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Horoscopes by Kramer Wetzel

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Horoscopes for 1.3.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, January 02, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/01/horoscopes-for-1-3-2019/>

Learn this, brother,
We live not to be [grip'd by meaner persons](#).

Wolsey in Shakespeare's *Henry 8* (act 2 scene 2)

[Happy Birthday!](#)

The [year ahead](#).

Horoscopes for 1.3.2019

Capricorn



The Sea Goat

“Florence Effect,” is that heart palpitations, the swooning, the effect of great art on a person. It’s really a thing, you know. A real deal, like medically recognized and everything. No, really, look it up. I read it on the internet, it has to be true.

“True [Story!](#)”

I — personally — have experienced this kind of effect, a couple of times, usually in major museums, but once, in small, private gallery. There was a particular, rather iconic, American painting, and seeing it in person brought tears to my eyes. “Florence Effect,” in the flesh, my flesh. Think I even have a “museum quality” poster reproduction of that one. Maybe. Maybe not. Still, the image and the way it can evoke such depth of feelings, loneliness, despair, stark beauty, and hope for the future? All there, in a single painting. That’s the “Florence Effect.” Mercury/Saturn and Sun/Pluto, plus, you know, holidays, new year, the 12th Night, current events, and a few news trends? Find that [touchstone](#), artwork, whatever it is that brings happiness? We’re looking for the “Florence Effect” to bring joy to the **Capricorn** [birthdays](#).

Aquarius

How long does it take to become **proficient** at a new skill? Typing, comes to mind, and I’m still not good at that. From a quick glance at material online, I found reference to a noted author and efficiency expert who suggested that it 10,000 hours to become good at a particular skill. As an [example](#)?

Watch me with fishing pole in hand, usually between six and seven feet long, with a spinning reel on it, I can, after few moments, sometimes on the first try, land that bait within inches of where I'm aiming. Maybe even hit the target. Took years. Years and years of time — I spent the better portion of a decade honing that particular skill-set. Say, 2-3 hours a day, 300 days a year? Over the span of a decade — think trailer park in old South Austin — I got some practice. When it comes to acquiring a new **Aquarius** skill-set, a new task, a new goal, a new action, how long would it take to become at least halfway decent? From the 10,000 hour mark, halfway would be 5,000 hours. I'm unsure if that's really true, but I would guess so. The secret to **Aquarius** success, next week, or so? Practice, practice, practice.

Pisces

For someone like me, I am mired someplace between systems. I speak fluent redneck. I can get by with some street Spanish, and occasional, French works its way in. I am conversant with liturgical doctrines from Catholic, Reformed, and a few other belief systems. What I don't know how to do? When to shut it off. I was attempting to convey the contents of a Zen Koan, think Zen parable, to one of my less articulate fishing buddies.

It didn't translate.

That simple. The point of the story, the parable, a very palpable point, poignant, and at the time, topical? Great choice. Right story, but my buddy? Wrong audience. Same story, couched in different terms would've made a lightbulb go off over his head, "I get that!" The story from the *101 Zen Stories*, yeah, that one didn't work. If I were smarter, I would've substituted circumstances and details to make it work, but I forged ahead. "Yeah, I don't get it, but then, I know I don't understand everything you say, anyway, Kramer." As a **Pisces**, ideas and feelings convey. Language, though, it's still a bit of barrier. Save *Zen Koans* to ones who understand those riddles. Save fishing stories for those who understand the fishing stories.

Aries

It was a big company; they can afford to experiment. The product, new product line, looked like something, "We've never seen before!" Pretty sure it was an experiment, and I can't say if it will work. I found the new, branded flavor to be 100% less appealing, but that could be my skewed tastes. The point is, the big companies with deep pockets can afford a miss every now and again. Big companies can experiment with new flavors, new sizes, new packaging, or even a totally new spin. That ability to change on what would appear to be a whim, and launch a new product, only to see that product fail? That is a luxury of large companies. Smaller, independent outfits, not unlike myself, I can't afford to have colossal mistake that costs time, effort, dollars (big dollars) — only to have it fail miserably. I have to be a little more circumspect. I'm little more cautions. As an **Aries**, you have a great idea, but it is a little [experimental](#). It's a little "Out There," and at least one peer has suggested it will never work. With the start of the new year, though, and with the calamity behind us — now — maybe this new **Aries** idea could get a fresh start? Instead, though, of a massive roll-out with marketing campaign and display ads, what with all the cost, maybe, a softer, lower-key version — first — for **Aries** — maybe a soft-sell, or soft-launch would be better. Not a grand opening, with stacks and stacks of new product, but soft-launch, with just a few, test the waters, first.

Taurus

A chance encounter — let's call it that — opened up a space where I had one of those great revelations. I was responsible for providing the information. That is the extent of my obligation, moral, philosophical, metaphysical, or other. My **job** during that interaction was to provide information. Guidance, or potential guidance, and then? My missions was complete. My human side wants to get in and help, push, coerce, manage, or otherwise get involved. My real job in that chance encounter? Provide information — and nothing more. As a **Taurus**, what happens, you get a chance to provide data. Typically, the question is something like, "Should I go to the left or the right?" Prudent **Taurus** wisdom dictates "Take a left right here." Then watch as the querent veers to the right — the wrong way — and continues to edge of the earth. Think about it, as a **Taurus**, you provided the best information, and as **Taurus**, you fulfilled your **moral obligation**. Besides, think rationally, if the person asking for directions goes far enough, like circumnavigated the planet, then that person will wind up where he or she is

supposed to be. Just took the long way. “Should’ve gone left, like I said,” suggests the **Taurus**. We’re responsible for making the information available — we are **not** responsible for the outcome.

Gemini

A situation comes up, and this more frequent in our modern age, do we spend more time promoting ourselves than we spend being ourselves? Valid question with the muggy media material floating freely. Holidays are over, 12th Night passes, and we’re all ready for a fresh start on a new year. It’s a goal, simple as that. Perhaps, with the planets and the Sun, currently in Capricorn, alongside Saturn and so on? Pluto? Remember him? Planet or whatever, still in Capricorn.

Anyway, for **Gemini** the cautionary tale for the next week, and maybe a suggestion for a new way to look at the new year? Do we spend more time promoting ourselves, like, taking pictures of our food, rather than enjoying the food? Is the tag, “In a relationship” more important than the relationship itself? Personally, I fall into the trap myself, if I don’t snap an [image](#) and [post it online](#), then did it really happen? Concerns for the the **Gemini**, at this time. A question for the immediate future.

Cancer

Simple piece of [advice](#)? Probably from seeing too many cooking shows, and I like how that works, mix up the ingredients, fold in the whatever, pour into a baking container, and slide into the oven, pulling out in a single breath’s moment, the finished, baked goods. “Bake for 4 hours at 275,” they suggested. So it was started, some four hours earlier — at least? Got a good image here? The advice, and this spins two ways in the Moon Child’s chart, spins two ways, but the idea is simple, really: Bake the cake. Don’t tell me how to make the cake, just bake the cake. Don’t show me the recipe and tell me how to do it; just do it.

Think [cookbook astrology](#), now.

This next week, and settling into a new year pattern? Don’t tell me how to do something, show me. Don’t tell me how to bake the cake; show me by baking the damn cake.

The Leo

When I was first seriously exposed to “Shakespeare,” it was taught to me as *great literature*, when, in fact, it is **theatre**. To me, while I studied Shakespeare’s complete works in classroom after classroom, and while I can talk about various thematic elements, to be brutally honest? Shakespeare’s works are plays, meant to be played live, in front of an audience, with movie versions being a close second. Only in a distant third or fourth place would be the written form of the plays. As **The Leo**, this plays better for you, as this week requires a performance. Right in your area of special skills. Sure, a written response is nice, but like Shakespeare’s canon of work? In performance is the best way to deliver the message. This is something to be acted upon, acted out, or trotted out on stage. Maybe rehearsed. Maybe improvised. Maybe scripted. Maybe, scripted, rehearsed, and dramatically delivered. In any way of getting this message across, it require **The Leo** to take action. Simple as that. Not a dry delivery, unless, of course, the part calls for that. But this is action, perhaps staged, perhaps off the top of **the majestic Leo** brain, but acted upon. Acted out. Not a [written message](#) at all.

Virgo

One of the leading scholars who has written a great deal about Shakespeare? Bloom. His book, *Shakespeare, the Invention of the Human* is one of the few big books about [Shakespeare](#) that I keep around. Because I would be overrun with textbooks if I kept every book I’ve alluded to, from years in a trailer park, I learned to only hold onto certain texts that I refer back to, time and again. Bloom’s is *de facto* standard for me. When I’m trying to grasp the concepts presented in play, or I hit a sticking point, or some part of the staged dialogue seems out of place, I start with Bloom’s book.

This is about beginning points. As the new year unfolds, a tried and true “[Virgo jumping off point](#)” is clearly called for. A

place where the trip starts. A point where we embark on our **Virgo** endeavor. That's the starting point. This week, the new year, and **Virgo's** year, the week ahead? What I would do if there was more **Virgo** in my chart? I would start with a text like Bloom's, a big, heavy book that covers the material in succinct and direct fashion. Fairly typical in its interpretations and not given to great flights of fantasy or hyperbolic intrigues, it makes a rock-solid starting place, a foundation. This week is about foundation elements for **Virgo**, too.

Libra

One of the great joys of travel, the rigorous life of living out of a suitcase or backpack? One of the greatest pleasures derives from the idea that *it isn't like they do back home*. Local customs, local diets, local traditions are always of interest. As a **Libra**, on the road of life, and starting out this new year, you will encounter a new way. The very first comment that echoes in your **Libra** brain is a voice suggesting, "It isn't like we used to do it." Or, my favorite, "It isn't like they do it back home." I live in a land that is rich with variations, shadings, hues, and textures to certain cuisine. Let's say, "TexMex Heaven." I am intrigued with what hosts in far-flung [locations](#) serve me and consider "Mexican" food. Subtly put? It ain't. *It's not like they do back home*. Instead of that comparison, though, what I've learned to do, enjoy the varieties and vagaries of the spice palate. See the local influences, and embrace the difference. Nod appreciatively at the efforts to render a dish that is evocative of the Old West, or whatever the *nouveau cuisine* is, and instead of comparing it? Realize, on the road, there will be differences, and the differences are as important to celebrate. As a **Libra**, the difference between how it is over here, and how it is back home?

Scorpio

"Paris Syndrome" is defined as discovering that the city of lights, shrouded in myth, is just another big city, albeit French. With French efficiency. And certain disagreeable traits, clearly vision blurred. It's that let-down feeling from idealizing place only to discover, next to the idyllic images on a warm summer's day, there is also the dog poo. I know; I stepped in it. I was wearing lug-soled high-traction sport-sandals, and the tread pattern caught a chunk of doggie treat, leftover. In Austin, at that time, dog people **always** cleaned up after their dogs, so I was not paying close attention. I stepped in it. This is the perfect example of "Paris Syndrome." The myth, the sites, the sounds, the Eiffel Tower visible from every motel room? *Paris Syndrome*, as it applies to this week's **Scorpio**? That crap-load of *Capricorn* suggests that there is a similar situation about to unfold, what you dreamed about, as that young **Scorpio** and what is real?

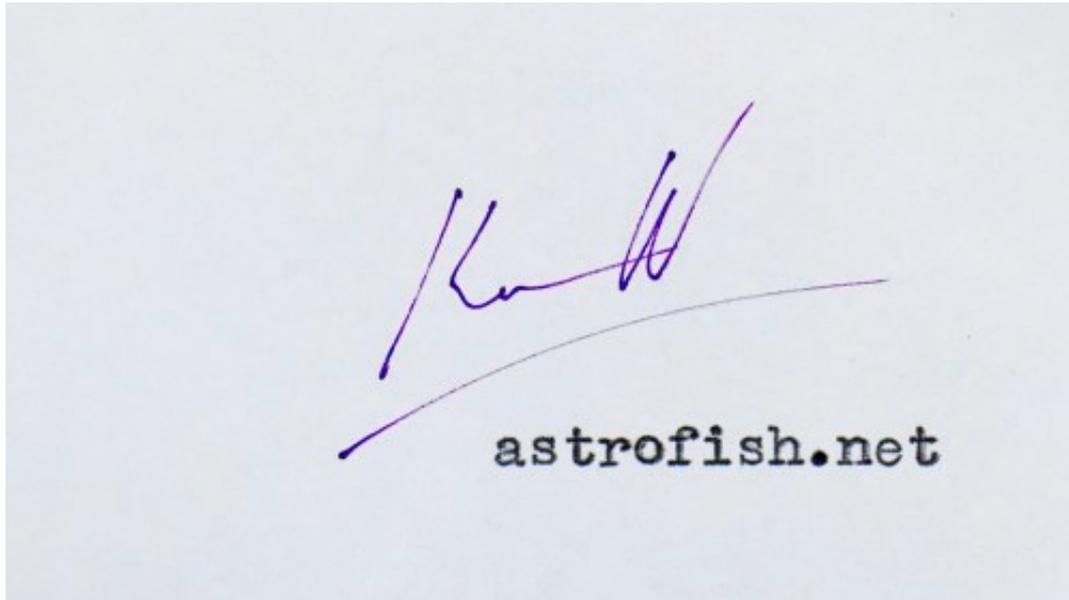
"Oh man, it's the *Paris Syndrome* thing, isn't it?"

However, with my guidance? Maybe you don't have to step in it: like I did.

Sagittarius

Listening to some music the other [afternoon](#), watching it on the supplemental screen, I was thinking about the performer. He paused in the middle of the set, the song was rolling along, and while the band played on, the performer paused to shoot some selfie B-roll, presumably uploaded to his live feed, and thusly distributed in the world of muggy media. "Look! Look! You can see me in the back, there, hands in the air with thousands of my friends!" Clever trick, and in the moment, I would guess everyone was swept away, "This is SO cool!" Knowing that one performer, I'm sure it was genuine, heartfelt, "include you ALL!" that kind of thing. As a *Sagittarius*, we got to work on our "inclusivity." Simple stage trick, one I tried years ago, much less successfully, a quick picture of the audience before I started to talk.

"I love you guys, I want to take you all home with me!"



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Horoscopes for 1.10.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, January 09, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/01/horoscopes-for-1-10-2019/>

“Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be.”

Ophelia in [Hamlet](#), 4.5.42

[Happy Birthday!](#)

Horoscopes for 1.10.2019

Capricorn



The Sea GoatStuck in traffic, behind a typical urban beater, I noticed a single bumper sticker, “This is the back of my car.” To be fair, I am a huge fan of “Urban beaters” as undercover transportation. No one looks twice. No one breaks in. Everyone stays out of the way, and tend to not want to park next to an *urban beater* because it can inflict more damage than can be done to it. In most cities, this is best categorized as a four-door sedan-like mid-range model with lots of inner-city miles.

[Bumper](#) sticker read, “This the back of my car.” Bumper itself was dinged in places, but essentially intact, missing a little paint, maybe. At least one lopsided headrest was visible in the back, indicating a child’s seat.

While stating the blistering honest truth, “This is the back of my car,” it also carries a warning. If one were to drive too fast, and collide with the back of that car? Doubt it would fare well for the person who hits the urban beater. Watch for warnings that are obvious. Or, better yet, do you need a similar warning on the back of your Capricorn ride?

Aquarius



The Water BearerEvery [horoscope](#) I write has three different time zones. Maybe four zones, [depends](#). The first is the time when I’m actually writing the horoscopes, projecting ahead, looking where we’ve been, and doing what I do. That’s the first zone, where — when — I’m writing. The second zone is when the scope is set for, like this is set for the second week of January, 2019. The official start date is January 10 through 16, 2019. The third zone?

That's when **Aquarius** — or *Aquarius curious* — people read this. That's three different times, one is when I'm working on it, one is when I set it for, and one is when the reader consumes it. At least three different zones. **Aquarius** is nothing if not adaptable to this understanding of the fluid nature of time, and how this can exist in three different places at once. Past, present, and future — three different locations, all at the same time.

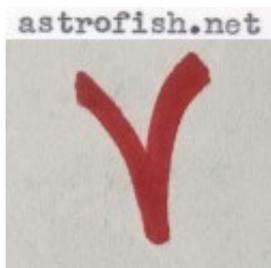
Pisces



The Fishes Why is my favorite beverage, coffee, called “A cup of Joe?” There are a couple of different theories, and the idea is worth quick glance at the *inter-webs* — more for curiosity than anything else. Why are we worried about the term, “A cup of joe?” Because there's a need for useful distraction of **Pisces**.

Trivial pursuit, and that's an easy one, but the idea is to dig down, maybe a little deeper and insure that you really have the correct answer for the name, the term. Where is it from, and is that for real? Or is that one of those made-up [internet](#) stories, just sounds good, plausible, but lacking real verification?

Aries



Aries The Ram Mars excites.

Mars imparts energy.

Mars is drive.

Aries has drive.

Aries has energy.

Aries is *ready to go!*

“Herein is our problem,” the rest of the world isn't up to **Aries** approved speed. It's that simple. As the *Capricorn* stuff makes a tough angle, it's learning that **Aries** isn't the one who is slow, but the rest of the world might not move at that frantic, frenetic, fascinating **Aries speed**. Be warned.

Taurus



The BullThe expression I heard? “If you’re going to be stupid then you have to be really tough.” I think I hear an audible **Taurus** groan. Important **Taurus** note here: keep it to yourself. I suggest in the next couple of days, you’re going to encounter that tough, rough exterior of some other signs being stupid. “Doesn’t that hurt?” Yes, but you get used to the pain, kind of a typical response. Now, you realize that there are those people out and about in the world. You also realize that they all seem to breed, and make more stupid offspring. The problem with being a self-aware **Taurus**? You have little patience with “stupid.” My recommendation as we approach a full moon? Realize what’s going on, and realize that the stupid ones all seem to have a tougher hide. There is more than one astrologer who would suggest that **Taurus** has a tough exterior. I’m not of that ilk; I wouldn’t say that. Still, there’s a certain amount of resilience and give required to navigate with the other folks this next few days.

“Looks like that hurts, does it?”

Gemini



The TwinsAs the moon fills out? There’s a cyclic energy and expectancy in **Gemini**, and the biggest issue? The problem facing **Gemini**, even now? No one gets it. I do, but then, [I’m a Gemini-compliant](#) person. Sign. I like **Gemini**, so I understand this unbridled enthusiasm. Hope for the future. Hope that this next year brings the full weight of a whole year’s worth of expectations to fruition, like, much sooner than expected. Cool! I want to make a whole number of events conspire to shower your **Gemini** selves with goodness, but that’s not how this works. Meeting this week’s challenges, in no way do I want to lessen the **Gemini** enthusiasm — and in no way do I want to suggest that there is no hope. Or that those expectations will not be met, no, none of that. However, I must suggest that other signs — think non-Gemini-compliant signs — will fail to see the source, or understand the reasoning behind the **Gemini** hopes and dreams. Your expectations might not be met (soon). No reason to give up, just be warned.

Cancer



The CrabPersistence of an [illusion](#), one of the themes I teased out of this week’s planets? One of the reasons I picked that quote from *Hamlet*, “Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be.” **Spoiler alert** — they all wind up dead; it is called *The Tragedy of Hamlet*; however, that doesn’t denigrate the quote, just frames it better.

There is a persistent illusion this week, as defined by your stars.

There's also a good, healthier direction unfolding for my little **Cancer** friends, but we ain't there yet, and therein is the challenge. One of the lakes I fish at? It's really just a large cooling pond for a power plant, and that means on cold winter days, the water temp is way above the air temp and that makes for fog. Just means, navigating in a boat, just means, we go a lot slower. The illusion is persistent, and the way to — effectively — deal with such an illusion? Like that artificial fog, just slow down. "But I'm in a hurry!" So are we, but it helps to arrive intact.

The Leo

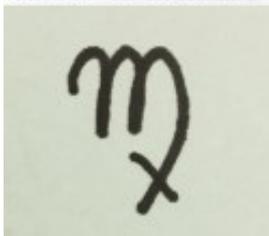
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The LeoListening, someone was trying to make a point about a parental unit that was out-of-touch. "My mom kept texting me, and kept texting MOG, MOG," with the implication that this was an incorrect, or possibly an auto-correct mistake. However, when quizzed about the abbreviation, the parent was explaining, "MOG? Mother Of God, did I get that right?" In some cultures, this might have a different meaning, as I've heard it as a slight epithet, "Ay, *Madre Dios!*" Meanings vary. Mistakes are amusing. Auto-correct is the enema. Pick one, or several, definitions and explanations. I have one **mighty Leo** who assumes that the original intent behind the text, *MOG*, as Mother Of God, my buddy is pretty sure it applies to her, and her child. Many of us kind of doubt that, but better to let the illusion remain in place for all concerned — it's easier that way — just simpler for all concerned. As **The Leo**, the persistence of an illusion is part of what this is about. Not all bad, either, as that — perchance misguided — illusion makes it a better world for all [involved](#).

Virgo

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The VirginComes a time when there is no correct answer. For a decent **Virgo**, "no correct answer" is a nihilistic approach, and one fraught with peril. But there are questions, problems, and certain situation, where there is no right answer. No way to make it easier. No way to make it better. No way to lessen the pain. My immediate solution? Rip the band-aid right off. This is a week wherein there seems to be no correct answer to the pressing **Virgo** question. My simple solution, not exactly **Virgo** compliant, but good enough?

Since there are no easy ways to handle this situation?

Rip that sucker off. Yes, it will sting for a moment, and that hurts. But it only hurts for a moment, and the sting is replaced by healing. Still, the problem seems to be, "No right answers," and, as such? The best answer is to face the situation and take the

licks. No, seriously, ripping that band-aid off really does the trick. No right answers? Sure, there are some more correct ways to approach the week. Rip that sucker right off, quick and relatively speaking, painless. Less pain, maybe not painless.

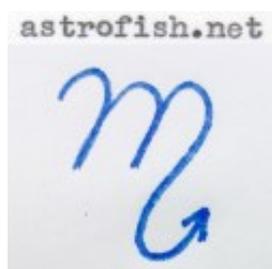
Libra



The Scales Looking at buying some new fishing gear, I had to stop myself. This process goes back to computer consulting, and then, later, web pages and stuff. Before picking up that first new purchase, instead, of, “Look, it’s a great pole and it’s on sale!” Before that, determine what the task is that the pole is supposed to fulfill.

What the tool is for, determine the job before grabbing a tool. I have a garage full of bass fishing poles. I doubt I can use a new one. Just because it was on sale, that doesn’t mean I need to the latest, greatest, piece of equipment. Determine what the function is, then fit the tool to that function. Instead of getting a tool, then trying to find something to fit the tool; makes more sense this way. With the cacophony of planets concentrated in *Capricorn*, there’s a very **Libra** sense that, “Look! It’s [On Sale!](#) I need this!” I can only, realistically, use one fishing pole at a time. I don’t need another bass pole, even if it the latest technology. I need to get time with bait in the water, not shopping for gear I won’t use.

Scorpio



Scorpion Procrastination: it teaches how to do 8 hours worth of work in less than an hour. No *good Scorpio* would ever procrastinate. Much. However, this week leaves us with a sense that there’s a task that we’ve either been avoiding, or forgotten, or maybe, if it were me, I would forget then and avoid remembering, but I’m not **Scorpio** so my methodology might not work. “And anyway, over there...” See how there’s this instant energy that really wants to encourage the **Scorpio procrastination**, and maybe that’s not such a good idea. Ask any **Scorpio** I know, the idea of putting it off just becomes a longer wait **for what is inevitable**.

“You can run, but you can’t hide from me.”

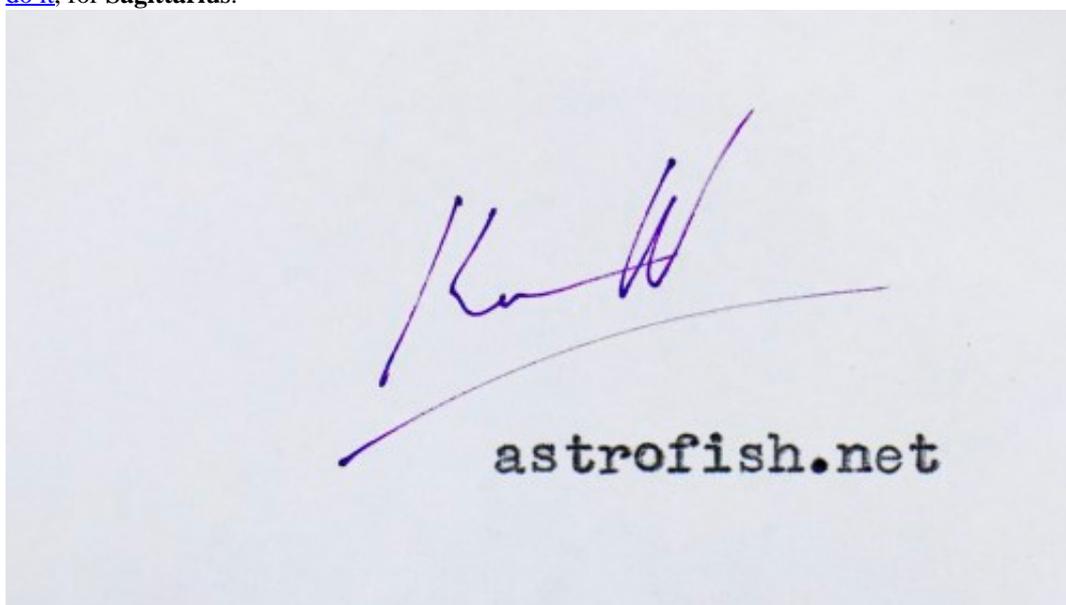
I can, but I’m a slippery *Sagittarius* — the correct use of the **Scorpio** procrastination — thorough preparation — so it only looks like you were avoiding the work.

Sagittarius



Sagittarius Listening Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, part 1, at the end, there's a battle scene. In the scene, a number of noble warriors are dressed like the king, with those imposters wind up getting killed and/or maimed. Captured. Battle scene, swords and stuff. Turns out, this was a precedent in the play's era, with nobles pretending to be the king to help rally troops and to have the king appear — like magic — all over the battlefield. The trick is to get a number of the nobles, the purported generals, to dress like king himself, and that would perpetuate the illusion.

In **Sagittarius** with Venus, Venus **and** Jupiter on our side? As the Moon begins to grow larger and larger in the evening sky, the best use of this is to find a way to appear to be all over the place, at the same time. As if by magic. With the Shakespeare allusion, it was done with various members of the nobles, paying homage to their leader. Under all that armor, who could tell? With the more modern way of looking at this? I tend to use technology to help me work better. It can be done; now is a time to [do it](#), for **Sagittarius**.



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Horoscopes for 1.17.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, January 16, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/01/horoscopes-for-1-17-2019/>

Horoscopes for 1.17.2019

“The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress’d and kill’d.
You must not dare (for shame) to talk of mercy,
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These [English monsters!](#)”

—King Henry V
in Shakespeare *Henry V* (II.ii.79-85)

[Happy Birthday!](#)

Venus aligns briefly with Jupiter, in Sagittarius. Sun moves into Aquarius, January 20, 2019 around 2:59 AM. What that means for the rest of us?



Horoscopes for 1.17.2019

Capricorn



The Sea Goat

Listening to *Henry V*, a situation popped up, and made me think about Capricorn. In, I think it's the first act, of Shakespeare's *Henry V*, a group of noble are arrested for treason, plotting to overthrow/assassinate the king (Henry V). Once their plot is uncovered, then the nobles are all "Lord have mercy upon my soul" but where was the request for mercy, before being discovered? It's like this, I'll beg forgiveness and act contrite, if I'm caught. If I'm not caught? Yeah, no harm, no foul. Being caught introduces a new element of religion, with a sudden onset of guilt, as well as a willingness towards its acts of contrition, provided, of course, there is substantiating evidence of that guilt. Getting caught introduces a most Christian and pious mature. Getting away with it?

Not so much.

It's about how we feel about our actions, if we're caught, if we're not caught, and how bad the crime is, right? Matter of degrees. Matter of degrees in our *Capricorn* parts, too. Not a good week to try and "get away with it," and I'm not preaching, just suggesting. Not a good time, and if you do get caught, against my recommendation? Act contrite.

Aquarius



The Water Bearer

Take a lesson from me, maybe. My birthday comes right around Thanksgiving, every year (early [Sagittarius](#), that's me). I get lost in the shuffle of the holidays, wherein what folks tend to do, you know who you are (family), "I got this for your birthday and Xmas..." See how that goes? However, as an **Aquarius**-compliant astrologer? Take a lesson from me, maybe.

I let the birthday thing shoot in **under the radar**, so to speak. I let it slip. I don't get worked up. I showed up, apparently, a few weeks early, on a Thanksgiving Day, so yeah, I'm good with that. Also means, every few years, my birthday falls on Turkey Day. Ha-ha. But take a lesson from me, maybe. Let this one slip, under the radar, unnoticed, unannounced, not a big deal, no worries, no hurries, not a thing, you know? Take a lesson from me, and let this one slide by. With the stellar traffic where it is? The less attention we draw to **Aquarius**, right now, the better off, next week, next month, and in this next year? Let it slide by — [apparently](#) — unnoticed.

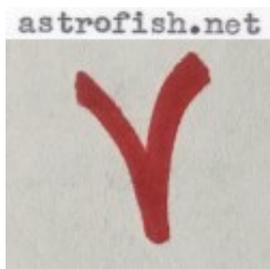
Pisces



The Fishes

Ever try “Network Marketing?” That was the term, at the time, for what was once called, “Multi-Level-Marketing,” or *MLM* for short. The design, and it’s been used — successfully — by any number of corporations, but the idea is that one talks to one’s circle of friends, and then, they talk to their friends, and it has a pyramid effect. In my line of work, I’ve listened to many pitches for various health products, lotions, potions, and notions that will be whiter whites, fresher breath, burn fat, and promote well-being. Plus money. Supposed to make money. The joy of the inter-webs is that for every person pitching something, especially a *MLM*-style product and service? There’s a review on the web someplace, plus or minus, for the product, service, and business model. I’m not complaining, just observing that some of us are good at that kind of sales, and other folks aren’t. Simply put. Some are good, some aren’t. If it’s a product I can truly believe in? It helps, but still, I’m a lousy sales person. Don’t even bother wasting a pitch on me. Won’t work. I’m too inured. I’m not saying it’s bad, and with your network of friends, your social circle, the people you know, but how many of them do you want to annoy with a pitch? There are two warnings with this week’s **Pisces** missive, one is about annoying your own network of friends, the circles in which you circulate. The other one, though, have you really researched the product and service? Deep dive on it, not just the top ten search results.

Aries



Aries The Ram

Focused, patient, [attention to detail](#) yields the best results for **Aries**. Two challenges, maybe more, one is Mars, in *Aries*, which includes a very Mars-like drive. Haste, hasty, hurried, and rushed, which all echoes back to the original statement about focused and patient attention to details yields the best results. Mars, playing off against both Jupiter and Venus, again, that makes for a hurried attitude, and that attitude will never work with the rest of us, because non-**Aries** folks don’t understand the perceived urgency. Finally, if you can pause with previous energies held in check, if you can pause long enough to listen for the little voice of **Aries** *reason*, the intuitive side can speak loudly and clearly. This is, perhaps, enhanced by the full moon, but whatever. Listen. Pause and listen. That simple pause can save a lot of problems. I adore the **Aries** *urgency*, and I understand its source, Mars, Venus, Moon, and so forth, but not everyone gets it. Therein is the problem. The solution? Pause. Pause? Pause long enough for the internal voice of reason to answer the question. Pause, if only for a fraction of a second.

Taurus



The Bull

Another one of my favorite quotes from Shakespeare's *Henry V* play? "The game's afoot!" It's rallying cry from Hal, King Henry, and I always liked the way it sounds. In context, it's even better, but I don't have time and space to illuminate all of that. However, as a strictly **Taurus** exclamation? Try it, out loud, right now, "The game's afoot!" Means that it is time that someone take some action of some sort. Someone. **Taurus**, maybe? Or maybe, like King Henry (5), your job is to rally the troops, motivate the team members, get the **Taurus** squad back on point and headed in the correct direction. Charge! In order to get there? Simple expression coined from Shakespeare's works, but useful enough both in — and out — of [context](#) at this moment. Come on **Taurus**, are you with me? "The game's afoot!"

Gemini



The Twins

A recent posting on [Social Media](#) was a friend (of a friend) asking for a few kind words. I know the astrology chart, and what immediately came to my mind? "Tough, nutty exterior, but she's filled with tasty, creamy nougat." I didn't post it, but this was just a few days ago, so I can run the compliment — it is a compliment from me — and that addresses two items. One, there is that friend and she needed a kindly word or two, and that's my statement.

"Tough, nutty exterior, but she's filled with tasty, creamy nougat."

However, as a secondary use of the statement, and using the current **Gemini** stars as guides? Same applies. Same term, some kind words, and there's the idea that there is a cream-filled (gentle, kind, tasteful) **Gemini** energy wrapped up in a tough, almost bitter, crust-like exterior coating. The nuts are a wrapping to make the creamy, gooey, delicious filling easier to handle. As a **Gemini**, or for a guideline in dealing with **Gemini** in the next week? Remember, there's a tough exterior to make the interior easy to deal with.

Cancer



The Crab

Venus and Jupiter make nice-like, and this is weird for the **Moon Children**. There's a sudden, hopeful expectancy about the times. There's that heady rush that there is something wending its way down the old pike, headed towards the **Moon Children**, and this ought to be good. Any fire at all, in a watery sign's chart gets lit up by this action. Mostly just Mars playing off against the Jupiter-Venus alignment, but still, there is a hint that there is fire, hence the sudden, hopeful expectancy. But with that hope for a brighter future — this week — there is also the sense that this might be an artful dream. The quicker of the **Cancer** signs will figure a way to make this work. Latch onto that hopeful, "There's **something good** right around the corner" feeling. Because, way I see it, there is something right around the corner that is good. Better. Best for you. Realize, too, that this is a fleeting feeling, and as such, requires a pointed bit of action on the part of the **Moon Children**; pointed action is

required to seize that momentary sense and stretch it out to last for a while.

The Leo

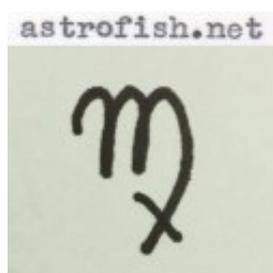


The Leo

Old buddy of mine used to claim he was nothing but a “Big picture guy.” In other words? He was an idea person, but not responsible for execution. Made a great manager, in some settings as he could roughly sketch ideas, plans, and directions, but he was not responsible for the minute management of the little parts and pieces that keeps everything running. However, this is a week when **The Leo** is required to pay attention to the details. The little things. The minute parts that make it all work? The bits and pieces, the details I tend to leave for a *Virgo* to sweep up and complain about? Yes. That stuff. Bits and pieces. Minutiae. “God is in the details,” and that expression is so very true for **The Leo**, this week. Someone has to look after all the intricate, moving parts and that’s up to **The Leo**. “But,” I can hear it, “I’m an idea person, I’m a big picture kind of a guy.” Yes, and usually that’s perfect for **The Leo**, but this next few days, especially once the Sun ships into *Aquarius*? Details. “God is in the details,” and we can’t have good without bad, so failure to attend the details? Results in problems, confusion, and, as it turns out, yes, I warned you, but if **The Leo** doesn’t look after this, then who will?

Ever date a *Virgo*?

Virgo



The Virgin

Simply put, it’s called “pattern recognition.” Seeing an over-arching pattern, a similar set of beliefs, a set of behaviors that haven’t seemed to change? Same phrase, over and over? Like, I always talk about how many **Virgo** females I’ve dated, which is true. Just simple facts, really, in my example. Never ended particularly well for me. I also know enough to know to admire, respect, and **steer clear** of **Virgo** females. The problem being — and this is **not** gender specific — there’s that appeal. That love, grace, charm, wit, intellect, all part of what makes **Virgo**, well, *Virgo*. Also part of what might help, this next few days, full moon and all. There are some relative patterns that are clear, to you, to your friends, and, in one case, to me. If you have to ask, “Do you think I do this too much?” Might be a problem. Might be part of the pattern I’ve talked about, and now? Now isn’t the best time to break the pattern, but recognizing a recurrent set of behaviors, a similar set of words and wording, or even just attractions to “wrong” people? I’m not asking for changes, just recognize — and acknowledge — that your **Virgo** self sees the same pattern the rest of us seem to detect.

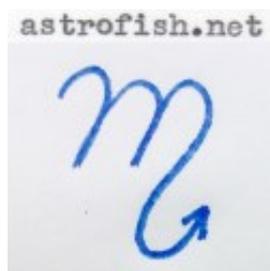
Libra



The Scales

In a [coffee shop](#) last week, I found an old Sunday paper. Newspaper with ads, mostly ads, precious little content, but after flipping through the summary front pages and useless op-ed, I found a pull-out for a certain sports store chain, along with all their specials for that week. Soccer balls and deer rifles. I am always amused by the term “Sporting Rifles,” which, to my untrained eye, look a lot like assault weapons, but what do I know? Interesting stuff, intellectually, but I was more concentrated on fishing gear. Looking for deals on fishing gear. I consider this “shopping,” and I tend to see this as acquiring knowledge about current trends in bait colors, the new look for the season after the spawn this year? Freshwater looks like “Chartreuse - Pumpkin,” and thinking about that, I wonder why no one has introduced a “Pumpkin Spice Flavor” for fishing gear. It would probably work, right? “The flavor that bass crave, pumpkin-spice!” Moving on, I was sorting through ideas, color combinations, the latest trend in fishing pole technology, and what looks good — this week — for **Libra**? Shopping. Shopping for ideas. Thinking about possible plans. Looking at a gear ad, made me think that I can get a few items sorted out, and then get ready for the up and coming spring season. At least one buddy has been on the water already, although, personally, I think that’s just plan crazy in the winter. But hey. He reported a good time was had by all. We’re getting ready for a spring season here, in **Libra**, and that includes shopping. Maybe not buying, just yet, but shopping? Sure.

Scorpio



Scorpion

A dozen years ago, maybe two decades back? I found a place in Austin that was selling bottled water that was labeled as “Austin Tap Water.” Not purified water. Not refined and triple filtered water, but simple tap water, presumably, from the faucet. In my mind’s eye, I always held an image of old Austin guy, rinsing out discarded, plastic bottles, and refilling them with water from his kitchen faucet. Pleasant kind of notion, amusing on some levels. I always did suggest that the tap water in Austin tasted better. Could be location, could be the *Violet Crown*, could be proximity, could be drugs in the water, or it could be mythology.

Repeat it often enough, and some people will believe.

Landing in Austin’s [old airport](#), and even at the new one, I can recall watching the teal-colored shallows clearly visible, mostly just east of Austin. Water bodies that were naturally shaded a light, aqua-marine. Doesn’t matter where you live, though, as a possible side-venture, a little extra **Scorpio** cash? Think about bottling and labeling the local water as just that. This lunar phase sparks ideas in the old, **Scorpio** brain. While what I was suggesting is patently absurd, I’m sure there are certain people still paying for this kind of bottle water. Might seem like a ridiculous idea, but until you try? We’ll never know. You could get rich; I’m in for 1%.

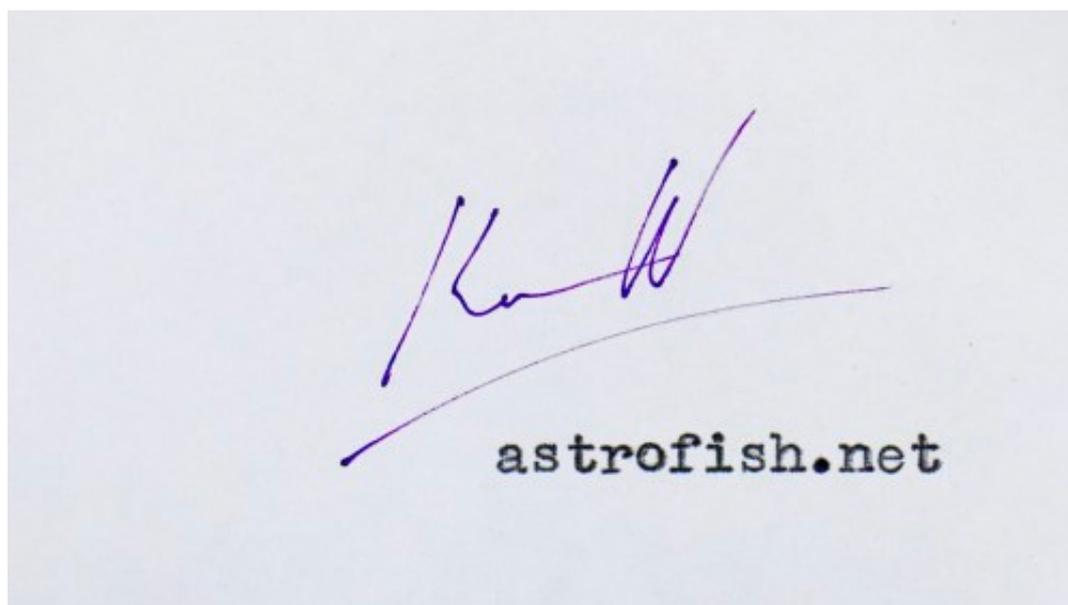
Sagittarius



Sagittarius

I get a little sideways, behind some kind of scholarship on a particular play by Shakespeare, and then I won't let go. Helps to have seen the play in production, more than once. On stage, for this one play, and more than once, as a movie. I get to be like a dog with a bone, and I won't stop gnawing on various minor plot elements, nuances of performance, and general trivia about the play, both in performance, and in a historical perspective. In my career writing horoscopes, I stumbled across more readily available data that helps paint a better picture, about the play, about the history of the time, and this scholarship lends a much fuller backstory. Shakespeare's (dry, boring) history plays — *Henry V* is an exception — have a reputation of being just that, more matter with fewer sword fights. No romance.

As a **Sagittarius**, though, this is of more [interest](#), the way I can get carried away with cursory "research," filling in gaping holes in my education, and I might add, in true **Sagittarius** fashion, filling in the those holes in a wandering, serendipitous way, following links and clues, digging around in old text books, then watching a movie. While it looks like I might be just avoiding work, the actual subject matter is poignant and has much to do with our planets. With this Full Moon? Dig around, get stuck on one topic, research that, look at the compelling backstory. All helps paint a better picture in our **Sagittarius** minds.



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Horoscopes for 1.24.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, January 23, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/01/horoscopes-for-1-24-2019/>

Horoscopes for 1.24.2019

Sweet now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do. Hush and be [mute](#),
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Prospero in Shakespeare's *The Tempest* 4.1.123-6

astrofish.net/travel for appearances

Horoscopes for 1.24.2019

This horoscope starts with a *Virgo Moon*, why, like the opening quote, I wanted to invoke **Silence!**

Aquarius



Water Bearer

I found this great quote, from the so-called founder of a local chain. Thought it was great. The problem being, when looking, either on the web, or in other stores, I could find no corroborating evidence that it was an actual sentiment from the chain's namesake. Great idea, excellent inspirational quote, no supporting documentation — whatsoever. I don't require much, innuendo, hearsay, suggestive titles, hints, and hunches, yes, any of that would work, in this situation. Alas? I got nothing. No other evidence besides a plain piece of paper from — looks like an ink jet printer — with no way to know if it is real — or not real at all. Kind of what I was thinking about, as I'm still trying to get some kind of corroboration, supporting evidence in one form, or another, I don't much care, but I need to see something, in print, that supports my hunch. Feeling. It's a feeling, and it felt like it *could* be true, but then, it also — lack of any evidential support — feels like it might not be true. The total lack of evidence? Kind of supports my theory that it was a made-up quote. Not that I would ever let that get in the way, [either](#). Wasn't it Shakespeare who said, "Trust not the world wide web?" Happy **Aquarius** birthday, but check out the evidence before jumping on it.

Pisces

Goals, desire, directions. Wish I was better at that myself, but I'm not **Pisces**. This is momentary time when we stop, pause, think, and consider. Goals, desire, directions. So the first question is, "What are your **Pisces** goals?" Second question, kind of obvious, I guess, I make this easy, right? Second question is, "How do your **Pisces** desires align with those goals?" Finally, there's the third question, but I think you can easily see this one headed your way, right?

The third question is, "What is the best direction to use those desires to attain those goals," as previously asked and

ascertained? How to get “there” from “here” using that lovely **Pisces** drive to attain the objective? What I found helps is to align desires and goals with each other. There will be a time when this will make more sense — another week or two. However, as jumping off point, while everyone else is worried about immediate present concerns, I’m suggesting a little longer view. Down the road, big picture, serious stuff. **Pisces** goals, desires, directions. Then, think about aligning at least two of those, the goals and desires, and see if that doesn’t yield — eventually — a better direction. **Pisces** should be thinking about those three topics, goals, desires, directions. Alignment.

Aries

One of my favorite comments?

“It is better/easier to beg forgiveness than ask for permission.”

Adjust as need be, either after, or before, the current action. This week leads to a situation where a typical **Aries** is stuck with a that very question, “Huh. Should’ve asked first, I guess.” Not always a pleasant iteration of this kind of situation. I tend to find it amusing, but then, I’m not the **Aries** stuck with the question, or the statement, right? There’s the situation itself, and then there’s the statement or the question, is it better to ask before you do what you know might not be right, but would be a ton of fun, anyway? Or should you ask, first, knowing full well that the answer would be a “No,” but that might not stop you. Which is why, this week, I’m offering a question or statement, and it can be adjusted, as the situation requires. Two versions, one is delivered with a shrug, and the other is an imploring question. Going to need it, this week. You don’t mind if I listen in, do you?

Taurus

A guy flounced into a chair in front of me. There was a certain air about him, not exactly *macho*, but I’m not one to judge. Don’t much care, either, as one’s sexual orientation is personal, and I don’t judge (I try not to judge; I’m only human, but I tend to be more open about it). But after so many years, professionally, in old [Austin](#) and then just “around,” I learned I’m not a good one for making that call, gay or straight. Doesn’t matter, either, not to me. “So, you like girls or boys?” Standard question from me. This one guy was funny, flounced, remember? Air carried the rainbow banner, but I’ve long since learned not to judge. “Well,” he started coquettishly, “I like girls, but I ‘date’ boys. Boy. My partner is a guy, too.”

Perfect. Turns out he wanted to talk business, not partner, which was fine. *I make a sincere effort not to judge*. What this has to do with **Taurus** at the moment? Make an effort not to *pre-judge*. In my example, I was not judging, but observing. Most straight guys don’t dress quite that well, and most straight guys, with the exception of two of my *Virgo* fishing buddies, don’t coordinate accessories that well, either. So the standards are going to get blurred, and with the first half of his answer, despite its tone, “Well, I like girls, but I date boys,” that kind of set-up? Almost had me. Think I might use that next time I’m asked, too, “Kramer, are you gay or straight?” I like guys, but I date women? **Taurus**? Careful with assumptions and hasty conclusions, arrived ahead of the receipt of full information.

Gemini

I had a curious look on my face. Girlfriend asked what was up. “I’m thinking,” I said. Last time I’d seen the same look I had on my face? Buddy’s two-year old was in the process of filling a diaper. There was a pause in the child’s activity, and a quizzical expression, then, well, guess the results. But I really was thinking. Not thinking quite as fleet of thought or as across the board as a **Gemini**, but thinking nonetheless. That kind of pause, built into this week’s hectic **Gemini** schedule? That will help.

In my situation I was clearing my head, and trying to wrap words around a concept that I could easily see the connection in my mind’s eye, just couldn’t find the right way to write. My buddy’s kid? That child was also trying to complete a process. The kid was more effective, better results, better proof of concept, so to speak, than what I was working on that time. Still, both

examples represent the same energy for what is present in **Gemini** at the moment.

So, what are doing? “I’m thinking.”

For some of us, this looks like a painful process, and requires a lot of concentration.

How do you answer that?

“I’m thinking.”

Cancer

I like it when I can look down at my schedule and see that I am booked out for weeks at a time. While it implies I’m busy, there also a sense of satisfaction, knowing that I have a continuous stream of incoming work. For one, I like the work; I rather enjoy my “day job.” But there is a second emotional component, knowing, in advance, that there is a steady stream of available income. There is a certain, pervasive sense of calm that comes from knowing that I have sown the seeds, and looking at my schedule? I can see that the fruits of the efforts can be harvested. Will be. All scheduled up, ready to roll. I used to comment about people like me, in our line of work, “Live and die by the appointment book,” so to speak. Not exactly true, but close enough. I see my full schedule, and I wonder about lunch. However, this has proven to be an effective way to deal with business, such as it is. I’m not sure what it is that constitutes “success” to the **Moon Children**. Knowing, in advance, when, and where, I’m supposed to be? That works for me. Whatever that indicator is, for the **Sign of the Crab**? Like me with a scheduled appointments book? That’s what this week is all about.

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The Leo

In one set of circles, there’s a curious understanding. “It’s not about you,” which, in fact, makes it all about you. So this next few days, get comfortable with the *Sun in Aquarius*, my extra fine **Leo** friend, as, like in that one set of friends?

“It’s not about you.”

Ah, but it really is about you. The covering, the statement, the [irony](#) of the situation is that it appears to be “Not about you,” and then, if you dig a little deeper, it is about you, but who’s going notice? No one. No worries. Remember, **The Leo**?

“It’s not about you.”

Simple enough, really, practiced the line, “It’s not about me,” when, ah, come on, it really is **all about you**.

Virgo

“Is [Mercury in Retrograde](#) now?” No. It is conjunct the Sun, and the Sun is in *Aquarius* at the moment. “So it’s like [Mercury in Retrograde](#), now?” No, in fact, I would read this as quite the opposite, but your **Virgo mileage may vary**. The pressure makes it feel like [Mercury in Retrograde](#), but that’s not the actual condition. It’s a combination of elements, Moon, Saturn, Jupiter, and

Venus. There are two, to me, easy ways to deal with this. The first is to prioritize. What is the first, **Virgo**, *mission-critical* task that must be handled? Yes, priorities. That's the first thing, the easiest task to accomplish, put it all in order that it much be accomplished. Simple, right? First things first, as some would admonish. Priorities. Get those **Virgo** priorities prioritized. That's the easiest way, then, the second half of this? Tackle, undertake, address the first item on that list. The highest priority item, first. Simple, isn't it? Two parts to this process, for **Virgo** success, next few days, one, prioritize a list of what needs to be done. Two? Start at the top of the list with the goals, objectives, tasks that can be accomplished and start doing it. Super simple.

Libra

Let's make this binary, might help for the **Libra** slice of the heavens. Most of the winter days are bitterly cold, but then, in a week or so, it warms up and I can wear shorts. The deal is, the weather is warm enough for shorts during the middle of the day, but if I have to roust earlier, then, maybe not so much for my fair-weather self. It's very simple, I can be comfortable — and cool — for part of the middle of the day, but that means I'll be cold in the early morning and the late afternoon into evening. Choices. Always choices. Simple enough and it is a plain, very binary question, a simple “Yes/No” answer is all that is required. However, it depends on much more, too, as the question arises whether I have to spend any length of time out of doors, be that early morning, or after dark in the evening, and if so, is more than just dash to warm car, or is it further? If it's any further than just a few feet, I'll want to wear long pants and boots, and, I am, traditionally, a serious lightweight when it comes to cold weather. Still, after a cold front and few days all bundled up, I want my legs to be free. Tough decision, but basically, this is a simple binary choice: be cool, in shorts, but also be cold for most of the day. Or? Wear long pants and suffer, but at least I won't be uncomfortably cold. For **Libra**, in case it isn't clear, this is about weighing one decision, one choice, one possible outcome against the others. Which one wins out? For me? I'll wear shorts and suffer. For **Libra**, though? Maybe go with comfort — instead of fashion statement. Wait, shorts are comfort over fashion. Aren't they?

Scorpio

You do know, I don't have any [ink](#)? No tattoos, right? While I'm not opposed, in fact, I rather admire much of the artwork, no, not my thing, personally. But I do admire it. There was a spritely young **Scorpio** I knew from work, and she had an elfin face, and the limber frame of a young person, able to bend, facile mind, and even with her waif-like appearance, knowing just a few things about her chart, I knew she was more than capable and quite strong. Over the ensuing weeks, as I got to know her a little bit more, the delicate, elfin air persisted, but one day, her outer garment fell to reveal extensive artwork, clearly visible from one shoulder blade, crawling back under her shirt. I caught glimpses of an impressive amount of ink, and as some of it was across her shoulder blades, and bony frame, it was probably painful, at one time. Gorgeous work, and part of the collective — so I must admire the artwork. But that also points to a common **Scorpio** fallacy, judging my little, sprite-like, waifish **Scorpio** as a lightweight. Never, ever underestimate a **Scorpio**, and, unlike me, perhaps be less quick to make assumptions based solely on appearance.

Sagittarius

St. Valentine's Day is a holiday with no substantial support. Not that it doesn't exist as *the most romantic time*, which is what I hear, but there no astronomical support for the event. Xmas, timed with the Winter Solstice, Easter, timed with the Moon, and so forth. Except for **St. Valentine's Day**, no rational explanation — no rhyme or reason to pop this up in the middle of *Aquarius*. And yet? There it is. No real reason, no ties to any season, just there. If the ads, circulars, flyers, and online noise hasn't altered your **Sagittarius** self yet about this make-believe holiday? Then this is formal notice. Maybe a note to myself as much as anything else, yeah, that's it, a reminder that this is an up and coming event, and best we prepare as we can. One buddy — not named “bubba” — used to refer to it as “National Extortion Day,” because he had a series of expensive, failed relationships. Bit bitter. Honestly, I did warn him, but he never listened. The stars don't lie. This is a heads up about matters romantic for **Sagittarius**. The times and tone of the times has shifted. If you are single, then stop scrambling for a date in the next three weeks, as that can save you bad decisions. However, if you are romantically linked? Get the flowers, cards, chocolate — or whatever — lined up, and get that lined up **now**. “But Kramer, you always admonish, ‘don't do today what you can put off to next week!’ isn't that right?” Yes, usually, but this aren't usual times. Don't put it off.

Capricorn

Old girlfriend had bunion surgery. Chatting with her, amicable-like, I was asking if there was anything I could to help. Water, comfort, and other items. What I did was listen to the nightmare of medical billing practices.

“They told me it would cost nothing with my insurance!”

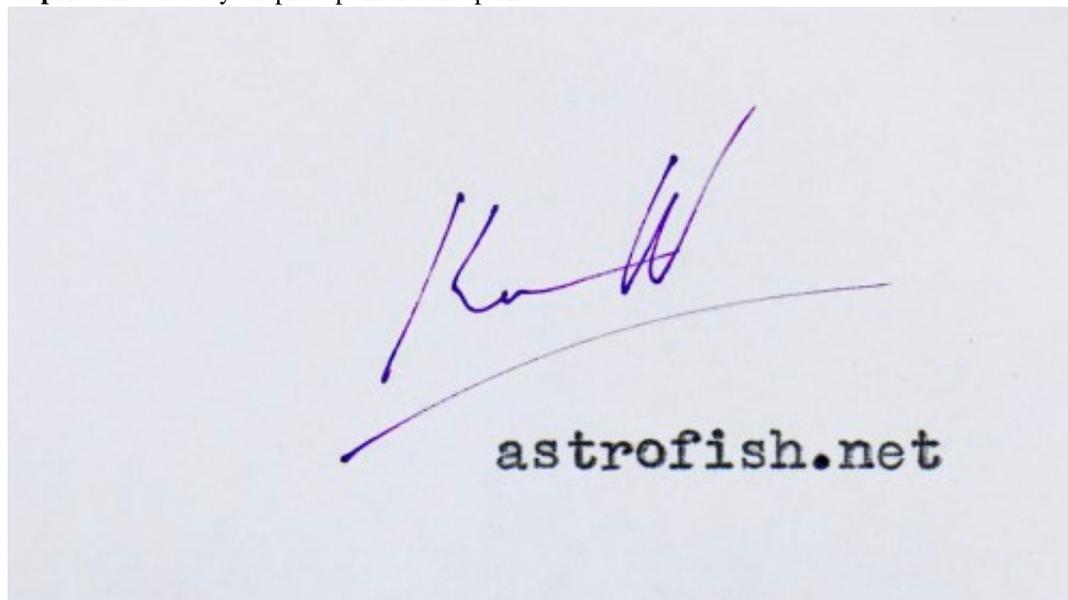
As the story unfolded, it cost a couple thousand dollars on top of the inconvenience of being off her feet for a few weeks, and time off from work, ordering food, hobbling to the bathroom, the indignity of fashion, and worse?

“If I’d known it was going to cost — they told me no money out with my insurance — if I’d known? I wouldn’t be doing this in the first place!”

Properly indignant, I’m sure, but this short interchange brought up the idea that there is a price-point for pain. At what point is the pain bearable because it would cost too much to fix? Valid question as this week unfolds, and one that the good **Capricorn** should be asking, what’s the price of the pain? At what point does the cost **not** justify correction?

“For that much money, you can just buy new shoes that fit better. Like a whole closet. Maybe a new outfit, too. Day-ham.”

Capricorn: what’s your price point for the pain?



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Horoscopes for 1.31.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, January 30, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/01/horoscopes-for-1-31-2019/>

Thy labour rather to be feared than loved,
To satisfy thy lust in either part,
Here am I come, and with me have I brought
Exceeding store of treasure, pearl, and coin.

King John in Shakespeare's *Edward III* III.iii.64-7

Technically, there is much academic discussion about whether or not the play, *Edward III* is either a Shakespeare play or [pure Shakespeare play](#) — but the quote fit with some of the stars, and therefore? I call it good enough. Close enough.

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[Happy Birthday!](#)

Horoscopes for 1.31.2019

Aquarius



The Water Bearer

At first this was going to be about a T-[Shirt](#) I saw, but then, I realized the message wouldn't convert across a broad spectrum of **Aquarius**. One or two, maybe, would not only understand but appreciate the humor. Therein is the problem, though, with this week's energy. It's private, and not broad-based at all. While the intricate nature of the **Aquarius** mind understands this, once we're out of the **Aquarius** comfort zone, essentially the single **Aquarius** mind itself, once we all leave that headspace?

Yeah, the jokes don't go over, no one [gets the humor](#), and strained metaphors are lost. The rest of the world, the rest of the non-**Aquarius** world? They just don't "get it," and since I'm not **Aquarius** myself, I don't "get it," either.

Which is the problem. [No easy answers](#) except, perhaps to laugh amongst yourself. Surely there is another birthday person close at hand, and you two can share in the merriment. The rest of us? Yeah, a lot of the rest of the other signs, the other energies as depicted by the [arrows](#) and symbols? Yeah, a lot, maybe most, if not all? Most of us just don't see what you find so funny. Well, except for me, I get it, but only part way, and that's only because I was looking at your stars and I understand that

much.

Pisces

Combine [disparate elements](#). Simply put? Take two items that don't belong next to each other, and put them together. The obvious example? Peanut butter and chocolate. I realize that some of the readers of this web page have an allergy to some stuff, like maybe peanuts, but that's merely an example. Me? I'm not a fan of chocolate, but again, this is merely an example. Disparate items that don't usually belong next to each other. [Disparate](#) times?

Another example I really liked was some *Latin* music, complete with trumpets, accordion, brass, all of that? Or, another example, better yet, now that I think about it, it was *mariachi* band, doing **metal** cover songs. "Welcome to the Jungle." More ways than one. "Smoke on the Water," and "Sweet Child of Mine," and a personal favorite, the national anthem of Australia? "[Thunderstruck](#)." All done *mariachi-style*. Elements that might not belong next to each other, and that's how to blend this week's **Pisces** energies to move yourself forward.

Aries

As an **Aries** compliant person, I understand. The problem, the challenge, see, this is really two big planets, and some small stuff, but the big planets? Let's look at *Uranus* and *Neptune*, Uranus in **Aries**, but at last pass, final stage, and Neptune, lurking along in the sign before you, *Pisces*. The dynamic is an internal patter that suggests, "I can see for miles and [miles](#)..."

There's a huge ability your **Aries** self thinks, feels, like, like you can see forever and ever. You can see how all the cosmic cogs and wheels work, from solar systems and galaxies, right down to the sub-atomic pieces that are the foundations of the world we all know. All of this is clear to your **Aries** self. That much is good. How can you communicate this information to the rest of us? It's a challenge, and I'm not sure that you should really try to communicate all that you know, see, and feel, at this moment? Great wisdom, excellent insight, spot-on [intuition](#)? Yes. Try to tell us how to use it? Maybe not yet.

Taurus

There's a kind of check up that is required of my fine **Taurus** friends. There's a cosmic overview required. I was watching some concert footage, and one of the shots was obviously a drone, zooming in from on high, getting closer and closer, then fade and pan to the star, then back out to the audience. It was that drone footage, I was thinking about, an overview of sorts. Wow, big crowd. Or crowd that looks big, although, I wonder, not sure. There's a way to film it, zooming in on the drone's feed, makes a few hundred people look like thousands.

Either way, this is about a cosmic overview for **Taurus**.

Choices, directions, ideas, new ideas, or old ideas that are [perfectly](#) useful. That was part of the reason for the cosmic overview, you know? There's big desire for change, but change doesn't always get us where we want to be. Change, just for the sake change? Works for me, but I'm so not **Taurus**. And the cosmic overview, try that, and I think you'll find the old idea, implemented properly, works just fine, if not better. Take a moment, though, don't [believe](#) what I say

Gemini

"A perfect body in 12 weeks, with our patented system!" I looked at the system. The biggest obstacle? That perfect body required exercise on a daily basis, everyday, for that 12 weeks. That's like the elliptical in the garage, right? The treadmill that was in the bedroom then the garage, and finally on the back porch? The miracle 12 week workout to a perfect body? Same deal. I never bought any of those devices, nor, for that matter, did I ever even join a gym. I am a fair weather walker. But that's me. As a **Gemini**, this week offers a new device, plan, product, with a low, [low price](#) of only... I don't know, last one, the

idea for this horoscope was a product that was over a hundred bucks, and I would bet that it would be abandoned by day three. "I'm going to work out every morning!" You get up early the first two mornings, then, by the third day, hit the snooze and sleep through the workout. "Oops, can't be late for work," and then the [litany of excuses](#), "it was a rough day, too tired," and so forth. Not like any of this is new. Instead of embarking on a **Gemini** voyage you have no real chance of completing? Instead of buying that new product that history shows, **Gemini** history proves it won't be used next week? Instead? Work with what you've already got. Much better.

Cancer

There is a certain amount of "administration" that is required. In our "modern" lives, I let the computer — and other processes — handle as much as possible. However, I find that I have to do a certain amount of bookkeeping, or administration, or looking after details, paying bills, answering correspondence, that kind of activity. Returning calls, sometimes, that simple. Sometimes, this is a pleasurable task. Sometimes, it just takes time, and sometimes, there's almost and overwhelming amount of details, and I feel like I can't keep up, or, worse, I just don't want to keep up.

Administration.

My recording keeping system is one that works quite well, as I can access a birth chart I did more than 20 years go, with a simple point, click, and type a few letters. Same for accountant data, or website stats. Whatever it is, I have pretty simple system that's taken years to streamline. Still, it requires a certain amount of administration. This stuff doesn't do it all may itself. This is the time to tend to some of the **Moon Childrens'** "administration." Not hard work, but if you can focus on the tiniest of details right now? This pays off huge in the coming weeks. Details, now. Big picture, success, later. Details, now.

The Leo

One of the most valuable teachers in my life has been one fishing buddy's kids. I learned more from them, these days. Just being around them is fun, but they seem to grow pretty fast, too. One of them, he was about 3? 4? I don't know, seemed tiny at the time, he had this habit of repeating the last few words of whatever I was saying, or whatever anyone said.

"Anyone said?"

And his repetitive phrasing, usually with a questioning tone, asked for clarity. Plus understanding.

"Understanding?"

Yes, he was a little copy-cat. Mime. Mimic.

"Mimic?"

See how this works? But as a bridge in conversation, plus, I'm pretty sure, for him, his little neural pathways were just forming, and he was asking so he could understand meanings better. Language is nothing more than a brain operating system.

"Operating system?"

While it was almost annoying, at first, when I understood it was his wee child brain trying to understand language, and the nuance of meanings. I was willing to learn about learning from a child. There's a stranger little influence, and all I can suggest is that **The Leo** be willing to learn from the child.

"Learn from the child?"

Exactly, **Leo** dear.

Virgo

Borrowed from an [online journal](#) I tend to read, I learned a great travel secret, which, in time, has become a basic business tenet. Or life hack, whatever your **Virgo** self wants to call it. I've used, over the years a road warrior then just a commuter, I've used variety of satchels, messenger bags, backpacks, and suitcases. This trick is the simplest way to address what's happening, astrologically, and I probably suggested this a few weeks ago — and no one listened. Here again, then? Hear again? After working out of the same shoulder bag, for several weeks, I decided it was time to “house clean.” All I did was dump everything out of my *Every Day Carry* bag. There were a couple of those peanut butter packets, a tattered but intact Oolong tea bag, still sealed. Tucked in pocket was some loose change. I like carry three or four pens, but somehow, I had accumulated close to a dozen. This is a simple, right here, right now, example of what I did. What you can do. It can be a purse, a man-purse, backpack, briefcase, suitcase, valise, I don't care. Pockets. In a few more weeks, I'll be in shorts full time, and my cargo pockets tend to accumulate a number of items, just like this. Whatever it is? Time for a quick **Virgo** cleanse. Not a wholesale, “Everything must go!” kind of a deal, but a simple, easy hack that makes life much easier. I found some forms that required signatures and needed to be mailed. Wouldn't have found those if I hadn't dumped everything out of my bag. See how it works for you?

Libra

Punctuation. Use it. The best example, this might be a little too close for one friend, but whatever. The simplest example is “Let's eat, Grandma.” Compare and contrast to that without the proper punctuation “Let's eat Grandma.” From most of the grandma types I have encountered, a slow-roast, think 24 hours on the BBQ pit, would work best, maybe decent salt and pepper rub, touch of cayenne, just for that piquant spice. Wait, this isn't about some sort of sick, twisted cannibalistic humor. No, this is about punctuation. Mars, in *Aries* approaches Uranus, in *Aries*, and this is an **astrological** form of punctuation for **Libra**. What this means to some, “Put a pin in it, and we'll get back to this. Later.” Very important, how we use this punctuation. There's an instant, headlong rush, that seems to urge, push, coerce, and otherwise make a situation seem way more urgent than it really might be. Punctuation. Simple as that. A little astrological punctuation can save **Libra**, especially a **Libra** grandma.

Scorpio

There's a “ticker” that runs on an old tablet of mine. Sits in my office, and taps a certain webpage every 90 seconds. Simple piece of code. Simple snippet of computer code, an easy set of directions, and what that tiny bit of code does? It checks a certain web server, and then, with its promise of “99% Uptime?” I can make sure. What that little window on a server really shows? The most frequent failure? It isn't with the web server, as that seems to run fairly flawlessly with no problems and not much [downtime](#) in the last few years. No, the failures tend to stem from my local internet access. Living in the suburbs, for some reason reliable internet access, “Always on,” and “we never sleep?” I get sporadic outages. Weather has a part to play with this, as does local traffic, and the hours. Seems a 5-6 PM window, seems like the traffic is more intense, and that slows things down. Fiber optic, satellite dish, cable modem, old copper wires, I've tried them all. There is also a price/performance point, too, where I'm willing to have a little less speed in exchange for a much cheaper bill. But this isn't about internet service provider, this is about actual service interruptions. I can tell, as my tickler — every 90 seconds — it checks and reports. I can tell when there's been a local outage. That ticker, it helps me track real results. As a **Scorpio**, we need a ticker, a tickler file, whatever you want to call it, and have that check, compulsively, electronically, automatically, every 90 seconds. Helps to have facts, for dates and times when the sales guy — or repair guy — gets in touch to address our “problem.”

Sagittarius

The ubiquity of the “smart phone” is both a joy and heartache. This is also not [brand-specific](#), or even device-centric. How this plays, I was toying with the settings, really, I was trying to silence an obnoxious alarm on the phone-set, and what I happened through, digging around in the settings and preferences? I found a way to increase the display size of the type. The font face, but I think neither is really the correct name for the display typeface. Just bumped the display size up from “Med.” to “Large.”

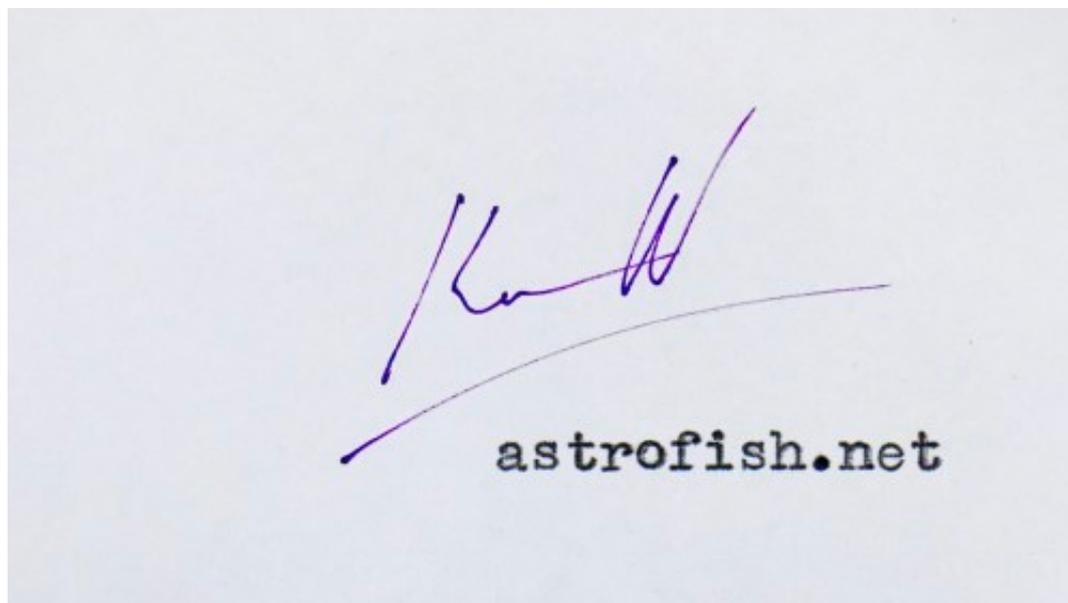
What it means for me? I can see without the reading glasses, or, I can make out numbers and directions, appointments, notes and filed data, all that crap we carry around on phones? I can see that material easier. Granted, with the larger type, there is less data on the screen, at a given moment, but I can read it much easier, with less chance of a misunderstanding. Turns out, my phone can also take dictation, answer questions, and adjust the thermostat. I'm less interested in that kind of action, and more interested in communications, which is what this week is about. Could be — for **Sagittarius** — something as simple as adjusting the font size and display face on the a phone. Might be more complicated like laptop, or desktop, or something else, but it could be super simple, like a phone's display settings.

Capricorn

A new dawn, a new day. I don't get out as often, especially not during the dark, [winter months](#), I don't see the sunrise nearly as often during these times. However, like a [pink-tinged](#), rose-hued, icy-tendrils of light prying through the morning mist? It's a new day and new dawn for **Capricorn**. With *Saturn*, though, I tend to see this as a new start to an old problem. A fresh set of eyes on an existing issue. A different way of approaching what seems to be an insurmountable challenge. Different views, and one idea is to merely sit with the problem, for a spell. Not actually tackle anything, just sit and look at the issue. Turn it over on its side, look around behind it, check the underside. The garage floor is cold, hard concrete. Yet getting down and looking up, under the truck? Makes it much easier to see what that noise was the other day, the troublesome sound. It's a starting point. Looking at a challenge that seems to be impossible in this fresh light, the cold, harsh light of the new dawn? Looking at the **Capricorn** challenge now? Helps find new answers to old problems.

“Wow! I never thought about it like that!”

See?



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Horoscopes for 2.7.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, February 06, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/02/horoscopes-for-2-7-2019/>

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Richard 3 V.iii.350-1

Kramer in Austin
[Happy Birthday!](#)

Horoscopes for 2.7.2019

Aquarius



The Water Bearer All the [oddities](#) of current events made me pause and reconsider. One of my first years in this business, a harsh February day in South Texas? I found myself wandering the streets of a certain coastal town, and I didn't have on a shirt. One in hand, and I was merely sightseeing, playing tourist, or, as some belief systems would call it, "Doing a walk-about."

Early February, clear, warm, gentle zephyrs stir the moist air, distant breakers rolling in on the beaches. Laconic town, a month or more ahead of the usual spring break crush and ensuing madness. Port town. The Xmas months north of that place, cold weather, harsh winter winds, the usual, but south? Warm winds blowing and subtropical appeal — cowboys with surfboards. Think last year they also had "Surfing with Santa," but I'm not sure. What this is? A pleasant interlude in an otherwise unpleasant time. While it is certainly not bad for **Aquarius**, we have to understand why that is, just because, well, there are a number of other signs experiencing great discomfort at the moment. It's not **Aquarius**, but not everyone gets that. Have a happy birthday!

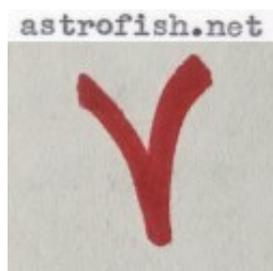
Pisces



The Fishes There are easy ways to deal with this type of week. A strong, conservative approach is what it takes. Maybe "strong" is the wrong word. But conservative approach is best as it serves the **Pisces** best in the bigger picture. Now isn't the time for the outlandish, over-the-top, or even uncharacteristically hyperbolic statements. Statements?

A statement can be attire. It can be an actual verbal statement. It can be an innocuous post online. There are number of different ways to make a statement, and the direction I'm urging, for **Pisces**, err on the side of conservative as an estimate. A conservative action. "I can get this done in 20 minutes," as an example. A good, *conservative* guess-estimate? "Better allow for about two hours." It's the time allowance and leaving wiggle room, or, as I suggested? A strong, conservative approach works best.

Aries



Aries The Ram A little bit of consistency goes a long to help my little **Aries** friends. Just a little consistency. The answer on Monday? Consistency. The answer on Tuesday? Consistency. On Wednesday? Care to take a guess? “Consistency?” Got it. Follows the rest of the week. Mars and Uranus, this is a hugely symbolic [event](#), and the way to insure the stars start to stack up to your **Aries** advantage?

“Consistency?”

Exactly. Answer hasn't changed, and while change is generally good, this week requires a consistent approach. Instead of giving into the suggestions of change for the sake of change? Think about a single, consistent answer. The exact same response on Monday, then again on Tuesday, Wednesday, and repeated as often as need be. “You're being stubborn!” No, the word, the byword, the catchphrase?

“Consistency.”

Works wonders for the **Aries** situation. Makes life easier, eventually, Just get through this week. Get through this week with some consistency.

Taurus



The Bull There are certain present opportunities in **Taurus**. Requires a subtle hand. Requires a deft touch. Perhaps a little bit of guile is best. Subterfuge? Even that, sure. What this requires, from **Taurus**, is a soft touch, a gentle hand at the tiller, is the first expression I really thought of.

“Gentle hand at the tiller” is really nautical in nature, but that's about how we steer through this next few days. Navigate. There's a simple course for **Taurus**, but the best route to thread your way through these apparent obstacles? Carefully. Slowly. More than one **Taurus** pressure will urge running headlong, willy-nilly, rushing in where fools fear to tread, and that kind of ill-thought-out *action* results in — results in unglamorous results. Doesn't end well, failing to carefully navigate. Test, tiptoe, scout, plot, ease gently forward. Makes better use of what's going on, and just blindly staggering forward? That might work for some of us, but the **Taurus** is best served by conservative approach that appears gentle and deliberate.

“I meant to go that way.”

Gemini



The TwinsMy original source for this week's [Shakespeare quote](#) — for years — [in person](#) — I would quote portions of the speech from *Henry 5*, “Once more unto the breach...” In part, this is because I am a rabble rouser. In part, this is because I have sick sense of humor. In part, just because. Part of me is a hopeless romantic. Consider that the line of text is taken not entirely out of context, as Richard III tries to motivate his troops, even as another noble deserts to the other side. Not a happy situation for the soon to be deposed king. On the eve of Valentine's Day, why would I invoke desperate characters, a literary rogue, of sorts? There's that twin element required of **Gemini**, the good and the bad, the evil twin, so to speak, and that's what's going to work. Need to be two places at once. Need to be the best of the best, and also, the best of the worst. Does that make sense? Jupiter opposes you, and the rest of the stuff in Capricorn, plus the Aquarius material (just mostly the Sun), all of that means **Gemini** plays two roles, and the first role is the bad guy. Have to see both sides to understand how to be the hero.

Cancer



The CrabWeird situation I was in, as I was in the *belly of the beast* — left coast — and it was coffee shop. The person behind the counter asked a question; I made a selection. I asked a question about process, and it turns out, me, even with accent — I sound “southern” to native West Coast people, I had her on the ropes. She paused to query a supervisor. Seems that I knew a thing or two about [coffee](#).

Problems, positions, possibilities? The message, the old guy with the drawl? He might be not be as stupid as you think. Careful about making a snap assumption based upon accent. Then, there's was the question itself about coffee. I've been a student of deluxe coffee and various methods of preparation for most my adult life, riding and cresting with the coffee waves, Third Wave coffee, even then. Then, to make sure I get my point across, the assumption that either I was stupid, or that the counter help at the fancy coffee shop knew the latest arcane data about coffee preparation and presentation? Equally bad, on our both our parts. When I was attempting to wrap my brain, and a decent analogy around this week's *Moon Child* energy, I kept thinking about that brief interaction, “Well, that's stupid,” was my first thought. However, it is about assumptions and a rush to judge that is not well served, on either side, this next few days.

The Leo



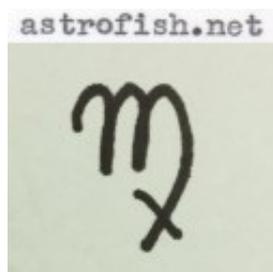
The LeoIn order of importance, which one is most important? 1, 234? Not really a word game, or

even a numbers game, no, although at least one majestic **Leo** will take this as some kind of a riddle. In effect, it is a conundrum, but in reality, it is more along the lines of a simple set of priorities. Which one is most important? In that series, one, two, three, four? I'll give you a hint.

“We start at the beginning.”

In some forms of storytelling, be it TV, movie, or novel? There's a common technique where the starting point starts in the middle. *In Media's Res*, fancy Latin term for it, means, “starts in the middle.” With this week's energy, we're starting at a point that might not be the beginning, which, as I started out with, what part of that sequence is most important? It's the Number One. 1. There will be a temptation, as **The Leo**, to jump in and get on towards the rest of the portions of the sequence, maybe 3 or 5, or anything else but that starting point. In a book, in a movie? Sure, that style works well. In real life, and especially — I cannot stress that enough — especially this week? Start at the beginning, not in the middle. There is a definite order, and starting, at the beginning, is what works best for **The Leo**.

Virgo



The VirginThere are a few scary items that still live in my world. This is about [fashion](#), too, and I'm not going to go on about the middle-aged person dressed in young, “Kicking it” clothes. This was a computer generated style, an amalgam of popular styles that really didn't work well together.

At some point, a designer gave an “OK” on this, or someone signed off on the production, but it's clear, this was not a well-thought out idea. I could easily see this as a joke, too, but no, it was a real item for sale in a real store, although, by now, it's probably — based on lack of sales — headed towards landfill. It was pointed-toed cowboy boot, not odd, and certainly common in my world, I have several pair, but it was the standard-looking cowboy boot with a “harness,” and that was the mark of the hippies, and their subsequent ilk, who would wear the “harness boots.” Then, there are the rednecks, and their ilk, who wear “cowboy boots.” There is plenty of fashion cross-over, too, where one group wears the footwear of the other, as I've worn cowboy boots my entire adult life. Still, as fond as I am of crossover appeal, this was one term that didn't work — at all.

The harness style was a reference to engineer boots, or cavalry, and the cowboy boot was built for people who spent their lives on the back of horses. Gratefully, that one computer image was the only one I've seen so far, and I hope it is the only one I ever see. Combinations of disparate elements is good, and good advice, but some elements really don't belong next to each other. Given the state of affairs? Use that **Virgo** sense of style before signing off on some new project.

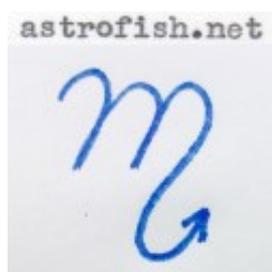
Libra



The ScalesIt's all the damn details. Details get in the way. Obsessing about little details, placement,

perfection, minor crap that doesn't matter? In the over-all picture, the big ideas in **Libra** are sound. It's the little details, and those are driving you, me, us, crazy. There's a marked tendency to get worked up about details — yes, I'll agree, the color selection is important — but getting to the obsessive and compulsive side of this? Really, is that important? The planets in *Capricorn*, then the approach of Mars and Uranus, doing a little dance right before Feb. 14? All of that adds up to discomfort, and then, as a good **Libra**, you'll find that we get obsessive about stupid details, and once Mr. Mars is long passed up Uranus? Too many details will appear insignificant, and probably subject to change. I'm just suggesting a way to stay out of the fray.

Scorpio



Scorpio This week culminates with a semi-annual, or really, bi-annual Mars/Uranus conjunction. Historically, not a big deal, just a little bump in the road. Hysterically? There is that. As I rewind the dates, every couple of years, not really a big deal, just that this happens at a “spacial place” in the *Aries* chart, and as such? Means something. Going into the big V-D holiday? Quick idea? Go as librarian. Not a slutty librarian, not a vampire nurse, zombie librarian, no, none of that. Find a little bit of that truly Victorian-era style. The *Victorian-era style* is perfect for **Scorpio**, as a way to do the unexpected. Which is what this week's energy is all about, am I right? The Victorian-era look was the buttoned up, corseted, lacquered, and layered look. Petticoats and cloth, yards, even acres of cloth to protect human body from ever being seen in the light of day. Suddenly, the concept is starting to make sense to **Scorpio**. Takes a few layers, and it is the opposite of what anyone would expect. See how that works?

Sagittarius



Sagittarius With Jupiter, there is always the great temptation — it's easy for **Sagittarius** to get distracted. Temptations, distractions, influences, or, as I like think, “Bright, shiny objects.” Trinkets, ideas, [books](#), concepts, new toys, old toys, raw material, supplies, artist's tools, paper, ink, brushes, keyboards, mice, it all adds up to distractions. In order to stay focused? New idea: no new stuff. Tools, toys, trinkets, none of that. “But if I just had this, then my life would be complete!” I am [Sagittarius](#), I have the exact same drive to acquire, and I am old enough to know, it's not the equipment. Fishing, other day, felt a nibble, set the hook, and I was left with nothing. Buddy looks over, and I nod, “I guess it's the fishing pole. Going to need a new one.” We both smirked. Hint: it is **not** the fishing pole. The only real need, in **Sagittarius**? Certain raw materials, like blank paper. Even that is a bit of a misguided idea, as I print so little these days. I will, occasionally, print up a [colorful astrological chart wheel](#), but usually, I can just text the image. Easier, and there is no real paper-printed chart. So the term, “raw material,” that can be a bit of a slippery slopes as a definition, too. The temptation is for more, and the current **Sagittarius** suggestion is to *not acquire* more this next few days.

“But wait, did you see this?”

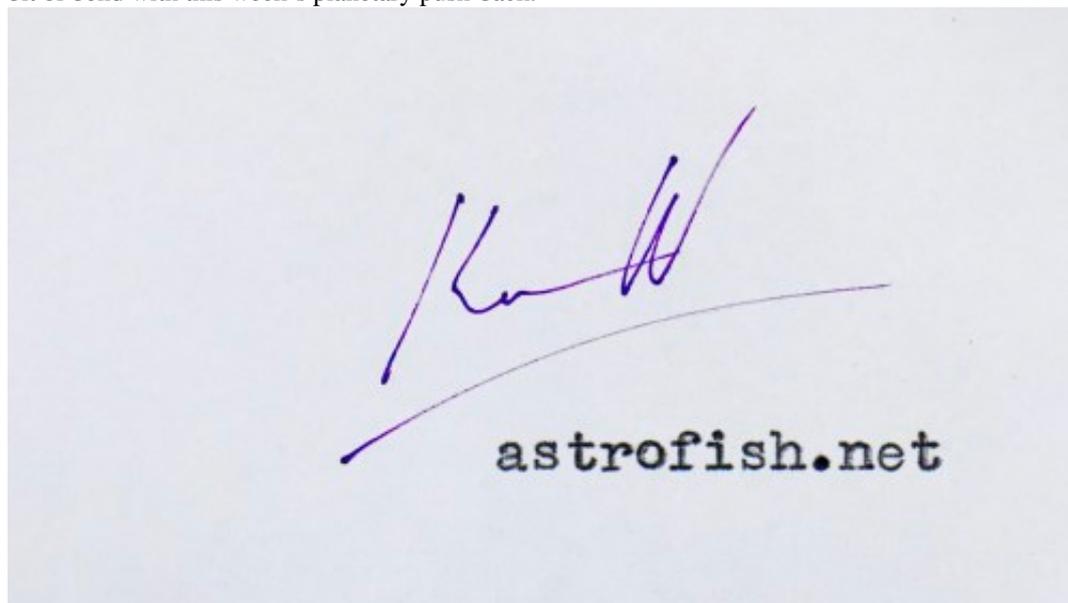
Not now. Maybe later.

Capricorn



The Sea Goat Looking for the correct way to approach this week's planets, in **Capricorn**, I was rethinking about the tone. From there, I thought about texture, and there is a planetary alignment — ongoing — that I was attempting to find a way to characterize. Leather, heavy cowhide, or a synthetic material, if that's a preference. Like suede? Sure. Leather is largely a raw resource that resembles its components elements, in part, a direct reflection of the cattle that the leather is from, the animal's no longer-used hide, but leather also carries the aromatic blend of whatever treatments are used.

In modern times, it's the chemical smell. Used to be a boot shop in old South Austin, and we would all wander in to sniff the leather "smell." In the market in San Antonio, there is a leather shop, not much more than a kiosk, and I'll still amble in for a sniff. Not sure what the aromatics are derived from, but we all know that smell. Sandals, boots, belts wallets, etc. The answer to the problems are in texture, not tone, and the correct texture? That old piece of leather, or leather-like material for that one animal friendly [vegan Capricorn](#), material that is tough, soft, looks rough, strong, durable, but still supple. Going to require a bit of bend with this week's planetary push-back.



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astrofish.net/travel for appearances

"Nothing runs on automatic." - L.W. "Bud" Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 2.14.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, February 13, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/02/horoscopes-for-2-14-2019/>

“I dare you to this match”

— Posthumus Leonatus in
Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* Act 1, Scene 4

The Sun enters the Tropical Zodiac sign of [Pisces](#) at 5:18 PM, Feb. 18, 2019 — at sunset, just before the almost full moon rises.

Another astrology writer had a monthly missive that started with “love” as the idea. Whatever works, right? I prefer, this week to deal with the real world, and Valentines is over soon enough. Mercury conjunct Neptune (Pisces) and Mars conjunct Uranus (Aries), and that means what?

“I dare you to this match”

Horoscopes for 2.14.2019

Aquarius



The Water Bearer

Happy birthday, **Aquarius**. We're back at the weird holiday in the middle of your sign, and that holiday? It makes no sense to most of us **Aquarius**. There are a few who “get it,” but the rest of us? It's just a weird, artificial event created by pure hype and driven — repeatedly — by sales. Like there needed to be something besides **Aquarius** in the middle of February? Mattress sales? I wonder if that has anything to do with VD? Stop. I'm getting distracted. I started out to go to a social event the other evening, have to drive halfway across town to get there. Because I was leaving a suburban location and headed towards downtown at rush hour, I figured it would be easy. When I drive anywhere, I spool up some [Shakespeare](#) stuff to keep me from getting irate with other drivers — and I don't feel like I'm wasting time in traffic. Which is what happened that one night. There was a wreck, road construction, and an overnight lane closure, a perfect *trifecta* of obstacles. After an hour in stop-and-go traffic, I turned around and headed home. Sorry I missed the party guys, but, you know, traffic. Weird holiday is over, soon enough, and the traffic — vehicular and otherwise — lightens up for **Aquarius**. Again, happy birthday. Enjoy. Watch for other cars.

Pisces

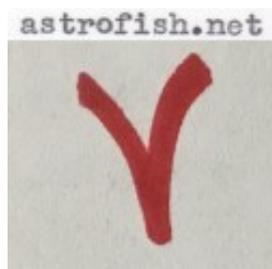


The Fishes

For the first [few years](#), my horoscopes appeared with white text on black aground. It was to inspire mystery, mystic, and more. Much, much more. After a few years, though, it turned out, according to the usability studies I perused, the easiest way to read text on any screen, phone, tablet, or computer? Black text on white page. Perhaps the background could be a very light shade of an off-white, but basically, think: something that looks like a book or a newspaper. Seems to [work best](#). As Mercury slips past Neptune, a brief alignment and conjunction?

What text, typeface, font? Which one would look best? The idea is that the serif fonts, like common version of *Times* or **Times Roman**, that is supposedly the most readable. Easiest for an eye to follow as the typeface characters lightly resemble handwriting. It's an easy design choice, one that is partially overworked these days, but simple enough. In an effort to make things most clear for **Pisces**, once the love crap is done? One the marketing and advertising hype is over? What is the simplest, easiest, decision to make? Go back to basics and start there. What's considered the most readable, according to current usability studies? What's easiest to see, across all the platforms? Other things are occurring, but for **Pisces**, like a simple serif type on a plain-ish background? Simplest place to start.

Aries



Aries The Ram

There's the appearance of pervasive sense of relief once this little "Mars" thing has passed. [Problem](#) being, two elements, one is Mars conjunct Uranus, and the other is Valentine's Day Madness, between the two? At the moment there's no pervasive sense of well-being. Turmoil, trouble, and lots of (non-**Aries**) stupid people. Suddenly, as if by magic, it all settles down. Yeah, after the Valentine's Day hassles. Way too much emphasis is placed on an artificial holiday, and I hope you have a loved one to call a valentine, but if not? Remember that Mars and Uranus can always bring unexpected results, and that can be good — as long as your **Aries** self doesn't get too Mars-motivated, and rush something.

Taurus



The Bull

Mars rolls over the same point that Uranus appears to be at, right on Valentine's Day, and then, and only then, does Mars skate on into **Taurus**. Nightmares, dreams, fantasies lead up to VD, but the day after? All illusions are shattered. Mars is an insistent

energy, almost an internal pressure to do more, better, faster. More. Did I mention that Mars would be motivating **Taurus** to do more? Probably wants it better and faster, too, but “more” seems to be the current expression of energy. Is this good? It is what it is. Totally weird VD, thank to Mars, and thanks to that 12th House placement for the Mars/Uranus conjunction? Nightmares, dreams, and fantasies, some of which, have no connection whatsoever with consensual reality. Not that it ever bothered me, I do live in a dream world. I’m a little taller, walk a little straighter, have a little more hair than I really do, and I seem to be thinner — all in my fantasy. Mars brings reality. Illusions will be shattered, the dream from dark side of the **Taurus** would will be revealed as merely a figment of thy imagination. Nothing more. However, none of this will happen until Mars gets firmly ensconced in **Taurus**, out of fiery *Aries*. Give it a chance to get here, first.

