but the idea is sound. I checked it with my fruity, new-age, essential-oil sniffing buddies.

“First thing, in the morning? Oh, it’s very good, that acid washes out the harm. High in anti-oxidants.”

So far, *there’s no medical support* for the practice, but that’s never stopped me. As a **Virgo**, adding a simple, easy step in your nutrition line, in your way of thinking, adding a single step or process? Time to look at that.

Libra:

The Scales Eventually, Mercury will shift into Taurus, and eventually, there will be some **Libra** relief. Eventually. Next week, this weekend, sometimes, depends on the eccentricities of the individual **Libra** chart. Still, there’s an “issue” with motivation. Problems getting going or problems starting a task that is required, or problems getting up to get out, even. I have trick that I employ, and translate this, as best you can, to *Libra Language*, and see if it works. I tend to work from one of the horoscope wheel to the other end, in a linear fashion, when I’m building and fleshing out the weekly horoscopes. I tend to work from the beginning towards the end. I’ll get an occasional insight that requires some jumping around, but overall? One end — the beginning — to the other end — the final horoscope for the week. Makes good sense to a **Libra**, no? This week? I started at the end, because, for some reason, it wasn’t hooking up to start at the beginning. Using that as a guideline? Try a reverse order in order to get ahead. Backwards is not always backwards.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio Since I’ve been using a [keyboard](#) most of my adult life, and since I’ve been using it with some kind of computer? The keyboard is a primary contact point for me. I get attracted to various collapsible, portable keyboards, or, in one case? I found a roll-up keyboard on sale. It was such a cool idea. Rolled up, it was super-carry-able, and it was advertised as spill-resistant, being plastic and all. I used it once, maybe twice. Had it half-wired into a laptop, and then, what I found? The keys weren’t as solid, and sometimes, they didn’t even connect. There was a reason it was cheap, and on sale. So, as I was toying with the **Scorpio** chart, another ad cycled through, it was a cheap, collapsible keyboard. “Works with Bluetooth, Tablets, iPads, iPhones, and Android!” I’ve played with a number of these, keyboards that fold up, or fold over, or hinge, or something. Yes, rather portable, that’s true. But the problem is, the portable nature comes at a cost of efficiency. Then, as I looked at the super-cool, Swiss-Army knife of a keyboard? I realized that I’ve purchased — and abandoned — a number of similar gadgets. As a good **Scorpio**, this is the time to look back and reflect, think, I’ve tried this before, slightly different, but eerily familiar, do we need to do the again? Will this be different?”

Hint: probably not.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius One of the biggest troubles I run into? [Objective](#) point-of-view — as compared to — subjective point-of-view. I ran into this question, and answers, through some work I was doing on my hobby. I tend to think of Shakespeare as a hobby rather than presupposing I'm some kind of a great scholar. The lecture was about some approaches to one of the plays, and the idea was that it was looking for evidence, in the play itself, to prove the point. The point the lecturer made? The evidence could easily, the parts in the play itself, the evidence could easily prove that the point was valid, or, it could also prove that the point was invalid. Which is the idea of *objective versus subjective*.

I'm very **Sagittarius**. I'm very subjective. I make **no** claims, otherwise. I know better. I'm highly animated and agitated, but I get into it, with almost no objective point-of-view whatsoever. Did I ever lie about that? Did I ever represent that I was "Totally objective?"

No.

There's the question of "objectivity," and the question whether we're really being objective about the question. I tend to pretend — in my mind — that I'm dispassionate and aloof. However, as this unfolds, don't forget that we do tend to get caught up in it, and don't forget, our answers — our **Sagittarius** answers — tend to be more subjective.

Me? I'm biased. But you knew that, right?

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat What tools do you have at hand? Important question, and that question's answer is the answer to this week's **Capricorn** conundrum. What tools do you have at hand? In my case, it's rather simple: pocket knife, Leatherman Tool, "smart" phone, and tablet. The tools I have at hand. If I can't do it with one, then another will be fine. "If only I had..." and therein is the **Capricorn** problem. There is no other tool that can't be substituted for what you've got right here. No need to grab extra gear, no trip to the hardware store, or software store, or whatever, or wherever. While the tool I have might not be the very best tool for handling this task, the job in front of **Capricorn**, at this moment? While it might not be the perfect piece of hardware to solve this problem, as far as immediacy? That's the critical **Capricorn** concern, immediacy. It's not what you have, it's about making do with what you've got on hand, at the moment. It's not about what you've got, it's about how you use what you have available.

What tools do you have on hand?

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer I've gotten lazy. There are certain crutch words I've taken to using, and there's also an alarming use of passive voice in recent work from me. Between the two, crutch words and passive voice, I'm not doing well. It gets repetitive, a little cliché, and seems like the spark is gone. I still have great passion for the work, just, the zing has gone out of the words. As an **Aquarius**, you are suffering

with the same malaise. The zing is gone. The passion is still there, but we've forgot how to make it all alive again.

Simple changes. Stylistically. Active voice. Jump into this with both **Aquarius** feet, and stomp around. Go all "Godzilla" on it.

Pisces:

The Fishes So far, I've never "waxed." I'm not really that hairy of a guy, and I don't have the physique that would demand it, either. I'm not a body-builder, nor, for that matter, will I be one. I can't even grow a decent beard. Has to do with heritage and genetics, I'm sure, and I'm not too worried. The concept of "waxing" — my understanding? It is derived from copious girlfriends, over the years, who have described the process. I'm a Sensitive, New Age Guy, so I can commiserate without actually engaging in the process myself. As I was looking at the planets, for this week, for **Pisces**, I kept thinking about the images I hold in my mind, associated with some temporary discomfort, for "waxing." Looks painful, and to me? Too painful to try. I'm not that willing to suffer for fashion. However, it is "Beach Season" and some folks are thinking about waxing.

There's a planetary position that affects **Pisces**. It's like ripping that wax up and having the painful "Follicle Removal" process go along with it. Rip it off. Pull it up, in a hurry. Quick, quick-like give it a good, fast pull. That gets this over with quicker — and easier — and I'm all about making it better for **Pisces**. Just rip it off, quickly, and decisively.

Along the beach-side shops, where I fish, there's a novelty item sold, a special brand of "Dr. Zog's Wax," with an obvious allusion to surfboard wax, but far more slippery. That's the opposite of what this is about.

Aries:

The Ram Being born and raised in Texas, I understand "weird" better than most. Not a brag, just a fact. As such, there's a strange sensation afloat in **Aries**. Recent reports include ghostly apparitions, hauntings, and "Things that go bump in the night." Footsteps and other-worldly noises. Like Halloween, only this is the wrong time of the year for that noise and nonsense. This is less a function of the "Other Side" reaching out and more function of Uranian Energies acting and reacting in **Aries**. First it was *Mercury*, and soon it will be *Venus*.

With *Mars*, where he is, and this weirdness loose upon the **Aries** landscape? [Double](#). Double down. Double up. But double. "Double Trouble in the Morning," used to be a radio program, sure, that would work, too. But consider that it takes two, in order to get the goal — the **Aries** goal — it takes two to get it done.

Double. Double down. Double up. Get it together.

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Horoscopes starting 5.18.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, May 17, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/05/horoscopes-starting-5-18-2017/>

Gone to be [married](#)? Gone to swear a peace?
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends?

Constance in Shakespeare's *King John* 3.1.1-2

Horoscopes starting 5.18.2017

Taurus:

The Bull Ever wonder how much time is spent worrying about the weather? I looked, I was hoping to fish, other day, and the long-range weather-forecaster thing said "Rain." I worried. Needlessly, as the long-range weather-forecaster thing was wrong, that far in advance. Nice day, sure there are pictures on a website — someplace — fun on the water. I have two reasonably accurate weather predictors. Three, if one counts the local news weather guy who is Pisces. My two that are far more accurate? There's an app on my phone, a single window pane that gives me the current temp., accurate to a few degrees, right outside my door, doesn't matter where I am on the planet. The other? I walk outside that door, look at the sky, feel the air, determine, hot/cold, moist/damp, dry/dryer, calm/windy. While I can't take the barometric pressure myself, I can guess at it. I've found this to be a more accurate weather predictor than any of the apps, local news, anything else. Empirical —Taurus— observation yields the best results. Most accurate. No way to judge that situation, the weather, for example until [you step outside](#). Just better that way. This week's buzzword? "Empirical."

Gemini:

The TwinsNot all of [my ideas](#) are original. I've lifted, adapted, stolen, everything but outright plagiarized material from whatever [sources](#). I've used tawdry romance to high-brow literature as sources for inspiration and ideas. While the idea itself might not be original, the way I use it?

Therein is our Gemini clue. Steal. Beg, borrow, steal. Take another's idea and mold that idea until it's your own. While I lay no claim to fame on originality of ideas, for example, the framework I use is the 12 Signs of the Zodiac, as that's a starting point? What I get to do is beg, borrow, and steal from others, then arrange it as my own. It's the art of the remix, in some ways of looking at this. Consider that there are no new original ideas. How can the Gemini brain wrap itself around that concept, then combine a few diverse ideas to make your own? Part of the art is tapping that Gemini brain, the stuff therein, and getting that to look at the different collections of material then re-connect stuff. Might not work on the first try, but by the the third or fourth? You will have a winner.

Cancer:

The Crab While this would date me horribly, there used to be a personal computer-clique superstition about *Version 3*. The “Three” moniker in a revisions number was highly unlucky. That tended to be the time the software went from “Cool, artful, and useful” to “bloated and useless, with an array of too many features!” I suffer from this temptation, myself. I get an idea, a hack for a website, or something, and I want to add in extra stuff that makes the existing stuff run slower. More layers of useless complexity. The current version of the site, yes, I do all the work myself, and the current iteration? It’s a constant struggle to keep it simple, and to keep the amount of added on crap to absolutely the barest minimum. Same applies in **Cancer**, version 3.0 coming up. Instead of adding layers of pointless features, while very cool-looking additions, instead of adding layers, features, processes that are difficult to replicate? Consider making it easy, simple, and straightforward. Instead of adding more features? With the new version of yourself that you’re planning? Instead of new features? Consider removing some of the extra crap you’ve added on in the past. Consider letting go of something instead of adding it on. Version Three of the new you is about to emerge, let’s break with the (software) tradition of wretched excess. At least? For now? Less. Not more, less.

The Leo:

The Leo I’ve long been a “[Baggage](#) whore.” I know more than one female who has a similar attachment to shoes. “All about the shoes,” and then it gets murky. Similar, I’ve got one buddy who collects a metric ton of Bass Fishing tackle. He’s always looking for the perfect lure, the perfect bait, the perfect rod-and-reel combo. Me? I’m a bag person, in this respect, always searching for the perfect way to carry it all, usually for [work](#).

As Saturn got super-comfortable in *Sagittarius*, I found myself limiting my travels, as a function of Saturn, to business that was solid. So my baggage requirements changed, and I simplified. For most of it, went back to existing bags. Stuff I already had, and as it turns out? I made wise choices, back, ever so long ago. Which doesn’t stop me from looking. Outdoor adventure shops, sporting goods stores, even the luggage store at the mall? These are all places I’ve shopped. One mall store, I love to stop in and just sniff the leather, that heady aroma of treated cowhide, sleek briefcases and tablet folders, yes, all good. A quaint realization, many years after this behavior wouldn’t go away? I’m in it for shopping, not for buying. What I’ve got is more than good enough. What I’ve got works well. What I’ve got won’t be replaced any time too soon. I can shop all I want, but I have no reason to replace any of my carry-all luggage. So my luggage fetish will remain unappeased. As a, **The Leo**, there are certain constraints. How will you deal with those constraints? One **Leo**, once suggested, “I’ll fill my Amazon cart with books, but then not buy.”

Virgo:

The Virgin For years, “There’s an app for that,” was the standard phrase. Problem, issue, fundamental point that is causing **Virgo** discomfort? “There’s an app for that.” No, there’s not an app for that. But I do have another idea. “There’s an answer in a book.” Not an app, but a book. Not a digital book, although, lord knows, I love me some digital delivery, but no, not a digital book. A real book.

“You mean a ‘book’ book?”

Exactly, words on a page. Pages that are paper. Some books are brittle and the paper feels like it might tear at the edges. Other books are heavy and ponderous. All depends. I have one book of [minimalist, modernist poetry](#), and while the book is relatively new, it does feel like the pages might fall out. Probably bad glue. Still, that's the kind of point of reference we're looking for, in *Virgo-land*.

“You do mean a ‘book’ book?”

Exactly. Timeless material, arcane data, reference points that trigger a flood of **Virgo** memories, something. When I suggest, it's about “Hitting the books,” this week? I don't mean it in a figurative sense. Book. Books. There's the clue, pull the right book off the shelf and let me know. Library, bookstore, just about [any source](#) is good.

Libra:

The Scales Many years ago, a former teacher suggested a slim reference volume to me. I — eventually — purchased that small tome, and I've used it as a referral, ever since. Took a few years, but there are times when all I want is a “jiggle,” a “nudge,” a hint that pushes me in the correct direction. That tiny text is perfect for just that.

As Venus — in Aries — opposes Jupiter — in **Libra** — there's a quick point of [reference](#) that's required. Instead of opening our **Libra** mouth and making up facts, instead of just plucking instances and examples out of thin air, and instead of cutting the garment from the fabric of the imagination? Consider, under this current influence, consider making this a fact-based decisions. Consider only using hard facts that can be verified. Consider how “transparency” became such a [buzzword](#), and that transparency in all **Libra** decisions, especially with this Venus/Jupiter thing? Transparency is important.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio There's a sense that you want to make a commitment, a promise, a pledge to a certain entity, and maybe this week isn't so right for just such a promise. Pledge, commitment. Contractual agreement that can't be renegotiated, ever again. In one example, it was about eating more pecans. No, seriously, pecans were deemed a miracle food by one set of studies, and the perfect cure is to eat seven (7) pecans every day. As a [Scorpio](#), you make a pledge to do just that, for ever and ever. Package of pecans runs out this week, and then? You've breaking your pledge, that promise, the commitment you made. Another example was a pledge by a certain **Scorpio** to refuse to add the zingers to his — or her — stinger. So that the sarcastic comments would be kept to a minimum. Hey, they held out for three days, but then?

“It was such a perfect target, how could I not?”

While I understand, this week's **Scorpio** suggestion? Just a suggestion, not a rule, or a law, or anything, no, just a suggestion? Make no long-term, irrevocable commitments.

“So I shouldn't sign the mortgage documents?”

See? A mortgage is a negotiable instrument, That's not what I'm talking about. A **Scorpio** statement, like,

“For ever and ever?” That’s what I’m warning about. Not yet. Close, but not yet.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius The shorthand glyph for **Sagittarius** is an arrow, pointing up. As such, I’ve incorporated that imagery in various bits and pieces of my work, throughout the years. It’s back, again, and not as a glyph, the symbol stands for the arrow shot from the centaur’s bow, but what that arrow stands for? Upwards and outwards.

“Upwards and outwards” is where our copious **Sagittarius** attention should be directed. Follow that arrow, follow its direction, and pay attention to where it’s going. Directing our attention away from our **Sagittarius** selves is the one trick to harness this week’s, well, weirdness.

Pay attention to others. It’s not about us, not at all. Simply put?

Upwards and outwards.

(Mars and the shifting of the Sun, really.)

Upwards and outwards.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat One comment that I’ve used, from time to time, in various forms is the idea that people who do nothing in times of great moral crisis are just as guilty, if not more so, than the people who make decisions. [Decisions](#), right or wrong, are preferable to no [decisions](#). Looking at the stars, then I have this program that advances the stars through the week, so I can see where this is going, and I detect a general trend for **Capricorn**. Make a decisions. It’s probably the wrong decision, but that means we can renegotiate this choice, later. I picked up a cheap set of clothes for a buddy’s kids. Turns out, I know nothing about the size of the children, so the decisions I made, my choices, weren’t very good. Boy’s was too small and girl’s was too big. I left the tags on the items and ambled back to the store, a day later, with receipt and kid clothing. Exchanged, I got better stuff, and the deal was all renegotiated. A happy resolution to the deal, and “Uncle Kramer” is cool again.

Look at how this worked for me, I made a decision. Decisions. Didn’t work out correctly, not the first iteration, but it did work out, eventually. So, as the planets march forward?

Capricorn: Make a decision. We can renegotiate color and size, later.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer I published a [thin primer](#) on a certain — not so arcane — astrology topic because I was tired of being besieged with the same questions, over and over. It’s also rather difficult to suggest that one event will have the same effect on two dissimilar bodies. However, that slim primer, still available

although somewhat dated, and the notes that it carries, are still valid. I wrote it down, published it, and made the data available, so folks can draw their own conclusions as to how this affects them. Mars in Gemini is a good for **Aquarius**, and Mercury in Taurus, not so much. There's a tension angle that unfolds next few days. Grace, aplomb, caring but aloof? That all works. Listening, rather than talking? That works well. As I was exploring the diverging energy streams in Aquarius, I was working on a good way to answer its demands. *Maybe*.

A *definite maybe*, for this week, and remember my old guideline?

“A closed mouth
collects no feet.”

(That might apply to me, as well, not that I would listen to such advice.)

Pisces:

The Fishes My personal library is weird. It's scattered around two homes, across Texas, and now, divided into three rooms, here, as well. How should I organize that library? I've watched, I'm someplace south of 2,000 volumes, but well over 1,000 books. Most of those I've read, at least once, some two or even three times, as the material gains new insight as I change. At the thinnest, the trailer in South Austin, the library was right a thousand books. Then it was easy, there was one bookshelf for astrology texts, one for “Lit Crit” ([Shakespeare](#) &c.), and everything else was simply in alphabetical order by the author's last name. Amusing to me, I once had all of the books' titles in a database of sorts. Interesting. Yeah, I read too much, and I throw away too many novels to be bothered.

The question, though, for **Pisces**, is how to divide this up, how to segregate and populate the shelves? Poetry is now on a shelf by its own, not much there — just a few slim volumes of modern, with two or three “pre-modern” titles, as well. Shakespeare scholarship stuff now has to be separate from everything else, but I haven't managed to collect them all in one spot just yet. Popular authors, typically bestsellers are all grouped by [author](#), and in a few examples, I've even got the titles arranged by date of publication. Makes for a slightly more interesting approach, but I can't do that with everything. I'm an avid reader, not a librarian, not that the two aren't dissimilar, no, that's not it.

Doubt you're sorting through books, *per se*, but I'll wager that there's a **Pisces** collection of data that needs order. How do you stack that information up? Sort it out, make it accessible? The **Pisces** data needs some structure.

Alphabetical is a good place to start, but that's just me.

Aries:

The Ram “I'm a ‘Flamingo,’ I live in the South and go North for the summer.” While I usually hear of them as “Snowbirds,” the people who live in the North and migrate South for the winter? I'll admit, I had never heard that term before, the “Flamingo.”

Living in a trailer park in Austin, back in a certain time, there is strong tie that I have, a deep and abiding personal affinity that I carry with me, to this day, for the tawdry, tacky, "[Pink Flamingo](#)."

I still have some that adorn my back yard, and my father used to gift them to my mother, much to her chagrin, as we all did, just as a way to stay in touch with roots. To this day, she still has some in her backyard. So does my Sister. So do I. I'm open and I'll admit this — in public. Not ashamed. Way it is.

So the term, as a way to describe migrations of people based on perceived weather patterns? Never heard them called a "Flamingo." Still, pause, stop, think. That makes much better see than living in the North and migrating South during the coldest months. Why not live here, where the climate is temperate, and go north in the summer, when it's actually pleasant up yonder?

My suggestion, for **Aries**, is to follow the logic that the flock of Flamingos follow. Look at a problem, a very **Aries** problem, and that problem needs a solution. Invert what has worked in the past, and see if you can't concoct a more viable solution. Now, more so than ever, are you able to think about this in larger terms and see possible solutions — make a suggestion. I didn't say it was the time to drop everything and move, but think about exploring some possibilities that are the reverse of what others might be doing.

Snowbird versus Flamingo, who wins?

Aries. I want an **Aries** winner, either way.

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Horoscopes starting 5.25.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, May 24, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/05/horoscopes-starting-5-25-2017/>

When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The ravens themselves blaze forth the
death of princes.

Calphurnia in [Shakespeare's Julius Caesar](#) 2.2.31

New Moon in Gemini 5.25.2017 at 2:44 PM —

Horoscopes starting 5.25.2017

Gemini:

The Twins Some years ago, I vowed to move to a more plant-based diet. Not totally vegetarian, no, that's not happening, just trying to cut back on meat, in general, and add in leafy, green foods. It works fine until I start to mix up some turnip greens, or collard greens, or spinach. Each one of those leafy, green items is best with a piece of old ham bone floating in the mix. Or a slab of bacon. Or some bacon fat. Something like that. Adds much-needed flavor, makes the green crap way more interesting in taste. Just needs something magical to make the mix taste better. As a **Gemini**, and with this New Moon, as this next couple of days unfolds, we all need a little bacon grease, or ham bone, something to spice it up. The idea of healthier, vegan-type diet is great. But where I'm from, with a history steeped in *Southern Cooking*? Yes, just needs a piece of pork to make it all taste better. Find that magical bacon grease for **Gemini**.

Cancer:

The Crab How long? How long before "it" gets better? I need a little time. Not much, but a little time. Have to give me that. I don't ask for much, but I'm begging my Cancer friends for a few moments before you start hitting the wall and clamoring for "better." Sounds worse than that, I just need a little time. I'll do my best to make it "better," but in order to get that accomplished? I need a little more time. Not much, just a little. So, "[How long?](#)"

48 Hours. No, not the movie, not anything like that, at all. The problem with me begging for 48 hours of the *Cancer's* time? The perspicacious *Cancer* will ask, "48 hours from the new moon point?"

Maybe. Might be 48 hours from some other point in your individual chart. All I need, though, is 48 hours, from that point, and then? Everything is better. I can't get there until you give us 48 hours to make this right. Really, it's not me who's going to make this right, it's the astrological influence, more pointedly, the path of the moon.

But I need 48 hours to make it better.

The Leo:

The Leo It never ceases to amaze me the [number](#) of people who don't listen to what I say. I get paid — sometimes good money — to make comments and prognostications based on charts and relevant astrological data, only to have my valuable commentary completely ignored. I'd say it hurts, but after being in this business for so long, I've gotten used to it. I'm used to being ignored. Or listening while my advice is thoroughly twisted around — subject to porous memory, and then I get blamed.

Leo: Listen [carefully](#). Like me, you're going to be ignored, avoided, or skipped over. Or worse, you'll make a suggestion that goes unheeded, only to have the results be unfavorable for those who did not heed **the Leo** suggestions. The trick is not get all offended. Roll with it. The coolest trick yet, under that magnificent **Leo** head of hair? The coolest expression? Mutter, with your head down, "I told you so."

Mutter, don't yell. That's how to play it.

Virgo:

The Virgin "That's not my job." Very simple expression. For me, it's also a [clause in a contract](#), unwritten, unspoken, but a contract between me and the readers, the **Virgo** readers of this weekly missive, it's a definition about what I can — and what **Virgo** can't — do. Willing to do, maybe, able to do, sure, but seriously? What was that expression?

"That's not my job."

Super simple. I know what I'm good at. As a **Virgo**, you know what you're good at, too. We have our strengths. We also have certain weaknesses, and it looks like, to me, some unscrupulous person is attempting to foist off onto **Virgo** a task that your **Virgo** self is perfectly capable of handling, but I doubt that you want to, or that it suits your temperament. It's also less about outright manipulation, more along the lines, of "You know what that weasel did, tried to get me to do?"

I have one pat answer for this week's **Virgo** energy. I think you know it, now.

"That's not my job."

If you take on a burden like that? You know what I'll say, when you cry and complain?

Libra:

The Scales "Street [Tacos](#)," or "Mexican street tacos" became a thing, a food thing, some years ago. To me, it's not an art form, it was basic grub, back when I lived in neighborhood where English was the second language. Street tacos were basic urban food. These days, the [humble taco is not so humble](#), and its art form is a new creation. From street to fine dining. As I spun around the charts to look at **Libra's**

influences, I kept thinking about the good, old days when I got a basket of street tacos, typically “al pastor,” for a few bucks, with plentiful meat, onions and cilantro. Not sure what the meat was, but then, I never said I was good at Spanish, and I never worried. It was thoroughly cooked and quite tasty — whatever it was. These are my roots, and these are the roots for the current “street taco” craze, sweeping some food circles.

Now, as a suggestion, in your neighborhood, whatever is the equivalent of “street tacos,” as this will vary, but whatever the equivalent is? Time for **Libra** to seek out some roots. Back to basics. For me, that’s simple. I found an old — and familiar — taco joint on the south side of town, and head down their for lunch. There’s a world of invention and **Libra** innovation by returning to basics. Roots. Where you’re from to move you forward.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio Check in with your **Scorpio** committee. You do have one, don’t you? It’s old, sage advice I’ve doled out over the years, about making decisions, and some decisions required a committee. Now, the way I usually frame this advice, it involve a female who’s been making bad decisions about dating, and the idea is, she would get a group of three female friends, or two female, and one effeminate male, and these three would have the final say on a second or third date, after viewing the relevant data and proper Social Media research.

One **Scorpio** is going to complain that this is rigged, since it doesn’t apply to him.

Not how this works. It might not be dating advice, and the reason that there are three, presumably good friends, is that each one will have a valid point of view, and drawing from a base of all three? That really helps with the numbers. **Scorpio** types don’t usually have a lot of close friends, but the ones the **Scorpio** do have? Tight and seriously only interested in what is best for that **Scorpio**. It’s a judgement call, this week, but I’d prefer if you consult with your committee before making a commitment to another date. Or whatever that offer is. If one votes, “No,” but two vote, “Yes?” I think we have enough of a consensus to call it good.

Scorpio: Consult with your committee, first.

“Closing arguments?”

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius I’m not a fan of cosmic testing. I’m not a big proponent of letting the Universe, whatever one believes in, “test me” to see how far I’ve come. I’m not into being a guinea pig for some kind of universal pop-quiz, and yet? That’s what this week means to *Sagittarius*. I am one, I know. It’s coming, is it bad? Maybe. What have we done thus far to insure that this isn’t a miserable time? Before Saturn ever crawled into *Sagittarius*, I aligned myself with the forces of good, battling evil, and I endeavored to find the most correct path for me. I knew what was going on. Or rather, I knew what was up ahead, and this is the tail end of that. This one, this week, is more amusing to me, than anything else, because, as I’ve stated, I saw this coming. There is the course correction — fast approaching. One *Sagittarius*, hello

darling, is going to call this a “Coarse correction,” because the way this is working is going to be scratchy linen and crude behaviors. Coarse correction, indeed. So the bywords for this, as Mars skates opposite from Saturn? Watchful, mindful, and willing to adapt. There will be more than one (Gemini) nudge so pay attention.

“Coarse correction, my rosy *Sagittarius* backside, you know what happened?”

Can't say I didn't warn you.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat There's a kind of yellow light, I looked out the window and noticed it, and to [me?](#) I was raised along the border of the twister alley, so to me, yellow light like that means Tornado Weather. Twisters. Amusing, in a way only — perhaps — a **Capricorn** can appreciate, to see something like that yellow light, sort of sickly yellow to some, and here? In South Texas? The light doesn't mean quite the same thing. There's a foreboding, ominous to some, a warning to others, and yet, to the obstreperous **Capricorn**? There's a kind of delight from seeing this light.

In other places, like, say [Northern New Mexico](#)? That yellow light is what attracts the artists, think “Georgia O'Keefe,” and others from the New Mexico School, or the Southwestern School, or whatever that artistic grouping is currently labelled.

Me? I see that yellow light and the first thought that pops into my mind? I wonder where the cases of water are. I am “disaster-planned,” three ways over. Still, the yellow light? What does it mean to you?

One **Capricorn** buddy, not known for his safe manners, “Yellow light? Means punch it.” Refers to an accelerator and traffic light combination. Which is why, when I see yellow lights, I'm cautious.

The current yellow light in **Capricorn**? Good or bad? Depends on what you do.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer While I just adore my **Aquarius** buddies, there's stranger than usual energy loose upon the land. As such, there's a weird thing going on: has to do with how you express love in a relationship. That's not it exactly, but that's as close as I can come without resorting to too much technical talk. It's about echoes and resonances, and planets that are associated with other signs, and the impact that has on your chart. Boiling it down to simpler terms? It's about how you — **Aquarius** — communicates with your other, non-**Aquarius** [lovers](#). Friends, family, co-workers, whatever the nature of the relationship might be at the time.

See, communications with **Aquarius** are always a little off. Not good, not bad, just different by degrees, and this is a week where we're refining those techniques. It's about how, and why, what you communicate. When I'm working with an **Aquarius**, I know exactly what I'm dealing with. I communicate just fine, usually, with **Aquarius**. Your eccentricities and marvelous metaphors dovetail right into my *Sagittarius* understanding of the **Aquarian World**. However, it should be duly noted, I'm

but a lone voice in a sea of thousands — thousands who **just don't get it** — right now. Think about wrapping that **Aquarius** communication in some kind of a wrapper that helps the other folks figure it out. A simple key-code might be an easy example.

It's really a simple substitution cipher, but it helps if you provide the rest, especially that loved one, with a key to understand the metaphors this week.

Pisces:

The Fishes Love me that **Pisces** imagination. To a decent **Pisces**, though, it's not an "imagination," it's a function of various mental states, alternate realities trucking along right next to consensual reality, the one most of us, *non-Pisces people* share. To a **Pisces**, this is a mental playground. Wonderful place. Wonderful stuff. Now, this week's secret is how to drag elements from the *Pisces "Dream-Life"* back down into a reality that the rest of us can share.

It might be a struggle. Might be a little more challenging than you think, as what we're trying to accomplish for a goal in the *Pisces Alternative Reality*, as a **Pisces**, you're trying to communicate what it is the you see, what it is that you feel, what your perceptions are, you're trying to bring that into a form that the rest of us can understand. It's not without hope. Not without a good chance of success, either, it's just that, trying to communicate what you understand, what you know is true? Good luck getting the rest of us to understand, at this moment. Kind of of a challenge, and might want to take a tip from *Aries*.

Aries:

The Ram Everything comes in pairs. It's the week for pairs. It's a week for pairs of everything in *Aries land*. Double the trouble, double the fun. Taken correctly, it works quite well for **Aries**, but there's a sense that that needs to be handled correctly.

I'm here to [help](#).

Double. Double up. Double down. Double. Figure it should take an hour? Estimate that task at 2 hours, instead. Only takes half an hour? You erred correctly, because now we have another hour and half to mess around with the finished product, and make room for improvements. Double the expectations, and see that roll into half. *Mars* opposes *Saturn*, and that sets up a strange dynamic, for **Aries**. All of this is about taking the existing estimate, done in good **Aries** faith, and doubling that estimate. Or, like this, I charge by the hour. So, if I were an **Aries**, instead of charging for an hour, I'd charge for two. See how this is about twice as much? Two of everything?

Taurus:

The Bull The New Moon serves as a Taurus trigger point, and this is less a physical shift, and more like a mental change. Frequently, I read that **Taurus** don't change their Bull-like minds. Fixed. Stubborn. Set in their ways. Stubborn. Not what this is about, not the generalities, not like that, at all. Besides, as I often

observed, I don't find **Taurus** to be a "stubborn" sign more like, cautious. Err on the side of caution, which means, preferring not to err, which means, preferring not to change — just yet. "Stubborn?" No, just being extra cautious. Which is why this is that coolest little trigger point for **Taurus**, there's a gradual shift. Not a big deal, just a slight change.

I've sworn, up and down, for years, that I don't like chocolate. Just not my thing. I'm not female. However, there's this [one place](#), has the best "Pollo Mole," or Chicken Mole, or whatever one would choose to call it. Half a chicken slathered in a rich, homemade mole sauce, the base ingredient for mole? Chocolate. But call it "mole" instead of chocolate? And tell me it's the best in this area? I'll give it a spin.

That represents a change in my thinking, not a huge shift, a gentle shift. Taurus, be willing to try. Be willing to experiment a little All starts with a shift in your Taurus thinking.

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Horoscopes starting 5.4.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, May 03, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/05/horoscopes-starting-5-4-2017/>

Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I [meddle with no tradesman's matters](#); but withal I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are great danger I recover them.

Cobbler in Shakespeare's [Julius Caesar](#) 1.1.18

San Antonio and Austin, on the radar, see astrofish.net/travel for details.

Horoscopes starting 5.4.2017

Taurus:

The Bull It's truck [month](#) in Texas. I just couldn't pass this one up. The ad? I've seen it run all year-long, "It's truck month in Texas!" It wasn't until I started adding it up that I realized, "Truck Month" was an advertising dream come true, as the same ad can run, with very little seasonal adjustments, over and over. And over. And I'm over it, but that's not what this is about. As a **Taurus**, as a birthday person, you're going to see the same ad, the same slogan, the same buzz-word, and that will tickle you, jiggle your fancy.

Something.

If you stop before you reach for a pen, and before signing on the dotted line to drive that new car off the lot? Before the big purchase? Remember? Last month was "Truck month in Texas." I'll bet next month will be "Truck month in Texas," and the month after that, as well. While this is a purely local example from several dealerships, I'm confident that the phrasing, while it might vary from location to location, I'm sure that the idea is sound. The lunar cycle tends to excite you. I'd be careful with how that exuberance and concomitant excitement is spent. Just because it's "Truck month in Texas," that doesn't mean better deal won't be along next week. Or next month, even.

Wait [for it](#)...

Gemini:

The Twins I'm a big fan of favorable [shortcuts](#). You're Gemini, you're a big fan of favorable shortcuts, too. This week's energy is merely Mars, cooking along in **Gemini**, heading towards a square with *Neptune*. That means?

Surely you can see this coming with no help from me?

There are no shortcuts this week.

Favorable shortcuts, ill-favored shortcuts, long-cuts that try to be shorter, no, no shortcuts. It's that simple. With *Mars*, and usually lovely **Gemini** brain? The two, together, plus the approach of *Mars* square *Neptune*? That's going to create a situation where there are no shortcuts. My favorite **Gemini** excuse? "I read this on (the internet, wikipedia, blog) and they showed how to make this quicker and easier."