Gemini



The Twins

I used to be ingrained with much more pop culture, and that made it easier to use those [references](#) and allusions. But pop culture is a fickle creature, and what was a hot [meme](#), just last week has already come, burned out and then faded away, to the point that such a reference is tired and dated, not comical or topical at all. Kind of a problem, when an attention span lasts a few days, at best, and I only appear once a week. **Gemini** tends to be fleet of mind, and that exacerbates this problem to no end.

The coherent theme, the [week-long meme](#), the singular element, for **Gemini**? It will change. It will change with alarming frequency. There’s an alignment at the beginning of the week, Uranus aligns with Mars, and then, as Mars moves forward, that lingering effect of the conjunction is felt. Not entirely pleasant for some, but as **Gemini**? Embrace the constant flux and change. Nothing is written in stone. There are no absolutes in the next few days. There are no points that have to be one way only. Every answer has a permutations and edification. Qualifiers, if you will. Let me just say this about that, no wait, not that, but that. Over here? No over there. [Nothing is set in stone](#). While everyone is hearts and flowers? **Gemini** is ever-changing, adapting, [mutating](#), and advancing.

Cancer



The Crab

We all have certain days when it just doesn’t seem to go correctly. Ever feel like it was one of those times? It’s back, and will be visiting *The Moon Children* in the next few days. Which day? Depends on your actual birthday, see [listing for details](#). Was making coffee the other morning, and the beans skittered out of my control, precious dark-roast nuggets of flavor, waiting to be ground up, scattered across the cold kitchen floor. It happens. I must remember to be more careful. I was nuking some breakfast treat, warming it in the microwave oven. I heard a “pop-pop” and looked up to see a tiny food-explosion in the microwave, as substances splattered across the oven’s interior. Big mess. More annoying than messy, and the whole dish was merely halved. My desk isn’t too crowded, but there was a cup of coffee there, and as I reached up, the coffee seemed to shift and the mug went sideways, with warm, precious brew spilling everywhere. Each one of these actions and incidents, individually, wouldn’t be a big misstep, but to have it all happen on one cold winter morning? Made me question myself. I

looked at the planets, and charted location, and there was a pattern. Same pattern shows up in **The Moon Children's** charts, this net few days. Cosmically, I'm just reminding you that these delays will occur. Comically? I got nothing. Cosmically? There's some reason, maybe you'll have to wait and find out when you're cleaning up after the holiday.

The Leo



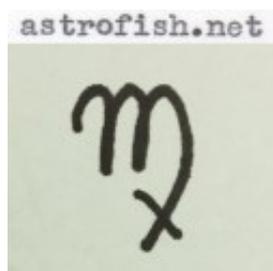
The Leo

Every individual responds to different stimulation. I wish it was so easy I could just suggest a single activity that would excite and mollify **The Leo** with a single stroke. There is no such advice to be had. However, there is a simple suggestion. After the big day, after the parties, stale candies, and dead flowers? After all of that?

Consider, as **The Leo** that it might just be a good time to shop for the future. Silly greeting cards with hearts and Cupid, lame, lovelorn missives with flying sentimental appeal? All of that crap will be on sale. Time to shop and buy a few of those items. The cards will keep until next year, and you have a jump on it, then. Plus the price is right.

This is about tactical, long-term planning. This is about reaching almost a year into your future and laying the groundwork, now. This is about strategies and postures for the distant future, and how to get that out of the way, now. Once the big day is over? Before the stale candy is all gone? Get out there, and fill your mighty **Leo** coffers with material for the future. "Wow, sounds cold and calculated." Have you observed the rest of the world? "Cold and calculated" is how we advance **The Leo**, for now.

Virgo



The Virgin

The fateful day should be over and done with by the time you get around to me. Anyway, the rest of the week offers the same kind of friction that one gets with fresh laundered socks on a polished hardwood floor. There's a certain lack of "coefficient of friction," which can present a slippery slope for **Virgo**.

There's a cool image comes to my mind, the idea of sliding along in one's socks, skating, as it were along the surface of the polished floor. I tend to think of this in terms of hardwood floors, but, as I discovered not long ago, polished kitchen tile floors are an equally slippery place with nothing but clean socks as footwear. It was cold, had to dress up the other [week](#). Wasn't my kitchen floor, either, but the idea was to do a little slide, and it worked, mostly. I don't have any great dance moves, not that it bothers me, but **Virgo** does. Careful, though, this is one of those weeks that can slide along — just worried about the sudden stop. In my case, it was the counter at the end.

Libra



The Scales

Repetition is important. There are a couple of performers I've seen live, a number of times. Seeing the same performance, in a different venue, or same show, on a different year? Each show is a single, unique event. For me, as a consumer of the performance, I understand that each time has the potential to be different. Then, too, there is a new depth added to my understanding with each, repeated process. Nuance and poetry, perhaps a different emphasis, or acting, done differently? All adds to a greater depth of understanding, or, at least, a broader understanding and deeper meaning to the same script. Of course I see this in Shakespeare shows, but I was thinking in terms of musical material, oft-repeated, and subtly different, from performance to performance. The slightest change can bring new insight. Which is what this week is about, for **Libra**, what seems like a repetitive process, the same repeated action, over and over? Like those shows each being an indistinct, but individual entity, while, at the same time, representing a coherent whole. Don't be afraid to see the same thing twice. Same show, like rereading a favorite book, new stuff one can notice. Repetition is important.

Scorpio



Scorpion

What is the perfect temperature for making coffee? I mean, what is the perfect temperature for the water, as it meets the grounds? The ubiquitous *Mr. Coffee* [coffee-makers](#) all churn water out right at 212 (F), the boiling point, 100 (C) for the rest of the world, and that works. Although, to be fair, the purists, suggest some temperature between 205 and 210, just off roiling boil. What is optimal perfect extraction? I suppose, too, this would depend on the grind of the beans, as a pressurized system, like *espresso*, has to be done with water that is right at boiling, to get the steam. The scientists with lab coats and clipboards have assured me that optimal extraction, for flavor and *coffee essence*, according to derived facts, occurs below boiling, but well over 200 degrees. So what is it? For me, the best extraction is currently with a tea kettle, just done blowing its whistle, with the grounds waiting in a pour-over of my own concoction. So, the correct temperature for hot water? Depends on a number of factors. I was with my Sister in Northern California, one morning, and the Mr. Coffee at the rent house produced the most wonderful coffee I'd ever had. Mostly that was the incredible beans. 8 cups of water, ten scoops of ground coffee, and a simple Mr. Coffee. Still ranks as some of the finest ever. So what is the perfect temperature? All depends, and this week, for **Scorpio**, hot water and all? All depends. *Coffee cognoscenti* recoil in abject horror at the very notion of a Mr. Coffee for brewing, but it worked, and the beans made it [magical](#).

Scorpio: It all depends.

Sagittarius



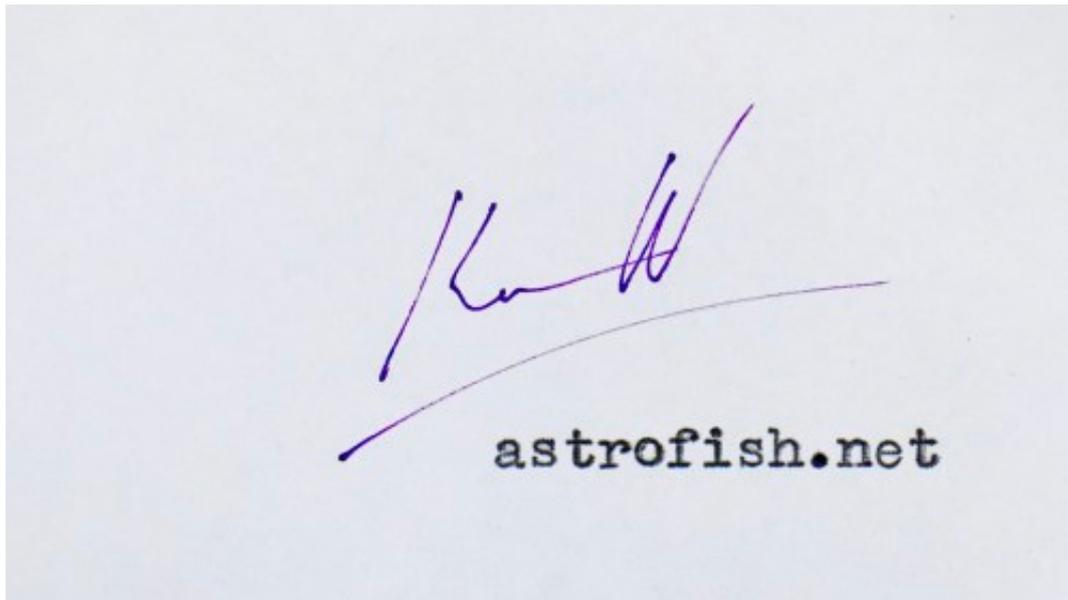
Sagittarius This can be, if not prepared, a week-long period of regret. Regret for forgetting about that special someone on that special someone day. Regret for not doing the least, just buy a damn card, and posting that. Regrets abound. In my life, my own greatest love would be hard to explain, as it varies in location, but I adore [bookstores](#). From a very young age, to my present station, the thrill of wandering in and amongst piles and piles of books is part of the greatest joys. It's voyages of discovery, some arcane combination of price, cover art, title, topic, and even author. I have few regrets from bookstores. I enjoy the enforced solitude of the large, sometimes cavernous sense of space, filled with books, and the furtive glances of the librarian-like clerks. There is a single regret I have about a book, I once encountered, a certain title, in a used bookstore (cf. [Half Price Books](#)), one of those *Franklin Mint* type of reprints. It was a handsome leather-like, gold-looking embossed cover and spine with heavy, acid-free paper, and pretty ink. I noted the title, scoured the web, found a free online version, and thoroughly enjoyed the archaic text. Wished I'd [bought the book](#), would be nice to refer back an elegant, published version. This is a week of regrets, regretfully submitted.

Capricorn



The Sea Goat To some, this is heartbreak season. To others, I can revel in the false attempts at morbid romance. Nascent sentiments, nurtured, and then, in the full bloom of the moment? Slaughtered by Cupid's arrows? Both a favorite and despised time. Love? Love we like. Romance is fine, too. The manufactured false images that deal with these feelings, foisted and forced at this time? Like me, we can pretty much do without. More than any other "holiday," this is an event that was originally created by a greeting card company, and, I'll guess, it has served them well. Judging by balloons and boxes of stale pseudo-chocolate candy? This holiday serves someone well. Saturn leaves that feeling of snark and sarcasm. Use that. Feel it. Embrace it. Don't try and hide from it. Buried under that caustic **Capricorn** commentary lies the heart of a hopeless romantic. Figure out how to combine those two, snark and love, in this next week, you know, sarcasm and real romance.

There was a series of *poison pen* greeting cards. They come to mind.



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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 2.21.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, February 20, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/02/horoscopes-for-2-21-2019/>

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change,
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war.

Welsh Captain in
Shakespeare's *Richard II* II.iv.8-14

[Happy Birthday!](#)

Kramer in Austin

Horoscopes for 2.21.2019

Pisces



The FishesHappy birthday, baby. The recent spate of **Pisces** confusion should be lifting. That fog? The fuzzy understanding and indistinct voices? Sounds and images that aren't quite visible? All of that should be coming back into focus, soon. That sense that there is something kind of amiss, but not really, but sort of out of step? Yeah, we find our **Pisces** equilibrium again. It's not a bad time, and the fuzzy effect? Wah-wah pedal on guitar, the reverb-fuzz-feedback? Yes, it's ok, it's not you, it's us, really, but it feels like it's you and the fog? It's starting to lift. You can, hear clearly now. More clearly than before, I hope. And happy birthday, did I mention that?

Aries

Simple expression, might help now that Mars is in *Taurus*? "Things [change](#)." It's really simple. Mars, and the lesser extent, Mercury, but mostly the placement of Mars against the **Aries** backdrop? "Things change." There's one **Aries**, all kinds of upset, "I just got it where I like it all! It can't change!" Oh, but it can. What was the catchphrase, especially this next few days, as Mars gets comfortable in Taurus?

"Things change." We can argue, [fight](#), or dispute the facts, but the facts, are, that things are changing. Values, importance, emphasis, all of that shifts around. Things are changing. Married to one ideal? Might want to back up and take a second look at it. So sure this is the only way to answer this question? hey, "Things change."

Taurus

[Read the instructions](#). "Oh, you mean, 'read the DESTRUCTIONS,' ha-ha." No, I mean read the instructions, the manual, the piece of paper that came with the thing, and read the steps all the way through. Failure to do so? I have a simple code to unlock the phone, but if the code is entered incorrectly, like, ten times? Phone erases itself. Wasn't thinking, the other morning, and thumbed the code into the phone, and it didn't work, and tried again, and it didn't work, and by the third or fourth try I was getting anxious. Know that anxious feeling, **Taurus**? Feeling it lately? It's mostly Mars that does that, but I can save the trouble, and I can skip to the part that helps with the anxious feeling, RTFM.

Read The Manual — the F is silent. It's French.

Read the instructions and then, since Mars is just adding friction, heat and impatience? Read the instructions all the way through, a second time, before you attempt to do whatever it is that you're attempting. That second time, it helps. Slows you down, and there's a small step, if you miss it? Yeah, doesn't go well. Have to enter all the numbers on the code, in order. Slowly. Just like the stupid instructions for the stupid phone said. Had to read that twice before I figured it out.

Gemini

One museum I've been to a number times is in Santa Fe, NM. It's the Georgia O'Keefe Museum, a personal favorite. The artist's canon spreads across volumes but is somewhat limited. Enough for a dedicated museum? I tend to think so. The collections seem to be ever fluctuating, but I don't get out that way much anymore. Still, there is something about looking at the actual painting itself, not a reproduction, something about seeing the art in person, hung not he wall, in the museum, makes a difference. Tangible, palpable difference. Feelings, some element touches the soul, and I'm not sure exactly what it is. But the thing of it is, with that museum as an example? Have to see it in person. Have to stand in front of the thing, the **Gemini** experience isn't complete, otherwise. Not a "virtual" experience, as much as those are nice, no, can't really do this, that way. Has to be real. The museum itself came up in a recent correspondence as "One thing you must do in Santa Fe (NM)" — and that's my suggestion. Too many to list, but that was a start. As I was thinking about, though, I realized that it's one of

those **Gemini** things, this week, have to see, touch it, feel it, tangible, palpable, right there in your **Gemini** face for the experience to count. Real. Not a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Cancer

There is certain combination of elements that's just deadly for me. In my case, it's Scorpio/Leo. Both are fixed signs. Fixed fire (**Leo** is the *best* fixed fire sign of all), and fixed water — Scorpio. Some combination of Scorpio/Leo, not just sun signs but the rest of the planets, and there's a tingle in my soul. A tickle in my throat. I can get dumb, speechless, I know, hard to imagine me speechless.

It happens.

As I looked at the chart for the next few days, compared with where the typical **Moon Children** planets might be? I kept thinking about those, there are two who come to mind, how I can be rendered speechless, in short order, just being around that Leo/Scorpio combination. On the first glance, it makes no sense. There's a — deadly for me — combination of fixity, fire and water, makes a steamy combination. I know I am not man enough to handle that. It's also kind of conflicted, and that might be the internal appeal, understand the twisted side, might be part of my stupidity. Still, I'm smart enough — now — to stay away.

“Respect,” and I bow.

That kind of deadly appeal? Comes up for the **Moon Children** this next few days. Strong and appealing. Is it good to act on that attraction? Maybe not. The speechless part, leave it at that.

The Leo

The innocence of youth is what kept coming to my mind, as I was poking through **the Leo's** chart. Next few days, some way, some how, need to recapture that “innocence of youth.” Helps, for me, I'm an *Uncle Kramer* to a couple of fishing buddies, their kids. I get the joy of child interaction with none of the downside. I'm an impromptu babysitter, of sorts, as I have a more free schedule, and face it, I am kind of a last gasp, Hail Mary resource. Not first. Not second, way on down that call list. But it works for me.

Ever been to one of those child-entertainment pizza and [games places](#) with a 5-year old? Great bait. Excellent bait. The bonus is it gets me back in touch with that child-like innocence of youth. If your **Leo** self has access to kids or grandkids, or even rent-a-kid, like I do? This is a good time to get back in touch with that child-like sense of wonder and amazement. Here's the trick, borrow a kid. Or just eat at a place where there are a lot of moms with kids. There is that child-like sense of wonder that helps make sense of this crazy **Leo** week. Child-like sense of wonder, and child-like innocence. This week requires, yes, I know you're **The Leo**, but this week? Try that face of the innocence of youth.

Virgo

“Listening” is a skill-set.

“Listening” is an acquired ability.

“Listening” is what plays such an important part of success for **Virgo** in the immediate future. There are a variety of “Listening” exercises, and there as many modes of listening. When I drive to Austin, for example, a frequent commute, I “listen” to Shakespeare's plays, read aloud. Or I “listen” to academic lectures about those plays. Some good stuff. Some useful material. Sometimes, I'm “listening” when — in fact — my mind is clearly occupied with other tasks. Not to mention, either, the density of traffic [around Austin](#) itself. Perhaps those are an example of listening while not paying too close of attention. Not what we're looking for here.

Hear.

At the extreme other end is a certain person, and when I do a reading for her, she has two different colored pencils stuck in her hair, plus two — at least — different shades that she uses. Each sentence or notation seems to have its own color ink, or shade of pencil lead. Highly entertaining for me, and highly interactive listening, for **Virgo**. Which is what this is about. The way I'll listen to a play, while driving? I drift in and out of the play's activity, sometimes reciting the lines, and sometimes thinking about the stupid driver in front of me, or the guy behind me who is tailing me rather closely, and then, that was that other issue. At the total other end of this "listening" spectrum, there's that one **Virgo** client with the four or five different shades of colors of pencils, with each shade representing a certain message. Really paying attention. **Virgo**: "listen." It's the skill, skills, required to surmount and emerge victorious.

Libra

Your boss ever tell lie? I don't mean, a "This is business, and we're fudging the facts to make it look a little better," no, I mean a bold-faced lie? Patently false. Not just bad information, but wrong information? Disinformation with the intent to harm? Especially have this come from a **Libra** boss? There's a level of deception, and some is forgivable. Some is to protect you, some is to insulate you, and some is just plain mean. Looks like this is a week when it's easy to see at least boss, employer, person who holds a supervisory role over your **Libra** self, easy to see someone being deliberately mean with a falsehood. "Do you know what they said about you?" See how this goes? The little secret, if you'll work with me, just for now, work with what we got? Wait. Wait for it. Wait until that falsehood has been launched, then don't retaliate. Wait. Wait for this to come around In about a ten days, you will be vindicated. Two points, one, don't jump to point out the inconsistency — that's not your **Libra** job. And two? Wait for it. That simple, maybe not this week, but next week.

Payback.

Scorpio

Woman working next to me looked over with her mouth agape. I was just wrapping a conversation with a buddy who is ex-military, 20 some odd years, I think, and retired. More or less. Our topic really ranged towards military stratagems used in certain campaigns, but it spooked the [spook next to me](#). Realizing her discomfort at the topics, I assured her, "I speak redneck." She nodded, "I didn't understand anything you just said," she iterated, punctuating her point. It wasn't really "redneck," but more along the lines of former warriors discussing previous campaigns and that one guy? He's become a student of the classics, going back to the old Roman writers, like Tacitus and, of course, [Marcus Aurelius](#). Bit late, doing it backwards, if you ask me, but then, that's how we learn. He was more interested in the military topics as a point of academic inquiry rather than a way to surmount and subdue a foe. But "boys will be boys," and I hoped that my commentary didn't rattle the poor woman shadowing our conversation. For **Scorpio**, next few days? Helps if you have an easy comment to allay any fears coming from those around you. My comment was simple enough, and, in a sense, true, as I do speak redneck, but this wasn't really the topic. However, think about it, in that setting? It sure helped.

Sagittarius

Never be afraid to back up and take a "basics" class. Seminar, class, [course work](#) of some kind? There's a silly notion that somehow, we already know it all. And that "we already know it all" attitude? That can get our Sagittarius selves in trouble, especially next few days. Yes, as matter fact, we do know it all. But we seem to have misplaced some of the basics. Not the far-flung, esoteric theories, and whatever is the latest data, no, we're good with that kind of trivia. No, the problem is the basics, and I've admonished this before, but as a Sagittarius, sometimes we think we know it all — we do — but we can easily lose track of some of the basic underpinnings for what it is that we do. Another way to see this week's "stuff?" It's **Sagittarius**, "Back to basics" time! Simply put, we're never too old, too ingrained, or too committed to one idea that we can't go back and review some of the initial statements, the opening pieces, the beginner's version. Nope, and failure to do so? We might get caught short. Never be afraid to go back and cover material we're sure we know.

Capricorn

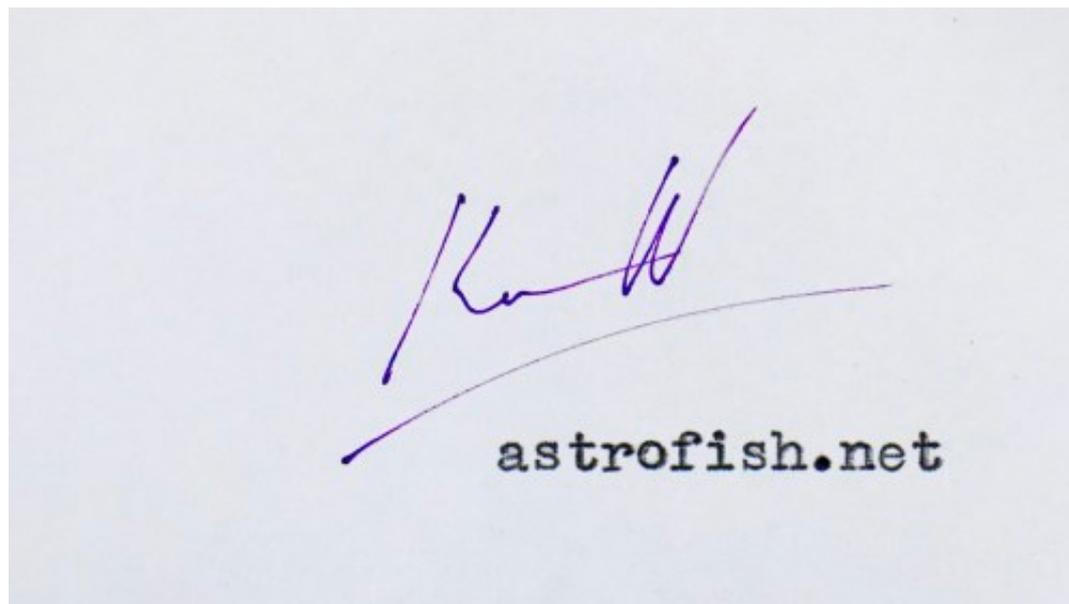
There will always be those people who seem to intimidate us. I watched, one of the most self-assured, confident, public figures I know, I watched as he choked around a certain person. Happens to be a buddy of mine and the person who causes him to

choke is a female, not really striking at first glance, but then, this isn't about surface appearances. Know the two charts, so I know what the deal is. That kind of aspect, as I watched them do the little dance — again — this last weekend?

Same thing, same, similar energy in **Capricorn**. The self-assured, confident, forward-thinking, mature, reasonable, self-actualized **Capricorn** soul? Yes, you choke, Or hit a situation that would make you choke, Or feel like you choke. Get that stammering, “Uh, uh, mmm, yea-yeah...” I watched, bemused, because, face it, it's not me, as the dance unfolded. Stumble, be more like it. From grace to socially awkward in no time. This is occurring, a trick of the planets and energies, but as it happens? Being aware that this is up and coming? Next few days? Best choice of action? For **Capricorn**? Instead of opening your mouth and proving that you're a fool? Shut up. Let the other folks guess at it. We look much wiser, this way. Or me, I look like a wise-something. Silence. If you find yourself at a loss for words? Shut up.

Aquarius

One of the great secrets is the “Scientific Method.” It's really quite simple, measure, then adjust one setting, then measure and assess. Mark the changes. What's different? What's changed? Make one change, then test again. The secret is the “one change” then test. There is always a temptation, especially for me, to change about three things, all at the same time, and then try to figure out, going backwards, reversing the changes, to see which one broke it. Change five settings, then, when it doesn't work anymore reset one setting, then the next, finally, a third... see how my methods isn't the most expedient route? Change a single thing then test and evaluate results... The **Aquarius temptation** is to make wholesale changes then wonder what went wrong, backtracking over previously covered material and undoing all that progress, one step at a time.



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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 2.28.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, February 27, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/02/horoscopes-for-2-28-2019/>

Alas, alas!
It is not [honesty](#) in me to speak
What I have seen and known.

Iago in [Othello](#) (IV.i.225-7)

Horoscopes for 2.28.2019

[Happy Birthday!](#)

Pisces



The Fishes

One of my fishing buddies isn't much of a fisherman. He plays a lot of golf, I think. We all have our preferences. Last year, when we fished down at the coast? He was lucky. I picked the right time, right place, and the stars were on our side. Probably pictures on the website. Tides, weather patterns, phase of the moon, all added up to luck. He caught one of the biggest fish he ever caught and he was busy, the whole time, catching. Luck. We went again, a few months later, and I was catching fish because, I'm good. I would gently land a piece of bait in the exact right spot, with a gentle splash. My buddy was busy flailing the water's surface, whipping and churning the surface, and most of the fish were probably under the water wondering why he was beating on the roof so. End of the day? I had some fresh dinner for us; nothing beats fresh-caught fish in a frying pan, and he had nothing. He was betting on his previous luck, not skill, and I used my skill. As a **Pisces**? Never trade luck for skill. Proof was in the pan.

Aries

There is so much to do, and seems like there is so little time. if I had the luxury of more time, I could write a shorter horoscope, whittle away at the unnecessary parts and pieces, and get it down to bare bones advice. Just the meat, no filler. Probably not going to happens because, like **Aries**, there seems like there is too much to do and not enough time. Presents us with an **Aries**-styled *issue* — time.

There's a tendency, with my fine **Aries** friends, to get a long list of items that *must be accomplished* by the end of **today**. Yes, I get that. However, at the end of the day, with a number of items not ticked off the check-list? The first impulse is to berate one's **Aries** self. Sorry, no time for recriminations and blame-storming. The second notion is to roll what's left undone to the top of tomorrow's list. Which then, it builds up, then it gets to where even less gets done on the following day because you have so much to do that didn't get done yesterday. This can accumulate and then there's an avalanche-like effect where your **Aries** self feels overwhelmed, and even frozen in the face of too much to do and not enough time. Or, you can follow me. What doesn't get done one day? Goes on the *bottom* of the list for the next day, not rolling over to the top. Helps set priorities, and what needs to get done, that gets accomplished. The rest? Maybe it wasn't important, but no way to know until next month.

Taurus

My own assessment of the **Taurus** temperament was based upon a number of interactions, mostly an early version of myself filtering and observing. There was a slower, methodological approach I found in **Taurus** that wasn't present in other signs. Attributed to the *fixed earth* qualities assigned to **Taurus**, my deductive reasoning made sense, and essentially? Still holds up to this day. Slow, measured, pedantic to some, leisurely to others, the typical **Taurus** pace is marked by a tendency to err on the side of caution. Observations, tens of thousands of birth charts, watching, listening, and most of all, filtering. The **Taurus** pace is usually sedate. Not sedated, but that does come up — usually. With what's going on upstairs? There's a certain frantic sense to the otherwise measured and seductive **Taurus** temperament. A function of planets and orbs, signs and houses, the problem — problems to some **Taurus** — seem to drive for hasty decisions. Possibly wrong decisions. Mostly, a decision where, a few moments, or hours, possibly a few days later, someone will look at your **Taurus** self, and ask, "You didn't think that one through, did you?" Not a typical **Taurus** interaction, to be sure, and not one that serves well. The usual patience is in [short](#) supply, and yet, now, more than ever, patience is required.

Good luck with that.



Gemini

Funny, to me, one of my friends is an old, Southern Belle. Drawls. The long vowels and words that seem to have whole syllables inserted. In part, she's originally from the Deep South. In part, I suppose, it works for her. Funny, to me, I can listen to her talk for hours. Also funny, I live in South Texas, and her accent, although distinctly similar to some, it's not quite the same. Watching how males interact with her is great. In other parts of the country, NY, I'm thinking of you, that distinctly "southern" twang is considered a sign of a lack of intelligence. Hardly the case, but a familiar prejudice I've encountered. Flip [that](#) around, **Gemini-style**, and watch. Around here, around her, surly and uncooperative males tend to soften, and then the longer the southern lilt goes on, "Ahm gettin' the vapors here," the quicker that charm reduces burly, macho men to sniveling little lap-dogs. It's a function of the audio delivery. Considering where Mercury is? Considering what is up ahead? Work a trick that gets you what you want, how you want it. With my friends, it's even funnier, she does this all naturally. She's an organic, Southern Belle.

"Ah, hail, if you're not going to do it, Awl jest do it ma-self."

"No, here, little lady, let me get that for you!"

Cancer

It's about learning a new technique. Teaching an old dog a new trick. Or honing an already proven technique, and making it better? Sure, that works as well. When I lived on the lake in Austin, I would fish, or practice fishing, almost every day. Got good at it. Practice, practice, practice. Little harder now, but once it started to warm up just a bit, I read about new way of hitting an old target, with bait. I unlimbered a fishing pole and reel, from the wall in the garage, and I stood in my backyard, little lead weight tied to the end of the line, and I tried this way of just swinging it out, and then letting the bait drop, right at a certain point. Simple technique, one I was exposed to years ago, but then, different set of gear, we were swinging the bait in under branches. Similar, so this isn't a totally new way to work, but I'm getting ready for the fishing in a another month. This

is a way of just dropping the bait, looks like it just falls in the water. Drop it right in front of some hungry bass? Sure, great fun. I felt a little silly, but the sun was out, and I was in the backyard, swinging a half-ounce lead weight on the end of the pole, trying to hit certain spot. Over and over. I finally, after about an hour, got to where I could hit the spot, exactly. Not really a new technique, but honing a skill. Went back and tried, three days later. I was missing, at first, then I got to where I could hit it. Three days after that? Same effort, only, I was getting better. This is a week to learn a technique, or hone a **Cancer** skill set that you already have. Practice helps. Lots of practice.

The Leo

One **Leo** buddy, he's been "down" lately. Nothing is good enough, no one loves him, and there's no hope. It's a temporary situation, has to do with him pining away for a person who is — how about we say, "Not really available" at this time? Sure, that works as well as anything. Deal is, things really aren't so bad in **The Leo Land**, it's just many of you aren't getting what you think you want the most.

Might not be good for you, that (person, place, or thing) you feel like it's exactly what you want. Loveless and lovelorn, drifting aimlessly, just going through the motions, then, "Hey, what do the stars say, *Fishing Guide to the Stars*, is she — at least — thinking about me?" Honest answer? Or convenient answer? Or, just words your **Leo** self would like to hear? What's most important? I'll pop up an astrology chart. "Of course she's thinking about you, you're **The Leo**, you're the best."

Is that how this plays? I was hoping we could plan a fishing trip, but he's next to useless, and his "intended," yeah, we can all see that's not happening any time too soon. If you've been down, especially last week or so? Is this because of an unreasonable expectation? Normally, I wouldn't associate majestic **Leo** with unreasonable expectations, but, based on what I've observed in the last few weeks? Seriously, move on. We can come back and visit these questions again, in the near future. "She might be thinking about me, then?" Right.

Virgo

There are an explosive number of [social media platforms](#), and I was, at one time, active on most of them. I have gradually weened myself away from them, although, to this day, I have a certain number of clients who will only contact me through those sites.

Simply put? E-mail is still best.

[Message platforms](#) tend to be ephemeral, at best, as do phone numbers, texting, and so forth. Want my attention? *E-mail is best*. While, in itself, the electronic mail is a highly fungible commodity in its various iterations, I can keep a record of what was said, a thread of a conversation, quickest and easiest, with e-mail. For me, **E-mail is best**. It's how I prefer to work. One could say, "It's how I'm wired." (Or not.) Still, we all have a preferred medium. The **Virgo** preferred medium — this is more important next few days — the **Virgo perfect preferred medium**? I am so not sure, but that doesn't matter. There is a preference. Whatever your preference, your preferred medium? If your **Virgo** self doesn't tell us, we can't communicate with that medium. You have to tell us what you like best. Me? *E-mail is best*.

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Libra

Certain laws of physics just can't be disputed. Gravity, that tends to be an example that is easy to cite. In some cases, this can be more demonstrative than others, like a sealed canister, perhaps one that was sealed at an elevation, then busting that seal at sea level? There's a little implosion as the seal is broken, the ingress and equalization of two gaseous bodies. Then, too, there's the inverse kind of reaction, as I had a canister full of ground coffee, rare and exotic coffee, from overseas, and when I — not so delicately — opened that canister, when I broke the seal, some precious coffee shards scattered everywhere.

Just plain physics.

Not too dramatic, and in my [one example](#), just a tad inconvenient — I forgot about the physical properties of being right at sea level — fishing camp. These are just two reminders for **Libra** about the laws of physics. Simple stuff, really. A body in motion tends to stay in motion, while a body at rest tends to stay immobilized. None of this is new, but it bears repeating, as a reminder, for **Libra**. There are some points we can discuss, but basics *laws of physics* really **can't** be disputed. Gravity, 9.8 meters per second (squared). Discuss, argue, cajole, but the basics are always the same.

As a final suggestion, maybe not arguing with the laws of physics, but employing them to help make it easier for **Libra**? “If you just give it a shove, gravity will take over and pull it on down the rest of the way....”

Scorpio

Know what people don't like? People (especially non-*Scorpio* people) really don't like being reminded that they just violated their own rules. Like, when someone says, “Don't do this,” and then promptly does what that person just said not to do. When I work with someone in person, and I encounter this type of hypothetical hypocrisy? I remind the person that I am of the “This is what I'm suggesting, don't ask me if I follow my own advice” [school of thought](#).

At least, I'm honest about whether or not I do as I say to do. In the next few days, be cautious of giving advice that you're not willing to follow your own, **Scorpio** self. To flip this around a little, there are certain situations that I suggest people avoid, and I know, from first-hand experience, what those situations are like, so I'm not in a “holier than thou” position. Nope, I been there, done that (several times, not a quick study like **Scorpio**), and suffered accordingly. Over and over. So, in the next week, when someone comes along and your **Scorpio** self observes the person violating their own directives? Be cautious about reminding them that they are breaking their own rules. “Yeah, you mean, ‘Do as I say,’ not as I do?” Just as a warning to **Scorpio**? Folks seldom take such criticism well.

Sagittarius

In my many years as a [reader of the stars](#), one of the less glamorous tasks is the “permission reading.” The first serious one was a wedding date, I was asked to pick, but in discussion, I found out, I wasn't picking a date, but blessing a date that the couple had already decided upon. In other words, at the very best, I could suggest that the event occur near sunset, putting a number of elements in the 7th House (weddings), and that was as close as I could get. They did it in the morning.

Two years later? Suffice it to say, it was merely a starter wedding, not the real deal.

Permission readings are usually along the lines of a client, with a certain destination in mind, asking permission to move forward with that course of action, hoping, willing it, to be “[written](#) in the stars.” Self will, free will, and will power? All different versions of saying choices. I merely suggest good times, better times, or times not, to take action. **Sagittarius** wants permission to do something outlandish, and perhaps, not in our best over-all interests. Fun? Sure. Necessary? Maybe not. Good idea? At the time, yes. In hindsight? In retrospect, after the deed is done? Was this a good time to do this? Yeah, probably not. Just because it falls under the heading of, “It was fun at the time,” that doesn't mean it is in our best, long-term interests and well-being. You can ask for [permission](#) from me, but I might not be the best source.

Capricorn

“But you always did (x-y-z)!” Kind of upsetting to some. Kind of an apparent [departure](#) from the old, established ways. Old habits die hard? No, the old habits are still firmly rooted in place. It isn't the old habits that we are giving up, it is the way we moved through those old habits. For more than two decades, I made morning coffee one way. That's more than 20 years, same process. I still admire that way of making coffee, but the *French Press* — tasty as it might be — is no longer the most efficient way for me to extract a morning cup of coffee.

I could, at any time, decide that it is the best way and go back to making coffee like that, there's no way to tell. Then, too, there's the anathema to most coffee purists, of which, apparently, I'm not, *instant coffee*. I tend to have some on hand in case

of emergency, like one buddy's girlfriend is pregnant, and we all might have to rush to the hospital, and I — service to my fellow mankind — would want to suck down a cup of something before greeting his new kid.

Or zombie apocalypse.

Have to be prepared for that, too. So just because I did make coffee one way, that doesn't stop me from having morning coffee, I just don't do it the same way. The coffee? Appears constant. Method of extraction, or even the occasional instant? Sure. "But you used a French Press for years!" Things change. Adapt. Adapting helps us move our **Capricorn** selves forward.

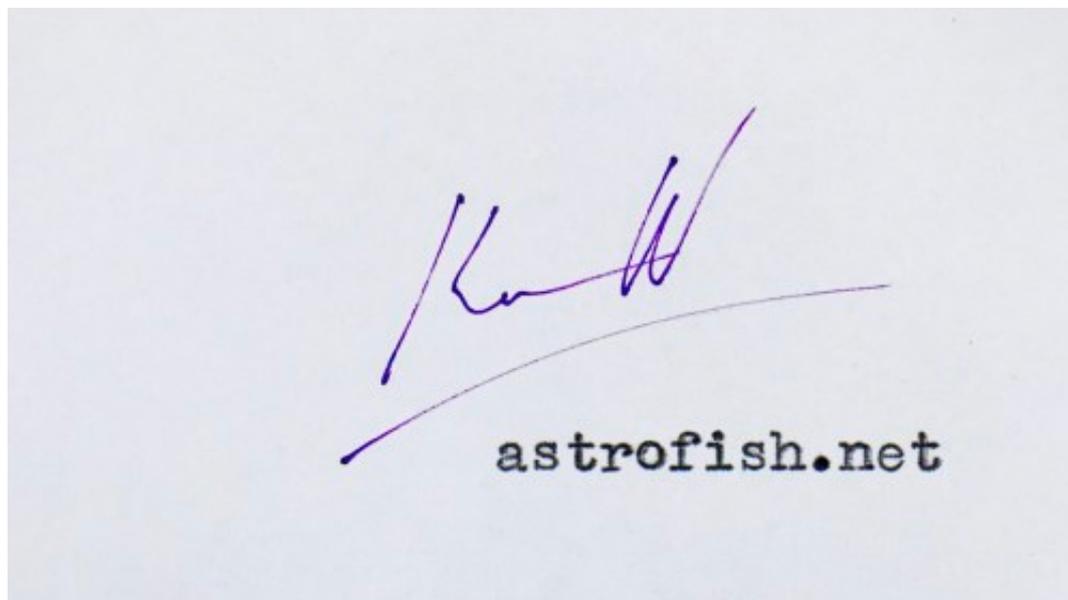
"But first? [Coffee!](#)"

Aquarius

There's a fecundity about the times, but no one can seem to place the source. I know what it is, *Saturn*. Saturn is miles away from serious **Aquarius** activity, but *Saturn* does impart — to the sign just one away — a kind of expectancy, and a joy that we can all see coming. There's huge "growth potential," clearly visible in the immediate future — this is all plain to see, for **Aquarius**.

Not everyone gets it.

At some point, one must step into one's "power" as an **Aquarius**, and one must admit that one has the ability to see potential and good, potentially good, where others don't see that. Too *saturnine* of a soul might fail to acknowledge that this is visible, on the **immediate Aquarius event horizon**. But it is clear to most. Lovely time, sow them *Saturnine Aquarian* seeds.



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"Nothing runs on automatic." - L.W. "Bud" Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 3.7.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, March 06, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/03/horoscopes-for-3-7-2019/>

This man is certainly mad, and may be mischievous. Prithce, neighbor, let's follow him; but at some distance, for fear of the worst.

Lopez in Shakespeare's *Double Falsehood* 2.1.41

The play, *Double Falsehood* is part of *Shakespeare apocrypha* — best anyone can suggest? Definite maybe. Might be, or probably was, the playwright's work, in part.

The [mailing list](#), get stuff ahead of release dates...

Horoscopes for 3.7.2019

Pisces



The Fishes

The environment I'm immediately familiar with is what I [can talk about](#). Most of my recent fishing is gulf coast, really, just the Texas Gulf Coast areas. As I was digging up a metaphor for **Pisces**, I realized I fished Rocky Mountains for trout, many lakes in Texas for Bass, and the aforementioned tidal flats of the Texas coast. The skills, though, are easily transferable. The mountain streams are fly fishing, the bass require some heavy-duty lightweight gear, and the coast requires salt water equipment. Skill sets are transferable. The opening quote refers to madness, and there is a kind of [madness](#) loose in *Pisces*.

That can be handled with transferable skill sets. Like my fishing experience, and the lakes, as well as the bays, while different gear and different techniques, they still involve putting something with a hook in it, bait, in front of fish. Different kinds of fish, but the techniques and tactics are eerily similar. One buddy — fishes both lakes and gulf bays — calls the fish "bass" and "spot-tail bass." To me, in my mind, it's "Black Bass," and "Red (Drum)," but the terms, notice the similarity? The fish are actually from different species, the only defining similarity is that they are both "fish."

Stop. This isn't about fish, or species, or even fishing techniques. This is about getting around the [Mercury](#) —*infused*— problems. Transferable skill sets, similar skills, maybe slightly different in actual execution, but still, the easiest way to catch that fish? Bait, hook, line? Then put that bait right in front of the fish.

Aries

Bumper sticker [wisdom](#) is useful at times like these. There's a little voice in the back the **Aries** head, pushing for improvement. A little reminder of some kind, like one of the old school daily reminder calendars, about continuing to trudge forward in the face of insurmountable opposition. There's some sappy, inspirational quote that goads you forward. All I ever wanted was what's best for **Aries**. You know that, right?

“Can’t get to best without getting better.” We must be aware of our **Aries** wins when and where they happen. The big dance in the end-zone, the triumphant spray of champagne, the outward display of a clear victory? Might not be getting that this week. Might come close. Might be getting *better*, just not at the *best* part — yet. But we are getting some momentum moving us in a more forward direction, and this feels like it is against all odds and obstacles. It isn’t, really, just pesky Mercury — and Saturn — but really? There’s measurable steps attained toward that goal of “best” being made. Just doesn’t always feel like. Which is why I generated one of those insipid inspirational quote things, just for you, “Can’t get to best without getting better.”

Taurus

There’s a snippet of a lyric — ear worm — got caught in my head when I was looking at your chart. “Quietly making noise.” Don’t ask, it’s a *Capricorn* thing. Which is what made the *ear-worm* work, the thought about what **Taurus** is doing, should be doing, and how this pans out. There’s a bit of a conundrum with the lyric and its meaning. It’s not a riddle, how this plays. Dedicated, focused effort in one direction is more likely rewarded, and focused, patient effort — quietly — is better. “Quietly making noise.” Yes, [Mercury is backwards](#) and yes, that can cause some discomfort, but not enough to be bad. The single clue for the way to successfully negotiate this week’s miserable material? There’s the **Taurus**, off to one side, a little out of the limelight, “quietly making noise.” Moving forward? Do so, *quietly making noise*.

Gemini

The real secret, especially with such pejorative planet [action](#)? Consistency. Same answer, over and over. No, don’t change just yet, same answer. Consistency. With the motions in Pisces, and how that [messes everything up](#)? Plus, you know, “Mercury?” The answer, the single **Gemini** answer? Consistency. I got nothing else to offer. There’s a trick that comes with this, the idea of the same answer, over and over, and especially coming from a highly mutable *Gemini* like yourself? The idea of consistency helps because, although you deliver the same answer to the same question, over and over, the people who are receiving the information? They all hear different answers. Seems like you’re changing your answer. The secret? Consistency. Same answer, all week long. All next week, too. Same answer. Consistency. With the highly fickle nature of the listeners out there? The folks who are trying to decipher what you’re saying? With a consistent answer, over and over? Other people will come up with several, highly entertaining interpretations. The **Gemini** secret to this week’s success? Consistency.

Cancer

What I’ve found that helps? “Blame Mercury.” While that won’t work in every scenario, this week, you can fall back to that as a default answer when things seem to go awry — as they probably will. Looks like it’s a boss, to me, but I don’t have much of a boss, but I do have to abide by city, county, state and federal guidelines — depending on [jurisdiction](#). That would symbolize my “boss,” to me. Kind of hard to tell a judge or presiding officer of the court that it was because [Mercury was in Retrograde](#) — that usually doesn’t fly as an acceptable response. This is really a function of the placement of Saturn and points to an overarching thematic element present in the *Moon Children’s* charts for the foreseeable future. This is about working within the constraints of the applicable laws and, as I prefer, guidelines, that are there for some reason. Recall, too, that *Mercury is Retrograde*, and that can induce a little bit of mania, not really required.

While the core issues still echo back to Saturn and authority figures — think, rules and guidelines — the easiest culprit to currently blame? Mercury. Sure, that works.

The Leo

I would never sully **The Leo** with a thought of a misstep. Hardly. Never would suggest that it could even happen — ever. Given the [mercurial situation](#), and its location, as compared to where **The Leo** is? This presents me with a bit of a problem, as there’s a good chance that your **Leo** self is operating with some false information.

It was deemed the best evidence, at the time. It was acceptable data, in the correct time frame. You were operating with the best available information. Just, now? Might not be the best data, anymore. Might be an outright lie. Might be a total untruth. Might not be a shred of corroborating information to support that original **Leo** supposition.

It was the best information — at the time. Times change. The data is “suspect,” at best. At worst? It can be totally misleading. Since we understand that clarity is an issue in *Leo-land*, as long as we understand that? Makes it easier to see a way forward. “It feels true, so I’ll call it true, for right now.” If there is a misstep? Remember, you were operating with the best available data — at the time.

My real suggestion? “Wait and see.”

Virgo

The fear of the [unknown](#) is perhaps the greatest of elements of human nature that shows up in the next couple of **Virgo** days. Or daze? Small joke, didn’t work. The daze is caused by a certain [fear of the unknown](#), and the can paralyze a decent **Virgo**. “But I have a *right* to know!” Yes, I’ll agree. “And I *need* to know!” And yes, I’ll agree again. I tend to agree with **Virgo** on most days. And while I’m in total agreement about what the **Virgo** needs to know, what I should warn you about? Not knowing. It can’t be known at this time. It’s not possible to hit a moving target, my favorite expression. Yes, it is, technically, possible to hit a moving target, and maybe target is the wrong word, but that’s what comes to mind. However, while it is technically possible, in this situation, next few days? Yeah, for **Virgo**? Probably not going to happen. Embrace that fear of the unknown, and understand, no matter how you cut the cards, no matter how you slice up the available data, there’s just no way to know that *unknowable* — even though the best of the **Virgo** people are trying so hard to analyze what it means. Can’t know it, it’s the unknown, for now. Not for long, but for right now?

Libra

Most of the current crop of *Shakespeare scholarship* that I follow? While some is considered book length in format, what I like, more and more, most of that material is merely web-entry in length. While I first noticed this a few years back, more and more, there needs to be a space for longer format material, but more like magazine length. Some applies to the academic material around much of what is happening with *Shakespeare scholarship*. With this much material that is more like a *magazine* article in substance, dragging it out through a whole book-length manuscript seems like even the author him or her self would realize that is was more padding with less content. What I’ve heard from some writers? “Editor wanted a book, so, I did a book-length treatment.” This tend to have a surfeit of personal anecdotes, stories about the stories, and related filler material. Not all part of what is required. One novelist I like, his book are short in length. No unnecessary words.

Wish the same could be said for me?

It’s less about what’s being said, what’s being written, in my example, and more about padding. Good week to follow that basic advice, drawn from another source, but adjacent to that *Shakespeare Scholarship*, “Omit needless words.”

Scorpio

If only I could take my own advice, I might be better served. I might be in a better place. If only I could follow the wise words I dole out. If only. Not likely to happen, but you, as a **Scorpio**, can learn from my mistakes. Listen to the advice you’re giving. Listen to what you’re telling other people. Listen to what is being said. Listen to yourself. At times, Mercury and so forth, it will feel like you’re the only one listening to yourself.

Hey, a **Scorpio** alone is in good company, no?

At least you can trust yourself. “I’m not sure I would trust me,” more than one good **Scorpio** has told me, in the course of working with them. But I do trust them. So maybe there is a deeper message here, first about listening to yourself, and then,

about trusting what you said to yourself. Me? I wouldn't trust me, but I know me, and I **am not Scorpio**. Listen to your **Scorpio** self; you might be the best source for advice.

Sagittarius

As a typical **Sagittarius** male, show me a problem? I'll want to fix it. Show me challenge? I'll try to best the adversary. Put an obstacle in my way? I'll try to climb over. Typical **Sagittarius** energy, this week?

"I can fix that for you!"

[Warning](#): it might not be fixable, and the adjunct to that warning?

Maybe it doesn't want to be fixed. Maybe it is more happy being broken. Some folks have more fun when they are complaining about a situation. A quick, typical **Sagittarius** *fix* would alleviate the pain and suffering, but then, for those complainers, where's the fun? So here's how this **Sagittarius** week works: shut up.

"Can't we talk this out? I can fix it!"

So here's how this **Sagittarius** week works: shut up.

Capricorn

Available in any local grocery store, at least, [around me](#), there are "reversing" candles. Epic, votive, "religious," archetypical, and, as I've noted before, the old store in Austin used to have saints that I never saw in the traditional catholic pantheon. Local, more regional, and bows to the mix of old world and new world belief systems so common here. The reversing candles themselves, marked with a few symbols, usually in Spanish and English, then some kind of a prayer, and the better candles are two colors of wax. The [candles](#) tout the reversal of bad luck, reversal of ill-fortune, and, of course, "evil spells are lifted." Not much of a believer in that, but there are those who put a lot of stock in it. Anyway, the candles themselves are perfect for **Capricorn**, as this gives a focal point for attention. In order to surmount the difficulties, possible utilize the errant ways of Mercury in Retrograde? Start with something like one of those candles. The lighted flame serves as a **Capricorn** point upon which you can meditate and concentrate. All that energy? One direction.

Aquarius

I'm always tempted to start in the middle, or stop about halfway through. Doesn't work, not this week, not for **Aquarius**. Doesn't work on many levels. No, see, the idea is sound, as we all know — the **Aquarius** way of knowing — we all know what is going to happen and how it is going to happen, the rest of the world? Therein is the challenge. The **Aquarius** gift of foresight is immeasurable at the moment.

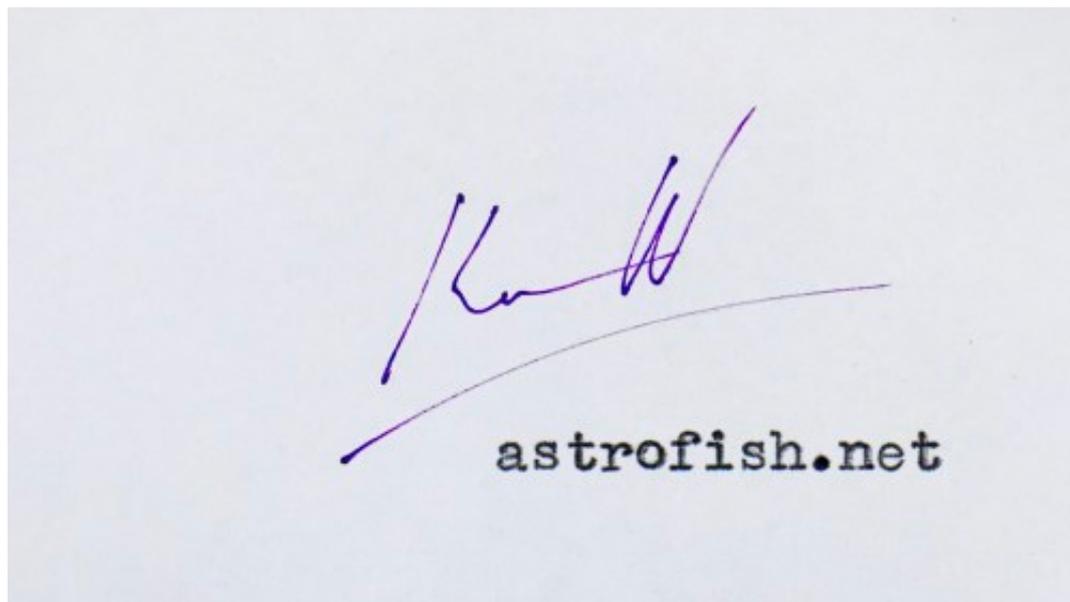
The rest of the world? *Not so much.*

Do they get it? *Not so much.*

Is there any action you can take, as an **Aquarius** to get them all caught up? *Not so much.*

The easiest way? Start at the beginning. Don't start in the middle. Don't start at the end and work backwards. Every project, every endeavor has a starting point. It's really a cool trick in literature, in various forms of telling stories, to start in the middle,

then flashback to the starting point. However, with what's shaking, at this very moment? Start at the beginning.



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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 3.14.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, March 13, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/03/horoscopes-for-3-14-2019/>

Follow, I pray you.

(exeunt omnes)

Adrian in Shakespeare's *The Tempest* III.iii.111

[Happy Birthday!](#) — happy Pie Day (3.14)? As the stage directions read, *exeunt omnes* — all exit.

The [mailing list](#), get the news, earlier.

Horoscopes for 3.14.2019

Pisces



The Fishes

There are copious examples of this in modern life. A blog that became [a movie](#) that became a best-selling book.

A twitter handle that became a collection of quotes in a book that became a [TV show](#).

Just about [any channel](#) in the world of the electronic media can become a sensation, the trick is the hook, and the hook relies on old-fashioned story-telling.

One author I read because of the insane plot lines. Another author I read is for the story itself. Yet another example is an author I read for vivid description. All depends.

Pause, in the middle of the **Pisces** birthday time, and think about the last article, serial, book, or even web-inner-tube show, and ask yourself, "**Pisces** dear, what was the hook?" I used to watch this one fishing show because the guy was comical in his delivery, damn near manic. I watched for his **Pisces personality** as much as I watched for anything else. Tips, techniques, tackle, sure but he made it fun.

Before we start our own **Pisces** show, though, we must investigate the hook. What is the magic that keeps us coming back?

Aries

Change doesn't hurt near as much as resisting to change. [Simple observation](#). Simple observation made plain by [Saturn in Capricorn](#), which causes consternation within the *Aries psyche*. "But I like this," or "it's the way it's always been!" Both sound arguments, but the lack of change? The resistance to the change?

Changing it up doesn't hurt near as much as you might think that it will. "We must fight the foes!" In my canon of work, I point out that we all face certain obstacles. In the next few days, resisting change might be your biggest *Aries* obstacle.

Change doesn't hurt near as much as [resisting to change](#).

Taurus

A buddy was [complaining](#) about the way it was, and how things were — or weren't — working out. To him, his position in a situation (work) had become untenable, at best. A no-win scenario was presented. That's how he painted the picture. I twiddled the astrology charts and offered useful but rather pointless advice, because, in this situation, my buddy, the stars, the work scenario itself? No way to win. In a situation that feels similar? Or in a situation that has no apparent way to win?

"It's a race to the bottom, man."

With that as a possible issue this next couple of days? In **Taurus**-land? Look around. Stop. Put a pin in it and offer to circle back. Instead of racing to the bottom? Just stop where you're at; sounds simple enough, but if you do? You stop that headlong descent into [madness](#), and we can all clearly see, there's no way to win this one. If there's no way to win? Stop struggling with it.

"Easy for you to say."

Yes, it is. Stop racing to the bottom.

Gemini

Love me some bay fishing along the gulf coast. This week's **Gemini** reminds me of that last trip, early March, right before spring break hits full stride. A morning trip turned into most of the afternoon as well, and we were all having fun, check the website for some pictures of smiling fishermen. The afternoon chop was rough, and after eight hours on the bay boat, I had sea legs, a rolling gait to accommodate the swaying foothold. Holding the bow line in hand, as I stepped onto the dock, I kept waiting for the ground to keep rolling and roiling, as the boat's deck had been, for the previous eight hours. What **Gemini** has been through lately? This is the week you're like me, just stepping up on the dock, pier really, solidly anchored structure, but still expecting the floor to sway. As a **Gemini**, you're also holding the bow line. It's a simple piece of rope tied to the front of the boat, but at the dock? Yeah, that line can control, like, everything. This means?

Gemini: solid ground and in control. Be careful.

Cancer

Given the correct setting, I will wax eloquently about the virtues of [coffee](#) from a convenience store. There is an essence to the brew that's been sitting there, half a pot on the burner since about three in morning, starting to get a little crispy, and for a five AM spring fishing fling? That coffee is great. This is an extension of venerable "truck stop [coffee](#)," brewed in urns, and served by the gallon. **Folgers** and **Maxwell House** were part of the first wave of coffee, [Starbucks](#) being the second wave, and the individual micro-roasters being the most current crop.

Each brew has a time and place, and for all the vile comments about Starbucks and its ubiquity, the brand did introduce the notion of better bitter brew. Next few days, given the motions of the moon for *The Moon Children*, be willing to pay homage to the roots. Might not be a specific cup of coffee, or roots of the current phase of consumption of coffee, but it could be quite

similar. What do we owe respect, acknowledgement, or, at least a head nod towards? The tendrils of the one coffee giant stretch far into the hinterlands, bringing a degree of civilization — [educated consumers](#) — where there was none before. That being noted, some mornings? A single styrofoam cup filled with dubious bitter brew is just better. Still, admit and acknowledge what our roots are.

The Leo

The Leo, let me remind you, a great line, “I’m like the ants.” One would suppose, that this is a common problem most anywhere. We get these little “Sugar ants,” tiny critters, crawl out of the woodwork, and munch on whatever is unsealed. Every place I’ve lived, there has always been the ants. Only respond to certain foods; seem to crawl out of nowhere; are problematic at best. They are everywhere. Tiny little specs, marching along in single file, linking up to carry off sugar, sweets, and just about anything else left unattended. They are everywhere. Nuisance more than anything else. Or, to me, a reminder that I should never leave any food stuff out on the counter, unsealed. If I do, the ants return. As **The Leo**? You know what you remind me of?

Yeah, “I’m like the ants.”

We can do our best to ignore you, but leave a sugary snack on the countertop for a few hours, forgotten and unattended? There you, just like the ants.

The Leo: “I’m like the ants.”

Virgo

When I started college, then [university](#), there were only 36 plays in Shakespeare’s “complete works.” Over the years, there’s been a huge boon to the apocrypha with more detailed analysis available. There are now around 40 plays attributed, in part or with verifiable contributions, by the playwright we call Shakespeare. The original 36, though, that was a goal, for me, a hope that I would be able to read all 36 plays — and there is a challenge available, to industrious, theater, historical types to help them read all the plays in one year. While at the university, I did read, maybe half the plays, for the advanced course work. I think I still have margin notes and seven-digit phone numbers from other students in that [collegiate text](#). However, I did branch out, and when I started commuting to [Austin, a few times a month](#), I got in the habit of listening to the plays, read aloud. While took more than a year, I did listen, all the way through, at least twice now.

Audio books are not something that I am fond of, not myself. But Shakespeare’s work, essentially, is meant to be seen as a performance rather than read as literature, like I did, back then. A secondary way to enjoy the works, recorded, like a movie, or — last ditch effort? Like my audio versions I collected, the complete works, along with apocrypha, and assorted [supporting](#) plays, listening to them is almost as a good. In the theater of the **Virgo** mind, “second best” works, and works well, this next few days.

Libra

On one sales list I subscribe to, they offer [books](#) each week, digested. Books for sale, I should say. Over time, I started to notice that each week, there was a Louis L’Amour book mentioned. In part, I must’ve ticked “Westerns” to have that genre included in my weekly sales sheet. But it also gave me pause, realizing that it was the same author, on the list, week after week. I read, maybe three of the novels, two very much *genre specific*, and the third, sort of a magical realism one-off, called *Haunted Mesa*.

If one were to read just one of this books, I’d recommend that one, for sure. While it covers and traverses the same ground as the entire canon, it does add a new element, not really present in most of the works. But this isn’t about a particular author, but the way the material was presented, with a certain consistency, over and over. Also points to a deep catalog, and it was merely being mined for profits for the heirs and assigns, I would guess. However, as classic western literature, the material holds up well enough. It’s about repetition, same message, changed, just a little, over and over. Same author, different title, each week.

Scorpio

I'm not sure what the technical term is. It's a situation where one's own success is part of one's downfall. Victim of circumstances? Victim of one's own [success](#)? Guilty of wretched success? Still trying to come up with a name for it. Between the motions of Mars and the relative placement of Saturn's position, there's a good chance that your **Scorpio** self falls victim to being too successful.

Me? I do better with an occasional failure to keep on track. I don't win every time. I get "skunked" at the lake, on rare occasions. Helps keep my unbridled ego and raging, towering sense of my own self in check.

*But I'm not a **Scorpio**, right?*

Maybe you don't need the occasional failure, a resounding and epic shortcoming publicly played out to remember your humanity. Perhaps this isn't a requirement, for you. However, as I plotted the planets in their various orbs, what I kept thinking about was a **Scorpio** being a victim of their own successes. Can't say I don't try to warn you. And you know my usual line, if you do win big, I would like 1% of the take. Can be 1% after taxes, too, I'm not greedy at all. Just careful, as I don't want you to be a victim of your own success.

Sagittarius

We're working on less accumulation these days. Less accumulation of some materials, less stuff. This can be emotional stuff. This can be physical stuff. This can be people who just, ultimately, "Bring us down, man." Less of that stuff. There's a natural shedding process that occurs at this time, and that process, let us embrace it with our **Sagittarius** souls. Less stuff. Less stuff is better. Folks who bring us down? Less of that. Mostly, **whatever it is that is no fun? Less of that.** Instead of embracing a new idea, and then, buying the whole line of crap, let's look at [consideration](#), "Let me think about it," or, my [personal favorite](#)? "Let me sleep on it." Can save us from an ill-thought out decision or two, next few days. "Think I should toss this aside?" Probably a good idea, to, but, as I alluded to before, maybe? "Let me sleep on it, then I'll let you know." The goal is less accumulation, and how we get there? That is an individual choice, depends on how it plays out in a single chart, but the idea? Less accumulation of stuff.

Capricorn

There are certain standards that must be obeyed. At one point in my career, I had an editor, and we referred to her as *SWMBO*, the acronym for "She Who Must Be Obeyed." It was funny, amongst my group of writers, as we got a chuckle out of her antics, demands, and, of course, we all *always* followed her orders. It's a matter of doing what they like, how they like, and making sure everyone was happy. In that situation, the editor with the nickname, "SWMBO," it was easy for me. Same material was delivered, at the first of the month, for the following month, one copy in MS Word format, one copy as a plain text file, both copies attached to an [e-mail](#) with the text for the file in the body of the email. So, in essence, I was submitting three copies of the same file. Seemed redundant to me. Also seemed a little stupid, but no one asked me, and I learned, remember her moniker, that acronym?

SWMBO?

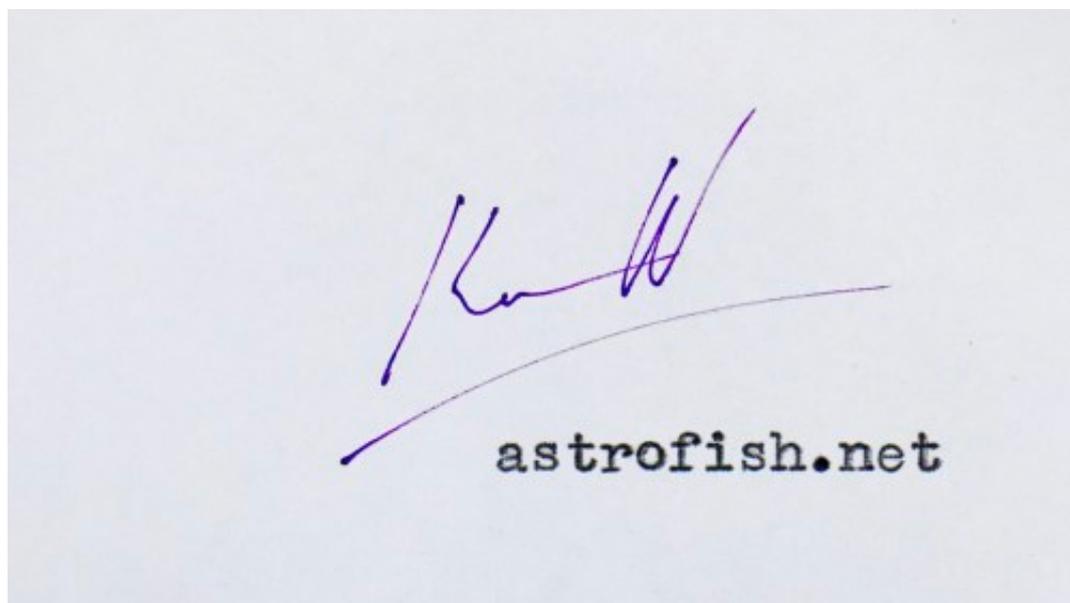
I learned, *this is how they want it*, and I — eventually — got it down correctly. I learned that it had to be done a certain way, with no room for any other kind of method of working. Failing to do it in triplicate, as requested? Resulted in a torrid flurry of e-mail, threats, recriminations, and personal counter-attacks. A lot of noise that went no where in a hurry. Then, too, I was getting paid, and the people (organization) paying me wanted material delivered a certain way. Best if I just did what they wanted. Might seem rather redundant, but their standards were their standards. Their rules, my paycheck, [play nice](#). You have one, this week, a person — or organization — of some authority that it behooves your **Capricorn** self to follow whatever, apparently redundant rules they have set forth. In my example? "Just do what she says."

Aquarius

“Truth” and “reality” don’t always [align](#). Becomes apparent this next couple of days, for **Aquarius** — the way *truth* and *reality* don’t necessarily align perfectly. Or at all. There’s a point where something seems out of joint. I always liked the way fiction always felt more true than true stories.

I was born — and raised — in [Texas](#), a home to the Tall Tales.

Not like this is any kind of new [information](#) for me. While I first recorded it when I was an adult — or adult-aged — I’m sure this sentiment was carried throughout my upbringing, “We never let the truth get in the way of a good story!” As the week unfolds and the energies course through their prescribed patterns, remember that the truth is sometimes better than the actual fact. Truthfully speaking, of course. The additional comment for this? It was a writer I liked, and he wrote about how fiction had to be more true than real life because fiction had to make sense. The story is true, some facts might be altered to clean it up and have it all make sense.



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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 3.21.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, March 20, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/03/horoscopes-for-3-21-2019/>

Alas, the storm is come again!

Trinculo in Shakespeare's *The Tempest* 2.2.20

The sun moves into the Tropical Zodiac Sign of Aries on March 20, 2019 around 4:00 PM — [Happy Birthday!](#) Sign up for the [mailing list](#).

Horoscopes for 3.21.2019

Aries



Aries The Ram

When piloting a craft, one of the most terrifying comments?

“Did you feel that?”

When the captain of the vessel makes that kind of complaint?

I grab onto something, and get [prepared](#) to hang on for dear life.

“Did you feel [that](#)?”

Taurus

Everyone has a song. Over the [years](#), my tunes have changed, and what I wanted for an entrance song, then, and now? Changed a lot. When I was younger, I never thought about it. I've heard this referred to as a baseball player's “walk-on” song. I was thinking more long the lines of the wrestling shows, and the kind of song that would blare, as I emerged from a tunnel, about to battle with, well, whatever that stuff is. Never did follow wrestling too closely. This isn't about wrestling, or any other sport, though. This is about themes songs and pageantry.

What would be the pageantry associated with your **Taurus** self? Would it be an arching guitar riff? Would it be a classical tune, recycled and up-tempo? Heavy metal? Hair metal? Anymore, I would use a slightly twangy, sort of country [sound](#), imitation stand-up bass, simple drums, snare and top hat, tapping a pedantic 4/4 rhythm. The question, and this requires some research on the part of **Taurus**, what would be *this week's* walk-on song?

Gemini

It's a balancing act, this week, in the *Land of the Twins*. **Gemini** should be learning how to effectively balance the work load, the play load, and the laundry load. Had to sneak that one in, about the dirty laundry because, regrettably, with this particular *Mercury in Retrograde*, there's some **Gemini dirty laundry** that might be aired out. Maybe. Maybe not. Kind of depends, but there's that threat. "Threat" might be the incorrect word, but long-lost data might surface, and it will seem like this happens at an inconvenient time.

There's a kind of discomfort that comes from having one's dirty laundry publicly aired. However, as a **Gemini**, you should realize, by now, that there are no secrets. "Yeah, I have no secrets." I do, but I'm pretty sure I've forgotten them, now. Doesn't stop the lurking, and that's the problem, the nagging feeling, that sense, you're forgetting something. That's what this next couple of days carries, that sense of — it is just [Mercury, Retrograde](#), in Pisces. Not bad. Maybe not all good, and possibly quite problematic for **Gemini**, but you're aware of this, right? The trick is to aim for that balance point. That balance between work, recreation, enlightenment, and rest. Maybe some rest would do you good. Shoot for that balance between all of them.

Cancer

The perfect example of this week's [weirdness](#), in the *Moon Children's* sign? The little, slim books of poetry. Not exactly tiny books, but little slim volumes, usually buried at the back corner of a bookstore. Shakespeare, Literature Criticism, and Poetry Anthologies tend to crowd the shelves, but the slim volumes of poetry is where this week's gems are found. The deal is with Mercury in its apparent position, against, and for, the **Cancer** placements. What this does, the real adventure, the way this works, digging around in those slim volumes of poetry? That's where we find — exactly — what we need. Solace, brief words of wisdom, comfort, tragedy, love, loss, all of that. The comfort that is required? Takes a little digging to get to it. For me, I have shelf full of just such tomes, collected over years and years of finding, then discarding, works. The few I've heard onto, these are the few that I know, in times like this, I can pull one of the slim volumes off the shelf and modern poet, or classical, or even some post modern free verse crap, one, or more, of those little slim volumes of poetry will have the secret words to help me make it through the next few days. Buried in the back of the bookstore, ask a librarian, or I walk up to my own shelf full of solace. Whatever works. Dig around in the old poetry books. There's solace, comfort, and encouragement, words to keep you going. Just have to dig in an unusual spot. It's there. Gold. You'll hit gold.

The Leo

Perhaps if **The Leo** is a little less discriminating about certain [choices](#)? Perhaps if you showed a clearly contrary position of being indelicate? Perhaps if you were to lose some of the ice-queen characteristics? Whatever it is, there's a hint "Patience is virtuous," and I'm thinking, just might be me, but I'm thinking that a little less virtue from **The Leo** would be the way to go. Impatience implies lack of virtue. Be that as it may, this is a time to be a little less virtuous. Little less patience with those who fail to understand that **The Leo** is, indeed, "The Leo," and needs — demands — to be treated that way. "We can make this easy or you can make it difficult. All up to you." Borrow that line and use as needed. Your dosage might vary, but the idea is that **The Leo** can be less patient, and that gets us what we want, and here's what makes this better: this gets us what we want, faster. Faster is better. Screw "Patience is a virtue;" be impatient. Be less virtuous. "Nope, 'now' isn't fast enough. Wanted it yesterday. What are you waiting for? Move!"

Virgo

Practice. Practice — practice — practice. The way I heard it the first time, "How do you play Carnegie Hall?" With that repetitive answer. The clue is that this is a situation that requires certain **Virgo** skills. You have those skills, but those selfsame **Virgo** skills need to be honed to a perfection. And how does one hone his or her **Virgo** skillset? See the refrain to this week's stars for **Virgo**. Practice. Practice some more. There is no shortcut, this week. For me, this means standing in the driveway, last year's fishing line on a reel, and a little dummy weight, repeatedly throwing, cast, trying to hit a certain target. Mostly, the target is in my mind, but I'm trying to limber up certain skills that are required for close-in fishing, coming up. Working the brush line, trying to get a bait snuck in and under the overhanging limbs. Bit of trick. How does one get good at a particular

skill? Practice. Practice some more. Then, when I'm tired? Practice some more. This is easy to do when I'm invigorated, the trick is to be good when tired. How does one do that? How would a **good Virgo** accomplish this goal? I think you know the answer, right? If not? Practice. Practice — practice — practice.

Libra

Kind of an observed quality, but I tend to have a poor sense of direction. I can navigate by the sun and the stars, but that means I have to have a point of reference. In my wandering ways, started in my early youth and never changed much, one of the ways I get acclimated to place? I take a bit of [wandering](#) route. I like to walk. Sometimes short, exploratory strolls, and sometimes, like even now, a longer, more interesting hike — I can easily clear a half-dozen miles in an afternoon, and while I can stay super-connected with that electronic leash, I can also pocket the leash and tune in by tuning out. Which is part of the lack of a good sense of direction. I understand that I lack this — seen it in others — infallible way to navigate uncharted waters, but alas? I lack that skill. Now, over the years, so I can navigate back to where I started from? What I've learned to do is glance over my shoulder and take a mental snapshot of where I have just traversed, and get that image in my head, from the opposite side. Looking back, over my shoulder, so if I were trying to retrace my route, I would know what I was looking for. I would suggest leaving breadcrumbs, but in this day and age, the urban wildlife would eat the trail markers, leaving us, again, in **Libra**, bereft of clues about how to get home. Or back to the original starting point. Stop. Stop in your tracks, or, if you have an phone with an app for routes, mark the route. Something. Look where you've been, from the correct perspective, to make it easy to get back. Helps prevent a second, rather common problem with my navigation, "Did I just pass this way before?"

Scorpio

Iterations and permutations.

What we have to deal with in the land of the *Scorpion*.

Permutations and iterations. There's a situation that is rapidly spiraling out of good, **Scorpio** control. There's the hint that, a sense that, an essence that pervades, with **Scorpio**, "No! Not this one situation! Anything but that!" There's always, and I tend to love the term itself, there's always one *mission critical* — should we suggest, *Scorpio mission critical* part to this, and that one piece? "No, that one!" The emphasis, the typical **Scorpio** energy will quietly implore, not really a loud statement. So is this the part, the piece, the linchpin, the squeaky wheel that is going to fail? Doubtful.

But with iterations and permutations, there is a subsidiary, an adjunct, a part that hangs off the side, or a *mission critical accessory*, some piece like that which changes. Can shift location. Can fall out. Can change colors. It's not the end, nor is the start of something new, we're just seeing some shift. Shift happens. Shows up, next few days, as permutations and iterations. It's the same, only different.

Sagittarius

The trick is just a pinch. In this example, I was thinking about a certain spice, and I use it for its metaphysical properties as much as its health and wellness (medically proven) properties. Just a pinch, though, is all it takes. I finally caved in and started using a small measuring scoop, because, my old and usually reliable "eyeball method" has started to fail, not due to the eyesight, but the way I was just sort of guessing and having it be a bit too much? Just a pinch, all it takes. In this example, the miracle cure-all is cinnamon. But this could show up as any number of spices, or other condiments, in the **Sagittarius oeuvre**, and must be adjusted accordingly.

Also: as a **Sagittarius**, yeah, why go for just a pinch when a half a bottle or maybe even the whole thing would work better? Sure! Which gets us back to the [astrologically](#) minded suggestion for *Sagittarius*, just as a mindful moment. Just a pinch is all it takes. Might be a lesson we have to learn, over and over, but this week, I'm reminding us, all we need is a tiny pinch to make the spice effective. Just takes the tiniest little bit.

Capricorn

There's a certain acerbic, [intellectual](#) attitude that helps. Let me think about that. Or, you think on that one. Rather than action. Which I tend to implore and endorse? Like, "Please take some action now?" Instead of that? Let's pause and think about it. There's nothing that can't be helped without a good pause. A moment's reflection.

Stop and think about it. Stop and think. Think. Consider, ponder, be introspective, but pause and think about it before jumping. At the end of this horoscope, there will be that reminder, and the question is, or will be, "Didn't think that one all the way through, did you?" As one person recently suggested, "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make them think."

Yes, therein is the problem. The data is there, but have you done a *Capricorn cogitation* on the topic? The data is all there, but have you weighed **all** the options, all the permutations that might be possible given the variables that are present? Did you think about this part — over here — might interact with that distant piece — over there? I know they don't directly touch, but like some kind of elaborate transaction or contraption, yes, they are all kind of related.

Think it through.

Save yourself pain, later, bethinking it through, now. Or not. Your choice, but not thinking has less than wonderful results.

Aquarius

Old, [forgotten](#) lovers and flames? What as once, and might never have been? Too funny, the other morning, in Austin, I ran across a familiar face. Hadn't seen her in years, literally. Many years. Her hair was dyed and streaked blonde, highlights and all. Our eyes met, I got the dull, vacant glance, and she was busy running a restaurant, I was with a date, and it was brunch. I was just amused, and I intrigued. First, I wondered what had happened to her, having dropped from my radar as I drifted south and west.

This was a person who always moved with a certain kind of class, always belied her roots, and now dyed her roots, too. Casual, tasteful attired, the clothing was casual yet expensive. Hadn't seen her in years and years. On her left ring finger, there was a sizable chunk of real estate, one large stone surrounded by a host of lesser stones. Probably cost as much as small house. Maybe even a medium house, I don't know — looked expensive. She never was a real desire of mine, just admired from a distance, we worked alongside each other for a couple of summers. Explaining the connection was too tenuous and reaching out was a bit much, as the situation dictated. A fun, brief blast from the past, as a reminder. For **Aquarius**, as a reminder, let the sterile past stay in the sterile past. Yeah, that was then, this is now. As we passed each other this time? No recognition in her eyes?

Aquarius: Let it alone. It's better this way.

Pisces

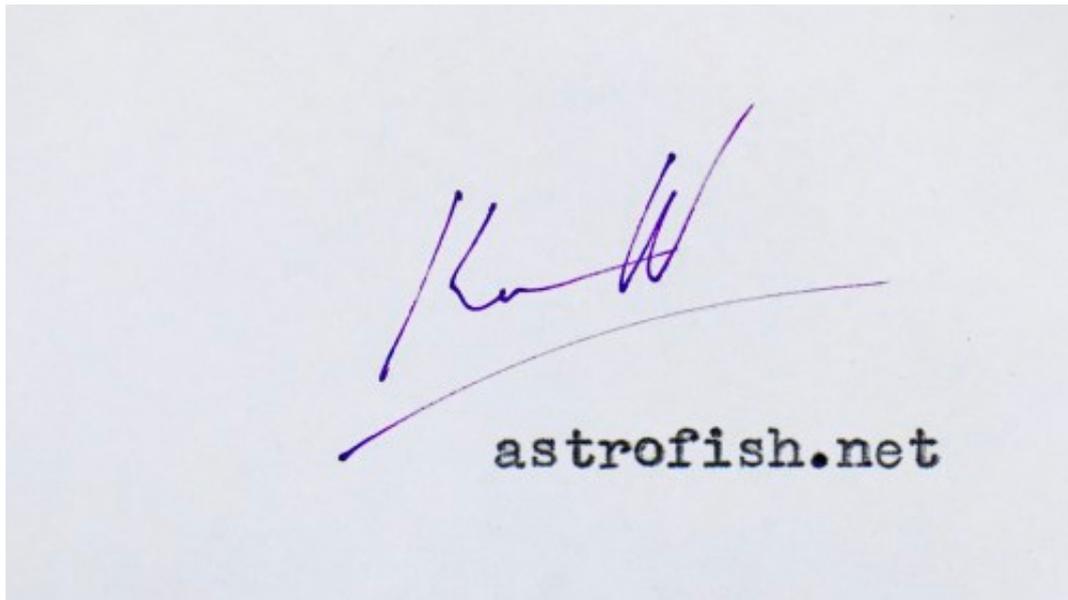
I miss the mist.

Too much time on the lake, and what I seem to miss the most? The mist. Cool spring mornings, like recently? The lake's water is warmer than the ambient air? Looks like smoke on the water, as the mist rises up. Heading out to fish, the other morning, I noticed that there was "patchy fog" in the lower lying areas. Wisps of mists. Not a big deal, really, just a reminiscent remembering of elements of my past. Recollections and such.

I miss the mist.

The [mystery](#) it imparted, the forced silence, sense of solitude, the way sound seemed to carry sounds across the surface of the water as lone oarsman stroked through the dawn's apparent lack of light. Later this week, as this horoscope gets a little older, as **Pisces** feels a little older, pause and miss the mist. Or whatever it was, that touchstone to the past, and look towards that future because, sure as can be, that mist is going to burn off the higher the sun gets in *Aries*, now.

I still miss the mist.



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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 3.28.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, March 27, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/03/horoscopes-for-3-28-2019/>

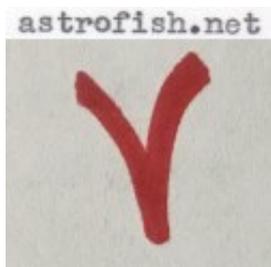
Open your ears; for which of you will stop
 The vent of hearing when loud Rumor speaks?
 I, from the orient to the drooping west
 (Making the wind my post-horse), still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
 The which in every language I pronounce,
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

Rumor in the
 Prologue to *Henry IV*, pt. 2, (1.1.1-8)

Interesting introduction to one of Shakespeare's play, not used often, a chorus or prologue. Careful about false reports when Mercury is still, well, [inconvenienced](#). [Happy Birthday](#) to that one special **Aries**. Sign up for the [mailing list](#).

Horoscopes for 3.28.2019

Aries



Aries The Ram

When I lived in downtown [San Antonio](#), I really didn't recall this tradition, and I passed that way frequently. But like the places in Italy, perhaps more famous, there's a bridge in downtown San Antonio, adjacent to the fabled *San Antonio River* and its **Riverwalk**. There are a series of locks attached to the bridge's railing. The deal is, two lovers profess their undying love, inscribe their names or initials on a lock, attach that lock to the bridge's railing, then throw the keys into the river. This means, the two lovers are forever bound together, as those keys are now lost. No way to undo the binding elements. Not to put too fine a point on it, but "forever" seems like a long time; although, in this example, the symbolism is not lost, just the keys themselves. I'm big on symbolic gestures, even if this is a tradition that seems a little new. This week calls for a symbolic action, a tradition, or something as simple as two sets of initials, carved into a lock, attached to a bridge downtown. **Aries**: Birthdays and symbolic gestures.

Taurus

Before the next horoscope gets here? Mars is going to move out **Taurus**. Should make you feel a little better. Might, should, feel a little less "antsy." Mars has been burning and churning, or churning and burning, depends, along the way to make **Taurus** quicker than usual. Quicker to answer, and quicker to anger. Mars isn't always all about "rage," or rage against that which we can't seem to put a finger, but that seems to pop up more frequently.

So, by next week; we all feel better in **Taurus**-land. How that plays out, thought, before Mars leaves? There's one, single, Mars-inspired event. Issue. [Problem](#)? Maybe not a problem, so much as the people behind you or in front of you, those people, you know them? They all seem to be moving at a pace that upsets your normally gentle **Taurus** equilibrium. Figure out the problem as being Mars? That helps. Understanding that you might have to do three laps to our normal one lap in order to keep up with what's going on around you. It's OK, because, as long as this is Mars inspired? You have the juice to keep that up.

Gemini

Getting ready for Mars entering **Gemini**? Need to reduce the [coefficient of friction](#). Grease comes to mind. [Soap](#) is another useful method. There are various lubricants and oils, usually, that are helpful. In some cases, something as simple as water is the perfect way to reduce the drag. Make things go smoother. We all need smooth. We like smooth. Mars can grind away on your soul, while it's in your sign, for sure. Or opposite, too. Same thing. You personal — **Gemini** specific — way to reduce that wear and tear? Sort of depends on the individual chart, but that it is an issue? That goes across all the **Gemini** charts I know. *Sagittarius*, too, as this is opposite from us. I feel your pain. No, really I do. *I do. Seriously*.

Reduce that coefficient of friction, this next day or two, and see if that doesn't help by the time Mars slides on into your sign. Mars and Mercury, the "M" planets, bringing fun and games to **Gemini**. In a hurry. Grab something to smooth that transition.

Cancer

I was looking over an upcoming article, and I was about to push "Publish it" (print) button. I paused, there was a place where I'd mistyped "its" and "it's." I'm well aware of the differences. "Its" is possessive, his "his" and "hers" while "it's" is the contraction form of "it is." Yes, [I know this](#). Yes, I was going to correct it as this is a pet peeve of mine. But there was another mistyped word in the next paragraph, and then I forgot to go back and make the first correction. I had the second one, just not the first. I hit the button to make it "live," and it was about three minutes later, a picky grammar nerd, not unlike myself, hit me back with a notice about the correction. Mocked me. Mocked me with no mercy. There are two culprits here; one is the typing itself, I was in hurry and not thinking about my fingers. Bad typing. The other is the auto-correct feature which does a version of grammar that isn't always correct, witness my [conundrum](#) and "epic fail" over the possessive versus contraction. I know the difference. Apparently, the auto-correct feature — or my typing — could be either one — but apparently one those can't tell. I can save you my pain — and embarrassment, in the coming days. When you hit that first mistake? Stop. Correct it. Save the work. Don't think you can multitask and correct three things at once, unless, of course, you don't mind getting teased by a sanctimonious, self-serving grammar nerd.

The Leo

You've read and heard all I've noted about *Mercury in Retrograde*. I tend to suggest that it's like the weather, especially in Texas, can't control it, [can't do anything about it](#), might as well enjoy it. Same applies to *Mercury in Retrograde*, which, technically, Mercury won't be like that much longer. There's another influence, though, that I was looking at, and I got thinking about **The Leo**, and how this impacts you. What I would suggest, your magnificence?

What I would suggest is that you plan to treat the next three weeks just like it was *Mercury still in Retrograde*, which, as noted, technically, it's not. But it sure feels like it, doesn't it? Kind of the clue — and an idea about how to deal with what pops up, especially after the weekend is over. Pretend — if it is for the **The Leo** then the rest of the world should oblige and play along — but let's pretend that *Mercury is just Retrograde* for the foreseeable future. Plan, and act, accordingly. It's not really Mercury, *per se*, but the effect is nearly identical. Can't argue with it; well, you can, but you won't win; and you can't change it. Work with what's here, or, better yet, work with what's [not here](#).

Virgo

The largest [percentage](#) of **Virgo** types that I deal with, the greater number all about "organization." Order, perfect order, in a sea of chaos. Perfect, sublime, clean, ordered, and numbered, like, all the books on the shelves are organized by author's last

name, then year published, all in perfect order. One **Virgo** I knew? She organized by color, the books' spines were all arranged in a rainbow fashion, but it was a system that made perfect sense to her, and, to be brutally honest, like I am, it looked quite good. Both her and the books. Library. Librarian. That desire for organization, along "normal" lines, like organized by author and publishing sequence? That makes sense — [to me](#). However, as an alternative format? My little **Virgo** date who organized her library by jacket — or cover — color, then size? That works, and as a suggestion towards this week's planet placements? For **Virgo**? Think about an alternative way to organize. Doesn't have to make sense to anyone else but your **Virgo** self.

Libra

One client, **Libra** Sun Sign, if you must know, had one of those new-fangled "sitting/standing" desktops. It was a hydraulically-operated unit, sort of, more springs and levers, with a keyboard and monitor all that could be raised or lowered, sitting or standing. The challenge as this week unfolds? Sitting. No, standing. No, need to sit for this one. No, should be standing. Up. down. Up, no, down, no, up.

My suggestion was to wire in a timer and have the automated desktop change its position every 15 minutes. Sitting, then standing, then sitting. "But what happens when I put my coffee cup there, and it changes position?" I would guess, depending on the equipment, the amount of coffee, how close the coffee is to the keyboard, and if it's a covered keyboard, sort of all depends on that, but the more exposed the hardware is? The better chance for coffee to wind up making a big mess.

So much for my automated idea. The challenges get worse, as each suggestion is faced with a possible outcome that isn't good for all involved. After reviewing this week's charts, planets, and calculations? I just had an image of that desktop, in almost constant motion. When it's moving? No work can get accomplished at all. Constant state of motion, as **Libra** tries to decide. Up or down? I'd pick one and stick with it, but I'm not **Libra**. "You're right." Sighs. "But standing would be healthier, right?" Me? I'd take this sitting down.

Scorpio

The planets incline and suggest, but the planets do not [dictate](#). That's the order for this week's **Scorpio**. The inclinations are towards a successful resolution. That successful outcome is dependent upon certain **Scorpio** actions. Communication is paramount, and understanding how to harness the disparate energies that seem scattered? That's the key to harnessing all the elements that result in that successful outcome. Instead of trying fourteen different methods to get from here (where we're at) to there (where **Scorpio** wants to be), pick one and grind away.

Pick one that you can grind away with, too. Pick one where the grind is pleasant for your **Scorpio** self, as well. I'd pick one where I enjoyed the grinding, as it were, since that's what the **Scorpio** should be doing the rest of the week. There's a very marked tendency to try three different targets, then try six different routes to get there from here. Instead of letting Mercury and Saturn shatter and scatter your **Scorpio** energies like that? Pick one. Pick one goal, one destination. Pick one task that might require your good, **Scorpio** tenacity. Pick one, then grind way. Some would suggest, "Grind happily away."

Sagittarius

I had on an old T-Shirt from a Shakespeare thing. Girl behind the counter looked at me, and I quoted a snippet from Shakespeare's *Henry V*, the intro bit about "This wooden O." That ties to the prologue used for this week, you know? Barely, but yeah. My experience, though, "Yeah, I've heard about Shakespeare, but what are you saying?" The woman, girl to me, behind the counter didn't get the reference at all. I would think, Shakespeare's histories, and *Henry V*, especially, should be relatively accessible. In a [small town in central Texas](#)? Apparently not. I've been surprised where scholars show up, or who does — or doesn't — get my references. I was sorry that my comment missed the mark, in this situation.

This isn't about quoting [Shakespeare's canon](#), or little towns in Texas, this is about communication that fails. Fails on several levels. I can blame education, location, and my general demeanor as being a little on the strange side, just for starters. I don't always rub people the right way. However, thus noted, realize that our little **Sagittarius** selves are likely to lead into a conversation, or an exchange, something, with the exactly wrong material. Way it goes, right now. Realize, too, that this is merely a passing influence, but our **Sagittarius** selves would be good to be reminded that sometimes we miss the mark.

Totally.

Capricorn

Forget Shakespeare. Let's talk about Mark Twain (November Sagittarius, if you must know). He had a little pearl of wisdom I never liked much, but looking at **Capricorn** this week? "Put all your eggs in one basket then *watch that basket!*" Simple advice from his [Pud'n'head Calendar](#). It was snippets in a novella. Never mind the source, let's look at the suggestion — as it applies directly to a distracted **Capricorn**.... I've exhorted that "focus" was most important, and I'm reiterating that message as there are myriad of distracting distractions that all vie for **Capricorn's** attention.