I watched a short video about [fixing](#) — a simple home repair project. Looked easy. Would only take fifteen minutes. I looked at *Mars*, in **Gemini**, and I called a guy I know. Only took him fifteen minutes and he made it look easy. Cost me an hour of his time. Worth every penny because, I know, if I had attempted it? I'd be paying more. More for the tools, more for the time, more grief because the repair would take me three days to his fifteen minutes. No shortcuts.

Cancer:

The Crab Late night TV there was interview with a classically trained actor, about his role in the latest action film. After the movie mention and tie-in, the interview veered towards classical material, and the beauty of stage. "Don't tell me you saw me in a movie, what I like to hear about is a live show, on stage, when I played ..." Some performances, for the actors, are memorable. There's a [presence](#) that the classically trained actors seem to have, an air about them.

Quiet, self-assured, bemused, and sometimes?

Aloof.

Depends on the role and depends on what's called for. I tend to pay closer attention to the [classically](#) trained stars because I've found there's a level of emotion that they can evoke, from subtle nuances to boiling rage, all seems to be more clearly communicated, and I don't know how they do it. Just works. This is the time to follow the lead on the classically trained actors. Concentrate. Don't just act out like a **Cancer**, be the very essence of the **Moon Child**. Assume the role. Step into who — and what — you are.

The Leo:

The Leo Radio station, back when [radio](#) mattered, a radio station back in the good old days in Austin? It had what appeared to be a random playlist. The individual jocks would play a strange mix of music, a country crooner next to a local rocker, next to a mash-up of some sort. National, world, local, Texana, and then folk, maybe blues, reggae? The playlist which appeared totally and completely random? I had a buddy who worked there, and that list of what could be played, and when, and how? It was [tightly controlled](#) by a single program director.

The good old days, in Austin. What makes Austin what it is today. While appearing totally random, and while appearing to be the strangest collection of music, with an emphasis on local, but including strange material from varied genres? The secret was there was one person in control. Tight grip on the reins. Each — apparently — selection that was substantially different yet fit so well with the previous song? One person

called all the shots.

I love me my **Leo** buddies. If you're the one in control, fine. If you're not the one in control? Then stick the playlist. There is no reason to deviate from tried — and proven — formula that works.

Old — trite — [expression](#)?

“Lather-rinse-repeat.”

Virgo:

The Virgin I'm the first to admit I don't understand much of the “Female Psychology,” or, think in sexist terms? “I don't understand women.” Which is not totally true, but let's lead with that idea, m'kay?

There's a quote in [one of my books](#), from Hemingway, “They are the damnedest women...” (cf. [Pink Cake](#) for details.)

Let's put aside the sexist crap for the moment, as this applies, across the board, to **Virgo** — not gender specific — you're going to run into someone who is acting stereotypically “crazy.” Irrational in manner not in keeping with the **Virgo** ideal of normalcy.

How you deal with this kind of “crazy?” Or “Kind of crazy?”

There's a very even hand required to navigate this kind of a crazy — even hand on the steering wheel, even hand on the tiller, even hand on the controls. Roll your eyes if you must, but a steady hand sees you through this next little planetary passages.

Libra:

The Scales One of the biggest lies about creativity? It's something you're just born with; some people have it; other people just don't have it.

Patently false.

We're all born with some kind of innate creativity. Teasing that out, finding a medium, finding both source and expression? That can be a lifelong lesson.

There are twin influences in *Libra*, at the moment, or rather, one influence in *Libra* and the other opposing *Libra*, but that option can trigger something: a new avenue. A new way to express that innate *Libra* creativity. As Mercury aligns with Uranus then passes on by, triggered by the Lunar Cycle, there's a chance to explore a previously unexplored avenue for expression.

Think of it like this: I'll give you a starter phrase and before the end of this week, it's your goal to complete that phrase.

Libra: “I always wanted to learn how to (blank).”

Libra: Fill in the blank. Then? Proceed.

Scorpio:

The Scorpio In astrological terms, the 90-degree angle is considered a “Hard” angle. In *Scorpio* terms, “Difficult” is merely a challenge. As this week unfolds, the weekend arrives and then into next week? There’s this totally weird energy. Look at something coming in from that hard, right angle. Not 180 degrees away, not next to you, but from a point to the right, or left, of where you’re at.

One serious [Scorpio trait](#) I know all too well? *Scorpio* is not willing to to accept help — or change — at a moment’s notice. Nope, no change, unless it change of the *Scorpio*’s own making. Here’s the deal, that 90-degree angle? That’s help, immediate relief, with the problem being, it’s not coming from its usual source.

Here’s the tip: accept the assistance, even if it doesn’t look like it’s someone you would normally work with, or work for, or who would normally be able to help *Scorpio*.

In astrological terms, the old-fashioned astrology I started with? 90-degree angles are “bad.” This is less “bad,” and more just unusual. Means there’s help, if you are willing accept it — gracefully — and change with it.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Most **Sagittarius**, like [me](#), we’re not going to be good at the “poker face.” Joy, panic, happiness, it all shows on our faces. Then, too, there’s the silly, always truthful, part of our psyche. A buddy of mine is dating this **Sagittarius**, and she was on some weird diet, I think, all-natural, ergonomically-correct stuff. Part of it was non-diary, and we were meeting for coffee and a reading. I offered to get her some cream for her coffee, and she demurred. I pointed out, that I wouldn’t tell on her, but she then, this is more typically **Sagittarius**, she said she would know, and she wouldn’t be able to conceal that fact from her date, my buddy. This is a non-too subtle reminder, for our **Sagittarius** selves, we’re not good at secrets. We can keep some, but not many, and this isn’t a time to try and keep secrets. We’re not good at little cheats, like diet cheat. While we can finagle and dissemble [with the best](#)? It’s just ever so much easier if we stick to the real, literal truth. Especially now. There’s a chance for hyperbole, or distended truth-telling, or even, little white lies, but seriously? Not this week. Function of Saturn and the unstable collusion with Uranus and Mr. Mercury.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat The way I understood it, and this was passed to me like scientific gospel, if a pattern — a habit — is repeated for 21 days? That habit — the pattern — changes to its new form. Do it for 21 days? That becomes the new pattern. I’m not totally comfortable with that analysis, as I’m unsure of the real, psychological way that the testing was done.

What I prefer? Astrological timing. Start on [one Moon cycle](#), then see that all the way through to the end of the cycle and the start of the next cycle, or, in my mind, 28 days. There are some patterns that are changing in **Capricorn**. For **Capricorn**. The point with this week's stranger energy? Ask yourself, "Capricorn, dear, how are we going to make the good changes stick?"

Capricorn: Pseudo-Science Psychology aside, a full Lunar Cycle is required. There's strange stuff floating free and either annoying or highlighting, or possibly both. To maintain the good habits? Keep repeating the process, the steps you used to get here. "They" say it takes 21 days. I say it takes longer, and we're all about moving you ahead with some new plans.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer There are a lot of moving parts to my business. As much as I try to simplify, and keep it all super-easy? There's still a big motor under hood of this beastie, and that's what I have to keep going. I was diddling with the software, not really making big changes, just a minor adjustment. I tweaked one item, checked it across three platforms and deemed it good. What I did, way back when, as I built this business, I used solid foundations. Makes it easy to administer and adjust, as need be.

Aquarius: There is a huge need to fiddle, adjust, tweak, fritter, and other pander to some changes. My [change](#) was a tiny one, in the grand scheme, but I've also built this on a solid foundation with little need to worry about outcome. The proper way to use this strange week's weirdness?

Adjust. Fiddle. Tweak. Poke, maybe prod. Experiment.

Pisces:

The Fishes This scope stars when things are already a little weird, and then, even by [Pisces](#) standards? They are going to get weirder. This isn't a challenge, just matter of acceptance and a simple statement. Your question? "It's going to get stranger than this?" I probably detect a little touch of incredulity — a tone that you are shocked, and worried, as it can't get any weirder, right?

Ah, but it can.

Not only can it get weirder, but it's going to get stranger, and this can have an unsettled effect on your poor, **Pisces** psyche.

As it does get stranger and stranger? The best use of this energy is to not get married to it. It will be strange, but that doesn't mean it will be like for long. Mars eventually "squares" Neptune, and that's the source. Getting too attached to the weirdness? That's the problem.

Pisces: Don't.

Aries:

The Ram The biggest problem I've had with the Aries energies, currently? Self-fulfilling prophecies. That's where a judgement call is arrived at, and then the available data is massaged until the data supports the desired outcome. The genesis of this came from a glance at a chart, and the way there other guy made certain assumptions about me, in a hurry, and with no further discussion. "Sagittarius, you're a flake." Well, that's true. Not totally, as I have stuck with this line of study for some time now. Then, there's the "Scorpio: always sexy." In my experience, that's true.

"Aries: always loud and brash."

Here's the problem with generalities like this: all generalities are false.

So watch out for the "Oh this is a terrible time." With an [attitude](#) like that? It will be. There's certain amount of "strangeness" floating free, and part of the goal is to not get attached to it. Then, there's also the part of the "strangeness" that's both illuminating and entertaining. It's quite alright to watch. Be illuminated. Don't get attached. Careful with self-fulfilling prophecies, too.

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Horoscopes starting 6.1.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, May 31, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/05/horoscopes-starting-6-1-2017/>

Set honor in one eye and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Brutus in Shakespeare's [Julius Caesar](#) I.ii.86

Mars enters the Tropical Zodiac sign of Cancer, June 4, 2017 at 11:15 AM. (+/-)

Horoscopes starting 6.1.2017

Gemini:

The Twins It's all about a different way of [looking](#) at a particular item, Or items. Things, situations, people, places, just looking at it differently. Happy birthday, by the way, and think about looking at this from a different angle. From a lifelong interest in Earth Sciences, and a long-term residency at [the rock shop in Austin](#), I developed a renewed interest in geology and minerals, not limiting myself to either scientific or metaphysical properties. One type of fairly common "metaphysical" rock is Labradorite. Cut and polished, it has beautiful colors. Uncut? It's the luck of the draw. Or, as one person pointed out, it depends on how the light hits the crystalline structure, and what angle one looks at it. I have a chunk of the raw Labradorite in my shower stall. When that rock is wet? One, or more, of the facets shine, and this is just raw rock, nothing too special, not cut, no polish. The refraction and quotient of light in that chunk of rock? Varies with the angle and the available light. In the example of that stuff in the shower? Depends on angle, and for **Gemini**, happy birthday, remember? Change your angle. Look at it under different light, or, like that rock? Just spray a little water on it, and watch **Gemini** sparkle (again).

Cancer:

The Crab A number of, typically smaller screen, TV &c., shows break the "Fourth Wall" with impunity. A character will pause, look directly at the camera and make comments, addressed to the audience, and out of context with what's on screen. Occasionally the, this serves as a valuable insider information, as to what's really going on with the plot and the story's line. When I spun up the **Cancer** (Moon Child) charts, this week, I kept thinking about the 5th Wall. There comes a time — this week? There comes a time when refuge is based on the Fifth Wall. [Know what that is?](#)

If the Fourth Wall is the invisible barrier between the audience and the actors, on stage, on screen, or some other way, in the action that the **Cancer** is watching? The Fifth Wall? That's the roof.

We need some [protection](#). We need to seek shelter. Best idea? Stay under cover. A simple “Fifth Wall” as cover? Might be all you need. That Fourth Wall? It’s an emotional barrier of sorts, and many actors never break through. As a **Cancer**, though? Shelter. Shelter from the elements. The *Fifth Wall*. Don’t hesitate to take cover, as need be.

The Leo:

The Leo It’s not as if the planets exculpate, gentle **Leo**. No, can’t — so easily — get out of this one. The planets are inclined to stir up some **Leo** troubles, and this is less like “real trouble,” and more like, “Well, crap, that’s annoying.” What this energy derives from? It’s a lot of people who are indecisive. Unable to make up their collective minds. Unwilling to commit, “yes or nor,” “better or worse,” to a single direction. The broad, overarching goal, sure, we all agree about that. It’s the “How are we (royal we, it’s a **The Leo** kind of thing), so how are **we** going to get there?” If you take the highway, it’s quicker, but the side street is more interesting, even entertaining, and that might be a much shorter route. While we both agree, me and **The Leo**, that the world would run at much better pace if we would just let **The Leo** pick the directions? Probably not going to happen and there’s some *non-Leo folks*, scurrying all over the place, seemingly random, and seemingly, in an order not consistent with **The Leo** thinks is best.

Virgo:

The Virgin I wear loud shirts. I’m not short. I remember getting up from my table, one time, and the person sitting across from me said, “Oh wow! You’re tall!” So I’m noticeable. I’ve tried, on too many occasions, to blend in and not be noticed. Never worked, but thanks for asking.

Here’s the *Virgo* deal: I don’t blend in, or, for that matter, I don’t fit in, not many places. However, I know I’m loud. I know what I am. Sagittarius, I know these things. I make no effort to hide my size, bulk, and I wear loud shirts, often as not. “Loud” is not the operative word for *Virgo*, not in any of the senses I’ve just delineated. No loud clothes, no flashy attire, no speaking in a tone that is a decibel volume up from the surrounding environments. Quiet, not loud, dear *Virgo*. Speak softly and get heard more. The approach of the Full Moon, next week will rattle your senses a bit. I’m unsure if you can be quiet as my **favorite Librarian (Virgo)** but you get the idea, make an effort to not make noise. Somber, sober attire, and walk [softly](#).

Libra:

The Scales For the better part of a couple of years, I ran link at the bottom of my web page for an audio file, an mp3. It was three gongs of a Tibetan bell at the beginning, with a single gong at the end, separated by [9 minutes of nothing](#). Silence. Audio file was just the bells at the beginning and the single one at the end. 9 minutes of silence. As I kept considering scenarios for this week’s **Libra**, I kept thinking about that silence. Nine minutes of nothing. For some of us, this is a luxury. For others, this is required. For this week’s **Libra**? Consider it a requirement. Every day, for the next seven days, or more, pause for twenty minutes in the morning, and meditate. Then, again, pause in the evening, and meditate again. At least 20 minutes, with more like half an hour being better. Sure.

That's not going to happen, I know, which is why I circled back, in **Libra** fashion to that nine-minute audio file. Worth a [shot](#), you know, giving yourself a little less than ten minutes to totally decompress from the situation that seems to be a big problem, and you know, it's not such a big problem. Not a problem if you take the 30 minutes, no, twenty minutes, no, ten minutes — OK, try the nine-minute timer, see if that helps.

[Nine Minute mp3](#).

Scorpio:

The Scorpio The “internet” ruins some [aspects](#) of modern life. I was about to quote a certain poet, as he had a line that fitted so well with *Mars* moving into **Cancer**, and the moon almost full. I looked it up, looked up the poet's birthday to make sure I wasn't remembering something incorrectly, and I was. I was about to suggest that certain figure was a *Scorpio*, and guess what? He wasn't! So that ruins the whole effect of the way to explain the energies, and I know from being corrected by **Scorpio's**, that I can't just make stuff up. So the “internet” has ruined this. It was so easy to pop the name into a search bar, then glance at the results, and I knew my metaphor was totally hosed. Skip that one. Start over. It had to do with poetry and making sure that *Scorpio* understood the background to the imagery employed. Then, too, there were some funny tales about this one poem, and the frequent [misunderstandings](#), which, any kind of a cursory search can quickly uncover.

I depend on *Scorpio*, and *Scorpio* elements for depth. This isn't a week for **Scorpio** [depth](#). This is a week to follow the mainstream, and this is also a week to look at quickest, easiest “research” to ascertain facts. Or, if not facts, at least a consenting voice that agrees — and supports — the **Scorpio** cause.

Shoot me an e-mail?

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius I honor my sign. [I am Sagittarius](#), and I honor my sign. Sounds a bit strange, but there's a touch of *Sagittarius* in everyone, or some of that indomitable **Sagittarius Spirit**, and that's what I'm paying homage to — this week. How can I honor my sign? Admit that we are reckless, feckless sorts? Admit that the world is tawdry place, and we are weaker vessels who might lack some backbone? Or that we just don't care?

“Torpedoes be damned! Full speed ahead!”

I'm unsure if that last one carries the moment correctly. Given where the planets currently abide? There's a simpler way to honor our sign. Consider singing in the shower. Consider singing, preferably the in private, loud, long, off-key, and out-of-tune.

Honor our sign this week. Doesn't have to be a big deal, just our legendary off-key singing might work well. Honor that inner **Sagittarius**.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat This week's missive is simple, be careful of the cupcakes. [I was in Austin](#), friend-of-a-friend birthday celebration. Sort of impromptu, not a problem, "Kramer, quick say something nice about (insert sign here)!" Then, along with a number of other people, I popped a cupcake in my mouth. Cherry-Limeade flavor, sort of, with an earthy overtone. "Wait, I have to drive tonight, as these safe?" I asked as a joke.

Turns out, I should've checked before I just popped the cosmic breakfast pastry in my mouth and gobbled it up. Good cupcakes, but the aftermath, the effect of the cupcakes?

Maybe this is an Austin kind of experience. Maybe it's just some of my friends. Maybe I shouldn't drive like that. Maybe, just for **Capricorn**, this week? Maybe be careful about those cupcakes. Or some other innocuous treat that might leave you a little spacey.

Capricorn: Careful with the cupcakes.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer Love me my **Aquarius** friends. This next couple of days calls for two operative phrases, "Fluid" and "Dynamic." Just about any **Aquarius** I know will be quick to point out that they are "dynamic," and sure, I'll agree. However, I suggested it was two words that were required, not just one, and the key to using that usual **Aquarius** dynamo and dynamism? Be fluid. Flow with this. "But I always go with the flow!" Yes, I know you do, but that tends to be at a time when the "flow" is going your way. The way you think it should go. It's easy to go with the flow when it's a direction you want to go. Ask me, I'm really good at that. The problem occurs when the flow appears to move in a direction that seems to be, not in keeping with the **Aquarius** stated goals. Yeah, let's see you go with *that* flow.

That's why I picked two words for this week, the second part was dynamic. There's changes, and if you can adapt to the changes, you'll find that the tide reverses itself quickly enough, and that's when the pieces all fit with your perfectly intended **Aquarius** plan. But to make this happen? Have to be fluid.

Pisces:

The Fishes I've got exactly one *Pisces* reader who will appreciate this one. It was really a sign, but I can't find the image, at the moment.

"Soup of the day? [Wine.](#)"

The rest of you will have to work with that as an image, or go and find the sign yourself. I am unwilling to suggest that wine has the answers. Or, I'm not sure wine has all the answers, but for a temporary relief, we all have our different flavors. For me, it would probably be a small, bitter espresso, as an afternoon libation. But I'm not *Pisces*. This isn't a suggestion that one goes and starts drinking alcohol at breakfast, although, for some of my Irish friends, that not without merit, but than, this isn't about nationalities and

parties, this is about *Pisces* and the weeks ahead.

The simplest, easiest way to work this out? You need a break. Take one. Just break from the routine. Break from that which seems to be grinding you down. Or, for that one *Pisces*? “Soup of the day? Wine.”

I got one *Pisces* fishing buddy, and I know how he’ll spin this, “Beer! Not just for breakfast!”

Aries:

The Ram I love the “Ah-ha!” moments. I adore seeing the light bulb go off, cartoon style, and the realization, the point we’ve been patiently building towards over the past few days, weeks, months, the sudden realization about how it works, how it fits, how this supposed to be, or even, just what it all means. Light bulb moment. Coming soon. Sudden realization, coming soon. The missing link, the part of the puzzle that didn’t fit before? That’s going to work out, now. Pieces and parts that didn’t fit together, suddenly, you understand how this is supposed to work together.

It’s an “Ah-ha!” moment.

To get to the sudden realization, an epiphany to some, to arrive at that moment, the “Ah-ha!” moment? Yeah, got a little bit of work that’s required. This next few days? You know what you have to do.

Taurus:

The Bull There’s a very real and palpable excitement in **Taurus**, at this very moment. It’s that expectancy, it’s that hope, it’s that sense that something is about to break open, in a big way, in a good way, in a great way. About to catch a break, about to get clear, about to have a major success. For some, this is a runaway hit. For others, it’s a quiet measure of success. The hope is for a lottery-type of win, a mass influx of expendable resources — like cash. The reality is a scratch-off ticket worth a couple of hundred dollars. Still, that excitement that a Taurus can reach out and touch? Very much present.

From time to time, I encounter a few rather dour **Taurus**-types. The types who find that the glass isn’t half-empty or half-full, but nearly no water at all and on the verge of a long dry summer (here in Texas). That’s where the hope and the ability to touch some of this hope, that’s where this comes from. Even those really “No good will ever come of this” types have hope — should feel it, even now. Very real feeling of hope.

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Horoscopes starting 7.13.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 12, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/07/horoscopes-starting-7-13-2017/>

That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,

Helena in [Shakespeare's](#) *Alls Well That Ends Well* 1.1.98-100

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Austin, this weekend!

Horoscopes starting 7.13.2017

Cancer:

The Crab Instead of wrestling with the demons? Get all cozy with them. Mars makes nice with the Sun, third quarter moon, makes some Lunar Affected signs disorderly, and there's always that sense that there's something just around the corner. Up ahead, not quite here, yet. Back to the sign of the Crab? Happy birthday, as there's one left. With that's out of the way? There's a single, easy way to make this week's weirdness work. Get cozy with your demons. I know you have some, creatures that lurk just below the conscious mind's cognitive skill sets. Beastly, possibly demonic-looking, but not always nearly as harmful as one would have us believe, am I right? Invite those demons in, or over, and maybe make them a nice cup of calming tea. Chamomile comes to mind, and for some of those demons? Add a hefty shot of bourbon to the tea. "Wow, this is good," the wee beastie says, "I'll just take a short nap," and the critter passes out. See how this worked?

I have to assume that you're more than passing familiar with your demons. If it's an alcoholic demon, maybe not putting the bourbon in the tea is the secret. Just shows that we have to adjust this remedy on a case-by-case basis, but you do understand, the basic solution is to get comfy with those demons.

The Leo:

The Leo One of my stranger affectations in that I have no indoor plants. No little houseplants, no ferns, no flowering pots, no, I don't have any plants indoors. For a reason, you know? I mean, part of this is from living in a trailer for so long, but part of it is merely because I can, at times, be gone for weeks at a time. Other times, I might be home for months, but then, I get [called out of town](#), and all I have to do is set the alarm then lock the door. When I'm not there? No living critters in the house.

Wait — pause — there is one plant, a tiny cactus-looking thing in a small glazed bowl, and supposedly, I

need to water it once a month. I do know it survived this last spring without me watering it — the cactus-like plant — lasted over two months with no care. Kind of makes my point about what I have inside and out. This isn't really long-term planning, but it kind of is. Choices, decisions, decorating plans, and then, thinking forward about stuff we want to leave in our house. Or not.

As **The Majestic Leo**, do you want to sully yourself with trivial details like watering the plants? All depends. In my simple example, it's that decision not have any indoor plants. Simple idea, but with excellent, long-term consequences. Simple choice, simple choices for **The Leo**, choose wisely.

Think: [Xmas in July](#), for the Leo. **The Leo**.

Virgo:

The Virgin Seems like there wasn't much of a peach crop this year. I'm used to this being a time when there are tons of roadside stands all selling "Fredrickburg" peaches. Buckets and wooden tubs, all spilling over with peaches that are in various stages of ripening. Some are fruity and sweet, most have just the slightest, like a citrus finish, tang-type of twist to the inherent peachy goodness. Yeah, not as much this year, and I'm not sure what the deal is.

Some years, the peaches, all my neighbors give me some, distant friends stops by with peaches, and it's like I could run my own peach roadside stand. Other years, like this year? Not so much, I'm not sure what the deal is.

Like Virgo, I suspect this is planetary influence, and like Virgo? This week? Take this as a "Win" rather than a loss. Less can be more, and this week? Less peaches? Might be an example of this being OK with [less](#), rather than more.

Libra:

The Scales There are some authors that I read for sheer escape. I want to run away from my reality, if only for a little while. Murder, mystery, mayhem, all of that figures in. Distant lands, future times, that, too, figures in. Just a way of escaping my present situation, if only for a little while. The book I was reading, before writing this horoscope, the book was set in the New England winter with at least three feet of snow on the ground. In the book, there was three feet of snow in the book's setting. I was burrowed under the covers at home, feeling a chill in my bones even as I realized the AC was set to a balmy and respectful 80° F.

As Jupiter slowly marches along in Libra? There's a number of planetary influences, but caution with that [escape](#) material? Yes, because, like me burrowed under the covers and feeling a chill? A good book can transport you away from where you're supposed to be.

My phone rang, and it was a client, and I was late for a reading, a scheduled appointment. Not really late, but the client was calling at the perfect time. Me? I was so lost in that book, I forgot. I jumped up and plowed right on into the reading.

After doing this for so long, I can shift into “working” mode fairly effortlessly, and I wasn’t late — just wasn’t sitting at the desk, ready.

That’s my example of the escape material — me, lost in a [book’s weird narrative](#), set in someplace where three feet of snow isn’t uncommon. We have to be careful, with Libra, in Libra, at this moment, middle of the summer? Have to be careful we don’t get too lost in some escape, and forget where we are.

Scorpio:

Scorpion A (fishing) buddy’s kid, I think the kid is about 3 years old, but I might have that wrong. About so high, what age would that be? Anyway, the kid had one of those mylar balloons, from some party, or something. My buddy, the kid’s daddy, told the kid to hold onto the balloon or it would sail away. Kid did well enough getting the balloon into the house but this one place, with its arched, high ceilings and a lazily rotating ceiling fan at the roof’s peak? Can you see where this is going?

Balloon lasted until the living room, then the 3-year-old attention span was diverted, the balloon lifted up, hit the fan and there were shards of balloon everywhere.

Kid was momentarily sad, then the attention went elsewhere.

As a **Scorpio**, if you quit paying attention, whatever it was that you were so seriously gripping? Like that kid’s balloon? Gone in a flash, and not just gone, but bursted all over the living room, with a not so subtle “pop.”

Scorpio: you have two choices, hold on or [let go](#). If you let go, what you were holding onto is liable to be rent asunder. However, there is probably, like that kid, some other factor that grabs your attention, which, as the week unfurls? Might not be bad to let it go.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius Summer time, full on July! Means one thing, for me: [Shakespeare in the park](#)! OK, so this varies with location, but there is usually some kind of free — or super cheap — public performance, out, under the stars, in some capacity.

I have seen a bunch of versions of various plays, and I’ve seen a hugely uneven quality to them. However, as a Summer Stock? So worth it. Even the minor roles, even the folks with little or no ability? They all try, and they all try really hard. Good, good stuff. As a Sagittarius, we need something that draws our attention outward. Look for some “Summer Shakespeare in the Park,” in some form or another.

I saw one *Hamlet*, and the woman, girl at the time, who played the title role? She went on — I think — to star in one of those long–running prime–time drama things. Shows. She was amazing. The rest of the crew? Not so much, but hey, I gave them high marks for spirited efforts. That counts for something. While an uneven performance, at best, one star changes the timbre and temper of the show, and helps lift this up. As a Sagittarius, that’s our goal, seek out that one who lifts us up. My suggestion is sort with

“Shakespeare in the Park,” or whatever is available, “Shakespeare on the beach,” or “Shakespeare on the rocks,” or “Shakespeare in the pines,” like I suggested, whatever is there by you.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat First in Austin, at a [coffee](#) shop, then — repeatedly — in San Antonio, I’ve seen the “1836 Map of the Republic of Texas.” The map is slightly different, and there are several versions, you know, map-making and territorial claims were not an exact science that long ago. Of interest to Capricorn, this week? That map of the Republic of Texas. It encompassed all of what is now Texas, plus a portion of the New Mexico territories, one version stretching to the Rio Grande, and including a portion of its headwaters in what is now Colorado. Then, there’s a thin dogleg, up the front range of the Rockies to — looks like — Wyoming. All that was Texas.

[Republic of Texas 1845](#)

You’re welcome!

This is about being gracious about territorial disputes, even now. Two places, Colorado and Eastern New Mexico, residents in both places bristle at mentions of Texas, yet, especially New Mexico? That corner is called, “Little Texas.” New Mexico doesn’t matter that much, just became a state in 1912, sort of a recent thing.

I know enough of the history, those maps are proof, too, but I know enough of the history to understand it’s really not worth arguing about. While this situation, in the next week with Capricorn, it’s not probably about disputed territory, like me, you know you’re right, so why bother trying to change a situation? It’s in a bunch of history books; let the other folks figure it out — for Capricorn? It’s not worth arguing with stupid people, not now.

Aquarius:

Water Bearer I live in Texas, and I’m used to a kind of “nationalism” that pervades everything “Texas.” We had [regional beer](#) before it was cool, trucks that have titles that include “Texas” in the brands’ name. This is a kind of weird “nationalism” that comes from my state. I’m used to it. We combine elements that often don’t always being next to each other. Happens a lot with our music. I was listening as a rapper and local country (music) kingpin worked together on a song. Amusing results. Maybe not great, not a big hit, but local radio carried it for part of the summer season, part out of a nod to our regionalism, part because it was our summer of silliness, and part because it was good music. As I implied, sort of a local version of nationalism.

It was the music I was thinking of, when I looked around the Aquarius charts: combining elements hitherto unused to working together. Not unheard of in my world, but not always usual. To make this week work better for Aquarius? Got to put two of them together that don’t usually work well with each other. Oil and water? Fire and ice? Aquarius and non-Aquarius?

Pisces:

The Fishes Comes a time when one wants to make big changes in one's life, doesn't one? Crap, I can't write like that.

Comes a time when, as a **Pisces**, you want to make big, sweeping changes. Certain times, like now, feel like the best time to start all over. In Latin? *Tabula Rasa*, a blank slate — wipe that whiteboard of life clear, and start fresh.

Great idea! Not now. “But, but, but—but...” the **Pisces** suggests.

Not now. I didn't say make plans for great, sweeping changes, and I didn't say you couldn't plot that revenge, or [grand gesture](#) of rebellion, or whatever it is. I didn't say you couldn't dream about any of this, I'm just suggesting that this moment in time, this place where we're all at, this week? Maybe a good time not to start out on those big, sweeping changes. I didn't say don't plan, but maybe don't implement those **Pisces** plans, not yet.

Aries:

The Ram Simply put? Change one thing. One [ritual](#), one routine, one stop, like, that's an idea, as an example? Trip to [Austin](#) takes me an hour and half, at least. I break it up with a stop for coffee, two stops, usually. One is place I've stopped for many long years, a shop in the middle of busy shopping center. Not really a great place, but traffic, it's on the way, yeah, it just works out well like that. Now, in my example for **Aries**? Change it up. One, simple change. I didn't stop “At the usual place” for coffee.

Did they miss me? Maybe. But I doubt it. I stopped at another, almost equally convenient place, and it was just a little way to shake up the energies. Not a big change, just a little change. Not a traumatic, “You are doing this so totally different, are you trying to kill us all?” No, not that kind of a change, just a subtle adjustment to the routine.

Look, **Aries**, if my suggestion of a break with your routine doesn't work out? You can easily go back to the routine, next week. However, I think just a simple, maybe just sideways shift, will help with this week's weirdness.

Taurus:

The Bull One year, it was a resurgence in “Super Blue Green Algae,” as a super-food. For a few years, recently, Kale, in all its variations, has been the in-vogue super-food. The new — purported — champion super-food?

Broccoli.

I **hate** broccoli. Not “strongly dislike,” as some might surmise, it's outright hate, loathing, and I won't

cross the street to piss on it if it were on fire. *I really don't like broccoli*. There is no way to prepare it that I like. Won't eat it, me, acting like petulant little child, but at my age, if there's an ingredient I don't like? I don't have to ingest it, in any of its forms. Not fried. Not baked. Not served on a stick. Not soaked in cheese. Not wrapped in bacon. Not food-processed to near oblivion.

My dislike of broccoli is purely emotional, but I tend to have a physical allergy based on that emotional response. I'll get a medley of vegetables with a meal, or as a meal, and I won't eat the broccoli. That simple. I'm sure a therapist can trace this a childhood issue with food and broccoli, but at this stage of life, if I don't like it? I don't care if it is a super-food, I'm not eating it. Taste, texture, mere thought of a floret of broccoli? Yuck. Other, stronger words, omitted.

Taurus: my dislike of broccoli is an example of decision, rational or not, that I've made. With the planets thusly arrayed? Super-food fads come and go, and next week, broccoli won't even be mentioned, and we can go back to our normal lives. Until then? I'm adult-aged. If I don't want to? I don't have to.

Gemini:

The Twins I made a "Secret Sauce" of imitation mayo and Sriracha [pepper](#) sauce. Having it on some salad, more of my secret sauce than salad, let's be real, my fine *Gemini* friend, I realized the secret ingredient in Sriracha pepper sauce? Not cayenne, as some would expect, sure, that's the hot stuff, but the secret ingredient?

Garlic.

That simple.

There's a small, local TexMex chain out of Austin — [Maudie's](#), if you must know — and their tabletop hot sauce, it has the same secret ingredient: garlic. The tabletop salsa is fresh, looks like it was blended that morning, mostly peppers, tomatoes, and onions, plus that undefinable secret ingredient. Which, deconstructing the Sriracha element? It's garlic.

The upside is that this is [delicious](#) stuff. Can't stop, once I get started. Just gobble it up, whole. Put it on everything, almost everything we stick in our mouths. The problem being, it's garlic. Secret ingredient in both sauces. Powerful. Keeps vampires away. Also keeps potential kissing partners at bay, which, in some situations, can be problematic. The solution? Secret ingredient is good, but don't mix secret ingredient with potential kissing partners. Can either be one or the other, not getting both on the same night.

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Horoscopes starting 8.10.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, August 09, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/08/horoscopes-starting-8-10-2017/>

Thou sayest well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being govern'd, as the sea is, by the moon.