Pick one. It's probably the wrong one, but if you don't pick one, you'll never know. Pick one, try it. Guard that basket, so to speak. If it turns out to be the wrong basket? We'll know soon enough. The point is, Aries and its associated energies are going to try and shake your **Capricorn** self from paying attention to what's most important. What is most important? Don't get derailed: pay attention to that [one thing](#), until, you know, it's not important anymore.

Aquarius

Ever wrestle, almost endlessly, with a decision? "Yes. No. Not now. Maybe later. Maybe now would be better. I just don't know!" It's the decision about a fairly inconsequential item, too. Not really a big deal, or is it? Seems like the decision process itself far outweighs the matter of the questions. Hours spent agonizing over a simple deciphering that isn't that big of a deal, am I right? Or not? Should I pull the plug on that one I'm not sure. Maybe. Definite maybe. Seems like a good enough idea, but really, isn't that a little much? Too much? Not enough?

Endlessly wrestling with a decision, that, in the long run, in the grand scheme of life, the decisions is rather inconsequential. The mental back and forth motion, the constant internal argument with your **Aquarius** self about whether or not this is a good idea, and [seriously](#), is it that big of a deal? Well, yes, no, yes, it kind of is a big deal, but no, not really. I can help with this kind of indecision, having recently been wracked — wrecked really — with the same kind of problem.

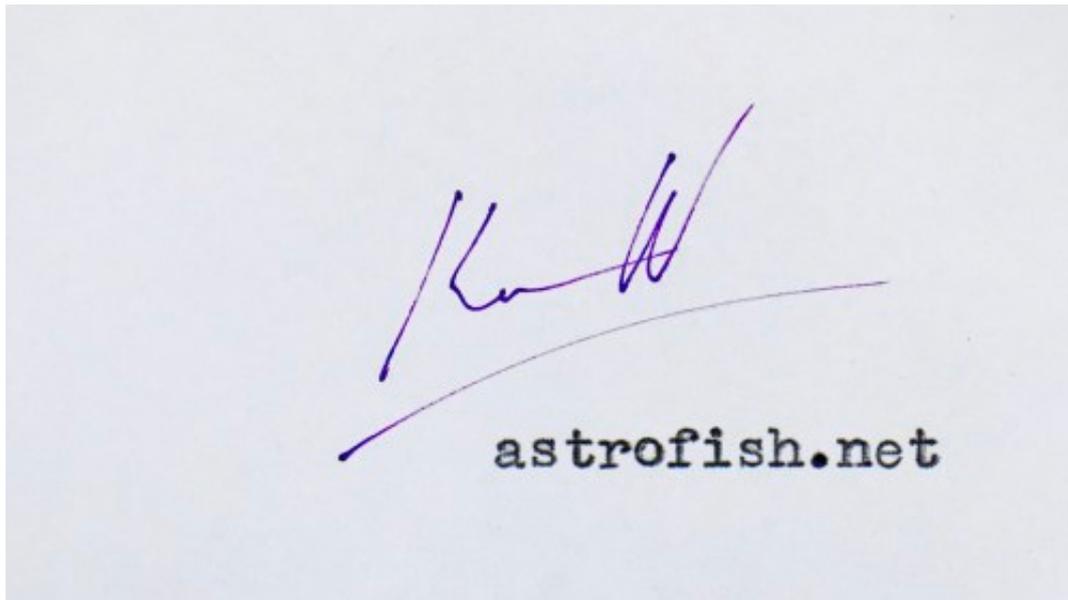
Here's the way to deal with this current indisposed nature in **Aquarius** land: do nothing. No decision is usually the hallmark of a bad decision, but for now? Nothing. Do. Do not. Neither.

Pisces

One of my [fishing](#) buddies kept falling for the same kind of woman. I would think of his selection of women as an Hindu/Indian deity, the one with many arms and blades at the end of the arms. A **deity** that is sort of an *Edward Scissor-Hands*. To listen to my buddy talk about it, they (women) were all pretty and nice at first, then turned into monsters with knives, cutting out my buddy's heart.

The first one, sure, the second, wait a minute, and by the third or fourth encounter, I figured it out: he liked it. He liked the pain, the drama, the sense of destiny, the emotional shipwreck on a deserted island, surrounded by a sea of suffering, with no hope, left to drift aimlessly on the whims of the furious fates. If I could, I would roll my eyes, as after the third time, this was a pattern, not random fate. I just liked the image, once I got a handle on it, of the deity with knives in each hand, and many arms, all twirling and headed towards my buddy. Great to fish with as there's always some kind of a long tale of his most recent romantic [disaster](#).

If your **Pisces** self keeps making the same, bad decisions, over and over, keep choosing the wrong way, who's to blame? As a non-**Pisces** singer used to sing, "There's always a woman to blame." Yeah, that's it. The last one was a brunette, this is a red-head, the one before was blonde. The last one had a chainsaw, before that, it was just a large hunting knife. Still a **Pisces** pattern.



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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 4.4.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, April 03, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/04/horoscopes-for-4-4-2019/>

He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl.

Sir Toby in Shakespeare's [12th Night](#) 3.4.122

The term "Carpet Knight" came up in a recent round of Shakespeare scholarly endeavors, "Carpet Knight," the term I never heard before. Sir Toby is referring to his drinking buddy, Sir Andrew, as such. His "unhatch'd rapier" suggests the man has never been in a brawl. Looks like, sounds like Sir Andrew was made knight because of social standing, or paid patronage. He didn't earn it on a battlefield.

Jupiter turns retrograde April 10, 2019, around 11 AM. what's that mean? See [below](#).

Horoscopes for

Aries



Happy birthday, etc. Do you see the pattern yet? This is about a "conversation" we're about to have — this next few days — with a person who seems to hold sway over the *Life of Aries*.

"Oh man, not that talk again?"

Yes, that talk again. I think of this less as a person in charge, like a boss, and more like a person of some perceived control over *Aries*. And — seriously — it's not really control, so much as it is, it seems like someone else has the reins at the moment. Sort of the driver, but then, maybe not really the driver. That's part of the problem, trying to exercise control over an *Aries* who doesn't want to be controlled. It's birthday time, *Jupiter* is going retrograde, and there is yet more disquiet on the horizon.

Which means?

Negotiate. Dissemble or negotiate, but buy yourself a little time. Maybe not give in, but then, maybe don't agree with what's being said, but not a typically *Aries fashion*, not from combative stance.

Better yet? "Let me got back to you on that." Think you can do that, this week?

Taurus



As we all get comfortable with Uranus in **Taurus**, I was thinking about that passage and the “carpet knight.” Another expression? “In name only,” just as an addendum. Or as a second thought. The idea of the “carpet knight” is person who is given title and accolades that might — or might not — be earned. While this is firstly, an example drawn from a Shakespeare play? In the **Taurus** hand? It could be applied in any number of situations.

The trick with this, well, tricky energy? Between Mars and Uranus, plus the phase of the Moon, where **Taurus** is? This is the opposite of “All hat and no cattle,” another way to suggest a *carpet knight*. To balance, mostly Mars and Uranus? Between those two? Balancing act? Think the opposite of the carpet knight, think the opposite of “all hat and no cattle,” think about yourself, your *Taurus* self as the real thing. No need to prove that. We know you’re authentic. No need to prove that.

Gemini



In the deep recesses and folds of my mind, I know I was taught some Latin in school. I took Latin because it was the root for all the Romance [Languages](#), and then, I discovered, I still couldn’t speak Spanish, French, or Italian without further training. I can fake it well enough, and I had enough exposure to French that I could wing it for a little ways. But, like the old Latin slogan suggested, “The only good language is a dead language.” To this day, I still have some Latin scattered about, for a spell, there was a quote on the bottom of the page, a special phrase, I thought of it as a motto for my own crest. My own logo. Something. Latin, though, is a root language, and while it hasn’t been spoken in over a 1000 years, not as a main language, and actual — original — pronunciation is, at best, a guess? it remains a part of the foundation of language that moves us forward. That smattering of Latin does pay off when I’m trying to figure out deeper meaning or roots to words that provide clues to wherever this was going in the first place. The problem being, knowing the root of the problem, the place where the word started? That doesn’t always mean we get the right meaning — and language is a tricky beast. Language and meaning shifts, just watching the difference between “English” English (British-speak) and any of the more pronounced dialects in America (US English) should be enough. Meanings, definitions and colloquial usage various, and language grows, changes, mutates.

Gemini must likewise grow, change, and mutate to be adaptable to new situations, or new material that is being presented. “But I don’t want to change!” Then, my fine **Gemini** friend, adapt.

Cancer



There are only so many hours that can be dedicated to a certain pursuit. Managing that time allocated to the task? The *Cancer's* task? That's what we would be working with, *Moon Children Time Management*. For me, it's simple, I tend to handle all my own arrangements so I can't blame "the secretary," or my assistant for double-booked mistakes. Then, too, I tend to favor my ability to shut off my business phone at the end of the work day, and I'll leave the messages — and messes — until the next business day

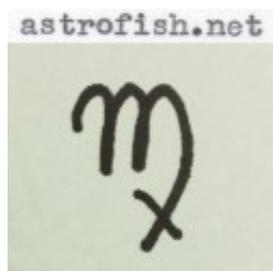
Although it looks like [I work nights and weekends](#), in reality, I tend to let that material accumulate until the next working day. This came up the other evening, a professional associate had a problem and wanted my astrological take on the situation. Call came in after 7 PM, and I returned it the next business day, which was two days later, because I had a fishing thing planned. Priorities. While this bothered my business buddy, it was understood that I return calls when I can work. Just a simple little trick of establishing what the priorities are, and then, sticking to what I built for myself. In order for to move at peak efficiency, I have to correctly manage my time. For **Cancer**, *the Moon Children*, and their time? The catch phrase, operative message? "After hours calls will be returned on the next business day, time and schedule permitting." Your call is important; [we'll get back to you](#) as soon as we can.

The Leo



The way this works, there will always be "those voices." Those [voices in the back of your head](#), those voices of naysayers, and the worst yet? **The Leo inner-critic**. "You're not good enough." That's one you're likely to hear, only, none of us can hear it unless you give it voice, as in, if you say, "My brain is telling me I'm not good enough." Too fat, too thin, too short, too tall, too *something* that probably can't be changed. I know your majestically **Leo** self might find this unusual, and highly plebeian, to some, but we all suffer with that internal monologue of the critic. [Happens](#) from time to time. *We all get it*, well, any of us that are human, we do tend to get this from time to time. Here's the fancy trick: we don't all have to suffer with it, and some of us have come to terms. With the current disarray of the planets, though, and that *Saturn* thing pushing like it is? That *Leo inner-critic* gets a little more vocal than usual. Can't stop that. What you can do? Two choices, two suggestions from me. One? Just don't listen to it. Or two? Tell it to shut up. Yeah, ignore it in good — royal — **Leo** style, or tell it to **STFU**. Either one works, or better, try both. We all need the inner critic so we don't run down the street naked, but we don't need that little voice bringing us down, not in **Leo Land**, not this next few days.

Virgo



There's a subtle difference between cleaning and an all-out purge. What started as a little late spring-cleaning wound up looking more like a giant "Rid this place of all evil spirits" event. Out with the old, and "Should I throw this away? Yes!" While I applaud the gusto with which your **Virgo** self attacks this kind of cleaning? I adore the way you can throw yourself into the act of making the place better? That's all good, but there's an issue with what gets thrown away. Recycled, is what I prefer to do, but yes, there's a good chance you're throwing away an item, a document, something that you might just need in the near future. Certain family members, I'm not naming names, but you know who you are, those family members tend to get "shred happy," and suddenly, for the sake of perceived security issues, it's "Everything must be shredded!" Worried about

abuse, theft, or other — unnamed — issues. I'm not sure of the source of the fear. To me, it's a little unrealistic. Again, in the individual **Virgo chart** this level of paranoia might vary, but this next — work with me here — next ten days or so? Less with clear-cut, "Throw it all away and start new! Brand new!" Less with that, and a more measured approach, like, "We might need this documentation, later, so maybe we better save it."

Libra



Life doesn't have a "pause and rewind" button. Would be great if it did, but alas, no, I haven't found that it's possible to just hit "pause," then rewind the scenario until I got to place where I can change an action that would then, in the near future, result in a better outcome. All about the good, you know? Since I can't pause and rewind, then the next possible way to phrase this? Understand that the Universe, the Cosmos, the cosmic whatever one believes in? That — indicated by the stars as the Sun "square" Saturn — that is a review where some action in the recent past, or the far past, is brought to **Libra** light.

"If only I did that differently."

Yeah, I agree, but we didn't. How we navigate forward? That's what's important to me, and maybe, that "mistake" in the past? Maybe that is less of a mistake, and more of learning situation, because, sure as can be, a similar kind of situation will present itself, here, next day or three. When it does? Remember what you did, then? Remember how that turned out? Try doing something different. "If only I'd know this, then," and now? Now you do know. While life doesn't offer a "rewind" button, try that pause thing and see it works. You do know, now.

Scorpio



Simple for **Scorpio**, ask yourself, "What's the best possible outcome?" What would be the best resolution to this week? What would be the best scenario for **Scorpio**? What would work best in **Scorpio's** favor?

You know, in my heart of hearts, I want what's best for **Scorpio**, am I right?

Of course I am! So ask your **Scorpio** self, "What's the best possible outcome?"

That's the question for the day, and that's the driving force, for the next few days. See, if it's going to happen, there's a lot of positive vibes, good energy, behind the placements of the planets, and that means there is a possible situation, a very *Scorpio situation*, and that this can resolve, totally in your *Scorpio* favor. So what's the best possible outcome? That's the question. Now, in the next few hours, what can be done to achieve that "Best possible outcome for **Scorpio**?" What can your *Scorpio self*, what steps can you take to make this happen? Me? I want to best possible outcome for you.

Sagittarius



There are some days, metaphors fly from my fingertips. Not fortunately, literally. There are some days, when the artistic, creative drive is firmly hooked up to the divine and the sacred, and the material writes itself. I don't have to think — it just shows up, unhurried, with pacing and appropriate similes, all present. Seems like there is no effort required. I can string together honeyed words, and the world is a happier place. There are days when it all falls together, and I make this look like magic.

First off, a lot of effort goes into setting up a system that would support this kind of work, and then, there's been a few years of practice, to get to the point that it does work like this. As I used to observe, "A lot of work goes into making this look effortless." So how well do we have our collective **Sagittarius** parts and pieces pulled together? It's a matter — a question, really — of how well we built certain foundation elements in our lives. Mine is purely by coincidence and happenstance, **not** by design. However, if we do show up at our appointed tasks, the goals, destinations, and if we use our [processes](#) in place? Be pleasantly surprised that a lot of this does work, like it is supposed to, like we planned. The simplest set of **Sagittarius** instructions? "Set your butt down and work." Be amazed at how easy this can be. There are some days, even the better part of the next week, when it is as easy as it seems.

Capricorn



Personally, at some point, I started to settle down a little. I'm — perhaps now that I'm older — a little more adverse to change, especially, when it is change just for the sake of change. I like the way some things are. I change what I can, to make myself, my people, more conformable, but just change? For the sake of change? "New **and** improved?" Different model year, and some stylistic changes, but at the heart, was the hardware itself changed? On some occasions, "New and Improved," is, indeed, **new and improved**. Better, stronger, faster, cooler, more efficient, whatever. But just change for no real reason? Is it necessary to upgrade this cycle? That's the question looming in the face of **Capricorn**, and it's spin off from what I was thinking about, originally, which had to do with radical change in the **Capricorn** chart. Is this necessary? Maybe. Definite maybe. But first? Let's look around and make sure that this is an upgrade that **Capricorn** really *needs*. Wants? Sure. Needs? Look at the spec sheet, first, what's really changed? Change, just for the sake of changing, is that necessary, now?

Aquarius



“Aquarius doesn’t like being told what to do. Period.” Stupid internet meme. Call this the meme game, wherein there’s a bland bit of advice, or single phrase, and then, substitute the sign’s name. Could be almost any sign, the one who doesn’t like being told what to do. I sure don’t like being told what to do — and **I am not an Aquarius**. However, this silly internet meme game, the part where we find just any bit of advice to for this week’s scenario for your sign? There’s a subtle kind of messaging that does seem to work.

It’s like the sites that will custom print anything on a T-Shirt and the graphic motors will generate what the algorithm suggests that the browser seems to be searching for. Slightly invasive, but amusing, too, as I keep getting *Scorpio* suggestions since I’m born in November. The ghosts in the machines make valiant guesses. Browser histories and [cookies](#) lend credence to the claims. Still this is — at best — a guess. Guesswork, machine intelligence reading digital clues, and then, the advice itself. That stuff has to be written by a human. My human advice? Don’t — blindly — take orders from others, not at this moment. Like the bumper sticker wisdom suggested? “Aquarius doesn’t like being told what to do,” and for now? Stick with that.

Source wasn’t great, and it was really for another sign, when I first saw that, but realistically? After what we’ve been through? **Aquarius** doesn’t like — *or need* — to be told what to do.

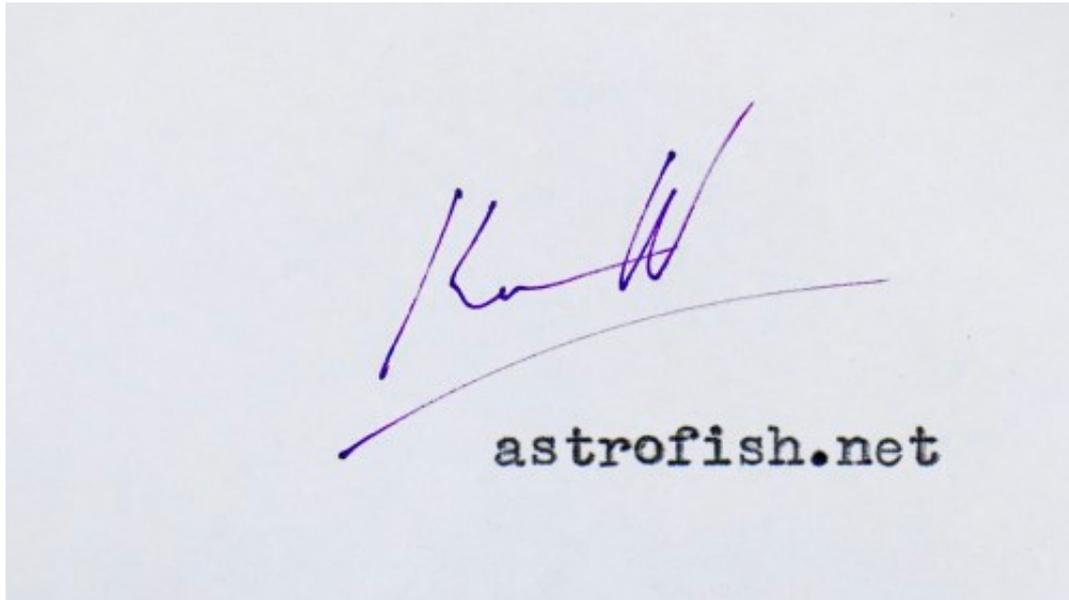
Pisces



“Why didn’t you tell this was going to be bad?” Because that’s not [how I read](#) the available data. I have a program, I can look this up in a text, but I prefer software, and that software delineates an astrology chart — a star chart — that plots the locations of the heavenly orbs. Way I was reading this? Wasn’t bad at all. I wouldn’t suggest rushing into a new thing, not just yet, but, instead of rushing, maybe ambling forward, towards a specific **Pisces** goal?

Ambling, slouching, lurching in a general direction that includes your goal? That works. There’s an insistent energy that will prod your **Pisces** self to hurry — and getting in a bigger hurry takes longer to get to that destination. The more you hurry, the more you hustle, the harder it is get arrive at that estimation. The more you hurry, the more likely you are to make a wrong turn, drop an important part, or miss the directions entirely. Slow down and amble toward that goal. You will be much better served. Instead of trying to reach for that specific goal, when asked, “Which way are you going?” The best **Pisces** answer, this week? “Yeah, kind of over there. You know, that general direction.” That kind of answer and dissembling gets you where you want to be — faster.

“I’m going to amble over here, now, if you don’t mind.”



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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 4.18.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, April 17, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/04/horoscopes-for-4-18-2019/>

There be many Caesars,
Ere such another [Julius](#). **Britain's a world
By itself, and we will nothing pay**
For wearing our own noses.

Cloten in Shakespeare's
Cymbeline III.i.11-4

Horoscopes for 4.18.2019

The sun moves into the Tropical Zodiac sign of Taurus on April 20, 2019, around 2:55 AM (Central), but, as always [your mileage might vary](#).

Taurus



As the Sun enters **Taurus**, the Sun aligns with *Uranus*, briefly. The question I thought of, and this applies now, is “brilliance” hereditary? Does it run in families, or is there some kind of genetic fluke that makes this possible? The idea of brilliance came, because, as this alignment occurs, there will great flashes of insight. Depth, understanding, like a certain kind of brilliance. Did this mental acuity, did this perception of intellectual horsepower, did this understanding of the human psyche exist all along? Was it inherited? Or was this a predisposition of the planets, enforced by this kind of an alignment, something that adds spark to an otherwise dull mind, all of a sudden-like? Which is it? Who knows. The brilliance is triggered, by this week's “Stars in **Taurus**,” and likewise? **Taurus** will be a star. With *Uranus*, especially, the correct application of this new-found “brilliance” is to not fritter and fret from whence it came, no, grab that insight and move forward. What steps, what path, what new — and uncharted — route beckons for **Taurus**? With this week's stars, you can see how to make this work, and for the one? Happy birthday, baby!

Gemini

“Strange things are a-foot at the Circle K,” a rather dated pop-culture reference. Explains much, though, to **Gemini**. Dated pop-culture reference that is an antecedent towards much of what is happening now? Yes, we've seen this before. “[Mercury isn't retrograde](#), is it?” No, that is not the issue. There's an arcane, get get used to it, strange energy loose this week, and maybe next week, and we will see this again. Best way to approach the energies, for that **Gemini**, now that we know, “Strange things are afoot at the Circle K?”

The reference was a B-movie that enjoyed a cult status for a period of my misspent youth. The original comment, though, it was about a series of events that seemed rather unlikely, all occurring right in front of the lead characters. The characters

themselves, at least at the start, seemed rather clueless. Part of their charm? Made for a fun tale. Good movie, more or less, sequel, not so much. But there is a strange energy loose, and instead of trying to figure it out, consider sitting off to one side, “Wow, dude, look at that,” means look at that. This could be the beginning of a great adventure for **Gemini**, as long as you stand off to one side and observe. “Wow, look at that,” or better yet? “Methinks ‘strange things are afoot at the Circle K,’ what say you?”

Cancer

There was a brief blip on the astrologer radar, person was doing horoscopes as a single, simple drawing. Didn't last long, as the effort and the results don't match up. I'm still writing, and yet the cartoon horoscopes are gone, a mere digital dream. Then, too, seemed like every **Cancer Moon Child** horoscope was something about tears. Please. Not every *moon child* **Cancer** is a crybaby.

Can't do a “Cry me a river” jokes every week, and, take note, I don't.

This week is the opposite of that, as well, as there is an internal fount of strength, desire, and drive which equate to a form of **Cancerian success**. That's a far cry from the tears and rivers stuff. Still, there will be one. There's always one, you know? “Sniff-sniff,” tear tricking down a single cheek, “I'm not that emotional, am I?” No, this is a function — collaboration if you will — of planets that apply emotional pressure. Good? Bad? [Depends](#) on what you do with the pressures. However, looking back? Make sure your choices are [sustainable](#), as in, it is something you can continue to do over long period of time. If it is fun to do once, then call it a stand alone project. Worth doing again and again? I've long since fallen into love and a healthy rhythm with my work, and for the success of *Moon Children*, the **Cancer Crab**? Find something that is enjoyable, over and over.

The Leo

It was a Monday morning, week or two back, and I stopped for an early cup of caffeine. At the time, I was having three shots of espresso in an insulated mug, with a tablespoon or two of hot water. More than just a shot of espresso and less than an *americano*. Person behind the counter was bubbly, “How are you doing today? It's Monday, back at work? Yeah, I get that. This should help!” I nodded and smiled. Gave me a moment's pause, and as I motored off, I thought about it. Monday isn't a bad day at all, not for me. I used to [work exclusively on weekends](#). Then, too, I usually enjoy my day job, so, no, Monday was no drag at all. Being up early, sure, bit of pressing business, but it was going to be a fun day for me. No dread, no sinking, just, it was early. Maybe I didn't have on my friendly face. First couple of days, a friendly **Leo** face is possible, but by next Monday? Same thing as me, feel fine, but folks think you're upset about something or other. Helps if someone hands you — in my example? I got hot, insulated mug with just the right amount of coffee-like products to make me very alert and happy. Perfect balance. Could be a glass of wine. Could be a box of wine with a straw, just like a kid's juice box. Could be a red-eye, two shots of espresso topped with hot, black coffee. All depends, from individual to individual, [whatever](#) **The Leo** needs to make it. For me? Couple of shots of espresso, and just half an inch of hot water. Whatever works.

Virgo

“Many people have eaten in this kitchen and gone on to live normal, healthy lives.” Sign in a diner. Road food used to be specialty of mine, off-beat, funky, dives, and [diners](#). Good stuff, cheap, and plentiful. “Stick to your ribs,” kind of fare. Maybe not the latest in gluten-free, farm-to-table, free-range, all-natural material, ergonomic, but who cares? Certain picky **Virgo**-types care, that's who.

“My body is a temple,” and having worshipped a **Virgo** or two (6 or 8, last count), yeah, that body doesn't always get treated like a temple, just most of the time. This is about balance points, which most would equate with *Libra*, but I see this as a **Virgo**-thing, this next few days. Balance point. Eighty percent of the food is healthy, and like the sign suggested? “Many people have eaten in this kitchen and gone on to live normal, healthy lives.” A little sin never hurt a good **Virgo**. You know, just a little.

Libra

“Wow, you’re him.” [See this footnote](#). Getting on a commercial airline, going someplace one evening, the flight attendant guy looked at me, my hair, my date, always date over one’s head, and he said, “Wow, you’re him.” Yeah, not who you think it was, but apparently, I look like I might be famous, or something. Always a funny story, huh. Happens more often than not. I adore some air travel with a babe, always makes me look better. Which, in turn, might’ve been the source of the comment.

No, I’m not that famous guy. I have been at this gig for some long years, and as such, some people recognize me, but in this case, it was just long hair and casual attitude. I’m used to it. My date? That time? I’m not sure. One date looked at me, batted her eyes, “So I’m sleeping with someone famous?” Yeah, doubt it. Still, it was a fun moment, and a source of unending mirth for my date. Brushes with fame? More like brush with blame, but that’s not the question. Or is it? As far as guidance, [pause](#), this is a tale, told by an idiot, full of misdirection and infamy. Who are you going to believe, me or my date?

Scorpio

The old routine, about people with a fear of heights? “I’m not afraid of heights, I just don’t like the sudden stop at the bottom.” Or something about having healthy respect for heights because of the sudden [lack of forward motion](#) at the bottom. Yeah, I’ve heard a number of these retorts, excuses, quite often, and one that I am not above using, no not me. Bungee jumping and skydiving, or even better, one buddy is *High Altitude Low Opening* trained. It’s a military thing. He would tell me what he does, but then he’d have to kill me. Ha-ha. Still there’s that fear of heights — healthy respect for heights — that some of us have. This week opens up with one guy at the back of the plane, shoving us all out the back door.

Just color me, “Not a fan.” Just not something I would do willingly, or by design. But that’s just me. *I’m not Scorpio, right?* Right.

However, there’s always that fear. In this example, it’s heights. Can vary, but the fear is very palpable and real. Not denigrating that **Scorpio** fear, whatever its source. I would consider it practical, but that’s just me. In light of this long discussions about fears, rational and irrational, consider that there’s a “bigish bump” in the *Scorpio* road. What to do about that? If you can see around it then there is less to fear, and if you can’t see around it? Maybe edge forward instead jumping. You now, unless you’re trained for that stuff.

Sagittarius

There’s a skating motion I like for this next couple of days. The image, is me, standing still, probably barefoot, but I make a motion like I was skating, you know, skateboard skating, and the implied noise? “Whoosh!” Smooth, coordinated, planned.

The reason I’m doing this standing still? *I have zero skateboard skills.*

No snowboard, no skiing, nothing. No skates. None of that. I have no illusions about my sense of balance, especially when balanced against my age. Yeah, I know what I’m good at, and that giant swoop punctured with a kick turn, or something? Yeah, really, **really** not happening. But in my mind, I can make that “whoosh” sound and I can gesture for balance with my arms. That’s the essence to this week. Feels great, doesn’t it? Well, making the motion of the suggested source of the “Whoosh” noise feels alright.

We can pretend. We can pretend to slide into this week’s energy with effortless grace, and flourish at the end, kicking that skateboard up and tucking it under a *Sagittarius* limb. Sure. Looks good. In our mind, it’s easy. In the real world, we might encounter some obstacles, but I can’t do anything about that. What I can suggest? We leave the real acrobatics to the professionals, and for this week, imagine that “Whoosh” gesture and noise as a way to indicate, like, “we’re there with you, man!”

Capricorn

I’ve worn, basically, one brand of [jeans](#) most of many adult life. Size keeps getting larger, and that’s just a function of age, I would guess. However, this isn’t about the size of pants I wear, or boot-cut jeans, or whatever, because, by now, I’m in [shorts](#) almost year-round. This is about pulling on a pair of jeans, denim, right after they’ve been washed. I don’t know about anyone

else, but right out of the wash and dry? My jeans always feel a little tight. After wearing them for the morning, though, the jeans tend to loosen up. Part of this is a function of the 100% cotton material. Part of this is the “Shrinkage will occur” [warning](#). And part of this example? This is the way the rest of this week fits for *Capricorn*. It’s a matter of wearing the material for a few hours to get it back to being comfortable. Cotton tends to shrink, and while rather durable when spun as denim, it does take some adjustment. There’s a small adjustment period going on, even now. It’s like pulling on the jeans for the first time, after they’ve been washed. A little tight, maybe, don’t feel quite right, maybe. Give it a period of time for the material to conform to your exacting *Capricorn* standards.

Aquarius

I have much respect for the **Aquarius** mind. It races on nimble feet, faster than the speed of light, like an electrical current coursing through the veins of hardware, sparks fly, connections get made, yes, it is a miraculous process to observe. The **Aquarius** mind is what is so strong at this moment, and the trite, old adage, “If you can [think](#) it…” (“You can be it,” or “it can happen,” or “you can make it happen,” figure out which one you like at the moment. It’s all a bunch of self-help crap.) Still, I’ve seen this happen, the *Aquarius mind* can make events unfurl in a specific direction. Not really mind control, but along the lines of positive thinking, but still, that kind of terminology starts to annoy as it is all a little too “Self-Help-y.” Still, I have much respect for that *Aquarius mind* and what it can do when it sets its sights on a goal. Get those **Aquarius** mental sites lined up. Line up the dots and get prepared. Three-quarters of this game is mental preparation, mind-set. **Aquarius** mind. Set.

Pisces

Every man and woman is a star. Simply put, old bit of advice, and kind of a statement. As such, though, what I was thinking about, what I’ve seen, a number of the older texts tend to take this message and let it get twisted in its definition. I’m back to a simple way of seeing this, and I hope my mere simplicity will help with the *Pisces* week ahead. You’re a star. You’re more than enough.

The old texts preached this hidden gem of a message and I’m trotting it out for the cold, harsh light of modern day. But seriously you are star, in some way. I’m not going to delineate each and every *Pisces* chart to explain and expound the obvious strengths and skill-sets that shine through. This week, that’s up to you. Can be done, but it’s not my strength — however, your strengths? That’s your job. This next few days, the best way to handle the exigent exigencies of modern life and strife? Use those **Pisces** strong points. [Shine on you crazy Pisces](#).

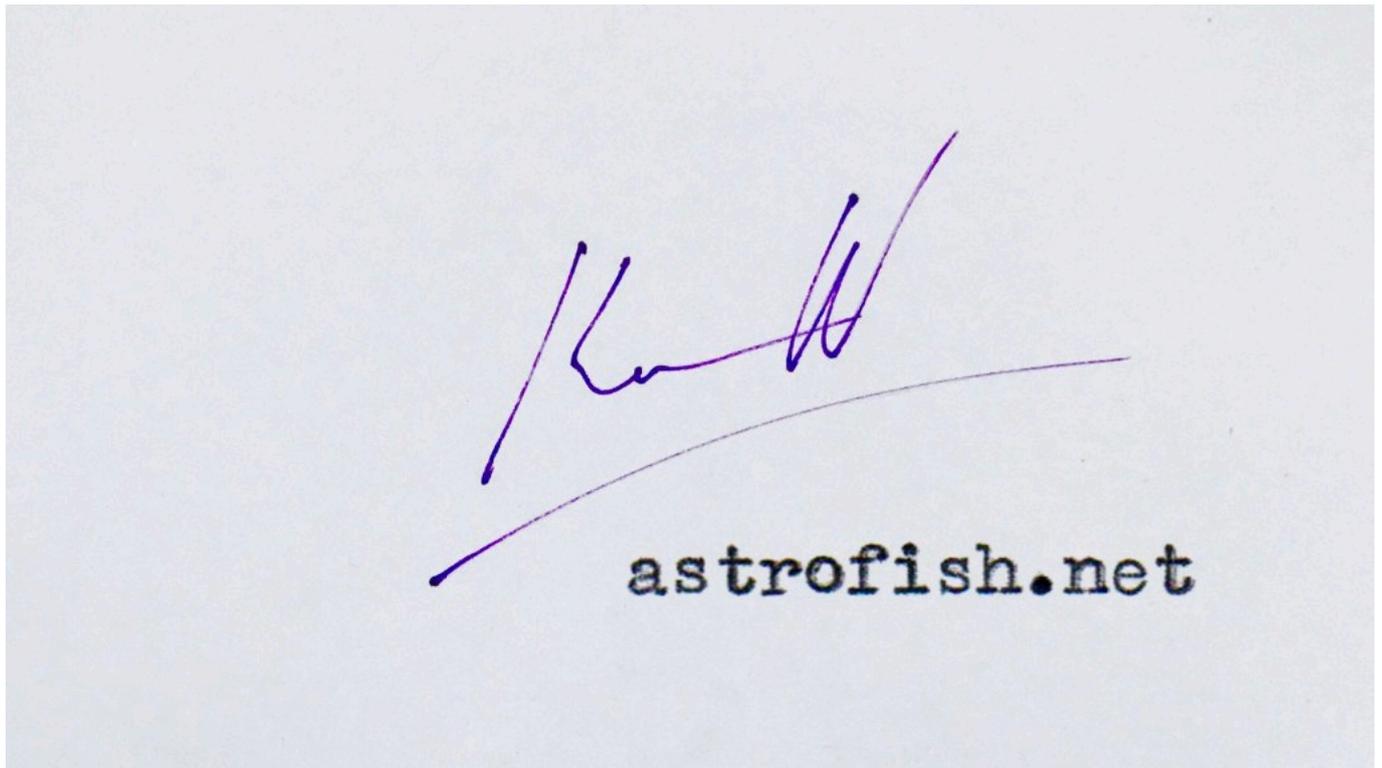
Aries

New dawn. New light. Fresh start? Yes, and a time when the pressure seems to be off of **Aries**. One *Aries* buddy, he’s still frantic with that drive and the energy, pulsing from him is almost palpable; makes for a weird interaction. “Dude, I couldn’t sleep last night, like at all, I’m so excited!” Or worried, or concerned, or excited but concerned, and this varies individual to individual, as no two **Aries** are exactly alike.

Still, there is a sense that something is still using those [buttons](#). So the fresh start, the new beginning, and the sense of impending doom, your *Aries* self falls somewhere along that spectrum. I would hope that life feels little bit better, now. That sense of expectancy? Let’s err on the side of a little less doom, and little more fun. *Aries* does get a fresh way to kick some of this off, but the trick is to ease into this new change, not jump madly — blindly — but ease into the new stuff. “It’s a new dawn, baby.”

Yeah, let’s walk over there.

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 4.25.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, April 24, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/04/horoscopes-for-4-25-2019/>

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

The Queen in Shakespeare's
[King Henry 6th](#), Part 2 III.i.31-3

Horoscopes for 4.25.2019

Taurus



The Bull

The play the introductory quote is drawn from? Most famous for its “Kill all the lawyers” line. Useless trivia. However, this week’s introductory line resonated so much stronger, about it being the spring, and it was the best time to pull the weeds from the garden. Get the invasive plants when they are shallow-rooted. It’s spring and, for me, a little late to be worrying about gardens and such. As a metaphor, though, it really struck a musical chord, being both *Shakespeare* — his purported birthday was jus the other day — and being poetical. As a **Taurus**, there is a little action you can take now, preventative measures, a form of weeding the garden, so to speak. Why this resonated. **Taurus** is an Earth Sign, right? There’s a strong, what your garden is might vary, but there’s strong urge to “Nip that sucker in the bud,” to borrow another garden image. So happy **Taurus** birthday, and realize, it’s a good time to nip that sucker in the bud, or, as I suggested, “and the weeds are shallow-rooted” now.

Gemini

Scene from the streets of Austin, Texas? I was looking in the rear view mirror, well, first I was watching as a person, posing as homeless, worked a particular street corner. He said something to the first truck in line, guy rolled down the window and gave the panhandler some cash. Second car at the light, just ahead of me, the driver of that car handed over some cash. I kept my window up, conversing on the phone’s headset, smiled, and nodded “No.” Related to nothing, I believe in charity, but street corners in Austin are not my favored place. I watched, though, commenting that the panhandler had a good line, as the two cars in front of me gave him cash. **Gemini** — always admire a proficient salesman, no matter what he’s selling. It’s a **Gemini** thing, right? I watched as he went to the car that pulled in behind me.

Older mini-van, nondescript grey, sun bleached and peeling paint on the hood, afternoon glare made it so I couldn’t see the driver. The street hustler talked, then leaned on the window, and I thought I might have to hop out to intervene, but I watched. They talked and talked, and finally, the panhandler himself handed over some wadded up bills. Light turned green. I’ll never know, for sure, what happened. In my mind, the hard luck story of the driver of that mini-van evoked compassion from the

street hustler. Actual facts? I'll never know. What I saw was he took money from the cars in front of me, then handed some of that over to car behind me. There's a point, counter point in the scene. There's a form of symmetry in the world, even now. There's a way all of this works out. In my example, pause and think, I was just an observer, and I denied to have anything to do with the transactions. Smiled. Nodded. Watched. As a **Gemini**? Smile. Nod. Watch.

Cancer

Up and down, on a stack bibles, for all that was holy, I swore I would never be beholden unto a car again. Great oath full of valor and hope, and yet, this last move landed in house in the suburbs, and I have to rely on vehicular transportation, from time to time, as a way to negotiate and facilitate my employment. Cars requires maintenance. I no longer want to get greasy — or the least bit dirty — when working on a vehicle, so? So I don't. I have no temperament, no tools, and the skills I did have for spatial and mechanical that once bought [victories](#)? Yes, those are sadly rusted from disuse, and probably won't be resurrected again in this lifetime. I joke about it, but the sentiment is quite clear, "If it doesn't have a keyboard attached, then I can't work on it." A small portion of my "self-help" friends will point out that, as a person, I have the ability to do anything I want. I belong to triple A so I don't have to carry jumper cables. If there's a flat tire, and I've called several times because the tire's been low, I just call them. I am capable of fixing the problems myself, but I don't want to. There are two vital pieces of information, and one is about going back on a personal oath — like me swearing "Never again!" The second part, though, is less about that oath and more about being willing to reach for whatever tool accomplishes the goals, in the most most expedient manner. Both disparate statements come into play for *Cancer's* week ahead. Weekend then next few days. "I will never..." followed by, "who do you know that fixes these?"

The Leo

Spend enough time running around the desert, and eventually, I get to where any kind of body of water is an amazing image. For me, anyway. I'm not **The Leo**, but you'll share my amazement at a body of something. I'd like to think, it's one of the lakes where I fish. Or a bay, although, bay fishing was a little off last week. Too soon. Not too soon, though, for **The Leo** to enjoy that sense of wonder and amazement.

Here's a little trick, we're borrowing this from *Sagittarius*, but as compatible sign, sure, with the effort, right? Borrow that sense of wonder and amazement. I stumbled across a little permanent pond, not far from here, perfect place to fish. Looked like a perfect place to fish, anyway, and it's that sense of wonder and amazement that keeps us from sliding into a bottomless pool of despair. Love me some of **The Leo**, but watching you paddle along in a pool of despair is no damn fun for me — or you. Look at it with wonder and amazement, not despair.

"So it's going to rain again?"

Yeah, no.

Virgo

In the desert of the American West, there's a place where the the rocks themselves left trails. For many years, it was a mystery as to exactly what, or how, the pebbles moved across the arid surface — the floor of the desert. Relatively flat, and with no footprints, the first suggestion was paranormal, and, in the older local myths, the actions of the rocks were variously attributed to ghosts, spirits, and, even the undead. Wind, too, was often thought to be a culprit, but on relatively windless nights, the rocks still migrated. Great mystery? It was more a function of frost, and temperature changes, radical swings from low to high, as it happens in the desert, day and night. I'm sure it's all online someplace, years of conjecture and research to understand — finally — just old Mother Nature having a good go at our observational abilities. Mother Nature, messing with us. In the land of **Virgo**? This is very much like that hundred year mystery, the rocks across the plains, their trails, and the physics involved. As a *Virgo*, you want a quick, facile answer. As an *analytical Virgo*, thought, you know that this time, like that rock puzzle, it might take a little longer than originally anticipated to determine the source, then answer, to the [questions](#).

Libra

One of the memes that the cycled through — purportedly for **Libra**? It read, “*Libra trust*, hard to win, and once it’s lost? Gone forever.” Interesting premise, but pause and think about that one, is it really true? I think it was more like a bumper sticker that got pasted into a meme-maker, and then, handed off, more as an element of human nature rather than as a true characteristic of just **Libra** alone. Could possibly insert any sign in there, and it would apply, more so at certain times, within certain situations, and for the time being? In **Libra** at the moment? Yeah, trust is hard to win back, once betrayed. There are two elements, several astrological pieces, all of this contributes to the situation. A non-**Libra** should be vigilant and extra-wary of violating **Libra** trust and confidences. Similarly, for that same **Libra**? Extra vigilance is required to prevent a violation. Watch closely.

Scorpio

Scorpio’s planet, one of them is *Mars*. Rhymes with cars. The other afternoon, this was in large, public parking structure downtown, and I got hit with the same thing that I’ve done before. I was slowly crawling along behind a pedestrian, clearly a guy looking for his car. Although the sign indicated there were plenty of spaces available, I wasn’t finding any of them. What amused me to no end — “stalking” this one guy, waiting to take his parking spot? He looked at his phone, walked over to one car, and tried the key, me thinking, all right, got a spot now. Guy looks up and pulls out his phone again and stands in the middle of the lane, looks to their other row, other side, and clicks his clicker. Car blinks. He found it. I waited. Actually, I was much amused by the mistake. I used to do that intentionally just to mess with the driver ‘stalking’ me. From his actions, I don’t think the other guy was messing with me. I understand how easy it is to lose a nondescript vehicle in a big garage. Foibles, pitfalls, pratfalls, and modern inconveniences haunt **Scorpio**, even now. There’s probably some guy in an old truck, following you around even now. No reason to be embarrassed; I’m grateful for a parking spot.

Sagittarius

In Shakespeare’s era, the term “benched” implied a person had been elevated in status. Like being promoted to a bench reserved for high-ranking officials. In more modern times, when a person is “benched,” it tends to refer to an individual who taken out of play and consigned to sitting on the bench while the rest of the team plays on. Sports metaphor. Jacobean Theatre to modern sports. Bit of a stretch, no? As a **Sagittarius** myself, what we have to watch for, this week, is our communication. When I heard, it’s in one of the plays, when I heard the the term “benched,” I was wondering what kind of baseball was played in Shakespeare’s era, “Wherefore Third Base?” Silly literary allusion. Still, there is merit in this understanding of how language — and meaning of language changes. When, as this next few days unfolds, as the time unfolds, we hear a word, a phrase, a saying, or, just a single verb, and we think it has but one meaning. Make sure we check around before rashly assuming we’re right about what it means. Might be *benched*, **Sagittarius**, but which meaning?

Capricorn

Your tongue has different sections for taste. Sweet, sour, bitter, and salty — each one has a different set of taste buds, located in different places on the tongue. I tend to think of in terms of astrology houses, and each one is a different place for specific actions. As *Capricorn-compliant* person, I have your best interests in my heart. Like your tongue, this week needs to be broken down into discreet areas where work occurs. Task one is completed in the area and hours allotted to task one. Task two occurs in the areas and hours allowed to task two. This continues, and each is discrete subsystem that depends on the actions occurring in logical, timed manner. Just like each section of the tongue I designated for a specific taste? Seriously, grab a bottle of Tabasco, or some similar condiment, and try tasting it, little dab in a spoon? Back of the tongue, left side, right side, middle front, tip? All tastes different. Likewise, there is an order to the way the week unfolds and each task should be accomplished in its correct order, and in the allotted hours. Like those taste buds. Each and every section has a specific job.

Aquarius

There’s a mattress store, over on... I’m sure there’s one similar in your own neighborhood. That store? They’ve been going out of business for 36 years now! No, I noticed that there seemed to be a perpetual “Going out of business!” sale, ongoing for several years. I asked a local, and she affirmed, yes, that one store, been there 35, no 36 years now, “Been going out of business ever since they opened.” Interesting premise, and along more mystical lines, perhaps not the healthiest way to conduct a life, but with a forever “Going out of business” deal? With that, it would indicate a certain urgency. I’m sure you’re feeling that urgency, even now. Is this a real emergency? Is this a real, urgent request for action? Or this more along the lines of that

store, been going out of business ever since they first opened their doors, decades in the past. Going out of business, not my idea of creating that sense of urgency when I see it every time. Think about that “Going Out of Business” sign, before you react in haste.

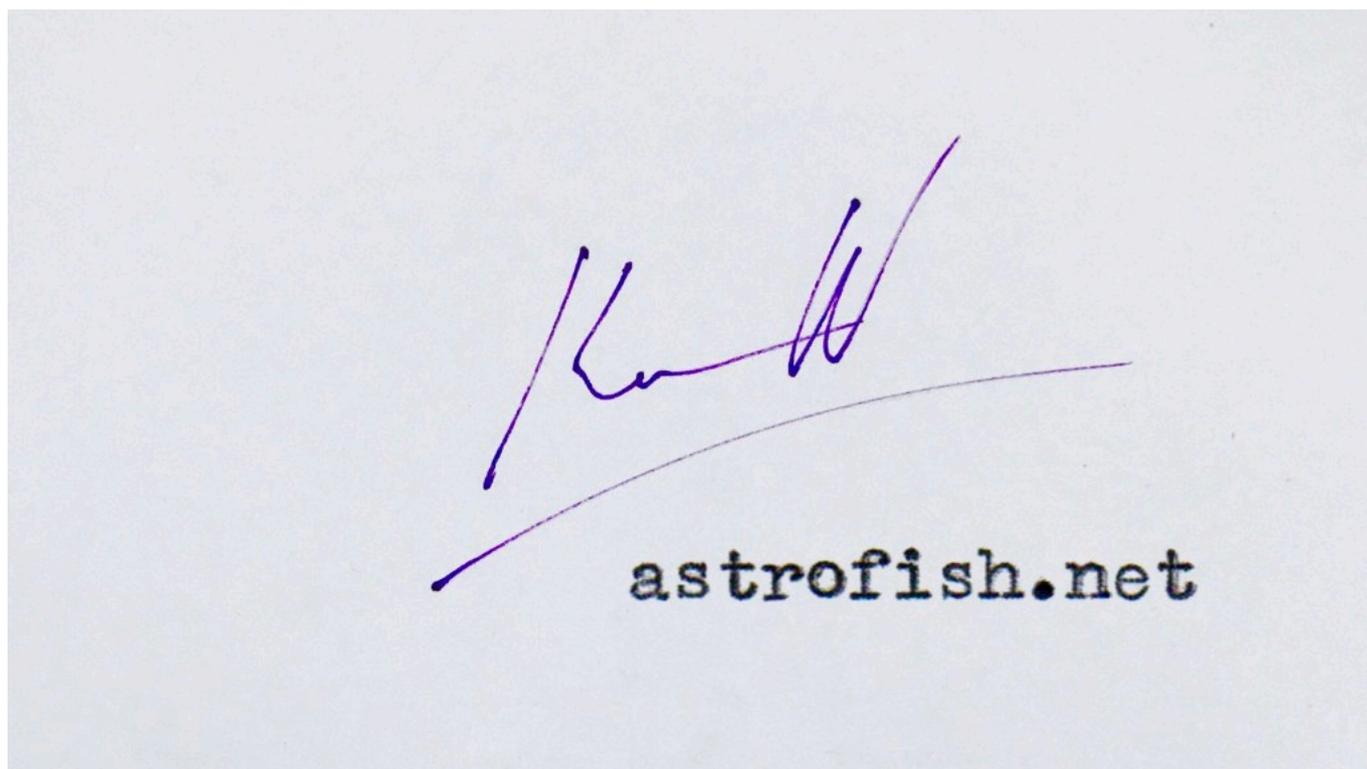
Pisces

The root of almost all our fears is imaginary. Once the “What if” motor starts running? Hard to shut that sucker off, now isn’t it? That “what if” motor is the source of the **Pisces problem** this next few days. Couple of factors play into this, but it’s easy to see, most of the problems stem from hypothetical situations that may — or **may not** — materialize. No way to know, for sure, other than to experience it as it unfolds. The source of this trouble is that wonderfully, wild, and wooly world that resides someplace in the *Pisces imagination*, again, the probable source for the extenuating circumstances, this week.

I am unable to make any of this “go away,” but I can source the problem. Roots, antecedents, and issues, once we have a source? Makes it a lot easier to deal with the ultimate fallout and possible outcome. The source is the imagination. The root of the fear is imaginary. You knew that, but I’m reminding you so you have a better grasp. Not like this is new information, but as a subtle reminder? Helps to pinpoint that source. The *Pisces imagination* is a wonderful playground for an agile mind. Grinding on old fears with no basis in reality just perpetuates the *Pisces problems*, when, as we started out? The root of all fears is imaginary.

Aries

Got a friend who quit watching the news. She changed. **Aries**, not that it matters, but there you have a connection. She started — avidly — following sports. “See? Each game has a beginning, a middle, and an end. A clear winner, and a clear loser. I like that.” A suitable replacement, frankly, for the news, political and otherwise, which, on most days, makes no damn sense. Local headlines? Skip it. Just watch the national news. While this is not viable long-term solution, for this next couple of days? Think about just watching the sports. Winners. Losers. Clear answers. However, watching national, or in my case, even local news? That will drive you mad. Madness, right around the **Aries** corner, if you get distracted, and that’s why I suggest following my **Aries** friend’s lead on this: just watch sports. “Kind of escapist, isn’t it?” We do what we have to do in order to survive, my **Aries** friend; do what we have to do.



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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 5.2.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, May 01, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/05/horoscopes-for-5-2-2019/>

“The lady doth protest too much, methinks.”

Gertrude in Shakespeare’s
The Tragedy of Hamlet (3.2.166)

Way I hear it most often, directed **at** me? “Methinks the [lady](#) doth protest too much.” Roll of the eyes. I tend to not correct misquotes like that. Happy **Taurus** birthday, either way.

Horoscopes for 5.2.2019

Taurus



There’s an ongoing communication thing that is important. Less about [what you’re communicating](#), and more about how. What I try to do, in person, I try to be as precise and concise as possible. Doesn’t always work out that way, but I try. Make a concerted effort towards that goal, concise and brief. So I do tend to be a little long-winded at times, and no person in my line of work got here because we didn’t like being an occasional story-teller, but that’s not what this is about. Not so much what you’re saying, but how you’re saying it. That’s the birthday message during this next few days. For **Taurus**. Not what, but how. Listen to your volume, if this is a verbal delivery. Read over the message, if it is textual. Look at the [image](#), and make sure you got it framed and filtered right before you post it. It’s less about the content, although, yes, content is important, but more important? How you say it. This next few days, think stylized text message, or a sentence that is all emoticons, whatever. Happy face — smily face — unicorn, [&c.](#)

Gemini

More! Better! Faster! Pick one. Can’t, won’t do all three, but there is the drive to accomplish it all. It’s a **Gemini** thing, and as such, yeah, or, better yet, “Yea verily,” there is that drive to get it all done in hurry. More. Better. Faster. Pick one. “But I want all three!” Sure you do. Plus, think about it, I’ll suggest you, as a **Gemini**, you deserve all three. This week, even. but it might not happen. The deal is?

There’s a certain kind of [pressure](#) to perform, a certain kind of pressure to produce, and certain kind of pressure to hurry to perform and produce. The more you hurry, the further behind you get. Therein is our *very Gemini* problem, hurried actions result in sloppy mistakes, that we have to go back over and correct, which, in turn sets us back even further in arrears, which, in turn, just pisses you off, which, in turn, just makes you hurry even more, and make more mistakes that require corrections. You’re running really fast,

Horoscopes for 5.9.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, May 08, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/05/horoscopes-for-5-9-2019/>

“Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, take the Fool with thee.”

The Fool in *King Lear* 1.4.225

Horoscopes for 5.9.2019

Taurus



Happy **Taurus** birthday. “William, I guess that’s your name?” I was in one of those places where they write your name on a cup, and the guy in front of me? His shirt had a name, on a patch, left side, said, “William.” Guy looked bemused, at best, “Y’all make this mistake all the time; name’s AC Repair,” he looked back at me with wry grin, and “and I work at ‘William,’ they got it on the wrong side of the shirt.” We’re guys, we don’t tend to do eye rolls properly, but punctuate as need be with gestures. A few moments later, they called out a drink, “For ‘AC Repair,’ I guess.” Shrug. Take what humor, what we can, where we can. As [Mars](#) shifts signs, there’s a need for obvious humor. Bit of another joke, buried in this experience, as one fishing buddy used to suggest I had blue collar job, you know, the kind with my name on my shirt. I do. The [name of my company is on the shirt](#), too. Gives it a [different](#) spin, looking at it like that. It’s about how we approach what others perceive to be problems, it’s how we approach those problems, and how we deal out the answers. Besides, with a name like, “AC Repair?” That’s a popular name for a very well-received person, in the coming months in South Texas.

Gemini

The character of the The Fool in [Shakespeare’s King Lear](#) disappears after Act 3, Scene 6. It’s a mystery in life, why the character doesn’t have any lines after Act 3. Couple of Shakespeare theories abound. One I like — this week — suggests that the original actor playing the Fool was also doubling as another character in the play. I like that one, and for this week’s *Gemini news*, it helps to think about that doubling. Helps to be able to be in two places at once. For that skill set? Helps to be **Gemini**?

Since there is no [author blog](#), we have no way to know what the plan was, and why the character disappears. Could be the Fool wound up on the cutting room floor. Could be a single actor played multiple parts and was required on stage in a different costume. Or, another theory, this is *Gemini* after all, perhaps the King Lear himself becomes the fool, and then, no other player is required. Unlike Lear’s Fool, I don’t want *Gemini* written off halfway through, but with the current shifts? Be aware that some of the doubling might no longer be [required](#).

Cancer

When Mars finally enters **Cancer**, the sign of the Moon Child? There will be action — action and frustration. The frustration level of this Mars transit is greatly exacerbated by Pluto and Saturn on the opposite side of the wheel. While not inherently bad in themselves, the Pluto/Saturn influence get doubled or even trebled by Mars. It’s coming, and the best I can do is warn you. The quickest, and easiest way through this planetary mess? **Slow down** — which is the opposite, or feels like the opposite, of

what Mars will want you to do. However, start now, look at the project, look at the future timeline, look at your [datebook](#), or, in my case the example of my calendar. Usually, allow an hour to an hour and half for an hour-long reading. There's preparations, too, so a single hour can take up to two hours. In my schedule, instead of [booking people back](#) to back, what I'll do is allow some slop time. I have to get a cup of coffee. I have to get another cup of coffee. I need to get some water, then some more coffee. See how this goes? Mars will try to compress time, and the short cut version I've got? Allow more time to get specific task done. "Should only take 15 minutes to get this done." Allow an hour. "This should only take 15 minutes," allow an hour, and when you get done in half that time? You can call it a success instead of being angry and frustrated. Mars? Mars is coming: allow more time.

The Leo

I don't do "death" predictions. While a life-line can be etched out in a natal astrology chart, and while I can do a "whole life" reading, I tend to shy away from exact "death" predictions. That just spooks me. This popped up because a certain **Leo** was inquiring about his parents, or his remaining parent, who seemed to be in failing health. "If I gave you her birthday, could you, you know, look and see if the time is near?" I don't need that specific birth chart to explain, to the majestic **Leo** that time is near for great changes. Next couple of weeks bring on sudden — and dramatic — shifts in perception for **The Leo**. Death prediction? No. Change? Yes. Shift in perception? Check yes, again. The great change that occurred, in this rather pointed and specific example? The parent's health rebounded, and they are all on the mend, not just the parent, but the adult-child's relationship. See how that works out? In this case, all for the better. Is there a death looming on your horizon? I doubt it. Is there change? I think so.

Virgo

I used to use an [essential oil](#) that smelled good. It was simply labelled, "Strength." The proposition was that wearing a drop of that oil on me, as I headed out to work, or to do whatever, wearing a drop of that oil lent me strength. It was — as if — that oil was imbued with magical powers that made me stronger, more resilient, and able to face greater, more daunting task with ease. Ease and grace, really, and looking at the way things are stacking up in **Virgo-land**? With a preponderance of material in both *Taurus* and *Capricorn*, this suggests an astrological essential oil like that stuff called "Strength." Does that stuff really work? I'm much divided on its efficacy — on the one hand, seems a lot like voodoo and stage magic, cool, but not real. However, flip that around, and it seems to work. I'm unsure if it was the proprietary blend of herbs and spices in that oil, or if it was the way it smelled, or if it was that I could smell it all afternoon, or if there really was a magical, paranormal super-power that infused the concoction. Totally not sure. But it worked. The planets are like that essential oil called "strength." For **Virgo**? Take a whiff and put some shoulder into getting that task finished.

Libra

Towards the end of his life, my own father identified with Shakespeare's character, [King Lear](#), more and more. In this example, it was my own father lamenting some of his decisions, as near as I could tell. Wasn't until I started thinking about this, and this was for the weekly **Libra** missive, that I understood. I suspect he was also reaching for some kind of redemption from his children. No idea.

Still, I recall his more lucid commentary, about *Lear*, in particular. For me, there's was one version of *Lear* I saw on stage, and it was so well done, yes, I cried, even though I knew, ahead of time, it has an unhappy ending. Get caught up in the moment of the performance? Yes, even though I know the script, I still stand amazed. Sit amazed, I guess, in the audience. For me, the question is it the play's words, was it the actors' skills, or is the director's touch? What part of this is what makes it work? I'm not sure. With the last production I recall, on stage, it was the actors, with a hat-tip to a creative director who apparently disassembles the play for the actors. Really well-done, it evokes great sadness, and in that sadness? We were cleansed. They suffer, suffer horribly, then die, on stage so we don't have to face such tragedies in our own lives. This week is like a Shakespeare tragedy, where all the bad stuff happens to other people, on stage, and our **Libra** selves can have empathy plus sympathy, but at the end of the week? Catharsis from watching, but not participating, in the tragedy.

Scorpio

One person's trash is another person's gold. What is discarded and unusable to one person might appear to be a rough draft, possible projects, or historical find of inestimable value. All depends. One person's trash is another person's gold. One of my buddies was looking at a stack of crap I had by the front door, old t-shirts, a couple of fishing hats that are frankly worn out, and similar clothing that needed to be discarded. There were some "medium" shirts, and the chance of those every fitting again?

Yeah, the popular line at my work? "I used to be a *medium*, but now I'm a large."

I'll pat my belly after the remark. So that was material I was getting ready to donate to charity, as I have a friend who collects that stuff, then distributes the recyclable clothing to various church charities. Think she lets it all go to a St. Jude Resale Shoppe, but I'm unsure of the facts. So my other friend, looking at the pile of clothing headed out the door, asks if he can snag a t-shirt or two. He sorted through until he found a t-shirt with band's name on it, then grabbed that. Later, I asked what he used it for. "Cleaning."

Hey, this is about one person's trash being gold to another person, and it was a perfect shirt for what he wanted. For me? It was gone. The trick is, when giving away something like that t-shirt? Once it leaves our **Scorpio** hands, what happens to it is no longer our concern. My original goal, *the Scorpio goal*, was to get rid of some stuff that no longer is useful. What happens to it? As long as the [recipient](#) is happy? Do we care?

Sagittarius

I went looking for a [book](#), I thought I had. It was a "channeled work," a kind of wholistic text about a topic, but the material that is fully drawn from the ether? I'm unsure that I wholly trust that kind of source. Might be a good source, but — in my mind — it also highly suspect data. Not always reliable. I prefer concrete, not abstract, roots and sources. I like to see data replicated, across a broad spectrum, to insure that I'm dealing with something that might be considered "facts."

I like my facts to be factual, easiest way to explain it.

More than one "channeled" work comes to mind, though, as entertaining and ultimately, educational in its source. However, I still consider that suspect data, and treat it as fiction, not fact, a great story, not really true history. Kind of like "Historical Fiction," good stuff, but always some supposition, not absolute [truth](#). Can "feel" true, but the best fiction has to make some kind of sense whereas true human behavior, is, on a good day, befuddling, at best.

I never found that book, but some of data is available online, so I found what I was looking for. Interesting way to interpret a situation, but it wasn't one that I liked, so, well, it was channeled work, so for me, no great loss. Looking for one thing led me to another. **Sagittarius**: looking for one item leads us to what we were really looking for in the first place.

Capricorn

Interesting Shakespeare tidbit, the character of [King Lear](#), in the play? He never appears at the same spot, twice. Each setting is a different location. Subtle stagecraft, and one, when seen on a conventional stage, might escape the audience's conscious mind. Still, that has to roil around in the subconscious, and as a bit of narrative metaphorical foolery? Works well. The character, [King Lear](#), is always moving forward, quicker and quicker, towards his inevitable — by the play's standards — end.

Yes, it is called a tragedy and it ends — it ends "not well." When well-performed, last time I saw it on stage, the ending brought tears, even though, I know how it was going to end. The constant motion of the narrative swept me up and did what it was supposed to do, transported me across the eons of time to a pagan Britain, and its king. So the king is never in the same setting, each scene places him in a new place, never retracing his steps. Ever forward.

Is there a message in Lear's actions that might apply to **Capricorn**? Yeah, don't divide your kingdom up, right? No, that's not what I was thinking about, this is about never appearing twice in the same place. Don't throw out repetition and habit, but maybe, like Lear, never appear at the same place twice. Mars. Mars and the approach of a Full Moon. Mostly Mars, though.

Aquarius

The “crescendo” is the way a piece of music gradually gets louder. This week as musical piece? Sounds good. Too bad I don’t have better roots in [classical](#) music. I could explain the way the symphony hems and haws around, then gradually starts to get louder, and builds up that *crescendo*. There was some “rock opera” that played with those themes, the problem there being the first half of the term, “rock opera,” and inherent in rock music in general is volume. It’s just better at a fuller volume. Most rock music is less about subtleties, and more about raucous noise.

“If it’s too [loud](#) then you’re too old!”

Hurts to be on the other side of that one, now. Anyway, the planets are slowly rolling towards a crescendo moment for **Aquarius**, but watch it: not now. Not this week. Close, but not quite, still, you can hear it as it slowly builds. The challenge is to not over-anticipate the arrival of the conclusion, which isn’t this week. Building up towards it? Yes, less for the swelling of the music, as it — gradually — gets louder.

Pisces

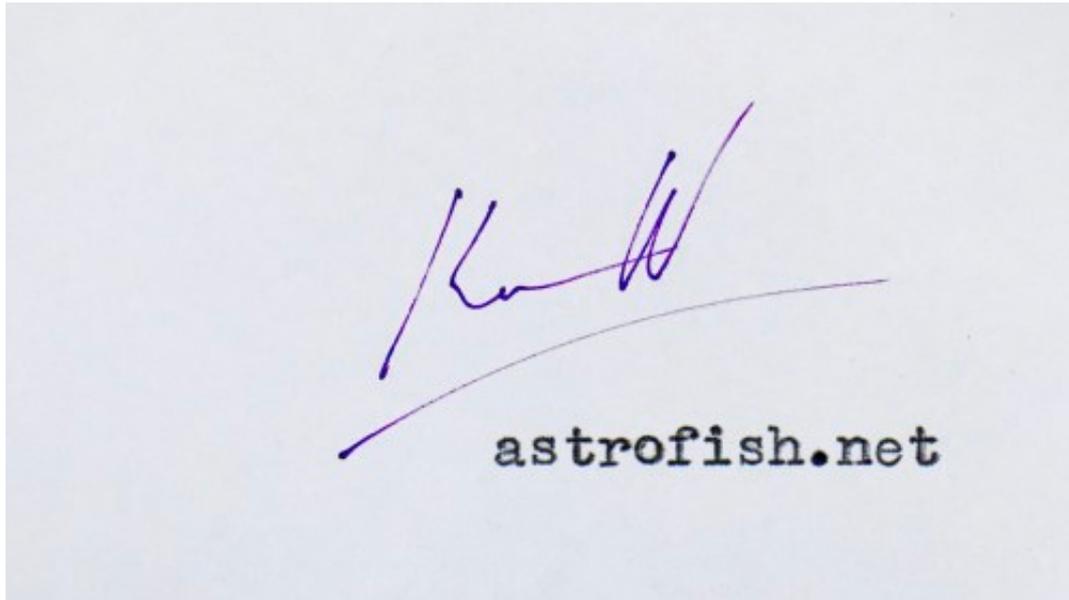
I got stuck on a single brand of afternoon libation, a kind of imported water, some years ago. Toting around a bottle of that stuff necessitated to *always have a bottle opener* on hand. Towards that end, attached to the key-ring holder in various bags, plus tucked inside a briefcase I still use some days, I’ve got various forms of bottle openers. Seems simple enough, but it is a bit odd, to find a bottled beverage that doesn’t have the “twist-off” top. At first, this started with just a single item, a “[Port Aransas, TX](#)” labeled bottle opener. This grew, however, into a minor obsession with various ways to carry a bottle opener, keeping in mind that I like stay sleek and ready to hop on a plane at a moment’s notice. That is a *Family Thing*, ready to bounce quickly. Always prepared. The bottle openers I carry? I tend to use them on specialty bottled water and not much else. Every once in a while I’ll have a fishing buddy with fancy bottled beer, but you know, not my thing. Still, as a token and safety tool, always nice to have an opener around. So the hot tip for **Pisces** and the days ahead? Find a bottle opener. I tend to just use it for that bottled water, but some of them have a myriad of uses. Never can tell, and then, it never hurts to be extra prepared. One fishing buddy has a pair flip-flops with an opener on the bottom, built in. A practical Pisces I know, she *always* carries an opener, a simple, flat one, on her key ring. Always be prepared.

Aries

Solidify dream, goals, and directions. There’s an inherent amount of focus that comes with some of the shifts occurring in your *Aries* world. The idea, the way to harness this energy in a fashion that benefits you the most? Get a distinct target in mind.

[Write](#) down the [goal](#).

Pick a single direction that makes the most sense *at the time*. Sort out what makes the most measurable results that you’re interested in, pick that one. What I do is pick a series of finite, sometimes merely component pieces, of a goal. Not getting it all at once, but setting a course, with it firmly in mind? The motions of Mars help. It’s a simple way to handle a number of emerging exigent circumstances, pick a direction. Solidify — in your **Aries** mind — solidify dreams, goals, and directions.



astrofish.net/travel for appearances

“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 5.16.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, May 15, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/05/horoscopes-for-5-16-2019/>

Horoscopes for 5.16.2019

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.

King Edward in Shakespeare's *Henry 6.3 5.3.1-2*

Horoscopes for 5.16.2019

Taurus



As a **Taurus**, I tend to think of you as a paragon of strength and stability. And this week is the last of the **Taurus** birthdays, which means, soon? It's *Gemini* time. As that typical *Taurus* who is usually a paragon of virtue, strength, and stability? Now is the time to cut loose a little. Maybe not too much, but lighten up that grip you have on the controls. One buddy used to ease his truck's seat back and then steer with his knees. Not exactly having a firm grip on them wheel, but then, still pretty much in control. He could drive pretty well and handle a phone, a microphone, cigarettes, beverages, and the truck's audio systems, all at once, and all while still steering with his knees. Me? I'm not **Taurus**, and I certainly can't do any of that. Nor would I even *attempt* to do any of that while I was driving, but I'm not an accomplished **Taurus**. This next few days, though? No need to be that paragon of virtue.

Gemini

As a patient observer of humanity, part of that applies to **Gemini**, you know, but as a patient observer, I was trying to figure out, the kid, not much than 18-19 years old, had on a DK logo shirt (Dead Kennedys, led by Jello Biafra?) For those of us, of certain age, that was music that moved our souls, sounds of surf-punk from the Left Coast, anarchists, rebels, and music with a certain political message. Leftist Punk Rock **that mattered!**

As an anomaly, sure, I could see that, or as a trinket from the mall, wait. Just pause and think about that one. Our beloved underground, counter-culture has been co-opted by the very establishment we thought we were trying to tear down. Not sure we thought as far as what we were going to replace that with, whatever we tore down, and the general angst of a childhood is not so unusual, not really, ever generation will have its rebels. As humanitarian and as a leader of band, that was punk just as the genre crested, the fine line between commercial and disenfranchised. All from a kid wearing a T-shirt. Pretty big leap, no? As a perspeiciacous **Gemini**, and as an observer of humanity, there is that sudden [clash](#) where old and new collide. Like me, this can cause a mental freeze. I couldn't move, mentally, until I found a place to put my old heros and long-lost battles to peace. Find a place for it, **Gemini**, find a place for it.

Cancer

In a waiting room, medical waiting room, helping my buddy out by driving when he shouldn't be driving, I was sitting there, watching a country music TV channel of some sort. Since when did country music have pierced eyebrows and nose rings? Artful tattoos, and electric guitars? Skateboards? That last one was funny. I grew up with friends who would ride their horse through the drive-thru at the Dairy Queen. Yes, horses at the drive-in window, even where I was raised. Not really that unusual.

As a sidebar item that proves I understood what real country roots would be.

I'm a city boy, now, no doubt about that, but I understand the genre perfectly well. So when did it change? What happened. When did it change. How did this happen? Who let this happen? This isn't about country music itself, or the gradual way that genres blend, bend, and mutate, no, this is about seeing something for the first times, and wondering when the label changed. That was soft rock, playing, not quite "metal," but soft rock, or regular rock'n'roll from a more tame period. When did this change? I lamented this in another forum, exactly one time, when a rock band from the early 90s became a country band by adding a steel guitar. Play to those who pay, I suppose, and this is a time, with all that's going on in the *Cancer* - Moon Child world, do you really want to accept the change?

The Leo

Sports franchises never meant much to me until I drifted into [San Antonio](#). The local pro-basketball, The Spurs, they command more respect and veneration than any other team I've ever encountered, and that includes some of the English "football" teams as well as the Dallas Cowboys. Never seen a hysterical, involved, fan-base before. When the Spurs win, there is an eruption of noise and spontaneous celebrations. Just a totally insane situation, for me, as an outside observer.

I do get swept up in the pageantry and "latest breaking news" about the team. I didn't care when I landed here, but I certainly care now — I have no choice. So the T-Shirt was funny, to me, and the commentary worked even better, "LA Lakers shirt — I'm wearing this ironically," kid said. I nodded like I understood, but I didn't. Remember, this is in a town where the sign read, "Open 24 hours a day, closed for the Sabbath and Spurs games." Kind of explains it all, not far from religion, if not treated the same way. So the LA Lakers, that's a rival team? Is it even the same sport? Same league? I don't know. But, apparently, the merch, the team's swag can be worn ironically. Personally, I would think that doing so is asking for a fight, and at the very least, a confrontation. But I don't know; wasn't me in the shirt, even if the effort was "ironically." So I'm not part of this — directly. As **The Leo**, think about that, think about that Lakers shirt and wearing that in San Antonio, or a Dallas Mavericks shirt, same problem, are we willing to advertise like that, in that kind of an atmosphere? Maybe not. Besides, you know **The Leo** always gets noticed, no matter what.

Virgo

Love me some fad stuff. Latest, greatest, newest, catchiest, and so forth. Some kind of ([stuff](#)) that is cooler, slicker, nicer, better, more artisanal than others. Yes, love that stuff. However, I'm reminded, some days, this kind of material cycles in, and then out of, of conscious desire with remarkable quickness. Taking a "longer term view" helps my little *Virgo* friends.

There is at least one fad item that you long for — this week. There is at least one trending piece of desire that you have this little voice in the back of the **Virgo** head suggesting, "I must have this. Now." There is no reason to buy now. "But I need this!" Yes, and I need to be thinner, with a little more hair, and little less debt, but no, there is nothing that we need at the moment, not in **Virgo-land**, nothing that we *can't live without* — at least, not at the moment. What's going to happen, in a few days, maybe a few weeks, and with only one I know, a few months? What's going to happen is that item of lust? That trendy little toy, bauble, or trinket? It will be steeply discounted. On sale, cheap. If you want, you can get it then, but with the novelty worn off? You might find yourself less interested, and thereby, dodged an expensive mistake. You're welcome.

Libra

It was, to me, an interesting premise, "Mascara and coffee." Think it must've been emblazoned across the chest of some

woman, but I can't be held responsible, I was less interested in her chest and more interested in her shirt's slogan. Yeah, I know, I'm oft-accused of being a dog. Not what this is about, but "Mascara & coffee." Here's the way I interpreted that shirt, and my take-away: "Two things I need to survive." Or? "Two things to start the day," or any other similar binary combination. For me, it's now "Coffee and Keyboard." But I'm not a lovely *Libra*, and I don't worry about my appearance. Matter of fact, mine is less a binary combination, and more, just let me have [coffee](#), and the rest will work out somehow. I'm not wedded to what I look like. I'm not *Libra*, as we've determined. So "Mascara and Coffee," as a commentary and command for *Libra*, while the actual two items might vary, there are two items required to start the day. Each day. Every day. We're used to it. What are your two items? I find the emphasis, while it was greatly amusing at the time, I find the emphasis on "mascara" unsettling at best. But I'm not *Libra*, and I have no understanding of exactly what those two things are. Two items, imagine it like T-shirt slogan, how to start each day, this next week. I got one buddy, she'll answer, "Mimosas and lipstick!" whatever works, the two items?

Scorpio

One of the weirder tattoos I've observed? It was an image, in plain India ink, of a watch with a Rolex logo, on a guy's left wrist. The face of the watch had the short hand pointed at 4 and long hand pointed at 20. Funny, to me, and not problem, for me, but I can imagine, this was obviously some old ink, not a good idea at one time. Same hand that would offer an officer a driver's license. See the problem? However, pause, that kind of tattoo works on one level, easily. I'm not passing judgement. Just — as a patient observer of humanity — seeing something like that suggests a lapse in judgement. Or not, depends on one's outlook, and how willing one is to take a risk. Me? Not even. **Scorpio**? Not even willing to take a risk. Not at all. Err on the side of caution, this next few days. Err on the side of caution. To err on the side of caution, before making some long-term decision, like a tattoo, or some other decision with similar, long-term influences at bay? Consider other ideas. That watch tattoo, I think it would be way more fun — and useful — if the face was left blank. "What time is it?" Then, with that blank time-face, it can be any time we need it to be. Or want it to be. It can be 1620 hours, and have no problems. Bet you didn't know that a watch face could tell 24-hour time. Still, this is a good week to weigh that stuff more than once.

Sagittarius

In order to enhance creative energies, I've found a good **Sagittarius** needs to look at some issues from a different [perspective](#). One author I know, used "zero gravity boots," which were nothing more than expensive way to hang upside down. He would spend a few minutes inverted, and that made it so he could understand — and solve — the problems. He claimed quicker and easier. Perfect example of looking at a problem from a different [perspective](#). Which is what I was discussing, and how it applies to our **Sagittarius** selves. Different perspective. In one way, or another, looking at what seems to be a problem or challenge for *Sagittarius*, as it turns out, there's an easy way to fix this. Fix, helps, solves, navigate, some way to get around the problem. Easy as can be. "So you're suggesting, *Mr. Fishing Guide to the Stars*, that I get upside to see a way out of this mess?" Well, yes, sort of. Maybe not upside down. Turn me upside down for long, and I might lose my lunch. So that's not the actual suggestion. But it's the right idea. Just a change in location, a change in point of view, a change in how the problems is perceived? That changes how we can come up with a solution, an answer, a temporary "fix," or even a new route.

Capricorn

There are certain guidelines I tend to follow. To some, this would appear like I was rule-follower, which, in actuality, yeah, maybe so. Not what this week's about, but sort of. It's about following the — guidelines — to the letter. Color within the lines. Do what the rules suggest. In totality, not just in part, follow all the rules. We've talked about this, how Saturn is a horrible taskmaster, and that's the challenge. This week presents what appears to be an acceptable shortcut. Seems to be a way around the rules. Seems to be a way to circumvent some of the established guidelines?

Yeah, how **Capricorn** are you?

That guideline, those rules, the prescribed steps, in order? All there for a reason. While I'm the very last person who is willing

to follow the rules, framing the term as guidelines, instead of rules, makes it much easier. Then, too, there's the idea that this is in order, for a reason, and then ubiquitous commentary — *This is for your own good* — how many times have we heard that? But this week? Follow the rules. Stick to the letter of the law. Do it the way you're told. "Color within the lines," if only for a little while.

Aquarius

In a series of interactions, [mostly e-mail](#), a client was trying to out-silly me. Me. Trying to be more obtuse and sillier than me. Me. Seriously. Trying to out silly me. Foolish mortal. When it comes to silliness, I have the mind of a child. Some folks think I might suffer from some kind of mental issues, but that's not the question, it's about trying to be more outlandish, surreal, or, in this case, sillier than me? Seriously, trying to outdo me? I'm not good at a great many skills. Some fishing gear, I'm good. Certain kinds of computers and keyboards? Sure. That's about it. But trying to play a bigger fool than me?

Oh really.

This is about engaging in a contest with a super foe. Can't be done. Can be done, but takes way more effort than it's worth. That's the challenge, and like a good **Aquarius**, you tend to not want to back away from a good challenge, but that's not the point. This is about a superior foe. *Don't pick a fight a you can't win*, like trying to be sillier than me. Just as a suggestion, probably won't work, and the results are, at best, frustrating for your **Aquarius** self.

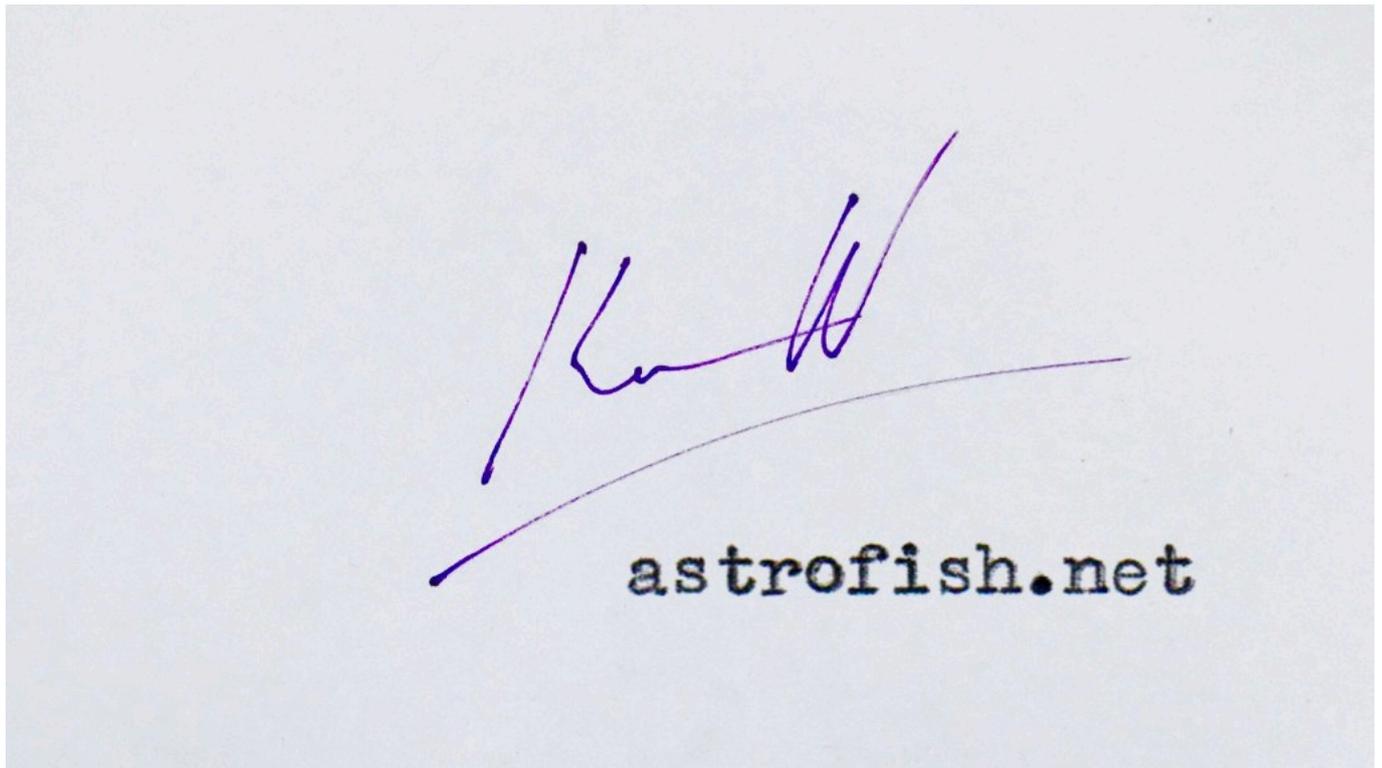
Pisces

Along the banks of a river, really, more of stream to me, along its banks? There was a stand of bamboo. Deep, thick, lush bamboo. In Austin, this isn't entirely out of place, although, certainly not native. Not an unusual sight, but the parks department would come through, maybe every other year, and try to eradicate that bamboo stand — to no avail. That bamboo stand, and its will to live made me think about this week's **Pisces**, despite their best efforts, that stuff survives. Gets burned down, chopped down, chemically attacked, and yet, by the middle of the summer, the dense cover is back, with long bamboo plants crowding the ground. Grows just like a weed. Despite the best efforts of others, usually a government agency of some stripe, *Pisces*, like the bamboo is still thriving. Over time, those roots got dug in, and over time, the pattern is established. The last attempt was last week, so it's easier now. Start growing and making you stand. Again.

Aries

Thus far, our **Aries** fortune keeps an upward course, to paraphrase. For **Aries**, that means? Keep looking up. We're trending upwards, now. If you're not "trending upwards," then there's some work ahead and it will be looking up, soon enough. Keep the hope alive, if you haven't seen this upward trend already. Keep the hope alive. If you have seen this "trending upwards," then you know it's getting better, if only by degrees, but soon. How soon? Very soon. With Mr. Mars moving into the watery crab-like sign, that creates a tension angle for **Aries**. Used properly, and you can use this properly, not hasty, just properly, you can use this tension to help with that upward ascent. Other folks, lesser signs, might not use this energy properly, and there will be a fair amount of crabby people as a result of the motion of Mr. Mars. However, think on it, and you'll find, fortune is spinning upwards — and better — for **Aries**. Build on that Martian tension. Upwards, ho!

[astrofish.net/travel](#) for appearances



“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 5.23.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, May 22, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/05/horoscopes-for-5-23-2019/>

Horoscopes for 5.23.2019

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis pow'rful—think it—
From east, west, north, and south.

Leontes in Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale* (I.ii.201-3)

Venus conjunct Uranus. In Taurus. Talk about weird. “It is a bawdy planet,” as the King says.

Horoscopes for 5.23.2019

Gemini



While this was triggered by a spurious and errant [thought](#), it figure, **Gemini**, sure, that works. In another horoscope, further down this week's list, there's a vague allusion to a comment from a great work of literature. It's one of this novels that I [reread](#), periodically, maybe once every couple of years as it seems to impart new meaning, each time. Then, too, as an author's early work, there is a certain joy, vibrancy, and life breathed into the characters that is missing from later, more studious, more “serious” artwork. That first one, though, always worth rereading, as if, they put new words in. The dazzling display of wordsmith and breathtaking panorama of the inner mind of the characters, all takes flight. It's good material. Helps me to reread it, from time to time. Part of it is like poetry, well, almost, or to me, anyway. As a **Gemini**, yes, happy birthday, multiple times, but no, what this is about? Be willing to go back over some stuff we've already covered. Mercury — your planet — is in your sign. Instead of trying to cross new frontiers and broach new targets? You would be surprised what new tricks come from old material, besides, it's your birthday time, stick with your classics.

Cancer

Mars heats up the **Cancer Moon Child's** waters. Water sign, you know? Mars is like a water kettle, no, The **Cancer's** crab-like carapace is like the kettle, and Mars is the stove. The internal water in **Cancer** is reaching a boiling point. The way this week works out, though, astrologically? The way this starts to play out? Looks like to me?

That water is boiling and Mars might make it boil over, which, in turn, can be a problem. Careful or you burn yourself. Careful, or that water spills and scalds someone. It's a simple matter of exercising a higher degree of caution than usual, because, Mars, with all his drive? He can make us hasty.

Haste makes waste.

I realized you're tired of stupid, bumper-sticker-esque aphorisms, still, with Mars, and the Sun plus Mercury in Gemini? Yeah, slow down. None of us are moving as fast as you are.

The Leo

Routine maintenance is anything but routine. However, oiling, greasing, adjusting, or otherwise lubricating a spot that can use some lube? Perfect choice this week. Just need a squirt of grease. Bearing surfaces do better, flow easier with a tiny drop of oil. Unlike me, whoever, this is a situation where only a tiny amount of lubricant is required. Don't need a handful, a whole bottle, or a glob. Just the tiniest pin-prick, like, less than drop of precious blood. One fishing buddy was testing his blood for sugar, one of those things where he has to get a drop of blood and that tells — I'm not sure what. Anyway, that single drop of blood? That single drop of precious lubricant, that single spot of grease, doesn't take much. The trick, while everything else is a screaming, "More, more, MORE!" While everything in **The Leo** mind is screaming for more? Less. Keep it in mind, though, that some is required. I was oiling a fishing reel, last used at the coast, and it was lightly crusted with salt from thick bay water. Pull it apart, and there's a single spot where a simple drop of oil works great. Fixes everything. One would think, two drops would be better, but when that happens? Oil spews out sideways and winds up on the fishing line, which in turn, alerts the fish that I'm there, and this goes badly for me. Just a drop. Needs some lube, but just a drop.

Virgo

I was flipping through various media feeds, and I [stumbled](#) across a "sponsored" post from what used to be an esoteric, underground, spiritualist organization. "Sponsored" post means it was paid advertising. Someone paid for it. The group was advertising, in social media feeds, for an [underground](#), offbeat, strange, wholistic, new age, not-quite-a-religion, but then not quite a not-a-church group. *Hermetic Order* if one must know. It's a *Virgo-thing*, you must know. Knowing, is a *Virgo-thing*, not the hermetic orders. Unless, of course, this derives from Mercury, Hermes to some, the planet associated with *Gemini* — and **Virgo**. The name for the various orders derive from the the Mercurial god from Mythology. Even esoteric cults have to advertise these days. Not sure what that means. However, what I was originally aiming for, with the planets where they are, as *Gemini* gets underway? Running into a similar situation and how you choose to react. I reacted, well, weirdly, but then I'm a bit on the weird side, so, it was a reach for me. However, as the Sun courses his way through *Gemini*, be aware that there is more unswerving material that will pop up. How you react? I think I took a screen shot, myself. Just an idea.

Libra

Every day brings a new "take away." Been some years since I first heard that term, the "take away," which, I guess, applies to whatever it is that the person actually recalls from a salient point made by an author, editor, or speaker. Over the years, I've stopped and quizzed people during live readings to ask what the take-away was. I got a variety of answers, and some of them, it's like we weren't even in the same conversation. Sometimes, it's a bit painful. Painful for me to hear that none of my meaningful, carefully selected, dramatically delivered, nay, even poetical terms, turns of a phrase, *bon mots*, and such? None of it landed. What makes this week different is each interaction, be it with me, or others? Each **Libra** interaction offers a new "take-away" point, and the most — to me — important point about this? Be willing. Be willing to realize that each day brings new information that can drastically reframe your **Libra** outlook.

"Kramer said all **Libra**'s are indecisive."

How do you feel about that?

"I don't know."

Check back tomorrow for a different take-away [point](#).

Scorpio

We all got “issues.” Fact of life. Ex-wives, for example, former lovers, current flames that are not-so-hot at the moment? Any of this sound familiar to **Scorpio**? Like I suggested, we all got issues. Some these seem to be a bigger deal than they really are, at least, this week. Seems like the planets conspire to blow a situation up — and then? Out of proportion. Blows up and then blows out. Not good, and as a calm, serene *Scorpio*, such emotional displays or irritability just doesn’t bode well. Issues. We all got issues. Some signs have issues with tissues, but that’s not what this is about. This is about how we — those of us who are either **Scorpio**, or *Scorpio-compliant* — how we deal with those issues. [Situations](#) seem to arise. Calm and serene, even though you might be boiling below the surface? Calm and serene wins this one for **Scorpio**. I’m all about winning one for *Team Scorpio*, and to make that happen? The issues, as they surface? Calm and serene. A couple of weeks from now? “You know, Kramer, I didn’t blow up at them, though, they really did deserve the full measure of my wrath, and now look, everything’s solved in my favor!” We all got issues, **Scorpio**, it’s how we handle them this week that matters later. Oh, we all got issues.

Sagittarius

I don’t mean to make things [weird](#). I will make them weird, just, you have to know, I don’t mean to make them weird. Way it goes. With the relative positions of the planets? Things just get a little weirder than usual. Doesn’t bother me, too much, but it will bother some of my other **Sagittarius** friends.

As a child, I truly wanted normalcy — I just wanted to be regular. Normal, whatever that was. Due to the aberrant and somewhat strange upbringing, well, I turned out like I did. Not complaining, as it’s way too late now to go back and be “normal.” So weird is the state of mind and subject to individual understandings. I’m not trying to make this weird, but, when it does get weird this next few days? Can’t say I didn’t make an effort to warn your *Sagittarius* self about the impending weirdness. I’m not trying to make things weird, but I will make them weird. Way it goes. Good luck with the lunar phase, too.

Capricorn

When one walks through a doorway, an opening, really of just about any kind? The mind thinks, “Different room, new thought.” We see that transition, and then, this is why, it’s so common to walk into another room and forget why one walked in there, in the first place. I have a little trick I tend to use, and I’ll pass it along at this time, since it looks like you were headed into another room, and as soon as you get there, you’ll forget what you went in there.