Prince Hal in Shakespeare's
Henry IV, part 1 (I.ii.37)

Mercury goes "[Retrograde](#)," moving east, from August 12 to September 5, with the pattern starting at 11 Virgo, and sinking back as far as 28 Leo before it's all said and done. Again.

[Eclipse patterns](#) and [eclipse notes](#).

Horoscopes starting 8.10.2017

The Leo:

The Leo **The Leo**? Probably the very best Fixed Fire Sign there is. However, with the Moon where she is? Then pesky Mr. Mars causing Leo irritations? I have a notation from a trip to the big city, once upon a time. It was about a special "underground" club, a musical legend, started careers, was the place to see and be seen, back in the day, and still seems to be rocking, even now. However, pause, Leo dear, and think about that. If this place has been in business for 20 years, or more, is it really an "underground" club? Legendary? Sure. Pivotal? Sure. [Launched](#) careers? Again, you can guess my answer. However, pause, Leo dear, don't you see the irony therein? "Underground?" Might not be totally mainstream, but it kind of is. As the Leo [birthdays](#), usually best birthday ever, as those roll on around?

Mars brings up [a point](#) that only you — maybe me, too — but probably, only a Leo can see the inconsistent issue here. Instead of doing a Leo thing and calling attention to the inconsistencies? You know? Remember, Mars? Let it ride. Other folks will figure it soon enough. They're just not as quick as The Leo.

Virgo:

One [parapsychologist professional](#) I've worked alongside for years, it is the same line every Mercury Retrograde, "Slow down, take a chill pill." That does work, to certain extent, but I compiled a whole book's worth of advice about Mercury Retrograde, and this one? Takes more than, "Slow down and chill" pill. Besides, what self-respecting Virgo would ever "Chill" when a perfectly punctuated panic layered with a side of drama is a lot more fun? I'm thinking, "Zombie Apocalypse" scenario, am I right?

The "Zombie Apocalypse" scenario describes the way the energy feels. It hardly describes a viable

solution, and especially, not for Virgo. However, like that namesake for this energy, the dreaded “Undead?” There’s a shuffling corpse, a nightmare scenario, a Halloween apparition back from the dead, as the graves yawned open, and it’s from the Virgo subconscious. It’s very scary. You guys dream up weirder and weirder material each time this happens. This is about interpreting the images, the symbols and the dreams — so when I see a [rotting corpse](#)? Or the image of one, as a zombie, for example? Ex-wives come to mind. That’s what it means to me. Scariest thing possible. What to do with it? Acknowledge, as this one isn’t going away, not soon.

That crazy, old [Mercury in Retrograde](#), huh.

Libra:

Remember Aqua-Fest? Aqua-Fest was an Austin-Specific event, usually ran in August. There were speedboat races on the river, then called Town Lake, there was a North Austin, South Austin tug of war across the lake one year, and around the old auditorium? Motorcycle races. Just good fun. Carnival and other festivities, too. Probably music and bass and stuff, but the memories are mired in what used to be, not what is, now.

This short trip down memory lane is sponsored by [Mercury in Retrograde](#), in Virgo, the sign that precedes Libra, and that, my little Libra friends, is the root cause the issues.

Core memories, or, in my case, memories that can’t be [properly excavated](#)? Perhaps, these are memories that aren’t really memories, just stuff I’m stringing together to try and have it make sense? As Libra, you have an ability to remember what you want to remember, and some days, this is a powerful ally. Other times, like the next few weeks, but especially this week? This next ten days, plus or minus? That trip down memory lane can be marked with problems, issues, and perhaps, remembering events that might not be quite like you remember them.

Remember Aquafest in Austin, back in the day?

Scorpio:

A lesson that gets repeated, over and over, is that I can learn from anyone. Just because someone doesn’t know a lot about a topic that I’m fairly conversant in, let’s say, “Shakespeare,” that doesn’t mean there’s not an insight to garner from listening.

Listening is an important **Scorpio** tool, especially with tis [Mercury in Retrograde](#) time.

Teachers tend to appear in the strangest of places. I listened while an unlettered, untutored individual held forth about a particulare theme in a play. Always be willing to listen. I gathered a particle of insight that I wouldn’t otherwise have, *because I was willing to listen*.

When I looked at this week’s unmitigated disaster of a planetary array, all I could think of to remind **Scorpio**? Remember to listen, first.

Sagittarius:

Yes. No. Not yet. I'm anticipating my questions from this week's [weirdness](#), and those are my answers, in that order. If you're a **Sagittarius** — like me — and if you've got some leftover unanswered questions? Those are the answers, now.

“Yes. No. Not yet.”

Simply stated, simply surmounted, and I'm not sure how else I can spell this out. If the answers I've provided don't exactly fit your questions? Because Mercury is headed into a weirdness factor of 11 kinds of retrograde patterns?

“Yes. No. Not yet.”

You might have to adjust how the Sagittarius questions are staged to get them to line up with the correct answers, but those are the answers to this week's astrology conundrum.

Capricorn:

The stuff was called “Surprise Pie.” Labeled “Fresh Blackberry,” I picked it up at a farmer's market, which meant, the name, “Fresh Blackberry Surprise Pie” was handwritten on the top of the makeshift label and the pie itself? Looked very homemade. The title, “Surprise Pie” reminds me of other, excellent pies I've had over the years. This stuff, though, it was different. Quite different in flavor and texture. I'm pretty sure it was a Strawberry Rhubarb pie. The next week? I asked about the title, the Blackberry Surprise Pie. “Yeah, when I was labeling them, I wasn't sure which was which, so I guessed. Guess I guessed wrong.”

This is a week for “Surprise Pie.” Might not be a farmer's market kind of baked goods, but it can be from any number of places. While I was expecting fresh blackberry, that one baker's strawberry rhubarb is an amazing pie. There is no downside, just not what was expected.

[Mercury in Retrograde](#)

Aquarius:

Buy [flowers](#). That's my shorthand for this week's unruly energy. “Buy flowers.” When I say, “Buy flowers,” I don't mean the trite expression of really buying flowers because you've made a mistake with a significant other. However, the shortest version of this week's weirdness quotient, which, even for an Aquarius, you have to admit, it's pretty weird. Mars, opposite, along with the lunar phase, Sun still in Leo, and then, Mercury — one of Mercury's signs is Virgo — so there's a retrograde pattern starting in its home, which, as you might surmise, doesn't bode well for the usual suspects.

What I used to do? I used to have flowers in a trailer — in South Austin — as a way to keep me cheery. No big deal, just a spark of color in an otherwise drab existence. I'd buy flowers for myself.

Simple solution, appease the gods, or whatever you believe in?

“Buy flowers.”

[Meditation Audio](#)

Pisces:

There are as couple of points in the **Pisces** chart that get triggered by this *Mercury in Retrograde* thing. Event. Timing. While, technically, it's not directly opposite from Neptune, there is still an escapist urge caused by this particular synodic pass from Mercury. This is also a time when old girlfriends (or old boyfriends, but I'm thinking about me), when they all seem to line up to “Check back in, see where we left things.”

“We” left things with them being an ex, all the rights, privileges, and concomitant emotional baggage that entails.

Me? Best way to deal with this? “Bless them and [let them go.](#)”

As one southern matron is famed for saying, “Well, bless their little hearts.”

Works better with a drawl. With this energy so prevalent in **Pisces**, it's a matter of working with what all is there. Recognize the escapist yearnings, and grasp at understanding the term, “I'm doing this for me?” Get a grip on that term, and wonder whether it's something you want to do or is it something you need to do.

Mercury will confuse and conflate the issue.

Aries:

“So,” an Aries started with me, “according to your stars, I'm pretty much screwed for the next month, right?”

Right and wrong. Mostly wrong. Mercury's period of apparent aberrant behavior lasts more like three weeks, and it's not all bad, but there's a very Aries caution I will pass on. Watch it.

“Watch it,” especially at work. It helps to double-check your double-check. It helps to run over the presentation, rehearse, one more time. Anticipate un-anticipated challenges. Realize that it's not bad, just material needs a second, third, possibly even fourth look before letting it go live. The other option? In software history, there was the “[Pie](#)” edition of a certain piece of universal software. It went from Version 3 to version 3.01, to 3.011, with incremental updates, until the final version was around 3.14. At one time, that legendary software was referred to as the “Biggest beta ever released.”

It's not bad, it's just not all the ready for prime time, not without a few rehearsals, and maybe, as soon

you hit the release? Realize there's one more significant change that might be required.

So are you "screwed," like my buddy suggested? No. Understand what's in play and work within those boundaries.

Taurus:

Earlier in my career, I made a passing comment, more an observation, that I am not painter. Like, I don't paint pictures with oils, brushes, and, although I do tend to use the phrase, "Broad brush strokes" with frequency, I'm not painter. I'm not [a visual artist](#) by any stretch of the imagination. Not my thing. I know this. No illusions.

I'm not a painter.

That expression turned into an essay about why I'm not a painter. This is a matter of knowing what I can, and can't, do. [Limits](#). Understanding where my strengths and potential weakness might be. I enjoy the artistic process. I enjoy visual arts. I can be quite moved by a painting, for example. I have been. However, I also know that my skill set doesn't include pen, pencil, ink, paint, on paper. I keep rough sketches of ideas, and design notes, but that's just for a very rough draft. Which, if you think about this week's Mercury transitions? Maybe that's what this week is about, a very rough draft, a quick sketch of an idea. There are times when working in an unfamiliar medium like painting? Sometimes, that's a good way to shake the images out of you.

[Mercury in Retrograde](#)

Gemini:

There's always an obvious solution. Sometimes, Gemini, dear one, sometimes my little Gemini friend? That obvious solution is the one what is right in front of you. One of the more popular internet memes usually involves clouds, or mountaintops, or a seated statue of a [buddha](#), with some innocuous phrase that reminds us all the best answers are inward. A moment of silence from a Gemini — Mercury in Retrograde — a moment of silence can buy you a lifetime of answers. Pause. Pause long enough for someone else to say something. Pause long enough for silence to envelop your Gemini self. Pause. Find some of those cute internet meme [images](#), the ones that all say something calming, and suggesting that inward reflection, in quiet and solitude is what is best.

My best mediation runs about 20 minutes. I have a version that might be perfect for Gemini, a ten-minute version, and you know what? We can even cut that down to three or four minutes. Still, a few seconds of inward reflection will save you from a Mercury is Retrograde mistake.

Pause.

([Ten minutes to a better you.](#))

Cancer:

In the waiting room, maybe it was a [departure](#) lounge, I watched the silent TV. Cooking show. Think it was a BBQ celebrity, but I'm not sure. A brisket was salted, then a half-cup of pepper was added as a dry rub, and that was it. Large slab of meat, or something that looked like meat to me, and I'm guessing as the volume was off. The brisket was rubbed and then something else was done to it, looked like a loving caress of some sort, popped into a pan, then with no break, a pan right next to where the first pan was shoved into an oven? A second pan came out with a perfectly roasted meal. Cooking shows reminded me of fishing shows, guy makes one cast and catches a fish, and in the 20 minutes or so of the show, he will catch a half-dozen big game fish. Sure. Last time I fished, we had similar results but it took almost ten hours on the water to get that many fish, and that was split three ways. It was the cooking show that made me think of this week's starry array in Cancer. The TV shows make it look so easy. "Just do this, and presto, ten seconds later, we have picture-perfect results! See?"

There are gaffs, blunders, mistakes, and, as always, a blooper reel, so remember that. Can't compare Cancer results with what it looks like on TV, or some other medium. Might take longer.

Remember: on TV, especially? Notice how they compress time? Like sliding the raw meal in and pulling out the finished meal in the same frame?

astrofish.net

Horoscopes starting 8.17.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, August 16, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/08/horoscopes-starting-8-17-2017/>

Hamlet:

Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clown (Gravedigger):

Why, because 'a was mad. 'A shall recover his wits there, or if 'a do not, 'tis no great [matter](#) there.

Shakespeare's [Hamlet](#) V.i.68-9

Mad dogs and Englishmen?

Horoscopes starting 8.17.2017

The Leo:

The Leo I have never been a big fan of the “Don’t leave the house” advice. Not when Mercury is merely retrograde. However, a simple statistic that backs up my [suggestion](#) of not taking the “Don’t leave the house” scenario that some will suggest? Nearly 100% — without fail — nearly 100% of the home-accidents happen at home. So staying at home, with a mattress over your head, that might not work. Might be unavoidable issues that still manage to find your **Leo** self, no matter where you try and hide. Mercury is merely bringing back some problem, perhaps just a challenge that isn’t properly answered before. Here’s a chance to answer correctly, and never have to see this one again.

Be aware, **Leo** dear, that the mercurial issues will follow you around, and there’s no need to get heated about it. Then, too, enjoy the good [birthday](#) wishes!

Virgo:

August 22, 2017, at 5:20 PM CDT — official, when Virgo starts. So? Mercury is still retrograde, and that’s not getting any better. Not really getting any worse, but there’s that extra layer of Virgo anxiety because Mercury is in a problematic state.

To cure the [Mercury](#) problems? Patience and pacing. There’s a special kind of [shuffle](#) that works well. Two forward, shift, backwards, two back then another shuffle forward and then backwards again. There’s a Texas-Two Step this resembles. I’ve seen it in the Boot-Scootin’ places. As a much younger person with less concern about appearances, I might have done it, myself. No video, so no witness that can independently verify that. That dance, with its slow crawl around the dance floor? Forward, backwards, forward again, in an almost baroque type shuffle? Perfect way to dance right on through this week’s

weirdness for Virgo.

Libra:

One my business buddies has this expression, made me think of **Libra**, at this week's look. "I can show you my process, but I can't explain it." Part of a mantra that I — myself — subscribe to. The way this week's weirdness quotient unfolds in **Libra**? There's a simple [process](#), I can show what steps to take, but I can't explain why these steps work. Or how to do it yourself.

"I can show you my [process](#), but I can't explain it."

There are simple steps. I tend to favor coffee as part of the Mercury Solution. Coffee, sometimes incense, sometimes candles, which it might seem is a little farther out, but as a **Libra**, we're grabbing for whatever works. My process is to understand how to correctly harness the retrograde energies: review, renew, revise.

Review. Renew. Revise.

That would be part of the practice. Other parts? Other steps for **Libra**?

"I can show you my [process](#), but I can't explain it."

Scorpio:

Attention to detail is important, and a good **Scorpio** — you're reading this so you're a good **Scorpio** — a *good Scorpio* is always attentive to details. Herein is the trouble, as this weekend? Until we roll into next week, pretty much? These details will be illusive, at best. Or, at worst? "I fixed that, dammit." Yes, yes you did, but the screw came undone, the bolt worked loose, the latch didn't latch properly, something.

"I fixed that, dammit."

Yes, yes you did, but with the current state of affairs? Consider that you have to repeat the patch at least twice. Not that this is bad, but with multiple copies of a single document floating around, I'll correct — what I think is — the master copy, only to have the same error, the one I've already corrected, resurface. Gremlins? Snarky co-workers? Family? Or, is this a function of Mercury in its condition played against that pesky Mars still in Leo?

Might have to patch it two or three times to get it to take.

"I fixed that, dammit."

Yeah, I know. Now fix it again.

Sagittarius:

I never mastered the art of negotiation. I'm not any good at it. I come up with perfect ripostes, an hour later. That great offer? The perfect counter-offer to the original proposition? Yes, I'll think of the correct answer — after the deal closes. No where is this kind of snappy retort more useful — or too late — than this week. Part of the problem. That “**Virgo** perfect” answer? After the other party has walked away and is out of earshot? Yeah, that's when the answer will pop into our heads. I tend to believe that's a universal order to the way things happen, and I tend to believe that our delayed reaction might be to our benefit. Can we, as a **Sagittarius**, understand that the answers we don't fire back, the snappy retort, the perfect riposte, the zinger, the “Back at ya” commentary? Perhaps this is a time when those comments, since they are being kept to ourselves, perhaps this is the perfect time to keep them to our selves. With Mercury heinously retrograde in a Mercury Sign (Virgo), making a tension angle to **Sagittarius** (square), maybe, just maybe, that witty response? Our usually snarky and comedic, with the right amount of bite? Maybe it's OK not to have that at the ready, maybe, this week, we're flummoxed. And that's OK, too.

Capricorn:

There was one day, one day when it all worked like it was supposed to. Hot summer morning, I tend to wake early and walk in the dawn's early light. Then I'll be home and tapping away on a keyboard, brewing coffee. The noises vary from early morning dumpster runs behind suburban centers to, and this is more an echo, the first flights lifting off from an airport. In the dawn's stillness, there's the distant noise of commercial jets spooling up their motors to blast off down the runway. One day, it all came together. I walked, a *Sagittarius* served me morning coffee, and on the way home, I had a brilliant insight I made note, in the dark, my phone glowing and showing a way. Then, upon getting home, I stepped up to the keyboard and all the right words fell out, like they were supposed to.

One day. That one day. It worked so well, that one day.

Probably not going to happen this week, although, you are **Capricorn**, it could. It could work out that one day, this week, in the next six or seven working days, one day? It will all work like it is suppose to — all the pieces conspire to fit perfectly. Regrettably, what with Mercury and all? Yeah, one day, and we're not even sure which day that will be, so? So pretend every day will be the one day. Easier that way.

Aquarius:

Winning doesn't always mean winning. Triumphant victory and vanquish a foe? Sure, sounds good. Sounds a little medieval, too. Most **Aquarius** are far from “medieval,” just suggesting.

Usually.

However, with the way the planets line up, or, for **Aquarius**, the way the planets oppose and irritate? I kept thinking of broadswords in a fight, the clash of titans against titans, until at some point, you're both too tired to continue the fight.

Amusing, to me, as sometimes, we forget what we were fighting about. So there might be an easier way to settle this dispute, this hardship, this problem, this, for lack of better word, this fight? Maybe settle. Look for a compromise.

Pisces:

I have two, stunningly similar **Pisces** girls who have this going on, even now? Girls. Excuse me, I'm sorry, women. Strong women at that. Never questioned that. The amusing way it plays out, both females are stuck in a similar part of the world. One loves it. Adores everything. Absolutely loves where she is, and how she is. What she has going on, loves it all. The other? Hates it. Hates everything about the location. Hates the experience. Can't wait to get back to where she's from. Nearly identical in size, shape, number of kids, I mean, man, it's spooky. So similar and yet, so at the opposite ends of the spectrum on one issue that is so familiar.

There's a split within **Pisces**, and there's that polarizing effect, either it's black, or it's white, but there are no gray areas, not to **Pisces**, not at this moment. Wherein is the trouble, and how I earn my money: it's all a gray area, right now. *Virgo*, I mean, Mercury, in Virgo, dawdling, meandering, and poking along backwards? Yeah, no absolutes, not right now. By the end of this horoscope's duration I expect to hear from both those **Pisces** and have them both change their directions. Again.

It's not as black and white as one would like. More like a gray area.

Aries:

The answer for this week? for **Aries**? It's subtle and nuanced.

"I don't do 'subtle and nuanced,' you stupid astrologer."

Yeah, that's the problem, to tease out the meaning, the correct direction, and the best course of **Aries** action? "Subtle and nuanced" is my answer.

"Can't you give a straight answer?"

I did. The answer, for **Aries**?

"Subtle and nuanced."

No jumping to conclusions. Just because this looks like the most correct path — at this moment — it might change.

"Subtle and nuanced."

Repeat as need be.

"Subtle and nuanced."

Taurus:

I've listened to all of Shakespeare's plays two or three times now, each and every one. Doesn't mean I paid attention to them all, but at some point, the material does seep into my mind. It was a [life-learning goal](#), and I accomplished it. I was cherry-picking while *Mercury is retrograde in Virgo*, I was hand-picking some of the plays to listen to, and I was changing up the order. As I looked it, the order I listened to originally, it was Histories, Comedies, then Tragedies. Then, of course, the "problem plays," usually masques and the apocrypha. The last third of the canon, the way I had those audio files organized? All tragedies. So, when I got to the end of the project, the first time around, I was full of tragedies, and not exactly happy.

As long as we're dealing with Mercury in Retrograde? Be willing to change the order of delivery. Sure, it was instrumental in my education to hear those plays in order, but this week, for **Taurus**? It's quite all right to jump to the comedies, especially in light of the way things have been lately.

Gemini:

Special **Gemini** shout-out you know who you are. "Look, smart fishing [Shakespeare weirdo guy](#), I got three deals cooking. I need them all of them to fall in place, no matter where Mercury is. Or isn't."

Special **Gemini** shout-out: I can promise one of the three will close, resolve, or jackpot. Win. One of the three will win, and win big. It's the *Virgo* energy, pushing, pulling, and otherwise coercing that issue, project, thing, whatever it is, whatever your deal is? One will occur, in good order, despite the — according to some — negative impact of the planets. One of the three will close.

The way it falls out, with this stranger than usual Mercurial Influence? The one you need to the least, pays the most, and is the one you thought was a long shot? That's the winner, in the next few days. Then, before the next horoscope appears, a second one will start working like it is supposed to.

That's two out of three.

"But I need all three to work out!"

I'm good, but I started with suggesting only one would work out to a successful conclusion. Remember?

Cancer:

Venus will "square" Uranus, Venus in Cancer, Uranus in Aries, and that creates a supremely weird energy for *Moon Children*. Typically, I'll pretend that this is a disturbance caused by Mercury in Retrograde, but realistically, this is "No one saw that coming" kind of time. Truly weird. Not bad, just different.

When offered a new way to see a tired old problem? Consider it a gift. The change in view can offer hitherto unnoticed solutions. Different pathways to get *there* from [here](#).

Horoscopes starting 8.24.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, August 23, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/08/horoscopes-starting-8-24-2017/>

O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

Troilus in Shakespeare's
Troilus and Cressida IV.v.290-3

Horoscopes starting 8.24.2017

Virgo:

The VirginFishing gets better about now. Simple as that. **Virgo** time means more fishing, or, at least, a few good trips. In another few weeks, it won't be bitterly summer hot. Hot, sure, but hovering under 100, cool enough. I discovered, accidentally of course, a great aid for fishing: girlie brand SPF 100 spray-on sun-block. Aerosol can, so it's easy to apply. Spray on, just look at the nozzle, close my eyes, hold my breath and it coats my face. Seriously amazing stuff. Before my discovery I had never used a feminine-brand of sun-screen, or for that matter, I never used anything that was 100 SPF. My fishing shirts and hats are usually only rated 50 SPF. To be honest, until I started writing this, I didn't know what SPF even stood for, but I would suppose, more is better, better protection, right?

The *Virgo secret of survival* is that girlie-brand spray-on sun-screen. SPF 100. We were out on the boat for two days. Not even a whisper of a burn. As we get ready for the next few weeks? Mercury? [Remember](#) him? SPF 100 is not too much protection. It took me three days to shower off that stuff; had to scrape it off with a trowel, almost.

Libra:

I am totally unsure of the name of the restaurant, but it probably had "Wok" in its title. Golden Wok, or Wok'n'Roll, or some similar appellation, got an image? Thai, Vietnamese, Cambodian, essentially Pac-Rim food. It was the first time I'd ever been in that one place. Austin introduced me to their finer points — of some Asian Cuisine — so I was sort of familiar. However, this is Texas, and South Texas, at that.

I ordered a dish, then asked for it hot and spicy. "On a scale of 1 to 10, how hot? We use [Habanero](#)."

I ordered an 8 that time. Err on the side of caution. Usually, I would've just ordered a 10, and sweated it out. 8 was a good call. Hot enough to spark interest. Hot enough to clear my sinuses — but not too hot, no

afterburner side-effects. Perfect heat.

With [Mercury's current disposition](#) — follow me. Follow my advice. Instead of going straight to a 10, on that heat index? Instead of challenging to the cook to fry my taste buds? Instead of doing the Libra thing and asking for the hottest, sweetest, mostest? Instead of asking for a 10? Try an 8, first.

Scorpio:

“Reckon” is a fairly common expression in my vernacular. While at the [university](#) I was amazed at the first time I read a book that accurately captured the various Texas idioms, like “Reckon,” and then, the most common? “Fixin’ to.” While this appears to be very imprecise language, it does convey a certain point about imminence. The terms, to some, these are interchangeable, but the terms are — to me — a reliable way of placing an event along a timeline. Both are — kind of — relative, and it requires one to examine the verbs and the objects of those verbs, on either side, to determine how close — or how distant — the action is.

We got some [time](#) on our **Scorpio** hands at the moment. There’s an elegant lack of precision in the two expressions I’ve used, “reckon” and “fixin’ to,” and really, it should read, “reckonin’ to” but I can’t be bothered. Auto correct trashes it. However, there’s a precise impression that works with those expressions, and that’s the correct way to time the **Scorpio’s** week.

You going to do that?

“Us **Scorpio’s**? We’re fixin’ to.”

Sagittarius:

Happened [way back in the day](#). However as an archetypal image, it serves well. I wandered into a neighbor’s trailer — think: South Austin trailer park. I wandered in, and he was staring at the TV set, in the center of the living room, but the TV wasn’t on. Blank screen, blank stare. Girls would be playing volleyball, soon, BBQ on the grill, typical summer-time activities of young men who live in trailer parks.

Just a temporary brain-death type of energy. Like he’d been struck dumb. Between girlfriends, and hectic social schedules, plus work and school? Momentary brain-fugue.

Me, as a writer, I can stare off into space, or stare at a TV screen that’s not on, and I can easily get away with, “I’m working on something,” as an excuse. My buddy? I just thought about him, staring at the old TV, all he had was basic cable back then, and even at that point, it wasn’t on, so there is that, as part of this image. Momentary brain-fugue. Sagittarius is subject to momentary brain-fugue, as the planets conspire to render us — apparently — useless. Me? When you see me like that? I’m working on something. I hope.

Capricorn:

There are two books, one of them I've carried around for almost three decades now, and yet, neither has been totally consumed by me. In other words, these are a lot like James Joyce's *Ulysses*, arguably one of the [most important novels](#) of the 20th century and equally arguable, the least finished. So the two books? I was looking at them on a bookshelf, thinking to myself, "I really should at least crack one of those open. How long has it been?"

Too long, unused. Dusty. Not really, but that would be the image, a dusty, epic tome. One of the books is almost dry history, why I haven't been motivated to read it. Material in which I have a great deal of passing interest, but I just can't be bothered to pick up where I left off, as it was super boring in its delivery. The other one is a more spiritual work, and while I'm only marginally interested, there's always that academic allure.

We got two things, two items, two tasks, two deeds undone in Capricorn. Consider, while Mercury is still backwards, and that is through the end of this horoscope, for sure, then consider tackling one of those tasks. I'm going to look through the history stuff, now, Maybe skim the part I read all those years ago.

Aquarius:

There's a certain philosophical stance that I have, and I would like to think I have an internal moral compass that points to the true north. That moral compass, as an indicator of truth? I would like think that my morality is forever intact, always ascribing myself to the notion that I adhere to the highest conditions of mortality. What is really right, most right, the cosmic law above the law of the lands, or the rule of the king, or whatever. The law above the law. This week presents an Aquarius with a couple of questions, and the morality issue is part of it. What's right, and what's more right? Or what's the rule, and then, is there a higher, more moral, important cosmic rule?

Some days, I don't have an answer.

"Letter of the law" and "spirit of the law" can be two different critters, easiest way to understand this. We can split the details, and we can argue about morals, morality and ethics, but the real issue? What seems more important, and doesn't that turn this into a situational ethic issue?

Stop. Some days, chasing the philosophical questions gets too circular. Stop.

"But this is a moral issue where the letter of the law might not be correct."

Stop.

Pisces:

"Share a coke and smile," and, "The pause that refreshes," or, always a hometown favorite? "Ten, two and four." That last one, "10-2-4" was an old [Dr Pepper](#) label. The suggestion was, those were perfect times to have a Dr Pepper, a lightly carbonated, slightly different flavored brown, fizzy water. When it comes to carbonated beverages, of which I don't have too many these days, Dr Pepper is still preferred.

Or, times being what they are, Diet Dr Pepper, and that's one of my guilty pleasures, these days. Don't get it too often, but from a machine with the syrup set a little too rich? A perfect afternoon thirst cutter. It's still hot in Texas, so it's still summer-heat-like so a quick discussion about a pause that refreshes or when is the best time to take a break? Like the old clock used to say, "10-2-4" seems about right. Why are old coke slogans making their way into a Pisces horoscope? This is about Mercury, in retrograde, opposite from Pisces, along with the Sun, now in Virgo, also opposite Pisces.

One of those old ads, look online someplace for those ads, one of the 30-second or even a minute long coke ad, about pause and refresh, or taking time to share a cold beverage, or sugary, carbonated water-like substances from a shapely bottle, or a can? Work in that pause. Work in those breaks at 10, 2, and 4, or suffer from not taking those breaks. Can't say I didn't try and get you to slow down, just pause, while this crap flies around our Pisces selves.

Aries:

As of today, I'm instigating a "Five Second Rule" for Aries. Usually, this applies to kids and food. These are far from normal times, am I right, or what? So the way this new "Five Second Rule" works? It's like that delay "broadcast" TV uses — give them time to censor out the bad words. However, the way I suggest this works?

It's the "Mercury is Retrograde in Virgo, Aries-specific FGS 5 Second Rule."

I ask you a question, for example. You answer, like an Aries, immediately, "No." Three second pause, "Crap. I meant to say yes."

I intend to save you a metric ton of yes/no, back-and-forth over the next week. Use that "Mercury is Retrograde in Virgo, Aries-specific FGS 5 Second Rule."

Do you understand? "No, I don't get it." Five seconds later?

Use the "Mercury is Retrograde in Virgo, Aries-specific FGS 5 Second Rule."

Taurus:

Couple of things going on, and for Taurus, I'd suggest this is the last chance to get prepared. Big weekend, up and coming, and you'll want to get all of your Taurus gear lined up. I travelled, professional, for many years. I got into a habit, a solid habit. As soon as I landed at home, whenever I roll in from a trip, business — or pleasure these days — my very first action is to unpack and repack. From years of business travel, it was a simple idea, I tended to always forget one item that I needed. Shampoo, toothbrush, business cards, blank tapes, medication, something. So, as soon as I get home, this is a [built-in traveller's habit](#), now, as soon as I arrive? I pause long enough to think about my next destination, then I pull out all the dirty clothes plus empty containers, and I repack, refill. Then, too, I remember that one item I forgot, and I make sure that goes back in. Super simple habit. I forgot an OTC medication that helps with sleep. I forgot to pack earplugs, particularly handy in certain situations. To avoid this trouble? As soon as I land at home, I repack, ready to embark on the next adventure.

One way, or another, check the gear for what's coming up. Remember last time? You forgot that thing? Pack it now, before you forget again.

Gemini:

I am unsure as to what proves most disastrous for Gemini. Is it Mercury Retrograde in the other mercurial sign, causing a tension angle to Gemini? Or its the prospect that this Mercury's retrograde pattern ends in a Gemini Solar House? Neither one is particularly good news, is it? That being observed, realize that this is compounded by the inherent Mars energy already present.

I know I've used this analogy before, but I'm back with it again: pencil. I love me some Sharpies these days. Perfect broad-tipped, super-cheap, indelible-ink art tools. Great for short notes on many surfaces, and also, a tool that is best kept out of a [5-year old's](#) hands. Those markers have replaced all other tools for me. However, as I looked at the Gemini chart, and as I balanced Mars against Mercury, and the relative motions of both?

There's a temptation for Gemini — you — to make a broad, sweeping generalization that cannot be retracted. It's like writing with a sharpie. Can't be erased. Before you make that comment, though, consider pencil. Most pencils are equipped with an eraser at one end. It is possible to erase a comment, and thereby, retract, remove, recant, or otherwise, retrench one's (Gemini) position.

No permanent markers, and no comments that can't be erased.

“That's just stupid. So stupid.”

See what I mean?

Cancer:

One of my social media buddies ran an image of her bookshelf. The usual, what one might expect from a typical new age guru shelf, self-help tomes of great importance, practical magical books, and every-day guide to astrology. I've done this a number of times myself, an image of the [bookshelf](#) I use for reference material. Mine might be a little [different](#) as I have at least three, no, four, grammar guides. I'm a writer, and frequently, not a good writer. King James Bible, but that's more as a reference when someone starts quoting scripture to me, and, of course, whatever various references I'm using at the time, in addition to a couple of tried and true astrology tomes. Then, there's also a couple of Shakespeare reference books, the cream of academia, not straying from the generally approved arena of Shakespeare lore. Ancient Roman and modern Buddhist paperbacks, too. Well-thumbed paperbacks, I might add. Plus one old Zen classic. Two Zen classics, really. The difference is, my bookshelf, the images are called “shelfies,” my bookshelf, shelves, are a little disorganized. They are disorganized because I'll use one of those text as a quick reference, or I'll want to fact-check a philosophical point.

Your personal Cancer Moon-Child reference shelves? They can either be tidy, *and unused*, or messy, and [well-thumbed](#) (like mine). Your pick this week. Clean, unused? Dirty, messy, well-used (and way more fun)?

The Leo:

One of the greatest problems to emerge from the misguided self-help crap, especially in the last two decades? “This is something I’m doing for me. I need to do this.” The problem being, this is a “want” not a “need.” WE want comfort, we need food and shelter. Bit heavy of a topic for my lovely Leo friends? Wait for it.

There’s going to come an issue, between the motion of the planets, especially Mars, but even littlest Mercury, backing up, even now, fixing to make something more interesting. Wait for it.

“But I NEED to do this for me!”

As soon as you hear yourself utter that, in the next week?

Think about me. Think how I love you. Think how I admire and respect you. Think that maybe, what you need, and what you want, those might be different desires. Closely aligned at times, but also at a time like this? Easily confused.

“But I NEED this for me!”

No, in another week, you’ll realize it was something you wanted. Might not even need it, in another week.

“But I NEED this for me.”

Need versus want. Yeah, Mars (and Mercury) cause confusion.

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Horoscopes starting 8.31.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, August 30, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/08/horoscopes-starting-8-31-2017/>

It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches—it is to act, to do, to perform; *argal*, she drown'd herself wittingly.