“What did I come in here to do?”

This happens frequently when I’m working on my horoscopes, especially in the mornings. What helps me? I’ll wander off into the kitchen wonder why I wandered off, and then I’ll look down. In my left hand, usually, there’s an empty coffee container. Usually a coffee mug, but it can be a cup, an insulated tumbler, any number of devices used to hold liquid. I look down at my hand, realize that I have an empty coffee cup there, and I know what I wandered off to do: refill the mug. It’s a simple trick, but highly effective, and with the distractions present? For **Capricorn**? My simple idea of merely holding, in one hand or the other, the reason for the objective, the clue as to what your goal was, originally? Like me with a coffee cup in hand, “Oh yeah, get more coffee. Look, I need to wash some dishes, too.”

Aquarius

Not that this is a question I hear frequently, but it did come up the other evening over light dinner conversation. “You know why Long Neck beer bottles are so popular in Texas?” As a former retailer of beer, yeah, [dark and distant past](#), the idea never crossed my mind. I thought everyone always drank from longneck bottles. Seen them, been around them, all my life.

“No, they are easier to handle on a bumpy road in the cab of truck.”

Doesn’t slosh out, easier to handle, and certainly easier to grip when bouncing down a washboard dirt road. I also suspect that

the data proffered was skewed. I'm old enough to know recall a time when it was legal — in Texas — to have a beer while driving. Couldn't be drunk, as that was still illegal, but a single beverage was quite all right. Doesn't speak well of our judgement, but does allow for some latitude in personal freedom. Anyway, this isn't about drinking and driving, this is about why the longneck type of bottle is so popular. There were times when myth is more prevalent than fact. This is an example of that. There should be two obvious conclusions from this week's observations, one? Don't drink and drive. Never ends well. Just don't. Two? Source of myth, and what's myth rather than what's fact. Like why those longnecks are so popular, even to this day.

Pisces

While it is a really a concept from the “Ancient Chinese Art of Placement,” to me, it is almost superstition. However, I have some ancillary backing proof, so, submit as anecdotal evidence? Sure. That works. On the little stove top in a trailer park in old [South Austin](#), I had a burner that was out on the stove, and me, being too lazy to call the landlord to fix it? I let it go. That burner was in place that signified wealth and luxury, so I was neither wealthy nor luxurious in lifestyle.

That was then.

This is now.

I use a cook top to heat the water for coffee in the morning, and I rotate the burners. Each day I use a different burner to heat the coffee water. All four burners work on this stove, and that's good. The ancient art of placement, the “science” of how objects are arranged? I'm not sure if that's real or not. However, using a different location on the stove top every morning is supposedly better than just using the same burner — think about that trailer park in old South Austin. All this week is really about? Rotating stock. Changing the routine to make sure we use all our available resources. Or starting a new regime that helps pave the way for better luck. Until I was in place where all the stove's burners worked? I wasn't utilizing all the resources available. While it might seem like such a minor point, the little details help make up the big picture. Then, too, while I'm unsure if it really is the art of space that made this work better, but it seems to. Might give it try.

Aries

When they start doing *karaoke*, then it's a sign. Time to leave. I looked up a bar that used to be a neighborhood, hang out, great local music place. Last time I passed by, the place was boarded up. I don't hang out at night, spending time in smoky cafes, listening to real bluesmen bemoan their collective fates, not much, anymore. There was a time, though, when I did. I did a cursory search for that old bar's name, and the last material was from about 18 months previous, like Yelp Reviews, “Karaoke was fun!” Or, “Service was horrible!” The usual. The Aries trigger point for this horoscope, though, was the part about the *karaoke*. As soon as that starts, it's all downhill. It's a clear sign that the place has served its function as a neighborhood dive and it is headed toward oblivion. For me, personally, when as an audience member, when they start to do *karaoke* — it's a sign. Time for me to leave. As an **Aries**, though, is the sign you're looking for? Sort of depends. If you want to go on stage and belt out a favorite tune, then by all means, enjoy it. Just be [aware](#), as soon as you start to do that, as I smile, nod, and then head for an exit? It's more about me than it about you. However, when they start doing *karaoke* — then it's a sign.

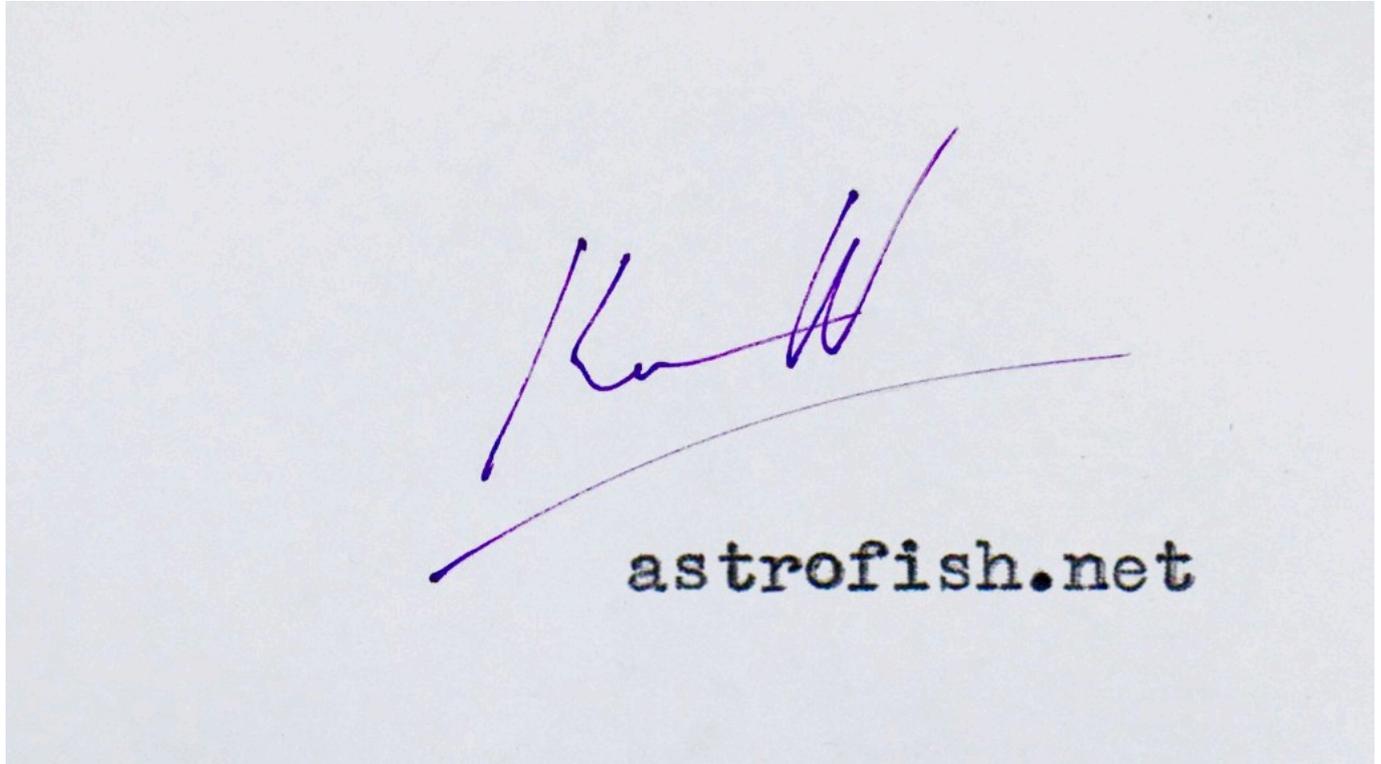
Taurus

I buy most of my fishing gear in big, local sporting goods stores. Among other things for sale, there are a large number of firearms and related accessories. One posted guideline was, “Never include ammunition.” While this had something to do with returning a firearm, or something, for this week's **Taurus**? Same guideline applies. Don't send out the ammunition, or, in this case, don't hand it over to someone who might, either on accident or purpose, use that ammunition against you. While the sign referred to live ammo, the term, “live ammo” can easily refer to any number of situations, not just real bullets. Another way to see this?

“Don't freed me straight lines.”

Maybe that expression helps more. Or, “The first liar never has a chance (of success).” Don’t willingly, or even unwittingly, just hand over ammunition that can — and probably — will be used back at you. Made more sense when I thought about in terms of straight lines instead of live rounds of ammo, but in my experience those words can penetrate further, and hurt more.

astrofish.net/travel for appearances



“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 6.6.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 05, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/06/horoscopes-for-6-6-2019/>

Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
Today extinct. Our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too.

Palamon in Shakespeare's
Two Noble Kinsmen 5.1.69-72

Horoscopes for 6.6.2019

Gemini



Not [content](#) but how it is delivered, that's the key. This stems from a certain comedian delivering nightly news, and how he would read the information, the way emphasis was placed? Made a huge difference. I was reading [an email aloud](#), and the way it started, I did a *faux*, fey voice, affected, "Kramer, that's silly and stupid..." Then, thinking about it, I listened to the same message over, as a gruff, stern male. One, the first, is humorous and the letter of intent is clearly heard. However, hearing the same message with a totally different inflection plainly indicates a different, more combative and pejorative stance. All from a single line of text, and all how it's heard. Delivered. [All in the delivery](#). So the delivery matters, and the emphasis, the inflection, the tone, all of that colors and shades of understanding. Meaning it's less about what's being said, and more about how it is said. Birthday theme for **Gemini**, less about what's said, and more about how it is said.

Cancer

Digging around in [Shakespeare stuff](#), I came across a reference that suggested, who suggested, as it was a person, that Shakespeare only contributed a small part to the play, *Two Noble Kinsmen*. All conjecture, but the textual analysis — allegedly computer generated — suggested that Shakespeare merely contributed a portion of dialogue of from a bit player. One of the fun — for me — reasons behind my obsession with Shakespeare's works is because no more will be discovered, and there won't be a lot to add but shading and nuance, or alternative interpretations. Like, I once saw *The Taming of the Shrew* performed by an all female cast. Good stuff. But no new plays, really. This week?

Stick with facts. When I want to reference a play, I shoot for play's name, act, scene, line number, and I sometimes cross-reference that with a paper (book) copy of the play, and maybe a folio reproduction, as well. I have to wonder if some academic tomes, like *The Complete Works of Shakespeare* are sold by the pound rather than content. Padding in *Henry III* and the aforementioned *Two Noble Kinsmen* seems a little suspect. Unless, of course, this is just change for the sake of change. Then carry on. But the example, and the source for this week's quote, a play that has only recently been attributed to Shakespeare? No making stuff up, tempting as that might appear in a moment of weakness. Conjecture is fine, as long as it is

[labeled](#) as such.

The Leo

There's a trap, just up ahead, and my [reading](#) of your chart should serve as a [warning](#). I know you're usually right. To me, it looks like you've been given incomplete data, and therefore, unable to properly render an answer to the question. Dealing with incomplete data paints an incomplete image, and an incomplete image leaves too many dangling, unanswered questions, which is the problem.

Look: you're usually right.

The issue isn't the logic of the situation or the answer you arrive at, the first time, and face it: I would clearly deduce the *exact same answer* given the data you're given. As **The Leo**, though, some people are giving you inadequate synopsis and mere surveys when you clearly requested more data. The trap I'm trying to prevent you from falling into? That situation. Where you make a grand pronouncement, only to have back up next week, and amend that original conclusion. Nothing hurts worse than either having to go back and say, "I was wrong," or "I'm sorry, apparently I didn't mean that after all."

Incomplete data masquerading as full data sets: watch for it.

Virgo

There's a prop I've long thought about, and I wonder if now isn't the time for **Virgo** to *put this idea into action*. It's the "badge on a lanyard" trick. I see this in any number of settings. Usually, though, anymore, anyway, it's a corporate badge or picture ID with some kind of magnetic strip that serves as a keycard, photo ID, and proof of something. In one of my old working bags, filled with tarot cards, business cards, charts and an old laptop, plus chargers, and so forth? In the little ID slot, there's an old press pass, long out of date, issued by the Department of Public Safety. So I did have a valid one, at one time. However, for this week's exercise, the idea is to get a graphic program and working with that, make up an ID, with a title that fits. Various titles I've held? Long-lasting, is of course, *Fishing Guide to the Stars*, but Custom Low Riders was one, as well. Rocket Surgery, and Brain Science, both can be used on an ID card, the trick to make this effective? Photo, badge printed up, then laminated with a clear [title at the top](#). Some days — people need proof. Pull together a real ID, and proper *Virgo*-like titles? Star Fleet Captain. Mad Scientist. Chief Bottle Washer. Information Architect. The sky's the limit on titles, but Head of Tin Foil Hats Department, and Extra-Planetary Explorer always resonate. Hang this on lanyard, and when asked, just badge them. Means, just flash the ID. It's not a fake, it's just not real. Helps to have props, and that's what this week's exercise is about. Second to the [clipboard](#), the badge is one of the best props.

Libra

While I'm rather adept at matching patterns, [observation](#) of human kind in all its gory glory? While I recognize patterns, more so as it applies to astrology and inherent observations, there are times when the obvious fails. I was sure, first glance, it was so obvious. *Scorpio*, not **Libra**. Thin frame, black scrubs top, black jeans, maybe leggings, I wasn't looking too closely, but the build and angular features of her face? *Scorpio* with an inherent leer, and sarcastic comment pre-loaded.

My opening gambit? "You born in October, huh." Good guess, educated, but extrapolated from a variety of textbooks plus years of doing this. I was [half right](#), without tipping my hand, as it was a **Libra** October birthday, not the Halloween, and therefore scary, *Scorpio*. What this is about? Matching patterns, for **Libra**, then making a good guess, extrapolate, educated, intuitive suggestion, and finding out, like me, you are close. Like me, I covered pretty well, although my brain was screaming one word and the birthday was clearly different from my perceived pattern. I was sort of right and played it like I was amazing. Do this long enough, and I get some right, in spite of myself. Therein is the **Libra** [clue](#), right in spite of ourselves. The part of about thinking on our feet for the reply?

"Yeah, I meant to say that."

Scorpio

You do realize there's a special **Scorpio super-power** you have in the next few days? It's **Scorpio-squared**, or in non-math terms? "Scorpio times itself," which results in more *Scorpio* powers, ready to be unleashed on the unsuspecting world. Total world domination? Sure. Build an empire? Sure. Bestow bright blessings on a favored astrologer author? Now we're [talking](#)! That last one, it was worth a shot. The power of persuasion, pervasive presentation, presenting your ideas and ideals, in the best light possible? Sure. Any and all of that. It's about embracing that *Scorpio strength*, then using it. You're already feeling it, now is the time to use it. Feeling more confident and supported by *Scorpio fans and flames*? Feeling stronger? Feeling *Scorpio* strong? Use that perception of strength. Use that feigned sense of importance, that solar-prop that holds you up, search within your *Scorpio* self and that juice — stars say it's there. Grab a handful of *Scorpio* lightening bolts, by Jove, and be willing to fling them at appropriate targets. You have what it takes so use it.

Sagittarius

As a **Sagittarius** myself, I write this as much as a reminder for myself as [advice for others](#). Watch the exuberant attitude. There's a dangerous kind of arrogance that masquerades as self-esteem, or whatever that stuff is called. The temptation is about resting on one's previous results, and then, not pushing forward. Times like this?

Push a little harder. Last fishing trip, instead of leaving at 5 A.M., I was up at 4. Results speak for themselves — pictures are on the site someplace. We planned — originally — to be off the water at 2 in the afternoon, in time for a late lunch. Stayed out until 4. See how this works? Show up early. Stay late. As long as we put in extra hours, this combats the arrogance. More. Better, further, faster. Where, when we fall short is trying to get by with as little effort as possible? The greater the exertion, the greater the rewards.

Capricorn

There's a kind of commentary that works during periods like this. As much as your **Capricorn** self would like to think otherwise? Maybe you're not ready for the big-time, yet. There's one piece still missing. One integral part of what makes this work isn't here yet. Missing pieces are what make life interesting, and missing parts are what make for [great stories](#). Like, a great love story? What we're looking for is that lover, the lock our key fits into, or the key that fits into our lock. Yeah, something like that. While we look for the missing piece? That's what this energy is all about, we're seeking — along a **Capricorn** axis — the rest of the parts of the puzzle. The scene is almost complete but it seems there are a few key elements that seem to be gone. Not on hand. So, as the week unfolds, "What are you doing?" The **Capricorn** thinks, "I'm missing one crucial part in putting this back together...."

Aquarius

Seen the sign many times, and I'm pretty sure it's been incorporated into my fine print (terms of service, &c.) — the ubiquitous [fineprint](#). "Please refrain from using a [cell phone](#) in the patient care areas." One would assume that this is merely common sense and modern etiquette. However, both of those seem to have been left behind, the common sense and modern etiquette.

As an **Aquarius-compliant** individual, you'll note that I'm asking for not, one, but two behaviors from your **Aquarius** self this week, and I'd like to point out, these are both increasingly rare in our current times.

Etiquette and sensical decisions.

You would think, given events, folks would start being nicer, and kinder, to each other. "You would think." Herein is the weirdness to this week, not everyone is thinking as well as the **Aquarius** contingent. Begat a problem or two, and the quickest, easiest answer? Start being nicer, even though the person next to you, behind, you, in front of you, even though those folks aren't nice? No reason to stoop to their levels. And don't use your phone in the patient areas. Thanks.

Pisces

There will be those people, bet you encounter some this week, who absolutely refuse to accept the hand of cards life has dealt to them. This week is like that, you know? "I refuse to accept what's been handed to me." I get bemused. Puzzled, filled with

fear, lack of approbation, or just plain angry. Then I move on, as it's a situation that I didn't create, and I can't correct other people's mistakes. I can — but I've discovered it's better if I let the chips fall where they will, and let other people clean up their own messes.

This next few days, looking over the *Pisces planets*, I realized that all of our *Pisces parts* suffer with a persistent illusion that we have some sway over the outcome of other people's messes. This week, next ten days, or maybe longer? That's an **illusion** that we can clean up other people's messes. Oh, it can be done. Yes, we have the *Pisces power* to physically clean up the detritus — only, look behind you. No sooner do we sweep up their messes then, they come back and mess it up again. The lesson, the planets teach us, we have no control over other people and the other people will make mistakes. As a *Pisces (friendly) person* myself, I seem to keep learning this same lesson, over and over. Perhaps you can learn from me, no need to clean up what others seem so intent [upon messing up](#)?

Aries

The kind of [pressure](#) this week's planets bring? Change. To most of us, "Change is good." We like change, in some capacity — especially if this is change that we feel like we have a positive hand in, like, we feel like we're directing some of this change.

Problem: part of this week's energies includes not being totally in control. Not in control of our **Aries** selves, not in control of our directions, not in control of destinies.

The winds of fate — or whatever one believes in — seem to be billowing, gusting, and otherwise messing with the **Aries** direction. Or direction that we think we should be going. Keep getting blown off course? Keep getting distracted? Keep having minor problems blow up into larger issues? Keep getting your direction picked by some other element, instead of your own — **Aries** — choice? This week looks like a triangle, with three points, A, B, C. The quickest route from A to C is a straight line between the two points, the typical — usual — **Aries** answer. Solution. The way the winds of fate blow, in the next few days? The quickest route from A to C is through B. More than doubles the distance required, but winds up being the most expedient, and that, what's best for **Aries**? That's what I'm all about. Get blown around by the winds of fate, enjoy the ride, might be quickest *if you don't resist*.

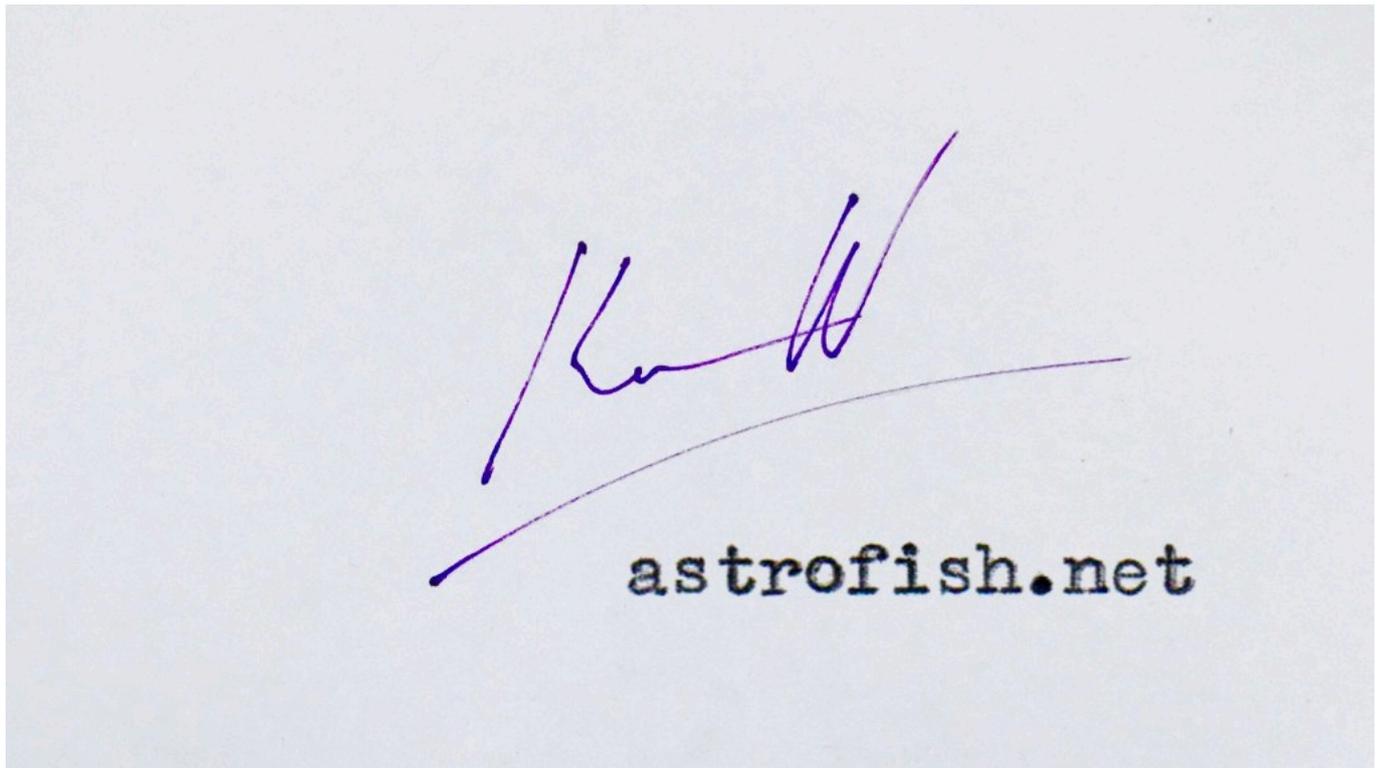
Taurus

One of my fishing buddies also hunts. Not unusual, never been my thing, but that's me. He also spends a certain amount of time at the gun range, an indoor, licensed, safety-first kind of indoor shooting range. Like on TV, only real. Again, not my thing, but a certain number of my friends — this is Texas — believe in such activities. I've been a time or two, as an astrological experiment. The one range, it's kind of cool, the hallway has a series of old pickup truck [tailgates](#). At first, I didn't understand, I mean, cool art and whatever, but after some reflection, I realized that the old pickup truck tailgates, just that back door on a pickup truck? Those made it look like, feel like, in an artistic sense, that the range was operated out of the bed of an old pickup truck.

Verisimilitude. Feels real, even though everything about this is artificial. Good art amuses, validates and entertains, with an added bonus of acting like a puzzle. I was trying to figure out what and why they had a couple of old truck tailgates up on the wall, wall that faced the parking lot.

Good art can be a little different, and sometimes, shows up in the most unlikely places. Somewhere, there's a redneck, gun-toting, cowboy-esque artist who thought up something funny for the gun range. I'm not passing judgement, but my buddy, the hunter? He never noticed. "Just thought it was weird, you know?" Look for the miraculous in the mundane, especially this next few days. It's there.

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 6.13.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 12, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/06/horoscopes-for-6-13-2019/>

Caliban:

Do not torment me! O!

Shakespeare's *The Tempest* (II.ii.55)

[Happy Birthday!](#)

Horoscopes for

Gemini



We make plans, we have goals, and then we have ideas. Wait, *Gemini*, remember, we have lots of ideas, all the time! We are **Gemini**! Still, those goals need some strategic action. Best if we plot a **Gemini** course, with amendable but specific steps.

[Processes.](#)

Goals, destinations, specific action to make that goal happen, because, oh birthday one! A goal, with no plan, is just a wish. Birthday time. Plan accordingly. Good to have goals, but what need are concrete steps to achieve those goals.

Cancer

One of the great joys about my work? I can follow any thread of thought, and watch. I can watch it unravel a garment, simply pull on and tearing at a single thread of a thought, toying, teasing, ultimately, forcing what's under it to be revealed. With that single thread of a thought?

I can build it up, weaving it together and I can easily manufacture a whole tapestry from a single thread I found as an offshoot and spurious click from me joyfully trying to fact check some arcane bit of trivia.

Any thread can be equally momentous or meaningless. As a further skill-set? I don't need even a hint of real facts to cut out an image wholly remanufactured from recycled dreams. For me, research — and reality — are strictly optional. Love my work. All of that from [clicking](#) around online, trying to locate an old friend. It's still *High Gemini*, and that means distractions, which, wait, pull on that thought-thread over there, see where it goes.

The Leo

The instructions, see how this sounds, but, "Down *Bandera Road*, near the bottom of that hill? Yeah, turn there..." Kind vague instructions, besides, this is local — San Antonio/Austin are built on the shoulder of the Hill County, and as the name implies?

This area is hilly. So the term, “Bottom of the hill” can easily refer to any number of locations. From just slightly vague to outstandingly difficult, frustratingly impossible to decipher? Yeah, **The Leo** is not amused by vague and unclear instructions. [Out of context](#), my little note, “... down the hill, near the bottom...” that type of muddled instructions are a prime source of frustration for **The Leo**.

However, sitting where I was, little taco joint? The instructions made perfect sense. Context. Context matters. In this next couple of days? *Context matters*, especially to **The Leo**.

Virgo

Looking for a quote, I have one in my reference material, I got sidetracked looking for a particular author’s statement, really a perfect aphorism to encapsulate what *Virgo* currently faces. What I found was a quote that I hadn’t included in my collection, but obviously, I should have.

“The Irish have an abiding sense of tragedy that sees them through brief moments of joy.”

(Attributed) to Oscar Wilde, who, let it be noted, was Irish himself.

This is a brief moment of *Virgo joy*, but fret not, that inherent *Virgo sense* — the furrowed brow — worry sneaks back in. This week should be far from tragic, but that’s not going to stop the worry. A day without having a totally *Virgo-esque* freakout and panic over, well, *something*, a day without that is completely wasted.

Did you know that quote [might not be accurate](#)? Should your **Virgo** self research that? Besides, adjusted as need be, is that rally true? Is this a good week masquerading as bad week? No worries, which, in turn, leaves you worried? Is this a reason to panic? I will get at least one fanatic note, about a dire situation that totally deserves a good freak out. Is that person not really a **Virgo**, which echos back to where we started, about this being good, despite whatever you’re worried about.

[Pink Cake: The Quote Collection - Kramer Wetzel](#)

[Pink Cake](#)

[Pink Cake](#)

Libra

Not something I would normally notice, but in the middle of a hot June, this caught my attention. It’s the “kick-drag” of cowboy boots, a kind of shuffle that comes from a guy walking, wearing boots. I strongly suspect that I make the exact same noise, similar gait from boots. I only know two kinds of footwear, having structured my life in accordance to my own beliefs and desires. Tastes, too. I only own sandals and boots. So I never realized, there’s a slightly hunched, forward-leaning stance, and then, a shift, as the boot heel hits the ground, followed with a corresponding drag, or shuffle. One business associate usually shows up in jeans and boots, even in the summer heat.

It’s a [cultural](#) thing, I would suppose.

While I’ve been around this all my life, it’s something that I just noticed. In itself, not a great revelation — but pause — there’s a very **Libra** message about learning some new aspect about an obvious observation, been in front of our **Libra** selves all this time. “Wow. I never noticed that before. Did you see this.”

More of a **Libra** statement than a question.

Scorpio

“Impatient Mental Health,” followed by a hospital name. Saw it on some scrubs. Thought that’s what it said, but what I know about mental health, “Impatient” may be a condition, but the process of mental health takes time. Can’t just — like — flip a switch and be better. Be nice, but, no, usually doesn’t work like that.

As a **Scorpio**, you know impatience.

“Kramer, that was ‘inpatient’ mental health. What is wrong with you?” Nothing that can be fixed, be my guess. However, I’m not **Scorpio**, and I’m not as rattled by the same forces, at this moment. I’m not impatient. Nor, apparently, am I worried about my mental health. As a **Scorpio**, there are two strains that fall from my ill-observed shirt sighting, one is impatient, while two is mental health.

The first part is understanding this is a long process, and probably won’t happen in a hurry. The metaphor for mental health was good as the usual process from bad news to good news can take years and years of committed effort on the patient’s part. Not quickly, though, just observing. What we’re dealing with, short form, **Scorpio**? There are not shortcuts. Impatient? Sure. What does that yield? Probably not much.

Sagittarius

An old habit, left over from the good days back in Austin? Gas station hot dogs. There’s at least one author I’ve read, and I know he understands the appeal. Rotating under the lights and setting up over hours, those little missiles of mystery, meat-like substance sweat grease and ooze flavor, and then in a nod to localized phenomena, there was sliced, pickled jalapeño available as a dressing-condiment-side dish. Accessory. Food accessory for the hot dogs. Perfect.

Breads a little stale, the mustard is a little weak, but the [artifice](#) of such food? Can’t be topped. Hot summer day. Don’t need much. Sun is still cooking along in *Gemini* opposite from our **Sagittarius** selves. We need a break. Doesn’t have to be an actual hot dog from a convenience store, but as an idea, place them on sale, and while it’s not something I would suggest all the time, we need a small break. Some days, like this week, hot summer day, that special was the huge tub of fizzy coke, and two hot dogs for less than two bucks. Good deal. Perfect break and sustainable nutrition for the **Sag** soul. Little break. Cheap break. Not a typical stop, but on that works, this next week, maybe once. Or twice: gas station hot dogs.

Capricorn

Mars and Mercury, playing a game of cosmic tag in the early evening sky sets up a power-play with Pluto. This tends to exacerbate any struggles, and bring the underlying elements to the forefront. Mars and Mercury add emphasis, and the problem? Sometimes this is an emphatic statement that our **Capricorn** selves would wish was left [unsaid](#). There’s a time when we would all prefer some discretion, and yet, usually this is some family member, but someone brings a point to the forefront.

Best. Left. Unsaid.

As the pressure build within this unlikely opposition, though, what happens is that a certain internal, **Capricorn** pressure builds, and you must tell someone. Hey, drop me an [e-mail](#), because I won’t tell a soul. Or maybe not? Never can tell with the airwaves being what they. Anyway, now might not be the best time to try and impress it upon *the world* that there is this thing, and it needs some more attention. Like **right now!** Maybe not so loud? Maybe not so publicly?

Aquarius

Life can’t be reduced to a simple “[Venn Diagram](#),” but the notion holds up for this next few days. I was helping a client get some targeted advertising in place, and I referred back to my original demographic profile. I had a marketing guy who insisted that I profile the typical reader of these horoscopes. Other than they are all residents of planet earth, yeah, not much in common. Gender, highly fluid skewing towards females but almost a 50/50 split. Age? All over the place. From “Really Old”

to the generation that springs forth from the loins of the **millennials**.

In other worlds, no coherent theme for my people.

However, this wasn't about me, it's about **Aquarius**. Targeted advertising then granular looks at what we want. For me, I found that I do well with the worst possible keyword, "Horoscope." That's part of *my* Venn Diagram. What are the two elements for the **Aquarius** diagram for the week? There will always be a variety of elements pushing and pulling on the your **Aquarius** self, but as this week's weirdness unfolds? Pick two, then find the common ground. It can be done, and the goal is to resolve this week as a simple diagram, two circles, with the **Aquarius** piece being where the overlap exists. Find peace in that piece.

Pisces

Business seems to greatly interfere with a both a social life and leisure-time activities. While how one might define business vastly varies from individual **Pisces** to another, the sense is that "business" is getting in the way of having fun. Most days I rather enjoy this line of work, so, in that respect, I'm lucky.

But it is work.

Therein is the weekly gauntlet thrown down at the foot of **Pisces**, the eternal struggle between work and play. If I had a better answer, I would serve it up, but *alas*, I don't. I know, you turn to me for answers to questions, but this is a time when the balance point between work and play gets fuzzy, or even, at times, downright confused. Then, too, there's the eternal "I'm doing this for me," commentary, and seriously? Think you can get away that, this time?

As those lines between work and play start to get more and more blurred, though, there is a point where some rest and respite is required. This weeks hold a **Pisces** chance for a short rest period. One buddy claimed he was going to sleep for a week. Not more than 36 hours later, he was ready to fish. A little rest is good, but don't plan on sleeping for a week, as nice as that might sound.

Aries

A woman came by [my table at an event](#), gave me that simpering look, then signed her name to my sign-up sheet. It has a price, which, I might add, varies by location, and the note that says, "Readings are taken in order of sign-up." She sauntered off, never to be seen again. Or, I've seen her around, but she thought that merely affixing a *nom de plume* to a list was enough.

I have other business associates who practically beg for an email, and phone number, and why? I don't know. Looking at another's sign-up sheet, I noticed that there was a space for email. Yeah, no. Not me. That means I input the [email address in the newsletter](#) list, and then, I get spat upon because I was sending unsolicited email, when, clearly, I was solicited to add a name to the list.

Too much trouble.

Simple solution? I use a double opt-in list manager. Safer, for me, and I only want people who want to get my mail, I only want them receiving the news. Not where I was going with this, I kept thinking about that one woman, signing up then wandering off, thinking that affixing her first name, really a handle, and expecting I would intuit her mailing address, or transfer information to her via a mind meld of some kind? For the rest of the world, **Aries**, for the rest of the world, we got to spell stuff out. "Psychic development" sounds cool, but not everyone will receive the same messages.

Taurus

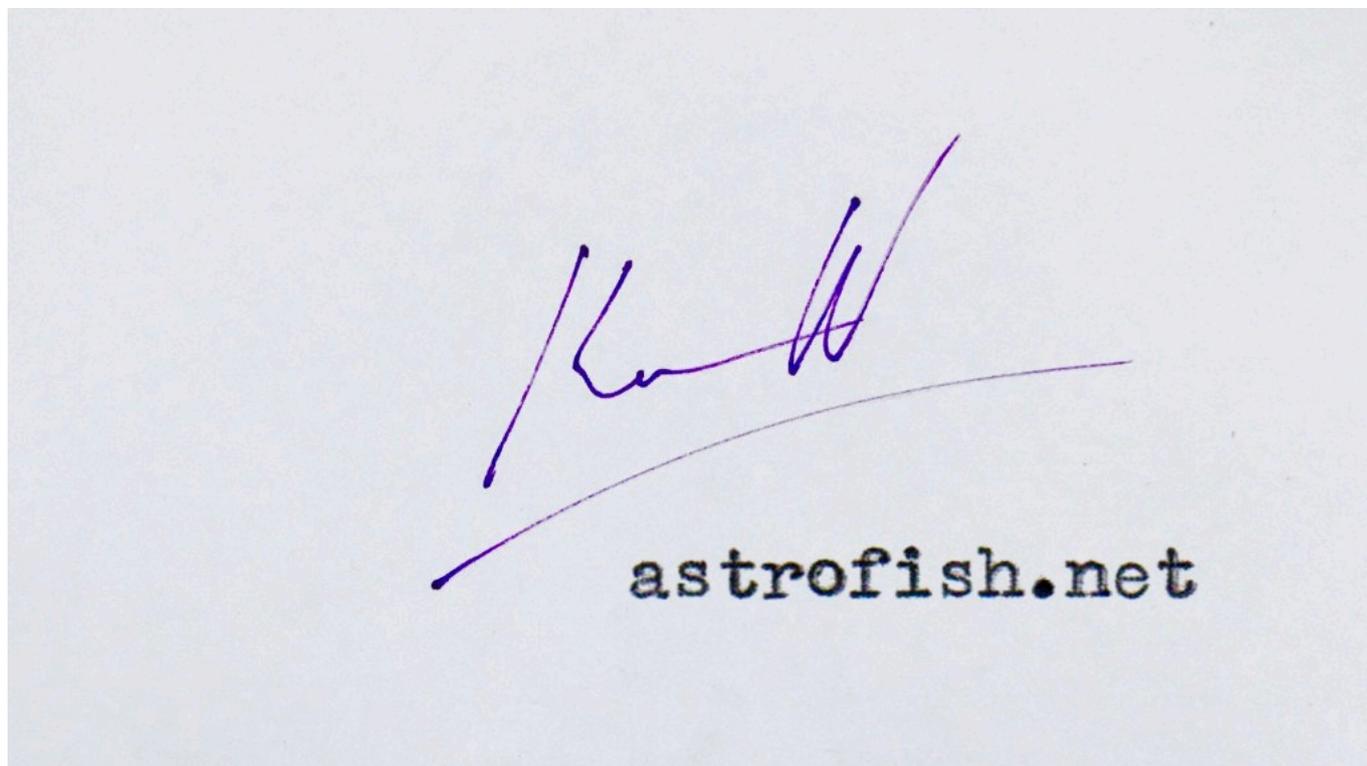
Comes a time when we have to quietly acquiesce to certain situations. In one example, I was thinking, “This is as good as this will get.” Front of a boat, and it wasn’t a stellar day on the water. Not bad, but we hadn’t hit our collective limits on both Redfish and Black Drum. No flounder, either. Late spring fishing, days can be like that.

Where the comment comes from, “This is as good as it gets.”

Which, come on here, front of the boat, water, sun, fishing? Not bad at all, just not one of those days when every cast gets a hearty “Fish on!” Yes, the comment is, “It’s as good as it gets.” Not bad, from my perspective, but as of late, I got rather spoiled by good fishing conditions, and to have just an OK day after a string of highly productive days, sort of a let down. Not really a let down, face facts: 1. On the water. 2. Fishing. 3. Catching *some* fish. 4. Good weather. 5. Bonus: good companions for the trip.

So, seriously, “This is as good as it gets,” really isn’t too bad, now is it? Ask your **Taurus** self, pose that as a question, an interrogative instead of a statement, “This is as good as it gets?”

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 6.20.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 19, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/06/horoscopes-for-6-20-2019/>

Marriage, uncle? Alas, my years are young;
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

1 Henry VI 5.7.20-222

He'd rather study than pursue romance. Huh. The suggestion, albeit good, seems atypical.

The Sun enters the tropical zodiac sign of Cancer on June 21, 2019 at 10:54 AM. Happy summer.

Horoscopes for 6.20.2019

Cancer



Fast. Slow. Hot, cold, make up your mind! “Would you [make up](#) your damn mind?” All I got is a *definite maybe*. Mars is funny like that, especially, on the heels of the opposition with Pluto then almost playing tag with Mercury. Just causes a certain amount of confusion as to what tempo this is supposed to be at.

This is 4/4 beat, right? Basic thump-thump-thump-thump, correct? Not hard to get. Boom-chicka-boom-chicka. Repeat as need be. Loop it. Basic thudding of the bass line to give it some rhythm, right? Sure. Fast. No, slow it down. No, speed it up. There is no even tempo at the moment. Those of us who are rhythmically challenged, yes, at least I know that I won't be setting the beat, the pace, but the **Cancer Moon Children** will think they can set the pace. Only, it's not fast enough, no, wait, too fast, slow it down, no speed it up. This is the function of Mr. Mars, and he's on his way out, but he ain't left yet. Fast. Slow.

Here, you drive (obviously I'm doing it [wrong](#) — but I'm not a **Cancer**).

The Leo

What I heard, and I'll repeat is as the expression is useful, “You are messing with powers beyond your ken.” No **Leo**, and certainly not **The Leo** wants to hear that type of [dire warning](#), and yet, there it is. Until further notice, or, at least another couple of weeks? No. Do not mess with it. I know, it would be fun to tweak it a little see what happens. No. Why?

Mars/Mercury, following Mars oppose Pluto, and then, the Sun itself in the sign that precedes **The Leo**? The answer is “No,”

or, at the very least, “not quite yet.” There’s that sense, if you are quiet long enough to realize the sound? If you’re quiet long enough, you know that there is a distant rumbling, the approach of train, a stampede, something, thunder of hooves, thundering motorcycles, *Mad Max*, who knows? But that source of impending action? Ain’t here yet. Simple enough. Wait. Wait for it. No, not yet. If you wait, you will be able to, rightfully so, command the situation. For the time being? Don’t mess with powers beyond your ken.

Virgo

This isn’t getting any easier, and it only gets worse as long as you refuse to look at the real facts. I’m known as a [fisherman](#) and a [writer of horoscopes](#). No one expects me to always tell the absolute truth, when, in fact, that’s exactly what I do. Easier for me. But no one expects it. So I’m not one to really talk about denial. I [adhere to straight facts](#), as that’s just easier for me.

But that’s me.

For this week’s **Virgo** missive? Look at the real facts. Not manufactured, or rose color glasses facts, no, the harsh cold light of day. The summer sun can be brutal and that’s what this is about, that material that is not what you want to see, but straight up, how it is. I can dress up the facts and make them appear more — or less — substantial than they really are. Still, there’s a sense that my sweet **Virgo** lass, or lad, must confront the facts as they really are. No dressing it up. Rolling organic male bovine by-product in powdered sugar still doesn’t make it a *beignet*. Just facts.

Libra

The last university I graduated from had a color scheme that was sort of maroon and yellow. Or gold and maroon. I have no loyalty as far the university itself is concerned, as, my current donations and will directs what’s left to go to the University of Texas (Austin). Not like they need help, but familiarity, plus they have this really cool special collections library. All sort of arcane stuff there. So the last university, where I graduated? Colors are still maroon and gold, more like a dark red, not an arterial blood red, but dark, can’t even think of wine that fits it. Dark red and a golden shade of yellow. Just a tad darker than regular sunshine yellow.

Unsure of the source, I had some lilies bloom in the backyard, and when I say, unsure of the source, I can’t imagine that anything I planted. Must’ve been left over from a previous tenant. Which was weird, to me, as the lilies were that shade of yellow and maroon, made me think about the university’s colors. There’s no loyalty there; I didn’t do this on purpose, just happened that way. I merely observe the phenomena, and report back.

As a **Libra**, best way to make it through this mess of a week? Just observe and report back. No judgement, no coloring that opinion, just look, and report back what you see. Simple as that. Weird, those flowers I didn’t plant happen to come up in school colors. Who knew? Observe, no judgement, [report](#) back. All I’m doing. All I ask you to do at this time, just look and tell me what you see.

Scorpio

Some days, all I have left are some [memories](#). A few, faded photos, and that’s about it. Just faded memories and old pictures. One image from “Back in the day,” in Austin resurfaced while I was looking for something else. Made me think about the formative years, and what made me what I am today. I had it pretty good in a trailer park in old [South Austin](#), long before the economies of life shifted.

There’s a risk, though in dwelling in that past. There’s a risk — especially for **Scorpio** — about looking back over your shoulder to see how things were, back then, and if only you knew then what you know now. Looks good on paper, doesn’t work in the real world. There’s a trap, foisted mostly by Mr. Mars, but then, it’s also a function of the last major angle Mars made to Pluto, and the tricky part is not to get caught in the reverie. I found this cool, old picture of me, submerged beneath the

waters of Austin's legendary, mythic Barton Creek. Careful about going back to something, someplace, that might not longer be there, not like we recall from our memories.

Sagittarius

My landlord texted me that she'd hired a guy to do some work on the place where I [live](#). Since I tend to "office at home," yeah, not a problem. Guy shows up, and he's got his tools in a bucket. Kind of a blue-collar, scruffy looking guy. In a manner of minutes he fixed some stuff that would've taken me days.

Two lessons here, one, if it's the landlord's responsibility? Let the landlord hire the guy to fix it. The other lesson, a little more profound for me? For our Sagittarius selves? "The guy," in this example a feller with a bucket full of tools, probably knows how to do it, and he knows how to do it quicker, easier, with less trouble, than ourselves.

On some occasions, it's fun to do it ourselves. I have a few DIY projects I've done — and enjoyed the labor plus the results. But there are other tasks, and this was such a shining example, manual labor for which I am ill-suited, and that guy? Only took him few minutes. Me? Three days. Him? Matter of minutes, and that is something, as a **Sagittarius**, we must respect. If this is best left to an expert? Then [leave it to an expert](#). They make it look so easy.

Capricorn

Where does the responsibility lie? With whom? Ultimately, this is about figuring out who is guilty — and who's not. While this might take longer than your **Capricorn** self would like, the question remains. At the feet of whom should this be laid?

There's a yearning inside the **Capricorn** *soul*, a need to know, and need to blame. Or hold responsible. Justice must be served! Yes, I'll agree with that, just, think, pause and think, are you sure that your **Capricorn** *self* is the correct person to do this? Are you the judge, jury, and executioner yourself? Should some of this be handled by other people? I understand that desire to do it all yourself, and yes, I understand the responsibility, but seriously. No, seriously, all on you? As Mars moves away from the Pluto/Mars opposition? There's a strong need, an urge, a driving — compelling — force within the **Capricorn** *psyche* that needs, wants, desires, a culpable culprit. Pause. Before you start assigning blame? Pause. As Mars moves out of opposition, the real guilty party starts to emerge. Don't rush to judge.

Aquarius

As a side question, nothing to do with anything, I was trying to figure out the difference between a hurricane and tornado. I know, locally, that hurricanes spawn tornados, but then, tornados also occur bereft of the hurricane parentage. There's a portion of the middle states of American that are called "Tornado Alley," as that kind of violent weather occurs frequently. I grew up, in part, at the tail end of *Tornado Alley*, so I'm familiar with the destructive potential. As an **Aquarius**, we have to be aware of the absolute power of the wind; **Aquarius**, it's an *Air Sign*. You knew that, right? As the summer starts in earnest, and as the — locally — hurricane and heavy weather seasons commence, remember that this is merely a function of air. The **Aquarius** element is Air.

One should never underestimate the power of the winds.

I know. I've been on both sides of that, blown away by an **Aquarius**, and watched, as an **Aquarius** breeze pushed a sailor to new horizons. Works both way, and this next few days, we must be careful what we expend that energy upon. Hurricane? Tornado? I'm not sure of the difference, but both can be equally destructive, or massive displays of the might of Mother Nature. Do not underestimate the power of the winds, despite "air" being such an intangible resource — to some.

Pisces

One of my **Pisces** buddies is a tall, handsome specimen of manly manhood. And he's a **Pisces**. Swaggering, got an attractive wife he can brag about, and as a guy's guy, my buddy? He's full of that male bravado. Macho, without being too manly, but he positively reeks testosterone.

And **Pisces**.

In a more quiet and reserved moment, or with his granddaughter, he can be really tender, loving, kind. His wife showed me an image of my buddy with — looked like — a tiara on his head. “A three-year old girl puts a tiara on your head and you have tea, you better play along.” Wife grinned.

My buddy, though, as a **Pisces**, can easily fit in the more tender role, as need be. Pretty sure there will be no image of him, like that, posted on the web. There's a clean split to this week's **Pisces** materials. Two sides that seem rather different. Two sides that don't seem connected. Two sides that some people — non-**Pisces** people — might have trouble reconciling. Not so much opposites as much as *diametrically opposed* elements. Combine the two. I can easily understand the macho bluster in the face of the modern world, and how that's required, and then, I can understand — and easily see — my buddy completely wrapped around the finger of that little girl. Macho, huh. Be willing to combine the elements to succeed.

Aries

As of now, I've never seen a live production of Shakespeare's *Henry 6* trilogy. I've listened to it a few times, previously, on a [commute for work](#), but no, never seen it live. Personally, I'd have to wonder about the motivations of young man who would rather study than dally with a potential lover. Might just be me. I've heard that there are such kinds of people. Certainly wasn't me. Never having seen this live, though, I can't say that's exactly what the message was, true, ironic, straight, gay, not sure at all.

The *Henry 6* plays, all of them get passed over as early, and therefore, kind of hammered, and not hammered in a good way. However, as I listened, I could hear the incipient creep of wordplay and excellent poetry. Roots, as it were. Roots clearly audible in that early material. The [University of Texas](#) did the three plays as a part of a greater cycle, a few years back, but I was otherwise occupied and didn't get to see them. As I've aged, that regret has grown. I'm unsure of any opportunity to ever see the trilogy now. To add to it, it's a little convulsed, but the roots and antecedents of great masterpieces, plus a good dose of English history is all there. While, ostensibly, I was making a point about the weird early Shakespeare plays no one knows, what I was really getting at, for **Aries**? With the start of *Cancer*, the Moon Children's moody crab? In the foreseeable future, if there is something you want to do? Do it. Don't put it off until later, as there might not ever be another chance to see that — like *Henry 6* — parts one, two, and three.

And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

Yeah, right.

Taurus

On my nightstand, you know, end table at the side of the bed? On my nightstand I have a collection of books that I am hoping to read. There is an arcane astrology text, bit of a one-off set of theories. There's a small-press murder-mystery. One of my associates has a collection of material that really should be a [blog series](#), but she popped it into a book.

Got a weird [Shakespeare](#) scholarship text, too, one that I have been meaning to read, just never found the time. There are at least two more [self-published](#) books that I should do more than just glance at. That's the immediate stack of books I would like

to tackle. That's not what's on the tablet or in the office, that's just bedside. I'll pick up one of those texts, read a few pages, realize that the content or style, or some other aspect of the novel, the way the plot plays out against the story, worse, some of it is merely academic crap, and unless it's well-presented? That stuff is boring.

Which one will it be? Boring academic stuff? Riveting personal narrative? Hand-wrought epic poetry from a friend? All sort of depends, and the idea is to sort some of this out, at this time. My easiest form for sorting reading material like? I need a few moments, preferably a few minutes, with each text. I'll read a passage and see if it grips me. Simple enough, after looking through the scholarship, the free-verse, and the histories, I found that one action novel was most entertaining. I'll bet that one character in it is a **Taurus**, too. Just seems to fit. Sort, divide, and then, prioritize to get through that stack of — well, for me, it was books. I'm unsure of what kind of stack you're facing.

Sort, divide, and, prioritize — simple enough.

Gemini

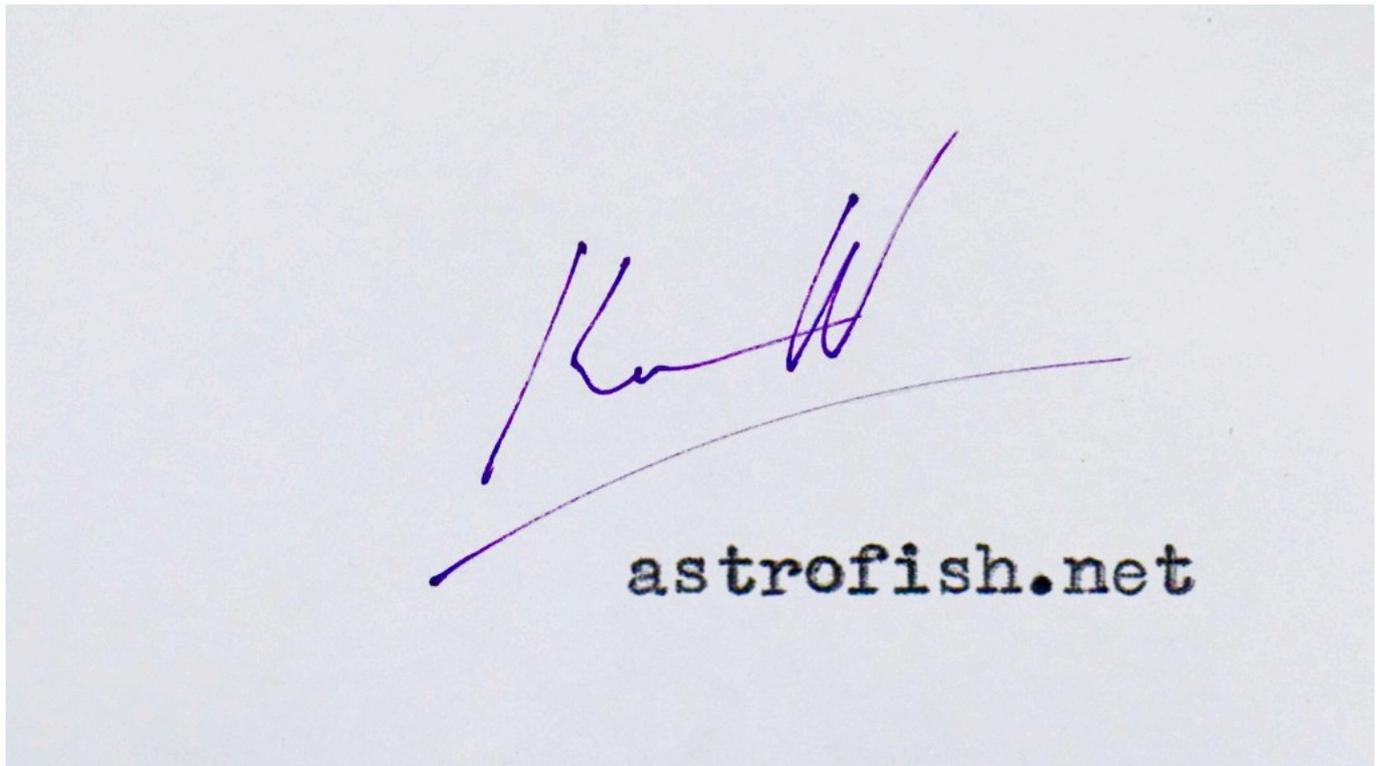
Every few years, I get to trot this one out. It's an old recipe, built partially on hipster coffee trends, and partly on my location in a border town, and partly because I obviously don't ever get enough caffeine. The mix, the original recipe was for a double shot of espresso mixed with *Mexican Coke*. *Coca-Cola* produced in Mexico, then imported as that has the alleged properties of the original recipe since the sugars are pure cane sugars, not some chemical variant, a mutation of high fructose corn syrup. Supposedly.

To me, the *Mexican Coke* is an occasional guilty pleasure. I buy, maybe, a case in a year. Back to the original recipe which was two shots of espresso, mixed with lukewarm Mexican Coke. The espresso tempers the sweetness of the coke, and the coke reduces the bitterness of the coffee. My summer, **Gemini** version? Espresso over ice, then add the Mexican Coke. Served chilled, preferably as a mid-morning meal replacement. Just enough sugars — good sugars — to add impulsive energies to the double dose of caffeine, which, in this **Gemini** combination? Serves to mellow the **racing Gemini brain** just a bit. Like two elements that wouldn't go together, normally, we're combining some different stuff, to make this week better for **Gemini**. Iced espresso with *Mexican Coke*, served cold on a hot summers day.

“Dude, I'm getting heart palpitations from the rush.”

It's working, see?

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 6.27.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, June 26, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/06/horoscopes-for-6-27-2019/>

I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll [fish](#) for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Caliban in [Shakespeare's](#) *The Tempest* 2.2.77-81

All for a spot of wine. A dram of wine.

Horoscopes for 6.27.2019

Cancer



Yeah, the above passage from Shakespeare's *The Tempest* is fun, usually easy to do, too, as the "monster" (Caliban) has never tasted wine before a couple of old drunken sailors introduce it. Fun stuff. Caliban will do **anything** for some more, as the alcohol relieves the pain and burdens of living — and serving — in the wilderness with the main wizard, *Prospero*. Reminds me of an updated version, an expression attributed to Golden Age science fiction, "One man's magic is another man's technology." I should offer points for that correct quote and attribution, but I know I've got in *Pink Cake* [someplace](#). I think. Instead of spending too much time fact-checking, or trying to locate a source for a quote, let's look at a little bigger image here, in the sign of the *Moon Child*, as there's a message within Caliban's statements, wherein he prostrates himself in front of some otherworldly creature, begging for more. Couple of old drunk sailors, who, by the wizard's magic, arrive intact and freshened up, despite the appearance of calamity at sea. Too much? Watch for the "I'll do **anything** for," well, in Caliban's example, it was merely cheap wine. [Happy Birthday!](#)

The Leo

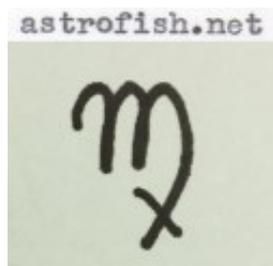


Next few days, I was searching for an apt way to describe what benefits **The Leo** best, and all I could think about was "potluck." One of those social deals where everyone brings some kind of dish? Party, gathering, social event, fundraiser, any number of excuses for a group of like-minded individuals to get together to break bread, share a community meal, and the way it works? Everyone brings a dish or platter of food. Or food-like substances. When I'm invited, I just stop by the grocery store

and get a pre-packaged bag or tray of something, maybe a sheet cake. However, for **The Leo** and this week?

It's like having it catered, almost, but not quite. And then, it's like everyone pitches in to serve **The Leo**, but it's not an event packaged like that. Your **Leo** self benefits, but it's not pulled together in a fashion that looks like we (non-royal "we," non-Leo we) are serving the royal **Leo**, sometimes known as, **The Leo**, our lords and masters. No, a doing a potluck let's everyone shine. Lets everyone participate, equally, and still serves the purposes of serving **The Leo** with fewer non-Leo feelings hurt. All in the this week's [pitch](#), and I suggest, you pitch "potluck."

Virgo



Backtesting a new theory, or rather, looking at an old equation, and then running it backwards to see what fits? Worked well for me.

Same influence now applies to **Virgo**: backtesting.

Look, this should work well into the future, but to see if it works in the future? We've got to find out what happened, when in the past, so we can properly navigate the future. Have to understand where we've been to get to where we're supposed to be. Or, understand where we've been so we can aim for a better place in the immediate future. Either variation involves understand the immediate and even then, the more distant past for **Virgo**, but in grasping that past, there's a way to see the further, or see a way through this mess, and arrive where we're all better served. That's the **Virgo** goal, right? Get to a better place, a better portion, a new and improved (thing)?

To move forward?

Backtesting.

Libra



Allow for the serendipitous nature of this kind of intellectual inquiry to work. In the midst of the big, US holiday, the ramp up to parties, weekends, summer vacation, and and crowded resorts? As this activity roils and boils, at a breakneck speed, give it time to find a cool very-**Libra**-like respite in a bookstore. OK, this is where details vary greatly. For me, the easiest image is a bookstore. *But that's me*. Can be any number of retail or retail-like places. The book aisle at the warehouse store, where certain best-selling authors have books delivered by the pallet? Sure, that works as well. All depends. However, consider my locations, mostly South Texas, and this is summer, so bookstore is the easiest image. As the holidays madness, the mid-summer madness draws attention elsewhere?

Time to let the intellectual curiosity work. Roving, looking in places we might not normally look, like a tome about business, or the latest literature theory — that's seen publication — then, oh look, a thriller by a [favorite author](#), and it looks like it's a

book I haven't read yet, plus, it's remaindered, good price. Serendipitous nature — **Libra** — like, shopping in a bookstore.

Scorpio



Ok, here's the deal, for **Scorpio** — one word. “Short fuse.” I know, it looks like two words, but think of it as one word, a special **Scorpio** shorthand message to yourself. One word: short fuse. Seeing as how this ends with the July 4 holiday? The trick is, be aware, there's an extremely short fuse on that **Scorpio** ordinance you're toying with. For at least one buddy, this very clear, he will be playing with live firecrackers, and one will probably go off in his hand. Boom! Can't say this was exactly a *Scorpio surprise*, but there will always be that shocked look from a **certain Scorpio** who fails to heed the (simple) warning.

One word: short fuse.

This can pertain to the aforementioned firecrackers that are so common in my landscape, or this can refer to some other kind of potentially explosive situation — I'm thinking about a conflict of personalities. You know, those people who fail to understand the *Scorpio Way*, and how that way tends to be best? Yeah, what you get then? One word: short fuse. Some folks suggest I take too long to get around to the point in a horoscope, but this is special, for *Scorpio*, one word: short fuse.

Sagittarius



As I've aged, I have to ask myself, “Is that the best use of available time?” Little mystical, little metaphysical, and a little bit off pondering unponderables. Still, as a silly **Sagittarius** myself, I have to give this some thought, and perhaps, on larger scale, suggest it to more than one of my *Sagittarius* friends.

The question is simple, as it considers “time” as a fungible resource, and how that time is spent, what the time is spent upon? Consider it like a transaction, except, that, as a **Sagittarius**, yeah, no, not thinking about time and life choices in terms of money. That debases my time, and the **Sagittarius** mind, to worry and ponder the little details about how I spend my time; how we — as **Sagittarius** — how we might spend our time in [relation](#) to what, and the greater good, and what is our destiny? There's a focal point that has to do with how we want to spend our available time. How we want to spend, to expend our energies, and what serves us best? Personally, there's a certain amount of “Not doing anything” in particular, that matters, and yet, it fulfills our need to be busy and productive. I liken this to reading trash or pulp fiction. Fun stuff, sometimes devoid of meaning. Or is it? I can tease great messages out of the simplest and most unlikely places, but I've trained myself to do so. While it might look like wasting time to some? Is it really?

Capricorn



For several years, lately, I've [worked](#) in a number of "Wholistic Rock Shops," and while the term itself, "rock shop" can evoke the cry of "Rock'n'Roll!" Yeah, not that kind of rock. Nor is a reference to finely cut gemstones, but more like exotic mineral specimens, frequently of crystalline nature that display certain characteristics and properties. One type is personal favorite, less for its intrinsic metaphysical properties, and more for the way it reacts to light, *Labradorite*. Towards that end, I had some in my shower stall, just raw chunks, and when the water hits it, the various facets sparkle. I picked some up the other day for my fishing buddy's kids, as they were fascinated with rocks in my bathroom. When they learned that the water made the rocks sparkle, all the better. I took one chunk of that mineral, I had a large piece, hit it with a regular hammer, made several smaller pieces, and gave each of his kids a piece. Now they have rock that sparkle in their bathroom, too. Little trick. Cost me nothing. Helped, for a while, with getting his three kids into bathing in the evening. Cool trick.

I have powers I never knew I had. Part of this is merely a cheap trick. Part of this is legend, myth, new age crap. But part is science, the chemical structure of that particular mineral and the way it reflects the light when either polished or wet. My buddy, not exactly a single dad, but he does spend a certain amount of time with his kids, and bathing has gone from chore to fascinations with mineral specimens. Whatever works, **Capricorn**, whatever works.

Aquarius



Many years back, I switched up my wardrobe to the simplest, easiest possible choices. Not really choices, either, just grab and go. Not much to think about. Shorts, they are all cargo — or cargo-esque — and then a simple selection of either T-shirts, Hawaiian-print shirts, or fishing shirts. Or some combination thereof. One characteristic that all of these clothing choices seem to share? All loose and baggy. Room to move. Room to sweat. Room to "grow," although I doubt I'll get any taller by now. I tend to stay away from tight clothes. For one, they don't flatter my physique, and more important, to me, they are less comfortable. This is an example of form and fashion that follows common sense.

As this week moves forward — especially for **Aquarius**, as I rotated the stars in their positions around and considered influences, I kept thinking about restrictions, then I was thinking about restriction that would hold **Aquarius** back, and finally, I arrived at what seemed like good advice, because, let's face it, this is advice I follow myself.

"Do as I do," and I'll make an effort, especially right now, to lead by example. No tight clothes. Nothing too restrictive. Nothing that binds too tightly. In short? Stay out of tight clothing. Or tight spaces. Or spaces that suggest tight clothing.

Pisces

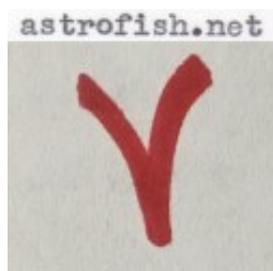


Hot and cold, way it [goes](#). by now, there's been the onslaught of oppressive summer heat, like a sticky, wet cotton blanket, just gets more and yucky as the days wear on. Then, there's the ever-present AC, so outside, it's too hot, and inside? It's too cold. Frigid, dry air, on some occasions, the AC makes my sinus cavities hurt, it's so dry, so cold.

The history of AC is almost 100 years old in Texas, too.

Makes for an interesting way to see how far we've come — or not. Depends. There's never any one way to dress for these kinds of conditions. Too many layers, and the sun's an oppressive object burning in the sky making us miserable, more miserable by the moment. Barest of clothing, like a swimsuit, or the loincloth I threatened for many years? Step inside one of those building with Super-Max dry, frigid air? Start to shiver. "Catch your death a-cold." To make this week work best for **Pisces**? Find a location, usually near an exit, where the door swings open frequently. Just inside — or just outside — perfect place is a patio near a bookstore and coffee shop, and every time the door swings open as patrons exit, there's a blast of cold, dry air that soothes the tempered brow. The other option, just inside that same exit, little table by the trash can, every time the door swings open, the frigid, cold air escapes and the warm, moist weather seeps in — pick one side or the other. Both work. I prefer the outdoor seating, but that's me, and I'm not **Pisces**.

Aries



While I have many *Fourth of July* memories, early childhood, firecrackers, then later in life, just "blowing stuff up?" it's that *Tween* time, not a teenager but not a "kid" anymore? The fireworks were safe and fun. Might not have been safe, but it was fun.

Move into the current era, more as an adult, or *adult-aged*, as I am wont to say, and as an adult-aged person? I recall, pretty specific in the last few years, meeting some fishing buddies and various *WaGs*, *Wives* and *Girlfriends*, outside of town, to spend money on fireworks then blow them up.

As one of my more enterprising buddies would do? He would attach a string of firecrackers to a rocket of some kind, so not only would the rocket go up and do a colorful display of pyrotechnic engineering, but there would be the added bonus of whatever my buddy tacked on, as well.

Some were more successful than others. One time the payload was too great, and the rocket arced back on itself, landed near us, and proceeded to provide magnificent ground-level explosions. Had us all sort of dancing around to avoid fireballs.

Some firework experiments are successful. Some are less successful. Some work well. Some fail miserably. That failure was epic and still talked about, many years later. Success? Failure? A **successful failure**? I figure that's what it was, but it was fireworks, my buddies, and clearly no real adult supervision. Since it's still talked about, was it firecracker failure, or success? **Aries**? Even failures — you should see [this one coming](#) — even failures can be a huge success. Go out with a bang?

Taurus



Pressure to change; Pressure to remain the same. Pressure to answer what the pressing problem present. Internal and external forces that result in? Pressure on the **Taurus** soul. Pressure. Some [winds of change](#) suggest Fate and her siblings want one direction while the internal barometer would suggestion a different direction, or, at the very least, a different tack, in order to arrive at the **Taurus** destination.

As this builds, this mounting impetus to change some aspect of the *Life of Taurus*, consider the source of the directive. While I can easily blame the stars, not every **Taurus** is so lucky. Still, there's a clear amount of push and pull, and to me, looks way more like push than pull, exerting an influence, then gentle coercion, then, a less than gentle coercion, more like a being forced?

What I do, to [buy time](#)? I have a stock phrase or two I can employ. "I'll take that under advisement." Or? "Certainly worth considering!" In both examples, no commitment was made. Did not sign on the dotted line; didn't affix a thumbprint indicating approval; didn't purchase on a long-term lease arrangement. Nothing. Did promise to look into it, whatever the question of change, and agent of change is suggesting, just didn't promise to make that change, not for **Taurus**, not yet.

Gemini



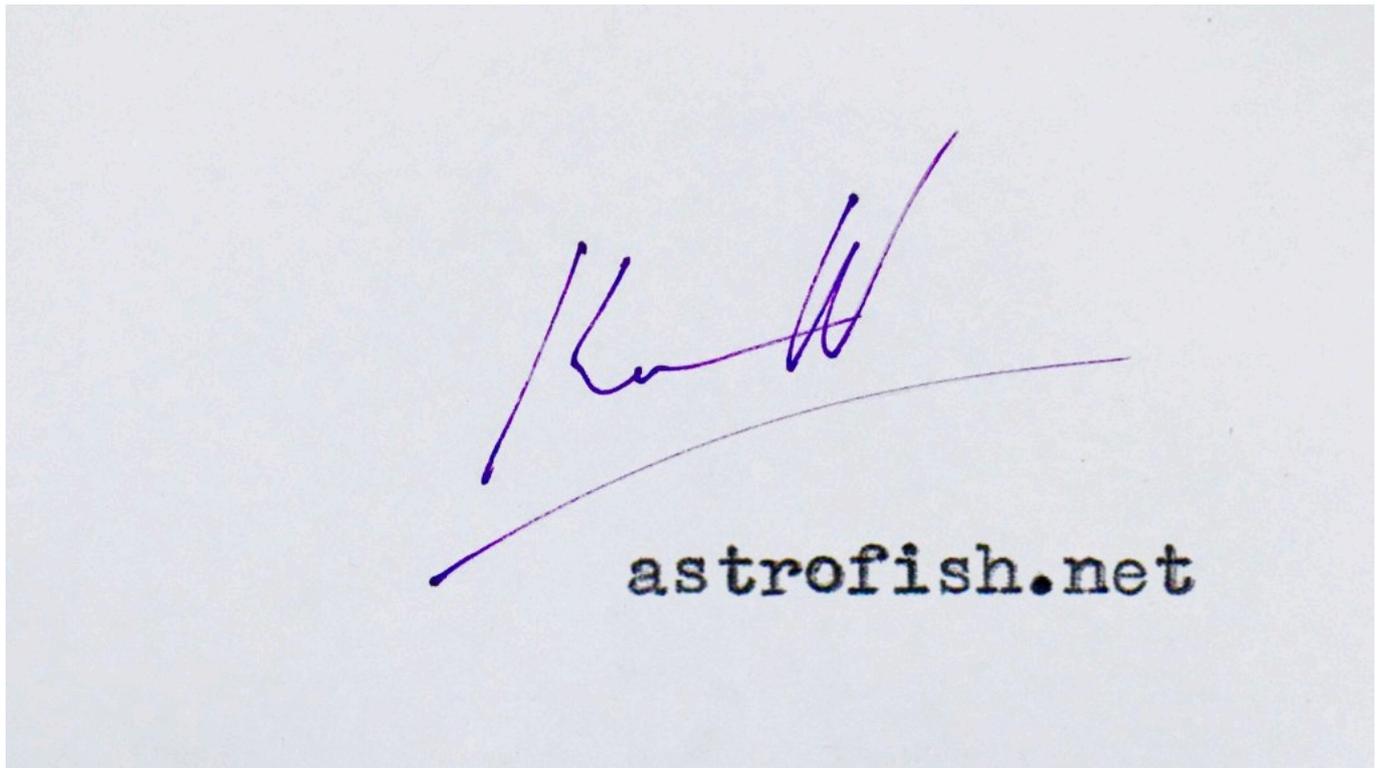
If it were to [your advantage](#), would you use it? "No, that's like cheating," or, "no, that almost unfair for me to use that." If you give me a lever, I feel almost honor-bound to use it. Hand me a tool that I can use, and I'll use it, as long as I see that it makes life, or the situation or whatever it is, as long as it makes an improvement.

It's that improvement, even though it might not be coming from an honorable place? As long as there is improvement? Do we really care? "It's a grey area," is the most frequent comment I hear at times like this, as in, the question is whether or not the use of the tool is valid.

In the example I was originally thinking of, it was a cheat sheet, readily available to everyone, and the teacher encouraged the use of said cheat sheet. It's a tool, and instead of trying to remember a myriad of useless details, here, piece of paper, look it up yourself.

If it's to your **Gemini** advantage, would you use it? Make me spell this out for you? Isn't that like cheating? Yes, but here, quite clear, if it's to your advantage, and legal, use it. Tools are built to be used.

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 7.4.2019

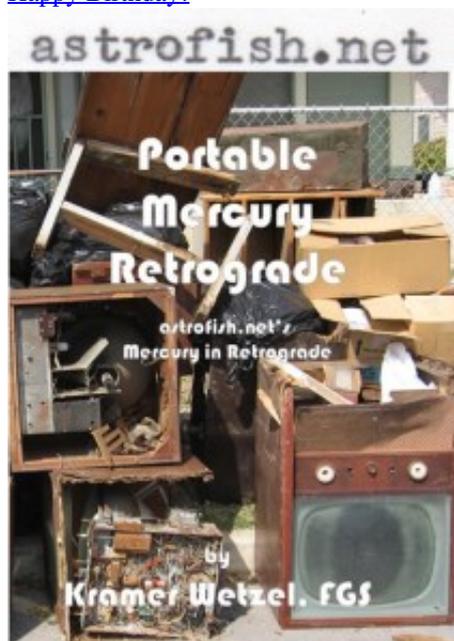
by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 03, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/07/horoscopes-for-7-4-2019/>

Gallops the zodiac in his [glistering](#) coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills:
So Tamora.

Aaron in Shakespeare's
Titus Andronicus 2.1.7-9

[Happy Birthday!](#)



Horoscopes for 7.4.2019

Mercury conjuncts Mars and goes retrograde, all about July 7, 2019, around 6:14 PM — but your mileage may vary, see [fineprint for details](#).

Cancer



One of the problems especially when [fishing](#) along the Gulf Coast? The tint of the sunglasses. With a sub-tropical setting, and water that can change in the blink of an eye, the tint on the sunglasses — needs to be dark, polarized, and UV-proof. The problem is that the color of the lens change the color of the water. I was looking through some digital images from the last trip and I realized that I had thought the water was green, when — according to the pictures of me with fish, in the background? It shows more like blue water. All of it is “skinny water,” means rather shallow. Inter-coastal, in-shore, heard it called a lot of things, but for me, it spells out summer fun with a fishing pole in hand.

The question of the water’s color? [Depends](#) on the sunglasses. While I know of a few people who would venture without protective eyewear, ten, twelve hours in the summer sun? Not a chance I would go without not just one but two sets of shades. That’s how I discovered the difference the lens make. Maybe this isn’t really new information, but it seemed like a earth-shattering discovery for me, at the time. Subtle differences, shaded by the lens I use to look at the situation. Color of the water changes. Simple stuff, obvious clue, one could say, “Right in front of you,” or, “in plain sight.” This week, holidays and all? It’s how you look at it. Or, how you look at it, through what [lens](#)?

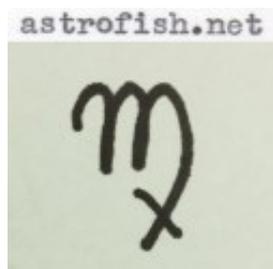
The Leo



Ever been in one of them resorts? Think, like pool-side in Las Vegas, if that’s really still a thing. With temperatures easily cresting 110, yeah, I’m not going to be poolside in a cabana at this time. If there’s fishing involved, then there’s the cool bay water, and the breeze from offshore, or the wind in my hair as the boat motors along at 50 knots. But I was thinking about the pool-side cabana I see in the ads for resorts. Usually, there’s a series of those tents clustered around the pool, stacked like trailers in a trailer park. Rife with the same drama that comes from trailers in a trailer park, “He said that she said, that they said,” and then it get ugly.

There’s an illusion of privacy that goes with that. There’s a false sense of security proffered by a canvas wall. Looks safe, and it’s not, I mean, not really. Anyone passing with earshot can hear what’s going on in those canvas walls. What it is? An illusion of privacy. Like living in a trailer park, only much more upscale. I think the rent costs about the same, but the cabana is a shorter stay. Then, too, there is the illusion of privacy. Not really private, and this is poolside, so we’re out there in swimming togs, which, frequently, leave nothing to the imagination. Or not much. But the caution, as this week unfolds, for **The Leo**, this is about the illusion of privacy, compared to something that really is private. That canvas wall is merely an [illusion](#) of privacy.

Virgo



One of the worst fears is being “found out.” Found out as a fraud, found out as huckster, found out as a liar. Any of those? Or some combination? Me? I have nothing to hide; I am transparent as can be. I let my material slide through with typical typographical mistakes, every once in awhile a missed astrological fine point happens, but I remain, as I’ve long stated, committed to excellence with the work that I do. Transparently. Just ask, I’ll show all the ways I work. I typically cast a chart for the beginning of the week, the start date, then a chart for the end date, and when I need to access

material within that time frame, I'll spin the dials on the chart program, or use a book.

At least one **Virgo** gets excited when I talk about referencing a book. Works for me. This is about dealing with **Virgo** fears, and secrecy. Me, being totally [transparent](#)? There's nothing I need to fear. But I'm **not** *Virgo*, and I'm not dealing with Mr. Mars and Mr. Mercury conjoined then Mercury retrograde — in *Leo*. that's a problem and the fear is secrets. Me? I don't have any secrets. But I'm not **Virgo**.

Libra



My sister sends me [coffee beans](#) from a particular coffee shop on the Left Coast. The tag line is something like, “A cup of love,” or “share a cup of love,” or something like that. When I first grind the beans, the heady, aromatic blend, hints of floral and chocolate, with a spice palate I can't quite place? Good stuff. Previously, I complained, different roaster, because the coffee smelled wonderful, but the taste was only OK. Not great, and not bad, but hardly worth the fanfare and hoopla. This one, though, it was just a small sample, as soon as I smelled it in the grinder, I rendered judgement, assuming it would be like the previous Left Coast coffees from Sister — smells great, taste OK. I rendered a judgement before I actually sampled the wares. I was wrong, it was like a “Cup of love,” or like, my Sister was “sharing the love.” Whatever was on the package's label? Yeah, that. This is a not-too-subtle reminder for **Libra** not to be so judgmental. Wait and taste, sample it, or touch, feel, whatever is required? See for yourself, first. Then judge.

Scorpio



The *Oyster Bird* is so named, I guess, because they are common on oyster reefs. Various, totally apocryphal, I've heard the name derives from common location, or diet, with their semi-long bills, I'm sure they could easily dine on succulent little oysters. With **Scorpio**, I'm always willing to point out when my data is suspect, and as far as the naming of the bird, or its diet, I have no idea, other than what's been passed along as oral tradition. That noted? Last week, summer fishing trip, we were parked adjacent to an oyster reef, as the fish would swim right in the cut between us and that reef. Little “oyster bird” alighted on the reef and started to serenade us. Or tried to scare us away, I'm not sure — I don't speak bird, but that did start the conversation about “oyster bird.” Fishermen are notorious for fabricating whole tales cut from the cloth of non-reality. Could never tell what was first, the stories about the bird, or its name, and whether that name was derived from the oyster reef it alighted upon, or what it consider a main food source, oysters. Never did figure it out. However, owing to the source, my fishing buddies, I'm unsure that I can trust a *single word* they say. Trust them in a life or death situation, just not always with casual truth. However, for **Scorpio**, this holiday weekend, there is a source. We can settle this once and for all, if you (Scorpio) are willing to do the work.

[Peterson Field Guide to Birds of Texas - Roger Tory Peterson](#)

[Peterson Field Guide to Birds of North America \(Peterson Field Guides\)](#)

Wow, “immature” American Oystercatcher, that’s the name. Rare in Texas.

Sagittarius



Cute Latin quote, “Things [said in Latin](#) sound more erudite.” As a *Sagittarius* myself, I like to sound erudite. As a *Sagittarius* myself, I like to look good doing so. As a patient observer of humanity, I like to point out that *Sagittarius* tends towards neither, and especially not this next few days. Blame the planets, like I do, blame our “star,” Jupiter. Or blame the situation, but being aware that we are neither graceful, nor erudite for the next couple of days? With that in mind? We are neither graceful nor erudite? When someone hands us a lit firecracker, see how it looks like we’re the punchline of the joke! Or worse, the prank? What could go wrong? Yeah, best not to guess, and best to avoid the problem — all together. “Here grab this!” Best response? Look backwards, take a step back, and demure, “No thanks.”

Capricorn



Lessons from a three-year old (**Capricorn**, buddy’s kid)? There is a fine line between what’s real, what’s imagined, and what goes in a child’s brain. The **Capricorn** brain, at that. I had the kid a couple of hours, always good bait, just, he doesn’t always comply. Looking at the woman behind the counter at the store, I was thinking, “OK kid, turn up that smile. Impress her.” Kid stammered a few words, looked at me, as if he was frozen in fear, and then hid behind my leg. Nearly pulled my shorts down, tight grip, that one. However, moments later, on their playground, that kid was “On fire!” He lit out and was racing up and down the structures, easily crawling to a space that is three times his height, maybe even taller than that. No fear. But a blonde lady in front him? Frozen. I’m sure I had similar fear, only I was much older. There are times when we all freeze up. What I learned from that **Capricorn** kid? The freeze comes at the worst time, or, when I expected him to be a super-cute? My expectations — what I expected out of the **Capricorn** was unrealistic. “OK, kid, want to impress this person, so be cute. Now.” Yeah, doesn’t work like that. Careful with what we expect others to do for us.

Aquarius



No one ever seems to read the horoscopes that come out on holidays like this. Frankly, I’d agree, as I would be too busy with Fourth of July parties, celebrations, BBQ, and fireworks. Merely distractions, but then, we all need so

distractions. There is a summer “downturn” in my business, and that is clearly seasonal. The astrology business is a tad strange like, dependent on seasons and patterns in the shift of the Sun and the Moon — plus the other planets. It’s how it goes. Because I’m used to the seasonal shift, I’ve learned to work in concert with it.

Harmonize with the seasons and understand that my business — the astrology business — slows down. Good time to fish. Summer doldrums, hot weather notwithstanding, good time to study, too. So fishing, reflection, and study. Good time for all three. Suddenly that seasonal decline in business looks like the time is filled up with other activities. As an *Aquarius*, this next week is filled with distractions, and there might be a seasonal slump. Good time to pursue other activities, like fishing, studying what we want to study, or just beach reading. Anything. Just some activity that is away from the daily routine. The stars suggest it.

Pisces

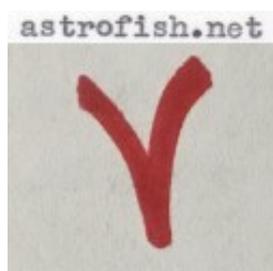


Certainly a challenge in inter-connected world, there’s an ever-increasing wealth of material about the [age-old science](#) of astrology. Careful that you’re not just clicking and liking something that seems to be nice worlds, but ultimately useless data about your sign. Careful that the material being cycled up for today’s *Pisces* isn’t leftover from yesterday’s *Scorpio*.

It happens.

We’ve seen it before. Careful, and here’s the real problem, for a few, very select **Pisces**, there’s a strong influence that will sway you to the left and to the right, and push you away from what you know is true. The old joke? Dead material, but applies in this case? “Is it real or is it *Memorex*?” The line was advertising copy that caught on, helping promote a certain brand of allegedly high-quality, but hopelessly analog, audio tape for recording music. Or re-recording music. I crossed the gap more than 20 years ago, moving from analog to all-digital, so the term, “tape it” really implies recording, but not in an analog sense; although, see, this where **Pisces** has to watch out, getting bogged down in details. Call me, and I’ll record it. I’ll call it “taping” even though there is no tape, and the devices are not analog at all. These are two examples of words that might mean one thing, but there’s a *Pisces layer* of interpretation on top of that. That layer of interpretation? In part, that’s where the magic happens, but then, that’s also where the problems start.

Aries



I got a backpack I’ve been using lately, older model, pulled out of the closet. Nothing too special, just laptop slot, padded pockets, and a few extra tags on it, as it’s been around. I was packing it up again for work. I noticed a feature I use,d maybe once or twice, but never used again, and forgot about: a sound port. Old-school wired earphones “sound port,” which, at the time, was a feature.

There’s an internal pocket for an MP3 player, suspiciously sized for an iPod. Little slot, backed with rubber and flap, to snake

out a wire for earphones. My first thought? I should try that again, with wired earphones. I have a set, I think. The more I thought about it, though, I use a phone with a [wireless ear-things](#), and that works just fine.

If it isn't broken? Why fix it? That "feature" on the backpack dates its design to early, mid "double-aughts," after 2000, but before 2010, clearly. Looking at a piece of hardware, the various tags, as this one dates back to old Austin, made me think of the **Aries** and the *Aries Adventures Ahead*. There are "features" in modern life that are no longer required, at least, not in my world. While I've slowed way down in my adoption of new technology, I still appreciate it, and I do tend to move with the times, in some cases. However, with that backpack, very old school, and still very good as a tool. Old School, tool, and cool. Seeing a pattern here? How does that resonate with **Aries**? Latest, greatest or something that might be a little classic in its own right?

As a sidebar note? I still carry at least one pair of wired earpieces, just in case.

Taurus



An overlooked miracle food? Perhaps the next wave of "super-foods," and before anyone else notices? It's going to be the humble jalapeño — something commonplace, and so universal. The trick is, get ahead of this before this word gets out. A few of the predecessors? Peanuts, soy beans, kale, *quinoa*, and so forth. So the next one?

Jalapeño — heard it here first.

The active heat ingredient, varies from plant to plant, but the active ingredient is primarily *capsicum*. The heat is what heals. Then, too, all-organic, free-range, all-vegan? Wheat, soy and nut free? Sure, good stuff. There are those with a delicate stomach, and the milder variations will work just as well, like, I call them "winter jalapeño," as that's when they show up most frequently in my world. So no making faces because, "It's too hot."

The trick is, there needs to be a new item, a new source, a new plan, a new thing. To get in front of this? I suggest that the mighty and lowly jalapeño is the next super-food. It's actually been a health food years. And until **Taurus** announces this? No one will be any wiser. Tell the world, you're onto the next super-food: the humble jalapeño — and you thought I was kidding. Wait, it will be on the cover of next month's Wholistic Health and Wellness Magazine featuring that well-known movie star, saying, "The humble jalapeño — the next super-food!"

Gemini

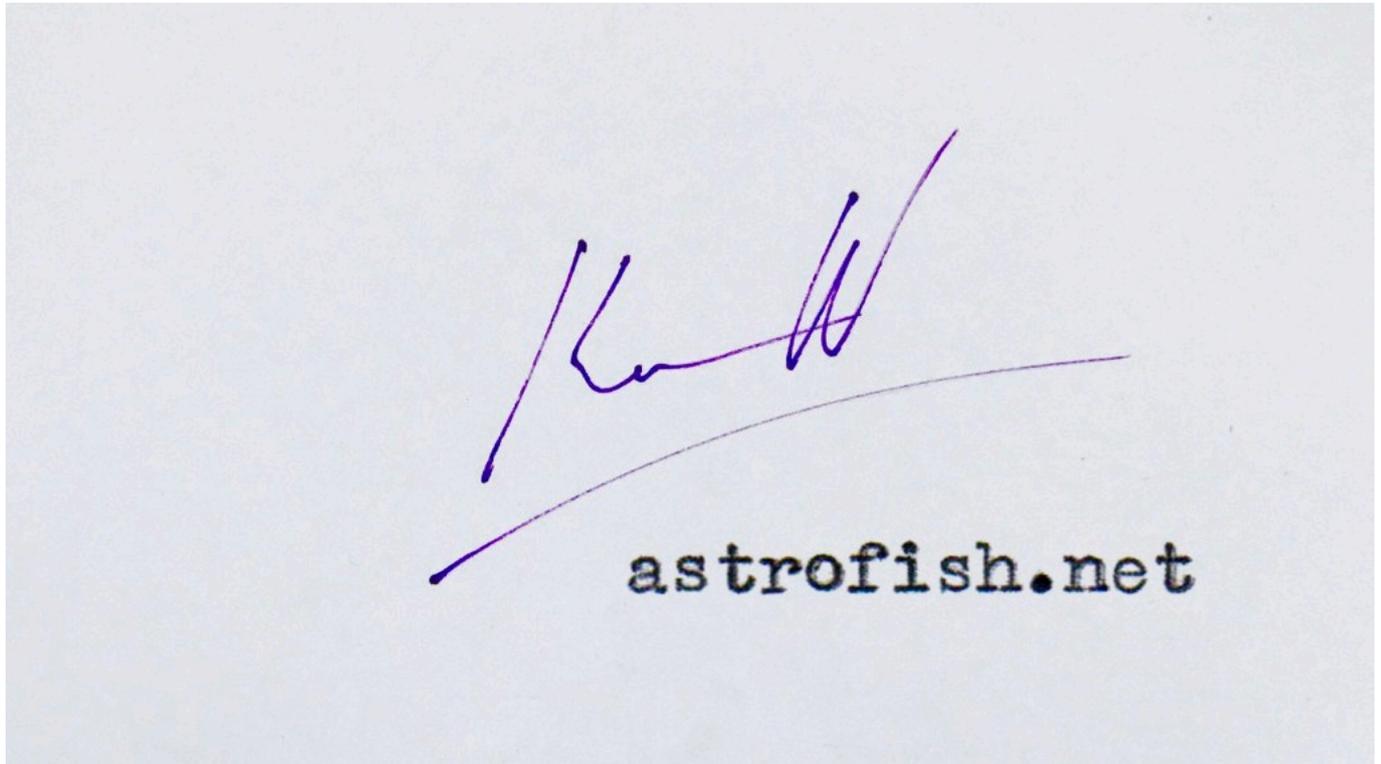


Good **Gemini directions**, especially on the days following this holiday? There's a pull on the **Gemini** heart, or the *Gemini's heart of hearts*, which is at the very center of the true **Gemini** love. Yes, someplace in there. Or over here, you know bifurcated, like a good pair of the Twins, and I right? Or what? So follow your heart — there's a new issue, a new deal, a new thing, a new demand on your attention at this moment, and I am, with all my heart, telling you to follow your

heart. Wait, there's one reminder I should add, but follow your heart, remember? Follow your heart — but take your brain just in case?

Gemini: following your heart, but including your brain? That might help prevent my best excuse, “Well, it seems like a good idea at the time.”

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

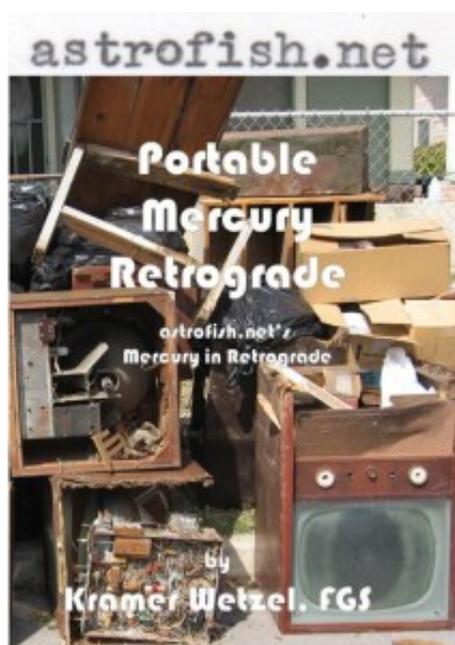
Horoscopes for 7.11.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 10, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/07/horoscopes-for-7-11-2019/>

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple; whose approach
Comets prewarn, whose havoc in vast field
Unearthed skulls proclaim, whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison, who dost pluck
With hand omnipotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets, that both mak'st and break'st

Arcite in Shakespeare's *The Two Noble Kinsmen* 5.1.42-



Horoscopes for 7.11.2019

Cancer



When [Mercury is in apparent retrograde motion](#), like [now](#), “things” tend to go “sideways.” Simply put. I know, the Moon Children and their birthdays, and I know, “[Happy Birthday!](#)” Then, too, I understand, leave a little earlier, arrive a little late, that’s just how it goes. I don’t struggle with this, not anymore, but then I live in concert with the planets and their apparent motions.