1st Gravedigger (clown) in
[Shakespeare's Hamlet](#) V.i.5

Mercury comes un-retrograde in the next [few days](#), but just barely.

For help with the devastating hurricane and flooding? Please give to the [Houston Food Bank](#).

Horoscopes starting 8.31.2017

Virgo:

The Virgin The biggest obstacle, the biggest problem, the largest challenge to practicing restraint? No one seems to know you're doing it. Unnoticed.

The 1st Gravedigger is arguing a point — usually depicted as a grungy, dirty individual — yet the character argues using logic punctuated with Latin rhetoric terms. Sort of an academic [show-off](#), you ask me.

The biggest challenge, to my fine Virgo friends, at this moment? Show some restraint. The biggest problem with showing some restraint? No one seems to notice.

[Happy birthday!](#)

Libra:

All I could see was a tiny bit of script poking out from underneath the woman's tank-top. Looked like, "Ph.D" in poorly executed tattoo script. Tattoo "Lit" always fascinates me, so I politely asked, and her reply? "You've seen the [Magritte](#) painting, has the line, "This is not," which I completed in its original French, badly mispronouncing the second negative. "Ceci n'est pas une pipe," is the quote from surrealist Magritte.

"When I was defending my dissertation," she said, "I got that tattoo." I completed her thought, "Ceci n'est pas une Ph.D." Smiles all around. That leads me to this week's **Libra** stuff, the artist in question, the surrealist painter, he had a whole series that was based on not being able to truly "see" the object in question, like that pipe, in his painting. As a **Libra**, what is it that you see? The image of the object, or

the object itself? What you're probably seeing is an image of the object, but unless you can touch it, feel it, and even then, do we trust your sense of touch? Unless you can touch it, is it real? Or is merely an image, like the French surrealist painter suggested?

Scorpio:

"It's time for 'Wine and Glue Guns!'" my **Scorpio** friend said. Exclaimed. Gleeefully suggested, "No [boys](#) allowed!" She giggled. I think she might have been into the wine, at least, you know, heavy sampling of her afternoon wares. I'll suppose this is a typically suburban-only kind of event, "housewives" stay home and do something that involves multiple bottles of supposedly good wine, and then for me, the tale gets murky, as I don't know how they can safely combine those elements.

But I'm not a Scorpio, [either](#).

This week calls for combining elements that might seem a little [out of place](#), and as Mercury unwinds from its retrograde position? The glue-gun aspect of this works. The wine part, I'm unsure of how that works, but the glue-guns? Good idea.

I don't know if the expression will translate, or how it applies, all the way across **Scorpio**, but I just found it to be such a useful expression, "Wine and Glue Guns!" Usually, there's a squeal, too.

Sagittarius:

Because [I am not a Scorpio](#), I am a big fan of not kicking a person when that person is already down. I am a big fan of not taking a bad situation and making that situation worse with insult and injury.

There's a strong temptation, in this next few days, there's that strong urge, almost impossible to resist, a chance to kick a person who is down. A chance to finally spike that ball, slam-dunk the point, a chance for a victory lap, something like that, one of those, maybe more, and the deal? It's not a good idea. This has a tendency to blowback on us.

But I'm not a Scorpio, [either](#).

So there might be the urge for the victory dance, a chance for the, "Oh yeah, who's the boss, now!" Or whatever kind of — usually profanity laced — [commentary](#) our Sagittarius selves would be tempted to make. At the very end of this horoscope's timeline, Saturn will line up with the Moon, both in **Sagittarius**. Until after that celestial event? Might want to hold off on the celebrations, and especially, no kicking a person who is down.

Capricorn:

I was at one event, think: off-off-off-Broadway. It was relaxed atmosphere, one of the aggressively relaxed atmospheres. What caught my attention, first? Guy had on a Sex-Pistols T-shirt. Not a new one, or not a remanufactured one, or anything like that. This looked like an original issue, certainly the original

design from 1972, 1973? Best guess, without asking? It was a teenage trophy leftover, and resurrected as a badge of pride. Consider the location: Central Texas. The influence of liberal Austin's University omnipresent. That T-shirt, and its possible relative originality, "God Save the Queen," and so on? That combines the best of a couple of worlds. Old and new. There's a chance of some fairly substantial growth, up and coming, for **Capricorn**. How to take advantage of this? First, let's start with the old T-shirts. Like that Sex Pistols shirt, OK? This isn't an ironic statement, although, to see some of what I've seen, kids wearing shirts of bands that were broken up and/or dead long before the kid was born? Yes, I'm not using that kind [irony](#).

Aquarius:

Technically, Mercury won't be really "retrograde," and as such? Less of a problem. More of an Aquarius problem, though, is the lingering side-effects of this last Mercury retrograde, and an apparent lack of focus. While not always an Aquarius problem, that lack of focus can cause some issues.

Aquarius: Focus.

Concentrate. Bring all that valuable mental real estate that you've got, marshal up the powers and focus on one solution to the problem. Focus on just one issue, at a time. Just one. I tend to get scattered and I'll try to accomplish like, three goals at once, then, I'll fail miserably. I can save you the fail miserable part. What I'm here for, to help my Aquarius friends, and that suggestion, wait what was it?

Focus. One item at a time. One goal. One at a time, unless, did you [see](#) that?

Aquarius: Focus.

Pisces:

The problem? A long time ago, back in the good, old days of Austin, I adopted a lifestyle and clothing that was appropriate to that lifestyle. I used to wear "river guide" shorts. Look like traditional [cargo shorts](#), only, the pockets were mesh, and the cargo pockets had drain holes at the bottom. To me, these weren't so much "Cargo shorts" as they were shorts that I could swim in, and then, instantly drip dry. I never found a good replacement for those shorts, but I did start to wear just about any baggy, black shorts, and most of them, to this day, all sport cargo pockets. They just work, and they just work well for me. Makes dressing super simple, if there is a boat, or even water, involved, I'll pull on a [swimming suit](#). Otherwise, the cargo shorts work. The problem I'm facing is that I've learned that there is movement afoot to ban men from wearing cargo shorts because the apparel is unsightly. Turns out this is an attire I should lose if I want to appear attractive, contemporary, or in-tune. "The clothes make the man," and cargo shorts don't. As a Pisces as something near and dear is getting tugged from your grasp, what do you do?

Until I get an offer that is substantially better, I don't think I'm willing to give up my style, no matter how deplorable it might be. As Pisces, follow me on this, we're willing to change — when a viable alternative is presented. Until then? You know where to find me, and I'm sure, you know how I'll be dressed. Comfort and function is more important than "style," right?

Aries:

Shift. "Shift occurs?" Yeah, not really liking it quite in that form, but yeah, that's what going on, there's gradually, maybe not gentle, but subtle shift.

Aries: Be aware!

Not, "Beware!" No, but be aware that there is a shift occurring, like ground shaking. Or, to me, sounds like a lowrider passing by with the volume at deafening levels, and the bass rocking the house, maybe literally. Window panes rattle some from the reverb. Then the car passes. This is the joy of living in an urban environment, noises like that. The rattle, though, that's all this is, a shift, a chance to hear, see, or feel a change. Mercury will start unspooling from its little pattern. That's part of the shift, but as Mercury stations (holds still), the Aries eyes get to see a tired old situation with a new light.

Aries: Be aware!

This is where a different perspective is offered, and instead of fighting with it?

Aries: Be aware!

"Wow! Look at that!"

I told you so.

Aries: Be aware!

Taurus:

Glide. Slide. Ease on into this week's weirdness. The more you struggle to advance the Taurus agenda, the more it gets mired in the tendrils of the leftover Mercury Mess. Mercury Mayhem, or whatever. As Mars shifts into Virgo, there will be a gradual lessening of pressure to perform or pressure to attain certain goals, that, according to Taurus, as clearly unreasonably expectations. Glide. Slide. Ease on into this. Instead of sitting still, start to shuffle forward. Maybe dragging your feet, but moving forward, ever so slowly. While one Taurus, hello dear, will suggest that this is a freaking emergency, and we need to rush? Other than that one in full panic mode, other than one Taurus have a grand freak out? Glide. Slide. Ease on into the situation. Ease on out. Glide and slide, preferably, not at a high rate of speed.

To the one freaking out? I got nothing but time, and time will cure this. The deadline is not etched in stone, more like a chalk reminder on the stone, but no, it doesn't have to be done at this moment.

Slide. Glide. Use the coefficient of friction from Mercury and Mars to smooth a path. Time.

Glide. Slide.

Gemini:

Ever been to a chamber of commerce meeting? How about Toastmasters? Rotary Club? Any of the old school network/marketing/civic groups like that? We're dealing with a situation, in Gemini, where you're suddenly up in front. Buddy tapped me the other day, "Hey, I can't make the meeting, can you take charge?" In the example, it was kind of weekly conference call I participate in, so me taking over wasn't a problem at all.

What this week does, here we are in Gemini, sitting in the audience, suddenly we're asked up on stage.

"Quick, can you take over this presentation," or explanation, or demonstration, or sales pitch. Varies.

Smile. You're Gemini. As Mercury unwinds, you'll be a little scattered at the start of the pitch, but once you hit stride, all this good [Gemini](#) gears kick in, and you'll do fine.

"The clicker doesn't seem to be working, and can you hear me? OK, good, let's go."

Cancer:

For entertainment I was reading a series of crime novels. Brutal, bloody, and right on the edge of gore, grisly, with the right amount of action, I was sure, justice would be served but the scenes in those books? Pretty gruesome. This was entertainment reading. I call it "airport reading," but I spend so little time airports, I'm unsure of what it really is anymore. Escapist? Sure, but I gather some material from these novels, whatever I'm reading at the time. Well, usually. That one series is pretty graphic, and while I don't mind staying up all night to finish one, I hate to put one down, in the middle and then try to sleep. Visions of ax murders flow through my head. What I discovered, if I'm, like, halfway through? I'll find something else to read before I go to sleep. Can't watch the news; that's bad for us, so they say.

I was thinking about this, as I was looking at your chart, no spooky, scary novels or TV shows before bedtime. No violent news programs, before the Cancer sleep cycle. I keep at least one funny, innocuous novel on the reader so I won't be haunted. Or, I'll just stay up all night and finish the book. Mercury is still leaving some haunting material behind, despite the almost un-retrograde situation. Cut back on the scary stuff, just for now, be that news, books, or certain friends.

The Leo:

"So everything is better now, right?"

Not yet.

But let's look, at the end of this weekly range, the horoscope, Mercury will no longer be retrograde and Mars will be headed into Virgo, with both planetary motions bringing promised relief. But it's not here, not yet.

“So everything is better now?”

Not yet. There’s some chaos, and, for me, there’s some rather amusing energies loose upon the world. I tend to see this as a flirtation with madness, and that’s the old school definition of madness, which, in more modern terms, is frequently called insanity. But all of this resolves, and likely, resolves in the Leo favor. In time. In due course, in the next seven to ten days.

“Everything’s better, right?”

Not yet.

“Better now?”

Almost. Almost there, Leo dear, almost there.

Horoscopes starting 9.14.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, September 13, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/09/horoscopes-starting-9-14-2017/>

“In nature’s infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.”

The Soothsayer in Shakespeare’s
Antony & Cleopatra (1.2.5-7)

Horoscopes starting 9.14.2017

Virgo:

The Virgin I read a short Shakespeare passage, part of a monologue, into the camera, trying for that weekly missive. I had just listened to the play on tape, so that play and its passage, was fresh in my mind. Also, in my mind, I could do a better job than the voice actor who did that one part. However, when I started to read it aloud, after three tries, I realized I was still reading it one line by one line, and not the way it was intended, or the way I suppose it was intended. It’s not like this intro quote, which is supposed to read like that. The poetry provides a natural break, like it’s supposed to be. This week is about preparing. Prepping, get ready, [get the ducks in a row](#), or, for me, the fish will be hitting the sloughs and troughs down at the coast soon. So I need to be ready. I’ll drag out my old spin cast gear, and make sure the salt from last spring hasn’t jammed gears.

I shifted from Shakespeare being read aloud to prepping for fall fishing. Both don’t require practice and preparation, but both benefit from practice and preparation.

As a **Virgo**? This week, getting ready for Monday’s Lunar Equation? Preparation is key. Fishing or reciting poetry. Either way, prepare.

Libra:

There’s a simple, short process I use to determine if a prospective client is worth spending time with. A quick way to determine if, how, when we should proceed. Or, in some cases, when we shouldn’t bother to push forward with any more contact. As hard as it might be to understand, for **Libra**, there are some people that I grate on — my attitude, attire, something doesn’t work right. I’ll shrug, it happens. My process?

“What’s your birthday?” Simple question. Sometimes, speaks to a certain vintage, “What, like my sign? Are you hitting on me?” No, I’m not hitting on you, I’m not flirting, I’m just being who I am, and if the question makes no sense, or doesn’t resonate? Then I don’t need to waste any time boring or annoying that person with my worldview, and what is going on with **Libra**.

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It's my "qualifying" move. Sales guy was trying to sell me something in which I had no interest — whatsoever. He wasn't getting it. Not a product I would use, and therefore? I had no need of. His qualifying question, he should realize, he was spinning his wheels. I've been at this game of life for a while, and I have some verbal dexterity. As a **Libra**, follow me on this, as **Libra**, think about those qualifying statements. That quick way to assess a situation, and decide, then, is it worth the time? Or not. Quick questions, maybe just one, and unlike that sales guy, your Libra self doesn't have to annoy the folks who aren't interested.

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Scorpio:

A fetching young lady was — stellar looks — was inquiring about my services. She rattled off a *Scorpio* birthday; *Scorpio* is my Achilles Heel, especially **Scorpio** *femme fatales*, with that smokey allure, and hidden visage, hooded with allure and intrigue. Yeah, so not happening. She was working it, that little sway to her step, thinking she'd get something for free. For starters, I'm way too old for her. For seconds, I'm *Scorpio* compliant, but not able to keep up with a *Scorpio*. Third, this is my business, and she was fishing for free stuff. Bat the eyes. Sashay. Yeah, didn't work on me. I noticed, I was flattered, but I was not swayed.

Flirting to get what you want is usually a good *Scorpio* trick. Came close, but didn't work — not on me. I'll admit I'm more susceptible to *Scorpio*, male and female, mostly female, but hey, some of the guys are just so cute, and never mind, this isn't about me, this is about not getting what you want with typical *Scorpio* charm. Don't be afraid to cut it short when the charm thing doesn't work. Facts, figures, in this simple example? [Cold, hard cash](#). Works just fine, every time.

Sagittarius:

One of the largest challenges that looms in front of me is my choice in material. I pick from activities that I find refreshing, enjoyable, and [entertaining](#), to me. That would be fishing, when the weather's nice, or nice enough, and Shakespeare, in production, on screen, and in print. Part of that section of material is timeless, the strange way that Shakespeare's works can be interpreted to have meaning in a post-modern world, and part of that harkens back to a basic lizard-brain function, where I'm trying to provide food to sustain me; although, truthfully, *Black Bass* tend to be more sporting and less about eating. Love the Redfish, but, for my tastes, I like them blackened. Blackened Cajun style — as may cayenne as possible. Not a lot of good flavor there, either. These are about choices. These are questions about choices. This is a week wherein we should ask ourselves whether we're using the right material, as a **Sagittarius**, it's what I'm asking, too.

The question, are we using the right material?

My simple answer? It's what I know — I can make stuff up, but then, there's a certain lack of authentic

background. I use material that is close at hand, and close to my heart. As a **Sagittarius**, with all those planets in *Virgo* this week? Stick with what we know.

Capricorn:

The trick is taking conscious steps towards a stated [Capricorn](#) goal. That simple. No? Yes, it's really that easy. Take steps towards a stated goal. Because there's a kind of reluctant energy with my [Capricorn](#) buddies, especially the guys I fish with? Because they tend to display a kind of hesitancy about taking actions this week? Need something, someone to prod you forward.

Think about it like this: I just spun new fishing line on my reels. It's September, some bass are getting fat for the winter, such as it is. Days are marginally shorter. Not so much you'd notice, but, "[Winter](#) is coming!"

So the last line didn't work, but it was a nice idea. My idea is to coerce you into a little bit of forward motion action, right now. This week. Steps towards a stated goal. Don't have to be big steps, but I did just rewind my reels with new fishing line. Supposed to be easier to cast, won't stretch as much as cheap mono, you know, we really should try this stuff out.

Aquarius:

Every — each individual — *Aquarius* that I know? Each one has an independent, internal analyst. This can be a financial analyst, one who scrutinizes "The books," looking for profit and loss. This can be a systems analyst, one who looks at processes and offers suggestions to streamline while reducing load on the processor. Or this can be a psycho-analyst. All depends on the individual *Aquarius*, and depends certain other factors in one's chart. However, this is a week to employ one — or more — of those internal, innate *Aquarius* analysts.

First guess this is work-related, but I could be incorrect. So there's a system analyst for that, if it is.

Second guesses this personal finance, so there's the numbers guy for that, right?

Third guess, not really a long shot, just a guess, it could be an emotional upheaval of sorts. That requires the internal psycho-analyst.