“More like ‘motion sickness,’ this week,” mutters one *moon child*. Yes, thank you for that image. Some of you guys are just sick. “Get on with it!” So this week, next couple of days, nothing seems to point where you are supposed to be; you take a right, and the correct answer was go left; however, if you go left? The first answer was right. Gets a bit silly, and what with birthdays and all? Why not pretend this is just fun and games, not nearly as serious as you would make it out to be. It serves you well not to be become invested in silly [expectations](#) at the moment, as those are sure to fail. Enjoy the show, though.

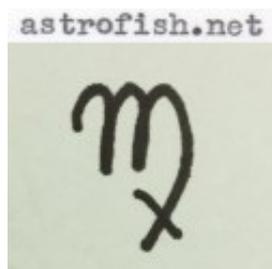
The Leo



I got the perfect gift for **The Leo's** week: the “mute” button. Phones have them. TVs have them. Too bad our significant others don't have them? Yeah, that kind of commentary can get either one of us in big trouble in a hurry. So, yeah, no, keep that idea to yourself about installing some kind of sound-limiting button on the spouse (girlfriend, boyfriend, &c.) Back to my point though, what works?

The mute button. That's what works best. I had my last phone set up so I could switch it to “silent.” Phone was on, and I could take a call, if the phone was in front of me, in a place where I could see it. Silent meant it didn't buzz, vibrate, beep, or even breath. No flashing lights. Nothing. Dead silence. If you're trying to read this on a phone, well, whatever. But if you're not reading this on a phone, then grab your portable, digital leash, and [let's look](#). Is there a way to silence it without turning it off? Does it have a mute button? I pissed off one client because I wouldn't take calls, but after running overtime, and then to bother me with material that wasn't germane to the discussion, besides, I have a place to send material like that — [astrofish.net/contact](#). That what works, and that's what works, for **The Leo**, the mute button. Silent ring, mute button, or, for some? Change the channel. Works just fine.

Virgo



For years, I had a pair of *dark cherry* Ostrich Lucchese boots. They were repaired three, four times, resoled at least eight times that I can think of, and when the boots finally gave out, I decided it was time to let them go. My sister used them as planters or an art project, I think they sprout [pink flamingoes](#) now. Or did. Been a while.

Those cowboy boots lasted close to twenty years, and those were years when I was largely pedestrian. I think I have images of them in London, both summer and winter, and they were, it was a cool feature at the time, “Full Quill Ostrich.” Supposedly tough, good looking, held a polish, and seems to be a renewable resource. Exotic without being too exotic — and certainly not as distasteful as real exotic skins. The ostrich itself, large flightless bird, best known for its comic ability to hide its head in the sand when faced with danger. “If I can't see it, then it doesn't exist,” right?

Therein is the problem with the current state of affairs, planet-wise, “If I can't see it, then it doesn't exist” works for me, but I lived in *denial* for so long, I'm comfortable there. I'm also not **Virgo**. The **Virgo** contingent of the heavens are best served not burying their collective heads in the sand, loudly sticking to denial, whatever the issue? Like that ostrich with its head in the sand? You'll wind up as a pair boots for somebody else.

Libra



There's a fine line with ego that requires enough drive to want to push material out there, yet, at the same time, try and decide if this is pure ego, or, perhaps, for the reader's good. Since I've been at this for more than 25 years now, I'm over the question of what drives it. If you have to know, really, I don't think I'm smarter than anyone else, or more observant, or better, probably worse, but I can't afford to compare what goes inside of me with what others might have as the perceptions I think they see.

Without asking, and validating a resource, I have no way to know what it is that I'm thinking that you're thinking that I'm thinking. Convolved enough?

I happen to thoroughly enjoy my "day job," so yeah, there is that, and I pursue this with dogged determination. That kind of **dogged determination** is what is both lacking, and required, next couple of days in **Libra**. "Dogged determination," is different from regular determination in that there is a relentless spirit to it. There is a sense that *dogged determination* prevails when regular determination, or self-will, or whatever we're calling that sense that drives us forward? The extra kind. The "Dig Deep" dogged determination, that's what is both required, and ultimately, rewarded. Two former teachers are upset with my current line of work, as I never became what they wanted me to become. However, with dogged determination, I have succeeded where I happen to find happiness. Isn't that what this is really about? In the face the planets, and what's happening *around Libra*, isn't that what really matters?

Scorpio



Mark Twain suggested that a well-timed pause was far more effective than too many wonderful words. Words can be as pretty as we want, all glorified, and loaded up with *Scorpio metaphors*, and still, what works best?

A well-timed pause.

Although I am merely a silly *Sagittarius* with total lack of **Scorpio gravitas**, I have watched this stuff for a while, and this is the best time to employ that advice from Mark Twain, about the well-timed pause. Far more effective than doing like me, and just putting the great big old foot in my mouth and chewing. I'm warning you about my action to keep this from [happening](#) to you.

Love me my **Scorpio** buddies, but, yeah, this is a time when you'll want to reply to my reply, or "reply all" when it should be just a single person, and then, this doesn't go well. Remember, [Mercury is still retrograde](#), and that one, in this location? Talk, talk-talk, talk-talk, talk, sounds like a jabbering idiot? I am personally trying to save you.

A well-timed pause.

Or even awkward pause, whatever works, but zip it, lock it, put the key in your pocket? Just be quiet and let the other signs flail helplessly. Come on, admit it, you like that, seeing them helpless. No, don't say a word, remember? Just nod; *cf.*, [Pink Cake](#).

Sagittarius



“What are you ordering?” I stood in front of a bewildering array of choices. It was, perhaps one of the most complicated coffee menus I've ever seen, a little, off-brand single-roaster house.

My buddy who was ‘turning me onto this great place,’ nudged me — his elbow in my back, “dude, just pick something; I'm treating, so don't worry about the price, and seriously, you don't like it? It's a coffee, not a tattoo.” Small, medium large, free-range, organic, single farmer, burro named Angelo, way more data than I need to get coffee. Pour-over, espresso, espresso double, there! I know what I want, a basic standard can be applied across all third-gen (or later) coffee places. Simple, double espresso. From that bewildering array down to a simple choice.

Besides, no funny names, and I liked that “small medium large” were so named. Just the combinations of milk, steamed milk, 2%, fat free, and then, the combinations of the way it could be all combined? Bewildering array. As this week progresses, someone will nudge our *Sagittarius selves*, and remember, it's just a cup of coffee, not a tattoo. Pick something. Quit dithering. *It's just a cup of coffee, not a tattoo*. Get it wrong, remember Mercury? We can fix this.

Capricorn



There's an assumption I just roll out of bed, fart rainbows, and make this happen by magic. Not how this works. Approach of full-on crazy full moon. I roll out of bed. I drink a lot of coffee. Parts of me are more awake than other parts. I creak, groan, and drink another tumbler full of strong [coffee](#).

This does not happen by magic.

Hard work, diligence, perseverance, and coffee. There is no magic for this week's Capricorn conundrums. We ain't farting rainbows here. However, drink some more coffee, see if that works. Stretch, creak, if you're of the same vintage, and some days, it seems like not all the parts wake up along the same schedule. There's a portion of the Capricorn brain that is like, “Let's go, let's go — let's GO!” Then there's the body, thinking, “no man, [five more minutes](#) in bed, then I'll be ready,” and you see how this goes? Mercury is retrograde — drink more coffee.

Aquarius



Got one buddy who insists on picking up hard-luck cases and then turning the new-found friend into a cause. There's a notion that this is noble, but some of the cases he chooses to work with? Kind of — makes me wonder. Not really being too judgmental, but one of my greatest realizations came when I finally understood that some people are happiest when they are unhappy.

Yeah, I know, makes no sense to me. But along those lines, it's that trying to help someone who likes a little assistance, but doesn't want too much help. A little help is fine. It's not really about pride, either, or hubris, or any other arbitrary value. Yes, not about that. It's the need to be needed? Then the upset that arises when that need is reciprocated? I'm sure there's a heavy, pop-psychology answer to this, but I was looking at the planets, not the largest trend in self-help crap. Still, my buddy insists on aligning himself with the latest, greatest cause, or downtrodden individual to help lift them up. Some days, though, this doesn't work, and then, too, like I suggested, there are some people who are just happy being unhappy. Watching him and one of his latest projects, I finally understood that.

Pisces



Happened in *Laredo, Texas*, that much is true. Guy I know, knew this guy, he'd been at a party. Dancing at the party, there was probably booze, guy was dancing with this one "hot chick" most of the night. While he was being a gentleman, let's review the facts, booze, dancing, hot summer night with "romance" in the air? Late in the evening, he offered her a ride home. They motor off in his truck. He follows her directions, and they went to a cemetery. She hops out, and disappears.

Never saw her again. The next few days, he can find no one who knew who she was, no name, no cell phone, nothing. While this sounds like a spooky *Scorpio* kind of story, that's not what this is about. [Apocryphal](#), sure, and it came from a friend of a friend, sure. Researching the current the state and disposition of the planets made me recall this story, and I'm unsure how true it really is. Some woman turns into a ghost at the end of the night? Brings a whole new meaning to the the term "Ghosed," now doesn't it? The question, figure where Mercury is currently retrograde, and what that means? Is it just a story? Or is it real?

"No, really, I knew a guy who know this guy, said it really happened to him!"

As Bubba would say? "True story."

Aries



Buy big warehouse store coffee? Don't buy their coffee? Same online magazine ran two articles, one said do, one said don't. This is [confusing](#). Wasn't just an online source, either, the magazine has a fact-checked, properly-edited, respected print source, too. While I didn't see either link-bait list-article referenced in print versions, I did see them both online. Funny, downright cynically amusing?

The reasoning was that coffee is best bought in small batches, so buying in bulk like that isn't a time — or money — saver. But the price is right, and the quality is good, and as I've personally discovered? It's part of a secret *Mercury Retrograde Protection ritual*, at least [for me it is](#). In the last few days, I've had small-batch, hand-roasted beans, and the aforementioned warehouse store beans. What I'm having right now. I'm not confused, the hand-roasted, small-batch taste better, but when Mercury is Retrograde? Does it matter? I need quantity of coffee, fuel to power through, rather than artisanal quality. The original starting point, though was the same magazine recommending to not buy or not buy, depending on the article, and that renders their advice, otherwise? Kind of suspect.

Taurus



When [Mercury is retrograde](#) in a fixed sign, especially like now? That causes tension in the **Taurus** sky. This is being exacerbated by Mr. Mars, and what's going to happen, soon enough, Mercury slips backwards to *Cancer*, and that relieves a tiny amount of the "Mercury Retrograde" pressure, but that doesn't stop Mr. Mars. Pressure is on, and the pressure is on **Taurus**, but how this plays out? Up to your **Taurus** self.

There is some direction available as the two "M" planets, Mercury and Mars? They are determined to dredge up something from the **Taurus** past that either needs elucidation, clarification, or closure. Maybe one, maybe the other, or maybe? All three. Get clear, get the matter cleared up, and then say "Good bye." Simple enough, and the next few days offers opportunities to do just that. This can be on a grand scale, like leaving one state for another adventure, elsewhere, or this can be as simple as merely putting an annoying pest — from the past — to rest. Get clear, get it cleared up, and say, "Good bye." Sounds almost too easy. Mercury is Retrograde yet, so, there is that issue.

Gemini

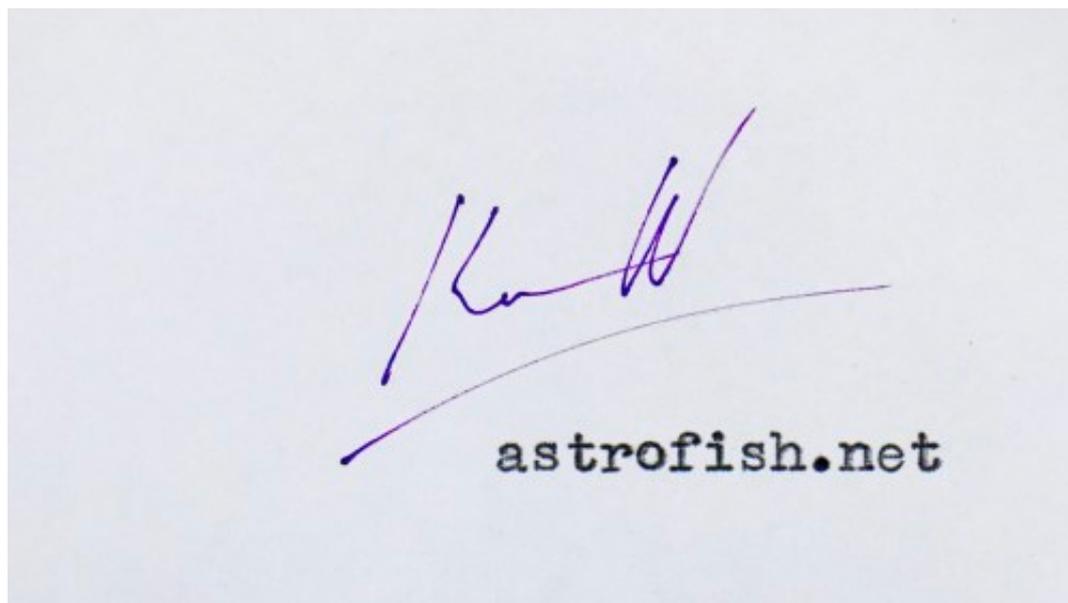


That has got to be one of the best scams I've ever seen. I get an invoice that looks official, and looks like I owe some

government agency money, and there's a payment link attached. Just fill in the blanks and pay. The problem being, although it looks "official?" It's not. One of them was a from a cleverly spoofed e-mail address, looked like an official state document. Except it pertains to a license I no longer own, and it also — never mind, consider it clever, but clearly fake.

It's all in the numbers, though. Not the number of people who can tell it's a scam, but with a broad distributions, say in the millions, then a handful of folks will fall prey to just such material. It's a numbers game, as in, blast the message out to the millions of available addresses, and then hope for the best. When I tracked that kind of data, I found that my own horoscopes had an industry anomaly high conversion factor. When I did — don't do this any more — but when I did postal mail notices, the norm is usually 1-2 percent while I was getting results as high as 50%. Still, for **Gemini**, given the way the planets are behaving badly? It's a number game. Launch a lot, see what happens.

astrofish.net/travel for appearances



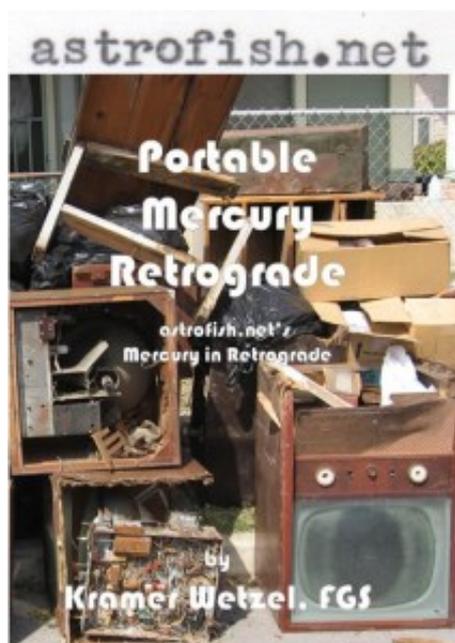
"Nothing runs on automatic." - L.W. "Bud" Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 7.18.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 17, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/07/horoscopes-for-7-18-2019/>

A plague upon this howling!
They are louder than the weather, or our [office](#).
Boatswain *The Tempest* 1.1.14



The sun enters the best Fixed Fire sign of all: **Leo** on July 22, 2019, at 9:50 PM — but Mr. Mercury stays retrograde until July 31. But what does that mean?

Horoscopes for 7.18.2019

Cancer



Going to be a long one, and you can't say I didn't try and [warn you](#). Happy birthday, and so on. There's a trick. I think I stole this line from literature, but I'm too lazy to look for it now, about sampling a phrase before uttering a phrase.

"Taste your words before [spitting](#) them out."

Might've been an "anon." signature, too. Can't always read my own messages to myself. But that essence of that note, especially now that Mercury is where he is? That message is clear, "Taste your words before you spit them out." Anyone who's been around kids know that some little children are not shy when it comes to spitting out something that doesn't taste good, or that they think might taste bad, so why try? Going to be a long Mercurial Period, and on the backside of *Cancer*, best advice? Taste your words before you spit them out.

The Leo

Birthday crap starts soon enough, just hold on for about four more days. Depends on when you read this, too, but from the moment you read this, moving forward? Need about four more days. It just helps to pad out that estimate for arrival, that projected closure date, the high holiday travel thing, any of that? "Four more days?" Yes. Why I love **The Leo** so much, you guys are quick learners. So, in summation?

The Leo: four more days.

Mercury is slipping [backwards](#) to *Cancer*, Mars is heating up **Leo**, and there's a small amount of discomfort from certain other areas, more like pea gravel in the sky. Not all a bad, got it? But there needs to be some built in comfort for the soon birthdays. Doesn't matter, to me, when you read this, the message is really, really clear: "Four more days." So let's stick a pin in that, nail it to the wall, and we'll revisit this in four more days.

Virgo

"Rub some dirt on it. Everything stops bleeding. Eventually." Old, tough-guy neighbor. Think he was quoting an Army Medic, but I can't be sure, and I think there are allusions to his past when he was some kind of tough-guy, I mean, tougher than he is now. These days, he's just a grouchy old man. My people. Might want to adopt some of that grouchy, old-man attitude to help **Virgo** cope with the next few days. Think about it, some person comes to you with a complaint, and yet, you know, in your **Virgo** heart, it really isn't that valid of an issue. You look at the person, and what should you say?

"Rub some dirt on it. Everything stops bleeding. Eventually."

Sounds a little harsh, but the way it is intended? There should be an element of mirth. However, I'll bet, doesn't matter who you address, even me, they will get all twisted around a seemingly calloused response. Might help to punctuate it, and I'm unsure if this one even works anymore, but certainly worth a try?

"You kids! Get off my lawn!"

Yeah, or just some rub some dirt on the wound, real or imagined, because, as we know, everything stops bleeding. Eventually.

Libra

Some days, we have to do what we have to do. This is one of those times, look: I know what is the right course of action with particular scenario, I just don't like to do it.

That wasn't part of the question was it?

I didn't ask if we liked to do it this way, I just suggested we all know this is the most correct course to follow. Knowing what's right? That's about three-quarters of this struggle, all wrapped up in a neat answer. The bonus side of this, as **Libra**, you already know what the right answer is, it's just, it's just, it's just that the right answer isn't any fun, or not nearly as fun as the other way we could go with this. However, with that *Mercury-situation* not really in check? I got this great [excuse](#), "It was the best answer with what I had available at the time," only, that doesn't work.

If you know the right answer, then choose the wrong way? "I don't want to do it that way; it's too hot, too cold, too hard!" The correct path might be more arduous this next couple of days, exacerbated by both Saturn and Mercury, but trust me, at the end? You'll be happier you did it the correct way — the first time.

Scorpio

As Mr. ([Retrograde](#)) Mercury slides backwards into *Cancer*, a **Scorpio** compatible water sign, there's a sense of relief. As Mr. Mars heats up *Leo*, though, there's a sense of urgency, as dictated by the Mars-inspired tension. Who wins? No one "wins," but as a good **Scorpio**, you're familiar with the idea of well-timed [pause](#) to let others do stupid stuff first.

"You have the right to remain silent," is how the cops do it on TV.

So, **Scorpio**, you have the right to remain silent.

Will you? We both kind of figure — Mars, Mercury, yeah, probably not going to be quiet, are you? Can't say I didn't suggest it first, but, if I commanded it? You'd break the rules, just to show that I was wrong, and if, it is only a suggestion from me? Then you think, "It's only a suggestion, pshaw, watch this!" Still, the planets do suggest you want to be more vocal and uncommon sense suggests a much more tacit approach might better serve you. Your call, **Scorpio**.

Sagittarius

Buddy of mine hangs from the high iron. He's one of those guys who works up in the sky, on new construction, mostly. I don't understand most of what he does, deeply tan, great fun as a fishing buddy, and he doesn't think several hundred feet above the pavement is dangerous. One morning, in a boat, talking about work? He was explaining that after each "incident," his safety web would be replaced. He also did a quick visual inspection for nicks, cuts, and scraps, before each shift in the sky. Sort of makes sense to me. We talked about his safety check and then, I ran a length monofilament fishing line through my hands, watching for burrs, abrasions, cut, nicks, and scraps. While, in that situation, we were using leaders, the first of the line on the reel itself that's not "leader?" That stuff sees the most abuse, and more than one crafty fish has rubbed against that to break the line.

I tend to feel the the first 6 or 8 feet of line, just to see. I have no problems sacrificing a few feet of line to insure I get a big one. Big fish. Doing so, my buddy started to understand, it was like replacing his safety web after each incident. Now, for **Sagittarius**, remember [Mercury](#)? I checked my poles, lines were good. My buddy? He lost the first big one of the day, pole bent over, line went stripping out, reel's drag was singing, and then, as soon as he picked up the pole? Snap! Should've checked that safety line, huh.

Capricorn

Comes a time when the "Ceiling hits the fan." What was happening, friend of a friend was remodeling a house, and that was really what occurred. Pulling down mid-century popcorn ceiling covering, about halfway through, the ceiling hit the fan. A great sheet of latex, with popcorn ceiling texture sandwiched in it? A great huge chunk fell — this is construction material that dates to earlier than I care to think about it. Sort of turning the term, "The sky is falling," or "something is hitting the fan," with the term the *ceiling hit the fan*. Short term, this was hugely [uncomfortable](#) because there was that nasty popcorn-construction material everywhere. However, in the bigger picture, it pulled off a whole sheet, and it was easier to peel the ceiling. Made the task — ultimately — easier. Not without some cussing, swearing, and I think I got blamed for something in this mess, even though, we all know — and acknowledge — it wasn't my fault. Something occurs, in Capricorn, like the ceiling hitting the fan? Not all bad, just inconvenient, but look, it helped get the job done faster. Eventually.

Aquarius

Make a list. Goals, dreams, desires. Accomplishments for the next few days? That, too.

Just a simple list. “I [need](#) to get this, this, and that, all done before the end of the week.”

Sure, sounds simple, right? With the current planetary lack of alignment? Mars, in Leo, Sun (star, not really a planet but oh well) is headed to Leo, Mercury (currently retrograde in Cancer), and Uranus, the **Aquarius** planet, in Taurus? All of the items on that list, all the goals, the dreams, chores, tasks? All of that gets accomplished because of the **Aquarius** drive to succeed. It doesn't happen in an efficient manner, that's all. “No way, I got this planned, I'll swing by there, then over there, and finally back through here, a simple circle, get it all done, watch!” I will, with a frank grin, “Sure.” Each point along that proscribed pathway is temporarily thwarted. Traffic, a popular excuse here is “road construction,” but that's an ongoing issue. Closed roads, detours, it's not all [Mercury's fault](#), but we can lay the blame at Mercury's winged feet, if you'd like. The detours? I promised it would all get done, just not with — what would seem like — great efficiency.

Pisces

Music may soon move the the soul, but the beat is what drives us forward. Towards that end, I have a medium-sized library of local singer/songwriters. Not an exhaustive or anywhere near complete catalog, just some stuff. Moaning, frequently dirge-like, that distinct Texas twang? What separates most of what I've got, is that I've seen these guys, big stages, little stages, a setting that was little more than a drum riser itself, and none too sturdy — for a stage. Then, too, there are several of the artists, mostly local legends, and their material, the lyrics themselves, [pure poetry](#) to my ears.

So much can be said with so little. So there is that, local twangy artists. However, I have to switch that up. It's good to listen to, sometimes, but it can't be the only audio I hear. Can't listen to Shakespeare all day, either, well I could, but no, not what this is about. The beat that drives me forward, and what I suggest for **Pisces**? Techno-trance-electronica-house-something-something. While loosely categorized as *EDM*, the various labels and sub-genres gets too confusing. Still, as a solid, background beat? We need something that has a beat. Not just the simple thump-thump of a standup bass carrying an acoustic guitar and lyrical accompaniment, but that driving, surging, forceful dance track.

Aries

One of those days, huh. “Opportunities are cleverly disguised as obstacles.” This is not a race; this is not a competition. This isn't some kind sick and twisted game to see who has it worse.

Also: can't say you weren't warned
about [Mercury in Retrograde!](#)

What I can explain is broad, obvious to me, symbolism. It might **appear** like an **Aries-resistant** object. Some would call it a *fixed obstacle*. You're better than that. As a typical **Aries**, you want one, simple direction. A single set of instructions. Once goal. One [destination](#). Clearly marked destination. Yeah, me too. However, the stars, more the planet Mr. Mercury, but the stars colluded in confusing the route, direction, and apparent goal. The idea, this week demands at least three different attempt on substantially unrelated problems. Three different routes. Three different goals. Maybe four, I'm not too sure. More than two, for sure. While this seriously irritates your **Aries** “One goal, one at a time” sensibilities? There are opportunities, the next few days. “Opportunities are merely cleverly disguised obstacles.”

Taurus

Get expert advice. Simply put, get someone — someone who knows this material backwards, forwards, inside and out, in other words — who is an expert? Get expert advice. You want planets, dates things happen, implications? Planetary cycles and

meanings? I'm certainly one of the people. That's my area where I'm good. Buddy had a car window that wouldn't roll down — one of those automatic windows. Older model car, asked if I would help. I tried to get it of it, but he [showed a video](#) on his phone that showed him how to do, all needed was an extra set of hands. My little carport, the driveway, yeah, this didn't go well.

What was supposed to be 15 minutes wound up being half an afternoon then on into the evening. I checked with my buddy, and his brother-in-law works at a car dealership, same brand car. As dusk settled, I got everything into his passenger seat, and he was off to see the brother-in-law. Took that guy all of about 15 minutes to reset the window's motor, bolt the new part in place, and then pop the upholstery back in to cover the mess.

I'm not an expert, not anymore with car repair. YouTube video shows guys doing this, step by step, but that doesn't make us an expert. Seek expert advice. Get the guy who knows what he's doing to help **Taurus**. If you ask, and I suggest I don't know? *Then I'm not the one to ask*. This week, if you're faced with a question that requires an expert's opinion? Get an expert.

Gemini

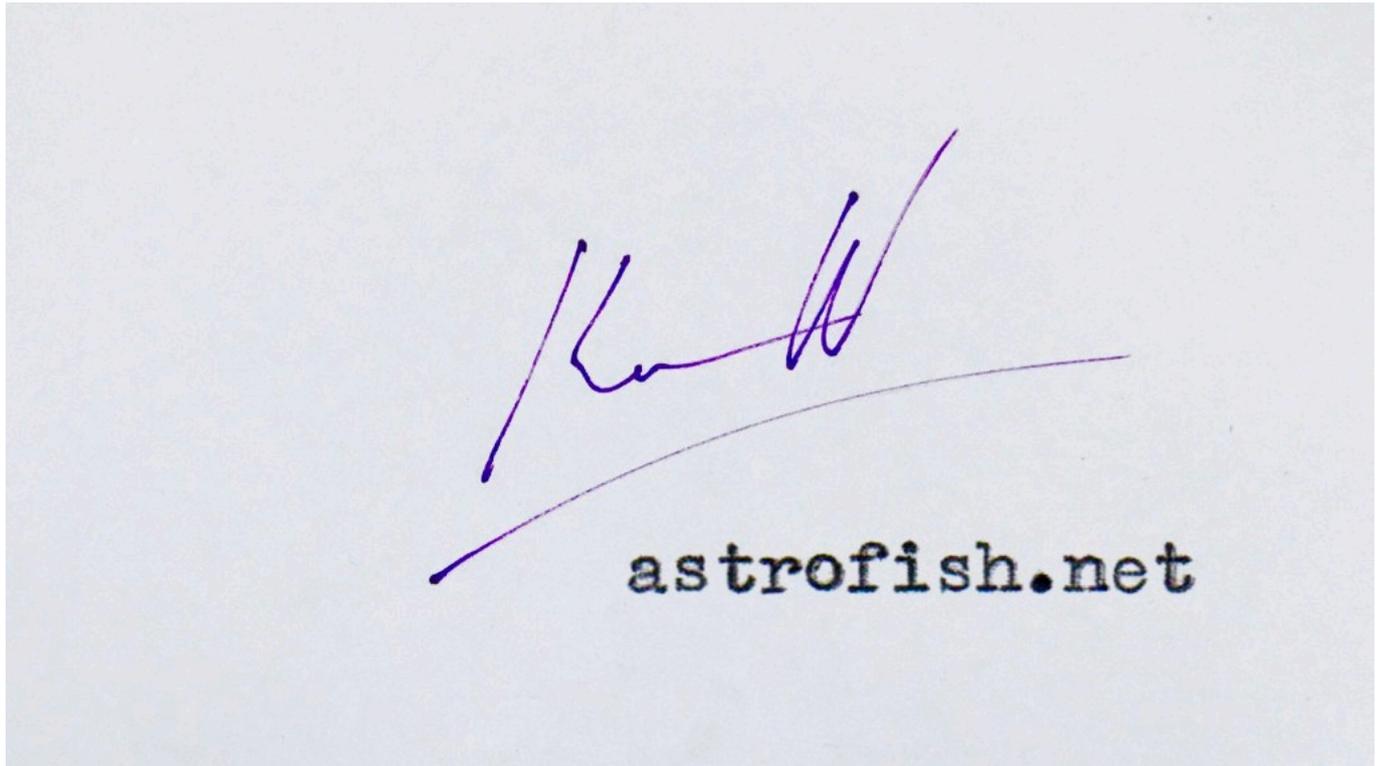
One industry I was [associated](#) with — at one time — the biggest cost? Labor. Biggest problem with that business? Getting good workers, then getting good workers to stay. Labor is always an issue, and now, more so than ever, does the **Gemini**-land have problems in finding, keeping and maintaining a good (qualified) **Gemini staff**.

Besides, you really do require a whole cadre of minions, hanger-ones, fetchers, acolytes, lurkers, guardians, and just regular fans, for proper **Gemini** entourage purposes. Seems we have much in common, as an employer and the **Gemini**: can't find good help these days.

Crap. Can't call the employees "the help" any more, but that's what we need, just a little help from friends. Not to put too fine a point on it? Going to be going this a little alone, and those people you counted on for assistance? Probably not showing up. The ones who do show up? Count your *Gemini* blessings for what little assistance there is. But if they get hired away for more money and less work elsewhere? Can't say you weren't warned.

"Man this [Mercury Retrograde stuff](#) is a bitch this time!"

[astrofish.net/travel](#) for appearances



“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

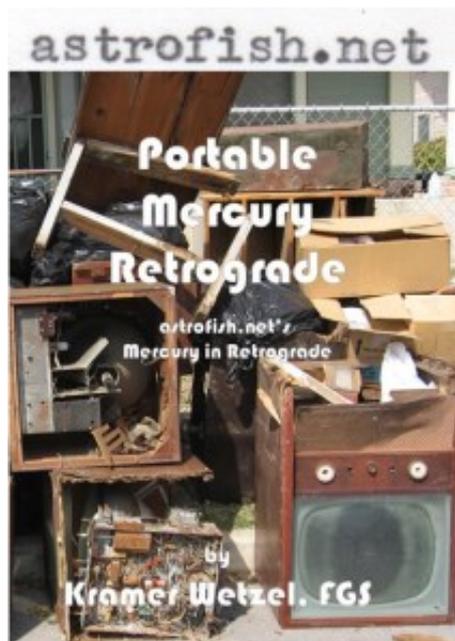
Horoscopes for 7.25.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 24, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/07/horoscopes-for-7-25-2019/>

And shall have your will, because our king.
Yet hasty [marriage](#) seldom proveth well.

Gloucester in Shakespeare's [Henry 6.3](#) 4.1.17-8



[Happy Birthday to The Leo!](#) (As if.)

Horoscopes for 7.25.2019

Moon/Sun in Leo, July 31, 10:12 PM (New Moon), Venus enters Leo, July 27, 8:54 PM. Officially? [Mercury](#) goes direct July 31, 10:57 PM. All times local.

The Leo



I own a crapload of swimming trunks. This goes back to living in a trailer park in old South Austin, where I could swim in the creek every day, and fish all afternoon. I eventually hit upon some "River Guide Shorts" of one brand or another, and they were perfect. Shorts, but with mesh pockets and the cargo pockets all had grommited drain holes. Perfect. To this day, I have never matched those shorts quite as well.

I was in two weddings while wearing those shorts. I traveled to Europe in them. [All over Texas](#), and on some occasions, swimming. It wasn't too unreasonable to expect me to hop off a plane in Austin in the morning and be swimming in the creek and fishing by the evening. Eventually, the original shorts wore out, and they were "recycled." Since then, I have yet to find anything remotely close to that. But I keep trying. I was got thinking about all those swimming suits, they all look about the same, and I stopped working long enough to fold them up, neatly, and then stack them in order of what I will wear next. Or not wear. On the bottom? Least likely because they are scratchy, uncomfortable, or look bad. Too big, too small. On top, the couple of pair I use when I go fishing. I didn't sort through the whole closet. I didn't address anything but swimming suits — typically used for fishing. Folded them up and stuck back in the closet. It's a small gesture, but even the smallest gestures have immediate result, I walk out of the closet, and phone rings, "Hey, [Mercury is Retrograde](#), want to fish?"

Virgo

One "[professional](#) associate," and I would use that term with a bit of eye-roll, but one of the folks I know, tangentially, from business? Had this great idea, a massage pillow, heating pad, crossover thing. Sewed some kind of beans or rocks into a pillow along with some padding, and called it a massage heating pad pillow. The instructions were simple, moisten the pad, pop the pillow/pad into a microwave for a few minutes, or until steamy, then apply warm pressure as needed to the the afflicted area. Cool idea.

It's not the first one I've seen. I think one of the kiosks in the mall sells something similar. I know my own Sister, when she was busy being "crafty," she made something like that and gave them as xmas gifts. Then, there's also the problem with cloth, the filling, the stuffing, and the instructions, as it would be easy too burn oneself after leaving it in the nuke too long. **Virgo** is awash with cool ideas, but follow-up with some research before starting production. Is it the first, is it rare, is it safe? What are the product liabilities? "Man, I was just making a few of these at home, for family and friends," and some for sale to the public. Am I the only one who sees a [possible problem](#) here?

Libra

There is an explosion of "How-to, "D-I-Y" video [available](#) now. Towards that end, a buddy of mine (Virgo) makes a living going in and cleaning up homeowners' messes. "It looked so easy on the video, I thought I could just do this myself."

He hates those calls, but he also loves them. Perfect example: ceiling fan. A mutual friend was installing a ceiling fan, I suggested he just call that *Virgo* guy. "No, I got this, I saw the video." The *Virgo* would've done it for, say, \$50, taken him [half an hour](#). In and out, sweet. However, now that there are ceiling fan parts, brackets, the electricity for the house is off, and it's heating up to a broiling point, the price doubles. Trebles. First, we have to figure out what the **Libra** did wrong, then get the parts, maybe have to order a broken one, or fetch it at the hardware store. Then it's a matter of assembly, only after repairing the damage done by the owner's first, ham-fisted attempt. See where this is going? If you know how to do it, then do it. However, if this is new skill set, or previously unlearned set of skills, if the required task is above your **Libra** pay grade? Just pay the guy upfront. Much easier. I enjoy the videos, as well, I just learned what I can, and can't do.

Respect the limits — **Libra limits** — at and through the end of the month of July.

Scorpio

Ran into an old buddy not long ago, hadn't seen him in years. He runs a successful company doing interesting renovations. Splits his time between Austin and other far-flung, exotic destinations. We greet, then he asks me if Mercury is Retrograde. Almost the first thing out of his mouth. I had a reputation, back then, as harping and concentrating on that one aspect, dictating when — and when not — to do certain action. The gulf of years between us, and what his primary take-away, his foremost recollection of me?

Mercury is Retrograde. In part, that's why I compiled notes about [Mercury in Retrograde](#), and, in part, it is the easiest definable planetary action that gets an obvious reaction. Everyone has a "Mercury Retrograde" tale of woe and despair. Still, almost the first thing out of his mouth? For **Scorpio**, this most recent mercurial period has softened greatly in the last moments of this week.

This week, next week, the pain and suffering should be gone. The underlying issue is still there. Be aware of that. Reason I use this as symbolism? Isn't it obvious? It's the easiest material to replicate in the real world.

Sagittarius

In a certain trailer park, in [old East Austin](#), I had a next door neighbor who studies advanced physics at the post-grad level. Astrophysics. In other words? He really is a rocket scientist. Who says the nerds don't get the girls? He did quite all right. So, after being around him for a few years, I then heard the expression, in all earnestness, "It's not **rocket surgery!**" Made me wonder, but that was quickly followed by, "You know, it's not **brain science.**" Clearly, this is a *malapropism*, or a *dyslexia* (inspired) word misuse.

"It's not rocket surgery, you know, it's not brain science!"

If you've talked to me professionally in the last years, I'll use this very expression. Thought, though, that it is worthy of trotting out now — in light of the way things are currently going. Mercury is passed their point of no return, and we're all almost out of the retrograde period, at least, the worst, most observable part of the cycle. Still have a bit of a shadow for a few more days, but that interplay with words, taking an old expression and running it through a verbal blender to get a new expression?

Wait, what did you say?

That's the [response](#) we're looking for at this time.

Seriously, this isn't, you know, "brain science."

Mercury is still "sort of" retrograde. Intentional misplacement of words can help.

Capricorn

In a sea of chaos, I tend to be an oasis of normalcy.

"Been around family, huh."

Not exactly a rocket-surgery [observation](#), and yes, I've been around family, and after being around family, the standard commentary?

"Yeah, Kramer is the most normal one."

Consider the source then consider what is being compared to what. Or who is being compared to whom. With the way this week shakes out? You feel like me, that, "Oasis of normalcy in a sea of chaos." My simple observation, this is about what elements are used to make the comparison, and that's a good way to help make it through the next few days. What two items do you compare, or, in this example, what two people do you — your **Capricorn self** — get compared to?

Another old joke, why I liked dating Gemini? Stand my lazy, laconic, Sagittarius self next to one of them, and I look coherent. So we're back to the what gets compared to whom question. In my own family? "I'm an oasis of normalcy in a sea of chaos."

Two pieces of data to take with, no, three, no, two. One is being, “In a sea of chaos I am an oasis of normalcy.” A second, subservient point, it’s about who you compare yourself to. **Capricorn**: who are you comparing yourself to, and is that valid comparison?

Aquarius

Permission.

I used to do all these “permission [readings](#),” and I did a lot, early on. Not so much anymore because I believe the planets lend energy in particular directions, but as a humans with souls, we get to make our own choices about how we act then react to certain pressures. So this isn’t permission to do something that is substantially outside of your native, **Aquarius** *social* and *societal* parameters. This isn’t about breaking natural, or unnatural, laws.

However, it is permission of one sort, to go ahead and test those boundaries. Test the limits. See if the ten-pound test fishing line will really hold ten pounds. Not long ago, I managed to catch a rather large fish (over-size [black drum](#)) on some older fishing line I’d picked up on sale. The fishing line claimed to be “salt water line,” and the packaging int suggested 15-pound limit. Horsing that fish into the boat, though, he (she) weighed well over that limit for the line. In part, this is my skill as a fisherman. In part, though, this is luck. In part, this is about how that line is rated, and it can take 15 lbs. of pressure, before reaching a breaking point. I suppose, if I had lifted that behemoth out of the bay’s water with the line, it might’ve broken. That’s an example of pushing limits, but staying within the guidelines. Or, it’s an example — for **Aquarius** — that shows how win this week.

Pisces

While a fresh start is always a wonderful idea, still in throes of the most recent [mercurial synodic period](#), maybe not so much. In other words, as much as we would all like to start with a clean white board and a new package of the dry-erase markers, all pretty colors and that special aroma they all have? As much as a fresh start would be nice?

Next month? Maybe. This month? Not so much. Been a long, hot, drawn-out July, and that’s just been made all that much worse by Mercury and its heat, its hot action, this summer. Until the end of this calendar month, until the end of the month of July, 2019? Wait. Wait it out. For me, I’ll grab a big glass of unsweet ice tea, watch the glass sweat, and sip on the cool, refreshing beverage, the slightly metallic taste to the tea, not sweet, and think.

Watch. Wait. Soon. How soon?

After the end of this month.

Aries

Overheard? “Dad, can I get two things instead of just one?” Last I heard of the conversation, but sounded familiar, as it was an **Aries** child pushing the limits of his boundaries. Her boundaries. Not going to say, but the limits are there. If it were me? I’m not much of either a role model or a good disciplinarian in the face adversity and nothing speaks to adversity more than a wee one with want in his or her eyes.

Ask me? “Yes, yes you can get two. I know I said only one, but yes, two is fine.” When to argue. When not to argue. When to give in to temptation. When to let the little ones win a battle. For me, I don’t know about that one dad, but for me, I tend to see this as a tactical situation. I planned to buy at least two, maybe three. I set the first limit at one because I knew there would be further discussion, emendations, ramifications, and justification. Why we need two instead of just one. Sometimes, the kids win. At least, they think they won. “Dad, can I get two instead of just one?” Of course you can. [Plan accordingly](#).

Taurus

Two spices that I like in my coffee, ok, three spices that I can enjoy as part of “Bad coffee becomes good?” Cardamon,

Cinnamon, and Mexican Vanilla. Any one of those spices can take mediocre coffee, bland, store-bought grind, and any one of those spices can perk it up. The trick? Just use a smidgen. A touch, a dollop, a single serving, a tiny amount, and as a cook? Rather, as a cook who never measures? I can't say how much, but it is a small amount. Not much at all. I have gone the wrong way and used too much.

The results were less than satisfactory.

Basically, Mercury is going to make you think, "A dash of Cardamon would perk this up," then you upend an expensive amount of rare spice, overpowering the coffee, and leaving a mess in the kitchen, leaving a bad taste in your mouth, and leaving you with a distinct scowl. I warned you. Just dash. The tiniest amount? The way Mercury works in this position? Oops! Too much spice! Too much?

Yeah, a little too much.

Pick one and only use a little. A pinch. Less than a pinch, just a dash, no, that's still too much, shake a little into your palm and then see how much to put in.

Gemini

Carrots. They lied. Carrots? Little, orange crunchy things, allegedly a healthy food. In a previous life, I would blend up carrot juice with vanilla yogurt, called a **Bugs Bunny**, delicious, semi-healthy drink.

Like Carrot Cake, "It's got carrots, so it's like a vegetable? Right?"

Sure, whatever works. I was grabbing convenient, healthy-appearing fast-food, some kind of sandwich-like selection with an assortment of fruits and veggies. When I ripped open the package, though, there was about half of a sandwich, two apple slices, and this was on a bed of baby carrots. Carrots who had been ripped up from their earthly home, denuded of skin, washed, sanitized, spun dry, probably soaked in a burning, chemical bath, tortured, and then left as the bed for my lunch-like experience.

The package advertised something like "25 g. of protein." I figured it was from the iron and minerals in the sandwich bread. Nope, all carrots.

They [lied](#).

Most of those carrots are now in compost pit, although, they don't seem to be composting as quick as anything else. Even the vermin and nature's rot won't touch them. See? It's not me. This is a message about packaging. It was packaged as a healthy alternative, and true to form, if we factor in the carrots? I'll bet it was healthy. But the way it was displayed? No carrots were visible.

They lied. Or, because Mercury is retrograde? Did I just [not look closely](#), or read the ingredients? What does that mean for Gemini?

Cancer

My horoscopes have varied in length. In its original form, I was contracted to provide horoscopes that were "75-100 words per sign" for all 12 signs. After a personal, deeply spiritual crisis and subsequent redemption, my written horoscopes tended towards nearly twice that original length. In part, I can attribute this to the hasty nature of the work, if I had more time, I could

write shorter horoscopes. In part, I just let the needs of the planets and the energies contained therein define what I should write, with there being no “target” length or some magical number I have to arrive at.

Which means, I won’t fit into a convenient box.

Hey, you suspected this all along!

I’m not going to fit in an easy container. You want to. You won’t. Not this week, and maybe not next week, either. Not going to fit you into a simple container that confines, contracts, and otherwise cuts off the flow of blood, or that creative juice, or even just your “chi.” Instead of forcing yourself into this container? Realize one size will not fit this week. You can work with that, right? Don’t have to be exactly what everyone else expects?

astrofish.net/travel **for appearances**



“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 8.1.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, July 31, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/07/horoscopes-for-8-1-2019/>

“Henry the Fifth, thy [ghost](#) I invoke:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Caesar or bright—”

- Duke of Bedford in Shakespeare’s [Henry VI](#), part I, 1.1.52-6

[Happy Birthday!](#)

Horoscopes for 8.1.2019

The Leo



Ad came through on a sales sheet. It was advertising a steeply discounted printer. It was wireless, a printer, and a scanner, all in one. Great toy. Pretty much useless now, too. How many times do I print? Maybe a half-dozen charts in a year, think it’s been more than two years since I wrote a letter that I printed out and mailed in to a person. Did labels for a mailing, a few years back. Nothing in recent memory. Every once in a great while, I’ll actually print up the chart for a client, but that is less often.

I was proud, I pioneered the [digital](#) delivery astrological data, check the [history of the site](#). However, this birthday season, for the **very best Fixed Fire Sign** of all? For **The Leo**? That printer was like ten bucks. Last printer I got like that? It was an “add-on” to a sale, like, “Buy this computer and get a printer free!” Don’t use it much. Hardly use it all. I use it as a magazine rack, and storage, like a staging area as the old printer won’t support much. I know, [birthday time](#), right? Best wishes for a good new year, and when they seem to be just giving them away? The little [fineprint](#) said, “Ink not included.” There’s always a catch.

Virgo

Preventative maintenance. Simple enough, no? Can be problematic, though, if you over-think this one. Would any **Virgo** I know over-think a problem that isn’t a problem but without the right application of oil or grease, could become a problem? If you think about it, you can easily see how the wheels might fall right off this program without that oil. Or grease. Lubricant. Something, right? From a slight amount of preventative maintenance to a full-blown, disproportionate breakdown, all in a matter of **Virgo** minutes.

I’m here to be a simple reminder. Preventative maintenance rather than a full-blown, **Virgo-panic**, heart-stopping, world-ending malfunction. Sometimes, just a little drop of oil, real — or metaphorical — a little lube, a dab of social grease goes a long way in making everything better. The single phrase that helps **Virgo** through this next couple of days? Think about it? *Preventative Maintenance*. It’s really a [simple task](#). Should be routine, right?

Libra

For me, I call it the “Electronic Leash.” While not — technically — a leash, it does serve as a way to keep in constant contact, or something like that, as need be. As a *Sagittarius*, I would see this as a restrictive attribute, but as a **Libra**? Probably not so much. Like the electronic leash is a good way to stay in touch. While someone might not be in the immediate vicinity or your **Libra** self?

Maintain that “touch,” perhaps, electronically. Maintain that way of being present, in mind, if not in person. Discussing this idea with one of my fishing buddies, he pointed out it sounded a lot like an electronic fence he used for his dog, you know, the kind that the collar shocks the dog if it tries to pass an imaginary line as defined by radio waves or something? As the **Libra**, I’m thinking much less than an electronic leash, like, for keeping the dog in the yard, and more like just a way to stay in [contact](#).

Scorpio

The opening quote is from a little-performed play, the *Henry 6* series, three plays, early works. While listening to the plays, I noticed there seemed to be a great deal of word play, and the mastery language that Shakespeare is noted for? Pretty obvious in these earlier plays. When I looked at the quote again, here’s a funny piece of trivia, the *Henry 6* trilogy was written before the more-famous *Henry IV & V* trilogy.

Realistically, the plays should be considered *historical fiction*, rather than the misnamed category, “History plays.”

The incongruity with Shakespeare referencing Henry the Fifth, before that play was written? Just a small oddity in the material. Little bit of a pause, a bump, not a serious problem, not an ethical or moral issue, just a trivial sidebar item. Sometime, in the next seven, maybe ten days? Your **Scorpio** self will encounter similar inconsistencies. This is where “[margin notes](#)” are so important. While I wouldn’t do this with a library book, just about any other text that I own? I’ll jot a short note, or a date, inside the text, in the margins. This week is about weird inconsistencies, and then, just making a marginal note about that. Simple **Scorpio** answers to [hard questions](#).

Sagittarius

Start. Complete. Repeat. Simple, three words. Three steps. Part of the [process](#). How we work this energy? This week, in **Sagittarius land**? Simple. Three part process.

“Start. Complete. Repeat.”

It’s super **not complicated**, but you know, as a *Sagittarius* myself, we can compound and complicate such matters. The trick, the goal, the idea? Don’t over-think this scenario. Three easy pieces. Three component parts. *Start*. Like, start the project, start the journey towards the destination. *Complete*. Complete the process you just started, we just started. Finish the project. Finish the book. Gets to the destination. *Repeat*. Do it again. Do it again and again and again, as much as needed. It’s a simple pathway to success, **Sagittarius success** — that’s my goal. To get there? Three easy pieces.

“Start. [Complete](#). Repeat.”

Capricorn

Way I was taught, the “[American Way](#)?” Simple: buy low, sell high. I had to get a few failures under my own belt, a few times

when I bought at the peak and sold at the bottom, just to understand how this works.

Failures — yeah — let's call those "Learning experiences."

However, back to the simple notion that "Buy low," as in buy when the price is down? That's a good start. Sell when the price goes back up. Here's the tricky part of this week, one, "Low, low, **LOW**" price? Might not be the best deal. Or might be a false bottom, and it can go lower. Or, are you selling? Is this for real? Or can you treat this like the — there's a local place I treat like a Mexican Market because every price in all the kiosks, every price seems to be negotiable to a trained eye. Willing to haggle.

"You take \$5? No?" Then I walk away, "Wait, wait, you're killing me here, how about at least \$7?"

See how that works in the market square here? However, just a side note about my own business? I don't bargain, barter, or "deal." Not how this works. However, for **Capricorn**? Let's see what kind of deal we can get going. With someone else, not me.

Aquarius

Working in the garage at a buddy's house, he asked for something, a certain screwdriver, said it was in the top of his tool box, and I wandered over to fetch him the tool. Boat's in the garage, along with several dozen fishing poles, and his wife's car. We have to be careful, although, she was gone at the time.

Digging around in the top of his tool box, I found some nail polish. Clear, and white, then some kind of candy red.

My fishing buddy, he's pretty macho. Not in an overbearing way, but manly, so this was different. In this situation? A mock is called for. I grabbed the screwdriver he wanted, tiny little thing, then the bottle of white nail polish. I asked if he was hiding something from me. He looked up briefly, "No, I use that, the white polish, front sight of my dad's old revolver." Matter of fact, no problem, I understand. The clear polish? "Use that on the fishing poles, when I have to repair the line guides." But Candy Apple Red? "Oh that? Wife's old car." She had red sporty thing for a while. I didn't know that nail polish was a good way to fix minor scratches. My buddy never flinched, never looked up from what he was working on, my insinuations and tone didn't impugn or impinge on his "manhood." Kind of ruined it for me. Careful, given where earth planets are, careful with an attack, even one in jest, like mine, and having it totally deflected.

"Would you hand me that wrench over there?"

Pisces

Back to school special! For **Pisces** and *Pisces* alone? We need a "back-to-school [special deal](#). If there isn't one, fabricate one of your own devising. We need a sale, a special deal, a one-time-offer, something, and for me, I would tie this to "back-to-school" stuff. I don't know, maybe tax free this week?

"We pay your closing costs!"

Old favorite, "Even if it doesn't drive, drag it in, and we'll trade!"

Some of these are impossible terms. Some of these are frank come-ons with no hope of being fulfilled. But some of these, let's design an offer that appeals to your **Pisces** self this next few days. What would that look like? Trade in the old ride? Get a special deal on a new model? Looking for a quality pre-owned? Or is more basic, like school supplies that are all tax-free? Personally, I would have more fun with the "school supplies" because I would be looking at art tools, carefully concealed in the school supply aisle. Just stuff to [play](#) with, really. In any case, if you don't find a deal you like? Then fashion one up for yourself.

Aries

“If you’re a lawn mower, everything looks like a lawn.” I never heard it like that before, but the one I was originally going to go with? “If you’re a hammer? Every problem looks like a nail.”

If you’re an **Aries**? Then everything is on fire?

If you’re an **Aries**, then everyone else needs your help?

If you’re an **Aries**, then you need to solve the other peoples’ problems.

This where I suggest we halt. Just because the only tool I have is a hammer? That doesn’t mean that this problem needs to be hammered. Might do with a bit of finesse, instead of the obvious, “I have a hammer in my hand, might as well take a swing at it” Or, “I got lawn mower, let’s see if we can cut this down.” That last one would really be more like, “Let’s cut this down with just the lawn mower.”

It’s great to come up solutions to other peoples’ problems. Noble, even. Altruistic. However, in the spirit of the times, and your own, **Aries** mental health? We got some stuff of our own that needs fixing, and no, it doesn’t involve a lawn mower or hammer, or getting hammered, although, for one of you, that is an option. Still, fit the action to the job, not the other way around.

Taurus

Concurrent with my [career within astrology](#), I performed other tasks, as well. In part, this exposed me to hypocrisies of modern advertising. Or, in some cases, it wasn’t really “advertising,” but the [bio](#) headshot was either from [20 years ago](#), or the image had been manipulated, filters, frames, retouched, airbrushed — something — was done to the images.

Nobody got sued that I’m aware of, so I suppose that it was OK to fudge a bit, or a lot, on that kind of image. I was thinking about this because I have recent picture of me in the front of a boat, on the bay. Not retouched. No filters. Might be cropped a bit, or, I think I reduced the size of the RAW image, but other than that? Yeah, not a lot of manipulation. In addition, this shows me — recently. Prevents that kind of disquieted disconnect when we see one image online and then, in the real world, seems like the person has aged 20 quick years. I think of this as “truth in advertising,” but as a **Taurus**, you can couch these terms in any way that is comfortable.

But the important idea? Real image of you, now, not from 20 years ago.

Gemini

In the last 48 hours, one **Gemini** I know, **Gemini** Sun, Leo Rising, that one **Gemini** has made a complete turn around. From “Whoa,” as in “whoa there big fellah,” to “go-go-GO!” From *whoa* to *go*, in a mere 48 hours. Didn’t take long.

Not a typical **Gemini**, I might add, not with that *Leo Rising*. That’s also someone who did the homework. When Mercury was backwards, up until the last minutes of July, there was a willingness to confront the pain, resolve the issues as best they could be resolved, and a willingness to move forward, poised, waiting until August 1.

Pow! Boing! Call it what you want, from zero sixty in “Nothing flat!”

While this is not [typical results](#), in the next five to seven days? Think about turning the corner, flipping the switch, or, to confuse matters, mashing down on the *Gemini* accelerator pedal. Whatever image works. While, technically, Mercury is not even out of his shadow yet? By that same technicality, he is no longer backwards and that means, from stop, stopped, and motionless, without inertia, to bouncing forward at a high rate of speed. Might careen off a few walls, just yet, but that is still — basically — forward progress and forward momentum.

Cancer

“Kramer, you are a **colossal** D-bag.” Well, there is that. Not like certain elements of the sky haven’t called me other names, or similar names, no, not the first time. Better people have called me worse names than “Douche bag.” What made this funny? I was trying some home-remedy stuff, a teaspoon of honey with a tablespoon of apple cider vinegar, sort of a hot toddy to stave off a late summer cold.

I had that “vinegar breath,” I think. So the analogy, and the metaphor, not wholly undeserved, either, but it did kind of fit. “Oh-oh, you are a giant, fizzy douche!” I doubt you’re drinking Apple Cider Vinegar concoctions right now, but they are good for you, makes a good lemonade-like drink.

I doubt you’re doing anything that would qualify for the first insult, “Kramer, you’re a colossal D-bag.” But the third part of this? Where the evidence, the physical evidence, smell my breath, smells like vinegar, right? Where the physical evidence suggests support for a statement. However, as an insult? Think about your archetype, the crab. The insult should slide right off your shell. Or, at the very least, like me. Of course I’m a douche — apple cider vinegar. That’s apple cider vinegar with a hint of local honey.

Like you? I’m almost sweet.

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 8.8.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, August 07, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/08/horoscope-8-8-2019/>

The sun begins to gild the [western sky](#),
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.

Eglamour in Shakespeare's
Two Gentlemen of Verona 5.1.1-5

Jupiter turns direct in Sagittarius.

Horoscopes for 8.8.2019

The Leo



While the source for the quote used this week is an early play by Shakespeare, the inspiration stems from my [travels](#). From the Pacific Coast, backwards towards West Texas and the High Plains, down to native Austin with its *violet crown*, and then, for the many years I commuted, from Austin to San Antonio, especially in the summer, an evening with sunset, “The sun begins to gild the western sky,” &c. I [live in the land](#) of magical, mystical sunsets: Texas, [West Texas](#), Austin, New Mexico, and Arizona. I see — and feel the magic.

The witching hour for *The Leo*, in the immediate future? Right at sunset. While Jupiter does his thing, he's going to lay on a little extra “juice” to *The Leo's* activities. A regal pause helps. The magic, during the next couple of days? Always around sunset for *The Leo*. Pause, as need be, and look to the heavens.

Virgo

There's a propensity to attribute certain action to planets. Sometimes, I hear about, or read about, certain planets getting way more credit than due. However, as I was poking at this week's horoscope, and thinking, “**Virgo**, what's up with that?” I noticed two items of interest. One, the opening quote had faulty attribution. I fixed that immediately. In doing so, I was working on what it means to *mutable earth Virgo* to have Jupiter pause, mid-stride, and start to move up. Great realization? For **Virgo**?

There's a halting motion, a time to pause and rewind. A cosmic hiccup that suggests we all just stop and look at it for a minute. I don't usually get worked up when big planets shift, and once Jupiter starts moving forwards in earnest, this won't be a factor, but during this pause period? That's what it takes. Perfect example? I looked at the opening quote, and tried to remember where that was in *Two Noble Kinsmen*. I caught my mistake, but only because I used this Jupiter moment to pause.

For *Virgo*, though, it might be a little more like crashing into something, but a simple pause might help. The planets suggest this action — or lack of action.

Libra

The way the planets spin? Or, the [pattern](#) described by the planets and their apparent locations, as seen from here on Earth? We have a pattern that hits every 20 years or so, and this one is getting here a little earlier. This is the first touch of what is to come. The biggest obstacle that faces **Libra** at the moment? Patience. “I have plenty of patience, I’m a very patient person. I just wish they would hurry up already!”

Doesn’t sound like a lot of patience, as advertised. “No, really, I’m very patient. But can you please hurry?”

Starting to see **Libra** fray around the edges. Which is the problem, and there is no solution. From the old, self-help days? “Pray for patience, and the good lord will give you something to be patient about.” I might have that wrong, and if the wording doesn’t fit with your own sensibilities? Then change it around to work better. “The universe gives us something to patient about,” or, “I asked for patience, and I got an obstacle, what’s up with that?” The final one, always amusing to me, “Is [Mercury Retrograde?](#)” No, this is a function of other planets, and it’s up to **Libra** to start being a little more resilient, going with the flow, and not getting in a too *all-fired-up* hurry. Soon. Maybe not quite as soon as your **Libra** self would like, but soon.

“How soon?”

Soon enough.

Scorpio

With all the motion in Leo? What to watch for? “Gently used,” as in the sales copy that suggests, although the material is recycled, it is almost as good as new. I’ll go two ways with this, as I’ve had great luck with “new-used” items. Like buying a “pre-owned” vehicle? Sure. Sometimes that works. Other times? Not so much.

The problem with this week’s *Scorpio* stars is that the “gently used” tagline might not be accurate. In part, I’ll bet it is. I’ll bet the stuff is “used,” but it also might be all used up, with no hope for redemption. In the bad, old days, we used to use a cheap, spray can lacquer to touch up certain engine parts. (Motorcycle days — [way back](#).) The idea was that the flat black looked like the factory finish, or the aftermarket finish and that sold the item. Cheap, black lacquer? Out of a spray can? Crap would burn off the first time the motor got really hot, like a long summer run in Texas. But until that moment? Looked even better than “new.” This doesn’t just apply to vehicles, either, it can run across a broad spectrum of retail sales.

Varies from *Scorpio* to **Scorpio**, but the idea is that this week requires more than just “kicking the tires,” more than poking around under the hood. Pull out spark plugs and see if they are fouled. Yeah, and maybe that applies to more than just vehicle sales.

Sagittarius

There are certain skill sets that require practice — patient practice — to maintain. These are “fungible” practices, though, like [fishing](#) is a good example. Certain portions of the skills are similar, like casting with a spinning rod. That can be a lightweight and flexible pole used for crappie fishing on a local lake, or it can be a much stouter pole used for inshore fishing at the coast, the skills remain similar and require a certain amount of use in order to keep from getting rusty.

I can slip from super-lightweight, almost flimsy crappie pole over to a bass fishing rig, and then to a coastal inshore set-up with relative ease. All gear I own, use, and enjoy. I suspect the last part of that is the secret to the practice with that “fungible” skill set, though. I enjoy the activity and that makes it less like “work,” and more like fun, adding fun to the fungible equation. Still there’s a certain amount of rote, like enhancing muscle memory. Besides, the light bite of a crappie, the way it tickles the pole, and barely hints that there is a fish on? Feels a lot like sea trout do, inshore. Same skills, or remarkably similar skills, and

this is a good time to hone them, one way, or another. Lake, pond, stream, bay, ocean, any of those.

Capricorn

This is about the life lived in the margins. I'm not asking about marginalized *Capricorn*, no, not that. I was thinking about material that I hastily scribble in the margins of texts that I keep on hand. While I've mentioned this before, it bears repeating, I think. I have a text copy, a cheap pocket paperback copy of *Meditations by Emperor Marcus Aurelius*. It has various placeholders stuck into it: old business cards, airline napkins, a coffee stir stick, post-it notes. Along the [margins](#), in pen, pencil, and other forms, are notes with dates.

This is a single example about what I mean about *Capricorn* and the life lived in the margins. This isn't about less, or some weird Saturn stuff, although, sure, that's part of it. Life lived in the margins is a bit what we add to what is already there. One of the biggest regrets I have? In a [used bookstore](#), there was an astrology text I've used and long discarded, but that one copy in the store? The book was full of post-it notes, obvious that the previous owner had studied the text thoroughly. I still kick myself for not getting that book — just for the margin [notes](#). I have a couple of used textbooks that I hold onto, merely for the [margin notes](#). So this is about the notations we have, possibly just to ourselves, what something means, maybe just to us, and maybe, this isn't for publication. Not entirely private, either, but not for general consumption. This next week is about what, the act of, and why, you're writing stuff in the margins of the textbook of the *Life of Capricorn*. Life lived in the margins, next few days.

Aquarius

When I moved this last time, [new address and all](#), I hadn't been here more than week or two and I got package from Apple. New business bauble, sure, we know how that goes, but I hadn't broken in the new delivery guys, so they don't understand. He left the package with a neighbor, really, mis-delivered the package, and the "signature required?" No one signed for it. My new, very expensive tool (toy) was sitting someplace, the problem? The online "tracking" link said, "It had been delivered — and signed for."

I eventually figured it out, introduced myself to the new neighbor, chatted briefly, handed him a business card with my call number on the back in case he needed it, and picked up the new toy. Tool. Techno-bauble, really. Part of this is a failure on the package delivery service. But most of this is my own fault, for starters, I have to "break in" the delivery guys. Get them used to my hours, and that I'm here some afternoons, and that when it says "Signature required," then a signature — by me — is required. Not an afterthought, or a, "This doorstep is good enough." Matter of training them and letting them know I'm the good guy. Always ready on hot summer's afternoon with an ice cold bottle of water. Always nice. Praise good works. All a matter of training — breaking in the new location.

"Here, I'm **Aquarius**, can I get you a bottle of water?"

Pisces

"Never do today, what we can put off until next, week!" Wait, I've heard that advice before, [where](#)? Oh, from me! Words to live by. It's a solid mantra, for sometime now, you know, "Never do today what we can put off for weeks, or, maybe, not have to do at all." Avoid responsibility and avoid blame. Can't get blamed for something you didn't do.

I should amend that a touch, as I get blamed for things I never did, but I'm not **Pisces**, and you are. The trick to this tricky [astrological weather](#)? "Do nothing, and avoid the problem."

There is one **Pisces**, "But I have to fix this right now!" Not, no you don't. Look at it. Pull out a cell phone and pretend to look up an answer on the inter-webs.

Avoid responsibility by avoiding action. While this is no kind of a long-term solution, next couple of days, come on, Full Moon in Aquarius? Mercury, Venus, Mars, and the Sun in Leo? Lots of very determined energy, and action taken at times like this? Long-lasting repercussions. By-word for the **Pisces** week? "Never do today what we can put off until..." I'll let you be the

determining factor about when. “Next week?” Week after that? “How about next (indeterminate amount of time)?” Sounds perfect.

Aries

Reel in the [expectations](#) for this week. There’s the full moon, lots of fun, but it is, at best, problematic because it is a fixed moon. “Fixed” refers to all that Leo (compatible fire sign), and that full moon in Aquarius (fixed air). So there’s a resolutely stubborn quality that abounds, and that doesn’t really work well with the straightforward, but quick-responding **Aries**. Hence, our [problems](#).

Or problem. Or just an irritation because there will material that pops up that only seems to serve to appear as an obstacle. It’s not really an obstacle, just a reminder that your *Aries* self need to adjust, light on your feet you are, adjust your trajectory, around, over, or under the obstacle.

I kept thinking, “Feint left, feint left,” with the follow up being “dodge right.” In other words, zig one way, then, in the next minute, zag the other way. Easy enough. “Yeah, easy enough **for you**, have you tried it like this?” Nope, and I’m not going to, either. This is *Aries specific* suggestions. Pick one direction, then adjust as need be to work around, walk around, or drive around whatever that fixed object is.

Taurus

[Fishing trips](#) are not usually inexpensive affairs. What started out as a hobby off the back porch of my place in Austin, along the lake — had morphed into a more expensive proposition. Used to be, it was me and single fishing pole, and some worms. I did burn through a tremendous amount of tackle, always trying to find the correct arrangement. Still, that was super-simple.

Some days, I want to go back to that, as well, just a single pole, a pocket full of some kind of fishing gear, and a creek, a river, a small pond, a medium sized lake. That was fun.

Next few weeks promise to be really good fishing along the coast, at least, for me, it looks good. As a **Taurus**, think about this, as it is a good time to think about fishing. For me, now, we have to get to the coast, have a place to stay, arrange for live bait, gear for several guys, and the list goes on. Planning meals, in some capacity, although I do tend to favor just stopping at [BBQ joint](#) and picking up fresh smoked meats. All adds up over time. One week, bait is cheap; the next week, bait prices soar. Supply and demand. It’s not longer a cheap trip. With a certain amount of planning, though, this can be easy to do. We’re in the **Taurus** planning stage for that next fishing trip. When? Soon; very soon.

Gemini

It was an off-brand bag of potato chips. Well, chips, anyway. Not sure real potatoes were used in the construction. Glancing at the back, I looked, it said something like 100 calories per serving. Cool, right? Read the [details](#) on the back of that “nutrition” label. It looked like, to me, it was single serving size. A single bag would be a good snack, and at 100 calories? I guess not too much, right? Looking at the details on the back, it said, “100 calories per serving.” The kicker, and we’ve all seen this before, “3.5 servings per container.” That means 350 calories per bag, or, in my mind, 350 calories per serving, as it looks a lot like a single serving bag to me.

The old joke was about the little pints of ice cream, “Serves four.” Most of my friends all agree at that the little pints of ice cream serve one. With a sugar coma afterwards, dairy rush then crash. In our current world, such tricks in marketing aren’t so unusual, “*Only 100 calories per serving!*” Comes a time when this stuff works, and comes a time when this stuff doesn’t work. As the *Gemini*, do you want to believe that a single serving, only about 17 chips, has a mere 100 calories? Then the question, will you only eat 17 chips? Me? We know I’ll eat the entire package in a single sitting. I’ll also lie to myself and tell me that there were only a hundred calories — in that whole bag. But I’m not **Gemini**. So how does this work for you?

Cancer

I get in trouble for the things I say. Part of this, I can now attribute to age. Twenty or thirty years ago? I'm not sure what I would blame. [Me](#) being [me](#). It hasn't changed, but any excuse, I've grown into my excuse. I can play this off as me being an eccentric old man. Part of this, though, is merely my lack of filter. Way it is, and by now, I've grown accustomed to my mannerisms, and I doubt this pattern will change. I do make an effort to be nicer about how and what I say, in person, but I can still evoke strong feelings with my own naïveté and sheer innocence. Not like I'm trying to elicit a response, or, more to the point, not like I'm trying to piss someone off; I just do it naturally.

It's an inadvertent skill set, one might suggest. We know that I can do this. We know that this is a special, like, a super-power I have. I go on at length about this because I find it rather amusing. Some folks find it disquieting and disconcerting, possibly even upsetting. While I brush this off with *Sagittarius* aplomb? With Mars and Venus where they are? Good chance, in a moment of rare *Moon Child* (lack of grace), you'll open your mouth and say something like me. Something stupid, offensive, derogatory — or construed as sexually explicit — even though that's the furthestest meaning from our minds. I'm trying to save you pain, embarrassment, possible problems by begging you to think it through, pause, or *just not say anything*, but nod you're head, this next week. Are you good with that?

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 8.15.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, August 14, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/08/horoscopes-for-8-15-2019/>

Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
Today extinct. Our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too. Then blend your spirits with mine,
You whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard. To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party.

Palamon in [Shakespeare's](#)
The Two Noble Kinsmen 5.1.69-76

Horoscopes for 8.15.2019

The Leo



"Tips for the Fall Crime Season!" I see things differently, don't I? It was supposed to be an e-mail from a local constable, but the way I saw it? "Tips for the Fall Crime Season?" Yeah, I was wondering if it was what to look for, to steal, easy marks, what gadgets are easier to pawn, what items hold a high resale value on the illegal market? I think I got this all wrong. As *The Leo*, you're like me. You're going to read a headline, and like me, you're going to spin this off into an amusing, funny, but ultimately, confused take about what the headline meant, and what it really means. Yes, we all need a gentle reminder about what to do to stay safe. Some of this is obvious, right? After getting about half the "back to school" shopping done, don't leave all those packages in a locked car, [in the parking lot](#), where anyone can see the stuff. New stuff can be easily "returned" for cash value. Part of my formative years included British marque sports convertibles, so I learned, then, never to leave anything in the car — ever. But that's me. The real message, as this is still high holiday time for *The Leo* — the real message? Have fun, but don't make yourself a target. The problem with being **Leo**? Everyone notices you.

Virgo

Got to be the best — or worst — come on I've encountered. Bottom of the ticket for a sporting goods store, "How are we doing? Fill out the survey and get a chance to win a \$1,000 gift card!" Walking home, looking at the ticket, I had some fishing lures, a few dollars in new gear, but thinking about that ticket? I was imagining me with a \$1000 gift card to the sporting goods place. That new pole? New reel, some of the new, "hybrid" — and very expensive — fishing line? I spent that grand, in my head, before I ever got home. "Just go to [our website](#), and [fill out the survey...](#)"

From what I've seen, the odds are better at wining the state lottery over that "survey," and at the bottom, there's the

ubiquitous, “we will add you to our mailing list” box, already checked. By entering into the contest, one agrees to receive their marketing material. Odds on winning a shopping spree? 1 in 3 bazillion. Odds on seeing something “on sale” and the store wins? Dead even, if not tilted in their favor. Part of this was launched by that long walk home, a couple of fishing items in a small bag, and me thinking about how I would spend a thousand dollars. The rational side, though, reminded me, when I got home, the odds are against me, and I looked at my mailbox, it was already stuffed with various crap that I didn’t want. No, I didn’t enter the contest, and **Virgo**? Don’t fall for the sales game. “But a grand to spend on [fishing](#) gear? I could do that!” So could we all. In my best Clint Eastwood rendition? “Are you feeling lucky punk?”

Libra

There’s a sense of community that I’ve enjoyed most my adult life. As a **Libra**, this is something worth looking for, that sense of community. One of my old neighbors was outside, and we started chatting. I’d suggest we were talking across a fence line, but there was no fence. He said something, and me, this is summer here in Texas, I was attired in shorts, barefoot, and a loud shirt. Normal, for me. He called me a [cowboy](#), and I looked down, “Dressed like this? Cowboy? Really?” My buddy inferred that I was the “Willie Nelson” version of the cowboy. I’ll take it. For **Libra**, that sense of community, the threads that hold us together, the similarities, not the differences, that’s the key element. With the motion of the love planets, Mars and Venus, that sense of community might feel a little **Libra strained**. Still, that sense of community is required.

Scorpio

“Back to school special!” In this case, I’m thinking of my own home right now, offers a special, “Tax Free” weekend for purchasing school supplies. Again, this falls under the banner of “Back to school special!” Which applies to both sides of the **Scorpio psyche** at this time. Both sides. The buyer and the seller. As the buyer, you’re looking for those good deals, and in Texas, with sales tax almost ten percent of every taxable sale? Sure, that can add up over time. So a sale like this can shave percentage points off the price of certain items. Every little bit helps. Then, there’s the notion that the **Scorpio** could be the seller. While what you’re [selling](#) might not be tax free? Consider eating the sales tax on that item. Offer it as “no tax,” or what I used to do with online sales of astrology reports? “Shipping included!” I delivered via e-mail, it was in the [fineprint](#). Some folks thought it was funny. Some folks thought I was disingenuous. If you get my humor, then please, we can move forward. If not? I still think there’s a **Scorpio** “Back to school special,” either as a buyer or seller. Use that.

Sagittarius

There are obsessions and interests, and what I like being **Sagittarius** myself? I learned I don’t have to dive into one of these interests too deep, not any more. I got stuck behind a tool truck, and for those who work with tools, they would recognize the name. The trucks like that used to, I don’t know if it still works this way, but they used to call on each [shop](#), and sell tools directly to the mechanics.

It’s how I accumulated a large collection of tools. Really more a medium size collection, but alas, lost in the great flood of — never mind. Washed away. It happens. Since then, over the years, I’ve been obsessed with the big tool cabinets, the smooth drawers for organizing one’s tools, the way the boxes have grown in size and complexity — one giant tool box I saw recently had speakers and bluetooth audio. Yeah, and these days? I have a screwdriver, two, actually, and that’s all the tools I need. No big boxes on wheels. No space hogging box full of perfect hardware for fixing something I have no business fixing. All of this started from merely seeing a tool truck and wondering if I could get the guy to swing by and let me look at some hardware I might buy. Part of being **Sagittarius** this week? Obsessions and interests? That whole tool, and tool box thing? I had to stop think about my personal limits, as a **Sagittarius**. What I can, and can’t, do.

Capricorn

Rehabilitation. “Rehab.” To some, this conjures up the “spin dry,” the detox centers, from bare bones, county-funded centers swarming with street urchins to celebrity centers for stars who suffer from “exhaustion.” For others, this conjures up the image of the workout room and wheelchairs, people learning to be physically active again. I always think of “Pilates,” and that always makes me think of IKEA meets bondage “dungeon.”

Never claimed I was right in the mind.

One buddy, a **Capricorn**, built a successful second career rehabbing houses. He finds a house that needs some love. Run down, trashed by years of neglect and abuse, usually a former showcase, abandoned, and, over time, growing more and more into disrepair. Despair. I got roped into helping paint one place, and I ran the big floor polish rig at another, those floors looked great, when I was done. I also failed to receive financial remuneration for my assistance, so I kind of backed away from his, “Hey, I’m working in a new place over by you, think you can swing by and help?”

Yeah, no.

But it is cool to look at before and after pictures. This week is about rehabilitation for **Capricorn**. For me? I’m standing off to one side, and I’ll admire the work that *Capricorn* does, but I’m not assisting any. This is work for **Capricorn**, not anyone else.

With a nod towards another Sagittarius, and classic in American Literature? “Not anyone can paint this fence.”

Aquarius

Eventually, before the next horoscope rolls out? Mars and Venus will shift into Virgo — no longer opposing Aquarius. Still, with the other planets in Leo? That creates a sense of conflict that might, or might not, be real, especially for **Aquarius**. Conflict can be good or bad, depends, but being patient, a quality in shorter supply than ever before in *Aquarius*, being patient is what pays off.

Wait.

Wait until Mars and Venus shift signs before unleashing that ire and angst.

Pisces

What modern man has not encountered this conversation, in one of its various guises? “I feel fat. Do these jeans (dress, top, bottom, shoes, socks, underwear — some article of fashion) make me look fat?” While this appears rather dated and sexist, it applies across any number of variations, so, although appearing one way, it is most certainly **not** gender specific.

Besides, the idea translates across a wider spectrum of people. Does this (thing, condition, fashion) make me look (feel) then some kind of judgement call that may — or **may not** be related to reality. It’s that part where it isn’t really related to reality? That’s the connection we’re looking for with **Pisces**. While it is a perfectly valid question, and the way a **Pisces** person feels is perfectly valid, the cause and condition itself? Might not be valid comparisons. This is a “no win” situation, when faced incorrectly. Gratefully, you’ve got me. Deflect. Adjudicate. Dissemble. Misdirect, if need be. As a sage person once, suggested, there is a correct answer to that question. “Where would you like me to take you out to tonight?” If — when — faced with the “No right answers” question? Deflect. Adjudicate. Dissemble. Best, or worst case? Misdirect.

“Maybe we could go shopping?”

Aries

Two places, two organizations, have global headquarters in [San Antonio](#): Bill Miller's BBQ, and Rudy's BBQ. See a trend in that observation? I did, in fact, live in the shadow of the old Bill Miller's HQ (bakery, commissary, and corporate headquarters), at one time. Can't say I've eaten there often. Not one of my [preferred BBQ stops](#) as I tend to favor single operator places, with a single pit-masters who really knows what he's doing.

The exception to the rule is another San Antonio chain: Rudy's. Over the years and intervening miles, I've sampled their fares from a number of stores. While every location advertises its own smoking pit, actual quality varies from location to location. Little late — or early — in the season, but I tend to favor one store along the Texas Coastal Bend, as their BBQ always tasted better. Might be the proximity and promise of fishing that adds something to that flavor. The question as to authenticity? This settles it, alone, with two greats in the industry located here, almost literally, in my backyard.

This is about roots. Roots, then taste, then, finally a simple judgement call. With two large, industry-standard operations based here, that skews the numbers in my favor. Also means I hold BBQ to a [higher standard](#). What's even better, for me? This applies to **Aries** — no matter where you're located on the planet — what's the local currency? What is local that sets a higher standard? What will skew your judgement, consider, too, that the source of this isn't necessarily "bad."

Taurus

There's a simple rule in aviation? Number of *take-offs* should have an equal number of *landings*. It's a simple and direct, one-to-one corollary, right? Seems obvious, but after being around a few Air Force pilots, there was some kind of an inside joke. I thought it was wryly amusing, and that means I'll trot this advice out for **Taurus**. Number of — some **Taurus** activity here — should have an equal number of — some corresponding **Taurus** activity here.

There's a fancy Latin term, rhetorical expression, that covers this kind of statement. There's that "unwritten pilot's rule" that covers this kind of equivalency. Finally, there's an obvious balance point. That balance point is what we're looking for, as the energies conspire to offer up turbulence, unstable companions, and possible motivation problems. Still, the number of *take offs* and the number of *landings* should have a distinct one-to-one correspondence. That's the balance point for **Taurus**.

Gemini

Halo? Horns? Helmet? Which is the best for **Gemini**? How about a helmet with horns? Time to drag out the old opera allusions, I guess. The original idea was to find a couple of choices for what to wear, as *Gemini* proceeds through the next few days.

Halo? Yeah, little tarnished, but not a bad idea.

Horns, like devil's horns? Or a more goatish kind of horn? Worried about another kind of horn? At least one *Gemini* I know should, is, a *unicorn*, which then launches into a different idea for a horned head.

Finally, the alliteration of a helmet, not really part of the original two-pronged question, "Horns or halo?" But a helmet, and that could protect against *Gemini* head injury, the *Gemini brain* being the singular characteristic that is so appealing, and that's possible, given Mr. Mars and all, but not what I would look at. It's almost a modern archetype for opera, the barrel chested female with a horned helmet belting out the part of Brunhilda, as one of the *valkyries*, the female messengers who scooped up brave warriors on the Nordic battlefield, and hauled the heroes off to Valhalla. But only the brave were hauled off. Had to die in battle, as well, bravely. Then one achieved that rightful spot in the kingdom of Odin, etc.

There's a lot of material to cover, and the question I started with, "Halo or horns?" In typical *Gemini* fashion, though, this got sidetracked into opera and then the idea of something to protect that *Gemini* brain, and now? The question, and this week, it's not binary, as in, can't be resolved to just a simple, "Good or bad," — "halo or horns," answer.

Cancer

Risk assessment and abatement? Way I heard it, males, typically, don't fully calculate "Risk Assessment and Abatement"

until they hit 27-28 years of age. That follows closely with personally held data, and strong anecdotal supporting evidence, plays to the obvious [planetary cycles](#), as well. Sure, makes sense along several levels, in other words. What it's about, see, males, typically, don't fully find themselves mortal until we hit at least 28, or thereabouts.

While this is information drawn from pop-psychology? In terms of the *ethereal Moon Children Cancer* in a chart? Has to do with "Risk assessment and abatement." Let's call it by a snappy acronym, RAA. Risk Assessment and Abatement.

Is it dangerous? Is it possibly fatal? Does it hurt to proceed? Wherein is the pathway with the least pain, and the least amount of danger? Perceived danger, or real, and imminent threats? This week's drive is best spent pursuing the path of least resistance. The easy way. Do it the easy way. No need to endanger yourself, or, for that matter, anyone else.

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 8.22.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, August 21, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/08/horoscopes-for-8-22-2019/>

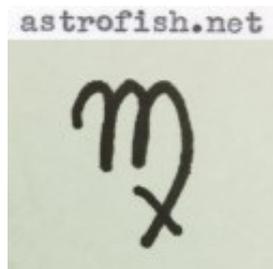
Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

- Bottom in Shakespeare's [Midsummer's Night's Dream](#) 1.2.50

The Sun enters the tropical zodiac sign of Virgo on August 23, 2019 at 5:01 AM. [Happy Virgo Birthday!](#)

Horoscopes for 8.22.2019

Virgo



When I first encountered a [lecture note](#) about that single line, “Hold or cut bow-strings,” the academic went sideways with the data pretty quick. A cursory search of the web reveals that there is wealth of [conjecture](#) about the meaning of the expression.

However, I have a simpler way to see it, and when I first heard the expression, probably read it first, but let's suggest it was a stage or movie version of the play, Bottom is a hugely comic character. Hard to see him as a military person, as the idea of “cutting bow-strings” seems to imply. However, over the years, I've grown to like this expression for myself, and I use it when most people will insert the term, “Fish or cut bait.” I was going to get all technical and make suggestions about planets and **Virgo** birthdays, but simply put, to quote Shakespeare's character Bottom? “Enough! Hold or cut bow-string!”

Libra

It doesn't matter where your **Libra** soul is in your development. Age is a thing. There's a certain kind of finality and essence that suggests time is almost too finite. “I don't know what you mean, there's just **not** enough time!” Exactly. What this is, more a function of the twin influences of the Sun (in Virgo), and Saturn (in Capricorn), plus, well, there's another influence, but it's too technical to include in a horoscope. But the [energy](#) this creates?

“Hurry up!”

The [urgency](#) might not be felt by everyone around you, the non-**Libra** people. They — we — might not get the urgency, the “time is of the essence” kind of push. Realize that we're not all onboard, sharing your need for speed. We might not grasp the shortened nature of the times. We might not understand why you seem so impatient. Understand, too, that the perception of a need for urgency doesn't always mean there is a need for that urgency.

Scorpio

In this next few days? You will encounter, that guy, “Can't keep the neon in the tube.” It's an expression, kind of local, kind of among certain buddies of mine, but the terms is both humorous and as applied? Accurate. I'm a perfect example, like, one

end of my brain — according to **Scorpio** — is leaking mental ability. Just “Can’t seem to keep the neon in the tube,” as it applies to me? I sort of buzz, [fizzle](#), then sputtering and maybe flash once or twice then go dark.

More than one **Scorpio** will agree. Mostly this is due to the heavy weight of the **Virgo** influence on the *Scorpio quadrant* of the sky, [but mostly](#), this is just a number of minor influences. The problem — for **Scorpio** — is a number minor influences tend to lead to major problems. To keep that from happening? That buzzing, the sound of the neon sign that is going to short out, or leak out, or whatever? That’s the warning sign that some of us — *non-Scorpio* — might be coming up short on our delivery of data. I warned you, right? Where was I going with this? “Yeah, Kramer, just can’t seem to keep neon in the tube, huh.”

Sagittarius

For some years, those steel coffee mugs, the hermetically, vacuum-sealed tumblers? For a while, those were all the rage. Nice mugs, and nice as a conveyance for caffeine solutions. I found some smaller ones on sale? Like normal coffee mug size, not the giant tumblers. The smaller ones, they were knock-offs of the name brand, looked like “Yeti,” but weren’t. Consequently, the coffee cup — insulated tumbler — was much less expensive.

As I used this over the years, what I found? The original tumblers hold a beverage hot — or cold — longer than just about anything else, and as such, are worthy of the reputation. However, the smaller ones, at first didn’t seem to keep the coffee hot. The secret is in the lid. If I put the plastic top on the smaller ones, doesn’t matter on the larger ones, but on the smaller ones? If I put the plastic lid on, snap that cover into place? Works great.

Coffee can stay warm all morning, and even half the day. Seemed like an earth-shattering revelation — to me. This a simple, super-simple-*Sagittarius* example of what happens if we [follow the directions](#). Simple as that. “These knock off don’t work nearly as well as the original.” Turns out, they do work as well, just have to put the lid on it. **Sagittarius**: either follow the directions, or put a lid on it.

Either one works, this next few days, cf. [Taurus](#).

Capricorn

One **Capricorn** buddy has a [way with words](#). While, technically, he’s not really a fishing buddy, he does have a way with words, and it would be easy to see a day in the boat with him. There’s a way, and I can see him as he — apparently — weighs what he is about to say. He can usually get the right amount of sarcasm, snark, and social anxiety all rolled up in a quick quip. I’m **not Capricorn**; and therefore, I don’t do this nearly as well. I’ll have the right quip, but too soon, or the wrong thing to say, at the worst time. I lack measure. In part, he’s been delivering *bons mots* for years, as part of his professional banter. Then, too, he’s practiced and smooth with assessing what is over the line and what’s close to the edge but not too far. I admire that skill. Wish I had it. Make sure you weigh your next comment.

Aquarius

Stop grinding on it. Just stop. There’s a point where endless, ceaseless repetition is no longer amusing, funny, “ironic,” iconic, or even useful. If you’re not careful, my fine little *Aquarius* buddy? If you’re not careful? It looks like you’re grinding on it.

There’s a difference between grinding, and merely offering to repeat a passage, a deal, a deed, several times over, and then, there’s that idea, “Well, he (or she) did wrong me, and now I must get even.” Or see that justice is served, or whatever form of retribution that your **Aquarius** self deems correct. To me? to other, non-**Aquarius** people? Sounds like you’re grinding on it. Look, no one, **and I mean no one**, does revenge as well as *Scorpio*. Take a page from that *Scorpio* revenge guide, yes, justice will be meted out, and like a good *Scorpio*? That justice will be served cold. In the distant future. Which means, in the meantime, like the rest of this week? Next week? Stop grinding on it.

Stop grinding on it.

Pisces

The high road to Amarillo? Along the [high road](#) to Amarillo (Texas), there's numerous spots — I'm thinking of the state highway that runs from Ft. Worth to Amarillo — there's numerous spots that advertise, "Busloads welcome!" While good for business, as far as volume is concerned, there's the problem with quality control, and some of those places, I can see a bus load of tourists, or just a bus load of travelers, causing problems with the plumbing, and running out of the change for the vending machines, not enough ice on the coke machine, any number of negative experiences due to the crushing load of customers, dumped all at once.

Not that I have any experience with being in such a place when a bus load of high school students shows up, no, not me. But I can imagine. This week is like that busload of tourists showing up. You hear the air brakes and the bus settles on its suspension, the front door slides open, and the first of two dozen kids pops out, headed right for you. First, the bathroom. Then one starts mixing cokes with other flavors. A beleaguered chaperone trying to corral kids and being largely ineffective. As **Pisces**, though, there is the sign, out front, advertises that "[Busloads are welcome.](#)"

Me, I'd blame "management," but around here? I am management.

Aries

Discount bin in a store? One of those racks, just when you walk in, says, "[Prices](#) reduced!" I tend to find my best shirts in places like that, on sale, and then with prices slashed even further.

In this example, it was a "fishing" store — to me. Sporting goods. All manner of sports and sports-like hardware, great aisles filled with gear, and clothing. Late in the season, back-to-school was already on sale, I found a floral-print "fishing" shirt. The sporting cut was born out of coastal fishing shorts, but the design has long been co-opted by other sports and subsequent uses.

Still, this was — basically — a Hawaiian print fishing shirt. Better? It was on sale. Best? It was discounted from its discount price. To suggest I'm cheap? Yeah, that's not new information. To suggest that — like me — your **Aries** self would appreciate a bargain? Again, not really new data. But, to suggest that you watch, as this is a very **Aries** kind of observation, like, right when you walk in? There it is. Be aware. Sometimes, the great deals, what your **Aries** self so desires, sometimes, that winds up being *right in front of you*. Like that shirt, on the sales rack, just as you walked in the door.

Taurus

Some years ago, I discovered that prolonged exposure to [astrology charts](#), reading data on a screen or a phone, or these days, tablets? I discovered that my eyes "got tired" late in the day. By evening time, I would have trouble focusing on the print in a book from prolonged exposure to charts and [fineprint](#).

I graduated to simple "readers" and from that to - eventually — prescription reading glasses. I just need assistance when it's late, or early, or I'm tired, or the small print is set in a tiny font size. As I understand it, this merely a function of age, and it happens, as we grow older, the lens in our eyes lose some of their flexible nature.

Don't know if that's true or not, I probably read it late at night — might've just been on a website. We know how [accurate](#) those are.

The idea is that **Taurus** needs an "assist," however that might show up. In my simple example, it was that first pair of readers, and I would only use them late at night in a trailer park in old South Austin. Over the ensuing years, that's changed, as I've aged. Not really matured — some would suggest I haven't even seasoned well, but that's not the question. I gave up and gave in on the glasses. These days, I think of them as a possible fashion accessory in addition to improving my eyesight. Whatever approach works? Accept and acquiesce to the improvement, as it will help you see things more clearly.

Gemini

The halo I used to wear? Fell off. The angelic wings I soared upon? Those were charred off, too. Looks like the horns are starting show? The way I originally heard it? “Looks like it’s going to be one of *those* days.” Not every day this week will be like that for **Gemini**, no, just the days whose names end in “Y.”

Seriously. There’s a good chance that the “bad” **Gemini** gets a chance to show itself. Himself. Herself. One of those, maybe multiples? Yes, might be more than one. Reminds me of another line, though, as I was working through your chart, “Good friends will bail you out of jail; really good friends will be there with you, “That was fun!”” Would you do it again? Knowing how this might wind up? Me? I’m certainly [the wrong one to ask](#). Halo is gone; horns are starting to show.

Cancer

Comes a time when we run smack-dab into our unrealized [expectations](#). Comes a time when what we want, what we think we want, our hopes, desires, and some dreams? Comes a time when we are confronted with failures, losses, and hopelessness.

The esoteric question, then, is what part of that, what we see, is a reflection of ourselves? What part is something in ourselves that we see, and is reflected in the outer world view? So running into what some would perceive to be a failure? This week has that, for the *Moon Children*, and as such?

Is it really a failure? Is this a complete and total break-down, or this merely a chance to re-align goals, directions, and maybe adjust the dreams, or adjust the dream-time channel. One of the phrases that drives me forward amid mistakes, gaffs, blunders, and assorted sordid errors? “I did the very best I could with the available information.” When confronted with some aspect of this dream world, the **Cancer’s** internal life? When confronted with a possible shortcoming, or failing, or *apparent failure*, the secret is the understand that simple statement. “I did the very best I could with the available data, at the time.”

The Leo

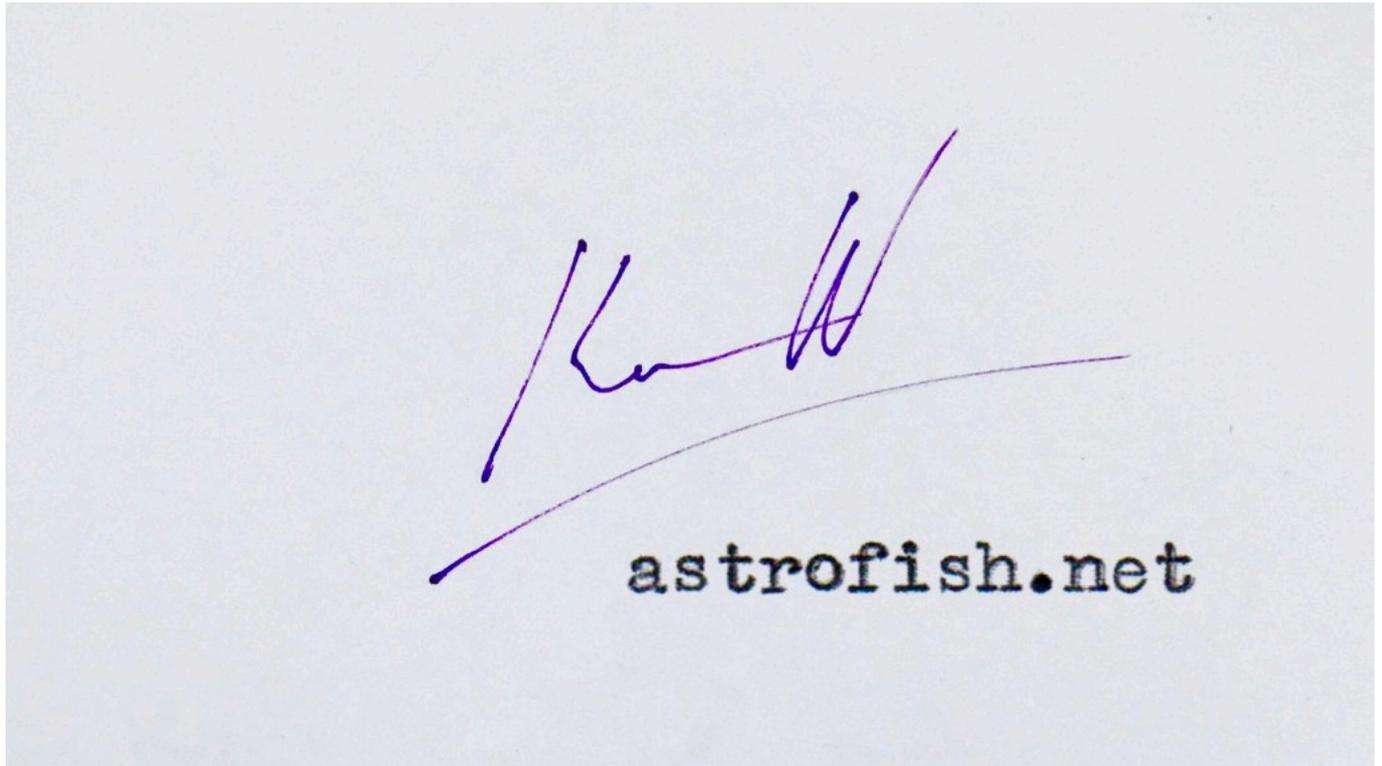
This kind of cosmic shift brings both happiness and sadness to **The Leo**. The sadness stems from the way the Sun shifts into another sign and that naturally draws the Sun’s light towards another sign, in this case, persnickety *Virgo*. I guess that expression is a little redundant. However, just as **The Leo** shines under the light of the birthday sun, other signs fair less well.

The small problem, like I alluded to before, is that attention is merely drawn elsewhere. The happiness is brought about because there is a certain lessening of astrological pressure on **The Leo**. This results in a quieter, more internal kind of mellow happiness. Not the ebullient, over-joyed, screaming “I’m so happy!” No, this is a more like a quiet assurance that you’re in control, as much as you can be, and that you’re on top of matters, as much as you can be, and that “things” are going to work out, just like they are supposed — as much as you can let it. Let the pieces fall where they will: as much as *The Mighty Leo* wants to be in charge? This week? Let someone else call the shots. Be amused. Be amused at their [decisions](#).

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.



Horoscopes for 8.29.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, August 28, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/08/horoscopes-for-8-29-2019/>

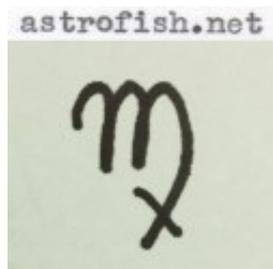
“Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven.”

— Helena in Shakespeare’s
All’s Well That Ends Well Act 1, Scene 1

[Happy Birthday!](#)

Horoscopes for

Virgo



Inspiration, especially **Virgo** inspiration comes in strange places. Paraphrasing from an outdoor supplier, there were three bullet points. 1. Always look cool. 2. Don’t get lost. 3. If you do get lost, look cool. I realize that, in this birthday season, I shouldn’t be so liberal with my “borrowing,” but to paraphrase those bullet points again? In light of the planets, and what they are doing, at this very moment? Think of this as three *Virgo dictums* to live by, this next week, and happy **Virgo** birthday. Now, those three simple guidelines?

1. Always look **Virgo** cool.
2. Don’t get lost.
3. If you do get lost, at least look **Virgo** cool.

Have a good birthday [week](#).

Libra

One of the goals, evident in my *corpus* of work, for sure? But a common goal throughout the various [mediums](#)? Make a digital image appear analog. Think about a font, a typeface that looks like handwriting. That’s a perfect example. Some kind of effort to make an image, typically a networked computer display, makes that look like it was hand-drawn, or sketched, or the lettering looks like it is done individually. Over the years, I’ve toyed with various ways to draw and display the image for the each’s zodiac sign’s symbol. For several years, I used scans of hand-drawn symbols, as a good example of trying to make digital look analog. As the week rolls into the weekend, then next week starts?

We’re looking for analog-like display of **Libra** data. Hand-written. Hand-drawn. Rough sketch. Notes, in my case? Notes I jotted down on the back of a napkin, or the blank back of a business card, and once upon a time? I used to carry a few 3 X 5 cards just for ideas. Still do carry a moleskin-like book, but I rarely use it. I have one handy, though, just in case. A favorite use

was a quick note sketched in a book like that, then I would screen-grab the image itself, and use that online. Best of both worlds? Maybe. Maybe the worst of both worlds, but once the idea, be that image or text, is digital? Much easier to manipulate. It can start out as an *analog Libra* idea, but translate it to digital. That's the goal.

Scorpio

There are times when “current [scholarship](#)” is best served in a medium just like the World Wide Web. I've got one copy of a “Complete Works of Shakespeare” that only has 36 plays in it. At this point, with addendum, conjecture, computer analysis, and no small amount of political infighting, the acknowledged canon is closer to 40. There are problem plays, plays with dubious sources, possibilities, collaborations, and sometimes even outright [fabrications](#). Shakespeare replica, or outright forgeries are almost as common as the real thing. Still, there's a sense that some of the most current thinking on a particular topic — I'm using my fan-boy attitude towards Shakespeare's works as an [example](#) — the most up-to-date data is available online. In some cases, that's the only place the information seems available. There are academic tomes, journals, peer-reviewed articles, slick glossy publications with fine artwork and minimal content, and then there are *wiki* web sites, all stuffed full of good information with possible conjecture, personal spin, and even some outright lies still being published. Still, applying the mereest tiny amount of critical thinking to some online journals can yield excellent [Scorpio results](#). It's about carefully reading the material then forming your own conclusion. Extra caution should be used when dealing with absolutes, and some purported academic material? Just because there are footnotes? Doesn't mean it's accurate or really well-researched. Use that innate **Scorpio** sense of wonder clouded with doubt to do a little fact checking on your own.

Sagittarius

I might've mentioned this before, but he popped back up, so I thought I would trot out the analogy again. Old friend way, long, back in the past-past, knew me when I was a mere wisp of lad. Nice enough guy, but his name was “Larry.” Now his name is “Laurin.” No, this isn't a gender shift, just, the name on his birth certificate was “Lauren,” or Laurin, I'm not totally sure, and in the early years, when we were fast friends, he went by the name “Larry.”

[That was then this is now.](#)

There was an interval of time when I was elsewhere, mostly [fishing](#) off the shore in South Austin, and then, to cycle up after all these years? Pretty bizarre. The name change threw me, at first. However, after a while, and enough of those brain cells killed off from various activities, it was easy enough to address him by the new name. Although, in my mind, there's still that element makes me think of his first name. We were younger, better looking, thinner, hotter, more stylishly attired, and cooler. That was then and this is now. It's a simple shift, maybe something just like a name change. Could be something simple. After a bit of time, I forgot about his first name and the “new” name sticks. Weird. What's that mean for our Sagittarius selves? Allow for a natural change that occurs over an interval of time.

Capricorn

How does the expression go?

That what doesn't kill you only makes you stronger?

No, not what I was thought thinking.

That [what doesn't kill you just gives you some decidedly unhealthy coping mechanisms](#).

“I'll drink to that!”

This week's **Capricorn** observation? Watch those unhealthy coping mechanism.

“I'll drink to that!”

Aquarius

Has it come to this? Recently, I purchased package of charging cables, for phones and tablets. Kind of a universal item, right? All look about the same? Sure. They don't all act the same. In there package, I think there were three, one was extra long, and it was the first one I pulled out. I used it for a little while, but the tablet wasn't charging up when it was plugged in. I changed the charger, didn't make a difference. I changed the plug outlet, again, didn't make a difference. It was charging, but rather slowly.

Eventually, through trial and error, and a few dead tablets, and one dead phone? I figured out it was that one cable. The one items that was new. Still, it had to go. Unceremoniously, I placed that offending — non-full-charging — cable in the trash. Not recycled, just landfill. Maybe it was too long, maybe it was broken, and maybe, given where I'd purchased it, I could get my money back. But the rest of the cables worked just fine, and I didn't care. What it has come to, though? I'm at a point when it just easier to throw it away, rather than try and make the damn thing work. Or to isolate the problem. Just easier to call it "over."

Pisces

"Remember? I had on gray hair, it was a wig, and Kramer, you almost hit on me until you realized who I was." To be fair, gray hair — worn with pride — can be incredibly fetching. Appealing. Attractive, it's about how one wears it. But the person reminding me of my almost egregious behavior? She's the *daughter* of a professional friend. While, it's true, she did grow up around me, I wouldn't, I couldn't, that's just **so** wrong on so many different levels.

I, quite frankly, don't recall "almost hitting on her," but then, I've forgotten more than I will ever know. Anyone who's been around me, though, can easily see that happening, me "almost hitting on her" until, of course, I realized it was my friend's daughter. Just wrong, on so many levels. I also doubt the veracity of the tale, as told by that child, but the story holds up, and I could easily see how the gray wig would do that to me, until, of course, I realized who the cherubic face belonged to. I'm willing to display my foibles and eccentric behaviors, stories that might be half-true, for **Pisces** to see so you don't make the same mistake that I am alleged to have made. I doubt it's really true, but it sounded nice. "Almost hit on me," is the clue. Just admiring a person, that's all. As a missive and message for **Pisces**? Don't let appearances fool you, on any level.

Aries

Proximity. All about what's closest to my little *Aries* friend when it happens. What's easiest? or, what's closest? "If you're a hammer, then the world looks like a nail." Or, the way I heard this most recently, "If you're a lawnmower, then every problem looks like a yard." I would suppose there's the addendum, "If you're a lawn mower then every problem looks like a yard that needs to be mowed." While the most efficient tool might not be within close proximity to my little *Aries* person, not at this moment, the tool, device, whatever it is that is required to get the task accomplished? What's is in the closet proximity? I can answer [e-mail](#) on a phone, but I prefer a device with a keyboard of some sort. Still, look down, look around, what's the closest — what's within the easy grasp of the *Aries* hands? What's the best tool to use? Whatever you can grab, at the moment. There is an **Aries** task, a goal, a job, part of a project that needs to occur in the next few days. Easiest way to make that happen? Sure, a specialty tool is better, but what is in close proximity? Can you make that work?

Taurus

I'm not really much good at telling birds apart from each other. I was marginally interested in specific [ornithology](#) and taxonomy some years ago, but that was based on certain species of raptors in South Texas. So I'm not much good at this. As totem animal? The Owl has appeared for me several times. I'm not even sure of the meaning. Not long ago, I found — looks like — a hawk's tail feather, almost laid at my feet. Again, I'm not totally on board with meaning and significance. Maybe somebody can enlighten me. Finally, though, and this goes back in my personal history to a trailer park in South Austin, before doing their was cool, and hawks. Mostly, I'm guessing here, Red-Tail Hawks, a fairly common predator in my area. Sometimes solo, but most frequently, I'll see them as pairs, lazily circling on the summer's updrafts.

The vultures and the hawks can look quite similar, but there are telltale differences, and that's about as much as I've learned

about bird watching in my homeland. However, as I stated at the beginning, I'm not much for specifics, other than "hawk" or "vulture." I can't really be relied upon to tell what kind of hawk it is. Coming home the other day, though, I watched a pair of hawks, probably a mated pair, slowly circling and riding an updraft upwards, with, it seemed, the tips of their wings almost touching. Watching the pair, they eventually drifted out of my line of sight, but watching them glide cohesively together like that? **Taurus** could benefit from that kind of teamwork. In time when everyone else is talking about "Going it alone," **Taurus** does best as a part of a pair. Like those hawks, looked like 6-foot wingspan, tips nearly touch as they circled, riding the drafts upwards, together.

Gemini

Ever try to do something nice and have it totally backfire? Just go wrong from inception to delivery to post-op wrap-up? Every step along the way, seems like someone was trying to prevent this from happening?

"The road to hell is **paved**
with good intentions."

Heard it that way, too. Still, this was a case where I was trying to be kind, trying to give back to the community, and making a sincere effort to help. Thwarted at every turn. Offer something for free, and it brings out the best — or in my case — worst of humanity.

Maybe it's [me](#), really, or maybe my motives weren't entirely pure, but looking back? Yes, I'm pretty sure I was serious — in a good way — about that I was doing. Just had it backfire, and rather badly. Next time? It won't be free. Next time? I'll put a price on it. Next time? Here's a hot tip for *Gemini*, from a *Sagittarius* fan of all things *Gemini*. There is no "next time." Didn't work? Don't try it again. Didn't go well? Don't do it again. Didn't end well? Doesn't sit well with your *Gemini* psyche? Then let's take a lesson from that altruistic, ultra-pure *Gemini* act of kindness. Don't. It's really simple.

Cancer

Professionals are predictable; amateurs are dangerous. Simple observation, came from a former military man I know. So he is a military man, still; he's just retired. Talking over the fence one afternoon, I think he was watering a flower bed with a garden hose, it was "How's business," and my rejoinder, "how's retired life," and it goes from there.

Armchair, amateur, or "Monday Morning Quarterbacks" tend to muddle the information, some correct, some [incorrect](#), some just outright dangerous lies. Then, too, in looking back, we can all see much more clearly. Still, my buddy was right, "Professionals are predictable; amateurs are dangerous."

In his setting, it was amateurs with a cause? Much more frightening than a cold, steely-eyed professional who just has a single job to do. The Cancer (Moon Children) all have a goal. Is this goal accomplished with the steely resolve and dedication to craft like a [professional](#)? Or is this courageous, maybe foolhardy, but valiant attempt by an amateur? Personally, I've long since learned to hire the right person for the job. Just much easier.

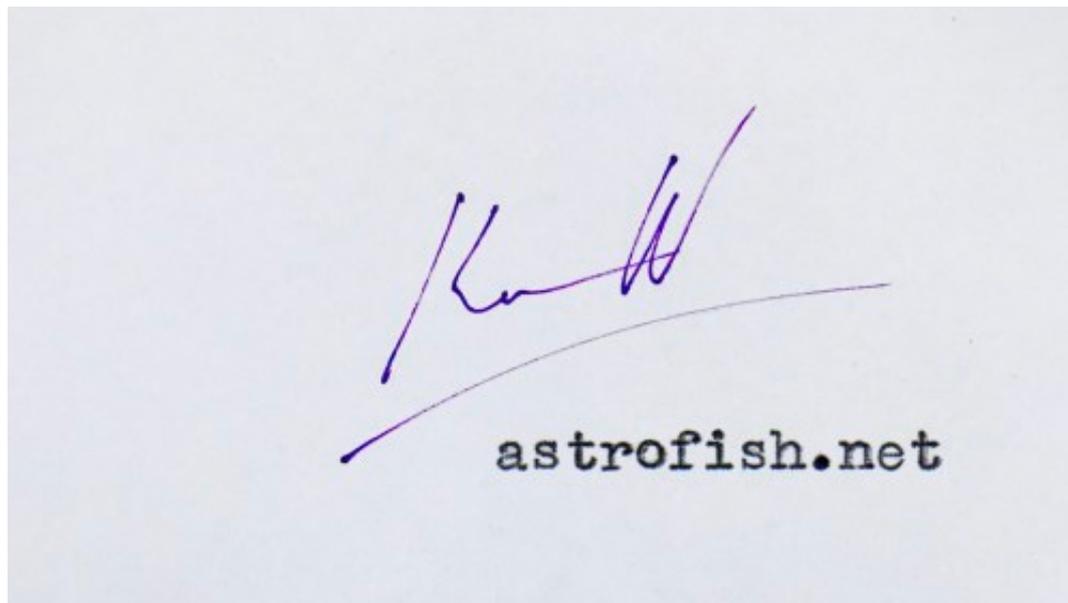
The Leo

For many years, I've enjoyed two variations upon a theme. One is a beverage called "Thai Ice Tea," and the other is "Mexican" *chorizo*. One is an orange-tinted beverage and the other is really nasty, but quite delicious sausage (or sausage-like substance). When I finally researched the restaurant recipe for "Thai Ice Tea," what I wound up with was green tea infused with a large dose of yellow food dye. Or red food dye, or some coloring agent. Two scoops of dry tea, four teaspoons of sugar, and then condensed milk. No wonder it was good; sounds just like local variations of [sweet tea](#).

The mix itself included what might be an unhealthy dose of food coloring. What I noticed, though, working and sipping my

way through that package of tea? Same color, and same texture of color, as the local cheap version of *chorizo*. Not having any on hand, but it is a main ingredient in my version of [chili](#), I didn't fact-check right away. Looking at the ingredients on cheap store-bought *chorizo* is frightening, at best. Various animal parts, looks like they swept the floor of a slaughter house, and ground it up as *chorizo*. I'm pretty sure, though, that it's the same kind of food coloring as used in the *Thai Tea*. In uncertain times like this, in a time when everyone else is pedaling differences? Look for the similarities. Now I have to get some *chorizo* to make chili.

[astrofish.net/travel](#) for appearances



“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 9.5.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, September 04, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/09/horoscopes-for-9-5-2019/>

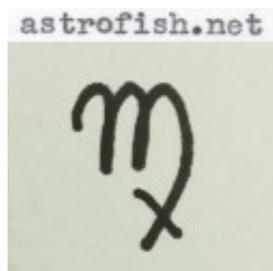
O wonderful, when devils tell the troth!

Lady Anne in [Shakespeare's Richard III](#) (I.ii.73)

[Happy Virgo Birthday!](#)

Horoscopes for 9.5.2019

Virgo



One summer, I changed things up. The super-mega-big-box giant had a sale on flip-flops. Ninety-eight cents. \$0.98. Perfect price, even with state sales tax? Just a little over a [single dollar](#).

A perfect summer sandal, at a price even I can love. When did we become such a throwaway culture? For me, this was an experiment, and after a fashion, marginally successful. However, the cheap footwear, eventually I cycled through three or four pair. There were echoes from childhood as the “straps” would break free from their mooring, and the sandal was more flop than anything else. It was an experiment, for me, and one I’m less likely to repeat. Each pair eventually wound up in the trash, and that was only one summer’s worth of wear. Maybe I’m hard on equipment. Maybe flip-flops aren’t as durable as they used to be. Maybe, what we remember from our past, and the way things are right now? Maybe that’s what’s different. As a birthday notion?

Libra

No amount of physical protection can save your **Libra** self from what seems to be happening. Sounds a bit dire. Still, there comes a time in a person’s life when the only shield, or source of succor, is some foundation in a spiritual belief. To some, this is clearly religion. To others, this some kind of faith-based organization, and to some of us? This is simply a series of spiritual practices derived from years of [seeking](#). Obviously from some of [my locations](#), some folks believe in the healing power of various crystals. *Whatever works*. My own system is drawn from diverse sources.

I’m equally at home in the house of a *fakir*, the realms of *gypsy fortune tellers*, as I am in a *Catholic Cathedral* or, on some Sundays, a lightweight *Protestant* fellowship. Then, too, the various *Shambala/Zen/Buddhist* centers are also a haven for me. I’m conversant with several belief systems. My own system draws from all of these, as to what I believe, *at the moment*. For **Libra**, though, a little more formal acknowledgement and organization seems most helpful. Comes a time, quite possibly this next few days, when that’s the only source of help, some kind of divine intervention. Don’t laugh, I’ve seen it work too many times **not** to believe.

Scorpio

Some days, I can [ramble](#) on and on, trying to find, then deliver, the point. Other days, it's quite clear that I am short of breath, or short of breadth. The succinct *Scorpio* message? "Brevity." Simple as that. Short. To the point. Quick. Enhanced delivery because it is short, and to the point. Be incisive. Decisive. Quick. Quick to judge. Quick to be judged. Quick to change. That last one? "Quick to change?" That's the secret ingredient. Short, succinct, direct, to the point, and when an error is detected? Quick to change. "Quick to change? What **good Scorpio** is ever quick to change?"

It could happen, or "You might want to change that."

Sagittarius

When the lord closes one door? Maybe — I don't know — maybe throw a chain across the handles, leave that door shut? Might not be the healthiest of examples, and surely I'll offend some group, and for that, I'm sorry, but as a *Sagittarius* myself, I need to hear this idea, this concept, "When the Universe shuts one door, maybe nail that sucker shut." When one door closes, perhaps it would be best if we took action to insure that the opening that was no longer an opening? Maybe we — our collective *Sagittarius* selves — should insure that the opening, having been shut, can no longer open again. Kind of a finality to this week's idea, kind of a permanence that pervades the imagery, but there is that idea, that concept, "It happened for a reason," and the additional *Sagittarius* addendum? "Nail that sucker shut."

Capricorn

One of the more interesting pieces of [advice](#) is about being quiet and how that attracts more attention than noise. I can't wrangle up the quote, or the joke, something about when she's quiet, you're in a lot more trouble than when she's yelling at you. When she yells, you know where she is and what her hands are doing. It's when she's quiet? Oh yeah, big trouble.

Now, moving into this next few days, what should **Capricorn** do? Think about *negative space*, like in layout, art, and design? Only, not negative space, but *negative noise* — a special **Capricorn**-only idea. The absence of making a big statement. The absence of loudly announcing an intention. The sound of how mad she is if she's really quiet? That's the way to make yourself heard. **Capricorn**-only *negative noise*.

Aquarius

Living in a military town, like [San Antonio](#), I got used to seeing various military accouterments as typical accessories. When I was looking to replace carry-on luggage, I wound up looking at a lot of packs with strips and webbing, military style. What I wanted? Something with all the tactical function of a military-style bag, but I wanted one that didn't look like an Army-Surplus, or otherwise, "tactical-gear" inspired. Like the function, don't like the look. To be honest, I like the look as it's based on function, but then I don't want to advertise as "Military." For starters, I don't want to disrespect anyone who really wears a uniform, first responder or armed services, I really don't want to disrespect them and me with an Army-looking go-bag? Wrong message, I think. Wrong message from me. So the **Aquarius** message is similar, how can we achieve that [tactical advantage without the look](#)? Want the function, but we want to look like civilians, not soldiers or first-responders. How is that done? It's more an open-ended question rather than an answer. How to move ahead is the answer to the question.

Pisces

Some of my vitamins I buy in bulk. Ascorbic Acid — vitamin C — is a good example, and I tend to look for the least expensive places to buy, usually a warehouse-type "store." Online, too, but this happens, every so often, I fall for the image. It looked like a big bottle of pills, so I bought it online, as it was a cheaper price. Looked like a huge bottle — the [joy of digital image chicanery](#)? When it arrived, it did have the right number of pills, only, I was off by a single zero. I thought I ordered a 1,000 — what arrived was 100. So from a less than a penny a pill to several cents each, yes, I know, I didn't read the details close enough. No one to blame but myself.

My mistake? I ordered based on what I saw, the image, the picture of the bottle of cheap vitamins looked like it was the 1,000 size. Looked that way — **online**. Maybe I didn't look close enough. Maybe I didn't read all the [fine print](#). Maybe I was too hopeful. Anyone of those three can have an effect on **Pisces**, especially in the next couple of days. In part, this is the moon, and

in part, well, just say, “other planet,” but the effect is clear, once the package arrives. I’ve been shopping online, and buying online, well, a lot. A long time. I’m pretty good at understanding what I’m ordering, just, some days, we’re either careless, or the picture looks that good. Careful with purchasing an [illusion](#) rather than a tangible product.

Aries

The challenges with my kind of work is that I have, in the intervening years, interfaced with a huge number of people. Some I recall. Some — apparently — I don’t. My files topped 20K+ charts, last time I looked. I also, some years back had a couple of “Fishing” shirts embroidered with my name and my company’s name, [asrofish.net](#). Sitting in a restaurant the other afternoon, waiting on a client, a waitress walks passed, “Hi Kramer.”

I get a look on my face, because, honestly, I couldn’t remember where. While this was common in [Austin](#), less so in my adopted home of San Antonio. I was trying to figure out from whence I knew that person who said hello, and mentioned my name. Looking down, though, I figured it was just because my name was on my shirt. As an **Aries**, work tends to follow you around, especially now. After the meal, a waitress slides into the seat opposite me and starts asking astrological questions. I swear, I could not place her at all. Turns out, she recognized my name, and was a friend of a friend. Whew. Wasn’t my imagination that I couldn’t place her because I didn’t know her. Turned into a good chance for more work. See how this plays out, **Aries**?

Taurus

Focus. Crap, Sun’s in *Virgo*, attention to detail. But for **Taurus**? Focus. What is the primary focus this week? What should be the primary focus this week? What’s really demands your attention, this week? Tired of repetitive questions? Sick and tired of me playing games with your **Taurus** psyche by me failing to get to the point? See what I was addressing?

Single word: *focus*.

That *Virgo* need for attention to detail can derail your otherwise pointed and clear focus. The trick to success — **Taurus** success — in the following days? Not getting derailed by pointless details, and failing to keep the focus on the single objective. “I need to do this, but first, I think I need to go over there, and then, clean that, and then, before I can get started, I need to run to the store,” which is merely a litany of procrastination, avoidance, and shows a certain lack of focus. What’s the secret? For **Taurus**? I think we covered this, but let’s see if you were paying attention, it’s like a little test, what was that operative word for the next couple of days, despite the Sun being in *Virgo*?

Gemini

Bulletproof. Term gets knocked about a bit. There’s “Bulletproof [coffee](#),” and most rugged looking packs are loosely-termed “bullet-proof,” as some kind of a badge of honor. Or something. What crossed my virtual desk the other afternoon? Packs that had were, at first glance, frightfully expensive, with the moniker, “Bullet-proof,” but a little deeper digging indicated each pack came with a pocket for a “personal armor plate,” which really was rated to withstand small arms fire. I am not wandering into a zone that requires such a level of personal protection, but the use and accessories explained why the cost was so high, as that was some kind of lightweight, forged metal plate that provided protection from bullets and similar projectiles. Weirdest stuff falls into my hands, strange material. The question, **Gemini** questions? And the answers? Especially the answers? Those require a small amount of looking, digging, maybe a little deeper than you’re used to digging.

Cancer

There’s an image, forever seared into my mind, seeing a **Cancer** as *The Crab*. Tough exterior shell, big pincers holding on to whatever — perfect allegory — in my head. With what is going on? The trick to be super cool and appear wise in the next couple of days?

Talk about it. Discuss. Equivocate. Mention, verbally meander, but talk.

In one example, I asked a buddy if he'd talked to anyone — he mentioned some far-flung old friends, and I asked if they talked on the phone or something. My buddy suggested it was just on [social media](#), so, he didn't actually "talk," but he did have communication. "Old people, these days with their computers, and smart phones, am I right?" In my example, while it does sort of come under the qualification of communication, no, what I was looking for was an actual verbal communication, in many different guises, and that's the signal for this week. Direct, verbal communication. Hey, try it.

The Leo

I used to have an almost **superstitious** fear about 9/11, the date. Always sort of scared me, ever since the big event. The moment that everything in my world changed. Yes, changed the face of our world, but having been located in Texas for so long, and [working in, and around](#), military, it carries even larger significance for me. My almost supernatural fear?

As **The Leo**, you understand, right? Some of this is based in reality. Some of this is based on perceptions. Some of this is manufactured by our own subconscious. Some might derive from the *zeitgeist* — times being what they are. Whatever the [source](#)? In this moment, I was thinking about the planets in *Virgo* versus the **The Leo**, and what I came up with was a certain fear. While it spooks me, it doesn't stop me from taking some kind of action. Likewise, for **The Leo**? Rational — or irrational — fears? That shouldn't stop you from taking some kind of action.

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"Nothing runs on automatic." - L.W. "Bud" Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 9.12.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, September 11, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/09/horoscopes-for-9-12-2019/>

“My father nam’d me Autolycus, who being, as I am, litter’d under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider’d trifles.”

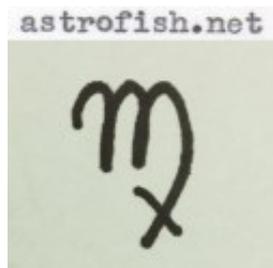
Shakespeare’s [Winter’s Tale](#) IV.iii.22

[Happy Virgo Birthday!](#)

Full Moon September 13, 2019, 11:32 PM at 21 Pisces.

Horoscopes for 9.12.2019

Virgo



Mars adds a level snark to **Virgo** that, to some, has been previously unnoticed. Birthdays, yes, Full Moon in Pisces, yes, other events as need be, but that’s not what this is about; however, what it adds up to? You’ve got an extra dose of caustic wit, ready to unload. Kind of dangerous, too, as that **Virgo** snippy comment can really hurt — cuts a little too close. Yeah, well, you’re right, you were 100% correct, but still, that’s some painful stuff. Don’t need to be mean about. Then, I had a thought. Perfect response, you can have on hand, ready to use as need be, this week?

“If you don’t want a sarcastic answer, then why did you ask such a stupid question?”

Happy birthdays, etc. Might want to tone down the snark. Oh, you can hurl epithets at me, I’m used to that from **Virgo**, but others? Tone it down?

Libra

Coming back from [fishing](#), we’d taken a long run out in the bay, and the ride back? Afternoon wind had kicked up. Bay’s water was churned up and choppy, and ride itself was a pounding. Thin padding on the seats, too rough to stand, and just an overall experience I would like to never repeat. I’m getting too old for this kind of a ride.

Looking at the planets in their placements, and [relative motions](#) made me think about last week’s long, rough ride back to shore. Sit down. Shut up. I was sitting on a cooler that had some fish in it, so I had nothing to complain about. We could’ve cut the trip short when the wind kicked up, but no, the fish were biting. *No room to complain.* May be it wasn’t the most

comfortable ride back, but there is a margin of success, and I'll take it. August was a weird month for fishing, anyway. What my fishing buddy told me? I'm telling your **Libra** self, "Sit down. Shut up. Hold on."

Scorpio

This [full moon](#) is about *Scorpio filters*. "You mean like an air filter for the truck's motor?" No, not the kind of filter I was thinking of, when I suggested the term. "Then, like an AC filter for the vent at home?" Both of these perform the same function as what I was thinking about, and suggesting, for **Scorpio**, but no, however, that does remind me, need to change the AC filter at home.

No, this is about filtering incoming data. There's a strong intuitive hit, happens every fall for **Scorpio**, but that hit doesn't include a filter — not this week. So the week is about filtering the incoming data. While I like to rely on my [intuition](#), I also have a enough research material on hand so I can quickly, and easily, locate a source for whatever it is I'm talking about.

I can [make stuff up](#), but — especially with **Scorpio** — I prefer to use fact-checked, fact-based data to drive the decision process. The intuitive "hit" for **Scorpio** comes from that Full Moon in Pisces. That provides the intuition. Great! Now, before taking action, or assuming that it will work out like your intuition tells you it will? Before doing anything like that? Pause, stop, think this through. While I understand, and believe, "A [little voice](#) in my head told me so" is a valid source of data? Yeah, the rest of the world needs some more supporting evidence, and as a **Scorpio**? This week requires more supporting evidence than just "My institution suggests..." At least, that's what my intuition is telling me to say to you. About this week's **Scorpio** stuff.

Sagittarius

One stoic-like person [described](#) luck as "Preparation and acquired skills meet an obstacle." I was trying to invent a suitable quote rather than relying on past masters. But it's about good [luck](#) that is merely hard work, skill, preparation, training, sound choices, in other words, hardcore dedication to a task, and then, reaping those rewards when the situation finally presents itself; being prepared and then utilizing all these skills when called upon to act.

Standing at an expensive, rather deluxe "all you can eat buffet" with my Sister, in CA, the buffet included sushi, I smiled broadly. Years of crap-fest road food, and 'all you can eat' buffet places in the oil patch of Texas? Training. Preparation. I'm ready for this one. I had to make sure I doubled up on the money, make sure that I could eat my money's worth at the fancy place. It was expensive, and yet, I think I managed to make it so they lost money on me. Training, preparation, acquired skills, all of that, meets an opportunity.

They call it luck.

I call it being prepared. Skill, hard work, dedicated training, and correct tools meets adversity. And they call it luck? We're *Sagittarius*, we are *unnaturally lucky*, but some of this? Like right now? Have to practice and be prepared or we can't make this look easy.

Capricorn

Last of the summer fun, and that means? Bare feet on the dash. It's an image, kind of recent, for me, but one I learned that is almost archetypical in nature, at least [in my world](#). Typically, it's a female, front passenger seat, with bare feet up on the dash of the vehicle. Usually a guy driving, and most often? I'll see this headed towards the Texas Gulf Coast, beaches! Hurricanes, too, but beaches, beers, babes, sun, and sand.

So, for me, the seen this in [Austin](#), too, headed to the lake, but most frequently, I see this image, usually a truck, or truck-like vehicle, and usually the legs are attached to a female with long hair. All I can make out as their rides zip past me. The dying embers of the summer, the full moon and its energies push for a last image, and all I can think is that the fall fishing ought to be good. For me, I hope to see this image, soon, again and again. Bare feet on the dash, means we're still going coastal, **Capricorn**, and means we're not giving up on the summer's fun. Here's to bare feet on your dash.

Aquarius

Some years back, I was asked about computer gear, and my answer was along the lines of I automatically assess who is using what kind of laptop, when I enter a coffee shop. Just habit borne of years road warrior-ing from [place to place](#). Kind of a way to [assess](#) where people are at.

At first, Apple products were rare, then they became more commonplace, and finally, the default tool for most folks, thanks to the ubiquity of the stupid smart phones. Anymore, the other laptops are rare, and I wonder if I would improve my geek credit rating by opting for a weird, off-brand laptop.

Then again, I can do most of what I do on a phone these days, so why bother? At one point, we're so engrained with our tools, does it matter that much? Another way I heard it? "If you're a hammer, then the whole world's problems look like nails." This is a week when we are best served, here in *Aquarius land*, we're best served if we just use what tools are at hand. Radical change is good, yes, but this might not be the time for that.

Pisces

I have this one friend, worked alongside me for a while, and to me, she's extremely attractive. It isn't her looks, *per se*, more that inner glow, a light from within that shines brightly. Totally a judgment call, and probably not politically correct, but this illustrates a specific point with this week's **Pisces** energies. It's that "Light from within" that is most important. Not the packaging, or the outside material, not the covering, but in that person's eyes, there's that bright sparkle, a twinkle, a light that outshines her physical presence.

It's not the covering, the outside wrapper. Not the biological bag, the flesh associated with this person, and to make this better, less judgmental? I have at least two male friends, exact same experience, that allure, the look, the sparkle, and it has nothing to do with the packaging. Inner glow, inner beauty that radiates outward and blinds the rest of us? That's what works. No amount of war paint, window dressing, make up, or fancy clothes can compete with that bright, internal light. It's that internal light that needs to shine

Aries

For the last few weeks of this summer, I was getting up early and walking up to a coffee place, getting a cup of coffee, and walking home. Not quite three miles round trip, and in the pre-dawn light, always an interesting trip, a contemplative, meditative time. What I couldn't understand, there are two main people making coffee, a (usually) blonde woman, and a bearded guy. Both are Sagittarius. My **Sagittarius** brothers (and sisters), and both know me well enough. The difference is, even though my morning order has been the same, three shots of espresso and about 8 ounces of hot water? Even though it is identical, and that place uses a machine to pull the espresso itself, so there is no discernible difference?

Got that? No reason that there should be any difference whatsoever, other than the person making the coffee? Got that, no different recipe — *at all*. Even though there is no change, the flavor from the **Sagittarius female** tends to taste sweeter. As dawn leaks into the sky, and as the bats start heading towards cover, catching one, last meal, I could detect the faintest difference, the male-made coffee tastes a tad more bitter.

Not a complaint, no, not a problem, just, the coffee she pours, for some reason, after it cools off and I'm home? Hers tastes sweeter. Exact same machine. Exact same blend of coffee. Exact same temp and time. Hers tastes sweeter. Can't explain, just observing. As a **Taurus**, taste is subjective, and quite important. Notice the subtle shift? With all this *Virgo* stuff? Just get the person who pours the sweetest — I still can't figure it out. He's a December Sag, and she's a November Sag. Just get the stuff that tastes best, whichever one works for you.

Taurus

One of the frequent memes I encounter is about picking a single book, or text, that changed my life. Over the years, as I played along, there have been any number of books that substantially "[Changed my life](#)." But trying to pick one [book](#)? This week's

choice would be the [Complete Works of Shakespeare](#).

No, wait, I would pick (insert this week's title). The challenge is that this is a fickle and ever-changing situation, fluid and dynamic, as age, reading level, and world (life) experiences add shading to whatever it is that I'm reading. Or [listening](#) to, as well.

As an exercise, pick a classic for yourself, a **Taurus** classic, the one text that changed your life. Or show, song, can be any kind of a work of art, but I prefer to think, in looking at the *Virgo* flavor this week, in terms of a novel. A single piece of work that changed the **Life of Taurus forever**. It's about visiting those roots, the bedrock, the foundation elements that make us who we are, a piece of art, something like a book, that influences who we are. Pick one book *that changed your life forever*.

Gemini

One of my friends is a good, amateur plumber. In other words, for home fixes that need someone above my ability, but not really professional help? He's good. Last fix? "Need a three-quarter female no kink." How can I not make a joke about something like that? "No, man, a three-quarter inch female that's straight." Again, no joking? He rolled his eyes. I stopped off at a plumbing supply place, and I looked down at my phone, "I need a three-quarter female, no kink." Kid behind the counter scurried off and came back with a brass fitting.

So, it really is a thing. There were several others, over the next few weeks, as I was trying to "winterize" the outside of the house. Some of this is simple stuff, simple fixes. Other material, though, is the language used. The plumber's language was fascinating, in its own right, but the names — begs the question — how are we **not** supposed to make a joke? With so much riding on **Gemini**, the biggest problem? Being serious when the situation is serious, but, ah, c'mon, how am I **not** supposed to joke about a three-quarter female no-kink?

Cancer

I have one loyal reader who claims to be unsure, over the years, of where my ideas start and that person's ideas end. Which one is which? It can be confusing, as I'm unsure of where some of my ideas come from. More than one person has suggested a pipeline to the almighty but even I don't believe that too often. Can't let it go to my head. In a rational moment, I'll explain that I've studied people, pop psychology, and the stars for my whole life, and I'm just applying observations and inferences to explain, justify, and otherwise elucidate behaviors.

But no, the heavens don't open up and beam transmissions from some deity into my head. No, just doesn't work that way. Maybe it does work that way, but I try to be a mere vessel, I'm the messenger, not the message. Follow my oath on this one, just for the next few days? It's that *Virgo* thing, you know. You might not know from whence the ideas originate, but taking credit for them? Think about me [pleading](#), "I'm just the messenger, a vessel to carry the missive, I am not the message."

The Leo

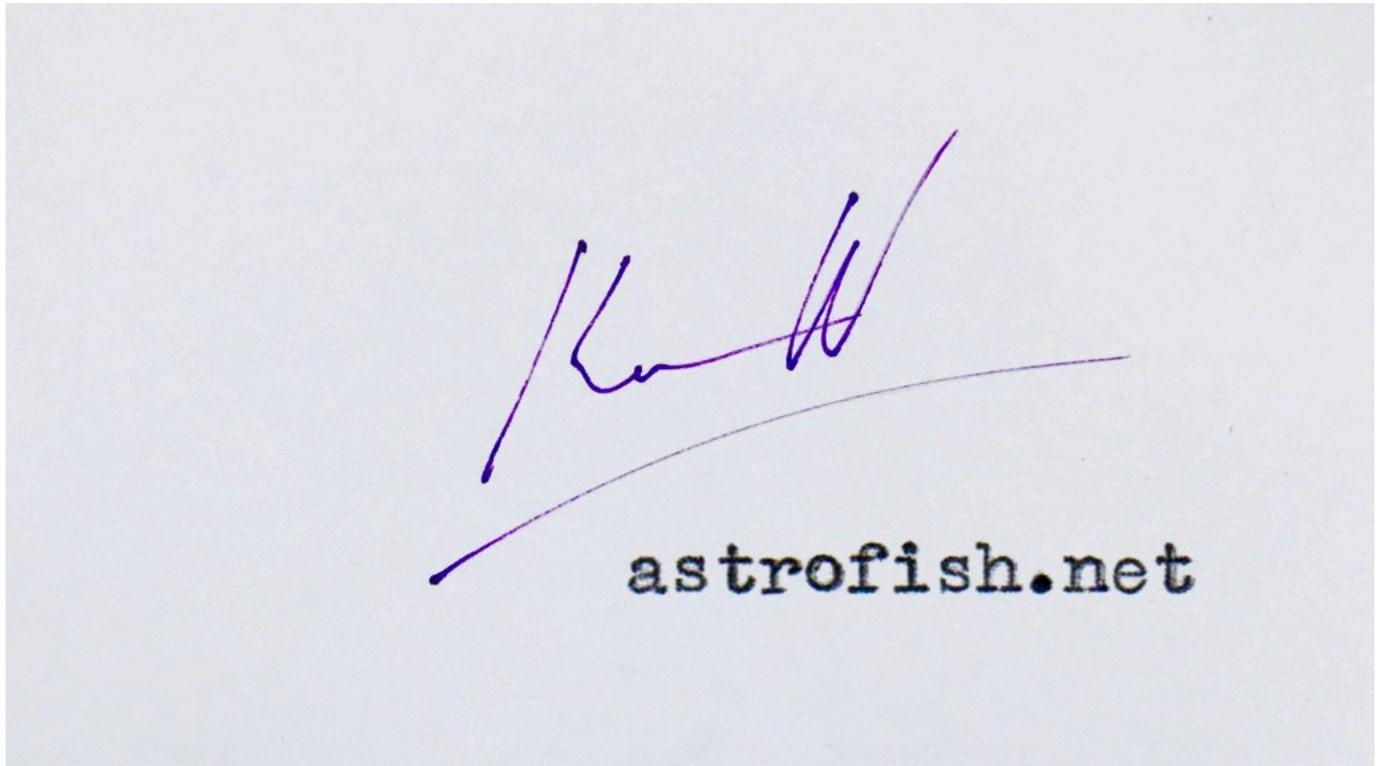
Buddy of mine was living with a certain Leo woman. Great couple, he adores her, and she responds like only a good Leo can. Just, I never did quite get all the dynamics of the relationship. Kids these days, huh. One day, she was admiring a ring, that she bought, for herself. **The Leo** bought herself — to my untrained eye, it looked like an engagement ring, and to my understanding, she was wearing it on the left ring finger. However, as she carefully pointed out, she bought the ring for herself. A statement, and the symbolism is lost on me. My buddy, he just shook his head, and he didn't say a thing. Not one word.

I won't pretend to understand the intimate dynamics of that relationship; they are still together; and they are as happy as can be, so it seems, and I trust what my buddy says.

But the ring incident was curious to me, and I asked **The Leo** what the symbolism was, and she had some kind of wholistic prattle about being good to one's self. There are more things I don't understand than I do understand. The ring was a symbolic gesture, and I don't understand the rest of it. Worked, for whatever reason. And that means, this next couple of days, a symbolic gift to your fine, **Leo self** might just be in order. I don't understand, not completely, but then, I'm not **The Leo**, so,

yeah, I'm not privy to the exact dynamics.

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 9.19.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, September 18, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/09/horoscopes-for-9-19-2019/>

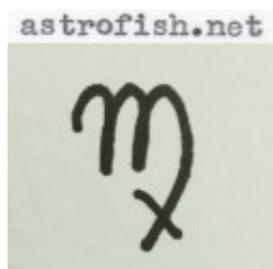
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?

King in [Shakespeare's](#)
Henry 6.2 (3.1.207-8)

The sun enters the tropical zodiac sign of Libra September 23, 2019, around 2:50 AM — CDT. Your [mileage may vary](#).

Horoscopes for 9.19.2019

Virgo



The time has come and gone, when the [Hatch Green Chilis](#) were here. My roots with those magical peppers goes deep, back to the bad, old days, when Austin was a tawdry little backwater, and the mantra, “Keep Austin Weird” was a valid excuse. I was trying to figure out what the magic was, what the appeal was, what the appeal continues to be, as — seriously — these are just peppers, like a poblano or bell pepper, not quite as hot as a jalapeño — what’s the appeal of the Hatch Green Chilis?

Scooping the last of a cheese dip that was adorned with shredded Hatch Green Chilis, I was finally figured it out, I think, the beneficial properties of peppers are not disputed, science fact. So the Hatch Chilis have that healing, potentially mystical and metaphysical properties, and that’s the hook. Part of it, anyway. They taste identical to regular green peppers from other locations, so the magic, I’m not sure, it’s a thing, though, for sure. Hot, but not too hot, loaded with nurturing minerals and natural *capsicum*, but not too hot. Just enough without being overbearing. All the healing and flavor without the heat. Maybe that’s it. As the last of the **Virgo** birthdays sail past us? All flavor, but maybe, don’t turn the heat up too much.

Libra



An ad for a reasonably-priced, waterproof Bluetooth speaker cycled up. I thought about it — for the shower. I’ve read about

this, online, where people have put a bluetooth enabled speaker, or speaker-phone in the shower. Music, podcasts, news, all of that, in the shower. Phone calls, too. Doubt I would even entertain the notion of a video call, but it could happen, for some. Is this a good idea, adding a speaker to the last bastion of privacy? I live a hyper-actuated, internet-web connected life as it is. Am I really interested in a speaker-phone, internet-activated, Bluetooth, 5G, in my shower?

The question goes far beyond the product described and the idea of being productive like that. It's kind of an invasion of the last place I can run away from being too connected. On call, almost every day, constantly available? All of that. The shower is my one respite, a place of refuge. I like the idea of super-productivity, and I do some wonderful thinking in the shower. But no, not getting a speaker phone for my shower. You're looking at something, **Libra**, like a speaker phone for the shower. "I could record all my greatest ideas, before they swirl down the drain." I used a grease pencil like that for a while. Most of those ideas, maybe all of them? The ones that didn't stick? Good thing they did swirl down the drain. Instead of one more invasion of your privacy? Think about having a little time to yourself.

Scorpio



I've been accused of many things, and one was using simple keyword associations with each sign rather than delving deeply. However, I'm reminded of a simple [Tarot](#) Card that is frequently associated with **Scorpio**: the Death Card. Or "Death," a skeletal figure, dark cloak, grinning skull, and maybe a long scythe, you know, the Grim Reaper.

Time and again, though, I get tired of explaining that the [death](#) of an old ideal is merely the beginning of something new. Change. Transformation. Old growth swept aside to make way for the new. Transformation.

However, as a **good Scorpio**? Not too onboard with the whole "change" thing. To suggest that a **good Scorpio** is resistant to change? Yeah, never mind. We know how that argument goes. I spent an hour — his nickel, — arguing about being stubborn. Proved my point. So "I'm not stubborn and I'm not resistant to change — at all!" Sure. This week? Prove it. Transformations are there, make them of your own, **good Scorpio**, making. "Yeah, I wanted to do that."

Sagittarius



Arrogance is a fatal flaw. [Luck's](#) a gamble, but hard work tends to yield better results. As a lucky **Sagittarius** myself, I can testify about hard work, perseverance, and luck.

"Luck" is a function of being prepared. "Luck" is a function of my training, my dedication, my "muscle memory" of how to handle a situation. There are a couple of fishing knots I can tie in my sleep. Practice, repetition, more practice, practical application, and more practice. There's a secondary gesture I tend to make before I pull the fishing line tight with the new knot — I spit on it. With certain light line, every tiny motion matters, and pulling the knot tight, the friction can weaken the plastic line. Just a slight amount of moisture lubricates it, and I tend to just spit on it. Not a lot, just enough to moisten the knot so it doesn't overheat, and this is now muscle memory from doing it so often.

I was out with a buddy, and his gear was rigged with different line. I still moistened the knot before I pulled it tight. There's a picture on the website [someplace](#) of me with a big fish. Good thing I moistened the one like that. Arrogance, "This line is strong enough," versus my muscle memory. Don't be arrogant; those are some crafty fish.

Capricorn



Spend enough time [traveling](#) back and forth, and listening to people, as much as I have, and after a while? I get to the point where I think I've seen it all. Felt it all, too. Feel like I've been there and done that, and back again.

This isn't a challenge, but yes, there's not much new that I haven't seen — in some capacity. As a **Capricorn**, this is a "tired season." Full of the rush of the new school season, the hint that there might be fall weather soon, and in some places, I've been told, it is the full on end of summer, with leaves hinting that winter is coming. Sure, all works. Tiresome, though, at times, am I right? That's really caused by the motion of the planets that move into *Libra*, rather than any other source of fatigue. The **Capricorn** fatigue and ensuing "funk" will pass soon enough. The passage of the Moon, just triggers this a little. A little more, maybe? The proper steps, with the onset of an apparent fatigue? Just keep plodding forward, as only a good **Capricorn** can, in times like this.

Aquarius



Tag line that works? "I prefer not to." Simple, declarative statement, and simple enough, any **non-Aquarius** imbecile can understand it, right? The requests keep coming, and the easiest answer? "I prefer not to." It's simple, not an outright refusal, but not a ringing endorsement, either. I didn't suggest that your **Aquarius** self wasn't going to fulfill the request, no, that's not it. But when the questions comes like, "Can you do this for me?" The appropriate **Aquarius** answer? "I prefer not to." Didn't out and out refuse, just let it be known that this action, the request, the behest, the whatever, it falls outside the preferred **Aquarius** list of doable, actionable activities. "But just this once, can you do this for me?" You know the drill, and you now know the correct answer, "I prefer not to." Might want to practice this one in front of the bathroom mirror a time or two, and determine, is it delivered with *Aquarius arrogance* or **Aquarius** humility? Instead of just asking, "No?" Try my line, as need be. Can you do that for me? "I prefer not to." It's working already.

Pisces



Picked this one up a while back, but I liked it. Neptune is like cosmic nail polish remover. Ever been around that stuff? Old girlfriend was addicted to “Having her nails done.” I’m not that smart, but smart enough to know that I don’t get it, but she liked sitting there while dangerous chemicals were applied to her nails? Sure, whatever. \$20 gift card went a long way. However, looking through her little tool kit for nail repair, like a traveling set lotions and potions, I noticed that the “nail polish remover” was a seriously strong solvent, probably gets you high, too, and if that’s the case, probably very bad to inhale. Maybe that’s why she liked me so much?

Don’t ask questions.

Neptune is like that solvent: dissolves most near anything artificial that it comes in contact with; like nail paint, but then, clothes, any lacquered surface, automobile finishes, just about any place that is plastic, or plastic-like. In the life of **Pisces**, remember that the cosmic version of nail polish remover is still quite present, and that it tends to peel away layer after layer of illusions, slowly, over time, gradually dissolving the [persistent denial](#).

Aries



My first “metaphysical tool” was a now-ancient set of Tarot cards, [a specific deck](#), and the teacher who gave them to me thought the cards were cursed. I still have that deck, and several other copies, similar to them. Same design, essentially, the one I’ve used for most of my career as a — whatever it is I do.

I’ve found, as an intuitive supplement, the cards are valuable for listening to my own, internal guidance, as interpreted by the images on the cardboard. My other favorite tool is a pendulum, and using it is super-simple. It swings one way for “Yes,” and another way for “no.” These are two tools that are an adjunct to what I do as an astrologer.

The intuition is all mine, the tools merely reflect back what information I’m seeking, or feeling, or whatever. Most of my former professional colleague use the term, “Spirit guided me.” Spirits may guide you, but I tend to call it intuition. The **Aries** intuition is strong right now. That’s the good news. Reading that *Aries intuition* is the problem. I suggest tools of one form or another, just to make sure the message is clear.

Taurus



One Shakespeare studies thing I was listening to, it was about the **Shakespeare History plays**, as they are called. The notion, accepted by most, is that the plays themselves, based on actual events, are kind of “fast and loose” with [the facts](#). As such? The way the plays are presented, and, indeed, much of that early English History? Instead of calling them *History Plays*, call them Tragedies. Wars, internecine fighting, backstabbing, political intrigue, *none of it ends well*, sufficient to say, and as such?

Call them the “Lamentable Tragedy of the History of King Henry 6,” and so forth. Packaged as tragedies, it would serve ever so much better. Problem with this idea? Never mind it makes better sense, but the original publication of the complete works, not quite 400 years ago? Three categories, and those have mostly stuck. Labeled once, and left like that despite overwhelming suggestions. But most of the plays are tragedies, dressed as history. It’s not about the accuracy, it’s about the frame of the tale.

Taurus has a chance to change the frame, the window dressing, the way we see an issue, something as simple as the taxonomy of some Elizabethan plays. While the change with the Shakespeare’s History Plays won’t change, at least thinking about them in terms of Tragedies? Makes a bitter pill much easier for **Taurus** to swallow. Likewise, thinking about *it* in different terms? Makes life better for **Taurus**.

Gemini



Fall Equinox, coming up soon, to some? Pumpkin Spice. Personally, I find *Pumpkin Spice* horrifically obnoxious. That’s me. Full Moon, then equinox, then the days seem a just a touch shorter. Where I live, not so much that one can actually tell that the days are shorter, but it feels like that. Just a little bit cooler. Having travelled, though, I [remember](#) a late August in Colorado and there was a dusting of snow on the distant peaks. So in South Texas, it’s still hot, maybe not as blistering, but quite warm.

In **Gemini**, it’s not blistering anymore, but still, quite warm. The converse, this being **Gemini**, the flip side could also be true. Just a dusting of the first winter snow, visible. Whatever the signs are, whatever it is your **Gemini** self is looking for? Look for the subtle hints of change. Coming. Soon. Watch for the signs. There is significant change on the **Gemini** horizon. Watch for the subtle, nuanced signs.

Cancer



There’s one “professional associate” who will proclaim that this is “bad for Cancer.” Always one,

you know? However, I figure that's a way see through the mess and make the most of a bad situation. Or realize, it's not "bad," *per se*, just uncomfortable. Distasteful. Unlikeable. Unrealistic. Not necessarily fun.

Not "bad," just less than wonderful? Sure. Acknowledge that. Admit it. "I look/feel like hell." Got it? I'm sure you do. To me, you look fine. To me, you have a brief amount of self-inflicted personal discomfort, but it is possible to move beyond that. When I roll out of bed at 4 or 5 in the morning to go fish, I don't care what I smell like. There's the stink from the night before, the unshaven look, my hair sticking up in places, and the clothing might not be all too fresh, either. I'm going to spend a large portion of the day in a boat, probably sweating profusely, and handling fish that smell like fish. Bait, and fish, none of this creates a pleasant scenario. I don't care, fresh off the water, the first thing? Bath. So there are times when that disheveled, smelly look is all right. Bad time to be around some people, but a great time to fish. Work it out.

The Leo



I'm pretty sure, as **The Leo**, you know the right stuff. Pretty sure [you have the answers](#). But with the disturbance where it is? One of the coolest ways to show off *without showing off* is to answer their questions, the *non-Leo people*, answers their questions with more questions.

Do you know what I mean?

Just because you have the right answer is no reason to belittle other, non-royal signs. Answering a question with a question throws the weight off **The Leo's** shoulders, and helps guide us to arrive at the correct answer, on our own steam, under our own power, and that makes your **Leo** self look better in the bigger scheme of things. All important, you know, let's us arrive at the *Leo specific* answer by you asking more questions instead of answering them.

Do you know what I mean?

The sometimes didactic, or socratic way of answering a question with a question is **the Leo** route to success, if you know what I mean?

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"Nothing runs on automatic." - L.W. "Bud" Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 9.26.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, September 25, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/09/horoscopes-for-9-26-2019/>

By'r lakin, I can [go no further](#), sir;
My old bones aches.

Gonzalo in Shakespeare's
The Tempest (III.iii.1-2)

NB.: "lakin" is short for Ladykin, the Virgin Mary

- [Buy Pokka Pens Here!](#)

Horoscopes for 9.26.2019

Libra



All the players are in place. All the pieces to this week's birthday puzzle, they are all aligned. More — or less. Sort of piled up, anyway, if not perfectly aligned, which, if you're a good **Libra**, that usually works well enough.

Venus is in *Libra* for the duration of this [horoscope](#) — that's good. Mercury is in *Libra* for the duration of this horoscope, again, all good. There are some special **Libra** birthdays this week, all good, right? The trick is to understand that all these "Inner planets," or "personal planets" are merely stirring the pot a little. No need to be rash, hasty, or lose that regal manner you've adopted for your birthday time. Borrowing from **the Leo** playbook? Always act as if there is an invisible tiara on your head. At all times. This week. Crown, whatever.

Scorpio

Some years ago, I had an [example](#) of Mars in this position, and I nicked myself with a pocketknife I was sharpening. Thought about that example for **Scorpio** because, with Mars where he is? There is a good chance that there will be blood letting, by **Scorpio**, and it looks like it might be your own blood. Just giving you a fair warning about being careful with items that are potentially razor sharp, like a blade, a scalpel, or you own **Scorpio** wit. The deal with blood?

As a **good Scorpio**, you're sharp enough to understand the inherent danger when handling a object that can potentially sever skin. As a good **Scorpio**, you're also aware of my old military buddy's "medic's motto." Everything stops bleeding. Eventually.

Sagittarius

I was walking in the sporting goods store to get some fishing gear, replace some stuff I recently used up. Trailing a little to my rear was a large, and I mean half a head taller than me, man, the color of burnished bronze. Close cropped hair, smooth shaven, stern look on his face, well muscled arms that were probably bigger — and stronger — than my legs. I was wearing, some surprise here, a shirt with pink flamingos, shorts, and flip-flops. Our eyes met, “Are you a Jimmy Buffett fan?” He had a thin smile, but he was amused. I answered, kind of hard not to be, not dressed like I was, I mean, I can deny it, but the facts speak for themselves. Almost sheepishly, I answered affirmative.

He went on to tell me he used to live in Florida and worked security for a few concerts back then. My (**Sagittarius**) pre-supposed notion was he was a large man who could do bodily injury to me, just for the fun of it. Turns out, he was kind of a fan of the same beach music I like. He wanted to know about fishing at a certain, local lake. What some would consider a threat, or an unwanted advance? Turns out, it was a chance to expound, in proper **Sagittarius** fashion, about a topic we know inside and out. Best of all?

Shirt with pink flamingoes.

Never can tell [what leads to what](#). Be extra careful about judging a situation before any facts are available.

Capricorn

I tried this with a buddy’s kids, worked fine, withstood the taste test. It was a double-blind taste test. I have long maintained the difference between blue corn tortilla chips and regular white chips, **there is no discernible taste difference**. With one’s eyes closed? No way to tell which is which.

Sitting a TexMex joint not far from me, my buddy had his kids at an impromptu, “Wife bailed, got the kids with me, if you want to skip this...” No, I like his kids, and this presented me an opportunity perform another test. Eyes closed, the little boy could tell no difference. Eyes close the little girl pretended to tell a difference, but she would guess wrong, as in, I would start to hand her a blue chip and switch it to a white one, and she would claim it tasted “blue.”

The older sibling tends to be the most clever. But without cheating, at that one restaurant, there’s no discernible taste difference between the brightly hued tortilla chips and the regular ones. However, looking at the chips themselves, with eyes open, there’s a distinct shift in perception about the flavor. It’s about perceptions.

It’s about how we perceive — what our sense tell us in combination, seeing and tasting, compared with just a taste test, especially if it is a double blind. The conclusion? Even though we claim we’re not biased? There is some. Remember this as you encounter people who swear up and down that this is the way it is. Close your eyes and see if you can taste a difference.

Links

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Aquarius

I don’t have a lot of “tune out” music. As I’ve aged, and that’s painful to write, but as I’ve aged, my musical tastes, still a tad bizarre, change very little. The difference is I prefer music that isn’t too loud. I’ll put something on a player, softly, muted, so that it serves as a background noise rather than a driving beat. I’m less inclined to “tune out” with music; although, to be honest, yes I do have some music I can crank up and that stuff does sound better, loud.

“Tune out” music is the key, and what we use in the **Aquarius** camp for “tune out” tunes? That will vary from individual to individual, but the idea is that there is background, running sound [track](#)? That’s part of this. Golden Oldies? Classic Rock? There’s a thin slice of a “Prog Rock,” “progressive rock” that works for me. Can’t say it works for everyone and I won’t pick particular artists, but the idea is sound. Running as background music. Disco hits from the *eighties*, sure, that might works as

well. The trick to silence this week's roar of the planets and stupid people? A background, set it low, musical track. Tastes vary, but my idea of volume low, so it just sort of runs in the background?

Pisces

In my life, I've criss-crossed Texas, [more time than I care to enumerate](#). Sometimes, this can actually be fun. One day, I was little east of Austin, there's this lake, really a power plant cooling pond, but at several thousand acres or whatever, it's a great fishing place.

To me, it's a lake, with a single eyesore of a power plant at one end, but hey, it keeps the power on in Austin, so, so shut up. The countryside around that lake is rolling, coastal prairie, gentle hills that are mostly black dirt, occasional limestone outcroppings, and piney woods inspired with other native hardwoods. Dairy farms, used to be cotton country but that played out, and then oil, but mostly just rolling hills for hundreds of miles.

The image itself was a "Stock Tank," which is nothing more than a creek bed that has a small amount of dirt piled to create a small catchment for water. Hot summer day, last August, and there was big bull, onyx black hide, standing waist deep in the stock tank. The other cows were milling about in the sparse shade of a willow at the edge of the creek. On the bull's back, a white "cattle egret" perched. Just like he belonged there. The cattle and the cattle egret get along in a healthy, symbiotic relationship, the one attracts the bugs and the other eats them — or something. I'm not good with cowboy lore. This single image, though, hot day, sun searing its way along, and the bull, keeping his lower parts cool, with that single egret, just perched on his back, like two old friends. Might've Ben old friends. Struck me as a odd, and the color combination made the offset more visually appealing.

This is about a symbiotic relationship, just like that.

Aries

Some images one cannot just "unsee." It was grandmother-looking type, of a certain age, and she wore it well enough, right parts in the right places, it was just, she was wearing a Red-Hot Chili Peppers concert T-shirt. Be proud, show them things off, but, wait, that's a shirt, originally from — 25 years back? Further than that? Remember, mad, bad, and dangerous to know, hardcore music about sex and drugs?

Not by almost any current standard, but in its original era? Edgy and almost pornographic in its display? Sure. So that means, a grandmother-like figure, yes, she might've been there. I wouldn't know, I'm too young. There was a ferocity in the music itself, filled with rage and anger, that youthful kind of passion otherwise long gone. What was protest and anti-establishment material is now kind of tame. Maybe she was trying to wear the T-Shirt ironically, but I would guess it was original, and the feeling it engendered, still the same. Not the first time I've noted this kind of strange juxtaposition of material, old and new, but what was "outlaw," then, is now mainstream. This kind of juxtaposition appears in the **Aries** life, like a grandma wearing an original Red Hot Chili Peppers concert T.

Taurus

The obstacles you're facing, as a **Taurus**? What's in the way is the problem. Sounds a just a little bit reductive. Not the first time I've been given that quizzical look, that, "What do you mean," with "you stupid fool," implied.

However, this points to the obvious for this week's puzzle, the **Taurus** *conundrum*. There's an obvious obstacle blocking your forward momentum. Looks like that's what's in the way. Simple as that? Yes and no.

Some days, it's the most [obvious answer](#), right in front of us. The deal, it's a lot easier than you think, you know, it's a lot easier if you confront, attack, surmount, or, at the very least, make an attempt to overcome the problem that's right there, in front of you.

What I've seen this last few days? People spend more time — and emotional energy — mental horsepower — *avoiding* the

problem rather than making an attempt at the solution. Yeah, this week? The biggest problem is the problem right there you seem set on not dealing with at all.

Here's a hint: it ain't going away.

Gemini

Got a buddy with a PTSD service animal. He needs the dog; this is an example valid service animal. Dog's got a little tactical vest, got a patch, says, "Do not pet." Really difficult, not reaching down to pet a gorgeous golden lab mix. Dog's a little too smart to be purebred. Not important.

What I wanted? One of those "Do not pet" labels.

I asked, "You think I can get one of those?" "Thought you didn't like dogs?" No, as I explained, I wanted one of the 'Do not pet' patches. *Gemini* — think about that kind of patch. Hook and loop fastener-backed name tag, only it says, "Do not pet." There's a kind of distraction, liking someone petting you, and this is a good time to be left alone. Not totally, as that's too much like operating in a vacuum, and doesn't work for **Gemini**, but certain distractions? Get a patch says, "Do not pet." We both need that, this week, saves on the frustrations.

Cancer

I got this one client, stunt-double guy. He regularly puts himself in danger for his day job. "I do all my own stunts," is a favorite tag line for him. We laugh. Apparently, the most common injury is a collar bone, and apparently that's one of the most painful yet least problematic of the injuries. He's broken legs and arms, and frequently appears rather beat up. Part of his "day job," I suppose.

We had a recent exchange of messages, and after reading one of my horoscopes, he was all, "I don't understand," and my answer?

Don't go and jump off a building.

My answer is a little pat, kind of broad, and suggests that no **Moon Child** put himself — herself — in the line of danger at the present time. So? So don't go and jump off any buildings. Except, like, in his example of a day job, but his deal of jumping off buildings? Turns out that's probably safest part of his day.

The Leo

I love my job. I [get to cross various boundaries](#), and disciplines, as I can work with strict psychological models, alternative therapies, and sometimes, pure invention. The science of where the planets are, that's straight up fact, and the interpretation of where the planets are, that's more open, like the position is science, and interpretation is art. Arts and a sciences, kind of a blend, and these days, we need that blend. Especially in **Leo**, we need the blend of multiple disciplines.

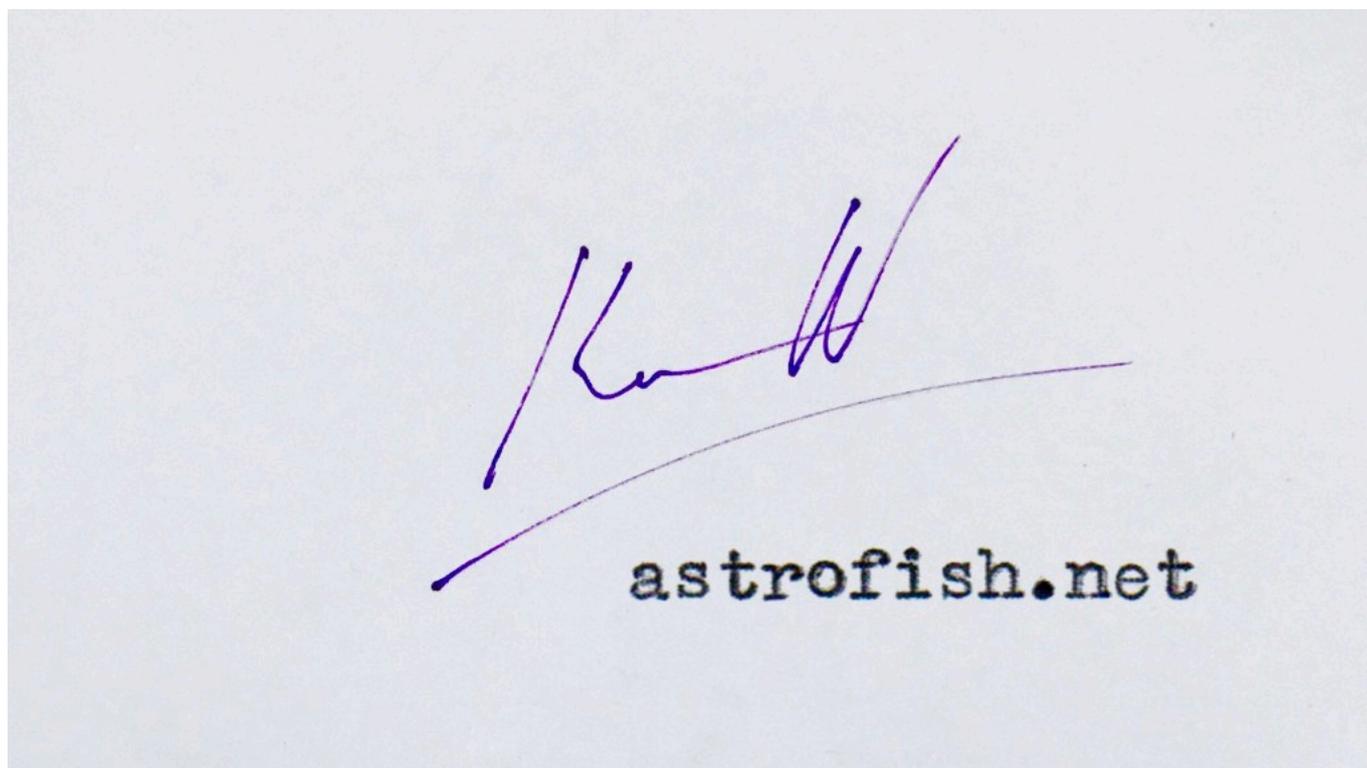
In other words, instead of an expert in one field, we're looking toward **The Leo** for some more generalized instruction. Directions, commands, instructions, all of that. Or some of it, or maybe, just need a gentle nudge. Never can tells, as the advice varies a bit with each, individual chart, but as a whole, there's a point where **The Leo** should be combining multiple art forms to make this whole. Instead of an answer that narrowly depends on a single source of data, a deep dive into just one topic — at the exclusion of all other sources of data? Consider the need for far-ranging, widely-dispersed, and maybe, drawing from several disciplines instead of just one. Cross boundaries, and use a variety of sources.

Virgo

Always love a little dose of clarity for my *extra fine* **Virgo** peoples. A little extra dose of something, anyway, and you guys need it. With the relative motion of the planets, and the Sun, which, technically, isn't a planet, but a star, with the relative motions for all involved? There's a perceptible, palpable change afoot. Comes with a dose of clarity. That's kind of the operative word, at the moment.

Fishing, some afternoons, we get these rare, clear, high-pressure afternoons with nary a cloud in the sky, and the winds dies down, and the lake's water is much less turbulent. Really a reservoir, a large holding tank for water to cool a power plant, but yeah, for me, it's another lake to fish in, and as such? When we get these moments of clarity, it helps. This is a recent memory, and now that the Sun has moved into *Libra*, while some of my buddies are thinking about deer season, I'm thinking that the Fall Fishing is just picking up. Grab a buddy, and head towards the lake. Like the current **Virgo** mind? The waters are settling down enough to see where the fish might be lurking, and we all want that.

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 10.3.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 02, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/10/horoscopes-for-10-3-2019/>

Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

Loves Labors Lost 4.3.56-7

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Horoscopes for 10.3.2019

Running gags are hard to maintain, but a worthy effort some days. Have to rate this one a marginal success. Didn't quite make it all the way through, but the idea, tied to the quote from *Love's Labor's Lost*, is that the color of the sky, and the heavens above do suggest a spin.

Libra



The sky was the color of *her* eyes. One woman I dated, the first impression, that very first time? Some would call it, "Love at first sight," but we all know, my mind wasn't anywhere near that elevated. Wasn't love, not at first sight. Much baser emotion, and maybe not really an emotion, just an animal reaction.

Years later, I still can't quite ever seem to shake that first image of her eyes. Light blue, sky blue, clear blue? Haunting, but not like that. In a town — now [San Antonio](#) — surrounded by seductive brown-eyed females, those blue eyes stood out. This week, the sky, like those eyes, that's what stands out. There's a singular feature, like color of clear blue, and it's a variation on a theme of the blue sky. That also means, despite some foreboding-looking clouds (planets), there's a hope for the near future. The way it works, birthday this week? Good stuff, just up ahead. Birthday in the near future? Again, good stuff, just up ahead.

Libra: headed for blue skies.

Scorpio



The first time I head the expression? It was, "The Devil is beating his wife." In song, some years later, more along the lines of the oral tradition and the way the greater subconscious works? "The devil beats his wife with a silver chain." I'm sure there are variants, but the expression is meant to describe an altogether not uncommon occurrence here,

rain and sunshine at the same time. Headed out to fish, the other day, buddy looks up at the sky, sun shining, and yet big rain drops falling on the windshield, “Oh man, the devil’s beating his wife today.” That kind of fickle sky? That’s the **Scorpio** color for this week. “The devil beats his wife? What?”

Rain and shine. More specifically, big, moisture-laden cloud billowing over **Scorpio** land, and then, the sun is out, too. Confusing, yes, but also something to look forward to, as well, the “Devils beats his wife” weather, that kind of sky? Blue sky, rain clouds, sunshine, darkness, all combined into one? That is your week ahead. I’d take the good with the bad, the rain, and the sun shine, I’ve been known to fish in this weather, and I think the images from last week should be up on the web — someplace. The sky? The specific, **Scorpio** sky? The devil beats is wife, this week. Sunshine and rain, maybe, probably, all at the same time.

Sagittarius



The original “Sky was the color of” format derives from a peculiar particular piece of fiction.

However, for **Sagittarius**, with a nod towards that fiction, and the works of [Shakespeare](#)? The sky was the color of an old TV set with the thin plastic film stretched across the screen that was supposed to provide coloration. These days, this is a mere artifact from a bygone era, a time when there was only “black and white” TV, cathode ray, at that, big boxy sets that had a miserable image, mostly rendered in fuzzy variations of gray.

As a reminder of the days gone by? As a quick **Sagittarius** throw-back idea? There was, for a short time, a product that nothing more than a rainbow-like sheet of plastic that was supposed to add color to the otherwise drab, grey-scale experience of primitive, consumer-grade, audio-visual entertainment. Short form? It was a tinted plastic screen, adhered to the TV screen, and the tint was, in a rainbow effect, blown at the bottom, then green, then blue at the top, so a typically framed visual narrative, a TV show, think a Western, for example, the ground would look brown, the grass would appear green and the skies would be blue. The *Sagittarius* sky at this time? There’s a simple order to the shading, makes it look just one way. As long as it’s *The Lone Ranger*, in black and white? Looks good with this coloration. Looks great. The planets add a thin film, makes it easier for us to see what’s supposed to be what, as long as everything is in its proper order.

Capricorn



The sky was the color of slate, a TV set, when they were cathode ray tubes, turned off. Dead sky.

Almost a greenish tinge to it, but not really, more gray. Or greenish gray, but the gray is predominate. At least one **Capricorn** will sit back, satisfied, “See? I told you so. Nothing good will come of this. TV set the color of slate.” However, there’s another interpretation of that, the TV set is turned off.

Get out. Go do something, outside. Get up. Get out. Motion. Action, good **Capricorn** action of some sort. That cloudy sky? The **Capricorn** countenance that seems disfigured by internal clouds, like an old TV turned off? That requires some kind of action, and the color of that sky is supposed to spur some **Capricorn** cation, as in, “Up and out.” Now. The sky is the color of

an old, dead TV set. means that it's times for motion. Leave the TV off for now.

Aquarius



The sky was the color of coffee, after someone dumped milk in it, or that caramel cappuccino coloration. Usually only occurs during twister weather. Tornado season, and only with certain conditions, but typically, it's blowing wind, with rain that comes in with huge drops at a — sure seems like — a forty-five degree angles. Sometimes it looks and feels like “horizontal precipitation,” due to the wind. The color of that sky, the turbulent, coffee with creamer color? Indicates heavy weather. There are, at times, an almost yellowish tint to the sky, ferocious, fast-moving clouds, bulbous, furious, with an air of evil intent.

To me, it is simply put, *twister weather*, and I grew up around it, living at the tail end of tornado alley, as it was at the time. The weather inspires and yet, calms me, too, knowing that I can be inside, in a relatively safe place. I no longer live in a [trailer park](#), and as such? Much safer. But this is about the **Aquarius astrological weather**, what that color of sky means? Means that it's time to proceed with caution, but proceed. Move yourself forward but do so with an eye towards weather, conditions. Changes, and if there's a funnel cloud on the **Aquarius** horizon? Me? I tend to seek high ground with cover, so I'm safe for a spell, let this crap blow over.

Pisces



The sky was dappled with light, fluffy clouds. Wisps of cotton ball white against the brilliant cerulean sky itself, adding a layers of texture. Part of what this is about, those layers of texture. The clouds can be white and fluffy, mere specks in the sky, or layers of smooth-bottomed shapes, with perhaps a dark side to them, shades of gray rather than all brilliant white. The sky in early October, in South Texas, though, this doesn't look like it does elsewhere, but this view fits with the **Pisces week ahead**. There are variations on themes, and textures, plus, this is an ever-shifting environment. While I'd like this to be simple, stable week, understand that the images are constantly shifting, the tableaux itself. The backdrop and the set dressings are constantly in flux. So the **Pisces** sky is dappled with white, cotton-ball looking clouds. That means this is a week that is constantly shifting. Nothing permanent, although, [frozen images](#) at any one time, are really quite pretty.

Aries



Having lived almost [all my life](#) in the American Southwest, I'm used to brilliant sunsets. Scooting to and from [Austin](#) in recent memory, almost spoiled me, but time spent in Arizona and New Mexico, plus limited engagements along the Pacific Coast?

Yes, I'm spoiled, but I get to see good sunsets, like, right in my back yard. Some days, heavy clouds color it bright orange, or a deep magenta. Other days, not a cloud in the sky? Blip. Sun goes down, and the sky goes dark, like shutting the lights off in the bedroom. However, this week's **Aries** horoscope made me think about a brilliant sunset, last week, maybe? One my way, headed south, southwest, towards San Antonio — just as the sun went down.

I wanted to pull off the highway and catch a quick image, but the camera never does justice to the majesty of what I see, the sky afire with brilliant reds, pinks, mostly variations of orange, but by the time I could get situated to pull over and grab an image, have to find a high spot, has to be an exit with easy egress and ingress, and so on? Too late. Missed it. While the idea is nice, juggling a phone to capture an image from the driver's seat? I know enough about physics that it *won't work*. Car, phone, juggling. This week's **Aries** material is like that brilliant image of a sunset, too fleeting to catch on digital film, but as an **Aries**? You know you saw it. All that counts.

Taurus



The night sky, out in the countryside? The night sky [in the country](#), especially when the moon is down? It's the most amazing thing for a city boy like me to see. I know it's there, and I've seen it before, and none of this is new, but it's still pretty amazing.

Historically, there was a time when Austin had the "Moonlight Towers," no, look this one up, made famous in the cult classic "Dazed and Confused" film... The Moon Towers simulated moonlight, every night. Still, nothing compares with waking up and walking out of a barn at 4 AM, looking up and seeing the night sky just before the sun begins to climb into the sky. The inky blackness, God's little lanterns twinkling on and off, the richness of the "Great Sky River," clearly visible? Not long before sunrise, the Galactic Center clear overhead? What this means is we're in for changes — at night — under the cover of darkness — for **Taurus**.

Change occurs at night. That Galactic Center, and rest of the starry firmament? That spells gradual, almost imperceptible changes, like, changes that occur overnight? But they don't catch up with **Taurus** for a few days. But overnight? Against that inky backdrop of the night's sky when no moon is present? Yeah, that's the time to look for.

Gemini



One of the little secret I've learned over the years? Each and every week, sometimes, each and every day? There is an astrological window for success — for **Gemini**. Each day, just about. Some days, there are several windows. These windows are time periods when the Moon is not [Void of Course](#), [Mercury](#) (Mars & Venus) are not retrograde, the big planets are either in a tight pattern or they are all in a loose pattern, and “Stuff just comes together.” There are a myriad of moving parts, a ton of components to look at, but these times, these little windows occur, in **Gemini**, for *Gemini*, with remarkable — alarming — frequency. Want me to fine tune those windows? Hit me up for a session, but I'm booked for the next week or two, and anyway, wait for it, there are opportunities when you least expect it. From corners of the **Gemini** where one would certainly not expect it. **Gemini** scene. One of those. Unexpected benefits from places where one least expects it. What happens is this week has a break, multiple breaks, in the established pattern and each time that kind of opportunity shows up? Grab it with at least one **Gemini** hand.

Cancer



Great term I've used over and over? “Discomfited.” Gets questioned from time to time, editor types, “You mean ‘discomforted?’ Did you really mean that?” I didn't mistype, at least, not in this case. The planets, more like the sun, serve to discomfit gentle Moon Children.

It's not uncomfortable, but it's mildly annoying, slightly embarrassing, like a simple scratch that can't be itched. Which, in turn, leaves you squirming. Which, in turn, makes you look silly. Which, in turn, is embarrassing, sitting there, squirming like a schoolboy. The hot seat. Something like that. The planets will conspire to toss your **Cancer** self out into the public eye, at a time when secrecy, at least a demure, quiet countenance is much preferred. Most actors on this stage chase the spotlight. The way this week works? You're trying to shun the spotlight and it keeps catching up with you. The planets conspire, this week, to leave your *Cancer* (**Moon Child**) self somewhat discomfited.

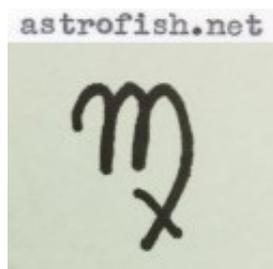
The Leo



Yeah, bit trite, but c'mon, what choice do I have? **Leo**, *the Leo* is going to be an Arizona day. When I was in school in AZ, there were these days with an achingly clear sky in the morning, and as the day went from warm, to “roast,” some days up to “broil,” the sky would be a clear blue, with nary a hint of a cloud. I think there are close to 300 days a year like that in Central AZ.

My numbers might be off about the weather because this is what I'm remembering, maybe not what really happened. But when we get these days, late in September, between other patterns? I call them Arizona Days, because it reminds me of that clear, high pressure weather pattern, from whence the term, "Dry heat" originates, I'm sure. To me, they are "Arizona Days," more as a tribute to time spent there, in school with various courses of study, but also as a significant weather pattern. High Pressure Dome is what I've heard it called, locally, and what happens is that the Black Bass tend to lose interest in feeding while the Red Drum seem to get more voracious. Switch what one is fishing for, be my guess. The forecast for **The Leo** is a variation on my theme of the achingly clear, blue sky, just ahead. Enjoy.

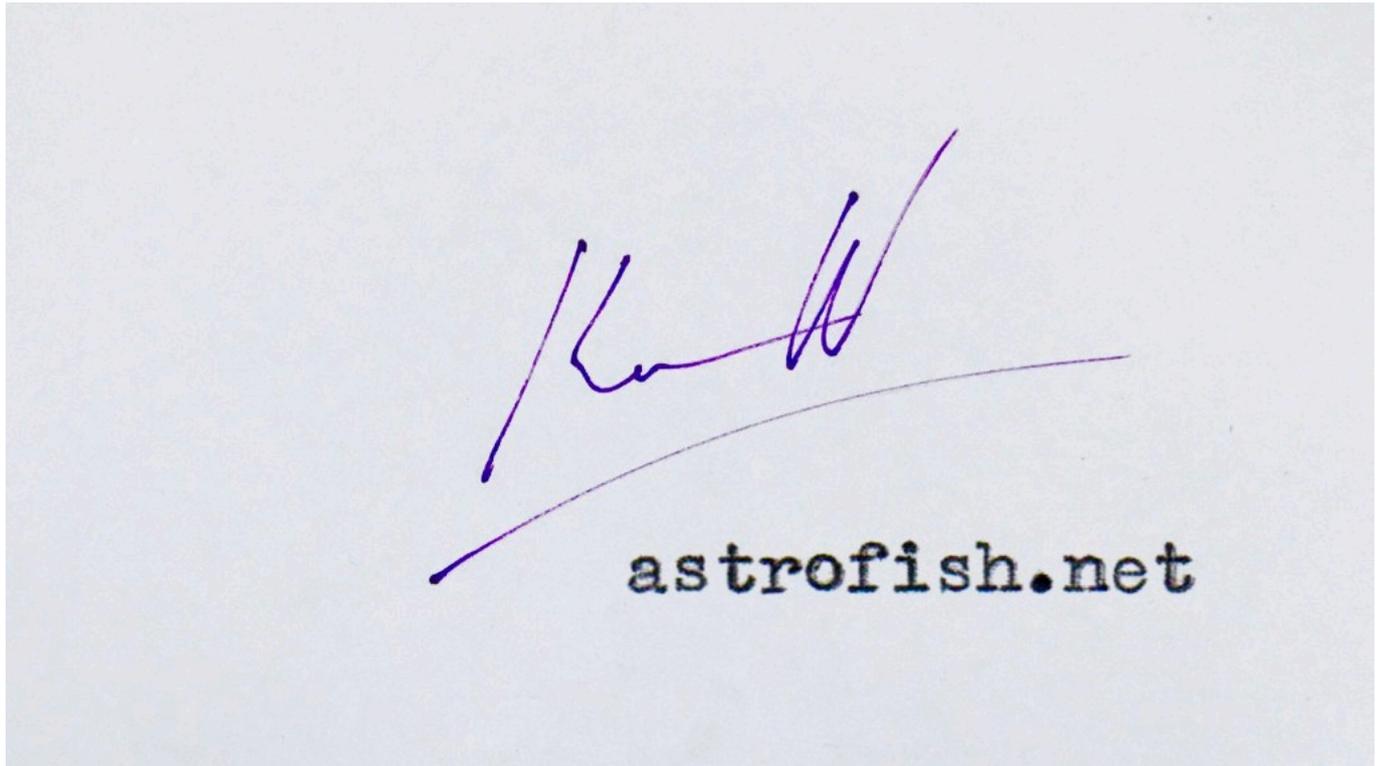
Virgo



The sky was slate gray, starting to suck light back into it, turning everything darker. "Oh," moaned Virgo, "no good shall come of this." It was part of that weird Fall weather pattern, suddenly, rain, and in this case, it was the threat of rain, and I scurried inside, the sky looked as if it were full of evil intent, when, really, that rain? It helps pave the way for wildflowers along the highways and byways in the spring.

No, there's strong connection between the fall rain and the spring flowers. That slate gray sky? Portends flowers next spring. That slate gray sky that the **Virgo** is worried about? Means beautiful flowers in the future. Still stuck with the complaint? I can't fix that. I can remind you, though, *Virgo dear*, that this helps for the future — helps for your **Very Virgo** future.

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Horoscopes for 10-10-2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 09, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/10/horoscopes-for-10-10-2019/>

To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin
The fashion: less without and more within.

- Posthumous in [Shakespeare's Cymbeline](#) (V.i.32-3)

[Happy Birthday!](#)

Horoscopes for 10.10.2019

Libra



Happy birthday. This Full Moon has a couple of extra “kicks” to it. Added emphasis? Extra punch? More power? Not really more power, but this Full Moon and ensuing birthday **Libra** celebrations has an added pressure, or juice, or an extra electrical current. See, not only does the Full Moon in Aries happen, but that same lunar transit is opposite from Mars — in **Libra** — then Full, then opposite from Uranus, and none of this sounds fun. It is, but the correct use of the energy is required, a fine, delicate **Libra** balance, with one too many items weighing on your little soul. Pause, then prioritize what you want the most. Priorities pay off, as long as the list is cosmically correct.

Scorpio

There was an ad for “Game Time Essentials!” In my mind, I was seeing sports equipment. Perhaps some protective padding, shin guards for soccer or that high-contact volleyball, football pads, gear like that. Instead, it was an ad for a big-screen TV. Hardly what I would call a “Game Time Essentials,” but I might not be the correct demographic. A similar comment was from a certain female, “New place for my boyfriend, he doesn’t have a shower curtain, but there are three TV screens in the living room.” **Scorpio** game time essentials? Before the real birthdays arrive?

I hardly understand, other than in an academic manner, the need for a single, large screen TV for “game time.” If I were to watch a sporting event, I would think that a gathering spot, especially if there are other fans there. I would guess that’s way more fun than alone, at home. As a **Scorpio** compliant [astrologer](#), I want what’s best for **Scorpio**. As such, with the full moon and all? Think about game time, and game time readiness. I would guess a gathering spot, like a sport bar, is a far better shrine for your next few days.

Sagittarius

I’m really pleasant [unless](#) I’m hungry, angry, lonely, tired, or I can’t find my phone. Back in the bad, old days, that was called, “HALT.” Hungry — Angry — Lonely — Tired. There’s a modern version, guess we’re part of the new group, and if I can’t find my phone? There’s a panic, and the mood is not good. I tend to keep it in my pocket, or set it on the table next to me, or the

desk, as I hate having to chase it down when it rings during business hours.