Each part is played by a portion of the resident *Aquarius* soul. No outside help is required; although, in some situation, it wouldn't hurt to ask for outside advice. Still, most this week's questions? You know the answers if you analyze the situation with your *Aquarius* intellect.

Pisces:

Let your hair down. Seriously, take the hair out the pony tail holder and shake it free. Or the man bun. Whatever. There's a mental constraint with my **Pisces** friends, and I was trying to think of a way to set your mind free. We were motoring along the inter-coastal waterway, headed towards a special fishing

spot, and my hat got blown off. Wasn't secure. Not the first hat I've lost like that. Doubt it's the last one. We just kept on. However, after losing it to the breeze and the speeding boat? I realized, for that afternoon, I figured out two important facts. One, it's okay to use sunscreen on top of my head. Might not be a big deal to some but with increasing forehead, burgeoning baldness, and receding hair, sure, it was new thing for me. Two, I was able to think better because I wasn't burdened by anything on the top of my head. Which, as we talk about it, makes a kind of sense to me. Anyone who's [seen me in person](#) in the last few weeks knows I tend to wear a bandana when I work. It's so I can wear my hair down, but the bandana serves as a scarf, too, keeps the hair out of my face.

Set your mind free, *Pisces*. I've found that — what seems like a silly — but logical and symbolic step, like taking my hair out of a pony tail, that sets my mind free. You don't have to lose a hat, like I did, to arrive at this conclusion.

Pisces: set your mind free, or, at least, let your hair down.

Aries:

Stuck in my garage, there's an old box of fishing gear. I pulled it out, thinking I had a certain kind of reel to use in the next few weeks. Trip that I've got coming up. Fishing trip, and I was thinking, I was going to try, have at least one rod and reel, fixed up with a certain kind of gear. Just a way to change the pace. Opening the box unleashed a whole series of memories. Just a box, think, it's in a storage area, like stored in the garage, only, it's got equipment I haven't used in a half-dozen years. Tools of the trade, for fishing? Sure, that works. The attachment, though, the flood of memories, what it means, that's the moment of poignancy for **Aries**. That flood of memories. There's a lunar cycle that will trigger a flood of memories, like opening that box. Carefully stashed away, I found not one, but two reels. Perfect for what's coming up for **Aries**. Don't be afraid to dig around to find some old material that you're planning on using. Digging around in those old boxes helps. It helps trigger memories, but then, too, it helps to build a foundation for the immediate future. Like a fishing trip in a few weeks. Up and coming. Soon.

Taurus:

This week, next seven, ten days? Think about carving out a niche for yourself. Think about a series of specialty skills that only you have. Think about that **Taurus** type of category that only you fit.

As an example, how many Shakespeare-quoting, Texas fishing, literate and yet unwashed astrology writers are there? Only one I know of. Did my time in Austin. I've floated a little further south, but that's just a convenience move, really. Weird, but weirdly accurate at times, some folks swear by me, some folks swear at me, doesn't much matter, I belong in a category of one: me.

As a **Taurus**, this is a time to refine, hone, and boil down all those qualities that make you who you are. A number of these skills, qualities, and commentary indicates that you really are a unique individual, as distinct as your own fingerprints. Now, as an exercise to engage this week's weirdness quotient? What category do you — along — belong in?

What's your deal, man?

Gemini:

I got one client, gorgeous starlet. Well, not quite a star, yet, but she's on her way, paying her dues, and working. Works a lot. Waitress, singer, songwriter, plays guitar, and records her own stuff, yes, on her way. Got a webpage someplace, and seen her stuff on the computer, in places. She calls, and I answer quickly, when I can. Part of that is because she's a rising star, and part of that is because she's fetching and attractive, and part of that, other than me, everyone else thinks she's 22. She told me that all the stars were 22 until they were discovered.

What makes her different, she has a wiliness to drum. Drum up business, do her own promotions, get herself out there, and get herself noticed. Her gradual rise in fame? Her ascendancy as a starlet? It's not based upon being "discovered," as that tends to be a mighty long wait.

As a **Gemini**, you can have your star on the ascendent — this very week. Takes effort, concentration, and focus. Hard work pays off. The challenge, and the one **Gemini** has that question, at this moment? All that hard work might not see an immediate result.

That rising starlet? She started getting traction, recently after playing at this one hole in the wall joint for close to a year. **Gemini**: forever young? Forever 22? Show up and do the hard work — won't see immediate results, but you might find the work pays off quicker than it did for my little starlet friend.

Cancer:

When I [teach astrology and the signs](#), I use an example of the crabs at the beach, as there tends to be a large number of these little sand crabs. Not much bigger than a quarter, they scurry from hole to hole, and try to avoid getting eaten by the gulls, be my guess. I'm unsure of the exact food chain at the beach, but that's close enough. See a ton of those little crabs on the Texas beaches. The crabs also appear to move sideways. That's a frequent commentary, from me, about the way the crabs seems move sideways. When I checked your charts, well, my charts for you, what I kept thinking was about moving sideways, a little to the left, or tittle to the right, whatever your orientation is.

There's a distinct "weave" to this week's Moon children energies. Duck, dodge, weave, a little to the left, or a little to the right, one of those. Just — looks like a dance to some. I don't think it's a dance, so much as not looking directly at the problem, the obstacle, the hinderance to Cancer's forward progress. Off to one side, a little to the left, a little to the right, just not, like, straight on. No plunging forward, without checking, you know, conditions, to the left or the right, or over, or under, or whatever.

Hurricanes have a way of eroding what was once solid ground.

The Leo:

I spent too much time at the beach, or, really, the gulf coast. Yeah, that's my excuse. Barefoot, in shorts, sometimes, nothing else. Fishing pole in hand, maybe, sure, that works. When I'm home, though, I swiped one of those signs, best guess it was an Jimmy Buffet line, "No shoes, no shirt, no problem." As a, no, wait, as **The Leo**, normal rules don't apply at this moment in time and space. You're floating, free. You're not bound by normal restrictions. For me, number of place I've been, the "Shoes, shirts required" signs are most common.

This is a week, for you, for me, too, this is a week for "Shoes, shirts, pants, not required."

Yes, I know, for some of us, those are suggested. Up to your **Leo** self, but you know [my feelings](#), right?

"No shoes, no shirt, no pants, no problem."

At least, for this week, for **The Leo**.

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Horoscopes starting 9.21.2017

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, September 20, 2017

<https://astrofish.net/2017/09/horoscopes-starting-9-21-2017/>

O God, that one might read the [book of fate](#),
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea, and other times to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chance's mocks
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

King Henry IV in Shakespeare's
Henry IV, part 2, act III, scene i, lines 45-56

Sun moves into Libra, Fall Equinox, September 22, 2017 at 3:01 PM — your mileage may vary slightly. The passage includes some serious salty reference to the potential for the weather of the oceans, referenced as “Neptune's hips,” interesting?

Remember, [Cash Only](#).

Horoscopes starting 9.21.2017

Libra:

The Scales

A “catalyst” is a substance that must be present for a chemical reaction to occur, or, according to one definition, [enhances](#) or quickens a chemical reaction. However, with that catalyst? The substance itself doesn't change. Just a compound or substance that has to be present, rather than being part of the reaction. On some of the farm roads around here, older homesteads frequently have lightning rods, simple, or ornate, metallic rods that are grounded, to prevent the occasional display of Nature's fury from charring the — usually wooden — older farm houses.

Catalyst and lightning rod, two images for this week's **Libra**.

Catalysts is present but doesn't participate. Lightning rod, conversely, is used to attract — then ground — the energy. With all those little planets in *Virgo*? I have to ask, are you a lightning rod? Or are you merely a catalyst? Personally, I prefer to be the catalyst, off to one side, helping move matters along, but

not being directly involved. The challenge, though, as this is the beginning of the **Libra** [birthdays](#), the challenge is to not be a lightning [rod](#).

Scorpio:

Scorpion

Last time I was in a [bookstore](#), well, this was a couple of weeks back, so it wasn't the last time, but I looked at the Sun-Tzu's "Art of War" section. I had a picture but it didn't turn out to my liking; however, I counted ten or twelve versions of Sun-Tzu's "The Art of War." In translation, in original with translation, in original, with translation and commentary. I didn't bother to heft any of them, as I've played this game before. [Translation](#) is, at best, a tricky business.

What first got my attention, and this pattern is repeated over and over, but what first got my attention was that the original "Art of War" was merely sticks with ideograms — by no means a full text. Not even a partial text. Just a set of rules, or, to me, guidelines. Little planets are in *Virgo*, Sun moved into *Libra*, and that leaves **Scorpio** with a hidden message, one of those short lines from what is now a [long line of work](#).

"Don't pick a fight you can't win."

We can turn this into a big production — a whole series of books, if you like, maybe a PBS special, or something on the History channel, but the message, figured out by a successful — what the heck — let's pretend Sun-Tzu was **Scorpio**, let's say that message reaching across the eons?

Scorpio: Don't pick a fight you can't win.

Sagittarius:

Sagittarius

Because I no longer frequent "Mental Health" circles, I'm totally unsure of the current name for this essence. Used to be called something like, "Cognitive Dissonance Affect Disorder." I might have that incorrect, but I'll go with that for now. After all, I'm not a real medical doctor. The planets in *Virgo*, mostly, cause a disconnect for **Sagittarius**.

This is temporary.

In a few days, Mars, Venus, Mercury — there is a shift. However? Until then? There's a pervasive sense that we're not connecting with people. This isn't bad, just lacking in normal human warmth and that sense of interconnectedness — normally? As a **Sagittarius**? We feel that, like, with everyone. Most [everyone](#), a lot of the time. The disconnect isn't bad, just being aware that we're slightly out of step, or out of tune, or not on the same wavelength? Understanding that source might help us work with this, this sense we're not connecting with humanity this next few days.

Capricorn:

The Sea Goat

Grease the wheels. As a **Capricorn** complaint individual, I want this to be easy. Easiest way to make it easy? Grease the wheels.

The term refers to a coat of a rather industrial-grade type of grease, a heavy lubricant for wheel bearings and such. Not really pleasant material with which to work, as it's dirty, messy, sticks to everything, and has a relatively high melting point. However, axel grease, what I was thinking of, it does serve a valid purpose, it keeps the parts that slide on each other, the places where the potential for friction to build up? It does keep those parts from burning, frying, or otherwise binding up.

Grease the wheels. Now, not every **Capricorn** will understand the term, so, another way for some civilized folks to understand the term?

“Hey, that's a nice outfit.”

Greases the wheels, which is what this week, in **Capricorn** is all about. A little extra “nice” to make things flow better. Got to add some grease, either social grease or real axel grease. Whatever works? Whatever works.

Aquarius:

The Water Bearer

I had a penchant for images of various [street](#) and [sidewalk](#) images for a spell. Mostly due to my pedestrian ways, but I was always amused by the artwork on, like, [manhole covers](#).

Turns out, I was onto something, as that turned into a European “[thang](#)”. The artists were using current, extant manhole covers, and apparently other types of city titties as printing blocks.

The **Aquarius** take-away? Sometimes, inspiration, and its familial kin, “follow through,” sometimes that's right underfoot. In the example of the manhole cover art? Almost literally — [underfoot](#).

Pisces:

The Fishes

Shakespeare's *Henry IV, part 2* ends with a prodigal son becoming a king. Henry the 5th is a badass king. He conquers France, settles several age-old disputes, and reunites a kingdom. The rest of this myth is in the next part of the play cycles, aptly called *Henry V* — but this is about **Pisces**.

The way I was first introduced to Henry V, not historical but dramatic re-enactment? He was brawling, street-smart hooligan who forsook his youthful indiscretions to rise to the throne of England. Not exactly based in truth, but we never let a good story suffer from lack of factual basis.

Pisces: with the internet and fact checking so much easier these days? Stick with the facts. While it's fun to spin up a yarn or two? You benefit this week from sticking to the straight facts, no embellishment encouraged.

Aries:

The Ram

Be willing. Be willing to start something new. Be willing to try a [new way to solve an old](#) problem. Be willing to say yes. Or, be willing to say no. Both of these work, but whatever the usual, **Aries** reaction tends to be? “No, I will not try anything new!”

OK, perfect example. Try “Yes,” for a change. Try something new. Or better yet, try a new way of working with an existing problem. A challenge, an obstacle —

Always dodge left, try and outflank the **Aries** enemy with a left-flank maneuver? Try skirting around to the right. Keep getting thwarted as you try to clamber over the challenge? Borrow another Mars’ sign’s idea, Scorpio, and burrow under the problem, like, dig a tunnel. There are any number of ways to get this accomplished. The point is important, and most **Aries** claim that they are always willing to try new stuff. It’s just, yeah, not so often. This is a week, this weekend, be willing when someone says, “Hey, I’ve never done this, not this way,” that’s the **Aries** clue to give a spin. I’d try that, at least once.

Taurus

The Bull

Last [week](#), I suggested you define a category that only you belong in, as in, “What’s your deal, man?”

This is a time to refine what that category might be. There’s a reason for trying to pick that single niche that your Taurus self galls into, there’s a reason for the exercise. I can get all technical about the planets, or we can simply look at what’s what. Knowing what it is that defines your Taurus self, that makes it easier to move into this week’s energy. While last week was about defining yourself, that niche of one? This week, knowing what you know about yourself, you can move forward with grace and ease as there’s a companion process at work. The stars want you to play well with others, in the coming days. This is about using what defines you as an individual and figuring out how to work that skill set, those defining characteristics that are unique to you, how to fit that into the group dynamic. Part of the team. As an innovative Taurus with a signer skill set, those skills fit nicely with a framework, really, ore like a team, and that starts? This week.

Gemini:

The Twins

There’s one “Mom” out there who will appreciate this analogy. It’s a vision of “hell,” and what that might appear like? It’s a “Chick File A” — the chain? One of the ones with a rudimentary, all ages, super-safe playground area. This particular hell is that place, on a Friday night. Sitting there. There is no quiet. It’s after rush hour, but before the kids all have to go to sleep. Processed chicken bits for supper, followed by enormous ice cream cones that are processed dairy, sugar, and artificial flavors, plus a little sugar sprinkled on top, just for safe measure. The kids love it. Get wound up so tight, so loud, screaming, yelling, and then, they come bursting out of the playground area, thankfully sealed off from humanity, but still. Naturally, this scenario can be switched to any “kid-friendly” type of restaurant, but on that one

Friday night, that's where I was. Don't like their politics, but the chicken might be healthier as a food source than other option, so there I was. Screeching kids. This is a vision of a modern hell, got it? For a few moments, though, there is blessed silence as the door to the play area is closed, and the kids are crawling up and down tunnels, slides, making new friends, and burning off caloric intake. There will be respite, albeit brief, for Gemini.

Then the playground door swings open and they burst out, "He hit me!"

Seriously, kind of a hell, no?

Cancer:

The Crab

I get in the habit of reading, and then, I'll go on long spins when I'll only read a certain [kind of material](#). Fiction, fan-fiction, non-fiction, literature, high-brow, low-brow, poetical, or, sometimes, just plain crap. I'll find one author and I'll obsessively read everything by that one author. The problem being, that excessively consuming just one kind of material, or just one author, over a period of weeks, or even months, I'll tend to emulate that style. Pretty sure this is largely subconscious, but I'll start to use bridge phrases and the same rhythm, that the material — what ever it is — I'll start to ape that style.

While this isn't a new observation about me, be glad I don't read much Middle English anymore, but this does affect Cancer. The Moon Children are being influenced, subtly so, but being influenced by the consumption of some type of media. Might be the TV, might be a series of books, might be the horoscopes you read, but there is an influence. Rather than try and fight that influence? All I'd suggest is that you acknowledge it. Goes a long way to making this a way better week.

The Leo:

The Leo

Several decades past, I designed a "[Stand Up Desk](#)." I carried that around as furniture that I rarely used, for many years. Best of intentions, just never fulfilled my dream. Eventually, though, a couple of years ago, I started using it in earnest. What it does, for me, is to provide a way to work, do readings, answer email, write, while standing rather than sitting. Then, too, if I want to wander off someplace, I'm already mobile. I don't have to stand up to get coffee, I'm already able to just walk off.

This is about motion and movement. As *the mighty Leo*, sure, you're used to inhabiting a throne. However, motion, movement, and otherwise just taking some small steps is important. More important, now, the rest of this week.

I'm not suggesting you need rush out and buy this week's most popular standing desk, but as a suggestion? Motion and movement.

Virgo:

The Virgin

I was packing for [a business trip](#). Nominally still summer, still warm, and I could go as relaxed as I wanted. Just a couple of nights, so I have a few colorful, silk Hawaiian shirts that pack well, and because they were silk? They get wrinkled up in a hurry. Sort of changes my slightly disheveled look, but not by much. It's the simplest of choices, for me. Grab the silk one and toss them in the bottom of the travel gear. Good to go. As a **Virgo**, try keeping this simple. There's a hurried expectancy from Mars, a relaxed view from Venus, and Mercury makes you think too much.

I stopped, looked at the gear bag, hoped I had everything I would need, and called it good.

The trick as the planets roil and rumble through **Virgo**? Don't overthink this week's preparations. Couple of shirts, they shake out and are almost wrinkle free by show time, and we're good, right?

Don't overthink this one. Doesn't pay off.

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