So, as a **Sagittarius**, I'm okay as long as I'm not hungry, angry, lonely, or tired. Or, if I can't find my phone. Some of this has a simple solution, like eat, talk, call, or nap. Sleep. For me, I long discovered I get a better night's rest if my phone is in the other room when I sleep. My phone doesn't go to bed with me. But I do need to know where I left it. Otherwise? I can be quite cranky. As long as we're aware of what the [signs](#) are? We can do our **Sagittarius** best to avoid the problems. Can you [call me](#) now? I can't find my phone.

Capricorn

"Luck is when preparation meets [opportunity](#)." I come back to this sentiment, this notion, that "Luck" is some kind of an opportunity where we've attracted the good fortune of the planets, or the fates, or the odd gods of the galaxies, whatever it is, we've attracted something good into our lives. What I've discovered, most "luck" comes from a certain amount of preparedness training, a kind of drill, and routine, so that luck has a lap in which to land. Being lucky, well, as a **Capricorn**-compliant person, what I tend to hear? "Only luck I've had is bad luck." Grumbling and grouching about it does no good. Your good luck and good fortune, this next couple of days? Dependent upon preparation. Luck, especially, **Capricorn** good luck? It's a matter of preparation meets opportunity.

Aquarius

One client had this idea, and I have no sense whether it's true or not. She was explaining, she can fill an old cough syrup bottle with liquor, so, at work, she can have a shot of "medicine," with the added bonus, no one gets close enough to learn it's just liquor. Maybe this is an **Aquarius** thing, hiding a vice in plain sight. Maybe this is something else that I don't get.

I'm guessing, *I don't know*, but I'm guessing, what, *Creme de Menthe*, the green crap? That might work rather well and be a good camouflage — just, I can't see a mere tablespoon being enough. Maybe this isn't a vice, ever think of that? Maybe this is a valid coping mechanism for certain days when — days like this next week. I'm no longer any kind of expert, but there are situations, so I've been assured, that demand a little day-drinking. Not my area of expertise, so I couldn't say for sure. The old fashioned way was the "three martini lunch," and I have no idea what that looks like now. Cough syrup to hide the liquor — at the day job. Might not be a good idea, not really, and I suspect if you're in situation where being impaired, well, that might not work best.

Cough, cough.

Pisces

For too many years, I lived in a situation, situations, where I had no real "yard." Sure, the old trailer park, but that was a long time ago. Finally, in a house with a yard, one of my first undertakings was a compost pit. In my case, it was compost bin. Just four sides with a lid, open to the dirt, and I fill it with leftover food, shredded papers, coffee grounds, used tea bags, rinds, husks, peanut shells, and whatever else I might have. Leaves and lawn clippings can go in there, too. But I don't rake leaves, and I don't have a lawn to mow. The other day, I lifted the top of the compost bin, as I was about add my coffee grounds from that morning. The compost, in the center of a mass of shredded paper, there was a churning motion. Some kind of [insect](#) larvae was feasting. I have no idea what it was, exactly, and I'm not really willing to learn too much about insects, other than they were certainly munching away. Probably generating heat, and making good, dark soil to use as landfill. Part of this — this kind of compost isn't really good for a garden because who knows what is in the shredded papers. But the material is great for floral beds, trees, and as personal landfill. The image of the worms — or whatever — grinding away on the organic, bio-food? Then, the short video clip of the surface of the shredded papers, like, slowly boiling? Could be right out of the special effects of a horror film, but I took it as a good sign. A great sign. The stuff is working the way it is supposed to. I hope it is not larvae feasting in your backyard, but I do hope **Pisces** gets a good sign this week. You're over-due.

Aries

After my last move? I don't know why it happened this time, but after my last move? My heels began to crack when the

weather cooled off. Maybe the prospect of finally wearing boots instead of sandals, perhaps that scared my feet. The deal is, I got these huge callouses on my heels, most from barefoot (cf. www.BareFootAstrology.com) adventures, but somehow, also, a function of location. What I discovered? After trying a ton of holistic, chemical, artificial, and bogus remedies, I listened to one girlfriend's doctor, and he suggested a pumice stone. Cheap. No electricity or batteries required. Keep mine in the shower stall, and I try to recall that I must scrape my heels every time I bath. Mostly. As often as I recall. Pretty much daily. What this did, as I used to get these great, painful tears in the dried flesh on my calloused heels, and I would hobble along, for days at a time.

"Are you OK?" Wincing, "Yes, I'm fine. Ouch."

Here's the trick, for this to work now? I have to start about three, maybe six months in advance. After a few years of pain, any number of quick nostrums that didn't really work, I started in the spring, so by the time the winter is coming? Like now? My heels are smooth and crack-free, no pain. As an *Aries* challenge? What do we need to look at starting, soon, so next spring is good?

Taurus

Old proverb, I think. Dubious origins, might not even be a real proverb. "The best time to plant a tree is 21 years ago. The second best time to plant a tree is now." This is less about physically planting a tree, and more about the idea of longer-term work, and less about action, and more about thinking about it.

My old pappy used to have a saying, "It's too late to drain the swamp when you're up to your ass in alligators."

Between those two expressions, though, there's a fine kind of middle ground. This full moon brings about a compromise and chance to change the **Taurus** plans for the future, like planting a tree, gets that idea germinated. The seed is sown, but now might not be the best time to act. So this is about something you should've done, maybe 20 years ago, and possibly regret not doing? What's the near future hold if you take that action, well, not now, but soon? Think about it.

Gemini

It's a [voyage](#) of discovery. It's an adventure. It's another week with the fun of being a **Gemini**. That **Gemini** energy is infected with new discovery. However, hey, how good is your history? Think about the old days when it took three weeks in a small boat to cross the ocean, that kind of a voyage of discovery. The analogy holds up as there would long times in the boats, not much to do, sailing along, and then, brief moments of "Land ho!" Those brief moments could be punctuated with riches and great discoveries, but the voyage of discovery itself? Long hours, days, weeks, sailing along, kind of boring.

Small boat with a bunch of smelly sailors? Yeah, not my idea of fun. Not the **Gemini** idea of fun, either. You enjoy the moment of great ideas, wonderful new discoveries, and learning new crap. That's the fun part. In this next few days, there are a few high points punctuated with great new discoveries. Yeah, it's the — feels like — three weeks' of voyaging in between the discoveries that is so detrimental to that **Gemini** psyche. It's only a few days, but to a **Gemini** like yourself? "I got three weeks of this? You suck!" Promise the next few days is punctuated with academic, intellectual, even adventuresome discoveries. Fun stuff. Just feels like three weeks of boring in between.

Cancer

A Shakespeare performance podcast cycled through my feed the other day. The hour-long show included various dramatic readings of famous bits from Shakespeare's plays. Favorite passages, not really professionally done, but certainly [way better than I could do](#).

What's of interest, Full Moon and all? The way two of the passages were read — and interpreted. Famous, set pieces, dragging

a bit of a speech out of a play, out of [context](#), and reading, or reciting, the material as if it were stand-alone, either with, or without, context. Interesting because those two examples, I have a preconceived version in my own head, based either upon the text of the play itself, or the way I've seen the material performed in the past, or some combination of the two.

What this amounts to? In my mind? *There's a certain way it should be performed.* That simple, my way. That's the only way the material can be [preformed](#), right? One of the joys I get from Shakespeare studies is the never ending interpretations, nuances, depth, and meaning that is easily teased out. It can be a question, or it can be questioned? Notice the different emphasis? Small example, but one, as the week unfolds and the Moon gets really Full, then we all hit the *after full moon blues*? Understand that the exact same words can be read, and interpreted in a number of different ways. Don't let the confusion confuse you. Be willing to accept a new version, as it might be better. Same words, new (the to he Moon Children) presentation.

The Leo

[Artwork](#) that has forever changed my life? The lightbulb. The image can be iconic or humorous, or humorously ironic at times, but the image of a lightbulb, going off, being tuned on, shining brightly in the night, the concept of the "Lightbulb moment," when the idea suddenly pops? That's this week's message and energy in the sign of **The Leo**. Iconic, ironic, humorous, serious, one — or more — of those.

The clearest image I get is the Full Moon, and *The Leo* with that cartoon-looking thought-bubble over *The Leo's* head, and the lightbulb moment. It can occur. It will occur, and it might have already occurred, but there's an edit to the idea. The idea is a spark, and this current set of lunar transgressions serves to ignite that **Leo** spark, much like flipping on the light switch, hence, a lightbulb moment. In the next few days, with a rush of sudden energy, the dear, sweet **Leo** will be able to see where there was once darkness and confusion. It's a lightbulb moment.

Virgo

[Last week](#), I tried a running gag to make the horoscopes interesting. Didn't really work. I would ask, as a trivial pursuits kind of question, from whence that original running gag was derived. It's from a piece of fiction from the last millennia, fiction that mattered. In part, it's too easy to see, as that was part of one literature's great, opening lines, and, in part, I'm being obscure. Some would suggest deliberate obfuscation. I would never do that, not deliberately, to a **Virgo**.

Google and the internet has ruined my games of trivia, as the data is usually easy to arrive at, with a few taps.

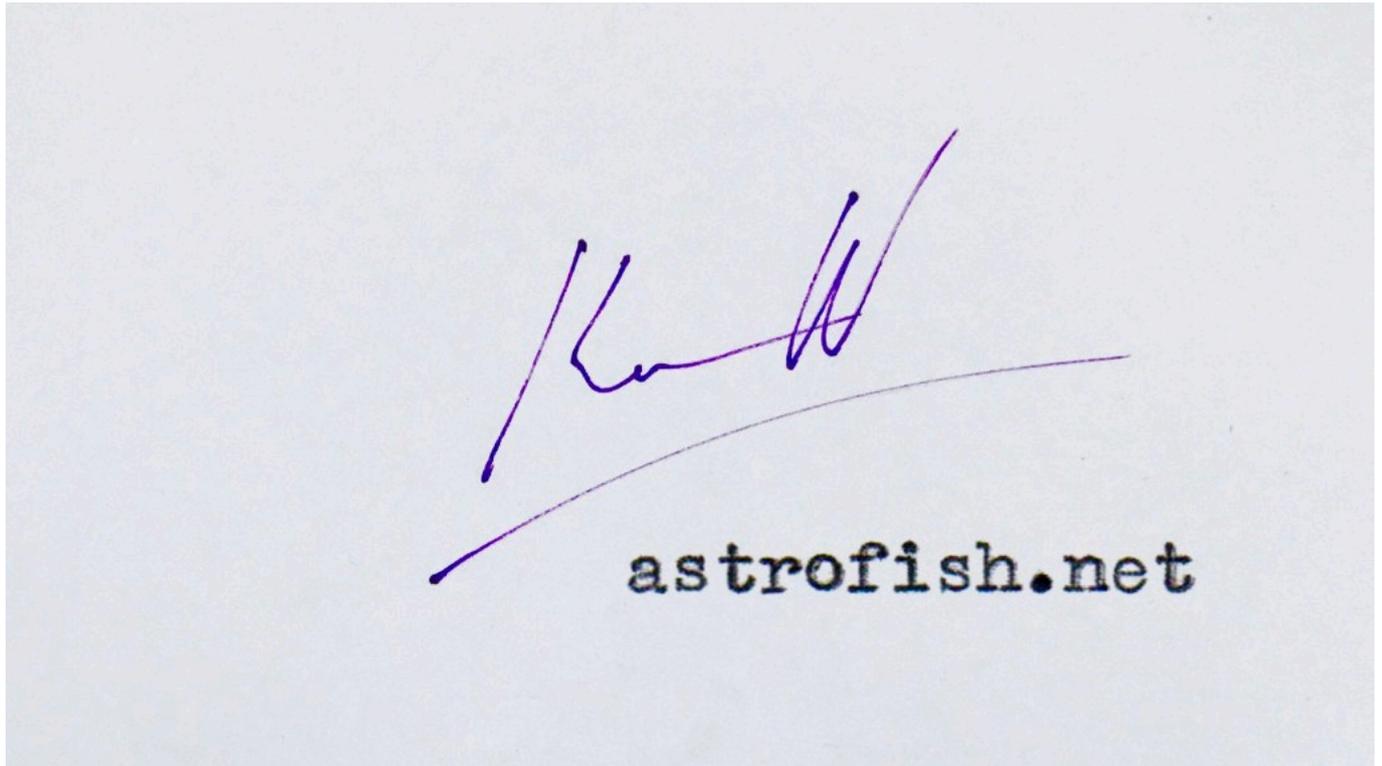
Running gags are hard to maintain, and yet, there's a need for a kind of consistency in order to make sense of a crazy world.

Virgo loves order out of chaos. **Virgo** tends to favor consistency. Most of the **Very Virgo** characters I know, though, don't favor mirth and frivolity, especially not when something serious is occurring, like now. My idea of a running gag to keep **Virgo** amused? It isn't going to work. That inside joke I've shared with so many **Virgo** folks, over and over? I mean, I've dated more **Virgo** than other sign, so you'd think, never mind. Running gags are funny, to me, but this isn't a week to try and hustle that humor passed a **Virgo**. Stick to facts, and be as plain spoken as possible.

"Reminds me of a funny story..."

I know, I know, I'll shut up, now.

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Horoscopes for 10-17-2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 16, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/10/horoscopes-for-10-17-2019/>

“Reach thy hand;
Farewell. I have told my last hour; I was false,
Yet never treacherous.”

Shakespeare’s *The Two Noble Kinsmen*

The Sun enters the Tropical Zodiac sign of Scorpio Oct 23, 2019, 12:19 PM CDT (+/-) — [your mileage may vary](#), see dealer for details.

This week’s horoscopes include bug fixes and other updates, over [last week’s scopes](#).

Horoscopes for 10.17.2019

Libra



Happy birthday to the last of the **Libra** birthdays. This is a time for sweeping up. Cleaning up. Parties are over; let’s clean this stuff up now. Easy to suggest, the trick is staying on point. Mars tends to fry the **Libra** energies, and with that at hand? Hard to stay focused on one task. My favorite trick? Post-it note with scotch tape. I have a small monitor off to one side, runs a systems analysis window — all it shows. Across the bottom of the little flat screen, I’ve got a series of post-it notes. Some have been up there a while, which, is why I come back to the idea of scotch tape — that stuff holds the older notes from falling down. It’s a simple idea, but one with merit. Not like I have [long-running goals](#), desires and reminders up there, but there’s a weekly “to-do” item, and we have to make sure we don’t forget. Post-it note with scotch tape, or whatever your equivalent is, just something to remind us not to lose track of the goal.

Scorpio



The planets, the inner planets, of Venus and Mercury are playing cosmic tag in **Scorpio**. But as duly noted above, those two are merely presaging the Sun’s creeping entrance to **Scorpio**. It is not birthday time yet, and as noted

above, and until the Sun arrives, responsively, fully, and completely in **Scorpio**?

Stop. Just stop. Stop agitating. Stop begging, pleading, cajoling, cuddling, coddling, or whatever whiny action you're affecting in order to get the desired outcome. No matter how hard you try, and this isn't a **Scorpio** challenge of any sorts, but no matter how hard you try to manipulate the situation to your own outcome? In the next six days or so, probably not going your way. Be nice. Didn't say it wouldn't go your **Scorpio** way in 7 to 10 days, or longer term, but in this short run, like this next 6 days? Stop. Stop agitating. Stop begging, [pleading](#), cajoling, and no whining.

Sagittarius



One of my favorite resources? [Marcus Aurelius](#). He was a first, second century emperor of Rome, fought on a losing front in Germany, and recorded his thoughts which weren't really translated and published until around the 16th century — and all of my data might be off, this is from memory, not [fact-checked at all](#).

The way to use his works, though? Instead of trying to read from one end of the text to other? Flip it open and find a passage that looks comfortable. I have one rather beat up text, a small “mediations” version, and what I do, when I use a quote online or in a horoscope? I make note of the date. I've been doing this for more than 20 years, so the various books have gotten almost worn out. But the words? The words of the long-dead Marcus Aurelius consistently ring true. He's adopted by the Christians, as an example of early Christian Emperor. He's adopted by the pagans as an academic. He's beloved by the stoic philosophers for those leanings, too. In other words, this material, in translation, is all over the place. However, when we're trying to figure out what the message from the stars to our *Sagittarius* selves might be? Perfect place to start.

Capricorn



Sleep is important, and its importance, a good night's rest, is oft overlooked by modern standards. While I can easily run on as little as four hours of sleep, myself, I'm not **Capricorn**, and I don't last long. I can get in about three days in row, then I need a long nap, or a really long night in bed. Or, a couple of naps and a good night's rest, like 12 hours or so. Yeah, that's me.

As the seasons wind up and wind down? Most important? Get a good night's rest. In order to make that happen? I leave that up to your **Capricorn** self because you know what it takes more than I do. For some, that is to refrain from alcohol and tobacco. For others, no caffeine after 2 in the afternoon, but again, this varies from person to person. **Cap** to **Cap**, so to speak. I have no clue as to what your individual wants, demands, desires, and [pressures](#) are. I seriously doubt I could hold up under as much pressure as you're putting on yourself, but right now? Sleep. that's what's important. A certain amount of rest.

“I can't sleep. That just means my brain starts reminding me of what I didn't get done today.”

Aquarius



Butter is good for you. No, margarine, a vegetable oil alternative, is better for you than butter. No, a small amount of butter is better. I don't have the latest, up-to-date data on just which one it's supposed to be, butter or fake butter.

First butter was good for you, then it was a health hazards, then it was good again. I don't know what the latest findings show. *I'm not sure I care.* Most of my **Aquarius** friends will eat what they want, when they want, and if butter is part of it? Sure. One of those miracles of modern science, we just don't know which way is better.

Butter? No butter? Fake butter? As an **Aquarius**, we can spend time together, searching, researching, then reading opposing viewpoints about the relative benefits and hazards of butter. Then there's the whole issue with fake butter, which might be worse than real butter. *I don't know.* In my own kitchen, I tend to use both, as the recipe, the time and tides of the cooking, as the situation demands. Like, all vegan? No butter. As we spin our mental **Aquarius** wheels around and around along the lines of butter, stop and think about it. Good, bad, or, best of all, indifferent? I've found that a certain amount of indifference to whatever the current conditions suggest, just a small amount of, "I don't care" goes a long way towards making this a better week, either with, or without, butter.

Pisces

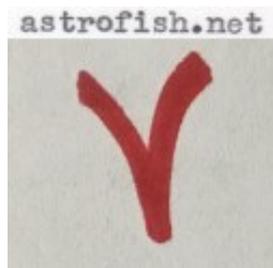


I was reading a piece about a web developer releasing his newest project, and it was about "Just ship it."

Then, too, there's the notion that version 1.0 is lonely, and usually ready for version updates almost immediately. The point of the piece, though, was to just get something out the door. Well, get it up and [for sale on the web](#), let the project be opened up for distribution, which then lays the project open for criticism, random testing that will cause failures, recriminations, blaming storming, name calling, and a host of other problems.

My favorite usually goes a little like this, "I tried to install it and it doesn't work." My first question? "Did you [read the instructions](#)?" Think we all know the answer to *that*.... While I'm a fan of the **Pisces** ability to merely intuit a way along, with the newest version of the **Pisces** operating system? Two points: at least glance at the instructions, the exploded diagram shows what should fit where, and then? Maybe read the instructions through, first. There's a simple trick to success, and this week's **Pisces** success depends on the steps being followed, in order.

Aries



For some time now, I've been searching for the "backward hats" store. You know the kind of place I'm trying to find? The place where all the urban youths, and some country stars, where they all find those hats that they wear backwards.

I'm sure this is some great secret. The backward hats store. I asked, more than once, "Where'd you get that?" "This? At the store." So I'm sure that they must have some secret location, as I can't seem to find it anywhere. No place on the web, either.

This bit of silly foppery is brought to you by the **Aries** influence this week. It's silly, it's stupid. Might be childish to some, and the running joke doesn't seem to work, but while you're thinking about getting upset? Consider that there's a lot of this free-floating angst, looking for an anchor, and **Aries** being upset at my stupid attempt at a joke? Am I really the one you're upset with? Stupid jokes aren't helping, but that *incorrect* **Aries** attitude can take a bad situation and make it worse. Or you can pretend to laugh at my lame jokes. Or, whoever is trying to cheer you up.

Links

- astrofish.net/contact
- astrofish.net/travel
- More at KramerWetzel.com

Taurus



I've been "On the Air" in numerous settings. Personally, I'm not fond of the publicity, but a dozen years ago, a TV program tapped me for an astrologer slot. 6 hours waiting in a trailer, 3 hours shooting video, 30 seconds on national TV. The old Austin Music channel, as a weekly astrologer? Another time 30 minutes wrestling with a TV news crew, and then ten seconds of my hands and computer on the evening news. I'm really more introverted than the image would lead one to believe. What this is about is that reticence in **Taurus**, at the moment, to be totally resistant to any kind of publicity. Could be something as simple as the evening news crew, and in some of the smaller towns? That's a single roving reporter with a phone and a portable TV camera. Those reporters are the ones who are the most interesting to talk with, just in case. Their stories are equally interesting to whatever is supposed to be the **Taurus** topic. When the opportunity presents itself, and it will this week, then answer the questions, but address the reporter, the person, not the camera. Little trick I learned.

Gemini



My first suggestion was cupcakes. Then doughnuts. Client was entering a new workspace and trying to befriend the support crews. The old way of cuddling and coddling the staff, and this is in South Texas, the old way, everyone would be addressed as “darlin’,” “honey,” or “mija” and some kind of confectionary delight would be proffered.

Like, take in an offering? Old school and slightly dated form of an approach, but over the years, I’ve discovered that it does work. Mostly. Pretty well. In our new and overly sensitive yet totally enlightened time? “That’s too much sugar!” Then there’s the “Sugar is bad for you!” In other words, someone seems to take offense at any kind of [social lubricant](#) I suggested. As a **Gemini**-compliant person, I understand what’s happening, even now. Getting ready for this? Social lubricant. Grease is what I used to call it, “social grease.”

One of my younger buddies, to this day, he still thinks tequila works best. “Couple of shots of Jose, and she’s like me fine.” Yeah, not sure it works that way, and I’m not sure that works for the intended purpose of social lubricant — at work. So the gamut runs from cookies to cupcakes to tequila. I’m not sure which one works best, although, “spare” Halloween candy is a good bait, too. Just something to make those wheels at work turn a little easier.

Cancer



It’s the hard approach of the fall’s most fun season: Halloween. Means that there are orange and black inspired treats. Some of these are good, but some of these are an abhorrent misuse of nature. Have you ever seen the Halloween Oreo? It’s awful, instead of creamy rich white icing between two chocolate wafers, it’s horrific orange-colored cream filling, some kind of icing that’s not pumpkin spice, not “oranges,” and not anything I would ever like sandwiched between two Oreo cookies that are over-baked or something. I thought it inferred “dark chocolate,” but no, it was just abhorrent blend of crap. Awful, artificial flavors — no natural colors or flavors — just crap. Not healthy, not good, no redeeming qualities. All bad stuff, and I think the single package I got? Might’ve been two or three years old. So much chemical crud in the “cookies,” no noticeable deterioration over the years. Flavored sawdust and fine-ground minerals.

With the approach of Halloween? There are some abhorrent treats we must — especially delicate **Moon Children** — stay away from. At all costs. “Oh look, Halloween Oreos, cool.” No. Seriously, do us all a favor. No.

Regular Oreos? Those are great. I like the Double-Stuffed ones, I think of them as regular Oreos and the regular Oreos are “Oreo Light.”

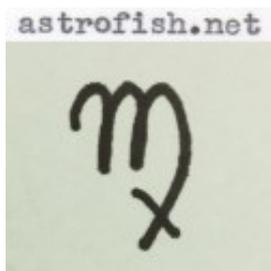
The Leo



The first inklings that this could be a troubled time is upon us. Not really a problem for other signs, but for **The Leo**? There's a sense that there is a tiny amount of trouble, right around the next corner. You cautiously peer around the corner, using **the best Leo** discretion, and notice that there doesn't appear to be any problems. Still, there's a sense that, "There's trouble in the air tonight."

You know it, feel it in your **Leo** bones, a pervasive undercurrent that something ain't quite right. It's a soft-sense warning, too. So the last corner, you first peeked around — there wasn't any trouble. No problems, right? What happens in times like these is that you tend to forget that proper sense of caution, and that results in you dropping your **majestic Leo** preparedness. You turn back, assure me that everything is OK, then turn around to proceed forward. Right into the trap. Maybe not a trap, but a wall, a problem, the little sense of foreboding that you had? Right there. Timing might be a little off, but the sense is correct; heed your own warnings.

Virgo



Turning attention to certain matters that demand your **Virgo** attention? That's what's important, the problem, the challenge, after that last full moon? Trying to get a way to direct those [attentions](#) to what really matters. Fishing matters. Everything else is just extraneous noise, am I right?

Easier to boil it down to that, strip away at what matters until we get to the heart.

Priorities.

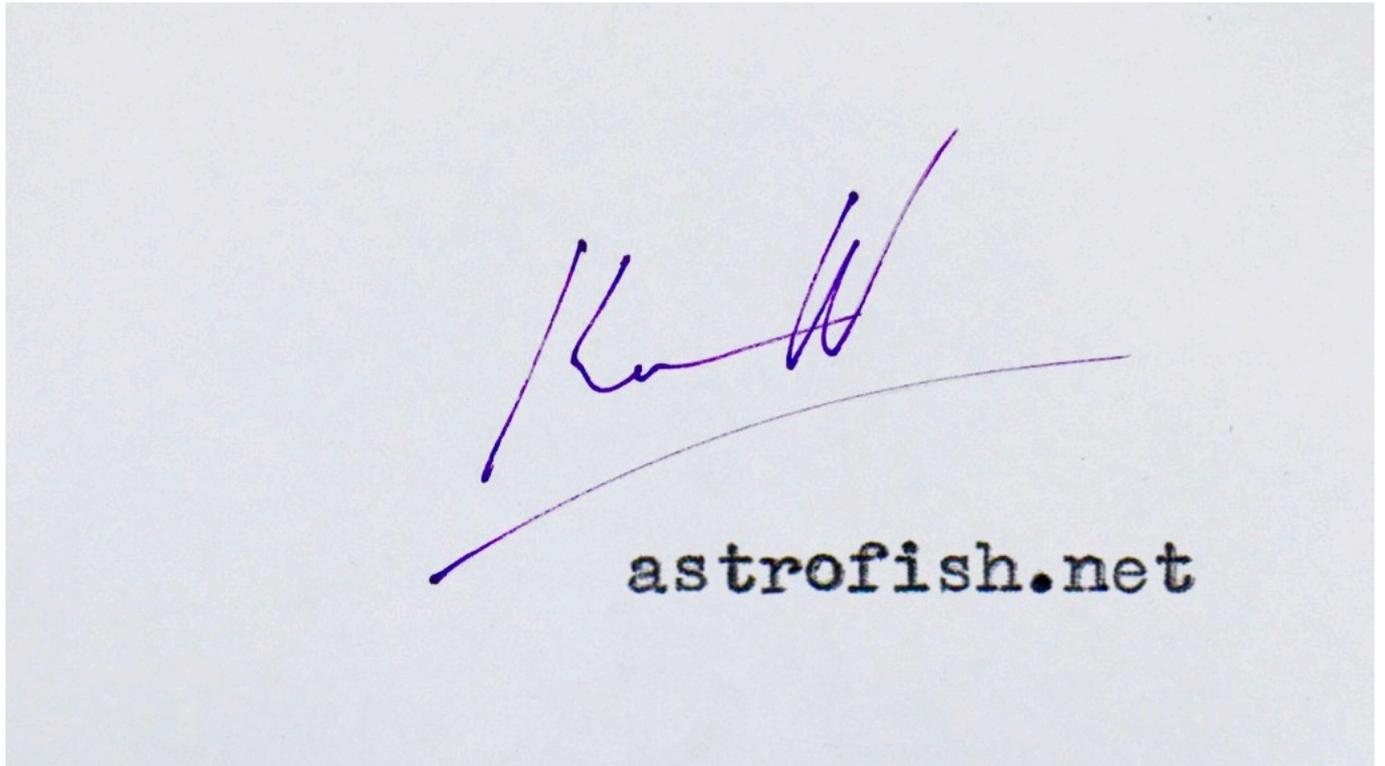
The challenge, though, is that the **Virgo** mind, left unchecked, will run amok with possible solutions, edification, emendations, and ramifications of the decisions.

Frozen with paralysis by analysis.

Happens in our post-modern epoch, wherein the decisions are too numerous to pick "just one." As a **Virgo**-friendly person, and as a person who has been more than one **Virgo** bad decision, pick one. Probably won't work correctly, but failure to pick anything? That's a bigger failure than just choosing a direction, goal, or priority that turns out to be the wrong guess. More trial and error, this next couple of days.

"Hey, **at least** I gave it a shot."

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Horoscopes for 10-24-2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 23, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/10/horoscopes-for-10-24-2019/>

My stronger guilt [defeats](#) my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect

- Claudius in [Hamlet](#) 3.3.40-2

New Moon in Scorpio October 27, 2019 around 10:48 PM. Steals and deals are available in the Halloween “boo-tique,” at astrofish.net/shop.

Horoscopes for 10.24.2019

Happy “almost Halloween” time. Yippee-skippy.

Scorpio



The ScorpionWhile the Sun enters the *tropical zodiac sign of Scorpio* on the 23rd, it’s not until we get this new moon on the 27 that we get the real “start” of **Scorpio**. We’re close, but we’re not there yet. However, that is a big turning point, more like, folks wake up on the [morning](#) of the 28th, “Hey! What are we doing for Halloween? Lets have a party!”

Cool, in a way, and uncool, in that there’s three-four days that get wasted, not being used for preparing, and anyone ever notice that the candy offerings get less generous towards the big night? Suddenly, all that “inner planet” turmoil is fun and games, good times and parties. It wasn’t a light switch, other than in a cosmic sense, and the new moon, in **Scorpio**, is a significant transition point — which means? It’s time to move forward with more than one set of plans. **Scorpios** do tend to get single-minded about a single task, or project, or goal; and with this current energy? Splitting up that drive and launching more than idea into the void is what works best. Try launching three, then, we’ll revisit in a few days and see which one [sticks](#).

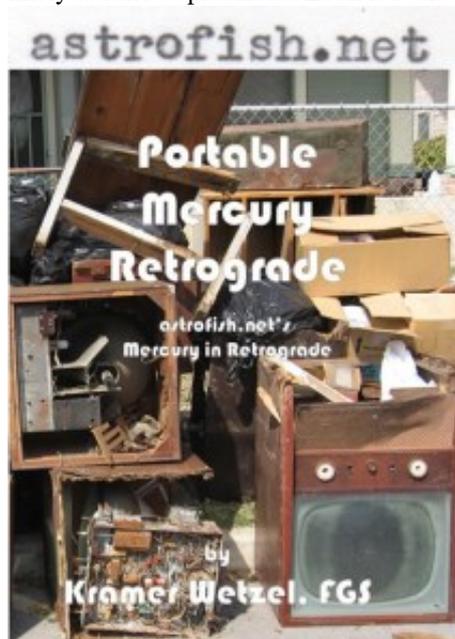
Sagittarius



The ArcherPicture from a day care place; pumpkin, Halloween art, and a sign, “It’s harvest time.”

Might be a bit unfortunate, right under the name of the day care place. True story. Wished I had that picture. It's a typical **Sagittarius** blunder, at this time, The wicked fast approach of the high holidays, Scorpio earnestly cooking along. It's harvest time, just maybe, though, think about the picture placement. or banner.

As a **Sagittarius** myself, I have to be reminded that bloopers and misguided — or incorrect — attributes are characteristic of this time. While that sign and its location might've been funny to some of us, not everyone will find it amusing. Therein is our problem and there is no easy solution, not this week, not for **Sagittarius**. Well, there is an easy solution, but one we're not likely to follow: proofread. Look it over. "Is this like Mercury Retrograde?" No, but the same principles might be [applied](#).



Yeah, Mercury. No, not really.

Capricorn



The Sea-Goat Some weeks are [like that](#), I manage to compress the data down to a useable format and size that seems smaller than it really is. Other times, I can't get the data squeezed down that far. Some days, I am verbose. Other days? *Not so much*. As much as I hate to delve into popular vernacular, I still use some it because it properly evokes a certain feeling, a sense, an understood direction. Other weeks, I have to hammer and yammer until I get the message across. This is a week when *Capricorn* has to work at it to get the message across. It doesn't come smoothly, or easily, and this is like a bad Halloween costume, one that has to be explained, over and over. Don't you get it? So don't be afraid to fill-in the empty spaces with words. More words. Verbiage. Filler, spin, rhetoric, all more terms for words that fill in the spaces while we try to arrive at the nuanced meaning of the moment. What's going on with *Capricorn* is that it takes a while to get the desired message across, and in order to get it across? Words. More words. Don't be afraid to heap words on words as we try to arrive at the nuanced meanings.

Aquarius



The Water Bearer An Aquarius buddy of mine was traveling, by air, from one point to another. Essentially, halfway across the country. Not quite coast-to-coast, but almost. Had to change planes in Dallas. (DFW) There was a weather situation, and one flight was late, and then another flight was delayed, and there's this cascading effect, wherein no one wins — except — with my **Aquarius** buddy? The airport bar in Dallas. (DFW — *the* airport.) Two hour delay, became a four hour delay, and it was good that someone picked him up at the final arrival, about 6 or 12 hours later, as he was toasted. Airport bars are notorious, and I figure, he gets “over-served” because, after each, “just one more,” he thought, along with the bartenders, “this one is getting on a plane and leaving the state.”

As an **Aquarius**, when my buddy's been drinking a bit? He gets gregarious. Nice guy gets nicer, maybe too nice? The next morning, after his near-24 hours of airline and weather related drinking adventures? He was wondering where all his money had gone. “What happened? I was in a bar across from the gate, then I had to make a long walk to another gate, and I don't know.” I'm unsure of his final destination, Wyoming, maybe? But his phone had a message from some woman he met in the bar, and she was in Kansas City.

Look, **Aquarius**, in our highly mobile age, this isn't such an unusual kind of occurrence, leaving the east coast to wind up Wyoming with a new girlfriend in Kansas? While such adventures can be quite amusing, the trick is to be [careful](#). The moon and all? Yeah, careful with a weather-delayed event, like a flight, and the repercussions of that delay. My buddy looked at his phone, then looked at me, “Do I know anyone in Missouri? Do you know anyone in Missouri?”

Happy ending of sorts, she left a breathy message.

Pisces



The Fishes Not long ago, I got an interesting solicitation. Woman, purported to be a woman, never can tell with commercial crap like that, but she asked if I was [interested in her writing some engaging material for my site](#), then used the following pitch, how engaging content draws people to the site and then, fresh content after that brings them back again and again — as long as there is new content, which, did I include, she was willing to write, for a fee. What made me think about this, compared with the **Pisces** planets? The way it worked, the wording of the sales pitch, “Fresh content brings them to your site, then more fresh content keeps them coming back,” and then? She's guaranteed a job. Recurring income. Normally, this kind off junk mail annoys me, but it was a person obviously out of touch with what my sites are all about: all me, all the time. Only one person writes this stuff, me. What intrigued me was the way the missive sold an idea and then the idea itself sold more. Get them hooked? Hooked for life. As a **Pisces**, what's got its [hooks](#) in you right now?

Aries



The RamNo **Aries** likes to think of himself or herself as capable of being rated as “Psycho,” but there you have it. This weirdness can fall out one of two or three ways, and the simplest way to face the world? As you rise and shine — but first coffee — as you arise each **Aries** morning? Are you going wear a halo? Or horns? Got a choice, here, each day. Each morning, decisions to make, horns, which evoke a devil-like countenance, implies a series of bad decisions, but it is your choice. Or a halo? That would imply an **angelic Aries** sentiment. Simply put, simple question, almost too binary to understand without further obfuscation, but what will it be this morning? Horns? Halo? **Aries**? It’s your call.

Taurus



The BullWatching a decades-old film, streaming? It was streaming steamy. Buddy film, of sorts. Two main characters and both of them had TV “shower sex.” Different but too similar, and seriously, as a much younger person, it would be possible, but as for character development? Didn’t add a lot to the film’s narrative. Raises the question of the practicality of such endeavors, too. In the real world? That kind of escapade rarely happens, and I’ve queried a great number of people. As to whether it’s a real thing. Apparently, only in movies. I looked at my date, she just shook her head, “No. Not even.” I’m ok with that judgement call. Perhaps this is a function of age, perhaps an overly prudish upbringing, or maybe, I’m just shy. Lazy might be better. Just because it looks good in the movies? Have to ask yourself, before you undertake that action, just because it looks appealing in the movies? Is this *really* worth trying **in real life**?

Gemini



The TwinsSome years back I had a chance to buy a package of zip-ties, the handy little plastic pieces that can hold objects, parts, joined surfaces, together. Came in a variety of colors and sizes. The other afternoon, I was tidying up (Sun in Libra time for me) some loose wires strung across the living room. I got out that package of zip-ties, and sorted through, looking for the smaller ones to zip up some cords, make it look less scraggly. Girlfriend looks over last the loose zip-ties out on the coffee table, and notes that the larger ones are separated. I was really digging for the tiny ones, I have no idea how I would use the larger ones. Didn’t matter, girlfriend glances down, “Zip ties? Not how I thought this would go.” I don’t get it. Most innocent of eyes, as far as I could tell, and I had nothing to do with her bolting out the door. *Not my fault!* Easy to see the meaning here, I hope. It’s an innocent (something), usually left laying around, and someone — not **Gemini** — sees this as an impediment, an obstacle, or something that bonds them. Two clues for this week’s clueless **Gemini**, don’t leave innocent articles just out where everyone can see them, and don’t try to protest too much. “Baby, please, it’s not what it looks like!”

Not like it was chloroform and duct tape.

Cancer



Moon ChildPut off Halloween costume ideas until the last minute. Put off the great idea, until we get to the deadline, which is really the next week. With an October 31 date as the time when the costume must be done? Start on the latest and greatest idea, on — or after — that new moon, as listed above. Seems a little late in the game, but sometimes the best ideas are hatched when under pressure. Yes, I know, the gentle Moon children don't really do all that well under pressure, but with the tough, crab-like carapace? Sure, you can stand a little bit of extra pressure, and some it? Might seem internal. Might be your own, inner voice, or spirit guides, or intuition, or whatever we want to call it? Might be that. Might be a number of influences, both inner and outer, but the quickest, surest answer? Wait until the last minute then have a sprint to the finish. Sure, there's the parable about the tortoise and the hare, and we all know that slow and steady is usually better. It's just the New Moon gives a solid, decent shove in a good direction. New direction, Brilliant idea and easy enough to accomplish in the allotted time. No, seriously. Wait for that new moon inspiration. You'll be brilliant by then.

The Leo



The Lion**Leo**, the great and magnificent **Leo** tends to be effusive, outgoing, and gregarious, Friendly, kind, and outgoing. Easy to approach and easy to work with, as long as one understands the rules and terms for handling **The Leo**.

Simple, that's simple to deal with, not necessarily "simple," you know. But as a watchword while we start *Scorpio* — just as a guideline for **The Leo**? Reticence. Could be patience, but most of *the Leo* I know have little patience, so I wouldn't push for that. But a certain amount of reticence will help. Less effusive. Tone down the "outgoing."

Personally, I always believe we should stay approachable, but I wouldn't start anything.

The line-up of planets in *Scorpio* — not a big deal, but as the watery Scorpion sign gets underway? Careful that none of that water sloshes over and puts out **The Leo** fire. In order to stay a little more cautious than usual? Watchword for the next couple of days? What works for **The Leo**?

"Reticence."

Virgo



The VirginScrape away at the *Virgo's veneer*, and there's a series of dirty little secrets. Not all bad, but there's a terribly earthy essence to **Virgo** that gets missed by the prissy, clean-freak reputation, not always undeserved. That "Virgo perfect" setting? Scrape away at the surface, look under the hood, check under the petticoats, use whatever metaphor is most comfortable, and look beneath the top layers of clean. There's a succulent, reminds me of *farmer's market* — all organic — root vegetables. While the plants were fresh harvested, fall and all, there is usually some rich, dark loam still stuck to the vegetables. Clean dirt, if there is such a thing, and who would know more about that than **Virgo**? That's the kind of dirty little secret I'm suggesting, not something *dirty* like that, just some real dirt. It's all a matter of scratching away the top layer, getting a little underneath it, looking deeper. Have to be willing to go beneath the top **Virgo Veneer** in order to find this week's pay dirt.

Libra



The ScalesThere's an aura of suspicion that pervades the **Libra** psyche at this time. "Who wants to know?" And then, "Why do they want to know?" To some, it feels like there is a plot afoot, some other people are out to achieve some goals that satisfy their own, personal gains. Nothing to do with **Libra**, other than feeling like there is a plot, a conspiracy, something is askew. If we could stick a cosmic pin in the situation that is suspicious? Make life in **Libra** much easier, but alas, in real life, folks get upset if you try and pin them. Still, the essential idea, the central theme with this week's planets? Pause to investigate a little further than your **Libra** self would normally go. Stop long enough to think about other players who might, or might not, be complicit in the *complot*. Is there a third or fourth hand at work within this situation? Situations? Are there other players, as of yet, unrevealed, or has the plot twist not yet come unraveled? More here than meets the eye? Quite possible, but before you start hurling accusation, and drawing conclusions built on scant evidence, pause.

I've written this before, but it applies, to this week's **Libra** more than ever, "Just because you're paranoid — doesn't mean they aren't out to get you."

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#horoscopes

#kramerw

#astrology

Horoscopes for 10-31-2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, October 30, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/10/horoscopes-for-10-31-2019/>

GLOU.

That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

CLAR.

That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Shakespeare's *Henry 6 part 3* 3.2.113-4

Ten days' wonder? I'm guessing at a little less than seven days yet. Steals and deals are available in the Halloween "boottique," at astrofish.net/shop.

Horoscopes for 10.31.2019

Scorpio



With this current [Mercury Retrograde](#) patten in full swing? Happy [Halloween](#), happy **Scorpio** birthday, all of that, but with this pattern in full effect by now?

"Don't try to out-stupid me."

It is a challenge, issued to — maybe from — but more likely to **Scorpio**.

"Don't try to out-stupid me."

Best example I can think of? Late in the afternoon, after fishing most of the day on the bay, I was having some luck using thin little pieces of bait on sharp hooks, and I was getting tired of reeling in fish. Not too tired to quit, even though, well, what I did was wind up for a long cast against a far shore, not paying attention to where the hook was, and I managed to snag my shorts and from there, the hook and its bard were buried in the flesh on the back of my leg. Good to know I had a recent tetanus shot. When I say?

"Don't try to out-stupid me."

It's a clear example of me, **Mercury**, and whatever else doing something stupid, like hooking myself with a sharp hook. Fortunately, my fish pliers have a cutting spot, and I could merely cut the eye off the hook and push it through rather than pulling it out. Still, I hooked myself but good. Happy Halloween, happy birthday and please, *don't try to out-stupid me*.

Sagittarius

Get any two *Shakespeare Scholars* together and there will be a myriad of divergent opinions. Working from the exact same text, compare what the emphasis, authorship, what conclusions are drawn from the exact same piece of text. Like they were in different worlds. Best example? The quote I started with? One computer analysis proves that it was written all by Shakespeare and another suggested that **the same play** *wasn't* written by "Shakespeare" at all. As far as applying this little "fact" to this week's **Sagittarius**?

While drawing from the exact same charts, looking at the same stars, any two **Sagittarius** (Sagittarius?) Any two of us will have very different [opinions](#) about this week's ongoing tales and trials.

So is it a good week or a bad week?

It's neither. It's what we make of it. Understand, like that *Shakespeare Scholartship*, like bass fishing in Texas, there is plenty of room for a variety of opinions, and don't confuse opinions with facts. While the conclusions might derive from plainly observed facts, the results, the outcome, how our **Sagittarius** selves perceive the information is subject to change. Yes, we can blame the planets this week. Have a happy and safe Halloween.

Capricorn

Perfect **Capricorn** quote? "If money will shut you up? I'm all ears." As **Mercury** begins its strongest descent into inherent, mercurial madness? There's an idea, and I heard a **Capricorn** buddy use that line, and it made me think. It's perfect for right now. This week, especially. I rolled some astrology charts around, and then I got stuck looking at 1982, then again at 2020. How does that fit in the moment? It doesn't, but it will. It's a time when — instead of spending money, or throwing money at a problem? Instead of tossing away cash, "Make it rain, baby!" Instead of showering a problem, a certain situation, with mounds of dollars?

Try, at least internally, to use that expression, "If money will shut you up, then I'm all ears." There's a situation, and with the current round of instability loose upon the world we live in? That instability is best met with a good listening face rather than tossing good **Capricorn** money after bad money, trying to get something fixed that, for the time being, doesn't want to get fixed.

Listen up.

"What?"

That's [all](#); just listen up.

Aquarius

One of the best — or worst — Halloweens I ever had part in? I was living in a skanky little trailer park on the south side of the river in Austin (TX). Long before that was a cool, and before certain movie stars were in trailers there, too. It was a warm, almost muggy Halloween, and the neighbors were in a party-party mode. That's twice as much. Think they started drinking in the morning, and by "candy time," everyone was toasted, or the crowd that was sitting outside, two trailers down. Loud. Starting to slur. Think they had all originally planned to make the 6th Street *bacchanalia*, but by the onset of evening, the trailer park residents, part of that party, they were all way too intoxicated, at least one, doubt he could walk. I know, the next morning, one of them was still passed out in the lawn chair in front of the trailer. There was about half big bag of candy left over, and since the drunks scared all the kids away, think it was booze, beer, and then the halloween candy, all of that, and, there's a kind of mess that only occurs in trailer parks. I participated, in a minor way, think I did a cigarette run, at some point,

but I just observed and didn't partake. Much fun was had by all. It's memorable halloween for me, as I could remember it, the balmy fall weather, no ACL or F1, no rock stars, none of that. Good times. Can't duplicate this kind of event, but you can remember what made it so fun. One of the guys, he had a plastic Nixon mask. Seemed like mostly drunken debauchery at the time, but the memories, now, are quite fond. Moving forward? Can't duplicate this, but we can recall what was good.

Pisces

As the Moon approaches a new kind of fulfillment? Time to research "[oracles](#)" for **Pisces**. Oracles can be a number of different tangents and tools. To some, I serve as an oracle, although, frankly, I don't see it myself. However, I do have access to a number of different ways of reading an oracle. One buddy looks for a series of numbers then defines a meaning from that, like keeps seeing 711 license plates and signs, then a price tag and then? As a product's SKU. Numbers people have a definition for that, and they can give a meaning. Not my bag. Or, one friend, "I keep seeing triple 3's, like 333 or even one license plate was 3333. What does that mean?" I don't know, but if you search the inter-webs, someone will make up something that you like. That's not the kind of oracle we're looking for, though. There's a shamanistic quality to way this week feels, and the way it's heading. There's an inherent **Pisces** intuition that is stronger, better than most. The problem with the approach of this "Moon conjunct Neptune" (next week)? There needs to be some kind of a gentle nudge in one direction, the most correct direction. That's the purpose of the oracle. To me, this is clear, I flip up a card, look at a rune, shake the dice, or gaze at the heavens. The *personal Pisces* oracle is good, but you've got to define what tools you're going to use. Need it by next week.

Aries

I'll let you in on a little secret, just me to **Aries**. Little factoid, no one really knows? Just a small revelation that might — somehow — be revelatory for you. Maybe a source inspiration. Maybe a source of annoyance, it is me, after all, and there are days when I do rub people in a fashion that *they don't like*. I'll shrug it off, and not worry too much. When I pick the Shakespeare quote for the week's introduction?

Sometimes, those are quotes carefully selected from a play wherein that quote carries great symbolism.

But after 30 years of this? Not every week has deep meaning. Or special significance. There are times when I use an almost random method to plug in a quote from someplace in [Shakespeare's body of work](#), just plucking one out of the thin air.

Difficult to believe?

Consider time and energy involved, plus there's the ongoing "onion" effect of peeling back layers and layers of potential meaning to an individual body of work. Then, too, some of the quotes have [multiple meanings](#), across various levels. Look, **Aries**, sometimes this is quite random. Sometimes, this is by thought, analysis, and education. This week? You're making a totally random choice, but it connects, through no willful connection that we are aware of, to the greater good. Trying to force a connection won't work. Letting one be made, through no effort of our own **Aries** will? Works great.

Taurus

Like a sugared-up, ADD child, my *Shakespeare Scholarship* is merely **all-over the place**. There is no coherent theme, no grand unifying theory, no, none of that. One day it's a certain play, other days, it's a series of plays, one day it's a single passage, other days? The whole play. Deep in the play, *12th Night*, there's a bit where a character is, OK, from the top, it was a boy actor, playing a girl, playing a boy who is in love with his/her master, and there's a rather fancy amount of verbal back and forth, in the second act, because the character of a female has to stay true to her womanhood, but she is pretending to be a male (boy), and she/he talks about love, and how women feel as strongly as men.

I was going someplace with the confusion, and with that passage, it's a fun one done on stage correctly, as there is obviously sexual tension between the characters on stage, yet, no one gets it. I used a quote from the earlier *Henry 6* series for this

week's introduction because it meant something at the time, but bowing to convention, I realized that this week's **Taurus** needed a quick reminder about that Act 2 confusion in *12th Night*. The message, since I never made that clear, the gender bending person never lies, just dances around the truth. Pretty amazing bit of verbal wordplay. I can see the image isn't getting across. OK, it's like this: don't lie. It's quite all right to dissemble and obfuscate, but don't outright lie.

Gemini

One Gemini buddy has been a [perfect mess for the last week](#). Not getting any better, either. No, not getting any better at all for **Gemini**. Except, well, there's always one. I used to suggest that no one ever get a tattoo when Mercury was Retrograde. But my one *Gemini* buddy who used to be in charge of a string of tattoo parlors, yeah, he came up with a brilliant idea: the do-over ink.

No, seriously, think about it.

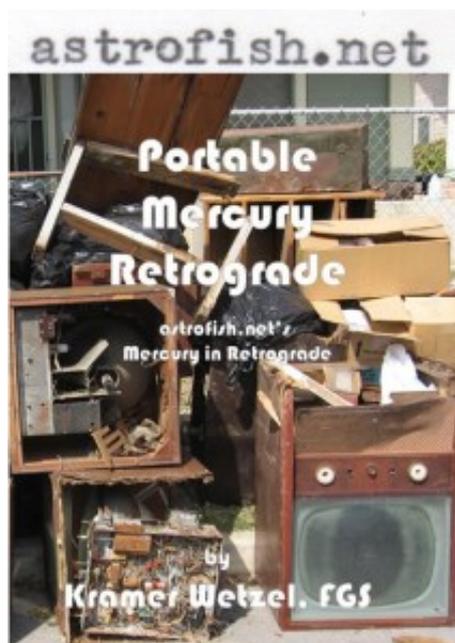
The typical sailor's scroll with a certain person's name in it? Had done ten years ago? Both the person and the ink itself, one is gone from the life of **Gemini** and the other is fading in an indecorous manner? Great time for a touch-up. There are always Halloween specials, and that old ink can be replaced with something new. Opposite from **Gemini** is *Sagittarius*. One had the brilliant idea — he has that scroll on his arm, but instead of a certain female's name, it just says, "Her Name." True story. Now is the time — Sun's in *Scorpio* — now is a really good time to think about a do-over, something permanent, that was fixed, might be kind of broken, and get that re-done, in keeping with this week's theme for **Gemini**.

Cancer

The evening sky, with certain planets clearly visible, wheeling overhead? I always think back to skies I've seen, like from the rooftop of Colorado, the Rockies. Or in the far northern climes of Alaska. At least once in England, a weirdly clear night in the summer, countryside show, and after dark, once again the brilliant stars, "God's little lanterns twinkling on and off in the heavens." Sure. It was a side trip to [Austin](#), and coming home under the cover of the night's sky, there was that brilliant orb, first visible at dusk.

The planets incline but they don't dictate,
contrary to popular mythology.

The *Moon Children* — **Cancer** planets, especially the natal Sun, but any type of that flavor in a chart? Weird, un-summoned emotions come creeping to the surface. In one neighborhood, there was always this one house, guy went all-out for Halloween. My favorite, so evocative of this time? It looked like a plastic skeleton, just starting to crawl its way out of the grave. The heavens above are forcing something up, some skeleton from the closet of the **Cancer's** emotional war-chest of stored memories. Look at the sentiment. Examine it. No need to hold on to it, but yeah, it came creeping up for a reason.



The Leo

It's a little strange on halloween, to talk about textures, but that's what this week will be about. Not the texture of the surface of the week, but the sub-structures, the way it feels when you run your hands over the surface of the week, and then you can feel the supporting struts underneath. See? All about textures. Yes, it's a big costume holiday, and yes, in my world the days after are also celebrations, but once the weekend looks like it might be over? Feel the texture. It's more about feeling rather than seeing. Yes, you're **The Leo**, and yes, you're more perceptive than most of us, yes, all that stuff, best fixed fire sign **ever**, yes, all of that, but there's more. It's beneath the surface. Just underneath.

Virgo

I never did understand the appeal of certain serial shows, like *Game of Thrones*. Flip that around, and the poetry of [Shakespeare's Richard II](#) moves me, and part of the underlying themes includes palace intrigue. The play quoted at the beginning, I've spent several years casually getting to understand it a little better, but there's death and mayhem, palace intrigue, and sword fights galore.

Good stuff.

Fun stuff, for me. So — it turns out — the sword and sorcery crowd resembles real, dramatic reenactments, of English history. This is, I might add, history that was written by the victors, and Shakespeare's histories tend to be loosely based upon certain facts, but, like my own [family motto](#), "Never let the facts interfere with the story."

Lot of information to here to digest. As your planet — Mercury — starts his new pattern of bedeviled merriment — at the cost of the **Virgo** sanity? Think about those plays, how the real story is far more interesting than anything that can be made up. So, in the next few weeks, and this next week especially? After *All Hallow's Eve* is over? Stick to plain, simple facts. Those facts might be mutable in the coming weeks, but report them as facts, as best your **Virgo** self can.

Libra

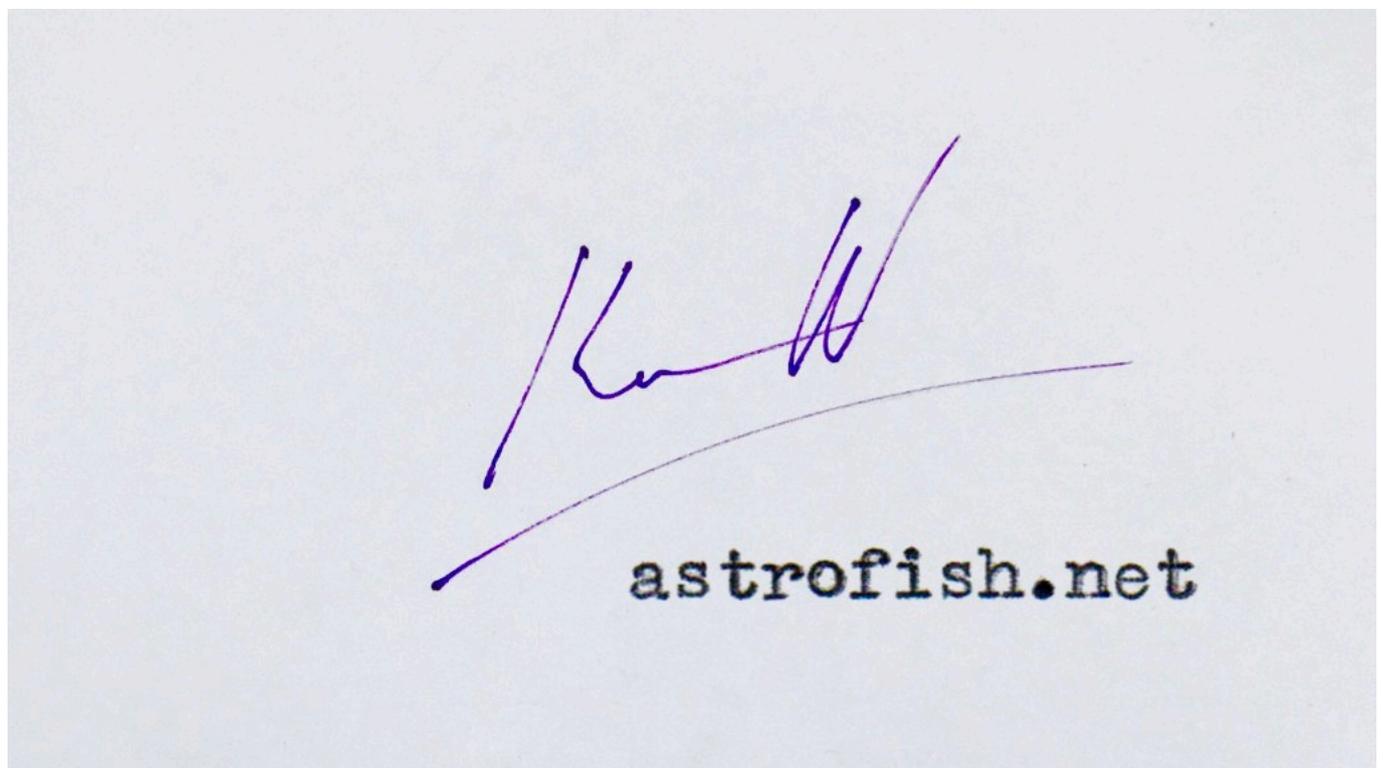
The original idea behind my old site, [Bexar County Line](#), was simple. I had a plethora of inexpensive digital image devices —

cameras — and the deal was, the cameras **had** to cost less than a \$100. Good enough to take a decent resolution image but not so expensive that I'd be afraid to tote the camera around. One of them retired to the glove box in an old girlfriend's car. Miss the girlfriend, not the camera. Cameras are easy to replace. Girlfriends are getting more difficult to replace. The cheap camera obsession started with fishing — always goes back to that — doesn't it?

The cameras were all, originally, “boat cameras,” as in not afraid to wander out in the wilds, and not afraid to drop the camera. Times change, and by the time that site — [Bexar County Line](#) — was a few years old, the images started coming from cell phones and nothing more. I'm not complaining, just observing that the changes, and flowing with the times. Still, as a way to record an image, as an artistic exercise, it's been good.

I'm not a photographer. Visual arts will never be “my thang,” but that didn't stop me from proudly attempting to document the images I found amusing. Yes, I know, *All Hallow's Eve*, and I understand, but beyond that, in the *Dia de la Muertos*, which I think is bad grammar but correct spelling, after all that, we get into the meat of the month of November, and **Libra** has a chance to work with cheap. Like my first idea for that site, just daily, digital image. On the cheap. On the fly. Not too much effort. But, most important, fun, or, like me, artistically rewarding in its own way.

[astrofish.net/travel](#) for appearances



“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

#horoscopes

#kramerw

#astrology

Horoscopes for 11-7-2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 06, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/11/horoscopes-for-11-7-2019/>

This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in't. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.

Guiderius in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* 4.2.115-

Horoscopes for 11.7.2019

The [Portable Mercury Retrograde](#)

Scorpio



It's always a race to the [bottom](#), and that's what this might be about. Oh yeah, happy birthday, away. Thought I'd forget? Hardly. But the idea that it's a "Race to the bottom" struck a good chord with me, and I watched, as a number of my **Scorpio** buddies started to pick back up that bad behavior. "It's my birthday," or "Mercury is Retrograde, my astrologer told me, so I can do this." Yeah, not how this works, I mean, yes, it is your birthday time, and yes, Mercury is most heinously retrograde in your sign, but no, that's not a valid excuse to slip back into a previous arrangement that did your **Scorpio** self no good. Celebrate? Yes. Indulge in your birthday? Yes. Use that as an excuse? Can't say I didn't try and warn you. Good luck.

Sagittarius



Years and years of research, astrological, phenomenological, psychological? Years and years of applied [astrofish.net](#) research has a couple of easy guidelines for this kind of *Mercury in Retrograde* (in **Scorpio**, no less). Because of the [relative](#) motions, I found that a particular part of my ritual involves: coffee. Bad day today? Coffee. Good day today?

Coffee. Sleepy? Coffee. Tired? Coffee. Stressed out? Coffee. Happy? Coffee. Celebration? Coffee. No work today? Coffee. See the common thread? There's another version of this, more like a sticker I've seen before, "Drink more coffee. Do more stupid things faster." The demons are not held at bay, and the nightmares walk the earth. No, wait, it's all puppies and spring

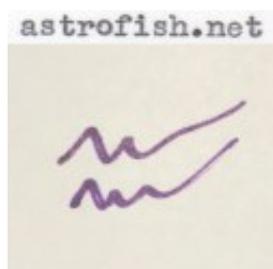
flowers. Which is it? Depends on the moment, and the [solution](#)? Coffee.

Capricorn



It's a dance, and it's that simple. I tend to see this as "The Work [Dance](#)," and I would guess that's how this shows up. Or where this little dance number shows up for **Capricorn**. The work dance is the shifting of calendars, [schedule](#), in my case, simply bouncing clients around to see who I can talk to when. The dance. "Can you do Wednesday afternoon?" No, how about "Thursday at 3?" No, then maybe, and it's a dance. Back and forth. It looks like a dance to me. It looks like a "St. Vitus" dance to others. (Look that one up.) The work dance is the deal, and it's like this: no one will be totally pleased with the work done while Mercury is like this. No one will be totally happy. As someone who loves **Capricorn**, I'd be pleased because I see a job that is totally finished to my satisfaction as defined by the parameters of the project. But I'm not your boss, your client, your employer, or your employee. One, or more, will **not** be happy, for whatever reason. Stick to the letter of the instructions, and make sure that's done. Best you can do, and remember, it's a dance, filled with forward and backward motions, not a straight shot.

Aquarius



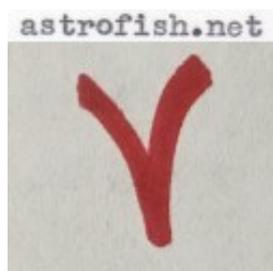
There was some early 80's *pre-emo* music on at the mall. There's a reason I don't like shopping; it's not been a good experience for me. I listened carefully, and the music really was that stuff, which, in its era, 30 years or more? In its proper era, it wasn't called "emo" yet, but that's what it was. Pretty depressing stuff. The term, "Emo" wasn't in broad usage yet. To some of us, me included, this is a sign of the decline and fall of Western Civilization, the formerly edgy, almost outlaw, youthful, and angst-ridden rock, now on at the mall. Love, loss, heartbreak, with a slightly catchy tune? Now a staple of background, almost elevator music? "Yeah, good times." Shrug. I notice material like this, and you're going to notice it, too. Not necessarily great stuff, but good stuff. This is also an example where the original intent of the artwork, music in the example, was different from its current portrayal, driving column sets in the holiday season. This Mercury Retrograde serves up some weird stuff, and that song in the mall? That's just that tiniest of examples. It's coming, this week. You've been warned.

Pisces



I was, at one time, pretty familiar with a few neighborhoods in London. Careful observation, and it was possible to see how the neighborhoods were built up around creeks, streams, and tributaries, that all drained into the Thames. Stories tend to follow plot lines like meandering river courses. When I lived in Austin, especially the last decade I was there, along the banks of the Colorado River, I was fishing there, and various other lakes, east of there. Stories tend to follow plot lines like the curves and bends in that same Colorado River, as it flows through Austin, then feeds the Lower Colorado River area. Although there are several flood control dam along the Colorado in Central Texas, the original meandering plot line still exists. Also visible in a potentially more storied town like London, the old creek, are paved over, but in the rain, the waters' routes are clearly visible. To plot a careful path forward? This week? Not likely to happen. Some of the **Pisces** route has been paved over. Other parts are stopped by a dam. "Day-ham." That, too. Still, the water seeks its own level, and — eventually — will find its course home, whether that's the Gulf of Mexico or the Thames, or whatever it is that you're trying to find. Plot that course, but willing to let Nature be the ultimate guide. Might be some turns and bends, but you'll get there. Eventually.

Aries



It's a maniacal sprint from here to the [end of the year](#), and this [current state of Mercury](#)? This doesn't help, not one little bit. Studies have shown that when I cross the threshold into another room, I change my mental frame of reference and in doing so, my brain changes gears. Or attempts to change gears. Doesn't always work, but it is a nice try. That's the all-too familiar, "What did I come in here for" scenario. So "science" claims a basis for that mental state. Cool, we now have an excuse. Just realize that it's the exact same, quite pervasive, and subversive energies that are present. This plays little and big mind games with the **Aries** psyche. The challenges presented by this look like an obstacle course, one of those "ninja" challenge courses, and every time you think you might be getting ahead, or just caught up, some trick knocks you back. Or, this is the ropes course in a training facility, and the instructor is purposefully making this harder, just for **Aries**. Still, the trick is to carry on, keep moving, even if it doesn't feel like it's foreword all the time. It's that course the physical endeavor, the way your mind plays a trick when you change your **Aries** location: keep moving forward. Or in forward-like, a forward-feeling direction. Might not be all right, but you'll be OK, and it will reward you. Might be next year before we see the pay off, but like I suggested, it's maniacal print to the new year from here.

Taurus



While it's a joke? It's also a commentary, and a display of my own understanding of what limitations I might have. I'm male,

straight, and white. That means I have no rhythm, and poor fashion sense. At least one wholistic fruit will chime in and point out that I do have my own sense of style, and I have a unique kind of rhythm. Might be true, but I prefer to just acknowledge what my obvious limitations are. Not going to be a dancer. Not going to play the bass in a rock band. Not going to be a rock'n'roll star anytime too soon. Not me. Not a problem, either.

I understand *exactly* what my [limitations](#) are.

The deal is, in the coming week, coming weeks? In the near future for **Taurus**? Understand the limits. The position of Mercury, and its *retrograde pattern*, forces a look at what limits might be there. Some days, some weeks, some years, for some of us, are good times for testing what limits might be there. Limits on **Taurus** action, limits on social interaction. Limits on the number of limits that might be there. All part of the what is happening with this cycle. Here's the deal, like me, admit to what the limiting factors might be. In my example? I'm easy, almost too easy: fashion sense. But that's merely an example.

Gemini



In mythology, and I'm too lazy to look this one up, but in — I think — Greek Mythology? Wasn't it Cassandra? She was given the gift of the accurate prophecy, only, she was cursed that no one would believe her. The Cassandra Curse, think that's what it is called. Guess what applies to **Gemini** in the coming days?

The *Cassandra Effect*, wherein you're 100% right, and no one gets it. No one if going to get it until after the new year, which is too bad, as I've implied, you're right.

The **Curse of Cassandra**, know the feeling?

Little trick from my book of little tricks for this kind of time? Shut up. Be quiet. Bide your **Gemini** time. The deal is, you're probably quite correct in your goals, directions and the way you see this coming about. The problem being? No one, not a single one of them, will heed your warning, or even listen to your prediction about the way this works. What's worse? Even though I know you're right? I will still discount your predictions until a later date, like, next year. "Wow, you **were** right!" Doesn't do a lot for the next couple of days, but as a **Gemini**? You should be refreshed to know, that eventually, you'll be known as "right." Just not right now.

Cancer



We are supposed to "forgive and forget" at previous indiscretions or trespasses against our gentle, **Moon Child** natures. Yeah, that ain't happening. Forgive? Yes, over time the pain is lessened and the bruises start to fade, so there is that, some sense of forgiveness. Forget? Yeah, maybe not. Doubt that the long, tortured **Cancer** memory will ever forget. The goal is to "forgive and forget," the results are not much until we achieve some semblance of forgiveness.

Little heady on a warm November morning in South Texas, but it was top of mind for the **Cancer Moon-children** charts. “Forgive and forget? Not bloody likely,” was the way I heard it stated. Rather harsh language to some. Me? I’ve heard much worse, and no one can carry a grudge like a *Scorpio*, so there’s that less likely to hold onto that material for *that* long, but there is the sense that this is an even bigger issue, and that this issue “isn’t over yet,” which, in fact, might be part of the problem. Once this thing gets resolved? “Forgive and forget,” or, at least park the notions in the fungible portion of one’s memory. Until it’s resolved, though, I guess we won’t be forgiving or forgetting.

The Leo



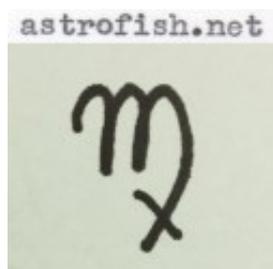
Fishing buddy of mine also plays golf. He was in telling me about being in a situation where he was around a former pro-golf caddy, and the caddy was wealth of golf tips. While this looks like a set-up for a joke, as it turned out, my buddy — not named Bubba — got the tip of a lifetime, a million dollar tip, a little observation and criticism that changed his golf game forever.

Look: I don’t get golf. I don’t understand it, I don’t understand why people play it, and I don’t comprehend the whole big deal. *That’s where I stand.*

My fishing buddy, when he’s not playing golf, he’s lots of fun. “So the caddy watched me swing once, told me to ‘tighten the grip of my little finger,’ and that changed my game — completely!” So as this week’s advice, from my fishing buddy to *The Leo* — it’s simple. Tighten the grip with your little finger. As not all my **Leo** friends are into weird games like golf? I’m not sure how this plays out — exactly — but I have a good idea. It’s a matter of getting a solicited bit of criticism, not a big deal, just a small tip, from an expert, then listening to that advice, I’d suggest that you try it yourself. It’s a small criticism, not wholesale change, and like a good **Leo**? Try it on your own, take a practice swing, in this example, and see what it feels like before you go, “Wow, that does does well!”

The Leo: tighten your little finger’s grip.

Virgo



Cold winter’s night. I was working, late into the wee hours, and I have the heat turned low. The “furnace” wasn’t on yet, not been cold enough for that. Think the AC was still on last week. But the little house has settled, and it’s cooling off, and I’m too cheap to turn up the heat, or even turn it on, and there was like a chill in the air. I pulled an old, long sleeve shirt around me, as I nestled into the couch, under a blanket, reading a book.

There was a subtle ripping noise. I pulled the front of the shirt closed and a sleeve’s seam split at the shoulder. It’s an old shirt, patterned cloth, yoke-cut, long sleeve, faux pearl snaps on the front and at the cuffs, and, for its age, remarkably intact. Now? Now it’s cleaning rags for fishing gear. It was a favorite shirt, but obviously it’s been around, and finally surrendered to the decay of time. Such material, in my life, I tend to recycle that torn shirt as cleaning rags, or some similar type of use for the material. Don’t think it was all-cotton, probably a synthetic blend, they used to use a lot of polyester, in its era. For **Virgo**,

remember, when something breaks down, there's always a way that the broken material can be recycled, or repurposed.

Libra



What we're dealing with is an incomplete data set. Not quite enough information? Correct. Not quite enough information. While there are still [multiple incoming streams](#) of data, like, ever see those "newsrooms" with a wall of TV sets, all tuned to different information? The inside of the **Libra** head might feel just like that.

The challenge this week's energies present? Trying to decipher just exactly what stream of data is most important, and then, constructing a viable conclusion from that source of information, and then? At the end of the end? Realize that the data set is incomplete. While this leaves us with a working model? It might not be a complete working model, and there might be a few pieces still missing. We have to understand that the incoming information — our **Libra** data set — that might not be all there. Have to be willing to amend, edit, or even chuck the whole thing and start over, as more information flips up on those TV screens.

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#horoscopes

#kramerw

#astrology

Horoscopes for 11-14-2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 13, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/11/horoscopes-for-11-14-2019/>

“Slander, whose sting is sharper than sword’s”

Paulina in Shakespeare’s
The Winter’s Tale 2.3.86-7

- The [Portable Mercury Retrograde](#)

This week's horoscopes have been updated to include bug fixes and subtle improvements over [last week's horoscopes](#).

Horoscopes for 11.14.2019

Scorpio



Happy birthday. Glad we got that out of the way. Now, onto more important matters. More important **Scorpio** matters: **Experts in Extracorporeal Existence**. There’s a weird sense, this is like leftover Halloween material, really, and that might be where I picked up the idea. But the idea is that we need an *Expert in Extracorporeal Existence*. Personally, I would tend to believe that my friends — my **Scorpio** friends — are just such experts.

Most of the **good Scorpio** that I know understand haunting, spirits, the undead, and all of that. It’s part of being born around *All Hallow’s Eve*, the sign born around the time when the veil is the thinnest. The rest of this is merely a drill, but you understand that the heavenly influences are predicting that there’s a strong sense of connection with the other side, the spirit world, the voices in my head.

How you deal with that? Got to be a little careful, these days, “A ghost told me to say/do this thing,” that usually doesn’t hold up well as a defense.

Sagittarius

Cheetos are a favorite nasty food. Look: the ingredients are all pureed chemicals and refined flour, “bad for you” corn starch and basically, all chemicals. Nothing terribly natural, but Cheetos, especially the hot ones? They are favorite “nasty” snack. Like a *Diet Dr Pepper*, another beverage that probably does more harm than good, still, every once in awhile, it’s a refreshing beverage, a little treat. Previously, I’ve alluded to “[Mexican Coke](#),” which, despite the onerous title, it’s really just old school Coca-Cola made from the original — not updated — recipe, and that includes regular cane sugar, nothing processed.

I just polished off half a bag of Cheetos. With coffee.

Cheetos with coffee is a rather strange breakfast combination, but I just needed something — not much. As a condiment, the flaming hot Cheetos are really useful. Dusted across a bowl of soup or included as a layer in a sandwich? Be surprised how

well that works. Adds much-needed “crunch” to a number of meals, although, these are usually “casual” meals. In this setting, there was a half a bag of Cheetos leftover, possibly from a fishing trip. I started eating them and they were gone. For the record? They really don’t go well with that morning pot of coffee. But I tried. That’s what this is all about. Some are successful, like flaming hot Cheetos on a winter bowl of tomato soup. With morning coffee? Maybe not so much. But I tried. Go ahead, Mercury is Retrograde, what’s the [worst](#) that could happen? Epic fail?

“Cheetos aren't that bad with coffee, you know...”

Capricorn

I’ve been in this business for a [long time](#). Seen promoters come and go. One outfit I was allied with, the company changed hands three time, no, four times. That stretches across Texas from the hinterlands — now the oil patch — to current day [Austin and San Antonio](#). Covered a lot of ground. When *Mercury is Retrograde*, there are minor upsets. I very carefully placed some banner advertising with a certain website. I was working in collusion with that promoter, and [what happened](#)? “Mercury is Retrograde, no?” Banner ad ran the week after the show. While, on a larger scale, this is OK, as it helps with branding and image, for the show itself? It did me no good whatsoever. On the larger, “big picture” canvas? Sure, mistakes happen; this is OK. On a smaller scale, this is **my life** scale, though? Really pissed me off. Miscues with media, and this is what happens. Triple check the details, still, or get tripped up.

Aquarius

Go back to the “Last saved position.” While I got the term from a gamer, *s’up dude*, I started to use it in reference to my own work, and now? Perfect while Mercury is Retrograde. Current software usually saves as I go so there’s no need to stop and save, along the route. When I first started writing these horoscopes, I would have to pause and save periodically, or risk losing all my clever words.

The old way I did this, was to save after I wrote each sign’s passage. Current software/hardware kind of does that, and I don’t have to hit “save” along the way, so the idea, the term itself, it’s a bit archaic, by more current standards. Might not translate as well, across several more modern layers. Still, the idea is sound, the way to approach this is start at the last saved position, and move forward. When obstacles, or the computer, breaks, we’re back at that same starting point. That’s the “Last saved position,” and I use this in more than one form.

Mercury will cause a momentary holiday panic. When that happens? [Revert](#) back to the last saved position. Consider, too, that this action, “reverting back to the *last saved position*?” That might occur more than once with striving to find a way out, a way through, or a way around the problem — the **Mercury is Retrograde** problem.

Pisces

I was headed into [Austin](#), early one winter morning. Stopped at a diner for some road food fare. A certain, stereotypical country song was coming through the speakers, “... and then she got run down by a train...” It’s possibly the ultimate country song, by an outlaw, or he was, at one time. The song and the diner, not unusual, but parked in a booth, there was some “Tour de France” bicycle riders, all geared up with the pants, the matching shirts with surprisingly useful pockets in the back, bright colors, and “Wheels over Texas,” or something logo. His and hers. Cute couple.

I glanced a second time. She was mouthing the lyrics to the song. Still dark. Still early. Me on the way to work, and the bicycle couple, I guess, on their way for a ride. The gear for the bicycles and the old-time country song is the disconcerting element, and knowing the lyrics, again, not that odd, but European bicycle gear? This kind of jarring situation? Just what this week holds, for **Pisces**. “You mean I’ll run into bicyclists?” Groan. No. It’s about two items, two scenarios that seem like they don’t belong together, yet, oddly enough, cold winter morning, before the sun is up even?

Aries

Eagle Claw hooks are a local favorite. When *Mercury is retrograde*, and I know I will be [fishing](#) along the bays and bayous of

the Gulf Coast, I'll buy several extra packages of the Eagle Claw hooks with a short, less than a foot, steel leader wire. So I'm not just buying a couple of hooks, I'm buying packages of hooks with steel leader. I'll get into a routine where I catch "hardheads," a kind of "tourist trout," as it is frequently called. They are catfish, or catfish-like critters, and they are bottom feeders, plus their flesh is not really tasty in any way. One buddy suggested her old family recipe that was nothing but butter and garlic would make it palatable, but I doubt that. Not good as bait, not good to eat, and best use? Back in the water, cleaning crap off the bottom.

The hardheads have a spike that's loaded with neurotoxin of one sort or another, on that dorsal fin. Having been stung a time or two, I'm extra cautious when *Mercury is retrograde*, watching out for that spike. Why I go through so many of the hooks, as I'll catch two or three of those tourist trout, and rather than risk damage to myself, it's not debilitating, just majorly inconvenient, I'll clip the wire and let the hardheads go back to what he was doing. One of my fishing buddies thought this an expensive way to handle catching bad fish. For me, the packages I'll use in a day, say two or three, cost less than a trip to the ER, or even just the doctor, or even just over-the-counter meds to cover up the pain of one brief interaction with that poison. I'm not [wrestling](#) with someone, or something, that can cause me pain. Simple solutions to a difficult week.

Taurus

Recent fishing trip, couldn't help but think about a certain [experience](#) I had. I caught a "Ray," a Stingray that was at least two, almost three feet across. On the larger size, while not that big, still, a big monster to hook and reel in. I could feel somethings gnawing on the bait, picking it up, spitting it out, picking it up again. I waited and bided my time, and when the moment felt correct? I give a sharp tug to set the hook. Epic battle, pole bent over, line stripping out then me reeling it back in, felt like a huge fish.

The stingrays along the Texas Gulf Coast have a nasty, poisonous barb at the base of their tail. Not "kill you" poison, but "make sure you have a very nasty day and a trip to the ER" kind of poison. Besides, usually requires a surgeon to dig out the barb. All my fishing buddies use a pair of pliers and snap their barbs off being throwing the rays back. This big one I caught? His, hers? The barb had been cut off. The connection between catching the ray and Mercury in its position? I hooked that ray under its belly, not in the mouth. In other world, think *Mercury Retrograde Mistake*, I got the job done, just timed it incorrectly. I pulled back and set the hook after the guy was finished with chewing the bait. Made for an interesting proposition, that big ray flopping around in the bottom the boat. Finally grabbed its tail and heaved the sucker overboard. If I catch something I have no intention of eating? Back it goes, preferably alive. But this isn't about fishing or catching bottom feeders with dangerous barbs, this is about hooking something, timing is wrong, action is right, and what happens after that. Got the big feller, and got it into the boat. Cool. Set it free. Cooler.

Gemini

I was reading an [online](#) piece that was popular myths and news, and it examined some of the current astrological weather. With the modern events as a backdrop? There's always historical perspective; however, I'm reminded, most of the history we have today? Written by the winners, so there will be that spin. My stories always have [me](#) as the hero, and I'm little taller, a little thinner, a little younger. Better looking, too.

With Mercury doing what he's doing, where he's doing it, in such a fashion as he is? Some of this material all needs to be more straightforward, especially now. With that nod? Instead of screaming at other people to just get to the point, instead of haranguing those of us who seem more verbose? Instead of harassing with an endless torrent of **Gemini** words, instead of all that? Instead of obfuscating and equivocating when a plain, simple answer will work best? When a plain, simple answer from **Gemini** will work best?

A simple, "Yes," or a "no," and a possible, "maybe," all work much better.

Got that? This week? Simple answer from **Gemini** works best, a simple, "Yes," or "no," or, if you really don't know? "Maybe." Got that? What's your answer to my question about the best way to respond to this week's questions?

Cancer

An old girlfriend's kid got ahold of me. Not like I'm difficult to find, [contact](#) info is plainly displayed. After a short round of introductions, her question, the kid's question, was about a rare book. "Kramer always knew a lot about books," was her comment. Not really, but I can fake it. However, our interaction led to social media connections and in the ensuing time, kid's grown up to look a lot like her mom. I did have an ability to pick out devastatingly attractive female mates. Leftover college day flashbacks, and seeing the kid's images scroll through the feeds brings up the "Coulda, shoulda, woulda," and bad case of the "what ifs."

With this moment of recollection and living in the past is brought to **Cancer** (Moon Children) by the current planets? It's a *perfect example* of **what not to do**. Don't get stuck thinking about what went before us. Different times require different attitudes and adjustments. Getting stuck in the past is a temptation — especially now. Doesn't work. I can't — don't want to — unfollow the kid on the feeds. But I don't have to linger over the image, either. Don't spend too much time in a past that might not even be real.

The Leo

While much of [my work](#) is spent trying to interpret symbols, one would think I would tend to be "visual."

Fact is, I'm "textual." I learn better with a text, be that on a screen, maybe a note on a phone, or from a book. Give me text. I don't want a video. I don't want a screen full of emojis. Don't send me a "happy face" symbol, unless that's money, yeah, don't send me a happy face symbol, send me a message with the words, describing how you are, and what is that makes you happy, and why I'm happy that your **Leo self** is happy. Next few days, maybe not so happy, I know. No need to send me a note about that. One of my early teachers suggested that excess punctuation was a waste, that the weight of the message should be carried by the message itself. As we slowly progress towards holidays, and hopefully a fresh start? Think about messages that are simple, and direct, and just text. No emojis — try it — just for the next few days. Got it? And your **Leo** answer?

"Right."

Virgo

I've sent Xmas cards, maybe two or three times as an adult. While I receive a few, my constantly [shifting addresses](#) means I'm lost from most lists, like friends' mailing lists. One distant cousin, "Hi Brad," used to send out a compilation CD, and I did that, too, one year. The problem with my Xmas playlist, I've got a few hits for it, and then? Yeah, not much more. I'm also, not a **Virgo**, but an enemy of Xmas before T-Day. The days are shorter, there's been a cold snap, but it has, or will, warm back up, and football rules.

Yes, it's Fall, but that doesn't excuse — in my mind — the existence of Xmas crap. But this is what this is about, while the planets are in their current *non-Virgo* disarray. Time to get ready, and the [Xmas Card list](#) is the best place to start. If you're really that curious, my mailing address is still on the contact page, and although I've shifted around, the address has stayed the same. "So I should be getting an Xmas list together, even though you are vehemently opposed to any Xmas before Black Friday?" Yeah, pretty much this week's message for **Virgo**.

Libra

As a guideline, I have long suggested that places, ostensibly restaurants, with marginal health code ratings, those places tend to be the best food. Recently, a local diner was shut down for a few days, just a few steps north of downtown proper, and that diner has a long and storied history. TV shows, rock stars, pro athletes, all of them dine there. Along with the luminaries, so close to a not-quite-yet revitalized area of town? The marginalized eat there, as well. As one buddy stereotypes them, "The dwelling impaired."

Makes for a colorful, fanciful setting. Some famous, some infamous, outlaws, and law enforcement, all under one roof. It was a brief moment in the hectic holiday news cycle, but the place was shut for about three days. Old family business, and since this place has been featured, repeatedly, in national media, the notice that it was closed for health code violations, while that might detract from its appeal to some? I think that just goes to show, my original hypothesis was correct: places with the marginal

health code ratings can have the very best food.

Still struggling with the week's onerous energies? Remember, "bad" sometimes indicates "good," even though it doesn't always seem logical. No, really, that place has excellent food.

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#horoscopes

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Horoscopes for 11-21-2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 20, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/11/horoscopes-for-11-21-2019/>

Such a villan
A writer could not put down in his scene,
Without taxation of his auditory
For fiction most enormous.

Julio in Shakespeare's
Double Falsehood 3.1.22-

The attribution of *Double Falsehood* to Shakespeare is best left to academics to debate. But the idea that we got scene that no writer could ever dream of as a fiction?

Horoscopes for 11.21.2019

The Sun moves into the tropical zodiac sign of Sagittarius Nov. 22, 10:58 AM Central, more or less.

Sagittarius



The problems with the Sun moving into **Sagittarius** is that phase of the moon. She's just a bitch, you know? Too much going on, and not enough **Sagittarius** to cover all that is required. Personally, from here on out, my business is next to non-existent until January 1. I'm not too concerned; been like this for many long years, finally figured out the holding pattern, and figured out what to do about everting: nothing.

As a fellow *November Sagittarius*? I know that long-term, big-picture goals, think, like what kind of a new year do we want? Think in terms like that as we approach the holidays and the merriment, and the parties, and the birthday celebrations, and whatever else? There are two lines, one arcing upwards, that's **Sagittarius** social commitments, and another arcing downwards, that's **Sagittarius** income (work, career). One is headed up and one is headed down, and those two arcs intersect this week. Middle of the graph. Again, back to that phase of the moon, and what it suggests? Long-term plans. think long-term, big-picture. New year, what does that hold? "That's too far away!" Not too far to make some plans, now.

Capricorn

A really long time ago, I was in the "entertainment" field, albeit in a different iteration than now. Mostly, my background was bartending, and it's a cut above some work, but, essentially, at the time, I was cashier with liquor bottles and staff of three to five. In military terms? Think: squad leader. Couple of nights were always big business nights. Thanksgiving was one. Thanksgiving night was a drinker's paradise. The venues — that were open — would be crowded with seasoned professionals and the "out of town" guests, most notably, victims or escapes based on whatever the local legend was. Like? "I couldn't wait

until I got out of school so I could leave this town, [forever](#).” And they were back, at Thanksgiving.

That means Thanksgiving night, and the following weekend, with its *Black Friday* [emphasis](#), all of that means work for those of us, well, back then, in that business. There was always a convivial [atmosphere](#) as old and new combined with long-lost, to make it all seem like a giant party. Which, for those us “in the business,” it was work. Good work. Easy work. Lucrative work. While everyone else is playing? Time to don that old fashioned **Capricorn** work ethic and tend to business. In my former life, it was the business of having fun, but whatever works? That’s what works.

Aquarius

In the good, old USA, it’s football season. And Thanksgiving. That brings families together, and it’s an emotionally stressful time for some. Families can be too much “togetherness” at the holiday. A lesson I learned, many long years ago, along the West Coast — in California (People’s Republic of Northern Cal.) At the thanksgiving meal, with the waves of the Pacific Ocean lapping at our feet, as we dined? While everyone else ordered turkey and typical fixings? I got — ocean was *right* there — a sea food dish. Mine was expertly prepared by a *sous chef* who knew how to cook fish. Roasted turkey, a traditional family-meal? Not so much. But typical California fare? Sure. Was great. Mine was wonderful.

Emotional distress comes from a variety of sources, either too much togetherness, or distance, or, plain old fashioned family dynamics. For an **Aquarius** person, doing something a little different — but within the bounds of good taste? That’s what works. The stress is there, but how we choose to handle that stress? Try something similar, but different. Always worked for me — I’m passing along advice to help you, too.

Pisces

The quickest, easiest solution? High quality, cheap drugs: [coffee](#). My coffee proclivities are not always stable. I will buy nickel bags of estate-grown, single-plant, stove-top roaster coffee. Tiny, refined, whole beans from a single source. I’ll also buy some *Death Wish Coffee*, cultivated and roasted to be the strongest coffee, hence the name. From that, there’s also an occasional selection of plain, grocery-store coffee, rather generic beans of moderate quality, perhaps no flavor at all, and maybe, although, not usually, ground.

[Death Wish Organic USDA Certified Whole Bean Coffee, 16 Ounce Bag](#)

I prefer whole beans, but that’s me. From horribly expensive to super-cheap, the individual roaster to generic bulk. From high-quality, superlative, exclusive coffee beans to decades-old mass-market, warehouse quantity. All legal drugs, in essence, and all forms represent cheap, legal drugs: coffee. As a solution to this week’s **Pisces** *problems*, think about cheap, legal drugs: coffee. It’s legal, so there are no complications. It is addicting to mere mortals, again, not an obstacle for **Pisces**, and finally? It solves this week’s motivational problems. Coffee: cheap **and** legal.

Aries

Late in the bass fishing season is weird, at best, but there are some days when it pays to try. Weather’s cooled off, dramatically so, in South Texas. Eventually, what happens is that the lakes “turn.” A cold snap, really a coolish front blusters along, and then, after a couple of days of cold weather, the water tables in the lakes shift. The bait the bass prey on are deeper, all of a sudden. No more topwater lures. Crank baits and stick baits with weights, Texas rigs and Carolina rigs.

We’re like the fish and the fish we’re trying to catch have moved into deeper waters. While the bass used to forage, up through last month, along the sides of the shore, waiting on food to drop into their large mouths (Large Mouth Bass)? All in deeper waters, now. The New Moon in **Sagittarius**, preceded by Mars and Mercury in Scorpio? Time to fish, but time to fish in different areas. Go deep. Search the inner realms, probe the depths. Drop a little bait all the way to the bottom, then reel it up about a crank and half, just gets it off the bottom itself, but it’s down there. As an **Aries**? The fish have moved to winter grounds, and the deeper water is where it’s at. Same goal, different location, now.

Taurus

You sleep well last night? Kind of [restless](#)? Been going on for a few days? I don't know much about **Taurus** people, but I do know that they like their sleep, and un-interrupted is better. A solid eight hours is best. Makes for a happier home life, makes for a happier office life, too. With Mars where he is, though? Sleep is a precious commodity that seems a little elusive. With Mars opposing, I tend to try and wear myself out so I have to sleep, the only problem? As tired as I am when I hit the rack, no sooner do my eyes start to flutter shut, my breathing slows, and my heart beat settles down?

There's the interior monologue of unfinished business. Grievous harms done unto me. Wrongs I failed to correct. Miscreants who are getting away with whatever [mischievous](#) deeds are their targets. That wide-screen, across the inside of my head surround-sound equipped theatre of the **Taurus** mind will replay all those mistakes. Now, if you're sleeping well, then this doesn't apply, but if there's that extra dose of worry, concern, fretfulness, or just that mind, laying awake at night, just waiting to remind you of all the shortcomings from the previous day? Two choices that I used when Mars was like this: read a book. Trashy, or good quality, but a book that resonates with your version of entertainment. That? And I keep a notepad handy so I can remember to write down whatever it was that I didn't want to forget. Makes sleep come easier.

Gemini

One of my buddy's, not really a fishing buddy as we've never really fished at the same time, in the same boat, but close enough as an [example](#)? He's a giant of a man, towers above me, big, deep booming voice. Has a close-cropped goatee kind of facial hair, and it's now all snow white. Still has a commanding presence, sort of cross between Kentucky Fried Chicken's Col. Sanders and a lean Santa Claus with some Southern Baptist preacher scattered across the top.

So this week's **Gemini** stuff made me think about my buddy as he was having problems with his wife. Girlfriend. I'm unsure of the situation, but she was sure he was leaving her, and he was mad, but he was not leaving her, in no uncertain terms. As a perfect example, "I'm mad at you — for what you did. Or didn't do. Or might've done, but didn't, but could've, but just because I'm mad doesn't mean we're over."

In part, this is merely a function of age, as in, "We're too old to start over." In part, this is remarkable amount of maturity on my **Gemini** buddy's part. In part, though, this is about seething emotions — "I'm mad as hell." Sure, that's OK. It's OK to be mad. Or angry, upset, perturbed that the other person isn't doing what she — or he — should, or shouldn't, be doing. Might be the target of the anger, which pisses you off even more, and that gets us going in a circle. The joy of being **Gemini**? This stuff, the anger, the upset, the pain, oh the pain, wait a few minutes, it will be over. Oh look, it's nice out right now. Fishing?

Cancer

One of the biggest casualties from the current crop of astrological energies? The gentle **Moon children** are going to get ignored. Sounds like that wouldn't be a problem, but there's a push, a sense, an essence that demands attention, more like an internal meter that demands that your **Cancer** self be recognized, and with the relative motions of — look at Mars and Mercury, in **Scorpio**? With that action, and then, the Sun creeping into **Sagittarius**? Expect to get ignored. Damage to the **Moon Children's** psyche? Sure. Hurt feelings? **Cancer** hurt feelings at being regulated to the *unnoticed* pile? Yeah, that's possible. But with the way things have been going? Do you really want that attention? Some days, some weeks, just some of the time, getting overlooked, passed by, or otherwise unnoticed? There are times when that's really not so bad. Like now. Be prepared to be unnoticed, and maybe, there's a certain enjoyment in that [anonymity](#).

The Leo

I do not like to hurry **The Leo**, and guess what? That's exactly what your brain — **The Leo** brain — will do. It's not me. It's not "them." It's not anyone outside of **The Leo** mind. Might seem like the influence is from outside, but no, it's just the top of the brain stem. It's not us suggesting you hurry up.

It's not us, saying, "Get a move on, sunshine!"

It's not us, "While we're young, okay?"

Nope, this isn't anyone on the exterior, trying to persuade, coerce, or otherwise motivate **The Leo** to take a certain action, or, "We're burning darling here, move it along, **Buttercup**." No, all those phrases, if you pause long enough to really listen, all of those motivational expressions are starting deep in **The Leo** psyche. Down in the soul. Somewhere south of the heart, maybe, or, maybe, at the top of the brain stem, but in either case, it's not us. It's you. As soon as you recognize that it is just you, that makes much of this easier. The only one who can shut up that noise? It's your royal **Leo** self. You're the source, and solution, to this week's issues. Problems. Challenges.

Now, would you hurry up and address that inner voice so we can get a move on?

Virgo

The family [newsletter](#) is different from person to person. In one family, the newsletter is long and filled with great gossip. Little substance, but tons of gossipy kind of information on the comings and goings of the last year. Another family, it's all about the relative successes of the kids, and each kid is now on a career track with an arc that looks like chair (person) of the board, kind of direction. My family is weird, as our goals, directions, and achievements have varied greatly. Not that I'm worried, but the question is, looking at the chart for this week's **Virgo energies**, what are the metrics you use for success? For one fishing buddy, the sheer volume of fish at weigh-in is the *only* way to measure success. Another fishing buddy, he thinks deer hunting and bagging a huge buck is the only way to be successful. All depends.

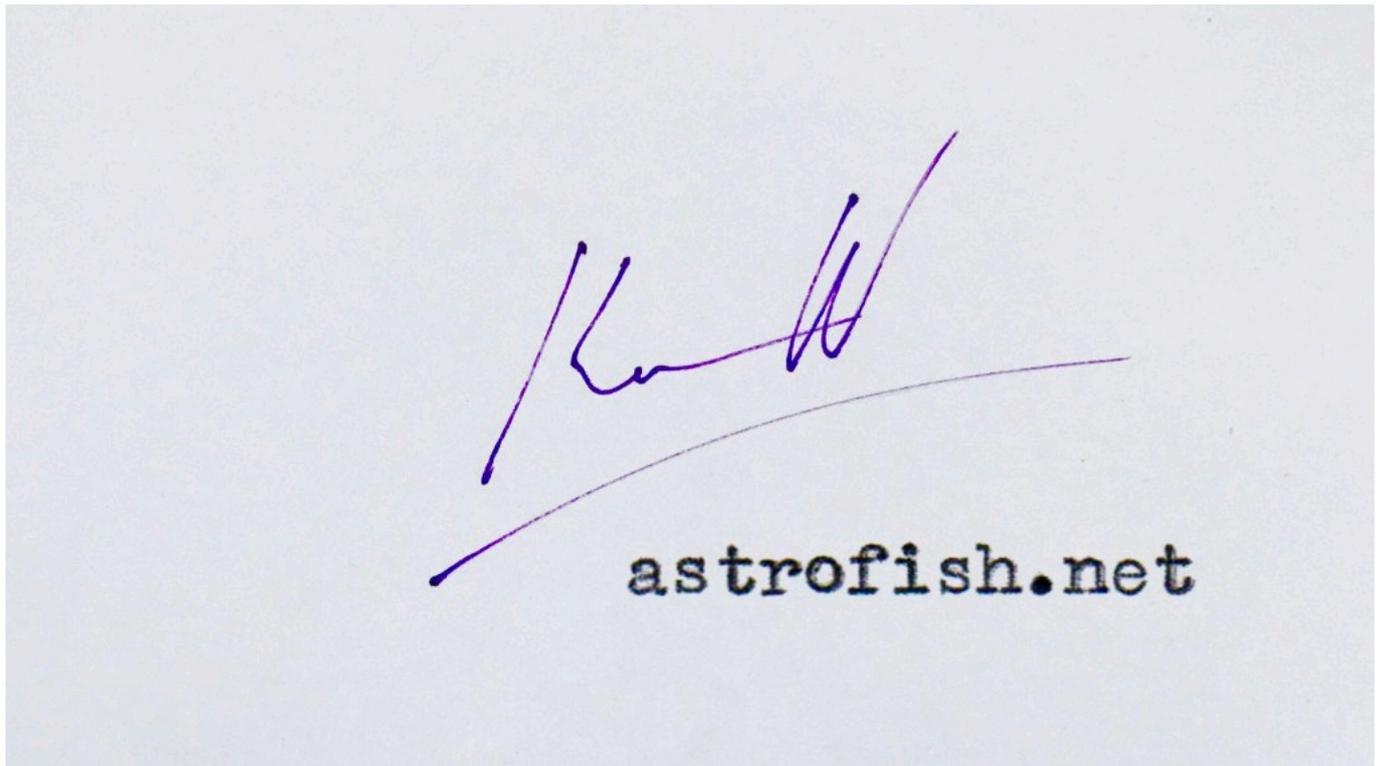
Libra

As always, there is an element of style that I fail to understand, not in part, not wholly, in no way, there are just pieces of style — that I don't get. I'm not complaining, nor am I being critical, it's just something that I don't get. Frequently, what happens is that a single element, a piece of the overall picture gets amplified, then made into a caricature of itself, and then, this is deemed "stylish."

That's the part I don't get and this carries forward as fashions change with every season, so it seems. But [my failure](#) to grasp the nuances of style doesn't matter, that doesn't stop style and fashion from marching forward. Ever onward and upward. So with what's shaking in the planets, there's a sense of style and fashion that seems to be escaping our **Libra** selves. A missing piece of fashion, a stylistic endeavor that seems to evade our grasp. Therein is the clue. No, seriously, if a piece of this puzzle, let's think of it as a fashion piece, let's think of this as the piece that would tie the whole outfit together? If that piece is missing? This week looks incomplete. Here's the idea, sometimes, incomplete is complete.

Scorpio

The birthday fun that was interrupted last few weeks by an errant Mercury? Mars makes good. There's a curious "see-saw" energy that is [posited](#) by the planets. In part, it's the return of Mercury to a more stable position, and the typical **Scorpio** comment about, "Not soon enough." Then there's the onset of Mars, and he brings renewed vigor and drive. More push to push with, more pull to pull with and more push-pull present for **Scorpio** to use. The trick is to push and pull all in a same direction that benefits your **Scorpio** self. I'm all about benefiting the **Scorpio**, and now that the planetary kerfuffle is over? Remember that the planets are push **and** pull at the same time. Use it. Use it well. Don't abuse it.



“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

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Horoscopes for 11-28-2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, November 27, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/11/horoscopes-for-11-28-2019/>

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension
Which still is farther off it, go with me
Before the god of our profession. There
Require of him the hearts of lions and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too,
Yea, the speed also—to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails.

Arcite in [Shakespeare's](#)

The Two Noble Kinsmen 5.1.34-42

Horoscopes for 11.28.2019

Jupiter enters the tropical zodiac sign of Capricorn Dec. 2, 2019 around noon. The [December Deal](#) special opportunity.

Sagittarius



Was still warm a few weeks back. My neighbor was mowing his yard. He was wearing a Hawaiian shirt, board shorts, and flip-flops. I almost interrupted him to advise against a loud and cranky lawn mower while only wearing sandals, but then, if it were me? That's what I would wear. Exactly. I might lose the shirt, depending on weather. I would also use an environmentally more friendly push mower, but again, I'm not my neighbor, and I — rather purposefully — have no lawn to mow. I leave that to the maintenance guy.

But the neighbor, he's retired military, in flip-flops and a Hawaiian shirt? I would like to **assume** that is my influence. In part, it is the choice of shirts. Ever since I've been his neighbor, he's gradually shifted to louder, floral-print shirts. Never totally in style so never totally out of style. I'm a good influence, right? With **Sagittarius** birthdays upon us all, and this horoscope commemorates [my annual trip around the sun](#), I would look upon our perceived influences, like my former military, formerly formally uptight neighbor, dressed in board shorts, flip-flops, and a Hawaiian shirt, and from that? Happy birthday to ourselves, but we have to remember, Jupiter causes a certain amount of arrogance, and if we think that it is solely our **Sagittarius** influence that pervades?

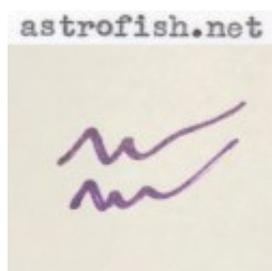
Capricorn



If it's difficult, we shouldn't be doing it. There's a certain ease and grace that comes with Jupiter. Fun times, plus, Venus is in on the mix? There's a special way this energy plays, and unwatched, this can be a problem. For starters, though, there's something to look at: **Capricorn** and age. Our elders? Yes, the elder spokespersons. Teachers, guides, "our betters," as I've heard them called. "Respected elder spokesperson."

Accord the old gods the respect that they richly deserve. Sit at the feet of those who have been before us. Listen to tales. Listen to the stories. Accumulate their knowledge so we may better plot our route forward. That's what this is about. One of the most brilliant pieces of wisdom that was handed down, from on high? "If it's difficult, we shouldn't be doing it." Might want to embrace that idea, as wisdom from our respected and venerated elders. I listened to them, and I'll pass along what was told to me, "If it's difficult, then we shouldn't be doing it." Yeah, yeah, goes against all things **Capricorn**, but this week? [Humor me](#). At the feet of our betters, "If it's difficult, then we shouldn't be doing it."

Aquarius



"Write your own chapter." When I saw that? I thought it was a sleazy way out of having to do the work. In part, it was, as it was a way for a self-help author sell a fatter book, charge more money, because most of the pages were, "Write down what you feel about this statement" kind of filler. In one case, I've used [pictures](#) as filler, same idea, only, as I discovered, the pictures are too expensive to print, and makes for a prohibitive price break.

But what does that really mean, "Write your own chapter?" Means that this is the week when you've got a chance to add to the narrative, and you can make it out to be whatever you want it to be. I wrote one book, or, a book-length manuscript, where I won. I was the hero and I won.

Failure as book, no one was the least bit interested in the narrative, but for me, as the author? I was able to write about a guy who won one, for a change. Kind fo a dark period of life, and yeah, the I know, it wasn't a failure, just not a commercial success. I'm not worried about that. That was a book-length manuscript, from me. For this week's **Aquarius**? I'm not sure you have to write the whole manuscript, and we just wrapped up that "write a novel in a month" thing, but think about writing a chapter. This week? Write your own chapter and have it turn out the way you want it to.

Aquarius: "Write your own chapter."

Pisces

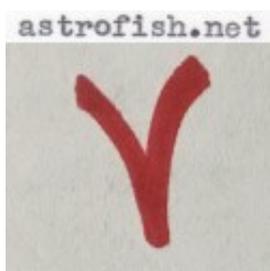


Suggestions for the **Pisces** week? Treat this like a [cafeteria](#). Treat life, this week, like a cafeteria. You grab a tray on the first day of this horoscope and start sliding it down the rails, looking at the stuff behind the glass.

The brown lumps of meat-like substance in a gravy-like semi-gelatinous fluid, that stuff looks good. The salad looks a little green, I mean, is macaroni salad supposed to be a green like that? Might want to skip that. The bread has been out for a few days, might be stale, but the desserts look good, maybe take two of those — carrot cake counts as a vegetable, doesn't it?

See how the cafeteria approach to this week's highly unstable (but some good stuff) works for **Pisces**? Cafeteria style is a secret I've developed, it was originally a term I borrowed from client, her term, not mine. However, I've worked with the definition, and expanded this to mean something a little different. This week is a buffet line, this week is cafeteria style. As you slide on down the rails of this week, pick and choose what looks good. The bread's stale, but the bread pudding is good. See? Just choose the stuff you want, the fun stuff. The good stuff.

Aries



One friend was trying to explain a definition to me. “‘Grace’ is an unearned favor.” So [working](#) forwards and backwards from that, certain elements in an astrology — to me — represent that definition of “grace,” as in, an “unearned favor.” The heavens open up and smile down. As an **Aries**, though, the question remains, can you be patient enough for this favor to arrive? Then, once the favor does arrive, can you put that grace to work for you in its proper way?

The skies open up, and a brilliant beam of light shines through, and for one moment, all is right in the **Aries** world, and now? Can you access this in time to use this energy correctly? The bigger challenge for this week's **Aries** version of grace? Not jumping too fast, “Wow, a break, let's run with it!” Might want to wait a beat or two, until the fish gets the bait in its mouth. You have grace this week, how it shows up? And what you do with it? That's out of my control.

Taurus



The older I get, the less comfortable I am with the wretched excess of T-Day holidays. Like the idea of pie. Or my older “brother” from Austin — lives in LA (Lower Arkansas) now, he used to bring a — for real Turducken at Thanksgiving. That was fun. Good. Delicious. Love some turkey stuffed with duck stuffed with ham stuffed with chicken

stuffed beef. I don't know, just a bunch of farmyard animals all rolled into one. While I liked the idea, yeah, not really my thing, and it was only through his largess that I was able to enjoy such excess. His source dried up and then, I was able to take a step back from stuffing myself. I'll have some turkey then some sweet potatoes, and then, whatever desert because I wouldn't ever want to be rude to the cook. But that's about it. Less. "Less is more," the familiar mantra. Stepping back, stepping away or just cutting back in a single area this next few days? That's going to help the **Taurus** energies see a particular issue more clearly. Stepping away, pushing back from the table, or just munching leftovers instead of gorging on epic, feast-like portions? That's the little [secret](#). Maybe just a little less, [not a lot less](#). Less discomfort in the coming days, too.

Gemini



We're doing this one again. One of the earliest pieces of *The Fineprint* was "You have to be this tall to ride this ride." I use that expression, frequently, just to illustrate a point, usually about maturity level, or emotional sensitivity, and sometimes, empathy. "You have to be this tall to ride this ride." What I'm desperately trying to avoid — for **Gemini**? "This ride" looks like a Ferris Wheel. Get it? Goes up, goes around and then? Leaves us right where we started. With the sun and moon dance, first in Sagittarius, and then beyond? The very **Gemini** problem is that ride, not whether you're tall enough, but understanding, it's not a roller coaster, just a Ferris Wheel. We wind up circling back to exactly where we started. Holidays and such can drive us right around the bend. If you are going on a ride, do you really want to wind up right back where you started? Maybe not step up for that promise of ride that turns out to be a very **Gemini**-like Ferris Wheel.

Cancer



I quit fishing — at least in Texas — after Thanksgiving. For me, yes, there are some days that are just picture perfect, especially in South Texas, which accounts for the snowbirds, but most mornings are cold, and most evenings are cold, and the weather is a good guess, at best.

I've been coastal flats fishing in the winter months, and while it was fun? It wasn't that fun, and when the cold wind whips up the waters, and there's that searing sun that doesn't seem to warm anything? I take the hint. I'm not comfortable. Like I said, I've tried it. Not my thing, certainly, not anymore. There was a time when I would brave the elements, but I've long since lost that inclination. No, not my thing, and not going to be my thing, at least, not this week.

As a sensitive *Moon Child* — **Cancer** person? Think about that decision I just delineated. Not going. Too cold. Too unpleasant. Not near enough fun for the amount of time and energy invested. Other than the ability to brag that I did, indeed, go fishing? Yeah, not a prize anymore. Or, not a prize I'm willing to chase. This week holds a few choices for **Moon Children**, namely, what is the cost, and does the cost justify the outcome.

For me? Yeah, probably not fishing much this next month, unless there's a really nice day and a buddy with a bass boat wants to hit the lake on a mid-morning, when the weather is amenable.

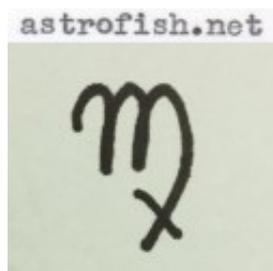
The Leo



While I prefer this advice as a *Mercury in Retrograde* [option](#)? Think about that box tucked in a corner of the garage, in my case, could be the back of a closet for others, could be — in the case of one aging parent — a series boxes along a wall, in a spare bedroom. In that box is a gag gift, a t-shirt, two [books](#) that were highly popular, and other, assorted material. A popcorn ball. Box of stale chocolates.

Get the idea? Stuff that can be gasp, shock, **re-gifted**. Therein is the clue. Before we go any further? What can be recycled, reused, or given to someone who would really appreciate it? Therein is the idea, and that's just for this next few days. Just past this week's [New Moon in Sagittarius](#)? Operative terms for my little **Leo** friends? Recycle, reuse, re-gift. There's a certain amount of clearing, and make sure that the donations align with the person; that's a special **Leo** gift. Make sure the item fits.

Virgo



Sent some realistic [goals](#). That simple, with the holiday crush, the mismatched holiday weekends on the wrong times, and the advent of Xmas? The simple solution, might be too simple for **Virgo**, but the easiest way to deal with this? Simple, realistic goals. I'm not going to knock out my entire shopping list by the end of the week, and that's an example of an unrealistic goal. Break it down into manageable goals, lists that have bullet points there are achievable. Grand gestures are nice.

The planets suggest we stick with [gestures](#) that aren't so grand. No sweeping generalizations, no broad strokes that cover huge swaths of territory, no, none of that. Simple goals. In my **Virgo** brain, I have a long list of items that I want, I **need**, [to get done](#), like, by yesterday. Since I haven't figured out how to turn back time?

Let's look at that list. What is a "need" and what is a merely a desire? The desire to have all of this crap behind us is just that, a want, not a need. So let's go back and look at that list of crap that needs to get done. Pick a couple of bullet-point ideas, goals that are easy to accomplish, make that a separate list, then check those items off as they get done. Keep the **Virgo** goals in the world of "realistic" for now. At the bottom of the list, add a thank you note to me, for helping **Virgo** get stuff done, one realistic set of goals at a time.

Libra



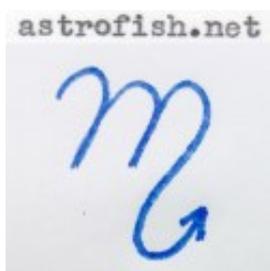
There's a certain level of communication that feeds our souls. There's a certain amount of coming and going, to-ing and fro-ing that is required. Some give and some take. Some holiday "madness," perhaps interspersed with excessive joy.

All sort of depends.

Looking at the up and coming season, though, there's a special **Libra** joy that it helps to get us all through this mess. With electronics and smart phones, it all works. There is no reason to lose touch with friends, family, cohorts, and others, similar types. Some times, it's big thoughts and deep conversations about weighty topics.

This next few days, this is about "Cute Shoes!" While that might not seem that deep, or to some of us it's not that important, to the **Libra** psyche, this kind of banter, wit, sparkling conversation about surface matters belies the depth of the interaction. Some days — some weeks — this apparently lightweight conversation has deeper meaning and greater understanding attached to the surface. What's on top, what's top of mind, what's the surface of the apparently casual conversation, the little electronic tickles? That's an indication of deeper stuff, only, we — non-**Libra** people — won't understand.

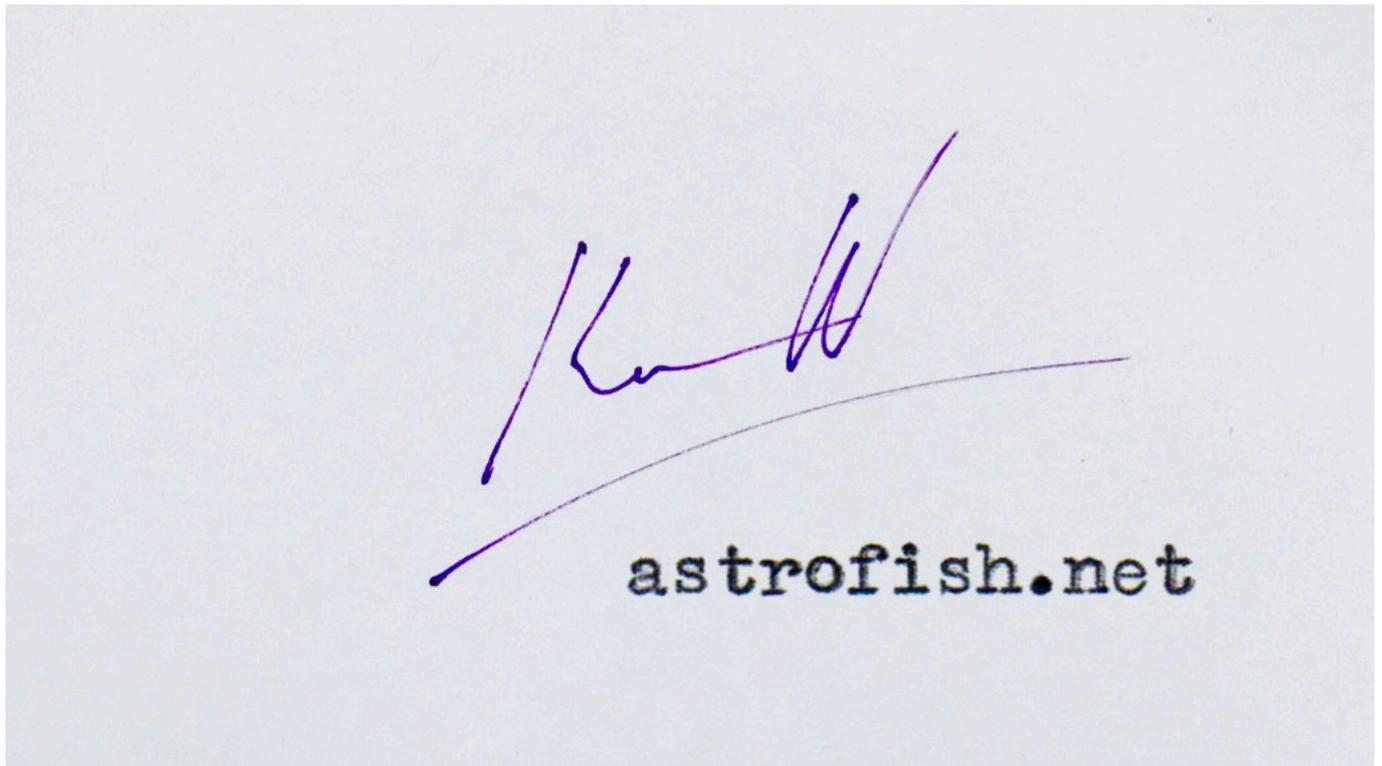
Scorpio



There's a famous author — **Scorpio** — who claimed during an interview that he started each new book with *no plan*. He would just sit down and start typing. Myth and lore, and during subsequent interviews plus online press material, he always made that claim. However, after reading his books for a few years, I could — *easily* — detect the fine, **Scorpio**, hand of planning. I'm pretty sure he worked from a detailed outline. Kind of obvious as the plotting was too taut to be, just, you know, "I dreamed this up — at the last moment."

When a clever clue in the first chapters gets echoed halfway through, then shows up at the end, yeah, not really believing it wasn't sort of planned, plotted, and graphed. Laid out like blueprints for a structure, way I would see it. I tend to plot and plan, too, as do **Scorpio**. We can pretend that there is no plan, but there is. Plot, plan, graph out the details, make a list, all of that. I like one author's suggestion of a flow chart to describe who does what to whom, and when, how, why. "Yeah, I do this from scratch, no plan." Sure. Plan, plot, maybe, though, this week? Pretend like you did it all from scratch. "Yeah, no recipe, just my own concoction on the fly."

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

#horoscope

Horoscopes for 12.5.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, December 04, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/2019/12/horoscopes-for-12-5-2019/>

Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Egeon in Shakespeare's
A Comedy of Errors (1.1.26-7)

Horoscopes for 12.5.2019

Full Moon in Sagittarius and Gemini, 12.12.2019 at 12:12 AM CDT or 12.11.2019 at 11:12 PM. [Your Mileage May Vary](#). The [December special](#) deal.



Sagittarius



[Travel](#), it's hardwired into my soul. I'm used to it, with all its vagaries, especially [commercial air travel](#).

I looked up, and there was a guy dressed like a mountain man. Full beard, fuzzy hat, boots, backpack, long winter coat, and a muffler. I was dressed in shorts and sandals, T-shirt and a lightweight flannel shirt wrapped around my waist. I will be in a terminal, then departure lounge, then taxi, then motel. Never outside for more than a few moments. I've also spent the bulk of my adult life in the Sun Belt, the American South West. Mostly South Texas these days, and the winter weather can be quite warm. So the Mountain Man look amused me, trekking to the north lands, I guess, but for me, this is about the vagaries of travel. As a *Sagittarius*, we must be light on our feet at this time, easily adaptable to whatever might come our way. Where I was going, though, no [winter wear](#) was required.

As a **Sagittarius**?

While we must be ready for exigent circumstances? Just a little looking ahead makes this more comfortable with [much less](#) to [carry](#), no matter what mode of transport we're using.

Capricorn

While the conglomeration of planets stuck in **Capricorn**, they don't all lend themselves to this kind of a simplistic [definition](#)?

While Pluto/Venus, Saturn, and Jupiter — individually? *Not so much*. Combine the elements represented, and with the Sun still in *Sagittarius*, thank-you-very-much? Add it all up, and what do we have?

Focus. Simply put, direct that copious, **Capricorn** attention to **just one thing at a time**. Really simple, and with the holidays, and the lists of things to get done, like shopping and cooking, and then, parties we must attend? All of that. The wish list, the baking, the holiday merry-making, and poor **Capricorn** being pulled in a thousand different directions? What is most important?

Focus. Tune out the details. Tune out the advertising, the insipid “mall music” playing holiday tunes, the latest Xmas album released by a tired pop star, yes, all of that. make a sincere effort to get connected with a single task, and see that all the way through to its logical conclusion — and see it as far as you can go before turning your **Capricorn** attention elsewhere. “But I need to get this [and](#) this and this all done, too!”

Capricorn: One. At. A. Time.

(Hint: not, “One. at a. Time.)

Aquarius

Ever wonder where the term, “Chalk it up” comes from? Like “[Chalk](#) it up to the holidays,” that type of expression? What chalk? Where are we chalking this chalk? I’m sure the internet has an answer, but I’ve found about half of what’s in the web these days is less than factually correct.

I fish and I write horoscopes. No one expects me to completely honest, and yet, I am. Let’s “Chalk that up to experience.”

Again, I’m unsure of the providence of the expression, and I’m unable to locate a reasonable source to suggest the real reason for the term. However, in my mind, it’s about lessons learned, and the expression conveys a quick period of learning rather than a period when something permanent is erected. Temporary, transitional, perhaps just “Experimental and experiential” rather than solid.

Interestingly, the first iteration of my [Bare Foot Astrology](#) was originally a taped version of the lecture, and I called it “Chalk Talk,” although, at the time, I was already using a whiteboard for illustrations, no chalk. Matter of fact, no chalk, ever. So when we “chalk it up to,” where the antecedent, the object of what is getting chalked up? When we chalk it up to — whatever? That’s subject to the individual **Aquarius** experience. But that’s what this week is about, chalk, not permanent marker.

Pisces

It was a [flow diagram](#), designed to look like it was hand-drawn. The question it posed, “Should you be practicing right now?” While primarily intended as a joke — or reminder — for musicians, aspiring musicians, and that ilk? It worked on several levels because every possible — as far as I could see — any possible excuse was end up with “You should be practicing.”

The other expression that might be a bit of a classical stretch? “All road [lead](#) to Rome.”

Me? I’m not a musician. Can’t carry a tune in a bucket with a handle. Not worried about it, either, as the same skill sets that result in excellent musicians? That “Practice - *practice* - practice” mantra? Same applies to my skills sets, my crafts, and the same repetition helps. For me, that’s the writing I do, and whether I’m actively working on horoscopes for this next year, which I still need to look at, or if this is other material that I work with? Doesn’t much matter, there’s a certain rhythm that comes from [fingers on keyboards](#), and that’s what counts. It’s like the musicians, or any type of artistry, what helps manage that skill level, and what makes us better? What advice we need for the next few days, to best cope with **Pisces** energies? What makes us better? “Practiced - practice - practice.”

Aries

Never can tell what or how this happens. I ran into an old friend who had been a lawyer, what I was told. She had law degree, worked in some branch or something as a lawyer, and then dropped from the old Austin radar. She was working on a flight crew for the airlines. She was tossing out peanuts, serving coffee, and that was it. In a snippet of conversation, and a vapid promise to get in touch later, I could fill in the details.

After getting [passed](#) over for promotion, she shifted her focus, and seemed to be having great fun, flying around, and seeing the countryside, at the expense of her employer. Apparently, it beat the option of paying to travel, and since she was determinedly single, it was/is a lifestyle that suits her.

I guess.

The weird part about this, it was a simple commuter flight, not any kind of a big deal, and running into someone who had made a drastic life change seemed odd. It holds a great truth for the **Aries** future, you know.

[Special footnote...](#)

Taurus

The [Christmas Album](#) is always an excellent value. Once a year, every year, the album comes back into play. Like Xmas decorations that get boxed up and forgotten in a [month](#)? But for the present time, that Xmas Album is an excellent value. I did a family version, and one for a certain cousin, but I've lost interest, plus, really, been too busy to invest time in a decent Xmas Album. While the holiday cheer is upon us, and especially with the moon, plus, for **Taurus**? Time to resurrect the Xmas Album idea. For **Taurus**, this is either rehashing old material, or grabbing Xmas themed material and dropping it all in one spot.

Gemini

It was a miserably cold winter's day. Mid-morning, wind whipping down from the north, sun low on the horizon approaching a weak winter mid-day peak, the long, slow slide towards the darkest days of the year, right? Nothing happy about this, at all, other than, in full winter gear, I was at the edge of the lake. Pole in hand, two poles, really, hands starting to get numb, but I was determined. Determined to fish, at least one day in December. Determined to make sure I wet a line at least once.

There's a [picture](#), probably on the recent weblog, of a smallish bass, technically a keeper, but I tossed him back, and that was the results of fishing. I invested a cold, five hours in fishing, on the shore of the lake, feeling rather frigid, and just a little bit stupid, but then I swore, I wasn't going to let this [window](#) slip past me. I still am not totally sure of what it was I had to prove, but I did it. Maybe this was proving to myself I could still do it? But I did it.

As a **Gemini**-compliant person, what I'm trying to get across? Same message as before, just go and do it. Five hours, maybe a little longer, plus a hot shower that's almost ran the water heater out of hot water as I tried to thaw myself out? Red and raw from that blasting arctic air? But I did it. What's the message for **Gemini**? Like me? Just go, might be symbolic, might be trying to prove something to yourself, or I don't even know what's the motivation really is, but do it. Clear, curly-tail grub, #2 hook, 8-pound mono line. I did it. You can, too.

Cancer

Holiday [travel](#) just brings a whole new can of worms to the table, doesn't it? I dated this one girl, well "dating" might be a bit euphemistic, but she was appalled by my fascination with certain forms of live bait, namely, earth worms. I would keep them in my icebox in the trailer in old South Austin. She wouldn't let me transport safe containers, usually little styrofoam boxes, with dirt and worms in them.

Freaked her out. Wiggly worms were not her friend. I was thinking about that as I was looking at this week's planets and the **Moon Children**, the *Cancer* elements. This week brings families together, and that brings a whole new can of worms to the **Moon Children's** dinner table, now doesn't it? I just got an image of a wriggling mass of earthworms, they really are pretty

cool little critters, and for some fishing? Great bait. But like that one old girlfriend, and we use that term loosely, that whole idea of traveling, getting together with family, and all of that? It unleashes a whole new set of problems.

As we grind our way through towards the holiday season, and as family grinds us down, think about that styrofoam container filled with a dozen, nice-sized, night crawlers. I keep mine in the icebox, they last longer. The peat they are grown in seems to do just fine. About having family over? Man, that's a different can of worms. How you approach it, and like that old girlfriend? She politely, but firmly, informed me there would be no worms transported in her car. How it goes.

The Leo

For US readers? This makes [perfect sense](#). Overseas? I'm unsure of what you have that is even close, but there's a chain in the US called [Half Price Books](#). As the name implies, it's a mostly books, and mostly used books, at least, that was the original business model. As an addendum, the first location was in Dallas, Texas — old neighborhood at one time. The books all used to be mostly used or remaindered hardcovers, and the price used to be pennies on the dollar of the sticker price.

Anymore? Yeah, kind of varies from location to location, and, I've noted before, there's a different flavor to each of the chain's locations. In addition, to make this work, I've managed to buy used copies of books missing from collections, "Borrowers of books are frequently thieves." The mail order service tends to be much less expensive than any other outlet. *I might be biased*. However, as an example of how to use this week's energy? One of my younger "grandma" friends, she's looking for a text that she had as a child to pass onto her grandchildren. Great place to shop? Right there, on her phone, looking at the various outlets, and it was the aforementioned *Half Price Books* that had the best deal. See how easy this is? A trip down memory lane and a little frugal tip from me, and you're golden again.

Virgo

For the last several years, see, I had this one client, elderly woman. Much older. Great fun, but she shuffled off this mortal coil, and that was the end. Not quite. Periodically, even to this day, I still get a social media notes — like reminders that it's her birthday, or friend request that is pending, and [sometimes](#), her email address is attached to spam. No, I don't want what the unsolicited commercial email is trying to sell me.

The biggest challenge in this post-modern digital time? How do we deal with that's left of our electric signature? By extension, then, for **Virgo**, this is about how we choose to deal with the electronic legacy that gets left behind. Personally, I'd like to erase mine as quick as I could. I tend to favor less and less digital footprint, but I still have a decent size boot-print in the current electronic landscape. How to deal with that? I know it's high holidays for many, but there's a troublesome little thought, back of your **Virgo** brain, and maybe not right this moment, but soon? Make sure you leave a way for someone to come in and erase your browser history, should, you know, something happen. Same applies to parents.

Libra

Stopped at a place for a cup of coffee while I was getting around for holiday crap. Excuse me, spreading *my brand of holiday cheer*. As much as I enjoy the holiday, some days, yeah, not so much. I handed the woman behind the counter my frequent flyer card and then said, "Yes, I want this for free." She blinked at me. "Free?" "No, I mean, it's rewards deal, I got a free one or something, I mean, I didn't just want it for *free free*, just, you know."

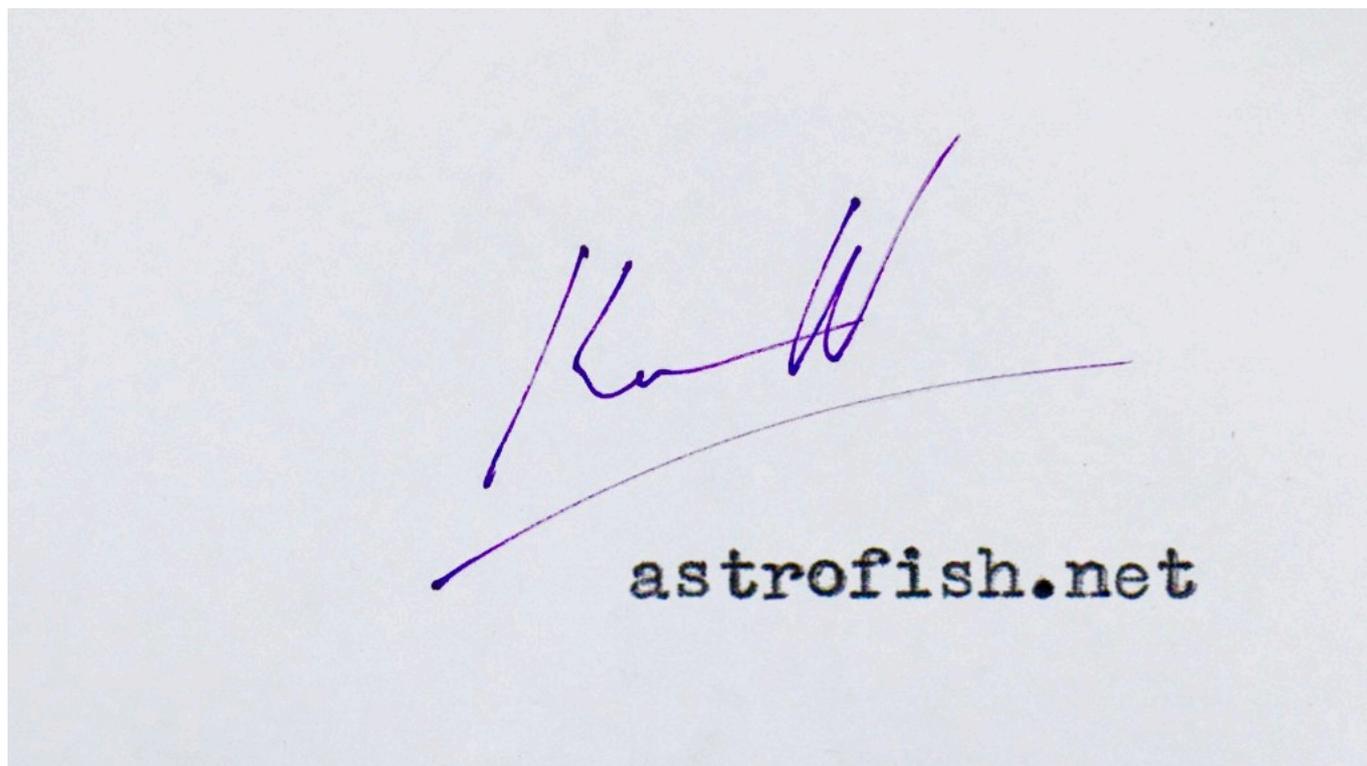
She smiled, and I think she was new to the job, and my demand for "free" unsettled her. I smiled, like I always do, then dropped a dollar in the tip jar, like I always do, and apologized for being a bit obtuse. I concluded with, "I try to make everyone's day a little more **surreal**." Which I do. Normal is so normal and by extension, boring. Like, "Bbbbboring...." Stretch that first part into three or maybe even five seconds of "Bore....." But I do, in a small way, try to spread cheer via surreal commentary just to keep folks thinking. "Wait, did he *really* say that?" Yes, yes I did. As a **Libra**, this is the best time to try and make everyone's day a little more, well, for lack of [better word](#)? "Surreal."

Scorpio

Last week, I used a quote from a late Shakespeare play, [The Two Noble Kinsmen](#). Including the play in the accepted *Shakespeare canon* is a little iffy, at best. Still, portions of the play are obviously the work of the one we call “the Bard.” What caught my attention on a recent re-reading of that play? The way the god of war, Mars, is so frequently invoked. Couple of guys are locked up, and fighting over women, still.

The play’s source is obviously from Chaucer. I like the poetry around Mars in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* as the actors are trying to get the patronage of the god of war to aid and assist in battle. Amusing. As a **Scorpio**, Mars is frying through your sign, and that gives you that extra edge. With the holiday crush and current mandated madness? How you use that “god of war” Mars-inspired energy is up to you, but think about the invocations in that play, and think about how it turns out. The inauspicious use of Mars-drive? Yeah, doesn’t turn out well.

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 12.12.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, December 11, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/?p=26788>

Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this.
His Grace is ent'ring. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather.

Lord Chamberlain in
[Shakespeare's Henry VIII](#) 1.4.19-

Horoscopes for 12.12.2019

Full Moon in Sagittarius and [Gemini](#), 12.12.2019 at 12:12 AM CDT or 12.11.2019 at 11:12 PM. [Your Mileage May Vary](#). The [December Deal](#) special opportunity.



Sagittarius



This is a gambler's week. How much of a [gambler are we](#)? Just about every **Sagittarius** fancies him or her self as bit of *bonviant* and having certain touch with, "The ponies." Or whatever, however, that shows up.

One of my little **Sagittarius** brothers kept insisting that he would always win on lotto scratchers. The deal is, the odds favor the house. In other words? No way we're winning more than we spend. I'm a bit unusual in that — it has happened — I have won at games of chance. Pure luck and the odds are in our favor, but only just. There's always a little warning that goes with this kind of a "gambler's transit," though: never spend more than we are willing to lose. Only spend what we're willing to admit might not come back right away. Might not a be a good week to be making "investments," which, to other people might look like a gamble. [Careful](#), not saying "don't," just suggesting we make sure.

[Your Mileage May Vary](#).

Capricorn

Secrets to success? I'll let you in on s little secret that's proven very effective this holiday season: ground cardamom. Organic, non-GMO, ground cardamom. In the past, I've trotted out the old "cinnamon in the coffee" routine, and met with warm

accolades, but not nearly as cool as the cardamom. That spice has some kind of weird texture, and it's more pungent, so I have to be more circumspect and careful with dosage. A single shake from the bottle is all it takes. Why a classical spice like this?

The holiday spirit, plus the great cacophony caused by the planets stirring in **Capricorn** demand some kind of acknowledgement. For me, it was simplest to open up a bottle of spice — not dreaded “pumpkin spice,” as that's horrible stuff — but a simple bottle of something a number of people typically have languishing at the back of the spice pallet. Grab something that's already there, and make use of it. Somewhat unusual, but also, like, sort of keeping with the times. There's a certain sense of holiday magic that using that single spice will add. Try it. My simplistic, yet effective effort? Just a quick shake, just a pinch over the grounds for the morning coffee.

Head explodes. **Capricorn**: “Kramer's a genius!”

No, just observant, and willing to try anything to help make our lives better. For both you and me.

Aquarius

These are always the hardest horoscopes to write. No one pays much attention to what the stars say until after the holidays. Still, I feel I certain sense of duty to make sure I get the missive across. This holiday season, the first two, three weeks December 2019? Filled with pitfalls and pratfalls for **good Aquarius**, wherein the biggest obstacles are all of our own making. All of our own **Aquarius** making, as in, plumbing the depth of the **Aquarius** soul, or reaching deep into our own subconscious and dredging up old hurts, retired pains, and similar situations where we've been wronged.

Forgiveness may be divine, but is sure **not** company policy. Poses a problem. While there are many great works from the *self-help* canons about the process of letting go of previous injuries? The operative phrases are “Forgive,” and, “forget.” There's another “F” word that comes to mind, don't snicker too loudly, we all thought it, and that might be the quicker, shorter version, Something about that harsh, Anglo-Saxon language makes a difference. Best choice for this week? Forgive and forget, and if that doesn't work? I'm sure you can think of something else, just as a hat tip, I'll figure, but not forget. Keeps me from making the same mistakes, over and over.

Pisces

“Find your signature style now!” Yeah, my [signature style](#) hasn't evolved much over the years. I started with loud, floral print shirts, and I never deviated. Over the years, though, as there have been miles, smiles, and trials, I've added and subtracted from that kind of a *signature style* for myself. However, I would be remiss if I didn't point out that the most common element, for me, is comfort. I do have a couple of Hawaiian shirts that have Xmas images printed on them. Makes the festive spirit more in tune with the festivities. I mean, it fits, and I can easily stay with my signature style, mostly shorts, sandals, and loud shirts. If it works, then it works. While I'll never be “in style,” with my inherent comfort factor worked into my typical attire, I'll never be out of style, either. I love it, a mystical zone between fashion and fashion police.

That's my “Signature Style,” which, I'm pretty sure, isn't what the ad was beckoning towards. However, that's merely an example of **my** style, and I'm not the **Pisces** in this week's equation. Find something wherein you're both comfortable, and stylish, and remember, style is entirely subjective. Whatever it is that you want to look like? Make it happen for **Pisces** and smooth the *Pisces psyche*.

Aries

The “Kara Kara” is a kind of a hawk. Or a carrion eater. It's large. It's nickname is “Mexican Eagle,” I think the real name is “Crested Caracara,” but I'm too lazy to look it up. I have a couple of images, scattered images, and it's a bird I never noticed until I wound up in the outer suburbs. I ran into the local nesting pair of couple of times, and at one point, I thought I figured out where their nest was, hint: on top of a local business's roof. What I admire about the majestic birds of prey? They are

evolved. They can fall from the sky, screaming, and snatch up prey. Or, they can feast on whatever the local vultures are eating. Live prey or fresh dead, doesn't much matter. Opportunistic, and, as adult specimens? Tall, regal, severe, almost haunting in appearance. To a certain extent, the actual, mature adult birds look like a cartoon character, with feathers tapers behind the head, and the giant hooked beak, good for hunting and scavenging. I mentioned this to a friend in California, and she scoffed at the idea — thinking the bird was out of its range.

Laugh away, but for several years, there's been a nesting pair living in my San Antonio neighborhood. The first time I saw the pair, I was greatly taken back, but more recently, there was a dead deer, and along with the typical carrion feeders, there was the mighty pair. With the preponderance of planets in *Capricorn*, your **Aries** self knows the drill, right? Look to nature for an example. While I would tend to think of the *Crested Caracara* as a majestic hawk, indeed, belongs to that biological family, I would also remind **Aries** that the regal bird is opportunistic, gladly taking advantage of whatever is fresh-dead. **Aries**: never turn down a free meal. There's a special holiday message in that one bird's choices.

Taurus

Technically, the car was not a real "Low Rider." Technically, it hasn't been modified, the suspension chopped, lowered, or anything like that, so it wasn't really a classic lowrider. However, that being noted, the car itself, it was four-door, sedan, that rode really, really low. I'm not sure if it was aftermarket tires, something a previous driver had done, or if it was just not a tall car. Not even short. Low rider fits. Not doing her anymore, so I don't know what happened to that car. This week's **Taurus** material made me think about that car, and the way it would scrape over speed bumps unless we crawled almost to a stop. Most of this week, for **Taurus** rolls along just fine. Just a tiny speed but, towards the end of the week, what to do? Slow down. Imagine, like that old "not really a low rider, but almost?" Imagine, negotiating speed bumps at a snail's pace, crawling forward so that the undercarriage, the **Taurus** undercarriage, slow enough so that the **Taurus** base doesn't get scraped. Or worse, like a turtle over a hill, where the legs don't reach the ground? Imagine that car teetering on a massive speed bump, the driving wheels spinning hopelessly in the air? Not the whole week, but at some point, there's that speed bump. Slow down for it — Mars. Mars is in *Scorpio*.

Gemini

For many years, I [traveled extensively](#) with work. I got used to always carrying a book to read, in one form or another, and the worst, I was stuck in a delayed flight situation along the front range of the Rockies (Denver airport), and I finished reading the fat book I'd brought. Snow, rain, probably rain, caused the delay, and that was the issue. With nothing to read, at hand, I was forced to look online for some new material. I got an *e-book* at a pulp price, discovered a new series of books, all pretty cheap, and I was off on a new adventure. I turned adversity, stuck in a waiting zone, delayed travel, into a [voyage of discovery](#). There's a time, fast approaching in **Gemini**, when the exact actions, the last big, fat book you were reading, you're done with it, and it's OK to cast about to find a suitable replacement form of entertainment. Education. Educational entertainment, or *info-tainment*, as one client called it. I didn't really like that term, but it's not up to me. Still, we're looking for some useful filler material, as there are times when the **Gemini** mind needs incoming data, and the usual holiday crap isn't cutting it. Seeking data, like, being stuck in a mile-high airport with nothing to read.

Cancer

The good graces that come from age? I'm too old to worry about females competing for my attention. Yes I still fall prey to the usual charms of young and pretty females, but I also harbor no [illusions](#) about that kind of situation. This week's quote is from a little-performed play, *Henry 8*, because it's problematic, at best, more about legal wrangling for a king than any sword and sorcery, like some of the other plays. I liked that line, too, about placing two women next to each other and watch the frost develop. I wouldn't know, it's been a long time since I've seen that kind of situation develop.

Now? I'm too old to worry about it. Age does have some benefits. The holidays are upon us, and like the quote, there's a situation your **Moon Child** self will encounter where you're tempted to let frost develop because of the insinuation of competition. The trick is? This is a trick of the planets, mostly all in *Capricorn*, which, if you've been following, is directly opposite from your frosty **Cancer** self. Think about that image of two females next to each with frost forming between them. As the weeks wane, though, there's a warming trend between perceptions and reality.

The Leo

There are two artists — musicians — who produced Xmas albums that I've bought. Billy Idol and Jimmy Buffett. In fact, Buffett has several Xmas albums, seeing as how he's *Capricorn* — and an Xmas baby at that, Dec. 25. Usually, I'm not much of a holiday person, but a little bit of cheer goes a long way. So, here's the idea, put on some of that music, and let the others, **The Leo** fans, the family, **The Leo** groupies, and assorted hanger-ones? Let them hear that kind of Xmas music and you're good to go. As a **Leo**-compliant, **Leo**-centric person myself? I'll hear that holiday music you're playing, and I'll assume that you're in the "holiday spirit," however that looks to you — but I've found pretending to enjoy the popular version of holiday classics helps.

A few **Leo** friends are in the spirit, but the rest of you have mountains of work to get done before the end of the year. That's where the holiday music comes into play, looks like you're in the mood, when, in fact, looks like you're grinding away at that last deadline. The stars, mostly in *Capricorn*, with a hint from *Sagittarius*, helps push these goals to the front, and then, get them done. Now.

Now is a good time. Put on the Xmas music, make it look like you're in the spirit, and then? Get this stuff done before the [deadline](#).

Virgo

Incremental change, updates, and that ilk? It's called "Feature Creep." I'm not always a fan of progress, when in this example, it's merely change and "progress" for the sake of saying, "Look! We changed something! Isn't it better?" As a good **Virgo**, you know the correct answer? "I liked it the way it was." Here's the deal with this week's planets, the full moon then the waning aspects, plus, well, all that *Capricorn*, ahem, *nastiness*. Yes, all of that. What my good little **Virgo** friends need to be on guard for? Against? Watching out for?

"Feature creep."

"No, look it's better if we just add this, and that, and then one more item...." It's like a recipe, to thoroughly confuse and twist the metaphor, **follow the recipe**. Simple as that. A pinch of salt means a pinch, not a teaspoon, not a tablespoon. If someone, later wants that? That person can add it themselves, don't keep adding stuff, don't load up one more "feature" because it looks like a good idea. This week, to avoid the nastiness, and to enjoy the holiday? Maybe no updates. [No additions](#). Follow the recipes. Follow the directions, to the letter. [Some assembly required](#).

Libra

My dad was **Libra**, and despite the season, I'm not above using dead relatives as perfect examples. In his latter years, he wore hats, almost all the time. Part style, part function, part eccentricities. This week is a **Libra** with a hat, only, the hat is on sideways. The hat is mashed down on the **Libra** head, or the hat is askew.

It is most certainly not on straight.

While there are times when a rakish tilt looks good? This is a not one of those times, or this isn't the style of the moment. While I like the idea of hat, practically, I move too much, and I bounce, and hats tend to fly off my head. For years, I used [bandanas](#), as they would stay on as I — metaphorically — jumped through hoops.

That's my solution, for **Libra**, a scarf — or a bandana — like me. Hats? Hats are great. But there's a problem, and the upsetting *Capricorn* mess makes that hat look bad. Not look bad, but not on right. There's a certain energy present from all that **Capricorn**. Don't argue with it — doesn't work in our **Libra** favor. Just mash that hat down on the head and proceed forward.

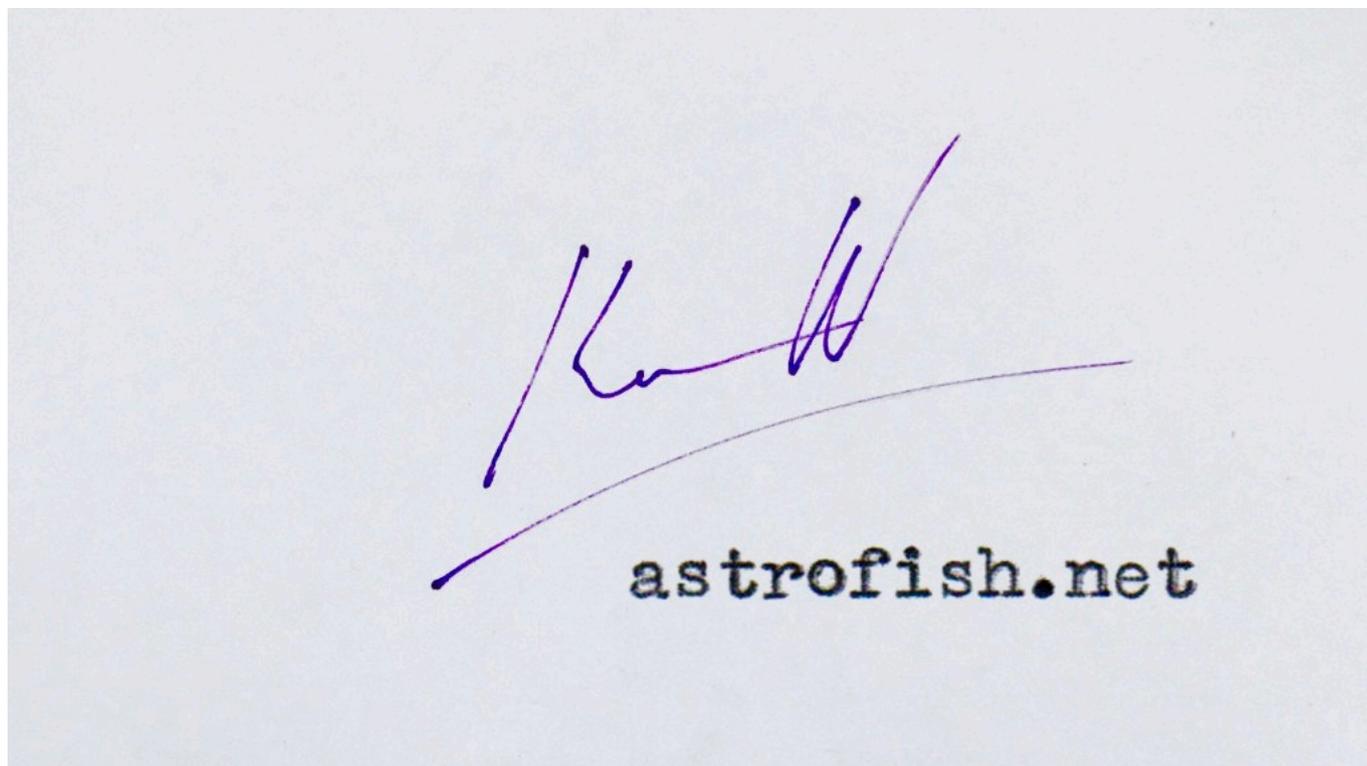
Scorpio

There's a huge amount of "Cardinal" energy, mostly from the plethora of planets in **Capricorn**, which in turn, agitates gentle *Scorpio*. That source of agitation is more like minor, underlying frustration. It's the extra long line at the grocery store, it's the cell phone that drops the calls, it's the stupid traffic — slowing down just to irk your good, **Scorpio** self.

These are all minor aggravations. The week is full of grievances, for **Scorpio**, that feel like a personal attack, when, in fact, none of them are — back to look at that *Cardinal energy* so prevalent. It starts to stack up and starts to get to you. If you'll bear with me, though, we can find a good way to use that aggravation to your **Scorpio** advantage. Stuck in line at the grocery store? Look at the lurid tales in the tabloids, and think about your arch-rival's kid. Get that kid a sugary snack for the holiday season.

Phone drops a call that seems important? Turn the phone off, and forget to turn it back on for a few minutes, or a few hours. blessed relief. I can't help with traffic congestion, but I'm sure there are forms of relief, just need to be ready. Music, [anything](#) but insipid holiday music, that helps. And don't get irritated if you get an ear worm from "Jingle Bell Rock" stuck in your head.

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 12.19.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, December 18, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/?p=26804>

Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling-trick?

- Sly in [Shakespeare's](#)
Taming of the Shrew (1.2.119)

Horoscopes for 12.19.2019

The sun moves into the tropical sign of Capricorn on 12/22/2019, at 12:19 AM — happy winter solstice. The [December Deal](#) special opportunity.



Capricorn



Hypergolic energy. Use it. Happy birthday. Locally, the roads at the edge of the incorporated parts of town are dotted with “fireworks stands.” Bang-up business, twice a year, New Years and July 4th. The fireworks are the perfect metaphor for some, and for some, the fireworks stands as a business model are as good an example as any. There’s certain rules and regulation, like, has to be inside the county line, but outside of the incorporated areas that restrict fireworks sales. Has to be plenty of parking, and from what I’ve observed, there needs to be a wide, open space for trying out what was just bought. I wouldn’t know; I have one fishing buddy with kids, and fireworks means an expensive trip to the stand for him. We hit that Winter Solstice, the shortest day of the year, and the beginning of **Capricorn**? It’s like [lighting a fuse](#), and the first free days, the fuse just sparkles and sputters, but once there’s the shift from *Sagittarius* into **Capricorn**? Boom! That’s a good “boom,” I hope. Like fireworks.

Aquarius

Behind every angry woman? There’s a man with no clue as to what he did wrong. While the content of the joke is sexist, puerile, and essentially dated with roots in a previous era? Pause, for just a second. Adjust the pronouns, or nouns, the subjects of the sentences, as need be. Man and wife, husband and spouse, oh please, it’s still true to this day. The genders can easily be reversed, so it’s not gender specific. “Did I do something wrong?” If you have to ask? “Did I do something wrong?”

“If you have to ask, then I’m not telling you what you did.” It’s funny because it’s human nature, and we’ve all heard this kind of comment from our significant others, at one time, or another. This holiday season unleashes an unholy kind of trembling fear on **Aquarius**, but trying to figure out what we did wrong? Why he or she is mad at us? Stop. Back to the original joke, there’s always an emotional situation that we will have no clue what we did wrong. Stop trying to figure it out.

This next couple of days? This falls on the **Aquarius**? Not. One. Clue.

Ha! Good luck with that!

Pisces

Buddy of mine is handyman. I mean, he's really good. Last time I had him over to look at a broken thing? "I'm the D-I-Why guy." I looks at him; he continued to reflect, "My people — you, Kramer, thank god you don't — but most people look up doing this their selves, take a try and then call me to clean up the mess. You wouldn't believe. D-I-Why guy."

Perfect moniker, perfect description, and it works well. I'm old enough, chronologically based in years, to know when I can, or shouldn't be undertaking a certain task. My familiar refrain?

"Just call the guy."

Costs a little more, but getting an expert to do the heavy lifting? What my buddy does in three minutes can take me three days. Even then, if I did it? It still might not be correct. When Xmas unleashes some extra projects and your **Pisces** self thinks, "This is clearly a DIY thing," consider my buddy's nickname, "D-I-Why." An honest assessment before proceeding, **Pisces**? "No man, I got this. Wait."

Yeah, wait for it.

Aries

Sitting in my freezer, don't know how long this stuff's been there, I had some dead bait fish. Little, stinky, dried, looked like fat minnows. I don't recall the source or conditions, just knew that I needed to use them. Think of them as frozen sushi. Maybe not. So one winter's day, not too long ago, I stood by the edge of a local lake, baited up with those dead fishes, and I eventually caught a smallish-striped bass.

White bass? Stripers?

Whatever one wants to call it. While some of my buddies do eat these critters, I'm much more — it was a man-made lake that served more as a cooling pond for a fossil-fuel power plant — makes me much more of catch and release person. Pictures on the website someplace, I'm sure. Check the [feeds](#). Getting that frozen baitfish to the lake was no problem; fishes were frozen. But after setting int he sun for part of the morning, they thawed out, and I had some seriously stinky bait, which in turn, might speak to my success fishing, but doesn't make the trip home any less smelly. That was the problem. It wasn't the fish themselves; they weren't too slimy in December, and I was just catch and release fishing, anyway. No, it was the bait that stunk the place up. First off, I was fishing. Secondly, I was using up the last of something that needed to be used up before the end of the year. But the message for **Aries**? It's all about what left the biggest mark: the stinky bait.

Taurus

I've seen a "White Christmas" in my native Texas, but generally, the weather is warm — peaceful-like. Not too cold, not too warm, brisk overnight temperatures, but I can easily wear shorts during the day. There are freak cold fronts, plunging temperatures down to almost freezing, certainly below that comfort mark for me, but then, a few days later, all warms back up.

What does the winter Texas weather have to do with the **Taurus** astrological [weather](#)? Both are entering a phase, which, taken

at the plainest examination, are highly unstable and relatively unpredictable. Sun, wind, rain, thunder snow, we get it all, and it could be this very week, although, historically, it only seems to snow here about once every few years, not all the time. Hard freezes are followed by unseasonably warm weather. Poor plants get that “psychotic” treatment, wondering whether to grow or not.

There are some similar, very mixed messages in **Taurus**, and trying to figure them out, I mean, trying to figure out the mixed messages? Really not worth the effort. Holidays are crazy-making, and there are times when, my immediate [family](#) lives in other parts of the state? That distance makes life ever so much more bearable. Like the plants, with the crazy winter weather? After the solstice? “Should I stay? Should I grow?” There are **no** definitive answers in the next few days. Happy [holidays](#)?

Gemini

As the [seasons change](#) and march forward, there’s a gradual shift. The problem for **Gemini**, is that term, “gradual shift.” Yeah, that “gradual” part really doesn’t work. **Gemini** likes, bold, decisive statements. Actionable items. None of this “Gradual, gentle changing of the situation” crap for you guys. I prefer terms like, “Swift, bold strokes.” To detect the subtle new **Gemini** direction, which will be lost against the backdrop of the holiday noise? To detect this new material? Have to figure a way to understand and filter out the various voices that are speaking. What’s the main person saying? Something about this is an important holiday season? Yeah, we knew that. Not news for **Gemini**. There’s a quieter, secondary voice singing some kind of holiday tune, again, not something we all need to pay attention to, and these are merely examples of the background noise that is trying to drown out the various **Gemini** missives. I’m guessing it takes about three tries to finally arrive at what you’re supposed to know.

The stars indicate a subtle shift. For **Gemini** to discern those critical elements was the Sun shifts into a different constellation? That’s the hard part, as there’s just so much background noise that must be filtered out.

Good luck with that.

I tend to bounce ideas off fishing buddies, found that helps me.

Cancer

There is no pill that will cure this. Simple enough message, right? Maybe not one that my *Moon Children* friends want to hear at this holiday season, but there is no pill, no 1-minute workout, no miracle substance that will cure the problem. For some, it’s weight, for some, it’s over-indulgence, and for some, it’s lack or restraint. The problem varies from chart to chart, but the idea that a single pill, or a certain substance, will make everything better, and that this miracle drug will work overnight?

Persistent illusion.

With the [warnings](#) out of the way? Start looking for a course of action — **Cancer**, *Moon child* action that leads to the results you so fervently want. Looking for a course of action that leads us there. There are entire industries built upon the weakness of the human mind, and this is a time — yes, middle of the friggin’ holidays — to start plotting — back of your mind — start plotting and planning what changes are going to be made in the following year.

While there is no pill, no panacea for this problem? There is a possible way through the holiday by thinking about what changes are coming. Good changes for **Cancer**, the *Moon Children*.

The Leo

One of my **Leo** friends was having a holiday get-together for her *girlfriends*. She opined, “I brought everything for knitting: bottle of wine, pizza, no yarn, or needles.”

She pointed out that — as long as there were no knitting needles? No one would get hurt. But it was a **knitting party**. The high holidays unleash a special kind of madness upon the world, and the insane consumer-driven desires balanced against what is humanly possible?

There seems to be a greater and greater divide. What looks like the images in magazines, websites, various media feeds, and what works out? What the various forms of media feed to our **Leo** psyche about what this should look like, and what it really does look like? I think my buddy's idea of a "Knitting party" is perfect. Bottle of wine, pizza, and that was about it.

We all have different coping mechanisms, but in one form — or another — **The Leo** needs a **knitting party**. Just like my buddy's party, however that works out. "Yeah, Kramer, I'm going to knit you a muffler this year." I think I heard someone snicker.

Virgo

Recently, I bought a product that had the word "focus" dominantly displayed in its name. The big end cap suggested that this would improve mental alertness, help keep me on track, stimulate my brain, and the product was clinically proven to help mental functions. Paid for it, got it home then, after cracking the seal and popping a couple in my mouth, "Take once or twice a day, as needed," I noticed that it was not FDA tested, nor was it really proven in clinical settings to improve brain functions.

It was probably tested in focus groups, and it was probably tested with paid volunteers. I found that I work much better, I can pay much closer attention, when I'm being paid. A couple of hundred dollars makes me pay [much closer attention](#). The ingredients, I was looking for something that keeps the fine, little tendrils of brain parts active and healthy. Reading [Shakespeare](#) helps, but even I know that Shakespeare's works are far better in performance, seeing is better than reading. Still, there's a movement afoot that suggests those pills are not as effective as reading a Shakespeare play.

Still, in either case, the goal is to keep ourselves — keep our **Virgo** brain — intact and in good, working order. I can't say the pills worked. I'd like to think they worked along the lines of Gingko, but I'm not sure, and I'm not really willing to expend energy to look it up. What I do know, now, the pills are of doubtful use, but a little hard work, and some regular **Virgo** attention to detail is all that's required.

Libra

I'm part of a new movement, we're now older, but the movement keeps us young. **Libra**, care to join us? We like to **Nap Hard**. All a part of what we do. I found a piece of writing advice, and it was the tail-end tidbit, "When in doubt, nap." For me, this is akin to my previous meditation process, and that's proven helpful, as well.

The amusing part of this, I was with a buddy's kids for a few hours, and the youngest one was still getting a two-hour "nap time" at his day care. But on the weekends? Not a chance the kid would stretch out for a few moments rest. Rest for the kid and rest for the parents. Me? Middle of the afternoon, and I get a sudden, sure, let's call it "Low blood sugar," or overwhelmed with fatigue, or, as it really is? Just a little tired? I'll stretch out on a couch, close my eyes, and suddenly, I'm asleep.

I use a timer with this, usually set on a phone, and my goal is 20 minutes, but I'll accept any amount of deep rest. Ostensibly, this is supposed to be mindful meditation, but what it really is? A quick rest. Brain revives, full of new ideas, I'm ready to tackle tasks again, and annoyances are less annoying. The secret, especially this next couple of holiday-infused days? Join the naked nap team, or, like me, just **Nap Hard**.

Scorpio

You'll remember, when "they" used to say, "You'll understand later, when you grow up?" I'm grown up (aged) and I still don't get it. I'm not sure what they were talking about. Still doesn't make one lick of sense. That whole, "Grown up" part, maybe that's what's escaping [me](#). There's a sense that poor, beleaguered **Scorpio** is in the phase where, some action, some sentiment, some kind of holiday tradition, where that is supposed to make some kind of adult sense?

Doesn't make a lick of sense, does it?

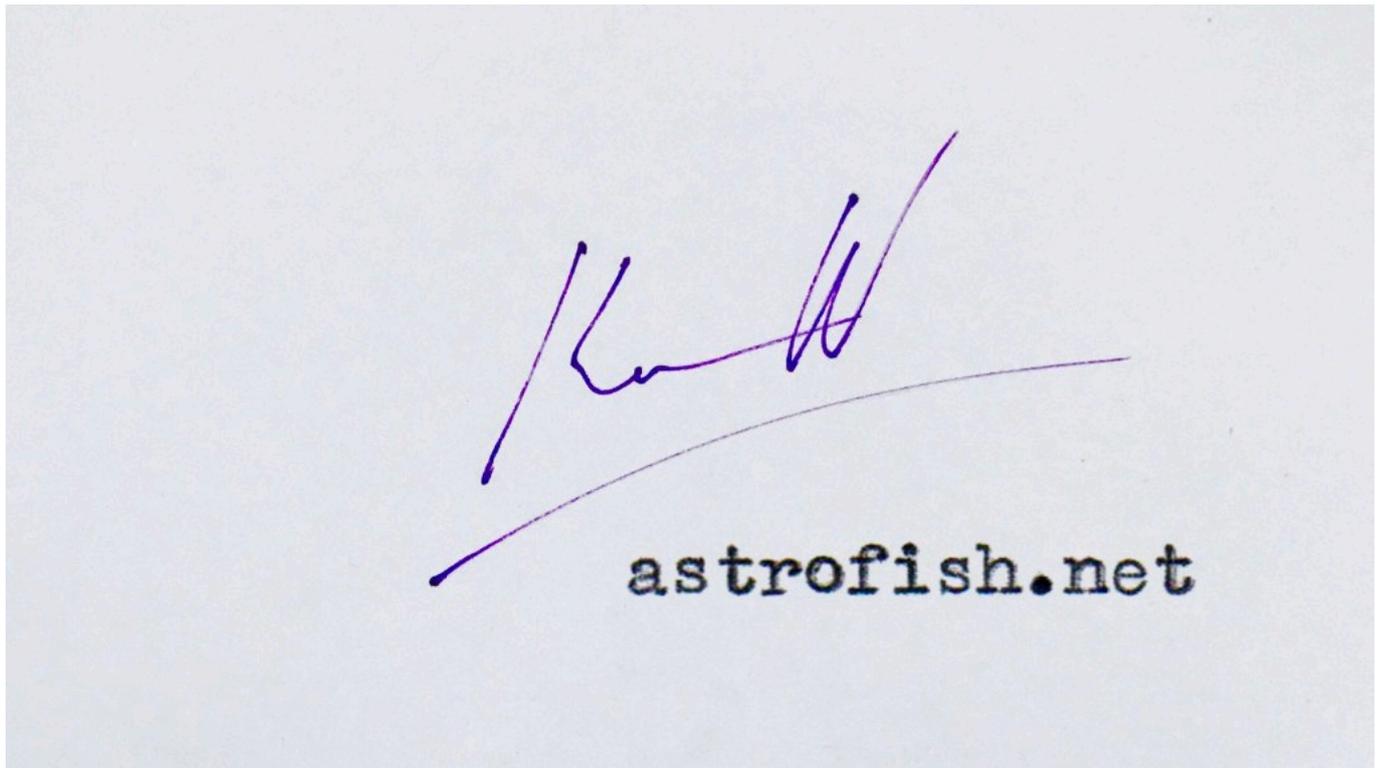
I'm not going to try and untangle what doesn't make sense. The holiday confusion, the wins and loses in the the last year, the approach of another *Scorpio* year that might not make a lot of sense to some of us? Then, with the marketing, advertising, insipid holiday crap piped into our souls? Just makes it worse, doesn't it? Yeah, I feel your pain and frustration (not really, but it sounds nice, right?) The solution is to understand that whatever it is that is supposed to be so clear and easy to understand? Might not appear clear, and some of this, whatever it is that you were supposed to understand later? Now that it is "later," maybe knowing that you don't know is better. Perhaps that is the (**Scorpio**) Christmas Miracle.

Sagittarius

Recently, a buddy — *Sagittarius* parts — came to me and unloaded about his spouse. After years together, kids are getting older, he was stuck in his head about the past. "If only I had gone out with this one girlfriend, instead of (the woman who is the mother of his children)," and the list went on, a veritable litany of missed cues, mistakes, regrets from a dozens of years in the distant past, and so on. He unceremoniously dumped this on me before the onset of the proper holiday season, and now that **Sagittarius** is more or less over? All those regrets, wishes, nightmares, errors in judgment, and every other kind of "Coulda-shoulda-woulda" comes back, if only for a brief moment.

Yeah, but you didn't. **Let's move on.**

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“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.

Horoscopes for 12.26.2019

by Kramer Wetzel - Wednesday, December 25, 2019

<https://astrofish.net/?p=26844>

Not from the stars do I my judgment [pluck](#)
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
'Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well
By oft predict that I in heaven find.
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As truth and beauty shall together thrive
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

- Shakespeare's Sonnet 14



The [December Deal](#) special opportunity.

Year at a Glance: 2020

Astrologically speaking, what does the next year look like?

Horoscopes for 12.26.2019

Had to happen sooner or later, but that's a whole Shakespeare sonnet, #14, stretched out as this week's preamble, which, I will add, includes a clandestine overview of the next year. The use of the term, "astronomy" in line two, that was from an era when astronomy and astrology were pretty much on the same page.

New Moon in Capricorn, Dec. 26, 12:13 AM Central. [Objects in the mirror may be closer than they appear.](#)

"Boxing Day" is a quaint British — as far as I know — tradition.

Capricorn



Older guy looked at me, shrugged his shoulders, “It’s another ‘grip and grin,’ you know.” Never heard it like that. Totally new phrase, to me. While I was, [over the years](#), used to the expressions, like “Press the flesh,” or “meet and greet,” I never heard “grip and grin.”

It was one of those situations, soldier up, where we’re forced to interact with countless, swarming hordes, some are people eager to meet us, and some are people, well, “Not so eager?” There is that. It’s not all bad, but I tend to stay away from the catered chicken or — personal experience suggests — stay far away from the catered [fish](#) dish. I tend to stick with sad vegetables that are over-cooked with runny sauces that seem to have melted between cooking and catering, usually a day — or more.

Older wire-heads used to call this “meatspace,” a place where we all had to physically interact, and some of the kids these days, they do seem clueless, unable to look up from their phones. While I prefer to hibernate during this time? I’m not **Capricorn**, and there’s a certain calling that must be answered, pressing you into service.

“Grip and grin,” it’s the way your next year looks. Practice the elevator pitch. “You got 20 seconds to sell me.” Get ready, it’s the special **Capricorn** season to *grip and grin*.

Aquarius



“Nothing runs on automatic,” L.W ‘Bud’ Shipley, Jr.

It’s a quote that I started this year with, at the very beginning of 2019 — [Nothing runs on automatic](#). As we look 2020 solidly in the eye? That quote kept echoing in my mind. First place I saw? Shipley Donuts, and I dismissed the quote as a “founding father” aphorism that seemed a little out of place. Donuts, how hard can that be? The one place that’s close, while it’s not anything I’d eat out of habit, I got one buddy, and that’s his catnip, plain, glazed donuts from Shipley’s. So I kept seeing the sign, and I incorporated it in some of my work, as reminder, more to myself than anyone else, that there’s always the human touch required.

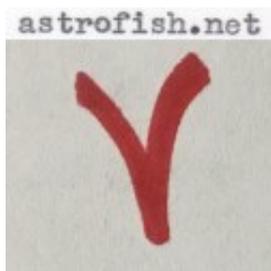
What’s beautiful, to me, about my work, as there is an element that can’t be duplicated by machine. Where the planets are? Exact science, astronomy. What that means? Subject to interpretation. So as we march firmly into a new year, a year of great changes? Remember, my little **Aquarius** friends, as the great donut magnate dictated? “Nothing runs on automatic.”

Pisces



Got one fishing buddy, and he usually eats “healthy,” however that might show up these days. Has carrots and celery's sticks, on the boat, for munching and snacks. Yuck. Especially celery — that's a “negative” food group. “Like, you don't want to talk about it, bad memories, trauma associated with celery?” No, as in there is less calories value in celery and it requires more effort to chew and digest than it brings in usable fuel sources. It's not eating, it's exercising. So this one buddy, one morning, he shows up with a box of off-brand, grocery-store “honey buns.” Essential elements are refined, white flour, sugar, chemicals, and three different kinds of grease, like palm oil, seed oil, and just plain grease. I don't know, butter-like flavors. Mostly, just sugar. This was a few weeks back, when it was still, in my mind, warm enough to fish without too many layers. In other words, I could wear shorts. But my normally healthy **Pisces** buddy was indulging in some of the most heinous — really tasty — but still bad junk food. Packaged sugars, bad fats, refined grains, and chemicals. I don't think there was anything “natural” about the honey buns. Sure were good with a styrofoam cup of convenience store coffee. Think I ate two, and pictures of the fish are on the site someplace. Break from the routine, and do so in a big way. Do something different. For my one healthy-eating buddy? It was a simple: Honey Buns.

Aries



Corporations have birthdays, or a natal chart that I can associate with the company. The way the financial instruments work, with a “fiscal year” that bears no resemblance to a real “year” as I understand it? That's all part of the number-cruncher's game. The way I hear it, the most common term is, “Our fiscal year begins in ...” with what seems to be a rather arbitrary date that has nothing to do with the beginning of the year.

Here's the trick, the calendar year, the next 12 months for **Aries**? Starts the day after Xmas. Dec. 26. In plain language? The **Aries** new year — 2020 — starts Dec. 26, 2019. In parts of the UK, it might even be late on the 25th, and rolling forward, Eastern Standard Time, might be like, right at 11 PM on Xmas Day. For those of us West of the Mississippi? Basically? Starts on Dec. 26 — so be prepared. Party is over, hit the ground running, and in typical **Aries** fashion? Be ready. Best [example](#)? That bookkeeping stuff that is usually put off until after the new year? Start now. That clean up and dispersal of goods? Start now. Get a jump on the next year of miracles by starting now.

Taurus



“Solid and pedantic.” While that's no kind of a ringing endorsement, it does spell out a certain type

of ever-present energy for the mighty **Taurus**, and especially as we squarely face-off towards this New Year, plus wrapping up the old. “In with the new and out with the old,” wait, not yet, just in with new.

Maybe we’re not so ready to part with the old, not just yet. There’s certain amount of nostalgia that is present, and going to be around for a while. That, plus some big changes, and an echo from 40 years distant. Maybe not quite 40 years, but there is an echo from the past. Hints, directions, new goals, and a fresh start? All dependent on two factors: what went before (for **Taurus**) and what we would like to have happen, in the new year (for **Taurus**).

Simple stuff, and the original premise to this week’s energies? “Solid and pedantic.” Which is what we’re going to go with, as a way to get across the finish line of 2019, and get launched into the new year. Not a race, not a competition, not a situation to see who crosses the line, first, as there is no prize for arriving quickest. As this week unfolds and as the new year gets rolling along, the key phrases? For **Taurus**? “Solid and pedantic.”

Gemini



My fine, mercurial **Gemini** friends, what does the new year hold for us? For you?

Hint: never try to “out-weird” me.

Just giving you a heads up on that little idea. Doubt that you’ll [see me](#) in the immediate future, but if you do, just wrapping up holidays and family, plus the assorted crush of whatever, so the message is simple.

“Don’t try to **out-weird** me.”

Might not be me, *per se*, but some person near and dear to you? Weirder than you? World view that is way off from even your **Gemini** lack of central focus kind of way of seeing the world? Yeah, this isn’t contest. It’s not a race. *This isn’t a competition.* In other words? This week, and for that matter, on, into the future?

“Don’t try to **out-weird** me.”

There’s a strong, competitive edge to most **Gemini** energies, and that’s nice. Excellent even, and usually, you’re a clear winner. I’m admitting it. I’m good with that. You like to win, and well you should. However, there’s a different kind of contest, more along the lines of friendly rivalry — and this is one — think it through — so you really want to win this contest? Or, a simpler way to look at this, and as our year unfolds, “**Don’t try to out-weird me.**” Not contest. Not a competition. There is no race.

Cancer



Online, there's fairly concise treatment of the facts, as much as we know them, about the historical battle of [Agincourt](#). The real Henry V, not Shakespeare's highly fictionalized version. The account of the battle in the play is little fast and loose with facts. Still, a smaller band of Englishmen defeated a large contingent of Frenchmen, battle changed the face of history. The real data is less impressive than the one presented in the play. "History is written by the winners," is the quote that I hear.

There is that.

But either the historical event itself — or Shakespeare's play — suggest that a determined number of individuals facing daunting odds, like, feeling overwhelmed and certainly outnumbered? It's still possible, with proper tactics, to overcome, defeat a superior enemy, and win the day. It's historical, although, the play's treatment tend to get more notice. The darkest days of the year are just ahead. Technically, the days are getting longer as we march towards the spring, but it's still a dark time, and with the new moon? Really dark for Cancer (the Moon Children). Looking around at either the historical or dramatic version of the events at Agincourt? That should help your Cancer, Moon Children selves understand that it is possible to overcome what seems like numerically superior numbers. Yes, you can win and triumph over the opposition.

The Leo

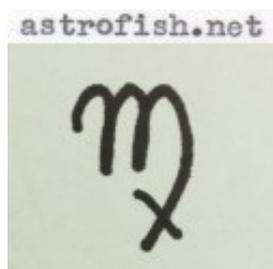


"Garbage in, garbage out." GIGO was the term. Still applicable, although, its use has fallen from favor. This — after Xmas week — marks a special kind of clipping, clearing, cleaning frenzy for my majestic **Leo** friends. While I don't really know, offhand, any **Leo** royalty in the UK itself, so I can claim no peerage or royal lineage for this, I do tend to treat my **Leo** friends as such. Therefore, no matter where one might be on the planet, as directed by thy stars, there is a process to employ. Got some new stuff though the holidays, new accumulations of material, hold onto that.

Got some stuff that no longer serves a functional purpose, need to let that go.

As the expression intoned, "Garbage in, garbage out." There is some material, old t-shirts that have long since passed their life expectancy, but those same mementos hold so much personal data, I'm unwilling to let go of them. Nothing I need, but a folded t-shirt takes precious little space in a hall closet and from time to time I remember the event, concert, fishing trip, place I used to work — a really long time ago? All of that, swimming back. No, that's one I hold onto. But there's newer stuff that no longer serves any kind of a purpose. Yes, shuffle that material off with Boxing Day, which, according to me, can take a whole **Leo** week. Winning scenarios for **The Leo**, GIGO.

Virgo



Old buddy, maybe, sure, let's call her a former client, she took a swing at me. She didn't succeed, but you have to ask, does a "Swing and miss," or in this example, a clear, personal shot at someone, does that count? It would matter if the commentary mattered, which it didn't. Not to me, anyway, but it was clear [I was a target](#). No, I was *the target*. Intended to be hurtful, maybe poignant, but hurtful, as well, and that doesn't matter, not to to me.

Inside? I'm dead to such taunts and rants. At on time, it did matter, but these days? Yeah, maybe **not so much**. I thought about the verbal abuse. I thought about the deep-seated angst that drove those words forward. I thought about what it said about me. I thought about whether it applied to me, or not.

I'll go with the "or not" version.

Care to expostulate? I'd rather not. I like think of such attacks as true *ad hominem* verbal assaults, and the attacker reverts to such tactics when otherwise devoid of any other ammunition. It's an old metaphor, but as we move into the new year? "And, and.... *And your mother dresses you funny!*" Really? Best you got? I dress myself, thank you. My own mother lives in sustained fear that I dress myself like this. Much to her chagrin. *C'est la vie, n'est pas?* So, what this means, my dear **Virgo** friend? Examine the insult, the purported injury. Did it really matter? Or can it bounce off, and is there a cuter offhand comment you can make that helps? If you stiffen, toughen up just a bit? You'll get through the next few days, then weeks, then months, relatively unscathed. I might even suggest, that the perpetrator suffered because your **Virgo** self doesn't.

Libra



The other evening, over supper, I heard the best line I've heard from a **Libra**, in quite some time. It concisely wrapped up the proper energy that is unleashed this Xmas season, and then the New Year's Eve stuff, then as the rest of the new year starts to unwind?

Simple expression, too, not overly complicated, and I snickered when I heard it, then grabbed a pad to make that note. Simple expression, and what's coming up? There's a time when karma, the universe, whatever it is one believes in? Great Spirit? Whatever the belief system, there's a time in this next few days, especially, when decisions are in order. Pick directions. To borrow a worn a sports metaphor that I don't get? "A swing and a miss is better than a strike." Yeah, so that one didn't work, besides the pitcher used a slider ball that greased its way past home plate. Still don't get it?

"Baby, I like you to make the [decisions](#)."

See, that's the line that I liked, and it applies to gentle **Libra** at this time, as in, "Baby, I like you to make the decisions."

Scorpio



"Dad, are you wearing *socks* with your sandals?" My buddy nodded yes, glancing up from his phone, as he was absorbed in an online thing. "Why, **why**, oh, you're just so embarrassing!" Without missing a bit, but maybe a sideways glance at me with a smirk, my buddy proceeded to tell his "tween" daughter that he was an old man and he did what he wanted to do. I was waiting for the "I'm your father, and it is my sworn duty to embarrass you as much as possible."

My buddy, without so much as a glance upwards from the screen, managed to deliver the whole message, albeit in different words, the exact way it's been handed down from generation to generation. I was grateful to be there to hear it. He's got a **Scorpio** daughter, which is why I was thinking of this exact example, and this occurred a few weeks back, last of the fall season's sporting events for his tweens. There are certain traditions which *must be observed*, and the example of the dad just totaling ruining his daughter's outing? Good stuff. Glad I was a patient observer off to the side as no one knows the wrath of **Scorpio** better than me. Here's the thing, the holidays are all but over, now, and the seasons are grinding forward towards that inevitable "rebirth" of a new year. For that **Scorpio** child? For any **Scorpio**? A week later, she was wearing, anyone's guess? Socks with sandals. It was cooler out, made sense.

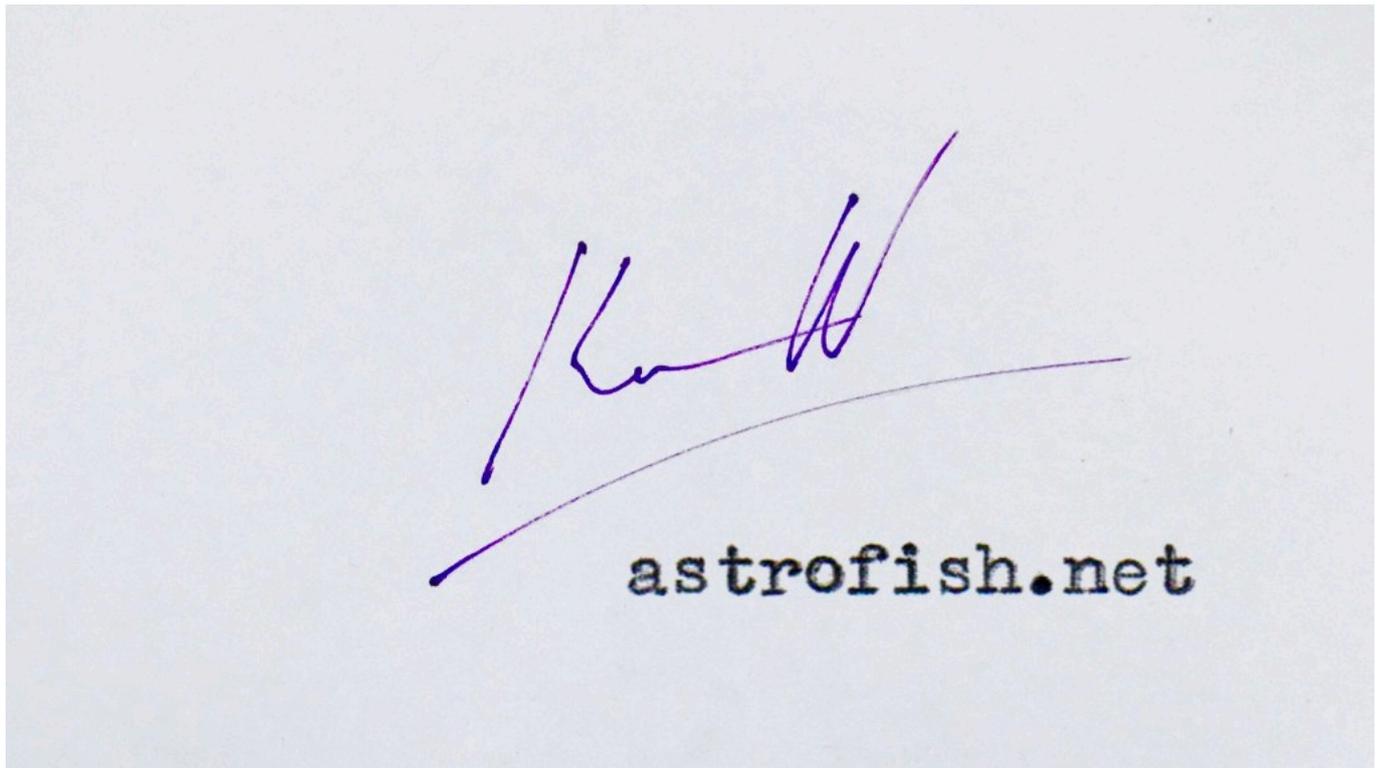
Sagittarius



The art — maybe science — of the thirty second movie trailer? The teaser? Advertising in its highest form? Not sure everyone agrees that this is high art, but the ability to take — let's just say — 120 minutes of movie and condense enough story to hook the viewer, giving a graphic detail and some high points, snappy bits of dialogue, all of that, without giving away the complete plot of the show?

Bad guys, explosions, romance, true love, hot sex, bombs, and bullets? All in 30 seconds — [here's the catch](#), especially for *Sagittarius* and the weeks ahead: Give us enough to work with yet not so much as to give away the details of the story. Maybe that one catch phrase, but not totally in context. Will the (Sagittarius) hero win? Will he — or she — find that true love? If I could cut this next week, the weeks ahead and then, the year as a [movie](#) trailer, I would, but I lack the art (skill) to do so. What we have though, is an action-packed, summer-blockbuster of year ahead, the deal is, we — *Sagittarius* — have some work to do in this next few weeks to prepare for that summer blockbuster hit. What scenes are included in the 30-second trailer for the next few days? Pick. Pick and choose careful, as we don't want to reveal too much.

astrofish.net/travel for appearances



“Nothing runs on automatic.” - L.W. “Bud” Shipley, Jr.
